

# BONJOUR, AMERICA

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. AMERICAN CROSS ROADS - (SUMMER OF 1960) - MAGIC HOUR

Heading west, a rust-eaten 1940's Chevy chugs to a stop.

VINCENT BOYET, 25, climbs out. His fine European suit badly torn. Spotted with muck. Knees ragged. Elbows bloodied.

The Chevy drives on. Destined for a ring job.

Dust hits Vincent hard on a hot wind. Cleaning his dark rimmed glasses, he squints, taking in his new predicament.

He's at the end of a sunbaked gravel road sloping north a quarter mile through a no-light, bleached-wood town.

At the far end, a dry gorge cuts deeply north and south under train tracks crossing an old stone bridge.

Continuing west is nothing but wispy sky, dry earth, distant mountains and setting sun. South is no improvement.

He looks down at his feet. He's got one shoe. Then looks back at the no-where town.

VINCENT  
Bonjour, America.

With misgiving, he takes a step.

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN - MAGIC HOUR

Sun blanched sign: "DRIFTWOOD CROSSING, COLORADO" FOUNDED 1872.

Vincent stops. Brushes away dust. Revealing: Chalky rock marks counting down the town's population: "37, 36, 35, 34 1/2."

EXT. BEGINNING OF TOWN - SPOON CAFÉ - MAGIC HOUR

Half-lit BUZZING neon "SPOON CAFE". Vincent stops under it.

He turns away from stacks of stinking cages filled with SLEEPING CHICKENS on a vintage flatbed.

The emblem "Driftwood Crossing Sheriff" is stenciled with a crest on the door of a brand new dust-coated green and white 1960 pickup.

The local Sheriff, DANE MORGAN, 40's, exits the building. He's a hard living, forth generation good old boy.

JEREMIAD JOHNSTONE, 30's, small time lawyer, follows.

The smell hits them hard. Dane turns back to the café.

DANE  
Jesus Christ, Eli.

ELI (O.S.)  
As I told you, Sheriff. I keeps  
'em where I can sees 'em.

Dane lets the door SLAP behind him.

DANE  
Dimwitted son-of-a --

JEREMIAD  
-- Ought to throw a barbecue.

ELI (O.S.)  
Be the last chicken you ever  
choked.

Vincent and Dane eye each other as they pass. Their stark contrast as lucent as the BUZZING neon outside.

Jeremiad makes Vincent step out of his way. Shoving in a wad of chew, he heads across the street towards a POOL HALL.

He turns at the SLAP of the Café screen door to find that Dane isn't following.

JEREMIAD  
Damn.... Come on, Dane.

DANE  
I gotta run up to the house and  
make a few calls.

JEREMIAD  
Shit, I'll spot you three stripies.

DANE  
Find someone else to persecute  
tonight, J.J. I don't need you  
squeezing my balls.

Jeremiad gets a LAUGH. Dane gets into his truck. He watches Vincent inside the café through his bug stained windshield.

INT. SPOON CAFÉ - MAGIC HOUR

Vincent makes his way to an empty booth at the back.

Two scruffy cousins, TRAVIS and LEONARDO HIGHTOWER, 30's, finish up their meals at the counter. "Grifting losers" written all over them.

ELI TWAIN, 50's, sits in a booth by the window. A bullish peculiar, hairy neck guy.

An oddly fitted plaid wool cap with chicken feathers on his head.

Uses his fat tongue to get the last of the ice out of his glass. Just gross.

ELI

Can I have more water? You got more water, Quinnly? I could use water.

QUINNLY SULLIVAN, 26, stacks clean glasses behind the counter. A dirty hot-sex about her that collects losers like dust to a TV.

QUINNLY

Shut up, Eli, you can see I'm occupied.

She gives Vincent the "one too many losers in this place already" look, as she swats the two at the counter with her wet towel. SNAPPING Leonardo good on the forehead.

LEONARDO

The fuck was that for?

QUINNLY

Travis, tell your dumb-ass cousin the next time he touches himself whilst giving me the dirty eye, I take it out.

LEONARDO

I got me a heat rash.

She plops down a menu in front of Vincent, walking away...

QUINNLY

I'll give you a heat rash.

... picking up a lousy tip from Dane.

TRAVIS

Where ya suppose he got it from?

Quinnly refills Eli's water. She shoots Travis a warning. He turns back around. Says something inaudible to Leonardo.

LEONARDO

Shuddup.

QUINNLY

You've peed three times since you been here, Eli.

ELI

Eight glasses a day. That's what the doctor says. I got an enlarged prostate.

QUINNLY

He say anything about water on the brain?

ELI

(looks at his glass)

Naw, can't happen to a man. Can it?

Quinnly goes back behind the counter.

QUINNLY

None I met in this town.

TRAVIS

Come on, Leonardo, we don't have to take this kind of misuse.

LEONARDO

Damn straight. If I needed snapped by a floozy I'd'a stayed living with your mamma.

Vincent reads the menu.

The two grifters LAUGH their way to the door. Turning to look at him as they exit.

Leonardo now has a red mark on his forehead the shape of an L. And walks with a clubfoot.

Vincent looks up to find Eli studying him.

Vincent holds up his menu to hide behind it.

After a moment Quinnly comes back.

QUINNLY

Never mind him. You ready to order, slick?

VINCENT

Oui, madame. The meatloaf special.  
Extra side of brown jus... gravy.

QUINNLY

(yells over her shoulder)  
Blair, we still got the special?

BLAIR MOULDS, 30's, lifts his balding redneck head into the order window.

BLAIR

I already told you, Quinnly.

QUINNLY

Boss says he's having the last.

VINCENT

Perhaps the trout. Poached if --

QUINNLY

-- Yeah, if we had it, but we don't. River's dry till October. Don't ask.

VINCENT

Okay, what does the boss suggest?

QUINNLY

He suggests ham and eggs. We got lots and lots of ham and eggs.

VINCENT

Great, I'll have three eggs up, with home fry potatoes. Rye with jelly and coffee. I'll skip the ham.

Quinnly writes it down. But she doesn't leave. She looks at Vincent a moment.

QUINNLY

That blood?

VINCENT

A little automobile trouble.

QUINNLY

Automobile. We don't get much foreign traffic.

VINCENT

You should post a sign.

QUINNLY  
People would stop.

VINCENT  
That's the idea. No?

QUINNLY  
(walking away)  
Not around these parts.

Eli has gotten up. Stops at Vincent's table. Gives Vincent a long look. Stops short of saying something. Tips his cap. Heads out. After a moment Eli's smell hits Vincent.

INT. SPOON CAFÉ - NIGHT

Quinnly clears the plate away from Vincent's table.

VINCENT  
Merci. Perhaps there's a local  
lodge where I could soak in a  
bathtub?

CHERYL, short-dark, 20's, Blair's wife, enters from the back.

Opens the register and starts putting the day's money in a MONEYBAG. Exchanges looks with Quinnly after eyeing Vincent.

QUINNLY  
A flophouse down at the end of  
town. The view's no more  
unpleasant than the clientele.

EXT. END OF TOWN - DRIFTWOOD WHISTLE INN - NIGHT

Vincent stops below the three-story flophouse. The place is about twenty years past needing tearing down. It leans.

Oddly, the town angles off the single railroad track. It causes the track to pass right below the back corner windows of the flophouse.

Vincent looks up and down the road. Most of the other buildings have living quarters above.

Across the street, between the BANK and TRAIN STATION, is the GENERAL DRY GOODS STORE.

ZACHARY, 70's, stands watching. His clothes might have come from the early 1920's. Motions Vincent to go inside.

INT. DRIFTWOOD WHISTLE INN - FRONT DESK - NIGHT

Behind the counter is TRULY DUNN, 30's, plump with exquisite breast, otherwise bland as applesauce.

TRULY

The only room we got available corners off at the tracks. I got to caution you. No one around here likes staying there.

VINCENT

No worries as long as there's a telephone, bathtub and hot water.

TRULY

No guarantee on the hot water. Let it run awhile though, so's it clears up. You need to make a phone call, you pick up the phone, it rings here. I'm Truly. I dial the number for you, and live right back there. Don't drive me crazy. I'm off at ten. You can find me in the pool hall across town after that. But don't. Unless the place's on fire or you're buying.

VINCENT

That's fine, Truly.

TRULY

Sign here. Address and phone. That's Seven-fifty a night. Calls are extra.

He signs the registry book.

TRULY

Vincent Boyer. That French?

VINCENT

Oui, madame.

TRULY

Ain't you the soup de jour?

VINCENT

You know French?

TRULY

Hell no. But I'm willing you buy me that drink.



VINCENT  
Another time, perhaps.

TRULY  
You dumb enough to come back this way, I'll buy you that drink. Open door at the second landing. Room thirteen.

Vincent pays with cash.

VINCENT  
A key?

TRULY  
No key. Locks ain't worked in years.

VINCENT  
Merci.

TRULY  
You'll be fine. Ain't lost a Frenchman in months.

Vincent heads up the rickety staircase.

INT. FLOPHOUSE HALL - SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

Vincent finds his room between two closed doors. The very back corner of the building. His door is open.

INT. VINCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

He's using the phone. Lying on the bed. His one shoe off.

VINCENT  
Me, too... Good night, my love...  
Not to worry... Kiss the children...  
rub the belly. Oui, soon as I step  
foot off the train. Sleep well, mon  
amour.

Hanging up. Looks at himself in a mirror. Shirt has blood stains. His forehead, a cut above an eye. Scraped knees aching. Takes out the cash in his pocket. Not much.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Vincent looks around.

The Bank. General Store. Café. Pool Hall. Old Telegraph Office doubling as the Train Station. Jailhouse. Lights are on in the living quarters above them.

Dane sits in front of the jailhouse in a rocking chair. The Sheriff tips his cigar at Vincent.

So Vincent has no choice but to go over.

VINCENT  
Bonjour, Sheriff. Vincent Boyer.

DANE  
Had a fun day, I see.

VINCENT  
Oui, a disagreement with my automobile over how to cross a very large river.

DANE  
That right. Looks to me you lost.

VINCENT  
Sadly true. It desired to swim the river, while I don't even wade in pools without help from a loved one.

An uncomfortable moment as Vincent's joke falls flat.

DANE  
You need a doctor, you're out'a luck.

VINCENT  
No, I'm --

DANE  
-- General Store up the street's closed about now. But you ring and old Zachary will help you set back on your journey.

VINCENT  
Wouldn't want to bother --

DANE  
-- No bother to me.

VINCENT  
Wouldn't happen to know --

DANE  
-- Probably not.

VINCENT  
All right then. Was a pleasure to have met, Sheriff.

DANE

Don't be startin' no trouble, Frenchy.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

Vincent RINGS the bell.

After a moment Zachary opens the door. Looks at Vincent, then steps aside to let him in.

INT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

Vincent goes through the shirt selections. There's an enormous contrast from what he's wearing and what his choices are. Nothing but Levi.

Zachary watches Vincent closely as he examines the brass buttons on a Levi jacket. The buttonholes are very stiff.

VINCENT

Quaint little town.

ZACHARY

Stale bread stick can be quaint, depending what you make of it.

VINCENT

How true. Some of this fabric must be ten years old. No?

Zachary gives him a suspicious look.

ZACHARY

Ain't a day over eight. Levi is Levi unless it ain't Levi at all.

He selects a Levi shirt, pants and jacket.

VINCENT

Very good, Levi it is.

Zachary moves behind the cash box. Adds it all up.

ZACHARY

Good choice. Fifty-five all together with the boots.

Zachary takes Vincent's money. Gives him back change. Moves over and opens the door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Vincent exits to the street. Zachary looks him over again.

VINCENT

Merci.

ZACHARY

Welcome. Ask for an ass kicking around these parts, you get one. Country American style.

VINCENT

Not on my list of things to do while lost in America.

ZACHARY

Good thinking. Traffic starts up again on the road about the time the crow cackles. Won't be much on Saturday.

VINCENT

Bright and early then. Gardez la foi.

Zachary closes the door in Vincent's face.

Dane is gone. No one is about.

Movement catches his eye down by the Train Station. He heads that way past the bank.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Vincent stops out front. Does his best to look inside.

There's a dim wavering light but he can't see much.

STATIONMASTER (O.S.)

Opens in if you reckon on using it.

The STATIONMASTER (90's) hunched over, willow of a man. Dark blue suit and cap.

VINCENT

Oh, pardon.

The Stationmaster opens the door and goes in.

STATIONMASTER

You one of them window gawkers?

VINCENT

What? No. I wasn't positive I saw anyone about.

STATIONMASTER  
Well, did you?

VINCENT  
Sorry?

STATIONMASTER  
You believe in spooks, boy?

INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Vincent looks about in amazement. The train station is lit by candles. Right out of the stagecoach days.

STATIONMASTER  
This place is full of 'em, you look close enough.

VINCENT  
... I'm inquiring about a ticket out of town, Mister... ah --

STATIONMASTER  
Stationmaster's good enough. Where to, young feller?

VINCENT  
Salt Lake.

STATIONMASTER  
Well now, might find one that will take you southwest to Vegas... but definitely not northwest to Salt Lake. Could take the train and get off at Clear Water. Catch a bus from there.

VINCENT  
At this point, it's important I get home.

STATIONMASTER  
I see, big hurry, are we.

VINCENT  
When is the next train?

STATIONMASTER  
Train? Next train is due by in about two hours. But that's all it is, due by. The next passenger train ain't due in for another... oh...

(checks his pocket watch)  
(MORE)

STATIONMASTER (cont'd)  
 ... about thirty-two hours,  
 thirteen minutes, and five seconds.  
 I could put you down for a ticket.

VINCENT  
 Well, I've got time to think this  
 out.

STATIONMASTER  
 Oh, you got time to think. Not  
 much else to do. Just don't think  
 any big ideas around here.

Vincent starts to back out. Stationmaster follows him to the  
 door. He picks up a candle and a pack of matches.

STATIONMASTER  
 If I was you, young feller, I'd  
 take this candle back to my room,  
 pour me a nice hot bath, and sit in  
 it as long as I could. Clear the  
 spooks out of your head. Candle  
 light does that to you.

VINCENT  
 Great then, I guess I'll find,  
 let's see... something to --

Stationmaster shuts the door in Vincent's face.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

VINCENT  
 Spooks. In such an affectionate  
 town?

INT. VINCENT'S FLOPHOUSE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vincent turns off the bath water. Sitting in it. Naked  
 except a ring on his finger. Every muscle in his body aches.

BUG LIFE from beyond the window grows out of the silence.

While enjoying the candlelight low RUMPUSES from the other  
 flophouse TENANTS seeps through the night's ambiance.

First, just a lot of UNINTELLIGIBLE MURMURING, CUPBOARDS  
 BANGING, WATER RUNNING. The walls and floors being paper-  
 thin.

But slowly, parts of the DISCUSSIONS from the rooms begin to  
 solidify.

First a man's angry voice:

REILLY (O.S.)  
 ... tired of all this shit on...  
 .... wonder you got bugs.

INT. THIRD FLOOR ROOM - NIGHT

BROOKE, 20's, a rail, and DEPUTY SHERIFF TOMCAT REILLY, 30's, hundred pounds over weight.

The place is one big dust bowl.

BROOKE  
 Then get out. Go on back to your  
 fat ass wife. See if I care.

INT. VINCENT'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

He tries not to listen.

REILLY (O.S.)  
 Christ, you got a mouth. Look,  
 this plate is from three nights  
 ago. And Christ-oh-mighty, look  
 at the leg hair in this sink.

BROOKE (O.S.)  
 You heard me, Tomcat? Get the fuck  
 out.

Glass SMASHES against the floor above.

STEWART (O.S.)  
 (from below)  
 That your best shot.

INT. FIRST FLOOR ROOM - NIGHT

Two wild children, STEWART MOLDS, 6, and JESSICA MOLDS, 7, run around the room, fighting with pillows, LAUGHING.

Jessica hits him hard and he goes down on his butt.

JESSICA  
 No, that was.

INT. VINCENT'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

He listens to the KIDS VOICES.

STEWART (O.S.)  
 Now you're gonna get it.

JESSICA (O.S.)  
 No fair, no fair.

STEWART (O.S.)  
We ain't playing girlie rules.

JESSICA (O.S.)  
No fair grabbing my pillow though.  
I can't protect myself.

STEWART (O.S.)  
How about now?

JESSICA (O.S.)  
Stop, Stew! I can't breathe. I  
can't...

Long spooky echoing SCREAM from the girl that fades back into  
the couple up above still unintelligible...

... when from behind his headboard comes...

QUINNLY (O.S.)  
I'm tired, call me later. I want  
to lie down...

INT. QUINNLY'S SECOND FLOOR ROOM - NIGHT

Quinnly spreads out across the bed. Still in her work  
clothes. Half filled bottle of rye sits on the nightstand.

QUINNLY  
... for a spell. Look, you asshole,  
I don't sit around all day eating  
sticky buns. Fine... call me when  
you do.

She SLAMS down the phone. LIGHTS a cig.

INT. VINCENT'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

He thinks... then from the bathroom next door...

TRAVIS (O.S.)  
Hand me that towel, Leo.

INT. GRIFTER'S SECOND FLOOR ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Leonardo throws it to him. Sets himself to CRAP.

Travis cleans his GUN on the bed just outside the door.

LEONARDO  
What're we gonna bathe with you  
keep using them as rags?



TRAVIS  
 You ain't got enough towels call  
 that fat apple at the front desk.

INT. VINCENT'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

LEONARDO (O.S.)  
 I just might. That girl gets  
 nasty, I'm tellin' you.

TRAVIS (O.S.)  
 Please don't. I just ate.

The toilet FLUSHES.

INT. TRAVIS AND LEONARDO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Leonardo comes out of the bathroom wanting to dry his hands.

LEONARDO  
 Has a bright personality, too. The  
 way she mentioned being in the bar...  
 so we'd show up.

TRAVIS  
 For a pet maybe. And I got the  
 feelin' she tells that to everybody  
 'cause she's desperate.

LEONARDO  
 Go about fucking faces you be  
 missing a whole truck-load of good  
 pussy.

TRAVIS  
 Shiiiiit. Gonna give me gout. The  
 good she'll do you.

They sit there for a moment. Travis has his gun apart.

LEONARDO  
 How much money do you figure that  
 bank holds right about now?

TRAVIS  
 Are you hearing how dumb you sound?

INT. VINCENT'S BATHROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT

A little fainter but still distinct enough.

LEONARDO (O.S.)  
 Hey, I'm just passing time.

TRAVIS (O.S.)  
Well, I ain't passing time six-feet  
under because you got anxious.

Vincent doesn't want to hear this. He gets out of the tub  
and finds the towels gone.

LEONARDO (O.S.)  
I couldn't give less a shit. I was  
just speculatin'.

Vincent moves over and lies down on his bed. Leans over,  
looks in the drawer. Nothing to read but an ancient Bible.

TRAVIS (O.S.)  
Just shuddup, then. Hand me the  
oil.

LEONARDO (O.S.)  
Damn, look what you're doin' to all  
them towels.

INT. VINCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

After a fitful sleep, MOANING wakes Vincent, coming through  
the wall from Quinnly's room.

She's getting it GOOD. Her headboard starts POUNDING on the  
wall.

Vincent puts his pillow over his head as Dane starts to CUM  
loudly like a pig in heat.

INT. QUINNLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dane rolls off Quinnly. A fit of sweat.

Reaches for her cigs. He lights two. He puts one in  
Quinnly's mouth.

She takes a drag.

He takes it out and tries to kiss her.

She pushes his face away. Taking the cig back.

QUINNLY  
You know I hate that.

Quinnly rolls over to pour the last of the rye into her  
glass.

DANE  
What? It's a kiss.

QUINNLY

Your stash gives me hives. And your mouth stinks of pig shit and pussy.

DANE

Jesus... so I'll shave it.

QUINNLY

Just don't kiss me.

DANE

All right, all right, shit you're a screwed up broad. What's the matter? Your daddy used to give you hives?

QUINNLY

Fuck off. You want to kiss something, kiss my ass.

They sit in silence for a moment, smoking.

Dane is shaking his head, not wanting to antagonize her. He finishes the last of his rye and eyes the empty bottle.

INT. VINCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Vincent rolls over, enjoying the moment of silence, when...

DANE (O.S.)

This time tomorrow things are gonna change, goddamn it. Leave all them fucking pigs to my brother. I got it all worked out.

QUINNLY (O.S.)

If I had an orgasm for every dumb son-of-a-bitch who's told me that.

INT. QUINNLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dane moves over to the bathroom. Turns on the WATER in the tub and WASHES his dick at the sink.

DANE

Honey, there ain't no one in this county who hasn't profited from this arrangement. One way or another.

Dane comes out of the bathroom. Drying his dick with a towel. Otherwise, he's standing butt naked. His belly hanging out. Not an overly attractive man by any means.

QUINNLY

You got this all thunk out?

Dane starts to put on his pants.

INT. VINCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Vincent gets out of bed.

DANE (O.S.)

You want money. I want you. Is that so bad?

QUINNLY (O.S.)

I'll let you know when I see my share.

REILLY (UPSTAIRS O.S.)

Goddamn, woman. I didn't say put an ice cube in this. I said put some FUCKING ice in it.

BROOKE (UPSTAIRS O.S.)

I ain't your waitress, you jerkoff. I gave you what ice there is. You see any in my fucking drink?

A loud THUMP hits the floor above. Most likely her body. Followed by more broken glass.

INT. ROOM ABOVE - NIGHT

Brooke is lying on the floor. Long dark hair covering her face. Picking herself up. Reilly's on top of her again, drawing back to hit her....

REILLY

Get your skinny ass outfitted for work. Right now, or I'll give you more of this.

INT. VINCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Vincent has heard enough. He starts getting dressed.

THUMPING and YELLING continue from up above.

BROOKE (O.S.)

I'll get dressed when I feel like it.

INT. FLOPHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

Vincent opens his door. Finds himself face to face with Dane. Dane sees the look on his face. He looks inside.

The bed's a muss. He glances at the wall dividing the two rooms. Before looking back up at the yelling.

VINCENT

Sounds like it might turn ugly.

DANE

Not to fret, I'm on my way to have a word with Reilly. About time for Brooke to go to work anyway. You just enjoy the rest of your evening.

INT. VINCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Vincent goes back into his room. Looks at the bed, then to the door. Worried.

A slow RUMBLE from underneath the building.

"What the?" He moves to the adjoining bay windows looking out over the tracks.

The track is right below. A freight train APPROACHES.

Its light glares right into the room. Its whistle BLOWS.

Vincent is alarmed. It looks like the train is coming right through his room.

He stumbles back and over to the bed.

The entire building HEAVES and SHAKES while the train NEARS, PASSES, and DRIFTS into the distance. It's like experiencing a long drawn out earthquake.

He sits there gripping his bed, his door having drifted open from the shaking.

INT. FLOPHOUSE HALL - NIGHT

Quinnly is watching him. Both amused and drunk. Her drink in one hand. Unlit cig in the other. Clad in a flimsy damp gown. Dripping from getting out of the bath.

QUINNLY

Always come out here case this tongue depressant finally decides to collapse.

INT. VINCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Quinnly steps into the room.

VINCENT

Mon Dieu, my heart she... the  
tracks run --

QUINNLY

-- Yeah, dumb huh? Something to do  
with some old Chinaman mathematician  
a long-long time ago and that dried  
up river gorge over there. Come fall  
it'll have water in it again I hear.

VINCENT

Who'd put a building in such...?

QUINNLY

Was here first.

Quinnly moves further into the room. Looking around.

QUINNLY

This whole stinkin' town's been  
here for about forever. You ever  
hear of this dang place? Way out  
lost... all this lunacy. Have you?

VINCENT

No.

QUINNLY

Nobody has, far as I know. Wasn't  
even listed on the train stops.

VINCENT

The people who gave me a lift knew.

QUINNLY

You notice they ain't with you. So,  
my question is, you got a match?

VINCENT

I do, actually.

She leans down to him. Giving him the eye. And a look down  
her gown. Still dripping on the floor.

He LIGHTS her cig.

She takes the match and lights the candle. She steps back,  
looking about his room again.

QUINNLY  
You travel light.

VINCENT  
Drove my rental into a river two  
states back. Came close to drowning.

QUINNLY  
Congratulations. You made it to  
this inbred shithole. You look  
like one of them urban cowpokes in  
that getup.

VINCENT  
It was between this and a Levi  
evening gown. And my knees are all  
skinned.

QUINNLY  
What do you know, a sense of humor.  
What do they call that... self  
defecating?

VINCENT  
Apparently.

QUINNLY  
I bet you're married with kids,  
even.

VINCENT  
Oui, Mon Sheri, two boys, Parker  
and Grant.

Vincent takes out a PHOTO and hands it to Quinnly. She looks  
at it, smiles.

QUINNLY  
Your wife's American, and real  
pretty. And the boys as cute as  
puppies.

VINCENT  
Points for not sounding surprised.

QUINNLY  
They must be worried sick. Daddy  
being stuck way out here all by his  
lonesome.

VINCENT  
Oui, but I rang ahead. I didn't  
explain exactly all this. They  
know I'm delayed but on my way.

QUINNLY  
Business or pleasure?

VINCENT  
Neither. It seems I'm an out of  
luck suit salesman. Soon to be  
lost of my job when my father finds  
how badly I've failed.

QUINNLY  
What kind of suits?

VINCENT  
Business suits. Haute couture.  
The best, from my family's shop in  
Paris. Completely hand stitched.  
But all --

QUINNLY  
-- back there in your rental?

VINCENT  
Oui. Our whole sample line.  
Vanished. Stolen by the river.  
Incroyable, just terrible. I've  
missed every appointment. It's a  
catastrophe. No? I can't tell my  
family. How do you say? I fucked  
up.

Quinnly sits beside him. Lots of leg showing, uncomfortable  
silence.

He looks to the hall, expecting an angry sheriff at any  
second. Least he should fuck up again.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dane grabs up a half bottle of rye out of his desk drawer.

VINCENT (O.S.)  
Maybe you should....

Dane starts to leave. Stops. Thinks.

QUINNLY (O.S.)  
So, you're out to save your family's  
business, Captain Frenchy?

Dane opens another drawer and takes out a pocket-size gun.



VINCENT (O.S.)  
 Not exactly. I was to begin our  
 American sales on my way from New  
 York to Salt Lake. What a  
 disaster. My poor father --

INT. VINCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

QUINNLY  
 -- is against you being here? Now  
 this.

VINCENT  
 Oui. My Sheri inherited a  
 beautiful home in Salt Lake City.  
 There's a family debt, and we have  
 a little one on the way. Her  
 mother's sick. So, she is somewhat  
 stuck. I am on my way from France  
 to join her.

QUINNLY  
 Not exactly gay Paris, last I read.

VINCENT  
 No. She arrived just three months.  
 Her mother is in a nursing home,  
 so.... No matter, I'm on my way  
 with my tail between my legs. I'm  
 how you say... such a loser.

Quinnly moves to the bathroom. Drops her cig in the toilet.  
 Adds water to her drink. Comes out.

Lights a cig on the candle. BLOWS the smoke at Vincent.

QUINNLY  
 Sorry. You're only a loser if you  
 don't try. Like my boyfriend who  
 got the dumb idea to get off the  
 tracks. We had one of them train  
 passes where we could just come and  
 go. Like a free ticket to Never-  
 Never Land.

She moves over to the window.

Looks up and down the track.

Dragging hard on her cig like she's trying to remember.

QUINNLY  
 Only never means never, so you  
 never really get there.

Quinnly turns back to Vincent.

QUINNLY

Turns out the loser did just that.  
Cum and went for a bottle of rye.  
And never came back to get me out  
of this shit place.

VINCENT

I'm sorry....

QUINNLY

Don't be, there's a moral to this  
story somewhere. I got an angry  
mouth when I drink. But you know,  
you're the first in a long time I  
ain't got sore at. And I've had  
plenty already.

VINCENT

Maybe you ought to slow down.

QUINNLY

Don't push your luck. Maybe it's  
just because you don't want things  
from me. I don't get that much.

Quinnly moves to him. Almost pinning him to the open door.

QUINNLY

You know, you're kind of cute when  
you shake like this.

VINCENT

Oui, well... that sheriff friend of  
yours, seemed fairly adamant about  
me staying out of trouble.

QUINNLY

So, being like this... close... is --

VINCENT

-- This? This is... big time  
trouble.

INT. FLOPHOUSE LOBBY - NIGHT

Dane enters. Stops. Goes to the counter. Opens the  
registry book. Looks up at the sound of Quinnly's voice.

QUINNLY (O.S.)

I'm about to go crackers. You  
know? This place.

INT. VINCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Quinnly pulls away from him, knowing he's right.

QUINNLY

If I was you, I wouldn't wait for  
no train. I'd get out of here  
first light in the morning. If not  
sooner.

She comes back to him.

QUINNLY

This town's not mentally sound by  
plenty.

VINCENT

Merci, I've been thinking just this  
thing.

Quinnly looks at him real close. Examining his features.  
Searching every inch of it. She's so close her breath is on  
his face letting him smell her liquor.

QUINNLY

You smell clean. You even sound  
clean. I ain't known clean since I  
been here. This fucking place.  
Nothing but inbred pig and chicken  
rancher stink.

She kisses him. Hard. Pressing her body up against him.  
Feeling him up.

He struggles to get away.

She pulls back just as quick. Taking his breath away.

QUINNLY

Always the losers, never the nice  
guys.

VINCENT

Maybe you should just flee this  
place.

QUINNLY

That an invitation?

Dane stops in the open door with the bottle of rye.

DANE

What the fuck is this?

QUINNLY

It ain't nothing. We're just talking about shit you ain't got the wit for.

DANE

You don't need to be talking shit with every drifter who comes through this town.

QUINNLY

He's not a drifter. He's a fine suit salesman.

VINCENT

And happily married with two boys. Very happy.

Vincent displays the evidence of his family.

Dane doesn't give a shit about the picture.

DANE

I'd be in a mighty big hurry to get back to them.

VINCENT

I'm on the road at sunrise. If not sooner.

DANE

That's the smartest damn thing I heard coming out of this room.

QUINNLY

Leave him alone.

DANE

You watch your mouth, girl.

QUINNLY

Or what? You gonna get all mean and ugly on me like your fat old Deputy Reilly upstairs?

DANE

I just might. If I have to.

QUINNLY

Shit, I'd wet my panties if I had some on.

She drops her cig to the floor and steps on it with her bare foot. She blows the smoke in Dane's face.

QUINNLY

Then I'd bob you so close we'd look  
like twins. Move it.

Quinnly pushes past Dane. Gives Vincent the eye.

QUINNLY

And give me that.

She snatches the bottle of rye. Twist off the top.

QUINNLY

You take all fucking night getting  
back here, I'll talk to who the  
hell I want.

She pulls from the bottle. Throws its cap down the hall as  
she goes back to her room.

Dane stands there for a moment... shows his gun.

DANE

Last warning... don't be starting  
no trouble, Frenchy.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Vincent finds the street dimly lit by the windows above.

He looks up at the road he arrived on and not a single car  
passes by.

Two pickup trucks are out front of the café and about five  
cars and an older flatbed are in front of the pool hall.

Two figures come his way. Travis and Leonardo.

TRAVIS

Café just about closed.

LEONARDO

You want something else you might  
find it across the street.

VINCENT

Sounds good, but... I just need to  
sit and think.

TRAVIS

It's your Friday night.

The two men cross the road and head to the pool hall.

A woman and a man each get into the pickups out front of the café and drive off.

The DRONE of a small airplane APPROACHING for landing GROWS over head.

Vincent looks up and down the street. He turns around and finds Travis standing right behind him.

TRAVIS

Wouldn't be neighborly like to let you stand out here in the dust, now would it.

VINCENT

Listen, I --

TRAVIS

-- Come on, we'll buy you a beer. Hey, Leonardo, we got enough to buy our foreign friend a good American beer?

Leonardo stands out front of the bar, wanting to go in.

LEONARDO

We'll be winning at the table soon enough.

VINCENT

No please, I have --

TRAVIS

Good, you got money... you spot us the first round and we'll take it from there.

VINCENT

You're too kind, but considering --

LEONARDO

-- We goin' in, or what?

Travis is all but dragging Vincent across the street.

TRAVIS

Hold on to your pecker, Leonardo. Our froggy friend here just offered to stake us a round.

Leonardo opens the pool hall's door, looking in.

LEONARDO

Then get your asses on over. Looks like a table's about to free up.

INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

Leonardo has made his way to a pool table in the center of the smoky room.

Jeremiad, the small-time lawyer and the best looking girl in the room, ISABEL, are there. He has the table as he finishes up a game.

Eli, the weird looking little chicken rancher, pays up.

Brooke is waiting on tables. Deputy Tomcat Reilly is at the bar drinking next to Zachary.

A JUKEBOX BOOMS. Oddly with the lack of cars and trucks outside there's still a room full of LIFE.

Travis pushes Vincent to the bar, brushing up against Reilly.

REILLY

Hey, what's the rush?

VINCENT

Pardon --

REILLY

-- Pardon ain't gonna cut it you step on my hides again.

ZACHARY

(leans in on Reilly)

Don't be giving the boy here any of your deputy doo shit, Reilly. Boy's a guest in this country.

Reilly looks Zachary over and turns away to Blair and Cheryl, the young redneck couple who own and run the cafe.

REILLY

Let anybody in this place.

The three of them get a LAUGH.

Vincent looks around and is greeted with a knowing nod by both the Stationmaster and Zachary.

Travis flags down the BARTENDER, 40's, missing an arm and an eye.

TRAVIS  
Three cold ones.

BARTENDER  
Let's see money.

Travis pulls Vincent near.

TRAVIS  
Why don't we start a tab?

Vincent reluctantly takes out his money and pays instead.

TRAVIS  
How'd you like to redouble that  
dough?

VINCENT  
Generous, but....

Quinnly, very drunk, enters the bar with Truly.

They make their way over to a table near the pool table.

Travis takes all three beers and works his way over to the  
tables and hands one to Leonardo.

LEONARDO  
Shit, would you looky there. Just  
like clockwork.

TRAVIS  
Don't go buck-crazy on me now.

LEONARDO  
I'm thinkin' I'm gonna lick me some  
salt tonight.

TRAVIS  
And I'm thinkin' I don't want to  
kick some redneck stupid.

LEONARDO  
How much our little friend holding?

TRAVIS  
Close to two C's.

LEONARDO  
He in?

TRAVIS  
Did he get a choice?



Vincent stands at the bar wanting to leave real bad.

He heads towards the door.

When he gets there an unlit cigarette is thrust in his face.

QUINNLY (O.S.)  
Still got them matches?

Vincent finds Quinnly against him. Her breath stale from booze and smoke... steadying herself on his arm.

QUINNLY  
Couldn't sleep?

VINCENT  
Restless night.

QUINNLY  
There's local pig links behind the bar. Not bad, you catch them early.

Quinnly puts her cig to her lips.

QUINNLY  
You gonna light me?

Vincent LIGHTS her cig.

QUINNLY  
You ain't leaving?

VINCENT  
I was thinking maybe....

QUINNLY  
Oh, come on... I just got here.  
You can't leave me with all these organ donors to gas to. It wouldn't be gentlemanly of you.

Leonardo is RACKING them up on the pool table.

LEONARDO  
How about we play ten a ball?

JEREMIAD  
What do you say we count your friend's money first.

Quinnly uses Vincent to steady herself to the table where Truly already has drinks waiting for them.

Travis looks over and sees them sitting. He goes over to Vincent and leans down close to him.

TRAVIS

Pull it out and put it on the table.  
Man wants to see how big our dicks  
are.

VINCENT

Pardonnez-moi?

QUINNLY

He means your money.

TRAVIS

Hurry up.

VINCENT

I think not....

Quinnly puts her hand on Vincent's.

QUINNLY

It's okay. I've seen these two  
play. You'll get your money back  
and some.

Quinnly pulls Travis by the shirt down to her face.

QUINNLY

You fuck Vincent. I fuck you.

TRAVIS

That a promise? Let go.

Quinnly lets Travis go. Vincent takes out his money.

VINCENT

Where's my beer?

TRAVIS

Order another, Leonardo was thirsty.  
Make it three, and whatever the  
girls want.

Travis goes back to the pool table and Jeremiad.

TRAVIS

You satisfied?

Jeremiad looks Vincent over.

JEREMIAD

All right, closest ball.

Leonardo takes a ball and pushes it with a cue stick right up against the far bank.

Jeremiad does the same but his ball bounces back.

So Leonardo breaks.

While Leonardo runs the table....

VINCENT

You trust these gentlemen?

QUINNLY

Sure. Small timers.... The tall one there, he ain't much but he can dance. And the dim one, he's the player. Met them over at a dance hall down the road.

Truly leans over to Quinnly.

TRULY

I think he likes me.

QUINNLY

Which one?

TRULY

Him.

From across the table Leonardo looks past his stick at Truly. He grins.

TRULY

Oh good, I'm gonna get manned tonight.

VINCENT

How about your Sheriff friend?

QUINNLY

Fuck him.

She puts her hand in Vincent's lap.

VINCENT

I need to get some air.

QUINNLY

Hold on, you're about to double your money.

Leonardo sinks the last ball. Jeremiad is pissed.

JEREMIAD

What the fuck was that?

TRAVIS

I'll show you again if you wanna play double for nothing?

JEREMIAD

You guys professional?

TRAVIS

We look professional to you?

LEONARDO

I'm just in a good mood. You want another go, it's double for nothing.

Jeremiad looks over at Vincent and Quinnly.

Vincent turns to the drinkers crowding the bar.

Eli smiling a toothless grin among them. He gives Vincent a welcoming look.

Vincent looks away seeing Eli vetting him.

JEREMIAD

I'm being set up here, ain't I.

STATIONMASTER

Be about time someone took our money back from you, J.J.

ZACHARY

Got a hundred on the dumb looking one.

BARTENDER

And which one might that be? The lawyer or the grifter?

STATIONMASTER

Shit. Which one's the grifter?

Jeremiad gives the LAUGHING crowd a hard look. He turns back to Travis and Leonardo.

JEREMIAD

All right, but this game ain't over 'till I say it's over.

Jeremiad takes out more of his money. Puts it on the table.

Vincent tries to pick his up.

Jeremiad pins the money to the table with a cue stick.

JEREMIAD

I'll let you know when you can pick  
the money up, mister.

Jeremiad goes back to the pool table.

Brooke comes over and stands in front of Vincent. She's got  
makeup over a shiner.

BROOKE

You need anything?

Quinnly looks up at her, then over at Reilly.

Reilly gives her back a smug look.

Quinnly flips him off.

QUINNLY

Why don't you come spend the night  
with me, Brooke?

BROOKE

Dane would love that.

QUINNLY

Shit, kick his ass to the floor.  
Pig fucker wouldn't even notice.

Brooke looks over at Reilly. Truly watches.

BROOKE

I just might, at that.

TRULY

Enough with the butch shit, you  
two. Give us a round of beers.

Brooke sticks out her tongue, hiking her ass as she walks  
towards the bar.

Vincent leans into Quinnly who's watching Brooke.

VINCENT

I must relieve myself. Which way?

Quinnly blows smoke in his face. She looks him over closely.

QUINNLY

Straight back. Don't get lost.

Vincent gets up and gets jostled making his way through the crowd.

When Vincent gets to the bathroom he also finds himself at the back door.

The bathroom door opens and Eli stands there in the way.

ELI  
Come on in, four-eyes. I've been  
expecting you.

VINCENT  
Oh, shit....

The back door opens and a gush of fresh air hits him. A couple enters.

Vincent makes it out the door before it closes.

EXT. REAR OF POOL HALL - NIGHT

Some bikes and cars but mostly farm trucks.

Beyond them is nothing but open ground and the dry ravine.

Vincent, having to go bad, looks around and starts walking towards the ravine when MUFFLED VOICES make him turn to look.

EXT. REAR OF BANK - NIGHT

Dane, TONY MOTTO, 40s, and DAVIS SUTTER, 40s, big city small time pilots... carry MONEYBAGS from Dane's truck into the back of the bank.

EXT. REAR OF POOL HALL - NIGHT

Vincent turns around quickly and ducks behind garbage cans. He thinks for a moment, looking his options over.

The young café owners, Cheryl and Blair, come BURSTING out the back door, hot for each other.

He pins her against the wall. Practically standing over Vincent. Starts groping her body.

BLAIR  
Oh, shit Cheryl, I'm gonna knock  
you up right here.

CHERYL  
Not again you ain't. Take me to  
the truck.

BLAIR  
Shit, we don't need....  
(looks down)  
What the fuck you doing there?

CHERYL  
Oh, my God, put my dress down, Blair.

BLAIR  
I said....

CHERYL  
The freak can see my panties.

VINCENT  
I just needed fresh air.

BLAIR  
Well you ain't getting any sniffing  
around down there... move on.

Vincent gets up, looking past Blair to Dane's pickup truck.  
Blair follows his eyes.

Behind them the truck sits empty, it's tailgate open.

BLAIR  
Don't make me tell you again, boy.

VINCENT  
Believe me....

Vincent gets up and runs away towards the end of town.

CHERYL  
You let that shit see my ass.

Blair looks after Vincent. Then turns back to her, running  
his hand back up under her dress.

BLAIR  
Hell, you probably liked it.

EXT. END OF TOWN - NIGHT

Vincent makes his way around the last building. Still having  
to go.

Finds himself at the end of town. He looks towards the  
Flophouse.

Turns towards the direction he entered town. Heads that way.

EXT. CROSS ROAD - NIGHT

Vincent takes a long awaited piss. No cars come by.

A TRUCK is leaving town. Vincent hurries to finish up. Arms in the air to get the driver's attention.

Realizing it's Eli's chicken truck he searches for a place to hide. Nothing. The chicken truck SCREECHES to a stop.

ELI

Looky here. Hey there, four-eyes.  
I hunted all over back there.  
Funny guy, out here waving your  
dill pickle when the pool hall got  
a perfectly good toilet.

VINCENT

Well I, I was leaving town and....

ELI

Shit dang, you're in lots of luck.  
I reside but a spit up the road.

The smell trailing Eli's truck catches up with them.

VINCENT

Oh... man....

ELI

Yeah, takes some getting use to.  
Place ain't much to look at but I  
got a hide-a-bed my hounds sleep  
on. Get you a bite of down home  
American vitals. You like possum  
stew? What do you say? Home baked  
biscuits? Sounds good. Don't it?

VINCENT

No... it's....

ELI

Eli. I seen you looking all shy in  
the bar. I ain't queer or nothing...  
it's just the damn girls don't go  
for me. All these chickens and  
all....

VINCENT

Well actually, Eli, you see... it's  
just, I'll wait for a longer ride.



ELI  
You sure? Not much but local  
traffic through these parts on the  
weekend. Could use the company.

Vincent starts walking away. Eli follows with the truck.

ELI  
Vincent was your name?

VINCENT  
I'm not interested.

ELI  
Nobody's gonna say....

Vincent stops... picks up a rock.

VINCENT  
Look Eli, I clearly stated I'm not  
interested. Now leave me be.

ELI  
Dang, ain't you something when you  
get all riled like that. I got  
television. Even got dirty photos  
of some of the local gals. You  
don't have to touch me. Doc says  
stimulation's good for --

Vincent throws the rock and it SMASHES against a chicken  
crate, causing the chickens to THRASH about.

Eli PEALS out of there as Vincent goes for another rock. The  
smell of the chickens lingers on. Feathers floating about.

VINCENT  
Bonsoir, egg man.

EXT. REAR OF POOL HALL - NIGHT

Quinnly stands at the back door smoking.

Dane's truck pulls past her.

Tony and Davis are also in it.

Dane looks at her as he passes. She looks back. Takes a  
moment.

QUINNLY  
Vincent? You out here?

Gets no reply. She waits another moment. Steps on her cig. Looks after Dane's truck, and goes back in.

INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

Quinnly enters to find Jeremiad out cold on the floor.

Travis stands over him with a cue stick.

TRAVIS

Damn it, Leonardo. See what you made me go and do? Damn it, I hate this kind of senseless violence.

Leonardo picks up the money. Quinnly stops him.

QUINNLY

Vincent's?

Leonardo throws a wad of it back on the table, as Travis joins him in backing out.

Reilly and Blair step in their way at the door. Both have guns.

REILLY

Wouldn't be nice to leave it this way.

TRAVIS

You saw it, was an intervention. I might of saved that man's life.

Truly comes up behind them.

TRULY

Get out of the way, Reilly. How many times you whacked J.J. yourself?

Reilly and Blair back off.

Leonardo, Travis and Truly exit.

Quinnly puts Vincent's money in her blouse. Stands over Jeremiad.

QUINNLY

Better get him some attention.

ZACHARY

He's a lawyer, how much can he bleed?

EXT. NO LIGHT TOWN - DAYBREAK

Vincent walking back through town. Stopping at the Spoon Café.

The place is busy compared to yesterday.

Stewart and Jessica from the Flophouse PLAY with CAP GUNS out front of the café.

They stop to watch Vincent. Start shooting him.

INT. SPOON CAFÉ - COUNTER - DAY BREAK

Quinnly is at the counter and Cheryl is waiting on tables.

The Stationmaster and Zachary sit at a booth. They are about to leave.

Dane is at another table with Jeremiad.

A couple of retired looking local farmers wait to sit.

Vincent enters. Looks around.

Tables are all full. He goes over and sits at the counter.

Blair fry cooks on the other side of the order window.

Quinnly turns from buttering toast to find Vincent.

She looks past him at Dane and Jeremiad who are looking back.

Vincent goes through his pockets and pulls out a handful of change. Puts it on the counter.

VINCENT

Coffee.

Quinnly pours him some.

She takes the wad of bills out of her bra and tosses it down before him.

VINCENT

Merci.

QUINNLY

Thought you run off?

Vincent turns to see that Dane is still looking at him.

VINCENT

Minor complications.

QUINNLY  
I came to your room.

VINCENT  
I was on the road praying for a ride.

QUINNLY  
Guess you ain't got the thumb for it.

VINCENT  
Helps if someone actually passes by.

Cheryl comes up and hangs a ticket in the order window.

CHERYL  
Two specials, one up, one easy.  
Ham on both.

She turns to see Vincent. Gives him a hard look.

CHERYL  
Ain't seen enough?

Quinnly hands her the toast.

QUINNLY  
Take this to Barney.

Cheryl takes the toast and walks away with a fresh pot of coffee.

Quinnly gives Vincent a look. He gives her a look back.  
"Don't ask."

Jessica and Stewart RACE into the café, screen door SLAPPING.

They run around the tables LAUGHING. Chasing each other.  
SHOOTING people with the cap guns.

CHERYL  
Go on, you two, back outside,  
before I get you washing dishes.

The kids stop. Look at each other. Sail back out. The door  
SLAPPING behind them.

QUINNLY  
You missed a good time.

VINCENT  
Not by much.

QUINNLY  
You sore at me?

VINCENT

No. Frustrated. Eggs easy. Short stack. Maple if you please. And jus d'orange.

Quinnly, miffed by his attitude. Hangs the order in the window.

Blair takes the ticket and looks at Vincent.

BLAIR

Hey, I thought I told you --

QUINNLY

-- Shut up, Blair... you're a fry cook, in a dry bed town, get over it.

BLAIR

The guy was creeping around --

QUINNLY

-- Who'd know better?

BLAIR

I don't need no smart mouth....

Blair looks up to find Dane standing at his booth and stops.

BLAIR

I'm just saying, is all.

Dane moves up behind Vincent, counting his money.

Jeremiad leaves.

The kids SHOOT him outside.

Blair goes back to work.

DANE

I was told you left town, Frenchy?

VINCENT

Tried. But no one offered, except the egg man.

Dane drops money on the counter.

DANE

Probably just wanting company.

Quinnly takes the money and RINGS it up.

QUINNLY  
Maybe he got it.

Vincent gives her a look.

Dane takes his change. Drops a couple quarters on the counter. Sits next to Vincent.

DANE  
Friendlier farm traffic up on the  
back road to Clear Water about  
twenty miles north. Might even hop  
a train.

VINCENT  
Hate to see the back road if --

DANE  
-- Safer up there too.

Quinnly looks up at Vincent.

This exchange doesn't go unnoticed by Dane.

Quinnly and Dane lock eyes.

The movement in the café slows down.

DANE  
Eat up. I'll run you up there.

EXT. DANE'S TRUCK - MORNING

Dane drives Vincent through town.

Eli's egg truck passes. Concern on his face when he spies Vincent in Dane's truck.

Vincent doesn't like this reaction at all.

Zachary comes out to somberly watch them pass.

The Stationmaster does likewise.

Vincent looks back at them.

They sadly wave, goodbye?

Vincent knows something's up.

Dane speeds up. Crosses the tracks. Heading north out of town.

INT. DANE'S TRUCK - MORNING

Dane takes out a cigar. Looks over at Vincent.

Vincent has his hand on the door handle.

Dane unhooks his work REVOLVER and puts it on the dash between them. Nice. Shiny.

He now can reach into his pocket for the lighter. Scratches his balls while he's there.

Vincent just looks at the revolver, ready to jump.

Dane leans over to the glove box. Takes out a box of shells. He hands them to Vincent.

DANE  
Load that, will you.

Vincent can't believe what he's hearing. He slowly picks up the revolver.

DANE  
You ever use one?

VINCENT  
Not yet.

Dane looks at him. Smiles. Vincent starts to load the gun. They drive on.

EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING - DAY

Dane pulls to a stop at a railroad crossing sign.

A TRAIN is off in the near distance.

INT. DANE'S TRUCK - DAY

Dane looks at Vincent.

Vincent still has the revolver.

Dane waits. Still with the cigar.

Vincent is making up his mind.

EXT. DANE'S TRUCK - TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

Vincent gets out. No gun. With no place to hide.

DANE

Trains slow-down to change tracks  
before passing through the mountains.  
Just follow the road about five miles.  
There'll be at least four more before  
nightfall. You'll catch one.

Vincent backs away. Dane CHECKS his gun to see if Vincent actually loaded it.

Dane smiles at Vincent. The train starts SOUNDING its horn.

DANE

You a God fearing boy, Frenchy?

VINCENT

Are you?

Dane aims his gun towards Vincent.

Vincent walks backward trying to beat the rushing TRAIN.

Dane FIRES.

The railroad crossing sign CLANGS with each shot just beyond Vincent's head.

Vincent stands there in shock as the sign WIGGLES.

DANE

New sign.

The TRAIN blasts by between them.

By the time the train passes, Dane's nothing but a truck picking up dirt in the direction they came in.

Vincent hasn't moved. The dust settles. There isn't a car in sight. The sun is coming up hotter than hell.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Vincent walking. Sweaty.

A wintry tractor with an empty hay wagon catches up with him. Covering him with dust.

FARMER

Son, have you lost your mind?

VINCENT

I was just contemplating this very thought.



FARMER

Hop on. I ain't but going up a spell. Far cry better than leaving you out to rot like some porch pumpkin.

VINCENT

Merci.

Vincent jumps onto the side of the hay wagon.

The tractor LURCHES forward, picking up speed.

He falls back into the loose dust and hay. SPITTING. Dirt stuck to him.

FARMER

Hold on tight. She ain't much but she'll jerk your arm off you let her.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

The tractor BOUNCES up near the tracks where it turns into a field and stops with a cloud of dust.

Vincent has his new Levi coat tied over his head to protect him from the sun.

FARMER

Well, this is far as I gets without dropping bread crumbs. You're a damn fool to be traveling up this way. Ain't nothing but me and them prairie dogs for nearly fifty miles.

VINCENT

Do appreciate it just the same.

FARMER

Better take some of this.

The Farmer hands Vincent a jug of water. Vincent wipes the top and drinks deeply.

FARMER

I'll be back this way in a few if you want a lift back to civilization.

VINCENT

If I'm still here, I'll take it.

The Farmer TRACTORS OFF into an open dusty field.

Vincent looks around him. He's still in the middle of nothing but open fields.

He starts walking.

Just him and an occasional predator bird above.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Vincent comes across a lone shade tree just off the road.

EXT. DRIFTWOOD CROSSING - DAY

PEOPLE come and go from the stores.

There's about ten cars spread about.

VOICES from people listening to a COLLEGE FOOTBALL GAME from the open Pool Hall door.

A TRAIN starts to approach the town.

EXT. SPOON CAFÉ - DAY

Eli's chicken truck throws a shadow onto the Farmer's hay wagon.

Eli is there stacking egg crates into it.

The Farmer isn't there. Chickens CLUCK and PECK at the cages.

Vincent opens his eyes from in the bed of the hay wagon. A washcloth on his forehead. Brought to by the smell. And Eli's face.

ELI

Don't jump up as yet.

VINCENT

Mon Dieu, I'm back.

ELI

You damn lucky to be breathing at all, boy. So don't go degrading my hens.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Two cars are parked out front. One is a 50's convertible with its top down.

EXT. FLOPHOUSE - DAY

Dane's truck is parked out front, directly across the street from the bank.

QUINNLY

comes out of the café. Stops short of being able to see into the trailer.

Heads towards the FLOPHOUSE.

REILLY

sits on the stoop of the FLOPHOUSE. His brimmed hat down over his eyes, feet out, SNORING. FARTS.

THE TRAIN

getting CLOSER.

JEREMIAD

steps out of the Pool Hall. Flings a SPIT of chew out into the street.

He eyes the tractor and trailer leaving south.

Looks up towards the crossroads. He checks his watch.

DANE

comes out of his office and goes across the street to his truck. Opens the passenger door.

He takes out the box of shells and reloads his revolver.

Suitcases are in the back.

EXT. FLOPHOUSE - DAY

Quinnly stops there beside Dane's truck.

She looks over at Reilly to make sure he can't hear under the APPROACHING train.

QUINNLY  
Any sign of them?

DANE  
I'm assuming they tell time.

QUINNLY  
How long?

DANE  
Five minutes.

Travis and Leonardo come strolling out of the FLOPHOUSE feeling good.

LEONARDO  
What did I tell you about that girl?

Travis takes in the town. Looks down at sleeping Reilly. Over to Dane and Quinnly.

TRAVIS  
Enjoyed being tied up too.

Dane and Quinnly look at Travis and Leonardo. Dane holds up four fingers.

Travis nods and heads...

EXT. BANK - DAY

... across the road towards the bank. Leonardo follows.

They pass by the convertible, looking inside.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY

The keys are in the ignition.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Travis and Leonardo continue by the convertible and head into the bank.

Stewart and Jessica from the flophouse are out front pulling on each other over ownership to a bag of dried fruit.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY

As the TRAIN nears, the ground increasingly SHAKES and the keys BEGIN to JANGLE.

INT. BANK - DAY

Isabel is at a desk behind the counter. Cheryl is there finishing up a deposit and leaves. The building VIBRATES.

Isabel looks up to find Travis leaping the counter with a gun pointed at her.

She reaches for a button underneath her desk.

TRAVIS  
Don't bother.

ISABEL  
I knew you was no good.

LEONARDO  
Grab them up, let's go.

TRAVIS  
Open up.

Isabel gets up with the keys and moves to a gate blocking the safe and pulls the door open.

Inside are ten full moneybags.

The TRAIN is nearly on the town. Everything is SHAKING.

They all have to yell.

TRAVIS  
Which one's got the most?

Travis grabs her.

LEONARDO  
We got a truck pullin' up outside.  
The cook from the cafe pickin' up  
his wife and kids.

TRAVIS  
Which ones?

ISABEL  
They're tagged.

Travis pushes her down to the floor of the safe. Checks some of the bags. He grabs two.

TRAVIS  
Stay right there.

Travis jumps back over the counter. Stops at the window with Leonardo. He hands him a bag.

LEONARDO  
We got the two from the café. The  
Sheriff across the street. The  
Deputy is still sunning himself.  
And that chicken truck just started  
up this way. Looks like two in it.

TRAVIS

Let's go. We're right on time.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Travis and Leonardo stroll out of the bank with the two moneybags.

The TRAIN hits the town hard, passing. Whistle BLOWING.

Across the street, Dane and Quinnly do their best not to notice under the CLAMOR of the train. Dane puts her in his truck.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY

Travis and Leonardo get in the convertible. Travis reaches for the keys. What the...? They're gone.

Travis looks over to Blair.

Blair closes the Panel Wagon's door for Cheryl.

Their kids, Stewart and Jessica point cap guns out the back window at Travis.

Blair moves to his driver's side to get in.

Stewart holds up the keys from the convertible. Jessica gives Travis the finger.

INT. BLAIR'S TRUCK - DAY

Blair becomes aware of Travis and Leonardo. He looks to the bank and back at Travis. Blair reaches under his seat.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY

The ALARM goes off in the bank.

TRAVIS

Run.

EXT. DRIFTWOOD STREET - DAY

The Chicken Truck moves up the street, passing the bank.

TRAVIS AND LEONARDO

scramble out over the convertible's door. They head for the chicken truck with a bag a piece.

ISABEL

wielding a shotgun that's way to big for her, starts SHOOTING at them. BLOWING the shit out of the car.

LEONARDO

gets it in the hand and goes down.

TRAVIS

FIRES back at

ISABEL

and she's forced to duck inside the bank.

DANE

STARTS his truck.

TRAVIS

doubles back. Picking up Leonardo, who is picking up his fingers.

Travis grabs up the second moneybag.

Pushes Leonardo. They run towards the chicken truck slowing down because of the train.

ELI

sees what's driving his chickens CRAZY. Tries to roll up his window and lock his door.

VINCENT

crunches down in the seat. Helpless. Levi jacket on.

EXT. FLOPHOUSE - DANE'S TRUCK - DAY

Reilly is up revealing his gun...

REILLY

What the hell's...?

... and gets shot by Dane from inside Dane's truck. Reilly flops against the building. More shocked than dead at this point.

INT. DANE'S TRUCK - DAY

Quinnly has her hands over her ears. Keeping out of sight.

EXT. CHICKEN TRUCK - DAY

Travis breaks the window and pulls Eli out. Shoves Leonardo into the moving truck...

INT. CHICKEN TRUCK - DAY

... pushing Vincent against the passenger door.

TRAVIS

What the...? Get the fuck out.

Vincent opens the passenger door in an attempt to escape...

EXT. CHICKEN TRUCK - DAY

... but the BRASS BUTTON from his Levi jacket's sleeve gets enmeshed in a cage's chicken wire as he's pushed out of the truck.

He's forced to run along side the truck. Or be dragged.

He struggles with the jacket's stiff buttonholes. Trying to get out of it.

BLAIR

peaks his head out behind his truck and gets shot at by Travis.

Cheryl fights to keep the kids' heads down. They keep shooting their cap guns at the Chicken Truck.

JEREMIAD

comes running up the street, firing at the chicken truck.

PEOPLE

from around the town head for cover.

ELI

starts thrashing about the street as...

ZACHARY

also starts SHOOTING with a rifle at the chicken truck from the general store and...

THE STATIONMASTER

joins him with two OLD SIX SHOOTERS from the train station.



ELI

jumpS up and down in the street, trying to stop the others from shooting at his truck. Nearly getting shot himself.

ELI

What are you doing? Stop this.  
You're killing them. You're  
killing my babies.

INT. CHICKEN TRUCK - DAY

Leonardo is BLEEDING BAD from his arm and hand.

Eli is still YELLING o.s. under the GUNFIRE.

A wood support for the chicken crates behind the cab is keeping Travis and Leonardo alive, as the truck is SHOT UP around them.

EXT. EGG TRUCK - IN PASSENGER SIDEVIEW MIRROR - DAY

Vincent gives up and tries to cling to the side of the truck without much luck.

INT. CHICKEN TRUCK - DAY

But the TRAIN is still passing through town.

LEONARDO

Oh, fuck, I'm bleeding bad. Oh,  
shit ... my game hand.

TRAVIS

You'll live.

Travis has no choice but to cut west along side the train...

EXT. CHICKEN TRUCK - DAY

... hoisting Vincent off his feet. Thrusting him against the dirty, bloody cages.

Causing all his Levi jacket's front buttons to catch on the chicken wire. Enabling him to finally grab a hold of the truck with his feet and ride along.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Blair is up and SHOOTING at the truck. Zachary is RELOADING, but the Stationmaster has a blank look on his face like suddenly he's not all there.

## CHICKENS

having been shot all to hell are SCREECHING. Running around the street, feathers everywhere, and dying.

## BROOKE

comes out of the FLOPHOUSE. SCREAMING over Reilly. She cradles him in her arms.

## DANE'S TRUCK

pulls away from the Flophouse.

## EXT. CHICKEN TRUCK - DAY

races along the train track in a collision course with a bridge over the dry gorge.

## VINCENT

clings to the side of the cages. Chickens FLAPPING inside. The stink in his face.

But worse... the train RUSHING by is SUCKING him off the truck.

## INT. CHICKEN TRUCK - DAY

Travis drives the truck with abandon. Leonardo is wide-eyed gripping the dash with his good hand. The other is filling the cab full of blood.

## LEONARDO

Shit, we're not gonna do this.

## TRAVIS

Shut up. We gotta do this.

## LEONARDO

We'll rip tail out of this can.

## TRAVIS

Then grab hold.

## EXT. CHICKEN TRUCK - TRACKS - DAY

The train RUMBLES by as the Chicken Truck barrels along side.

Just as the Chicken Truck gets a few feet away from the bridge the back engine GRUMBLES by.

The chicken truck cuts right. BOUNCES onto the tracks. JITTER BUGS across the bridge throwing...

VINCENT

... and the cages all about. Being stuck to the wire is now saving his life.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

The Chicken Truck makes it across the bridge.

Limps north off the tracks. Heads out of town into dry open land.

The train RUMBLES away in the distance.

INT. DANE'S TRUCK - DAY

Quinnly is crunched down on the floor, as Dane gets back into his truck.

QUINNLY

You asshole, I thought you had this all worked out.

DANE

There's only two gallons of gas in that convertible.

QUINNLY

Well we're fucked now. They ain't in it.

DANE

Don't matter which direction they run in. I'll find them by the stink.

QUINNLY

You didn't mention shooting Reilly.

DANE

Keeps it simple, don't it.

He takes another GUN from the glove box. Gives Quinnly a hard look. She takes it from him. "Fuck you."

DANE

Stay down.

EXT. DANE'S TRUCK - DAY

Dane has stopped his truck at the tracks. Blocking the road.

Keeping Jeremiad and Blair from following after the chicken truck.

Dane gets out, moving towards them, keeping them away from his truck.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Zachary, Jeremiad and Blair, with guns.

The Stationmaster stands alone shaking his head at the mess.

The town's people watch from afar.

Eli is crazily crawling on his knees picking up his chicken cages, trying to save his chickens... CRYING. A mess.

ZACHARY

Ain't you going after them?

Dane watches Eli in the street.

Eli stands. Bleeding chicken in both hands.

The Stationmaster locks eyes with Dane. He knows.

DANE

Of course I'm going after them.  
Give me a minute to think this out.  
Blair, shut him up.

ZACHARY

There ain't no rules saying you  
have to give them a head start.

JEREMIAD

We're going with you.

DANE

No, you ain't.

JEREMIAD

They killed Reilly, for Christ's  
sakes.

BLAIR

We can't just let them go.

DANE

We ain't, Blair. Now, shut him up.

Blair moves to Eli. Eli moves away. Blair takes a hold, pulls him close. Eli sobbing, holding bloody chickens.

DANE

I want you all to wait here for the bank truck. Eli, don't make me hurt you.

Blair takes Eli out of the road. Isabel and Cheryl have gone over to Brooke. The kids are shoved into the Flophouse.

The Stationmaster looks at Reilly. Thinking. Then looks to the convertible. Then over to Dane's truck. Thinks some more. Shaking his head. Fools. Checks his pocket watch.

DANE

You got something to add, old man?

STATIONMASTER

Nothing to add. Time I called it a life, is all.

The Stationmaster takes his guns back inside the train station. Dane keeping an eye on him.

DANE

Get Reilly off the sidewalk. And clean this mess up.

ZACHARY

What do you want us to tell them bank people?

DANE

Tell them the truth. I'm out on business.

ZACHARY

You ain't gonna tell them?

DANE

You want the Feds poking their heads around here, Zachary? Any of you?

The others don't.

ZACHARY

I reckon you're right on that.

DANE

I'll square it with Tony and Davis after they fly in tonight. Isabel, you get on that bank wire and adjust what you think they took.

Dane goes back to his car still unsure of the Stationmaster.

A sudden GUNSHOT from inside the station TAKES OUT a window.  
Everyone stops.

DANE  
Get going, dame it.

The others run towards the train station.

INT. DANE'S TRUCK - DAY

Dane drives on. Slams on the breaks. Thrusting Quinnly against the dash.

DANE  
You want out? Then get out.

QUINNLY  
Screw it. I can't go back. Let's find them, take our money... and get the hell out of this place for good.

DANE  
We'll probably have to kill them now.

QUINNLY  
You'll have to catch them first.

Dane steps on the gas.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - SLOWING TRAIN - DAY

The train whistle BLOWS. Sure enough, the train starts to SLOWDOWN at a large arc in the track around a plowed field. Where a second track converges. It's changing tracks.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CHICKEN TRUCK - DAY

Vincent jumps, climbs, claws his way onto the top of the speeding truck's roof.

Barely able to catch his breath. Sweating. He looks. His motherfucking jacket sleeve buttons are gone.

INT. CHICKEN TRUCK - DAY

Leonardo wraps his hand in a dirty rag. Travis looks up at the BANGING on the truck's cabin roof.

TRAVIS  
Just them cages.

SHOOTING coming from behind. A truck ENGINE racing o.s.

EXT. CHICKEN TRUCK - DAY

Vincent sits up and looks back over the cages.

VINCENT

Oh, shit.

EXT. DANE'S TRUCK AND CHICKEN TRUCK - DAY

They barrel down a dirt road along the tracks. Half the chicken cages are gone, and counting.

Quinnly leans out the passenger window with a gun and FIRES after the Chicken Truck.

VINCENT

ducks down. Bullets ZIP by.

INT. DANE'S TRUCK - DAY

Quinnly SHOOTING at the flatbed. Dane drives.

DANE

Aim for the tires, dame it.

QUINNLY

Fuck off.

EXT. CHICKEN TRUCK - DAY

Leonardo hangs out the passenger side and starts SHOOTING back. His damaged hand still wrapped in cloth.

Vincent is huddled down right above him.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The two trucks pass the slowing train and move on up the road.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

The truck suddenly cuts right and across the field trying to meet up with the train. Vincent hangs on for dear life.

Halfway across the field the truck jarringly grounds into loose dirt...

INT. CHICKEN TRUCK - THROUGH WINDSHIELD - DAY

sending Vincent BANGING onto the hood. BREAKING the hood ornament and ribs.

Rolling off and PAINFULLY into the clotted dirt and stones.

LEONARDO AND TRAVIS

look at each other, surprised as hell to see Vincent.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

They jump out of the truck. Leonardo still FIRING back at Dane and Quinnly.

Travis, lugging the two moneybags. He drops a bag beside Vincent's head. Points a gun.

TRAVIS  
What the fuck?

Vincent holds up his sleeve. Travis looks back. Trying to decide. Kicks the dropped bag at Vincent.

TRAVIS  
Run for the train. You stop, I shoot.

Travis picks Vincent up and pushes him towards the train.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DANE'S TRUCK - DAY

It skids to a stop as Dane gets out. Quinnly still fires from the open window.

QUINNLY  
Look.

DANE  
Goddamn it.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Leonardo lags behind while shooting, being hampered by his clubfoot.

TRAVIS  
I ain't waiting for you, Leonardo.

LEONARDO  
Just get them bags on the train.

Vincent and Travis running full out. The train whistle BLOWS. And starts picking up speed.

Vincent, surprisingly fast, makes it to the train first.



EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Dane, chasing into the field. Stops, drops to knee. Aims, FIRING once...

... hitting Leonardo SQUARE in the back. Dropping him after a few faltering steps.

TRAVIS

looks back at his cousin.

LEONARDO

reaches out to him with his bloodied hand.

TRAVIS

hesitates, then runs harder. Shooting over his shoulder.

EXT. OPEN BOXCAR - TRAIN - DAY

Vincent painfully pulls himself and the bag into the boxcar.

Travis gets a death grip on the railing. Swings the other moneybag...

INT. OPEN BOXCAR - DAY

... onto the boxcar floor. Nearly flying to climb in.

Vincent reaching out to Travis.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Dane running again. Takes aim, FIRES and...

EXT. OPEN BOXCAR - DAY

... STRIKES Travis in the back, pushing him towards the door. A sickening OUTCRY of pain...

TRAVIS

Oh, sweet Mary, find me a way.

INT. OPEN BOXCAR - DAY

Vincent grabs Travis' wrist.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Dane takes careful aim and FIRES again...

TRAVIS

... feet DRAGGING in the gravel. He's STRUCK in the leg.

Travis slowly loses strength to hang on. But instead of falling out he is ABRUPTLY dragged onto the train.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Dane runs back to his truck.

DANE  
That son-of-a-bitch.

EXT. DANE'S TRUCK - DAY

Quinnly facing out the window. Eyes blinking weakly. Life slipping from her. Her future rolling away on the train.

INT. DANE'S TRUCK - DAY

Dane climbs in behind the wheel. Doesn't even notice.

DANE  
Shit. Frenchy's got both fucking  
bags.

He looks over. Quinnly's blood just pumping onto her lap. A bad neck wound. Her gun on him.

DANE  
Jesus Christ.

QUINNLY  
(barely audible)  
Let him go home.

DANE  
He's got the money.

Quinnly pulls the trigger, it CLICKS empty.

Dane leans over and opens her door. Face close. Pushes her into the dirt.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Quinnly lies in the clotted dirt. Dane looking down at her blood pumping out. Slowly she gets weaker. A dribble.

There's more pain in his eyes than hers.

DANE  
This ain't how I planned it.

He closes the door on her side.

Getting back behind the wheel. PEALING out of there.

Leaving his plan with her to rot in the sun and dirt.

INT. OPEN BOXCAR - DAY

Vincent has pulled Travis to a corner of the boxcar. Travis bleeds real bad.

Vincent pulls money out of a bag. Trying to stop the bleeding.

TRAVIS  
Thanks... it's a waste.  
(grabs Vincent's hand)  
Stop, Frenchy.

VINCENT  
But I can --

TRAVIS  
-- It's over. I'm done for.

VINCENT  
How far to the next stop?

Travis shakes his head. Vincent looks out of the boxcar.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Dane is keeping pace with the train.

INT. DANE'S TRUCK - DAY

He POUNDS on his steering wheel.

INT. OPEN BOXCAR - DAY

Vincent looks at the bag. Makes up his mind. Picks them up. He looks at the open boxcar door. He's draws back with one to throw it out.

Travis manages to point his gun and FIRE, hitting just to the right of Vincent's head.

Vincent ducks.

TRAVIS  
Drop the bags.

Vincent drops the bags. He turns to find Travis fighting to keep the gun on him.

VINCENT  
This can't be good money, Travis.

TRAVIS  
Laundered. Cincinnati Mob.

VINCENT  
If we give it back, he'll let us  
go. No?

TRAVIS  
No. You got family, right?

VINCENT  
My wife is with baby, and two boys.  
But --

TRAVIS  
-- Get a clear picture. When we  
get into the mountains. Jump with  
the money.

VINCENT  
But I don't want this. I just want  
to get home.

TRAVIS  
With or without... you're a loose  
end to an inside robbery and murder.  
Somebody will....

Travis passes out from the pain.

Vincent crawls to the open door and looks out. Not sure what  
to do now.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DANE'S TRUCK - DAY

Dane is still racing along about fifty yards off the tracks.

INT. OPEN BOXCAR - DAY

Vincent reaches for the moneybags again.

INT. DANE'S TRUCK - DAY

Dane glances up from reloading his gun.

EXT. OPEN BOXCAR - MONEYBAGS - DAY

This time Vincent drags the bags away from the door.

INT. DANE'S TRUCK - DAY

Dane starts SHOOTING at the moving train.

INT. OPEN BOXCAR - DAY

Vincent scrambles for cover. His ribs are killing him.  
Dane's BULLETS RIP through the wood boxcar.

Vincent scurries over to Travis and takes his gun out of his hand. Checks for a pulse.

He looks to see how many bullets are left. One bullet. He searches Travis's pocket's finding no other shells.

The SHOOTING finally stops, and Vincent looks out a bullet hole in the boxcar wall.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DANE'S TRUCK - DAY

It drifts away from the tracks as the train starts a climb into mountain terrain.

INT. DANE'S TRUCK - CROSS ROAD - DAY

Dane is very frustrated as he comes to a stop thinking what to do. His future rolls away.

EXT. DANE'S TRUCK - DAY

Dane SPEEDS on. Making a right onto the cross road.

EXT. OVERPASS - DANE'S TRUCK - DAY

At the top of an overpass Dane parks. Gets out to watch the train PASS UNDERNEATH.

A psychotic moment of indecision about jumping onto the train.

EXT. DANE'S TRUCK - DAY

He gets back in. Reaches for his radio.

DANE

This is Sheriff Dane Morgan over at  
Driftwood Crossing. Patch me in to  
Sheriff Griffiths.

Dane is watching the train pass under the bridge. He sees something.

DANE

Never mind.

Dane gets out of his truck and looks down. Large grain cars are about to pass underneath.

Dane climbs up on the bridge and jumps.

EXT. GRAIN CARS - DAY

Dane lands in the grains of the corn. And starts to sink.

INT. OPEN BOXCAR - DAY

Vincent has the moneybags open. Plush full of over a million dollars at least. He needs the money, but doesn't want it?

A hard heavy JERK rocks the train...

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

... as it SLOWS DOWN, high on the side of a mountain.

INT. OPEN BOXCAR - DAY

Vincent looks outside at the steep terrain.

He turns back to find that the JERKING has brought Travis back around. He's weaker.

VINCENT

The train's slowing down.

TRAVIS

Climbing.

VINCENT

Shit... you and Leonardo, what would you have done?

TRAVIS

Leap Clear Water Bridge. Three hun'... feet. Camps... boost something.

VINCENT

Three... but that's insane.

TRAVIS

Yeah, who'd a thunk? You'll make it... if you swim good.

Vincent can't swim at all.

TRAVIS

All this money... and you.... Not a lick?

VINCENT

I was this close to drowning just yesterday. I'm in no big hurry to try again.

Travis feels for his gun.

TRAVIS

It's coming up quick. Better fix your sights.

VINCENT

But... Christ, there must be police in the next town.

TRAVIS

That won't stop them. Who knows who they own out here.

Vincent isn't sure what to do. He doesn't have much time to think it out...

EXT. CLEAR WATER BRIDGE - DAY

... because the bridge is coming up fast.

EXT. BOXCAR - DAY

Vincent watches out the door. The ground drops off steep.

INT. OPEN BOXCAR - DAY

Vincent, near panic, painfully grabs up the bags. Puts the gun and his glasses in one, wraps them in his jacket.

He takes out the picture and kisses it. Putting it into the bag.

He stands in the open boxcar door. Looks out, then back at Travis.

TRAVIS

Jump, Frenchy jump.

VINCENT

I can't.

Just then, Dane swings into the boxcar from the other side.

Vincent stumbles back. Having to grab the side of the door to keep from falling out.

Dane runs at Vincent, grabbing at the bags. Travis trips him. Making him push Vincent back, to the door again.

Only this time the weight of the bags make him teeter. He fights to keep from falling out.

Dane reaches for him again. But misses.

EXT. CLEAR WATER BRIDGE - DAY

The train enters under the bridge trestles. Vincent is beyond fighting to regain his footing.

INT. BOXCAR - DAY

TRAVIS

Do it.

Out of sheer panic Vincent leaps with all his might.

EXT. BOXCAR/BRIDGE - DAY

Vincent just misses the first bridge trestle.

EXT. BELOW BRIDGE - DAY

Vincent falls from the train. Three hundred feet towards the rapids below. Weighted by a bag in each hand... like he's got wings.

EXT. BOXCAR - DAY

Dane comes to the door. He can't jump because of the bridge trestles. He wouldn't anyway. Not here. He watches below trying to see Vincent.

EXT. UNDER BRIDGE - CLEAR WATER RIVER - DAY

Vincent hits the water hard. And disappears. It'd take a miracle to survive a fall like this.

EXT. BOXCAR - DAY

Whistle BLOWING, the train takes Dane into the mountains. Just before it takes him out of view of the river. He sees something.

EXT. CLEAR WATER RIVER - DAY

Rapids pound the rocks. Vincent is being tossed about. Holding onto the bags.

INT. BOXCAR - DAY

Dane turns from the door.



TRAVIS  
Made it, didn't he.

DANE  
Not yet.

Smile grows on Travis' face. But not on Dane's.

EXT. CLEAR WATER RIVER - DAY

Vincent goes under. It doesn't look like he's coming back up.

But finally, he emerges because of the air in the two bags about eighty yards down stream.

EXT. RIVER'S SHORE - DAY

After a horrifying fight, the water slows down enough so that he can make his way to shore and pull himself up.

He's got a severely broken leg. But he's so scared and glad to be alive he just flops back. Shivering from the cold water.

EXT. CLEAR WATER TRAIN STATION - OPEN BOXCAR - DAY

The train has stopped. Travis's body is being taken off.

OFFICER  
What the hell's he smiling about?

Two local Sheriffs, STEVENS, 30's, and GRIFFITHS ,40's, scratch their heads.

STEVENS  
Well, there's no gun. If there was someone else on the train, he's dead if he was foolish enough to jump the bridge.

GRIFFITHS  
Call County, get a helicopter up there. Be about the safest thing.

STEVENS  
No money reported taken, three bodies, and Sheriff Dane's truck full of luggage. What do you think?

Griffiths and Stevens look at each other. They don't like it. Travis' body is carried away.

GRIFFITHS

I don't know, Stevens. But  
something set this man to smiling.  
Let's take good a look at that  
luggage.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Vincent has his glasses on. He has taken two sticks and made a splint for his leg. Tying it with the sleeves of his shirt, and padding it with mud and weeds.

He gets up and tests it. Puts on the jacket. Ribs killing him. He starts hopping slowly down the path. Dragging the bags.

A HELICOPTER appears off in the distance coming his way.

Vincent realizes he can't just hobble around with all this money.

So he crawls off the path.

Digs a hole between the tree's roots and buries it. Minus the gun. Covering it with dirt then dried leaves and a stone.

He stands up. A shocking jet of pain. He fights not to scream.

EXT. MAIN PARK ROAD - DAY

Vincent, with a stick as a crutch now, finally comes across the main road to the park.

He's tired and still in a lot of pain. And has no idea which way to go, but going down hill is easier.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

Two retired folks, DARLENE STARK, 60s and DR. MAX STARK, 70s, DRIVE down the road and stop. Getting out to take photos of an interesting tree.

Max sets up the tripod...

DARLENE

Now this is a postcard.

... and looks through the camera. Vincent steps out from behind the tree.

MAX

What the hell is that?

DARLENE  
Mister, you want to step out of the way? We're taking pictures.

VINCENT  
Pardonnez-moi.

Vincent hobbles out of the way. Max watches him limp down the road.

DARLENE  
Take the shot, Max, the light is changing.

MAX  
Darlene, that man has a broken leg.

DARLENE  
Take the shot, Max.

Max CLICKS the camera.

MAX  
Get in. Come on, get back in.

Darlene reluctantly gets back into the Winnebago. Max hops in and drives up the road after Vincent.

EXT. ROAD - WINNEBAGO - DAY

Vincent eyes the darkened windows wearily until the driver's window rolls down and Max sticks his head out.

MAX  
Young man, would you like a lift?

INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

Max drives. Vincent sits at a table.

MAX  
Listen, I'm a doctor. Retired, but you're taking an awful chance on that leg. Infection may set in. You could lose it.

VINCENT  
Oui, I know. If you could just get me to a bus station.

DARLENE  
At least let us fix you something to eat.

MAX

Good idea, then I could give you something for the pain.

VINCENT

I'm fine, but thank you. I just had a little automobile trouble and need to get back home to my family.

Darlene gets out of her seat and moves into the kitchen area.

DARLENE

You sure...? Oh my, there's a truck following us, Max. He's waving at us.

Max looks in his side mirror. Vincent turns to look.

EXT. MAIN PARK ROAD - DAY

Dane is following them about three-car lengths back.

INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

Vincent turns from the window.

VINCENT

Don't stop. Maybe he'll just pass.

DARLENE

He's in uniform. He looks like an officer of some kind.

MAX

Son, if this officer is looking for you... maybe....

Vincent takes out the gun. Max and Darlene shut up.

INT. DANE'S CAR - DAY

Dane reaches for a flashlight out of the glove box. He starts flashing the light at the Winnebago.

EXT. MAIN PARK ROAD - DAY

Max slows the Winnebago down. Dane speeds ahead and forces the Winnebago to stop. Dane gets out.

MAX (O.S.)

This isn't necessary.

VINCENT (O.S.)

Please, don't panic. I won't hurt either of you. Whatever it is this man says I've done, I did not. On my family, I swear. I'm just trying to get home safely.

INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

Vincent CLICKS the safety off the gun.

MAX

You're not being very convincing.

VINCENT

Listen, I'm the good man here. I know how this looks but if this man finds me, he'll have to kill me. And if he does, he'll have to kill all of us.

Vincent looks around the Winnebago for a place to hide.

Dane stops at Max's window and TAPS on it with the flashlight.

Max hesitates a moment.

Dane TAPS louder.

Max reluctantly rolls down the window.

MAX

Sorry, there officer, you caught the misses getting changed.

DARLENE

Nearly had me in my birthday suit.

DANE

You pass anyone walking down this road? Maybe pick anyone up?

MAX

Oh no, a hitchhiker? Not us. Misses wouldn't go for that. Too dangerous.

DANE

Looking for a guy, mid-twenties. Six-foot or so, light hair, glasses. About one-eighty, maybe less. Levis. Could be armed. A Frenchman.

MAX

Darlene, we see anyone like that on this road?

DARLENE

Park's too damn crowded if you ask me. Stop noticing after a while.

Dane opens the driver's door.

DANE

You mind stepping out?

MAX

Well actually....

Dane pulls Max out.

DANE

(to Darlene)

You can stay right there.

MAX

You mind showing us your badge?

Dane gives Max a steady look.

MAX

Can't be too careful.

DANE

You want to step out of the way?

Max hesitates. Dane draws his gun. Max steps out of the way. Dane climbs in with his gun and flashlight.

DANE

You enjoying the fresh air, ma'am?

DARLENE

Was.

Dane moves past her and starts opening all the storage compartments. Any place Vincent might or could hide.

DANE

What's in here?

DARLENE

Utility closet, brooms, mops and such.

Dane slowly opens it.

DARE  
Any weapons?

DARLENE  
This person you looking for  
dangerous?

DANE  
Could be. This the toilet?

DARLENE  
Shower too. Works. Feel free.

Dane opens the door slowly. This is the last place Vincent could be hiding. Dane isn't planing on taking him unharmed.

There's no one there.

He moves to the side exit door and finds Vincent's walking stick. He looks back at Max standing at the driver's door.

DANE  
Hike much?

MAX  
Not often, but I use the stick there  
when we do. In case of trouble.

Dane opens the side door.

EXT. ROAD - WINNEBAGO - DAY

Dane steps out.

DANE'S BOOTS

hit the dirt. Vincent is under the Winnebago, his gun pointing at Dane. He's holding his breath.

DANE

rounds the front of the Winnebago. Looking around the nearby trees.

Stopping beside Max standing by the open driver's door.

DANE  
Drive safely.

Dane gets back in the stolen truck. Drives away.

INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

Vincent sits just inside the side door. Max climbs back in.

VINCENT

Maybe I will take those pills, Doc.

Max and Darlene look at each other.

EXT. BUS STATION/GAS STATION - MAGIC HOUR

The Winnebago is at the gas station.

Dane's truck is blocking the bus from leaving. Dane steps out of the bus... alone.

INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

Vincent's in pain from the leg, but he's alive. He fights to stay awake. But loses. He's holding a bottle of pain pills.

Darlene looks over at Max. Max nods, so Darlene takes Vincent's gun and the pills away.

EXT. DANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A large-scale pig farm off in the distance.

Dane pulls the stolen truck into his place at the corner of an open field.

There's a truck parked outside, waiting with it's motor running. He knows who it is.

INT. DANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dane enters to find Jeremiad Johnstone with a drink in the dark. The whole place has been ransacked.

J.J.

Keep the lights off. Put your hands where I can see them, Dane.

DANE

Don't start with me, J.J.

J.J.

You dumb pig fucker. What'd you go and do?

DANE

I caught up with them and killed them.

J.J.

They found Quinnly.



DANE  
So?

J.J.  
They found your suitcases, too.

DANE  
Get to the point, J.J.

J.J.  
Where's the money?

DANE  
That's it? You want in?

J.J.  
No. I want you out.

Overhead a plane approaches to land.

DANE  
What'd you tell them, J.J.?

J.J.  
I told them I was taken over,  
because you were dead.

DANE  
That's how it is?

J.J.  
You got a better way out of this  
mess?

Dane quick draws and SHOOTS, J.J. dead.

DANE  
Matter of fact I do.

EXT. DANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tony and Davis are waiting by their plane on a dirt runway  
beside a plowed under cornfield.

A stiff contrast between the city hoods and the country cop.

DAVIS  
You want to tell us about it?

Dane holds up the flophouse ledger Vincent signed.

DANE  
Don't panic, I know who's got the  
rest of your money.

TONY  
Way we heard it, you was dead.

DANE  
I look dead to you?

TONY  
Not yet.

Tony and Davis head for the house.

DANE  
I'm headed to Salt Lake. If you boys plan on coming with me, you better make the arrangements, or we drive.

Tony and Davis stop. Look at each other.

TONY  
You got in-door plumbing?

DANE  
One in the barn. Hurry up.

EXT. SALT LAKE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A peaceful night.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Vincent suddenly awakens from a bad dream.

His leg is held in the air by cables. His ribs are wrapped.

He's groggy at first but then realizes he's in a hospital.

VINCENT  
Nurse. Nurse. Somebody.

The NURSE, 40, big ugly woman, bounds into the room. Vincent is trying to get out of bed.

NURSE  
Stop right there.

VINCENT  
I must leave.

NURSE  
You've got nothing of the sorts. What you have is a compound fracture, and are staying right here until the fever subsides.

VINCENT

But, I must get home.

NURSE

You are home, Mr. Boyer. You're in Salt Lake City. Dr. Stark dropped you off himself.

VINCENT

No, no, I must get to my family.

NURSE

Now hold on. Your wife and kids were here just hours ago, and gone home. They left you a note. And I'm sure they'll be back first thing in the morning to fill you with love and attention.

She hands a note from the table. Vincent reads.

NURSE

Now don't you worry about a thing. The police used the info on the back of this photo to get a hold of your wife.

VINCENT

The police?

NURSE

Don't go worrying yourself. Officer Thompson left a card there and said he'd be back in the morning to ask you some questions.

VINCENT

How long have I been here?

NURSE

Most of the night. Now, you're a lucky man Dr. Stark reset that leg for you. And your kids are just the cutest little darlings. They'll both be here in the morning when you awake, now lie back. I said... lie back now. Or I will break that other leg.

Vincent lies back. The Nurse tucks him in. She goes to the door and turns back as she closes it.

NURSE

There. If you need something to sleep, you use that button beside your bed. And no more yelling.

The Nurse closes the door. Vincent reaches for the phone and dials. No one picks up. He hangs up. He dials information.

VINCENT

Taxi, please. Merci.

EXT. HOSPITAL - WINDOWS - NIGHT

Bed sheets drop nearly to the ground. Followed by Vincent falling from the second floor into the bushes below. He lies there a moment. CURSING in French.

The cab pulls up to the front of the building.

Vincent sits up. He's got his now stone-washed Levi jacket, the hospital gown and one boot on. He couldn't be in more pain. Or look more pathetic.

EXT. VINCENT'S HOME - NIGHT

The lights are off both inside and outside of the house.

EXT. VINCENT'S STREET - NIGHT

The houses are spaced far apart.

Vincent pulls up in a Taxi that stops down the street from his dark home. He gets out slowly.

CABBY

You gonna be alright, mister? I can help you in the house.

VINCENT

No, Merci. I'm fine. My whole family will be asleep. I might sneak in and surprise them in the morning.

CABBY

Hell, you show up like that, it's for sure.

Vincent hands him some bills.

VINCENT

Keep the change. Bonsoir.

Vincent looks the house over.

EXT. NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Vincent makes his way to the back of the house. He sits along the hedgerow...

... watching his house for signs of life. A car is in the drive.

Another car that might be a rental or stolen sits out front across the street.

There's about fifty yards between the two homes.

INT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

All is dark and quiet.

EXT. NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Vincent huddles along the house waiting.

EXT. NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - MORNING

Vincent is awoken by his neighbor PULLING his pickup out of the garage. DRIVING OFF.

Vincent moves around the house, peaking in windows. Looking to see if anyone's home.

He takes off the Levi jacket and wraps it around his fist. And punches out a door window. Lets himself inside.

INT. NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - MORNING

Vincent makes his way through the kitchen. Into the

DEN

where his neighbor keeps an array of shotguns and hunting rifles and shells. He also finds a pair of binoculars.

He takes them into the

DINNING ROOM

picking up the phone. He sets up watch at the window overlooking his home.

He takes out his families' picture. Kisses it.

EXT. TREES BETWEEN VINCENT'S AND NEIGHBOR'S HOMES - NIGHT

Vincent hobbles along. He's now in an oversized redneck camouflaged hunting outfit, and rubber boots. He's also got the shotgun. He's heading toward his own backdoor.

EXT. NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - THROUGH WINDOW - MORNING

Finally, as the sun rises higher, Vincent tries to see in his home's windows. He's now got a riffle with a scope on it.

He's looking through the binoculars.

THROUGH BINOCULARS - VINCENT'S HOME

... and finds his wife, SHERI, 20s, and two boys, PARKER, 5, and GRANT, 6, blindfolded, gagged and tied to chairs in the kitchen.

He shifts the binoculars as a car pulls into the drive. It's a local policeman, OFFICER THOMPSON.

INT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - MORNING

In the living room Dane, Tony and Davis drink coffee and eat Vincent's food. They look up at the sound of the car.

EXT. VINCENT'S HOME - DAY

Officer Thompson KNOCKS at the door. Davis opens it. Tony is waiting behind the door with a gun drawn.

DAVIS

Good morning, Officer.

THOMPSON

Morning. Sorry to call so early.  
Is Mrs. Boyet in?

DAVIS

Just missed her and the kids. A friend picked her up about five minutes ago.

THOMPSON

You don't happen to know where they were headed?

DAVIS

Sure do. Sorry, I'm Gary, Sheri's cousin.

THOMPSON

Matthew Thompson. Sheri's cousin?

DAVIS

Yeah, well you know... somewhere down the line. Second or third. One of those scary marriage things. The wife's side.

THOMPSON

Yeah, we all got them.

DAVIS

She and my wife and the kids are having breakfast out, then shopping for Vincent. Then heading over to the hospital. You know he was in a car accident?

THOMPSON

Yes. Have you heard from him?

DAVIS

From Vince? Is everything all right?

THOMPSON

I'm sure everything is fine. I'll stop back. She's got my card.

DAVIS

Great. Thanks, Officer.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - MORNING

Vincent moves out of the window as he dials his own phone number. He has the yellow pages open in his lap.

INT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - MORNING

The phone RINGS. Davis signals Dane to pick it up in the kitchen and put it to Sheri's ear.

Dane goes into the kitchen pulls the tape of Sheri's mouth first. Puts the phone up to her ear.

SHERI

Hello? Oui. Oui. He wants to speak with one of you.

Davis picks up the phone in the living room, watching out the window.

DANE

How's the leg, Frenchy?

Outside the window, Officer Thompson gets back in his car and pulls out of the drive.

VINCENT (V.O.)

Sheriff..? You'll fail to find what you're after if you and your friends harm my family. If you want it, use a pay phone at the gas station at Main and Walker. All three of you. I'll call you there.

DANE

Sorry, it doesn't work that way, Frenchy. You tell us right now or we start killing your kids. You got two seconds. One, two --

INT. NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - MORNING

Vincent is near panic.

VINCENT

-- Wait, I'll tell you. But I'll call the policeman back right now if you harm my family in anyway. I'll know if you do.

INT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - MORNING

Dane moves to the kitchen window, looks out.

DANE

Just tell me. And when we get it, we're your yesterday trouble.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - MORNING

Vincent thinks.

VINCENT

Okay. There's a campsite about a half-mile back from where you stopped the camper. They have a green trailer. I think.

DANE (V.O.)

Okay, I saw it.

VINCENT

Look for a large dying oak tree just to the north. About a hundred yards off the river. There's a rock against its base. You can't miss it. Just look for the tallest tree. Move the rock and dig between the two thickest roots. Everything is there.



INT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - MORNING

DANE  
You better not be lyin'.

VINCENT (V.O.)  
Just let me come home. That's all  
I want from this.

Dane hangs up. So does Davis. Dane joins them in the living room.

TONY  
Where is it?

Dane looks out the window at the house across the way.

DANE  
Back in the park.

DAVIS  
Finish your mess and let's go.

DANE  
Now, hold on. He's watching us.  
From over there.

DAVIS  
Move away from the window.

Dane moves away from the window. And stands at the kitchen door. Looking at Vincent's family. This is all getting so complicated.

DANE  
One of us will have to stay here  
and take him out.

TONY  
Davis.

DAVIS  
Shit. Alright. I'll take a  
commercial.

Davis looks at Tony. What else can they do?

TONY  
I give you an hour before that cop  
puts things together.

INTERCUT: INT. VINCENT'S HOUSE/NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - MORNING

Outside the window, Dane and Tony drive away in the car that was parked across the street.

Davis moves over to the kitchen phone as it RINGS.

Davis thinks, looks at the family, takes off Sheri's tape again. Picks up the phone. And puts it to her ear.

SHERI

Hello. Oui. It's Vincent.

DAVIS

What?

VINCENT

We need to discuss our friendly Sheriff.

DAVIS

Sure. Come on over. I'll make tea. We'll play with the kids.

VINCENT

Listen. We're innocent bystanders in all that's happened. The Sheriff and Quinnly planned the heist with the other two and something went wrong... so he killed them.

DAVIS

Who were they?

VINCENT

Two grifters Quinnly met in a dance hall.

DAVIS

And why should I believe you?

VINCENT

Because he shot them both in the back. Maybe even Quinnly, I don't know. But sure enough he'll kill your friend if you don't trust me.

DAVIS

Quinnly's dead?

VINCENT

I don't know. Look, I'm just trying to get home.

(MORE)

VINCENT (cont'd)

Please, I'm begging you. I only want my family safe. That's all I want. Not the money. I swear to you.

DAVIS

Alright. Come on home. You got two minutes.

VINCENT

But you said --

DAVIS

I need to tie you up with the rest. Hurry up.

Davis hangs up and takes out his gun. The phone rings again. Davis picks it up again and puts it to Sheri's ear.

SHERI

Don't come. He'll kill us all.

TONY (V.O.)

No shit, sweetie. Put him on.

SHERI

It's your friend.

Out the window, Vincent emerges from the neighbor's house.

DAVIS

We got a problem?

INT. SMALL AIRPORT'S - PHONE BOOTH - MORNING

Tony is on a pay phone. The plane is in the background.

The small airport is noisy. Officer Thompson's car is there on the tarmac next to the plane.

TONY

Yeah, things aren't so good.

Tony listens, looking over at Dane in the car parked across from the phone booth.

TONY

Is that right.

INT. STOLEN CAR - MORNING

Tony gets back in the car. Dane watches him closely.

TONY  
There's a slight change in plans.

DANE  
Yeah, there is.

BLAM - BLAM.

Dane slumps to the door. Tony is also hit bad. He looks to see if anyone has taken notice. Then manages to drive away.

EXT. RURAL STREET - MORNING

The stolen car pulls erratically to a stop. Dane is dumped into a ditch. Then Tony drives off.

INT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - DAY

Davis looks back up at the neighbor's house. He watches Vincent limp across the slope of the lawn. At the driveway he opens the window.

DAVIS  
Take off the jacket.

Vincent does. He's got an A-shirt on. Ribs wrapped.

DAVIS  
Pull up the pant leg. Turn around.

Vincent does. He has no apparent weapons.

DAVIS  
Alright, come to the backdoor.

Davis turns from the window and puts the tape back across Sheri's mouth. The kids are petrified.

DAVIS  
Stay quiet. Or I'll do the kids first.

Vincent CLUMPS up the steps. Davis starts for the door.

SCREECHING and a large CRASH come from the driveway. Horn BLARES then stops.

EXT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - MORNING

Davis comes back to the kitchen window. Trying to see in the car.

INT. STOLEN CAR - MORNING

Tony is barely keeping his head up.

                  DAVIS (O.S.)  
That you, Tony?

                  TONY  
Yeah... I'm hurt bad. The fuck....  
Take me somewhere.

INT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - MORNING

Davis moves to the backdoor. His gun in his hand, thinking a second. Sheri and her kids are before him. Wide eyed with fear.

He points his gun at one of the kids and.... gets blown away by the shotgun BLAST through the backdoor by Vincent.

EXT. STOLEN CAR - MORNING

Vincent hobbles out to the car. Expecting to have to shoot Tony. But Tony is already dead.

Relieved, Vincent stands there with the shotgun. Stumbling FOOTSTEPS stop behind him. Vincent knows.

Vincent slowly turns to find Dane holding his gun on him. He's bleeding bad from the side.

                  DANE  
I thought I told you not to start  
trouble, Frenchy.

                  VINCENT  
Let me get you to a hospital.

                  DANE  
Nah. Looks like everybody loses.

COP CARS and SIRENS fill the street.

Dane turns his head slightly.

Vincent falls sideways SHOOTING the shotgun...

HITTING Dane as Dane pulls his TRIGGER.

Dane hits the ground backwards.

Vincent just lays there, blood seeping down under his glasses and over his face.

The COPS swarm around him as Vincent's family comes running out of the house. They are held back by the Cops.

SHERI

Oh, my God, is he...?

THOMPSON

Now, hold on, Mrs. Boyet.

A tense moment. Vincent could be dead.

Thompson looks back to Vincent's family as he helps Vincent sit up.

The cops step aside letting Sheri and her kids through.

They stop before Vincent as he breaks out into a big smile.

VINCENT

Bonjour, my darlings. Daddy's home. And we are safe.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SALT LAKE CITY - BOYET COIFFEUR - DAY

Vincent exits in one of his family's suits. Turns the door sign to read: "Out To Lunch."

He's looking healed and content. Just a glorious day.

His wife Sheri strolls up with a Baby Girl in a buggy with Parker and Grant neatly dressed in tow.

She gives Vincent a warm, loving kiss.

They walk past the display window, arm in arm.

The sign in the window reads: "Look Like You Found A Million In A Boyet Suit."

FADE OUT.

THE END

