

DEAD DRUNK & NAKED

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EXT. WILLAMETTE RIVER - OREGON - 1974 - DAY

A winding stretch of river in a rugged part of the Willamette Valley, surrounded by lush green forest on both sides.

A TUGBOAT pulls a huge TIMBER RAFT downriver -- a mile-long flotilla of freshly-cut tree-size logs.

The tugboat honks as it approaches a small passenger/car FERRYBOAT that's crossing the river.

THE FERRY

In the pilot-house, the young operator honks back. He is JARRET WESTIN, 25 -- shaggy hair, confident eyes and a blunt demeanor. 101st Airborne tattoos on his forearms.

Jarret pilots the ferry toward a landing slip on the riverbank. The ferry's deck crowded with LOGGERS on their way home from the Coast Range.

THE LOGGERS

A rough-and-tumble crew of huge outdoorsmen -- no shortage of beards and muddy flannel and missing teeth. A few pints of whiskey passed around. It's Happy Hour.

EXT. FERRY LANDING - CONTINUOUS

A badass '71 Barracuda pulls up and parks.

SYLVAN WESTIN, 27, gets out and leans on the hood, watches the ferry approach. Shoulder-length hair parted in the middle, a quick wit and clever eyes.

The ferry docks; the loggers amble out toward their trucks --

LOGGER #1

Whatta you say, Sylvan? Yer stayin' clean these days.

LOGGER #2

When you comin' back to work, Sylvan?

SYLVAN

(amiable)

Day I can't figure out how to make more doin' less.

The loggers are amused.

SYLVAN  
You miss my hard work that much?

LOGGER #1  
Never saw it. But you were always  
good for a laugh.

They share a smile.

SYLVAN  
I'll catch you at the Legion.

EXT. THE FERRY - MOMENTS LATER

Sylvan drives the Cuda up the loading ramp and onto the deck.  
He's the only passenger on the last trip of the day.

Once Jarret has the ferry moving, Sylvan joins him by the  
pilot-house. He lights a joint and offers it.

SYLVAN  
Take the edge off, little brother?

Jarret smirks and waves the joint away --

JARRET  
Let a workin' man work.

SYLVAN  
Sure. Where is he?

Sylvan cocks an eyebrow and offers the joint again.

SYLVAN  
Come on, Jarret. It's quittin'  
time.

Jarret tries to remain stoic but can't help it -- cracks a  
grin and takes the joint. Not the first time he's been led  
astray by his older brother.

JARRET  
(nods at the Cuda)  
You replace those factory headers?

SYLVAN  
You know it.

JARRET  
Check the plugs and points?

SYLVAN  
Yep.

Jarret looks the car over, brightens like he's seen a girl.

JARRET  
Damn she's a sexy beast.

Sylvan pats the Cuda lovingly.

SYLVAN  
She'll due to watch. Let's go kick  
the tires.

INT. THE CUDA - COAST RANGE MOUNTAINS - DAY

Sparse interior and a big Hurst shifter on the floor. Jarret drives and Sylvan rides shotgun, as the Barracuda races through the mountains on a two-lane blacktop.

Jarret listens intently to the ROAR of the engine. He likes what he hears.

JARRET  
It was a fouled plug, wasn't it?

SYLVAN  
You called it. Hey? When we get  
to Portland, let's stop at --

Jarret raises a finger to shush him, listens to the car...

JARRET  
Oh, she sounds great!

EXT. VET'S FARM - COAST RANGE MOUNTAINS - DAY

The Cuda climbs up a rough dirt road on a spine-like ridge, heading toward a rustic log cabin home.

Below the ridge is a farmer's field, a few acres of which are devoted to an outdoor marijuana grow.

MARIJUANA GROW

An earthy HIPPIE COUPLE tend rows of tall budding plants. They see the Cuda on the ridge and wave.

EXT. VET'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

The Cuda pulls into the gravel yard and parks near the front porch. Sylvan and Jarret get out and glance around.

EXT. HILLTOP ABOVE THEM - CONTINUOUS

At a fortified clearing with a commanding view. VET -- 40's, lean and grizzled -- watches them through the scope on an M21 sniper rifle.

EXT. VET'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

On the front porch, Sylvan and Jarret find several green Army duffles loaded with weed. They pile them into the Cuda.

JARRET

Where's Vet? He knew we were coming.

SYLVAN

You know how Vet gets around people. It's the Vietnam. Weird'ed him out. Did that to a lot of guys.

JARRET

Whatta you know about it? I didn't see you there.

SYLVAN

No, but Vet was there, and it sure as hell weird'ed him out. I'm surprised it didn't you.

Jarret scans the woods -- a nervous look, almost a look of horror, briefly crosses his face.

JARRET

Who says it didn't?

SYLVAN

I say.

INT. THE CUDA - COAST RANGE MOUNTAINS - DAY

The Cuda rockets along a two-lane highway. Coming down from the mountains through muddy hillsides that have been clear-cut down to stumps.

Jarret drives, Sylvan rides shotgun.

SYLVAN

Of course you are quieter now. And you were pretty damn quiet when you left. So I guess that's weird.

Jarret says nothing. He'd rather listen to the car.

SYLVAN

It's a good thing I talk enough for  
the both of us, huh?

Jarret shoots his brother a dubious glance.

JARRET

You may think that's a good thing.  
I don't.

EXT. PORTLAND, OREGON - DAY

The Cuda drives across the Saint Johns Bridge -- leaving the mountains and the forest behind and entering the city.

BROADWAY STREET, NORTH PORTLAND

The Cuda rockets through industrial North Portland -- a sprawl of warehouses, factories, truck-yards and train-yards.

They drive up the entrance of the BROADWAY BRIDGE, heading toward the skyline of Downtown.

EXT. COAST RANGE MOUNTAINS - FOREST - DAY

A dense patch of beautiful moss-covered rainforest. A badass 4x4 BRONCO gingerly follows an almost nonexistent trail.

The Bronco has government emblems on the doors but is so mud-spattered that only the words "Fish & Wildlife" are discernible. An impressive rack of fog-lights, spotlights, and police lights adorn the roof and grill.

Inside, a police radio crackles...

STATE TROOPER (V.O.)

Wes, you copy? You out there, Wes?

INT. THE BRONCO - CONTINUOUS

WES WESTIN, 39, sits behind the wheel. Strong and fit but with tired, almost sad eyes. Wearing a State Police Game Officer uniform and a full gunbelt loaded with guns, knives, a canister of bear repellent, and other cool tactical gear.

WES

(laconic, into the mic)  
I copy, Harv. It's been a while.  
What do I owe the occasion?

STATE TROOPER (V.O.)  
I been trying to call you off-duty,  
but you're never home.

WES  
What can I do you for?

STATE TROOPER (V.O.)  
I'd rather we talk on a telephone.

WES  
Alright. I'm an hour away from  
one.

EXT. GAS STATION - HIGHWAY 18 - COAST RANGE MOUNTAINS - DAY

Overcast sky and wet roads. On the highway, huge logging  
trucks WHOOSH by, loaded with monstrously big logs.

Wes leans into a phone booth, receiver to his ear.

His Bronco parked and idling behind him, like a restless  
horse anxious for the trail.

STATE TROOPER (V.O.)  
(on the phone)  
I pulled over two longhairs on the  
Interstate couple weeks back.  
Thought you might take an interest.

Wes sighs. Unfortunately this doesn't surprise him.

WES  
Sylvan and Jarret. What'd they do?

STATE TROOPER (V.O.)  
Speeding is all. But the thing is,  
Wes, that car reeked of marijuana.  
And I mean reeked. Not like a  
stick of grass behind the ear, but  
like they were transporting weight.  
It was enough to gag a maggot.

WES  
I hear you.

STATE TROOPER (V.O.)  
The car was clean, but I don't  
think it'd been clean for long.

WES  
Where were they?

STATE TROOPER (V.O.)  
Milepost 280. Near Boone's Bridge.

WES  
They try and drop my name to get  
out of trouble?

STATE TROOPER (V.O.)  
No, I put it together when I ran  
'em. Didn't document any of this,  
Wes. Wanted to call you direct.

WES  
Appreciate it. I'll take it from  
here.

STATE TROOPER (V.O.)  
Being's how the older one has a  
record, you know if I see em again--

WES  
You won't. I'll handle this in-  
family.

STATE TROOPER (V.O.)  
Figured you would. That's why I  
called. ...Hey, how's Tammy? The  
four of us should get together.

Wes winces. A pained expression. He shifts uncomfortably.

WES  
Haven't talked to Tammy since the  
divorce, Harv. ...But I'm sure  
she's fine.

STATE TROOPER (V.O.)  
Oh. Shit. Sorry, I didn't know.

WES  
(distant)  
Thanks for the call.

Wes hangs up. A dispirited sigh. He climbs back into his  
still-idling Bronco and drives off.

EXT. ALLEY - DOWNTOWN PORTLAND - DAY

An urban alley off Burnside Street, lined with tall brick  
office and apartment buildings.

The Cuda's parked deep in the alley, behind a grimy work van.

Sylvan and Jarret off-load the duffles of weed, passing them to three OUTLAW BIKERS who stack them into the van.

The Bikers wear tattered leather vests with "1%er" patches and gang rockers on back. Their arms coated in prison ink.

REVEAL: TWO GUNMEN crouched on the far side of the van, cradling compact M16 carbines. Both dressed in unmarked black fatigues.

ROOFTOP ABOVE

Another GUNMAN in unmarked black fatigues, snapping pictures of the drug deal with a 35mm camera.

THE ALLEY

Doors and trunks slam. LEAD BIKER hands Sylvan a leather field bag. They exchange a respectful nod.

As Sylvan and Jarret turn and get in the Cuda --

-- the two Gunmen creep alongside the van, moving like SWAT or paramilitary operators.

Gunman #1 gets the drop on the Bikers -- aims his M16 and signals them to "hush."

Gunman #2 slaps a TRANSPONDER on the back of the Cuda, underneath the rear bumper.

IN THE CUDA

Jarret glances into the rearview: sees only the Bikers.

THE ALLEY

The Cuda pulls away. The Bikers glance apprehensively at --

-- the two Gunmen crouched low behind them, with their carbines aimed at their backs.

LEAD BIKER

Are you assholes pigs, or what?

Gunman #1 stands and looks him in the eye.

GUNMAN #1

We're the "or what". And if you and your family want to live through the night - Derk Pritchard, married father of three - then this never happened. Copy?

LEAD BIKER  
 (swallows hard)  
 I hear you.

INT. THE CUDA - RURAL WILLAMETTE VALLEY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Pouring rain. Jarret turns the wipers on high. Sylvan lights a Marlboro.

It's a torrential downpour: the wipers can't keep up and the highway's one long hydroplane.

SYLVAN  
 You know if we lived on the Gulf we  
 wouldn't have to put up with this.

JARRET  
 Gulf Coast on your mind again?

SYLVAN  
 Never left.

JARRET  
 They get as much rain as here.

SYLVAN  
 Hell they do.

JARRET  
 I'm tellin' you, if you look at  
 annual rainfall, they get as much.

SYLVAN  
 How would you know?

Jarret tosses him a paperback book. A Farmer's Almanac.

JARRET  
 When I get bored I fact-check your  
 bullshit. It's in there -- the  
 world at your fingertips.

Sylvan's annoyed -- he likes being the smart one.

SYLVAN  
 The world at your fingertips ain't  
 the Farmer's Almanac. It's the  
 Encyclopedia Britannica. Or those  
 Time-Life books, one of the two.

EXT. RURAL WILLAMETTE VALLEY HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Cuda rockets along through the torrential rain, rooster-tailing water in its wake like a jet boat.

CUDA'S REAR BUMPER: underneath the bumper, a small RED LIGHT on the transponder flashes intermittently.

Several miles back, HEADLIGHTS appear. A car follows them.

INT. THE CUDA - CONTINUOUS

Visibility still shit. It's like driving inside a car wash.

SYLVAN

You remember Bobby Duncan's cousin Parnell? Used to spend summers here when Hector was a pup? They went down to Biloxi. Got a couple fast boats, set up a way-station in the Keys, then started smugglin' grass in from the islands. They were millionaires inside a year.

JARRET

They're in prison now, right?

SYLVAN

Bobby is. Not Parnell. But that's his own fault due to his own stupidity. It doesn't mitigate the point.

JARRET

I'm not sure that's the right word.

SYLVAN

(irritated)

What, do you carry a damn dictionary too?

EXT. WILLAMETTE FALLS, OREGON - NIGHT

Small-town Oregon in the heart of the Willamette River Valley -- Willamette Falls, population 900 and shrinking.

The few blocks of Main Street house the post office, the VFW, Bert's Grocery, Ming's Chinese, and an American Legion.

The Cuda rumbles down Main Street. Parks at the curb. The rain has stopped but the town is one big puddle.

A black FORD GALAXIE parks a few blocks behind and turns off its lights.

THE CUDA

As they park --

JARRET

So how's Genelle feel about movin'  
to the Gulf?

SYLVAN

I'm still here, aren't I?

Bright headlights suddenly blind them...

WES' FISH & WILDLIFE BRONCO whips up in front of the Cuda. He flicks off his lights then climbs out, still in uniform.

Wes notes the Galaxie parked up the street. He squints intently at it, while hooking his thumbs in his gunbelt.

THE GALAXIE

Silhouettes of FOUR MEN inside, staring back at him.

Sylvan and Jarret join Wes in the wet street.

SYLVAN

Whatta you say, Wes?

JARRET

'Lo, Wes.

WES

Sylvan. Jarret. You know that car?

They study the Galaxie.

JARRET

Nope.

SYLVAN

Never seen it.

The Galaxie's headlights pop on. Fog floats in front of the beams, like breath on a cold night.

The Galaxie U-turns and drives away.

Wes turns to Sylvan and Jarret. He's slightly shorter than either of them, but you'd never know it. He has an authoritative presence that seems to tower over them.

WES

What're you doing up in Portland?  
How mixed up in it are you with  
Vet?

Sylvan and Jarret exchange a wary glance.

SYLVAN

Grass is a reality, Wes. It's not  
just some passing fancy like Elvis  
or The Beatles. It's on the menu  
now.

WES

Maybe so. But I don't like it.

SYLVAN

You don't have to like it. You're  
not required to.

WES

I don't like you two mixed up in  
it, either. There's laws, and if I  
come across you driving grass  
through my forest --

SYLVAN

-- Wouldn't drive grass through  
your forest, Wes. You've always  
been my second favorite brother.  
You know that, right?

WES

I do know. But that won't help  
you.

They both look at Wes, and he stares back hard. So hard that  
they revert to feeling like children.

JARRET

It quittin' time for you, Wes?  
We're going in to meet the girls.

Wes looks at his watch. Unconsciously licks his lips.  
Suddenly craving a beer.

WES

It is about that time. I expect  
Dad's in there.

SYLVAN

Pop's in the tavern? Say it ain't  
so.

## INT. AMERICAN LEGION OUTPOST - WILLAMETTE FALLS - NIGHT

The local watering-hole. Crowded and lively. Very much a Western-style barroom and pool hall. The jukebox loaded with Creedence, Skynyrd, and Allman Brothers.

Many of the LOGGERS from the ferry are here, plus dozens of YOUNG LOCALS crowded at pool tables, and a row of OLD MEN at the bar. No shortage of flannel, Carhartt, and work boots.

One old man holds court at the bar -- DELBERT WESTIN, 65. The family patriarch. Balding, stout, and strong for his age; vinegary and cantankerous but also jovial and endearing.

DELBERT

(to the other old men)

Hell, there's no question Nixon needs to go. That goddamn crooked Californian. And that spineless sonofabitch Ford can go right with him. I'll be the first to piss on both their graves. But that goddamn peanut farmer Carter? He's not the magic man with the golden nuts.

Wes takes a stool next to Delbert. He's stripped down to a black tee-shirt but still wears his uniform pants and boots.

Wes quaffs down a pint of beer in three gulps, followed by a shot of whiskey. He motions for another round.

The female bartender sets him up and brings Delbert a pint.

DELBERT

Thank you, darlin'.

She smiles at him as she leaves.

DELBERT

(to Wes)

I fixed your lawnmower, Son.

WES

You didn't have to do that, Dad.

DELBERT

Well, you're busy. And what the hell else do I got to do, besides sit around waitin' to die.

Wes slams his next shot, chases it with beer. Then he lights a Marlboro. Delbert watches him closely. A bit concerned.

DELBERT  
That engine was flooded with  
chlorinated water.

WES  
It might've got wet last time I  
mowed.

DELBERT  
I fished that lawnmower out of your  
swimming pool, Son.

WES  
Guess that's how it got wet.

Wes sips his pint.

DELBERT  
Do you have the kids this weekend?

WES  
No, she has 'em again.

Wes lowers his eyes, looks at his glass. Thinking of his  
marriage and feeling utterly cloaked in failure. Delbert  
notices.

DELBERT  
You doin' alright, Wesley?

WES  
Sure I'm alright. I'm thirty-nine,  
I hate my job, and I'm getting  
divorced. What's not to like?

DELBERT  
The good news there is you're only  
thirty-nine.

Wes manages a smile.

DELBERT  
I don't know why you hate your job  
so much, either. It's a good  
government job. Kept you outta the  
sawmill and off a logging crew.

WES  
I spend too much time in the woods  
by myself.

DELBERT  
What's wrong with that?

WES

Lately I'm not the best company.

AT THE POOL TABLES

Sylvan and Jarret shoot pool with their GIRLFRIENDS. The four of them banter and sip beers as they play:

Sylvan's girlfriend -- GENELLE, 26 -- lines up and takes a shot. She's a smart, college-educated mountain girl -- in faded jeans and boots, glasses and a UC Berkeley tee.

Jarret has his arm around ROSEMARY, 21, as she sips her beer and holds her cue. More girly-girl than Genelle, but very much an outdoorsy farm girl.

ROSEMARY

It don't bother you, lying to your brother like that?

Jarret takes a pool shot to avoid answering.

SYLVAN

We didn't lie to him. We're not drivin' grass through his forest.

GENELLE

No, you're driving grass out of his forest.

SYLVAN

Exactly. So it wasn't a lie. I just sculpted the truth a little.

Genelle rolls her eyes --

GENELLE

You're good at that.

SYLVAN

(grins)  
Thanks, babe.

She shakes her head, amused.

GENELLE

It wasn't a compliment, hon.

INT. MING'S CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT - LATER

A dark, leather-upholstered lounge with a fireplace.

Wes and Sylvan and Delbert sit at the bar. Delbert now drinking coffee, while Wes and Sylvan are getting drunk.

Delbert stares at the old bartender -- MING, an immigrant in his 60's.

DELBERT

You're not from around here, are you?

Ming's old face is stoic but his eyes dance with amusement.

MING

(thick Asian accent)  
Third generation, Delbert. Born and bred.

Delbert chuckles.

DELBERT

You're alright for a Chinaman, Ming. A credit to your race. But here's what I don't understand about your people. They built us a damn fine railroad, but their cameras are junk. I can't make sense of it.

MING

Those cheap cameras are not Chinese. They're Japanese.

DELBERT

What's the difference?

MING

You're cut off.

DELBERT

It's coffee.

MING

We're out.

Wes and Sylvan have their backs to the bar and watch across the room where --

An attractive middle-aged WOMAN sits by herself, nursing a glass of wine. She glances flirtatiously at Wes.

SYLVAN

(buzzed)  
I heard her and Roy are on the skids.

(MORE)

SYLVAN (CONT'D)

And now here she sits alone,  
gettin' her drink on. You should  
go talk to her.

WES

(drunk)

She doesn't wanna talk to me.

SYLVAN

Why not?

WES

I'm old. And fat.

SYLVAN

You're not fat. I'd describe you  
more as husky.

WES

Really?

SYLVAN

(sarcastic)

Sure. Not to mention ruggedly  
handsome.

Wes swivels back to face the bar, sips his beer.

WES

I am old, though. My hair's  
turning gray. I got wrinkles under  
my eyes... My balls hang funny.

SYLVAN

Jesus, Wes, she's not lookin' at  
your balls.

WES

Not yet.

SYLVAN

At this rate, not ever.

The woman gets up to leave -- tired of waiting on Wes' move.

She pauses at the bar to pay her tab. Dangles her purse and  
gazes lustfully at Wes one last time.

But he doesn't respond, and she leaves disappointed.

SYLVAN

Damn, Wes. She was all but purring  
for you.

Wes shrugs. Whatever self-esteem he once possessed has been shattered by his divorce. Sylvan sees it and shakes his head.

Sylvan slams his beer and gets up. Kisses Delbert on the cheek --

SYLVAN  
Good night, Pop.

Delbert's shocked by the kiss but clearly pleased with it. Ming notices and almost smiles.

DELBERT  
Walk safe, Sylvan.

Sylvan exits. Delbert catches Ming almost-smiling at him.

DELBERT  
Damn but you're ugly.

MING  
Not as ugly as you, you white  
devil.

Wes is now passed out at the bar, with his head on his arms.

Ming sits next to Delbert with a cup of coffee of his own. Delbert looks around the now empty lounge.

DELBERT  
(sentimental)  
This was my wife's favorite place.

MING  
I remember. She was the nice one.

Delbert gets out a white handkerchief and blows his nose.

DELBERT  
Well I best collect my boy, Ming.  
See you Friday night for dinner.

Delbert moves down the bar to wake up Wes.

EXT. VET'S FARM - DAY

The Cuda drives up the ridge toward Vet's log cabin home. Sylvan leans forward and looks down at the pot fields below --

SYLVAN  
Now what the hell's this?

Jarret also looks --

## MARIJUANA FIELD

A woman runs frantically through the rows of plants. It's the Hippie Woman we saw before. Her clothes are ripped and she's covered in blood.

She screams and desperately waves at them --

HIPPIE WOMAN  
Help us! Please!

Suddenly her chest EXPLODES, projecting her vitals forward as she collapses.

BEHIND HER: at the edge of the field, GUNMAN #1 from Portland, with his M16 carbine raised to his eye.

## EXT. VET'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

The BODY of the Hippie Farmer strewn in the driveway, limp as a ragdoll.

The Cuda races up. Sylvan and Jarret hop out and rush to the body. Instinct kicks in -- help their neighbors. But the man is dead.

SYLVAN  
Jesus fuck.

Jarret gets a handgun from the car, a .45 auto.

JARRET  
(calm)  
Let's check the house.

They go inside the cabin. Just as --

-- the mysterious FORD GALAXIE pulls into the driveway.

## INT. VET'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Jarret quickly sweeps the house for more dead or wounded.

Sylvan glances outside through a living room window -- sees the Galaxie and the silhouettes of FOUR MEN inside it.

SYLVAN  
Hey?

Jarret takes a look. Then he expertly inspects his .45 and nods at Vet's wooden gun cabinet --

JARRET  
Get a scattergun and load it.

SYLVAN  
Why a scattergun?

JARRET  
'Cause I've seen you shoot a  
pistol.

Sylvan grabs a pump-action Remington and a box of double  
ought big-game shells. He loads it with shaking hands.

EXT. VET'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Four men step out of the Galaxie. THREE MORE emerge from the  
woods. All but one wearing fatigues and carrying carbines.

The last man -- RYERSON, 40's -- wears a gray business suit,  
Aviator sunglasses, and sports a high-and-tight military cut.  
Ryerson exudes a natural air of leadership and authority.

He watches, hands on his hips and intently chewing gum, as  
his six-man team crosses the yard and surround the cabin...

INT. VET'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Sylvan crouches in the kitchen doorway, nervously gripping  
the shotgun. Eyes on the front door.

Jarret crouches in a hallway, his .45 trained on the windows.

JARRET  
Safety off?

SYLVAN  
Yeah.

JARRET  
Blast everyone who comes through  
the door. I'll try an' finish 'em.

Sylvan nods. Swallows hard.

EXT. VET'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

One of the Gunmen steps foot on the porch --

-- and his head EXPLODES like a melon. Followed by the  
REPORT of a rifle.

EXT. HILLTOP ABOVE THEM - CONTINUOUS

Vet peers through the scope on his sniper rifle. He fires again. And keeps firing...

EXT. VET'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Ryerson and his team scramble across the yard as bullets nip dirt at their heels.

They hunker near the treeline -- underneath Vet's position. They communicate proficiently with looks, nods, and gestures.

Then Ryerson leads his team into the woods, after Vet.

Gunman #1 stays behind to watch the house and cars.

INT. VET'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Sylvan and Jarret still crouched in position, listening.

JARRET

It's Vet. Up at his stronghold.

SYLVAN

Vet has a stronghold?

JARRET

Yeah. He never showed you his stronghold?

SYLVAN

No.

JARRET

Showed me. I helped him wire it. Must be an Army thing.

SYLVAN

That's endearing.

Jarret creeps up to a window, sneaks a glance outside.

JARRET

They're going after him. This is our chance.

EXT. THE HILLTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Vet at his firing perch, scoping around the cabin and the yard with his rifle... No targets.

## HILLSIDE BELOW

Gunman #2 rushes through the woods. His ankle crosses a TRIPWIRE. A Claymore mine EXPLODES -- blowing him to hell...

## THE HILLTOP

Vet jumps down into a sandbagged foxhole. Grabs a handful of wired triggers and frantically CLICKS them...

## EXT. VET'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The hillside above is ROCKED with EXPLOSIONS. A ringed perimeter of smoke, dust and fire engulfs the mountain.

Gunman #1 steps out into the yard and gawks at the destruction.

REVEAL: Sylvan sneaks up behind him, with the shotgun...

Sylvan drops the gun and TACKLES him from behind -- grabs him in a bear-hug and pins his arms to his sides...

Gunman whirls and reels trying to break free...

He THROWS Sylvan and Sylvan hits the ground hard, sprawled on his back.

Gunman raises his carbine, about to shoot Sylvan, when --

POP! POP! He's blown away. Jarret's across the yard, aiming his .45.

## JARRET

What're you doin', dancing? These  
guys aren't fucking around.

Gunman groans and twitches. Jarret SHOOTS HIM again. Then he storms off toward the Cuda.

Sylvan stares at the dead gunman -- palpably aware that this moment has altered their lives forever.

## EXT. THE HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS

Vet hunkered in his sandbagged hole, covered in dirt and grime from the explosions.

Ryerson appears and stands over him -- also dirty and grimy -- and holding a pistol.

VET  
Hello, Captain.

RYERSON  
(cordial)  
Sergeant.

VET  
It's just Tom now.

RYERSON  
Oh, come on. You knew it'd never  
be "just Tom" again.

VET  
Mother's not gonna let me go, huh?

RYERSON  
You know Mother. A forgiving  
nature, she has not.

VET  
Innocent people died down there.  
And for what?

Ryerson fixes an icy stare onto Vet -- murder in his eyes.

RYERSON  
Orders. What else?

The three surviving Gunmen arrive. They stand over Vet's  
hole, cradling their carbines:

-- SARGE, 40, a tough old salt and Ryerson's right-hand  
enforcer.

-- BRECK, 31, and YARROW, 35. Scruffy, strong, professional  
soldiers turned mercenary. Heavy mileage and not a little  
substance abuse shown on their stoic faces.

Vet looks them over. He takes a deep breath and sighs.  
Resigned to his fate.

VET  
So go on then. Let's get to  
gettin'.

Sarge spits out a mouthful of tobacco juice. Raises his  
carbine. RIDDLES Vet with a three-round burst.

EXT. VET'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Sylvan pops the hood on the Galaxie. Rips the sparkplug wires from the engine block and chucks them into the woods.

He leans in the car and snatches the keys from the ignition. Throws those into the woods, as well.

He notices an ATTACHE CASE on the front seat. Reaches in and grabs it. Then he hops inside the Cuda and they take off.

INT. THE CUDA - MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The Cuda blows through a four-way stop at 90 per. Jarret grips the wheel like he's steering a rocket.

JARRET

We best get outta town for a while.  
Let this shit cool.

SYLVAN

You think? Little brother you just killed a man. We don't even know who he is.

Jarret notes the attache case by Sylvan's feet.

JARRET

Tell me you didn't steal their briefcase.

SYLVAN

Stealing sounds a bit harsh given --

JARRET

Christ. You stole their briefcase.

SYLVAN

I wanna know who these guys are.  
(sets the case on his lap)  
Whatta you think's in it?

JARRET

Only two things ever in briefcases,  
Sylvan. Drugs or money.

Sylvan pops it open, looks inside. Quickly closes it.

JARRET

Well? What is it?

SYLVAN

Papers.

EXT. SYLVAN AND GENELLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An old farmhouse that's seen better decades. The yard and drive filled with used cars in various states of repair.

Sylvan and Genelle exit the house, carrying hastily-packed travel bags and backpacks.

They walk to the Cuda -- where Jarret waits behind the wheel, his girlfriend Rosemary yawning next to him.

GENELLE

Tell me again why we're leaving in the middle of the night?

SYLVAN

You're gonna love the Gulf Coast, Genelle, I promise.

GENELLE

I'm due at the store in the morning, Sylvan.

SYLVAN

You can call 'em from the road.

GENELLE

Have you thought about going to Wes?

SYLVAN

There's no time. And it's not safe to leave you here. By morning this place will be crawling with cops or Feds or something far worse.

Genelle feels his nervousness. She snaps into damage-control mode and piles their bags into the trunk.

The trunk now crammed full with luggage, camping gear, sleeping bags, two scoped 30-06 hunting rifles --

-- plus the FIELD BAG from the Portland drug deal and the ATTACHE CASE from the Galaxie.

EXT. THE CUDA - EASTERN OREGON HIGHWAY - MORNING

The Cuda rockets through a long flat stretch of high desert.

Jarret drives, with Rosemary next to him. Sylvan and Genelle in the backseat.

EXT. ROADSIDE GAS STATION - EASTERN OREGON - MORNING

A Route 66 era small town in decay, untouched by freeways and franchises.

Genelle at a phone booth --

GENELLE

(into the phone)

...I understand, Pearl, but everything's fine. I just need you to tell Bert I'm out for the week. He can get Marie to write the schedule and make the deposits.

INT. BERT'S GROCERY - WILLAMETTE FALLS - INTERCUT

The town supermarket, and it's about the size of your average convenience store.

A plump elderly woman, PEARL, at one of the checkstands. She talks on the phone while doodling on a notepad.

PEARL

(into the phone)

Ev'rything's fine? Land sakes, child, there's six dead up at Tom Stroud's place. Plus your man-friend and his brother gone missing. When you didn't show for work, I was sick with worry. Then those two detectives came by and --

GENELLE

Pearl, please tell Bert I'm sorry to leave like this, okay? I'll call again when we get there.

PEARL

Alright, hon. I'll tell him. You stay safe, Genelle.

Pearl hangs up the phone, just as --

-- bells on the front door jingle and Ryerson enters. Followed by Sarge and Breck.

Ryerson grins disarmingly. He makes a point of using excellent manners.

RYERSON

Good morning, Miss.

PEARL

It's Mrs. And we've not opened.

RYERSON

We're not customers. We're  
inquiring on the whereabouts of  
Genelle Lynn Walcott. She works  
here, does she not?

PEARL

I already told those detectives --

RYERSON

I'm afraid it's more of a Federal  
matter now. Was that Genelle on  
the telephone?

Sarge moves behind Pearl, stands invasively close. Breck  
stays by the door, watches the street.

Pearl notes all of this, gets an uncomfortable feeling.

PEARL

Do you have proper identification?

RYERSON

Of course.

He pats his suit pockets.

RYERSON

Oh, darn. I must have left it in  
the car. Did Genelle tell you  
where they're going?

Pearl swallows hard. Feels nervous.

PEARL

She did not.

The store's proprietor, BERT, 50's, enters from the back.  
Balding, glasses low on his nose; warm and grandfatherly.

BERT

Mornin', Pearl. I help you fellas?

Ryerson pulls out a pistol and nonchalantly SHOTS Bert.

Bert dies on the floor. Pearl's hyperventilating.

Ryerson's polite demeanor dissipates. Replaced by an eerie  
coldness and icy professionalism.

RYERSON

Pearl, why don't you tell me  
everything Genelle told you.

Pearl manages to calm herself. She considers her situation;  
knows she's dead either way. A resolve comes over her.

PEARL

I can imagine what Daddy would've  
said, if trash like you barged into  
the old house talkin' this guff.

RYERSON

What would Daddy have said, Pearl?

PEARL

He'd say "piss on the bastards."  
And I say it, too. ...Piss on you.

Sarge takes the notepad from her. Reads it, smiles, then  
shows it to Ryerson:

THE NOTEPAD -- among random doodles, the words "Gulf Coast,  
Biloxi."

RYERSON

(to Breck)

Step outside and watch the street.  
We'll tidy up in here.

BRECK

Jesus, Cap. I mean you just shot  
Norman Rockwell over there. You're  
not really gonna off somebody's  
grandmother too?

Ryerson gives him an icy stare.

RYERSON

You have two options here, Breck.  
I think you'll find going outside  
the more fortuitous.

Sarge takes a step toward Breck -- as if to back up the order  
with his menacingly large presence.

Breck glares at him, clearly upset. But he defers and goes  
outside. The door jingles.

EXT. BERT'S GROCERY - DAY - LATER

The store's now a crime scene: State Police, County Sheriff,  
and County Coroner vehicles with reds and blues flashing.

Wes' Fish & Wildlife Bronco pulls up. He hops out.

Wes paces anxiously in the street while being briefed by his STATE TROOPER friend.

EXT. WES' HOUSE - DAY - LATER

A neatly-maintained suburban tract home, in a new subdivision on the outskirts of town. Wes' Bronco parked on the street.

An older pickup rolls up to the curb -- a tough old Ford with a gun rack in the window. Delbert climbs out.

INT. WES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wes, in street clothes now, empties his wooden gun cabinet onto the kitchen table -- laying out and inspecting his firearms:

Various shotguns, hunting rifles, and handguns. Plus an Army-issue M16 with two extra magazines and a can of ammo.

On the wall behind him -- a collection of framed family portraits, pre-divorce: showing Wes, a pretty wife, and two young children.

Delbert enters and joins him in the kitchen --

DELBERT

Where'd you get a machine gun, Son?

Wes picks up the M16. Carefully inspects it.

WES

Took it off the Squirrel Brothers, up on Glass Mountain. After Rat Squirrel came back from Vietnam.

Wes sets the rifle down.

WES

I should've turned it in. But I guess I...

DELBERT

Decided to keep it handy? For Squirrels and such?

WES

Exactly.

DELBERT

So I hear it's been a bad day at  
Black Rock.

WES

That's putting it mildly. Six  
homicides up at Vet's. Sylvan and  
Jarret and their lady-friends  
missing. And now Pearl and Bert at  
the store. It's a goddamn  
massacre.

DELBERT

Where are they at with the  
investigation?

WES

To hell with the investigation.  
I'm going after the boys, Dad.  
They're running from something and  
I doubt they can handle it.  
Besides, it's my fault.

DELBERT

How's it your fault?

WES

I knew they were into something and  
I didn't do anything about it.

Wes straps on his game officer gunbelt. He inspects his  
sidearm -- a government-model Colt .45 auto.

DELBERT

How do you know where they're  
runnin' to?

WES

Gulf Coast. They've got friends  
near Biloxi. Sylvan's been talkin'  
about it for years. I'll just have  
to guess lucky on the route.

DELBERT

I expect they'll take a northern  
route, go through Wyoming then turn  
south.

WES

Now don't go getting any ideas.  
I'll be home in a week or so.

DELBERT

And what if you run into them who  
done all this killing?

WES

Then I'll put 'em down, Dad. Hard  
and fast.

Wes shoves his Colt .45 back into its holster.

He glances at one of the family portraits on the wall -- his  
two kids, a boy and a girl, about five and eight. Wes looks  
like he wants to say something about them, but refrains.

EXT. WES' HOUSE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

In the driveway is a badass '69 Plymouth Fury.

Wes loads a sleeping bag and a scoped 30-06 hunting rifle  
into the trunk. Along with a duffel stuffed with ammo, extra  
mags, and extra handguns.

He carries the M16 to the passenger door. Looks across the  
street to see --

HIS NEIGHBORS ON THEIR LAWN -- a young married couple with  
three toddlers. They're frozen in place, staring at him with  
equal parts fascination and horror.

WES

(awkwardly)

Hello, neighbors.

The couple stare blankly. They don't know whether to smile  
and wave hello or shield their children's eyes.

Wes gets in the Fury. He races off down the street.

WES' FRONT PORCH

Delbert steps outside and sits on the porch swing.

He looks at the quiet suburban street. Another YOUNG FAMILY  
strolls by, out for a walk. Delbert glances at his watch.

DELBERT

(sotto)

Oh, bullshit.

He gets up and heads toward his truck.

INT. WES' PLYMOUTH FURY - EASTERN OREGON HIGHWAY - DAY

The Fury blasts down the highway across a long flat stretch of Oregon high desert.

Wes white-knuckles the steering wheel, a grim intensity on his face and steel in his eyes.

Wearing his gunbelt. The M16 next to him. Suddenly he's Mad fucking Max.

He glances into the rearview: far in the distance, a vehicle follows.

EXT. OREGON DESERT - MOMENTS LATER

On a rocky hill above the highway. Wes watches the road with binoculars:

He sees a pickup approaching -- and he can't help but smile.

THE PICKUP

Delbert drives, wearing a corduroy coat and an oilskin cowboy hat. A lever-action Winchester in the gun rack behind him.

EXT. DELBERT'S TRUCK - EASTERN OREGON HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Delbert's pickup flies along. Old yodeling country music such as Jimmie Rodgers or Tex Ritter blares as he drives.

Wes in the Plymouth Fury races up behind. Gets right on his ass and HONKS to get Delbert's attention.

EXT. EASTERN OREGON HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The truck and the Fury parked on the roadside, while Wes and Delbert talk --

WES

Dad, what the hell're you doing?

DELBERT

Thought you might need some help.

WES

And when did I deputize you?

DELBERT

Day you were born, Son.

Wes sighs and anxiously runs a hand through his hair.

DELBERT

Whoever's after the kids, I'm  
afraid you're no match for 'em.

WES

That's a real shot in the arm, Dad.  
Thanks for the vote of confidence.

DELBERT

You're well-trained and well-armed.  
But let's face it, Wesley, you've  
never been in a firefight nor heard  
a shot fired in anger. I have.

WES

I know it. You stared down the  
abyss, and it blinked. But that  
was thirty years ago.

DELBERT

Bullets ain't changed much that I  
know of.

(beat)

Those are my boys out there. If  
something happened to them, or to  
you, how would I ever live with  
myself? Why would I want to? What  
the hell else am I gonna do here,  
go home and wait? Hell with that.  
I'm goin' with you, Son.

Wes sighs again. Knows his Dad won't be deterred.

WES

Did you bring any weapons? Other  
than the Winchester?

DELBERT

(jovial)

Oh, I may've brought a pea-shooter  
or two.

DELBERT'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Wes pulls back the canvas tarp that covers the bed --

-- revealing a huge arsenal of weapons. Damn near Delbert's  
entire gun cabinet.

WES

Jesus.

DELBERT

Well, I was in a hurry and couldn't decide what to bring. Guess I overpacked. I was like your Mother, Lord rest her, when we went on that goddamn Mexican cruise. Christ, she musta' packed up half the damn house to take with us. Filled ev'ry suitcase in the fleet. Then I'll be goddamned if she didn't buy us both Aloha shirts and straw-hats at ev'ry shithole tourist trap on the Riviera.

Wes half-listens as he looks over the arsenal -- noting a crate of C4 and a Korean War era FLAMETHROWER.

WES

Why do you have a flamethrower, Dad?

DELBERT

Thought it might come in handy, for burning brush piles and such. Turns out it's too cumbersome for everyday use. Mostly it's just gathered dust in the barn.

WES

And a crate of C4?

DELBERT

Got a good deal on that. Traded a washer and dryer and a baby goat for it.

WES

What'd you buy it for?

DELBERT

You know, uprooting stumps and such.

WES

We'll have to leave your truck somewhere. Along with most of your arsenal. ...When's the last time you shot a rifle, Dad?

DELBERT

When I gave up hunting.

WES

And a pistol?

DELBERT  
A bit longer.

EXT. NARROW BOX CANYON - OREGON DESERT - DAY

Wes and Delbert target-shoot at an abandoned VW Bus that's marooned in a sandy wash.

The rusted VW is painted with faded peace signs, doves, and other symbols of the Counterculture.

Wes SHOOTs his sidearm -- his Colt .45. He proficiently blasts a tight cluster of holes into the side of the bus.

DELBERT  
Wonder where them hippies went,  
after their bus broke down.

WES  
Same place all the hippies went,  
Dad.

DELBERT  
California?

WES  
Business school.

Wes shoots the side mirror off the bus. Then he offers the Colt to Delbert.

Delbert tries to match Wes' shooting, but for him the .45 proves an unwieldy hand cannon.

DELBERT  
Dern. Packs a bit more kick than I  
recall.

WES  
Try this one.

Wes offers him an old service revolver -- a .38 Police Special. Delbert shoots it. A little better, but not much.

WES  
Maybe you best stick with rifles,  
Dad. I'll try and handle any close-  
up work that comes along.

DELBERT  
(insulted)  
You wanna see close-up work, do  
you?

Delbert stomps off toward his truck, grumbling to himself.

Wes reloads the revolver. Pops a fresh mag into his .45.

Delbert returns, with the flamethrower strapped to his back. He TORCHES the hippie bus with a twenty-foot SWATH OF FLAME.

DELBERT

How's that for close?

Wes looks at the smoke rising into the sky above the canyon.

WES

We should go.

INT. THE CUDA - SOUTHERN IDAHO - DAY

Jarret drives as the Cuda rockets along, south of nowhere. Brown, dry, scrub-country wasteland in all directions.

Genelle and Rosemary lounge in the backseat, playing cards.

In the passenger seat, Sylvan has the attache case open in his lap. He reads through its documents.

SYLVAN

Hey? These guys are government.

JARRET

What, like FBI?

SYLVAN

More like military.

JARRET

If they're military then they're way off the books.

At the mere thought of this, Jarret quickly scans all his mirrors. Double-checks that his .45 is next to him.

Sylvan skims through a dossier, alarmed to see:

- 8x10's of them delivering weed in Portland.
- Jarret's Army file, dress uniform photo clipped on front.
- Sylvan's police record, a mugshot clipped to the cover.

SYLVAN

They got ev'rything on us.

Genelle and Rosemary look at him, concerned.

SYLVAN  
Car registrations, employers.  
Addresses and phone numbers...  
They knew where we lived. Where  
we'd go. If we hadn't lit out when  
we did --

JARRET  
I don't wanna think about it.

In the backseat, Genelle and Rosemary drop their cards and lean forward.

ROSEMARY  
I don't, either.

GENELLE  
I guess this trip was a good idea  
after all.

JARRET  
(nods at the case)  
What about Vet?

SYLVAN  
They got a whole book on him. His  
Army file's a fuckin' doorstop.

Sylvan flips through Vet's thick Army folder -- lots of documents and reports stamped "CLASSIFIED."

SYLVAN  
Vet was a sniper over there. You  
know that?

JARRET  
I knew that.

SYLVAN  
He was a goddamn Green Beret.

JARRET  
That figures.

SYLVAN  
Figures how?

JARRET  
The man blew off half his damn  
mountain before they got him.

SYLVAN

(reading)

After the Army, he worked for the Defense Department here in the States. Something called "Mantis."

JARRET

Sounds like a hit squad, maybe.

SYLVAN

A government-sponsored hit squad? Operating domestically?

JARRET

Is that so hard to believe after what went down at Vet's?

Sylvan keeps reading -- a new dossier with "MANTIS" on the cover. He quickly skims through it. His face drops.

SYLVAN

Shit.

JARRET

What?

SYLVAN

He was part of a government-sponsored hit squad, operating domestically.

The girls look frightened. Jarret lights a Marlboro.

SYLVAN

(reading)

Four years ago he disappeared -- quote "went off the reservation". They'd been looking for him ever since.

JARRET

Four years -- that's how long he lived up on that farm.

Sylvan closes the file and looks at Genelle, then at Jarret.

SYLVAN

So Vet walked away from being an assassin, slipped off the grid, and retired as a genteel Oregon pot farmer. And this Mantis team followed us to get to him.

JARRET

Looks like.

GENELLE

That means they weren't after you at all. They were after Vet.

JARRET

They're sure as hell after us now.

GENELLE

How do you know?

ROSEMARY

Maybe they'll just let us go.

JARRET

They won't let us go.

SYLVAN

Why not? Vet was their target. What are we to them? We're just drivers. Freighters. Goddamn muleskinners.

JARRET

Are you overly optimistic or just naive?

SYLVAN

I'm clinging to a little of both.

JARRET

We were there. We saw what we saw. I killed one of 'em. Then you took a notion to steal their briefcase. How many classified documents have you just read?

Sylvan slams the case shut. Now he gets it. He's just read things that can get them all killed.

SYLVAN

Shit. They won't let us go.

Genelle puts a hand on his shoulder --

GENELLE

But they can't find us. Right? I mean, how can they find us?

She looks to Jarret. They all do. He notices but says nothing. Scans his mirrors again.

EXT. THE CUDA - CONTINUOUS

The Cuda blasts through the scrub-country wasteland.

UNDER THE TRUNK -- the red light on the transponder flashes like a beacon.

EXT. MOTEL 6 - SOUTHERN IDAHO - NIGHT

Few cars in the lot save Wes' Fury. Wes walks from the office to the rooms, holding two Styrofoam cups of coffee.

As he passes behind the Fury, he catches a glimpse of something underneath the car:

A tiny RED LIGHT, flashing under the Fury's rear bumper. It's another transponder.

Now THE GALAXIE pulls in off the highway...

In the front seat, Ryerson and Sarge stare closely at him.

Wes pretends not to notice, but he makes the car. He clocks it through his peripheral vision as he walks toward --

MOTEL WALKWAY

Wes turns a corner and tosses the coffees. He rushes down a tunnel-like hallway lined with vending machines.

At the end of the tunnel he turns, his .45 up and aimed...

Breck and Yarrow step into the tunnel. Wes FIRES three quick warning shots -- smashing light bulbs and sending RICOCHETS off the walls. They duck for cover amid a shower of glass.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Delbert sits on the bed, takes off his leather shoes. Sets his billfold on the nightstand.

Wes bursts in. Quickly closes the door. Watches through the window curtains while checking his handgun.

DELBERT

You forgot the coffee.

WES

It's a bit late for coffee. It'll keep you up.

DELBERT

That's why I asked for decaf.

WES

Will you forget about the coffee?

They're here, Dad.

(beat)

Put your shoes back on.

EXT. MOTEL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ryerson exits the office, walks intently toward the Galaxie where his team waits.

RYERSON

Room 107. Along the back. Breck,  
you're up the middle with me.

Breck grabs his carbine. Follows Ryerson down the tunnel. Sarge and Yarrow disperse to the left and right.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Breck kicks in the door, sweeps the room...

Nothing. They're gone. But he spots Delbert's billfold on the nightstand. He pockets it.

EXT. MOTEL 6 - MOMENTS LATER

Ryerson and his team rush around the perimeter of the building, searching...

BEHIND THE MOTEL

Wes and Delbert hurry along a chain-link fence that backs to a dark cow field.

Beyond the field -- lights from the main strip of town.

Wes pulls a multi-tool from his belt and cuts his way through the fence. He holds it open for Delbert, who crawls through.

COW FIELD

Delbert tromps through the darkness, limping slightly. Wes paces behind him, covering their retreat with his .45.

BEHIND THE MOTEL

Breck checks along the chain-link fence. He spots the section that's been cut. Looks out into the darkness...

COW FIELD

Wes and Delbert on the far side now, the motel well in the distance. Delbert hobbles and Wes slows to stay at his side.

DELBERT

I hate to complain --

WES

Since when?

DELBERT

-- But you know what sounds good about now?

WES

Lemme guess.

DELBERT

That goddamn cup of coffee.

They keep walking, toward the main strip of town and the highway.

EXT. MOTEL 6 PARKING LOT - MORNING

Breck and Sarge at a row of pay phones by the office, each on a call.

By the newspaper machines, Ryerson eats an Egg McMuffin from its wrapper and sips a foam cup of McDonald's coffee.

He glances at Sarge and Breck, both with phones cradled on their shoulders as they scribble on notepads...

INT. BASEMENT OFFICE - THE PENTAGON - INTERCUT

A balding Civil Servant DESK MAN talks into a headset, reading from a stack of computer print-outs.

Behind him: a wall of "SUPER COMPUTERS" -- each the size of a Buick, with flashing lights and spinning reels of tape.

PENTAGON DESK MAN

(monotonically)

Wesley Alan Westin. Occupation:  
Game Officer, Oregon State Police.  
Military background: Marine Corp.,  
1954-1958...

EXT. MOTEL 6 PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Ryerson and his team gather around the back of the Fury.  
Sarge removes the transponder from under the bumper.

SARGE

I thought he was just local law  
enforcement when I tagged his car.  
Didn't know he was their brother,  
or that he'd come after them.

Yarrow jimmies the trunk lock and pops the lid. They stare  
down at an arsenal of weapons.

YARROW

Shit, they're loaded for bear.

Breck picks up and admires Wes' M16.

BRECK

Yeah, and we're the bear.

Ryerson smirks.

RYERSON

A park ranger and his geriatric  
father? Who've lost their car and  
most of their weapons? I'm not  
concerned. If this was some kind  
of rearguard action or half-assed  
rescue, it failed.

SARGE

(looks to his notepad)  
The park ranger's actually a gamey  
for the state police. On paper  
that makes him a state trooper.  
Before that he was a Marine.

RYERSON

So?

SARGE

So he could prove a handful. And  
killing cops is generally bad for  
business.

Breck glances at his own notepad --

BRECK

The old man ain't exactly a girl-  
scout, either. I got his Army  
record. He saw some heavy shit in  
the Big One.

Ryerson rolls his eyes contemptuously.

RYERSON

They all saw heavy shit in the Big One, so they say. They all landed at Omaha and served on PT 109.

BRECK

This one did land at Omaha. Went through the Ardennes. Ended the war inside Berlin. Got more medals in those twelve months than most lifers see in twenty years.

Ryerson scoffs --

RYERSON

He did his fucking job and he didn't get killed. What're we supposed to do, give him free blow-jobs for the rest of his life?

SARGE

Pretty much.

YARROW

Yeah.

BRECK

Damn right. My old man died on that same beach. That same day.

RYERSON

(annoyed)

When did I ask for your life story?

Breck shakes his head -- pissed but deferential.

RYERSON

Now look -- I have no doubt when Delbert Westin came marching home, he had some bark on him. But that was thirty years ago. Now he's just another old man grown soft on his Barcalounger. Nor am I concerned with his park ranger son. Let's stay focused on our primaries here and get this done.

(to Yarrow)

Can you hotwire this car?

YARROW

You know I can.

RYERSON

Then we'll take it with us. Leave the ranger and the old man afoot.

They break up and get in the cars -- Ryerson and Breck in the Galaxie, Yarrow and Sarge in the requisitioned Fury.

Yarrow expertly hotwires the Fury and revs the engine. Then both cars pull out, onto the highway.

EXT. REGIONAL AIRPORT - TWIN FALLS, IDAHO - MORNING

A small commercial airstrip with a bus station size "terminal" and a small parking lot.

Wes and Delbert walk from the terminal to the lot, as a taxi pulls away behind them.

DELBERT'S TRUCK

Parked in a row of six spaces designated with a "Long Term Parking" sign.

Wes pulls the tarp off the truck bed -- reveals Delbert's arsenal, including the flamethrower.

DELBERT

Thank goodness, the gang's all here.

WES

Let's just hope the old truck holds together.

Delbert tosses him the keys --

DELBERT

She'll more than hold.

Wes gets in the driver's seat. Delbert climbs in passenger.

Wes turns over the engine. Revs it. The old truck SCREAMS like a muscle car. He looks at his dad, shocked.

WES

What the hell you got in this thing?

DELBERT

Hell if I know. Sylvan and Jarret been rebuilding it for years. It's a goddamn rocket-ship, you ask me.

Wes smiles, pleased to hear it. He drives out of the lot.

INT. DELBERT'S TRUCK - WYOMING - NIGHT

Delbert's "rocket-ship" blasts down the highway, eastbound.

Wes drives. Local talk radio blares as Delbert dozes in the passenger seat. Wes turns it off.

WES

Dad?

DELBERT

Huh?

WES

They're having somekinda' big gala type shindig in Normandy next June. For the anniversary of the landing.

DELBERT

I heard. The old coots at the VFW been talkin' about it at breakfast.

WES

Thought you might like to go.

DELBERT

Jesus Christ, Wesley, can you imagine what that'd cost?

WES

It'd be my treat. I can set up the whole thing. Pay for it. Thought I might even go with you.

DELBERT

I appreciate the thought. But I been there once already. Why the hell would I wanna go back?

WES

It's changed a little since you were there, Dad. I believe they spruced the place up. And there won't be as many Germans this time. Least not in uniform and shooting at you.

Delbert ponders it.

DELBERT

No, one goddamn trip across Europe was enough for me. And don't get me started on the fuckin' Germans.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - WYOMING - NIGHT

A drab mom-and-pop greasy spoon by the highway. Wes and Delbert sit at a booth by the window, sipping hot coffee.

DELBERT

I ever tell you about my weekend in Paris?

WES

Nope.

DELBERT

It was after Saint-Lo. The fuckin' Germans were pullin' back ev'rywhere by then. They abandoned Paris after what, four years of occupation? So durin' a lull the brass gave us two-day passes by the truckload to go into town for a frolic. ...After four years of the fuckin' Nazis, Jesus Christ them Parisian gals was glad to see us.

WES

(amused)

I bet.

DELBERT

Had such a time, me and the fella I paired up with missed the last truck back. We finally straggled in two days late, while the outfit was shipping out for the Ardennes. That didn't go over so well.

WES

Who was the guy you paired up with?

DELBERT

Desi Mendez.

WES

Good guy?

DELBERT

The best. Figured if I was gonna go tom-cattin' through Paris, I could do worse than partner with a handsome young Californ-exican. And I was right. For me and Desi, that damn Paris was nothin' but a two-day blur of champagne and pussy.

(MORE)

DELBERT (CONT'D)

The walk back weren't too bad,  
either. Farm girls, French wines  
and cheeses...

Wes smiles. Delbert realizes that he may have over-spoke.

DELBERT

Your mother and I had a bad patch  
around then. She was mad when I  
left. Guess I was feelin' ornery.  
Truth be told, I didn't much expect  
to live through it.

Wes looks at his father, wonders if this is less of a story  
and more of a confession.

WES

I don't blame you. I prob'ly  
would've done the same if I'd had a  
war.

DELBERT

That still bother you?

WES

It was a weird time to be in. Too  
young for Korea, too old for  
Vietnam. When I see those old boys  
it always comes up. Our dad's were  
war heroes, but we never got our  
chance.

DELBERT

I was always grateful for that too.

WES

That I didn't go to war?

DELBERT

You bet.

WES

You never told me that before.

DELBERT

Never said a lot of things.

Wes studies his father. It's Delbert's way of saying "I love  
you," and Wes knows it.

WES

What about Jarret?

DELBERT

Didn't want him to go, either. But he was the best equipped for it. Hell, Sylvan lucked out goin' to jail instead. He was never cut out for the service.

WES

But he was cut out for jail?

DELBERT

Apparently.

They both smile and sip their coffee.

WES

Did Desi Mendez live?

DELBERT

He lived through Paris, by God. But not through the Ardennes.

INT. DELBERT'S TRUCK - WYOMING - NIGHT

Wes drives. Delbert rides shotgun. They both stare thoughtfully at the road ahead.

WES

I guess I never thanked you, Dad.

DELBERT

For?

WES

Your trip across Europe.

DELBERT

You mean for not gettin' killed, or for cheating on your mother?

WES

I mean for savin' the whole fucking world.

Delbert smiles faintly. Quite touched.

DELBERT

You're welcome. Thanks for deservin' it.

WES

I don't know that I do.

DELBERT

You do. So do these kids.

They drive on in silence.

EXT. WYOMING BADLANDS - NIGHT

The Cuda parked on a bluff, skylined against the dark night.

Faintly visible underneath the trunk -- the RED LIGHT on the transponder flashes intermittently.

SOFT VOICES drift up from a fire-lit campsite below:

THE CAMPSITE

Sylvan and Genelle, Jarret and Rosemary sit around a crackling fire. Sheltered and surrounded by bizarre outcroppings of desert rock.

Sylvan lights a joint and passes it around.

ROSEMARY

You know, this is my first time outside Oregon. ...What's the furthest you all have been?

Genelle smiles.

GENELLE

Disneyland. When I was little.

ROSEMARY

(to Jarret)

What about you, hon?

JARRET

That'd be the Mekong Delta. I don't recommend it.

ROSEMARY

Sylvan?

He watches the flames, thinking. The flickering fire illuminates and casts dancing shadows on his face and the rocks behind him.

SYLVAN

We used to go road-trippin' summers after high school. Just to see what was out there. Went all the way to Florida the one year. Down to California the next.

(MORE)

SYLVAN (CONT'D)

Made it to San Francisco -- Haight and Ashbury and all that. That was August of '68. The goddamn Summer of Love.

Genelle and Rosemary watch him, captivated. Sylvan's a natural storyteller and also not unfond of his own voice.

ROSEMARY

What was it like?

SYLVAN

Colorful. Beautiful. But dirty and kinda creepy. There were thousands of kids hangin' around. Dropouts and runaways from all over the country. And they were all wasted. Ev'ryone seemed to be homeless, and stoned outta their minds.

ROSEMARY

What'd you guys do?

SYLVAN

Got stoned outta our minds.

Genelle and Rosemary smile.

JARRET

We saw Creedence and the Airplane at the Fillmore.

ROSEMARY

Far out.

JARRET

And we met George Harrison. At a Love-in in Golden Gate Park. ...He shook his hand.

Sylvan grins from ear to ear like a little boy.

SYLVAN

This hand here. Shook by a Beatle.

JARRET

Figured nothing was gonna top that, so the next day we drove home.

SYLVAN

God that was a long drive. I think we were still on acid when we got back. I remember Wes pulled us over outside of town.

JARRET

(grins)

He was a deputy then.

SYLVAN

After askin' us questions and lookin' in our eyes, Wes was convinced we'd been abducted by aliens.

They all smile while picturing this.

Jarret stares into the flickering fire. His smile fades.

JARRET

I left for my induction that morning. Didn't see home for another two years.

They pensively stare into the fire. The specter of Vietnam and Jarret's conscription dampens the mood.

SYLVAN

(suddenly bitter)

So that was it, that was the goddamn Summer of Love. ...Shit. All it was was just a bunch of kids gettin' high.

GENELLE

It was more than that.

SYLVAN

No, we just thought it was.

EXT. THE CAMPSITE - MORNING

Genelle and Rosemary load the Cuda's trunk with sleeping bags and other camping gear.

The attache case and the field bag are tucked near the back. Rosemary notices the field bag and opens it --

It's stuffed with thick bundles of cash. One hundred grand.

ROSEMARY

Whose is this?

Sylvan and Jarret approach. They see the field bag and their faces drop. Genelle notices.

GENELLE

That's a good question, Rosemary.  
Whose money is this?

SYLVAN

It's Vet's. Least it was. It's  
the drop from the last run.

GENELLE

You mean these men are chasing us  
for money? That you guys stole?

SYLVAN

It was hardly stealing. The money  
was already in the trunk. We  
didn't take it so much as we just  
didn't leave it.

GENELLE

(fuming)

Sylvan, you have a way of dancing  
around the truth that makes me  
wanna stab you in the neck with a  
writing pen.

Sylvan wisely holds his tongue.

JARRET

They would've come after us,  
anyway, Genelle. They'll kill us  
anyway. This was never about the  
money.

GENELLE

It sure appears to be now.

JARRET

How do you know?

GENELLE

I don't know. But you don't,  
either. That's the point. This  
whole thing's just a goddamn pig in  
a poke. You don't know what it is.

Sylvan picks up the field bag --

SYLVAN

You want me to dump it in the next  
river? Would that make you feel  
better?

Genelle knows he's bluffing and calls him on it --

GENELLE

Yes, please do. Please and thank you.

Sylvan and Jarret exchange a look.

SYLVAN

That's not quite the answer I expected. I was actually being --

GENELLE

-- you were being a facetious asshole!

She turns her back and moves to the far side of the Cuda. Rosemary joins her -- puts a comforting arm around her.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - CENTRAL MISSOURI - EVENING

The Cuda pulls in off the highway. Parks near a diner. Genelle and Rosemary hop out and rush off to the bathroom.

INT. TRUCK STOP DINER - EVENING

A collection of long-haul TRUCKERS and local RANCHERS eat and sip coffee at the lunch counter.

Four clean-cut young COWBOYS lounge at a booth, drinking beers and generally being loud and obnoxious.

Sylvan and Jarret enter. They cross the room and take a booth, under scrutinizing glares from the cowboys.

The waitress -- LORETTA, 35 -- approaches them.

She's a plump, vivacious spitfire -- bouffant hair, long eyelashes and plenty of makeup. Twenty pounds past her prime but there's something sexy and eye-catching about her as she sashays across the room.

LORETTA

What can I get for you, hons?

SYLVAN

Four Rainiers and some menus.

LORETTA

You got it.

Across the room -- the cowboys still glaring, sneering, and cracking jokes at their expense.

Sylvan and Jarret overhear enough -- it's the usual hippie/longhair/faggot bullshit. Sylvan looks the cowboys over --

SYLVAN

Those are some straight arrows,  
ain't they?

JARRET

Ain't they. You can almost smell  
the horseshit from here.

SYLVAN

Naw, those are town-boys. All  
dude'ed up for the rodeo.

Jarret shoots them a quick glance.

JARRET

How can you tell?

SYLVAN

Boots are clean, like as new. No  
grease or dirt on their hands.  
They're likely bean-counters and  
insurance men.

JARRET

Dance hall cowboys, huh?

SYLVAN

You prob'ly know more about  
horseshit than them.

JARRET

I shoveled my share of it for  
Grandpap, that's for sure.

Genelle and Rosemary enter. The cowboys straighten up, elbow each other, and gaze lustfully at them.

COWBOY #1

Lord have mercy, look at that.

COWBOY #2

Hot damn, boys. I'm in love.

Genelle and Rosemary ignore the comments. They cross the room and join our boys.

COWBOY #1  
 What? You gotta be kidding me.  
 They're with them?

LATER

Sylvan and Genelle, Jarret and Rosemary finish their dinner. Loretta clears their plates and brings each a slice of pie.

The truckers and ranchers are gone. But the four Cowboys are getting drunker and rowdier by the second.

COWBOY #1  
 I still can't decide. Is it a man  
 in drag or a woman with a mustache?

COWBOY #2  
 Maybe they're four lesbians.

Jarret pushes his pie away. He's pissed and heard enough.

JARRET  
 (to Sylvan)  
 Well? Start the ball, Tector.

SYLVAN  
 (stalling)  
 We're having pie. Maybe they'll be  
 gone by the time we're done.

JARRET  
 Maybe they'll be unconscious.

ROSEMARY  
 Can't we just enjoy our dessert?

JARRET  
 I ain't stopping you.

Rosemary's stunned and bit hurt by his brusqueness. Jarret's gone to a mean, dark place. His eyes stormy and distant.

Sylvan sees it, which is why he's stalling.

SYLVAN  
 There's four of 'em. You're  
 outnumbered.

JARRET  
 I'm outnumbered? Where'd you go?

SYLVAN  
 Let's face it, Jarret, we both know  
 I'm not much help in a fight.

JARRET

You'll do. Least you usually ain't afraid to jump in and mix it up.

SYLVAN

Not afraid to take an ass-kicking is what you mean. Just 'cause I'm not afraid to fight don't mean I enjoy it. 'Cause I don't.

They're annoyed with each other now and getting embarrassingly loud, like a bickering married couple --

JARRET

Well goddamn it, Sylvan, we gotta walk outta here somehow. When we pass their table there's bound to be words.

SYLVAN

Words I can handle. This ain't a spelling bee.

JARRET

You'd like it if it was, though, wouldn't you?

SYLVAN

Yeah. I'd win for once and it wouldn't hurt as much.

GENELLE

I know one way we could avoid these predicaments. We could stop in the next town and you could both get haircuts.

SYLVAN

Like hell we will.

JARRET

To hell with that.

GENELLE

Just a suggestion.

Cowboy #1 gets up and arrogantly struts toward them. All shoulders and swagger, flashy belt buckle and black Stetson.

COWBOY #1

Excuse me, ladies. Maybe you can settle a bet for us. We're just wonderin' why two fine-lookin' fillies --

Jarret springs to his feet and POPS him in the mouth with a short left.

Cowboy #1 reels. Before he can even recover, Jarret quickly HITS HIM three more times...

Cowboy #1 lands on his back -- semi-conscious and dazed, his nose and mouth a bloody mess.

Jarret picks up the Stetson and puts it on. It fits him. He returns to the table and nonchalantly sips his beer.

BEHIND HIM -- the three other Cowboys approach.

Sylvan rises and stands beside his brother.

COWBOY #2  
Awright, give him his hat back.

JARRET  
(cool)  
I can't, I'm collecting the whole set.

The Cowboys - all wearing Stetsons - exchange a wary glance. It's that "maybe we fucked with the wrong guy" moment.

SYLVAN  
Come on, Jarret, give 'em the hat.  
You know how seriously these morons take their --

Cowboy #2 DECKS Sylvan in the jaw. Sylvan reels.

Jarret skillfully BOXES the other two -- he throws lightning-fast jabs and backpedals to stay out of reach.

Sylvan and Cowboy #2 get in a clumsy wrestling match -- sloppy headlocks and ineffective blows.

AT THE BOOTH -- Genelle and Rosemary watch. Rosemary looks scared, but Genelle is cool -- she's seen this kind of thing before.

ROSEMARY  
I thought Sylvan didn't fight?

GENELLE  
Oh, he'll fight. He's just not very good at it.

Cowboy #2 SLAMS a hard elbow into Sylvan's face. Then he scoops up Sylvan's leg and THROWS him over the lunch counter.

All three Cowboys now circle in on Jarret...

Jarret backpedals, landing stinging JABS when they get too close.

The Cowboys are bewildered by him. Each time they swing at him they miss, and each time Jarret HITS them back hard.

Finally they grab him and take him down, start beating on him...

Sylvan hops atop the lunch counter - runs across it and DIVES onto the Cowboys, pulling two of them off his brother...

Genelle scoots out of the booth and grabs their bill.

GENELLE  
 (to Rosemary)  
 We should prob'ly get the check and  
 start the car now.

Rosemary nods and follows her.

EXT. TRUCK STOP DINER - NIGHT - LATER

Two local police cruisers parked out front.

Ryerson and a LOCAL SHERIFF talk by the door. Ryerson listening as the Sheriff explains the fight.

They shake hands, then Ryerson steps into the parking lot, where --

Breck, Sarge, and Yarrow wait by the Galaxie and the Fury.

BRECK  
 What's the word, Cap?

RYERSON  
 It was them. I'm sure of it.  
 (checks his watch)  
 That puts them forty minutes ahead  
 of us. Which means if we stay on  
 the right roads and close that gap -

SARGE  
 The transponder should pick 'em up  
 soon enough.

They nod their agreement. They get in the cars and take off.

ACROSS THE LOT -- DELBERT'S TRUCK

Parked by the highway, where Wes and Delbert are watching.

DELBERT

Damn, Son. They stole your car.

WES

And my guns.

DELBERT

So whatta you think?

WES

Let's check it out.

They climb out of the truck. Wes tucks his .45 into the back of his Levi's.

WES

When we get in there, Dad, let me do most of the talking.

DELBERT

Of course. You know me, I'm just along for the ride.

INT. TRUCK STOP DINER - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The Sheriff and a YOUNG DEPUTY sit at the lunch counter, sipping coffee. They stare impassively at --

-- Wes and Delbert, standing before them. The Sheriff's already being a dick, and Delbert is already pissed.

DELBERT

...Look, we think it was them. Why be so tight-lipped about it?

SHERIFF

Those boys sure are popular. In addition to startin' the fight, four Federal men were just here lookin' for 'em.

DELBERT

Those men are about as Federal as ol' Bobby Lee.

SHERIFF

They had credentials enough. Who the hell're you?

DELBERT

(to Wes)

Tell 'em who you are, Son.

WES  
I don't think he'll care, Dad.

DELBERT  
Tell him anyway.

Wes looks Sheriff in the eye --

WES  
I'm an officer. Oregon State  
Police.

SHERIFF  
(unimpressed)  
And?

Wes turns away -- pissed and insulted.

DELBERT  
Alright, I'll try a different  
approach. Is there somethin' in  
the water here that makes you such  
an asshole, Sheriff? Or does it  
just come natural to you?

Sheriff bristles.

WES  
(to Delbert)  
That's your different approach?

SHERIFF  
Yer a crotchety old bastard, I'll  
give you that.

WES  
Buddy, you don't know the half.

SHERIFF  
Okay, I'll tell you somethin' about  
them hippies.

DELBERT  
Please do. Tell us about the  
hippies.

SHERIFF  
First -- what's it's worth to you,  
old man?

DELBERT  
Christ. I don't know what's worse.  
An asshole hick sheriff, or one  
that's also a crook.

Sheriff reddens with anger. He and the Deputy both puff up and step toward Delbert.

Wes sees this and moves in front of his Dad, facing them and staring them down. Something in his eyes gives them pause.

WES

We're sorry to have troubled you.

Wes leads Delbert away and they take a booth -- under scrutinizing glares from the two lawmen.

MOMENTS LATER

Loretta the waitress approaches their booth, where Wes has a beer and Delbert has coffee.

LORETTA

Refill, gents? Yer order will be up in a minute.

DELBERT

Please. Only switch mine to unleaded.

She nods, then she gazes longingly at Wes. Excited to meet a handsome man near her age who's neither fat, married, nor balding.

LORETTA

How about you?

WES

I'll take another brew.

LORETTA

You got it. If you want anything else, just let me know. Okay, hon?

Wes holds her eye, they share a smile. Their chemistry and connection are electric. He lowers his gaze to her name tag.

WES

I'll do that, Loretta. Thanks.

She beams another warm smile at him, then walks away.

Wes admires Loretta as she sashays her big ass back behind the lunch counter. Delbert notes this.

DELBERT

By God, she's pleasure-built.

WES  
Got that right.

DELBERT  
May have to stop back through here  
on our way home, if we're not in  
such a hurry.

WES  
We may at that.

Delbert glances at the beer bottle in front of Wes.

DELBERT  
I thought you were takin' it easy  
from now on?

Wes drains the last swallow from the beer.

WES  
I am. This is me taking it easy.

Loretta returns with take-out dinner boxes and their drinks.

LORETTA  
Two blue-plates for the road and  
another brew.

DELBERT  
Thank you, darlin'.

She nods at their truck outside the window --

LORETTA  
I see you all are from Oregon. You  
must be havin' a convention or  
somethin'. You're the fourth ones  
tonight.

WES  
Fourth vehicle with Oregon plates?

LORETTA  
Mm-hmm.

DELBERT  
Was one of 'em a hot rod? With two  
young couples?

LORETTA  
Why, yes. Those are the boys got  
in the fight. They lit out quick  
before the sheriff got here.

WES  
Was the other that Ford Galaxie?  
Four men act like cops?

LORETTA  
They came in and talked to the  
Sheriff about the fight. Then they  
left in a hurry, without orderin'.

Wes and Delbert both get up, grab their take-out boxes. Wes  
puts a fifty dollar bill in Loretta's hand.

WES  
Thanks for the info.

LORETTA  
This is way too much.

WES  
Then you can give me my change next  
time I see you.

LORETTA  
(smiles)  
Lookin' forward to it, Oregon.  
Seein' you again, I mean.

He holds her eye confidently.

WES  
It's Wes. Loretta.

LORETTA  
(searching his eyes)  
See you next time, Wes.

They share another warm smile.

INT. THE CUDA - MISSOURI HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A long stretch of rural two-lane blacktop, curving its way  
through thick dark woods.

Jarret and Rosemary are cuddled in the backseat.

Sylvan drives, now with a black eye. Looking bored and  
tired, and staring at the road with his good eye.

Genelle sits far across from him. An awkward silence lingers.

EXT. MISSOURI HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Cuda roars by and disappears around a curve.

Two pairs of HEADLIGHTS appear. The Galaxie and the Fury, approaching fast behind them.

INT./EXT. THE CUDA - MISSOURI HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sylvan looks at Genelle, tries to thaw the ice --

SYLVAN

Can't wait to get you to the Gulf.  
See you on those warm beaches.

GENELLE

We had beaches at home.

SYLVAN

We had a coast. Coasts are just  
for lookin' at. This is a beach.  
That ocean's so warm it's like bath  
water. Dip your toe in and you  
can't help but just walk out up to  
your neck and just float there.

Genelle softens a bit and smiles. Scoots closer to him.

GENELLE

Why'd you fall for me?

SYLVAN

(he brightens)

You were the smartest girl in  
school but didn't act like it.  
You're the only educated woman of  
substance ever looked twice at me.

GENELLE

Sylvan, my dad owns a sawmill and I  
have a degree in English. That's  
hardly education, or substance.

SYLVAN

Well I got a G.E.D. in nothin' and  
don't own shit. So I guess it's  
all relative.

Genelle puts her arm behind him and playfully toys with his hair. He smiles contentedly, rests his hand on her thigh.

Suddenly HEADLIGHTS appear behind them.

Make that TWO PAIRS OF HEADLIGHTS. Closing fast.

Sylvan spots them and watches through his side mirror.

SYLVAN  
(to Jarret)  
Hey?

Jarret sits up and looks through the back window.

THE GALAXIE

Races right up on them and RAMS the Cuda.

THE CUDA

Fishtails wildly. Sylvan manages to keep control. But he looks nervous.

Jarret squints through the back window. So do Genelle and Rosemary. The headlights are blinding.

THE GALAXIE

Smashes into the Cuda again, trying to pit them.

THE CUDA

Careens across both lanes of the highway. Then back again. Sylvan barely regains control.

JARRET  
Damn it. I should be fuckin'  
drivin'.

SYLVAN  
Christ. You should be fucking  
driving.

Jarret looks through the windshield. They pass a road sign --  
"RIVER ACCESS 1 MI."

JARRET  
Make that turn. If they start  
shooting here, we're meat.

THE GALAXIE

Ryerson prepares to do just that -- he readies a carbine. He angles himself partially out the window and aims...

THE FURY

Follows close behind them. Sarge and Yarrow inside.

SARGE  
Cap's going for it.

YARROW  
Look at Cap. This shit's well  
below his pay grade.

Sarge chuckles.

Suddenly something SLAMS into their car from behind. They're both knocked forward into the dash.

DELBERT'S TRUCK

Right on the Fury's ass. Delbert driving. He floors the accelerator and RAMS the Fury again...

Wes sticks his arm outside the passenger window and aims his .45 at the car. He EMPTIES HIS MAG into the back of the Fury...

THE FURY

The back window EXPLODES, several rounds fly through the cab.

Both Sarge and Yarrow are hit. Yarrow steers desperately.

YARROW  
The fuck?

SARGE  
Park Ranger, my ass.

Yarrow runs a hand across his side -- it comes up bloody.

YARROW  
I'm hit, Sarge.

SARGE  
Keep it together.

DELBERT'S TRUCK

Wes pops another magazine into his .45. Aims out the window and DOES IT AGAIN -- empties another mag into the Fury...

THE GALAXIE

Ryerson, halfway out the window with his carbine, looks back to see --

-- the Fury swerving erratically, with Delbert's truck right on its ass.

## THE CUDA

Whips off the highway onto a gravel one-lane road. Passing a sign that reads: "FERRY ACCESS/RIVER ROAD."

## THE GALAXIE

Breck grabs hold of Ryerson's belt while making the turn --

BRECK

Hang on!

Ryerson flails desperately and nearly drops his carbine.

They finish the turn and SLAM into potholes. Ryerson almost bounces out of the car before squirming back inside.

## THE FURY

Also tries to make the turn, but Delbert's truck CLIPS the back end of the car -- sends it into a violent SPINOUT.

They come to a stop in the middle of the highway. Yarrow disoriented. His nose bleeding.

Sarge cranes his neck looking around for --

## DELBERT'S TRUCK

Stopped a short distance ahead, center of the highway.

Wes and Delbert watch them through the back window.

WES

Keep going. Draw 'em off the kids.

Delbert does so -- he takes off, up and around a bend...

In the Fury, Sarge and Yarrow give chase...

## INT./EXT. THE FURY - MOMENTS LATER

As they race down the dark highway.

Yarrow's not looking so good. He has chills and wheezes sporadically. Coughs up blood and wipes it on his pants.

Sarge is also shot up and bleeding, but he remains calm.

YARROW

Fuck, Sarge. I think they killed me.

SARGE

I know.

Up ahead they see Delbert's truck -- parked in the center of the road and facing them -- with its BRIGHTS on.

SARGE

Hold up.

Yarrow slows the Fury to a stop. They squint at the truck.

Sarge senses an ambush --

SARGE

Turn around. Now!

OFF THE PASSENGER WINDOW: Wes appears on the side of the road, flamethrower on his back.

Wes TORCHES THEM, aiming directly into the passenger side.

Sarge and Yarrow are barbecued to death -- thrashing violently as they burn.

As the car's interior burns, Delbert pops the trunk. He retrieves Wes' M16, hunting rifle, and duffle of ammo.

Wes and Delbert walk to the truck. Delbert helps him off with the flamethrower.

DELBERT

Sorry about your car, Son.

WES

It might not be a total loss.

Behind them, the Fury EXPLODES. They recoil from the blast.

EXT. RIVER ROAD - NIGHT

The Cuda races along, bouncing like hell on the gravel road, dark woods all around them.

Sylvan drives while the others watch behind. They see the EXPLOSION from the Fury.

The road comes to a fast dead end at a ferry landing on the banks of the Mississippi. A battered sign reads:

"STAMPER'S FERRY. HOURS OF OPERATION 7-5"

The Cuda slides to a gravelly stop at the landing slip. A small FERRYBOAT floats on the dark water.

Jarret springs from the Cuda and runs onto the boat...

EXT. THE FERRY - MISSISSIPPI RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Jarret breaks into the pilot-house. He fidgets with the controls...

Genelle and Rosemary open the gate and guide Sylvan as he drives the Cuda onto the deck.

JARRET  
Cast us off!

ROSEMARY  
How?

JARRET  
Look for anything tying us to the  
dock and untie it!

Rosemary and Genelle do so -- quickly untying several lines.

HEADLIGHTS beam down on them from the Galaxie on the road.

Sylvan grabs a hunting rifle from the trunk of the Cuda. He anxiously holds it as he looks at the oncoming headlights.

SYLVAN  
(to Jarret)  
Will you start this thing already?

JARRET  
The hell you think I'm doing?

Jarret's under the control console now, fiddling with wires. Sweat drips from his chin.

Sylvan slings the rifle over his shoulder then hurriedly climbs atop the pilot-house.

On the roof, he kneels and aims at --

THE GALAXIE'S HEADLIGHTS

From a distance, bouncing around in total darkness.

ATOP THE PILOT HOUSE

Sylvan is sweating and nervous. He SHOOTS and --

-- nothing. He shoots again, to no effect.

## ON THE DECK

Genelle looks at Sylvan on the roof, then at Jarret desperately trying to hotwire the engine. Then she looks at the oncoming headlights. Her eyes harden like steel.

She gets the second hunting rifle from the trunk. She expertly bolts a shell, aims at the headlights, and FIRES.

Genelle keeps firing -- bolt, aim, FIRE; bolt, aim, FIRE. She's suddenly a badass. Linda fucking Hamilton.

Rosemary watches her, amazed.

GENELLE  
(sotto)  
Not here. Not us.

Bolt, aim, FIRE; bolt, aim, FIRE...

## THE GALAXIE

As Breck drives. A bullet ricochets off the road in front of them. Then another RICOCHETS off the hood.

RYERSON  
Kill the lights.

BRECK  
And drive blind?

RYERSON  
Do it, goddamn it!

## ATOP THE PILOT HOUSE

Sylvan aims at the headlights again, takes a breath. He SHOOTS and --

## THE GALAXIE

The bullet STRIKES the windshield. Goes right between Breck and Ryerson.

Breck flicks off the headlights. Steers the car into a ditch.

## THE FERRY

Jarret FIRES UP THE ENGINES. The ferry vibrates and shudders to life. They slowly motor off into the dark water...

## THE GALAXIE

Breck and Ryerson spring from the car, cradling carbines and running for the river...

## EXT. THE FERRY - MISSISSIPPI RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

They're moving swiftly across the water now. The river here about 1,000 yards wide, and the ferry almost halfway across.

But that's hard to tell as it's a very dark, almost moonless night; they can't see the other side.

Sylvan crouches atop the pilot-house, pensively holding his rifle and peering at the dark shore behind them.

JARRET

Get down. You'll skyline yourself.

SYLVAN

Right.

BULLETS suddenly ricochet all around him. Sylvan frantically jumps down, landing HARD on the deck and CRACKING his ribs on a metal handrail.

SYLVAN

UGH!

The pilot-house takes HEAVY FIRE as well. Jarret ducks and tries to steer blindly. But the gunfire is too intense -- he's forced to crawl out.

## RIVER BANK/FERRY LANDING

Breck and Ryerson side by side with their M16 carbines -- POURING FIRE in the direction of the ferry...

It's so dark all they can see is the hulking shadow of the ferry, quickly being swallowed by blackness...

But they continue to pour a WALL OF FIRE into the night -- hoping for one lucky shot.

## THE FERRY

Sylvan and Genelle, Jarret and Rosemary scramble to the front of the boat and hide behind whatever they can.

The air's literally thick with bullets -- whizzing over their heads and ricocheting all around them. The Cuda catches several rounds -- its back window EXPLODES.

Sylvan and Genelle crawl over the bow of the ferry and hang off the edge, hiding in front of it.

Jarret and Rosemary hunker behind the pilot-house, gripped tightly in each other's arms.

The ferry, with no one steering, turns downriver.

The engines cut out, and they drift with the current...

RIVER BANK/FERRY LANDING

Breck and Ryerson stop shooting. Expressions grim.

They don't talk -- they don't need to. They've failed. The Cuda's across the river and half their team is missing.

RYERSON  
(yelling)  
Sylvan Westin! Jarret Westin!

Breck looks at him quizzically. Ryerson shrugs -- "why not?" He yells into the night:

RYERSON  
Give us the money and we'll let you live. Give us the money and you'll walk. You and the girls -- Genelle Walcott and Rosemary Merrill.

THE FERRY

The four of them on the deck. They watch each other while listening.

RYERSON (O.S.)  
(yelling)  
Ladies, this is your one chance to save yourselves and talk sense to your men. Give us the money and you all go home.

Genelle and Rosemary look hopeful. Jarret shakes his head.

JARRET  
He's lying. They'll kill us either way.

GENELLE  
Of course you're also the one who said this isn't about the money.

JARRET

It's a trick, Genelle. There's no deal to be made. Not with them.

Jarret moves to the edge of the deck, at the bow -- he crouches on his heels and peers out into the darkness...

INT./EXT. DELBERT'S TRUCK - RIVER SHORELINE - NIGHT

Delbert's truck races beside the river, on an access road atop an earthen levee.

DELBERT

(driving)

How do you know this'll work?

WES

I don't.

DELBERT

Well that's refreshingly honest.

They fast approach a railroad bridge that spans the river.

The truck SMASHES through a padlocked chain-link fence. SWERVES up alongside the tracks and drives right onto --

EXT. RAILROAD BRIDGE - MISSISSIPPI RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Delbert drives the truck along the tracks. Stops in the center of the bridge.

Wes hops out and rushes to the ledge, holding a flashlight.

Delbert looks up and down the tracks.

DELBERT

I don't suppose you have an Amtrak schedule, do you?

Wes scans the dark river --

WES

(sotto)

Come on, come on...

DELBERT

Wesley? They might not've taken that ferry. Or they could already--

WES

There! I see it.

EXT. THE FERRY - MISSISSIPPI RIVER - NIGHT

Jarret still at the bow, crouched on his heels. He sees something downriver and springs to his feet --

The faint beam of a FLASHLIGHT, flicking on and off.

ROSEMARY

What is it?

The light FLICKS in a pattern of dots and dashes. It's Morse code. Jarret interprets it and smiles.

JARRET

It's Wes.

The others are flabbergasted --

SYLVAN

Wes?

GENELLE

Your brother?

More flashing dots and dashes. Jarret smiles again.

JARRET

Dad's with him.

SYLVAN

Pop?

ROSEMARY

Delbert?

A wave of hope and excitement washes over them.

ROSEMARY

How did they find us?

JARRET

(grins)

I don't know, baby. But they did.

Jarret leans an arm inside the driver's side of the Cuda and pulls on the headlight knob...

EXT. RAILROAD BRIDGE - NIGHT

As Wes and Delbert watch --

-- a quick series of FLASHING HEADLIGHTS from the middle of the dark river. Dots and dashes.

DELBERT  
What'd they say?

WES  
(smiles)  
They said "Biloxi or bust."

Delbert sighs with relief. He grips Wes' shoulder.

DELBERT  
By God, it's them. They made it.

EXT. EASTERN MISSOURI HIGHWAY - NIGHT

What was once Wes' Plymouth Fury is now a smoldering frame.

The Galaxie pulls up. Breck and Ryerson step out.

They inspect the carnage, including the charred remains of Sarge and Yarrow.

BRECK  
Shit. We're done.

RYERSON  
Not till Mother says so.

BRECK  
Cap, Mother's not here.

Behind them, a lone POLICE CAR races up, lights flashing.

BRECK  
What was that about the money? You told us the money was incidental.

RYERSON  
It is incidental. Far as Mother's concerned.

BRECK  
And as far as you're concerned?

RYERSON  
There are few perks in our profession, Breck. Sooner you embrace them, the more bountiful you'll find your reward.

BRECK  
Christ. You're after the money.

RYERSON

The money's incidental. A highly motivating one, perhaps. But an incidental nonetheless.

Breck shakes his head, disillusioned and speechless. His self-image, that of a professional soldier, is shattered. He's working for thieves, and by association he's one of them.

The police car arrives. A chubby OFFICER gets out --

MISSOURI OFFICER

What is it? A wreck? We need an ambulance?

RYERSON

It's not a wreck, it's a crime scene.

Ryerson whips out ID and approaches the Officer --

RYERSON

Special Agent Ryerson, Department of Defense. Put me on the radio with your commanding officer right now.

Ryerson's so authoritative and seemingly official that the Officer immediately obeys him. He grabs his radio mic...

EXT. MISSISSIPPI RIVER - DAWN

The big beautiful river in the bluish light of early dawn. Both sides lined with thick and wild woods.

The ferry drifts down the middle -- with the Cuda on its deck. They've been drifting with the current all night.

THE FERRY

Sylvan and Jarret mill about the deck -- Sylvan favoring his cracked ribs. Genelle and Rosemary sleep inside the Cuda.

The whole back half of the Cuda is riddled with bullet holes, and the rear window is smashed.

Sylvan opens the trunk -- the lid pocked like Swiss cheese.

SYLVAN

Great. We'll be shakin' bullets out of our sleeping bags for a week.

Jarret studies the shoreline downriver:

A SMALL TOWN with a water tower on the Illinois side -- next to a county park with a cement BOAT RAMP.

Jarret smiles. He goes inside the pilot-house.

JARRET

This is it. Get ready.

He starts the engines and pilots the ferry toward the town...

EXT. SMALL TOWN BOAT RAMP - MORNING

Two TEENAGE BOYS night-fishing on the bank. They watch as --  
-- the ferry drifts up to shore. The metal ramp on its bow  
SLAMS and SCRAPES into the cement boat ramp...

VRROOOM! Sylvan drives the Cuda off the ferry and up the  
ramp...

Then the Cuda is gone. The Teens look at the ferry --  
abandoned now and floating along the shore.

TEENAGE BOY #1

It's mine.

TEENAGE BOY #2

Shit, too. I seen it first.

They run down the riverbank and hop aboard the ferry.

EXT. SMALL ILLINOIS TOWN - MORNING

A very old but well-kept turn of the century town. Not a  
soul on the streets as the Cuda slowly rumbles through -- its  
engine smoking badly and the tailpipe belching black exhaust.

FILLING STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The station is closed but Sylvan pumps gas anyway.

Genelle and Rosemary go to an ancient Coke machine and buy  
four glass bottles of cola.

Jarret's under the hood, checking the engine and fluids.

JARRET

She's leakin' oil and tranny fluid  
bad.

He crawls under the car and takes a look.

JARRET

Oil pan's damn near shot off. I  
can wire it with a coat hanger but  
it won't hold long.

SYLVAN

'Tween that and the back window,  
and all these holes, I'd say we  
need a new ride.

Sylvan finishes pumping gas. He sets a five dollar bill on  
top of the gas pump. Puts a rock on top to anchor it down.

Jarret closes the hood, and the girls hop into the backseat.

EXT. TRAILWAYS BUS STATION - RURAL TENNESSEE - DAY

About the size of a modern gas station and not much more  
accommodating.

THE CUDA -- empty and abandoned in the customer parking lot.

Breck approaches and looks the car over. Fingers a bullet  
hole in the trunk lid. He pops the trunk... it's empty.

He removes the transponder from under the bumper.

OUTSIDE THE BUS STATION

Ryerson's at a phone booth, talking with his master -- a  
highly-connected but off-the-books PENTAGON OFFICER:

PENTAGON OFFICER (V.O.)

(on the phone)

Do you know where they are?

RYERSON

I know where they're going. I  
tried to overtake them in the back  
country but I missed. When I get  
there, we'll need local assets to  
help finish this.

PENTAGON OFFICER (V.O.)

For Christ sake. Who?

RYERSON

Call in the National Guard.

PENTAGON OFFICER (V.O.)

Under what pretense, Pete?

RYERSON

Make them domestic terrorists.  
Weather Underground, Symbionese  
Liberation Army, Mansonites...  
Whatever. Pick the flavor of the  
month.

PENTAGON OFFICER (V.O.)

All that for two guys? Do you have  
any idea what's going on in  
Washington right now?

RYERSON

I try my best not to.

INT. SMALL OFFICE - IN THE PENTAGON - INTERCUT

A framed photo of President Nixon on an otherwise drab wall.

PENTAGON OFFICER, 50's, holds the phone to his ear. He's a nervous Army Colonel whose spent his career behind a desk, and has the inferiority complex that comes with that.

Currently he's digging through his file cabinets and feeding most of their contents into a PAPER SHREDDER.

PENTAGON OFFICER

It's a fucking witch-hunt. The American public is pissed. They've just been dragged through ten years of an unpopular, unwinnable war, and now they know they were lied to by everyone, about everything. Heads are going to roll. The President is going to be impeached, and Congress wants blood. They're already setting up hearings and issuing subpoenas. There's a bull's-eye on the backs of the entire war machine AND the intelligence community.

The shredder feeds its trimmings into a black lawn-and-leaf bag. The office already cluttered with SIX FULL BAGS.

PENTAGON OFFICER

Everyone's being called to the Hill to sit in front of cameras and microphones and explain themselves. And those cocksuckers in Congress aren't the old guard. There's no smoke-filled back rooms and secret Masonic handshakes.

(MORE)

PENTAGON OFFICER (CONT'D)

These are the goddamn Kennedy kids,  
come home to roost. They want  
televised hearings and heads on  
platters.

Officer pulls another dossier from his file cabinet -- it's  
the original copy of the MANTIS FILE that Sylvan read.

He shreds it.

RYERSON

They have my briefcase, Gerry.  
They've seen behind the curtain.

Officer stops shredding. A glint of fear in his eyes.

RYERSON

And there are six of them, not two.  
And I'm down to one man. My days  
of moving mountains for you are  
about over.

PENTAGON OFFICER

It sounds like they're just trying  
to slip off the grid, Pete.

RYERSON

Can we take that chance? You know  
what's in that case. And who it  
leads back to.

PENTAGON OFFICER

Alright, alright. It has to  
happen. I'll set it up here for  
you to quarterback locally.

RYERSON

Okay.

PENTAGON OFFICER

Proceed to Biloxi. Prepare to make  
contact with what will undoubtedly  
be a crack platoon of Mississippi  
National Guard. Then run these  
"domestic terrorists" into the  
ground, and find that goddamn case.

RYERSON

Yes, sir.

PENTAGON OFFICER

I don't have to tell you, Pete, with everything happening here -- you and I probably won't be having coffee in the commissary anytime soon.

RYERSON

I understand.

PENTAGON OFFICER

I've been ordered to shut down. I'm being moved to the Middle East. This office will be vacant and this phone line dead by Friday. It's of paramount importance that you recover that case and destroy its contents. God willing it contains the last existing evidence of the Mantis program.

RYERSON

Consider it done, sir. And if I may say so, it's been an honor --

PENTAGON OFFICER

Oh cut the fucking shit, Pete. Just find that fucking case!

Pentagon Officer SLAMS down the phone. He goes back to his shredding.

EXT. SMALL TOWN MARINA - GULF COAST NEAR BILOXI - DAY

A bayou-like cove with several boat docks, surrounded by shabby boating and fishing related businesses.

A sleek GO-FAST BOAT fishtails into the cove and idles up to the docks. Sylvan and Jarret inside -- Jarret piloting.

Jarret smoothly steers the boat into a slip. Sylvan jumps onto the dock and ties them off.

EXT. HOTEL - DOWNTOWN BILOXI - DAY

An aging brick hotel in an old downtown shopping district. A badass '67 GTO pulls up. Sylvan and Jarret hop out and go inside. Just as --

The Ford Galaxie cruises by, Breck behind the wheel, scoping out the GTO and the hotel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Genelle opens the window and looks out at the Gulf of Mexico -- a nice view from this fifth-floor room.

Behind her, on the dresser: the field bag and Ryerson's attache case.

Sylvan enters the room, a bundle of excited energy.

SYLVAN

Hey, babe. You ready for dinner?

GENELLE

(smiles)

Starved.

Sylvan kneels by the dresser, pulls the bottom drawer completely out.

He stuffs the field bag into the hole, then slides the drawer back in place, in front of it.

GENELLE

How'd the boat shopping go?

SYLVAN

We bought it. Now tomorrow we can go lookin' for a beach house.

They share a smile. For the first time, Genelle's thinking this may all work out.

EXT. VACANT FIELD - OUTSIDE BILOXI - DAY

Several green military "deuce and a half" cargo trucks pull into a staging area on the outskirts of town.

A 30-man platoon of MISSISSIPPI NATIONAL GUARDSMEN rush about in a hive of activity.

Ryerson meets and greets with the lead officer -- FLUKINGER, a red-faced, over-eager Lieutenant.

FLUKINGER

(pumping handshake)

Lieutenant Flukinger. West Point '63.

RYERSON

Agent Ryerson. Kay's Motor Lodge, room 9.

FLUKINGER  
 Sounds like you got a helluva'  
 situation here, Ryerson.

RYERSON  
 I do indeed, Lieutenant. These  
 could be the most dangerous men in  
 America.

Ryerson shows him a road map.

RYERSON  
 I need roadblocks set up after  
 dark. Here, here, and here.

FLUKINGER  
 You got 'em.  
 (to a subordinate)  
 Sergeant Hartley! Give this man  
 everything he needs.

An overweight RESERVIST rushes forward.

SGT. HARTLEY  
 (gung-ho)  
 Yes, sir!

Breck approaches. Ryerson dismisses Flukinger and Hartley  
 with a curt nod. He walks off with Breck --

BRECK  
 All these roadblocks sound neat,  
 but you'd be better off calling in  
 the Navy.

Ryerson cocks an eyebrow.

BRECK  
 I found 'em, down at the marina.  
 Harbor Master said they been  
 hanging around the docks a few days  
 now. Then Sylvan rented a slip,  
 and they just put a boat in it.

RYERSON  
 What kind of boat?

BRECK  
 The fast kind. With extra fuel,  
 I'd put its range good enough to  
 get 'em to Panama or Belize.

RYERSON

Get back to the marina and hobble  
that boat. I'll work with  
Flukinger on setting up an ambush.  
If any windows of opportunity  
present themselves, you find me.

Breck nods, starts to leave.

RYERSON

You want me to send a couple of  
these yahoos with you?

Breck looks skeptically at the Guardsmen -- mostly middle-class college kids in the Guard to keep from Vietnam.

BRECK

I won't have time to train them.

EXT. BAYOU CRAB SHACK - BILOXI - NIGHT

A Southern-style dive on the outskirts of town. Wes and Delbert walk briskly down the sidewalk.

DELBERT

All these dives are startin' to  
look the same. Haven't we checked  
this one already?

WES

Not yet.

DELBERT

'Course this would go faster if you  
didn't drain a mug ev'ry time you  
saw a bartender.

WES

We don't wanna look conspicuous, do  
we?

INT. BAYOU CRAB SHACK - NIGHT

The place almost empty. Lots of faded woodwork and a U-shaped bar, plus a small dance floor and jukebox.

Wes and Delbert approach the bar. A YOUNG BARTENDER watches.

WES

A pint of your finest PBR.

DELBERT

Sweet tea.

Bartender serves them. Wes gulps his pint and lights a smoke.

WES

Hey buddy -- can I get a shot?  
J.T.S. Brown.

Bartender serves the shot. Wes knocks it back with a grimace. Delbert watches him, concerned with his drinking.

DELBERT

Wesley, I've drank all the booze in the world. Enough to float a goddamn battleship.

WES

Good for you.

DELBERT

I smoked all the cigars. Dallied with many a lady. But in the end, all that really mattered was that woman I married, and you kids. That's it. That's all there is. Anyone who tells you different's a damn fool.

Wes sighs. Struggles to pick his words. This is the stuff he keeps hidden.

WES

It's just... I tried, Dad. I did everything I was supposed to do, the way I was supposed to do it. Did everything that you did.

DELBERT

And you two had ev'rything any couple should want.

WES

Except she wasn't happy. And I wasn't happy. And after so long of being unhappy together, there just wasn't much left to hold on to.

DELBERT

See, I don't understand that.

WES

I know you don't, Dad.

Delbert shakes his head disappointedly. The idea of divorce so foreign to his thinking.

EXT. BAYOU CRAB SHACK - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The '67 GTO rolls up into the alley and parks. Sylvan and Jarret, Genelle and Rosemary get out.

SYLVAN

Hope this place is good as they say. It sounds like crab heaven.

They go inside --

INT. BAYOU CRAB SHACK - CONTINUOUS

They enter and immediately stop in their tracks -- when they see Wes and Delbert at the bar.

SYLVAN

Pop?

JARRET

Wes?

Wes and Delbert look up hopefully.

ROSEMARY

Delbert!

The four of them rush over. Lots of handshakes and hugs. Genelle and Rosemary both kiss Delbert.

GENELLE

How did you...?

DELBERT

It was none too easy, darlin'. Only took us what, a thousand miles and half the damn country?

WES

(to Jarret)

Glad you remembered your Morse code.

JARRET

You taught me well.

Sylvan's so glad to see them that he kisses Delbert's cheek.

DELBERT  
Now stop it.

SYLVAN  
Can't help it. I love ya', Pop.

DELBERT  
(pleased)  
Let's get some dinner.

LATER

The six of them around a table that's littered with metal buckets and other remains of a shellfish feast. Bartender brings them each a shot of whiskey.

Delbert raises his glass to initiate a toast.

SYLVAN  
(to Genelle)  
Pay attention now. Here come the pearls.

DELBERT  
I don't know about pearls. Hell, I guess it's like the farmer from Arkansas said, when he looked out over a Nebraska bean field: "By God," he said, "it's a big ol' world."

They clink glasses and drain their shots.

LATER

The jukebox is rockin'. Delbert's on the dance floor dancing with Genelle and having a blast.

Wes, Sylvan, and Jarret -- the three brothers -- are at the bar, happily drinking and bullshitting about old times.

On the dance floor: Rosemary cuts in and dances with Delbert. Then Delbert dances with both girls until the song ends.

As they return to the bar, Genelle briefly makes eye-contact with a man across the room --

-- THAT MAN IS RYERSON. He entered unnoticed and has been watching them from the far side of the bar.

Genelle gives him a quick, unknowing glance.

But then Ryerson realizes that --

-- WES IS STARING RIGHT AT HIM. Wes' eyes are locked on Ryerson. Hard and unflinching.

Ryerson stares back, cool and aloof. His eyes and expression betray nothing.

BACK ENTRANCE

Breck enters. He lingers in a corner. A coat folded over his arm partially conceals a carbine.

Wes sees Breck's reflection through a mirror behind the bar.

Under the bar, Wes holds his .45. Now he cocks it.

WES

Dad?

Delbert notes the gun in Wes' lap and senses his demeanor. He follows Wes' stare across the bar to Ryerson.

Delbert stands next to Wes and casually drops his .38 revolver on the bar top -- it lands with a heavy THUNK.

He keeps his right hand on the gun while downing a shot of whiskey with his left.

DELBERT

Barkeep, I'll have me another.

In the corner, Breck stifles a smile -- the old man's got some brass ones.

Bartender looks nervously at the revolver.

BARTENDER

You... can't have that in here.

DELBERT

Son, if we're not lucky you'll be seeing a few more of these, along with what's inside 'em. This one's the least of your worries.

BARTENDER

Should I call the police?

DELBERT

I fear so.

Suddenly the front doors open and a PARTY OF LOCALS enter. They boisterously take over the middle section of the bar.

Ryerson looks sharply at Breck -- "Stand down. Abort."

Wes and Delbert watch the locals, then look back to Ryerson --  
 -- and he's gone. Vanished. His bar stool empty.

Wes spins like a cat, searching for Breck. But the corner's  
 empty, as well. Breck is gone.

WES

(to Sylvan and Jarret)

You're getting on that boat and  
 getting the hell out of the  
 country. Tonight. Right now.

Sylvan and Jarret exchange a concerned glance.

SYLVAN

The money's at the hotel. We need  
 it, Wes.

WES

Vet's drug money? Forget it. The  
 hotel's a bad idea.

SYLVAN

It's our grubstake, man. Otherwise  
 what the hell are we leavin' the  
 country with?

JARRET

It's ours now, Wes. I'd say we  
 earned it.

Wes looks conflicted. He's an officer of the law and this is  
 illegal drug money. But he knows they're right -- he can't  
 send his brothers off empty-handed.

WES

I'll get it. Then I'll escort the  
 girls to the marina and meet you at  
 the boat.

JARRET

Why are they going with you?

WES

Because I can protect 'em. You got  
 yourselves to worry about. You're  
 the one's running. I'm not  
 running. I'm walking. And I'll  
 drop any poor fucker who means to  
 harm us.

EXT. BAYOU CRAB SHACK - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Wes exits a back door, gun first. He scans the perimeter -- a dark alley and parking lot.

Sylvan and Jarret rush past him and hustle to the GTO. They get in it and drive off down the alley.

Wes and Delbert, Genelle and Rosemary make their way to Delbert's truck, parked a block away. Wes constantly sweeps their surroundings with his .45 and clocks everything.

ROSEMARY

Why didn't those men just wait for us outside?

GENELLE

Or try to kill us in the bar?

DELBERT

Apparently they don't like crowds.

WES

And a shootout in the street is too sloppy, too uncontrollable. These bastards will lay for us somewhere quiet and try to pick us off clean.

They get to Delbert's truck. Delbert pulls the tarp off the bed to reveal their small arsenal.

Wes straps on his game officer gunbelt. Clips his State Police badge to his shirt pocket. Then he picks up his M16.

EXT. HOTEL - DOWNTOWN BILOXI - NIGHT

The downtown shopping district is quiet and empty.

ADJACENT ROOFTOP

Breck on stakeout, surveilling the street and the hotel's front entrance, holding his carbine.

SERVICE ALLEY - BESIDE THE HOTEL

Wes trots along in the shadows, with his M16. He pops open a service entrance door and goes inside.

INT. HOTEL - SERVICE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Wes brazenly storms down a hallway -- badge on his shirt, M16 on his hip, and wearing his gunbelt.

LAUNDRY WORKERS and HOUSEKEEPERS gasp and press themselves against walls to stay out of his way.

WES  
State Police. Everyone stay calm.  
I'm State Police.

Wes rips open the door to a stairwell, disappears inside it.

EXT. SMALL TOWN MARINA - GULF COAST NEAR BILOXI - NIGHT

The dark streets around the marina are also quiet and empty.

BOATHOUSE ROOFTOP

Across the cove, on the roof of an old wooden boat shed --

-- Ryerson, Flukinger, and Sgt. Hartley surveil the docks. A young SNIPER with a scoped M21 rifle is with them.

SNIPER  
(looking through scope)  
Sirs?

THEIR POV:

The GTO pulls up to the marina. Sylvan and Jarret hop out. They open the trunk and gather their gear.

Sniper watches their every movement through his scope.

FLUKINGER  
Should we make contact? Give 'em a  
chance to surrender?

Ryerson glares at him.

RYERSON  
They had their chance, Lieutenant.  
Instead they killed half my team.

Sgt. Hartley moves forward. He puts a hand on Sniper's shoulder. Sniper adroitly handles the M21...

THE MARINA

Sylvan and Jarret hustle down the boat dock, carrying camping gear, sleeping bags, and two soft rifle cases.

Sylvan jumps into the go-fast boat and Jarret hands him down the gear...

## THE ROOFTOP

Sniper has a bead on Jarret. He slowly squeezes the trigger--

FLUKINGER  
Take the shot.

-- Sniper jerks the trigger and misses.

## THE MARINA

CRACK! Sylvan and Jarret hear the shot. The bullet THUNKS into a wooden pier piling behind them.

Jarret crouches low, looks around frantically. He sees the splintered pier piling. He reverses its trajectory to the boathouse across the dark cove.

SYLVAN  
(confused)  
The hell was that?

Jarret grabs Sylvan by the shirt and throws Sylvan and himself into the water --

-- as another shot CRACKS over their heads.

## IN THE WATER

Sylvan recovers from the shock of being dunked.

SYLVAN  
You mind tellin' me --

JARRET  
Swim, goddamn it.

And they do. They swim like hell, toward the tree-lined shore across the cove.

## THE ROOFTOP

Sniper sweeps the cove but the water's too dark to spot them.

RYERSON  
Incompetent fools.

Ryerson goes to Sniper and yanks the rifle away. He aims it at --

## THE COVE

Sylvan and Jarret make it to shore. They scramble up the muddy bank.

CRACK! A rifle shot.

Sylvan gasps and drops to his knees. Shot in the left side.

Jarret doubles back --

JARRET

Get up. Sylvan, get up.

He slings Sylvan's arm around his neck. Pulls him up and drags him into the canopy of dark trees and foliage...

THE ROOFTOP

Ryerson gives the rifle back to Sniper.

RYERSON

For future reference, son -- that's how you shoot a man.

Both Sniper and Flukinger look humiliated.

FLUKINGER

Sergeant Hartley, get a fireteam up their asses. And I mean yesterday!

SGT. HARTLEY

Yes, Sir!

Flukinger glances at Ryerson, anxious to redeem himself.

FLUKINGER

I want "shoot on sight/shoot to kill" orders on these sonsabitches.

SGT. HARTLEY

You got it, Sir.

(into a handheld radio)

Bravo Team! Bravo Team! This is Alpha Leader! Do you copy?

EXT. HOTEL - SERVICE ALLEY - NIGHT

Delbert races his truck down the alley. Five-story buildings on both sides. Genelle and Rosemary with him in the cab.

He stops near a service door.

ADJACENT ROOFTOP

Breck watches the front of the hotel. He hears Delbert's truck and cocks his head, listening...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DOWNTOWN BILOXI - NIGHT

Wes kicks in the door and enters. He clears the bathroom and closet with his M16.

He kneels by the dresser and yanks out the bottom drawer. Reaches inside and pulls out the field bag.

Wes notices the ATTACHE CASE on the dresser: it's open, with Sylvan's police jacket and Jarret's Army file side by side.

He stares at the PHOTOS clipped to the covers -- Sylvan's jail mugshot and Jarret's dress uniform photo. Both of them eighteen respectively, clean-cut and baby-faced.

Wes ponders the photos, flooded with memories. He unclips both and puts them in his shirt pocket.

CRACK! He hears a distant rifle shot.

He goes to the window and peers out, at the dark coastline.

CRACK! Another far-off rifle report. Like a distant storm.

Every instinct in his body wants to run toward the fight -- go to the aid of his brothers. But then he looks down into the alley --

-- sees Delbert's truck. Delbert and Genelle and Rosemary sitting in the cab, waiting for him. He's responsible for them now. And he knows what he must to do.

EXT. HOTEL SERVICE ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Wes bursts through the service door, in front of Delbert's truck. M16 on his hip and the field bag on his shoulder.

DELBERT

All set?

Wes looks at him --

WES

The boys ran into trouble, Dad.  
They'll have to find their own way  
out. We gotta get the girls out  
now.

Delbert nods grimly, in agreement.

## ADJACENT ROOFTOP

Breck creeps up to the alley-side of the building. Peers over the ledge and gets a view of --

## DELBERT'S TRUCK IN THE ALLEY

Wes tosses the field bag into the back.

GUNFIRE erupts and bullets RICOCHET all around him. A ricochet grazes Wes in the neck.

Wes reels, then comes up SHOOTING BACK at the rooftops...

## ADJACENT ROOFTOP

Breck at the ledge. He's forced to duck as Wes shoots back.

## THE ALLEY

Wes PULVERIZES the roof ledge with a fuselage of rounds, effectively pinning Breck down.

Wes heaves himself into the bed of the truck.

Delbert takes off...

## EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Delbert's truck screeches out of the alley, onto the street.

Wes sprawled on his back in the truck bed. His M16 trained on the rooftops...

Breck sticks his head out over the ledge. Wes OPENS FIRE with a long burst. Pins Breck down again.

Delbert whips the truck around a corner, to another street...

Wes loads a fresh magazine into his M16. He winces in pain and touches his neck wound -- which is bleeding.

## EXT. FARMHOUSE - NEAR THE MARINA - NIGHT

Sylvan and Jarret emerge from the woods, into the dark yard of this ramshackle homestead.

They spot a rusty farm truck near the dilapidated old house.

Jarret drags Sylvan across the dark driveway, one arm draped around his neck. Sylvan's shirt now soaked in blood.

SYLVAN  
 (winded)  
 Think maybe we should surrender?

JARRET  
 I didn't hear 'em ask. Did you?

SYLVAN  
 Not exactly.

JARRET  
 They ain't here to arrest us,  
 Sylvan.

A dog BARKS somewhere nearby. Jarret drops Sylvan and crouches low, holding his .45.

He scans the dark yard and woods -- a desperate look on his face. But he sees nothing.

He pulls Sylvan back up. They hobble toward the truck --

SYLVAN  
 I can't believe you dropped me.

JARRET  
 Thought I heard something.

SYLVAN  
 You mean you did it on purpose?  
 That just makes it worse.

JARRET  
 You're one to complain. All you  
 did was get shot. I had to drag  
 your ass all the way up here.

Jarret helps Sylvan into the passenger side of the truck and closes the door. He goes around to the driver's side and --

-- he's stopped by an OLD FARMER in tattered coveralls. Easily ninety years old, with a double-barrel shotgun in the crook of his arm.

They stare at one another.

OLD FARMER  
 Want the key, bud?

JARRET  
 Yes, sir. Like to borrow your  
 truck if we can.

Old Farmer looks at Sylvan, slouched and bleeding in the cab.

OLD FARMER

Take it. Ain't doin' me no good.

He tosses Jarret the keys. And a half-empty pint of booze.

OLD FARMER

That's for your 'pard. Whiskey  
ain't doin' me much good, neither.

Jarret nods and gets in the truck.

INT./EXT. FARM TRUCK - COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The old truck rushes along a two-lane, topped out at 50. Its engine sounds like metal grinding on metal.

Jarret drives intently. Sylvan slouched next to him, nipping at the bottle. His breathing is ragged.

A MILITARY TRUCK approaches and then passes them.

Sylvan looks back -- sees that it's filled with GUARDSMEN.

SYLVAN

Christ. I don't even know who's  
after us anymore.

JARRET

Pretty much everyone in uniform.

SYLVAN

This whole fucking world's in  
uniform.

Sylvan takes a drink, then coughs. It doesn't sound good.

SYLVAN

That old farmer -- he kinda looked  
like ol' Grandpap Westin, didn't  
he?

JARRET

Yeah, a little.

Sylvan's buzzed and fading, drifting into pleasant memories of youthful days spent with the old folks.

SYLVAN

Ol' Pap Westin. He was a hell of a  
man. They sure don't cut 'em like  
that anymore.

Jarret looks at him, concerned.

JARRET  
I'm gonna find you a doctor.

Sylvan takes another nip. They approach a turn in the road and see --

-- A ROADBLOCK: two big deuce and a half trucks and a FIRETEAM of GUARDSMEN aiming rifles at them.

Jarret WHIPS the farm truck off the road and through a ditch, heading for a field...

The guardsmen OPEN FIRE --

Both Sylvan and Jarret JERK VIOLENTLY as they're hit with bullets...

Jarret manages to keep control and race along the ditch as --

-- the Guardsmen POUR FIRE into the side of the truck...

The truck BANGS up and out of the ditch.

It rolls into the open field and slowly coasts to a stop...

THE FARM TRUCK

Sylvan and Jarret dead in their seats, both soaked in blood.

Sylvan's head leaned back, eyes closed. Jarret slumped forward with his temple resting on the steering wheel.

EXT. DELBERT'S TRUCK - COUNTRY ROAD NEAR BILOXI - NIGHT

Delbert drives. Rosemary next to him.

Wes lay in the truck bed, passed out under a blanket. Genelle sits with him and watches over him.

They approach a different ROADBLOCK -- two big military trucks and a passel of Guardsmen. Breck is with them.

Delbert slows to a stop. Breck walks out to Delbert's window -- carbine slung under his arm.

BRECK  
Sir? There's been some shooting in the area.

DELBERT  
You don't say.

Breck looks at Wes and Genelle in the truck bed -- Wes still passed out and clearly injured.

BRECK  
I need you to step out of the truck.

DELBERT  
Afraid I can't do that.

BRECK  
Why can't you?

DELBERT  
You know why.

Delbert has his .38 pressed against the door. Now he cocks the hammer. Breck hears it.

Breck subtly motions for the Guardsmen to join them -- a move unseen by Delbert.

As the young Guardsmen approach, Breck stalls --

BRECK  
You're Delbert Westin? Omaha Beach first wave?

Delbert acts like he didn't hear the question.

DELBERT  
These are my girls. That's my boy in the back. I'm takin' them home. We're not getting out of the truck, son.

Delbert stares steadily at Breck -- no fear or malice in his eyes. Just a calm, level, tough and honest old man.

Breck is captivated by him. Delbert suddenly reminds him of his own father, the father he never met -- his father who died for his country on that same beach on that same day.

Breck's eyes fill. He blinks back tears and takes his hand off his carbine. There's no way he can harm these people.

BRECK  
I'm afraid I've made a mistake.

DELBERT  
We all make those.

BRECK  
You're free to go.

DELBERT  
That's goddamn Christian of you,  
son. Thank you.

Breck looks away, on the verge of crying.

BRECK  
Only thing is -- you can't keep the  
money.

FLOP -- the field bag lands on the truck-bed railing.

REVEAL: Wes is awake, staring hard at Breck. His Colt .45  
peeks out from under the blanket, aimed at Breck's head.

WES  
We never wanted the money. It's  
yours now.

Breck takes it. He motions for the Guardsmen to let them  
pass. Then he looks admiringly at Delbert.

BRECK  
You take it easy, old timer.

DELBERT  
Do the same.

Delbert eases the truck forward.

In the back -- Wes discreetly keeps his Colt trained on Breck  
as they drive away.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DOWNTOWN BILOXI - MORNING

Breck inside a corner phone booth --

BRECK  
(into the phone)  
...I will handle it, sir. Whatever  
it takes.

PENTAGON OFFICER (V.O.)  
(on the phone)  
I know you will, Breck. I have  
full confidence in your decisions.

BRECK  
Thank you.

PENTAGON OFFICER (V.O.)  
 Thank you for keeping me apprised  
 of the situation. I'll see you in  
 Riyadh.

BRECK  
 Yes, sir.

Breck hangs up.

INT. THE GALAXIE - HOTEL SERVICE ALLEY - BILOXI - MORNING

The Galaxie parked, as Breck waits behind the wheel. The field bag next to him.

Ryerson approaches, carrying his recovered attache case.

He slides into the passenger side. Sees the field bag and smiles.

RYERSON  
 I see you recovered our  
 incidentals.

BRECK  
 "Your" incidentals. Not mine.

Ryerson catches his disapproval and frowns.

RYERSON  
 Where, pray tell, are the old man  
 and the ranger?

BRECK  
 They slipped by me. Got through a  
 roadblock.

RYERSON  
 And the girls?

BRECK  
 With them.

Ryerson opens the field bag in his lap, opening it like a Christmas present. But his smile quickly fades --

-- it's filled with two thick phone books.

RYERSON  
 Son of a bitch. They took the  
 money.

Breck sees the phone books but doesn't react.

RYERSON

They'll run for home now. Saddled  
with the girls, they'll make easy  
prey.

BRECK

It's done, Cap. We got the  
primaries. You got the briefcase.  
We met our objectives.

Ryerson fixes his icy stare onto Breck --

RYERSON

You have two options here, Breck.

Breck confidently stares back at him.

BRECK

No, I only got one.

Breck SHOOTs Ryerson with an unseen handgun -- Ryerson  
convulses like a crazed marionette while dying.

Breck gets out of the car -- with the attache case. Only now  
do we see that he's wearing gloves.

EXT. WILLAMETTE RIVER - OREGON - DAY

The ferry moves across the river, empty and making its first  
trip of the day.

In the pilot-house, Jarret's replacement -- a blue-eyed  
TEENAGER -- operates the controls.

OPPOSITE BANK

Delbert's truck pulls up and waits.

Wes behind the wheel, a bandage on his neck. Delbert on the  
passenger side, Genelle and Rosemary in between them.

They stare blankly at the approaching ferry. Road-weary.  
Grieving. Like veterans returning from a war.

EXT. THE FERRY - WILLAMETTE RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

As the ferry returns across the water -- the truck on deck.

They sit inside the cab like they're afraid to get out.

The road ends and life starts again the moment they step out.  
A life without Sylvan and Jarret. For this they hesitate.

Finally, Wes climbs from the truck. Followed by Delbert.

YOUNG FERRYMAN  
'Lo, Wes. Guess they can call off  
the search party.

WES  
I guess.

YOUNG FERRYMAN  
Where's Sylvan and Jarret? Where's  
that badass Cuda?

Wes winces, a pained expression. He studies the water.

Young Ferryman scans their faces -- instantly sorry he asked.

Genelle and Rosemary remain inside the cab, looking like  
grieving war widows. Wes and Delbert move to the front of  
the deck, watching the beautiful river as the ferry  
approaches their home shore.

EXT. WES' STREET - WILLAMETTE FALLS - MORNING

Wes' neatly-maintained suburban tract home as we last saw it.

His badass Fish & Wildlife Bronco backed into the driveway,  
engine idling.

Inside the Bronco, the police radio crackles...

STATE TROOPER (V.O.)  
Wes? You copy, Wes?

INT. WES' HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Wes leans in the doorway, wearing his Game Officer uniform  
and gunbelt, and talking on a wall-mounted phone --

WES  
(into the phone)  
I know, buddy. ...Yep, this  
weekend. I'll see you Friday.  
Then we need to talk about your  
Uncles. Okay? ...Love you too.

Wes hangs up. Glances at one of the family portraits on the  
wall -- at his son and daughter.

Then he looks down at the kitchen table and stares at --

-- THE HUNDRED GRAND, stacked neatly on the table.

Wes nods, agreeing with his own thoughts. Scoops up the money and goes out through the sliding glass door...

EXT. WES' BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Also neatly-maintained, backing to a hay field. Wes carries the money to a burn barrel in the corner of the yard.

He drops bundle after bundle of cash into the flaming barrel, until it's all gone.

WES

Here you go, boys. It's all yours now. No one else's.

Wes watches the money burn. Feeling a bit of closure with his brothers, and sending a final "fuck you" to the men who killed them.

EXT. WES' FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Wes exits the house and walks to his still-idling Bronco. Pats the Bronco's rear-end as if it were a horse.

STATE TROOPER (V.O.)

(on the radio)

Wes? ...You out there, Wes?

Wes climbs in, shifts the Bronco into gear, and drives off down his street. He picks up the radio mic --

WES

I'm out here, Harv. What can I do you for?

STATE TROOPER (V.O.)

Welcome back. I just pulled over two poachers on Highway 18. Thought you might take an interest. I got an unregistered thirty-aught-six, no tags, and a dead doe in the back. They claim they was just --

WES

I'm on my way.

Wes turns the Bronco onto the wet highway, under an overcast sky. Going to work. Feeling strangely at ease. Heading out into the fog-shrouded Coast Range Mountains.

FADE OUT.