

DEADLY ATTRACTION

Screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL TOWN - MAIN STREET - DAY

A bullet-riddled red Mustang 5.0 smolders in the center of the highway. SKID MARKS indicate a hasty stop. The driver and passenger doors ARE open.

The windshield is shattered. A classic country song can be heard loud and clear, coming from the car radio speakers. Three county sheriff cars are in a roadblock 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 feet behind the Mustang with all doors open.

Five plainclothes law officers are moving cautiously towards the Mustang from the rear; weapons drawn and at the ready - six county sheriffs are moving towards the front - 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, neatly combed, complete with sideburns. Blood splatter covering his face. And his shirt is covered in blood.

CHEYENNE APPLGATE, 19, a very stunning blond-haired Texas beauty. She could have had her pick of men, but she chose him. Her head is lying on Vince's blood-soaked chest. The front of her shirt is also covered in blood, along with blood splatter on her face. A diamond ring clings to her finger.

The law officers are now a few feet away from the bodies.

EXT. HIGHWAY - PRISONER TRANSFER BUS - MOVING - DAY

SUPER: HIGHWAY 287 BETWEEN FORT WORTH AND HUNTSVILLE

THREE DAYS EARLIER

The bus is barreling down the almost desolate highway.

INT. PRISONER TRANSFER BUS - MOVING - SAME

The bus is full of prisoners, whose feet are shackled to the floor; their hands are cuffed in front of them.

One of the prisoners in the middle of the bus is Vince Haggard. He is sitting in a seat next to the window.

The prisoner 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?

PRISONER

I saw that pretty little gal of yours; yesterday during visitation.

VINCE

Congratulations.

PRISONER

So, maybe, I thought she can come visit me in my cell when we get to Huntsville. 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.

PRISONER

So.

VINCE

And they were talking about you.

PRISONER

Which one's was talking about me?

VINCE

Don't worry; I defended you.

PRISONER

Defended me? How?

VINCE

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

(smiles)

But, I told them that you could.

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

PRISONER
You, son of a bitch!

He starts to stand - Vince is quicker and beats him to the punch. Literally. Vince slams him in the face with his closed fists. The prisoner 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.

The guard finally pulls Vince off the prisoner and forces him back down in his seat. All Vince can do is smile as the guard sits there holding his hand over his bloodied nose.

EXT. PRISONER TRANSFER BUS - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

A Mustang comes out from behind the bus and moves as to pass. It does not. Instead, it pulls up alongside. Cheyenne Applegate is driving - wearing a low-cut shirt - thin short skirt. Looks up at the bus.

INT. PRISONER TRANSFER BUS - SAME

The prisoners 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 - MOVING - SAME

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's window. She throws him a smile.

INT. PRISONER TRANSFER BUS - MOVING - SAME

DRIVER
Would you take a look at this chick?

The guard leans over to take a closer look - sees Cheyenne still throwing smiles. The Mustang speeds away past the bus - over the hill out of sight.

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

GUARD

Pipe down! The show is over!

(off their silence)

I hope you boys got a good look because that will be the last female that any of you see for a while.

The driver is Looking at the road as he comes over the hill - sees the Mustang is stopped in the middle of the road blocking both lanes.

DRIVER

Still looking.

DRIVER

What the hell?

The guard stands - looks ahead - sees Cheyenne slowly get out of the car - her hands behind her back.

GUARD

Still looking.

GUARD

Is she out of her damn mind!?

The driver lays HARD on the horn.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

Cheyenne brings around from behind an M-16 assault rifle, pointing it towards the bus.

INT. PRISONER TRANSFER BUS - MOVING - SAME

DRIVER

Ho-ly Shit!

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

Cheyenne smiles - opens up with FULL-AUTO!

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

Cheyenne grinning wildly as the next round of bullets slam into the front tire, completely ripping it to shreds.

INT. PRISONER TRANSFER BUS - SAME

The driver is fighting the wheel as hard as he can to keep the bus under control.

EXT. PRISONER TRANSFER BUS - SAME

The bus skids, coming to a stop halfway off the road. Cheyenne moves towards the bus pointing the rifle. Stops in front of the bus.

CHEYENNE

Throw all your weapons out the door!

The door opens - two handguns along with a shotgun sail out the door - Cheyenne walks to the door side of the bus.

CHEYENNE

(to driver)

Handcuff yourself to the wheel.

The driver takes out his handcuffs - cuffing himself to the wheel.

CHEYENNE

(to Guard)

You unlock the cage.

The guard takes out his keys - starts unlocking the cage door.

GUARD

This is not a smart move, young lady. I'd think twice before you did something you'll regret.

He unlocks the door.

CHEYENNE

Start walking.

The guard walks into the cage - Cheyenne steps onto the bus as she follows him.

INT. PRISONER TRANSFER BUS - SAME

They continue walking past the prisoners.

CHEYENNE
Unlock Vince Haggard.
(off his look)
Do it.

The guard stops next to Vince - kneels, starts unlocking his chains. Vince and Cheyenne make eye contact - they smile. The guard stands.

CHEYENNE
Now his hands.

The guard unlocks the cuffs. Vince stands, coming eye-to-eye with the guard.

VINCE
Give me your keys.

The guard hands Vince the keys.

CHEYENNE
Sit down.

The guard keeps standing as he looks Vince in the eyes.

VINCE
You heard the lady. She said, sit
down.

Vince punches him hard in the stomach - the guard doubles over as Vince pushes him down into the seat.

VINCE
Now, cuff your ankles and your
hands.

The guard does what he is told.

CHEYENNE
Are you okay, baby?

VINCE
(to Cheyenne)
I am now, darlin'.

They kiss. The guard finishes his task - looks at Vince.

GUARD
You're making a big mistake, boy.

VINCE
(to Guard)
It's not my first.
(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)
(to Cheyenne)
Let's go.

CHEYENNE
(to Guard, smiles)
Bye.

They walk towards the cage door.

GUARD
How far you think you're going to
get, Haggard?

Vince stops at the door, turns to face the guard.

VINCE
As far as I need to.

PRISONER #2
Set us loose, Haggard!

VINCE
I would love to. But, I have places
to go; and people to see.
I'll tell you what I'll do, though.
I'll let you all fight for control
of the keys.

He tosses the keys towards the prisoners - they all make a
grab for them as Vince and Cheyenne make their way off the
bus.

EXT. PRISONER TRANSFER BUS - SAME

Vince and Cheyenne step off the bus.

CHEYENNE
How did I do, baby?

Vince takes her around the waist - plants a kiss SMACK on the
lips.

VINCE
That was beautiful, darlin'!

Cheyenne smiles.

VINCE
Let's get the hell out of here.

They start moving towards the Mustang.

CHEYENNE

Where are we going?

VINCE

We have to get some traveling money first; before we can do anything. Then, we will head for Presidio.

CHEYENNE

Why, Presidio?

VINCE

I heard about a guy there that is the best at making fake ID's. Then we'll head for Mexico.

Cheyenne stops in her tracks. Vince continues on a few more paces before he realizes she is no longer walking. 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 spins out, whips around - heads back in the direction that it came, passing the bus. Some prisoners are making their way out of the bus as the Mustang speeds by.

They are unaware of the man and woman sitting in the little car off the side of the road. The man has a digital camera in his hand.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME DAY

SUPER: GALVESTON, TEXAS

A very attractive woman, dirty blond hair pulled back into a ponytail. This is DEPUTY UNITED STATES MARSHAL J.D. COOPER, (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 steps inside.

INT. BOAT WAREHOUSE - SAME

J.D. is looking around; as she moves through the warehouse, she sees the boats that have seen their better days. Starts walking between the boats up on racks. Then a hook comes out of nowhere, slicing the forearm of her gun hand - she yells out in pain as the gun drops from her hand.

A man jumps off a boat in front of her, holding the pole hook. Their eyes make contact as she is holding her forearm. The man smiles - it quickly fades as he swings the pole hook - J.D. 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. J.D. makes her move.

She punches the man in the face - he staggers back, releasing the pole. She dives under the boat as she tries to get to the Glock. She is a fingertip away - the man grabs her foot - pulls her back out towards him. Flips her on her back - her right boot kicks him in the face.

He staggers back - J.D. continues for her Glock - 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 - Jessica empties her clip into him as he slams into the beam pole, falling face-first to the floor.

Her adrenaline is flowing heavy.

BRICE (O.S.)

J.D.?!

J.D.

Over here!

A man stops quickly as he turns the corner of the boat. This is DEPUTY UNITED STATES MARSHAL BRICE HARPER, (40). Wearing cowboy dress attire, complete with a bolo tie and hat.

Looks at her on the floor halfway under the boat.

BRICE

You okay?

J.D.

Better than that, bastard.

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

BRICE

You're bleeding.

She looks at her arm.

J.D.

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 start walking towards the exit - J.D.'s cell phone rings - they stop as she answers the call.

J.D.

Cooper... yes, Ma'am...? He does...? Yes, ma'am. He decided he did not want to go back alive... yes, Ma'am. As soon as we finish up, we'll head back to Austin. We should be there in about three and a half hours... right.

She disconnects the call.

BRICE

Palmer?

J.D.

("yes")

A convict escaped from a transfer bus headed for Huntsville. The Governor wants us to track him down.

BRICE

Who is he?

J.D.
Don't know yet. The information
will be waiting for us when we get
to Austin.

Brice acknowledges - they walk away, leaving the dead man
where he fell.

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: BIG LAKE, TEXAS - FIRST DAY

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

RILEY SCOTT, 35, a very handsome dark-haired man, walks from
the hallway into the living room. 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 - news is
broadcasting.

Walks into the kitchen, stopping in front of the coffee pot -
pours some coffee into a cup - finishing it off with cream
and sugar. A noise catches his attention. He walks to the
window behind the kitchen table, pulls back the curtain
looking out.

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. She gets out of the truck's passenger side - slings her
purse over her shoulder, walks towards the house.

We will call her WENDY, 29, auburn hair. Very attractive. She
makes her jeans look good.

Riley walks to the front 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 waves towards the truck, closing the door - walks into
the kitchen. Wendy is already pouring herself a cup of
coffee.

WENDY
Thanks for taking me to the shop to
pick up my car.
(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

The final job bids are between Jimmy and another contractor. If he gets this job, we will be pretty much set financially for the next few years. That's how big this job is.

RILEY

Sounds good, Sis.

Wendy walks towards the table.

INT. FRONT ROOM - TV - SAME

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

ANCHOR

We have just received more details on the prison bus escape that took place yesterday afternoon on Highway 287.

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 accomplice or accomplices to justice. The task force will be led by Deputy United States, Marshal J.D. Cooper.

Riley sees J.D.'s face plastered on the screen. It is like Riley has suddenly been put into a trance - his eyes begin to wonder.

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

WENDY

Miss her?
(no response)
Riley?

Wendy snaps her fingers, and immediately, Riley comes out of the trance, taking a second to answer.

RILEY

(to Wendy)
Did you say something?

WENDY

I asked if you miss her?

RILEY

It's been a long time. I never think about it.

WENDY

You and J.D. were a pretty inseparable team at one time. Are you telling me you never think about those times?

Riley picks up the remote - the image of J.D. flashes off the screen with a push of the power button.

RILEY

Do you want to talk about past history; or go pick your car up from the shop?

He tosses the remote on the chair - walks past Wendy towards the door. Wendy watches as Riley reaches the door -

WENDY

Well, why can't we do both?

Riley takes the cowboy hat from the rack - stops.

RILEY

(to Wendy)

No.

Puts the hat on as he makes his way out. Wendy smiles - follows him out the door, closing it behind her.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT- KITCHEN - SAME

J.D. is putting cream cheese on a bagel - a bandage covers the injury on the forearm. The bathroom door opens - GARTH walks out, 30, dark hair parted down the middle - wearing a light brown business suit.

Garth stops at the entrance of the kitchen.

J.D.

Want a bagel?

GARTH

No. I'm not too hungry.

He continues staring at J.D. as she takes a bite from the bagel. She can feel his eyes on her.

J.D.
What, Garth?

GARTH
I think that it is time, J.D., that we re-evaluate our relationship.

J.D.
(to Garth)
Come again?

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

J.D.
Okay...?

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

J.D. tries to comprehend what she has just heard - sits down at the table.

J.D.
Meaningful?
(off Garth's "yes")
I thought we did have a meaningful relationship, Garth.

GARTH
It is meaningful, J.D., but I don't think that... Let me see if I can explain it better... I would like to have a wife that wants to provide a nice home for me to come to. Someone who prefers a nice, safe lifestyle instead of a dangerous one. Does that make sense to you, J.D.?

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 smiles - sits at the table.

GARTH

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

She is getting pissed.

J.D.

Get out of here, Garth.

Smile fades.

GARTH

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

J.D.

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.

GARTH

Caveman minded? J.D., look at
yourself. You were almost killed
yesterday. You have stitches in
your arm, for Chrissakes!

J.D.

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

GARTH

I am asking you one last time,
J.D., to give it up?

J.D.

Not for you. Or anyone else.

GARTH

J.D. --

J.D.

(stern)
Good-bye, Garth.

GARTH

J.D., please let's --

J.D.

Garth. Don't make me get my gun.

Garth is surprised by what he has just heard - stands - walks to the door - stops - looks back at J.D.

GARTH
You just blew the best thing you
ever had.

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

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

J.D.
A safe lifestyle? What a crock.

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

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY - LATER

The courthouse is a hive of activity.

SUPER: UNITED STATES COURTHOUSE - AUSTIN, TEXAS

INT. COURTHOUSE - FUGITIVES INVESTIGATIONS

SUPER: LONE STAR FUGITIVE TASK FORCE UNIT

Four Deputy Marshals are standing near a table in the middle of the room. One woman, three men. One is Brice Harper. The others are REBECCA SANCHEZ, 32. Her jeans and blouse make her attractive Hispanic features stand out. MATT HAWSE, 25, a handsome Caucasian man with the face of an all-American teenager, makes him look younger than he is. LARRY RICHARDS, 30, well-built, handsome African American.

MATT
Did you all see that game last
night?

LARRY
How could we not?

MATT
What, You don't like watching the
Longhorns?

LARRY
They are overrated, man.

MATT
Overrated? Do you have a screw
loose, Larry?

LARRY
Not that I'm aware of.

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

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

MATT
You too, huh, Rebecca?

She smiles.

MATT
I give up.

LARRY
It's only football, Matt.

MATT
To you, Larry, a man raised in
Arizona, it's only football. To
everyone raised in Texas. It's a
way of life.

LARRY
That, I'm beginning to see.

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

J.D.
Morning, all.

They all acknowledge as she moves towards the table.

J.D.
I just came from Marshal Palmer's office; after having a nice long chat about our fugitive.

BRICE
What do we know about him?

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

J.D.
His name is Vince Haggard. He was convicted of bank robbery and the murder of the bank manager. Yesterday afternoon, he was on the transport bus from Fort Worth to the state prison in Huntsville when he escaped from the bus.

LARRY
What else do we know about him?

J.D.
Rebecca?

REBECCA
When he was seventeen, he left home 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
In the Huntsville cemetery.

BRICE

Cemetery?

REBECCA

He went on a drug-induced killing spree. Murdered five people in cold blood. He was given the death penalty and was put to death five years ago.

LARRY

So how did our guy get into the life of crime?

REBECCA

When he turned eighteen, he found the wrong crowd. Started doing petty crimes; that eventually led to the beating of a man he robbed in an alley. 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 of both crimes; and spent three years in prison.

BRICE

Let me guess, when he got out, he went back to doing what he did best, regardless of the high IQ?

REBECCA

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

LARRY

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

REBECCA

According to the eyewitness accounts;

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

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 manager's head. Then laughed like the "Joker" as he ran out of the bank.

BRICE

Come again?

MATT

The "Joker?"

LARRY

As in the insane clown character from "Batman?"

REBECCA

Is there any other?

J.D.

Bringing us to our present situation.

BRICE

How do you escape from a prison transport bus?

J.D.

Simple. The bus was attacked en route.

REBECCA

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

J.D.

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

MATT

Why would they travel on that road instead of the interstate?

J.D.
They figured that it would be safer, and no one would think they would take that route.

BRICE
You said the bus was attacked?
(off J.D.'s "Yes")
Do we know by who?

J.D. taps the remote - the image of Cheyenne appears.

J.D.
Meet the accomplice. One, Cheyenne Applegate.

REBECCA
(jokingly)
Any relation to Jack Applegate?

J.D.
As a matter-of-fact... she's his only daughter.

They react.

BRICE
You're shittin' me?

J.D.
Hardly.

LARRY
Who is Jack Applegate?

MATT
Damn, Larry, you've been in Texas for almost a year and don't know who Jack Applegate is?

Larry nonchalantly shrugs his shoulders.

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REBECCA
Jack Applegate is one of the richest men in Texas.

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

J.D.
Has one, if not the biggest ranches in the entire state of Texas.

MATT

(amazed)

She attacked the bus?

J.D.

According to the guard and driver, she drove up, started flashing a smile, along with her legs. She then sped up ahead, and when they came over the hill, 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 being taken over by this girl.

REBECCA

And there were no witnesses to this other than the guard and driver, I mean?

J.D.

Not to the actual break.

BRICE

What about the other inmates?

J.D.

Well, a few managed to escape, but the ones who were unable to; confirmed the story.

LARRY

Have they found the ones who escaped?

J.D.

The local sheriff, along with the Rangers, are tracking them.

REBECCA

So, that is all we have?

J.D.

Not exactly.

BRICE

You're being vague.

J.D.

After I talked with Palmer, she had me speak to a couple who came upon the scene after the bus was disabled. They stopped to take a few snapshots of the bus. But the best photo They got was of Haggard and Applegate, running towards the Mustang.

MATT

A snapshot?

BRICE

From a good old fashion rolled film camera. I swear, you younger generation need to learn more about what was used before you could take pictures on your cell phone.

MATT

Hey, I knew what a snapshot is. I was just seeing if I heard J.D. correctly.

BRICE

Huh-huh.
(to J.D.)
Do we have it?

J.D.

It is down at the lab. They are developing it as we speak.

MATT

(towards image)
She doesn't look like she could hurt a fly.

LARRY

Do we know where they are headed?

J.D.

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 and rob something small, like a convenience store, to try and 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 one of
the most prominent and influential
men in Texas, get involved with a
bank robber and murderer?

J.D.

That's a real good question.

(to Brice)

Brice, what do you say; we go and
ask him?

Brice slowly nods his head "yes" as he smiles.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

SUPER: HIGHWAY 67 - TWO MILES OUTSIDE BALLINGER, TEXAS

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 - SAME

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, that shouldn't surprise you.
We both 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 is it?

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 - SAME

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. What are you driving?

VINCE

Ninety-five, five-point oh, Mustang.

MAN

A Ford?

(to girl)

Ford. F. O. R. D. "Found on road
dead."

They both start laughing - Vince is not amused. In fact, by the look in his eyes, something BAD is about to happen.

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 - reaching behind - 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 slowly shakes her head, "no," pleading for her life.

Cheyenne points the gun at her - a few seconds go by, but it really feels like an eternity as they are looking each other in the eye - Cheyenne pulls the trigger twice. The bullets slam into her chest - she is thrown back a few feet by the bullets' impact, where she lands on her back on the floor.

Cheyenne is Looking at the body - looks to her left - 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 - walks to the toilet - pulls down her pants to take a pee - puts the device between her legs - starts to urinate.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - COUNTER - SAME

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

Vince walks 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. She tosses
the test into the trash can - puts the Beretta into the back
of her pants, covering it with her shirt.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - SAME

Vince is looking at the clerk, getting very impatient.

VINCE

Come on, dude!

CLERK

I'm trying.

Cheyenne Calmly walks out of the bathroom - Takes a hand
basket from the rack - starts filling it up with snacks.
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 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 - 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 - SAME

A black SUV pulls up in front of the gate - the gate slowly opens - the SUV moves through the gate - the gate slowly closes as the SUV moves up the driveway.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

A man is sitting at his desk, typing on the keyboard in front of computer screen. 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, the Marshals, are here.

Jack continues typing.

JACK

Show them in, Maria.

MARIA

Yes, Sir.

She steps to the side of the door, looks to his right - motions. J.D. walks in, followed by Brice. Maria closes the door, leaving the room as Jack continues typing.

JACK

Please, have a seat.

J.D. and Brice sit down on the sofa against the wall.

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 Marshals.

JACK

I 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 businessman of the year.

J.D./BRICE

Congratulations.

JACK

Thank you.

Walks to the liquor cabinet.

JACK

Could I offer you two a drink?

J.D.

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

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

BRICE

That's right.

JACK

(to J.D./Brice)

What, exactly?

BRICE

Do you know a man by the name of Vince Haggard?

His demeanor quickly changes at the sound of the name.

JACK

All too well, unfortunately. What does this have to do with Cheyenne?

J.D.

How much do you know of Cheyenne's involvement with Vince Haggard?

JACK

Let me stop you right there, Marshal. My people have already informed me about the incident with the transport bus.

J.D.

Your people?

JACK

Yes. The people that I have running my business and family affairs.

BRICE

Then, you already know that --

JACK

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

J.D.

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?

J.D.

Yes, Sir.

JACK

Well, I appreciate your willingness, Marshals, to risk your lives; just to hunt down that no good sonofabitch, Haggard.

BRICE

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

JACK

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

BRICE

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

J.D.

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...

J.D.

Since what, Mr. Applegate?

NANCY (O.S.)

Tell them, Jack.

They all look back towards the voice - see NANCY APPLEGATE, 52, a very attractive woman for her age, standing in the doorway.

NANCY

Tell them. Tell them, Jack.

Jack 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.

J.D.

Did you tell her that?

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.

J.D.

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

He is reluctant to say.

J.D.

Mr. Applegate, anything you can tell us...

Jack sits in his chair.

JACK

I was in my office in Austin when my wife called. By her tone, I could tell she was very agitated. 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.

BRICE

For a while?

Jack takes a drink - stands - steps to the window behind the desk - looks out.

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.

INT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - BLEACHERS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

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

JACK (V.O.)

It seemed to all be going well. The team was kicking the crap out of the opponent.

(MORE)

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
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 Jack 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.

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

You're not as dumb as you look, Haggard.

Vince stares hard at him. Pure hatred in his eyes.

CHEYENNE

Well, I love him, daddy.

NANCY

Cheyenne, you have no idea what love is.

CHEYENNE

Yes, I do, mother.

JACK

"Sex 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 defiance.

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 starts to take a step towards Vince

JACK
That's, Mr. Applegate, to you.

Vince smirks - slowly shakes his head, turns - walks away.

VINCE
See you around... Applegate.

Jack and Nancy watch Vince walk away.

JACK (V.O.)
I honestly thought that would be
the last we ever heard the name
"Vince Haggard."

INT. RANCH HOUSE - STUDY (END FLASHBACK)

Jack is still standing in front of the window, looking out.

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

Nancy is still standing in the doorway.

NANCY
Of course, you would.

JACK
(to Nancy)
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
So, 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. Cheyenne couldn't wait long enough to get out of this house. Why do you think she went to college? To get an education? She went there to get away from you.

Jack looks at her like someone had just slapped him across the face. J.D. is watching this all go down, and she begins to understand that Nancy Applegate is Cheyenne's ALLY.

J.D.

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

Nancy looks at J.D. 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 is more furious as he turns back towards the window. Nancy turns her attention to the marshals.

NANCY

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

J.D.

Ma'am, what exactly did Cheyenne tell you?

NANCY

She told me that she was doing fine.

BRICE
Is that all?

J.D. can tell that she is not telling everything.

J.D.
Mrs. Applegate, we want 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 J.D.

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

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

NANCY
She said; that she had done an
awful thing in the heat of a
moment.

BRICE
Did she mention what she had done?

Nancy shakes her head "no."

J.D.
Did she mention where she was?

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

BRICE
Ballinger is on, sixty-seven.

J.D.
Almost a straight shot to Presidio.

BRICE
Mexico?

J.D.
That would be my guess.

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

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

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

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

NANCY
What does that mean, exactly?

J.D.
Vince Haggard is a cold-blooded
killer, Ma'am. Our guess is that he
will kill again. 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!

BRICE

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.

J.D.

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

NANCY

Dear God. What has she gotten herself into?

J.D. and Brice stand.

J.D.

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

NANCY

Thank-you.

J.D.

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 already 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 instill 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 and make sure that she does not wind up on the same path as that sonofabitch, 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 - SAME

The black Ford Econo line van is parked under a train overpass on a dirt road.

INT. VAN - CAB - SAME

A man is sitting behind the wheel wearing cowboy attire. This is ZACH TANNER, 30ish. Ruggedly handsome.

His cell phone stuck to his ear.

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

INTERCUT - 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 worried about the Marshals
Service. 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 the
Marshals to them.

TANNER
No "maybe's" about it.

JACK
Remember, all I want is Haggard
dead. And my daughter returned home
safe and sound.

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 - MOVING - FREEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The SUV is flowing with the nightly freeway traffic.

INT. SUV - MOVING - SAME

Brice is driving, J.D. is sitting in the passenger seat. Brice looks at J.D. sees J.D. looks to be in deep thought.

BRICE

Penny for your thoughts.

J.D. comes out of the trance, looking at Brice.

J.D.

What?

BRICE

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

J.D.

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

BRICE

About?

J.D.

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

BRICE

Sounds like you almost made the same choice once.

J.D.

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

BRICE

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

J.D.

Yeah, I survived. I had to. Being the only child to a man that wanted a boy, he named me Johnnie Desiray. So once I left home for good, I started going by J.D.

(off Brice's acknowledgment)

But, if I learned anything from my father, that 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," so to speak, 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.

BRICE

What about Garth?

J.D.

As of this morning, there is no longer a Garth.

BRICE

I'm sorry, J.D.

(off her reaction)

You feel like talking about it?

J.D.

I'd just as soon not.

A few moments of silence pass, like being in a morgue.

BRICE

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.

J.D.

Yeah, and tomorrow, the sky will fall right into my lap, right?

BRICE

Hey, stranger things have happened.

J.D.

Such as?

Brice is thinking.

BRICE

The Beatles?

They look at each other - J.D. chuckles as Brice smiles.

J.D.

Good point.

EXT. SUV - TRAVELING - FREEWAY - SAME

The SUV exits the freeway via the off-ramp.

J.D. (O.S.)

The Beatles.

Laughter can be heard.

INT. HOUSE - DARK - NIGHT - LATER

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.

He walks 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 United States Deputy Marshal J.D. Cooper

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

ANCHOR

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

INT. DINER - EVENING (FLASHBACK)

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

RILEY

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

J.D.

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

RILEY

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

J.D.

I have to get away from this town.

RILEY

This town? Or your father?

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

J.D.

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.

J.D.

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?

J.D.

I don't know.

(Jokingly)

Maybe, I'll join the Marshal's Service.

RILEY

Seriously?

J.D.

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

Thinking about it.

RILEY

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

J.D. smiles.

J.D.

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. But 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 - walks out of the room.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

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 SUVs pulls in to the parking lot - lights flashing. Stops.

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

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - SAME

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

SHERIFF (O.S.)

You must be the Marshal's from Austin?

J.D. looks to her left - sees the local Sheriff Walking towards them. A man who, by the looks of his body language, is not at all pleased to see them.

J.D.
That's right. United States Deputy
Marshal J.D. Cooper. This is --

SHERIFF
I don't remember asking for any
introductions.

She is taken aback by surprise.

J.D.
Just trying to be friendly,
Sheriff.

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

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

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

Brice has had enough.

BRICE
Listen, you rude, mother fu--

J.D.
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
It was all caught on tape?

SHERIFF

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

LARRY

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
pertaining to this?

SHERIFF

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

J.D.

Excuse me?

SHERIFF

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

MATT

Your investigation?

The Sheriff looks at Matt.

BRICE

You arrogant, "hick," sonofabitch,
this has been our case, ever since
Haggard escaped from that prison
bus.

They stare at each other.

J.D.

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 no
qualms about slapping an
obstruction of justice charge on
your ass, sheriff. Do I make myself
perfectly clear

(MORE)

J.D. (CONT'D)
 (sarcastically)
 Sheriff?
 (off his "yes")
 Good. 'Cause, the last thing I want
 between our two departments is any
 misunderstandings.

J.D. sarcastically taps him twice on the shoulder.

J.D.
 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.

J.D. and the rest of the team continue through the store. The
 sheriff is fuming.

BRICE
 Ain't she a pistol?

The sheriff looks at Brice. Pure hate in his eyes. Brice
 motions for him to lead the way. The 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 is blowing in the wind as they look at
 each other and smile.

EXT. FILL'EM UP, HEAD'EM OUT DINER - DAY

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 pretty much empty - three vehicles
 in total, including the Mustang convertible. The top is down.

INT. DINER - SAME

Two separate couples who are sitting at different booths, eating. Vince and Cheyenne are sitting on the middle stools at the counter. Both eating cheeseburgers and fries. Those are the only customers.

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 comes complete with a southern drawl.

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

VINCE

Excuse 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 - SAME

Tanner's van slows down, coming to a complete stop in front of the diner.

INT. VAN - SAME

Tanner is looking towards the parking lot - sees the parked Mustang. Shifts the gear into reverse.

EXT. VAN - SAME

The van backs up - goes into the parking lot - stopping at the side of the diner out of sight.

PARKING LOT

Tanner cautiously walks up to the mustang - stops next to the rear - pulls out a pocket-sized spiral notebook - flips open the cover, looking at the first paper.

INSERT - THE PAPER, showing these numbers and letters:

BK6*H598

TANNER

Still looking at the paper - looks at the license plate - sees the same sequence. Puts the notebook in his shirt pocket - 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 - makes his way to the van as a dirt-covered black FORD F-150, equipped with a roll bar and KC lights, comes down the highway at a high rate of speed - barely slowing down, as it veers off the payment, into the dirt parking lot, coming to a skidding halt.

Both cab doors fly open as three "REDNECK" looking brothers get out of the truck, laughing and horsing around. They are LUCAS MAXWELL, 25. He is the oldest. 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.

The second oldest is PARKER MAXWELL, 23, wearing a green JOHN DEERE baseball cap - white T-shirt with a Confederate flag on the front with the words: "SOUTHERN BORN, SOUTHERN BREED" - blue jeans, boots.

The youngest is TROY MAXWELL, 20, wearing a black cowboy hat - light blue cowboy shirt, sleeves rolled up to the elbows - blue jeans - boots.

Lucas admires the Mustang as they walk towards the door. The van drives out of the parking lot onto the highway, heading left.

INT. DINER - SAME

The door opens - the brothers walk in.

LUCAS
Howdy, Flo!

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

LUCAS
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 - CHARLIE walks out from the kitchen, 55, wearing a greasy white T-shirt - holding a spatula. He is the Owner.

CHARLIE

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

PARKER

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 heads back into the kitchen. Flo walks over towards Vince with the fresh glass of Dr. Pepper.

Parker hops over the counter in front of Flo, stopping her progress. Lucas makes his way to Vince, stopping next to him.

LUCAS

Let me guess. I bet you're from the
city, ain't ya? You can always tell
a city boy by his hairstyle. 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.

Parker looks at Flo as she is bringing the glass to Vince.

PARKER

Thanks for the soda pop, Flo.

He takes the glass - looks at it.

PARKER

I sure am thirsty.

Parker and Troy are sitting on the counter, watching and enjoying the moment. Brother #2 starts to take a drink.

VINCE

That's my pop.

Parker stops - all three brothers are now concentrated on Vince.

PARKER

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

Vince continues eating, not looking at anyone. Nods his head
"Yes."

LUCAS
That's a mighty fine machine. We'll
take it.

Vince takes a bite of his cheeseburger.

VINCE
It's not for sale.

Parker looks at his brothers.

PARKER
City boys are priceless! Ain't
they?

They all start laughing.

VINCE
Did I say something to amuse you,
boys?

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

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

VINCE
I wouldn't advise that.

Parker starts laughing.

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

FLO
Look, we don't want any trouble in
here. We just got the place fixed
up from the last time.

Parker stops laughing. Slowly looks back at Flo.

PARKER
Relax.

LUCAS
Now. What was that you said to me,
city boy? You wouldn't advise it?
(MORE)

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Did I get that right? 'Cause, I wouldn't want to misquote ya.

VINCE

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

LUCAS

Now, why in the hell would we want to do that for, city boy?

VINCE

'Cause if you don't, you're going to force me to kill ya. Now, I have no problems sticking my gun up your ass and pulling the trigger. The question is, do you have a problem with me sticking my gun up your ass and pulling the trigger and ruining your day?

Lucas is taken back a little from what he has just heard. He does not know what to say - Looks at his brothers, who are shocked as well. Looks back at Vince.

PARKER

That is pretty bold talk for a city boy.

LUCAS

Wouldn't you say,
(tapping him on the shoulder)
Slick?

Vince is about to take a bite from his burger.

VINCE

Don't fucking touch me again.

LUCAS

Oooh. Here that boys? I think we've hit a nerve.

PARKER

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

FLO

Why don't you boys just leave them alone?

TROY

Shut-up, Flo!

LUCAS

Yeah, Flo, shut-up. We're just having a little fun with the city boy. Ain't that, right?
(taps him on the shoulder)
Slick.

Vince's face is starting to change. He is beginning to lose control. Vince looks at brother #2.

LUCAS

What? What are you going to do about it?

Lucas starts to reach out to touch Vince again. But he doesn't get a third chance. Vince grabs his arm - yanks it, as he yells out. Vince stands - punches him in the stomach - slams his head into the countertop three times with lightning quick speed - pulls out his Beretta - putting it to the head of a dazed Lucas. Vince has a real crazy look on his face.

VINCE

I told you not to fucking touch me again.

Parker sits the glass on the counter - slowly makes his way around.

PARKER

Hey, Slick. I suggest you turn him loose.

VINCE

Or what?

Parker 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.

PARKER

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

Vince looks at him, still holding 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.

PARKER

Yeah? Well, I don't give a flyin'
fuck!

Vince looks at Cheyenne.

VINCE

How about that, Darlin?' He doesn't
give a flying fuck.

Cheyenne slightly smiles - grabs Parker'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 falls 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 - Parker slowly stands - Troy starts to get off the counter - Parker shakes his head "no." Parker looks at Cheyenne. Parker makes his way towards Cheyenne.

PARKER

You want to try that again? You
little Bitch!

Cheyenne stops - reaches behind her back - pulling the Beretta out from under her vest - turns, points it at Parker - he quickly stops in his tracks. Without hesitation, Cheyenne Puts four slugs into Parker's chest - he is thrown back, landing on his back on the floor.

In one motion, Troy hops off the counter - making a beeline for the door. Cheyenne points her Beretta at him.

CHEYENNE

Hold it, Cowboy!

Stopping him in his tracks. By this time, the other customers sitting in the booths are watching 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 - sees Parker on the floor; deader than a slab of beef.

VINCE

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

Charlie stands next to Flo.

Vince, Still holding the gun to Lucas's head - 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 'ole boys."

Lucas 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. To 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 you, Darlin.'
(to Lucas)
Four... last chance there, boy.

Troy is getting concerned.

TROY
Apologize, damn it, or I will!

Lucas is still defiant.

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

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

CHEYENNE
His wife.

TROY
(to Cheyenne)
What?

CHEYENNE
His wife.

Showing her ring. Troy looks at the ring - turns his attention to Vince.

TROY
Your wife. Now please, take that
gun off my brother.

Vince pulls the Beretta away from the head of Lucas.

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

Lucas slowly stands - looks at his brother's dead body on the ground - looks at Vince - pure hatred in his eyes.

TROY
Let's go, Lucas!

Lucas's gaze is burning through Vince.

LUCAS

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

Without hesitation, Vince quickly raises the Beretta towards Lucas, pulling the trigger. The bullet slams Lucas in the forehead, knocking him into the counter - dropping him face-first to the floor.

Charlie and Flo are in shock at what they have just witnessed. So much in shock, they can not move to try and escape.

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

Troy, 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 - 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 Troy - she fires four times. All four bullets slam into his back - he pitches forward - crashing through the window, landing on the sidewalk.

Flo runs to the window - looks outside. She sees the lifeless body lying 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.

They stare into each other's eyes.

CHEYENNE

Get back behind the counter.

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

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

CHEYENNE

Most defiantly, baby.

Vince nods in agreement.

VINCE

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

Vince takes a bag from the counter - Hands it 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 bag from the counter - steps 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 back into the rear counter and into the stack of
plastic glasses that fall, along with Charlie to the floor.

Vince Looks to his left - 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 just beside herself at what she has just seen.

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 - putting it in a paper bag. Cheyenne looks at Vince - he has a look of pride.

Flo hands the bag to Cheyenne. Cheyenne takes the bag - holds it up. She 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 towards the customers. Vince and Cheyenne's eyes meet.

EXT. DINER - SAME

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. LONE STAR FUGITIVE TASK FORCE UNIT - DAY - LATER

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

LARRY
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?

J.D.

Jack Applegate.

MATT

Why him specifically? Why not his stepdad for what he did to his mother?

J.D.

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

LARRY

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.

LARRY

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

J.D.

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

LARRY

And how do you purpose to do that?

J.D.

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 nothing to do with you?

J.D.

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

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

REBECCA

(into receiver)

Taskforce... when?... Are you sure about that?... Right.

Hangs up the receiver.

REBECCA

That was dispatch. A Reagan County Sheriff, by the name of Riley Scott,

(off J.D.'s reaction to the name)

Has reported several homicides in a local diner just outside of San Angelo. Said the witness reports, peg our two as the ones who did it.

J.D.

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 - DAY - 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, driving 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.)

J.D.!

They all stop - look to their left - see Riley, 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, J.D.

J.D.

Good to see you, Riley.

They look at each other - eyes expressing intense feelings for each other. J.D. looks at the team - she notices the surprise reaction.

J.D.

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 Larry 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?

J.D.

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 "yes")

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 blond-haired Texas beauty. Ain't that the description that went out?

J.D.

I'll be damned.

They start walking towards the diner.

J.D.

Were the victims locals?

RILEY

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

J.D.

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

RILEY

Hardly anyone around here did. They were the three of the worst brothers in this county. They spent more than a few nights in my jail.

(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)

In my opinion, they won't be missed.

They continue walking towards the diner.

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

There are a few forensic people processing the room. Riley and the team enter the diner - stop - look around the aftermath. Blood is over the floor, and counter - blood covers the two booths, where the two couples sat. J.D. is looking over the area.

J.D.

This is by far the most people that have died while crossing their paths. Where is your eye-witness?

RILEY

Dead. She was able to give it a few minutes before she died.

(off their reaction)

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

REBECCA

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

They all acknowledge - walk out of the diner.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. RANCH HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - SAME

Nancy is sitting on the couch looking through a photo album. Behind her, Jack stops at the entrance, looking at her. Jack walks up, stopping off to her right.

JACK

Reminiscing?

Nancy continues looking 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 only child 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.

She looks at him.

NANCY

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 and protect their daughter.

Nancy looks back at the album - sees a baby photo of Cheyenne.

NANCY

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

She starts singing "Hush little baby" - Jack stands watching her - turns, walking away.

EXT. ALAMO MOTEL - NIGHT

SUPER: FORT STOCKTON - 238 MILES FROM MEXICAN BORDER

This 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 MOTEL - ROOM - SAME

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 against the headboard - Cheyenne is laying her head on his chest - eyes closed. Vince has his arm is draped around her shoulder.

Vince is holding the remote in the opposite hand. He is watching TV. A mustang is being built. Finished 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 here 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 culprits who committed this senseless crime.

Photo mugshot of Vince.

KATIE SANDBURG (V.O.)

Vince Haggard is a wanted fugitive, who escaped from a prison bus, that was on its way from the Fort Worth jail; 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 lead 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

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, lead by Deputy Marshal J.D. Cooper. I caught up with Deputy Marshal Cooper, a few hours ago, outside the diner.

Katie Sandburg is interviewing Jessica.

KATIE SANDBURG

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

J.D.

Not much, I'm afraid. All that we know is nine people were unnecessarily slaughtered by two people who 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?

J.D.

We have a lead or two that tells us where they might be going. But that is all that I can tell you at this time.

The TV screen goes black.

Vince Tosses the remote on the bed - gets up, and walks to the window. 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 marshals only protected witnesses and judges?

VINCE

And they also specialize in fugitive recovery.

CHEYENNE

What do you mean, specialize?

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 - moves towards the bed.

VINCE

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

Sits next to her, putting his arm around her.

VINCE

And you know why?

Her eyes are downward looking at 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.
(off Vince's confused
look)
I'm pregnant, Vince.

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 another one and tried it a few
hours later. They both came back
with the same result.

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

VINCE

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 Chrissakes!

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

If that is your thinking, I suggest
you hop on the first bus out of
this town and go home. Go on home
to your big fancy house and your
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 part of the tour. So you
choose, Chy. Right here. Right 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, in my case.

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. 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

Of course, I do.

(off Cheyenne's smile)

Look, you don't have to decide now. Once we get to Mexico and get settled, then you can decide if you want to keep it or send for your mother to take it. But you know my feelings towards a baby. That's why I'll leave it up to you. 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 that we can cross the border into Mexico. He is also going to have some cash so we can survive down there for a while.

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 popular 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 - They kiss, as they lay back on the bed - kissing more passionately.

EXT. MACDONALD'S - NIGHT - SAME

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

INT. MCDONALD'S - SAME

Riley and J.D. 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?

J.D.

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

RILEY

Damn fool.

J.D.

That was my thought, too.

They smile.

J.D.

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 Wendy.

J.D.

Once or twice.

She glances at his hand.

J.D.

I don't see any ring.

RILEY

You mean, she didn't tell ya?

J.D.

Not the whole story.

RILEY

My story is similar to yours. She was used 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.

J.D.

Damn fool.

Riley smiles.

RILEY

That was my thought, too.

J.D.

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. MCDONALD'S - NIGHT - SAME

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

J.D.

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.

J.D.

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, J.D.

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!

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

EXT. ALAMO MOTEL - NIGHT - LATER

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

INT. VAN - CAB - SAME

Tanner is sitting behind the wheel, looking towards the motel parking lot - 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... 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 cab from the back.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT - LATER

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

RILEY

Our welcoming committee?

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

REBECCA

You're just in time.

J.D.

Why?

REBECCA

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

J.D.

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.

J.D.

Let's go.

They walk towards the SUV's.

RILEY

I'm going with you, J.D.

They all stop - she looks at him.

J.D.

I'm sorry, Riley, but this is not your fight.

Riley has a look of determination on his face.

RILEY

I said; I'm going.

J.D. looks at the team.

J.D.

Could you give us a minute, please?

They walk towards the SUV's. J.D. looks hard at Riley.

J.D.

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

RILEY

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

J.D.

This case has nothing to do with you, Riley.

RILEY

Nothing to do with me? Those two people slaughtered a diner full of people in cold blood, J.D...

(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)
and to make matters worse, they did
it in my county. So excuse me if I
take it a little personal.

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

RILEY
J.D., 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.

J.D.
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, J.D., 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 J.D.

REBECCA
Are you sure this is such a good
idea, J.D.?

J.D. looks at Rebecca - does not say a word, but the look on
her face; says it loud and clear. "No." She turns and walks
towards the SUV - Rebecca looks towards the Sheriff's station
- follows J.D.

EXT. ALAMO MOTEL - DAY

SUPER: LAST DAY

The town is still asleep.

INT. ALAMO MOTEL - OFFICE - SAME

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 (manager) walks out from the back room towards the counter.

MANAGER

Morning.

TANNER

Morning.

MANAGER

Checking out?

TANNER

No, but I would like some information.

MANAGER

What sort of information?

TANNER

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

MANAGER

Oh, You must be from the Marshal Service?

Tanner quickly reacts.

TANNER

Yes, I am.

MANAGER

Do you have some ID?

TANNER

As a matter-of-fact.

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

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

TANNER
Back-up? Who needs back-up?

MANAGER
The news says they are armed and
extremely dangerous.

TANNER
So am I. What room?

The manager is taken off guard.

MANAGER
Huh?

TANNER
What room?

Coming to his senses. He pulls out a card box from under the counter - opens it - goes through the cards till he finds the one he needs - pulls out the card.

MANAGER
The only name on here is Cheyenne
Applegate.

TANNER
That'll do.

MANAGER
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, walks out the door. The manager has a pleased look on his face as he puts the box under the counter - Walks into the back room.

INT. ALAMO MOTEL - ROOM - SAME

Vince is sitting at the desk - a cell phone 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. You just have everything ready, along with the money. 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?

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'll 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 - SAME

The team is coming down the road.

INT. SUV - MOVING - SAME

J.D. looks towards the parking lot.

J.D.
Who the hell?

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

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME

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 - 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 backside of the door.

VINCE

Ready?
 (off her "yes")
 Go!

Vince slings open the door - starts blasting away with both of his Beretta's - 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. PARKING LOT - SAME

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

TANNER

Shit!

MATT (O.S.)

Federal Marshal, don't move!

Tanner stiffens.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

J.D. and Riley stop at the parking lot entrance, weapons drawn towards the car. Before they can fire, Vince opens up on them. Riley pushes J.D. out of the line of fire - Riley isn't so lucky. As he turns and faces the Mustang, he is struck 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.

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

J.D.

Riley!

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

J.D.

This is Deputy United States,
 Marshal J.D. Cooper! Officer down!

(MORE)

J.D. (CONT'D)
Send an ambulance to the Alamo
motel! And hurry, God-damn it!

J.D. lays the radio next to her.

J.D.
Riley?

Riley opens his eyes - sees J.D.

RILEY
Guess I'm only half-charmed.

She takes his hand.

J.D.
You'll be all right.

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

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

RILEY
J.D., tell my sis ---
(coughs)
Tell my sister that I...

J.D. is looking at his wounds. Notices that he has stopped
talking. Looks at him - sees his dead eyes are staring at
her.

J.D.
Riley...? Riley?

Tears form in her eyes. She closes his eyes - starts crying -
lays her head on his chest. Sirens can be heard. Brice is
walking towards her.

EXT. ALAMO MOTEL - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

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

J.D. watches the ambulance drive away - her demeanor turns from anguish to anger. She turns - walks away - followed by Brice.

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

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

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

J.D.

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?

J.D. slowly steps up to Tanner.

J.D.

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?

J.D.

Who put you onto them?

TANNER

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

J.D.

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

TANNER

That's a technicality.

J.D.

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 any police officer.

JASON

You might as well have.

BRICE

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

TANNER

You can't do that.

J.D.

Are you willing to bet your way of life on what I can and cannot do, 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. 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 J.D.)

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

TANNER

It seems that someone from the Marshal's office has been given his wife updates.

BRICE

That's terrific! Just God-damn terrific!

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

BRICE

What's wrong, J.D.?

She looks at Brice.

J.D.

It was me.

BRICE

What was you?

J.D.

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

Brice can't believe his ears.

BRICE

Why the hell would you do that?

J.D.

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

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

J.D. can't believe what he just said.

J.D.

I did not put anything in jeopardy, Brice! And, I have never been incompetent!

BRICE

The hell you didn't, and the hell you weren't! You put this operation, along with this team, in jeopardy! And on top of that, you went and got your sheriff friend killed.

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

J.D.

How dare you! I did not get Riley killed! And if you don't like the way I'm 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. J.D. 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?

J.D. is still concentrated on Brice.

MATT

J.D.?

She finally snaps out of it. Looks at Matt.

J.D.

What?

MATT

What do you want to do with Tanner?

J.D. snaps back into "Marshal mode."

J.D.

(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.

J.D.
Call him and say that they gave you
the slip and will contact him again
when you make contact with the
Mustang. Understand?

Tanner nods his head "yes" in understanding.

REBECCA (V.O.)
(filtered)
J.D., you'd better come to the
room. I think that we found
something.

J.D. pulls the radio from her belt clip.

J.D.
(into radio)
I'm on my way.
(to Matt)
Cut him loose, Matt.

She heads for the room - Matt starts uncuffing Tanner.

TANNER
You mean; I am not under arrest?

J.D. stops, looks at him.

J.D.
Tanner, right now, I've got bigger
fish to fry. But, 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 sure that you spend time
behind bars, and you will never
hunt another bounty as long as you
live. Do I make myself clear, Mr.
Tanner?

TANNER
Yes, Ma'am.

J.D. walks away, followed by Matt - Tanner sits down in the back of his van - sighs.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rebecca, Larry, and Brice are working the room. J.D. walks in - followed by Matt.

J.D.
What have you got, Rebecca?

REBECCA
We know the exact address where they are headed once they reach Presidio.

J.D.
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, Larry decided to do the oldest science experiment in the book in order to see what was written on the top page.

J.D. looks at it.

J.D.
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 street

J.D.

Looking at the pad.

J.D.
We have to get to Presidio.

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

REBECCA

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

J.D.

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

They all walk out of the room.

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - DAY - LATER

SUPER: PRESIDIO, TEXAS - THREE MILES FROM MEXICAN BORDER

The Mustang is parked in front of the house.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Vince and Cheyenne are sitting at the table, across from a
heavysset 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

That is why I am the best at what I
do. I keep my customers happy, and
they give me return business.

VINCE

And the cash?

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

Vince looks at Cheyenne as she 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, and
you get return business.

(closing the briefcase)

Right?

(off Mr. Clean's "yes")

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

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

MR. CLEAN

Well, the border is only a stone's throw away. It won't take you more than thirty minutes to get there.

(off Vince's look)

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 for a few hours and rest. Then, we'll be on our way. And if I'm not making my meaning clear enough.

He pulls out his twin Beretta's, 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 - MOVING - SAME

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

REBECCA

So what's going on with you and Brice?

J.D. 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.

J.D. looks ahead.

J.D.

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

REBECCA

Brice said that?
(glancing back at Brice in
the rearview mirror)
Why?

J.D.

Because Tanner told us that he was
getting his information from Jack
Applegate, 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?

J.D.

Plus, he said, due to 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 you would sign the papers.

J.D.

Something like that.

REBECCA

Did you mean it?

J.D.

I don't know.

REBECCA

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

J.D.

What's your point?

REBECCA

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

J.D.

Are you sure about that?

REBECCA

Aren't you?

They look at each other. J.D. looks out the right window.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - LATER

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

NEWSCASTER

(into camera)

If you have any information that could lead to the capture of these two wanted criminals.

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

NEWSCASTER

(into camera)

Please call the Marshals fugitive recovery hotline at the one-eight-hundred number on your screen below.

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

NEWSCASTER

(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 hall entrance - 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 - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

J.D. is still in the front passenger seat - Rebecca is driving. Brice is now awake. J.D. has her cell phone to her ear.

J.D.

(into phone)

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

INTERCUT WITH SUV / MR. CLEAN'S LIVING ROOM

MR. CLEAN

That's right.

J.D.

Where are you calling from, Sir?

MR. CLEAN

Presidio.

J.D.

Do you know their location now?

MR. CLEAN

Yes. They are sleeping in my spare bedroom.

J.D. looks at Rebecca.

J.D.

They are sleeping in his spare bedroom.

REBECCA

What?

J.D.

(into phone)

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 - SAME

J.D. hears the voice.

J.D.
(to Rebecca)
I think Haggard has caught our
caller with his hand in the cookie
jar.

The others react.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - SAME

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."

He slowly puts the phone to his ear.

VINCE
Who the hell is this?

No response.

VINCE
Cat got your tongue, mom?

INTERCUT WITH WATSONS' LIVING ROOM / SUV

J.D. still has the phone to her ear.

JESSICA

Vince, this is Deputy U.S. Marshal
J.D. Cooper.

VINCE

J.D. Cooper? I saw you on TV last
night. You gave one hell of a good
interview.

J.D.

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?

J.D.

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

VINCE

That all depends on how many more
are going to be in my way.

J.D.

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 than
go to prison.

J.D.

Vince, I would like to speak with
Cheyenne.

VINCE

(amused)
Sorry, that just isn't possible.

J.D.

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?

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

I think she would rather live in prison than have to go back and live with her old man.

J.D.

She may not have to go to prison, Vince.

VINCE

Don't try to con a career criminal, J.D. I know how the system works. I've been there, remember?

J.D.

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, J.D.?

J.D.

Close enough to stop you, Vince.

VINCE

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

J.D.'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.

J.D.

Vince, don't do it.

VINCE

Are you close enough to Presidio to stop this one, J.D.?

Points the gun at Mr. Clean.

INT. SUV - MOVING - SAME

J.D. is listening. Mr. Clean yell out: "No!" Three gunshots.

REBECCA

What was that?

VINCE (V.O.)
(filtered, into phone)
I don't think you are that close,
J.D. I'll be sure to send you a
postcard from Mexico.

The phone goes dead. J.D. is pissed.

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

EXT. SUV - MOVING - SAME

The SUV speeds through town.

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

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

EXT. STREET CORNER - MOMENTS LATER

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

EXT. MUSTANG - SAME

Cheyenne is in the car - Vince has his door open - he looks towards the sound - 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 - SAME

J.D.
This ends here, in Presidio.

J.D. picks up the radio - keys the mic.

J.D.
This is Deputy U.S. Marshal J.D.
Cooper, to the Sheriff of Presidio.
(MORE)

J.D. (CONT'D)

We are in pursuit of the escaped fugitive Vince Haggard. He is making a run for the border. I need a roadblock on that spot. 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 now.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Both vehicles make their way to Main Street.

INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - SAME

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

EXT. MUSTANG - TRAFFIC - MAIN STREET - SAME

Cars veer 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 - SAME

Cheyenne looks back at the carnage.

CHEYENNE

Whoa!

Vince looks at her - smiles.

VINCE

You having fun?

CHEYENNE

This is exciting, baby!

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

CHEYENNE

Why are we stopping?

VINCE

They are trying to block our exit.

Cheyenne looks towards the roadblock - sees the cars.

CHEYENNE

What are we going to do?

EXT. SUV - MOVING - SAME

The SUV comes to a stop.

INT. SUV - SAME

The team is looking towards the Mustang.

BRICE

What the hell are they doing?

REBECCA

Most likely, they are contemplating if they should run the roadblock or fight.

LARRY

Both would be suicide.

REBECCA

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

J.D.

He'd rather die than go back to prison.

LARRY

And what about her?

J.D.

She would rather die together than to live alone, apart.

MATT

That's crazy.

J.D. nods in agreement.

INT. MUSTANG - SAME

Vince is looking towards the three cars.

CHEYENNE

Vince, what are we going to do?

VINCE

Remember, what I told you back in 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. MARSHALS SUV - SAME

J.D. punches numbers on her cell phone.

REBECCA

Who are you calling?

J.D.

Maybe, I can talk some sense into her.

INT. MUSTANG - SAME

Vince and Cheyenne are looking at each other. Her cell phone rings. She looks at the phone, then at Vince. Nods his head "yes." Cheyenne connects the call.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

CHEYENNE

Hello?

J.D.

Cheyenne, this is Deputy U.S. Marshal J.D. Cooper. I would like to talk with you.

CHEYENNE

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

J.D.

I think there is. Your mother, for one.

CHEYENNE

My mother? Is she all right?

J.D.

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?

J.D.

Take a look at your situation, Cheyenne. It is very gloom. 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.

J.D.

Only a family who loves you.

CHEYENNE

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

J.D.

Cheyenne, I know how you feel. I was in the same boat that you are in 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 Cooper. I have made up my mind. My place is with my Husband, in life or in death.

J.D.

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.

J.D.

Cheyenne, listen to me, plea --

CHEYENNE

And tell my father... he can rot in hell.

Tosses the phone onto the pavement.

INT. SUV - SAME

J.D. sees Cheyenne toss the phone.

J.D.

Damnit!

REBECCA

The heart wants what the heart wants, J.D.

J.D. angrily tosses her phone onto the dash - takes out the binoculars from the console compartment - looks through them.

INT. MUSTANG - SAME

CHEYENNE

(to Vince)

No matter what.

They stare 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 - SAME

J.D. is looking through the binoculars towards the Mustang - notices Vince look back at her. Sees him smirk. J.D. knows what is about to happen.

J.D.

Oh-my-God.

EXT. MUSTANG - MAIN STREET - SAME

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

INT. MUSTANG - SAME

Cheyenne is firing 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.

CHEYENNE

Vince!

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

He examines her shoulder.

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. ROADBLOCK - SAME

The Sheriff and deputies have all stopped firing, but they are still ready for action. The Sheriff is looking towards the Mustang.

He reaches into 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 - SAME

J.D. is watching the scene - she takes the radio - keys the mic.

J.D.

Sheriff, this is Deputy Marshal
J.D. Cooper.

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

SHERIFF (V.O.)

Go ahead, Marshal.

J.D.

We're coming up.

SHERIFF (V.O.)

I don't think that is a good idea.

J.D.

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 - SAME

Cheyenne is holding her shoulder.

VINCE

This is your last chance to get out of this, Chy. 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.

Vince shakes his head in disbelief.

VINCE

You're a hell of a woman, Cheyenne.

Looks ahead.

VINCE

Do you see that border?

Cheyenne looks ahead - 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. Looks 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 - SAME

The team is out of the SUV and starting to walk towards the Mustang.

BRICE
What the hell are they doing?

MATT
Giving up?

J.D.
No. They are going to force them to shoot.

They start running towards the Mustang.

EXT. MUSTANG - SAME

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 - SAME

The Marshals are running.

J.D.
No!!

EXT. SHERIFF AND THE DEPUTIES - SAME

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

The Sheriff sees they are both down.

SHERIFF
Ceasefire!!!

The shooting stops.

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

EXT. MAIN STREET - SAME

Vince is lying on the ground - he is dead. Cheyenne is almost torn in half - she is barely alive. 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. The Sheriff and the deputies cautiously walk towards them with their weapons drawn, as do J.D. and her team. They come to a stop at the bodies - Cheyenne's Head is facing Vince.

With the last bits of breath she has left, she slowly and quietly starts singing the first couple words of "Hush, little baby" she takes another breath... Then nothing. The chase has come to a bloody end.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

J.D. is standing in front of the window, looking out. Brice stops on the outside of the door. Looking in, he pushes open the door, walking into the room.

BRICE

Rebecca said, you wanted to see me?

J.D.

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

(off Brice's reaction)

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

She turns, faces Brice.

J.D.

I am recommending you as my replacement.

BRICE

J.D., 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.

J.D.

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

BRICE

Spilt milk.

J.D.

Perhaps.

BRICE

J.D., 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.

J.D. is genuinely touched.

J.D.

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.

J.D.

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?

J.D.
Bygones be bygones?

Brice smiles.

BRICE
You're the boss.

They hug.

J.D.
Come on; we have one more order of
business.

They walk out the door.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY - 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. J.D. and her team walk up to them.

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

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

J.D.
Thank you, Ma'am.

NANCY
Thank you for coming.

J.D.
Actually, Ma'am, we are here in an
official compacity.

NANCY
I don't understand.

J.D. looks hard at Jack.

J.D.

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

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!

J.D.

Not by your own hand, Jack. But by the hand of a bounty hunter by the name of Zach Tanner.

JACK

That's a damn lie!

REBECCA

We have his confession.

JACK

That don't mean anything.

BRICE

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

J.D.

Hook him up, Brice.

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 J.D.)

Haggard deserved to die! He was a nobody! A piece of shit!

J.D.

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 breath mints.

People have stopped to watch and are talking amongst themselves.

NANCY

Marshal Cooper.

J.D. 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.

J.D.

I'm sure that he was, Ma'am. But in the process, he was responsible for the untimely death of a good Sheriff, 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.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

So tell me, Marshal Cooper. Out of all this tragedy, who lost the most?

Nancy turns, walks away, leaving J.D. standing there alone.

EXT. COUNTRY HONKY TONK - NIGHT

The parking lot is half-full.

SUPER: THREE WEEKS LATER

INT. COUNTRY BAR - SAME

Matt, Larry, 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.

LARRY

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

MATT

You're not convinced on the Longhorns yet?

LARRY

Can't say that I am.

MATT

I give up.

J.D. and Brice walk up to them.

LARRY

It's about time.

J.D.

Sorry, guys.

BRICE

Yeah, we had to make sure all the I's were dotted, and the T's were crossed.

MATT

What was the verdict?

BRICE

Guilty as charged.

REBECCA

It couldn't have happened to a
"nicer guy."

BRICE

Guess he wasn't as influential as
he thought.

J.D. and Brice sit down.

MATT

Waitress, two more beers!

Rebecca looks at J.D., who is looking spaced out.

REBECCA

So, why are you looking so glum,
J.D.?

J.D. looks up at them.

J.D.

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.

LARRY

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!

J.D. looks at Brice - They all raise their bottles - J.D.
looks at the others - smiles - raises her bottle.

J.D.
Thanks, Y'all.

They touch their bottles together - they drink.

EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING

A Dodge Ram truck drives up along the blacktop drive - stops next to a row of headstones. The door opens - J.D. gets out of the truck - walks to a headstone. Stops - looks down at the headstone.

INSERT - HEADSTONE reads,

RILEY SCOTT, BORN 1965 - DIED 2019. LAWMAN, SON, BROTHER, FRIEND.

J.D. is brought to tears.

WENDY (O.S.)
He never stopped loving you.

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

J.D.
Nor, I him.

Wendy walks up to the headstone, stopping next to J.D..

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

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

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

J.D.
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. It is a text from Rebecca.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN reads,

"Rebecca"

J.D. takes the call.

J.D.
What's up?

REBECCA (V.O.)
We have three fugitives on the
loose. The team is on their way to
headquarters.

J.D.
I'm on my way.

Ends the call.

WENDY
More fugitives?

J.D.
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 a 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.

J.D.
You, too.

She looks at the headstone for one final look - turns, walks towards her truck.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
Earlier this morning, three women
escaped from the federal women's
prison camp in Bryan, Texas.

J.D. gets in her truck - drives away.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

We have just been informed that the
Governor has assigned the Lone star
fugitive task force 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