

GOIN' HARD

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FADE IN:

INT. RANCH HOUSE - EVENING

A raucous wedding party in the sprawling living room: DRUNKS stumble about; WAITERS pass out more booze. Cowboy HATS with tuxedos. WOMEN and GIRLS who'd look sexier in jeans wearing Neiman-Marcus gowns.

Amidst the chaos: One island of seeming tranquility is occupied by the bride and groom, MEGAN (25) and BOBBY (late 20s). She glowers at BUSTER (20s). Buster's opened jacket exposes a Glock at his waist.

BUSTER

(to Bobby)

Shit, Bro! That's better'n a ounce
of blow!

Bobby grins at Buster, then winks at his wife, who glares at both.

Then Megan turns, winks and smiles at Buster, flutters her eyelids.

BUSTER

Hot damn! Wait till I tell Mix an'
Hardy!

Megan kisses Bobby's cheek, slides a hand under his baby blue tux jacket ... then snatches a .357 magnum revolver from his cummerbund. She thumbs the HAMMER as she raises the weapon ... blasts a round into the FLESH under Bobby's chin.

Silence ... then screams. BLOOD, BRAIN and BONE rain on Megan and Buster as Bobby's carcass hits the floor. She casually points the gun at Buster's chest ... and waits ... wipes a blood droplet from the end of her nose.

The room empties.

MEGAN

What now, Buster? You figure
Bobby's permission for you and his
asshole buddies to gang-bang me
still stands.

Buster shakes his head and ... wets his PANTS.

MEGAN

Get out of here. Now!

EXT. BUS STATION, BEAUMONT, TEXAS - DAY - MONTHS LATER

JUDGE (VO)

Megan Garza, do you have anything
to say before this Court passes
sentence upon you.

A white van at the curb. A prison GUARD rolls open the side door,
and from the interior security cage steps a rail thin ...

FOSTER JOHN (30s)

... Hippie hair. Long beard. Moustache. Gray sweatsuit, Reebok
Ruffits. A big black BIBLE in one hand. A clear plastic bag of
toiletries in the other.

MEGAN (VO)

I want to invite you and every
other pompous ass in this county to
share the needle with me.

The guard hands Foster an envelope.

GUARD

Cash, like you requested. Four
hunnert an' ninety dollars from
yore account. Fifty bucks from the
Bureau of Prisons.

FOSTER

(takes the envelope)
Bless you.

GUARD

Don' matter how fast 'r how far you
c'n run, life catches up. We'll
keep a cell open for you.

FOSTER

Waste of time, friend. Jesus runs
in these shoes with me.

INT. BUS - DAY

Foster gazes out the window. Reads Highway signs: LUMBERTON ...
JASPER ... CENTER ... CARTHAGE ... MARSHALL ... LONGVIEW ...
TERRELL ... and finally, MESQUITE.

INT. MESQUITE BUS STATION - NIGHT

Foster on a pay phone.

FOSTER

How about I come by tomorrow early.
Give you, say, a 200 dollar
deposit. Then I'll have a cashier's
check cut for the remainder within
24 hours.

Foster scans the station while he listens.

FOSTER

(looks up, covers mouthpiece)
How great thou art.
(uncovers microphone)
See you then.

INT. JAIL - WEE HOURS

The corridor door slowly and silently opens and two deputies tiptoe in. The youngest, SAVAGE, rips down a blanket covering the bars at the front of a cell. CRAFTON, the eldest, shoves a tripod-mounted security camera out of their way.

In the cell, Megan calmly zips her orange jumpsuit as she rises from the toilet.

MEGAN

Great timing, Savage. Have you been
watching the monitor all afternoon?
Waiting for me to pee?

SAVAGE

Outside, Garza! Assume the position
on the wall.

After Megan obeys, Savage does a feelie-fest shakedown while Crafton ogles her butt.

MEGAN

Satisfied ... asshole?

Savage throws his shoulder into Megan's back, slams her into the wall.

CRAFTON

Take it easy.

MEGAN

Christ. I hit a nerve? Isn't that
what you do ... bully women?

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- 1) Foster pulls his cash from the prison envelope. Stuffs it in a pocket cut from sock and sewn inside his sweatpants.
- 2) Foster sleeping on newspapers on a lawn. His Bible, his pillow.
- 3) Plastic mirror hung on a tree trunk, Foster brushes his hair ... winks at his image.
- 4) Foster and a Motor Home OWNER stand near an old Holiday Rambler. Foster counts out four fifties, passes them to the guy.
- 5) Foster counts out four fifty-dollar bills to a huge WOMAN.

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY

Foster: Bible laid on a stack of boxed softballs. Inspecting gloves. And bats.

A salesperson, GINGER, approaches.

GINGER

Hi, I'm Ginger. May I help you?

FOSTER

I reckon not. I have a tryout tomorrow and wanted a glove and bat, but this stuff is way too expensive for me.

GINGER

Who're you tryin' out with?

FOSTER

Trinity Baptist Church over in Oak Cliff.

GINGER

(smiles)

You must really be good.

FOSTER

Fair. No, better than fair.

GINGER

If I had Trinity on the line and my money was short, I'd pay a visit to the pawn shops downtown.

EXT. CITY PAWNBROKERS - DAY

Eyes hidden under the bill of a ball cap, Foster exits. Bible in his left hand. Ball bat slung over his right shoulder. A big black and brown fielder's glove dangling from the end of the bat.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Seemingly without a care, Foster hums JUST A CLOSER WALK WITH THEE as he ambles along.

He stops in front of a tiny café. Checks his money: Two QUARTERS and a DIME.

INT. CAFÉ - DAY

Foster eyes a sign: COFFEE \$.50 NO REFILLS. He mixes creamer and sugar into the brew. Lays the DIME beside the mug before he sips.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ONE-WAY BACKSTREET - DAY

Blue light aflash on the dashboard. Unmarked police car double-parked ... beside an ancient four-door sedan.

BILLY JOE (70s) and SHEILA (60s) on the sidewalk. He sits in a wheelchair, guarded by a spit-shined female cop, HENNING, while Sheila glowers at Henning's male partner, REEVES.

Reeves writes a citation. Henning stands behind Billy Joe, hand resting on her pistol.

BILLY JOE

Now, lemme git this straight:
You're writin' Sheila a ticket fer
takin' my wheelchair out on the
wrong side of the car?

REEVES

The streetside, Sir. That's against
the law. To say nothing of being
dangerous. The traffic—

SHEILA

(interrupts)
Billy Joe, you hush. This ain't—

BILLY JOE

(to the cop)
There ain't no traffic, you ass-
kissin', locksteppin' bonehead!
Won't be till rush hour!

Reeves stops writing. Stares through mirrored sunglasses.

REEVES

How would you like to go to jail?
Abusive language is against the
law.

BILLY JOE

Damned street's deserted till rush
hour!

Foster rounds a corner, forty feet from the cop-citizen
confrontation. He raises his gaze to the heavens and smiles.

FOSTER

(whispers)
Thank you, Je-sus! How great Thou
art.

Foster's step suddenly has spring. He saunters by. One step past
the female cop, his left hand releases the ...

BIBLE

... And grabs the butt of the softball ...

BAT

... Hips and body twist. Full windup. And swing. The fielder's
...

GLOVE

... Sails over the hood of the old sedan. Toward the street.

The BIBLE smacks concrete.

The BAT smashes into Henning's arm ... CRUNCHES the elbow.

The GLOVE lands on asphalt.

Foster whirls. Reverses direction. Swings. Bone SNAPS. The BAT
smashes the male cop's gun arm above the elbow.

Sheila gawks: Eyes wide; mouth opened.

Billy Joe spins ... wheels. Retrieves the Bible and backs away.

The female cop opens her mouth. Part SCREAM, part GROAN, but
tries for her pistol with her left hand.

Foster aborts a second swing at Reeves as Billy Joe trundles past
to pull Sheila out of harm's way. Instead he, pivots.

Smashes the bat into Henning's left shoulder. She drops the piece. Shock and pain. She passes out.

Bent at the waist, looking between his own legs, Foster swings the bat underhanded-backward and upward ... into the male cop's ...

CROTCH

... Whoof! Breath explodes. Reeves doubles. Grabs jewels and drops.

Foster jabs the cop on the top of the head with the big end of the bat. Lights out.

Billy Joe and Sheila gape.

Foster nods and smiles to the old woman. Tips his cap.

He grabs pistols and magazines from both cops. Badges. ID folders and wallets. An ankle holster and small pistol from Henning, then her Sam Browne belt and radio.

Bible on his lap, Billy Joe raises his hand ... like a school kid.

BILLY JOE

(grins)

I don' mean to pry, son, but what's your battin' average?

FOSTER

(points up)

Way up there. The Lord helps those who help themselves.

Foster circles the police car and climbs into the driver's seat.

INT. STOLEN POLICE CAR - DAY

As Foster drives, he removes an M-16 from the rifle rack.

Spots a Leatherman tool on the dash. Pockets the Leatherman. Spots a Dallas Police Department windbreaker and pulls that onto his lap.

He switches on the yelper. Speeds up.

After crossing the Trinity River into Oak Cliff, he pulls in behind a Chrysler 300 and toots the horn.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Foster bails from the prowler car. M-16 in one hand. Badge in the other.

The Chrysler's driver steps from his car. Eyes Foster's badge.

FOSTER

Tanner. Dallas Police! Undercover!
I need your car. Following a
suspect. Take mine to the downtown
station.

DRIVER

You can't—

FOSTER

(interrupts)
Come on, man! You wanna citizenship
award? A spot on the Six O'Clock
News.

DRIVER

Yes, Sir!

INT. BANK - DAY

Foster: Police windbreaker, Henning's radio SQUAWKING from his waist, mask fashioned from a sweatshirt sleeve. The rest of the shirt turned into a bag. He points to the prettiest of the TELLERS.

FOSTER

When I leave, you come with me. Dye
bombs go off, or transceivers, your
brain explodes.

He points to his radio.

FOSTER

I'm listenin' to the police.

He tosses the pretty teller his sweatshirt bag.

FOSTER

You do not want me to hear about
this robbery over the radio.

EXT. STREET - SAME**FOSTER (VO)**

Bag up the money. Fast. Don't
forget the head teller's drawer.

Twenty police cars and a swarm of OFFICERS surround the stolen police car.

The Chrysler's DRIVER comes out with hands in the air.

DRIVER

There must be some mistake. I
didn't do any—

DETECTIVES roughly throw him to the ground and cuff him.

DRIVER

I didn't do any—

One detective kicks him in his side.

INT. BANK - DAY**POLICE RADIO VOICE**

10-4, Dispatch. We need CS techs.
(background voice)
Yeah! We got the son of a bitch!

Foster nods to the MANAGER and HEAD TELLER.

FOSTER

Money safe. Now! Use your jacket as
a bag. I want the cashier's checks
and the embosser.

The prettiest teller starts to rake currency into Foster's bag.
Halts. Turns. Glares at a young male TELLER behind her. Then she
scoops bills, leaving a ...

BLOCK

... Of twenties on the counter.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT ENTRANCE - DAY

Foster steers onto the lot.

After the Chrysler disappears amongst other vehicles, four police
CRUISERS whizz by. Yelpers SCREECHING.

Seconds later, Foster exits, driving an old Ford pickup truck.

INT. FORD PICKUP - DAY

Foster: Parked. Cashier's check embosser on the seat, he leisurely cuts two checks.

MONTAGE - FOSTER'S ESCAPE

— TV News:

ANNOUNCER

... Conflicting reports. Two eye witnesses told Channel 5 News that a pair of black men assaulted the officers and took their weapons.

- Foster hands the beaming motor home owner a cashier's check.
- In a garage, Foster sets aside a pair of Wilson .45's from a workbench. Next, he grabs a Heckler & Koch 91 and a Springfield M1A. Hands the big woman a cashier's check.
- Sheila and Billy Joe view a police lineup. All black suspects.

WOMAN (VO)

You cops and yore guns! My husband wus the same damn way. Ruther shoot them damn thangs than have sex.

FOSTER (VO)

I can't imagine why.

- Foster: Driving at night. Yawning. Fighting to stay awake. Highway signs ... HICO ... LAMPASAS ... MARBLE FALLS.

BILLY JOE (VO)

I'm tellin' ya, tha one with tha bat was bigger'n all them fellers.

- Foster exits a mall. Loaded with shopping bags. Casual, middle class attire. Short hair. Clean shaven. Sunglasses.
- Foster in a gun shop. Buying holsters, magazines and ammunition.

INT. CAFÉ - EVENING

Foster: Jeans and windbreaker. At the counter. Hunched over a coffee mug and a piece of lemon meringue pie. From his expression, he could be in a five-star restaurant.

A TV hangs in a corner above the counter. Evening News.

JAKE'S BUDDY (OS)

Looky there, Jake. That's tha
bitch!

Foster looks over his shoulder.

JAKE and his BUDDY occupy a booth, Jake's buddy pointing at the
silent TV.

JAKE'S BUDDY

Bitch got tha death penalty. Shot
Bobby the night they got married.

Foster turns back, slides a well-mannered bite into his mouth.
Savors. Watches the TV.

INSERT - TV SCREEN

MEGAN GARZA. Handcuffs. Waist chain. Shackles. Jailhouse orange.
A couple of shitkicker DEPUTIES wearing white cowboy hats.

WAITRESS (OS)

Way I heard it, the new husband wus
gonna pass her around to ever'body
at the weddin' party.

JAKE'S BUDDY (OS)

Don't matter. Bitch gits married,
she does what she's told.

BACK TO SCENE

A WAITRESS stops in front of Foster.

WAITRESS

Ignore the dipshits, please. Can I
gitcha somethin' else?

Foster smiles, shakes his head, swallows, then nods at the TV.

FOSTER

Where was that story filmed?

WAITRESS

Over at the county courthouse.
Bastards shudda gave her a medal.

Foster glances up.

INSERT - TV SCREEN

His photograph flashes ... then cuts to a REPORTER. Chattering.
Holding a microphone out to Sheila.

BACK

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - WEE HOURS

Savage and Crafton in civilian attire: Jeans, boots, western shirts. Cheap western hats on the desk. Savage, scratches his crotch, then his goatee. Watches a closed-circuit monitor. Crafton uses a Buck knife to scrape dung from his boot.

SAVAGE

(whispers)

Crafton, she hung a sheet over tha bars. We run back now, we'll ketch 'er doin' 'erself.

CRAFTON

Why you whisperin'? You figger the bitch can hear you?

Crafton starts to rise. Freezes midway up.

Foster stands at the door. Ski mask. Windbreaker pulled back for easy access to the .45 on his right hip. M1A snugged to his shoulder, aimed dead at Crafton.

Foster elevates the barrel. BLASTS two rounds into the ceiling.

Savage springs to his feet, wheels. Looks down the thirty-caliber barrel.

FOSTER

(loud)

Do I have your attention?

Both deputies nod.

FOSTER

Guns on the desks. I find a backup later ... you die. Empty pockets, too. Badges, ID's. The works.

Savage empties his belt and boot holsters.

FOSTER

The girl who killed her husband.
(nods toward JAIL door)
Let's go! Move!

INT. JAIL - WEE HOURS

The lock on the corridor door CLACKS as the toilet flushes. Savage pushes the camera aside.

MEGAN (OS)

You idiots are too slow.

The sheet across the bars drops.

Megan: Orange jumpsuit. Paper slippers.

With Savage standing close, a shaky-handed Crafton unlocks the cell door. Swings it open.

Brainlock: Megan simply stares at Foster.

FOSTER

You can come out, if you want ...
but I can't keep the offer open
very long.

Megan sidles through the door, pauses before the young deputy. Grabs his shirt for leverage. Knees him in the balls.

His breath explodes. He grabs his crotch ... bends. Megan gets in his ear ... whispers.

MEGAN

Someday I'll make time for you. I
promise.

She snatches fistfuls of greasy hair. Propels him into the cell's rear wall. Rubs fingers against her palm. Makes a yucky face.

When she sidles past Crafton, she wipes her oily hands on the front of his shirt.

Crafton backs away. Until Foster's barrel touches the back of his head.

FOSTER

Inside.

EXT. BACKROAD - WEE HOURS

Megan: Rides sidesaddle on the frame bar of an English bicycle.

Foster peddles. Rifle and small pack slung over his shoulders.

MEGAN

Haven't you ever heard of getaway
cars?

FOSTER

Police own the roads. The bike doesn't make noise. Easy to haul off into the weeds when we see lights.

MEGAN

Cold as a frozen hind quarter.

FOSTER

Steer.

Foster shucks the pack and his windbreaker. Stops so she can don the jacket.

MEGAN

Do you have a name?

FOSTER

No. Call me Prester. What's yours?

MEGAN

(steps away from the bike)
Wait a minute. You break me out of jail ... without knowing my name?

FOSTER

(grins)
I do good deeds. But not often. It seemed like the right thing to do ... at the time.

MEGAN

What if I hadn't wanted to leave?

FOSTER

From what I heard two knuckle-draggers say, what I saw on TV, you didn't seem crazy. I mean, these people really were going to squirt something lethal into your arm.

MEGAN

Good point. I'm Megan Garza. My friends call me Meg. You qualify.

FOSTER

You know how to shoot?

MEGAN

Likely better than you. I grew up on a ranch. I do most of the stuff the shitheels do.

Foster stares at her. Curious.

MEGAN

I shot my first buck when I was
eleven. From four hundred yards.
And I've never owned a scope.

Foster pulls the other .45 from the holster at the small of his
back. Hands her the cocked and locked pistol and a spare
magazine.

FOSTER

One in the throat.

Megan takes the weapon, but checks the load for herself.

MEGAN

Why?

FOSTER

Let's just say, for now, that I
have an affinity for women who
refuse to be passed around to horny
cavemen.

MEGAN

What if I don't develop an affinity
for jailbreakers?

FOSTER

I didn't ask you to. Don't expect
you to.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff BOXERLIN: Sunburn red from neck to hatband level, then
fish-belly white. Blubber abulge over his shirt collar. Anger:
Blood-pressure fault lines. The brink of eruption.

Crafton and Savage sit opposite the Sheriff ... on the edges of
seats. Hang-dog. Hats in hand.

SAVAGE

But I didn't do—

BOXERLIN

Hush! 'Fore I git up from heah an' stomp a mudhole in yore ass! I got Aaron Carter breathin' down mah collar, and I ain't about to lose the next election 'cause you turdheads was tryin' to peek at a nekid whore instead a doin' yore dang jobs!

CRAFTON

Tell us what to do, Sheriff. We'll do it.

BOXERLIN

Gall-dang for sure said that right! You're gonna hunt that tail-twitchin' bitch down an' kill her. Somebody else shoots her, you gall-dang sure better be handy to git yore picture took with the body. That clear?

Savage nods.

Crafton shakes his head.

CRAFTON

I cain't work with him. He's flaky.

SAVAGE

I went through the same SWAT trainin' you did. Houston PD and at the Federal Law Enforcement College in Georgia.

BOXERLIN

Yeah, yeah, yeah, certi-fuckin'-fied badasses who let one skinny runt take you down. So pack yore suitcases an' live in 'em till you find that bitch!

SAVAGE

What about tha dude? He—

BOXERLIN

(thunders)

He don't do nuthin' for mah gall-dang campaign fund, you idiot! I don't give a shit what you do with 'im! Now, git yore goat-smellin' asses outta mah office!

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

Foster sets supermarket and shopping bags on the table, then backs away and watches while Megan paws through the bags until she finds cigarettes.

She fires a Marlboro.

MEGAN

What?

FOSTER

Just thinking that those jeans never looked that good on me.

MEGAN

Your jeans have never been on you. They're new. Your Jockey shorts, my size by the way, shirts, socks, all new.

FOSTER

I got some L'Oréal to change your hair. Eyeglasses with plain lenses. Sunglasses. Running shoes.

MEGAN

You're mighty evasive for somebody who sticks out his neck for people he doesn't know.

FOSTER

Tonight, we'll get you across the river.

MEGAN

Great. No money. No ID. How long you think I'd last?

Foster pulls a duffel from under the kitchen bench. Unzips.

Megan's breath catches. Then she sucks nicotine.

FOSTER

Take whatever you need. Whatever you want.

Megan stares at currency. Bundles.

MEGAN

Drugs. You hafta be into drugs.

Foster shakes his head. Grabs one of her Marlboros. Sticks it into his mouth, but doesn't light up.

FOSTER

You should be able to buy an ID in Matamoros.

MEGAN

When was the last time you were in a Mexican border town?

FOSTER

Never been in one.

MEGAN

They're war zones. I wouldn't last two hours.

FOSTER

Look, I broke you out on impulse. I'm on a fast track with a real tight schedule. I don't have time—

MEGAN

(interrupts)

Could be interesting ... especially since there are no signs of alcohol here, or drugs ... or women.

FOSTER

I'm either going to get rich ... or die tryin'. Extremes, Megan. No middle ground.

She snicks a lighter to fire his smoke.

MEGAN

Sounds to me like you need somebody to watch your back.

She stares at him. Steps closer. No come-on. Simple, aggressive anger.

MEGAN

I have nothing to go back to ... nothing to lose.

Foster sucks smoke, gazes into her eyes. Impulse.

FOSTER

My name's Foster John. Get ready. After dark, we're going to shop for transportation. Corpus Christi.

INT. BAR - DAY

JABBER, a red-headed giant, HACK, BEAR and NATE guzzle beer in a corner booth. BEANIE occupies a chair in the aisle.

JABBER

Money's hard ta come by, but if one of us could git over tha border an' score some brown, we could trade it fer meth.

Jabber studies his companions.

BEANIE

(shakes his head)

Ain't none of us gonna cross that river w'thout gittin' snatched up comin' back.

(looks about, whispers)

I say we phony up some heroin. Catch Cisco when he's alone, an' trade it to him.

HACK

Beanie's right. That greaseball's scared to death of heroin. Ain't about to test nothin' hisself.

Jabber wipes at his nose, downs about half a bottle, and listens.

Bear speaks up.

BEAR

Hack, you an' Beanie been sniffin' glue ag'in? You fuckers fergit how many people that Mes'can's cut up in the last couple years? He ain't cuttin' on this bear 'cause I ain't gittin' crossways with 'im.

JABBER

Bear, you an' Nate could cross the river out in tha middle of nowher'. Take Nate's dirt bike over. Buy about a grand's worth an' hustle on back.

Bear looks to Nate.

NATE

And jus' where do you plan to rustle up a thousand dollars?

INT. AMG MERCEDES - DAY

Megan: Dark auburn hair. Short hair. Huge sunglasses. She drives.
Foster keeps looking out through the tinted windows.

FOSTER

So, I'm on Day Three Outside.
Sleeping when I can. Nine days. If
I don't show in Ciudad Camargo by
then, Alcaraz will get to thinking
about how much I might know, maybe
change his MO.

MEGAN

How much ... money?

FOSTER

Millions. Dope comes north. Cash
goes south. Humongous quantities of
both. I don't know where, but I've
got the name of a man who used to
bodyguard Alcaraz. He knows the
name of the DEA agent who runs the
money south.

MEGAN

(looking to the mirror)
Shit! Highway Patrol.

FOSTER

Damnit! What the hell did we do
wrong? Buckle down.

Mars lights flash in Megan's mirror. She pulls to the roadside.
Foster watches until the cruiser has almost stopped.

EXT. U.S. HIGHWAY 77, SOUTH - CONTINUOUS**FOSTER (VO)**

When I tell you, slam into reverse
gear and floor it.

The cruiser stays two car-lengths behind the AMG.

FOSTER (VO)

Now!

No hesitation. The AMG's rear wheels lay black streaks of smoking
rubber. The crash buckles the German machine's quarter panels.

FOSTER (VO)

Stop!

Foster bails out, .45 in hand, he sprints to the driver's door.

Forehead gashed and bleeding, the COP lies across the seat. Out cold.

Foster races back to the AMG.

EXT. FARM ROAD - DAY

The Mercedes tears down the two-lane blacktop. Past an abandoned farm. A long stack of baled hay. Covered with a plastic tarpaulin. Near the road.

FOSTER (VO)

Stop. Turn around.

EXT. FARM - DAY

AMG parked at the end of the hay stack. Megan and Foster hurriedly stack bales over the car.

Foster pulls the black tarp over the new extension.

MEGAN

I wish we had your rifles. Since we don't, you better have another good idea or two.

FOSTER

(points)

We'll hole up down on that creek, then head back to Corpus Christi after dark.

EXT. CREEK BED - EVENING

Foster laces ferns into willow branches, then has Megan sit under the tree while he sprints to higher ground to check his work.

FOSTER

We're good. They won't see us from the air.

When Foster crawls under the shelter, Megan sits, legs pulled up, arms folded under her breasts.

MEGAN

Is it okay to be scared shitless now?

FOSTER

(smiles)

Yeah. I've been scared since I left prison.

Megan stares at him, until tears erupt.

MEGAN

I thought they were going to kill me.

FOSTER

They were. That's what they do.

Foster scoots around behind her, pulls her back into his arms.

FOSTER

Easy. I'm one of those men who really likes women. I'm not going to hurt you.

Megan leans back. Shuts her eyes.

MEGAN

Tell me. Talk.

FOSTER

I've been a thief most of my life. Trying to be slick. Avoid being arrested. But I got arrested anyway, usually for shit that had nothing to do with stealing.

Megan wraps her arms over his.

FOSTER

Last time, I went to prison for assault. I beat up a clod on federal property. Should've killed him.

Megan fires a cigarette, passes it back to him.

FOSTER

Think-tank time. I made up my mind that I was goin' hard. Take what I want, then run to someplace where the people aren't so soft and timid.

MEGAN

Any particular place in mind?

FOSTER

Siberia. The Taiga. People there see cops for what they are. Thugs.

MEGAN

So you're trying to out thug the thugs?

FOSTER

Yeah. Kinda lame of me ... when you put it that way, but that's exactly what I'm doing.

Megan fires another cigarette for herself.

FOSTER

So bottom line is this, Megan; save your crying until the job's done. Then you can let it all hang out without endangering yourself.

MEGAN

Or you, huh? I—

The sounds of helicopter rotors stifle talk.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- 1) EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY: Megan meets Foster as he exits a graphic arts store carrying a big case.
- 2) EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY: Foster, still packing the supply case, strolls down a lane with Megan. When they reach law enforcement cars, she begins jotting down U.S. Government license numbers.
- 3) EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY: Megan on point while Foster slim jims his way into a white, four-door Ford.
- 4) EXT. STREET - DAY: Outside a welder's shop, Megan leans against a parking meter. Waiting. Watching the door.
- 5) EXT. POLICE SUPPLY STORE - DAY: Foster exits to find Megan waiting. He hands her a sack and keeps one.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

Foster grabs his sack, turns from the cashier to leave, but a television catches his attention.

INSERT - BOXERLIN ON SCREEN**BOXERLIN**

I don't believe there's any danger
... locally. Garza and her
accomplice are no doubt fleein' to
Mexico.

(shuffles papers)

I want to assure you that no effort
will be spared until Megan Garza is
back behind bars ... where she
belongs.

Telephone numbers appear on screen.

BOXERLIN

I assigned my two best
investigators to the case. The
phone numbers you see will be
staffed 24/7. Deputies takin' your
calls can reach the investigators
in seconds.

(lays papers aside)

Nobody's goin' to rest. Nobody's
goin' to worry over budget
restrictions. None of that stuff.
I'll see Megan Garza back in my
jail or die tryin'..

BACK

EXT. CAMPGROUND - DAY

Foster parks the white sedan next to the motor home. He and Megan
climb out. She walks around the Ford. Slowly shaking her head all
the way.

The Ford sports U.S. Government license plates. A blue emergency
light on the dash. Security cage separates the front and the rear
seats. Radio antennas.

Megan's dark blue U.S. Marshals windbreaker is opened in front.
Badge on one side of her belt buckle. Cuffs on the other.

MEGAN

I can't believe we're doing this.

FOSTER

You don't want to be hassled in a
police state, you become a cop.

MEGAN

Cops have beer and pizza guts. We don't.

FOSTER

Smoke more. They'll think you have cancer.

MEGAN

What now?

FOSTER

We eat. We get to work.

MEGAN

Beer and pizza?

FOSTER

(grins)

I only drink non-alcoholic beer.

Megan teasingly smirks.

MEGAN

Sissy.

INT. FORD - DAY

Megan drives. Foster looks out: way ahead to the causeway leading to South Padre Island.

FOSTER

Stop. Shit! Go back to the campground.

MEGAN

Why?

FOSTER

We can't go over there. We catch heat on that island ... we are cooked. No way off.

MEGAN

You know, Foster, I kinda like being proactive ... as opposed to waiting for some clod to do something bad to me.

She turns ... winks at him.

MEGAN

So, unless you want to fight, we
are crossin' that bridge.

Silence stretches.

MEGAN

What?

FOSTER

Just wondering why women like you
are so hard to meet.

Megan smiles as she steers onto the 101 Causeway.

FOSTER

You gonna go ballistic if I try to
seduce you later?

MEGAN

(chuckles)

I've been wondering what took you
so long, and I may get mad if you
don't. Ballistic is for sex. Jail
cells are mighty rough on a girl's
hormones.

Megan checks the traffic behind them. Then she grins at Foster.

MEGAN

SEDUCE? Really? You know how to do
that stuff?

FOSTER

Old time romantic. I don't do
HOOKING UP.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

As Foster exits a condo, Megan climbs from the car. Positions the
H&K 91 across the front seat. Scans the terrain. Casually, she
steps to the rear. Opens the trunk. Checks the M1A on the carpet.

FOSTER

We're cool. He moved. The marina
closest to the causeway in Port
Isabel. A houseboat named Floatin'
Turd.

MEGAN

Oh, great. This drugstore cowboy
has to be a true winner.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Rusty, decrepit and listing, the houseboat rocks in the water.

Megan stands on the dock, eyeing a toilet tank float imaginative hands turned into a copper flower pot; it holds some kind of cactus and hangs from a chain beside the door.

On the opposite side, a porcelain toilet tank lid with the name "Floatin' Turd" in brown script.

Noises from inside: Glass SHATTERS; furniture CRASHES.

Megan reaches for her pistol. Changes her mind.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY

Copper pot dangling from the right hand, Megan steps inside as ...

FOSTER

... Skids across a dirty linoleum floor.

Jabber follows.

Megan swings. Misses. Momentum turns her. Too far. She catches a backhand in the back of her head.

Foster springs up. Wheels. Wades in. Collects two gut punches. Folds. Like a wallet.

Tomboy aim and grit. From behind, Megan kicks. Her instep connects.

Breath explodes. Jabber grabs his crotch. Twists toward Megan.

She swings again. The ...

POT

... Crashes into the goateed man's ear. He wilts in his tracks.

Foster groans. He bleeds from his nose and rapidly blinks, plainly trying to defog his brain.

Megan helps him rise to a sitting position.

FOSTER

(agasp)

Hope ... you didn't ... kill him.
I could've ... handled him.

MEGAN

Sure, you could. Great job ... you were doin'. Look at me.

She slowly waves a finger before his face. Side to side.

MEGAN

You're okay, but we do a reality check this instant:

(points to Jabber)

He's about six/five, around three hundred pounds, and on your best day, you won't handle that much beef.

Jabber groans, starts to rise.

Megan kicks him in the face. Squats. Sits on his chest. Rests the barrel of her .45 right on his moustache ... and drops the SAFETY.

MEGAN

You wanna die?

No verbal answer. Blue eyes go wide.

MEGAN

That's what I thought. Name?

JABBER

John Morris.

Megan slides the barrel up. Presses the end of his nose.

JABBER

Jabber. Jabber Yoakum.

MEGAN

Well, Jabber Yoakum, my friend has questions. Every time you refuse to answer, I'm gonna shoot you ... some place that isn't vital, but I promise to ruin a tattoo. Every time.

Megan rises, backs away, then looks to find Foster staring at her ... dumbfounded.

FOSTER

You—

MEGAN

I told you ... I grew up with them. We should've bought tasers.

FOSTER

(to Jabber)

The DEA agent who delivers the weekly take to Alcaraz ... his name?

Jabber bursts in laughter. He points a finger at Foster. Hoots. Starts to say something. Howls. Finally, he breaks into a fit of giggles.

Then he snorts and snuggles, swipes at an itchy nose with one hand, then the other ... the spastic motions of a meth head.

JABBER

Been waitin' on you. Not you in particular, jus' somebody comin' ta take down Alcaraz's money.

Megan aims at Jabber's knee.

JABBER

(to Megan)

I'm either in, 'r you can go on an' dust my ass now.

He looks to Foster ... calculating ... then back to Megan, and back to Foster ... and suddenly seems sly and smug.

JABBER

Betcha'll didn't aim ta kill me, huh? Prob'ly got some place fixed up to hol' a hostage fer a few weeks.

FOSTER

And, what's wrong with that?

JABBER

Screamin', soft-ass amateurs! You got any idea how many people Alcaraz is gonna throw at you? Mes'c'ns? Border Patrol? DEA? Local Po-lice?

MEGAN

(to Foster)

Bring in the duct tape.

FOSTER

(to Jabber)

Tell me why you're worth all the trouble.

JABBER

I couldn't proposition any of tha local gunslingers. Somebody mightta talked.

FOSTER

You can do better than that.

JABBER

You gotta kill the DEA honcho ... an' I got tha perfect place ta dump tha body.

FOSTER

There's a whole goddamn ocean out there where I can dump a goddamn body. Yours ... for instance.

JABBER

See? That's how much you know.

MEGAN

Strange boats get stopped goin' out. Big boats. Little boats. A damned row boat. The federales keep more boats here than the damn Navy.

JABBER

I'm in, 'r you git nuthin'.

MEGAN

(to Jabber)

You ever been on a ranch during branding season? Or when they cut bull calves? I can make you sing and dance "Tiptoe Through The Tulips" if I decide to. Give you a lisp Liberace would've envied.

Jabber cuts his eyes at Foster ... clearly not so sure of himself.

FOSTER

(to Megan)

We might be able to use him.

JABBER

Full partner, 'r nuthin'. Fifty-fifty.

FOSTER

She gets a third. You get a third.

JABBER

Nobody gives a damn bi—

Megan snatches a fistful of scrotum.

JABBER

Yow-ow!

She slaps him across the jaw with her pistol.

His head twists so fast, his mashed ear splatters blood on her shirt.

Jabber looks to Foster. A silent plea.

FOSTER

We have an agreement?

EXT. U.S. HIGHWAY 83 - DAY

The white Ford rolls west.

JABBER (VO)

This sucks! I done ripped out more o' them s'curity screens than you been in po-lice cars.

MEGAN (VO)

We should've bought a big orange jumpsuit. Made this look real. We also need GPS units, in case we get split up.

JABBER (VO)

Nasty-tempered bitch, ain't ya? I done figgered out who you are. Didja know Bobby Carter's daddy posted a hunnert thousand dollar reward f'r your ass?

FOSTER (VO)

You looking to collect, Jabber?

JABBER (VO)

Not me. That reward's peanuts.

MEGAN (VO)

Bobby was nasty-tempered. Look where it got him. You might benefit by remembering that.

JABBER (VO)

I—

MEGAN (VO)

And I don't do the bitch trip. So
save the video-slash-junkie talk
for the juveniles.

EXT. FARM ROAD - DAY

A sign: TEXAS FARM ROAD 2098.

EXT. DIRT TRACK, WOODS - DAY

Jabber, Megan and Foster stand on the dirt road. A few feet away,
the SAND glistens. Wet. Surface perfectly flat.

Jabber tosses out a flat rock; it plops, then slowly sinks from
sight.

MEGAN

I didn't know there was quicksand
in Texas.

FOSTER

On the Red River. Dam any river to
create a lake, you increase
pressure underground. Water bubbles
up. If the surface is sand, you get
this.

JABBER

We checked 'er out once ... nearly
a hunnert feet deep.

MEGAN

(to Foster)
Where'd you learn that?

JABBER

Jail, prob'ly. He looks like one o'
them readers. Prob'ly scared ta go
out on tha yard with tha big boys.

Foster simply sighs.

Megan backs away, palms her .45.

MEGAN

(to Foster)
I really can make this ape talk....
And this is a convenient place to
dump the leftovers.

FOSTER

We made an agreement.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Foster and Jabber: Foster circles the car, waits as the big man climbs out.

JABBER

See ya in tha—

FOSTER

(barely above a whisper)
You have any thoughts about me and
prison, you keep them to yourself.

Jabber looks surprised.

FOSTER

You're a greasy slob of a citizen
who got caught up in crime because
he's weak and wants to get high.
I'm here because this is what I do.

JABBER

You think—

FOSTER

(steps closer)
If I ever point a gun at you, I
will pull the trigger. Do your job.
We take this money. Three-way
split. That's all. You won't
survive anything else.

Disdainful, Foster recircles the car. Climbs in beside Megan, who stares at Jabber through the windshield.

Open-mouthed, Jabber watches the Ford reverse, then burn rubber. He slips a cell phone from his pocket. Thumbs a number.

INT. FORD - NIGHT

Megan steers to a curb. Nudges the selector into Park. She twists. Faces Foster.

MEGAN

You'll be around for a while,
right?

FOSTER

That's not up to me.... Like I—

She shifts her butt onto the console. Leans over. Pulls him to her. Kisses him long and hard and tightly holds on.

Up for air ... smiles, and leans in for a quick kiss. Then she settles back behind the wheel.

FOSTER

So much for me seducing you.

MEGAN

(grins, sultry)
Wanna call this off?

EXT. CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

The Ford's skid kicks up dust.

Megan and Foster tumble out. Dash to the door. She keys the lock. He opens the door.

INT. MOTOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

Foster pulls Megan inside.

Before the door swings closed, she's in his arms.

They stumble. Try to tear each other's clothes free with lips locked. Frantic. She pulls him to the floor.

INT. NATE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

A huge Confederate Flag sags from one living room wall. Other walls hold anti-government posters, deer heads, and stuffed fish and a raccoon skin.

Hack salutes the walls with a long-neck Bud as he dodges clutter. He plops to a sofa, next to a splay-legged Bear.

At the dinette, Jabber hunches over a map. Across the table, Nate picks at the label on his Bud bottle.

Hyper and twitchy, Hack switches on the TV. Nothing.

HACK

(to no one)
This thang busted, 'r what?

Jabber smooths wrinkles in the map.

NATE

Nah. It ain't broke.

JABBER

This is ever'thang we been talkin' about since grade school. Score of a lifetime.

Hack whacks the TV with the flat of his right hand. On his forearm, a huge U.S. Navy tattoo.

NATE

About time we git our shot.

Mouth sucking beer bottle, Bear tilts back his trucker cap, then massages his neck.

JABBER

Yer damn right.

BEAR

Hey. If we gonna cross tha river ta score some smack, how's about gittin' some seen-yerita tail while we're at it?

Jabber raps the tables with his knuckles.

JABBER

Goddamn it! You didn' hear nuthin' I jis' said? We ain't sellin' no her-o-in. Big dummy.

BEAR

Ain't no fair callin' me dummy.

JABBER

You're right.... Ain't your fault yer dysfunctional mama fed you tainted milk.

(glowers at all three)

Now, listen: When this skinny weasel is dealin' with Mes'c'ns an' cops, we gon' take his ass down. No muss. No fuss. Him an' the bitch git the blame. We git tha money.

Hack scowls at the TV. Steps back ...

NATE (OS)

Yew reckon them Mesic'ns gonna let four white boys sashay in an' lift their goods? No way. They got more guns than—

JABBER (OS)

We gonna bring Beanie. That's five.
Hack's daddy's got plenty o' guns.

... Pulls a long-barreled Colt Python from his waistband.
Triggers several rounds into the television set.

Jabber jumps up. Knocks his chair over.

JABBER

(yells)
Put that damn thang away. What's
yer damn problem?

HACK

Goddamn TV's broke. I'm gonna miss
Sons of Anarchy.

NATE

Now it ain't comin' on at all. An'
you're boostin' me a new set.

Jabber watches, expression shifting from befuddlement to
disbelief, and back.

Bear pushes himself up, rights his cap.

BEAR

(to Hack)
I got some pills that'd help your
anger management problem.

Jabber points to the map.

JABBER

It ain't anger issues. He's got a
brain management problem. Now, git
your asses over heah so I can show
you idiots what's goin' on.

INT. MOTOR HOME - NIGHT

Foster shudders. Then Megan. Sweat. Silence, but for the gasping.
Lovers spent. For now.

Megan wobbles to her feet. Grins. Then she pulls Foster up.

MEGAN

Next time we experiment in bed.
Until I find out if this is a dream
or real.

FOSTER

Real. No way could I ache this much
in a dream ... and the only way
you'll get rid of me is with a
shotgun.

LATER - NIGHT

Wearing only jockey briefs, Foster lies face down on the bed. In jeans and t-shirt, Megan sits on his butt, gently working a white cream into bruised muscles.

FOSTER

(sucks air)
Damn ... that hurts.

The left shoulder and the area over the right kidney are massively bruised.

MEGAN

No blood in your urine?

FOSTER

Kinda late to be thinking about
that, but no.

MEGAN

(smiles)
Good. I figured the seduction you
mentioned was gonna get put on
hold, so I took drastic measures.

FOSTER

Drastic ... or desperate.

Megan grins, bends and kisses the back of his neck.

MEGAN

My knight in skinned-up armor.
There's hope for you yet.... Nice
butt.... Roll over.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

Just beyond the motor home's rear door, TROY (20s) sits under an opened window. He grins, fondles his left-lobe earring.

MEGAN (VO)

I know three ranch hands who've
been in prison. They all have
tattoos. Why don't you have any?

FOSTER (VO)

Cops notice tattoos. We really don't need more police attention.

MEGAN (VO)

We. You said we. I think I like that.

Troy squints at his tattooed arms. Silently rises. Tiptoes away.

INT. MOTOR HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Foster again lies on his belly with Megan kneading bruised muscles.

FOSTER

Do you know where all this fascination with butts comes from ... for men and women ... where our idea of that beauty originates?

MEGAN

I'm afraid to ask.

FOSTER

Butts are water carriers. People with flat butts died on long, dry treks through wild country.

MEGAN

Survival traits became objects of beauty.

(pinches his butt)

You must be some survivor.

FOSTER

You aren't doing so bad, either. And we're in for a rough trip.

MEGAN

A long or short one?

FOSTER

If it's short, we won't have to worry about water.

MEGAN

Or anything else.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Trash. Old bicycles. Wagons. Discarded toys. Oil. Grit. An ancient Ford pickup on concrete blocks near a once-white shack.

Troy on a swing seat, arms looped around rusty chains, beer can between his legs.

TROY

I'm tellin' ya'll tha truth. It's that Garza bitch. For sure.

He gulps beer, then eyes his cohorts, LARRY, ELTON and MIKE. Beer guts. Tattoos. Stained t-shirts. Western and motorcycle boots.

TROY

Twenny-five grand a piece. A fair night's work.

ELTON

I ain't doubtin' yore words, Troy, but how come—

MIKE

I'm with Elton. Why cain't we jes' call the po-leece?

LARRY

Up close an' personal, I heah that bitch is real good to look at.

TROY

My man!

(looks to the others)

As usual, Larry gits right to tha nitty-gritty. I figgered we'd take tha bitch out to Mike's digs. Have some fun.

MIKE

I'd warsh sheets for somma that!

Troy's WIFE exits the rear door, heads to the sagging clothes lines carrying a basket of wet laundry.

TROY

Gitcher ass back in tha house! We talkin' bidness out heah! An' keep them damn kids inside!

The woman scuttles back through the door.

TROY

Ain't nobody gonna complain if she's a little banged up.

ELTON

We ain't—

TROY

Banged ... git it?

Troy hoots at his own wordplay.

ELTON

We ain't cops. Thet gal killed her ol' man, an' the dude with her is the he-goat thet took 'er outta jail.

MIKE

Yeah. We ain't nowher's near qualified for this shit.

LARRY

Bull slobber! I seen DOG on TV! An' SWAT COPS! That takedown crap ain't rocket science. We c'n handle it. Easy.

TROY

Free money an' a hottie! Ain't nuthin' for a bunch of steppers!

MONTAGE - A GROWING LOVE AFFAIR AND PREPARATIONS

- Foster sits on the tiny table beside the sink. Megan stands between his legs, gently raking a safety razor over his face.
- On a parking lot outside a Radio Shack, Megan instructs Foster on GPS use.

JABBER (VO)

Anyhow, Alcaraz's brother eased me out when the jefe went down for bitch slappin' that fed.

- In a dusty pickup, Troy and Larry cruise through the campground.

JABBER (VO)

Alcaraz likes gringos that don'
 speak Mes'c'n. They cain't
 unnerstan' much o' what they hear,
 an' his Mes'c'ns don' talk gringo.

- Elton and Mike roll by Foster's motor home in a junkyard Camaro.

JABBER (VO)

DEA dude always talked English, but
 I seen 'im talkin' ta folks that
 don' speak Americ'n ... nary a
 word.

- Foster standing in the background, silently shaking his head as Jabber selects a Beretta 9mm and pump shotgun from a car-trunk display.

JABBER (VO)

Rough times. I got no money to buy
 guns with.

- Some kind of federal COP waves as the stolen Ford rolls down a parking lot aisle.

FOSTER (VO)

One of the boys. Upstanding members
 of Club Cop.

JABBER (VO)

Parkin' spot's empty. Fedderman
 could be anywher', drivin'
 anythin'. He don' report in ever'
 few hours like mos' feds.

- On a farm road, the Ford cruises past an old, neatly-kept frame house.

JABBER (VO)

Ain't nuthin' but hay fields back
 yonder. Easy ta come up through tha
 grass at night.

EXT. HAY MEADOW - NIGHT

Lights burn in the frame house. The kitchen. Two people.
 FEDDERMAN (50s) and CINDY AGUIRRE (15).

Foster, Megan and Jabber sit in knee-high grass.

FOSTER

Who's the girl?

JABBER

Don' know. Junior high school gash,
I reckon. Fedderman's partial ta
young Mes'c'ns.

MEGAN

I thought he'd be rich. A part-time
ranch hand could afford this dump.

JABBER

Way I hear it, he's real careful.
Movin' to Austria when he retires.
So I hear. I'll take tha gal ...
little light recreation.

Megan fondles her pistol. Expels exasperated air.

MEGAN

She's a child, you im—

FOSTER

We scare the kid off, then take
him.

JABBER

Fuckin' do-gooder citizens!

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Fedderman parts a curtain. He and Cindy peer out.

Way down the road, a blue emergency LIGHT blinks.

CINDY

Vale más irme. Dame poco
cristál.

ENGLISH SUPER

I better go. Gimme some
blow.

FEDDERMAN

Tú sabes donde está. Dejame
poco.

ENGLISH SUPER

You know where it is.
Leave me some.

Seconds later, the door bangs shut.

Fedderman watches the girl scurry to a bike. Race away from the
blue light. He straightens. Turns to find ...

FOSTER

... Standing six feet away, turned sideways, .45 pointed at his
heart.

Fedderman reflexively reaches for a pistol. No holster attached
to his boxer shorts.

FOSTER

Kinda hard to play with children
and guns at the same time.

As though to deflect bullets, Fedderman holds up his hands.

FEDDERMAN

Now, wait a minute. Do you know who
I am?

FOSTER

Somebody with the last name
Molester?

FEDDERMAN

Easy. I'm DEA. Pull that trigger,
you got no idea how hard this
government will go to kill your
ass. Besides, she's fifteen an'
willin'.

FOSTER

Would her father think so?

FEDDERMAN

Jesus Christ! Aguirre sent you!
Look! Look, we can make this right.
Between you an' me. I got money. I
got ... oh, please. God ... don't
kill me!

FOSTER

Money?

FEDDERMAN

Yeah! Coupla million. In Panama.
Numbered accounts. Can be
transferred by phone. All you need
is my codes. All yours.

Foster shakes his head, but appears to be thinking.

FEDDERMAN

I'll write it all down. Disappear.
I promise. Aguirre'll never know.

FOSTER

Write. My partner will check this
in the morning. Everything's as you
say, I leave. I'll tell Aguirre you
skipped before I got here.

EXT. FRAME HOUSE - NIGHT

Still in boxer shorts, a sweating Fedderman stumbles out his front door, Foster prodding him from behind.

Megan parks the Ford. She and Jabber exit as Fedderman steps off his porch.

FEDDERMAN

(to Jabber)

You. Moron! Where do you think you can hide? Alcaraz will—

Foster raises the .45 barrel to the back of the DEA agent's head. POPS a round.

BLOOD sprays over a swath of lawn.

Fedderman drops.

Foster holsters the piece. Plucks orange plugs from his ears.

Jabber gapes at him.

MEGAN

(to Jabber)

Seeing is different, huh?

FOSTER

(to Jabber)

So now you know. Shut the fly trap.

(to Megan)

Open the trunk.

(to Jabber)

Dump him inside.

Foster pulls a garbage bag from a hip pocket. Slips it over Fedderman's head.

When Jabber closes the deck lid, Megan pulls the car behind the house.

JABBER

Kinda sudden, doncha think?

FOSTER

Answering machine's on. Message says he's outta town for a few days. I got all the info we need ... and I know they don't do last minute calls.

Foster pulls a water hose from a flowerbed. Turns on the faucet. Sprays the bloody grass.

JABBER

(posturing)
 'Bout goddamn tired o' yore
 attitude, hoss. Wuddn'na been no
 skin off your nose; you couldda let
 me have the girl.

FOSTER

I'm not a slaver; so she wasn't
 mine to give. And why? You don't
 even like girls ... or women.

JABBER

(hand to pistol butt)
 You callin' me a fag!

FOSTER

Careful. People die here.

JABBER

Answer my goddamn question!

FOSTER

You claim to like women, but you
 don't. You like pussy ... which is
 a different thing.

Foster bends, retrieves the .45 case. Washes the brass.

FOSTER

Because you like pussy rather than
 women, your only sexual experience
 is limited to hookers, or women who
 hang around you because you get
 them high.

JABBER

You ain't—

Foster studies the case. Stuffs into a pocket.

FOSTER

Shut up. You might learn something.

He notices Megan, who stands at the corner of the house ... hand
 on her pistol. Watching. Listening.

FOSTER

Those kinds of women like neither
 men nor sex. They like money and
 dope ... which are different
 things. To obtain either, they'll
 fake just about anything, tell you
 anything they think you wanna hear.

MEGAN (OS)

You're the john.

FOSTER

(grins)

Your pretty goatee and moustache
and your pierced ears tell me that
you embrace this immature bullshit,
in an effort to seem cool ...

Foster bends for a closer look at the grass. Sprays more water.

FOSTER

... Because some fashion designer
has convinced you that those
affectations are cool ... a
designer, by the way, who doesn't
like women either ... for different
reasons.

He returns to the flower bed. Shuts off the water.

Megan broadly smiles.

FOSTER

You try to look cool for your
buddies ... not for women. For your
pals ... so you can sit around,
guzzle beer, shoot meth and grunt
and fart at each other ...

Foster carefully re-rolls the hose. Exactly as he found it.

FOSTER

... And pretend to be cool while
you gab about GITTIN' pussy, or
GITTIN' money so you can go git
pussy. So, what does that make you?

JABBER

Huh?

FOSTER

Probably an arrested fifteen year-
old in an adult's body ... one who
deserves nothing better than
hookers.

Megan lets out a long sigh, as though she'd been holding her
breath.

MEGAN

(chuckles)

Where have you been all my life?

FOSTER

In jail ... most likely.

JABBER

Shoulda fuckin' stayed there.

FOSTER

No way to talk, Jabber, especially since I picked us up another couple of million dollars tonight. We get that, even if we screw up the other score.

JABBER

How'd you do—

FOSTER

Not now. We have work to do. Don't leave a print inside. We want to pack everything this kiddie-banger might take on a business trip.

Foster: Two steps toward the house. Stops. Thumps his forehead with the heel of his hand.

FOSTER

(to Jabber)

Check the garage. His car. Rope, or wire. Fifty feet. Coupla shovels.

EXT. RADIO SHACK - DAY

Savage and Crafton don hats as they exit the store, guns barely concealed, both looking like clodhopper cops.

Savage stuffs photographs into his shirt pocket, then pulls on wraparound sunglasses with lime green frames.

SAVAGE

Well, we ain't far b'hind 'em now.

CRAFTON

Not far enough ... anyways.

SAVAGE

Cool it. Gonna be a different story when he don't have the drop on us.

CRAFTON

We better worry about Garza.

SAVAGE

I ain't gonna worry. What I'm gonna
do is shoot that bitch fulla holes,
then butt fuck 'er b'fore she dies.

EXT. DIRT TRACK, WOODS - DAY

Jabber holds Fedderman upright While Foster, stripped down to jockey briefs, belts the body to the passenger seat of a silver Ford Taurus.

Foster backs out. Shuts the door. Looks up.

Megan straddles a thick branch. Twenty feet above the ground. Keeping watch.

MEGAN

We're good. Nothing moving anywhere
... but I still don't like this.
Should've stayed out of sight until
dark.

Jabber grabs an ax. Then, he steps to the stolen Ford.

FOSTER

You think I like it? Day or night?

On the right side of the Taurus, Jabber swings the ax. Once. A second time. Holes in the roof. Behind Fedderman. Then two more in the trunk lid.

JABBER

Ready when you are.

Foster stares at him. Then at the ax work.

JABBER

Air holes. So it sinks.

FOSTER

Good thinking.

Foster climbs into the Taurus. Starts the engine. He backs down the road a hundred yards.

Shifts gears, guns the engine. Forward. The Ford sails over the edge of the sand pit. A dozen feet. Dives into the sand.

Foster crawls out the window. Hangs on to the rain gutter. By his fingertips. Waits. Looks to Jabber.

Jabber shakes out a length of rope. Grins at Foster.

JABBER

Might be a good time ta teach you a lesson 'r two. You reckon?

FOSTER

I die here, Doofus, you're out a lot of money.

JABBER

Satisfaction. I'd git yore gal to boot. That might be worth it.

A .45 barrel touches Jabber's neck. A ...

THUMB

... Levers down the Safety ... a quiet SNICK.

MEGAN

Dumb, Jabber. You're a jackass. Don't you realize that you're the one who's no longer needed?

EXT. CAMPGROUND - DAY

Megan and Jabber following, Foster extends his key to unlock the door.

FOSTER

Trap! Trap! Down!

He releases the key, throws himself backward. Grabs a fistful of Megan's windbreaker. Drags her down as he draws the .45 with his other hand.

A shotgun BLASTS and ...

BUCKSHOT

... Rips a jagged hole through the center of the door.

Jabber sprints back to the car.

On the ground, Foster and Megan empty .45's into the door and the panels to each side.

INT. MOTOR HOME - SIMULTANEOUS

Larry and Elton: Pinned to each other and the breakfast table. Death dance. .45 slugs pound their bodies.

Mike: No effort to use the scoped deer rifle in his hands. He watches. Mouth open. Horrified.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - CONTINUOUS

Mike bursts out the rear door. Carrying the rifle waist high, he runs.

Jabber triggers a 12 gauge round.

Buckshot slams into the rifle ...

SCOPE

... Propels tube debris and alcohol into Mike's gut.

Megan and Foster reload. She covers. He races to the car trunk.

Troy pops up. Packing a goose gun. Hauling ass.

Megan opens fire first. Then Jabber and Foster join in.

Troy skids to pavement on his nose.

Back to the motor home, Megan searches for another target.

Foster, likewise, but he turns full circle with the M1A.

FOSTER

(points to Megan)

Money! Backpacks!

She cautiously sticks her head inside, then dashes through the door.

FOSTER

(to Jabber)

Back seat! Tear out the screen!

Foster hauls rifles to the front. Climbs into the driver's seat. Fiddles with pen and paper.

Troy rolls over. Groans. Blinks and squints into the sunlight.

EXT. POST OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY

Foster slings the Ford into a space. White Fords to either side. Government license plates. Security screens. Blue dash lights. Radio antennas.

Foster leans forward, rests his head on the steering wheel.

Megan and Jabber climb out. Foster follows.

FOSTER

(to Jabber)

Leave the guns. You're clean. Go home.

JABBER

But—

MEGAN

I'm not going to jail. Walk away! While you can.

Jabber studies Megan's face a long time, then tosses the Beretta inside.

FOSTER

Your place. Stay there. We'll meet you. After we shake the cops.

JABBER

(smiles)

You ain't gon' leave me hangin', are you? I jus' earned a straight answer.

FOSTER

(nods)

Damn right, you did.

(hands Jabber a paper)

If we don't make it, the transfer is Wednesday night. Thursday at first light, according to Fedderman. At those coordinates.

MEGAN

Do some research while you wait. That will save time later.

Megan hands Jabber a wad of cash.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A Chevy sedan slides around a corner. Accelerates thirty yards. Parked cars on both sides. Tires SMOKE and SQUAWL. The car slews sidewise. Stops. Blocks the narrow lane.

Foster and Megan bail out. He takes the trunk. She, the hood. Rifles.

A police cruiser rounds the corner. Into a veritable storm of lead. The prowler car crashes into a parked pickup truck.

Two fat COPS scramble out. Low. No attempt to return fire. Past the parked cars, they break into the open. Run.

A Ford slews around the corner. Brakes and slides to avoid crashing into the abandoned police car.

The Ford's windshield shatters.

Savage and Crafton scuttle out the driver's door, and down, backs to wheels. Guns out. Watch the fat cops run.

CRAFTON

Why don't you git up and shoot?

SAVAGE

Why don't you?

EXT. LIVESTOCK AUCTION - NIGHT

The VOICE of an auctioneer in the distance.

MEGAN (OS)

(whispers)

If we keep this up, we'll die.

Spotlights aflash overhead. The WHOP-WHOP of several helicopters.

FOSTER (OS)

(whispers)

I know.

Police yelpers.

MEGAN (OS)

(whispers)

I'm scared, Foster. And I'm tired.

COPS with flashlights. Checking parked cars, trucks and trailers.

FOSTER (OS)

I know. Adrenalin does that. When you come down. We need oxygen. A boost.

MEGAN (OS)

(whispers)

I have an idea.

FOSTER (OS)

(whispers)

Me, too. Look across the road.

DANGER signs. Chainlink enclosure. Huge electrical transformers.

The H&K and M1A open FIRE in unison.

INSULATORS disintegrate. WIRES pop. CABLES unravel. Electrical sparks fly. And ...

OIL

... Spurts onto concrete. Multiple holes. Every transformer. The ...

OIL

... Ignites.

More GUNFIRE. A helicopter SPOTLIGHT explodes. The helicopter veers away.

POLICE RADIO (VO)

Stock barn! Lawd, God! Git us some
he'p down here!

POLICE RADIO (VO)

Choppers stay back! They got
machine guns! Heavy shit!

More police vehicles arrive. Border patrol. Plainclothes COPS. SWAT. They hurriedly encircle Megan and Foster. Then ... the LIGHTS go out.

EXT. CATTLE CORRAL - NIGHT

Foster guzzles water from a trough.

ORTIZ and JOINER tiptoe into the pen ... M-16s pointed at Foster. Joiner has his trousers undone and Ortiz wears only bikini briefs.

ORTIZ

Freeze! Or I'll give you a new
asshole! Real slow ... put your
hands b'hind your head. Then you
can straighten up and turn aroun'.
(to his partner)
Git his weapons, Joiner.

JOINER

Cain't. I—

ORTIZ

Damnit to hell, you—

JOINER

Shut up, Ortiz. I gotta goddamn gun
at my head.

Megan stands behind Joiner, rifle barrel touching his neck.

MEGAN

(softly)
You can die ... or live. Your
choice. One way or another, you
will be quiet.

EXT. SCRUB WOODS & PASTURE/BORDER PATROL SWEEP - NIGHT

At the north end of the search line, the COMMANDER tracks green
images through night-vision goggles.

INSERT - NIGHT-VISION BINOCULAR POV

Two FIGURES. Rifles. Gearpacks Border Patrol hats.

BACK TO SCENE

A sharply creased eager beaver, WITHERSPOON watches his boss.

WITHERSPOON

You see something, Sir?

The Commander ignores him. Grabs his radio.

COMMANDER

Hey, Lux. I'm trackin' two subjects
laggin' behind the line about sixty
yards east of you. Did you check
them out?

At the south end of the search line, LUX shifts his night vision
goggles to the figures.

LUX

Saw 'em earlier. That's us, Boss.

COMMANDER (VO)

Saw them.... Did ... you ... ID ...
them?

LUX (RADIO VO)

I'll check 'em again.
(a loud, exasperated breath)
The men 60 yards east of the
blinkin' flashlight. Identify
yourselves! Now!

Up and down the sweep line, rifle and sub gun barrels turn toward the figures.

East of Lux, Foster slowly turns from the flashing light to Megan.

FOSTER

(whispers)

Whatever you do ... no sudden moves.

Now, he turns into moonlight. Tries to read the nametag on his too-large Border Patrol blouse.

MEGAN

(whispers)

If we have to fight, drop straight down, then follow me.

Megan steps close, so he can see her.

FOSTER

(whispers)

You're M.T. Joiner.

MEGAN

(whispers)

Albert H. Ortiz.

Foster fumbles Ortiz's radio from its waist holster.

FOSTER

M.T. Joiner an' Albert H. Ortiz.

LUX (RADIO VO)

I told you, Boss, that's us.

Witherspoon slowly shakes his head.

COMMANDER

(into radio mike)

Stand down, everybody. They're ours.

WITHERSPOON

That is not Ortiz, Sir. His voice is deeper.

Witherspoon grabs his M-16.

COMMANDER

(rolls eyes)
So, whoever they are, they just happen to be with our Task Force sweep? And they just happen to know Joiner and Ortiz's names? That's how it works?

WITHERSPOON

But—

COMMANDER

And I don't hear any other Joiner or Ortiz screamin' that it isn't them.

Witherspoon checks his loads. Dons goggles.

COMMANDER

What? Are you going out there and shoot somebody? I said, stand down.

WITHERSPOON

That voice was shaky, Commander. Scared.

COMMANDER

Damnit, Witherspoon, Ortiz had forty machineguns aimed in his direction. I'd have been scared, too. Shit, I might've started speakin' Swahili!

WITHERSPOON

But—

COMMANDER

You want to go shoot them, be my guest, but I'm orderin' you to stand down!

Witherspoon and the Commander glare at each other.

COMMANDER

Well, go on! Kill somebody. I'll see if I can arrange for you to share an injection stretcher with that crazy bitch we're chasin'!

EXT. ROADBLOCK - DAY

Texas Department of Public Safety TROOPERS and DEPUTIES festooned with riot guns and M-16's.

Pigs GRUNT and SQUEAL.

While a DEPUTY looks inside a pickup truck, a TDPS TROOPER walks alongside a stock trailer. At the rear, he peers inside:

A mass of red backs: Duroc hogs crammed flank to flank.

The Trooper steps back. Waves the truck DRIVER on.

EXT. SCRUB AND WOODS - DAY

Lux, the Commander, and Witherspoon stand by while PARAMEDICS strap Joiner and Ortiz to stretchers. Ortiz starts to grin at his boss, but changes his mind.

COMMANDER

(to Lux)

"That's us, Boss." It was them!
Think about that ... while you,
Witherspoon, and those two bozos
enjoy your administrative leave.

He nods toward Joiner and Ortiz.

WITHERSPOON

Me? I didn't violate any ... I even
warned you!

COMMANDER

Shit rolls downhill, son, and
that's where you stand.

Then he stalks off.

EXT. TRUCKSTOP PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Pigs SQUEAL. GRUNT. And FART.

Border Patrol uniform splotched with feces and urine, Foster climbs over the trailer's tailgate. Megan passes filthy rifles and backpacks to him.

MEGAN

I've been stepped on about forty
thousand times. Peed on. If this is
your goddamn idea of a date, I'll
pass next time.

Foster grins. Pulls her face down to his. Kisses her.

FOSTER

That little bath was your idea, not mine.

Megan pulls back. Laughs.

MEGAN

Before we get into anything serious, you need another bath and a shave.

FOSTER

Said the pot to the kettle ... but we made it. Again.

MEGAN

And you said WE. Again.

Foster grins, then turns to look at the trailer.

FOSTER

We're about out of rifle ammo. If we leave the rifles in—

MEGAN

They'll think we're heading north.

FOSTER

That we couldn't cross the border.

MEGAN

I know where to swipe more rifles. An old Galil and an FN. More ammunition than we can haul ... and it's even farther north. Pistols, too.

A Hispanic TRUCKER walks by. Stops. Turns. He sniffs.

TRUCKER

Apestan. A puro mierda de cerdo.

ENGLISH SUPER

You stink. Like pig shit.

Megan scowls at the man.

MEGAN

Estamos filmando una pelicula de policias cagados del cuerpo de ICE.

ENGLISH SUPER

We're in a movie about shitty ICE cops.

INT. BAR - SAME

Country music. Whiskers. Watery eyes. Grungy people and clothing.

Jabber, Nate, Hack, Bear and Beanie. Drunk. Raucous. Shooting meth. Jabber and Nate with a drunken WOMAN hanging on.

A WAITRESS passes beer bottles to Jabber and Beanie.

Jabber hands back a fold of bills.

JABBER

Beer for tha house! Ever'body.
Includin' you, sugah.

EXT. STOCK TANK - NIGHT

Docile cattle in small groups around the banks.

Megan: Naked. Waist deep water. Legs and arms wrapped around Foster. She gasps. Clinches. Then ... relaxes.

MEGAN

(sighs)
Ooh, Foster John, your traveling
foreplay sucks, but do you ever
lend new meaning to the term GOIN'
HARD.

FOSTER

Action makes us want and appreciate
sex. Besides, I know how to find
good help.

MEGAN

In jails?

FOSTER

Nothing wrong with jails. In this
country, Megan, getting yourself
busted is damn near a Class A
reference.

INT. GAME ROOM - DAY

At a rifle rack, Foster sorts through ammunition boxes.

FOSTER

Your ex-husband's father may be our
life saver.

Megan watches television news.

MEGAN

He's not my ex-husband, Foster. I shot the fucker. Remember? And if I go to Hell, I'll kill him again with a pitchfork. If I get to Heaven, I'll carve in his skull with a gold harp.

She switches channels.

MEGAN

My father worked on the ranch over the hill. Since I was a little girl, I wanted to live in this house, with Bobby.

INSERT - TV SCREEN**JOWLY COP**

Them bullets come through one side of tha car an' out tha other.

FOSTER (OS)

So, you created this neat little fantasy, then stuffed and hammered until you squeezed Bobby and your version of reality into it.

BACK TO SCENE

Megan switches channels.

MEGAN

Sometimes, Foster, you're too damn smart for anybody's good.

INSERT - TV SCREEN

A news READER and pictures of the motor home flash.

READER (VO)

... Garza and a federal parolee identified as Foster John.

A federal photograph: Long-haired Foster with the beatific smile of the Jesus-possessed.

READER (VO)

Authorities are now certain that Garza and John wrote letters to each other during the last few months of John's prison sentence.

The bullet-riddled door of the motor home flashes. Then Mike's body.

READER (VO)

Sheriff Boxerlin told Channel Five News Reporter Blane Southerland that Garza is quote: "An Eve who could charm the serpent in the Garden," unquote, and that Garza conned John and led him down the path to perdition.

BACK TO SCENE

Megan surfs channels.

MEGAN

No shit? I must be some kind of hottie, right? Led you right down the path to perdition.

FOSTER

I can't argue with the hottie part. And if you live in perdition, would you please book me a room?

ANOTHER READER (VO)

Dallas County authorities describe John as a small-time thief.

MEGAN

Share mine, even if you are a small-time thief.

FOSTER

I never got caught at anything big.

MEGAN

Come on! Reality check: You never did anything big ... until now. Millions of dollars.

Foster sets a shotgun on the rack. Turns around.

FOSTER

I ... I.... This score is small-time, Megan. Biggest thing in my life was walking you outta that jail.

MEGAN

(sudden tears)
I'm ... I ... not—

FOSTER

Sh-h. Not now. Later. We still have work to do.

Foster pulls down a Smith & Wesson riot gun.

FOSTER

Jabber oughtta love this.

MEGAN

He conned me.

FOSTER

Jabber?

MEGAN

Bobby. So nice. Well-mannered. He brought me here to meet his father. So I could see this place. We were going to live here.

Foster loads ammo boxes into a backpack.

MEGAN

I knew he used speed, coke when he couldn't score meth, but didn't know he was strung out. Makes me a prize rube.

Foster kneels in front of her. Hands on her knees.

FOSTER

Anyone can get conned. Nobody is immune. I convinced a gang of experts that I was blank-eyed Christian with nothing but Jesus on the brain.

Megan chuckles.

FOSTER

Big black Bible. Church. Meetings. Lived on my knees to get up on my feet. I'm never living on my knees again. For anyone. For any reason.

Megan surfs channels.

INSERT - TV SCREEN

Images flash past a scene in a hospital room. Back up.

Troy: Lying in a bed. Left wrist cuffed to the bed rail.
Intravenous fluids running. REPORTERS. His tired wife standing at
the head of the bed. Tentatively smiling. Holding a baby.

A uniformed DEPUTY sits in one corner.

TROY

My friends were he-roes, an' now
tha law's done charged me with
breakin' an' enterin'.

REPORTER

Mr. Haskell, uh ... Troy, the
police believe you were after the
reward posted for Megan Garza.

TROY

We wus jist tryin' to do our duty
as citizens. That woman killed
Bobby an' she ain't got no bidness
walkin' aroun' free.

Troy looks up to his wife.

TROY

Hon, would you ask that nurse to
bring me somethin'? My side is
killin' me.

WIFE

You jus' had a shot an hour ago.

Troy, obviously, swallows his anger.

TROY

Oh, I forgot.

REPORTER

The sheriff's office spokesperson
said—

TROY

(pissed)
Don't ya'll git it? That Garza
bitch is tha killer, not me!

BACK TO SCENE

Furious, Megan clicks the OFF button. Very slowly turns to look
at Foster, who doesn't notice.

EXT. ROADSIDE TABLE - DAY

On the road shoulder, Savage sits on the Ford's fender chewing a grass stem. Crafton stands nearby while state COPS go over the truck and pig trailer.

CRAFTON

You know, bud, we need to turn on the cell phones an' let our nuts down.

SAVAGE

Like you did when them other two nuts was shootin' at us?

CRAFTON

We were hearin' three oh eight rounds, genius. Sail right through a kevlar vest.

SAVAGE

You think I'm too dumb to know the sound? I been trained jus' like—

CRAFTON

Anyhow, Sheriff's gonna fry our asses if we don' git in touch. I expect facin' that gal an' her boyfriend would be a bit easier.

The pair watches Reeves and Henning—their right arms cocked 90 degrees from their bodies, elbows cocked 90 degrees with hands forward, in plaster casts—approach a TDPS TROOPER near the trailer. The Trooper jerks a thumb toward the Ford.

CRAFTON

Company.

SAVAGE

Yeah! Git a loada her.

Henning following, Reeves stumbles up, holding out his left hand to shake.

REEVES

David Reeves, Dallas PD.
(cocks his head)
Pat Henning. Same department.

CRAFTON

Dallas PD ... suspended an' a little pissed off, I reckon.

REEVES

That, too.

HENNING

More than a little. I don't want this creep struttin' around some prison braggin' about how he took my guns.

Crafton suddenly sucks in his belly. Straightens. Chuckles.

CRAFTON

Carl Crafton. He's Buel Savage, an' ya'll sound a whole lot alike. My partner wants to shoot that Garza gal full of holes, then butt fuck her b'fore she dies.

HENNING

(beams at Savage)
Sounds like fun. Can I watch?

Savage drops into aw-shucks mode.

CRAFTON

I expect ya'll're down here lookin' for a little gitback.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

SAVAGE (VO)

Best chance for that is stakin' out that campground. Foster's got cash, and we figger he stashed some there.

Sporting a blond wig, wearing a summer dress with an ogle-me cleavage, Megan sits at a window table ... nibbling salad ... lost in thought.

Across the aisle, BART ('70s) ogles Megan. Grins and smacks lips.

BART

I know yew!

Megan blinks. Looks at Bart. Shakes her head.

BART

Yeah ... I seen yew on television.

Megan glances around the dining room. Again shakes her head.

Her HAND drifts toward a large purse on the bench.

BART

Yeah ... yew're in one o' them soap
op'ries.

Megan pulls her purse onto her lap.

BART

(winks)
Bart Rudisill.

Bart grabs his coffee. Rises. Hobbles. Gimpy. Slides into her booth without an invitation.

BART

Purty good line, ain't it? Didn't
see ya on no teevee, but I know
yew.

Megan grits.

On her LAP, she slips the .45 halfway out. THUMBS down the safety.

BART

Not chew, personally, unnerstan'?

Megan cocks an eyebrow.

BART

But. ... Wal, yew're a workin' gal,
ain'tcha?

Megan sighs. Rolls her eyes.

BART

Good motel aroun' the corner. I
ain't much to look at, but yew an'
me c'n leave scorch marks onna pair
o' sheets.

Now Megan grins.

Slides the pistol into her purse.

BART

Hunnert bucks?

Her grin fades.

Bart holds up two fingers.

She scowls. Folds arms under her breasts.

BART

Yew some kinda stickup artist?

Megan can't hold it in. She laughs.

Bart grabs his coffee. Levers both elbows onto the table. He sips. Shrewd.

BART

Five hunnert! Final offer.

A horn TOOTS outside.

MEGAN

I wouldn't take your money for anything in the world. Don't need it. Scorch marks, huh?

Foster climbs from a dark, dust-covered Buick sedan with tinted windows.

Foster winks when Megan looks his way. Smiles.

She smooches at Bart. Grabs her check.

MEGAN

My boyfriend. Son of a bitch always shows up at the wrong time.

Mouth opened. Stupified. Bart drops his cup, which shatters the saucer.

INT. BUICK - DAY

Megan climbs in ... gives a full-cleavage view to Foster.

FOSTER

Wow! The scenery improves big time.

MEGAN

(grits)

Where are my jeans and shirt? I hate this damn dress ... people staring at me.

FOSTER

Well, it worked, didn't it? I'd bet that no one paid any attention to your face.

MEGAN

(chuckles)

A teenager wanted my autograph. He thought I was a country singer. One old man propositioned me. Five hundred bucks.

FOSTER

What? Did he want a lay-away plan? That's not even a decent down payment ... from what I've seen.

MEGAN

(smiles now)

You ... ain't ... seen nothin' ... yet. Now, where are they?

FOSTER

Suitcase: In the trunk.

MEGAN

Stop oglin' and fetch!

She pulls the offending dress over her head.

Through the window, BART watches. Practically drooling.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Foster and Megan lurk behind a dumpster, watching the Floatin' Turd.

MEGAN

Should've bought night-vision gear.

FOSTER

I know. We'll do it tomorrow.

The houseboat rolls with the lap of water. Dim light through the living room window. The flicker-flash of a television set.

MEGAN

Do you think he's in there?

FOSTER

Unless he went out through the bottom and swam away.

MEGAN

Then, why are we waiting here? Why don't we go on in?

FOSTER

Just being cautious.

Headlights illuminate the road. Megan and Foster duck until the car passes.

MEGAN

So, you don't trust him. I don't either. Are you going to kill him?

Foster blows air. Slowly shakes his head.

FOSTER

We don't have to like him, but he is our partner, and until he makes a wrong move, we treat him like one.

MEGAN

You aren't the one he wants to hogtie and rape. I left Savage alive when I shouldn't have. And Buster. Now other women may suffer because of my mistake.

FOSTER

I know. But ... for all Jabber knew, those were cops at the campground. He could've cut and run ... but he got down, Meg.

MEGAN

And you have to respect that.

FOSTER

As much as I respect a woman who refuses to be passed around like a tray of meat snacks.

MEGAN

Are you saying that you respect that tub of lard as much as you respect me?

FOSTER

Don't stuff your thoughts into my mouth. I respect that one act.

MEGAN

Fine. Let's hope he has more where that came from.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - MORNING

Bleary-eyed and hung over, Jabber stumbles into his living room. Stops at the door.

Megan and Foster sit on the sofa.

Megan pulls a container of take-out coffee from a sack. Wordlessly offers it to Jabber.

EXT. RIO GRANDE/TEXAS SIDE - DAY

Buick parked near the asphalt road. Megan and Foster under backpacks. Jabber packs his shotgun, wears his pistol and has a rifle slung over a shoulder.

MEGAN

This is dangerous. The Border
Patrol uses ground radar.

Jabber hands Foster a GPS unit. Foster compares coordinate numbers with those on a second unit.

JABBER

Too far out. Too far for wetbacks
ta walk w'thout gittin' spotted an'
somebody callin' tha law.

Foster seems not to hear. He studies terrain. A wide expanse of grass. Mostly dried by summer heat and drought. Dusty grass. Brush and trees near the river.

FOSTER

Fedderman's or the Border Patrol
cop's choice. You can bet it's
safe.

MEGAN

That kind of bet can get us killed.

FOSTER

(to Jabber)

Take the car back. Pick us up at
two tomorrow afternoon. I want to
get the feel of this place.

JABBER

I ain't gon' drive aroun' in no hot
car. Three of us cud raise 'nough
ruckus ta git away. By myself, I'd
end up in jail.

FOSTER

The Buick is cool. It belongs to a cop who's in Oklahoma testifying in a trial. He won't be back for a week.

MEGAN

The registration is in the glove box.

FOSTER

Plenty of time, Jabber. Three days. So, cool it. Let's do this right.

Megan passes Jabber a wad of bills and a shopping list.

MEGAN

Go to Brownsville. Buy what's on the list. Anything else you think we'll need. Foster and I have to stay outside. No hotels or motels.

FOSTER

Food. High-protein stuff. Beef sausage and cheese.

MEGAN

Real beer. Not Foster's sissy brew. Dos Equis.

Foster sticks out his tongue at her.

Jabber hoofs back to the car, Foster watching his path.

FOSTER

Wide, outside circles, Meg. You want to take a look at something, go way out, then back in.

Megan smiles at him.

MEGAN

No trails or tracks that start on the dirt road.

LATER

Foster and Megan brush away tire tracks and footprints with willow branches.

EXT. RIO GRANDE/TEXAS SIDE - NIGHT

No fire, but Megan and Foster have a camp, sort of. In high grass away from the river, they lie on a ground tarp, naked, sweaty, with weapons and gear from the backpacks scattered around them.

FOSTER

Too bad we weren't fifteen at the same time. We'd really have been good at this by now.

Megan stares at stars, the back of her head resting on his belly. She smiles.

MEGAN

Robbing dope gangsters?

FOSTER

That, too. But I was talking about sex.

MEGAN

I think we're pretty good now. Gonna get lots better.

He chuckles, then laughs.

Megan sits up, spins, lies on her belly beside him. Her face close to his.

MEGAN

What? What's so funny?

FOSTER

Not funny.

Tears suddenly leak from Foster's eyes.

MEGAN

What?

FOSTER

(sighs)
Bugs chewing our butts. In a field ... middle of nowhere. Every cop in Texas wanting to kill us ... and I don't think life gets any better than right here ... right now.

MEGAN

Foster, I don't think I—

FOSTER

Spit it out, Megan. Something's been bugging you.

MEGAN

You didn't see the creep on television. You were busy.

FOSTER

The idiot we didn't kill. I saw him.

MEGAN

(sits up)

I gave Savage and his buddy a pass ... when I should have killed them before leaving that jail. I can't give Troy Haskell a pass. Not any more. Not since I met you.

FOSTER

Okay. After the score, we—

MEGAN

Foster, do you understand that this dim-witted redneck wanted to lock me in a cage? For a few dollars. For thirty seconds on some TV news show.

FOSTER

So. You're leaving?

MEGAN

My self-respect tells me I have to do this.

FOSTER

And I have a score to take down.

MEGAN

We can't do everything together. We—

FOSTER

We have to do everything together. Or separately, altogether. Do you understand? We can't trust anyone else.

MEGAN

Then you'll have to help me.

FOSTER

Bullshit. We can do that after the score.

MEGAN

No. I'm not putting this off. I get killed on this robbery of yours, that creep gets away. I—

FOSTER

Sh-h. Headlights coming.

Staying low, they scramble to get dressed and armed.

FOSTER

I'll watch them. You load the packs.

A Border Patrol Bronco parks on the dirt track.

MEGAN

(whispers)

Checking the territory.

She settles beside Foster. Buttons her shirt. Arranges extra magazines for the Galil.

FOSTER

(whispers)

If it's our guy. If not, there'll be more coming, and we are in deep shit.

MEGAN

(whispers)

Your guy.

The Bronco's front windows lower, but for long seconds, the DRIVER stays inside.

At last the beefy driver clambers out ... squeaking and rattling all the way. He wears woodland cammies ... his pistol slung low. Modern military chic.

He switches on a long flashlight. Walks from the truck to the riverbank. Checking for tracks.

FOSTER

(whispers)

He spots us, no gunfire. We run. He won't call for backup. Maybe he'll think we're illegals.

MEGAN

(whispers)

With assault rifles? Fat chance.

Now the Border Patrolman checks the brush and boulders along the water.

Foster raises up, watches:

The Patrolman sweeps the grass on the opposite side of the dirt road with the flashlight beam.

Foster hurriedly ducks.

FOSTER

(whispers)

Shit!

The beam passes over them.

MEGAN

(whispers)

What's he doing?

The light returns, lingers ... then flicks away.

FOSTER

(whispers)

Checkin' for trampled grass.

MEGAN

(whispers)

Damnit!

LATER - DAY

From high weeds and under scorching sunlight, Megan and Foster watch two Army Corps of Engineers EMPLOYEES unload a sixteen foot canoe from a rooftop rack and stash it in the river brush.

FOSTER

Home free. We're on ... this is gonna be a piece of cake.

MEGAN

That water's waist deep. Max. Forty, maybe fifty yards wide. So what's the boat for?

FOSTER

So Fedderman makes only one trip. He'd most likely drag it across.

Foster gestures toward the hundred fifty yard wide riverbed.

FOSTER

They can't hang around in daylight.
Or long enough for a bunch of
trips through puddles, wet sand and
water. Somebody could spot him.
Call cops.

MEGAN

They are the cops.

She scans the area. Plainly displeased.

MEGAN

This sucks, Foster. I've been
hunting since I was little ... and
this sucks.

FOSTER

Why?

MEGAN

I don't like having to stay this
far back. That riverbank is three
to four feet high. Sand bottom. An
army could crawl in at night and
you wouldn't see or hear them.
Rocks to hide behind.

Megan points at an eight by eight foot wellhouse.

FOSTER

So? The river has obviously changed
its course since that was built.

Megan stares at him.

MEGAN

What the hell does that have to do
with anything? It's concrete,
Foster. Old, but still concrete.

FOSTER

Solid cover if we need it.

MEGAN

(blows, exasperated)
Yeah ... if it isn't already
occupied by someone else who also
needs cover. And if you need it ...
not me.

FOSTER

We have to take chances sometimes.
We stay back. No tracks. No
trampled grass.

Megan stares at him, for long, long seconds.

MEGAN

You. Not me.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The Buick. Parked off a dirt track. Sleeping bags slung across the roof. Foster sorting groceries on the hood. Sipping non-alcoholic beer.

Jabber pulls a long, half inch nylon rope from the trunk, tosses it onto a sleeping bag.

FOSTER

What's that for?

JABBER

I dunno. It was on the list.

Foster looks at Megan, who sips Mexican beer while repacking a backpack.

MEGAN

You never know. I thought it might
come in handy.

She buttons a stubborn side pocket. Does not look up.

Foster watches her. Cocks his head.

FOSTER

(under his breath)
Nah.

Now he stares at the rope. Fascinated. When he looks back, Megan is gone.

LATER:

Foster works his cautious way through underbrush. Hand resting on the .45 butt.

He finds Megan beside a creek. Sitting on a rotten log. He steps on a twig. SNAP.

She rises and wheels. Pistol pointed at his chest. Stares at him. Long seconds before she engages the safety.

MEGAN

If we're going to argue, I'd rather not bother.

She resumes her seat. Puts the Wilson away.

Foster squats in front of her.

FOSTER

What makes you think that I can let you walk away from this? Or that Jabber will?

MEGAN

You're soft, Foster. That's what.

FOSTER

And Jabber?

MEGAN

(derisive snort)
Him, I'd kill. He knows that ...
and he knows that I can.

FOSTER

How soft, Megan, if I decide that you know too much to be allowed to leave?

MEGAN

That's Jabber ... speaking through you. What he has must be contagious.

FOSTER

And if it isn't?

MEGAN

Then one of us is going to die.
Right here.

As though a bulb lights in his brain, Foster's mouth drops open.
His gaze widens.

FOSTER

Damn! The rope! To pull yourself out of the quicksand. You were plannin' on killin' ME.

MEGAN

Only if you broke weak, Foster. I'm through allowing weak men to fuck me over.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Foster stands beside a white van.

Megan sits behind the steering wheel. She fires a cigarette.
Passes it to him.

FOSTER

Are you gonna be okay?

MEGAN

Come on, Foster! Who knows? Am I
going to be satisfied after I shoot
this animal ... you bet.

She lights a cigarette for herself.

MEGAN

Don't make this harder than it is.
Okay?

She turns her face to smile at him, Foster bends. Gently kisses
her lips. Then, he turns. Walks away.

INT. BUICK - DAY

Jabber drives while a silent Foster gazes out the window.

JABBER

That was a mistake. Bitch gets
busted, she's gonna squeal like a
pig.

FOSTER

If you ever learned how to shut up,
now would be a real good time to
recall the lesson.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

Loud music from a CD player and tiny, makeshift speakers.

Nate guzzling beer, alternately licking the back of a fat,
fourteen year old GIRL who lies facedown on the floor.

Bear and Hack dance with a pair of junior high GIRLS, one wearing
panties and a t-shirt, the other nothing.

Beanie, two BOYS and another GIRL work over a nasty mirror,
lining and snorting.

Cindy—panties and a fold of money stuck in her bra—sits with Jabber, on his lap, sharing a pipe.

JABBER

Stick with me, Cindy. Ah'm gonna be
tha big honcho aroun' heah.

CINDY

My boyfrien' say you go to preeson.

JABBER

I gave Fedderman breathin' cancer.
Ain't nobody sendin' me ta prison
ag'in. Never.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Savage steers through the campground. Crafton points to a Ford Sedan.

CRAFTON

That's it. Pull in behind 'em.

When Savage brakes, Henning raises up in the Ford's rear window. Then Reese's hairy ASS shines as he scrambles for the front seat.

CRAFTON

Damn! How'd they manage that with
them big ol' casts on?

SAVAGE

Don' know, but I shore would like
to try with her.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Megan sits behind the wheel of the van. Smoking. Watching the hospital across the street.

A TDPS cruiser and ambulance at the side entrance. Two police department prowl cars at the emergency entrance.

MEGAN

Shit!

From the front, a lone figure appears. Jeans. Windbreaker. Running shoes. Foster.

MEGAN

Go away.

Hands in jacket pockets, he crosses the street. Tries the passenger door. Locked.

Megan leans over. Hesitates. Glares up at him. Lifts the locking post.

Foster slides into the seat.

MEGAN

Waste of breath, Foster. I won't be talked out of this.

He pulls three loaded .45 magazines from a pocket. Passes them to her.

Megan shoves the clips into a hip pocket. Stares out and smokes.

Foster fires one of her Marlboros.

A bow-legged TDPS TROOPER swaggers out. Crawls into his cruiser and departs.

Megan draws on her cigarette, then grabs the wheel with the hand that holds the smoke. The ...

HAND

... Shakes. Smoke wafts upward in a jagged streamer.

MEGAN

Scared, Foster. So fucking scared.

FOSTER

You'll feel better inside. We'll find the locker room. Steal a nurse's uniform.

MEGAN

I didn't come here to play games or to take drama lessons. All I want is to shoot this son of a bitch.

FOSTER

What's the plan?

MEGAN

Improvise. Plans don't work once the lead starts whizzing by.

FOSTER

Do you even know the territory?

MEGAN

Sure. Kids in my high school
partied around here. Ran from beer-
busting cops.

FOSTER

Wait a minute. You mean to tell me
that with all the dope problems
along this border, cops still
arrest high school kids over beer?

MEGAN

Sure. One of their main targets.

Foster remains silent.

The city COPS exit ... and depart.

MEGAN

Let's go.

SERIES OF SECURITY CAMERA SHOTS:

- 1) Megan and Foster crossing the street. Foster trailing a few paces. Scanning.
- 2) Megan striding down a hospital corridor as though she owns the place.
- 3) Climbing stairs. Foster still trailing Megan. Both stuffing ears with orange foam protectors.
- 4) Down a long corridor. Megan in front. Foster palms an extra magazine. An Hispanic ORDERLY mops the floor.

INT.. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Troy sleeps.

His wife dozes in a chair near the window.

A DEPUTY drops his magazine. Starts to rise as Megan enters.
Reaches for his pistol.

No hesitation. She POPS two quick rounds to the man's chest.

Troy's wife bolts upright. SCREECHES.

WHOOOF! Breath explodes. The cop sits back on his chair. GASPS.

Troy opens his eyes. Megan FIRES. Three rounds. A fourth ...
which catches Troy under his nose.

The Haskell woman SCREAMS and WAILS.

Megan starts to turn.

The Deputy starts to rise.

Megan aims for his face. Pauses ... then BLASTS a third and fourth round into his chest.

He grimaces. Drops to the floor. Arms folded across his chest. Again gasping.

Megan reloads. Swings the piece to Troy's wife. Hesitates. Shakes her head. Then strides to the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Foster points his weapon at the Orderly.

Megan steps out.

MEGAN
¡Quedate allí!

ENGLISH SUPER
Stay there!

Megan jogs down the hall. Past elevators to the fire exit.

Stops. Pivots to cover Foster's retreat as an elevator bell pings and the ...

DOOR

... Opens. Out steps a security GUARD.

The Guard spots Megan. Starts to draw his pistol.

Foster dashes forward on silent feet. Lays his .45 barrel to the Guard's ear.

FOSTER
Hands out front. Way out.

The Guard obeys.

Foster takes the man's automatic. Pats him down.

FOSTER
Go help your co-worker mop the floor.

Megan trips the fire alarm.

Yelpers SHRIEK. Then ...

PA SYSTEM

Please walk to the nearest exit. Do not run. Aid the infirm, and please walk to the nearest exit. Do not run.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Foster: Blue scrub sheet over his lap. Head hung to one side. Mouth opened. He drools. Sits in a wheelchair.

Megan: White lab coat. She pushes Foster right past a pair of city cops. Turns a corner. Stops.

Four COPS at the van.

FOSTER

Keep going. Down the side of the building.

She turns. Half a dozen steps.

COP

Hey, you! With the wheelchair! Hold up a second!

MEGAN

My ass!

As Megan wheels, Foster flicks away the sheet. Too far to hit anyone, but they BLAST away.

Cops scramble for cover.

Megan and Foster haul ass.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

In the dark, Megan and Foster walk along a taxiway, Megan, catching her breath.

FOSTER

Shit! We lost the Galil!

MEGAN

(gasping)
No ... hid it in the ... park ...
by the floodway.

FOSTER

Did you kill the deputy?

MEGAN

No need.
(grins, sucks air)
But he'll sure have sore ribs by
breakfast time.

Hounds BAY behind them.

MEGAN

Tracking dogs. We're in trouble.

FOSTER

Trees. Find trees.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Under a big oak, Foster stops. Megan right behind him.

The hounds continuously BAY in the distance.

MEGAN

Cat hounds. Tear us to pieces.

FOSTER

When I bend, crawl up my back.
Don't churn up the ground. Leave
tracks. Grab that limb above and
climb as high as you can.

MEGAN

What if they spot me?

FOSTER

They won't look up as long as the
dogs have a trail. They're
following. Not searching.

MEGAN

Foster, we shouldn't—

FOSTER

There isn't a cop in Texas who can
run as far as I can, nor as fast.

MEGAN

Give me a minute to catch my
breath.

FOSTER

After they pass, get—

MEGAN

You are not playing decoy. We're
four blocks from my rifle. That'll
slow them down.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Behind a restaurant, Foster again pauses to allow Megan to catch her breath.

Foster pulls her into the doorway cover. Rotors THOP overhead. Exhaust RATTLES. A searchlight beam dances up the alley, then disappears and noise fades.

Gasping, Megan also sniffs. Looks around. Spots a grease trap receptacle. Points.

In the distance: Police radios SQUAWK; hounds BAY.

FOSTER

What?

MEGAN

(breathing ragged)
Tuck jeans ... into ... tops of
socks.

FOSTER

What for?

MEGAN

Do it!

She bends. Wads her jean cuffs. Jams them into sock elastic.

Foster shakes his head but follows her lead.

Next, Megan fastens her windbreaker ... all the way through the top snap.

At the grease trap, she slathers her hands and wrists with the brown goo, then her face, neck and hair.

FOSTER

What the h—

MEGAN

No time ... do it!

Foster dips his hands.

FOSTER

(grins at her)

Every time you get a bright idea, I need a dozen boxes of Tide and two weeks' scrubbing to get clean.

Megan smooches at him. Pads to the end of the alley.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

With lights out, a police car passes on the street. Seconds later, Megan and Foster dash across the asphalt ... into the park's shrubbery and trees.

Megan halts. Bends and strains. Uproots a small shrub.

MEGAN

Stand still.

She brushes him all over with the bush.

FOSTER

Are you going to explain? Or is this secret girl stuff?

MEGAN

Dogs follow dead skin cells. With cuffs tied and the grease, we won't be leaving any.

She brushes his back.

MEGAN

They'll start to lose us here. By the time we grab my rifle, there won't be any trail to follow.

Foster turns. Gapes.

MEGAN

I told you; I grew up one of the boys.

FOSTER

(silently whistles)

No mature male, Megan Garza, me least of all, would ever mistake you for one of the boys.

He bends to kiss her, but she backs away.

MEGAN

Not now. You're nasty, you stink,
and you need a shave.

EXT. ROADSIDE REST STOP - DAY

Foster, Jabber and Megan huddle, a map spread over the Buick's hood.

FOSTER

We'll use the cop's vehicle to get
out. We can leave the Buick right
there.

Foster points to a spot on the map.

FOSTER

It's remote, ranch country with no
cattle on the grass now. Megan says
nobody's apt to find it.

JABBER

Come on! That's a good twelve,
fourteen miles away. I damn shore
ain't walkin' that far!

FOSTER

I'll drop you and Megan with the
weapons. I can run it in an hour
and a half. Less, if I really push
it.

(to Megan)

I'll need liquids ... after. Lots
of liquids.

Both Megan and Jabber stare at him. Disbelieving.

EXT. DIRT TRACK/RIO GRANDE - DAY

Megan unloads gear from the Buick's trunk while Jabber and Foster
cart packs into high grass and brush.

JABBER

This is pure bullshit ... waitin'
out here damned near all day an'
ALL night.

FOSTER

Mind your tracks. Don't wade through tall grass if there's a lotta dust on it. You'll leave a trail for some airborne cop to spot.

JABBER

We're gonna get eat up with chigger bites.

FOSTER

Mosquitoes, too. That's what the insect repellent's for ... use it.

INT. BAR - DAY

Nate, Hack and Bear suck on beer bottles.

NATE

This ain't good. Shit's fixin' to go wrong.

HACK

We're all right. Jabber said this could happen. He's thinkin' about six car-lengths ahead of that Foster dude, and it's a real short track.

BEAR

Yeah. He always was smart. Where the fuck is Beanie? That's what I wanta know.

EXT. DIRT TRACK/RIO GRANDE - DAY

Megan stands tall in grass. Alone. Pistol on her belt. Rifle slung over her left shoulder, a nylon sling of ammunition pouches over her right shoulder. Looking utterly forlorn as the Buick pulls away.

INT. TRASHY RESIDENTIAL GARAGE - DAY

Nate and Bear check shotguns, rifles and handguns.

Hack enters, a Colt Python stuck into his jeans.

HACK

We gotta problem. That was Beanie
on tha horn. He's in jail up in
Hebbbronville.

Bear and Nate look at each other, then shake heads.

NATE

We ain't got tha time or tha money
to bail his ass out.

BEAR

He was supposta be here. What the
hell's he doin' way up yonder
anyway?

NATE

He said he knew where ta git a
coupla grenades.

BEAR

Bullshit. He was cuttin' farts ...
out his mouth.

HACK

So he misses out?

Bear and Nate nod.

HACK

Splittin' his share ain't gonna
bust my heart.

BEAR

Yeah, 'xcept now we're one gunhand
short.

NATE

Hack was in the Navy. He c'n show
us what ta do.

BEAR

Yeah, a whole three months. Real
fightin' sailor.

HACK

(sniffs, morose)
Yeah. Woulda been a SEAL if that
chickenshit JG hadn't busted me
shootin' meth.

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

The Buick parked under spindly trees. Cattle grazing.

Foster: Running shorts. Nike shoes. No socks. No shirt.
Wraparound sunglasses.

He opens the trunk, pulls a Gatorade bottle from ice and sets it on the chest. Removes a camouflage parachute. Dumps it onto the ground. Stands long seconds. Studies the coil of rope on the trunk carpet. He grins.

Foster guzzles Gatorade.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME

Beanie chugs half a bottle of beer. He leans against the rear wall. Looks around:

Henning and Savage sit on the edge of a bed. Close. She thumbs the lid on a pill bottle. Gobbles one. Tosses the bottle to ...

... Reeves, who catches it. Plops into a chair near the front window. His cast brace THUNKS against the chair arm. Swallows two capsules.

Crafton stands by the dresser. Looking wary.

BEANIE

I git all the reward money.

HENNING

What's to keep me from shootin' off
your teenie little pecker ...
before I start asking questions?

Reeves pulls a nickel-plated .50 caliber Desert Eagle. Lays the pistol on the table.

BEANIE

(blusters)
Talk that shit to somebody who
ain't never done time. You got too
many eyes scopin' your action.

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

Foster watching the ground, running at an easy, mile-eating lope. Breathing easily. Sweating profusely.

EXT. WELLHOUSE, RIO GRANDE - DAY

Megan leans against the rear wall while a helicopter passes overhead.

Jabber looms in the doorway. Grinning at her.

MEGAN

Take a spot in the grass ...
directly between the wellhouse and
the clump of willows I pointed out.

JABBER

Somebody elect you shotcaller?

Megan shakes her head. Disgust. Impatience.

MEGAN

Will you ever learn?

He tries to stare her down.

MEGAN

I was reared in wide open spaces.
Crowd me. I get itchy ... in my
index fingers.

Ever so slowly, Jabber backs out the door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Beanie: Shirtless. Chest a bloody mess. Crescent-shaped and circular cuts. Arms stretched upward. Silver duct across his mouth.

Big green garbage bags cover tile and carpet.

Beanie hangs. His hands taped to a pull-up bar wedged in the bathroom doorway. Eyes swollen nearly shut.

Still, he looks pleadingly at ...

HENNING

... Who stands in front of him, holding a broken beer ...

BOTTLE

... In her good hand.

CRAFTON (OS)

I expect that boy's about ready to
answer your questions.

Beanie nods. Vigorously.

Crafton sits on the dresser's suitcase slot, one leg crossed over the other. He nips at coffee.

Reeves and Savage occupy chairs at the front of the room.

Beanie sucks a whistling breath through clogged nostrils as Henning digs the bottle into his side and twists.

HENNING

A reminder. Should you turn
stubborn again.

She steps back. Grabs a towel, holds it in her uplifted right hand and cleans her left.

EXT. DIRT TRACK/RIO GRANDE - DAY

Megan stands by the asphalt road, hands Foster a towel. Kisses him the second he dries his face, then hands him a big bottle of phony beer.

FOSTER

First real run since I got out. A
cigarette sure would be good.
Always is ... after a hard run.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Reeves opens the trunk to the deputies' Ford. He carefully scrutinizes the lot, then nods toward the room's door.

Crafton and Savage struggle through and between cars. Stuff Beanie's blanket-wrapped body into the trunk.

Reeves closes the lid, again looks around.

REEVES

We're good. Ya'll go. We'll clean
the room. Henning used to work in
the lab. She knows how.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Reeves wipes blood flecks from the bathroom door frame while Henning sits on a bed, typing one-handed on a laptop.

REEVES

Kind of taken a shine to Savage,
haven't you?

HENNING

Not that big a shine. I don't gripe because you have sex with your wife ... even when I can smell the bitch on you. So butt out.

Reeves grits. Anger right on the surface.

REEVES

She's not here. You are!

HENNING

Raise your voice at me again, little boy, I just might have more blood to clean up.

REEVES

And I might just kill you ... someday.

HENNING

No, David, you won't. Because without me, you don't have ANY balls.

(looks up ... finally)

We now have resignations officially on file.

Reeves swallows anger. Grins. Winks at her, then salutes. The Duke with a jacked-up arm.

REEVES

With those and the suspensions, no one can contest our claim to that reward.

HENNING

We'll have that, and whatever we pick up on the river.

REEVES

You mean you believed that scuz?

HENNING

Partly. I think there's going to be money to be had, just not the amount he said.

REEVES

God, I been wantin' outta Dallas since I was a kid.

HENNING

Yeah. Where you going?

REEVES

Little Rock.

HENNING

(smiles)

You scared?

REEVES

No ... yeah. A little. But these hicks know their weapons. So we oughta be okay.

HENNING

Pick your spot; do what I tell you, and we'll do okay. Maybe sell part of the story to a movie company. Be famous. For sure, we walk away with ALL the money.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Nate drives. Looks over his shoulder when Bear racks the slide on a shotgun. Hack wipes the Python with a rag.

HACK

We damn sure better have all tha guns back by tomorra. My daddy finds out we took 'em, he'll call tha police.

BEAR

I'm a helluva lot more worried 'bout whut my ol' lady's gonna say 'bout bein' gone so long.

NATE

We're done, you can divorce the fat bitch, head out ta Vegas an' buy one o' them showgirls.

HACK

Now, that's what I'm talkin' about!

Hack breaks out a bag of crystal meth. Waves it at Bear.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Savage examines and admires Reeves' Desert Eagle. Grinning and fondling.

Reeves, Crafton and Henning check weapons, Henning now wearing two pistols and a belt of magazine pouches.

CRAFTON

(to Reeves)

We're gonna hafta git close for
ya'll to be effective.

SAVAGE

Shee-it. I could hit a man at fifty
yards with this baby. Gonna buy me
a pair of 'em when we're done.

Reeves quickly glances at Henning ... who says nothing.

Savage returns the Eagle to Reeves, then opens an airline carry-on bag and pulls out a fancy pistol. Tooled leather holster. A trio of magazine pouches.

SAVAGE

A pre-World War Two, Colt .38
Super. It was reworked ten years
back. Got polished an' accurized.
An' the serial numbers ain't in no
federal computers.

He hands the weapon to Henning.

SAVAGE

If you have to, wipe it off an'
leave it.

EXT. RIO GRANDE/TEXAS - NIGHT

Foster relaxes. Lies on his back. Stargazing.

Closer to the river, seventy yards away, Jabber shoots crystal meth into the back of his left hand.

Opposite Jabber, Megan completes their triangle. She sniffs at her Marlboro pack ... clearly wishing she could fire one.

In the riverbed, Nate, Hack and Bear slowly and silently creep along the bank, toward Jabber's point of the triangle. Nate and Bear now pack shotguns. Hack, an M2 carbine.

EXT. RIO GRANDE/MEXICO - NIGHT

An unarmed TRUCHA (14-15) settles into brush. Leans against a tree. Then pulls a night-vision binocular from a military case. He flicks long hair back from his eyes.

EXT. RIO GRANDE/TEXAS - NIGHT

Armed with M-16s and Berettas, cammied and grease-painted, the two U.S. Army Corps of Engineers workers crawl along the riverbank, work their way into position on Megan's corner of the robbers' triangle.

EXT. RIO GRANDE/MEXICO - NIGHT

The Trucha: Watching the Texas side of the river through night glasses.

INSERT - NIGHT-VISION BINOCULAR POV

The eerie green figures of the Corps of Engineers ...

WORKERS

... Set up ... behind the wellhouse.

BACK TO SCENE

The Trucha rises, backs away from the river, then turns and runs.

EXT. RIO GRANDE/TEXAS - NIGHT

Reeves, Henning, Crafton and Savage cross the asphalt road and, staying low, slowly work their way toward Jabber's position.

Head barely above the grass, Foster watches the cops.

EXT. RIO GRANDE/MEXICO - NIGHT

Four GUNMEN lounge around a pair of Chevy Suburbans. Quietly shooting the shit, passing joints back and forth.

When the Trucha bursts into view, the JEFE steps from a wagon, wiping on a scoped, chrome-plated AK-74.

TRUCHA

Jefe, tenemos dos hombres en el lado tejano. Policías. Hombres con M-16es y pistolas.

ENGLISH SUPER

Boss, we have two men on the Texas side. Cops. Men with M-16s and pistols.

JEFE

No te mortifiques. El emigrante es una niña escolar. Ella se orina en su ropa interior por cualquier cosa.

ENGLISH SUPER

Don't worry. The Border Patrolman is a school-girl. She wets her panties over nothing.

TRUCHA

Pero—

ENGLISH SUPER

But—

JEFE

El llamo a sus amigos militares. Nada. El trajo nueve hombres aquí una noche el año pasado.

ENGLISH SUPER

He called his Army friends. Nothing. He brought nine men out here one night last year.

The Trucha shrugs, takes a hit on a joint, then heads back toward the river.

EXT. RIO GRANDE/TEXAS - NIGHT

Megan opens her cell phone.

FOSTER (VO)

(whispers)

Company. Behind Jabber, but closer to the river. Cover him once the action begins.

MEGAN

(whispers)

Gotcha. Just don't let the cop get away in the truck. You think Jabber set us up?

FOSTER (VO)

(whispers)

I don't know.

EXT. RIO GRANDE/MEXICO - NIGHT

The Trucha spots Henning and company.

TRUCHA

(murmuro)

Asi es que la niña escolar trajo seis niños escolares esta noche.

ENGLISH SUPER

(whispers)

So, the schoolgirl brings six schoolboys tonight.

EXT. RIO GRANDE/TEXAS - WEE HOURS

Jabber sweats. His EYES dart back and forth. He squinches his nose. Rubs at it with one hand, then the other.

BEAR (VO)

(whispers)

We gotta find Jabber.

Crickets BUZZ. Frogs CROAK.

HACK (VO)

(whispers)

Bullshit, we need more blow.

NATE (VO)

(whispers)

Keep that shit in yer pocket. You
already had plenty.

Careful of noise, Jabber licks a little finger, dips it into a medicine phial. Jams the white-powdered fingertip up a nostril and wiggles it around.

Foster: On his knees in high, dead grass. Still as a statue. Looking back up the road. He yawns.

Megan can see both men's positions, but Jabber's holds her attention.

She punches REDIAL on her cell phone.

MEGAN

(whispers)

We forgot night glasses.

Two hundred feet away, something SPLASHES in shallow water.

Megan turns in that direction for a second, then locates Jabber.

FOSTER (OS)

(whispers)

We know where the players are.
Relax. Nearly a full moon.
Romantic.

MEGAN

(whispers)

Sounds like a scared man talking.

FOSTER

(whispers)

Sometimes, Megan, you're too god-
damn smart for anybody's good.

EXT. DIRT TRACK/RIO GRANDE/TEXAS - FIRST LIGHT

Headlights ... the Border Patrol Bronco swings around, then backs down almost to the bank. Dressed and armed as before, the Patrolman now slings a Heckler & Koch MP5 around his neck the second his feet touch sand.

He stands still. Hands on the MP5. Scans the area. Listening.

Beside the crumbly remnants of an old house foundation, Foster lies on his side ... against a concrete footing that is also home to the five foot ...

RATTLESNAKE

... Which lies coiled less than three feet from Foster's nose.

FOSTER

(whispers)

Go away. I don't want to hurt you
... but you AIN'T bitin' me.

Foster inches his rifle barrel forward.

The rattler RATTLES. Strikes at the FN-FAL's front sight.

Far enough. Foster sweeps with the barrel. Nudges the snake, which slithers off into the grass. Foster closes his eyes. Loudly sighs.

Satisfied, the cop steps into the brush. Drags the long fiberglass canoe to the rear of his vehicle.

Next, he opens the cargo door, and ...

JABBER

... SNEEZES. Then SNORTS and SNOGGLES.

Foster raises up, rifle to his shoulder, but can't get a target.

FOSTER

(yells)

Fedderman's not coming! Give it up!
Walk away! Alive!

EXT. RIO GRANDE/MEXICO - CONTINUOUS

The Trucha jumps to his feet, dashes back toward the jefe's trucks.

EXT. RIO GRANDE/TEXAS - CONTINUOUS

Out from Jabber's position, but behind him and closer to the riverbank, Reeves rises. Holds his badge between fingers of the hand encased in plaster.

REEVES

Freeze! Police!

From a duelist's stance, Reeves swivels, alternately aims his Desert Eagle at Foster, then at the Border Patrolman.

On the ground at Reeves' feet, Henning looks up, then shifts her glassy-eyed gaze to Savage and Crafton. Slowly shakes her head.

She palms a Glock. Struggles to her feet.

HENNING

(disgustingly mumbles)
You blew our edge, dumbass. We
didn't come here to arrest people.

REEVES

(under his breath)
I forgot.

Crafton grabs his old Browning BAR. He and Savage rise. Fan out.

HENNING

Yeah. There's no Department rules
for killing and robbing fugitives.

FOSTER (OS)

Damned if I don't recognize the
sunglasses.

REEVES

You want me to shoot him?

CRAFTON

Hell no! Not till we know where
that Garza bitch is.

Plainly confused, the BP Agent gawks at the cops. Then he rises to tiptoe. Peers over the roof at Foster.

FOSTER (OS)

And the pissed off female cop.

Face and hair covered and studded with dry stalks and Johnson grass blades, Megan slowly raises her head. Looks around. Catches sight of the Corps of Engineers ...

WORKERS

... As they appear from behind the wellhouse.

Then she slowly sinks from sight.

MEGAN (OS)

Shit!

The USCE gunmen ignore Foster. Silently look toward the cops. Aim M-16s their direction.

Jabber sneezes again. Groans his way up. Shotgun pointed toward the rear of the Bronco.

Savage aims a Remington 741 at Jabber.

Because the Bronco blocks a view of Jabber, the USCE gunmen aim at the cops, but one occasionally shifts his barrel toward Foster.

EXT. RIO GRANDE/MEXICO - CONTINUOUS

The Trucha practically drags the Jefe onto a dirt road, a move which permits a view of the action four hundred odd yards away.

The Jefe SNAPS fingers. A mustached pistolero, JALISCO, rushes forward. Hands the Jefe his duded-up AK-74.

JEFE

Gracias, Jalisco.

ENGLISH SUPER

Thank you, Jalisco.

JALISCO

Con mucho gusto, Jefe.

ENGLISH SUPER

My pleasure, Boss.

The Jefe throws the rifle to his shoulder. Through the scope, checks the doings on the far side.

EXT. RIO GRANDE/TEXAS - CONTINUOUS

Nate, Bear and Hack rise and fan out, Hack throwing down on the BP Patrolman, Bear and Nate on Henning and her crew.

Foster blinks, eyes the USCE workers. Shifts his barrel to a point between them and the Bronco. Then shifts back to the cops.

FOSTER (VO)

No fucking doubt about their intentions. Here to dust your favorite parolee's ass.

Impasse. Seemingly eternal. Silence. Glances flit from one target to another. Fear. No one allows a gaze to linger.

Jabber sneezes again.

EXT. RIO GRANDE/BOTH SIDES - CONTINUOUS

The Jefe dons his western hat. Stuffs an S&W .44 magnum into his belt. Gathers his MEN.

JEFE

Ahora, nos hacemos ricos. Tomamos este dinero. Matamos los gringos. Nadie sobre vive. Entonces Podemos decir que uno se escapo en la troca de la migra.

ENGLISH SUPER

Now. We get rich. We take this money. Kill all the Americans. Nobody lives. Then we can say one got away in the Border Patrol truck.

Smiles all around. Nods of agreement.

The Jefe spreads his arms wide, then slowly spear points his fingers and brings the tips together.

JEFE

Estacionen las trocas cerca del rio. Disparen de atras de los motores y detras de las rocas. De ninguna otro lugar, Jalisco, tú y Luis en la ametralladora.

ENGLISH SUPER

Park the trucks close to the river. Shoot from behind the engines or behind rocks. Nowhere else, Jalisco, you and Luis on the machine gun.

LOUIS and Jalisco nod. The other two gunmen break out AK-47s. Pistols.

Grins. Itchy macho.

The Trucha comes running. Packs an AK. Halts and looks to his boss. The boy's expression begs permission.

The Jefe nods. Makes a shooining gesture toward the river.

JEFE

Ve! Ve! Mata uno por mi!

ENGLISH SUPER

Go! Go! Kill one for me!

Foster watches the Suburbans circle and park nose to nose on the far bank.

Mexicans scramble from the vehicles. The Jefe heads into waist high rocks. Then, Jalisco and Louis set up a bi-podded M-60 machine gun on a hood.

Foster drops to the grass. Looks around to make sure he hasn't disturbed the homeowner. His phone faintly beeps.

Megan: On her cell phone.

MEGAN

Is that what I think it is?

FOSTER (OS)

Can't tell from here. But, probably. Probably what Vietnam vets call a spacegun.

MEGAN

We need to get out of here.
Should've bought another phone.
Work down and tell Jabber. I'll
cover you.

Foster raises his head above the grass.

The Jefe raises the Kalashnikov to his shoulder. In the scope, he finds ...

FOSTER

... And hauls back on the trigger. Loses control of the weapon. The barrel rises ... spews lead way too high ... until the magazine empties.

He squints at Foster. Who hasn't budged. Hasn't even noticed bullets.

The M-60 opens fire at Nate, Bear and Hack, who drop straight into the grass without firing a shot.

HACK

Damn!

The Trucha blasts away at the COPS.

The pistoleros with AK-47s fire on the wellhouse ...

BULLETS

... Pock the gray walls.

The Trucha's weapon barrel veers upward and off target before jamming. He ducks.

The USCE gunslingers return fire. Hang weapons around the corners to avoid exposing bodies.

Nate and Bear blast several rounds at the cops, then drop to the ground. Hack follows their lead. Empties a 30-round magazine in a few seconds.

Hack and Bear snort meth before they reload.

Of the cops, only Crafton is far enough out to see the wellhouse. The others fire toward Jabber's crew. Bullets that land out in the riverbed ... reaching toward Jalisco and Louis.

The M-60 dispatches a storm of lead. Raises a din that has everyone hugging ground. The M-60 jams.

Foster rises. Fires at the machine gun crew.

MEGAN (OS)

Damnit!

The BP Patrolman pivots around the rear fender. Unloads half a magazine toward Foster.

Jabber fires at the BP Agent. Misses. Demolishes a taillight.

The agent's bullets miss Foster, who belly crawls along the ground. He rises. Blasts two quick rounds toward the USCE gunmen ... then the THUMP, THUMP, THUMP of Crafton's BAR sends him diving to the grass.

FOSTER

Holy shit!

Megan rises. Blasts three rounds at targets across the river, where a ...

TIRE

... POPS. Two more bullets pierce the fender.

Megan drops. Instantly crawls to a different position.

The Jefe aims at Megan. Too late. As he turns toward Jabber ...

MEGAN

... Pops up again. Looses a pair of three-round bursts ...

... Old NATO rounds chew brush and tree bark around the Jefe. He dives for cover. Loses his hat, then exposes himself to retrieve it.

Megan notices ...

SAVAGE

... For the first time. Then drops. She quickly crawls to a new position. Eases up. Eyes barely above the grass.

The Mexicans with AKs concentrate fire on the cops, who drop as the rifles chatter until slides rack open.

Crafton bounces up, thumps off several long bursts ...

... River rocks split. Debris flies.

MEGAN (OS)

Now, I want to believe in justice.

Foster adds a burst to Crafton's.

The M-60 opens up on the well house.

... Rather than pock concrete, the .308 rounds knock great CHUNKS loose. Expose REBAR in places.

Jabber stays low. Searches over the shotgun barrel for Foster.

Under the Bronco, the BP Agent seeks a shot at Foster.

Hack, Bear and Nate nod at each other, then rise together, blasting ineffectually at the cops, then Mexicans, who score.

Bear catches a round in the belly. Doubles. Then catches a second AK bullet in the top of his head.

Scared now, Hack and Nate hit the ground before Bear's body.

Hack scrambles on all-fours. Drags his M2 through dirt and debris. 30 feet before he stops.

Hyperventilating, Hack digs his meth bag from a pocket. Snorts from the bag. Grins to himself. Bullets WHIZZ overhead.

Reeves and Henning rise. Stand side by side. Henning firing at Nate's direction. Reeves slowly blasting at Foster.

Savage loses four .30 caliber slugs at the ...

... Jefe, who ducks and reloads.

As his partners duck, Crafton rises; chops at the machine gun; then Megan joins in; and Foster ...

... .308 and .30-06 bullets rip through doors. Quarter panels.

The gunmen with AKs flee when .30 caliber rounds sail all the way through the Chevy. They take cover in the rocks with the Trucha.

At the other Suburban, Jalisco and Louis hug the ground. Hands cover heads. The M-60 momentarily forgotten.

Hack reloads. Mumbles to himself:

HACK

Ain't but one stud on this here
farm!

He rises. Spots Megan and swings his M2 around. Blasts one short burst before the weapon jams.

Megan swings her rifle to Hack.

Hack flinches. Ticks his head right as wind from a second round ruffles his hair. And ...

BLOOD

... Drips onto his hand.

HACK

Bitch shot me!

He flinches again ... leftward. Drops to all-fours and scuttles a few feet. Checks himself. Both ears bleeding.

HACK

Bitch shot my ears!

Bullets tear up the grass overhead.

M2 forgotten, Hack scrambles away.

Megan ducks. Resets the selector switch to AUTO.

The Trucha rises. Fires at the wellhouse. Rounds hit the target. Chip concrete in a dozen spots.

When fire subsides, both USCE gunslingers concentrate on the young Mexican Trucha.

High velocity M-16 rounds tear into his upper body. He wilts. Before the body hits the sand, one bullet blows open a fist size hole in the back of the kid's head. A coaster-size piece of bloody ...

SKULL

... With foot-long hank of hair attached ... swirls through the air. Until gravity brings it down ... wraps it around a pistolero's ...

FACE.

He panics. Claws loose the hair and bone fragment. Springs up. Runs. Four steps ...

... A bullet plows through his back ...

... Foster ducks. Again looks all around for the snake.

Nate runs for the riverbank's shelter.

Crafton shifts the BAR's aim. THUMP, THUMP, THUMP. Misses.

Patient. The BP Agent waits. Until ...

FOSTER

... Runs a magazine dry.

Bur-r-up! Three rounds.

FOSTER

(breath explodes)

Ugh!

Foster sits. Shakes his head. Gasps. Then studies two holes on the far sides of his abdomen.

The Corps of Engineers soldiers cut loose at Crafton. Too late. Shift to a pistolero. Too late. Then blast away at the Mexican kid's body. Waste of ammunition.

Jabber fires at the BP Cop ...

... Churns a dust cloud that obscures his target.

Megan blasts two bursts at the USCE gunmen ...

... Misses ...

... Misses again when she swings to fire at Henning. Two more bursts at Henning. Misses.

Megan flops to the ground. Crawls five yards.

MEGAN (VO)

(stares at Galil)

Soldier's rifle. But I'm not a damn soldier. Hunt.

Hack claws past a half-full, liter-size Mountain Dew ...

BOTTLE

... Five feet before he stops. He blinks. Turns and scrambles back.

Henning empties a Glock at the other pistolero. Uselessly attracts his attention.

While a pistolero aims at Henning, the USCE M-16s open up. RIDDLE the gunman.

Foster gets to his feet. Wobbly. The BP Cop fires again. Misses because ...

JABBER

... Finds his target ...

... Buckshot tears into the MP5. SHREDS the agent's left hand. The next shower of buckshot separates the lower jaw from his face.

The Jefe fires single shots now. At ...

FOSTER.

FOSTER

Uff!

He sits again. A third hole right above the left hip bone. Far to the outside.

Megan locates Jalisco and Louis. Relocates herself, then rises to knees and slowly clocks two rounds. . .

... Both plow through fender-into the engine compartment ...

... She re-aims: Fires higher ...

A .308 bullet smashes into the M-60's bipod. Swings the barrel to the windshield.

Louis steps back toward the door. Ducks ...

... THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. Bullets from the BAR rip through the river-side ...

DOOR

... Cross over the seat. Through the driver's ...

DOOR

... Deformed lead slices through metal. The first catches Louis in the eye. A second gouges through his back and the third shreds his shoulder ...

... Then, .30-06 rounds from the BAR chew up the rear end. Down low. The rear tire gushes air. And ...

GASOLINE

... Squirts into the sand.

Megan checks on the cops again. Ducks down. Moves.

Savage jumps up. Aims his Remington across the river and empties the magazine. A little tick of the head.

His body drops across Henning's legs, his blood soaking her knees.

HENNING

Get it off! Get it off!

Megan waits for Crafton to rise. Fat chance. Then she drops to the grass. Grins to herself.

Crafton shoves the body aside.

Shaky hands. Hack opens the Mountain Dew bottle. Guzzles, then checks to see if he left a little in the bottom. Sets the bottle upright in one spot, the bottle cap in another.

Meth bag: Hack tries to dump the remainder into the cap. Misses. He pinches meth, debris, and dirt from the ground. Dumps everything into the cap.

Pours in some Mountain Dew.

Henning pops a bottle lid. Eats two.

Nate bails over the bank into the riverbed. Raises his head, looks back just as Jabber blasts a round at him.

NATE

It's me, Nate! You fuckin' jughead!

Jabber aims again. Fires as Nate ducks.

NATE

Godd—

The AK-74 bur-r-ups. Rounds pin Nate against the bank ...

... The Jefe fires till he runs empty.

Crafton rises. Three round bursts. At the Jefe's position. But the Mexican stays out of sight. Crafton swings to the wellhouse. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

... Megan: Back to full-auto. Three-round bursts at the wellhouse ...

... The USCE gunmen stagger into the grass ... riddled, and ...

... Unison: Galil and BAR. The wellhouse weakens in the middle as rounds completely free rebar from concrete; it sags, then collapses.

Megan ducks.

Then Crafton.

Hack pulls a 60cc veterinary syringe from his hip pocket and fits the needle to its end. He removes the huge plunger. Lays it on the ground.

Hack ties off his left arm.

Hack dumps green liquid from the bottle cap into the syringe.
Bits of ...

GRASS

... Float on top.

Shaky hands ... again. He eyes the concoction.

HACK

Looks a little thick.

He adds more Mountain Dew.

Hack jabs the needle at a vein. Misses.

HACK

Shit!

He looks around, searching the ground.

Megan rises. Twenty yards from her last position. She aims toward the cops. No targets.

Wheels toward Foster's position. Nothing.

Jabber and the Jefe exchange fire.

Megan tries, but can't get a clear shot at the Mexican.

Foster. On his feet. Rifle to his shoulder. Clearly out of it.

Jabber pivots. Blasts one round at Foster. A miss. Pumps his slide and shoulders his weapon. And catches a ...

ROUND

... Through his ear. His ...

EYES

... Erupt from their sockets. Blood blasts out the opposite side of his head.

Megan and Foster. Stare at each other. Until she motions him to get down.

The volume of GUNFIRE diminishes. Frantic, Hack finally finds a reasonably flat rock ... on which he sharpens his spike.

Henning holds the Colt .38 Super. Watches ...

CRAFTON

... Change magazines on the BAR. Slow and methodical. The bullets in the clip have red ...

TIPS.

Crafton rises. In rhythm now. Fires a burst at the Jefe. Then shifts fire to the wounded Suburban ...

... On the ground, a tracer ...

ROUND

... Ignites gasoline. The near-empty tank explodes. Tosses a torched ...

JALISCO

... Back onto the sand.

Henning shoots ...

CRAFTON

... In the back of his head. Looks to Reeves:

He grins. Gives her a thumbs up. Slams a full magazine into his Desert Eagle. He rises. Two steps. Trying for a shot at Megan.

Henning fires. Sends a round through the upper end of Reeves' spine. The body twitches after falling. She pumps four bullets into it.

Hack fumbles to get the needle into his vein.

Megan: Hidden in bushes near the USCE gunmen's bodies. Practically unseeable. She scans:

Across the river. A flash. Sun off metal.

Megan flicks the selector lever to full auto. Aims carefully.

Unleashes and barrage ...

... Half a dozen bullets find the Jefe.

Henning sits, holds the Colt between her knees. Slaps in a full magazine. Then calmly reloads the Glock. Finished, she places the Colt in her right hand. Hefts the Glock with her left. Grins.

Hack: Blood dribbling down his arm. Finally finds his vein. Depresses the plunger.

His eyelids spring wide open.

Megan drops. Checks for loaded magazines. None. She plucks yellow hearing protectors from her ears.

Then, she listens. Nothing. Then ...

HACK (OS)

Ye-ah! Flag's up now, Bi-itch!

Hack rises from the grass. Python hanging down from his right hand. Looks around for Megan.

She rises. Throws the rifle to her shoulder and hastily triggers a round.

Beside Hack's belly button, DUST puffs from his shirt.

Megan's slide racks open.

Hack grabs his crotch. Shakes at her.

HACK

Dum' bitch. I got whut chew need.

He starts walking toward her.

Megan drops the rifle, palms her .45. Fires two rounds. A third, but distance makes her miss.

Hack keeps coming.

HACK

Got whut all yew 'ho's want. Teach
yo bitch ass ta shoot at me.

Megan fires again.

The ROUND knocks meat from Hack's right shoulder, but he hangs on to the revolver. Walking. Not even trying to shoot.

HACK

Ah'm the only stud aroun' heah!

Two rounds punch into his left chest, but Hack doesn't stagger. Focused.

Megan fires twice more. Misses. Fires again. Her slide racks open.

The bullet lifts DUST on Hack's lower right chest.

Ten feet between them. Hack lumbering forward. Grinning.

HACK

Ah'm the man o' yo dreams!

Megan slams another magazine into the butt. Drops the safety lever.

Hack closes.

Megan raises the barrel right to the end of Hack's nose. Pops the round.

Hack wilts. Drops. BLOOD sprays high into the air.

Megan drops. Scrambles away. Then raises her head. Looks around.

Silence.

Megan rises. Sprints. Headlong toward Foster.

Beyond pistol range, Henning rises. An apparition: Colt hung sideways in the injured-side hand. Glock in the other hand. Blasts away with the Colt. Empties the weapon. Empties the Glock.

A rifle BOOMS: The round knocks plaster from the cast ... causing Henning to drop the Colt.

Megan takes careful aim. Fires. Misses. Fires again. Misses.

Henning drops the Glock, grabs the other one from her waist holster. Fires one round after another. One slug ...

... Knicks Megan's forearm. Megan nonetheless takes deliberate aim.

A NATO round BOOMS.

The round knocks away a fist-size chunk of plaster cast. Henning drops her pistol as she falls. Eyes the Glock. Grabs it. Gets to her feet. Glares at Megan.

HENNING

(slurry mumble)

Bitch!

Foster: Drops the FN. Draws and empties the .45 at Henning. Misses. Thumbs the slide closed. Pulls the trigger. CLICK.

Henning aims.

Megan fires ...

... The round catches Henning high in the hip bone. Takes her down.

Megan wheels, starts toward Foster, who raises his ...

RIFLE.

Megan raises the .45.

Foster fires.

Behind and thirty yards to the side of Megan, Henning's ...

HEAD

... Sprays red across ten feet of grass.

Foster eases himself down into the grass.

Megan. Runs.

Legs stretched out in front, Foster sits, the .45 in his right hand. On his lap. Not threatening. But ready. He stares up at Megan.

She stands over him. Pistol in hand. Hanging alongside her leg. Stares. Then ... slowly ... she raises the weapon. Shoves it into her holster. Stares.

Foster levers up his safety. Holsters the piece. Leans back. Lies on the grass.

MEGAN

No! You can't quit. We have to move.

Megan helps him sit upright. Pulls yellow plugs from his ears.

FOSTER

Drive! Bring the Bronco.

She fires a pair of cigarettes. Sticks one between his lips, then races away.

To Henning's body: Cigarette clamped between teeth, she searches the dead cop's pockets. Then to Jabber. Again searches pockets. Last to Reeves.

As Megan snatches painkillers from Reeves' pocket, a bloody ...

FOREARM

... Circles under her chin ... squeezes.

She reaches for her pistol, but another hand grabs it first, tosses the weapon away. She grabs the hand ... snaps the little ...

FINGER

... and Savage howls. Yells again when her teeth sink into his forearm. She spins away, but quickly recloses, digs a thumb into one of his eyes, then backs off. She spots his rifle.

Savage charges, only to catch the butt of his Remington in the teeth.

Megan knocks him down, delivers blow after blow with the paddled butt. Useless. She throws the weapon at him. Retreats to snatch her .45 from the ground.

Savage throws up his hands.

SAVAGE

No! No! I gotta wife an'—

Megan triggers four rounds, spins before the deputy's body hits dirt. She grabs Reeves' painkillers, then sprints to the Bronco.

INT. BRONCO - MORNING

Megan. Driving. Silent tears. Listening to Foster.

FOSTER

Easier out here on the highway.
Doesn't hurt nearly as much.

MEGAN

Stop prattling! Tell me what the hell we have to do!

FOSTER

Grab the Buick. Ditch this. Mexico.
We store the money. Try Matamoros.
Doctors there who only care about dollars.

She hands him Reeves' pill bottle.

MEGAN

Take two. Smoke. Ease the pain.

EXT. QUICKSAND PIT - DAY

Megan parks. Bails out. Sprints to the Bronco. Grabs the driver's door handle.

Foster holds up a bloody hand to halt her.

FOSTER

Unload. Fill the trunk first. Then put duffels on the rear floor and seat ... but keep them below window level.

Megan sets ice chest and rope on the ground.

Races back and forth. Struggles with the weight of the bags.

FOSTER

Unzip one. Look inside.

She unzips. Hold the bags so Foster can see.

Hundred dollar bills.

MEGAN

Too many. I have two left.

FOSTER

Put them on the passenger-side floor.

She turns away to follow instructions, then wheels back.

Dashes forward. Jerks open the door.

Foster: Holding both bloody hands across his abdomen.

MEGAN

You lied. God, Foster. Bright red. That's arterial blood.

FOSTER

Small artery ... or I'd be dead. Long ago.

(grits & sucks air)

Put the goddamn duffel bags in the car, Megan! Now!

MEGAN

I ... I—

FOSTER

Damn you! Don't waste this!

She unloads the bags. Two trips to the Buick.

Foster starts the engine.

Megan dashes back. Stands by the door. Staring at him.

FOSTER

Do you understand now?

She nods. Unable to speak.

FOSTER

Small-time. Big-time. Only thing
that matters is how you exit.

MEGAN

Foster—

FOSTER

Sh-h. We've said everything that's
important. Didn't we? Didn't even
need words.

Megan again nods.

FOSTER

One thing more to tell you. These
days with you ... that score ...
nothing's worth more. I wouldn't
trade a long life for them.

He slams the shifter into Reverse. Floors the gas.

Megan runs alongside. Then races back when he shifts gears.

The Bronco dives into the sand. Bobs. Begins to settle.

Foster grimaces, looks to Megan. Then, he spots the rope.
Pleasure alters his expression.

FOSTER

I'll be damned. That new rope.

He shakes his head. Awe. Then he smiles.

FOSTER

Doesn't matter now. Enjoy yourself,
Megan. Enjoy yourself. Enjoy life.
(grimaces)
Can't do this ... the drownin'
shit. Turn your head.

He brings up the .45 barrel. Drops the safety. CLICK. Tries
again. CLICK. Slowly blinks. Eyes Megan.

FOSTER

Forgot to reload. Got another clip
somewhere.

He looks down toward his waist.

MEGAN

(growls)

No. Goddamn you! You talk about
goin' hard! Well, suck it the hell
up!

Megan wheels. Sprints to the rear of the Buick. Grabs the rope.
Stares at the ice chest.

MEGAN

Ice! We can slow the bleeding!

She ties rope to the car's trailer hitch. Other end to her waist.

MEGAN

You're not gonna die! I won't stand
for it!

Megan sprints toward the pit. Leaps ...

FREEZE FRAME

MEGAN

(screams)

Do you fuckin' hear me?

FADE OUT