

GOING WEST IN AMERICA

FADE IN

1 EXT. THE MOTEL - NIGHT

Amarillo, Texas. Winter. The motel sits off the boulevard, on the north side of town. A two-story, red brick place, wedged sideways between two liquor stores, it has 20 rooms, and advertises color/cable TV, and air conditioning. They don't charge by the hour here, but it's a long way from the Holiday Inn.

A brown Buick turns off the boulevard, its headlights pick up the rain and snow that are falling. The car pulls up next to the office, its lights reflect in the windows. The motor is running.

2 INT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

A Vietnamese family of seven, from Grandmother down to the baby, sit in front of their TV watching a sitcom. They laugh with the laughtrack. A half-drawn curtain separates the living room from the front office. The faint sound of the car engine filters over the laughter and the father, a proud Vietnamese man of around 50, breaks away from the show to check on the sound. He is the motel OWNER.

He steps into the office in time to see the driver climb out of the Buick. For a split second the driver appears to speak to someone inside the car, then closes the door and dashes through the rain for the shelter of the office. He leaves the car running, the headlights on.

The door opens and we see the BUICK MAN. He wears a cowboy hat, jacket and jeans. He's about thirty. Good looking. He sees the owner and grins, not out of recognition, it's just his nature. His drawl is southern, probably Texan. He shakes off the rain, and steps into the room.

BUICK MAN

Howdee.

OWNER

Need room?

BUICK MAN

You bet. Got a double for one night?

OWNER

Yes, we have plenty doubles.

He takes out a registration card. The Buick man reaches into his front pocket and takes out a roll of bills. He thumbs through several of the larger notes till he gets to the fifties. This action is not lost on the owner. The man removes a bill and replaces the roll in his jeans. He takes the pen from the owner and quickly fills out the card.

OWNER (cont'd)

This some weather.

BUICK MAN

(not looking up)

Oh, man. It's a bear out there,
all right.

The owner looks out at the car. From his vantage point it appears empty, but the car windows are fogged, and the glare of the lights make it a guess. He looks back at his customer.

OWNER

For two? For one.

The Buick man looks up and smiles again.

BUICK MAN

Just me tonight.

OWNER

(a trace disappointed)

Twenty two dollars, please.

The man hands the owner back his pen and lays a fifty on the counter.

OWNER (cont'd)

Room 201.

The man takes his key and change and leaves. The owner watches him dash back to his car and drive the short distance across the parking lot. Something tells him the man is not alone.

Cautiously the owner steps out from behind the desk and goes to the door. It is still not a good view. He reaches for the doorknob when a soft voice speaks to him in Vietnamese and he turns to find his five year old daughter standing by the front desk. She wears footie pajamas and holds a stuffed animal in her arms. She's ready for bed.

He turns from the door and returns to the living room, picking her up as he passes. With one last look at the window, he closes the curtain.

3 INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

The windshield wipers beat. It could be any car we're riding in except for the pump shotgun locked vertically ahead of us. The car is traveling down the boulevard, not terribly fast. No siren.

The car turns into the same motel we were at last night. The parking lot this afternoon is full of police cars. An ambulance sits with its lights turned off. The car pulls in next to the coronor's car.

4 EXT. THE MOTEL - SAME

The car is marked, AMARILLO SHERIFF, and the Sheriff climbs out on the passenger side. He is a large man, but no hero from appearance, around fifty-five, glasses, and a paunch. He wears street clothes and a gray businessman's Stetson. His name is BUCK GILLEY, and he is all Texan. It is raining, but he moves deliberately, if not downright slowly. The driver, a uniformed deputy, bolts for cover.

5 INT. MOTEL ROOM 201 - DAY

The minute he appears at the door, there's little doubt who the dean of Northwest Texas cops is. The room is filled with at least 10 officers and deputy sheriffs, and every man looks up at Gilley. He kicks the slush off his boots and enters. This is his turf and these are his boys. He knows them all, young and old. He nods to two men at the door.

GILLEY

Nate...Jack...

(spotting a young officer)

Bud...how's your pa?

BUD

Better, Sheriff. I'll tell him you asked.

GILLEY

You tell him to stay off that leg.

Bud nods, pleased at being singled out. SIM JACKSON, the

Coroner, a man about Gilley's age, comes from the back of the room near the bathroom and approaches Gilley. The two men go back a long way.

SIM

Buck.

GILLEY

Sim...You want to tell me about it?

Sim leads him through the investigators toward the bathroom.

SIM

It ain't so bad.

The knot of investigators gathered around the door parts and lets the two men into the bathroom. Never trust a coroner. It isn't pretty. The Buick man and a young ASIAN GIRL, both nude in the bathtub. Sim gives Gilley a moment to take it all in.

SIM(cont'd)

Male victim suffered a severed femoral artery in the groin...must have been an artesian well in here for about thirty seconds.

GILLEY

How 'bout the girl? Same?

SIM

No...Throat was slit.

(pauses)

I can't give you much more till I take them downtown. I'll tell you this though...both wounds...single cuts. Nothing tentative about 'em.

He looks down at the bodies.

SIM(cont'd)

(almost an afterthought)

Shower must of been on 'em for several hours...I'll give you a call, Buck.

Gilley nods, and goes back into the main room. The two ambulance attendants enter. Gilley walks over to the TV, which has been left on. It is tuned to 24 hour cable weather channel. He watches the latest forecast scroll across the bottom of the screen. Gilley stares at it blankly, as if lost in thought. His men draw closer, each preparing his notes. After a long moment.

GILLEY
(still looking at the TV)
Nate?

NATE BOOKER, a tall redheaded deputy about 35, looks down at his pad.

NATE
Name was Hank Sutherland. Found a wallet, plastic, no cash. Home, Fort Worth. Driving a '78 Buick--missing.

GILLEY
'She with him?

NATE
She was a maid here at the motel.
(a beat)
We figure she walked in on it.

There is a pause as the two bodies are removed. Nate and the other deputies watch. Gilley never takes his eyes off the television screen. The weather forecast calls for heavy snow, traveler's advisory. When the bodies are gone, Nate looks back at his notes.

NATE (cont'd)
It's a family place. Her grandmother found them.

Gilley gives Nate a sidelong look.

GILLEY
Chinese?

NATE
Vietnamese.

6 INT. MOTEL OFFICE - SAME

Gilley and Nate enter the office. There are two plain clothes officers in the room. From their looks we can tell they haven't had an easy time. Their questions are repeatedly being drowned out by the sound of crying. The owner stands by himself across the room. He looks pale, and lost in thought--stares out the window. The grandmother and mother sit in the back room wailing. Gilley takes in the situation.

GILLEY
Joe...Charlie...

JOE AND CHARLIE
Sheriff...

JOE, the older of the two men, picks up the briefing.

JOE
The grandmother's name is Mrs. Park
She and the girl clean the rooms.
The girl always took the upper rooms
on account the old woman can't climb
the stairs.

(he pauses)
She found them about two this afternoon.

Gilley looks across at the owner. Joe follows his gaze.

JOE (cont'd)
This is Mr. Park. The owner of
the motel. Mr. Park...Sheriff Gilley.

The owner looks at Gilley, sizes him up, and then looks back
out the window.

GILLEY
I'm sorry about your daughter, Mr. Park.
(no response, a beat)
I know this hasn't been easy. The man up
there...

OWNER
(to himself)
Bastard...

GILLEY
...You ever seen him before last night?

OWNER
Never.

GILLEY
You know if he was traveling with
someone?

There is a slight but definite hesitation. Gilley picks it
up.

OWNER
No.

GILLEY (cont'd)

Mr. Park, 'you ever give Nam vets
a discount?

Park turns his head to look at him.

OWNER

No.

Gilley looks over at his men. He knows what they've been up
against. He walks back to the door, looks back at the
owner.

GILLEY

Well, thank you, Mr. Park.

Gilley nods and steps outside. Nate follows.

NATE

Highway Patrol's got the word out on
the car...Buick Electra, 1978, brown.
Texas plates.

(looks back at the office)
You'd think he'd give us a little more
help in there.

Gilley looks back into the office. Joe is starting up again
with the questions. Park turns and stares at Gilley through
the window. Gilley knows the look. They have shared
something heinous.

GILLEY

Joe...

The detective looks at Gilley, then closes his notebook.
He's through. When both men have filed out of the office,
Park puts his head into his hands.

7 EXT. NEW MEXICO HIGHWAY - DUSK

Same day. Long deserted stretch of two lane road in the
high desert. Cold. The ground is only spottedly covered
with snow, but the mountains, rising up a few miles off the
road, are white and the sky looks threatening. A dirt road
leads off at a right angle to the main road. Down the
highway a pickup approaches.

8 INT. THE PICKUP TRUCK -- SAME

A RANCHER, his eight year old daughter, and a young man, LANE DIXON, ride three abreast. The radio plays an easy Country song. The girl looks up at Lane, she is absolutely taken by this handsome young man.

He is in his mid-twenties. Lean. Clean cut. He wears jeans and a ski jacket. He has a warm comforting grin, that comes quickly and easily. He looks down at the girl and smiles. The truck begins to slow and his attention immediately goes back to the road.

RANCHER

'Coming up on our turn off.

Lane sees the dirt road ahead and nods.

RANCHER(cont'd)

You're welcome to come up and stay
the night if you'd like.

The daughter looks up at Lane hopefully.

LANE

Thanks, but I need to keep moving.

9 EXT. THE HIGHWAY -- SAME

The truck reaches the dirt road it, and turns off the blacktop. Lane gets out and takes his pack out of the back of the truck. The girl rolls down her window.

RANCHER

Don't get caught out here when that
storm hits.

LANE

I'll watch out. Thanks.

He and the Rancher shake hands through the window. Lane touches the little girl's nose.

LANE

(to the girl)

Bye.

She brightens. The truck drives up the dirt road and disappears over a rise. Lane shoulders his pack and moves

to the main road just as a station wagon roars by. He hurriedly tries to thumb, but is too late, the car doesn't stop. He pulls his coat collar up and starts walking.

When he reaches the crest of a hill, he looks down the highway and there is nothing--not a town, or a gas station, not even the flickering light from a distant ranch--just the same highway stretching off into the distance. It has begun to snow, and the clouds have settled in over the mountains. The storm has caught him.

Suddenly, he hears another car approaching, headlights on and barreling up the highway. It's a big yellow Cadillac and is on him before he can react. It roars past him over the rise and is fifty yards away when its brake lights come on--and it slows and stops. The driver puts the car in reverse and backs up the highway as Lane jogs down the hill. When they meet Lane opens the back door and throws in the pack. As soon as the back door opens we HEAR the DRIVER.

DRIVER'S VOICE

Jesus, boy! What in God's name are you doing out here?

Lane closes the back door, opens the front door, and freezes.

WHAT HE SEES: The interior of the car is wallpapered with magazine and glossy photographs of naked women, "pin-up" girls and centerfold spreads. The photos are all protected by a clear plastic cover. Everything is covered--the seats, ceiling, dash, sunvisors--everything but the windows. Lane hesitates at the door.

DRIVER(cont'd)

Well, get in, boy! I can't heat this car and the whole God-damn New Mexico desert too!

10 INT. CAR -- SAME

Lane gets in uneasily. As the door closes we see that even the door handles are covered with pictures and plastic. The minute the door closes the car roars off and the doors all lock with the bang of an automatic lock.

DRIVER(cont'd)

I always drive with the doors locked.

Lane looks over at the driver. He's not a bad looking sort, maybe 40, handsome in a rough way, and clean. He wears a cowboy hat and western shirt--sleeves rolled up past the elbows. He looks comfortable.

DRIVER(cont'd)

I wear my seat belt too. Good habits.
I'm a creature of habit.

As Lane unrolls his seat belt he finds that even this is sheathed in photos. He looks up and sees the driver staring at him, sizing him up.

The driver puts down the center arm rest, which like everything else is covered with photos. Lane, uncomfortably, but uncontrollably, stares. The driver smiles, and looks back at the road.

DRIVER

Some collection, eh?

LANE

Yeah...

The driver turns on the interior light so Lane can see better.

DRIVER

I had a Seville...it was a beaut. I had my girls all laminated on with a liquid sealer. But after a while--you know, your girlfriends change--get tired of looking at the same old faces--and all. So, when I ran out of room to put up any new ones--well hell--I had to sell her. Good car too. Not a blessed thing wrong with her. Less than 80,000 miles and drove like a dream...Man, I had a bitch of a time getting rid of her.

LANE

I bet.

DRIVER

But this honey...

(he pats the dash)

...this is state of the art. Now, if I get tired of one of my sugars...

He reaches beneath the plastic over his head and takes out a photo.

DIVER (cont'd)
...I just slip her out...

He rolls down the window and holds the photo outside, but does not let go.

DIVER (cont'd)
...toss her, and put me up a new one.

Carefully he returns the photo to its place over his head.

DIVER (cont'd)
(to photo)
Don't worry, Trudy, honey, I wasn't
going to throw you away, yet.
(to Lane)
Hell of a lot cheaper than buying a
new car.

He laughs, warming to his passenger. Extends his hand.

DIVER (cont'd)
Name's Goodman...
(with emphasis)
Bob Goodman.

Lane shakes his hand, but it is clear that he's not at all comfortable being on a first name basis with Bob. He forces a smile.

LANE
Lane Dixon.

BOB
Where you headed, Lane?

LANE
Utah.

BOB
Big place Utah.

Lane hesitates before answering.

LANE
Salt Lake City.

Bob looks at him and smiles.

BOB

Me too. Now how's that for luck?

Lane manages a weak grin.

LANE

Must be my lucky day.

BOB

Must be.

Bob purses his lips and looks at Lane. His eyes scan Lane from head to toe. Lane watches this uncomfortably.

LANE

Something wrong?

BOB

No...just that for a moment there
you reminded me of someone. Someone
special.

Lane turns and looks out of the window. In the reflection he can see the driver still staring at him. Like an answered prayer they pass a billboard advertising a truck stop/bar three miles ahead. Lane turns back to look at the driver.

LANE

I'll tell you what...if you'd just drop
me off at this place we're coming up on,
I'd appreciate it.

BOB

Thought you were heading to Utah.

LANE

I need to make a call.

Bob studies Lane, then stares back out at the road.

BOB

(a negative)

Un...unh.

Lane looks over. The speedometer says 70 and seems to be rising.

LANE

I said, that's where I want to
get out.

BOB
I heard you.

LANE
Then what the hell's the problem?

Bob smiles.

BOB
You don't know where you are,
do you boy?

LANE
I'm ten miles west of---

BOB
(cuts him off)
You're on reservation land.

LANE
So?

Bob looks at him as if the answer was obvious.

BOB
You ain't an Indian.

LANE
Look, you may be paranoid about Indians,
but I'm not. I said, pull over.

BOB
Indian bars can be trouble, and that
one's got a nasty reputation.
(beat)
'Boy like yourself, probably never seen
a dead man...

LANE
I've seen more than you think.

BOB
Have you? Well, they bother me, and
I don't need to see one about now, so
if you want out, I'll let you out...but
in twenty miles when we're off this
reservation.

The tiny bar is rapidly approaching. In another minute they'll be past it. Lane watches it grow larger. He looks the driver square in the eye.

LANE
(firmly)

I don't want out in twenty miles. I want out now.

There's no mistaking his tone. It's an order. Bob studies Lane's face. There's not the slightest trace of fear. As if this is what he was searching for, he suddenly smiles, and takes his foot off the accelerator. He reaches beneath the dash and turns out the interior light.

11 EXT. ROADSIDE BAR -- NIGHT

An unpainted, untended building in the middle of nowhere. If not for the dozen or so cars and pickups surrounding the place, it could pass as just another of the hundreds of ghost buildings in this territory. A single light bulb illuminates the entrance. The Cadillac turns off the highway and stops.

12 INT. CADILLAC -- NIGHT

Lane grabs his pack from the back seat, and climbs out of the car. Bob watches him.

BOB

Hey...

Lane stops and looks in at the driver.

BOB(cont'd)

If I was you...I'd try not to act like John Wayne when I went in there.

LANE

I'll leave my cowboy hat outside.

Bob shakes his head.

LANE(cont'd)

Thanks for the lift. . .Bob.

He closes the door. The Cadillac doesn't stick around, it tears back out onto the road, and Lane watches it disappear before starting for the bar.

13 INT. THE CADILLAC -- NIGHT

Bob watches the image of Lane recede in the rear view mirror.

BOB

'Lettin' a bunch of naked women
scare you off.

He shakes his head, and turns on the radio, but his eyes go back to the mirror. He rides for a moment, then slows and finally pulls over to the side. He looks again in the mirror and as if making a decision, turns off the radio.

14 INT. ROADSIDE BAR -- NIGHT

The inside of the bar, may have weathered more storms than the outside. Moderately lit, drafty and dirty, with dark wooden floors that run the length of the room. Of the twenty or so people in the place most are in the rear, where a pool game is the center of attention. In the front, three couples dance to loud Country/Western music on a makeshift dancefloor. Everyone in the place is Indian.

When Lane enters the couples stop dancing, and by the time he gets to the bar, the pool game has stopped. The bartender, a large man with a huge stomach, leans against the back of the bar and makes no move to wait on him.

LANE

(to bartender)

I'll have a beer.

BARTENDER

'Don't have beer.

Lane looks around at the room full of people holding beers. The long neck bottles seem to be everywhere.

LANE

Okay, I'll have whatever's in one
those bottles.

The bartender hesitates for a moment, then steps forward, takes a beer from the cooler and puts it in front of Lane. Lane watches the game in the rear break up and move toward him. The bartender quickly takes his money.

BARTENDER

What the hell you doing here?

LANE

I got dropped off outside. I was
hoping I might catch a ride to Raton.

The first of the pool player group reaches Lane. He is a tall wiry Indian, around 35, with big hands. His name is RICK. He lays his pool cue carefully down on the bar next to Lane.

RICK

Well, you might be waiting here for
a long time then.

LANE

Well, I'd take a ride anywhere in
that direction.

RICK

I bet you would.

There are a few chuckles. If Lane is afraid, he doesn't show it. As if expecting trouble, one of the couples that had been dancing, moves for the door. Lane starts to ask for a ride. Rick gently stops him with the pool cue.

RICK(cont'd)

They aren't going in your direction...
'Course right now, I figure you'd probably
take a lift in any direction.

LANE

What's that suppose to mean?

Rick just smiles. He turns and faces a small man standing in the crowd, BEN. He is in his early twenties. His hands are bandaged and his face badly bruised.

RICK

(to Ben)

Is this the guy, Ben?

Lane looks at the small man.

BEN

He's one of them, all right.

RICK

(to Lane)

You don't remember Ben, do you?

LANE

I've never seen him before.

RICK

That's not what he says. He was in Raton Friday night and claims you and some friends jumped him. He recognized you the minute you walked into the bar.

LANE

He's mistaken.

Lane finishes his beer and puts the bottle down on the bar.

RICK

You calling Ben a liar?

LANE

(calmly)

No, I said he's mistaken. First off, I've never been to Raton, and second...

(he looks at Ben)

I wouldn't have done that to anybody.

He looks at the bartender.

LANE (cont'd)

I'll have another.

The bartender puts the new beer on the bar, and uncaps it. Rick watches and waits until Lane has paid, then cleanly sweeps the bottle off the bar with the pool cue.

RICK

I don't believe you.

LANE

That's America. You don't have to if you don't want.

RICK

Well, I don't want...

He turns away from Lane as if to walk back to the pool table, then suddenly wheels and rams the pool cue into Lane's gut. Lane drops to the floor--curling up, clutching his stomach

RICK (cont'd)

You made a bad mistake coming in here, asshole. 'Seeing how Ben can't do this to you himself...I'm going to do it for for him.

(to others behind Lane)

Pick him up and hold him.

Two men behind Lane pull him roughly off the floor and hold him up, pinning his arms behind him. As soon as Lane's standing Rick hits him with his fist, this time much harder. Lane tries to double over, but is kept upright by the two men behind him. He draws his knees to his chest, and suddenly nails Rick with a kick--knocking him back against the bar--hard enough to jar his teeth.

RICK(cont'd)
Sonofabitch...Get his damn legs.

Someone grabs Lane's legs, and Rick drills him with a one-two punch into the mid-section--then he steps back, and grins. Lane hangs like dead weight. Rick wipes the sweat off his brow, and looks over at another man, a big muscular Indian, standing at the bar. He wears an old army coat with the name, LUCAS, in black over the right pocket.

RICK(cont'd)
Luke!...Keep him warmed up 'til
I get back...I got to take leak.

More laughter. As the crowd parts and lets Rick through, Luke lumbers forward. If Rick was bad, we know right off that Luke could kill with a couple of well-placed blows. He pushes up his sleeves.

15 INT. THE RESTROOM -- NIGHT

Rick enters the crude restroom with his fly already open. He passes a pair of boots in the lone stall and goes to a five foot metal trough that is the urinal. An open WINDOW in the corner has cold air whipping into the room like a freezer. From the bar we suddenly hear the sound of Luke's blow, and for the first time we hear Lane groan.

Rick, his back to the stall, happily relieves himself. At the sound of the hit, he tilts back his head and yells.

RICK
Hey, man...Don't kill the fucker!
I'm comin' back!

The noise from the bar drowns out the squeak of the stall door opening. A man in a blue jean jacket, his hat pulled low over his eyes, staggers drunkenly out of the stall. Rick finishes his piss and is turning when the drunk suddenly veers into him, and we see as Rick does--the glint of a knife.

A gloved hand pushes the big Indian against the wall, and in

another instant it disappears--as does the knife hand--below Rick's waist. Instinctively, Rick tries to defend himself, then looks down and freezes. We recognize the voice of the other man immediately--cool, firm and definite.

BOB

Try it, and it's history, Jack.

We don't need to see anything but Rick's terrified eyes to know that Bob has him by his penis with a blade positioned directly beneath it ready to cut it like a cucumber.

16 INT. THE BAR -- SAME

The scuffle in the restroom is heard in the bar. Luke turns his head.

LUKE

Hey, Rick---what's going on in there?

RICK'S VOICE (O.S.)

(shaky)

Luke...man, bring the guy in here. Alone, man.

The panic in Rick's voice isn't lost on Luke. He looks at one of the Indians holding Lane up and with a silent jerk of his head, sends him outside.

Luke supports Lane in one hand and reaches over the bar with his other. The bartender steps away, but the outstretched hand orders him back. Their eyes meet, and the bartender finally reaches under the bar and brings out a gun -- an old Colt revolver. He slips it into the waiting hand.

17 INT. RESTROOM

Bob waits patiently. His hostage is sweating.

18 INT. THE BAR

One arm around Lane, Luke rests the gun against his thigh and checks the chambers. Satisfied, he closes the cylinder.

19 EXT. REAR OF THE BUILDING

The rear of the bar. The Indian Luke sent out quietly approaches the restroom window. He stands up on a box and looks in.

WHAT HE SEES: The stall partially blocks Bob from view. But the situation with the knife is very apparent.

20 INT. THE BAR

ON Luke and Lane. Suddenly, we hear Rick's voice again from the restroom.

RICK'S VOICE (O.S.)

Luke, you asshole, get him in here!

Luke looks up. The front door opens and the Indian returns and makes a motion indicating that Bob has only a knife. Luke grins. He holds up the Colt and motions him back out the door. Lane looks up and watches the Indian disappear again, then drops his head.

Luke pulls Lane to the restroom door. He speaks calmly, reassuringly. The crowd moves away.

LUKE

Okay, don't panic, man...he's coming. I'm bringing him.

21 EXT. REAR OF THE BUILDING -- NIGHT

The Indian goes to a pickup truck, opens the door, and removes a .30-30 lever action rifle from the gun rack. Quietly, he closes the door. Ten steps to the opened restroom window; he steps up on the box and looks in.

WHAT HE SEES: Same as before. Bob is still hidden by the stall, not a good target. The Indian brings the gun up to his shoulder and waits.

22 INT. THE BAR

Luke moves both himself and Lane next to the restroom door. He takes a deep breath, then kicks the door open, moves into the room and puts the gun to Lane's temple.

23 THE RESTROOM -- NIGHT

The action doesn't affect Bob at all, but the terror on Rick's face is evident.

RICK

Luke, what the fuck 'you doing?!

LUKE
(ignoring Rick, looks
straight at Bob)
Okay, man, let him go or I'll
blow his head off.

He cocks the hammer and pushes the barrel into Lane's ear.
Bob watches this coolly, then turns to his own hostage.

BOB
(to Rick; matter of factly)
I didn't come to negotiate. Kiss it
goodbye.

Rick's eyes are bulging. He looks up at Luke.

RICK
Don't bargain with him you asshole!
He'll cut my dick off!

Bob slowly turns to look at the Indian at the door. Their
eyes lock. They're two men cut from the same mold, and they
know it. For a long moment the stalemate remains, then Luke
carefully replaces the hammer, and lowers the gun.

He pushes Lane away from him into the room. Lane takes a
couple halting steps, clutching his stomach, but stands
upright. Bob ignores him and keeps his eye on the gun.

BOB
(to Luke)
Put it down and slide it over here.

Carefully, Luke places the big gun on the floor and pushes
it across the room toward Bob.

BOB(cont'd)
(to Lane; not taking
his eyes off Luke)
Pick it up. Hold it on him.

Lane bends painfully down, picks up the gun, and points it
at Luke. Only then does Bob look at Lane.

BOB(cont'd)
'You okay, pardner?

LANE
(trying hard to grin)
I'll live.

BOB

Come over here and get the keys out
of my pockets.

Lane digs in the jacket pocket and takes out the car keys.

BOB(cont'd)

Get it, and back it up to the door.
When you're ready, honk.

LANE

Why don't you come now?

BOB

I got some business here, yet.

Bob looks at Lane. There's a definite twinkle in Bob's eye.
He's having a ball! He looks back at his hostage.

BOB(cont'd)

I'll be out directly.

24 EXT. OUTSIDE THE BAR -- NIGHT

Lane moves out into the night. He spots the Cadillac parked
in the shadows away from the building.

25 INT. THE RESTROOM -- NIGHT

Luke remains motionless by the door. Bob and Rick have not
changed position. Bob looks over at Luke's faded army coat.

BOB

(to Luke)

Who were you over there?

LUKE

(grudgingly)

42nd Airborne.

BOB

Out of Qui Nhon?

LUKE

Yeah... You?

Bob doesn't answer. He looks again at Rick. Something
changes in his look--not the twinkle we saw before--it's now

a cold, menacing stare. It makes Rick uneasy.

RICK
Hey, man... Hey, he let the guy go.

BOB
(to Luke)
Get out of here.

The fear rises in Rick's eyes. Luke doesn't move.

BOB(cont'd)
(again to Luke,
yelling this time)
I said get out of here!

RICK
What are you going to do!

Bob keeps his stare fixed on Rick. His jaw hardens. Rick looks down in horror.

26 EXT. REAR OF THE BUILDING

The Indian aiming the rifle. He fingers the trigger. He's sweating.

27 INT. THE RESTROOM

Suddenly, Bob makes a swift cutting motion with the knife hand. He turns to Luke, holds out his hand and opens it. Luke looks down. There's nothing in it--he's left Rick unharmed. Luke's expression doesn't change, but Rick slowly collapses against the wall.

BOB
You crazy Indians.

He starts to laugh.

BOB(cont'd)
You dumb...crazy...

He sees Luke's eyes go to the window--stops, turns, sees the gun--but there's no place to hide. He's now in the middle of the room.

28 EXT. REAR OF THE BUILDING

The Indian at the window. He throws the lever and aims.

29 INT. RESTROOM

Bob knows that he's bought it. He waits on the report--but nothing happens...

30 , EXT. REAR OF THE BUILDING

The Indian. He is motionless, his eyes fixed on the barrel of the Colt now pressed against his temple. He'd forgotten about Lane. Very slowly he lowers his rifle.

31 INT. THE RESTROOM -- BOB

Finally, he hears

LANE'S VOICE (O.S.)

It's okay, Bob....

(a beat)

It's okay.

Relief brings the smile back to his face.

32 EXT. THE BAR -- NIGHT

ON The Cadillac. Bob dashes from the building to the car. He hops in and the big Coupe de Ville roars away from the building and disappears up the highway.

33 INT. THE CADILLAC -- NIGHT

Lane is driving. Bob laughing. He is really pumped up. Throws his cowboy hat into the back seat.

BOB

God damn! Nothing like a foray
behind enemy lines to get the ol'
blood a pumping and---

He sees Lane checking the rear view mirror.

BOB (cont'd)

What're you looking for?

LANE

Them.

BOB

(calmly, not looking back)
Someone following us?

LANE

Not yet.

BOB

That's 'cause it takes a few
minutes to change a flat tire.

Lane looks over. Bob hitches up his pants leg and slips the knife back into a sheath in his boot. This chore done he sits up, and grins.

LANE

You slashed their tires?

BOB

Oh, hell no. I'd have been there
all night...

He reaches into his jacket pocket and shows Lane a handful of tire valve stems. Lane slowly lets out his breath, and simultaneously eases up on the accelerator. Bob takes off his jacket, throws it into the back seat.

BOB(cont'd)

How you feeling?

Lane looks over at the man. Bob seems sincere.

LANE

I'm okay. Thanks...Thanks for coming
back.

BOB

Hey, thank you for watching my rear end
...I'll tell you when I turned around
and saw that 30.30 staring down at me...
I thought...'Jeeesus! This is it, Bob.
You ain't joining the birds this time.'

LANE

(grins)

Joining the what?

BOB

Joining the birds. The old railroaders
use to say if you were on a train that
was about to crash and got the chance
to jump...you were 'joining the birds.'

(beat)

'Meant a second chance.

Lane looks over at him again.

.LANE

Why'd you come back?

BOB

I told you you reminded me of someone...
You remind me of my little brother.

LANE

Why, does he get into jams like that,
too?

BOB

He used to...he's dead now.

LANE

I'm sorry...

Bob waves him off.

LANE(cont'd)

Anyway...thanks for helping me.

BOB

Any time, pardner...Any time.

The two men share a smile, both still high on the feeling of
having beaten the devil.

34 INT. GILLEY'S OFFICE - AMARILLO --- EARLY MORNING

CLOSE ON Photograph: Two men. One in uniform, we recognize
as a much younger Sheriff Buck Gilley. The other man is
President Truman. They are shaking hands. Gilley looks
rigid, awed, scared to death.

WE MOVE to another photograph on the wall, this one shows
Gilley and John Kennedy in a similar pose, but Gilley has
changed not only in the absence of uniform, but in poise as
well. He's already a political veteran.

A third photo: Gilley sits at an outdoor table with LBJ. It's at a barbeque under a vast Texas sky. Johnson is leaning toward Gilley as if telling him something, some little joke perhaps.

WE CONTINUE to move across the wall past many other photos and framed letters--thirty-five years of a marriage of police work and politics--till we come to Gilley sitting at his desk. A clock behind him shows 4:45, and the darkness outside his window tells us, that's 4:45 am. He is reading a report, when there's a knock on the door. Nate stands at the doorway.

NATE

In early, or'd you stay late?

GILLEY

I'm in early. Hoping we'd have something on that Buick...

He shakes his head, obviously disappointed.

NATE

Listen, I'm going down to Billy's for breakfast...Join me?

35 INT. BILLY'S DINER -- EARLY MORNING

5:00 AM and the place is packed. Just a simple Southern counter-styled diner, with four or five window booths that look out on the boulevard. Two or three local cops, four or five Highway Patrol officers, a couple of deputies--Thirty years in business and Billy's never been held up once.

Gilley and Nate sit at one of the booths. Outside it's snowing like hell. Next to their booth a Highway Patrol CAPTAIN tells a joke. Half the diner listens. A veteran of North Texas highways, both he and his partner, who stands nearby, wear waist length jackets with fur collars, and hold their trooper hats. Every few moments his partner stares out the window to take in the snow situation-- he's heard the joke before.

CAPTAIN

So, I get to the scene and there's this Grey Line tour bus on its side in the field. Thirty...forty people dead, and running around the bus is this damn chim-pan-zee...

The Captain smiles. Gilley takes a sip of coffee. Suddenly, they are both aware of a well-dressed man standing next to the booth.

MAN
(to Gilley)
Sheriff Gilley...

Gilley motions him to sit.

GILLEY
Have a seat. Jim here's telling
a story.

The man remains standing. The Captain continues not missing a beat.

CAPTAIN
(pointing at his partner)
So, I walk over to Miller, and I
say, 'what happened?' Well, I'll
be damned if that monkey didn't come
over and start going like this...
(he pantomimes drinking)
So, Miller says, 'Captain, I think
he's trying to tell us something.' I
looked at that monkey and said, 'You
telling me, folks on that bus were
drinking?' The monkey nods, then he
started doing this...
(he pantomimes dancing)
I said, 'Dancin'! They were drinking
and dancin'?' Monkey nods and started
doing this...
(he pantomimes seductively
taking off his shirt)
Well, I looked at Miller and said,
'Well, hell! No wonder that bus
crashed! They were drunk, and dancing,
and all of 'em buck naked!..So,
finally I looked at that monkey
and said, 'You were awful damn
lucky to come out of there alive...
What were you doing all that time?'
And he goes...

The Captain pantomimes driving, while looking over his
shoulder.

Gilley, Nate, and everyone, but the MAN, break up laughing. Even his partner, can't help smiling again. Pleased with the results the Captain puts on his hat.

CAPTAIN

See ya, Buck.

GILLEY

(still laughing)

Bye, Jim.

The Captain nods respectfully at the man, who's still standing, then leaves with his partner. A waitress, MARY BETH, appears with Gilley and Nate's breakfast. She puts the plates down along with the check and starts off.

GILLEY(cont'd)

Mary Beth...

MARY BETH

It's coming, Sheriff.

She grabs a bottle of ketchup off the counter, and puts it on their table. She knows him pretty well. Gilley winks at her. She looks at the man and takes out her pad and pen.

GILLEY

(to the man)

How 'bout some breakfast?

MAN

(to Mary Beth)

No.

A tall, dark, good looking man of around 30-with a definitely northern accent--he wears an expensive wool topcoat unbuttoned to show a dark blue suit. From his looks he could be a rising star at IBM, or any major corporation, but his type is no mystery to the state and local lawmen in Billy's---he's FBI. His name is FRANK ALBERGOTTI.

Gilley motions for the man to have a seat next to Nate in the booth. Albergotti chooses a counter stool instead. Local cops are not his favorite people--sheriffs, the worst--it's the politics. He stopped hiding his contempt for them long ago. He stretches his legs out toward the booth, and crosses his arms.

ALBERGOTTI

I'm Frank Albergotti.

Gilley takes a bite of breakfast and notes the lack of a handshake to accompany the name.

GILLEY

You're an early bird, Mr Albergotti.

(a beat)

I don't think I remember the last time the FBI made it to Billy's before 10 A.M.

The scattered laughter tells Albergotti, that there are plenty of ears tuned to this conversation.

GILLEY(cont'd)

So, what brings you and yours up our way?

ALBERGOTTI

Just me, Sheriff. You're working on a couple of murders that interest me.

This interests Gilley. He stops eating and looks at the man.

GILLEY

Don't have a lot to offer you...

ALBERGOTTI

That's putting it mildly.

It's a slap, but Gilley doesn't flinch. The sudden quiet in the place, however, tells Albergotti he's hit a nerve.

GILLEY

We got some leads...

ALBERGOTTI

You don't have jack shit. You've got two bodies downtown, fifteen hours after discovery, and you haven't even turned up the car.

The restaurant is now totally quiet. Nate looks at his boss. Gilley wipes his mouth and looks up at Albergotti.

GILLEY

Mary Beth...Get this man a cup of coffee.

(kindly, to Albergotti)

Where you from, Frank?

The waitress puts a cup of coffee next to the agent and smiles sweetly. The tone and question put Albergotti on the

defensive.

ALBERGOTTI

I can live without the Yankee jokes, Sheriff. I've been in Atlanta five years now with Special Crimes...I've heard 'em all.

GILLEY

(grins)

Something tells me you have, Frank...

(begins eating again)

No, I asked because I wanted to know if you get snow up where you're from. See, down here a storm like this has a tendency to make finding cars something of a challenge for us. But we're working on it.

ALBERGOTTI

I feel better just knowing that, Sheriff.

Gilley looks Albergotti in the eye.

GILLEY

You don't think a whole lot of us state and local boys, do you, Frank?

ALBERGOTTI

It's a prejudice I have, Sheriff. But no one's proved me wrong yet.

A Highway Patrol officer comes through the door and catches Gilley's eye. Albergotti sees him. Nate hurriedly takes two more bites, and puts a biscuit in his pocket. He knows the meal is over. Gilley puts on his hat.

GILLEY

I see. Want to go take a look at that car now, Frank?

36 INT. SHERIFF'S CAR -- EARLY MORNING

Nate drives. Gilley rides in the passenger seat, Albergotti in the rear. We have the feeling they have been riding in silence for a while. Snow beats against the windshield. Gilley leans forward to see.

GILLEY

(to Nate)

Nate, see if you can get anything on this storm.

Nate reaches for the police radio and calls dispatch. Gilley turns and looks back at Albergotti.

GILLEY

Okay, Frank, what's so special about two murders here in Amarillo?

ALBERGOTTI

(uninterested)

They fit a pattern I look for.

He stares out the window, clearly uninterested in discussing it.

GILLEY

You specialize in bathtub deaths, Frank?

Nate cracks a smile. Albergotti snaps his head from the window, then regains his composure. He leans forward, and puts his hands on the seat in front of him.

ALBERGOTTI

You run a tight town, don't you, Sheriff...

(he pats Nate on the back)

Good men you trust...a good system.
But they turned that motel room inside out and didn't come up with a clue.
Am I right?

Albergotti doesn't wait for a response, he can tell from Gilley's face, he's on target

ALBERGOTTI(cont'd)

Don't feel bad, Sheriff. I've been in over a dozen cities following this killer and no one's found anything more or less than you have. Fact is you're about average.

GILLEY

Well, now I don't mean to pee on your campfire, Frank---but if you're telling me you're looking for a murderer based on the consistency of no evidence, I'd say...

ALBERGOTTI

(sharply)

Severed arteries. Single incisions.
Inch to---listen, stop me if I'm wrong...
you'll surprise me---to inch and a half
deep. No prints. No weapon. No witnesses.
Quick disappearance.

He leans back in the seat.

ALBERGOTTI (cont'd)

You're lucky. In the case of your
motel deaths you got IDs on the victims.
That's a luxury. He'll meet a victim,
travel with him, live with them...then
kill him. By the time that happens
they're a couple thousand miles from
the victim's home, and if the police
find the body it can take weeks, even
months or years to get positive ID...
Half the time they give up.

NATE

Sounds like you have seen it before.

ALBERGOTTI

Twenty seven times in fourteen states...
But just in case I miss one...He writes me.

He enjoys the surprise on Gilley's face.

ALBERGOTTI (cont'd)

He sends me clippings. Let's say he
kills in Florida. Five days later I'll
get a story out of an Alabama paper in
an envelope postmarked Spokane. When he
kills he moves and when he moves--he moves
fast.

GILLEY

Sounds like you're not waiting on the
mail this time, Frank.

ALBERGOTTI

I've gotten the fastest jump on him
since I started this case. I've got a
blizzard out there that's going to limit
where he can go and how fast he can
travel. And I'm going to find him, Sheriff.

His confidence borders on cockiness. Gilley and Nate exchange a look which he notices.

ALBERGOTTI (cont'd)

You have a problem with that, Sheriff?

Gilley hides a smile.

GILLEY

No Frank...It's just I'd be more apt to share some of your confidence if there were 200 agents out here beating the bushes for this fellow ---instead of just you.

ALBERGOTTI

You don't have a name, you don't have a face, and you don't have the faintest goddamn idea where this killer's headed.

(beat)

Now, what are you going to tell your 200 agents when they're going to want the answers to those questions?

(no response)

That's my job, Sheriff.

The car approaches several parked State Trooper cars parked along the highway. Their lights are flashing. Nate pulls over. He climbs out leaving Gilley and Albergotti alone.

GILLEY

I still say the more dogs you get on the trail, Frank, the faster you're going to tree your coon.

He starts to climb out of the car, Albergotti stops him.

ALBERGOTTI

He isn't a coon, Sheriff, he's a killer. So, until I know where he is, it's going to be our secret. No media screaming to the whole west that a murderer is on their doorstep. A secret.

He and Gilley lock eyes.

37 EXT. HIGHWAY 27 SOUTH OF AMARILLO -- EARLY MORNING

The Buick from the motel. It has been abandoned along the side of the road. Only a few yards away a HIGHWAY SIGN tells us that Lubbock is just 110 miles and Midland 227 miles further

south.

Gilley and Albergotti approach the car, accompanied by the Highway Patrol Captain from the diner. The car is hardly recognizable under several inches of snow. The Captain carries a long flashlight. When the three men reach the car, the Captain opens the back door and shines the light on the back seat.

WHAT THEY SEE: A man of about 50. He wears a lime green suit, Western cut. His hat rests neatly on his lap. The Captain leans in and carefully pulls back the man's jacket. The whole front of his shirt is bloodsoaked. The Captain lets the jacket fall back and cover the wound. The three men stand around the open door.

CAPTAIN

One shot through the heart. Like he opened the jacket up, and just nuzzled the barrel in there.

Gilley wanders to the rear of the car, while we hear Albergotti and the Captain.

ALBERGOTTI(o.s.)

Any ID on him yet?

CAPTAIN(o.s.)

No sir, nothing yet.

Gilley examines the trunk, then shines his flashlight down in the snow. There are no footprints. Nothing has been disturbed. As he starts to move around to the other side something beneath the car catches his attention. He bends down and picks up the object.

INSERT: A small red metal coupling hook for a set of tire chains.

Gilley turns the object over in his hand, walks back to the other men.

ALBERGOTTI

Where're the officers who found him?

CAPTAIN

I'll get 'em.

He moves off toward a group of highway patrolmen gathered around a nearby car. Gilley hands Albergotti the chain link. Albergotti turns it over once in his hand. To Albergotti it

clearly is of little significance. He seems more interested in the two young highway patrol officers who are now approaching them. He hands the link back to Gilley.

ALBERGOTTI

So he took along a set of chains
when he switched cars.

GILLEY

You don't think that's odd, Frank?

With snow falling all around it's Gilley's statement that seems odd.

ALBERGOTTI

No, Sheriff. Under the circumstances
it makes a hell of a lot of sense.

He moves away from Gilley to meet the Captain and two officers. Both are in their early twenties, and look tired from the long night. When the two men see Gilley they nod and smile.

GILLEY

Rick...Samuel...

THE OFFICERS

Sheriff.

The Captain motions to Albergotti.

CAPTAIN

Officer Hayes. Officer Dutton...
Inspector Albergotti. FBI.

The younger of the two men, Dutton offers his hand. It just about gets bit off.

ALBERGOTTI

(sharply)

Captain Roberts told me you
spotted this car at 10:50 last
night.

Hayes the senior officer by maybe a year, answers.

HAYES

Yes sir...

ALBERGOTTI

And you didn't stop to investigate?

HAYES

No sir, we were en route to an accident...

ALBERGOTTI

But you saw the car at the time?

HAYES

Well...yessir.

ALBERGOTTI

And didn't call it in?

HAYES

We...

ALBERGOTTI

You knew it had been on the sheet since four in the afternoon?

Hayes hesitates. The barrage of questions has him visibly off balance. He starts to answer. DUTTON interrupts.

DUTTON

It's my fault, sir...

(embarrassed)

I misidentified the car...I thought it was an Olds 98.

ALBERGOTTI

You don't know your makes, so a killer's vehicle sits here for---

CAPTAIN

(coming to their defense)

Passing a vehicle at 60 miles an hour, in the rain...it jumps out of the dark at you and disappears.....

ALBERGOTTI

It was on the sheet, Captain.

It silences him like a gag. Albergotti turns again to Dutton

ALBERGOTTI (cont'd)

Didn't you have any doubts, Officer Dutton?

The young patrolman lowers his head.

ALBERGOTTI (cont'd)

We had men in a twenty-three county radius looking for this car, but you were sure enough that it wasn't the one we wanted, that you waited nearly eight hours before making a return check?

(a beat)

Why don't you just tell us you forgot?

No answer. Albergotti shakes his head, and moves back to look in the car. In a matter of a couple of minutes he's managed to completely demoralize these officers. The Captain starts to defend them again, Gilley grabs his arm. He studies Albergotti, then looks up at Hayes.

GILLEY

Rick... how many accidents you boys attend last night?

Hayes looks over at his partner for confirmation. Albergotti listens.

HAYES

I think it was eighteen, Sheriff.

GILLEY

(shaking his head)

'Heard about a jackknife over on 66.

DUTTON

(grinning)

Which one?

The two officers, Gilley, and the Captain suddenly share a chuckle. Gilley moves the snow around with his boot.

GILLEY

Well, it's been a long one...
Why don't y'all call it a night and get on in 'fore your wives get worried.

The Captain nods to the two men, and walks them back to their car. As soon as they've left, Albergotti turns to Gilley.

ALBERGOTTI

You like doing that, don't you?

GILLEY

They made a mistake, Frank. I seriously doubt they needed you to tell them that.

ALBERGOTTI
That "mistake" just sent this
investigation down the tubes.

GILLEY
C'mon, Frank...

ALBERGOTTI
No, you come on, Sheriff.

He brushes the snow off the Buick.

ALBERGOTTI(cont'd)
This was it. This was all we had to
go on. Now thanks to the "fine work"
of those men, we've got zip.
(an order)
I'll expect this to go on their personal
records.

He starts back to the patrol car.

GILLEY
They're my men, Frank...

Albergotti stops. He's been expecting this.

ALBERGOTTI
And this is a federal investigation
now, Sheriff...Don't you forget that.

He continues walking back to the car. As Gilley watches him
go we note that this man has definitely gotten under his
skin.

38 INT. BOB'S CADILLAC. SOUTHERN COLORADO -- EARLY AM.

Bob driving. He looks over at passenger side. Lane's
asleep, head against the window. His jacket has been
balled up to serve as a pillow. Suddenly his eyes blink as
he starts to wake and focus.

WHAT HE SEES: A glossy photo on the dash of two of the
largest breasts west of the Mississippi. Lane cuts his eyes
at Bob who has been watching all of this with interest.

BOB
Not a bad sight to greet you in the
morning, is it?

Lane sits up and coolly pats the photo. He looks out his

window.

LANE
Where are we?

BOB
Southern Colorado. About to come
into Trinidad...Hungry?

Lane nods sleepily.

BOB(cont'd)
Good. We'll stop there.

Lane looks around the car. It is clear this is still a strange new experience for him but with the light of day the car has lost much of its threat from the night before. He looks back at Bob.

LANE
Mind if I asked you something?

BOB
Shoot.

LANE
What do you do for a living?

BOB
(proudly)
Nothing.

LANE
You mean you're independently wealthy
and just ride around picking people up
and taking them wherever they want to go.

BOB
Yeah.

Lane's surprised expression draws a wink from Bob.

BOB(cont'd)
Well partly yeah...See I really was
heading to Salt Lake when I picked you
up yesterday...

LANE
(delicately)
But as far as the other...

BOB
Am I rich?...
(grins)
I ain't hurting.

Lane seems to relax even more. Bob watches him for a moment.

BOB(cont'd)
How 'bout you? What do you do?

LANE
Nothing.

He looks out the window. This answer is obviously one he hasn't gotten used to.

39 INT. HIGHWAY RESTAURANT. SOUTHERN COLORADO -- EARLY AM.

Bob and Lane sit in a booth at the rear of the restaurant--a mom and pop place. The walls are covered with framed 8X10 glossy photographs of prize winning bulls--a safe place to order a steak, but the kind of place only a local or a trucker would know about.

Breakfast. Bob is telling a story, Lane listens intently.

BOB
So Morgan comes up to the plate...
I like old Joe. He comes up and you
know how he bats...

Lane takes a bite and shakes his head.

BOB(cont'd)
Oh, sure you do. Like this---

Still sitting in the booth, Bob imitates Joe Morgan's famous nervous- elbow, batting stance.

BOB(cont'd)
He took a high inside fastball and you
should have seen that one climb...

Bob watches the imaginary baseball sail out of the park. His gaze settles on Lane. Lane looks up and catches him staring.

LANE
You're staring again.

Bob shakes his head.

BOB

I can't help it, goddamnit. You favor him. And your age---he was about your age.

LANE

Besides looking like me, what else was he like?

BOB

A pain in the ass. Tell him to do one thing and damn, if he would go off and do the other. Bullheaded... but smart. Had a college education... You've got an education, don't you?

LANE

(almost embarrassed)

Yeah.

BOB

Four years and you want to know what he did with it....Nothing. Not a dang thing...

(beat)

But I loved him...

Lane listens. The emotion with which Bob has told this has moved him.

LANE

What was his name?

BOB

Jack.

A newspaper delivery stepvan pulls up outside the restaurant. The driver hops out and begins putting papers into the machines by the door. Bob watches him and Lane notes this interest. A man in the booth behind theirs coughs, stops, then begin coughing again. Lane wipes his mouth and gets up.

LANE

You want a paper?

BOB

I'll get one in a minute.

LANE

I'm finished I'll get it.

He gets up and starts outside. The coughing from the other booth starts again. Bob looks over his shoulder at the man then stops a waitress passing by.

BOB

Hey, bring this fellow some water.

The coughing grows louder, turns guttural, desperate. Concerned heads begin to turn. The COOK--a huge man in an apron--appears at the kitchen door. The waitress hurriedly fills a glass of water.

BOB (cont'd)

(over his shoulder)

Hang in there, bud. 'Water's on its way.

He takes another bite of breakfast, and watches Lane through the window.

40 EXT. THE RESTAURANT

Lane waits for the delivery man to finish loading the machines.

LANE

Anything interesting today?

The man hands him a paper and points at the frontpage headline.

MAN

Just that.

INSERT: Front page of newspaper. A large photo of the motel in Amarillo and the headline: AMARILLO MOTEL MURDERS.

Lane hands him a quarter and starts back inside.

41 INT. THE RESTAURANT -- SAME

The waitress brings the water, but too late. The man tries to stand, collapses on his table, and rolls onto the seat. He's choking, fighting for air. The waitress screams. The cook comes running out of the kitchen, and helps the man sit up. He sees the man's not breathing.

COOK
 (to the waitress)
 Fae, call an ambulance!

But the woman just stands there. Several people gather around the man's booth. The big cook grabs the choking man around the mid- section and tries administering the Heimlich maneuver. The man does not respond, in fact it seems to make things worse. The cooks looks up and sees his wife still standing and yells.

COOK
 Goddamnit Fae! Call the ambulance!

Lane enters the restaurant, and sees the crowd. He hurries toward the commotion and throws the paper into his booth as he passes.

LANE
 Let me look at him, I'm a doctor.

COOK
 (to the people)
 Get back! Let him look at him.
 (to Lane)
 He's got something really jammed
 back there.

Lane wastes no time.

LANE
 (to the Cook)
 Quick, get him on the counter.

The Cook mobilizes the patrons. They lift the man onto the lunch counter. The waitress tries to clear the plates and glasses, but they go crashing to the floor. Lane tilts the man's head back and starts CPR.

WAITRESS
 (crying)
 Oh, God, he's turning blue.

COOK
 (to the waitress)
 Get in the kitchen, Fae. Goddamnit!
 Go on!

Lane gets no response from the man. He digs in his pocket and looks at the cook.

LANE

Get me a towel.

A customer rushes into the kitchen and returns with a towel. He hands it to the cook who passes it to Lane.

Lane pulls a jackknife from his pocket, and snaps opens the blade. In two seconds, he's cut a flap in the man's throat and removed the food. Suddenly, there is the rasping intake of air through the throat. Lane looks up and spots Bob. Bob is speechless. The man is breathing.

42 INT. THE CADILLAC -- EARLY MORNING

Bob is driving, smiling. He's trying hard not burst from excitement. Lane on the other hand looks shot, even depressed. Finally, Bob can't contain it any longer.

BOB

God damn!

(proudly)

Doctor Dixon.

LANE

(quietly)

Don't call me that.

BOB

Why not?

LANE

'Cause....I'm not a doctor.

BOB

Hey, I didn't make that up. You called yourself one.

LANE

It clears a path.

BOB

Don't give me that bullshit...I was just in the operating room with you. .

LANE

I got kicked out of med school.

Bob is momentarily stunned.

BOB

Kicked out like...

LANE

Like, one semester to go, goodbye,
don't come back.

Bob grins.

LANE (cont'd)

You think that's funny?

BOB

I don't know you real well, but you
don't look much like the kind of guy
who gets kicked out of med school.

LANE

Really, what do they look like?

BOB

They've got drugs hanging from their
pockets and a hand up the nurse's dress.

Lane stops a smile. Bob sees this.

BOB (cont'd)

Or does it take two hands up the dress
these days?

LANE

Nurses don't count anymore...

They grin.

BOB

What'd you really do?

LANE

(dead serious)

I trusted someone.

Bob waits for more, but nothing else comes.

BOB

Look you don't have to explain, just
tell me this...does it mean it's all
over or can you maybe finish somewhere
else?

LANE

Yeah, I can finish somewhere else,
but...

BOB

(relieved)

Well, then what the hell we worried about? I mean, when you said you were kicked out, I was thinking the worst, like you were barred from ever being a doc or something. But if you can finish...

LANE

I don't know if I'm going to finish.

BOB

What do you mean by that?

LANE

Just what I said.

BOB

You mean just give up...

LANE

Maybe...

BOB

(angrily)

Hey! You saved a man's life back there! He's alive because you had two things no one else in that room had...You had the skill to save him, and you had the need to help...Now if you quit, that skill might get rusty...but that need isn't going to go away. That was obvious back there...It's got you, Doc...and it isn't going to let you go.

The outburst stuns Lane into silence. Bob looks out the window. His anger dissipates.

BOB(cont'd)

Look...the advice comes with the ride.

(beat)

I just don't want to see you make a mistake.

Lane listens to him. There is a sincerity to his tone like that of an older brother.

43 INT. POLICE STATION/ AMARILLO / SCREENING ROOM -- DAY

Dark. Sound of a slide projector. Slide falling into place and the image on the screen: A rural southern road at sundown. Patrol cars line both shoulders. Albergotti narrates as the slides progress.

ALBERGOTTI

In many ways he fits the typical profile of a serial killer. He likes the unconnected victim, a hitchhiker, a runaway, a wino...

Next slide: The body in the ditch. It is badly decomposed.

ON Gilley and Albergotti in the dark. Their interest in these slides as different as night and day. We note that during the more gruesome parts, Gilley will casually clean his glasses--like a boy who looks away in a horror movie.

ALBERGOTTI(cont'd)

...no one missed them when they were alive, and it's a long time before someone realizes they're gone. Then you get a case like this...

Next slide: A neat white framed house, again the police cars.

ALBERGOTTI(cont'd)

Ed Mason...

Next slide: A big man, shirtless and wearing khaki pants lies on the floor of a neat house. He is half curled up as if he is sleeping on his side, except that he is dead. Both hands are pressed between his legs--in his groin--in what was obviously a hopeless attempt to keep from bleeding to death.

ALBERGOTTI(cont'd)

Solid, respectable, family man... Notice, no sign of a struggle. Identical to the situation you found in the motel room and the car today....And probably with the others.

GILLEY

You think he buddies-up to them?

ALBERGOTTI

I think they trusted him, otherwise

CONT'D

ALBERGOTTI (cont'd)
 there's no way he could get this close.
 Of course, once he gets there, he sure
 as hell knows what he's doing...

He pauses as if admiring the killer's handiwork.

ALBERGOTTI (cont'd)
 (almost to himself)
 He's good...Quick. Tremendous blood
 loss. 'Know where you learn to kill like
 that?

GILLEY
 The service.

ALBERGOTTI
 (nods)
 We've run multiple checks on Marines,
 Green Berets, Rangers, as far back as
 World War II . . . If this is an ex-GI he's
 kept his nose clean.

Another slide: A woman. She too has been brutally slain.
 Gilley begins cleaning his glasses.

ALBERGOTTI (cont'd)
 Nancy Mason...

He looks over and notices the glass cleaning ritual. Gilley
 puts on his glasses and sees Albergotti watching. Albergotti
 looks back at the screen.

ALBERGOTTI
 He likes the knife...I think it lets
 him show off his skill...This is what
 he's proudest of.

GILLEY
 He ever contact you about the other
 killings? The one's that don't make the
 papers.

There is a slight but definite hesitation, as if remembering
 something, then he faces Gilley.

ALBERGOTTI
 No.

GILLEY
 A phone call...a note?

ALBERGOTTI

I've pulled enough stiff hobos out of fields and ditches to know his work by sight. I think he knows that.

NATE

The one's that don't get reported....
How many are we talking about?

ALBERGOTTI

A guess?...Hundreds...A serial killer might kill upwards of three, four hundred people before he's caught. . . or quits.

GILLEY

'You ever known one to quit, Frank?

ALBERGOTTI

It happens. Something triggers this kind of madness...something else can turn it off.

He looks again at the body on the screen. His fascination with these images has not been lost on Gilley. The door to the darkened room is suddenly cracked, and we hear a woman's voice.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Sheriff...

Thankful for the interruption, Gilley heads for the door. Albergotti watches for only a moment, then turns his attention back to the screen.

44 INT. OUTSIDE SCREENING ROOM -- SAME

Gilley leaves the screening room. His secretary, a young blond woman named, PAM, waits for him in the hall. They talk as they walk toward his office.

A young highway patrolman, HAWK, flirting with one of the secretaries outside the Sheriff's office, straightens up as he sees Gilley approach.

PAM(cont'd)

Matthew Taber on the phone from
Midland.

GILLEY

Thank you, Pam.

(noticing the patrolman)

Hank, let the ladies do their jobs.

HANK

Yessir.

Gilley enters his office and picks up the phone.

GILLEY

Matt?

45 INT. MIDLAND SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- SAME

A busy booking room. A uniformed man in his early 40's speaks on the phone. MATT TABER. Behind him stands a Mexican-American man about 50; sad face, tired, he holds his hat in his hands. He listens to Taber on the phone.

MATT

Hiya, Buck...I may have something for you on that I-27 shooting, y'all are working on.----Well, 'bout half hour ago, 'fella from up your way, come in here with some things he found in the back of his truck.---A wallet for one.

(opening up the wallet)

And the driver's license looks like it matches up pretty good.--Okay, B as in baby, 3634739. Name, Ruskins, Jack C. Same as on the plastic.---No cash, but--

(he cuts his eyes at the Mexican)

You got to remember we got this thing second hand, here. What?--Yeah, I've got his route...

46 INT. GILLEY'S OFFICE

ON Gilley taking notes while he talks on the phone.

GILLEY

I appreciate it, Matt---

47 INT. MIDLAND SHERIFF'S OFFICE

ON Matt. He tosses down the paper, and reaches for another article on the desk.

MATT
Something else, Buck---

He lifts into frame a Smith and Wesson .38 revolver.

MATT(cont'd)
---he also found an S and W .38.
(pause)
We already done it. No prints. But it's
been fired. Once.--Hey, Buck I hear
you got some company up there? 'You
having some trouble in your old age?

He laughs.

48 INT. GILLEY'S OFFICE

Gilley on the phone. Nate moves to the desk. Gilley slides him the piece of paper he has been writing the driver's license number and name on. Nate takes it and leaves.

GILLEY
(on phone, to Matt)
Old age! Boy, you come up here and
say that to me in person, I'll show
you about old age.
(he laughs)
Thanks, I will. Say, Matt, what's the
weather like down there?...Thanks.

He hangs up and looks up. Albergotti stands in the doorway.

ALBERGOTTI
What do you have?

GILLEY
Got the gun. Got the name of our
man out there on the highway...
(consulting his notes)
A Mr. Jack Ruskins...

ALBERGOTTI
What kind of car he was driving?

GILLEY
We don't know yet. We're checking
with Austin right now.

ALBERGOTTI
Where'd you get the information?

Gilley pauses before answering. The brusqueness of the questioning has him peeved. He regains his patience.

GILLEY

Midland. Fellow down there found the stuff in the back of his truck, took it to the police.

ALBERGOTTI

Get me down there.

GILLEY

That's all they got, Frank. The fellow who found 'em doesn't know where it happened.

ALBERGOTTI

Well, this "fellow who found 'em" did you get his route? Did he talk to anybody? Did you find out where he stopped?

(no response)

Did you even ask, Sheriff?

Gilley taps a pencil on his desk.

GILLEY

Course I asked, Frank. He stopped just north of here and bought ten dollars worth of gas and a pack of Marlboros. Didn't stop again till he was outside of Midland, at a Texaco--with four pumps, 'took a leak, flicked his tool twice and bought a pack of rubbers...I didn't ask what brand...

ALBERGOTTI

Listen, smartass...

GILLEY

No, you listen, mister...This may come as a shock to you, but you didn't invent the criminal investigation, so stop parading around here like a bullying banty rooster.

Albergotti backs off and cools down. Gilley calms down also.

GILLEY(cont'd)

Tell me something, Frank...Don't it bother you that a man who hasn't dropped a clue in 27 killings, suddenly

CONT'D

GILLEY (cont'd)
leaves one so big you could drive
a truck through it?
(beat)
Don't you see, Frank...He's begging
you to go South.

Gilley takes out the chain link from his pocket and lays it
on his desk.

GILLEY
(calling out the door)
Hank! You still here?!

Hank, the highway patrolman by the secretaries' desk, sticks
his head in the door.

HANK
I was just leaving, Sheriff.

GILLEY
What were the roads like west of here
last night?

HANK
Well, I was up far as Dalhart last
night at nine and they weren't too
bad. With chains they were letting
folks over the passes west of there.

GILLEY
Thanks, Hank.

Hank nods and ducks out of the office. Albergotti picks up
the link and looks at Gilley.

ALBERGOTTI
Is it so unusual to take a set of chains...
Just in case?

GILLEY
A little while ago you told me this man
takes off in a hurry, yet he took time out
to make sure he'd have some chains. I
don't think it was a precautionary move,
Frank...I think he planned on using them.

ALBERGOTTI
Okay, so he needed them.

GILLEY

Not if he went south. At the time it wasn't snowing south of Lubbock, and it still ain't.

ALBERGOTTI

What is this, Sheriff, a gut feeling?

GILLEY

Right now...yeah.

ALBERGOTTI

When I got here he had a fifteen hour head start on me...now, thanks to the efforts of your men he's extended that to almost a full day.

He tosses the metal link back to Gilley.

ALBERGOTTI (cont'd)

I don't have time for guesses and gut feelings...I get the first real lead on this killer in 13 months and you try and tell me he put a set of chains on a stolen car and headed into the worst storm of the year...

(beat)

Get me down there, Sheriff.

The two men look at each other for a moment. Finally Gilley reaches for his intercom and buzzes the outer office. Nate appears at the door.

GILLEY

(to Nate)

Mr. Albergotti wants to go to Midland, Nate. I don't care if you have to put a snowplow in front of his car, you make sure he gets there.

Nate nods. Albergotti starts for the door as Gilley's intercom buzzes.

PAM'S VOICE

(on intercom)

DMV in Austin, Sheriff...

Albergotti stops at the door. Gilley picks up the phone.

GILLEY(cont'd)
Sheriff Gilley...Hey, Neil...Yeah,
let me get something to write with...

He grabs a pencil and scribbles on a pad.

GILLEY(cont'd)
I appreciate it, Neil...
(hangs up, to Albergotti)
Well, it seems Mr. Ruskins did one good
thing for the state of Texas---he only
owned one car...
(looks at the piece of paper)
A 1980 Cadillac...Yellow.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. THE CADILLAC / COLORADO ROADSIDE -- AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON: Dealer's medallion on the rear of a car. It
says: LONE STAR CADILLAC--BROWNSVILLE, TX. License Plate
is TEXAS.

Bob's Cadillac sits on the shoulder of the road with the
hood up. Lane is removing the air filter hood. Bob
watches, occasionally he looks down the road.

LANE
It's the elevation. The car's not
tuned for it up here...It just can't get
enough air...

He depresses the butterfly valve on the carburetor.

LANE(cont'd)
Got a pocket comb or a ballpoint pen?

Bob gives him his plastic pocket comb. Lane clips the small
comb onto the valve keeping it open. He begins replacing
the air filter.

BOB
Did you fix it?

LANE
No. It's just patched up 'till we
can get to a garage and have the
engine tuned.

BOB
The engine tuned!

LANE
Yeah...If your plugs look anything
like that air filter it's a wonder we
got this far.

Bob resigns himself to the dilemma.

BOB
You charge much for this service, Doc?

LANE
I'll put it on your bill.

He grins and closes the hood.

50 INT. POLICE GARAGE. AMARILLO -- AFTERNOON

A car door slams. The window rolls down and we see
Albergotti in the car. His driver, a highway patrolman,
sits behind the wheel. Gilley and Nate stand on the curb.

GILLEY
Have a good trip, Frank.

The driver puts the car in gear. Albergotti stops him from
leaving. He stares at Gilley.

ALBERGOTTI
Don't make a move without my approval,
Sheriff. You do anything to interfere
with this investigation while I'm down
there, and it'll be your ass when I get
back.

GILLEY
Well, let's hope you won't have to come
back, Frank.

ALBERGOTTI
(understanding this is
a double-edged wish)
That's a good thought.
(to the driver)
Let's go.

The car pulls away. Gilley waves from the curb.

51 INT. ALBERGOTTI'S CAR -- SAME

Albergotti settles into his seat. Casually he reaches for the dash radio, turns it on, nothing happens. He moves the dial, changing channels, still nothing. The driver watches this.

DRIVER

You know, that radio hasn't worked for as long as I can remember. Sometimes if you hit it right here...

ALBERGOTTI

Don't bother.

He notices something else.

ALBERGOTTI (cont'd)

Where's the two-way in this thing?

DRIVER

(sheepishly)

They took it out to have some work done on it.

Albergotti gives up and sits back.

52 INT. POLICE GARAGE -- SAME

Gilley and Nate watch the car disappear.

GILLEY

Nate, get in touch with every police department north and west of us. Then, I want you to call the local radio and TV news folks. Tell them what kind of car we're looking for.

NATE

Didn't you hear what he just said?

Gilley twists a finger in his ear as if to clean it out.

GILLEY

I must be getting old, Nate. Dang, if I heard a thing that man said.

(beat)

I ought to get my ears checked.

He leaves Nate standing by the curb looking after him.

53 INT. SHORTY'S GARAGE -- LATER

SHORTY, a small taut man about Bob's age holds a wrench in one hand, and drapes his other arm around Bob's shoulders. He looks at Lane.

SHORTY

This fellow and me went to school
together, went to work together,
went to war together...

He looks at Bob fondly then releases him and goes back to work on the Cadillac.

SHORTY(cont'd)

(an afterthought)

Best man at my wedding...The man
is 'salt of the earth.'

BOB

C'mon Shorty...'making me sound like
a saint...

Shorty ignores him. He drops a spark plug into a pan and addresses himself to Lane.

SHORTY

I broke my back two years ago...want
to guess who fed my kids while I was
laid up?...

Bob goes to a candy vending machine and looks over the selection.

SHORTY(cont'd)

(to Lane)

'Paid my bills...Every one of 'em, till
I could get back to work.

Lane looks back at Bob. He is clearly impressed with this information. Shorty looks up just as Bob's about to put money into the machine.

SHORTY

That's broken, Bob. Sorry...got to get
that fixed.

Bob puts his quarter away and wanders around the garage. He seems restless.

LANE
(to Shorty)
What kind of work did y'all do?

SHORTY
We cleared passes for the SF&RGW.

He sees Lane doesn't follow.

SHORTY(cont'd)
The railroad. A storm like this'll drop
'foot and a half, two feet up there in
those passes. Someone's got to clear
them to get the freight through. That
was our job.

(points at the work bench)
Would you mind bringing me that pack
of plugs?

Lane goes to the work bench, brings him a new package of
spark plugs.

LANE
When did you start doing this?

SHORTY
(as he works)
When I got back from the war. 'Got
married and had a family. Clearing passes
is dangerous work. I figured if I made it
through Nam, I wasn't going to tempt fate
being up there with them avalanches.

LANE
How long were you over there?

SHORTY
Nam? Two years.

LANE
Both of you?

Shorty looks up and wipes off his wrench.

SHORTY
Not Bobby...
(to Bob)
How long were you over there, Bob?

Bob moves to the door to Shorty's back office and looks in.

BOB
(quietly)
Six years.

He steps into Shorty's office. This length of time surprises Lane.

LANE
(repeating)
Six years...

SHORTY
Yeah...Bob and the war...they got
along real good. Big medal winner,
he was...

Lane looks back at Bob. He is now out of sight in the office.

54 INT. SHORTY'S OFFICE --SAME

Small and spare. A sink against the back wall. A mounted trout over the door and several deer antlers on the walls. Bob looks at several photos by the door. There are not many and most are simply snapshots pinned to the wall. The few framed ones rest in dime store frames.

One interests Bob--a small one. Three men stand beside a locomotive in the snow. The first two are readily identified as a younger Bob and Shorty. The third man is younger, in his mid-twenties, and much bigger than either Bob or Shorty. He sports a black beard. Bob reaches out and touches the photo.

BOB
(to Shorty)
Where'd you get this picture?

SHORTY(o.s.)
Which one?

Bob carefully takes it off the wall and goes back into the garage.

BOB
Of the three of us in Minturn?

Shorty looks at the photo.

SHORTY
Ol' Tex Kincaid took that...

BOB
I'd like to have it.

There is a sense of urgency in the request.

SHORTY
Sure, Bob...It's the only one I
got of you though...

This makes no difference to Bob. He carefully puts the photo inside the car and takes out his coat and hat from the back seat.

LANE
You going somewhere?

BOB
Out...
(to Shorty)
How long before you get that car fixed?

SHORTY
Twenty minutes, but you aren't
going anywhere. You're staying
with us tonight.

Bob goes to the door.

BOB
Next time.

Before Shorty can protest Bob leaves.

55 EXT. GAS STATION

Bob walks to the gas pumps. He looks across the street to the downtown area, deserted because of the storm. Barely visible through the falling snow we see the red lettered sign of a Woolworth's store. Bob crosses the street apparently headed for the store.

56 INT. GAS STATION

Shorty watches Bob through the garage door. Lane goes to the car and removes the photo.

SHORTY
Sweet tooth.

LANE

What?

SHORTY

He's got a vicious sweet tooth. He didn't want to say anything, but he's off to get some candy.

Shorty chuckles and goes back to work on the car.

SHORTY(cont'd)

Bob's a good man. If you think I'd take a penny from him to work on this car, you're funny.

Lane looks at the photo.

LANE

Who's this other guy in the picture?

SHORTY

That's Jack...Bob's brother.

LANE

That's Jack?

It's obvious he sees none of the resemblance Bob has described between himself and the man in the photo. Shorty studies Lane.

SHORTY

Bob mention him to you?

LANE

Mention him...shoot, that's all he's talked about.

This interests Shorty.

SHORTY

I see...Did he tell you he killed him?

Lane looks up surprised. Shorty has his answer.

SHORTY(cont'd)

It was self-defense of course. I was there and saw it happen.

LANE

What happened?

SHORTY

When Bobby came back from the war, he went back to work clearing passes. He got Jack a job doing the same, even though Jack had an education and all...Anyway they got into an argument one night while they were working. I don't know what started it, but the next afternoon Jack jumped him. Jack just went crazy. And Bob killed him.

Lane is in shock. Shorty sees this.

SHORTY(cont'd)

That was a long time ago. The guilt about killed Bob.

LANE

I thought you said it was self-defense.

SHORTY

It was, but that don't make it any easier. Bob was real close to Jack. Jack was a good kid. I don't know what got into him.

Lane looks again at the photo, then out the garage window after Bob.

57 INT. WOOLWORTH'S STORE -- SAME

Bob enters the store. A young checkout girl eyes him. She is about 25 and pretty. He looks around the store. It appears to be empty and the emptiness seems to please Bob. He smiles at the girl and makes a motion at the falling snow.

BOB

Pretty when it comes down like that.

She looks out at the snow.

GIRL

(deadpan)

If it gets any prettier I'll be spending the night here tonight.

Bob grins. He points to the candy island in the center of the store.

BOB

I wanted to get some candy.

She walks back to the island. Bob follows her and looks around the deserted store.

BOB (cont'd)

Pretty quiet.

GIRL

Quiet isn't the word. I broke my butt to get in to work today--I live five miles out of town--nearly ran off the road twice--and I get here and my manager calls and says he can't get in. I say, look Larry, I'm closing up. There's not a living soul in town, even Bradley's--the department store across the street--is closed.

But does he tell me to close and try to get home before I get stuck here?...No! He says, keep the place open till noon. Now look at it...I'll be lucky to find my car, much less get out. What'll you have?

Bob, who has been looking around the store through most of this story, answers without hesitation.

BOB

Candy corn. Had many customers today?

GIRL

You're it.

Without asking how much he wants she starts filling a bag. Bob watches and smiles.

BOB

Why don't you just lock up the store and not tell him?

He follows this suggestion with a wink. She likes his way of thinking and smiles.

GIRL

I would but he's going to call at twelve and see how business is, otherwise, believe me, I'd be out of here.

Bob watches her weigh the candy. He gives her a sympathetic smile.

GIRL(cont'd)
 Hey, listen, I didn't mean to bend
 your ear with this...That's \$2.75.

She hands him the bag of candy corn. He reaches into his pocket and removes a roll of bills. He hunts for a five when the phone rings in the back room.

GIRL(cont'd)
 That's him...

Without waiting for the money she darts to the back of store and disappears into the back room. Bob pops a handful of candy corn into his mouth, and watches. For a moment he stands and listens to the phone conversation in the back room, then slowly he walks to the front door and looks out. The street is quiet.

Bob silently turns the "Come in, We're open" sign around and throws the lock. He pops another handful of candy into his mouth and starts for the rear of the store.

58 INT. WOOLWORTH STORE/ BACK ROOM -- SAME

It is a work room connected to the larger stock room. There is a time clock next to the back door and a long work table stacked high with flattened boxes. Several metal employee lockers line a wall. There are no windows in the room.

The girl sits at a desk near the door and talks on the phone with her boss. She hardly looks up when Bob appears at the doorway. He holds up the money he owes her. On seeing this, she quickly puts her index finger to her lips for him to be quiet. Bob nods understandingly and makes no noise.

GIRL
 (on phone)
 That's right, Larry, not a soul.
 The place is empty!...I wish you
 were paying me what you're spending
 to heat this place.

Bob smiles and looks around the room. His gaze falls on the long work table. On the corner are several rolls of strapping tape and a razor. He looks at the razor for a long moment as the girl finishes her conversation.

GIRL(cont'd)
 Thanks Larry. You're doing the
 right thing, I promise. I'll see
 you Monday...Bye.

She hangs up looking much relieved. Bob holds up the money again.

BOB
You didn't take my money.

GIRL
Oh, forget the money. If I rang it up he'd see it on Monday and give me hell.

She immediately prepares to leave. She takes her purse out of a locker and puts on her coat. She doesn't see him step into the room and close the door. Her back is turned as he begins to approach her.

GIRL(cont'd)
I hate to ask you but if I need it could you give me a hand with my car?

As he passes the table he picks up the razor. When she turns he is right behind her.

GIRL(cont'd)
What are you doing?

He pushes his body against her, pinning her against the locker. His hand goes inside her coat and up her left side.

BOB
It's okay, this won't hurt.

She listens like she believes him. Suddenly he presses the razor under her left arm and draws it straight down her side, beneath her rib cage and across her stomach. As her blouse reddens he wraps her coat around her and holds her. Watching her the whole time.

59 INT. SHORTY'S GARAGE -- DAY

A car pulls up to the pumps and rings the bell. Shorty leaves Lane and the Cadillac in the service bay and goes out to fill up the customer's car. Lane watches from inside. He cannot see either the customer or the car and goes back to work. As soon as he does, a HIGHWAY PATROLMAN(TROOPER) comes to the door to the service bay. He smiles admiringly at the Cadillac and walks over to where Lane is working on the engine.

TROOPER
That's a beaut. She yours?

LANE
(looking up)
No. It's a friend of mine's.

TROOPER
My brother's got two. He's a dentist
up in Pueblo.

He runs his hand along the front fender.

TROOPER(cont'd)
Your friend's got a real peach, here.
He reaches the car's front door when Shorty appears at the
doorway.

SHORTY
Got ya all set, Doug.
The trooper sees him and nods.

TROOPER
Okay, thanks Shorty.
He decides to take a quick peek at the Cadillac's interior
before leaving. It stops him cold.

TROOPER
Jesus Christ!
Lane and Shorty share a grin.

LANE
Some collection, huh?

TROOPER
(regaining his composure)
Beats the hell out of vinyl seats.
He leans in for one more look before leaving.

60 EXT. ALLEY (BESIDE WOOLWORTH'S) -- SAME

Bob steps into the snowy alley and makes his way to the
street. He turns the corner and stops.

WHAT HE SEES: The Garage. The Trooper and Shorty come out

of the garage. Even from this distance it is obvious they know each other. The Trooper finally climbs in his car and leaves. The easiness of this departure tells Bob that his car hasn't been reported.

Bob pulls his collar up around his ears and starts for the garage.

61 INT. SHORTY'S GARAGE

Lane starts the engine. Shorty lowers the hood and comes around the side of the car, wiping his hands on a rag, clearly pleased with his work.

BOB(o.s.)

Now that sounds like the car I know
and love. Shorty you do great work.

Bob appears in the doorway. He appears a different man. Relaxed, and happy. The change is noticed by both Lane and Shorty.

BOB(cont'd)

Back her out, Doc.

SHORTY

What's the hurry, Bob? You fellows
just got here.

Bob opens the garage door and Lane slowly backs the car out.

BOB

We've got to get to Salt Lake by
tomorrow, Shorty. But thanks for
the offer.

He shakes hands with his friend and goes out to Lane who's waiting in the car. He opens the door and leans in.

BOB(cont'd)

I forgot to pay, Shorty. I'll be
right back.

He walks back to the garage and slips under the closing garage door.

62 INT. GARAGE -- SAME

The garage door closes behind Bob. He straightens and looks around the service bay. WE HEAR the sound of RUNNING WATER.

BOB
Shorty?...

From the back office we hear Shorty.

SHORTY (o.s.)
Yo....'Forget something, Bob?

Bob reaches down and pulls his knife from its sheath in his boot.

BOB
Yeah.

He comes to the door of the office. Shorty stands by the sink washing his hands.

SHORTY
If you're going to try to force
money on me, you may as well forget it.

Bob looks at his small friend and steps into the room.

BOB
Don't make this hard for me, Shorty.

Shorty looks up and we can tell by his expression change--he sees the knife.

63 INT. THE CAR -- SAME

Lane waits in the idling car. Suddenly the passenger door opens and Bob slides in.

LANE
That was quick.

BOB
Told you it wouldn't take long.

Lane looks down. Bob's pants cuff is caught on the top of his boot. Bob reaches down and frees it.

LANE
Did he take it?

Bob looks up surprised.

LANE (cont'd)

Shorty said he wouldn't take your money because of what you've done for him.

BOB

I got him to keep it this time.

64 INT. AMARILLO POLICE STATION --- DAY

Joe, one of the deputies from the motel, hangs up a phone. WE MOVE with him through a maze of activity into Gilley's office, which has become like a command post. Several maps have been put up on the wall and it is easy to see that Gilley is fully in his element. Joe gives Gilley a note and pours himself a cup of coffee, while he reads it.

GILLEY

When did he see it?

JOE

Twenty minutes ago at a gas station in Trinidad. It was having some sort of work done. He's going back right now to check. Want to wait?

Gilley considers all this for a moment, then decides.

GILLEY

(to the deputy at the map)

No. Mark it.

(to Nate)

Get Don Miller, Colorado H.P. on the phone in Pueblo. Tell him what we've got...We need roadblocks.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. SOUTHERN COLORADO HIGHWAY --- DAY

A Colorado highway patrol car pulls onto a snowy shoulder where it joins another already parked. Wooden barriers are being unloaded out of a truck. The officer climbs out and brings with him his shotgun.

66 EXT. ANOTHER HIGHWAY -- DAY

A two lane stretch higher into the mountains. The same

activity of establishing a roadblock is taking place. Here too, the officers are well-armed and waiting.

67 EXT. ANOTHER ROADBLOCK -- DAY

This one farther east of the mountains . While the cars on the highway slowly pass through the roadblock, a freight train running parallel to the highway speeds along on its way toward the peaks in the distance.

68 INT. THE CADILLAC -- DAY

ON BOB driving. Lane sleeps, leaning against the window. His coat balled up for a pillow. It is a winding mountain road--paved, but generally the kind of back road, you'd probably avoid in good weather. But Bob seems comfortable driving here. They are now high up in the mountains.

Bob hums a song and eyes Lane. Suddenly, he lets out a wildcat-like scream which wakes Lane with a start. He taps a photograph over his head.

BOB

Thinking about Jacqueline, here...
God, how she'd scream.

Lane slowly lets out his breath and gets his bearings.

BOB(cont'd)

Been thinking about all these
luscious women. I remember 'em all...

He laughs and points to another photo.

BOB(cont'd)

Take Becky there. Reno. She had
this thing, she'd do with her thighs...

He takes his hands off the steering wheel for just an instant to demonstrate. The Cadillac fishtails. Lane grabs the dash. Bob fights the skid and they pull out of it.

BOB(cont'd)

(laughs)

Shooo....nothing like that to bring
you back!

Lane looks out the window. They have begun a series of

sharp switchback turns. There are no guard rails. The drop is steep, and long. He looks at Bob.

LANE

Where are we?

BOB

My shortcut. This'll cut two hours off our time.

LANE

If we get there.

BOB

Trust me, Doc. Trust me. I'll have you in Salt Lake by tomorrow night.

Lane turns from the window and looks at Bob.

LANE

Not Salt Lake...

BOB

What do you mean, not...?

LANE

(cutting him off)

I'm not going to Salt Lake...

(beat)

I'm going to Idaho. There's a school that's said they'll let me finish my degree and start my internship.

Bob is taken off guard by this news.

BOB

I guess I'm not surprised you didn't tell me this earlier...I mean, who'd trust a man that drives a car plastered with nude photos...

LANE

I only lied to you about where I was going. What I said back there about not knowing what I was going to do... I meant that.

BOB

So now you've just decided finishing ain't such a bad plan?

LANE

Yeah. You were right back there when you said that some things won't let you go. The need to help someone or at least try to help...isn't going to go away. You were right.

Bob doesn't answer. He looks out his window. He seems to be weighing something in his mind.

BOB

(quietly)

So, when are you supposed to be at this school, anyway?

LANE

Yesterday.

Bob shakes his head and grins. He looks at Lane and the two men smile. Suddenly, the car goes into another skid. It is a long downhill straightaway.

Bob spins the wheel, and the car straightens out. Lane grins nervously. But instead of slowing, the car begins to pick up speed, heading straight for the edge of the cliff. Bob pumps the brakes. Nothing works. Going faster. Bob looks up.

BOB

Goddamnit...Get out!

The car slams into the snow embankment and hurdles it. A door flies open in mid-air, and the car disappears over the edge.

There is no sound of a crash. There is no sound at all, but the hiss of falling snow. From the road there is no trace of an accident.

WE TRACK TO the edge of the cliff. The car rests forty feet below the road--on its side and deep in snow. The rear passenger door is open and rocks in the wind. Directly below the car's resting place--and it's none too secure--the mountain drops a sheer hundred feet.

Above the car and near the road, Bob and Lane lie in the snow twenty feet apart--in exactly the places they landed when jumping from the car. Bob is closer to the road. It has happened so quickly they are both in shock, but unhurt.

Bob looks down the slope in Lane's direction. Lane lies face down in the snow.

BOB
Hey...you okay?

LANE
(lifting his head slowly)
I'm okay.

BOB
Hang in there, pardner. I'm coming.
I'll be right there.

Bob carefully climbs up to the road, then hustles over to the point directly above where Lane should be. But when he leans over the edge, he sees that instead of also trying to climb back to the road, Lane has moved down the slope in the direction of the Cadillac.

BOB(cont'd)
What the hell are you doin'?!

LANE
(not looking up)
I'm getting our stuff, that's what
I'm doing.

BOB
Leave it! . . .

Lane keeps moving.

BOB(cont'd)
(an order)
Leave it!. . .

Lane stops and looks up.

BOB(cont'd)
Now, you listen to me, Doc. That car's
going to go. One slip and they'll be
digging your ass out in July.

Lane ignores him and starts moving again.

BOB(cont'd)
Goddamnit! Stop, you motherfuckin'
deaf sonofabitch!

Lane stops and looks up at Bob again.

LANE

Damn it, how far you going to
get without your coat?!

This hits Bob hard. His shirt is already covered in snow.

BOB

(without conviction)

We'll make it.

Lane starts to say something, suddenly slips. He catches himself, but the fall starts a cascade of snow. It rolls down the slope picking up speed and volume until it hits the roof of the car. Both men hold their breath, but it seems to have no effect on the car. Lane looks up at Bob, gives him a grin, and with renewed confidence, starts down the last few feet. Lane reaches the edge of the open door and looks in.

WHAT HE SEES: His pack, his ski jacket and Bob's coat, all thrown in the far corner of the car. A good deal of snow also fills the car, lightly covering the photographs.

Trying hard to make himself as "light" as possible, Lane slides onto the car and reaches into the open doorway. His fingertips touch his jacket and carefully he grabs it and pulls it out.

Bob watches this from above. Next he reaches for Bob's coat. It is caught beneath his pack. Lane pulls back and surveys the situation. He knows to reach them he'll have to climb down into the car. Bob senses the predicament.

BOB

Leave mine. Go on. Leave it!

Lane ignores him. He takes a deep breath and placing both hands on either side of the door, lowers himself into the car.

Inside, he grabs Bob's coat and throws it through the opened door. As he does this a torn piece of newspaper and the framed photo Bob took from Shorty's office fall from one of the pockets. He hurriedly crams the paper into his jeans pocket. Realizing the photo is too big to do the same, he puts it in his pack, then hurls the pack out the door.

Placing both hands on either side of the door he prepares to pull himself back out when something in the front seat

catches his eye. Carefully he leans over the seat and removes one of the photographs from under its plastic cover. Outside he can hear Bob.

BOB (o.s.)

What the hell you doing in there, Doc?

LANE

I'm coming.

Suddenly the car moves. It throws Lane against the seat, and slides toward the cliff, then slows, and stops, resting right on the very edge.

UP ABOVE: Bob instinctively starts down to help him, but stops when his steps send snow rushing down toward the car. He's helpless and it's about to kill him.

INSIDE THE CAR: Lane hasn't moved a muscle. Slowly--expecting the worst--he tries to move toward the door. Nothing happens. He carefully reaches for the sides of the door, and looks up.

WHAT HE SEES: The back door rocking slightly in the wind. Looking ready to slam closed. But despite the wind, the door remains open.

Lane takes another deep breath, and in one quick motion, pulls himself out of the car. He swings his legs over the edge and drops into the snow. Quickly, he puts on the coats and throws the pack over his shoulder for the climb out. The car remains quiet.

He starts up the incline, grabbing the tops of fir saplings that stick out of the snow-- carefully digging footholds in the snow with every step--testing each one for support.

Bob descends to meet him. The distance closes. Twenty feet...fifteen. Lane looks back at the car--it hasn't moved--it's open door sticking up like a dorsal fin. He takes another step---and slips.

His face hits the snow and he starts to slide back toward the car, sending snow down with him. He grabs at the saplings, but the weight of the pack drags him past the trees, and the branches rip through his hands. Then suddenly he catches hold of one, and stops.

The avalanche he has started continues downward, slamming into the door and filling the car. The impact begins a groan that spreads through the section of the cliff around

and under the car. The car begins to slide again, and in a moment, disappears completely from view over the edge of the mountain.

Lane watches the car vanish, then lays his head down in the snow. He clings to the sapling with both hands. Exhausted. Suddenly, a hand reaches into frame, grabs him by the back of his coat, and pulls Lane up the slope.

69 EXT. THE ROADSIDE -- MINUTES LATER.

ON LANE. He sits on the snow bank by the side of the road--resting. Bob steps into frame. He is now wearing his coat. Lane reaches into his pack and removes the framed photograph. The glass has been cracked. He hands it to Bob.

LANE

Here. I had a feeling this was kind of special.

Bob looks at the photograph with the same reverence he had at Shorty's. Lane watches him.

LANE (cont'd)

You know, I don't look a thing like him.

BOB

It wasn't really your looks that reminded me of him.

He looks again at the framed photo. Lane reaches into his shirt and takes out the photo of the woman he removed from the car. A little bent, but dry. He hands it to Bob.

Bob looks fondly at the picture.

BOB

Marlene...

LANE

For the next collection.

Lane gets up and brushes off the snow. Bob puts away the pictures then reaches down and lifts Lane's pack to his shoulder.

LANE

I can get that.

BOB
 (not removing the pack)
 'Never said you couldn't...

For a moment they share a look of mutual respect, then Bob stares off down the road. The look says it all--they have to get started. The two men begin walking AS WE SLOWLY PULL BACK to reveal the road ahead. As they walk we continue PULLING BACK and hear

LANE (V.O.)
 If it wasn't my looks, what was it
 about me reminded you of Jack.

BOB (V.O.)
 (a beat)
 Your bullheadedness...

WE HAVE PULLED BACK TO FINALLY REVEAL there is nothing remotely resembling a city, town, house, or car, for as far as the eye can see. Nothing, but enormous mountains and a long twisting road.

70 INT. STAIRWELL. THE EAGLE HOTEL. LA VETA, COLORADO-- NIGHT
 LOOKING DOWN A dark wooden stairwell. Dimly lit by a single light bulb. We HEAR the HOTEL MANAGER (AL'S) VOICE before we see anyone.

MANAGER (AL) (O.S.)
 Don't cook in the room. Don't smoke
 in bed.---You smoke?

There is a pause, then we hear Lane's weary voice, as he and the Hotel Manager enter frame and start up the stairs.

LANE
 No.

MANAGER (AL)
 Good. 'Place is a tinderbox. Bathroom's
 down 'end of the hall. Am I leaving
 anything out, Robert?

Bob appears behind Lane and the Manager, and follows them upstairs. His voice also sounds tired, but definitely fresher than Lane's.

BOB
 No, Al... 'sounds like you got 'em all.

71 INT. A ROOM. THE EAGLE HOTEL -- SAME

Dark. The door opens and the light is turned on. It is a small, sparsely furnished room. There are two sets of bunk beds, two wash basins, two mirrors, and one clothes chest. A railroad man's hotel room.

Bob looks around the room with remembrance, heads for the sink. Lane goes straight for one of the bunks, and lies down.

BOB

(to Al)

Where is everyone, Al? I thought this place would be packed.

He unwraps a bar of soap, and begins washing his face. Al watches the tired pair from the doorway.

AL

You can't get in and you can't get out, so it ain't packed...How'd y'all get in anyway?

BOB

We hoofed it.

He rinses off his face and pats it dry with a towel.

BOB (cont'd)

We had a little car trouble up on the mountain.

Al nods and looks at Lane who is now fast asleep on the bed.

AL

Don't look like he held up too well.

Bob looks around.

BOB

(a little proudly)

He did better than you think.

AL

Well, 'you need anything, just holler. You know where I am.

BOB

Thanks, Al. I will. It's good to be back in a hotel room.

He closes the door behind Al, and looks at Lane sleeping on the bed.

73 INT. RAILROAD DINER -- LA VETA, COLORADO -- NIGHT

Bob enters this brightly lit, clean diner and is immediately greeted by many of the mixture of railroad men, and locals in the place. He heads toward the counter where two hardened railroad men, CUBBY, a brakeman, and TATE, a veteran engineer, sit watching a television set over the bar. Both men nurse beers. They are roughly Bob's age, look up and warmly shake hands with Bob when he sits down next to them.

Bob orders a beer and the two men turn their attention back to the TV News where WE SEE Sheriff Gilley walking down the steps of a building. He's being followed by reporters. Bob gets his beer and looks up at the TV.

BOB
(just making conversation)
What's news, Cubby?

CUBBY
Same old stuff. You hear about those killings down in Amarillo?

BOB
That still news?

CUBBY
(points at the screen)
That's all they're talking about it.
Word is he's up this way.

BOB
Really...they got a suspect?

TATE
Just looking for his car.

Bob nods and looks across the room at a couple of women sitting at a table. One particular brunette catches his eye.

BOB
(absently)
And what kind of car was that?

CUBBY

A yellow Cadillac. Shouldn't be too hard to find, they say it's got an interior wallpapered with naked women.

While this news obviously excites Cubby, it has no visible effect on Bob. He continues to look at the women

BOB

(his mind on the women)
Well, feds'll catch 'em.

TATE

Fed's ain't looking for him...

This registers. Bob looks back at the television.

TATE(cont'd)

Some Sheriff's handling the investigation down in Amarillo.

CUBBY

Yeah, old timer, named Gilley...
(points at TV)
That's him right there...

Bob studies the figure of Gilley on the TV screen for a moment.

BOB

Well, you boys seem to be up on all the news.

CUBBY

Well hell, been stuck here since day before yesterday. Hadn't done a thing but sit and watch TV.

BOB

(to Tate)

Well, then it's time we get that pass opened up and move on...What do you say, Tate?

TATE

Going to send a crew up tonight. You're welcome to go with 'em. Be like old times.

Just then, the two women get up to leave. Bob watches with interest.

BOB

'Little cold for me tonight, Tate...

The brunette seems to look at Bob. He gives her his best grin, she doesn't respond. He looks back at Tate.

BOB(cont'd)

But I want over on the first train
you let out of here.

Tate shrugs, no problem, and finishes his beer.

CUBBY

You in a hurry, Bob?

Bob signals the bartender and takes out his money to buy a round. Bob gets up and puts on his coat.

BOB

No, I just hate TV.

(to bartender)

Take care of these boys, will you.

The bartender nods. Bob pats Cubby on the back and leaves.

74 EXT. THE DINER -- NIGHT

Bob steps out into the night. He pulls his collar up around his ears and looks down the road. The tiny town with its one main street lies below him. He starts toward it. It is the walk of a man with somewhere to go.

75 INT. WOMAN'S BEDROOM --- SAME

ON A WOMAN in her late thirties. The same woman Bob looked at in the diner. Good looks, well worn. She undresses and puts on a robe, then carefully hangs her dress in an old chifferobe. The room is neat. Simple. She goes to the window and pulls down the shade.

76 EXT. THE BEDROOM WINDOW -- SAME

BOB'S POV. He looks up at the second story window from the side of the house. When the shade is pulled he walks up the steps of the small frame house.

77 INT. THE WOMAN'S BEDROOM

The woman leaves the bedroom and walks down the short hall

to the bath. As she approaches WE HEAR the SOUND of water running into the bathtub. She enters, tests the water with her hand, then disrobes. The steam fills the room. She slides into the warm water, and finally turns it off with her foot.

78 EXT. FRONT PORCH

INSERT Bob turns the door knob and it seems to turn and open effortlessly. He quietly enters the house, and closes the door. WE HEAR the SOUND of WATER MOVING in the tub upstairs.

WE TRACK with him as he quietly climbs the stairs, pass the lighted bedroom, and move to the bathroom door.

79 INT. BATHROOM

ON the woman. Her head tilted back. She is completely relaxed. She can't see the door slowly opening behind her. Wider until, she suddenly turns and

CUT ON SOUND

TRAIN'S DIESEL HORN

80 INT. EAGLE HOTEL. LANE'S ROOM -- SAME

ON LANE sits bolt upright out of the deepest sleep of his life. The SOUND shakes the very foundations of the old wooden hotel.

81 EXT. REAR OF THE EAGLE HOTEL -- SAME

ON A huge diesel locomotive which sits no more than five feet from the old hotel. The lights of the hotel cast and eerie glow on the huge engine. The rear door of the hotel opens and Lane stands staring at the train.

The engine gives another calling blast and a young railroad man at least four years younger than Lane, appears from around the side of the building and climbs into the cab of the locomotive. It starts slowly--its diesel engines throbbing--and moves past Lane into the dark beyond the town. As it passes, Lane notices the snow plow attached to the front of the engine.

82 INT. GAS STATION SOUTH OF LUBBOCK, TEXAS -- NIGHT

ON Albergotti. He stands by the plate glass window looking out at the highway patrol driver filling the car with gas. He buys a cup of coffee from the vending machine--the kind where the cup drops and fills automatically. Taking a sip of the awful tasting stuff, he winces.

The STATION ATTENDANT comes out of the service bay wiping his hands on his overalls. He looks out the window at the Highway Patrol car and assumes that Albergotti is another Highway Patrol officer.

ATTENDANT

Howdee.

Albergotti nods absently to the man.

ATTENDANT(cont'd)

I guess you guys have had your hands full with this weather?

Albergotti eyes the man coolly. To anyone else the look would mean "get lost", but the attendant is hungry for talk.

ATTENDANT(cont'd)

I've been keeping my eyes open for that killer's car.....

Albergotti's ears are suddenly perked.

ATTENDANT(cont'd)

...Though, I was telling my buddy, Larry, I don't know what the hell I'd do if that guy came in here wanting gas...

ALBERGOTTI

What car?

ATTENDANT

The Cadillac...The yellow one with the pictures you folks are looking for.

ALBERGOTTI

How do you know about it?

The attendant laughs, a little uneasy with the force of the questions.

ATTENDANT

Well, hell...everybody knows about it. 'Been on the radio. 'Been on the TV---

Albergotti throws his cup away.

ALBERGOTTI
Where's your phone?

ATTENDANT
Back in the office.

83 INT. GAS STATION OFFICE -- SAME

Albergotti picks up the phone as the attendant stands at the doorway. He begins to dial.

ALBERGOTTI
(to the attendant)
What else do you know?

The attendant steps cautiously into the room.

ATTENDANT
Well, there was this murder up there
in Colorado...Shell station just
like this...

ALBERGOTTI
Where are we?

ATTENDANT
Tahoka. Actually, south of Tahoka.

Albergotti looks over his shoulder at the man, like 'where the hell's Tahoka'. Suddenly his attention goes back to the phone.

ALBERGOTTI
This is Albergotti. Let me speak
to him.

84 INT. POLICE BUILDING AMARILLO -- SAME

The young deputy, BUD (from earlier scene in the motel room), is on the phone. There is much activity going on around him. Gilley is conspicuously SEEN talking with someone in the doorway behind him. Bud covers the mouthpiece and looks at Gilley. Gilley knows who's on the phone just by the deputy's look.

GILLEY

Did he say where he was calling from?

BUD

No sir, but when I answered I heard
someone say, "Tahoka."

Gilley takes the phone.

GILLEY

(brightly)

How's it going down there, Frank?

WE INTERCUT BETWEEN

ALBERGOTTI

You couldn't wait to get rid of me,
could you?

GILLEY

Now, that's not true, Frank. You left
because you wanted to.

ALBERGOTTI

I said absolutely no media.

GILLEY

Let me tell you what we got...

ALBERGOTTI

Shut it down.

Gilley stops.

GILLEY

Shut what down, Frank?

ALBERGOTTI

Shut your investigation down, immediately.
That is an order.

GILLEY

Frank, let me just fill you in...

ALBERGOTTI

Immediately.

Gilley looks into his office at the men coming and going and
the various activities of the investigation continuing
around him. In the receiver we hear Albergotti.

ALBERGOTTI (cont'd)
Do you understand me, Sheriff?

GILLEY
I'm sorry, Frank...I can't do that.

ALBERGOTTI
You don't and I'll have a Federal Marshal
in your office in 10 minutes.
(beat)
I'm serious, Sheriff.

Gilley realizes he is.

85 INT. GILLEY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Gilley re-enters his office. The activity slows as men notice him. They know with whom he's talked. Joe and Nate turn from the map. Gilley does not find this news easy to pass on.

GILLEY
Well, boys...that was Inspector
Albergotti...He's ordered us to
shut down...

The news stuns these men. Gilley takes off his glasses, rubs his eyes.

GILLEY
Go on home, boys.

They're exhausted but not a one of them moves. He's touched by their loyalty.

GILLEY (cont'd)
No, go on. We gave it a good shot.
Take that home with you.

A deputy speaks up.

DEPUTY
Where was he calling from, Sheriff?

GILLEY
Tahoka.

Another deputy looks at his watch.

OTHER DEPUTY

Well, it took him five hours to get that far...

THIRD DEPUTY

Yeah, but the roads are improving.

OTHER DEPUTY

Even if it he makes it back in three that still gives us a chance...

JOE

A chance for what?

The room quiets. Gilley looks at the older deputy.

JOE(cont'd)

I'm sorry, Buck...I think we're chasing our tail.

GILLEY

(to the others)

Joe's right. I think if we'd caught him...it would have been right away.

He looks at his men. They're all tired.

GILLEY(cont'd)

Go home, boys.

One by one the men leave, till only Joe, Nate and Gilley remain. Gilley studies the map.

GILLEY(cont'd)

What about the mountains?

NATE

The roads are impassable.

GILLEY

Even with chains?

JOE

Even with a snowplow.

Gilley looks at the two deputies.

GILLEY

Then where did we miss him?

Nate and Joe exchange glances.

JOE

I think he's changed cars. I just talked with some boys from Trinidad...they told me the roads up there are littered with abandoned cars from that storm. It'll be days before they can check them all.

Gilley looks back at the map.

GILLEY

Y'all go on home, too.

Joe nods and leaves. Nate, follows, then stops at the door.

NATE

You want me to wait around till Albergetti gets back?

GILLEY

No, go on before Sarah comes down here gunnin' for me.

Nate hangs at the door. His eyes go to the pictures on the wall. Gilley moves to the map and puts his finger on Trinidad, Colorado.

NATE

You were right, you know...

Gilley looks back at his deputy.

NATE(cont'd)

About your gut feeling. He headed west...

Nate starts to say something else, but Gilley is no longer at the map. He now stands looking out the window. Nate leaves instead.

86 INT. HOUSE LA VETA , COLORADO -- DAWN

ON the door of an oven. It opens and a mitt-covered hand pulls a sheet of biscuits out of the oven. WE WIDEN to reveal the WOMAN from the the bathtub, very much alive and wearing the same bathrobe as we saw the night before. Quickly, she places a couple of the hot biscuits on a plate, adds some jam, then licks her fingers.

She carries the plate and two cups of coffee out of the kitchen on a tray.

87 INT. HOUSE BEDROOM -- SAME

The woman's bedroom. She enters and looks around as if expecting to see someone. Something catches her eye on the bureau.

INSERT: A hundred dollar bill placed beneath a framed photo of the woman and her husband, a railroad engineer.

She takes the bill and puts it in the pocket of her robe. Then takes the tray and goes down the hall to the bath. WE HEAR the sound of WATER MOVING in the tub.

88 INT. THE BATH.

ON Bob. He reclines in the tub. She puts the tray down on the sink, puts a cup of coffee for him on the edge of the tub, and sits on the toilet seat. She drinks her coffee and watches the man in the tub.

WOMAN

So, how long are you going to be in town?

BOB

Not long. Just 'till the pass opens.

She nods her head, maybe a little disappointed. He scrubs his legs and watches her. She seems uncomfortable under his gaze.

BOB(cont'd)

When's your husband due back?

WOMAN

He'll be back next week, if he can get through. He's stuck in Cheyenne.

(almost to herself)

Seems like everybody's stuck someplace...

BOB

Not me, darling. I'm never stuck...ever.

He catches the woman's eye and grins.

89 INT. BILLY'S DINER/ AMARILLO -- EARLY MORNING

ON Gilley and another man. He is a huge fellow, roughly Gilley's age, big belly, and large jowls. He wears an apron

and stands on the opposite side of the counter from Gilley. This is BILLY, the owner of the diner. Gilley is trying to eat.

BILLY
(looking out the window)
'Stopped snowing, Buck.

Gilley grunts.

BILLY(cont'd)
'Supposed to clear by mid-morning.

Gilley shows no sign of listening. Billy sees this. He playfully begins to imitate Gilley.

BILLY(cont'd)
Yeah, Bill, that's good. It'll be nice, people'll be able to go out and---

Gilley looks up. Billy stops the impersonation.

BILLY(cont'd)
Mary Beth...get this man some more coffee.

The waitress comes over but Gilley covers the cup with his hand and waves her off.

GILLEY
No thanks.

BILLY
What are you mad at, Buck?

GILLEY
Mad at myself, Bill...Mad for letting that fellow, Albergotti get my back hairs up, and putting ten good men's jobs on the line so I could prove something to myself. Pride, damnit. It can be a wicked thing.

BILLY
We didn't give you that badge to perform miracles, Buck. Didn't elect you to sit on your butt, neither. Just to try. And from what I can tell, that's more than that other fellow done.

(getting worked up)
How'd he expect to find that killer, huh?
CONT'D

BILLY(cont'd)

What was he going to do...take out an ad? Give the killer his number and say, 'Here I am, friend. When you get tired of killing folks, give me a call.'
(disgusted)

Shit.

Gilley looks up slowly. Something Billy has said stirs him.

GILLEY

What'd you say?

BILLY

Nothing. 'Whole thing makes me crotchety that's all.

Billy goes back into the kitchen. Gilley watches him leave. An idea is forming in his head. He goes to pay phone and dials hurriedly.

GILLEY

(on phone)

Sarah, let me speak to Nate.

(pause)

Nate...Call the TV news people and tell them to meet me at the courthouse in thirty minutes...Tell 'em...I think we just found the killer.

90 INT. EAGLE HOTEL ROOM / LA VETA, COLO. -- DAWN

ON Lane. Barely awake. He sits on the edge of his bunk and rummages through his pack for his shaving kit. Finding it, he crams the other items he has taken out back into the pack. The last item to be put back---is the Colt.

He empties his jeans pockets on the bureau. Among the change, a piece of paper catches Lane's eye.

INSERT: The crumpled piece of newspaper, which had fallen from Bob's coat pocket in the car. It is an advertisement for a tire sale, but half the ad is missing. Lane turns it over--a full article, its headline jumps out at us: AMARILLO MOTEL MURDERS--obviously torn from the paper he bought outside the diner.

Lane looks at it a moment remembering, then leaves it with everything else on the bureau. He grabs a towel and heads down the hall for his shower.

91 INT. EAGLE HOTEL / HALL BATHROOM

Lane enters the steamy hall bathroom. There are four sinks, six showers and eight johns. All facilities are crowded. Lane wipes the steam off one of the mirrors and fills the sink to shave. Through the noise of running water and bad singing he HEARS a conversation.

VOICE 1 (o.s.)
I know what I'm talking about
the car was a Cadillac.

VOICE 2 (o.s.)
(skeptical)
And it was yellow, and it had photos...

VOICE 1 (o.s.)
That's right.

VOICE 2 (o.s.)
...of naked women?...

Lane tries to find the source of the conversation. The noise and steam in the room make this difficult.

VOICE 1 (o.s.)
(insistent)
I'm just telling you what I heard
on the TV!

Lane finally asks the entire bathroom.

LANE
What about that car?

There is silence. Finally. A man, VOICE 1, appears.

VOICE 1
You hear that report, too? Tell this
fellow, that's what they said on that
TV. Go on, tell 'em.

LANE
Why would that car be on TV?

Voice 2 (o.s.) laughs, convinced this is all a joke. Voice 1 looks over his shoulder in the direction of the laugh. He's peeved Lane didn't back him up.

LANE(cont'd)
What about that car?

VOICE 1
You heard about those murders in
Amarillo a couple days ago...

LANE
A little.

VOICE 1
That car's the one that killer
stole on his way out of town.

The news hits Lane like electricity. Voice 2 calls out.

VOICE 2(o.s.)
If you believe that bullshit!

Voice 1 turns from Lane and goes back to defending his
argument.

VOICE 1
Hey, I heard it on the TV, goddamnit!
They said, pictures of naked women!

Lane grabs his things and heads back for his room.

92 INT. EAGLE HOTEL -- MORNING

Lane opens the door to his room and freezes. Bob stands by
the window. Lane steals a look at his pack as Bob turns
around--it is on the far side of the room. Bob smiles.

BOB
Hey, stranger.

He points toward the window. Sunlight streams into the room.

BOB(cont'd)
How about this? They sent a plow
up to the pass last night and had
some luck.

He turns and looks out the window again. Lane looks on the
bureau--the clipping is missing.

BOB(cont'd)
This time tomorrow and we'll be
just almost to...

He stops, notices Lane hasn't moved.

BOB
You feeling all right, Doc?

Bob picks up something in Lane's look, some fear.

BOB(cont'd)
Maybe you've heard some news...

Lane doesn't answer.

BOB(cont'd)
(slowly, carefully)
Let me guess...you heard that some
Texas Sheriff was looking for a stolen
Cadillac...

LANE
A yellow Cadillac.

BOB
And you started thinking about crazy
ol' Bob...

The two men look at each other.

BOB(cont'd)
You got something to ask me, Doc?

LANE
Where were you coming from the
other day when you picked me up?

BOB
If I said Amarillo, would it mean
something?

Lane says nothing.

BOB
(grins)
Well, I was coming from Tulsa, Doc.
And my car wasn't stolen, I paid good
money for it.

Lane just stares at him. His expression has not changed.
Bob looks him right in the eye.

BOB(cont'd)
You got something else to ask me?

LANE
(beat)
No.

Bob smiles. He picks up his coat and moves toward the door.

BOB
Well, I'm glad we settled that...Now,
I'm going downstairs and catch the
weather on TV. Soon as you get dressed,
come on down...we'll get something to eat
and find out when our train leaves.

He stops at the door.

BOB(cont'd)
Feel better?

Lane nods.

BOB(cont'd)
Good. See you in a minute.

He leaves. Lane stares at the closed door.

93 INT. THE EAGLE HOTEL/LOUNGE -- MORNING

The hotel parlor--a smoking room with a sofa and a couple of card tables. Bob sits in front of a big console TV watching the news. Two railroad men get up from a table and leave, passing Lane at the door. Lane is wearing his coat. He watches Bob quietly for a moment then steps into the room and closes the door. Bob turns around.

BOB
Hey, Doc. Have a seat. Weather's
getting ready to start. C'mon sit down.

He points at a nearby chair, but Lane remains by the door.

LANE
(quietly)

Where did you get that car?

Bob laughs then sees Lane is serious.

BOB

Look, Doc, I can understand your concern, but, you ever stop to think about how many yellow Caddies there probably are in the state of Texas?

LANE

Probably a lot.

BOB

I'd say that was a good guess...

LANE

But not that many with pictures.

Lane reaches into his coat and pulls out the Colt. He holds it at his side.

LANE (cont'd)

Where did you get that car?

Bob sizes up the situation.

BOB

It was my car.

LANE

You mean you stole it.

BOB

(standing)

No, I bought it. 'Bought it from a fellow in Oklahoma only two hours before I picked you up.

He takes a step toward the door. Lane brings the revolver up, points it at him.

BOB (cont'd)
He made me a good deal...course,
now, I know why...

LANE
You're lying.

BOB
Only thing I lied about were the
pictures.

He is less than ten feet away.

BOB (cont'd)
They were a hoot though, weren't
they?...Those pictures.

LANE
Stop right there.

But Bob only slows his pace.

BOB
I didn't kill those people, Doc. I mean,
if I was the killer, why didn't I kill
you? I had plenty of chances.

LANE
Maybe you had a weak moment.

BOB
I don't have weak moments, Doc.

Bob keeps moving. Lane fingers the trigger.

LANE
Don't come any closer.

BOB
C'mon, Doc...I couldn't kill those
people...

LANE
I mean it.

BOB
...any more than you could kill me...

Lane pulls the trigger. The bullet rips into the wall just
behind Bob's head. Bob recoils. Lane cocks the hammer,
aims the gun directly at him.

BOB
Goddamnit! It was my car!

LANE
Prove it.

BOB
With what?! I got off a train and
bought it off a fellow for five hundred
bucks...

He looks at Lane.

BOB(cont'd)
Goddamnit! I knew it wasn't on the up
and up...What did you expect me to do...
ask for a receipt?

The two men look at each other.

BOB(cont'd)
You're going to have to take my
word, Doc...'Cause that's all I've got.

In the silence we hear the TV.

TV ANNOUNCER
This just in from Amarillo. Sheriff's
deputies are believed to have taken
into custody a man suspected in the
murder of three people here Saturday.

According to authorities the suspect has
also confessed to involvement in the deaths
of at least 50 others in 23 states. We
are going to try to go live to the county
courthouse where, Potter County Sheriff
Buck Gilley has just finished making a
statement...

The picture of Gilley comes on the screen. He is in the
midst of reporters. He seems very confident and pleased
with the attention.

GILLEY
Well, the details this man has given
us are the kinds of things only the
killer would know. Birth marks on
the victims' bodies...where bodies have
been buried and hidden...

REPORTER'S VOICE
(interrupting)
Sheriff, are you releasing the
suspect's name at this time?

GILLEY
'Suspect's name is Juan Hernandez...

In the lounge, Lane slowly lowers the gun. It is hard to tell who's more in shock, Lane or Bob. Finally, Bob walks past Lane to the door. He stops, and looks at him--but says nothing. Finally, Bob leaves. Outside the door we hear Bob pacifying a worried Al.

BOB(O.S.)
Just an accident, Al. Nothing
to get all excited about. Let
me know what we owe you.

Lane remains staring at the TV.

94 INT. POLICE BUILDING/AMARILLO -- MORNING

Gilley walking with Nate up the hall to his office. They pass Pam's desk. Gilley seems extremely pleased.

PAM
The governor called to say congrat-
ulations, Sheriff. 'Phone company's
standing by like you asked, and...
(she lowers her voice)
...he's here.

95 INT. GILLEY'S OFFICE -- SAME

Gilley goes into his office alone. Albergotti sits next to the desk. He looks weary.

GILLEY
Welcome back, Frank. Have a good
trip?

Albergotti watches Gilley cross to his desk. Though he is tired, his voice is well-controlled.

ALBERGOTTI
I know what you're trying to do.

GILLEY
I'm forcing the issue, Frank.

ALBERGOTTI
(sharply)
If you had done like I ordered, that gas station attendant might still be alive.

GILLEY
You don't know that.
(beat)
If I had done like you told me, we wouldn't be as close as we are.

ALBERGOTTI
(biting)
And how close is that, Sheriff?

GILLEY
Closer than you think, Frank. The ID on the car was in Trinidad, Colorado... just over the New Mexico border. That's less than five hours west of here.

The two men stare at each other across the desk. Gilley knows he's having to sell his plan the hard way. Albergotti gets up slowly and goes to the map.

GILLEY(cont'd)
They closed all roads up there within a half hour of the sighting.

ALBERGOTTI
(looking at the map)
So where is he, Sheriff?

GILLEY
Holed up somewhere...listening to his radio...watching his TV...And if his ego's as big as you say it is, Frank...he'll call. He'll tell us we made a mistake. All we need is ten seconds on the line and we can narrow it down to 100 square miles...

ALBERGOTTI
A hundred square miles...that's really pinpointing it, Sheriff.

GILLEY

Look at the map, Frank...We're talking rugged territory. There may be only half a dozen towns in that area.

Albergotti looks again at the map. Gilley comes and stands beside him.

GILLEY(cont'd)

A fifteen second call and we'll know exactly which one.

It's a convincing argument and he knows it. He studies Albergotti's face. It remains expressionless.

ALBERGOTTI

When the press finds out that you've trumped up this story they'll do to you what no court could do. You realize you're career is over.

GILLEY

Folks like you run around calling it a "career", Frank. I always thought of it as a job...To me there's a difference.

Albergotti sees a spark of kinship. He looks again at the map, then finally back at Gilley.

ALBERGOTTI

It won't work.

GILLEY

Goddamnit, Frank! How do you know it won't work?! How the hell 'you know anything, unless you try?

ALBERGOTTI

Because goddamnit.....I tried!

Gilley's face falls.

GILLEY

(desperate)

Maybe it wasn't the same...

ALBERGOTTI

Oh it was the same. Maybe a little more polished, but it was same...

GILLEY

And you couldn't trace the call?

ALBERGOTTI

He didn't call...

GILLEY

Don't tell me he sent you a goddamn clipping, Frank!...

ALBERGOTTI

No, Sheriff...He sent me a hand...

Gilley stops.

ALBERGOTTI (cont'd)

(a beat)

A woman's hand...Two days later...
he sent me her head.

Albergotti turns back to the map. Gilley, by now is sick.

ALBERGOTTI (cont'd)

I would have told you...but I never
thought you'd get this far.

There is a tinge of respect in his voice. Gilley sits for a moment in silence. He's been shaken to the roots by this story. Albergotti continues to look at the map. Something definitely interests him. Finally he looks back at Gilley.

ALBERGOTTI

What about these roads leading into
the mountains?

GILLEY

They were reported as impassable. Even
if he got over, your boy's trademark's been
to keep moving...They just lead up to little
mining towns. They're all dead ends.

ALBERGOTTI

No they're not, Sheriff...They're
railroad towns.

GILLEY

Snow stops trains just as sure as
it stops cars, Frank. He knows that.

ALBERGOTTI

But when the snow stops, we won't
be checking trains.

GILLEY

What is this, Frank...a gut feeling?

He turns and faces Gilley.

ALBERGOTTI

(firmly)

Yeah.

96 INT. THE EAGLE HOTEL -- NOON

Al, the hotel manager, stands behind the front desk. He watches Lane enter the hotel. The moment Lane enters Al goes back to working. It is obvious that he doesn't think much of Lane since the shooting. Lane walks up to the desk.

LANE

Have you seen Bob?

Al doesn't answer.

LANE (cont'd)

Look...I need to talk to him.

AL

(not raising his head)

Upstairs.

Lane starts up the stairs. Al looks up.

AL (cont'd)

Hey...

Lane stops.

AL (cont'd)

You're lucky it was Bob...If you'd
done that to me...I'd have killed you.

Al goes back to his work. Lane slowly continues up the stairs.

97 INT. EAGLE HOTEL/ LANE AND BOB'S ROOM -- NOON

Bob is half dressed as if preparing for bed. He stands at one of the sinks, brushing his teeth. He stops when Lane

enters, and the two men stare at each other for a moment.
Finally

BOB

First train leaves this afternoon...
I didn't get much sleep last night,
so thought I'd get a little shut-eye
before it left...

(beat)

You think it's safe for me to sleep
here?

He turns back to the sink. Lane goes over and sits on his
bunk. Bob watches him in the mirror.

LANE

I'm sorry...

Bob rinses his mouth out. Not terribly concerned.

LANE(cont'd)

I'm sorry for not believing you.

BOB

Do you believe me now?

Lane looks at him.

LANE

I don't know.

BOB

Shorty told you about Jack?

Lane nods.

BOB(cont'd)

You ever lost your conscience?...
Jack was a smart ass kid...but he
was my conscience. I came back from
the war decorated. People were coming
up to me telling me what a hero I was...It
was easy to believe it. Jack could keep
things in perspective. You have the same
quality. That's a compliment. I'm a hard
man to deal with.

(beat)

I don't even remember what Jack and I were
arguing about. He put two bullets into my
leg and I buried one in his skull. It was
reflex...pure reflex.

Bob pats his face dry.

BOB(cont'd)
I guess if I'd been in your shoes this morning--knowing what you knew--I'd have probably held a gun on me too.

LANE
At some point you've got to trust people.

BOB
You've just got to trust yourself.
Sometimes that's all you have to go on.

He stares at Lane.

BOB(cont'd)
There's another storm coming in. It'll be here by tomorrow evening. Right now there're three trains scheduled to go over the pass before then. If you don't want to travel with me, I can arrange it so you can go on any one of them. But if you plan to keep moving toward Idaho, you need to get out before the next storm hits, or you're looking at a long stay here.

Lane thinks about this for a moment.

LANE
If the offer's still open, I'm going on with you.

Bob grins. Lane rolls over on his bunk. He is exhausted.
Bob watches him and smiles.

98 INT. POLICE BUILDING/GILLEY'S OFFICE. AMARILLO -- NOON

ON Gilley, Albergotti and several deputies. They are gathered around the large map of southern Colorado.

ALBERGOTTI
In this area there are ten major rail passes and seven towns. We need to find out what passes are open or when they will open...and we don't have much time....

The men begin making calls. Gilley shoots a look at

Albergotti then at the clock...It's 3 :15.

99 INT. EAGLE HOTEL ROOM -- AFTERNOON

ON Lane. Asleep on his side. For perhaps an instant he resembles one of Albergotti's victim slides. Bob moves into frame and gently wakes him.

BOB
Shake-a-leg, Doc. Time to hit
the road.

Lane rolls over and looks at Bob.

100 INT. HOTEL ROOM -- LATER

ON Lane. He is alone in the room. He sits on the edge of his bed repacking his pack. Once again the final item is the Colt. He looks at the gun for several moments, then instead of putting it into the pack, he places it next to him on the bed and closes up the pack.

101 INT. INT. EAGLE HOTEL/ FRONT DESK -- AFTERNOON

Lane comes down the stairs carrying his pack. He heads for the front desk where Bob stands with Al. Al watches Lane nervously. Lane, aware of this scrutiny, produces the Colt from inside his jacket, gives it several twirls around his finger, and lays the big revolver down on top of the desk. Out of his pocket he takes five bullets and puts them down beside the gun. He gives Al a wink.

LANE
A present.

Bob grins, and slaps Lane on the back. Lane lifts his pack and they both start out the door. Al watches them leave, then carefully picks up the big revolver, feeling its weight.

102 EXT. THE RAILYARD. -- AFTERNOON

ON Lane as he approaches the caboose. Bob is already aboard. He stands next to a crusty old railroad man, TEX. Tex is about 65 and wears overalls, a denim jacket with a fleece collar, heavy insulated boots. Bob offers Lane a

hand and pulls him onto the platform at the end of the train. The train starts moving.

BOB
 (introducing)
 Doc, this crusty old thing here is
 Tex Kincaid.
 (to Tex)
 Tex...Doc Dixon.

TEX
 (enthusiastically)
 Welcome, welcome. Any friend of
 this man...is a friend of mine.

The man is a talker. Bob produces a bottle of whiskey from inside his coat. Tex's eyes light up when Bob gives it to him.

TEX(cont'd)
 Salt of the earth, this man is!
 Salt-of-the-fucking-earth!

He hooks an arm around Bob's shoulder and gives it a squeeze. He looks at Lane for agreement. Lane laughs.

LANE
 So I've been told.

BOB
 Used to be you offered a man
 some coffee before you got to jawin'.

Tex grandly opens the door to the caboose and allows Bob to enter before following him inside. Lane takes one last look at the town.

103 INT. GILLEY'S OFFICE -- SAME

Again the office is a beehive of activity. Albergotti hangs up a phone and catches Gilley's eye. They both share a look of raw nerves. Albergotti looks up at the wall clock. It now says 3:40. Suddenly,

Nate yells and holds his hand over the phone's mouthpiece.

NATE
 We got it.

The group quiets.

NATE(cont'd)
La Veta Pass opened this morning.
First train leaves at 3:30.

Gilley finds the pass on the map.

ALBERGOTTI
Can they stop it?

Nate questions the party on the phone. Then looks up.

NATE
It's gone. It's an hour upgrade to
the pass, they can't stop it.

Albergotti looks at Gilley. They're both thinking the same thing.

104 INT. THE CABOOSE -- SAME

CLOSE ON Bob's knife. He is whittling on a block of wood. Shavings lie around his scuffed boots. Bob suddenly stops, removes a small whetstone from his pocket and begins to sharpen the blade.

Bob sits next to Tex in the rocking, drafty caboose. Tex refills his pipe, and looks across the car where Lane stands next to a window. He is looking out at the passing scenery. The train is climbing higher into the mountains, heading for the pass. With every turn the snow drifts grow deeper. Tex lights his pipe.

TEX
(to Lane)
What do you think?

LANE
(staring out the window)
Desolate...

Tex checks his pocket watch and puffs on his pipe.

TEX
We're getting up close to the pass.
Snow gets so deep up there, they've
lost whole trains in avalanches...
not found them 'till months later.

He takes the bottle of whiskey and pours a little into a

cup. We can tell from the amount left in the bottle that this isn't his first cup. Bob stops sharpening his knife, begins whittling again. He too, has been watching the amount in the bottle. Lane stares absently out the window.

TEX(cont'd)

Bobby used to clear these passes.

LANE

Yeah, I heard.

TEX

That's a job I wouldn't want, thank you. Night work. Cold...

BOB

(wanting to get
off the subject)

Done any hunting, Tex?

Tex nods, but he's had a little too much to drink and won't let the first subject go.

TEX

Something reminded me of that just recently...

BOB

It's the snow. 'Snow's driving the game down out of the mountains again...

TEX

No, about you clearing passes, Bob...

BOB

That was a long time ago...

TEX

(still trying to remember)

It was something about a fellow you used to work with. I know you heard about it...

Bob shoots a look at Lane. He stares out the window. He doesn't appear to be listening to their conversation.

BOB

I haven't heard anything, Tex..

TEX
Yeah, you have. What was that
fellow's name...

BOB
(annoyed)
You're drunk, Tex.

TEX
Little fellow...Goddamnit, what
was his name...

LANE
Shorty.

Tex suddenly lights up.

TEX
That's it. Shorty Callihan.
(to Bob)
Found him dead in his garage,
yesterday...Can you believe that?
I couldn't believe it...

Tex stops. Bob and Lane have locked eyes.

TEX(cont'd)
Did I say something?

BOB
(not taking his
eyes off Lane)
Yeah, Tex...you did.

TEX
Well, I hope I didn't say nothing bad.
What did I say?

Bob takes a few absent cuts on the block of wood. Then
stops and takes out his whetstone again. He appears calm
and relaxed.

BOB
(to Tex)
Did you happen to hear about
those murders in Amarillo?

Tex pours a little more whiskey in his cup.

TEX
'Course I heard about 'em.

BOB

Well, Doc here...thought I was the one who killed those folks. Fact is, he's probably thinking right now, I killed Shorty.

Tex looks at Lane like he was insane.

TEX

Now where'd you get a crazy thought like that?

Tex points at Bob with his cup, and pats him on the back with his free hand.

TEX(cont'd)

This man here's salt of the earth...

Bob's knife silently goes to the inside of Tex's thigh, just below the groin. Lane watches. Tex continues unaware.

TEX(cont'd)

Salt of the---

The blade is suddenly pressed deep into Tex's leg, immediately severing his artery. Tex looks down, drops his cup and pipe, and in terror, tries to stop the massive bleeding. Bob watches calmly.

Lane instinctively moves to help.

BOB

(calmly)

Sit down, Doc.

Lane watches as the old man tries pitifully to stop the bleeding.

BOB(cont'd)

Ol' Tex got drunk, hit his head and fell off the train. It's happened before.

Lane takes a step closer. Bob's tone stiffens.

BOB(cont'd)

Sit down, Doc.

LANE

How are you going to explain me?

BOB

Only person besides Tex and me who
knew for sure you got on this train...
is you.

Suddenly, Tex begins to slip out of the chair. Bob watches him. Lane grabs a snow shovel by the window and with one swing catches Bob and knocks him to the floor. The knife slides across the room. Bob lies motionless .

Tex slides to the floor beside the desk. Lane rushes over and rips the cloth away from the wound. He grabs a bandana which sticks out of Tex's pocket and presses it against the gash.

Tex's eyes show his panic. His mouth moves, but makes no sounds. He clings to Lane's sleeve with the grip of a drowning man. The bandana has almost no effect. The blood oozes between Lane's fingers.

Tex begins to shake. Suddenly something across the room catches his eyes, and they widen. Bob is moving, coming out of it. Tex reaches for his desk drawer.

LANE

Lie still.

But Tex pulls the drawer open revealing a pistol and small box of bullets. Bob groans and sits up. Lane turns, sees Bob, and reaches for the gun. Bob goes for his knife, grabs it and starts for Lane.

Lane fumbles with the gun. Opens the cylinder.

WHAT HE SEES: Six empty chambers.

Lane forces the top of the box of bullets open, and grabs as many bullets as he can. In his rush, several fall to the floor. Bob is only a few feet away. He forces a bullet into a chamber, slams the cylinder shut, and turns--pointing the gun at Bob.

LANE

Drop it.

Bob stops. For a moment he remains motionless, but doesn't let go of the knife. Lane sneaks a look at Tex. The man's eyes are open, but lifeless. Lane pulls back the hammer.

LANE(cont'd)
I said, drop the knife!

Bob grins.

BOB
How many did you manage to get
in the cylinder, Doc?...Two? One?

LANE
Maybe none, but how bad d'you
want to find out?

BOB
Well let's say for argument, you got
one in. What chamber did you put that
bullet in, Doc? Y'see, if it's in the
right one and you don't miss, you might
kill me. But, if it isn't one of the first
three, I'll kill you 'fore you can get to
it.

He grins again at Lane.

BOB(cont'd)
Now, I think that makes it close to a
draw, pardner, so I'll tell you what
I'm going to do...I'm going to go to
that door over there...
(he motions toward
the rear door.)
And I'm going to join the birds...

LANE
No deal

BOB
You don't have much choice, Doc.

He starts moving slowly for the door. Lane takes aim.

BOB(cont'd)
Where're you going to aim, Doc?
For my head?...small target, but
good choice. How 'bout my heart?
...bigger target, but you might just
wing me, and that'd be bad, 'cause
remember, you miss...and I'll quarter
you like a side of beef.

He reaches the door and opens it. He looks back.

BOB(cont'd)
You did the right thing, Doc...

LANE
They'll catch you.

BOB
I'm not worried. I'm like the wind,
boy. I do my damage in a storm, but
most the time I'm just a breeze you
never notice...

He and Lane look at each other.

BOB(cont'd)
'Been nice knowing you, Doc...

Suddenly, the train lurches. Lane is thrown against the desk. He recovers, looks at the doorway. Bob is gone. The door swings in the wind. The rear platform appears empty.

Lane lowers the gun. For a moment he stands and stares at the empty doorway. Then, he opens the cylinder again and quickly loads the five other chambers. He looks up at the doorway. Still empty. Slowly, he begins to move toward it.

He reaches the door, and brings the gun up with both hands. From his POV he can't see 90% of the platform. He takes a breath, then steps out onto the platform ready to fire, but it is empty. There is no sign of Bob at all.

The wind blows, and Lane's clothes flap in the breeze. He lowers the gun. For a brief moment he remains there. Far below he can see the valley and the town of La Veta. As the train rounds a bend, the view disappears.

Lane looks down at the gun. He replaces the hammer and turns to go back inside. Suddenly, A FIGURE swings from the side of the car and lands on the platform. It is Bob.

Before Lane can raise the gun, it's knocked from his hand. It rattles across the metal platform and disappears over the edge.

Bob grabs Lane by the coat and slams him against the rear of the car, knocking the breath out of him. He follows this with a blow to Lane's face and then another, which sends him

flying onto the floor of the caboose. Blood flows from Lane's nose and mouth. Bob steps over him and moves across the car toward Tex's body.

LANE'S POV: From the floor he tries to lift his head. We see Bob reach down and draw his knife from his boot. He takes Tex's arm and lays it flat against the floor. Though we can not see the whole operation, we realize that Bob is cutting off the dead man's hand at the wrist.

Bob moves quickly. He puts his knife down, wraps the hand in a bandana, and slips it in his coat pocket. He then lifts the body over his shoulder, and carries it to the FRONT door of the caboose. He opens the door, then disappears from view out the door.

The moment he leaves Lane focuses on the knife that lies on the floor several feet away. Too hurt to stand, he pulls his body across the floor toward the knife.

OUTSIDE ON FRONT PLATFORM Bob carries Tex's body over his shoulder. Twenty cars ahead are the two locomotives. The train is bending RIGHT into a long bend. Once the locomotives go around the opposite side they will be out of view, and Bob can throw Tex's body over the edge of the tracks and into the deep snow of pass. The first locomotive takes the bend. Bob sets himself and waits.

INSIDE Lane reaches the knife. He wraps his fingers around the handle. He tries to lift himself, but falls back, and lies motionless on the floor.

OUTSIDE The second locomotive disappears around the bend. Bob summons all his strength and hurls Tex's body over the railing. It vanishes over the edge of the cliff. He waits a second, then turns and starts back inside. He stops at the doorway.

WHAT HE SEES: The floor is empty.

He steps into the room and suddenly a hand slams into his midsection. Bob gasps, then gasps again. He looks down and sees his knife sticking out of his stomach. With one hand Lane holds onto the knife, with the other he holds himself up beside the door. He knows the knife has gone all the way in, he twists it.

Bob pushes Lane's hand away and slowly withdraws the knife. He then starts slowly toward Lane.

BOB
You could've done better than this,
Doc...

He holds the knife low, near his waist. Threatening even in his weakness. Lane watches the blade.

BOB(cont'd)
I'd have gone for an organ...

Bob slashes and opens Lane's arm.

BOB(cont'd)
Or the neck...

A swipe at Lane's neck barely misses. He slashes again but Lane moves just out of reach. Slowly he is backing Lane into a corner.

Bob stops a moment and rests on one knee. He looks down at the hand across his stomach. Slowly he removes it and looks at the wound. He pulls a handkerchief from his pocket and presses it over the wound.

LANE
You're going to bleed to death.

BOB
From this?... Not by a long shot.
See...bleeding's just about stopped.

He looks up and grins.

BOB(cont'd)
I'll give you this much though...You're
the first person since Jack to get this
close.

(beat)
But then, he couldn't kill me either.

105 EXT. TRAIN SHOT -- SAME

The locomotives enter a tunnel. One by one the cars begin to disappear into the darkness.

106 INT. THE CABOOSE. -- SAME

Bob stands. The rest seems to have helped. He looks stronger. He looks at Lane and grips the knife.

BOB

You had a good chance, Doc. Me...
I'd have gone for a artery, made
it quick, but then...I know what
I'm doing.

He starts for Lane as the caboose enters the tunnel and the car plunges into blackness.

FADE IN ON

107 EXT. THE TRAIN. -- SAME

The two locomotives are coming out of tunnel. As they rush past we

DISSOLVE TO:

108 EXT. THE TRAIN -- LATE AFTERNOON

The entire length of the train from far above. It is leaving the steep grade and approaching the broad Alamosa valley.

109 INT. THE LOCOMOTIVE -- LATE AFTERNOON

ON THE TWO ENGINEERS. Men in their 40's and 50's. One of the men is reading a newspaper. Something overhead catches the other man's eye.

WHAT HE SEES: A Bell Helicopter flying just above the train. It flies ahead.

The Engineer gives it a tentative wave. He looks back at his partner, who--oblivious to the helicopter--continues reading his paper.

110 EXT. THE TRAIN -- LATE AFTERNOON

The train is stopped on a side track in the valley. Fields spread out away from the cars. Behind in the distance stands the Sangre de Cristo Range--massive and snow covered.

Three men are walking toward the rear of the train. As they draw closer, we notice that one is the Engineer we just saw. The others are Gilley, and Albergotti. The engineer taps the cars as he passes them.

ENGINEER

Every one of them's a mineral car.
Don't care how desperate they are,
no one's going to ride in a car full
of Gypsum.

They stop. They are still a hundred yards away from the caboose. It lies silently at the end. The engineer looks curiously at the car.

ENGINEER(cont'd)

That's odd. Tex ain't got any smoke
coming out of the caboose.

Gilley looks at Albergotti. Albergotti steps out away from the train and signals to someone O.S.

111 EXT. THE CABOOSE -- LATE AFTERNOON

Local and state authorities have encircled the caboose. Most have taken refuge behind their vehicles. Weapons are visible.

112 INT. THE CABOOSE. -- LATE AFTERNOON

The caboose is still. Suddenly, the door opens and after a pause Albergotti enters. Gun drawn. From the opposite end of the caboose another armed officer enters.

Albergotti stands silhouetted in the doorway. The car appears empty.

Carefully he takes a step into the car, and sees something in the corner. It is Lane. Alone. Slowly, he rolls him over. For a moment there is no movement, then suddenly his eyes blink.

ALBERGOTTI

One's alive.

Two paramedics enter and start to help Lane. Albergotti immediately keeps looking for Bob. He finds him ten feet away. Dead. The knife is buried in his chest.

113 EXT. THE TRAIN -- SAME

ON Gilley. He waits away from the gore. Albergotti comes out of the caboose. He puts up his gun and approaches the

ALBERGOTTI

He's dead.

As if expecting this Gilley nods. Together they start walking toward the front of the train.

ALBERGOTTI (cont'd)

Why do I keep getting the feeling that I owe you an apology or something?

GILLEY

Is that a gut feeling?

He looks at Gilley and a slight grin appears.

ALBERGOTTI

No.

GILLEY

Then don't worry about it, Frank.
Don't worry about it at all.

No one throws his arm around the other, but there's a lot of respect here.

FADE OUT

THE END