

U-Turn

(Stray Dogs)

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and

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**NOTE: THE HARD COPY OF THIS SCRIPT CONTAINED SCENE NUMBERS AND SOME "OMITTED" SLUGS. THEY HAVE BEEN REMOVED FOR THIS SOFT COPY.**

**EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE DESERT SOUTHWEST - DAY**

**BEGIN TITLES OVER:**

It is early morning and already hot. INSECTS drone, crackle, and scurry for shade. PRAIRIE DOGS burrow to escape the sun. We can see the heat shimmering off the surface of the Earth.

On a dusty highway, a pair of VULTURES dine on a dead coyote. One of them snags an intestine and tugs a few feet of it out of the carcass.

In the distance, where a long, dusty road meets the horizon, a small shape appears -- a Sixty-four-and-a-half Mustang convertible, its top down. Its candy-apple red burns like a brilliant fireball under the sun. As the car drifts closer, we see steam escaping from under the hood. Sammi Smith's "Please Help Me Get Through The Night" plays on the car's radio.

**INT. BOBBY COOPER'S MUSTANG - DAY**

At the wheel, ignoring impending disaster, BOBBY COOPER, young, good-looking, fiddles with the RADIO dial, annoyed only to find country stations. He's been driving since noon yesterday and it shows -- along with a heavily-bandaged left hand resting on the steering wheel. He finds something by Pearl Jam or Smashing Pumpkins and he cranks it. He pops a Percodan with his good hand

as, in the shimmering distance ahead, he sees black shapes in the road and lays on the horn.

**BOBBY**

Get off the goddamn road!

**EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY**

As the MUSTANG powers by, the VULTURES move off the shoulder, silently watching.

**INT. MUSTANG - DAY**

The RADIO blares as BOBBY fights to stay awake. His attention is caught by blue and red lights flashing in the oncoming lane. He sits up as the POLICE CAR (SHERIFF POTTER inside) closes quickly. The SIREN starts faintly, then SCREAMS as the cruiser roars past at speed.

**BOBBY**

Fuck you!

There is a loud pop from the front of the Mustang and a thick cloud of steam now pours from the hood. The temperature gauge now starts rising.

**BOBBY**

No!...Not now!...Shit!

A couple of SEMIS roar past in the opposite direction, buffetting the Mustang with their air waves.

**EXT. FORK IN THE ROAD - DAY**

The car rolls into a fork in the road, limping with the droop of an animal that won't make another hundred yards.

One sign on the larger road says "GLOBE" is 29 miles away. The other sign, on the lesser road, tells us "SUPERIOR" is only 2 miles. A third sign confirms his destiny with "Gas, Food, 1 Mile."

BOBBY seems to have no choice. He aims the car down the lesser road towards "Superior, Arizona."

**EXT. OUTSKIRTS SUPERIOR - DAY**

The car rattles on its last legs, as BOBBY mutters incantations, noticing a old, ghostlike MINING COMPANY at the base of the mountains overlooking the TOWN. It's deserted now, no one visible, the gates shut, but in its vast, dark bulk, we sense the ancient richness and power of this town. Bobby moves on.

**EXT. HARLIN'S GARAGE - DAY**

Down the road from the MINING COMPANY, BOBBY'S CAR pulls into a small GAS STATION, made of weather-beaten wood, its windows long since dusted over. The pumps themselves look to have been manufactured in the early fifties. Above the station is a sign so faded it's barely readable: HARLIN'S.

Bobby gets out of the car and with great care, favoring his bandaged left hand which seems to give him a great deal of pain, he opens the hood. A plume of steam hits him in the face.

**BOBBY**

Oh shit!

Bobby looks around for someone, anyone. After a few moments he reaches into the car and blows the horn. He waits, then blows it again. From out of the station walks DARRELL - a slow-looking man in coveralls caked with grease and dirty. He looks the part of a yokel.

**BOBBY**

You Harlin?

**DARRELL**

Nope. Darrell.

**BOBBY**

Harlin around?

**DARRELL**

He's up at the Look Out.

Darrell points a scraggly finger at a plateau in the distance.

**BOBBY**

Will he be back soon?

**DARRELL**

Doubt it. He's dead. The Look Out's a cemetery.

**BOBBY**

You own this place?

**DARRELL**

Yep.

**BOBBY**

Then why do you call it Harlin's?

**DARRELL**

'Cause Harlin used to own it.

**BOBBY**

But he's dead.

**DARRELL**

So?

Bobby is confused, but chooses to drop the matter.

**BOBBY**

You want to take a look at my car? I think the radiator hose is--

**DARRELL**

Damn. Gonna be another hot one today. Sometimes I don't even want to get out of bed. Course don't want to get out for the cold one's neither. Then of course the clouds come in...

Darrell mops his brow with a greasy rag. It doesn't so much wipe the sweat as it does streak his forehead with dirt.

**BOBBY**

Look, Harlin, I've got places to be.

**DARRELL**

Darrell--

**BOBBY**

OK. Darrell... Could you just take a look at my radiator hose. It's busted.

Darrell is clearly upset at being cut off. He leans into the car and looks at the engine.

**BOBBY**

So?

**DARRELL**

It's your radiator hose. It's busted.

**BOBBY**

I know it's busted. What did I just tell you?

**DARRELL**

Well, you know so much why don't you just fix it yourself?

**BOBBY**

If I could do you think I'd be standing here wasting my time. Can you fix it, or do I have to go somewhere else?

**DARRELL**

Somewhere else? Mister, somewhere else is fifty miles from here. Only other gas station down in town closed 3 years ago when the mine got shut...

**BOBBY**

Okay, I'm stuck. You happy? Now can you fix it, or not?

**DARRELL**

Yeah, I can fix it.

**BOBBY**

Great!

**DARRELL**

Gotta run over to the yard and see if I can find a hose like this one, or close enough. Gonna take time.

**BOBBY**

How much time?

**DARRELL**

Time.

**BOBBY** (rewinds his watch)

What time is it now?

**DARRELL**

Twenty-after-ten.

**BOBBY**

Jesus. Twenty-after-ten and it must be ninety already.

**DARRELL**

Ninety-two. Course half hour from now might be seventy-two. These clouds move around a lot.

Bobby wipes the bandaged hand across his forehead.

**DARRELL**

What happened to your hand?

Self-consciously Bobby quickly drops his hand to his side.

**BOBBY**

Accident.

**DARRELL**

You got to be more careful. Hands is important. Let me show you something. When I was a kid, now I don't know if you can still see it, but I gashed my fingers in a lawnmower.

**BOBBY**

I'm very interested in this but is there someplace...

**DARRELL**

Diner up a piece. Not much, but us simple folk like it.

**BOBBY**

I'll be back in a couple of hours. And be careful with her, will you?

Darrell slams down the hood.

**DARRELL**

Just a car.

Bobby reaches into the car, pulls out a small ugly gym bag which he slings onto his shoulder and moves to the trunk, pops it open.

**BOBBY**

It's not just a car. It's a sixty-four and half Mustang convertible. That's the difference between you and me, and why you live here and I'm just passing through.

The trunk lid rises in the air, partially blocking Bobby from Darrell, acting as a partition between them.

**BOBBY**

Now do you mind? I got to get some stuff out of the trunk.

He throws the car key to Darrell who takes the hint, spits grotesquely into the dirt, scratches his nuts, and walks back to the shack.

Concealed by the trunk lid, Bobby pulls out a GUN (a .9mm black Baretta), wrapped in a t-shirt, from the top of the bag. Perhaps we see a flash of green money, lots of it. Sports pages and

betting sheets are piled inside. With a look around, Bobby takes the gun and stashes it underneath the rubber mat in the trunk. Briefly we notice a towing ROPE under the mat. There is a small travel bag, from which he peels a fresh bottle of Percodan, quickly taking two, as well as the sports page.

**INT. HARLIN'S GARAGE - DAY**

DARRELL watches out of the darkened office through the front window, as BOBBY slams the trunk and starts walking down the road, with the bag on his shoulder.

**EXT. DESERT ROAD - LATER**

BOBBY walks along a dusty patch of road into town past a sign saying "SUPERIOR - HOME OF THE GOLDEN DOOR RETIREMENT COMMUNITY." As he walks on, a pair of MOTORCYCLERS roar past on their Harleys blanketing him in a cloud of DUST. He shouts after them, but his words are lost under the whine of the cycle engines.

**EXT. SUPERIOR MAIN STREET - DAY**

BOBBY hits town, such as it is: The Freeway left here a few years back. There are only a few little stores: A general store, a catalog outlet, a post office that doubles as a bus depot. All of them built for the desert heat. The busiest spot in town seems to be the truckstop/diner with a few 18 wheelers parked outside it.

At the corner of one street sits an old BLIND MAN dressed in raggedy clothes, perhaps an Indian. His SEEING-EYE DOG lies next to him. He's talking to TWO OLD MEN, veterans perhaps, Indian or Spanish. They both have missing limbs and slide off with furtive alcoholic looks as Bobby passes. The Blind Man yells out in an American Indian accent.

**BLIND MAN**

Hey! You there!

**BOBBY**

You want something, old man?

**BLIND MAN**

Don't call me old man. Ain't you got no respect, boy?

**BOBBY**

You want something?

**BLIND MAN**

Yeah I want something. I want you to run

over to that machine and get me a pop.

**BOBBY**

You can't do that yourself?

**BLIND MAN**

Hell no, I can't do that myself. I'm blind. Can't you see that?

**BOBBY**

I'm sorry, I didn't--

**BLIND MAN**

What'd you think I was doing out here with these glasses on? Sunnin' myself?

**BOBBY**

I don't know. I thought you were keeping the sun out of your eyes.

**BLIND MAN**

I ain't got no eyes. You want to see?

**BOBBY**

Christ no!

**BLIND MAN**

Lost my eyes in Vyee-et-nam. Lost them fighting the commies. Fought the war and lost my eyes fightin' the commies just so you can come around here and make fun of me.

**BOBBY**

I said I was sorry.

**BLIND MAN**

Don't be sorry. Just run over there and get me my pop before I die of thirst.

**BOBBY**

Yeah, sure. You got change?

**BLIND MAN**

Change? You want my change? I fought the war and lost my eyes just so I could give you my change?

**BOBBY**

All right, old man. Christ.

Bobby walks across the street to a very old soda machine; it has

bottles instead of cans. The blind man shouts to Bobby.

**BLIND MAN**

Get me a Dr. Peppa! I don't want no Colas.  
Colas ain't nothing but flavored water.

Bobby puts change in the machine and pulls out a bottle of Dr. Pepper. He starts back to the blind man.

**BLIND MAN**

Don't forget to open it for me. I can't be opening my own bottle.

**BOBBY**

Christ!

Bobby goes back to the machine and opens the bottle, then walks back to the old man who pours a splash on the ground.

**BLIND MAN**

A little for Mother Earth. I'm about fifty percent Indian, you know. To all our relations.

He takes a hearty swig of the soda.

**BLIND MAN**

Ah! Just what I needed! Want some?

The blind man holds the bottle out to Bobby. A string of saliva runs from his lips to the bottle's neck.

**BOBBY**

I'll pass.

Bobby reaches down and pets the old man's dog. Flies buzz around both the dog and the Blind Man.

**BOBBY**

I think you'd better give your pooch a sip.  
He looks sick.

**BLIND MAN**

That's 'cause he's dead.

Bobby jumps back.

**BOBBY**

Oh, Jesus.

**BLIND MAN**

I hope you wasn't pettin' him none, was

you?

**BOBBY**

What the hell are you keeping a dead dog around for?

**BLIND MAN**

He's only just dead. What was I supposed to do with him? I can't take him away anywhere. And nobody wants to take him for me. Do you?

**BOBBY**

Hell no!

**BLIND MAN**

See. Ain't nothing I can do but keep him here beside me. That's where he belongs anyways. Me and Jesse, that's my dog, not anymore, but me and Jesse we been pals since the war when I lost my eyes. He was just a pup then... a companion that's loyal, that'll keep coming back to you no matter how much you kick him...I miss him. (as Bobby moves away) I'll see ya later, unless I come across something worse.

Bobby noticing a beautiful woman down the street, GRACE McKENNA, compulsively turns and catches up to her. She is dressed better than the usual t-shirts and tank tops of this town -- perhaps a mail-ordered dress or a mother's hand-me-down. With her raven hair and caramel skin, it is obvious she is Native American. Her arms are full with an awkward package she can barely manage.

**BOBBY**

Can I give you a hand, beautiful?

**GRACE**

I'm just going to my car?

**BOBBY**

That's right on my way.

**GRACE**

My mother told me never to accept offers from strangers.

**BOBBY**

My name is Bobby. Now I'm not a stranger anymore. See how easy it is for us to get to know each other, beautiful?

**GRACE**

Do you have to call me that?

**BOBBY**

I don't know your real name.

**GRACE**

Maybe I don't want you to.

Grace stops walking.

**BOBBY**

Maybe, but if you didn't I think you would have kept on walking.

**GRACE**

You're pretty full of yourself, aren't you?

**BOBBY**

I like that about me, beautiful.

**GRACE**

It's Grace.

**BOBBY**

May I carry your package, Grace?

Grace hesitates, then gives the package to Bobby. He has trouble with it himself.

**BOBBY**

Jesus.

**GRACE**

You sure you can manage?

**BOBBY**

I got it.

**GRACE**

Do you want me to carry your pack for you?

Bobby blurts out emphatically.

**BOBBY**

No!

He catches himself, and softens a bit.

**BOBBY**

No, I've got it.

**GRACE**

What happened to your hand?

**BOBBY**

Accident.

**GRACE**

You should be more careful.

They start walking towards Grace's car.

**GRACE**

It's very nice of you to help me. That package is kind of heavy, and it's so hot.

**BOBBY**

No trouble at all, really.

They get to a car and Bobby puts down the package.

**BOBBY**

Wasn't nothing.

**GRACE**

Oh, this isn't my car. It's down a ways. I should have parked closer. I just didn't think it would be so heavy. I could drive up.

**BOBBY**

That's all right. I got it.

Bobby takes up the package and they begin walking again. The package seems to have gained weight.

**GRACE**

It's just new drapes and curtain rods. If I had known it was going to be so heavy I would have had them delivered up to the house.

Bobby struggles with the package. Sweat starts to sheet his face.

**BOBBY (panting)**

That a fact?

**GRACE**

I just got tired of looking at the old drapes. My mother made them. Had them long as I can remember. You ever seen something and just knew you had to have it?

BOBBY (straining)  
Yes, I have.

**GRACE**  
'Course they cost a little more than I should really be spending. But, damn it, I don't hardly ever do anything nice for myself. I deserve nice things.

BOBBY (can hardly talk)  
I ... can't ... argue ...

They arrive at a JEEP SAHARA.

**GRACE**  
This is it.

Bobby practically drops the package. He is covered with sweat.

**GRACE**  
Thank you, Bobby.

**BOBBY**  
You're welcome, Grace.

**GRACE**  
You're not from around here, are you?

**BOBBY**  
Why you say that? Just because I help a lady with her package?

**GRACE**  
You don't have that dead look in your eyes like the only thing you live for is to get through the day.

**BOBBY**  
I just drove in this morning.

**GRACE**  
Drove into Superior? What for?

**BOBBY**  
Didn't have a choice. My car overheated up the road.

**GRACE**  
You're lucky you didn't break down in the desert. Day like today, you'd be dead in no time. When you leaving?

**BOBBY**

Not until my car's fixed. I don't know how long that's going to take.

**GRACE**

And here I've made you all hot and sweaty.

Grace steps to Bobby and places her hand against his chest. She rubs away some of the sweat. They look at each other a beat. A POLICE CAR, seen earlier, pulls up beside them from behind and idles. SHERIFF VIRGIL POTTER is a weathered, handsome, middle-aged man with suspicious eyes, black haired in contrast to Bobby's sandiness.

**SHERIFF**

Morning Grace.

**GRACE**

Morning Sheriff. Got my drapes.

**SHERIFF**

Well it's about time. Looks like you found yourself a helper too.

Bobby wants to shrink behind the drapes.

**GRACE**

Well, he offered, and I just couldn't refuse. His car overheated.

**SHERIFF**

Oh?

Bobby turns to the Sheriff and forces a smile.

**BOBBY**

Morning, officer.

**SHERIFF**

Son.

(beat, to Grace)

Little excitement out at the reservation this morning. Wayne and Dale Elkhart were up drinking all night and then Wayne starts chasing Dale around the desert with his shotgun. BIA handled it. I went by for backup.

**GRACE**

Anybody hurt?

**SHERIFF**

Hell, no. That Wayne can't shoot when he's sober, much less drunk. He's lucky he didn't kill his own danged self.

(beat)

Well, anyhow, you stay cool. Nice meeting you, son.

**BOBBY**

Same here, officer.

The Sheriff drives on. Pause. They look at each other.

**GRACE**

Well, I guess I could use some help getting this box into the house. Not far. You could shower, get something cool to drink.

Bobby considers the offer, but there's not much considering to do.

**BOBBY**

Well, I could use something cool.

**EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY**

BOBBY rides along with GRACE in her JEEP.

**GRACE**

Where you coming from?

**BOBBY**

All over. Chicago, Houston, Detroit. Just lately Dallas.

**GRACE**

You've been around.

**BOBBY**

I guess I've got wander in my blood.

**GRACE**

Where you headed?

**BOBBY**

I don't know. I have to make a stop in Vegas. Business to finish. Then maybe I'll head to Santa Barbara. I might be able to pick up some action there.

**GRACE**

So, what is it you do, Mister...?

**BOBBY**

Cooper. Bobby Cooper. Oh you know, whatever pays best. Little bartending, used to teach tennis, played a little competition ... (drops it).

**GRACE**

I never played tennis. You just travel around Bobby-- no direction, no steady work. You must like taking chances.

**BOBBY**

If you're going to gamble, might as well play for high stakes.

**GRACE**

What happens when you lose?

**BOBBY**

I pack up and go somewhere else.

**GRACE (wistfully)**

Somewhere else. I've never been anywhere else. Just once. Years ago. Went to the State Fair. It was nice, but it wasn't nothing.

**BOBBY**

I couldn't stay in this place. I wouldn't. I'd just pick up, do whatever I had to do, and get out.

Grace looks to Bobby and smiles.

**GRACE**

Sometimes I feel the exact same way.

**INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM - LATER - DAY**

BOBBY, naked, steps into the shower and turns on the water. It shoots from the shower head and cascades over his body. As the water falls over him we hear a Russian accented voice:

**VOICE (V.O.)**

I want my money.

Bobby press his left hand against the white tile to steady himself. His hand is curled in such a way we cannot see his pinky or ring finger. Bobby leans back in the shower. Just as he does:

**EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

It is raining hard. Matching the backwards motion of the last scene BOBBY is thrown violently against a brick wall, facing out.

**VOICE (V.O.)**

I want my money.

**BOBBY**

Look, I'll get the money! You don't want to do this!

**VOICE (V.O.)**

Take two for now. One a week, punk...

Bobby is being pressed against the wall by two muscular GOONS. Another MAN stands partially hidden behind the goon's frame. With one hand one goon flattens Bobby's hand against the brick, with his other he clips two fingers off with a GARDEN SHEAR. We see Bobby's face in agonizing pain, then he slides screaming to the ground until he is framed between the legs of the men.

As Bobby clutches his left hand the rainwater runs in streaks down his ashen, blank face.

**INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

We see BOBBY's face reliving the experience as once again we hear the voice.

**VOICE (V.O.)**

Two weeks, asshole. Get the money or you gonna lose your nose and ears.

Bobby has slumped to the floor of the shower, looking to his left hand, almost crying, unable to tolerate it. As a streak of blood snakes down the white tile we see that the pinky and ring FINGERS have been cut off at the joints.

**INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM - DAY**

BOBBY, his hand rebandaged, is putting on his clothes.

**BOBBY (to himself)**

You're still lucky.

As he does he looks at himself in the mirror. He bends to pick up his shirt which is draped over the gym bag. As he lifts it we can see, perhaps more closely than at the garage, that the bag is 3/4 filled with money. He closes the bag and stands. In the

MIRROR, hidden in the doorway, he sees GRACE watching him. Bobby slows perceptibly, but does not try to hide himself. After a moment Grace walks into the room carrying a glass of lemonade.

**GRACE**

Thought you might like a refill on your lemonade.

Bobby takes the lemonade and drinks it down. He rubs the glass against his forehead.

**BOBBY**

That's good. Cools you right off.  
(tentatively) I saw you watching me.

**GRACE**

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to.

**BOBBY**

I didn't say it bothered me.

**GRACE**

Did you like it; me watching you?

**BOBBY**

I guess. I've got an ego same as any man.

**GRACE**

Good, 'cause I liked what I saw.

Bobby gives a smile as devilish as it is pleasant. Grace slides an ice cube from the glass between her lips. He notices a framed picture of GRACE and an OLDER MAN.

**BOBBY**

Nice place.

**GRACE**

Thank you.

Grace sits on the edge of the bed. Bobby indicates the picture, ironic.

**BOBBY**

Who's that, your father?

GRACE (without much thought)

Stepfather...

BOBBY (coy)

Got a boyfriend?

**GRACE**

No. Not really.

Bobby senses she's lying but plays along.

**BOBBY**

Must get kind of lonely for a woman living by herself in a big house.

**GRACE**

I guess it must.

**BOBBY**

What do you do anyway?

**GRACE**

A little of this, a little of that. Mostly I tell fortunes.

**BOBBY**

Where'd you learn to do that?

**GRACE**

From my father. He was the tribe's shaman.

**BOBBY**

A medicine man?

**GRACE**

Those are white words, not ours.

**BOBBY**

Nice house for a shaman's daughter. You must be good.

**GRACE**

Come here.

Bobby goes to Grace and kneels before her. She takes his head in her hands and looks deep into his eyes. Her voice goes thick, but soft, like a morning fog.

**GRACE**

There's something in your past; something you want to keep hidden. There's a pain. Something ... someone you can't forget. And there is something you want very badly. It seems very far away to you, but you are determined, and you will do what you must to get it.

Bobby closes his hands on Grace's and takes them from his face. He is more than slightly spooked by the accuracy of Grace's

reading.

**BOBBY**

My face tell you all that?

**GRACE**

It tells me what every face tells me.  
Everybody has a past, they have a pain, and  
they have something they want.  
(seductively) What is it you want?

**BOBBY**

The same thing you do.

They silently stare into each other's eyes.

**GRACE**

Really? I want to hang drapes.

Grace walks from the room. For a moment Bobby stares after her.  
He takes an ice cube from his glass and crunches it in his  
teeth.

**INT. GRACE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

GRACE is standing on a step ladder trying to hang the drapes.  
BOBBY notices a photo of Grace with an older INDIAN WOMAN, her  
mother?

**GRACE**

Hold me.

Bobby stands behind her, gently places his hands on Grace's  
waist.

**GRACE**

Tighter. I won't break. You know girls are  
a lot tougher than men think.

Bobby holds her tighter as she finished hanging the drapes. His  
eyes are transfixed on her ass.

**GRACE**

There. All done. Lift me down.

**BOBBY**

What?

**GRACE**

Lift me down.

Bobby lifts Grace down from the ladder. He holds her, his hands

around her waist.

**GRACE**

You can let go of me now. I'm safe. (with a wicked smile) How do they look?

**BOBBY**

Like you.

**GRACE**

Beautiful?

**BOBBY** (kidding)

Like they're made of polyester.

**GRACE**

I like them. I was sick of looking at this room. I think they add a little life.

**BOBBY**

Nothing like a little liveliness.

With a sexy pout Grace loads the next question.

**GRACE**

No more drapes to hang. Now what should we do?

**BOBBY**

I have an idea.

**GRACE**

And what would that be?

Bobby steps close to Grace and takes her by the shoulders. He pulls her to him and presses his lips hard to hers. Grace doesn't respond.

**BOBBY**

All right, Grace. No more games.

**GRACE** (innocently)

Games?

**BOBBY**

You flirt with me, then you run cold. You lead me on, then slap me down. I don't go for being jerked around.

**GRACE**

Really? And what game did you want to play? You carry my box for me, and I fall

into bed with you?

Bobby grabs up his pack.

**BOBBY**

I think I can find my own way back to  
into town.

**GRACE**

Maybe I like to find out about a man first.  
Maybe I like to know what he's made of.

**BOBBY**

I'm just flesh and blood, baby. That and a  
few memories of bad women; just like most  
guys. But you already know that. You read  
my mind, remember? Thanks for the lemonade.

Bobby turns to leave.

**GRACE**

You never did answer my question.

**BOBBY**

Still playing?

**GRACE**

That's not an answer. What is it you want?

**BOBBY**

You know what I want.

**GRACE**

Maybe I just want to hear you say it.

For a beat Bobby stands and stares hard at Grace. His pack  
slides from his shoulder and thuds on the floor. With great  
determination, like a beast closing for the kill, Bobby moves  
for her. Grace stands firm, ready for him; her head tilts back.  
Her breath comes deep and hard.

Just as Bobby is about to reach her, just as he is about to take  
her, he is stopped dead by the booming voice of JAKE McKENNA.

**JAKE (O.S.)**

Grace!

Bobby turns to face Jake: An older man, still large and  
formidable for his age.

**GRACE (nonplussed)**

Jake. I thought you...

**JAKE**

Who the hell is this!?

**BOBBY**

Who the hell are you?

**JAKE**

I'm her husband.

**BOBBY** (shocked whisper)

Husband ...?

**JAKE**

Now who the hell are you, and it better be good, or God help me I'll break you in half.

**BOBBY**

Easy, chief. I... I was helping your wife. I met her in town. She needed a hand with her drapes. That's all.

**JAKE**

Didn't much look like you were hanging drapes.

**BOBBY**

I swear to you that's all that happened. I haven't so much as set foot in your bedroom.

**JAKE**

A lot that means.

**BOBBY**

Grace, tell him.

Grace says nothing. She picks up a glass of lemonade and sips at it coolly.

**BOBBY**

Damn it, Grace! Tell him.

**GRACE** (coyly)

If he says that's what happened, Jake, it must be true.

**JAKE**

Oh yeah, and I suppose you didn't have anything to do with it Grace, he just wandered up here by hisself. I got a mind

to put you over my knee and paddle your  
ass raw!

BOBBY (to Grace)  
You bitch! Is this what it's all about? You  
sucker me up here so you can watch the two  
of us beat the shit out of each other over  
you? You both... Forget it! (heads for the  
door)

**JAKE**  
Where you going!

BOBBY (exiting)  
'Scuse me, you want to take my head off,  
mister. I won't even try to stop you. I  
deserve it for being an idiot. But if  
you're not, I think I'll be on my way...  
Ow!

Jake punches him in the nose.

**JAKE**  
You can't just walk in here and walk out,  
you sonufabitch! I'm gonna tear you a new  
asshole!

**BOBBY**  
You broke my nose!

**JAKE**  
It ain't broke.

It probably isn't, but it bleeds. Bobby feels the blood and then  
sees it on his shirt.

**BOBBY**  
Goddamn it! I'm... you're lucky I don't sue  
you.

JAKE (opens the door)  
Get goin' Junior.

Bobby glares back at Grace who gives him a maddening little  
smile.

**BOBBY**  
You people are crazy!

He storms out holding his nose.

**EXT. DESERT ROAD - LATER - DAY**

BOBBY, holding a handkerchief to his nose which has stopped bleeding, hauling his bag on his shoulder, walks back to town along the side of the road. Already he is caked with a mixture of sweat and dust, looking up at the relentless sun that beats down on him.

**BOBBY**

Fuckin' shithole!

A CADILLAC slows beside him, JAKE driving.

**BOBBY**

What the fuck do you want?

**JAKE**

I'll give you a lift, son. Too hot to be walking... People die out here, y'know.

Bobby continues walking.

**JAKE**

Aw, you're not still upset about that love tap, are you? If I meant you real trouble, I'd have given it to you by now. Get in, lad. Come on. Get in.

Bobby gets in.

**JAKE**

After you huffed off, Grace lied so bad, I got so pissed off, I pulled down her pants to paddle her ass raw and finger-fucked it instead. Sorry I lost my cool like that. It's a funny thing, women.

**BOBBY**

Yeah...

**JAKE**

Say, what happened to your hand?

**BOBBY**

Accident.

**JAKE**

You've got to be--

**BOBBY**

Yeah, I know. More careful.

**JAKE**

I guess we've never been introduced proper.  
Jake McKenna.

**BOBBY**

That's a solid name.

**JAKE**

I'm a solid man.

**BOBBY**

Bobby Cooper.

**JAKE**

"Bobby Cooper." What brings you to  
Superior, Coop?

**BOBBY**

An overheated car.

**JAKE**

Oh? Darrell taking good care of you?

**BOBBY**

Darrell's a moron.

JAKE (laughs)

Yeah, he sure is a character. You need any  
help with that car now?... Where you  
headed?

**BOBBY**

California...

**JAKE**

Live there?

**BOBBY**

Got work. I know a man who's got a boat.  
Wants me to sail it for him.

**JAKE**

You a sailor man? That'd be the life.  
Drive across the country, step on a boat  
and just sail away. A man could pretty  
well disappear like that. Just sail away  
until all he was was a memory. I guess a  
little place like this would just be a dot  
on a map to you after awhile.

**BOBBY**

I hope so. (beat) Listen, McKenna about  
your wife: If I had known she was

married--

**JAKE**

It wouldn't have made a difference to you, now would it? Not a wit. Do you know why? Because you're a man without scruples.

**BOBBY**

Wait a second--

**JAKE**

Ah, I can smell it on you.

Jake wipes his hand across the back of Bobby's neck and holds it to his nose.

**BOBBY**

Hey!

**JAKE**

That's the sweat of a man who hasn't an honest bone in his body. Don't be offended, lad. A man who's got no ethics is a free man. I envy that. Beside, how can I blame you? That Grace sure has a mind of her own, and a body to match, don't she? Eh?

Jake nudges Bobby who smiles a nervous smile.

**JAKE**

She does at that. I knew when I married her she was a free spirit. A woman with her looks and a man my age; what was I to expect? But you see a woman like that in a town like this and you don't think, you do. So, I married her. What are you to do, eh? Women.

**BOBBY**

Can't live with them, and you can't shoot 'em.

Jake looks at Bobby, his lips curled into a sly smile.

**JAKE**

"You can't shoot 'em!" I like that. (laughs) I bet she led you on good, didn't she? Taking you up to the house to hang drapes. Oh that's a good one. Bet she had you hard as a rock wiggling her ass in your face. I bet you just wanted to pull down

her pants and hog her out. Then me busting in like some wild bear. Ha! Bet you had a fire going under you.

**BOBBY**

Like you don't know.

**JAKE**

Mad like a dog in heat, I bet you were. I can tell you got a temper on you.

Bobby gives a little laugh.

**JAKE**

Bet you just wanted to snap her neck right then, didn't you? Bet you just wanted to kill her.

Bobby starts to laugh heartily. Jake joins in, then stops abruptly.

**JAKE**

Would you?

**BOBBY**

Would I what?

**JAKE**

Would you kill her?

Bobby starts to laugh. Bobby stops laughing.

**JAKE**

Because I'm sick and tired of her little games. Because you could do it and drift away on your boat and no one would ever see you again. Because I've got a fifty-thousand dollar life insurance policy on her, and I would be more than happy to give the man who does her in a good chunk of it.

For a moment Bobby sits in silence not sure of what to make of the offer.

**BOBBY**

I've done a few things but I'm not a murderer, Mr. McKenna.

**JAKE**

How do you know if you've never tried?

**BOBBY**

This is a joke, right? You just want to rattle me. Right?

They reach town and Jake stops the car near a small **GROCERY STORE**.

**JAKE**

That's right. Nothing but a joke. That's all.

Bobby gets out of the car. With a big smile Jake says:

**JAKE**

Enjoy your stay, lad.

Jake speeds away. Bobby looks after him.

**BOBBY**

Who are these people?

**INT. SMALL GROCERY STORE - LATER**

The store is small and dark and empty save for a tiny, older Mexican **WOMAN** who is behind the counter. **BOBBY** enters.

**BOBBY**

Got any cold soda?

**WOMAN**

Eh?

**BOBBY**

Soda. You got any soda?

**WOMAN**

Hablar slowly, por favor. My ingles no es bien.

**BOBBY**

Soda. You know.

Bobby cups his hand and brings it to his mouth pantomiming.

**WOMAN**

Oh. Something to eat. Si.

She holds up a pack of Twinkies.

**BOBBY**

Not eat. Drink. What the fuck is drink in Spanish ... uh, agua?

The old woman's eyes widen. She starts to scream, but quickly clamps her hands over her mouth. For a moment Bobby thinks the woman is screaming at what he has said. Then, as if he feels a presence behind him, Bobby turns slowly to face the TWO tough-looking, unshaven, tattoo-covered BIKERS. One holds a gun.

**BIKER**

That's right, lady. Keep it in you and nobody gets hurt. That goes for you too, stud. Gimmie the money. Now!

**WOMAN**

Eh?

**SECOND BIKER**

The dinero, Senora. Hand it over.

Bobby shifts his weight trying to hide his pack behind his back.

The woman goes to an old-fashioned cash register and rings it open. She hands the money to the biker.

**BIKER**

That's it? Lady, I got kids to put through school.

**WOMAN**

Es all I have.

The biker turns to Bobby.

**BIKER**

Okay, pal. Whatcha got? Give it, now.

Bobby pulls a thick wad of cash (\$1,000 plus) from his pant pocket, tosses it on the counter.

BIKER (thumbing through it, impressed)  
Nice...Just who are you beautiful? What else you got for papa?

Bobby makes a show of pulling out his wallet, flings it to him.

**BIKER**

Better...you're getting tasty. Now toss the bag, sweetie.

**BOBBY**

It's just books.

**BIKER**

I'm a reader. Toss it.

BOBBY (an entreaty)

It's personal things...family things.

**BIKER**

How touching...I like family values. Give it to me.

Bobby takes an unsteady breath.

**BOBBY**

No.

**BIKER**

No?

**SECOND BIKER**

Hey man, forget it. Come on.

**BIKER**

No?

**WOMAN**

Senor, give him the bag.

**BIKER**

That's all right. He doesn't want to give me the bag...

**SECOND BIKER**

He's fucking with you man. Shoot him.

BIKER (cont'd)

...he doesn't have to give me the bag.

The biker grabs Bobby's bag. Bobby flinches in anticipation of a shot but refuses to let go of the bag. The biker swings the gun hard, clipping Bobby across the forehead. Bobby falls against the counter and to the floor. The woman starts to scream. The biker grabs up the pack, then, looking back at the woman, sees a ring on her finger. He grabs her hand and pulls at the ring. The woman screams wildly.

**SECOND BIKER**

Let's go, man.

**BIKER**

A little extra never hurt, Benji, would you just relax.

**WOMAN**

No! No! My wedding ring.

He pulls the ring from the woman's finger and pushes her back. With Bobby's bag slung over his shoulder he turns to leave.

**BIKER**

Now we go.

**WOMAN**

You go to El Diablo!

From beneath the counter the woman pulls a shotgun. The woman fires A SHOT that rips through the bag and into the back of the biker. He falls to the ground, very dead, amid a shower of blood and shredded money.

**SECOND BIKER**

Bugger! You bitch!

The Second Biker now sees the money floating all over the place out of the torn bag. His eyes go big with greed as he FIRES at the old woman, who ducks behind the counter.

The Biker grabs for the bag and what's left of the money, not expecting the feisty old lady to pop up and unload her SECOND BLAST into him and the bag.

Whatever was left of the money on the first round is now gone to shreds along with the bag and the Biker who is very dead.

Bobby is staggered, crawls towards the shreds.

WOMAN (cursing in Spanish)

Hijos de puta. Bayan a comer su propia mierda en el infierno. (TRANSLATION: Sons of bitches. Go eat your own shit in hell).

She comes around the counter to his side as he grabs his wallet and the \$1000 cash roll from the dead biker's pants.

**WOMAN**

I call the sheriff.

**BOBBY**

No! No police.

Bobby gives her a hundred dollars.

**WOMAN**

A hundred dollars? No police?

Bobby gives her some more cash. She looks at him. Finally he gives her the entire wad.

**BOBBY**

No police until I leave.

Bobby stumbles from the store as the screen burns a bright white.

**FADE TO:**

**EXT. STREET - LATER**

BOBBY, dazed and holding his head, sits on the ground next to a SPIGOT that is dripping water. He cups his hands under the water and splashes it against his face, lightly wiping the cut above his eye. The SHERIFF'S CAR goes wailing by on the main drag. Recoiling from being spotted, Bobby tries to take another drink. A SCORPION crawls out of the faucet. He jumps back.

**EXT. HARLIN'S GARAGE - LATER**

DARRELL is leaning under the hood of a car working on its engine as BOBBY walks up.

**BOBBY**

Hey.

**DARRELL**

Hey, your ... what the hell happened to you?

**BOBBY**

Nothing.

**DARRELL**

Don't look like nothing.

**BOBBY**

Just banged my head. It was an accident.

**DARRELL**

Another accident? You got to be more careful.

Bobby rolls his eyes. Then notices the front fenders have been removed.

**BOBBY**

What the hell happened to my car?

**DARRELL**

Bottom hose was shot too. Rotted clear

through. Had to put a new one in. Runs like a dream now.

**BOBBY** (suspicious)  
How much?

**DARRELL**  
Well ... you got your parts, you got your labour ... let's call it a hundred-fifty bucks.

**BOBBY**  
How much!?

**DARRELL**  
Hundred-fifty.

**BOBBY**  
To replace a goddamn radiator hose!?

**DARRELL**  
A goddamn radiator hose in a sixty-four-and-a-half Mustang. You know how long it took me to find that hose?

**BOBBY**  
About an hour and a half, because that's all the longer I've been gone.

**DARRELL**  
Actually, it's been about three hours. You're the one thinks that car's so damn fancy. What you expect but fancy damn prices?

**BOBBY**  
That's a Ford, not a Ferrari. You going to tell me no one else in this shit hole drives a Ford?

**DARRELL**  
"That's not just a Ford, that's a sixty-four-and-a-half Mustang."

**BOBBY**  
What's that got to do with the radiator hose?

**DARRELL**  
I don't know, but "it's the reason I'm living here and you're just passing through." Now you owe me a hundred-fifty dollars.

**BOBBY**

It might as well be fifteen-hundred dollars, because I don't have the money.

**DARRELL**

Then you ain't gonna have the car.

**BOBBY**

Listen, man. I got rolled half an hour ago for everything I had.

Bobby digs through his bloodied wallet, trying to hide it from Darrell. He fishes out a five dollar bill. Then digs out a bloody one dollar bill from his pocket.

**BOBBY**

I've got five...six dollars.

Darrell snatches the five from him and adds it to a thick wad of greasy bills he carries in his overalls.

**DARRELL**

Then you're only a hundred-forty-five in the hole. You can keep that dollar. Now why don't you just take your American Express Gold Card, and call that guy with the big schnooz on TV and have him send you the money lickity split.

**BOBBY**

I don't have a goddamn credit card.

**DARRELL**

Now that's too bad. I sure hope you know how to wash dishes or shovel shit 'cause you're gonna have to work this one off.

Bobby proffers his Movado watch.

**BOBBY**

Look, I got a Movado. It's worth at least seven, eight hundred. You could sell it for that.

**DARRELL (studying it)**

Who the hell to? Shit, can't see no numbers.

**BOBBY**

You don't need numbers. That's why it's expensive. Look at the gold.

Darrell doubts that, shake his head.

**DARRELL**

...got no day, got no date. Probably ain't worth a duck's fart (proffers his own watch). This one here cost me \$3.75 and it's got every doodad you can imagine. No sir I'll stick with this (walks away).

**BOBBY**

You son of a bitch! I'll have my lawyers shut you down.

**DARRELL**

You ain't got no credit card but you got a lawyer. Sweet talk me all you want. Didn't you read the sign? It says...

**BOBBY**

What sign? Fuck the sign. I want my car.

**DARRELL**

I want my hundred and forty-five dollars.

Bobby stands his ground for a moment as if deciding whether or not to fight for the car, then wheels and walks away.

Darrell looks at him, smirks.

**INT. TRUCK STOP/DINER - LATER**

It is a little worn diner-type stop one would find on most any open road: Counter with stools, laminated menus, a Wurlitzer in the corner belching out country TUNES. Business is slow but it's the only restaurant in town. There is a SHORT ORDER COOK in the kitchen, and FLO, a hard-looking waitress is behind the counter. A couple of regular drivers, ED and BOYD, are seated on the stools, Boyd is flipping a coin.

**ED**

One-hundred-thirteen degrees. That was back in July of forty-seven. That afternoon it dropped down to forty three! True story.

**BOYD**

One time last year I remember it went from 98 to 23 same day. Wind, black clouds come out like...

BOBBY comes out of the men's room and sits at the end of the counter. He has cleaned himself up a bit but still looks like a mess. He buries his face in the menu.

**BOBBY**

You got a beer?

**FLO**

What kind?

**BOBBY**

Beck's.

**FLO**

No Beck's. A-1, Coors...

**BOBBY**

Heineken?

**FLO**

No, we ain't got no Heineken. We got Miller.

**BOBBY**

Genuine Draft?

**FLO**

No. Just plain ol' Miller. Now you can fuckin' take it or you can fuckin' leave it.

**BOBBY**

I'll fuckin' take it. To go.

**SHORT ORDER COOK**

Flo, cheeseburger bleedin'.

**FLO**

I'll be right back with that beer.

Flo moves off.

**BOBBY**

...and a waitress named Flo. Christ.

As Bobby stares at the money on the counter in front of him, he hears, from somewhere outside the diner, the sound of a POLICE RADIO crackling. He now feels something against his foot. He looks down and sees a CAT rubbing against his leg. He gives it a good kick sending it sliding across the floor with a screech.

**BOBBY**

Fucking cat.

In the background, two teenagers sit at a booth. TOBY looks the

part of a local, wearing jeans and a white T-shirt. His hair is cropped close and he looks to be a senior in high school. His girl, JENNY, is nondescript, neither ugly nor beautiful. She is the kind of girl most guys would pass without a second look. Toby gets up from his booth and goes to the bathroom. After he is gone Jenny walks to Bobby.

**JENNY**

Hey, Mister. You gotta quarter for the juke?

**BOBBY**

What?

**JENNY**

I wanna play a song on the juke. You got a quarter?

Bobby looks at Jenny, then picks a quarter from his winnings and flips it to her. He can't resist putting a little charm into it.

**JENNY**

What happened to your hand?

**BOBBY**

I cut it shaving; I know, I gotta be more careful.

**JENNY**

Got any requests?

**BOBBY**

That country shit all sounds the same to me.

**JENNY**

How about I pick one out for you?

Bobby half smiles. Jenny plays a song. Patsy Cline's "Your Cheatin' Heart." Jenny takes up a stool next to Bobby's.

**JENNY**

You like Patsy Cline? I just love her. How come, I wonder, she don't put out no more new records.

**BOBBY**

Cause she's dead.

**JENNY**

Gee, that's sad. Don't that make you sad?

**BOBBY**

I've had time to get over it.

**JENNY**

You're not from around here, are you?  
Where you from?

**BOBBY**

Oz.

**JENNY**

You ain't from Oz. Oz is in that movie.

**BOBBY**

You're too quick for me.

Toby walks back into the room. He looks at Jenny. He looks at Bobby. He looks at Jenny talking to Bobby. He loses it.

**TOBY**

No....No....No I'm seeing but I'm not  
believin'...Stop the wedding. This can't  
be. Hey! What are you doing with my girl?

Bobby says nothing, ignoring Toby.

**TOBY**

I axed you a question.

**JENNY**

Aw, Toby, we weren't doing nothing. We was  
just talking.

**TOBY**

You shut your mouth, girl, and get back  
over to our table. (to Bobby) Now, I'm not  
going to axe you again, Mister. What were  
you doing with my girl?

**BOBBY**

I wasn't doing anything.

**TOBY**

That's not the way it looked to me. Looked  
to me like you was trying to make time with  
her.

**BOBBY**

Make time? Is everybody in this town on  
drugs?

**JENNY**

Honest, Toby. I just axed him for a quarter for the jukebox.

**TOBY**

Stay out of this, Jenny. We got man's business to take care of. I ain't never taken no drugs, mister, and ...

**BOBBY**

Then maybe you should've. Look, pal, I wasn't making a play for your girl.

**TOBY**

You expect me to believe that?

**BOBBY**

I don't care what you believe as long as you leave me alone.

**TOBY**

Mister, I'm calling you out.

**BOBBY**

What? You want to fight? Over her?

Bobby looks Jenny over.

**FLO**

Toby, you go finish your soda and leave the man alone.

**TOBY (to Bobby)**

You know who I am? Toby N. Tucker. Everyone round here call me TNT. You know why?

**BOBBY**

Let's see...they're not very imaginative?

**TOBY**

'Cause I'm just like dynamite. And when I go off, somebody gets hurt.

**BOBBY**

Fine. I was making time with your girl. Now I'm scared to death and I learned my lesson. Now can you go away?

**TOBY**

Not before I settle with you, chickenshit!

**BOBBY**

Christ, I don't believe this!

**TOBY**

Stand up.

**BOBBY**

I wasn't hitting on your girl!

**TOBY**

Stand up, Mister, or I'll beat you where you sit.

Bobby sits for a beat. he doesn't need a fight with Toby now with his damaged hand nor does he need to be noticed either. He sits there.

**FLO**

Toby, you stop it now! Can't you see he's got a hurt hand?

**TOBY**

Don't you never mind, Flo. This is gonna be over real quick.

Reluctantly Bobby rises, facing off against Toby, each clenching their fist and waiting for the other to make the first move. The tension builds. We see it on the faces of Jenny, Flo and the regulars. Just then the record on the juke ends and the needle scratches off. There is the crackle of a police radio as the door to the diner opens and SHERIFF VIRGIL POTTER walks in. The tension eases. Toby, mindful of the sheriff, steps closer to Bobby and whispers menacingly into his ear.

**TOBY**

You're lucky, Mister. Don't think it's over. I called you out and I'm gonna see this through. You hear me? (to Jenny) Come on, girl. I got half a mind to make you walk home.

Toby takes Jenny by the arm and pulls her out of the diner.

**FLO**

My lord, that little baby of yours Virgil, has gotten cuter'n a bunny's nose.

**SHERIFF**

What was that all about?

**FLO**

You know how that Toby is. Thinks every man he sees is after his Jenny.

**SHERIFF**

More like Jenny is after every man she sees.

FLO (to Bobby)

You pay Toby no mind. He just likes to show off for his girl. Give him a couple of hours, he'll cool off. Still want that beer?

BOBBY (tense, seeing the Sheriff)

I'll take it to go.

Bobby holds his hand to his face to cover the cut on his forehead.

**ED**

How's it with you, Sheriff?

**SHERIFF**

Already started out bad. Couple of bikers from out of town tried to knock over Jamilla's grocery store this morning. It was a real shootout.

**BOYD**

What happened?

**SHERIFF**

The old witch killed 'em both.

**ED**

Holy shit!

**FLO**

Poor thing. Is she all right?

**SHERIFF**

Sure, when the sons of bitches tried to steal her wedding ring. That's when she started shooting. Can't blame her. The ring was all Carlos left her when he died. Store's a mess.

**BOYD**

It's the desert. That's what it is. The desert makes everybody crazy. Ain't that right, Sheriff? People go crazy out here.

**ED**

Come on, Boyd. I've got to make tracks.

That yogurt's got to make Santa Fe before it spoils.

**BOYD**

Dr. Pepper don't have that problem.

Ed and Boyd toss a few bills on the counter and exit. Flo stands near the cash register with Bobby's beer.

**FLO**

I can't open off-sale for you, sugar.

Bobby pays for the beer (\$1.75). Flo opens the register.

**FLO**

Let me get your change.

**SHERIFF**

Flo, I'm just gonna help myself to a refill on the coffee.

The Sheriff reaches around the counter for the pot.

**FLO**

You be careful now, Virgil.

Just as the words leave Flo's mouth the Sheriff spills the pot. It shatters against the floor spilling hot coffee everywhere. Flo runs over to him.

**SHERIFF**

Son of a bitch!

**FLO**

Virgil! Now look at what you done! Are you all right?

**SHERIFF**

I think I burned my gun hand!

As Flo bends to wipe the counter, Virgil touches her intimately.

**SHERIFF (Cont'd)**

How 'bout we put something soft on it later? (a look)

**FLO**

(quietly) I could put some butter on it, hon'. (Her normal abrasive voice) It'd serve you right, you asshole. Put it under some cold water. Joe, run get a mop and clean this fuckin' mess up.

While everyone is distracted Bobby notices that the register drawer has been left open. He looks around to make sure he is not being watched. Slowly he eases his hand towards the drawer. It gets closer and closer. As he is about to grab the money there, the cat - the same one he kicked away earlier - hisses and claws at his hand. Bobby jumps back startled.

**FLO**

Shasta! Now why'd you go and scare the nice man like that? Sorry about that, mister. Let's see, you want \$3.25. (gives it to him) You try to have a nice day now, would you?

**BOBBY**

Sure, I'll try.

With the Sheriff occupied, and the Mexican Jose mopping the floor, Bobby exits.

**EXT. PHONE BOOTH - STREET - DAY**

BOBBY begs on the phone.

**BOBBY**

Cici? Cici, it's Bobby...Bobby Cooper...Yeah, look, I know it's been a while, but I'm kind of in a jam...yeah...One-hundred-fifty dollars...That's a lie. I called you on your birthday..Two years ago...I can't help it if you didn't get the message. Cici, honey, I don't want to argue. I need you to wire me the money...Because they're fucking going to KILL ME! I didn't steal your CD's...Yeah, well where's my Mr. Coffee. Cici...Cici...

Bobby slams the phone.

**BOBBY**

Bitch. Cunt.

**JUMP CUT TO:**

**EXT. SAME PHONE BOOTH - STREET - DAY**

BOBBY is on another call, circling a local sports page betting line.

**BOBBY**

73-11, this is Pluto. What's the line on Dallas?

**GAMBLER'S VOICE**

Pluto. Fucking deadbeat. We head about you. You owe "the commie" 13 dimes, why you tryin' to get in my office? Lose this fuckin' number.

**BOBBY**

Mike...Mike...you asshole.

**GAMBLER'S VOICE**

Mike who?  
(hangs up)

Bobby, frustrated, clicks off.

**JUMP CUT TO:**

**INT. MR. ARKADY'S OFFICE - DAY**

It is the kind of cheesy, temporary office one would expect to find in a Las Vegas apartment building overlooking the DOWNTOWN STRIP. MR. ARKADY, dressed in a silk suit with conspicuous jewelry, sits behind his desk eating lunch and cleaning his nails. SERGEI, his goon in a shiny polyester shirt, hovers over his boss helping feed and manicure him. These are the TWO MEN from Bobby's earlier FLASHBACK. They are dangerous in an endearing way. Sergei answers the phone. In the background is a very voluptuous female, obviously from the Middle East. SOFIA.

**SERGEI**

Da?

**MR. ARKADY**

Sergei, what are you, a Neanderthal? How many times do I have to tell you? You answer a phone "hello," not "da."

SERGEI (nods yes)

Sorry, Mr. Arkady.(into phone)"Hello?"

**OPERATOR (V.O.)**

I have a collect call from Bobby Cooper. Will you accept the charges?

**SERGEI**

Mr. Arkady, deadbeat Cooper's calling.

Mr. Arkady doesn't acknowledge him.

**SERGEI**

He's calling collect.

At this Mr. Arkady's head springs up. He snatches the phone from Sergei.

MR. ARKADY (overly sweet)  
Bobby, what a surprise. I expected to be seeing you, not talking to you over the phone.

**INTERCUTS TO:**

**EXT. PHONE BOOTH - STREET**

BOBBY on the phone.

**BOBBY**

I know, Mr. Arkadin. I know. I was on my way to you, it's just ... what a day I've had. I know I'm coming up with a highly improbable story, and I know you're not going to believe this, but this ...is... what happened. I had the money, I swear I had it. I was on my way to Vegas when my car breaks down in the middle of nowhere.

Mr. Arkady cleans his nails completely disinterested in what Bobby is saying.

**MR. ARKADY**

That's a shame, Bobby. A real shame.

**BOBBY**

And that's not the half of it, Mr. Arkadin...

**MR. ARKADY**

"Arkady"

**BOBBY**

Right, Mr. Arkady. And that's not the half of it. I got your money, and I go into this little grocery store in this hicktown to get something to eat and then... well, it gets robbed!

**MR. ARKADY**

...And let me guess. This robber -- he gets your money.

**BOBBY**

No. Two of them. Two robbers. And they both get nailed... get shot by the old lady.

**MR. ARKADY**

The old lady?

**BOBBY**

With a shotgun! She kills both of 'em, and... and the money in my bag gets all shredded to bloody pieces. Not one bill is left alive. I mean, what are the odds?

MR. ARKADY (beat, dry)

Pretty long, Bobby.

**BOBBY**

Mr. Arkady, honest, I ad to beat it outta there before the cops showed. So now I don't have a cent to my name. I can't even get my car out of the garage. I tell you, Mister... (pause) if it weren't for bad luck I wouldn't have nay fuckin' luck at all, you know? (beat, waits) So, I was wondering if you could wire me a hundred fifty-dollars so I could get my car out of this garage, see? The bus depot here has a Western Union thing. And of course I'll pay it back with the rest of the money.

**MR. ARKADY (V.O.)**

Which you don't have.

**BOBBY**

But which I can get. No problem. Look, I can sell my car in Vegas. Blue book it's worth 16 at least. I just need the 150, uh...

Sergei looks like he's ready to pound heads.

MR. ARKADY (pause)

Where are you?

BOBBY (hopeful)

Uh...a little shithole in Arizona called Superior. About 200 miles east of Phoenix.

MR. ARKADY (pausing, V.O.)

Superior, hunh?

Bobby suddenly feeling suspicious.

**BOBBY (V.O.)**

Yeah, if you could send it care of...

**MR. ARKADY**

...Now, let me get this straight. Two years you give me problems with your fuckin' payoffs. Now you owe me thirteen-thousand dollars, you call me - collect - then ask me to wire you one-hundred-fifty dollars just so you can get your car fixed.

**BOBBY (V.O.)**

A hundred-forty-five would probably cover it.

**MR. ARKADY**

A hundred and ... Now you listen to me you deadbeat little punk: I don't care if you got hit by a truck and run over by a steamroller. You owe me thirteen-thousand dollars and I want it. I don't care how you get it, or where from, but I want it on my desk tomorrow, or I'll show you what real bad luck is.

Sergei snaps a pencil he's holding in his hand, which goes flying by Arkady's head, forcing him to duck.

**MR. ARKADY**

Do you understand me you little fuck?

**BOBBY (snaps)**

Oh, fuck you too!

**MR. ARKADY**

What'd you say to me!

**BOBBY**

Shit I'm sorry!...you can't believe the strain I'm under. I'm just under a lot of strain here.

There is a sharp silence at the other end. Bobby waits.

**MR. ARKADY**

Bobby, you owed me that 'bread' 4 weeks ago. Now you tell me you want another week. That's 5 weeks, Bobby. That's also 5 fingers, cause you and I know it's a finger a week Bobby. So you got balls. Good--now you come here tomorrow and you talk to me real nice and maybe I don't take the other 3 fingers you owe me, you see? Tomorrow --

and Bobby, don't make me come look for you,  
okay...have nice day.

He hands the phone back to Sergei.

SERGEI (into phone)  
You got that? -- have nice day (hangs up).

**MR. ARKADY**

The nerva that piece of shit! And look at  
you, you Neanderthal -- don't you fuckin'  
break pencils, you goombah!

**SOFIA**

Finger? What are you, a faggot? In my  
country a man don't pay we cut off his  
head.

Arkady motions Sergei to come close.

**MR. ARKADY**

Get your ass down to this Superior,  
Arizona. Bring me this Bobby Cooper. I  
don't think he got the lesson. This is your  
last chance, Sergei.

**SERGEI**

Da.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

BOBBY, desperate, stares at the bandage of his wounded hand. It  
throbs, holding the hand to his ear.

We hear an OPERATOR'S VOICE:

**OPERATOR (V.O.)**

Hello?

**BOBBY**

Hello?

**OPERATOR (V.O.)**

Are you finished with your call?

**BOBBY**

Yeah.

**OPERATOR (V.O.)**

Please deposit an additional seventy-five  
cents.

Bobby slams the phone against the hook.

**BOBBY**

Goddamn rat's ass fuck! Shit! Damn! Damn!  
Damn!

He marches from the phone booth, past an old HARDWARE STORE. The phone falls from the hook and we hear a recorded voice:

**VOICE (V.O.)**

Thank you for using AT&T.

In the store window, Bobby notices a set of garden shears for sale.

**EXT. EMPTY STREET - LATER DAY**

BOBBY walks a bit going nowhere in particular. Looking at his watch thinking of Mr. Arkady, he shields himself with one hand from the sun. At the side of an old building, in the bit of shade it throws, he twists at the beer cap which sticks and won't turn. Bobby tries again twisting harder -- too hard -- as the cap jerkily twists off, cutting into his hand as it rotates. Bobby yells in pain. At the same time the beer comes foaming from the bottle and spills onto his sleeve. The bottle slips from his wet fingers and crashes on the ground, emptying. He clutches his bleeding hand, pissed.

**BOBBY**

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! I hate this fuckin' town!  
I hate it! Do you hear me?  
(no answer)  
Get me outta here, please. I gotta get out  
of this place.

As if in answer, a JEEP drives by on the main street. GRACE looks pretty hot up there in the driver's seat, her eyes, behind sunglasses, flicking over him but not acknowledging him as she keeps going.

Bobby's eyes throw back his own hostility at her, but unfortunately she misses it, as he now notices -- across the street -- a well-kept building with the most modern decor and signage, reading "McKenna's Realty Co."

He thinks about it, in a quandary.

**EXT. HIGHWAY/CAR - DAY**

In a rented convertible, we now see SERGEI racing across the desert. His jacket off, a man with a mission. He glances at his watch, eager to get to this "fucking hole in the wall" which is

somewhere on this incomprehensible American map he holds in one hand.

**INT. JAKE'S REALTY OFFICE - DAY**

BOBBY squats, looking at a real estate model of a desert development. JAKE smiles.

**JAKE**

What can I do for you, lad?

**BOBBY**

I was hoping we could talk.

**JAKE**

Talk? About what?

**BOBBY**

About things. About your wife.

**JAKE**

Sweet Grace? What about her?

**BOBBY**

About what you said this morning.

Jake shakes his head as if he doesn't understand.

**BOBBY**

You said you had an insurance policy out on your wife. Fifty-thousand dollars.

**JAKE**

I do.

**BOBBY**

You said you'd cut that up with the man who did her in.

**JAKE**

I did?

**BOBBY**

Don't play simple with me, Jake. You're a betting man. You want me to spell it out for you? I'll kill Grace if you cut me in on the money.

**JAKE**

Boy I think this heat's getting to you the way you're rambling on.

**BOBBY**

I'm not rambling.

**JAKE**

You're talking like a madman.

**BOBBY**

Well then, I guess that qualifies me for citizenship in this town. You're the one brought it up. This morning. In your car.

**JAKE**

Oh, that was just loose talk. Husband gettin' pissed off. I don't want anybody dead.

**BOBBY**

Bullshit. You wanted me to kill her.

**JAKE**

A man doesn't always mean the things he says.

**BOBBY**

You meant it.

**JAKE**

What makes you say that?

**BOBBY**

Because you're a slimy bastard who would have his wife killed just to get his hands on some money.

**JAKE**

And what does that make you?

**BOBBY**

The slimy bastard who's going to do it for you... (pause) You're a jealous man Jake. If you can't have Grace to yourself...well, you're not the sharing kind.

For a moment Jake stares quietly at Bobby.

**JAKE**

Well, I guess I have what you call a love-hate relationship with Grace.

**BOBBY**

You love her, but you hate her?

**JAKE**

No, I hate loving her. I hate the kind of person she is. I hate having to tolerate the little "games" she plays. Like fucking half of the town behind my back and laughing at me. The bitch. She loved to play. She wants me to hit her and when I hit her she likes it. She tortures me. But she's family. She's my little girl. My baby. I couldn't stand to watch her eyes roll back in her head as she sucks her last breath, or to see her pretty pink brains spill from her skull. No. Not me. But you? You got the killing in you, boy...How much you want?

A pause.

**BOBBY**

Make it twenty.

JAKE (stressed, paces)

Twenty-thousand? I don't have that kind of money. I won't get the insurance until months after she's dead. I don't imagine you'll want to be stickin' around after poor Grace's demise. Twenty-thousand; that's more money than I could ever get my hands on.

**BOBBY**

How much could you get?

**JAKE**

Maybe ... ten-thousand. And that's a maybe.

**BOBBY**

I need thirteen.

**JAKE**

That's a bit much.

**BOBBY**

We're not talking about buying a car Jake. We're talking about killing your wife. It's thirteen, or it's nothing.

For a moment the two men stand silent. All we hear is the ticking of a grandfather CLOCK that stands in the corner.

**JAKE**

You drive a hard bargain, but I had a feeling you were my boy when I met you.

**BOBBY**

I'm not your boy. I don't like you. I got no choice but to do business with you. Let's just call this a nasty little marriage of convenience.

**JAKE**

Don't say that. I had a marriage of convenience with Grace, and look where that's lead... Well, looks like we got ourselves a contract.

**BOBBY (sarcastic)**

Do we shake hands?

**JAKE**

If you can't trust the man you've hired to kill your wife ...? The thing is it's got to look like an accident; that's the thing. If it doesn't, then it's no good. I won't get a dime, and it's my neck that'll be on the chopping block while you're living it up somewhere.

**BOBBY**

How do you want it?

**JAKE**

How the hell should I know? I've never had a wife killed before. Jesus Christ! You want this job, you don't know how to do this? I guess I should have hired a professional.

**BOBBY**

You want to do this yourself? I don't have to do this, you know.

**JAKE**

Be quiet, boy. I got to figure this thing. I'm thinking. It can't be done at the house. It should be...

Jake walks the office thinking.

**BOBBY**

Come to think of it, how 'bout some money upfront?

**JAKE**

Oh yeah sure. Why don't I buy you a plane ticket right out of here while I'm at it. I know you...

(then)

This is what you do: Go to the house to see her.

**BOBBY**

(beat)

And tell her what?

**EXT. MCKENNA HOUSE - LATER DAY**

BOBBY stands on the porch talking to GRACE through the screen of the front door. The look on his face is sincere. Hers is skeptical. We see the action take place as we hear Jake's V.O.:

**JAKE (V.O.)**

...I don't know. Tell her you had to see her. Tell her you don't care if she's married or not, you had to be with her. Sweet talk the woman. A young buck like you must be good at that. Then ... maybe shift the conversation. Get her thinking about that jeep of hers. She loves that thing. Maybe the only thing she does love. She'll want to take you for a ride.

**BOBBY**

I know you're not surprised I'm back here, cause you can read my mind and all.

She's not surprised.

GRACE (seeing his new cut)

That's some cut. I told you to be more careful.

**BOBBY**

Yeah, well I said I was an idiot. Whatta you say we get out of here, take a drive somewhere, talk...

**GRACE**

How do you know he's still not here?

**BOBBY**

Guys like me take those chances. Let's go.

**EXT. DESERT - DAY**

GRACE'S JEEP cuts hard across the desert. Grace has a wild, excited look on her face. BOBBY sits next to her looking somewhat nervous.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

She'll take you out somewhere in the desert. She loves it out there; ridin' through the red rock and the mesas. So do I. I guess we got that in common. She'll ride you out someplace quiet. Someplace deserted.

**FADE TO:**

**EXT. DESERT - LATER DAY**

GRACE has stopped the JEEP on a plateau. BOBBY sits beneath its shade while Grace walks in the sun seemingly unaffected by the heat. VULTURES swoop above.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

There won't be anyone for miles around. Just the two of you and some prairie dogs. That's all. You can sweet talk her a little if you like. Makes no difference to me. Just put her at ease, make her feel relaxed -- then do it.

JAKE'S V.O. ends. The scene is now synch with real time.

**BOBBY**

Are there snakes out here?

**GRACE**

They hear you comin'. They won't bother you. Just don't sneak up on 'em.

**BOBBY**

Doesn't the isolation bother you?

**GRACE**

Yeah, but I like the sun. I grew up on a reservation. The sun, the desert; they like a religion to us. Jake's the same way. He loves the desert. I guess we're alike that way. That's about the only way.

**BOBBY**

You love him?

**GRACE**

No.

**BOBBY**

Did you ever?

**GRACE**

Depends on what you call love. I grew up on a reservation. A patch of desert in the middle of nowhere. That's where they stick Indians, Bobby. That's where they leave us to die. My brother killed himself when he was 19 cause he couldn't take it anymore. There's no hope there... Jake was my ticket out. Mom and me.

**BOBBY**

Is that why you're with him?

**GRACE**

I let him think he was courtin' me, but I reeled him in like a fish on a line. I wanted him. I wanted what he could give me, and I would've done anything to get him. Is that love?

**BOBBY**

I'm guessing no.

**GRACE**

Yeah, I guess you're right.

**BOBBY**

I take it things didn't much work out the way you planned.

**GRACE**

I'm still here, aren't I? See this?

Grace sweeps her hand before her across the expanse of the desert. The vultures are very much a part of this landscape.

**GRACE (CONT)**

All this nothing? It doesn't get to Jake like it gets to me. He says he don't mind being nothing but a big fish in a small pond. More like a little fish in a dried up watering hole.

**BOBBY**

You could leave him.

**GRACE**

I don't know how.

**BOBBY**

Walk away.

**GRACE**

It's not that easy. Maybe you can take chances; maybe you can wander around like some stray wherever you please. I can't. I don't want to be alone. I need to know I'm going to be taken care of.

**BOBBY**

You need a meal ticket is what you mean. Some guy you can latch onto just long enough for him to get you out of here.

**GRACE**

Is that so bad? It's not like I wouldn't try to make him happy. For awhile, anyway. I mean, I would ... do things for him. I guess I'm no good that way. I guess I tried to sucker you along like that. Do you hate me for it? I wouldn't blame you if you did. But maybe it's like you said: You just got to do whatever it takes to get out.

**BOBBY (soft echo)**

Whatever it takes.

Grace steps to the edge of the plateau.

**GRACE**

I wish I was a bird. I know it's stupid. Every child says that. When I was growing up some of the old ones on the reservation believed people could actually change into animals. I wish I could.

We see Bobby behind Grace. He stares at her standing on the edge of the plateau. He rises and walks towards her slowly, but with deliberation.

**GRACE (CONT')**

If I was a bird I would fly to Florida; to Disney World. I always wanted to go there. I'd fly to New York. Maybe. I guess New York isn't the best place to be a bird. I'd fly to St. Louis, then New Orleans, all over Texas. Then I'd fly to California. I guess by then I'd have seen it all and I could die.

Bobby now stands a few feet behind Grace. She kicks a rock and watches it sail over the lip of the cliff into the nothingness below.

**GRACE (CONT)**

They say you don't feel anything. The shock kills you before you hit the ground. I don't know how they would know that. But I heard it's just like flying; straight down into the ground. I guess if it doesn't hurt it's a beautiful thing.

Bobby tenses himself. Sweat forms on his brow as he stands directly behind Grace with his hands extended before him. They hover just below her shoulder blades ready to push forward. Suddenly Grace wheels. Startled by Bobby she almost falls over the edge. Bobby grabs her, her weight still going back. Grace's life is literally in his hands. She looks down at the ground far below, then up into Bobby's eyes. She shows no fear, but instead wears a curious smirk.

**GRACE**

Hate's a funny thing. Right now I bet you don't know if you want to kill me, or fuck me.

Bobby hesitates, then pulls Grace close and kisses her with great ardor on the lips.

**EXT. APACHE LEAP - DAY**

On a blanket on the ground, BOBBY and GRACE make love quickly, hotly, her dress pulled up, his pants down. But Grace is troubled and pulls out, further frustrating Bobby.

**GRACE**

No...Stop! I can't!

Her eyes withdraw into another dimension, as she hikes her dress back up. Bobby comes out of his own head, feels the distance between them.

**BOBBY**

What's the matter?...Grace?

**GRACE**

Nothing.

**BOBBY**

Don't feel like nothing.

He finishes relieving himself behind a tree, puts his pants back on.

**GRACE**

Get out of town, Bobby, as quick as you can.

**BOBBY**

Grace, I've been fucked over too many times, by too many women. You're becoming the queen of hot and cold.

**GRACE**

You'd never understand.

**BOBBY**

Try me.

**GRACE**

It's just such a mess. With Jake I mean...

**BOBBY**

Nothing I understand better than a mess.

GRACE (in great tension)

Jake was with my Mom after my real Dad died.

**BOBBY**

You mean the Shaman?

**GRACE**

He was a Shaman...in the mine. We had nothin' after he died. Jake took us in, gave us a little money. He used to call me his "little halfbreed"... He kept Mom on the side y'know, cause he was married someplace else. He had kids in Phoenix I think, no one knew him around here...but the thing was...you see...

(pause)

...he was raping me the whole time...for years. He loved to do things to me. Believe it or not, he used to say he was in love with my ass. Y'ever been in love with a woman's ass?

The dominoes are tumbling for Bobby.

**BOBBY**

Yeah.

**GRACE**

You're sick too...he loved to do things to me. Control me. My Mom...it tore her up cause she couldn't do nothing about it. She become alcoholic...and the funny thing is-- I liked it. I liked being controlled by Jake. The truth was as far out and crazy as he got, I wanted more. I wanted to go all the way. Women say they don't want to be taken like, really taken -- that's bullshit -- they do. The first time he finished with me, he said I was a woman now. I was 14. Then he started crying like a baby...wanted me to hold him. It's a strange feeling to hate someone so much for so many years, but still want to hold him, comfort him... They found my Mom right down there (points) at the bottom of Apache Leap. She had cactus needles stuck all over her body and Virgil...Sheriff Potter said she was drunk and went insane. But I'll never believe she ran off that cliff by accident. She was born on this earth and she loved it. She was like me. She just wanted to fly away.

Bobby is quietly stunned. A whole world has opened up to him; and he isn't sure yet where the story ends. There is some force at work here, beyond his control.

**GRACE**

After he got his divorce, he forced me to marry him...but when I saw her body, I swore to her on my soul that some day I'd get Jake for what he did to her...

**BOBBY**

I'm sorry...

**GRACE**

Yeah. What do you want. Life, right? (shrugs, stoic) Have you ever been to California?

**BOBBY**

Yeah.

GRACE (as if in a dream)

Is it far from here?

**BOBBY**

Oh yeah. It's far, it's another world.

**GRACE**

Is it pretty?

**BOBBY**

Oh yeah. It's beautiful, beautiful beaches. Blue water and clear skies as far as you can see.

GRACE (like a little girl)

Would you take me with you?

BOBBY (pause)

I wish I could.

**GRACE**

Please. I won't hang on you. As soon as we get there you can dump me. I don't care. I just want to get out of here.

**BOBBY**

Honey, baby, I can't. I can't even get out of here myself. Believe it or not, I need a lousy hundred and fifty bucks to get my car back from that crazy mechanic...

**GRACE**

Darrell? You know he and Jake are...

**BOBBY**

You don't have any money put away, do you?

**GRACE**

Jake never gives me more'n twenty bucks at a time, like a bird in a cage, he don't want me goin' anywhere...

**BOBBY**

...you could get me money. I'll get you out of here.

She looks at him.

**GRACE**

There's money. A lot.

The words hang there, thick between them.

**BOBBY**

Where?

**GRACE**

Jake hides it. In a safe. In the floor. In

the bedroom. He counts it. He loves to sit there and count it.

**BOBBY**

What do you mean?

**GRACE**

At night. He just sits there and laughs and talks to himself and counts it. I heard him. My Mom told me he had a hunnert thousand dollars down there. Maybe more.

Bobby's eyes widen in hope.

**BOBBY**

In cash?

**GRACE**

Oh yeah. There's nothing else with Jake. He don't trust banks. He keeps the money in the floor right under the bed. He loves it so much, he wouldn't think of spending any of it on me. I never seen it but I know he's got more than a hunnert thousand at least...

**BOBBY**

One-hundred-thousand!? That son-of-a-bitch.

GRACE (puzzled)

What do you mean?

BOBBY (ignoring her)

If it's in a safe we'd have to get the combination--

**GRACE**

It takes a key. He keeps it on himself all the time. I mean all the time. It scratches up against me when we do it.

**BOBBY**

If the key's on him, how do we get the key?

**GRACE**

Kill him.

Spoken almost innocently, it hangs there between them. A silence.

**BOBBY**

I can't kill, Grace. I can't kill anybody.

**GRACE**

It's not like he's a young man, Bobby. He's had time to live. It'd be quick. I mean, he wouldn't even have to feel it...

(seductively) I mean, sometime in the middle of the night, when it's quiet...when he's asleep, you could just come up behind him when he's pounding on me and...

Grace lays her hands on Bobby, starting to caress him. He bristles and freezes with fear and disgust.

**BOBBY**

Shit! Listen to you... Are you crazy, Grace?

He abruptly pulls away.

**BOBBY**

Jesus Christ! I think this place is making me crazy. I was crazy to come back here and see you. I'm crazy for listening to anyone in this town, and I'd sure as hell be crazy if I spent another minute with you.

Grace rises, covering her nakedness, shooting a hand to his face, like she did when she read his fortune.

**GRACE**

But it's in you, Bobby. I see it. I see Death. It's in your heart. Let it out for me. Let it out...

He's mesmerized. Then:

**GRACE**

Do it for me, Bobby, you'll never regret it. I promise you. I'll do anything for you. Anything.

Bobby pauses, terribly torn.

**BOBBY**

I...take me back to town...

He turns away, towards the jeep. Grace has a tone of desperation in her voice.

**GRACE**

You need the money, Bobby. It's a lot more than \$100,000. A lot more. How are you

going to get out of here? You need the money. Whatever it takes, Bobby, remember?

Bobby walks past the jeep, on his way back to town alone.

**GRACE**

Where you going? I'll give you the ride...Come back! Bobby? It's three miles.

Bobby doesn't look back. Her eyes drift backwards into her solitude.

GRACE (to herself)  
Bobby?...Whatever it takes.

**EXT. DESERT/ALONG THE ROAD - LATER DAY**

BOBBY walks through the desert parallel to the road, still in a rage. Desert insects produce a cacophony of drones, buzzes, and clicks. A rattlesnake darts off a rock into the brush. A VOICE whispers to him.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

You've got the killing in you, boy.

Bobby turns and looks around. Just desert. He continues.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Next time you'll do just fine.

**BOBBY**

No!

The screen burns a bright white.

**EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY**

In a news pot, further down the street from where he was first seen, the old, BLIND MAN sits with his dead DOG, speaking as if into camera, sipping on a Dr. Pepper.

**BLIND MAN**

It's the desert that makes you crazy. The loneliness out here. Nobody to talk to. People on the run. Trailer parks. White trash. I seen some peculiar things on a hot day. I seen a scorpion sting itself to death. It just keeps driving its tail into its body again and again. A little killer killing itself. Seen a coyote kill itself too. Just kept on biting and tearing at its own legs. Near tore one clean off

before it bled to death. And what a white man'll do when it's freezing one moment, hot as hell the next. A man could get hisself killed just for rubbing shoulders with another (smacking his lips) kiss kissy kiss. Nice pussy y'see, see it coming. I don't know what it is about the desert. I figger it's sort of like putting a kettle of water over a fire. People is mostly water. We boil when it's hot. 'Cept when we boil the water's got no place to go. It just churns inside of us until we can cool off. If it's not too late.

BOBBY is now revealed standing next to the blind man, and we realize the blind man has been talking to him all along. Bobby sips a Dr. Pepper as well.

**BOBBY**

You sure seen a lot for a blind man.

**BLIND MAN**

Just 'cause I ain't got eyes doesn't mean I can't see.

**BOBBY**

That a fact?

Bobby noticing now all the little NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS that the Blind Man keeps around him in a sort of inchoate stall.

**BLIND MAN**

I can see just fine. For example: You're a young man who thinks he's got someplace to be.

A POLICE RADIO crackles, Bobby tensing.

**BOBBY**

Maybe I do.

**BLIND MAN**

Or maybe you just think you do. Just another small town. One guy chasing you. You go big town. Just gonna have four guys after you instead. Kiss kissy kiss. It gets down to one thing -- are you a human being or are you one of those hungry ghosts out there never satisfied with nothing? Cause you gotta remember you can run just as far as you can, but wherever you go, that's where you gonna be.

**BOBBY**

I think I've heard that before.

**BLIND MAN**

What do you want for free?

**BOBBY**

You sure got a lot of philosophy, old man.

**BLIND MAN**

Seems like I do but only cause end of the day we're all eyes in the same head. And everything is everything.

**BOBBY**

What?

**BLIND MAN**

...And everything is nothing too.

**BOBBY** (shakes his head)

Maybe one day I'll get to sit on a corner and spout wise.

**BLIND MAN**

Think you'll live that long?

Bobby is clearly unnerved by this. Suddenly the blind man stands, pissed and powerful, sniffing the air with the police radio in it.

As SHERIFF POTTER cruises by, glancing at Bobby shrinking. The car goes on up the street.

**BLIND MAN**

Cocksucker motherfucker! Cops. I hear you. Always sneaking around. Thinks I can't see him. Well he's right. Motherfucker. But that ain't mean I don't know what's going on around here. They're all cursed. Yes sir.

**BOBBY**

Who's cursed?

**BLIND MAN**

All them miners last century. Hungry ghosts, killed off all the Indians. Up at the mine. Earth ran red with blood, think I'm fooling around here. White sky was on fire. Grown men cried like babies. I saw a

flash, then darkness descended upon me. They put me in the joint. Took my eyes. I cursed them. White people can't seem to stay away from Indians (grabs his bandaged hand, smelling the blood). You gotta watch where ya put your fingers. Pussy pussy pussy, Indian pussy.

It sounds demented. Bobby, checking him out to see if he's really blind, walks quietly around him during this monologue and peeks over his glasses trying to see the blind man's real eyes. Although he thinks the Blind Man thinks he's on the other side of him, the Blind Man fools him by suddenly swivelling around and cranking a gob of spit into Bobby's face as if Bobby were on the other side.

Bobby, pissed, wipes the spittle from his face.

BLIND MAN (finishing)  
...but they gotta know you don't fuck around with Indians.

**BOBBY**

I thought you said you lost your eyes in the war?

**BLIND MAN**

So now you're going to tell me where I lost my eyes. You don't think I know where I lost my eyes? I was there when I lost them. I lost them in the war. The war in the joint. There's always wars in the joint. Cause I was a code talker in the joint and in the war too.(sniffs) Mmmm, nothing like the smell of a naked lady. Be careful, boy.

**BOBBY**

Musta been some bad ass nuclear tests here in the 50's. This town's all inbreeding.

**BLIND MAN**

Well, people gotta get by somehow. That's the curse. The mines done it. All that uranium, plutonium, fuffonium, fuckononium, assononium, all that "om"! Everybody's got a mother. You don't rip up your mother. You don't rip up the Earth and take everything out. It's like the Cracker Jack box says, "the more you eat, the more you want...."...

**BOBBY**

I got things to do.

**BLIND MAN** (offended)  
Oh well, go do 'em. You don't see me  
stopping you...

Bobby starts to walk away. The Blind Man rattles his tin cup.

**BLIND MAN**  
...But ain't you got a little something for  
the infirm?

**BOBBY**  
I'm a little short Pops. I'll catch you  
next time.

**BLIND MAN**  
Your lies are old, but you tell 'em well.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

BOBBY, depressed, is heading towards Harlin's gas station,  
passing JENNY sitting on a corner drinking a soda, almost as if  
waiting for him. She runs to him, and follows him, as somewhere  
a POLICE RADIO crackles and buzzes.

**JENNY**  
Hey mister. Mister, I just... I just wanted  
to thank you.

**BOBBY**  
For what?

**JENNY**  
For defending my honor this afternoon.

**BOBBY**  
I hate to bust your bubble honey, but I  
wasn't defending you.

**JENNY**  
But you was going to fight for me.

**BOBBY**  
I wasn't going to fight for you. I was  
just going to beat the shit out of your  
boyfriend.

**JENNY**  
He's not my boyfriend. I mean, I let him  
take me out and stuff, but I ain't spoken  
for. Not yet that is.

**BOBBY**

Get it through your head, little girl; I'm not going for you. If this Toby likes you, then if I were you I'd marry him. You're not going to get much better in this town.

**JENNY**

That's what I thought until you came riding in. I saw your car over at the gas station. It's a cool car. Want to take me for a ride? Desert's kind of lonely this time of day.

**BOBBY**

How old are you?

**JENNY**

(beat)

Eighteen... Well, I'm gonna be eighteen in two years, but that don't mean you can't take me for a ride if you want.

**BOBBY**

No, I don't want to take you for a ride. What I want is for ... Hey, you don't think you can get \$150 from your parents, could you?

From OFF CAMERA we hear TOBY.

**TOBY (O.C.)**

Mister!

**BOBBY**

Oh, shit!

Toby moves menacingly up the street towards Bobby.

**TOBY**

That's right, Mister. You better be afraid. I told you it wasn't over, but you didn't listen. Now I find you sneakin' around with my girl behind my back.

**BOBBY**

I wasn't sneaking around with your girl. Would you please tell him?

**JENNY**

You're too late, Toby. We're going to get in his fancy car and ride off and leave you

behind.

**BOBBY**

What the hell are you talking about?

**JENNY**

What's your name anyway?

**TOBY**

Oh, that tears it, Mister. I'm gonna bust you up but good. I'm gonna bust you into a million pieces and then ... and then bust those pieces up, and then ... and then spread them all around. That's what I'm gonna do. You don't know what you're dealing with, Mister. I'm crazy. I'm psycho crazy.

**BOBBY**

Yeah, I know. You're TNT. Just like dynamite. When you go off somebody gets hurt. (at his wit's end) All right. Let's do this.

**JENNY**

Toby Tucker, it don't matter to me if you beat him all up and knock out all his teeth and he's just drooling and bleeding all over hisself, 'cause we love each other and we gonna run off, and I'm gonna have his love child.

**BOBBY**

Will you shut up!

**TOBY**

You gonna pay for that, Mister.

Toby and Bobby square off, sizing each other up and preparing for a violent confrontation. Just as the two are about to clash we hear the voice of SHERIFF POTTER from OFF CAMERA.

**SHERIFF (O.C.)**

Toby!

The two men freeze in their tracks, as Potter drives up fast.

**TOBY**

Hey, Sheriff Potter.

SHERIFF (tough)

Toby, I just came from your mother's place.

She's worried sick about you. She says she ain't seen you since this morning.

**TOBY**

That ain't true, Sheriff. I was home for lunch.

**SHERIFF**

Boy, I'm not trying to hear nothing from you except that you're heading home. Now run along.

**TOBY**

Yes, sir. Come on, Jenny.

**JENNY**

I want to stay.

**TOBY**

I said come on!

Toby grabs Jenny by the wrist and literally pulls her along. As she goes she yells back to Bobby.

**JENNY**

Bye, Mister. Don't go nowhere without me. I wanna have your love child.

Toby points a vicious finger at Bobby.

**TOBY**

Next time, Mister. Next time.

Toby and Jenny exit leaving Bobby and the Sheriff alone. Bobby would also like to exit fast.

**SHERIFF**

Where ya goin'?

**BOBBY**

Harlin's.

**SHERIFF**

Get in.

Bobby has no choice. He gets in.

**SHERIFF**

Seen you popping up a little bit of everywhere today. You're not planning on staying are you?

**BOBBY**

No, sir. I'm not going to be around long if that's what you're worried about.

**SHERIFF**

That's a nasty cut you got there.

**BOBBY**

Yeah, fell down and hit a rock. Not as bad as it looks.

**SHERIFF**

There was a young fellow over at Jamilla's today when it got hit. Way she tells it he got whacked around good by one of the robbers.

**BOBBY**

Sounds like it. I wish I could help Sheriff, but I just want to get my car and get on up the road.

JAKE drives up in his GOLD CADDY. His windows whirr down.

**JAKE**

Everything all right, Virgil?

He eyes Bobby.

**SHERIFF** (a little nervous)

Just fine, Jake. Where you going?

**JAKE**

I was just up at Darrell's. How's the wife? That little eskimo baby walkin' yet?

**SHERIFF**

Oh just fine.

**JAKE**

You haven't seen Grace around, have you? I'm looking for her.

**SHERIFF**

No. But if I do, I'll tell her you're looking for her, Jake.

**JAKE** (looking at Bobby)

Whatcha got there, some trash?

He drives off. The Sheriff drives on.

**SHERIFF**

Peculiar, how things happen. A man's car breaks down. There's a hold up. People die and all that money -- and now old Jake out looking for his young wife. And then you show up...

The Sheriff looks right through Bobby, who knows this is more than a conversation. He pulls up to Harlin's garage. Bobby gets out.

**SHERIFF**

Time's running out, son. I'll be seeing you in the morning...

With this thinly veiled threat, the Sheriff drives on. As Bobby watches, feeling the pressure to get out now while he can.

**EXT. HARLIN'S GARAGE - LATER DAY**

DARRELL is cleaning his tools. Bobby's MUSTANG sits prominently in the car bay, washed and gleaming, as BOBBY walks up.

**DARRELL**

Hey there. I was beginnin' to think you wasn't comin' back... You don't look so good.

**BOBBY**

Yeah, well, I've been around the bend a bit.

**DARRELL**

One of those days you feel like you been runnin' in circles and you ain't no closer to where you tryin' to get than when you started?

**BOBBY**

You've been there?

**DARRELL**

Hell, I've had days I would gladly trade with a whippin' dog. Ain't much you can do when you feel like that 'cept tough it out.

**BOBBY**

You believe that?

**DARRELL**

You think bad, and bad is what you get.

**BOBBY**

That's a good piece of advice, Darrell.

**DARRELL**

No charge.

**BOBBY**

Listen, Darrell, about that hundred-fifty bucks for the car, as soon as I get where I'm going I swear I'll--

**DARRELL**

Two-hundred.

**BOBBY**

What?

**DARRELL**

It's going to cost you two-hundred dollars.

**BOBBY**

You said this morning the hose was going to run me one-fifty.

**DARRELL**

Yep. For the hose. But while you was gone I replaced a gasket. That's going to run you another fifty.

**BOBBY**

I didn't tell you to replace any gasket.

**DARRELL**

Yeah, but it was shot.

**BOBBY**

I don't give a fuck! I didn't tell you to do it! You can't just do unauthorized work.

**DARRELL**

Well, now, you just know all there is about bein' a mechanic, don't you? Didn't you read the sign.

**BOBBY**

What sign?

**DARRELL**

The goddamn sign on the wall. I can't do unauthorized work? What am I suppose to do? Just let you ride out of here with a

bad gasket. Then you get in an accident and get killed. Or worse. Who they gonna blame then? They gonna blame me, and there goes my reputation.

**BOBBY**

What reputation? You're nothing but an ignorant, inbred, tumbleweed hick.

**DARRELL**

Is that an insult? Are you insulting me.

**BOBBY**

Listen you stupid fuck, I want my car.

**DARRELL**

Listen to me you sorry sonufabitch. You owe me money, and this car ain't going nowhere until I get it. And if you take another five hours I'll find another fifty dollars worth of work to do on it. Is that clear? Now get out of here 'fore I call the Sheriff, who knows me.

Bobby is in a rage. He turns to leave and walks a few paces. He sees a WRENCH lying on a table. For a second his mind reels, then he snatches up the wrench and turns ready to smash it down on Darrell's head. He stops cold. Because ol' Darrell holds a CROWBAR in a batter's stance ready to smash it onto the Mustang.

**DARRELL**

You want to play, Mister? I'll play with you. You want to smash something? So do I.

Darrell pulls back the crowbar, ready to swing.

**BOBBY**

No! Okay! Okay!

**DARRELL**

What's the matter? The fight gone out of you? I'm just gonna smash a headlight. Maybe two.

BOBBY (pleading, almost crying)  
Please, just leave the car alone!

**DARRELL**

Mister, you already pissed me off but good.

Darrell lays the tip of the crowbar on the hood of the car, and

drags the tip of the bar across the hood leaving a long scratch.

**BOBBY** (about to lose it)  
Goddamn you! You son of a bitch!

**DARRELL**  
There you go, sweet talking me again.

Darrell begins to laugh. Bobby, desperate, looks to the trunk, thinking of his gun in there.

His POV -- the trunk. A FLASHBACK of the GUN goes through his mind.

**BOBBY**  
Look, Harlin.

**DARRELL**  
Darrell.

**BOBBY**  
Darrell. I'll get you your money. I just have to get something out of the trunk.

Using his TRUNK KEY, he tries to open it but realizes the lock has been changed.

**BOBBY**  
What the fuck did you do to my trunk?

**DARRELL**  
Well, that key's not gonna work. I had to pop the lock. You didn't leave me the trunk key.

**BOBBY**  
And you had to go into the trunk, didn't you?

**DARRELL**  
When I work on a car, I work on a car.

**BOBBY** (snaps)  
You motherfucker! (etc.)

**DARRELL**  
You can't help yourself, can you mister?  
You're out of control.

Darrell starts to laugh. It is a repetitive, almost demonic laugh that grows louder as the camera slowly dollies in on Bobby's anguished face.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

As BOBBY steps out into the glaring sun, he notices down at the other end of the town, GRACE'S JEEP parked right outside the SHERIFF'S OFFICE, empty.

Presently, GRACE and the SHERIFF walk out TALKING, and she gets in, says a few last words and drives away.

Bobby backs around a corner into a sidestreet. Is she selling him out? He's very confused, turbulent.

**INT. BUS DEPOT - LATER DAY**

BOBBY enters the BUS DEPOT. The interior is poorly lit. There are a few benches for people to wait on, but they sit empty. Old, faded travel posters hang on the wall. A bored FEMALE CLERK is behind the counter.

**BOBBY**

I need a ticket.

**CLERK**

Where to?

**BOBBY**

Out of here.

**CLERK**

But, in particular?

**BOBBY**

I ... Mexico. You got a bus that goes to Mexico? That's where I have to go.

**CLERK**

Mexico is a large country. Where in Mexico would you like--

**BOBBY**

I don't care, just get me there.

The clerk is a little put off by Bobby. He seems delirious. She goes through her schedule looking for a bus.

**CLERK**

How about Ciudad Juarez? You could take a local, arrives in two hours, and transfer in Albuquerque. It'll get you across the border.

**BOBBY**

How much?

**CLERK**

One way, or round trip?

**BOBBY**

One way.

**CLERK**

30.55. Twenty more will get you back.

Bobby counts his money.

**BOBBY**

Twenty-seven, fifty. That's all I got.

**CLERK**

The ticket is 30.55.

BOBBY (rifling his pockets)  
I bought a beer. That was a dollar something. Then I gave that girl 25 cents for the juke box. And the blind man...the soda...I..I'd have 30 if...if...

**CLERK**

I'm sorry, sir. It's \$30.55 for the ticket.

BOBBY (to himself)  
Yeah. Just a little short. Figures. I just wanted to get out, that's all.

Bobby starts to walk away. Suddenly he turns, runs back at the clerk, proffers his money, half-crazed, near tears.

**BOBBY**

Please, ma'am, you don't understand! I have to get out of here. They're going to come looking for me. They're going to kill me. If I can't get this ticket then I'm going to have to do things to get out of here. You know what I mean! I don't want to hurt anybody, I just want to leave. Please. I can't...I can't.

He's so desperate and in her frightened but neutral expression, Bobby experiences the only compassion he ever finds in this whole town.

**CLERK**

Okay, I'll give you the ticket, sir,  
but...just...just, please calm down,  
please!

her sane tone reminds Bobby of how far down he's come. He  
shrinks, suddenly ashamed of himself. She takes the cash on the  
counter, hands him a ticket.

**CLERK**

Keep your change. Bus three-twenty-three.  
Leaves at seven fifty two, tonight.

**BOBBY**

I'm sorry. It's just ... you know ...

She nods, puts a "closed" sign in the ticket window, disappears.

**EXT. BUS DEPOT - LATE DAY**

We hear the crackle of the same POLICE RADIO again, OFF CAMERA,  
as BOBBY walks out of the depot. ticket preciousely held in his  
hand, and suddenly reels as he sees SERGEI, about a 100 yards  
down the main stretch, slowly rolling into town in his  
convertible, looking for guess who.

**BOBBY**

Holy shit!

**INT. SERGEI'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS**

BOBBY turns away, but not fast enough. SERGEI spots him, hits  
the pedal.

**SERGEI**

Got you, shitface! Bobby Cooper. Bobby  
Cooper...

**EXT. MAIN STREET - SIMULTANEOUS**

BOBBY, ducking around a corner, hears the brief "Whoop" of the  
sheriff's POLICE SIREN. He glances back.

His POV - sure enough, the SHERIFF'S having a field day. He's  
just pulled SERGEI over. At this distance, we catch snippets of  
conversation as the Sheriff ambles from his car, checking  
Sergei's out-of-state plates.

**SHERIFF**

Where's the fire sweetheart? Don't know how  
they work things in Nevada, but we got  
speed limits in this state.

**SERGEI**

Vat? I am going 5 miles an hour! I am looking town. I not even moving.

We pop in closer to their conversation -- Bobby relishing this in his mind's eye. Sergei is constantly looking off to where he last saw Bobby. But the Sheriff, strangely, pays no attention to these looks.

**SHERIFF**

Whoa, what kind of accent you got there? You one of them Russians?

**SERGEI**

I am Russian, da! I am also rich Russian, da? Maybe we work something out, my friend Sheriff?

**SHERIFF**

What? You trying to bribe me, mister? Just cause you Russians ain't commies anymore, don't think money can buy everything...

Down the street, Sheriff Potter is holding up a concealed GUN.

**SHERIFF**

What's that? (He grabs the gun)  
..."concealed" is a definite no no in this town, Ivan. You know anything about Jamilla's grocery store?

**SERGEI**

What fuckin grocery store, you fucking shithead idiot! You call yourself a police...

Sergei looking Bobby's direction.

**SHERIFF**

Get out of the car, spread them. You can jawbone all you want or you have the right to shut the fuck up! You commie motherfucker. Either way you're goin' to the can.

**SERGEI**

I want my lawyer!

Sheriff cuffs Sergei and sticks him in the police car.

Bobby can't help smiling as he turns away to the SODA MACHINE seen in an earlier scene.

He comes up with the change the bus clerk left him and, dying for a drink in this heat, inserts the coin. Though still under considerable pressure from all sides, this lucky break with Sergei seems like it might be the beginning of something new today -- some luck.

The icy cold soda bottle shoots out. Bobby raises it to his lips, about to taste it, about to relax for once. Violently it explodes out of his hands as he doubles over in blinding pain from a KIDNEY PUNCH. He stumbles forward into the soda machine, gasping. The legs of his assailant are close to him, but the face is unseen.

Bobby doubles his agony as his bandaged left stump takes the brunt of the blow into the machine, re-opening the wound. Blood starts to seep through the bandage.

**BOBBY**

Ow!

Bobby crumples to the ground as TOBY now towers over him with his fists curled and a snarl on his lips.

**TOBY**

Get up, Mister! Don't ever let it be said Toby Tucker beat the living shit out of someone without giving them a fair chance.

**BOBBY** (gasping)

What the hell are you doing? You fucking psycho!

**TOBY**

I'm doing what any man would do if he'd been offended. I'm stompin' your ass.

**BOBBY**

You idiot! You don't even know what you're fighting over!

**TOBY**

My honor, that's what I'm fighting over. Now get up off the ground, or do I have to whoop you where you lie?

JENNY comes running up the street.

**JENNY**

Toby! Toby Tucker, leave him alone!

**TOBY**

You stay away, Jenny. I aim to mess him up, and that ain't a thing for a woman to see.

Jenny runs to Bobby and cuddles him where he lays.

**JENNY**

Don't be afraid of him none. I don't care what he does to you, we can still be together.

**BOBBY**

Get away from me!

Bobby sees his bus ticket on the ground. He grabs for it, but Toby beats him to it.

**TOBY**

Now, what's this?

**BOBBY**

Give it to me!

**TOBY**

Mexico? You going to Mexico?

**BOBBY**

I'm leaving. You never have to see me again. Just please, give me the ticket!

**TOBY**

This means something to you? Jenny means something to me.

Toby sticks the ticket in his mouth and chews it up whole.

**BOBBY**

Nooo!

**TOBY (between bites)**

I'm gonna beat you so bad you gonna be eatin' nothing but soup the erst of your days. Rain dogs is gonna be prettier than you when I'm done. I'm gonna mess you up so bad you gonna make your own momma sick. I'm gonna ...

Toby's words drift to Bobby from a million miles away. The world around him is like a dream, or a nightmare. A primal rage wells inside of Bobby that rises up in a howl as he swings the soda bottle up out of nowhere across Toby's head, smashing him backwards. Then he lands blow after blow with his right hand on

the boy's face and head.

Jenny screams:

**JENNY**

Stop it! You're killing him!

Jenny grabs Bobby's arm, literally hanging all her weight on it, stopping him from striking Toby again.

**JENNY**

You're killing him! Toby!? Toby!?

Jenny sinks to the ground and cuddles Toby. Bobby stands. He looks at Toby, then at his bloodied knuckles in disbelief. His bandage is soaked with his own blood, but his adrenaline numbs the pain.

**JENNY**

You killed him! You killed him!

She wails in the background as he backs away, around the corner, into Main Street, crossing to where the PHONE BOOTH is.

**EXT. PHONE BOOTH - LATE DAY**

BOBBY is on the phone.

**BOBBY**

Hello, Grace? It's Bobby.

**INTERCUTS TO:**

**INT. MCKENNA HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS**

GRACE, in the kitchen, is also on the phone.

GRACE (coolly)

I thought you'd be on your way to Vegas by now. Is there something you wanted?

**BOBBY**

I wanted to talk.

**GRACE (V.O.)**

I don't think we have anything to talk about.

**BOBBY**

What about us?

**GRACE**

There is no us, remember?

**BOBBY**

Except I can't get you out of my head,  
Grace.

(beat)

**GRACE**

Stop it.

**BOBBY (V.O.)**

Why? Am I making you hot, or does the  
truth scare you?

**GRACE**

Because I know you're full of shit.

**BOBBY**

I mean it, Grace. I'm getting out of here,  
and I want to take you with me.

**GRACE (V.O.)**

I thought you couldn't get your car.

**BOBBY**

I could if I had Jake's money.

**GRACE (V.O.)**

Is that what changed your mind? The money?

**BOBBY**

I don't give a damn about the money. I  
want you, and I want to get us out of this  
shithole. There's only one way to do that.

Pause.

**GRACE**

Are you sure?... About me, I mean?

**BOBBY**

I came back for you; this morning I came  
back. Before I even knew about the money.  
You're what I want.

(then)

The only reason I stormed off is because  
you spooked me talking about Jake. But  
I've had nothing but time to think about  
it. It keeps coming back to you and me and  
us getting the hell out of here. But we've  
got to get the money, baby. We get the  
money, I get the car, then we get the hell

out.

**GRACE**

You said you couldn't kill anybody.

**BOBBY**

We don't have to kill him. Just knock him out and tie him up 'till we get away.

(beat)

It was your idea, remember? I'm doing this for you. I'm doing this so you can fly...fly like a bird.

Grace bites at a nail and fidgets, but says nothing.

**BOBBY (V.O.)**

Grace ... Grace?

**GRACE**

After dark. I'll leave the back door unlocked.

She quickly hangs up the phone.

Bobby also hangs up the phone, an unreadable expression on his face.

**INT. MCKENNA LIVING ROOM - LATE DAY**

JAKE sits in an easy chair reading a paper. Puffs of smoke from his pipe rise from behind the paper and hang like a cloud over his head. GRACE stands in the doorway, body stiff and arms crossed, staring at him.

**JAKE**

Who was that on the phone?

**GRACE**

Wrong number.

**JAKE**

You spent a long time talking for a wrong number. But then you make friends so easily. Don't you, Grace?

Grace has no answer for that, so she says nothing. A long moment passes, then:

**GRACE**

I put up new drapes, Jake.

**JAKE**

I know. I was here when your apprentice was helping you. Remember?

**GRACE**

You never said anything. About the drapes.

**JAKE**

They look nice.

**GRACE**

You haven't even looked at them once.

Jake lowers the paper, looks at the drapes.

**JAKE**

They look nice.

**GRACE**

I picked them out for you, Jake. I thought you would like the colors.

JAKE (softly, admiring)

You look just like your mama when you move like that against the light.

Grace stares at the CHAIN now visible around Jake's neck that disappears under his shirt. She knows that hidden there is a key, and she fixes on it intently.

**JAKE**

What the hell you looking at, girl?

**GRACE**

Nothing, Jake. Absolutely nothing.

**EXT. DESERT - EVENING**

The SUN is setting. It strikes the horizon sending a ripple of golden light through the sky.

**EXT. PORCH OF HOUSE - EVENING**

A MAN dances in the evening light with a small child in his arms.

**EXT. CORNER OF HOUSE - EVENING**

A DOG and CAT huddle together in sleep.

**EXT. POLICE STATION - EVENING**

SHERIFF VIRGIL POTTER is tossing horseshoes with his DEPUTIES.

**EXT. MCKENNA HOUSE - EVENING**

GRACE watches the sun going down outside her house, cradling herself in her arms. A desert wind gently caresses her.

**EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT**

The BLIND MAN, along with his dead DOG, sits on the side of the street.

**BLIND MAN**

Well, that's it. Sun's going down. People go home, trade stories over dinner. They'll talk about the day, about the heat, laugh about something crazy it made them do. They'll kiss, sleep a few hours, then do it all over again.

BOBBY now appears next to the blind man holding two Dr. Peppers. He hands one to the blind man, takes a sip of the other one, and offers him his own change.

**BOBBY**

The day wasn't so bad. We all got through it all right.

BLIND MAN (giving back the change)

Keep it.

There's a suggestion of cockiness in Bobby, feeling his luck coming back with the night. His humour is enhanced by his POV down the street:

As DARRELL, with his dilapidated truck, readies SERGEI'S convertible for towing.

**BLIND MAN (OVER)**

Ain't over yet. Night is part of day; separate, but equal. Night is when you let your guard down; when you see things in the shadows and hear things in the dark.

**BOBBY**

Difference between you and me, old man, is I see the glass half full, you see it half empty.

**BLIND MAN**

Night is when you want to sleep, but the dry heat keeps you tossin' and turnin'. It's when you wish the sun was bakin' high

in the sky so you could see what it is  
you're afraid of.

**BOBBY**

You afraid of the dark?

**BLIND MAN**

Afraid of it? Boy, I live in the dark. All  
cause of a woman who made me this way.  
People are afraid of what they can't see.  
I can't see nuthin', so it's all the same  
to me. Kiss from a beautiful woman, kissy  
kissy kiss, a lick from a dog, slurp,  
slurp, the kiss of death (he makes a  
strange sound). It's all the same to me.

**BOBBY**

So, we're all just floating along like  
twigs in a stream, so enjoy the ride. Is  
that it?

**BLIND MAN**

More or less.

**BOBBY**

Not this twig, friend. I got plans.

**BLIND MAN**

Nothing makes the Great Spirit laugh harder  
than a man's plans. We all got plans. I  
planned on seeing all my life. I know you  
didn't plan on straying into town.

**BOBBY**

No and I don't plan on sticking around  
either.

**BLIND MAN**

Well, don't say I didn't warn you when  
things go your way.

**BOBBY**

You got a lotta philosophy in you, old  
timer but you don't fool me for one second  
with all this blind man crap. One minute  
you lost your eyes in Vietnam, next it's  
the joint. Now it's a woman? I'm hep to  
you.

The Blind Man slowly lifts his glasses, showing his EYES at  
last. Where his eyes should be are scars and dead flesh. An ugly  
sight that even takes Bobby back a step.

**BLIND MAN**

Used to be a young smartass like you. Then I got smart with the wrong man's daughter. Got some acid poured on my peepers for my trouble. You know human beings ain't always just human -- they got animals living inside 'em too...People give spare change to war heroes not fools. All fools get is pity. May not have eyes, but I see. And you, boy?

The Blind Man puts his glasses back on.

**BLIND MAN**

You got my pity.

BOBBY (doesn't believe him)

Hope she was worth it.

**BLIND MAN**

Oh, she was worth it. She was worth every black minute since.

Bobby looks at his watch, gets ready to go, drops a coin into the Blind Man's cup.

**BOBBY**

Time's up. Any last words of wisdom?

**BLIND MAN**

Things ain't always the way they seem. You got to ask yourself: is it worth it? Day comes Earthmaker is going to look in your fucking heart! Then you better know what it is you're doing. Are you a human being -- or just one of them hungry ghosts out there floatin' around?

Bobby walks away, smiling.

**BOBBY**

You are crazy, you know. Be seeing you, old man.

**BLIND MAN**

You know I won't be seeing you.

The Blind Man lifts his sunglasses and peers into the cup as if he sees. We don't really know. He reaches into the cup and pulls out the coin Bobby tossed in.

**BLIND MAN**

Cheap bastard. Gives me back my own money... Well, Jesse, time's up, let's go for a walk.

The Blind Man now stands up and pulls the seeing-eye dog's harness. The DOG struggles to its feet and they walk off down the street together.

**INT. MCKENNA HOUSE - NIGHT**

GRACE stands by the back door staring at the bolt lock. JAKE yells to her from another room.

**JAKE (O.C.)**

What the hell you doin', Grace? Are you coming to bed, or aren't you?

For a moment Grace's hand wavers above the lock. Suddenly, like a snake striking, her hand shoots out and unlocks the bolt. Just as quickly she turns from the door and heads to the bedroom.

**EXT. YARD - MCKENNA HOUSE - NIGHT**

A LIGHT is on in the bedroom window. After a moment it dims and the house is dark, silhouetted against the horizon by moonlight. BOBBY steps into frame, carrying an iron pipe.

**INT. MCKENNA HOUSE/BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

We start close on GRACE -- a KEY slapping against her buttocks as bedsprings groan. We reveal Grace copulating on all fours with JAKE from behind.

**JAKE**

Ya little bitch, you like it don't you! You like it this way -- rough and hard. Gotta go fuck around on me, like your Mama, but you always gotta come home to Daddy, don't you, cause you know Daddy's the best.

**GRACE**

Yes, yes, hit me...beat me, please.

**JAKE**

You been a bad girl, Grace. You took my heart from your Mama, didn't ya? You betrayed her! Like you did me. There ain't no forgivin' ya, girl!

**GRACE**

Oh no! Oh please forgive me, Papa!

**JAKE**

You broke her heart! You broke your Mama's heart. You stole me! That's right. Fuck it away. But it ain't ever goin' away, cause your Mama -- she's like a hungry ghost baby, she won't go away, she won't leave ya alone.

**GRACE**

No! No! Please!

He hits her. Harder.

In a strange flashback of his mind, he now sees Grace's MAMA beneath him, receiving his punishment.

He stops, abruptly. He can't go on. Fear coming into his eyes. He starts to whimper, begging for his punishment and/or forgiveness.

**JAKE**

Oh baby, I'm so sorry... I'm so sorry...  
(he starts to cry)  
I didn't mean to hurt you so bad. It just...got away...

He drops down, burying his face between Grace's legs.

**JAKE**

Forgive me, baby, forgive me!

He hides there from the world that he has created, crying to himself.

Grace has an unreadable expression, but that's certainly not a new occurrence in their strange relationship.

**INT. MCKENNA HOUSE/BACKDOOR - NIGHT**

The knob of the backdoor twists and the door opens. BOBBY slips quickly through the space and into the house quietly closing the door behind him. It is nearly pitch dark, and he has no bearings. He steps gingerly through the hall, but in the darkness he bumps into a table nearly knocking over a lamp only to catch it just before it crashes into the floor.

**INT. MCKENNA HOUSE/BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

JAKE hears the noise. He raises his head and cocks an ear to the air. She knows who it is, and is concerned; he's too early.

**GRACE**

What's the matter?

**JAKE**

You didn't hear something?

**GRACE**

Yeah, I heard a key slapping against my ass.

**JAKE**

There's someone in the house.

GRACE (nervous)

Maybe...maybe the wind blew something over (encouraging him to continue). Come on baby, keep going.

Jake climbs out of bed, throwing on some pants, reaching into a drawer in the chest of clothes, pulling out a small dark metallic OBJECT.

GRACE (realizing)

What's that? Jake -- where's you get that?

**JAKE**

Relax baby. Stay here.

He goes to the door. She follows, tries to block the door.

**GRACE**

Jake, don't go out there. Call the sheriff.

**JAKE**

Shhhh! Just like your Mama, always scared of things...

He maneuvers her aside and slips out the door into the corridor.

**INT. LIVING ROOM/MCKENNA HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Crowbar in one hand, BOBBY makes his way slowly through the living room, banging against the edge of a table. He hops silently in pain, then waits at the door to the next room and listens. Hearing nothing he slowly pokes his head into the darkness. A moment later Bobby backs from the door and we see the barrel of his own black .9mm BARETTA pressed against his forehead. JAKE appears now, backing him into the living room. He switches on a LAMP.

**JAKE**

Well, well. As I live and breathe. I didn't expect to be seeing the like of you again. Thought you'd be long on your way by now.

Jake continues to press the gun to Bobby's head.

**BOBBY**

That's my gun...(then) That fucking Darrell!

**JAKE**

I like Darrell. He may be an idiot, but he's my half brother. We own Harlin's together, yeah, that little redneck manages to get paid no matter how things work out.

**BOBBY** (realizing)

You been workin' me the whole time.

**JAKE**

I guess this is what they call "ironee"? Hunh?

**BOBBY**

It's not what you think, Jake.

**JAKE**

No, but it don't matter anyway when you're lying there with your brains all over my carpet and I'm telling Sheriff Potter about this drifter, didn't have enough money to fix his car. And Darrell happened to find his gun, and through maybe this drifter heard old Jake got some money stashed away, and figgered he might try to break in and steal it!

**BOBBY**

Wait a minute. Just listen to me...

**JAKE**

...And he thought he'd clock old Jake McKenna and turn his brains into wall paper...and then maybe borrow \$200 or \$20,000, or \$200,000...

**BOBBY** (very serious)

That's not the reason I'm here, Jake.

**JAKE**

There's another reason? It better be good.

**INT. HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS**

GRACE makes her way down the hall in a nightgown, and now hides in shadow, listening.

**BOBBY (V.O.)**

I came for Grace.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

You came to take my wife from me?

**INT. LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

**BOBBY (sincere)**

No. I came to kill her.

**INT. HALLWAY**

GRACE'S eyes get real narrow and angry.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Shhh! Liar.

**BOBBY (V.O.)**

It's the truth, Jake.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

**JAKE**

That's a thick change of heart from this afternoon.

**BOBBY**

Maybe I don't like being played, like she played us today. Maybe I don't like that at all, Jake. I'm just pissed enough, maybe I'll rip the neck off my own grandmother.

**JAKE**

You have a lot of talk in you, whole lot of talk.

**BOBBY**

Damn it, Jake. There is a guy coming to kill me, and if it comes down to me or Grace, then I pick Grace. You were going to give me thirteen-thousand. Give me two-hundred. I'll kill her and dump the body where no one will ever find it. She showed me the perfect place. There won't be enough left for an autopsy. But I need the

the money. I've got to have the money.

Jake is silent. He takes his time thinking. Finally:

**JAKE**

She's in the bedroom.

**INT. HALLWAY**

GRACE, distressed, starts backing off towards the bedroom.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

BOBBY stares at the automatic in JAKE's hand.

**BOBBY**

Wanna give me my gun?

Jake laughs, a "don't even think about it" look.

**JAKE**

A strangling'll do just fine. Go to work.

Bobby holds up his eight fingers with a "you try" look. Jake shrugs. Bobby points to the crowbar on the carpet.

**BOBBY**

How 'bout the pipe?

**JAKE (sarcastic)**

She's got a slender neck.

Bobby turns and walks towards the bedroom. Jake follows into an adjoining room.

**JAKE**

Hold on a second! Come here!

Bobby turns to Jake, who is suddenly extremely upset.

**JAKE**

How the hell did you know where the bedroom's at?

**BOBBY**

What are you talking about!

**JAKE (getting closer)**

This morning when I came in on you and Grace, you swore you hadn't been near the bedroom. Now you make straight for it.

**INT. HALLWAY**

GRACE returns to listen. This thing is like a seesaw battle of wills.

**BOBBY (V.O.)**

Come on, Jake --

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Don't Jake me boy! It's a big house. You probably didn't even make it out to the desert this afternoon...

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

JAKE has come right up on BOBBY in a rage.

**JAKE**

...Or did you just ply the afternoon away between my sheets putting your lips all over her, you little horndog...

**BOBBY (changing tactics)**

What difference does it make if I slept with her? We're gonna kill her.

**JAKE**

You're right! I don't give a damn about her. But killing her's one thing. Fucking her behind my back, that's another!

Suddenly Jake swings his arm, clipping Bobby across the side of the head with the pistol and opening another bloody gash.

Bobby crumbles to his knees, crying out.

Jake suddenly grabs Bobby by the hair, forcing his face back and smearing his lips with his own in a vengeful kiss. The blood from Bobby's wound runs down to his lips and mixes with Jake's lips.

**JAKE**

Now you've tasted both of us!

He pulls back the hammer on the gun and levels it at Bobby's head. Bobby sees it coming, plays his last card on his knees.

**BOBBY**

O.K.! I admit it! I fucked her! But it's her you have to worry about, not me! She wants you dead, Jake. She wants you dead and she wants your money.

JAKE (hesitates)  
What are you babbling about?

BOBBY (talking fast)  
Think about it! How do you think I got in here? Did you hear any glass break? Did you hear a door splinter?

**INT. HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS**

GRACE listening.

**BOBBY (V.O.)**  
How did the evening end? After you went to bed did she linger a bit? Maybe just long enough to leave the door unlocked? Is that what happened?

**INT. LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

Like an old rag, JAKE gradually soaks all this up becoming heavier with the weight of the knowledge.

**JAKE**  
You'd tell me anything to save your pathetic life.

**BOBBY**  
You know what kind of woman Grace is, Jake. You know how badly she wants to get the fuck out of Superior. What's she to you, Jake; a woman who wants you dead? Let me kill her. All I want is two-hundred dollars to get out of here with.

**JAKE**  
Two-hundred dollars?

**BOBBY**  
Two-hundred dollars...I'll do it! I'll kill her!

A beat. Jake stares down at Bobby on the floor.

**JAKE**  
Sweet Christ, I'd be doing the world a favor, ridding it of the likes of you. Get your miserable ass off the floor. You're positively pathetic... Go on, go kill Grace.

Bobby slowly stands.

**JAKE**

I'm not letting you walk for nothing. Two hundred dollars. Do it, boy. Kill her.

Bobby goes.

**INT. HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS**

GRACE bolts back to the bedroom, the camera following her as she flies.

**INT. BEDROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)**

BOBBY walks it. His POV -- the door. Every step seems freighted.

**INT. BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

GRACE is in a quandary. How many seconds before Bobby walks in to kill her? Or can he really kill her? She's not sure.

She looks around the room frantically. Picks up a lamp, puts it down. She looks quickly through her closet, rummages below in the boxes. Suddenly she finds it.

A dangerous looking Indian HATCHET with a feather hanging off its bindings. It's a formidable piece of iron, quite capable of splitting a skull or impaling flesh.

Grace hears the footsteps just outside the door. She runs behind the door.

A moment later, the bedroom door creaks open and BOBBY quietly enters, approaching the bed. We sense the doubt in his eyes as to whether he can kill her.

In a reverse POV, Bobby sees the outline of Grace in the bed as victim...closer, closer. He now lifts the edge of the bedcover but sees a blanket bunched up to resemble a human figure.

He suddenly hears a foot fall behind him, then he feels her presence. He spins.

She's directly behind him, hatchet raised. His life is in her hands.

His eyes, locked in an eternal moment.

Her eyes, the hatchet.

**SNAP CUT TO:**

**INT. HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS**

As JAKE, anxiously torn, waits, there is a LOUD CRASH, followed by SOUNDS of struggle, of murder, of death. Then...

**GRACE**

Jake!

It is a desperate cry for help. Jake can't help himself. He breaks into a roaring run down the hall to save his beloved.

**JAKE**

Grace!!

**INT. BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

JAKE bulls into the bedroom. It's a mess, furniture overturned, sheets and blankets all over the floor. The lights broken. Waiting for him, face down on the floor, is BOBBY'S BODY in a pool of liquid. A broken bottle lies nearby. Bobby's body heaves in its final death throes, and then shudders quiet... Over there, by the bed, is GRACE, who still clutches the HATCHET. The look on her face is pure shock.

**JAKE**

Well...looks like you got him, Grace.  
That's good...that's real good. He must of slipped past me, but you got him. Looks like that drifter from this morning. Got to be careful who you make friends with, sweetheart.

Jake eyes the weapon in Grace's hand.

**JAKE**

Why don't you put that down? It's all over now. Put it down.

Grace eyes the gun in Jake's hand.

**JAKE**

Go on, girl. Put it down.

What choice does Grace have? She lets the hatchet clank to the floor.

**JAKE**

Aww, that's my Grace: Not about to let someone get the best of her. That's what I love about you. As dangerous as you are unpredictable.

behind Jake, the lifeless BOBBY rises up from the floor, very much alive, and clobbers Jake with a golf club. Jake is staggered, but he's one tough old customer as he manages to spin slowly, gun still in one hand, as if to fire.

Before he can, Grace grabs up the hatchet from the floor and drives it straight into his back.

He gurgles, stunned from both sides, but it's like trying to kill Rasputin. He still has the gun as Bobby jumps him from the rear, trying to get his neck in a chokehold. The gun FIRES once, discharging into the wall. The hatchet is ripped from his back.

Grace watches as the two men bang into the walls in a rugged rodeo-type fight, Jake seeking to dislodge Bobby off his back. An expression of fear and excitement in her eyes.

Finally the two men go crashing to the ground, rolling around, Bobby maintaining his stranglehold, but calling to her, his hands full.

**BOBBY**

Grace, goddamit, do something!

Jake's eyes rolls up at her like a beaching whale, pleading for help.

**JAKE**

Grace...?

She commits. Jumping into the fray, it's not clear whose side she's really on as the three of them roll across the floor, strangling, biting, hitting, spitting, scratching, gasping. It's a Guignol, but the pressure from Bobby's forearm is taking its toll on Jake. Trying to bite Jake, Grace bites Bobby instead, but then she scratches Jake's face. Jake is grabbing her hard as Bobby chokes him, trying to use her to leverage himself away. But she manages to rip herself from his grip and scrambles on her knees across the floor.

She grabs the hatchet. And stands, moving back towards the two men locked on the floor. Bobby looks up at her, hatchet in hand, no longer sure which way she'll go.

Jake, however, gasping for air, eyes bulging, spittle dripping from his mouth, looks at Grace with some inner certainty that she will help him. He gasps the words.

**JAKE**

Help me, Grace, help...

**GRACE**

Like you helped her, Jake?

Grace stands there, deciding, the power of the hatchet in her hands. She raises it suddenly over the two men.

It flashes downwards. Deep into the gut of her husband Jake, almost transfixing him to the floor.

In the silence that follows, Jake's eyes roll up to meet hers. But all she has for him is a cold, distant stare.

Jake's head drops as the life rushes out of him. Bobby falls back from the body puffing and dripping with sweat.

**BOBBY**

What the hell'd you wait for?

She doesn't answer, turbulence in her face. He rolls Jake's body off, upset. She may have made it a murder, but he was part of it, and he feels the shift in himself. They're both in new territory, feeling an apartness between them.

Suddenly JAKE gasps, still alive! It is too much for Bobby. He grabs the hatchet and plunges it down on Jake, silencing him one last time.

Grace is pushing the bed away from the wall, slipping down on her knees and prying open several floorboards.

**GRACE**

The money's right here! Get the key!

**BOBBY**

No! You get it!

He doesn't want to get close to Jake. Grace coldly runs over to his corpse, ripping the chain, key and all, from the neck. The action pulls Jake's head up, then she lets it thump back on the floor. She runs back to the floorboards.

The top of a thick steel floor safe is revealed.

Bobby watches -- his whole life, it seems, hanging on the outcome.

With the key, she opens the safe. Inside are rolled-up bundles of cash -- in hundred dollar denominations. She looks up at him, offering it as she reaches in for more. Bobby also gets down on his hands and knees and grabs more and more, sucked into the fever of freedom, far more money than he lost at the grocery store, overcome now with emotions of fear and freedom.

They see each other.

**GRACE**

Didn't I tell you?

BOBBY (plunging into the cash)  
There must be 150, 200 thousand here!  
Goddamnit Grace, you were right!

**GRACE**

We done it, Bobby. Oh my God!

They laugh excitedly and start kissing, rolling in the stacks of cash, some of which sticks to Bobby's sweating back. The day didn't turn out so bad after all for Bobby.

**GRACE**

Fuck me baby!

BOBBY (looking at Jake)  
What about him?

**GRACE**

Let him watch. I want him to know what he's missing.

As they consummate their violent relationship for the first time, Jake's lifeless eyes watch them.

**EXT. MCKENNA HOUSE - LATER NIGHT**

The LIGHT in the bedroom window is low candlelight, but we sense something watching them. GRACE's silhouette moves across a window.

BOBBY now comes out of the house, cautious, walking down the driveway.

He stops, thinks, and walks back to open the hood of GRACE'S JEEP.

He reaches into the ENGINE and disconnects something, then closes the hood and walks on.

**EXT. HARLIN'S GARAGE - NIGHT**

BOBBY walks up to the SHACK near the garage and bangs on the door. A light goes on in the window. DARRELL shouts out.

**DARRELL (O.C.)**

What you want?

**BOBBY**

Open up!

**DARRELL (O.C.)**

We're closed. Come back when the sun comes up.

Bobby, in a hurry to get back should Grace pull any tricks, bangs and kicks against the door. Darrell yanks the door wide.

**DARRELL**

What the hell ... oh, it's you. Might've figgered. Listen I got a waitress coming over. What do you want?

**BOBBY**

I want my car.

**DARRELL**

You got the money?

Bobby pulls the money from his hip pocket and hands it to Darrell. The mechanic fingers it suspiciously.

**DARRELL**

Two-hundred dollars in hundred-dollar bills. And this morning you was broke.

**BOBBY**

That's none of your business. Get the keys.

**DARRELL**

I don't want no dirty money. I run an honest business.

**BOBBY**

Yeah, like Al Capone on tax day. Get the keys?

**DARRELL (pause)**

Well, there's a \$50 overnight storage charge we got to talk about.

Bobby is ready at first to explode, but then just laughs out loud. You got to give it to a guy like Darrell. He holds up a \$100 bill.

**BOBBY**

All I got's a hundred, Darrell. You got change?

**DARRELL**

No.

**BOBBY**

Figgers. There's a scratch on the hood and how much you make selling my gun? Deduct it.

Bobby pulls the hundred back from Darrell's grasp.

DARRELL (going to get the keys)  
Don't know nothing about no gun.

**BOBBY**

Course you don't. Tell me something Darrell. Forty thousand people die every day! How come none of them are you?

DARRELL (throws him the keys)  
I think you know where to find her.

**BOBBY**

And the trunk key.

DARRELL (pulls out the trunk key)  
Topped off the tank for you. No charge.  
Just my way of doing business.

BOBBY (jovial, confident now)  
Listen up good, Darrell. I'm getting outta this shithole. You're staying! And one little peep outta you -- remember that gun makes you part of the food chain. Your prints are all over it. I'd be awful careful whose rectum I was pointing my finger in, Darrell.

Bobby hops in the car, a free man. As Darrell glares at him, bewildered and frightened at the same time.

**EXT. MCKENNA HOUSE - NIGHT**

BOBBY turns the MUSTANG up the drive. THE HEADLIGHTS cut the darkness and land on an empty patch where Grace's jeep had been parked. Bobby jumps from the Mustang and runs around frantically. His look is devastated. He falls to his knees, about to sob when:

GRACE opens the front door and pokes her head out, putting out several suitcases.

**GRACE**

Bobby? What the hell's the matter with you?

**BOBBY**

I ... nothing. I just stubbed my toe on a rock. Hurt like hell.

**GRACE**

I got the money all packed. I put the jeep and his caddy in the garage. People'll think maybe me and Jake went away. Buy us some time...I know a back road we can take.

**BOBBY**

Good thinking. (looking at her four bags)  
What's all this?

**GRACE**

I'm not coming back.

**BOBBY** (accepting)

Awright, let's go. I want to be fifty miles from here before the sun comes up.

**GRACE**

Funny thing; the jeep wouldn't start. I had to push it.

**BOBBY** (dryly)

Funny thing... I'll get the bags.

**EXT. MCKENNA HOUSE - LATER NIGHT**

Bobby's MUSTANG is backed towards the front of the house. We see a silhouette of BOBBY and GRACE carrying something wrapped in a BLANKET and dumping it in the trunk.

**EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

A lone pair of HEADLIGHTS illuminate the night as the Mustang cruises through the dark. As the lights brighten the screen we:

**FADE TO:**

**INT./EXT. MUSTANG - NIGHT**

GRACE sits next to BOBBY peering out the windshield, clutching the money in a backpack. She's humming an Indian song.

**BOBBY**

I can't see it.

**GRACE**

It should be just up ahead. Hold on ... there! There it is!

A SIGN illuminated by the HEADLIGHTS. It reads: YOU ARE  
**LEAVING SUPERIOR. THANKS FOR VISITING.**

Grace lets out a scream of joy, leans over and hugs him.

**GRACE**

Oh, God! I can't believe it. I'm out.  
I'm finally out!

The MUSTANG begins to swerve along the road.

**BOBBY**

Hey! Take it easy. Want to get us killed?

**GRACE**

You don't know what it feels like to be  
free of that place.

**BOBBY**

I don't know about that?

**GRACE**

You spent a day in Superior. I wasted my  
entire life there. I feel like someone just  
took a million pounds off my shoulders.

**BOBBY**

We've still got some dead weight to get rid of.

**GRACE**

Can't we just dump him fast someplace?

**BOBBY**

I want a place where only the vultures will  
find him...(then) It'll be over soon,  
Grace.

**GRACE**

Then will you take me on your friends' boat  
with you?

**BOBBY**

I'm not sailing his boat.

**GRACE**

But I thought --

**BOBBY**

We're going to buy a boat of our own baby,  
and sail it wherever we want to go.

**GRACE**

Anywhere?

**BOBBY**

What the hell? Why not? Where should we go?

**GRACE**

Hawaii. I've read all about it. I've dreamed of going there and just lying on the beach while the water licked up against my feet. Oh, God. I'd kill to go there.

**BOBBY**

You already have.

She gives him a funny look.

**BOBBY**

You know I thought you'd left me back there.

**GRACE**

What are you talking about?

**BOBBY (emotional)**

When I got back from the garage, and your jeep wasn't there, I thought you'd gone and left me and taken the money.

(off her look)

...Cause I never had any luck with women, Grace. You don't know what I been through. The shit I've taken. I thought you were like the rest of 'em... but when you came out of the house... well you're here Grace and we might be starting in the shit but we're starting where I never been -- together with someone -- together with you Grace.

She responds with a luminous smile.

**GRACE**

I love you Bobby.

He looks back at her with trust and love in his eyes.

**BOBBY**

We're gonna pull this off, Grace.

Just then a HEADLIGHT rakes them from the rear as we hear, again, the ominous crackle of a POLICE RADIO and the short brutal "Whoop" of the siren, as Sheriff Potter's VEHICLE rolls

up quickly behind them. Grace's face is caught like a surprised deer in the headlamps.

**GRACE**

Oh, my God!  
(then)  
Don't stop!

Bobby is in a bind. The siren whoops again. The lights flash to highbeam.

**BOBBY**

He must've seen us swerving on the road,  
that's all, just gonna give us a ticket for  
swerving...

But even Bobby has trouble believing that as the POLICE VEHICLE pulls out sharply alongside his and SHERIFF POTTER motions to him aggressively to pull over on the shoulder.

SHERIFF (into loudspeaker)  
Pull over, goddamnit, pull over!

**GRACE**

Keep going!

She seems to be panicking. Bobby pulls over.

**BOBBY**

Fuck this!...Just shut up, Grace. We done  
nothing! Be cool. Let me do the talking. He  
doesn't know anything.

His vehicle pulled up on the shoulder in front of them, the Sheriff gets out, shining his power flashlight into their faces.

BOBBY (starts)  
'Evening Sheriff, sorry bout that but this  
jackrabbit...

Bobby has no time to react as the Sheriff is suddenly there at his window, jerking his door open, angry. A GUN in his hand, pointed at them, his eyes on Grace.

**SHERIFF**

You had to fuck him, didn't you!

GRACE (nervous cool)  
I would never do that to you, baby... He  
killed Jake -- said he'd kill me if I  
didn't come with him. All he wants is the  
money.

Bobby looks at her. He cannot believe what he just heard.

**BOBBY**

What!

SHERIFF (flipping, yelling)

Don't lie to me!

Grace knows the jam is up.

**GRACE**

OK...but he never made me cum! Really Virgil, I was only doing what I had to do so we could be free. Just like we talked about. It meant nothing.

A pause. Virgil wants to kill her, but he also wants her back badly.

**BOBBY**

You fucking him too Grace? Is everybody fucking everybody in this town?

She ignores him. Her attention on the backpack with the money between her legs -- the gun is there, inside an outer flap of the bag.

**SHERIFF**

You fuck this guy -- get him to do your dirty work and you think you can take the money and dump me?

**GRACE**

No baby, you got it wrong.

**SHERIFF**

This road don't go to Globe, Grace -- where were you going to meet me?

His flashlight on the four suitcases in the backseat. She doesn't have an answer to that one.

**GRACE**

It's not like that it... Look, Virgil, I got the money here.

She gets out of the car on her side, comes around to him, the pack of money slung on her shoulder, hard to see in the dark.

SHERIFF (hurt)

Oh Grace, you can say what you want...but,

I watched you fuck that pervert for years while you're telling me you loved me? What happened to going to Milwaukee together? You and me -- gonna open up the finest sporting goods store that city ever did see? Get us a place on the north shore, by the lake? Season Brewer tickets! Just you and me, Grace. What happened?

**GRACE**

All talk, that's all you did was talk, and all I did was sit around getting older waiting for you to free me! You never did nothin' Virgil, you're weak! (pointing to Bobby) He did!

The Sheriff, deeply wounded, casts a hot vicious gaze on Bobby.

**SHERIFF**

This is some girl you and me got here Bobby, yessir, an excellent cocksuck too, wouldn't you say? (back at Grace)... Course you had a lotta practice haven't you darling, going way back to your crazy mama!

GRACE (deadly)

Shut up, Virgil! Take your share of the money. It's not so bad.

**SHERIFF**

I don't want the fuckin' money! I'm not gonna give up everything I got for a lousy 50,000 dollars. It's you. You Grace or nothing. The whole thing... I want you to be my wife...(hopeful). What do you way Grace?

**GRACE**

You sound just like Jake... I did see into the future, Virgil, but you weren't in it. Go back to your family. They love you.

Bobby gets out of the car, misunderstanding the situation.

BOBBY (misunderstanding)

Look, we got more. We got \$200,000 at least. Split it three ways, we all walk away...

The Sheriff snaps and smashes Bobby with his flashlight, knocking him to the ground, kicking him again and again, gathering the psychic force to murder him. Grace tries to

approach.

**SHERIFF**

Shut up, boy! You don't know shit round here! (to Grace) Get back. Did she tell you that story about the bird flying away?

BOBBY (rolling on the ground)  
Ow! Look, I ... ow!

**GRACE**

Stop! Stop it!

SHERIFF (kicking again and again)  
Were you going to help her fly away, asshole? What'd you think, you were the first boy to drift through this town she came on to? She tell you the story about old Jake forcing her to marry him? That's a good story... How he killed her crazy Mama?

Bobby in bloody agony. Grace stunned that Virgil would reveal this now publicly.

**GRACE**

Goddamnit Virgil, stop! Don't!

**SHERIFF**

...But I bet the story she didn't tell you was the best story of all. How old crazy Jake was really her Papa. And she liked fucking Papa! And now she's killed the sonofabitch! Just like she's gonna kill you!

Grace plunges into the pack, pulls the gun and shoots Virgil across the car in the gut.

**GRACE**

No...you! You!

The Sheriff flies back onto the road, stunned, not realizing what's happened.

Bobby watches unbelieving as Grace quietly steps up over the Sheriff.

She puts the next round in his nuts, a modern fury enacting ancient wrath.

**BOBBY**

Grace. No!

The Sheriff is wide-eyed, dying in shock. Grace then fires right at his head in a coup de grace that blows his brains out the back of his head.

Grace and Bobby both stare, then Grace jumps into action, dragging the body. She snaps to Bobby.

**GRACE**

Help me get him off the road. Into the car!  
We'll ditch his car... Get the fuck up!

Bobby stares at her.

**EXT./INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT**

They're driving. GRACE and BOBBY, wordless, each thinking in separate worlds. Grace wipes her hands. The bag with the money between her legs. The Baretta is back in the bag.

BOBBY (finally)

Jesus, did you have to kill him?

**GRACE**

Get real Bobby. He was gonna kill you and me.

**BOBBY**

He was in love with you Grace. He would've done what you wanted, you could've made a deal and ...

**GRACE**

The only deal he had in mind was killing you for Jake's murder and blackmailing me into sucking his dick for the rest of my life... no thanks.

**BOBBY**

He was a cop, Grace, they never stop looking for you when you kill a cop...

**GRACE**

He was a scumbag!... He wanted me, Bobby. These guys don't let go! Even when they're dead... (softer) You don't know what it was like, Bobby. Those two, they were the same.

A silence. The oncoming road.

**GRACE**

So, aren't you going to ask me?

**BOBBY**

Ask you what? You mean what kind of  
horrifying sick shit is coming next?

**GRACE**

Don't you want to know...? I bet it's  
burning a hole in your brain just now?

**BOBBY**

Let it go, baby. It's the past. I got a  
past...

**GRACE**

Don't you really want to know? Was Jake my  
Daddy? Was I fucking my own Daddy? Don't  
you want to know that?

**BOBBY** (shouting)

What do you want me to say!

She's yelling, emotionally out of control.

**GRACE**

Yes! I was! I was fucking Daddy! And I  
married him!... I married him...okay?

She looks at Bobby, forces him to look at her. Finally:

**BOBBY**

Why?

**GRACE**

I don't know why!

She drops back in her seat. Tears come.

**GRACE**

All I wanted was to be a kid... He took  
that from me... They all did... (very  
quietly, dangerously) They treated me like  
meat. A piece of meat. Fuck me. Blow me.  
Bend over. Stick their fingers up my ass...  
Fuck them! Fuck the whole town! They  
deserved to die!

A pause.

**BOBBY**

And us Grace? What do we deserve?

**GRACE** (crying quietly to herself)

"Nin chonk, nin chonk," my Mama used to say in Apache. "Your worst is doing this to you," she said, "your worst has killed you." And "Be go tsee" -- "you will find out the result of what you have done..." Just when you think it's over, when you've gotten away, it begins. Cause you never get away.

Bobby stares straight ahead at the oncoming road. Can he still love her? She seems to be reading his thoughts, like she said she could.

**GRACE**

It's easy to judge someone else when you don't know nothing about it... I'm Apache, Bobby. You don't eat what I eat. You don't see what I see. Don't judge me.

A silence. Two former lovers in the dark of a car moving through the strangeness of an Arizona desert at night.

**BOBBY**

I don't want to think anymore.

GRACE (quietly)

Then drive...

The lights of the car fade until there is nothing but darkness.

**THE SUN COMES UP:**

**EXT. CANYON - END SPOT - DAWN**

In the vast reaches of a deserted canyon, where VULTURES circle in a hot white sky, we find the MUSTANG parked at the edge of a drop. We hear the SOUND of a body being dragged.

**D.J. (V.O.)**

...Nobody's sure where it was heading so fast but the way it hit the semi, it won't be getting home now! Hey area weather is gonna be hot! Hot! Hot! Then cold! Cold! Cold! Just like yesterday. Just like every day. Some surprise, huh? So if you're planning on anything, don't. You don't like the weather, just wait one minute. Got any brains, get up to Alaska and get yourself some trailer park where you don't see no desert for miles and miles...

BOBBY (over)

Right there... Drop it there. I got it.

BOBBY is giving GRACE instructions as they drop SHERIFF VIRGIL POTTER'S corpse over a drop onto some rocks 30 yards below.

**GRACE**

See ya, Virgil. God bless.

Bobby pushes him over, his hand hurting. The body crashes below. It's hard work. They head back for the Mustang, to retrieve JAKE'S body in the popped trunk. But Grace notices Bobby glancing at the Baretta now tucked in her waist.

The silence is tense between them, the rocks and gravel crunching under their shoes as they walk.

GRACE (indicates the gun)

Is this what's bothering you Bobby?

**BOBBY**

No Grace, my hand's bothering me.

**GRACE**

You think now that Jake's dead, there's all that money there and I don't need you anymore, and I might just sneak up behind you sometime and...pop!

She pulls an imaginary trigger on Bobby, mimicking the recoil of a gun. Bobby is nervous.

**GRACE**

Don't you think I would've done it if I wanted to? What can I do to make you relax, baby?

**BOBBY**

You could give me my gun back.

Grace smiles.

**GRACE**

Why don't we just finish what we started.

She stares down at Jake. She can't help feeling some old feelings. As Bobby walks back to the front of the car, turns off the annoying radio. He watches as she softly prays over Jake, whose face is concealed by the blanket in which he is rolled.

GRACE (after a moment with Jake)

What do you think happens to someone's spirit when they die?

**BOBBY**

I think nothing happens. You're dead meat.  
That's it.

**GRACE**

You don't believe in anything do you,  
Bobby?

**BOBBY**

I believe in this moment, that's all. There  
is nothing else.

(lifting Jake by the shoulder)

Come on. He must weigh 300 pounds.

Grace leans into the trunk to take his boots when he makes his  
move, quickly, closing on her when she's off guard. He slams her  
hard in the face, coldly sending her sprawling to the ground,  
dazed.

He steps over her and grabs the gun in her waist, checks it.

She puts her hand to her mouth, feels the blood on her finger  
tips. She looks at him and laughs a wild crazed laugh that cuts  
into Bobby like a knife.

**GRACE**

You hit me, Bobby? You hit a woman, you  
motherfucker! Didn't your Momma ever teach  
you anything...?

Her eyes go to the gun in his hand and she stops laughing. Her  
calm is extraordinary, as if expecting to die.

**GRACE**

Well?

For a moment, Bobby does nothing, then he slips the gun through  
his belt.

**BOBBY**

Well, nothing. We dump Jake, we split the  
money, then you're on your own.

**GRACE**

Don't leave me. I want to say with you,  
Bobby.

**BOBBY**

Why? So when the cops catch up with us you  
can sell me out again?

**GRACE**

I was just baiting him! Bobby, I had to tell him that to get his guard down. Just like you told Jake you was going to kill me!

**BOBBY**

You lied to me all along! Lies, all lies. Your mother, your father, what story are you on now? How come the town didn't know you was his daughter?

GRACE (in pain)

Cause my Mom slept around. A lotta men! Anybody could've been my father. But we knew.

BOBBY (not listening)

Well you got what you wanted all along by fucking me. I wish you had told me the goddamn truth in the first place!

GRACE (screws out)

I didn't want you to know! Don't you... unnerstand?

Bobby's got a headache now. It's too much to understand, too much talk. Too much history has taught him to doubt.

**BOBBY**

When you're finished with me, I'm next! I been there, baby. I been there with other cunts...sorry, not anymore. I'll take you as far as California. If we can make that. After that you're on your own. Try Mexico. With all this bread, you can live like a queen.

**GRACE**

I don't want to go to Mexico, Bobby! Please, I really want to be with you. Don't blow this. Don't you think I care about you?

**BOBBY**

I think you're a lying, back-stabbing psycho bitch, and one day you'll kill me. But it's nice to know you cared...

The expression on Grace's face changes as rapidly as the desert weather, a coldness passing over and through her.

**GRACE**

You don't know your own mind. It blocks  
your heart.

Keeping a wary eye on Grace, Bobby starts hauling Jake out of  
the trunk.

**BOBBY**

Give me a hand.

He wrestles Jake up to a sitting position. He grabs a can of  
beer from a warm six-pack in the trunk and shoves it into a  
pocket of Jake's coat.

**BOBBY**

Poor old Jake, a few drinks, a fight with  
the sheriff over his wife. And both of 'em  
ended up dead.

Grace takes his boots.

**BOBBY**

Time to go for a walk, Jake.

**GRACE**

My mother died in this canyon.

**BOBBY**

Save the Mom routine, will ya Grace. It  
doesn't work with me. One, two, three...

They lift the corpse, and with great effort, haul it towards the  
edge of the drop. As they pause on the way, Bobby, wary of  
Grace's strange coldness, tries to soften the blow of  
separation.

**BOBBY**

Look, it's not so bad we split up. It might  
be months before they find these guys. If  
at all. I mean with the mountain lions  
around here. Remember, if they can't find  
no bodies, there's no crime... (She doesn't  
respond.) We'll be in Phoenix by noon. Lose  
this car, get another one. Texas, Mexico  
are big countries, all that money Grace,  
you'll meet someone else, you know, there's  
a lot of hope with a \$100,000...

They lift Jake again, and move to the edge.

**GRACE**

Hope is a four-letter word.

**BOBBY**

But we all need that too. Hold him.

He props Jake at the edge, standing, and transfers the weight onto Grace. Jake's head is on her shoulder.

**BOBBY**

You make a pretty couple.

It seems he might push them both over but instead takes the gun, wipes it of his prints, and slips it through Jake's belt.

**BOBBY**

Won this in a poker game in Reno. God knows who it's registered to. You shoulda been more careful, Jake. See you later.

As he takes Jake's weight off Grace and pushes it over the drop.

Grace watches him go, her eyes shifting to Bobby, his back momentarily to her, also watching. She moves towards him.

Bobby turns, slips on the edge.

**BOBBY**

Now all we got to do is try and--

He feels a blur of motion, almost like a bird, and he is falling...falling, his life coming to an end.

Grace is standing somewhere up above, briefly seen. Did she push him? He doesn't know.

He's stunned as he falls on the rocks next to the bodies of Jake and Virgil. He screams out in sharp pain. His leg feels broken. But he is alive.

Grace walks away, cutting it all off, deeply shaken. She must get away from the past and all these hollow men. She closes the trunk of the Mustang, gets in the driver's seat, reaches for the ignition key. Her hand fumbles for it a moment. It isn't there.

**GRACE**

Shit!

She sits there. Bobby is calling from below.

**BOBBY**

Grace! Help me, Grace...! We been through too much together. We've only had one day, but you and me have been through more than most people ever will. I know you were

angry at me, and, you know, you were right!  
I'm sorry I hit you. I was wrong about  
leaving you. You don't belong in Mexico.

She finally gets out and walks back to the edge of the cliff,  
looks down.

**BOBBY**

Thank you. Thank you. I...I knew you  
wouldn't leave me, Grace.

**GRACE**

Bobby? Are you all right?

**BOBBY**

I busted my leg!

**GRACE**

Can you make it back up?

**BOBBY**

Grace -- in the trunk of my car is a tow  
rope. It should reach down here. Go get it,  
throw it down.

She looks. Of course the trunk is closed. She closed it.

**GRACE**

Bobby, the trunk...it's locked. Throw the  
keys up to me. I'll get the rope.

Bobby's eyes pass over Jake a few feet away, his eyes staring  
upwards in death. They take in the gun still attached to his  
waist. He knows the trunk wasn't locked when they took Jake out.

**BOBBY**

I can't throw that far. You got to climb  
down here and get the keys. You can make  
it. It's the only way Grace.

Grace looks down at the drop. It's a tough descent but she  
knows she could make it and get back up as well.

**BOBBY**

Grace!...Please, Grace! You have to help  
me.

Grace takes a look around.

**GRACE**

Okay. I'm coming. Calm down!

She starts down the cliff face. As she descends, he talks deliriously.

BOBBY (off)  
I knew you'd help me. I knew you wouldn't leave me baby, cause we're tied together too close. We belong together always.

Grace makes it to the bottom of the drop, and walks cautiously towards Bobby.

GRACE (yelling back, echoing)  
Bobby! Don't flip out on me. I can't do this alone. I know you don't trust me, but you gotta pull yourself together, I'm not gonna leave you...I never wanted it to go down like this. It was different with you Bobby. You had dreams like me. You listened... I would've gone anywhere with you, Bobby. We can make this work. I'm sorry...I really am. I didn't wanna hurt you.

Can he believe her? She sounds so sincere this time.

She's heading for the body of Jake. And the gun. Bobby knows that and is already crawling there.

BOBBY (as he crawls)  
They're right here, Grace. The keys. Come get me out of here... Know why else I could never leave you?

**GRACE**  
Why's that?

**BOBBY**  
'Cause I love you.

Inching closer.

Closer. They meet at the apex of Jake's corpse.

**GRACE**  
And I love you too.

**BOBBY**  
And love's a funny thing. Sometimes I don't know if I want to love you...

Grace leans close to Bobby. He dangles the keys out in front of her, but she doesn't reach for them. Her eyes go to Bobby. She

reaches for him. At that instant Bobby's hands shoot out and clamp hard around her. A sharp gurgle is all that escapes Grace as Bobby twists the life from her, as Jake leers up at them.

**BOBBY**

...or kill you.

Grace twists and flails in Bobby's hands, but in spite of his bleeding stump, he holds her like a bear trap holds a grizzly.

**BOBBY**

I love you Grace, but I just can't trust you!

She looks at him, trying to protest, shaking her head. Grace's flailing goes into overdrive. Somewhere in his semi-delirious state, Bobby's eyes might notice the gun at Jake's waist is no longer there.

Grace manages one word:

**GRACE**

Jake...

**BOBBY**

He can't help you now, honey!

Bobby is in agony as he kills her, part beast, part lover, he kills that which he loves.

Suddenly, a SHOT is heard. Bobby buckles with the blast, hit in the side. He kills her with one last wrenching thrust of his hands, breaking her neck.

Bobby looks down at Jake's gun, which she clutches in her hand, and sees the hole in his side and the river of blood that flows from it. He manages to stand, looks at Jake; their bodies lying side by side.

Bobby, with great difficulty, claws his way back up the rocks to the car, his fast-flowing wound staining the white rocks with blood.

He makes it to the top and, losing more blood, climbs into the driver's seat. He checks the money in the bag. All there. All his.

As he pulls a huge clot of blood from his side, the vultures circle. Perhaps one, smarter than the others, lands close by. It spooks Bobby but he's okay. He looks in the mirror.

**BOBBY**

You're still lucky.

He puts the key in the ignition, the engine comes to life.

BOBBY (waves back)

Adios --

Suddenly, the RADIATOR HOSE Darrell installed blows apart loudly. Bobby knows exactly and immediately what it is as a cloud of steam now rolls from under his hood. He shakes his head, frustrated.

BOBBY (sighs)

Oh shit!...(then) Arizona.

He can't help but laugh at his bad luck. As we rise off the desert floor and take flight with the vultures, eventually leaving them all as specks of earth in the vast empty canyons of Arizona.

**THE END**