

# *Bonjour, America*

A Neo-Noir Stage Play

(based on the screenplay)

by

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## CHARACTERS

**VINCENT BOYET:** Twenty-five. Clean cut, French suit salesman, wears dark rimmed glasses. He has a deathly fear of heights. In a panic he drove his rented car and family's suit samples off a bridge into a river. He's trying to get home to Salt Lake City to his pregnant wife.

**DANE MORGAN:** Forties. Local Sheriff. He's a hard living, fourth generation good old boy, and pig farmer.

**QUINNLY SULLIVAN:** Twenty-six. A dirty hot-sex about her that collects losers like dust to a TV. Waitress at the Spoon Café.

**TRAVIS HIGHTOWER:** Thirties. Scruffy - Bank robber.

**LEONARDO HIGHTOWER:** Thirties. Travis' cousin. Bank Robber, pool player.

**JEREMIAH JOHNSTONE:** Thirties. Small town lawyer, pool player.

**ELI TWAIN:** Fifties. A bullish peculiar, hairy neck chicken rancher.

**BLAIR MOULDS:** Thirties. Balding redneck. A short-order cook and owner of the Spoon Café.

**CHERYL MOULDS:** Twenties. Blair's wife and waitress at the Spoon Café.

**ZACHARY:** Seventies. He's owner of General Dry Goods Store.

**TRULY DUNN:** Thirties. She works the counter at Driftwood Whistle Inn. A plump, pleasant woman, with exquisite breast. Otherwise her appearance is bland as applesauce.

**STATIONMASTER:** Nineties. A hunched-over, willow of a man. He wears a vintage dark train conductor's suit and cap.

**BROOKE:** Twenties. A rail. Works at the Pool hall/Bar.

**DEPUTY SHERIFF TOMCAT REILLY:** Thirties. A cruel drunk bastard. One hundred pounds over weight. Cheating on his wife with Brooke.

**BARTENDER:** Forties. Missing an arm and an eye.

**SHERI BOYET:** Not seen. Twenties. American, pregnant, lives in Salt Lake City.

**SETTING:**

Based on the Neo-Noir Screenplay . The sets may be bare boned, exposed by dim lit moments as lights go up and down to bridge between continuing scenes.

If time stood still, it would expire here and turn into pig farmer and chicken rancher dust. These people are lost in the deep, unfriendly shadows of a nothing-town's underworld-money . Located in the broken heart of colorless America, and stuck to the bleached-out bones of Driftwood Crossing, Colorado - Founded 1872 - Population: 34 1/2. Sets: a Near ghost town, a rundown and decaying, Spoon Café, the Driftwood Whistle Flophouse, its Lobby/Pool Hall/Bar/Alley and bank across the street. Other sets exposed by dim light: Crossroads/ Boxcar/Park/ Salt Lake City Hospital Room/Two Homes.

**TIME:**

The hot, dry Summer of 1960.

**ACTS - SCENES:**

Scenes are often continues between locations with Lights Up and to Black as needed. Sometimes two or more sets are lit simultaneously to progress the story .

ACT I - Scene One - American Crossroads/Spoon Café - Sunset

ACT I - Scene Two - End of town - The Driftwood Whistle Inn - Evening

ACT I - Scene Three - Vincent's Room/Hall/Lobby - Night

ACT I - Scene Four - The Driftwood Whistle Inn Bed Rooms - Night

*(Note: Only Vincent's Room needs lit but as written they all are with lights up and dark.)*

ACT I - Scene Five - Lobby/Pool Hall/Bar/Alley/Crossroads - Night

ACT II - Scene One - Spoon Café - Daybreak

ACT II - Scene Two - Driftwood Crossing/Bank Robbery - Day

ACT II - Scene Three - Outside moving Open Boxcar/Train/Plowed Field - Day

ACT II - Scene Four - Inside Flop House - Night

ACT II - Scene Five - Outside/Inside Vincent's Home - Night

**At Rise:**

**ACT I**

**Scene One**

(American Crossroads - The Summer of 1960 - Sunset O.S., heading West, a rust-eaten 1940's Chevy chugs and squeaks to a sudden brake-grinding stop.

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

The Chevy drives on O.S. Destined for a ring job. Dust and engine fumes hits Vincent hard on a hot wind. He cleans his dark rimmed glasses, 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 the setting Sun. South is no better.

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

VINCENT

Bonjour, America.

(With misgiving, he takes a step and stops in front of a badly Sun blached sign: "DRIFTWOOD CROSSING, COLORADO" FOUNDED 1872.

Vincent brushes away dust. Revealing: chalky rock marks counting down the town's population: "37, 36, 35, 1/2.")

**Black on Cross Roads**

**Lights up on Driftwood Crossing**

(A half-lit BUZZING neon "SPOON Café" sign over the screen door. Vincent stops under it.

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

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

JEREMIAD JOHNSTONE, 30's, a small time lawyer, follows. The smell hits them hard.)

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

Dim-witted 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 leaves the Café and opens the next door and goes into The Driftwood Whistle Inn.

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 watches Vincent inside the café through the bug-stained Café window.

Vincent makes his way to an empty booth at the back. Two scruffy first 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. He uses his fat tongue to get the last of the ice out of his glass.)

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 hell was that for?

QUINNLY

Travis, tell your dumb-ass cousin the next time he touches himself whilst givin' 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. He 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)

Nah, 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 livin' 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. He 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 fries. Rye with jelly. 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. 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 and pool hall next door. The view's no more unpleasant than the clientele.

**Black on Café**

**End of ACT I - Scene One**

**Lights up on Driftwood Whistle Inn**

**ACT I**

**Scene Two**

(The Driftwood Whistle Inn. Vincent stops below the three-story wood framed flophouse. The Café, bar and pool hall are all in the same building. The place is twenty years past tearing down. It leans toward a rail track.

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

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

ZACHARY, 70's, stands watching from in front GDG Store. His clothes might have come from the 1800s. He motions Vincent enters the Inn.

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

Through a door is two pool tables and a bar. Jeremiad Johnson is there drinking, playing pool by himself. He looks up from the ball when he hears Truly speak.)

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 back there 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.

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

**Black on Vincent**

**Lights up on Vincent**

(Vincent's room - Moments Later. He's using the phone. Lying on the bed. His one shoe off.)

VINCENT

Me, too... Good night, my love... Not to worry... 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 enough.

There's a KNOCK at his door. Vincent looks around before moving to the door. Dane stands at the door. Looking Vincent 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 fountains without holding hands with 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 and the Station up the street are closed about now. But I'll have old Zachary and the Stationmaster stop up and help you set back on your journey.

VINCENT

Wouldn't want to bother --

DANE

-- No bother to me. They'll be up with something about your size and in your direction.

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.

(Dane turns to leave when he hears someone coming up the stairs. After a moment Zachary appears in the hall, winded from the climb. Looks at Vincent, until Vincent steps aside to let him in to plop the clothing boots on the bed .)

VINCENT

Very kind of you...

ZACHARY

Kind hell, I'm up here making a sale.

VINCENT

Oui, of course.

(Vincent goes through the shirt selections Zachary brought with him. 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 very 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.

(Vincent selects a Levi shirt, pants and jacket.)

VINCENT

Very good, Levi it is.

(Zachary adds it all up.)

ZACHARY

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

(Zachary takes Vincent's money. Gives him back change. Picks up the remaining clothing. Moves over to the open door. Zachary looks him over again.)

VINCENT

Merci.

ZACHARY

Welcome. Ask for an ass kickin' 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 if any.

VINCENT

Bright and early then. Gardez la foi.

(Vincent tries to close the door but a long hand with ghostly fingers stops it and pushes it back open with a chilling groan. Vincent steps out into the hall and looks around. No one is there.)

STATIONMASTER

No one out there, I saw.

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

VINCENT

Oh, pardon.

STATIONMASTER

(checks his pocket watch)

Times tickin'. You expectin' anyone else?

VINCENT

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

STATIONMASTER

Well, did you?

VINCENT

Sorry?

STATIONMASTER

You believe in spooks, boy?

(Vincent looks at The Stationmaster who looks like he could be right out of the stagecoach days.)

STATIONMASTER

This place is full of 'em, you look close enough. Something I can help you with?

VINCENT

... Oui, I'd like to inquire about a ticket out of town, Mister... ah --

STATIONMASTER

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

VINCENT

Salt Lake.

STATIONMASTER

Well, 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...about...

(checks his pocket watch)

...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 big ideas around here.

(Stationmaster follows Vincent to the door. He pulls out a candle and a pack of matches from his pocket.)

STATIONMASTER

If I was you, young feller, I'd take this candle, 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 take --

(Stationmaster shuts the door in Vincent's face.)

VINCENT

Spooks. In such an affectionate town?

**Black on Vincent's Room**

**End of ACT I -  
Scene Two**



**Lights up on Vincent's Bathroom**

**ACT I**

**Scene Three**

(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.

At 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.)

REILLY (O.S.

... tired of all this shit on.... wonder you got bugs.

**Lights stay on in Vincent's Room**

**Lights up in Brooke Hope's Room**

(From a Third Floor Room right above Vincent' room-Night. BROOKE HOPE, 20's, is a rail of a girl, and DEPUTY SHERIFF TOMCAT P. REILLY, 30's, is one hundred pounds over weight. The place is one big infested dust bowl.)

BROOKE

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

(Vincent tries not to listen.)

REILLY

Christ, you got a mouth. Look, this plate is from three nights ago. And Christ-ohmighty, look at the leg hair in this sink.

BROOKE

You heard me, Tomcat? Get out.

**Black on Brooke Hope's room**

(Glass SMASHES O.S., on the floor above. Long spooky echoing SCREAM from a girl that fades back into the couple up above now unintelligible... when from behind his headboard comes...)

QUINNLY (O.S.)

I'm tired, call me later. I want to lie down...

**Lights remain up on Vincent's Room**

**Lights up on Quinnly's room - Continuing**

(Quinnly's Second Floor room is right next to Vincent's. The headboards are against the same wall - 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, I don't sit around all day eating sticky buns. Fine... call me when you do.

(She SLAMS down the phone. LIGHTS a cig.)

**Black on Quinnly's room**

(Vincent thinks... then from the bathroom next door...)

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Throw me one of them towels, Leo.

**Light up on Leonardo and Travis' Room - Continuing**

(Grifters' Second Floor Room - Night. Leonardo throws a towel out of the bathroom then sets himself to crap. Travis cleans his GUN on the bed just outside the door.)

LEONARDO

What're we gonna bathe with, you keep usin' them as rags?

TRAVIS

You ain't got enough towels call that plump-apple at the front desk.

(Vincent reacts to hearing them so clearly.)

LEONARDO

I just might. That girl gets nasty, I'm tellin' you.

TRAVIS

Please don't. I just ate.

(The toilet FLUSHES. 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 sleepin' with faces you be missin' a whole flatbed of good lovin'.

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?

LEONARDO

What? I'm just passing time.

TRAVIS

Well, I ain't passing time six-feet under because you got anxious.

(Vincent doesn't want to hear this.)

LEONARDO

I couldn't give less a care. I was just speculatin'.

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

TRAVIS

Just shuddup, then. Hand me the oil.

LEONARDO

Damn, look what you're doin' to all them towels.

**Black on Vincent's and Drifters Rooms**

**End of ACT I - Scene Three**

**Lights up on Vincent's Room**

**ACT I**

**Scene Four**

(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 ORGASM like a pig in heat.)

**Lights up on Quinnly's Room**

(Dane rolls off Quinnly. In 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 pours 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

Piss-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. Vincent rolls over, enjoying the moment of silence, when....)

DANE

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

QUINNLY

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

(Dane moves over to the bathroom. Turns on the WATER in the tub and WASHES his penis 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 crotch 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.)

DANE

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

QUINNLY

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

**Black on Quinnly's Room**

REILLY (UPSTAIRS O.S.)

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

BROOKE (UPSTAIRS O.S.)

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

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

REILLY (O.S.)

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

(Vincent has heard enough. He gets out of bed and starts getting dressed as THUMPING and YELLING continue from up above.)

BROOKE (O.S.)

I'll get dressed when I feel like it.

### **Lights up on Hallway**

(Dane exits Quinnly's Room. 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 down to work anyway. You just enjoy the rest of your evening.

(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.

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.  
(steps into the room.)

VINCENT

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

QUINNLY

-- Yeah, dumb huh? Something to do with some old Clinamen 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 ya?

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, our first on the way . A boy we hope.

(Vincent hands a wet PHOTO he's been drying with the candle to Quinnly . She looks at it, smiles.)

QUINNLY

Your wife's American, and real pretty. I bet your kid will be as cute as a puppy .



VINCENT

Points for not sounding surprised.

QUINNLY

She must be worried sick. Hubby bein' stuck way out here all by his lonesome.

VINCENT

Oui, I rang ahead. I didn't explain exactly all this. She knows 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 screwed up big time.

(Quinnly sits beside Vincent. Lots of leg showing, uncomfortable silence. He looks to the hall, expecting an angry sheriff at any second. Least he should screw up again.)

VINCENT

Maybe you should....

QUINNLY

So, you're out to save your family's business, Captain Frenchy?

VINCENT

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

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 I... No matter, I'm on my way with my tail between my legs. I'm how do you say... such a loser.

(Quinnly moves to the bathroom. Drops her cig in the toilet. Adds water to her drink. Comes out. Lights another cig on the candle. BLOWS the smoke at Vincent.)

QUINNLY

Sorry. You're only a loser if you stop trying. 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.

(turns back to Vincent.)

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 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, 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.

**Lights up on Flophouse Lobby - Continuing**

(Dane enters with a bottle of Rye. Stops. Goes to the counter. Opens the registry book. Looks up at the sound of Quinnly's VOICE.)

QUINNLY

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

(pulls away from him, knowing he's right)

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.

(comes back to him)

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 stinking 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 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 talkin' 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. Very happy.

(Vincent displays the evidence of his wife. Dane doesn't give a shit about the picture.)

DANE

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

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

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

(pushes past Dane. Gives Vincent the eye.

And give me that.

(snatches the bottle, twist off the top)

You take all 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 startin' no trouble, Frenchy.

**Black on Vincent's Rooms**

**End of ACT I - Scene Four**

**Lights up on Vincent's Room/Hall/Lobby**

**ACT I**

**Scene Five**

(Vincent finds the hall dimly lit. Two figures step out of the dark on the stairs going up. Travis and Leonardo.)

TRAVIS

Café just about closed.

LEONARDO

You want something else you might find it behind the bar.

VINCENT

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

TRAVIS

It's your Friday night.

(The two men head down the stairs. The DRONE of a small airplane APPROACHING for landing GROWS overhead.)

Vincent comes down the stairs behind them attempting to leave the lobby into the street. He turns to look up at the plane 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 comes in from bar/pool hall, wanting to go back 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 Lobby into the pool hall/bar.)

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 the table's about to free up.

**Black on Lobby**

**Lights up on Pool Hall/Bar - Continuing**

(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 Café.)

REILLY

Let anybody in this place.

BARTENDER

Let you in, didn't we?

(The three of them get a LAUGH. Vincent looks around and is greeted with a knowing nod by both Zachary and the Stationmaster.)

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

TRAVIS

Three cold ones.

BARTENDER

Let's see some 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 holdin'?

TRAVIS

Close to two C's.

LEONARDO

He in?

TRAVIS

Does 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.

(puts her cig to her lips)

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 cheat Vincent. I hurt 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

Alright, 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.

Which one?  
QUINNLY

Him.  
TRULY

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

Oh good, I'm gonna get manned tonight.  
TRULY

Where's your Sheriff friend?  
VINCENT

Screw him.  
QUINNLY

(She puts her hand in Vincent's lap.)

I need to get some air.  
VINCENT

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

(Leonardo sinks the last ball. Jeremiad is pissed.)

What the hell was that?  
JEREMIAD

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

You guys professional?  
JEREMIAD

We look professional to you?  
TRAVIS

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

(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

Alright, 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 as he heads to the back door.)

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 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.)

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, damn....

(The back door opens and a gush of fresh air hits him. Reilly enters. Vincent makes it out the door.)

**Black on Pool hall/Bar**

**Lights up on Alley - Continuing**

(Rear of Pool Hall/Café - Night Some motorbikes and cars but mostly farm trucks. Beyond them is nothing but open ground and the dry ravine that cuts across the track.

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

Dane carries MONEYBAGS into the Flophouse.

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

The two young café owners, Cheryl and Blair, come BURSTING out the café's 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 hell you doin' 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 gettin' any sniffin' around down there... move on.

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

BLAIR

Don't make me tell you again, boy .

VINCENT

Believe me....

(Vincent gets up, and runs Up Stage toward the road.)

CHERYL

You let that shit see my ass.

BLAIR

(looks after Vincent, running his hand back up under her dress.)

Hell, you probably liked it.

### **Black on Alley**

### **Lights up on Cross Road - Continuing**

(Vincent makes his way around the last building. Still having to go. Finds himself at where he entered town.)

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

O.S., 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 gets out with a bang of his door and enters stage.)

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 gettin' use to. Place ain't much to look at but it's down wind to the coops and 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 in these parts 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.)

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 alone.

ELI

Dang, ain't you something when you get all riled like that. I got television reception. 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. Fearing for his chickens, Eli runs to his truck and peels of there as Vincent goes for another rock. The smell of the chickens lingers on. Feathers floating about.)

VINCENT

Bonjour, egg man.

### **Black on Crossroads**

### **Lights up on Pool Hall/Bar - Continuing**

(Inside Pool Hall/Bar - Night. Quinnly enters from outback 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've 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 bra. Stands over Jeremiad.)

QUINNLY

Better get him some attention.

ZACHARY

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

**Black on Pool Hall/Bar**

**End of ACT I**

**Scene Four**

**Lights up on Café**

**ACT II**

**Scene One**

(Vincent enters the Spoon Café - Daybreak. He looks like crap from being up all night by the road. The place is busy compared to yesterday.)

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.

Vincent 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 hangs a ticket in the order window.)

CHERYL

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

(Cheryl 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.")

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 lousy fry cook, in a dry bed town, get over it.

BLAIR

The guy was creeping around --

QUINNLY

-- Who'd know better, you ally cat?

BLAIR

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

(Blair looks to find Dane standing at his booth.)

BLAIR

I'm just saying, is all.

(Dane moves up behind Vincent, counting his money. Jeremiad leaves. 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 wantin' 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 walk you on up there.

**Black on Café.**

**Lights up on Dane and Vincent.**

(Dane takes out a cigar as they walk. Looks over at Vincent. Vincent looks ready to run. Dane unhooks his work REVOLVER and hands it to Vincent. 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, confused. Dane reaches into his pocket. Takes shells, he hands them to Vincent.)

DANE

Load that, will ya.

(Vincent can't believe what he's hearing. He slowly takes the revolver.)

DANE

You ever use one?

VINCENT

Not yet.

(Dane smiles. Vincent loads the gun. They stop at a railroad crossing sign at the track just outside of town.)  
(A TRAIN is off in the near distance. Dane looks at Vincent. Vincent still has the revolver. Dane waits. Still with the cigar. Vincent is making up his mind. Vincent hands Dane the gun. With no place to hide.)

DANE

Trains slow-down to change tracks before passing through the mountains. The ones on this track move pretty fast. Just follow the road about five miles. There'll be at least four more before nightfall. You'll catch one of them.

(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 towards Vincent. Vincent walks backward trying to beat the TRAIN to get across the tracks.

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 it passes, Dane's nothing but a dust 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. Vincent turns to walk. Sweaty. He won't get far.)

**Black on Vincent**

**End of ACT II -  
Scene One**

**Lights up on outside of Café**

**ACT II**

**Scene Two**

(Driftwood Crossing - Day. A TRAIN starts to approach the town.

QUINNLY comes out of the café. Stops out front of the FLOPHOUSE where Reilly sits on the stoop. His brimmed hat down over his eyes, feet out, SNORING.

THE TRAIN is getting CLOSER. Jeremiad steps out of the Pool Hall. Flings a SPIT of chew out into the street. Looks up towards the crossroads. He checks his watch.

DANE comes out of his office. He takes out a handful of shells and reloads his revolver. Quinnly stops there beside Dane. She looks over at Reilly to make sure he can't hear under the APPROACHING train.)

QUINNLY

Any sign of them?

DANE

I'm assumin' 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... across the road towards the bank. Leonardo follows. Travis and Leonardo enter the bank.)

**Lights up on Inside Bank - Continuing**

(Isabel is at a desk behind the bank 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 moves to a gate blocking the safe and pulls the door open. Inside are ten full money bags.)

The TRAIN is nearly on the town... very intense. Everything RATTLES and SHAKES. They all yell.)

TRAVIS

Which one's got the most?

(Travis grabs her.)

LEONARDO

We got that chicken truck pullin' up outside. It's got our car blocked in. The cook from the Café pickin' up his wife and kids are there, too.

TRAVIS

Which bags?

ISABEL

They're tagged.

(Travis pushes her down to the floor of the safe. He checks some of the bags, 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 still got us blocked in.

TRAVIS

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

LEONARDO

You heard what I said?

TRAVIS

Make him move.

**Black on Inside Bank**

**Lights up on Driftwood Crossing -Continue**

(Minutes later - there's been a shoot-out. The train's WHISTLE now BLOWING, moving away from town.

Brooke hold's Reilly in her arms. See's he's been shot in the back. He's dieing. Sobbing on her. She laughs softly, as she closes his eyes for the last time.)

BROOKE

You fat bastard, Reilly. You can't even die like a man.

(Quinnly is crunched down inside the door of the Lobby of the Flophouse, as Dane reloads his gun.)

QUINNLY

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

DANE

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

QUINNLY

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

DANE

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

QUINNLY

You didn't mention shooting Reilly.

DANE

Keeps it simple, don't it.

(He takes another GUN from his pocket. Gives Quinnly hard look. She takes it from him.)

DANE

Stay down.

(Zachary, Jeremiad and Blair enter stage with their guns drawn. The Stationmaster stands alone shaking his head at the mess.)

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

ZACHARY

Ain't you goin' 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 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 Stationmaster looks at Reilly, seeing he was shot in the back. Thinking. Then looks to the convertible.

Then over to Dane. 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.)

DANE

Get going, dame it.

(The others run towards the train station.)

QUINNLY

This better work.

DANE

You want out? Then get out.

QUINNLY

Screw it. I can't stay here. 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.

**Black on Driftwood Crossing**

**End of ACT II**

**Scene Two**

**Lights up on Open Boxcar**

**ACT II**

**Scene Three**

(Outside a moving open-boxcar - Train - Later that Day .

Travis gets a death grip on the railing. Swings the other money bag... onto the boxcar floor. Nearly flying to climb in.

O.S. Dane FIRES and... STRIKES Travis in the back, pushing him towards the door. A sickening OUTCRY.)

TRAVIS

Oh, sweet Mary, find me a way .

(Dane FIRES O.S.... Travis... feet DRAGGING in the gravel, is STRUCK in the leg.

Travis loses strength to hang on. But instead of falling off he is ABRUPTLY dragged onto the train by Vincent as he reaches out from the boxcar and grabs Travis' wrist. Vincent looks out of the boxcar to see Dane.)

**Black on Vincent in Boxcar**

**Lights up on Dane in Field**

(Dane is completely frustrated. He turns to find Quinnly sitting in the dirt.)

DANE

That son-of-a-bitch.

(Quinnly eyes blinking weakly. Life slipping from her. Her future rolling away. Dane runs past her, not noticing.)

DANE

Shit. Frenchy's got both bags. Come on, get off your ass. We'll catch 'em at the overpass.

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

DANE

Jesus Christ!

QUINNLY

Let him go home to his wife.

DANE

He's got our money.

(Quinnly pulls the trigger, it CLICKS empty. Dane leans takes his gun back. Face close, almost kissing. Pushes her into the dirt. Quinnly lies in the clotted dirt. Dane watches her blood spill out, slowly she gets weaker. A dribble. There's more pain in his eyes than hers.)

DANE

This ain't how I planned it.

QUINNLY

If... I ... had... an... orgasm.... for every dumb....

(She dies. He walks off. Leaving his plan with her to rot.)

**Black on Dane in Field**

**Lights up on Vincent and Travis in Boxcar**

(Inside 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, then back at the bags. Makes up his mind. Picks them up. He looks at the open boxcar door. He 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

You got family, right?

VINCENT

My wife is with baby. 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.

Vincent reaches for the money bags again. This time Vincent drags the bags away from the door. O.S. Dane starts SHOOTING at the moving train.)

(Vincent scrambles for cover. 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.

Vincent opens the money bags. 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 as it SLOWS DOWN, high on the side of a mountain.

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

Climbin'. Careful, he can get on up here if he made it to the overpass.

VINCENT

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

TRAVIS

Leap Clear Water Bridge. Three hun'... feet. Camps... we left a truck parked. Take this.

VINCENT

Three... but that's insane.

TRAVIS

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

(Vincent can't swim at all.)

TRAVIS

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

VINCENT

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

TRAVIS

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

(feels for his gun.)

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. He doesn't have much time to think it out... because the bridge is coming up fast. He watches out the door. The ground drops off steep.

Vincent, near panic, grabs 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 grabs the key from Travis. And looks outside, then back at Travis.)

TRAVIS

Jump, Frenchy jump!

VINCENT

I can't!

(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.

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

TRAVIS

Do it!

(Out of sheer panic Vincent leaps with all his might. He just misses the first bridge trestle.

O.S. Vincent falls from the train, his VOICE screaming three hundred feet towards the rapids below. Weighted by a bag in each hand....

Dane moves 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.

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

TRAVIS

Made it, didn't he.

DANE

Not yet.

(Smile grows on Travis' face as he dies. But not on Dane's.)

**Black on Open Boxcar**

**Lights up on Clear Water River Shore - Continuing**

(After a horrifying fight, the water slows down enough so that Vincent can make his way to shore.

He painfully realizes 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.

Vincent puts his glasses on. He takes two sticks and makes a splint for his leg. Tying it with the sleeves of his shirt. He gets up and tests it. Puts on the jacket. Ribs killing him. He starts hopping slowly down the path. Dragging the bags.

Vincent realizes he can't just hobble around with all this money. So he crawls off the path.

He digs a hole between an interesting tree's roots and buries it. Minus the gun. Covering it with dirt then dried leafs and a stone.

He stands up, taking out the key. Shocking pain. He fights not to scream. Passes out, falling behind the tree.)

**Black on Vincent**

**End of ACT II**

**Scene Three**

**Lights up on Dane's Home**

**ACT II**

**Scene Four**

(Inside Flop House - Night. Dane enters to find Jeremiad Johnstone with a drink in the dark.)

JEREMIAD

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

DANE

Don't start with me, J.J..

JEREMIAD

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

DANE

I caught up with them and killed them. Like I said I'd do. Why?

JEREMIAD

I found Quinnly. You kill her, too?

DANE

What do you think?

JEREMIAD

I found both your suitcases in the truck, is what I think.

DANE

Get to the point, J.J..

JEREMIAD

Where's the money?

DANE

That's it? You want in?

JEREMIAD

No. I want you out.

DANE

What'd you tell Cincinnati?

JEREMIAD

I just told 'em I was taken over, because you were dead.

DANE

That's how it is?

JEREMIAD

You got a better way out of this mess?

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

DANE

Matter of fact I do.

**Black on Flop House**

**End of ACT II**

**Scene Four**

**Lights up on Vincent's Home**

**ACT II**

**Scene Five**

(Outside/Inside of Vincent's Home - Night. The lights are off both inside and outside of the house. The houses are spaced far apart.

Vincent hobbles on his broken leg. He's got his Levi jacket over one arm and hand, one boot on. He couldn't be in more pain. Or look more pathetic.

Vincent looks the house over. He makes his way to the back of the house. He sits along the hedgerow... watching his house for signs of life.

His O.S. neighbor PULLS his pickup out of the garage.  
DRIVING OFF.

Vincent goes O.S. A window BREAKS.

Inside his home sitting in the dark are Dane and his wife who we can't see.

His wife, SHERI, 24, blindfolded, gagged and tied to a chair in the kitchen, facing UP.

Through the window, in Vincent's living room, we find Dane drinking coffee and eat. The phone RINGS. Dane picks it up in the kitchen and puts it to Sheri's ear. Dane pulls the tape of Sheri's mouth.)

SHERI

Hello?

VINCENT (V.O.)

It's I, Vincent. Are you okay?

SHERI

Oui.

VINCENT (V.O.)

I am near, you understand? Let me talk to the Sheriff.

SHERI

Oui. He wants to speak with you.

DANE

So you made it. Good for you, Frenchy?

VINCENT (V.O.)

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

DANE

Sorry, it doesn't work that way. You tell me right now or I start on your wife and the baby she's carrying. You got two seconds. One, two --

(Vincent is near panic.)

VINCENT (V.O.)

-- Wait, I'll tell you.

(Dane moves to the kitchen window, looks out.)

DANE

Just tell me. And when I get it, I'm your yesterday trouble.

VINCENT (V.O.)

(thinks)

Okay. There's a campsite about a half-mile back from where I jumped called Jokers Point.

DANE

Okay. I know it.

VINCENT (V.O.)

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. Move the rock and dig between the two thickest roots. Everything is there.

DANE

You better not be lyin'.

VINCENT (V.O.)

Just let me come home. That's all I want from this.

DANE

Let me think this over.

VINCENT (V.O.)

Please, I'm begging you. I only want my wife and unborn child safe. To be with her. That's all I want. Not the money. I swear to you. If you just go, I know nothing.

DANE

Alright. Come on home. You got two minutes.

VINCENT (V.O.)

But you said --

DANE

I need to tie you with your wife to give me a head start. Hurry up. I'll meet you outside.

(Dane hangs up and takes out his gun. )

SHERI

Don't come. He'll kill both of us.

(Outside the house, Vincent enters the yard with the Levi jacket over his hand. FOOTSTEPS stop. Vincent turns to find Dane holding his gun on him.)

DANE

I thought I told you not to start trouble, Frenchy. Now Quinnly and the others are dead, and you are the only one standing in the way of me owning all that money. You see how it is, don't ya? Just you and me now, with ill-gotten money between us.



VINCENT

Wee, and I'm sorry for the others. I just want to go inside, to make sure my wife is okay. You can tie me up, whatever works for you. You can still take the money and go far from here. I give you my word. I'll never speak of what happened today. Ever.

DANE

Nah. You're still the loose end, Frenchy. You understand what that means?

VINCENT

Wee. Travis was very clear. As my father says, a single loose thread can ruin a perfectly good suit.

DANE

Suit? What suit?

VINCENT

My families business. You are my loose thread, no.

(O.S. A COP CAR and SIREN fills the air. Dane turns his head. Vincent falls sideways SHOOTING the gun he got from Travis from under his Levi jacket.

HITTING Dane as Dane pulls his TRIGGER. Dane hits the ground backwards.

Vincent hand goes to his face, as he just lays there, blood seeping down under his glasses and over his face.

A tense moment. Both could be dead. After a long pause, Vincent finally sits up. He adjusts his glasses, wiping the blood so he can see where he is at. Big smile.)

VINCENT

At last, I am home. How do you say, the winner. No? Bonjour, America.

(The night fills with cop lights and SIRENS)

**THE END**