

Seven Days in La Suerte

Written by

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WGAE Registration #I297235

BLACK

SUPER:

"Many young men started down a false path to their true destiny. Time and fortune usually set them aright."

- MARIO PUZO, *The Godfather*

Pre-lap: country music blares.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - TRAVELING - MORNING

A huge semi with a house-moving rig kicks up a dust cloud as it moves down a lonely desert road.

On the door: "Jones Building Movers, Jackson, New Mexico."

Country music continues to blare from the radio.

BUDDY JONES, late twenties, drives with BUTCH JONES, early thirties. Butch is deep in thought and obviously upset.

BUDDY

You gonna stay mad the whole way home?

BUTCH

(turns off the radio)
We needed that money.

BUDDY

How was I supposed to know the guy was upstairs taking a dump?

Butch hesitates, chuckles. Buddy looks at him quizzically.

BUTCH

Just imagining the poor guy sittin' on the toilet and the whole house starts to shake. You think he ..?

Amused, Buddy looks at Butch who squints as he tries to make out a sign at the intersection.

SIGN: "La Suetre, New Mexico 5 miles. Ciudad Juarez, Mexico 8 miles."

BUTCH (cont'd)

Would be funny if he didn't fall off the rig.
(pounds the dash)

BUTCH (cont'd)
Damn, we needed that money. I'm
starving. Make a left up ahead.

The rig turns left toward LaSuerte.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A small, second-floor corner apartment that overlooks the
main intersection in La Suerte.

EMILY MECURRIO, middle-aged, wakes up and pats the bed.
Surprised that she finds herself alone, she looks around.

EMILY
Sam?

She sits up and sees SAM MECURRIO, fifties, half dressed,
staring out the window and drinking a coffee.

EMILY (cont'd)
Dreams again?

SAM
(snaps out of the trance)
Coffee's made.

EMILY
Sam. Honey, you gotta do something.
You gotta get some help.

SAM
Nice day out. Not too hot.

EMILY
How long you gonna run from it? How
long, Sam? It's not going away.

SAM
Gotta get going. Diner's waiting.

EMILY
That's it? That's all?
(hesitates)
I pack up and go across the country
to this snake pit of a town and
that's all you can say?

SAM
(gets dressed)
It's my problem, Em. Nobody else
can help. Mine alone.

EMILY

You just keep thinking that.

Sam steps to the door. He stops and looks sympathetically at her. He starts to say something, but just leaves.

Emily turns over and pounds the mattress in frustration.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - MORNING

The semi approaches the small town of La Suerte.

BUDDY

It's not like the bank isn't on my
ass, too.

BUTCH

Yeah, a whole lot of trouble moving
you, Billy and the dog. Billy's got
what? A couple of bongos and his
stash? Try moving two kids with a
third on the way.

BUDDY

And dad. Don't forget about dad.

Butch shows his annoyance at the comment.

BUTCH

Looks like a whole lot of
something's happened since the last
time we were here. Slow down.

SIGN: "Welcome to La Suerte, New Mexico. 'Where Dreams Become Reality.' Est. 1851, Pop." 287 is crossed out, replaced by a hand-written 292.

Below, another sign points through La Suerte.

SIGN: "Mexico 1.5 Miles."

A small two-story building, surrounded by a ten-foot fence, sits outside the town.

BUTCH (cont'd)

That's new.

Truck moves slowly.

SIGN ON THE FENCE: "Temporary Home of the Plotter Savings and Loan."

A huge billboard with a picture of DAN PLOTTER that reads: "Future Home of Plotter Estates and Shopping Center and the Plotter Savings and Loan," is in the next lot.

Butch climbs over Buddy to look at the bank they just passed.

BUTCH (cont'd)

Prefab.

BUDDY

Huh?

BUTCH

Idiots left it on the risers. And we can't get any work.

Buddy looks in his side mirror at the bank. Butch sits down.

Truck continues into La Suerte, a small town with one main intersection, a church and a few various buildings.

INT. SAM'S DINER - MORNING

A small diner stands at the main intersection with windows to both streets.

SHERIFF TOM DURANT, early thirties, badge and a cowboy hat, eats at the counter as he reads the newspaper.

Butch and Buddy enter and sit at a table.

Sam comes over and pours them coffee.

SAM

I'll give you guys a minute to decide.

(walks to counter)

You good Tom?

TOM

(holds out cup)

Says here Plotter's silver find might be worth in excess of two hundred million. The old Stevens' mine. Been dry for so long, who'd of thought? Boom's coming, Sam. Boom's coming.

SAM

Guess only time'll tell.

Tom looks up and shakes his head at Sam's negativity.

SAM (cont'd)
 Always felt nothing's ever as good
 as it seems, nothing's ever as bad.
 Time'll tell.

Sam looks out the window and becomes amused.

VITO GAMBIZZI and JOEY BARONE, middle-aged, dressed in partially unzipped black suede sweatsuits and gold chains that reflect the sun, get out of a white Cadillac.

SAM (cont'd)
 Hey Sheriff, you gotta see this.

TOM
 (looks out)
 Oh, yeah. That's our new minister,
 Vito, and his assistant, Joey.

Sam does a double take.

SAM
 You say minister?

TOM
 Yeah, moved into the Hayes' place.
 Wife's coming down next week.

SAM
 And nothing strikes you odd?

TOM
 (reads newspaper)
 Nope.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

Across from the diner, Vito and Joey stand by their car. Vito looks around the dead town.

JOEY
 Hope the food's good. I'm starving.

VITO
 Not much of a choice. Seen more
 life at Riga's Mortuary.
 (Does a 360)
 Of all the places.

They walk toward the diner. Joey shakes his head, laughs.

VITO (cont'd)
 What? What's so funny?

JOEY

Just picturing Giordano's face when
he found out you made the pickup
before you turned --

Vito smacks Joey on the back. Joey cringes.

VITO

-- I told you, what I did was a
business decision. I made a smart
choice. That's it. I don't want to
ever hear the R word again.

JOEY

So what are we going to do with all
that money? Can't keep two-five in
the house.

VITO

(puffs up his collar)
Thanks to our friends at the FBI,
we're going to do what any
respectable citizen would do, put
it in the bank.

Approaching the door, Joey notices Sam staring at them.

JOEY

What's with him?

VITO

No idea. Maybe he likes our
wardrobe. I mean, compared to these
hicks, we are a dapper duo.

JOEY

(opens, holds door)
Hey, maybe we should take the money
and open up a men's shop?

VITO

A haberdashery?

JOEY

Hmm. Okay, but I really liked the
idea of a men's shop.

EXT. PLOTTER'S SILVER MINE - MORNING

A mine in the middle of no place with a ten-foot fence and
armed guards. Next to the trailer-office, a sign over the
gate.

SIGN: "Plotter Silver Company"

An armored car is backed up to the entrance of the mine. DAN PLOTTER, late forties, in a Western-styled sports jacket, shoestring tie and cowboy hat, stares into the mine.

DIEGO SUAREZ, fifties, Mexican, long stringy hair, shirtless and his entire body covered in heinous tattoos, emerges from the tunnel. He acknowledges Dan.

A number of Mexican thugs follow, carrying three large chests with the words "RAW SILVER" on sides. They bring the chests to the truck. Dan stops them.

DIEGO
Amigo, no trust?

DAN
Not about trust, Diego.

Diego signals his men to put the chests down and open them. He looks back at the tunnel.

DIEGO
Pure genius. Give Winnie my compliments when you see her.

The open trunks reveal bag upon bag of white powder.

DIEGO (cont'd)
(smirks)
You wanna test it?

Plotter hesitates, then shakes his head.

Diego signals his men. They load the chests into the truck.

DIEGO (cont'd)
My money?

DAN
Same as usual. Five million sitting in the bank. Come Monday, your legitimate sources come in and collect their loans. All clean. All laundered. As agreed.

DIEGO
And of course, the loans will be paid back from the profits.

DAN
All clean. All laundered.

The armored car is closed up. Dan pounds the side of the car and it leaves.

Diego looks around as he follows his men into the mine.

DIEGO

Genius. Pure fucking genius.

Dan watches Diego and his men disappear.

INT. SAM'S DINER - MORNING

Vito sits alone at a table next to the Jones brothers.

Joey emerges from the bathroom. He becomes concerned as he looks at pictures of Sam in his NYPD uniform on the wall.

Sam puts Joey's and Vito's plates on the table.

SAM

There you go. Two specials. Just yell if you need anything else.

(turns away, turns back)

What denomination?

VITO

What?

SAM

Denomination? Sheriff tells me you're our new minister.

Joey returns and senses some tension as he sits.

VITO

Oh, uh... we're kind of... new age. You know, open to all. Wouldn't wanna leave any lost souls out there.

SAM

(walks to counter)

Hmm. I always pictured your type as Catholic.

Concerned, Vito's eyes follow Sam. Joey leans over and whispers in Vito's ear. Vito's look surprised as his eyes continue to track Sam who returns with fresh coffee.

Joey slouches and tries to hide behind his menu.

Sam notices Vito staring at him.

SAM (cont'd)
Is there a problem with the food?

VITO
Joey just told me you were a New
York City cop.

SAM
(looks to the back wall)
That? That's a whole 'nother life.
Born into a family of cops. So long
ago, it doesn't even seem real. New
start here, just like you. Not a
problem, is it?

VITO
Nah, no problem.
(toasts with coffee)
Here's to a life away from the
family business.

Sam, returning to the counter, sees OLD LADY MASON knocking
on the police station door across the street and smiles.

SAM
Looks like you have a customer,
Sheriff.

TOM
Shit. Cat's probably gone missing
again.

Tom puts his head back in the newspaper.

SAM
Seems like she could use your help.

TOM
Everybody in town knows the station
doesn't open 'til nine. She can
wait like everybody else.

Vito's attention is grabbed by Tom's statement as Sam returns
to the grill.

VITO
Excuse me, Sheriff. Am I to
understand there's no cops on duty
'til nine? Seems a little dangerous
to me.

Butch hushes Buddy, leans back to listen.

TOM

Not to worry. You can always get me
at home for an emergency. That is,
a real emergency.

Tom gets up and takes out his business card.

TOM (cont'd)

Guess breakfast'll have to wait.
(to Sam)
Put it on the department's bill.

Sam nods. Tom gives Vito his card and goes to the door.

TOM (cont'd)

Oh, and minister, Sunday we don't
open 'til twelve. Wouldn't want to
interfere with your day.

Tom leaves. Dumbfounded, Vito and Joey look at each other.

SAM

Takes some getting use to, but it's
a really safe town. Haven't had a
major crime here in a very long
time. Not like we've got a whole
bunch of criminal types.

Vito and Joey look at each other and nod in agreement.

INT. TRUCK - AFTERNOON

Buddy and Butch get in the truck.

BUTCH

Stop at the bank.

Confused, Buddy starts the semi and pulls out. Butch's phone
RINGS. He looks at it.

BUDDY

You really think this bank's gonna
be any different?

BUTCH

Just do what I say.
(answers phone)
Hey honey.
(hesitates)
Just calm down honey. Take a deep
breath and talk slow.

INT. BUTCH'S MOBILE HOME - AFTERNOON

CINDY JONES, late twenties, Butch's pregnant wife, has a baby in her arm and another playing in a pen.

CINDY

Baby, tell me you have the money
'cause the bank came callin' again.
They threatened to foreclose right
in front of the kids. If it wasn't
for Reverend Hightower stopping by,
we'd all be out on our asses.

BOBBYJOE JONES, early sixties and unshaven, Butch's, Buddy's and Billy's redneck father, walks by. Obviously drunk, he carries a shotgun in one hand and a bottle of whiskey in the other.

BOBBYJOE

Told you. I had it under control.

BobbyJoe looks out of the drapes and takes up guard on the recliner near the door.

CINDY

(into phone)

You hear that? That's your drunk
father threatening to shoot up
everybody and everything.

BUTCH (O.S.)

He's not gonna shoot up anything.
Just tell him I said to go sleep it
off.

Cindy looks at BobbyJoe passed out on the chair with liquor spilled all over him.

BILLY JONES, early twenties, enters the room from the back. He sits down with his bong and starts to light it up.

CINDY

(to the phone)

Hold on.

(to Billy)

How many times do I have to tell
you, not in front of the kids.

Billy reluctantly gets up. Disappears into a back room.

CINDY (cont'd)

Baby, please tell me you have the
money.

INTERCUT - TRUCK/BUTCH'S MOBILE HOME

BUTCH
We had a little misstep.

CINDY (O.S.)
Did that stupid brother of yours
fuck up again. Cause if he put this
family at risk --

BUTCH
(looks at Buddy)
-- It wasn't him.

CINDY (O.S.)
Well, you tell that idiot they
stopped at his house, too. We all
have two weeks. That's it.

Buddy pulls up to the bank and parks the semi.

BUTCH
(covers phone)
Stay in the truck.
(to phone)
Don't worry, baby, I have an idea.

CINDY (O.S.)
We don't need ideas. We need money.

INT. TRUCK - AFTERNOON

BUTCH
Gotta go.

Butch hangs up. Gets out of the semi.

EXT. PLOTTER'S BANK - AFTERNOON

Trying not to be noticed, Butch checks out the perimeter of the bank. He goes around to the back and examines cables attached to the building.

Cautiously, he looks around, then gets on his hands and knees and checks out under the bank. It stands on hydraulic jacks.

INT. PLOTTER'S BANK - AFTERNOON

A small, not too busy make-shift bank with one teller. An oversized out-of-place vault is visible.

WYATT EMBRY, middle-aged, short, glasses and in a cheap suit, sits at the only desk. CERBERUS, a white pitbull, lays next to him with his eyes closed.

Butch enters the bank. Immediately, Cerberus' head is up. He growls, but his eyes remain closed.

WYATT
Shush, Cerberus.

The dog lays back down.

BUTCH
Cerberus?

WYATT
Guard dog of Hades. Anybody tries to mess with this place and they get a whole lot of hell.

BUTCH
Butch Jones.

WYATT
Wyatt Embry. I'm the president of this bank.

BUTCH
(shakes hands)
I'm... um... interested in bringing my business to this area and had some questions about your bank.

WYATT
Please, have a seat.

BUTCH
(sits)
I do have some concerns. First and foremost is security. I mean this is a prefab.

WYATT
You have a very sharp eye. Just a matter of time before the main branch is built, but until then I can assure you that we are as safe as any of the big banks. Plotter himself uses this bank for everything, including his personal finances.

(leans in)
Why, we even have an armed guard living upstairs twenty-four seven.

Concerned about the statement, Butch looks up the steps.

BUTCH

That's a big vault.

WYATT

The silver find created a need.
With all that ore and money passing
through every month, both size and
security were of the essence.
Completely timed vault. Only Mr.
Plotter can change the schedule and
that takes two full days. --

TYLER PLOTTER, early twenties, Dan's nephew and Winnie's son,
in a disheveled armed guard's uniform and obviously stoned,
stumbles down the steps.

Embarrassed by the attention, Tyler gathers himself as if
nothing has happened and continues down.

Annoyed and embarrassed, Wyatt stares at Tyler as he sits on
a stool by the door. Butch looks on with amazement.

WYATT (cont'd)

My apologies.

Butch waves him off as if nothing has happened.

WYATT (cont'd)

Where was I? Oh yeah, the vault.
Completely ahead of its time. Power
gets cut off and a special reserve
calls in the cavalry. Somebody
tries to open it, you have a better
chance of dating Katie Upton. It'll
only open for banking hours. That's
it. I can't even open it manually.
Bank closes, door shuts and locks
automatically. Mr. Plotter spared
no expense.

Butch looks over at Tyler asleep on the stool.

BUTCH

All that's good, but my business
demands I have access to a very
large amount of cash at any given
time.

WYATT

How much we talking about?

BUTCH
Um. Two, three hundred thousand?

WYATT
I'm not supposed to say this, but
that's chump change compared to
what Plotter keeps in here.

There is a commotion at the counter. Two people argue over
their order in the line.

Butch looks at a sleeping, snoring Tyler.

Cerberus gets up, growls. He faces the wrong way and barks
ferociously. His eyes remain closed.

BUTCH
He's blind?

Wyatt shrugs.

BUTCH (cont'd)
(holds out hand)
Mr. Embry, you may have convinced
me that this bank is the answer to
my prayers.

They shake.

INT. VITO'S CADILLAC - AFTERNOON

Joey and Vito pull into the bank's parking lot. They pass
Butch as he leaves.

VITO
It would be just too much of a
crime to let an opportunity like
this go.

JOEY
But you said --

VITO
-- I said we would be starting
over. We are. Complete with our own
little empire to run. It's not New
York, but it'll still be ours.

Upset, Joey parks the car. Vito gets out.

VITO (cont'd)
Remember, let me do the talking.
Get the bags.

Annoyed, Joey shakes his head. Resigned, he gets out.

INT. PLOTTER'S BANK - AFTERNOON

Vito and Joey, enter. Joey carries two large duffel bags. They notice Tyler still asleep at the door.

Cerberus jumps up and growls startling Vito.

VITO

Whoa.

WYATT

Cerberus! Hush.

Cerberus lays down.

VITO

You the president of this bank?

WYATT

Yes. How can I help you?

VITO

Let's go into my office.

Vito takes the farthest path from Cerberus around the desk. Nudges Wyatt out and sits behind the desk.

VITO (cont'd)

Have a seat.

Joey puts down the bags. Stands behind a confused Wyatt who sits, meekly.

WYATT

Um. This is highly unusual.

VITO

Yeah, well, a lot of this town is highly unusual. Mr. Barone and myself would like to open an account.

WYATT

Why didn't you just say so? I'll have Joan --

Wyatt starts to get up. Joey puts his hands on his shoulders and forces him to sit down. Fearful, Wyatt looks up at Joey.

VITO
It's not your ordinary account.
It's... shall we say, quite large.

WYATT
Large?

Joey puts the bags on the desk and opens them, exposing a lot of cash. Wyatt is startled by the amount.

WYATT (cont'd)
Well, as soon as we validate the cash and get some references, I'm sure we can set you up.

VITO
(puts feet on desk)
References? No Problemo. Mr. Barone there will vouch for me and I will him, likewise.

Fearful, Wyatt looks back. Joey nods assuredly.

VITO (cont'd)
Now that was easy. Wasn't it?

WYATT
I'm sorry. We still have to account for the cash. There are rules. We just can't --

VITO
-- Did I say there's a nice finder's fee to whoever opens this account? Say, five percent?

WYATT
Five percent? That's?

JOEY
One hundred twenty-five thousand.

Wyatt looks stunned at Joey, then Vito.

VITO
So can you do this?

JOEY
(Leans in)
Don't forget the other perks.

Confused, WYATT looks up at Joey.

JOEY (cont'd)
 Like the peace of mind knowing
 you're gonna wake up in the
 morning.

Face contorted by fear, Wyatt pulls back and looks at Vito.

VITO
 My friend exaggerates a lot, but
 choices do have consequences. So,
 you can do this?

WYATT
 I suppose.

VITO
 That's the spirit!
 (gets up)
 Draw up the papers. We'll be back
 after lunch.
 (remembers)
 One more thing. What's your
 interest rate?

WYATT
 On an account this size one-three.

VITO
 Good. We'll take two-five. And I'm
 holding you personally responsible
 for my money. Mr...?

Vito picks up a business card from the desk. Reads it.

VITO (cont'd)
 Wyatt Embry.

Wyatt starts to protest, but looks at Joey and nods meekly.

Staying away from Cerberus, Vito and Joey back out
 cautiously.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Sam wakes up, sits up startled. He's sweating and breathing
 rapidly. Emily wakes up and comforts him.

EMILY
 Doctor said the dreams would
 continue even with the move if you
 didn't get help.

SAM
I'll be okay.

EMILY
Hon, you're not responsible. It wasn't your fault. It goes with the job.
(waits for a response)
They have this fabulous treatment center up in Albuquerque that does a great job bringing up repressed events.

SAM
No hypnosis.

EMILY
Maybe if you could remember what actually happened?

SAM
No hypnosis.

Sam turns, feigns sleep. Emily sits up and stares at him.

EMILY
I don't know how long I can keep this charade up. I don't know how long...

Emily looks at Sam feigning sleep. Upset, she turns away, pulls covers over her.

Sam's eyes open. A tear runs down both of their cheeks.

INT. ELK'S CLUB - MORNING

MAIN HALL

Empty town hall at the outskirts of town. Four round tables have poker chips on them. There are half-empty glasses and full ashtrays as signs of a game the previous night.

Bat on his shoulder, Vito struts into the club followed by Joey. They are in the same suede black sweatsuits. They look around.

JOEY
You sure this is the place?

Vito points with the bat to the poker chips and then to the office in the back, where STEVIE P, early twenties and dressed like the punk he is, sits with his feet up.

Phone to ear, Stevie counts money as he watches TV.

OFFICE

Vito peeks in with the bat hidden behind his back.

VITO

Excuse me. Are you the proprietor?

STEVIE

(into phone)

I'll call you back.

(hangs up)

Who the fuck are you?

(looks at their dress)

The tryouts for Goodfellas were last week.

Vito strolls in, bat still hidden. Joey follows. Stevie puts his feet down and stashes the money in a draw.

VITO

Goodfellas. Now that's funny. Who am I?

(to Joey)

Guy doesn't know his best friend when he sees him.

(to Stevie)

Right now, I'm the best friend you can have.

Stevie smiles smugly as he tries to look behind Vito's back.

VITO (cont'd)

You wanna know why?

STEVIE

Okay. Humor me. Why?

Vito swings the bat overhead. A thundering CRASH sends everything on the desk flying.

Stevie jumps back in his chair.

VITO

Because I'm the guy who's nice enough to let you keep forty percent of this operation.

Stevie regains his composure, smirks. He pulls up his shirt and reveals a small handgun.

STEVIE

You think I'm afraid of grandpa and
a Tony Soprano wanna-be.

Unimpressed, Vito and Joey look at each other, shrug. Both
pick up their sweat tops to reveal much bigger guns.

Look changes from confidence to concern as Stevie sits up.

STEVIE (cont'd)

What do you guys want?

VITO

Like we said, seventy percent of
everything. Poker, book,
everything.

STEVIE

You said sixty-forty.

VITO

That was before you called us names
and insulted our dress. Me, I can
take it. But my friend here, well,
he's a little on the sensitive
side.

Joey makes a stupid hurt face.

STEVIE

You guys from Albuquerque? Winnie
send you? I told her she could have
a cut.

(panics)

God. Am I gonna die? I'm only
twenty-one. It's really not that
big of a business.

Joey walks over, puts his arm around Stevie and comforts him.

JOEY

Your lucky day, kid. We're not from
Albuquerque. We're from New York.
And New Yorkers have a big heart.

Stevie freezes. Confused, he eyes dart from Vito to Joey and
back.

STEVIE

You guys from back East? You're
made men? I mean I saw the show on
the discovery channel and --

VITO

-- Yeah, yeah, we're made. You play your cards right, you could be too.

STEVIE

(gets excited)

Who do I whack first?

EXT. SAM'S DINER - EVENING

Dusk falling, Sam turns the sign on the door to closed. Tom passes as the last guest to leave the diner.

TOM

Great meat loaf, Sam. You going to the game tonight?

SAM

Fraid I was never good at cards. Just a quiet evening with Em.

TOM

You take care then.

Tom crosses the street to his office. Sam locks the door and walks away.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Sam enters.

SAM

Em, I'm home.
(looks around)
Em, you home?

He glances in the kitchen and heads to the bedroom.

BEDROOM

SAM (cont'd)

Em, you in here?

Sam looks around and becomes confused. He relents and heads to the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Sam gives goes to the refrigerator takes out a pitcher of juice.

As takes out a glass from the cabinet, he notices brochures for the hypnosis therapy center and a note on the counter.

Concerned, he looks through the brochures, then reads the note.

EMILY (V.O.)

My dearest Sam. I could not take the hurt of watching you suffer anymore. Every time you woke up from a dream or stared with that dull glaze into a place so dark I could not fathom, I hurt as I never have before. You said it was your problem, but, as long as I love you, it will be ours. I was there for you. I will always be there for you, but I will not, as I fear, come home one day to find that you have finally surrendered totally to that darkness. I refuse to be that person.

Shocked, Sam looks up with tears streaming. He reads on.

EMILY (V.O.)

I'm not leaving you. I'm taking the only action I can to shock you into getting the help you need. Please Sam, for me, for us, for yourself, do it. You know where I'll be when you make that decision. Love always, Em.

Broken, Sam stares through the door and at a mirror.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - EVENING (BEGIN FLASHBACK)

Cold, snowy, blustery day in New York City.

Sam and his partner, DICK TULOWISKI, forties, sit in a car outside a fenced-in abandoned snow-covered warehouse lot.

Their view of the warehouse is blocked by a series of shipping containers.

Dick looks through binoculars at the lot. He has a folder on his lap.

Sam reaches into a gym-bag on the floor and takes out a newspaper. A bill falls out of the bag. He picks it up.

SAM

This is what we should be investigating. Thirty-eight hundred for a rebuilt transmission. Now that's highway robbery.

DICK

(attention out the window)
Fortunately for me we're not in burglary.

Sam puts the bill back in the bag. He reads the newspaper.

Dick looks at Sam reading and holds out the folder.

SAM

Really?
(returns to newspaper)
I'm seeing these guys in my sleep, for Christ sake. I even called my dog Carlos the other day.

Dick puts the folder down and returns to scoping out the warehouse. Sam puts the paper down.

SAM (cont'd)

Still can't, for the life of me, figure out how they're getting the drugs into the city.

Dick nods as two SUVs enter the far end of the lot.

DICK

Guess we're about to find that out.

Dick takes off his gun and puts it in the glove compartment.

SAM

There's more than we figured. You trust those two informants? They weren't exactly the sharpest criminals I've seen.

DICK

Too late now.

Sam puts the paper back in the bag and takes a hand radio.

SAM

I'd just feel a lot better if we had backup.

DICK

It's a first meet. In and out. Be over in ten minutes. Back door should be unlocked.

Sam gets out. Upset, he looks at his feet covered in snow.

SAM

Couldn't pick a better day. Give me fifteen.

Sam starts to leave, but turns back.

SAM (cont'd)

And you owe me for the shoes.

Sam closes the door and heads off.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Gun out and radio in his other hand, Sam carefully makes his way through the series of containers.

Two containers from the warehouse, Sam slips in the snow, stumbles and hits his head on the container.

Scene goes black.

MOMENTS LATER

Sam sees the blurry containers as he comes to. He panics and grabs for his gun. Gathering himself, he peeks out from the containers to see Dick enter the warehouse.

Sam heads to the next container. His radio lies in the snow.

BACK OF THE WAREHOUSE

Sam checks that the back door is unlocked. He moves to the window and, careful to stay hidden, looks inside.

Through the window, Dick approaches CARLOS RIVERA, fifties, slicked back hair, dressed impeccably in a thousand-dollar suit. They shake and sit.

Dick's eyes go to the window as Carlos has his back to Sam.

Sam's eyes dart from one guard with an automatic weapon to the next.

Concerned, Sam slides down to think.

Rising up, Sam sees Dick and Carlos arguing vehemently. Two guards grab Dick. Carlos takes a pistol from a guard.

Sam searches for his radio. He sees it in the snow and runs toward it.

BANG! BANG!

As Sam picks up the radio, he hears two gun shots. Shock hits his face as he realizes what happened. He sinks in grief.

EXT. PLOTTER'S BANK - EVENING

Cerberus plays with a toy in front of the bank. His head snaps up, startled.

The silence is broken by the sound of trucks.

Three sets of headlights come down the road, then go dark.

Two pickups and the semi with a house-moving rig pull behind the bank. Hidden from view, they stop.

Butch, Buddy, Billy and BobbyJoe get out. Butch and Buddy quickly start cutting the back fence.

Cerberus charges from the front. Inside the fence, he growls and barks furiously, charging aimlessly in all directions.

BOBBYJOE

(raises his shotgun)

Jesus Christ. I thought you said he was blind. He's gonna wake up the whole God-damn town.

BUTCH

Relax, he is blind and the whole town's at bingo or asleep.

He picks up a rock. He pulls back the fence and throws a rock off into the desert. Cerberus charges off into the darkness.

Amused, Butch and Buddy cut the remaining fence.

INT. VITO'S CHURCH - EVENING

BASEMENT

Folding chairs and tables filled with people playing bingo. Vito sits up front. OLDER LADY #1 takes a ball from a hopper.

OLDER LADY #!
I seventeen. I seventeen.

A lady in the audience jumps up elated.

OLDER LADY #2
Bingo. Whoop-tee-do. I can't
believe it. Three times tonight.

VITO
Another winner.

There is a collective MOAN from an upset congregation.

VITO (cont'd)
Now. Now. We are not to judge who
God chooses to be lucky.

Vito pays off the lady. She exchanges winks with him and the lady at the hopper. She turns and sticks her tongue out at the other players as she returns to her seat.

EXT. PLOTTER'S BANK - EVENING

Oblivious to a light in the second-floor window, Butch directs as Bobby backs the flatbed under the bank.

INT. PLOTTER'S BANK - EVENING

SECOND FLOOR

TYLER, in his underwear and with his headset on, rocks to music on his bed. He alternates between doing lines of cocaine, drinking shots and smoking a joint.

High out of his mind, he is unaware of the building shaking or the men working outside.

EXT. PLOTTER'S BANK - EVENING

Fence down, the flat bed is under the bank. Butch connects cables from the truck to cables on the bank.

BUTCH
Cross your fingers and fire it up.

Buddy fires up the generator on the rig.

Butch puts wire cutters to the original cables just below where the new ones are attached. He looks at the others with trepidation, hesitates, and cuts the wires.

All four cringe and then show relief. They exchange high fives.

BOBBYJOE

Time for a drink to celebrate.

The boys stop their celebrating and stare at their dad incredulously. BobbyJoe backs down meekly.

BUTCH

Okay, let's get the last hydraulics out and get this sucker tied down. We ain't out of the woods yet.

INT. ELK'S CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Players leave as the poker game has finished. TOM is the last one out.

Joey and Stevie sit at a side table as Joey counts the cash.

STEVIE

Better luck next time, Sheriff.

Depressed, Tom waves him off and leaves.

STEVIE (cont'd)

You didn't say anything about being a mechanic? I run a clean game.

JOEY

(pushes cash to Stevie)
Ain't no such animal, kid. Besides you tripled your profits.

Stevie hesitates.

JOEY (cont'd)

(reaching for cash)
All right, if you don't --

Stevie snatches it. Joe smiles, amused.

STEVIE

So the table games'll be here by next week?

EXT. PLOTTER'S BANK - CONTINUOUS

Buddy sits in the driver seat of the semi. BobbyJoe and Billy hook up a drag-mat to one of the pickups.

BUTCH

Stay with the plan. You know the reservation better than anybody. Just get this rig out of sight.

BUDDY

I got this.

BUTCH

Remember to write down the GPS coordinates so all of us can find the damn place.

(looks at father)

And make sure he doesn't drink.

BUDDY

(starts the semi)

I told you, I got this.

The semi with the bank on board drives into the desert. BobbyJoe follows in the pickup with the rag mat and kicks up a dust storm.

Butch watches them drive away, then gets into the other pickup with Billy.

BUTCH

Let's give 'em something to chase.

Billy guns the pickup, leaving tracks in the other direction.

INT. PLOTTER'S BANK - EVENING

SECOND FLOOR

The house is rocking. Objects fall off the shelves and the table. Tyler, in his underwear and with headphones on, lies face down, passed out on the bed.

INT. VITO'S CHURCH - MORNING

There are about 40 people scattered throughout the church including Wyatt, Dan, Stevie and Tom.

Vito and Joey are in the side room off the front.

JOEY

Sure you can pull this off?

VITO

Eight years at Saint Mary's.

JOEY

If I remember right, we got thrown out in second grade for robbing the collection box.

Vito gets up. Bounces like a boxer before a match.

VITO

Two years? Eight years? What the fuck's the difference? You just remember the collection basket. Make a note of anybody who comes up short.

Vito walks to pulpit. Joey picks up the collection basket.

VITO (cont'd)

Morning... Morning... Uh... Uh...

Vito freezes. Face becomes panicked. Contorted.

From the side, Joey tries to urge him on. People in pews exhibit uneasiness.

The doors of the church burst open. An older man runs in.

OLDER MAN #1

The bank. It's gone.

People look at each other confused.

OLDER MAN #1 (cont'd)

The bank's been robbed.

TOM

They get the money?

OLDER MAN #1

They got the whole damn building!

Tom looks around confused, as does everybody else. He hustles out. Panicked, everybody rushes out behind him.

Vito and Joey look at each other and follow.

EXT. RING OF SNAKES - MORNING

A ring of mountains isolated in the desert with one opening.

Inside the ring, Buddy hangs camouflage netting over the rig that's parked under a natural overhang.

BobbyJoe stands by nervously with a shotgun in his hands.

BOBBYJOE
Hurry up, damn it.

BUDDY
(admires his work)
You know, you can be right next to
this and you wouldn't know it's
here.

BOBBYJOE
Can we just get out of here?

BUDDY
Relax! Butch and me used to hunt
rattlers up here when we were kids.
(takes out phone)
If they were gonna bite you, you'd
be dead already. Besides, snakes
don't much care for the taste of
alcohol.
(types in phone)
Let me get these coordinates down.

Finished typing, Buddy holds up his phone at different angles
as he tries to get a signal.

BUDDY (cont'd)
I'll have to send it when we're on
the road.

BOBBYJOE
You hook up the second set of
batteries?

BUDDY
Yep. Tomorrow morning at 9, all our
problems'll be gone.

BOBBYJOE
(gets in the driver's side)
Time for some refreshments.

BUDDY
(gets in)
Guess a little toot wouldn't hurt.

BobbyJoe starts the pickup. They drive off.

EXT. PLOT OF PLOTTER'S FORMER BANK - MORNING

People stand outside the three sides of fence still up.

On a far hill, Cerberus barks as he searches blindly.

Tom, Dan and Wyatt huddle inside.

DAN

You realize this can't get out.

TOM

Don't know, Dan. Bank robberies are usually an FBI matter.

DAN

Geez, Tom, are you crazy? There's over seven million of connected money in that bank along with enough drugs to supply the West Coast. Do you really want the feds snooping around? We already have our hands full explaining this to Winnie and Diego.

TOM

(walks toward the crowd)

I'll do the my best, but I can't promise we won't have visitors.

Wyatt sees Vito in the crowd staring angrily at him. Wyatt turns white with fear, backs up.

Tom talks to the crowd. DAN dials his phone.

Wyatt slips out the back. Once clear, he starts to run.

Vito sees Wyatt run, nudges Joey. They follow.

Phone to ear, Dan walks away from the crowd.

DAN

It's Dan. We have a little problem.

INT. WINNIE'S OFFICE, ALBUQUERQUE - AFTERNOON

WINNIE PLOTTER, late forties, Dan's sister, elegant and well-dressed. She sits in a high-end office overlooking Albuquerque. Smokes nervously with the phone to her ear.

Nameplate on desk reads: "Winnie Plotter, CEO"

Three nervous young men, dressed in black suits with thin black ties, sit on a couch.

WINNIE

(puts out cigarette)

I don't care. I need this fixed.

WINNIE (cont'd)
 Diego is going to expect payment,
 the boys from California their
 product.

Winnie listens as she grabs and lights new cigarette.

WINNIE (cont'd)
 The perfect operation. Complete
 with our own bank to launder the
 money. Are you fuckin' kiddin' me?
 Just tell me how in the world you
 could fuck this up?

Winnie puts her hand over the phone and turns to seated men.

WINNIE (cont'd)
 Get me the Chinaman.

One of the men nods, gets up, and leaves. Winnie puts out
 cigarette.

WINNIE (cont'd)
 We may be family, but I'm not
 carrying you on this. Tell my son --
 (shock on face)
 What?
 (lights up new cigarette)
 You made my moron son the bank
 guard? I'm not sure who's the
 bigger fucking idiot. I'm sending
 down the Chinaman.
 (puts out cigarette)
 Well, if you think that's too
 radical then get it fixed 'cause
 there's gonna be complete freedom
 on this job. Did you hear me?
 Complete freedom.

She slams the phone down and stares into space. She lights a
 new cigarette, takes a deep drag and dials the phone.

INT. EL DIABLO BAR, JUAREZ, MEXICO - AFTERNOON

The bar is the type of place you will not find on any tourist
 map. It is inhabited by a who's who of the scum of the earth.
 Drink and debauchery run rampant.

SUPER: JUAREZ, MEXICO

DIEGO sits at the end of the bar. He drinks shots.

The phone RINGS. The bartender hands the phone to Diego.

DIEGO
Winnie. I hope Dan passed on my compliments.

WINNIE (O.S.)
We have a problem.

DIEGO
I assume you still have my money?

WINNIE (O.S.)
It's not that easy. We're working on it.

DIEGO
It is that easy. You have five days.

He hangs up, downs a shot and pours another.

EXT. HARRY'S BAR - AFTERNOON

Sam and HARRY DURANT, sixties and Tom's father, sit in front of Harry's bar, an old neighborhood tavern that sits opposite the diner.

Harry eats breakfast and Sam drinks coffee as they watch the crowd at the bank.

HARRY
Thanks for bringing breakfast.

SAM
Not like the diner's gonna be busy.
(stares at crowd)
Whole building taken and here I thought I'd seen it all.

HARRY
Wait til you get to my age.

Cerberus runs down the street barking at air.

SAM
Think Tom can handle it?

HARRY
Tom?
(nods to Cerberus)
Better chance that dog finds 'em.
Maybe you should give him a hand?
Given your experience and all.

SAM
 Afraid bank robbery wasn't my
 department. Nah, I'd just screw it
 up, again.

Harry hesitates, nods toward Sam.

HARRY
 Again?

Sam realizes he slipped.

SAM
 How's the omelette?

HARRY
 Omelette's Great.

Harry picks up a metal coffee pot off the ground.

HARRY (cont'd)
 (holds out pot)
 Your coffee, hit it again?

INT. PLOTTER'S BANK, RING OF SNAKES - AFTERNOON

SECOND FLOOR.

Tyler wakes up from his drug and alcohol stupor. Staggeres to the bathroom and throws up. He looks at the mess in the room.

TYLER
 Whoa. Now that's a party!

He manages to scrape up a line of cocaine and snorts it.

He sees the rock face out the window and falls into his chair, startled.

FIRST FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Tyler, in his underwear, comes down the steps with a lit joint dangling from his mouth and a .45 in his hand. He checks his cell phone at different angles for a signal.

TYLER (cont'd)
 Shit.

The joint falls as his jaw drops. Out the glass doors and through the camouflage are mountains and desert.

Tyler unlocks and opens the door. Cautiously, he sticks his head out.

He freezes as he hears a rattle. He hears another rattle and quickly closes and locks the door. He stares out in despair.

INT. WYATT'S APARTMENT HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Vito and Joey approach the three-story apartment building on the town's outskirts. Cautiously, they look around.

Vito takes out his gun and signals to Joey, who follows Vito inside.

HALLWAY

Vito and Joey climb the steps to the third floor.

VITO

He's gotta be in here. I bet that
little shit knows where our money
is.

They see an open doorway and enter cautiously.

WYATT'S APARTMENT

Carefully, Vito and Joey make their way into the apartment.

VITO (cont'd)

Wyatt. Where are you? Come on out
Wyatt. We just wanna ask you a
couple of questions --

Wyatt bolts from the hallway closet and heads up the steps in the hallway. Vito and Joey quickly follow.

EXT. ROOF OF APARTMENT BUILDING - AFTERNOON

The roof is empty except for some buckets and various roofer's equipment near an edge.

Joey and Vito enter the roof and see Wyatt heading toward the edge.

The door SLAMS. Wyatt freezes and turns slowly with his hands up.

VITO

(steps forward)
There you are Wy--

Vito looks down to see his white loafers in fresh roof tar. Joey looks down at his shoes in the same mess.

VITO (cont'd)
 (to Joey)
 Do you believe this shit?
 (to Wyatt)
 Gonna have to add the shoes to the
 bill, Wyatt.

Fearful, Wyatt inches backwards. Vito sees how close Wyatt is to the edge and puts his hand out to calm him.

VITO (cont'd)
 It's okay Wyatt, we just want to
 talk to you. You just seemed in a
 real hurry to get out of there.

WYATT
 It's not just you. You don't
 understand. Winnie and Diego...
 They'll kill me. You have no idea
 what they're capable of.

Vito and Joey look at each other confused. Wyatt continues inching backwards.

VITO
 Just calm down. This Winnie and
 Diego? Who the --

Backing up, Wyatt puts foot into a tar bucket causing him to stumble and turn. He trips over a propped up board, falls over the edge.

There is the loud THUD of him landing.

Vito and Joey cringe and rush to the edge. They look down at Wyatt lying on a parked car, head in a pool of blood.

Vito and Joey shrug and put guns away.

JOEY
 Now what?

VITO
 Guess we find this Winnie and
 Diego.
 (looks at shoes)
 And a shoe store.

They turn to leave. Their feet keep getting stuck in the tar.

VITO (cont'd)
 You think anybody carries Ferragamo
 in this town?

INT. BOBBYJOE'S PICKUP - AFTERNOON

The pickup travels on a busy roadway. Drunk, BobbyJoe finishes a bottle, throws it out the window.

BOBBYJOE
Get a signal yet?

BUDDY
(looks at phone)
Yeah, I think. Keep quiet. I don't want him to know we've been drinking.

BOBBYJOE
(reaches under seat)
Whatever.

BobbyJoe pulls out another bottle. He tries to open it as he looks at very busy intersection with a stop sign ahead.

Buddy tries the phone.

BUDDY
Still can't get through.

BobbyJoe drops the bottle. Buddy tries the phone at different angles. BobbyJoe feels underneath his seat for the bottle.

BOBBYJOE
Shit. Where is that --

Buddy is focused on the phone. BobbyJoe looks down.

EXT. INTERSTATE - AFTERNOON

The pickup passes through the stop sign.

A huge tractor trailer CRASHES into the pickup. The pickup flips numerous times.

The phone flies out of the window into the oncoming lane. A semi, in the opposite direction, runs over and destroys it.

Yards away, the pickup comes to a stop after several flips. It is totally destroyed.

INT. SAM'S DINER - EVENING

Sam is behind the counter. Tom sits at the counter, drinks coffee and stares out in thought.

Vito and Joey enter in black sweats. They walk awkwardly due to their sweats being tucked into new work boots.

Sam turns away to hide his amusement.

VITO
Go ahead, get it out. Get it all out.

Vito and Joey sit at a table.

SAM
(pours Tom coffee)
Tough day?

TOM
Ah. It's fine. We have our leads. Tim Barclay has a group of boys following the tracks. We'll get 'em.

SAM
Heard about Wyatt. Seems a little coincidental.

TOM
Guy slips on his roof? Happens every day. What does that have to do with the bank? You guys from New York. Always a conspiracy. Let the pros handle this one.

Unconvinced, Sam shows his skepticism and turns away.

JOEY
(looks at boots)
Out of in?

Vito is dumbfounded as to what Joey is talking about.

JOEY (cont'd)
The boots. More stylish with the pants in or out?

VITO
Just lost two million and you're worried about getting fashion points?
(slams down his fork)
God, I worked hard for that money.

Sam walks over with coffee. Joey looks at his boots trying to make up his mind.

SAM
Everything okay, minister? Seem a
little irritated.

VITO
Yeah. Yeah. It's fine.

SAM
(pours coffee)
Sad about Wyatt. Really well-liked.
You guys know him?

JOEY
Yeah, he --

Vito stabs Joey under the table with the fork. Joey's face
contorts.

SAM
You okay?

JOEY
Just a cramp from the heat.

VITO
Just opened an account at the bank.
Only time we met him. Seemed nice
enough.

SAM
Lighter colors.

Still in pain, Joey looks quizzically at Sam

TOM
(gets up to leave)
Guess I'll go make arrangements for
Wyatt.

SAM
(moves toward Tom)
Hold on a sec, Tom.
(to Joey)
Lighter colors'll make it seem a
lot cooler in this heat. White's
the best.

Joey acknowledges the idea. Vito stares off, still angered.

SAM (cont'd)
(to Tom)
I was just wondering if you looked
into those guys with the big rig
that were in here the other day?

SAM (cont'd)
 Think the name was... uh...
 Jones... Pretty sure they're out of
 Jackson.

Joey starts to talk, but Vito motions him to be quiet. Vito leans in to listen.

TOM
 We got all our bases covered, Sam.
 You just keep making those great
 omelets, we'll catch the bad guys.

Tom opens the door.

SAM
 And Sheriff...

Annoyed, the Sherrif stops, but doesn't turn.

SAM (cont'd)
 Those tire tracks. A little too
 narrow for a truck that size.

Aggravated, Tom shakes his head as he leaves.

INT. FEDERAL CORRECTION CENTER, OTISVILLE, NEW YORK - EVENING

Visiting room. NUNCIO DANIELI, thirties and immaculately dressed, sits at one of the windows, phone to his ear.

DAN GIORDANO, sixties, mob boss, in prison garb, picks up the phone on the other side of the glass.

DAN GIORDANO
 You interrupted my "Baywatch"
 reruns, this better be good.

NUNCIO
 It is boss. It is.

Nuncio smiles at Dan who doesn't respond.

DAN GIORDANO
 Well, don't just sit there. What is
 it?

Nuncio looks around and takes out a phone. He pushes a button and holds the screen up to glass.

INSERT: Video of the Plotter Bank plot before and after the robbery.

DAN GIORDANO (cont'd)
 You made me miss Pamela Anderson
 for some homemade youtube video?

Nuncio scrolls through pics on his phone. He shows Dan the phone. Dan's eyes widen and nostrils flare.

INSERT: grainy picture of Joey and Vito at the bank plot.

DAN GIORDANO (cont'd)
 You sure?

NUNCIO
 One hundred percent.

DAN GIORDANO
 Take as many men as you need and
 get down to this town. I want the
 heads of those rats. If there's
 another faction involved, I want a
 message sent. You hear that? A
 message to anybody who's helped
 these rats.

EXT. PLOT OF PLOTTER'S FORMER BANK - MORNING

In the empty, barely lit bank plot, Sam is a solitary figure searching the cement pad for clues.

He walks to the fence and examines the cuttings.

He walks out on the dirt area, looks at the tire tracks and gazes into the direction they lead. He measures the tracks with his feet.

Sam turns and walks in the other direction. As he heads out he notices manmade swirls in the dirt.

Surprised by rustling, he turns quickly and sees Cerberus weaving back and forth while sniffing the ground Sam just walked.

The dog makes its way to Sam, sniffs and licks his hand. Sam squats down to pet him.

SAM
 Yeah, even you can see the clues.

INT. SAM'S DINER - MORNING

Place is empty. Sam flips the sign on the door to "Open." A new red Ferrari pulls up and gets Sam's attention.

Jimmy Choo high heels attached to long legs in a black latex pantsuit exit the car. The CHINAMAN, late twenties, beautiful Asian women with a flamboyant pink mohawk.

She looks around the town and then enters the diner. Sits at the counter and looks through a menu.

CHINAMAN

So what's good?

SAM

You ask the chef, you're only getting one answer. Everything. You hungry?

CHINAMAN

Famished.

Sam smiles and takes the menu.

SAM

Try the number one. I'm sure that'll do the trick.

CHINAMAN

Just coffee and a cheese danish.

SAM

(pours coffee)

Doesn't sound like somebody who's hungry?

CHINAMAN

Oh honey, food's not what I'm hungry for.

SAM

(smiles, serves danish)

'Fraid I haven't looked at that menu since I got married.

CHINAMAN

(smiles, extends her hand)

Tracey Wong, I work for WRLX up in Albuquerque. Fishing around for something on a so-called bank robbery. Video's gone viral.

SAM

(shakes hands)

A reporter, huh?

(looks at car)

Must be paying you guys well.

SAM (cont'd)
 You better talk to the Sheriff. I'm
 sure he'll fill you in.

Vito and Joey enter in white sweatsuits over their boots.
 They acknowledge Sam and sit down at a table.

SAM (cont'd)
 (to Vito and Joey)
 See you took my advice with the
 clothes. The usual?

Joey nods. Vito signals two to Sam.

VITO
 Sam, didn't you say that those guys
 with that house-moving rig were
 from Jackson?

The Chinaman turns her chair to listen. Sam notices her.

SAM
 Sorry. Um. I don't seem to --

VITO
 -- You know the one? What's their
 names?
 (thinks, snaps fingers)
 That's it. The Jones boys? They
 were in the day before the robbery.
 From Jackson right?

SAM
 Sorry guys, bad night. Kinda fuzzy.

The Chinaman gets up. Puts a hundred dollar bill on counter.

SAM (cont'd)
 Thought you were hungry?

CHINAMAN
 Suddenly feel full.

SAM
 Let me get your change.

CHINAMAN
 Worth every cent.

Vito, Joey and Sam watch her leave. Through the front window,
 she gets into her car. Drives off.

VITO
 Who was that piece of bracirole?

SAM
Wouldn't know, but my instincts
tell me she's nothing but trouble.

VITO
Yeah, what woman isn't?

INT. PLOTTER'S BANK, RING OF SNAKES - MORNING

Tyler staggers down the steps with a joint in his mouth, backpack on, a .45 in his hand, flashlight in the other.

He walks to front door. Hears the gears of the vault. He turns and sees the door unlock and snap ajar.

Curiously, he enters the vault and sees open boxes of money that have fallen from the shelves. He takes the bottles of water out of his backpack and replaces them with cash.

MOMENTS LATER

Leaving, Tyler notices the locked chests marked "RAW SILVER." He shoots a lock, opens the chest and sees the cocaine.

Elated, he rips open a pack and sticks his face in the powder and snorts. Face covered in white powder, he smiles euphorically.

Quickly, he takes the money out of the backpack and replaces it with cocaine.

MOMENTS LATER.

His backpack overflowing with coke, Tyler opens the bank door. Cautiously he sticks his head out. All seems clear.

EXT. RING OF SNAKES - CONTINUOUS

Tyler runs out of the bank. He gets tangled in the camouflage, but breaks free. He leaves a powder trail.

Outside the ring, he looks back and exhales. He sits down, pours a huge line of coke and snorts it.

Rattlers slither into the bank through the open door.

INT. HARRY'S BAR - AFTERNOON

Bar is dark, empty and old with stairs that lead to second-floor rooms. Harry, sixties, works behind the bar

Vito and Joey confidently saunter in.

VITO
How you doin'?

HARRY
Up until now, pretty good.

VITO
Four fingers of your best.

Joey points to the tap as he looks around.

VITO (cont'd)
That was something yesterday?

HARRY
(pours)
Seen worse.

VITO
Around here?

HARRY
Here and there.

VITO
Sure are the talkative type.

HARRY
You want small talk, get a wife.

VITO
You know, in times like these it
pays to have some protection. I
mean... The bank's stolen. Wyatt's
dead. Pays to have some insurance.

HARRY
I have all the insurance I need.

Mug in hand, Joey walks around. Looks at pictures on the wall.

VITO
Maybe, but is it really enough? I
mean, you never know what's gonna
happen. Somebody may walk right
through that door and rob you.
Somebody may have one too many like
my friend over there.

Joey throws the beer mug and breaks a mirror.

VITO (cont'd)
I'm just saying --

The sound of hammers CLICKING on Harry's sawed-off shotgun cause Vito to turn back. Harry points the gun at him.

Vito steps back, hands half up in a sign of surrender.

HARRY
Figured you'd like to see my
policy. For comparison's sake.

VITO
(backs toward the door)
Easy grandpa. We're just offering.

HARRY
Now, you two scumbags get out of my
bar. Should fill your asses full of
buckshot. Go on. Get out of here.

The two rush out the door. SUE KAY, late twenties, FBI agent, passes them in the doorway. She does a double take and then sees Harry with the gun.

SUE
I can come back?

HARRY
(puts down the gun)
Sorry about that. Come on in.

Sue rolls her suitcase up to the bar.

SUE
Heard I can get a room here.

Harry notices the 9mm and badge on her belt inside her jacket.

HARRY
Always a room for the Bureau.

Sue is surprised he knows. Realizing, she closes her jacket.

SUE
(extends her hand)
Agent Sue Kay. I've been assigned
to investigate the bank robbery.

HARRY
(shakes hand)
HARRY.

SUE
What was that about?

HARRY
That? Nothing. Nothing at all. You stay around these parts long enough, you're gonna find all sorts of vermin runnin' around.

Sue notices a picture of Harry with a sheriff's badge on.

SUE
You were the sheriff? Bet you've seen a lot. Town seems so peaceful though.

HARRY
If you say.

SUE
The room?

Harry gets a key and gives it to her.

HARRY
Upstairs, to the left.

Sue nods and starts toward the stairs.

SUE
Gotta meet the current sheriff. Anything you can tell me about him?

HARRY
Nothing good.

Curious about the answer, Sue walks up the stairs.

EXT. BUTCH'S MOBILE HOME - EVENING

Butch and Billy exit the mobile home. Each has a beer. Butch turns back to lock the door.

BUTCH
Told Cindy to take the kids up to her mom's 'til this blows over.

Looking out, Billy's eyes widen. He becomes confused and nudges Butch. Butch turns from the door.

In the same latex pantsuit, the Chinamen leans back on the hood of her Ferrari.

BUTCH (cont'd)
Can I help you?

CHINAMAN
Thought I can help you.

BUTCH
How's that?

CHINAMAN
Selling insurance and the likes.

BUTCH
That car don't look like any
insurance agent's I've seen.

CHINAMAN
Well... They don't sell the kind of
insurance I do.

BUTCH
And what kind might that be?

CHINAMAN
The kind, I'm guessing, you might
need right now.

BUTCH
Still, you don't look like any
insurance agent I've ever seen. You
got a card?

CHINAMAN
No card, but they call me the
Chinaman.

BILLY
Shouldn't that be --

CHINAMAN
-- Don't go there.
(to Butch)
You know what? Why don't I just get
started with the sales pitch.

Cross-handed, she draws two magnum .45s from under her
jacket.

CHINAMAN (cont'd)
Now if you don't mind, we can
retire to your kitchen where I'll
be glad to show you all your
options.

Fearful, Butch looks at a frightened Billy. They turn. Butch unlocks the door.

INT. HARRY'S BAR - EVENING

Sue sits at the bar, enjoying a burger and a beer.

HARRY
Get you anything else?

SUE
Great burger. Ever think of franchising?

Harry just smiles and walks away.

Sam enters, sits two seats from Sue.

SAM
Beer.

Sam looks at Sue.

SAM (cont'd)
And give me one of those burgers.
(to Sue)
Figured the feds would eventually show up.

SUE
Huh...? How?

Sue checks that her badge and gun are covered.

SAM
Relax. Harry told me.

HARRY
(serves Sam his beer)
Sam here's former New York City's Finest. Runs the diner across the street.

SUE
(shakes hands)
Agent Sue Kay.
(turns back to food)
Small world. I was just transferred from New York. You'd think with all the cops around here, the criminals would take notice.

SAM
Non-voluntary I assume?

Sue looks at Sam confused.

SAM (cont'd)
The move? I assume it was a non-voluntary transfer. Can't figure for the life of me why any active agent would want to move here.

SUE
And you? Non-voluntary?

Sam smiles. He taps her beer necks in a "touché" toast.

Tom storms in and sees Sue. He hustles over, leans in between her and Sam. Disgusted, Harry turns away.

TOM
You must be the fed they sent down to show me how to do my job.

SUE
(extends hand)
Agent Sue Kay.

TOM
(ignores hand)
Listen young lady, I don't know what they taught you up in that fancy academy of yours, but down in these parts we take care of our own problems.

SAM
Give the girl a break.

Without turning, Tom puts his hand up for Sam to hold his tongue.

TOM
Stay out of my way. You're not appreciated here.

Angry, Tom glares at Sam, then storms out. Sue looks to Sam for an answer.

SAM
He'll grow on you.

Harry brings Sue another beer.

HARRY
Like a bad rash.

Harry moves down the bar to do some work.

SUE
Those two have a history?

SAM
Tom's Harry's son.

HARRY
Told you, he's the mailman's.

INT. VITO'S CADILLAC - EVENING

Vito drives up and parks next to Butch's mobile home.

VITO
We go in. Get the location. Take
care of business. We're out of here
in five minutes.

JOEY
Do we really have to...? You know?

VITO
No. I don't know.

JOEY
You know. Kill 'em.

VITO
What would you suggest? We invite
them over to celebrate our new-
found wealth?

JOEY
I mean. Maybe we can talk it out?
Some sort of deal?

VITO
(gets out)
We are who we are. I'm not sharing
a single cent with these hicks.
(leans into the car)
You comin'?.

Reluctantly, Joey exits the car.

EXT. BUTCH'S MOBILE HOME - EVENING

Vito, bat in hand, SLAMS the car trunk closed. Joey, .45 out, snoops around the trailer door. He cautiously opens the door.

JOEY
Hello. Anybody home?

DARK CORNER ACROSS FROM THE TRAILER

Hidden from sight, the Chinaman is on her cell phone.

CHINAMAN
I told you, I did everything I could to keep them alive. Guys kept blabbering about some ring of mountains they played in as kids.
(notices Vito and Joey)
No. I have no idea what they were talking about. You know anything about some eastern guys in the area?

She sees Joey and Vito disappear into the house.

CHINAMAN (cont'd)
Yeah, definitely from the east.
(eyes the trailer)
Gotta be some connection. Let me check it out. I'll get back to you.

She hangs up, sees Joey and Vito run out of the trailer. Joey pukes on the side.

INT. VITO'S CADILLAC - EVENING

Fear on face, Vito jumps into the driver's seat, starts the car. Frightened and out of breath, Joey enters quickly.

JOEY
You see that guy?

VITO
That was definitely professional.

JOEY
Professional butcher.

VITO
Let's get out of here before the cops show.

JOEY

Fuck that. Let's get out of here
before that fucking psycho comes
back.

They leave in a cloud of dust.

Sinister smile, Chinamen's eyes follow the car out.

INT. SAM'S DINER - MORNING

Tom reads the paper at the counter. Vito and Joey, in white
sweats, sit at a table. Sam is behind the counter.

Joey looks down at himself.

JOEY

You think it makes me look fat?

VITO

What are you talking about?

JOEY

White. You think it makes me look
fat? Black just seems a whole lot
more slimming.

Sue, disheveled, enters. She sits at the far end.

VITO

How the hell do I know?. Never felt
comfortable in white, anyway.

SAM

(pours Sue coffee)
Looks like you didn't get too much
sleep.

SUE

(leans in)
You remember the tip you gave me
about that moving rig from Jackson?

Sam acknowledges he does.

SUE (cont'd)

Seems they found the last two
brothers dead early this morning.

SAM

Jesus. Really?

SUE

Brutally tortured with their throats slit. Jackson police's saying it was drug related, but it's just too coincidental.

SAM

Be tough to prove now.
(turns away, turns back)
Last two brothers?

SUE

The father and a third brother died in a drunken crash Sunday morning on the seventy-three.

Sam acknowledges the information and he turns to grill.

Tom gets up to leave.

TOM

Gotta get going. Lots to do before the storm tonight.

VITO

Storm?

TOM

Yeah. Tail end of a tropical off Mexico. We may be in the middle of a desert, but when we get hit, we get hit. Better button down everything, minister. Nothing like you've ever seen.

(opens door)

Uh, hate to do this minister, but you think you could stop by the station? I have some questions. Nothing big, mind you.

Vito nods and waves Tom off as he leaves.

JOEY

You think he knows about us and Wyatt or being up in Jackson?

Vito just shrugs. Joey looks down at his outfit.

JOEY (cont'd)

Definitely look fatter.

INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Tom sits behind his desk. Vito sits on the side.

TOM

You know I hate doing this
minister, but some of the people
are complaining.

Confused, Vito points to himself.

TOM (cont'd)

It's about the insurance you're
selling.

(puts his feet up)

Now you being a man of the cloth, I
told them it was probably just a
misunderstanding, but --

VITO

-- Definitely. A misunderstanding.

TOM

I'm assuming you have a license to
sell insurance.

VITO

License?

TOM

You know a license. You have to be
a registered agent in this state to
sell insurance.

VITO

Oh, yeah, you had me confused for a
minute. Wife's bringing it down
with the rest of our stuff.

Tom sees a Reservation Police van pull up out the window.
Concerned, he puts his feet down. He becomes focused on it.

TOM

Can you get me a copy as soon as
she gets here?

VITO

As soon as she gets here.

Two officers from the Reservation Police enter.

OFFICER BARRY

Hey Tom.

TOM

Barry. Reggie. What brings you to these parts?

OFFICER BARRY

'Fraid it's not good news. Seems Tyler got himself higher than a kite and lost in the desert.

TOM

That sounds like Tyler. Just bring him in and I'll have a word with him.

OFFICER REGGIE

Ain't that easy. Dumb ass is dead. Had enough coke in him to get an elephant to dance. Probably, O.D.'d before he dehydrated. Definitely, didn't feel a thing.

TOM

Geez... Okay... um... Could you bring him down to Martin's? He'll put him on ice. I'll be done here in a sec.

OFFICER REGGIE

Will do.

The deputies go to the door. Barry turns back.

OFFICER BARRY

Oh, and Tom, some hunters saw a pickup heading west from *Círculo de Las Serpientes* Sunday morning. Don't know if it has anything to do with the robbery, but might be worth a look.

The conversation spikes Vito's interest.

TOM

Yeah, uh, I'll look into it.

The officers turn and leave.

TOM (cont'd)

(to self)

Only way I'm looking up there is with a helicopter.

VITO

Cirque du Soleil?

TOM

Círculo de Las Serpientes. Circle of the snakes. There are literally thousands of rattlers up there. They say nobody who went in ever came out. That's if you don't die of dehydration trying to find the place.

VITO

(gets up)
We finished here?

TOM

(distracted)
Yeah. Yeah. Just get me that license.

VITO

You got it.
(opens door)
Circle of the snakes, huh? Far from here?

TOM

Guess a day's ride or so. Who knows? It's not on any map. And tell your friend, Joey, to ease off on the hard sell.

VITO

Thanks for the advice.

EXT. SAM'S DINER - AFTERNOON

Sam leans against the doorframe of the diner and watches Vito leave the Sheriff's office. Harry heads over from his bar and notices where Sam is looking.

HARRY

Just staring ain't gonna help him.

SAM

You think he has any clue?

HARRY

About as much as Custer did. Like I said, feel free to start your own --

SAM

-- Told you, done with that. Absolutely no interest.

HARRY
 (goes inside)
 Exactly what I thought when I saw
 you absolutely snooping around the
 plot at one in the morning.

SAM
 (follows Harry in)
 What? Wait. I couldn't sleep. I
 went for a walk.

INT. WINNIE'S OFFICE, ALBUQUERQUE - AFTERNOON

Irate, Winnie stands behind her desk, smokes and looks out
 the window. The three black-suited men stand in front.

WINNIE
 A bank, with millions in cash and
 product, disappears and none of you
 idiots have any ideas.

MAN IN OFFICE #1
 Well, I feel --

WINNIE
 (whirls around)
 -- You feel? You feel? I don't pay
 you to feel.

She picks up a revolver from the desk, shoots the man between
 the eyes. He falls to the ground with a THUD.

Guns out, two security guards rush in. Winnie waves them off.

WINNIE (cont'd)
 Just letting off some steam.

The guards leave. She puts out a cigarette. She waves her gun
 casually.

WINNIE (cont'd)
 Now does anybody here want to give
 me something to wrap my head
 around?
 (walks by the two men)
 Come on. Speak up.

She takes a cigarette from the desk and lights up.

MAN IN OFFICE #2
 Have you thought about Diego?

She looks curiously at him. She gets very close, hesitates, and exhales smoke in his face. He fights not to flinch.

MAN IN OFFICE #2 (cont'd)
Think about it. Diego gets his money. He gets to resell the drugs and we still owe him five million.

The man closes eyes and winces as he waits to get shot.

Winnie turns to the window with her gun to her cheek.

WINNIE
Diego? Diego. That's brilliant.

The man opens his eyes. Shows relief. Winnie turns. Shoots the third man between the eyes. He falls with a THUD.

WINNIE (cont'd)
Guess you just got a promotion.

Guns up, guards rush in. Winnie puts out the cigarette.

WINNIE (cont'd)
(to the guards)
Get me twenty of my best men, fully armed. We're going to La Suerte.
(looks at bodies)
And order me a new rug.

The two guards leave. Winnie lights up another cigarette and turns to the window. She takes a deep drag as she stares out. A sinister smile appears on her face.

INT. VITO'S CHURCH - EVENING

BASEMENT

The bingo game runs as rain pounds the basement window.

Vito and Joey, in black sweats, sit in front. Same older woman calls out numbers.

VITO
You notice the way everybody's real itchy about this bank? There's something bigger in that vault. I can just sense it.

Lady at hopper looks at Vito. He nods.

VITO (cont'd)

I think I'm gonna head up to this ring of snakes. Check it out for myself. I may be gone a couple of days.

Lady reaches in. Pulls out a ball with a red dot on it.

JOEY

You sure? This snake thing doesn't sound too safe.

OLDER LADY #!

B 24 B 24

The old lady, who won last time, jumps up, elated. The audience loudly expresses their frustration.

VITO

Now. Now. Let's not be petty.

(to Joey)

Come on. We're from New York. How bad can they be? They must have something for them. You know... Like a bug spray.

Vito pays the lady. They exchange winks as Joey admires himself.

JOEY

Definitely look thinner.

VITO

Yeah, a regular George Clooney.

(gets serious)

Listen, there's something else I need to talk to you about.

(leans in)

This pond is too small to feed three big fish. Something needs to be done.

Joey becomes confused.

VITO (cont'd)

You know, the fish that eat out of our pond. There's not enough food to go around.

(hesitates)

Me, you and Stevie. The take's not big enough for all of us.

JOEY

Geez, I try not to ask for too much.

VITO

Not you. Way I figure it, why should we share with that punk Stevie? Especially if this bank holds what I think.

JOEY

He's done everything we've asked.

VITO

You're certainly welcome to give him your share.

JOEY

So you want me to tell Stevie he's out?

VITO

Sorta, but a little stronger. Remember that little twit can come back at us. That is, if he's alive.

JOEY

You want me to whack Stevie? I ain't never killed nobody before.

VITO

It ain't that hard. You just aim and pull. It's like stepping on a bug.

Joey stares in disbelief as Vito gets up and looks at the rain pounding on the windows.

VITO (cont'd)

You believe this shit? We're in the middle of a fucking desert and it's pouring.

Vito leaves. Joey sits, resigned to his new fate.

EXT. SIDE STREETS - EVENING

Downpour. The FLASH of lightning and CLAP of thunder.

On her phone, the Chinaman hides across from the church. She watches Vito leave.

CHINAMAN

Gotta go. I'll have more when I
meet you at the diner tomorrow.

She hangs up and leans back to hide as she eyes Vito.

Vito looks up at the rain, puts up his collar and walks
quickly. The Chinaman tails him carefully in the shadows.

MOMENTS LATER

Instinctively, Vito looks to see if he's being followed. He
sees the darkened figure of the Chinaman duck into a doorway.
Hurriedly, he ducks down an alley.

EXT. BACK OF ALLEY - EVENING

Small heavily puddled yard with a dumpster and wooden utility
poles.

Vito hides at the alley's corner, .45 in hand. He takes a
step back into a deep puddle, looks down angrily.

VITO

Fucking new boots.

A CLICK of a gun hammer brings fear to Vito's face. His eyes
strain sideways to see.

Behind Vito, the Chinaman points her gun at his head.

CHINAMAN

Be a good little boy. Drop the gun
and show me your hands up.

Vito carefully does as he is told.

CHINAMAN (cont'd)

Now turn around, keep your hands up
and back up to the dumpster.

Vito turns around and backs up. He recognizes her.

VITO

You're the Ferrari lady from the
diner.

CHINAMAN

Hopefully, your memory of the bank
is just as sharp.

Vito doesn't answer.

CHINAMAN (cont'd)

Come on now. You don't want to get me angry. Haven't you ever heard about a woman scorned?

VITO

I have no idea. I'm looking for my money, too. Maybe we can work together...? Make a deal?

CHINAMAN

Your money? Seems to be a lot of confused men around here. First those two brothers. Now you.

VITO

(cringes)

The trailer? That was you? What kind of sick --

CHINAMAN

-- Prefer to call myself an artist. Not really my best work though. Dead before I got what I wanted. Wish I had known they had such a low pain threshold. Men. Who can figure?

VITO

All I know is my money's gone too.

The Chinamen takes aim.

CHINAMAN

Well, since you don't know anything.

VITO

Wait. Wait. I did hear something today about a circle of snakes. That's it. That's all I know.

The Chinaman takes a step forward. She looks down at her expensive shoes in a ankle deep puddle.

CHINAMAN

Now I'm really pissed.

(aims)

You better start explaining about this ring of snakes real quick.

VITO

How the fuck should I know? What do I look like, a copy of National Geographic?

CHINAMAN

(aims)

Well if you don't know --

The FLASH of a lightning bolt hits a utility pole and sends it crashing to the ground. It narrowly misses a ducking Chinamen.

The Chinamen smiles at the miss and raises her gun.

Fear on Vito's face turns to a smile. Confused, the Chinaman looks behind her to see a sparking cable fall off of the transformer into the puddle.

Sparks fly everyplace. The Chinamen lies electrocuted.

Horrified, Vito turns away. He looks back. Relieved, he boastfully puffs up his collar, pushes out his chest and brushes off his hands, victorious.

VITO

And that's what happens when you mess with New York.

Realizing he's in the open, he becomes fearful. He quickly picks up his gun and runs out.

INT. HARRY'S BAR - EVENING

Sam sits, sullen, at the bar. Bottle in front, he drinks a shot. Sue sits a couple of seats away.

SUE

I'll have a draft and whatever the special is today.

HARRY

Prime rib.

SUE

Sounds great.
(looks at Sam)
What's with him?

HARRY

Feelin' sorry nobody'll feel sorry.

SUE
Should have my life.

HARRY
No offense, but you really don't seem...

SUE
Like the bureau type?

Harry doesn't answer.

SUE (cont'd)
Guess it really shows. Both parents and grandparents were military. Not much of a choice. Figured FBI trumped a foxhole in the Middle East. Still, if I had my choice, I'd be teaching second grade.

SAM
Restaurateur.

Sue and Harry look at Sam inquisitively.

SAM (cont'd)
Restaurateur. If I had my choice.
(downs a shot)
Three generations of cops. Once my two brothers joined, my lot was drawn. Always dreamed of a restaurant on the East Side, though.

HARRY
You guys know you're still young. Ain't no rule against change.

SAM
Easier said. Choices seem to be too far and too infrequent.

HARRY
Not much else to wake up to, except for choices.

Sam looks at Harry as he pours and downs another shot.

SUE
You, Harry?

Harry looks at her confused.

SUE (cont'd)
 What would you be doing
 differently?

HARRY
 Me? I don't regret any of my
 decisions.

WINNIE (O.C.)
 (loud, from doorway)
 Harry! Long time, no see.

HARRY
 Except one.

Smoking a cigarette, Winnie stands at the door with three of
 her men.

HARRY (cont'd)
 Winnie. And here I thought Friday
 was trash day.

Winnie whispers to one of her men. He leaves. Winnie walks up
 to Harry. The other two men stay behind.

WINNIE
 Now. Now. Is that any way to talk
 to an old friend?

HARRY
 Hmm. You got that half right.

Winnie coyly puts her hand on Harry's cheek, gets very close
 and nonchalantly blows smoke in his face.

WINNIE
 Since you don't want to refresh old
 acquaintances, the least you could
 do is get a friend two rooms.

Harry reaches for and throws two keys on the bar.

HARRY
 (looking at her men)
 Would've figured one room would be
 enough. Modesty was never one of
 your virtues.

Pissed, Winnie puts out cigarette and snatches the keys. She
 signals her men who take her luggage upstairs.

Winnie stops as she passes Sue. She eyeballs her up and down
 and sees the gun inside her jacket. She lights up a new
 cigarette.

WINNIE
 Pickin 'em young now, Harry?
 (smiles at Sue)
 A lady who packs. Well at least one
 of you will have some ammunition
 tonight.

Winnie follows her men up the stairs.

Sam and Sue turn back to Harry.

SUE
 Who the --

HARRY
 (stares at steps, serves)
 -- Not worth the breath.

INT. ELK'S CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Alone, Stevie counts the money. Vito enters, soaked and out
 of breathe.

STEVIE
 Boss, what happened to you?

VITO
 Nothing. Just getting caught up on
 the Asian culture around here.

Stevie looks at him confused. Vito sits.

VITO (cont'd)
 How'd we do?

STEVIE
 (hands Vito money)
 I gotta say, some of the players
 are gettin' a little upset at the
 increased rake.

VITO
 Fuck 'em. It's not like they have
 much of a choice.

Vito puts the money in his pocket. Stares at Stevie.

STEVIE
 What? It's all there. I swear.

VITO

Nah, you're fine. Just wondering if you're ready for some bigger responsibilities?

STEVIE

Just try me, Boss.

VITO

I don't know, this is a pretty big step.

STEVIE

I'm telling you, I'm ready.

Vito stares at Stevie for a minute. Leans in.

VITO

Okay. So, I have to go outta town for a couple of days. --

STEVIE

-- You want me to run the show? No problem. I can handle it. It'll be an honor.

VITO

Just listen. *Capisci?* There may actually be a lot more money involved with our operation soon. And I got to thinking you're doing such a good job there's really no reason for a three-way split.

Stevie becomes dumbfounded.

VITO (cont'd)

I mean. You kind of do everything that Joey does and more. Probably do it better.

STEVIE

You want me to tell Joey he's out. That's kinda --

VITO

-- Not exactly tell. You know.

Stevie is confused at first, then startled as he finally gets it.

STEVIE

Whack Joey? I mean he's been so nice --

VITO

-- Well if you can't handle being a made man.

STEVIE

Made?

(hesitates)

Well, I mean. If I didn't do it, you'd only get somebody else.

VITO

Exactly!

INT. SAM'S DINER - MORNING

Dan Plotter sits in the back. Tom eats his breakfast at the counter, reads the newspaper. Vito sits at a table.

Smoking a cigarette, Winnie and one of her guards enter. Tom's jaw drops. Sam notices his reaction.

WINNIE

Tom.

TOM

Morning Winnie. Didn't know you were in town.

Vito hears the name and his interest perks up.

WINNIE

Wouldn't have to be if you had done your job.

TOM

Now Winnie, don't put that --

Winnie puts her finger to her mouth, then to Tom's lips. She sits at Dan's table.

WINNIE

We'll deal with it later.

Concerned, Tom turns back to his paper, but stares through it. Vito tries to dial his cell phone.

VITO

Goddamn reception.

SAM

Last storm it took a week to get everything back up. Judging by last night, might be longer.

Annoyed, Vito slams his phone down.

Winnie and Dan talk quietly. Dan nods toward Vito. Winnie turns around to look. Vito catches her look.

Sam serves Vito. He notices the tension as Vito returns Winnie's stare. He tries to break the ice.

SAM (cont'd)

Well, at least we don't have to worry about telemarketers.

Vito just waves him off.

VITO

Do I know you?

WINNIE

(puts out cigarette)

Doubt it. I have a real small circle of friends. You're the new minister, right?

VITO

Yeah, that's me. Gonna see you in church on Sunday?

WINNIE

Me? I have all the fire and brimstone I need.

(lights new cigarette)

Enjoy your breakfast Minister...?

VITO

Gambizzi. Minister Gambizzi.

WINNIE

Well enjoy your breakfast, Minister Gambizzi. My mother once told me to savor ever meal as if it's your last.

Winnie turns away. She seethes as Vito smirks over her shoulder. She violently puts out the cigarette.

A young, out of breathe woman rushes in.

TOWN WOMAN #1

Sheriff. You need to come quick.

Everybody's attention is gathered.

TOM

I'll be with you as soon as I finish my paper. You know my hours.

TOWN WOMAN #1

You may want to come now. We found a body behind the Rustad building.

TOM

A body? Who?

TOWN WOMAN #1

Don't know. Some Asian lady. Very attractive. Mid-twenties. Pink hair.

Winnie turns around shocked. Vito smiles and winks at her.

TOM

(gets up)

All these people dying is starting to annoy the shit out of me.

Winnie looks at Dan for answers. He shrugs. Tom leaves.

VITO

Just how small is that circle of friends?

Winnie seethes as Vito smiles, amused, over her shoulder.

INT. EL DIABLO BAR, JUAREZ, MEXICO - MORNING

Diego sits at the end of the bar, dials the phone. No connection, he slams the phone down violently.

DIEGO

Fucking Gringos.

He hesitates, then downs a shot and throws the glass at the mirror behind the bar shattering it.

The place becomes deathly silent. Everybody freezes.

DIEGO (cont'd)

(in Spanish, subtitled)

Get me Eduardo!

A man gets up from his chair quickly, causing a half-dressed woman on his lap to fall to the floor. He nods and runs out.

Diego sees everybody has stopped.

DIEGO (cont'd)
 (in Spanish, subtitled)
 Drinks for everybody!

Drink and debauchery are restored. The bartender pours Diego another shot. A thuggish man next to Diego moves closer.

MAN AT BAR
 (in Spanish, subtitled)
 Your brother? Are you sure?

DIEGO
 (in Spanish, subtitled)
 You questioning my judgment?

MAN AT BAR
 (in Spanish, subtitled)
 No. No. I would never do that, but
 your brother...? He's... well...

DIEGO
 (in Spanish, subtitled)
 Crazy?

MAN AT BAR
 (in Spanish, subtitled)
 You did give the Americans five
 days. It's only been four.

DIEGO
 (in Spanish, subtitled)
 Maybe a little crazy will get these
 gringos off their asses.

EXT. MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

Harry and Sam sit outside of Harry's tavern.

HARRY
 Haven't seen Em around lately.

Sam hesitates, obviously covering.

SAM
 Had to go back East. Mom's not
 feelin' too well.

HARRY
 And the pictures in the diner, they
 had to go back East too?

Annoyed, Sam smirks at Harry.

HARRY (cont'd)
None of my business, but that itch
isn't gonna just go away.

SAM
Nothing in your past you'd like to
forget?

HARRY
Lots. Never completely goes away,
though. Just a waste of time and
energy tryin'.

Sam looks down, sullen

HARRY (cont'd)
Always felt a man lived three
lives. The first when he creates
his demons. The second when he
either tries to kill them off or
runs away from them. The --

WINNIE (O.S.)
-- You better have some answers by
the time I get back.

Harry is interrupted by Winnie yelling into the police
station as she exits. She storms to her three waiting guards.

SAM
Speaking about things you'd like to
see go away.

HARRY
Nothing but bad ever happens when
she's around.

SAM
Thought you were the one that said
people can change.

HARRY
She's way past redemption.

A car followed by four SUVs comes down the road. Sam looks to
Harry for an explanation.

HARRY (cont'd)
Can't be good.

The lead car pulls up next to Winnie. Nuncio Danieli rolls
down the rear window.

NUNCIO

Yo, babe.

Winnie looks around to see if there's somebody else, then points to herself.

NUNCIO (cont'd)

Yeah, you babe.

Winnie walks up to the window.

NUNCIO (cont'd)

You know any place me and my men
can get rooms in this shit-hole?

Winnie looks at the line of five vehicles.

WINNIE

(coy)

Well, honey, how many are you?

NUNCIO

Twenty-two.

(smirks)

Twenty-three if you'd like to join
us. You're a little older than I
like, but I suppose the choices
around here are gonna be limited.

WINNIE

Hmm. You can get rooms at Mabel's.
Straight down the road to the edge
of town.

NUNCIO

And you? Trust me, you won't regret
it.

WINNIE

Oh, I'll definitely make it a point
to see you again.

Nuncio starts to roll up the window. Winnie stops it with her hand and leans in.

WINNIE (cont'd)

Such an attractive man in this
town. What did you say you did
again?

NUNCIO

I didn't.

Winnie notices the 9mm under his jacket.

WINNIE

We'll I hope you get what you're
looking for. Whatever it is.

Nuncio winks and taps the driver.

Winnie watches the cars leave. Turns to her men.

WINNIE (cont'd)

Get the men ready at first light
tomorrow.

Winnie lights a cigarette as she stares at the caravan moving
away from her.

EXT. PLOTTER'S SILVER MINE - AFTERNOON

EDUARDO "CIRUJANO DEL DIABLO" SUAREZ, middle-aged, a giant
man with four huge Bowie knives strapped to his belt, emerges
from the tunnel in a leather vest with no shirt.

Frightened, the workers and guards scramble to get out of his
path.

INT. HARRY'S BAR - EVENING

Between Nuncio's and Winnie's men, the place is crowded.

Harry is behind the bar. Sam walks up and sits at the bar.

SAM

Most crowded you've been in a
while.

HARRY

(Pours Sam a shot)
Rather be empty.

SAM

Well, it won't be my problem after
today.

Harry stops pouring and looks at Sam, concerned.

Sue comes down the stairs and sits next to Sam.

SUE

I'll have whatever he's drinking.

HARRY
 (pours for Sue)
 What he's having might be a little
 too bitter for your taste.

Annoyed, Sam grabs the bottle, moves down a seat. Confused,
 Sue stares at him. Looks at Harry.

HARRY (cont'd)
 Doesn't like how his script's
 playing out.

Sue looks around. Sees Eduardo sitting at a table by the door
 drinking. She does a double-take.

SUE
 Holy shit. That's --

Harry quickly signals her to be quiet.

HARRY
 "CIRUJANO DEL DIABLO," himself.

SAM
 (looks over)
 The devil's surgeon?

SUE
 Eduardo Suarez, second in command
 of the Suarez cartel. One of the
 most wanted killers this side of
 the border.

HARRY
 Brother of "*Señor de la Oscuridad*."

SAM
 The Lord of Darkness? Okay, who the
 fuck makes up these names?

HARRY
 Nobody makes 'em up. You earn 'em.

SUE
 Boy, if I could ever bring him in.

HARRY
 You're here about a bank robbery,
 remember? And stop staring.

Out the window, Eduardo sees Joey walking through the town.
 Stevie tails him as he hides in doorways and alleys.

Interest piqued, Eduardo gets up and leaves.

Sue watches him. She downs her shot, gathers courage and gets up to leave.

HARRY (cont'd)
(grabs her arm)
Don't be foolish. He's chewed up
better than you.

SAM
He's right. Safe decision is right
here with a beer and a steak.

SUE
(pulls away)
God, what kind of lawmen were you?
(checks her gun)
No, one mistake's enough for me.

She turns and leaves. Harry stares at Sam and waits.

SAM
What?

HARRY
You know she can't handle this.

SAM
And I can?

HARRY
You'll find out that answer.

Sam scoffs and pours himself another shot.

SAM
You want me to die? Is that it?

HARRY
Dying's the easy part. Living with
yourself, that's a whole other
matter.

Sam looks down at his drink. Harry waits for a reaction.

Finally, Harry reaches under the bar. He puts up a fresh bottle and a scattergun in front of Sam. Waits for Sam's decision.

HARRY (cont'd)
(takes off apron)
Should have known better.

Sam looks at Harry. He gets up and grabs the scatter gun as a surprised Harry looks on.

SAM

What? Did you think I was gonna let
an old man like you go after him?
Probably have a heart attack before
you got there.

Sam checks that the gun is loaded.

HARRY

Remember, she likes a soft squeeze.

Sam stares at Harry. Guzzles a shot and leaves.

EXT. SIDE STREETS - EVENING

Joey walks down the darkened street toward the church.

Stevie stays hidden as he follows. Eduardo stalks both.

Joey puts the key in the church door.

STEVIE (O.S.)

That's far enough, Joey. Let me see
your hands.

Hands up, Joey turns slowly to see it's Stevie and relaxes.

JOEY

Oh, it's you. You scared the --

STEVIE

Ah. Ah. Hands up where I can see
them.

Joey sees the gun pointed at him and raises his hands.

JOEY

What? Your cut's not big enough?

STEVIE

'Bout to get a whole lot bigger.

JOEY

Come on Stevie, what's this about?

STEVIE

Vito and me just trimming the fat.
Just business. Nothing personal.

JOEY

Fucking Vito.

In the darkness, Eduardo takes out a knife as he sneaks closer.

JOEY (cont'd)

Vito wanted me to do you. He's playing one against the other.

STEVIE

Vito said you'd try mind games.

JOEY

Mind games? Even you can see what's happening. He doesn't care which one of us comes out alive. One less he has to pay.

STEVIE

(confused, nervous, shakes)

Not gonna work.

(raises his gun to fire)

Sorry Joey. I gotta get made.

WHOOSH THUD

Stevie's eyes get big. His chest jumps forward.

Stevie's dead body hits the ground with a THUD, a Bowie knife in the back.

Eduardo stands behind Stevie, still in a follow-through position. He smiles sinisterly and then draws two more knives.

EDUARDO

Banco. Dinero.

JOEY

Whoa, compadre. No comprendo.

Joey backs up as Suarez licks his lips and stalks him.

EDUARDO

Banco. Dinero.

SUE (O.S.)

FBI. That's far enough, Eduardo.

Drop the knives.

Eduardo turns slowly to see Sue holding her 9mm on him. He smiles sinisterly, puffs his chest out and inches toward her.

SUE (cont'd)

Far enough. I'll shoot. I'm warning you. I'm FBI.

Eduardo stops. He sees Sue's finger isn't on the trigger. Smile gets bigger as he starts slowly forward again.

Sue's hand shakes as she inches backward. She stumbles and falls into a seated position. Gun falls off to the side.

EDUARDO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Such a pretty face.

DUAL CLICKS of a scatter gun cocking. Eduardo freezes.

SAM (O.S.)
And it's gonna stay that way.

Sam points the gun to Eduardo's head.

SAM (cont'd)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Drop the knives, Eduardo.

Eduardo drops the knives. Sam kicks them toward Joey and takes the final one off Eduardo's belt.

In tears, Sue sits on the ground.

SAM (cont'd)
You okay?

SUE
I... I can't believe I fucked up again. I can't believe it.

SAM
There'll be time for that later. Right now we need to get off the street.

INT. SAM'S DINER - EVENING

Outside the door is total darkness. Nothing is moving.

Joey sits at a table toward the back. Sue sits near the front. Tears streaming, she stares into space.

Sam looks out the window from behind the counter. Brings two coffees and his scatter gun to Sue's table.

There is BANGING from the closet in the back. The door has been reinforced with chairs and tables up against it.

EDUARDO (O.S.)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
My brother will skin the three of
you and make soup with your
remains.

SAM
(in Spanish, subtitled)
If you don't calm down, your
brother's gonna have a sister.

JOEY
What are you two guys saying?

SAM
Just catching up on old times.

Sam sits opposite Sue, looks out the front window.

SAM (cont'd)
You gonna be okay?

SUE
Can't believe I couldn't pull the
trigger.

SAM
It happens. I've seen it even with
veteran cops. That being said, it
takes a pretty brave soul to go
after that guy in the first place.

SUE
No, you were right on. My transfer
here wasn't voluntary. This isn't
the first time.

JOEY
Don't you think one of us should
get the Sheriff?

SAM
Wouldn't help. He's deep into
Diego's pockets. Besides, there are
probably at least ten of his men
out there looking for Eduardo.
(gestures to the door)
Of course, if you'd like to try.

Joey's thinks about it. He makes himself comfortable and
closes his eyes for a nap.

SAM (cont'd)

(to Sue)

We have more in common than you think.

(gets up)

But that's for another day. Get some sleep. I'll take the first watch.

Sue relents, makes herself comfortable.

Sam pulls up a chair by the door and sits with the shotgun on his lap. He stares out into the darkness.

Pre-lap - The TAP TAP TAP on the glass of the front door.

INT. SAM'S DINER - MORNING

Startled, Sam wakes up from sleeping in the chair. Sue wakes. The two look curiously at each other.

Shotgun ready, Sam approaches the door cautiously.

Sam sees Harry sitting in a chair next to the door, shotgun on his lap. Sam nods to Sue as he opens the door.

SAM

How long you been out here?

HARRY

About as long as you've been asleep.

(nods across the street)

Tom's in.

The BANGING from the closet wakes up Joey.

EDUARDO (O.S.)

(in Spanish, subtitled)

I have to take a piss.

SAM

(in Spanish, subtitled)

Not my problem and if you make a mess, I'll cut it off.

Unsure, Sam looks at Harry, then at the station.

HARRY

It's about our only choice.

Concern on face, Sam stares at the sheriff's office.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Feet up, Tom sits behind his desk reading the newspaper.

Something out the front window gets his attention. Shocked by what he sees, he gets up and walks toward the window.

TOM
What the ..?

Through the window, Sam, Harry, and Sue carefully lead Eduardo, in cuffs, across the street. Joey follows.

Tom opens the door.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

Tom stands in the open police station doorway.

TOM
You know who that is?

HARRY
You should. You've done enough
business with his brother.

TOM
Are you crazy? You know what Diego
will do? I'm not getting involved
in this.

SUE
Doesn't matter. I'm commandeering
the jail.

TOM
Over my dead body.

HARRY
If necessary.

Tom stares out in disbelief. Storms off.

TOM
If you guys wanna die, be my guest.

The five enter the jail.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Sam closes the wooden shutters with peepholes. Sue tries the landline. Harry grabs the keys and locks up Eduardo.

Sue looks at Sam and Harry, indicates there is no service.

SAM
Back door?

Harry holds the second cell door open, waits.

HARRY
Same as it was seventy years ago.
One way in. One way out.

Harry stares at Joey. Sam and Sue watch the dynamic.

JOEY
What? I didn't do nothing.

HARRY
Just feel safer with all the
criminals behind bars.

Joey looks at Sam. Sam reluctantly nods.

Harry locks Joey in a cell. Sam puts down the scatter gun.

HARRY (cont'd)
Guess this is where you take off?

Sue looks on, confused. Sam turns to the door.

<p>SUE KAY What? You're leaving? Wait. I don't --</p>	<p>HARRY (cont'd) You know you can change your mind? Nothing's ever written in stone.</p>
---	---

SAM
Told you, not my fight anymore.
(to Sue)
You'll be all right. You're a lot
braver than you think.

SUE
You can't? You wouldn't leave us?
(to Harry)
Do something Harry. Say something
to him.

HARRY
The man believes his fate is
sealed. Nothing I say can change
that.

EDUARDO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Cowards, Harry.

EDUARDO (cont'd)
 You are surrounded by cowards! You
 are the only one worthy of Diego
 killing.

SAM
 (opens door)
 As soon as I get cell service or to
 a town, I'll call the FBI.

Sam leaves. Harry locks the door.

EXT. EMPTY PLOT OF PLOTTER'S BANK - MORNING

A nervous Winnie paces as she smokes a cigarette. She looks
 out impatiently into the desert. Dan leans against an SUV.

WINNIE
 Come on. Come on. Where the fuck --

She smiles as sees a caravan of SUVs appear. She puts out the
 cigarette and turns to her men.

WINNIE (cont'd)
 Time to show these dagos how we
 handle squatters in these parts.
 (lights cigarette, to Dan)
 Tie up the loose ends at the mine.
 It's gonna be some time before
 we're up and running again.

Dan and one of the guards get in an SUV and leave.

EXT. VITO'S CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Nuncio and his men are gathered in the parking lot. The backs
 of the SUVs are open as his men ready their weapons.

A man comes running down the street towards Nuncio.

NUNCIO'S MAN
 They got Joey in the jail.

NUNCIO
 Vito?

NUNCIO'S MAN
 Nobody's seen him.

Nuncio thinks for a minute, then turns to the group.

NUNCIO

Load up. We'll take Joey now. That other little shit can't be too far off.

(grabs his rifle)

Remember, Mr. Giordano wants to make an example of this town. So feel free.

Everybody loads up in the cars and they pull out.

INT. EL DIABLO BAR, JUAREZ, MEXICO - MORNING

DIEGO stares at the clock as he sits at the bar. A man comes running out of the back and approaches Diego.

DIEGO'S MESSENGER

They got Eduardo in the jail.

DIEGO

(to everybody)

Arm up. Time to pay the gringos a visit.

His thugs cheer as they hustle to grab their guns and head out the back.

DIEGO'S MESSENGER

There's more. Harry's holding him.

Diego dismisses the man. He stares off into space.

DIEGO

(to self)

Harry.

(smiles sinisterly)

We meet again my old friend.

Diego chugs a shot, picks up two automatic pistols from the bar and leaves with the others through the back.

INT. SAM'S SUV - MORNING

Obviously torn, Sam drives out of La Suerte. As he passes the plot of the bank, he slows down and becomes concerned. Watching Winnie and her men prepare for battle, he catches her eye.

EXT. EMPTY PLOT OF PLOTTER'S BANK - MORNING

Cigarette dangling from her mouth, Winnie, rifle in hand, watches Sam pass. She stares intensely, then cocks her automatic rifle as he drives off..

WINNIE

Come on, boys. Let's show our
friends a l'il southwestern
hospitality.

The men follow her toward the town.

EXT. RING OF SNAKES - MORNING

Steam coming from the engine, Vito's sand-covered Cadillac creeps to a halt just outside the ring of snakes.

Vito leans forward and tries to look out the dust-covered windshield. He squirts water and puts on the wipers. His eyes widen, face lights up.

VITO

Darlin', I'm home.

He gets out and walks around as he stares from different angles into the ring's opening.

VITO (cont'd)

Fuckin' snakes.

(smirks)

Well, I got something for you.

(walking to the trunk)

Not facing some fuckin' hicks from
nowhere fuckin' New Mexico.

Vito opens the trunk and takes out oversized rubber fishing waders.

VITO (cont'd)

You're dealing with New York and we
don't lose in New York.

(puts on waders)

I got something for you. Not
keeping me from my destiny. Not
today. Not any day.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

Nuncio's men drive down the side street in their SUVs. Townspeople on the street scramble for cover.

The SUVs pull up across from the jail. The armed men get out and take aim at the jail from behind the car doors.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

Sue looks out the peephole and becomes confused.

SUE
It's not Suarez.

NUNCIO (O.S.)
(on megaphone)
Thomas Durant. I need to talk to
you.

Confused, Harry looks out and sees Nuncio with his men lined up behind him.

HARRY
You know him?

Sue shrugs.

JOEY
Can't miss that voice. Nuncio
Danieli. He's here for me and Vito.

Sue looks at Harry for guidance. He hesitates and opens the door slightly.

HARRY
Sheriff's not here. You can deal
with me.

EXT. MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

AT THE EDGE OF TOWN

Winnie sees Nuncio and his men. She signals her men to stop and split up.

Some men go around the buildings on the left and others around the ones on the right. A group stays and takes cover with Winnie.

OPPOSITE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Nuncio stands with automatic rifle in one hand and the megaphone in the other.

NUNCIO
 (in megaphone)
 Who are you?

HARRY (O.S.)
 Just a tired old man.

NUNCIO
 Yeah. Well, old man, I wish I had
 time to chat, but I'm kinda on a
 schedule. So, if you can just hand
 Joey over, I'll be on my way.

HARRY (O.S.)
 And just why should I do that?

NUNCIO
 I'd like to have a sit-down and
 explain, but right now you'll have
 to settle for living another day.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Fright on face, Joey nervously paces in the cell. He stops
 and faces out.

JOEY
 (to Harry)
 You don't understand what those
 men'll do to me.
 (to Sue)
 He's gonna give me up. I know it.
 I'm a dead man. You gotta do
 something. You gotta stop him.

HARRY
 Will you stop your jabbering?
 Nobody's giving your sorry ass up.
 Although I can't think for the life
 of me why I shouldn't.
 (out the door)
 Not gonna happen.

NUNCIO (O.S.)
 Sorry to hear that.

A massive barrage of gunfire from the street rips through the
 jail. Harry slams the door shut. Bullets whiz through the
 wooden shutters and into the room.

Sue crouches down on the floor and covers head. Harry
 crouches. Joey dives underneath the cot in the cell.

Fearless, Eduardo stands up and laughs.

EDUARDO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Fucking cowards.

The bullets stop suddenly. There is an eerie quiet.

HARRY
Everybody okay.

Sues nods.

JOEY
(sticks head out)
Yeah.
(feels himself)
I think.

NUNCIO (O.S.)
That was us just getting
acquainted. I'll send a more formal
invitation in two minutes.

SUE
The door and windows aren't going
to hold up to that kind of fire
power.

Harry stares at the desk, looks around at the other
furniture.

HARRY
Quick, help me.

INT. PLOTTER'S SILVER MINE TRAILER - AFTERNOON

Dan hastily empties the safe into his satchel. He hears
GUNFIRE and looks out the window.

Seeing muzzle flashes in the mine, Dan freezes in fear.

EXT. PLOTTER'S SILVER MINE - AFTERNOON

Amid 30-40 armed men, DIEGO exits the mine with two automatic
pistols blazing from arms extended to the sides. Outnumbered
and surprised, the guards fall quickly.

INT. PLOTTER'S SILVER MINE TRAILER - AFTERNOON

Dan looks through the blinds. He quickly turns away from the windows and closes shades.

EXT. PLOTTER'S SILVER MINE - AFTERNOON

Diego sees the shades being closed in the trailer. Smiles.

DIEGO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
To the trucks.

On their way to the trucks, Diego's men finish off any wounded guards who beg for their lives.

Diego heads for the trailer.

INT. PLOTTER'S SILVER MINE TRAILER - AFTERNOON

Clutching his satchel and shaking in fear, Dan hides under the desk. He jerks back as he hears the sound of the doorknob.

Relief sets in as he realizes the door is locked.

BANG! BANG!

Dan tries to get further under the desk as he hears gunshots blast at the door.

Diego kicks in the blasted door and enters. He scopes the place out.

EXT. PLOTTER'S SILVER MINE - AFTERNOON

From inside the darkened trailer, the SOUND and MUZZLE FLASHES of numerous GUNSHOTS.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Every piece of furniture is stacked to fortify the front windows and door.

SUE
What are they waiting for?

HARRY
Trying to play with your mind.

SUE
It's working.

JOEY
Let me have a gun. I can help.

EDUARDO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Go ahead Harry. What's one more
whimpering coward with a gun? Not
gonna change anything.

SUE
We could use him.

JOEY
At least let me die like a man.

EDUARDO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
A man? The coward thinks he will
fight like a man. Tell them what
it's gonna be like when Diego gets
here. Go ahead. Tell him. I enjoy
seeing grown men piss in their
pants.

Harry relents and opens the cell. He gives Joey a revolver.

HARRY
I assume you've used one before.

Joey face tells Harry he hasn't.

EDUARDO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
More wasted bullets.

HARRY
Great. We have the only criminal
who can't fire a gun.

JOEY
Didn't say I couldn't. Just never
did.

Harry makes a "whatever" face and goes back to the window.

NUNCIO (O.S.)
Time's up.

Harry puts a piece of chew in his mouth and scrunches his
body into a small package. He signals to Sue, who does the
same.

Joey sees the other two, panics and dives under the cot.

EXT. MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

Winnie sees that her men have circled behind the houses and have the drop on Nuncio and his men.

She signals and her men rise from their hiding places and start deliberately into the town.

Winnie has an evil smile on her face as she leads the men in.

WINNIE

(to self)

Told you I'd see you again.

She and her men start to fire from the hip as they walk.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Gunfire from outside that is louder and in greater magnitude than before. The three cower, trying not to get hit.

Sue takes hands off her head as she realizes none of the bullets have hit the office. Confused, she looks at Harry.

Harry looks at her, just as confused. Joey, also dumbfounded, gets out from under the cot.

The three slowly rise up and look out the peepholes.

EXT. MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

Nuncio is on his knees, surrounded by Winnie's men.

Most of Nuncio's men are dead The others plead for their lives as Winnie's men finish them off.

Winnie approaches Nuncio from behind him. She walks around him as she lights a cigarette and points her 9mm at his head.

WINNIE

Now what was that you called me today?

NUNCIO

Fuck you, bitch.

WINNIE

(backhands him with gun)

No, that's not it.

(puts gun to her cheek)

WINNIE (cont'd)

I think the correct words were "Yo, babe."

NUNCIO

Giordano's gonna come down here and level this place.

WINNIE

You think I care about this place. I can do business anywhere.

She points the gun at his head.

NUNCIO

Wait. Wait. What about New York? You can sell your product there. I have the connections. I can get it done. You'll triple your take.

WINNIE

(turns away)

New York, hmm? What about this Giordano character?

NUNCIO

Fuck Giordano. He thinks small. Time for a change. We can do it. Me and you.

(extends his hand)

Partners.

She turns to him to sees his hand extended. She casually puts out her cigarette, then shoots him in the head.

WINNIE

One thing I hate more than a crude sexist is a whimpering coward.

(towards the jail)

Hey, Harry. Me and you again, sweetie. Just the two of us.

Winnie takes out and lights a cigarette.

EXT. RING OF SNAKES - AFTERNOON

Vito, in waders, goalie-pads and a catcher's chest protector, picks up a blowtorch from the trunk.

VITO

That's right I got something for you guys.

(lights blowtorch)

VITO (cont'd)
 Let's see how much you like this
 shit.

Vito puts on a goalie mask, picks up his flashlight and inches toward the entrance of the circle.

VITO (cont'd)
 Don't want no trouble. Just want my
 money. Stay cool snakes. No reason
 to get upset. It's not like I'm
 looking to make shoes or a belt.
 Just looking for my money.

INT. PLOTTER'S BANK, RING OF SNAKES - AFTERNOON

Vito inches into the bank. Cautiously looks around and sees the vault.

VITO
 (hugs vault door)
 I knew I'd find you.

VAULT

Vito scans inside with the flashlight and sees the open boxes of money on the shelves, money on the floor and cocaine in the chests.

One more look around, he sits on an open trunk and puts the flashlight on the shelf, illuminating the room. He turns off the blowtorch and puts it on the shelf.

Delirious, he throws money up in air. He takes off the mask and kisses the money.

VITO (cont'd)
 Fuck Giordano.

He starts packing the loose money into boxes.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - EVENING

Insecure, Sue looks at her gun.

HARRY
 Not the time for that.

Joey sits next to Sue and comforts her.

SUE
 What's your story, anyway? You
 don't seem the Vito type.

JOEY

Covered for him in second grade.
Seems like I've been covering for
him ever since. A lot of bad
choices.

There is heavy GUNFIRE outside. They cower and cover up, then realize it is not at them. Sue looks out the window.

SUE

It's Sam. He's coming back.

HARRY

Quick, get this stuff off the door.

Joey and Harry frantically clear the door. Sue watches out the peephole.

EXT. MAIN STREET - EVENING

In the darkness, Sam weaves his SUV through heavy gunfire. It takes multiple hits and rides on the rims.

Engine smoking and the car riddled with bullets, the SUV dies about ten yards from the police station. From the exterior, no signs of life inside the vehicle.

Massive amounts of gunshots continue to riddle the car.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - EVENING

Sue slumps in despair.

SUE

Forget it.

Saddened, Harry and Joey look at each other. The bullets slowly die down.

SAM (O.S.)

Is anybody gonna open the fucking
door?

Excited, Harry and Joey clear the door.

HARRY

Cover him.

Harry opens the door. Sue and Joey open fire through the peepholes.

Sam dives into jail. Harry, closes door. Joey and Harry quickly return the furniture. The gunfire slowly dies.

Sam gets up and dusts himself off. Harry and Joe look at him incredulously.

SAM

Glad to see you guys, too.

In a seated position on the floor, Sue stares at her gun.

EDUARDO

(in Spanish, subtitled)

Your cowardly cop returns. Diego will quake with fear.

SUE

(softly)

I did it.

Harry and Sam pull back and look at Sue.

Joey sits down next to her and puts arm around her.

SUE (cont'd)

(in a daze)

I did it. I shot my gun.

JOEY

You did good.

HARRY

(Looks out the window)

Maybe next time you can try hitting something.

SAM

(looks around)

Is there anything bigger than these pop guns in this place?

Harry shrugs.

Sam goes to the back. Sue tries the phone. She shakes her head. Her frustration shows as she fruitlessly tries her cell.

A GUNSHOT from the back room.

Startled, Harry, Joey, and Sue hustle to the back room.

BACK ROOM

Sam stands next to an open floor safe that has a couple of older rifles in it. He checks one out.

SAM (cont'd)
Not the newest, but they seem to be working.

Sam passes weapons out to Sue and Joey. Harry refuses his.

HARRY
I'll stay fast. She's never failed me.

SAM
Ammo's limited, but, if we're selective, we can cause some damage.

Sue and Joey take boxes of ammo.

There is a sudden eruption of gunfire. Everybody hustles to the front and takes cover.

EDUARDO
(smiles)
El Diablo!

INT. HARRY'S BAR - EVENING

Diego sits and drinks with his automatic pistols on the table. There is a massive amount of GUNFIRE and muzzle FLASHES outside.

Two tables away, two guards flank a seated Tom.

The door opens. Two of Diego's men throw Winnie onto the floor.

Diego chugs a shot, picks up his automatic pistols and walks over to Winnie.

DIEGO
Winnie. Winnie. Winnie. What am I to do with you?
(walks around her)
The perfect plan. Our money. Your tunnel. The bank. --

WINNIE
-- I can make this right. You know me.

Diego pulls up a chair close to Winnie and pours himself another drink. He downs the shot and leans in.

DIEGO

And just how do you suppose you
make this right...
(throws glass)
... After you robbed all my money?

WINNIE

What? I would never rob your money.
I thought ...
(hesitates)
... I was obviously wrong. Those
men. From the East. They have our,
uh, your money.

Contemplating, Diego looks out the door, then at Tom.

DIEGO

Is this true? The East Coast wants
to take over our business?

TOM

I guess. I don't know.

WINNIE

We get the bank back. You can have
your five million plus the product.
I'll take nothing. That's what I
was trying to do. Get your money
back. We can still make this work.

DIEGO

That's a very generous offer.

Winnie smiles meekly.

DIEGO (cont'd)

Only one problem.

Winnie's face turns to fright.

DIEGO (cont'd)

If they have the money and the
product and my men are about to
take it back, why do I need you?

He kills her with a shot to the head.

INT. PLOTTER'S BANK, RING OF SNAKES - EVENING.

Vito piles the filled boxes and the chests in front of the shelf he placed his blowtorch on.

VITO

They think Giordano had an empire?
Wait. Just wait. No more Vito do
this and Vito do that. Everybody'll
know my name when I walk down the
street.

He climbs up on a box to see a higher shelf.

The sound of a RATTLE causes Vito to freeze in fear.

The sound of a second RATTLE and his face shows panic.

Frantically, Vito looks for his blowtorch. He realizes that he has blocked it off. He tries to reach behind the boxes.

Numerous RATTLE sounds are heard.

Trying to get the blowtorch, Vito falls off the boxes, knocks the flashlight to the ground.

Room goes black.

Sounds of RATTLES become louder.

VITO (cont'd)

Momma!

Rattles become multiple STRIKING sounds.

EXT. MAIN STREET - EVENING

Gunfire has died down. The town is littered with dead bodies. Diego's men take up positions facing the sheriff's office.

Three of his men to form a shield as Diego walks out with his gun pointed at Tom.

DIEGO

Harry. It's your old friend, Diego.
Been a while since our last dance.
Did you tell our guests how that
turned out?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - EVENING

Harry looks down at the ground. He seems anxious.

EDUARDO
 (in English)
 Darkness has descended.

JOEY
 He speaks English?

SAM
 Seems like you have a history with
 everybody in this town.

JOEY
 Tell me you've kicked this guy's
 ass before?

EDUARDO
 Go ahead. Tell them how Diego has
 brought you to your knees. How many
 lives your personal vendetta has
 cost. Tell them about the blood
 that has flowed.

HARRY
 That out there is the devil. He
 comes in many forms, but it's all
 the same. He'll kill us if we don't
 fight. Probably kill us if we do.
 We only have one choice. Only
 choice any man has.

The three show they are uncomfortable with Harry's answer.

JOEY
 (fingers like horns)
 You mean like some symbol for the
 devil? Like giving somebody the
 horns to ward off the evil eye?

Before Harry can answer, he is cut off.

DIEGO (O.S.)
 Harry. I have a surprise for you.

Harry and the others look out the window. They see three men
 lead a partially blocked Tom and Diego.

DIEGO (cont'd)
 I brought you a peace offering.

The men split. Diego pushes Tom forward a step.

HARRY
 He made his choice.

SUE

Jesus, Harry, he's your son.

HARRY

Ain't no son of mine.

SAM

He is your son. If you don't do this, you'll regret it for the rest of your life.

Tears run down Harry's face, he nods. Yells out the peephole.

HARRY

Okay. Send him in.

EXT. MAIN STREET - EVENING

Diego prods Tom forward. Tom walks slowly toward the jail.

BANG

Tom falls to the ground. Diego, gun still pointed, laughs loudly as his men cover up to protect him.

A hail of gunfire riddles the sheriff's office.

Sly smile on face, Diego walks back to the saloon. He erupts into a loud sinister laugh.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - EVENING

Harry scrunches down on the floor. Sue comforts him.

EDUARDO

Turning soft, Harry. You know how this turns out. Only one way it ends, like it always ends.

Incensed, Joey takes one of the Bowie knives off the desk and charges at Eduardo's cell.

JOEY

I'll show you who the surgeon is.

SAM

Joey. Don't.

Joey approaches the cell, but Eduardo is out of reach. Eduardo laughs defiantly as Joey tries to slash him through the bars.

Sam grabs Joey and pulls him back.

HARRY

Don't. It's one of Diego's games.
It'll just make you like him.

Eduardo continues to laugh boastfully in the back of the cell. Joey backs down.

Sue, Harry, and Joey look at each other for an answer. Sam looks out the peephole.

JOEY

Maybe if we just wait long enough,
they'll just kill each other.

They all look incredulously at Joey.

JOEY (cont'd)

What? They've been doing it all
day.

(throws down knife)

If we stay here, we're dead. If we
make a run for it, we're dead.

Sam continues to look out the peephole.

SAM

The sheriff's van's parked about
twenty feet to the right. If we can
get to it, it's only another ten...
fifteen feet 'til the alley that
leads around the back.

(turns to others)

It's a long shot, but it's all we
got.

(looks around)

Okay, who has the keys.

Sue, Harry, and Joey look at each other in the hope they have
an answer,

SAM (cont'd)

Tell me we don't have the keys?

The three's looks turns from hope to despair.

Suddenly Harry remembers something. Starts uncovering the
desk.

HARRY

Well, you gonna help me?

Joey, Sam and Sue help him with the furniture.

As soon as he can, Harry starts opening the draws.

HARRY (cont'd)
If my kid learned anything from me,
he would have had an emergency set
somewhere in here.

Smile on his face, he holds up a set of car keys.

EDUARDO
You are all fools. You'll never
make it out the door.

Harry smiles contently at Eduardo. Eduardo becomes uneasy.

HARRY
Maybe, but you better hope we do,
cause you're goin' out first.

Eduardo's smile turns to fear.

EXT. LA SUERTE - EVENING

There is a full moon over the town. In the background,
Cerberus barks and howls at it from a hill.

EXT. MAIN STREET - EVENING

Diego's men are on the roofs, in every window, behind every
hiding place. Diego appears in the window of Harry's bar.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - EVENING

The furniture is moved away from the door as the group
hunkers down to one side. Gagged, cuffed and tied at the
waist to Harry, a frightened Eduardo is in front,.

SAM
(to Harry)
What's the third?

Harry looks at Sam, confused.

SAM (cont'd)
The third life? You said you
believed every man had three.

HARRY
At peace with himself.

Sam thinks about it, nods.

SAM
Everybody ready?

Everybody nods.

Harry tugs at the rope tied to Eduardo.

HARRY
Bet you never you'd thought you'd
die at the hands of your brother.

Fear fills Eduardo's face. Joey looks on.

SAM
May God be with you.

HARRY
At least we know He ain't on the
other side.

Sam opens the door and Harry pushes Eduardo out. The rest follow and turn to the right.

The SOUND of thousands of shots accompanied with the multitude of muzzle FLASHES that light up the darkened doorway.

The gunfire dies down. An eerie smoke from the gunshots fills the darkness.

EXT. NEW YORK WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Sam comes to. Panicked, he grabs his gun. He looks around the container and sees only Dick's car.

Quickly, he gathers himself and heads to the warehouse. His radio lies in the snow.

At the rear window, Sam looks in. He sees Carlos Rivera, with his back to the window, and Dick vehemently arguing.

Sam's eyes dart from one guard with an automatic rifle to another.

Sam slides down. He feels for his radio. Panicked, he looks for it. He searches until he sees it on the ground.

Rising up, Sam sees two guards holding a frightened, panicked Dick. Carlos takes a pistol from the guards.

Sam looks at the radio in the snow and gathers himself. He takes out a second gun in an ankle holster.

INT. NEW YORK WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Carlos, the same person as DIEGO in Sam's Suerte dream, but impeccably dressed, immaculately groomed and without tattoos, points the gun at Dick.

The back door crashes open as Sam flies in with guns blazing.

Stunned at first, Carlos turns and shoots Dick in the head. His guards quickly escort him toward the door.

Pinned down, Sam looks around the crates to see his partner lying dead. He sees Carlos getting away.

Spotting a gas canister marked "FLAMMABLE" near Carlos, Sam takes aim and fires.

A massive explosion on the other side of the room sends Sam flying.

The screen goes black.

SAM
(pre-lap)
Harry...? Harry?

INT. NYC HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING

A groggy Sam sees a blurry vision of Harry's face.

NOTE: From here on Larry Stewart is played by the same person who played HARRY in Sam's Suerte dream. All of his physical traits stay the same.

LARRY / HARRY
I'm here Sam. It's okay. It's
Police Chief Stewart.

Sam's vision clears. He is startled and confused as he sees a uniformed POLICE CHIEF LARRY STEWART.

A two-bed hospital room, Sam lies in one bed. He has a bandage on his head and his leg is in a cast.

On the night stand is Sam's bag from Dick's car.

LARRY / HARRY (cont'd)
Calm down, Sam. You're okay. You're
in St. Agnes Hospital. You're gonna
be fine.

Sam starts to get his bearings and relaxes.

LARRY / HARRY (cont'd)
 You've been in and out of it all
 day. You don't remember talking to
 the doctors?

Disorientated, Sam shakes his head. Sam looks at the empty
 bed next to him.

SAM
 Dick? Where's Dick?

Larry looks tells Sam everything. Almost in tears, Sam looks
 away, saddened,.

LARRY / HARRY
 There's nothing you could have
 done. Hell, what you did was as
 heroic as I've ever seen.

Sam tries to sit up, but grabs his head.

LARRY / HARRY (cont'd)
 Pretty nasty concussion. Doc said
 you'll have the symptoms for a good
 while.
 (looks at cast, saddens)
 The leg... um... I'll let the doc
 tell you about that one.

SAM
 Strangest dream.

LARRY / HARRY
 Doc said that'll happen.
 (hesitates)
 I know it's early, but I want you
 to know I'm putting you up for the
 medal of valor.

SAM
 Dick should be getting that.

LARRY / HARRY
 He'll be given his rightful place.

Realizing, Sam grabs Larry's arm.

SAM
 Did somebody tell Em I'm okay?

Larry looks quizzically at Sam.

LARRY / HARRY
 Em? Emily...? Your wife?

Confused by the response, Sam nods, stares at Larry.

LARRY / HARRY (cont'd)
 Sam, um... Em's been dead for
 twelve years.

Sam realizes where he is and relaxes.

SAM
 Of course, I remember now. Guess
 I'm still out of it.
 (confused)
 Everything's just running together.
 Hard to tell what's real or a
 dream.

LARRY / HARRY
 (points to bag)
 When you're up to it. Your stuff
 from Dick's car. Might help jog
 your memory.
 (gets up)
 You need your rest.
 (pats him on the arm)
 Take all the time you need.

Larry leaves. Saddened, Sam stares off into space.

Sam turns and looks at the bag from Dick's car. He becomes
 curious and pulls the bag to him.

Sam takes the newspaper out of the bag. The folded up piece
 of paper falls out.

Sam unfolds the paper.

INSERT: \$3,800 bill for a rebuilt transmission from JONES
 BROTHERS' AUTO REPAIR.

Sam looks at the front page of the newspaper.

INSERT: Newspaper headlines "ROOKIE IS A HERO" Subtitle:
 "Female Agent Guns Down Terrorist in Subway."

There are pictures of Sue, her partner and the terrorist.

Sam lets it soak in for a minute. He smiles, then shakes his
 head. Opens the paper and reads.

INT. NEW YORK DINER - MORNING

Fairly crowded small New York diner. BETSIE works as the
 waitress. GARY, her brother, works the grill.

Through the diner window, a winter's day in New York. Piles of snow line the sidewalks, people are bundled up and there is slush in the streets.

NOTE: From here on, Betsie and Gary are played by the same people who played WINNIE and DAN in Sam's dream. All of their physical traits stay the same.

Sam limps in with a cane. Betsie looks up as she takes a customer's order and smiles.

Sam sits at the counter near the door. Gary smiles and acknowledges him. Betsie finishes the order, walks behind counter and up to Sam.

BETSIE / WINNIE

If it isn't my favorite hero. Been wondering when you'd be well enough to get back to Betsie's cooking.

SAM

Took a while, but I am famished.

Through the window, Sam sees that DiMaurio's Restaurant has a big "FOR SALE" sign in the window. PAT DIMAURIO, sixties, oversees the "DiMaurio's" sign being lowered from over the window.

SAM (cont'd)

What's that about?

Betsie looks out the window

BETSIE / WINNIE

You didn't know? Pat's selling. Going down south to retire.
(pours coffee)
Now you just relax and let old Betsie cook you up something special.

In deep thought, Sam stares at DiMaurio's. Betsie goes to the grill and works with her brother.

Sam looks up and sees the TV's off.

SAM

TV broke?

BETSIE / WINNIE

Just tired of all the depressing news. It's all you ever get. Drugs, corruption, whatever. And all the violence. You kinda get numb to it.

BETSIE / WINNIE (cont'd)
 After I heard about you and Dick,
 well...

GARY / DAN
 Yeah, sorry to hear about Dick.

Saddened, Sam acknowledges Gary's comment. Betsie serves others at the counter, then turns to Sam.

BETSIE / WINNIE
 You think we're all capable of that
 kind of violence? Or are they just
 born different?

GARY / DAN
 (to Betsie)
 Can you let the guy eat? He's been
 through enough.
 (returns to grill)
 And we all know, they're born that
 way.
 (to Sam)
 Can you imagine her as a criminal?
 Doesn't have a mean bone in her
 body. She'd be the worst.

Sam is amused by the comment.

BETSIE / WINNIE
 (annoyed, to customer)
 Hey. Not in here.

Sam turns to see.

In a booth, a customer is ready to light a cigarette. He freezes and looks meekly at her.

Betsie points to the "No Smoking" sign on the wall. Customer puts cigarette away.

Sam's stare returns to DiMaurio's, oblivious to Gary serving him.

BETSIE / WINNIE (cont'd)
 God, I hate that habit. The smell
 alone makes me sick.

Dish-bin under her arm, Betsie heads to a group of dirty tables behind Sam and starts to clean them.

SAM
 He get any offers?

BETSIE / WINNIE
Beats me. Not gonna be cheap, given
the location.

Sam's stare continues as he speaks.

SAM
You believe in fate?

BETSIE / WINNIE
If you mean that I should be here
in this diner because that's who I
am... Then yeah, I believe in fate.

She finishes cleaning the tables.

BETSIE / WINNIE (cont'd)
(turns to Sam)
Been meaning to --

Sam's seat is empty and his food untouched. The front door
closes as Sam walks out.

Gary turns from the grill and looks at Betsie, confused.
Betsie shrugs.

Through the window, Betsie watches Sam head to DiMaurio's.

From their gestures, it is obvious Sam is talking to Pat
about the restaurant. Sam shakes hands with Pat.

Pat goes inside and removes the "For Sale" sign.

EXT. DIMAURIO'S RESTAURANT - EVENING

Beautiful summer day.

"MECURRIO'S" sign over the window. A "GRAND OPENING" banner
drapes the restaurant.

A happy Sam, in a suit, greets guests as valets open arriving
cars' doors. The place is obviously popular.