

# OVERSTEER

by

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*"Values are like fingerprints. Nobody's  
are the same, but you leave 'em all  
over everything you do."*

-Elvis Presley

Chapter 1

FOR AGES TWELVE AND UNDER

**INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY**

In the rear of the stationary vehicle, two figures entwined together seem to be sleeping peacefully in silence.

This is MARY MCGRAW (30s), wearing a white dress with her hair covering most of her face and CLARENCE BLITZER (30s), a man sporting a black suit and tie.

The staccato crackling of a police scanner causes Mary to gradually come too, the sunlight washing over her face as she gazes at Clarence by her side.

The crackling grows louder, only to be drowned out by a blood-curdling scream. Mary finally comes to her senses and--

A rear door whips open to the extent of its hinges. WINSTON WALLACE (50s), a stocky guy showing his age, also in a black suit, leans in with an air of peril.

WINSTON

You still alive? Move!

Before Mary can speak a word, Winston yanks her out of the sedan by her arm.

**EXT. BACK ROAD - DAY**

The screaming louder and more intense. The crackling of the radio now the crackling of fire. Mary spins around confused in a whirlwind of thick black smoke.

Suffering a side impact, the sedan lies in a ditch with flames dancing in the gleaming paint.

In the road, surrounded by shattered debris, is another car that's faired far worse and burning ferociously with a TRAPPED WOMAN writhing inside.

RICHIE FULLER (40s), a wiry Elvis type, again in a black suit, retrieves a briefcase from a footwell of the sedan and covets it while glaring at the burning car.

RICHIE

She fucked us! That stupid bitch fucked us!

WINSTON

You fucked us, asshole!

Clarence clambers out of the sedan and tries to comfort Mary as she flicks back and forth from the argument unfolding and The Trapped Woman pounding the inside of her driver's window with bloodied fists.

Mary escapes Clarence's arms and runs to help The Trapped Woman, but she hits an invisible wall of intense heat.

She shields her face for a second and stares, confused, into the rippling air to see herself in the burning car, completely calm and shaking her head, ready to die.

BANG! Richie shoots The Trapped Woman through the glass, causing Mary's ears to ring. BANG! BANG! BANG!

RICHIE  
(muffled)  
Stay in your fucking lane!

Winston retrieves two AR15s from the sedan and hands one to Richie before proceeding to set a floor mat on fire and toss it inside into the cabin.

Mary just stares at Richie, appalled by what he's done, until Clarence ushers her away.

CLARENCE  
C'mon! We gotta move!

She staggers along with the rest of The Gang, glancing back at the two twisted metal infernos now roaring with flames.

**EXT. WOODLAND - DAY**

A shadowy canopy of trees wrap around The Gang as they pace out of sight of the road. Clarence hangs back a little and scrapes his feet across the dirt.

WINSTON  
What are you doing?

CLARENCE  
Covering our tracks.

WINSTON  
Well, stop doing it. It's pointless. We just set off the smoke signal so big you can probably see it from space. Quit worrying about footprints.

RICHIE

You know what we should be doing?  
We should be waiting by the road,  
ready to carjack the next  
motherfucker who passes by.

WINSTON

You think?

RICHIE

Yeah, that's what I think. That's  
why I fucking said it.

Winston stops and sizes up to Richie.

WINSTON

Well, go ahead, be my guest. You go  
stand there in the heat and wait.  
We didn't pass a single other car  
in the last five miles, and, when  
we did, you managed to hit it.

Richie ain't in the mood to be spoken to like this and  
catches Mary glaring at him. He points threateningly.

RICHIE

Don't you look at me like that.

Mary shakes with rage, but before she can speak her mind,  
Clarence sweeps her into his arms and cradles her.

CLARENCE

Hey, it's okay. Calm down.  
Everyone's shaken up.

WINSTON

We need to find a phone and delay  
that plane. We can't be walking  
around looking like Rambo either.

RICHIE

You suggesting we ditch the rifles?  
That's fucking dumb, man!

WINSTON

Hey! You may be the contact, but  
I'm still the leader!

RICHIE

Fuck that! The plan's changed!

WINSTON

No, listen up. It wasn't me who James Dean'd on the final stretch, asshole! You had one job, to get us there alive, and you fucking blew it. Now, by my rules, that means you also gave up any right to have a fucking opinion too.

They square up to one another again.

MARY

HEY! HEY! HEY! Break it up! NOW!  
Give me the guns! Hand 'em over!

Mary takes the rifles from them while they mad-dog one another and trudges into the bushes to hide them.

MARY (CONT'D)

This isn't productive. You wanna fight, fight. Get it out your system if you have to but we gotta come up with a new plan fast, preferably without a bodycount.

She secludes the guns and crosses back to them.

RICHIE

You know, you say that, but shooting that broad back there was the best thing for her.

MARY

Maybe, maybe not, either way, she didn't have a choice in the matter and that may not bother you but it really bothers me.

RICHIE

And the other people we ran into today? They had a choice?

MARY

Yeah, when they signed up to do their job. There's a difference.

Richie shakes his head, unconvinced.

CLARENCE

Going out like that, burning to death... sends chills down my spine just thinking about it.

RICHIE

(to Mary)

You should listen to your other half. What would you prefer? Complete agony or going out quick with one between the eyes?

He mimes a gun to her head. She glares back, conflicted, while they all wait for her response. She hasn't got one.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

(to Clarence)

Looks like you married a masochist. Good luck with that.

WINSTON

Well, Little Miss Flame Grilled back there sure can't I.D. us now. We've got that in our favor.

(to Richie)

You okay?

RICHIE

Yeah! Of course, I'm fucking okay.

WINSTON

Good! Sorry for asking!

Richie is actually pretty fucking far from okay. He's got blood and spinal fluid weeping from his ears, and he's doing his best to keep that issue to himself.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Sucks to be that girl, but we got our own problems to deal with.

Winston goes to leave, but Richie won't let it go.

RICHIE

No! I want her to admit it. I did the honorable thing by putting that chick outta her misery.

WINSTON

Oh please! Don't talk to me about honor. You young'uns are all the same. Allow me let you into a little secret you get from experience; the only way to take someone out with any dignity is strangulation.

(MORE)



WINSTON (CONT'D)

Believe me, forty years and I can still feel every last breath on my thumbs and see each bloodshot eye. You let them haunt you. That's being honorable.

Mary heads away down the path.

MARY

Well, what he just did's sure as hell haunting me.

**EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - DAY**

The old bone-dry pumps succumbing to rust and the ground a sea of angry weeds. The Gang walk to a neglected but seemingly functional pay phone.

WINSTON

Voila! An oasis in the desert!

The Godfather picks up the receiver, listens for a dial tone, and hands it to The Psycho.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

You're still the contact. You make the call.

RICHIE

Someone hand me a quarter.

They all fruitlessly search for coins.

CLARENCE

Ah shit! I'm out.

MARY

I don't even have pockets.

WINSTON

Okay, check the case.

RICHIE

There's no coins in the case.

WINSTON

Show me. Check the fucking case.

Richie resentfully places the case on the ground and carefully opens it, revealing that it's full of pristine \$100 bills but not a single coin.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

You mean to tell me, we just robbed  
a major bank, and we still don't  
have the money to use a pay-phone?

Clarence peers down the road and points.

CLARENCE

Look, a truck stop, right there.

They all turn to see a tiny truck stop down the street,  
which, while not having a single vehicle parked outside, does  
appear to be open for business.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

Now, I'm betting, in the unlikely  
event they don't have a phone,  
they'll at least have a nickel or  
two spare. How 'bout we ask?

RICHIE

I'm carrying a nine-millimeter, I  
don't need to ask anything.

Mary, Clarence, and Richie start making their way to the  
Truck-stop but Winston holds back.

WINSTON

Where fools rush in, my iniquitous  
compadres.

They stop and look back at Winston.

RICHIE

Enough with the fancy words. You're  
iniquitous.

WINSTON

Correct. I am.

RICHIE

And now you're just being a smart  
ass.

WINSTON

Last thing we need to be doing is  
running up and down this street  
waving our dicks around, causing  
unnecessary commotion.

MARY

So?

WINSTON

So, we stroll into that place like nothing's happened, acting like we got all the time in the World.

MARY

And what? Order lunch?

CLARENCE

Out in these parts, not being directly related to the person you're fucking on a regular basis is enough to make you stand out. How are we supposed to do that?

Mary nods to herself.

MARY

No, Winston's right. We sit down, play it cool, chow down on some French toast knowing full well this is the place we're most likely to see a car, or a truck, or fuck it, I'll happily drive a Wienermobile the rest of the way if I have to. What is it, another few miles?

WINSTON

Now you're getting it.

RICHIE

Fine, we'll try it your way, but I reserve the right to light the joint up like Macy's at Christmas if I suspect we've been identified.

MARY

Whatever, just don't do it before I've had some French toast.

#### **INT. TRUCK STOP - DAY**

The booths empty, the local country radio crooning through the speakers, and zero sign of anybody working.

MARY

I just realized I've never been in a truck stop before.

SERVER (O.C.)

This ain't a truck stop, honey, it's a bistro.

A SERVER strolls out from the kitchen and scoops up menus.

WINSTON  
But trucks do stop here, right?

SERVER  
Not today, they don't.

WINSTON  
Wait, what?

SERVER  
Ain't you heard? Protest at the oil  
field. No trucks, all day. All a  
load of bullshit if you ask me.

The Server waves them to a booth and goes to get cutlery.

SERVER (CONT'D)  
(to self)  
Shiny ass city folk.

The Gang sit down in the booth and keep glancing out the window for passing cars.

WINSTON  
Play it cool. Act normal. We're  
simply getting lunch.

Mary fidgets with a golden wedding ring on her finger, which is far too loose. Clarence tugs at his.

CLARENCE  
I don't think I'll ever be able to  
get this off.

He chuckles, but Mary is unamused and lost in thought.

Richie surreptitiously wipes his ears with a napkin and notices there's blood.

WINSTON  
(to Richie)  
You sure you're okay?

RICHIE  
Yeah, seen a phone yet?

Winston gazes around to see the Server making her way back with a forced smile.

SERVER  
What can I get ya'll?

Winston points to Mary and himself as she pours coffees.

WINSTON  
French toast. Breakfast burrito.

He points to Clarence, who startles.

CLARENCE  
Umm, umm, Ham and cheese omelet.

He thumbs to Richie

WINSTON  
And whatever this guy's having.

RICHIE  
...Dino Nuggets.

Everyone looks to Richie, surprised.

SERVER  
(long beat)  
Sir, that's the Children's Menu.

Clarence tries to hand Richie a normal menu.

RICHIE  
No, no, no! I want Dino Nuggets.

SERVER  
Well, I can't serve you Dino  
Nuggets, sir, as you're not a  
child.

RICHIE  
No, you see, I get this a lot. I  
can order from the kid's menu. I  
checked. There's no law against it.  
In fact, not honoring my wishes is  
infringing on my consumer rights.

SERVER  
Sir, does your ass have a child  
with you right now?

RICHIE  
Dino Nuggets!

SERVER  
You need to calm down!

RICHIE  
Oh, I need to calm down?

Mary notices Richie reaching for his pistol.

WINSTON

Just have the chicken fingers.

RICHIE

No, you see, you don't get it!  
Nobody gets it! The Chicken Fingers  
are thirteen-ninety-nine! The Dino  
Nuggets, however, are six-ninety-  
nine! They're the same thing! These  
places are always pulling bullshit  
like this! Why am I the only person  
who sees through it?

Mary can see Richie is now clutching his pistol. She looks to Winston, alarmed. Winston sees the issue and leans between Richie and the Server.

WINSTON

Ma'am, if you honor this man's  
infantile request, I will not only  
gladly pay thirteen-ninety-nine for  
it but I'll pay upfront for this  
whole meal. How about that?

RICHIE

(to self stewing)  
That's not the point.

The Server stares deadpan for a few moments.

SERVER

Any sides?

EVERYBODY

No!

Winston slips The Server a few bills like it's a bribe, and she leaves, rolling her eyes.

RICHIE

You let her win. That's what we  
keep doing over and over. We keep  
letting them win.

WINSTON

I think it's best you stay schtum  
until we've landed in a country  
that doesn't speak English.

MARY

Probably best you leave the gun out  
of this too.

RICHIE

You know, from him, it sounds like an order, but from you, it sounds kinda personal.

MARY

Good, because it is personal.

RICHIE

This is why I don't like taking orders from chicks. You always let your emotions cloud your judgment.

Mary leans in and looks him dead in the eye.

MARY

In that case, feel free to take a ticket and wait in line to blow me.

They stare each other out, the tension rising until the change is slapped down on the table by The Server as she breezes by avoiding any eye contact or coffee refills.

Winston slides the coins over to Richie.

WINSTON

Go make that call and buy us some time.

Richie resentfully pockets the change and grabs his briefcase before leaving.

**EXT. TRUCK STOP - DAY**

Muttering to himself about the assholes he's having to deal with, Richie exits the Truck Stop and crunches his way along the side of the highway with the heat beating down on him.

The road remains barren of any traffic as he eventually wanders all the way back to the Abandoned Gas Station and snatches up the pay phone receiver.

**INT. TRUCK STOP - DAY**

Winston peers up the road through the window but can't see Richie. He looks to Mary and Clarence.

WINSTON

There's only three things you need to know about a guy like that;  
(MORE)

WINSTON (CONT'D)

he's an asshole, he's always been an asshole, and he'll always be an asshole.

CLARENCE

Ain't that the truth! Why'd they have to make him the contact?

WINSTON

Friends in high places. I've seen it a million times. That's how his type get away with it. The kind of guy who'd fuck your mother in the next room and still take a moment to wipe his dick on the curtains on his way out.

Winston relaxes a little and sips on his coffee.

MARY

He's just embarrassed because he crashed. He's a bad wheelman.

CLARENCE

He hit a patch of gravel. It can happen to the best of us.

MARY

Bullshit. He was driving like a maniac. You can't go throwing the car around like that. That's what makes one person a getaway driver and another a taxi driver.

CLARENCE

You okay? Why are you so het up?

Mary reflects for a few moments.

MARY

I'm worried I may have done a terrible thing.

WINSTON

Big deal, we're in the business of doing terrible things.

MARY

I couldn't find anyone to take my dog so, well, I kinda just took three sacks of chow and dumped it out into this huge mountain on the kitchen floor. I filled the bath with water too.

(MORE)



MARY (CONT'D)

I figured, either the cops are gonna raid my place in the next few days or someone will report the barking. Now I'm not so sure.

She couldn't look more guilty.

MARY (CONT'D)

He's a dumb fucker. I mean, I love him, but he's a dumb fucking dog. In fact, that's WHY I love him. He's probably pissed on his food and shit in the bath already.

WINSTON

You left him like that?

MARY

Well, I could hardly bring him along for the ride! Could I?

CLARENCE

...Fuck it. It's just a dog.

Mary looks back at Clarence, appalled.

MARY

What?

CLARENCE

It's just a dog. I'm not trying to be mean. It is what it is.

MARY

It is what it is? He's a living, breathing being.

CLARENCE

Which you left behind because you had no other choice. Same as we'll be left behind if we don't make it to this plane. That's the deal, we're disposable.

MARY

My dog is not disposable.

CLARENCE

Then what is he? He's certainly not your dog anymore.

MARY

You know what? Fuck you, and fuck this conversation.

Clarence gives in and checks the road once again.

CLARENCE

You know who isn't disposable?  
 (thumbing outside)  
 Richie. That's why he's making sure  
 he stays the contact.

WINSTON

That's the point of the setup. It's  
 designed to be like that so nobody  
 can double-cross anybody else; he's  
 the contact, I'm the leader, and  
 she's the brains.

CLARENCE

Well... then, what am I?

Mary shoots him a satisfied smile.

MARY

You're the dog.

**EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Richie lying on the asphalt, reflected in the mirrored  
 aviators of ANGEL PADITE (30s), a cowgirl chewing gum with  
 her long hair and duster coat whipping in the wind.

She taps him with her boot. He's out cold.

**INT. TRUCK STOP - CONTINUOUS**

The Server somewhat awkwardly crosses to the table with the  
 hastily prepared food The Gang ordered and hands it out.

SERVER

Breakfast burrito, French toast,  
 ham and cheese omelet... Dino  
 nuggets. Ya'll want any sauces,  
 maybe a bib for your absent friend?

WINSTON

Hey, umm, besides oilfield  
 truckers, how much passing trade do  
 you get here on the average day?

SERVER

Why you ask?

Winston struggles to think of a good reason. Mary jumps in.

MARY

We're thinking of starting our own truck stop.

The Server gives her a sideways glance.

MARY (CONT'D)

Sorry... bistro.

WINSTON

Yeah, how many cars you looking at? Like, one per hour? Five a day...

SERVER

I'll be honest with y'all. Only car due in today is the one driven by my lazy ass sister so she can come pick up the afternoon shift, but she's running late, AND she ain't picking up her phone.

Mary and Winston look at one another with a knowing stare. That might just be the person they hit... and shot.

CLARENCE

(to Server)

So, this ain't a truck-stop but the only people who ever stop here are truckers?

SERVER

(forcing a grin)

Can I get you some more coffee?

The Server leans over the table and glares at Clarence as she tops up his coffee before leaving.

MARY

You heard her, right? The only car we were ever going to find here was the one we just crashed into.

Winston nods concerned.

WINSTON

The irony isn't lost on me.

CLARENCE

And I've been thinking about what you said, you know, about it being impossible for any one of us to double-cross another.

(MORE)

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

Now, while we may not get paid  
until we land in Mexico and they  
confirm all the money has changed  
hands, that briefcase full of cash  
we shouldn't have changes things.

Winston knows they're both right and thinks.

Outside, an old red Chevy C10 pickup truck pulls up at a stop  
sign, Angel at the wheel, and Richie slumped up against the  
window unconscious.

Mary, Winston, and Clarence turn to see the truck pulling  
away and can't believe their eyes.

SERVER (O.C.)

Ha! Would you look at that!

The Server strolls up to the booth, amused.

SERVER (CONT'D)

That there's Angel Padite. She is  
not welcome in these premises.  
Protests got the whole town at each  
other's necks.

Mary looks at Winston as she grows concerned.

MARY

She'll take him to a hospital.

SERVER

The hell she will. The Padites hate  
the hospital more than the union.  
She's goin' back to the farm.

WINSTON

What farm and where?

SERVER

The Pedite Ranch, 'bout a mile out  
the way she's headed. I'll tell you  
this though, your weird-ass friend  
found good company. Whole family's  
too wacko for Waco.

Mary looks to Winston, concerned.

MARY

What if he didn't make the call?

WINSTON

I don't care. That's a vehicle.

Chapter 2

HIGH CALIBER DEPOSIT

**EXT. TOWN - DAY**

Cheap, vividly colored polyester fur jostles as comically large paws lumber along the sidewalk.

Winston and Mary are wearing bulky mascot costumes while carrying the heads under their arms. Mary struggles with the weight and tries not to let it show.

WINSTON

Take a breather.

MARY

I'm fine.

WINSTON

You're not. You're gonna pass out in this heat.

They pause and take a breath as PASSERS BY smirk and glance back at them, amused.

MARY

How come you always feel it's your role to try and protect me?

WINSTON

I'm sorry...

MARY

No, I'm sorry. That was out of order. I'm sweating my ass off here. I'm starting to think these costumes were a bad idea.

WINSTON

They were your idea.

MARY

You think they're gonna work?

WINSTON

I sure hope so. Is this really about the costumes, or is it about working with him again?

She rolls her eyes, clearly not wanting this to come up.

MARY

Oh please!

WINSTON

It bothers me you working with him. It's a distraction.

MARY

I think I can keep it in my pants,  
okay?

WINSTON

Good, just until we make it across  
the border. Then you can try and  
tame the beast.

MARY

He likes latino girls, you know?  
He'll be far from tamed, he'll be  
released into the wild. Besides, we  
have this whole love-hate  
relationship going on since we  
broke up; he loves hating me and I  
hate loving him.

WINSTON

I've found some people really like  
to put up their own roadblocks so  
they have something to butt up  
against. One hand pulls things  
closer, the other pushes them away.  
You apply that to a relationship,  
you got yourself someone who  
desperately wants to settle, but  
sure as hell can't commit.

MARY

There was no way I was ever gonna  
change him. What was I thinking?

WINSTON

Who said I was talking about him?

They start walking again, slower this time.

MARY

You know what sucks about being a  
woman? Your life revolves around  
chasing handsome boys and trying to  
turn them into worthwhile men.

WINSTON

Don't worry, you're a catch. You'll  
find someone.

MARY

Thanks, but will I? With everything  
imploding like it did?

WINSTON

Sure you will. What happened with you and him was just another bump in the road.

MARY

No, it was a car crash. It was a head-on collision. It was a J.G. Ballard novel with less sex and somehow even more bleak. Besides, I don't need a man to look after me. I need a man to let me look after myself. That's half the problem; this assumption that, to be complete, I need a dependency. I don't, but it's like, shitting on a guy's manhood to even admit that.

WINSTON

I like to think I had some impact on helping you be so independent.

She smiles warmly back.

MARY

That's exactly what I'm complaining about though. Why do you men have to obsess with framing yourselves as protecters and mentors?

WINSTON

Because we don't get to be mothers?

MARY

I'm sorry, what?

WINSTON

We're the vacant parent, the replaceable half. We obsess with anything we can play a part in nurturing because, well, we don't get to create the ultimate thing.

MARY

Wow... That's kinda tragic!

WINSTON

Look, you're the closest thing I've got to a daughter. Call me an old fool who's getting too close to facing his mortality, but I want you to have a normal life, and I'll do anything it takes to help make that happen.

(MORE)



WINSTON (CONT'D)

You've had a rough deal, kid. You deserve someone in your corner.

MARY

You'll do anything? Absolutely anything? That a promise?

WINSTON

Only on the agreement you'll settle down and get away from this kind of activity.

MARY

Get away from it all?

WINSTON

(tapping head)

I know what's in here is the hardest to run away from, but you take out the physical element, and the mind eventually finds peace.

She nods understanding and looks scared. They go in for a hug, but it's clumsy and awkward given the costumes.

#### **INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY**

Stately and uncomfortably quiet with an orderly queue of CUSTOMERS, busy TELLERS, and two diligent GUARDS in opposing corners. Winston and Mary enter to a few looks and chuckles.

MARY

I don't think I've ever felt so self-conscious.

WINSTON

Well, we are a little overdressed for the occasion.

A BEAUTICIAN finishes her business and spots them. Her eyes light up like a child, and she trots over, excited.

BEAUTICIAN

Hey, excuse me. Could I get a selfie with you guys? Please?

Winston looks to the nearest Guard, who sneers back.

GUARD #1

The head ain't going on, buddy.

Winston shrugs, and the Beautician pouts disappointed.

WINSTON

Sorry 'bout that. Rules are rules.

The Guard snorts at Winston and Mary.

GUARD #1

What is all this? Bring your daughter to work day?

WINSTON

Yeah... something like that.

Winston and Mary take pistols from the heads, cock the slides, and put the heads on. The Guard quickly fumbles for their gun and--

BANG! BANG! BANG! They take two to the chest and one to the head from both Mary and Winston.

Customers scream and cower. Over in the other corner, Guard #2 takes aim across the lobby.

GUARD #2

GET DOWN!!!

Customers duck and hit the floor. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Gunfire is exchanged. The Guard's a better shot but those mascot suits are lined with kevlar and absorb any impacts.

Mary is rocking an extended clip and a laser sight too. Plus, she's getting into the zone. She walks into the gunfire as if invincible and aims right for the guard.

BANG! The remaining Guard's brain matter becomes decor.

Winston whips the head back off his costume.

WINSTON

Okay, in case any of you haven't worked it out yet, this is a robbery!

He covers the lobby while Mary covers the offices.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Everyone in the middle of the lobby, on your knees, phones above your heads, now!

Whimpering Staff and Customers hurry to oblige. Winston and Mary collect phones, using the costume heads as bags.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

We do not wish to harm you! We do not wish to hurt you! If all goes smoothly, the worst thing that's going to happen to you today is you take an unusually long lunch break! However, if you fuck with us, we will, without a shred of remorse, kill both you and the person kneeling next to you!

As Winston reaches the Beautician, he empties the contents of his costume's head into Mary's, puts it on, grabs the Beautician's phone, and takes that selfie with her.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Well, you did say please.

**EXT. BANK - DAY**

A beat-up old Kurbmaster van roars up the street and pulls up outside the bank. Clarence steps out with fear in his eyes while Richie follows, eating potato chips.

CLARENCE

What the hell was that, dude? Pick one thing to do with your hands, either eating chips or driving.

RICHIE

Well, right now, I'm definitely eating chips.

They unload two large wooden crates on trollies and wheel them toward the bank. Richie balls up his chip packet, throws it on the ground, and pulls out his gun.

CLARENCE

For crying out loud!

Clarence stops and picks up the chip packet.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

We here to rob the place, not destroy the planet.

RICHIE

Oh, you're gonna love Mexico City.

**INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY**

The automatic doors sweep open as Richie and Clarence enter the serenity of the bank and let the handles of their trollies clang to the floor.

RICHIE

Just as I predicted, already like a fucking library in here.

WINSTON

Cool, calm, and under control.

The animosity is palpable.

RICHIE

You not gonna shush me for being too loud?

WINSTON

I could shoot you. That would certainly shut you up.

Winston has no time for Richie's bullshit. Richie smirks and punches a Hostage in the face causing the others to gasp.

RICHIE

What you fucking looking at? You know, a few screams here and there would really liven this place up.

Richie and Clarence cover the Hostages while Winston and Mary climb out of their mascot costumes.

Mary, dripping with sweat, couldn't be more relieved and makes the most of the air-con vent above her. Clarence can't help but watch her cool down with her hair flowing in the cold breeze. She looks majestic.

A lone siren in the distance, closing in.

Mary catches Clarence looking. He averts his eyes. She averts hers. She glances back. Eye contact. They clearly long for one another.

The sound of more and more sirens fills the air until it's cacophony of wailing on the street outside.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Now that's music to my ears.

WINSTON

Let's get this party started.

Mary crosses over to one of the trollies and muscles the crate back toward the teller machines. Winston clears a path through the hostages.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

C'mon, give the lady some room.

Mary needs to pass Clarence, but they keep stepping in one another's way and exchanging difficult glances.

CLARENCE

Hey.

MARY

Hey. Sorry.

CLARENCE

Sorry.

Richie fills in where Clarence is distracted and firms up his aim on The Beautician, who's watching the events unfold like a deer in the headlights.

RICHIE

This look like a piece of street theatre to you?

The Beautician slowly shakes her head.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

The only thing you should be staring at right now is the fucking floor.

She stares back wide-eyed.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

THE FUCKING FLOOR!!!

The Beautician snaps her head around and stares at the floor.

#### **INT. BANK LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER**

Cables run from all the banking terminals to the box in which we see Mary connect the final lead to a water-cooled computer made up of numerous cards and processors.

She takes a seat at a terminal and starts typing fast while Winston, Clarence, and Richie keep an eye on the hostages and exchange glances with one another.

Mary hits enter and all the terminal screens start cycling through the bank's log-in interface rapidly as the computer starts brute forcing its way in.

One terminal successfully logs-in, and she nods confirmation to Winston.

WINSTON

Okay, everyone stay still and stay quiet, and this will be over fast.

He looks to Mary for reassurance that's the case. She nods again as another terminal successfully logs in.

Clarence walks behind the terminals and watches them making multiple account transactions per second.

CLARENCE

Wow! That's neat!

Mary looks up at him and smiles. Their stare lingers. He checks the clock. She goes back to hacking.

Richie walks slowly through the Hostages and kicks one.

RICHIE

Keep upright, it'll do the world of good for your posture.

Winston watches, unimpressed, as Richie closes in on the trembling Beautician. He lingers over her, loving the power.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I told you to be silent.

She sniffs back tears.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I'm confused. What part of "silent" don't you understand?

Richie circles around and stares down at her shaking head. He taps his gun against it.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Look at me.

Winston and Clarence exchange concerned glances. The Beautician continues staring at the floor, her tears dripping onto the tiles.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I said look at me.

She slowly looks up.

BEAUTICIAN  
Please. I don't-

He calmly shushes her and presses his gun to her head.

RICHIE  
Why not you?

BEAUTICIAN  
What?

RICHIE  
Why. Not. You?

BEAUTICIAN  
I... I...

RICHIE  
Just give me a reason not to do it.

BEAUTICIAN  
I, I, I, I make people beautiful...  
I do their make-up...

RICHIE  
You make people fake. That's what  
you bring to the World.

Winston and Clarence are now getting really concerned.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
The World doesn't need more fakery.  
You're the problem.

BEAUTICIAN  
No. I do it real nice... And  
natural... it makes them happy.

RICHIE  
It makes them think they're happy.

Richie's finger tightens on the trigger. The Beautician closes her eyes until--

Winston gestures for Clarence to cover the hostages, marches over to Richie, and eases him away from the Beautician.

Richie snaps as if broken from a trance. The Beautician gasps with relief as Winston leads Richie to a corner so they can talk under their breath.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
Don't touch me like that.

WINSTON  
What the fuck are you doing?

RICHIE  
I'm bored. Are we gonna steal anything of value, or is she gonna just sit there staring at numbers?

Richie glares across at Mary who's idly watching the terminals do her bidding.

WINSTON  
Right now, that girl's stealing more money than you've ever seen in your life.

RICHIE  
Don't pretend a man of your age doesn't feel it too. This virtual bullshit. It's cowardly. Sly. Just look at her. That's not what robbing a bank should look like.

Winston is offended on Mary's behalf.

WINSTON  
You should have seen her five minutes ago, when she shot a guard in the face.

RICHIE  
Exactly, why does she get to have all the fun?

WINSTON  
Fine... You want trophies? Let's get you some trophies.

Before Richie can respond, Winston is already pacing across the lobby toward the MANAGER.

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
(to Manager)  
You, you came outta that big office, didn't you?

The Manager looks up and remains silent.

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
Look, I don't have time for games. I saw you come outta there.  
(MORE)



WINSTON (CONT'D)

You're the closest thing these places have to a manager these days. Now, you're gonna take us in there and hook us up with some petty cash, otherwise I'm gonna let him do to you what he wanted to do to her, okay? Get up.

As the Manager stumbles to his feet, Winston clicks his fingers at Richie.

Richie follows Winston and the Manager toward the office, snatching a Hostage's open briefcase as he passes by.

Mary glances up from the terminal to see Clarence now her only form of protection. He smiles at her warmly. She smiles shyly back.

**EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

With a half-eaten donut in one hand and a large coffee in the other, CHIEF MCNASH (50s) bursts out the coffee shop with DEPUTY CLUSKY (20s) hurrying along in tow as they head toward a police cruiser.

CHIEF MCNASH

Fuck these bullshit amateurs coming into my town, robbing my bank.

DEPUTY CLUSKY

Yes Chief!

CHIEF MCNASH

You feeling like killing some degenerates today, Clusky?

DEPUTY CLUSKY

I'm always prepared to do the right thing to serve and protect, Chief.

CHIEF MCNASH

You ready to watch and learn?

DEPUTY CLUSKY

Always.

He nods at her approvingly. They get in the cruiser.

CHIEF MCNASH

Well, start taking notes. You're about to see a maverick in action.

Still grasping his coffee, Chief McNash shoves the donut in his mouth, fires up the cruiser, and floors it.

**INT. BANK OFFICE - DAY**

Winston perched on a desk watching the Manager hand bundle after bundle of hundred dollar bills to Richie who carefully places them into the briefcase until it's full.

WINSTON  
(to Manager)  
You can go.

The Manager leaves the office and raises his hands as Clarence aims for him and gestures to get on the floor.

Richie sets a new combination on the case and latches it closed with a smile on his face.

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
Happy now? Can I count on you to take it easy?

RICHIE  
It's no diamond heist, but it'll take the edge off.

WINSTON  
Good, now listen up. When we land in Mexico and go our separate ways, you're welcome to say and do whatever the fuck you want, but while we're pulling this job, and I'm running the show, you talk shit about that girl one more time, I'll take you out myself, and it won't be quick, and it won't be painless.

Richie smirks to himself and deadeyes Winston.

RICHIE  
You might be running the show, but I'm the contact, so... I'll talk all the shit I want.

For all the bravado on both sides, there's a darkness to Richie that Winston can't hide his fear of.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
Thanks for the pocket money.

With a devious smile, Richie exits the office and spots the Sheriff and his Deputy pulling up outside.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
Well, how about that!

**EXT. BANK - DAY**

Flanked by OFFICERS who are armed to the teeth and parked within a swarm of police vehicles surrounding the Kurbmaster van, Chief McNash climbs out of his cruiser, brimming with self-confidence, and takes a satisfying swig of coffee.

Deputy Clusky gets out of the passenger side, deadly serious.

Contrasting the commotion around him, Chief McNash lazily sits on the hood of his cruiser and carefully places his coffee down by his side.

CHIEF MCNASH  
Phone.

DEPUTY CLUSKY  
Phone!

A cell phone is offered out. Deputy Clusky grabs it and hands it to Chief McNash.

**INT. BANK OFFICE - DAY**

From within the darkness, Winston is watching them through a crack in the blinds.

The phones throughout the bank ring. Winston lets them do so over and over and over for a few long moments and suddenly snatches up the receiver.

INTERCUT WINSTON AND CHIEF MCNASH

WINSTON  
(into phone)  
Yeah.

Chief McNash has got Winston on speakerphone and sips his coffee as he talks.

CHIEF MCNASH  
(into phone)  
That the ringleader, I'm talking to?

WINSTON  
It is... Chief Larry McNash.

CHIEF MCNASH

Huh... I see my reputation precedes me.

WINSTON

Listen up, I do my research and I pick my targets very carefully. I looked you up. Unless you just came from another hostage situation rather than Pat and Lorraine's Coffee Shop, I know this is your first rodeo. So, this is how it's going to go; we have no demands, we have no need to negotiate, we're gonna do what we want, take what we want, kill who we want, and then we're gonna stroll outta here like this is Saks Fifth Avenue and we're Winona Ryder. Oh, and if I so much as get a feeling in my gut you think you're the Big Bad Wolf, and you're gonna try and blow my house down, you're gonna hear every single one of these little piggies scream their last words.

Chief McNash looks a little humiliated but masks it with amusement. He holds the phone closer to his mouth and looks to the bank with a smile.

CHIEF MCNASH

You sure got the talk, hotshot, I'll give you that, but listen up; First rodeo or not, I've spent my whole life waiting for this moment. Devil's at the door, son, and he's coming for every sin you ever made. Ain't no redemption. You wanna send those good people to the Pearly Gates early, that's for you to live with, but as soon as you set a foot outside those doors, me and my boys are sending you and your gang straight to hell.

Completely unfazed, Winston hangs up and sits back.

Chief McNash snickers at the phone and looks to Deputy Clusky with an arrogant grin.

DEPUTY CLUSKY

Shouldn't we be advising them not to kill the hostages, Chief?

CHIEF MCNASH

First rule of power, Clusky. As long as you've got nothing to lose, your enemy's got nothing to trade.

**INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY**

With Richie back stalking up and down the rows of Hostages, Clarence moves closer to Mary and watches the terminals churning through commands.

CLARENCE

So, all those lines, they're transactions?

MARY

Micro-transactions, over four thousand per minute, each one based on the account holder's previous activity and below five dollars so as not to trigger any security checks, all funneling into a dozen shell accounts, each of those then turning it into various crypto currencies and preparing it for transfer to the client.

They can hardly keep their eyes off one another, and their lust is getting more and more apparent.

CLARENCE

You've always been so smart.

She smiles up at Clarence, but he just stares back with increasing intensity.

MARY

You okay?

He swallows deeply and looks her in the eyes sincerely.

CLARENCE

Fuck it... Mary?

MARY

Yeah?

Various Hostages look up and gasp, shocked. The Beautician can't help but sneak a peek at what's happening too. She stares fixated and wide-eyed as a delighted smile grows across her face.

Chapter 3

BLOOD OF MY BLOOD, AND BONE OF MY BONE.

**INT. BANK OFFICE - DAY**

Winston studies the desk in front of him and finds a couple of medieval D&D miniatures among personal trinkets. He toys with them like a man who misses his youth.

WINSTON

(mockingly)

I've spent my whole life waiting for this moment... Devil's at the door, son... my boys are sending your gang straight to hell.

He flicks one of the miniatures off the desk and smirks to himself. Footsteps. He hurriedly sweeps them away.

Mary enters, closes the door, and braces herself against it with a very pensive look.

MARY

You promised... I mean... Umm...  
No, you did actually promise.

WINSTON

Say what?

MARY

I... I need a favor. A big favor.

WINSTON

What's going on?

MARY

An issue has arisen.

Winston turns a little stern.

WINSTON

Then deal with it. There'll be no change of plan.

MARY

No, the plan's going fine. We're way ahead of schedule.

WINSTON

I don't mean to be rude here, but sometimes it's impossible to tell when you're dead serious or completely stir crazy.

MARY

Okay, I'm dead serious right now,  
and I know for a fact you're a man  
of your word.

WINSTON

Well, spit it out. Just please tell  
me I don't have to call that  
asshole sheriff back, given that I  
just told him to go fuck himself.  
Believe me, nothing's big enough to  
make me do that.

MARY

Then I guess the question is, which  
would you rather swallow, your  
pride or your integrity?

**EXT. BANK - DAY**

To Chief McNash's delight, the phone he's been using to  
communicate with Winston rings. He turns to Deputy Clusky  
with a big, satisfied grin.

CHIEF MCNASH

Well, how 'bout that? Seems  
someone's balls done withered up  
inside them like they've been  
skinny dipping on Christmas Eve.

She winces at that image as he puts the phone to his ear.

CHIEF MCNASH (CONT'D)

(into phone)

This is the chief.

(beat)

Uh huh... Uh huh...

(beat)

Oh, so now you have demands...

As Chief McNash listens, his smirk gives way to a look of  
astonishment. He seems somewhat moved and clicks his fingers  
at Deputy Clusky.

CHIEF MCNASH (CONT'D)

Get your damn notepad out.

**EXT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER**

Squad cars fishtail away from the standoff, tires pouring  
with smoke as Police hurriedly disperse.



**INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY**

An Officer bursts in to the ring of the bell, startling the CUSTOMERS and SALES ASSISTANT who's trimming a bouquet.

OFFICER  
(to Sales Assistant)  
Put down them carnations!

SALES ASSISTANT  
(disgusted)  
These are chrysanthemums!

**EXT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER**

Within the commotion of Officers at the standoff, Chief McNash spots a DETECTIVE in a black suit. He crosses over to them and tugs at his collar.

CHIEF MCNASH  
What's that? A fifteen... fifteen  
and a half?

**EXT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER**

Deputy Clusky sternly crosses a line off the list on her notepad while listening in to the police radio and shaking her head. Chief McNash marches back over.

CHIEF MCNASH  
Update me, Clusky!

DEPUTY CLUSKY  
Chief, I can't get Cooper, and I  
can't get Fuller!

CHIEF MCNASH  
Shit! Then we're screwed!

DEPUTY CLUSKY  
There's still one more option...  
Smithers.

CHIEF MCNASH  
Lord help us.

**INT. FORD LTD - MOVING - DAY**

Rock 'n Roll blasts from the '80s Ford Sedan as it weaves down the road with the hubcaps wobbling and smoke backfiring from the exhaust.

With a dog collar around his neck, REVEREND SMITHERS (60s), looking drunk, high, or maybe even both, sings along to the tune and struggles to focus on the road.

**EXT. BANK - DAY**

Reverend Smithers screeches up to the hostage scene. He throws his door open and struggles his way out to the clatter of beer cans. Chief McNash facepalms.

CHIEF MCNASH

Sweet Jesus.

REV SMITHERS

Got here as fast as I could, Chief. What's the skinny? I mean, I heard of shotgun wedding but this is something else, am I right?

Deputy Clusky diligently loads up Rev Smithers.

DEPUTY CLUSKY

Three sack suits; black. One dress; white. Flowers; Lavender Rose and Gypsophila posy Bouquet.

REV SMITHERS

Wait, what am I walking into here?

CHIEF MCNASH

Reverend, you just get your ass in there, and you bring the Lord to these proceedings, goddamnit.

REV SMITHERS

Okay.

(beat)

They got the rings?

Chief McNash looks to Deputy Clusky.

DEPUTY CLUSKY

Ah shit! I knew there was something missing.

CHIEF MCNASH

For crying out loud.

Chief McNash manages to painfully wind his ring off and hands it over to Rev Smithers.

They both look to Deputy Clusky or, more specifically, the beautiful golden wedding band on her finger.

DEPUTY CLUSKY

Now look, this here's a heirloom!  
Five generations. I tell you, it's  
got some tall tales behind it...

That's not going to wash. Deputy Clusky winces.

DEPUTY CLUSKY (CONT'D)

Well, may as well add another, I  
guess.

Deputy Clusky regretfully removes it and offers it across to  
the Reverend.

CHIEF MCNASH

Don't worry now. You'll soon get it  
back... from the Coroner's office.

REV SMITHERS

God bless ya, kid, those are some  
mighty porky fingers you got there.

Rev Smithers takes the band, lets out a resigned sigh, and  
begins walking to The Bank entrance.

CHIEF MCNASH

Reverend! Wait!

Chief McNash jogs up to Rev Smithers and leans in, looking a  
little awkward but sincere.

CHIEF MCNASH (CONT'D)

Make sure to pass on all our  
congratulations, okay?

**INT. BANK RESTROOM - DAY**

Sitting on the toilet with her pistol in her hand, Mary holds  
still while the Beautician applies her makeup.

There's a little doubt in Mary's eyes, and, as the Beautician  
powders her face, she can't help but notice it.

The Beautician smiles warmly, her eyes bright, but Mary  
doesn't want to connect.

BEAUTICIAN

Say there, you believe in  
serendipity?

MARY

Does Murphy's law count?

BEAUTICIAN

Murphy's what?

MARY

Anything that can go wrong will go wrong. Or, even better, Finagle's law; anything that can go wrong, will go wrong... but only at the worst possible moment.

Unfazed by the defeatism, the Beautician moves on to applying Mary's eye-liner.

BEAUTICIAN

You know, I was torn on if I should come to the bank during lunch today or wait 'til the weekend. I don't like how busy it is on a Saturday but I hate lugging my bag of tricks in here about as much. Here's me, a beautician, right there when a wedding unfolds before my very eyes. What are the chances?

MARY

That's an interesting way of looking at being a hostage.

The Beautician smiles with delight.

BEAUTICIAN

I just love making people as pretty as can be. Although you don't need much help in that department.

MARY

Thanks.

The Beautician carries on with the makeup in silence for a few moments, paying a lot of attention to detail.

MARY (CONT'D)

You married?

BEAUTICIAN

(Solemnly)

Still workin' on that one.

MARY

Tell me, how are you supposed to know the difference between love and lust?

BEAUTICIAN

Oh, I dunno. You sit on the spin-dryer for cycle and see if it takes your mind off it?

They share a smirk.

MARY

I've felt it from the first moment; doubt in one hand and a ticking clock in the other. I mean, what's a girl to do, wash out or wash up?

BEAUTICIAN

Like I say, serendipity. You gotta trust the universe and let it flow through you. Not fight against it.

Mary looks at the gun in her hand pointed right at the Beautician's chest, yet the Beautician herself couldn't look more peaceful and innocent.

MARY

You really believe that, don't you?

BEAUTICIAN

Gotta believe in something. Why not love? Why not destiny?

Mary's logical side is fighting her emotional side. She appears to be buying into this.

BEAUTICIAN (CONT'D)

Besides, we're all just familiar strangers at the end of the day. My momma always used to tell me, you can never really know a partner's right for you until you've been through it all and seen what it's like to break up with 'em.

MARY

Well, at least me and Clarence have that going for us.

**INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY**

Winston, now dressed in a black suit, walks by the cowering hostages, studying each one for a moment and then directing them to sit on either side of the room.

WINSTON

Groom, bride, groom... groom,  
bride, groom...

Clarence, also now wearing a black suit and looking very dapper, waits nervously beside the sullen Reverend Smithers in front of the teller desks.

Richie, with a suit jacket thrown on and sitting idly behind a desk, pulls something out of a pocket and unwraps it to reveal it's a baloney sandwich.

RICHIE

I'm having no part of this farce.

He proceeds to tuck in.

WINSTON

You brought lunch?

RICHIE

I brought my lunch. New diet, small meal six times a day. Keeps the metabolism up and reduces lethargy.

WINSTON

You don't want a role in this?

RICHIE

What's on offer?

WINSTON

I dunno... best man?

Richie balks and waves his hand dismissively.

RICHIE

I'm security.

**INT. BANK LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER**

The bridal march plays through the bank's speakers. Clarence takes a deep breath and stares across the lobby, down the row between the hostages neatly lined up on the floor, until his eyes meet--

Mary, a picture of beautiful innocence, nervous and delicate in the white silk dress, on the arm of Winston, who struggles to hold back his emotions.

They walk in with the Beautician holding the bouquet and beaming a bright smile.

The Hostages dare not turn to look, but at least one sniffs back tears as the bride passes by.

The procession makes it to Clarence, who looks Mary in the eye and smiles. She can barely hide her conflicted feelings.

REV SMITHERS

Dearly beloved, we are assembled here today to celebrate the joining of this man and this woman in the unity of marriage. There is no obligation more tender, no vows more solemn, and no institution more sacred than that they are about to form. Who here today gives this woman in marriage?

Winston smiles proudly at Mary.

WINSTON

I do.

**EXT. BANK - DAY**

Chief McNash, Deputy Clusky and all the other cops listen in to the ceremony via a police radio.

INTERCUT - POLICE AND WEDDING

We see a tiny listening device hidden with the bouquet in The Beautician's hands. Rev Smithers turns to Clarence.

REV SMITHERS

Will you take this woman, to live together in the covenant of marriage? Will you love her, comfort her, honor her, and keep her, in sickness and in health?

There's no doubt in Clarence's mind.

CLARENCE

I will.

REV SMITHERS

(to Mary)

Will you take this man, to live together in the covenant of marriage? Will you love him, comfort him, honor him, and keep him, in sickness and in health?

Mary stares silent as Rev Smithers, Clarence, and Winston await an answer. The silence drags on and on until it becomes uncomfortably long.

Hostages go a little wide-eyed as they wait.

The Police all lean closer to the radio.

Richie actually pauses eating.

MARY

...Till death do us part.

A collective sigh of relief from both The Hostages inside The Police outside.

CHIEF MCNASH

Well, that's gonna be sooner than she thinks.

Mary smiles warmly at Clarence, their hands in one another's. He now looks just as conflicted as her.

REV SMITHERS

(to Clarence)

Please repeat after me; I take you to be my wife, to love and cherish, from this day forward, and thereto pledge you my faith.

CLARENCE

I take you to be my wife, to love and cherish, from this day forward, and thereto pledge you my faith.

Richie checks his watch.

REV SMITHERS

(to The Girl)

And please repeat after me; I take you to be my husband, to love and to cherish, from this day forward, and thereto pledge you my faith.

MARY

I take you to be my husband, to love and to cherish, from this day forward, and thereto pledge you my faith.

REV SMITHERS

Where are the Rings?



WINSTON

Oh! Umm... here.

Winston apologetically jolts into action, rummages into a pocket, and hands over the rings.

REV SMITHERS

O' God bless these rings as a token of the covenant between them and you, and may they ever abide in thy peace, living together in unity, in love, and in happiness, and with good purpose do thy will, amen.

(to The Lover)

Will you repeat after me; With this ring, I thee wed. Let it ever be to us a symbol of our love.

Rev Smithers hands Clarence a ring.

CLARENCE

With this ring, I thee wed. Let it ever be to us a symbol of our love.

Clarence places the ring on Mary's finger, but it's way too big for her and nearly slides off. She smiles awkwardly as Reverend Smithers hands her the other one.

REV SMITHERS

(to Mary)

Will you repeat after me; With this ring, I thee wed. Let it ever be to us a symbol of our love.

MARY

With this ring, I thee wed. Let it ever be to us a symbol of our love.

Clarence winces as she has to nearly take the skin off his finger to get the thing on.

REV SMITHERS

By the authority vested in me by the State of California, I now pronounce you Husband and Wife. You may kiss the Bride.

Mary and Clarence kiss passionately as Winston and The Hostages erupt into applause.

The Police join in clapping and whooping. Deputy Clusky catches Chief McNash having to wipe back a tear.

REV SMITHERS (CONT'D)  
Ladies and Gentlemen, may I now  
present to you Mr. & Mrs....  
(long awkward beat)  
...John Doe.

And with that, Reverend Smithers grabs Winston's gun while he's distracted and puts it to his own head.

REV SMITHERS (CONT'D)  
See you all in hell.

BANG! He blows his brains out and drops to the floor.

The Beautician lets out a blood-curdling scream directly into the listening device hidden in the bouquet.

Police reel back from the radio, nearly deafened.

CHIEF MCNASH  
What in tarnation?

Mary stares down at the dead Reverend with blood pouring from his head onto the tiled floor, then to The Hostages hyper-ventilating with shock, and back at Clarence.

She melts into his arms, which he wraps tightly around her.

Richie gets to his feet, still chewing his food, and slowly claps in amazement.

RICHIE  
Now that's a fucking wedding!

He looks to The Hostages. They awkwardly applaud along with him as Winston drags the Reverend's body away.

Deputy Clusky looks to Chief McNash confused. He crosses his heart and gazes solemnly to the heavens.

CHIEF MCNASH  
Mysterious ways.

Winston dusts off his hands.

WINSTON  
Congratulation to the beautiful couple. Now, not to put too finer point on it, we got a fucking bank robbery to finish here.

**INT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER**

CRACK! Clarence crowbars open the remaining wooden case.

WINSTON

You all know what to do.

Clarence takes out two highly modified AR15s and hands one to Mary. KERCHUNK! They lock and load.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Now, here's the deal! Breaking into a bank's the easy part! It's breaking out that's hard! Especially if you plan to get away clean.

Richie tucks pistols and ammo into every pocket.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

So, we stay strong!

Mary and Clarence gaze into one another's eyes.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

And we do that by staying together!

**EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS**

Chief McNash keeps a watchful eye on the doors to the bank as Deputy Clusky and the entire force around them check their weapons one last time.

CHIEF MCNASH

They're coming out. Get ready with the lead confetti.

Everyone takes aim.

**INT./EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS**

Winston aims for the glass doors. BANG! CRASH! BANG! CRASH! BANG! CRASH! BANG! CRASH! He shoots them out. The gunshots echo into the lobby, causing Hostages to wince and cry.

The Beautician runs to Richie and looks at him, pleading.

BEAUTICIAN

Let me help! I think... I think I've fallen in love with you!

RICHIE

We're not getting a new Reverend!

Richie shoves her away, disgusted.

Chief McNash licks his lips with anticipation while Deputy Clusky psyches herself up.

CHIEF MCNASH

Listen up, hotshot! I'm gonna give you one last chance to give yourselves up, but understand this; protocol states I have to make that offer, so it's a matter of a policy, not preference, on my part!

WINSTON

You know, I was gonna offer you the same deal, Chief. However, the way I see it, why quit when we're having do much fun?

CHIEF MCNASH

It's been a pleasure knowing you, son, and it's gonna be an even bigger pleasure killing ya.

Richie heaves out a huge M240 machine gun from the crate and throws an ammo belt over his shoulder.

Winston does the same and smiles menacingly.

WINSTON

The pleasure's all mine.

The Beautician dashes over again and clutches at Richie with lust in her eyes.

BEAUTICIAN

Take me with you!

RICHIE

Get the fuck away from me, you crazy Stockholmed whore!

Richie shoves her away so hard she falls over.

Mary slowly raises a key fob above her head, points out of the entrance, and narrows her eyes.

MARY

Hitch up your britches, bitches.

She presses the key fob firmly and--

BOOOOOOOOOM! The Kurbmaster van left parked outside detonates into a huge orange fireball, lifting it up into the air and throwing the silhouetted bodies of police outward with the rippling shockwave.

Chief McNash clutches his head as he watches Mary, Clarence, Winston, and Richie emerge from the bank in their wedding attire, tooled up to the hilt.

CHIEF MCNASH

Lord have mercy on our souls.

RATATATATATATATATATATATATATATATAT! Winston and Richie mow down everything in sight while Mary and Clarence pick individuals off with their rifles.

Cops dance on the spot with multiple impacts as rounds rip through them. Bullets tear through car bodies. Blood and glass rain through the air.

RATATATATATATATATATATATATATATATAT! Despite the massacre unfolding around him, Chief McNash roars with delight, stands tall, aims his revolver, and fires back--

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! It's a gallant but impotent affair. Winston pauses firing for a second to make sure he gets to look Chief McNash in the eye.

Chief McNash can tell from Winston's wry smile that this is the ringleader he's been dealing with.

CHIEF MCNASH (CONT'D)

(dourly to self)

Hotshot...

RATATATATATATATATATATATATATATATAT! Winston cuts Chief McNash down who falls before Deputy Clusky who's cowering behind their bullet-riddled cruiser.

With gunfire all around her, Deputy Clusky looks at his bloody corpse and back to Mary at the bank entrance, the family ring vibrating around on her finger as she clutches the rapid-firing AR15.

Deputy Clusky screams with rage, gets up, and runs at Mary, eyes on the ill-gotten ring, but--

RATATATATATATATATATATATATATATATAT! Richie fills her with rounds as the Beautician watches, clutching her hands gleefully.

BEAUTICIAN

(screaming with delight)

YES! YES! DO IT! DO IT! EXECUTE ALL  
THOSE PIG MOTHERFUCKERS!

Chapter 4

BUILT TO GO ALL THE WAY

**INT. RANCH HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The deep, soothing ticking of an old grandfather clock. Richie slowly awakens to find himself on a tattered sofa within a rustic living room, his shoes missing from his feet.

He's a little delirious and confused. He picks up the soft song of a woman humming in the next room.

RICHIE

Mom?

JACKIE PADITE (70s) hurries into the room and crouches by Richie, concerned but delighted.

JACKIE PADITE

Okay okay. Oh wow! You're awake!

She leans in uncomfortably close.

JACKIE PADITE (CONT'D)

Hello there, handsome! You want some tea? I made tea!

Richie reels back a little.

RICHIE

Where's my briefcase?

He tries to get up.

JACKIE PADITE

Wait, wait, wait!

Richie realizes he's been restrained to the sofa with a pair of pink fluffy handcuffs.

JACKIE PADITE (CONT'D)

Don't get any ideas. Those are from a Halloween costume.

He checks for his gun and spots it at the other end of the room with his shoes and briefcase.

RICHIE

Where the hell am I?

JACKIE PADITE

You're at the good ol' Padite Ranch. I'm Jackie. Howdy! And who might you be?

RICHIE

Ummm.... where am I again?

JACKIE PADITE

Don't you worry yourself about that. Seems somebody had too much sun on a very sunny day. You just sit back and relax.

She eases him back into a comfortable position, still a little too close for comfort.

JACKIE PADITE (CONT'D)

You know, I always wanted a boy. Just look at you! Cute as a button! I'm gonna get you all fixed up!

Richie is left speechless. She squeezes his cheek, giggles, and kisses him on the forehead. He doesn't resist.

**EXT. RANCH - DAY**

Mary, Clarence, and Winston trudge along the long dirt driveway toward the Ranch House while crop irrigation systems rhythmically hiss in the fields.

CLARENCE

I don't know about you guys, but I'm getting a strong Texas Chainsaw Massacre vibe here.

WINSTON

That's probably why Richie appealed to them.

MARY

If they've got any sense, they've put him in a pen with the rest of the pigs.

CLARENCE

We should head to the rendezvous point without him. Tell them he died in the crash.

WINSTON

I don't turn my back on crew members, even if they do happen to be complete assholes.

KERCHUNK! They round a corner and stop in their tracks to find EARL PADITE (70s), atop a hitching rail, arming a Mossberg shotgun with a mean stare.



EARL PADITE

Now, I got one question for  
ya'll... just what the hell's goin'  
on here?

They stand there worried.

EARL PADITE (CONT'D)

We got protesters at the oil field  
ungrateful for the resources handed  
to us on God's great Earth, we got  
a crash reported on the highway  
where at least one driver got up  
and left the scene... and now I got  
you wanderin' strangers... on my  
ranch.

He looks them up and down and spits on the ground.

EARL PADITE (CONT'D)

Well, you sure don't look like  
hippies, so what are ya?

WINSTON

We ummmm-

Winston struggles to come up with something.

MARY

-We're with the oil company. We  
went to negotiate with the  
protesters, but they attacked us  
while we were leaving.

EARL PADITE

Those sums of bitches... Why, if I  
got the... Wait... which oil  
company you with?

Earl deadeyes them unconvinced. Mary spies a rusted-out old  
oil drum that's been made into a feeder.

MARY

Only the biggest and the best.

She can barely read the faded old logo.

MARY (CONT'D)

Arch... Energy...

His face appears to sink, but suddenly--

EARL PADITE

Honey hush! You gotta be kiddin' me! That's my favorite! Well, it's a pleasure to make your acquaintance even considerin' the circumstances.

(thumbing back to house)

That fella? That fella my little Angel picked on the roadside, he with you guys?

MARY

He's our... head of communications.

WINSTON

He's in the house?

EARL PADITE

Of course! Figured there's no point takin' him the hospital only for him to get all patched up, see the bill, and then have a heart attack.

Winston lets out a relieved sigh.

WINSTON

We're much obliged. Thing is, at Arch Energy we're insured up the wazoo. Medical care that's top of the line, best of the best. If you've got a car or a truck we can-

EARL PADITE

-Truck's currently out in the fields with Angel. She's makin' sure we're protected from the terrorists, sorry I mean "progressives", but she'll be back soon enough, and you'll be more than welcome to a ride into town.

WINSTON

How soon...? If you don't mind me asking.

EARL PADITE

Who's to say? Angel runs on her own schedule, if you know what I mean?

Winston forces a smile and nods, exchanging a few disappointed glances with Mary and Clarence.

WINSTON

So, how's our colleague?

**INT. RANCH HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Mary, Clarence, and Winston are led in by Earl to find Richie being molly-coddled by Jackie.

EARL PADITE

Honey, it would appear I have found this gentleman's associates.

JACKIE PADITE

Oh! Wow! Well, hey there! I was just takin' care of your friend.

They stare down at the pink fluffy handcuffs which have been removed and placed on the table.

WINSTON

Richie, we were just explaining to these kind people that we're all from the oil company. We got attacked, remember? By the protesters...

Richie winces, confused.

JACKIE PADITE

You all carry guns at the oil business?

They look to the pistol with Richie's shoes and briefcase.

WINSTON

I mean... You seen the state of the Middle East?

Richie couldn't look more perplexed by what's going on.

RICHIE

Oil company? Umm, yeah... I remember being at the oil company.

MARY

We're gonna get you to a hospital, since you're so messed up.

She smiles sarcastically. He deadeyes her back.

RICHIE

I'm fine.

WINSTON

No you're not. We need to get you to a specialist fast.

Winston winks at Richie who's still struggling to keep up.

CLARENCE

Say, here's an idea; how about Mary and me take a look for that daughter of yours.

WINSTON

Well, it's probably not a great idea that we split up.

Winston gives Clarence a stern look, but Clarence is already easing Mary out of the door with him.

CLARENCE

We'll just take a quick look around. Be right back.

EARL PADITE

You and your assistant knock yourselves out. I got jobs to get on with.

Winston, a little pissed off by Clarence's suggestion, watches Earl follow them out. He turns his attention to Richie, crouching a little to look him in the eye.

WINSTON

Hey Richie, I was just wondering, did you make that call to head office? The call we talked about? You know, the real important one?

Richie is sweating and struggling to focus.

RICHIE

The call? Oh yeah, that call. Yeah umm... I umm.... You know the funny thing... The funny thing is...

He starts to laugh a little manically.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

...I umm... can't remember. I can't remember if I made that call.

WINSTON

Richie, listen to me, you're confused right now, maybe a little delirious, but I need you to tell me yes or no.

Richie looks back, pupils dilated, clearly unable to recollect much of anything, and a little panicked.

RICHIE  
I ummm... I ummm... I don't...

JACKIE PADITE  
Hey, hey.

She moves in, holds his shaking hand, and soothes him.

JACKIE PADITE (CONT'D)  
How 'bout we take a little easier  
on him, okay? You need some more  
tea, honey? Another one of my  
special back rubs?

Richie nods pathetically. Winston shakes his head  
disappointed, and leaves the room.

**EXT. RANCH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Winston hurriedly lights up a smoke and paces around, trying  
to chill out.

He stands on his tip-toes and peers into a field but can't  
spot Mary and Clarence anywhere.

As he calms a little, something catches his attention. The  
feint sound of radio communication.

HIISSSSSSS! CRACK! GARBLED SPEECH.

He locks in on a barn and heads toward it, the static noise  
and occasional muffled chatter getting louder.

**INT. BARN - DAY**

Winston stands in the entrance dumbfounded, a mint 1977  
Pontiac Firebird Trans-Am in the classic black and gold  
special edition livery sitting in the dusty old wooden  
structure like it's just come off the production line.

The CB radio in the Firebird hisses, cracks, and picks up  
random voices as Winston approaches it mesmerized.

EARL PADITE (O.C.)  
Don't you drool on the paint now.  
Waxed her only yesterday.

Winston turns to find Earl by a workbench, sharpening tools  
with a proud grin on his face.

WINSTON  
May I?

EARL PADITE  
Knock yourself out.

Earl joins Winston, admiring the car up close.

WINSTON  
Wow! Trans-Am Special Edition. This thing's cleaner than a cat's ass.

EARL PADITE  
Thanks, Trigger's what we call her.

Winston runs a knuckle over the perfectly smooth paint.

WINSTON  
A Roy Rogers fan. You clay bar? You see, I like to clay bar.

EARL PADITE  
No, sir, nothing fancy, just a bottomless bucket of elbow grease and all the time in the World.

Earl leans over the door and turns off the ignition, switching off the CB radio in the process. He makes a point of leaving the keys dangling and glinting in the light.

EARL PADITE (CONT'D)  
Now, I know what you're thinkin'; why haven't I offered you a ride in this? Well, truth be told, it ain't my car to offer. I'm just keepin' it like this for Angel. She deserves somethin' perfect in this messed up world and it's her birthright. Good heart that one. She'll claw your face off if you cross her, but a good heart.

WINSTON  
That her on the radio?

EARL PADITE  
Oh, she'll be too busy givin' the barbed wire a hard time to have her ears on.

He looks at Winston, a little suspicious.

EARL PADITE (CONT'D)  
I've been listenin' in on the police channels. They found two ex-military machine guns in that car crash. How 'bout that?

(MORE)

EARL PADITE (CONT'D)

What's the world comin' to when  
protestors have to stoop that low?

Winston shakes his head but doesn't give an answer.

EARL PADITE (CONT'D)

You umm... all carryin' like your  
friend back there?

Winston looks at Earl frankly. He parts his suit jacket to  
show the Smith & Wesson 659 tucked into his pants.

EARL PADITE (CONT'D)

Oil company too tight to spring for  
a holster?

Earl laughs and stares at Winston, trying to work him out.

WINSTON

Let's just say, we're operating off  
the books with this one.

EARL PADITE

Whatever gets the job done.

Earl moves aside so Winston can continue touring around and  
admiring the Firebird.

Winston works his way past the fender, stops at the nose, and  
takes in the rising phoenix emblem before him.

WINSTON

(reciting)

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden  
phoenix, her ashes new create  
another heir, as great in  
admiration as herself; so shall she  
leave her blessedness to one, when  
heaven shall call her from this  
cloud of darkness.

Those words really mean something to him.

EARL PADITE

That ain't Roy Rogers.

WINSTON

Shakespeare, Henry the Eighth. I've  
only seen one play in my life, but  
that line always stuck with me. I  
don't know why.

EARL PADITE

Well, I ain't one for talkin' like a faggot. I keep things straight and keep 'em simple. Just as long we have an understandin' here; this car leaves over my dead body.

Winston nods but isn't sure if he's being told that as a fact or as a challenge.

**EXT. FIELD - DAY**

Mary and Clarence walk through the tracks cutting through the tall golden corn crops, looking for Earl's daughter.

CLARENCE

How much land do you think these guys have? Feels like they own half the state.

MARY

Must get pretty lonely out here. Probably why the old lady's coming on so strong with Richie, right?

CLARENCE

Like she needs to. That psycho would dig up his own mother if he knew which drainage ditch she was buried in.

MARY

Can you blame the guy? Kids need parents. Can't fight nature... Talking of which-

CLARENCE

-No, don't do this. Don't ruin it.

MARY

What?

CLARENCE

Asking about if I want kids.

MARY

Jeez! Sounds like I don't need to. So, you tell me, if you're still so against having children, what has marriage really achieved for us?



CLARENCE

I'm not against the idea. You know that. I want to be a father but I need to make sure I'm going to be a good one before I have kids rather find out otherwise when it's too late. I've finally committed. Isn't that what you wanted from me?

MARY

There's a big difference between showing commitment and buying time.

CLARENCE

We're criminals! Criminals on the run! I can't bring a child into this world right now, but if we make it and build a new life-

She stops in her tracks and stares concerned.

MARY

-Exactly. "If we make it". What if we don't? What if we don't get past these differences we have? I mean, "just a dog"? Seriously? I'm still unpacking that statement. It's like you don't even know me sometimes.

CLARENCE

Oh, the dog thing again? Really? I think you made the right decision to leave it behind. How's that not supporting you? I don't get it. Why would I want to plant the seed of doubt now when you can't undo what you've done? That would be cruel.

MARY

Because maybe it's the truth and I deserve to hear that?

CLARENCE

Or maybe my feelings on the subject resound with you deep-down... and you're projecting your guilt onto me rather than facing it yourself?

MARY

Well... your feelings hurt me.

CLARENCE

Yet, all I'm doing is trusting you.

MARY

I know. I know it doesn't make sense. That's what makes it so frustrating. It's like this whole marriage thing. It's all I've ever wanted so why does it now feel like I've put my foot in a bear trap?

CLARENCE

Wow! Thanks! I try to change into what you want me to be, and that makes you like me less! I can't win! What's this obsession with pursuing things while putting up your own roadblocks? It's like you only want to chase the things you know you can't have. It's crazy!

MARY

It is crazy, I know! But then, how much of our being is really us at the wheel, and how much of it is simply limbic? Maybe it's okay to be a little out of control?

CLARENCE

Speaking of limbic...

He moves in close and wraps his hands around her waist with a cheeky look in his eye.

MARY

You want to fuck? Here? Now? Seriously?

CLARENCE

Why not? We haven't consummated this marriage to make it official yet. Don't you want to?

MARY

No... of course I want to... I always want to... it's just....

CLARENCE

Then stop holding yourself back. Get a little out of control. Seriously Mary, sometimes I wonder if your demons are using you or if you're using them.

They proceed to kiss, growing more and more passionate until they are groping one another frantically.

They tumble into the crops entwined. She unbuttons his shirt. He pulls up her dress. Silk on bare dirt.

She tries to look him in the eye, but he's more interested in nuzzling her breasts, his free hand pulling her underwear aside and unzipping his flies.

He enters her with a primal grunt, causing her to wince and clutch at his back.

As he thrusts aggressively, he buries his face in her neck, biting at it like an animal while she's left to stare into the empty sky above them, knowing full well this isn't the love she's looking for.

**INT. RANCH HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Winston reenters to find Richie still being fussed over by Jackie Padite, who's feeding him apple pie like a baby.

JACKIE PADITE

Oh hey. I warmed up some pie for you and your friends.

WINSTON

Thank you, umm... Mrs...

JACKIE PADITE

Padite. You can call me Jackie.

WINSTON

That's very kind of you. Say, Jackie, can my colleague and I have a moment to discuss a private business matter? It's confidential so...

JACKIE PADITE

Oh, well, of course! Oil company business in my living room! Who'd have thunk it? Go ahead, please.

She leaves. Winston sits opposite Richie who's clearly struggling to perform basic functions like swallow.

RICHIE

I know I appear a little messed up right now, but I assure you, I'm one-hundred-percent.

WINSTON

Good, 'cause I'm gonna need you to kill the old man.

RICHIE

Done.

WINSTON

You not gonna ask me why? I mean, I could do it if I had to.

Richie stares back a little confused.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Hell, it is what it is... I like the guy.

RICHIE

You're soft. Just because you like someone and they're nice to you doesn't mean they like you back. It only means they can stand you long enough to be polite.

WINSTON

Oh, it's not rational, I know that. Is it because he keeps a fine home, or looks after his family, no. Is it his backward political views, fuck no. It all comes down to him liking classic cars, and I've never had to kill a man with good taste before. That's why I need a sadist.

RICHIE

Everyone does eventually. You all hate the bad guy until you need someone to do some bad shit.

Richie, slips on his shoes, eases himself off the sofa, takes his gun, and goes to leave, but he quickly loses his balance and stumbles over, sending cutlery crashing.

Jackie Padite hurries back in, concerned, and assists Winston in getting Richie back on the sofa.

JACKIE PADITE

No! You boys are all the same!  
Pushing yourselves too hard when  
you're sick!

Richie looks shaken and upset by the fall.

JACKIE PADITE (CONT'D)

I insist you rest. I'll see about calling a doctor. You ain't right!

Winston stares at Richie who looks back frail and pathetic. He knows what he's got to do.

**EXT. FIELD - LATER**

With the wind dancing in their hair, Mary and Clarence wander slowly down the track back toward the ranch house in a brooding state of tragic post-coitus dissatisfaction.

**INT. BARN - DAY**

The Firebird unattended with the CB hissing and chattering. Winston enters and checks around. No sight of Earl anywhere.

He cautiously approaches the Firebird to find the keys still in the ignition. He carefully and silently opens the door.

EARL PADITE (O.C.)  
Hold it right there.

Earl emerges from a dark corner with the Mossberg aimed.

EARL PADITE (CONT'D)  
I knew it. Oil company my ass! Put 'em up! You're with the terrorists, ain't ya? Bet you're a queer too!

WINSTON  
Just so you know, I didn't want to have to do this.

Winston goes to raise his hands but suddenly lunges at Earl, knocking the shotgun out of his hands. SMACK! He punches the old farmer, but he's tough as nails and doesn't go down.

THWACK! CRACK! Earl punches back, and they resort to fists, both showing good boxing stances.

POW! WHACK! BAM! They exchange blows and take bruises, throwing dirty sucker punches when they can. They both know this is to the death, and every swing counts.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! Winston finds the upper-hand, getting in a combination of right hooks, jabs, and knee strikes.

Earl dashes desperately to the Firebird and grabs the CB mic.

**EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS**

The Chevy C10 pickup at the bottom of a field. Angel Padite working on a broken barbed-wire fence.

EARL PADITE  
 (through hissing CB)  
 Ange-

**INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS**

Winston pulls Earl back and kicks the Firebird door shut in the process, cutting the mic wire.

**EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS**

Angel snaps around to hear nothing but static being broadcast through the Pickup's CB. She stares meanly.

**INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS**

With Earl weakened and under his control, Winston grabs the severed CB mic and stretches the wire across Earl's neck, pulling it as tight as he can and garroting him.

Earl gradually turns purple, his eyes bloodshot as he pounds at Winston with what little strength he has left.

The process is long and drawn out. Earl knows it's the end for him and stares at the Firebird longingly.

WINSTON  
 Believe me, old man. This will  
 stick with me a lot longer than it  
 sticks with you.

As Earl fades out, Winston comforts him a little through his final moments before letting out a regretful sigh.

**EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS**

Angel throws equipment into the bed of the truck, climbs in, and fires it up. The tires kick up rooster tails of dirt as it slithers up the field.

**INT./EXT. RANCH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

With Richie hanging off his shoulder and struggling to walk, Winston helps him out of the house with Jackie Padite on their tail and the briefcase in his other hand.

WINSTON  
 We gotta go!

JACKIE PADITE  
He needs to rest!

RICHIE  
I need to rest.

WINSTON  
Don't follow us!

JACKIE PADITE  
Where's Earl!

As they exit, Mary and Clarence, unsure of what's happened, run over from the field to assist.

JACKIE PADITE (CONT'D)  
EARL! EARL!

MARY  
What happened?

WINSTON  
We're leaving!

**INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS**

Winston, Mary, and Clarence help Richie into the passenger seat of the Firebird.

Mary turns to see Earl Padite dead on the floor and then to see Jackie Padite outside, upset.

JACKIE PADITE  
Where's my husband!

Mary freezes at the sight of Jackie distressed.

WINSTON  
Move!

Winston shoves her into the backseat of the Firebird, quickly followed by Clarence, jumps behind the wheel, and fires up the Firebird. The 400ci V8 roars triumphantly into life.

**EXT. RANCH - CONTINUOUS**

The Firebird charges through the barn doors, slews down the long driveway, screeches sideways onto to the main road, and hightails it into the distance.

Chapter 5

IMPERFECTLY PURIFIED



**INT. FIREBIRD - MOVING - DAY**

The engine drones as the Firebird hauls ass, Mary and Clarence in the back, Richie in the passenger seat, and Winston behind the wheel with scenery whipping by.

Mary toys with the loose ring on her finger.

CLARENCE

Quit messing with that.

MARY

I can't. I'm worried it's going to fall off.

CLARENCE

We'll get you a new one in Mexico, one that fits, one that's nicer.

MARY

But this is the one I got married with.

CLARENCE

So what? Mexico's a whole new start for us. A clean slate. We're going to make it.

MARY

Maybe we are, but I can't help but wonder if we're both running to different finish lines.

Clarence can't ignore the uncertainty he sees in her eyes.

WINSTON

Listen up, whether we've made that call or not, I'm taking us to the rendezvous point. There's always the chance they're waiting.

RICHIE

Then how about we hurry up?

WINSTON

What more do you want? I'm doing eighty!

RICHIE

How about ninety?

Winston gives it a little more gas.

CLARENCE

How about you quit telling everyone else to hurry up when it's you that delayed us in the first place?

Richie turns and glares darkly at Clarence.

RICHIE

Says the guy who decided to propose... during a bank heist.

CLARENCE

Hey! I didn't know she was gonna want to get married there and then!

MARY

Wait, I thought that was our idea?

CLARENCE

Honestly, I could have waited.

Mary looks at Clarence, betrayed.

MARY

We want completely different things you and me. I don't even care about getting to Mexico. This was never about getting away with the money for me, it was all about taking it from the bank.

CLARENCE

Now's not the time to be talking about this.

Richie can barely believe his ears. He turns and looks at Mary, dumbfounded.

RICHIE

Wait? Is this whole heist some sort of moral crusade for you?

MARY

It's about sending a message to those who think they're untouchable. Don't mock that. My reasons are my reasons.

RICHIE

Your reasons are bullshit.

CLARENCE

Hey! Back off!

RICHIE  
You back off!

WINSTON  
Hey! Hey! Hey! How about all of you  
back the fuck off. We're almost at  
the location.

**INT. PICKUP - DAY**

Angel fights with the wheel as she tears down the field toward the ranch house. The distressed figure of Jackie Padite runs from the barn and flags her down.

**EXT. RANCH - CONTINUOUS**

The Pickup skids to a halt, throwing up dust. Jackie Padite howls with tears as Angel climbs out, showing zero emotion.

JACKIE PADITE  
YOUR FATHER! YOUR FATHER!

**INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS**

With her mother screaming at the top of her lungs, Angel enters to find the Firebird gone and her father's body lying on the floor.

JACKIE PADITE  
You be careful now! You're all I've  
got left!

Angel barely reacts. Instead, she crosses to a secure cabinet, unlocks it, and takes out a Winchester Model 70 hunting rifle with an attached scope and pockets some ammo.

ANGEL PADITE  
Don't worry. I plan to keep my  
distance.

**EXT. RANCH - CONTINUOUS**

Jackie Padite on her knees sobbing as Angel exits the barn with the rifle and her father's shotgun in each hand, a cold look in her eyes.

She slots both weapons onto the gun rack of The Pickup

**EXT. ABANDONED QUARRY - CONTINUOUS**

Rusted out machinery lines the track as the Firebird drives down into the gravel pit, out of sight of the highway.

It pulls up to a halt at the bottom, and Winston shuts off the engine, somewhat relieved. He climbs out. Richie, Mary, and Clarence follow.

They all take in the rocky surroundings, the wind whistling through the dead trees.

WINSTON

Well, I said I'd get us here. Here we are.

They stare into the empty sky.

CLARENCE

You think they're late too?

RICHIE

If they are, I'll do the talking when they get here.

They look at Richie swaying from side to side, his skin pale and eyes dark, all wondering if that's a good idea.

MARY

Umm... guys...

They look round to Mary who's found something. Four freshly dug shallow graves.

MARY (CONT'D)

...I think we missed our flight.

Winston and Clarence let out a mutual disappointed sigh.

CLARENCE

What the...? Are we supposed to bury ourselves in those?

WINSTON

The deal was to catch that plane. It was the only way to get away clean. As far as our partners are concerned, we're now a liability.

CLARENCE

But we've got the money, right?

He looks to Mary, worried.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

Right? They still need us.

MARY

The encryption keys are in mailing boxes in Mexico City. Only I know which ones, but we're dealing with a cartel here; the money isn't worth it if we bring heat with us.

CLARENCE

So, that's it? We're on our own?

WINSTON

If only it were that simple. We're a loose end, and we'll have a bounty on each of our heads soon enough. But that's the least of my concerns, given the cops are probably, what, twenty minutes behind us at best.

CLARENCE

So, we need a new plan?

CLICK! Mary, Winston, and Clarence turn to see Richie aiming his pistol at them. He holds up the briefcase.

RICHIE

This is why you only deal with the physical. The invisible tends to have a mind of its own.

WINSTON

You traitorous son of a... I busted my ass to get you here! I held up my side of the deal!

RICHIE

Shut up! The deal's clearly off now. I'm sick, and I need medical attention.

CLARENCE

In more ways than one, asshole.

WINSTON

Yeah, and we're only in this situation because you failed to make that call.

RICHIE

Whatever, I'm taking the 'bird too. Drop your weapons.

They all carefully place their pistols down and keep their hands raised.

WINSTON

You don't need to do this.

RICHIE

(re: graves)

Really...? And let all the hard work digging these go to waste? Choose your plots.

Winston and Clarence both stand at the foot of separate graves beside Mary. Richie staggers over to Winston.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

On your knees.

Winston resentfully obliges. Richie puts the gun to his head and smiles demonically.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Why not you?

WINSTON

Because we can make a deal. You can't do this alone. You need us more than we need you. Take a look at yourself; you're half dead already. How far are you going to get behind the wheel? A mile? Two? You're not thinking straight, believe me, you are not thinking straight at all, my friend.

RICHIE

I'm perfectly sane, and I'm not your friend. You should fear me.

WINSTON

Do I not sound scared to you? Of course, I'm scared. The point I'm making is you're out of your fucking mind right now.

Mary gazes up and around at the rocks and the road out, looking for an escape route.

CLARENCE

There's no way out. It would be like shooting fish in a barrel.

He sneakily picks up a large, sharp rock. She shakes her head, pleading with him not to do anything.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

I'm not scared of dying for you.

The sentiment hits her hard. He really does love her.

Meanwhile, inside the Firebird, the severed mic wire to the CB is causing it to broadcast continually.

**INT. PICKUP - CONTINUOUS**

The rifle and Mossberg shake on the gun rack as the engine howls at the red line. Angel keeps one eye on the signal strength needle for the hissing CB. It's climbing.

The Pickup blows by the entrance to the quarry. She checks the dial again. The needle dips and--

She stands on the brakes, sending the Pickup into a slide and turning it around one-eighty.

**EXT. ABANDONED QUARRY - CONTINUOUS**

Mary edges closer to Clarence as Richie presses his gun hard against Winston's temple.

RICHIE

I'll ask again. Why? Not? You?

WINSTON

Let the kids go. They just got married, for crying out loud.

RICHIE

Then I'd be doing them a favor by putting them out of their misery.

WINSTON

This is not how you kill people with honor, especially partners. We deserve better than this.

RICHIE

You know what, fuck you and fuck your honor.

Richie gets ready to shoot. Winston winces.

Clarence pulls Mary in close to him.

CLARENCE

I loved you since the day I set  
eyes on you. I'm not about to let  
you out of my sight now.

MARY

I love you too.

Mary and Clarence kiss passionately, their eyes clenched shut  
and arms cradling each other's souls until--

BANG! A shot echoes off the quarry walls. Mary's eyes bolt  
open. She staggers back from Clarence in complete shock.

He stares back, but there's no life in his eyes and blood  
running from his mouth. The rock drops from his hand. We see  
a bullet entry wound in the back of his head.

He collapses in a heap. She gags, spits out the blood-soaked  
slug from a rifle round, and takes in a deep gasp, trying to  
work out what the hell just happened.

Mary looks to Richie, who's aiming up out of the pit.

CRASH ZOOM to Angel perched on the rocks with her rifle,  
already reloaded and taking up aim.

BANG! Angel fires again, nearly hitting Richie as he drops  
the briefcase and dashes for cover.

Winston spies a chance to run for his gun. BANG! A round hits  
by his feet. He sweeps up his pistol and dives behind a rock.

Mary spins around in a state of confusion.

BANG! Angel gets in her truck, races to a new vantage point,  
gets out, and takes up a well-practiced shooting stance.

BANG! A round zips by Mary as she runs to Firebird, leaps in,  
and fires it up. She looks to Winston behind the rock.

MARY (CONT'D)

Get in!

BANG! A puff of blood. Winston goes down. She looks around to  
see Richie aiming up at Angel. BANG! BANG! BANG! He tries to  
take her out but doesn't have the range or the focus.

Mary punches the throttle. The Firebird kicks up gravel and  
races around the pit as she tries to get it turned around so  
she can take the spiraling track out.



BANG! BANG! BANG! Richie takes pot-shots at her, causing her to duck and lose her bearings. By the time she's found the track, she spots Angel racing down it in the Pickup.

The Firebird slides sideways and heads the other way as the Pickup enters the pit. Both vehicles circle around one another, Angel now armed with the Mossberg resting across her arm to stabilize it while she steers with one hand.

BOOM! A window on the Firebird shatters. Mary winces and wrestles with the wheel, trying to keep the car under control, the gravel like ball-bearings under the tires.

BOOM! Angel fires again. BANG! BANG! BANG! She spots Richie firing at her. She swerves the Pickup around to line her window up with him. BOOM! He goes down.

With Angel distracted, Mary spies her chance with the route to the track out clear. She floors it, races across the pit to the track, and throws the Firebird into a slide, but--

She applies too much throttle and loses control, causing her to oversteer badly and spin out into deep gravel.

Mary mashes the accelerator causing the Firebird's rear wheels to only dig deeper. She looks around to see Angel now out of her truck and approaching with the shotgun.

Mary winces, looks back out the window, and guns it again, watching the tires spin until they're buried.

She swings open the door, crawls out, and cowers behind the Firebird. There's nowhere to run.

Angel limps as she makes her way over, blood weeping into her jeans from a gunshot wound on her thigh.

Mary has no choice but to accept her fate. She raises her hands and stares back, terrified, as Angel walks round the Firebird and aims the shotgun right at her.

ANGEL PADITE

You... you killed my pa.

MARY

And you killed my husband. Don't you think that makes us equal?

ANGEL PADITE

Nice try. Equal maybe, but not the same. You're full of evil.

Angel stares meanly down the barrel.

MARY

Yeah? And what are you filled with  
right now?

ANGEL PADITE

Oh, what I'm planning isn't  
vengeance, it's retribution.

Mary lowers her hands a little and looks back at Angel with  
absolute sincerity. Angel stares down judgmentally.

ANGEL PADITE (CONT'D)

Did you love your husband?

MARY

Yeah.. a lot more than I realized.

Angel is a little surprised to hear that.

ANGEL PADITE

And can you live with knowing that?

MARY

Honestly... I don't know.

A guilty tear runs down Mary's cheek.

ANGEL PADITE

Well, there it is.

Angel lowers the shotgun, limps over to a piece of old quarry  
machinery, and slumps up against it so she can tend to her  
injury alone.

Silence again. Mary gets to her feet and stares into the pit  
at Clarence's dead body, his pistol, and the briefcase.

ANGEL PADITE (CONT'D)

Collect what you need but don't get  
any ideas. It's pretty hard to miss  
with a twelve-gauge.

While Angel makes a rudimentary bandage for her flesh wound,  
Mary slowly walks to the center of the pit, retrieves the  
pistol, and stares at the briefcase in front of her.

RICHIE (O.C.)

Fight you for it.

In the distance, Richie emerges, barely alive, gun raised and  
a demonic look in his eyes. She aims back at him.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

A duel it is. What can I say, I'm a sucker for the classics.

MARY

Then you should know full well, it's not valid if we're resting on our aim.

RICHIE

You wanna draw?

MARY

I'm saying, if you wanna do it like this, we do it properly, but be warned, I'm not getting in my own way anymore.

He laughs, delighted, now in a state of complete madness.

Mary slowly walks backward, away from Richie, putting distance between her and the case that separates them while she lowers her gun to her hip.

It's like all Richie's birthdays have come at once. He lowers his weapon and mirrors her, his fingers twitching as they stare each other out, no movement other than the long grass dancing in the light breeze.

CRUNCH! Their eyes snap round to spot Winston staggering into their field of view, wounded in the gut and stopping to setup a perfect truel.

Mary is pleased to see Winston still alive, but from his grim expression and the blood weeping through his clothes, it's clear it won't be for long.

Winston readies his gun by his side and gathers his senses through the pain as he scowls at Richie.

WINSTON

We got unfinished business, you and me.

RICHIE

I see your moral fortitude is crumbling. What happened to strangulation being the only honorable way to kill?

WINSTON

Rats like you don't deserve an honorable death.

RICHIE

Look at you, so holier than thou.  
You're just like the people you  
hate. You just chose a slightly  
different color flag to fly. You  
know, I'm glad this has all  
happened, and we finally get to see  
what you really are.

WINSTON

Oh yeah? And what am I?

RICHIE

A wolf in sheep's clothing. Admit  
it, underneath all that nobility  
bullshit you spout, you're a  
monster just like me.

Angel casually watches over the three of them in each corner  
of the pit with their guns ready. This isn't her fight.

WINSTON

(to Richie)

You know, if you had an ounce of  
honor, you'd face me, not her, and  
even up the odds.

RICHIE

You saying she's a bad shot? Well  
gee, that's not very progressive.  
Maybe I just believe in true gender  
equality.

WINSTON

I'm saying think about it. The  
second you pull that trigger, I  
pull mine, and I don't miss.  
Killing her guarantees you go down.  
Now face me and take your best  
shot, you bastard. Maybe you'll get  
lucky.

RICHIE

Nah, you're bluffing.

Mary fights back tears as she glares at Richie.

MARY

You caused all of this! You didn't  
just let the madness take over, you  
embraced it! Now Clarence is dead  
because of you!

RICHIE

At least I accept what I am! What's your excuse? Still think you're on the side of good? What do you think this all is? You bringing justice to the world?

MARY

Perhaps... I'm not perfect, but maybe being the greater good is all I need to be right now.

Winston looks at Mary, deadly serious.

WINSTON

Don't you dare draw. You fire first, he fires back. No matter what, he fires back.

RICHIE

You know the funny thing is, all I gotta do is stand here until you die, old man.

WINSTON

Face the demon, you coward!

RICHIE

I would, but then she wouldn't be facing hers, would she?

He looks back to Mary and grins.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

So, you got what it takes?

Mary grips her gun tight and deadeyes Richie. His hand twitches by his pistol. Winston waits, ready to draw.

Their chests start to heave. Her heartbeat intensifies. Three tiny coiled bodies in the giant empty pit.

She draws. BANG! Richie's gun flies out of his hand.

He looks back at her, just as shocked as she is, smoke wafting from the barrel of her gun. He looks to Winston only to see him staring back down the sights of his Smith & Wesson.

WINSTON

Fuck you, Richie.

BANG! BANG! Mary and Winston fire in unison. The two final gunshots echo through the quarry and--

Richie hits the gravel with two holes through his head.

Winston collapses as the final bit of energy he has leaves his body. Mary dashes over and cradles him.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

That was a hell of a shot you pulled off. Where'd that come from?

MARY

I don't think it came from anywhere. I think it was destiny.

WINSTON

Well, it sure did the job.

He smirks. She manages to smile back.

MARY

I gotta go.

WINSTON

I know. Me too. That's a whole lotta heat you're facing.

MARY

Let's hope it heals me.

WINSTON

You're a good kid. It was a real honor to be in your corner.

Winston fades out peacefully in her arms.

**EXT. ABANDONED QUARRY - MOMENTS LATER**

While Angel tightens up the makeshift bandage she's made, Mary drags the bodies of Clarence and Winston to two of the graves and throws on some wildflowers.

Clenching her eyes shut, she falls to her knees, and breaks down into tears, finally letting it all out, screaming with pain until she's got nothing more left and hyperventilating.

ANGEL PADITE (O.C.)

(long beat)

It's the end of the chapter, not the end of the story.

Mary looks back, shaking with emotion, as Angel sits there solemnly with her shotgun propped up next to her.

ANGEL PADITE (CONT'D)

That's what my pa used to tell me;  
you can either close the book or  
turn a new page. You can't do both.

Mary nods as she calms down and wipes away her tears.

MARY

I'm sorry about your father.

ANGEL PADITE

Sorry about your husband.

Mary takes the briefcase and trudges toward Angel, her boots slogging through deep gravel. She drops it into the bucket of a rusting dragline excavator.

MARY

You can come find this after the  
cops have been and gone. I'm buying  
your truck.

ANGEL PADITE

I'm gonna tell 'em everything I  
saw, exactly as it went down. You  
can run from justice but you'll  
never escape the truth.

MARY

...I know

She stares sincerely at Angel.

MARY (CONT'D)

I gotta go back to my dog.

Angel nods, somehow understanding that. Mary gets in The Pickup, fires it up, throws it into gear, and floors it.

**EXT. ABANDONED QUARRY (AERIAL SHOT) - CONTINUOUS**

We follow The Pickup kicking up gravel and scrabbling out of the pit, past Angel and the stricken Firebird, gradually ascending the spiraling track with the dead bodies of Winston, Clarence, and Richie lying below.

The Pickup reaches the crest and accelerates down the dirt access road, kicking up dust before turning onto the open lonely highway and racing back home toward what might just be some chance of redemption.

THE END