

WALDO AND CLAIRE

By

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ON BLACK we HEAR; Shotguns being cocked, pistols having hammers pulled back, and more guns being pulled out of pockets and slings and aimed.

EXT. TEXAN DESERT - MORNING

Now we see the cardholders, all of them in turn, with consecutive straight on shots. In each the man is holding his gun straight at the camera. Dust blows in the wind around them.

First it's Vic Malone, then his bodyguard Cashmere.

Then Edward Morgan, then Mark Van Ryn, the RCMP guys.

Then Ricky.

Then Dickey. A couple of sleaze-bags.

Then the Sheriff with his reflectors and then his deputy.

That's all of them, pointing guns at each other, not knowing who to trust, your old Mexican Standoff.

SHERIFF

Fellas, you know when it starts
like this, it can only end bad.

EXT. GUY SANSONE'S MANSION - TORONTO - DAY

This is a mansion if ever there was one. It's big and beautiful, resting on the southern border of Toronto overlooking lake Ontario.

But what's more beautiful and luxurious than the house is the garden. B-E-A-utiful. The layout is effective and easy, the flowers are bright, the trees are full and the bushes are plump.

GUY SANSONE is a man of class and extreme wealth. He is Toronto's Hugh Hefner. Yes, that's him strolling through his elegant garden in rich, silk pajamas and slippers.

He's not alone. With him is WALDO WHITMAN. The Waldo of the title.

Waldo is a shylock. Medium build, and just beginning to bald at the ripe age of thirty-five. A late bloomer, or whatever.

What's a shylock doing with a rich, powerful business mogul like Sansone? Well, like all rich, powerful business moguls, he is of course not fully legit, and has some dark, lonely corners in his past.

So, Waldo is here to collect.

SANSONE

What do you think of my garden Mr. Whitman?

WALDO

Oh, it is absolutely lovely, to be sure.

SANSONE

Thank you.

WALDO

Did you design this place? Lay it all out?

SANSONE

Hardly. I pick out some specific plants that turn my heart, and then I ask some lovely young lady to fill in the rest with the best of beauty and passion.

WALDO

Passion sir?

SANSONE

Yes, passion. Plants can be very passionate. Passion, what do you think of as being passion, Mr. Whitman?

WALDO

Passion is... Love. When you love someone very much.

SANSONE

Do you love someone very much, Mr. Whitman?

WALDO

No sir. I got no room for love.

SANSONE

Maybe so. But you do have room for passion. Everyone does. Passion is not love. You can be passionately

(MORE)

SANSONE (cont'd)
 in love. That would be to be
 forever and eternally in love.
 Unbroken love. Passion is also,
 hatred, deep and cold. It is
 violence, blood and gore. It is
 anger, fast and fearsome. And it is
 of course our word for the
 suffering of Christ. Hence, Mr.
 Gibson's lovely film. Not anything
 to do with Jesus loving at all.

Waldo considers, they continue on through the lovely, bright
 garden.

WALDO
 So what do you mean by filling in
 your garden with passion?

SANSONE
 Well, that would be me favoring
 that the flowers and such be
 selected because they were strongly
 felt by someone. That the flowers
 made them compelled to plant them
 here. And that they emitted passion
 on those that sense them: see them,
 feel them, smell them, taste them.

WALDO
 You didn't select any of these
 flowers?

SANSONE
 No no. Flowers are not my cup of
 tea. I prefer trees. And now we're
 on the topic, would you like some
 tea?

WALDO
 No thank you.

Sansone continues to lead him through the garden.

SANSONE
 Yes, it's the trees that really
 give the feel of the place. All
 picked and positioned by myself.

He stops at a short short tree. He touches the leaves
 softly, loving, caressing.

SANSONE

Now this tree over here...

He motions to his left takes a few strides over to stand beside it. It's a young tree, about twelve feet.

SANSONE

This is my pride. This is my possession. It is a ginkgo tree. The Ginkgo Biloba. This tree existed all over the world and then to many was thought to be extinct. The only ones that survived were found exiled in China. This is of course female. I find the males too vulgar, too gothic. That is where I am almost surely unique. Everyone loves the males. The females apparently cast a rather invidious odour. Well, sour smells my aunt Martha. It's intoxicating. The smell is of the fruit that grows on the trees, very juicy. She'll grow to be one hundred and twenty feet some day. Imagine it, ten times the size.

WALDO

It'll be a sight I'm sure.

SANSONE

Indeed, indeed. Just bitter that my old eyes will not be permitted to see it in all its grandeur. Yes.

He pauses as though out of his body, in another place, at another time. Waldo wants to get down to business.

WALDO

Mr. Sansone. Maybe we can step ahead to my business and then jump back and we can continue the tour.

SANSONE

Yes yes.

He's brought back to a painful reality.

WALDO

I need that payment, and I need that vig.

SANSONE

Right.

He smiles, embarrassed. He seems to deflate with cowardice.

SANSONE

I'm sorry Mr. Whitman. That's impossible. I don't have anything to give you.

WALDO

You are very good friends with Vic, and you two go away back, a handwritten cheque would do.

SANSONE

No it wouldn't.

WALDO

We wouldn't be worried.

SANSONE

It's not you I'm considering. These things take time. I can't make this payment easily. It's dirty money. And I can say, without any sense of ego, that I am respectable.

WALDO

That you are. But you still have to be responsible.

SANSONE

Vicky knows me. He's not worried.

WALDO

I don't care. This is my job. And whether or not you have the money or not, I gotta do my job, I am still liable.

Sansone begins to get short.

SANSONE

For sure. He won't question your work ethic.

WALDO

There has to be consequence and repercussion for without that, chaos ensues.

SANSONE

Yes, yes, there cannot be anarchy.

WALDO

So let me do my job Mr. Sansone.

Sansone's not deflating at all anymore he's now stern and confident.

SANSONE

Mr. Whitman. I can no longer be long with you. I've been very tolerant of your insinuations thus far.

WALDO

No insinuations were intended if they were felt. I'm sorry but I have a job, I am blue collar, and I have to do something.

SANSONE

No, Mr. Whitman. Waldo Whitman. I run this town. This is the one place in North America run by a man and not by money. I have something you might call diplomatic immunity but naturally in a different sense. So no Mr. Whitman, Waldo Whitman. I will call you when I am ready to make the payments.

He turns around and walks away. Paying Waldo no more attention.

Waldo is left there alone in the beautiful garden watching Guy Sansone walk back into the house.

When he's gone Waldo turns back to the ginkgo tree. He sighs.

WALDO

Fuckin tree.

He removes a copper nail from his pocket, bends down and knocks it into the tree at the bottom of the trunk.

He walks away from the tree and out of the garden.

CREDIT SEQUENCE.

INT. VICKY LEATHER'S OFFICE - TORONTO - DAY

Waldo Whitman walks into the office through the big oak door flanked by two bodyguards.

WALDO

Vicky. What's up my man.

He speaks as though talking to a five year old.

But now we see Vicky. Or VIC MALONE "VICKY LEATHER", a fifty some odd mobster mogul. And he likes leather.

He sits in a big leather chair; his oak desk has padded leather on all the corners; the two seats opposite his desk are very comfy leather chairs.

VIC

Whitman you schmuck. Let me tell you what is not up. Profits!

Waldo drops the attitude immediately.

WALDO

What am I supposed to do about it?

VIC

You are supposed to collect, bring in the money, or as I recall from racking my memory back to when we drew that dastardly thing up.

WALDO

That's what I'm doin.

VIC

You are not! You are lying. I know what you bring in and I don't like it!

Waldo takes a seat uninvited. Vic gets out of his chair.

VIC

Guy Sansone owes three million dollars plus ten percent for late fees. That is three million three hundred thousand dollars I'm out.

WALDO

He's gonna pay, you guys go way back.

VIC

No he's not. He's not gonna pay!
And I told him he didn't have to!

He doesn't seem too happy about it.

WALDO

Well, that's your problem Vicky.

VIC

No it's not. It's your problem.

He's right in his face now.

VIC

Guy and I go way back. So he says
to me "somethin happened to my
tree." I say "the fuck happened?"
He says "it's dead, somebody killed
it, somebody stuck a goddamn fuckin
copper nail in the trunk!" I say
"who." He says "WALDO WHITMAN!"

Guy Sansone's voice overlaps Vic's when his quotes are being
said.

WALDO

He wasn't payin again. He was
already late. I had to do
something.

VIC

You had to do nothing! He'll pay!
Oh yes he'll pay! Not anymore! I
can't make him pay. You fucked with
his fucking tree! And now he's
fucking got a heart split in two.
And he's threatening to bring down
the whole fucking organization.
Fucking.

WALDO

He can't do that. You just can't
let these guys take advantage of
you like this, fuckin ya in the ass
whenever you bend over. Let me go
back down there.

VIC

You fucking moron. This is a
business. And he is clientèle. You
fuck with your clients, they fuck
with you. The only way to negotiate

(MORE)

VIC (cont'd)
and go about business is to keep
the harmony. We scratch each
other's backs, we don't fuck them!

WALDO
Well that's just not true Vic. Our
business is illegitimate, illegal,
and illicit. We deal with scum. We
deal with scurvy. So we alter the
rules we play by scum and shit and
we operate entirely unbusinesslike.
It's different. It's like we fight
fire with fire; the rest of society
fights fire with water.

He thinks he's making sense, he thinks he's gettin on Vic's
good side.

VIC
You dumb fuckin muscle-head. Stand
up and let me look at you.

He does so.

SMACK! Vic slaps him in the face. Waldo doesn't flinch.

Vic takes out a roll of bills, big bills. Business doesn't
seem to be that bad. He takes a hundred dollar bill off the
roll and stuffs it into Waldo's pocket.

Now he's breathing right in his face.

VIC
Now go suck some cunt. You're
fired.

He walks back around to his desk. Waldo doesn't know what to
say.

He says nothing. He turns around and walks out of the
office.

SOUNDTRACK plays a slow, deep metal guitar song.

EXT. VICKY LEATHER'S OFFICE - TORONTO - DAY

Waldo steps out of the office and into the sun. He doesn't
know what to do.

EXT. TORONTO STREETS - DAY

Waldo roams the streets. Lurks in the coffee shops. And sits by himself at home. Needless to say he is heartbroken.

EXT. RICKY'S WHOREHOUSE - NIGHT

Waldo drives down the street and stops outside this blank building. He sits in his car a moment, thinking.

He climbs out walks into the inconspicuous building.

INT. RICKY'S WHOREHOUSE - NIGHT

Waldo walks in immediately greeted by the pimp RICKY.

Ricky is a white guy dressed like David Bowie with blue designer sunglasses.

RICKY

What's up my man. You come to the right place. I got a wide variety of girls, wide in nationality, wide in age, wide in size. What we don't have is a wide variety of quality. We got only the best. So if you're looking for bullshit just go somewhere else.

He laughs at his own jokes lovingly.

WALDO

I'm just lookin for a time.

RICKY

Just a time? It's eleven thirty motherfucker now leave.

He laughs.

RICKY

I'm just joking. What we sell our times man, good times. So you come to the right place. We got times.

Ricky waves to behind him where seven of his prostitutes are lounging, smoking.

RICKY

Take your pick.

Waldo considers.

WALDO

Can I go non-smoking or what?

RICKY

Oh yeah. We got two of these free.
Take her.

He grabs the woman on the end of the line and drags her over.

RICKY

Her cunt don't taste like smoke. It tastes like a peach.

WALDO

All right.

RICKY

Are we stayin in or is she a to-go order?

WALDO

I'll stay in.

RICKY

Good choice. We got excellent facilities. You'll find them upstairs.

We hear a commotion coming down the stairs. A man is dragging the hooker he paid for down the stairs.

MAN

Ricky!

Ricky turns around. Heads towards him.

MAN

This whore of yours got a problem!

He pushes her into the wall and advances into Ricky's face.

RICKY

What's the problem?

MAN

The bitch won't do it.

Ricky looks over to her in disgust.

RICKY

Is that so? What was her job this time?

MAN

I wanted to fuck her in the ass,
and she said "no, I don't do that."

Ricky turns on her.

RICKY

You said no?

He smacks her.

RICKY

You don't get to say no! I've had
it with you. Bad blowjobs! Dry
cunts! And now you say no!

He smacks her again. Then turns to the man.

RICKY

Take two more, on the house.

And he does. Actually he takes the one standing beside Waldo
and then another one smoking a cigarette.

They make their way back up the stairs.

The woman on the floor has a bloody lip now. This woman is
KITTY. She wears a leather bra, leather panties and
fishnets. With a pair of knee-high leather heels.

Ricky turns back on her.

RICKY

I have had enough of you Kitty-Kat.
You're on your last chance.

He grabs her arm and pulls her off the floor.

RICKY

You will suck, and you will fuck
and will please and you will tease.

He slaps her before every 'and'.

RICKY

You will be worth your dollar.

He smacks her again and again and again. Then he stops.
Everything is quiet. Waldo looks on, no longer interested in
having a time.

WALDO

How bout I take that one.

Ricky looks around at him.

RICKY

Who, this bitch?

WALDO

Yeah.

Ricky looks at him like he's crazy.

RICKY

No this bitch ain't for sale tonight. She's gotta learn. She's goin to the basement for a little rehabilitation. Besides you don't want her. She's the worst fuck of the bunch.

He turns to look at her again. She spits blood in his face. Now this pimp doesn't take too well to getting spit on, especially by his whores.

He punches her in the mouth, she goes down to the floor. He kicks her in the stomach repeatedly.

But Waldo has seen enough. He's let it go on long enough. He is a boy of morals.

He grabs Ricky, turns him around and punches him one, two, three times.

Ricky goes down unconscious, bloody, broken nose.

The girls scream and run back into the building.

Waldo looks down at the beaten woman.

She looks up at him. And they connect, long with their eyes looking into the other's soul.

KITTY

Get me outta here.

He helps her off the floor instantly, escorts her out the building quickly and into his car.

INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Waldo drives away quickly but not getaway quick just assertive quick. Making sure he puts some distance between them and the incident.

KITTY

Got anything for me to wipe up this mug?

Waldo looks at her. The bloody lip, bruised cheek, he'd still hardly call it a mug; just a pretty face.

WALDO

Glove box.

Kitty takes a napkin out of the glove box and tries to clean herself up.

She flips down the flap above her head and examines herself in the mirror. At least her chin isn't covered in blood anymore, but her cheek is still slightly purple-tinged.

She knocks the flap back up.

KITTY

How's it look?

He looks at her again.

WALDO

Just fine. Nobody's taken a beating like that and come out lookin better.

She smiles.

KITTY

Thanks.

He puts his eyes back to the road.

KITTY

Not just for the compliment, or the tissue, or gettin me outta there. I know that's all you've done. But, believe me, it's a lot more than that.

WALDO

No problem. What's your name?

KITTY

Kitty-Kat.

He laughs.

WALDO

No, your real name?

KITTY

Claire Kittan.

That's who it is: CLAIRE KITTAN.

WALDO

Nice name. That'll be why your stage name is Kitty.

CLAIRE

You got it. Ricky's idea, not mine.

Waldo prepares himself a smoke.

WALDO

You want one?

CLAIRE

No.

He inhales and exhales.

WALDO

So, you got someplace to be. There anywhere I can take you?

CLAIRE

We're leaving the only place for me.

WALDO

Really.

CLAIRE

Yeah. We lived there. Lonely days, perverted nights.

He senses her loathing of the place.

CLAIRE

Don't think I'm a whore or anything. I was only there two weeks. And as you saw, wasn't the most enthusiastic employee. Not that I'm a prude either. Just you know.

WALDO

Yeah I know. It's different.

CLAIRE

Yeah.

WALDO

So how'd you get there?

CLAIRE

I don't really know. I was livin in New York, and I had to get outta there so making my west I got mugged. Son of a bitch took everything I had on me. I didn't have the funds to keep going, so I needed a job. A job without resume or references or qualifications. Something I could get into and out of quick and easy. I just kinda got tricked into doin it.

FLASH ON:

INT. RICKY'S WHOREHOUSE - NIGHT

Back in Ricky's a guy is complaining and Claire stands monotonous behind him.

GUY

This chick had her lips around my dick for two hours and she couldn't get me to pop my top. I'm not payin for that time.

FLASH ON:

INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Claire back in the car.

WALDO

You don't need to go back and get anything?

CLAIRE

I don't have anything. Wouldn't go back if I did.

WALDO

Nothing? Not a change of clothes
or...

CLAIRE

These aren't my clothes to begin
with.

She's in her hooker attire.

CLAIRE

But no I was just traveling gypsy
style from New York.

WALDO

Don't gypsies take everything?

CLAIRE

All right then hitch-hiker style,
smart ass.

He laughs. She's got a little spunk.

CLAIRE

We weren't allowed possessions
anyway. We had two sets of
uniforms, that was it.

They sit in silence a moment.

CLAIRE

So where are we going?

WALDO

I don't know. You hungry?

CLAIRE

Very. We didn't get a lot of food
either.

WALDO

Why not?

CLAIRE

Well, I didn't. I'm one of the
skinnier ones that Ricky wanted to
remain that way. The bigger girls
got to eat, just so when someone
comes in wantin to fuck a little
more cushion, they can.

She's got more spunk than he thought.

WALDO
You ever been to Bobby Baun's?

CLAIRE
No, who's Bobby Baun?

WALDO
A retired hockey hero.

CLAIRE
They got good food?

WALDO
They got great coffee.

She smiles.

CLAIRE
I still don't know your name.

WALDO
Waldo Whitman.

CLAIRE
Waldo?

She's not impressed.

CLAIRE
How'd I call you Rex.

INT. BOBBY BAUN'S - NIGHT

Waldo and Claire are sitting in a booth on opposite sides of the table, by the window. They are having the best cup of coffee of their lives.

They're laughing and enjoying themselves having a great time in each other's company; instant chemistry. Something you don't learn about in science.

The rest of the place is empty. It's one in the morning.

Claire emerges from a dissolving laughing fit.

CLAIRE
So enough about your job what do you for fun?

WALDO
Oh thank God.

CLAIRE

What?

WALDO

For a second there I thought you were gonna pull that line: "So enough about me what about you."

CLAIRE

Oh I hate that.

WALDO

It's so fuckin stupid, it makes me wanna throw up.

CLAIRE

Yeah, who talks like that, really.

WALDO

I know it's retarded.

Silence.

CLAIRE

What do you do for fun?

WALDO

Oh right right.

He sits up a little straighter then, has to think. He slides back down a bit.

WALDO

I don't know really. I mean I've got a quiet life, I like to be alone, but of course that's not really right either, cause I always seem to be surrounded by somebody. But none of them are friends either. You know.

CLAIRE

Yeah. Like you're always at the bars with a couple people and then you think, who the fuck are these guys. How did I get to know them, in fact I don't really know them well at all.

WALDO

Exactly. It's just like, yeah, who the fuck are these guys.

CLAIRE

So, what about music, movies.

WALDO

I'm a jazz man. Simple as that. And I might have a man love on Orsen Welles.

She laughs.

CLAIRE

Me too. Only you know...

WALDO

Not a man love.

CLAIRE

Yeah.

WALDO

Yeah. He's just such a revolutionary performer. When I say performer I mean everything he did, not just what you think of as performing, like acting, but I mean directing, producing, and writing and all that theater group stuff way back. It's genius.

CLAIRE

I know what you mean. He is an artist, and he had balls. That War of the Worlds shit he pulled, you'd never get away with today, it's all structured. He just said yeah I'm gonna do it, and I'm gonna make it a masterpiece.

WALDO

He just had this energy all the time. He's one of a kind. Nobody in movies these days does what he did. I'm not sayin there's not great stuff being done, but I mean everything he did and how he did it.

They start to calm down. Waldo reaches his right hand out and touches very softly Claire's bruised cheek. She flinches at his immediate connection but softens up.

She looks hard into his eyes.

WALDO

I wouldn't do that to you.

She blinks in a knowing response. He strokes her cheek softly, it's tender.

He can feel her warm breath emanating from her nostrils. It's warm and subtle.

She reaches up and grabs his hand with hers. She strokes his hand gently.

We hear a car starting. Headlights beam up on the window pane where they sit.

They look over to the parking lot.

Waldo's car is being driven away.

WALDO

My fuckin car!

He jumps up in surprise.

So does she, but for a different reason.

CLAIRE

The money!

Waldo, as though just remembering the money, looks at her in disbelief.

FLASH ON:

INT. VIC'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Waldo steps out of Vic's office, this is right after he was fired. He walks down the hall and around the corner.

He walks up to a secretary at a desk.

WALDO

Hey Norma.

NORMA

Waldo.

WALDO

I'm makin a drop for Vic. A million.

NORMA

Yeah? He didn't tell me.

WALDO

Nah well, he's been overindulging. But don't worry, this isn't just poor decision making on his part, being intoxicated, this has been ready to go for a couple weeks now. But hurry will ya. I'm late gettin here and so I'm late leavin. You know how it is.

NORMA

Just a minute.

She looks down around her desk. She pulls up a leather briefcase and sets it on her desk.

NORMA

This is a million ready to go, but not til tomorrow.

WALDO

Well, that's really for today. I make the drop tomorrow, but it's over in Germany, one of our global clientèle. My flight leaves in about two hours.

NORMA

Right, you got your ticket?

WALDO

Yeah, you didn't set this flight up, I did. I'm taking a few weeks off so it's comin outta my check. I'm staying in Europe.

NORMA

Well, there you go. Have a nice trip.

WALDO

Thanks a lot Norma. I owe you.

He leaves with the briefcase. He stuffs it under the passenger seat.

FLASH ON:

INT. BOBBY BAUN'S - NIGHT

Waldo looking bewildered at Claire in Bobby Baun's.

He slides back into his seat. She slides back in right next to him this time, putting her arm around him.

WALDO
That's a million bucks. Cash.

CLAIRE
Don't worry about it.

He can't speak.

CLAIRE
Let's find a place to stay tonight.

WALDO
We can only afford a cheap motel.

CLAIRE
I'm used to them.

He looks her in the eyes. She's closer now. He can feel her sweet, warm breath on his face. It's soothing.

CLAIRE
I don't wanna leave you.

WALDO
We can't stay here.

CLAIRE
Then we'll leave together.

Then slide out of the booth.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT

Waldo and Claire step into the registration office. The MOTEL MANAGER there looks at them and smiles. She's still in her uniform.

MANAGER
You want it for an hour?

Waldo gives him a look.

WALDO
The night.

The Manager chuckles.

MANAGER

If you can afford the night, why go to a dump like this?

CLAIRE

I'm not a hooker.

He looks at them both.

MANAGER

You don't have to be embarrassed. I don't judge, half the rooms are checked out to prostitution.

WALDO

She's not a hooker.

MANAGER

All right, but you come in here with no bags, no nothing, didn't even come in a car. I'm not the police, I don't care as long as you pay. And uh, no bags you gotta pay upfront.

WALDO

All right.

He gives him his plastic.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

They walk in to the room, close the door and turn on the light.

It really is a shit room. Leaky walls, one chair around a table, and one bed, no lamp.

Claire begins to look uncomfortable.

CLAIRE

Listen, you got an undershirt or something I can wear to sleep in, I just can't wear this.

WALDO

Yeah. Here.

He takes off his jacket and his shirt and then throws off his undershirt onto the bed. He pulls the sleeves of his jacket back on leaving his shirt hanging on the chair.

She picks up the undershirt and walks toward the bathroom. She tries to open the door, but it's jammed. She tries again, frustrated. But gives up.

She turns back to him.

Then turns her back on him and takes off her bra quickly and throws on the big undershirt. She turns back around.

WALDO

It fits you great.

She smiles. No it doesn't.

CLAIRE

Waldo. I can't sleep in these either.

Referring to the leather panties and fishnets.

WALDO

I'll turn off the lights and crawl into bed, okay.

He does. We see his silhouette make its way over to the bed. Then we see hers come back around to the other side of the bed and sit down on it.

She removes the fishnets and slides off the panties and then gets under the sheets bottomless.

They lie in bed together; he with his eyes closed, she with them open. After a brief period of silence she breaks it.

CLAIRE

I can't sleep.

WALDO

You haven't given yourself a chance, just close your eyes, you'll fall asleep.

CLAIRE

No, I can't sleep in foreign beds.

He wasn't expecting this, especially not to be a big problem.

WALDO

Well, what do you want me to do?

She considers.

CLAIRE

Just, hold me.

He thinks about for a second, she's not wearing anything. He turns over and she turns away from him. He puts his arms around her and they make spoons.

She sighs.

CLAIRE

I can feel your heart. It's beating a little fast don't you think.

He smiles and kisses the back of her head. Their first kiss. He closes his eyes to sleep.

C/U of Claire, eyes open, awake, remembering.

FLASH ON:

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY

Claire, with her purse, is running through the streets of New York. Running for a reason, not a destination. She's being chased by a man.

He's short and scrawny. His name is DICKEY. He yells after her.

DICKEY

You get your ass back her Claire!

He pushes through people. She looks back but keeps going.

DICKEY

You cheatin bitch! I'm gonna get you!

She runs down into the subway. He follows.

Down in the underground people are hurrying to get on the temporarily stationary train.

Claire makes her way on. She turns around once she's on the train, waiting for the doors to close.

He gets closer.

CLAIRE

Come on.

He's closer...

They won't close in time.

She takes off running through the crowded train-car to the other end.

He gets on the train. Sees her and takes off her way.

She gets to the other end and then jumps back out of the train-car before the doors close.

She turns around to look. The doors close in Dickey's face. He's pissed.

DICKEY
Stupid bitch!

He kicks the doors. The train begins to move.

Claire smiles and walks away.

FLASH ON:

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Claire's face. Back in the motel bed. A gentle tear drips down her nose. She wipes it off.

Waldo is already asleep.

She closes her eyes.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Waldo wakes up. Still tired, maybe a little confused as to his whereabouts.

Claire is sitting up watching TV quietly.

He sits up and puts his hands on her shoulders, rubbing them.

WALDO
You get any sleep?

CLAIRE
Not a minute.

Waldo sighs. Rubs her shoulder some more.

WALDO

I'm sorry. You should have woke me up I'd have stayed up with you.

CLAIRE

You need sleep. I'm used to it.

He kisses her bare shoulder. She looks at him. They stare at each other a moment.

He gets up off the bed and starts putting pants and shirt back on.

CLAIRE

You want this?

She's referring to the undershirt she still wears.

WALDO

No, you keep it on.

She's wearing the undershirt and the leather underwear and fishnets.

WALDO

You don't have any clothes to get you?

CLAIRE

No, I've been out here two weeks. When I came here I didn't bring anything, I have nothing.

WALDO

Right. We'll go back to my place, I'll give you some of my clothes. I need to go back and grab some stuff anyways.

CLAIRE

Thanks.

She grabs her leather boots and puts them on. He throws on his jacket.

He watches her. She becomes aware of it.

CLAIRE

What?

WALDO

You sure you wanna leave?

CLAIRE

I haven't got anything here worth staying for.

WALDO

All right.

She gets up off the bed. She grabs her leather bra and throws it over her shoulder like a rope.

He opens the door and they leave.

EXT. TORONTO STREET - DAY

Together they walk down the street. Her with her knee-high leather boots, fishnets, leather panties, and undershirt, with a leather bra hanging off her shoulder, bags under her eyes. Quite the sight. But still brand-spanking beautiful of course.

Waldo touches her lower back and guides her around a corner and into a parking lot.

WALDO

Right here.

They make their way into the parking lot, and look around. It's filled with cars.

They split apart looking for the right car.

Claire finds one.

CLAIRE

How bout this one?

WALDO

Out of town plates?

CLAIRE

Iowa.

Waldo comes over and looks at it. It's an old 1968 Thunderbird. Beautiful car. Plate says "BIG DADY".

WALDO

Perfect. You got it?

Wondering if she can get in and hotwire it.

CLAIRE

Oh yeah. My daddy was a mechanic.

She moves to the driver side door. He tosses her a paper clip.

CLAIRE

Where'd you get this?

WALDO

Nicked it from the motel office.

CLAIRE

Ah.

She understands now why she had to argue with the manager over the price of the crappy room.

She sticks it in the key slot.

Waldo moves over to the passenger side, he tries the handle and the door opens.

Claire stands straight and looks over at him. He smiles.

She laughs and walks around the front of the car, crawls into the passenger side as he steps out of her way and reaches down under the front of the drivers side panel removing it and beginning to mess with the wires.

He leans back against the hood of the car. He lights a cigarette and inhales.

She fiddles with the wires some more.

Spark...

VROOM! Waldo jumps off the hood as the car starts.

He looks into the windshield, Claire's head pops up and she gives him the thumbs up.

He walks to the driver's side, lifts the handle, it's still locked.

She gets up off the floor and seats herself behind the wheel.

He taps the window.

She shakes her head.

WALDO

We're goin to my place, I know the way. I even know the city.

CLAIRE

You can just tell me where to go.

She smiles bigger. He gives up and walks around and climbs into the passenger seat.

They drive out of the space and out of the parking lot; no questions asked.

INT. WALDO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Waldo knocks lightly on his door and opens it, peaking his head in. Then he opens it all the way and enters followed by Claire.

WALDO

Nobody's been here. Yet.

CLAIRE

How do you know?

WALDO

Cause if someone was here waiting for me, then they wouldn't be hiding. They'd be standing right there.

He points at the refrigerator.

WALDO

Come on.

He leads her through the apartment, which looks as though somebody has tossed it, and into the bedroom.

He goes over to his dresser and pulls out some track pants. He grabs some socks. He pulls out some boxers.

WALDO

You want these?

CLAIRE

No. I'll just pick some up when we're ready to go.

WALDO

We won't have time.

CLAIRE
Course we will.

WALDO
Why don't we do it before?

CLAIRE
Because...

He's caught her.

WALDO
Ah, we'll do it before.

CLAIRE
I don't want to use up anymore of
your money.

WALDO
You can give me a ten back after.

CLAIRE
Grab me a shirt.

He moves over to his closet and grabs his smallest button-up
shirt.

He tosses it on the bed along with the socks and pants.

CLAIRE
You gonna grab some stuff in a suit
case or what?

WALDO
Nah. I don't wanna have to carry
it, and I figure I'll change my
style, get a new look.

She smiles.

CLAIRE
I look forward to seeing that side
of you.

WALDO
What? You don't like this side?

He turns to show her his left side.

CLAIRE
No. I love this side.

He smiles and winks at her. Then he leaves her to her
privacy to change.

We leave with him. He walks into his living room. He grabs a gym bag from the couch, he takes out the gym clothes: the sweating t-shirt and shorts.

He sniffs the bag. Not pleasant. He walks over to the counter in his kitchen and finds some Febreze. He sprays it a couple of times, smells again, good.

He walks back into the living room, tosses the bag on the couch, it's ready.

He moves over to a desk, slides it open and removes two guns. He then removes two magazines and puts them on his coffee table.

He loads a magazine into each gun. He holds the last gun more lovingly, examining it. He flicks the safety on and off, and on. He loads the gun. Then puts it down and loads the other.

Claire now comes out of the bedroom and into the living room, wearing the sweat pants and the shirt.

CLAIRE

You got some shoes?

WALDO

Yeah.

He goes back over to the door and grabs some sneakers. She puts one on.

CLAIRE

It's huge.

WALDO

Don't worry. He'll pick up some shoes when we get you some underwear.

CLAIRE

Thanks.

She puts on the other one and then ties them both up really tight.

CLAIRE

I feel like a clown.

He looks at her and smiles. She takes a seat beside him on the couch.

WALDO

Here.

He hands her one of the guns. She takes it, she doesn't look too comfortable with it.

WALDO

Ever hold a gun before?

She shakes her head.

WALDO

Well it's easy. Just make them think like you grew up with a pistol in each hand. Here.

He holds his gun out like he's pointing it at someone's head. Arm stretched right out and gun pointed straight.

WALDO

Just like that.

She mimics him perfectly.

WALDO

Just like you see in the movies.

CLAIRE

What if I have to shoot it?

WALDO

You probably won't have to. But if you do make sure you flick off the safety. You can't shoot with the safety on so you turn it off first. Remember safety first. So when you hold it have your thumb up by the safety to be ready to flick it off.

CLAIRE

I can't just keep it off?

WALDO

No, that's how accidents happen. Remember safety first, one to be safe, and two to kill the guy. Bit of a paradox.

CLAIRE

I'll say.

WALDO

That's all there is to it.

CLAIRE

You shoot a lot of people?

WALDO

Nah. I've shot one guy, in the knee. He tried runnin but he didn't get too far. Actually those were the last steps he took. I blew his patella clear off.

She smiles, viciously.

CLAIRE

What kind of gun is this?

WALDO

Colt semi-automatic, .45 calibre.

CLAIRE

What's the difference between semi-automatic and automatic?

WALDO

Well, semi-autos load themselves after every round fired, but you have to pull the trigger for every shot. Autos are like machine guns or uzi's, tec-9's. They fire as long as you hold the trigger.

CLAIRE

Are there really manual guns?

WALDO

Yeah, but I don't like them, you see them in old westerns the most. That's when you get the star firing them off and smackin the hammer back to load the gun. It looks fuckin cool when you see Eastwood do it but it's tricky.

She looks at him. Then stands up.

CLAIRE

You ready?

He stands up, above her, they're very close, face to face, for the first time.

WALDO

Yeah.

She picks up the gym bag.

WALDO

Let's go.

He escorts her out of the apartment.

EXT. WALDO'S APARTMENT - DAY

They walk down the hall, the courtyard below is empty.

WALDO

You're not gonna bring your leather uniform?

CLAIRE

No.

She smiles, he frowns.

WALDO

Well, maybe we should go back and get it. You look damn good in it.

CLAIRE

Yeah well, how'be we pick something up on the way down. But no leather.

WALDO

Oh fine.

She laughs and so does he. They're a little more relaxed and comfortable with each other.

They reach the car.

WALDO

I'm drivin.

CLAIRE

Why?

WALDO

Cause I know the city, and I know my way out of the city. It'll just be easier when we're in a hurry.

CLAIRE

All right.

She climbs into the passenger side without a fuss, she knows he's right.

EXT. TORONTO BANK - DAY

Waldo and Claire stand outside the bank. Waldo carries the gym bag. There is nothing covering their faces.

Waldo hands the bag to Claire.

WALDO

Remember safety first.

She nods.

WALDO

You stand behind in the line. You ready?

She looks at him. She moves forward and kisses him quickly but longingly.

CLAIRE

Let's go.

They move into the bank.

INT. TORONTO BANK - DAY

They make their way to the far line. It's a short line only two other people.

Claire stands behind Waldo, she holds the bag in front of her.

They wait. The first person leaves. They move up.

The next person goes about their business with the teller.

They wait their turn.

This person finishes, gathers their papers and walks away.

Waldo steps up to the teller, no gun... Yet.

TELLER

Hello, how may I help you?

He leans in close to her and speaks softly.

WALDO

I want you to go back there and get
me one hundred thousand dollars.
I'm robbing you, please don't make
me remove my gun.

She smiles sheepishly, maybe she thinks he's bluffing.

TELLER

I'm sorry I can't do that.

As soon as she speaks the words "I'm sorry" Claire, behind
Waldo unzips the gym bag, Waldo without taking his eyes off
the teller reaches a hand behind his back into the bag and
removes a gun. He points it at the teller.

Claire removes the other gun.

WALDO

Do it now.

A security guard sees the confrontation and pulls a gun,
from several feet to the left, on Claire.

SECURITY GUARD

Put your guns down! Now!

As he looks at Claire, Waldo turns to him and fires into the
security guard's kneecap. He crumbles to the ground with a
scream.

The entire building erupts in fear. People running for their
lives and screaming in panic! Waldo ignores them as he turns
back to his teller who is now really scared.

All the tellers stand their ground.

Waldo grabs the bag out of Claire's hands and throws it on
the counter.

He looks over to the teller next to them. She is TELLER 2.

WALDO

You have two minutes to put one
hundred thousand dollars in this
bag. If you're not back in two
minutes this gal dies.

The teller he's pointing his gun at speaks.

TELLER

No. She's new, it'd take her too
long to get it.

Waldo considers. He pulls the gun on Teller 2. Then speaks to the teller he's been talking from the start.

WALDO

Then you go back there and fill this bag with one hundred thousand dollars. You have one hundred and twenty seconds or the new girl gets it. Now do it!

She grabs the bag and goes immediately.

We go to split screen. The left shows us Waldo and Claire and what's happening with them. The right is one long steadicam shot of the Teller walking back and frantically finding the money to put in the bag. We stay like this until she comes back.

WALDO

Count it off for me honey.

He says this to Claire.

CLAIRE

Got it.

She counts in her head.

He steadies the gun on Teller 2. Claire's is on the passed out security guard.

Time passes in quiet and stillness, all the panicking customers have disappeared.

CLAIRE

Sixty seconds.

We wait thirty seconds in real time.

CLAIRE

Thirty seconds.

Ten seconds pass.

CLAIRE

Twenty seconds.

The teller appears with the gym bag. She reaches Waldo and shows him the money inside. She zips it up and sets it on the counter. End split screen.

He grabs it and hands it to Claire.

He points his gun back on the first teller.

WALDO

You are going to watch us go into
that car parked outside.

He points to the thunderbird, we can see through the window.

WALDO

You are going to remember the
license plate, 'BIG DADY'. But why
don't I wear a mask? Because you
will forget my face.

He spins around.

WALDO

Let's go.

Claire follows him out without looking back.

EXT. TORONTO BANK - DAY

Waldo climbs into the driver's seat and Claire the passenger
seat. Waldo starts it up and drives away.

EXT. MOVING CAR - DAY

Waldo's driving, Claire has the money bag open and is
counting the money.

WALDO

What'd we score.

CLAIRE

Hold on.

She continues to count it up.

CLAIRE

One hundred and twelve thousand.
Give or take, I mighta missed a
stack or counted one twice but it's
definitely close.

Waldo laughs.

WALDO

The bitch in all her hurry gave us
too much.

She laughs. Then she sees something, her heart misses a
beat.

CLAIRE

Ah shit!

Three cop cars go zinging by them in the opposite direction. Waldo thinks nothing of it.

Claire watches them keep going in the opposite direction.

CLAIRE

No shit, they missed us.

WALDO

Not really. I mean they don't know what we're drivin. I'm not speeding. I figure we'd pass some anyways.

CLAIRE

Why's that?

WALDO

We'll be driving right passed the police station. It's between the bank and the fastest way outta town.

CLAIRE

We're goin right passed the police station?

WALDO

Yep.

She laughs.

CLAIRE

We are so fuckin stupid!

He laughs too.

WALDO

Not stupid, just really smart.

CLAIRE

Yeah that must be it.

She's sarcastic.

WALDO

Hey babe, it's gonna work.

CLAIRE

I know it's just insane!

She's still laughing.

She starts to calm down. She breaths slower. Takes control of herself.

CLAIRE

So. What's our first move?

WALDO

Well, our first move is the easiest. Ditch this car pronto. Then get another one. Then I suppose find someplace on the edge of the city, get a good night's sleep, then break outta here at the crack of dawn.

CLAIRE

Then the harder moves?

WALDO

Well, they're not really harder. It's all pretty easy.

CLAIRE

Too easy?

WALDO

Almost.

They sit in silence thinking about whether or not 'too easy' is really good or really bad.

After a long silence Claire breaks out into laughter again.

CLAIRE

Here.

She removes a bill from a stack and stuff it in his front jacket pocket just like Vic did earlier.

CLAIRE

I gotta pay you back.

WALDO

That's a hundred.

CLAIRE

Then you can spend ninety on somethin nice for me.

He smiles. I've said it before but she's got spunk.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Waldo and Claire walk into the dealership office. The salesman is busy with someone else.

Waldo raises his hand. The salesman sees him and points him outside. Then shows him five fingers: He'll be out in five minutes.

Waldo acknowledges and escorts Claire outside.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Waldo and Claire walk over to the car. The '68 Thunderbird.

CLAIRE

You know him?

WALDO

Yeah, I know him.

CLAIRE

Who is he?

WALDO

Nick Nelson. I've worked with him before. He's crooked and that's why he's perfect working at a place like this. He makes the sale and gets the best deal for himself and his business.

She doesn't like him.

WALDO

But I know him, we'll get a deal.

Claire sits up on the hood of the Thunderbird. Waldo lights another cigarette.

NICK NELSON the car salesman comes out and greets Waldo like friends, shaking his hand and patting him on the shoulder.

NICK

Who's your new girl Wally?

Waldo smiles, as though obviously this is all that's on Nick's mind.

WALDO

This is Claire. Claire Kittan.

NICK

Pleasure to meet you, Claire.

He kisses her hand, she doesn't like him. He's a phony.

CLAIRE

You too Nick.

He smiles.

NICK

So what's up?

WALDO

I need a car, a new car. And a nice car.

Nick looks at the Thunderbird.

NICK

You got a nice car fella.

CLAIRE

We want a different car. Do you have a 1961 Thunderbird?

Nick smiles.

NICK

She like her T-Birds. The '68 and now she wants a '61.

WALDO

Yeah she loves cars.

NICK

Well, look around. We got cars to love. We got the best of the best classic cars. Including a 1961 Thunderbird.

WALDO

Hardtop?

NICK

Convertible. It's red. It's beautiful.

WALDO

Get the top on and you got yourself a sale.

NICK

You givin me the '68?

WALDO

Yeah we're tradin it in. What'll it be?

NICK

Well, I don't know how you got yourself a '68 Thunderbird in that condition, but I know you well enough, and you can't afford a 1961 Thunderbird convertible that is red.

WALDO

I can afford it.

NICK

How?

WALDO

I got a big paycheck comin my way.

NICK

Ah, good for you.

WALDO

Now get us that car, we're in a hurry. And I don't want any paper work. Understand?

He smiles.

NICK

I understand man. You don't want anybody to find this 1961 red convertible Thunderbird.

WALDO

That's right. Now get us the car.

NICK

I wanna make sure you can afford the... Say, I don't know twenty-five grand with the trade in. Can you.

Waldo stares him down. Claire slides off the hood and opens the passenger door. She grabs the money bag, unzips it and shows him the cash.

NICK

All right, put that away. I believe you. I'll go get your car. But how do I explain you payin in cash. Twenty-five grand in cash is gonna incite a couple interested questions.

WALDO

Don't just cash it all together. Open a safety deposit box, put the twenty-five thousand in there. Every month you take out a thousand or so, so it looks like there's just a lot of cash payments. Got it?

Nick smiles.

NICK

Yeah, I'll get your car.

He heads off to find the car.

CLAIRE

Why's he gonna do it?

She can't believe it.

WALDO

Nick is crooked, he likes to do anything that's under the nose of anybody, no matter how stupid the thing is he's doing.

CLAIRE

How can you stand him? He's a phony.

WALDO

Oh yeah babe. He's phony down to the last. The name's a fake, almost as good as Kitty-Kat.

He laughs.

CLAIRE

I'm glad I won't have to see him again.

WALDO

So am I.

CLAIRE

You know he's ripping us off for the car.

WALDO

Is he?

CLAIRE

Yeah. If it's mint condition it deserves maybe fifteen grand with the trade in. Especially a trade in like this.

WALDO

But the trade in is a stolen car.

CLAIRE

So what? He didn't steal it. There's nothing illegal about what he's doing, as far as trading a car for a stolen he doesn't know is stolen. They can't persecute him for that. And he doesn't know it's stolen when he's makin the deal.

WALDO

But we do. We should take what we can get.

CLAIRE

Take fifteen. Don't give him anymore.

Nick comes around with the red, convertible, 1961 Thunderbird. The top is up as requested.

Nick gets out of the car.

NICK

It's yours.

WALDO

Thank you.

He gets in Nick's face.

WALDO

Now, Nick you fuckin piss-pot. I'm givin you the '68 Thunderbird and fifteen thousand.

Nick opens his mouth to protest the point, he's suddenly real angry at being told what's what at his own place.

WALDO

Don't fucking speak. Take the fifteen thousand. And do as I said. You don't want to disagree with me, not today.

Claire has separated fifteen thousand in stacks of bills and hands them to Nick. Nick is getting pissed. His power is gone, and he's playing by other people's rules.

CLAIRE

See ya later Nicky.

NICK

Don't call me Nicky you bitch.

Claire throws a backhand across his face as she passes him.

CLAIRE

Don't call me bitch Nicky!

He takes a step back holding his mouth.

CLAIRE

Let's go.

She hops in. So does Waldo. He drives away.

INT. SLIGHTLY LESS CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Waldo and Claire come stumbling into the motel room in hysterics. They're laughing like mad, uncontrollable.

Claire is carrying the money bag.

CLAIRE

I can't believe it. I can't believe it.

WALDO

Neither can I.

Claire unzips the bag and just starts jerking it up and down in front of her laughing like crazy. Stacks of bills fly out of it all over the room.

Waldo touches her bare arm and she stops, flinging it around.

She looks at him. She drops the bag.

Money is all over the floor, the bed.

She grabs his arm and feels it sensually.

Then she kisses him, and he kisses her back. They kiss long and desperately, surrounded by money.

He lowers her onto the money-paved bed, kissing her all the way.

They break apart. He grabs a nearby stack of bills and tosses it on her chest.

She laughs, flips through the stack, examining how much it is.

CLAIRE

You can't afford me.

WALDO

I'll bet you're worth every dollar.

He kisses her. They roll over on the bed, in money.

<-----
 -----INSERT-LOVE-SCENE-HERE-----
 ----->

NOTE: love scene, not sex scene. There is a difference, I hope you can appreciate it.

INT. SLIGHTLY LESS CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

It's the crack of dawn, bright red sun floods in through the window.

Waldo holds Claire in spoons. He's awake; he kisses her shoulder and behind her ear. He rubs her shoulder. She wakes up.

WALDO

You get some sleep?

CLAIRE

Yes.

She turns around and faces him. They kiss.

WALDO

You ready for a drive?

CLAIRE

Oh yeah. We gonna buy me some new clothes?

WALDO

Yeah we gotta. My clothes don't seem to compliment you anywhere near enough.

He kisses her chest and slides down, kissing her stomach, and slides down further and gets out of the bed.

She starts collecting the stacks of money that lie all over the motel room.

WALDO

We gotta be outta here within the hour.

CLAIRE

You worried about being caught?

WALDO

No. Just wanna get goin.

CLAIRE

Know whatcha mean.

She buttons up his shirt on herself and gets ready to go.

CLAIRE

Eager to leave your life behind.
It's not what you want it to be.
Not what you thought it would be.

WALDO

Yeah, that. And I blew the kneecap off a cop and don't find it the brightest thing to linger nearby.

CLAIRE

So you are worried about being caught.

WALDO

Just not sure if she forgot my face.

CLAIRE

Sure she did. You pointed a gun at her and told her she wouldn't. She'd do that the same as how she did everything else you said.

WALDO

That's the idea.

He let's her out before him with the money bag. He glances around quick to see if they left anything. It's clear.

INT. TORONTO BANK - DAY

The investigation is in full swing but the bank remains open and goes about its business. The two Mouny detectives MARK VAN RYN and EDWARD MORGAN are searching the place, their first moments on the crime scene.

They are cool cops, but Edward's a fag. You wouldn't know until you caught him in the act though.

Edward is interviewing Teller 2. Mark is standing over the uninterrupted pool of blood caused by the kneecap shot. There's smear marks where the security guard squirmed.

EDWARD

This is where you were working?

TELLER 2

Yes.

EDWARD

And they approached the teller next to you, to your right?

TELLER 2

Yes.

EDWARD

You remember what they look like?

TELLER 2

The man, distinctly. The woman, not so much.

EDWARD

Tell me about the man.

TELLER 2

He was maybe six feet. Dark hair, not black but deep brown. Just started balding at the front.

EDWARD
Receded hairline?

TELLER 2
Yeah. He was clean-shaven. He wore
black. I don't know what else to
say.

EDWARD
He was white?

TELLER 2
They both were.

EDWARD
What did they put the money in?

TELLER 2
Oh, it was a Cooper gym bag. Navy
blue with yellow trim.

EDWARD
Good. You saw the car?

TELLER 2
He pointed it out to us.

EDWARD
What was it?

TELLER 2
It was gray. I don't know the type,
or make or anything but it looked
like 60's or 70's.

EDWARD
Thank you.

Edward shakes her hand and leaves her to step over to Mark,
standing mesmerized over the pool of blood.

MARK
She know anything?

EDWARD
A little. Your teller?

MARK
The one with the gun at her head?
Doesn't know shit. He told her
she'd forget and she did. Just like
she got the money, just like she
put it in the bag, just like she

(MORE)

MARK (cont'd)
got the right amount. She did it
all, no questions asked. Why'd your
teller know something?

EDWARD
He never told her she'd forget.

MARK
Ah.

Mark leads Edward around the bank, back to the vault and
they talk as they walk.

EDWARD
So, we got ourselves a Bonnie and
Clyde to do them proud.

MARK
Yeah. Anybody talkin to the
security guard yet?

EDWARD
No.

MARK
I wanna talk to him. Anything on
the bullet.

EDWARD
Not really. It's nothing special,
just .45 caliber. Enough to get the
job done.

MARK
A bronco and a bitch. The perfect
crime team.

EDWARD
We'll send a fax of the details to
every municipal shit town sheriff's
office in the country.

MARK
Yeah. Good. Send them south of the
border too. Never know if they want
to hit up the states. We'll catch
these bank-looting lovers.

INT. VIC MALONE'S OFFICE - DAY

Vic has found out he's a million out due to Waldo's hands goin into his cookie jar. He's fuming.

VIC

Son of a bitch! That fucker's gotta pay! He's gotta pay tenfold. He's gonna pay tenfold. I'll see to that. A million. A million of my own personal fuckin dollars!

He grabs at his collar pulling on it.

VIC

I can't fuckin breath. I can't get any fuckin air to my lungs. I'm dyin! Quick! Go find some beggar and bring him in.

He waves the two bodyguards guarding his door out, they obey.

Vic is left with CASHMERE. He's an Italian mobster, hitman, mafia monger, gangster, made guy, hired help. You can guess what he wears. He's albino.

Vic waves Cashmere over to him and leans against his desk.

VIC

Cashmere. Come here. Come here, take a seat. You don't let me down. You never let me down. You always help, and you always do a good job. You know what needs to be done. We need to find that son of a bitch, motherfucker, ass-sucking, fuck-ass-bitch. And when we find him we need to get my money back. And when we do that we need to make him hurt. And when we do that we need to kill him slowly. And just before we finish that, we need to stop, and leave him bloody, cut, squirming, and shouting for death. But the wounds we have inflicted on him will only kill him a long time after we've left him for dead. And nobody will find him until after the vultures have discovered his rot.

Vic is sweating, apparently the thought of all this is hard work.

CASHMERE

That's what you want?

VIC

Yes. That's what I want. I want him to suffer. I want Christ's passion to seem very insignificant compared to Whitman's experience. Do you know what I mean?

CASHMERE

Absolutely.

VIC

So it can be done?

CASHMERE

Oh yes.

VIC

I'm coming with you. I want to be there.

CASHMERE

I know what you mean.

VIC

You will be my muscle. You will inflict the pain that I imagine. To every last vein bursting, stomach bludgeoning, blow.

CASHMERE

That's my job.

We think Vic is calming but no.

VIC

It's just so frustrating! Fucking! I wanna kill him, I wanna hurt him! I want him to bleed! The son of a bitch. Fucking.

The two bodyguards come back into the office with a bum. They carry him in under each arm and then toss him on the floor. He's yelling.

VIC

Oh finally.

He stands up straight from leaning against the desk. He grabs the gun off the desk with his right hand fires once, twice, three times, and a fourth for good luck right into the bum's chest.

He breaths in the air, loving it now.

VIC

Oh yes. That feels good, I needed that.

He tosses the gun back on the desk.

VIC

Now get rid of him. Throw him in the lake.

They grab the bum's corpse and escort it out. Leaving Vic and Cashmere again.

Vic turns to Cashmere.

VIC

We're gonna find out where he went. We're gonna find him. We are going to find the son of a bitch.

EXT. RICKY'S WHOREHOUSE - NIGHT

Ricky is running his business same as usual, except he's wearing sunglasses that only cover up half the shiner on his left eye. He boasts to a customer.

RICKY

Yeah we got the best tail in the city. In the province. You want a pro, and I mean a bitch that can and will do everything, then it is only at Ricky's that you'll find it. Have a good time my man.

He pats the customer on the back and he heads off with a hooker up to one of the bedrooms on the second floor.

Ricky smiles after them.

And who walks in behind him, but Dickey. The guy that was chasing Claire.

Ricky turns around at the sound of the door with a big smile.

RICKY

Welcome my man. Business is hot tonight, I'm all rented out. The waiting time is forty-five minutes. If you wanna have a seat I can get you a drink while you wait.

Dickey looks at him.

DICKEY

Are you sayin that in forty-five minutes I can have a fuck with a gal that just been fucked not five minutes before I'm inside her?

RICKY

That is entirely right my man, what would you like to drink.

DICKEY

Isn't that a little unhygienic.

RICKY

Only if you already have HIV. Do you?

DICKEY

I'm clean.

RICKY

Good. You want that drink?

DICKEY

Yeah. Scotch.

He sits down. Ricky fixes him the drink.

Dickey takes in the place. Ricky comes back with the drink.

DICKEY

But I should tell you that I'm not here to screw one of your ladies.

RICKY

We do manage a trois as well. Just fifty percent more.

DICKEY

I mean I ain't here to screw any of your ladies.

Ricky pulls the drink away just before Dickey can reach it.

DICKEY

I'm here for Claire Kittan.

Ricky looks at him, hands him the drink. Then he goes and gets himself his own drink. Comes back and takes a seat as well.

DICKEY
So how many girls you got here?

RICKY
Eighteen.

DICKEY
All are sold out right now?

He nods.

DICKEY
I don't even hear any screams.

RICKY
Well, they are up one, two, and
some three stories up. Some are
gone off for the night with a
client, and most have worked long
enough to learn not to scream. They
control it just enough to get the
guy goin a little. Don't need them
over-worked.

DICKEY
I see.

RICKY
What do you want with Claire?

DICKEY
I'm lookin for her.

RICKY
Why?

Dickey looks at him.

DICKEY
Well, we broke up. In New York, and
when she left, she took something
of mine accidentally. I'm just
comin to get it.

RICKY
You don't have to protect yourself
man. I'm not gonna give a shit if
you say she stole something and
you're here to kill her for it.

Dickey looks at him again. He knows a lot.

RICKY

She's not here anymore and when she was, she was a mediocre prostitute, on a good day.

Dickey sips his drink.

RICKY

Just be up front with me my man. I won't tattletale.

DICKEY

All right. She stole three thousand dollars from me. I caught her, I chased her, but she got away with my money.

RICKY

Slippery bitch.

Dickey nods.

DICKEY

I wanna get that money back. And I want to teach her a lesson. A lesson she should have learned in kindergarten: Don't steal from Dickey.

Ricky smiles.

RICKY

I don't believe that we are familiar with each other. I am Ricky and this is my house.

DICKEY

Dickey. From New York.

They shake hands.

RICKY

From the big city. You know somethin, with you, I got a shot.

DICKEY

A shot at what?

RICKY

Claire was here for no more'n an two weeks. In that time she was the worst slut I have ever seen. Then she got the nerve to turn her back

(MORE)

RICKY (cont'd)
on ol' Ricky here. She here with
some guy knocks me senseless.

He tips his glasses down, exhibiting his black-eye.

RICKY
Then she up and takes with this
motherfucker.

DICKEY
A guy? She didn't know any guys out
here.

RICKY
Well, if you wanna know the whole
story, he came in looking for a
time, I was teachin her one of
those lessons you say she needs.
This big motherfucker don't like
it. He takes me out, and then takes
her out, don't hear of her again.

DICKEY
What was he like?

RICKY
To be entirely honest I don't
remember. But I do remember wakin
up with a headache and a burnin for
revenge.

DICKEY
I hear ya.

Ricky nods.

DICKEY
You know at all where they took
off?

RICKY
No. We in cahoots then?

DICKEY
I want her, you want him, I see no
other way to go.

RICKY
Concurred.

DICKEY

Course without a spurt of luck I don't see how we'll know where they went.

RICKY

Who said they went anywhere. They can hide in the city. And you tracked her to Toronto.

DICKEY

I got a spurt of luck.

RICKY

What was that?

DICKEY

Pulled a gun on a chicken shit friend of hers.

RICKY

Now that's what we need. See I ain't never killed nobody before. I need somebody like you to pull the trigger.

DICKEY

I ain't killed nobody neither.

RICKY

Yeah but I believe you got it in you.

DICKEY

Thanks. So did she have a purse or anything on her?

RICKY

No. When she came to me she had nothing. Not a bag, not a purse, just a name and a cute little cunt that she wanted to send into early retirement.

DICKEY

Fuck.

He doesn't know if she still has his money now, but wants to kill her nonetheless. He stands up.

DICKEY

Business partners?

He holds out a hand.

RICKY

Yeah yeah.

Stands up and takes it.

RICKY

We gonna find both those birdies,
and go Duckhunt on their asses.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - TEXAS - DAY

This is the Sheriff's office. It's a small town. No more than 500 tops. The Sheriff and his deputy the only two that are on the staff sit in office. An oscillating fan blows air on them.

The SHERIFF is an older man, fifty-something with greying hair. He wears aviator glasses.

SHERIFF

Darryl, hand me that memo.

DARRYL the forty year old Deputy looks around.

DARRYL

What memo?

SHERIFF

That string of toilet paper workin
its way out of the fax machines ass
right now.

Darryl looks around. He reaches behind him and looks at the paper.

He picks it up and examines it.

DARRYL

It's RCMP.

They both have thick Texas accents.

SHERIFF

Don't read it to me, hand it to me.
What are those hoser canucks after?

Darryl passes it over. The Sheriff grabs it and looks at it. We see it too.

There's an official looking RCMP crest. But what dominates it are two large, vague, non-distinct drawings of a man and a woman.

SHERIFF

Male, Caucasian, 30-40. Dark hair, six feet to six two. No facial hair. Female, Caucasian, 30-35. Dirty blonde, 5 foot six, to five eight. No facial hair. Wanted for robbing a bank. Hundred and twelve thousand gone just like that. Bank robbery took place in Toronto, during business hours on September the twenty-second. Seen driving a red muscle car of the late sixties or seventies. Well my God, if there ain't a hundred pairs of those bodily descriptions in this town I'll give you my badge. They ain't gonna find them. They're gone.

DARRYL

I don't know, is that it?

SHERIFF

That is it. Everything. That is all the RCMP knows. Hell, I know that much and I dropped out of high school.

DARRYL

They'll find them. They always catch these sonsabitches.

SHERIFF

No, no, Deputy Darryl. They don't know where their own assholes are located, they'll never track down this pair o' Bonnie and Clyde's. The odds are worse than a one-eyed, troglodytic, nigger being elected the governor of Texas.

Darryl sees something behind the Sheriff out the window and on the street. He peaks his head around to see.

It is Waldo and Claire climbing out of their Thunderbird convertible and looking around the place.

DARRYL

We got ourselves some tourists by look of things.

The Sheriff turns around.

SHERIFF

Fancy car. Them's city folk. Stay here.

He climbs out from behind his desk and walks out of the office.

EXT. DUSTY STREET - TEXAS TOWN - DAY

The Sheriff approaches Waldo and Claire. They're still looking around.

SHERIFF

What'cha looking for?

Claire jumps a foot off the ground at the sight of the Sheriff, Waldo doesn't jump but his heart rate increases, not good in this heat.

WALDO

Hello.

SHERIFF

Hello. I'm the Sheriff. Over in there is Deputy Darryl.

He points over to the office.

SHERIFF

Can I help you with anything?

WALDO

We're looking for a place to get some food.

SHERIFF

A restaurant?

WALDO

No, a supermarket.

SHERIFF

Supermarket? You aren't just passing through?

WALDO

No, we're here to stay, a little while at least.

SHERIFF

That so? There's no residences to be bought in a hundred miles, where are you staying?

WALDO

We got a camper. We're dropping anchor out in the desert bout five miles out of town. Keep to ourselves.

SHERIFF

Ah. May I see your place?

WALDO

Sure.

SHERIFF

May I ask your names?

WALDO

I'm Waldo Whitman, this is Claire.

SHERIFF

You have a last name.

CLAIRE

It's Whitman too. We're married.

SHERIFF

Ah congratulations.

CLAIRE

Thank you.

SHERIFF

Very pretty gal you got for yourself there Mr. Whitman.

WALDO

Oh thank you very much. She's quite a gal.

CLAIRE

Well he's quite a guy.

SHERIFF

How be I show you to the supermarket. You get what you need, then give me a call at the office and you can show me out to where it is you're staying. We can continue getting to know each other over a nice drink.

WALDO

Sure thing.

SHERIFF

Follow me.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

The Sheriff comes in. Darryl is eating a donut.

SHERIFF

Get me the fellas in charge of the bank robbery, vigilante investigation. From Canada.

DARRYL

Why?

SHERIFF

I got a sneakin suspicion those tourists aren't tourists.

DARRYL

How'd you know?

SHERIFF

I don't, it's just a hunch and they fit the description of white male thirty to forty, dark hair. White female thirty to thirty five, blondie. Red sixties car. If that's all they give us aren't we expected to check every Bob & Sue that fits the description. And it's a big coincidence that not one whole sixty second minute went by between reading the memo and seeing these two.

DARRYL

All right. Where they now?

SHERIFF

They're buying some food at the supermarket. Then I'm gonna welcome them to the neighborhood over a drink at their place. Get me the names and numbers of the RCMP rookies.

INT. SUPERMARKET - TEXAS TOWN - DAY

Waldo grabs a cart. Claire steps up beside him.

CLAIRE
What do you think?

WALDO
'Bout what?

CLAIRE
The Sheriff. He's pretty interested
in us. Nobody talked to me when I
got to Toronto, made sure
everything was dandy in my life.

WALDO
Well, it's different out here. The
Sheriff's got nothing better to do
than greet newcomers. Then he can
talk to everyone else in town,
they'll warm up to us, we'll start
a life, with some new friends in a
new town.

CLAIRE
I know. That's what I want, but I
just got a feeling.

WALDO
Don't worry. He's not suspicious,
he has no reason to be suspicious.
He probably hasn't even heard about
anything that happened in Toronto
since the Valentine's day massacre.

He grabs some apples. She accepts it for now.

EXT. WHITMAN TRAILER - TEXAS DESERT - DAY

Three lawn chairs are set out in front of the trailer. A
tarp coming off the top of the trailer shades the lawn
chairs.

WALDO
Would you like something to drink?

SHERIFF
Water will be fine, thank you.

Waldo goes and gets it in the trailer. Claire is left with
the Sheriff.

CLAIRE
Why don't you sit down.

SHERIFF
Thank you.

CLAIRE
Sorry but, that's the closest to a
laz-boy we got right now.

SHERIFF
It's fine.

They both sit.

SHERIFF
Is this what you want Mrs. Whitman?

CLAIRE
What do you mean?

SHERIFF
Out here. Like this. Is this how
you really want to live?

CLAIRE
Why not. It's quiet, nice weather,
it's like it's away from anything
and everything.

SHERIFF
Where you from?

CLAIRE
New York.

Waldo comes out with a couple glasses of water. He hands
them to the Sheriff and Claire.

SHERIFF
Thank you.

He sips it.

SHERIFF
Where you from Mr. Whitman?

WALDO
Toronto.

SHERIFF
Th Big Apple, and Canada City
itself. Quite a change out here.

CLAIRE

That's what we need. A change.

WALDO

Yeah, we wanted something different, something new.

SHERIFF

Why?

WALDO

Just wanted something else.

SHERIFF

What about family? Where are they?

CLAIRE

I don't really have a family other than Waldo.

WALDO

I got nothin other than Claire.

SHERIFF

All you got is each other huh? You like that?

WALDO

It's never really lonely. You're never crowded.

SHERIFF

What did you do back in New York, Mr. Whitman?

WALDO

Toronto.

SHERIFF

Right.

WALDO

Insurance.

SHERIFF

You were in insurance? What are you doing out here?

WALDO

For a job? Nothing yet.

SHERIFF

Can you afford that?

WALDO

I'm not concerned about being able to support my wife.

SHERIFF

Are you concerned Mrs. Whitman?

CLAIRE

Not at all Sheriff. We do all right. We don't need money. This lands cheap, the trailer's already paid for.

SHERIFF

So you two are just livin up the new life?

WALDO

You could say that.

SHERIFF

Well that's nice.

He gets up out of the lawn chair.

SHERIFF

Just one more thing. Uh, you need anything, you can just give me a call.

CLAIRE

We'll do that.

SHERIFF

Welcome to town. And congrats on the new life.

CLAIRE

Good day Sheriff.

WALDO

See ya later.

The Sheriff gets in his car and drives away.

Claire looks over at Waldo sitting in his lawn chair.

CLAIRE

What do you think?

WALDO

He wants to know where we're from.
He wants to know about our past.

She gets up, walks over to him and sits down on his lap, straddling him.

CLAIRE

I don't want to remember my past.
Everything up until you is bad.

Her hands are on his shoulders. He takes her left hand and kisses it.

CLAIRE

Before you I thought of killing
myself.

He looks at her.

CLAIRE

Could you do that?

WALDO

Kill myself? I don't think so.

She thinks a moment.

CLAIRE

I could. If I couldn't be with you.

WALDO

That's never gonna happen.

She just looks at him.

CLAIRE

I won't lose you. I won't go back
to a life without you.

He just looks back at her. He's not leaving.

She kisses him.

CLAIRE

Call me Kitty-Kat.

He picks her up as he gets out of the chair. He carries her, kissing her into the trailer. He carries her to the bed.

They mess around on the bed, we get to see the rest of the trailer. The kitchen, a small bathroom in the corner, a table with two chairs, and a love seat.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

The Sheriff walks in, Deputy Darryl is eating another donut.

SHERIFF

Well?

DARRYL

Mark Van Ryn and Edward Morgan.

SHERIFF

You talk to them?

DARRYL

No, I called the number on the memo, I talked to some lady, she gave me a number to call them.

He hands the Sheriff a piece of paper.

SHERIFF

Well all right.

He walks over to his desk, sits down and picks up the phone.

SHERIFF

Names again.

DARRYL

Mark and Edward.

Sheriff dials the number.

EDWARD

Hello.

We get a split screen conversation.

SHERIFF

Hello, to whom am I speaking?

EDWARD

This is Edward Morgan. How'd you get this number and then call back we're busy.

SHERIFF

I was forwarded the number from your office. And I don't need to call back because whatever you're doing, can wait.

EDWARD

What is it?

SHERIFF

I got myself a couple of Bonnie and Clyde's you might be interested in.

EDWARD

Really. May I ask who this is?

SHERIFF

I am the local Sheriff of a small Texas town not really important until you come down here anyway.

Mark comes over.

MARK

Give it here. You're sure it's them?

SHERIFF

Well I ain't sure at all. But they fit your description down to the car. And they weren't entirely comfortable with me that's for sure. They just, seemed like when they left, wherever it was they came from, and got to where it was they were going, they had sworn an oath never to go back again. To never acknowledge 'back', ever again.

MARK

What are they doing down there?

SHERIFF

They're moving in. Starting a new life they said, perhaps one without bank robbin, and brushes with the law.

MARK

Well now I must ask. What town?

SHERIFF

You comin down?

MARK

We got not so much as a foggy wind up here. It'll give us something to do. It's a lead.

SHERIFF

All right, come on down.

Leave split screen to stay with Edward. Mark looks over at him.

EDWARD

Sounded good. What's up?

MARK

We're going to Texas. You and me.
Everybody else continues
investigation around here. Get the
car.

INT. CAR MOVING - LATE AFTERNOON

Driving the car is JIMMY a Texas hitman with close connections to Vic Malone. To his left in the middle of the desert is a trailer. Out side the trailer is a barbecue and the barbecuee is none other than Waldo Whitman. Jimmy recognizes him immediately.

EXT. WHITMAN TRAILER - LATE AFTERNOON

Waldo is barbecuing up some steaks.

WALDO

How do you want it?

Claire's voice comes form inside the trailer.

CLAIRE

Bloody as Hell! You know me.

WALDO

Not entirely but...

A car comes screaming off the highway through the short stretch of sand to the trailer. It spins around kicking up sand like a helicopter.

Without the sound of a car door opening or closing, when the dust settles Jimmy is leaning coolly against the driver's side.

JIMMY

Waldo Whitman.

WALDO
Jimmy the Pick.

JIMMY
What you doing out here Wally?
Tired of the cold air in Canada?

WALDO
A little.

CLAIRE
Who's this?

Claire is standing in the trailer's doorway.

JIMMY
May I ask the same.

WALDO
Claire this is Jimmy, Jimmy this is
Claire. What are you doing here
Jimmy?

JIMMY
I live here now. Out on the other
outskirts of town. I got myself a
camper same as you, but the company
appears not to rival.

WALDO
You been in touch with Vic?

JIMMY
Not lately. But I will be now.

WALDO
What you been up to?

JIMMY
I'm in a search for enlightenment.

WALDO
How's that going?

JIMMY
Bad.

WALDO
Good. Get the hell outta here.

JIMMY
Will do. But I'll be seeing you
around.

He gets in his car and spins his wheels outta here.

Claire eyes the back of Waldo's head as though looking into his mind and seeing his thoughts.

CLAIRE

I thought we left our past. Don't tell me yours is here?

He turns.

WALDO

It's not here. Jimmy's here. He wasn't my past or at least not much of it.

CLAIRE

Who is he?

WALDO

An employee to a guy who runs the branch down here. He knows Vic Malone.

CLAIRE

So?

WALDO

So I know a guy down here too. I'll talk to him. He'll straighten it out.

CLAIRE

You know someone down here?

WALDO

Yeah. We didn't stop at this bum joint by the flip of a coin. I figured we could use a little help getting started. He'll help us out.

CLAIRE

I thought it would just be us.

WALDO

It is just us. This guy just owes me a favor. One favor.

CLAIRE

And he'll do anything?

WALDO
To get out of my debt, for sure.

CLAIRE
So what's he gonna do?

WALDO
A hit, just one hit.

CLAIRE
Call him now.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Edward and Mark walk into the office.

DARRYL
Can I help you boys?

They both flash their badges, say nothing.

DARRYL
I see. He's in the can. Why don't
you sit down he won't be long.

INT. JIMMY'S CAMPER - DESERT - DAY

Jimmy's fixing himself a margarita. A knock at the door.

JIMMY
Who the hell is it?

VOICE
I was wondering if you'd like to
begin your search of enlightenment
today?

Jimmy smiles.

JIMMY
You know that's just what I was
thinking about.

He opens the door.

JIMMY
What a coincidence.

The man at the door is Waldo's friend DAVID JONES AKA DAVEY JONES. Only he's playing the part of a preacher for now. He's short, plump with a scruffy goatee, and balding.

JIMMY

Come on in.

DAVEY

Thank you, it will only take a moment of your time.

JIMMY

Well sit down, would you like something to drink?

DAVEY

Yes please.

Davey sits down. Jimmy pours two glasses of his margarita, sets them on a table in front of Davey.

DAVEY

I have some literature here that perhaps you will find impressive. Perhaps daunting, perhaps intriguing. I have been born again my friend, and I wish to give birth to you as well. Zeus is a God. He is the God. The Greeks misunderstood and confused it with lightning. But lightning is simply a great mass of energy. It is in fact the basis for the control of all energies and God is Zeus. Zeus is God. Christ is a man and Hamahazah is simply a sour result of a nuclear plant in Belarus.

Jimmy looks at him strangely.

JIMMY

Hold on.

He gets up and walks toward the fridge.

Davey removes a corked test tube from his pocket, uncorks it and pours the clear substance into the drink in front of him. He then switches the drinks and pockets the tube.

Jimmy comes back with a beer and pours some into each drink.

JIMMY

Now we got ourselves a drink.
Cheers.

They each down their drinks.

Jimmy smacks his lips.

JIMMY
Yours taste a little funny?

DAVEY
No but yours should. I poisoned it.
Zeus demands a sacrifice.

Jimmy looks shocked. He looks like it's not the poison but the shock that will kill him.

He gurgles out his last words.

JIMMY
Davey Jones.

He doesn't look too happy about his last encounter with the man. Then he's dead.

DAVEY
Zeus. What a bunch of bullshit.

He goes over and picks up Jimmy's phone and dials a number.

DAVEY
Waldo? It's Davey.

Pause.

DAVEY
We're even.

He hangs up immediately.

He opens the door of the camper to leave. On the other side of the door is a car. A third car. It's Vic Malone and Cashmere.

Vic Malone is as shocked to see him instead of Jimmy as Jimmy was to be told he was poisoned.

VIC
Davey Jones.

EXT. TORONTO BANK - DAY

Ricky and Dickey are walking by the bank where the investigation is happening. Edward and Mark walk out of the building and into their car and drive away.

DICKEY
You're sure this was them?

RICKY

I have no idea. But the motherfucker looked like these guys are saying the guy looked like. And she fits the lady too. We'll check it out.

They walk into the bank. An officer approaches them.

OFFICER

Excuse me do you have business here?

RICKY

Yeah officer. I think we can put a name to one of your robbers. Claire Kittan.

OFFICER

Why do you think she's one of them?

RICKY

We got a hunch.

OFFICER

Will she have a file so we can get an identifiable photo?

DICKEY

Yeah but don't look in the Toronto records. Check out New York.

TIME CUT:

INT. TORONTO BANK - DAY

The officer holds up a large print photo of Claire Kittan.

OFFICER

Is this the woman?

He's holding it up for Teller 2 the young woman who can remember the culprits.

TELLER 2

Like I said before I don't remember the woman real well, but that face does ring a bell. I'd say I'm ninety percent sure.

OFFICER

Well that's worth looking into.

He turns to another officer.

OFFICER

Fax this to the Sheriff's office
that Morgan and Van Ryn are going
down to see.

Ricky and Dickey watch the man take the photo he writes
something on it. Then sends the fax.

Ricky memorizes the number on the machine he sends it too.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

A fax is coming in. Darryl grabs it and looks at it.

It's a picture of Claire Kittan, written on it is "RCMP is
this her?? Claire Kittan"

DARRYL

That's her all right. Sheriff! It's
her! It's them!

EXT. TORONTO BANK - DAY

Ricky and Dickey leave the bank.

DICKEY

What do we do now?

RICKY

My friend, we are going to Texas.

DICKEY

Texas? Why?

RICKY

That's where they are.

DICKEY

How'd you know?

Ricky stops walking, Dickey looks at him.

RICKY

The area code. I know all the area
codes. Once we're down there it
won't be hard to find them.

DICKEY

You know the area codes?

RICKY

Yeah. When I'm sitting on the
shitter I read the phone book.

Dickey watches him walk away not knowing if he's sarcastic or not. Then hurries to catch up with him.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

The Sheriff comes out of the bathroom. Edward and Mark are waiting in chairs. They stand and shake his hand.

SHERIFF

Fellas.

He sits down at his desk and they take seat opposite him.

SHERIFF

That fax you boys sent is a perfect match. If you got the face right in Canada we got the face right here. And I'm sure it's right. What are the odds someone would finger a face and that being the same as suspected a thousand miles away to the south for the same crime? Very coincidental.

MARK

Or simply justice.

SHERIFF

Or simply justice yes you're right.

MARK

So when you gonna show us out there?

SHERIFF

Fellas. All business. They aren't there right now. I talked to them this morning. Waldo, the man, knows somebody around here they're going to see him tonight, they won't be back til tomorrow.

MARK

You're just letting them go around?
When you know they're felons? When

(MORE)

MARK (cont'd)
you know they're criminals? They
shot a security guard. Why didn't
you hold them?

The Sheriff smiles. He just doesn't know how things are done
out here.

SHERIFF
Listen, they ain't going nowhere.
They started a new life and they're
done running. They are coming back
tomorrow. I'll hook you boys up
with a place to stay tonight.

Edward is looking at Darryl.

MARK
We want separate rooms.

SHERIFF
Of course.

INT. WALDO'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

It's a shot of the front of the car. Only one shot this
scene. Straight on and we can see Waldo and Claire. Waldo
driving. We get a good look at the brilliant blue sky at the
top of the frame.

CLAIRE
So he'll be happy to see us?

WALDO
Oh for sure. Davey loves me. He
just hasn't seen or heard from me
in a while. He forgets how far back
we go.

Now in the brilliant blue sky above them another element is
added. In the sky we see what is happening at Jimmy's
camper. It isn't pretty.

Cashmere is thumping Davey for all he's worth.

Claire and Waldo keep right on talking.

CLAIRE
How'd he get the name Davey Jones,
I've heard it before.

WALDO

It's from sea mythology. His name is David Jones. So he's been Davey since he can remember.

Now Cashmere throws him on the hood of a car.

CLAIRE

He got a wife?

WALDO

Nah. Maybe a mistress. But he likes the saloons and the whorehouses. None better than in Texas.

She doesn't like it.

CLAIRE

Bastard.

Vic takes out a bat and smashes them about five times in quick succession over each of Davey's legs, breaking them in five different places each. He screams silently throwing his head back.

WALDO

Davey's a nice guy though. He likes to have a good time. But he likes to live free. You can't blame a guy for taking advantage of the world around him.

CLAIRE

Even so. He sounds like a bastard. Whorehouses, paid murder, dirty money.

WALDO

Easy. What about me.

CLAIRE

Yeah well, you weren't a hitman.

WALDO

No you got the wrong impression about Davey. It's capitalism. And he doesn't blow heads away from tall buildings. It's not assassination. It's bad guys doing bad things he's paid for. He's doing the service of the government. Only when he does it, it's illegal.

Above them Vic is yelling into Davey's face, but of course we don't know what about exactly cause we can't hear them.

WALDO

Selective prosecution.

CLAIRE

You can't make me like him. I've got you in my life and you're the only man I need. You're the only man I want.

Now we go to Jimmy's camper.

EXT. JIMMY'S CAMPER - DAY

On the roof of the camper Cashmere is duct-taping Davey to a lawn chair. His legs are swollen and banged up real good.

Vic is standing beside the trailer yelling up to them.

VIC

You didn't have to do this Davey. It doesn't have to be this way. Just tell me where Whitman is and you're good to go.

DAVEY

Fuck you and your henchman too.

Cashmere smacks him.

VIC

Easy Cashmere. Easy. Just tape up his body and fix the chair to the roof.

He does so.

VIC

Davey. You will either tell me now or you will tell me in a couple of hours and very much pain and permanent damage later.

DAVEY

Bring the damage Leather. Do your worst.

VIC

I don't know, my worst gets very nasty. But if you so desire.

He looks up at the sky.

VIC

Davey it is now exactly high noon. The sun is especially hot today. In an hour they say it will be one hundred and four degrees. The UV index to be at an astronomical level. Which is appropriate, it's the fucking sun we're talking about. They say these UV's cause cancer. But you are going to find out how tame cancer really is in similitude to other casts of the sun's ultra-violent rays. Yes I said ultra-violent and you will now see why.

Cashmere takes some tape, four pieces in all, and tapes Davey's eyelids open. Cashmere's shadow is casting down onto Davey's face for now.

CASHMERE

The sun is very bright.

DAVEY

Fuck you.

He's breathing heavy, can't close his eyes.

Cashmere steps away. Davey screams. The light and burning filling his eyes is causing him to just lock up all his muscles. The screaming is terrible. His eyeballs are bulging and watering.

Cashmere jumps down from the roof.

VIC

It's too hot out here for me I'm leaving. I'll be back in three hours.

He has to yell over the constant screaming.

VIC

Turn him every fifteen minutes to stay directed straight at the sun. Only a degree or two should do it. Leave him up there the whole three hours and do try to keep in the shade yourself. You've got milky white skin it's not healthy.

CASHMERE

Yes sir.

Vic gets in his car and drives away.

Cashmere sits in the doorway of the camper.

WIDE SHOT:

Lone camper in the desert. Davey on his lawn chair on its roof. Lots of screaming.

THREE HOURS LATER

Vic's car drives back up to the camper. Vic gets out.

Screaming continues from the roof of the camper.

VIC

Get him down.

Cashmere climbs up and then throws Davey down to the sand.

We see him. He's a radish, his skin is literally, physically beat red, on the front. It splits and there's a definite line where his skin remains white having not been harmed by the sun.

But now we see his eyes. Still stuck open and the whites of his eyes are scarlet. Pure, deep scarlet. It's disturbing.

He is entirely blind.

VIC

Jesus Christ.

He covers his mouth with a handkerchief and takes a deep breath. That sent it back down to his stomach.

VIC

Now Davey Jones, you are going to tell me everything you've done and talked about with one Waldo Whitman. You will tell me where he is at this exact moment.

Davey is freaking out.

DAVEY

I can't believe you just did this to me you sick fucking son of a fuck, bitch fucker!

VIC

Davey Jones, this is going to hurt.

He slaps, and I mean does a belly flop with his hand slaps, Davey square on his sun burnt chest.

He screams.

VIC

Yes I know. The sun is very terrible. Almost as terrible as I am. And two terribles together don't make a right.

He throws him belly first onto the burning sand. That doesn't make a right either. Davey feels it but really holds in screaming.

Vic flips him back over to his back so he can look at him.

VIC

Where's Waldo?

DAVEY

Kids have been looking for him for years, but he's too elusive. Always somewhere else, like Carmen Sandiego.

VIC

You smart fuck.

He slaps him on the belly like a bitch again. Davey screams.

He starts crying in pain, the salty tears burn his eyes something fierce and he grabs at them too.

DAVEY

Oh Jesus, please, okay please. For fuck sakes. Don't do anything. You're so fucked up. You're so fucking twisted! I'll tell you. Just kill me once I do.

Vic looks at him. Davey is looking about five feet to his left.

DAVEY

That would be doin me a real solid. Please show some mercy and fucking kill me once I tell you.

VIC

You got it Jones. If anyone
deserves it, it's you.

DAVEY

Thank you. He's just north of town.
Go out about three miles, there
will be a sandy road heading east.
Another three miles you're at his
camper.

VIC

You got a big mouth Davey. That's
what got you here.

He walks over to the car.

VIC

Let's go Cashmere. We got a bigger
fish to fry.

DAVEY

No, no! Kill me! You can't leave me
like this. I'm fucked up!

VIC

This way if you are mistaken I can
get the real whereabouts of Waldo
Whitman. But if I have to come
back, the experience will be most
unpleasant.

DAVEY

Fuck you!

Vic and Cashmere climb in and drive off.

EXT. DAVEY'S CAMPER - DESERT - NIGHT

Claire and Waldo sit in their car waiting.

CLAIRE

That's it, let's go. He's not here.
We don't know when he's coming
back. We'll call him tomorrow.

WALDO

But he should be here. Something
went wrong with the hit.

CLAIRE

How do you know? You said he was a professional.

WALDO

He is. He's the best. I don't know how he could've blown it but that's all that could've happened.

They sit a moment in silence. Claire looks out at the magnificent stars.

CLAIRE

You don't see those in the city.

WALDO

No. All right, we'll go home and get some sleep and call him tomorrow.

CLAIRE

Good, you can start worrying then.

He starts the car and they turn around and drive away.

TIME LAPSE SEQUENCE OF STARS MOVING AND EVENTUALLY THE SUN RISING.

EXT. WHITMAN TRAILER - MORNING

We do a centered shot of the camper and pan 180 to see Ricky and Dickey standing looking at it.

RICKY

Claire Kittan! Kitty-Kat. It's a couple ghosts of Christmas past!

INT. WHITMAN TRAILER - MORNING

Waldo and Claire are lying in bed just waking up.

WALDO

Who the hell is that?

CLAIRE

Oh shit. It sounds like Ricky.

Waldo jumps out of bed and walks into the kitchen. He flips open the shutters on the window.

RICKY
What up double-dubbya.

Dickey pulls a 9mm out and fires it. It hits the shutters,
Waldo hits the dirt.

WALDO
He's not alone. There's an ugly guy
with a gun with him!

CLAIRE
Dickey. That guy I told you about.

She's walking cautiously out to Waldo.

CLAIRE
You okay?

WALDO
Yeah.

She goes to the floor and he puts her in his arms.

We hear Ricky's voice calling.

RICKY
Come out birdies! You're caught in
the nest!

They sit holding each other.

RICKY
I said get the fuck out!

We hear him pound on the door.

Then on the other side of the trailer a window gets punched
in and a hand holding a gun points in and fires a shot at
nothing.

EXT. WHITMAN TRAILER - MORNING

Dickey comes back around to the front after walking around
the camper to stand back with Ricky.

RICKY
We gonna kill you both! And we
gonna get all that money off you
too! Tell'em Dick.

DICKEY
We're gonna kill you.

To their right a car comes barreling through the sand.

RICKY
Who the fuck is this? Friends of
yours?

DICKEY
No.

RICKY
Let me do the talking.

The car stops and dust fills the air. We see that it's Vic's car and not surprisingly he and Cashmere step out of the car.

VIC/RICKY
Who the fuck are you?

Vic is pissed and Ricky is just clueless.

VIC
Who the fuck are you?

RICKY
Hey man I asked you first.

VIC
Well I asked you twice.

I guess he's got him there.

RICKY
I'm Ricky and this's Dickey.

VIC
You brother's?

They look at each other.

DICKEY
Nope.

INT. WHITMAN TRAILER - MORNING

Waldo, with Claire still in his arms peeks out the window.

WALDO

Shit, Vic's here and looks like
he's gettin to know Ricky and
Dickey real well.

EXT. WHITMAN TRAILER - MORNING

VIC

So you want them dead? And we want
them dead. And you want your money?
And we want our money.

RICKY

That be the way of it Vicky.

VIC

You call me Vic you little punk
shit.

They all understand. They're not friends.

VIC

Well let's get to it. Circle the
back Cashmere, nobody does anything
sneaky.

Cashmere goes around back.

Vic followed by Ricky and Dickey approaches the camper.

INT. WHITMAN TRAILER - MORNING

Waldo still holds Claire.

There's a knock at the door. Vic's knock.

VIC (O.S.)

Waldo, open up. You owe me lots of
money. You knew I would find you.
You better be ready to pay up.

Waldo looks Claire dead in the eyes for a long time.

WALDO

I'm not gonna lose you.

She stares him right back.

EXT. WHITMAN TRAILER - MORNING

Vic stands in front of the door with Ricky and Dickey.

Behind them dust kicks up and another car pulls up. The doors crack closed and all three of them turn around to check out the new comers.

SHERIFF'S VOICE

Step away from the trailer please.

It's the Sheriff and Deputy Darryl accompanied by Edward and Mark.

SHERIFF

Who are you fellas?

VIC

Friends of the Whitman's.

SHERIFF

Well then I hate to tell you but your friends have done some very bad things. They're goin to jail.

Cashmere comes out from behind the trailer holding a gun.

The lawmen act quick pulling there guns out.

EDWARD

Drop that gun Whitey!

Vic, Ricky and Dickey all draw guns on the law. Cashmere pulls his up as well.

INT. WHITMAN TRAILER - MORNING

Waldo is looking around thinking. Claire is shaking.

WALDO

There's a way, there's gotta be a way.

Claire sits up and looks out the window.

CLAIRE

It's the sheriff. He's got guys with them.

Waldo climbs up to look.

WALDO

Shit.

CLAIRE

No this is it. They'll help us
won't they.

WALDO

I don't know, Vic doesn't take to
well the law.

EXT. WHITMAN TRAILER - MORNING

We set up the Mexican Standoff. Just like the beginning.

First it's Vic Malone, then his bodyguard Cashmere.

Then Edward Morgan, then Mark Van Ryn, the RCMP guys.

Then Ricky.

Then Dickey. A couple of sleaze-bags.

Then the Sheriff with his reflectors and then his deputy.

Now we do any overhead shot looking straight down of all
eight pointing their guns in a big circle.

SHERIFF

Fellas, you know when it starts
like this, it can only end bad.

INT. WHITMAN TRAILER - MORNING

Waldo and Claire look on.

CLAIRE

They're gonna shoot each. They're
all gonna be slaughtered.

We jump back between closeup shots of each member of the
standoff outside and of Waldo and Claire inside. The
tensions rises.....

Sheriff.

Vic.

Edward.

Darryl.

Ricky.

Cashmere.

Dickey.

Mark.

Waldo.

Claire.

.....and tightens.....

Darryl.

Dickey.

Edward.

Cashmere.

Claire.

Mark.

Ricky.

Vic.

Sheriff.

Waldo.

.....and gets strung out to the max.

EXT. WHITMAN TRAILER - MORNING

Mexican standoff.

MARK

Drop you're guns. Drop the fucking
guns now or we will start shooting.

RICKY

Just try it you mouny piece of
sh...

BANG!

With that everybody fires a round at somebody.

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG!

All eight of them fall dead to the ground.

INT. WHITMAN TRAILER - MORNING

Waldo and Claire look on in amazement.

CLAIRE
The bastards did it.

They step outside.

EXT. WHITMAN TRAILER - MORNING

Waldo leads Claire outside guiding her by the shoulders from behind.

She looks back up to him.

CLAIRE
Is this it? We free?

WALDO
I think so.

CLAIRE
Can't stay here.

WALDO
No. We never got far enough south.

They walk by the dead bodies.

WALDO
Where to?

CLAIRE
Don't you wanna look up your friend again first.

WALDO
No he's dead. I'm sure Vicky the reason he didn't get back last night.

CLAIRE
Oh.

They walk over to their car.

WALDO
Where to babe?

CLAIRE
Paradise.

They smile hop in the ride and take off into the desert sun.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.