

DEADLY ATTRACTION

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL TOWN - MAIN STREET - DAY

A red Mustang 5.0 Convertible has come to a skidding stop as it is sitting in the middle of the road. Smoke is seeping out from under the BULLET RIDDLED hood. The windshield is SHATTERED. The driver and passenger doors are open.

A classic country song can be heard loud and clear, coming from the car radio speakers.

Three county sheriff cars are in a road block formation in the street - several cars have bullet holes in the doors - busted siren lights, even a few flat tires.

A black SUV is stopped several yards behind the Mustang with all doors open.

Five Marshals along with six deputies are converging on the Mustang from both ends cautiously. Weapons drawn and at the ready.

The two bloody bodies of a young man and young woman lying face up on the pavement, a few feet in front of the Mustang.

They are VINCE HAGGARD. (25), very handsome and dashing, with jet black hair, cut in the style of a young ELVIS PRESLEY. Blood splatter is covering his face. His shirt is covered in blood.

CHEYENNE APPLGATE, (22), a very stunning blond haired beauty. A typical-looking Texas BEAUTY-QUEEN type. Lying on Vince's blood-soaked chest. Blood is covering her chest, along with blood splatter on her face. A diamond ring on her finger. The law officers are a few feet away from the bodies.

EXT. HIGHWAY - PRISONER TRANSFER BUS - TRAVELING

SUPER: SOMEWHERE BETWEEN FORT WORTH AND HUNTSVILLE

THREE DAYS EARLIER

The bus is traveling down the highway. Very few cars are on the highway.

INT. BUS - TRAVELING

The bus is full of prison inmates, whose feet are chained to the floor; their hands are cuffed in front of them. One of the inmates in the middle of the bus is Vince Haggard. He is sitting in a seat next to the window. The prisoner that is sitting in the seat across the aisle from Vince is giving him the evil eye. This man is as ugly as sin and has the looks to prove it. He is looking at Vince Like he wants to kill him. Vince looks at him.

VINCE

Something I can help you with?

INMATE

I saw that pretty little gal of yours; when we were getting on the bus, Haggard.

VINCE

Congratulations.

INMATE

So, I was thinking; maybe, she can come visit me in my cell. Then I can show her how a real man pleasures a woman.

He starts laughing. Vince smiles.

VINCE

You know; I was talking to some of the guys in lock-up.

INMATE

About what?

VINCE

Not about what. About who. And that who was you.

INMATE

Who was talking about me?

VINCE

Don't worry; I defended you.

INMATE

Defended me, how?

VINCE

They all said that you couldn't even pleasure a female dog in heat.

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

(smiles)

I told them that you could.

It takes a few seconds, but the prisoner has just realized he has been insulted.

INMATE

You, son-of-a-bitch!

He starts to stand, but Vince is quicker and beats him to the punch. Literally. Vince slams him in the face with his closed fists. The inmate falls into his seat as Vince continues to pound him in the face with his handcuffs.

Vince stops - looks at him as his face is all bleeding from the beating he just received.

VINCE

You ever speak of my girl like that again. I will kill you.

The look in Vince's eyes is that of a pure stone cold killer.

Both guards finally pull Vince off the inmate and force him back down in his seat. All Vince can do is smile.

EXT. PRISONER TRANSFER BUS - TRAVELING

A Mustang from the opening shot, only in prime condition comes out from behind the bus, pulling up alongside. Cheyenne Applegate is driving, wearing a low-cut shirt, along with a thin skirt.

INT. PRISONER TRANSFER BUS

Inmates from that side see her and start to make all sorts of cat-calls and whistles. Vince slightly smiles, as he knows what is about to take place.

EXT. MUSTANG - TRAVELING

She is looking towards the bus, as she slowly hikes up her short skirt to her thigh. She moves alongside the bus to the driver window. She smiles.

INT. PRISONER TRANSFER BUS - TRAVELING

The driver looks at her - smiles back.

DRIVER

Would you take a look at this chick?

The guard leans over to take a closer look. Cheyenne is smiling. The car speeds away and around the curve out of sight.

The guard sits back down in the seat - looks towards the inmates, who are still talking about what they just saw.

GUARD

Pipe down. The show is over. I hope you boys got a good look because that is going to be the last female that any of you see for a while.

The driver is Looking at the road, as he takes the curve. The Mustang is stopped in the middle of the road blocking both lanes.

DRIVER

What the hell?

The guard stands up - looks ahead, as Cheyenne slowly gets out of the car - her hands behind her back.

INT. PRISONER TRANSFER BUS - TRAVELING

The driver continues looking toward her.

GUARD

Is she out of her damn mind!?

The driver lays HARD on the horn.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Cheyenne brings her arms around, exposing the M-16 assault rifle. She points it at the bus.

INT. PRISONER TRANSFER BUS - TRAVELING

DRIVER

Ho-ly Shit!

EXT. HIGHWAY

Cheyenne opens up with full-automatic.

The bullets slam into the front of the bus - the radiator explodes!

Cheyenne Smiles - points the rifle at the bus and opens fire. The next round of bullets slam into the tire - the tire is destroyed, as the bus loses control - flips several times, finally coming to a stop on the side of the road.

INT. PRISONER TRANSFER BUS

The guard and driver are both dead. The inmates are scattered on the floor. Vince is lying across the seat - the inmate next to him is dead. The window that he was sitting next to is busted out. Vince has a cut on his forehead that he is applying pressure to with a torn off section of his long sleeve shirt.

CHEYENNE (O.S.)

Vince?

VINCE

Right here!

She pops her head through the busted window.

CHEYENNE

How did I do, baby?

VINCE

Just fine, Darlin. Did you bring the cutters?

CHEYENNE

Just like you told me.

Vince holds up his hands. Cheyenne notices the cut on his forehead as blood is coming out.

VINCE

Get these damn things off me.

CHEYENNE

Vince, you're hurt!

VINCE

It's nothin', Chy.

CHEYENNE

But you're bleeding!

VINCE

I'm fine. Just cut me loose!

Cheyenne cuts the cuffs from his wrists - takes the cutters, cutting off the shackles.

INMATE #2

Cut me loose, Haggard!

VINCE

I would love to. But, I have places to go and people to see.

He starts to climb out the window - stops - looks back at them.

VINCE

I'll tell you what I'll do, though. I'll let you all fight for control of the cutters.

He tosses the cutters towards the inmates - they all make a grab for them, as Vince makes his way out of the window.

EXT. PRISONER TRANSFER BUS

Vince and Cheyenne kiss.

VINCE

That was beautiful, baby!

Cheyenne is pleased.

CHEYENNE

Where are we going?

VINCE

We have to get some traveling money first; before we can do anything.

Starts walking towards the car.

VINCE

Then, we will head for Presidio. I know about a guy there that is the best in making fake ID's. Then we'll head for old Mexico.

Cheyenne stops in her tracks. Vince stops - looks back at her.

VINCE

What's the matter?

CHEYENNE

Nothing. It's just; I haven't been anywhere outside of Texas without my parents.

Vince moves to her.

VINCE

There's always a first time for everything. You up for this, Cheyenne?

CHEYENNE

I love you, Baby. So, anywhere you're going; I'm coming along for the ride.

Vince smiles - they kiss. They both run towards the Mustang. Vince slides in behind the wheel, as Cheyenne gets in the passenger seat. The car does a donut - heads back in the direction that it came from, passing the bus. Some inmates are making their way out of the bus, as the Mustang speeds by.

They are unaware of the little car off the side of the road that has a man and woman. The man is filming everything on his camera phone.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

SUPER: GALVESTON, TEXAS

A very attractive woman, blond hair pulled back into a ponytail. This is DEPUTY UNITED STATES MARSHAL JESSICA HOUSTON. (32).

A GLOCK nine-millimeter in her right hand, as she is cautiously walking around the warehouse. Comes to the door - slowly opens it as she walks inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Jessica looks around as she moves through the warehouse she sees the boats that have seen their better days. Starts walking between the boats up on the racks. Then a hook comes out of nowhere, slicing her forearm, as she yells out in pain, dropping her gun.

A man jumps off a boat in front of her, holding the pole hook.

MAN

You ain't taking me nowhere, bitch!

He swings the pole hook - Jessica jumps back as the hook slams into the side of the boat. She continues backing away, as the man moves towards her swinging the pole hook. He swings at her again. She jumps back as the hook slams into the side of a floor beam. It sticks. Jessica makes her move.

She punches the man in the face - he staggers back, releasing the pole. She dives under the boat where the Glock landed. She is almost to it when the man grabs her foot - pulls her back out towards him. Flips her on her back - she kicks him in the face.

She continues for her gun - the man grabs the pole hook from the floor beam - rushes her as she grabs her Glock turns over on her back as he is about on her. She fires three times. He staggers back. Laughs - lunges towards her.

MAN

You, bitch!

She empties her clip into him as he slams into the pole, falling to the floor.

Her adrenaline is flowing.

JESSICA

That's Ms. Bitch to you, asshole.

BRICE (O.S.)

Jessica!?

JESSICA

Over here!

A man stops quickly, as he turns the corner of the boat. This is DEPUTY U.S. MARSHAL BRICE HARPER, (40).

Looks at her on the floor halfway under the boat.

BRICE

You okay?

JESSICA

Better then, that bastard.

Brice looks at the dead man on the floor, as Jessica slides out from under the boat. He helps her up as he sees her arm.

BRICE
You're bleeding.

She looks at her arm.

JESSICA
I'll live.

BRICE
We need to get you stitched up.
Let's go. We'll call it in on the
way to the hospital.

They walk away, leaving the dead man where he fell.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - MORNING

SUPER: FIRST DAY

Jessica is comfortably sleeping under the covers of the pull-out couch bed. The bathroom door opens - a man walks out. Fully dressed. Stops next to the bed, looking at Jessica. He walks towards the door.

JESSICA (O.S.)
Where are you going?

He stops - turns to her - moves towards the bed, stopping at the foot of the bed.

MAN
I think that it is time, Jessica,
that we re-evaluate our
relationship.

Sitting up.

JESSICA
What are you talking about, Garth?

GARTH
Jessica, I am really, really fond
of you. And I think that you are
the sort of woman that I could
settle down and raise a family
with.

JESSICA
But...?

GARTH

Would you consider giving up your job to have a meaningful relationship with me?

She sits up. The bandage on her shoulder comes into full view.

JESSICA

Meaningful? (off Garth's nod) I thought we did have a meaningful relationship, Garth.

GARTH

It is meaningful, Jessica. But I don't think that... (sits on the bed next to her) Let me see, if I can explain it better... I would like to have a wife that wants to stay home and provide a nice home for me to come home to. Someone who prefers a nice, safe lifestyle, instead of a dangerous one. Does that make sense to you, Jessica?

JESSICA

I'm afraid that it does, Garth. What you want, is a wife that will stay home and not have a life of her own. Someone to have your babies, and cook and clean for you. Is that about right, Garth?

Garth is pleased.

GARTH

You do understand. That is great! So you'll quit your job with the Marshal Service, and become my wife?

She is pissed.

JESSICA

Get out of here, Garth.

Smile fades.

GARTH

What? I don't understand. You said that you understood me.

JESSICA

Oh, I do. But there is no way, in God's name, that I would quit the Marshal Service. Especially for someone as "caveman minded" as you are.

GARTH

Caveman minded? Jessica, look at yourself. You were almost killed yesterday. You have stitches in your shoulder, for hells sake!

JESSICA

It's a long way from my heart, Garth.

GARTH

I am asking you one last time, Jessica. Give it up?

JESSICA

Good-bye, Garth.

GARTH

Jessica --

JESSICA

Good-bye, Garth.

Garth stands.

GARTH

Fine.

Walks to the door - stops - looks back at her.

GARTH

You just blew the best thing you ever had, Jessica.

JESSICA

That's funny; I was just about to say the same thing to you.

Garth looks at her a few seconds - opens the door, walks out, slamming it behind him. She shakes her head.

JESSICA

A safe lifestyle? What a crock.

She gets up, walks into the bathroom, closing the door.

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - SAME

SUPER: BIG LAKE, TEXAS

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

A very handsome dark-haired man walks from the hallway into the living room. This is RILEY SCOTT. (35), wearing a light brown Sheriff shirt, blue jeans - cowboy boots. Sporting a neatly trimmed mustache. A Beretta nine-millimeter in the holster on his right hip.

Turns on the TV - tosses the remote on the chair. The news is broadcasting.

Walks into the kitchen up to the coffee pot - pours some coffee into a cup - puts the cream and sugar in the coffee. A noise catches his attention - walks to the window behind the kitchen table, pulls back the curtain - looks out the window.

He sees a red Ford truck in the driveway behind his Bronco. A man and woman are in the front seat. They both reach over and kiss on the lips. She gets out of the passenger side of the truck - slings her purse over her shoulder, walks towards the house.

We will call her WENDY. (29), auburn hair. Very attractive. Makes her jeans look good.

Riley walks towards the front door. Stops at the door - opens it as Wendy is walking up the steps towards the door.

WENDY

Good mornin.' Coffee fresh?

She kisses him on the cheek - walks past him into the house. Riley closes the door - follows her into the kitchen. Wendy is already pouring her a cup of coffee.

WENDY

Thanks for taking me to the shop to pick up my car. The final job bids are between Jimmy and another contractor.

RILEY

Hopefully, he gets it.

WENDY

If he gets this job; we will be pretty much set on finances for a couple years. That's how big this job is.

RILEY

Sounds good, "Sis."

Wendy walks towards the table.

INT. FRONT ROOM - TV

A male anchor is sitting at the news desk looking into the camera.

ANCHOR

More details are coming in on the prison bus escape that took place yesterday afternoon on highway 30.

Riley/Wendy Walks around the corner - Look at the TV.

ANCHOR

The Governor has assigned the fugitive recovery task force to track down and bring the fugitive and the accomplice or accomplices to justice. The task force will be led by, Deputy Federal Marshal Jessica Houston.

Riley sees Jessica's face plastered on the screen. His eyes are starting to wonder.

Wendy Looks at him - sees he is somewhere else other than the front room. She knows why.

WENDY

Miss her?

Riley snaps out of it, taking a second to answer.

RILEY

It's been a long time, "Sis."

Wendy nods in agreement.

WENDY

You ready to go?

RILEY

Yeah.

Picks the remote up off the chair - The image of Jessica flashes off the screen with a push of the power button.

Riley walks to the front door - taking his cowboy hat off the hat rack on his way out - followed by Wendy, who closes the door behind them.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - SAME - LATER

The parking lot is full of vehicles.

SUPER: UNITED STATES COURTHOUSE - AUSTIN, TEXAS

INT. COURTHOUSE - FUGITIVES INVESTIGATIONS

SUPER: LONE STAR FUGITIVE TASK FORCE UNIT

Four Marshals are standing near a table in the middle of the room. One woman, three men. One is Brice Harper We will get to know the others as REBECCA SANCHEZ, (32), Hispanic. MATT HAWSE, (25), Caucasian. JASON RICHARDS, (30), African American.

MATT

Did you all see that game last night?

JASON

How could we not?

MATT

What, You don't like watching the Longhorns?

JASON

They are overrated, man.

MATT

Overrated? Do you have a screw loose, Jason?

JASON

Not that I'm aware of.

MATT

The Longhorns are the Number one ranked team in the N-C-double-A

JASON

A system, which is obviously rigged.

Matt looks at the others.

MATT
Can you believe this guy?

BRICE
The man has a point, Matt.

MATT
What is this, a conspiracy against
the Longhorns?

REBECCA
Matt, I think that you might be a
little bit bias. Considering, that
you did graduate from the
University of Texas.

MATT
You too, huh, Rebecca?

She smiles.

MATT
I give up.

JASON
It's only football, Matt.

MATT
To you, Jason, it's only football.
To everyone, in Texas. It's a way
of life.

JASON
That, I'm beginning to see.

The door opens, as Jessica walks in, wearing a button-down
shirt, blue jeans, and boots.

JESSICA
Morning, all.

They all acknowledge as Jessica moves towards the table.

JESSICA
By now, you've already heard about
our fugitive.

BRICE
What do we know about him?

They all sit down at the table - Jessica picks up the remote from the table - points it at the wall screen. The screen turns on, displaying the booking photo of Vince Haggard.

JESSICA

Meet, Vince Haggard. He was convicted of bank robbery, and the murder of the bank manager. Yesterday afternoon, he was on the transport bus from Austin to the federal prison in Fort Worth, where he escaped from the bus.

JASON

What else do we know about him?

JESSICA

Rebecca?

REBECCA

He left home when he was seventeen, due to an abusive stepfather, who verbally and physically abused both him, and his mother. Actually, it was his mother who convinced him to get out. She convinced him that she would be all right. So he took off.

MATT

There has to be more to this guy than that. You said he had a stepfather. Where is the birth father?

REBECCA

He was sent to Huntsville for life. Seems he went on a drug-induced killing spree. Murdered five people in cold blood. He was sentenced to life without parole.

JASON

Maybe, we should go have us a chat. We may be able to can get a line on this kid.

REBECCA

No such luck. He died last year of a heart attack, while he was in the yard.

They all react.

JESSICA

Continue, please.

REBECCA

He soon found the wrong crowd. Started doing petty crimes that eventually lead to the killing of a man he robbed in an alley; when he was eighteen. Later, he tried to rob a woman at gunpoint, not realizing that she was an undercover cop on a stakeout.

MATT

Not the sharpest tool in the shed.

REBECCA

Actually, he was tested while he was in jail. And the test concluded that he has a very high IQ. But none of that mattered because He was convicted and spent three years in prison.

BRICE

Let me guess; when he got out he went back to doing what he did best despite the high IQ?

REBECCA

Up to when he tried to rob the bank and killed the manager.

JASON

Did the bank manager do something to provoke Haggard? Is that why he shot him?

REBECCA

According to the eyewitness accounts; they say that after he robbed the bank, on his way out he deliberately made a beeline for the manager who was standing nearby. They say that he looked the manager in the eye, smiled, then put two bullets into the managers head. Then laughed like the "Joker" as he ran out of the bank.

BRICE

Come again?

MATT
The "Joker?"

JASON
As in the insane clown character
from "Batman?"

REBECCA
Is there any other?

JESSICA
Bringing us to our present
situation.

BRICE
How do you escape from a prison
transport bus?

JESSICA
Simple. The bus was attacked in
route.

REBECCA
Who in their right mind would
attack a moving prison bus on the
interstate?

JESSICA
Maybe, no one. But the bus was not
traveling along the interstate. It
was highway 30, just outside Roans
Prairie, thirty minutes from
Huntsville.

BRICE
You said the bus was attacked? (off
Jessica's nod) Do we know by who?

Jessica taps the remote - the image of Cheyenne appears.

JESSICA
Meet the accomplice. One, Cheyenne
Applegate.

REBECCA
(jokingly)
Any relation to Jack Applegate?

JESSICA
As a matter-of-fact. She's his only
daughter.

Rebecca reacts.

BRICE
You're shittin' me?

JESSICA
Hardly.

JASON
Who is Jack Applegate?

REBECCA
One of the richest men in Texas.

BRICE
Made most of his money in oil. Then
started raising and selling cattle.

JESSICA
Has one, if not the biggest ranch
in the entire state of Texas.

MATT
She attacked the bus?

JESSICA
From the accounts of the inmates
that were caught. They all say;
that she drove up, started flashing
a smile, along with her cleavage
and legs. She sped up ahead, and
when they came around the bend, she
was waiting for them with an M-16
assault rifle. Then she proceeded
to blow out the radiator, along
with the tire. The next thing they
knew they were bouncing around like
a pinball.

REBECCA
And there were no witnesses to
this? Other than the convicts I
mean?

JESSICA
Not to the actual break. But, I
just finished talking to a couple
who came upon the scene after the
bus was disabled. They stopped to
take a video of the wreckage.
Little did they know that they
caught more than that. They got a
shot of Haggard and Applegate,
fleeing from the scene in the
Mustang.

BRICE

Do we have the video?

JESSICA

It is down at the lab. They are taking it from the phone as we speak.

MATT

She doesn't look like she could hurt a fly.

JASON

Do we know where they are headed?

JESSICA

Reports had them heading in the direction the bus came. But, wherever they are headed, they are going to need some traveling money. My bet is; they will try to rob something small, like a convenience store to try to stay off the radar as long as possible.

REBECCA

And hopefully, they won't leave any dead bodies along the way.

BRICE

I believe, that is what one would call wishful thinking, little lady.

MATT

I'll buy that for a dollar.

REBECCA

So, how does the daughter of a one of the most prominent families in Texas, get involved with a bank robber and murderer?

JESSICA

That's a real good question, Rebecca. What do you say; we go and ask him?

They all look at each other.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE

SUPER: HIGHWAY 67 - TWO MILES OUTSIDE BALLINGER

The parking lot is empty, except for a black 1969 Dodge Charger, parked in front of the store.

The Mustang pulls up, a few spaces from the charger.

INT. MUSTANG

Vince is looking over towards the charger.

VINCE

I hate Dodge Chargers. People who drive those damn things should be shot full of holes. The "General Lee" could never beat the "Double Zero."

CHEYENNE

Baby, it's only a TV show. You know that nothin' on four wheels could ever beat a Mustang.

Vince looks at her - smiles - looks towards the store.

Cell phone rings.

Cheyenne pulls her phone from her pocket - looks at the phone.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN - SHOWING THE NAME "DADDY."

VINCE

Who's that?

CHEYENNE

No one important.

VINCE

It's your father, isn't it?

CHEYENNE

Like I said. No one important.

VINCE

You ready, darlin?'

Tosses her phone on the dash.

CHEYENNE

Let's do it, baby.

They both get out of the car - Vince puts on his black leather jacket. They walk towards the store.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE

A man wearing a black suit, black tie, carrying two six-packs of Corona. Followed by a pretty blond girl wearing a green tank top, cutoff shorts, carrying two bags of nacho cheese Doritos. They are walking towards the counter.

Vince walks in, followed by Cheyenne. They walk towards the counter, as the couple reaches the counter. Vince looks him up and down.

VINCE

Is that your Charger, outside?

MAN

Yeah, it is. You like it?

VINCE

Not really, no.

Vince reaches under both sides of his jacket, pulling out his twin Beretta nine-millimeters from his shoulder holsters. Without a second thought, he fires seven times between both pistols. The bullets slam through the six-pack that the man is holding.

The bottles explode, as the man yells out - stumbles back - slamming into a snack rack - falls to the floor. The girl screams as she looks at the lifeless body on the floor.

Cheyenne walks up to the girl - pulls out her Beretta from underneath her shirt. The girl stops screaming - looks at Cheyenne, as if she knows what is about to take place. She starts backing up slowly shaking her head, as if she is pleading for her life.

Cheyenne points the gun at her as their eyes continue to make contact. She pulls the trigger. The bullet slams into her chest as she is thrown back a few feet from the impact, where she slams into the glass door of the cooler shattering the glass and landing face first on the floor.

Cheyenne is Looking at the body - looks towards the aisles - calmly walks down the aisle - takes a small box from the shelf - calmly walks towards the customer bathroom - goes inside, closing the door.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - BATHROOM - SAME

Cheyenne lays the Beretta on the sink - opens the box, taking out the device from the box - walks to the toilet - pulls down her pants to take a pee - puts the device between her legs - starts to pee.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - COUNTER - SAME

The clerk is in shock, as he sees the two lifeless bodies on the blood-soaked floor.

Vince walks up to the counter - points both pistols at him.

VINCE

Put all the money from the register
in a paper bag, and make it fast.

The clerk fumbles with the register to get it open.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - BATHROOM - SAME

Cheyenne is standing in front of the sink - looking at the device - no emotion on her face at all.

INSERT - DEVICE SHOWS THE BLUE PLUS SIGN FOR POSITIVE - IT IS A PREGNANCY TEST.

Cheyenne Looks up from the device into the mirror at the reflection staring back at her. Again no emotion.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - SAME

Vince is looking at the clerk, getting very impatient.

VINCE

Come on, dude!

The clerk is very nervous.

Cheyenne Calmly walks out of the bathroom - Takes a hand basket from the rack - starts filling it up with snakes. Walks down the aisle - looks to her left - picks up a pregnancy test box, puts it in the basket, continues walking.

The clerk is putting the cash in the bag - hands the bag to Vince.

VINCE

Do you believe that there is a God
in heaven?

CLERK

Yes.

VINCE

That's good. That's real good.

Without warning, Vince pumps four bullets into the clerk's chest. The clerk slams into the counter behind him - falls to the floor. Vince smiles - turns, looks towards Cheyenne, he sees Cheyenne with an arm full of snack food, soda, and beer. She walks up to Vince.

CHEYENNE

"Munchies." For the road.

Vince smiles - they both walk out of the store leaving the dead bodies behind them without a care in the world.

EXT. TWO-STORY RANCH HOUSE

A black SUV pulls up in front of the gate - the gate slowly opens - the SUV moves past the gate and up the driveway.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - STUDY

A man is sitting at his desk, in front of the computer screen typing on the keyboard. This is JACK APPLGATE, (55), salt and pepper hair, wearing a white button down shirt - no tie.

The door opens, as a woman steps in.

WOMAN

Sir, you wanted me to inform you as soon as the Marshals arrived.

JACK

Show them in, Maria.

She steps to the side of the door, looks to her right - motions. Jessica walks in, followed by Rebecca. Maria closes the door, leaving the room as Jack continues typing

JACK

Please, ladies, have a seat.

Jessica and Rebecca walk up to the desk - they sit down in the two chairs in front of the desk.

JACK

It will be just a few minutes;
while I finish up this speech.

Puts on the finishing touches.

JACK

There. That should do it.

He looks up from his computer towards the two women.

JACK

Just finished my speech I am giving tomorrow night at the Texas business man's banquet.

(stands)

I am one of the award finalists for the business man of the year.

JESSICA/REBECCA

Congratulations.

JACK

Thank you.

Walks to the liquor cabinet.

JACK

Could I offer you, ladies, a drink?

JESSICA

No, thank you, Mr. Applegate. We are on duty.

JACK

Of course. And please, call me Jack.

He proceeds to fix himself a drink.

JACK

Now, on the phone, you said that this visit has something to do with my daughter, Cheyenne?

JESSICA

I will come right to the point. How much do you know of Cheyenne's involvement with Vince Haggard?

His demeanor quickly changes at the sound of the name.

JACK

Let me stop you right there, Marshal.

He turns - looks at them.

JACK

My people have already informed me, about what happened with the transport bus.

JESSICA

Your people?

JACK

Yes, people that I have to run my business and family affairs.

REBECCA

Then, you already know that --

JACK

Cheyenne was involved? Yes. My people do an excellent job in making sure that I am well informed of anything before anyone else has a chance to break the news to me.

JESSICA

I can see that.

JACK

I suppose that you are here to officially tell me that you are on the case, and preparing to track them down?

JESSICA

Yes, Sir.

JACK

Well, I appreciate your willingness, Marshals, to risk your lives; just to hunt down that no good son-of-a-bitch, Haggard.

REBECCA

I wouldn't call it willingness, Mr. Applegate. We are just doing our jobs.

JACK

None-the-less, he is not worth it.

REBECCA

That may be, but we still have to catch him.

JESSICA

When was the last time you spoke to Cheyenne?

JACK

Cheyenne and I are not on the best of speaking terms at the moment. Truth is; we haven't been for over a year. Ever since...

JESSICA
Since what, Mr. Applegate?

NANCY (O.S.)
Tell them, Jack.

They all look back towards the voice and see NANCY APPLGATE,
(52), a very attractive woman for her age.

She is standing in the doorway.

NANCY
Tell them. Tell them, Jack.

He walks towards his desk.

JACK
It all started in her senior year
of high school.

Stops in front of the chair.

JACK
He was a damn dropout, but he would
sneak back onto the campus to see
her. I knew he was no good, from
the moment, she brought him here to
meet us.

JESSICA
Did you tell this to her?

JACK
Several times. But, she was young,
and she could not see where we were
coming from. She could not see that
he was no good.

JESSICA
You said; that he would sneak on
campus to see her. How did you
know?

He is reluctant to say.

JESSICA
Mr. Applegate, anything you can
tell us.

He sits down at his desk.

JACK
I was in my office when my wife
called. She was very upset.
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

She said that the school called her, and told her that Cheyenne was caught having sex under the bleachers with this, Vince Haggard when she should have been in class. The school suspended her for a month. And she was forbidden by her mother and me, to ever see him again. And it seemed to have worked... for a while.

REBECCA

What do you mean?

JACK

After her suspension was over, she seemed to do better in school. She even joined the cheerleading squad. Then, one night during the homecoming game, it all came to a head.

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - BLEACHERS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The bleachers are full of fans. Jack and Nancy are sitting on the front row watching high school band play.

JACK (V.O.)

It seemed to all be going good. The team was kicking the crap out of the opponent. Then, I looked over towards the end of the bleacher section near the exit. That's when I saw them.

JACK

I don't believe this!

NANCY

What?

JACK

Take a look.

Nancy looks at him - looks in the direction that he is pointing. She sees Cheyenne standing next to the fence wearing her cheerleader outfit. She is talking to Vince.

JACK

This shit ends, tonight.

He stands up - walks towards them, followed by Nancy.

NANCY
Jack, don't lose your temper.

EXT. FENCE

Cheyenne and Vince are talking - they are holding hands and laughing.

JACK (O.S.)
Cheyenne!

They look to their left.

VINCE
Shit.

They see both Applegate's walking towards them.

JACK
What the hell is going on here?

CHEYENNE
Nothing. We're just talking.

NANCY
You don't need to hold hands to talk.

They stop a few feet away from them.

JACK
You're supposed to be with your squad. Not over here wasting your time with the likes of him.

CHEYENNE
It is halftime. And I am not wasting my time. He is my boyfriend. I am allowed to have a boyfriend, aren't I?

JACK
Not him.

CHEYENNE
What are you trying to say, Daddy?

VINCE
I think what he is trying to say, darlin,' is that he thinks that I am not good enough for you. Isn't that right?

JACK

There is no thinking about it.

CHEYENNE

Well, I love him, Daddy.

NANCY

Cheyenne, you have no idea what love is.

CHEYENNE

Yes, I do, mother.

JACK

Infatuation and love, are two different things, little girl.

CHEYENNE

Daddy -

JACK

No more discussion. Now, you get back over there with your squad, or you can get in the car, and I'll drive you home. The choice is yours.

CHEYENNE

But, daddy -

JACK

The choice-is-yours, Cheyenne!

She looks at him with hatred in her eyes.

VINCE

Go on, darlin.' I will see you later.

They kiss. Cheyenne runs back towards her squad.

VINCE

You can't stop us from seeing each other.

JACK

That is where you are wrong, Haggard. This little "relationship." It all ends, tonight. If I see you anywhere near my daughter, I will have charges brought on you so fast, that it will make your head spin.

VINCE
Charges for what?

JACK
How about having sex with an underage girl for starters. And I can think up a lot more. I am a very influential man in this state. I have some very powerful friends in high places. So, believe me, I can make the charges stick. So unless you want to spend some serious jail time for that, don't you ever come near her again. Do I make myself clear?

VINCE
You're a real piece of work, man. No wonder Cheyenne found her way into my bed.

Jack starts to take a step towards Vince

NANCY
(grabs his arm)
Jack.

Jack is staring a hole right through Vince. Vince smirks - slowly shakes his head, turns and walks away.

JACK (V.O.)
I truly thought that it was over.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - STUDY - END FLASHBACK

Jack is sitting at his desk - staring into his glass.

JACK
Hell, it seemed to be over. She got her act together. Graduated, and got a full scholarship to Texas. I really thought she was doing well.

Nancy is sitting on the love seat.

NANCY
Of course, you would.

He looks at her.

JACK
What the hell does that mean?

NANCY

You never wanted her to have a relationship with anyone, unless you approved of it first hand, Jack.

JACK

That is not true.

NANCY

Isn't it? What about that boy from Austin?

JACK

You mean, Paul Swanson's son?

NANCY

You do remember.

JACK

Of course, I remember. Paul Swanson was trying to get his fat grubby hands on my contracts for the biggest beef supplier in Texas. He used his own son to spy on me. I was just protecting, Cheyenne.

NANCY

Don't hand me that. Your little conspiracy theory was just that. A theory. You had no proof. Cheyenne couldn't wait long enough to get out of this house and get away from you. Why do you think she went to college? To get an education? She went there to get away from you, Jack!

Jack looks at her like someone had just slapped him across the face. Jessica is watching this all godown, and she begins to understand that Nancy Applegate is Cheyenne's ally.

JESSICA

Ma'am, when was the last time you spoke to your daughter?

Nancy looks at Jessica and sees that she understands.

NANCY

Three hours ago.

Jack can't believe what he has just heard.

JACK

That is just great! When were you going to tell me?

NANCY

I wasn't, Jack.

Jack is more furious as he gets up - walks to the liquor cabinet - starts pouring himself another drink. Nancy turns her attention to the marshals.

NANCY

Cheyenne is a good girl that has just gotten in over her head, Marshals.

JESSICA

Ma'am, what exactly did Cheyenne tell you?

NANCY

She was doing fine.

REBECCA

Is that all?

Jessica knows that she is not telling everything.

JESSICA

Mrs. Applegate, we want to be able to bring Cheyenne out of this as soon as possible, and home to you. So it is imperative that you tell us everything that she told you.

Jack Turns towards her.

JACK

For God-sake, Nancy, tell them what they want to know! The time for secrets is over!

She looks at Jack - turns her attention to Jessica.

NANCY

She told me these things in confidence. I am her mother; and it is my job to protect her.

JESSICA

I understand that Ma'am, believe me, I do. But if you really want to protect her, then you must tell us everything that she told you.

NANCY

She said; that she had done a very
terrible thing in the heat of a
moment.

REBECCA

Did she mention what she had done?

Nancy shakes her head "no."

JESSICA

Did she mention where she was?

NANCY

They were a few miles outside of
Ballinger, heading towards
Presidio.

REBECCA

Ballinger is on, sixty-seven.

JESSICA

Almost, a straight shot to
Presidio.

REBECCA

Mexico?

JESSICA

That would be my guess.

NANCY

I need you to find her and bring
our daughter home safely.

REBECCA

We have our best people working on
it, Ma'am.

JESSICA

Make no mistake about it, Mrs.
Applegate, we will find them.

REBECCA

But, unfortunately, we can never
guarantee someone's safety.

NANCY

What does that mean, exactly?

JESSICA

Vince Haggard is a stone cold
killer, Ma'am. Our guess is that he
will kill again.

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

The question is when we find him, and he realizes that he has no other way out, will Cheyenne remain a willing participant, or become another victim of Vince Haggard?

NANCY

Cheyenne would never intentionally hurt anyone.

JACK

That we know of. (off Nancy's look) What kind of hold does Haggard have over Cheyenne?

NANCY

I will not allow myself to think that my own daughter would go out of her way; and murder someone in cold blood!

REBECCA

Unfortunately, that is a concept that we may have to face, Mrs. Applegate. Vince Haggard is a very smooth talker. And Cheyenne is just unstable emotionally enough; to follow him down whatever path he decides to take.

JESSICA

I'm afraid that is the way of it, Ma'am.

NANCY

Dear God. What has she gotten herself into?

Jessica and Rebecca stand.

JESSICA

We will do everything that we can. You have my word.

NANCY

Thank-you.

JESSICA

We'll see ourselves out.

They walk out of the study, as Jack watches them leave.

JACK

Whatever is in their power may not be powerful enough.

NANCY

What are you talking about, Jack?

JACK

They can only do so much within the boundaries of the law. We may need someone who does not live by those boundaries.

NANCY

Jack, what have you done?

JACK

I have taken the liberty of hiring a guy, who is good at tracking down and finding people. For a price.

NANCY

Jack, are you talking about hiring a bounty hunter?

JACK

We need a man with the tracking scent of a bloodhound. A man that is sly as a fox, and just as cunning. We need the best.

NANCY

Jack, you can't just install someone into a federal fugitive manhunt.

JACK

Nancy, do you want our daughter to become a murderer, as well?

NANCY

That may already be out of our hands, Jack.

JACK

Perhaps. But at least, we can make an effort to try to make sure that she does not wind up on the same path as that son-of-a-bitch, Vince Haggard.

Jack walks to his desk - sits down, picks up the receiver - dials a number.

JACK
(into receiver)
It's Jack Applegate. I have some
Information for you. But first, you
have to know that the Marshals are
now on the hunt as well.
Specifically, the fugitive recovery
task force.

EXT. VAN - PARKED

A black Ford Econo-line van is parked under a train bridge on
a dirt road.

INT. VAN - CAB

A man is sitting behind the wheel wearing cowboy attire. We
will call him ZACH TANNER, 30ish. Ruggedly handsome.

His cell held to his ear.

TANNER
(into cell)
I thought they might get involved
before this was all said and dried.

INSERT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

JACK
You sound like you're worried. I
thought I hired the best?

TANNER
You did. But only a fool would not
be concerned about the Marshals.
Especially those Marshals. I heard
that they are like pit bulls.
Especially, the one in charge.

JACK
I am preparing to fax you
information as to where they are
heading. Maybe you can beat them to
the target.

TANNER
No "maybe's" about it.

JACK
Remember, all I want is my daughter
returned home safe and sound. And
Haggard in a very deep hole.

TANNER

Isn't that what you are paying me for, Applegate?

JACK

Far be it for me to tell you how to do your job, Tanner -

TANNER

Very, far be it. Don't worry, Applegate, you'll get your corpse.

He ends the call - tosses the phone on the dash.

TANNER

Asshole.

He gets up - walks between the two seats through the curtain that separates the back from the cab.

EXT. SUV - TRAVELING - FREEWAY

The SUV is flowing with the nightly freeway traffic.

INT. SUV

Rebecca is driving. Jessica is sitting in the passenger seat. Rebecca looks at Jessica. She sees Jessica look to be in deep thought.

REBECCA

Penny for your thoughts.

Jessica comes out of the trance, looking at Rebecca.

JESSICA

What?

REBECCA

You looked like you were in deep thought. Want to tell me about it?

JESSICA

It's nothing really; I was just thinking that I sort of know how Cheyenne feels.

REBECCA

About?

JESSICA

Feeling like her only option out was to run away with Haggard.

REBECCA

Sounds like you almost made the same choice once.

JESSICA

Almost. My father ruled with a heavy hand, such as Applegate. There was just one rule in our house. Whatever Dad said; went.

REBECCA

Looks like you survived, though, without running off with a known killer.

JESSICA

Yeah, I survived. But, if I learned anything from my father, it was independence. My father was a "get the job done, no-matter-what the cost, or who stood in your way" type of guy. So, that is what I have always done ever since I became a Marshal. And being a woman on top of that in a "guys world." I figured I needed to be that much tougher than the next guy... I guess that is why my luck with men has not turned out to be the best in the world.

REBECCA

Well, don't worry, I am sure that there is a guy right now, out there somewhere in Texas. And he is waiting for you to come to his rescue.

JESSICA

And tomorrow, the sky will fall right into my lap, right?

REBECCA

Hey, stranger things have happened.

They both smile.

EXT. SUV - TRAVELING - FREEWAY

The SUV exits the freeway via the off ramp.

INT. HOUSE - DARK

The front door opens - Riley walks in - flips on the light switch next to the door - closes the door - walks towards the kitchen, as he takes off his holster, sitting on the kitchen counter.

Steps to the refrigerator, pulling out a bottle of Corona. Walks into the living room, sitting down in his recliner - picks up the remote pointing it at the TV. The image of a female anchor appears.

ANCHOR

(into camera)

In other news, this evening, The hunt for escaped convict Vince Haggard is still in progress. The fugitive task force, led by Deputy United States Marshal Jessica Houston,

The image of Jessica appears in the upper right-hand corner of the screen, as Riley stares hard at the image.

ANCHOR (O.S.)

Promises that Haggard and his accomplice, Cheyenne Applegate, will be apprehended within the week.

INT. DINER - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Riley and Jessica are sitting in a booth, finishing their supper.

RILEY

Jessica, I still don't understand why you think that you have to leave.

JESSICA

Out of all the people in this town; I thought, that you would be the only one that would understand, Riley.

RILEY

Maybe, I do. But that don't mean I have to accept it.

JESSICA

I have to get away from this town.

RILEY

This town? Or your father?

She looks at him - realizing that he really does understand.

JESSICA

If it wasn't for you, Riley, I don't know what I would have done.

RILEY

Then let me come with you. We can be together.

JESSICA

I have to do this on my own, Riley.

RILEY

Of course, you do. That damn independence of yours... Where will you go? What will you do?

JESSICA

I don't know. (Jokingly) Maybe, I'll join the Marshal Service.

RILEY

Seriously?

JESSICA

Yeah, right. Could you picture me as a United States Marshal?

Thinking about it.

RILEY

I could. And you know what? You'd make one hell of a Marshal.

Jessica smiles.

JESSICA

Thank-you, for everything that you have done for me, Riley. And for being such a good friend. My best friend.

She reaches out - places her hand on his - they look into each other's eyes. There are obvious sparks between them. However, neither one says a word. They just continue to gaze at each other.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - END FLASHBACK

Riley takes the remote, turning off the TV - stands up - walks out of the room.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MORNING

SUPER: SECOND DAY

Three sheriff cars, along with three ambulances are sitting in the parking lot, with emergency lights flashing. The charger is still in the parking lot. Two black SUV's pull into the parking lot, stopping next to a Sheriff cruiser.

All members of the task force get out, walk towards the store. The paramedics roll out all three gurneys.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Several uniform cops are inside - the forensic team is looking around the scene. The team goes into the store, lead by Jessica. They look around.

SHERIFF (O.S.)

You must be the Marshal's from Austin.

Jessica turns to her left. She sees the Sheriff Walking towards them. A man who by the looks of his body language is not at all pleased to see them.

JESSICA

That's right. Deputy Marshal Jessica Houston. This is -

SHERIFF

I don't recall asking for any introductions.

She is taken back by surprise.

JESSICA

Just trying to be friendly, Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Look around you, Marshal. I don't feel like being friendly, today.

JESSICA

Fair enough, Sheriff. What can you tell us, about what happened?

SHERIFF

I'm sure that you can figure that one out by yourself, lady.

Brice has had enough.

BRICE

Listen, you rude, mother fu -

JESSICA

Brice!

Brice looks at her - then looks at the sheriff.

BRICE

Just answer the damn question.

The sheriff looks at Brice, realizing that he is not someone that he wants to mess with.

SHERIFF

All we know right now; is what we were able to pull from the surveillance tape.

REBECCA

So you've seen it?

Sheriff nods his head "yes."

REBECCA

Was it all caught on tape?

SHERIFF

From the moment, they got here, 'till the moment, they left.

JASON

We're going to need that tape, sheriff.

SHERIFF

If you want to see it; you'll have to come to the station. It is on the way there now to be logged into evidence.

BRICE

No one told you that the Marshals service gets all the evidence relating to this?

SHERIFF

I was told. I just really don't give a fuck.

JESSICA

Excuse me?

SHERIFF

I don't need no damn Marshal screwing with my case.

MATT

Your case?

Sheriff looks at Matt.

BRICE

You arrogant, "hick," son-of-a-bitch. This has been our case, ever since Haggard escaped from that prison bus.

They stare hard at each other.

JESSICA

Without running the risk of offending you, Sheriff. You will go back to your station with a member of my team. Once there, you will personally hand that tape over to them. If not, ... I will have absolutely no qualms about slapping an obstruction of justice charge on your ass. Do I make myself perfectly clear, (sarcastically) Sheriff?

(off his "yes")

Good. Cause the last thing I want between our two departments, is any misunderstandings.

She sarcastically taps him twice on the shoulder.

JESSICA

Brice, ride along with the "good sheriff, here, and explain to him the importance of sharing. We will pick you up once we are through looking over things here.

Jessica and the rest of the team continue on through the store. The sheriff is fuming.

BRICE

Ain't she a pistol?

Sheriff looks at Brice. Pure hate in his eyes. Brice motions for him to lead the way. Sheriff heads for the door. Brice gives a sly smile - follows him out.

INT/EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS - VINCE AND CHEYENNE CARRY-ON

A). Vince and Cheyenne are in a pawn shop looking at rings. Vince slides a ring on her finger - she smiles.

B). Vince and Cheyenne are standing in front of a Justice of the peace. Vince slides the ring on her finger - they kiss.

C). Cheyenne runs out of a liquor store, gun in hand - Vince blazing away with his twin Beretta's as he backs out of the store, runs off.

D). Vince and Cheyenne are riding in the Mustang, top down. Cheyenne's blond hair blowing in the wind, as they look at each other and smile.

EXT. SMALL DINER - DAY

The words: FILL 'EM UP, HEAD 'EM OUT is hanging on the front of the building.

SUPER: HIGHWAY 67 - JUST OUTSIDE BIG LAKE

The diner sits all alone, on the side of a two-lane country road. The parking lot is rather much empty - three vehicles in total, including the Mustang convertible. The top is down.

INT. DINER

The only people in the diner are two separate couples who are sitting in separate booths, eating. Vince and Cheyenne, who are sitting on the middle stools at the counter. Both eating cheeseburgers and fries.

A waitress that looks a lot like the TV waitress Flo. As a-matter-of-fact, the name on her tag reads "FLO." She even has a southern drawl.

She is behind the counter, towards the end - spraying down the counter with disinfectant. Vince finishes off the soda in his glass - looks towards Flo. Holds up the glass.

VINCE

Pardon me, Ma'am. Could I get a
refill on this Dr. Pepper, please?

FLO

Sure thing, Hun.

She sits the bottle on the counter - wipes her hands, as she walks towards Vince.

EXT. TWO-LANE BLACKTOP ROAD

A dirt covered Ford F-150 4x4 truck, equipped with a roll bar and KC lights, comes down the road at a high rate of speed, barely slowing down, as it veers off the pavement, into the dirt parking lot of the diner. Coming to a skidding halt.

Both cab doors fly open, as three "redneck" looking brothers get out of the truck, laughing and horsing around.

BROTHER #1 is wearing a red cowboy shirt, with the sleeves cut off at the shoulder. Blue jeans, boots camouflage baseball cap with the phrase "GIT 'ER DONE" in the center.

BROTHER #2 is wearing a white T-shirt with the Confederate flag on the front with the words "SOUTHERN BORN SOUTHERN BREED." Blue jeans, boots.

BROTHER #3 wears a light blue cowboy shirt, blue jeans, black cowboy hat, and boots.

Brother #1 admires the Mustang, as they head toward the door.

Tanner walks around the corner, as he cautiously walks up to the Mustang - stops next to the rear - pulls out a small tracking device from inside his jacket. Looks around to make sure that the coast is clear - sticks the device under the quarter panel. Looks around a second time - casually walks away.

INT. DINER

The door opens - the brothers walk in.

BROTHER #1
Howdy, Flo!

Flo is filling the glass - she looks around. She rolls her eyes in disgust.

BROTHER #1
Who owns that Mustang? Nobody from around here, I'm sure.

Looks around - he sees Vince and Cheyenne sitting at the counter, eating. The brothers casually walk towards the counter - a man walks out from the kitchen. (55), wearing a greasy white T-shirt. Holding a spatula. He is the Owner.

MAN
We don't want any trouble out of you three, today!

BROTHER #1
Shut the hell up, Charlie! Get back in the kitchen, and cook us up some of that slop you call "food."

Charlie cusses under his breath, as he goes back into the kitchen. Flo walks over towards Vince with the fresh glass of soda.

Brother #2 hops over the counter, in front of Flo, stopping her progress.

BROTHER #1
(to Vince)
Let me guess. I bet you're from the city, ain't ya? You can always tell a city boy by his hair style. You see, we don't like hair like yours. Them long sideburns just ain't natural.. Does that Mustang out front belong to you, city boy?

Vince ignores him, as he continues eating.

Brother #2 Smiling - looks at Flo as she is bringing the soda to Vince.

BROTHER #2
Thanks for the soda pop, Flo.

He takes the glass - looks at it.

BROTHER #2
I sure am thirsty.

Brother #1 and brother #3 are sitting on the counter, watching and enjoying the moment. Brother #2 starts to take a drink.

VINCE
That belongs to me.

Brother #2 stops - Brothers #1 and #3 look towards Vince. Brother #2 slowly looks towards Vince.

BROTHER #2
My brother, asked you a question, slick. Does that Mustang belong to you?

Vince continues eating, not looking at anyone.

VINCE
It's my Mustang.

BROTHER #2
That's a mighty fine machine. We'll take it.

Vince takes a bite of his cheeseburger.

VINCE
It's not for sale.

Brother #2 looks at his brothers - they all start laughing.

BROTHER #2
City boys are priceless! Ain't they?

VINCE
Did I say something, amusing?

BROTHER #2
I think you have misunderstood my meaning, slick. I wasn't offering to buy it from ya. I was telling you that we are going to take it from ya.

Vince is about to take another bite - stops. For the first time. He looks at Brother #2.

VINCE
I wouldn't advise that.

Brother #2 starts laughing.

BROTHER #2

Slick, do you know who we are? Flo knows who we are, don't ya, Flo?

FLO

Look, we don't want no trouble in here. We just got the place fixed up from the last time.

Brother #2 stops laughing. Slowly looks back at Flo.

BROTHER #2

Relax. (to Vince) Now, what was it that you said to me, Slick? You wouldn't advise it? Did I get that right? 'Cause, I wouldn't want to misquote ya.

CHEYENNE

Look, all we want to do is eat our meal in peace. Then we'll be on our way. So just let us be.

BROTHER #2

(to Cheyenne)

Now, why in the hell would we want to do that for, Sweet thing?

VINCE

'Cause if you don't, you're gonna force me to kill ya. Now, I have no problems sticking by gun up your "red-neck" ass and pulling the trigger in front of all these people. The question is; do you have a problem with me sticking my gun up your "red-neck" ass and pulling the trigger in front of all these people?

Brother #2 is taken back a little from what he has just heard. Does not know what to say - Looks at his brothers who are shocked as well.

BROTHER #2

(to Vince)

That is pretty bold talk for a city boy, wouldn't you say,
(tapping him on the shoulder) Slick?

Vince is about to take a bite of his burger.

VINCE
Don't touch me, again.

BROTHER #2
Oooh. Hear that boys? I think we've
hit a nerve.

BROTHER #1
Is that right, city boy? Did we hit
a nerve?

FLO
Why don't you boys just leave them
alone?

BROTHER #3
Shut-up, Flo!

BROTHER #2
Yeah, Flo. We're just having a bit
of fun with the city boy. Ain't
that right, (taps him on the
shoulder) Slick?

Vince slowly locks his gaze on brother #2. Brother #2 sees
Vince.

BROTHER #2
What? What are you going to do
about it?

He starts to reach out to touch Vince again. But he won't get
a third chance. Vince grabs his arm - jerks it as he yells
out. Vince stands - punches him in the stomach - slams his
head into the counter top three times with lightning quick
speed- pulls out his Beretta - putting it to the head of the
brother. Vince gets a real crazy look on his face.

VINCE
I told you not to touch me, again.

Brother #1 slowly slides from the counter.

BROTHER #1
Hey, turn him loose.

VINCE
Or what?

Brother #1 pulls out a butterfly knife from his pocket -
opens it - walks up behind Cheyenne grabs her shoulder -
putting it against her throat. Cheyenne's eyes widen in
surprise.

BROTHER #1

Unless, you want to see what the
inside of this bitch's throat looks
like.

Vince looks at him, keeping the gun against the brother's
head.

VINCE

You know; there are a lot of things
that my lady doesn't like. And
being called a "bitch" is the one
she hates the most.

BROTHER #1

Yeah? Well, I don't give a Shit!

VINCE

How about that, honey? He doesn't
give a Shit.

Cheyenne slightly smiles - grabs the brother's wrist - twists
the wrist as he screams in pain dropping the knife to the
floor. Still holding his wrist, Cheyenne kicks him in the
stomach. Three times. Roundhouse kicks him in the face. He
drops to the floor.

Vince is Watching with a smile. Glances down at Brother #2

VINCE

Two years of karate classes. Not
bad, huh?

Cheyenne Walks back to her stool. As the brother slowly
stands. Looking at her.

BROTHER #1

You want to try that again, you
bitch!

Cheyenne stops - reaches behind her back - pulling the
Beretta out from under her vest - turns, and without
hesitation puts four slugs into his chest as stumbles back
slamming into the wall. He slides down the wall coming to a
sitting position on the floor.

Brother #3 hops off the counter - runs for the door. Cheyenne
points her Beretta at him.

CHEYENNE

Hold it, Cowboy!

Stopping him in his tracks. By this time, the other customers
are sitting in the booths. Looking at the commotion.

They are visibly scared. Charlie comes running out of the back after hearing the shots.

CHARLIE

What the hell is going on?

He looks and sees Brother #1 on the floor deader than a doornail.

VINCE

Charlie, you come on over and stand by Flo, there.

Charlie stands next to Flo.

Vince Still holding the gun to the head of brother #2 - casually chewing down the rest of his cheeseburger staring hard at him.

VINCE

Now, I think that someone owes my girl an apology for being so downright rude. Now, it's obvious that "Shit head" over there can't do it, because... well, his ass is dead. So, that leaves one of you two, "good 'ol boys."

Brother #2 stares up at Vince with a look of defiance.

VINCE

Defiance, huh?

Vince picks up his burger - takes a bite.

VINCE

All right, I will tell you how this is going to go down. I am going to count to five. If no one has apologized to my girl, the love of my life. (off her pleased reaction) Then, one of you is going to die.

Flo looks at Vince with a surprised look. Brother #2 is still defiant.

VINCE

One,... Two,... Three,...

FLO

Hun, you don't have to do this.

VINCE

But, I do.

FLO

Why?

VINCE

Just call it... a matter of principle. Now, where was I?

Cheyenne is eager to help remind him.

CHEYENNE

Three, baby.

VINCE

Right, three. Thank ya, ' darlin.'
(to brother #2) Four,... Last chance there, boy.

Brother #3 Getting concerned.

BROTHER #3

Apologize, damn it, or, I will!

Brother #2 is still defiant.

VINCE

Damn, you are one stubborn, redneck... five.

BROTHER #3

All right! We're sorry! Sorry, we were rude to your Lady!

CHEYENNE

His wife.

BROTHER #3

(to Cheyenne)
What?

CHEYENNE

His wife.

Showing her ring.

BROTHER #3

(to Vince)
Your wife. Now please, take that gun off my brother.

Vince pulls the Beretta away from the head of brother #2.

VINCE

See. That wasn't so hard, now was it.

Brother #2 slowly stands - looks at the dead body of his brother on the ground - looks at Vince.

BROTHER #3
Let's go, Lucas!

His gaze is still on Vince.

BROTHER #2
You'd better pray that our paths
never cross again. Cause if'n they
do, you and your little whore wife
are going to very s ---

Without hesitation, Vince quickly raises the Beretta - pulls the trigger. The bullet slams him in the forehead, knocking him into the counter as he falls face first onto the floor.

Cheyenne Looking back at Vince - a smile on her face.

Brother #3 Being young and foolish is scared out of his mind - the only thing he can think of is to run. So he does.

Vince Looks at Cheyenne, then sees the brother heading for the door.

VINCE
We have a runner!

Cheyenne quickly turns forward - sees him running for the door. Cheyenne points her Beretta towards the brother - fires four times into his back - he pitches forward and crashes through the window, landing on the sidewalk.

Flo runs to the window - looks outside. She sees the lifeless body laying face first on the sidewalk surrounded by glass.

Flo Turns - facing Cheyenne.

FLO
That was uncalled for!

CHEYENNE
He was trying to get away. He left
me no choice.

FLO
Perhaps, he felt the same way.

Flo walks back to the counter - Vince is standing next to the stool, finishing his cheeseburger.

VINCE

That was a damn good cheeseburger, Charlie. (to Cheyenne) Didn't you think that was a damn good cheeseburger, baby?

CHEYENNE

Oh, a damn good cheeseburger.

Vince nods in agreement.

VINCE

I think that we should be on our way, though. Wouldn't want a cop to show up, now would we?

CHEYENNE

He doesn't play very well with cops.

VINCE

However, before we leave this fine establishment. I think that we could use a little travelin' money. (to Cheyenne) Wouldn't you say, sweetie?

CHEYENNE

Most defiantly, baby.

Vince nods.

VINCE

Flo, why don't you fill up a "to-go" bag, with all the money from the register?

Hands a bag to Cheyenne.

VINCE

Darlin,' take a donation from the rest of these fine folks. Then we'll be on our way.

Cheyenne walks to the customers. Flo looks at him.

VINCE

Now.

Flo takes a step towards the register.

CHARLIE

Flo, don't you dare!

They all look at Charlie.

FLO
What?

CHARLIE
I'm not giving my money to this,
"hoodlum!"

FLO
Charlie!

CHARLIE
I have been pushed around long
enough!

VINCE
Now is not the best of times for
you to start developing a backbone,
Charlie.

CHARLIE
You have made a "bloody mess" out
of my diner. I will probably have
to close down for weeks until I fix
everything. You are just a punk!
And I am not giving you one mother
fu --!

Suddenly! Four slugs RIP into Charlie's chest, as he is violently thrown backward into the back counter and into the stack of plastic glasses that fall, along with Charlie to the floor.

Vince Looks to his left. He sees Cheyenne holding out her Beretta. She has just blown Charlie away. Cheyenne looks at Vince.

CHEYENNE
I was getting tired of hearing him
"rant and rave."

Flo is kneeling down beside Charlie. She knows he is dead. She is beside herself.

FLO
How could you just kill him like
that, in cold-blood? He did nothing
to you! Charlie was a good, and
decent man! You should not have
done that to --

Cheyenne has heard enough.

CHEYENNE

Shut the hell up, bitch! (moving towards Flo) Get your ass over to that register, and give us all the cash. Now!

Flo is very intimidated - she quickly goes to the register - opens it, taking out all the money and putting it in a paper bag. She hands the bag to Cheyenne. Cheyenne takes the bag - holds it up. Her and Vince smile at each other.

Her smile fades, as she looks over at Flo. Flo must have an idea of what is about to happen. She becomes very, very, afraid. Vince looks at the others in the diner - Vince and Cheyenne make eye contact.

EXT. DINER

It is deathly quiet. You could hear a pin drop... until. Gunfire is heard, along with screams! The murder spree continues in West Texas.

INT. COURTHOUSE - MARSHALS HEADQUARTERS - LATER

The team is sitting around the table, looking at the surveillance video of the convenience store murders. Cheyenne shoots the girl.

JASON

Damn, she's cold. Without hesitation.

BRICE

Then she goes to take a leak like nothing happened.

MATT

She enjoyed it, too.

They continue watching the video. They see Vince pump bullets into the clerk.

MATT

No remorse. Using both guns to kill him.

REBECCA

Hatred?

MATT

For who?

JESSICA

Jack Applegate.

MATT

Why him?

JESSICA

He was the one, who forced them to stay apart for so long.

JASON

So, why not just put a bullet into the object of his hatred? Why go on a killing spree?

BRICE

Maybe, deep inside, he is just a damn coward.

MATT

And can't face the object of authority? You have to admit. Applegate does come off as being very forward and "matter-of-fact."

REBECCA

Don't forget intimidating.

JASON

So now, she is as much of a cold blooded killer as Haggard. The question remains; is she doing it because she enjoys it? Or, is she doing it to please the "love of her life?"

JESSICA

I'd say; a little bit of both. And if I can help it, Cheyenne will not be taken down with this bastard.

JASON

And how do you purpose to do that?

JESSICA

By becoming her friend. If she'll let me. There is nothing like a good friend to help you get through the roughest crisis in your life.

BRICE

Suppose she wants's nothing to do with you?

JESSICA

I'll burn that bridge after I cross
it, Brice.

The phone on the table rings. Rebecca picks up the receiver.

REBECCA

(into receiver)

Task force... when?... Are you sure
about that?... Right.

Hangs up the receiver.

REBECCA

That was dispatch. A Sheriff in
Reagan County, by the name of Riley
Scott, (Jessica reacts to the name)
Has reported several homicides in a
local diner, just outside of San
Angelo. Said the witness reports,
pegged our two, as the ones who did
it.

JESSICA

Let's saddle up, and head down
there. This could be the break we
have been looking for.

They all stand - walk out the door.

EXT. DINER - LATER

The parking lot is full of emergency vehicles. Paramedics are
wheeling out gurneys with blood soaked sheets covering the
bodies. Two black SUV's pull into the parking lot, drives
past all of the emergency vehicles - comes to a stop. The
team exits the vehicle - looks around. They walk towards the
diner.

RILEY (O.S.)

Jessie!

They all stop - look to their left. They see RILEY SCOTT,
wearing a tan colored uniform shirt, complete with the name
tag and badge. Blue jeans, cowboy hat. A holster on his left
hip.

Riley walks up to her - they hug, much to the team's surprise
and reaction.

RILEY

Good to see you, Jessie.

JESSICA

Good to see you, Riley.

They look at each other - eyes expressing very deep feelings for each other. Jessica looks at the team - she notices the surprise reaction.

JESSICA

Riley, let me introduce you to the team. Deputy Marshal Brice Harper, (they acknowledge) Deputy Marshal Matt Hawse, (they acknowledge) Deputy Marshal Rebecca Sanchez, (they acknowledge) and Deputy Marshal Jason Richards. (They acknowledge). Team, this is Sheriff Riley Scott. He, and I grew up together in Laredo. He was like the brother I never had.

RILEY

Yeah, she decided to move to the "big city," and become a Marshal. I decided to move to a hick town and become a county Sheriff. The choices that we make, huh?

JESSICA

What can you tell us, about what happened here, Riley?

RILEY

The story that I got was a couple was inside eating lunch. Minding their own business, then in came three men, started pushing them around. Then that is when all hell broke loose. And before you know, everyone in the diner is dead.

BRICE

Except for our two "lovebirds."

REBECCA

You told dispatch that you thought they could be the ones that we are after. (off Riley's nod) No offense, Sheriff, but how do you know that these are the two that we are after? They could have been another couple that got pushed too far.

RILEY

That's what I thought, at first. Then I got to thinking, how many couples do you see that carry handguns?

BRICE

We're in Texas, Sheriff. Who doesn't carry handguns?

RILEY

Point taken. But here's the kicker. They were also identified as looking like a young Elvis Presley, and a beauty queen.

JESSICA

I'll be damned.

RILEY

Sound familiar?

Jessica nods, as they start to walk towards the diner.

JESSICA

Were the victims locals?

RILEY

The owner of the diner and the waitress, plus, Troy, Lucas and Parker Maxwell. They are known around here as the "Maxwell boys." The other four were just passing through.

JESSICA

You didn't like them much; I take it.

RILEY

Hardly anyone around here did. They were three of the worst brothers in this county. They spent more than a few nights in my jail. In my opinion, they won't be missed.

They continue walking towards the diner.

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

A few forensic people processing the room. Riley and the team enter the diner - stop - looks around the aftermath.

Blood is over the floor, and counter - blood covers the two booths, where the two couples sat. Jessica is Looking over the area.

JESSICA

This is by far, the most people that have died, while crossing their paths.

RILEY

The thing about it is that the people in the booths were minding their own business. They were doing nothing to provoke them.

BRICE

That doesn't seem to matter to this cat.

RILEY

So, we have on our hands another, "Bonnie and Clyde?"

REBECCA

Let's hope that doesn't get to the media.

They look at each other - Turn, walk out of the diner.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM

Jack is walking down the hall - stops - looks to his left. He sees Nancy sitting on the couch looking through a photo album.

He walks up to her - stops just to her right.

JACK

Reminiscing?

She looks up at him. Looks back down at the album.

NANCY

Just remembering what a good little girl Cheyenne was.

JACK

Then she grew up.

NANCY

I'm looking through all of these memories, and I can't help but wonder, if, maybe there was something that I could have done as her mother, to prevent her from going down this road that she is on.

JACK

You were the best mother that any girl could ever hope to have. You were always there when she needed you.

NANCY

So then, why do I feel like I have let my "little girl" down?

JACK

There is no reason for you to feel that way. She chose her path to walk down. She made her own decision to run off with Haggard. We did our best to prevent that from happening.

NANCY

(to Jack)

Did we really, Jack? Did we, as parents, really handle the situation the right way?

JACK

We did everything a parent would have done to try to protect their child.

She looks back at the album.

NANCY

I just want my "little girl" to come home so that we can be a family again.

She starts crying - he pulls her close to him as he consoles her.

EXT. ALAMO HOTEL - NIGHT

SUPER: FORT STOCKTON - 238 MILES FROM THE MEXICAN BORDER

The motel is a cheap motel. The Mustang is parked in front of the room. The sign in front reads. "FREE HBO," "FREE WI-FI."

INT. ALAMO HOTEL - ROOM

Vince and Cheyenne are lying on the messed up bed - it is obvious they have just made love. Vince is wearing only his boxer shorts - Cheyenne is in her bra and panties. Vince is sitting up, leaning his back against the headboard - Cheyenne is laying her head on his chest - eyes closed. His arm is around her shoulder.

Vince is holding the remote in the opposite hand. He is watching TV. A Mustang is being built. Finish model.

VINCE

Now, that's a beautiful piece of machinery.

He watches a few more seconds - flips the channel. News.

The female reporter, KATIE SANDBURG is reporting on the murders. Standing, facing the camera. The diner in the background.

KATIE SANDBURG

(talking into camera)

I am standing in front of the "fill'em up, move 'em out" diner, where nine people were shot and killed earlier today.

VINCE

Cheyenne.

CHEYENNE

(low)

What?

VINCE

We made the news.

Cheyenne sits up, as she looks at the TV.

KATIE SANDBURG

We have discovered the identities of the culprit's who committed this senseless crime.

Photo mug shot of Vince.

KATIE SANDBURG (V.O.)

...Vince Haggard is a wanted fugitive, who escaped from a prison bus, that was on their way from the Fort Worth jail. They were on their way to the state prison in Huntsville. He is considered to be armed and very dangerous.

Graduation photo shot of Cheyenne.

KATIE SANDBURG (V.O.)

...Cheyenne Applegate is the accomplice who attacked the bus that led to the escape of Vince Haggard. Although, she may look harmless, she is far from it. She is also considered armed and very dangerous.

Katie Sandburg is Looking at the camera.

KATIE SANDBURG

Now, since Vince Haggard is a wanted fugitive, this case has been assigned to the U.S. Marshals service. More specifically, the fugitive task force unit, led by Deputy Marshal Jessica Houston. I caught up with Marshal Houston, a few hours ago, outside the diner.

Katie Sandburg is interviewing Jessica.

KATIE SANDBURG

Marshal Houston, what can you tell us about what happened here?

JESSICA

Not much, I'm afraid. All that we know is nine people were unnecessarily slaughtered by two people that have no regard for human life. I can tell you, that I am confident that they will be apprehended very soon.

KATIE SANDBURG

Do you have any idea where they may be headed next?

JESSICA

We have a lead or two that tells us where they might be going.

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

But that is all that I can tell
you, right now.

The TV screen goes black.

Vince Tosses the remote on the bed - gets up and walks to the window, that is covered by the curtain. Cheyenne looks at him with concern.

CHEYENNE

What's the matter, baby?

VINCE

You heard as well as I did, who
they have on our trail.

CHEYENNE

I thought they only protected
witnesses and judges?

VINCE

And they also specialize in
fugitive recovery.

CHEYENNE

What does that mean?

VINCE

They won't stop until they catch
us.

Cheyenne starts looking a little remorseful.

CHEYENNE

Maybe, this was a bad idea, Vince.

Vince Looks at her.

VINCE

I don't regret anything I've done
so far.

Moves over to the bed - sits down next to her, putting his arm around her.

VINCE

And you know why?

Her eyes are downward looking the bed, as she shakes her head "no."

VINCE

Because I have been doing them all
with you.

She slowly looks at him.

CHEYENNE

There is something I have to tell you, Vince... I have been waiting for the right time to tell you, but there isn't any right time.

VINCE

Tell me what, Chy?

CHEYENNE

When we were at the Convenience store, and you were busy with the clerk, after I shot that girl. I took a pregnancy test from the shelf and went to the bathroom... It came up blue.

VINCE

What does that mean?

CHEYENNE

Blue means positive, Vince. I'm pregnant.

Vince looks as if someone has punched him in the stomach. He gets up from the bed - walks around the room.

VINCE

How accurate are those things?

CHEYENNE

I wondered the same thing, so I took two more. They both came back with the same result.

Vince still can't believe what he has just heard.

VINCE

Pregnant? How in the hell could you have been so careless, Cheyenne!?

CHEYENNE

How could I have been so careless? It takes two, Vince. It is a two-party arrangement.

VINCE

Cheyenne, this is not a very good time to be pregnant. We are on the run from the law, for crying out loud!

CHEYENNE

You think I don't know that, Vince?
You think I planned this?

Vince stands - walks back to the window.

VINCE

I am not ready to be a father,
Cheyenne. Hell, I don't even want
to be a father!

(to Cheyenne))

Do you even want to be a mother?

CHEYENNE

I don't know. I once thought it
would be nice to settle down and
raise a family.

VINCE

Then if that is your thinking, then
I suggest you hop on the first bus
out of this town and go home. Go on
home to your big fancy ranch house,
and you're controlling father, who
will continue telling you how to
live your life. If that is what you
want, then you go to it, Chy.
Because I am running to Mexico.
With or without you.

(off Cheyenne's look))

And toting a baby along for the
ride isn't what I had in mind. So
you choose, Chy. Right here and
now.

Cheyenne quickly moves to him.

CHEYENNE

I don't want to go home, Vince. I
want to be with you. I love you.

VINCE

Then if you want to be with me,
then you know what you have to do
with your problem. Right?

CHEYENNE

What do you mean?

VINCE

There are clinics that handle these
sorts of problems.

CHEYENNE

You mean an abortion clinic? You want me to get an abortion, Vince?

VINCE

It's either that, Chy, or a bus ride home.

Cheyenne walks to the mirror over the sink. Looks into the mirror, as she touches her stomach.

CHEYENNE

What kind of a person would I be if I did that, Vince? Morally and spiritually.

VINCE

It's the only way, Chy.

CHEYENNE

No, it is not the only way.

VINCE

It is if you want to be with me.

Cheyenne turns to Vince.

CHEYENNE

Then maybe, I shouldn't.

Vince can't believe what he is hearing.

VINCE

Do you want a baby that bad, Chy?

CHEYENNE

I want your baby that bad, Vince.

VINCE

Well, I don't want it.

Vince sits down on the edge of the bed. Cheyenne walks up to him.

CHEYENNE

What are you afraid of, Vince? That he'll turn out like you, or you'll turn out like your father?

VINCE

Maybe, both. The apple didn't fall too far from the tree, you know.

Cheyenne sits on the bed next to Vince.

CHEYENNE

I want to be with you, Vince. I have had a lot of time to think since I found out I was pregnant. I want this baby to have a home. A family to love it. But the more I think about it; the more I realize that it won't get that the way we are living.

VINCE

What's your point, Chy?

CHEYENNE

We turn ourselves in.

(off Vince's reaction))

Take our punishment. I will have the baby in prison, and my mother will be more than willing to take care of it until we get out. Then once we get out the baby will be there for us.

Vince realizes what Cheyenne is saying. He slowly stands.

VINCE

For one thing; we have murdered over ten people in cold blood, Cheyenne. Chances are, we will receive the death penalty. We will never get out of prison. Besides, I told you once, that I was not ever going to go back to prison. And I meant it, Chy.

Cheyenne stands - walks to the mirror - looks at herself. Vince walks up to her. Stopping behind her.

VINCE

Look, you don't have to decide now. We still have a trip to finish.

CHEYENNE

You still want me to go?

VINCE

Once we get to Mexico and get settled, then you can decide if you want to go home and have the baby, or have it in Mexico and put it up for adoption. That way; you won't have to feel guilty about aborting it. Is that fair enough?

Cheyenne nods her head "yes."

CHEYENNE

You're not angry with me?

Vince puts his arms around her waist as he looks at her through the mirror.

VINCE

Angry? How can I be angry with the best-looking wife in the entire state of Texas?

Cheyenne smiles. They kiss, followed with a hug.

CHEYENNE

What do we have to do, next?

Vince moves towards the bed.

VINCE

There is a guy who lives in Presidio. Nobody knows his name. He just calls himself, "Mr. Clean." He is going to have some passports, and fake ID's, ready for us, so we can cross the border into Mexico. He is also, going to have some cash so we can survive down there for a while. That is if you decide to stay.

CHEYENNE

But we have to get there first, right?

VINCE

That's right. And with the news coverage, and the Marshals on our asses, we could become the two most famous crime duo in Texas history. Hell, we might even become celebrities.

Cheyenne smiles - sits on the bed next to him.

CHEYENNE

Like, Bonnie and Clyde?

Vince smiles.

VINCE

Yeah, baby. Like, Bonnie and Clyde.

Vince slowly stops smiling.

VINCE

And, like Bonnie and Clyde, we're soul mates, Chy. No one will ever be able to keep us apart, darlin.' Not even your father. Are you with me?

Cheyenne is mesmerized by his smooth talking tongue. He has her, hook, line, and sinker.

Cheyenne nods her head "yes."

CHEYENNE

I am defiantly with you, baby.

They smile - Vince moves in closer to kiss her. They kiss, as they lay back on the bed - kissing more passionately.

EXT. MCDONALDS

A few cars are in the parking lot - including the Sheriff Bronco.

INT. MACDONALDS

Riley and Jessica are sitting across from each other in a booth. Jessica takes a bite of her "Big Mac."

RILEY

So, have you found a man to your liking, in Austin?

JESSICA

I've had a couple. Just got out of one a few days ago. Seems he couldn't handle being in a relationship with a United States Marshal. Not his idea of a good homemaker.

RILEY

Damn fool.

JESSICA

That was my thought, too.

They smile.

JESSICA

What about you? The last I heard,
you were all set to get hitched to
"Miss Texas," runner-up.

RILEY

I see that you have been talking
with my sister.

JESSICA

Once or twice.

She glances at his hand.

JESSICA

I don't see any ring.

RILEY

You mean, she didn't tell ya?

JESSICA

Not the whole story.

RILEY

My story is similar to yours. She
was use to the "big city," and her
daddy's money. Seems she wasn't in
a big hurry to give either of those
up. She didn't want to live in a
"hick town," married to the local
Sheriff. And I didn't want to live
in the "big city." So, she went her
way, and I went mine.

JESSICA

Damn fool.

RILEY

That was my thought, too.

They smile.

JESSICA

I'm sorry, Riley.

RILEY

No need to be. Everything happens
for a reason, right?

They stand - move towards the exit as they empty their trays.

RILEY

Anytime you want to leave the city;
I could use a good deputy.

They head for the exit.

EXT. MCDONALDS

They walk out the door - move slowly towards the Bronco.

JESSICA

Deputy? You should know by now. If I came here, it would be for your job.

RILEY

Yeah, I do know. And you'd make a hell of a Sheriff.

JESSICA

And you'd make a hell of a deputy.

They both laugh as they reach the Bronco - Riley opens the door.

RILEY

Oh, one other thing, Jess.

She turns to him - he grabs her - kisses her full on the lips - she has no time to react. She starts to enjoy the kiss. Breaks away. They look at each other - we still see the interest in both their eyes. It seems they want to say something - anything - but neither one says a word!

Jessica gets in the Bronco - Riley closes the door - walks to the other side of the vehicle - gets in, closes the door - looks at Jessica, who is staring ahead. Riley starts the Bronco - drives out of the parking lot.

EXT. ALAMO HOTEL

The black van stops a few hundred yards from the motel.

INT. VAN - CAB

Tanner is sitting behind the wheel, looking towards the motel parking lot. He sees the Mustang sitting in front of the motel room. Pulls out his cell phone from his jacket - dials a number.

TANNER

It's me. I have located the Mustang in a motel parking lot in Fort Stockton...

(MORE)

TANNER (CONT'D)

No, I will pounce on them first
thing in the morning... right.

Ends the call - still looking towards the motel. Smiles -
gets up from the seat - goes through the curtains that
separate the back and front.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

The white Sheriff Bronco pulls up in front of the station.
The front door of the office opens - all members of the team
walk out of the office towards the SUV.

RILEY

Our welcoming committee.

Jessica laughs - they both exit the vehicle. Jessica walks
onto the sidewalk where they are waiting for her.

JESSICA

(smiles)

Thanks for waiting up for us, guys.

REBECCA

You're just in time.

JESSICA

Why?

REBECCA

Brice just received a call from a
motel manager in Fort Stockton.
Says that the two we are looking
for are in his motel.

JESSICA

He is positive on the ID?

JASON

Says he recognized them from the
news photos.

MATT

If we leave now, we can be in Fort
Stockton by morning.

JESSICA

Let's go.

They walk towards the SUV's.

RILEY

I'm going with you, Jess.

They all stop - she looks at him.

JESSICA

I'm sorry, Riley, but this is as far as you go.

Riley is determined.

RILEY

I said; I'm going.

Jessica looks at the team.

JESSICA

Could you give us a minute, please?

They walk towards the SUV's. Jessica looks at Riley.

JESSICA

Don't ever talk to me that way in front of my team.

RILEY

Spare me the "I'm the boss, and I'm in charge" routine, Jessica. I'm not one of your team members that you can give orders to.

JESSICA

This case has nothing to do with you, Riley.

RILEY

Nothing to do with me, Jessica? Those two people slaughtered nine people in cold-blood. And to make matters worse, they did it in my county. So excuse me, if I take it a little personal.

JESSICA

You should know as well as I do, Riley, that you can't let things like this become personal.

RILEY

Jessica, I understand that you have a job to do, and you will do it. That's what makes you good at what you do. Allow me to do what I do. I owe it to those people in that diner.

JESSICA

You were always a good talker,
Riley. This is against my better
judgment, though. I want you to
know that.

RILEY

Duly noted, Marshal.

Riley takes a step closer to her - takes her by the hand.

RILEY

Don't worry, Jess. Nothing will
happen to me. I'm half-Irish. I'm
charmed.

(off her look)

Give me ten minutes.

He walks into the station.

Rebecca walks up to Jessica.

REBECCA

Are you sure this is such a good
idea, Jessica?

Jessica looks at Rebecca - does not say a word, but her eyes
say it loud and clear. "No." She turns and walks towards the
SUV - Rebecca looks towards the Sheriff station - follows
Jessica.

EXT. ALAMO MOTEL - NEXT MORNING

SUPER: LAST DAY

The town is still asleep.

INT. ALAMO MOTEL - OFFICE

The door opens - Tanner walks in and up to the front desk. No
one is there. Looks around - taps the service bell. A few
seconds later an older male clerk walks out from the back
room. Steps towards the counter.

CLERK

Morning.

TANNER

Morning.

CLERK

Checking out?

TANNER
No, but I would like some
information.

CLERK
What sort of information?

TANNER
You have two occupants here. Vince
Haggard and Cheyenne Applegate.
What room are they in?

CLERK
Oh, You must be from the Marshal
Service?

Tanner quickly reacts.

TANNER
Yes, I am.

CLERK
Do you have some ID?

TANNER
As a matter-of-fact.

Reaches in his jacket, pulling out a Marshal badge. The clerk
looks at the badge - pulls out the information card - looks
around.

CLERK
You don't have any back-up,
Marshal?

TANNER
Back-up? Who needs back-up?

CLERK
I heard they were armed and
extremely dangerous.

TANNER
So am I. What room?

The clerk is taken off guard.

CLERK
Huh?

TANNER
What room?

Coming to his senses. Looking at the book.

CLERK

Oh, well, I don't see any Cheyenne Applegate. But there is a Vince Haggard.

TANNER

That's good enough.

CLERK

Room sixteen, Marshal.

TANNER

Thank-you. You've been very helpful. And I'll make sure that is known when it is time to collect the reward.

He turns and walks out the door. The manager has a pleased look on his face. Walks into the back room.

INT. ALAMO HOTEL - ROOM

Vince is sitting at the desk - a cellphone stuck to his ear. Writing on a piece of paper. Cheyenne is putting the finishing touches on packing.

VINCE

(into phone)

Right. Don't worry; I'll have the cash for the ID's. You just have them ready, along with the cash for me. I want to cross the border without any problems.

He ends the call - finishes writing on the pad. Rips the paper from the pad, putting the paper in his front shirt pocket. Stands - walks up to Cheyenne, who is still packing. Puts his arms around her waist - kisses her neck. She smiles.

CHEYENNE

What's gotten into you, this morning?

VINCE

Nothing. I just can't wait to start our new lives in Mexico. No one will ever bother us again.

She turns - facing him.

CHEYENNE

Are you sure that you will be happy in Mexico, Vince?

VINCE

Are you kidding me? Of course, I will be happy in Mexico. How can I not be happy? I'll have you there with me.

CHEYENNE

I love you, Vince.

VINCE

I love you too, darlin.'

They kiss.

VINCE

We best be going.

Vince picks up the suitcases from the bed - they both walk to the door - Vince opens the door - takes a step out. A bullet slams into the door frame, next to his head missing him by inches.

Vince staggers back inside the room, dropping the suitcases and knocking Cheyenne backward in the process.

EXT. ROAD - SUV - MOVING

The team is coming down the road.

INT. SUV - MOVING

Jessica looks towards the parking lot.

JESSICA

Who the hell?

The others look. They see Tanner behind the van shooting towards the motel.

INT. ALAMO MOTEL - ROOM

Vince fires back with his twin Beretta's - slams the door shut.

CHEYENNE

Who is that?

VINCE

How the hell should I know? But we're not waiting around to find out.

CHEYENNE

What are we going to do?

Vince walks to the window - slowly pulling the curtain back for a better look. He sees the van parked a few feet in front of the Mustang.

VINCE

Get to the Mustang. I'll cover you.
As soon as you get it started, lay
down some cover fire for me.

He walks to the door. Looks at Cheyenne - notices that she is a little concerned.

VINCE

This is our only way out of here,
darlin.'

Cheyenne nods in agreement. She walks to the other side of the door. Vince walks to the back side of the door.

VINCE

Ready?
(off her nod))
Go!

Vince slings open the door - starts blasting away with both of his Beretta's, as Cheyenne runs out the door towards the Mustang, jumps in the car. Vince runs out the door still blazing away. Cheyenne starts blasting away with her Beretta. Tanner has no choice but to stay behind the van, as bullets slam into the van.

EXT. ALAMO MOTEL - PARKING LOT

The Mustang speeds past the van. Tanner looks up as the car speeds by.

TANNER

Shit!

He starts to make his way inside the van.

MATT (O.S.)

Federal Marshal, don't move!

Tanner stiffens.

EXT. ALAMO MOTEL - PARKING LOT

Jessica and Riley stop at the parking lot entrance weapons drawn towards the car. Before they can fire, Vince opens up on them. Riley pushes Jessica out of the line of fire - Riley isn't so lucky. He turns towards the Mustang - as he faces the Mustang, he is hit three times in the chest.

As he stumbles, he is hit head on by the Mustang. The impact of the hit slings Riley up over the car and to the left. Riley slams hard through the motel sign as the Mustang keeps going into the road, taking off out-of-town.

Jessica is on the ground watching the car leave. Stands - looks to her right. She sees Riley sprawled out a few feet away. He is in bad shape.

JESSICA

Riley!

She runs up to him - rolls him over. His face is cut to pieces by the sign. He is in extreme pain. She pulls out her radio, as she drops to her knees.

JESSICA

This is Deputy United States Marshal Jessica Houston! Officer down! Send an ambulance to the Alamo motel. And hurry, God-damn it!

JESSICA

Riley?

Riley opens his eyes - sees Jessica.

RILEY

Guess, I'm only half-charmed.

She takes his hand.

JESSICA

You're going to be all right. Here me?

RILEY

You were never a very good liar, Jess. But I guess that I can be lucky that my last few minutes. I was able to see the face of the most beautiful girl in Texas.

JESSICA

Shut-up, Riley. Help is on the way.

RILEY

Jess, tell my... tell my sister
that I....

Jessica is looking at his wounds. Notices that he has stopped talking. Looks at him.

JESSICA

Riley...? Riley?

Tears form in her eyes. She starts crying as she lays her head on his chest. Sirens can be heard. Brice is running towards her.

EXT. ALAMO MOTEL - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Riley is in the body bag on the gurney. The paramedic zips it up covering Riley. Jessica is visibly shaken - holding back the tears. The paramedics put the gurney inside the ambulance. They drive away.

Jessica's demeanor turns from anguish to pissed. She turns - walks away - followed by Brice.

EXT. ALAMO MOTEL - PARKING LOT - VAN - MOMENTS LATER

The back doors are open - Tanner is sitting on the back. Matt is standing next to him. Looks to his left. He sees Jessica along with Brice walking towards them.

Matt walks to meet them a few feet away from the van.

JESSICA

Who is this Jackass?

MATT

His name is Zach Tanner. He is a
licensed bounty hunter.

BRICE

Bounty hunter? Who the hell put him
on our quarry's scent?

Jessica walks up to Tanner.

JESSICA

Do you realize that you caused us
to lose our fugitive, Mr. Tanner?

TANNER

Do you realize that you have caused
me to lose my payday, Marshal?

JESSICA

Who put you onto them?

TANNER

I don't know what you mean. I have the right to track bounty and bring them back.

JESSICA

There is only one problem with your argument, Mr. Tanner. Haggard had no bounty.

TANNER

That's a technicality.

JESSICA

Like hell. I have half-a-mind to run you in for obstruction of justice, and the murder of a damn good police officer.

TANNER

I didn't murder no police officer.

MATT

You might as well have. It was your negligence that did not allow us to do our job.

BRICE

So unless, you don't want to have your license revoked and do some jail time, Mr. Tanner. I suggest that you tell us what we want to know.

TANNER

You can't do that.

JESSICA

Are you willing to bet your way of life on what I can and cannot do, Mr. Tanner?

He looks at her. Starts believing that she is a woman of her word.

TANNER

Jack Applegate.

(off their reaction)

He paid me to track them down. He wanted his daughter home safe and sound.

(MORE)

TANNER (CONT'D)

But he, under no circumstances,
wanted Haggard to leave this motel
alive.

BRICE

How did you know that they would be
here?

TANNER

I placed a bug on the car at the
diner; while they were inside.

MATT

How did you know they would be
there?

TANNER

Applegate told me.

BRICE

(to Jessica)

How in the hell did he know what
route they were taking?

TANNER

It seems that someone from the
Marshals office has been given his
wife updates.

BRICE

That's just God-damn terrific!

Brice looks at Jessica. He can tell that something is
bothering her.

BRICE

What's wrong, Jessica?

She looks at Brice.

JESSICA

...It was me.

BRICE

What was you?

JESSICA

I'm the one who was keeping in
contact with Nancy Applegate.

Brice can't believe his ears.

BRICE

Why the hell would you do that?

JESSICA

I told her that I would keep in touch.

(off Brice's reaction)

I felt sorry for her. And I thought that if I kept in contact, it would help her cope.

BRICE

The only thing you did was put this entire operation in jeopardy because of your incompetence!

Jessica can't believe what he just said.

JESSICA

I did not put anything in jeopardy, Brice! And, I was not incompetent!

BRICE

The hell you didn't, and the hell you weren't! You put this operation in jeopardy. This team in jeopardy, and you went and got your sheriff friend killed!

Jessica's eyes suddenly become full of fire. She slaps Brice hard across the face.

JESSICA

How dare you! I did not get Riley killed! And if you don't like the way that I am leading this team, and think that I am incompetent, then I will be more than happy once this is over to comply with your transfer, Marshal Harper.

BRICE

Well, perhaps that would be a good idea.

He turns walks away. Jessica watches him leave. Matt is sort of in shock after watching this altercation. Snaps out of it.

MATT

What do you want to do with Tanner?

Jessica is still concentrated on Brice.

MATT

Jessica?

She finally snaps out of it. Looks at Matt.

JESSICA

What?

MATT

What do you want to do with Tanner?

Jessica snaps back into "Marshal mode."

JESSICA

(to Tanner)

How often do you make contact with Applegate?

TANNER

Whenever I make progress.

MATT

Did you tell him about Fort Stockton?

TANNER

Of course.

JESSICA

Tell him that they gave you the slip, and will contact him again when you make contact with the Mustang. Understand?

Tanner nods his head in understanding.

REBECCA (V.O.)

(filtered)

Jessica, you'd better come to the room. I think that we found something.

Jessica pulls the radio from her belt clip.

JESSICA

(into radio)

I'm on my way.

(to Matt)

Cut him loose, Matt.

She heads for the room.

TANNER

You mean; I'm not going to jail?

Jessica stops, looks at him.

JESSICA

If you ever track anyone that does not legally have a bounty on their head or even get in my way again. I will personally, make it my life's goal to make sure that you never hunt another bounty as long as you live. Do I make myself clear, Mr. Tanner?

TANNER

Yes, Ma'am.

Jessica nods - walks away.

INT. ALAMO MOTEL - ROOM

Rebecca, Jason, and Brice are working the room. Jessica walks in.

JESSICA

What have you got, Rebecca?

REBECCA

We know the exact address where they are headed, once they reach presidio

JESSICA

How?

Rebecca picks up the pad of paper from the desk. The paper is covered in pencil lead.

REBECCA

We noticed that the paper above this one had been written on. So, Jason decided to do the oldest science experiment in the book, in order to see what was written on the top page.

Jessica looks at it.

JESSICA

You pulled it out by using the led from the pencil.

They all look at it.

INSERT - PAD OF PAPER which reads: 108 NORTH CHANDLER ST.

JESSICA

We have to get to Presidio.

JASON

It is about two hours and forty-three minutes, from here.

REBECCA

And they already have a good hour and a half on us.

JESSICA

Then we shouldn't waste any more time in Fort Stockton.

They all walk out of the room.

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - LATER

SUPER: PRESIDIO, TEXAS - THREE HOURS FROM THE MEXICO BORDER

The Mustang is parked in front of the house.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - KITCHEN

Vince and Cheyenne are sitting at the table, across from a heavy set man. This is "MR. CLEAN." On the table sits all the things that Vince has asked for. Vince is looking at the ID's. He is impressed.

VINCE

This is good quality work.

MR. CLEAN

I am the best at what I do. I keep my customers happy, and they give me their business in return.

VINCE

And the cash?

Mr. Clean reaches down next to him - sits a briefcase on the table. Vince opens the case. He sees the briefcase full of neatly stacked money.

Vince looks at Cheyenne who is looking at the money - looks at him. They smile.

MR. CLEAN

It's all there; if you want to count it.

VINCE

No need for that. Like you said;
you keep your customers happy, you
get return business.

(closing the briefcase)

Right?

(off his "yes")

One other thing. We have had sort
of a rough day, so far. Would you
mind if my wife and I crashed here
for a few hours before hitting the
road?

MR. CLEAN

Well, I usually don't like my
customers hanging around once our
business is concluded. Just in case
the law decides to drop in
unexpectedly. I hope you
understand.

VINCE

Sure, I do. And I appreciate your
cautiousness. But here's the way
it's going to happen. We are going
to stay here a few hours and rest.
Then, we'll be on our way. And if
I'm not making my meaning clear
enough.

Pulls out his twin Beretta's from his jacket - sitting them
on the table, in an intimidating way. It works!

VINCE

I hope you understand.

They stare at each other. Mr. Clean knows he means business.

MR. CLEAN

Of course.

Vince slightly smiles.

INT. SUV - TRAVELING

Rebecca is driving - Jessica is in the passenger seat. The
others are in the back seats. Brice is in the furthest back
seat catching on some sleep.

REBECCA

So what's going on with you and
Brice?

Jessica looks at her with a "how did you know about that" look on her face.

REBECCA

Matt mentioned something about it.
But he did not tell any details.

Jessica looks ahead.

JESSICA

He accused me of being incompetent
and putting this operation and the
team in jeopardy.

REBECCA

Why would he say a thing like that?

JESSICA

Because Tanner told us that he was
getting his information from
Senator Applegate. So, I told Brice
that I was the one calling Nancy
Applegate and letting her know of
our progress.

REBECCA

And that is when Brice said what he
said?

JESSICA

Plus, he said that cause of my
actions I was the one that got
Riley killed.

REBECCA

Matt did say something about that.
He also said that you slapped the
Shit out of his face, and told him
that if he wanted to transfer that
you would sign the papers.

JESSICA

Something like that.

REBECCA

Did you mean it?

JESSICA

I don't know.

REBECCA

Brice is a damn good Marshal,
Jessica. Hand picked by yourself, I
might add.

JESSICA
What's your point?

REBECCA
I don't really think that you want
him to transfer out of the team.

JESSICA
Are you sure about that?

REBECCA
Aren't you?

They look at each other. Jessica looks out the right window.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - FRONT ROOM

Mr. Clean is sitting in the recliner watching TV. He is scanning through the channels. He stops - something catches his eye.

ANCHOR
(into camera)
If you have any information that
could lead to the capture of these
two wanted criminals.

Images of Vince and Cheyenne pop on the screen side-by-side.

ANCHOR
(into camera)
Please call the Marshals fugitive
recovery hot-line at the one-eight-
hundred number on your screen
below.

The number: "1-800-555-6543" appears on the bottom of the screen.

ANCHOR
(into screen)
All callers will remain anonymous.
In other news --

The screen goes black.

Mr. Clean Looks around the room like he is trying to decide on his course of action. He stands up - walks towards the entrance of the hall - looks down the hall at the closed door.

Paces back and forth a few times around the living room. He makes up his mind.

He walks to the table next to his chair - picks up the phone - dials the number. Paces around the room very nervously.

INT. SUV - TRAVELING

Jessica is in the front passenger seat - Brice is driving. The rest of the team are in the back seat. Jessica has her cell phone to her ear.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

JESSICA

(into phone)

Put him through... Sir, my name is Deputy U.S. Marshal Jessica Houston. I understand that you have some information regarding my two perps?

MR. CLEAN

That's right.

JESSICA

Where are you calling from, Sir?

MR. CLEAN

Presidio.

JESSICA

Do you know their location now?

MR. CLEAN

Yes. They are sleeping in my spare bedroom.

Jessica looks at Rebecca.

JESSICA

They are sleeping in his spare bedroom.

REBECCA

What?

JESSICA

Sir, we are about ten minutes from your location. Do you think you can stay on the line with me until we reach you?

MR. CLEAN

I think so.

VINCE (O.S.)
Who the fuck are you talking to?

Mr. Clean slowly closes his eyes. He knows he is a dead man.

INT. SUV - MOVING

Jessica hears the voice.

JESSICA
I think Haggard has caught our
caller with his hand in the cookie
jar.

The others react.

INT. SMALL HOUSE

Vince Standing at the entrance of the hall holding one
Beretta.

VINCE
I asked you a question, asshole.
Who the hell are you talking to?

Mr. Clean slowly turns facing Vince.

MR. CLEAN
My mother.

Vince doesn't buy it.

VINCE
Your mother, huh?

Vince walks up to him. Looks him in the eye. Grabs the phone
from his hand.

VINCE
Let's just say: "Hello," to "dear
old mom."

Slowly puts the phone to his ear.

VINCE
Who the hell is this?

No response.

VINCE
Cat got your tongue, mom?

INT. SUV

Jessica is listening on the cell.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

JESSICA

Vince, this is Deputy U.S. Marshal
Jessica Houston.

VINCE

Jessica Houston? I saw you on TV
last night. You gave one hell of a
good interview.

JESSICA

Vince, I think that it's time we
ended this chase. Don't you?

VINCE

End it? When we are so close to the
finish line?

JESSICA

How many more innocent people are
going to have to die, Vince?

VINCE

That all depends on how many more
get in my way.

JESSICA

What about Cheyenne, Vince? Is she
going to be one of those who are in
your way? If this gets messy, do
you want her to be caught in the
middle?

VINCE

I would never do anything to hurt
Cheyenne. Besides, Cheyenne is
ready to die with me, if that be
the case. We would rather die, then
go to prison.

JESSICA

Vince, I would like to speak with
Cheyenne.

VINCE

(amused)

Sorry, that just isn't possible,
Jessica.

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

May I call you Jessica, or would you rather I call you Marshal?

JESSICA

Vince, she has a right to live a normal life.

VINCE

Normal? Are you calling the way she was living at home, a normal life? I think she would rather live in prison, then have to go back and live with her "old man."

JESSICA

She may not have to go to prison, Vince.

VINCE

Don't try to con a career criminal, Jessica. I know how the system works, remember?

JESSICA

Vince, there does not have to be any more people to die.

Vince looks up towards Mr. Clean.

VINCE

How close are you to Presidio, Jessica?

JESSICA

Close enough to stop you, Vince.

VINCE

There does have to be at least one more person to die, Jessica.

Jessica's eyes shift from side to side trying to figure out who Vince means. Then, it hits her hard like a slap in the face.

JESSICA

Vince, don't do it.

VINCE

Are you close enough to Presidio to stop this one, Jessica?

Points the gun at Mr. Clean.

INT. SUV - MOVING

Jessica is listening. Mr. Clean yells out: "No!" Three gunshots.

REBECCA
What was that?

VINCE (V.O.)
I don't think you are that close,
Jessica. I'll send you a postcard
from Mexico.

The call ends. Jessica is pissed.

JESSICA
He just murdered our caller. Get us
to that damn house!

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Vince and Cheyenne are running towards the Mustang - Vince is carrying the briefcase of money.

EXT. STREET CORNER

The SUV blows through a stop sign, as it screeches around the corner.

EXT. MUSTANG

Cheyenne is in the car - Vince has his door open - he looks towards the sound. He sees the SUV coming around the corner. He knows who it is.

VINCE
Son-of-a-bitch!

Vince hops in the car - starts it up - spins out away from the house. And The race for freedom is on. The Mustang races through the neighborhood street; the SUV is on his ass. Sirens wailing.

INT. SUV - MOVING

JASON
They're they are!

JESSICA
This ends here, in Presidio.

Jessica picks up the radio - keys the mic.

JESSICA

This is Deputy U.S. Marshal Jessica Houston, to the Sheriff of Presidio. We are in pursuit of the fugitive Vince Haggard. We need a roadblock at the edge of town. I don't want that son-of-a-bitch to get out of this town!

SHERIFF DISPATCH (V.O.)

This is dispatch. We copy that Marshal. We are sending units to block the exit of town.

Both vehicles make their way to Main Street.

INT. MUSTANG - MOVING

Vince looks out his rear view mirror - smiles. He veers towards the oncoming traffic.

EXT. MUSTANG - TRAFFIC - MAIN STREET

Cars swerve out of his way to avoid an accident. In the process, the vehicles slam into parked vehicles on the side of the street. One vehicle hops the curb, almost taking out a couple walking on the sidewalk, and crashes into a storefront window.

INT. MUSTANG - MOVING

Cheyenne looks back at the carnage.

CHEYENNE

Whoa!

Vince looks at her - smiles.

VINCE

Having fun?

CHEYENNE

This is exciting, baby!

Vince looks ahead. He sees three sheriff cars come to a stop in the middle of the road, blocking the way. He stops smiling. Comes to a screeching stop.

CHEYENNE
Why are we stopping?

VINCE
They are trying to block our exit.

Cheyenne looks towards the roadblock.

CHEYENNE
What are we going to do?

EXT. SUV - MOVING

The SUV comes to a stop.

INT. SUV

They are all looking towards the Mustang.

BRICE
What the hell are they doing?

REBECCA
Most likely, they are contemplating
if they should run the road block,
or fight.

JASON
Both would be suicide.

REBECCA
I don't think he much cares at this
point.

JESSICA
He'd rather die, then go back to
prison.

JASON
And what about her?

INT. MUSTANG

Vince is looking towards the three cars.

CHEYENNE
Vince, what are we going to do?

VINCE
Remember, what I told you back at
the motel? If we die ---

CHEYENNE

We die together?

VINCE

I have decided that you do not have to go through with it. You can get out and wait in safety. But, I am not going back to prison.

CHEYENNE

I am not leaving you, baby.

VINCE

Cheyenne, you go back home and have our baby. At least it will have a mother who loves it.

CHEYENNE

Like you said, Vince. We will both go to prison. We will never see our baby because we will never get out of prison alive. Besides, I am your wife. A good wife stands by her husband, no matter what.

INT. SUV

Jessica punches numbers on her cell phone.

REBECCA

Who are you calling?

JESSICA

Maybe, I can talk some sense into her.

INT. MUSTANG

Vince and Cheyenne are looking at each other. Her cell phone rings. She connects the call

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

CHEYENNE

Hello?

JESSICA

Cheyenne, this is Deputy U.S. Marshal Jessica Houston. I would like to talk with you.

CHEYENNE

There is nothing that we have to talk about Marshal Houston.

JESSICA

I think there is. Your mother for one.

CHEYENNE

My mother? Is she all right?

JESSICA

Would you be all right, if your only child was about to die?

CHEYENNE

What makes you so sure that I am about to die?

JESSICA

Take a look at your situation, Cheyenne. It is very gloomy. Don't you think that it would be best; if you just got out of the car right now and went home?

CHEYENNE

There is nothing at home for me.

JESSICA

Only a family who loves you.

CHEYENNE

My mother, maybe. But not my father. The only thing he wants is to control my life.

JESSICA

Cheyenne, I know how you feel. I was in the same boat that you are now. But believe me. There are other options than the one that you are about to take. Please, get out of the car and come back here to me. We can talk further.

Cheyenne looks ahead - looks at Vince - looks behind her at the SUV. Looks back at Vince.

CHEYENNE

There is nothing more to talk about Marshal Houston. I have made up my mind. My place is with my Husband. In life, or in death.

JESSICA

Cheyenne --

CHEYENNE

Tell my mother that I am sorry for all of the heartache that I have caused her, and not to mourn for me too long. And I love her.

JESSICA

Cheyenne --

CHEYENNE

And tell my father... he can go to hell.

She ends the call - tosses the phone onto the pavement. Looks at Vince.

CHEYENNE

...No matter what.

They look at each other - Vince slightly smiles - they kiss.

VINCE

I love you, Chy.

She smiles - pulls out her Beretta - pulls back the slide.

CHEYENNE

I'm ready, baby.

He nods - puts a CD into the player - a classic country song starts to play. Vince looks back towards the SUV.

INT. SUV

Jessica is looking towards the Mustang - notices Vince looks back at her. Sees him smirks. Jessica knows what is about to happen.

JESSICA

Oh-my-God.

EXT. MUSTANG - MAIN STREET

The Mustang peels out - heads for the three cars. Deputy sheriffs are standing behind their cars with shotguns and handguns. The Mustang comes closer towards them as Vince and Cheyenne open fire - the lawmen return fire.

INT. MUSTANG

Cheyenne is shooting towards the deputy sheriffs. Then she is hit in the shoulder - she yells out. Vince looks at her - horrified.

VINCE

Cheyenne!

Then he is hit in the shoulder. He yells out.

He slams on the breaks - the Mustang comes to a skidding stop. The deputies stop firing.

He examines her shoulder. She is in pain.

VINCE

It's only a graze.

CHEYENNE

It still hurts. I'm okay. How are you?

VINCE

It will take more than one bullet to stop me, darlin."

EXT. ROAD BLOCK

The cops have all stopped firing, but they are still ready for action. The Sheriff is looking towards the Mustang. He reaches in the car - pulls out a megaphone.

SHERIFF

Vince Haggard, Cheyenne Applegate, you both have no chance! Get out of the car with your hands held high! You're both under arrest!

INT. SUV

Jessica is watching the scene - takes the radio - keys the mic.

JESSICA

Sheriff, this is Deputy Marshal Jessica Houston.

She can see him reach into his car for the radio.

SHERIFF (V.O.)
Go ahead, Marshal.

JESSICA
We're coming up.

SHERIFF (V.O.)
I don't think that is a good idea.

JESSICA
I don't care what you think,
Sheriff. We have been chasing them
for four-hundred miles. We're
coming up.

The Sheriff is Looking towards the SUV.

SHERIFF (V.O.)
Suit yourself, Marshal.

He tosses the radio on the seat.

INT. MUSTANG

Cheyenne is holding her shoulder.

VINCE
This is your last chance to get out
of this, Cheyenne. Your father is a
powerful man. I'm sure, that he
will see to it that you do as
little jail time as possible. At
least you'll be alive.

CHEYENNE
I'll take my chances with you.

He smiles.

VINCE
You're a hell of a woman, Cheyenne.
Do you see that border?

Cheyenne looks ahead. She sees the border gate and then the
bridge going into Mexico.

CHEYENNE
I see it.

VINCE
If we can get past the badges, we
are home free.

CHEYENNE
 (to Vince)
 Let's do it, baby.

He pulls out his twin Beretta's - pulls back the slides. Looking over his Mustang. Smoke is billowing from under the hood. The hood is riddled with bullet holes. The windshield is shattered and almost gone.

VINCE
 Damn "redneck hick's," ruined my 'Stang. They'll pay for that.

They both get out of the Mustang - walk towards the front - looking towards the cars.

EXT. SUV - MAIN STREET

They are out of the SUV and starting to walk towards the Mustang.

BRICE
 What the hell are they doing?

MATT
 Giving up?

JESSICA
 No, They're going to force them to kill 'em.

They start running towards the Mustang.

EXT. MUSTANG

Vince and Cheyenne are standing in front of the Mustang looking at the Deputy Sheriffs and Sheriff. They start running towards them shooting.

SHERIFF
 Open fire!

EXT. MAIN STREET

The Marshals are running.

JESSICA
 No!

EXT. SHERIFF/DEPUTIES

They open fire at Vince and Cheyenne. They are both riddled by the bullets but keep coming - Vince fires at them - he is struck in the forehead - he drops to the ground. Cheyenne continues running and firing her Beretta. Bullets slam her - she is knocked backwards beside Vince.

SHERIFF

Cease fire!

The shooting stops.

Jessica is horrified as she slowly comes to a stop, along with the other Marshals. They are stunned.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Vince is lying on the ground - he is obviously dead. Cheyenne is almost torn in half - she is barely alive as she looks up over at Vince. Slowly crawls over to him - gives him one final kiss on the lips - slowly rolls over, laying the back of her head on his chest taking a couple more breathes then she stops breathing.

The Sheriff and the deputies cautiously walk towards them as do Jessica and her team. The chase has come to a bloody end.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Jessica is standing in front of the window, looking out. The door pushes open - Brice walks in - stops at the table across from her.

BRICE

Rebecca said you wanted to see me?

JESSICA

I have worked very hard to get where I am today. I have lost and gained friends along the way. And during this last operation, I lost the best friend I have ever had and possibly more. Perhaps, it was my fault that Riley was killed.

(off Brice's reaction)

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

And I am going to have to live with that for the rest of my life. And I have come to terms with that. So, I am stepping down as head of this team.

She turns, faces Brice.

JESSICA

I am recommending you as my replacement.

BRICE

Jessica, there is no need for you to step down. I had no right saying what I said at the motel. As it turned out, a bug was found stuck under the quarter panel of the Mustang. Tanner was telling the truth about that. And that is how Tanner was able to get to them before we were.

JESSICA

But he never would have been able to plant it, if I hadn't informed Nancy Applegate.

BRICE

Spilt milk.

JESSICA

Perhaps.

BRICE

Jessica, I wanted to tell you how sorry I am for those remarks. You are the most competent woman that I have ever had the pleasure of working with.

Jessica is truly touched.

JESSICA

Thanks, Brice.

BRICE

And to be honest; I don't want the position. You are the best person to lead this team. And if you still want me, then I would be honored to continue serving with you.

JESSICA

Want you?

She walks to the table - picks up the file folder - takes out a piece of paper - hands it to Brice. He looks at it.

INSERT - PAPER HEADING which reads: REQUEST FOR TRANSFER

BRICE

You never submitted it?

JESSICA

"Bygones, be bygones?"

Brice smiles.

BRICE

You're the boss.

They hug.

JESSICA

Come on; we have one more order of business.

They walk out the door.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - LATER

Everyone is breaking up as the funeral is over. Jack and Nancy are taking their sympathy handshakes and hugs from family members and friends.

They start walking towards the cars. Jessica and Brice walk up to them.

JESSICA

Mrs. Applegate, we would like to express our deepest sympathies for the loss of your daughter.

NANCY

Thank-you, Marshal Houston. I would like you to know that I bear no hard feelings for you or your team.

JESSICA

Thank you, Ma'am.

NANCY

Thank-you for coming.

JESSICA

Actually, Ma'am, I would like to tell you that we are here on your behalf. But that is not the case.

NANCY

I don't understand.

Jessica looks hard at Jack.

JESSICA

Jack Applegate, you are under arrest for the attempted murder and conspiracy to commit murder of Vince Haggard. Hook him up, Brice.

Brice walks up to him as he pulls out his handcuffs.

JACK

What the hell are you talking about? I didn't try to kill that son-of-a-bitch!

JESSICA

Not by your own hand, Jack. But by the hand of Zach Tanner, in Fort Stockton.

JACK

That's a damn lie!

JESSICA

We have his full confession.

JACK

That don't mean nothing.

BRICE

He gave you up quicker than a bad habit. Which I guess he figured you were?

Brice starts to cuff him.

JACK

Get the hell off me! You know who I am?!

He tries to wiggle free, but Brice puts him down with a kick to the back of the legs. There he continues to apply the handcuffs.

BRICE
The first thing that comes to mind?
Asshole.

Brice pulls him up.

JACK
(to Jessica)
Haggard deserved to die! He was a
nobody! A piece of shit!

JESSICA
That's funny; I was about to say
the same thing about you, Jack.

Brice leads Applegate away.

JACK
This will never stick! I am a very
influential man in this state!

Brice leads him away.

BRICE
Good. Maybe, you can influence
somebody to give you some damn Tic-
Tacs.

People have stopped to watch and are talking amongst
themselves.

NANCY
Marshal Houston.

Jessica stops - looks at her.

NANCY
Try not to think too badly of my
husband. I'll admit, what he did
was not a good thing. He was only
thinking of our daughter. You have
to understand that.

JESSICA
I'm sure, that he was, Ma'am. But
in the process, he was responsible
for the untimely death of a good
lawman, who just happened to be my
best friend in this entire world
and the only man that I will truly
ever love.

NANCY

Well, you may have lost a best friend in all of this tragedy, Marshal. But I lost a daughter. I'm sure that you have other friends, and will find other loves. I only had one daughter. So tell me, Marshal Houston. Out of all this tragedy, who lost the most?

Nancy turns, walks away, leaving Jessica standing there alone.

INT. COUNTRY BAR - NIGHT

SUPER: THREE WEEKS LATER

Matt, Jason, and Rebecca are sitting around the table talking and drinking beers.

MATT

I am throwing a national championship party for anyone who wants to come and watch the Longhorns beat the crap out of those Sun Devils, from Arizona State.

JASON

What makes you so sure that they are going to do that?

MATT

You're still not convinced on the Longhorns?

JASON

Can't say that I am.

MATT

I give up.

Jessica and Brice walk up to them.

JASON

It's about time.

BRICE

The trial ran over.

MATT

What was the verdict?

BRICE
Guilty as charged.

REBECCA
Couldn't have happened to a "nicer
guy."

BRICE
Guess he wasn't as influential as
he thought.

Jessica and Brice sit down.

MATT
Waitress, two more beers!

Rebecca looks at Jessica, who is looking spaced out.

REBECCA
So, why are you looking so glum,
Jessica?

Jessica looks up at them.

JESSICA
Am I? Sorry. I was just remembering
the look on Nancy Applegate's face
when they read the guilty verdict.
It was like she just lost all sense
of reality.

JASON
You can't blame her, really. She
just lost her daughter, and now a
husband for the next fifteen
years. Her whole life has just been
turned upside down.

The waitress brings over two more bottles of beer. Brice
takes a drink.

BRICE
I have an idea. Let's all raise our
bottles and have a drink, to the
best damn county Sheriff in the
entire state of Texas. Sheriff
Riley Scott!

Jessica looks at Brice - they all raise their bottles -
Jessica looks at the others - smiles - raises her bottle.

JESSICA
I'll drink to that.

They touch their bottles together.

MATT

And to the Longhorns! The best damn
college football team on the
planet!

Brice, Jason and Rebecca reacts negatively - Jessica starts
laughing.

EXT. CEMETERY - NEXT MORNING

A Dodge Ram truck drives up along the blacktop drive - stops
next to a row of headstones. Jessica gets out of the truck -
walks through the row - stopping in front of the one she
wants.

INSERT - HEADSTONE reads: RILEY SCOTT - BORN 1965 - DIED 2016
- LAWMAN - SON - BROTHER - FRIEND

Jessica is brought to tears.

WENDY (O.S.)

He never stopped loving you.

Jessica quickly wipes her eyes - turns - sees Wendy standing
a few feet away.

JESSICA

Nor, I him.

Wendy walks up next to Jessica.

WENDY

Deep down, I knew that you two were
meant to be together. So did he.

JESSICA

So did I. I guess I was just to
bull headed and independent to
admit that I needed someone.

WENDY

Yet, he was the one that was always
there waiting for you.

JESSICA

I know. That's the part that hurts
the worst.

She becomes very emotional, as Wendy puts her arm around her.
Her cell phone rings. She pulls the phone from her back
pocket - looks at the display screen.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN reads: REBECCA.

Jessica takes the call.

JESSICA
What's up?

REBECCA (V.O.)
We have three fugitives on the loose. The team is on their way to headquarters.

JESSICA
I'm on my way.

Ends the call.

WENDY
More fugitives?

JESSICA
Job security.

Returns the phone to her back pocket. Looks at the headstone for a few long seconds. Pulls out a badge - lays it on top of the headstone. It is bright shiny Deputy U.S. Marshals badge. She kisses her fingers, touching the top of the headstone.

She turns to leave.

WENDY
Keep in touch.

Turns back towards Wendy.

JESSICA
You, too.

She looks at the headstone for one final look - turns, walks towards her truck.

ANCHOR (V.O.)
Earlier this morning, three women escaped from the federal women's prison camp in Bryan, Texas.

Jessica gets in her truck - drives away.

ANCHOR (V.O.)
We have just been informed that the "Lone Star Fugitive task force" has been assigned by the Governor, to go after, and apprehend these three "diva" fugitives from justice.

The truck leaves the graveyard to a classic heartbreak
country love song.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END