PANDORA

By

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Lack of money is the root of all evil.

-- George Bernard Shaw

The belief in a supernatural source of evil is not necessary; men alone are quite capable of every wickedness.

-- Joseph Conrad

Evil draws men together.

-- Aristotle

Between two evils, I always pick the one I never tried before.

-- Mae West

EXT. HIGHWAY, WEST TEXAS OIL FIELDS - SUNSET

A road stretches across barren land, no curves. The sun has set, the sky is a dusty orange. Oil derricks, long since decommissioned, dot the land. Silent rusting dinosaurs.

GIRL'S VOICE
I once heard a person say, that bad things will happen to a good person, just as much as they will happen to a bad one.

Cars speed past the exit for Pandora, TX, on their way somewhere more important. Tail lights disappear into dusk.

GIRL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
So let me tell you, as soon as I meet a good person, I'm going to ask them if that's true...

A blue Ford Taurus signals, hangs the exit into Pandora.

EXT. VARIOUS - MORNING

-- Sun angles through storm clouds over an oil field. Most derricks done and rusting. One slowly bobs, sucking crude.

-- A rancher pitches feed out for his few horses, looks into the sky to judge the weather. It's threatening storm.

-- Ten-year old twins with mullet-cuts pull their 3-year-old sister in a wheelbarrow along a dirt road.

EXT. MAIN DRAG, PANDORA - MORNING

STORE OWNER HARRY BELL (50's, overalls, faded military tattoos) unlocks the door to his general store and places a display of magnetic beer openers on the sidewalk.

Bell nods as a Sheriff's car pulls up. At the wheel:

SHERIFF DON REESE

54, pressed uniform shirt worn over Levis and boots. Hands callused from days worked on oil derricks. A good man.

Next to him, DEPUTY JIM RICE (25, crew cut, played high school football, blew his knee). Rice gets out of the car.

RICE
'Morning Mr. Bell. What's the new news?

Bell starts to respond, but Rice heads into the store. Bell and Reese take a long-practiced look up into the sky.

BELL
Gonna have some weather.

REESE
Yes, sir.

INT. BELL'S GENERAL STORE - MORNING

Groceries, hardware, videos. Deputy Rice finds a sink fixture, peers through the shelving to see JANET BELL (40, beautiful and buxom) taking a private moment in the back room. Eyes closed, she stretches her arms up.

Rice watches her breasts move under the thin fabric of her shirt, smiles.

REESE (O.S.)
Deputy? Find everything you need?

Rice starts, fumbles, moves to the front. Janet looks over, sees Reese. Smiles familiar.

JANET
'Morning, Sheriff.

REESE
(tipping his hat)
Mrs. Bell.

Up front, Bell punches up the sale.

INT. PANDORA DRUG - MORNING

Eight booths, some tables, a grill and a soda jerk. Racks of cosmetics near the front, a pharmacy in the back, closed.

A pile of hash browns sizzles on the grill. A pretty young waitress sets a plate of food down in front of

SARAH ISLES

34. Worn jeans, t-shirt and a soiled denim shirt, a natural beauty. Sun-freckled, tan, a layer of dust in her hair and on her skin. Black dirt under her nails from working earth.

Across from her, GEORGE HEARST. 60's, widower, wealthy. A man who owns things.

HEARST
Thank you for meeting with me, Sarah.

She nods, eats. He looks uncomfortable.

HEARST (CONT'D)
Bill said he went by, got that south well going good for you.

SARAH
I should thank you for that.

HEARST
There's no need.
(beat)
Hell, if anyone understands what you're going through out there at the 06 it's me. When I lost Sally... I thought that was the end of it.

SARAH
I liked Sally.

Hearst nods, tight. Sarah glances over to a table across the room where MARK CLAYTON (54, clean shirt, unweathered cowboy hat speaks of money) stares out the windows across from his daughter JULIE CLAYTON (16, awkward in a new white dress, starting to bloom).

HEARST
I'll tell you what, I never thought I'd be raising a teenage girl by myself, that's the God's honest truth. Sometimes I can't figure which way is up...
(beat, chewing)
That's what worries me, Sarah. You out there on the 06, all alone. No man around.

SARAH
That's all right. I get by.

Julie Clayton looks over, catches Sarah's eyes. Julie smiles small, the girl just coming into her own. Sarah nods back, the tough woman getting by.

<u>EXT. BELL'S GENERAL STORE - DAY</u>

The blue Ford Taurus is parked outside.

<u>INT. BELL'S GENERAL STORE - DAY</u>

JAMES STOCKDEN (45) stands in front of a 4-H display about cows. He's lean, compact, wiry. Hard eyes that have seen bad things, a genocidal wisdom about him.

Down the aisle from Stockden, DARYL EDWARDS (26) stares at fencing materials. Young and empty. Ipod earbuds in, something loud and violent barely audible. Far-away eyes.

Edwards tosses THREE SPOOLS OF THICK BALING WIRE, SHEARS, CRIMPING TOOLS, into his cart. The stuff lands, loud.

AT THE COUNTER

Bell bags the last item, rings it up. Looks uneasily at Edwards who's head bobs absently to unheard music.

STOCKDEN
...And two boxes of 12 gauge, for turkey.

Bell takes in Stockden. He's known bad men like this. Stockden tracks the faded "Semper Fi" Marine Corps tattoos on Bell's arms, marks him as a man not afraid.

The ammo lands in the bag. Stockden slaps down a $100 bill.

INT. PANDORA DRUG - DAY

At the counter, George Hearst leaves $20 on $14, tips his hat back to Sarah on his way out.

Julie plays with a napkin. Her dad stares out the window.

JULIE
How long's he back for?
(beat, waiting)
I mean, if he's back for more than three weeks, then he could be here for Pirates week, which is gonna be --

MARK CLAYTON
Here they are...

Outside, a nice Ford F-150 pulls up. SHEILA CLAYTON (53) is at the wheel. Pretty, well kept, a little tight.

BOBBY CLAYTON (20) gets out of the passenger side, the local boy who went off to college. Torn jeans, a Kurt Cobain T-shirt. A sullen frown plastered on his face.

MARK CLAYTON (CONT'D)
I tell you one thing, your brother...

But Julie's already up and out, enthusiasm betraying youth.

Sarah watches her run out, jump into her brother's arms. Brother tries to play it cool, fails, he loves his sister.

SARAH
Your boy's back, Mark.

Sarah smiles. Mr. Clayton nods, pays the check.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - DAY

Reese drives the drag, so familiar he hardly has to look where he's going. They pass the First Adventists Church, the Woodland's Trust Bank.

RICE
You ever think about working for the post office?

Reese laughs lightly, shakes his head. His eyes track as they pass the blue Ford Taurus coming the other way.

RICE (CONT'D)
I don't know... I mean, some of those guys get ten days paid vacation. And because there's a high turn-around, my mom says you can become postmaster before you're forty.

INT. WOODLAND'S TRUST BANK - DAY

Small, air conditioned, wall-to-wall carpet. A female banker in a pants suit shows papers to a farmer. The office manager kisses his wife in thanks for the lunch she dropped off.

She leaves, passing the Clayton family on their way in.

Julie stands under the air conditioner, cool air on her face. Sheila picks up the Pandora Gazette as Mr. Clayton grabs a withdrawal slip. Bobby stands nearby, uneasy.

MARK CLAYTON
So, you still getting by all right out there? You getting good grades?

BOBBY
Yeah. It's all right. Dad...

MARK CLAYTON
Not here, son.
(to Sheila)
Sheila, I left my damn glasses in the car. Do you have yours?

EXT. WOODLAND'S TRUST BANK - DAY

The blue Ford Taurus hauls up to the curb. One wheel jacks onto the sidewalk. Stockden and Edwards get out. Stockden pops the trunk, watches the manager's wife pull away.

Edwards stares at the bank, pops a Chiclet, changes the tune on his Ipod.

INT. WOODLAND'S TRUST BANK

Sheila Clayton searches in her purse.

SHEILA CLAYTON
I'll just go out to the car.

She turns towards the door of the bank. Hesitates.

BOOM! A shotgun blast catches her in the shoulder and face. Drops her like a rag doll. Blood flecks paperwork.

Julie, face towards the air conditioner, her eyes POP open.

Mr. Clayton STARES at his dead wife, confused.

Bobby, blood on his face, takes a step towards his mother. His knees cave. He looks up into a shotgun barrel.

BOBBY
...Don't.

INT. PANDORA DRUG - CONTINUOUS

Sarah mops syrup with her toast. She hears a "pop." Looks out over the street. Nothing.

INT. BATHROOM - T.G.I. FRIDAY'S, OKLAHOMA CITY

A man's face. Eyes closed, face down towards the sink. He splashes water, rubs paper towels across his mug. Stares at himself in the mirror:

JONAS JEREMY CHANCE

43, broken every promise he's ever made. Always a day's stubble, always a crease in his shirt. A big man to be feared when he's angry, a leader in his day. But right now just a guy trying to muster guts for the next 15 minutes.

JONAS
(to himself)
What the fuck are you looking at?

He reaches for his worn cowboy hat. It's sitting in a puddle on the counter. He beats it against his jeans to dry it off.

INT. T.G.I. FRIDAY'S, OKLAHOMA CITY - DAY

BRUCE (THE BRAIN) MCKEINZE (30's) sits in a booth wearing a white shirt and a tie. There's SCHEMATICS spread out.

Jonas slides into the booth across from Bruce. Total attitude shift. Fronting positive cool.

JONAS
Alright, we use C-4, blow the sonofabitch. I got a friend who's still in the corps --

BRUCE
C-4? What have we been doing here? You can't just blow --

JONAS
Then we go back to the specs.

BRUCE
...Look, my dad used to say there wasn't a safe in the world you couldn't jack in under two hours. And I bet he was right. Here's to that.
(taps his glass)
Only problem now is the specs. The specs say fucking technology has ass-fucked us all.

Bruce pokes at the papers in front of them with disdain.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
This isn't a tumbler, a cylinder, maybe some electronic timing mechanism nonsense, whatever. These new models start at a cool 12 million digit combination that even the CI-fucking-A couldn't break.

JONAS
Look...

BRUCE
And you can't blow the fucking things up because of alloys. You think I like telling you this? I hate this.
(beat)
You can't break this safe. No one can. It's like... the future.

Jonas nods uneasy. A perky waitress brings Bruce another breakfast vodka-tonic. Bruce watches her ass walk away.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
How's your sister, anyhow? You tell her I said hi.

JONAS
All right, I got another idea: Walmart.
(beat)
Think about it. They got like a thousand people a day go into one of those. End of the week --

BRUCE
Stop. Stop. Stop. Stop.

JONAS
No, seriously. That's seven thousand times maybe two hundred dollars --

BRUCE
I want you to <u>listen</u> to me, Jonas. For once in your life, listen to someone who's telling you something for your own God damn good.

Jonas is still. The waitress sets another Diet in front of him. He leaves it there. Stares at Bruce.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(pointing some direction)
About 8,000 miles that way is a town in China. There's a building in that town, big as a football field, has over 100 employees. Fifty of these slopes work from sunup to sundown, the other fifty work from sundown to sunup and all this place does is manufacture uncrackable safes. They make forty of these things every God damn hour, twenty-four hours a day.

Jonas swallows. Something profound is happening.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
You wanna guess what they sell one of these unbreakable mothers for? They sell them for under seventy thousand a pop. Banks, Walmart, grocery stores, fucking Toys R Us.
(beat)
Last year, they fired my dad after 34 years of service. Just like that, 'cause there's some sand nigger'll in Bagla-fucking-dore who'll do the same thing pops did for two-fifty an hour. That's my dad.
(tapping schematics)
And this is you. Technology. Bulk scale. They outsourced you, you didn't even know it, man. Game over.

Bruce drops two $20's on the check. Gets up to split.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
This is on me, alright?

Jonas looks up, disoriented. Any front he had left, gone.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Jonas. I really am. Say hi to Debbie for me.

And Bruce is gone. Jonas reaches for his drink. Realizes his hand is shaking. His cell phone rings.

He fumbles, pulls it out. Stares at it 'cause he hates the things, punches it on.

JONAS
What?

INT. ROADKILL BAR, OKLAHOMA CITY - DAY

Three stuffed groundhogs and a deer's head stare down from above the bar. Local place. Truckers and drunks.

DEBBIE CHANCE (32) is at the bar on her phone. She's tall and tough and wonderful. Foul-mouthed and fun, sexy in a blowsy way.

DEBBIE
Hey! Talk to me, big brother, we good or are we mutherfuckin' good?

JONAS (O.S.)
Did you have sex with Bruce the brain?

DEBBIE
God, that was a while ago, he told you that?

A "WOOOOP!" from across the bar at a pool table. JOE CUTTS (24), all muscles and bluster, half Okie redneck, half rockstar. He's just beat a Trucker out of a day's pay.

CUTTS
I'm sorry, I truly am, but I just love taking people's money.

The trucker begrudgingly lays cash on the table. Cutts scoops it up, smells it.

CUTTS (CONT'D)
Sweetest smell on earth..
(off Debbie's look)
Sorry, doll. Second sweetest.

Debbie holds up a middle finger.

DEBBIE
(into phone)
You know I don't like silence from you, Jonas. Are we good or not?

At the bar, BILL OAKLEY (62) looks over, reacting to the tension in Debbie's voice. He's the rock here. Solid frame, leathery skin, eyes that have seen everything, but not jaded. Big warm heart beating under there.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Come on, big brother, we're all waiting here. Talk to me.

INT. T.G.I. FRIDAY'S, OKLAHOMA CITY - CONTINUOUS

Jonas looks at the table in front of him. The empty plates of food. The schematics, scribbled and stained and fucked.

JONAS
Sure, little sister. We're perfect. See ya' in fifteen minutes.

EXT. T.G.I. FRIDAY'S - MOMENTS LATER

Bruce the Brain gets to his car. Drops his keys and bends to pick them up.

Suddenly Jonas is right there, breathing down his neck.

BRUCE
NO!!!

Jonas hits him, he goes down. Jonas leans down, hits him again and again. Bruce just keeps screaming "No! No! No!"

Jonas finally rises, Bruce's blood mixing with busted knuckles. Bruce whimpers.

A Chinese family is heading into T.G.I.'s. They STARE. Jonas stares back, wipes his forehead. Blood streaks.

EXT. WOODLAND'S TRUST BANK - PANDORA, TEXAS - DAY

The sun beats down on the sidewalk. Streets are deserted. The blue Ford Taurus is still parked, one wheel jacked on the sidewalk. Engine ticks as it cools.

Low, near the sidewalk, the bank doors open. Julie's new pennyloafers and white socks walk out. Red bands around the ankles where blood has seeped into the socks.

She starts to walk away from the bank. Blood drips by her feet. We pan up. Her hands are limp at her sides. Blood seeps from her torn wrists, collects on her fingertips.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - DAY

Deputy Rice, riding shotgun, is turned towards Reese, animated.

RICE
And the thing is with the post office you get to meet people all the time, but not like this where it's always somebody needs something.
(MORE)

RICE (CONT'D)
With the mailman, you're bringing them checks, and gifts, and letters from people. They probably invite you in, pour you some God damn lemonade.

REESE
What about bills?

RICE
What?

REESE
You got to deliver the bills, too. Taxes.

Rice frowns, thinks about that. Switches gears.

RICE
Hey, whady'a think about that Hearst girl? Taylor Hearst.

REESE
(laughing)
I think she's still in high school is what I --

DEPUTY RICE
SHERIFF!!

Rice POINTS forward, Reese's attention racks.

REESE'S P.O.V.: Directly in the path of the car, the figure of Julie Clayton LOOMS. Blood on her face.

Reese HAULS the wheel. The cruiser VEERS, SLAMS into a pickup truck parked on the street. The windshield SHATTERS. Reese bangs his head on the steering wheel. Blood wells up.

EVERYTHING THROUGH REESE'S P.O.V.: *Concussion. Sound distorts. Time and color intensify. Reese looks around, confused, dazed.*

Deputy Rice scrambles out the passenger door.

RICE
Julie! Julie, what happened to --

BLAM! A bullet goes right through Rice's stomach. Rice looks down, confused.

BLAM! BLAM! Another bullet catches Rice in the knee, blows it to bits. Rice falls, SCREAMING.

RICE (CONT'D)
Aw, Fuck!!! Fuck! Aw Fuck! SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP! HELP ME!

ON REESE, still dazed. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Bullets rip into the cruiser's dashboard, "plink" as they hit metal frame.

Reese reaches for his gun, fumbles, drops it by the pedals. Tries to lean forward, can't reach it because of his seatbelt. Fumbles at the seatbelt catch, confused, starting to breathe HARD. He glances back:

Coming out of the bank, Stockden and Edwards, ski masks pulled over their heads. Stockden tosses a duffle bag into the blue Taurus. Edwards stands, assault rifle aimed at the cruiser, FIRES over and over.

Another bullet hits Rice. More shots hit the car. Reese gets the seatbelt catch undone.

INT. PANDORA DRUG - CONTINUOUS

Waitress stares out the window at the gunfight, coffee pot in her hand. Sarah stands on instinct, doesn't know what to do.

The door opens, bells jingle. Julie Clayton stands in the doorway, blood splashed on her dress. Trauma in her eyes.

Sarah takes her in her arms. Waitress drops the coffee pot.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Reese gets free of the seatbelt, reaches down for his gun and grabs it. He opens his door, rolls out, hits dirt hard.

Across the street, the Taurus starts up.

Reese stands, fires wild and blind. All six shots. One catches Edwards in the leg, he goes down. Blind luck.

Reese ducks back, flips open the cylinder, dumps spent shells. He fumbles in his belt for a re-loader. Drops it in the dirt, hands shaking like crazy, breath heaving.

On the ground not five feet from him, Rice stares at him, blood around his lips. Looks sad.

Across the street, Stockden throws the car into reverse. Tires kick up loose pavement. He stops next to Edwards and throws open the passenger door. Edwards hauls himself in.

Reese slides the re-load home.

Stockden throws the car into gear. Floors it.

Reese stands, fires, walking out into the street. Bullets plink, seemingly useless, into the Taurus.

One round goes through the hood, hits something important. The Taurus dies.

Inside, Stockden SWEARS. Tries the ignition, nothing. He reaches into the backseat for an assault rifle, racks the load, lines the assault rifle on Reese and:

BOOM! A shotgun blast takes out the windshield of the Taurus. Assault rifle falls. Stockden STARES at his hand, peppered with buckshot.

ON THE SIDEWALK, Harold Bell holds a smoking shotgun, pumps another round in.

Stockden swears, reaches for his handgun just as Reese's pistol presses against Stockden's temple. Hammer pulls back.

Edwards is curled in the passenger seat, gone feral. The only sound is the heavy metal seeping out of his earphones.

Stockden turns his face towards Reese. Dead steel eyes gaze through his ski mask. Cool. Behind Reese, Rice lies in the street, limbs barely moving.

STOCKDEN
You man's bleeding to death, Sheriff.

REESE
(not moving his eyes)
So's yours.

STOCKDEN
Yeah... But I don't give a shit.

The town's second patrol car screeches around the corner. PATROLMAN JOSE ACEVES (35, Mexican, clean-cut) and PATROLMAN MATT AWTRY (60 going on 70, fossilized) get out, draw guns, move in. Bell has the shotgun trained on Edwards.

From everywhere people start appearing. From up the street, DOCTOR JOSEPH FIELDS (50's, educated, bearded) rushes to Rice, starts CPR. It's bloody.

Reese is locked on Stockden, unmoving. Stockden takes stock. Exhales. Rips his ski mask off and tosses it. Puts his hands on the steering wheel, pissed.

Awtry reaches them, gun also trained on Stockden.

REESE
If he takes his hands off that wheel, shoot him.

Reese grabs Aceves, hauls him towards bank doors.

<u>INT. WOODLAND'S TRUST BANK - CONTINUOUS</u>

Reese and Aceves, guns drawn, come into the bank. Stop breathing. Just stare.

THEIR P.O.V.: Quick, single image of the bank.

Sheila Clayton, bled out through the neck. Bobby Clayton, shot in the knees and back. The bodies of the banker, the farmer, and the branch manager, hands and feet tied with baling wire, executed. Mark Clayton, propped against a wall, bullet in his forehead, a dead witness.

Aceves pukes in a trash can.

The air conditioner hums, blowing cool air over the carnage.

INT. BLUE FOX GENTLEMAN'S CLUB, OKLAHOMA CITY - DAY

Jonas pushes in, blinding customers with a blast of outside light. He finds the bar, slaps down $20.

JONAS
Whiskey. Cheap. Lots of it.

Nothing happens. Jonas takes in the room. No girls on the small stage. Customers and girls alike all glued to the TV.

ON THE TV: Images from Pandora. Ambulances. News crews. Fast glimpse: A body bag loaded into a Coroner's van. Faces we recognize, rendered anonymous. The close-captioning scrolls: "6 dead. Massacre. Senseless..."

JONAS (CONT'D)
Hey! Whiskey.

Bartender pours, Jonas polishes it off. A half-nude girl shivers, a decent patron puts his coat around her. Jonas shakes his head.

JONAS (CONT'D)
Again.

TV shows a brief image of a young girl (Julie), sighted for a moment through glass windows.

JONAS (CONT'D)
Maybe I read it wrong, but I thought the sign outside said pussy.

Bartender burns, Jonas stares him down. Bartender nods to a girl who sullenly climbs back onto the stage, gyrates.

JONAS (CONT'D)
That's better.
(off the TV)
What's that all about?

BARTENDER
Little town in Texas. Couple of guys shot the shit out of it.

ON TV: High school yearbook shot of Deputy Rice, posed in his football gear. Jonas sets down his empty, points at it.

JONAS
They catch 'em?

BARTENDER
Yep. Local Sheriff went Rambo. Those boys better hope those walls is strong enough.

ON TV: Shot of the Pandora Sheriff's Office, focusing on the barred windows of the connected jail in back.

JONAS
(laughing, eyes on girl)
What, y'think there's gonna be a lynching?

BARTENDER
I don't know what. But I tell you one thing. Those people...

ON TV: The camera veers across the street, finds TOWNSPEOPLE gathered together, staring. We recognize faces.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Not a one of them's gonna sleep until those boys is hanged.

Jonas's drink comes to his lips. Stops. A sledgehammer thought hits him. He stares at the TV, the faces of the townsfolk. The image switches to a local hospital, we see Sheriff Reese entering.

<u>INT. MIDLAND HOSPITAL, TEXAS - DAY</u>

Reese walks through the hallways, unfamiliar with the place. Nurses and doctors flow. Reese finds a desk with a nurse.

REESE
Excuse me, my deputy...

The nurse tracks his SHERIFF DEPT badge. Nods sad.

<u>INT. WAITING ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY</u>

Reese comes into a mostly empty room. At the end, Deputy Rice's FAMILY. Father, Mother, a young sister and a sullen teenage brother, BILLY RICE (16). Family wears fear, Billy wears anger.

Rice's father comes up to Reese. He's been crying, but he's tough. He grabs Reese in a bear-hug.

FATHER
Thank you, Don. Thank you.

INT. ROADKILL BAR, OKLAHOMA CITY - DAY

Jonas pushes in, hits the bar. Everyone's watching the Pandora murders on TV except Oakley who's drinking slow and steady. Cutts is stretched out on a bench, asleep.

In a corner booth, Debbie. Tears have streaked mascara.

JONAS
(to Oakley)
She mad at me?

Oakley nods.

AT THE BOOTH. Jonas slides in next to Debbie. She doesn't move. Finishes her drink.

DEBBIE
You're late.
(beat, sniffs)
And dammit Jonas you've been drinking.

JONAS
Pot calling the kettle black.

DEBBIE
Maybe. But when I drink, I get fun, 'cause of my fun disposition. When you drink, it's 'cause you let us all down and you're not man enough to face that. Seems like that's all you do these days is let us down.

Jonas nods, downs his diet. Burps. Smiles.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
So help me, Jonas, this had better be good.

MOMENTS LATER. Jonas's crew at the booth: His sister Debbie, distrusting, scared, hopeful. Cutts, happy, glued to Debbie's side. Oakley, somber, interested.

JONAS
First of all, the bank's out.
(off their protests)
Hey! The bank's out. The bank has a fucking brand new Jap security system. Brand fucking new.

CUTTS
Did you ask him about Walmart?

JONAS
No. You want to know why? Because it's a dumbshit idea.

CUTTS
But on the Friday, when --

JONAS
Listen to me. All of you. I want you to forget the God damn bank. I want you to forget the God damn Walmart. I got something else... Something like two, maybe three million dollars.

Quiet. That got their attention.

ON THE TV: The same image of the Pandora Sheriff's Office. The two barred windows of the jail in back.

JONAS (CONT'D)
And all that's holding this money is a foot and a half of reinforced concrete and two or three hick cops.

Beat. Oakley leans forward, serious.

OAKLEY
No such thing, boss.

JONAS
You sure about that?

Jonas levels his gaze hard on the TV. The others track.

<u>EXT. BACK EXIT, ROADKILL BAR - MOMENTS LATER</u>

Door kicks open, Debbie races out into the blazing light, followed by Jonas.

DEBBIE
Don't talk to me! Don't even talk to me! God dammit, Jo. I mean, God dammit there's something wrong with you, Jonas! There really is.

JONAS
Hey! We didn't kill those people! That's already happened, no matter what. That's done, Deb, those people are dead and we had nothing to do with that.

DEBBIE
You honestly can't feel this? I know you've done things, hell we both done things. But this... This...

JONAS
What else are we gonna do, little girl? You tell me that.

She looks at him, hasn't heard him like this before.

JONAS (CONT'D)
We go straight now, we got nothing. We got nothing. This is... this is starting over money, Deb. This is last chance money.

On Debbie, sobered.

JONAS (CONT'D)
What the hell else are we gonna do?

INT. HOSPITAL I.C.U., TEXAS - AFTERNOON

Machines chirp. Blue-masked surgeons work. Scalpels cut through skin. Suction. Bloody gauze is set aside.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - LATER

Reese waits in a small plastic chair. On the other side of the room, Rice's family.

The SURGEON approaches the parents, gives them the bad news. Billy storms out, door slams. The rest of the family nods, polite to the last. Reese walks out.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Reese takes the stairs, slow. Rounds a corner. A GIRL is huddled there, sobbing. TAYLOR HEARST (17, beautiful, popular, nice clothes) She looks up with bloodshot eyes.

Reese gets it, allows himself a small smile for his deputy. Starts to rest a hand on her shoulder, thinks better of it.

REESE
How'd you get here, Taylor? ...Come on, I'll give you a ride...

Taylor takes off, running down the stairs.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DUSK

Reese gets out the front doors, lights a cigarette. He watches as Taylor's red GT Mustang speeds out of the parking lot, wheels crying.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Sheriff Reese?

MARTIN BARRAGAN (40's, FBI, suit-wearing, smart) approaches.

BARRAGAN
(flashing credentials)
Martin Barragan, out of Fort Worth bureau. I was headed to Fallon when all this happened. They re-routed me.
(beat)
I'm sorry about your man.

Reese nods, acknowledging.

BARRAGAN (CONT'D)
Way I hear it, this guy Fred Barrows, bank manager, he wouldn't give up the safe, so they only got out with seven thousand four hundred.

REESE
Seven grand? That's all?

BARRAGAN
Yep. Barrows gets himself and a lot of other people dead protecting... Seven grand.

REESE
I knew Fred.

Barragan spits, disgusted.

BARRAGAN
Hell of a thing you did, today, Sheriff. Going up against that kind of firepower, those kind of men. People use that word "hero" a little too much, you ask me. But in this case, I'd say you're the real thing.

REESE
...It wasn't like that.

BARRAGAN
All right. What was it like?

Reese hesitates, trying to put words to it. Gives up. Puts his hat on, tips it to Barragan. Leaves.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - NIGHT

Reese, alone, driving back to Pandora. Landscape races by in the headlights. Insects kill themselves against the glass.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Jonas drives. In the back, Debbie and Cutts are curled into each other, asleep. Oakley sits in the passenger seat.

INT. PANDORA DRUG - NIGHT

Silence except for the low murmur of a woman's voice. People crowd the area near the entrance. The Doc is there.

Sarah sits at a far table, her chair pushed back, Julie Clayton wrapped around her. Sarah's dusty fingers gently stroke the girl's head. They've been there for hours.

SARAH
...I was your age I guess. Wasn't pretty like you, though. Boys used to call me coyote. I thought it was nice 'cause a coyote is a scrappy thing. It wasn't nice, though.

Just the slightest nod from Julie.

SARAH (CONT'D)
But it didn't matter. 'Cause I met a fella, later. And you know the first time...
(close, whisper)
The first time that boy kissed me, I just about forgot every other thing in the world. Can you imagine that? Forgetting everything, just 'cause of some boy?

On Julie. Blood still in her hair. Dreaming it.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Reese pulls up in his cruiser. White halogen light from news cameras illuminate people milling on the sidewalk, eyeing the metal bars of the jail.

RICK JOHNSON (40's, white-trash, ex-football) is pacing, angry, sucking on a bottle. His silent wife holds a baby.

RICK JOHNSON
Hey! Sheriff! Those boys try'n get out, we'll be right here. We'll take care of them quick.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Reese walks in. Aceves and Awtry are sitting on metal chairs, facing the cells, armed. Harold Bell sits on the visitor's sofa, still holding his shotgun.

Reese's secretary, MARILEE ALBRIGHT (50's, big hair, once beautiful, now loyal) talks on the phone, low. She's been on it for hours. Dry mascara ran.

Reese looks to Marilee, the men. They know about Rice.

REESE
(to Bell)
You saved my life today, Harry.
(off his nod)
Go home to Janet.

Bell stands, shares looks with those around him, and leaves. Reese unholsters his gun, sets it on a desk.

INT. CELLS - NIGHT

Concrete. Fluorescent light. Three barred cells. Reese stops at the second where Edwards lies sullen on his bunk, leg bandaged. Edwards glances over, raises a middle finger.

Reese moves on. Stockden lies on his back, legs crossed. Looks like he's sleeping.

STOCKDEN
(not opening his eyes)
Evening, Sheriff. How's your boy?

REESE
He's dead.

Stockden nods, opens his eyes, swings his feet off the bed and runs a hand through his hair. Nods again.

STOCKDEN
Well, that's a needle for us, no question. Wouldn't you say, Sheriff?

REESE
I suppose so.

Stockden looks up into Reese's eyes. Calm.

STOCKDEN
Whatever you're looking for, you ain't gonna find it here.

INT. PANDORA DRUG - NIGHT

Sarah keeps talking, low. Across the room, the crowd parts. Reese is there.

REESE
I'm sorry, Sarah, Julie. But I gotta ask if there were any others, besides the two. I gotta ask.

Julie lifts her face away from Sarah. Dry eyes, haunted.

JULIE
There was just the two.
(beat)
You shoulda killed them.

Reese nods.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Chain-link fence, a football field beyond lit by the headlamps of pick-up trucks. Restless teens fronting testosterone to mask trauma throw empties over the fence. Girls huddle, cast glances up a bleacher towards Billy Rice who sits with his hoodie pulled over his head.

Taylor Hearst's red Mustang comes veering into the parking lot. Taylor gets out, drunk, sees Billy.

CLOSE TO BILLY. From under his hood, he watches a kid light a trash can on fire. He slugs his beer.

TAYLOR (O.S.)
You're Jim's brother. What's your name?

Billy looks up. Taylor's drunk, messy, eyes blazing.

BILLY
Billy. Billy Rice.

TAYLOR
Your brother liked to fuck me. I liked to fuck your brother.

BILLY
(small nod)
I know.

TAYLOR
You know? Huh. You know.

The wind seems to go out of Taylor. She sits next to Billy.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
You go to school here, don't you? How come I've never seen you?

BILLY
I don't know. I'm kinda... I'm like invisible or... I'm kinda invisible I guess.

In the distance, a single police siren approaches. Taylor drops her keys in Billy's lap.

TAYLOR
I wanna show you something.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Taylor pulls Billy up the street towards the halogen-lit crowd across from the jail. Rick Johnson sucks a bottle dry, hurls it across the street at the jail where it explodes.

Crowd CHEERS, then quiets as Reese's patrol car approaches.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Reese drives. In the back, Julie sits close to Sarah. Reese checks his rearview. Doc Fields follows in Sarah's pick-up.

SARAH
(looking out at the crowd)
Jesus...

Reese and Doc drive the cars through, slow. Reese tracks faces, sees Billy and Taylor amidst the bodies.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Taylor watches the patrol car recede in the distance. Billy stands behind her, uncertain.

TAYLOR
She's the only one alive. Why do you think that is?

BILLY
I dunno, lucky I guess. I gotta get --

TAYLOR
Fuck that. She don't deserve it. Julie Clayton? What'd she ever do to deserve being alive?

EXT. BEDROOM, 06 RANCH - NIGHT

A young girl's room. Used to be quaint, girlish. Pink-trimmed bureau, later desecrated by band posters and jewelry.

Julie's wearing a black SKYNARD '88 T-shirt. Sarah tucks her into the small bed. Julie's got fresh bandages at her wrists. Sarah smooths her hair. Julie looks up, smiles.

SARAH
You sure you don't want me to stay with you?
(Julie nods no)
You get scared, you call me, or you come down the hall to where I am, okay?

JULIE
Thank you, Sarah.

Julie leans forward, kisses Sarah on the forehead. Sarah stares, caught completely off guard.

INT. LIVING ROOM, 06 RANCH - NIGHT

Sarah comes out into her living room. Homey, set up for a family that's gone. Reese and Doc Fields are there.

REESE
Marilee's calling for her relatives, we think somewhere in Abilene. And once the news gets out about her family, then somebody's gonna call. I can stay here tonight, if you want.
(off her shake no)
Sarah, considering everything. You sure you're alright with her here?

SARAH
You talk to those men?

REESE
Well, they ain't saying much.

DOCTOR FIELDS
Sarah, the law is...

SARAH
I'll bring her in, first thing tomorrow. That good enough?

Doc Fields glances to Reese. Reese nods, puts on his hat.

EXT. 06 RANCH - NIGHT

Huge sky of stars. Wind blows through a giant Oak. The Doc and Reese head towards the patrol car.

SARAH
Sheriff, I saw what you did.

Beat. On Reese, blank.

SARAH (CONT'D)
And it's not fair that Jimmy died. 'cause what you did to save him, I've never seen anything like that.
(hard beat)
Why do you think they did it?

Reese stares at her. Three seconds pass.

REESE
It was a bank. Some people'll do anything for money.

EXT. PANDORA - NIGHT

Reese nods to the Doc he just dropped off, pulls away. As he drives, he turns on the radio, finds sad country music.

INT. RESSE'S HOME - NIGHT

Reese lets himself in. Spare. Somewhere along the way he forgot to find a wife.

He goes to the kitchen. There's a picture of he and his dad on the fridge. He stares at it, then opens a cabinet, reaches up for the bottle that lives there. Can't find it.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
They told me you died.

Across the room, Janet Bell is tucked on the couch with the bottle. Her hair's down, shoes off. She's been crying.

JANET
I was over at Lizzie's hair place and one of the Johnson boys came in, told everyone. Said they shot you down.

Janet drinks, rises and walks unsteady to Reese, presses her body against him, gets her face in the crook of his neck.

REESE
Harold saved my life today.

Janet pushes back, laughs sad and sardonic.

JANET
My fucking luck. God. Just my fucking luck...

REESE
Janet.

She looks at him, hard. She's smart, knows that this just ended. She sheds a tear, wipes it away, pulls on her shoes.

JANET
Just my luck.

She shuts the door behind her. Reese stares at the door.

EXT. HIGHWAY, WEST TEXAS OIL FIELDS - NIGHT

Cars speed past the exit for Pandora, TX. The white van signals, takes the exit.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

All awake now. Jonas maneuvers them through the outskirts of town. Deb and Cutts eyeball houses. Looks poor.

DEBBIE
What makes you think these folks have any money, anyway?

CUTTS
It's true, Jonas. I mean, shit, there's like nothing here. Just... houses. Probably no one even in the houses. Just fucking... houses.

Jonas SLAMS on the breaks, gets out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jonas walks out into the street. Behind him, the crew gets down from the van.

CUTTS
Jonas, I didn't mean nothing --

JONAS
Listen...

Just over the sound of the breeze, a METAL GROANING. Jonas moves forward, over a rise. Crew follows.

THEIR P.O.V.: Oil Derricks. Many silent. But a few bob slowly up and down.

JONAS (CONT'D)
Every time one of those monsters comes up, that's money in someone's pocket. Every time. There's money here. Just got to scare it up, that's all.

They watch the rig bob. Oakley looks elsewhere.

JONAS (CONT'D)
Oak? What'd'ya see?

OAKLEY
One thirty five a gallon.

Jonas follows Oakley's gaze. Off the main road, an ABANDONED GAS STATION sits. The prices read: "$1.35 Unleaded."

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - NIGHT

The van pulls up. Lit by the headlights, the station looks creepy. Weeds through cracked cement, pumps rusted out.

Jonas slots a bolt-cutter onto the padlocked doors.

INT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - NIGHT

Flashlight beams cut into the interior of the station. It's like one day everyone just left. Cans of beverages still in their darkened coolers. Maps in the map display.

Cutts punches the cash register open. Crew looks, almost expecting cash. Empty. Jonas and Oakley push back, into

INT. ABANDONED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Two stalls. The tools are gone, but the odd fan belt hangs on the wall. Jonas's flashlight finds metal fencing.

JONAS
Yes. Yes, this is good. This is it, right Oak?

OAKLEY
This is it.

Wider. The source of their attention: A fence-enclosed CAGE. Once used for storing car parts. About 5 x 10. A bathroom nearby.

INT. ABANDONED GARAGE - NIGHT (LATER)

Oakley lowers an Acetylene tank. Cutts dumps a box. Thick CHAIN spills out. Oakley moves into the cage, finds a steel beam and SPARKS the torch.

ON THE REST OF THE CREW, watching, their faces lit by the flame. Debbie, uncertain, somber. Cutts, smiling. Jonas, wrestling demons in flickering light.

INT. BARROW HOUSE - NIGHT

JOANNE BARROWS (45, thin and tight) sits at the dining room table, alone, staring at soup. Pictures of her murdered husband, Bank Manager Fred Barrows, surround her.

CRASH! A sound from outside makes her jump.

EXT. BARROW HOUSE - NIGHT

JoAnne makes her way outside. Down the street, the tail-lights of a red Mustang drag away.

She looks at her garage. The words "HE'LL BURN IN HELL" are painted in red across her garage door. Her trash cans have been overturned. Rotten food glistens on cement.

JoAnne sits down on the ground. She weeps.

EXT. HEARST HOMESTEAD - NIGHT

Big mansion-style home. Mahogany and Oak. George Hearst drops two rocks in a bourbon, sips. Front door opens, Taylor stumbles in, drunk, trashy, raw.

HEARST
Taylor...

Taylor heads up a big mahogany staircase.

HEARST (CONT'D)
Taylor! TAYLOR!!

INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The popular girl's room. Taylor tosses her bag on the bed, strips off her dirty sweater, goes to the window in her bra.

EXT. HEARST HOMESTEAD - CONTINUOUS

Billy stares at Taylor in her lit window. She takes down the straps of her bra, shows him her breasts.

He turns away, walks down the long drive, into the night.

INT. RESSE'S HOME - NIGHT

Sheriff Reese sits in his living room, drinking alone, awake.

INT. ABANDONED GARAGE - NIGHT

The crew has bunked down in the garage. Jonas sits in front of the cage, smoking, staring at his creation.

INT. WOODLAND'S TRUST BANK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Memory. Most colors muted, some overly saturated. Movements out of time, too quick, too slow.

ON JULIE CLAYTON. Eyes closed, peaceful. The breeze of the air conditioner washing over her face.

She opens her eyes, just a little, sees...

INT. BEDROOM, 06 RANCH - EARLY MORNING

Close on Julie, staring out the bedroom window. Her eyes intent, concentrating on a mangy Coyote loping around the blue-lit yard. It stares back at Julie, shows its teeth.

She smiles, waves back at it.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM, 06 RANCH - EARLY MORNING

Sarah eyes SHOOT open as she CRIES OUT, lurching up from a nightmare. Sweat-soaked, terrified, crying in her sleep.

Her eyes focus on a night stand: Framed pictures of a husband, simple and strong. A daughter, maybe 15.

INT. SARAH'S PICK-UP - MORNING

Sarah drives, Julie shotgun. They pull onto the main drag.

JULIE
Sarah...

THEIR P.O.V.: Several NEWSVANS are parked across from the bank. Reporters from different networks are finding positions, checking their notes.

A few reporters notice Julie in the seat next to Sarah, gesture to their camera guys.

SARAH
Just look straight ahead, alright honey?

Julie does as Sarah drives them by the news camera's gaze, the empty police-taped windows of the bank.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Sarah sits. Through the tall window, she can see Julie inside, talking with Doc Fields and a nurse. The nurse draws a blind across the window.

Exterior door jingles open. Reese enters, nods.

REESE
I thought I'd drive you all over, when we're done here.

She nods. He sits, holds his hat in his hands, nervous.

SARAH
They won't find nothing bad. Something about her... She's hurtin', but it's not the same. I don't know, maybe it's worse.

REESE
Marilee tried all night to find some family to her, came up empty. She's still tryin'. Anyhow, until then --

SARAH
Sure. I'd do it. I'd like to.

Reese nods, keeps looking at his hat.

REESE
You think she remembers what happened?

SARAH
...Yeah, I do.

EXT. MAIN DRAG - MORNING

The VAN pulls up, parks next to other news crews. The van's got "SANTA FE CHANNEL 9" stenciled on its side.

Jonas climbs out. Behind him, Cutts emerges with a video camera, hoists it onto his shoulder. They both wear news badges around their necks.

JONAS
(looking around)
Where the hell is everybody?

INT. CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER - MORNING

Pews PACKED. The whole town is here. Fans spin at the ceiling, but it's still hot. Babies, children too young to get it, peer over the backs of pews.

PICTURES of the deceased line the front. Smiling snapshots, often with loved ones. In the audience, those left-behind:

-- Jim Rice's family. Numbness wearing thin, grief surfacing. Billy Rice, wearing apathy, hurting.

-- JoAnne Barrows. All alone, suffering accusing stares.

-- JAN SHEER, 40's, wife of the farmer. Alone, immigrant blood fronting a stiff lip.

-- Harold and Janet Bell. She looks ahead, he scans for kudos, uncertain. His part of the story's already fading.

Heads turn as Sarah and Reese come in with Julie. They take seats, polite. Some track Julie, shake their heads in sympathy. Other track Reese, whisper, nod, admire.

PASTOR LOUIS GIRARD (34, passionate, idealistic, out of his depth) walks to the pulpit. Fear in his eyes.

PASTOR GIRARD
...Thank you, all, for being here. Thank you for being here for those we have lost. Thank you for being here, for those that are left behind.

Murmurs, a few sobs. JoAnne Barrows feels needles in the back of her neck, glances back. Taylor Hearst glares at her.

PASTOR GIRARD (CONT'D)
There's a question that just about every person of faith asks once in a lifetime. Usually more than once. It's such a fundamental question, that most people who choose to serve God as we have, we've developed a pretty good answer to it. The question is: If God loves us as much as we know he does, why does he allow evil to come into our midst? Why doesn't he... protect us?

On the faces. They want to know.

PASTOR GIRARD (CONT'D)
What I'm supposed to tell you, is that it's not up to us to ask God these things. And that like Job it is our calling to know that God loves us, to have faith that these events are... necessary.
(beat)
But today, I think we all need a little more than that. Today, God's gotta do better than that.

<u>EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION, REAR ENTRANCE - MORNING</u>

A few news crews back here as well. Jonas takes notes in a little black book. Cutts shoots, getting everything.

JONAS
(low)
Get it all. Lots of close ups. Don't forget the roof. And that, get that.

THROUGH THE VIDEO CAM: Awtry comes out the back door, lights a smoke, looks over the people.

Jonas and Cutts keep moving around towards the front, as THREE BLACK FORD EXPEDITIONS speed by them, FBI logos on their doors. Men in suits get out, including Agent Barragan.

JONAS (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Keep filming, man. Whatever anybody says. It's your God damn second amendment right.

<u>INT. CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER - MORNING</u>

Pastor Girard speaks with better flow, louder.

PASTOR GIRARD
...So the question I'm asking, the question we're all asking: How do I go on? Why do I go on? This world, that you have given us o Lord our God, this world has shown us how terrible a place it can be, and I'm scared. I'm afraid. And I know you have taken some of your servants back for a reason that I can't understand, but what about me, o God? What about --

The doors to the church push open, Patrolman Aceves hurries in, spots Reese and makes his way towards him, whispers.

PASTOR GIRARD (CONT'D)
...Because God knows something about suffering. We have to remember Jesus Christ on the cross. And the crown of thorns. Because what we're really asking God is...

Reese gets up, walks towards the entrance with Aceves.

PASTOR GIRARD (CONT'D)
...why did you let that happen, to your own son?

People shift. A few get up and follow the men. A few more.

PASTOR GIRARD (CONT'D)
My friends... we need to stay together, now more than ever. My friends...

Suddenly half the congregation is moving.

<u>EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY</u>

News people REACT as Reese and Aceves stride up to the station. An FBI AGENT blocks their path.

FBI AGENT
I'm sorry, Sheriff, but --

Aceves SHOVES the agent. A SECOND AGENT rushes in. Aceves' hand goes to his gun. Reese stops him. Barragan appears.

BARRAGAN
Wait!
(to Reese)
Glad you're here, Sheriff.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Three FBI AGENTS are in a stand-off with Patrolman Awtry who's got a shotgun gripped in his hands, pointed low.

BARRAGAN
Sheriff, this thing is all over the country. Some of those vans out there are national news. We're talking millions of people watching.
(beat)
You don't want this, Sheriff. You got a community to deal with, your community. This is something else.

REESE
(to Awtry)
Thanks for holding down the fort, Matt. These gentlemen were just leaving.

BARRAGAN
I'm not your enemy here, Sheriff. Trust me. You may feel this is personal, but you don't want these men here. It's just gonna tear your town apart.

Reese stares him down.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Sarah pushes through the crowd of people gathering around the station. People murmur, shake their heads. Anger swells.

Sarah tracks the reporters, pulls Julie close as her eyes find Jonas, staring back at her. She notes his news badge, meets his gaze, defiant, they stay locked that way.

Suddenly, hands are PULLING at Julie.

JOANNE BARROWS
(fierce whisper)
You have to tell them. My Fred wouldn't let them die like that. He was a good man, and he loved those people and please, PLEASE! You were there! You have to tell them!

SARAH
HEY! Leave her alone!

Sarah YANKS Julie away, gets in between them. JoAnne breaks, lips quiver, she runs away into the crowd.

Across the street, Jonas's gaze shifts to Pastor Girard, sitting on the steps of his church, defeated.

Barragan and his FBI storm out, get in their cars and haul. Barragan's already on his cell, angry. Reese stands in the doorway to the office. Jonas tracks the scene, goes dark.

JONAS
Let's go.

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Jonas drives, pissed.

JONAS
I swear to God, the fuckin' FBI. Let me tell you something, the motherfucking FBI never did a thing in this country didn't wind up sucking the life outta people.

HARD TURN. Dust kicks up. People in yards glance over.

JONAS (CONT'D)
This is America. There's criminals and cops and that's the motherfucking eco-system. That's life, man.

Jonas blows through a stop sign. Tires chew gravel.

CUTTS
Jonas, man --

JONAS
No! Don't even start. The FBI never did anybody any good, and that's fucking it!

RIGHT TURN. Wheels slide, hit a pothole. Tire BURSTS! Van slides to a stop. Dust settles around them.

Jonas gets out, STARES at the tire. Cutts starts laughing.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Cutts is trying to jack up the van with a stock jack. It isn't working. Jonas paces, scans the horizon.

JONAS
Cutts...

Down the road, Sarah's beat-up pick-up is bouncing towards them. As it drives by, Sarah takes them in. Julie's in the seat next to her.

Ten yards down the road, Sarah's pickup stops. She stares at them in the rear-view mirror.

INT. SARAH'S PICK-UP - CONTINUOUS

Sarah and Julie sit in silence, Sarah's eyes fixed in the mirror, hand gripping the shifter.

SARAH
Honey, if it's okay with you, I'm gonna help those men with their flat. You tell me if you wanna go instead.

JULIE
No. I'm fine.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah gets out of the pick-up, she reaches in back, hauls out an industrial jack and walks back towards Jonas and Cutts.

SARAH
You boys need some help?

CUTTS
(beat)
Why yes we do 'mam. Thank you --

Sarah tosses the jack down in the dirt.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Cutts works on the van, up on the industrial jack. His tattoos and muscled arms bulge.

Sarah stares at Jonas. He meets her eyes for a good while, finally looks away, shakes his head. He winds up staring at the back of Julie's head in truck parked ahead.

SARAH
Don't even think about talking to her.

JONAS
No, ma'am. Wouldn't dream of it.

SARAH
So you boys come in from New Mexico? I guess we're big news all over the place. I guess we're the story.

JONAS
We didn't ask you to stop.

SARAH
I know. But you're here, in my town. So you get help. That's who we are. Do you understand that?

JONAS
(fed up)
You got something you want to say?

SARAH
Yeah. I do. How do you sleep at night?

JONAS
Lady, I sleep like a fuckin' baby. How do you sleep.

This lands, Jonas senses it.

JONAS (CONT'D)
You know those people who died? They friends of yours?

SARAH
...People are talking too much already.

JONAS
I'll tell you what. If it were me... I'd want those men dead real bad. I'd want to pull the switch myself.

Silence. Breeze blows across the scrub. Sarah looks back, meets Jonas's eyes.

SARAH
...Maybe.

Cutts lets the van down LOUD.

JONAS
Thank you for the help. Real country of you.

SARAH
(fuck you)
You're welcome.
(beat)
You should just go home. There's nothing here. And what you're doing to us, to these people, it's wrong.

JONAS
(beat)
Give you some advice?

SARAH
Sure.

JONAS
Before you go trying to change a man, make sure he gives a good God Damn.

Sarah STARES. Cutts hands her the jack, sheepish. Sarah turns and walks back towards her truck. Jonas notices how good her jeans fit. She turns, catches him looking, tosses it in the pickup, lands LOUD

SARAH
You're a sonofabitch.

Jonas gives a little salute, climbs in the van, starts it up.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Jonas watches Sarah get back in her truck, slam it in gear and drive off. He nods unconsciously.

CUTTS
(shaking his head)
Damn, Jonas. God damn.

INT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - DAY

Oakley works in the cage. Debbie's got a signal on a beat-up black and white TV, watches news reports about the killings. Faces of the victims flash onto the screen in grey snow.

Van pulls up outside, Jonas strides in with the camera and sets it down, triggers the tape. Images of the jail roll by.

DEBBIE
Oak got us an old Buick off some farmer. $200 and even has AC...

Jonas stares at the video, lost in thought. Cutts has stopped in the doorway.

CUTTS
You gonna tell them, Jonas?
(beat, to the others)
FBI's taking over, just gotta get some paper deal with the locals. Those boys'll be moved by tomorrow, maybe even sooner.

DEBBIE
Jonas? Is that true? JONAS?!

Jonas is lost in the images. Deep concentration.

OAKLEY
Don't want to make this three against one, but your sister's got a point --

JONAS
(exploding)
NONE OF YOU HAVE SHIT! What you have is that you're all cowards. Who the hell do you think we are? This is what we do. This is who we are.
(to Oakley)
You got some hidden talent Oak, gonna set you up into retirement? What? You got investments, an IRA?
(turning on Debbie)
You gonna go back waitressing? Spend every night a bunch of truckers slappin' your ass for two-fifty in tips?
(on Cutts)
And you... You just gonna sit there and let 'em, won't you? 'Cause her ass is the only thing between the two of you make any money at all. Do I have this right?

Jonas spins to where he's paused the tape: Awtry on the back stoop of the Sheriff's office, smoking.

JONAS (CONT'D)
That cop takes smoke breaks in the back. That leaves the Sheriff, the cop who went to fetch him today, and the secretary. This is cake, people.

Jonas squares off. The team fidgets. Jonas walks.

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Jonas jumps a broken fence, climbs up onto an oil derrick, lights a smoke. Sign reads: "DANGER: FLAMMABLE. NO SMOKING."

Oakley arrives. Jonas shakes out a smoke for him.

OAKLEY
Hell, Jonas. You know every one of us would follow you to hell and back. It's just this thing...

JONAS
When you used to ride with Clark and his crew, you shot a woman.

OAKLEY
(nodding, darkly)
Not a day goes by, I don't regret that.

JONAS
I know that. Thing is, no one gets hurt here, Oak. All we get is rich.

Oakley drags, nods.

EXT. VARIOUS - AFTERNOON

-- Kids in a high school assembly. Heads bowed in silence. Taylor with her crowd, eyes locked on Billy, alone.

-- JoAnne Barrows, pushing a shopping cart down an aisle. Conscious of the eyes on her. She stares at a can of soup.

-- Sarah, working on a valve at the well behind the house. Julie watches her from the back porch. The value gives, skinning Sarah's knuckles. The phone rings.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - AFTERNOON

Aceves sits in front of the TV, watching the coverage of the murders. The front buzzer sounds, Awtry moves to the connecting room, frowns to see Agent Barragan waiting.

AWTRY
Chief's not here.

BARRAGAN
(holding up papers)
I'm legal. You gonna buzz me in or not?

Awtry scowls, hits the buzzer, Barragan comes through.

INT. LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

Library closed. A table in the center. On one side, Reese sits with Marilee. She's got a tape recorder. Across from them, Julie and Sarah.

REESE
Thank you for coming in, Julie. We know this isn't easy for you.

JULIE
That's alright. I want to do it.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The WHITE TV 9 NEWSVAN turns onto the main drag, passes the Sheriff's office, turns again.

The sound of Julie's interview overlays all the following:

REESE (O.S.)
Before we begin... Marilee's been trying to locate some of your family but she's having no luck. You ever visit with relatives?

JULIE (O.S.)
I don't think so.

EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Debbie strides down the street, her get-up's pure white trash looking to party. She stops next to a dusty brown Pontiac Camero, reaches into her purse and pulls out a brick.

REESE (O.S.)
Maybe you all went somewhere for Thanksgiving, that sort of thing?

JULIE (O.S.)
No, not really.

She throws the brick through the passenger window. Unlocks the door, climbs in.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Barragan stares at the prisoners through the Plexiglass. Edwards paces, a caged animal.

REESE (O.S.)
Not really?

Barragan opens a folder on a table, the case file. He leafs through photos. Gory, horrible. Looks back at Edwards.

JULIE (O.S.)
No, we pretty much did Thanksgiving at the home. We pretty much did everything there.

At his desk, Awtry slides a drawer open, palms cigarettes.

INT. LIBRARY - EVENING

Julie's staring straight at Reese, bright-eyed, clear, brave.

REESE
...That's alright. That's just fine. Now you sure you're ready for this?

Julie smiles helpful. Marilee starts the recorder.

REESE (CONT'D)
This is Sheriff Don Reese, interview with Julie Clayton. Also present is Ms. Sarah Isles and Marilee Albert.
(beat)
Julie, we're gonna talk about what happened yesterday, at the bank.

Julie nods, smiles.

MARILEE
(gentle)
Honey, you got to speak up.

INT. JAIL CELL - EVENING

Stockden stares at the ceiling, calm. In the cell next to him, Edwards paces.

JULIE (O.S.)
Those... those two men came in, they --

REESE (O.S.)
If you can, tell it in order, from the start. Can you do that?

INT. LIBRARY - EVENING

Silence. Julie picks at a fingernail. Then:

JULIE
Bobby came back from school. Dad was mad 'cause Bobby wasn't getting good grades and he had a problem with his rent or something so dad took us to the bank, to get money for Bobby...

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION, REAR ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Patrolman Awtry slips out the back door, sticks a block of wood in the door to keep it from shutting.

JULIE (O.S.)
It was hot so I was by the air conditioner. Then that man shot mom, and they came in and said they were going to rob the bank. But Mr. Barrows who runs the bank said please don't do that so they shot him, too.

REESE (O.S.)
They shot Mr. Barrows, before they tied him up?

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Reese is staring at Julie. She shifts, uneasy.

JULIE
...I don't know.

REESE
Why did they shoot Mr. Barrows, Julie?

JULIE
...Because he wouldn't open up the safe for them. They told him to open up the safe, but he said no, so they started shooting everyone.

REESE
But they tied up some of the people. They tied you up.

JULIE
Uh-huh. And then they tied up me and dad and that farmer and a woman too.

REESE
Carl Sheer was the farmer. And Linda Groves, she worked there.

JULIE
...They put us over by the windows and then the older one, he started shooting people. He shot... Linda, and he shot Mr. Barrows, and he shot... He shot my dad.

INT. CAMERO - CONTINUOUS

Debbie hot-wires the car. Big engine growls to life. She's got a hand held radio on the dash.

REESE (O.S.)
But you managed to escape. How did you do that?

JULIE (O.S.)
I guess 'cause I was a girl, so they didn't tie me up too tight. They didn't notice 'cause that young guy was taking the money and that older man was yelling at everyone.

REESE (O.S.)
What was he yelling?

Debbie wriggles out of her jeans, tosses them in the back. She opens a bottle of Jim Beam and douses herself, the car.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION, REAR ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Awtry smokes. Oakley shuffles into view, wearing a sweatshirt, hood pulled up, sunglasses. He's trying to light a cigarette. He sees Awtry smoking, moves his way.

JULIE (O.S.)
He was yelling... that he wanted more money. That he wanted Mr. Barrows to open up the safe.

REESE (O.S.)
I thought he already shot Mr. Barrows.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Jonas and Cutts sit in the front seat. They have plastic masks of JESUS CHRIST on, duct-taped secure. They have sawed-off shotguns on their laps, gloves on their hands.

Jonas speaks into a radio.

JULIE (O.S.)
...No. He wanted him to open the safe. He was shooting us, so Mr. Barrows would open the safe.

REESE (O.S.)
So he shot Mr. Barrows after he shot your dad?

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Julie's lips begin to tremble. Tears well.

JULIE
I got free, and I wanted to do something. I wanted to... save them.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION, REAR ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Oakley comes up to Awtry, cigarette lighter raised. Awtry starts to get it, backs up, a hand goes to his gun.

Oakley raises his face. Awtry stares in to the face of Jesus Christ who spins Awtry FAST with one push, has his gun pressed against the back of his head.

JULIE (O.S.)
But I didn't know what to do.

Jesus Oakley glances back to where two more Jesus's are climbing out of the van across the street.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Julie is shaking, barely keeping it together. Adults exchange looks, don't know if they should let her go on.

JULIE
They had guns, and I was just... And I knew, cause my dad saw me, I knew he wanted me to go. So I left... and they... They shot him, too.

Sarah puts an arm around Julie. Marilee dabs at her eyes.

REESE
Julie, just one last thing. The last person they shot. That was your dad?

JULIE
...Yes.

REESE
Okay. Okay.

Julie sobs against Sarah's chest. Marilee turns off the recorder.

EXT. LIBRARY - EVENING

Reese steps out, looks at the street. There's litter from the TV crews and tourists. Down the ways, Jan Sheer unloads her truck while a cameraman films her. Reese scowls, reaches for a smoke, comes up empty.

MARILEE (O.S.)
Here...

Marilee's followed Reese out, offers him a smoke.

MARILEE (CONT'D)
Weird, ain't it? Everything's just... different.
(beat)
That girl's lying.

REESE
Yeah... You got any idea why?

MARILEE
Could be a hundred reasons. Who knows what happens, a girl sees something like that. I wouldn't even try an guess.

Sarah's pick-up drives by, Julie riding shotgun. Sarah nods to Reese as they pass. He tracks the car, watches it take the corner at the far end on the street.

INT. SARAH'S PICK-UP - CONTINUOUS

Sarah and Julie, riding in silence.

SARAH
You did really good, honey. You did really good.

Julie smiles helpful. A brown Camero speeds by.

EXT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Reese blows smoke, watches as the Camero turns the corner towards them, accelerates, starts to swerve, and just like that, it hops the curb, blasts THROUGH a mailbox, SLAMS into a telephone poll!

INT. / EXT. VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

-- In the Sheriff's Office. Aceves and Barragan hear it, look instinctively towards the front. Aceves grabs a shotgun, moves. Barragan follows, something gnawing at him. He glances back to the rear door, open a crack.

-- In the Jail. Stockden and Edwards look at each other, confused. Stockden goes to the small barred window.

-- In the Church. Pastor Girard is at prayer with JoAnne Barrows. They hear the sound, look around, disoriented.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Reese starts to RUN towards the Camero. In front of him, Debbie stumbles out of the car. She's in panties and an open shirt, bleeding from the nose. She wanders, injured, drunk.

Reese tracks her, SPINS, tracks his Sheriff Station across the street, Patrolman Aceves coming down the steps.

Debbie collapses, blood spattered breasts heave up towards a rosy sky.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Barragan stares at the cracked back door. BOOM! It flies open, two men in Jesus Christ masks burst in, shotguns raised. One slaps Barragan across the head with his gun, he goes down.

Jesus Cutts jumps the divider to the front door and locks it, Jesus Jonas moves towards the cells.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Reese reaches Debbie, instinctively closing her shirt. Aceves arrives, winded, panicked.

BOOM. Fire washes out of the hood of the Camero. Debbie starts to SCREAM. Reese and Aceves pull her away.

INT. CELLS - CONTINUOUS

Jesus Jonas reaches Edward's cell, tosses in handcuffs.

JONAS
You want out of here, put 'em on!

Jesus Jonas pulls a bottle, starts dousing a handkerchief.

EDWARDS
Yeah? Fuck you.

JONAS
Put 'em on, son.

Edwards spits, slips the handcuffs on as Jesus Cutts goes to the next cell, tosses cuffs to Stockden.

CUTTS
You heard the man, cuff yourself you sonofabitch!

Stockden cuffs himself as Jesus Jonas fumbles with Awtry's keys, opens Edwards cell.

JONAS
Turn around!!

Edwards does, glaring. Jesus Jonas grabs him across the face with the cloth. Edwards struggles, goes unconscious. In the next cell, Stockden watches, cuffed, cool.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Aceves is working on Debbie, trying to find where she's hurt. Reese STOPS. It lands on him.

REESE
No! No! Back to the station!

Aceves looks up, Reese starts to run.

INT. CELLS - CONTINUOUS

Jesus Jonas drags the unconscious Edwards out as Jesus Cutts pops Stockden's cell, moves in with shotgun raised.

FAST Stockden sweeps the gun, wraps Cutts up, the shotgun under Cutts's chin. Standoff.

CUTTS
Motherfucker! You motherfucker! I swear I'm gonna hurt you so fucking bad! I'm gonna --

JONAS
SHUT UP!
(to Stockden)
Think it through! There's only one way you're getting outta here. We don't have time for this!

STOCKDEN
Why don't you lower your weapon, we all walk out together?

JONAS
That ain't gonna happen.

STOCKDEN
Then this man's dead.

JONAS
(hard)
Well then get on with it and stop wasting my fucking time.

Stockden tracks the humor, likes it, smiles.

BLAM BLAM BLAM!! Bullets splinter the front door.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Reese unloads his sidearm at the door. Lock shatters, jams. Door's still not giving.

INT. CELLS - CONTINUOUS

Jesus Oakley advances, shotgun also lined on Stockden.

Stockden plays the odds, releases Jesus Cutts who SPINS and starts beating Stockden with the shotgun.

BOOM! Front door caves in under a shotgun blast. Oakley HAULS an unconscious Edwards towards the back.

JONAS
STOP! We gotta go! NOW!

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Reese and Aceves push through the splintered door, guns out.

Reese turns the corner, catches sight of the last man moving out the back door, pushing Stockden in front of him. Jesus Jonas looks back. The two men, eye to eye for a second.

Jesus Jonas pulls Stockden through the door as Reese fires. Bullets chew into the door and wall.

Aceves throws himself against the back door, jammed.

Reese tracks the empty cells, unconscious Barragan. Through the closed back door, he hears wheels screech away.

CLOSE ON REESE. A kind of trauma settling in behind his eyes. He turns, moves to the splintered front door.

He stares out into the street. The wrecked car, smoking. No sign of Debbie. He nods. He knew that. He sits down on the steps of the station.

INT. VAN - EVENING

Oakley drives. It's dark in the back. Edwards is out cold, Stockden's eyes blink open through a coating of blood. He sees two Jesus's staring back at him.

STOCKDEN
Hall-e-fuckin'-luleah.

WHAM! Jesus Cutts clocks him with the butt of his shotgun and Stockden's out.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT (LATER)

Reese still sits on the steps of the station. Inside, lights, commotion. Two FBI Ford Expeditions have arrived.

People look out of windows, gather at the corner, whispering.

Barragan comes out, holding a bloody cloth against his head.

BARRAGAN
We got roadblocks up every way outta here. We'll get 'em.
(beat)
This wasn't your fault, Sheriff.

Reese nods. Gets up, gets in his car. Starts the engine.

BARRAGAN (CONT'D)
No one saw this coming.

Reese puts the car in gear, drives.

INT. 06 RANCH - NIGHT

Sarah unlocks the door. Julie heads for the bedroom. Sarah follows, looks in. Julie's got a dresser drawer open, picking out pajamas.

SARAH
Julie... Why me?

JULIE
You lost your family, and now I did too. I guess... I guess it was maybe supposed to be like this.

SARAH
Honey, I don't believe anything was supposed to be like this.

JULIE
Maybe not. I won't be here much longer anyways.

SARAH
Nothing's going to happen to you.

Phone rings loud. Sarah holds, then gets it.

SARAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hello. Yes.
(beat)
Oh, no. Oh, no.

On Julie, frozen, listening.

EXT. 06 RANCH - MOMENTS LATER

JULIE, RUNNING, TEARING INTO THE NIGHT.

Close to her, her breath hard, her limbs pumping, pushing through brambles, tearing at her.

SARAH (O.S.)
Julie! Julie! JULIE!!

Julie falls, rolls under a bush. Lays there, close to the earth, breath coming loud and fast, completely animal.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - NIGHT

Reese drives. Lights are on in every house. People are on phones, gathered around kitchen tables. News is spreading.

INT. REESE'S HOME - NIGHT

Reese lets himself in. He moves to the kitchen table, takes out his gun and opens the cylinder. Six bullets skitter onto the table, one rolls off.

He crouches down, picks up the bullet. His hands are shaking. He adds it to the five. Opens a cabinet, finds some tupperware, tosses them in.

He cracks another cabinet. Sweat breaks on his brow. He lifts out two boxes of ammo, spills the bullets into the tupperware.

Eyes watering. Little whimpers push past his tight lips. Whole body shaking. He moves with the tupperware towards the bathroom. Two bullets shake out. He gets to the toilet, dumps the ammo, flushes.

He watches the water swirl over the bullets. It can't suck them down.

He breaks.

Reese rips the medicine cabinet off the wall, hurls it. It catches the showerhead, water SPRAYS.

He SCREAMS like an animal. He rips at the walls, makes his way to the kitchen, destroys dishes. Tears flow, emotion chokes off his airway, he can't breathe, claws at his throat.

He stumbles up, grabs his gun off the counter, lurches to the bathroom. Face contorted, no voice left to scream with.

He plunges his hand into the toilet, comes up with two bullets, manages to slot one, closes the breech.

He shoves the gun under his chin, pulls the trigger. The wet power sparks, smokes off, dud.

He tosses the gun, collapses, sobbing.

<u>INT. BELL HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT</u>

Janet sits at the diner table in front of two plates of food. Bell paces by the front windows.

JANET
Harry... They're gone. You think they would stay here? They're probably half way to the border by now.

There's a knock at the door. Bell opens the door.

Sheriff Reese stands on the porch, hat in hand. His hair's wet, combed. He looks like you could blow him right over.

REESE
Harold.

Harold tracks him, tracks his gaze to Janet who sees him, looks away. Everything's as clear as day.

INT. BELL HOUSEHOLD - MOMENTS LATER

Reese sits on the sofa, alone. Janet hands Bell two beers. Bell cracks one, hands it to Reese who drinks.

REESE
Thank you.

BELL
(beat)
Ain't nothing.

Janet retreats to the kitchen, pours herself a whiskey.

BELL (CONT'D)
Janet was saying she thinks those men are probably half way to the border by now. You think that's what they'd do?

Reese looks over, doesn't have an answer.

BELL (CONT'D)
I guess she's right.
(beat)
I guess no one could have seen this coming. It's like God damn professional criminal or what have you. Who woulda seen that comin'?

REESE
I'm sorry.

BELL
Hell, none off this is your fault.

REESE
I'm sorry.

Silence. Bell nods, burns. He rises, takes another sip of his beer. Looks towards Janet in the kitchen, swallows.

BELL
I'm just gonna go out, check and make sure the garage is locked up.
(beat)
I'm just gonna go out.

Bell finishes his beer, sets it down, goes out the back. Screen door slams.

ON REESE. Sitting in the chair, staring straight ahead. Behind him, Janet's figure appears in the kitchen doorway.

JANET
What are you doing, Don?

She approaches, stands behind his chair. He leans his head back until it touches her shirt right below her breasts.

She puts her hand on his neck. A woman's touch on an empty man. Breath flows like he'd been holding it for hours.

EXT./INT. GARAGE, BELL HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

Bell opens the garage door, goes inside. He reaches onto a dark shelf, comes up with a shotgun. He fumbles a box of shells open, jacks in shells.

Behind him, the front door opens, closes. Seconds pass. Reese's car starts up, drives away.

The back door opens, a moment, then Janet's silhouette stands in the entrance to the garage.

JANET
Come on back inside, Harry. Sheriff's gone.

Bell climbs in his truck, starts it up. He puts the shotgun on the dash. He drives past Janet, her eyes pleading with him, and disappears into the night.

EXT. FIELDS, 06 RANCH - NIGHT

Julie crawls, close to the ground. She rolls under a wire fence near the barn, slides into a narrow space between the ground and the barn floor. Stays there, tucked, eyes wide.

SARAH (O.S.)
You found her place.

Julie STIFFENS, freezes. Sarah comes out of the dark, sits in the grass near the hole.

SARAH (CONT'D)
My girl used to hide in there, when she was a kid. It took till after she was gone, before I found it.

Sarah squeezes into the small crawl space next to Julie.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Those men... they're not going to stay around here. You know that, right? They're probably --

JULIE
God got them out. God wanted them free. That's how they got free.

SARAH
(beat)
I don't know what you saw. No one on this earth does. Whatever it was, it wasn't what you told the Sheriff. And I want you to know, I don't care. I just don't care. And this isn't about God, because I don't even trust him. This is about you and me.

INT. THE CAGE, ABANDONED GARAGE - NIGHT

Dark, the only light from a small lantern on the ground. Stockden, blood dried on his face. His eyes flutter open. He squints to focus, sees Edwards staring down at him.

Stockden sits up, orients. There's a TARP hung between the cage and the rest of the garage, no way to see past it.

STOCKDEN
Where are we?

EDWARDS
You're not going to believe this.

Edwards taps a thick metal cuff around his waist, a chain leads to bolts welded into an I-beam. It takes Stockden a second to realize he's wearing the same.

STOCKDEN
How many?

EDWARDS
Like I said, fuck if I know.
(shouting)
Hey! Hey! Hey, any fucking person out there! Hello!

The tarp draws back. Jesus Jonas comes into the space between the tarp and the cage, points a flashlight at them.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)
Hey! You know what? You're dead.

Jonas raises a Polaroid camera, snaps a shot of Edwards, turns it to Stockden who turns his face away.

JONAS
...You might want to keep it down.

EDWARDS
Is that right? Fuck you.

JONAS
No, actually, fuck you. See, the two of you was dead, but I brought you back to life. I givith. However, you keep making noise, you better believe I will take the fuck away.

STOCKDEN
Maybe we like dead better than this.

Jonas raises the camera at Stockden, shoots. Polaroid winds out. Behind him, Debbie comes into the room, wearing a mask. She's got fried chicken and water.

STOCKDEN (CONT'D)
...You got a women with you. That means you're weak. I don't talk to weak men.

JONAS
(to Debbie)
Leave that. They don't get that yet.

Debbie hesitates, then leaves the food out of reach and goes. Stockden chuckles to himself.

STOCKDEN
Alright, boss. Whatever you think we have, we don't have, so you went and wasted a lot of fucking time.

Jonas checks the Polaroids, then walks away, leaving the food and water out of reach.

<u>INT. ABANDONED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS</u>

In a beat-up lawnchair in the corner, Oakley reads a torn-up copy of SHOGUN by headlamp, shotgun propped.

Jonas pushes by, into the manager's office. Moonlight seeps through drawn blinds. He opens an old file-cabinet, comes out with THE CASE FILE he stole. Flashlight plays over:

PICTURES: The victims from the bank. Blood. Open eyes, caught in pain or surprise. Wrists, bound in baling wire.

Behind him, motion. He starts to cover the file.

DEBBIE
No, leave it open.

Debbie comes up next to him, her eyes scan, tear up.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Holy Mother of Christ... You were right, Jonas. They'll pay. I mean, look at that. This town will pay.

JONAS
He said whatever we were looking for, they didn't have it.
(off her look)
I didn't say we were looking for anything.
(off the photos)
Why'd they do this? Why does anybody do this?

Debbie's silent, also thinking. Cutts comes busting into the room from outside.

CUTTS
Company!

EXT. ABANDONED GARAGE - NIGHT

Outside, a POLICE CRUISER is making its way down the road, slow, searching.

INT. ABANDONED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jonas tosses the file back in the drawers, heads to the back. Debbie peers through the closed venetian blinds.

Cutts runs into the garage, signals to Oakley. They throw a dusty tarp over a table of food and coffee.

INT. THE CAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jonas comes in. The two prisoners are on their feet.

JONAS
There's a cop coming. You want to make a lot of noise, get caught, now's your best shot.

EDWARDS
(wearily)
Fuck you.

JONAS
No, LOUDER.

EDWARDS
(shouting)
Fuck you, I am going to kill you and every one of your --

Stockden WRAPS HIS CHAIN AROUND EDWARDS NECK. Edwards struggles. Stockden's got him.

Stockden and Jonas, eye to eye, even through the mask. Edwards sputters, turns red, veins bulge.

Jonas leaves. Stockden drops Edwards who coughs in the dirt. Stockden puts a finger to his lips.

EXT. ABANDONED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Cruiser door opens. An OFFICER gets out, flashlight scans. In the driver's seat, his PARTNER speaks into a radio.

INT. ABANDONED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The cops face appears at a window, flashlight beam angles in.

CLOSE ON A METAL CUP. Oakley's coffee. Hot. Steam rises.

Cop squints. Thinks maybe he sees something. Crouched below him, Cutts moves the shotgun safety OFF.

Partner honks, cops gives up and climbs back in the cruiser which pulls away.

INT. RICE HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Billy Rice grabs a beer from the fridge, glances into the den where Mr. and Mrs. Rice numbly sit in front of the TV.

INT. JIM'S ROOM - RICE HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Billy comes in, looks around. The room hasn't been touched. Football trophies. Pictures on a wall: football, graduation, rookie policeman. A clipping: "Star Rice out with knee injury." Three pressed white undershirts.

Billy slides a box out from under the bed, opens it. A polished .38 and a clip full of bullets. He takes both.

INT. BILLY'S ROOM - RICE HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Billy locks the door behind him. Metallica posters. Marilyn Manson. He puts the clip in the gun, pockets it. A pebble strikes the window. He looks out:

BILLY'S P.O.V.: By the side of the house, looking up, Taylor Hearst. Her red Mustang is parked on the street.

EXT. OIL FIELDS - NIGHT

The red Mustang bumps across uneven earth, pulls to a stop in front of one of the metal giants which bobs slowly up and down. Moonlight illuminates a field of derricks.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

Taylor and Billy sit in the front seats. Taylor cracks a beer, watches the derrick bob in front of them.

Billy takes the gun out, puts it on the dash. She picks it up, feels the weight.

BILLY
I don't know. Julie Clayton... I guess I think it was just bad luck. Or good luck, for her I mean.

TAYLOR
Shut up.

BILLY
All right. I've been thinking about him, you know, Jim. 'Cause me and him didn't really get along too good. He thoughts I was... I guess he thought I was kind of a waste...

Taylor finishes her beer, reaches up her skirt and pulls her underwear off. She starts to climb onto Billy.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Aw, man. You don't have to --

TAYLOR
Shut up.

She climbs onto Billy, kisses him hard, he balks a little.

BILLY
Taylor...

She gets control of him, kisses him again. He gives in.

TAYLOR
Shut. Up.

She reaches for him and now they're fucking. Hard, intense, almost violent. Kissing hard as they fuck. Forgetting.

INT. MUSTANG - MOMENTS LATER

Billy, flushed, emotional, staring at Taylor. She seems a million miles away, stares at the oil field.

TAYLOR
...Why's she still alive?

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM, 06 RANCH - MORNING

Sarah, in bed. She GASPS, eyes fly open, waking from another nightmare. She wipes her eyes, tries to control her breath.

She gets out of bed moves down the hall, peeks in on Julie.

SARAH'S P.O.V.: Julie, by the side of her bed, praying.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Morning light BLAZES in. A blur of activity inside. Barragan is on the phone, directing the manhunt. As he speaks, he points groups of his men to locations on a map.

At a distance, Aceves and Awtry. Silent. Brooding.

BARRAGAN
(on phone)
Yes, we're assuming 100 miles, by noon, we'll grow that to two. If they went to ground for the night, then they'll try their run with the traffic by daylight...

Barragan spots Reese standing in the doorway, nods. He moves into Reese's office and takes his jacket off the back of Reese's chair. Reese nods at the courtesy.

BARRAGAN (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Sure, but we had word on them right away, I'd say we held up maybe 75% of the cars leaving the control.

Barragan motions an agent to take a set of boxes with him.

BARRAGAN (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Yes, sir. Yes, we'll get 'em.
(hangs up, to Reese)
Hey there, Sheriff. We lost you last night.

REESE
(nodding, to Awtry)
You alright, Matt?

Awtry nods, ashamed. Reese watches an agent fold up the large map. Barragan tracks his gaze.

BARRAGAN
This has gone big, Sheriff. We're coordinating with the six counties, as well as the surrounding states. We're setting up headquarters at Midland HQ.

REESE
What about us?

BARRAGAN
...Not really anything here anymore, Sheriff. If you're up in Midland, you're of course welcome to --

REESE
You could at least respect me enough to tell me you were right. You could at least tell me I was a fool and none of this would have happened if I had listened to you.
(beat)
You could at least do that.

Barragan starts to speak, thinks better, turns to go.

REESE (CONT'D)
The case file. They took it. Why?

Barragan turns back, tracks Reese's gaze to the table where the file last was.

BARRAGAN
I don't know. Misguided idea that it was evidence? Trophy?
(beat)
Like I said, Sheriff. We'll be outta your hair soon. If you're up around Midland, you stop by.

Barragan leaves.

INT. VARIOUS - DAY

-- Jan Sheer walks out to her truck, stiff and awkward in an old black dress.

-- At the 06 Ranch, Sarah does up buttons on Julie's black dress. She's also dressed up. Sarah spit-presses a lock down on Julie's forehead.

-- Harry Bell bumps along the outskirts of town in his truck. Bleary eyes searching. Shotgun on the dash. No sleep.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DUSK

Reese sits at his desk chair. A last FBI man packs up a box, leaves, passing Marilee who comes in, dressed in black

She sets a folder of photographs down in front of Reese.

MARILEE
(gently)
They're copies. Murry dropped them by. Matt's gonna try to get the findings from Midland, but it'll take a day or so.
(beat)
You should come, Don. People want you there.

Reese stares at her, then looks down, opens the folder. The pictures of the dead stare back at him.

EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

Seen from far away. A small plot on the outskirts of town. On the near side, news crews watch. On the far side, the scragbrush of the prairie stretches out.

Seven gravesites. Mourners, the town. At the head, Pastor Girard speaks from the heart, all we hear is prairie wind.

Family members move forward, toss flowers down into graves. Julie leaves Sarah's side, stares down into one of the graves for a long beat. Drops her flower in.

Sarah glances past the gathering, sees Jonas at the edge of the cemetery, watching.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE CEMETARY - AFTERNOON

Townspeople file out, avoiding the cameras which silently track them. Jonas has his notebook open, takes notes.

CLOSE ON THE NOTEBOOK: Names, scrawled, a list: "JAN SHEER - farmer's wife. DOC FIELDS. JOANNE BARROWS -- (manager wife). PASTOR L. GIRARD. SARAH ISLES."

JONAS'S P.O.V.: Back in the cemetary, Pastor Girard stands alone, watches workers start to fill in the graves. His weight shifts, doesn't know where to go.

In the notebook, Jonas CIRCLES Pastor Girard's name.

SARAH (O.S.)
That spare holding up?

Jonas closes the notebook by instinct, looks over. Sarah and Julie stand a few yard off. He nods.

SARAH (CONT'D)
You getting your story?

JONAS
...I guess I am.

SARAH
Don't you think these people deserve --

JONAS
No, I don't.

SARAH
Look at these people. This is a community --

JONAS
If you think this is as bad as it gets, then you really are small town Texas ignorant.

He watches the townspeople as they disperse into cars.

JONAS (CONT'D)
...Suffering don't make people good. It just makes 'em suffer.
(beat, to Julie)
I'm real sorry about your family.

JULIE
It wasn't your fault.

JONAS
(nodding)
...That's true, but I'm real sorry all the same. You're a hell of a little girl.

Jonas looks back to Sarah, she doesn't look away. Wind blows. The low thump of earth landing in graves.

INT. SARAH'S PICK-UP - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah gets in, starts the pickup. Julie's already next to her. She can see Jonas through the dirty windshield.

SARAH
Are you okay?

JULIE
He's a tall drink of water. Isn't he?
(suddenly ashamed)
I'm sorry...

SARAH
Don't be sorry. You didn't do anything wrong. It's just... that man's not important right now.

Sarah gets them moving. In the rearview, Jonas recedes.

EXT. HIGHWAY, WEST TEXAS OIL FIELDS - DUSK

Five FBI cars take the onramp, merge into the flow. Pandora's alone.

EXT. PANDORA - NIGHT

Everywhere, lights are on. Nobody's sleeping.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Reese pulls schedules and other papers off a corkboard on the wall of his office. He starts tacking up the crime scene photos, one by one.

INT. CAGE, ABANDONED GARAGE - NIGHT

Filtered darkness. Stockden sits, back against the wall. A statue. Every couple of seconds, Edwards YANKS on his chain so that it hits the fencing, loud.

Jesus Jonas comes through the tarp with a Halogen work light. He points it at them, halogen BLAZES on, blinding. He starts dropping PICTURES from the case file on the floor in front of them. Stockden glances at them, nods.

STOCKDEN
Everybody dies.

JONAS
Not like that they don't.

Beat. Jonas slides the cold chicken and water into the light. Edwards eyes it. Stockden chuckles.

JONAS (CONT'D)
This wasn't for $7,500. This wasn't no bank job. Why'd you boys do this?

Jonas taps the pictures of dead Bobby Clayton, Sheila Clayton, Fred Barrows.

JONAS (CONT'D)
(off Edwards)
This is his work. Just a nasty murderous sonofabitch. But this...

Jonas taps the picture of Mark Clayton, propped up, bullet through his forehead. He points at Stockden.

JONAS (CONT'D)
This was you, wasn't it? Made him watch it. Wanted him to see what you did to his family. Why'd you do that?

ON STOCKDEN. Nothing in his face. Stone.

JONAS (CONT'D)
'Cause either you're truly a psychotic piece of shit. Or you had some real hate in your heart.
(beat)
So the question remains. If this wasn't for no $7,500, what did Mr. Clayton do to deserve this...?

Beat. Stockden leans forward against the chain-link fence so it presses into his forehead.

STOCKDEN
(quiet)
I've been to more places than you can even imagine, boss. Everywhere I go, people want to fuck, and if they can't fuck, they want to kill.

Edwards laughs, shambles off across the cage.

STOCKDEN (CONT'D)
...There's a word for a place like that. People call that hell. And see, there's two kinds of people here in hell: There's people like you and me and Eddie here, and then there's everyone else who's just too stupid to figure out where they really are.

Jonas unconsciously nods.

STOCKDEN (CONT'D)
I have <u>faith</u>. I <u>know</u> that this world is a curse, a burden, a disease. Do you have faith?

JONAS
...no.

STOCKDEN
Well then, I pity you.
(beat)
We went to the bank, to get money. We killed those people, because they so desperately needed killing.

Hard beat. Jonas pushes the food and drink forward. Edwards reaches between the links of the fence, eats and drinks. Stockden holds off, tracks Jonas as he goes.

<u>INT. ABANDONED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS</u>

Jonas finds his crew in the manager's office, watching a nature show on the television. Animals fight, mate. Jonas grabs the Polaroids.

JONAS
(leaving)
Everybody get some sleep.

INT. PASTOR'S OFFICE, CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER - NIGHT

It's late: 3:30 am. Pastor Girard flicks on a desk lamp, opens a desk drawer, pours golden liquid sin from a bottle.

JONAS (O.S.)
Easy there, father.

Girard JUMPS, spills the drink. In the dark corner of the room, Jonas is sitting in a chair, Christ mask on.

PASTOR GIRARD
Who are you?

JONAS
Damn, Pastor. I thought of all people, you'd be happy to see me.

Girard moves towards the door. Jonas lifts a gun out of his lap, points him back to his seat.

JONAS (CONT'D)
Tsk. Tsk. Don't fuck with Jesus.

PASTOR GIRARD
I'm not afraid of you.

JONAS
That's good. I'm not afraid of me either. Look in the Big Book.

Jesus Jonas nods towards the bible on Girard's desk. Girard opens it, fumbles, his hands are shaking. The two Polaroids of Stockden and Edwards slide into his hand.

JONAS (CONT'D)
You know who they are?

PASTOR GIRARD
No. I mean... I mean I can guess who they are.

JONAS
Good guess. Grab a pen, you need to get this next part right. See, those men are my hostages. And if you want 'em back, I'm asking for two million dollars, delivered to me, in cash.

PASTOR GIRARD
I don't have --

JONAS
Not you, dumbshit. Your people, your flock, this shithole town. See, you're my shepherd. You go, tell all the sheep to break open those piggy banks. Especially the ones sitting on that old oil money. You don't tell the cops, you don't let anybody know what's happening. You pay me the money, I return these two men.

PASTOR GIRARD
...What if we can't pay?

Jesus Jonas takes a long slow nod.

JONAS
Yeah... that's possible. Thing is, you don't pay, I let those men go free. So it's up to you. It all comes down to how bad this town wants to see those men die.

PASTOR GIRARD
Jesus Christ...

JONAS
Tsk. That's my name in vain.
(beat)
I'm going to leave now. You could probably scream bloody murder, wake everybody up. But if I'm so much as a minute late, those men will be in God damn Baja California drinking pina coladas and laughing 'bout the suckers they blew away in Pandora, Texas.

Jesus Jonas stands, starts to head out.

PASTOR GIRARD
Wait... Why me?

JONAS
You're a priest. If you abso-fucking-lutely have to send some men to hell, get a priest.

EXT. PANDORA - MORNING

First sun rises over the town. People move on the streets, quiet, stuck with their thoughts. A broken town.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM, 06 RANCH - MORNING

Sarah's eyes flutter open, calm. She looks down, Julie's sitting on the end of the bed, smiling at her.

JULIE
You sleep okay?

SARAH
(amazed)
...Yeah.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MORNING

Reese's eyes open. He's fallen asleep on the couch. He looks around, disoriented. The pictures of the dead, tacked to his corkboard, bring it all back.

INT. PANDORA DRUG - MORNING

People in small groups, conspiratorial whispers. Rick Johnson is there with his wife and three kids. Pastor Girard eats alone, unslept.

Reese comes in, conversation stops. Reese keeps his dignity, walks up to the counter.

REESE
Hey Patty, I'll have a coffee.

PATTY
Sure thing, Sheriff. How you doin?

Reese nods, pulls out his wallet, moves to pay. Rick Johnson cuts him off, shoulders bump. Puts down a $20 for his meal, doesn't give Reese the time of day.

Patty looks between the two men, uncertain.

RICK JOHNSON
What, you don't want my money? You just givin' away food today?

REESE
...Go ahead, Patty. It's alright.

Patty rings up Johnson's food, fast, gives him his change. He takes his time counting it, finally moves off.

PATTY
(under her breath)
Sorry...

Reese pays, leaves. Pastor Girard scrambles to follow him.

EXT. PANDORA DRUG - MORNING

Pastor Girard hurries after Reese.

PASTOR GIRARD
Sheriff! Sheriff!

Reese turns, waits for the pastor to catch up.

REESE
Pastor?

PASTOR GIRARD
I... I just... None of this matters to Jesus. This, what happened here, it's not what he watches. He doesn't care what men do to us, he only cares what we do, what we become...

Reese nods, looks past Girard to the Sheriff's Station.

REESE
Maybe he needs to pay more attention.

Reese goes, Pastor Girard breaks a sweat, turns away as down the street a white van parks, Jonas steps out.

Jonas takes in the town, measuring people's faces.

INT. BELLS GENERAL STORE - MORNING

Jonas stands in front of the canned food with his cart, hears the bell jingle, Through shelving he can see to the front where Janet Bell sits behind the counter listening as Pastor Girard speaks to her in hushed tones.

His view mainly blocked by cans, he can't see her face. A moment, then the Pastor turns and leaves. Jonas makes his way up front.

JONAS
Hey, ring me up will 'ya?

Janet, seep in thought, starts, looks over, starts ringing up the items.

JANET
You're a reporter?
(off his nod)
People must think we're the dumbest bunch of dirt to ever breathe a day, don't they?

JONAS
Your husband... Bell. He helped catch 'em in the first place, didn't he?

JANET
(smiling)
I wish he could know not everybody's forgot.

JONAS
People don't remember shit. That man of yours is a bonafide hero.

Janet nods, wipes a tear. Can't help a flirtacious smile. Hates herself for it.

JONAS (CONT'D)
'Course if no one finds those men, nobody's ever gonna remember that.

Janet smiles weird, nods. Door jingles as Sarah and Julie come in.

SARAH
Hey Janet, I need a box of 12-guage, and some gun oil...

Sarah sees Jonas, it throws her for a moment.

SARAH (CONT'D)
What's he doing here?

JANET
We was just talking. He was saying how nobody remembers that it was Harry who --

SARAH
Don't talk to him, Janet. He's just trying to get his story.

JANET
Sure, but he was saying --

SARAH
(hard)
Like I said, Janet. I need a box of 12-guage and some gun oil. If you please.

Janet shakes her head, moves down the counter to the ammo, Julie disappears into the aisles.

JONAS
I do something to piss you off? Because I don't recall asking you permission to talk to --

SARAH
I'll give you your interview.

He studies her. What is this?

SARAH (CONT'D)
I'll tell you the truth. No bullshit. You leave the rest of these people alone, I'll give you what you want.

JONAS
...You know what I want?

Sarah holds. Beat. Jonas nods.

SARAH
Not here. I gotta take Julie over to the field, they're starting up practice again and she wants to go. I'll meet you there in half an hour. That good enough?

JONAS
That's good enough.

Jonas nods, leaves a $20, pushes out.

Sarah stares after him, slight smile.

She turns, catches sight of Julie: The color drained from Julie's face, gaze locked on racks of baling wire.

INT. WOODLAND'S TRUST BANK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

STRONG, VISCERAL, We're right there, next to muzzles of the shotguns.

BOOM! Stockden's shotgun blast kills Carl Sheer.

Wire spools onto the floor. Edwards has already bound Manager Barrows and the female banker. Now he rips Julie out of her father's arms. Mr. Clayton surges upwards, gets hit across the face with the butt of a shotgun for his trouble.

Edwards puts a knee in Mr. Clayton's back, spools wire around his wrists. Checks that it's tight, then moves for Julie.

Even as he grabs her, she's silent.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Reese stands in his office with his coffee, staring out the window. In the main room, Marilee is at her desk.

REESE'S P.O.V.: Across the street, Pastor Girard talks to Jan Sheer low and fast. The pastor climbs into his Dodge, clips the fender of another car as he goes, doesn't slow.

Reese frowns, turns towards the wall of photographs. Studies them as he sips coffee.

He focuses on the last set of images: Bobby Clayton, shot through the knees. Blood streaks on the carpet tells the story of his suffering.

REESE
Hey, Marilee? You remember where Bobby Clayton was going to school? Somewhere out East, right?

MARILEE
I don't know, but I can find out.

REESE
Yeah, see if you can find that out.

INT. THE CAGE - DAY

Stockden stands at the urinal, not pissing. He looks around him for something useful, a way out. Nothing.

He finishes, flushes, moves back into the cage area, chain dragging, as Jesus Cutts comes in with food.

STOCKDEN
Damn, you're just a kid.

CUTTS
What I can I say? I'm ahead of my years.

STOCKDEN
The woman. That's yours?

CUTTS
Man I wish she was here to hear that. She'd knock your teeth down your throat for ya'.

STOCKDEN
How much your boss man tell you this town's gonna pay for the two of us?
(off his hesitation)
That's the plan, right? We're being sold to the highest bidder. How much he tell you they're gonna cough up.

Cutts starts to leave.

STOCKDEN (CONT'D)
Let me ask you a question: Why'd Eddie and me only walk outta that bank with seven grand?

INT. ABANDONED GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Outside the perimeter of hung tarp, Oakley comes in from the office. He hears voices.

STOCKDEN
(barely audible)
...You take your mill, you divide that by four, that's maybe a house, maybe a year for all your work. That's nothing. That's shit. That's --

Oakley, masked, pushes the tarp back fast.

CUTTS
(jumping back)
Jesus Christ, Oak!

STOCKDEN
(pushing on)
I'm talking about money a man can take his woman away with him, long as he pleases --

CUTTS
Just shut up, man.

STOCKDEN
-- The kind of money, actually changes a man's life.

CUTTS
DID YOU NOT HEAR ME?! SHUT THE FUCK UP! SHUT THE MUTHERFUCK UP!

Cutts pulls away, exits brushing by Oakley. The sound of the Buick starting, driving away. Stockden takes his time shifting his gaze to Oakley.

OAKLEY
Don't talk to him again.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Jonas reaches the field. The FOOTBALL TEAM is on one knee in prayer, facing a flag at half mast. A COACH leads.

COACH
Dear father, we ask that you look after the souls of those that you have seen fit to take from us...

On the sidelines, CHEERLEADERS stand, solemn. Taylor Hearst is among them. She glances into the stands where Billy Rice is on the top bleacher. He stares back at her.

A WHISTLE. The team breaks, begins practice.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - LATER

Jonas sits in the stands, watching the game, the people. On the field, players SMASH, run, collide. Townspeople have drifted into the stands. It's only a practice, but it's young and alive.

JONAS'S P.O.V.: Pastor Girard huddles with Rick Johnson and another father. Rick backs off angry, kicks over a Gatoraid cooler. Girard moves into the stands.

Jonas's gaze shifts, he tracks Julie, arriving on the sidelines. Several of the cheerleaders gather near her. The bravest reaches out, hugs her.

SARAH (O.S.)
Those girls wouldn't've so much as talked to her two days ago. Now...

Jonas looks up. Sarah's standing next to him. Dirt on her jeans, a crumpled paper bag in her hand. He squints.

JONAS
Now what?

SARAH
Now everything's different.

She reaches into the paper bag, tosses him a Budweiser. Jonas starts to LAUGH.

JONAS
Lady, I don't drink.

SARAH
Everybody drinks. Some people just take a break is all.
(beat)
My names Sarah Isles. What's your name?

JONAS
...Henry. Henry Chance.

She takes the Budweiser out of his hands, pops the top, drinks.

SARAH
Alright, Henry Chance. Do your thing. Ask away.

JONAS
(beat)
Why don't you have a man?

SARAH
(beat)
My man's gone. Ask another question.

JONAS
...I had to guess, I'd say this whole town is ready to just lay down and die. So what would you say this town would be willing to give, to...

SARAH
To what?

JONAS
...To go back in time, have it never have happened.

Sarah nods, drinks her beer.

JONAS'S P.O.V.: In the stands, Pastor Girard sits down next to Deputy Jim Rice's parents. They talk, glance about.

SARAH
...Nobody understands why this happened. Nobody understands what they did... to have this happen.

JONAS
Everybody's done something.

SARAH
That's what you're gonna write about us? That we deserved this?

JONAS
No. But there's nobody innocent, I know that.

A good play on the field. Everybody claps.

JONAS'S P.O.V.: Jim Rice's family has left. Jim's father is talking to another man, low and cautious.

SARAH
What did I do?

JONAS
I don't know, you gonna tell me?

She stares out, drinks her beer.

<u>EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS</u>

The Buick pulls up across from the Van, parks. Cutts gets out moves towards the activity from the field. Scans over the people, shaking his head, locks:

CUTTS'S P.O.V.: Jonas and Sarah in the stands, together.

Cutts shakes his head, swears to himself, gets back in the Buick.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Jonas hears the wheels of a car screech away, can't see anything. He stands.

JONAS
I gotta go.

SARAH
Route 7, out by the quarry it runs straight as you can imagine. My husband was driving that with my little girl, car hit a rig parked 15 feet off the shoulder. They died. No skid marks, no... nothing. Just... nothing.
(beat)
So you've been around. You're not small town Texas ignorant. So you tell me: Why'd that happen? What did I do to deserve that?

JONAS
You think I feel sorry for you?

SARAH
No. I know you don't. That's why I'm asking you.

JONAS
...Everything that happened to you. I'd say welcome to the human race.

Sarah nods. Jonas starts to leave.

SARAH
What about you? You a member of the human race?

Sarah watches him walk away. On the field, the quarterback throws a long beautiful pass. The sparse crowd CHEERS.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Julie climbs up into the pickup, Sarah goes around to the driver's side, is surprised to find JoAnne Barrows there.

JOANNE BARROWS
Sarah... Have you spoken to the Pastor today?

Sarah takes a step back as JoAnne approaches. The woman is wasting away, tremors, nerves. Her fingers raw at the quick.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - DAY

Reese drives by the high school. Tracks JoAnne Barrows in the lot, speaking to Sarah quick, excited.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Sarah glances back to Julie in the cab, uncertain.

JOANNE BARROWS
(low, intent)
...Because you got the whole '06 and Pastor's says we're all gonna meet 8:00 tonight out at Heart's barn. It isn't for me, Sarah, it's for Fred.
(off Julie, low)
Because we both know that girl is lying. You knew Fred. There's no way he would have let --

SARAH
JoAnne, you just gotta let it go.

Sarah gets in the pickup, starts the car up. JoAnne's heartbroken gaze follows them out of the parking lot.

EXT. HEARST HOMESTEAD - DAY

The only rolling green grass lawn in town. Sprinklers dump gallons. Mexican gardeners prune and mow.

Reese's Sheriff's car rolls up the drive, parks in front of the large Colonial, next to the Pastor's old dodge with the faded "Got Jesus?" sticker.

INT. HEARST HOMESTEAD - MOMENTS LATER

Reese follows a black MAID towards a sitting room.

HEARST (O.S.)
SON-OF-A-BITCH!!

Beyond a door, a glass shatters. The maid pokes her head in.

MAID
Mr. Hearst? The Sheriff's here.

Reese steps in, tracks a shattered glass of whiskey on the floor. George Hearst sits across from Pastor Girard.

Hearst looks up, smiles. Girard looks down.

HEARST
Hey Don, come on in. Pastor was just leaving. He's giving us guidance in this terrible time.

REESE
Pastor.

Girard stands, nods, leaves. The maid starts cleaning up the spill, silently. Hearst watches Reese sit, watches his hands play along the rim of his hat.

HEARST
I won't pretend I'm not mad as hell at you, Don. Hell, I guess everybody's mad at you right now.

REESE
That doesn't bother me.

HEARST
(nodding)
And I respect you for that. Let me ask you something: You think the FBI's gonna catch those boys?

REESE
Nope. Or maybe in a couple years, maybe they get lucky. What did the Pastor want to --

Hearst gets up suddenly, pours himself a new drink, offer one to Reese who shakes it off.

HEARST
What can I do for you, Don?

REESE
FBI said those boys were in the bank for upwards of fifteen minutes. Fred Barrows, your manager, he coulda got into that safe, right? You know Fred?

HEARST
I know all my people.

REESE
You think he let it happen like that? Let all those people die just so they wouldn't get at the safe?
(beat)
I keep looking at the pictures. And maybe I haven't seen everything, but nothing about this feels like a bank robbery to me.

Hearst drains the drink.

HEARST
I'll tell you. A man facing death, who knows what becomes important. Maybe Fred just hung on to that idea. I don't know, neither do you.

Hearst almost leaves, then.

HEARST (CONT'D)
Let me ask you a question: What do you think a man's death is worth?

REESE
You mean life, don't you?

HEARST
(beat)
Sorry you had to drive all the way out here.

EXT. HEARST HOMESTEAD - DAY

Reese is shown to the door by the maid. He steps onto the porch, puts his hat on, watches water hit scorched grass.

EXT. BARROW'S HOUSE - DAY

Seen from afar. Reese rings the bell. Tracks "He'll Burn in Hell" scrawled on the garage door.

INT. BARROW'S HOUSE - DAY

Reese stands in the living room, taking it in. JoAnne comes in from the kitchen, sets a glass of ice tea down for Reese.

-- Fred Barrows' Study. Reese flips through receipts, papers. JoAnne stands in the doorway.

-- Barrow's Bedroom. Reese's eyes play over the framed pictures. JoAnne hovers by the door, embarrassed.

EXT. TRACT HOUSING - DAY

Reese shakes keys out of an envelope, heads in.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Reese stands in the middle of this small studio apartment.

Pictures on the fridge feature the female banker who was shot. This is her place. Ants have found the pet food in dishes by the fridge. No pet around.

On shelves, hundreds of romance novels. Reese takes one down, glances at the bodice-ripping cover.

EXT. CLAYTON RANCH - DAY

The Sheriff's car pulls up in front of the ranch.

Reese gets out, stares at the house. A stand of cherry trees in front has blossomed. Tiny pink petals blow into the air, along the ground, gather at Resse's feet.

He shakes keys out of an envelope marked "CLAYTON'S."

INT. CLAYTON RANCH - DAY

Reese lets himself in, stands in the entryway to the living room. A nice room, a nice family lived here.

-- Reese stares at the mantle. Family pictures. A "Junior Rodeo Champ" trophy from Bobby's younger years.

-- Reese comes into the Clayton's bedroom. Looks at the well-made bed. Sits on it.

-- Reese in Mr. Clayton's back office. Papers, bank statements. A life interrupted. Nothing.

INT. BOBBY CLAYTON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The college kid pad. Sports posters. Girl posters. Smiling family picture.

Reese runs his hands across the furniture. He checks the desk, the bed, the drawers of a bureau.

He shuts the drawers, looks down, frowns. Where the bureau's legs touch the floor: light grooves in the floor.

Reese slides the bureau away from the wall, the legs moving in the worn groove. He peers behind the bureau. Taped in a recess: a cigar box.

PICTURES OF BOBBY: Wild and amped, out of control. A booze sheen of sweat. At a strip club, fondling a stripper. In public, middle-finger raised to the camera. Women and men around him, laughing, drunk and high, tattooed and wild.

ON REESE, sitting on the bed, leafing through the pictures from the open box. He sets the pictures down, listens to house settle and creak.

EXT. CLAYTON RANCH - MOMENTS LATER

Reese's police car drives off down the dirt driveway. A FIGURE steps onto the porch, watches the car go, small cyclones of pink cherry blossoms swirling in its wake.

It's Jonas. He's been waiting. Now he tries the front door. Reese locked it behind him. Jonas kicks it in.

INT. CLAYTON RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Jonas enters, looks around. Takes a picture off the mantle. Friendly Claytons stare back. He throws it across the room.

Jonas starts tearing the home apart.

-- Pictures swept from walls, desk cleared to the floor, then upended. The "Junior Rodeo Champ" trophy swept aside.

-- In Julie's room. Vanity destroyed, posters ripped down.

-- In Bobby's room. Bureau tipped and stamped to pieces. No cigar box.

ON JONAS, standing amidst the destruction, breathing hard, sweating. Still not satisfied.

EXT. CLAYTON RANCH - AFTERNOON

Jonas tears open a tool shed door, hauls out an axe. A drop of water hits his face. He looks up into storm clouds.

INT. CLAYTON RANCH - AFTERNOON

Jonas swings the axe, takes down shelves, busting through drywall.

He moves down a tight hallway, into Mr. Clayton's study in back. Desk upended, destroyed. Walls splintering, shredding. Jonas swings wild, unstoppable. The Axe goes through a wall next to a fireplace, hits solid wood. THUNK.

Jonas STARES, amazed. He hauls the axe back, double sheets of plywood peel back. Jonas smiles.

JONAS
Gotcha you mutherfucker...

Jonas swings fast and hard. Wood splinters, peels. He hits again, smashes through a concealed metal lock.

The battered wall swings out a few inches. A concealed door. Jonas reaches forward, swings the door open.

JONAS'S P.O.V.: A tiny room, closet-sized. Used to be for storing wood. Straw on the floor. Dark beyond the first few inches. Moving in.

JONAS'S P.O.V.: The darkness peeling away, revealing... a girl, maybe 16, Mexican, lying on the floor, dead. Light touches her sunless pale skin, reveals a coating of dust.

The tears start rolling out of Jonas's eyes before he knows it. A shaking hand wipes them. He collapses against the wall, unable to stop crying.

JONAS (CONT'D)
Oh God. Oh God. Oh dear God, what am I doing here? What do you want me to do? Oh God. Oh dear God...

The girl's face: Gaunt, lips dried. Dust coats closed eyes.

INT. WOODLAND'S TRUST BANK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

SILENCE. On Julie Clayton's face. She STARES in concentration, holding back cries.

Julie's P.O.V.: Her mother, dead. Her brother, crawling, bleeding out. Edwards has Bank Manager Barrows by the hair, shotgun to his head, and Edwards is SCREAMING at:

MR. CLAYTON. Who sits curled in a ball, trauma in his eyes like he doesn't know where he is. Suddenly his gaze lands on Julie.

BOOM! Blood from Bank Manager Barrow's spatters over Mr. Clayton. He sobs.

Julie just stares as we PAN DOWN to her wrists. She twists them back and forth, back and forth, the wire cutting into her skin, the blood lubricating, the wire sliding lower.

INT. 06 RANCH - DUSK

Sarah and Julie eat dinner across from each other. Sarah watches Julie serve herself potatoes, tracks the scabs around the girl's wrists.

Julie catches her staring, puts her hands in her lap.

SARAH
I'm sorry.

JULIE
That's alright.
(beat)
I remember the accident, with your family. Principal came into the classroom. Everybody cried.

Sarah nods, swallows.

JULIE (CONT'D)
I'm not scared any more.

SARAH
...Why?

Beat. Julie serves herself some more.

JULIE
Because I believe that God's right here, among us. And it doesn't matter what we do. God can come to you from anywhere. Like with your family.

SARAH
That was an accident. Listen to me, Julie. There's a world of difference between a car and what those men did.

JULIE
...Why? What's so different?

Julie eats. Sarah suddenly stands and grabs her coat.

SARAH
Listen, I gotta go somewhere. I'll only be gone like an hour. Is that all right? You can be here alone?

JULIE
Sure. That's all right...

Sarah starts to kiss Julie on the forehead.

JULIE (CONT'D)
...I'm ready.

Sarah stops, stares at her. Then she turns and goes.

EXT. 06 RANCH - DUSK

Sarah climbs into her pickup truck. A few dots of rain speck the window. She starts it up.

INT. CLAYTON RANCH - DUSK

Jonas, slumped against the hacked-up wall, the girl pulled into his lap. One hand unconsciously smooths her hair back as he stares at the color fading from the sky, hears the first thunder in the distance. He looks down.

The girl's eyes are open, staring straight back at him!

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - EVENING

Doc Fields stands at a window, watching the few rain drops hit the window. Looks like he just dosed a bitter pill.

Behind him, Pastor Girard and George Hearst.

HEARST
People trust you, Doc. People look up to you. Sometimes a man is called upon to lead. What I'm saying is, people see a doc and a priest, they'll do what they're told. They need to be told to do this.

Beat. Then a LOUD KNOCK on the back door. Group starts. Hearst gets his overcoat.

DOCTOR FIELDS
Who is it?

No answer. Hearst squeezes Doc's shoulder on his way out.

HEARST
I know you'll come around on this, Doc.

Hearst and Girard leave by the front. Doc goes to the back door, opens it.

DOCTOR FIELDS
I'm coming, just give me a -- What the...?

DOC'S P.O.V.: Lying on the concrete stoop, wrapped in a blanket, the girl from the Clayton ranch.

As Doc bends down to the girl, We PULL BACK, up the alley. Jonas stands, watching as Doc pulls the girl inside.

<u>INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - EVENING</u>

Doc Fields and Sheriff Reese stare down at the girl, asleep in the bed, I.V. dripping, cradled in Marilee's arms.

Her clothing lies in a heap next to the bed, cut off of her.

DOCTOR FIELDS
As far as I can tell, she's alright except for the dehydration. Probably hasn't had anything to drink in 3 maybe 4 days.
(beat)
Yeah, I counted it out, too.

Reese's eyes play over the details: Black leather skirt, leather studded belt. Tattoos on the girl's arms: Tribal. More tattoos peek up from the edge of the blanket.

DOCTOR FIELDS (CONT'D)
She's got those all over. She ain't from around here, that's for sure.
(MORE)

DOCTOR FIELDS (CONT'D)
And 'till she wakes up, there's not a whole lot more to do for her. So I'm just gonna... I gotta...

REESE
You got to be somewhere, Doc?

DOCTOR FIELDS
Nah, just home. It's been... Marilee's fine with staying the night. And I guess, I just want to go home.

REESE
...Sure. You go on home, doc.

Reese watches as Doc Fields grabs his coat and heads out. He listens to the Doc's car start up and drive into the night.

Marilee keeps her gaze on the girl, doesn't look up.

REESE (CONT'D)
You and I have been together what, fifteen years now Marilee?
(silence)
So what's going on...?

Marilee looks up, guilty.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Reese comes in, agitated. He checks the clock, glances to his desk where Marilee's left a note: "Bobby Clayton, Utica College. Provost Cindy Lehems, 315-792-3006."

Reese dials the phone. As a message plays, he compares the wild partying photo of Bobby to the images from his death.

REESE
Yeah, um, hello. This is Sheriff Don Reese, calling from Pandora, Texas. I'm calling about one of your students, Bobby Clayton. I'd sure appreciate it if you would call me back at 432-558-3571. Thank you.

He hangs up, pockets the photo, checks the clock again: 7:55.

INT. ABANDONED GARAGE - NIGHT

Cutts is at the big garage door, peering out. Behind him, Oakley plays solitaire. The metal roof groans from the wind.

In the convenience store, Debbie heats up tv diners in the microwave, watches the tray revolve, checks her watch.

CUTTS
Where is he? Huh? Can I ask you what he's doing takes all night?

Oakley puts a red queen on a red king, moves the stack.

CUTTS (CONT'D)
Hey, man. You can't put a fucking red queen on a red king.
(Oak ignores him)
You put a red queen on a fucking red king. It's a game, it has fucking rules. Red goes on black, black goes on red. Like that. You cheat, what's the whole point?

Lights WASH over the room. Outside, the van pulls up. Jonas comes in, heads for the cage.

CUTTS (CONT'D)
Thank you very much for showing up there, boss. Thanks a fucking million! We're going nuts here, Oakley's cheatin' at solitaire and you're out there chasin' tail when --

Jonas REACTS, slamming Cutts back against a wall. Suddenly Jonas is muscles and rage, pressing on Cutts' throat.

JONAS
You think I won't hurt you?

Jonas SQUEEZES. Cutts turns red, losing air.

JONAS (CONT'D)
You think I care about you?

DEBBIE (O.S.)
Let him go, Jonas! So help me, you <u>let</u> <u>him</u> <u>go</u>!

Jonas releases Cutts who falls to the floor, gasping. Jonas pulls on a mask, tears through the tarp. Stockden and Edwards stand shirtless, washing their clothes.

Stockden's body is a history of ink. Military, prison, road gang. Swastikas merge into birds of prey.

Jonas grabs a can of gas, starts splashing the gas through the fencing, covering Stockden and Edwards.

EDWARDS
What the -- Fuck you! FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU!

Edwards keeps yelling. Jonas drains the last gas, dumps the tanks, heads back into the room.

DEBBIE
(low, harsh)
Jonas! What the fuck Jo! Stop it!
Stop it! STOP IT! STOP!

Jonas grabs a Zippo of a bench, heads back in.

Jonas flicks the Zippo alive, holds it towards the cage. Edwards stops yelling. Stockden STARES.

Debbie, no time to find a mask, backs into the room until she's abreast of Jonas. Keeps her back to the prisoners.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
(gentle)
...Damn, Jo. This isn't the plan.
This is... I don't know what this is.
Don't do this, Jo. Please... Please.

JONAS
(quiet, lethal)
Deb... Go away or so help me Jesus
I'll do it right now.

Deb retreats. Jonas moves closer, Zippo hovers near the gas-soaked fence.

STOCKDEN
Was she still alive?
(beat)
You drop that lighter, you'll never
know. You'll never know what it was.

Jonas crouches down, sets the Zippo near a pool of gas. Flame burns brighter from the fumes.

JONAS
They took her, didn't they? That
family you killed. They did something
to that girl. That's why you're here,
isn't it?

Nothing. Edwards stares far away.

JONAS (CONT'D)
...The whole God damn thing. The
bank, you weren't robbing no bank.
Who is she? She one of yours?
(beat, hard)
Damn you, I will make you talk to me.

Jonas rips off his mask, tosses it aside. Now eyeball to eyeball with Stockden.

STOCKDEN
Well, now one of us is going to die.

JONAS
She's not yours. She was yours, you woulda told the Sheriff where she was. What was this?

Stockden squints at Jonas, then:

STOCKDEN
...We paid that man. We paid him good money for the girl. And mister upstanding salt of the earth farmer-man, he took our money. But he didn't give her back. So you tell me, boss... What would you do to a man like that?
(beat)
The bank was Eddie's idea, wasn't it Eddie. What was it you said?
(no response)
...If there's enough money around, ain't nobody gonna wonder why people got killed. Ain't nobody gonna ask.

Silence. Jonas smiles. Stockden smiles, wary.

JONAS
You know what? I don't fucking care. I'm done. Those people are going pay tonight, or not. Either way, we're giving you back, money or no.

Beat. Stockden's smile falters.

JONAS (CONT'D)
They'll tie you down like an animal. That needle's gonna slide in, take you off this world. Everybody will watch.

Jonas closes the Zippo. He turns, blows through the tarp.

JONAS (CONT'D)
Pack the van up, get ready to move them. I'm making the call.

OAKLEY
They gonna pay, boss?

JONAS
Shut the fuck up! You stop asking me questions, Oak! You do what you're told, understand?

He and Oak, eye to eye. Jonas turns and leaves.

INT. 06 RANCH - EVENING

Julie's sitting on the couch alone, leafing through one of Sarah's scrapbooks. Images of Sarah's family, her daughter.

LIGHTS wash over the wall. A car honks outside.

EXT. 06 RANCH - EVENING

Bobby Rice sits behind the wheel of Taylor's GT. Taylor hangs out the open door, bottle in hand.

TAYLOR
Yo! Julie Clayton! Yo JULIE! COME ON OUT OF THERE! Oh, JUUUUUULIE!!

Door opens. Julie comes out onto the porch.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Well look't you. You just look... We're going to a party, for everyone who died. We just thought... We thought you'd want to be there.

Taylor gets out of the car, weaves her way to the porch, swigs the bottle, hands it to Julie.

Julie takes it, drinks. It burns, her eyes water. She hands it back, smiles.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
What are you smiling about?

JULIE
I've been waiting for you. I thought you'd be different.

Taylor stares at her, confused.

EXT. HEARST BARN - NIGHT

Sarah's pick-up pulls into a small pool of light under an open night sky. Above, dark clouds gather.

Sarah gets out, looks around, sees dozens of cars and trucks.

INT. HEARST BARN - NIGHT

A crowd, eyes rapt towards the center where Pastor Girard is speaking. We know these faces. Jan Sheer, JoAnne Barrows, Janet Bell, George Hearst. Rick Johnson and his hollow wife. Even Patrolman Awtry and Doc Fields.

PASTOR GIRARD
...I'm not going to try to tell you this is right.
(MORE)

PASTOR GIRARD (CONT'D)
I've prayed about this, and I tell you, I don't know what's right anymore.
(beat)
They want two million --

The crowd REACTS: "Who are they?" "We don't have that kind of money!"

PASTOR GIRARD (CONT'D)
(fumbling)
I don't know... what I do know is -- I understand that -- I'm just here to tell you what our options are, that's all. And if we decide --

RICK JOHNSON
Fuck that! Excuse me, Pastor, but fuck that. We get some guns together, we go TAKE 'em back, right? RIGHT?

PASTOR GIRARD
ALL THEY HAVE TO DO IS LET THEM GO! Don't you understand that? If we don't pay, then all they have to do is let them go.
(in Rick's face)
How are you, and guns, going to prevent that?

Rick has no answer, spits. George Hearst steps forward.

HEARST
Thank you, Pastor. Rick. Please allow me to speak.
(beat)
Those men, came into our town. They came into our lives... and they ripped the soul from us. Nothing less.

IN BACK. Sarah makes her way towards the front, listening.

HEARST (CONT'D)
...And as far as who these people are, doing this to us? I guess I don't care. They're nothing. They're cancerous puss that leeched onto our pain. But they didn't take our people from us. It's those men who did. There ain't a thing fair about this. But I asked myself: Can I live with myself, if I have to pay for my justice? Yes, I can. Can I live with myself, knowing the men who took Mark, Sheila, Bobby. Who took Fred and Linda from us, that these men are laughing it up somewhere free?
(MORE)

HEARST (CONT'D)
(beat)
No. I cannot.

Heads nod.

HEARST (CONT'D)
The bank can front the cash in the form of loans. I am personally putting in two hundred fifty thousand of my own money. The rest is up to you.

Sarah has come to the front, locks eyes with George Hearst. Silence, then:

AWTRY
All I got is the house and my car.

HEARST
Fifty five thousand, Matt. Thank you. We got a long ways to go here, people. JoAnne?

JoAnne Barrows nervously unfolds documents from her purse, holds them out, trembling.

JOANNE BARROWS
I have the place Fred and I bought. I brought the papers...

HEARST
That's ninety thousand dollars in your hand, JoAnne.
(turning to Sarah)
Sarah, you got the 06. You got working oil still.

Beat. Sarah's silent. Stares.

HEARST (CONT'D)
Best I figure it, you're sitting on maybe 300 thousand in that place. Hell, Sarah, you don't even really need it, not anymore...

SARAH
You're right. I don't need it.

HEARST
Good, so --

SARAH
But I can't do this. We shouldn't do this.

Sarah turns to go, a voice like a screech stops her.

JAN SHEER
You pay. Sarah Isles. <u>You pay</u>!

Sarah turns. Jan Sheer's face is a rictus of pain. Screwed up, trembling, demanding retribution.

JAN SHEER (CONT'D)
You got money. You're a part of us. You pay!

SARAH
For what? To see two more men die?

JAN SHEER
They came here, they killed --

SARAH
I know what they did.
(beat)
I'm sorry, Jan. I know you're hurtin'. But seeing those men die isn't going to bring your husband any peace. He's already got that.

Sarah turns to leave. Suddenly Rick Johnson is in her face, shoving her back.

RICK JOHNSON
Hey! Maybe you didn't hear the lady!

REESE (O.S.)
That's enough, Ricky.

Reese is there, standing in the middle of the floor. He's in uniform, gun on his hip. Nobody saw him come in.

RICK JOHNSON
This doesn't concern you! Hell, none of this would be happening if it weren't for you! This isn't your business! This isn't his business! HE SHOULDN'T BE HERE!

REESE
(low)
What the hell do you think you're doin', Ricky? Let her go.

Johnson releases Sarah, skulks back. Reese scans the people, nodding, taking it in. Awtry looks down, ashamed. Doc Fields meets his gaze, sticking by his choice.

HEARST
Sheriff... We all know you got a job to do. But you have to understand --

Reese tosses folded papers on the table.

REESE
That's the deed to my home. That's the home my grandfather built.
(tosses more papers)
That's stock in Standard Oil. That's what they gave me when my father got burnt up in the ridgeline fire.
That's maybe three hundred thousand.
That was going to be my retirement.
(to Pastor Girard)
You get enough. You pay what they're asking. You get those men back.

Reese turns his gaze to Sarah. Dead serious.

REESE (CONT'D)
Sarah, if you've found peace with this, then you're a lucky woman. You go home. But there's no peace here, not for me, not until those men are dead.

Reese and Sarah. Two rocks, unmovable. Behind Reese voices start in, low: "I can do forty-five thousand, maybe fifty." I got the truck, that one east side well. "Seventy-five thousand..."

Sarah walks out of the barn.

INT. BELL'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Harry bounces along, peering into the night, bleary. The shotgun is laid out on the dash. The seat next to him is a collection of fast food wrappers.

EXT. / INT. 06 RANCH - NIGHT

Sarah's pickup parks in the drive. Sarah gets out, weary, and makes her way inside.

SARAH
Julie? Julie? JULIE?!

A panicked check of the rooms, she's not there. Sarah moves out onto the porch, stares into the night.

The wind blows a few drops of rain, gives nothing.

EXT. LIMESTONE QUARRY - NIGHT

Flames lick into the night sky. Teens crowd around a bonfire, tossing on palates, drinking 40's. The landscape is moon-like, angular. The fire casts surreal shadows.

The red GT pulls to a stop. Taylor steps out, pulls off the bottle and hands it to Julie. Billy gets out.

TAYLOR
Come on.

Taylor moves forward through football players, jocks. She finds a spot nestled under a limestone ledge, near the blazing fire. Other kids are 10 feet away, but it might as well be an oasis, protected by the flickering light.

Taylor pulls Billy down, sits on top of him, kisses him. Julie sits a few feet away, watches.

Taylor looks at her a hard beat, her blood quickening. Then she bends back down to Billy.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Jonas drives slow, headlights off. Up ahead, the porch light of a house, seen through trees. He stops, kills the engine.

EXT. 06 RANCH - NIGHT

Jonas approaches the lights of the house, covered by dark.

INT. BATHROOM, 06 RANCH - NIGHT

Sarah slides out of her jeans, puts her hand under the running water of a bath. Her shirt's already unbuttoned. She finishes the whiskey in a glass, moves out into the living room to find the bottle. She freezes.

Jonas is standing on the porch, looking in. She stares back at him. Makes no move to draw her shirt closed.

Finally, he turns away, sits in one of the deck chairs.

EXT. PORCH, 06 RANCH - MOMENTS LATER

Jonas watches the breeze blow through moon-lit brush. The screen door creaks open. Sarah sits in a deck chair next to him. They both stare out into the dark.

JONAS
...You shouldn't be here. You should get the hell out of this town. There's a whole... universe of places out there. There's everything.

He looks over at her. She keeps her gaze straight out, lets him study the side of her face and neck. She nods slightly.

SARAH
Do you want to come inside?

JONAS
...Why?

SARAH
Ever since this all happened, all of this, everybody's been lying. To themselves, to me. You didn't. Like it or not, that makes you good. Or at least that makes you real.

Jonas stands. He looks towards the inside of the house. Cozy warm light drifts out, tempting.

JONAS
I have to go.
(beat)
I'm not a good man.

SARAH
(tiny nod)
Maybe my mistake.

He stares at her again. She doesn't look over. He walks down off the porch and into the dark.

EXT. LIMESTONE QUARRY - NIGHT

A FIREBALL blossoms under the blustering sky. A teen's just thrown gasoline on the blaze. He tosses another splash. Light bathes Julie's face, staring into the fire.

Julie lifts the bottle, drinks. It's empty. She's drunk.

TAYLOR
Why do you think you're alive?

Taylor's standing behind Julie. From the shadows under the ledge, Billy watches as Taylor moves closer.

JULIE
What?

TAYLOR
Why you? Why'd you get to live and all those other people didn't?

Taylor looks down at her hand, she's holding Billy's .38.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
It isn't fair. I mean, why you? If someone had to die, it should have been you. Look at you, you're not even... you're nothing.

JULIE
...I know. I know what I am.

QUICK FLASHBACK: *BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! In the bank, shots kill Mrs. Clayton, Farmer Sheer, Manager Barrows.*

Julie blinks against the memory. Taylor gets really close. Behind them, Billy shifts his weight awkwardly.

QUICK FLASHBACK: *BOOM! Edwards shoots Bobby in the leg.*

TAYLOR
So why you? Why are you alive? Why the fuck is Jim dead and you're still standing here?!

QUICK FLASHBACK: *Julie works her wrists against the baling wire. One comes free! Nothing shows in her face.*

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
I hate you!

Taylor raises the gun, points it right in Julie's face. She stares back at her.

INT. WOODLAND'S TRUST BANK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

BOOM! Edwards kills banker Carlyle. Blood flecks Stockden's face. He wipes it away, turns his attention to Mr. Clayton, opens his mouth and SOUND CRASHES IN.

STOCKDEN
What the fuck were you thinking, Mark? Did you not notice that you have a family here? Did you think you could take something so precious from a man like my boss and that there wouldn't be hell on earth to pay?

Mr. Clayton sobs. Behind them all, Julie frees her hands, starts working on her ankles. She stares at her father.

STOCKDEN (CONT'D)
Where is the girl, Mark? WHERE IS THE GIRL, MARK?

Mr. Clayton looks to Bobby who's still crawling on the floor.

MARK CLAYTON
I'm sorry... I'M SORRY! NO!!!

BOOM! Shotgun finishes Bobby. Stockden tosses the shotgun to Edwards, draws an automatic.

STOCKDEN
You think I'm a bad man?!! I am just a messenger, Mark. I'm just your fucking conscience.
(MORE)

STOCKDEN (CONT'D)
You used your own kid to steal from us, and when we paid you good money, you thought you would just KEEP HER? Where did you get the mother-fucking balls?

Stockden puts his gun down, crouches down in front of Mr. Clayton. Edwards kicks back in a chair, gun lined.

MARK CLAYTON
I'm sorry, Bobby... Bobby brought her in, had this idea, this terrible bad idea. But we didn't know what to do, he had already... taken her.

Behind them all, Julie stands, free of her bonds, hearing all. Mr. Clayton catches sight of her for a second. His face fills with a terrible mixture of SHAME and RELIEF.

Stockden senses something, starts to look back.

MARK CLAYTON (CONT'D)
<u>It's my fault</u>! Sheila wanted to give her back, but then what would we have? What would keep them, keep you, from... coming? I'll tell you where she is...

STOCKDEN
Shhhhhh. Shhhhh. Mark. I know you will. Listen to me, now. There are different reactions to fear...

Stockden and Edwards are focused on Mr. Clayton. Behind them all, unnoticed by the killers, Julie walks out of the bank.

<u>EXT. WOODLAND'S TRUST BANK - DAY (FLASHBACK)</u>

ON JULIE, walking away from the bank. BANG! The sound of a shot behind her.

<u>EXT. LIMESTONE QUARRY - NIGHT (RESUME)</u>

The fire <u>raging</u>, smoke and wind blowing. Taylor has the gun lined on Julie. She stares into the barrel, unafraid.

JULIE
It's okay. You can do it. It's okay, I'm ready. You can do it, it's what you're supposed to do.

Taylor starts to cry. Sobs take her knees out, she crumples into the dirt. The gun slides onto the ground. Billy comes forward, gently puts a hand on her and she curls into him and sobs into his chest and he accepts it like a man.

Julie stares down at them, then walks away into the dark.

INT. CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER - NIGHT

Pastor Girard sits, exhausted. Behind him, George Hearst swirls whiskey in a glass. On the table in front of him, a stack of paper. Deeds, trusts, notes of promise.

The phone on Girard's desk rings.

INT. 06 RANCH - NIGHT

Sarah's standing in her empty living room. There are pictures of the family she lost around her.

Lights wash over the walls. She peers out the window. Trucks are pulling up, several of them. Men are getting out. Silhouetted by headlights, she can't see who they are.

EXT. 06 RANCH - NIGHT

Sarah steps onto her porch. Fronting brave, the hand holding her shotgun trembling a little. She squints into the light, lifts the weapon, untrusting.

SARAH
You all are trespassing on my land. I advise you all to get the hell off.

George Hearst and the Pastor appear out of the dark.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Just because you're wearing that collar, Pastor, don't think I won't do this.

THUNK. Hearst tosses a bag on the ground between them, open. Inside, it's all MONEY.

HEARST
They want you to deliver the money, Sarah.

SARAH
...What?

INT. SARAH'S PICK-UP - EARLY MORNING

Dawn's first light, streaks of rose in a dark cloudy sky. Sarah drives through town. On the seat next to her, almost two million in cash. Jonas's call to Girard narrates over her drive:

JONAS (V.O.)
You got the money?

PASTOR GIRARD (V.O.)
We have one million, seven hundred and seventy five thousand. That's all we could get.

JONAS (V.O.)
The deal was two million.

PASTOR GIRARD (V.O.)
It's all we could get.

She passes still-dark homes. She drives by the Sheriff's. Reese stands in the doorway, tracks her as she passes.

JONAS (V.O.)
...You're fucking lucky.

PASTOR GIRARD (V.O.)
Thank you. Thank you very much.

She heads out of town.

EXT. DIRT ROAD, WEST TEXAS OIL FIELDS - EARLY MORNING

Sarah's car leaves a trail of dust behind it, heading into the oil fields. The phone call still plays over:

JONAS (V.O.)
That woman who lives at the '06. She drives the money.

PASTOR GIRARD (V.O.)
There could be a problem with that.

Sarah's truck pulls up to an oil derrick. She gets out.

JONAS (V.O.)
Then you fix it. She drives the money out to pump 462, off the highway. No one follows her. We'll be watching. We'll be able to see for fifty miles in every direction. We see another car, a plane, anything, it's done.

She moves to the derrick. A paper sits on the chassis, pinned by a rock. She reaches out, reads.

JONAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
She follows instructions. She leaves the money where we say, you'll have your men back by eight. Like none of this ever happened.

INT. SARAH'S PICK-UP - EARLY MORNING

Driving again. Now through rolling hills, washed-out limestones formations. The phone call continues:

PASTOR GIRARD (V.O.)
What's to stop you from just taking the money?

JONAS (V.O.)
What, you thought we'd do some sort of trade? You thought I'd meet you?

PASTOR GIRARD (V.O.)
Yes, I --

JONAS (V.O.)
I've seen the pictures, Pastor. I've seen what those men did. You're going to have to trust me. We want the same thing.

Sarah consults the paper, makes a turn onto a tiny dirt road. In front of her, a Buick blocks the road, headlights blinding her. She stops.

A man gets out from the driver's side. Walks towards Sarah.

She starts to feel the fear, controls it. She switches off her engine, grabs the money bag, and opens her door.

EXT. LIMESTONE QUARRY - EARLY MORNING

Feet crunch over crushed limestone. Headlights pick up the white dust. Sarah stops, waits for the man to come closer.

He's wearing a Jesus mask. Her eyes scan his pants, his boots, his tough hands and broken knuckles. Not a doubt in her mind who he is.

SARAH
Damn.

Jonas nods. Sarah peers behind him, can't make out anything of Debbie sitting in the passenger seat, besides her hair.

SARAH (CONT'D)
She with you?

JONAS
No. I mean... no.

Sarah nods, relieved, pissed at herself for caring. She tosses the bag down in front of her. Money's visible.

SARAH
I grew up here, you know. I lived here my whole life. I can remember, when I was a little girl, my dad went to work in South Field. When he'd come home at the end of the day, his skin was black from the oil. Just like a tattoo. He couldn't get that off.
(beat)
I was happy here, for a little while. But now mostly I'm waiting.

JONAS
What for?

SARAH
You, I think.

JONAS
You don't know me.

SARAH
I know. Is that crazy?

HONK. HONK. Debbie honks the car's horn, impatient.

JONAS
I don't know.

SARAH
(beat, nodding)
Now you're gonna tell me where those men are. I'm gonna drive back to town, tell the sheriff. You're gonna go away, and never come back. If you do, you know they'll hang you for sure.

JONAS
(nodding, slowly)
Eight o'clock. I'll call the Sheriff, tell him where.

Jonas picks up the bag, starts to leave.

SARAH
What will you do? With all that money?

JONAS
(small laugh)
It's money, ain't it? It's money.

She moves, almost on instinct, towards him. She has her hands on him, she lifts the mask, just enough to reveal his mouth, touches his face. He doesn't move away.

Honk honk. Debbie hits the horn. Sarah finally backs off. He pulls the mask back straight, stares at her. Wind blows.

SARAH
You have to go.

JONAS
I know.

Still no one moves. Then he turns and goes to the Buick, tosses the money in, climbs in after it. She watches the Buick 3-point turn and drive away.

On Sarah, alone on the limestone.

INT. BUICK - CONTINUOUS

Jonas strips off the mask, tosses it to the floor. Debbie's just STARING at him.

JONAS
Don't say a fucking word.

INT. BELL'S TRUCK - MORNING

Harry Bell drives down a dirt road, his bleary eyes staring straight ahead. The first rays of sunlight break over the horizon. Eyes water from the light, exhaustion, emotion.

INT. THE CAGE - MORNING

Stockden watches light seep into the cage through the dirty windows of the garage. Edwards is asleep.

INT. ABANDONED GARAGE - MORNING

Oakley watches early morning news on the snowy black and white. Cutts paces, anxious. He's out of smokes.

CUTTS
Where the hell are they?

OAKLEY
Relax.

CUTTS
No, man! We're sitting here like assholes while he's out there playing sweetheart with the local widow.

In the cage, Stockden listens.

CUTTS (CONT'D)
You talk about unprofessional, I don't know what he's doing anymore, all I --

OAKLEY
What are you talking about?

CUTTS
You see? You think you know him? You think just 'cause you two got history he ain't fucking us all? You don't know shit my friend. He's fucking losing it!

Cutts grabs a Jesus mask, ducks behind the tarp.

STOCKDEN
Your boss is taking a long time with that money.

CUTTS
He's not my boss.

STOCKDEN
Like I said, your boss is taking a long time with that money.

CUTTS
(low)
How much more is there?

STOCKDEN
(taking his time)
That's the thing about you young country boys. Never can make up your mind about a thing. Get yourself all confused every time.

CUTTS
Fuck you.

STOCKDEN
No. Fuck you. Make up your mind.

OAKLEY (O.S.)
Hey!

Oakley's there, just behind the tarp.

OAKLEY (CONT'D)
Don't talk to that man. Just come out here and relax.

CUTTS
Fuck! FUCK!!!

Cutts reverses, blows by Oakley out the door.

EXT. ABANDONED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Cutts blows through the exterior door, unzips and lets fly. Urine splashes dusty ground.

INT. BELL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Bell takes a turn, eyes almost close on their own. He hits the breaks, tries to orient. There's an abandoned gas station on one side of the road. He sees Cutts, standing by the old garage door, pissing in the dirt.

Bell slowly reaches forward and turns off the van.

EXT. / INT. ABANDONED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Cutts zips up. Does he hear the engine die? Low prairie wind masks everything. He turns, heads back into the garage.

CUTTS
Hey, Oak, listen. What if we --

WHAM! Oakley catches Cutts across the back of the head with the butt of his shotgun. Cutts crumples like wet paper.

Oak looks down at Cutts, sad, but determined.

INT. THE CAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Stockden is LISTENING. The exterior door bangs open, closed. The sound of metal chain. A dead weight being dragged.

Then suddenly Oakley's there, tearing down the tarp, moving towards the cage with his shotgun. He's not wearing his mask. There's something methodical, tragic, in the way he moves. He tosses handcuffs into the cage.

OAKLEY
Put 'em on.

STOCKDEN
(smiling, to Edwards)
You heard the man.

Edwards and Stockden cuff themselves. Oakley moves around the garage, packing up his belongings into a duffle bag.

STOCKDEN (CONT'D)
What's the story, doc?

OAKLEY
I'm your new God damn partner is the deal. We're going for a ride.
(MORE)

OAKLEY (CONT'D)
You take us to the money you've been blabbing about. I take seventy-five percent. You get twenty-five, and you get to walk.

STOCKDEN
...Well, that's mighty Christian of you, doc. What about your friends coming back with the big ransom?

OAKLEY
...Yeah. Well my friend is dreaming and I ain't getting any younger. Out.

Oakley unlocks the cage, backs up, shotgun lined. Stockden and Edwards step out. Edwards drifts a little.

OAKLEY (CONT'D)
Hey! You try that again, I'll drop you where you stand, you hear me, boy?

EDWARDS
(shrugging)
Loud and clear, pops.

EXT. ABANDONED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Exterior door kicks open. Across from it, the van's doors are open. There's chain strung across the rear seats.

Oakley pushes the men in front of him to the door, tosses two padlocks on the ground.

OAKLEY
You get in the back there, you lock yourselves to that chain. When you're done, I'll check you. I'll have this shotgun pressed against your heads while I do

STOCKDEN
For a new partner, you don't trust much, do ya?

Oakley SHOVES Stockden forward.

BELL (O.S.)
FREEZE!

Emerging from between two rusted-out wrecks, Harry's got his shotgun raised, riding Adrenaline through fatigue.

STOCKDEN
I know you, man.

BELL
(giddy)
I got you. I got you both! Holy mother of Jesus I fucking got you!

Stockden nods, sad. His eyes glance towards the garage.

Harry reads it, shifts his aim towards the door and BOOM! Oakley's blast paints Harry back against a wreck.

Oakley advances as Harry tries to raise his shotgun. Oak's finger tightens, then relaxes as Harry's gun clatters to the pavement.

A beat, a realization, Oakley SWINGS the gun towards the Buick. There's Stockden, alone, smiling.

Oakley TWISTS, searching for Edwards who's suddenly there, right behind him, knocking his gun away, arms going over Oakley's head, handcuff chain cutting into his throat.

Edwards is STRONG. Oakley's boots lift off the dirt as Stockden closes, crouches for the weapon, racks the load.

STOCKDEN
I've been thinking about the split, partner. We gotta work on that.

BOOM! Out of frame, Stockden shoots Oakley. He keeps staring him in the face, watches him die.

INT. THE CAGE - DAY

Cutts, face pressed to the cement floor, unconscious. Liquid SPLASHES across his face. He rises, coughing, spitting, blinking. More liquid hits him. He REACTS, backs away, realizes he's locked in the cage.

CUTTS
Jesus! Stop it! What the fuck?!

Edwards holds the five-gallon gas can, splashes Cutts again.

CUTTS (CONT'D)
Will you fucking cut that out!

STOCKDEN
What's your name?

Stockden sits on a stool. Calm. Deadly.

CUTTS
Why don't you ask your mother? 'Cause I whispered it in her fucking ear --

Edwards SPLASHES him again.

STOCKDEN
Shhhhhh. Shhhhh. Listen to me. There are different reactions to fear. I've seen them all. Some people get small, cry, beg for mama, that sort of thing. Other people get real mean. That's probably me, and it's certainly my partner here.

CUTTS
I don't know, you ask me, he just gets ugly.

STOCKDEN
(small laugh)
You. You're my favorite. Guys like you get funny, make funny statements. I've heard some really funny things from men who were about to die. Really unexpected things.

Close in Cutts' eyes. Fear back there.

CUTTS
I ain't afraid of you.

STOCKDEN
Come on. Be funny for me.

Stockden scratches a match across the floor, lights a smoke, tosses the match at Cutts. The flaming stick travels, hits the links of the cage, goes out, lands smoking in gasoline.

Cutts swallows, STARES. He starts to sing Bon Jovi.

CUTTS
(singing)
'cause I'm a cowboy. / On a steel horse I ride. / I'm wanted - wanted Dead or alive!

Stockden's eyes. Weary. He strikes another match.

CUTTS (CONT'D)
(singing, louder)
I walk these streets / A loaded six string on my back. / I play for keeps, 'Cause I might not make it back.

STOCKDEN
That's not funny.

Stockden tosses the match. The flame travels, end over end, through the chain links of the cage.

INT. BUICK - DAY

Jonas drives, silent. Next to him, Debbie has the bag open. She holds a stack of $100's up to his ear, flips it, it purrs. Kid in a candy store.

JONAS
Knock it off --

DEBBIE
Aw, come on, Jo! If this don't make you a little bit happy, then I don't know what will. You did it, man! I swear, you weren't my brother, I'd kiss you right on the mouth.

She holds the stack of $100's to her lips. Kiss. Pushes it back at Jonas. Jonas pulls away, swerves.

JONAS
Jesus Christ, Deb!

DEBBIE
God you need a vacation, Jonas. That's what you should do with yours. Take a long-ass fucking vacation to Bora Bora.
(beat)
Seriously, Jonas, what are you gonna do? Cutts and me, we've been talking about it. We're gonna try California. I thought it was dumb, too. But I got to thinking: why the hell shouldn't I live in motherfucking California?
(holding up cash)
What's this for you, big brother?

JONAS
I was thinking... I don't know. Maybe here.

DEBBIE
Here? Jonas, you can't live here, not after this.

JONAS
Yeah, I mean. Maybe not right here. But...

Jonas turns the Buick onto another street, starts to slow.

DEBBIE
Jonas? Damn it Jonas, I'm telling this 'cause I love you. You can't...

Debbie catches sight of what Jonas is staring at: Fifty feet in front of them, the abandoned garage. Harry's truck parked across the street, driver door open. From the garage: SMOKE.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Jonas...?

Jonas MOVES. He slides out of the car, reaches behind the seat and comes up with a revolver. He checks the load.

JONAS
Stay here.

Jonas moves FAST towards the garage. He pushes up against a side wall, tracks down it, rounds the corner and there's Harry, dead, propped against a car. Jonas takes him in, turns again, and there's Oakley.

ON JONAS, so sad. His knees give, sit him down. He reaches out and pulls Oak's lapels together so his shirt doesn't look funny. His hands come away bloody.

JONAS (CONT'D)
God Damn, Oak...

And suddenly, there's Debbie, pushing into the garage.

INT. ABANDONED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

FLAMES fill the far end of the garage. Thick smoke. The cage is an inferno.

Jonas catches Debbie, hauls her back. They both stare, flames searing pupils. Cutts' body is almost indistinguishable in the heart of the fire.

DEBBIE
No! No! Let me go! Fuck you let me go! FUCK YOU LET ME GO!

Jonas wraps her even tighter, putts a hand over mouth, silences her HARD. He listens: the sound of sirens.

EXT. ABANDONED GARAGE - MORNING

The Buick does a three-point turn, drives away the way it came as a firetruck and police car round the corner, pull up in front of the garage.

EXT. / INT. VARIOUS - MORNING

-- Pandora. Almost an absolute stillness on the streets. People stand on corners, sit on benches.

-- The Sheriff's station, Reese, Girard, and Awtry stare at the phone. The clock reads 7:58.

-- Billy's room. Taylor is asleep in the bed, peaceful. Billy sits with his back to the door, watching her sleep.

-- Bell Household. Janet sits at a table, staring at the front door. She's been waiting all night.

-- The Doctor's. Marilee strokes the hand of the unconscious tattooed girl.

-- Dirt road. Julie walks along the road alone under a blustering sky. You can see for miles every direction.

-- Highway. Jonas drives. Debbie sleeps. The money sits between them.

INT. 06 RANCH - MORNING

Sarah lets herself in, exhausted. She stares at her home. She stares at the pictures on the wall. The dishes in the cupboards. Her whole empty life.

SARAH
Julie? Julie?!

Nothing. She moves into the living room. She takes a picture of her family down of the mantle. She drops it in the middle of the living room. The glass cracks. She throws another picture on top. The pile starts to grow.

INT. BUICK, TRUCK STOP - MORNING

Jonas is parked in a truck stop parking lot. Big rigs move by. Families climb out of SUVs. Kids skip into MacDonald's.

Curled in the seat next to him, Debbie is deep asleep. Mascara has carved lines down her face, her lips are chapped.

A Highway patrol car pulls up. Patrolmen walk in for some breakfast. Jonas zips the money bag closed.

Jonas puts his hand on his baby sister's face, smooths her hair back. He stares at Oakley's blood, still staining the knuckles of his hand.

EXT. TRUCK STOP PARKING LOT - MORNING

A REDNECK climbs out of his customized Hemi Cuda packing 454 cubic inches of American mean. He watches his girlfriend move off towards the bathrooms, lights a cigarette.

He notices a reflection in the car's glass: Jonas.

REDNECK
(turning)
What the fuck are you looking at?

Jonas hits him. He spins back, cracks his teeth on the hood, goes down in a ball. Jonas takes his keys and his cigarette.

EXT. 06 RANCH - MORNING

Julie walks up the long drive towards the ranch. She's been walking for hours.

INT. 06 RANCH - MORNING

Julie comes into the living room, stops. In front of her is the huge pile of Sarah's stuff. Pictures, scrapbooks, clothing. Sarah's whole life on the 06.

There's a suitcase near the door, packed.

Julie's gaze shifts. Sarah is sitting on a chair at the kitchen table. She looks over, sees Julie, freezes.

JULIE
I don't know what, but my parents, they did something bad. Everything that's happened here, it's cause of what they did... 'Cause of what we did and what we are. So I just wanted to tell you, God's mad at me and so I have to go. I have to go, but I wanted you to know, I wish we could've been friends some more...

A tear rolls from Sarah's eye, then another. Her lips tremble. Julie smiles a little.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Sarah, you don't have to be sad --

A shotgun barrel appears, followed by Stockden, holding the gun to Sarah's head.

Julie's smile dies. She starts to back up, bumps into Edwards, standing behind her.

STOCKDEN
Hey, Julie. We've been missing you.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MORNING

Reese sits at his desk, both hands on the table, phone sits in front of him. Also in the room are Pastor Girard, Doc Fields and Matt Awtry.

The clocks reads 7:59. George Hearst walks into the room. Everyone nods. No one speaks. 8:00.

They wait. 8:01. They wait. Phone rings like a shot. Reese picks it up.

REESE
This is Sheriff Reese.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Oh, hello there. This is Provost Cindy Lehems at Utica. Sorry for the delay returning your call. It's been a hard couple of weeks. This is about the Martinez girl?

REESE
No, ah... Another student of yours... Who's the Martinez Girl?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(beat)
You don't know? I mean, of course, why would you? We lost... I mean, one of our foreign students was taken...

The clock flips 8:02. Hearst looks hard at Reese, questioning.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's really been a tragedy for us, especially after the family paid the ransom demands and still --

EXT. MAIN DRAG - MORNING

Reese bangs out of the Station, fast, carrying a rifle. He heads up the street.

Spread out on corners and in shop windows, the town is waiting.

Hearst appears in the door to the station. He shakes his head no to the town. Puts his hat on.

The town gets it. Disappointment like a wave. Even Ricky Johnson pushes his kids into their beat-up ride, giving up.

Only JoAnne stands in the middle of the street, lost.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Reese comes in, moves straight to the girl in the bed. Marilee takes a moment to read him, understands.

MARILEE
Maybe it's best this way. I don't know. Maybe this just needs to end...

Reese pulls a photograph out of his shirt pocket: Bobby Clayton, drunk and laughing at the camera, surrounded by partying teens.

Reese reaches forward, pulls the blanket tucked around the girl's neck lower, almost exposing her breasts.

MARILEE (CONT'D)
Reese...

He stares at the tattoo on her chest: A bird of prey, wings arched up towards her shoulders as it sails upwards.

He stares at the photograph. There, in the corner, on a girl decapitated by the framing: <u>The same tattoo</u>.

Reese looks down at the girl. His gaze shifts. He moves her hair back, reaches for a small object tucked between her ear and her hair: a small pink petal. A cherry blossom.

<u>EXT. CLAYTON RANCH - DAY</u>

Wind blows through cherry blossoms. They release from trees, float downwards.

Below, the van tears up the drive towards the house. It slides to a stop in front of the ranch house. Edwards emerges from the passenger side, gun in hand, opens the side doors and throws Sarah and Julie to the ground.

Stockden gets out of the driver's side. Surveys the ranch. He crouches down near Julie, takes her chin in his hand.

STOCKDEN
You know why we're here?

Julie nods yes.

STOCKDEN (CONT'D)
You better hope to hell I find what I'm looking for.

Stockden pulls Sarah towards the house. She struggles, beats at him. He slugs her, checks a cut on his face.

STOCKDEN (CONT'D)
Don't do that.

He hauls her up, pushes her towards the house. Edwards tips an invisible hat to her as she goes. Julie breaks to join Sarah. Edwards trips her and she sprawls in the dirt.

<u>EXT. HIGHWAY, WEST TEXAS OIL FIELDS - DAY</u>

The shiny black Hemi Cuda hangs the exit into Pandora. 100 mph easy.

INT. CLAYTON RANCH - DAY

Stockden tosses Sarah down, surveys the wrecked home. Sarah's hands close around a broken-off board. Stockden points his gun. BANG! He puts a bullet in the floor.

She drops the board, stares up. He shakes his head no. He throws her down the hallway towards the study, moves with her. He sees the wrecked opening near the fireplace.

He crouches by the opening, feels the straw in his hands. Brings the straw to his face and smells.

EXT. CLAYTON RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Edwards stands over Julie, looking down at her.

EDWARDS
You got away once, didn't'cha?

He crouches down, raises her wrists and pulls off the bandages, inspects the scabs.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)
That must have hurt.

INT. CLAYTON RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Stockden backs off, motions Sarah towards the hole.

STOCKDEN
Get all that outta there.

Sarah moves in, pushes the straw aside. There's a ring in the floor. She looks to Stockden who nods. She pulls back the trap, stares down at:

Newspapers, headlines visible: "MEXICAN MOB DAUGHTER TAKEN." "SEARCH CONTINUES FOR MOB GIRL." A photo of the tattooed girl is prominent.

Sarah moves the newspaper aside to reveal bundles of cash. At least double what we've seen so far. Maybe 4 million.

Stockden nods.

EXT. CLAYTON RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Edwards hoists Julie up by the throat, slams her face down across the hood of the Buick. With his free hand, he fumbles with his belt buckle.

JULIE
Wait! WAIT! I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! I KNOW WHO YOU ARE!

Edwards spins her onto her back. Starts to hoist her dress.

JULIE (CONT'D)
You're God. You're God, come to punish us, for what we did... Are you God?

Edwards stares at her with those nothing eyes. She stares back, not afraid.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Tell me, please. Tell me, are you God?

He starts to speak. Stops. They're locked like that. Only the sound of the prairie wind and the cherry blossoms blowing around them.

Then another sound: a car's engine, roaring in the distance.

Edwards looks up. Sees the black Hemi Cuda take the corner onto the drive, accelerate towards them.

Edwards grabs his shotgun, drags Julie out with him into the center of the driveway. He holds her in front of him, shotgun barrel under her chin.

INT. HEMI CUDA - CONTINUOUS

Jonas drives, all fear and confusion gone. He sees Edwards up ahead through the windscreen. He ACCELERATES, uses a free hand to tune the radio, comes up with a sulky country ballad. Nods. It'll do. He DOWNSHIFTS.

EXT. CLAYTON RANCH - CONTINUOUS

The Hemi is SCREAMING up the drive, blowing fumes and dust behind it.

Edwards holds his position. The Hemi is like a monster, crushing down.

Edwards tosses Julie to the side, raises the shotgun and BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! He stars unloading into the Hemi.

INT. HEMI CUDA - CONTINUOUS

The windshield sheers. Pellets and glass explodes into the car. Jonas keeps it steady, aims the car.

EXT. CLAYTON RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Edwards FIRES again, the car LOOMS, catches him just above the knees and carries him until he and the car SLAM into a stone retaining wall. The car jacks up onto the wall, crushing Edwards underneath.

Jonas pops the driver's door, comes out. The country ballad still plays on the stereo.

BANG! A shot catches him in the arm. He SPINS, raises his gun, <u>doesn't shoot</u>.

Stockden's on the porch, using Sarah as a shield. Jonas stares at Sarah, sad. He didn't expect to see her here. He lowers his gun. Smiles at her.

BANG! Stockden shoots again, hits Jonas in the torso. Jonas stumbles back. On the porch, Sarah REARS back, catches Stockden in the nose with her head. He reels, releases.

Sarah flees back into the house. Stockden raises his gun at her but Bang! Bang! Jonas fires, hits Stockden's arm. Stockden spins, returns fire, hits Jonas again, even as he retreats into the house.

A moment of quiet. Jonas stands in the yard, losing blood. He doesn't give a shit. He reloads from his pockets, snaps the gun shut, moves forward.

<u>INT. CLAYTON RANCH - MOMENTS LATER</u>

Jonas pushes the door open. Nothing. He moves steadily into the center of the room, swings the gun in an arc, looking for his target.

He sees the hole, the trap open. He sees the $4M in cash inside. He takes a moment to realize how close he was to it. He laughs.

Bang! A shot hits Jonas in the neck. Blood spurts, then flows. He stays on his feet, turns.

Stockden's there behind him. Stockden shoots again, hits Jonas again. Jonas slumps against the wall, slides to the floor. He stares at his gun hand, willing it up. Instead, the gun falls to the floor.

Stockden approaches, lifts Jonas's head in his hands.

STOCKDEN
Who the hell are you?

JONAS
...Trophy.

Jonas laughs. Blood comes up.

STOCKDEN
What's so funny?

JONAS
...Trophy.

STOCKDEN
What trophy?

JONAS
...You'll see.

REVERSE ANGLE. Sarah's standing behind Stockden, Bobby Clayton's BEST JUNIOR RODEO trophy in her hands.

Perhaps Stockden senses it. He turns his head as WHACK! The trophy comes down, opens up his scalp, blood sheets his face.

He tumbles back, but doesn't loose his gun. He lurches back up after Sarah who flees towards the door.

EXT. CLAYTON RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Sarah bursts out the door into a rain of pink cherry blossoms. She RUNS and RUNS, life depending on it.

Behind her, Stockden gets through the door. Cool and angry. He raises his gun, sights Sarah with steady hands.

BANG! A bullet hits Stockden in the side of the head. He crumples, dead.

Sheriff Reese stands in the yard, gun raised, Julie Clayton wrapped under one arm. His cruiser parked down the drive.

Sarah stops running. She drops to her knees, looks at Reese.

The sky opens up. The rain pours down.

INT. CLAYTON RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Jonas sits where he slid to the floor. He stares at the money in front of him. The sound of rain outside.

A figure crouches in front of him, Sarah. She puts out a hand, wipes blood off his forehead. She leans in and kisses him on the mouth. Long and sweet and lovely.

He stares at her, smiles.

The door opens behind them and Reese comes into the room. He takes it all in. The hole, Jonas, the money.

REESE
What's he smiling about?

SARAH
(eyes locked with Jonas)
I don't know. I guess he feels like smiling.

Jonas keeps smiling. Then he dies.

EXT. CLAYTON RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Julie walks through the rain, approaching the Hemi jacked up against the house. As she approaches, Edwards body comes into view.

She stands in the rain, staring at the dead man's face. She reaches out, touches his face. He stays dead.

JULIE'S VOICE (V.O.)
I can't say I ever met a good person...

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - DAY

Reese and Sarah, with Julie between them. Reese drives them back into town, windshield wipers madly sheeting off water.

INT. CLAYTON RANCH - DAY

Jonas, dead, staring towards the hole under the stairs. Small smile his last expression.

JULIE'S VOICE (V.O.)
...But I think sometimes bad people do good things, all the same.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

JoAnne Barrows walks under pouring rain to her husband's new grave. It reads: "Fred Barrows. Loving Husband."

She sits next to the stone, puts a hand on its wet surface.

EXT. MAIN DRAG - DAY

The people of Pandora, behind doors and windows. Jan Sheer sits in her truck, peers through the glass.

Eyes track as Reese pulls up to the station. He gets out, starts to usher Sarah and Julie into the station.

JULIE'S VOICE (V.O.)
And that's all right. That's the best all of us bad people can do...

They stop, look up the street. All eyes look up the street.

Five sleek back Hummers are cruising up the drag. Might as well be from Mars. They pass the station, pull to a stop in front of Doc Field's office.

MEN emerge from the Hummers. Huge Mexican men in dark suits holding giant CAR-15 Assault Rifles. They ignore the rain, fan out with military precisian.

Three track Reese's uniform and lock on him. They're so good at it, it's not even threatening. You wouldn't dare resist.

Two men hold open umbrellas as A MEXICAN MAN gets out of the middle car. He's in his 60's, dressed in a $3,000 suit. He wears wealth and power all over him. Mexican Mob, Drug King Pin, he reeks of ruthless confidence.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The men push in, firmly and politely press Doc Fields to the back of the room.

The man looks at Marilee, cradling the girl in her arms. The girl's awake now, barely.

Marilee looks up, sees the look in the man's eyes, gets it. She slides out a little, offers a space for the man.

The man moves in, cradles his daughter in his arms. Close to them, the love is palpable. He whispers reassuring words to her in Spanish.

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Rain sheets down, soaking Reese, Sarah, Julie. It drips off the ends of the men's expertly held weapons. Townspeople stand in doorways, or in the rain, mesmerized.

The man, cradling his blanket-wrapped girl in his arms, exits the office. From inside the middle Hummer, a mother's cries of relief in Spanish as the girl is handed inside.

Through the tinted windows, glimpses of a mother, covering her daughter's faces in kisses.

The man stands at the open door to his car. His eyes move over the town. The town stares back. Sarah, Julie, Rick Johnson, Doc Fields, Jan Sheer, Pastor Girard.

He looks right over Hearst, finds Reese. Stares at him, nods. Then he climbs into the middle Hummer next to his wife and child. His men retreat into their cars and the convoy pulls out of Pandora, Texas.

The townspeople stand where they are for a moment, rain falling on their faces, washing them clean. One by one, they seek shelter.

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

JoAnne Barrows, curled into her husband's grave, watches the Hummers disappear into rain. She smiles, sad but at peace.

EXT. MAIN DRAG - CONTINUOUS

On the steps of the Sheriff's, Sarah pulls Julie to her and they retreat into the station.

Only Reese is left on the steps, overlooking the street, the bank, his town.

OVER CREDITS:

-- FBI swarm over the Clayton Ranch. Crime Scene tape is everywhere. Barragan leads a team, oversees technicians as they dismantle the hole under the stairs. A TECH finds the trap, opens it, it's EMPTY. Across from the hole, medics close Jonas's dead smiling eyes.

-- In George Hearst's office, Sheriff Reese sets a bag on Hearst's desk, opens it. Inside, all CASH. Hearst nods, pushes the stack of deeds and promissory notes over to Reese.

-- In the truckstop parking lot, Debbie wakes to the sound of the heavy rain on the metal roof of the van. She looks around, disoriented. She sees the bag of money. She sees the van keys in the ignition. The van pulls out of the lot.

-- Another day. The sun rising on the windswept plains, the highway. Sarah drives her pickup truck on the open road. In the back, all the belongings she needs. In the seat next to her, Julie Clayton. The pickup pulls away from us, into the rising sun.

FADE OUT.