

THE GETAWAY CONSPIRACY

*"Texas, 1975. The fix is in, the lines double-crossed - getaway
with all you can..."*

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EXT. COUNTY ROAD, TEXAS/RIVERBANK - DAY

1975 Rutherford County, Texas. A shot-up 1970 GMC 6500 armored car SPEEDS past a road sign while being chased by two shot-up Texas Ranger cars. Police lights FLASH, sirens SCREAM.

INSERT - ROAD SIGN

"Now leaving Rutherford, the Crossroad of America. Thanks for visiting!"

INT. ARMORED CAR (MOVING) - DAY

WELDING MASK MAN wearing dark blue coveralls counter drives keeping RANGER 1 from passing him while holding a bloody injured shoulder. He checks his rearview mirror and the passenger window.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

From a parallel road a 1970 SS Chevelle, looking like an armadillo with plates of steel/iron welded onto it, POWERS ahead. It SKIDS onto a dirt road toward the armored car followed by a Ranger on the Chevelle's tail.

ANGLE ON FRONT OF CHEVELLE

Chevelle SPEEDS forward with a GOGGLED MASKED MAN in dirty tan coveralls maneuvering the car.

INT. RANGERS CAR (MOVING) - DAY

TEXAS RANGER 1, sweating profusely, grabs the radio.

TEXAS RANGER 1
Devil's Pass! Coming up on Devil's
Pass!

EXT. DEVIL'S PASS - DAY

Both vehicles RATTLE across the bridge and head to a three leg intersection that looks like a broken pitchfork. Across the street is a black and white striped blockade sign - a warning that the road ends to a gradient down into a river.

The Chevelle MUSCLES toward the armored car down a dirt road.

The armored car stops in the middle of the intersection.

TEXAS RANGER 1
He's stopped in the intersection!

The Ranger cars SKID into a felony stop position. Texas Ranger 1 and TEXAS RANGER 2 bursts out of their vehicles with weapons drawn...

RANGER 1
Officer down on scene - Hold your fire!

TOP ANGLE

The Chevelle SMASHES into the passenger side of the armored car - the back door of the armored car flapping open. The two vehicles CRASH through the blockade sign and plunge into the river with a SPLOOSH!

EXT. RUTHERFORD, TEXAS - VARIOUS TIMES

MONTAGE - TIME REVERSAL

Rapid transition of time reversing around the town of Rutherford: Sunday-Saturday-Friday, with various clips that are quick and tight in between.

EXT. RUTHERFORD/OUTSKIRTS ROAD - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: FRIDAY

Sheriff car speeds down the road, running lights and SIRENS.

INT. SHERIFF CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Sheriff MARX, a male in mid thirties, drives as Deputy HANDLE, in his early thirties and sporting a horseshoe moustache, reads a newspaper. They both wear cowboy hats.

HANDLE
You going to the county fair? Step on er'.

MARX
I ain't drivinin' all the way out there for fried dough.

HANDLE

That's where all the barely legal
poon-tang strut their stuff.

MARX

Don't you think you're getting a
little old for that age group? You
need to upgrade your demographic.

HANDLE

Demographic. That's smooth. I
like that. Damn you're smooth.

Handle swings the rearview mirror his way, gives his face a
quick checking out, and swings the mirror back in place.

HANDLE (CONT'D)

I'm still pretty enough. What d'ya
think's gotten into ol' Bob?

MARX

Who the hell knows. Living here
just gets to ya sooner or later.

EXT. BOB'S WRECKER SERVICE - DAY

The Sheriff cruiser SLIDES to a stop in front of the small
garage that sits next to a double-wide mobile home. The
SIREN shuts off.

Handle and Marx exit the vehicle. Marx makes a gesture
across the street to...

EXT. DON'S JUNKYARD - DAY

... DON, an overweight male in his forties, who sits on a
chair straining to hold his weight on the makeshift porch in
front of small office. Don poses with a sly grin and a
moonshine jug in his lap.

EXT. BOB'S WRECKER SERVICE - DAY

Handle and Marx approach the front door of the double-wide.

BOB (O.S.)

You fuckin' bitch!

There is a CRASH.

INT. BOB'S DOUBLE-WIDE - DAY

TABBY, a short, limber woman in her twenties wearing a trampy night gown is wedged between the top of the refrigerator and the ceiling like a cornered cat.

BOB is a male in his late thirties wearing boxers and wife-beater. His balance is off, his face red, and veins bulging. He throws items indiscriminately, obviously having problems focusing.

BOB

No one can have you! No one!
Mine, mine, mine...

Handle SLAMS open the door and charges in as Marx saunters into the mobile behind him.

HANDLE

Sit your ass down Bob!

Bob spins around, pauses in confusion, and then impulsively grabs a kitchen knife - brandishing it at Handle.

BOB

Mine!

Handle quickly puts his hand on his revolver and slowly unsnaps the holster.

HANDLE

Don't be stupid Bob!

Bob takes one step towards them. Handle draws his revolver like a professional gunslinger.

HANDLE (CONT'D)

Hold up or you're gonna get
yourself kilt!

Marx leans up against the wall with arms crossed and head down. He SIGHS, tipping his hat forward we see he only has his three fingers and his trigger finger is missing.

MARX

Bob, Bob...

Marx lifts his head staring Bob in the eyes. Bob looks scared, shifting his eyes back between the two officers.

MARX (CONT'D)

You just don't get it do you, son?

Bob drops the knife and SOBS.

MARX (CONT'D)
That's a start.

Suddenly, Bob SCREAMS in a rage and CHARGES Handle and Marx.

BOB
Mine!

EXT. BOB'S WRECKER SERVICE - DAY

PULL BACK

Sounds of a BEAT DOWN fade from front of mobile home and across the road to ...

EXT. DON'S JUNKYARD - DAY

... Don's face. He CHUCKLES and takes a big swig from a jug.

INT. BOB'S DOUBLE-WIDE - DAY

Bob is on his back MOANING as Marx rolls him over on his belly. Handle helps Tabby down from the refrigerator. Both officers are BREATHING hard.

HANDLE
What happened, Tabby?

TABBY
You saw it, Handle, he went nuts.

HANDLE
Well, I've know Bob a long time and you're the best thing that ever happened in his shitty life.

TABBY
It ain't that - he was snortin' meth all night with those Mexican bikers that came through here.

HANDLE
Goddamn meth - now there's a law we should enforce, am I right, Marx?

Marx is contemplating the unconscious Bob.

MARX

Tabby, get me your largest blanket.

LATER

Bob is completely wrapped up in a blanket like a cocoon, secured by generous amounts of duct tape.

HANDLE

Now what?

MARX

Simple behaviorism, Handle. You want to get rid of a behavior you associate it with something unpleasant.

HANDLE

Goddamn, son, you're sharp.

Handle turns with a wink to Tabby.

HANDLE (CONT'D)

He must of picked that up when we were in 'Nam. That's jungle psychology, right there.

TABBY

Whachya do in the war, Handle?

Handle brushes back a stray lock of hair from Tabby's face.

HANDLE

Well, darling, I can't tell you that - classified, highly classified.

Marx remains kneeled next to Bob waiting for a reaction.

MARX

That's stuff you take to the grave.

TABBY

Oh, come on.

HANDLE

Honest. If I told you, I'd have to kill ol' Bob here in case he heard and then I'd have to bend you over that sofa and give you the eight inch salute.

Handle grins and Tabby gives him a friendly shove.

TABBY
You are so bad.

Bob GROANS.

MARX
Coming around.

Handle nudges Bob with his foot. Bob does not respond.

HANDLE
Not quite. Be out for a while I
suspect.

Handle and Marx stare at each other. Marx stands. Handle
grins.

MARX
I'm gonna check in. Handle, why
don't you give Tabby a hand with...
some of this mess.

TABBY
What about Bob?

Marx walks to the front door to exit.

MARX
I don't know, dump ice water on him
- when he comes to beat him with a
broom.

Marx exits.

INT. SHERIFF CAR - DAY

Marx sits in the car with the windows rolled down. He picks
up the radio mic.

MARX
(into radio)
Car One to base.

MARYLOU (O.S.)
(from radio)
Go ahead Car One.

MARX
We're all set here, Lou.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

MARYLOU, a sexy red headed middle aged woman, with a full figure, sits behind the desk doing her nails.

MARYLOU
 (into radio)
 Copy code-four. Ya got a U.S.
 Marshal waiting for you when you
 all get back.

The small lobby is visible from where Marylou sits. In the lobby U.S. Marshal WESLEY, a mid twenties male, stands looking at notices on a bulletin board.

INTERCUT WITH MARX INSIDE HIS CAR.

MARX
 Say again?

MARYLOU
 Says he needs to meet with the
 Sheriff. That's you, sweetie.

MARX
 Ten-four. Any other good news?

MARYLOU
 Got a teletype - They found a
 murdered runaway girl in a motel
 room in Louisiana. Think it may be
 connected to that murdered
 cheerleader in Mississippi a few
 days ago.

MARX
 Mississippi then Louisiana. That
 sounds right. Shit always rolls
 down hill to Texas.

MARYLOU
 (smiling)
 Don't you curse on this here radio
 now, Sheriff.

Marx returns radio mic. He puts some Redman tobacco in his mouth and pulls his revolver, spinning the open chamber, checking the rounds. Marx SNAPS the chamber shut.

ANGLE ON MARX'S HAND

Marx is missing his trigger finger.

Marx looks at his expensive watch. Something across the street catches his attention. He spits out the window.

EXT. DON'S JUNKYARD - DAY

A black 1975 Scamp has pulled up to Don who is talking to the two occupants through the driver-side window.

INT. SHERIFF CAR - DAY

Marx looks hard at the interaction going on across the street.

INT. BOB'S DOUBLE-WIDE - DAY

Handle has Tabby bent over the sofa arm and screws her from behind.

TABBY
Yeah, baby, do it!

HANDLE
Can you handle it - huh?

EXT. BOB'S WRECKER SERVICE - DAY

Marx exits the Sheriff car and heads across the street.

EXT. DON'S JUNKYARD - DAY

As Marx crosses the street and approaches the black Scamp, the Scamp pulls away and past Marx.

Marx is able to look inside and see...

MR WHITE, a husky, middle aged African American male drives. In the passenger seat is MR BLACK, a tall thin, sickly looking fellow chewing on a matchstick. Both are dressed the same with black suit coats, black fedora hats, black shirts, black ties, and black leather gloves.

Mr Black grins at Marx with brown-tinted teeth and he gives a tip of his hat to Marx.

The Scamp pulls away.

INSERT LICENSE PLATE

Tennessee plate ###.

BACK TO SCENE

Marx approaches Don, who settles back into his chair.

MARX

Don.

DON

Sheriff.

MARX

Friends of yours?

DON

Just some travelers.

MARX

Hm. Tennessee plates. Pretty dressed up for a road trip. What did they want?

DON

What do all guys want on the road? A place to wet their whistle and their willy. Pointed them to the Cross-Road truck stop.

MARX

You sure that was all? They're kinda off the main road to end up here.

DON

Hell, Sheriff, people get turned around in these parts all the time. You know that. What's happening with Bob?

MARX

Got himself all fucked up.

DON

Gonna arrest him?

MARX

Naw - we'll just give him a stiff fine instead.

INT. BOB'S DOUBLE-WIDE - DAY

Handle and Tabby still screwing and MOANING.

INT. NORTHSTAR BANK - DAY

The bank is new and very nice, too nice for a small town.

Mr Black and Mr White pull up to the bank, exit the vehicle and strut up the stairs. Mr Black appears to be adjusting a pistol in his coat as they walk side by side up to the DESK CLERK, a young beautiful bombshell who is busy counting money.

Mr Black stares at her and CLEARS his throat.

MR BLACK

Uh hum.

It doesn't get her attention. Mr Black looks to Mr White as she continues to count.

MR BLACK

Sixty-seven, sixty-eight, sixty-nine...

The Desk Clerk loses count and looks up at Mr Black who has a creepy smile showing his rotting teeth.

MR BLACK

My favorite number.

DESK CLERK

(annoyed)

You're not suppose to cross the line until I call for you.

MR BLACK

(snickers)

Oh, honey, I'd cross all sorts of lines if you'd give me a call.

DESK CLERK

Can I help you?

Mr Black leans into the counter with an odd shift in his stance.

MR BLACK
If it's not too much trouble, would
you be so kind as to point me to
Dexter Sully?

The Desk Clerk turns towards a vacant desk with a desk name
plate:

"Dexter Sully - Bank Manager"

DESK CLERK
He left early.

The Desk Clerk still annoyed starts to re-organize the money
to recount.

MR BLACK
Will he be returning?

The Desk Clerk looks at the clock on the wall.

DESK CLERK
Doubt it. Had an emergency meeting
with the District Attorney and we
close in ten minutes.
(fake smile)
No Saturday service, sorry.

MR BLACK
(to Mr White)
District Attorney. Now that sounds
like an important man.

Mr White gives a slow nod as a response. They start to walk
away when Mr Black slithers back to the desk.

MR BLACK
Sorry to bother you again, Miss.
May I leave - a message for Mr.
Sulley?

The Desk Clerk SIGHS loosing count again she grabs a pen and
paper.

DESK CLERK
What?

Mr Black leans on the counter closer this time.

MR BLACK
It's a rather, personal matter.

Desk Clerk rolls her eyes and hands the pen and paper to Mr Black with an envelope.

Mr Black scribbles something on the paper and places the note and the matchstick from his mouth into the envelope purposely making a lot of noise.

The Desk Clerk looks up just in time to see him staring at her while licking the envelope. Mr Black puts on a creepy smile and hands her the envelope. She looks disgusted and motions to Dexter's desk.

DESK CLERK
Knock yourself out.

Mr Black walks over to Dexter's desk. He places the envelope down noticing the picture on his desk. He then picks up a picture of Dexter posed all alone.

MR BLACK
Now, this is so sad.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Handle and Marx pull up to the Sheriff's office.

INT. SHERIFF CAR - DAY

Handle nudges Marx and points across the street.

HANDLE
Hey, check that out.

EXT. NORTHSTAR BANK - DAY

DEXTER, a thin, short in stature man, with a thin mustache, wearing a pinstripe light beige suit and rimmed glasses, exits a 1971 Cadillac parked in front of the bank. DA also exit the car and turns showing his piercing husky blue eyes. They both walk over to the bank - Dexter looks nervously around.

HANDLE (CONT'D)
What's Dexter doing with the DA?

MARX
Now that's a multi-million dollar question.

HANDLE

Must be something big for the DA to be down here. Did you know he was coming?

MARX

Naw - you know they only tell us what they want us to know.

HANDLE

Just like the Army...

MARX

Yep. Got us lined up like good little mushrooms - kept in the dark and feeding us shit. Till some of us mutate and become poisonous.

HANDLE

Marx, you're a goddamn poet.

They pull by the office and see the black government vehicle.

MARX

That reminds me - let's slip in the back. Marylou said there's a U.S. Marshal waiting to see me.

HANDLE

A Marshal? What the fuck is goin' on here, Marx?

MARX

I don't know, but I don't like it.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Marylou flips through a travel magazine. Wesley sits in the lobby reading a newspaper.

Marx and Handle come up to Marylou from a back hallway. Marx sneaks up on her and cups her breast from behind. Marylou is startled and turns smacking him with the brochure.

MARYLOU

Cut that out!

Handle looks out at the lobby, checking out Wesley. Marx looks over Marylou's shoulder at the travel magazine.

MARX

Whatcha drooling over? The Caribbean?

MARYLOU

Thought you could take me somewhere nice, Sheriff.

MARX

Oh no, I don't want nothin' to do with jungles ever again.

MARYLOU

They ain't got those kinds of jungles. Look at that water. Every seen anything so blue?

Marx looks out the window across the street to the bank.

MARX

Just the eyes of that slimy District Attorney Rogers.

Marylou turns in confusion.

MARYLOU

What makes you say that?

MARX

He's in town. Did their office call?

MARYLOU

No, what was he doing here?

MARX

Talking to Dexter.

Marylou's expression changes to nervous and concerned.

MARYLOU

Shit.

MARX

Yep. And now we got a U.S. Marshal showing up.

HANDLE

Want me to go check this guy out?

MARX

Yeah - see what kinda stones he's got.

Handle goes out to the lobby and approaches Wesley. Wesley stands at Handle's approach and offers his hand.

WESLEY
Hello, I'm Wesley Linwood, U.S.
Marshal and you're...

Handle does not offer his hand to Wesley. Wesley gives up on getting his hand shook - he points at Handle's badge.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
... and you're not the Sheriff.

HANDLE
They call me Handle.

WESLEY
Handle?

HANDLE
That's not my surname or my
Christian name, mind you. It's
just what they started calling me
during the war.

WESLEY
Because of your moustache?

Handle gives his moustache a stroke with one hand.

HANDLE
Cause of my moustache? What? No.
Hell no, son, it's cause I *handle*
things.

The two men stare at each other for a beat.

WESLEY
Okay, Handle, is the Sheriff
around? I need to talk to him.

HANDLE
Ever been in combat, Wesley?

WESLEY
No. No, I haven't. I was never a
serviceman.

HANDLE
Then how do you know?

WESLEY
Know what?

HANDLE

If you can handle the shit when it goes down?

WESLEY

I always kill what I hit.

HANDLE

Thought you said you never been in combat?

WESLEY

I've been in a shoot out or two. And as you can see - I came away in one piece.

Handle grins and gives Wesley a friendly slap on the arm.

HANDLE

Well, all right, son. Hey, you really should talk to the Sheriff.
(calling over his shoulder)

Hey, Sheriff! Got a fellow law dog here needs to talk to ya.

Marx comes out and shakes hands with Wesley.

MARX

Sheriff Marx.

WESLEY

Linwood Wesley.

MARX

Come on back, Wesley.

Marx, Wesley, and Handle go back to the Marylou's area.

MARX (CONT'D)

Marylou our clerk and dispatcher?

Marylou gets up and shakes hands with Wesley.

MARYLOU

We met, but hadn't gotten friendly yet. Call me Lou.

Marylou winks and gives her tight skirt an adjustment.

MARYLOU

I'll get you boys some coffee. How do you take it, Wesley?

WESLEY
 Pardon?

MARYLOU
 - your coffee?

WESLEY
 Two creams, two sugars, please.

Marylou sashays out of the room.

HANDLE
 (to Wesley)
 She's hotter then a devil's
 pitchfork, ain't she?

WESLEY
 She is stacked right. Must be
 quite the distraction for you guys.

HANDLE
 (snickers)
 You'd think so.

There is an uncomfortable pause for a beat. Marx sits at the desk and puts his feet up. A phone RINGS in a back room.

MARX
 Yeah, well, she's a whore.

Handle works to hold back his laughter. Wesley is clearly out of sorts in the situation. Phone continues to RING. Wesley tries to play along.

WESLEY
 Well, that doesn't necessarily make
 her a bad girl, does it?

MARX
 Nope, don't make her bad, just made
 her my wife.

HANDLE
 (laughing)
 You stepped in that one deep, boy,
 you got shit up to your shins.

Marx just grins at Wesley, who is not amused. Phone stops RINGING.

WESLEY

I see. Look, I'm not here in this dusty town to get hill-billy fucked.

MARX

Hold on there, friend, don't get all riled up.

HANDLE

We don't mean nothing by it. Hell, you're right - this is a dusty little town. We don't get many visitors or action, so I'm afraid our manners are slipping.

Marx motions to a chair and Wesley nods and takes a seat.

WESLEY

Fine.

Handle goes to a filing cabinet and takes out a bottle of Monte Alban.

HANDLE

Just to show there's no hard feelings - let's have a drink.

WESLEY

On duty?

HANDLE

It's gotta be off-duty somewhere in the world.

WESLEY

No thanks - I'll just wait for the coffee.

HANDLE

Suit yourself.

Handle takes a swig and the worm is seen floating around.

MARX

Where'd you get that shit? Its got a bug in it.

Handle offers the bottle to Marx, but Marx waves the offer away.

HANDLE

Got it from those Mexicans that came through. See this here worm? It's suppose to have mystical powers. You drink it with the last swallow and your whole world changes.

MARX

Worms ain't mystical - they just eat ya when your dead.

WESLEY

Actually that's not technically a worm. It's a larva - the moths lay their eggs on the agave plant that the liquor is made from.

Handle recaps the bottle and puts it back in the cabinet.

HANDLE

Well ain't it grand to be in the presence of two professors. I outta call you two Yale and Harvard and kiss my ass.

MARX

(to Wesley)

Kinda strange that you're here on the same day the DA shows up to talk to our banker. Is that in part why your in town?

WESLEY

Really? Huh. No. No, I don't know anything about your DA's business. I'm here on U.S. Marshal duties.

HANDLE

What might that be?

Marylou returns with one coffee for Wesley and hands it to him.

WESLEY

Thank you.

HANDLE

What about me?

MARYLOU

You two will have to wait. Call just came in - a flight's landing in five minutes.

WESLEY

A flight?

Marx gets up.

MARX

Yep, local airstrip. All sorts of supplies going in and out. We are America's crossroads, you know.

WESLEY

And you guys respond to plane landings?

Marylou sits down as Handle and Marx leave.

HANDLE

Rash of high-jackings lately.

MARX

We'll be late, so come by tomorrow, Wesley. We can chat then.

Marx and Handle leave.

WESLEY

Thought they said there was never any action around here.

Marylou busies herself straitening her stockings.

MARYLOU

Plenty of action when the sun goes down. This is a big trucker town straight out of the old west. After all, we are...

WESLEY

... the crossroads of America. Yeah - I get that.

MARYLOU

Where you staying, honey?

WESLEY

I'm sorry?

MARYLOU

At the Bee's Inn or the Roadside Motel?

WESLEY

Oh, uh, the Bee's Inn.

MARYLOU

Good choice. You'll get better sleep there. If sleeping's what you're interested in that is.

Marylou gives Wesley a wink. He responds with a weak smile and uncomfortably sips his coffee.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - DUSK

Marx and Handle stand by Don watching as SKINNY and WHEELS, two middle-aged scruffy males, unload long wooden crates from the small plane to a pickup truck.

HANDLE

(to Skinny and Wheels)

Mind them boxes now, boys. Don't want any damage to the merchandise.

SKINNY

Why don't get your prissy ass over here and help if you're so goddman concerned, fucking dirty cop.

HANDLE

I'd oblige, but I just washed my hands.

MARX

(to Don)

The DA's been in town.

DON

You don't say?

HANDLE

Yep, and a U.S. Marshal showed up in my office.

DON

Sounds like you got enough brass for a parade.

MARX

What we ain't got is information
Don. You must have heard
something.

DON

Sorry, you all. No one's told me
nothin'.

Don goes over to PILOT and makes conversation.

HANDLE

Lying fat fuck. Deep fry his ass
and then I bet he'll of heard all
kinds of something.

MARX

Best lay low until we can figure
out what's happening.

HANDLE

You getting that feelin', partner?
You know what I mean? Like when we
was pinned down on that hill
outside that gook village.

MARX

And everyone bugged out and forgot
to tell us...

HANDLE

Yep.

MARX

I'm getting that feeling.

INT. BEES INN/WESLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Wesley lays on the bed and takes in a deep breath. The sun
has set, a neon light turns on flooding into the room. He
gets up and peers out the window eyeing "Deb's Diner" across
the street.

Agent Wesley walks over to the phone and dials.

WESLEY

(into the phone)

Hey, it's Wesley, is the boss still
there? Okay, thanks.

Agent looks back over to the diner.

INT. JONES'S OFFICE

U.S. Marshal JONES, a male in his 40s, sits at his desk doing paperwork. The intercom CLICKS on.

INTERCOM
Wesley on line two.

Jones picks up the phone and CLICKS line two.

JONES
Jones.

INTERCUT WITH WESLEY INSIDE HIS HOTEL ROOM.

WESLEY
Hey, boss, it's Wesley.

JONES
How's it going down there? Have you made contact?

WESLEY
Not really.

JONES
It's not a gray area, Wesley. You made contact or not?

WESLEY
I met with the local law, but they had to go on a call. I'll catch up with them in the morning.

JONES
And the banker - Dexter Sully?

WESLEY
Haven't been able to pin him down yet, because guess who's been talking to him most of the afternoon.

JONES
I'm missing my boy's game and a Friday night devotional cause I'm working late. I don't have time to socialize and play twenty questions.

WESLEY
The District Attorney for the area.

JONES
Jesus lord and mother Mary.

WESLEY
Yeah.

JONES
This operation's got more leaks
than a sow has teats. What exactly
have you told the Sheriff?

WESLEY
Nothing yet.

JONES
Good. Let them know about the
prisoner transfer, to cover your
presence, but not about Dexter and
not a damn word about the raid.
Understand?

WESLEY
Of course.

JONES
Wesley, I know you've only recently
transferred to the Austin office,
so I want to make this clear one
more time...

Wesley holds the phone away from his face and grimaces. He
puts the phone back to his ear.

WESLEY
Yes, sir.

JONES
I don't want any screw ups or
inappropriate behavior like what
happened in New York. Understand?
You keep your personal life in
check.

WESLEY
Yes, sir.

JONES
Wesley, I want you do something
with me.

WESLEY

Sure, boss.

JONES

I want you to get down on your knees with me and pray. I don't want you going into that darkness without some light.

Pause.

JONES

Are you on your knees, Wesley? Are you humbled before the Lord so he can lift you up?

Wesley grits his teeth and concentrates to remain in control as he continues to stand. He shakes his head.

WESLEY

Yes, sir.

JONES

Pray with me.

INT. DEB'S DINER - NIGHT

Wesley enters the diner. The place is empty. The jukebox plays [SONG]. Wesley is greeted with a friendly smile from pretty blonde WAITRESS, who folds flatware into napkins at the counter.

WAITRESS

Anywhere, sweetie.

Wesley takes a seat in the rear of the diner with his back to the wall. He takes out a his AA coin and rubs it between his forefinger and thumb. He puts the coin away as Waitress approaches him.

WAITRESS

Howdy, what can I get you, hon?

WESLEY

Just coffee, please.

WAITRESS

You got it, sugar.

She gives him a wink and heads for the kitchen.

Wesley takes out a well-worn letter. He skims over it.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

I'm sorry, Wesley, but I can't go on with this. You've changed and I don't like the person you've become. I'm calling off our wedding. I still love you and always...

Wesley puts the letter away as Waitress returns with his coffee and a small cream dispenser.

WAITRESS

There ya go. Sugar's on the table.

WESLEY

Thanks.

Wesley doctors up his coffee.

WESLEY

Where can a guy go for some entertainment around here?

WAITRESS

We have the movies at the Bayou, but that burnt down last summer, so you'd have to drive over to Mount Pilot for the drive-in.

WESLEY

I was thinking of something a little more lively.

WAITRESS

Liveliest place out here is Desperado's out behind the truck stop. Right next to the Roadside Motel. It can get a little rough on a Friday night.

Mr Black and Mr White enter the diner as Waitress leaves Wesley's table.

MR BLACK

(singing to the jukebox)

MATCH TO LYRICS.

They walk over to the booth beside Wesley and sit. Mr Black stares at Wesley while slithering into his seat.

MR BLACK

How do you do, Irish?

Wesley looks up at Mr Black who poises a sly grin.

WESLEY
Fine. You?

MR BLACK
You a local man, Irish? You don't
look or sound like a local.

Wesley takes a slow sip of his coffee.

WESLEY
Neither do you. Kentucky?

MR BLACK
(snickering)
Close, Irish. But we ain't
Kentucky Bourbon. We're straight
up Tennessee whiskey.

WESLEY
I see. From Uncle JD's territory.

MR BLACK
Hmmm. A man who knows his drink.

Waitress comes over.

WAITRESS
What can I get you gentlemen?

Mr Black is obviously staring at Waitress' crouch.

MR BLACK
(snickers)
I'd like a mouthful of your peach
pie, darling.

Waitress rolls her eyes.

WAITRESS
We ain't got peach pie, mister.
Just what's on the menu.

MR BLACK
Why that's a crazy shame. It's a
sin in some states not to have a
juicy peach pie to offer weary
travelers.

Waitress holds her ground, TAPPING her pad with a pencil.

MR BLACK

My friend and I will each have a
cola and bring us an order of fries
with mayo on the side.

Waitress leaves.

MR BLACK

What do you think they put in the
water around here, huh, Irish?
There's some delicious women in
this town. What brings you to
Rutherford? You don't look like a
trucker.

Wesley gets up and puts some money on the table.

WESLEY

Nope, not a trucker. Just passing
through. How about easing up on
the waitress - she's just trying to
do a job. Okay, partner?

MR BLACK

Sure. Didn't mean no harm.

Wesley walks towards the counter where the waitress is.

MR BLACK

See ya around, Irish.

Wesley goes up to waitress - out of sight of Mr Black and Mr
White.

WESLEY

You going to be all right with
those two here?

WAITRESS

That's nice of you, sugar. Don't
you worry none - this is Texas.
Cook's got a shotgun under the prep
table and I've been working in this
town long enough...

Waitress turns slightly from the counter and lifts her skirt
enough to reveal a holster with a pistol strapped to her
thigh. Waitress gives Wesley a wink. He smiles, nods, and
leaves.

Mr Black and Mr White watch Wesley leave the diner.

MR BLACK

He's got the stink of Johnny-Law
all over him. He ain't one of the
local dicks neither. I think Fed.

Mr White gives a slow head shake.

MR BLACK

Yep. Something tells me this ain't
gonna be the quick in-and-out job
we was told.

EXT. DEB'S DINER - NIGHT

Wesley gives Mr Black and Mr Whites car a quick look over.
He takes out a notepad and scribbles down the Tennessee
license plate.

INT. DESPERADO BAR - NIGHT

Truckers and locals mingle in the dingy bar that features a
stripper stage. On one side of the stage, Marylou, wearing a
platinum blonde wig, dances to MUSIC from a jukebox while
another STRIPPER, a young inexperienced woman, dances on the
other side of the stage.

TRUCKER 1, 2, 3, and 4 are HOOTIN' and HOLLARIN' at a table
in front of Stripper.

Wesley enters and walks over to the bar where BARTENDER is
dealing with DRUNK.

DRUNK

Come on, man. You know I'm good
for it. I'm hurtin', brother -
can't you just float me a few for
the night?

BARTENDER

No. No more. You stiffed me for
the last time. Now get the fuck
out of my face or I'll have you
thrown out.

Drunk turns away from bar and finds a seat at a table.

Wesley looks over the crowd and notices Marylou dancing on
the stage. He looks through the dim lighting, not sure what
he is seeing. Wesley approaches the stage. Marylou smiles
at his approach.

MARYLOU
Hey, Wesley.

WESLEY
Marylou?

MARYLOU
Have a seat, sugar.

Wesley sits and Marylou continues to dance.

WESLEY
What are you doing here?

MARYLOU
Makin' bank for my retirement -
what else?

Marylou gives her g-string a snap.

MARYLOU
Got a sawbuck for momma?

Wesley holds his hands up in surrender. Marylou gives him a smile and goes back to dance and work the crowd around her side of the stage.

BAR MAID comes over to Wesley.

BAR MAID
What can I get for you, sweetie?

WESLEY
Grapefruit juice.

BAR MAID
How hairy would you like that?

WESLEY
Just straight, ma'am.

BAR MAID
Two drink minimum, stud.

WESLEY
All right - get me a grapefruit
juice and two whisky chasers.

Wesley looks around the bar and then points to Drunk.

WESLEY
Give the whisky to that guy.

Trucker 1 is an older, large man; he has his arm around Trucker 2, a younger man. Truckers 3 and 4 sit at the table laughing and drinking.

TRUCKER 1
 Come on, boy. She ain't gonna bite
 less you pay extra.
 (Calling out to Stripper)
 Hey, honey! It's my friend's
 birthday. Come here and shake your
 snatch for him.

Trucker 1 swipes all the bottles and glasses off their table, sending the glass CRASHING to the ground. Trucker 1 POUNDS on the table with his hand.

TRUCKER 1
 Come on, honey. Table dance!

Stripper looks around confused and anxious.

Wesley looks over at the commotion with concern.

TRUCKER 3
 Sit down for christ sakes. Leave
 the kid alone.

TRUCKER 1
 Aw, fuck you guys. Buncha faggots.

Trucker 1 sits down and points to Stripper.

TRUCKER 1
 You're a fake, bitch. Real dancers
 table dance goddamn it.

BOUNCER comes over to the Truckers' table.

BOUNCER
 Problem boys?

TRUCKER 1
 Bitch won't table dance.

TRUCKER 3
 No problem.

TRUCKER 4
 We'll pay for the damage.

Trucker 1 looks at the other Truckers who motion to him to cool it. Trucker 1 grins and points to a half concealed large sheathed knife.

TRUCKER 1
 Yeah - no problem. Fuck off.

Bouncer leaves. Marylou motions to Stripper and they switch sides.

TRUCKER 1

Woo hoo - that's what am talking
about - a real woman!

At the back of the bar SALLY, a pretty, middle-aged woman dressed butch, comes in with Marx and Handle. Sally points to the table of Truckers while Bouncer comes up and leans in to talk to Handle.

Marx leans up against the jukebox to observe, while Handle sits at the bar next to BAR PATRON, a pretty, middle-aged woman.

BAR PATRON

Trouble tonight, officer?

HANDLE

Naw, just some good ol' boys
getting a little rowdy that's all.
Happens, you know. What brings a
pretty lady like you to a truck
stop bar?

BAR PATRON

I'm traveling with my husband. He
had the brilliant idea to sell our
house and follow his dream of
trucking through America.

HANDLE

Where's he at?

BAR PATRON

Snoring in our sleeper cab. Too
cheap to spring for a room.

HANDLE

Now, that's a damn shame.

Trucker 1 is on his feet again dancing in front of the stage and waving several twenty dollar bills at Marylou.

TRUCKER 1

How about a lap dance for my friend
- he just turned 18.

MARYLOU

No touching rule, bubba.

TRUCKER 1
 Okay, honey...
 (waves a twenty)
 ... this is for you.

Marylou dances over and holds out the band of her g-string for Trucker 1 to place the twenty in. When Marylou is close enough, Trucker 1 grabs her wrist and scoops her up into a Fireman's carry.

TRUCKER 1
 Yahoo! Look what I caught boys!

MARYLOU
 Put me down fucker!

Wesley dashes over.

WESLEY
 Hey, asshole.

When Wesley gets to the table, Trucker 3 springs from his chair and power pushes Wesley, who CRASHES onto the stage. Wesley springs up ready to fight.

The jukebox goes silent...

MARX
 All right, now, that's enough.

... as Marx has unplugged it. Marx slowly makes his way over to the Truckers - all of whom are up and ready.

BAR PATRON
 Is there going to be a fight?

HANDLE
 Exciting ain't it?
 (gives a nods to her
 breasts)
 Gotcha ya perked up.

BAR PATRON
 Shouldn't you help your partner?

HANDLE
 He'll be okay.
 (motions to Bartender)
 Refresh the lady's drink. And,
 what the hell, give me a shot of
 tequila.

Marx squares up to Trucker 1.

TRUCKER 1

What the fuck do you think you're gonna do, tin man?

MARX

You okay, Lou?

MARYLOU

Doing good, sugar.

MARX

Fun's over, boys. Time to leave.

TRUCKER 1

(laughs)

Is that so? You don't look like you're up to the job, tin man. Do he, boys? No, you look like a scared little shit.

MARX

I'm two tours in Vietnam up to the job, mister, so I suggest you and your friends head on out.

Marx and Trucker 1 stare each other down; Truckers 3 and 4 are in a stand off with Wesley as Trucker 2 is uncertain what to do.

BAR PATRON

What's happening?

HANDLE

Can you feel that?

Handle put his hand on Bar Patron's knee. She takes in a quick BREATH, but does not protest.

HANDLE (CONT'D)

Nothin' more thrilling then when violence fills the air. Sets your blood to boiling...

Handle moves his hand up Bar Patron's leg.

TRUCKER 1

Hear that boys? We got us a true blue baby killer here.

MARX

Yeah, that's right. I've kilt babies and I've kilt big dumb mother fuckers like you.

Marx puts his hand on his sheathed nightstick.

TRUCKER 1
 Sheriff, you pull that stick and
 I'll make a popsicle outta ya.

MARX
 Put... the goddamn... stripper...
 down.

TRUCKER 1
 Fuck... you... tin... man...

Marx flicks his nightstick out and it SAILS to Marylou, who catches it by the handle and PLUNGES the tip of the nightstick into Trucker 1's groin.

SERIES OF SHOTS - AWESOME BAR FIGHT

A) Trucker 1 HOWLS in pain and Marylou flips herself off of him, landing behind him and using the nightstick to put Trucker 1 in a choke hold while Marx slugs him.

B) Trucker's 3 and 4 fight with Wesley; Trucker 2 tries to back out but other BAR CUSTOMERS pull him into a side fight.

C) Handle downs his shot of tequila, gives Bar Patron a kiss, and heads into the fray.

D) Trucker 1 grabs the nightstick and flings Marylou over his shoulder. He pulls his knife and Marx grabs Trucker 1's knife hand, spins around so Trucker 1's arm is on Marx's shoulder and gives his arm a jerk - hyper-extending Trucker 1's elbow.

AWESOME BAR FIGHT CONTINUES

INT. DEXTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dexter sits on his couch beside KAT, a young prostitute. Evidence of hard drinking is on the coffee table.

DEXTER
 (sniveling)
 Thanks for coming over, Kat. I
 know you got better things to do
 then hear my sob story.

KAT
Hey, that's what friends are for,
Dex.

DEXTER
Are we? Are we friends?

KAT
Of course we are. Ain't we always
been friendly?

DEXTER
I've got to be the biggest loser in
town. The only friend I can get
costs me by the hour.

KAT
Now, don't be that way, sweetie.

Dexter takes out a wad of bills and hands them to Kat.

DEXTER
Here. Just go. I'm not going to
be any use tonight.

Kat pushes Dexter's hand full of bills back.

KAT
It ain't like that, Dex. I'm here
as a friend that's all. Honest.

Dexter considers this, puts the money on the table, and pours
them both a drink.

DEXTER
I'm in trouble, Kat. Big trouble.

Kat stokes the back of Dexter's head. As they speak she
slowly undresses down to her panties.

KAT
You tell your little kitty-kat all
about it.

DEXTER
The whole operation is crashing
down. They know - they know
everything. Gold told them
everything - told them about me.

KAT
Slow down, I don't know what you're
saying. Gold who?

DEXTER

Mr Gold - he runs this town, but not the top, you see? They nabbed him on some bullshit charges and he made a deal to expose the whole operation.

KAT

What operation?

DEXTER

Are you kidding? Do you think Rutherford is just a trucking town? We're on a major run that connects north with south and east with west.

KAT

So?

DEXTER

So? So, Rutherford is where drugs and guns are shipped in and out. The perfect place to deal with Mexico and Central America. And I'm the bookkeeper.

KAT

Jesus, Dex. Can they prove anything?

DEXTER

The DA told me today that they can prove everything and Gold is coming through town on his way to federal court. He's going show them the whole operation from the truck stop to the airfield.

Kat undoes Dexter's pants and loosens his shirt.

KAT

What are you gonna do?

DEXTER

He said they know I have a ledger with all the names of everyone involved and all the transactions.

KAT

So make a deal for immunity. Shit, that sounds easy enough.

DEXTER

The names in that ledger go high up
- I'm talking government officials.
These guys would kill me if they
thought I was gonna hand that
ledger over.

Kat rubs Dexter's groin and nuzzles his neck.

KAT

Did you give the ledger to the DA?

DEXTER

No. Hell, no. I didn't say
anything one way or another to him.
The ledger's locked away in a safe
place along with five million in
dirty money.

KAT

Where's that? Here in town?

DEXTER

I can't tell you, Kat, it would put
you in too much danger and you're
the only friend I got.

Kat caresses Dexter's face then removes his glasses.

KAT

You are a sweet little man.

Kat goes down on Dexter.

INT. MARX AND MARYLOU'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marx and Marylou enter looking disheveled from the bar fight,
but in good spirits.

MARYLOU

... well I didn't know what else to
tell her. I mean, you go on when
your rotation comes around, you
don't just make up your own
schedule. Just cause she worked
Vegas doesn't mean her shit's
fragrant, you know?

Marylou goes to a small wall safe behind a picture. Marx
goes to a small bar.

MARX

Want a drink?

Marylou deposits money into the safe and closes it.

MARYLOU

That would be sweet, darling. I'm just going to get under the shower real quick and wash off this funk. Roll me up something if you have anything interesting, will you?

Marylou exits.

Marx turns on the TV and pours some drinks.

INT. MARX AND MARYLOU'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Marylou takes a shower.

INT. MARX AND MARYLOU'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marx sits on the couch watching TV and rolling a joint.

NEWSCASTER

(on tv)

Today the governor signed a sweeping infrastructure bill that combines federal and state funds for a new interstate project in cooperation with neighboring states...

Marx gets up and turns off the TV. He sits down and lights up the joint as Marylou returns wearing a robe and towel drying her hair.

MARYLOU

Ahh... human again.

She sits down and takes a drink. Marx hands her the joint and she takes a hit.

MARX

Fuckin' governor signed the bill.

MARYLOU

For the new interstate?

MARX

Yep.

MARYLOU

That's going to kill this town,
ain't it? Everything will bypass
us.

MARX

Yep.

MARYLOU

Bigshot DA came to see me tonight.
You know he always gets me a room
when he comes through.

MARX

Did he give up any information?

MARYLOU

Oh, yeah. After a guy fucks you
for money - all you gotta do is
start taking about his wife and
kids and he'll start blubbering
about anything you want. Its like
they feel safe because they are
already cheating.

MARX

Why is he talking to Dexter?

MARYLOU

Baby, I don't think this interstate
bill and the DA and the Marshal are
coincidences. I think we're being
sold out by the big bosses.

MARX

No surprise there.

MARYLOU

He told me that they got Mr Gold
and they're bringing him right here
to Rutherford to blow the whole
operation and seize dirty money
from the bank.

MARX

When?

MARYLOU

That he did not say. But soon, I'm
thinking.

Marylou snuggles up to Marx.

MARYLOU (CONT'D)

All things are coming to an end,
baby. We need to getaway - that's
all there is to it.

MARX

Lou?

MARYLOU

Yeah, baby?

MARX

Did you ever fuck Handle?

MARYLOU

What?

MARX

I know I don't ask about your
business, but I just feel like
everything's starting to crash down
on me and I gotta know.

MARYLOU

How can you ask that? He's your
best friend, your war buddy, your
goddamn deputy.

(pause)

Of course I fucked him.

MARX

Jesus, Marylou.

MARYLOU

Hold on now, I did it for us and I
only did it once. You gotta
appreciate that guilt from fuckin'
your best friend's wife buys a lot
of loyalty. Handle will die for
you, sweetie, just like Lancelot
and King Arthur.

MARX

You always got the angle figured,
Lou. I'm a lucky man.

Marylou rubs Marx's crouch.

MARYLOU

You're *my* man.

Marx takes a hold of Marylou's hand and brings her hand up
from his crouch and kisses her hand.

MARX

Come on, you know that don't work.
I've been dead in the saddle since
my second tour in Nam.

MARYLOU

I know, but that don't mean I don't
like being in your arms - safest
place in the world being in your
arms. For my whole life - from my
pa to the preacher - men been
coming at me with penis in their
hands. But you - you just love me.

MARX

That I do, darling, that I do.

Exhausted, Marylou starts to drift to sleep in Marx's arms.

MARYLOU

Marx?

MARX

What's that, darling?

MARYLOU

Do you think we're bad people?

MARX

No. No, I don't.

MARYLOU

But we've done some bad things.

MARX

I don't think so. I ain't beat no
one that ain't had it coming; I
ain't kilt no one that didn't need
killing, and I ain't skimmed no
money that wasn't already dirty.

MARYLOU

(sleepy)

I guess you're right.

MARX

If we was bad then hell - that
means everything we grew up with,
everything that made us is bad
including the whole of the United
States. And that can't be - cause
our money says 'In God We Trust' so
that would mean God is bad.

(MORE)

MARX(cont'd)

And I ain't going hear people bad
mouthing God.

MARYLOU

(almost asleep)

But, baby, you're an atheist.

MARX

That don't mean I ain't got respect
for the baby Jesus.

Marylou is asleep and Marx stares into nowhere -
contemplating.

MARX

(muttering)

But there is bad out there. Bad
and as cold as the desert night.

INT. ROADSIDE MOTEL/MR BLACK-MR WHITE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mr White sits near the door a trumpet case on the table
beside him. Kat sits uncomfortably on the edge of one of the
twin beds in the room, while Mr Black lies stretched out on
the other bed, sipping from a whiskey bottle.

MR BLACK

Sure you don't want a drink, honey?

KAT

No thank you, sir. I best be going
now.

MR BLACK

Well, you did good, girlie. Real
good. You sure Dexter didn't tell
you where he keeps that ledger hes
been hiding?

KAT

No - he was protecting me.

MR BLACK

Well, ain't that sweet. Won't do
me no good to silence him if that
ledger is out there just waiting to
sing.

KAT

I don't know anything about that.

MR BLACK
 (snickering)
 You sure shit do now. Ain't that
 so, Mr White?

Mr White grins. Kat gets up and goes for the door.

MR BLACK
 Whoa - hold on now.

Mr White jumps up and blocks Kat from the door as Mr Black gets up from the bed. Mr Black walks slowly towards Kat, backing her into Mr White.

KAT
 What? What do you want? I did
 what the boss man said. I got the
 information for you. Now I want to
 go.

MR BLACK
 Go? Go? Go where? The party's
 here, baby. Come on. It's what
 you do ain't it whore?

Kat backs into Mr White who wraps his arms around her - holding her fast.

KAT
 Please, sir, please...

Mr Black caresses Kat's face.

MR BLACK
 Please? Hear that, Mr White? She
 wants to please.

KAT
 No...

MR BLACK
 Mr White here hasn't had a white
 woman in a... How do they say it?
 In a coon's age?
 (laughs)
 That's some funny shit, ain't it?
 I don't know what it means, but
 it's funny. Reminds me of cooter.

KAT
 Let me go!

Mr White puts his large hand over Kat's mouth as she struggles. Mr Black smashes the bottle over the bureau and holds the end up to her face.

MR BLACK
 (suddenly vicious)
 Hush, girl! Be still or I'll fuck
 you with the broken end of a
 bottle!

Kat goes quiet. Mr Black lifts up Kat's skirt.

MR BLACK (CONT'D)
 (composed)
 Now that's better, I'll be going in
 the front door while Mr White goes
 in the back door. It's probably
 gonna hurt like hell.

Kat's struggles against Mr White and SCREAMS into his hand.

EXT. ROADSIDE MOTEL/OUTSIDE MR BLACK-MR WHITE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The sound of Kat's STRUGGLE, BANGING up against the door, a neck CRACKING, and then a body THUDDING on the floor.

INT. ROADSIDE MOTEL/MR BLACK-MR WHITE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kat lies dead on the floor between Mr Black and Mr White. Mr Black glares at Mr White.

MR BLACK
 Why the fuck did you do that for?
 I wanted to fuck her first.

Mr White, looking remorseful, reaches down and feels Kat's face. Mr White signs to Mr Black.

MR BLACK
 I don't give a shit if she's still
 warm. I ain't gonna fuck her dead.

Mr Black considers this for a moment as he nudges Kat's body with his foot.

MR BLACK
 No. Fuck no. Get the plastic
 outta the trunk. We'll take care
 of this tonight. Then we're gonna
 rethink this job.
 (MORE)

MR BLACK(cont'd)

No one told us about the prospect of five million unaccounted for dollars just laying around this town.

EXT. DEXTER'S HOUSE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: SATURDAY

Wesley walks up to Dexter's door and knocks. In the background Mr White and Mr Black's black Scamp pulls up slowly on the other side of the street.

Dexter opens the door and Wesley flashes his badge. Wesley enters.

INT. MR BLACK/MR WHITE'S CAR - DAY

Mr Black and Mr White stare look over at Dexter's house. From the passenger seat, Mr Black taps Mr White's arm to gain his attention. Mr White turns towards Mr Black to lip read.

MR BLACK

Son-of-a bitch. Did you see that?

Mr White nods.

MR BLACK

There's a lot they didn't tell us about this gig. There weren't suppose to be any feds until Monday and now this cock sucker guardian angel is here.

Mr Black sits back against the passenger door and Mr White turns to look back out the window. Mr Black takes out a harmonica and PLAYS.

EXT. DEXTER'S HOUSE - DAY

Wesley exits the house - Dexter stands in the doorway.

WESLEY

I don't give a shit what you were told, Mr Sulley. I'm telling you to stay put. If I have to come looking for you, I'll null and void any deal you made. Understand?

DEXTER
 (nervous)
 You don't understand, they will
 kill me.

Wesley catches the sound of Mr Blacks HARMONICA and turns to look across the street as the black Scamp pulls away.

WESLEY
 Look, for your own safety - just
 lay low. I'll be checking in on
 you.

Wesley walks off looking down the street where the black Scamp drove off.

INT. SHERIFF OFFICE - DAY

Wesley enters the station. HUSBAND, a older man wearing a trucker hat and looking worried sits in the lobby. Marx and Marylou are at Marylou's desk looking over what appears to be a map.

WESLEY
 Morning.

Marx and Marylou look up. Marylou quickly rolls up the map.

MARX
 Morning.

MARYLOU
 Hey, there, sugar.

Wesley approaches them as Marylou exits with the rolled up papers.

MARYLOU
 Coffee for you boys?

WESLEY
 That would be fine - just fine.

Marx nods.

WESLEY
 Strange town you got here, Sheriff.
 (gives a nod in Marylou's
 direction)
 Strange goings on.

MARX
 That's saying something coming from
 a New York City fella.

WESLEY

Checked up on me, huh? I thought as much.

MARX

Just enough to know you got sent to the Austin office instead of getting canned. Booze and broads - the downfall of many a lawman.

Wesley nods in agreement.

MARX

Don't look so glum, bubba. You think Handle and I are in this shitty town cause we're stellar law men?

WESLEY

No?

MARX

Hell, no. Let's just say we left Uncle Sam on rocky terms.

Marylou returns with coffee.

MARYLOU

Is he going on about his Distinguished Service Cross?

MARX

I certainly was not. I told you not to talk about that shit, Lou.

WESLEY

The Distinguished Service Cross? Really?

MARYLOU

Uh-huh. Him and Handle both.

MARX

Drop it, Lou.

Marylou shrugs and gives Wesley's shoulder a rub before sitting down.

MARX (CONT'D)

Speaking of that son-of-a bitch... is Handle back there?

MARYLOU

Ain't seen him. Probably doing his morning meditation.

WESLEY

Morning meditation?

MARX

Yeah, he got himself wrapped up in some damn gook religious bullshit. Lots of guys did over there.

WESLEY

I see.

MARX

Call him up, Lou? Have him get his ass over here - we got shit to do.

INT. HANDLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

ANGEL ON HANDLE CHEST UP

Handle is bare chested with eyes closed in a meditative state as wisps of incense float around him. Zen MUSIC plays.

Handle is jarred from his state by the RINGING phone. He GROWLS and reaches for the phone - eyes closing again.

HANDLE

Handle.

INTERCUT WITH MARYLOU AT SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

MARYLOU

Morning sunshine.

HANDLE

Jeesus, Marylou. It's Saturday.

MARYLOU

I know what day it is. But I'm here, Sheriff's here, and that Marshal's here - so I suspect you outta be here too.

HANDLE

Fine.

MARYLOU

Hey, we got a trucker in the lobby reporting his wife missing. Apparently went out for some smokes last night and didn't come back. Know anything about that?

Handle's eyes pop open - wide awake.

HANDLE

Sally said some broad was passed out in the bar. Just have him go back to the truck stop and see if she's shown up and call us if she hadn't.

Handle hangs up the phone. Bar Patron's head rises up from between his legs.

HANDLE

Damn, girl, you sure know how to wake a man up proper.

Bar Patron wipes her mouth and then straddles Handle.

BAR PATRON

I sure do know why they call you Handle.

HANDLE

Sweetheart, you're husband's looking for ya.

BAR PATRON

Let 'em look. Serves him right for draggin' me around the country like cargo.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Marylou is in the background talking to Husband.

MARX

So, Wesley, what's a U.S. Marshal doing in Rutherford?

WESLEY

Well, the truth of the matter is...

Bob enters the station and calls out to Marx.

BOB
Sheriff, Sheriff, Sheriff...

Marylou points Bob towards Marx as Husband leaves.

MARX
Over here, Bob.
(to Wesley)
Now what.

Bob comes over to Marx and Wesley.

BOB
Sheriff.

Marx stands.

MARX
You and Tabby fighting again?

BOB
No, sir. Tabby said I either come over and apologize for yesterday or she was leaving. I don't know what came over me. To be honest, Sheriff, I don't remember much, but I sure woke up sore.

MARX
Just you mind what you put up your nose, ya hear?

BOB
Yes, sir. I'm awful sorry.
Whatever you need - you let me know.

Bob turns to walk away. Marx thinks.

MARX
Bob, there is something you can do for me.

BOB
You name it, Sheriff.

Marx walks up to Bob and puts his arm around him escorting him to the door.

MARX
Your neighbor, Fat Don at the junkyard.

(MORE)

MARX(cont'd)

I want you to keep an eye on his place. Any suspicious activity or comings and goings.

BOB

Sure thing, Sheriff.

MARX

Just think he's up to something. Especially if a black Scamp with Tennessee plates rolls by Don's place.

Wesley's perks up and looks over.

BOB

Sure thing.

Bob leaves, walking by Marylou.

BOB

Ma'am.

MARYLOU

Tell Tabby to call me.

Marylou sits down and flips through travel magazine. Marx watches Bob leave.

MARYLOU

Don't know what that cute little thing sees in him.

MARX

Love's a strange thing.

Marylou gives Marx an air KISS and turns to wink at Wesley. Marx returns to his office.

WESLEY

Black Scamp with Tennessee plates, huh?

MARX

Yep, couple of odd ducks in town.

WESLEY

Yeah, I've been running across them. Look like professionals to me.

MARX

Show'd up about the time you did. Related to why you're in town?

WESLEY
(preoccupied)
Maybe.

MARX
Well?

WESLEY
Hm?

MARX
Why are you in town, Marshal?

WESLEY
Prisoner transfer. A Mr Gold is being indicted on a number of federal charges to include drug smuggling, gun running, and money laundering. I'm picking up the escort here in Rutherford and then we're going to federal court in Austin.

Marx and Marylou give each other an uneasy glance.

MARX
Why here in Rutherford?

WESLEY
(grins)
Well, it is the crossroads of America, now isn't it?

MARX
How about some professional courtesy?

WESLEY
Sorry. I use to be funny. Truth of the matter is when I leave - I'm taking Dexter Sully with me.

MARX
Dexter?

MARYLOU
Our banker?

WESLEY
That's right.

MARX
What for?

WESLEY

That I don't know. I just got my orders to bring him to federal court.

MARX

You think these fellas from Tennessee might be here to give you trouble?

WESLEY

That's my thinking. Mr Gold, he's, well, he's reportedly connected to powerful people who aren't happy he's in custody.

MARX

Well, let's give them a visit and give their metal a testing. Only a couple of places they can be staying at.

WESLEY

Certain they're not at the Bee's Inn where I'm staying.

MARX

Lou, try and catch Handle at home and tell him to meet Wesley and me at the Roadside Motel.

INT. HANDLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bar Patron is straddled on top of Handle riding him. The phone RINGS.

HANDLE

God damn it, I'm coming already!

INT. DON'S JUNKYARD/OFFICE - DAY

Don sits in the dim, dingy office playing solitaire and drinking a beer. Skinny and Wheels enter.

SKINNY

All right, we got that old '70 SS Chevelle hauled into the shop. Shouldn't be a problem getting her up and running.

DON
Have a seat, boys.

Skinny grabs two beers from the mini-fridge and joins Wheels on an old car seat.

WHEELS
What's going on, boss?

DON
Guess who came by here yesterday.

Skinny and Wheels look at each other and shrug.

SKINNY
The fuckin' Queen of England and
the rest of the royal family?

Wheels CHUCKLES. Don SNORTS with a weak smile - not amused. His face gets grim.

DON
The Travelers.

Skinny swallows hard and Wheels goes quite, his smirk vanishes.

SKINNY
Goddamn it, Don, you sure? I
thought they was just make believe.

DON
Oh, they real all right and they
came by full of serious business.

WHEELS
Jesus and buttered rice.

SKINNY
Well, what did they want, Don?
They ain't after us, is they?

Don gathers his cards together and shuffles.

DON
No, they're not after us. Word's
come down, boys. The whole
operation is folding up. They got
Mr Gold and he's singing like a
magpie. But he ain't ever gonna
make it to Austin.

SKINNY
 (hushed tone)
 The Travelers.

WHEELS
 (hushed tones)
 The Travelers.

DON
 That's right.

SKINNY
 So what's suppose to happen to us?

DON
 We've been told to relocate and
 join the operation in Del Rio.
 Seems our services are appreciated.
 But don't be talkin' to nobody
 about this.

Don lays down the two JOKERS from the deck of cards.

DON (CONT'D)
 Especially that Sheriff Marx and
 Handle - they ain't coming, they're
 gonna take the fall.

Don pushes the two Joker cards off the table.

WHEELS
 (spits on the ground)
 Couldn't happen to a nicer pair of
 pricks.

SKINNY
 Sure gonna miss that ol' titty bar.

WHEELS
 I'm sure they got titty bars in Del
 Rio. When we leaving?

DON
 We ain't.

Huh?

SKINNY

What?

WHEELS

DON
 At least not to Del Rio we ain't.

SKINNY
 What you got in mind, Don?

DON

I don't know about you boys, but
I'm tired of steppin' and fetchin'
for these rich assholes.

Don lays down the Ace of Diamonds.

DON (CONT'D)

I happen to know that there's five
million that ain't been shipped out
yet.

Don lays down four Kings around the Ace of Diamonds.

DON (CONT'D)

When the feds come through with
Gold, you bet your ass they'll be
seizing that dirty money as
evidence.

SKINNY

What's that gotta do with us?

DON

We're gonna take that money, boys.

Don puts down three JACKS.

DON (CONT'D)

Three motivated men can accomplish
anything.

WHEELS

You want us to go up against a
buncha Marshals? Shit, they'll
probably have Rangers with them
too.

Don punctuates his speech by laying Tens on each Jack.

DON

Gonna even the odds by fixing up
that Chevelle and using the guns
from yesterday's shipment. This is
our chance to getaway and getaway
rich.

SKINNY

So you think you got this all
figured good?

Don SNAPS a card from the deck.

DON
All but for the unpredictable
fickled finger of fate, boys.

Don lays down the Queen of Hearts.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

PULL BACK FROM CLOSE ON MARYLOU

Marylou talks with Sally.

SALLY
Just not like her not to check in.

MARYLOU
Where was her last trick?

SALLY
She said she was stopping by
Dexter's place, but I talked to him
and he said she left around ten-
thirty.

MARYLOU
I'm sure it's nothing. You know
how these girls are. Probably ran
off to Vegas for greener pastures.

SALLY
Maybe. Don't seem like Kat to do
that and not say 'see ya.' I got a
bad feeling, Lou. Have you been
hearing about those murdered girls?

MARYLOU
I've heard. Oh, I'm sure it'll all
be fine, but I'll have the boys
look into it when they get back.

SALLY
Thanks, sweetie.

Marylou and Sally exchange cheek kisses and Sally leaves. A
gloom falls over Marylou.

INT. ROADSIDE MOTEL/MR BLACK-MR WHITE'S ROOM - DAY

Mr Black and Mr White are barefoot wearing white tee shirts with their black pants. Mr Black is cleaning his Colt 1911, Mr White is cleaning a high powered rifle.

There is a loud KNOCK on the door.

Mr Black jumps from the bed and looks through the peep hole.

PEEPHOLE

Marx, Handle, and Wesley stand outside the door. Handle is KNOCKING.

HANDLE (O.S.)
Sheriff's department - open up!

The KNOCKING continues. Mr Black motions for Mr White to hide the gun. Mr White shoves the rifle under the bed and Mr Black tucks the 1911 in his rear waistband.

Mr Black opens the door.

MR BLACK
Good morning, gentlemen. Is there a problem?

Handle brushes by Mr Black, who stands aside as Marx and Wesley file into the room.

HANDLE
No problem - we're just the welcoming committee.

Wesley passes Mr Black and sticks by Marx while Handle looks over the room and sizes up Mr White.

MR BLACK
Well, we meet again, Irish. I assure you, I left that waitress alone as you instructed.

MARX
Not here about a waitress, Mister...?

MR BLACK
Black. Mister Black.

WESLEY
Full name, friend.

MR BLACK
Mister Black is my full name.

HANDLE
Bullshit.

MR BLACK
It is America - I have a right to
that name, don't I?

MARX
ID, buddy.

MR BLACK
ID?

MARX
You guys been driving that Scamp
out there, so someone better be
licensed.

MR BLACK
Of course, Sheriff. We cooperate
with all law enforcement.

Mr Black takes his wallet from the top of a bureau, removes
his Tennessee license and hands it to Marx.

MARX
(chuckles)
Son-of-a-bitch.

Marx hands the license over to Wesley to see.

MARX (CONT'D)
It does say Mister Black.

HANDLE
(to Mr White)
I suppose that makes you Mister
White.

MR BLACK
It does, actually.

HANDLE
(to Mr Black)
Not talking to you, green teeth.
(to Mr White)
(MORE)

HANDLE(cont'd)

How about it big guy - what's your story.

MR BLACK

I beg your pardon, officer, but Mr White is deaf mute and although he reads lips - doesn't speak.

HANDLE

Well, ain't you a pair.

WESLEY

(abruptly)

What are you two doing in town?

MR BLACK

I beg your pardon?

Marx signals to Wesley to standby and Wesley backs off.

MARX

There's been some trouble and we're just goin' around accounting for folks - that's all.

MR BLACK

No trouble from us, Sheriff. We're just musicians.

WESLEY

Musicians?

Wesleys eyes shift to the trumpet case.

MR BLACK

Traveling musicians. Ask Sally over at Desperados. We auditioned yesterday afternoon. Oh, we love playing the South - always a church or bar on every corner. Let me show you...

Mr Black shoves his hand into his pants pocket. Handle, Marx, and Wesley all put their hands on their gun butts.

Mr Black freezes.

MR BLACK

Whoa, gentleman.

HANDLE

Move easy, mister.

Mr Black slowly removes his harmonica from his pants pocket. Handle, Marx, and Wesley ease down.

HANDLE

So you two are musicians, but he's deaf. Sounds like bullshit.

MR BLACK

Not at all. Mr White is a great trumpet player.

Marx walks over to the trumpet case. He unsnaps the case, there is an eerie silence not knowing what will be uncovered. He opens the lid revealing - a shiny trumpet. Marx grabs it and tosses it to Mr White.

MARX

Prove it.

Mr Black nods to Mr White and Mr White puts the trumpet to his pouting lips.

MR BLACK

Usually we charge a small fee for performing.

WESLEY

Just fucking play.

Mr Black warms up on the HARMONICA and then points the instrument at Mr White. Mr White TRUMPETS an up-beat version of "When the Saints Go Marching In" (like Louis Armstrong version).

MR BLACK

(singing)

Oh, when the saints go marching in
Oh, when the saints go marching in
Oh, how I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in.

Mr Black gives Mr White the cut off sign and, warming up the HARMONICA again...

MR BLACK

That's for the church folk. For the bar patrons...

Mr Black points the instrument at Mr White. Mr White TRUMPETS "Hit the Road Jack".

MR BLACK

(singing)

Oh! Woman, oh woman, don't treat me
so mean / You're the meanest old
woman that I've ever seen. / I
guess if you said so / I'd have to
pack my things and go. / That's
right / Hit the road Jack and don't
you come back no more, no more, no
more, no more. / Hit the road Jack
and don't you come back no more.

While Mr Black and Mr White perform, Handle looks down and sees the rifle butt peeking out from under the bed. Handle's gaze wanders to the mirror exposing the back of Mr White where the Colt 1911 is seen tucked in his waistband. Handle looks over at Marx. Marx looks back at Handle who is slowly going for his revolver.

Mr Black gives Mr White the cut off signal.

WESLEY

That's very impressive, but the
fact is...

MARX

Sorry to disturb you gentlemen.
The Rutherford Sheriff's department
thanks you for your cooperation.

WESLEY

But, Sheriff...

MARX

Let's go, boys.

MR BLACK

Any time, Sheriff.

Marx, Handle, and Wesley exit the room. Marx keeps his front to them and pushes out Handle and Wesley with his back and arms out.

MR BLACK

(mutters to self)

Too much damn heat in this town.

(to Mr White)

We move out tomorrow. Lets lay low
and figure an angle for that five
million. Pay a visit to our friend
Dexter.

Mr Black plays HARMONICA as he looks out the window at the departing law officers.

MR BLACK
(staring out window)
Yes sir. Get that money and
getaway.

EXT. ROADSIDE MOTEL/PARKING LOT - DAY

The Sheriff car and Handle's car are parked in the lot.
Handle, Marx, and Wesley head for the cars.

WESLEY
That's what you call an
investigation?

MARX
Didn't feel like having a shoot-out
at the OK Corral this morning, if
that's all right, Marshal.

WESLEY
They were armed? I knew they were
up to something. Why aren't we
arresting them?

HANDLE
For what? Having guns in Texas?

WESLEY
These guys are pro's, I'm telling
you.

MARX
Hey, Wesley, I agree. But right
now we ain't got squat. I want to
know more about what's going on -
don't you?

WESLEY
It will be too late by then.

MARX
I'll have Sally have one of her
girls keep an eye on their car. If
they go anywhere - we'll know.
Okay?

WESLEY
I guess.

MARX
Let's work together, Marshal. I
don't want to blow this anymore
then you do.

WESLEY
Okay, Sheriff. We'll try it your
way.

Wesley walks off to the Sheriff car and Marx pulls Handle
aside.

MARX
Go let Sally know what's going on.

HANDLE
I'm on it.

Marx looks long and hard at Handle.

HANDLE (CONT'D)
What's wrong, boss?

MARX
You got my back, brother?

HANDLE
Always. What the fuck, Marx?

MARX
Nothing. Shit's getting all out of
whack - that's all.

HANDLE
SNAFU, baby. Ain't the first time.

MARX
Yep.

Handle pats Marx on the arm.

HANDLE
See ya back at the station.

MARX
Yep.

INT. BOB'S DOUBLE-WIDE - NIGHT

Tabby watches TV as she paints her toe nails. Bob is passed
out drunk with a bottle in his lap. Bob FARTS.

TABBY
Eew - fuckin' pig.

Tabby gets up and, stepping careful as to not smudge her nail polish, opens windows. BANGING on metal sounds enter the home. Tabby pushes on Bob to wake him.

BOB
Whaat?

TABBY
Go to bed or something. And change your drawers. I think you shit yourself.

Bob gets up for his chair and looks around.

BOB
What's that sound?

TABBY
Workin' on something across the street. People ain't got no manners. Making all that noise this late at night.

Bob heads for the front door.

TABBY (CONT'D)
Bob, where do you think you're going?

BOB
I'm just gonna check it out, okay, honey?

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob staggers from his house onto the porch. He pulls his overalls over then reaches back inside his drawers. He pulls his hand out and smells his fingers.

BOB
Ewww...

EXT. DON'S JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Bob stumbles across the street as a combination of WELDING and POUNDING on metal gets louder with his approach to the junkyard.

Bob gets to a good vantage point where he is hidden and looks in the garage. Wheels has his welding goggles on and spot beads to the Chevelle. Several pieces of metal are already welded on like armor. Next to Skinny is a pile of junk automatic weapons. Skinny flips down his welding mask spots a fully automatic RPD receiver back together.

Bob looks on in awe. Skinny puts the freshly welded receiver aside and grabs another gun, he racks the bolt inspects the inside and begins tearing it down.

Bob backs away. He steps on a pile of old hubcaps and falls over. Wheels and Skinny stop and turn their heads looking outside. Bob crawls underneath a tarp that has other old parts under it.

Skinny still has the gun in his hand and walks out to investigate. His feet land near Bob's head. He lifts mask and looks around. Wheels stands in the doorway of the garage. Skinny looks to his feet at the pile of hubcaps. He kicks them.

WHEELS

What is it?

Skinny turns and walks back to the garage.

SKINNY

Just a pile of some shit fell over.

INT. BOB'S DOUBLE-WIDE - NIGHT

Tabby looks up from watching TV as Bob bolts into the home out of breath.

BOB

Where are my keys?

TABBY

Your keys? You ain't driving anywhere - your stone cold drunk.

BOB

I gotta tell the Sheriff, Tabby. I promised.

TABBY

Tell him in the morning when you've sobered up. Now hush - I'm watching my shows.

BOB

Drive me.

TABBY

I ain't goin' anywhere. It's my night off and I'm not moving an inch. What's so damn important anyhow?

BOB

It's a mission for the Sheriff. Can't tell ya.

TABBY

Oh, brother.

BOB

What's his number?

TABBY

Fuck if I know. It ain't gonna be listed, I can tell you that. Just wait until morning, Bob. Stop being an ass.

Bob drags a chair over to a front window that faces Don's junkyard. He PLOPS down on the chair.

BOB

I'll keep an eye out all night and talk to the Sheriff in the morning.

TABBY

Whatever.

Tabby goes back to watching TV and grits her teeth as Bob starts to SNORE.

EXT. DEVIL'S PASS RIVERBANK - DAY

Marx walks up from the riverbank towards the Sheriff car that is parked by an ambulance. In the background, Handle is by the river's edge with two MEDICS.

SUPERIMPOSE: SUNDAY

Kat's body wrapped in plastic. The plastic has been removed from her face.

Marx reaches the Sheriff car and reaches in for the radio mic.

MARX
 (into radio)
 Car One to base.

MARYLOU (O.S.)
 (from radio)
 Go ahead Car One.

MARX
 It's her, Lou. I'm sorry.

Marx lets up on the radio.

MARX
 Shit.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Marylou looks at the radio in disbelief.

MARX (O.S.)
 (from radio)
 Better call Sally. See if Kat had
 any next of kin she knew about.

MARYLOU
 (into radio)
 Jesus, Marx, what's going on here?

INTERCUT WITH MARX OUTSIDE HIS CAR.

MARX
 I don't know, honey. A hell of a
 thing to get called out to on a
 Sunday morning.

MARYLOU
 She's number three, Marx. This is
 bad ju ju. Like the world's
 falling apart.

MARX
 Number three?

MARYLOU
 The cheerleader in Mississippi, the
 hooker in Louisiana, and now Kat.
 It's like judgement day's coming
 for us.

MARX

Now, Lou, don't get wound up. We gotta keep our thinking straight if we're gonna get out of this.

(pause)

Call Wesley. Have him get to the station. We're headin' back.

INT. JONES'S HOME - DAY

The phone RINGS relentlessly. Jones picks it up. He is dressed in his Sunday best.

JONES

(into phone)

Hello... ridiculous... all right patch him through.

(pause)

Wesley?

INT. BEES INN/WESLEY'S ROOM - DAY

Wesley cradles the phone as he gets dressed.

WESLEY

(into phone)

Hey, boss, sorry to bother you.

INTERCUT WITH JONES AT HIS HOME.

JONES

Well, you are bothering me. I'm headed out the door with the family for morning worship. This had better be good.

WESLEY

There was a murder here. A dancer named Kat got her neck broke and dumped in the river.

JONES

Don't get distracted, Wesley. You have a job to do.

WESLEY

But, boss, this may be connected to those murdered girls in Mississippi and Louisiana.

JONES

Then that's an FBI issue. You just sit on Dexter Sully and I'll be there tomorrow.

WESLEY

I'll just go over and see if Marx needs any help.

JONES

The Sheriff? Negative. You listen to me, Wesley. Don't get involved with the local law, you hear? They're as crooked and up to their necks in this as it gets.

WESLEY

Come on, boss, these guys are war heros.

JONES

The only heros from that war are in the grave as far as I'm concerned.

WESLEY

I just don't agree with you on that one, boss.

JONES

Son, if you get me to cussing on the Lord's day I will bury you in paperwork. You do as I say and steer clear of those two.

Wesley answers to the CLICK of the phone line on the other end.

WESLEY

Yes... sir.

Wesley grabs his gun and leaves the room.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Marylou and Marx sit around and watch as Handle finishes the last of the Monte Alban - swallowing the worm.

MARX

Jeeesus, Handle.

HANDLE

My life's gonna change now.

The phone RINGS and Marylou answers.

MARYLOU
(into phone)
Sheriff's office... Hey, Sally...
uh-huh... thanks, sweetie.

Marylou hangs up.

MARYLOU
Sally says those two fellas from
Tennessee are on the move. They
checked out.

MARX
Let's go, partner.

Handle and Marx rush to leave.

Wesley enters the station as they pass by him in the door.

WESLEY
Where you are guys off to?

MARX (CONT'D)
Wesley I need your resources to
help Lou find more information on
those murdered girls and these two
cock suckers from Tennessee.

Marylou grabs a hold of Marx's arm and turns him towards her.
Their eyes lock for a moment and she caresses his cheek.

MARYLOU
Careful, baby. These are bad men.

MARX
These are the bad men.

HANDLE
Let's go, boss.

Marylou gives Handle a slap on the ass.

MARYLOU
(to Handle)
You take care of my baby, you hear?

Handle nods to Marylou and he leaves with Marx.

INT. BOB'S DOUBLE-WIDE - DAY

Bob wakes with a START up in his chair - sunlight streaming in through the open window. He rushes to the kitchen counter and scrambles through the mess - finally locating his keys. He leaves the home.

EXT. ROUTE 62 TRUCK STOP - DAY

Marx sits outside the Route 62 Truck Stop watching Mr Black and Mr White gas up and fill an old gas can. Mr Black stretches. Handle enters the car.

HANDLE

Jesus! Don't you hate toilets?

MARX

What?

HANDLE

Why can't they make a deep dish bowl anyhow. Gotta hover that mother fucker to wipe my ass so my dink don't dip in the water.

Marx shakes his head then sees The Travelers pulling out.

MARX

Time to run these fuckers out of town.

INT. MR BLACK/MR WHITE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Mr White drives as Mr Black plays HARMONICA. In the rearview mirror the Sheriff's car comes up fast with lights FLASHING.

Mr White sees Sheriff's car in the rearview mirror and turns to look behind him. Mr White taps Mr Black and points behind them. Mr Black looks out the rear window.

MR BLACK

We have guest.

Black turns to White.

MR BLACK

Let me do the talking now hmmm..

EXT. ROUTE 62 - DAY

Mr White pulls the car over to the side of the road and the Sheriff's car pulls in behind the black Scamp.

INT. MR BLACK/MR WHITE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Mr Black places his pistol underneath his leg.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Wesley slams the phone down.

WESLEY

Nothing, no Mr Black and no Mr
White no Tennessee plate on file.

Wesley looks over to Marylou who is in a blank stare.

WESLEY

I'm sorry about Kat - she was a
friend of yours?

Marylou comes out of it.

MARYLOU

She was a sweet young woman. Only
luck her body was found.

WESLEY

How's that?

MARYLOU

Whoever...

(pauses)

... put her body there didn't know
that Devil's Pass is deep, but has
slow currents. She floated to
shore instead of being carried
away.

Wesley leans over and gives Marylou's shoulder a squeeze, she returns the gesture by giving his hand a squeeze.

WESLEY

I'm so sorry, Lou.

Marylou nods and turns her attention to the radio.

MARYLOU
(into radio)
Base to Car One. Car One come in.

There is no reply.

MARYLOU
Marx? Handle?

Dead air.

WESLEY
I'm going out there.

MARYLOU
I'm sure they're just busy.

WESLEY
I don't like - too much shit's been
going down. I'm going - you keep
trying to raise them.

MARYLOU
Be careful.

INT. BOB'S WRECKER (MOVING) - DAY

Bob drives down Route 62 heading into town. His eyes grow wide as he slows down.

BOB
Oh, my sweet, Lord.

INT. WESLEY'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Wesley speeds down Route 62 out of town. In the distance he sees black smoke billowing.

WESLEY
What have those guys done?

EXT. ROUTE 62 - DAY

Bob exits his wrecker BREATHING hard and unable to form words.

INT. WESLEY'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Wesley's eyes grow wide as he slams on the brakes.

WESLEY

Fuck me!

EXT. ROUTE 62 - DAY

Wesley's car SCREECHES to a halt behind a smoldering Sheriff's car with flames still flickering. Bob's wrecker is pulled off on the side of the road and BOB is sitting up against it BLUBBERING.

Wesley approaches the car and looks inside.

INT. SHERIFF CAR - DAY

Two blackened bodies are in the front seat with service belts and holstered guns still around the waists. The body in the driver's seat has one hand draped over the steering wheel. The hand is missing a forefinger.

EXT. ROUTE 62 - DAY

Wesley stumbles back in revulsion. He GAGS and fights the urge to vomit. He regains his breath.

WESLEY

Fuck!

Wesley kicks the burnt Sheriff's car.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Fuck! Fuck! FUCK!

EXT. DON'S JUNKYARD - DAY

Bob unhooks the burnt Sheriff's car from the wrecker. He walks over and gets into his wrecker. Bob drives slowly out of the junkyard past Don sitting in his chair outside his office.

Bob stops the wrecker and looks at Don. Don looks at Bob. Bob returns his gaze forward and drives across the street to his house. Don watches him go.

EXT. BOB'S DOUBLE-WIDE - DAY

Bob exits his wrecker and walks over to his house and enters. Bob is seen looking out of the front window. Bob closes the drapes.

EXT. DON'S JUNKYARD - DAY

Don stares across the street at Bob's house.

EXT. MARX AND MARYLOU'S HOUSE/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Wesley KNOCKS on the door and Marylou opens the door. She wears her robe and holds a drink in one hand.

MARYLOU
Thanks for coming over.

Marylou turns around and Wesley follows her into the house.

WESLEY
Of course.

Wesley shuts the door.

INT. MARX AND MARYLOU'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marylou leads Wesley into the living room. Wesley looks around as Marylou goes to the bar.

MARYLOU
Drink?

WESLEY
No - I don't...

MARYLOU
(sternly)
Drink.

WESLEY
Yeah. Sure. What are we drinking?

MARYLOU
A beer for Marx and a tequila
chaser for Handle.

WESLEY
Okay.

Marylou motions to the couch and goes about getting the drinks. Wesley goes over and sits.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

I made some calls. There'll be some extra Rangers coming in tomorrow with the prisoner transport. They'll start the investigation.

On the coffee table, Wesley notices a dusty display case containing the Distinguished Service Cross. He holds it up to Marylou as she approaches with a tray containing two beers and jelly jars half full of tequila.

WESLEY

Dusty.

MARYLOU

I found it in the closet. Marx never had it out.

Marylou puts the tray on the table and hands Wesley a jelly glass of tequila.

WESLEY

That's a hell of a shot.

Marylou raises her glass to Wesley and Wesley mirrors her. They look at each other for a beat and then Marylou downs her tequila. Wesley follows suit.

Marylou sits next to Wesley on the couch and hands him his beer. She takes a long pull from her beer. Marylou leans her head on Wesley's shoulder.

They sit in silence.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

My boss says Marx and Handle were dirty.

MARYLOU

You know how they got those medals? They was pinned down on Hill 51. Most of their unit dead or retreating. Marx saw a VC head into a tunnel and went after him - Handle laid down cover fire.

WESLEY

You don't have to tell me all this.

MARYLOU

Shut up. I want you to know how much of a dick your boss is talking about two slain officers like that.

WESLEY

Okay.

MARYLOU

Marx got down that tunnel and caught up to that little fucker who was going for reinforcements. Ever fight one-on-one in a little rat tunnel?

Wesley shakes his head. Marylou becomes quietly tearful.

MARYLOU

Marx stabbed the shit out of that VC, but they don't die fast. He had to bite out that VC's tongue to keep him quiet.

WESLEY

Jesus, Marylou.

MARYLOU

Cause of Marx and Handle the Americans held the hill. Later of course they were court marshaled in a supply scheme stealing booze from generals and running it to the troops. You think that overshadows what they did for their country?

WESLEY

I don't

MARYLOU

You can tell that boss of yours to go fuck himself.

WESLEY

He'll be here tomorrow if you'd like to deliver the message in person.

MARYLOU

He's coming out for a prisoner transfer?

WESLEY

I haven't been a hundred percent, Marylou. It's more than a prisoner transfer. There's going to be a raid on the bank.

MARYLOU

Our bank?

WESLEY

We got information that there's millions in dirty money from drug and gun running that's been going on in this and other towns.

MARYLOU

You don't think...

WESLEY

Marylou, don't say a thing. I don't know what to think about who in this town is involved or not involved. I'm just saying it's going to happen tomorrow and...

Marylou looks at Wesley deeply. She caresses his face.

WESLEY

... and I think it's best if you weren't around. You hear me, Marylou? You need to getaway. This town's going to be shut down and there isn't going to be anything left but heartache and indictments.

Marylou pulls Wesley's face to hers. They take each other in for a beat and then kiss passionately.

EXT. ACCESS ROAD BEHIND DON'S JUNKYARD - NIGHT

The black Scamp, with headlights off, coasts to a quiet halt beside the junkyard perimeter fence. The REVING of an engine comes from inside the junkyard compound.

INT. DON'S JUNKYARD/GARAGE - NIGHT

Skinny and Wheels are tuning up the engine. With Skinny under the hood and Wheels in the driver's seat, the engine REVS into perfect timing. Don walks in.

DON
Sounds solid.

Skinny steps away from the engine.

SKINNY
She'll take rounds and keep right
on a going.

Wheels pats the weapons.

WHEELS
And she'll spit some rounds back
too!

DON
Just mind you don't mow anyone
down, ya hear? Stealing will piss
'em off, but mass murder will put
'em on a crusade - so suppressive
fire only.

SKINNY
Yes, boss.

WHEELS
Yes, boss.

DON
She fast?

WHEELS
She's a runner, four seconds off
the fly; got a four and a half inch
cubic holly double pumper that
hadn't even kicked in yet.

Wheels REVS the engine.

DON
Good job, boys. This time tomorrow
we'll be across the border and
millionaires. Lock up on your way
out. I'm off to the Desperado to
settle some accounts with Sally.
See ya all at the rendezvous point.

Don leaves.

SKINNY
Gotta take a piss.

WHEELS
Hurry up - I don't wanna do all
this by myself.

Skinny goes out to the junkyard. Wheels loads ammo into the car. From the junkyard there is a CRASH and a cat SCREAMS. Wheels freezes and listens.

WHEELS
(calling out)
You all right, Skinny? What's the
matter? Cat got your dick?

No answer. Wheels shakes his head and continues to load ammo.

Skinny stands in the doorway with the wielding mask pulled down - urine soaking the front of his pants. He stares at the engine under the open hood.

Wheels turns to grab other items and is startled by the quiet figure in the doorway.

WHEELS
Shit! You scared me - what the
fuck you doin'?

Skinny does not move.

WHEELS
Boy, did you piss yourself?

Skinny slowly turns his head to look at Wheels.

WHEELS
Stop acting like a freak and get
your ass over here. Help me load
this shit.

EXT. NORTHSTAR BANK - DAY

The early morning stillness is SHATTER by US Marshal and Texas Ranger vehicles and an armored car screeching to a halt in front of the bank. The cars IDLE - waiting.

SUPERIMPOSE: MONDAY

INT. MARX AND MARYLOU'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wesley wakes up with a start on the couch - alone in the room. He wears only a t-shirt and boxers. He looks at his watch as he rubs his aching head.

WESLEY

Oh, fuck me.

Wesley jumps into his clothes as he runs out the door.

EXT. NORTHSTAR BANK - DAY

Jones steps out of his vehicle as Texas Rangers 1 and 2 step out of theirs. The window rolls down on one of the vehicles and SEYMOUR, another US Marshal, sticks his head out of the driver side window.

SEYMOUR

Want me to bring Gold out?

JONES

Hold up on that. Where the hell is Wesley?

INT. NORTHSTAR BANK - DAY

Dexter sits at his desk with his face in his hands. He notices the envelope left by Mr Black on Friday. Dexter opens the envelope and removes the note. The matchstick drops out of the envelope and onto the desk.

Dexter reads the note and is overcome with anxiety. He looks up at the half open vault.

INT. NORTHSTAR BANK/VAULT - DAY

Dexter enters the vault carrying a metal waste basket. There is no money in the vault. Dexter takes out a key and opens a safety deposit box. He removes a large ledger.

EXT. NORTHSTAR BANK - DAY

Wesley pulls up SHARPLY along side the other law enforcement vehicles. He pops out of the car and heads straight for Jones.

JONES

Nice of you to join the party.

WESLEY

Sorry, boss.

JONES

You look like hell.

WESLEY

Up late dealing with the murder of
the Sheriff and his Deputy.

JONES

Harrumph. Where's Dexter.

WESLEY

He ain't here? I stopped by his
house and he was gone. I
figured...

They both look at the bank.

JONES

Damn it all!

Jones and Wesley rush to the front doors of the bank tailed
by Rangers 1 and 2. Ranger 2 has a large crowbar. The bank
doors are locked.

JONES

Break it!

Ranger 2 pries the door open and they all rush in.

INT. NORTHSTAR BANK - DAY

Jones, Wesley, and Rangers 1 and 2 run into the bank.

WESLEY

Dexter!

JONES

Something's burning!

INT. NORTHSTAR BANK/VAULT - DAY

A paper fire burns in the metal waste basket. Dexter drops
the ledger into the waste basket as Jones sprints into the
room and PLOWS into Dexter, dragging the banker to the
ground. Wesley comes in on the heels of Jones and KICKS the
waste basket, sending the ledger and burning material
SKIPPING across the vault floor.

Jones scrambles to keep a hold of Dexter who paws his way
towards the ledger.

DEXTER

No! No! You can't have it!
They'll kill me!

Wesley picks up the ledger and BRUSHES of some sparks and smoke as Ranger 1 and 2 enter the vault. Jones has climbed up onto the now CRYING Dexter and the men struggle.

Wesley circles around trying to find a way into the struggle.

WESLEY
Dexter, stop this! It's over.
Settle down, son.

Jones posts up on Dexter and Dexter reaches towards Jones side and pulls Jones firearm.

WESLEY
GUN!

JONES
Fuck!

Rangers 1 and 2 pull their guns as Dexter places the gun under his chin and BLOWS the top of his head across the vault floor. Jones springs up in revulsion.

JONES
Jesus, Mary, mother fucker!

WESLEY
You all right, boss?

Jones gathers his wits together and nods his head. Everyone is working their ears in an attempt to clear them from the loud gunshot. Jones turns to Ranger 1.

JONES
Bring that son-of-a-bitch Gold in here.

Ranger 1 exits.

WESLEY
There're too many people dying over this case, boss.

JONES
I'll bet the names in that ledger will tell you why. But my question is...

Jones gestures to the empty vault.

JONES
Where's all the money?

INT. NORTHSTAR BANK - DAY

Seymour brings MR GOLD, a smarmy looking man, into the bank and sits him down roughly on a chair in front of a desk as Jones and Wesley exit the vault.

MR GOLD
Smells like somethin' burning. You fellas having some trouble?

JONES
There's no money. You lied - deals off.

MR GOLD
Now hold on, I didn't lie. No, sir, not one bit. You get ol' Dexter to talk. He'll tell you everything I said was gospel.

WESLEY
We will ask Dexter, as soon as we scrape enough of his brains off the floor so he can talk again.

MR GOLD
Oh, I see. This is that good cop, bad cop. I got a killing waitin' fer me if I don't step to? Is that it?

JONES
Look, I don't have the patients for your bullshit. The money is not in the bank. Period.

MR GOLD
I never said it was in the bank. I said the money was laundered out of the town. You just assumed it was kept at a bank.

WESLEY
Then where is it?

MR GOLD
I'd like to take this opportunity to renegotiate. All charges dropped and relocation to an undisclosed country of my choosing.

Wesley steps towards Mr Gold and SMASHES him square across the face with the ledger. Sending Mr Gold flying out of the chair.

JONES

Wesley! Not like that. We don't operate like that.

Wesley is breathing hard as Seymour helps Mr Gold back up to the chair.

WESLEY

Tell me Mr Gold - does that make me a good cop or a bad cop?

Mr Gold rubs his red face.

MR GOLD

(to Jones)

Better hogtie your boy, Marshal.

JONES

Listen to me, Gold. I don't make deals, understand? Cooperate or lose what little protection you got.

Mr Gold thinks this over. Jones becomes impatient.

JONES

While you're thinking, me and the boys are going outside for a smoke. Wesley, you stay and watch over Mr Gold.

MR GOLD

Now hold on now. Shit. You all as crooked as a mesquite tree. You want the dirty money? Take me to the Sheriff's office.

Jones and Wesley exchange looks.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE/EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Ranger 1 opens one of many brown leather bags. It is full of money. Jones and Wesley stand in the door way with Mr Gold in the background standing by Ranger 2 who holds the crowbar.

WESLEY

I don't believe it.

MR GOLD
Believe it. This was a major
operation. Hell, most of the town
was in on it one way or another.

WESLEY
(to Ranger 2)
Get that piece of shit out of here.

Ranger 2 takes Mr Gold away as Ranger 1 grabs two of the
brown leather bags and walks out.

RANGER 1
Load up, I reckon.

JONES
I'm sorry, Wesley. I truly am.

Wesley stands bewildered. Jones takes the ledger from Wesley
and shoves it in a half empty money bag.

JONES
Come on - help load.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

All the bags have been placed inside the armored truck.
Ranger's 1 and 2 stand by Mr Gold as Mr Gold sucks down a
cigarette.

JONES
All right lets go!

The DRIVER of the armored car starts to climb inside. A SHOT
SMACKS Mr Gold in the chest, spinning him down to the ground
and sending a spray of blood.

Everyone ducks for cover as a barrage of GUN FIRE strifes
buildings and vehicles, the driver leaving the door swinging
open. Looking around, Wesley grits his teeth and makes a
made dash to the armored car. On the way he grabs Driver and
pulls Driver with him to the armored car.

A massive FIRE fight ensues. The Chevelle, driven by Welding
Goggles Mask Man in tan coveralls, rolls from the corner of a
building keeping the armored passenger side toward the
Rangers and Marshals.

At the rear of the armored car, Wesley indicates to the
Driver to get into the cab.

Scared out of his wits, the Driver crawls under the WHIZZING bullets towards the cab as Wesley jumps into the back of the armored car and closes the doors behind him.

The Welding Mask Man wearing dark blue coveralls walks beside the Chevelle, laying down fire with an M-60. Welding Mask Man and Chevelle move in tandem raining hell down on vehicles and buildings. They make it to the armored car. Welding Mask Man is between the armored car and the Chevelle, which provides cover.

Driver is fumbling to get into the cab. Welding Mask Man throws the dry M-60 and grabs the Driver. Welding Mask Man SMACKS Driver's head off the side of the armored car. The Driver drops his keys as he falls and Welding Mask Man picks up the keys and climbs into the cab.

The Chevelle and armored car take off. Rangers scramble to get into vehicles still operating.

The chase ensues, the Chevelle and the armored car separate ways, two follow the armored truck and one follows the Chevelle.

AWESOME CHASE AND SHOOT OUT CONTINUES

INT. ARMORED CAR/BACK (MOVING) - DAY

Wesley struggles to keep from falling as the armored car BOUNCES and RUMBLES at high speeds. Wesley covers one ear with his left hand and jams his other ear against the shoulder of his gun arm. He FIRES rounds through the separation wall.

INT. ARMORED CAR/CAB - DAY

A round gets through, striking the Welding Mask Man in the shoulder, splattering blood all over the interior.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

The Chevelle SKIDS onto a dirt road toward the armored car and the Rangers.

ANGLE ON FRONT OF CHEVELLE

Chevelle SPEEDS forward with Ski Mask Man maneuvering the car.

INT. RANGERS CAR (MOVING) - DAY

TEXAS RANGER 1, sweating profusely, grabs the radio.

TEXAS RANGER 1
Devil's Pass! Coming up on Devil's
Pass!

EXT. DEVIL'S PASS - DAY

Both vehicles RATTLE across the bridge and head to a three leg intersection that looks like a broken pitchfork. Across the street is a black and white striped blockade sign - a warning that the road ends to a gradient down into a river.

The Chevelle MUSCLES toward the armored car down a dirt road.

The armored car stops in the middle of the intersection.

TEXAS RANGER 1
He's stopping in the intersection!

The Ranger cars SKID into a felony stop position. Texas Ranger 1 and Texas Ranger 2 bursts out of their vehicles with weapons drawn as...

The back door of the armored car SLAMS open - Wesley stumbles out the back and falls on the ground.

RANGER 1
Officer down on scene - Hold your
fire!

Wesley crawls away from the armored car as fast as he can.

The Chevelle SMASHES into the passenger side of the armored car. The two vehicle CRASH through the blockade sign and plunge into the river with a SPLOOSH!

LATER

Police units surround the crime scene. Bob works the wrecker to pull the Chevelle out of the river.

Divers pull Welding Mask Man from the river and drag the body to shore. Wesley goes over to the body.

Jones goes to the Chevelle and looks inside. Ski Mask Man is dead, slumped back against the seat, but kept in place by six-point harness. Jones pulls off ski mask to reveal Wheels.

Wesley squats down by Welding Mask Man. He pulls off the welding mask to reveal Skinny. Wesley brushes his hand over Skinny's chest area - no bullet wound.

Jones walks over to Wesley.

JONES
Recognize him?

Wesley stands up.

WESLEY
No.

JONES
What's wrong?

WESLEY
I could of swore I hit him with at least one round.

INT. MARX AND MARYLOU'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wesley wanders into the room. He notices that the wall safe is wide open and empty.

WESLEY
Marylou?

INT. MARX AND MARYLOU'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

Wesley looks into the bedroom. Drawers are open and the closet raided as if someone packed in a hurry.

INT. MARX AND MARYLOU'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wesley stands in the quiet home.

MR GOLD (V.O.)
This was a major operation. Hell, most of the town was in on it one way or another.

Wesley looks down at the coffee table.

MARYLOU (V.O.)
Whoever...
(pauses)

...

(MORE)

MARYLOU(cont'd)
 put her body there didn't know that
 Devil's Pass is deep, but has slow
 currents.

He picks up the box with Marx's medal.

MARYLOU (V.O.)
 Later of course they were court
 marshaled in a supply scheme
 stealing booze from generals and
 running it to the troops.

Under the box is a travel magazine open to an advertisement
 for the Cayman Islands.

WESLEY (V.O.)
 What are you doing here?

MARYLOU (V.O.)
 Makin' bank for my retirement -
 what else?

INT. BOB'S DOUBLE-WIDE - DAY

Bob stands at his front window looking out at Don's junkyard
 across the street.

EXT. DON'S JUNKYARD - DAY

Don nervously hauls a suitcase to his car - the ROARING of
 motorcycles grows louder until...

Ten MEXICAN motorcycle gang members pull up around Don. Don
 drops his suitcase and backs away.

INT. BOB'S DOUBLE-WIDE - DAY

MUFFLED sounds of motorcycles. Bob smiles.

TABBY (O.S.)
 What's all the racket? I'm trying
 to sleep - got work tonight.

BOB
 Nothing - just the Mexicans back
 again.

TABBY (O.S.)
 Don't you be parting with them,
 Bob. You hear?

EXT. DON'S JUNKYARD - DAY

Don HOWLS defiantly as the REVVING motorcycles reach a crescendo.

INT. BOB'S DOUBLE-WIDE - DAY

MUFFLED sounds of motorcycles. Bob shuts the drapes.

BOB
 (calling out)
 Pack your bags, Tabby, it's time we
 got away from this place.

EXT. CAYMAN ISLAND/BEACH - DAY

When referring to Marx and Handle here it is for reference, the audience will not see the faces until the reveal from the mask on the shoreline

MUFFLED sounds of motorcycles blend into sounds of the SURF as clear, blue waters roll onto a white beach.

Marylou, wearing a skimpy swimsuit, lounges in a beach chair beside a table with a half-full drink. An empty chair is on the other side of the table. On the ground beside Marylou sits an over-sized beach bag. The shadow of a figure creeps over her and she looks up.

MARYLOU
 Well, U.S. Marshal Wesley Linwood
 as I live and breath. I've been
 expecting you today.

Wesley stands beside Marylou.

WESLEY
 Finally made it to Grand Cayman.

MARYLOU
 I finally did, sugar. Did you know
 that U.S. Lawmen have no
 jurisdiction here?

WESLEY
 Yeah. I know. But I hear they
 still have extradition agreements.

Marylou smiles and takes a sip from her drink.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

How did you know I was coming?

MARYLOU

I have some lovely friends in
Customs.

WESLEY

I'm sure.

MARYLOU

What can a grieving widow do for
you, Marshal?

WESLEY

That whole tragic weekend just
doesn't make sense to me.

MARYLOU

You tracked me down to reminisce
about that? And here I thought you
just missed my charm.

Wesley sits.

WESLEY

It's the body from the armored car
that keeps twisting in my brain. I
know I shot that man and always I
kill what I hit - always. But he
had no wound.

Marylou looks off into the surf. A great sadness overcoming
her.

MARYLOU

Everyone missteps from time to
time.

WESLEY

I can't help thinking there was an
awful lot of misdirection going on
and Skinny and Wheels were just
decoys.

Marylou returns her attention to Wesley.

MARYLOU

Are you suggesting some elaborate
conspiracy to steal millions of
dollars?

WESLEY

Only takes two people to make a
conspiracy.

EXT. ROUTE 62 - DAY

Mr. Black and Mr White's car pulled over with Sheriff's car
behind it. Handle and Marx approach each side of the car.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Now, to make it work, someone would
need another set of bodies.

Handle and Marx each fire a SHOT into the car.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Best if were someone who wouldn't
be missed, maybe someone who had it
coming.

The body of Mr Black, now dressed in the Sheriff's uniform,
is placed behind the steering wheel of the Sheriff's car and
next to the body of Mr White, now dressed in the Deputy's
uniform, who is slumped in the passenger seat. Both bodies
have a close range gunshot wound to the face. Marx, wearing
street clothes, reaches over, takes Mr Black's right hand,
and, with a pair of shears, SNIPS off Mr Black's forefinger.

Gasoline is SPLASHED on the Sheriff's car. A flicked lit
match starts the BLAZE.

Tennessee License plate ###. The black Scamp drives away.

EXT. CAYMAN ISLAND/BEACH - DAY

MARYLOU

I can see where that would create
an opportunity.

WESLEY

That's where the frame-up comes in.

EXT. ACCESS ROAD BEHIND DON'S JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Marx and Handle pull up behind the junkyard in the black
Scamp.

WESLEY (V.O.)

You see, when you create a hole you have to fill it in with something else.

EXT. DON'S JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Skinny urinating in the junkyard. Handle grabs him quick from behind, putting Skinny in a rear naked choke hold. Skinny kicks some objects sending the CRASHING and a cat SCREAMS, then Skinny goes limp.

Marx dressed in Skinny's overalls and wearing the welding mask stands in the doorway.

WHEELS

Stop acting like a freak and get your ass over here. Help me load this shit.

Marx picks up a rifle and as Wheels turns away from him, Marx butt-strokes Wheels in the back of the head.

EXT. DEVIL' PASS - DAY

The Chevelle RAMS into the armored car, plunging them both into the river.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Once you got an alibi and someone to frame - the rest is just relying on skill, training, and the right time and place. Someplace deep with weak currents.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Marx and Handle remove diver's tanks and masks from the Chevelle and don them.

From the trunk of the Chevelle, Skinny's and Wheels' bodies are removed.

Marx and Handle loop rope through the handles of several money bags. They both pull the rope, dragging the bags behind them as they swim downstream.

EXT. CAYMAN ISLAND/BEACH - DAY

MARYLOU

I don't know, Wes, that sounds like a lot for two people to handle.

WESLEY

Well, it takes at least two for a conspiracy, but that doesn't mean there wasn't a third or fourth person.

INT. MARX AND MARYLOU'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

With her back turned towards Wesley, Marylou opens a capsule at the bar and dumps the powder into one of the jelly jars filled with tequila.

Wesley and Marylou kissing - Marylou pulls away and Wesley is out cold.

Marylou pulls Wesley's shirt and pants off.

Marylou opens the wall safe.

INT. MARX AND MARYLOU'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marylou packs hastily.

EXT. RIVERBED/DOWNSTREAM FROM DEVIL'S PASS - DAY

The black Scamp is parked. Handle and Marx SLOSH out of the river pulling the money behind them as Marylou gets out of the Scamp.

EXT. CAYMAN ISLAND/BEACH - DAY

WESLEY

Once the conspirators get away, there are plenty of swamps and friendly junk yards to dispose of any left over evidence. And then it's living happily ever after.

MARYLOU

Happily ever after? That's a bit naive, isn't it, Marshal?

(MORE)

MARYLOU(cont'd)

You have to know that's not how
this world works.

EXT. RIVERBED/DOWNSTREAM FROM DEVIL'S PASS - DAY

The black Scamp is parked. Handle and Marx SLOSH out of the river. Marx is dragging Handle and pulling the money behind him. Handle collapses on the shore, bleeding badly from his shoulder wound. Marx makes his way to the vehicle and dumps the bag on the ground. In unison the Marx mask is removed showing the removing of Skinny's mask. We know see Marx face.

MARYLOU (V.O.)

There never is a happily ever
after, baby. Only loss and
heartache in this life.

Marx cradles the dying Handle in his arms.

MARX

Handle!

MARYLOU

Come on, baby, put him in the car -
we got to go!

EXT. CAYMAN ISLAND/BEACH - DAY

Wesley and Marylou sit in silence.

WESLEY

Anyway, in time I'm sure the pieces
will start to fit. The full
picture will emerge.

MARYLOU

Maybe, instead of getting lost in
the small details - in the things
and people that don't matter in
this world - maybe you should look
at the big picture.

WESLEY

What's the big picture, Marylou?

Marylou removes the water-logged ledger from her beach bag and hands it to Wesley. Wesley eyes grow wide as he takes the ledger and flips through the pages.

MARYLOU

It might be missing a page or two.
I do have friends after all. But
I'd say there's enough there for a
motivated man to make a whole
career out of - maybe even get back
to New York.

Wesley looks at Marylou as he considers this. He stands up,
reaches over, and, picking up Marylou's half-full glass,
downs the rest of her drink. He puts the glass down.

WESLEY

You're looking good, Lou. But,
then again - you always did.

Wesley turns and leaves with the ledger.

Marylou watches as Wesley walks away. Another shadow comes
over her.

ANGLE ON TABLE

A right hand with the forefinger missing sits a fresh drink
on the table.

END.