

DOG DAYS

by

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FADE IN:

INT. '06 CHEVY IMPALA - MORNING (VICTORVILLE, CA)

The silver Chevy is parked in the rear lot of the Desert Community Bank among four other cars. BANK EMPLOYEES arrive and go inside. The morning heat is stifling

Behind the wheel is THOMPSON, late-twenties, clean-shaven. Next to him is LYNCH, late-thirties, stubble beard, dark hair, cool smile, cool looks. Both wear boiler suits and gloves.

LYNCH

Okay, so the guy goes to a whorehouse and tells the madam he only wants to spend five bucks. The madam thinks for a bit and then says, "Dotty. She's down the hall last door on the left." The guy walks down, sees Dotty -- she's not the best-looking babe, but she'll do. He puts his dick in her wilted flower and it's the worst feeling he's ever had on his cock - like sandpaper and jagged teeth. He pulls out and tells her, "Umm, something's wrong, can you do something about that?" Dotty crinkles her face, and then says, "Why of course! But it will run you another five bucks." She pockets the fiver, goes to the bathroom, and is back in no time. The guy puts it back in and now, it's like the complete opposite, it's the best feeling he's ever had, like fresh new pussy. And just like that, he finishes in no time. Out of breath, he asks her, "Oh my God, that felt so amazing... what did you do?" Dotty smiles and says, "for the extra five bucks, I picked the scabs off."

Both men laugh, Lynch laughs a little harder. Thompson checks his watch, not time yet.

THOMPSON

Oh God, that is so fucking sick, man.  
Has that happened to you?

LYNCH

Fuck no. I like the young ones because they're always clean and tight down there. Like this one time, I went to Germany for a cleaning job. I met this fifteen-year-old girl at a market, we were talking about candy or something. Anyway, we screwed all night.

THOMPSON

Bullshit?

LYNCH

Hand to God, man.

THOMPSON

How was she?

LYNCH

Oh... I can't even describe it. And she was built like a twenty-year-old, so I didn't feel bad at all about doing her.

THOMPSON

Did you know she was fifteen?

LYNCH

Uh, not that I recall. I mean she didn't look like a fifteen-year-old.

(a beat)

You know it's totally fucked up how things are over here. I mean it's okay to have consensual sex with a minor over there, but over here, it's fucking frowned upon.

THOMPSON

Yeah, and then if or when you get caught, you're sitting in a fucking jail cell while she's calling herself the victim on fucking CNN. And that's exactly why I prefer the mature ones. They're more experienced and less likely to act like a cunt.

LYNCH

What's the oldest you've had?

THOMPSON

Uh, fifty.

LYNCH

Jesus.

THOMPSON

(laughs)

At met her at the Lucky Supermarket.

LYNCH

Really?

THOMPSON

Yeah in the meat section.

LYNCH

Oh please tell you made some crack about meats and your dick?

THOMPSON

No, man. I was fumbling my words. But she dug the act. We met up for dinner then we went back to her place and fucked.

LYNCH

Was she like wrinkly with sagging tits and spots on her hands?

THOMPSON

Oh God no. She was fine like wine. She had reddish brown hair, good skin. Her tits were like 34D I think. They were probably fake as hell, but man, she was fucking amazing. She kept me up all night long, better than any twenty-year-old I've ever had. And she was a squitter, too.

Lynch and Thompson chuckle.

LYNCH

Did it feel weird to pound the shit out of a woman old enough to be your mom?

THOMPSON

Did it feel weird for you to pound the shit out of a girl young enough to be your daughter?

A beat. Lynch and Thompson look at each other.

LYNCH & THOMPSON

No.

Both men laugh.

Silence hangs in the air for a moment.

THOMPSON

You ever banged a fat chick? I did, she had a nice body without the disgusting multi-rolls. Her name was Trisha.

LYNCH

Was she old?

THOMPSON

Nah, I think she was twenty-eight.

LYNCH

Isn't that going back on you not fucking young women?

THOMPSON

Well, there are some exceptions. If she has large tits and some curves, yeah I'll definitely fuck her. And I'm not talking about that fat pig-bitch Mama June. I'm talking about like... plus-size model Tara Lynn.

LYNCH

Alright, alright.

THOMPSON

Now Trisha was a wild bitch, man. I mean she loved the kinky shit. She was into the bondage scene, like gag balls and blindfolds and shit...

Lynch pulls back the sleeve and looks at his watch, then looks at the bank. The doors are opening; the customers are getting out of their cars and going inside.

LYNCH

This is it, about fucking time, too.

Thompson takes some deep breaths. Lynch looks at him.

LYNCH

Nervous?

THOMPSON

A little. This is bigger than doing collections and beating for Doucett.

LYNCH

Don't worry, sport, I've done this a dozen times. Let's just hope the cops are too busy with that bullshit bomb threat at the school.

THOMPSON

I just hope Cohle is ready.

LYNCH

He will be.

Lynch reaches down to the floorboard for the two duffle bags. He opens it and produces two clown masks and two handguns. Both do a brass check before slipping on their masks. Give each other a nod and get out.

INT. DESERT COMMUNITY BANK - MORNING

The calm before the storm.

A MAN on the verge of leaving stuffs money into his wallet. He reaches for the door, which slams inward. Lynch and Thompson storm the bank, their duffle bags slung over their shoulders.

Lynch throws the poor guy skidding across the floor.

Thompson butt-whacks the GUARD, hard in the nuts, with his Glock.

The OTHER GUARD goes for his holster -- Lynch whacks him across the face, hard and brutal. He goes down.

THOMPSON

ALL TELLERS STEP AWAY FROM THE COUNTER,  
NOW!

LYNCH

EVERYONE ELSE EAT THE FUCKING FLOOR!  
LET'S GO!

Thompson spider-mans over the counter and corrals the TELLERS. He empties out the tellers' cash drawers into the bag. He grabs a pack of double band twenties and rips it up to reveal dye pack and a tracer, tosses it.

Lynch circles the floor, like a predator searching for his prey.

LYNCH

I WANT THE MANAGER AND THE ASSISTANT  
MANGER TO STAND THE FUCK UP!

The BANK MANAGER nervously stands up and so does the ASSISTANT MANAGER (female), across the room. He rushes them to the open vault door and a second rectangular cage door. They insert their keys and unlock the door.

INT. DESERT COMMUNITY BANK - VAULT - MORNING

The vault is lined with safety deposit boxes and a large steel cabinet. The three enter.

LYNCH

OPEN IT!

The manager uses the second key and unlocks the steel cabinet to reveal banded money pads and a leather travel bag at the bottom.

The man and woman comply. Lynch searches the top of the stacks and finds the double banded twenties, tosses it. He starts loading his bag up with cash.

INT. DESERT COMMUNITY BANK - MORNING

Thompson empties out the last cash drawer. He climbs over the counter and watches the crowd.

THOMPSON

KEEP YOUR FUCKING HEADS DOWN!

EXT. STREET - MORNING

A cruiser from the Sheriff's office comes screaming down the street.

EXT. DESERT COMMUNITY BANK - MORNING

Just as the cruiser skids to a stop the curb of the bank's front entrance, a '10 Ford F150 comes at them like a wrecking ball from a parking lot across the street.

It CRASHES into the driver side, crushing the cruiser like a beer can.

The driver, COHLE, gets out, dressed as Thompson and Lynch and wears a Halloween mask. He aims his Colt .45 at the cruiser's forward tires and FIRES two slugs into each tire.

He races to the back of the bank to get to the Impala.

INT. DESERT COMMUNITY BANK - VAULT - MORNING

Lynch grabs the last stack of cash, the leather travel bag, and exits the vault.

INT. DESERT COMMUNITY BANK - MORNING

As Thompson turns to the door, Lynch SHOTS him in the back twice, hits the floor dead. Everyone screams. Lynch strides to the nearest security guard who sweating bullets.

LYNCH

Why'd you do that? We were out the fucking door.

SECURITY GUARD

No, I-

Lynch SHOTS the guard in the head, blood blossoms. More screams. Lynch grabs the second money bag and hauls ass.

EXT. DESERT COMMUNITY BANK - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Cohle is at the car, spots Lynch dashing out of the bank, alone.

COHLE

Where's Thompson?!

LYNCH

He's dead! C'mon!

The two men climb into the car and speed out of there.

INT. '06 CHEVY IMPALA - MORNING (MOVING)

Cohle jerks the wheel left upon exiting the parking lot. Cars honk and swerve out of the Impala's way. He takes a quick right on Roy Rodgers Drive.

Cohle takes off his mask revealing a man in his early-forties, neck length hair tied up, laconic with intelligence etched on his rugged face.

In the back, Lynch is in the process of getting undressed.

COHLE

What the hell happened back there?

LYNCH

One of the rent-a-cops pulled a gun and shot Thompson. But don't worry, I got the fucker.

COHLE

I'm not worried.

Cohle watches Lynch through the rearview mirror, he can smell the lie coming off of him.

EXT. DUVALL MEMORIAL HIGHWAY - MORNING

The Chevy zips through traffic.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - MORNING

A place where dreams can come true or be crushed like a bug.

INT. NOIR CABARET - MORNING

Sunlight pours through a doorway. DOUCETT, early-fifties, dark hair, vulpine, enters. He wears dress pants and a polo shirt, no need to be über fancy.

The strip club is dead, hours away from opening. The decor is pure seedy and sleazy: some tables and booths, a bar, and a stage. It's one of those rare strip clubs that balances between erotic entertainment and class.

Doucett's cell phone RINGS. He checks the ID: Cusack. He talks as he walks to his office.

DOUCETT

(into phone)

Hey, Cusack, how's the weather in Philly?

CUSACK (V.O.)

Forget the weather, Doucett. The bank in Victorville just got robbed.

Cusack has an old man's voice, but from the tone, he sounds like a dangerous person.

DOUCETT

What are you serious?!

CUSACK (V.O.)

Yeah, I'm serious. They took the money that was on its way to Philly. My money, Doucett.

DOUCETT

Who told you this?

CUSACK (V.O.)

The bank manager, who else? They even shot Peter, poor guy wasn't even armed.

Doucett enters the back.

INT. NOIR CABARET - MORNING

He makes his way past the rows of vanity mirrors and lockers.

DOUCETT

Fucking animals.

CUSACK (V.O.)

Besides you and me, who else knows about what we do in that bank?

DOUCETT

The two guards and the manager. Maybe Peter set it up and got popped by his own guy. Or maybe it was the bank manager.

CUSACK (V.O.)

It did seem too perfect. I don't know, maybe.

DOUCETT

How much did they take?

CUSACK (V.O.)

Eight-hundred thousand and change, plus what was in the cash drawers and vault.

INT. NOIR CABARET - OFFICE - MORNING

Doucett enters the cramped office and takes a seat behind the desk. On the desk are a computer and a monitor that shows live feed from the security cameras.

DOUCETT

Okay, so what's the plan?

CUSACK (V.O.)

You find out who did it, Frank, you hear me. I don't care what you gotta do to find out who was involved, you got it?

DOUCETT

I got it. I'll take care of it, I swear.

CUSACK (V.O.)

And, Doucett, I better not find out you had anything to do with this.

DOUCETT

Jesus Christ, quick to judge, huh?

CUSACK (V.O.)

I'll judge the fucking pope if I have to.

DOUCETT

I didn't steal from you off, I have a little more sense than that. But I will take care-

Cusack hangs up. Doucett sets his phone down and flips it the middle finger.

DOUCETT

Fucking prick.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

The Chevy Impala travels alone.

EXT. RUNDOWN GAS STATION - MORNING

The Chevy pulls into the driveway and slowly cruises past the empty office. The car continues around the building to the garage's back door. The Chevy parks behind a black '10 Ford Mustang.

Cohle and Lynch get out. Lynch is in his street clothes.

Cohle changes, removing his shoes and coveralls, as Lynch takes the duffle bags and puts them into the Mustang's trunk. Lynch places the bags next to a Remington 870 shotgun.

Cohle slips on a pair of jeans and puts his shoes back on.

COHLE

I gotta take a piss.

LYNCH

Make it quick. It's a long ride back to LA.

Cohle enters the station through the back door.

Lynch turns away from the back door, scans the desert, looking at its beauty, or maybe he's just making sure no one's around.

THE STRANGE MAN (O.S.)

I wouldn't do that if I were you, Leland.

LYNCH

It's part of the plan.

Lynch takes out his S&W, cocks back the hammer. He turns and comes face to face with a MAN in a black suit and matching dress shirt and dark hair. The Strange Man exists only in Lynch's mind.

THE STRANGE MAN

It's not going to end well for you.

LYNCH

You've said that before, and I'm still here.

THE STRANGE MAN

When I say it, I don't necessarily mean it's going to happen within a few hours or a few days, but it's going to happen if you continue down this road, Leland.

LYNCH

Stop calling me Leland.

And like that, the Strange Man is gone, as if he wasn't even there.

Lynch creeps toward the back door.

INT. RUNDOWN GAS STATION - MORNING

Lynch enters the office. Grimy, pestiferous, dust blankets everything.

Lynch moves past the desk, moving toward the garage door.

INT. RUNDOWN GAS STATION - GARAGE - MORNING

The sun cuts through soot-covered windows, providing some light. There's a '78 Chevrolet Caprice, nothing much left of it. Lynch looks around, can't seem to find Cohle.

Lynch soon spots a side door that leads outside, slightly swaying. He realizes he's been had.

LYNCH

Shit.

Lynch turns to find Cohle in the doorway. BANG! Lynch drops to the floor.

Cohle waits, he sees blood spilling from under Lynch. He walks away.

EXT. RUNDOWN GAS STATION - MORNING

Cohle exits the office. He climbs into the Mustang and drives out of there.

INT. NOIR CABARET - MORNING

Doucett sits at the bar with a bottle scotch and glass. He takes a sip from his glass.

His phone is to his ear.

INT. RUNDOWN GAS STATION - GARAGE - MORNING

A pool of blood forms around Lynch. His cell phone RINGS.

INT. NOIR CABARET - MORNING

Doucett continues to wait.

DOUCETT

Fucking come on, Lynch.

INT. ARMSTEAD'S - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

A typical pool hall. It has a bar, a short-order counter, and two pool tables for small, friendly games. Jim Croce on the jukebox. The FEW PEOPLE in Armstead's this day are not playing; they sit and read the papers.

Playing pool with a BIKER-GANG MEMBER is STROSNIDER, late-thirties, plainclothes, an average Joe with underworld wisdom.

Just as he is about to take his shot, his phone RINGS.

STROSNIDER  
(into phone)

Yeah?

CUSACK (V.O.)  
Strosnider, I got a job for you.

STROSNIDER  
I'm all ears.

CUSACK (V.O.)  
I need you to head to Victorville and have a "talk" with the bank manager there. I think he fucked me outta my money.

STROSNIDER  
Why not outsource this to Doucett, he's closer?

CUSACK (V.O.)  
Because for all I know Doucett could've been in on it.

STROSNIDER  
Well, I'm in San Francisco. It's gonna take me awhile.

CUSACK (V.O.)

Fogarty is the at train station with your ticket. When you get to LA head to Red's Auto Shop to pick up a car and some tools.

STROSNIDER

Alright. What if this guy didn't have anything to do with the job?

CUSACK (V.O.)

Don't take any chances.

Cusack hangs up.

STROSNIDER

(to the biker)

You win.

Strosnider exits.

EXT. MURRAY MOTEL - DAY

The Mustang pulls into the motel's gravel-dirt parking lot. A relic. A cluster of vehicles is in the lot.

The Mustang drives through the breezeway and parks.

Cohle gets out and opens the trunk. He grabs the money bags.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

NOELLE, late-twenties, bosomy, naturally attractive, flings the door open. She wears a Crucifix around her neck, a tee-shirt, and short-shorts.

She's relieved to see Cohle. He walks into the room and drops the bags next to some suitcases.

She embraces him, kisses him.

COHLE

Did anyone follow you?

NOELLE

No.

COHLE

Are you sure?

NOELLE

Positive. The robbery's been in the news since this morning.

Noelle looks at the money bags.

NOELLE

He tried to kill you, didn't he?

COHLE

He tried.

NOELLE

You were right. What about Doucett?

COHLE

There's nothing to worry about. He's in LA and we won't be here for very much longer. We'll be fine.

NOELLE

(looks him over)

You look like you could use a shower.

COHLE

I could use a shower.

Cohle kisses Noelle and goes to the bathroom. Noelle is hiding something.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Cohle, naked, steps into the shower and turns on the water. It shoots from the shower head and cascades over his body.

Cohle presses his left hand against the white tile to steady himself. Cohle leans back in the shower. Just as he does:

DOUCETT (V.O.)

I know you hate doing this, but there's a lot of money on this fight, Cohle.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT (FIVE YEARS AGO)

Cohle, clean shaven, is dressed in boxing regalia: trunks, shoes, and gloves. He sits on the table in front of a well-dressed Doucett, a cigarette in one hand and an envelope full of cash in the other. Pandemonium seems to be breaking out behind Doucett in the hallway.

DOUCETT

You should know that boxers in your age don't have a lotta fights left in 'em. When an opportunity like this (re: a thick envelope full of cash) comes around, you shouldn't give it a second thought. Just take it. Forget about pride. Can pride pay for a house in Manhattan Beach? Or pay for a BMW or a trip to Paris?

COHLE

I never wanted to go to Paris.

DOUCETT

Fuck Paris and pride. Don't think about pride tonight. Think about the money that you're gonna be making when you start working for me.

Doucett places the money on the table.

DOUCETT

What round did I say you're going down  
in?

COHLE

Fifth.

DOUCETT

Good man. Have a good fight.

Doucett exits the locker room. Out in the hallway, Lynch  
passes the doorway, following Doucett.

INT. DESERT VALLEY HOSPITAL - ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Lynch, surprisingly, is alive. He's asleep, right arm  
cuffed to the bed's railing, wires connected to him like  
a machine.

He slowly wakes up, breathing is labored. He looks  
across the room to see the Strange Man leaning against  
the wall, staring at him.

A pause.

LYNCH

This is fucking funny to you, isn't it?  
(a beat)  
Fuck you. I'm still here.

THE STRANGE MAN

So am I.

Lynch rolls his head.

LYNCH

You find this funny, don't you? Me in  
this bed with a gunshot wound.

THE STRANGE MAN

What's amusing to me is your unyielding decision to stay on this road, which has put you in that bed with a gut shot wound after so many cautious warnings. Have you noticed the shackles on your wrists?

LYNCH

Yeah.

THE STRANGE MAN

Your predicament is not looking good; nor is your future, Leland.

LYNCH

Fuck you, Nostradamus.

The Strange Man smiles.

LYNCH

HEY!

A beat.

LYNCH

IS ANYONE OUT THERE?!

A DEPUTY enters the room. The Strange Man is gone.

LYNCH

What's going on?

DEPUTY

You were shot, sir.

LYNCH

No shit. Why am I cuffed?

DEPUTY

Deputies had been on the lookout for a silver '06 Impala that was at the scene of a robbery today.

(MORE)

It was spotted at an abandon gas station just outside of Victorville, which is where you were found.

LYNCH

Maybe they're the ones who shot me. They took my car and wallet. Can you please take this off?

DEPUTY

Why were you at the gas station?

LYNCH

I needed to take a piss and there wasn't a bathroom nearby. I went in to do my business, heard a car pull up, and then they came in and fucking shot me.

DEPUTY

What did these guys look like?

LYNCH

One was black and the other one was white. They were in their thirties I think. One had dark hair, the black one was bald with a goatee.

DEPUTY

What car do you drive?

LYNCH

I drive a '04 Cadillac CTS-V. My license plate is DEC1372. Now can you please take this off, I didn't do anything wrong. Please.

Moments later, the deputy unshackles Lynch.

EXT. MURRAY MOTEL - EVENING

Long reefs of dull red clouds rack over the darkening western horizon.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Cohle is in fresh clothes. Noelle and Cohle sit on separate beds, each with a money bag, stacks of counted cash are put to the side. They've been at it for hours, writing down what they've counted. This is boring work.

A long beat.

Noelle finishes before Cohle. He writes down his last count.

COHLE

What'd you get?

NOELLE

\$1,304,000. You?

COHLE

\$245,760.

(does the math in his head)

That's \$1,549,760. Not bad for a day's work. Don't mix up Cusack's money with the bank's. We still gotta make that trip to Vegas to wash the bank's money.

Cohle starts putting the money away.

NOELLE

Don't you know anyone that can clean this?

COHLE

Yeah, and most of them know Doucett and Cusack.

NOELLE

So then why did you go to Jimmy for the IDs and stuff? He knows Doucett.

COHLE

Because Jimmy is loyal to no one but money.

Noelle makes a face like she's hiding something. Cohle catches it.

COHLE

What's wrong?

A beat.

NOELLE

I couldn't get them.

Cohle reacts.

COHLE

What do you mean you couldn't them?

NOELLE

I went to Jimmy's to pick them up, but he said he wanted more money.

COHLE

How much more?

NOELLE

\$10,000.

Cohle stands up, pacing, fuming.

COHLE

(muttering)

I already gave the cocksucking fagot ten grand.

A beat.

NOELLE

I'm sorry, Cohle.

COHLE

It's not your fault.

Noelle reads his mind, knows what he's thinking.

NOELLE

Cohle, we don't need them.

COHLE

Yeah, we do.

Cohle puts his shoes on.

NOELLE

You're going back, aren't you?

COHLE

I have no choice.

NOELLE

It's Doucett, Cohle, he's not that  
fucking CIA-

COHLE

(interrupts)

It's Cusack that I'm worried about. He's  
got people in the Midwest, on the East  
Coast, Florida, and the South. If we  
plan on staying off of his radar, we need  
those things.

NOELLE

Let me come with you.

COHLE

No, you stay here with the money.

Cohle gathers up ten-thousand in cash and rolls it up.

COHLE

If I'm not back by midnight, split. You  
got the gun I gave you?

Noelle flips the pillow over to show a 1911 Colt  
Commander.

Cohle grabs the keys, approaches Noelle, and kisses her.

COHLE

I'll be back.

Cohle walks out the door.

INT. DESERT VALLEY HOSPITAL - ROOM - NIGHT

The deputy enters the room. Lynch is gone.

DEPUTY

Sir?

LYNCH (O.S.)

In the bathroom, can you give me a hand?

DEPUTY

That license plate you gave me was  
bullshit. We need to go over-

The deputy opens the bathroom door.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The first thing he sees is a shattered mirror, shards of  
glass in the sink.

From the corner of his eye, he sees Lynch against the  
wall. He JAMS a jagged shard deep into the deputy's  
throat, blood spills out like a busted dam.

Lynch pulls the deputy into the bathroom and throws him  
face first into the toilet bowl. The Strange Man watches  
in the doorway.

Lynch gets low and continues to ram the glass into the  
deputy's neck, knocking him to the floor. He tries to  
fight away from Lynch.

The shard ruptures the carotid artery. It jets blood.  
The deputy stops moving, the toilet bowl fills up with  
crimson and small pieces of sliced skin.

Lynch finally stops stabbing. He pants and sweats buckets. He gets up and closes the door on the Strange Man.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

VARIOUS SHOTS

Lynch takes the deputy's Beretta 9mm and spare clips.

He opens the closet to find his clothes. He pats his pants and takes out his cell phone.

He empties the deputy's wallet of its cash.

He washes the blood off his hands.

Then takes the deputy's car keys.

INT. DESERT VALLEY HOSPITAL - ROOM - NIGHT

Lynch puts on a clean hospital gown and robe and ties it off.

He grabs a newspaper and wraps it around the gun.

INT. DESERT VALLEY HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lynch steps out of the room and casually walks down the hall.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The elevator doors to the hospital's parking garage open, Lynch exits, walks through the garage, looking for the deputy's cruiser.

A minute later, he finds the cruiser, parked next to a '11 Chevy Caprice.

He approaches the cruiser and unlocks the door.

INT. DEPUTY CRUISER - NIGHT

Lynch goes through the keys and unlocks the Mossberg shotgun from the center console.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Lynch turns to the Caprice and smashes the driver side window with the shotgun.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (LATER)

The Caprice races out of the garage and into the light flow of traffic.

I/E. '11 FORD MUSTANG - NIGHT (MOVING)

Cohle is in Los Angeles. The reflection of passing neon rolls down the Mustang's windshield.

Airbrushed movie stars stare down from their lofty billboards.

COHLE

(into his phone)

I'll be there in five minutes, you better have the stuff.

Cohle hangs up.

EXT. SOUTH UNION STREET APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A rundown, quasi-deserted area. Alienation in the twilight. A lonely tenant watches the city from an open window.

The Mustang pulls to the curb.

Cohle gets out, feels like a fish out of water. He looks around, several cars are parked in the area.

Cohle walks across the street and steps into the building foyer.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (LATER)

There's a loud knock at the door. JIMMY, mid-thirties, a punk, some tats, and a nose ring, opens the door for Cohle.

JIMMY

Hey, man-

Cohle pushes past Jimmy to get inside.

JIMMY

Nice to see you, too, Cohle. Come on in.

Jimmy closes the door.

His place is a studio. A studio camera on a tripod stands in the center of the room in front of a backing. On the kitchen table is a laptop hooked up to a special printer. Somewhere in this dump is a scanner. A stack of heavy cardstocks sits on the kitchen counter.

JIMMY

Want some coffee?

COHLE

I want what I paid for.

JIMMY

Got the money?

COHLE

We agreed on ten-grand.

JIMMY

We did. Now I want another ten-grand. I'm not just giving you some fake IDs to fool the fucking cops. I'm giving you credit history, passports, birth certificates, social security. That shit's expensive.

COHLE

We had a deal!

JIMMY

Why do you need them anyway?

Cohle is quiet.

JIMMY

It wouldn't be because of the robbery in Victorville?

COHLE

What're you talking about?

JIMMY

Some bank got knocked over this morning.

COHLE

So?

JIMMY

I'm not an idiot, Cohle. You come to me for docs and IDs to help you get out of the country, a few days later a bank gets robbed. If I know Doucett like I think I do, he wouldn't want any of his lackeys doing jobs unless he sanctioned it.

COHLE

He did.

Jimmy grabs his cell phone, holds it up.

JIMMY

Let's call him and find out.

A beat. Cohle stares daggers at Jimmy.

COHLE

I already paid you, Jimmy.

JIMMY

So pay me again, or should I call  
Doucett?

A beat.

Cohle doesn't want to keep this going. He digs into his pocket and takes out the ten-grand.

Jimmy puts the phone on the table and heads to his room.

Cohle waits, irascible, ready to punch someone's face into a wall and grind it into dust.

Jimmy's cell phone on the coffee table vibrates on a newspaper.

Cohle looks at the hallway to Jimmy's room, hears sounds, then looks back at the phone.

He picks up the phone and reads the text message: *"we're outside, let us know when he leaves"*.

Cohle pauses, a ranging storm builds up inside him. He puts the phone down.

Jimmy comes back out with a large envelope.

JIMMY

Here you go. Pleasure doing business  
with-

Cohle SOCKS him with a hard right across the face. Jimmy stumbles backward, already dizzy.

Cohle comes at him like a steam roller. Jimmy quickly gets to his feet just as Cohle puts him back on his ass with another hard right.

Jimmy quickly backpedals, but Cohle jumps on him like a killer whale going after a seal.

Jimmy takes a merciless beating and is staggered by a torrent of combinations. Without a doubt, this is the most punishing brawl ever seen.

Cohle lifts him up and throws vicious kidney shots, Jimmy yelps with every hit. The punches get harder and harder, Jimmy's legs give way.

Cohle THROWS Jimmy across the room, crashing through the coffee table, glass and objects take flight, the wind knocked out of him.

Cohle stands over Jimmy.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND APARTMENTS - NIGHT

A beat.

Jimmy goes flying through the window and drops like a ton of bricks into the alley. His face HITS the rim of a trash dumpster with a stomach-cringing thud.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cohle looks outside the window: Jimmy's body lies motionless on the filthy asphalt, blood is starting to pool around his face and departed teeth.

VARIOUS SHOTS

Cohle rifles through the junk on the floor.

He pockets the ten-grand and grabs the envelope.

He grabs Jimmy's cell phone and quickly replies to the text: *"He's not here yet."*

EXT. SOUTH UNION STREET APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Cohle strolls through the courtyard, passing the in-ground pool. A few TENANTS come out of their homes, Cohle pays them no mind.

He enters the street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As Cohle walks to his car, he looks around at the various cars parked in the area, dark tinted vehicles sitting under the orange glow of street lights.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - NIGHT

Cohle climbs in. He glances at the rearview mirror as he is about to turn on the ignition: just parked cars, but feels someone is watching him.

A long beat.

Cohle shakes off the feeling. He fastens his seat belt. He starts the car, heads down the street.

Cohle is calm. He looks in his rearview: he sees the Dodge but he brushes off any feeling.

A beat.

He glances in his rearview and sees a 2007 Dodge on his tail. It doesn't seem to be trying to close the gap, just following at a discreet distance.

Cohle rounds the corner. He looks at the rearview: there is no sign of the Dodge.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Mustang is approaching an intersection. This one contains a green light.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - NIGHT (MOVING)

Cohle checks rearview: the Dodge is in his sight.

Up ahead, at the intersection, the lights turn red. Cohle thinks about running them, but decides against it, braking sharply.

The Dodge draws up beside him, its windows black as sackcloth.

A very long beat.

Cohle looks at the Dodge out of the corner of his eye.

Another beat.

The lights change to green but Cohle doesn't move. Nor does the Dodge.

Behind them, other cars start honking their horns, some are yelling at them.

This is not good.

Cohle jams into gear stomps on the pedal, and at zero to sixty in four seconds, roars into the intersection, swerving left at high speed.

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The Dodge reacts, screeching off in pursuit.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Dodge gives chase around several incredibly narrow turns and alleys.

On speed and power Cohle's vehicle may be no match for the Dodge, but in traffic, the odds are even.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - NIGHT (MOVING)

Cohle continues weaves his way past the slower cars, putting obstacles between himself and the Dodge.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The pursuing car matches him move for move, staying on his tail.

Cohle maneuvers the Mustang with a dazzling aplomb. Up ahead is another intersection.

The Mustang cuts between two crossing cars, causing them to swerve and crash into each other. The Dodge drifts around them and straightens up.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - NIGHT (MOVING)

Cohle slaloms around the corner checks the rearview: the Dodge stays on him, accelerating.

Cohle sees a tight alley up ahead, floors it. He eyes the .45 in the center console.

Cohle bangs the gearshift into neutral, yanks the parking brake, the Mustang spins on the straight, screeching spin, and Cohle takes the hard right into the alley.

The Dodge misses the alley. It comes to a screeching stop and goes into reverse.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The Mustang gets halfway down before stopping dead. Cohle gets out, gun in hand.

The Dodge explodes into the alley. Cohle advances toward the oncoming Dodge and OPENS FIRE.

Cohle unloads the entire eight-round clip into the Dodge, pock-marking metal, spiderweb cracking glass. The Dodge speeds up, but quickly veers to the left and crashes into a brick wall. The Dodge's horn BLARES.

A long beat, Cohle is frozen.

Cohle walks toward the Dodge, ejecting the empty clip, and smacking in a new one. He hits the slide as he approaches the passenger side door.

He places his hand on the handle and tries to open the door - locked.

Just as Cohle moves to the back - BRRAATTT! A barrage of bullets from a machine-pistol rip through the door window, shattering the glass.

Cohle drops low and hugs the Dodge. Five-seconds later the firing stops. Cohle leaps out and EMPTIES his clip into the Dodge's passenger side.

The gun CLICKS empty. Besides the blaring horn, silence.

Cohle sees motionless dark figures inside, slumped in their seats. That's all the evidence he needs. He races back to the Mustang and burns rubber.

INT. NOIR CABARET - NIGHT

The smell of cigarette smoke and cheap body oil is in the air. The music is loud and the bass is thumping.

A BLACK A-CUP BEAUTY is dancing energetically to Katy Perry's "Dark Horse". Money is thrown at her by HORNY DRUNKS.

Doing table dances are a BOSOMY BRUNETTE wearing clown makeup and a BLONDE wearing a cheerleader outfit.

Doucett sits at the bar, nursing a brandy. He stares at his cell phone, starts to think.

THOMPSON (V.O.)

Are you serious?

INT. NOIR CABARET - NIGHT (A MONTH AGO)

Noelle is on stage, padding around softly, swinging her hips to a hip-hop song. She makes love to the brass pole for the CROWD, grinding and climbing it like an erotic acrobat.

She gradually removes her garment, revealing her bare breast. All that is left is a thong.

THOMPSON (V.O.)

I mean, the Philly Boys' money...

Cohle, Thompson, Doucett, and Lynch sit in a booth across from the stage, away from the customers. Doucett smokes a cigarette.

DOUCETT

I pay them half of everything I fucking earn and then they set up some kid from Philly just 'cause he's part of some fucking family. I never got a leg up when I was his age. I worked my way up that fucking ladder just like everyone else.

THOMPSON

Damn.

COHLE

So much for loyalty, right?

DOUCETT

Loyalty goes out the window when you've been living off of crumbs for twenty years. Fuck those guinea-wop cocksuckers.

THOMPSON

So when do we do this?

DOUCETT

All the dough from Cusack's operations gets brought in on the last Thursday of the month and counted and washed during the night by the manager. It gets picked up by two guys on Saturday morning for the train ride to Philly. So Friday morning you go in.

COHLE

During business hours?

DOUCETT

It's in Victorville, a fucking hick town.  
You'll probably have to deal with a  
handful of people.

THOMPSON

Who else is on this?

DOUCETT

Everyone at this table.

COHLE

Including Lynch?

LYNCH

(serious)

Fuck is that supposed to mean, Cohle?

COHLE

It means I don't like you, Lynch.

DOUCETT

I want Lynch to go because he knows the  
bank. Tell them.

LYNCH

There are two guards, both are on  
Cusack's payroll. The manager and  
assistant are the only ones that can open  
the vault. No time lock, keys only.

DOUCETT

There, you see.

THOMPSON

What's our cut?

DOUCETT

The amount they bring in varies, it could  
be six to seven-hundred thousand. Once  
we count the money, I'll decide how much  
everyone gets.

COHLE  
(less optimistic)  
I love this already.

A beat.

DOUCETT  
You guys can go now.

THOMPSON  
Oh, thank you, massa.

Cohle and Thompson slide out and head toward the exit.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - NIGHT (MOVING) (PRESENT)

Cohle travels down the highway, putting Los Angeles in his rearview as fast as he can.

EXT. VICTORVILLE DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

A deputy cruiser pulls into the parking lot of a discount store. TWO DEPUTIES get out and hustle towards the entrance of a shattered door. They step inside, passing a trash can on the floor.

INT. VICTORVILLE DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

The deputies sweep through the maze of aisles, their flashlights slice through the darkness.

One of the deputies heads to the back, leaving his partner alone.

The deputy moves through the store, entering several aisles.

The deputy pauses thinks he hears something. He doesn't move. The department store holds a drowning depth of stillness as a dam holding water. The deputy continues onward.

The deputy enters the cheap suits section, the selection is limited to six suits. He shines his light on a bare hanger, then down to the hospital gown that Lynch was wearing.

INT. VICTORVILLE DEPARTMENT STORE - BACK - NIGHT

Among the boxes of merchandises, Lynch stands in his boxers over the second deputy, BASHING his head in with a baseball bat. Blood forms around the deputy's head, the body spasms uncontrollably.

After three more hits, Lynch finally stops when he hears the satisfying CRUNCH. He holds his stomach as he pants hard.

Lynch looks toward the door that leads to the main floor. He puts the bat down, reaches for the Beretta resting on some clothes.

Lynch hugs the wall, a few inches away from the door, and covers his left ear.

LYNCH  
(calls out)

Hey!

Lynch waits, hearing the other running to the back room.

The door swings open and Lynch SHOOTS the deputy in the face. A spray of red mist shoots from the back of his head as he drops to the floor.

LYNCH  
Sonuvabitch that is shit loud!

Lynch tries to shake the ringing sound from his other ear.

He walks back to his clothes.

EXT. VICTORVILLE DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT (LATER)

Lynch steps outside, wearing a black suit with a white dress shirt and black cowboy boots.

He looks around and goes up the street, walking in the shadows, avoiding the street lights.

DOUCETT (V.O.)

What the fuck happened, Lynch?

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - NIGHT (MOVING) (LATER)

Lynch drives on a road on the outskirts of Victorville.

LYNCH

(into phone)

He fucking shot me, Doucett! That's what the fuck happened.

DOUCETT (V.O.)

You let him get the drop on you?

LYNCH

Hey, fuck you, man.

DOUCETT (V.O.)

Watch your tone-

LYNCH

Do you have any idea what I've been through today?

DOUCETT (V.O.)

I don't give a shit, Lynch. Cohle's got the money and I have no idea where the fuck he is. I almost had him, too. Jimmy called me a while ago and told me that Cohle was planning to buy some stuff to get him and Noelle out of the country. I offered him five-grand to stall Cohle. I sent two guys to Jimmy's place to follow him-

LYNCH

Most of the guys that work for you really work for Cusack. What'd you tell these guys?

DOUCETT (V.O.)

I told them I had an idea of who might have done it. But I haven't heard from them.

LYNCH

If he just left Jimmy's then there's time for me to catch up to him.

DOUCETT (V.O.)

What do you mean?

LYNCH

I know where he's going.

Lynch hangs up. He turns to see the Strange Man sitting right next to him.

THE STRANGE MAN

Such a nice night, don't you think?

LYNCH

Fuck off. What's so nice about it?

THE STRANGE MAN

You know you could always keep driving. Start over again.

LYNCH

Penniless? No, I've had a taste of the good life and it's now become my appetite.

THE STRANGE MAN

You're planning something, aren't you?

LYNCH

You know me so well.

A beat.

DOUCETT (V.O.)

You guys can go.

THOMPSON (V.O.)

Oh, thank you, massa.

INT. NOIR CABARET - NIGHT (A MONTH AGO)

Back at the booth, Cohle and Thompson slide out and leave.

Lynch sees Cohle eyeballing Noelle.

Doucett lights up another cigarette.

LYNCH

So when should I do the deed?

DOUCETT

When and how is up to you. As long as it's after you get the money.

LYNCH

Now, I'm not trying to convince you otherwise, but why not just cut them in?

DOUCETT

I can't have them running around with money they stole from Cusack.

LYNCH

You think they're gonna go around blabbing about the job?

DOUCETT

No, but why take the chance, right?

Lynch grunts in agreement.

DOUCETT

Besides, it's more money for us.

Lynch stares off, doing some deep thinking.

DOUCETT

Something on your mind?

LYNCH

I'm just wondering why Cohle doesn't like me. I'm a funny fucking guy.

INT. THOMPSON'S FORD FIVE HUNDRED - DAY (MOVING)

Thompson and Lynch travel down a residential area on Marathon Street.

LYNCH

Okay, Hitler calls a meeting with his best soldiers and commanders and tells them "Alright, I want to order the assassination of one-hundred thousand Jews and ten hedgehogs." Then one of the generals stands up and says "But Mein Führer why ten hedgehogs?" Hitler smiles and says "You see, no one gives a fuck about the Jews."

Lynch and Thompson bust a gut.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - SECOND FLOOR - DAY (LATER)

Lynch walks through the courtyard and goes up the stairs. He strolls past a few doors and stops in front of one and bangs on it.

The door opens. Cohle stands there, wearing boxers.

COHLE

What?

LYNCH

Morning, or afternoon. We're going to check out the bank. Thompson's already in the car.

COHLE

Fine.

Cohle leaves the door open for Lynch as he heads to the bedroom. Lynch steps inside, closing the door behind him.

INT. COHLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lynch looks around, seeing what's what. He spots a note pad on the coffee table. He reads what's written: "Murray Motel" and the address.

THE STRANGE MAN (O.S.)

Didn't your parents teach you not to be nosey?

Lynch sees the Strange Man. He shakes his head and looks back at the map.

LYNCH

Yeah. And I set them on fire while they slept.

Lynch hears Cohle. He folds the map back up.

INT. THOMPSON'S FORD FIVE HUNDRED - DAY (LATER)

Lynch and Thompson are up front, Cohle is in the back. They look across the street from the bank, staking it out.

LYNCH

Alright, here's how it goes. Thompson and I pull up to the back of the bank in the getaway car. We leave the car running. Cohle is parked across the street to intercept any cops that'll respond to the alarms.

THOMPSON

Let's hope the bomb threat keeps most of them away.

LYNCH

If we don't run into any pigs and we get the cash without any problems, we get in the getaway car and we meet up at the gas station outside of town.

COHLE

What about the guards on Cusack's payroll?

LYNCH

What about them?

COHLE

You really think they're just gonna roll over and let us take Cusack's money?

LYNCH

No, they won't, but if they do, we'll take care of them.

THOMPSON

We?

LYNCH

Fine, I'll do it. God, how can you guys live in this world without a spine and two balls?

THOMPSON

How can you act nonchalant about killing someone?

LYNCH

It's not like I get my rocks off killing someone. I believe killing is a legitimate response to various interpersonal problems in life; like provocation, necessity, or, maybe they just had it coming.

Cohle steals a glance at Lynch.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Blue neon spills into the room. Noelle lies awake in bed. Not by choice. Lights out, head on a pillow, staring at the ceiling.

She turns to the old digital clock on the bedside table:  
11:45 p.m.

EXT. MURRAY MOTEL - NIGHT

Noelle steps outside in a robe washed in blue neon. She sparks a cigarette and takes a drag.

She looks at the endless desert covered in black.

A beat.

MUSIC begins to manifest off screen.

INT. NOIR CABARET - NIGHT (TWO WEEKS AGO)

Drunken fools hoot and holler as Noelle traipses across the foreground. She assumes a new personality, a commander to the audience.

She's elegant, there's liquid in her movements, less frenetic than other dancers.

Her eyes are closed. She's in her own world. She eventually takes hold of the pole, climbs it, and seductively slides down it with her leg wrapped around.

Moments later, Cohle emerges from a shadowy doorway; he stops and watches Noelle dance. She begins to remove articles of clothing, plays with her breasts.

She inches her way to the edge of the stage. Men stuff tens and twenties into her garter. She smiles, giving one of them a wink, and dances away from them.

She continues to dance a little longer.

NOELLE (V.O.)

So where'd you go this morning, I thought we were gonna have breakfast?

COHLE (V.O.)

I had things to do.

NOELLE (V.O.)

Like what?

INT. COHLE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cohle and Noelle lie naked in bed, sweat-matte hair, heart beats coming down. Noelle straddles Cohle's leg.

COHLE

I had to get a few things done.

NOELLE

For the job?

COHLE

Sort of.

Cole sits up, grunting.

NOELLE

You okay?

COHLE

Yeah, just getting old.

Noelle rests her head on his chest.

NOELLE

You're not that old.

COHLE

The thing about getting older is you start getting wiser. You start to think more about the future, about what's more important.

NOELLE

And what's more important?

A beat. He's doing some heavy thinking.

COHLE

If I skipped town, would you come with me?

Noelle looks up at Cohle.

NOELLE

What's going on, Cohle?

COHLE

This job, there's only one way this is gonna end.

Noelle thinks for a second; she knows what he means.

NOELLE

Then why do it?

COHLE

Because it's a way out for the both of us. But only if you're with me.

Noelle takes a moment. She sits up and kisses him.

NOELLE

Tell me what to do.

A beat.

COHLE

We're gonna need some things. I'm gonna have to talk to Jimmy.

NOELLE

What about Thompson? Shouldn't he know about this?

A beat.

COHLE

(cold)

No. He might have his own plans, or he might tip off Doucett and Lynch. We can only trust each other.

Noelle curls up close to him.

EXT. MURRAY MOTEL - NIGHT (PRESENT)

The Mustang pulls into the parking lot. Noelle's nerves finally settle.

INT. TAXI - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT (MOVING)

Strosnider sits in the back of the cab wearing fresh clothes. The cabby drives past a row of brightly lit Mexican food shacks on Silver Lake Boulevard and turns into a rundown garage lit up with a neon sign - Red's Auto Shop.

INT. RED'S AUTO SHOP - NIGHT (LATER)

Strosnider follows RED, fifties, past rows of cars: Fords, Chevys, Buicks - until they arrive at a plain Jane 2007 Dodge Magnum.

RED

The ride's clean, so are the tools.

Red hands Strosnider the keys. He gets in and drives out of there.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - NIGHT (MOVING)

Lynch travels on the desert highway, tired.

Not far off in the distance, he sees a neon sign: "Murray Motel".

EXT. MURRAY MOTEL - NIGHT

The Caprice pulls into the parking lot.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - NIGHT (MOVING)

Lynch drives slowly, spots the Mustang.

EXT. MURRAY MOTEL - NIGHT

Lynch parks in the motel courtyard, near a few abandoned vehicles.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - NIGHT

Lynch kills the engine. Since he doesn't know which room they're in and he's already drawn too much attention, the smart thing to do is wait.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Cohle is still in bed.

Noelle brushes her teeth half in and half out of the bathroom so she can watch TV at the same time. She wears undies and a top.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - MORNING

Lynch is asleep, head against the window. He suddenly wakes up, looks around, and realizes where he's at.

He stretches his body like a cat. Afterward, he looks at the Mustang, still there.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Cohle hasn't moved.

Noelle, who is dressed, flops on the bed to wake him. He finally does.

COHLE

(groggy)

What, what is it?

NOELLE

Relax.

COHLE

What time is it?

NOELLE

Time for you to get up, we got a long drive.

COHLE

I need a shower first.

Cohle rolls out of bed and heads to the bathroom.

NOELLE

I'm gonna load the stuff into the car.

COHLE (O.S.)

Okay.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - MORNING

Lynch watches as Noelle steps out of the room with the suitcases. He looks around, sees a FAMILY unloading things from the van into the room. He can't do the deed now. Lynch gets out his phone and dials.

EXT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - MORNING

Noelle loads them into the trunk of the Mustang.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - MORNING

Cohle is in the shower; he's in a rush so he's not using any soap, just letting the water splash at his face.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - MORNING

LYNCH

(into phone)

Hey, he's at the Murray Motel with that stripper bitch, Noelle.

DOUCETT (V.O.)

Follow them until you see an opening and do them both. Get the money and get back here fast.

Lynch hangs up.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Cohle is in fresh clothes. He grabs his bag and the two leave.

EXT. MURRAY MOTEL - MORNING

Cohle and Noelle step outside. He hands her the key.

COHLE

Go check us out, I'll bring the car around.

NOELLE

Got it.

Noelle hustles to the manager's office. Cohle climbs in and starts the car.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - MORNING

Lynch watches as the Mustang pulls up to the manager's office. He starts the car.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING (LATER)

The Mustang cruises down the road. Nothing but passing semi-trucks a couple of cars and a desert landscape.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - MORNING (MOVING)

Lynch keeps his distance, at least a mile away from the Mustang.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - MORNING (MOVING)

A country twang plays on the radio.

COHLE

We gotta find a diner, I'm starving.

NOELLE

Yeah. So how did it go with Jimmy?

COHLE

We talked.

Noelle knows Cohle is bullshitting her. But she doesn't care. Fuck Jimmy.

INT. BANK - MORNING

Strosnider steps in, wearing a suit, no tie. He approaches the RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello, sir.

STROSNIDER

Hello, I'd like to speak to the bank manager.

RECEPTIONIST

One second.

The receptionist gets up from her desk and goes down a short corridor. He avoids eye contact with many of the employees and customers.

Moments later, the bank manager comes down the hall with the receptionist.

BANK MANAGER

Hello, sir. How can I help you?

STROSNIDER

I'm a rep for Cusack and Sons, I believe we have an appointment.

BANK MANAGER

Oh, yes. Yes, that's right. Follow me.

The bank manager leads Strosnider to his office.

INT. BANK - MANAGER'S OFFICE - MORNING

The bank manager closes the door. The two sit down.

BANK MANAGER

Cusack didn't tell me you were coming.

STROSNIDER

Surprise.

BANK MANAGER

Everyone's going to be heading to lunch soon.

STROSNIDER

Good, then we'll be left alone.

An awkward beat.

BANK MANAGER

Uh... I never got your name.

Another awkward beat.

BANK MANAGER

Look... I don't know what Cusack thinks or whatever, but I didn't have anything to do with the robbery.

STROSNIDER

Cusack just wanted me to talk to you, he doesn't think that you had anything to do with it.

(a beat)

But, it is funny that these guys jack the place a day before the money was to head to Philly.

BANK MANAGER

It's a coincidence, that's all. Just a coincidence.

STROSNIDER

Is it?

BANK MANAGER

It is, I swear to God, I had nothing to do with it!

Strosnider lets the idea roll around in his head.

STROSNIDER

It does sound plausible.

The bank manager breathes a sigh of relief. But it doesn't last long.

STROSNIDER

But Cusack thinks it's odd that you didn't make an effort to stop them. You just opened the vault for them and gave them the money.

BANK MANAGER

What the hell was I supposed to do?

STROSNIDER

Faint, stall them until the cops showed up.

BANK MANAGER

I had a gun to my head. They would've killed me-

STROSNIDER

Wouldn't that be a loss.

BANK MANGER

Don't you understand that there was nothing I could do?

STROSNIDER

I understand. I understand you took them directly to vault where Cusack's proceeds were stored instead of keeping them in the safe in your office like you were supposed to do.

BANK MANAGER

So I left the money in the vault, that doesn't mean I had anything to do with the robbery. Why aren't you talking to Doucett, or Frank, the other security guard?

STROSNIDER

I'll get around to them.

Suddenly there's a knock on the door.

BANK MANAGER

Come in.

The receptionist opens the door.

RECEPTIONIST

Sir, we're about to close up for lunch.

Strosnider stares at the bank manager.

BANK MANAGER

Go ahead... I'm just finishing up here.

The receptionist closes the door.

BANK MANAGER

How much longer is this gonna take?

STROSNIDER

Until I get what I need.

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - MORNING

Weather-beaten. Pure kitsch. Truckers and travelers pull in and out. The Mustang pulls into the gravel parking lot. Cohle and Noelle get out.

COHLE

Let's eat fast, I wanna get back on the road.

They enter the diner.

The Caprice pulls into the parking lot, parks next to an RV.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - MORNING

Lynch puts it in park and waits.

INT. BANK - CORRIDOR - MORNING

Strosnider steps out of the office. He wears gloves. Small blood spots are on his face. He walks down the hall, holding the bank manager's keys.

INT. BANK - EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM - MORNING

Strosnider unlocks one of the cabinets with the manager's keys. He finds the security system components, red "RECORD" light flashing. He yanks the recorder out of the wall, smashing it to the floor.

He rips out the digital hard drive. Throws it in the break room microwave. Presses "popcorn". Sparks begin to fly and slowly bellows.

EXT. BANK - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Strosnider walks to his car, wipes the blood off with a bandanna.

INT. '07 DODGE MAGNUM - MORNING

Strosnider climbs in. Takes out his phone and hits redial.

CUSACK (V.O.)

Well?

STROSNIDER

He gave me nothing. I don't think he had anything to do with it. But I took care of it.

CUSACK (V.O.)

Don't take any chances with Walter either.

STROSNIDER

What's his address?

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - MORNING

Cohle and Noelle exit the diner.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - MORNING

Lynch watches Cohle and Noelle walk toward the Mustang. He starts up the engine.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING (LATER)

The Mustang passes a mixture of semi-big rigs and weary travelers.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - MORNING (MOVING)

Quiet. Nothing needs to be said.

In the background, picking up speed is the Chevy Caprice.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - DAY (MOVING)

Lynch is locked onto the Mustang like a fucking heat-seeking missile. He's getting closer and closer. His stone-cold killer eyes fixed on Cohle.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - DAY (MOVING)

The calm before the storm.

Lynch's grill CRASHES in the Mustang's rear with such force, that Noelle is propelled forward, thank God for the seat belts.

NOELLE

What the fuck?!

Noelle turns around, Cohle's eyes go up to the rearview.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - DAY (MOVING)

Lynch shoots forward again.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - DAY (MOVING)

Cohle and Noelle are ROCKED in their seats.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - DAY (MOVING)

Lynch speeds up alongside them.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Lynch swerves his car into them.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - DAY (MOVING)

Cohle looks and sees that it's Lynch behind the wheel and goes wide-eyed.

He sees Lynch bringing up the Beretta.

Cohle jerks the wheel and swerves into Lynch.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - DAY (MOVING)

Lynch loses the gun. He looks up and sees Cohle about to collide with him again.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Lynch is nearly pushed off the road.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - DAY (MOVING)

Lynch eases off, getting control of the car.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - DAY (MOVING)

Cohle narrowly collides with an oncoming car and almost rams into the ass-end of a semi before weaving past it.

Noelle tries to hold it together.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - DAY (MOVING)

Lynch gets back into the right lane, dodging oncoming traffic. He weaves past a few cars and gets Cohle in his sights.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - DAY (MOVING)

Noelle turns around, sees Lynch gaining on them.

NOELLE

He's back.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - DAY (MOVING)

Lynch brings up the Beretta and stands on the gas pedal.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - DAY (MOVING)

Cohle's eyes switch rapidly back and forth from the highway to the rearview. He dodges a car in front of him, then another.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - DAY (MOVING)

Lynch does the same, hitting the brakes a few times for fear a colliding with the vehicles. But he regains his speed and gets back on the hunt.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - DAY (MOVING)

COHLE

Get your gun out.

NOELLE

What?

COHLE

I'm gonna let him pull up alongside me.  
When he does, you unload on him.

NOELLE

Cohle, I've only been to the range twice.

COHLE

Good enough for me. Get the gun out!

Noelle twists around to the backseat and digs through her bag.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - DAY (MOVING)

Lynch guns it again, crashing into the Mustang's bumper.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - DAY (MOVING)

Cohle and Noelle jolt again. Noelle finds her Colt Commander, flicking the safety off. She gives him a "ready" look.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - DAY (MOVING)

Lynch gets ready for another ram. He floors it.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - DAY (MOVING)

Cohle jerks the wheel to the left and applies the break. Lynch pulls up alongside him.

Noelle sticks her arm out and UNLOADS the entire clip into Lynch's car, pock-marking metal, shattering glass.

INT. '11 CHEVY CAPRICE - DAY (MOVING)

A hailstorm of debris and shrapnel whistle around the interior like lotto balls.

Lynch blindly throws the wheel to the right.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Caprice violently CLIPS a telephone pole, coming to a brutal stop.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - DAY (MOVING)

Cohle checks the rearview, sees that the Caprice is down for the count.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Smoke rises from the dented hood of the Caprice. The door creaks open. Lynch staggers out, dazed, winces in pain. He checks his wound to see if the stitches have torn, they have. Blood slowly soaks through his shirt.

A '16 Chrysler Town & Country pulls up behind the Caprice. The DRIVER gets out and sprints over to Lynch.

DRIVER

Jesus, man. Are you alright?

LYNCH

Yeah. Yeah, I'm okay. Fuck!

DRIVER

(gets out phone)

Hey, I'm gonna call the cops.

LYNCH

No, no, no; can you take me to the nearest hospital?

DRIVER

Are you sure, man?

LYNCH

Yeah, I can call the cops from there. So can you?

DRIVER

Yeah, sure, come on.

The driver helps Lynch to his van.

LYNCH

Mind if I rest in the back?

DRIVER

Sure, sure.

The driver slides the door open and Lynch carefully climbs in.

INT. 2016 CHRYSLER TOWN & COUNTRY - DAY

The driver closes the door. Lynch sighs. He digs into the back of his waistband. The driver gets in.

Lynch pulls out his Beretta and presses against the back of the seat and SHOTS the driver. The driver slumps dead in the seat.

Lynch takes it easy as he gets out.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Lynch goes back to his wrecked Caprice. Opens the back door and retrieves the police issue shotgun.

EXT. '16 CHRYSLER TOWN & COUNTRY - DAY

Lynch opens the driver side door and pushes the dead driver to the passenger seat, causing more pain to his wound. He tosses the shotgun in the back.

INT. '16 CHRYSLER TOWN & COUNTRY - DAY

Lynch slides into the front seat and starts the car.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - DAY (MOVING)

COHLE

We need to get off this road, get a new car.

Noelle sees an exit ramp coming up.

NOELLE

Take this exit. Take it.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Cohle weaves across traffic and takes the exit.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - DAY (MOVING)

COHLE

So where are we going?

NOELLE

Pahrump. I know a place where we can hide out.

INT. '16 CHRYSLER TOWN & COUNTRY - DAY (MOVING)

Lynch cruises past vehicles. He sees the exit sign. He can't decide whether to stay on the road or take the exit. Time is running out. Thirty yards away. Stay on or get off?

Twenty yards away. It's coming down to the wire.

LYNCH

Fuck!

Lynch stays on the highway.

The Strange Man appears in the backseat.

THE STRANGE MAN

You need to take care of that wound,  
Leland.

LYNCH

Yeah.

The Strange Man looks at the dead driver.

THE STRANGE MAN

Did you really have to kill him? He did  
stop to help you.

LYNCH

I needed his car. Besides, he could've  
been a psychopath. A monster wearing a  
Jesus Christ mask. You know someone  
worse than me.

THE STRANGE MAN

There's no one more eviler than you,  
Leland.

LYNCH

Oh really? Well, I believe every single  
person has evil inside them.

(MORE)

Even our good works are soiled with the taints of self-righteousness and hypocrisies. There is no one person that does absolutely good, both in deed and intention, whether for themselves or towards their fellow man. I believe that though everyone is born with the element of evil, not everyone is as evil as they potentially can be. That is, the potentiality of evil is so vast and complicated that there has never been an individual who has exhausted every potential method and manner of evil which he or she could have possibly used. Evil, like a rolling ball down a hill, gains its momentum until it meets with resistance and hindrances; it does not mean evil no longer exists, it just means it's gone dormant for the time being.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Chrysler zooms on by.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - APPLE VALLEY - DAY

Strosnider's 2007 Dodge Magnum is parked at the curb. The window is down.

INT. '07 DODGE MAGNUM - DAY

Strosnider stares at a single-story house across the street. It has dirt for grass and one tree.

The area is real quiet. A car drives past the house, then Strosnider. He looks around one last time before getting out.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Strosnider walks up the cracked stone pathway. He knocks on the door. Moments later, it opens, revealing the second security guard.

STROSNIDER

Walter Sherman?

WALTER

Yes?

STROSNIDER

Cusack sent me.

Walter turns just a few shades white. A beat. Walter steps aside and allows Strosnider to step inside.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dull. Some furniture, children's toys scattered about.

WALTER

Look, I know what he thinks. And I told him the same thing that I'm gonna tell you: I had nothing to do with the robbery. And I can vouch for Peter-

STROSNIDER

Peter's dead.

WALTER

Yeah, I know. But he didn't have anything to do with it either.

Strosnider walks around, casually snooping. Looking into the hallway, the kitchen, then circles back into the living room.

STROSNIDER

What about the bank manager? Do you think he had anything to do with it?

WALTER

I'm not sure.

STROSNIDER

How come you didn't put up a fight, try to stop them?

WALTER

I... they caught me by surprise.

A beat. Strosnider stares at him.

WALTER

Look, man, I didn't steal the money! If I had you'd think I'd be stupid enough to stick around here?

STROSNIDER

Maybe. Maybe that's part of your plan. Steal the money, stash it, then when Cusack sends me to find it, you wait until I come to see you so you can feed me a pint of bullshit. Then when I leave, you wait for a week or two, then you're off to Bali.

WALTER

I didn't steal the money. You gotta believe me, man.

A beat.

STROSNIDER

What if I take a pair of pliers and blow torch to your balls; you think you'll tell me where the money is?

WALTER

I don't have the money!

Strosnider slowly advances toward Walter. It's about to go down when-

The front door opens; Walter's WIFE and SEVEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER walk in. She stops in the center of the foyer and stares at Strosnider who stares back at her, then the daughter.

WALTER'S WIFE

Babe?

WALTER

It's alright, sweetie. This is just a friend of mine.

WALTER'S WIFE

Hello.

Strosnider gives her a slight nod.

WALTER'S WIFE

Supper'll be ready in an hour. You wanna-

STROSNIDER

I'll be going now. It was nice to meet you, ma'am.

The wife takes the daughter by the hand and leads her into the kitchen.

Strosnider walks up to Walter, on the verge of shitting himself.

STROSNIDER

Get a new job.

Strosnider exits the house.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - EVENING (MOVING)

The deep purple sky turns to indigo and then to India ink. Darkness is coming. Cohle cruises down a desert back road. Noelle is on her phone.

NOELLE

(into phone)

We'll probably get there by nightfall. Thanks again, Maureen. We really appreciate this.

Noelle hangs up.

COHLE

Good news?

NOELLE

She's gonna help us.

COHLE

Do you trust her?

NOELLE

I trust her like I trust you.

COHLE

Are you having second thoughts?

NOELLE

No. We're in this to the end.

Noelle wraps her hand around Cohle's.

EXT. NEVADA FOOTHILLS - EVENING

An endless span of empty rolling hills, dissected by a two-lane highway. The Mustang rises over the crest.

INT. '11 FORD MUSTANG - EVENING (MOVING)

Cohle and Noelle sit in silence, taking in the desert-scape washed in dying light. Out west where the sun descends gloriously over desolate mountains. A sense of timeless and incorruptible beauty.

EXT. HIGHWAY - EVENING

The Mustang glides down the road, its taillights fading into the coming darkness.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Another stretch of road. If possible, this one seems even more desolate than the last.

FADE TO:

EXT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - NIGHT (LATER)

An impressive 24-hour brothel/resort. The neon lights are bright and beckoning, like sirens beguiling wayward sailors on an open sea.

The Mustang pulls into the parking lot. Cohle and Noelle climb out.

COHLE

So this is where you started before the club, huh?

NOELLE

Yep.

Cohle and Noelle grab their things and head to the entrance.

NOELLE

Doucett and his boys came here after a stint in Vegas. Doucett picked me out.

(she feels sickened just saying it)

Afterward, he asked if I knew how to dance. I told him I took ballet in when I was a kid. Then a week later, I was dancing at the Noir Cabaret.

COHLE

You sure Maureen won't dime us out to, Doucett?

NOELLE

She doesn't work for any syndicate. We're safe.

Cohle and Noelle enter.

INT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - FOYER - NIGHT

Exquisite taste. Well furnished. Almost too good to be real. MEN and scantily clad WOMEN wander around.

To Cohle and Noelle right is the lounge. Noelle sees a familiar face. She goes in, Cohle follows.

INT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - LOUNGE - NIGHT

A WOMAN sits at the bar.

NOELLE

How do you blind an Irish woman?

The woman turns around. MAUREEN MCREARY, early-fifties, but by God, she looks healthier and more alluring than any twenty year old. She's bosomy with a Botticelli body, red hair, and an ice-melting smile. She wears a black skirt and a white chiffon blouse.

MAUREEN

You put a bottle of scotch in front of her.

Maureen and Noelle hug each other.

NOELLE

It's so good to see you.

MAUREEN

You're looking good, sweetie.

NOELLE

And so are you. Surprisingly.

MAUREEN

What? You saying I'm old?

NOELLE

Noooo. Who would ever say that... to your face anyway.

Noelle and Maureen share a laugh.

MAUREEN

So who's this fine gentleman?

NOELLE

This is Cohle. Cohle, Maureen McReary.

COHLE

(shakes her hand)

Nice to meet you, Maureen. And thanks again for this.

MAUREEN

Don't mention it, Cohle. Noelle's family.

NOELLE

How long can we stay?

MAUREEN

As long as you need. Hotel's full up, though. But Jody's bungalow's empty. She's in Seattle visiting family, won't be back until Monday.

COHLE

We won't be here long, we just need to get a new car.

MAUREEN

I can help you with that. But let's get you settled in.

INT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - FOYER - NIGHT

A YOUNG BUNNY in a silk robe stands in the center, eyeing Cohle and Noelle, but mainly Noelle, like she knows her. She watches them walk away.

INT. NOIR CABARET - OFFICE - NIGHT

Doucett sits quietly, smoking, fidgeting a bit. He repeatedly STABS the cigarette into the ash tray. Then practically destroys it until there's nothing left. In a fit of rage, he takes the ashtray and CHUCKS it against the wall, shattering it.

DOUCETT

Cocksucker!!!

He pants. Suddenly his phone RINGS. He checks the ID, rolls his eyes. He takes a second, then answers it.

DOUCETT

Hey, hottie with the body. What's up?

INT. NOIR CABARET - BUNGALOW - NIGHT

The Young Bunny is stretched on a heart-shaped bed with silk sheets.

YOUNG BUNNY

Hey, baby. Just wanted to hear your voice. Whatcha doing?

INTERCUT:

DOUCETT

I'm at the club, keeping the place bumping. I can't stay on the phone long.

YOUNG BUNNY

Oh shit. Well before you go, did you fire Noelle?

DOUCETT

Why do you ask?

YOUNG BUNNY

She's here at the ranch. I think she's trying to get her job back or something.

Doucett is stiff.

DOUCETT

She's there, like actually there?

YOUNG BUNNY

Yeah, she's here with some guy. Maybe it's her boyfriend or something.

DOUCETT

What does he look like?

YOUNG BUNNY

He's got a beard. Neck length hair.  
Tall. Kinda cute.

Doucett quickly stands up.

DOUCETT

How long ago did you see, Noelle?

YOUNG BUNNY

Like ten minutes ago. I was gonna say hi  
to her and chit-chat, but I have a  
regular coming.

DOUCETT

Uh-huh. Well, sadly I had to fire her.  
She was coming in late, sometimes not at  
all. She threw a hissy fit, and I had no  
choice. Do me a favor, if you happen to  
see her, don't tell her you called me,  
she'll just get upset.

YOUNG BUNNY

No problem, baby. When I can I see you-

Doucett hangs up. He starts dialing a number.

INT. 2016 CHRYSLER TOWN & COUNTRY - NIGHT

Lynch is parked in a 24 hour Wal-Mart super-center. He's shirtless. He uses a mirror placed on the center console and the van's ceiling light to stitch up his wound. He cuts the loose end of the stitch.

His phone RINGS.

LYNCH

(answers it)

Yeah.

DOUCETT (V.O.)

Lynch, where are you?

LYNCH

Fort Irwin.

DOUCETT (V.O.)

I found them. They're in Pahrump, at the Garden of Bunnies.

LYNCH

Pahrump is three hours from here.

DOUCETT (V.O.)

Then you better get started.

INT. NOIR CABARET - OFFICE - NIGHT

Doucett runs his hands through his hair, his somber demeanor has vanished. The house phone RINGS. He answers it.

DOUCETT

Yeah?

BARTENDER (V.O.)

Boss, there's a guy at the bar asking for you. Says he works for Cusack and Sons.

Doucett looks at the computer screen, taps a key on the keyboard and brings up the security monitors. He looks at the one fixed at the bar: it's Strosnider.

INT. NOIR CABARET - NIGHT

Doucett straightens his jacket as he snakes through the crowd and makes it to the bar. He shakes Strosnider's hand.

DOUCETT

I'm Frank Doucett. How can I help you, sir?

STROSNIDER

Is there a place we can talk in private,  
Mr. Doucett?

DOUCETT

Sure. We can talk in my office.

Doucett leads the way.

INT. NOIR CABARET - OFFICE - NIGHT

Doucett and Strosnider enter. Doucett takes a seat while  
Strosnider stands.

DOUCETT

I know what you're gonna ask about,  
Strosnider. No, I didn't have anything  
to do with the robbery and I have my guy  
following the one who did.

STROSNIDER

Really? Have you told Cusack?

DOUCETT

No, not yet. I wanna first hear back  
from my guy that he's got the money. I  
don't wanna get Cusack's hopes up.

STROSNIDER

So who has the money?

DOUCETT

Cohle. He's... was one of my street  
guys.

STROSNIDER

How do you know?

DOUCETT

Huh?

STROSNIDER

How do you know that this Cohle did the job?

DOUCETT

This guy, Jimmy, he makes fake IDs and passports; well he told me that Cohle wanted to buy two IDs, two birth certificates, some credit cards, the usual shit people need to start a new life. He asked for them two weeks before the robbery.

A beat.

STROSNIDER

How did Cohle know that Cusack kept the money at the bank in Victorville?

DOUCETT

Fuck if I know.

STROSNIDER

Was Cohle the only one involved?

DOUCETT

I'm sure he had guys; he killed one of them during the job.

A beat. Strosnider studies Doucett. Doucett just lets it roll.

STROSNIDER

I'm gonna wait around here until it's done. Let me know when your guy has the money.

DOUCETT

Will do.

Strosnider walks out.

DOUCETT  
(softly)

Fuck.

INT. 2016 CHRYSLER TOWN & COUNTRY - NIGHT (MOVING)

Lynch travels down a semi-busy highway. His phone RINGS.

LYNCH  
(into phone)

Yeah?

INTERCUT:

DOUCETT  
We have a problem. Cusack sent  
Strosnider to find the money.

LYNCH  
Yeah and put us six feet under. Fuck!

DOUCETT  
Listen, just get to the whorehouse, kill  
Noelle and Cohle and bring back the  
money.

LYNCH  
And then what?

DOUCETT  
And then that's it. It's done.

LYNCH  
Why don't we just kill Strosnider and  
keep the money? We can tell Cusack that  
he was gunned down by Cohle.

DOUCETT  
I don't wanna take any more chances.  
This whole thing has been fucked since  
the fucking beginning. Just get back  
here.

LYNCH

Fine.

Lynch hangs up. He looks in the rearview and sees the Strange Man in the back.

INT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Cohle and Noelle sit at the bar, having a drink.

NOELLE

So, after Vegas, where do we plan to go?

COHLE

Anywhere.

NOELLE

Florida? It's always warm.

COHLE

Too many Cubans. Texas?

NOELLE

Too many Texans.

Cohle softly laughs.

COHLE

Maine?

NOELLE

Someone's got cold on the brain.

COHLE

More like precaution. I doubt Cusack has any influence in Maine. It's peaceful up there until the French come down from Canada.

NOELLE

You've been there before?

COHLE

Through most of my twenties. Working as a deckhand on fishing boats while training to box.

NOELLE

You think you could've gone pro if you stuck with it?

COHLE

Hard to say. By the time Doucett scooped me up, I had already passed my prime. Going pro was a fucking pipe dream.

A beat.

NOELLE

I'm glad you never went pro.

Cohle looks at Noelle.

NOELLE

Because we would never have met if you had. Chances are, I'd still be working here until I'm a tired old woman with no future.

COHLE

Now you're just gonna get old with me.

Noelle smiles. They share a kiss.

NOELLE

You know this place has a jacuzzi.

FADE TO:

EXT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - PARKING LOT - NIGHT (LATER)

The Chrysler enters the semi-filled lot. Lynch parks it next to the Mustang.

INT. 2016 CHRYSLER TOWN & COUNTRY - NIGHT

Lynch kills the engine. He looks down at his shirt, sees the blood, doesn't want to answer questions.

EXT. 2016 CHRYSLER TOWN & COUNTRY - NIGHT

Lynch stands at the back, cargo door wide open. He finds two travel bags. He opens one, rifles through it, finds nothing useful. Opens the second one and dumps out the contents. He grabs a jacket and puts it on. He starts towards the ranch.

INT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - FOYER - NIGHT

Lynch enters the foyer, stops, gazes at the sight of women and the decor. A BUSTY BUNNY wearing tight yoga pants and halter top approaches Lynch.

BUSTY BUNNY

Hey, honey. Looking for something special?

LYNCH

(beat, scanning her body)  
The owner. I'd like to speak to the owner, please.

BUSTY BUNNY

Already? Well, you just wait here, sweetie, I'll go fetch her for you.

Lynch watches busty bunny's derriere as she walks away.

INT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - JACUZZI ROOM - NIGHT

Tropical theme. Noelle and Cohle relax in the large jacuzzi. She straddles him, holding his face as she makes out with him.

INT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Lynch leans against the bar, waiting.

Moments later, Maureen enters and approaches the bar.

MAUREEN

Hello, sir. I understand you wanted to see me.

LYNCH

Yes I did. I was looking for a specific girl, but now that I see you - are you free tonight?

Maureen laughs.

MAUREEN

Sorry, I don't have a price tag.

LYNCH

Damn. Thought I lucked out.

MAUREEN

Well, we do have a very enticing menu. The ladies are quite amiable.

LYNCH

Yeah... I don't think the one I'm looking for is on the menu.

MAUREEN

Well, what kind of girl are you looking for?

LYNCH

About five-six, late-twenties I think. Goes by Noelle.

Maureen freezes for a second. Lynch spots it.

MAUREEN

Sorry, sir. I'm afraid we don't have any girls by that name. We do have some that fit that description, though.

LYNCH

I think I'll take my first choice.

MAUREEN

I... really don't understand, sir.

LYNCH

Well, understand this.

Lynch presses the Beretta to Maureen's stomach. She goes stiff.

LYNCH

I'm pretty sure that's not the first time you had something hard pressed against you.

Maureen doesn't respond back.

LYNCH

She's here and so is that cocksucker she's with, and you're gonna take me to them, or I'm gonna kill you.

(stabs her with the gun)

Now!

Maureen starts moving. Lynch keeps the gun hidden as he follows her.

EXT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - GROUNDS - NIGHT

Maureen and Lynch walk along the stone pathway. The grounds is ringed with bungalows, and in the center, a large pool.

Maureen leads Lynch to one of the bungalows.

LYNCH

Nice pool.

MAUREEN

Thank you.

LYNCH

Ever had anyone drown it?

MAUREEN

No, but the night is still young.

INT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - JACUZZI ROOM - NIGHT

Noelle finishes kissing Cohle.

COHLE

You're stopping now?

NOELLE

I'm gonna get my cigarettes.

Noelle climbs out and puts on her robe.

COHLE

You very cruel.

NOELLE

I can be crueler.

Noelle gives him a wink just before leaving.

EXT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - GROUNDS - NIGHT

Maureen and Lynch approach a bungalow. Lynch keeps the gun on her.

Maureen knocks. A moment goes by. She knocks again.

LYNCH

Jesus.

Lynch grabs Maureen by the neck then kicks in the door. He throws her inside.

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Lynch turns on the lights to find the place empty. No sign of Cohle and Noelle's things. It's not their bungalow.

Lynch begins to fume. He stands over Maureen pressing the gun to her temple.

LYNCH

Where are they?

MAUREEN

I don't know.

LYNCH

FUCKING CUNT!

Lynch SMACKS Maureen in the face with the Beretta. She hits the ground hard. He lets her have it again, using the gun as a fist. He pounds her face like a pumpkin. Somehow she lifts her head and tries to say something, but he keeps going.

After what seems like forever, Lynch stops. He senses someone else in the room. He turns and sees Noelle standing the doorway in awe. A beat.

Noelle bolts like a bat out of hell. Lynch goes after her.

EXT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - GROUNDS - NIGHT

Noelle's feet smack against concrete and grass. She pushes herself harder and faster, but Lynch is like a Cheetah after a gazelle.

NOELLE

COHLE! COHLE!

She's nearly at the door. Lynch almost has her.

INT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - FOYER - NIGHT

Noelle explodes through the door just as Lynch grabs her. They both fall to the ground. Some of the patrons and ladies are stunned, just watching.

NOELLE

COHLE!

Lynch wrestles Noelle.

INT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - JACUZZI ROOM - NIGHT

Cohle is out of the jacuzzi in seconds. He flings open his robe to retrieve his Colt.

INT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - FOYER - NIGHT

Lynch hauls Noelle to her feet. He waves the Beretta around, people flee.

Cohle comes around the corner. Lynch quickly FIRES, misses. Cohle retreats back around for cover as Lynch FIRES two more times.

Lynch drags Noelle toward the entrance. He keeps FIRING at Cohle who has no choice but to dive into an open room across the hall. Lynch jams the gun to Noelle's head to get her moving.

Lynch and Noelle exit the building.

Cohle glances sees they're gone and goes after them.

EXT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Lynch and Noelle make it to the Chrysler. He gets the door open and forces Noelle in. He looks and sees Cohle coming and FIRES again. Hitting a windshields. Cohle ducks for cover.

Lynch BLOWS out two of the Mustang's tires. He jumps in, starts the van, and burns rubber out of the parking lot.

Cohle rushes to the Mustang, inspects the tires. He's not going anywhere. He suddenly hears POLICE SIRENS. He heads back to the ranch.

INT. 2016 CHRYSLER TOWN & COUNTRY - NIGHT (MOVING)

Two deputy cruisers fly past Lynch who drives casually. He checks them out in the rearview, they keep on going. He then looks at Noelle's exposed legs. He scans them from her feet all the way up to her knees.

Noelle catches this. Her blood curdles. She covers her legs as best as she can.

LYNCH

What's his number?

NOELLE

What?

LYNCH

I'm assuming Cohle got both of you new phones so Doucett couldn't get his cop buddies to track you.

A beat.

NOELLE

456-5638.

LYNCH

Cohle sure knows how to pick them.

EXT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - GROUNDS - NIGHT

Cohle speed-walks toward his bungalow.

MAUREEN (O.S.)

Is anyone out there?!

Cohle heads to where Maureen is calling out.

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Maureen is trying to get up. Her bruised, scarred, bloodied face is starting to swell. Cohle runs and helps her to her feet.

MAUREEN

Where's Noelle?

COHLE

Taken. Cops are coming.

MAUREEN

Go hide in your room. I'll take care of it.

Maureen sits on the bed.

COHLE

I'm sorry.

Maureen lets out a soft chuckle.

MAUREEN

This is nothing, man. Fucking faggot needed a gun to beat me.

(a beat)

Go.

Cohle stands. He walks out.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Chrysler barrels down the long stretch of road.

FADE TO:

EXT. SHOSHONE, CA - NIGHT (LATER)

A speck on the California map. Dead. The main drag is a single crossroads. A four-way stop instead of a light.

EXT. SHOSHONE INN - NIGHT

A chintzy, straight-angel motel. The Chrysler is one of five cars in the parking lot.

INT. LYNCH'S MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lynch stands in the doorway, cutting a strip of cloth from a pillow case.

Noelle is on her knees, hunched over the toilet and hugging it with her hands tied behind the bowl base. A strip of bedsheet is used to keep her wrist restrained.

Lynch walks in and wraps the strip around her mouth and ties it tight.

He takes a moment and looks down at her. How helpless she is and what he could do to her.

A beat.

Lynch walks away, kicking the door shut.

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Cohle sits on the bed. Head hanging. His phone RINGS. He reads the number, knows it's Lynch. He answers it.

COHLE

Lynch.

INTERCUT:

Lynch sits on the bed, legs stretched out.

LYNCH

Cohle. Sorry I had to leave in a hurry.

COHLE

What'd you do to Noelle?

LYNCH

Nothing yet; so let's get down to brass task. You want your whore back I want the money.

COHLE

When and where?

LYNCH

Ha! You think I'm gonna tell you that now, let you get the drop on me? I'll let you know when the time is right. So for now, get some sleep.

Lynch hangs up.

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Cohle fumes. It lasts for a moment. Then an idea creeps into his head. He walks out.

INT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Maureen shows the DEPUTIES out. Her face has swollen like a balloon. The cuts and bruises are hard to look at.

She closes the door.

COHLE (O.S.)

Are they leaving?

Maureen turns to face Cohle.

MAUREEN

They are. Since there were witnesses I had to tell them a portion of the truth.

COHLE

Aren't they in your pocket?

MAUREEN

Not the Pahrump Sheriff's Department.  
But I have a handful of detectives in  
Vegas.

COHLE

I need your help. Can you reach out to  
one of your detectives and trace this  
number.

Cohle holds up a piece of paper.

MAUREEN

Get some sleep.

Maureen takes the slip of paper.

INT. NOIR CABARET - NIGHT (LATER)

The place is closing up. The BARTENDER washes glasses.  
ONE of the BOUNCERS mops the stage. The OTHER BOUNCER  
disinfects the brass poles.

INT. NOIR CABARET - OFFICE - NIGHT

Doucett's phone RINGS. He answers it.

DOUCETT

Tell me you have the money?

INTERCUT:

LYNCH

No. But I have Cohle's stripper bitch.  
I'll trade her for the money.

Strosnider walks in.

STROSNIDER

Is that him, is that your guy?

DOUCETT

Yeah.

Strosnider sticks his hand out, wanting the phone.  
Doucett hands it to Strosnider. He puts it on speaker.

STROSNIDER

Is this Lynch?

LYNCH

Who the fuck is this?

STROSNIDER

This is Strosnider. Do you have the  
money?

LYNCH

No. I have the guy's chick. I plan on  
doing an exchange in the morning.

STROSNIDER

Not without us. Where are you?

LYNCH

The Shoshone Inn.

STROSNIDER

Good. I'll call some extra help for the  
drop.

DOUCETT

I think the three of us can do this.

STROSNIDER

I don't take chances, and neither does  
Cusack. Once the guys have shown up,  
we'll be heading to you.

Strosnider hangs up. He hands back the phone to Doucett.  
Strosnider takes out his phone while walking out.

INT. LYNCH'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lynch texts Doucett: *"Should I go ahead and do the  
exchange now?"*

He waits.

He gets a text from Doucett: *"No. That might raise suspicion. We could use this to our advantage."*

Standing in the corner is the Strange Man.

THE STRANGE MAN

It'll be all over soon.

LYNCH

Yeah, finally.

A beat. Lynch realizes something.

LYNCH

You don't mean the situation; you mean me, don't you?

THE STRANGE MAN

You know me so well.

LYNCH

Of all the people I killed, why are you the only one that shows up? Why not that woman I killed in Miami, she was good looking. I wouldn't mind seeing her all the damn time.

THE STRANGE MAN

Because of all the people you've killed, I was the hardest one for you. Personally, anyway.

LYNCH

I've killed family members before, they don't annoy me like you do.

Lynch flops on the bed and turns on the TV.

The Strange Man is gone.

EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE - MORNING

The sun rises over the parched caliche.

INT. BUNGALOW - MORNING

Cohle is asleep on the bed. Maureen stands over him, blocking the sunlight from his face.

MAUREEN

Time to go.

Cohle stirs sees Maureen. She hands him a slip of paper.

MAUREEN

He's in Shoshone, at some motel. It's about thirty, forty-minutes.

Cohle takes the paper, studies it.

COHLE

I still need a car. A fast car.

Maureen tosses him her car keys.

MAUREEN

My car is parked on the side of the building, just bring it back with Noelle. You carrying?

COHLE

A pistol and a shotgun.

INT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - OFFICE - MORNING

Elegant. Walls adorned with Thomas Kincaid paintings. She goes over to a 59" x 39" x 27" safe. She punches in the digital combo and opens it to reveal assorted assault rifles, some shotguns, and various handguns.

Cohle scans for the right one. He grabs a Heckler & Koch HK416 assault rifle and three ammo clips.

COHLE

Thanks.

MAUREEN

Just kill that cocksucker.

EXT. GARDEN OF BUNNIES - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Cohle walks around the side of the building, hauling the two bags of money, the shotgun, and assault rifle. He's wearing a kevlar vest.

He sees Maureen's car: a 2014 red Chevy Corvette convertible. He sprints toward the car, no time to admire it like most guys would.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING (LATER)

Cohle snakes past other cars, zigzagging across the lines, has a few close calls.

INT. 2014 CHEVY CORVETTE - MORNING (MOVING)

Cohle is a man on a mission, determination burning in his eyes.

INT. 2007 DODGE MAGNUM - MORNING (MOVING)

Strosnider is behind the wheel. He has a kevlar vest on and a SIG SG-552 assault rifle across his lap.

TWO MEN, DIRK and FELIX, both forties and wearing kevlar vests, sit in the back, shotguns rest on their laps. Doucett rides shotgun, sipping from a coffee mug and wearing shades.

EXT. CA-127 - MORNING

Trailing behind the Dodge is a 2016 Chevrolet Colorado.

INT. 2016 CHEVY COLORADO - MORNING (MOVING)

FOUR SYNDICATE GUYS, all in their early to mid-forties. DEVLIN, VARRICK, WALKER, and DOC carry shotguns and wearing kevlar vests.

INT. LYNCH'S MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - MORNING

Noelle is still tied up, resting her head on the toilet seat.

INT. LYNCH'S MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Wakes up to the sound of his phone going OFF. He sits up and answers it.

LYNCH

Yeah?

INTERCUT:

DOUCETT

We're twenty-five minutes away.

LYNCH

Alright.

Lynch hangs up.

LYNCH

(calls out)

Wake up, darling!

INT. LYNCH'S MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - MORNING

Noelle slowly opens her eyes - BAM! The door is KICKED in. Frightening Noelle who fully awakes now.

LYNCH

It's time to go.

INT. 2014 CHEVY CORVETTE - MORNING (MOVING)

Cohle shifts gears. He's nearly there. He can see the tiny town of Shoshone, a speck in the desert.

EXT. SHOSHONE - MORNING

Cohle drives into town, slowly, trying to spot the motel. A PEOPLE is out, going about their daily lives.

INT. 2014 CHEVY CORVETTE - MORNING (MOVING)

After passing storefronts, some active, some dead as disco, Cohle finds the Inn.

He pulls into a spot in the parking lot and kills the engine. He sees Lynch's vehicle. He looks around, studying the area. It's quiet.

Some cars idly go by. Just the people walking around; TWO PEOPLE walk into a restaurant across the street. He looks down at the assault rifle.

EXT. SHOSHONE INN - MORNING

Cohle gets out of the car. He makes his way to the manager's office.

Cohle then turns his head to the sound of approaching vehicles coming from behind him. He sees the Dodge and the Colorado cruising by. He senses something odd about the two vehicles, very much out of place in a town like this.

Cohle then catches Doucett's face in Strosnider's Dodge.

INT. 2007 DODGE MAGNUM - MORNING (MOVING)

Doucett looks out the window and connects eyes with Cohle.

DOUCETT

Holy shit.

EXT. SHOSHONE INN - MORNING

The vehicles pull into the parking lot, ahead of Cohle who runs back to the Corvette. He makes it there just as the Strosnider, Doucett, and the five men scramble to get out.

Cohle grabs his assault rifle, flicks the safety off, and POPS OFF single shots. Some rounds SNAP and HISS past the thugs.

INT. LYNCH'S MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Lynch and Noelle react to the GUNSHOTS.

EXT. SHOSHONE INN - MORNING

People begin to flee into stores.

Doucett, Strosnider, and the five thugs are crouched behind a vehicle.

STROSNIDER

(to his men and Doucett)

Do not kill him! We don't know if he's got the money!

Varrick and Devlin spring up and POP OFF shotgun rounds, gouging holes into the car that's shielding Cohle. Felix and Dirk take the risk and race around the car, advancing. Cohle springs out and FIRES a five-second burst at Felix, killing him. Dirk takes cover behind the car.

STROSNIDER

(to Doc and Walker)

Head around the back, flank him.

Doc and Walker do as they're told.

INT. LYNCH'S MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Lynch has Noelle by the hand, he looks out the window, seeing Doucett, Strosnider and the goons.

EXT. SHOSHONE INN - MORNING

Cohle SPRAYS a few more shots, stitching the vehicles with bullet holes. He reloads his rifle.

He sees Doc and Walker coming toward him. He opens FIRE, Doc and Walker scatter, taking cover. He knows he's fucked.

He only has one option. He springs up and FIRES a burst at Doucett and Strosnider then at Walker and Doc. Then he makes a run for the motel. He breaks down the door with his shoulder.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Cohle crashes to the floor, dropping the rifle. He winces, pain surges in his shoulder. Old age is hard on him.

INT. LYNCH'S MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Lynch watches as Strosnider, along with Doucett and the men, move in.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Cohle can hear people coming. He quickly draws his .45 and plugs Walker. Four shots hit him hard, two rounds kill.

EXT. SHOSHONE INN - MORNING

The others hug the walls as Cohle SHOOTs at the walls to keep the back.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Cohle's gun clicks empty. He scrambles to his feet and grabs his rifle and heads to the bathroom.

EXT. SHOSHONE INN - MORNING

STROSNIDER

(to Varrick)

Check his car for the money.

Varrick runs off to the Chevy.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - MORNING

Cohle takes a brief moment to think. He looks at the window. He starts breaking it with the butt of his rifle.

EXT. 2014 CHEVY CORVETTE - MORNING

Varrick rifles through the backseat. He finds the bags and opens them. Lots and lots of money. He gives Strosnider a thumbs up.

EXT. SHOSHONE INN - MORNING

STROSNIDER

Now we can kill him.

Just as they are about to move in. They hear POLICE SIRENS.

STROSNIDER

Fuck. Devlin, Doc, you're with me. The rest of you take care of him.

DOUCETT

What, me too?

Strosnider leads Doc and Devlin to a car for cover as a Shoshone's Sheriff's cruiser pulls up into the middle of the road.

Strosnider, Doc, and Devlin OPEN FIRE on the cruiser.  
The TWO DEPUTIES climb out on the other side.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Varrick, Dirk, and Doucett move into the room. They see the bathroom door is closed. Varrick and Dirk move toward it. Varrick kicks it in.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - MORNING

Varrick sees the window broken, he goes to inspect it when a bullet rips through the shower curtain and enters his head.

Cohle springs out of the tub and takes out Dirk who stood in the doorway with BURST OF LEAD. His gun CLICKS empty. He exits the bathroom with the .45 in his hand.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Cohle and Doucett see each other and OPEN FIRE. It isn't sexy, it's oddly pedestrian; like something you would see on a surveillance video.

After five or six shots Doucett buckles and drops to the floor abruptly.

Cohle walks toward him, unsteady, now realizing he has been hit shoulder. He replaces his empty clip with a new one, chambering a round. He puts a final "fuck you" round into Doucett as he passes him.

Cohle stands in the doorway, watching the scene in the street unfold.

EXT. SHOSHONE INN - MORNING

Strosnider smacks in a fresh clip.

STROSNIDER

(to Doc and Devlin)

Cover me!

They cover Strosnider as he advances forward, POPPING off rounds, worrying the deputies.

As Strosnider gets closer, one of the springs up and gets a SHOT off but is gunned down by Strosnider. His partner follows suit, at least four shots to chest.

Cohle makes his move. He takes out Devlin with three SHOTS. Doc turns and gets the remaining four SHOTS. Strosnider sees Cohle and FIRES controlled BURSTS.

Cohle ducks behind a car and grabs Devlin's shotgun. He quickly pumps out what rounds are left: two. Cohle can hear Strosnider striding toward him. He quickly reloads the shotgun. Strosnider gets closer, determined to end this.

Cohle pumps the round into the chamber and jumps to his feet. Both men FIRE and both men are hit. But only Strosnider is knocked to the ground, still alive. Cohle's vest caught the round, it still hurts though.

Strosnider quickly reaches for his holstered pistol and takes BLAST to the chest again. Finally putting him down.

Cohle drops the shotgun.

NOELLE (O.S.)

COHLE!!!

Cohle is SHOT in the back. He tumbles to the ground.

Lynch stands under the awning, still holding Noelle who struggles. He smacks her in the face with his gun. She tries to get up, but his hit again.

Suddenly Lynch is tackled to the ground by Cohle, losing the gun. Cohle socks Lynch in the face. Lynch sees the bullet wound and thumbs it. Cohle HOWLS in pain and gets a straight shot to the jaw.

The two men get to their feet, glaring at one another. Cohle undoes his vest. Lynch takes his jacket off. This is personal.

Lynch walks forward and boxes Cohle as though he considers the man an amateur. Cohle suddenly explodes with an upswing hook to the jaw. Lynch counters.

His lightning jabs sting Cohle's face repeatedly. Cohle charges and a terrific right crashes against Lynch's chin, followed by an uppercut to the liver that causes Lynch to cringe. Lynch counters with jabs and Cohle whips brutal combinations to the body.

Cohle rushes out fast and furious. Lynch melts out a left hook that raises a goose egg over Cohle's eye. He studies Cohle and employs his lightning jab with cutting accuracy. Still, Cohle shuffles ahead, bombarding Lynch's midsection with hooks.

Cohle keeps tearing in and Lynch meets the bombing attack that causes thick swelling. Near the end of the, fight Cohle fires a penetrating punch to the heart. The wallop knocks Lynch off balance.

Both of their faces are in very bad shape. Bloody and battered. Lynch cuts and slashes Cohle to ribbons, but pays dearly. Both his eyes and lips are cut. Welts across his midsection attest to Cohle's body-battering.

Cohle keeps grinding ahead. He plants a thumping left over Lynch's heart and winces. Cohle is game but losing.

The men are fighting with appalling tenacity. Cohle rips and tears into Lynch's body. Lynch counters with a ceaseless stream of rapier-like lefts.

Cohle wades in and Lynch employs incredible footwork. He sets himself and cuts loose with a thunderbolt right cross to Cohle's already broken nose. Blood sprays from the wound and red droplets drip from his chin.

Cohle takes a merciless beating and is staggered by a torrent of combinations. Without a doubt, this is the most punishing brawl ever seen.

Cohle bores in close, but Lynch still has spring in his step. He seems determined to end it now. Lynch catches Cohle flush on the jaw. Cohle is staggered. Like a wolf, Lynch cuts loose with pure savagery.

Cohle is driven against a car and receives a devastating beating from Lynch. Cohle is dropped in a millisecond. Lynch starts walking towards the gun

Cohle gets to his feet and tenses with renewed energy. He quickly strides to Lynch and catches him before he can pick up the gun.

Cohle drops low and catches Lynch with a pair of terrific body punches that seem to drive Lynch's diaphragm up to his throat. A crack is heard. A glaze of pain covers Lynch's eyes.

It is only a supreme effort that keeps Lynch upright. Lynch is badly hurt. He is bent over. Cohle moves towards Lynch. Lynch flicks dread jabs into Cohle's eyes. Cohle wades in with punches that seem to bulge out Lynch's back. Lynch takes the punishment like a stoic.

Lynch dodges a few oncoming and sends bone crushing jabs. Cohle no longer resembles himself. His face has completely been beaten to jelly, but his mood is buoyant.

Cohle's bloody teeth snarl at Lynch and he waves him to come ahead and fight toe to toe. Lynch obliges with a weary but effective burst of rights and lefts that have knockout written on every punch. Cohle counters the assault blow for blow.

The roughneck brawlers stand toe to toe and drag every remaining bit of strength from their souls and beat each other without mercy. They look hypnotized and have entered a dimension far beyond blood and pain.

Cohle feints and throws a thunderous blow that crashes with devastating results against Lynch's chin. Lynch drops to the ground. Panting and bleeding from his face.

Cohle walks over to the gun. In the background, Noelle approaches. Cohle ejects the clip, four rounds in the clip, one in the chamber. He SMACKS the clip back in. He glances at Noelle. A beat. He hands her the gun. She takes it, aims, and BLASTS Lynch until the gun CLICKS.

Cohle takes Noelle by the hand and the two walk toward the Corvette.

After a long beat... a shadow washes over Lynch, who suddenly coughs up a spoonful of blood, showing the last signs of life.

THE STRANGE MAN

Was it worth it?

Lynch begins to choke on his blood, breathing hard.

LYNCH

To get rid of you... I wouldn't change a thing.

Lynch slips away and finally dies. The Strange has disappeared.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END