

COWGIRL BANDITS

CONTENTFILM INTERNATIONAL

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The Uncatchable
COWGIRL BANDITS
of Nottingham, Texas

by

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INT. NATIONAL SAVINGS & LOAN BANK (NSLB), NOTTINGHAM - DAY

All quiet, except for the endless phone ring. Virtually empty. Back against a pillar, a FIGURE sits on the floor...

SARA COOK - 24, pain in her eyes. She pants - removes her Stetson - wipes sweat from her brow - it creates a smear of blood. She closes her eyes in defeat.

Rapid SFX: THUP-THUP-THUP-THUP-THUP-THUP-THUP-THUP-THUP-THUP.

EXT. SKY - DAY

News Helicopter soars inches above - passes under another chopper - turns in front of a third and fourth. Below...

MAIN STREET - NOTTINGHAM, TEXAS

A one street sleepy rural town turned on its head - news vans - SWAT trucks with coordinating SWAT COMMANDER - squad cars - barriers keep a huge, clamoring MOB with picket signs outside

NATIONAL SAVINGS & LOAN BANK (NSLB) - a corporate stone monolith, the only modern building on the block. SNIPERS aim riffles at the bank from opposite building tops.

PARAMEDICS race a gurney into the street - keep pressure on the gunshot leg wound of a young woman - JULIE WILCOX (24, conservative suit, brainy attractive).

They load her into an ambulance, zip away; sirens blare past-

SHERIFF MATT FORD (40, worn, sweaty, broad shouldered, genuine article tough guy and cowboy) commands the scene. He looks for a word of hope from DEPUTY REYNOLDS (30s, grim).

DEPUTY REYNOLDS
(listens on the phone)
They're not picking up, Sheriff.

SWAT COMMANDER
Waiting for the order.

Sheriff sweats - overwhelmed - confused - yet strong.

SHERIFF
Go.

SWAT rappel down the building and charge in through windows and doors - bright flashes of machine-gun fire erupt.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NOTTINGHAM, TEXAS - DAY - TWO MONTHS EARLIER

On a small highway of Mack trucks, a large sign: "WELCOME TO NOTTINGHAM. A GREAT PLACE TO HANG YOUR HAT. POPULATION ____." Replaceable numbers in the blank - 1,387.

A COWBOY rides a horse across the landscapes of cowboy country... Isolated ranches... Vast undisturbed fields of wild flowers... Stunning mountain ranges... and up to

EXT. STEER & CATTLE RANCH - DAY

RANCHER approaches. Cowboy springs off the horse and removes the hat to reveal long blond hair-

Sara Cook hands the Rancher the reigns; she crouches in front of the horse and runs her hand down a mean scar on its leg.

RANCHER

I can't believe this is the same horse; Vet told me to put her down.

SARA

People shouldn't give up so easy.

Sara struts toward her open-top JEEP.

Rancher pursues her - pulls out a small wad of cash.

RANCHER

Let me give ya somethin'.

SARA

If people start charging for good deeds, it kinda kills the point.

RANCHER

Look, we hear what shape your Dad's business is in. We're all feeling it. Take this. For him. It's the least I can do after all he's done-

Sara looks at Rancher, clearly caught off-guard. Peels out.

EXT. COOK CONSTRUCTION - DAY (ESTABLISHING SHOT)

Sara in her open-top JEEP pulls over a hilltop with a view of her father's company - a vast unpretentious warehouse and factory site swarms with SKILLED LABORERS in hard hats.

Hundreds of men load bags of cement mix, haul lumber, and laugh freely - looks like a giant working family from afar.

Sara drives through the GATE past the sign, "Building Texas, since 1837". Men stall as she drives by.

An out of place, slick new MERCEDES MAYBACH parked in front of a building in the heart of the grounds - license plate reads BAILEY. Sara's eyes narrow.

INT. BOB'S OFFICE

Not fancy, but overlooks the site. Behind the desk sits

BOB COOK (40+, strong, silent type). Behind him stands agitated DEWEY (20, geeky). MR. DUKE BAILEY (50s, entitled) and LAWYER face them. Mr. Bailey catches Dewey's glare.

MR. BAILEY

What's with your face, Kid?

BOB

Leave 'im be, that's just how the boy looks. Let's get to the matter.

MR. BAILEY

Okay. You're bankrupt, Bob.

DEWEY

Only because you've arranged a lock-out. Maybe if NSL Bank didn't make their loans contingent on using your construction company. Buying your way onto the bank's Board of D-

Bob signals Dewey to stop. Bailey nods to Lawyer, who opens his briefcase and slides a contract to Bob.

BOB

What's this?

MR. BAILEY

An offer.

BOB

Not interested.

DEWEY

We'll just get another loan from our local bank, Western National.

MR. BAILEY

No you won't.

Bob's eyes narrow - what does Bailey know?

MR. BAILEY

As of... Three hours ago, NSL Bank has closed a deal to take over all the Western National branches in Texas... You're outta allies, Bob. You have sixty days. Take the deal. Or else the bank takes this place, and your men are all out of a job.

DEWEY

We employ well over half the town!

BOB

Dewey! Let me handle this. Please.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BOB'S OFFICE

Dewey storms out - bumps right into Sara. She shushes him. Sara slowly backs away, devastated by what she overheard.

EXT. KITTY KAT STRIP CLUB - DAY (ESTABLISHING SHOT)

Crows pick at roadkill. Unlit sign reads GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS. Sheriff's car inches past a few parked cars and a motorcycle.

INT. KITTY KAT STRIP CLUB / DRESSING ROOM

ASH (24, raven haired sexpot) applies fake lashes in the mirror. Ragged STRIPPER puts on her street clothes.

STRIPPER

Pretty grope-y out there today. Big shocker. Hate this job.

ASH

We made choices. Done is done. All we can do now is own it, baby.

INT. KITTY KAT STRIP CLUB

Ash struts the catwalk - snaps her black leather whip on either side of her, in front of-

Five male patrons drool. MR. WATT (40s, bald, sweet, dumpy) holds up a ten. Ash lassos him, and pulls him close to her.

MR. WATT

I really gotta go.

ASH

See ya tomorrow, love machine.

Ash sees slick suited STEVE BAILEY (26, handsome perv) enter and sit. Ash beelines mid song for him and confronts him.

ASH
New to Nottingham?

STEVE
How'd you know?

ASH
(flirts)
I know every perv in my town.

Steve, amused, runs a finger up her thigh. WHACK - she slaps him. Steve smiles, slips her a Benjamin. Ash shoves him back into his seat. Straddles his knee - starts lap dance.

STEVE
Bonus. Figured anything this hot
would be on the night shift.

ASH
I do nights too. But I like days.
All the married douche-bags with
real money to spend are home with
their wives at night.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

A small, quiet, rundown, one street hub features: a church, general store, sheriff station, post office, diner, feed stores... Nothing superfluous... PUSH IN on-

INT. WESTERN NATIONAL BANK (BANK FROM TEASER)

-where Julie (wears pant suit, neurotic) waits by the door until the second hand makes it 4:30 PM sharp - she flips the CLOSED SIGN - stands authoritatively before her 5 EMPLOYEES.

JULIE
As your bank manager, even though
we are being usurped by the cold,
conglomerate NSL Banking chain, we
will maintain our small town charm
and local pride. Are you with me?
(off their dead pan faces)
Excellent! Worry not. I will
personally be training our new
manager over the next six weeks to
guarantee the smoothest possible
transition. After that, I am...
Demoted... To his assistant. BUT!
(MORE)

JULIE (cont'd)
I will still be here for all of you
during this trying time.

(still dead pan)
And though it may be hard for some
of you, just because I have never
been late in five years of managing
our bank, and he can't show up on
time for his first meeting, I don't
want you to hold this against him.

STEVE
I appreciate that. Next time, lock
the door, toots.

Steve (from the strip club) strolls up - everyone turns to
face him. Julie's head cranes over a shoulder to view Steve.

STEVE
Hey, everybody. I'm Steve Bailey.
And you work for me... That about
covers it.
(to Julie)
Coffee. Make it happen.

Steve walks for the manager's office. Julie's jaw agape.

EXT. RAMPART HIGH / SOCCER FIELD - EARLY EVENING

High school GIRL ATHLETES battle it out. Sweaty T-shirts
stick to young hot bods. BECKY COOK (17, adorable) weaves
opposing players with flawless dexterity and shoots - scores.

Cheers all around. Sara elbows up to a man with clipboard in
the stands - SCOUT.

SCOUT
Your sister's good.

SARA
We need that scholarship. Stanford
is our top, second and last choice.

Becky watches them; Sara gestures Becky to focus on the game.

EXT. JEEP - EVENING

They zip down the road - Sara drives.

BECKY
What did you say to him? Damn-it
Sara, he can't watch me if you're-

SARA
Don't cuss at me! He's playing it
safe. We'll see. Next week is
UCLA, so make sure you're ready.

Becky rolls her eyes. Sara looks at Becky. Perturbed-

SARA
Is that my shirt?

BECKY
Uh... Noooo.

SARA
Bitch.

EXT. COOK HOME - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING SHOT)

Starry sky over a mid-sized country home on plenty of land.
Parked Jeep. Makeshift goal - "X"s hang in the top corners.

INT. COOK HOME

Older, clean, maintained. Clock ticks. Sara and Becky sit
at the table with finished plates - a third plate full of
untouched cold food under a pan lid. Truck pulls up.

SARA
Why don't you go do your homework.

BECKY
Don't have any.

SARA
Then go wash my shirt.

Becky does her traditional eye roll, grabs her soccer ball,
and heads out the door as Bob enters.

BOB
Where do you think you're going?

BECKY
Practice; what else is there to do.

SARA
(throws after her)
I'll just do your dishes.

Becky exits, Bob sits and digs in while Sara clears.

BOB
Somebody's got that girl convinced
soccer's her life.

SARA
It's her ticket out of this town.

BOB
Hey, if you hate the town so much,
what's stopping you?

SARA
Who's gonna take care'a you two?

BOB
Becky's gone next year, and I can
take care'a myself... Now go on,
you're gonna be late for work.

SARA
Not as late as you are every night
for dinner.
(beat)
Dad, I'm worried about you. You
never used to work this late, your
hair's goin' white... I know what's
happening at the site. The town-

BOB
Can ya just let me eat my dinner in
peace?... Jeez, you're just like
your mother, Lord love 'er.

Off Sara's defeated expression-

CUT TO:

EXT. TRUCK YOU - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING SHOT)

Trucker's bar off a highway in the middle of nowhere.

INT. TRUCK YOU

CRACK! Ash's Q ball shatters the triangle of balls on pool
table. AN OLDER COUPLE watches her. Ash winks at them. The
Woman pulls her man away from the table.

On weeknights - half the bar kept dark (closed and unseen) -
but the open part, crowded with big men and strong women.

Everywhere Sara walks, men stare and "graze" her on purpose.
Sara returns to the bar pick up station and loads her tray.
Two large red necks - hairy ROGER and fat GLENN flank her.

SARA
Easy, boys; be with ya in a minute.

GLENN
What we want wasn't on the menu.

SARA
Hey, if you think you can handle
the ride, ring the bell.

Sara squeezes out from between the lusting pair with a full tray of drinks to reveal across the room.

THE GOLDEN BELL with a sign : *"Ask out a waitress, take the challenge. Otherwise, keep your paws on your beers!"*

Roger and Glenn smirk to one another.

TRAVIS MILLER (22, the fantasy male trucker every girl dreams will one day breeze through her town - sandy hair, tone bod).

TRAVIS
Don't do it. Trust me, have a beer.

Glenn and Roger walk away, which leaves Sara staring at Travis. A look broken by-

JULIE
I'll take a beer.

ASH
Me too, and Jaeger shots, two each.

JULIE
Just a beer.

Sara pours six shots. Julie sighs. The female trio clank their shots and knock them back together. They shake 'em off in unison. Ash throws her arms around them both. The trio!

ASH
Another round. Quick.

DING! Roger rings the bell. Travis shakes his head with a sigh. Music stops. Everyone turns to Glenn and Roger.

BUD
(announces)
Alright truckers, looks like we got
ourselves a couple suckers.

Hollers abound. Bud slaps a lever. Down swings a wooden CHART with four levels: LIME, SALT, SHOT and DATE.

BUD

If ya fail the test, you join the
board and ain't never allowed back.

Roger and Glenn look to the wall labeled "HIT THE ROAD,
JACK!" covered in Polaroids of dumbfounded truckers/cowboys.

BUD

Pick your waitress.

The pals point to Sara, who lets out a silent agonized groan.
Sara hops onto the bar and fake smiles to the rowdy patrons.

SARA

Rules are simple, boys.
(refers to chart)
You answer one question correctly,
you get a lime. Two, you get salt.
Three, and nobody gets three, you
can take a shot right off my body.
And if you answer four... Well, you
got yourselves a date. The wheel!

Bud slides it down the bar; Sara stops it with her boot.
Like from TWISTER, a dial that spins, with six categories:
physical prowess, literature, math, art, history and Texas.

SARA

Spin for your first question.

Roger smirks and spins the dial - it lands on math.

SARA

What's the square root of one
thousand two hundred ninety six...
Big number, huh? I reckon ya don't
even know what a square root is.
Tell ya what... What's the square
root of a hundred? Sixteen? One?

Patrons laugh at Roger, totally humiliated.

SARA

You have to leave now. And
remember our parting words.

EVERYONE IN BAR

TRUCK YOU!

Helpless Roger looks to Glenn as Bud snaps a Polaroid of his
dumbfounded face and BOUNCER runs him out. Bud pins Roger's
Polaroid to the Wall of Fools as Glenn shouts-

GLENN

Thirty-six. Square root of one
thousand two hundred ninety six.

Sara looks to Bud, who places a lime on the counter. Crowd perks up. Glenn spins the dial - lands on physical prowess.

GLENN

Tell me what to do, baby. I'll
lift ya and your two friends at the
same time, knock down a wall; bust
a chair on my head, anything you-

SARA

Bend down and touch your toes.

Whole crowd gags with laughter as fat Glenn looks helpless. Bud snaps a Polaroid; Sara waves guiltily to mortified Glenn.

SARA

And remember our parting words.

EVERYONE IN BAR

TRUCK YOU!

GLENN

You'll get yours, Miss Perfect.

Bud drags out a very hostile Glenn. Sara hops down. Her eyes meet Travis' stare. Sara quickly turns on her heels.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

REVEREND JACOB HOLDEN (30s, heavy, shaggy beard, ex-rocker) and TOWNSFOLK slow down as construction trucks pull up to the bank; WORKER hangs a BAILEY CONSTRUCTION sign on scaffolding.

RANCHER

This shoulda been Cook's job.

REV. JACOB

Damn 'em all to hell.

Everyone looks to Jacob. Too much?

INT. NSLB, NOTTINGHAM (BANK FROM TEASER)

Bank employees try to do business while a construction crew has taken over - pandemonium. Julie slams her office door.

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE

Julie pops aspirin from her desk drawer. A hammer pounds. She pops two more, then turns to face Bob and uneasy Dewey.

BOB
If this is a bad time...

JULIE
Mr. Cook, I want to help. But I don't make those decisions anymore.

BOB
New bank has brought in someone?

STEVE
(appears in doorway)
Me! Jewel, what are you doin' in my office? Can you get out there and deal with the clients; I can't.

Stunned silent to see Steve plop into her chair and throw his feet up on her desk right beside Julie's desk name plaque.

STEVE
Nice chair... Go on.

Dewey fumbles to get the door for Julie's exit.

STEVE
Mr. Cook, I've been expecting you. Steve Bailey.

They go to shake hands. Bob closes his fist before shaking.

BOB
Bailey? As in...?

STEVE
Can I shoot straight with you, Bob?

BOB
Don't want it no other way, boy?

STEVE
Sell your company to my dad before the bank takes it. Because he's either buying it from you, or he's buying it from me. Seen 'im do it a thousand times. Just trying to help you out... Tick-tock.

INT. COOK HOME - EVENING

Sara examines a clutter of accounting books as Dewey paces.

SARA

I don't care if he's Bailey's son,
we're gonna figure out how to save
my great grandfather's company.
(riffling through pages)
Where's the Clarkson account?

DEWEY

They needed a bank loan. So it-

SARA

Went to Bailey. And Anderson?

DEWEY

Bailey... He took the Kerchiver,
Kates and Lam accounts last month.
And now we got a storage problem
because a lotta jobs fell through
after we bought all the materials.

SARA

You're overstocked with materials?
(off Dewey's nod-)
Okay, one time offer, all employees
get fifty percent off materials.
(pitches)
Redo that leaky shed, build that
porch you always wanted, and don't
worry about the cash, we'll just
take it outta their check... Bam.

DEWEY

Sara, you're a genius.

SARA

That gets us through this month.
Sixty day clock is still ticking.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Ash combs the aisles for groceries when she sees Mr. Watt.

ASH

Hey there.

Watt ignores her - MRS. WATT appears - shoots Ash a look.

ASH

Sorry, I have to buy food too.

REV. JACOB
Of course you do. As do I.

Jacob (also shopping) and Ash troll the aisles together.

ASH
Are you sure you wanna be seen with
me in public, Jakey? I might be
bad for your reputation.

REV. JACOB
That's alright. I'm not so sure
I'm good for yours. You feel me?

Jacob nudges her playfully.

ASH
I don't get it. You were such a
badass. How do you go from rock'n
roll front man, to takin' over the
town church?

REV. JACOB
Dad got sick, I had to take over.

ASH
You hated your dad.

REV. JACOB
But he was one hell of a preacher.
Man, I wish I could pull even half
the crowd he used to.

ASH
Which would still be more than you
ever pulled with your band.

Ash nudges him playfully.

INT. TRUCK YOU - NIGHT

Closed. Chairs up on tables. Sara ties up trash bags.

BUD
Let me get that.

SARA
Go home to your wife, Bud. Go on.
I've done this a thousand times.

Bud nods and hauls the hamper out the front doors with him.

EXT. TRUCK YOU BACK LOT - NIGHT

Sara carries trash to the dumpster. A hand grabs her wrist. Sara screams - it's Glenn. Then Roger. Sara struggles.

GLENN

Now, if it starts to hurt- Oh well.

VROOM! Motorcycle speeds through the back gate - a blinding headlight - a thin, leather & stiletto clad silhouette - Ash.

ROGER

Looky here, Glenn. They're offerin' a two fer one special.

GLENN

Must be happy hour.

Ash's whip SNAPS Roger twice in the body - he stumbles backward out of control. THUD against the dumpsters.

Sara socks distracted Glenn in the nuts, pulls her arm away, and runs inside. Glenn chases.

Whip wraps Glenn's leg and yanks him off his foot, and he crashes down into the dirt. Ash charges in over Glenn-

ASH

Just so you know, I'm wearin' brass knuckles, so this might hurt a bit.

Ash lays into his face with a barrage of punches to his face. Roger charges up behind her when-

CHICK-CHOCK. Men turn to see Sara with a double barrel sawed-off shotgun at the door, now cocked.

SARA

Truck you.

Men scramble to their trucks as Julie pulls up in her compact sedan. Julie hops out to see the truckers race off; tires spew dust. Julie looks around confused...

SARA

Just another night at Truck You.

JULIE

Still need a ride home?

ASH

Nobody's going anywhere.

JULIE

No. I have to work in the morning.

ASH

Come on. Just one drink.

INT. TRUCK YOU

Julie lays drunk across the bartop. Empty bottles around.

JULIE

I can't believe my bank has been taken over by a total idiot. I love my job, and he doesn't even care. I ran a tight ship, and he's turned it into a three ring circus.

SARA

And that idiot is the son of the asshole who's running my dad's company outta business.

ASH

What?! That's such bullshit.

JULIE

Has no idea what's what. Totally incompetent, the bank's in utter pandemonium... And I've talked to the other banks that are also being taken over, because I have colleagues you know. I'm an important person. And they're all in shambles too with this takeover. I mean, someone could literally walk in and rob these banks and nobody would even notice.

ASH

Really? Then let's rob the bank.

JULIE

Yea, let's do that! It'll be like old times. I do the research, Sara comes up with the plan... And Ash, you just be you, you crazy bitch.

SARA

Ah, I miss the old days.

They drunkenly clink glasses and down their drinks.

JULIE
(realizes)
I'm drunk. I have to go home now.

ASH
Ah, we had her back for a minute.

Julie grabs her purse - staggers for the door.

SARA
Wait. You can't drive.

JULIE
Shouldn't! I shouldn't drive.

Julie turns strongly to storm out, right into a beam - WHACK - Julie falls down, unconscious. Sara & Ash stand over Julie.

ASH
She'll feel that in the morning...
We should totally rob those banks.
And you could give the money to
your dad's company.

SARA
And you can do your favorite thing
in the world. Piss off the law.

EXT. TRUCK YOU - DAWN

Sheriff labelled squad car inches up to see Ash's parked motorcycle. Masculine silhouette gets out in the wavy hot sand in front of a bright rising sun.

INT. TRUCK YOU

Dark police boots step heavy in the doorway. At his feet, Julie lays right where she fell.

Cleaning, Sara looks up from behind the bar to see the Sheriff (from teaser). Unsettled Sara nudges sleeping Ash.

ASH
Ten more minutes.

SARA
It's your dad.

SHERIFF (O.S.)
Ashley?

Ash stiffens instantly - a large figure steps up behind her.

EXT. TRUCK YOU

Ash bursts out the doors - Sheriff tries to keep up.

SHERIFF

Wait, I want to talk to you...

Ash revs the engine loudly - mocks being unable to hear him, then peels off down the street. Sheriff watches her go.

INT. NSLB, NOTTINGHAM - MORNING

Julie struts into the lobby and waves brightly to employees, who stare back strangely with half waves.

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE

Julie bursts open the door. Steve jolts up, pulls feet from the desk, and a cigar drops from his mouth.

STEVE

What the hell happened to you?

Reveal Julie has two black eyes. Losing it, with enthusiasm:

JULIE

I got slammed in my face due to a drunken mishap. I was unconscious. Don't worry, it doesn't hurt.

She grabs his cigar and puts it out in his ashtray.

JULIE

And there's no smoking in my office. You know, technically this is still my office for thirty-two more days.

STEVE

I like you like this, Jewel. Rrr.

INT. COOK HOME - DAY

Sara riffles through mail - many stamped with a red FINAL NOTICE. Becky grabs for the mail - Sara pulls it away.

BECKY

So where were you last night?

SARA

Not your concern.

BECKY
Anything come from any colleges?

SARA
It will.

BECKY
Do you think I'm good enough to get
a scholarship?

SARA
Yes. But in this world you can't
always bet on what's good. Or
right.

INT. NSLB, NOTTINGHAM - DAY

Sara and Ash enter with determination to see black-eyes Julie
assisting a bank Customer. Sara motions with her head to the
Manager's Office as they head for it.

JULIE
Steve, would you help Mrs.
Shaftnitz with her transfer.

Steve turns right into Ash. Beat. He stammers vocally.

JULIE
Thanks.

STEVE
Wait, I- Maybe, maybe you should-
But Julie has pulled Sara and Ash into

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE

The second Julie closes the door-

SARA
We're gonna do it.

JULIE
Great! Do what?

ASH
What we talked about last night.

JULIE
No idea what you're talking about.

SARA
Come by my house later.

JULIE
What is it?

SARA
Not here.

JULIE
We're in my office. Nobody can
hear us. What?

Beat. Sara looks to Ash, who shrugs.

SARA
(whispers)
We're gonna rob this bank.

JULIE
Sorry?

SARA
Last night, you loved this idea.

JULIE
Um, I don't really remember last
night. All I know is that you guys
are both crazy. Are you seriously
talking about robbing the bank, in
my office, in the actual bank?

ASH
You just said no one could hear us!

SARA
They don't have it bugged, right?

JULIE
What? No!

SARA
Let's meet at my place to hash this
stuff out after you get off. Cool?

JULIE
Uh, not cool! Why would I do that?

ASH
It'll be fun.

SARA
Look, if we take advantage of that
idiot's negligence, he gets fired,
and your office stays your office.

Sara and Ash exit; Julie stares at Steve's cigar butt. In
the doorway-

STEVE
You know that girl's a stripper?

JULIE
What do you want, Steve?

Steve shuts the door and slowly closes in on her...

STEVE
I think we should go out.

JULIE
That doesn't work for me, Steve.

STEVE
You do want the assistant job when
I take over as manager, don't you?

JULIE
What?

Steve stares at her. Is she really that naive? Beat.

STEVE
Come on, don't over think it. Just
go out with me. It could be a lot
worse. I mean, look at me.

JULIE
This is officially the worst day
ever.

STEVE
Well, I'm just saying, in the long
run, I'm going to want an assistant
who will take care of all my needs.
If ya know what I mean.

EXT. COOK HOME

Becky repeatedly kicks soccer balls into the nets "X"s.

Black-eyed Julie roars up in her compact sedan, tires spew dust. Totally exasperated, she bolts from her car, slams the door hard and beelines for Sara and Ash, who on the porch.

SARA
Uh, Julie? You okay?

JULIE
Uh, no. Not really.

INT. COOK HOME / SARA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sara closes the door. Julie paces. Ash plops on the bed.

JULIE

Okay, okay, okay, I'll tell ya what you need to know, but that's it. I'm not going with you, I'm not running around, robbing banks with a bandana over my face, firing guns in the air like some crazed cowboy.

ASH

Good. We don't want you doing any of that. You don't have the balls. We all know you're a good girl now.

JULIE

Excuse me for deciding to grow up after what happened-

SARA

Hey, don't bring that up right now. Let's focus. What days does the bank have the most money in it?

JULIE

You can't rob the local branch.

ASH

Why not? How are we going to screw over the idiot at your bank?

SARA

Julie's right. We should do a trial run first somewhere else, where we won't be recognized.

JULIE

Exactly. And there are a ton of banks switching over right now, and they are all equally chaotic.

SARA

How are the other banks laid out?

JULIE

It's a conglomerate chain. They have one basic system, and their vaults are all designed and operated identically. They're on timers.

(MORE)

JULIE (cont'd)
When the vaults are open, they'll have two to three armed security guards around them, and another two watching from cameras. But vaults sound kinda scary to me.

ASH
Vaults sound awesome to me.

SARA
No. Let's just hit the tellers.

JULIE
Tellers are trained to give marked cash during robberies, but I can tell you how to get around that.

SARA
We'll need a getaway car.

JULIE
Oh, just steal it off my dad's lot.

ASH
You're outta control and I like it. Okay, how do we disguise ourselves?

SARA
Well, we are in Texas. Let's do it old school.

INT. KITTY KAT STRIP CLUB / DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Ash snips hair from a wig and uses adhesive to stick it evening over Sara's lip to form a mustache. Julie watches.

JULIE
This is going to look... Retarded.

ASH
Easy, I'm an expert with this stuff. I've been in show business a long time.

SARA
More show than business.

INT. BARN - DAY

Horses in stalls. Shafts of light between boards - dust particles float.

Hands grab musty cowboy hats from wall hooks - tape each other's chests - throw open an old chest of men's farm wear.

EXT. BUCK'S AUTO GARAGE / BACK PARKING LOT - DAY

Two cowboy boots land inside a chain-link fence.

Hands yank a tarp off a 1965 Ford, Mustang convertible.

Hands unscrews the plates.

Another set of hands pulls wires under the steering wheel-

SARA (O.S.)

Julie said the keys were over th-

Car roars to life.

ASH (O.S.)

Shouldn't look like an inside job.
If there's anything I learned from
being raised by a sheriff, it was
how to be a professional criminal.

Ash puts the pedal to the metal and drives the car right
through the gate. SMASH. Car spins out and roars away.

Julie sadly waves from her sedan as Mustang zooms past.

EXT. TEXAS HIGHWAY - MORNING

Mustang speeds past the Nottingham sign.

EXT. NSLB, KENT BRANCH - DAY

NSLB sign rises atop the entry with pulleys labelled BAILEY
CONSTRUCTION. Mustang parks across the street.

INT. 1965 FORD, MUSTANG

Sara checks her face in the visor mirror.

ASH

I'd do me.

SARA

That's not saying much... Do you
really think anybody is going to
buy this getup... The hair glued
to our faces? We look like a
couple of teenage boys.

ASH
Exactly. Relax, it ain't like
we're robbin' a bank or anything.

They over and up at the bank - long stare.

SARA
Remember to lock down those hips
and stiffen up.

ASH
I got it. Let's do this.

INT. NSLB, KENT BRANCH

Full getup reveal - Sara & Ash enter, walking tall and stiff - fearless and strong - they DO look like teenage boys dressed up as cowboys as they approaches the withdraw slip island.

Construction crew and drilling in background.

Ash grabs a slip - notices, on the ground, leaning against the wall - sheets of bulletproof glass waiting to be installed. Ash smirks.

Sara points Ash back to her withdrawal slip and keeps writing. Ash looks up, one teller along the wall is open. CLERKS gossip and mingle - totally oblivious.

Sara glances up at Security Guard with cool, collected, piercing eyes. Uneasy, Sara grabs a second withdrawal slip.

CLOSE UPS - Ash nods to Sara with camaraderie, grabs her slips and heads to the open teller.

Sara scribbles on her withdrawal slip quickly. Looks up - the other teller still busy with a CUSTOMER (40s and bubbly).

Ash slides the withdrawal slip to her cheerful teller. Teller looks down at the amount... "EVERYTHING". Teller looks up, confused. Ash gestures for Teller to flip it over.

It reads - "No joke. Everything. Now!!! AND QUIETLY."
Teller loads cash into an envelope - reach for a bundle in the bottom left corner of the drawer.

Ash slides another slip in front of her teller. It reads, "AND NO MARKED BILLS FROM THE LEFT DRAWER."

Teller sees Ash's lumpy jacket pocket - could be a gun. Teller skips that bundle and keeps loading.

Sara waits behind the bubbly Customer, who chats and laughs with the Clerk. Customer's laugh - truly annoying - a snort.

Sara rolls her eyes - looks at her friend - Ash waits for her, keeps her clerk quiet. Sara shifts nervously.

Finally, Sara "uh-hums" in the lowest voice she can muster.

Tittering duo look to Sara - how rude. Customer ad-libs a good-bye. CLERK receives the withdrawal slip. Clerk's annoyance melts to fear.

Ash sees the scrutinizing Security Guard watching. Ash tips her hat. Security nods and his eyes drift away.

EXT. NSLB, KENT BRANCH - MOMENTS LATER

The duo dart from the bank, race across the street, dive into the car and peel out. Just then, the bank alarm RINGS.

EXT. TEXAS HIGHWAY - DAY

Sara and Ash yip and holler with glee as they zip up the road. A beautiful bright sun splashes them with luminous colors while stripping from their manly cowboy clothes.

SIREN wails to life behind them - STATE TROOPER.

Girls eyes bolt wide - mostly naked - male facial hair and clothes off. Panicked, they scramble to sort out whose jeans is whose as the car pulls over.

SARA
What do we do?

ASH
Trust me.

STATE TROOPER walks up to the driver's window.

STATE TROOPER
You aware your left tail-light...?

Trooper's mouth runs dry - stares in awe at the two girls in their skimpy underwear. Ash puts a foot on the dash; oh leg.

ASH
Sure is a hot day, Officer.

Trooper cannot speak - he blinks several times, walks back to his squad car, and drives away. Girls laugh.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Moon shines down.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Julie counts bundles of cash as Ash and Sara laugh.

JULIE
I feel like you guys are holding
back or not telling me something.
What else happened.

ASH
Well, we had to shoot a few people;
just count the cash, Wussypants.

JULIE
We've got over ten thousand here!

ASH
Leave the money, we can deal with
it in the mornin'. Let's celebrate!

Ash disappears outside. Julie looks to Sara.

EXT. BARN

Becky watches enviously from her bedroom window as the girls
yip and drive away - then she looks to the barn.

EXT. TRUCK YOU - NIGHT

Friday night, parking lot overflows; trucks fight for a spot.

INT. TRUCK YOU

Texan heaven - packed house - the bar in full swing for the
first time. In a room unseen until now, live country music
band plays - Mechanical bull in the corner; Dewey flies off.

DEWEY
Ow.

Ash brings a pitcher to Sara at a table - sees Julie tear up
the dance floor, leads line dancing, surrounded by FOUR MEN,
all vie to be her partner. These Texans sure can dance.

ASH
She's not bad... Hmm be right back.

Ash struts off chugging the pitcher.

SARA
Thanks for the beer!

A beer lands in front of Sara. She looks up to see Travis.

TRAVIS
You're welcome. Thought I'd bring
you a drink for a change.

BUD
(interrupts)
Sara, I hate to ask, but could you-

Sara sighs and snatches the apron from Bud. To Travis:

SARA
Looks like you thought wrong.

ANGLE ON - MECHANICAL BULL

COWBOY gets thrown hard. Ash hands the empty pitcher to the next guy in line, hops the short fence and sheds clothes on her way to the bull. Jaws drop.

Ash mounts the bull, nods to the Controller, who slaps it on SUPER SLOW. Ash rides the bull as if having sex.

MALE SPECTATOR literally drops his beer.

SARA
Uh, Bud, that's indecent exposure.
Legally, we could get in trouble-

BUD
(dazed; eyes glued to Ash)
Oh, I'll pay the fine.

The band fumbles to a stop so they can watch.

Julie's dance partners leave her high'n dry to check out Ash.

Sara looks to Travis and notices Travis' eyes on her - the only guy not straining to watch Ash. Sara looks away.

And when Ash's ride ends... Dead silence... The bar ERUPTS with yee-haws, stomps, applauds. Ash hops off and bows.

Julie stands alone on the dance floor fuming. Dewey awkwardly approaches. She smiles.

DEWEY
Hey there, Julie.

JULIE
Do I know you?

DEWEY

Sure. We... I went to the same...
A few times we've... Not really. I
was wondering if you'd like ta-

Ash struts by and smacks Julie's ass hard.

ASH

Whoo, who's your daddy now!

Julie glares at Ash when-

DING! Travis rings THE GOLDEN BELL.

The WAITRESSES all spruce up for Travis, giggling.

Travis points to Sara - a path clears between them.

OTHER WAITRESSES all sigh.

BUD

We got ourselves a contestant!

Sara climbs onto the bar as Crowd cheers. Sara and Travis
stare at one another challengingly, glint in his eye.

Ash and Julie exchange a look.

BUD

Now the rules are-

TRAVIS

(eyes never leave Sara)
We all know the rules, Bud.

SARA

You want me?

TRAVIS

Yeah, well I've been comin' here a
couple weeks now, and I'm over our
little starin' game. You want me.

SARA

Haven't really noticed you.

TRAVIS

Liar.

SARA

Excuse me?! You don't know me.

TRAVIS

I know you better than you do.

Bud slaps the spin dial down in front of Travis.

Travis spins - the dial lands on art.

SARA
Known for his dripping watches, thi-

TRAVIS
Salvador Dali.

The murmurs around the bar turn to awe; Bud lays out a lime.

Travis' eyes lock into Sara's - he spins again - literature.

Sara bites her lip - thinks hard.

SARA
"Now is the winter of our discontent-"

TRAVIS
Richard the Third, Shakespeare.

Crowd reacts, impressed.

ASH
He's cheating!

TRAVIS
It's the first line of the play.

Chuckles all around. Ash and Julie exchange a look.

Sara watches Bud place a saltshaker on the bar. Shrugs.

Travis spins - physical prowess.

Her eyes search the establishment - then narrow at him until she smiles. Gotcha.

SARA
Five single handed pull-ups... From
the chandelier.

All look up to see the real iron candle chandelier overhead.
Travis laughs to himself and climbs onto the table under it.

BUD
(whispers to Sara)
Think it'll hold 'im?
(off Sara's shrug-)
Well, he breaks it; he buys it.

Travis removes his shirt. Women whistle. Travis jumps up - catches the chandelier - it jangles and tips hard. Patrons gasp, step away for fear. He hangs there over catcalls.

TRAVIS
Ya know, this is actually kinda
embarrassing.

SARA
Yeah, that's how I feel every time
I have to play this game.

All watch in awe as Travis does five one handed pull-ups,
then drops to the table - glistens with a sheen of sweat.

Sara looks to Bud, who shrugs and places a tequila shot on
the bar. Travis walks to her. Sara aroused, yet off-guard.

SARA
You've been planning this. How'd-

TRAVIS
Well, ya love Shakespeare, abstract
artists, and let's just say I don't
keep comin' in for the burgers.

SARA
You never order burgers.

TRAVIS
Thought you never noticed me.

EVERYONE IN BAR
Ahhhhhh!

Travis smirks - caught her. Crowd eats it up.

Sara pulls her hair to the side - sprinkles a dash of salt on
her neck. Slides him the shot glass.

Travis looks at her long neck - could have it any time. He
leans in - she breathes heavy aroused - his hand reaches for
the shot glass, then PASSES it... And spins the dial - Texas.

SARA
What are you doing?

TRAVIS
Showin' off for ya.

SARA
(flustered)
Uh, Texas is- I mean what's Texas'-

TRAVIS

Nicknamed The Lone Star State, the great state of Texas takes up 261,797 square miles with a population of 23.5 million, has a gross state product of \$1.0856 trillion a year, our motto is friendship. The state flower is Bluebonnet, also known as Lupinus, buffalo clover, wolf flower, and by our Mexican neighbors, el conejohe. The state song is "Texas, Our Texas" by William J. Marsh and Gladys Yoakum Wright-

SARA

Okay, okay, enough!

Everyone stunned silent, breathless. Women melt.

SARA

Guess you got yourself a date.

TRAVIS

Just wanted to get your attention.

Travis turns to exit. Sara gestures to the tequila.

SARA

You didn't take your shot.

TRAVIS

You take it. I told you I'd get ya a drink.

Sara bites her lip - as he nears the door, she hollers-

SARA

Wait! Where- Are you comin' back?

Ash and Julie see Sara's gaze at Travis from across the room. They exchange a concerned look.

TRAVIS

Be back through town Wednesday.

SARA

My day off.

TRAVIS

Perfect. Be here at noon.

Travis tips his hat and exits. Sara downs the shot. Sara lays back on the bar - looks up at the swinging chandelier.

SARA
(on Cloud Nine)
Bud? I need Wednesday off.

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

Reverend Jacob air guitars and rocks out a capella in the empty church, only to see the DONATION BOX with a note sticks out of it - "PERHAPS FOR A LOCAL BUSINESS IN TROUBLE."

Jacob opens the box - reveal the ten grand from the robbery.

REV. JACOB
Holy fuck.

EXT. COOK HOME - EVENING

Jacob pulls up in a classic '75 Gremlin.

INT. COOK HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Sara and Becky listen from the kitchen. In the living room, Bob closes the bag with ten grand - hands it back to Jacob.

BOB
It ain't gonna solve my problem.
Bank's called in the full amount of
our loans. And it's legal.

REV. JACOB
How much?

BOB
Three. Million.

REV. JACOB
When's it due?

BOB
Got a month... So why don't ya do
some good to folks it can help.

Sara sighs, disheartened. The men stare at one another a moment. A bond of understanding between them. Jacob stands.

BOB
Wanna stick around, have a beer.
Watch the game.

REV. JACOB
That's the best invitation I've had
in a long time. Rain check.

The men shake hands. Jacob walks to the door, and turns.

REV. JACOB
Church sure could use a paint job.
Think your boys might be up to it?

BOB
I bet we could work somethin' out.

Jacob smiles, leaves the bag at the door, and walks out.

EXT. NSLB HEADQUARTERS - DAY (ESTABLISHING SHOT)

A glass, classy, high-rise office building in Dallas.

INT. NSLB BOARDROOM

Panoramic penthouse view. Around the long sleek table sit THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS with chairman NATHANIEL GOODMAN (regal Texas tycoon) at the head as Mr. Bailey enters.

GOODMAN
Everyone, this is Duke Bailey, new
to the board. His construction
company has been giving us great
kickbacks. Glad you're here...
(pats the seat beside him)
Next to me, new guy.

When Goodman jokes, everyone laughs.

GOODMAN
Alright, that's profit, let's talk
about losses. Reeves?

DIRECTOR REEVES
One robbery this week, at the new
Kent branch. Two perpetrators
dressed as cowboys-

GOODMAN
My kinda crooks.

Everyone laughs on cue.

GOODMAN
Damage?

DIRECTOR REEVES
Just over ten thousand. Local
police have no leads.

GOODMAN

Press?

Reeves shakes his head. Goodman brushes it off.

GOODMAN

Bailey, let's talk expansion.

EXT. KITTY KAT STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Cars jockey for spaces - popular place. A tall NEON CAT (with long legs, wags its tail and looks seductive).

INT. KITTY KAT KLUB

DANCER saunters past Julie and Sara, who sit in a booth at the back as Ash gives mortified Julie a lap dance during...

SARA

We need three million dollars or my dad's company goes to Duke Bailey.

JULIE

Banks don't just leave a million dollars sitting in their drawers.

ASH

Then we hit the vault next time.

JULIE

Even the vault has only half a million. Unless they've missed pickups. But the vault is suicide. You'd have to use guns. They're not just gonna hand it over to you.

ASH

I know where we can get some guns.

SARA

No guns but we gotta get the vault.

Ash ponders.

INT. NSLB, DAWSON BRANCH - DAY

Two cowboys walk in the bank with trays of hot coffee - offer them to employees, including security guards. A cold looking bank MANAGER gestures an EMPLOYEE to Cowboy Ash.

EMPLOYEE

Hey partner, whatcha doing?

Ash hands him a note - "Compliments of Bailey Construction". Employee takes two cups, then whispers to Manager, who takes the cup and shoos Employee back to work.

Sara knocks on a side door labelled SECURITY. It opens to reveal two armed guards. One shakes his head when offered. Sara spins the tray to offer tea or O.J. - Guard takes O.J.

EXT. NSLB, DAWSON BRANCH

The duo exit side-by-side.

SARA
The vault opens in one hour. Ya
really think this is gonna work?

ASH
Oh ye of little faith.

Ash smiles like a thresher cat.

INT. NSLB, DAWSON BRANCH - DAY

The two cowboys re-enter. Ash puts up the closed sign - they look around - their jaws drop.

SUPER: ONE HOUR LATER

Reveal employees in catatonic trances everywhere. Some laugh. Some draw on walls. Security plays with his face. The Bank Manager curls up under his desk, mutters-

DAWSON MANAGER
I want my toys. Give 'em back.

SARA
What have we done?

ASH
(a bit stunned herself)
We drugged the bank.

EMPLOYEE
I love you, man. All of you.

SARA
Oh, this ain't right.

They casually step over employees everywhere. Ash checks her watch. Looks at the vault. Metallic sounds - vault opens.

ASH
See. Robbin' banks is easy.

EXT. NSLB, DAWSON BRANCH

Sara and Ash exit the bank. Ash sees cans of spray paint in a box labelled BAILEY CONSTRUCTION. Ash picks up a can of spray paint, signals "one minute", and dashes back inside.

Sara checks her watch, sweats it out. A moment later-

Ash exits the bank - they get in the car - very slowly pull away and drive peacefully down the street as a bird chirps.

FLASH TO:

INT. NSLB, DAWSON BRANCH - DAY

Local DEPUTIES escort hallucinogenic Employees out. SHERIFF DAWSON walks past, turns around to see the graffiti-

"U R CROOKS" spray painted right beneath the NSLB logo. Young PHOTOGRAPHER (17) sneaks in - snaps flash photos of graffiti.

SHERIFF DAWSON

Get 'im outta here. Go on, get!

Deputies drag out Photographer as he flashes a few more.

Sheriff then sees another decal on the other side of the front door, which a DIM-WITTED DEPUTY stares up at, confused.

The decal has two small lumps, a tall one in the middle, and two more small ones. Sheriff shakes head with disapproval.

DIM DEPUTY

What's it mean?

Sheriff shows him "the bird" - it fits directly in Ash's drawing when looked at from the right angle, then he exits.

DIM DEPUTY

Well, you don't have to be rude.

INT. NSLB BOARDROOM - DAY

Goodman drops the HOUSTON CHRONICLE, DALLAS MORNING NEWS and SAN ANTONIO EXPRESS NEWS along the huge table. Headlines on the robbery - one features the graffiti. Glares at Bailey-

GOODMAN

We're the crooks?! I don't think these cowboys are funny anymore.

INT. TRUCK YOU - NIGHT

Sara serves beers when a NEWS REPORT comes on the mounted TV. News shows surveillance footage of the robbery.

NEWSCASTER

The teenage boys had no guns, no yelling and no injuries reported. Here's Clayton Johnson's exclusive with one of the bank's employees.

Sara turns it up. Others at the bar watch too as CLAYTON JOHNSON (30, handsome news reporter) interviews Employee.

EMPLOYEE

It was life changing.

CLAYTON JOHNSON

So no one was hurt?

EMPLOYEE

No, Sir.

CLAYTON JOHNSON

But you were drugged?

EMPLOYEE

In the coffee they gave us. Pretty clever. And they were polite too.

CLAYTON JOHNSON

(to news camera)

Yee-haw. Clever, polite and they even brought refreshments; these Cowboys are a new breed of bank robber. I'm Clayton Johnson with DAILY NEWS, so stick with me for all the latest on-

Cues western music - a glossy digital "THE COWBOY BANDITS" logo flashes across the TV screen.

INT. CHURCH / JACOB'S BACK OFFICE - SAME

Jacob stares at the TV screen - eyes wide with revelation. His eyes veer over to... The enormous pile of money.

INT. COOK HOME / SARA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sara readies for her date - Becky sits on the bed, watches Sara, and bounces the soccer ball with her feet making noise.

BECKY
What's with the make-up so early?

SARA
Goin' out.

BECKY
Where?

SARA
No idea.

BECKY
Can I come?

SARA
No.

BECKY
You never include me in anything.

Sara sighs - doorbell rings.

INT. COOK HOME - DAY

Bob opens the door for Jacob. Sara bolts past and exits.

BOB
Just in time for the game, Jake.
Grab a cold one and have a seat.

Bob goes back to his recliner. Uneasy, Jacob reaches down - brings in a big ass suitcase - sets it down in front of Bob.

REV. JACOB
I think I will take that beer now.

Becky comes down the stairs and eyes them.

REV. JACOB
Can we talk somewhere private.

Becky roars in frustration, hurls the soccer ball into the wall, and storms off. The men stare after her strangely.

INT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Jacob & Bob stare at the open suitcase - money everywhere.

REV. JACOB
Way I see it, ya got two choices.
Spend it. Or report it... And risk
losing it all.

BOB
Why didn't you report it?

REV. JACOB
Not a fan of government. I answer
to a higher authority... Way I see
it, you're my flock. And HE
dropped it in my lap for a reason.
What do you want me to do, Bob?

BOB
Report it.

EXT. TRUCK YOU - DAY

Sara drives up - Travis leans against his big rig out front.

TRAVIS
You're late.

SARA
Two minutes. I'm worth it.

Travis shoves her up into the rig cabin.

INT. BIG RIG / HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Engine grinds loudly - wind blows in the open windows -
Travis drives - sees Sara scan rattling gadgets.

TRAVIS
Ever driven one of these bad boys?

SARA
Never even been in one.

TRAVIS
They're pretty tricky.

SARA
So, ya think because I'm a waitress
I'm not smart enough to get it?

TRAVIS
Ya think because I'm a trucker I'm
not smart enough to get you?

SARA
Well, I'm extremely tricky.

TRAVIS
I like that about you.

SARA
So, why a day date?

TRAVIS
This ain't a date. This is a get-to-know-ya.

SARA
But you said you already know me.

TRAVIS
Nah. I was just messin' with ya.

SARA
Are you messin' with me now?

TRAVIS
We're here.

They pull up to a big crowded arena labelled TEXAS RODEO.

SARA
A rodeo?

EXT. RODEO ARENA - DAY

Sara stands on the bench and screams at the top of her lungs at the BULL RIDERS on the field. Seated, Travis holds a tray of beer, pretzels, hot dogs and popcorn - watches her amused.

TRAVIS
So... You like the rodeo.

Sara plops down, grabs a beer from his tray and swigs.

SARA
No. I just need to scream.

TRAVIS
Why do you need to scream?

SARA
Doesn't everybody need to scream?

TRAVIS
But why do you need to?

SARA
If you'd been trapped in the same damn town for your whole damn life, maybe you'd understand.

Sara bolts to her feet, screams with the crowd, then sits.

TRAVIS

Huh. I woulda taken you for a college girl.

SARA

Me too. Except one little problem I got expelled from high school.

(off his look-)

Me and my two best friends used to pull a lot of crazy pranks, to liven things up around here. One of 'em got outta hand... We were just going to blow up a toilet.

TRAVIS

Go on.

SARA

Yeah, we kinda blew up the whole bathroom and part of the hallway.

Sara jumps up for another scream with the crowd, then sits.

TRAVIS

How'd you even know how to do that?

SARA

Julie worked in the front office and knew when the hall would be empty, I got the explosives from my dad's site, and Ash's dad is the Sheriff. He always used to let her come along with him, even when he was overseeing safety stuff for demolition jobs my dad did. So we thought that she knew what she was doing. Apparently, we overshot it.

TRAVIS

How'd you get caught?

SARA

Like I said, Ash's dad is the Sheriff. He found out and turned us all in.

TRAVIS

Ouch.

SARA

Goodbye scholarship. After that, Julie went all goodie-two-shoes, Ash went buck wild, and I got stuck wearing a permanent smile at Truck You, where you found me.

Bull rider stays on a hard ride - both leap up and cheer.

INT. BIG RIG / HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Sara sits in the driver's seat, excitedly. Travis watches nervously. Sara turns the key - engine roars to life. Sara jumps. Travis laughs. She pops the clutch and off they go.

They bounce down the highway...

SARA

Woo-hoo! I can't believe you get to drive this thing all over the country, and get paid for it. This is like the opposite of my life.

TRAVIS

Yeah, but sometimes it's nice to stop. I like stopping here.

SARA

Why on Earth would you like stopping in Nottingham?

TRAVIS

What's wrong with it?

SARA

This town is dead. It's got no life. No spirit. Nothing to do.

TRAVIS

What do you want to do?

SARA

I don't know. I just know that I'm supposed to do something great with my life. Something important, something with meaning... And I can't do that here.

EXT. TRUCK YOU - NIGHT

Moonlight. Travis opens the driver's side door for Sara.

TRAVIS

Not bad. For a girl.

He offers a hand to her. Sara kicks him back with her boot and jumps down. He walks her to her jeep. Beat. Eyes meet.

SARA

You're not getting a kiss.

TRAVIS
I wasn't gonna kiss you.

Travis grins flirtatiously and heads back to his truck.

Sara stares, chagrined.

EXT. SHERIFF STATION / MAIN STREET - DAY

Press gather; pictures snap - one news camera - Deputies keep them back. Sheriff raises hand, which silences the Press.

SHERIFF
I have prepared a statement, if
you'll all just hold your horses.
(reads from a paper)
Upon analysis, no physical evidence
links the half million dollars
found at St. Cook's Church to the
National Savings and Loan Bank
robbery. Though the sums are
surprisingly similar, without
proof, this money is now property
of the church.
(folds the paper)
That's all I can say at this time.

Sheriff hands the suitcase to Jacob - pictures snap. Sheriff ducks inside and ignores the flurry of questions as Jacob beams, throws his hands in the air, and addresses his crowd.

REV. JACOB
(always the rock star)
Hello, Nottingham!!! When the Lord
giveth, the Lord giveth plenty!
The Almighty and I had a little
chat this morning and he told me
this money is your money! So I
hereby declare all this money is
now property of Cook Construction.
Jesus rocks! Thank you, thank you
very much, I'm here every Sunday.
Good night!

Scattered applause. Cameras flash. Deputies escort Jacob to the church. They walk past a suspicious Becky in the crowd.

INT. COOK HEADQUARTERS

Employees watch the news station as the news cuts to-

CLAYTON JOHNSON
Wow! Makes a man wanna get down
and pray. That's our live report.

Workers murmur.

DEWEY
Does that mean the money is ours?

BOB
I think it does, Dewey.

Everyone cheers. Bob touches the cross on his necklace.

INT. NSLB, NOTTINGHAM - DAY

Julie sees huddled employees whispering and approaches.

JULIE
What are you guys talking about?

Employees share guarded looks.

JULIE
What? I'm not your manager
anymore, you can tell me.

NSLB EMPLOYEE 1
It's the cowboy bandits.

NSLB EMPLOYEE 2
They are so cool. Don't you think
those two guys are just brilliant.

JULIE
(sarcastic)
Two. Yeah, they're both great.

NSLB EMPLOYEE 2
(oblivious)
I know! I hope they rob us.

Mr. Duke Bailey storms in past them into-

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE

Mr. Bailey slams the office door, turns on his son Steve as
Steve shoves a BLACK LEDGER into a small BUILT-IN SAFE.

MR. BAILEY
I want those Cooks out of business!

STEVE

Hey, every construction job we've financed has been kicked to you, Dad. I'm squeezing them out. Greased everyone in our way. But when it comes to church donations, there's nothing I can do.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Sheriff behind his desk - Bailey slides over folders of photos, envelopes and video footage of the Dawson robbery.

SHERIFF

Dawson's outta my jurisdiction.

Bailey tosses an envelope full of money onto the desk.

MR. BAILEY

I just made it your jurisdiction.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Sara enters to find Ash and Julie.

SARA

Have you seen us on the news?

JULIE

Yeah, you guys are sooooo cool.

ASH

What's your problem?

JULIE

Nothing. I'm just saying you two cowboy bandits are famous now, and I'm not. Which is totally fine.

SARA

I'm not trying to be a celebrity here; I'm trying to save my dad's company and he still needs over two million dollars. So can we please just talk about our next heist?

JULIE

Hey, what do you guys think of me coming along next time? Nothing serious, maybe just as the driver.

Julie freezes - Sara looks over to see Ash take out a small arsenal of guns and lay them out on the table.

SARA

I thought we agreed, no guns.

ASH

I'm just bein' realistic. We can't get away with those Mickey Mouse tricks anymore. No more fake mustaches, passing notes, or drugged coffees. They know we're coming now. We gotta cover up our faces, disguise our voices, and charge in with big ass guns.

Ash cocks two large guns at once.

JULIE

Great, the minute I decide to join.

SARA

Julie, ya don't have to come. Ash, the problem with going ape-shit is that if we open fire, so do they.

ASH

Then we won't even load 'em. It's no big deal. They'll be like toys.

Sara puts her arm around Ash - Julie being left out.

SARA

No bullets. I got a better idea.

Sara and Ash head out together. Long beat.

JULIE

Okay, okay, I'll come! Guys?!

EXT. NSLB, BAILEY - DAY

ECCENTRIC TOWNIE collects cans from trash cans into a shopping basket and a quiet, tranquil street.

Rugged PICKUP TRUCK creeps up to the bank. Townie watches two Cowboys hop out. They wear red bandanas over their faces, yellow chemistry gloves, and large black sunglasses.

INT. NSLB, BAILEY

The duo plow open the doors with super-size, smoke-wafting squirt guns - they catch the THREE GUARDS off-guard.

BAILEY PATRON gasps.

On strings around their necks, the Cowboys have handheld digital VOICE DISGUISERS to speak in a mechanized voices.

SARA

Hands up now! Do what I say, or we
spray everyone with sulfuric acid.

Patron screams. Sara charges in, slides over the counter.
Ash handles on crowd control. Sara darts into the vault.

ASH

Get down and stay down, because I
do not want to disfigure you.

An ALARM goes off! "OH SHIT" wipes across Ash's face.

INT. BAILEY VAULT

Sara notices the vault slowly closes. Sara throws the
backpack she's stuffing with cash out of the vault, then
hurls more bags of money out as her exit gets thinner.

INT. NSLB, BAILEY

Ash backs across the floor...

ASH

Nobody move or even blink! I will
be right back. No blinking!

Ash kicks open a security door - 2 GUARDS aim guns at her.

ASH

Oh come on, how old are you? You
really want to die for this job?

Ash releases the voice devise and shoulder strapped squirt
gun as she draws two stashed revolvers from under her jacket.

GUARD 1

Not really.

GUARD 2

I don't even like this job.

ASH

Then lose your guns and stop that
vault from closing.

Guards drop their guns and raise their hands.

ASH

now stop the vault!

GUARD 1

We can't!

INT. BAILEY VAULT

Sara sees the vault's opening get awful thin.

INT. NSLB, BAILEY

Ash hides her guns and takes up the "planned" gadgets.

ASH

Get outta there!

Sara throws out a last bag and shimmies out of the vault, almost getting crushed. Sara sees one last bundle, reaches back in - snags it. Vault locks behind her.

Ash spray paints the wall: TEXAS JUSTICE!

Sara collects the money bags she threw from the safe.

SARA

Come on!

Last to leave, Ash covers Sara and backs out the doors.

EXT. NSLB, BAILEY

SIRENS wail, fast approaching. Cowgirls dash for the truck.

ASH

Go, go, go!

JULIE

I- I can't. I can't feel my toes.

SARA

Move over!

Sara climbs behind the wheel, bucks Julie into shotgun. Sara's squirt gun gets slammed in the door and falls to the street as they peels out. Ash dives into the hatchback.

Security Guard runs out - squad car races up. He points them after the pickup. Squad car chases; other cop cars approach.

EXT. STREETS OF BAILEY

Pickup takes a hard turn; cop gains. In the hatchback, Ash uses rope to tie her leg to the truck.

SARA

Hang on!

Sara weaves cars a Nascar maniac - car bounces hard. Julie screams, buries her head. Ash holds her hat onto her head.

ASH

I love you, Sara! Yee-haw!

Squad cars cut her off, skid to stop in a perfect roadblock.

Sara fishtails a u-turn, charges the car after her, head-on. The cars race toward one another. Sara ain't gonna flinch.

Squad car swerves at the last minute, smashes into a big blue mailbox - letters rain down over the windshield - cops okay.

Pursuing roadblock cars get blinded by mail. One crashes.

Pickup almost hits Eccentric Townie - swerves and plows into his cart. Cans fly.

ECCENTRIC TOWNIE

Hey, watch it!

He sees Ash in the hatchback and changes on a dime-

ECCENTRIC TOWNIE

It's the Cowboy Bandits! Yea!

Ash waves to him.

Last squad car closes in on them.

JULIE

He's gaining! I think I'm having a heart attack. I don't wanna die.

SARA

Hey, I wanted the V8, but you said,
(whines)
"No, this is more inconspicuous."

ASH

(fed up)
That's it.

Ash whips out her two hand canon revolvers and opens fire. Bullets hit the Cop's hood four times. Engine smoke billows - car careens out of control into a storefront window - CRASH.

JULIE

Ash, don't!

SARA

What the hell are you doing?!

A new squad car SMASHES into the side of the truck. Ash hangs on - Sara struggles for control of the car - guns it down an alley. Two fresh squad cars join the chase.

SARA

Ash, you're gonna get us killed!

ASH

I'm just shooting engines 'n tires!

SARA

Yeah, but they're gonna shoot ba-

Bullets fly at them - Julie ducks down and sobs hysterically.

JULIE

I'm a good person.

Ash shoots squad cars on both sides - she stands up in the rear cab - a road surfing gunfight. Her guns blaze in all directions - right and left at the same time; Cops fire back.

Ash turns and shoots out a car's tires. It swerves wildly but keeps coming on its tire rim and hubcap.

Cop shoots - BANG. BULLET HITS ASH'S ARM. She loses balance - drops the gun in that hand and falls over the side rail.

SARA

We lost Ash! Take the wheel!

Sobbing Julie does. Sara dives through the small rear window. Sara sees Ash dangle by the rope over the rail.

Wind whips through Ash's hair. Hat gone. Long dark hair loose. Sara struggles to grab Ash's hand.

Julie wails crying and pulls onto a single lane highway out of town. Julie zips past a large car carrier merging onto the highway. Julie screams - yea, she's lost it.

Sara grabs Ash's dropped gun - shoots car carrier's tire - it blocks the highway - cuts off the pursuit. Cops stuck.

SARA

Stop, stop, stop!

Julie skids to a stop. Sara pulls Ash in the back and slaps the outside of the flatbed.

SARA

Go, go, go!

Julie shakes and screams as she peels out - tires smoke.

ANGLE ON

Sara pulls Ash into the back seat of the pickup and puts pressure on Ash's wound. The pressure causes Ash to yelp.

SARA
It just grazed you.

ASH
Why is she crying? She doesn't get to cry. I'm the one who got shot.

SARA
She needs medication.

EXT. NSLB, BAILEY - DAY

Nottingham squad car pulls up. Out steps Sheriff to see a dropped water gun, roped off, LOCAL DEPUTY stands guard.

SHERIFF
Whatcha got there?

LOCAL DEPUTY
We're waitin' on special team.
It's filled with sulfuric acid.

SHERIFF
That right?

Sheriff takes a closer look. Liquid dips from the gun's nose. Sheriff reaches down to touch the water.

LOCAL DEPUTY
Sheriff, don't-

Sheriff touches the clear liquid and screams. Local Deputy freaks. Sheriff laughs.

SHERIFF
Relax, kid. Real sulfuric acid
woulda melted right through the gun
itself. It's just water.

LOCAL DEPUTY
They said the guns were smokin'.

SHERIFF
And they aren't anymore. Probably
dry ice... These boys are good.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Motorcycle rides up. Squad car lights flare. Quick siren. Deputies aim their .36 Revolvers at the Motorcyclist. Ash removes her helmet. Jed signals Reynolds to lower his gun.

DEPUTY JED

Easy, Reynolds, it's the Sheriff's daughter... So sorry. There was another robbery. We're watching the church for another drop off.

DEPUTY REYNOLDS

Hey, Ash. You were really great the other night. Whapa!

ASH

Don't mind me, boys; I just stopped by to clean the old sin slate.

DEPUTY JED

You can go on 'n park 'round back.

Ash pulls around back and parks beside Jacob's Gremlin.

REV. JACOB

You crazy comin' here tonight!

Jacob grabs her handlebars and wheels the motorcycle inside.

INT. CHURCH

Jacob pulls the motorcycle inside, and pops the seat open to see a large stash of cash. Ash tosses Jacob her backpack.

ASH

There's more in there too.

REV. JACOB

It's a dangerous game you're playin'. News said you were shot.

INT. CHURCH / JACOB'S BACK OFFICE

Jacob unwraps the bloody gauze.

REV. JACOB

Jesus, Ash.

ASH

It's not so bad. We got almost a million this time.

REV. JACOB
(bobs his head, thinks)
Hmm, I'd take a bullet for a mil.

ASH
Oh good, next time it's your turn.

Near a fireplace, Jacob cleans and rewraps her wound over...

ASH
I didn't know for sure if you were gonna help us.

REV. JACOB
Ash, I may wear a collar, but it's still me. Look, my dad used to talk about Cook Construction like it was some kinda folktale. How they were some of the first hands that built Texas, which until then was nothin' but a lotta dirt where too much blood was spilt. Cook Construction is part of a Texas legacy. They built this church. This town. Well, this is my town now. And I'll be damned if I let it go down without a fight.

INT. COOK HOME - DAY

Becky fumes on the couch as she watches on TV-

EXT. BUCK'S AUTO GARAGE - DAY

Reporter #3 interviews BUCK (late 40s, covered in grease).

BUCK
First time they smashed my gate, but they left me a note sayin' where to find the car. Since then, I leave the gate open. Church says they'll cover damages, so it all works out. Now I got locals leaving cars in my lot I ain't even fixin'. It's an odd sorta thing.

Reveal his lot overflowing with cars. Switch channel to-

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Townspeople being interviewed, first a MIDDLE AGED WOMAN-

LOCAL #1

What they're doin' is admirable.
That bank shuttin' Cook down for no
good reason... I say f-(beep) 'em.
You're good in my book, boys.

Switch to an OLD MAN-

LOCAL #2

Stealin's wrong. Bible says so.
But then they keep givin' the money
to the church, so....

Switch to TWO YOUNG GIRLS-

LOCAL #3

I think they're kinda cute.

LOCAL #4

We love you, cowboy bandits!

LOCAL #3

Texas justice! Woo-hoo!

Their middle fingers blurred for TV as they whoop and scream.

Switch to Bud (behind his bar cleaning glasses)-

BUD

Usin' kids toys to disguise their
voices, science class inspired
squirt guns... These boys are
smart. I like 'em.

Clayton the interviewer speaks as black and white footage
from the last robbery plays in the corner of the newscast.

CLAYTON JOHNSON

Yee-haw. It's getting hard to find
someone who doesn't love these
guys. I'm Clayton Johnson with-

INT. NSLB BOARDROOM - DAY

Goodman shuts off TV newscast, turns on Bailey.

GOODMAN

I'm getting robbed by teenage boys
armed with weapons from Toys R Us.
My banks look incompetent. And you
created this problem with your
construction company... Make these
kids disappear, or you're gone.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING (ESTABLISHING SHOT)

News vans from all stations litter the streets. Town crawls in press. Diner packed with cameramen and reporters.

INT. CHURCH

Jacob steps from his rectory to a packed house. LOCALS believe in what he's doing and faith has been reignited.

REV. JACOB
Lord Almighty, a packed house.
Rock 'n roll. Give it up for the
band, brother Rufus on the organ!

Congregation cheers and RUFUS plays STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN and then leads into classical church background music while-

REV. JACOB
Let's all stop and give thanks for
a miracle. We've been blessed with
one and a half million dollars!
Cook Construction is comin' back
big time. Mr. Bob Cook is in the
hooooouse! Make some noise.

Bob and Dewey blush, surrounded by accolades.

REV. JACOB
Can I get a Hallelujah up in here.

CONGREGATION
Hallelujah!

REV. JACOB
Damn right. And we all know why
this is happening...

Jacob points. Reveal the banner that reads:

REV. JACOB
Jesus rocks!

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Walls covered in crime scene Cowboy Bandits photos. Mr. Bailey storms in, Jed on his heels. Pouring over the evidence, Sheriff waves off Jed. Bailey slams the door.

MR. BAILEY
You better have something, lawman.

SHERIFF
I got all of Cook's employees
photographed, and ran their photos
in front of the witnesses.

MR. BAILEY
I don't care. I want names.

SHERIFF
Hey, I broke laws; violated rights.

MR. BAILEY
Shoulda thought of that before you
took the money... I expect results.

SHERIFF
Police reports say the bandit they
shot had long, dark hair. We
rounded up every male who fit that
description in Nottingham; none had
fresh injuries. I'm doin' everyth-

MR. BAILEY
Then the boss is going to send in
someone else. And if you know
what's good for you, stay clear.

Bailey already gone.

INT. TRUCK YOU - DAY

Slow day - after the lunch crowd - Sara on the clock - Bud,
Travis and Sara chat at the bar.

Ash and Julie watch as a news report comes on - "COWBOY
BANDIT UPDATE" logo appears with three cowboy silhouettes
this time. They whisper amongst themselves:

ASH
Here we are again.

JULIE
Ha, look at our logo. There's
three of us now. One, two, me.

Footage of the car chase from the Bailey robbery on screen.

TRAVIS
Those boys sure can drive a truck.

SARA
Must be because they're men.

TRAVIS
Oh, obviously.

NEWSCASTER
Wasting no time at all, the Cowboy
Bandits have struck again today!

All three girls stop banter and turn to the TV in shock.

NEWSCASTER
Thirty minutes ago, they hit
another National Savings and Loan,
right in the heart of Houston.

An image of the bank with spray paint on it: NO JUSTICE!

JULIE
What the...?

NEWSCASTER
We'll give you more information and
footage as it comes in, but suffice
it to say, those are the hardest
working criminals I've ever seen.

Sara excuses herself and goes to Julie & Ash - they whisper:

SARA
Copycats. We got copycats.

ASH
That is so cool.

SARA
No, it's not. They're gonna keep
that money.

JULIE
Yea, and if we get snatched, we'll
do the time for their crimes too.

ASH
But what if they get caught? Then
we're home free.

SARA
Travis!

Travis stands over. Girls exchange a "Did he hear us" look.

TRAVIS
I gotta get on the road.

Sara goes to him, takes his Stetson, and puts it on her head.

TRAVIS
Not my lucky hat.

SARA
I'll guard it with my life.

Ash gives Travis the "I'm watching you" hand gesture.

TRAVIS
Fine. You can barrow it. Be back
through again soon... Ladies.

Travis leaves - makes Sara disheartened. Sara plops down.

SARA
We gotta plan the next bank.

JULIE
I don't want to go to jail.

ASH
I wouldn't sweat it. There ain't a
bastard alive who can catch us.

EXT. BAILEY CONSTRUCTION - DAY (ESTABLISHING SHOT)

A tall, dark and sleek figure in Armani steps from a black Lincoln Navigator and enters a slick office building. The slogan "REBUILDING A NEW TEXAS. BIGGER. BETTER."

INT. BAILEY SHOWROOM

ASSASSIN IN BLACK walks through a huge room of scale models: commercial buildings, cookie cutter communities, strip malls. Mr. Bailey approaches - loafers click on the marble floors.

Reveal ULYSSES FOX (hot metropolitan woman, eerie calm, speaks slow and deliberate, in excellent shape, complete confidence) strolls past Bailey and studies the models.

MR. BAILEY
You're my go-to guy?

ULYSSES FOX
In my line of work, it's best to
not be what people are expecting.

Bailey extends a hand to shake. Fox ignores it.

ULYSSES FOX
I'm going to need to shut the banks
down for a few days.

MR. BAILEY

Which ones?

ULYSSES FOX

All the branches in Texas. Also, I want unfettered access to all Bailey Construction supplies, suppliers, and three hundred of your employees, all sworn to confidentiality agreements. You'll say you're running maintenance checks on all your security systems in the wake of all the robberies. And I'm NSLB's new security chief.

MR. BAILEY

Look, Ulysses-

ULYSSES FOX

They're dead in one week.

Fox looks at Bailey for the first time - cold, dead eyes.

ULYSSES FOX

If you follow my instructions.

EXT. NSLB BRANCHES - DAY

Over the following images...

CLAYTON JOHNSON (V.O.)

In an effort to outsmart the Cowboy Bandits, NSL Banks have closed down across Texas to install a slew of new, impenetrable, hi-tech security systems. But they can't hold back the craze sweeping the nation.

Several banks put up "CLOSED FOR RENOVATION" signs - behind covered windows, Fox supervises - CONSTRUCTION CREW breaks ground - tears up floor tiles - INTERCUT with a MONTAGE of:

The slogan "TEXAS JUSTICE!" plastered on bumper stickers... A secretary slips a co-worker a peak at her undershirt with the phrase on it by a watercooler - they conspire...

...TRUCKER gets Cowboy Bandits tattoo...

...Beverly Hills Mom with baby stroller on Robertson wears a chic Kitson version of it with the etching of a manly Cowboy Bandit wielding a shotgun.

...Ellen DeGeneres does her opening dance with a Cowboy Bandits getup and doing the Pony.

CLAYTON JOHNSON
Even Hollywood is tracking this
explosive human interest story, as
producers scramble for its rights.
But don't forget who brought it to
you first. Your very own Clayton
Johnson of Daily News.

INT. COOK HOME - DAY

Sara enters to find Becky hugging Bob.

BECKY
You're sure?

BOB
You're going to Stanford, baby. Go
tell your friends, we're going to
throw you a party.

Becky squeals with delight and races out of the house.

SARA
She got the scholarship?

Excited Sara and Bob share a look. Sara's enthusiasm melts.

BOB
I'm selling the company to Bailey.

SARA
What? You can't do that. The
bandits are going to get you the-

BOB
You've seen the news. Nobody is
gonna be able to rob those banks.

SARA
Just give them a week and see.

BOB
My daughter's happiness is more
important. She comes first. I've
had misgivings about taking that
money from the start. This feels
like a sign from god.

SARA
If this is really what god wants,
then a week won't change anything.
Dad, I'm asking you to have faith.

EXT. KITTY KAT STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Ash walks to the back door to find Sheriff waiting.

ASH
Are you stalking me? It's creepy.

SHERIFF
Why are you still working here?
You're so much better than this.

ASH
You know, at first I did this just
to piss you off. Now, I don't care
how you feel, but I'm stuck. This
is how the town sees me. If you
don't like it, you go convince
everyone else I'm better than this.

SHERIFF
It's a choice. You're only stuck
here if you choose to stay here-

Ash slams the door behind her.

INT. KITTY KAT STRIP CLUB / DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Costumes hang everywhere - Ash rubs on body glitter as-

SARA
We have one week. The banks reopen
tomorrow. Julie, what's the deal?

JULIE
Well, employees were told that the
new alarms are silent. So they can
sound it-

SARA
And nobody would know. Cops are
there 'fore ya get out to the car.

ASH
What else did they do?

JULIE
No one knows.

SARA
They don't shut down every branch
and bring in construction crews in
a ton of locations to turn off the
volume on some alarms.

(MORE)

SARA(cont'd)
We still need over a million
dollars, and we can't go in blind.

JULIE
I don't know what to tell you.

SARA
Is there anybody you know high
enough on the food-chain that just
might know what we're up against?

An unsettling thought occurs to Julie; it hits Ash and Sara.

JULIE
No. No way.

ASH
And you better work it.

Ash dumps three inch heels in Julie's hand and struts out.

EXT. LOBSTER PALACE - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING SHOT)

A cliché seafood restaurant. CRACK.

INT. LOBSTER PALACE

Patrons crack open Lobster and pull out the succulent meat.
Across the way, Julie tries not to squirm seeing this.

STEVE
I'm very glad to see you're taking
your career seriously, Jewel.

JULIE
Call me Julie.

STEVE
If you don't mind, I prefer Jewel.
It accentuates how precious you
are. How you sparkle. It gets
me... Excited. What excites you?

JULIE
Security.

STEVE
Come again?

Julie leans over - whispers in Steve's ear.

JULIE

Oh yeah. It's why I had to work in a bank. Lasers, sensors, alarms, giant vaults, cameras everywhere...

STEVE

Why you little minx.

JULIE

Yeah. That's me. Drives me crazy. I am so hot just thinking about it.

Julie runs her foot up his shin, her eyes beckon him.

STEVE

Wanna go back to my office?

JULIE

Don't make me wait.

STEVE

(to Waiter)

Check!

INT. NSLB, NOTTINGHAM - NIGHT

Keys jingle, Steve and Julie slip inside. Julie scans the bank - everything looks normal.

STEVE

Well, Jewel?

JULIE

Show it to me.

Steve rips off his tie and un-tucks his shirt.

JULIE

No. The security system. All the new bells and whistles. It makes me so... Hot.

STEVE

Yes, my Jewel.

He races back behind the counter. Julie slinks toward him, slips in her 3" stilettos - kicks the shoes off seductively.

Steve reaches behind a desk, a small secret panel flips open with one red button. Steve gestures to it, as if it should make her explode with ecstasy on the spot.

JULIE

Oh my. What's it do?

STEVE
Uh, I don't know.

JULIE
Oh, don't say that.

She gets close to him. Unbuttons his collar.

JULIE
You can tell me. I work here.

STEVE
No, it's true. I really don't know. This is all I've been told about. This button. All I know is that this is the beginning and end of any bank robbery.

JULIE
(behind him, whispers)
Hmmm, push the button.

Julie seductively reaches out and hits the button. Nothing.

STEVE
It's not activated until we open.

JULIE
Ugh. I need a drink.

STEVE
I have tequila in my... Our office.

BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE

Steve crouches - pulls items from a mini hidden safe to get to the tequila and shot glasses. Julie picks up a Black Ledger that came from the safe while he's pouring shots.

Steve notices - flies to his feet. Julie holds up a finger.

JULIE
Stop.

Steve does exactly as he's told. Julie suddenly understands.

STEVE
Yes, Jewel.

JULIE
Sit.

Steve sits on the floor right where he was standing.

JULIE

You have power over a lot of people
by day, don't you... Little Stevey?

Steve nods. Steve torn as Julie flips through the ledger.

JULIE

What's Little Stevey hiding? Has
Little Stevey been a bad boy. Are
these city officials? Naughty boy.

Steve sweats - can't take it - bolts in - grabs the Ledger.

STEVE

Time out, okay. Time out.

Steve grabs the Black Ledger and drops it in the safe - slam.
Behind his back, Julie quickly pours liquid on her chest.

When Steve turns around, she pulls his head into her chest
and holds it there.

STEVE

Oh Jewel, you're so... Wow.

Steve falls unconscious. Julie rips off the shirt quickly to
avoid inhalation and pulls a fresh top from her purse while-

JULIE

Ash, I don't know where you get
these things. But thank you.

Julie strips Steve down, takes the shot and exits.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

The trio conspire...

JULIE

That was awful.

ASH

Oh, don't be such a baby. You got
taken out for lobster. Eww, rough.

JULIE

I'm not being a baby, and I'm sick
of you talking to me like one.

ASH

Now you're whining like one. Awww.

SARA

Guys, back to the subject.

JULIE

Why? It was pointless. All I found out is that there's a red button. We still have no clue about what the new security measures do. He had a ledger tracking the people he buys off, but it's locked in his safe.

ASH

So we just hit the next bank. Deal with new problems as they arise.

JULIE

That's just great. So now you guys are gonna have to carry guns I bet.

SARA

Yes. And you too.

JULIE

Excuse me?

SARA

I have a new plan, but we need three because it could get a little out of hand in there.

JULIE

Excuse me?! Now it's gonna get outta hand? What do you call last time, with high speed pursuits and Ash getting shot... Normal?!

ASH

So, you're in.

JULIE

No. I- I can't!

BECKY

I can.

Reveal Becky in the barn gate opening. She heads for Sara. Ash steps between Becky and Sara.

ASH

What are you doing in here?

BECKY

I live here. What are you doing here? (over Ash's shoulder to Sara:) I want in.

ASH
You're playing with fire, Becky.

BECKY
Then stand back or get burned.

Ash and Becky get in each other's faces. Sara signals Ash to back off. As Julie watches in the background, anxiously-

SARA
Becky, this doesn't concern you.

BECKY
Stop cutting me out of everything.

SARA
You have a future.

BECKY
News flash Sara, Mom's dead and you ain't her. Stop running my life.

SARA
I can't let you do th-

BECKY
We both know we can't afford Stanford. And if you're hellbent on saving our family by robbing banks, then I have the right to pitch in too! This is my family also, and I can't let you risk everything without me standing at your side! Because that's what sisters do!

JULIE
(moved to tears)
We are sisters! Alright I'll do it.

ASH
There's our third. Guess you're out, kiddo.

BECKY
G-d! Why are you such a pushover?

JULIE
Hey!

Becky storms out.

EXT. NSLB, HOCKLEY BRANCH - DAY

Small town - large bank. Locals ride horses in town.

In bandanas, big sunglasses and cowboy hats - Ash drives the trio into the lot in another used car. Ash slides out; Julie looks to Sara. Beat.

SARA
You're sure?

JULIE
I'm sure if you're sure.

Sun casts a warm glow over them. Julie nods. They head inside. PULL BACK to reveal a Ford Bronco parks across the street - MYSTERIOUS FIGURE in dark sunglasses watches them.

INT. NSLB, HOCKLEY BRANCH

Doors fly open - trio charges inside, guns up, voice disguisers in hand. Ash takes down the guards.

SARA
Everybody back to the walls! This
is a robbery.

Julie kicks in the security door, guns aimed.

JULIE
Anybody who doesn't want to get
blown to Bejesus and back, move!

Sara and Ash look to Julie, impressed, then to one another.

Modern branch - bulletproof glass partition - Guards watch from behind the glass as the vault opens - reveal money.

Ash sticks an explosive to the lock on the partition door and runs for cover. Sara tosses Ash the detonator as everyone hits the deck. Ash winks to Julie.

ASH
This is my favorite part.

Ash hits the button.

KA-BOOM! Smoke and debris fly.

Bank patrons scream. Sara takes a running slide under the top half of the door (bulletproof glass) and pumps shotgun. Employee peeks at the wreckage. Whoa.

SARA
Nobody move!

Julie forces Security to join Customers Ash keeps against the wall. Ash gestures Julie to go; she heads for the vault.

CUSTOMER #1
(scared, but has to ask)
Can I have your autograph?

CUSTOMER #2
Oh, me too. I'm your biggest fan.

CUSTOMER #1
I asked first!

On crowd control, Ash cocks her one gun - Customers shut up.

Julie dives under the blown door, darts past Sara (who pins down everyone behind the partition), and bolts into-

THE VAULT - DAY

Hands grab money and stuff sacks.

A NEW EMPLOYEE sees all the robbers facing away - his hand slips under his desk and hits a red button.

Without a sound - a silent GATE closes over the windows and doors - the vault closes locking behind the bandit's back.

EXT. BANK BRANCH - DAY

Cops surround the bank - new gates block windows.

Helicopter lands - out steps Fox and three armed ASSOCIATES.

Local Sheriff runs over - tries to keep up with Fox.

LOCAL SHERIFF
Can't see a thing with that gate.
Snipers have no shot, cameras down-

ULYSSES FOX
I know. Just stay here.

Associate #1 holds Local Sheriff at bay as Fox keeps going toward the bank, past the security perimeter.

LOCAL SHERIFF
Hey, I'm the law in these parts.

Dumbfounded lawmen watches them disappear around the corner.

EXT. BANK BRANCH ALLEY

Associates push away the alley dumpster, under which lies a grate. Fox stands over it, checks her two sleek hand guns.

Associates use a METAL KEY CARD to unlock and open the panel. Each jumps down into the hole and disappears from sight.

INT. BANK BRANCH - MOMENTS LATER

OMINOUS SILENCE - the backs of our caged, panicked bandits smash the window gate by ramming it with a desk. No good.

Floor panels in hard-to-see places open (around corners, behind desks). Fox and Associates rise through the floor in four spread-out, cross-fire forcing positions throughout.

Bandits don't notice them. Fox gestures for bank Patrons to hit the deck. They all do - bandits turn - guns aimed.

Bullets fire.

Papers spew.

Desks tip over for cover.

Bandits trapped in the open via cross-fire.

Debris everywhere.

Shell casings bounce on the hard floors.

Money rains down.

Screaming and running for cover.

First Bandit gets shot in the head once, and heart twice in rapid succession - body flies - can't tell, must be Ash.

One bandit hides behind a partition. Associate's hand cannon blows big holes through it into what must be Sara, who drops.

Fox leads her men to the vault in two-by-two perfect military formation, over the two bodies - hits the release button.

Vault opens.

Inside, the third bandit drops the bags of money, faced with three gun-toting Associates. Raises arms in surrender. Associates FIRE. Body flies, crashes onto the bags of cash.

The surveillance cameras flicker on - the black and white image of the aftermath now on video.

Window gates rise. Local Sheriff and Police storm in. Cops rush the unharmed but scared Civilians out of the bank.

Fox steps through raining money to the leader's body - kicks it over with his foot, gun aimed at her face. Not Sara.

WHIP CUT TO:

INT. NSLB, HOCKLEY BRANCH - DAY

In the VAULT, Julie sorts cash - Sara peeks inside.

SARA
What's taking so long?

JULIE
They changed the money system;
gotta weed out dye packs, marked
bills... Almost done.

Bank employees look up at them.

Julie throws bags of money from the safe toward Sara.

Ash prints autographs in thick black marker "Texas Justice".

Hockley ASSISTANT MANAGER hits the silent alarm.

Gates lower over the windows and exits.

Ash races for the door - too late.

Sara reaches into the vault - pulls Julie out just in time.

They look around panicked as cameras switch off. Beat.

EXT. BANK BRANCH - DAY

Local Sheriff follows an unaffected Fox from the bank.

LOCAL SHERIFF
What the hell happened in there?!
Who the hell do you think you-

ASSOCIATE #2
(races from the chopper)
Boss, we got another one!

EXT. NSLB, HOCKLEY BRANCH - DAY

Mysterious Figure across the street hears sirens. Looks to the bank, sees the caged windows - in the rear view, squad cars. He stewes a sec, then drives away in his Ford Bronco.

INT. NSLB, HOCKLEY BRANCH - DAY

SARA
Stand back.

Ash hits a detonator. KER-PLOW!

The explosive blows a huge hole in the window and gate. They throw money bags through and leap outside.

EXT. NSLB, HOCKLEY BRANCH

Squad cars squeal up. Their car, boxed in.

SARA
Damnit. Run!

Girls split up - take to the streets. Cars divide and chase.

EXT. HOCKLEY, TEXAS

Julie races down an alley with her bag - squad car quickly closes in. She knocks trash cans behind her to slow 'em down - dives through an alley doorway into-

HOCKLEY DINER

Julie races in the long back corridor, up a set of stairs.

Cop darts in - sees stairs - looks at undisturbed restaurant.

EXT. HOCKLEY, TEXAS / ROOFTOPS

Julie bursts out onto the roof and runs for the end to see a raked, wood slated roof as she leaps - she crashes onto the roof and slides out of control for the edge - money spills.

She claws at the roof; wood slats slide free under her.

Julie catches the drain pipe at the end, which buckles - she dangles three stories up. Here comes the bag of cash right at her. She catches it just before it falls.

The extra weight buckles the drain pipe as it slowly lowers her gently right into the back of the Bronco. Julie sees the driver, in male disguise - reveal Becky.

BECKY

Thought you'd drop in, eh pushover?

Cop sees this from adjoining rooftop and fires at them.

JULIE

Go!

Becky peels out.

EXT. HOCKLEY, TEXAS

Ash runs full steam around a corner, right into an oncoming cop. She puts a gun in his face. Cop freezes. He's so hot.

Ash plants a huge kiss on his lips. The cop drops his gun. Ash leaps into the back of the Bronco and take off.

KISSED COP

They're gay?

ANGLE ON - FEED STORE

Sara runs - horses tied up out front. She throws the money bag over the saddle - leaps on.

COWBOY

Hey!

SARA

Just gonna borrow her. Hyah!

Sara tosses him a \$10K bundle of cash, snaps the reigns and takes off. Squad cars come at her from every side.

SQUAD CAR COP

(into walkie-talkie)

All units, we got one of the bank robbers on horseback, headed east on Grand at Main!

Sara races the horse through the town streets - Pedestrians watch in awe. Helicopters soar overhead. They have her on camera, track her from above. Three cars chase.

Sara turns into a parking lot surrounded by a hedge - one car follows, two track along the outside. Sara leaps the horse over the hedge, traps the first car in the lot.

Cop backs out - shreds tires over the one way spikes - POP.

Two cop cars charge after Sara. She lopes around corners, slaps her lead on either side of the horse's shoulders.

Car pulls out in front of her. She reels the horse back onto its hind legs. News cameras from the helicopter catch this-

NEWSPERSON

Did you see that! Holy crap, these guys are good.

She turns the horse down the main drag, throws a fistful of cash into the air. CROWDS rush into the street to catch the fluttering Benjamins. Squad cars stuck amidst them.

NEWSPERSON

Lookout!!!

The news chopper veers hard right to avoid Fox's helicopter, which races by wicked fast.

ASSOCIATE #3

(into headset)

You will vacate this airspace at once. This is now a no press zone.

Fox's chopper zips after Sara across an

OPEN FIELD

Sara steers the horse toward a local farm through a pasture.

Associate #1 fires his sniper rifle at Sara. Bullets rip the dirt beside her. He steadies the cross-hairs onto Sara's hat. Finger tightens on the trigger when-

Sara lopes behind a giant HORSE STABLE.

ULYSSES FOX

Take us down!

Fox's chopper swoops fast, touches down outside the stable.

Sara races her horse for a massive tree canopied National Park. Fox leaps out with her rifle and instructs the others-

ULYSSES FOX

Up, up, up. Get him!

The Associates take off with the chopper - Sniper ready.

Fox darts around the stable - sees her horse charge for the forest - spins her rifle to her shoulder - aims. Target must be over two hundred yards away.

Fox does not hesitate. BANG. The bullet hits a tree that comes between her and Sara. Fox watches Sara disappear into the National Park.

Seen sporadically through the treetops, the helicopter tracks the stampede below... As it breaks apart in all directions.

ASSOCIATE #1

Where is he? I can't see him!

ASSOCIATE #3

Turn back the other way!

Far below, Sara hides with her horse under a tree - watches the chopper fly off in the wrong direction. She catches her breath, pats her horse. Horse neighs. Sara dials her cell.

EXT. HOCKLEY NATIONAL PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Far away, the chopper takes to the sky - Sara emerges on the other side of the park, runs into the open as the Bronco appears on the highway. Sara jumps in the back.

SARA

What the hell are you doin' here?

BECKY

Saving your ass. Like it or not.

SARA

Head over to Lubbock.

Becky bounces in her seat enthusiastically, squeals.

JULIE

We're gonna hit another one? Now?!

SARA

While they're caught up here.

ASH

We're outta explosives.

SARA

I'm workin' on that. Just go.

ASH

That's crazy!... Let's do it!

BECKY

What do I get to do?

SARA
 (to Becky)
Stay in the car, two blocks away.

JULIE
 Lucky.

Sara watches Becky a moment, then shakes her head at herself.

Bronco races along the highway. Sirens roar as a train of squad cars zip by the Bronco going the opposite direction.

INT. NSLB, HOCKLEY BRANCH - DAY

Fox kneels over the window gate that was blown open. Touches fingers to the burn residue and sniffs it. Associate #1 stands over as #2 speaks to a witness.

ULYSSES FOX
 Explosives. I underestimated them.

ASSOCIATE #3
 (runs up)
 Boss, they're hittin' another one
 less 'en thirty miles from here.

EXT. NSLB, LUBBOCK - DAY

Chopper touches down - police barrier up. LUBBOCK DEPUTY (22, flummoxed, stutterer) approaches Fox.

LUBBOCK DEPUTY
 Who are you? F.B.I.?

ULYSSES FOX
 Sure, kid.

LUBBOCK DEPUTY
 Sheriff's out, account of a root canal, so I'm a little new at-

ULYSSES FOX
 You're doin' great, kid. Just keep your men back.

INT. NSLB, LUBBOCK

Fox and her men rise through trap doors, guns ready. Employees and Patrons lay face down on the floor.

Fox soaks in that all the cameras (and the ones hidden by obvious mirrors) have been blown away with a shotgun.

Fox signals her men to look around with hand gestures.
Associate #1 returns from the messy vault.

ASSOCIATE #1
They're gone. With the money.

ASSOCIATE #2
You think they used our new floor
panels to get out?

ULYSSES FOX
They only open from the outside.

All look to Fox, who stands quiet and thoughtful.

ULYSSES FOX
Take the witnesses outside. Get
statements from everyone. I want
every part of this bank checked.
(points to cameras)
And get me the security tapes.

Associate #2 hits the release button. Gates rise; Fox exits.

ASSOCIATE #1
Everyone, stay calm, you will be
out of here momentarily.

Sara, Julie and Ash (sans male costumes) sit among the
witnesses spread out along the floor, heads down.

EXT. NSLB, LUBBOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Deputies escort hostages from the scene. A Benjamin flutters
from under Julie's jacket. Associate #3 sees it.

ASSOCIATE #3
Hold it.

The girls and their escort freeze. Associate #3 marches up
to Julie, totally unnerved inside. Tense beat, face to face.

Sara and Ash watch, on edge.

Associate #3 hands Julie the hundred dollar bill.

ASSOCIATE #3
Dropped this, ma'am.

JULIE
Thank you... Very much.

Associate #3 nods to the officer, who leads the girls away.

INT. LUBBOCK SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Fox watches the tapes of the three Cowboy Bandits robbing the bank until the alarm goes off and cameras turn off.

When only two hidden cameras come back on, they're gone.

ASSOCIATE #3
Boss? I'm headed to the hotel.
You need anything?

ULYSSES FOX
The answer's here. I know it.

Fox rewinds and watches the tape again. Associate #3 exits.

INT. LUBBOCK POLICE STATION - DAY

Girls sit in the waiting area with other witnesses. No one watches; girls exchange a look and slip out the back.

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

Jacob gives his sermon before a packed house - Sheriff sits in the pews wears his Sunday best. The trio, one by one, slip the stolen cash into the drop box during the service.

REV. JACOB
I think I had the same reaction
most y'all did yesterday when that
news report came on and said the
Cowboy Bandits were dead. I cried.

Sara, Julie and Becky see the room nod with Jacob.

REV. JACOB
Then when I heard another bank was
being robbed, I was overjoyed. And
I thought to myself... Something is
very wrong here.

Congregation chuckles. Sheriff notices Ash in the back.

REV. JACOB
As you know, I once thought myself
a real rock star. I was right, but
these boys have put me in my place.
They have given me... Faith. And
hope. And they've brought you all
back to this church.

(MORE)

REV. JACOB (cont'd)
 And with their total defiance of
 law and logic, to still be at
 large, all I can say is...

Jacob points to the banner.

CONGREGATION
 Jesus rocks!

REV. JACOB
 Amen. Let's rock a prayer.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Police surround the church as everyone exits. Further away,
 Fox's eyes scan them through binoculars - suspects all.
 Sara, Ash, Julie, Becky exit with playful nudges when-

SHERIFF
 Ashley?

The girls freeze.

Sara gestures Ash to her father. Not happy about it-

ASH
 What do you want?

SHERIFF
 You. We can't go like this. Why
 don't we somewhere and just talk-

ASH
 We ain't nothin' to talk about.

SHERIFF
 I'm your father. You owe me that.

ASH
 I owe you? You ruined my life!
 And my friends.

SHERIFF
 I was doin' my job.

ASH
 Your job was to protect me. To
 love me more than a badge.

SHERIFF
 What you did coulda killed
 somebody. That has consequences.
 I'da been a lousy father if I did
 not hold you responsible-

ASH
 And I'm holding you responsible.
 (voice cracks)
 You broke my heart.

Sheriff and everyone turns as Rev. Jacob bolts from the church, hands high in the air filled with cash bundles.

REV. JACOB
 It's a miracle! They did it again.

Sheriff looks back - Ash gone.

INT. MEDIA ROOM LOBBY - NIGHT

Associate #1 exits the Media Room - wipes his tired eyes and refills two coffees from the coffee maker. On the TV:

CLAYTON JOHNSON
 Moving at the speed of light, these
 Cowboy Bandits have done it again.
 The state of Texas is now offering
 a hefty reward for tips leading to
 the arrest and imprisonment of the
 Cowboy Bandits, and Daily News will
 top that offer for an exclusive.

Associate #1 brings the coffee with him back into-

INT. MEDIA ROOM - NIGHT

The surveillance video from Lubbock runs on a loop while Fox examines several folders. Beat. He freezes the image of the witnesses leaving the bank, then counts his eight folders.

Fox's face melts from curiosity to revelation. Associate #1 enters - offers Fox a mug when she tosses him the folders.

ULYSSES FOX
 How many witnesses in the bank?

ASSOCIATE #1
 Uh... Eleven.

ULYSSES FOX
 And how many statements did they
 send over?

He counts files.

ASSOCIATE #1
 Eight? That can't be right; Lubbock
 police must have the other three.

ULYSSES FOX
I doubt it.

Fox looks to the monitor, frozen on the trio - out of costume, heads down, but clearly women.

 ULYSSES FOX
Hello boys.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Knock on the door. Jacob answers. Intimidating Associates surround him in a semi-circle of muscle.

 ASSOCIATE #1
Time to have a little chat,
Reverend.

 REV. JACOB
How can I help you boys?

A fist slams into Jacob's mouth. Jacob crashes backwards through his church door to the ground. Associates advance.

 ASSOCIATE #1
We want those girls' names.

 REV. JACOB
(stands, shakes it off)
What girls? I don't know what yo-

An uppercut from Associate #2. Jacob flies into the pews.

 ASSOCIATE #1
(towers over)
The bandits. Give me those names.

Jacob staggers to his feet - will he give in? He rolls up his sleeves - cracks knuckles - no fear.

 REV. JACOB
I warn ya. Jesus takes no shit.

Associate smiles; Men descend on Jacob. Wind slams the door.

EXT. COOK HOME - NIGHT

Decorative lights around a banner - "CONGRATULATIONS, BECKY!"
An outdoor party and BBQ - Becky's Soccer team present her with a Stanford sweatshirt she throws on excitedly. Music.

Dewey dances awkwardly up to Julie.

DEWEY

Will you dance with me, Julie.

JULIE

Only if you stop doing that.

Dewey self consciously freezes. Julie laughs - they dance.

Bob and Sara watch everyone celebrate.

BOB

We're still half a million short
and the bank collects on Monday.

SARA

Then we have one day left to hope.

ASH

(approaches)

Where's Jake? He said he'd come.

INT. BAILEY'S OFFICE - SUNDOWN

Fox has the huge wall mounted flat-screen frozen to the image of the three female robbers, heads down.

Mr. Bailey walks to the window - an epic panoramic view - a world all for his taking. Fox stands behind him.

MR. BAILEY

We got one more shot at them. Do
we know who they are?

ULYSSES FOX

No, he didn't talk. But it doesn't
matter; now that we know what we're
looking for, they can't slip by us
as witnesses. There's no escape.

EXT. COOK HOME

Julie and Dewey dance closely.

JULIE

My friends think I can't man-up.
That I'm a wimp or something. I'm
a very strong person, you know.

DEWEY

I think you're very strong.

He leans in to kiss Julie when Ash hooks Julie by the arm and yanks her away just shy of lip contact.

ASH
Come on, let's go, you pussy.

EXT. BARN

Sara, Ash and Julie step away from the party to find two high school BOYS drinking beers beside the barn.

ASH
Beat it.

Boys head back to the party - Ash snatches their beers.

SARA
We have to finish what we started.

ASH
Wait, what about Becky?

SARA
Not this time.

JULIE
Don't worry. I'm in.

INTERCUT WITH:

BAILEY'S OFFICE

MR. BAILEY
So they'll hit one more bank.

SARA
It's gotta be tomorrow.

ULYSSES FOX
Tomorrow is all they have left.

JULIE
I can't. I work tomorrow.

ULYSSES FOX
They'll hatch a plan.

SARA
I know. You're goin' in early.

MR. BAILEY
How do we know what bank it'll be?

SARA
If we're gonna make a last stand,
it should be here, in Nottingham.

ULYSSES FOX

Doesn't matter; they have no way out. I had the gates reinforced; they're blast proof now. So once they're in, there's no way out.

ASH

We'll catch 'em off guard.

MR. BAILEY

(smiles)

And they'll be trapped inside.

End split screen. Sara sees- Travis watches them huddle.

SARA

Go get some rest, you two.

Sara withdraws into the barn. Travis follows her.

INT. BARN

Sara and Travis stand on opposite sides of the barn.

SARA

I didn't know you were coming.

TRAVIS

I like it that way.

SARA

Like keeping girls on their toes.

TRAVIS

If by girls, you mean you...

SARA

Hey.

They slowly move closer throughout...

TRAVIS

Seems like people are pretty excited around here lately.

SARA

I like it.

TRAVIS

And not just here. Those bandits have got people all riled up across the country. Trust me, I just drove through it. Sleepy towns seem to be waking up everywhere.

SARA
That's a good thing.

TRAVIS
Just goes to show, you don't have
to leave town to do great things.
(beat, gets close to her)
Know what I think? I think you're
a bank robber.

SARA
You do a lotta thinkin'.

TRAVIS
Lotsa thinkin' time on the road.

SARA
So you think you know everything.

TRAVIS
No. I just know you.

They come together in a beam of moonlight.

SARA
Done talkin'?

TRAVIS
Yup.

Sara kisses him deeply - throws him down on a haystack -
climbs on top. He strips off pieces of her clothes. Sara
rips open his shirt to reveal his rockin' physique.

EXT. SECLUDED BARN - NIGHT

The moon shines down over the barn and the nearby stream.

INT. NSLB, NOTTINGHAM - DAY

Julie's tush sticks out under her desk - Steve approaches.

STEVE
Uh, Jewel?

Julie whacks her head hard under the desk. Pulls out.

STEVE
(whispers)
Uh- Could we kinda talk about what
happened the other night?

Julie looks over to see the clock.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Intense sun - heat ripples the road. Cowboys Sara and Ash walk down the center of the street, ALA "High Noon".

A town clock tower ticks loudly as clouds speed by it.

Duo approach THE BANK. Eyes rise - bank towers above them.

Girls exchange a look of solidarity. Tick. Tick. Tick.

Sudden quiet. A deep breath. They storm in -

CRACK! Pandemonium inside the bank. Julie screams.

SARA (O.S.)
Hands up, this is a robbery!

INT. NSLB, NOTTINGHAM

Guards flat on the floor. Girls wield two guns each; quickly back-to-back with four barrels aimed in all directions.

Julie raises her hands, near her desk.

Steve Bailey hits the silent alarm.

Sara kicks a desk into the path of the closing vault.

Six inch steel gate slams downward.

Vault crushes desk - it can't close all the way.

The outer gates crash closed. BAM.

EXT. NSLB HEADQUARTERS ROOF

Fox & Associates climb into the helicopter, which lifts off.

EXT. SHERIFF STATION - MAIN STREET

Cops load up guns - race for doors.

SHERIFF
Call in SWAT, now. Move!

EXT. NSLB, NOTTINGHAM

Sheriff steps from the station and can see the huge bank from its porch. Cops swarm out of the building past him.

INT. NSLB, NOTTINGHAM

SARA
(to Julie)
You, teller. Go into the safe and
get me the money. No funny money!

JULIE
I happen to be assistant manager.

SARA
No back talk, sweet cheeks. Do it.

Julie crawls into the vault.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Squad cars race in around
Sheriff, who coordinates deputy placement.
Pedestrians forced back by Jed. Barriers go up.
SWAT van pulls up.
Press, photographers and pedestrians fight for a peek.
More TV network vehicles pull up to the chaotic scene.

INT. RAMPART HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Becky in a class full of students. Outside, a line of backup
squad cars and other emergency vehicles zip past, sirens
screaming. Kids dart to windows along one wall.

PRINCIPAL slams open the door.

PRINCIPAL
(to teacher)
It's the Cowboy Bandits! They're
robbing the bank on Main Street!

Class erupts with excitement. TEACHER turns on a classroom
TV set - on pops live reporting from Main Street:

CLAYTON JOHNSON
I have just confirmed the bandits
are still inside the bank. As you
can see, they are surrounded by
police, and they do have hostages.

Unnoticed during all the hoopla, Becky slips out the door in the rear of the classroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET

Snipers take up positions on the rooftops.

SWAT COMMANDER huddles with his men over bank blueprints. A heated discussion-

SHERIFF
Nobody goes in anywhere until I
give the go ahead. We're still
waiting for demands.

ANGLE ON - speaking into camera of a major network

REPORTER #3
The Cowboy Bandits have been locked
in for over two hours now...

Fox's helicopter lands in the background.

Local townsfolk pass out picket signs reading "U R CROOKS",
"LET 'EM GO", and "TEXAS JUSTICE!" A black and blue Rev.
Jacob leads the rallying mob.

Fox and Associates quietly slip into the bank's alley.
Becky, in cowboy gear, notices and follows them.

EXT. NOTTINGHAM BRANCH ALLEY

Associates move the dumpster to reveal the grate entrance.

INT. NSLB, NOTTINGHAM

Sara aims gun at tired employees near the vault.

SARA
(to Julie)
Is this branch always this slow?

In the vault, Julie rolls her eyes.

BOOM! Explosion! Ash exits smoky manager's office with-
THE BLACK LEDGER.

STEVE
You can't take that! It's private!

Ash shoves the gun nozzle into his nose.

STEVE
Or maybe you can.

ASH
Sit!

Steve plops on the floor instantly.

Meanwhile, Fox and Associates rise into the bank unseen - quietly cock weapons from behind desks and counters.

Ash runs crowd control with all bank patrons on the floor. She stands in Associate #1's sites.

Fox peers over a desk for a better look at Sara - the view obstructed by the long counter-top.

Fox signals the others toward Sara.

Each Associate gestures back they do not have a clean shot.

CLICK. Fox freezes - Becky's gun to the back of Fox's head as she rises from the tunnel behind her.

BECKY
Lay it down.

Cowgirls spin to see Becky and Fox, assessing the situation.

BECKY
There's three more!

Associates pop out all over - guns aim at Ash and Sara. Sara takes cover behind a wall - Ash aims at Associates #2 & 3.

ULYSSES FOX
I wondered where the third one was.

Sara looks with concern to Becky, who avoids her gaze.

BECKY
I said lay it down.

Julie looks to Sara, who gestures Julie to stay in the vault. Sara aims at Associate #1.

SARA
Lay them down.

ULYSSES FOX
Ain't gonna happen. The bank is surrounded, and that stunt you pulled in Lubbock won't work again.

Fox steps into the open room - Becky aims at Fox's back.

ULYSSES FOX
Lay 'em down and this can end
without a fuss.

SARA
Like it did with the other bandits?

ULYSSES FOX
Oh no, boys. They're onto us.

Smirks all around from Associates.

ULYSSES FOX
They don't call me in to negotiate,
sweetheart. Ya see, I rigged the
cameras to turn off when the alarm
sounds. There will be no record if
I shoot ya down in cold blood.

Girls exchange a look.

SARA
So you killed those other bandits
in cold blood, did ya?

ULYSSES FOX
They never even saw it coming.

Fox's men chuckle.

ULYSSES FOX
You got no way out of this.

Sara lowers her gun and unbuttons the top of her shirt to
reveal a microphone taped to her chest.

ULYSSES FOX
What the hell...?

SARA
This is called a microphone. And
there's a camera under that desk.

Fox' eyes dart to camera under Julie's desk - red light on.

ULYSSES FOX
What's goin' on here?

SARA
Smile and say jail. You just
admitted to murdering three people
on national television, bitch.

NEWS VAN

Fox sneers at surveillance camera - multiple angles come in perfectly clear on the monitors right in front of Clayton Johnson, News Producer and TECH OPERATOR. Clayton smiles.

CLAYTON JOHNSON
Now that's what I call an
exclusive, gentlemen.

On monitor, see Fox point her gun at the camera.

INT. NSLB, NOTTINGHAM

BANG! Fox blows away the camera.

Hostages cry out - drop to the floor.

Fox backhands Becky - sends her flying.

Fox dives behind the counter - everyone runs for cover.

Ash and Associates leap behind desks - bullets volley.

Steve dives for ledger on the ground - grabs and holds it up.

Becky sees this - does a running soccer kick - sends the ledger flying right into Ash's hand.

Sara looks at Becky in awe.

JULIE
(to Sara)
Look out!

Fox fires at Sara. Julie pushes Sara out of the way - bullet hits Julie's leg. Julie crashes to the ground.

STEVE
Jewel!

With a rush of adrenaline, Steve picks up a metal desk chair and smashes Fox in the back of the head. Fox crumbles to the floor, unconscious.

Hostages see this and attack the other Associates from behind with desk chairs. Associates fight back. One about to shoot a civilian when-

Sara, Becky and Ash run to the hostages rescue and pummel Associates to the ground - unconscious. Silent beat.

Ash high-fives hostages.

Fox suddenly opens her eyes, bolts up, aims at Becky-

Sara kicks the gun from her hand. Fox looks up right into a massive right hook from Sara. Fox drops, out cold.

SARA
That's how we do things in Texas.

Steve darts to Julie, who holds her leg. Sara goes to Julie, puts her hand hard on the wound. Julie cries out in pain.

SARA
Keep pressure on it.

ASH
Open the gate.

Steve looks to Julie, not sure what to do.

JULIE
Open the gate. For me.

SARA
(barks to Steve)
She needs help.

EXT. NSLB, NOTTINGHAM

Steve carries Julie out the front doors in his arms.

SHERIFF
(to medics)
Go, go!
(to Deputy Jed)
Cover 'em!

Medics race in and load Julie on a gurney. Dewey on their heels, takes Julie's other hand.

JULIE
See, I'm not a pussy.

DEWEY
You're my hero.

Dewey climbs into the ambulance with her.

Steve dashes to his father, who pushes through the crowd.

STEVE
They took the ledger. Bribes,
payoffs, they're all in there.

Jed pulls Steve away - Mr. Bailey panics.

SHERIFF
(to Deputy Reynolds)
Get me on the phone with somebody
inside that bank!

Now at the teaser - sirens blare as the ambulance roars away.
News choppers fill the sky above.

INT. NSLB, NOTTINGHAM - MOMENTS LATER

Ash flips through the ledger. Stops on a page. Surprise on her face. She looks out the front window, deep in thought.

Becky drags Fox's unconscious body into the open vault. All quiet, except for the endless phone ring. Virtually empty.

Ash silhouetted looks into the bright light in the windows.

ASH
There must be a hundred of them.

Sara pants - removes her Stetson - wipes sweat from her brow - it creates a smear of blood. She closes her eyes in defeat.

BECKY
All hostages are safe. In the safe.

SARA
How could I have let you get caught
up in this?

BECKY
Are you mad at me?

SARA
Can't be angry with you for doing
the same thing I did, now can I?

Ash cocks revolvers and races for them from by the windows.

ASH
Here they come!

SARA
How many this time?

ASH
All of 'em.

The trio raise their guns toward the front doors and windows - backs away rapidly, deeper into the bank. RAPID PULL BACK.

BECKY
Follow me.

EXT. NSLB, NOTTINGHAM

Barking orders - SWAT charge in through windows and doors - gunfire erupts. Fifteen heavily armed, Kevlar clad SWAT crash inside - bright flashes of machine-gun fire pop.

INT. NSLB, NOTTINGHAM

SWAT fills the room - no sign of the girls. One SWAT OFFICER notices the open panels that Fox and Associates came through.

SWAT OFFICER
This way!

INT. TUNNEL UNDER BANK

Sara, Becky and Ash hurry through.

SARA
Remind me to thank Fox for building
us this handy back door.

Sara climbs into the light - extends a hand down to Becky.

EXT. NOTTINGHAM BRANCH ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

SWAT men pop out in the alley and see girls dart around back. Officer FIRES. Sara staggers - disappears around the corner.

SWAT OFFICER
(with earpiece)
Bandits have escaped the building,
headed around back!

EXT. BEHIND MAIN STREET

Cops, cars, SWAT swarm in on all sides of the three girls.

SARA
Split up! Go!

Ash runs one way. Sara tears off her bandana when-

BECKY
You've been shot.

SARA
I said go.

BECKY
I'm not leaving you.

SARA
Becky, just for once, listen to me
and go, or all of this was for
nothing. Please, run. Now.

Torn, finally Becky runs off the other way. Sara goes a third way... Not going very fast or far.

Sara leans against a wall and sinks down to the street.

A hand reaches in and takes the cowboy hat from her head.
Reveal Travis over her.

TRAVIS
Can I have my lucky hat back now?

Sara smiles weakly - Cops suddenly surround them.

DEPUTY JED (O.S.)
Freeze.

Cops converge and frisk Travis.

SARA
It wasn't him. They went that way.
Three of them. He's my boyfriend.

DEPUTY JED
(to his cops)
Go after them!

Deputies race off.

DEPUTY JED
I'm getting you help, Sara. Just
stay put.

Jed runs off.

TRAVIS
Boyfriend, huh?

SARA
Oh, shut up.

ANGLE ON

Ash darts around a corner - stops - stares down the barrel of her father's gun. Ash's gun drapes low at her side, in hand.

SHERIFF
Just drop it now. Ain't no point
in dyin' over this.

She looks into her father's unknowing eyes. What to do?

SHERIFF
Don't make me do it.

Ash pulls off her bandana - stares her father down.

ASH
Go ahead.

Ash tosses away her gun, puts her hands behind her head.

Beat. Sheriff has to make a decision - head races.

ASH
Come on. Arrest me!

Sheriff lowers his revolver.

SHERIFF
Run. Get out of here, damnit. Go!

Ash hesitates. Sheriff hurriedly gestures Ash to go.

Ash hands Sheriff the Black Ledger.

ASH
I took out the pages you were on...

Sheriff looks down at the Ledger - eyes reveal guilt.

SHERIFF
Maybe we're not so different.

ASH
Yeah. Now go do your job and get
the guys we both wanna bring down.

A look of camaraderie between them.

Ash darts down an alley before cops swarm up.

Sheriff watches her disappear.

EXT. RAMPART HIGH SCHOOL

Becky slips into her packed classroom - dressed as a girl - tons of teachers and students gathered around the TV.

INT. NSLB, NOTTINGHAM

Witnesses climb out of the vault - look around. All clear. Cops escort them out.

EXT. NSLB, NOTTINGHAM

Sheriff sees Witnesses exit into a chaotic street, then turns to Reynolds confused.

SHERIFF

Where's the shooters. From the news footage?

DEPUTY REYNOLDS

I don't know. I didn't see them.

SHERIFF

Well, find them!

Bailey grabs Reynolds, who won't be held up.

MR. BAILEY

Did you get the bandits?

DEPUTY REYNOLDS

I don't know yet.

MR. BAILEY

What about the money? Did they get any money?

DEPUTY REYNOLDS

We don't know. Please step behind the barrier, Sir.

ANGLE ON

Sara, on a gurney, being wheeled by medics to an ambulance under cop supervision. Travis follows the medics.

SARA

Tell me, is anyone in the bank?

DEPUTY JED

What?

SARA
Right now, is anyone in the bank?

DEPUTY JED
(thinks nothing of it)
No. It's been cleared until the
crime division can get here.

SARA
You're absolutely sure?

DEPUTY JED
Positive.

Sara looks up and smirks. Under the blankets, Sara reaches down into her pants and pulls out a detonator.

KER-PLOW-POW-POW! The Nottingham NSLB Vault EXPLODES!!!

The blast throws Officers off their feet - glass, splinters and rubble fly - massive cloud of thick smoke fills the air.

News choppers get great footage.

Everyone looks at the bank in awe.

The crowd behind the barrier erupts into a mighty cheer.

Deputy Jed stares in shock at the bank, reduced to soot and pebbles - what just happened?

ANGLE ON

Clayton approaches Jacob.

CLAYTON JOHNSON
That was one hell of an exclusive.
(big ass smile)
Best money I ever spent.

Clayton hands a check for one million dollars to the man next to him - Rev. Jacob's eyes widen... So many zeros.

Jacob turns and hands the check to Bob Cook.

REV. JACOB
That ought to cover it.

Mr. Bailey wanders up, totally confused, covered in ash and soot. Bob shows Bailey the check.

MR. BAILEY
I don't understand.

SHERIFF

Duke Bailey, you are under arrest.

Sheriff holds up the black ledger. Deputy Reynolds handcuffs Bailey and loads him into a squad car with Steve. Bob waves.

BOB

Bye now.

Travis approaches.

TRAVIS

Your daughter needs you.

(off his look)

She's gonna be alright.

Medics load Sara in the ambulance. Bob rushes to his injured daughter's side, stunned beyond words. Sara looks up at him.

SARA

I told you, daddy. Sometimes ya
just gotta have a little faith.

Bob takes her hand, nods emotionally. Sara smiles.

ANGLE ON

Travis slips Clayton a note. He looks at Travis curiously.

TRAVIS

It's from them. Take it.

CLAYTON JOHNSON

(realizes, reads the note)

This just gets better and better.

ANGLE ON

In front of the bank's smoking wreckage - Jacob silences the mob to listen to Clayton, who does his last report to camera.

CLAYTON JOHNSON

It appears the Cowboy Bandits have
done it again, and this time, they
left behind a statement.

(reads the note)

"What this town is going through
isn't so different from anywhere
else in this country. Small
businesses and small towns in
trouble, family shops being closed
down. Run out by big business. So
we took this common fight, and came
up with an uncommon solution.

(MORE)

CLAYTON JOHNSON(cont'd)
Take it back. Power, greed and
corruption are tearing this country
apart. People like Duke Bailey, of
Bailey Construction, think they can
do whatever they want and get away
with it. Well, not anymore. Not
in Nottingham. Not in our Texas.
Their time is over. It's time for
justice. Texas justice. Most
sincerely, your bandits."

JACOB LEADS CROWD
(slow build)
Jus-tice! Jus-tice! Jus-tice!...

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Three wild horses lope off into the vast, lush green.

FADE TO BLACK.