

FREEDOM

Written by

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EXT. BOURBON COUNTY, KENTUCKY - EARLY MORNING

Kentucky bluegrass, rolling hills.

The morning sun peeks in and out of gathering dark clouds.

EMERGING FROM A CLUSTER OF OAKS

Long hair flowing under her riding helmet, JAMIE DWYER (16) trots on FREEDOM, a jet-black thoroughbred with a striking white mane.

Peals of THUNDER. A lightening bolt cracks the dark sky.

JAMIE

Time for a shortcut.

Jamie pulls up on the reins. Freedom takes off in a full-speed gallop.

EXT. BOURBON COUNTY ROUTE 68

A vintage postal service Jeep, horseshoe painted where the spare tire had been, travels faster than the 25 mph limit.

INT. LYNN'S JEEP

Driver LYNN MEYER chugs a bottle of Ale-8 soda. No nonsense jeans and western shirt compliment her fit, 40-ish physique.

FROM OUT OF THE CLEARING

Jamie and Freedom charge toward the road.

Lynn slams on the horn. HONK HONK HONK.

Jamie's going too fast... they're going to collide. Jamie PULLS the reins and Freedom LEAPS high into the air, over the top of the Jeep.

Lynn's Jeep SWERVES across the slick road and onto the grass.

Jamie's breath is heavy... but a slight smile betrays the adrenaline rush as she lands safely and Freedom continues at full speed toward a distant farm.

IN THE JEEP...

Lynn pounds her steering wheel.

The rain builds.

Lynn cranks the Jeep. It grinds.

LYNN  
Possum snot!

EXT. DWYER FARM - BARN - MINUTES LATER

Jamie walks Freedom into the barn. She's greeted by her sister REE (8), backpack slung over her shoulder and lunch bag in her hand. Ree crosses her arms.

REE  
I'm going to be late. Again.

JAMIE  
You shoulda seen Freedom. Sky high.  
Awesome.

Jamie pats Freedom and throws a blanket over her. She hoists a feed bag. But Freedom's trough and water bucket are full.

JAMIE  
Thanks.

REE  
Yep.

JAMIE  
Made your lunch, too? Why can't you  
eat in the caf like everyone else?

REE  
I don't wanna die from food  
poisoning.

Ree marches out the barn door.

Jamie pats Freedom's head and gives her a peppermint.

FROM OUTSIDE...

REE O.S.  
Jamie!

Jamie shuffles out and pulls the barn door closed behind her.

EXT. BOURBON COUNTY ROUTE 68

It's pouring.

Hair matted to her face, Lynn pops the Jeep's hood. She wiggles a hose, wipes her greasy hand on her jeans. She pulls out a valve, SPITS on it and puts it back.

She hops in and revs the engine but the Jeep doesn't move. The back tire spins in the newly formed mud.

LYNN  
 Seriously?!

She hops out and rocks the Jeep. It won't budge. She scoots down the hill and grabs a plank-like big stick.

A '97 Buick Skylark turns onto Route 68 from a dirt road.

INSIDE THE CAR...

Jamie drives. Ree in the passenger seat.

JAMIE  
 Chill. I'll say you had a dentist appointment or something.

REE  
 I'm not going to lie.

JAMIE  
 All you have to do is give your homeroom teacher the note.

REE  
 Dad's gonna be mad.

JAMIE  
 Dad's not gonna find out.

Jamie fishes through her bag for a pen. She doesn't see Lynn's wide-open door ahead in the road.

REE  
 Jamie!

Too late. The Buick rips Lynn's door off its hinges.

JAMIE  
 You okay?!

Ree looks out the back window... the door lies in the road.

REE  
 We should go back. Give them a note?

JAMIE

We'll be late. I'll find out whose car it is after school.

Ree shakes her head in disbelief.

JAMIE

What? Besides, the important thing is that you're okay.

REE

Barely.

JAMIE

You worry too much.

AT LYNN'S CAR...

Balancing the plank under her arm, Lynn climbs the hill.

She shoves the plank under the tire. Then walks around to the driver side... and comes face-to-face with the unhinged door.

The pelting rain pours down her face. She pulls wet wisps of hair out of her mouth.

Then the rain stops as quickly as it started.

EXT. HENRY CLAY HIGH SCHOOL - ESTABLISHING

The school bell rings.

Jamie's Buick pulls into the crowded parking lot. She guns for the one empty spot in the sea of cars.

A tricked-out motorcycle is headed for the same space. Jamie hits the gas and pulls in, edging out the bike.

The MOTORCYCLIST idles as Jamie collects her bag. The bike zooms off leaving a solid skid mark.

INT. OUTSIDE VICE PRINCIPAL JUNIPER'S OFFICE

Jamie sits alone on a three-seater office sofa.

Humidity builds up on the open window. An oscillating old metal fan stirs up a faint breeze.

Jamie stares at the bulletin board littered with notices including a prominent poster for JUNIOR PROM "WISHING ON A STAR" JUNE 1 AT LUCAS SHEA BOURBON DISTILLERY.

VICE PRINCIPAL JUNIPER steps out of her office, fanning herself with a manila folder. She takes off her glasses and wipes the sweat from her brow.

JUNIPER

Ms. Dwyer, an unexpected surprise.  
Let me guess, flat tire? Basement flooded? Little sister, dentist?

JAMIE

Nice dress. Good color for you.

JUNIPER

Four more weeks of school, Ms. Dwyer. 19 days. I'd like to spend one of them not having to guess your excuse du jour. Can you make that happen?

JAMIE

Let's put the tardy thing behind us. I know I have.

CALEB "CAL" DOOLIN (19) struts in. His thick, wavy jet black hair hangs above his glowing, sensitive eyes. He carries a toolbox in one hand and motorcycle helmet in the other.

Jamie sees the helmet. She turns to hide her face.

Vice Principal Juniper's demeanor shifts to schoolgirl crush.

JUNIPER

Hello. And you are?

CAL

Sent to fix the air conditioning.

JUNIPER

Oh, of course. Just a sec.  
(Adult mode again; to  
Jamie)  
Are we clear?

JAMIE

Crystal.

JUNIPER

Really? Get to class.

Jamie heads to the door, avoiding eye contact with Cal.

CAL

Buick needs a tune-up.

JAMIE

Huh?

CAL

You should get a tune-up.

JAMIE

(Busted)

Oh. Thanks.

Jamie slips into the hall and closes the door behind her.

IN THE HALL...

Jamie clutches her chest, mouth wide open.

Kids file out of classrooms and descend upon their lockers.

Jamie's best friend MOLLY rushes over.

MOLLY

Oh my god! Snake Eyes threw a lit  
pop quiz...

JAMIE

(interrupting)

More important! The most gorgeous,  
and I mean super cute, guy is in  
Juniper's right now.

Cal steps into the hall. His eyes meet Jamie's.

CAL

Hot stuff.

Jamie blushes.

CAL

Makes people do crazy things.

Cal strolls down the hall, balancing a screw driver on his  
index finger.

Molly is fixated.

MOLLY

Hot stuff, huh?

JAMIE

He was talking about the weather.

Jamie grabs Molly and rushes her in the opposite direction.

EXT. DWYER FARM - LATER THAT DAY

A 1950's Studebaker pickup - DWYER WELDING stenciled on the door - pulls up the dirt driveway.

INSIDE THE BARN...

Jamie grooms Freedom.

GREG DWYER (40s) shuffles in. He pulls off his clerical preacher's collar and picks up a grooming brush.

JAMIE

Hey, Dad. How was the board - B O R  
E D - meeting?

GREG

How was the dentist?

JAMIE

Stool pigeon.

GREG

Ree didn't say a word. I got a call from her teacher. Don't know why she protects you.

JAMIE

I gave her a note, that's all.

GREG

You shouldn't put her in that position in the first place. And you shouldn't have taken Freedom out in the rain. She's gotta race coming up.

JAMIE

It wasn't raining when I left... You know, if I had a cell phone, Ree could have called and told me it was getting late.

GREG

You don't need a cell phone to be where you're supposed to be.

JAMIE

I'm just saying, in an emergency it would be good to have.

GREG

Pick up a pay phone.



JAMIE

A what?

GREG

Don't tell me you don't know what a pay phone is.

JAMIE

I know what hepatitis is, too. Pick up a pay phone, pick up disease.

GREG

Where do you think I'm gonna get extra money for a cell phone?

JAMIE

I'll get a job.

GREG

Pull another stunt like this morning and all you're gonna get is grounded.

Ree pops her head in the barn.

REE

Jamie, your friend is here.

JAMIE

My friend?

REE

Yes, your *friend*.

Lynn's Jeep is parked in the drive. Uh oh.

Jamie races past Ree to intercept Lynn before she comes in the barn.

Lynn holds a license plate. Jamie looks at the front of her Buick... no license plate.

JAMIE

(hushed)

Please don't say anything! Please!  
I can explain, just not in front of my Dad. Please!

Greg ambles out of the barn.

Lynn sticks out her hand and they shake.

GREG

Greg Dwyer.

JAMIE

*Pastor Greg Dwyer.*

LYNN

Lynn Meyer. Feed store owner Lynn Meyer.

GREG

One of your kids go to school with Jamie?

LYNN

We met on the street... Said I should talk to you about having my door welded.

Jamie's eyes plead with Lynn as Greg checks out the Jeep.

GREG

I can do something temporary but it's not gonna be pretty. You should really bring it to the auto body.

LYNN

That's what I thought. Hey, Jamie, since I'm here anyway, why don't we talk about that job?

GREG

Job?

LYNN

Jamie mentioned working part time now that summer is coming so I can spend more time at Maker's Mark Center.

(Puts arm around Jamie)

She simply begged to help me out. Kind of sweet, really.

GREG

(to Jamie)

Seems like every time you do something to make me crazy, you do something to make me proud.

(to Lynn)

Sounds good. Nice meeting you. C'mon, Ree, let's get dinner started.

REE  
(to Jamie behind her  
father's back)  
Should have left a note.

Greg notices the license plate in Lynn's hand but says nothing and walks with Ree to the house.

JAMIE  
Thanks for not squealing.

LYNN  
I had a feeling you were about 16.

JAMIE  
How did you know?

LYNN  
You're all 16.

JAMIE  
I really am sorry.

LYNN  
Sorry enough to take off? Didn't think I'd find you?

JAMIE  
It wasn't like that.

LYNN  
It was exactly like that. The only reason I didn't tell your Daddy is because he'd get saddled paying for your mistake.

JAMIE  
It was an accident.

LYNN  
Jumping my hood an accident, too?

She uncaps a Sharpie and writes an address on Jamie's hand.

LYNN  
Saturday. 7:00. Wear work clothes.

JAMIE  
Seven in the morning?

Lynn hands over the license plate and gets in her Jeep.

JAMIE  
Seven. Got it.

EXT. LYNN'S TACK SHOP - SATURDAY

A corrugated metal structure and parking area for a few cars sits at the edge of the road.

Jamie tries the tack shop door. It's locked. She KNOCKS. Knocks again.

She peers inside a window - the lights are off, a clock on the wall reads "7:35."

Jamie gets back in her car and follows a driveway that winds behind the tack shop to Lynn's house and barn.

LYNN'S BARN...

Two ponies in their stalls. No Lynn.

Jamie makes her way to Lynn's house and knocks on the door.

JAMIE

Hello? Lynn?

No signs of Lynn. Jamie walks back to the barn. She strokes the mane of a chestnut pony.

JAMIE

Aren't you a sweetie?

The sounds of a horse GALLUP outside the barn. Jamie pats the pony's head.

Lynn, in jodhpurs and white T-shirt, leads her stallion NICKY into the barn.

JAMIE

Hey.

(On Lynn's passive nod)

I went to the tack shop, but you weren't there so I came up here. No worry, I wasn't waiting too long.

LYNN

Shovel's over there. Start by cleaning the stalls and refreshing the hay. Bales are out back.

JAMIE

I thought I was going to work in the tack shop?

LYNN

I thought you were going to be on time.

Lynn brings Nicky into a stall.

INT. LYNN'S TACK SHOP

Not the most organized place, bridles and saddle pads compete for space with boots and horse shampoo.

A wall is covered with ribbons and medals. Trophies are stacked on makeshift shelves.

Lynn juggles the phone with one hand while trying to reconcile purchase orders on the computer with her other. Yeah, she's frustrated.

Hair in a ponytail under her cowboy hat but falling in her face, Jamie lugs a heavy stack of horse blankets.

LYNN

(on phone)

I don't care how much I need  
business, I don't need Brewster's  
business. I don't deal with kill  
buyers.

She motions for Jamie to drop the blankets by the door. Jamie happily obliges.

The computer BEEPS. Lynn hangs up the phone and randomly hits computer keys, like that's going to help.

JAMIE

I'm surprised that dinosaur still  
works.

LYNN

It's only five years old.

JAMIE

Like I said, fossil.

PEE WEE, Lynn's cat, jumps on the counter. Pee Wee hits at the keyboard, then jumps back.

Jamie looks at the screen. Pushes a few buttons. The computer beeps...a good beep.

JAMIE

(proud of herself)

You know, not that I don't love  
slave labor, but I could help you  
with this kind of stuff.

LYNN

I'd rather be doing anything than computer nonsense. But that box isn't going to unpack itself.

Jamie takes note of the shop... limited inventory, a paper mess littering the desk, stacks of unopened boxes... And the wall of medals.

JAMIE

All yours?

LYNN

Better to be a has been than a never was.

JAMIE

What's a kill buyer?

LYNN

A creep who buys horses, then resells to slaughter houses.

JAMIE

Slaughter houses? That's gross. And wrong. Why would anyone sell a horse to a killer?

LYNN

Most people don't know that a pony sold to a "horse trader" who happens to be a kill buyer can end it up in a slaughter house.

Jamie takes off her cowboy hat and sits on the counter. She picks up Pee Wee and pets her, looking like she may cry.

Lynn shuffles some papers. Bites her nail to keep from making eye contact. Shuffles more papers. Then...

LYNN

Whaddya doing in the morning?

EXT. DWYER HOME - NEXT DAY - SUNRISE

Jamie waits on her porch, hoodie up over her head. She wipes the sleep from her eyes.

Lynn pulls up the drive - the Jeep door held on with bailing wire and duct tape. Jamie gets in.

The Jeep backs down the drive and turns onto the road. The painted horseshoe on the back gets smaller and smaller as it fades into the rising sun.

EXT. CORBIN HORSE AUCTION

The dirt parking lot is littered with pickups.

Lynn hands Jamie a small notepad and a pen.

JAMIE

Now what?

LYNN

Jot down license plate numbers of suspected kill buyers when they go back to their trucks. Then I send the info to Speak Up For Horses.

JAMIE

And?

LYNN

They put the numbers in a database to keep tabs on these guys. They can kill animals but they have to follow rules. Speak Up watches for violations that can get them fined or jailed.

JAMIE

So I write license plate numbers, then what?

LYNN

Give them to me.

JAMIE

That's it? Somehow license plate *run* sounded more exciting.

LYNN

C'mon.

UNDER THE AUCTION ROOF...

Sellers lead horses into the sales ring.

The auctioneer steps to a wooden podium. He doesn't have a microphone, and he doesn't need one.

One by one, horses are sold.

Jamie directs her attention to a burly unshaven GUY. Lynn indicates "yes." Jamie follows him to the parking lot.

He stops at a red Toyota Tundra, and turns to her.

KILL BUYER  
West Virginia 6BZ541. I ain't done  
nothin' wrong.

He gets in his truck and pulls out.

Jamie sighs and writes down the number.

EXT. TURFWAY PARK - LATER THAT DAY

AT THE BACKSIDE...

Trainers check their charges.

GROOMERS feed horses and prep equipment.

FREEDOM'S STALL...

Jamie brushes Freedom's mane.

Greg checks Freedom's hooves, one by one.

Groomer FELIPE attaches blinders to Freedom's bridle. Freedom NEIGHS. The more Felipe tries to attach the blinders, the more Freedom resists.

JAMIE  
She doesn't want them.

Freedom bucks. Felipe jumps out of the way.

JAMIE  
Take them off!

GREG  
Do it.

Felipe easily grabs the unattached blinders. But Freedom is still upset.

Greg approaches. Freedom bucks again.

Jamie gets close. Freedom is agitated but Jamie isn't afraid. She softly and gently sings an indiscernible lullaby.

Freedom calms.



JAMIE  
 (patting her)  
 Good girl.

She looks at her dad.

GREG  
 Don't say it. I thought I'd give it  
 one more try. Anything to help her  
 win.

He tightens the saddle's girth, then hands Felipe the reins.

GREG  
 What do you think, Felipe? She  
 gonna at least show today?

FELIPE  
 Hope she win, Mr. Dwyer.

GREG  
 Me, too.

EXT. TURFWAY PARK - LATER

Horses are in the gates.

The BUGLER announces the start of the race and gates open.

ANNOUNCER V.O.  
 They're off! Aristotle off to an  
 early lead. Bayside Beauty racing  
 in second. I Like Mike in third  
 with Freedom racing alongside. Big  
 Granite on the inside rail. Gather  
 No Moss, Gomer Kyle and Keenan's  
 Curl...

AS THE HORSES RACE...

The crowd wildly cheers.

A screaming MAN double checks his betting slip. Yep, his  
 horse is winning. He shouts even louder.

ANNOUNCER V.O.  
 Half mile in 48 seconds flat. Big  
 Granite now in the lead closely  
 followed by I Like Mike. Freedom  
 making a move on the outside.  
 Gather No Moss begins to close.  
 Gomer Kyle and Keenan's Curl two  
 lengths off the lead.

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER V.O. (cont'd)  
 Bayside Beauty forced wide taking  
 Aristotle with her...

IN THE OWNERS' BOXES...

CHEERS from Kentucky Thoroughbred President JERMAINE FULTON  
 and his WIFE.

In the next box, Jamie stands on her seat. Ree looks at her  
 and does the same. Greg anxiously watches every stride.

The horses make the second turn.

FULTON  
 What do you think, Dwyer? She gonna  
 bring it home today?

GREG  
 Hope so.

JAMIE  
 Freedom!

REE  
 Freedom!

ANNOUNCER V.O.  
 Racing inside the final two  
 furlongs, Big Granite has the lead  
 taken on by I Like Mike. Keenan's  
 Curl, Gomer Kyle forced wide.  
 Freedom going for the same gap  
 there with Gather No Moss and she  
 couldn't get it out! Five in line  
 inside the final! Big Granite again  
 with I Like Mike! Keenan's Curl and  
 Gather No Moss! It's Big Granite  
 out in front to win! I Like Mike in  
 second. Gather No Moss on the  
 outside and Keenan's Curl.

The Fulton's, owners of Big Granite, go wild.

The Dwyer's box is subdued.

Jamie hops off the seat.

JAMIE  
 Better than last time. Seventh.

GREG  
 In a field of eight.

JAMIE

She won't be a maiden forever.

FULTON

Your rider went hell for leather,  
Dwyer. Suppose it wasn't Freedom's  
day.

GREG

(Forcing a smile)

Yeah.

Greg watches Freedom being led off the track. He tosses his program on the ground.

EXT. TURFWAY PARK - BACKSIDE - LATER

Felipe takes the saddle off a very sweaty Freedom and carries it into the stables.

GREG

I'll bring the trailer around.

Jamie nods and runs the hose across Freedom's back.

Wearing his signature ascot and blue blazer with missing brass button, MACE WINSTON makes his way to the stables.

He offhandedly stops in front of Jamie.

MACE

Tell your Daddy I'll take that nag  
off his hands.

JAMIE

She got boxed in, that's all.

MACE

Horse racing is a sport of kings.  
That nag will never be anything  
more than a lady in waiting.

JAMIE

She's no nag!

MACE

Hmmm... a race horse who can't  
race. Isn't that a condundrum?

LYNN, a bridle in one arm and a clipboard in the other, stops dead in front of Mace.

LYNN  
You mean conundrum, Mace?

MACE  
Taking in strays now, Lynn?

LYNN  
Leave her alone. I'm sure you have  
someone else to bother.

MACE  
Peasants.

Mace adjusts his orange ascot, waves Lynn and Jamie off and saunters away.

JAMIE  
Why is Mace Winston such a toolbag?

LYNN  
That racing wannabee is all hat and  
no horse. Ignore him.  
(Calling after a stable  
hand)  
Hey Hernando, hold up...

Lynn catches up to HERNANDO, who leads thoroughbred Aristotle to a stall.

ACROSS THE BARN...

BREWSTER BODINE, farmer-tanned redneck right down to the chewing tobacco balled up in his cheek, grabs Cal by the back of his shirt.

BREWSTER  
Hey, I'm talking to you, boy. Not  
that horse. The one in stall 11.

CAL  
You said stall 7.

BREWSTER  
I said 11!

Cal shakes free from Brewster's clutch and relatches the gate of stall 7.

He makes his way across the barn.

Mace sidles up to Brewster.

MACE  
Where's he going?  
(Pointing to 7)  
We need this pony trailered up.

BREWSTER  
Dumb kid. I told him stall 7.  
(Yelling)  
Cal, over here!

Brewster follows Mace out of the barn.

Jamie collects Freedom's gear. She drops a bucket when she sees Cal out of the corner of her eye. She inadvertently kicks it when she bends to pick it up.

Cal, watching the commotion as he passes, stops at her stall and SMILES.

CAL  
Got it under control here?

JAMIE  
(composing herself)  
Oh, hi.

CAL  
Hi.

She brushes hair out of her face and stuffs it under her hat.

An awkward pause.

JAMIE  
(sticking out her hand)  
Jamie Dwyer.

CAL  
(shaking)  
Cal Doolin.

JAMIE  
I thought you fixed air  
conditioners.

CAL  
I take odd jobs where I can get  
'em.

JAMIE  
Odd jobs with odd folk.

CAL  
Brewster Bodine is a pain, but he  
said he'd pay me pretty good.

JAMIE  
He's a douche.

CAL  
True. You in school, huh?

JAMIE  
Senior. In the fall. You?

Cal shakes "no."

JAMIE  
Oh, right.

Molly bounces into the stables, energetic as ever.

MOLLY  
Hey!

JAMIE  
Molly, Cal. Cal, Molly.

MOLLY  
This is like the second time in  
days you guys are together. Must be  
fate. Hey Cal, you should totally  
come down to the brewery some time  
and hang out, right J.?

JAMIE  
Uh, we're not together...

Brewster from across the stable...

BREWSTER  
Cal!

CAL  
Gotta go.

MOLLY  
(calling after him)  
The old brewery downtown on  
Traction. Look for the purple B.

Jamie punches Molly in the arm.

JAMIE

I can't you believe you told him about the brewery! We don't even know him.

MOLLY

He won't tell anyone. Look at him, he's super cool. And you like him.

JAMIE

Get outta here.

MOLLY

You do.

Jamie can't hide her smile. Molly ribs her and they both laugh a silly boy crush laugh.

OUTSIDE THE STABLE...

Fulton talks in hushed tones to Mace. Brewster joins them. Fulton points to Freedom as Jamie and Molly lead her to the Dwyer's horse trailer.

EXT. BREWSTER'S RANCH - HORSE STALLS - NIGHT

Cal shovels manure into a wheelbarrow.

A NOISE.

He stops, glances up and down the stalls. Only horses. He continues shovelling.

NOISE of a shoe hitting a metal bucket.

Silence.

Cal raises his shovel in the direction of the noise.

NOISE of leather and metal clanging off a hook.

CAL

Who's there? Come out! Now!

Jamie timidly steps out of the stall.

JAMIE

Hey.

CAL

Jamie?

JAMIE  
A shovel? That's your weapon?

CAL  
Scared you out of hiding.

Jamie takes a silver buckle clasp out of her pocket. She sticks out her hand to Cal.

JAMIE  
Thought this might be yours.

CAL  
That's your excuse for coming over here? Really?

JAMIE  
It's not an excuse. Why would I need an excuse?

CAL  
To see me.

JAMIE  
Aren't you full of yourself?

CAL  
No, just truthful.

JAMIE  
For your information, I was going to leave it and take off but you showed up and I didn't want you to think I came to see you so I hid but that was stupid because you'd think I was stalking. But whatever.  
(Matter of fact)  
Anyway, I gotta go.

CAL  
Why don't you just admit you wanted to see me? I wanted to see you... I left it on purpose.

JAMIE  
Why didn't you just say so?

CAL  
Why didn't you?

An awkward pause. They smile.



JAMIE

Okay, you're right. But you have to admit, it took more guts for me to come over here than for you to leave it for me to find. That's kind of lame.

CAL

It worked.

From outside the barn...

BREWSTER O.S.

Cal!

CAL

You should bolt. But make sure to leave something behind so I have an excuse to see you again.

Jamie playfully tosses the buckle clasp at him, then darts out the back of the barn.

Cal smiles, he's smitten...

OUTSIDE THE BARN...

...so is Jamie.

INT. LYNN'S TACK SHOP - DAY

Lynn props her foot on the counter and pulls her boot off. She pounds the boot on the counter's edge to loosen a clump of fresh mud. It plops to the ground.

She repeats the cleaning on her other boot.

Jamie tosses an empty carton on a pile of broken down cardboard boxes... it's one too many and the tower topples, scattering boxes across the floor.

Lynn rolls her eyes.

JAMIE

It's not like I did it on purpose.

LYNN

You didn't do it the way I asked you to.

JAMIE

Because I didn't want to get up at the crack of dawn again and chase truck plates, you now think everything I do is wrong?

LYNN

You're a teenager. By nature, irresponsible and self-absorbed. You can't help it. But I thought, with some real effort, you may be able to rise above that. I guess not. From now on, just be on time and get your work done, and I'll expect nothing more from you.

JAMIE

I'm not as irresponsible as you think I am.

LYNN

Yeah? Prove it.

Lynn picks up a riding crop and walks out.

Jamie, hands on her hips, surveys the cardboard mess. She KICKS the boxes with one boot and then the other.

EXT. TURFWAY PARK

It's SUPER DERBY RACE DAY, Founder's Day at Turfway Park.

Crowds of well-dressed and excited race fans snake their way through the main entrance.

Festive MUSIC fills the air. Colorful banners and horseshoe shaped balloons adorn every post and pole.

REPORTER IVY MITCHELL and her crew cover an opening day tradition, the Truly Fabulous Hat Contests...

A WOMAN in a brown Ralph Lauren pants suit sports a miniature model of the entire Turfway Park Track mounted on a helmet.

A MAN in suit and tie wears a wide brimmed hat covered in moss and speckled with small plastic racing stallions.

Two WOMEN, their faces hidden by wildly oversized brims covered in fruit and flowers, collide as they make their way to a betting window.

It's all fun and frivolity. Until...

JAMIE, MOLLY and teens BOONE, CHERYL and THOMAS emerge arm-in-arm from under the grandstand. They sport one giant hat spread across their heads - a mini-billboard stating "KILL BUYERS AMONG YOU. STOP HORSE SLAUGHTER!"

Reporter Mitchell directs her CAMERAMAN to swing his lens to the ruckus on the track.

IN AN OWNERS' BOX...

Jermaine Fulton chokes on his gin & tonic.

He looks frantically at a SECURITY GUARD. The Guard bolts down the steps.

Within seconds, the five teens are politely surrounded by multiple SECURITY and escorted out of sight.

NEAR THE Paddock...

Horses from the previous race are led by HOT WALKERS to the stable to cool down.

The buzz for the upcoming race fills the air, from the betting windows to the barns.

Jockeys parade horses from the paddock, including #7 Freedom.

They follow the outriders on their ponies around the track to the starting gate.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

Two minutes to post.

THE OWNERS' BOXES...

Ree bounces up the steps. Jamie follows Greg, who is in no mood for conversation.

JAMIE

But, dad...

GREG

There's a time and a place for everything, Jamie. This was not it... Work, school, shuttling Ree. Otherwise you are bound to the house. End of discussion.

Greg parks himself in a seat.

Jermaine Fulton looks at Jamie, and then at Greg.

Greg catches Fulton's watchful eye. All he can do is shrug.

JAMIE  
Hello, Mr. Fulton.

FULTON  
Jamie.

INT. TURFWAY PARK Paddock - LATER

Lynn carries a bag of alfalfa feed and drops it in a stall.  
She makes her way to Freedom's stall where Greg is removing Freedom's saddle.

LYNN  
Ran a good race.

GREG  
Not good enough.

LYNN  
(to Jamie)  
Help me unload in a few minutes?

GREG  
Still want her working for you  
after her stunt on the track?

JAMIE  
It wasn't a stunt, it was a  
demonstration. Lynn's the one who  
gave me the idea.

LYNN  
What?

GREG  
What?

JAMIE  
You said kill buyers are murderers  
disguised as horse traders. People  
should know. So I'm letting people  
know.

LYNN  
There's a way to do things and a  
way not to. Don't drag me into it.

GREG  
She's not gonna listen. Always  
gotta be right, that one.  
(To Jamie)  
I'm gonna put this in the trailer.  
You bring Freedom out.

He carries the saddle out of the stables.

JAMIE

How could you throw me under the  
bus like that?

LYNN

Believe it or not, I understand why  
you did what you did. But you need  
to understand why you shouldn't  
have done it.

JAMIE

I was proving myself. I thought  
you'd be proud.

Lynn, not sure how to respond, doesn't.

EXT. INTERSTATE 64 - KENTUCKY/INDIANA BORDER - LATE NIGHT

A big rig idles in the parking lot of a closed gas station.

A horse trailer pulls up and parks next to it.

Mace greets the big rig driver. They exchange money.

Brewster opens the back of the horse trailer.

He transfers the horses - who are roped inhumanely all  
together- into the big rig.

Mace and Brewster drive away with their empty trailer. The  
big rig travels in the other direction.

EXT. DWYER HOME

Molly pulls up the drive in her gleaming late model BMW and  
parks it next to Jamie's mud-caked '97 Buick Skylark.

EXT. DWYER BARN - CONTINUING

Jamie shovels hay into Freedom's trough. Ree fills buckets  
with fresh water.

Molly pops in.

MOLLY

Hey, J. Headed down to the brewery.

JAMIE

Can't.  
(Points to Ree)  
Baby-sitting.

REE  
I'm not a baby.

MOLLY  
Bring her.

JAMIE  
Can't. School night.  
(On Molly's "really" look)  
Grounded. Dad would have a cow.  
(To Ree)  
Go ahead in. I'll finish.

Ree puts down the hose. But doesn't leave. Jamie gives her a "shoo" look. She stays.

JAMIE  
You're not a baby. I'm *child-*  
sitting. Now beat it.

Ree smirks and leaves the barn.

Molly picks up the hose and finishes filling the buckets.

MOLLY  
What a drag.

JAMIE  
He'll calm down and change his  
mind. He's such a...Dad.

MOLLY  
Moms are no different. Mine was  
totally like 'are you going to wear  
that with the hole in it' and I was  
like 'yeah, so?' No answer.

JAMIE  
Lame.

MOLLY  
Lame.

Freedom NEIGHS.

Jamie nuzzles her. Freedom responds in kind.

MOLLY  
You're stuck here, huh?

JAMIE  
I suppose I could go on a hay run  
with a slight detour.

MOLLY

Do it.

JAMIE

Let me get the runt.

As they race out of the barn...

JAMIE

Ree!

EXT. DOWNTOWN LEXINGTON OLD INDUSTRIAL AREA - ESTABLISHING

A run-down section, clearly ignored by any gentrification.

On both sides of one massive block sits the old Tates Creek Brewery, the old Big Ass Fan factory and a building claiming to have been a commercial bakery - all abandoned.

The brick Tates Creek Brewery features a wall size graffiti "B" in purple spray paint on its side.

Parked in a hidden alley separating the brewery from the bakery are Molly's BMW and a few other cars.

INT. ABANDONED TATES CREEK BREWERY - ESTABLISHING

MUSIC blares. Skateboard action makes it even noisier.

A crudely fashioned but fully functional skateboard park. Metal pipes and curved ledges share space with neglected copper vats and a bottle filling machine.

Radical graphics cover cement and metal on the brick walls.

A ramp shoots up and over the bottling apparatus. Makeshift platforms with banked sides are scattered throughout.

Two TEEN BOYS catch air on their boards over the ramp. Cheryl follows with an even fancier trick.

Thomas, surrounded by a collection of acrylic paints, makes a wide brush stroke, then leans back to check it out.

Boone, now wearing his trademark coonskin hat instead of a protest billboard on his head, admires Thomas's work.

BOONE

Sick.

Jamie and Molly, sitting on an old Steelcase desk, flip through a magazine.

Ree, alone in a corner complete with bean bag chair and reading lamp, does her homework.

A heavy metal door to the outside opens... Cal enters, pushing his motorcycle.

One by one, the skateboarders stop skating to study the stranger in their midst. Cal studies them back.

If not for the blaring music, the silence would be deafening.

MOLLY  
(reassuring)  
He's with us!

The teens relax and return to their routines.

MOLLY  
(to Cal)  
That's Cheryl on the pipe. Thomas at the paints. Boone with the head monument...

BOONE  
(Flips tail end of hat)  
Descendent of Daniel.  
(On Cal's look)  
Boone. Daniel Boone.

Cal nods.

MOLLY  
And that's... Oh forget it, you won't remember all the names.  
Everyone, this is Cal.

The teens nod or "hey." The action picks back up and the noise level rises.

Cal parks his tricked out ride next to Jamie and Molly.

CAL  
The brewery?

MOLLY  
Yep.

CAL  
I thought you meant like in beer.

MOLLY  
Nope, just like in old building.



CAL  
That's cool.  
(Catches Jamie checking  
out his bike)  
Didn't want to leave it outside.  
Looked kinda sketchy.

JAMIE  
It's awesome.

CAL  
Yeah? Did all the work myself.

Ree pops herself in front of him.

REE  
Wow, you are cute.

Jamie blushes. Cal likes it.

JAMIE  
She has no filter.

REE  
Can I sit on it?

Cal scoops her up onto the seat. He plops next to Jamie on the desk. They watch Ree pretend to ride.

INT. HENRY CLAY HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - NEXT DAY

STUDENTS file in.

Molly and Cheryl yack it up with Boone and Thomas.

Jamie rushes in and plops down.

JAMIE  
And a minute to spare!

CHERYL  
Girl, I've never seen you googoo  
over a dude before.

JAMIE  
"Googoo?" That's the best you got?

BOONE  
What's his story, or is he just a  
mysterious biker man who rolled  
into town and swept you away?

JAMIE  
He works around, doing stuff.

THOMAS  
A career man.

JAMIE  
He's saving for school, doubting  
Thomas. Going to Berea College.

THOMAS  
College? Isn't Berea that hick  
place up in the mountains where  
they make corncob pipes and rugs  
and crap?

JAMIE  
It's an arts college, dolt. He's a  
craftsman. You have to be chosen to  
go there.

THOMAS  
You mean placed there.

The BELL RINGS.

Jamie playfully smacks his head with her English book.

TEACHER  
Settle down.

INT. LYNN'S TACK SHOP - DAY

Lynn slices open a carton with a Swiss Army knife.

Jamie enters. Nods to Lynn without saying a word and puts on  
work gloves. She picks up a box to break it down.

LYNN  
I thought maybe you could do some  
computer work today.

JAMIE  
(shrugs)  
'kay.

Jamie plops herself down and inputs receipts from a file into  
Lynn's computer.

Lynn takes straps out of the carton and arranges them.

LYNN

About yesterday, I shouldn't have been so harsh.

JAMIE

Why did you go all narc on me? I was only doing what you would do.

LYNN

What are you talking about?

Jamie pulls out a stack of battered files jammed with papers of all sizes in no particular order.

JAMIE

(Holds up yellowed newspaper)

This.

(Reading)

Cops break up Horse Brigade.

LYNN

Where did you get that?

JAMIE

I finished what you asked me to do the other day so I started cleaning your files. You're really disorganized... That's you with the black scarf thing, isn't it?

LYNN

Does it look like me?

JAMIE

Who'd know? Everyone looks the same. Nice hair.

Lynn takes the paper and stuffs it in the file, then rearranges the other papers so they all fit - sort of.

JAMIE

Ever break the law?

LYNN

It was a long time ago.

JAMIE

You did!

LYNN

If I did - if - it's not something to be proud of.

JAMIE

Whatever. I'll just be bored for the rest of my life. At least you have memories.

Jamie puts the file in its own cardboard box.

Lynn tosses an empty carton and opens another.

JAMIE

Mace Winston is a killer, too.

LYNN

Who told you that?

JAMIE

Mace is always with Brewster. He hangs out with a killer so he is a killer, that's the way I see it.

LYNN

Cal hangs out with a killer, too. Does that make him one?

JAMIE

He works with one, not hangs with one... Why can't I do what you did? Like the Horse Brigade?

LYNN

Silence might be your best answer.

JAMIE

I'm just saying, I want to help.

Jamie runs tape across the box of papers and seals it tight.

EXT. DWYER FARM - BARN - EVENING

Ree teeters on the edge of a stall, polishing a bridle.

Jamie brushes Freedom. Cal feeds her a carrot.

JAMIE

Sure you don't want to ride her?

CAL

I'm sure.

REE

You afraid of horses? I was cause they're so big. But Freedom is different. She won't hurt you.

CAL  
Not afraid.

JAMIE  
(teasing)  
Little afraid?

CAL  
My ride has two wheels and I can  
control it. Never been on a horse  
is all.

JAMIE  
No way!

CAL  
Tell you what, take a ride with me  
and then I'll think about taking a  
ride on Freedom.

JAMIE  
Deal. But only to the end of the  
drive. I'm baby... child sitting.

Ree jumps down. She and Jamie follow Cal to his motorcycle.

Cal hops on and REVS the engine. Jamie climbs on the back.

Cal takes off down the dirt, purposefully jerking the front  
wheel to wildly swerve left and right. Jamie holds tight.

CAL  
Ride it like you stole it!

At the end of the drive, he pulls a donut to spin in the  
opposite direction... and narrowly misses a head-on into  
Greg's truck as it pulls in.

Greg jumps out of the truck.

GREG  
What the hell?

Cal cuts the engine and Jamie jumps off the back.

Greg studies the motorcycle.

JAMIE  
Hi, Dad. This is Caleb Doolin.

CAL  
Mr. Dwyer.

GREG

Uh huh.

CAL

I was just giving Jamie a ride.

GREG

Uh huh.

CAL

Anyway, I should be taking off.  
Nice meeting you.

GREG

Uh huh.

Cal puts his helmet on and turns on the engine.

CAL

(to Jamie)

I'll take a raincheck on that ride.

JAMIE

Okay. See ya.

Cal revs the engine and Jamie waves him off.

Greg watches him go, then turns steely-eyed to Jaime.

JAMIE

What?

EXT. BREWSTER'S RANCH - NIGHT

Lynn's Jeep is parked on the side of the road.

Lynn makes her way through thick bushes.

She climbs a wood post fence and races across a pasture... A herd of wild horses are crammed in the corral near the barn. She counts... There must be at least 25.

INT. DWYER KITCHEN - LATER

Jamie clears the dinner dishes from the table.

REE

He let me ride it.

JAMIE

Sit on it. It wasn't moving.

GREG

He seems a little old for you.

JAMIE

He's 19. I'll be 17 in a month. And everyone knows girls mature faster than boys so it's like I'm actually older than him.

KNOCK at the door. Ree opens... it's Lynn.

JAMIE

Be ready in a minute.

GREG

Perfect timing. Maybe you can talk sense into her.

JAMIE

C'mon, Dad.

GREG

He's too old for you. He's got no real job to speak of. And he drives like a maniac.

JAMIE

Oh my god! It's not like I want to go out with a vampire!

Lynn stifles a laugh. Greg looks confused. Ree puts her arm around him.

REE

Two kids fall in love, one's a vampire, one's not, they dance in the moonlight, he refuses to bite her neck.

GREG

Do your homework.

(To Lynn)

I don't know how you do it, getting her to haul supplies late into the night when I can't even get her to clean her room.

LYNN

Have a good night. We won't be too late.

Jamie kisses her Dad on the cheek and bolts out the door.

EXT. INTERSTATE 64 - THAT NIGHT

A U-Haul truck travels the highway.

It pulls off at Exit 62 and makes its way into the Flying J truck stop.

AT FLYING J... INSIDE THE U-HAUL...

Lynn and Jamie watch the activity come and go in and out of the diner and gas station.

LYNN

We're clear that we're only doing this because it's not technically stealing?

JAMIE

I know. I know. They stole horses from government land so we're bringing them back to where they belong.

LYNN

Horse thievery...

JAMIE

(mimicking)  
...is a crime punishable by imprisonment. It could ruin my permanent record. I got.

LYNN

This is serious.

JAMIE

I'm being serious. Really.

A truck hauling an oversized horse trailer pulls into the lot. It drives to the far end, away from the flood lights, and parks next to an 18-wheeler with nondescript markings.

Lynn focuses her binoculars on Brewster climbing out of the trailer truck.

Brewster greets the 18-wheeler DRIVER, who unlatches the back and sets a temporary loading ramp.

A dozen horses from Brewster's trailer are transferred into the back of the semi. The process is quick and orderly.

JAMIE

That's not all of them.



LYNN  
Probably couldn't risk it all at  
once. Too big a load.

JAMIE  
Big enough.

Brewster gets back in his truck and drives away.

The Driver walks to the coffee shop.

Jamie holds up a pair of heavy duty bolt cutters.

JAMIE  
Now's our chance.

Lynn drives to the far corner next to the 18-wheeler.

Visible through the plate glass window, the Driver orders  
coffee to go.

JAMIE  
Uh-oh, not a bathroom break. We  
need more time. A diversion.  
(Gives Lynn bolt cutters)  
You unload.

She hops out of the U-Haul and jogs to the coffee shop.

Lynn stealthily, but quickly, cuts the lock on the back of  
the semi and sets her own ramp.

She moves the horses off and into their waiting U-Haul...  
while keeping one eye on Jamie.

IN THE COFFEE SHOP...

Jamie taps the Driver's shoulder.

JAMIE  
Could you possibly help me out? My  
wiper blades are shot and I don't  
know what ones to replace them with  
(Points to Parts/  
convenience store  
connected to diner)  
There are so many.

DRIVER  
(following her into Parts)  
Uh, okay. What kinda car ya got?

Jamie points to a Chevy parked near the gas pumps.

The Driver picks out blades. As he hands them to her, he sees the Chevy drive off.

DRIVER  
There goes your car...?

JAMIE  
No, the one next to it.

DRIVER  
The Toyota?

JAMIE  
You bet.

The Driver puts the blades back and looks for another pair.

He hands them to Jamie ... And catches of glimpse of a U-Haul near his truck.

DRIVER  
What the...

He races out of the store. Jamie in hot pursuit.

JAMIE  
Wait! I don't think these will fit!

Lynn loads the last horse and pulls the back panel down. She sees the Driver racing toward her.

She flies into the U-Haul and cranks it up. The Driver is close but she has her foot on the gas.

The Driver realizes Jamie is in on it. Jamie scrambles back toward the store.

Lynn whizzes by the Driver. He POUNDS on the side as she passes.

Lynn opens the passenger door while frantically steering.

LYNN  
Jump! Get in!

Jamie struggles to catch hold. Lynn grabs and pulls her in.

DRIVER  
SS&^%\$&\*(!!!!!

Lynn floors it and they swerve out of the Flying J, barely keeping the U-Haul on four wheels.

Lynn eases up on the gears as she enters the I-64 on-ramp.

JAMIE

What are you doing?

LYNN

The point is to save the horses,  
not get in an accident with them.

JAMIE

What if that guy catches us?

LYNN

He's not going to chase us and risk  
getting pulled over by the cops.  
What's he going to tell them? We  
stole his stolen horses?

Jamie nods. She settles into her seat.

JAMIE

That was really cool, wasn't it?

LYNN

They were stolen horses. We're  
giving them back. That's the only  
reason we did it. Not cause we're  
cool.

JAMIE

For the 100th time, I know... You  
sure that guy won't chase us?

LYNN

He'd have to be a total idiot.

Truck HIGH BEAMS close and fast in the rearview mirror.

Lynn shifts to a higher gear.

Jamie notices Lynn's change in attitude and checks the  
mirror. The beams are blinding.

JAMIE

He's a total idiot!

Almost on their bumper, a Dairy Truck swerves into the  
passing lane and speeds past.

Lynn breathes a muffled sigh of relief.

Jamie settles in her seat, but not as comfortably as before.

EXT. KENTUCKY EQUINE HUMANE CENTER - LATE THAT NIGHT

An adoption facility on a rural Jessamine County farm.

The U-Haul pulls in and is greeted by volunteer NORA LARKIN.

LYNN

Thanks, Nora.

NORA

No, thank you. We'll be sure these beauties get back to the Outer Banks where they belong.

LYNN

We've gotta find out where the rest are.

JAMIE

Cal might have heard something.

Lynn agrees. They unload the horses.

EXT. EMERALD PARK RACEWAY - ESTABLISHING

Race day excitement.

INT. EMERALD PARK RACEWAY - STABLES

A black stallion accompanied by his jubilant trainer carrying a dozen red roses marches past Freedom's stall. The mood there is not so happy.

Felipe takes the saddle off a tired and sweaty Freedom.

A sullen Greg firmly pats her. She responds with a head nod.

Jamie strokes her mane.

JAMIE

I thought it was gonna be your day.

He watches Jamie wrap her arms around Freedom's neck. Freedom nuzzles her in response. There's no denying their bond.

INT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Greg fiddles with his coffee cup. Jamie leans against the sink, arms crossed in defiance.

JAMIE

She's only run a few races.

GREG

Not every thoroughbred makes it on the track, honey.

JAMIE

Then let's not race her. You'll save the buy-in fees.

GREG

It's more complicated. Hay prices are up. Transportation costs are up. Vet bills... Freedom was an investment, a college fund for you and Ree. Instead, there's more money going out than coming in.

JAMIE

I'll take care of her, Dad. I'm working now. Please?

GREG

It's not that easy. I'm sorry.

Jamie storms out, slamming the screen door behind her.

Greg rubs his eyes in sad desperation.

IN THE HALL...

Ree silently wipes away a tear.

EXT. DWYER PASTURE - TWILIGHT

Freedom grazes in the fenced enclosure.

Jamie places a blanket on the ground and plays a long, slow tune on her harmonica. Freedom shakes her head, as if in time to the music.

Jamie climbs up on the fence and takes a peppermint out of her pocket. She feeds it to Freedom, then buries her head in Freedom's mane. And sobs.

EXT. KENTUCKY HORSE PARK - ESTABLISHING

Entrance sign proudly reads: "WELCOME TO THE HOME OF THE WORLD EQUESTRIAN GAMES"

The state run park, more than 1,200 acres dedicated to horsemanship and equine events, is home to an advanced center to retrain thoroughbred racehorses for second careers.

EXT. KENTUCKY HORSE PARK - MAKER'S MARK SECRETARIAT CENTER

Horses are led clockwise around a track, opposite from how they race.

Volunteers teach former racehorses dressage movements.

IN A SEPARATE RINK...

Lynn straps an orthopedic-looking harness over chestnut mare.

She walks the horse up and over a series of steps.

LYNN

I'm sorry about Freedom.

JAMIE

Yeah.

LYNN

Maybe your Dad could bring her here? You could visit.

JAMIE

(shaking no)

Someone offered a good price. I don't want to talk about it.

LYNN

Gotcha.

JAMIE

The other wild horses, they're gone. We were too late.

Lynn pats her horse and nods to a volunteer to take over.

She climbs up on the fence post next to Jamie.

LYNN

I heard.

JAMIE

What about all the others? Let's check out that website for a kill buyer who bought a bunch of thoroughbreds at some auction? We could get them back.

LYNN

Stealing is not rescuing. We're in the horse capital of the world, for crying out loud. Do you know what they do to horse thieves?

JAMIE

I don't want to hear it!

LYNN

You have to hear it.

JAMIE

If they're murdering innocent animals, we're not stealing, we are rescuing. Why won't you help?

LYNN

We're doing what we can.

Jamie jumps down from the fence post.

JAMIE

No, we're not!

LYNN

Jamie...

Jamie ignores her and stomps away.

EXT. HENRY CLAY HIGH SCHOOL - NEXT DAY

School's out. Students empty out of the building.

Cal, on his motorcycle, hands Jamie a helmet. She refuses it.

CAL

I thought I was here to give you a ride home, not get in a big discussion.

JAMIE

How can you work for that horse killer? You should quit.

CAL

Noted.

JAMIE

I'm serious.

CAL

C'mon, Jamie. I can't do anymore. Brewster already suspects me of shooting my mouth off. I'll lose my job. And I'm not going to steal horses. That's crazy.

JAMIE

They are going to die. Die. Doesn't that mean anything to you?

CAL

Please don't do this. Get on and let's just go.

JAMIE

I don't believe it. You are all so lame!

Jamie storms off, brushes Cal off with a backhand.

CAL

Jamie!

He slams the helmet down on his handlebars.

Molly and Boone show up at the wrong time.

MOLLY

What's the matter with her?

CAL

Mad at the world.

BOONE

Why?

CAL

Cause she can't save it.

Cal fires up his bike and screeches away, leaving a wicked tire mark.

Molly looks to Boone. Boone looks to Molly.

MOLLY

Okay then.

EXT. GEORGETOWN, KY TRAIN YARD - NIGHT

A MAN loads horses onto a boxcar of a train hauling coal.

The train pulls out of the yard, and makes its way south.



EXT. BISHOP'S CROSSING - AN HOUR LATER

The train winds through the Kentucky countryside. It's moving at a good clip.

In the far off distance, the CONDUCTOR makes out FLASHING LIGHTS on the track.

He sounds the HOWLING WHISTLE, but the lights keep flashing.

DOWN THE TRACK...

Jamie's Buick is parked on the track.

She shivers at the sound of the far off train but remains steadfast in her seat. The train will slow... won't it?

The Conductor blasts the WHISTLE. Again and again. He's not slowing down.

Flashing lights get closer. The Conductor makes out the shape of a car. He's nervous and starts to brake. There may not be time... that car better move.

The Conductor excitedly waves to the driver "get out!"

Jamie frantically tries to start her car but drops the keys. She can't find them in the dark. She pulls the door handle. The train lights are blinding...

Jaime jumps out of the car. From out of the darkness, a single headlight... Cal on his motorcycle GRABS her as his cycle speeds across the track.

The train screeches closer, closer... SCREEEECH. It SLAMS the back of Jamie's Buick and comes to a spark-flying stop.

Smoke and twisted metal. And Jamie holding Cal like she'll never let him go.

The Conductor, visibly shaken, slowly steps down.

He looks at Cal who puts Jamie down. He looks at his engine.

CONDUCTOR

You kids and your dumbass pranks!

CAL

Yeah, she's fine, thanks for asking.

Brewster emerges from out of the boxcar.

BREWSTER

What in the hell, sam blazes, crazy  
ass...

His eyes narrow when he spots Jaime. And Cal. He shakes his  
finger in Cal's face.

BREWSTER

You! I knew you were no good!  
(To Jamie)  
You're that little Lynn Meyer  
wannabee!

JAMIE

Horse killer!

Brewster charges. Cal reacts, jumping up off his cycle.

CAL

Back off!

Brewster backs off but not down.

The Conductor shies away, retreating to the train.

BREWSTER

Caught red-handed. Put you away for  
a long, long time.

Out of the smoke, Lynn emerges from a horse trailer parked on  
the other side of the tracks.

LYNN

For what? Stealing federal property  
off federal land? Or for ignoring  
interstate commerce codes? Or maybe  
for violating Kentucky statues  
regarding humane transportation of  
animals?

BREWSTER

You don't know what you're talking  
about.

LYNN

Don't I? I know the penalty for  
violating U.S. Code 976a. 10 to 15.  
That's federal prison, not county  
jail.

(To Conductor)

And wouldn't your boss like to know  
how you're making extra cash?... So  
now what we're going to do is take  
these horses and be on our way.

BREWSTER  
(To Cal)  
You're fired.

CAL  
I quit.

LYNN  
(To Jamie and Cal)  
Go ahead and get the horses.  
(To Conductor)  
Push the rest of that car off the  
tracks.

He jumps to it. But can't budge it so he looks to Brewster.  
Brewster grunts and curses under his breath. But he helps.

LATER...

Lynn waves as the train chugs its way onward.

Cal wheels his motorcycle up into the horse trailer.

JAMIE  
Why did you change your mind?

CAL  
You're crazy, you know that?

JAMIE  
I think you like it.

She hugs him.

He climbs into Jamie's Buick - the back is a crumpled mess  
but the engine starts.

The compact heap of metal follows Lynn and Jamie in the truck  
hauling the trailer.

IN THE TRUCK...

JAMIE  
Thanks for coming.

LYNN  
What the hell were you thinking?

JAMIE  
Same as you, I guess. You're here,  
aren't you?

LYNN

Not with my car - or my life - on the tracks.

JAMIE

How did you know all those laws?

LYNN

Made them up.

Lynn slowly smiles. Jamie laughs. They HIGH FIVE.

EXT. KENTUCKY EQUINE HUMANE CENTER - LATER THAT NIGHT

Lynn talks to Nora Larkin. She looks disappointed. Jamie gets out of the truck. Cal joins her.

JAMIE

What's wrong?

NORA

Wild ones we can return to BLM territory, but thoroughbreds need a place to go and I'm over capacity as it is. Had a call about 30 from a guy who'd been breeding for the last 15 years. Said the market's not there to sell and he can't afford to feed them. We got nine registered thoroughbreds from a farm the other day, all malnourished. We won't turn them away but might have to euthanize some. At least it's the dignity of a respectful end.

LYNN

Unlike slaughter auctions.

JAMIE

If we leave these, you'll have to put them down?

Nora hesitates, then nods "yes."

JAMIE

Then we'll bring them to that other place.

LYNN

What other place?

JAMIE

(to Cal)

Where Molly was telling us about?  
That farm? You know, that farm?

Cal takes the hint.

CAL

I'll drive. You've had a long  
night, Lynn. I can drop Jamie off  
on the way. If you don't mind  
driving her hunk of junk home.

LYNN

You sure?

JAMIE

He's sure. If you take my car,  
it'll give me time to figure out  
how to tell Dad what happened  
without telling him what happened.

LYNN

Okay. Thanks, anyway, Nora. I guess  
we'll take it from here. Sorry to  
get you up so late.

NORA

Sorry I couldn't be more help.  
Where did you rescue them from?  
Owner who couldn't care for them?

LYNN

Something like that.

Cal tosses Jamie's keys to Lynn.

She looks at the wreck of the car and gets in.

Jamie and Cal get in the truck.

CAL

Where to?

JAMIE

Good question. Where can they get  
shelter and be safe?

Jamie and Cal give each other that "are you thinking what I'm  
thinking?" look.

INT. HENRY CLAY HIGH SCHOOL - NEXT DAY

Jamie meets up with her friends in the hall. They speak in hushed tones and nod a lot.

EXT. SONIC DRIVE-IN

Mace's convertible Jag is in need of both interior and exterior body work.

Mace gingerly sips an iced tea.

Brewster scarfs down dripping chili cheese fries and licks his fingers clean. He goes for another dripping fry.

MACE

Don't get grease on my seats. That stomach bomb must be 1,200 calories.

BREWSTER

So what do we do now?

MACE

There's an unlimited supply of easy cash out there. Think of it as an equine foreclosure market. A glut of horses and not enough owner's who can afford them. Buy low, sell high.

BREWSTER

(Grease drips on his chin)  
Works for me.

Brewster raises his root beer float to toast their plan. Mace hands him a napkin.

INT. TATE'S CREEK BREWERY

Jamie and Molly sit atop a pyramid of Steelcase desks.

Ree, in her beanbag chair, can't keep her eyes off the direction of the unseen courtyard.

Cheryl, Thomas and more TEENS gather...

MOLLY

I am so with you on this.

JAMIE  
Knew I could count on you.  
(to the Teens)  
Okay, so why did I call an  
emergency meeting?

Boone bursts into the room.

BOONE  
There are like 10 horses penned up  
in the courtyard!

JAMIE  
So much for the big reveal.

The buzz kicks into high gear..."what!" "let me see" "no way!" "awesome."

JAMIE  
I'm gonna need everyone's help.

#### MONTAGE - BREWERY TRANSFORMATION

An oversized garage-type door opens to...

- A cement floor strewn with piles of hay.
- Hammering and sawing of lumber into makeshift stalls.
- Troughs and feed buckets replace desks and equipment.
- Sod laid in the courtyard for a "pasture" exercise area.

#### EXT. DWYER HOME - AFTERNOON

A MAN in jeans and cowboy hat latches the gate of a single horse trailer.

A fat wad of chewing tobacco in his cheek, he spits but as much spit rolls down his cheek as hits the dirt.

Greg, about to shake on the deal, decides against it as the Man wipes his drooling mouth with his hand. Greg puts his hand back in his pocket.

The Man gets in the pickup pulling the trailer. He wastes no time in thrusting the truck into gear and kicking up dirt down the driveway.

Jamie's Buick narrowly misses it as she turns up the drive.

Greg is dumbfounded at the sight of her mess of metal car.

JAMIE  
Hey Dad, what's going on?

GREG  
You tell me.

JAMIE  
Oh that. Long story...

Jamie looks to the barn... the door is open and empty. She looks out to the road where the truck is well on its way.

JAMIE  
Where's Freedom?

She runs to the barn. Greg walks to her.

JAMIE  
Dad, what have you done?!

GREG  
Honey, we talked about this. I thought it was best if she was gone before you...

JAMIE  
No! You didn't let me say goodbye?  
I can't believe it! Where is she?

GREG  
Mace Winston offered a fair price...

JAMIE  
Mace! How could you?

GREG  
(Reaching for her)  
Honey...

She angrily shakes him away.

JAMIE  
No! This makes you just as bad as him!

GREG  
Now listen here...

JAMIE  
Oh sure, change your tune. Pretend like you're the good guy. Then when things don't go your way, pull the superior card. You're not right.

(MORE)



JAMIE (cont'd)

You're selfish! Now I know why Mom  
left - you drove her away!

That stings - Greg is crestfallen.

Jamie rages into the house, crying with profound sadness.

Ree hops out of the Buick. Greg surveys the damage.  
Disbelief.

REE

It drives okay.

EXT. BOURBON COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - ESTABLISHING

The brick County Administration is sandwiched between the  
brick Library and the brick Duncan Tavern.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Jamie, seated in a wood chair, rests her elbows on SHERIFF  
BRICKEL'S massive desk.

She leans in tight enough to see whiskers he missed shaving.

SHERIFF BRICKEL

Miss Dwyer, I cannot and I will not  
harass a man on speculation and  
hearsay.

JAMIE

He's abusing animals. And as far as  
I know, he's a murderer.

SHERIFF BRICKEL

As far as I know, your Daddy would  
prefer if you didn't get any more  
speeding tickets. And I would  
prefer that, too. Now I venture to  
say Mace Winston is a boob, but an  
animal abuser?

JAMIE

He's a murderer.

SHERIFF BRICKEL

That is a very serious and libelous  
allegation. Very serious.

Jamie leans back in her chair, defeated.

Sheriff Brickel shuffles papers and ignores her - he's done. Her eyes plead with him. He ignores even more.

Jamie TSKS her disapproval.

SHERIFF BRICKEL  
(No eye contact)  
You're a more attractive young lady  
without the attitude.

Jamie sighs and walks out.

EXT. LYNN'S TACK SHOP

Lynn pulls up. Her Jeep door held together with bungee cord.

Jamie sits on the stoop.

JAMIE  
I need to borrow your trailer. And  
gas money.

LYNN  
No.

JAMIE  
You don't even know why.

LYNN  
You're going to steal Freedom from  
Mace's farm.

JAMIE  
No jury would convict me.

LYNN  
Every jury would convict you. And  
you still wouldn't get Freedom. He  
keeps his ponies at other stables.

JAMIE  
Well, I can't go home because I  
told my Dad I was staying over here  
and he'll think I'm up to something  
if I go back.

LYNN  
You are up to something.

Jamie follows Lynn down the path to her house.

LYNN  
You know where the sleeping bag is.

EXT. LYNN'S DRIVEWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jamie darts across the driveway to Lynn's horse trailer. She nervously looks back at the house... no sign of movement.

She thinks about it, but can't help herself... she shifts Lynn's Jeep into neutral and points it toward a slight incline in the direction of the trailer. She shoves it and hops in.

CLANG CLANG CLANG. She slams the brakes "what?!!" The old cans-of-string-tied-to-the-bumper alarm. She struggles to untie them, but Lynn's boot steps on the knot. Busted.

LYNN

You're tenacious, I'll give you that.

Jamie breaks down sobbing. Really crying.

JAMIE

Mace is going to hurt her. You know he is.

LYNN

Not on our watch.

JAMIE

Our watch?

LYNN

Stop crying. If you want to be a horse rescuer, you have to man up.

JAMIE

You'll help?

Jamie wraps her arms around Lynn and she actually hugs back. A loving embrace - their guards finally down.

Lynn pulls out a pocketknife and cuts the strings.

JAMIE

Seriously, cans and string?

LYNN

But we're going to do it my way.

JAMIE

Clearly.

INT. DWYER KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Jamie, fully dressed, busies herself in the kitchen.

Greg walks in, surprised to see her up and about.

JAMIE  
Morning, Dad! Coffee's ready.  
(Shouting)  
Ree! Let's go!

Ree bounds into the kitchen, also fully dressed.

REE  
My lunch?

JAMIE  
(hands her bag)  
Here you go.

Ree shuffles out the door. Greg looks at his watch.

JAMIE  
Have to be in early. Extra credit.  
(Points to toaster)  
Enjoy your toast!

Jamie rushes out the door.

Greg stares at the toaster. His bread to POPS.

INT. TATE'S CREEK BREWERY

The Teens sit in a circle on the floor.

JAMIE  
Food and medical supplies are  
really expensive and our resources  
are severely depleted.

BOONE  
I didn't know we had resources.

JAMIE  
(points to him "on the  
nose")  
More accurate. That's why Operation  
Bank Roll is now in effect.

The Teens hop to their feet and disperse.

MONTAGE - COLLECTING DONATIONS to the *William Tell Overture*:

- Thomas collects empty feedbags from racetrack stables.
- Boone and Cheryl collect bale donations from farmers.
- Thomas drops empty feedbags at Feed Store for cash.
- Molly brings cans and bottles to recycling facility.

INT. TATE'S CREEK BREWERY - "HORSE STALLS" - NEXT DAY

Broken windows enable light to fill the brewery "barn."

Against the background sound of skateboard wheels on metal, Teens feed and brush the horses.

A horse is led outside through a massive metal wall door held open by a clunky chain on a pulley to a sod and bark-covered concrete courtyard "pasture."

BOONE  
 (leading the horse)  
 Gonna teach this guy to half pipe.

Jamie inspects the feed stations... the stockpiles of hay... each eager Teen, determined and willing.

Jamie runs her hand across the stall enclosures - the workmanship is impeccable.

JAMIE  
 I can't believe Cal made these out  
 of that scrap.

MOLLY  
 I want to live in one.  
 (On Jamie's look)  
 If I was a horse.

Jamie takes in the wall-size artwork... a wild graphic of a horse racing through the words "FREEDOM'S FIGHTERS."

JAMIE  
 Every passing second is a chance  
 that Freedom is already gone.

MOLLY  
 So what's the plan?

JAMIE  
 Lynn hasn't told me. I really miss  
 Freedom.

MOLLY

You should get visitation rights.  
That only seems fair.

JAMIE

You are so right! When Cal shows  
up, tell him I'll be back in an  
hour.

Jamie takes off.

Boone leads golden mare BUTTERSCOTCH up a contraption of two  
longboard skateboards fashioned together into a single  
extralong board.

BOONE

(Schwarzenegger/  
Terminator accent)

Come with me if you want to skate.

Butterscotch puts one leg on the ground and actually seems to  
"push off." She glides two or three feet, then NEIGHS.

BOONE

That's what I'm talkin' about!

EXT. PARIS PIKE

Lynn's horse trailer travels parallel to an old stone wall  
stretching a length of overgrown pasture.

EXT. LOOSE REIGNS FARM (MACE WINSTON'S PLACE) - ESTABLISHING

Lynn pulls up the drive of a turn-of-the-century elegant  
gentleman's farm.

Upon closer inspection, it needs a paint job and landscaping.

Lynn rings the doorbell. No answer.

She peeks into the house...

Flat screen TV and a Wii console dominate the main room  
decorated in peeling wallpaper and shabby furniture.

LYNN

(Rapping at the door)

Mace!

Nothing.

Lynn gets back in her Jeep and drives away.

EXT. FULTON FARMS - AFTERNOON

Jamie's Buick parks at the edge of the service road. She gets out and jogs stealthily to the stables.

A RANCH HAND rounds the corner.

RANCH HAND  
Where you going, little lady?

JAMIE  
(Turning on the charm)  
The caterer sent me. For the big party. Tonight.

RANCH HAND  
(no idea but knows not to question)  
Okay. Kitchen's 'round that way.

JAMIE  
You're a doll.

He smiles, making his way to a tractor.

Jamie walks purposefully toward the house... then BOLTS in the direction of the stables.

INT. FULTON FARMS - STABLES

State of the art in every way, from the 20 air conditioned separate stalls to the dietician's kitchen.

Jamie glides up and down the aisle, checking names on stalls.

She presses her ear up to the stalls that don't have name plaques... But can't hear much.

She locates a computer monitor system and studies the keyboard panel, then presses random buttons. All of the doors unlatch simultaneously. Oops.

She presses a few keys to lock them again... but instead an ALARM sounds... and it gets progressively LOUDER.

A horse WHINNIES and bucks out of his stall. A chain reaction ensues, horse after horse kicking and bucking.

JAMIE  
Crud!

Jamie pounds the panel with her boot. SPARKS and SMOKE. The alarm is SILENCED.

Calm in the sea of wandering horses, she reads one of the stall plaques.

JAMIE  
Her Highness. Here, Her Highness.  
C'mon girl.

A horse trots to Jamie, then into its stall.

JAMIE  
(reading)  
Next up, K Syrah Syrah.

A horse trots into its stall.

Jamie manages to fill up stalls with name plaques with their respective horses.

A few horses linger.

JAMIE  
Okay, horses without names, take an empty stall.

The horses obey.

CUT TO:

EXT. BREWSTER'S RANCH - PORCH

Twangy country MUSIC blares from a radio inside... "She got the gold mine and I got the shaft..."

The front door is cracked open but the dirty screen hides what's inside.

Lynn knocks on the screen. No answer. She knocks more loudly.

LYNN  
Hey? Brewster?

The radio shuts off.

BREWSTER  
Yeah?

LYNN  
Brewster, it's Lynn Meyer.

BREWSTER  
Yeah?



LYNN  
Can I talk to you?

No answer.

LYNN  
About money.

The front door opens. Brewster stands behind the screen.

BREWSTER  
What?

LYNN  
I want to buy Freedom.

BREWSTER  
From what?

LYNN  
(Wanting to call him  
stupid but refrains)  
Not my freedom. The horse.

BREWSTER  
What horse?

LYNN  
The two-year old filly Mace bought  
from Greg Dwyer.

BREWSTER  
If Mace bought her, talk to him.

LYNN  
Don't be a coot. He's not home and  
you two are joined at the hip.

BREWSTER  
Are not.

LYNN  
I'll pay whatever Mace paid plus an  
extra \$50.

Brewster gathers tobacco in his mouth and SPITS a wad right  
past Lynn onto the dirt patch in front of the porch.

BREWSTER  
100.

LYNN  
That's ridiculous.

BREWSTER

Not to me.

An ARM grabs Brewster and shoves him aside. Mace steps into the door frame.

MACE

A house call, how egotarian.

LYNN

Egalitarian?

MACE

What do you want?

LYNN

I want to buy Freedom.

MACE

Not for sale.

LYNN

I'll give you \$100 more than you paid. It's all I have.

BREWSTER

(From inside)

Hey, you said ridiculous!

LYNN

I know you're slaughtering horses. I may not be able to stop you but I can have you kicked out of the Thoroughbred Club.

MACE

You can't anything. Be gone or I'll call the Sheriff and have you picked up for trespassing.

LYNN

This isn't your place.

Mace grabs Brewster and positions him in the door.

BREWSTER

I'll call the Sheriff and have you picked up for trespassing.

LYNN

Mace, why you gotta be this way? Killing an innocent horse out of spite. What makes someone like you, someone like you?

MACE

Jealousy will get you nowhere.

He smirks and slams the door. Music BLARES from the radio.

Lynn's foot hits the tobacco spit as she steps off the porch.

LYNN

Okay, now I'm mad.

CUT TO:

INT. FULTON FARMS - STABLES - SAME TIME - CONTINUING

The horses are in their stalls.

Jamie pushes each stall door closed but they won't lock. Instead, the float back open. Thankfully, the horses are content to stay put.

Jamie pushes the main stable door to leave... but she's locked herself in. With the computer system down, she can't open it.

DRILLING and muffled shouting on the outside of the door.

She presses her ear against the door. A drill POPS through, knocking the lock out with it. The door opens.

Jermaine Fulton, his trainer, groomsmen and ranch hand are as surprised to see Jamie as she is to see them.

CUT TO:

EXT. BREWSTER'S RANCH - PORCH - SAME TIME - CONTINUING

Lynn picks herself up and wipes the tobacco off her jeans with a bandana.

She leans down to pick up her cowboy hat... MOVEMENT in the dilapidated barn catches her eye.

She checks out the house - shades drawn and closed up tight. She gingerly makes her way to the barn.

CUT TO:

INT. FULTON FARMS

Jamie, sobbing a bit too dramatically, is surrounded by the kindness and compassion of Fulton's workers and Jermaine Fulton himself, who has a loving arm around her.

JAMIE

...So I wanted to see her one last time. Before she was gone. Forever.

She buries her head in Fulton's sleeve. Fulton pats her head.

FULTON

There, there.

Fulton nods to the others to "go on, he'll handle this." One by one, they pat her head and give a knowing nod as they leave the stable.

FULTON

Nobody is going to hurt your pony, darlin'.

JAMIE

(Muffled in his sleeve)  
Thank you, Mr. Fulton.

FULTON

(nodding to computer)  
But we do need to talk about a very expensive system that's now a shambles.

Jamie lets out a loud (and again overly dramatic) AAAAHHH!

JAMIE

(between heavy sobs)  
I'm...so...so...sorry!

Fulton, taken aback, pats her head even more.

FULTON

But we can talk about it another time!

Jamie hugs him tight, which he uncomfortably accepts.

Jamie lifts her head and wipes her fake tears as he leads her out of the stable.

FULTON

I don't know what gave you the idea she'd be here anyhow.  
(MORE)

FULTON (cont'd)

I got some of Mace Winston's horses here but his friend Brewster Bodine took your filly with him from the get go.

Jamie stops dead in her tracks, tears instantly gone.

JAMIE

What?!

CUT TO:

INT. BREWSTER'S RANCH - SAME TIME - CONTINUING

Lynn peeks through separated barn wood slats. Darkness. But something in the black.

LYNN

There you are.

INT. LYNN'S TACK SHOP - LATER

Lynn paces, checks her watch, paces some more.

JAMIE O.S.

Lynn!...

Jamie bounds into the shop. Both she and Lynn blurt at the same time, neither listening to the other.

LYNN

I have to talk to you.

JAMIE

I have to talk to you.

LYNN

I did something crazy.

JAMIE

I did something crazy.

LYNN

I stole Freedom!

JAMIE

Freedom's missing!

LYNN

What?

JAMIE

What?

Lynn holds up her hands in "time out" shaped T.

LYNN

Stop! Missing from where?

JAMIE

Fulton's Ranch. She isn't there. Never was.

LYNN  
Brewster had her hidden at his  
place.

JAMIE  
Right! Wait, how do you know?

LYNN  
I stole her right out from under  
Mace and Moron's noses.

Jamie literally jumps at Lynn, enveloping her in a bear hug.  
They hold each other and jump up and down in a circle.

JAMIE  
Where is she now?

LYNN  
C'mon!

They race out of the tack shop.

IN THE BARN...

Jamie lunges at Freedom. Freedom nuzzles Jamie, and then rubs  
her head toward Lynn. The three embrace in a joyous moment.

LYNN  
Enough kissy face. We need to get  
Freedom out of here. This is the  
first place Mace will look. Let's  
load her and bring her over to the  
other rescue center until we can  
figure out some kind of plan.

JAMIE  
The other rescue center? Sure. I'll  
call Cal and he can help me. You're  
probably whipped. We can handle it.

LYNN  
Are you kidding? I'm so pumped. I  
feel great. Let's go.

JAMIE  
I need to probably explain  
something to you on the way.

INT. TATE'S CREEK BREWERY

A teen flies off a metal bar welded to braces in the brick,  
grabbing his skateboard on the way down. Perfect landing.

Lynn takes it in, trying to comprehend her surroundings.

LYNN

This is where you want to leave  
Freedom? Are your screws loose? I  
thought you were bringing her to  
where the other horses are?

Butterscotch pulls Boone on a skateboard holding her reins.

Lynn's mouth drop in disbelief.

JAMIE

I did.

Lynn walks through the metal garage-like doors from where Boone emerged... And into the area dedicated to the rescued horses... Freedom's Fighters Stables.

She stares in wonder at a fully functioning horse stable in a dilapidated building in the heart of abandoned factories.

Jamie leads Freedom to her stall.

LYNN

Wow. Yes, I'm impressed... But you  
know these horses can't stay here?

JAMIE

Why?

LYNN

Seriously? Liability issues.  
Medical care. Or how about when the  
novelty wears off and you realize  
that these ponies are a huge  
responsibility?

JAMIE

I resent that. We know what a  
responsibility they are. Look at  
what we've done! ...What happened  
to 'I feel so pumped?'

LYNN

Yeah, great job. You found a  
temporary shelter to keep them  
safe. But now what? You gotta think  
of the horses, Jamie. Not the  
thrill.

Cal and Molly lead in two horses from the outside pasture.

Molly rushes to Freedom. Cal is happy to see Jamie.

MOLLY

I knew you'd come through! I told  
Jamie, 'Don't worry. Lynn will  
figure it out.'

CAL

Great, huh?

LYNN

Great.

An eerie WHINNY followed by AAAH echoes from the skate room.

Lynn, Jamie, Cal and Molly rush in.

Butterscotch lies on her side. Boone kneels next to her. He  
wipes blood from his head.

Lynn and Jamie descend on Butterscotch. Her leg is cut.

LYNN

Got a first aid kit?

But Cal is already on it and produces one in an instant.

Lynn inspects the wound.

LYNN

Surface wound but we need to clean  
it.

(Looks at Boone)

You okay?

BOONE

Gonna hurt tomorrow.

(Strokes Butterscotch)

More worried about her.

LYNN

She'll be okay. Watch it in case of  
infection but it's not too deep so  
I doubt anything will come of it.

Lynn hands a bandage to Boone for his head, then bandages  
Butterscotch's cut.

She hands Jamie the first aid kit.

LYNN

Someone needs to keep an eye on it.

JAMIE

Okay.



LYNN  
We should go.

JAMIE  
(to Cal)  
Can I get a ride home from you?

CAL  
No prob.

JAMIE  
(to Lynn)  
I'm going to hang out.

Lynn takes a look around, conflicted emotions racing across her face.

She walks away without another word.

Cal hugs Jamie, but she doesn't reciprocate.

CAL  
What's the matter?

JAMIE  
Ask her.

CAL  
Don't let Lynn get to you.

BOONE  
I should skip school and stay here tomorrow to watch Butterscotch.

JAMIE  
You've got Merton's math test. I'll skip.

BOONE  
News flash, you got the test, too.

CAL  
You'll all be outta school in a couple weeks. Right now, I have no job and nowhere to go. I can chill here.

JAMIE  
Really?

CAL  
I like being here. Taking care of the horses. Building things... Helping you.

He and Jamie share a smile. He hugs her again, and this time she hugs back.

EXT. LYNN'S BARN

Lynn folds the horse blanket that had been on Freedom.

She pulls out a black scarf with a horseshoe emblem from her jeans pocket. She fashions it into a headband and puts it on.

A police SIREN. A car stops on the gravel.

Lynn looks at her reflection in a shiny bucket. She pulls the scarf off, rolls it in a ball and stuffs it in her pocket.

Sheriff Brickel and Mace try to wedge through the barn door at the same time...it's a tug back and forth. Sheriff Brickel wins. He pops through the door and Mace follows.

SHERIFF BRICKEL

Miss Meyer.

LYNN

Sheriff Brickel.

MACE

Arrest her. Arrest them all.

SHERIFF BRICKEL

Who all?

LYNN

Only me and Pee Wee here, Mace.  
What are we being arrested for?

Sheriff Brickel picks Pee Wee up and rubs her chin. Pee Wee PURRS. She looks at Mace and HISSES.

MACE

I wouldn't sell, so you stole him.

LYNN

Her. And how do you think I did that? Walked right into your barn right under your nose and took her?

SHERIFF BRICKEL

Miss Meyer, mind if I look around?

LYNN

Be my guest.

Mace follows Sheriff Brickel.

LYNN

Not you. I'll have you arrested for trespassing.

Mace fumes. He picks up a bridle.

MACE

Evidence!

SHERIFF BRICKEL

A horse bridle, in a horse barn?

Mace drops it and storms out.

SHERIFF BRICKEL

Miss Meyer, if there's anything you can tell me about where you think Mace's horse might have got off to, I'd much appreciate it. He's a boob but he's the rightful owner... Even a hunch.

Lynn picks up the bridle and hangs it on its proper hook.

Sheriff Brickel waits, patiently.

EXT. HENRY CLAY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The Teens hang out in the parking lot. Thomas pulls out his cell phone.

THOMAS

Check out what I posted last night.

JAMIE

Gotta run. Picking up the runt. See you guys at the brewery.

Jamie darts off.

The Teens gather round to look at Thomas's phone.

ON PHONE...

SUGAR SNAP, a brown thoroughbred, steps his front leg on a skateboard and pushes... the board shoots across the floor and up a ramp where CHERYL jumps on as it makes its descent.

Cheryl bullets down the ramp straight for Sugar Snap. At the last minute, she ducks low and goes right through Sugar Snap's legs.

Cheryl pumps her arms in victory as the Teens cheer and knuckle bump.

TEENS

Sweet!

CHERYL

Did it on the first try. Show 'em the other one.

Thomas pulls up another video.

EXT. TATE'S CREEK BREWERY

Jamie drives her Buick up a loading dock ramp.

INSIDE TATE'S CREEK BREWERY...

Cal, a welding mask propped on his head, greets Jamie and Ree with a blow torch.

CAL

Time to fix this bad betty.  
American Chopper four-wheel style.

JAMIE

If you can make it so that I don't look like I'm driving a dork mobile, that works for me.

Molly parks at the dock and jogs up the ramp to join them.

MOLLY

What color you painting it?

CAL

I'm thinking black with a white mane to match Freedom.

MOLLY

Bitchin'.

JAMIE

Where's everyone else?

MOLLY

YouTube frenzy... Ah, left my phone in the car.

JAMIE

I'll get it. You and Ree can start feeding.

Molly tosses her the BMW keys.

Cal gets to work on the back end of Jamie's Buick.

OUTSIDE IN THE LOADING AREA...

A far-off SIREN.

Jamie walks around the building.

In the distance, flashing police cruiser lights are headed toward the brewery. Other vehicles, too, including what looks like a horse trailer.

Jamie BOLTS back and up the ramp.

JAMIE

Molly! Hurry!

Cal throws back his helmet. Molly rushes in. SIRENS.

Jamie throws the BMW keys to Molly.

JAMIE

Get out of here and call everyone!  
Tell them not to come! Go, go!

Molly is off like a bat out of hell.

CAL

What's going on?!

JAMIE

We've been found out! We have to  
get the horses.

CAL

How? We've got no trailer!

JAMIE

I'm not leaving them!

Ree appears at Jamie's feet like she has a habit of doing.

REE

Jamie?

JAMIE

Shoot!

Jamie grabs Ree and hurries her to the dock. She waves frantically at Molly's BMW... but it's too far on its way down the alley.

Jamie looks at the Buick... the tires are off the back.

CAL

Take my bike and get Ree out of here!

JAMIE

No, you take her. I won't let you take the blame for this. You'll get arrested!

CAL

No, you go! Now!

He throws his key and helmet at her.

Jamie puts the helmet on Ree.

JAMIE

You gonna be okay on a motorcycle?

Ree nods "yes" under the oversized headgear.

Jamie mouths "I'm sorry" to Cal and grabs Ree's hand.

Ree shakes loose, rushes to Cal and hugs him, then runs back to Jamie and grabs her hand.

They run down the ramp and hop on Cal's motorcycle. It speeds down the alley in the opposite direction of the sirens.

CAL

Ride it like you stole it!

Cal makes his way to the stable area to check on the horses.

EXT. TATES CREEK BREWERY - LATER

Lexington Police and Fayette County Sheriff patrol cars blanket the area. Trailers labeled "Lexington-Fayette Animal Care & Control" block the street.

HORSE HANDLERS lead horses out of the building and onto the trailers. POLICE OFFICERS take photos and jot notes.

NEWS REPORTERS, including Ivy Mitchell, clamor for footage but are kept at a distance across the street.

Jermaine Fulton's car maneuvers toward the building. It pulls up to the curb as the last of the horses are brought outside.

Reporters rush the police line but are driven back.

IVY MITCHELL  
Mr. Fulton, would you like to make  
a statement?

REPORTER #2  
Did you know this was taking place  
on your property?

REPORTER #3  
Who's the ringleader?

IVY MITCHELL  
Is it true this was a publicity  
stunt?

Fulton hustles inside the brewery.

A HANDLER, tries to lead Freedom into a trailer. He pulls the  
bit tighter. Freedom NEIGHS and bucks.

The handler aims a sleeping pistol.

A Police Officer leads Cal out.

CAL  
Don't do that! I'll bring her.

The handler pumps a needle into Freedom.

Cal jerks forward but the Officer tightens his grip.

CAL  
Why? I said I'd bring her?

OFFICER  
Pipe down!

CAL  
Go eat a donut.

The Officer gets in Cal's face. Sheriff Brickel intervenes.

SHERIFF BRICKEL  
Detective Bastin wants you,  
officer. I got him, go ahead.

The Officer grunts and struts off.

SHERIFF BRICKEL  
Go on and take a seat there at the  
curb. This'll all be over soon.

CAL  
We wanted to help.

SHERIFF BRICKEL  
Preachin' to the choir, son.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LEXINGTON INDUSTRIAL AREA - CORNER OF TRACTION  
& WINTHROP

Jamie and Ree on Cal's motorcycle turn from Traction onto  
Winthrop as Lynn's Jeep turns from Winthrop onto Traction.

They catch sight of each other. Lynn's Jeep stops. Jamie's  
cycle passes, then makes a U-turn at the end of the street  
and pulls up behind Lynn.

JAMIE  
(to Ree)  
Stay here.

Jamie hops off the bike as Lynn gets out of her Jeep.

JAMIE  
I can't believe this!

LYNN  
They got the horses?

JAMIE  
I thought you were on my side! I  
thought you understood! But all you  
did was take away everything that  
means anything to me.

LYNN  
Wait a minute...

JAMIE  
I trusted you! I thought you were  
different. But you're nothing but a  
quitter. You quit on the Horse  
Brigade. You quit on Freedom's  
Fighters. And you quit on me!

LYNN  
Jamie, please...

JAMIE  
I almost thought you were like the  
Mom I never had. But you're not,  
you're exactly the same - she was a  
quitter, too!

LYNN  
Jamie, you can't run away. What  
about Freedom?



JAMIE  
 Because of you, Freedom is gone  
 forever!

Jamie turns on her cowboy boot heels, grabs the cycle handlebars and hops on.

LYNN  
 Jamie...

JAMIE  
 Go away.

Jamie speeds off. Ree clutches her for dear life.

EXT. DWYER FARM - DRIVEWAY - LATER

Jamie, on Cal's motorcycle, idles at the end of the driveway.

The cycle SPEEDS up the driveway, kicking up dust and pebbles in its wake. It zooms up and around the barn and then back down the driveway, coming to a jerking stop at the road.

The engine idles and then the cycle SPEEDS back up the driveway to repeat what it had just done.

Ree comes out of the house and watches her, then sighs and ambles back inside.

The cycle SPEEDS up the driveway and around the barn again on its monotonous routine.

INT. DWYER BARN - LATER

Jamie, sitting on hay in a stall, tosses stray pieces as she stumbles her way through a tune on her harmonica.

Ree strolls in and plops herself down. Jamie stops playing.

REE  
 What ya doin'?

JAMIE  
 Ran out of gas... You ever wonder  
 what it would be like to have a  
 Mom?

REE  
 Nope.

JAMIE  
 Never?

REE

I have you. Don't need anyone else.

Ree gathers the tossed pieces of hay and stacks them in a pile. Jamie hugs her. Ree's smile lights up the barn.

Lynn's shadow fills the barn door frame.

LYNN

We talk a minute?

Jamie nods indifferently. Lynn plops herself down.

LYNN

When you got so mad, I almost said the hell with it... sorry Ree, I mean 'heck'... but then it hit me. You're only doing what I would do. Walk away so there's something to blame when life lets you down.

JAMIE

(interrupting)  
You said...

LYNN

(interrupting back)  
You're gonna be quiet because I deserve to be heard. So, I'm talking and you're listening. Brickel told me there was going to be a raid. Said if I happened to know who stole Freedom, they might want to get Freedom out. I came to help you. I didn't turn you in.

JAMIE

No one else knew...

LYNN

Everyone knew. It was all over YouTube, apparently.

JAMIE

YouTube?

LYNN

Spread like wildfire on that thing. I don't think anyone meant to give up the secret.

Lynn waits for a response. Nothing. She stands.

LYNN

That's all I wanted to say. So now I'm done.

JAMIE

I want to believe you.

LYNN

If you want people to trust your judgement, you have to start trusting other people first. And that includes me.

JAMIE

Okay.

LYNN

Okay. Now come here.

Jamie jumps up and gives her a hug. Lynn motions to Ree, who jumps up and hugs them both, sandwiching Jamie in the middle.

INT. DWYER KITCHEN - LATER

Jamie and Lynn watch Greg push his coffee cup back and forth. Tension. Jamie's stare is unrelenting.

JAMIE

Dad, I need your help. Not a lecture. Please.

LYNN

She's a hard worker. A good kid.

GREG

I don't always do what's best but I'm doing my best.

Ree pleads with her eyes and he can't resist.

GREG

I suppose that's all I can ask in return... How can I help?

Jamie hugs him. Then knuckle bumps Ree and goes in for the same with Lynn... but settles for an awkward high-five.

JAMIE

We need a plan.

GREG

A legal one.

LYNN

It's not going to be easy.  
Shipments are going directly via  
air cargo instead of trucking into  
Canada or Mexico. It's not like we  
can hijack a plane.

REE

If YouTube can get people in  
trouble, it should also be able to  
get people out of trouble.

JAMIE

Oh my gosh! You're right, Ree!  
That's what we need!

LYNN

We are NOT hijacking a plane.

JAMIE

We won't have to.

INT. LEXINGTON POLICE STATION - HOLDING AREA

Jermaine Fulton signs papers. DETECTIVE BASTIN hands him  
another stack and he signs some more.

FULTON

I mean no disrespect. This fine  
city could not function without you  
boys, but I'm sure there's better  
things for you to be doing than  
chasing after pranksters with too  
much time on their hands.

DETECTIVE BASTIN

You're not in the least bit upset  
that those kids invaded your  
private property?

FULTON

They weren't my horses.

DETECTIVE BASTIN

So no trespassing? No breaking and  
entering? No charges at all after  
what they did to your place?

FULTON

What can I say, I appreciate  
quality craftsmanship.

An Officer leads Cal out and hands him a plastic bag with his belongings, of which there aren't many.

Fulton points to Cal.

FULTON

You and I need to have a serious conversation. Follow.

Fulton struts out of the station. Cal follows behind.

EXT. ABANDONED BIG ASS FAN FACTORY - DOWNTOWN LEXINGTON

Another long forgotten building. Mildew, dirt build-up and general decay grace the brick walls.

Across the street, the abandoned Tates's Creek Brewery is surrounded by the remnants of yellow police tape.

Not a soul in sight.

INT. BIG ASS FAN FACTORY

Freedom's Fighters set up shop.

Cheryl drags a push broom behind her as she snakes across the cement floor.

CHERYL

This place is gross.

With art supplies scattered on an old metal table, Thomas paints on a T-shirt.

JAMIE

Gather around. Operation Chase Mace is commencing. Our weapons? Twitter, Facebook, YouTube, email and that little thing Lynn likes to call "the interweb."

Lynn hands Jamie a package.

LYNN

From your Dad.

Jamie tears into it... a cell phone.

JAMIE

Yes!...Okay, everyone we recon in 24 hours.

(MORE)

JAMIE (cont'd)

We are going to stop "AIR HORSE  
DEATH" from taking off tomorrow!

EXT. LEXINGTON BLUE GRASS AIRPORT

A convoy of mostly BMWs led by Jamie's Buick makes its way to the airport.

The roads leading to the airport are JAMMED with horse trailers, RIDERS on horses, horse buggies, tractors, wagons and TEENS on skateboards. Surreal congestion at its finest.

News trucks and reporters from local affiliates ABC36, WKYT 27 and LEX18 jockey for position.

Freedom's Fighters high-five each other for the turn-out.

Jamie searches the crowd. Cal, in a black cowboy hat and Freedom's Fighter T-shirt, finds her.

Greg marvels at the sea of support.

JAMIE

Appreciate cell phones now, Dad?

GREG

Anybody ever use one to make a good old fashioned phone call anymore?

JAMIE

Okay people, sound off.

MOLLY

Interviews with past associates and abuse confirmed with affidavits.

JAMIE

Check.

THOMAS

Interstate shipping statues and possible violations.

JAMIE

Check.

CHERYL

USDA regulations. Totally off the charts.

JAMIE

Check.

BOONE

Photographs of perpetrator being  
perpetrative.

JAMIE

Check.

CAL

Jermaine Fulton and Kentucky  
Thoroughbred Club members contacted  
and confirmed.

JAMIE

Check.

LYNN

Support from more than 15 animal  
rights organizations.

JAMIE

Check.

REE

Social media channels exploited and  
news service coverage contacted.

JAMIE

Check. Let's do this. There are  
horses on a plane in there and we  
are going to keep it from taking  
off.

Jamie heads to the reporters.

Activity and commotion on overdrive as the Teens, Cal in the  
lead, thrust their signs in the air: STOP HORSE KILLING.  
HORSE MEAT IS MURDER. RACE NOT TASTE.

Jamie, comfortable in front of a camera...

JAMIE

Horse slaughter is murder. People  
need to know there are alternatives  
and rescue options for retired and  
unwanted racehorses.

IVY MITCHELL

Didn't the American public vote and  
already said neigh to feeding  
horses to their dogs?

JAMIE

It isn't about pet food. It's about  
killers of thoroughbreds.

(MORE)

JAMIE (cont'd)

This is the horse capital of the world and there's a plane out there loaded with horses suffering on their way to someone's dinner table.

TEENS

(Chanting)

In the stable, off the table!

Thomas passes out picket signs. Boone operates a T-shirt cannon to blast Freedom's Fighters shirts into the crowd.

NEAR THE TARMAC...

Lynn, flanked by USDA INSPECTORS, motions for Ree to "come here." She whispers in her ear.

Ree runs to Jamie with the news. On Jamie's face "what?!" She looks to Lynn, who shakes "no."

Ivy Mitchell follows Jamie's eyes to Lynn who's upset... Then to the Inspectors who seem confused.

Reporter Mitchell beelines to Lynn and shoves a microphone in her face.

IVY MITCHELL

You look disturbed, Ms. Meyer.

LYNN

Of course I'm disturbed. That's why we're here.

IVY MITCHELL

(Turning attention to an inspector)

Can you report on the allegations of horse abuse?

INSPECTOR

There is no horse cargo plane.

LYNN

There is one. We just haven't located it. It's most likely not in compliance with IATA Live Animal regulations so it must be fraudulently marked as something else.

IVY MITCHELL

Can you prove the allegation?



LYNN

We need to check the other containers. It's that simple.

INSPECTOR

We have no authority to do that.

JAMIE

We have proof!

INSPECTOR

Not if we don't see it.

Reporter Mitchell slides her hand across her neck to indicate "cut" to her Cameraman.

LYNN

This is an important issue. Whether the horses are here right now or not isn't the point.

IVY MITCHELL

It is as far as news is concerned.

JAMIE

What about all these people? This must mean something!

IVY MITCHELL

You know how to gather a crowd around a cause. But you've got to show me something more. I need footage.

JAMIE

Please.

IVY MITCHELL

Sorry, kid.

JAMIE

What happened? Where are they? Where's Freedom?

Jamie stares at the identical and massive cargo containers waiting on the tarmac to be loaded for flight.

LYNN

We were tricked.

JAMIE

How? Brewster's too dumb to catch a cold and we're definitely smarter than Mace.

BOONE

He's too dumb to even stick around to gloat. You think they'd at least come up and 'neener neener neener?'

LYNN

What do you mean?

BOONE

It's an expression, like nana nana booboo.

LYNN

No, what do you mean "wouldn't stick around?" He was here?

BOONE

Yeah, early on before folks started piling up. Back when Cheryl and I were hanging the tree banner.

LYNN

(to Jamie)

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

JAMIE

Mace isn't smart enough to know what we were up to. He just happened to show up early and see. That means the horses are here. Somewhere.

LYNN

The USDA went through. They're not going to waste their time and do it again. We checked everywhere.

JAMIE

Everywhere you were expected to. Everywhere legal.

The crowd loses its momentum and begins to scatter. Lynn, at her finest in moments of crisis.

LYNN

We need more time.

REE

I'm on it! C'mon!  
 (to Boone, Molly, Thomas  
 and Cheryl)  
 I'm talking to you!

Jamie nods "do it" to the Teens. They race off with Ree.

Freedom's Fighters, chanting, surround the news vans to block them from leaving. Boone hops on top of the WKYT27 van and pulls Molly up with him.

This puts the crowd back in a frenzy.

Sheriff Brickel can't control them. He motions to his deputies to do the best they can.

He returns to his cruiser and makes a call on his radio.

JAMIE

I need to get in there.

Cal produces a pair of bolt cutters.

LYNN

You can't go in there. If you get arrested again, they'll put you away. You're risking everything.

JAMIE

I can.

LYNN

Or I can.

JAMIE

It's Freedom. I need to.

Lynn reaches into her pocket for her Horse Brigade bandana, and hands it to Jamie.

Jamie unfolds it, studies it. She gathers her long locks, wraps the bandana around them and ties it tightly.

Cal passes her the bolt cutters.

The three exchange a knowing glance. With determination - and trepidation hidden from Cal and Lynn - Jamie slips away.

CAL

Odds are against us, aren't they?

LYNN

You have to bet on the long shot to get the biggest payoff.

Cal smiles in agreement.

CAL

Let's go keep Sheriff Brickel busy. The longer we can divert attention from there...

(MORE)

CAL (cont'd)  
 (points to airport cargo)  
 the better chance we have of  
 getting the horses...  
 (spreads his arms wide)  
 out here where they belong.

AIRPORT FREIGHT ZONE...

Jamie cuts the fence and darts across the tarmac. She passes the "Live Cargo" shipments and heads to bulk cargo shipments.

She moves from identical container to identical container, scouring each for a sign that something inside one is alive.

A TEAMSTER's attention is focused on one in particular... one that isn't double stacked, but stands alone.

Jamie stealthily climbs up a set of double stacked containers. She walks across the top to the next one and the next, right past the Teamster down below.

GURGLING from a coffee maker diverts the Teamster's attention. Jamie uses the opportunity to JUMP onto the lone container. She lays flat.

She presses her face against the container and HUMS Freedom's lullaby... a NOISE from inside. She taps the container.

JAMIE  
 (hushed)  
 Freedom.

A KICK on the container from inside.

The Teamster looks... Jamie ducks. He nervously makes his way to the container.

He checks it. Lock intact.

TEAMSTER  
 If this thing don't get shipped  
 outta here soon...

He uneasily rubs his stomach, pops a Pepcid in his mouth, then strolls back to pour himself a cup of coffee from the filthy coffee maker.

Jamie gingerly lowers the bolt cutter and tries to cut the lock... it's harder than she thought. She pushes with all her might. The lock SNAPS and drops to the ground.

The startled Teamster spills his coffee. He sees Jamie.

TEAMSTER

What the? HEY! Hey you! Get down  
offa there!

Jamie opens the door... horses. Freedom NEIGHS.

Horses trot out of the container, confused but happy to be free. The Teamster jumps out of their way, waving his arms like they were flies in his soup.

TEAMSTER

No, no. Back, go back.  
(To Jaime)  
Get down here!

Freedom bucks out of the container. The Teamster jumps out of her way, falling to the ground. He shields his face in fear. Freedom settles, looks at him, then up at Jaime.

JAMIE

Go, Freedom!

TEAMSTER

No, Freedom!

Jamie leaps from container to container. The Teamster runs below trying to follow her but the horses swirling around him keep him from moving too fast.

TEAMSTER

Ah geez!

The Teamster rushes for the alarm - "should I or not?" - he pulls it... it BLARES across the tarmac.

Jaime reaches the last container in the line. She leaps as Freedom passes and lands right on her. She grabs Freedom's mane and holds on with all of her might.

Riding golf carts, AIRPORT SECURITY descends on the area.

ONLOOKERS from the crowd storm the gate surrounding the tarmac. Reporters vying for footage break through the small hole Jamie had cut in the gate.

Security tries to capture the melee of horses run amuck.

Jamie directs Freedom away from the panic.

Freedom gallops behind containers. Now hidden, she stops and Jamie catches her breath. Jamie pushes her head down on Freedom's mane and hugs with everything she's got.

Mace pulls up in his convertible Jag.

MACE

Touching. But stupid. Stealing a horse right out in the open?

JAMIE

You'll never get her back, Mace.

MACE

I don't even want her anymore. She's too much trouble. But you cost me all my other ones so you can't have yours either.

Mace guns his engine. He backs up and revs... he's going to drive into her.

JAMIE

Giddyap, Freedom! Go!

Mace speeds after her.

Jamie sees Brewster's pickup now on her tail. Where's Mace?

She sets her sights forward. Mace charges from the side.

There's only one way out... a fence opening wide enough to let a car pass. Freedom heads for it.

Mace heads in the same direction...he gets closer...Jamie gets closer...there will be room for only one...

Mace arrives seconds before Freedom and Jamie...there's nowhere for them to go...it's going to be a bad crash. Jamie closes her eyes and holds on.

JAMIE

Jump, Freedom!

Freedom FLIES up and over Mace's car.

Freedom lands, Jamie intact and astounded.

Mace spins out through the fence. Brewster can't stop in time and crashes into him.

JAMIE

Yes! You're my girl!

Reporter Mitchell has gotten it all on camera.

LATER...

Airport Security, with the help of the Teens, wrangle the last of the horses from the tarmac.

Jamie guides Freedom into the heart of the crowd.

The police question Lynn.

Sheriff Brickel and DEPUTIES descend on Mace and Brewster.

USDA questions the Teamster, who's in handcuffs.

TEAMSTER

I thought it was an innocent horse  
thief ring. Didn't know they was  
gonna kill 'em. I hope you fry  
those guys.

Sheriff Brickel handcuffs Brewster.

Reporters shove their cameras at Mace. He pulls his blazer up  
over his face, popping another brass button in the process.

A Deputy shoves Brewster in a cruiser. Brickel cuffs Mace.

IVY MITCHELL

Sheriff Brickel, a statement?

SHERIFF BRICKEL

We appear to be looking at  
violations of IATA Live Animal,  
USDA and U.S. Fish and Wildlife  
regulations. The plane is forbidden  
from departure pending  
investigation of customs  
improprieties and additional  
illegal activity.

IVY MITCHELL

What about the horses?

SHERIFF BRICKEL

The horses have been remanded to  
the custody of Kentucky Humane.

IVY MITCHELL

And the girl?

SHERIFF BRICKEL

I need to take care of this joker.  
We'll have a formal debriefing at  
the station later today.

MACE

I have rights.

SHERIFF BRICKEL

So do those animals.

Sheriff Brickel opens the cruiser door and "invites" Mace to get in the back seat.

MACE

This is a complete tapestry of justice.

SHERIFF BRICKEL

It's travesty, boob.

Mace climbs in the back and Sheriff Brickel slams the door.

Reporter Mitchell interviews Jamie, still atop Freedom.

IVY MITCHELL

So would you say you've in effect shut down the brains of the horse slaughter operation?

JAMIE

Well Brewster Bodine is a kill buyer so that's one murderer out of commission. And Mace Winston acted as the front so that's another murderer out of business. But as for "brains" I don't think there's one between them.

INT. LEXINGTON THOROUGHBRED CLUB - EQUINE AWARDS

Wood-paneled walls and horse-themed oil paintings adorn the traditional gentlemen's club that now admits WOMEN.

Thoroughbred members and guests fill the 8-topper round tables strewn with typical luncheon fare.

Jamie shares a table with Lynn, Ree, Greg and Molly, Boone, Cheryl and Thomas, who wear "JUST SAY WHOA" T-shirts.

Proud as a peacock at the podium in front of the room, Fulton holds up an ostentatious silver plaque.

Behind him is an easel with a linen cloth draped over the 3'x4' panel resting on it.

FULTON

I accept this honor on behalf of the entire Thoroughbred Club Educational Program.

Fulton lays the plaque on the table next to him. He adjusts the microphone.



FULTON

Now's a good time as any to announce our new facility dedicated to re-training the magnificent thoroughbreds who have ended their racing careers.

(Waits for applause)

We're gonna put to rest once and for all the shameful legacy of people like Mace Winston, *former* Thoroughbred Club member. We're horse people here in Lexington, dammit. We love horses, pure and simple.

The cloth comes off the easel to reveal an artist's rendering of a familiar but new brewery building - minus broken concrete and busted glass, but complete with trees and a garden out front.

He motions to Cal seated at the head table to join him.

FULTON

To oversee construction of this exciting new venture, I have chosen none other than Mr. Caleb Doolin. I've seen he's got the talent; he simply needs the know how. I'm proud to say he'll be getting a full architecture scholarship to none other than my alma mater, UK. Go wildcats!

The audience claps. Fulton shakes his hand. Jamie HOOTS.

Fulton steps away from the podium and shakes hands. People get up from their tables to mingle.

Lynn hugs Cal. Greg makes it a point to shake Cal's hand.

LYNN

So proud of you.

GREG

Good for you, getting an education.

CAL

It's all Mr. Fulton's doing. He's paying for everything.

FULTON

I know talent. I know entrepreneurship. The boy's got it.

(Looks to Jamie)

(MORE)

FULTON (cont'd)

And so does this little lady.

(To Greg)

You better watch her, Dwyer.

JAMIE

Mr. Fulton, sir, thank you so much for everything you've done. Knowing that Freedom is safe means more to me than anything.

FULTON

You keep yourself out of trouble.

Fulton spots a photo-op with the mayor and excuses himself.

JAMIE

(To Lynn)

And you thought the brewery was a bad idea.

LYNN

Really? You're going to go down "I told you so" alley?

JAMIE

Don't have to. You'll be reminded everyday you show up for work there as the new director.

EXT. DWYER HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

Cal, in a black tux, swings on the front porch with Ree. She clearly has a crush on him.

Lynn carries a boot box up to the porch.

LYNN

Got the corsage?

Cal holds up a single mounted red rose.

LYNN

Perfect.. Be out in a minute.

REE

Take your time.

Lynn winks at Cal, who shoots back a knowing smile.

Lynn struts into the house.

A white stretch limo pulls up the drive. Molly, Cheryl, Boone and Thomas - now two couples instead of four Teens - get out.

Greg emerges from the house, adjusting a camera.

GREG  
She's on her way.

The Teens join the others on the porch.

Lynn holds the door open for Jamie, who glides out the door in a stunning white dress with black design, her hair pulled up and make-up perfectly applied. She's gorgeous.

Molly points to Jamie's new cowboy boots - bright white leather with rhinestones that accent her formal gown like no ordinary shoes could.

MOLLY  
Love those!

Jamie looks to Lynn and mouths "thank you."

Jamie and Cal pose for Greg to take a photo... and then a safety shot.

GREG  
Okay, now everyone.

All of the Teens, along with Ree and Lynn, line up.

LYNN  
(to Greg)  
I should take one of all of you.

JAMIE  
I want one of everybody. My whole family.

Greg sets the timer and puts the camera on the porch rail. The whole gang poses and SNAP. Picture perfect.

Cal shakes Greg's hand and Jamie gives him a kiss on the cheek as the other Teens hustle to the limo.

GREG  
Have a good time.

Cal takes Ree's hand and kisses it like a prince would a princess. She blushes. Jamie pats Ree's head.

LYNN  
I almost forgot.

She hands Jaime a small box. Jamie opens it - a gold chain with a gold charm of the letters "FF" inside a horseshoe.

Lynn latches the chain around Jaime's neck.

JAMIE

F.F. - Freedom's Fighters.

LYNN

You look beautiful.

Lynn brushes a wisp of Jaime's hair and kisses her forehead.

The limo HONKS.

Jamie grabs Lynn for a quick hug, then rushes to the limo.

EXT. PARIS PIKE - ESTABLISHING

Jamie and Cal's limo makes its way to the prom.

INSIDE THE LIMO...

Cal taps on the driver's window. The limo pulls to the side of the road.

JAMIE

What are we doing?

CAL

Trust me.

He gets out and holds the door for Jamie to do the same.

EXT. LUCAS SHEA DISTILLERY - TWILIGHT

A "Wishing On A Star" prom theme. Twinkling lights adorn the entrance and stretch to the gazebo where a LIVE BAND plays.

Molly, Boone, Cheryl and Thomas hop out of a white limo. Boone motions to the band... and the tune switches to something romantic and dreamy.

Jaime makes her grand entrance... riding atop Freedom as Cal walks beside holding the reins. Freedom sports bright white bows that complement both her mane and Jaime's dress.

Jaime beams as she strokes Freedom's mane. Freedom's toothy grin is as happy as can be. Best friends together again.