
R E D R O C K W E S T

Screenplay by

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Propaganda Polish

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Propaganda Films

The sun rises over a vast Western landscape. Wind whistles through the bullet holes of an old Wyoming state highway sign that reads: Secondary 487. This poorly maintained road is the only contact this wind blown prairie has to the outside world.

BEGIN TITLES:

An old white Cadillac with Texas plates sits just off the road. To most people this old gas guzzling American luxury car is long past it's prime; just a pile of junk. Not to it's owner. To him it's a classic, always has been, always will be.

The back seat is filled with a meager handful of personal belongings: boxes neatly packed with books, clothing, and a football. In the front seat the owner lies curled up underneath a blanket. A portable alarm clock RINGS--it's 5:30 am. He wakes, his day has begun.

Dressed in a t-shirt and boxer shorts, he throws open the door and sits upright on the passenger's side. He's stiff: car seats don't make good beds. He reaches for his right leg. It's cold and numb. Several large scars traverse the knee cap. Looks like an accident chewed it up pretty badly. He massages the knee to stimulate circulation.

He stands, puts a little weight on it--it's sore. He grabs his dop kit and towel and limps off to a nearby stream. He's a big handsome, rugged looking man: physically fit despite his handicap. He's in his late 20's. His name is MICHAEL.

Michael, his wet hair combed back, kneels next to the rushing water. He shaves with a razor. A "USMC" tattoo is spread across his muscular left arm.

Michael opens the trunk of the Cadillac. He finds a recently pressed and laundered white, pearl button western shirt. He takes it out, smells it, and slips it on.

The passenger door is open. Michael sits on the seat and wraps an elastic brace around his bad knee. He stands and checks to make sure the brace is secure, then carefully pulls on a pair of faded Levis. Sitting back down, he slips on a pair of old cowboy boots. He stands and looks at his reflection in the window of the car. He looks good and feels great.

END TITLES:

A cluster of trailers, trucks, and storage sheds surround a drilling rig that sits atop an open plain. WORKMEN and vehicles surround the site in a bustle of activity.

Michael drives up and asks a passing Workman a question. The Workman points to the rig.

DRILLING RIG

Five ROUGHNECKS work around the base of the rig. It's dangerous, physical labor.

Michael walks up to the rig. He waves down one of the Roughnecks--a big guy named JIM. Jim sees Michael and asks one of the other guys to cover for him.

JIM

walks up to Michael and shakes his hand.

JIM

God help us if it's not another Texan. How ya doin' Mike?

MICHAEL

Not bad Jim, how about you?

JIM

Can't complain. You're early--I didn't expect to see you until Thursday. Guess that means you're ready to work.

MICHAEL

(smiles)

What do you think?

Jim laughs.

5 INT. FIELD OFFICE - MORNING

5

Jim opens the door of the trailer and pokes his head in. The trailer is divided into two rooms. No one is sitting in the front room.

JIM

(calling out)

Mr. Johnson?

The door to the back room opens. MR. JOHNSON, the foreman, is in the middle of a meeting with a CREW CHIEF and an ENGINEER. He sees Jim and Michael walk into the trailer.

MR. JOHNSON

Back here. What is it?

(CONTINUED)

JIM

This is the guy I was tellin' you about. The guy from Texas.

MR. JOHNSON

Oh yeah.

(to the Crew Chief)

Howard, get him an application.

CREW CHIEF

Sure.

The Crew Chief walks into the front office, locates the appropriate "application form" and hands it to Michael.

CREW CHIEF

Sit anywhere you like.

He walks back into the rear office and closes the door.

MICHAEL

(quietly to Jim)

I thought you said I already had the job.

JIM

Don't worry, it's a formality, everybody's gotta fill one out.

(changes the subject)

You want a cup of coffee?

MICHAEL

Sure.

JIM

Black, right?

MICHAEL

Right.

Jim walks out of the trailer. Michael sits down and looks at the application form...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...in particular the section requiring: APPLICANT'S MEDICAL HISTORY--PHYSICAL DISABILITIES.

6 EXT. FIELD OFFICE - DAY

6

LATER:

Michael paces just outside the office. Jim is in the back room of the trailer trying to persuade Mr. Johnson to hire Michael.

(CONTINUED)

Michael can't help but overhear the entire conversation.

JIM

All I'm asking is that you
reconsider...

MR. JOHNSON

(cuts him off)

Jim--I don't have to tell you how
dangerous it is out there. The
guy's got a fucked up leg. If you
were me would you hire him?

Michael's heard it all before. He's crushed but shows
little emotion.

JIM

(pleading)

C'mon, give the guy a break, he
drove all the way up here.

MR. JOHNSON

Sorry. He's too big a risk--I
could lose my insurance.

Michael's heard enough. The conversation concludes as he
starts walking towards his car.

JIM

steps out of the trailer.

JIM

(sees Michael)

Michael, wait.

MICHAEL

doesn't stop. Jim jogs to catch up with him.

JIM

Mike, you heard.

MICHAEL

Yeah.

JIM

Why'd ya tell him about your leg?

MICHAEL

He'd of found out sooner or later.

JIM

So, he finds out later, by then
you'd had the job.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
That wouldn't be right.

JIM
Shit Mike, you think anybody out
here gives a damn about what's
right?

Michael looks at Jim. He didn't expect his old friend to be
so jaded.

MICHAEL
Maybe not.

JIM
Hey, why don't you stick around.
Maybe I can get him to change his
mind.

MICHAEL
No you don't. The last thing I
wanna do is see you lose your job
because of me.

JIM
What are you kiddin', that
asshole'd never fire me; I'm
irreplaceable and he knows it.

MICHAEL
(laughs)
Yeah right.

Michael climbs into the Cadillac. It's an awkward moment,
Jim feels bad; his friend drove twelve hundred miles for
nothing.

JIM
So what are you gonna do?

MICHAEL
I don't know. Maybe I'll rob a
bank.

Jim laughs. Michael fires up the old Cadillac.

JIM
Hey, you need money?

MICHAEL
(smiles)
No, I'm okay. Thanks.

JIM
Okay, well you stay in touch.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
Yeah, you too.

Michael drops it in gear and drives away.

7 EXT. ROAD - DAY

7

The Cadillac speeds down Secondary 487.

8 INT. CADILLAC - DRIVING - DAY

8

Michael bangs his hand against the dashboard; he really needed the job. He looks down at the gas gage.

INSERT GAS GAGE:

It's on "E".

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

MICHAEL
(when it rains, it pours)
Damn.

9 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

9

A dusty run-down gas station is the only structure within miles. The place looks deserted except for an old worn out "OPEN" sign that hangs in the window.

The Cadillac rumbles in off the road and stops in front of the pumps.

Michael climbs out of the car. Reaches for his wallet and flips it open.

INSERT WALLET:

He's looking at his last five dollars.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

realizes things just went from bad to worse. No one waits on him. He walks to the office.

10 INT. GAS STATION - OFFICE - DAY

10

Michael walks in. There's no one there.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
(calling out)
Anybody here?

No one responds. Michael looks around the office. He can't help but notice a small metal box on the counter near the cash register. He looks closer and sees that...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...the box is filled with approximately three hundred dollars in cash: small bills and change.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

eyes the money--it's tempting. He looks around the office as he walks to the counter.

MICHAEL
(calling out)
Hello, anybody here?

Still no response. Apparently no one is there. It'd be easy to grab a couple of dollars; who'd know? He stands next to the counter--he's desperate--but he can't do it. He backs away from the money.

MICHAEL
(calling out)
Anybody here? Hello.

Just then he bumps into someone. Startled, he spins. A weather beaten OLD MAN stands adjusting the volume on his hearing aide.

OLD MAN
Sorry, didn't hear you. Had my volume down cause of this damn wind. What can I do for ya?

MICHAEL
I need some gas.

OLD MAN
Filler up?

The Old Man turns and starts for the Cadillac.

MICHAEL
Na, just give me five dollars worth.

CUT TO:
(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL'S TEXAS LICENSE PLATE:

OLD MAN

Texas huh? What brings ya to
Wyoming?

The Old Man flips the plate down, unscrews the gas cap, and
inserts the nozzle.

MICHAEL

I'm looking for work.

OLD MAN

(laughs)

Ain't much work in Wyoming.

MICHAEL

Ain't much work in Texas.

(changes the subject)

Say, you got anything I could do
around here for a tank of gas?

The Old Man stops pumping and looks up at Michael.

MICHAEL

Don't worry, I got the five.

The Old Man resumes gassing up the car.

OLD MAN

What kind of work you lookin' for?

MICHAEL

I was hopin' to get on a drillin'
crew.

OLD MAN

Roughneck, eh?

(beat)

Why don't ya try Red Rock--it's
about fifty miles up the road.
There's a bar there called the Red
Rock; lot of the local crews hang
out there.

(beat)

Maybe they can point you in the
right direction.

The Old Man finishes pumping Michael's gas. Michael looks
back at the office. He can't help but think about all that
money.

(CONTINUED)

OLD MAN

Yes sir, that's a fine car you got there. They don't make 'em like that anymore do they.

(he puts the hose away)

That'll be five dollars even.

Michael takes the five out of his wallet and hands it over to the Old Man.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

11 EXT. RED ROCK - DAY

11

A sign reads: "Entering RED ROCK. Pop. 874 Elev. 7027".

The Cadillac slows down as it enters the town. Red Rock, Wyoming is halfway between Laramie and Medicine Bow--nowhere to most people. In it's heyday it was an oil boom town: now it's just a handful of old buildings.

12 INT. CADILLAC - DRIVING - DAY

12

Michael drives through town and locates the bar.

13 EXT. RED ROCK BAR - DAY

13

The Red Rock Bar is located near the edge of town. It's been there as long as anyone can remember. People say the bar was there first and the town came later. It's a tough drinking man's bar. It has a colorful history of shootings, fist fights, and stabbings. A lot of towns would have shut it down, but the people of Red Rock are of the attitude that "boys will be boys".

Michael turns into the parking lot.

14 INT. RED ROCK BAR - DAY

14

WAYNE BROWN, a big sturdy man in his early 40's, is the owner and occasional day-shift bartender of the Red Rock Bar. He's just opened and stands behind the bar with a clipboard checking his stock. At the other end of the bar a DELIVERY MAN stacks fresh cases of beer in the cooler. Wayne hears a car and looks up. He sees...

WAYNE'S POV:

...the Cadillac roll to a stop just outside the front door.

BACK TO:

(CONTINUED)

WAYNE

in particular notices...

WAYNE'S POV:

...Michael's TEXAS license plate.

BACK TO:

WAYNE

looks up at the wall clock...

WAYNE'S POV:

It's almost eleven o'clock.

CUT TO:

15 INT. CADILLAC - PARKED - DAY

15

Michael reaches into the back seat, grabs an old coffee can full of change and digs out some quarters.

BACK TO:

16 INT. RED ROCK BAR - DAY

16

WAYNE

appears a little anxious. He watches Michael get out of the Cadillac and walk in the front door. Michael pauses to let his eyes adjust to the dark barroom.

MICHAEL

You open?

WAYNE

Yeah.

MICHAEL

Got any coffee?

WAYNE

Yeah.

Michael walks up to the bar and sits down. Wayne grabs a cup and saucer and looks over at the Delivery Man stacking cases. He sets the cup down in front of Michael.

(CONTINUED)

WAYNE

(quietly)

I thought you said you were gonna
be here last Friday.

(he grabs the coffee)

I was beginning to think I'd have
to find somebody else.

Michael lights up a smoke. He realizes that this Bartender
has mistaken him for somebody else. Wayne pours the coffee.

WAYNE

You're here for the job, right?

The guy just said the magic word: "job". Michael keeps his
cool and decides to play this out--see where it takes him.
He notices a nick-knack on the wall behind Wayne. It's a
plaque that reads...

MICHAEL'S POV:

..."Welcome to Wayne's Joint -- Now Sit Down and Shut Up"

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

MICHAEL

You must be Wayne.

WAYNE

Yeah. You're Lyle from Dallas,
right?

Michael realizes this man has seen his license plate.

MICHAEL

Right.

(looks around)

Nice place.

Wayne watches the Delivery Man roll his dolly out the back
door to get more beer.

WAYNE

Let's go to my office.

17 INT. WAYNE'S OFFICE - RED ROCK BAR - DAY

17

Wayne's office is extremely well furnished in fine wood,
brass, and leather. The walls are covered with expensive
Western artwork, stuffed deer, elk, and moose heads.
Authentic Indian rugs cover the floors. Obviously Wayne is
a wealthy man who likes to hunt.

(CONTINUED)

A stuffed rattlesnake sits squarely on his desk. It's been coiled around an ashtray and posed in such a way that it appears ready to strike. Michael sits just opposite the snake in a large overstuffed leather chair. He'd like to extinguish his cigarette, but rather than use the snake tray, he hunts around Wayne's desk until he finds a smaller less ferocious looking ashtray.

Wayne tosses a stack of hundreds onto the desk. Michael eyes the cash with cool indifference. He's not sure what he's gotten himself into.

WAYNE

Here's the five like we agreed.
I'll have the other five ready for
you when it's done.

From the thickness of the stack, it's obvious he's talking about a lot more than five hundred dollars. Wayne walks over to a file cabinet and grabs a small wooden picture frame. He hands it to Michael. He looks at the photograph.

INSERT PHOTO:

It's a snap shot of a beautiful woman in her mid 20's. Her name is Suzanne.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

eyes the photo. Her beauty intrigues him.

WAYNE

(thinking out loud)
Today's Tuesday. That means she'll
be out riding most of the day.

Wayne settles into the large leather chair behind his desk. Directly behind him is a gun rack filled with expensive hunting rifles. His tone is dry and matter-of-fact, almost business like.

WAYNE

I think the best way to do this is
to make it look like a simple
burglary.

(takes his time)

Go out to the house. Break in.
Mess the place up a little, not too
much you know, but enough.

(beat)

When she walks in...you...

(CONTINUED)

Wayne stumbles as he thinks about what happens next; it's more difficult than he imagined--he can't seem to find the words. Michael is beginning to realize the nature of what this man is asking him to do. There's no turning back now.

WAYNE

...well...you know what to do.

Michael looks at the photograph...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...the woman's eyes seem to stare back at him.

BACK TO:

WAYNE

reaches for a cigarette. He seem a bit edgy.

WAYNE

I figure the cops will spend a couple of months lookin' for clues.

(he raps the cigarette on the desk twice)

Once they come up empty handed they'll get frustrated...

(finds a match)

...and eventually they'll figure it must have been a drifter--you know--some guy just passin' through town.

(lights his smoke)

Happens all the time, right?

The smoke from Wayne's cigarette swirls around his head. Michael looks at the five grand.

MICHAEL

Yeah. Who is she?

Wayne flicks the match into his precious rattlesnake ashtray and stares at it a moment.

WAYNE

(distant).

My wife.

18 EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

18

The Cadillac is parked on a grassy hillside next to a barbed-wire fence. Michael leans in the passenger door and opens...

...the glove compartment. He takes out a pair of field binoculars. In his haste he leaves the glove compartment open. The CAMERA MOVES IN TO REVEAL: a large .45 automatic pistol--standard military issue.

20 EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

20

Michael stands about twenty yards away from the car. He is looking down into the nearby valley. He lifts the binoculars to his eyes. He sees...

MICHAEL'S POV THROUGH THE BINOCULARS:

...SUZANNE, the woman in the photograph. She's even more beautiful than he'd imagined. Her long hair trails in the wind as she gallops her horse across the floor of the valley. She is a good, confident rider.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

lowers the binoculars. His eyes scan the valley. She's riding towards a mobile home and corral. Michael raises the binoculars...

MICHAEL'S POV THROUGH THE BINOCULARS:

...it's an old mobile home that hasn't been moved in years. Just behind it is a shed that's overflowing with broken equipment, tools, and supplies. A banged up red and white pick up is parked next to a horse trailer and a small corral containing two horses.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

watches Suzanne ride up to the mobile home. He crouches down in the high grass so that he won't be seen. He lifts the binoculars to his eyes and watches as...

MICHAEL'S POV THROUGH THE BINOCULARS:

...she climbs off of her horse and ties it up to the corral. She hears something and turns--the door of the mobile home opens. A young ranch hand in his early 20's stands in the door way. He's tall, athletic, and handsome. His name is KURT. He looks like he's been sleeping. He's naked from the waist up. His chest is muscular, his shoulders are broad. The top two buttons of his jeans are undone. He and Suzanne exchange greetings.

BACK TO:

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

lowers the binoculars. He sees Suzanne reach for something on her saddle. He lifts the binoculars and watches as...

MICHAEL'S POV THROUGH THE BINOCULARS:

...Suzanne removes the saddle bag. She turns and walks towards the mobile home. Michael is unable to see her face, however he can see Kurt. Kurt smiles at her as she walks up the stairs and into the mobile home. He looks around to make certain no one has seen them and then closes the door.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

lowers the binoculars. So that's it. Wayne must be the "jealous husband" and Suzanne the "cheating wife". He walks to his car and drives away.

21 EXT. BROWN RANCH - DUSK

21

A lavish ranch house crowns a hilltop that overlooks a magnificent Wyoming landscape. This is not your typical ranch house; this place is huge and the surroundings are idyllic.

Suzanne trots her horse up to the nearby barn.

22 INT. BROWN RANCH HOUSE - DUSK

22

Suzanne throws open the front door and heads straight for the bar on the other side of the living room. This room is large. It looks more like a hunting lodge than a living room. The Western decor is complete with Indian rugs, Western art, leather furniture, branding irons, spurs, and stuffed game trophies.

Suzanne grabs a bottle of Scotch and quickly pours herself a tall glass. She appears nervous, agitated and upset. She throws back her first gulp and hears the sound of LEATHER SQUEAKING. She freezes. She's not alone.

She turns. In a dark corner of the room a lamp is FLICKED ON. It's Michael. She nearly drops her glass.

SUZANNE
(startled)
Huh?

He's sitting in a large overstuffed leather chair. His pistol rests on the footstool in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
You're name Suzanne?

She is frightened and confused. She says nothing.

MICHAEL
You're married to a guy named
Wayne, right?

SUZANNE
Yes, is something wrong?

Michael finds himself staring at her--something about this woman is very exciting to him. He almost forgets why he's there.

MICHAEL
Do you love him?

SUZANNE
(thinks)
Who are you?

MICHAEL
He plans to have you murdered.

SUZANNE
What is this, a joke?

MICHAEL
I'm afraid not.

Michael takes Wayne's five thousand dollar bundle out of his jacket and tosses it onto the footstool in front of him.

Suzanne looks at the money. He sets the key to their front door on top of the money. Suzanne sinks onto a stool next to the bar.

SUZANNE
(to herself)
That son of a bitch.

Michael stands, picks up the key and the money and shoves the pistol into his pants as he walks towards her.

SUZANNE
(vulnerable)
Well... what are you going to do?

He moves in on her.

MICHAEL
I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

He stops directly in front of her and sets the key and the money on the bar.

MICHAEL

I could use the money, but then again--I wouldn't want to harm an innocent woman...

He's close to her. Close enough to smell her perfume.

MICHAEL

...you are innocent, aren't you?

SUZANNE

Innocent of what?

MICHAEL

Suppose you tell me?

SUZANNE

Tell you what?

MICHAEL

Why your husband would wanna have you murdered?

Suzanne doesn't mind having this stranger so near. Indeed, she kind of likes it.

SUZANNE

What's your name?

Michael is caught off guard; he doesn't know what to say.

SUZANNE

You know mine. What's your's?

MICHAEL

(hesitantly)
...Lyle.

SUZANNE

Lyle... not sure if I like the way that sounds...
(sips her Scotch)
...ever been married?

MICHAEL

No.

SUZANNE

It does strange things to people.

She looks into his eyes and then down at the pistol stuffed tightly into his waistband.

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE
Suppose I double his offer.
(looks up at Michael)
You said you could use the money.

MICHAEL
(half joking)
And what, I kill him instead?

She looks deep into his eyes and smiles seductively.

23 EXT. BROWN RANCH - NIGHT

23

TWO BUNDLES OF ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS hit the front seat of the Cadillac as Michael slides in behind the wheel. He notices that Suzanne is watching him from a second story window. She turns and walks away.

MICHAEL
(to himself)
That's a hell of a marriage.

He fires up the Cadillac and drives away.

24 EXT. RED ROCK GAS STATION - NIGHT

24

Michael pumps premium into his thirsty old car.

25 INT. RED ROCK GAS STATION - NIGHT

25

Michael stands in front of a cooler with an open box of crackers under his arm. He locates a packet of lunch meat, rips it open and begins eating.

ANGLE ON THE COUNTER

Michael sets an armload of groceries on the counter. Half have been opened and eaten. The CASHIER looks at the merchandise and then at Michael.

CASHIER
(dryly)
Care for some desert, maybe another cup of coffee?

MICHAEL
Na, just the check.

The CASHIER smiles and begins to ring up the food items, a cup of coffee and a carton of cigarettes.

CASHIER
D'ya have any gas?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
Twenty nine dollars on pump three.

The Cashier hits the total, \$119.78. Michael hands her two one hundred dollar bills.

CASHIER
Got anything smaller?

MICHAEL
Sorry.

She proceeds to break it. Michael looks at the clock on the wall...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...it's 7:23 pm.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

MICHAEL
Do you have any stamps?

CASHIER
Yeah, there's a machine over there by the door.

26 INT. WAYNE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

26

Wayne sits behind his desk nervously smoking and fiddling with a bundle of one hundred dollar bills--the other half of "Lyle's" payment. He looks at the clock...

WAYNE'S POV:

...it's 7:24 pm.

BACK TO:

WAYNE

is tired of waiting. He wants to know what happened. He picks up his phone and dials.

27 INT. BEDROOM - BROWN RANCH - NIGHT

27

The phone next to the bed RINGS. Suzanne picks it up.

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE

Hello...

CUT TO:

WAYNE

hears her voice over the phone.

SUZANNE (O.S. ON PHONE)

...hello...hello?

She's alive! He hangs up without saying a word.

BACK TO:

SUZANNE

listens as the phone goes dead. She's not certain what this means.

BACK TO:

WAYNE

stubs out his cigarette. Obviously something's wrong.

28 EXT. RED ROCK GAS STATION - NIGHT

28

Michael has a piece of paper laid out flat across the top of the mail box. He composes a quick letter.

INSERT ON LETTER:

TO THE SHERIFF OF RED ROCK,

WAYNE BROWN MAY HAVE HIRED A KILLER TO MURDER HIS WIFE. SHE IS LIKELY TO DO THE SAME. PLEASE TALK TO THEM BEFORE SOMEONE GETS HURT. THIS IS NOT A JOKE.

CUT TO:

THE LETTER

is folded and placed into an envelope addressed to: "THE RED ROCK SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT, RED ROCK, WYOMING". Michael drops it into a mail box.

K A - B O O M !

He looks up as lightening CRACKLES across the evening sky. It's gonna be a long night. He walks over to the Cadillac, slides behind the wheel and drives away from the gas station.

29 EXT. RED ROCK - NIGHT

29

A thunder storm is brewing as the Cadillac rolls out of town.

30 EXT. CADILLAC - DRIVING - NIGHT

30

Michael lights a smoke and sips his coffee. He drives past...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...a sign that reads "Leaving RED ROCK, please come again."

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

MICHAEL

(smiles)

Not in this life.

He flips on the radio and an upbeat tune lifts his spirits; it's been a hell of day. Rain begins to fall. He turns on the windshield wipers.

31 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

31

The Cadillac makes it's way through the countryside as the storm moves in and the sky turns black.

32 EXT. CADILLAC - DRIVING - NIGHT

32

THUNDER CLATTERS and rain falls hard. Michael stubs out his smoke and concentrates on the road. The radio plays on. It's pitch black and he's well out of town. Up ahead he sees something. It's hard to tell what it is with the rain hitting hard on the windshield. The old wipers do their best to push the rain aside. His...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...headlights begin to illuminate the red taillights of a vehicle on the side of the road.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

slows and leans forward, trying to get a better look when...

MICHAEL'S POV:

(CONTINUED)

...a MAN stumbles out from behind the stalled vehicle.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

S T O M P S on the brakes. Grips the wheel, tries to turn.

33 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

33

The wheels lock up. The tires hydroplane across the rain soaked road. Michael is unable to avoid the man.

W H A M !

THE MAN

is hit hard. His body is hurled over the car like a rag doll and lands with a bone crunching T H U D !

BACK TO:

MICHAEL'S

heart is pounding, his hands grip the wheel. He can't believe he just hit somebody.

He looks in the rearview mirror. There is no one behind him; there is no one in front of him. No witnesses. He could take off and pretend it never happened.

Michael is faced with a decision: should he help the guy or just get the hell out of there? What about Wayne? What about Suzanne? What about the cops?

He looks at the money laying on the seat next to him. How's he gonna explain this?

His hands are wrapped around the wheel as if stuck by glue...

Fuck it. He's not gonna leave the poor guy to die on the road. Fuck the money. Fuck the cops. The guy laying out there on the road is his responsibility.

He slams the car into park. Shoves the money and the pistol into the glove compartment and climbs out of the car.

34 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

34

Michael takes a better look at the stalled vehicle. It looks familiar. It's a red and white pick up truck. He notices that...

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL'S POV:

...the front left tire is flat. Half a tire jack lays on the pavement next to a spare.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

runs up to the man. He sees him writhing on the wet pavement, groaning softly. He's in pain, barely conscious, maybe even close to death.

Michael kneels next to him and touches his shoulder. The injured man GASPS and rolls over...

...IT'S KURT--the ranch hand. He holds his right side. He's bleeding.

K A - B O O M !

Lightning CRACKLES across the inky black sky. Rain falls harder.

Michael knows he's got to get this guy to a hospital--the sooner the better. He puts one arm under his neck and the other under his knees. He tries to pick him up, but the man CRIES OUT IN PAIN. Michael takes a deep breath and tries again. Again the guy SCREAMS. It's as if every bone in his body is broken. He's barely conscious.

MICHAEL

(soothing)

Hey take it easy, buddy. You're gonna make it. We just gotta get you to a doctor and you gotta help, okay?

Michael speaks with confidence; he's obviously been in this situation before. He knows he's faced with a grim task. He probably shouldn't move him, but there's no time. If he went for help the guy might bleed to death before he got back. Time is critical and Michael knows it.

He runs to the Cadillac and opens the passenger door. Without hesitation he throws his belongings out onto the road to make room for Kurt.

MOMENTS LATER:

Michael takes a deep breath and grabs Kurt's shirt just above his collar bone. Kurt GROANS.

MICHAEL

(soothing)

Hang on buddy, here we go.

(CONTINUED)

He starts dragging Kurt to the car.

Upon reaching the Cadillac Michael wraps his arms around Kurt's chest and hauls him into the back seat.

MOMENTS LATER:

Michael fires up the Cadillac, throws it in gear and makes a huge U-turn. He's going back to Red Rock.

35 EXT. CADILLAC - DRIVING - NIGHT

35

Michael pushes the car to it's limit. He glances back, every few moments, checking on Kurt.

MICHAEL

(to Kurt)

Hang in there, you're gonna make it
buddy.

36 EXT. RED ROCK - NIGHT

36

A bolt of lighting illuminates a sign that reads: "WELCOME TO RED ROCK" as the Cadillac races back to town.

37 INT. RED ROCK HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

37

Michael KICKS open the door. The startled RECEPTIONIST looks up from her paper work as Michael carries Kurt into the Emergency Room.

MICHAEL

(urgently)

Get a doctor, this man's lost a lot
of blood. Hurry!

One look at Kurt and she knows. She rushes off. Michael sees a gurney parked in the hallway. He is about to set Kurt down when a young DOCTOR runs up behind him.

DOCTOR

Wait!

Michael spins around.

DOCTOR

(points)

In here.

Michael lays Kurt down on the table. He's breathing, but weak. The Doctor puts his hand to his neck to check his pulse.

DOCTOR

What happened?

NURSE ONE rushes in to assist the Doctor. With a large pair of scissors she starts cutting off Kurt's jeans.

MICHAEL

I hit him with my car.

DOCTOR

(to the Nurse)

I've got a pulse.

(calling out)

Bobbi, get an IV started. Normal saline. Wide open.

The Doctor turns back to Michael.

DOCTOR

When?

MICHAEL

About twenty minutes ago.

The Doctor takes a pen light out of his breast pocket, bends over Kurt and shines it first into his left eye and then his right. Michael backs away as NURSE TWO wheels in an IV stand and starts hooking up the IV. Nurse One cuts away Kurt's jacket and shirt. There is blood everywhere. Michael is unable to turn away. The Receptionist walks up behind him.

DOCTOR

(to the Receptionist)

Okay get him outta here...and keep an eye on him.

RECEPTIONIST

This way sir, let the doctor work.

She backs Michael out of the room as Nurse Two wraps a blood pressure pump around Kurt's arm. Nurse One prepares an oxygen mask.

MOMENTS LATER:

Michael sits on the couch in the lobby under the watchful eye of the Receptionist. He's busy filling out a variety of hospital forms.

(CONTINUED)

INSERT FORM:

He scribbles on the page. He hasn't answered one question.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

looks up at the Receptionist. She's busy with paper work. On the other side of the lobby is the EXIT. The only thing between Michael and that door is her. She looks up at him.

RECEPTIONIST

Are you finished yet?

MICHAEL

No...

(changes the subject)

Have you heard anything?

RECEPTIONIST

Sorry, you'll have to wait for the doctor.

She scoops up an armload of files and carries them into the back room. This is the break Michael's been waiting for. He watches as she starts putting files away. Quietly he stands and makes his way towards the door.

He is almost there when...

VOICE

(calling out)

Hey, wait.

Michael spins, it's the Doctor.

MICHAEL

I was just going to move my car,
how's he doing?

DOCTOR

It's a good thing you got him here
when you did. He's lost a lot of
blood, but he's gonna make it.

Just then the doors behind Michael swing open and two Deputies from the Red Rock Sheriff's Department walk in:

DEPUTY SHERIFF MATT GREYTACK, mid thirties, bright and ambitious, born and raised in Red Rock.

DEPUTY RUSS BOWMAN, late twenties, motivated, likes being a cop.

(CONTINUED)

Both Deputies give Michael the once over. This is exactly what he was hoping to avoid.

DEPUTY GREYTACK
Hi Doc, this the guy that brought him in?

DOCTOR
(to Deputy Greytack)
Yeah. Matt can I talk to you?

Deputy Greytack walks over to the Doctor. They step aside and speak in low voices. Bowman stands in front of Michael.

DEPUTY BOWMAN
(to Michael)
Goin' somewhere?

MICHAEL
I was gonna move my car; it's parked in the red zone out front.

DEPUTY BOWMAN
White Caddy, Texas plates?

MICHAEL
Yeah.

DEPUTY BOWMAN
I'll move it.

MICHAEL
That's okay.

DEPUTY BOWMAN
No problem, keys in it?

MICHAEL
No.

Deputy Bowman holds out his hand. Reluctantly, Michael gives him the keys. Bowman pockets them and stays right where he is. If he intends to move the car--he's in no hurry.

The phone RINGS. The Receptionist picks it up.

RECEPTIONIST (ON PHONE)
Okay. Alright.

She hangs up the phone. Deputy Greytack and the Doctor finish their conversation and walk back to Michael.

RECEPTIONIST
(to Greytack)
Matt!

(CONTINUED)

DEPUTY GREYTACK
(turns to the
Receptionist)
Yeah.

RECEPTIONIST
That was the Sheriff. He said he's
on his way over.

Greytack looks at Bowman.

DEPUTY GREYTACK
(confused)
You didn't call him did you?

DEPUTY BOWMAN
What do you think?

DEPUTY GREYTACK
(under his breath)
Great.

Obviously these two men don't have a great deal of respect
for their boss.

DEPUTY GREYTACK
(to Michael)
Do you have an ID?

MICHAEL
Yeah.
(he reaches for his
wallet)
Is there a problem?

Michael hands Greytack his wallet.

DEPUTY GREYTACK
Yeah...
(he flips it open and
looks at his license)
...looks like we have an attempted
homicide on our hands.

MICHAEL
(surprised)
Homicide? What are you talking
about, it was an accident.

DEPUTY GREYTACK
How do you explain these?

He holds up a small zip lock packet.

INSERT PACKET:

(CONTINUED)

It contains two spent bullets.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

looks to the Doctor.

DOCTOR

He's been shot twice in the
stomach.

Michael can't believe this is happening.

40 EXT. RED ROCK HOSPITAL - NIGHT

40

The Sheriff's Bronco pulls up to the hospital. The rain has stopped. The silhouetted figure of the SHERIFF climbs out and walks in the front door.

41 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - LOBBY - NIGHT

41

Michael stubs his smoke out in the ashtray next to his chair. Deputy Bowman stands nearby keeping a watchful eye on him.

From down the hall Michael can hear the Sheriff walking with Deputy Greytack. Greytack's giving him a run down of the situation. Michael looks up as the two men enter the lobby.

Huh?! Michael can't believe what he's seeing. The Sheriff is the same man he met this morning--the same man that hired him to kill his wife: Wayne Brown. Michael keeps his cool.

Sheriff Wayne Brown can't believe what he's seeing either. To his complete and total surprise, the man he met this morning is a suspect in a unexpected shooting.

Wayne and Michael look at each other. Neither one lets on to his prior knowledge of the other.

Deputy Greytack hands Michael's wallet to Wayne. Wayne flips through it and...

INSERT WALLET:

...sees Michael's drivers license.

BACK TO:

WAYNE

(CONTINUED)

WAYNE
(reading the license)
Michael Williams. From Midland,
Texas.

DEPUTY GREYTACK
Says he's a roughneck, up here
lookin' for work.

Wayne studies Michael's face.

WAYNE
Does he have a record?

DEPUTY GREYTACK
No, he's clean.

WAYNE
(to Greytack)
What about Kurt, how's he doin'?

DEPUTY GREYTACK
He's pretty bad off, but the Doctor
says he's gonna make it.

WAYNE
Did you call his folks?

DEPUTY GREYTACK
Yeah, they're on their way down.

WAYNE
Good.
(to Michael)
I'm afraid we're gonna have to hold
you until we can get to the bottom
of this.

Wayne tosses Michael his wallet.

DEPUTY GREYTACK
Wayne. Can I talk to you for a
minute?

He takes Wayne aside. Michael can just barely hear what
he's saying.

DEPUTY GREYTACK
You sure we need to hold this guy?
I mean it doesn't make sense he'd
shoot him and then bring him to the
hospital, does it?

Wayne doesn't like having his authority challenged. He
glares at Greytack.

(CONTINUED)

WAYNE

Matt. Right now he's your only suspect--right?

(Matt says nothing)

You really wanna let him go before we know what the hell is going on?

DEPUTY GREYTACK

(reluctantly backs off)

Well, I guess you got a point.

WAYNE

Why don't you and Russ impound his car. I'll run him over to the station.

Greytack thinks Wayne's order is a little unusual, but goes along with it.

42 EXT. RED ROCK HOSPITAL - NIGHT

42

A handcuff is slapped around Michael's wrist. The other half is attached to the inside door handle of the Bronco.

WAYNE

Get in.

Michael climbs into the truck. In the background the Deputies are examining the Cadillac. Wayne walks around the truck, climbs in and drives away.

43 EXT. BRONCO - DRIVING - NIGHT

43

Wayne is furious.

WAYNE

Start talking kid, cause you only got about two minutes to tell me what the fuck is going on.

MICHAEL

(slightly worried)

I just thought you needed a bartender or something...

WAYNE

(cuts him off)

Fuck me, are you kiddin'?

MICHAEL

No...

Wayne struggles to control his temper.

(CONTINUED)

WAYNE

Who else knows about this?

MICHAEL

Nobody.

WAYNE

(pissed)

Don't fuck with me.

MICHAEL

No one, I swear to God.

Wayne checks the rear view mirror. Michael realizes that they are driving away from town--he's got a really bad feeling about this.

WAYNE

What about that guy in the hospital?

MICHAEL

I don't know anything about that.

(changes the subject)

You know, you don't have to worry about me. I'm not gonna say anything to anyone...

WAYNE

(cuts him off)

What about the money?

MICHAEL

It's in my car, in the glove compartment.

WAYNE

Good.

MICHAEL

So whadda ya say--why don't we forget about the whole thing?

Wayne's eyes scan the rear view mirror and the road ahead. There are no other cars on the road.

WAYNE

Sorry kid...

(looks at Michael)

...you fucked with the wrong guy.

Suddenly Wayne jams on the brakes and cranks the wheel.

S C R E E C H !

The Bronco SKIDS off the road, RUMBLES through the barrow pit, SLAMS through a barbed-wire fence and comes to a sudden halt in a plowed field.

45 INT. BRONCO - NIGHT

45

Michael is shaken but okay. Wayne tosses him the key to the handcuffs.

WAYNE

Go ahead kid, you might as well
make this look good.

Michael looks at the keys. Wayne slowly unsnaps his holster. Clearly Wayne intends to gun Michael down during an "attempted escape". Michael gathers himself, thinks through his options: he's got damn few. He takes the key and puts it into the cuff that's holding his wrist. Wayne slides his hand around his pistol.

Michael unlocks the cuff; his right hand is free.

W H A M !

He KICKS Wayne hard in the chest. Wayne is taken by surprise; he was watching Michael's hands. He lashes back. They scuffle. Wayne elbows Michael in the ribs. Michael shoves him back against the driver's door, throws open his door and rolls.

46 EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

46

Michael tumbles out of the truck and lands on the ground. Wayne reaches for his pistol and takes aim. He is about to fire when Michael KICKS the door shut.

Wayne's wrist is SLAMMED in the latch. Wayne YELLS. The gun FIRES wildly. Michael KICKS the door. He holds his boot against it to keep pressure on Wayne's hand. Wayne SCREAMS. Michael KICKS the door again and again until Wayne drops the pistol. Michael picks it up and starts running.

Wayne kicks open the passenger door. His hand is throbbing. He scans the field and sees Michael running towards a stand of timber. He moves quickly: unracks his rifle and grabs a box of shells.

47 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

47

Michael CRASHES through the trees. It's dark and hard to see. He stops to catch his breath and get his bearings. KA-BLAM a rifle shot rings out through the cold night air. The bullet WHISTLES past Michael's head.

(CONTINUED)

Michael looks up, it's Wayne. Wayne FIRES and the bark on the tree next to Michael's head EXPLODES. He drops to the ground.

KA-BLAM, another shot KICKS up dirt next to his head. He rolls behind a tree.

Michael catches his breath and peers out around the tree. Wayne is at the edge of the forest taking aim. He FIRES. A chunk of bark SPLINTERS just above Michael's head. Unfortunately for him, Wayne happens to be a great shot. Michael has no other choice but to defend himself. He rolls to another tree, aims and FIRES the pistol. Wayne ducks behind a tree.

WAYNE
(calling out)
Congratulations Michael. You just
committed your first felony.

Michael realizes that technically he's stolen a peace officer's weapon and used it against him. Under the circumstances--what choice does he have?

Wayne leans out from behind the tree. Michael sights him in. BLAM! The bullet RIPS through the tree next to Wayne's head. Wayne ducks. Michael rolls and makes a run for it.

WAYNE
(to himself)
Damn, the son of a bitch can shoot.

48 EXT. DEEPER IN THE FOREST - NIGHT

48

MICHAEL

paces through the forest knocking branches out of his way as he runs.

WAYNE

pursues Michael with caution. He sees him and takes aim. Michael leaps over a fallen tree. KA-BLAM!

MICHAEL

trips and hits the ground. The bullet SHRIEKS through the air--where his head just was.

WAYNE

thinks he got him. He runs forward.

MICHAEL

(CONTINUED)

pops up from behind the tree and FIRES.

WAYNE

dives for cover.

WAYNE

(rattled, to himself as
he reloads)

I'm gonna nail your ass.

He silently repositions himself to the other side of his cover.

MICHAEL

aims his pistol where he last spotted Wayne and listens carefully. Wayne pops up, aims. Michael sees him; he's too late. KA-BOOM. Bark flies as Michael ducks.

MICHAEL

(to himself)

I knew I shouldn't have taken this
job.

He sees a path through the trees. He rubs his right knee, it's sore. He decides to make a run for it. KA-BLAM, BLAM, BLAM. Wayne shreds more bark. Michael dives, rolls and comes up running.

WAYNE

aims, but Michael is gone. He takes off after him.

49 EXT. FOREST - HILLSIDE - NIGHT

49

MICHAEL

runs hard, his right leg hurts, but he's putting distance between himself and Wayne. It's dark and difficult to see as he hurls himself through the pines.

WAYNE

pursues Michael with caution. He respects Michael's ability to shoot.

MICHAEL

suddenly loses his footing and drops. He's come upon a hill. He hits the ground and begins to tumble wildly out of control. Head over heels, smashing through brush and branches, falling, rolling. He drops the pistol but is lucky enough to make it to the bottom of the hill with his life.

(CONTINUED)

WAYNE

hears the CLATTER and moves in that direction.

MICHAEL

moans and grabs his knee. It's killing him, but he knows he's got to keep moving. He stands, looks for the pistol, can't find it. He's gotta go.

50 EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

50

Michael run-stumbles up a grassy slope. He looks back expecting to see Wayne when he trips, falls, and lands hard on a slab of pavement.

Pavement in the middle of nowhere?

Light illuminates his face, he looks up--a pair of headlights speed toward him. The pavement is a road! A bumper is aimed right at his head. No action can save him. The car is upon him.

The tires lock up. The car vibrates violently as it SKIDS. Michael sucks in one last gulp of cold night air.

Friction burns static rubber--the sound of the tires is deafening.

S C R E E C H !

CUT TO:

WAYNE

hears the vehicle.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

braces for impact. The car SKIDS toward him. Michael grabs his head. The car stops LESS THAN A QUARTER INCH from his skull.

Dust from the road and smoke from the tires envelop Michael in a choking white cloud. Eyes closed, heart pounding, he sits motionless. He hears only the soft humming sound of a well tuned V-8.

Slowly he opens his eyes and finds himself nose to nose with the shiny chrome bumper of a black 1967 Buick.

The driver's door opens and a pair of black lizard skin cowboy boots step out onto the road.

(CONTINUED)

Michael watches as the MAN wearing them walks up to the front of the car and stands over him. Michael looks up. He can barely make out the man's features through the dust, but he knows one thing--he's big. The Man looks down at him.

MAN

What the fuck are you doin'?

MICHAEL

(thinks fast)

My car broke down...

MAN

(looks around)

Where? I don't see a car.

MICHAEL

It's just over that ridge.

The Man kneels down and looks directly at Michael.

MAN

Well you're one lucky son of a bitch, aren't you? If I hadn't just had my brakes done--I'd be pickin' your brains outta my radiator.

(visualizes it)

Fuck...

Michael doesn't know what to say. He hears a CRACKLE of branches coming down the hillside. It must be Wayne.

MICHAEL

Ah... think I could trouble you for a ride?

MAN

I don't know.

(looks him over)

You're not "dangerous" are you?

MICHAEL

No--I just need a ride...

The Man stands, so does Michael.

MICHAEL

...you can drop me off at the nearest gas station.

MAN

(takes his time)

Okay, cowboy, you got yourself a ride.

Wayne slides down the hillside through the trees. He comes across the pistol that Michael dropped. He reaches down and picks it up. He knows he's on the right track. The low hum of a car engine in the distance gets his attention. He watches as...

WAYNE'S POV:

...Michael and the Man climb into the Buick.

BACK TO:

WAYNE

WAYNE

Damn.

BACK TO:

THE BUICK

as Michael closes the passenger door the CAMERA DOLLIES PAST the rear brake light TO REVEAL: the license plate--it's from TEXAS! The Man drops it into gear and drives off down the dark deserted highway.

MOMENTS LATER:

Michael holds his right leg straight out in front of him. He's rolled up his pant leg and is loosening the tension on his knee brace. His knee hurts, but he'll be okay.

MAN

What happened to your car?

Michael takes a closer look at the Man that almost ran him over. He's a tough, intimidating man in his early 40's. He taps an Old Gold on the dash board and lights up.

MICHAEL

I broke a belt.

(changes the subject)

Could you spare a smoke?

The Man slides the pack across the dash board to Michael.

MAN

Help yourself.

Michael lights up. The Man takes a closer look at him. He can't help but notice Michael's leg.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

You banged that up pretty good,
how'd ya do it?

MICHAEL

I was in the Marine Corps.

The Man smiles a devilish, knowing grin.

MAN

No shit?

Michael watches as he rolls up his sleeve and reveals a
"USMC" tattoo exactly like Michael's.

MAN

I was with the 29th in Nam. We
were one of the last ground units
to see action.

(beat)

What'd you do?

Michael doesn't like to talk about it, but he doesn't want
to offend his ride.

MICHAEL

I was with the 4th in Lebanon.

MAN

The truck bomb thing? You were
there?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

MAN

Holy shit.

(thinks)

You weren't in the building they
hit, were you?

Michael nods. The Man looks down at Michael's knee.

MAN

Damn. You're lucky.

MICHAEL

I know.

(thinks)

Two hundred and forty four guys
weren't.

Michael pulls his pant leg down and smokes his cigarette in
silence.

The Buick rolls into the very place Michael is so desperate to get away from. The town of Red Rock.

The Man slows down and drives up to the Red Rock Bar.

MICHAEL

You're not stoppin' here are you?

MAN

Yeah, I got a little business to take care of, and then I wanna buy you a drink.

He stops the car in the parking lot. Michael tries to remain calm.

MICHAEL

Thanks, but I should get going.

Michael makes a move to open the door.

MAN

Hey, I nearly greased your can back there. The least I can do is buy you a beer.

MICHAEL

I'd like to join you, but I really should get my car.

MAN

Tell you what. Let me buy you a beer and then I'll help ya get your car.

MICHAEL

That's okay, you've done enough.

The Man slides across the seat toward Michael. He is within easy striking distance.

MAN

I said I'd help you get your car.

MICHAEL

That's alright.

MAN

What is this? You don't want to drink with me? I'm not good enough to buy you a beer?

The Man stares Michael straight in the eyes.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

No, it's not that, it's...

MAN

(dead serious)

Then what's your fuckin' problem?

Michael realizes the guy's not playing with a full deck. He's stuck. He'll have a quick drink and find another way out of town.

MICHAEL

Okay... you're right. I can get the car later.

The Man's devilish grin quickly returns to his face.

MAN

That's it, that's more like it.

55 INT. RED ROCK BAR - NIGHT

55

The place is busy for a Tuesday night: a few woman, mostly men. Michael and the Man walk in and up to the bar. Michael stays cool and alert as he scans the room looking for anyone who might recognize him. It seems safe for the moment.

The BARTENDER walks up to them.

BARTENDER

What'll you have?

MAN

Give me a shot of Jack and a bottle of Bud.

BARTENDER

(to Michael)

How about you?

MICHAEL

The same.

The Bartender begins to fill their order.

MAN

You know...

(thinks)

...that never should have happened what happened to you and our guys over there in Lebanon.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Yeah...well what are you gonna do...ya give it your best, right?

MAN

(smiles, he likes this guy)

Right.

The Bartender sets down two shots of whiskey. The Man picks his up and hoists it for a toast.

MAN

Semper fi.

MICHAEL

(half-heartedly)

Semper fi.

They CLINK and drink. The Bartender sets two longneck bottles of Bud down on the bar.

BARTENDER

That'll be six fifty.

The Man pulls his wallet out and hands the Bartender a twenty.

MAN

(to the Bartender)

Say, is a guy named Wayne here?

BARTENDER

You mean the owner?

MAN

Yeah. That's him, Wayne Brown.

Michael listens carefully as the Bartender rings up the sale.

BARTENDER

Sorry, he's out.

MAN

Damn, he's probably out looking for me. I was supposed to be here last week.

The Man chuckles as the Bartender hands him his change. Michael doesn't like the sound of this.

BARTENDER

I can call him if it's important.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Would ya? I'd appreciate it. Tell him Lyle from Dallas finally made it. He'll know who you mean.

The Man tips the Bartender two bucks.

BARTENDER

Sure thing.

Michael's chest tightens as he realizes who he's sitting next to. The Bartender walks off to make the call.

LYLE FROM DALLAS turns to Michael and extends his hand.

LYLE

By the way, I never did catch you're name.

Michael keeps his composure and extends his hand.

MICHAEL

Michael.

They shake hands.

LYLE

Nice to meet you Michael.

MICHAEL

Like wise.

(beat)

Hey, I gotta use the head. I'll be right back.

56 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

56

Michael throws open the bathroom door. Out of anger and frustration he punches one of the stalls. It BANGS open. No one notices; he's all alone. He turns and sees his reflection in the mirror.

MICHAEL

(to himself)

Way to go Mike.

He flips on the sink and splashes cold water on his face in an effort to clear his thoughts.

It works. More collected now he opens the door--just a crack--enough to see...

MICHAEL'S POV THROUGH THE DOOR:

(CONTINUED)

...Wayne, tired and angry, walks up to Lyle and shakes his hand, skeptically. They begin to talk like two people who've never met before.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

realizes that the worst thing that could happen--just happened. He watches as...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...Lyle listens to Wayne and slowly begins to realize who he's been drinking with. He turns and looks towards the bathroom. Michael shuts the door.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

knows he's been found out. He scans the bathroom for options. He spots a small window five feet off the floor. It's his only hope. He throws it open and quickly pulls himself through the opening, just as...

Lyle KICKS open the bathroom door and draws a .45 automatic pistol--standard military issue. He walks in and cautiously looks around the bathroom.

He notices the open window, puts two and two together, and rushes to the window. He looks out. There's no sign of Michael.

57 EXT. RED ROCK BAR - NIGHT

57

Lyle and Wayne hustle out of the bar looking in all directions. Michael is nowhere to be seen.

WAYNE

I'll check around back. He
couldn't have gone far.

Wayne runs off around the building. Lyle begins to search under and around cars in the parking lot. The CAMERA CRANES UP TO REVEAL Michael hiding on the roof of the bar. He's watching Lyle's every move and knows he can't afford to wait them out. He's gotta keep moving. He needs a plan.

Just then one walks out of the bar.

ANGLE ON TWO MEN:

Buddies that have been drinking since they got off work. They talk as they walk to their vehicles in the parking lot.

(CONTINUED)

One of them is driving a large delivery truck that happens to be parked next to the building--close, but too far to jump.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

takes a quick inventory of what's on top of the building as the men continue their drunken chatter. He spots a small pile of building supplies near a refrigeration unit that's been under repair.

58 EXT. RED ROCK BAR - NIGHT

58

Lyle walks over to the side of the bar near the bathroom window. He's looking for a clue that might reveal how Michael managed to disappear.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

quietly rummages through the supplies and finds a twelve foot 2X4. It might work. He runs it over to the position nearest the truck.

BACK TO:

LYLE

can't figure out how Michael just vanished. He notices a large electrical box. Thick conduit runs out of it, up the wall, and onto the roof. The pipe is wrapped with so much metal strapping that it forms a climbable ladder.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

slides the board out over the edge of the building until it reaches the top of the truck.

THE DRIVER

says "good night" to his friend and hops into the truck.

MICHAEL

puts a foot on the board to check it's stability.

THE DRIVER

starts the truck.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL'S

got to go. Satisfied that the board seems steady, he tightropes across it.

THE DRIVER

turns on the lights.

LYLE

climbs up the side of the building.

MICHAEL'S

heart races as he teeters across the board and makes it to the truck. Quickly, he slides the board onto the roof of the truck without making a sound.

LYLE

pulls himself onto the roof of the bar.

THE DRIVER

drops it in gear and drives out of the parking lot, unaware of his extra cargo.

LYLE

draws his pistol and scans the rooftop as the truck drives away. He doesn't notice the truck or Michael.

59 EXT. TRUCK - DRIVING - NIGHT

59

Michael lays flat on top of the truck until the bar is out of sight. He sits up and looks back to make sure he's not being followed. He sees no one.

Michael is unaware that the truck is approaching an intersection. The stop light is on a collision course with the back of Michael's head--unless he ducks. Closer and closer it comes until finally he turns, sees...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...the light as it changes to yellow.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

ducks, rolls--WHOOOSH! He manages to hold on.

The truck rolls out of Red Rock and into the night.

The Driver barrels down the road listening to his favorite "Country Western" radio station.

KA-CLOMP, CLOMP, CLOMP, the Driver notices a strange banging noise. He looks over. A hand reaches down from the top of the cab. The Driver's heart almost stops. It's Michael.

The Driver SLAMS on the brakes.

Michael is thrown, but holds on to the truck precariously as...

...the big delivery truck SKIDS to a complete stop in the middle of the highway. The 2X4 that Michael used to climb onto the truck rockets forward and bounces down the road.

The Driver leaps out of the truck, backs away aiming a pistol at Michael. It's obvious that he's had too much to drink.

DRIVER

(irate)

What the fuc--WHAT THE FUCK are you doin' on my truck?!

Great, it's another nut job with a gun. What next? Michael puts his hands in the air.

DRIVER

Well don't just sit there. Get the fuck off a my truck b'fore I shoot you in the ass, fucker.

MICHAEL

Sorry Mister, I didn't mean to scare you.

DRIVER

What?

MICHAEL

I didn't mean to scare you.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

Scare me, hell, I nearly shit my shorts.

MICHAEL

I was just trying to ditch my old lady.

DRIVER

What?

MICHAEL

I was just tryin'...

DRIVER

I heard ya the first time.

MICHAEL

She caught me at the bar, I wasn't supposed to be there.

DRIVER

So you got on top of my truck?

MICHAEL

Yeah, I just had to get the hell oughta there.

DRIVER

That's kinda stupid ain't it?

MICHAEL

Yeah, it is. But, you've never met my wife.

The Driver thinks, then laughs. Michael laughs with him.

64 EXT. BROWN RANCH ROAD - NIGHT

64

The delivery truck comes to a stop near a drive that leads to the Brown Ranch. Michael jumps out, thanks the guy for the ride and starts walking towards the house.

65 EXT. BROWN RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

65

Michael approaches the house cautiously. Most of the lights are on. He peers in a window. No one's in sight. He rings the doorbell. No one answers. He tries the front door. It's locked.

He moves along the side of the house looking through windows as he goes.

Strange; it appears as if no one's home.

Michael tries the rear sliding door; it's locked. He looks around and notices a second story balcony. He looks over and sees a nearby trellis--an easy ladder. He scales it.

Michael lifts himself onto the balcony. There's a sliding glass door. The curtains are partially drawn. He walks up and peers into...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...a large bedroom. There are several suitcases laid out on the bed. Suzanne, just out of the shower, has a towel wrapped tightly around her shapely figure. She is blow drying her hair.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

tries the door. It's not locked. He slides it open and walks in.

Suzanne looks up, startled, then recognizes Michael's face.

SUZANNE

Something wrong with the front door?

MICHAEL

Yeah, it's locked.

She sets the blow dryer down and lets her long hair fall seductively across her bare shoulders.

SUZANNE

Well, is he...?

MICHAEL

No.

SUZANNE

How come?

MICHAEL

Because I'm not who I said I was.

SUZANNE

(confused)

Okay--then who are you?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Well... it's kind of hard to explain.

(thinks)

You see, this morning I was just looking for a job. I walked into your husband's bar and he mistook me for this other guy. He offered me a job and I took it before I knew what it was.

SUZANNE

So you're not a killer.

MICHAEL

No...

(concerned)

...but the guy I'm suppose to be just drove into town.

SUZANNE

I see...

Suzanne sits down on the bed, picks up a cigarette, and crosses her long shapely legs.

SUZANNE

...and so suddenly my life's in danger again, right?

MICHAEL

Right.

This is not the reaction Michael was expecting.

SUZANNE

(she lights her smoke)

You really expect me to believe this?

Her figure strains the confines of the towel. She looks like she's about ready to bust out of it.

MICHAEL

Look, this is serious. Your friend, the ranch hand? He's been shot.

SUZANNE

(concerned)

You mean Kurt?

MICHAEL

Yeah, that's his name. I found him on the road and took him to the hospital.

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE
(stunned)
You're kidding...

MICHAEL
I wish I was.

Suzanne seems deeply concerned.

SUZANNE
Is he okay?

MICHAEL
Yeah, the Doctor said he's gonna
make it.

SUZANNE
Do they know who shot him?

MICHAEL
No; he was unconscious. But I
wouldn't be surprised to find out
that your husband had something to
do with it... would you?

Suzanne is without words.

MICHAEL
Sorry.

He turns and walks out the door.

SUZANNE
Hey... wait.

69 INT. BROWN RANCH HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

69

Michael walks out of the bedroom and is on his way down the
stairs when he notices...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...the black Buick roll up the driveway and stop in front of
the house.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

MICHAEL
(to himself)
Here we go again.

Michael rushes into the bedroom. Suzanne has just started getting dressed. She grabs the towel and covers herself.

MICHAEL

Get ready to move.

He sees the clothes she was wearing earlier laid over the back of a chair. He grabs them and tosses them to her.

MICHAEL

The guy I was telling you
about--he's here.

She hesitates--decides he's for real, and starts dressing.

Lyle slips on a pair of black leather gloves. He pulls a key out of his pocket and lets himself in the front door.

Michael hides in the hallway at the top of the stairs--keeping an eye on Lyle as he makes his way...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...into the living room. Lyle walks through the room, gun ready, confident, yet cautious.

BACK TO:

SUZANNE

is unaware that Lyle is in the house. She moves around the bedroom making noise as she dresses. Michael tries to signal her, but it's too late.

LYLE

listens. He realizes that someone is on the second floor.

Michael slips into the room. He SHUSHES Suzanne.

MICHAEL

(very quietly)
He's in the house.

She's finished dressing. She stops and becomes instantly silent.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

(quietly)

Go to the balcony, stay there. If anything happens, don't think--run.

She walks quietly to the sliding door, opens it and steps out.

74 INT. BROWN RANCH HOUSE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

74

Lyle makes his way up the stairs.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

needs a plan. He notices that the adjoining master bathroom has a large jacuzzi. He walks over to it and turns it on.

BACK TO:

LYLE

arrives at the top of the stairs. He hears the JACUZZI BEING TURNED ON. He figures that's gotta be Suzanne. He follows the sound.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

looks around the room for a weapon. He sees a small bronze statue of a bucking horse. He grabs it.

BACK TO:

LYLE

opens the door of the bedroom. He sees no one. He moves into the room cautiously and notices all of the suitcases. He looks around until he sees...

LYLE'S POV:

...the bathroom door partially opened. A bathrobe lies on the floor next to the jacuzzi.

BACK TO:

LYLE

raises his pistol and moves in on the door. He uses his foot to push it open.

He looks in: there's no one there!

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly--in the mirror behind the jacuzzi--he sees movement. It's Michael. Lyle turns. Michael's faster--he hurls the statue.

W H A M !

It glances off Lyle's forehead.

Lyle is stunned. He staggers, but does not go down. Michael unloads a hard right to his chin. WHAM! Lyle spins and hits the floor of the bathroom--out cold.

Suzanne rushes in from the balcony. She's seen the whole thing.

SUZANNE

Is that him?

Michael grabs Lyle's pistol.

MICHAEL

Yeah.

He checks the clip. It's loaded.

SUZANNE

(to herself)

That bastard.

Michael shoves the gun into his pants as he heads for the door.

75 INT. BROWN RANCH HOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT

75

Michael moves quickly down the stairs. Suzanne follows him, but stops at the top of the stairs.

SUZANNE

Where are you going?

MICHAEL

I don't want to be here when he wakes up. Do you?

Michael walks out the door. She thinks through her options.

76 EXT. BROWN RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

76

Michael walks up to the Buick. He looks inside. No keys. They must be in Lyle's pocket. He goes back to get them.

Suzanne meets him at the front door. She has a set of car keys in her hand.

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE

There's a Jeep in the garage. Let me grab a coat and I'll be right out.

She hands him the keys. He looks into her eyes, she smiles. He takes the keys. She turns and walks into the house. He's won her trust.

ANGLE ON THE BUICK

Michael locates the distributor cap and yanks it loose. He hurls it into a nearby field and slams the hood.

CUT TO:

77 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

77

MOMENTS LATER:

Michael flips on the headlights as he starts up the Wagoneer. Suzanne climbs in the passenger side.

78 INT. WAGONEER - NIGHT

78

Michael looks down at the instrument panel...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...the gas gage is on "E".

- BACK TO:

MICHAEL

taps the gage. It's still on "E".

MICHAEL

(mutters)

Fuckin' story of my life.

(to Suzanne)

What kind of mileage to you get in this thing?

SUZANNE

Why?

MICHAEL

We're almost out of gas.

He throws it into reverse and pulls out of the garage.

They roar out of the driveway past the Buick and down the road to the highway.

He slows to a stop. They've reached the highway.

MICHAEL

Which way is the nearest town?

SUZANNE

(thinks)

Medicine Bow is about forty miles that way.

(she points to the right)

MICHAEL

Is there a Sheriff there?

SUZANNE

Yeah. You're not thinking about going to the police are you?

Michael cranks the wheel and hits the gas.

MICHAEL

Yeah. I wanna get this thing cleared up before anyone else gets hurt.

SUZANNE

What are you going to tell them?

MICHAEL

The truth.

SUZANNE

You're sure about that?

Michael looks at her.

SUZANNE

It's gonna be your word against Wayne's. Who do you think they're gonna believe? You, or the Sheriff of Red Rock County?

MICHAEL

He's not above the law.

SUZANNE

Right--he is the law.

MICHAEL

Okay... what do you suggest?

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE

I suggest we get as far away from here as possible.

MICHAEL

That's it? You're just gonna leave?

SUZANNE

Yeah... what the hell do I have that's worth goin' back for?

She's had a rough day too. Michael can't help but feel a little sorry for her.

81 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

81

The Wagoneer speeds over a hill leaving the town of Red Rock far behind.

82 EXT. JUNCTION 235 - NIGHT

82

Junction 235 is where Secondary 487 joins the real world: Interstate 80. I-80 is a major truck route through Southern Wyoming and even though the junction is only a motel, bar, gas station and cafe, it is busy 24 hours a day; 365 days a year.

83 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

83

Michael pumps gas into the Wagoneer. Suzanne walks out of the ladies room and joins him.

SUZANNE

I hate to bring this up, but you don't happen to have that money I gave you, do you?

MICHAEL

Sorry, it was in my car. Wayne's Deputies must have it by now.

She takes the news pretty well; at this point she's just lucky to be alive.

SUZANNE

How you gonna pay for that gas?

MICHAEL

I got about eighty bucks left.

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE
(sarcastically)
Great.

She looks around. She notices...

SUZANNE'S POV:

...Kirby's Bar. A road side bar with a parking lot full of
pick up trucks.

BACK TO:

SUZANNE

SUZANNE
(to Michael)
Can I see your wallet?

Michael hands it over, after all; it is her money. She
flips it open.

SUZANNE
(sees his drivers
license)
Michael...
(she takes three 20's out
and hands it back to him)
I like it better than Lyle.

She turns and walks off towards the bar. Michael looks at
the pump...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...as the amount passes the eighteen dollar mark.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

stops the pump.

MICHAEL
(to Suzanne)
Hey, where are you goin'?

SUZANNE

turns and faces Michael as she walks backwards.

SUZANNE
Gonna buy myself a drink.

She spins around and keeps walking.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

checks his wallet. He's got...

INSERT MICHAEL'S WALLET

...nineteen dollars to pay for the gas.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. JUNCTION - NIGHT

84

MOMENTS LATER:

Michael pulls the Wagoneer up next to an old garage behind the bar and kills the engine. From here it is almost impossible to see the Wagoneer from the road. Michael climbs out and heads for the bar. He stops, realizing he could take off if he wanted to...

85 INT. KIRBY'S BAR - NIGHT

85

A typical western bar: juke box, pool table, and a handfull of RANCH HANDS.

Michael walks in the back door. He's decided to stay. He sees Suzanne sitting at the bar talking to a TALL RANCH HAND. There are a couple of empty glasses in front of her. Obviously the guy has been buying her drinks. Michael walks up to the bar.

MICHAEL

(to Suzanne)

This seat taken?

Suzanne looks up at Michael.

SUZANNE

(smiles)

No, saved it just for you.

Michael gives the Tall Ranch Hand a hard, unfriendly look like he's not welcome.

SUZANNE

Michael this is Charlie, Charlie
this is Michael.

The Tall Ranch Hand puts out his hand. He and Michael shake.

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE

He's on his way to Oregon...
(to the Tall Ranch Hand)
...right?

TALL RANCH HAND

That's right.

MICHAEL

Well have a safe trip, Charlie.

Michael sits down next to Suzanne.

TALL RANCH HAND

Yeah...

(checks his watch)

In fact I think it's about that
time. You folks have a nice
evening.

SUZANNE

Thanks for the drink.

TALL RANCH HAND

My pleasure.

The Tall Ranch Hand walks to the other end of the bar where
he left his coat. Suzanne turns to Michael.

SUZANNE

You want a drink?

MICHAEL

No, don't you think we should get
going.

SUZANNE

Oh come on, relax. Have a beer.

MICHAEL

No thanks.

SUZANNE

What's one beer?

Michael is beginning to realize that this woman has an
amazing effect on him; all she has to do is look at him. He
gives in--what the hell, what's one beer?

MICHAEL

Okay.

Suzanne smiles at Michael and waves down the BARTENDER.

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE
(to the Bartender)
Give this man the coldest bottle of
beer you've got.
(to Michael)
Budweiser?

MICHAEL
Sure.

BARTENDER
Comin' right up.

SUZANNE
You know Michael...
(sincerely)
...I realize you didn't have to
come back for me. You could've
just left, but you didn't... did
you.
(takes his hand)
...thanks.

She leans over and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

The Tall Ranch Hand at the other end of the bar realizes she
won't be going anywhere with him. He heads for the door.

Her lips are softer than Michael had imagined; but then, he
never thought a woman like Suzanne would ever kiss a guy
like him.

The Bartender sets down Michael's Bud.

BARTENDER
That'll be one twenty-five.

Suzanne slides the Bartender a twenty and he walks off to
make change.

SUZANNE
You must think I'm pretty awful,
huh?

MICHAEL
Why's that?

SUZANNE
Well...
(takes her time)
I did ask you to... you know, that
thing with Wayne?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Right... well under the
circumstances, I can't say as blame
ya.

SUZANNE

(smiles)

You're a nice guy aren't you
Michael?

MICHAEL

Try to be.

She raises her drink to toast Michael. He grabs his beer.

SUZANNE

Well, I'm glad you are.

They CLINK and drink. Suzanne tosses back a shot of
Tequila.

SUZANNE

(breaths in deeply)

God I love Tequila. Maybe that's
what we oughta do--go to Mexico.
Ever been there?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

SUZANNE

What's it like?

MICHAEL

Hot.

SUZANNE

(laughs)

Sounds perfect.

MICHAEL

(changes the subject)

Can I ask you something?

SUZANNE

Sure.

MICHAEL

Why did Wayne try to... ah...

SUZANNE

...get rid of me?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

The BARTENDER brings Suzanne her change.

SUZANNE
(to the Bartender)
I'll have another shot.
(to Michael)
You want one?

MICHAEL
Yeah, why not.

BARTENDER
Tequila?

MICHAEL
Jack Daniels.

BARTENDER
You got it.

He walks off to fill the order.

SUZANNE
Unfortunately, I'm afraid it's all
about money...
(sighs)
...my parents were killed in a car
accident several years ago and
because of the various
circumstances, of which I won't
bore you with, I received a fairly
large insurance settlement.
(beat)
Wayne and I were living in Denver
at the time. We were getting kind
of fed up with it, so we decided to
move. We looked around, found Red
Rock, and we've been here ever
since.

The Bartender walks two shots over to Michael. Suzanne
slides him a five.

BARTENDER
Thanks.

MICHAEL
Thank you.

Suzanne picks up a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE

Our marriage was fine at first, but what can I say--people change. It hasn't worked for a couple years now.

(Michael lights her
cigarette)

Wayne probably figured that if he divorced me he'd end up with nothing.

(sips her tequila)

But if I'm dead, he gets to keep it all.

She tosses back the rest of her Tequila.

MICHAEL

That's kind of hard to imagine.

SUZANNE

(laughs)

Yeah, well that's Wayne. I'll be right back.

She stands and walks to the Ladies room. Michael watches her reflection in the mirror. She's got a really great figure.

86 EXT. REAR OF BAR - NIGHT

86

LATER:

Michael walks Suzanne out to the garage. They've both had plenty to drink. Suzanne seems fairly drunk.

SUZANNE

Michael, I know what. Let's go to Mexico. Whadda ya say? You want to go to Mexico with me?

MICHAEL

Now?

SUZANNE

Yeah. Right now.

She leans against the Wagoneer.

MICHAEL

In our present condition, I don't think we'd get too far.

He opens her door.

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE
Whadda you think we should do?

MICHAEL
Get a cup of coffee?

The idea doesn't sit well with Suzanne. She looks over Michael's shoulder and see a motel.

SUZANNE
I've got a better idea.

Michael follows her eyes.

MICHAEL
What's that?

SUZANNE
Wayne's credit card.

Michael looks at Suzanne, she smiles mischievously.

87 EXT. MOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

87

Ice dumps into a bucket. Michael grabs the ice and a can of soda and walks down the sidewalk.

88 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

88

Michael opens the door and steps into the room. It's dark but Michael is able to see Suzanne's boots and jeans laying on the floor. The only light comes from a lamp next to the bed. Suzanne has thrown the covers back and is kneeling on the sheets. Michael watches as she begins to unbutton her shirt.

MICHAEL
I see you're feeling a little better.

SUZANNE
(seductively)
Yeah.

Michael sets the ice and the soda down on the dresser next to a pint of whiskey.

She unbuttons the last button and lets her shirt fall off her shoulders. She is wearing white lace panties and a bra. She feels Michael's eyes on her skin. It excites her. Her figure is even more voluptuous than he'd imagined.

SUZANNE
Are you gonna fix me a drink?

(CONTINUED)

He turns his back on her and cracks open the soda.

MICHAEL

Maybe you've had enough?

He drops ice into a glass and pours soda over the cubes.

SUZANNE

Maybe.

He looks up. He can see her reflection in the mirror in front of him. She is laying on her back. Her hands move down her sides to her panties. Her thumbs slip in underneath the lacy waistband and slide the cloth across her hip bone and up along her silky thighs. Michael tries to look away but he can't.

MICHAEL

What about your boyfriend? You've been pretty quiet about him.

Michael watches as the panties pause for a moment over her raised knees then slide down her supple calves. With a flick of her foot the panties fall freely to the floor.

SUZANNE

I don't know what Wayne told you, but he's not my boyfriend. We had a... thing, but it's over. It's been over for a long time.

He turns around and faces her.

SUZANNE

Is something wrong? I thought you liked me.

Michael walks the drink over to the bed. She sits up. She rises to her knees just opposite Michael. Instead of reaching for the drink she unhooks her bra and lets it slide off her shoulders.

MICHAEL

I do.

She puts her arms across Michael's shoulders.

SUZANNE

Well?

MICHAEL

I try to make a point of staying away from married women.

She draws herself a little closer to Michael.

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE

Why?

(softly)

Marriage is just a state of mind,
Michael.

She kisses him lightly on the lips.

MICHAEL

Not it Texas.

SUZANNE

We're not in Texas.

She presses her body tightly against his. She kisses him again. He gives in to her and returns the kiss. He tosses her drink aside and lays her down on the bed.

89 INT. MOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

89

Sun seeps in through the faded motel curtains. Michael is asleep in bed. Suzanne has just taken a shower. She walks out of the bathroom with wet hair and begins to dress. Michael stirs and wakes. He sees Suzanne dressing.

MICHAEL

(waking slowly)

What time is it?

Suzanne turns to Michael.

SUZANNE

Seven thirty.

MICHAEL

You're up early.

SUZANNE

Yeah, I couldn't sleep. I realized that no matter what I do, Wayne's always gonna be one step ahead of me. It's just a matter of time before he cancels my credit cards and closes my bank account. That's why we need some cash.

(she sits on the bed next
to Michael)

He always keeps some in his safe at the office. I've got a key and I know the combination, if we hurry--

MICHAEL

(cuts her off)

Wait a minute--you wanna go back to Red Rock?

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE

Yeah, I don't see as we have much choice, do you?

MICHAEL

(fully awake now)

You mean you're gonna just walk into Wayne's bar and take his money?

SUZANNE

It's "My" money.

MICHAEL

Okay, it's "Your" money.

(beat)

Don't you think that sound a little risky?

SUZANNE

No. In the past five years Wayne's never been to that bar once before ten thirty in the morning. If we hurry we can be there before nine.

MICHAEL

You're serious.

SUZANNE

Absolutely.

MICHAEL

(thinks)

Okay... let's say Wayne's asleep. What about that other guy?

SUZANNE

(smiles)

If you found out that the guy you were working for was the local Sheriff, would you stick around?

MICHAEL

I don't know Suzanne...

She leans over and gives him a kiss.

SUZANNE

(coaxing)

Come on Michael... I'm on my own now. I gotta take care of myself.

MICHAEL

Wouldn't it be easier to just rob a bank?

(CONTINUED)

She looks at him.

MICHAEL
(smiles)
Just kidding.

Suzanne smiles.

90 EXT. BROWN RANCH - MORNING

90

The Wagoneer is parked off to the side of the highway in front of the Brown Ranch. It is hidden from the view of the house by a cluster of trees and brush.

MICHAEL AND SUZANNE

peer through the brush. They see...

MICHAEL AND SUZANNE'S POV:

...the ranch house. Wayne's Bronco is parked nearby.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL AND SUZANNE

She looks at her watch.

SUZANNE
He won't be leaving for a least
another hour. That'll give us
plenty of time.

MICHAEL
Does he have another vehicle?

SUZANNE
Yeah, he's got a Lincoln, but he
never drives it.

MICHAEL
Okay, let's make this quick.

Cautiously they back away from the brush.

A CLOSER ANGLE

on the Bronco reveals it's damaged front end--a result of last night's "attempted escape". Fluids have dripped from the engine and formed a large puddle underneath the truck. THE CAMERA RACKS FOCUS to the road in front of the ranch as the Wagoneer drives away.

A DOOR OPENS OFF SCREEN. THE CAMERA PANS TO REVEAL Wayne walking out the front door of the house.

(CONTINUED)

He walks up to the Bronco, climbs in and turns the ignition. The Bronco WHINES, but does not start. The CAMERA RACKS FOCUS to reveal a Lincoln parked in the garage.

91 EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

91

The Wagoneer is parked in the alley behind the bar.

MICHAEL AND SUZANNE

hide behind a nearby garage. From where they stand they can see the bar and it's parking lot. It's empty. Cautiously they walk across the lot to the bar.

92 EXT. RED ROCK BAR - BACK DOOR - MORNING

92

Suzanne fumbles with the keys and the lock. Michael keeps an eye on the parking lot. No one has seen them. She opens the door, they go inside quickly.

93 INT. RED ROCK BAR - MORNING

93

They step into the dark hallway that leads to Wayne's office. Suzanne unlocks the office door and they go in completely unnoticed.

94 INT. WAYNE'S OFFICE - MORNING

94

Michael looks around the room. There's only one window. It's covered with venetian blinds and about six feet off the floor. He grabs a chair, parks it just below the window and stands on it. He parts the blinds and peers out. Through the anti-theft bars he can see the rear of the building.

Suzanne pushes Wayne's chair away from his desk and lifts up the floor mat. She runs her fingers along a smooth groove between two boards and pulls up a small trap door, revealing a hidden safe.

Her fingers quickly spin the dial on the door of the safe. She grabs the handle and tugs. Nothing happens. She pulls harder but the door won't budge.

MICHAEL

You sure you have the right combination?

SUZANNE

Yes.

MICHAEL

Could he have changed it?

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE
It's possible.
(frustrated)
Why don't you try.

Michael steps off the chair and joins Suzanne.

SUZANNE
Right 24.

Michael spins the lock on her cue.

SUZANNE
Left two turns to 87. Right to 56.
Left 12 and right 99.

Michael spins to the last number, hears a CLICK. He gives the handle a tug. The safe opens...

INSERT SAFE:

...revealing four bundles of hundred dollar bills--like the ones Wayne and Suzanne gave him--stacked on top of a collection of important papers, photographs and other personal belongings.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

grabs the cash and hands it to Suzanne. She looks like she's about to have a stroke.

SUZANNE
That's it?

MICHAEL
Yeah, let's go.

SUZANNE
I can't believe it.

Just then they hear A VEHICLE PULL UP TO THE REAR OF THE BUILDING. Michael grabs Suzanne's wrist and looks at her watch.

INSERT SUZANNE'S WATCH:

It's only 9:35.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

runs to the window and jumps on the chair.

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE

digs through the safe--there's no more money!

MICHAEL'S POV OUT THE WINDOW.

Wayne parks his Lincoln behind the building.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

MICHAEL

Son of a bitch.
(to Suzanne)
He's early.

Suzanne panics.

SUZANNE

(quietly)
Oh my god.

MICHAEL

(points to the safe)
Put it back the way it was.

He steps off the chair. Suzanne stuffs the money into her coat and closes the safe. Michael slides the chair back to where he found it. Suzanne puts the floor mat back. Michael looks around the room. He notices a shutter style door. He opens it: it's a closet. It'll have to do.

MICHAEL

(to Suzanne)
In here.

Suzanne rolls Wayne's chair back onto the floor mat. They hear Wayne ENTER THE HALLWAY just outside the office. Michael takes Lyle's .45 out of his waistband. He'd hoped it wouldn't come to this. Suzanne scrambles into the closet. Michael steps in behind her and quietly shuts the door.

The office door opens. Wayne walks into the room. He pauses, looks around for a moment; he senses that something is not right.

CUT TO:

MICHAEL AND SUZANNE

stand face to face in the closet too scared to breath.
Michael looks through the slats of the door as...

MICHAEL'S POV:

(CONTINUED)

...Wayne stops next to the chair Michael stood on. He realizes that the furniture in his office has been moved. He walks around his desk and notices a piece of paper--it's one that Suzanne, in her panic, failed to put back in the safe.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

realizes there might be a confrontation. He readies the pistol. Suzanne tries desperately not to move.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL'S POV:

Wayne picks up the slip of paper. He knows exactly where it came from and that Suzanne (the only other person to know the combination) had to have been there. He looks around the room. He sees the closet--it's the only place to hide. Just a hunch, he starts walking straight towards Michael and Suzanne.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

raises his pistol to Wayne's eye level. He watches as...

MICHAEL'S POV

...Wayne stops, he is about to reach for the door knob when there is a loud KNOCK at the front door. Wayne turns, as if expecting someone.

WAYNE
(calling out)
It's open.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

looks to the door as...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...it opens and Deputies Greytack and Bowman walk in--not who Wayne was expecting.

DEPUTY GREYTACK
Morning Wayne.

(CONTINUED)

WAYNE
(surprised)
Morning, what's up?

Greytack steps into the room. Bowman stays by the door.

DEPUTY GREYTACK
(matter of factly)
I got a call from the hospital last night. One of the Nurses was going through Kurt's clothing and she found this.

He takes a folded piece of paper out of his jacket.

WAYNE
How's he doin'?

DEPUTY GREYTACK
He's in critical condition, but the Doctor said he's gonna be okay.

He hands the paper to Wayne.

WAYNE
Did you get to talk to him?

DEPUTY GREYTACK
No, he's under heavy sedation, the Doctor said it'd be at least a couple of days.

Wayne takes a closer look at the paper; there's blood on it. He unfolds it and looks.

DEPUTY GREYTACK
I called the FBI, they're on their way.

Wayne is visibly startled.

DEPUTY GREYTACK
One point nine million dollars. I gotta hand it to you Wayne, or should I call you Kevin. That's a hell of a lot of cash to walk away with.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

looks at Suzanne. She holds her index finger up to her lips and makes a silent hush.

MICHAEL'S POV:

(CONTINUED)

Wayne stares at the paper, he can't believe he's been found out.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

can't see what's written on the paper. He's confused. What did Wayne do? He watches as...

MICHAEL'S POV:

DEPUTY GREYTACK

(to Wayne)

That ain't all.

(turns to Bowman)

Russ, you got that letter?

Deputy Bowman walks over to Greytack and hands him an envelope.

DEPUTY GREYTACK

This came in the mail this morning.

Wayne sets the paper down on the desk as Greytack hands him the letter.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

knows what it says; he recognizes it as the letter he mailed last night. Suzanne watches as...

MICHAEL AND SUZANNE'S POV:

...Wayne reads.

WAYNE

(from the letter)

"This is not a joke", what is this?

DEPUTY GREYTACK

I don't know Wayne, kind of suspect ain't it.

(beat)

Where's Suzanne?

WAYNE

This is ridiculous.

DEPUTY GREYTACK

Was Kurt blackmailing you?

(CONTINUED)

WAYNE
(incredulous)
What?

DEPUTY GREYTACK
Is that why you shot him?

Wayne takes a deep breath and collects himself.

WAYNE
Am I under arrest?

DEPUTY GREYTACK
Kind of looks that way doesn't it.

Greytack and Bowman are enjoying this; they never liked Wayne much anyway.

WAYNE
I'm not sayin' anything until I
talk to my lawyer.

DEPUTY GREYTACK
Okay Wayne--I mean Kevin--have it
your way. Let's go.

DEPUTY BOWMAN
Should I read him his rights?

DEPUTY GREYTACK
Na, I figure the Sheriff probably
knows 'em by know, don't you.

Wayne glares at Greytack.

DEPUTY BOWMAN
What about cuffs?

WAYNE
(put out)
Oh come on, that not's necessary.

DEPUTY GREYTACK
(might as well enjoy
this)
Go ahead.

Bowman walks around Wayne and cuffs him.

DEPUTY BOWMAN
(to Greytack)
I always thought it was a little
odd how they paid for everything in
cash.

(CONTINUED)

DEPUTY GREYTACK

Me too.

The Deputies walk Wayne out of the office.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL AND SUZANNE

wait until they're gone. Michael opens the door and walks directly to the piece of paper Wayne left on the desk.

INSERT PAPER:

It's an FBI "Most Wanted" poster. On it are photos of Wayne and Suzanne from about seven years ago. In bold print next to Wayne's I.D. photo it reads: "May be armed and dangerous." Suzanne is listed as an accomplice.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

MICHAEL

(reads from the poster)
Wanted for the theft of one point
nine million dollars from the
Benton and Barnes Steel Mill. Kevin
and Ann McCormick. May be armed
and dangerous.

He drops the poster onto the desk.

MICHAEL

Looks like the only thing you
didn't lie about is your marriage.

He tosses his gun onto a chair and heads for the door.

SUZANNE

Michael, wait. It's not like you
think.

He stops.

SUZANNE

It was Wayne. I had nothing to do
with it. One afternoon he came
home and said "pack your bags."
The next thing I know I'm on the
FBI's "Most Wanted" list.

(beat)

What could I do? I was married to
him--I was in love with him.

He turns and walks to the door.

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE

Michael. There was supposed to be a half a million dollars in that safe.

He stops.

SUZANNE

He must have moved it. Help me find it... we can go to Mexico.

He turns to her.

SUZANNE

We could be together.
(pleading)

Please Michael. Don't leave me.

Michael looks at her, God she's beautiful. Just then the office door opens--Micheal turns--it's LYLE!

LYLE

(jovial)

Mike!

W H A M !

Lyle SNAPS Michael's head back with a solid right punch. Michael sees stars. He staggers back. His legs buckle. Lyle hooks him with a left uppercut, WHAM. The room spins as he...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...crashes to the floor. Lyle whips out his pistol and aims it at Suzanne.

LYLE

(laughs)

I guess that makes us even, huh cowboy?

Michael's head is throbbing, his eye lids droop as the screen...

FADES TO BLACK:

FADE UP:

Suzanne is sitting in a chair with her hands tied behind her back. Lyle has helped himself to a bottle of Wayne's good Scotch. He notices that Michael has regained consciousness.

LYLE

Afternoon Mike, have a nice nap?

(CONTINUED)

Michael sits up and feels his jaw--his face hurts. Lyle picks up the FBI "Most Wanted" poster and walks it over to Michael.

LYLE

You know, I spent half the night lookin' for that fuckin' distributor cap.

(he kneels down in front of Michael)

Normally shit like that really pisses me off, but not today, you know why? I'm in a good mood.

(he hands the poster to Michael)

Did you know these two were a couple of crooks?

Michael looks at the poster.

MICHAEL

No, I'm as surprised as you are.

Lyle sips the Scotch.

LYLE

Suzie here says Wayne use to be a bookkeeper at a steel mill in Illinois... and that he figured out how to walk out of the plant with two million dollars. She sez they still got a half million layin' around somewhere but that Wayner's the only one who knows where it is... is that true?

MICHAEL

That's what she told me.

He offers Michael the bottle. Michael's head is killing him. He takes it and throws back a mouthful.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

Lyle takes the bottle and stands up.

LYLE

(sighs)

Well, in that case, why don't we all pay Wayner a little visit and see if Suzie's story checks out.

(looks at Suzanne)

Okay?

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE

But he's in jail?

LYLE

Not for long.

95 INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - DAY

95

A bottle of Wayne's good Scotch gurgles out onto a pile of old boxes, newspapers and other debris stacked on top of an old worn mattress.

A match is struck and...

P H O O F !

Instant fire. Lyle waits to make certain it's burning.

96 INT. BUICK - DAY

96

The Buick is parked in the alley behind a dilapidated house on the outskirts of town. Michael and Suzanne sit in the back seat with their hands tied.

A case of Scotch rests on the seat between them. Michael is trying to loosen his ropes.

MICHAEL

Can you get your hands free?

SUZANNE

No, the rope's so tight my hands are falling asleep.

MICHAEL

Keep moving them.

SUZANNE

(sincerely)

Michael, I'm really sorry about this.

He looks up at her.

MICHAEL

Don't worry, we're gonna make it, okay.

(Suzanne smiles)

Just keep workin' those ropes.

97 EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - DAY

97

Smoke begins to roll out of the building as Lyle casually walks up to the car whistling. He hops in, winks at Suzanne and Michael and drives away--completely unnoticed.

The Buick rolls down Main Street. They pass the Sheriff's office: there's only one patrol car out front.

The phone R I N G S !

A JUNIOR DEPUTY, in his early 20's, is in the middle of eating lunch. He sets his turkey sandwich down and answers the phone.

JUNIOR DEPUTY
Sheriff's office.
(listens carefully)
Wait a minute, slow down, where?
(listens)
Okay, yeah, we'll be right there.

He turns to Greytack who is pouring himself another cup of coffee.

JUNIOR DEPUTY
That was Bob Pfennigs. He said the old Duncan place is on fire.

DEPUTY GREYTACK
(quick to respond)
You better call the volunteers,
I'll get Russ on the radio.

Greytack grabs his hat and heads for the door.

JUNIOR DEPUTY
You want me to come?

DEPUTY GREYTACK
No, stay put. I'll call if I need ya.

Greytack walks out the door. The young Deputy starts calling volunteers. This is a small, one room Sheriff's office like the one in Mayberry. There are two cells in the rear of the building. Wayne is in one of them. They don't have many fires in Red Rock. Wayne wonders what's going on.

Deputy Greytack climbs into his patrol car and drives away.

The CAMERA PANS TO REVEAL THE BUICK: parked on a nearby side street. Lyle and his hostages have seen Greytack go. He starts the car and drives past the front of the building--it's now or never.

101 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

101

The Buick stops in the alley behind the Sheriff's office.

102 INT. BUICK - ALLEY - DAY

102

Lyle kills the engine and pockets the keys. He looks at Michael and Suzanne's reflection in the rearview mirror.

LYLE

Don't go anywhere...I'll be right back.

Lyle climbs out of the car. Michael watches Lyle disappear around the corner of the building. He twists around and shoves the case of Scotch out of the way.

MICHAEL

See if you can loosen my ropes.

He positions his hands next to hers. Suzanne squirms around back to back, so their hands are touching.

103 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

103

Lyle looks in the front door. The Deputy is on the phone and Wayne's in his cell. Lyle walks towards the Deputy with his hands shoved deep in his pockets.

WAYNE

looks up. He sees his hired killer walking towards the Deputy.

THE DEPUTY

sees Lyle and nods "be right with ya". Lyle smiles and waits patiently. The Deputy finishes his call and hangs up the phone.

JUNIOR DEPUTY

Can I help you?

LYLE

Yeah.

In a instant Lyle draws his pistol, presses it against the Deputy's forehead and...

K A - B L A M !

The force of the impact topples the Deputy over backwards.

THE SHELL CASING

(CONTINUED)

flies out of the pistol and bounces across the linoleum floor.

WAYNE

stands, he can't believe it.

CUT TO:

MICHAEL AND SUZANNE

in the car. They've heard the gun shot.

BACK TO:

LYLE

looks down at the Deputy and then at his lunch. He picks up the sandwich and takes a bite.

LYLE

(tastes it)

Turkey.

(to Wayne)

One of my favorites.

104 EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - DAY

104

PEOPLE from all over town clamber around the fire. The dry wood of the old building has caught quickly and the entire structure is engulfed in hot orange flames.

VOLUNTEERS dig fire lines in the fields to prevent the blaze from spreading.

Greytack drives up and gets out of his car. Deputy Bowman is already there.

DEPUTY GREYTACK

What happened?

DEPUTY BOWMAN

Nobody knows.

DEPUTY GREYTACK

Anybody inside?

DEPUTY BOWMAN

Not that I know of.

Greytack looks around, he notices that just about everybody in Red Rock is standing around the fire.

(CONTINUED)

DEPUTY BOWMAN

The wind's not bad. And the water truck's on its way. I think we'll be able to contain it.

DEPUTY GREYTACK

Does anybody know how it started?

DEPUTY BOWMAN

Not that I know about.

Then it occurs to Greytack. The CAMERA PUSHES IN ON him as he realizes: Wayne is practically alone. He turns and runs for his car.

DEPUTY GREYTACK

(to Bowman)

Stay by your radio.

DEPUTY BOWMAN

Where ya goin'?

DEPUTY GREYTACK

The office.

Bowman's left standing there. He can't figure out why Greytack would leave the fire.

105 INT. BUICK - DAY

105

Suzanne struggles with Michael's ropes. His hands are almost free.

106 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

106

Lyle picks up his shell case and pockets it as he walks up to Wayne's cell. Wayne's scared; this guy is capable of anything. He watches Lyle take a bite of the Deputy's sandwich.

LYLE

I understand you're in possession of over a half million dollars, is that right?

Wayne is speechless.

LYLE

Okay, here's the deal.

(he takes a bite)

You can stay here and go back to Illinois--or--I can get you outta here right now in exchange for half the money.

(CONTINUED)

Wayne thinks and looks over at the dead Deputy.

LYLE

What's it gonna be Wayner?

WAYNE

Alright, get me outta here.

LYLE

Half the money, right?

WAYNE

Yeah.

LYLE

(smiles)

Okay. Where are the keys?

WAYNE

(points)

That third desk over there, top drawer on the right hand side.

CUT TO:

THE DRAWER

is pulled open revealing the keys to the cell and an extra set of handcuffs.

Lyle grabs the keys and cuffs and walks back to Wayne's cell. He holds out the cuffs.

LYLE

Put these on.

WAYNE

How come?

LYLE

It's part of the deal.

Wayne doesn't like it.

LYLE

Come on Wayner, we don't have all day. Take it or leave it.

Reluctantly Wayne grabs the cuffs.

107 EXT. GREYTACK'S PATROL CAR - DRIVING - DAY

107

Greytack roars through town.

Michael kicks open the passenger's door and runs around to the driver's side. He throws open the door and reaches for Suzanne.

LYLE (OFF SCREEN)
What is this? You think you're
John Wayne?

Michael turns to see Lyle and Wayne walk up to the car.

LYLE
(points with his gun)
Put her back in the car.

Michael helps her back in. Lyle shoves Wayne around to the other side of the car and stuffs him into the back seat next to Suzanne. Suzanne glares at Wayne.

LYLE
(to Michael)
You drive.

Michael slides in behind the wheel. Lyle tosses him the keys. Michael fires up the Buick.

The Buick rolls onto the street and pulls away from the Sheriff's office as Greytack races his patrol car up to the front door.

Lyle looks out the back window as Greytack jumps out of his car and runs into the office.

LYLE
(laughs)
Smart cop.

He turns around and looks out the front windshield as...

LYLE'S POV:

...they approach the train crossing at the edge of town.
The warning lights on the barrier start flashing.

BACK TO:

LYLE

looks out the rear window. If they stop there's a chance
they could get caught...

Greytack runs into the office. He sees the empty cell, draws his revolver and cautiously approaches the rear of the building.

DEPUTY GREYTACK
(calling out)
Hey Ted. Where the hell are you?
Ted?

He approaches the Junior Deputy's desk. He looks down and sees the Deputy.

DEPUTY GREYTACK
(pained)
Ted...

Michael eases off the gas to slow down for the train. Lyle shoves his gun into Michael's ribs and stomps his left foot down on top of Michael's right foot on the gas pedal.

LYLE
Just keep it on the road.

The car accelerates. Michael, Suzanne and Wayne realize that Lyle intends to beat the train.

MICHAEL'S POV:

The crossing barriers start to lower. The train is almost there.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

grips the wheel. He could use the brake. He looks at the speedometer as...

INSERT SPEEDOMETER:

...they hit 70 miles per hour and continue to build speed.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

realizes there's no stopping at this speed. He'll have to crash the barrier...

MICHAEL'S POV:

(CONTINUED)

...the barrier has just reached it's down position. Warning lights flash, bells RING.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

braces for impact. Suzanne sees her life passing before her. Wayne's thinking he was better off in jail.

Lyle SCREAMS at the top of his lungs.

K A - R A S H !

The Buick soars through the crossing--BASHES the wood barrier to splinters.

113 EXT. RAIL ROAD CROSSING - DAY

113

The airborne Buick BANGS to the pavement on the other side of the crossing as the train RUMBLES past. They made it.

114 EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

114

Greytack runs out of the office. He looks both ways. Not a soul in sight. He pays little attention to the freight train.

115 INT. BUICK - DRIVING - DAY

115

The windshield is cracked, but other than that, the Buick is in fine shape. Lyle, pumped with adrenaline, takes his foot off the gas and the car begins to slow down.

LYLE

Nice drivin' Mike. Feels good
doesn't it? That old V-8 purrs
like a cat.

He turns to Wayne and Suzanne in back.

LYLE

Hey, how's it feel--the happy
couple together again, huh? You
two got enough leg room?

Lyle laughs; he's having a great time. Wayne and Suzanne realize how desperate their situation has become. Lyle opens the case of Scotch and yanks out a new bottle.

LYLE

So where's the money Wayne?

(CONTINUED)

WAYNE
(dead serious)
Just stay on this road, I'll tell
you when to turn.

LYLE
(mimics Wayne)
Okay boss.

Lyle chuckles as he cracks open his Scotch. He takes a long
thirsty drink.

LYLE
Hey Wayne.
(turns to Wayne)
I just want to know one thing.
How'd you ever become Sheriff?

WAYNE
(reluctantly)
I was elected.

LYLE
You were elected? How'd you rig
that?

SUZANNE
(cuts in)
He bought ever voter in the county
a drink.

LYLE
(laughs)
No shit... maybe I oughta do that,
buy me a bar and run for Sheriff.
Whatta ya think Mike?

Michael keeps his eyes on the road. He's realized one thing
about Lyle, he'll never have to worry about retirement
because he'll never live that long.

LYLE
(to Michael)
You wanna a drink?

MICHAEL
Maybe later.

LYLE
Oh, Scotch ain't good enough.

Michael remembers the last time he refused a drink from this
man. He holds his hand out. Lyle hands him the bottle.
Michael can feel his eyes staring at him.

(CONTINUED)

LYLE
I knew a guy like you once.
(Michael takes a sip of
Scotch)
Always thought he was better than
everybody else.

Michael thinks to himself, "here we go again". Lyle grabs the Scotch.

LYLE
That's it ain't it Mike. You think
you're better than me don't ya?

Lyle whips his pistol out and aims it at Michael's head. Michael flinches but keeps the car on the road.

LYLE
(takes his time)
You think you're real hot shit,
don't ya Mike?
(beat)
Hey, who has the gun, cowboy?
(up a notch)
HUH?

Michael says nothing. Lyle aims the gun just in front of Michael's face. KA-BLAM!

Michael's window EXPLODES. Glass flies everywhere.

Michael instinctively ducks--the car swerves wildly. Suzanne SCREAMS. Wayne braces himself. Michael takes his foot off the gas and fights to regain control of the car. Lyle LAUGHS loudly. He shoves the smoking barrel up against Michael's temple.

LYLE
Keep your foot on the gas.

Michael holds back his instinct to fight and concentrates on the car and the road.

LYLE
(to Wayne)
Hey Sheriff, what happens to these
two?

Wayne looks over at Suzanne. She looks like she's ready to cry. She turns away.

WAYNE
We let 'em go.

LYLE
You sure about that?

(CONTINUED)

WAYNE

Yeah, no reason to kill 'em now.

Suzanne turns to Wayne. Maybe he still has feelings for her.

LYLE

(looks at Michael)

I don't know boss, I don't like loose ends.

Wayne says nothing. Lyle lowers the pistol. Michael keeps his eyes on the road. Suzanne looks at Wayne, he turns away.

116 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

116

The WAITRESS from the cafe next door sits at a desk with a two-way police radio and a phone. Greytack explains how it works. She's a little overwhelmed.

DEPUTY GREYTACK

(pointing at the equipment)

You see all these buttons, forget about 'em. All you have to do is push this one to talk, and let go to listen. Got it?

WAITRESS

Yeah.

DEPUTY GREYTACK

Good, don't worry. Len's on his way, and remember, don't touch anything until I get back, okay?

WAITRESS

Okay.

DEPUTY GREYTACK

Thanks Jane, I...

Just then Deputy Bowman rushes in the front door. He sees the body of the young Deputy. It's been covered with a sheet. Greytack heads for the door.

DEPUTY BOWMAN

What happened?

DEPUTY GREYTACK

I don't know. I just missed them...

Greytack walks out the front door.

Bowman follows Greytack.

DEPUTY GREYTACK
I called H.P., they're sending in
back up from Rawlins and Laramie.
You take 487 north, I'm gonna go
south.

DEPUTY BOWMAN
What are we lookin' for?

Greytack reaches his patrol car.

DEPUTY GREYTACK
Wayne.

DEPUTY BOWMAN
What kind of car is he in?

DEPUTY GREYTACK
(frustrated)
I don't know.

Greytack climbs into his car and fires up the engine.
Bowman is confused.

DEPUTY BOWMAN
Matt, ain't this a little like
tryin' to find a needle in a
haystack?

DEPUTY GREYTACK
(angry)
Yeah--you got any better ideas?

Bowman doesn't. Greytack punches the gas. His patrol car
races away from the Sheriff's office.

Wayne sits forward.

WAYNE
Okay, turn off the lights.

MICHAEL
What?

WAYNE
Turn off the headlights and take
this next left.

Michael turns off the lights and slows down.

(CONTINUED)

LYLE
What are we doin' Wayne?

WAYNE
(nods out the window)
See that house over there.

Michael and the others look...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...at a small wood frame house set away from the highway.
The lights are on. Someone's probably home.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

WAYNE
That's the Caretaker, I don't want
him to know we're here.

They turn on to a well maintained dirt road. Michael looks
around...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...the only thing down this dark road is a small cemetery.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

Lyle and Suzanne are confused.

LYLE
What is this?

WAYNE
The last place most people would
look.

Lyle starts laughing.

LYLE
Not bad Wayne.

119 EXT. RED ROCK CEMETERY - NIGHT

119

A light fog rolls in from the nearby river as the Buick
turns into the cemetery and drives past a row of old
tombstones.

Michael navigates down the narrow dirt road.

WAYNE

Just up ahead, there, and stop here.

Michael stops the car.

WAYNE

You got a shovel?

LYLE

Yeah, in the trunk.

He goes for the door.

WAYNE

When do I get these cuffs off?

LYLE

When I get the money.

(to Michael)

Come on Mike, time for a little exercise.

He opens his door.

WAYNE

Where you gonna dig?

LYLE

What do ya mean?

WAYNE

This is a big grave yard.

LYLE

What are sayin' Wayne?

Wayne holds up his cuffed hands.

WAYNE

Take these off and I'll point you in the right direction.

Lyle knows he's over a barrel.

Greytack speeds down the empty highway. His radio CRACKLES.

DEPUTY BOWMAN (O.S. ON RADIO)

Matt.

Greytack picks up the radio.

(CONTINUED)

DEPUTY GREYTACK (ON RADIO)

Yeah.

CUT TO:

122 EXT. RED ROCK BAR - NIGHT

122

Deputy Bowman is behind the wheel of his patrol car which is parked in front of Wayne's bar.

DEPUTY BOWMAN (ON RADIO)

I figured I'd better check out the bar since it was on the way. He hasn't been here.

BACK TO:

DEPUTY GREYTACK

DEPUTY GREYTACK (ON RADIO)

Good idea, maybe you ought to swing by his ranch as well.

BACK TO:

DEPUTY BOWMAN

DEPUTY BOWMAN (ON RADIO)

Sure thing.

He hits the gas and speeds away from the bar.

123 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

123

Fog hangs heavy over the old cemetery. The Buick is parked in a thick grove of trees. The headlights--turned back on--are barely visible from the road. They provide Michael enough light to see where he's digging. He uses a compact military shovel (from Lyle's trunk) to scoop dirt out of a recent grave. He's about three feet deep. He glances over at Suzanne.

Suzanne sits nearby on a large tombstone. Her hands are still tied. She looks at Michael. She remembers what he said about moving her hands. She wriggles the rope as much as she dare without attracting attention.

Wayne stands opposite her free of handcuffs. Lyle sits opposite Michael on the hood of his car smoking a cigarette and drinking Scotch from a bottle.

The four of them create an informal circle: no person is closer than fifteen feet to the next and no further than thirty.

(CONTINUED)

Wayne looks from Lyle to the road and then through the trees to the Caretaker's house...

WAYNE'S POV:

...about a hundred yards away.

BACK TO:

WAYNE

looks back over at Michael.

C L U N K !

Michael's hit something. He scrapes the dirt off a small metal chest. Chains have been wrapped around it. He grabs them and lifts it out of the ground. It's heavy.

Lyle slides off the car. He was beginning to think this might be a wild goose chase.

Michael flips the box over and sees...

INSERT BOX:

...that THREE paddle locks secure its entrance.

BACK TO:

SCENE:

LYLE

Takes a thief to know one--doesn't it Wayne.

Lyle walks up to the box.

LYLE

I hope you can remember the combinations.

Wayne walks up to Lyle.

WAYNE

I can.

(beat)

But before I open it--you gotta put the gun down.

LYLE

What, you don't trust me?

(CONTINUED)

WAYNE

Yeah, I trust you--but it's like you said, we're partners, right? I don't have one so I figure you shouldn't have one.

(remembering Lyle's earlier words)

That's MY deal. Take it or leave it.

Michael and Suzanne look at Wayne like he's lost his mind. Lyle's a little surprised too.

LYLE

(laughs)

What's to stop me from shootin' the locks off, or better yet, I shoot you and throw the box in the trunk?

WAYNE

You could do that.

(beat)

But that old Caretaker's pretty fussy about this place. He hears a gunshot and you can be certain he'll call the deputies--or--just show up with his shotgun.

(beat)

Either way, it'd be kinda messy.

Michael knows something's going to happen; he just doesn't know when. He keeps his eyes open for an opportunity.

LYLE

(takes his time)

Wayne, you know I think you're gettin' the wrong idea about me. I'm not greedy. Fair is fair, right partner?

WAYNE

Right.

LYLE

Alright.

(smiles)

Let's get that box open.

Lyle steps to the center of the circle and lays his pistol on the grass. Michael watches as...

MICHAEL'S POV:

(CONTINUED)

...Lyle slides the clip out of the handle, rendering the .45 automatic useless.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

realizes Wayne and Suzanne could not have seen Lyle unload the gun.

Lyle walks to the car. Michael backs away, giving Wayne room. They form a circle around the gun.

WAYNE'S

fingers quickly spin the combination locks. He takes the first lock off.

SUZANNE

wiggles her fingers around her ropes. She's almost got her hands free.

LYLE

takes a sip of Scotch. He seems relaxed, confident.

MICHAEL

watches as Wayne removes the second lock.

LYLE

looks at Suzanne, trying to decide what he'll do with her.

WAYNE

opens the last lock.

MICHAEL

knows he's got to do something. It's all over as soon as Lyle sees the money.

MICHAEL

Wayne, you're makin' a mistake.

Wayne looks up at him.

MICHAEL

You really think he's gonna let you keep half that money?

LYLE

(sarcastically)
Mike. That hurts.

(CONTINUED)

WAYNE

Don't worry about me...

ALL EYES

watch as he opens the chest...

INSERT CHEST:

...revealing as promised...a white canvas bag, presumably filled with money...AND AN AUTOMATIC PISTOL.

BACK TO:

SCENE:

No one but Wayne can see what is in the chest. He snaps up the gun and aims it at Lyle.

WAYNE

...I think he's gonna let me keep it all. Right?

MICHAEL AND SUZANNE

weren't expecting this. Lyle takes it in stride.

LYLE

(disappointed)

Wayne, does this mean we're not partners anymore?

WAYNE

Get away from the car.

Lyle moves towards Suzanne as Wayne grabs the money. Cautiously Wayne walks to Lyle's gun in the grass. He sets the money down, picks up the .45 and stuffs it in the front of his pants--never once taking his eyes off Lyle. With the money and gun he walks to the car.

LYLE

Wayne, you're not gonna just leave me out here are you?

Wayne sets the money on the roof of the car and uses his left hand to open the door.

LYLE

Come on...

Wayne grabs the money and tosses it into the car.

LYLE

...after I got you out of jail and everything?

(CONTINUED)

Wayne climbs in behind the wheel.

LYLE

flicks his right hand, something shiny drops into his palm.

WAYNE

reaches for the ignition. No keys! He looks up at Lyle.

SUZANNE'S

fingers work the knot that binds her wrists. She's almost free.

WAYNE

stands up out of the car, behind the open door.

WAYNE

(irritated)

Who's got the fuckin' keys?

Lyle slides his left hand into his pocket and pulls out the car keys. He holds them up.

LYLE

(pleasantly)

Over here--partner.

WAYNE

Give 'em to me.

LYLE

That's okay, I'll drive. Where we goin'?

Wayne raises his gun.

WAYNE

(angrily)

Don't push me. The way I see it, you're lucky to be alive--that boy you shot back there was my friend.

(cocks the trigger)

Give me the fucking keys.

LYLE

Hey, just kidding Wayne. You want the keys?

He starts walking towards Wayne.

WAYNE

That's close enough.

(CONTINUED)

Lyle stops. He tosses the keys to Wayne, making certain they fall short of his reach. Wayne has to step around the open door of the car in order to get the keys. Reluctantly he does so.

WAYNE

leans over to pick up the keys. For an instant he takes his eyes off Lyle.

LYLE

that's all he needs.

WAYNE

barely sees Lyle's arm move. As he stands he feels a sharp pain in his throat. He coughs. He puts his hand to his neck and feels metal. He can't breath. It's a KNIFE--stuck in his throat!

WAYNE'S POV:

Lyle smiles sadistically.

BACK TO:

WAYNE

realizes what's happened and panics. He FIRES wildly at Lyle and stumbles backwards. He FIRES again as he falls next to the open door of the Buick.

LYLE

rushes Wayne.

MICHAEL

knows this is his opportunity. He TACKLES Lyle and takes him to the ground. The two men roll.

Lyle is quick to react. He turns and delivers a stinging KICK to Michael's chest. Stunned, but only momentarily, Michael grabs Lyle's leg, rolls and TWIST Lyle's knee. Lyle HOWLS and KICKS wildly with his free leg.

SUZANNE

twists her hands as hard as she can. Finally the rope springs free of her wrists.

LYLE

KICKS Michael in the side of the head. Michael loses his grip. Lyle staggers to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

Michael shakes off the blow to his head. Sees Lyle. Takes aim and charges. He SLAMS into him, shoves him ten feet back and PLOWS him into the ground. Lyle uses the momentum to arch his back and flip Michael over.

WAYNE

slumps up against the car and gasps for air. He holds on to the gun and keys as he tries to pull the knife out of his neck. The slightest movement causes extreme pain because the long blade plunged all the way through his throat and stuck between two vertebrae in his spine.

SUZANNE

ignores Michael and Lyle and runs to Wayne.

WAYNE

looks up and sees Suzanne. His instincts are like those of a trapped animal. Weak as he is, he aims his pistol.

SUZANNE

is not certain whether he'll use it. She approaches him cautiously.

SUZANNE
(sympathetically)
Let me help you Wayne.

WAYNE
(garbled)
Stay away.

She moves towards him, he raises the gun.

SUZANNE
Come on Wayne, give me the gun.

WAYNE
No.

She's close enough to kick the gun. She does. He FIRES!

SUZANNE
Come on drop it.

She pins the gun against the door of the car. Wayne SCREAMS and kicks. Suzanne concentrates on the gun. She doesn't see Wayne toss the car keys...

INSERT CAR KEYS:

...under the Buick. Practically impossible to find unless you knew they were there.

CUT TO:

The front door swings open and the CARETAKER, an older man in his early 70's, steps out onto the porch. He squints as he looks out over the cemetery.

His WIFE walks out behind him.

WIFE
(concerned)
Kind of sounded like a gun.

CARETAKER'S POV:

he can barely make out the headlights of the Buick through the trees. He sees a flash and hears another GUNSHOT.

BACK TO:

THE CARETAKER

CARETAKER
Yeah, that's what it was. You'd better call the Sheriff.

He turns and walks into the house.

WIFE
You're not goin' up there are you?

He sits down and starts lacing up his boots.

CARETAKER
Awh, it's probably just a bunch of kids.

Lyle bends Michael over with a hard JAB to the ribs then stands him up with a KNEE to the face.

Michael digs in and comes back with a wide RIGHT to the nose. A LEFT to the body. Two quick JABS.

Lyle stumbles backwards and falls over a grave marker. Michael catches his breath. Lyle runs his hand under his nose--he's bleeding. It really pisses him off. He leaps to his feet and charges Michael. Michael can't get out of the way. Lyle SLAMS him into the ground.

The Waitress stays by the radio.

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS (ON PHONE)
All right, I'll let him know,
thanks.

She hangs up the phone and tries to remember how to work the radio. She presses a button and talks.

WAITRESS (ON RADIO)
Hello Matt, this is Jane, come in
Matt...

CUT TO:

127 INT. GREYTACK'S PATROL CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

127

He picks up the radio.

DEPUTY GREYTACK (ON RADIO)
Go ahead Jane.

WAITRESS (O.S. ON RADIO)
Mrs. Hornaday out at the cemetery
just called and said there's some
people out there shootin' guns,
what should I do?

DEPUTY GREYTACK (ON RADIO)
Call 'em back and tell 'em to stay
put; we'll be right there.

WAITRESS (O.S. ON RADIO)
Okay Matt.

DEPUTY GREYTACK (ON RADIO)
Hey Russ, did you hear that?

CUT TO:

128 INT. DEPUTY BOWMAN'S PATROL CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

128

DEPUTY BOWMAN (ON RADIO)
Yeah, I'm on my way.

BACK TO:

DEPUTY GREYTACK

DEPUTY GREYTACK (ON RADIO)
I'll meet you there.

He reaches up, flips on his light bar and SLAMS on his brakes.

129 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

129

Greytack cranks his wheel and does a power U-turn in the middle of the highway. S C R E E C H !

130 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

130

Lyle and Michael wrestle over a row of graves. Lyle comes up top and wraps his hands around Michael's throat. He squeezes.

Michael grabs Lyle's wrist and tries to pull his hands away, but Lyle is too powerful--he's choking him to death.

Michael remembers his Marine Corps training--lets go of Lyle's arms and, in a powerful stroke, CLAPS his hands over Lyle's ears. P O P !

Lyle's eardrums RING! His grip weakens. Michael BASHES his ears again. Lyle grabs his ears. Michael throws him off.

131 INT. CARETAKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

131

The Caretaker's Wife is on the phone.

WIFE (ON PHONE)

Okay, alright, I'll tell him.

She hangs up. The Caretaker takes his shotgun off of the wall.

WIFE

Lloyd, that was the Sheriff's office. They said there's been some trouble in town and that you should stay put until the Deputies come.

The Caretaker walks over to the door.

WIFE

(a stern warning)
Lloyd, don't you dare.

CARETAKER

I'm just gonna look.

He squints his eyes and looks out into the night.

132 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

132

Suzanne POUNDS Wayne's hand against the car door. Again and again. He lets go of the gun. She picks it up and viciously WACKS Wayne across the side of the face. Delirious with pain he slumps over.

(CONTINUED)

Suzanne scrambles into the car and opens the canvas bag to reveal...

INSERT CANVAS BAG:

...as promised, it holds over a half million dollars in cash.

BACK TO:

SUZANNE

smiles; she realizes how close she is to having it all. She looks at the steering column. That's right--no keys. She climbs out of the car, over Wayne and begins searching for the keys.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

struggles to get his wind back.

LYLE

is seething with anger.

MICHAEL

feels two hands grab a fistful of his shirt and hurl him backwards.

Michael SLAMS into a tree. He tries to shake off the pain, but Lyle is on him--instantly. Lyle grabs his shirt and whirls him around. Michael run/stumbles and trips across a grave. He goes down, HARD.

LYLE

sees a bronze statue commemorating World War II veterans. It is...

LYLE'S POV:

...a soldier kneeling beside a fallen comrade. His gun, fixed with a bayonet, leans against his knee.

BACK TO:

LYLE

smiles a wicked grin. He's got a plan.

MICHAEL

(CONTINUED)

feels Lyle's hand grab his shirt and stand him up. Lyle grips Michael around the neck and starts running him towards the statue. Michael looks up as best he can. He sees...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...the rapidly approaching statue. In particular, the bayonet.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

realizes Lyle intends to impale him on the statue. He waits until the last minute and then stumble/spin/twists his body turning Lyle around. SHUNK! Lyle is impaled on the bayonet.

He S C R E A M S !

CUT TO:

SUZANNE

hears Lyle's horrific SCREAM. She hasn't found the keys. Frantically she drops to her hands and knees and begins combing the ground.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

stumbles to his feet. He sees that Lyle is pinned to the statue. The bayonet protrudes eight inches out of his rib cage--just below his heart. Lyle, still conscious, takes quick gasping breaths. There is nothing left to do. Michael turns and walks towards the Buick.

LYLE
(calling out)
Hey, come back here.

Michael stops, turns. He can't believe the guy can still form a sentence.

LYLE
(raspy)
I'm not finished with you.

Michael turns and walks away. He stops. Turns back to Lyle.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Hey.

(Lyle looks up)

You know what? I am better than
you.

Lyle grinds his teeth together as Michael turns and walks
away.

BACK TO:

SUZANNE

rakes her hands over the dirt searching for the keys. She
hears someone coming towards her. She looks up and sees...

A FIGURE

stumble out of the darkness towards the car.

SUZANNE

aims the pistol.

THE FIGURE

steps into the light of the headlights--it's Michael. He
looks weary, defeated, but alive.

SUZANNE

can't decide what to do; she's not certain she wants to
share the money. Especially if she doesn't have to. She
does not lower the gun.

MICHAEL

realizes Suzanne might be capable of anything.

JUST THEN...

a figure looms up behind Michael. IT'S LYLE! He raises the
shovel over his head like a hatchet--ready to cave in
Michael's skull.

Suzanne hesitates...

Lyle swings. Michael ducks. Finally--Suzanne FIRES!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Lyle's chest explodes with each hit.
His eyes open wide. Suzanne fires until her gun is empty.
Lyle stumbles backwards, his legs buckle, he tumbles over.
Lyle is dead.

There is a moment of s i l e n c e . . .

(CONTINUED)

Michael looks at Suzanne. Suzanne looks at Michael. A FREIGHT TRAIN breaks the silence. It's crossing the river that runs next to the cemetery. Michael notices...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...the whirling red and blue lights of two patrol cars speeding towards the cemetery.

BACK TO:

SUZANNE

sees them too. Even if she could find the car keys she'd never be able to get past the Deputies. She turns to Michael. He looks past her towards the river as...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...the train moves slowly up the track.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

realizes the train could be his way out of this mess. He looks to Suzanne as he struggles to his feet.

SUZANNE

looks at Michael. The train of course.

MICHAEL

turns and staggers across the field towards the train.

SUZANNE

tosses the empty pistol aside, scrambles into the Buick and grabs the money. Climbing out she feels something clamp down hard around her ankle. She looks--it's Wayne.

She stands and tries to pull away. He's got a death lock on her ankle. It could be the last thing he'll ever do and he's not about to let go. One hand holds her ankle, the other holds the knife steady in his throat.

SUZANNE

(panicking)

Wayne! Let go!

He won't. His grip is frighteningly strong. She looks up as...

SUZANNE'S POV:

(CONTINUED)

...the Deputies turn down the dirt road. They're almost there.

BACK TO:

SUZANNE

is desperate. She uses the only weapon she has--the money. She WHACKS him across the head with it. He HOWLS as the bag hits the knife handle. His neck feels like it's on fire. He let's go of her leg. Both of his hands hold the knife blade steady in his throat.

MICHAEL

has almost reached the train. He looks back and sees Suzanne standing over Wayne.

BACK TO:

SUZANNE

sees Lyle's .45 pistol laying on the ground near Wayne. She picks it up and takes one last look at Wayne.

SUZANNE

Hey Kevin...

(Wayne looks up at her)

...you really are pathetic, you know that.

She turns, tucks the bag of money under her arm and starts running for the train.

MICHAEL

runs along side the moving freight train. He spots an open box car. He reaches for the door, grabs the handle and hauls himself up into the car.

SUZANNE

stuffs Lyle's pistol down the back of her pants as she sprints for the train.

GREYTACK AND BOWMAN

pull into the cemetery. They jump out of their patrol cars and draw their guns. They see Wayne on the ground next to the Buick. They do not see Suzanne running for the train.

Cautiously they approach Wayne. The Caretaker runs up behind them with his shotgun. Wayne sputters, unable to speak. He points at the train but Greytack and Bowman don't know what he means.

(CONTINUED)

CARETAKER

I'll be damned, Wayne is that you?

DEPUTY GREYTACK

Russ--get an ambulance.

Bowman rushes off. The Caretaker leans down, takes a closer look at Wayne's injury.

CARETAKER

I can fix that for ya Wayne.

Wayne shakes his head "no".

CARETAKER

Take my word for it Wayne, you'll
feel a whole hell of a lot better.

The Caretaker grabs the knife and give it a quick yank. Greytack looks away. Wayne wants to scream but it didn't really hurt. Gingerly he puts his hands around his throat and manages a weak smile.

WAYNE

(raspy)

Thanks.

133 INT. BOX CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

133

Michael collapses on the floor of the box car, relieved that he's finally leaving Red Rock.

SUZANNE (OFF SCREEN)

(yelling)

Michael!

Michael recognizes the voice. He rolls over and looks out the door. He sees...

MICHAEL'S POV:

...Suzanne running along side the train.

SUZANNE

Help me.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

looks ahead as...

MICHAEL'S POV:

(CONTINUED)

...the train approaches a bridge.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

realizes that Suzanne doesn't have much time to get on board. He holds on to the door, leans out of the box car and extends his hand to her.

SUZANNE

reaches for his hand, but the bag of money is clumsy and slows her down.

MICHAEL

Get rid of the bag.

SUZANNE

No.

MICHAEL

Then give it to me.

Suzanne would rather die. She looks ahead and realizes...

SUZANNE'S POV:

...the train is about to cross a bridge. That means the ground she's running on is about to give way to the river.

BACK TO:

SUZANNE

realizes she is going to have to trust Michael with her money. She hates it, but what choice does she have. She holds the bag up. Michael reaches out his hand and grabs it.

MICHAEL

tosses the bag into the box car and comes back out for her.

The bridge is approaching fast. Suzanne's fingers touch Michael's. He extends himself as far as he can. Suzanne pours on her last burst of speed.

Michael grabs her wrist as...

THE TRAIN CROSSES THE RIVER

The ground below Suzanne disappears. Michael is almost pulled out of the train as he takes on the entire weight of her body.

(CONTINUED)

Suzanne dangles precariously over the river as Michael struggles to pull her into the box car. It takes every bit of his remaining strength.

MICHAEL AND SUZANNE

tumble onto the floor of the box car. Exhausted, spent, breathing hard. Michael rubs his shoulder, it feels like he dislocated it. Suzanne struggles to catch her breath.

THE TRAIN ROARS INTO A SHORT TUNNEL

The box car is plunged into momentary darkness.

THE TRAIN COMES OUT OF THE TUNNEL

Moon light returns to the box car. Michael looks up and sees Suzanne standing in front of him--with A GUN IN HER HAND.

MICHAEL

I guess this means you'll be going to Mexico by yourself.

SUZANNE

Sorry, I'm not sure if I can trust you.

Michael takes a closer look at the pistol. He recognizes it as Lyle's .45.

MICHAEL

That's funny, I was beginning to think the same thing about you.

SUZANNE

There's the door--I suggest you use it.

MICHAEL

Is that what you said to Kurt?

SUZANNE

(slightly surprised)
He was going to turn me in.

Michael looks around the box car and spots the money.

MICHAEL

So you shot him.

SUZANNE

Yes. Obviously I didn't do a very good job. Next time I'll be more thorough.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

I see...
(he stands up)
So this is it, huh?

SUZANNE

Yeah.

MICHAEL

You don't mind if I take a little
something for the road, do you?

Michael walks towards the money. Suzanne realizes what he's
doing.

SUZANNE

Stay away from that bag.

Michael does not heed her warning.

SUZANNE

Michael! I kind of like you, don't
make me shoot you.

Michael grabs the money.

MICHAEL

You really would, wouldn't you.

SUZANNE

Put the bag down.

Michael opens the bag. Suzanne panics.

SUZANNE

No.

Michael puts his hand in the bag. Suzanne pulls the
trigger. CLICK! The gun is empty. (Remember, Lyle took the
clip out.) Suzanne pulls the trigger again. CLICK! She
stares at the gun in disbelief. Michael looks at her, and
then...

INSERT BAG:

...the money. Bundles and bundles of hundreds.

BACK TO:

MICHAEL'S

never seen a half a million dollars. He looks up at
Suzanne.

MICHAEL

You want this?

(CONTINUED)

She looks at Michael. She's in a complete panic. He walks over to the door of the box car.

SUZANNE

No, Michael. Don't be stupid.

He turns the bag inside out. Her jaw drops as hundred dollar bills fly into the cold night air. She rushes to the door as...

SUZANNE'S POV:

...the money flutters out along side the train like down from a feather pillow.

BACK TO:

SUZANNE

is horrified. She looks at Michael. Her eyes are as black as coal and filled with anger.

SUZANNE

You stupid son of a bitch.

Michael steps up to Suzanne. He looks into her ruthless little eyes. He puts his hand on her shoulder and...

MICHAEL

You want it? Go get it.

...gives her a l i t t l e push. She loses her balance and falls out...

134 EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

134

...of the train and tumbles to a rough landing along side the tracks. She staggers to her feet and looks after the train.

SUZANNE

(at the top of her lungs)

YA FUCKIN' BASTARD!

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

takes one last look at Suzanne. He looks ahead. It's nice to be leaving Red Rock.

CUT TO:

The freight train chugs across the expansive moonlit Wyoming landscape.

THE END