the way of the gun

by

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"In order to form an immaculate member of a flock of sheep one must, above all, be a sheep."

- Albert Einstein

BLACK

DISTRIBUTORS LOGO

1 **EXT. STREET - NIGHT** 1

A deli that could be anywhere. Exiting said deli ARE TWO YOUNG MEN.

PARKER AND LONGBAUGH.

Handsome, charming. The first has a boyish look that adds to his charm. The second is dark, more intense. Immediately dangerous and quite possibly evil.

Both have a way of glancing about that tells you they are wholly unscrupulous.

(*Note: Cuts are quick - commercial. Just long enough to convey content. Images are usually only two seconds or so.*)

JUMP CUT: to them leaning on a car, talking. They have set off the car alarm, ignoring it.

JUMP CUT: to a coffee shop across the street. A dozen tables on the sidewalk. Four tops with a number of twenty-somethings smoking and nursing brew.

JUMP CUT: A PARTICULARLY HIP YOUNG MAN stands, looking across the street, seeing Parker and Longbaugh leaning on a car, smoking. He holds up his key chain and shuts off the alarm.

PARTICULARLY HIP YOUNG MAN
HEY. MOTHERFUCKER. GET OFF MY CAR.

JUMP CUT: Parker and Longbaugh. Still ignoring.

JUMP CUT: A YOUNG TRASHY WOMAN stands up behind the Hip Man.

TRASHY WOMAN
LISTEN, YOU DICKLESS FUCK, GET OFF HIS FUCKING CAR.

JUMP CUT: The Particularly Hip Man quickly glances at her as if to say "stay out of this, will you?" He does not want a fight.

PARKER
SHUT THAT CUNT'S MOUTH OR I'LL COME OVER THERE AND FUCKSTART HER HEAD.

JUMP CUT: The Trashy Woman looking at the Hip Man as if to say "you better do something about that."

JUMP CUT: The Hip man walking toward them. Parker and Longbaugh rise to meet the challenge.

TRASHY WOMAN
You are gonna wish you never got up today, you fucking (etc. etc.)

(*Her litany goes without pause.*)

JUMP CUT: Fifteen more people standing up from tables at the coffee shop to follow him.

JUMP CUT: Parker and Longbaugh share a furtive, concerned glance.

JUMP CUT: Parker and Longbaugh walking toward a mob that outnumbers them easily seven to one, minus the three or four women in the group, including the Trashy woman.

She does all the talking.

TRASHY WOMAN (cont'd)
.... and when he's done, I'm gonna cut off your cock and mail it to your mother, you fucking faggot...

Her litany carries over as Parker and The Hip Man get closer and closer. The Trashy Woman right over the Hip Man's shoulder. Just as the Hip Man and Parker are within reach of each other:

PARTICULARLY HIP YOUNG MAN
What the fuck is your problem, man -

But Parker quickly sidesteps and jukes past him. With one solid overhanded punch, he breaks the Trashy Woman's nose.

JUMP CUT: The Mob is stunned.

JUMP CUT: Longbaugh runs for another woman in the crowd - She screams and runs. The crowd reacts. They move into action and begin beating the stuffing out of Parker and Longbaugh, even as Longbaugh is trying to get his target and Parker, holding the Trashy Woman by the shirt, punches her repeatedly.

She covers her head as best she can.

JUMP CUT: A bloody and battered Parker and Longbaugh taking the last couple of kicks as sirens in the distance hail the departure of the mob. They scatter.

PARKER (V.O.)
There is nothing wrong with taking a beating, as long as you take it well. Of course you *try* to win, but if you can't, you have to steal the winner's victory.

JUMP CUT: The Trashy Woman's nose is bleeding uncontrollably as she slaps the Hip Man over and over.

TRASHY WOMAN
Why did you have to pick a fight with them, you fuck? WHY? LOOK AT ME. WHO CARES ABOUT YOUR FUCKING CAR? YOU FUCKING COCKSUCKER. HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?

This goes on endlessly.

JUMP CUT: The crowd is scattering as police cars arrive.

Parker and Longbaugh on the ground. Through split faces, cracked ribs and flowing blood, they smile. A slight touch of the hands is all they can muster.

PARKER (V.O.)
For the record, I'll call myself George Parker. My associate will be Harry Longbaugh.

Up Music. Last year's most dangerous black track which has already faded into passe -

BLACK

Fading slowly into:

2 **EXT. LOS ANGLES - NIGHT** 2

Your standard, oversold establishing shot.

Buildings low in the frame. Shot treated beyond any semblance of what would pass for the naked eye.

The city is polished clean, its lights invite you into the surrounding blackness.

PARKER (V.O.)
This is our story. Los Angeles chapter - somewhere near the end of the twentieth century.

Another voice. This one almost eerily like Christopher Walken.

WALKEN (V.O.)
My name is Joe The Bone Doctor -

3 **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY** 3

Christopher Walken (ideally) in a chair with an oxygen tank running up to his nose. He sits in a circle with a group of twenty or so people from all walks of life.

TWO HEAVY LOOKING THUGS in tacky suits stand behind him like watchdogs.

WALKEN
Sorry. Joe B... or D... Whatever... and I am an alcoholic.

The groups smiles.

GROUP
Hi, Joe.

BLACK

TITLES:

THE BOSS

4 **INT. EMPTY STRIP JOINT** 4

The "hip" music is still pumping.

Parker and Longbaugh sitting in the hot seat in front of:

A BLACK MAN, head clean shaven, mean looking shades. We start on the back of his head, of course.

PARKER
He wants us to what?

BALD BLACK MAN
There's a dog. A very dangerous dog.

BLACK

TITLES:

LEON

5 **INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY** 5

Walken "The Bone Doctor's" living room. Typical mob chic.

WALKEN
I have this dog. Parley VooDoo. Good earner. On Tuesday he fights the city champ. A real fucker name of Buddy Fowler. Lot of money on this fight - no way to back out. But... fact of the matter is... my dog can't win..

6 **INT. EMPTY STRIP JOINT** 6

Music stops. Parker and Longbaugh still in their seats:

Long pause.

LONGBAUGH
He wants us to kill a dog?

Music starts again.

(Note: We realize now, with all the jump cutting, that we are watching a trailer. A marketing execs dream come true. Swish pans, crane-ups, downs, startling images of people walking in slow motion with no direction or reason. Lots of black clothes and egregious uses of color and graduated filter. Shameless. Annoying.

This entire twelve page sequence should cut no longer than three minutes.)

7 **EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT** 7

High above a junk yard in downtown L.A. looking down on two dogs in a ring of scrapped cars just dying to go at it.

Longbaugh with a rifle and scope.

LONGBAUGH's P.O.V. The dogs are released, lunging to kill one another.

JUMP CUT: A dog in his sights.

JUMP CUT: His finger tightening on the trigger.

JUMP CUT: The dogs connect in a frothing, bloody mess.

GUNSHOT TO BLACK

WALKEN (O.S.)
WHAT DO YOU MEAN THEY SHOT MY DOG?

PARKER (O.S.)
Both dogs, actually.

LONGBAUGH (O.S.)
Right through.

BALD BLACK MAN (O.S.)
The Boss is very mad.

8 **INT. EMPTY STRIP JOINT** 8

Parker and Longbaugh sitting in the hot seat again.

PARKER
Listen man, anything we can do. Anything to pay back the Bone Doctor... you name it... It's done.

9 **INT. HOSPITAL** 9

SLOW PUSH IN ON Walken in a wheelchair, looking right at the camera.

WALKEN
THERE IS NO RESTITUTION. THERE IS NO PAYING ME BACK. WHEN YOU'VE SPENT THE REST OF YOUR LIFE WORKING OFF WHAT YOU'VE DONE, I'LL SQUEEZE YOUR FUCKING CHILDREN FOR THE INTEREST.

He begins coughing violently.

10 **INT. HOSPITAL - DAY** 10

BALD BLACK MAN (O.S.)
The Boss is very sick.

Walken The Bone Doctor in bed, convulsing. A team of Doctors struggles to save him.

WALKEN (V.O.)
You drink, do drugs, shoot up, exterminate your enemies - all the time making a name. You cut out booze, drop back to a pack a day, limit yourself to one contract a month... your liver kicks out. Where is the justice in that?

11 **INT. EMPTY STRIP JOINT** 11

Parker and Longbaugh in their seats yet again.

BALD BLACK MAN
There's a donor. Brain tumor. Tissue typed and tippity tip top of the list.

12 **INT./EXT. VARIOUS** 12

As he speaks this line, we see THE DONOR, walking across a city street somewhere - the everyman.

Between every syllable of the Bald Black Man's sentence, there is a flashy cut to another image of The Donor and his life.

Regular Guy, regular wife, regular job in a white shirt and tie. Two cute little kids.

BALD BLACK MAN
There's one little problem...

Music stops.

BALD BLACK MAN (cont'd)
He don't know he's a donor.

13 **INT. EMPTY STRIP JOINT** 13

Parker and Longbaugh slowly turn their heads realizing.

14 **EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY** 14

SHOT OF LONGBAUGH, looking at The Donor through a rifle scope. He has a clean head shot of The Donor in his driveway - kid runs into frame and the Donor picks him up - perfect family moment.

JUMP CUT: Longbaugh's eye through the scope. It closes.

JUMP CUT: His finger comes off the trigger.

15 **INT. DINER** 15

Over a cup of coffee:

LONGBAUGH
I'm having one of those things...

PARKER
What things?

Music stops... just a ticking beat for a few seconds as they look at one another. Stone still. Painful pause.

PARKER (cont'd)
A catharsis?

LONGBAUGH
That's the one.

Music starts again.

16 **INT. HOSPITAL** 16

Christopher Walken in a hospital bed, tubes everywhere. Gaunt and pale.

Parker and Longbaugh stand in front of him in polite solemnity.

WALKEN
How hard is it to arrange a simple head injury so I can have my liver? Papa John Phillips got a liver.

LONGBAUGH
I hate that guy.

PARKER
We can get you his liver.

17 **INT./EXT. VARIOUS** 17

One image after another of Parker and Longbaugh accompanied by the voice of your favorite TRAILER VOICE GUY.

TRAILER VOICE GUY
(Distributors Name) presents the story of two guys you need to know nothing about. Because you'll see more than you ever wanted to know.

- Parker and Longbaugh at a funeral. In front of the entire crowd of shocked mourners, Longbaugh is pissing into the open grave.

We notice a striking, recognizable woman - let's say CAMERON DIAZ - directly in front. She is the only one not appalled by this.

BALD BLACK MAN (O.S.)
If you don't have that liver in forty-eight hours, you're dead.

- Parker chases A GUY IN A WHEEL CHAIR, savagely kicking the wheels and finally knocking the chair over.

- Parker and Longbaugh punching A PRIEST repeatedly in the stomach hard enough to lift him off his feet.

- CAMERON DIAZ in a confessional, talking to the partition.

STUNNING WOMAN
And then he put his mouth, his tongue... on my.. he... he was licking my... No one had ever...

- Parker in the booth, where the priest should be. From the way his hand is moving out of frame, he is clearly masturbating, struggling to control his voice.

PARKER
Go on, my child.

18 **EXT. DELI - NIGHT** 18

Parker and Longbaugh, beaten up from their earlier encounter, arguing through genuinely mangled faces.

LONGBAUGH
All I'm saying is, why should we kill this guy and give the Bone Doctor a longer life to hold our chain? Fuck the Bone Doctor.

PARKER
If we don't dump this guy, someone else will.

LONGBAUGH
Unless the Bone Doctor never gets his liver.

- Longbaugh aiming a gun directly at the camera.

LONGBAUGH (cont'd)
Hold this for me, will ya?

BANG/FLASH/BLACK

PARKER (O.S.)
WOULD YOU STOP MAN? WE'RE NOT GONNA HURT YOU.

19 **EXT. STREET - DAY** 19

The Donor runs across the street in terror.

JUMP CUT: To Parker and Longbaugh running after him. Their faces still slightly swollen from scene one.

JUMP CUT: Screeching tires and sickening sound of impact.

JUMP CUT: The Donor is lying in the street - dead.

JUMP CUT: Parker and Longbaugh looking at one another, stunned. Slowly, an idea springing to mind.

JUMP CUT: The horrified face of THE DRIVER OF THE CAR

JUMP CUT: Parker and Longbaugh, covered in blood, cutting into something out of frame with pocket knives.

The Driver of the Car is in the background, running away, screaming.

LONGBAUGH
Which one is the liver?

PARKER
I don't know. Take all of it. I'll go get some ice.

20 **INT. HOSPITAL** 20

Parker and Longbaugh, running through the halls of an ICU carrying a garbage bag dripping blood and melting ice.

TRAILER VOICE GUY
In a world of unspeakable cruelty. In a world where nothing is sacred. In a world where evil is simply a guideline...

21 **INT. EMPTY STRIP JOINT** 21

The Bald black man faces the camera - stone faced.

PARKER (O.S.)
So we figure - you know - on accounta getting the liver for the Bone Doctor we were - you know... Square.

Hold on the Black Man's cold, emotionless face. Obviously, this means no.

22 **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT** 22

Music stops.

Walken lays in bed, sleeping peacefully, recovering nicely.

Parker and Longbaugh in white doctors coats standing over him.

Parker is pulling a hypodermic needle out of the opened end of a Jack Daniels bottle.

TRAILER VOICE GUY
... These guys are the best.

PARKER
Here's to ten years sobriety, you fuck.

Longbaugh takes the syringe and sticks it into Walken's I.V. line.

Music starts again.

23 **INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT** 23

Parker and Longbaugh running, shooting, ducking.

Bullets are flying everywhere as a DOZEN MEN like the one's that were watching over Walken in AA chase them.

JUMP CUT:

Parker and Longbaugh, each one bleeding and reloading, hiding behind a wall riddled with bullet holes.

PARKER
What do you MEAN you dropped the car keys?

24 **EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT** 24

Dead bodies strewn all over the street, the building burning out of control and in all other ways the wake of mayhem.

PARKER (O.S.)
We've got a shit load of guns, a price on our heads and a fistful of change in the ashtray.

Parker and Longbaugh leaning against a wall, shot, bleeding badly. They are laughing slightly, just as they were in the beginning.

LONGBAUGH
You got any other bright ideas?

PULL BACK: to the sound of their subdued laughter.

BLACK

25 **EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - DAY** 25

The same shot as before. Gleaming and magnificent.

A hand comes into frame and literally pulls off the filter to reveal L.A. as you see it on the way to work.

Lots of bleached, smoggy sky. An untreated, unfiltered, unbullshit shot of the city in daylight the way it looks to most Angelenos.

Like a giant, blood-shot eye.

26 **EXT. ULTRA WIDE SHOT OF TEXAS** 26

And a similar establishing shot of the Corpus Cristi Skyline, not as you would expect it. This is from far away, making this oasis look more like an outpost than a playground for the rich.

27 **INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - INTERCUT** 27

A series of questions is being posed to the subjects separately. We cut back and forth between them.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
What would you say qualifies you as a donor?

PARKER
I would say I am a fairly intelligent, good looking man. Physically fit. Stable.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Heterosexual?

Long pause. Parker stares... blinks...

PARKER
Can I ask you something?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Certainly.

PARKER
How do you feel asking me that?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Fine, I suppose. It's just a list of questions.

PARKER
Well, it's a funny question. A lot gets hung on whether I am a faggot or not... Don't give me that look. I said faggot. Faggot is not a bad word. At least it wasn't a bad word 'til they started calling faggots faggots. Faggot... Say it.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
I am not going to say that.

PARKER
Don't you find it funny that if I grab a woman's ass and she hits me, she is fighting for her rights, but if a faggot grabs my ass and I punch his lights out, I am a homophobe? Isn't that funny?

INTERVIEWER
I simply asked if you were a heterosexual.

28 **INT. INTERVIEW ROOM** 28

Now Longbaugh is in the chair.

LONGBAUGH
I've never killed a man.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
I beg your pardon.

LONGBAUGH
I said I've never killed a man.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
I didn't ask if you had.

LONGBAUGH
You asked why I thought I was qualified. I think of that as a qualification.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
I am just wondering why that particular thing struck you as a principal qualification.

LONGBAUGH
I would say that's a big fucking - excuse me. A very important qualification.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
It's just that no one has ever said that to me before.

LONGBAUGH
Have you ever asked?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Well... no.

LONGBAUGH
You should.

29 **INT. INTERVIEW ROOM** 29

Back to Parker.

PARKER
I mean look. You take Los Angeles. If I say that Los Angeles has become over the years a Mecca for homosexual migration - a safe haven for the alternative lifestyle, I am in the right. I sound broad-minded and accepting. If I say L.A. is filled with faggots, I have some sort of prejudice. But look at what I am saying. By saying a Mecca for Homosexual migration, I am making it sound like faggots are nomadic if not predatory miscreants who have some implied need to move around. I am also likening them to Muslims or Muslims to them. By saying it is a safe haven for the alternative lifestyle, I am implying that the rest of the world hates and hunts faggots and that their lifestyle is an aberration as opposed to different simply by preference.

Long pause. No reaction from O.S.

PARKER (cont'd)
Where as saying L.A. is full of faggots is just being honest. But you don't stop to consider my intentions, do you? Only my actions. What I meant when I said it means nothing. Only what you wanted it to mean... Are you a faggot?

No reaction.

PARKER (cont'd)
You see. You asked me if I was heterosexual. I asked you the same question, but I was clear about the answer I was looking for. Are... you... a faggot?

No reaction.

PARKER (cont'd)
It's not what you say anymore, is it? It's all in how you say it.

30 **INT. INTERVIEW ROOM** 30

And back to Longbaugh.

LONGBAUGH
Why is that a big deal?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Because no one ever brings up sex with dead people.

LONGBAUGH
Of course they don't. It's sick.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
But you brought it up.

LONGBAUGH
To say I never did it.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
I didn't *ask* that.

LONGBAUGH
You should.

31 **INT. WAITING ROOM** 31

Perhaps titles over the following:

The cover of two smut magazines. *Perfect Ten* and *High Society*. The opposite ends of the spectrum in male entertainment.

The covers fill the frame, hiding the two faces behind them.

Hold on this as a phone rings.

1ST NURSE (O.S.)
Southern Star Cryo... Yes sir... yes we do... About three thousand dollars for donors who fulfill the ...

2ND NURSE (O.S.)
Southern Star Cryo... yes, please hold...
(another ring)
Southern Star Cryo... yes, please hold...

Another phone rings.

1ST NURSE
Well, you need to come in and fill out an application...

2ND NURSE (O.S.)
Southern Star Cryo. Hi, Steff... Hold on.
(click)
He's in a consultation right now. Can I have him call you back? Thank you.
(click)
He's in a consultation right now. Can I have him call you back? Thank you.

1ST NURSE (O.S.)
If you're accepted, you begin the screening three days a week... ... it takes about a year...

2ND NURSE
(click)
Steff? Jesus. I'm having the worst day.

The two magazines drop to reveal Parker and Longbaugh. They look at one another with a grimace. Clearly they thought this would be easier.

2ND NURSE
I know, can you believe that? No... three embryos. Only one of them took. Stacie told me that bodyguards watch her 24 hours a day.

Parker and Longbaugh are back to reading filthy mags.

2ND NURSE
No - that was part of the agreement. If you ask me, they are protecting the baby from her, not her from anyone else....

1ST NURSE
You gentlemen won't be needing those today... Gentlemen...

They keep right on reading. Motionless. Phone rings.

1ST NURSE
Southern Star Cryo... yes, we are currently accepting donations. I beg your pardon...

2ND NURSE
Yes - sure they do. Every waking minute. They check everything that goes in and out of her... Uh-huh... You'd think people with that kind of money could find the free time to have a child naturally. No... no, there's nothing wrong with her. She just can't be bothered, I hear.... uh-huh... Are you kidding? Not me. Not ever...

2ND NURSE (cont'd)
I don't care how much they are paying her... No... No, don't be ridiculous.

The Magazines lower and Parker and Longbaugh look at one another slowly - an idea forming. The magazines go back up, hiding their faces.

1ST NURSE
I... Sir, you have to speak up.

2ND NURSE
I'm telling you, it's no where near that much... because I know, that's how...

2ND NURSE (cont'd)
I jus - because Dr. painter's receptionist has a big mouth, that's why, and she said it was not that much...

1ST NURSE
No, we do not deliver to your *home*.

ANGLE ON:

The Two Nurses. We see them for the first time as the first nurse is hanging up the phone and shaking her head. The 2nd prattles on.

2ND NURSE
Only a million. Well of course, cash - but come on. That doesn't buy you much now a days.

BANG O.S.

Both women look up, slightly startled.

Angle on:

The empty reception area. Parker and Longbaugh have vanished, their magazines on the floor and the door still vibrating from the slamming.

33 **EXT. SOUTHERN STAR CRY BUILDING** 33

The sign above the door politely reads:

Reproductive Reception and Containment.

Parker and Longbaugh huddled at a phone booth. Parker is rifling through the yellow pages.

LONGBAUGH (O.S.)
The greatest distance between two points is a kidnapper and his money. It's the longest odds in crime.

CLOSE UP ON:

Parker's finger skims down the page to a name:

Dr. Stephen Painter - OB-GYN. An address is beside it. Parker rips it from the book.

34 **EXT. RETAIL WESTERN OUTFITTERS - DAY** 34

Parker walking into a store. The front windows are packed with serious cowboy gear. Big hats, coats, chaps - the whole bit.

35 **INT. SEVEN ELEVEN - DAY** 35

Longbaugh laying out cash for a rented cell phone. It is one of the out of date bulky jobs that cost less than a pack of gum now.

36 **INT. RENTAL CAR PLACE - DAY** 36

Parker is scribbling details on a rental form from a driver's licence and credit card in front of a YOUNG RENTAL AGENT.

We see the agent's face as he reads the name.

CLOSE UP ON:

The name on the licence and card is "Arvid Jurgenburg."

Parker takes the keys to his new rental and leaves as Longbaugh enters. The two pass as a strangers.

Longbaugh tosses an I.D. and a card on the counter.

ANGLE ON:

the name on his reads "Schmeng Svenhealvunfea." Don't try to pronounce it. No one can.

37 **EXT. REST STOP - DAY** 37

The sort of highway place you are used to driving by quickly. A large parking lot filled with semi trucks and creepy cars - a huge and shiny gas station in the middle complete with 24 hour junk food.

Parker and Longbaugh drive into the parking lot each in his own car; Parker in a brand new Chevy Suburban and Longbaugh in a nondescript grey Ford van.

They park the cars side by side and get out.

38 **EXT. REST STOP PARKING LOT - ELSEWHERE** 38

Parker and Longbaugh carefully walk down a long line of cars, glancing about furtively.

Longbaugh finally comes to a Mercedes he likes and steps up the driver's side. Parker stands in front of the car keeping watch.

Longbaugh puts his elbow through the vent window and lets himself in. After some jostling, the car starts and Parker gets in. they drive away.

They cruise past the rentals, leaving them with the rest of life's fellow travellers.

39 **EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON** 39

The sweltering heat of Texas.

CLOSE UP ON:

The address Parker tore from the phone book - that of Dr. Painter OB-GYN

ANGLE ON:

The actual address on the actual building in question. A clean, though not too upscale place in the heart of downtown.

Parker and Longbaugh sit on the curb watching the building from across the street. They lean against two menacing duffle bags.

They are playing knuckles. Each man places his fist against the other guys. Whoever is "it" has to quickly rap the other guy on top of his hand before he can pull his hand away. If you miss, the other guy is it.

A car drives by in the foreground - wiping the frame.

Over this and the following we hear:

PARKER (V.O.)
We take her to Mexico, they bring the money. We kill everyone if anything goes wrong.

Pause.

LONGBAUGH (V.O.)
That's it?

PARKER (V.O.)
The hardest thing about a kidnapping is getting away. This way we get the getaway out of the way. We don't expect to get the money, we count on getting killed. Anything goes wrong, we win. If it goes according to plan, well... at least we were right.

LONGBAUGH (V.O.)
It's airtight, I'll give you that.

40 **EXT. STREET - LATER - SUNSET** 40

Now they have switched sides - time has passed. They are playing a different game of knuckles. This one with a deck of cards. The guy who is it holds the cards while the other guy holds out his hand. Then you try to whack his knuckles with the edge of the deck.

Both their hands are bruised and swollen.

Longbaugh swiftly comes up with the cards.

WHACK

BLACK

41 **EXT. OFFICE PARK - NIGHT** 41

Parker and Longbaugh are huddled on the grass not too far from Painter's office and even closer to several HOMELESS PEOPLE. Their duffle bags make lousy pillows.

LONGBAUGH
Look at us, man. It's not happening.

PARKER
Come on, will ya?

LONGBAUGH
We're dying men. And any minute now death is going to pay for his lunch and come looking for us again.

PARKER
They'll be here. I guarantee you, they'll come.

42 **INT. PLUSH LIVING ROOM - DAY** 42

FRANCESCA CHIDDUCK - late twenties, early thirties at best. Striking. Fit.

Her ear is to a woman's belly, her hand as well. A smile comes slowly to her face. It is a cold smile, nonetheless.

Above them stands HALE CHIDDUCK, twenty years her senior and smiling much broader. Most of it is genuine, but it has the strain of a man who hopes his smile will be contagious. And the harder he smiles...

As for the women with the belly, her name is ROBIN, late twenties. A clean and quiet looking girl with just a touch less class than she ought to. There is something a little soft, something a little hard about her. But in her present state, she glows.

CHIDDUCK
You feel that, hon? Fantastic.

FRANCESCA
Yes, Hale. Fabulous.

Francesca stands and starts to head out of the room. We notice now her skin-tight aerobics outfit and water bottle. These will become a trademark.

CHIDDUCK
Where are you -

FRANCESCA
We should get Robin's things packed.

An uncomfortable pause.

FRANCESCA (cont'd)
For the hospital, dear. In case we have to hurry.

CHIDDUCK
Oh.. Oh. I understand.

Francesca leaves the room, ringing a bell she grabs off the end table.

A MAID nervously skitters in from the far side of the room, nervously running after Francesca. The whole house is filled with an odd tension of not wanting to upset Mrs. Chidduck.

CHIDDUCK
She doesn't hate you, Robin.

ROBIN
She most certainly does, Mr. Chidduck.

Mr. Chidduck says nothing. He does not need to. He simply looks through the wall. Robin puts a hand on his.

ROBIN (cont'd)
You've been very kind to me.

Then he looks at Robin, perhaps the only person to notice the slightly apprehensive expression she hides all the time.

CHIDDUCK
You're worried about the baby.

ROBIN
No. That's not -

CHIDDUCK
Come on. A woman needs security like a man needs approval. A woman needs her past, her present and her future to all be secure. Right now.

Robin exhales a breath she has been holding for about that long.

CHIDDUCK (cont'd)
And in a few days, this baby is going to be a part of your past, and for you to leave and not know it's secure...

She tries to shake her head, but her eyes begin to swell with tears. Chidduck puts his arm around her and hands her a handkerchief.

CHIDDUCK (cont'd)
I think every parent has good intentions. You spank a child to teach him what's right. You... belittle him in the hopes of making him stronger... My parents actions didn't always appear to be good, but their intentions... I believe... always were.

Chidduck thinks for a moment, remembering something...

CHIDDUCK (cont'd)
Nevertheless, my entire life has been a reaction to those actions. I was a consequence. And I was certain if I did what they didn't do and didn't do what they did, I would have done things right. But we're blinded by our intentions. Our intentions lead us to believe we can do no wrong. Sometimes, the best of intentions are misread as cruelty, neglect, indifference.

He shakes himself out of a thought from his past and looks at Robin now. His tangent has silenced her tears but she looks at him feeling worse, not better. He smiles.

CHIDDUCK (cont'd)
My intention was to comfort you just now.

She finally laughs a little.

CHIDDUCK (cont'd)
Inside your belly is my last chance. A chance to correct all of my wrongs. A lifetime of good intentions is watching over me to see that this time my *actions* are good. I'm here to give this child what it wants, not what I think is right.

Robin thinks about this and finally, smiles, if only to comfort him.

CHIDDUCK (cont'd)
I wouldn't dare ask you to trust me. It's the plea of a guilty soul. But trust life. Always trust life. If you're careful enough to listen, life does take care.

ROBIN
You're going to be a good father, Mr. Chidduck.

Now it is Chidduck who looks a little skeptical.

ROBIN (cont'd)
And she's going to be a good mother. You'll see. When she sets eyes on him, nature will take over.

Robin is struggling hard to hide tears. She is trying to convince herself, not him.

CHIDDUCK
I hope to God you're, right, Robin. Because if this baby doesn't change the ... Him?

He looks at her intensely. She covers her mouth.

CHIDDUCK (cont'd)
Did you say "him?"

Robin is nodding now. Chidduck looks at her, expressionless. His quiet tone is almost menacing.

ROBIN
I know you didn't want to know... but -

CHIDDUCK
When?

ROBIN
Dr. Painter told me last week. Don't be angry with him. I was dying to know myself and -

The sound of a throat clearing O.S.

Both of them look up to see:

Two bodyguards - JEFFERS and OBECKS. Impressive, though not in the conventional bodyguard sense. Their demeanor is very business-like - nice suits, sharp haircuts - though nothing so buff as to look like cops.

ROBIN
I have an appointment with Dr. Painter.

CHIDDUCK
Did you -

ROBIN
I'm sorry, Mr. Chidduck. I didn't mean to spoil it but -

And Mr. Chidduck leans over and hugs her in his elation.

CHIDDUCK
I am going to have a son.

And we see Robin's face over his shoulder. Her eyes tearing slightly, holding back more.

ROBIN
Yes you are.

And Mr. Chidduck laughs proudly. Robin glances up at the looming bodyguards. They look back blankly, lost to the emotion of the moment.

CHIDDUCK
A son.

Robin does not see:

Mrs. Chidduck, staring coldly from the cracked door of the kitchen. She turns and walks away to the sound of their laughter.

43 **EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY** 43

Parker and Longbaugh are sitting in the hot sun on the steps of Dr. Painter's building, facing one another.

They stare at one another intensely, trembling. Their eyes are watering uncontrollably and horribly bloodshot.

Long pause. We realize they are having a staring contest. One that seems to have been going on for quite a while.

Suddenly, Longbaugh blinks.

WHACK

Parker slaps him dead across the face.

Longbaugh shakes it off and they resume staring.

Then:

PARKER
Look.

Longbaugh turns and sees Robin in a sundress getting out of a plain blue Chevy sedan at the edge of the courtyard in front of the building. She is more than evidently pregnant. She is flanked by Jeffers and Obecks.

LONGBAUGH (cont'd)
Yep.

PARKER
Right?

LONGBAUGH
Yep.

SHELBY and PIKE, two very serious looking guys in the vein of Jeffers and Obecks are in the front seat. Once everyone is out, they drive away.

Longbaugh is on his feet and off as quickly as an inconspicuous walk will take him. Parker just sits, trying to look like he belongs there.

Robin walks by him, glancing down at him and smiling politely. Jeffers and Obecks do not seem to notice.

They walk into the lobby as Parker stands, watching them go.

44 **INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY** 44

Jeffers and Obecks have the skill of low profile down to a science. Eyes in the back of their head and no need to make their work look important and thus conspicuous, as many of their kind often do. They walk over and press the button for the elevator.

Jeffers glances over Obecks' shoulder and sees Parker standing out front - not at all conspicuous. He and Obecks glance at one another. His partner need not turn to know what he is looking at.

Jeffers raises a small radio to his lips.

JEFFERS
Four to one.

45 **INT. CHEVY SEDAN - DAY** 45

SHELBY and PIKE - the two very serious looking guys who dropped them off driving in what appears to be the neighborhood.

VOICE
(on radio)
Go ahead, one.

46 **INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY** 46

When the elevator opens, they simply step in. Not looking around for men with guns who are never there...

Almost never.

As the elevator closes:

JEFFERS
(into radio)
I'm sure it's nothing, but would you just take a ride by...

We don't hear the rest.

47 **INT. HALLWAY** 47

Jeffers, Obecks and Robin get off on the twelfth floor and walk down the hall to a door marked:

Stephen Painter, OB-GYN. They enter.

48 **INT. WAITING ROOM** 48

Two other pregnant women are waiting for the doctor. The receptionist. One wears a large hat, the other is behind a magazine.

The office itself still shows the signs of transition. Of newness. Pictures leaning on the walls instead of hung - temporary furniture that does not quite match.

Robin walks up to the RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST
Hello, Robin. I'll tell him you're here.

Robin turns and waddles over to a seat. Before she can even sit down:

DR. PAINTER
Robin?

DR. STEPHEN PAINTER is a fit, good looking man in his mid thirties. Doing well for his age. He is trim and quite evidently not willing to keep her waiting.

He looks at Jeffers and Obecks and smiles nervously, then holds the door open for Robin.

49 **INT. EXAMINATION ROOM** 49

Dr. Painter and A NURSE have Robin on a table, running his hands over the hugeness of her belly.

Painter is all business with her.

PAINTER
And how is your back feeling?

ROBIN
Much better, thanks.

PAINTER
Bet you can't wait to get this little guy out.

The nurse glances up at Dr. Painter, making note of the way he looks at Robin and the way Robin does not seem to notice.

Her eyes are locked on the screen, watching it slowly light up to a dull gray..

ROBIN
No... No, I don't mind if he stays in there forever.

50 **EXT. STREET - DAY** 50

Longbaugh pulls up in front of Painter's building in a "new" car - A Mercedes 600. A missing vent window, of course. Parker meets him curb-side with the bags.

51 **INT. WAITING ROOM** 51

Robin and Dr. Painter come out. He is holding a video cassette in one hand, shaking hers with the other.

DR. PAINTER
So unless there are any complications, I shouldn't be seeing you until the fifteenth.

He hands her the video cassette.

DR. PAINTER (cont'd)
And here's that video I was telling you about. Some things you should know about your delivery.

Painter and Robin share a private, knowing look with one another as she turns away. Jeffers makes note.

52 **INT. ELEVATOR** 52

A quiet trip down. Robin eclipsed behind Jeffers and Obecks. They do not see the way she is holding so tightly to the tape, or that she is struggling to stifle tears.

53 **INT. LOBBY** 53

The elevator opens and Jeffers and Obecks step out, looking around carefully.

All clear. Just a few people coming in, some going out. All of them harmless enough. They motion to Robin to follow them and she does. As she walks, her eyes are looking off into space - dreamy, her hands clutching the tape to her breast.

Only now do we notice how many cowboy hats have been floating around. Nevertheless:

Jeffers nudges Obecks and sees a man in a huge white hat coming through the front door of the building. Silhouetted against the outside sun, it is hard to tell, but of course, it is Parker.

ANGLE ON:

Robin, from the front as a figure moves in behind her.

ANGLE ON:

Jeffers and Obecks squinting against the backlight to make out the figure headed toward them. ANGLE ON:

Robin, in profile. Two pistols enter into frame, one on either side of her head, moving past. She snaps out of her daze as we realize what is happening.

ANGLE ON:

The figure in front of Jeffers and Obecks stops. He slowly raises his head to reveal the face beneath the brim of the hat. It is a face wrapped in a tight stocking - distorted and bizarre.

Jeffers and Obecks immediately reach into their jackets when:

ANGLE ON: The backs of Jeffers and Obecks.

LONGBAUGH (O.S.)
HEY.

Jeffers and Obecks spin on their heels, guns coming out, only to find Longbaugh, standing behind Robin, also in a large hat, and tight stocking mask. He has one gun pointed at them, and one at Robin's belly.

Before they can react, Parker - the shadowy figure, also in stocking mask - has come up behind them and placed pistols at the backs of their skulls.

It all happens in an instant and ends with six guns pointed in one nasty standoff. We notice Parker and Longbaugh are both again wearing surgical gloves.

Of the twelve or so people in the lobby, only two think to scurry for the door. The rest just stand there, horrified.

LONG PAUSE. Faces staring. Bodyguards sweating. Robin in shock. Parker and Longbaugh in stocking masks.

PARKER
Okay boys. We want this to go quietly, okay? Put the guns down.

Jeffers and Obecks glance at one another but keep right on aiming at Longbaugh.

PARKER (cont'd)
Guys, come on. We got you dead to it. It's over. Lay 'em down.

LONGBAUGH (cont'd)
Hey...

PARKER
What?

LONGBAUGH
The people, man.

Parker glances at all the onlookers, just staring.

PARKER
Can't you people see there are guns here? GET THE FUCK OUT. MOVE.

No one runs. They literally walk out, looking at one another confused as if they are searching for a lead to follow. It is truly surreal.

PARKER (cont'd)
Man.

All his attention is back to Jeffers and Obecks.

LONGBAUGH
We gotta get this thing moving.

PARKER
Right. Guys, come on. This is no good.

Jeffers and Obecks are stone faced. Patient. Cool.

PARKER (cont'd)
I am going to count to three and -

Jeffers and Obecks cock their guns, both aimed at Longbaugh.

LONGBAUGH
Fuck. What I tell you?

Parker closes his eyes for a second.

PARKER
Ahhh. Uh. Shit. Okay... Take her and -

Jeffers mechanically lowers his gun at Robin's belly. Cold as ice.

PARKER (cont'd)
What the fuck are you doing, man? You're supposed to be protecting her.

ROBIN
Walk away.

LONGBAUGH
What?

ROBIN
Walk away. You're not going to get out alive. They don't care about dying. Only losing.

PARKER
Beautiful.

ROBIN
Someone will have called the cops by now. Just walk away.

Parker and Longbaugh look at one another. Long and interminable pause. Tensions mounting. Eyes, guns, trigger fingers.

TICK, TICK, TICK.

Finally.

PARKER
She's right. Get out.

Longbaugh reluctantly lowers his gun from her belly and steps out from behind her. He sidesteps while Parker keeps his guns trained on Jeffers and Obecks.

Robin breathes a sigh of relief, her trembling hands being the only other sign that she was ever worried at all.

PARKER (cont'd)
Faces front, boys.

He walks gently backwards from them, Longbaugh now joining him in aiming his guns at their heads. They walk backwards for the door, quicker now, until they are gone.

Jeffers reaches into his jacket and produces a radio.

JEFFERS
Four to one.

No answer.

JEFFERS (cont'd)
Four to one, they made a pass. They are coming out to you. Do not, I repeat do not -

But he is cut off by the squealing of tires outside followed quickly by:

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM

A flurry of shots, Robin flinches, frozen still where she stands. The sound of screaming - people running past the door outside. More shots.

Jeffers grabs Robin and drags her to the elevator as Obecks runs out the front door.

ROBIN
What are you -

As he hits the button for the elevator.

JEFFERS
Do not go to the Doctor's office. Go to the top floor and wait. No matter how long it takes.

ROBIN
But -

DING

The elevator opens and her shoves her in.

JEFFERS
Wait for me.

And as the elevator closes, Jeffers runs out front, his gun now adding to the fray.

HOLD ON ROBIN.

The elevator door closing almost completely when she catches it. The pads bounce and the doors open again. She steps out of the elevator and into the lobby, looking back as it closes. Still the shots are roaring outside.

She looks at the bright light of the outside, then back at the elevator. She looks around the lobby and sees no other way out. Finally:

Robin steps slowly toward the door, clutching the tape to her pregnant belly.

BOOM. One more shot. Another scream. Robin is almost at the door now, the legs of a body lying on the ground in a pool of blood just outside. The closer she gets, the more of the body she can see, when:

WHACK

Parker, still in stocking mask, hits the glass from a dead run. He sees her and throws the door open as Robin tries to run back. Too late. He has her. He grabs her arm and spins her around, putting the gun to her belly.

PARKER
You care about this baby?

Robin is too shocked to answer. She just barely nods.

PARKER (cont'd)
Then you'll walk.

54 **EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY** 54

More rapid shots off screen.

Robin comes out, pulled along by Parker. Longbaugh is just running over to them, falling into step. He is running backwards, firing from a shotgun he has produced from under his duster.

It is actually remarkable to see how fast he can shoot and reload this thing.

ANGLE ON:

Jeffers and Obecks are trying to return fire from behind a buckshot riddled car.

Robin sees the blue Chevy they came in with one wheel up on the curb. Shelby is dead in the drivers seat, one leg out of the car. Pike seems to have made it a few steps from the car before they got him.

People are still running from the scene.

Three other people - VARIOUS BYSTANDERS - are laying on the ground, dead or dying. It is a grizzly mess.

Parker, Longbaugh and Robin get in the car under a hail of grazing fire and drive away.

Jeffers and Obecks do not waste time. They jump up from their place of cover and run to the Chevy. Obecks pulls Shelby's body out and gets behind the wheel. Jeffers is still climbing in when the Chevy roars after the Mercedes.

55 **INT. CAR** 55

The three people sit in silence. The sound of the engine whomping as Longbaugh navigates traffic calmly but quickly.

LONGBAUGH
Are you hit?

Parker is straining to breath.

PARKER
Chest.

LONGBAUGH
Arright.

This makes Parker think. He turns back in his seat searches Robin for wounds.

PARKER
Are you okay?

Robin's face is twisted in pain. Her eyes are tightly shut.

PARKER (cont'd)
Miss... you. Are you okay?

ROBIN
The baby is kicking...

PARKER
You're ba- What?

ROBIN
The guns, the noise, the driving. My baby is kicking like crazy.

Parker reaches back and yanks the tape out of her hand, despite her efforts to hang onto it. He drops it on the seat next to Longbaugh. Then he reaches over and buckles Robin's seat belt.

When he is finished, he yanks off his mask then pulls off Longbaugh's so he can keep his hands on the wheel.

PARKER
It's alright now. You can open your eyes.

ROBIN
I don't want to see your faces.

LONGBAUGH
It doesn't matter.

Resigned, stunned by the coldness of that response, Robin opens her eyes.

Parker and Robin make true eye contact for the first time.

Pause. Then:

Parker glances out the back window and sees a blue Chevy coming up fast behind them.

Parker takes out a plastic binder and ties her hands together. He runs another plastic binder around the first and lashes her hands to the headrest in front of her.

Then turns back and does his seatbelt. When he looks at Longbaugh, he sees his partner has already made the car behind them.

Longbaugh hits the gas and turns into a back alley. The Chevy follows.

56 **INT. CHEVY** 56

Obecks behind the wheel. Jeffers loading a pump-gun.

From their P.O.V. we see the Mercedes getting ever closer until we realize they are slowing down.

Obecks and Jeffers look at one another and then the Mercedes again. Yes indeed. It is slowing.

JEFFERS
Give him room.

He racks the shotgun.

Obecks stays back as far as he dares.

57 **EXT. ALLEY** 57

The Mercedes goes ever slower, gradually winding down to thirty, then twenty miles an hour. It crosses another main street and cruises again into a back alley.

The Chevy follows cautiously.

The Mercedes goes slower now... slower....

Finally it is idling.

58 **INT. CHEVY** 58

Jeffers and Obecks each open their doors a crack, waiting, cruising along at idle speed.

P.O.V. through windshield.

Suddenly, both front doors on the Mercedes burst open and Parker and Longbaugh bail out, leaving the car in idle and letting it go.

They each duck into narrow walkways on either side of the alley and vanish.

Obecks puts the car in park. Jeffers gets out.

59 **EXT. ALLEY** 59

JEFFERS' P.O.V.

Jeffers looks at the walkways where Parker and Longbaugh could be hiding. Then he looks back at the Mercedes still creeping away.

60 **INT. MERCEDES** 60

Robin with her eyes shut tightly. Silence. Slowly, she opens one eye, then the other. When she realizes she is alone, she struggles with her restraints.

61 **EXT. ALLEY** 61

Jeffers looks back and forth, making his decision. He motions to Obecks and they bail, running quickly to close the two hundred feet or so between them and the Mercedes.

They are about fifty feet away from the Mercedes when Parker and Longbaugh come back into the alley.

POW, POW, POW.

Everyone shoots. Parker and Longbaugh are side running, laying down covering fire, then backwards down the alley after the idling Mercedes.

Jeffers and Obecks dive for cover and do their best to shoot back, but once they are ready to bead down properly, Parker and Longbaugh are back in the Mercedes and driving away.

Jeffers and Obecks have to run all the way back to their car, get in, slam it in drive and resume.

By then, the Mercedes is nearly out of sight.

62 **EXT. STREET - DAY** 62

Obecks takes the corner at the end of the alley throwing hubcaps. They spill out onto a main drag and see the Mercedes dipping in and out of traffic several blocks ahead. They punch it, watching the Mercedes make a sharp left.

Obecks takes an immediate left, running parallel to the Mercedes, but hopelessly far down.

63 **EXT. STREET** 63

Just then, the Chevy rounds the corner behind them and Longbaugh hits it again.

The chase resumes.

Longbaugh turns down another alley.

64 **EXT. ALLEY** 64

The Mercedes slows down again. This time, Jeffers and Obecks stay with it.

65 **INT. CHEVY** 65

Jeffers and Obecks watch the doors pop open on the Mercedes.

They each open their doors as the cars slow down to about five miles an hour.

Parker and Longbaugh hang a foot out. Jeffers and Obecks do the same.

Two cars are in chase, creeping along slowly, each with a foot out the front doors kicking along like Flintstones.

Suddenly, Parker bolts out of his side and vanishes into an open back doorway of a store.

Obecks hits the breaks. The Mercedes keeps going... slowly.

Silence.

Jeffers and Obecks look at one another, then back at the doorway where he went.

Finally, Jeffers makes the call. He gets out of the car and stalks up to it with his shotgun.

66 **EXT. ALLEY** 66

Jeffers is tensed and at the ready to unleash on anything ready to ambush him. He creeps up closer, glancing at the Mercedes as it drifts slowly down the alley.

The Mercedes door on Longbaugh's side pops open and Jeffers reacts, aiming his gun, realizing he is distracted from the open doorway and aiming back at that.

The Mercedes door closes without incident. A psyche.

Finally, Jeffers inches up to the edge of the doorway and spins around, aiming the gun at:

THE KITCHEN STAFF OF A RESTAURANT. Confused by yet another armed intruder. This one aiming. They all raise hands in the air, screaming.

Jeffers waits to make sure he cannot see Parker before he lowers the gun. He turns to the Chevy and waves for Obecks to pull up. As he does this, we see the Mercedes over his shoulder at the end of the block.

Parker appears from around the corner and jumps in again. The Mercedes peels away.

Jeffers hears the Mercedes roaring off as Obecks pick him up and they give chase again.

67 **EXT. STREET - DAY** 67

When Jeffers and Obecks round the corner at the end of the alley, they are broad-sided by the ass end of a Mercedes.

Parker and Longbaugh have been parked just around the corner, waiting.

Huge collision.

Parker and Longbaugh bail out of the Mercedes and run up to the two dazed men in their totaled Chevy. Longbaugh is on Obecks' side, Parker on Jeffers' - guns aimed at their temples before they have recovered from the collision.

Sirens are already in the distance, getting closer.

PARKER
DON'T MOVE. HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE.

Jeffers - still dazed - does as he is told. Parker reaches in to Jeffers's jacket, pulling out his pistol, ejecting the mag and throwing it behind him.

LONGBAUGH (O.S.)
LET ME SEE YOUR HANDS... HANDS, HANDS, HANDS.

We see Obecks slowly, responding to Longbaugh's orders. Longbaugh takes his gun.

PARKER
Tell me who the client is.

Jeffers looks up at him in shock, then laughs.

OBECKS
You mean you don't know?

PARKER
Keep laughing, cocksucker. This is the deal. The girl dies in twelve hours with a bullet in her belly. Every minute we waste looking for the number to call is a minute off her life and the baby's.

JEFFERS
You want the client, ask the girl. What are you gonna do, beat it out of her?

PARKER
What is with you guys? Jesus.

A police car is approaching fast, siren wailing. Less than a minute away.

JEFFERS
Times up.

Parker and Longbaugh look at one another, frustrated. Longbaugh shrugs.

Parker takes the bulky cell phone that Longbaugh rented from Seven Eleven and tosses it on the seat.

PARKER
We'll be in touch.

They get in the Mercedes.

Jeffers and Obecks both extract themselves from the wrecked and bullet riddled car. They are mobile at least. They watch as the Mercedes rounds another corner and vanishes.

As they do, the police car comes screeching to a halt behind them.

Jeffers and Obecks look at one another and shake their heads. They drop their guns and raise their hands even before the police coming up behind them scream for them to do so.

68 **INT. POLICE STATION** 68

JOE SARNO, late fifties (sixties?), of the wrinkled slacks, windbreaker and tinted glasses Sarnos. He adjusts his belt and walks into the police station. We follow.

He walks unhindered, looking very much like the cops he walks past. He finds his way to the front desk and the Sergeant behind it.

SERGEANT
Can I help you?

69 **INT. QUIET ROOM** 69

The place for lawyers to chat with their ne'er-do-well clients.

The door opens and in walk Jeffers and Obecks, looking pretty ratty. THE COP escorting them closes the door behind them and we hear it lock.

Both men look at Sarno who is seated waiting for them, calmly smoking a cigarette. He continues to wait until:

JEFFERS
Who are you?

SARNO
I'm Joe Sarno. Mr. Chidduck sent me.

OBECKS
Is he going to -

SARNO
He's working on your release right now. The police are not ready to charge you, but they are a bit upset that no one'll tell them what is going on.

JEFFERS
Are you a lawyer?

SARNO
Do I look like a fucking - No... I'm not a lawyer. I handle Mr. Chidduck's laundry. I make unpleasant decisions for him of which he can and never will know. He trusts in me entirely to use my better judgement in the fine art of adjudication. And he sleeps very well.

OBECKS
You're a bagman.

Jeffers stifles a laugh. Sarno ignores this.

SARNO
Let's just say I... look after things for Mr. Chidduck. Things like you. Like the girl.

Jeffers nods, looking at Obecks who is lost.

JEFFERS
You picked her to be the host.

Sarno's blank expression says it all.

JEFFERS
Well, she fucked it all up. She was on the elevator up to the doctor's office when I left her. If that whore had done like I told her to -

SARNO
Boo-fucking-hoo. Right now, I need to know exactly how much the police know.

OBECKS
Exactly nothing.

SARNO
Who you work for?

OBECKS
We're not some by-the-hour operation, pally. We know what we're doing.

SARNO
Very good. I will pray for your sake then that Mr. Chidduck is insulated from the unpleasantness of this afternoon. Now, how many guards from your company were on this detail?

JEFFERS
The two of us and the two dead men.

SARNO
And of the living, can either of you recall a moment where she could have made an unsupervised call... been in touch with any -

OBECKS
Our instructions were followed to the letter. She was never out of sight -

JEFFERS
Now hold on... you don't think -

SARNO
I don't *think* anything. Nor do I assume, speculate or hypothesize. I merely observe. And what I observe is a frantic fuck-up on what should have been a routine exec protect.

SARNO (cont'd)
The way I hear it, two fucking yahoos who shouldn't even know who Mr. Chidduck *is*... Or did you fuck that up too?

Jeffers shakes his head.

SARNO (cont'd)
Thank you. Two fucking yahoos wiped out half your staff in broad daylight on their way out of a fucking building empty handed. *Empty*... *handed*... How could this happen, I ask myself.

Sarno crushes his smoke.

SARNO (cont'd)
I am, to say the least, perplexed. As well as frustrated. It is Mr. Chidduck's wish that this remain a private matter. And that you idiots remain in his employ. He speaks very highly of... Jeffers, is it?

Jeffers raises his hand slightly. Guilty.

SARNO (cont'd)
My guess. He speaks very highly of you. He feels you will be highly motivated in resolving this matter, despite my urging to fire your fucking ass and have you fed to the penguins in Antarctica.

Sarno lights another cigarette.

SARNO (cont'd)
This is the gospel according to Chidduck. Beyond this, the matter has been left to my discretion.

JEFFERS
The aforementioned art of adjudication.

SARNO
Precisely, Mr. Jeffers. To wit, should another macabre spectacle like the one this afternoon present itself, you will be cut loose and set to the four winds where I then will have my druthers.

Jeffers just shrugs it off, unimpressed. Sarno stands and comes face to face with him.

SARNO (cont'd)
And if you think for one moment that I'm impressed with cold nerves and hot lead and two beads to my one, I can promise you a reckoning you will not live long enough to never forget.

Jeffers just laughs.

SARNO (cont'd)
Something you're going to need to learn about this business, kid. The only thing you can assume about a broken down old man, is that he's a survivor.

Sarno slams the door behind him.

70 **INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT** 70

Robin is pale, worn. She looks out the window at the passing highway traffic.

PARKER
What's your name?

ROBIN
Robin.

PARKER
And the father?

Robin manages to laugh.

ROBIN
You guys had it all figured out, huh?

PARKER
A plan is just of a list of things that don't happen.

Robin suddenly runs a hand low along her belly. Her hands tremble slightly.

Parker are too busy watching where they are going to see now that they are clinched tightly, as though stifling pain.

LONGBAUGH
Hey. Listen. The sooner you tell us who the money is -

ROBIN
- the sooner I end up dead. Fuck you. No. As long as I am carrying this baby and you don't have your money, I know I'll be alive.

PARKER
We're not talking about how long you're going to live, hon. We're talking about how slow you're going to die.

ROBIN
Of course, there's always the chance I throw myself down some stairs or start pounding on my belly and then where will you be?

Longbaugh looks at her in the mirror, genuinely shocked, disgusted and impressed all at the same time. He smiles.

ROBIN (cont'd)
This guy is going to find you. You work with me and maybe I can deal you out. Even get you some cash. Otherwise they're going to throw you in a hole and throw the hole in with you.

LONGBAUGH
Look around you, lady, this *is* the hole.

71 **EXT. REST STOP - NIGHT** 71

A large number of trucks pulling in for the night. The parking lot is a maze of vehicles.

The damaged Mercedes pulls over to the rented van Parker and Longbaugh left earlier.

Parker gets out and walks away with Robin. Longbaugh drives off.

72 **EXT. REST STOP - ELSEWHERE** 72

Longbaugh has parked the Mercedes in the shadows behind a row of dumpsters. As he gets out, he goes over the inside of the car collecting potential evidence, including the video tape. He stuffs it in his pocket - still wearing his rubber gloves of course.

He stands, looking around, thinking. Finally, his eyes focus on the convenience store/gas station. He heads that way.

73 **INT. VAN** 73

Parker leads Robin to the van, sliding the van door open. Parker sits Robin inside. Her wrists are bleeding.

PARKER
Jesus.

He pulls out a knife and cuts her hands free. They simply fall limply to her sides. Robin is resigned to all of this.

PARKER (cont'd)
Listen... uhhh. What do you need? I mean... food and.. medicine... What does a... well.. you know. What do you need?

She shakes her head. We notice she looks pale, trying to conceal a considerable pain.

74 **INT. GAS STATION/CONVENIENCE STORE** 74

Longbaugh walks among the junk food, still stuffing rubber gloves in his jacket. He sticks a candy bar furtively in his pocket glancing up to see:

The CASHIER is a typical Midwestern trailer trash twenty-nothing girl chewing gum and thumbing through a magazine. She is half engaged in a movie on a small VCR/TV combo on the counter.

She sees Longbaugh enter and the sadness of the connection is immediately obvious. She is just the sort of idiot to fall for a guy like him. She has caught him stealing and he knows it.

For the first and only time, Longbaugh smiles the charming smile not unlike the proverbial cat. The Cashier smiles back.

Longbaugh grabs a few bags of chips, a few candy bars, a few of those pre-made plastic wrapped sandwiches. An arm-load of food in all.

75 **INT. VAN** 75

A long, uncomfortable silence. Robin looks at Parker who tries to look anywhere else. Then:

PARKER
What do you call him?

ROBIN
He's not my baby.

PARKER
Like that matters. You have to have a name.

ROBIN
When you think about deaf people - people deaf since birth who have never heard a spoken word, do you ever wonder what they call the sun, or their mother, or the face in the mirror?

PARKER
Well, I never thought of that, but...

ROBIN
That's what I call him. I won't let myself give him a name. Then I would say it out loud. And I can't ever do that.

Parker nods. Then:

ROBIN (cont'd)
Shelby and Pike.

PARKER
What?

ROBIN
The men you killed today. Shelby had a little girl. Her name was Megan.

Parker nods bitterly.

76 **INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - FRONT COUNTER** 76

The Cashier is hitting keys on the register. When we look down, we only see a Coke and a pack of cigarettes on the counter.

ANGLE ON:

Longbaugh's jacket is bulging with goods. He is smiling at the cashier, cool and charming. She is shyly smiling back. He reaches for the money to pay for the coke and smokes when his hand hits the video tape. He pulls it out, looks at it. Looks at the girl. Looks at her TV/VCR.

Another big smile.

CLOSE UP ON:

A tape coming out of the machine. A girl's hand with bad nail polish slapping another tape in.

ANGLE ON:

Longbaugh is watching the t.v. screen. The cashier stands behind him, looking over his shoulder, cocking her head.

We only see their faces, lit with a gray light as they try to make out what they are looking at. The cashier seems perplexed.

But Longbaugh knows.

He pops the tape out quickly and sticks it in his pocket. The cashier just looks at him. Longbaugh smiles again and that makes it all cozy.

He reaches into the pocket of her shirt and removes a pack of smokes taking two and lighting them both while putting the smokes back, his fingers flirting dangerously with her breast. He hands her one and enjoys the other.

He walks out with a coat full of booty, leaving her with her smoke.

77 **EXT. PARKING LOT** 77

Longbaugh hears a scream amidst the hissing of truck breaks. He runs toward the rental cars.

78 **INT. VAN** 78

Longbaugh finds Robin lying on the floor of the van, holding her belly. Parker is standing over her, helpless.

PARKER
We gotta call the doctor.

LONGBAUGH
Now? She has to have this thing now?

Robin is pale and trembling, no signs of sweat.

PARKER
(to Robin)
Come on, lady - what's the doctor's number?

LONGBAUGH
Bullshit. We have to keep moving.

PARKER
She could be having some kind of complication.

Longbaugh looks at Parker like he has lost his mind.

LONGBAUGH
Twenty years minimum for kidnapping. That's a complication. Add to that all the *dead* complications and you have labor. Hard labor.

Parker hits him.

PARKER
Fucking asshole, she's having a baby.

LONGBAUGH
Good. We'll do it here. If she wants to have it right, she can give up the doctor's number.

ROBIN
I'll make a call. They're paying me a lot for this kid. You deliver me and the baby to the parents and it's all yours. It's mine to give and I want to live.

Longbaugh is pitiless. He talks right in Robin's ear.

LONGBAUGH
She don't need a doctor. Fuck the doctor. But it hurts, doesn't it?

ROBIN
YOU COCKSUCKER. WHAT GOOD IS THE BABY DEAD? TAKE ME TO A FUCKING HOSPITAL.

Longbaugh puts a hand over her mouth to muffle the scream.

LONGBAUGH
This is killing me lady, but I have problems of my own

PARKER
Come on lady. Please. Give us a number.

Longbaugh takes his hand away from her mouth. She wails in pain. He covers it again.

Parker and Longbaugh glare at one another - Longbaugh stern and detached, Parker sweating a little. It is not unlike their staring contest. Then:

A realization. Parker rummages frantically through his pockets and comes out with a slip of paper.

ANGLE ON:

The shredded page from the phone book with Painter's name and number.

79 **INT. DR. PAINTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT** 79

Painter sitting in the kitchen with a bottle of whiskey and a tall glass. He has apparently had a bit already.

When the phone rings, he is slow to even acknowledge it, let alone reach. Finally, he does.

PAINTER
Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE
Dr. Painter, this is Colleen at your message service, I have an emergency call from a gentleman named Robin.

Painter is briefly confused, then the realization.

80 **EXT. DR. PAINTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT** 80

P.O.V. from inside a car across the street. Someone is watching.

Painter comes running out with a medical bag. He jumps in his car and takes off.

A moment later, headlights appear in the darkness just down the street.

A plain minivan follows Painter.

81 **EXT. REST STOP - LATER** 81

Painter pulls into the lot in a hurry, the tires of his Volvo squealing. He jumps out of the car and reaches in to get his bag.

Longbaugh is behind him from out of nowhere with a gun in Painter's ribs. He yanks him upright and pulls him toward the van, taking the medical bag from him.

PAINTER
Okay, okay, okay.

ANGLE ON: The far side of the parking lot.

The minivan that followed Painter cruises by.

82 **INT. MINIVAN** 82

Joe Sarno, drives a few hundred feet down the lot and pulls into a parking spot with a view of the van.

He tilts the mirror back and watches from there. He reaches over and dials the cell phone.

SARNO
Get me Mr. Chidduck.

83 **INT. VAN** 83

SLAM. the door of the van closes them in.

Painter sees Parker crouching over a moaning Robin.

A gun comes to the back of his head. Longbaugh tosses the bag in front of Parker.

As Parker is reaching for the bag, Robin screams, distracting him.

LONGBAUGH
You come alone? You call anyone?

PAINTER
I did exactly what you said.

LONGBAUGH
Check her out.

Painter and Robin look at one another, drowning in the situation. He cannot hide the initial look of terror on his face.

Painter collects himself and calmly moves over to her, looking at her eyes, feeling her belly. Finally, he reaches for his medical bag and:

WHAM

Parker pistol whips him. Painter hits the floor bleeding horribly from a cut over his eye.

Parker opens the medical bag and rifles through it, pulling out a revolver.

Painter gets up, blood gushing from his eyebrow.

Parker takes Painter's revolver and points it at Robin's belly.

PARKER
Do what I say. Do you understand me now? Do what I say.

Painter nods. He looks at Robin who is looking at him now. The two share a familiar look.

Longbaugh rips off the hem of Robin's dress - shoving it in Painter's face. Painter holds it to his eye to try and stop the bleeding.

84 **INT. CHIDDUCK'S HOME OFFICE** 84

Hale Chidduck sits nervously at his desk, thinking.

SARNO
(on phone)
Giving them the cash is the quickest way to get her killed. I guarantee it.

CHIDDUCK
Jesus. Can't you just go over and... adjust them, or whatever you - rub them out? You know.

SARNO
One man is not the way to do this. I can be on the phone in two minutes to County tactical and we -

CHIDDUCK
Police? Jesus, I need a quiet, private little arrangement here. Something tidy. We'll pay if we have to, just get me a fucking figure. What kind of kidnapping is this? Aren't we in the demands... phase at this point?

85 **INT. MINIVAN** 85

Sarno is shaking his head in frustration.

SARNO
You can't pay, Mr. Chidduck.

CHIDDUCK
Certainly I can -

SARNO
This is not about the money you're losing, the life of the girl or even the child.

SARNO (cont'd)
If they're caught - caught crossing the border, in another kidnapping, running a fucking red light - that money is going to come back to you. It is money you will have to account for... Explain. Am I beginning to make myself clear? You can not pay.

86 **INT. CHIDDUCK'S HOME OFFICE** 86

Chidduck buries his head in his hands.

CHIDDUCK
Jesus.

SARNO
If we call the police, surround them, sweat them out... the only thing they have to hang on to is their lives. We are no longer negotiating. They are. The girl becomes their only bargaining chip. They have to give her up to live. It's that simple. You keep the money, you get the girl and no one is looking at your books. Now it's time to make the call. I have them right here. It's the only way.

CHIDDUCK
I... I can't.

SARNO
Mr. Chidduck, it is my job to protect you. I know what I am doing. Call them in.

CHIDDUCK
No. No police. Just... you know... Hell. Figure it out. Get Jeffers to help you.

And he hangs up the phone.

87 **INT. CELL - NIGHT** 87

Jeffers is in a cell when Obecks is brought in by a COP. He looks tired. A little worried.

They wait for the cop to leave. Then:

JEFFERS
What'd they say?

OBECKS
He said there were two dead bodyguards but no body to guard.

OBECKS (cont'd)
I told him we got the client out and that who the client was was confidential. Then he asked who took the client out and I told him *that* was confidential. He said the client was a witness and I said no. The client was taken out at the first sign of trouble, before the shooting. And he said you have all the answers and I said yes, because its the truth and he said, or you memorized a lie and I said why would I lie and he said because this was an inside job.

Jeffers is motionless. Waiting. The whole feel of things just grinds to a halt.

OBECKS (cont'd)
And I laughed. Right in his face. But I could see it. He saw something.

JEFFERS
What something? He saw nothing.

OBECKS
Well, this is what I'm saying. It isn't anything. Not yet. But if they find out we held back - that we didn't hand over that phone and -

JEFFERS
I'm not handing over that fucking phone. I'm not going to have the police push me out, expose Mr. Chidduck, lose a shot at the guys that holed Shelby and Pike. No.

OBECKS
Every hour that that woman is out there -

JEFFERS
Fuck that woman. Fuck her.

OBECKS
Jesus -

JEFFERS
What do you think this is, huh? How do you think she ended up out there? I had her in the box back upstairs, man. You think a woman with a baby in her belly is going to walk into a hail of pistol fire for some fucking fresh air?

Obecks looks confused.

JEFFERS (cont'd)
She was running. She was taking that kid and making a play for herself. For weeks she's been fidgeting and fussing - you told me yourself you thought she was a sneaky pig. Obes, the first time she was alone in nine fucking months and she went for the door. She was taking off with Chidduck's baby. Fuck her, man. She's garbage. She is no longer my concern.

OBECKS
Then what is?

JEFFERS
Shelby is my concern. Pike is my concern. Okay, maybe my reputation, my dignity and perhaps even my sense of the impending angle.

Obecks looks at Jeffers now, knowing this is headed somewhere.

JEFFERS (cont'd)
We have to hang on to this thing - stay involved. If Chidduck wants us to resolve it, then we will. We'll even deliver the money.

Pause. A look. Obecks realizes -

OBECKS
How... much money?

JEFFERS
Ohhhhh... Money is no object to a man like Chidduck.

OBECKS
You sneaky motherfucker, what are you up to?

JEFFERS (cont'd)
No fucking good, I can tell you that. Just work with me here, see how it plays out. We wait for the call... And we find the girl. There might even be a little something extra in it for us if we just keep our heads and keep things simple.

88 **INT. VAN - LATER** 88

Robin is resting a little more peacefully on the floor of the van, a wet rag over her forehead.

Painter sits beside her, looking at her with what can only be longing. He carefully dabs a few drops of sweat from her face as tears form in his good eye. He holds a blood soaked cloth to the other.

Robin looks up at him and brushes the tears from his face.

Muffled voices can be heard outside. An argument struggling to remain contained.

LONGBAUGH (O.S.)
BULLSHIT.

(*Note: Parker and Longbaugh's dialogue in the following scene plays in the B.G. of this scene.*)

Painter freezes, waiting for them to enter. They do not.

PAINTER
I'm going to get you out of here.

ROBIN
Who are you kidding?

PAINTER
Myself, mostly.

Painter reaches down the front of his pants. he pulls out a tiny cell phone and presses it into Robin's hands. Robin looks at him with some measure of surprise.

PAINTER (cont'd)
If anything happens to me... If... If this all goes terribly wrong -

ROBIN
Stephen... It already has gone terribly wrong.

Painter manages to laugh a little, but it turns to trembling on the verge of a sobbing.

PAINTER
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Robin reaches up and touches his face tenderly. Longbaugh's voices rises O.S. Robin tucks the phone under herself.

LONGBAUGH (O.S.)
BULLSHIT.

PAINTER (cont'd)
Close your eyes. Like your sleeping.

Painter reaches for his bag.

89 **EXT. REST STOP** 89

Parker and Longbaugh are outside the van, looking around warily. They are both clearly agitated.

(*Note: All but the last three lines in the following scene play in the B.G. of the previous scene.*)

LONGBAUGH
I'm trying to tape together a professional kidnapping, here.

PARKER
Nobody followed him this time.

LONGBAUGH
He didn't have the money, did he? Right now he's scared, by himself. When he goes to these people for their money, they're going to take over. Use your head. They're rich people. No matter how bad they want that baby, they're not going to just send him into the night with their money.

PARKER
Look, I'm not saying they're not going to try something - of course they are. But no one - *no one* - is going to move on us as long as we have her and that baby.

LONGBAUGH
You know what your problem is? You have too much faith in people.

PARKER
How can you kidnap somebody without it?

This almost shocks Longbaugh for a moment. He looks at his partner, thinking. Finally he face says "get the fuck out of here."

90 **INT. VAN** 90

Parker and Longbaugh slide the van door open and see Painter in the front passenger seat in front of the vanity mirror. His medical bag is in his lap.

He is stitching his own eye wound closed as best he can. His hand is remarkably steady considering.

Robin is "sleeping" peacefully.

LONGBAUGH
Is she alright?

Longbaugh climbs in and sits beside Robin, looking her over and picking through some of the junk food strewn around her.

Throughout the scene, Longbaugh is looming curiously over Robin, inspecting her.

PAINTER
She's dehydrated. In her condition, the pain can be very much like labor.

Parker climbs in and slams the door. He sits in the driver's seat next to Painter.

PARKER
But she's not having the baby.

PAINTER
No. Not now. But it would be advisable that she have it no later than the fifteenth...

Pause. They have no idea what day it is.

PAINTER (cont'd)
Six days.

PARKER
Don't lie, Doc.

Painter's attitude is one of complete resignation. He moves to the door of the van and sits on the ledge. As he speaks, he reaches into the pile of junk food and comes up with a can of coke, putting the cold aluminum to his eye.

PAINTER
Look, man. I'm a Doctor, okay? I'm concerned for the safety of my patient. And you have a gun, so I am not going to lie to you. The baby is over eight pounds and should come out by the fifteenth. Not that a short time longer is a serious risk, but...

LONGBAUGH
Can she have it sooner?

Painter looks at them both, suddenly getting their meaning.

PAINTER
Jesus Christ. You mean induce? You mean now? Here? Absolutely not.

LONGBAUGH
Don't hand me that. The first baby was born in a cave.

PAINTER
Because it had to be. This is out of the question.

LONGBAUGH
But if you had to.

PAINTER
Even if I *was* equipped for it and you were pulling out my fucking fingernails, I wouldn't do it. No. no fucking way.

PARKER
Arright, listen - forget that. Who are the parents?

PAINTER
You mean you don't -

Parker cocks his hand back to hit him again. He recoils.

PAINTER (cont'd)
Jesus, okay. I'm sorry. I would have just thought... alright. Whatever. It's Francesca and Hale Chidduck.

He says this as though it should have weight. It does not.

PAINTER (cont'd)
The oil and steel Chidducks. The Vegas, union buster Chidducks. You guys have never -

PARKER
Not our crowd.

PAINTER
He's a front man for clean developers that don't want to get shot at for cutting in on rough territory. Sometimes for not so clean developers laundering money out of Mexico. He's fucking crazy. This guy took non-union construction to Vegas during the last big boom. He makes his living by collecting other peoples enemies. Big enemies. Kill you kind of enemies.

Parker and Longbaugh look at one another, shaking their heads.

PAINTER (cont'd)
I mean... fuck... This was their worst nightmare and you two guys didn't even know who you were grabbing? Fuck.

PARKER
Will he deal?

PAINTER
Anything to keep it quiet.

Parker and Longbaugh share a look, then a nod.

LONGBAUGH
Let's go, Doc.

PAINTER
Wouldn't it be better if I -

PARKER
We got enough shit to deal with. Out.

Painter and Robin share a look as he gets out of the van. Longbaugh looks at Robin, still "sleeping." he reaches over and shakes her by the leg - the same leg she tucked the phone under. Robin does not stir.

LONGBAUGH
We don't want to kill you, lady, but we're keeping the option open. Your chances are a whole lot better if you start playing like a civilian.

Longbaugh slams the door of the van. When he does, Robin's eyes open to find Parker looking at her.

After a moment, he has to look away. Then sees her rubbing her belly. He sits down beside.

91 **INT. TRAILER HOME - NIGHT** 91

Meet ABNER MERCER. Of the same indeterminate age as Joe Sarno. He sits in his double-wide taking the occasional pull out of a fifth of Chivas while the phone rings - ignored.

His sweaty wife-beater reveals a fit frame despite his years and his expression would never let on his mental state. He seems a peaceful man to say the least.

He holds up a .357 magnum revolver and places one round in the chamber. He spins it. Closes it. Puts it down.

We see that he has placed it beside five similar revolvers. He picks them all up and drops them in a pillow case.

The phone continues to ring off the hook.

Abner shakes the bag thoroughly before reaching in, pulling out one of the revolvers and placing the muzzle to his temple.

CLICK

He tosses it on the sofa and digs in for another one. As he is about to pull the trigger, he glances at the phone. Finally, he puts the gun down on the table and reaches over to answer.

ABNER
Hello.

92 **INT. MINIVAN** 92

Sarno is on the cell phone again.

A note pad in Sarno's lap. Seven names and phone numbers are written down. Each one is crossed off, with Abner's at the bottom, untouched.

SARNO
Abner.

ABNER
Joe?

SARNO
You busy?

93 **INT. TRAILER HOME** 93

Abner leans back.

ABNER
No. Not at all.

SARNO
You drunk?

ABNER
A little. What can I do for you?

94 **INT. MINIVAN** 94

SARNO
Come to the Sun Plains Rest Stop on 19 and head south. You know where that is?

ABNER
(on phone)
I'll find it.

Sarno looks and sees Longbaugh walking with Painter back to the doctor's car.

SARNO
Drive carefully.

95 **EXT. REST STOP** 95

Longbaugh ushers Painter quickly to the door of his car. Painter is dragging his feet a little.

PAINTER
Listen, man, she needs a doctor. Let me stay with her and -

LONGBAUGH
Just sit tight with this Chidduck guy and we'll be in touch. You're gonna be the bagman.

PAINTER
The what?

LONGBAUGH
You'll have instructions to meet me in Mexico with the money. She'll be with my Partner and even I won't know where until he calls. You'll come alone. Not, she dies. You're followed, she dies. If I don't answer the phone, when my partner calls, she dies. It's on your head now, Doc. The more careful you are with her life, the less I have to worry - you got me?

Painter nods.

Longbaugh hands him the tape. We can see Painter recognizes it. Still:

PARKER
What's that?

LONGBAUGH
The ransom note.

PAINTER
Look, I know he'll deal out. Just walk me over to the pay phone and -

LONGBAUGH
We got our own way to get in touch with him.

They reach Painter's car.

PAINTER
For Christ's sake. He's not going to trace the call. The cops aren't even -

But Longbaugh's stony expression is ungiving.

PAINTER (cont'd)
Trust me.

This almost makes Longbaugh smile.

LONGBAUGH
Ask any guy in prison why he's there, Doc, he'll tell you. A woman... or a telephone.

With that, Longbaugh produces the phone Painter tried to pass to Robin. Painter cannot hide his guilt.

Longbaugh sticks it in the doctor's medical bag. Then he jams Painter's gun back in the bag and hands it over as Painter gets in the car.

Painter starts it reluctantly and drives away. Longbaugh stands alone in the parking lot and takes a deep breath, looks up at the moon, then around at the surrounding darkness for any prying eyes.

96 **INT. VAN** 96

Parker reaches is unwrapping a sandwich from some yellowed cellophane. He sniffs it, then eats.

ROBIN
What did he mean?

PARKER
Huh?

ROBIN
Your partner. When he said play like a civilian. What did he mean?

Parker thinks. Then:

PARKER
Civilians - people like you and the doctor - see the world all grey - no detail. They have a lie they tell themselves so they can get out of bed - go out in the sun. A lie that says there are only two ways you die. It was your time, or you had it coming. But the rest of the people - the cops and the robbers - all of us - we see in color. And we see all the other people who see in color and we all understand there is only one way to die. You were in the way.

Robin nods, understanding.

PARKER
Nobody likes to kill anybody, you know? The worst kind of man with the best kind of reason doesn't feel any better.

Robin just looks out the window.

PARKER (cont'd)
And if I had a little kid - and a home, and a woman who loved me - I'd stay out of the way. I'd go back to seeing gray and wait for the day it was my time. And see to it I never had it coming.

Parker and Robin are both startled when the front door opens and Longbaugh climbs in. He looks at his partner sitting on the floor with Robin and the somewhat guilty look on his face. Longbaugh's accusatory, confused look says it all. Parker gets up and moves to the front seat of the van.

97 **INT. PLUSH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT** 97

Just the sort of overpriced playpen you would expect in the Chidduck home. The room is centered around a massive screen television.

Painter holds the tape Longbaugh gave him.

Francesca sits on the couch, flipping nonchalantly through a magazine. Her attitude throughout seems to be one of indifference.

CHIDDUCK
Jesus, what the hell is that? How can I talk to kidnappers if I don't have a fucking -

He gets a grip on himself.

CHIDDUCK (cont'd)
And you're sure she's alright. And the baby?

PAINTER
As far as I can tell, yes.

CHIDDUCK (cont'd)
And they had no idea -

PAINTER
None. Not until I told them.

FRANCESCA
And I am sure you didn't mention *your* relationship.

PAINTER
Hey, fuck you, Francesca. What was I supposed to -

CHIDDUCK
Easy, easy.
(to Francesca)
What good would that have done?
(back to Painter)
You did the right thing.

FRANCESCA
God knows he wouldn't want to lose his place at the table.

Painter looks at Chidduck and bites his lip. He walks out of the room.

CHIDDUCK
Stephen.

Chidduck follows. Francesca sits alone in the room. She puts down her magazine and it flops on the videotape.

She looks at it. Picks it up. Thinks.

98 **INT. HALLWAY** 98

Chidduck has to grab Painter to stop him.

PAINTER (O.S.)
I didn't ask to come back. You asked me. I won't have her of all people accusing me of -

CHIDDUCK (O.S.)
Stephen, for God's sake, she's not herself.

PAINTER (O.S.)
More today than most, I'd say. If mom could see that cunt -

Chidduck slaps him. Painter hardly reacts. It is nothing compared to the rest of the evening.

99 **INT. PLUSH LIVING ROOM** 99

Francesca ignores the voices in the hall. She is standing now, staring straight into the camera. A strange, gray glow illuminating her face. One not unlike the light shining on Longbaugh when he watched the tape. We realize she is doing the same.

And slowly, very slowly, Francesca's lifeless eyes filling with something. Over this we hear:

PAINTER (O.S.)
Are you going to pay?

Chidduck has trouble changing gears.

CHIDDUCK (O.S.)
Come with me and we'll get something to put on that eye -

PAINTER (O.S.)
You're not going to, are you? Are you?

CHIDDUCK (O.S.)
We're going to get her back.

PAINTER (O.S.)
Then you pay.

CHIDDUCK (O.S.)
It isn't that simple. Nothing is that simple. As it stands I've been advised -

PAINTER (O.S.)
Advised? *Advised?* You cocksucker. This is a woman's life we are talking about. And h- *your* child.

Francesca, expressionless, but somehow full of something we have never seen in her, reaches a hand out towards us, fingers trembling.

REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL:

THE GIANT SCREEN T.V. displaying grey and white pixilation.

Pulling out further we see Francesca literally framed by an image, still not complete enough to make out.

PULL OUT FURTHER STILL TO REVEAL:

It is a sonogram of their son some five feet across. Her head is framed neatly by the baby's belly as her hand strokes the outline of his face.

100 **INT. HALLWAY** 100

Chidduck bows his head.

PAINTER
I'm going to the police.

Painter turns to leave when:

CHIDDUCK
You think you're here out of love? Out of some... twisted sort of nepotism? You don't think I would have the best man in the country looking after my child if I could control him? You're here out of basic need. You needed fresh start from me and I needed discretion from you. Loyalty. Obedience. You are here, quite frankly, because after what happened in Baltimore, you were for sale.

This is clearly some sort of sore spot for Painter.

PAINTER
You think I agreed to help you because of Baltimore? You think that I -

Chidduck shakes his head. The kid is not getting him.

CHIDDUCK
They'll kill us.

Painter laughs.

CHIDDUCK (cont'd)
The people I'm in business with. The money I have leads back to them. I pay, they kill us. Any police, they kill us.

PAINTER
That's your bed to lie in, not mine.

Painter turns to walk away.

CHIDDUCK
You're my son. It's your bed, too.

Painter turns to look at him in shock.

CHIDDUCK (cont'd)
That's the sort of people they are.

101 **EXT. MEXICAN BORDER - DAY** 101

Longbaugh pulls the van up to one of the booths that house the Border Patrol and he smiles.

A BORDER PATROL GUARD steps out of the booth and comes up to the window. He makes a fist behind his back.

ANGLE ON:

THREE OTHER BORDER GUARDS are watching this. They see the signal and come over to make a show of force.

BORDER PATROL
Do you have anything to declare.

LONGBAUGH
No, sir.

BORDER PATROL
Are you carrying any tobacco, fruit, firearms or large amounts of currency?

LONGBAUGH
No, sir.

The Border Patrolman looks past Longbaugh and sees a curtain obscuring the back of the van.

BORDER PATROL
What's in the back?

LONGBAUGH
Nothing.

The Border patrolman steps to the sliding side door of the van as the other three guards come over. He yanks the door open to reveal:

Fifty or so garbage bags, all stuffed with God knows what.

BORDER PATROL
Sir, would you step out of the vehicle, please?

Longbaugh casually steps out of the van as the three extra Border Patrolmen reach in and pull out a garbage bag each.

The 1st Border patrolman motions for Longbaugh to raise his arms and he starts to search him.

Meanwhile, Longbaugh is watching the farthest lane of the border crossing.

Longbaugh's P.O.V.

A Chevy Suburban - the one they rented when they picked up the van, is being waved through the checkpoint. Longbaugh smiles.

102 **INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT** 102

Jeffers and Obecks are signing out, receiving their personal items so they can be released.

Pens, lighters, wallets, keys. Cell phones. Two cell phones. One of them big and old and clunky. Jeffers grabs it, switching it on.

103 **EXT. POLICE STATION** 103

Jeffers and Obecks walk quickly to the curb. Jeffers still holding the phone.

OBECKS
How do we know they haven't already called? They might have just gotten tired of waiting and shot her in the face.

JEFFERS
There are three great motivators in life, my dear friend. Fear, pain and money. And no one is more frightened, more hurting or more poor than a kidnapper.

And the phone in Jeffers hand rings. Jeffers and Obecks smile. Jeffers flips it open and brings it to his ear.

JEFFERS (cont'd)
How can I help you?

104 **EXT. STREET CORNER PAY PHONE - MEXICO - NIGHT** 104

Longbaugh is on the other end. He is somewhere on a more rural stretch of road, the last stop on the outbound from civilization.

A sleepy motel is across the street behind him. A greasy spoon next door. A lone streetlight hangs over him, keeping out the darkness.

The lights in Mexico are weak. Yellow. Flickering.

LONGBAUGH
Where the fuck have you been?

JEFFERS
I've been in jail, no thanks to you.

Longbaugh does not recognize the voice.

LONGBAUGH
We're ready to talk. You ready to write?

JEFFERS
You don't want me to move to a secure line or anything like that?

LONGBAUGH
What? No... I'm alright. I know you didn't call the cops.

105 **EXT. POLICE STATION** 105

Jeffers covers the phone.

JEFFERS
He knows about Mr. Chidduck.

Obecks shakes his head. Jeffers listens.

106 **EXT. STREET CORNER PAY PHONE** 106

LONGBAUGH
Tell the doctor to come to the Nacio Madre Motel straight down about ten miles from the border. There is a pay phone across the street where he'll wait. Can't miss it.

We are looking over Longbaugh's shoulder at the motel in question. We must, therefore, be on the pay phone in question.

LONGBAUGH (cont'd)
He comes alone. He brings fifteen million dollars...

107 **EXT. POLICE STATION** 107

Jeffers listens. Slowly, a smile comes to his face.

JEFFERS
Uh huh... Uh huh... Yep... Small, unmarked, yada, yada, yada. Got it.

He looks at Obecks, giving him the thumbs up - a look that says "It couldn't be more perfect."

JEFFERS
That it?

108 **EXT. STREET CORNER PAY PHONE** 108

LONGBAUGH
What do you think?

JEFFERS
(on phone)
Has holes.

LONGBAUGH
Well, we're new at this.

Longbaugh hangs up the phone and lights a much needed smoke.

109 **EXT. POLICE STATION** 109

Jeffers hangs up the phone and laughs.

JEFFERS
Nacio Madre Motel. Ten miles down border. They want the snatch doctor to bring the money. They'll drive him around until they feel clear and take him to the woman. He induces labor and leaves with the baby. When they're certain they're free to move, they take the woman with them. When they feel safe, she'll be released.

Obecks thinks... smiles.

OBECKS
So by their design, all we need to come back with is the baby.

JEFFERS
No perps, no money... no nothing. We could kill these two fucks and stash the money - bring Chidduck his baby and say it all went well.

OBECKS
Well... mostly well.

JEFFERS
The girl...

Obecks has a skeptical look on his face.

JEFFERS (cont'd)
When she doesn't show up in a couple months, it'll be assumed she ate a bullet and they made off to Bolivia.

OBECKS
The Doc?

The mood crashes. Both men think for a moment, then:

OBECKS (cont'd)
Shot in the fray. We tried to pull him out, but it was him or the baby. He was alive when we took off and he must have died in the desert crawling for help.

Jeffers smiles.

OBECKS (cont'd)
Creative articulation, my good man.

JEFFERS
Eat my game.

Jeffers flips open the phone and dials.

JEFFERS (cont'd)
Now all we need is a nice quiet place to have a baby.

He winks at Obecks as he waits for the call to connect.

JEFFERS (cont'd)
(into phone)
Hola, Vivian - It's Jeffers. Como esta? let me talk to the Question Mark.

110 **EXT. STREET CORNER PAY PHONE** 110

Longbaugh is dialing another number as he crushes his cigarette in the coin return.

111 **INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT** 111

Parker and Robin are sitting on separate beds watching t.v. when the phone rings. Parker gets it.

PARKER
Yeah.

LONGBAUGH (O.S.)
Message delivered. Get her in the car and take off.

Parker hangs up the phone. He looks at Robin who is sitting stiffly on the edge of the bed.

PARKER
Time to go.

He goes to the door. He gingerly unhooks a wire that leads from the door knob to a double barrel shotgun tied to the top of the TV.

Anyone who comes in unannounced gets both barrels.

112 **EXT. STREET CORNER PAY PHONE** 112

Longbaugh hangs up and turns to walk across the street. He stops suddenly, looking toward the diner next to the motel on the other side of the street. His eyes focus on the shadows just beyond - seemingly at nothing - but we know to trust his instincts. Something is wrong. Someone is watching.

VOICE (O.S.)
You're not gonna make it, kid.

Longbaugh has a pistol out before he has even whipped around.

POW

113 **INT. MOTEL ROOM** 113

Parker is helping Robin to the door - about to open it when the sound of the shot freezes them cold.

114 **EXT. STREET CORNER PAY PHONE** 114

Silence. Longbaugh waits.

VOICE (O.S.)
One is a backfire, three is gunplay.

Joe Sarno walks out of the darkness and into the street light - hands out to his sides. He has been standing behind Longbaugh only a few feet away.

LONGBAUGH
Who are you?

SARNO
I'm the button man, kid. I'm the guy that you wake up to one night maybe a year from now, maybe two.

SARNO (cont'd)
All you'll see is a pillow over your face. You'll hear a pop...

Then Sarno just shrugs. Longbaugh aims.

SARNO (cont'd)
Always more where I came from.

Longbaugh lowers the gun, resigning.

LONGBAUGH
Yeah. I used to be one.

Sarno walks over to him and offers him a smoke. Longbaugh takes one and Sarno lights it for him.

SARNO
Orders?

LONGBAUGH
The hours.

SARNO
Well, I don't sleep. It suits me. C'mon, I'll buy you coffee.

Longbaugh looks at his watch, thinks. He shrugs and starts to walk in the direction when he sees Sarno's eyes drifting toward the motel.

LONGBAUGH
He heard the shot.

ANGLE ON:

Parker looking out the window of the motel through a crack in the shade. Longbaugh waves to him. Parker reluctantly lets the shade fall.

Longbaugh and Sarno walk.

SARNO
Tell you what I'm willing to do. I'll take you to the man right now. He'll hand you one million in cash. You wait while your partner sends the girl. When she gets there, we let you go.

LONGBAUGH
Sounds shaky.

SARNO
It's better than the alternative, I can promise you that. Trust me.

SARNO (cont'd)
We just want to do this clean and quiet - get the girl and the baby back safe.

115 **INT. MOTEL ROOM** 115

Parker is still peeking out of the window, gun in hand. He takes off his coat, undoing the bandoleer with all the magazines and revealing a bullet proof vest underneath. He has taken three shots to the chest.

He pulls off the vest and finally his shirt to reveal three brutally large bruises from their impact.

ROBIN
What is it. What happened?

PARKER
Looks like a bagman. He'll be making an offer. Something small.

ROBIN
You should take it, maybe.

PARKER
Nah. Bagmen always double cross you.

ROBIN
How do you -

But when Parker turns and looks at her, she nods, understanding. She also sees the bruises now.

ROBIN (cont'd)
Oh.

116 **INT. DINER** 116

The little joint next to the motel. It is otherwise inhabited by the dregs of the night back byway. Silent. Alone. Almost motionless.

Parker and Sarno sit at the counter, cautiously watching one another as a WAITRESS puts down two cups of coffee.

They both light up despite the No Smoking sign looming in the background.

SARNO
So are you the brains, or is he?

LONGBAUGH
Tell you the truth, I don't think this is a brains kind of operation.

Sarno nods, understanding. He sips his coffee. Longbaugh sees his hand is gnarled and scarred. His skin looks like leather - fingers stained from nicotine and his teeth from gallons of coffee.

LONGBAUGH (cont'd)
You always been a bagm- Sorry.

SARNO
No. It's alright. No, I used to be a cop. Bodyguard, courier, private investigator. All that soldier of fortune bullshit. But I had to get out. It's a shitty business.

LONGBAUGH
It's honest.

SARNO
That's just it, it isn't honest. Everybody lies all the time in that line of work.

LONGBAUGH
I think we have more liars on our side.

SARNO
Yeah, but you guys lie for a reason. You gotta hide shit to stay out of jail. This side - people just lie because they're fucking losers. They all have to be something they're not. They were too stupid or too degenerate to be cops - too fucking lazy to be military. To them it's the look, you know? They're all about attention, being a big man. Their heads are full of melodrama - they see a world crawling with bad guys and serial killers and junkies just waiting for a chance to kill them.

LONGBAUGH
Crime fashion.

SARNO
Exactly. They don't realize a fucking scumbag - sorry -

LONGBAUGH
No, go on.

SARNO
They don't realize you people - the real deal - just want to be left alone. You're just trying to make a living.

SARNO (cont'd)
And there ain't even as many of you as they think, you know? Less now than there used to be.

Longbaugh looks into his coffee, nodding... distant.

LONGBAUGH
Yeah... Well...

117 **INT. MOTEL ROOM** 117

Robin is sitting on the bed, playing solitaire with Parker's pack of tattered cards. Parker is by the bathroom with a wet towel, doing his best to clean up. His gear is in a heap, always close by.

Robin looks at his shirt left on the bed. He is looking in the mirror at the bruises on his chest.

ROBIN
And you shot his dog?

PARKER
He did... not me.

Robin laughs.

ROBIN
What did he do?

PARKER
Well he needed a liver and... well...

Parker turns. he sees that Robin is slipping his shirt on over her sundress.

ROBIN
I'm cold.

He just looks at her for a moment, wearing his shirt.

ROBIN (cont'd)
What?

PARKER
It's not... you don't... forget it. Anyway, we just had to get out of town.

ROBIN
Some life.

PARKER
No one likes doing what we do. No one gets off on it. Criminals are lazy fucking people, and crime is work.

PARKER (cont'd)
We tried a lot of times to get shut of the Bone Doctor, but it's even harder making a honest living.

ROBIN
Did you really try?

PARKER
We tried to be taxi drivers, pawn brokers, payroll guards - you name it. Every time we start over - take up a new trade. An honest living. Sometimes we even make a little money, but... But me and him, we have just one skill. One thing we're really good at, and that's the way of the gun. There's no escaping it. And sooner or later we get in trouble...
(gestures to Robin)
.. case in point. And people start shooting and things start burning and sirens start wailing and we... we end up right back at zero...

Parker and Robin look at one another for the longest time. An awkward moment passes when:

PARKER (cont'd)
This is all we have. This is the end of the line.... We don't enjoy our job.

And her hand wanders involuntarily across her belly. Parker sees this and decides to look at his cards.

ROBIN
Just the way you do it.

118 **INT. DINER** 118

Refills and a water glass with an inch of water and twenty butts in it.

LONGBAUGH
I've been watching them pile up, these guys. Night stick and flashlight with a bullet proof vest -

SARNO
Fucking utility belts, right?

They both laugh now.

LONGBAUGH
Fucking sign on his head reading: "Why bother?"

SARNO
They love to say shit like "ascertain."

LONGBAUGH
Surveillance.

SARNO
Affirmative.

SARNO/LONGBAUGH
(together)
I need back-up.

Now they are laughing pretty good.

LONGBAUGH
Who are they kidding?

SARNO
They aren't even smart enough to know *how* to get in the way.

Longbaugh hears this and smiles.

LONGBAUGH
Ahhhh, it's our fault too. We got these trigger happy cocksuckers all about the shooting and the posturing and "You don't know who I am" kind of thing. "I been to prison."

SARNO
'Cause you got caught, you fuck.

They laugh.

LONGBAUGH
It's like these days they want to be criminals more than they want to commit crime.

SARNO
That ain't just crime. That's the way of the world.

LONGBAUGH
Nobody sees in color anymore.

And this hits Sarno. He looks at Longbaugh for a moment, a bittersweet realization about himself and the world they live in.

SARNO
Oh, they see in color alright. They just use a filter.

LONGBAUGH
I like that... That's... I like that.

119 **INT. MOTEL ROOM** 119

Robin is lying on her back doing exercises meant especially for pregnant women. Parker watches. Studies.

ROBIN
I'm sure the Chidduck's are wonderful people. I wanted to be as sure of them as they were of me. And it's her egg and his sperm so its... not... But when you carry a life around inside of you for nine months - feel it kick you, give up the shape of your body as you know it forever... You start to feel... part of it... And even though I'll never see this child again... Even though genes like mine should never be passed on... I like to think that some... exchange took place. That some part of me... Will end up part of him.

And Robin sits up now, brushes her hair out of her face. She is a little winded. It is a moment before we realize she is holding back.

Parker seems at a loss for words when:

PARKER
My mother always told me we change every life we touch, no matter how briefly. That we change it for good and we change it for the better. Whether what we did was right or wrong. God has his plan, and it's none of our damn business.

Robin wipes tears from her eyes and laughs a little.

ROBIN
That is everything I need to know about you.

PARKER
Yeah, I guess it is.

And they laugh.

120 **EXT. DINER** 120

Longbaugh and Sarno are having one last. Finally, Sarno pats him on the back.

SARNO
Well you seem like a nice guy. You should get out of this fucking business.

LONGBAUGH
What would I do then?

SARNO
Ahhh, you get to be my age... you feel a little different. You realize one day you're gonna zig... all that time you're thinking you're going to put something away tomorrow... One day you're fresh out of lives.

Sarno shrugs. Longbaugh nods.

LONGBAUGH
You got something put away?

Pause. Sarno shakes his head.

SARNO
I have a daughter. She's putting something together, says she'll take care of me, but...

Sarno shows the first side of an emotion here. But not much. His eyes are too hard, his skin too thick.

LONGBAUGH
Not working out?

SARNO
Something like that... something like that.

Sarno's voice trails off. He thinks, looking off toward the Motel. Then:

SARNO (cont'd)
You sure you don't want to take a ride with me? One million cash?

LONGBAUGH
Naaah. I'd like to. I wish I could, but...

SARNO
But I'm a bagman.

LONGBAUGH
You're a bagman.

Sarno offers a hand. Longbaugh shakes it.

SARNO
Don't trust her, kid.

Longbaugh is only slightly surprised. He smiles.

LONGBAUGH
She's a woman.

And they stand there for the longest time. The true meaning of Longbaugh's words just now hitting him.

SARNO
Until that day, then.

And Longbaugh just nods. And the two men walk away.

ANGLE ON: As Longbaugh walks away, he glances over his shoulder at Sarno's back. He sees Sarno's right hand come up, reaching into his jacket.

Longbaugh's hand comes up as well. He pulls a pistol from his waistband. He spins. Aims.

Sarno is gone. Longbaugh backs up slowly, then bolts for the motel.

ANGLE ON:

Just behind the diner, in the shadows, is Joe Sarno. As he watches Longbaugh retreat to the motel, he reaches under his jacket and gets what he was going for.

Nothing but a cigarette. He lights it and then holds the lighter out for a figure beside him in the shadows.

It is Abner. He was standing there all along. Right where Longbaugh was looking in the first place.

SARNO (cont'd)
What do you think?

Abner is peering out toward the motel.

ABNER
I think we can get her out of there right now. Two you say?

SARNO
I have to take a ride back. Don't do anything without me. No matter what.

ABNER
Jesus Christ Joe she's -

SARNO
I'm counting on you to remain pitiless here, Abner. Help me out, huh? Just stay with them and let it play out. I'll be back.

Abner takes out his gun and hands it to Sarno without emotion.

ABNER
You better hang onto this then.

Sarno just shakes his head and walks off. Abner smiles and enjoys his smoke.

121 **INT. MOTEL ROOM** 121

A shirtless Parker is resting on the bed beside Robin. They are watching TV quietly.

A few knocks on the door in a strange rhythm.

Parker hops up and disconnects the wire from the shotgun and opens the door.

A long and awkward moment. Longbaugh looks at the scenario before him and clearly does not like it. Robin is sitting on the bed in Parker's shirt. The TV is the only light in the room. Parker's gear is in the far corner - out of reach. He looks at Parker, but Parker shakes his head defensively.

Longbaugh reaches over and turns on the lights. Robin grabs the remote and shuts off the TV.

Longbaugh stares at Parker with a look that can only be disappointment. A look not unlike the one he gave him in the van - only much stronger this time. Then he looks at the deck of cards and takes a deep breath.

Longbaugh sits down on the bed and shuffles the cards they were playing gin with.

LONGBAUGH
A million.

Longbaugh looks up at Robin, studying her. He starts to deal out three hands on the bed.

Robin looks at Parker and Longbaugh, trying to read the looks they are giving one another. Communicating silently. Dark.

ROBIN
What are we playing?

LONGBAUGH
Hearts.

He looks at Parker knowingly, but Parker does not understand why. Not yet.

ROBIN
How do you play?

Longbaugh has dealt all the cards into three even piles.

LONGBAUGH
The object of hearts is to play the safest game possible and finish with the least amount of points. A heart is the only thing of value. If you have one, get rid of it.

He looks at Parker again. Now he understands.

LONGBAUGH (cont'd)
Who has the three of clubs?

All of them pick up their cards. Parker throws down the three of clubs. Longbaugh is to his right.

LONGBAUGH (cont'd)
Now I need a club to throw down. If I don't have one, then I can throw a heart.

He throws down a ten of clubs.

PARKER
You can't get rid of a heart until you have nothing else to throw.

LONGBAUGH
Or someone breaks the suit.

They are speaking to each other more than her. Parker turns to Robin.

PARKER
You follow?

ROBIN
I think so?

LONGBAUGH
A couple of rounds and you'll get it.

With that, Parker involuntarily glances at the pistol in Longbaugh's belt.

Robin throws a king of clubs. Parker pushes the pile in front of her, face down.

LONGBAUGH (cont'd)
See, now you had the high card, so you take the trick.

ROBIN
I got that much.

She flips the cards face up as she takes them. Parker stops her.

PARKER
Gotta leave them face down.

LONGBAUGH
Remember what you have.

Another look to Parker as Robin nods.

They all take a turn throwing down. Longbaugh drops the eight of spades and Parker the queen. Robin throws the king.

Parker and Longbaugh look at each other, then her.

ROBIN
What?

PARKER
You got the bitch. She's thirteen points.

Longbaugh almost smiles.

ROBIN
Now you tell me.

LONGBAUGH
Forget the bitch. Just get rid of your hearts.

Parker looks at Longbaugh now, getting a little angry.

PARKER
Or shoot the moon.

Longbaugh laughs, dismissive.

ROBIN
What's that?

PARKER
That's when you finish with everything. You have to get *all* the hearts *and* the queen of spades. Everyone else loses.

LONGBAUGH
Next to impossible.

PARKER
But if someone figures out what you're up to, they can sacrifice and hold on to a heart.

LONGBAUGH
Then you lose.

They throw down. Robin loses the round again and has to take the trick.

Again she takes the cards back face up. Now Longbaugh takes her hand and turns them over.

LONGBAUGH (cont'd)
You have to remember what you have.

ROBIN
Sorry.

But he is saying it to Parker. She is oblivious to the other conversation happening around her.

ROBIN (cont'd)
What else did that man say to you?

LONGBAUGH
Nothing really. Why?

ROBIN
You just seem tense.

Another round and Parker throws the first heart of the game.

Robin loses and has to take it.

LONGBAUGH
That's a point for you.

ROBIN
I can't imagine that he would just walk away when you said no.

Another round. Robin looks down. She has to take the pile again.

PARKER
What he most likely tried to do, was to sweet talk our man here and then say something to throw him off. Make us nervous. Edgy.

Another round. This time, Robin has a low card. She laughs and Parker takes the pile.

LONGBAUGH
And it worked.

ROBIN
So what did he say?

They continue playing cards through all of this. Robin is forced to take the majority of tricks.

LONGBAUGH
That no matter what you said or did or even believed about yourself, that you were a woman with child. And the maternal instinct is more dangerous and unpredictable than any other on earth.

ROBIN
Is that so?

Then Parker speaks, looking down at his cards. His soul heavy. His words come out more like a lesson repeated over and over than something he actually believes.

PARKER
He said no matter what we thought we knew, we didn't know it all, because you never know a woman completely. Most of all he said we'd made a mistake that we could very easily correct. And if we didn't, it would cost us our lives.

Robin shows now that she knew they were playing more than cards. Now she looks at Longbaugh's gun.

ROBIN
He said all that?

LONGBAUGH
Yes he did.

ROBIN
And was there anything else?

She throws a card. Then Parker. Then Longbaugh.

LONGBAUGH
One last thing. Just before he left, he said:

And Robin takes the trick again, her hand trembling.

LONGBAUGH (cont'd)
Just remember what you have.

Robin nods, not the least bit upset that she has to take another trick.

In fact, she is smiling.

The table is silent. Parker and Longbaugh look down. Everyone is out of cards.

PAUSE. Parker and Longbaugh look at each other. Without so much as a flick of an eyebrow, they tell each other something is very wrong.

They both turn their cards over and sift through their respective piles. Nothing but diamonds, clubs and spades.

Robin starts to laugh quietly and turns over all the cards in front of her.

She spreads them out across the table. Mixed in the mess of the pile, among all the cards she was forced to take, are all of the hearts from the deck and the queen of spades.

She has shot the moon.

Parker and Longbaugh look at one another, stunned. Robin starts to laugh harder now, still silently, her body shaking as she tries to control it. Finally, she covers her face and we realize the laughter has turned to tears.

She gasps and lets out an anguished cry. Parker and Longbaugh have no idea what just happened. Then:

ROBIN
He's mine.

Silence. They just stare at her.

ROBIN (cont'd)
The baby is mine.

Blank, lifeless expressions.

ROBIN (cont'd)
He's mine. Really mine.

PARKER
I'm sorry. By yours do you mean -

ROBIN
The Chidduck's embryo's didn't take. This is *my* son. Mine.

She is crying hysterically now. Parker and Longbaugh look at one another again, each hoping the other knows what to do.

ROBIN (cont'd)
It was a million dollars. In cash. And I needed that money. Really needed it. And the Chidducks seemed like nice enough people - rich at least. I told myself that my baby would have a good life.

PARKER
So you and Mr. Chidduck...

ROBIN
Jesus no. Dr. Painter. Every day in his office. That was the only time I was away from the bodyguards long enough. Painter agreed to keep it a secret as long as I... as I...

LONGBAUGH
That sneaky little fucker.

ROBIN
He was very sweet. He didn't want to at first... But then I think he fell in love a little... I think it made him a little desperate. He knew when the baby came he was never going to see either of us again.

PARKER
Yeah, but still -

Robin struggles to control her tears.

ROBIN
I was sure I could do it. Certain. I had thought it through a thousand times and was sure it was best for the baby... for me... For my... And then it started... started... kicking... And then I saw his hands and his little feet.

She starts sobbing uncontrollably, falling on the bed between Parker and Longbaugh. As she cries, she peeks through tearing eyes.

ROBIN (cont'd)
This is the point where you hold a woman.

Remember these are not particularly sensitive men, so when they touch her for comfort it is awkward, mechanical. They do not quite know where to put their hands.

Parker's hand ends up on the side of her belly.

PARKER
Whoa.

Parker jumps up off the bed.

PARKER
Fucking thing is moving, man.

Longbaugh immediately pulls his hand away.

Robin looks up at them. She laughs a little through her tears.

ROBIN
It's okay.

LONGBAUGH
Listen, you don't want guys like him and me -

But Robin reaches over and takes Longbaugh's rigidly resisting hand, placing it on her belly. She gestures to Parker to come back and he inches over. She takes his hand and puts it next to Longbaugh's.

Silence.

Longbaugh jumps a little now.

LONGBAUGH (cont'd)
That's creepy.

Robin laughs now. Face red and nose runny.

ROBIN
It's not creepy. It's a baby.

PARKER
Your baby?

And this hits Robin and she savors the words.

ROBIN
My baby... My baby.

Hold for a while on the three of them on the bed, feeling the little critter kick.

122 **INT. CHIDDUCK HOME - NIGHT** 122

Jeffers comes out of Chidduck's office - we see Chidduck and Obecks talking quietly just inside. He has cleaned himself up. He looks sharp and confident.

He is clearly looking for something and finds it when he comes to the living room/home theater and sees Mrs. Chidduck in her now familiar position. She watches the sonogram on the big screen while eating from a positively huge plate of shrimp.

In fact, the room is strewn with the wreckage of a horrendous eating binge. Ice cream cartons, candy bar wrappers, rice cakes, popcorn, you name it.

We hear, faintly at first, that she is humming nursery songs.

Still, she is as calm as the day is long. She looks as though she might as well be watching the ball game.

JEFFERS
Francesca?

She looks up at him and smiles. Calm as can be.

FRANCESCA
Hey, come on in. Want some shrimp?

Jeffers looks at the screen and the huge tray of shrimp. In the center is a bowl of cocktail sauce. He walks toward her slowly, cautiously. He stands in front of her and she cranes her neck to see the t.v.

JEFFERS
Are you okay?

Francesca has a few blemishes going and looks worse for ware. She dips shrimp and eats their little wiggly bodies throughout the scene.

FRANCESCA
Oh, I'm. I'm fine. Hale is coming apart though. Have you seen him?

Jeffers nods. It is Francesca's complete *lack* of worry that is so disturbing. They both look at the television.

FRANCESCA (cont'd)
It's fascinating isn't it? I had no idea. It's really gotten me excited.

JEFFERS
Excited...

FRANCESCA
I missed you.

Francesca looks up at Jeffers and grabs his tie, pulling herself up. She presses her lips to his and kisses him deeply. He kisses her back and it is clear they are more than familiar.

She still keeps on eye on the baby as she gropes him. Finally, he pulls himself clear.

JEFFERS
This is not a good idea right now.

Jeffers backs away from her.

JEFFERS (cont'd)
Get a grip on yourself.

FRANCESCA
I had no interest at all in having a child. Hale thought it would save our marriage, because frankly, I was ready to throw it in. And then I saw this tape and it... it affected me profoundly. Deeply. I... I'm a mother. As we speak my child is waiting to come into this world and suddenly I feel as though... well... He deserves me. That is to say, he deserved better before, but now I feel as though I have earned him in some way.

JEFFERS
Francesca.

FRANCESCA
I don't mean I have earned him the way a mother who has carried a baby has, but I feel I've worked hard to become the kind of woman who could... I want one... Naturally... With you.

She grabs Jeffers and pulls him close. He glances nervously at the door.

JEFFERS
You know where the baby is?

FRANCESCA
Of course I do.

JEFFERS
And you know we have to go get him?

FRANCESCA
I understand.

They kiss deeply. Finally, he pulls himself away and she flops down on the couch. Jeffers starts to leave.

FRANCESCA
If the girl dies... I mean God forbid, but if anything goes wrong. Any... complications. We'll take care of it. You understand? Just bring me back my baby. We have to think about what's best for the baby now.

Jeffers looks back and sees only a woman eating shrimp, watching a baby on a sonogram five feet high and luminous.

123 **INT. HALLWAY - LATER** 123

Sarno is walking quickly, talking into his cell phone.

SARNO
I'll be there in a few hours. We'll meet just past the border... yes... I appreciate it. Thanks.

124 **INT. STUDY** 124

Just what you would expect. The wood panelling, etc.

Chidduck is behind a huge oak desk in his bathrobe. Sarno enters to see him seated across from Dr. Painter, Jeffers and Obecks.

The phone Longbaugh gave to Jeffers is sitting on the desk.

JEFFERS
Enjoy your coffee?

SARNO
I'm in counter-offers and adjudication. You do your job, I'll do mine.

OBECKS
I am curious as to why they didn't kill you?

Sarno shrugs.

SARNO
I didn't present a real threat, maybe? Not like you fuckheads, shooting at guys who have agreed *not* to commit a crime.

CHIDDUCK
Alright, come on, will you?

SARNO
The money coming?

CHIDDUCK
It'll be a while.

SARNO
I suggest Dr. Painter goes in now with fifty grand. They won't get violent as long as they feel the money getting close and everyone's much safer as long as they don't actually have it.
(to Painter)
You tell them the money comes after you have delivered the kid. As you come out, I go in...

JEFFERS
And adjudicate.

Sarno looks at him.

SARNO
If it comes to that.

JEFFERS
You go in. Alone.

SARNO
Yes, alone. You cuff links can wait here and watch over Mr. Chidduck in case they have a contingent.

OBECKS
A what?

SARNO
A third man. A button. Something, anything we don't know about. It's called C.Y.A. you fucking idiot.

Jeffers looks at Obecks feigning ignorance. Obecks whispers mockingly.

OBECKS
Cover your ass.

Jeffers looks at Chidduck.

JEFFERS
As a collector of pre-war cop jargon, I find the old man refreshing, but he's one against two who killed two of my four. Let him "C" your "A."

All eyes look to Chidduck. He bows his head miserably. Sarno quickly realizes something is wrong.

SARNO (cont'd)
What's going on here?

JEFFERS
It's already been decided. The Doctor goes in with the money - alone. He follows the demands to the letter and delivers the child. We keep our distance.

OBECKS
We only go in if there's a complication.

JEFFERS
We're only concerned with the lives at stake.

Sarno looks at Chidduck now, all control slipping away.

SARNO
You're not seriously going to -

CHIDDUCK
I'm in tight corner, Joe. On the one hand, Jeffers and Obecks lost her in the first place. On the other, they're two where you're one. They're young and you're...

JEFFERS
It's pure geometry, Sarno. We've been head to head with these guys, remember. One old man on his own out there... No one would come back alive.

For the first time, Sarno is genuinely unsettled. Jeffers cannot help but notice with some fascination.

SARNO
Jesus Christ, don't do this. Hale, listen to me.

Finally, Chidduck straightens up in his chair and looks Sarno in the eye.

CHIDDUCK
To be honest, Joe, that's not what this is about. You're conflicted here. You're job has been to protect me and my associates and my money. But I'm no longer concerned with any of that. This is about my child. And that in itself provides it's own special conflict, now doesn't it?

Jeffers notes a reaction from Sarno he does not quite understand. Something like resignation. Shock?

CHIDDUCK (cont'd)
Emotional detachment, Joe. For what it's worth, I think these two pretty much define it.

Sarno just shakes his head. Chidduck looks to Painter.

CHIDDUCK (cont'd)
Are you up to this?

Painter snaps out of a distant haze and looks at Chidduck.

PAINTER
I'll do whatever has to be done.

CHIDDUCK
Very well. Jeffers and Obecks follow you - see that you come out safely with the baby.

Jeffers and Obecks stand confidently and are turning for the door when:

CHIDDUCK (cont'd)
Sarno handles the money.

Jeffers freezes. Sarno breathes half a sigh of relief.

CHIDDUCK (cont'd)
I'm sorry, gentlemen. I'm not taking chances with any of you. I'm afraid I want to eat my cake and have it to.

125 **INT. KITCHEN** 125

Sarno is flipping through a pocket phone book - writing furiously on a pad. Painter is right over him.

PAINTER
You were talking about killing her.

SARNO
No one said kill. He said adjudicate. And that can mean a lot of things.

Painter grabs Sarno by the shoulder to turn him around. Sarno is on his feet in an instant, pushing Painter back, pinning him to the wall.

SARNO (cont'd)
There was a lot more going on in that room than you were seeing. You don't have the eyes for it, you follow?

PAINTER
What I heard was you ready to put a woman's life at risk for money.

SARNO
Not Money. Fifteen million dollars. Money is what you take to the grocery store. Get out of the ATM. Fifteen million dollars is not money. It's a motive with a universal adapter on it.

Painter thinks, suddenly getting the slightest hint of what he is talking about.

PAINTER
You don't think -

SARNO
Never. Never think. Thinking is how you lost your nerve in the first place, *Doctor* Painter.

Painter looks at him with a mixture of confusion and...

SARNO (cont'd)
You think I don't know you? You think your father and I have secrets from each other? I know about your residency. Your so-called hiatus. I know about that bad piece of luck in Baltimore.

This hits Painter like a slap.

PAINTER
I - I didn't lose my -

SARNO
I know you weren't expected to deliver this kid. I know you can't.

SARNO (cont'd)
I know you're skull is splitting down the middle because you think this thing is going to play out and you're going to have to bring that baby into this world and what happened in Baltimore'll happen here.

Painter struggles to free himself when he hears this. Sarno holds him fast.

SARNO
Well don't think, Dr. Painter. Just do. And whatever you do, don't tell them what I know. Keep your mouth shut and you'll be fine.

Sarno lets him go. Painter backs out of the kitchen, somewhat shaken by the exchange.

126 **EXT. CHIDDUCK HOME** 126

Jeffers and Obecks are huddled, speaking in hushed tones. They share a cigarette.

OBECKS
I can understand the doctor-was-shot scenario, but dumping Sarno is going to be tough to explain. Tougher still to do.

JEFFERS
I don't buy his survivor bullshit. He'll drop from a skull-shot like any other man. We take him out before he goes in. Bring the money in ourselves. Just check your shots and don't hit the kid. After that, it's our word against the desert's.

OBECKS
Creative articulation, baby.

They nod and Jeffers takes a long drag. Obecks can see something is still bothering him.

OBECKS (cont'd)
What is it?

JEFFERS
Something between Sarno and Chidduck in there. Something I'm not clear on. It's really chapping my ass. What was that shit about a conflict?

OBECKS
Chidduck said 'this is about my child.' That it was a special conflict.

JEFFERS
But why would saving the life of somebody else's child be a conflict for anyone unless...

The two of them look at one another. A light comes on.

OBECKS
The girl.

JEFFERS
Sarno -

But before they can explore this further, Painter comes out of the house clutching his medical bag in one hand, a thick envelope in the other. Jeffers bites his tongue - kills the smoke.

OBECKS (cont'd)
Ready, Doc?

Painter is clearly nervous.

PAINTER
Sure. Sure. Let's go. We should stop by my office and grab a few things. Just in case.

They walk over to a car nearby.

Sarno comes out of the house just in time to see them drive away. He dials his cell phone and is frustrated by that annoying recording:

ANNOYING RECORDING
The Cellular Customer you are trying to reach...

SARNO
Where the fuck are you, Abner?

127 **EXT. DINER - IN THE SHADOWS** 127

Abner looks nervously at his watch as he reaches for his cell phone and tries to dial. Then he looks at the lighted display.

No signal, of course.

128 **EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT** 128

Parker and Longbaugh are standing outside. Through the window we see Robin sleeping on the bed again. Longbaugh's jacket is covering her.

Longbaugh is pacing, eyes going back and forth from his watch to the road. Parker is clearly preoccupied.

Long silence.

LONGBAUGH
You're having one of those things.

PARKER
Catharsis? No. No, I'm just reminiscing.

LONGBAUGH
Which one?

PARKER
This guy in Chicago. When we were working for that lawyer - you remember him?

Longbaugh shakes his head.

PARKER (cont'd)
The teacher that molested his kid?

LONGBAUGH
There were a lot of guys in Chicago.

PARKER
Yeah, well, this lawyer knew the teacher was doing it. But the kid wasn't talking, and the cops wouldn't listen. And he called you and me. And you were driving that day - yeah. You were driving. And I went up alone. I was like a ghost. Didn't make a sound. There was nice thick carpet on the stairwell - the light was busted in the hall... And his door... his door was opened... just a crack. And the hinges didn't squeak... It was like... It was like it was meant to be. And I slipped in and I found him in the bedroom... naked... with all of these... pictures on the bed. Little Polaroids, you know? And man that lawyer was right. He was more than right.

Parker's eyes look into the past.

PARKER (cont'd)
And then he turned around. And I didn't hit him... knock him down. I just said "lay on the bed. Face down." and he did. On top of all those... those... pictures. And I was savoring it. Really... *enjoying* it.

PARKER (cont'd)
Thinking how I was going to take a Polaroid of this and give it to that lawyer so he could sleep better at night. Maybe take one for myself so maybe I... And then... Then I heard him praying. 'Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the lord my soul to keep. If I should...' And you know something? It stayed with me. It *bothered* me. Of all the people I'd done it to, he had to be the one I felt. And to this day, I can't go to sleep unless I say that prayer.

LONGBAUGH
We can't get out now. Even if I thought she was telling the truth - we've gone too far. Snap out of it man. This is never going to come your way again. That's Mexico, out there. The asshole.

PARKER
I know they're gonna try to kill us for what we've done no matter what. And I know that we'll survive. And I know all that money takes the edge off. But think about this. Just think. What if that day comes and you're face down waiting? And what if, in that last, fleeting second of life, you start to believe in God. What are you gonna have to give him? What'll you say in your defense?

LONGBAUGH
Come on man. You know better. You believe that story? Some fucking... A woman cries and you... What does it matter? After all we've done - the people we've robbed, maimed and murdered - what is this one thing gonna do? What does it matter now that you take a child away from his mother?

And if we look very closely, there could even be something like tears trying to form in Parker's mean and watchful eyes.

PARKER
It matters. Believe me, it matters.

And even if we do not know what he is talking about. Longbaugh certainly does.

LONGBAUGH
I'll get the gear.

He nods bitterly and walks for the front door of the truck.

PARKER
Maybe we should have left a note or something.

LONGBAUGH
Better we just leave.

PARKER
You can't leave her alone like that.

LONGBAUGH
Ah, there's some guy hiding behind the diner watching us. He'll come get her as soon as we're gone.

Pause.

Parker smiles and reaches for the door handle anyway. Then:

Longbaugh clears the distance between them in a flash. Just as he touched the knob, Longbaugh grabs him and pulls him aside.

BOOM

129 **EXT. DINER - IN THE SHADOWS** 129

Abner jolts from a trance-like stare and peeks around the corner. He instinctively reaches for his gun.

Instinctively, he moves to dial the phone but then shoves the useless thing back in his pocket.

130 **EXT. MOTEL ROOM** 130

A huge hole has been blown through the door.

An OLD MAN sticks his head out from the next room, sees Parker and Longbaugh and ducks back in his room shutting the door. Other than that, the world seems to keep right on sleeping.

Parker and Longbaugh flatten against either side of the door and look at one another - each drawing pistols. Parker holds up one finger, then two mouthing "One or two?"

Longbaugh peeks and holds up just one finger.

131 **INT. MOTEL ROOM** 131

Robin cracks the breach on the shotgun they left lashed to the TV. She has one good shell left in it.

PARKER (O.S.)
Robin. A woman in your condition really shouldn't -

ROBIN
You just get in the fucking car and move on. You want to come in shooting, that's fine with me. At least one of you will be coming with us.

LONGBAUGH
Come on, lady.

ROBIN
I'll wait here as long as I have to. Do what you will.

We hear Parker and Longbaugh conversing, their voices muffled. She strains, but cannot hear them.

132 **EXT. MOTEL ROOM** 132

They really are just mumbling. Not speaking legible English at all. It is purely for effect. Meanwhile:

Longbaugh looks at Parker and points to a high hilltop in the distance. He makes a gun with his thumb and forefinger - one eye closed. Still mumbling, Parker shakes his head. Longbaugh nods, mumbling more intensely. When Parker shakes his head emphatically, mumbling even louder:

LONGBAUGH
You know what I'm gonna tell God when I see him? I'll tell him I was framed.

Longbaugh walks toward the Suburban without another word. Parker watches him go, then looks back at the hole in the door, debating. Then:

PARKER
Aright. You win. We're leaving. But we're taking the truck. It'll be fun seeing a woman like you get home.

Parker laughs a sinister laugh, but again, for effect. His expression is completely serious. All business.

133 **INT. MOTEL ROOM** 133

Robin hears the slamming of car doors and the revving engine - the Suburban tearing off into the night.

She waits, aiming the gun at the door, slowly crouching into the corner. Her hands are trembling.

134 **EXT. DINER** 134

Abner lingers in the shadows, thinking. Debating. He too hears the sound of the engine. He peeks out.

He sees the truck pulling slowly away. He looks at his useless cell phone and then back at the motel. We stay with him through a long and agonizing thought process.

Then we hear the sound of a single siren in the night.

135 **EXT. CHIDDUCK HOME - NIGHT** 135

Sarno and Chidduck are standing in the driveway as dark sedan pulls up and TWO WELL DRESSED MEXICAN MEN get out. The larger of the two is young and menacing. The older is small and frail - clearly a businessman.

The older Mexican and Chidduck embrace as the younger Mexican and Sarno go to the trunk.

The younger Mexican pulls out a heavy gym bag and hands it to Sarno who wastes no time. He trots over to his minivan and speeds off toward Mexico.

136 **EXT. MOTEL ROOM** 136

Robin comes out of the motel, looking around furtively to make sure no one is there. She is wearing Longbaugh's jacket.

She hears the siren too. She thinks, mind racing. She realizes she is still holding the shotgun. Then she looks at the hole on the door and her hand instinctively clutches her belly.

A moment of horrible indecision. Finally, she drops the gun and leaves the motel room. She walks as calmly and quickly as she can toward the diner as the siren gets closer.

137 **INT. DINER** 137

Robin bursts in and sees six of the absolute spookiest backwater outlaw looking motherfuckers in Mexico sitting at the counter. All of them look at her with the kind of expressions you would normally find in a sanitarium.

The diner itself is filthy. Stagnant. Infectious.

Everyone looks at the woman with the huge belly and just blinks.

ROBIN
Please... Can uhh... Anyone... give...

THE FIRST OUTLAW stands up, adjusting his belt. She backs out the door.

As the door slams shut behind her, he reaches for a pack of cigarettes just down the counter - his destination all along.

He says something in Spanish, something we will never know, and the other men just laugh and go back to their drinks.

138 **EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT** 138

Robin stands in the parking lot looking up the road, hearing the approaching siren now only half a mile away.

She looks around wildly, trapped. Confused. Then.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey.

Robin turns, startled, and sees Abner emerging from the shadows. She starts to walk backward instinctively.

ABNER
No, no, no... Wait.

Robin turns and hobbles away desperately. Abner scurries after her but only gets a few feet then freezes when the cops come skidding into the parking lot from one direction.

And Jeffers and Obecks come in from the other.

TWO FEDERALES get out of the patrol car and Jeffers and Obecks emerge from theirs. It is a weird moment as everyone stands, wondering what everyone else is doing here just now.

The Federales assess the pregnant and terrified looking woman, the gringo who seemed to be chasing her and the two other suited gringos who have emerged awkwardly from their car.

Federale #1 looks over at the huge hole in the motel door and then back at this frozen moment in front of him. Then at his partner. Federal #2 nods.

Silence. Jeffers and Obecks click at the same instant.

OBECKS
Buenas Noches, gentlemen.

He walks toward the Federales and breaks into fluent Spanish, talking a mile a minute. Federale #2 faces him as #1 tries to keep an eye on the rest. While Obecks talks:

JEFFERS
Get in the car, Robin.

But Robin shakes her head. Jeffers moves toward her and she steps back.

ABNER
Wait a minute there, fella -

Robin spins when he speaks and now backs away in a new direction.

JEFFERS
Who are you? Robin, get in the car.
You're alright now.

Just then, Painter gets out of the car.

PAINTER
Robin?

Robin is shocked to see him. Obecks' yammering Spanish only serves to further intensify things. Federale #2 tries to keep up with him while #1 looks back and forth, trying to get a handle on things.

ROBIN
Stephen?

PAINTER
Robin, get in the car.

ABNER
Don't do that.

JEFFERS
Who the fuck *are* you?

ABNER
Who the fuck are you?

PAINTER
Robin, just get in the car.

Robin is overwhelmed, holding her belly, shaking her head.

JEFFERS
Come on, Robin. get in the car.

Jeffers reaches for Robin and she recoils. Abner moves to stop Jeffers and then, with disturbing calm.

FEDERALE #1
Halto.

The stream of Obecks bullshit stops cold.

All eyes look to the Federale and he has his pistol out at hip level. He says something in Spanish with a wave of the pistol and everyone has their hands up. #2 has his gun out now and is stepping back from Obecks. When he speaks in a loud, authoritative tone, no one needs to know Spanish to know this is serious.

JEFFERS
What are we doing?

OBECKS
Putting our hands on the car.

FEDERALE #1
Senorita.

Robin looks and sees the Federale waving with his free hand, gesturing for her to get behind him. She does so.

As the two Federales inch toward the four men with their hands on the roof of the car, Robin begins to walk backwards, slowly but gaining in speed toward the patrol car.

Federale #1 reaches into Jeffers' jacket and produces a pistol. Alert, cautious, never taking his eyes off of any of them, he holds it up for #2 to see. Now #2 aims his gun with more purpose, tense on the trigger.

Federale #1 starts yelling now. Commanding. His tone is not to be trifled with.

OBECKS
Everybody should lay face down. Right now.

Everyone does. Both Federales stand over the men.

ANGLE ON:

Robin is a few short paces from the patrol car. She sees that the engine is running. The driver's door is open.

Federale #1 raises his radio to his lips and says:

FEDERALE #1
Centrale -

And his chest pops open with a thud. He falls instantly as the rolling sound of a faraway rifle report catches up to the bullet that just hit him.

Robin freezes, stunned.

Federale #2 bolts as we:

139 **EXT. HIGH HILLSIDE - NIGHT** 139

An easy 500 yards away.

Parker is over Longbaugh's shoulder. Longbaugh has a rifle and is drawing a bead on Federale #2 who gets what is going on and dives for cover as -

BOOM

This rifle means business. We see a nasty cloud of dust explode just an inch left of the moving Federale.

THE SCENE CONTINUES THROUGH THE P.O.V. OF LONGBAUGH'S SCOPE.

Everyone scrambles. Obecks grabs Painter and shoves him in the car. Jeffers makes a run for Robin.

POW

Obecks never makes it in the car with Painter. Federale #2 has shot him in the back. In fact, he starts shooting wildly.

Jeffers is distracted by this. He turns and shoots at the Federale who fires back, driving him to run for cover.

Robin takes the opportunity to run for the patrol car.

Longbaugh swings the rifles over and drills several rounds through the windshield, sending a clear message to Robin not to try it.

Then Longbaugh levels the rifle at Jeffers, but he has vanished behind the car - shooting at the Federale who is shooting back.

Suddenly, Abner emerges from behind the car and runs after Robin. Longbaugh levels the rifle at him and fires. The bullet seems to miss the quickly moving old man, but he veers off and takes cover behind another car parked nearby.

More shooting and the Federale tries to run. He is shot from the direction of the car by Obecks who is badly wounded, but still fighting.

This momentarily draws Longbaugh's attention, but when his cross-hairs find Obecks, he collapses. When Longbaugh brings the rifle back to find another target, he sees Jeffers holding Robin like a shield and dragging her toward their car.

Longbaugh keeps aiming, waiting for a shot. No good.

Suddenly, Abner, now behind the wheel of the car he used for cover, is driving like mad out of the parking lot. Jeffers takes a few shots at him with no effect and keeps heading for his car. He passes Obecks lying face down in the dirt.

Jeffers is in an interesting predicament. He tries to bend down and pick up Obecks while keeping Robin in front of him. When he reaches out a hand to grab his partner, Longbaugh fires.

BOOM - the shot hits the ground just a hair shy of Jeffers' hand. He ducks back, curling behind Robin.

The tip of his foot sneaks out and kicks Obecks gingerly. No response.

He looks over at the Federale who is rolling in the dirt, bleeding badly. Jeffers calmly shoots him in the head. Then he quickly climbs into the safety of the car, pulling Robin in behind him. Then the car with Jeffers, Robin and Painter drives away.

140 **EXT. HILLSIDE** 140

Parker and Longbaugh watch them vanish into the night.

Game over. They sit their in silence. Long pause. Then:

Longbaugh looks, then raises the rifle to use the scope.

LONGBAUGH'S P.O.V.

Obecks is moving. At that same instant, Parker notices something about Jeffer's car.

PARKER
Why are they headed south?

The two of them look at one another and bolt.

141 **EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT** 141

Obecks is struggling to get on his knees, trying to pull his bullet riddled body toward the diner. In one hand he clutches an empty gun.

The rough looking crowd of locals watches him from the door in silence. No one moves to help him. No one seems to want to get involved.

CLOSE UP ON OBECKS as he struggles in agony. The Suburban drives up from behind and fills the background. Two pairs of feet get out and rush over to him, each man grabbing an arm.

Obecks howls in pain as he is yanked up.

142 **INT. CHEVY** 142

The car is moving like hell along a dusty back road. Robin and Painter are still trying to get a grip on what just happened.

Jeffers' face is taught. He checks the rear view mirror, then locks eyes on the road ahead. In one hand he holds a cell phone - no signal.

PAINTER
Where are we going?

JEFFERS
Shut up. I need to think.

PAINTER
We have her. Just take us back.

JEFFERS
Those shots were coming from north of the motel. You want to drive back through more of that? I have a place we can go until it's safe.

PAINTER
What about Sarno? Shouldn't we call him?

JEFFERS
Oh, I'll call him alright. Right now I'm concerned about Robin and the baby.

Jeffers looks at Painter, noting the intense look of doubt.

JEFFERS (cont'd)
Trust me.

ANGLE ON:

The signal bar on the cell phone springs to life. Jeffers breathes a little easier. He dials a number, keeping one eye on the road.

Painter looks at Robin.

PAINTER
It's alright. We're okay. The worst of it's over.

Robin does not look too sure.

JEFFERS
(into Phone)
It's me again. Tell the Question Mark we're coming. Tell him to be ready.

143 **EXT. BACK ROAD - NIGHT** 143

Outside the Chevy looking in - the camera moving along side. Gradually, we slow down, leaving Jeffers and Company to pull away from us.

Slow down more and more until we nearly stop and then:

Accelerate. Picking up speed quickly. Back up to a good clip just as another car pulls into frame, this one without the headlights on, streaming through the dusty wake of Jeffers' car far ahead.

Abner is behind the wheel.

144 **INT. ABNER'S CAR** 144

Abner is slightly pale, a little winded. He is relieved to see his cell phone has a signal again. He dials.

As he does, he keeps his eyes on the tail lights ahead of him, careful never to get too far, too close.

ABNER
It's me.

145 **INT. MINIVAN** 145

Sarno moving as fast as he can.

SARNO
Where the hell have you been?

ABNER
Trying to get a signal. Some guys showed up in a Chevy and it got a little choppy. One of them made off with her - headed south. Listen, Joe, I gotta go -

SARNO
Is Robin alright?

146 **INT. ABNER'S CAR** 146

Abner winces, betraying some pain.

ABNER
She seems okay. They're on the move now. I gotta go. Just keep coming south. I'll talk you in as best I can.

SARNO
Abner -

ABNER
I'm sorry I couldn't put my hand to her, Joe. It was pretty hairy. I gotta go.

SARNO
(on phone)
Abner. Abner wai-

But Abner hangs up and puts the phone down. His hand reaches down to his side and comes back into frame, slicked with blood. He takes a deep breath and presses on.

147 **EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - ABANDONED BARN - NIGHT** 147

The sound of terrible screaming.

PARKER (O.S.)
It's good to keep his legs elevated, right?

148 **INT. ABANDONED BARN** 148

Obecks is hanging upside down, a rope tied to his feet, being hauled up to the rafters by Longbaugh.

He is bleeding from both legs and his back. He is screaming bloody murder.

PARKER
We need to know where they took her, guy.

OBECKS
I don't know. I swear I don't know. Please. I need to get to a hospital.

Parker produces a bottle of club soda. He opens it and it fizzes over the top. He pours it down Obecks' upturned nose, burning his sinuses. Obecks blows club soda and snot out of his nose and screams - his eyes tearing horribly.

PARKER
Is that a bullet hole in his back?

Longbaugh inspects it.

LONGBAUGH
Yeah.

PARKER
He may have a spinal injury. Hey, man. Can you feel your legs?

Longbaugh takes a lit cigarette and sticks it in the bullet hole in Obecks' knee.

The scream is unbearable.

OBECKS
I swear to god, I don't know. I don't know. Just let me go.

OBECKS' P.O.V.

Parker and Longbaugh in his face, upside down.

PARKER
Did that hurt? Because now we're going to torture you. Not all at once mind you, but every hour on the hour until you slowly bleed to death. In a minute, I'm going to pull out a few of your fingernails, then I'll leave you to think about it. Later, I'll take a razor and slash open your eyeballs. Whatever else I do to you after that, I'll pour whiskey in your eyes from time to time. That'll keep you from passing out. Bottom line, guy. I'm going to ask you a question one more time and I'll never ask you again. Where did they take the girl?

And the trembling, simpering, bleeding Obecks looks at the both and says:

OBECKS
I don't know.

Parker and Longbaugh look at one another.

149 **EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - ABANDONED BARN** 149

The sounds of unspeakable pain.

150 **EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - LATER** 150

A lot of cops. A lot of flashing lights. A lot of onlookers.

The bullet riddled motel and patrol car. The pool of Obecks' blood but no Obecks.

ANGLE ON:

Joe Sarno's car creeping by. He keeps moving, only going slowly enough to inspect the damage.

151 **EXT. DESERTED STREET** 151

The Suburban pulls up with Parker and Longbaugh in it. They are in some pitiful backwater shit hole in the middle of nowhere and main street is eerily quiet. Deserted in fact.

Silent, save the noise of a party of some kind coming from up the street. They get out of the truck, each man with a duffle bag.

They look at one another and start the long walk cautiously down main street towards the sound.

They come to the front steps of a large three story building that seems to be the only place on the street that has ever had a fresh coat of paint.

152 **EXT. WHOREHOUSE** 152

No other way to call it. A grimy cathouse in the center of main street. Red light in the window. A few fat drunks cooling off on the curb after a quickie.

The front porch is covered with a wide variety of working girls who all smile when they see Parker and Longbaugh. A few stand and walk toward them.

Just as Parker and Longbaugh are about to enter, Longbaugh stops - much like he did outside the motel.

He turns and studies the shadows. There are thousands of them it seems. Countless places to hide and watch. Parker watches him do this and for the first time, both men show a twinge of fear.

LONGBAUGH
Fuck it. We go anyway.

They enter the whorehouse through the front door, followed by several of the girls who all chatter away in Spanish.

153 **INT. HALLWAY - SOMEWHERE** 153

Dank and creepy - warped and weathered wood. A sense of rot. Robin walking in terrible agony, holding her belly, gritting her teeth.

Blood is flowing from her left forearm. Every step is excruciating. But she moves on. She moves past several doors, trying all the knobs. No luck.

Finally, one is unlocked and she shoves the door open.

154 **INT. SMALL BEDROOM** 154

Robin is confronted by the hideous image of A LARGE MAN drunkenly screwing a SKINNY WOMAN.

ROBIN
Please... Please help me. Por favor.

The man is oblivious. The woman looks at Robin, more annoyed than anything else. She waves her hand at the strange pregnant stranger to go away.

Robin closes the door and rounds the corner, there she sees a railing and hears the sounds of a many people talking and laughing.

She comes to the railing and looks down over the "lobby" or main entrance top the brothel. She is pulling herself toward the staircase when she freezes.

ANGLE ON:

Parker and Longbaugh are coming through the front door.

An entire mixture of emotions washes over Robin's face. Is she glad to see them, more terrified than ever? That and more. She opens her mouth to call out when:

A very frazzled looking Jeffers comes up from behind her and grabs her by the hair.

JEFFERS
You shouldn't be up and about, Robin.

She starts screaming as he drags her back down the hall.

155 **INT. LOBBY** 155

Parker hears the scream, but when he looks up, he sees only a glimpse of a someone vanishing around the corner. When he looks back, he sees Longbaugh talking to A FEW HOOKERS in the corner who are lounging on a love seat.

Parker looks around and sees a huge, fully stocked bar at one end of the room. At least fifty or sixty people are in here drinking and having a good time with their "dates."

Then Parker's eyes fall on a THREE STOCKY MEN sitting at the far end of the bar who clearly do not seem to be a part of the action.

They are thick, thuggish, suited men with that familiar air of "management." Yes, it is the Mexican mob's contingent - here to make sure things run smoothly.

Parker looks back to Longbaugh who is looking at him. He nods toward the men at the bar and Longbaugh nods back, already on it. He goes back to chatting with the hookers.

156 **INT. BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT** 156

ROBIN'S P.O.V.

(Note: Hand held, dizzying)

A bare bulb on the ceiling.

Robin is dragged over to a seedy looking bed. Her dress is hiked up, her pregnant belly exposed. Jeffers struggles awkwardly to tie her arms down while holding a pistol.

She is sweating. She is breathing heavily, but controlled. Then she locks in pain.

Robin looks back at the door she was just dragged through. A man with impossibly bad posture comes shambling in the room. His very gait makes this scenario all the more surreal. He is THE QUESTION MARK.

THE QUESTION MARK
I can't have pregnant women walking around bleeding and upsetting my customers.

JEFFERS
Where the fuck were you?

THE QUESTION MARK
I have a business to run, for Christ's sake. I didn't think she'd try to run.

JEFFERS
You're getting paid a lot of fucking money and I can't do all of this myself. Don't take your eyes off of her again.

THE QUESTION MARK
Money, money. I don't see any money.

Jeffers reaches into his jacket pocket and throws the Question Mark the envelope Painter was supposed to give Parker and Longbaugh.

JEFFERS
There's fifty fucking grand, arright? I'll make one call and you'll have double that in under and hour.

As he says this, Jeffers mercilessly jams an I.V. back in her arm - the source of the bleeding. He hands the bag on the other end to the Question Mark as he walks to the foot of the bed.

THE QUESTION MARK
So make the call.

JEFFERS
First I need the baby. Now help me tie her down.

The Question Mark does as he is told.

The Question Mark stares at Robin indifferently as she is hit by another contraction.

ROBIN
Please. Please help us.

JEFFERS
Keep that petocin up. Am I saying that right, Doc?

Robin looks to the far side of the room and sees:

Painter is standing in the corner, trembling - stunned. He wears surgical gloves, but no mask. No way to hide his face.

PAINTER
Jesus God.

JEFFERS (cont'd)
Contractions are pretty close now.

Robin looks down and sees that Jeffers is standing between her legs, looking, curious. He comes to Robin's side and smiles.

JEFFERS
Okay Robin, are you comfortable? We're going to take out your baby now.

Robin is screaming before the sentence is finished.

157 **EXT. HILLSIDE** 157

Sarno's car pulls up alongside Abner's - the street with the whorehouse in the distance.

He gets out and walks over to the driver's side, still holding his cell phone. Abner is slumped behind the wheel, blood covering the seat. His own cell phone is clutched tightly in his hand, a strong signal evident on the display.

158 **INT. BEDROOM** 158

Sounds of metal on metal.

TWO BEAT-UP LOOKING HOOKERS who might have once been pretty are sitting on the bed looking right at us. They chew gum and watch in fascination.

ANGLE ON:

Parker and Longbaugh ignore them as they assemble a host of weapons and strap on body armor.

LONGBAUGH
They tell me there are fifty-plus rooms here. They didn't see a pregnant woman or a guy in a suit, but a lot of guys come in through the back. Special customers.

PARKER
Fifty. Jesus. Arright. Short of setting the dump on fire, I guess we have to do this room to room.

159 **INT. BACK BEDROOM** 159

ROBIN
TELL HIM STEPHEN. TELL HIM IT'S OUR BABY. TELL HIM AND HE'LL LET US GO. THE CHIDDUCK'S CAN HAVE ANOTHER BABY, STEPHEN. THEY CAN TAKE THAT ONE. TELL HIM.

Jeffers raises an eyebrow.

JEFFERS
Is this true, Stephen. Is it really your baby? If it's not the Chidduck's baby, it's not worth all this trouble. Right?

Painter looks back and forth from Jeffers to Robin.

PAINTER
It's the Chidduck's baby.

ROBIN
NOOOOOOOOOO. YOU IDIOT.

JEFFERS
Robin, use your head. If it's not your baby then all three of you will die. It's better this way. Really.

Robin screams, struggling to get up. Jeffers holds her down with one hand on her chest.

JEFFERS (cont'd)
Can you knock her out?

ROBIN
Stephen. Please. No. Don't knock me out. Don't. Don't.

Painter looks back and forth again. Thinking. He goes over to his bag and opens it, rummaging through it.

He freezes with his hands in the bag - something passing heavily through his mind - a decision being made. Then.

He produces two bottles of liquid. Very different looking bottles, different looking liquids.

ROBIN (cont'd)
Stephen for god's sake at least let me see. I want to see my baby. Please.

When he turns around, he is holding only one bottle.

PAINTER
All I have is saddle block.

JEFFERS
What is that?

PAINTER
It's a spinal. It'll only numb her from the pelvis down.

Robin lets her head fall back in semi-relief. Thanking God under her breath.

Painter produces the needle. Its long and thick and hideous.

160 **INT. HALLWAY** 160

Parker and Longbaugh, each with a coat over his conspicuous arsenal, stalk quietly down the empty hallway, listening carefully at every door.

It is hard enough to hear in silence. The rowdy crowd downstairs does not make it any easier.

161 **INT. BACK BEDROOM** 161

Painter has his hands inside Robin, trying to feel the situation. Jeffers watches, somewhat fascinated.

Suddenly, a look crosses Painters face that drains all color.

PAINTER
Oh God. God, oh God no.

JEFFERS
What is it?

PAINTER
I think her pelvis is too small. It's not expanding.

JEFFERS
What does that mean?

PAINTER
I have to do a c-section.

Robin screams again.

162 **INT. HALLWAY** 162

Parker and Longbaugh hear someone coming up the stairs. Heavy footsteps. Longbaugh grabs the nearest door knob and opens the door. Parker slips in behind him and they close the door as Mexican Mob guy #1 rounds the top of the stairs.

163 **INT. SMALL BEDROOM** 163

The same room Robin ducked into. The Large Man is snoring loudly and the Skinny Woman is going through his wallet.

She looks startled by the two men. Parker raises a finger to his lips. "Shhhhhhhhhhh."

The heavy footsteps pass and fade outside. Parker and Longbaugh slip back into the hallway.

164 **INT. HALLWAY** 164

This time, they hear a definitive scream. One of terror.

165 **INT. BACK BEDROOM** 165

Robin is sobbing, struggling with her restraints.

JEFFERS
Cut.

PAINTER
I don't have the sort of equipment to -

And Jeffers places a gun to his head.

JEFFERS
Cut.

Painter makes an incision along the underside of Robin's round belly.

Robin is crying - unable to believe what is happening.

The Question Mark shakes his head and hangs the IV bag on the bed frame. He slips quietly over towards the door.

Jeffers sees him only as he is almost gone.

JEFFERS (cont'd)
Get back here.

The Question Mark bolts and Jeffers runs after him, leaving Painter to finish the incision.

166 **INT. HALLWAY** 166

The Question Mark rounds a corner and runs right past Parker and Longbaugh. Jeffers is only a few steps behind him and is unpleasantly surprised to come face to face with them.

He skids to a halt and they raise their guns.

167 **INT. LOBBY** 167

Quick cut to Mexican Mob guys 2 and 3 sitting at the bar. Over the noise of the crowd, they hear what may be a single shot. They look at one another. No one else in the crowd seems to notice.

168 **INT. HALLWAY** 168

Parker's gun is still smoking as Jeffers jumps back and around the corner.

Tense pause. Parker and Longbaugh listen carefully to see if the shot has attracted any attention.

SOUND OF A DOOR SLAMMING O.S.

169 **INT. LOBBY** 169

The two Mexican Mob guys walk toward the stairs and head up.

170 **INT. HALLWAY** 170

Longbaugh slides up to the corner and carefully peeks around in the direction Jeffers went. All he sees is a long, empty hallway.

ANGLE ON:

Parker - watching Longbaugh's back. No one is watching his.

The same LARGE MAN that Robin first encountered makes the mistake of creeping into the hallway with a pistol. The Skinny Woman is behind him, hiding.

Parker turns just then to check his back and locks eyes with the Large Man. The Large Man looks at Parker's shotgun, Parker looks at the Large Man's pistol.

Then the Large Man slinks back into his room. Parker relaxes.

That is until the Large Man's door closes to reveal Mexican Mob guys 2 and 3 at the top of the stairs - guns aimed.

BOOM BOOM BOOM and so on.

Longbaugh turns to see Parker and The Mexican's tearing up the hallway. Mexican Mob guy #2 takes a shot to the chest and tumbles back into the lobby. #3 dives after him for cover.

Parker turns to see Longbaugh coming toward him. The heavy footed Mexican #1 that walked by them earlier is coming around the corner where Longbaugh was just standing, aiming a gun at his head.

Parker aims his shotgun directly at Longbaugh who takes no offense. He drops out of the way without question and Parker nails the Mexican #1 behind him.

Longbaugh is on his feet and running toward the stairs after Mexican #3. Parker passes him, rushing to finish off #1.

#1 it seems is still alive and sitting up to shoot again. Parker kicks him over and lets him have one more.

171 **INT. LOBBY** 171

Mexican Mob guy #3 comes tumbling down the stairs, followed by two carefully placed shots in the back.

No shots are wasted here. Nothing is for show.

No one sees Longbaugh. No one needs to.

The Lobby clears out fast.

172 **INT. HALLWAY** 172

Longbaugh and Parker meet back where they lost Jeffers. They look around, thinking it through.

As they do, various Hookers and their John's are skittering for the stairs and rushing out.

173 **EXT. STREET** 173

Sarno's car pulls up out front of the whorehouse.

The old man gets out in his wrinkled slacks and his windbreaker. He carries the heavy gym bag stuffed with money.

He just stands there in the street inspecting the building as people run out past them.

Then Sarno turns and looks to the same side of the street Longbaugh was looking at so suspiciously.

And from out of the shadows, five more men dressed quite similarly - all around the same age, emerge.

174 **INT. HALLWAY** 174

LONGBAUGH
Oh no.

PARKER
What is it?

Parker comes to the window and looks.

LONGBAUGH
Bagmen.

And indeed they are. A bit of a shambling bunch, these guys, as they walk toward the whorehouse. But as we were once told. The only thing you can assume about a broken down old man, is that he is a survivor.

And all these guys look like they have seen some shit.

Then a scream down the hall. Robin. Unmistakable.

They both follow it when suddenly it stops.

Silence. Then the lights go out. All of them. Only the streetlight across the way offers anything and a sudden pop takes that away too.

175 **INT. BACK BEDROOM** 175

Painter is working with a scalpel to the sound of Robin sobbing when the lights quit.

ROBIN
OH GOD NO.

PAINTER
THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING.

176 **INT. HALLWAY** 176

Parker and Longbaugh fall in, back to back.

And from the stairs come the hush of whispering loafers. Shadows with bad knees. The old guard is out there. And they do not shoot a lot.

They just shoot straight.

POP

A bullet hits Parker low in the vest. He buckles in pain and returns with a double tap.

Longbaugh sees a shadow moving in the dark and fires three rounds.

He waits. Looking in the general direction of where it went.

POP

He takes a bullet in the chest. Armored of course.

LONG PAUSE

POP POP POP POP POP

A volley of pitiful pops. But all of them are well placed - hitting armor and making it weaker.

With no alternative, Parker and Longbaugh unleash a volley that can only be measured in pounds. Now the hall is strobing with automatic weapons fire.

Parker and Longbaugh run for it, pain becoming agony, shooting into the darkness with everything they've got.

Parker is lagging back and Longbaugh has to grab him by the collar. Parker takes a round right through the forearm. He screams and keeps moving.

Longbaugh tries a door and finds it locked. He kicks it in as both he and Parker lay covering fire on the far end of the hall.

ANGLE ON:

AN IMPOSSIBLY OLD MAN is huddled in a bed with an UNCOMFORTABLY YOUNG GIRL.

Longbaugh does not give it a second thought. He and Parker move on, shooting down the hall and kicking in doors.

177 **INT. BACK BEDROOM** 177

The sounds of continued gunplay O.S. Jeffers is holding a flashlight so Painter can work.

Painter has his hand in Robin's belly now. She is looking down at what he is doing.

PAINTER
Don't let her look man, she could go into shock.

Jeffers hesitates calmly, then goes over and puts a hand on her forehead, pushing it down. He shushes her quietly.

ROBIN
Let me see. I want to see my baby.

JEFFERS
(to Painter)
Do you have it?

PAINTER
Almost.

And Jeffers brings his gun slowly to Robin's temple.

ROBIN
Just let me see my baby. Please.

JEFFERS
You will. You will.

BOOM

The door bursts open and Parker and Longbaugh spill in - just as shocked as anyone.

And Jeffers ducks down, cradling Robin's head and aiming at the door.

No time wasted. Everyone raises their weapons. Longbaugh aims at Jeffers, Jeffers at Parker, Parker first at Jeffers, then back through the crack in the door to fire a few rounds into the darkened corridor.

Finally, Jeffers aims his pistol at Robin's head.

Longbaugh crosses the room and aims at Robin's belly - Painter's hands and all.

Painter is calm now - intently focusing on his work to keep from losing his head. Defiantly denying it is happening.

He starts to hum. Trembling.

Painter glances at his medical bag nearby.

Jeffers thinks, then aims at Longbaugh again. Longbaugh takes a moment, like a chess master...

Then aims at Painter. Painter's breath comes out his nose like a locomotive, but he does not look up. He keeps right on working.

JEFFERS
Interesting. Very interesting.

Suddenly, Jeffers swings the flashlight around and blinds Longbaugh. It is only for an instant, but it is long enough for him to drop the flashlight and grab the barrel of Longbaugh's rifle. He pitches it aside as he steps in, thrusting his own pistol toward Longbaugh's chin.

And suddenly, Painter's blood covered hand grabs Jeffers gun. Longbaugh hits the floor as it goes off, just missing his head. Then:

POW

Jeffers stands on wobbly legs, his eyes looking at the ceiling as blood gushes from a gaping hole in his neck.

Painter holds the gun Longbaugh put back in his medical bag back at the rest area.

Longbaugh stands with the flashlight illuminating his face. It is peppered on one side with powder burns. He stifles incredible pain.

Parker - still at the door, in stunned as Jeffers collapses.

PAINTER
Wow... Wow... I'm sorry.

LONGBAUGH
Forget about it.

Longbaugh gingerly takes the gun from Painter. Painter grabs a bottle of disinfectant and begins washing his hands, stunned.

BOOM BOOM BOOM

Parker throws a few more shots down the dark hallway to discourage anyone from coming up.

Longbaugh looks at Jeffers on the floor. Then at Robin and her open belly.

PARKER
They're coming.

LONGBAUGH
How's the baby?

ROBIN
Why do you ask?

Painter, in shock, is wandering towards the door.

LONGBAUGH
Hey, Doc.

Painter looks at him, eyes glazed.

LONGBAUGH (cont'd)
Get back in there.

PAINTER
I'm sorry.

But Painter keeps heading for the door in shock. Longbaugh grabs him and presses a thumb into the stitching above the doctor's eye. That snaps him out of it with a yell. He goes back to Robin.

Longbaugh shines the flashlight on Painter, then on Parker at the door, then on Robin's face - a face that has been through a lot. Her eyes do not plead with this one. They just stare. Her breathing is erratic, but slowly coming under control.

He surveys the entire macabre scenario for quite some time.

CLOSE UP ON LONGBAUGH as he thinks what to do. Silence.

Parker is peering down the hallway, waiting. The quiet is worse than the sound of gunfire. Parker slams the door and steps back toward Longbaugh. They both keep their guns trained on the door.

PARKER
Time to deal out.

LONGBAUGH
Huh?

Longbaugh seems to be only half listening. His mind is elsewhere.

PARKER
Get behind the girl, let 'em come in. Their not going to be shooting if -

LONGBAUGH
No.

And Parker looks at him with some measure of surprise.

PARKER
What?

LONGBAUGH
No. No... We go through that door - down that hall. Kill 'em all. Take the money.

PARKER
And if we don't kill them all?

LONGBAUGH
She's had enough, man. She's had enough.

And Longbaugh hands Robin the flashlight.

Long pause. Then Parker smiles. He looks at Robin who is just as shocked as anyone. Parker looks at her as she begins sobbing the first thing like relief since we have known her.

PARKER
We'll be right back.

They move for the door. Longbaugh stops.

LONGBAUGH
What if he tries to leave?

Parker thinks, then takes Painter's pistol from Longbaugh's belt. He hands it to her. Then he points to Painter.

PARKER
If he moves. Shoot him.

Robin rolls her eyes in disbelief. A flashlight in one hand, a gun in the other.

PAINTER
This is... this... This is no way to work.

Parker and Longbaugh look at one another, take a deep breath...

And they go through the door.

178 **INT. WHOREHOUSE - VARIOUS** 178

What follows is a choreography. A western style shoot-out between young and old. In and out of shadows. Parker and Longbaugh slowly spending ammunition until they are down to just handguns.

It is designed to be a diminishing gunfight, slowly stripping away all the bullshit and pyrotechnics until it comes down to the very painful reality. It only takes one.

And now Parker and Longbaugh are down to none. All their guns spent. Mags empty. Three bagmen dead and the last one dying from stab wounds compliments of Parker.

Parker and Longbaugh themselves are bleeding and tattered, shot.

We'll spare you the details.

POP POP POP POP POP

Parker and Longbaugh drop from some final shots fired from the shadows.

The lights come back on.

They are both leaning against the wall, searching in vain for one last magazine to reload when Joe Sarno walks uninjured out of the few remaining shadows.

He drops the bag of money on the floor with an impressive thud. He dumps the empty shells out of his revolver and searches his pockets for more.

Nothing.

Silence.

But for the sound of a baby crying from the other room.

179 **INT. BACK BEDROOM** 179

Painter hands Robin their child. She drops the gun and cradles him to her chest.

180 **INT. WHOREHOUSE - GROUND FLOOR** 180

Sarno pulls out an old walkie talkie and holds it to his lips.

SARNO
Come on up.

He looks at Parker and Longbaugh. Both now brandishing knives. Both ready for him. Both cornered animals, slowly bleeding. Exhausted. Sarno takes a seat on the floor, wincing as his knees crack.

Just then, THREE PARAMEDICS RUN past them and into the other room. One of them is pushing a stretcher. The sound of hurried voices tending to Robin and her child.

The three war horses just stare at one another quietly for a while.

Painter comes out of the next room. His arms covered in blood, his face much older than it was this morning.

PARKER
We're sorry we killed all your friends.

Sarno looks around at the mess.

SARNO
They understood.

Painter just rolls his eyes. He doesn't get these guys at all.

PARKER
You gonna take the baby from her?

LONGBAUGH
It's their kid. Her and the Doctor. Tell him.

Sarno looks up at Painter with all knowing eyes.

SARNO
Is that true?

Painter looks. Thinks. Unsure which answer will cost him what.

PAINTER
What do you think?

Robin is wheeled through the room. She looks down and gets one last look at Parker and Longbaugh.

PARKER (O.S.)
Come on. You can tell somebody's family just by looking.

Then she looks at Sarno and they share a smile. A look of familiarity. Of understanding. Of...

SARNO
I don't think. I observe.

And that is the last look we get at her. And the baby - wrapped tightly in her arms.

And Painter follows the Paramedics. And Sarno follows him - picking up the bag with the money.

As for Parker and Longbaugh. They are left behind.

LONGBAUGH
Until that day, then.

Sarno waves without looking back.

SARNO
Until that day.

And Parker and Longbaugh lay there in their own blood. Very much the way we saw them in the beginning. And they smile.

A slight touch of the hands is all they can muster.

PARKER
Okay... I got an idea -

Longbaugh raises a hand to cut him off.

LONGBAUGH
I'm with you to the end. To the bone. Whatever. But when we die... we die alone.

And they both start laughing. Weak at first, but getting stronger as we pull away.

PARKER (V.O)
And that was our story. Texas chapter.

And in the darkness of this old brothel, things look very grey - getting greyer all the time.

PARKER (cont'd)
And what did we learn? That intention is nothing. That action is everything. And that whether the ending is happy or not... depends on how closely you're willing to look at the details.

181 **INT. PLUSH LIVING ROOM - DAY** 181

Hale Chidduck - finally relaxed...

FRANCESCA (O.S.)
Hale.

His wild eyed wife rushes into the room. She holds two glasses of champagne.

FRANCESCA (cont'd)
I'm pregnant.

BLACK