

El Cielo

A script/novel

By Dominick Starr

Dedication

For you...

PROLOUGUE

The year is 1849 and the California Gold rush is in full swing. Hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children, all set out west to seek their fortunes. While many were able to reach their destination, very few actually succeeded in acquiring the wealth they sought. Thousands more would find the grueling cross continental voyage to be an impossible feat to overcome. After traveling thousands of miles only to fail to achieve their goals, most lacking the resources nor the dexterity to return home. Luckily for them, they would find haven in a small desert oasis bordering Mexico.

This refuge would eventually become one of the most popular attractions for many on their western voyage. The town was originally founded by Abraham Colt, a former slave who escaped captivity, and Shannon O'Heir, an Irish immigrant. With the help of their immediate families, and native inhabitants, the two literally built the town with their bare hands. The plentiful land provided the two families with an abundance of crops, water, and fields to raise livestock. It also blessed them with vast game which provided food, and clothing. Due to their immense resources, the Colts and O'Heirs established their town as a prevalent trading post. The Two Families were quite prosperous, and lived together in harmony for almost five decades.

In 1876 a group of Chinese railroad workers made their way into the settlement. This visit would ultimately change the very fabric of the city forever. In exchange for food and shelter, the rail workers offered what appeared to be wildflowers. Their proposed trade was initially refused, until the Chinese men revealed the many uses of this mysterious plant. Following the instruction of their new acquaintances, the Two Families were able to

cultivate fields of the rail workers' gift. Future traders would also experience the healing and euphoric effects of the plant. Little did they know that this mysterious blossom has already caused death, addiction, and even war in the far east. Inevitably, the Two Families would also soon learn the undeniable perils of Opium.

Following suit to their eastern counterparts, the United States would too outlaw the recreational use of Opium. Simultaneously, the ever-growing railroad industry would only increase the use and awareness of the drug. Due to both lack of attainability and now illegal status, thousands of Americans turned to the Two Families' now booming colony. People from all over the country found themselves in the American southwest to take part in the Opium experience. Many just passed through after enjoying the encounter, while thousands of others settled into the desert oasis. Without any true established law, the settlers were forced into a system of self government. These new residents would bring even more prosperity to the city, but would also lead to the end of its inhabitants' harmony.

It was 1906 when a group of Mexican cattle rustlers were passing through the town. They found themselves near a river bank just outside of the city. Watering their horses, they noticed a young Irish woman and a black male amongst the wild flowers. The two were kissing passionately, and didn't notice the posse amongst them. Suddenly, the two were attacked by the bandits. The young man was beaten, and was forced to watch the assailants rape and murder his lover. They left him for dead, but miraculously, he made his way back into town.

The young woman was Susan O'Heir, the first granddaughter of Shannon O'Heir. Her love affair with Alexander Douglas was their secret, which was now known to the entire settlement. Alexander was an adopted son of the Colts, and an active member in their growing community. The O'Heirs blamed Alexander for the death of Susan, and demanded retribution. Being that he meant so much to their family, the Colts refused to surrender Alexander. The O'Heirs refused to take no for an answer, and they would soon attack Alexander in the home of Abraham Colt. Two members of the Colt family were killed as well as Alexander. Retaliation by the Colts would soon follow, and the war was on. The blood feud which, started over a slain woman, would continue in a vicious struggle for power between the Two Families. Though there are no official numbers, it is believed that this family feud caused the death of over 4,000 people over the next century.

In the present day, the ongoing feud and habitual immoral habits of the citizens has caused irreconcilable effects on the city. The city's early prosperity and resources has allowed for numerous industrial and

technological advances. However, one thing has always stayed the same. The only true law is the law of the gun. For those who live this life, inconsistency is the only constant. Trapped in a purgatory of their own creation. They are mothers, they are brothers, they are entrepreneurs, they are criminals, they are victims. They are the sum of hatred, immorality, violence, greed, and corruption which has simmered in under the smoldering desert sun for over a hundred years. Their individual tales, are as unique and intoxicating as the city itself. These are the stories for the children from the city of the damned. Welcome to El Cielo...

DESERT ROAD

The wind blows steady on the outskirts of El Cielo. A ghastly little town branded as decadent due to the immoral souls of its inhabitants. As western civilization advanced into the modern era, the city seemed to lack the fundamental social attributes to evolve with the rest of the world. A city so corrupt and depraved, that not even God himself could save it from eminent eternal damnation. The devil smiles proudly on this morose town. It is the crown jewel of his works, his Sistine Chapel, a modern day Sodom and Gomorrah.

The sun's rays emit an unbearable heat over El Cielo that can only be compared to the deepest depths of hell. Gazing upon the city, miles down the sand splatter road stands a sign. Alone in the sweltering desert, the sign reads, "Welcome to El Cielo." Weary travelers unaware that, "Welcome to Purgatory" would be a much more fitting greeting.

Vultures devour the lifeless flesh of a coyote near the street, as the monstrous roar of an engine bellows throughout the sand cloaked tundra. Down the desert road, tears a flat black 72' Mach 1 Mustang. The visual distortion from the broiling sun causes the Mustang to appear as a mirage emerging from the desert floor. The road is paved, but the constant wind has tossed sand onto the street. The spinning tires transform that sand into an immense cloud. The trail of dust leads back to the city of El Cielo. The stead propels past the vultures, and they disperse into the clear sky leaving the carcass to bake in the sun.

Inside the car is Deacon Troy. Not long since his 45th birthday, Deacon's stint in El Cielo has left him to appear many years older. His once blue eyes have morphed into a pale grey. Long blonde locks no longer protrude from his scalp as they did in his younger days, but rather thinning hair matching the shade of his gloomy eyes. The grey has also migrated to the same face that once made women's hearts race at the very sight of him. He is well past his glory days. Deacon Troy is now aged and battle tested, and he has the scars to prove it. In fact, at this very moment, he is contemplating making some new ones.

Deacon tightly grips the leather wheel of his Mustang. His knuckles raw and bruised and his face is no different. Blood on his lips, and brow still wet from a recent confrontation. Battered and damaged, his entire body aches. It's been years since he has felt like this. He thought that this part of his life had passed him by, but as a child of El Cielo, violence is inescapable.

Oddly enough, he missed the sensation. The past few years of peace and tranquility actually left him feeling like but a shell of the man that he once was. He licks the blood from his lips, and tastes the savory flavor of the same violent exhilaration that defined his past. He felt like Deacon Troy of years ago. He remembers exactly why he has become a legend in his city. His muscles tense, and his heart races, yet his spirit sits at ease.

El Cielo, Deacon's city, now stands at his back. He glances in his rear view mirror, reminding himself of the first time he left. He remembers how he vowed that he would never return to that wretched town. The thoughts of all the death and bloodshed he endured flutters through his mind. As he did years ago, Deacon longs to be free of the perils that the city bestows. He no longer wants to live amongst the corrupt in the city of the damned. In his 45 years he has seen enough shattered dreams and heartache to last many lifetimes. This city will indeed soon offer him his own demise, yet he can't look away. A single tear runs down his battered face. Deacon despises this place to no end, but through it all it is his home. And in this home, he once again is leaving his heart.

Suddenly, he violently turns his car around. The tires screech, and an enormous cloud of dust surrounds his stead. Deacon sits still, as the rumbling engine continues to rattle the earth beneath him. The dust begins to settle, and although his hands are steady, Deacon's heart continues to beat rapidly. He retrieves a hand-rolled cigar from his shirt pocket, and places it to his bloodied lips. Reaching for the metal lighter in his pants, he grimaces in pain. His old grey eyes still focused on the city. They stand as a dam, trapping the flood of sorry and doubt that lies behind them. Even as he sits alone, his pride doesn't allow another tear to escape.

The lighter, tarnished and aged appearing to match Deacon's, is sparked and ignites the cigar. The burning tip exudes smoke, which Deacon inhales deeply, decelerating his racing heart. The smoke flows through his lungs, then gradually escapes his mouth. He finally takes his eyes off of his city, and turns them to the glove compartment. Opening the door, he removes a cloth Indian doll. The doll is an antique to say the least, Hair of yarn, stitched smile, and button eyes. The dress is trimmed with a Native American pattern, and the entire doll is slightly discolored. His bruised hands clench the doll tightly. Silence accompanies Deacon and the doll.

The maudlin moment passes, and Deacon's entire demeanor changes. His heart thumps vociferously, and his eyes seem to regain their cobalt radiance. The doll, takes its rightful

place on the seat next to Deacon. His hand reaches back into the open glove compartment, then exits gripping a worn leather belt. Holstered, are two copper plated Desert Eagles. Each grip and the belt buckle all adorn a rattle snake insignia. Full clips are also awkwardly attached to the brown raw hide belt.

Deacon removes both guns from their holsters. Each is cocked and loaded. His eyes carefully examine both cannons. He's holding 16, .50 caliber rounds. That's enough firepower to stop a stampeding buffalo dead in its tracks. In the right hands, this type of heat is the perfect remedy for any ailment. As for Deacon, his precision would rival a world renowned neurosurgeon. In his capable hands, he didn't hold just two massive guns, but two brushes. Deacon was an artist, and those who stood in his path would soon find themselves his canvas. A Di Vinci in his own right, he will render a work of art that rivals the Mona Lisa. His paint of choice, his enemies' blood.

Now completely focused on the task at hand, Deacon takes one long deep drag from his cigar. He tosses the butt to the sand filled street, and tightly grips the leather wheel. His foot sends the gas pedal to the floor. The engine roars. The smoke bursts from his nostrils like a raging bull. His tires spin violently, and the earth once again fills the air. His Mustang is all but completely engulfed, when he up shifts, and tears off towards El Cielo. There in his path stands Deacon's past, present, and future. There's no guarantee that he'll make it out alive, but no matter what happens, neither he nor El Cielo will ever forget this day.

2 THE STREETS OF EL CIELO

Moments later, Deacon reps into back into the city. The buildings are but a blur, at Deacon's blistering speed. Nevertheless, his precision driving enables him to navigate through the city streets with the greatest of ease. His voyage leads him right into a recent crime scene. Police cars, ambulances, and spectators flood the streets. Although the crowd blocks his view of the incident, Deacon knows far too well what has occurred here. Likewise, the cops on the scene recognize him, and it is only a matter of moments before two squad cars are on his tail.

Despite the Mustang's raw muscle power, the finely tuned police cars are quickly able to gain ground. The Fuzz unsuccessfully attempts to run him off the road. Deacon's hand twitches. His heart races as he feels the blood lust overcoming him. There's no way he can out run his pursuers, nor will he detour his journey. His only option is to put them down, and put them down hard.

Deacon quickly jerks the wheel, spinning his car towards the pursuing officers. He pops the clutch, and shifts into reverse. Now facing them, driving backwards, he fires his eagle out the window. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Emptying his clip, Deacon kills the officer of the first car, causing him to crash head on into a parked vehicle on the side of the road. The other car swerves to avoid the wreckage, only to come within a matter of feet of an elderly man crossing the road. The officer is barely able to maneuver around the old man. Unfortunately, Deacon is reloaded. He fires again, this time taking out the tires of the lone police car. The car flips in the air, landing on its roof.

Deacon stops the Mustang, facing the crash. Gasoline protrudes onto the street. The officer inside, horribly injured but alive, attempts to escape from the wreckage. He flops around the car's interior, bones shattered, desperately trying to remove himself from what will soon be a fiery inferno. Deacon contemplates putting the miserable soul out of commission. One part of him feels remorse for having to take another life, while another part of him lusts for more carnage. Sirens in the distance, bring Deacon back to reality, and reminds him of the task at hand. He whips his steed back into gear and continues his voyage. No reason wasting another round on a dying man, besides, the flames will soon do the job.

3

EL CIELO TOWN SQUARE

Deacon arrives in the town square to find it all but deserted. Now alone, he is surrounded by the city courthouse, the Mayor's office, and various shops enclosing the square. There is also a high dollar condominium, which faces the courthouse. The famous Colt Monument stands in the center of the Square. It is a large granite statue of a cowboy riding his horse on its hind legs, which is in the center of a water fountain.

Deacon stops his car between the monument, and the condominium. He steps out of the car, with the doll in hand. He stares into a third story window of the apartment building. There is a woman sitting in the window with her back to the street. Remembering the sweet scent of her long dark hair puts a smile on his face. He takes a step forward.

Suddenly, a fleet of cop cars come from each of the four entrances of the Square. The cops surround Deacon, escaping their vehicles and positioning themselves for the ambush. Deacon doesn't move. Deacon stares intensely at the officers surrounding him. They stare back, but their bodies are consumed with fear. Many of them are at least 20 years

younger than Deacon. All of their lives, they have heard the uncanny tales of men like Deacon Troy. He is the last of dying breed of the deadliest of gun slingers. Without ever seeing his face before this day, most of these men have idolized him since they were children. Despite the numbers being on the side of El Cielo's finest, the odds were in Deacon's favor. Deacon knew this, and even more so, so did they.

JERK COP
(Through a megaphone)
That's enough Troy. Put down what
you're holding, and put your hands
on your head.

Deacon doesn't budge. In his mind, he contemplates whether he had come all this way for nothing. Has he sent innocent men to their deaths for a dream that would never come true? Was it all in vain? Is he nothing more than a miserable old gunslinger who has inadvertently begun his final hookah?

JERK COP
(screaming)
I said drop the fucking doll!

Deacon looks up at the Jerk cop without moving his head. He wasn't sure what who he was anymore, but no matter what no one was going to stop him from reaching that condo.

Deacon Drops the doll. The second it hits the sand, he pulls out both eagles. His first shot rips through the megaphone and takes out the Jerk Cop. The other officers fire back. Deacon dodges shot after shot, while unleashing a deadly horde of lead of his own.

Empty, Deacon releases his magazines, and slams the open handle over two waiting clips on his gun belt. Reloaded, he continues his one-man mission of annihilation. He is able to take out a number of cops with pinpoint accuracy. All of the officers' fears came to fruition in one dazzling display of destructive brilliance. Deacon reloads a second time. He continues to put down El Cielo's finest one by one.

Again, he empties both clips, and attempts to reload in the same fashion as before. This time a bullet finds its way into his shoulder, causing one of the eagles to fly from his hand. Despite the shot, Deacon is still able to load the other gun. It's going to take more than that to take down Deacon Troy. He stands in complete and utter defiance of the both the law, and the pain which attempts to force his surrender. His aura is both intimidating and admirable. Today, this city witnesses a new verse in the Ballad of Deacon Troy. In the midst of his heroic stance, another

bullet into his lower lower abdomen, causing him to tumble backwards into the fountain.

UNDER WATER: Deacon is looking up at the sky. He watches his blood dye the fountain water, turning his view of the blue sky blood red. Oxygen bubbles escape from his mouth and nose. Deacon's boots are the only part of him not emerged in the now crimson water.

Around the Square, there are several cops lying dead in the streets. The gunfight has caused significant damage to the Square's surrounding buildings. The cop cars are in just as bad of a condition. The few remaining cops slowly move towards the fountain. Uneasy, they wonder if they have truly accomplished the impossible. Have these insignificant lawmen actually brought down the legendary Deacon Troy?

UNDER WATER: Deacon is losing consciousness. His vision is slowly fading. He begins to hear a young girl's laughter. His view of the scarlet sky transforms into flashes of a LITTLE MEXICAN GIRL about 5 years old. The girl is happily spinning in circles. In her hand, she holds an Indian doll reminiscent of the doll Deacon has left to soil in the sand. His vision of the young girl fades to black, but her laughter continues.

Complete black. Only the running water of fountain is heard. Silence.

LITTLE MEXICAN GIRL (IN DEACON'S HEAD)
(softly)
Deacon...get up.

UNDER WATER: Deacon's eyes open. He sees five officers looking down at him from the side of the fountain. He fires his single gun rapidly, drilling each of the cops with one shot apiece. Just like their dreams of becoming heroes, each falls to the ground dead.

Deacon sits up, and gasps for air. He looks around the square for more opposition, but he is alone. He steps out of the fountain, and stands over the corpses of the five officers. Each of them with a single shot in the forehead. Even Deacon is impressed by his handy work. He catches his breath long enough to gaze back up at the window, but there is no one there. He turns to the doll in the sand.

INSIDE THE CONDOMINIUM

The hallway is narrow, and dimly lit. Deacon is battered and weak, and he is leaning on the wall to keep from falling to the hard wood floor. His clothes are soaked with a mixture of the fountain water, and his ever flowing blood. He moves slowly down the narrow hallway, still leaning on the wall. Leaving behind a gruesome trail of his own plasma. In his right hand is the doll. With his left hand, he clutches his abdomen.

He stops next to the last door in the hallway, where a man is unconscious on the floor. Deacon steps over him. He jiggles the knob, but it is locked. He switches the doll to his left hand, and uses his right to remove his gun from its holster. He moves across the hall, directly in front of the door. Deacon breathes heavily. He is clutched over, yet his eyes are firmly planted on the door in front of him.

He has come so far, and endured so much, only to be halted by a locked door. What should be the easiest test for him to overcome, is unimaginably difficult do to his current physical condition. He breaths deeply. A moment passes. Deacon lets out a fierce grunt. He musters up every ounce of his strength and kicks in the door.

BANG!

The shot comes from inside. The bullet catches Deacon square between the eyes, damn near exploding his head. His lifeless body hits the floor. The doll, now soiled in dirt and blood, flies from Deacon's hand. His blood fills the crevasses of the hard wood floor. His body is motionless, his heart no longer races. For everything that he was up until this point is no more. His speed, his precision, his will, all gone. The man, the lover, the legend known as Deacon Troy is dead.

TROY'S BODY SHOP

Days before Deacon's death, the sound of an engine revving bellows throughout the garage. Tools and car posters line the walls of the shop. There are three cars in the garage, one of which is a classic truck. There is also a completely custom cocaine white Buick Grand National. The last spot is occupied by a car concealed by a dusty old cover.

Holding a shop light, is an arm decorated with a rattlesnake tattoo. Deacon is under the hood of the old truck fiddling with the engine. A hand rolled cigar protrudes from the corner of his mouth. He's wearing a worn oil stained jumpsuit, with the arms cut off.

DEACON
Alright, try it again.

The engine revs up again. Satisfied, Deacon shakes his head.

DEACO
N OK. That's good.

WILLIAM, a young Hispanic man, 23 years old, steps out the driver's side of the truck. He's wearing a wife beater, and a pair of tattered blue jeans. Despite his clothes, he doesn't share Deacon's "gear head" appearance. In fact, he looks as if he's more suited to walk on a runway than being under the hood of a car. He moves to the hood of the truck.

WILLIAM
Deac. How many times you gonna fix
this piece of shit?

Deacon flicks ash from his cigar.

DEACO
N
As long as Hank keeps bringing it
in, I'll keep fixing it.

WILLIAM
Yeah, well sooner or later this son
of a bitch is gonna clunk out.
Hell, it most cost him a fortune
just to keep it on the road.

DEACON
(Blowing smoke)
Not exactly.

WILLIA
M (confused)
What do you mean? You give em a
discount or something?

DEACO
N
Of course not... He doesn't pay
anything.

WILLIA
M (angry)
What?

Deacon slams the hood of the truck down, and gives William a "don't fuck with me" look. His cigar still hangs from his lips. He picks up a shop rag and wipes the hood and grill of the truck. William moves closer to Deacon.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
Are you fucking kidding me? All the
work that's been put into that
truck, and he don't pay?

Deacon has his reasons for his pro bono work, none of which he cares
to share with William. Deacon shakes his head no, and tries to
continue polishing the chrome grill.

WILLIAM (cont'd) Deac. Come
on. That's fucking bullshit! We're backed
up as is. We don't need to be wasting
time on
Old Man Henry's beat up old truck. And
for free? What the fuck is that?

DEACO
N (annoyed)
That's Mr. Martin to you.

Deacon throws the rag to the side, and turns his back to William. He
walks towards his office, and William follows closely behind.

6 TROY'S BODY SHOP FRONT OFFICE

Deacon is trying to avoid the conversation, but William won't let
up.

WILLIAM
OK. Seriously. We can't afford to
keep taking time out to fix Mr.
Martin's truck. Especially for
free. I'm not trying to tell you
how to run your business but...

DEACO
N Then don't.

They stare intensely at each other. William doesn't typically question
Deacon, but at this moment his anger and curiosity has gotten the best
of him. Nevertheless, he knows that this is an argument he can't win.
Even if he is right, there's no way Deacon will give him an explanation,
nor will he change his mind. The phone rings.

Deacon and William both look over at the phone. Deacon turns his head
to William, then back at the phone. Thankful for
the interruption, William rushes to the phone on the desk.

WILLIAM
(answering the phone)
Troy's how can I help you?

Faintly, a voice is heard on the other end of the phone. William looks up at Deacon, then turns towards the corner. Obviously, William has no intention of letting Deacon hear his conversation. Deacon respectfully gives the kid his privacy, and moves towards the front door.

7 SIDEWALK OUTSIDE OF TROY'S

Deacon stands on the sidewalk, smoking his cigar. It is a typical hot day, briefly alleviated by the desert breeze. Traffic is light, but a number of people are strolling on the sand splattered pavement. There are numerous small shops along the long road. Bars, sleazy strip clubs, and gun shops make up the majority of the businesses on the strip. No wonder why this city has become the nation's infamous brothel of indiscretions. A few of the pedestrians notice Deacon, and wave in his direction. He nods back. At his feet is today's newspaper. Headline: Sheriff David Grissom delivers "Dagger" to hostage takers.

Deacon's attention is taken by the sound of yelling coming from down the road. He glances towards the ruckus, to see two men flying out of a bar entrance. They are in the middle of a drunken scuffle. One of the men takes a hard punch to the face, and hits the sand. The fallen bar patron attempts to pull his gun, but the other is quicker. He fires on the drunken fool, killing him. Oddly enough, the crowd doesn't run or scream. Some of them actually accompany the victor back into the bar, while others strip the dead man of his gun and other valuables. They drag the corpse into an adjacent alley for disposal.

Disgusted, Deacon shakes his head, and tosses his cigar into the street. This isn't the first time he has witnessed such barbaric acts, but it is unsettling nonetheless. As he turns to go back inside, a little Hispanic girl runs into his leg. She smiles up at him. He sends a crooked smile back at her. For a brief moment he is lost in her eyes, no longer concerned with the horrific act that has taken place just moments before.

HISPANIC WOMAN
(calling to the girl)
Esmeralda, wait.

ESMERALD
A (whining)
But mommy, I wanna see.

She points in the direction of the fight. Esmeralda's mother catches up with her, and grabs her by the hand.

ESMERALDA'S
MOTHER (fussing)
No, Nina.

She looks over at Deacon, then pulls her daughter across the street. Fussing at her in Spanish all the way. Deacon watches solemnly as the two disappear down the road. He picks up the newspaper, and steps back inside

8 FRONT OFFICE

William is now looking out the window in the front of the office. He has a coffee mug in his hand. Deacon tosses the paper on the desk, in route to the garage. William gives the paper a quick glance, then back out the window.

WILLIAM
What was that Deac?

DEACO
N
That was the sound of the eternal
damnation of our city.

WILLIAM
(once Deacon is back in the
garage)
Humph. It sounded like a gun.

9 GARAGE

Deacon is polishing and putting away William's tools. William walks in after him, and sees Deacon cleaning up. William is shocked to see Deacon cleaning up his mess. He's even more shocked that he's doing it so early.

WILLIAM
We done for the day boss?

DEACO
N
(shakes his head no)
You are.
(turns towards William)
It's been a long week, and I know
you could use a break.

WILLIAM
Naw, I'm cool. We got too much shit
to do around here anyways.

DEACO

N

So you don't have plans tonight?

WILLIAM

Well...I got some things to do a little later.

DEACO

N

Alright, well why don't you just make later sooner. Get out. Have a good time.

WILLIAM

Seriously Deac. I don't wanna leave you here all alone.

DEACO

N

Kid, I may be old, but I don't need a fucking orderly. Besides, I'm just gonna clean up around here. I'll probably take Henry his truck and have a couple of drinks.

WILLIAM

OK... you need anything before I go?

DEACO

N Yeah, take this.

Deacon pulls out a white envelope from his back pocket, and hands it to William. William opens it, and sees several fifty dollar bills. He looks surprised.

WILLIAM

What's this? It's not payday yet.

DEACO

N

I know... I... You've been doing such a good job and... You know... Keeping out of trouble and what not... helping me out here... honest work is hard rare these days, and honest work deserves honest pay... you know... just... just take it Kid.

An awkward pause.

WILLIAM

Yeah... thanks.

William doesn't know how to accept the gesture. It is true that he has stayed out of trouble since working for Deacon. However, the whole truth isn't that he hasn't gotten his hands dirty, but more so, he just hasn't been caught yet. His current activities will probably bring him more turmoil than he has ever known before. Deacon could never know the extent of William's exploits, for they would only bring similar strife to Deacon's life as well. He knows Deacon believes in him, and he wishes he could reward Deacon's faith by becoming the man that Deacon is teaching him to be. As for now, he can only feel embarrassment for not living up to that expectation.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
Alright... I guess I'm gonna get outta here.

DEACO
N
Yeah, you be careful out there.

William nods, then grabs his leather biker jacket. He throws it on, and puts the money in an interior pocket. He moves towards the back door.

DEACON (cont'd)
(yelling)
And tell your friend Hollywood to come get his fucking car!

10 HOLLYWOOD'S NIGHT CLUB

Later that night, in the heart of El Cielo. A multi-level club illuminated by blue and purple neon lights, and filled with smoke. Spiral staircases lead from the first floor, to the second. Beautiful women dance on various stages on both levels of the club. Drunken male spectators surround the stages, hollering and taunting the girls. A neon sign over the main bar reads "Hollywood's".

A scantily clad dressed WAITRESS walks through the club. She's wearing extremely short black shorts, fishnet stockings, knee-high leather boots, and a tight purple t-shirt that reads "Hollywood's". Her ass, which can only be described as, immaculate, hypnotizes many intoxicated patrons. The Waitress is carrying a tray of shot glasses. She makes her way through the crowd from the main bar to a table on the upper level.

There are three men sitting at the table. One is William, and the other two are JESSE and FRANK E JAMESON, white males ages 25 and 27. Both athletically built. Jesse, Frank E, and William are all dressed in stylish suits. Jesse's shirt is

unbuttoned showing off his chest tattoos and his hair is spiked. Frank E's hair is low, and he's wearing dark sunglasses. The three of them make up the most notorious gang in El Cielo. Though the days of the true gunslinger has passed, the Jameson Boys have built a reputation on glitz, glamor, performing the most extravagant high profile crimes. They own the city, and the city loves them. Whereas some places celebrate the accomplishments of their city's sports teams, El Cielo relishes the infamous acts of their New Age Outlaws.

There's a number of empty shot glasses and half drunken mixed drinks on the table. There are two girls sitting at the table with the brood. Both women are seating next to Jesse, and both possess a certain promiscuous aura, typical of the women Jesse attracts. The waitress is spreading the shots around the table when Hollywood Colt, slim, black male, 23, steps up behind her grabbing her ass.

Hollywood's name is synonymous with his entire demeanor. He is the only person in the entire club who outshines the Jameson brothers. His family owns half the town, his uncle is the mayor, and he dabbles in just about every illegal activity imaginable. However, he lacks a true deviant bravado necessary for heavy lifting. To the real criminals of El Cielo, he is a rich boy trying to run with the bad boys. Despite this well known fact, his family's prowess makes him a prominent figure in El Cielo's underworld. That family name has also provided him with a great advantage with the ladies.

The waitress turns to Hollywood, and greets him with a passionate kiss. He palms her ass with both hands this time, for everyone to see. Making his point, he releases her, and turns to the table.

HOLLYWOOD
OD
(at the three men)
You boys having a good time?

WILLIAM JESSE
Hell yeah! You know it!

The group all take their shots together.

HOLLYWOOD
OD
(to the waitress)
Go fetch us another round sweet cheeks.

Hollywood takes a seat at the table with the others. The two girls are sitting between Jesse and Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD (cont'd)
Holy shit! It's bumping tonight ay?

WILLIAM
Yeah, this place usually is.

FRANK E
At least now it is.

WILLIA
M What do you
mean?

FRANK E
Let's just say our friend Hollywood
here experienced a recent fit of
bad luck.

WILLIA
M What happened?

HOLLYWO
OD
It was nothing. I got it all taken
care of.

There's a brief awkward moment amongst the group. Eager to change the subject, Hollywood points out a lump on the side of Jesse's face.

HOLLYWOOD (cont'd)
What the fuck happened to you?

JESSE
I let your mom sit on my face, and
her pussy tried to eat me.

Laughter erupts around the table. Of course, everyone laughs except Hollywood.

HOLLYWO
OD
Fuck you. What happened?

JESSE
You remember TWO TON TONY?

Both Frank E and William smirk, as they both know Jesse never turns down the opportunity to sing of his own conquests. Jesse sits up, and leans towards Hollywood. Like a child at bedtime, Hollywood can't wait to hear Jesse's tale.

HOLLYWO
OD
Yeah, we did some business with him
not too long ago right?

JESSE

Yeah, well he decided it would be a good idea to get himself arrested. Intent or some bullshit. Anyways, his ole lady loved the powder, and he always took care of her. With Tony gone she didn't know how to score. I mean, the bitch had never even done the shit till they hooked up. So one night, I ended up running into her at a bar. We were just shooting the shit or whatever, and the next thing you know I'm doing lines off her bare ass.

HOLLYWOOD

Bullshit!

JESSE

No shit, I was fucking her pretty steady for about a month. And bro, she knew what she was doing. The only thing was, I had to keep the white coming. But, keep in mind she couldn't afford the shit. Lucky for her I was willing to work out an extended payment plan.

Laughter around the table.

JESSE (cont'd)

So anyway, I'm sitting on her couch the other day, and she's giving me the blow job of all blow jobs. I'm about to nut when Tony busts in the door. I don't know how he got out, but let's just say he wasn't too happy to find me and Seymour on his couch.

HOLLYWOOD

OD Who's Seymour?

JESSE

My cock.

Laughter.

JESSE (cont'd)

So anyways, he bursts in and of course he tries to kill me.

11 FLASHBACK: TONY'S LIVING ROOM

TONY opens the door to find his wife giving Jesse head on the couch.

TWO TON
TONY What the fuck is
this?

TONY'S WIFE
Oh my God!... baby I was...

JESSE
Oh shit!

Tony's wife jumps to her feet, wiping her mouth. Jesse stands, and pulls his pants up. Tony rushes Jesse, grabbing him by the throat.

JESSE (NARRATING)
I barely got my pants up before
this behemoth bastard is choking
the shit out of me.

Jesse kicks Tony in the balls. Tony releases Jesse. Jesse gasps for air. Tony wife screams in the background.

JESSE (NARRATING)
I had to kick him in the nuts just
to get him off of me. But before I
know it, he's right back on me.

Tony grabs Jesse, and tosses him across the room into the wall.

JESSE (NARRATING) (cont'd) I
swear to God he threw me straight over
the kitchen counter into a
wall like 10 feet away.

12 BACK AT THE TABLE

FRANK E
You should have shot em.

HOLLYWOOD
Yeah, why didn't you just shoot
him?

JESSE
Well, under normal circumstances I
would have. But I really didn't
want to kill the poor fuck. I mean,

JESSE
how would you feel if you come home
from prison to find you fucking
wife with a dick in your mouth and
some guy watching your TV drinking
your booze? You know? Besides, the
whole time he's whipping my ass,
the bitch is screaming, "don't hurt
my husband, don't hurt my husband."
But I'm the one getting my ass
stomped. Anyways...

13 FLASHBACK: TONY'S LIVING ROOM

Jesse is on the ground hurt. Two Ton Tony holding a meat cleaver.

JESSE (NARRATING)
I'm on the ground, and he's in the
kitchen. He reaches into a draw,
and pulls out a fucking meat
cleaver. He's all like, I'm gonna
chop your little pecker off, and
stick it up your ass you little
faggot."

Jesse jumps to his feet.

14 BACK AT THE TABLE

JESSE
So, I'm like fuck that. I look him right in
the eyes...

Jesse pulls out his nickel plated Baby Eagle, and points it as if he were
aiming at Tony. The gun is decorated with custom engraving on both
sides or the barrel.

JESSE (cont'd)
And I'm like, yeah, well my Jericho
says otherwise. Bang! Bang! I shot
that motherfucker in both kneecaps
and got the hell outta there.

HOLLYWOOD
That's fucking crazy.

FRANK E
Well, that's what happens when you
dip in somebody else's Kool-aid.

Frank E glances at William, and embarrassment consumes his face. Adultery is a very familiar topic for William. The momentary awkwardness is quickly broken when the waitress arrives with the round of shots Hollywood requested. She passes them around the table.

FRANK E (cont'd)
To living free, and dying young.

Everyone, including the waitress raises their glasses, and takes their shots.

WAITRESS
1 (To Hollywood)
Baby doll, there's some guy looking for
you by the bar.

Hollywood stands up to get a better view.

HOLLYWOOD
Who is it?

WAITRESS 1
I don't know, but he's wearing the red
blazer.

Hollywood is able to locate the RED BLAZER. He quickly sits back down in his seat, and leans across the table towards Frank E.

HOLLYWOOD
(Whispering)
That's the guy I was telling you about.

FRANK E
And he's legit?

HOLLYWOOD
Yeah, he's the real deal.

Hollywood seems nervous. He's always nervous around real goons, but tonight seems different. Frank E notices Hollywood's demeanor, but doesn't once break his cool. That's Frank, always cool headed. He smirks at Hollywood.

FRANK E
OK, let's do this.

Frank E reaches under the table, and comes up with a Louis Vuitton backpack. Jesse begins to get up, but Frank E signals him to sit. Frank E, Hollywood, and the waitress all leave the table. William and Jesse are left alone with the

two girls. They watch Frank E and Hollywood make their way to the Red Blazer. Hollywood greets the man with a handshake, then motions to Frank E. They shake hands, then the Red Blazer picks up a briefcase next to a bar stool. They exchange words then they make their way to a room behind the bar.

Jesse slides closer to William.

JESSE
Kid. You know he didn't mean anything by that.

WILLIAM
Who, your brother?

JESSE
Yeah, he wasn't talking about you.

WILLIAM
I know.

JESSE
Besides married broads are the best.

They laugh together.

JESSE (cont'd)
Take her for example.

Jesse points to a brunette sitting at a table near the main bar. She has her chin on the shoulder of a man playing poker, but her face is facing the dance floor. Another couple is dancing rather sexually. The dancing woman has on a short dress, and her partner's hands are climbing up her legs near her butt.

JESSE (cont'd)
Look at her, she's with her man, but she can't take her eyes off that other guy. Yeah he's a decent looking guy, no homo, but that's not why she's down there drooling. She's bored and that other chick is clearly having a good time. Because he's making that bitch feel good, now dude is sexy to her.

WILLIAM
So, he's already got a girl. What's your point?

JESSE

Aw, my young Padawan, you still have much to learn. Women are animals just like I us. They have needs. Dirty, hot, sweaty, primal needs. And they love to hunt, like a fucking cougar in heat, they need to hunt. Any and everybody knows the only way to catch a hunter is with live bait.

William nods, and takes a sip of the mixed drink in front of him. Jesse is silent. He never takes his eyes off of the brunette. Both he and William both know what's coming next, as it is just a formality at this point. The only thing that Jesse loves more than boasting of his conquests is adding to them.

JESSE (cont'd)

You know what, fuck it.

WILLIAM

What?

JESSE

Watch and learn kid. Let's go ladies.

Jesse grabs the two girls at the table by the hand, and the three of them head to the dance floor. Jesse winks at William. William watches Jesse and the girls arrive on the floor and begin to dance. Jesse is sandwiched between the two girls. He soon starts to passionately kiss and caress each of them.

It isn't long before he catches the attention of the bored brunette. The two make eye contact, and she blushes. Jesse gives her a wink, and continues dancing. Moments later, the woman whispers something to her husband, and heads towards the bar. Jesse looks up at William and nods. William raises his glass. Jesse has done it again. Always the gentleman, he leaves the two girls on the dance floor and makes his way over to the brunette.

William's phone vibrates. He pulls it from his interior coat jacket pocket. He has a text message reading: C U tonight? William replies back: What time? He looks up to see the brunette and Jesse talking at the bar. They both have drinks in their hands, and she is rubbing Jesse's hand.

William shakes his head. He has witnessed these exploits almost every night for the past 2 years. Though a ladies' man in his own right, William is quite impressed with Jesse's

unmatched dexterity. The phone's vibration interrupts William's admiration. The message reads: 1 hour? William writes back: OK

He looks up again to find the brunette's husband rushing towards the bar. William doesn't budge. Just as he frequently finds new ways to get himself into trouble, he can usually find a way to himself out. On the other hand, without Frank E to calm him down, things could easily escalate rather quickly. William keeps a close eye on Jesse from his seat.

The angry husband grabs his wife's arm, and starts screaming at Jesse. Jesse argues back. A few bouncers rush over to break up the confrontation. Jesse puts his hands up as if he is finished. William is relieved that he doesn't have to get into a bar fight tonight, especially considering he has plans soon. The crowd begins to disperse, and the irate husband turns his back to Jesse. Suddenly, Jesse grabs a bar stool shatters it over the head of the angry husband. A brawl breaks out between Jesse, the husband, the bouncers and the husband's friends.

William darts down the stairs to join in on the fight. He and Jesse take on their adversaries using a combination of fists, elbows, knees, chairs, glasses and anything else they can get their hands on. So much for a quite evening.

The fighting continues as Frank E, Hollywood, and the Red Blazer are coming out of the back room. Frank E immediately joins in on the brawl. Hollywood screams frantically for the fighting to stop.

Jesse knocks the brunette's husband to his knees. The man reaches to his back to pull his pistol. Jesse gets the jump on him pulling his first. A few of the other combatants reach for their firearms as well. William and Frank E both pull out their pieces. William is carrying a black and nickel 1911, while Frank E yields two custom Barretts. The New Age Outlaws are now in a standoff with the crowd.

15 TROY'S BODY SHOP

The next day, William and Deacon are both in the garage. The duo are putting new tires on William's Bike in awkward silence. William has a bandage above his left eye. He also has a bruise on his cheek.

DEACO
N
You have a good night, Kid?

WILLIAM
It wasn't too bad. We just hung out
at Hollywood's.

DEACO
N
So Hollywood's the one that broke
your face?

Ashamed, William hesitates to answer. Anyone who picked up a paper
or watched the news knew what happened, but he sure as hell didn't
want to talk about it.

WILLIAM
No. I must of fell or something.

DEACO
N
You fell? Look Kid, I ain't one to
stick my nose where it doesn't
belong. You're a grown man, and
you're in control of your own
life... you are in control right?

WILLIAM
Yeah, why wouldn't I be?

DEACO
N
I don't know Kid. Maybe you're just
like everybody else in this shit
hole city. You've a child of El
Cielo, and all you know how to do
is help this city dig itself deeper
into the depths of purgatory.

William can only look down at the bike.

DEACON (cont'd)
Or, maybe you're just like me when
I was your age.

WILLIA
M And how's that?

Deacon can sense William's frustrations. He decides to go easy on
him.

DEACO
N
You think with your dick.

WILLIA
M (laughing)
What?

DEACO

N

You know I'm right. There's some skirt out there got you bent all out of shape. Shit, I been roughed up a few times myself over some dame. We've all been there Kid. But you, you've got it bad.

WILLIAM

How the fuck you figure that?

DEACO

N

It may be hard to believe, but this old dog had his day. Don't let the gray fool you, I know the game. You're just like any other pup trying to bury his bone. You run with the wildest lunatics in town. Everybody knows not to cross you, cause they know they'll have to deal with them. Dames love a bad ass. Plus, I swear to God you're the prettiest fucking mechanic that I've ever seen.

William laughs. Deacon continues to work on the bike, and is trying not to join in on the laughter.

DEACON (cont'd)

You know Kid. I don't know who she is, but I just hope she's worth it.

William nods his head in understanding. It's moments like this that make him want to get away from this life. Deacon has shown him that he can live a normal life, and make an honest living. But like Deacon said, there's another part of his life that's he's just not ready to give up quite yet.

The front door bell chimes. William grabs a rag to clean his hands, and goes into the front office.

16 FRONT OFFICE

William emerges from the garage to find Hollywood standing in the front office.

HOLLYWO

OD Kid! What's up?

WILLIAM

Hollywood!

The two embrace.

William has pulled Hollywood's car out of the garage.
turns off the car, and steps out.

He

Hollywood notices William's face.

HOLLYWOOD
OD
Damn, son. You look like shit.

WILLIAM
Fuck you man. I was in a fight.

HOLLYWOOD
OD
Yeah, well I hope you had fun,
because y'all fucked my place up.

They laugh

WILLIAM
So what's going on man?

HOLLYWOOD
Nothing, I just figured I'd
stop by and pick up the whip.
(looks down)

WILLIAM
No really. What's up?

HOLLYWOOD
You know.

WILLIAM
Know what?

HOLLYWOOD
OD
Don't be a dick, dude.

WILLIAM
What the fuck are you talking
about?

HOLLYWOOD
OD
You really don't know?

William shakes his head no. Hollywood looks to the dirt, pauses,
then looks back at William.

HOLLYWOOD (cont'd)
Shit, that means they don't know
either... Jesse's gonna fucking kill me
when he finds out.

WILLIAM
What, what the fuck did you do?

HOLLYWOOD
Last night, that was all my
fault. It wasn't supposed to go
down like that. I didn't want to do
it.

WILLIAM
M (yelling)
What? What the fuck is wrong with
you? What did you do?

Hollywood begins to tear up.

HOLLYWOOD
I had to Kid. I had to.

Tears begin to run down Hollywood's cheeks.

HOLLYWOOD (cont'd)
It was Dagger.

Silence.

WILLIAM
You gave us up to Dagger? How?...
What is he going to do?...

HOLLYWOOD
You don't understand, I didn't have
a choice. He's cleaning house.
Ain't no more pardons. I didn't...
look, I didn't have time to warn
you last night... they were
watching me... fuck you can't tell
them, they're gonna fucking kill
me... Kid... please don't...

William throws Hollywood his keys. He shakes his head and walks
away.

HOLLYWOOD (cont'd)
Yo Kid. I didn't give you up. I
swear to God, I didn't even mention
your name!

William picks up the phone, and dials. It rings multiple times, making William nervous. Sheriff Grissom is the last person anyone should ever cross. You don't get a nickname like "Dagger" by being your friendly neighborhood police man. For all extensive purposes, he's not just the law, he is judge, jury, and an extremely prejudice executioner. Thanks to Hollywood and the Colt family, William and the Jameson's have stayed off of Dagger's radar for some time now. Apparently, that time is up. The phone continues to ring, then finally, Frank E picks up.

FRANK E (ON THE PHONE)

Hello.

WILLIAM

M Hey, are you OK?

FRANK E (ON THE PHONE)

I'm perfectly fine.

WILLIAM

I just found out that...

FRANK E (ON THE PHONE)

Yeah, don't worry about that.

Frank E is always calm, but his current tone is down right spooky. William is confused.

WILLIAM

What?

FRANK E (ON THE PHONE)

I've got it covered. It's really not a big deal.

WILLIAM

Are you fucking kidding me? We need to...

FRANK E (ON THE PHONE)

Why don't you come over after work.

WILLIAM

Seriously, Hollywood said...

FRANK E (ON THE PHONE)

Hey, don't worry about it. Just stop by when you get off.

The line goes dead. William holds the phone to his ear for a moment in confusion. He hangs up.

William enters the front door of the loft, just hours after his conversation with Frank E. He removes his jacket, and tosses it on the back of a chair. Music is playing in the smoke filled living area. William finds Jesse lounging on the sofa puffing on a joint. He's so high, he barely acknowledges William. Frank E is in the kitchen.

FRANK E
You wanna drink?

WILLIA
M Naw, I'm good.

Frank E returns to the living area with a bottle of vodka and a full glass. He hands the glass to William. William reluctantly accepts. He takes a seat where he laid his jacket, and places the glass on the coffee table. Frank E sits next to his brother on the sofa across from William. Frank E takes the joint from his brother, and takes a long drag. He blows the smoke out in William's direction. He takes another hit, then passes the joint back to Jesse.

FRANK E
What's up Kid? Why so blue?

WILLIAM
What the fuck's going on Frank? I talked to Hollywood today, and he says you're about to have some serious shit on your head.

FRANK E
Yeah. We know... we know everything.

WILLIA
M What happened?

FRANK E
Cornelius "Hollywood" Colt is what happened. His little bitch ass got himself in some shit he couldn't handle, so he made a deal with the devil.

WILLIAM
I don't understand. Why didn't he just call you?

JESSE
Cause he's a fucking pussy!

FRANK E
Yes, he is a pussy, but more importantly, he has no heart. His uncle set everything up. Hollywood's just some rich kid trying to play outlaw. He don't understand simple things like honor or loyalty. But realistically, we can't really blame him. I knew this a long time ago. The truth is he was good for business.

William finally picks up his drink, and swallows it down almost in one gulp. Frank E refills it. Jesse pulls out his switchblade and twirls it about.

JESSE
I say we go cut his fucking balls off.

FRANK E
By all means, under any other circumstances I'd personally castrate that rat bastard myself. There just isn't enough time. We gotta get the fuck outta Dodge.

WILLIAM
Y'all gonna be OK?

Frank E glances over at Jesse, who sits up.

FRANK E
Well, that's where you come in. We're gonna need a little help getting out of town.

WILLIA
M Doing what?

FRANK E
You know First Western Bank?

William takes a sip of his drink, and nods yes.

FRANK E (cont'd)
We're gonna rob it.

WILLIAM

Are you fucking serious? The Colts own that bank. You know the rules Frank E. This ain't like moving weight. You can't just fuck the Colts and get away with it. Besides, you got money, you don't need to do this.

Jesse puffs away at his joint, while Frank E takes a swig from his bottle. Neither react to William's warning. William can see that Frank E has already made up his mind.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

I swear to God that you two motherfuckers done lost y'all damn minds.

JESSE

They fucked us first Kid! No Astroglide, no reach around or nothing.

FRANK E

Hollywood and his pussy ass uncle started this shit. We've been lining both of their pockets for years, and they have the audacity to turn us over to Dagger? They really didn't leave us much of a choice. This ain't about the money Kid.

William chugs the rest of his drink, and slams the glass down on the coffee table.

WILLIAM

When?

FRANK E

Two days

JESSE

Noon

William reaches across the table, and takes the joint. He takes a long drag, then releases the smoke from his mouth and nostrils. He leans back in his chair, allowing the ghanja to alleviate his stress.

FRANK E

Look, there's no reason to make any rash decisions now. Think about it

FRANK E
Kid. Let us know tomorrow. I just
want you to know that we can't do
this without you.

William shakes his head.

20

MARIA'S APARTMENT

It is now after midnight, and MARIA, a beautiful Hispanic woman, 38, is in the shower. Age has done her well. Her bare body is glistening from the combination of soap and the flowing water. She is softly singing a Spanish song. Maria emerges from the shower, and wraps herself in a towel. She uses another to dry her hair. While doing so, she hears a noise coming from the living room. She quietly moves in the direction of the ruckus to investigate.

She emerges from the bedroom, taser in hand, and peers into the living room. She finds nothing. She then turns to go back into the bedroom, and notices the window is open. She moves towards it. Slowly, she sticks her head outside, and again finds that no one is there. She closes the window. She then turns once again to the bedroom, and is startled by William.

MARIA
Oh my God!

Maria throws her fist into William's chest. He grabs her by the waist pulling her close to him.

WILLIA
M Its just me.

MARIA
(still angry)
You scared the hell out of me.

WILLIAM
I'm sorry baby. You know I like to
make an entrance.

MARIA
(Pushing away from William)
Its a little too late for an
entrance. That ship has sailed.
What happened to you last night
anyways?

WILLIAM
I'm sorry, things just got out of
hand... but I do need to talk to
you.

Maria notices the solemn look on William's face, accompanied by the
bandage over his eye.

MARI
A What's wrong?

William takes Maria by both hands. He sits her on the sofa, and stands
in front of her.

WILLIAM
I may be leaving town soon. I
haven't really decided yet, but I
don't know if I really have a
choice. I don't wanna say it like
that but its true. There's nothing
here for me anymore.

Maria doesn't respond. She looks towards the floor. William gets down
on one knee.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
That is except for you. I couldn't
imagine leaving you here in this
shit hole. I want you to come with
me.

A tear trickles down Maria's cheek. She wipes it off her face. She
places the same hand on William's cheek. She stares into his eyes.

MARIA
You know how much I care for you.
And you know that I would do
anything for you...

William shakes his head. He knows what's coming. Although he loves
Maria, he understands that she is not truly his to love.

MARIA
But you know I can't leave with
you. You know he would never let
that happen. He would hunt us down
like dogs. I couldn't live knowing
that that he hurt you because of
me.

William drops his head.

MARIA
(weeping softly)
I'm sorry.

The two embrace for a moment. William pushes away from Maria, and makes his way to the window. He stands with his back to her.

WILLIAM
(without turning around)
You know he could never hurt me...
but you could.

21 TROY'S BODY SHOP

Deacon and William are in the shop. It's a little after six, and the shop is closed for the night. Deacon is fiddling around with an old carburetor, while William is putting away tools. Both are silent, and William is clearly irritated. Not even he is quite sure whether it is due to Hollywood's betrayal or Maria's rejection. While placing a wrench in its spot on the wall, it slips out of place causing other tools to fall from their places. William slams a draw shut.

WILLIAM
Shit!

Deacon continues to work without acknowledging William's frustrations. William again tries to put everything in its place. His second attempt is more successful, except he can't find the wrench. He looks around on the counter top, but finds nothing. He rips the drawer open, right off its hinges. Everything inside falls to the floor. He sees the wrench, grabs it, and chucks it clear across the shop.

DEACO
N
You wanna talk about it Kid?

William bends over to clean up the mess he's made. Although, William looks up to Deacon, he knows there are some things they just can't talk about.

WILLIA
M Not now Deac.

DEACO
N Who is she?

WILLIAM
What?

DEACO

N

I ain't that old Kid. That anger you got in you. That's the kind of shit that only a woman can do. You gotta be careful. Skirts have been the death of many of men.

WILLIAM

Its not like that.

Deacon sets the carburetor down, and turns to William. He pulls a cigar out his chest pocket, and lights it.

DEACO

N

So what's it about?

William stands up, leaving tools and miscellaneous items left on the floor. He cleans his hands with a shop rag. Moving towards Deacon, he sits on his bike facing Deacon. He doesn't make eye contact. Deacon has always seen himself when looking at William, and William knows it. Deacon can see right through him. There's no point in trying to ignore his query.

WILLIAM

Deac. I don't understand how people live like this. I ain't never known nothing different, but I know from the pits of my stomach this ain't right. I gotta get out of here, but...

DEACO

N

But, you know getting out ain't easy. You know how to make it happen, but you don't wanna go down that road.

William looks up. It's like Deacon just read his mind. Does he really know exactly what's going on, or is he simply reading perfectly into William's dilemma?

DEACON (cont'd)

I been down that road Kid, and the only thing I can tell you is, its not as rough of a trip as you think. Its really not that tough to ride your stallion, guns a blazing, straight through the gates of hell, praying to God you make it out clean on the other side. The hard part is not coming back.

WILLIAM
So why did you leave?

DEACO
N
Well... I was young, stupid, and in
love. A bad combination. I didn't
really have much of a choice.

WILLIAM
Why did you come back then?

DEACO
N
The exact same reason.

Deacon takes a few puffs of his cigar. William doesn't have to guess what brought him back. Though Deacon rarely speaks of her, he knows she is always on Deacon's mind.

WILLIA
M Any regrets?

DEACO
N
Hump. If I could go back and do it
all over again... I wouldn't change
a God damn thing... but as for you,
if you do leave, don't ever come
back.

22 TROY'S FRONT OFFICE

From inside the office, William watches Deacon drive away. The truck fades away down the street, leaving William completely alone. He picks up the phone, and dials. A few rings later, a man answers the phone.

WILLIAM
I'm in, but we do this my way.

23 HOLLYWOOD'S NIGHT CLUB

The following evening, William and the Jamesons are nested in their usual spot. Jesse is accompanied by a set of vixens. The club is packed as usual, and there is a live band playing on the lower level. The Outlaws are having drinks when Hollywood comes by.

HOLLYWO
OD
Fellas, fellas, fellas, how the
fuck you doing?

JESSE
Good, good. How you doing?

Hollywood holds his arms out, and spins around.

HOLLYWOOD
Man, look around. Business is
banging. I couldn't be better.

FRANK E
Yeah, I see you got the duct tape
removed nicely.

Hollywood's demeanor changes immediately. He freezes. Hollywood had inaccurately assumed that the Jamesons' presence meant that William had not told them of the set up. Jesse reveals his pistol from his jacket. He cocks it.

JESSE
We know what you did, motherfucker.

Hollywood begins to panic. He holds his hands in front of him, gesturing, "hold on".

FRANK E
(calmly)
Hold on. Everybody calm down. Let's
have a toast.

Frank E looks Hollywood straight in the eyes. He then slides a shot glass across the table towards Hollywood, never taking his eyes off him. Hollywood reluctantly picks it up. Frank E and the others all raise their glasses.

FRANK E (cont'd)
This is to Cornelius... excuse
me... Hollywood Colt...

GIRL # 1
(laughing)
His name is Cornelius?

FRANK E
Yes, to our dear friend, Cornelius
Hollywood Colt. You Judas Ass, Rat
Muthafucker.

Frank E takes his shot, and slams it on the table breaking the glass. Hollywood doesn't move. Frank E leans back in the booth, no longer acknowledging Hollywood's presence. Hollywood slowly places his drink on the table without taking a sip.

HOLLYWOOD
Frank, you gotta let me explain.

Jesse stands up, pistol in hand.

JESSE
I think you said enough my friend.

Jesse stares into Hollywood's eyes. Hollywood shakes his head. He looks to William for salvation. The two of them have always been close. It was he who introduced William to the Jamesons when he couldn't make ends meet working for Deacon. William, can't even look at Hollywood. He understands that Hollywood had no choice in his betrayal, yet the damage has already been done. Hollywood slowly backs away from the table, and disappears into the massive crowd.

JESSE (cont'd)
(sitting back down)
Can you believe that asshole?

Frank E takes another shot.

FRANK E
Fuck em'. He'll get his... Ladies,
I think we could use a little
entertainment.

The girls stand on top of the table, and proceed to dance together. They dance and kiss each other, glancing at the boys to make sure they're watching. Jesse is standing besides the table throwing dollars at the girls' feet. Frank E sits watching the girls dance, bobbing his head to the music. Uninterested, William quietly sips his drink.

Through the crowd below, William notices Maria. She looks up at him, and smiles. The lights seem to shine only on her. William is ecstatic. He has just lost a friend, but with Maria there now, he has gained so much more. He makes his way down to her. They embrace in a passionate kiss.

MARIA
So we're leaving tomorrow?

WILLIAM
We?

Maria just smiles, and shakes her head yes. They kiss again, and dance to the music.

24 WILLIAM'S APARTMENT

William and Maria, are in William's bedroom. They haven't released one another since at the club earlier that night. The dim room, allows for only their silhouettes to be in view. The two bodies, soon become one, in an explosive culmination of their love.

25 FIRST WESTERN BANK

It is just past dawn and all is quiet on the street. There are a few cars parked outside First Western Bank. Inside the bank, patrons stand in line for the tellers in the open space of the bank. Two security guards stand on each side of the entrance comprised of two glass doors. Directly across from the entrance are the tellers' counters. A walk-in safe is directly behind the counter. An attractive redheaded woman is at the counter across from the male teller. He is clearly trying not to stare into her bulging cleavage.

TELLER #1

OK, so you want to make a deposit... I'll just need your deposit slip, with the amount your want to put in.

REDHEAD
WOMAN

No, I'm sorry. I want to do the other one. You know...

TELLER #1

A withdrawal?

REDHEAD
WOMAN

Is that when you... take it?

TELLER #1

Yes, you can take as much as you need.

The Redhead leans towards the teller.

REDHEAD
WOMAN (whispering)

I like to take it.

TELLER #1

I bet you do.

They both laugh.

TELLER #1 (cont'd)
Well, I tell you what. I get off at
4.

The Redhead reaches into her bra, and pulls out a card. She takes the Teller's hand, and places the card in it.

REDHEAD
WOMAN
You give me a call as soon as you
get off.

The Teller shakes his head yes. Suddenly, a custom chopper crashes through the glass entrance. Riding it is a man in a leather biker jacket, sunglasses, and a bandanna covering his face. The civilians scream, and jump to the floor.

The rider slides the bike across the marble floor of the bank, and stops right in front of the Teller. The Redhead barely manages to dodge the bike. The rider comes to a stop right at the counter. His pistol is pointed directly at the Teller's face. The gun is the same custom piece that Jesse was carrying.

JESSE
(to teller)
Hey, I'm here to make a withdrawal.

The teller has both hands in the air. One of which is still holding the Redhead's phone number. Jesse looks at the card, and then at the Redhead, who has her hands in the air as well. Her massive breasts catch his attention. He snatches the card from the Teller's hand.

JESSE (cont'd)
And this.
(to redhead)
How you doing?

GUARD
#1
Freeze!

Jesse turns his head to see the two guards pointing their guns in his direction.

GUARD
#2
Drop the gun. There's no way you're
walking out of here. You're all
alone.

JESSE
Not exactly.

The loud roar of multiple engines fills the bank. Two more custom bikes fly through the now shattered entrance. Frank E and William are wearing shades and bandannas as well. Frank E shoots Guard #1 with his dual pistols. William kicks Guard #2, causing him to fly head first into a wall.

JESSE (cont'd)
(to Teller)
So how about that cash?

The Teller immediately opens his draw, and begins to place it on the counter. Frank E wielding twin pistols, leaves his bike and approaches the counter.

FRANK E
(to Teller)
No...(gesturing to the vault) all of it.

26 INSIDE THE VAULT

Jesse and Frank E are loading up the cash into three large duffel bags. Frank E peaks out to see William pacing around the bank, watching over the crowd that is now huddled on the floor.

JESSE
(to William)
Alley-oop.

Jesse tosses one of the full bags over the counter onto the marble floor. William grabs the bag, and throws the strap over his shoulder. The Jamesons emerge from the vault, each carrying a full bag of cash. They hop over the counter, and all three head towards their bikes.

JESSE
(To Redhead)
I'll call you.

Jesse is the last to hop on his bike. Just as he does, sirens are heard in the distance. William rides out first followed by Frank E.

27 OUTSIDE THE BANK

Frank E is exiting the bank, when two police cars pull up. One marked and one unmarked. They stop right outside the entrance, causing Frank E to ride across the hood of the unmarked car. The cops emerge from their vehicles just as Jesse is coming out of the bank.

His chopper is flying through the air, and he opens fire on the cops. He manages to take two of them out before landing. One officer shoots Jesse in the abdomen. He crashes into the sand covered street. Frank E and William open fire, and take out the remaining officers.

Frank E rushes to his brother's aid. He picks him up, and throws him on the back of his chopper. Jesse is barely able to hang on as the brood rides off.

28

JAMESONS' LOFT

The trio was barely able to make it back to the loft. Jesse is laying on the couch in the living room, screaming in agony. Frank E is leaning over the backside of the couch, trying to calm him down. He is holding Jesse's hand. Jesse is bleeding heavily from the abdomen, and sweating profusely. His pistol lies beside him on the coffee table.

William is pacing nervously across the living room floor, with a bottle of whiskey in hand. He takes a large gulp. He coughs hard from the burning in his throat..

FRANK E
It's gonna be OK!

JESSE
Fuck you. I'm fucking dying!

FRANK E
No you're not! You're not fucking dying!
(to William)
Did you call the Doctor?

William slams the bottle on the counter.

WILLIAM
Yeah, he's on his way right now.

JESSE
Fuck that, you gotta get out of here. I ain't gone make it.

FRANK E
Fuck that! You gone be alright. You hear me? You gone be OK!
(to William)
Did you call the doctor?

WILLIAM
Yes, he's on the way!

Jesse squeezes Frank E's hand tightly. He pulls him close. He's beginning to calm down. He reaches for his gun with his free hand. Frank E, is trying to calm down as well. He has seen a lot, and for the most part, nothing rattles him. However, seeing his brother on the brink of death is something that not even he can handle.

JESSE
(whispering)
Franklyn, he's coming. He's coming for us bro. He's coming, you gotta go. I know he's coming.

William and Frank E make eye contact.

FRANK E
Who's coming?

No answer. Jesse's eyes have started to glaze over. Frank E give his face a slap.

FRANK E (cont'd)
Jesse! Who's coming.

A pause. Jesse turns his head, and looks Frank E right in the eyes.

JESSE
Dagger.

Again, William and Frank E make eye contact. Jesse's breathing begins to slow. He takes fewer, deeper breathes. His eyes roll to the back of his head. He goes unconscious. Frank E checks his pulse. Jesse is still alive, but Frank E knows he can't save his brother and save both himself and William.

WILLIAM
Is he?

FRANK E
Naw, but he ain't gonna last too much longer.

Frank E clinches his hand even tighter. A tear streams down his face. He lowers his face. William grabs the bottle from the counter, and takes another large chug. He slams it down, and wipes tears from his face with his sleeve.

FRANK E (cont'd)
(whispering)
I'm sorry bro. I'm so sorry.

Jesse's breath is all but faint now. His eyes close. Frank E and William are silent. Frank E's face is still buried into the side of the sofa. Suddenly, he stands up.

FRANK E (cont'd)
(to William)
We gotta go.

William shakes his head yes. Frank E has just made his piece with his brother, and William knows there's no point in trying to save him. Frank E checks his pistols to make sure they are loaded. William picks up two small backpacks from the floor, and throws one over his shoulders. The other, he holds in hands. The larger bags from the robbery are nowhere around.

WILLIAM
(looking at Jesse)
You sure?

Frank E looks down on his brother. He takes a deep sigh.

FRANK E
I can't save him now. If we wait,
we all die.

William holds out the other bag for Frank E. He walks over, and takes the bag from William. As he starts to put the straps over his shoulders, a long, loud creak engulfs the room. Both William and Frank E freeze. Their attention immediately goes to the front door. Frank E points towards the fire escape.

FRANK E (cont'd)
(whispering)
You get the girl, and we meet at the
spot.

William shakes his head. They both slowly back towards the window. The room is silent.

A pause.

Boom! The door explodes open. William ducks behind the counter, while Frank E unsheathes his guns. El Cielo SWAT team storms the apartment. Frank E, having regained his familiar cool, opens fire. William follows suit, and lets out shot after shot. One after another all the officers fall. Frank E fires until he is empty. He continues to pull the trigger, although he has blown his load.

FRANK E (cont'd)
(breathing heavily)
Let's go Kid!

William opens up the window, and jumps onto the fire escape as Frank E reloads his guns.

FRANK E (cont'd)
I'll meet you there.

William makes his way down the fire escape as Frank E finishes reloading. He is following William out when another fleet storms in catching him off guard. Jesse awakes in a loud scream, and starts taking out the cops. One of them fires into Jesse's chest multiple times before going down himself.

Jesse! FRANK E (cont'd)

Frank E's eyes erupt in pure rage. These fools have opened a gateway to hell, and Frank won't rest until he sends each and everyone one of those pigs there. He goes off into a tear, killing the remaining officers in the doorway. He is so irate, that he continues into the Hallway.

29 HALLWAY

One by one they all fall to his duel canons. Gun smoke fills the narrow corridor, and a dark figure is faintly seen at the end of the hall. Only the figure's boots and long jacket are completely visible. The toes on the boots are decorated in silver. Frank E pauses, waiting for the figure to make a move.

A pause.

Frank E raises his guns to shoot. BANG! BANG! Frank E's shot goes array, but he is hit in the shoulder. He drops to one knee. He tries to take another shot.

BANG!

He's hit again. This time he loses one of his guns. He falls back against the wall. The figure approaches. His footsteps echo in the hallway. More of the dark figure can be seen now. He's wearing all black, and he's holding a huge revolver. Once again, Frank E tries to kill the mysterious man. And again the figure gets the first shot. Frank E falls into a seated position. His back leaning on the wall.

The large revolver is now pointed straight at him. Frank E can see the next round down the barrel of the gun. He is down, and unarmed, but he knows he isn't going to be brought in. He's a cop killer, a career criminal, and now an enemy of the Colt Family. For his crimes, he must now surrender his life. Despite his current predicament, he smiles at the very thought of his demise. He has lived a life that many have dreamed about, yet few have achieved. Even now, his only regret is that his brother isn't by his side.

The figure is still standing over Frank E, gun in hand. Through the smoke the only thing that stands out is an El Cielo Sheriff's badge. Frank E lets out a painful laugh, then coughs. He lays his head back on the wall.

FRANK E
Ha. Fuck you Dagger.

BANG
!

30 THE LUCKY BEAVER CASINO

Outside the Lucky Beaver Casino and Review, a week before the bank robbery. The casino's windows and doors are boarded up, and the flickering neon sign is now reading: ucky beav. The scene is flashing with blue lights from multiple cop cars. Squad cars and cops swarm the street. The police have set up a barricade in the street. Behind the barricade there are a half a dozen EMS workers assisting injured force members.

A 1960 Lincoln Continental pulls up near the barricade. The car is completely black, with a dark tint. Even the chrome has been powder coated to match the flawless black paint job. Everyone on the scene knows who's in the car.

COP #1
(whispering to another
officer)
Holy shit.

He nods towards the sedan.

COP #2
Well, I'd say the cavalry has
arrived.

The door opens to the sedan. The silver tipped boots emerge from the car. He walks towards the two awaiting officers. The wind blows open his long jacket exposing a large revolver on his hip, but still not revealing his face. He reaches the two cops.

COP #1
Sir, there are about 15 inside...
They've got the Mayor's nephew and
a few other hostages... We think
they're O'Heirs.

He doesn't respond. He just continues to stare down the two men in front of him.

COP #1 (cont'd)
(nervous)
We sent the strike team in about 20
minutes ago... it didn't go well.

No reply.

COP #1 (cont'd)
(still nervous)
We've been waiting for you to get here
for the next move.

Again, no answer.

COP #1 (cont'd)
Sir... what do you think?

The two cops anxiously await his reply, while they stare at their own reflections in the figure's Aviator's.

COP #2
Sheriff Grissom?... What do you
think.

A pause.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
I think I need a bigger gun.

31 THE DOORWAY OF THE LUCKY BEAVER

SHERIFF DAVID ALLEN GRISSOM, aka DAGGER, is standing outside the Casino doors, with a Pancor Jackhammer in each hand. Two high powered automatic shotguns. He kicks in the double doors. Standing in the doorway, jacket blowing in the wind, his face is revealed for the first time. He is an older white man, very tan. His hair is long, black, with thin gray streaks towards the face. Thick mustache, and 5'o'clock shadow. He's still wearing his reflective shades.

The run down casino is filled with cobwebs covering antique gaming tables. A dozen or so armed men hide behind the bar and various objects within. Only a moment passes, before they open fire. Shots come from every angle. Dagger doesn't budge, but isn't hit.

A bullet grazes his shoulder. He takes a look at his close call. Unfazed by the attempt on his life, but completely pisses about the damage to his jacket. He opens fire. Dagger makes his way around the casino unloading shell after shell, and dropping body after body. The thugs try to dodge around tables, and fire back, but are unsuccessful.

The carnage continues until Dagger has emptied all 10 rounds in each gun. He then drops both shotguns, and unsheathes his mammoth revolver. He lets out six shots, all on target. He finds himself face to face with a GOON with no shots left. The attacker has the shot, but is scared stiff.

Face to face with the frightened goon, The Sheriff calmly lowers his gun. He holds up his hands, moving one slowly towards his face. Dagger removes his glasses, revealing his eyes, one blue, one gray. He discreetly lowers his other hand to his back.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM

Well, friend. It looks like you've
gotten the best of me... You gonna
take the shot?

The Goon hesitates to fire. He doesn't realize that The Sheriff has managed to slip a knife into his other hand.

GUESS NOT. SHERIFF GRISSOM (cont'd)

The Sheriff smacks the goon, and stabs him in the testicles. Blood spews onto the floor. The assailant's agonizing scream is soon silenced as he becomes a human shield. Another shotgun wielding goon lets out a shot that knocks the now dead goon and Dagger through an interior wall. The shotgun man and a few others slowly approach the hole in the wall. Just as he was about to poke his head inside, the Sheriff's blade flies into his forehead.

With the Goon's gun, Dagger appears from the hole in the wall and takes out the other attackers. Only one is left alive. He is hit, but not dead. He's taken a bullet straight through the shoulder. The Sheriff drops the pistol and picks up his revolver. He reloads. He slowly walks over towards the wounded man. Dagger places his foot on the man's injured shoulder. He grunts in pain. Sheriff Grissom points his gun at the injured man's head.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (cont'd)
Not that I need to say it, but this is a big
fucking revolver. So tell me... where's the
Colt kid?

The lone thug glances towards the ceiling.

32 UPSTAIRS IN THE CASINO

Inside a dim office with wood floors. The walls are bare, and there is an old dusty desk on one side. There are two windows, both of which are boarded up. Hollywood, and a dozen scantily clad women are duct taped and bound on the floor in one corner. They squirm, and try to free themselves, but are unsuccessful. There are three gunmen. One is peeking through the boarded window at the scene below. The other two are arguing frantically near the desk.

HENCHMAN
#1
I didn't sign up for this shit.

There is a knock on the door. All three henchmen freeze.

HENCHMAN
#1
(yelling towards the door)
You come in here and we're gonna
waste these bitches!

He points his gun in the hostages' direction. Their screams are muffled by the duct tape. One of the henchmen points his gun at Hollywood.

HENCHMAN
#2
Baby Colt gets it first.

33 OUTSIDE OF THE OFFICE

Sheriff Dagger's face is inches from the door. Another squad of police officers line the narrow walls behind him.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM (calmly)
Well, that seems to be the situation.
But the way I see it,
you got three options. One, you can put
down your guns and come out
with your hands up. Two, you can blow
your load on some unarmed whores, and
a spoiled rich kid. Or three, you can come
at me with everything you got, and pray
to God you get lucky.

The henchmen look at each other, clinching their guns tightly. This was supposed to be a simple job. Hold the hostage, make the exchange. These guys didn't even do the actual kidnapping. Unfortunately, Grissom is now on the case, and the chances of getting out alive are slim at best. Taking heed to Dagger's warning, they don't know whether to surrender or fight back.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (OUTSIDE THE DOOR) Now me personally, I'm really looking forward to option three. Hell, I love a good fight. But in all fairness, my opinion doesn't really matter so much. It ain't my life on the line. Just a word of advice, choose wisely... cause I'm coming in.

The three goons are still huddled together in the office. They look to each other for their answer to the Sheriff's ultimatum, but no one responds. The room is dead silent. The girls no longer whine, and try to escape.

A pause.

The Sheriff kicks in the door. The girls frantically scream through their gags. Two of the thugs manage to get off multiple shots before Dagger blows both of them away. The last perp throws his gun to the floor and his hands in the air. He can only pray that the Sheriff is merciful. Dagger slowly strolls towards him, gun in hand.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
So I guess you're the smart one?

The last thug shakes his head in agreement.

The crowd watches in anticipation. Suddenly, the last thug comes flying through the boarded second floor window. He lands in the sand covered street, where an awaiting officer quickly apprehends the injured kidnapper. Back in the window, Sheriff Dagger stares down at his defeated adversary in victory.

Moments later, Dagger appears outside the casino. Hollywood and the girls are being tended to by paramedics. A wave of news personnel have arrived to report on the destruction

that has occurred. Dagger, back in his Aviators, tries to make his way through the crowd. Officer #1 is motioning for others to get out of his way. A female reporter approaches him, accompanied by a camera man. She shoves the mic in his face.

REPORTER

#1

Sheriff, what can you tell us about
the events that occurred just
moments ago?

The Sheriff ignores her, and continues through the crowd.

REPORTER

#1

Is it true that members of the
O'Heir family are responsible for
all of this?

The O'Heirs. Dagger laughs to himself at the very thought. It's been years since the Colt family has taken complete control of El Cielo. The blood feud between the O'Heirs and Colts is all but over now. Although, the O'Heirs are still around, their last real confrontation with the Colts occurred over a decade ago. The reporter, is clearly just looking for ratings. Again, the Sheriff doesn't reply.

REPORTER #1 (cont'd)

Sheriff Grissom, does your
involvement here confirm your
allegiance to the Colt family?

The Sheriff stops in his tracks, and faces the reporter. He may be a lot of things, but he is not an errand boy for some pompous Mayor. The microphone is near his face. The Reporter anxiously awaits for his comment.

SHERIFF

GRISSOM

Little lady. I'm a big boy, and I
serve justice in this city
without prejudice, or direction
from anyone. Including Mayor Colt.

REPORTER

#1

What would you say to...

SHERIFF

GRISSOM Let's just get one
thing straight...

The Sheriff removes his glasses, and looks directly into the camera.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (cont'd)
This is my city.

Dagger nods towards Officer #1, who directs the reporter towards away. Dagger continues through the crowd, leaving the officer to deal with the reporter's questions. On the outskirts of the police barricade is a black limo. The Sheriff approaches the limo, and the window opens partially. A steam of smoke rushes out, right in the sheriff's face. MAYOR COLT sits inside.

MAYOR COLT (INSIDE THE LIMO)
How is he?

SHERIFF GRISSOM
A few bumps aside, he'll be alright.

MAYOR COLT (INSIDE THE LIMO)
I swear that boy came out of the womb stepping in shit.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM He's fine now.

MAYOR COLT (INSIDE THE LIMO)
Thanks to you.

A pause.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
So I took care of my end, when are...

Hollywood approaches the limo.

MAYOR COLT (INSIDE THE LIMO)
Not now... we'll talk soon.

Dagger stares intensely at Hollywood. Hollywood nods, and opens the door to the limo. He climbs in.

MAYOR COLT (INSIDE THE LIMO)
We'll talk tonight.

Dagger nods, and closes the door.

SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT

Sheriff Grissom enters El Cielo Sheriff's station. Cops are moving about the department. Three perps sit on a bench, handcuffed, awaiting booking. Dagger is greeted by Pam Bryant, his secretary, and Lt. PAUL MONROE. Paul is a black male who has always wanted to be a cop. Now in his early 30's he has quickly risen through the ranks of the El Cielo Police Department. Even more impressive, is that he has appeared to do so without falling into the corruption that plagues most of the department. Even though, he rarely speaks it, Dagger looks highly upon Monroe. He respects a man with morals, and in turn, he has taken The Lieutenant under his wing.

Pam hands Dagger a cup of coffee. She has a clipboard in the other hand. Paul is carrying a large manila envelope under his arm. The two accompany the Sheriff down a hallway towards his office.

PAM

The Sentinel called, they want an official statement about today.

PAUL

I've already set up the surveillance teams, and we'll have the Intel before the end of the day.

PAM

I'm gonna need you to approve the budget for the upcoming quarter.

The trio stops at the entrance to Dagger's office. He turns to Pam, and signs budget without reading it. The Sheriff turns to Paul, and accepts the envelope. He then steps into his office. Pam and Paul are still standing in the hallway.

PAM (cont'd)

Sheriff? What about the Sentinel?

SHERIFF

DAGGER No comment.

The Sheriff slams his office door on Pam and Lt. Monroe.

The office is decorated with awards and accommodations. An old police badge, shaped like a star, hangs next to a photo of Dagger's father. A man that the Sheriff has always idolized. He is the reason that Grissom ever wanted to wear the badge, and the reason he wanted to become Sheriff. Although his father passed when he was still a boy, Grissom still believes his father is with him.

In the middle of the office sits his desk. There is a picture of the Sheriff Grissom and Mayor Colt standing side by side. Everything from pens and pencils, to neatly stacked papers all are in perfect order on the desk. Though his city is just the opposite, The Sheriff stands for peace and order. Unfortunately, neither of which he has ever seemed to find.

The Sheriff tosses the envelope onto the desk, and turns his attention to a tack board on the wall. The board is flooded with pictures, held up with thumbtacks, and connected by red yarn. The yarn makes an intricate web.

Dagger sips his coffee, and takes a long stare at the tack board. At the top is Frank E and Jesse Jameson. All the other photos stem from their pictures. There's even a photo of Hollywood. The Sheriff takes his eyes off the board, and moves towards his desk. Sitting down his coffee, Dagger opens the manila envelope. He takes a long look at its contents. It is another stack of photos. From the expression on his face, these aren't normal surveillance pictures.

A knock at the door. Dagger slips the pictures back in the envelope, and tosses it back on his desk.

SHERIFF GRISSOM
Come in.

Deputy Paul enters the office carrying a file.

PAUL Congratulations
sir. Sorry I couldn't be there with
you.

Paul closes the door behind him, and moves towards an awaiting chair.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
You can congratulate me when these
delinquents are off of the street.

PAUL
(taking his seat)
Well, sir. That's what I came to
talk to you about. We're all ready
for tomorrow night. I'm gonna send
the undercover to talk to the Colt
kid as soon as you give me the go
ahead.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM Who you got on
this one?

Paul opens the file to show the Sheriff an officer's profile.

PAUL
We're going to use officer Alex
Day. He's fresh out of the academy,
so he should be under the radar.

The Sheriff reviews the file.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
I remember those days. Couldn't
wait to get on the streets to
protect and serve. It's funny how
quickly you can get lost in all
this bullshit.

Flips through a few pages.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (cont'd)
What the fuck has this world come to?
It's not good enough just to wear the
badge, and enforce the law. These days
you gotta be a
goddamn outlaw just to catch one...

Dagger tosses the file on the table.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (cont'd)
No. We can't take any chances. They may
be the degenerate scum of this God
forsaken town, but they ain't stupid by
far... We'll bring in somebody from
Holidae. I know a
guy.

It's night and the neon lights of saloons and casinos illuminate the street. There is almost no traffic. The Black Lincoln sits parked on the side of road. Inside is Sheriff Grissom. The window is down, and his left arm protrudes out. He's smoking a cigarette. Deacon drives by in his shop

truck, and nods. Dagger nods back. The two have known each other for years, but rarely speak. Deacon's outlaw past only briefly coincided with Grissom's police career. Even so, Dagger has always considered Deacon a threat. Due to Deacon retiring from a life of crime, he and the Sheriff have never had an altercation.

In the opposite direction, a car slowly creeps towards Dagger's sedan. Dagger inconspicuously bulls back the hammer on his revolver and sets it in his lap. The car approaches, it's an immaculate cherry red 59 El Dorado. The window of the Cadillac rolls down. RUSS SPENCER is inside. He looks as if he could be Dagger's father. He is slightly overweight, and 5 o'clock shadow. Though it is night, he is still wearing sunglasses and a cowboy hat.

RUS

S

I see you still sucking that pale paper dick.

Dagger flicks his cigarette into the street between the two cars.

SHERIFF

GRISSOM

Yeah, and you still look like a bull's nut sack. I can see why your ole lady left you for a cocktail server.

A pause.

RUS

S

It was a bartender, you asshole.

Another pause, then the two both laugh in unison.

SHERIFF

GRISSOM How you been Russ?

RUS

S

Um, a little older, a little slower. I got a bum knee, a sore shoulder, and my hair seems to be running from my Goddamn face... but I can't complain... hell, I can still kick your sorry ass.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM

You keep telling yourself that old man.

RUS

S

Well son, maybe one day, if you work really hard, and you're very lucky, you can be half the man that I am.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM

I guess we'll just have to wait and see.

Russ was once a prime candidate to become the Sheriff of El Cielo. That is, until an altercation with Mayor Colt. No one knows the full details of the feud, but whatever occurred, it would cause the end of Russ's career as a lawman in El Cielo. He would leave to a special liaison for the Holidae Police Department, a town 20 miles outside of Grissom's city.

RUS

S

Hump... So, what you got for me?

Dagger tosses a large envelope into Russ's lap.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM

That should be everything you'll need... I need to nail these sons of bitches.

Russ opens the envelope, and examines its contents. There are photos of the Jamesons', Hollywood, and interior pictures of Hollywood's club. There is also a stack of \$100 bills.

RUS

S

We can definitely take care of this. I have the perfect guy for the job.

SHERIFF GRISSOM

Who is he?

Russ tosses an envelope to Dagger. There is a picture of a Hispanic man on top of a stack of literature.

RUS

S

He's one of my guys. He's strictly undercover. Hell, you and I are probably the only people on the

earth that know he's the law.

Dagger shuffles through the papers.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM Who is this guy?

RUS
S
Well, that's confidential... even
for you.... we'll just call him the
Red Blazer for now.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
So if he's so undercover, how am I
supposed to get him to work with my
boys?

RUS
S
It ain't that difficult David. You
see them boys make a deal with a
spic in a red jacket, and you bust
em. Real nice and legit like. Well,
as legit as a drug deal can get.
Even your shit for brains deputies
can't fuck this out.

Dagger continues to look through the stack of papers.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM Is he any good?

RUS
S
I wouldn't be here if he wasn't.
He's been undercover so long, I
don't even know if he even
remembers his own name. No family,
no friends, he's all about the job.
No badge, no wire, he might as well
be one of them.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
Good. That's exactly what I need...
It goes down tomorrow night....
will he be ready?

RUS
S
Look, he won't break his cover for
nothing. He's gone do whatever it
takes to get in good... The bigger
question is, can you trust your boy
on the inside?

SHERIFF

GRISSOM

I don't trust anybody, but he won't
fuck up... his life depends on it.

THE MAYORS OFFICE

MAYOR COLT faces the window behind his desk. He is a older muscular black man. He is bald, with very little facial hair. The Mayor is smoking a cigar. The office is extravagantly decorated. The evening news is on the television on the wall. Hollywood sits in one of the two chairs facing the desk. The Sheriff is seated next to him. Hollywood's face is swollen, and he has a bandage over his eye brow. Dagger nods towards Hollywood, and Hollywood does the same.

Mayor Colt removes a cigar from his jacket pocket.

MAYOR
COLT

Cigar?

SHERIFF GRISSOM

I'm good.

MAYOR COLT
(motioning to the mini bar) How
bout a drink?

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
I'm trying to quit... I'll take a
Whiskey.

The Mayor moves to the bar. He pours Dagger a drink, and hands it to him. The Sheriff takes a sip.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (cont'd)
So, are we good?

Mayor colt takes another long puff from his cigar.

MAYOR
COLT
Of course we are. My idiot nephew
over there is out of harms way, and
I owe that to you.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM I just want what's
due.

The Mayor makes eye contact with Hollywood, who is still silent.

MAYOR
COLT
Yes, our arrangement. Tell me
David. Why is it exactly that you
want to go after these... kids? And
why now?

SHERIFF
DAGGER I have my reasons.

MAYOR
COLT And they are?

SHERIFF
DAGGER
My reasons. Like I said, I just
want what's due.

MAYOR
COLT
You know. These kids today have no
idea what this city is really like.
It's all cowboys and Indians with
them. They don't know anything
about the days when the streets of
El Cielo were literally stained
with the blood of my forefathers.

SHERIFF
DAGGER
They've got no respect, these kids.
No respect for themselves, or human
decency, or the law.

MAYOR
COLT
I guess you want to teach them some
respect? What are you gonna do?
Hang em' at high noon?

SHERIFF
DAGGER
I've got to set an example. I won't
tolerate their kind.

The reporter on the television reports the events from outside
the Casino.

REPORTER
#1 (on television)
It was here that Cornelius Colt, better
known as Hollywood, and nephew of
Mayor John Colt was taken hostage by
assailants believed to
be part of the notorious O'Heir
family...

Dagger, Mayor Colt, and Hollywood stare at the television.

REPORTER
#1 (on television)
At this point, we don't know what the
kidnappers were after. Possibly ransom,
or maybe this was just another chapter in
the ongoing feud

REPORTER #1 between the Colt and O'Heir families. Nevertheless, in a daring act of heroism, Sheriff David Grissom was able to rescue all of the hostages. When asked about his loyalties to to colt family, he had this to say...

Dagger is shown on the television with the reporter's microphone in his face.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM (on
television)
I serve justice in this city without
prejudice, or direction from
anyone. Including Mayor Colt... This is
my city.

Mayor Colt turns the television off with the remote.

A pause. It is true that Mayor Colt is as corrupt as they come. He has used his office and resources as mayor to continue his family's war against the O'Heirs. Unlike his predecessors, he has been able to almost completely wipe out his adversaries. He takes pride in knowing he has such a tight grip on the city. Knowing he can never cleanse the city of its immortality, he has chosen to control it. Everything from prostitution, to the drug trade comes through Mayor Colt. Those that oppose his nonnegotiable taxation, don't typically live to regret their actions. Mayor Colt takes great offense to Grissom's comments.

MAYOR COLT
Your city?

The Mayor puffs his cigar, and blows smoke in Dagger's direction.

MAYOR COLT (cont'd) Well,
you seem to have it all planned out. I
guess I don't have much of a choice in
the matter.

SHERIFF
DAGGER It appears that
way.

MAYOR
COLT
OK. You do what you got to do....
Even if it is fucking up my
business... But... you make sure my
nephew here stays out of it. I can
guarantee that he will fully

MAYOR
COLT
cooperate, or he'll have to answer
to me. But, if anything happens to
him, because of this foolishness,
its on your head.

The Sheriff nods. He then glances at Hollywood, who is still sitting
silently. Dagger gulps down the rest of his whiskey, and sets the glass
on the desk.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM (to
Hollywood)
Someone will come see you
tomorrow... he expects your full
cooperation.

40 HOLLYWOOD'S CLUB

It is afternoon, and the club is all but empty. Hollywood sits at the bar
with his bartender. The two are doing liquor inventory. A few others
around the club are getting it ready for the coming night's festivities.

Footsteps approach Hollywood from behind. A hand on his
shoulder causes him to jump slightly. Hollywood quickly
turns around. Standing in front of him is the RED BLAZER. He is
wearing just that. He is well built, with dark hair just like the picture.

RED
BLAZER You
Hollywood?

Hollywood jumps to his feet, and adjust his clothes. He bucks his
chest.

HOLLYWO
OD
Yeah. Who wants to know?

The Red Blazer gives him a good look up and down. He then looks to
the bartender, then back at Hollywood. Unimpressed.

RED BLAZER
I hear you the man I need to talk
to if I wanna score.

HOLLYWO
OD
Score? What the fuck do I look like
Narc? I don't know what the fuck
you talking about, but you need to
take your pig ass the fuck outta my
club.

The bartender slowly reaches for the gun under the bar. His eyes are firmly planted on the Blazer. The Blazer sees his movements. He smirks.

RED BLAZER

Well, I've been hearing about the lavish liberties of El Cielo for some time now, and I just figured it's high time that I got me a slice of that proverbial pie.

HOLLYWOOD

OD

Shit son, I don't know what to tell you. I don't know you, I don't trust you, and I sure as hell ain't no Goddamn baker so what the fuck do you want?

RED BLAZER

(moving in closer, and speaking softly)

I'm sorry, let me rephrase that. I was told that you were who I needed to see to make it in this town, and I was also told that I would have your complete cooperation.

Hollywood gulps. He realizes this must be the guy that Dagger said would show up. Hollywood hates to give up his friends, but he knows without his uncle's protection, he'd quickly fall victim to one of his many enemies. Hell, he wouldn't even be alive now, had he not sent Grissom to his rescue. Hollywood motions to the bartender that everything is OK.

HOLLYWOOD

OD (jokingly)

Aw man, you what's up. I'm just fucking with you. I'm Hollywood baby. I got whatever you need brother. How bout a drink?

The Red Blazer looks directly at the bartender.

RED BLAZER

Vesper Martini... Brother.

The bartender doesn't budge. He stares the Blazer down. He's seen this man before, but can't quite put his finger on where. Hollywood sees the tension.

HOLLYWOOD
OD (to
bartender)
Yo! You heard him dipshit. Get the man
a muthafucking martini.

BARTENDER
Anything for you boss?

HOLLYWOOD
Yeah, get me one too.

The bartender reluctantly follows his order, and makes the drink.
Hollywood and the Blazer continue to put on a show while the
bartender watches.

HOLLYWOOD (cont'd)
(to Red Blazer)
So, what can I do for you?

RED BLAZER
Like I said, I'm just trying to
make it in this town, and I heard
you were the man to see.

HOLLYWOOD
OD
Well, you came to the right place.
Not a Goddamn thing goes down in
this city without my say so. I make
shit happen.

RED
BLAZER Is that so?

The bartender places both drinks on the bar.

BARTENDER
R Anything else boss?

HOLLYWOOD
OD
Naw, go and do the cooler count or
something. I'm good.

The Blazer and Bartender share another sharp glance. The Bartender
exits into the kitchen. Hollywood picks up both drinks, and hands one
to the Blazer. Hollywood sips his and cringes at how strong it is. The
Blazer drinks the entire martini in almost one gulp. He sits the empty
glass on the bar.

RED BLAZER
That's a hell of a bartender you
got there.

Hollywood wipes his mouth with his sleeve, and places his cocktail next to the Blazer's empty glass.

HOLLYWO

OD

Yeah, he's pretty good. So what exactly can I do for you?

RED BLAZER

Like I said before, I'm just looking to make some money.

HOLLYWOOD (almost
whispering)

Did Dagger send you?

RED BLAZER

Look, the only names that are important are the ones that I give you, and right now we only need to worry about Benjamins. Got it?

HOLLYWO

OD Yeah, I got it.

RED BLAZER

So here's the deal. I'm going to meet you here tonight, and I will be ready to purchase. I know you don't sell, but you know exactly who I need to talk to. You set it up, we make the transaction, and you walk away with a nice little finder's fee. Got it?

Hollywood is silent. His facial expression screams nausea. His head drops.

A pause.

Hollywood reaches for his martini and chugs it. He looks back up at the Blazer, and his eyes are on the verge of tears.

HOLLYWOOD

I got it.

RED BLAZER

Good. Show me around.

41 HOLLYWOOD'S
 CLUB

It is night, and there is a long line outside of Hollywood's. Eager patrons all wait behind a velvet rope. The music is loud, and the club's energy can be felt from the outside. A burly doorman is holding a clipboard, and is speaking to the people in the front of the line.

A pristine 1963 Corvette pulls up. Silver paint and chrome rims adorn the vehicle. A valet rushes to open the passenger side door. Out steps a sexy blond and brunette, both having been crammed into the passenger seat. Their short dresses provide the crowd with a clear view of their uncovered undercarriages. Jesse steps out the driver side door to the delight of the crowd outside the club. William and Frank E pull up behind them in a 1971 Camaro, designed to match the Corvette. The guys are cloaked in stylish suits. The women have short, low cut dresses, and high heels. Frank E has a Louis Vuitton backpack over his shoulder.

Frank E hands the valet the keys and a hundred dollar bill. The crowd screams and waves in the outlaws' direction. A gang of photos are snapped as they make their way to the entrance. Jesse, with a girl on each arm, stops and poses for the cameras. Frank E nods to the crowd, while William hides behind him. Although, these are his friends, he was never much for the spotlight. The doorman quickly opens up the rope to let them in.

42 INSIDE THE CLUB

The Red Blazer stands in the middle of Hollywood's. In his right hand is a silver briefcase. The club is packed, and he struggles to make his way to the bar. The bartender has a large crowd around the bar. He nods at the Red Blazer to signify that he will be with him momentarily. The Blazer returns the nod. The Blazer sits his briefcase down near his feet. He lights up a cigarette.

A pause.

The bartender finally comes to get his drink order.

BARTENDER
R Vesper right?

RED
BLAZER You got it...

The bartender nods, and turns to make the drink.

RED BLAZER
And I need to talk to Hollywood.

The bartender nods, and proceeds to make the drink. He still can't figure it out, but there's something about The Blazer that's rubbing him the wrong way. The Red Blazer waits patiently and examines the crowd. He looks up to the second level where he can see William and the Jamesons. As he continues to scan the venue, Deputy Paul catches his attention. The Lieutenant sits alone at a table. He wears a baseball cap low to conceal his face. From the lower level, he is in perfect position to see both the Red Blazer at the bar and the Jamesons on the upper level.

43 SURVEILLANCE VAN

Dagger sits in an unmarked van outside Hollywood's. A deputy sits beside him. Dagger is wearing headphones over his ears. A microphone extends to his mouth. Harris is also wearing a headset, listening into Dagger's conversation.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM What do you see?

44 BACK IN THE CLUB

Deputy Paul puts his hand to his ear so he can hear the voice coming through his discreet earpiece.

PAUL
Blazer's at the Bar and the Boys
are at the table. He's holding the
briefcase. I don't see the Colt kid
though.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (IN THE EARPIECE)
He'll be there, just stay alert.
You're my eyes.

Paul examines the club. He notices the beautiful women dancing on the stages. He has always walked the straight and narrow, but he can't help wonder what life would be like had he given in to just one of the numerous offers to make a little "extra" cash.

PAUL
Man, what I wouldn't give to be one
of those poles right now.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (IN THE EARPIECE)
What?

PAUL
Nothing sir.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (IN THE EARPIECE)
Hey kid, keep your head in the
game. I swear to God if you fuck this
up...

PAU
L I got it....

A gorgeous waitress in a mini skirt brings Paul a drink. He mouths
"thank you" and stares at her ass as she walks away.

PAUL (cont'd) I
am 100% focused.

45 SURVEILLANCE VAN

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
Good, The Colt kid guaranteed me
that the deal's going down tonight.

PAUL (IN THE HEADSET)
Swat team in position?

SHERIFF GRISSOM
10-4.

46 DARK ALLEY

Outside of Hollywood's, a swat team or a dozen or so officers
line the alley.

47 SURVEILLANCE
VAN

SHERIFF GRISSOM
He should meet with Hollywood real
soon. When the deal is done, we'll take
'em down.

PAUL (IN THE HEADSET)
We should have wired that kid up.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
We couldn't risk them finding it.
The Blazer has marked bills. If

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
everything goes to plan, he'll walk
right out of the club, with the
goods, and we take the Jamisons'
with the cash.

48

HOLLYWOOD

'S

PAUL
(sarcastically)
Sounds like a solid plan.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (IN THE EARPIECE)
It's simple dipshit. Simple enough
for even you not to fuck up. You just pay
attention, and let me know what's going
on.

PAUL
Yes sir.

Back at the bar, the Blazer sips on his cocktail. The Bartender is busy working on a round of shots. He moves over to the service well, where Waitress 1 is waiting to pick up her order. He places the shots on her drink tray, and leans over to whisper something in her ear. She looks up at the Blazer on the other end of the bar. She mouths "OK" to the bartender, and makes her way upstairs to the Jamisons' table.

Paul watches as the Waitress walks up the stairs. He can't take his eyes off her ass in the short black shorts she's wearing.

PAUL (cont'd)
Sheriff, the waitress just got a
message from the Blazer, and it
looks like she's going up to the
table right now.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (IN THE EARPIECE)
Good, any sign of Hollywood yet?

PAU
L Not yet sir.

The waitress approaches the outlaws' table, tray in hand. As she begins to sit the shots down around the table, Hollywood appears behind her, grabbing her ass.

PAUL (cont'd)
Dagger, he's here. The Colt Kid
just got to the table.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (IN THE EARPIECE)
Alright, stay sharp.

49 SURVEILLANCE VAN

Dagger moves the microphone away from his lips. He picks up a walkie.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
Eagle 1 to Squad Leader, hold your
position. Stand by for engagement.

50 BACK ALLEY

Squad leader is in the lead position near the rear door. He has an ear piece in his ear.

SQUAD
LEADER Roger that.

51 HOLLYWOOD'S

Paul looks up to the group at the table. They are all laughing and cutting up. The waitress is still at the table. Paul notices the waitress talking directly to Hollywood. She points down to the Blazer. Hollywood looks down at him, then turns and speaks to Frank E. Frank E acknowledges Hollywood's words, and reaches for his backpack. Frank E and Hollywood stand up from the table.

At the bar. The Red Blazer notices Hollywood and Frank E coming down the stairs. He gulps down the last of his drink.

RED
BLAZER (to
bartender)
Keep it open.

He throws down a twenty on the bar next to his empty martini glass. The Blazer adjusts his jacket, and picks up his briefcase.

PAUL
Sheriff, they're making their move
downstairs.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (IN THE EARPIECE)
Hollywood? Are both of the Jamesons
with him?

PAUL
No, just Frank. The other one's
still at the table with the "Kid".

SHERIFF GRISSOM (IN THE EARPIECE)
Shit! Alright, they're heading to
back room. Don't let the other one out
of your site.

Hollywood and Frank E meet the Blazer at the bar. Paul looks on. The
Blazer has dropped his cold demeanor, and is wearing a big smile on
his face. Hollywood shakes his hand, and
gives him a hug as if they were old friends.

HOLLYWOOD
My man! I've been telling my boy
here all about you. Frank E, this
is...

RED BLAZER
Hector, Hector Rodriguez.

The Blazer extends his hand to Frank E. Frank E reluctantly accepts.

RED BLAZER
So, Frank Jameson. Your reputation
travels far.

FRANK E
Is that so Smokey?

RED BLAZER
Hell yeah! Everyone knows about you
where I'm from. Like the Mannheim
job you and your brother pulled.
That took some serious elephant
balls to even think about doing
that shit.

HOLLYWOOD
Mannheim? Is that the one when you
drove that Cuda off that building?

FRANK E
Well, it was only the fourth
story... and Jesse was driving.

They all laugh. Frank E eases up a little.

HOLLYWOOD
OD
So fellas. How bout a drink?

FRANK E
How about we get to business?

Hollywood shakes his head.

HOLLYWOOD
OD
Yeah, yeah. Um, I got a mini bar in
my office. We can go back there.

Frank E and the Blazer both agree.

FRANK E
Let's do it.

The three move towards the back room behind the bar. Paul
watches them disappear into the back.

PAUL
Dagger, they've moved into the
back.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (IN THE EARPIECE)
OK, don't take your eyes off the
other one.

Paul looks up to see Jesse talking closely to William.

52 HOLLYWOOD'S OFFICE

Hollywood, the Red Blazer and Frank E are all in the office. The Office is fairly simple. All white, glass desk, mini bar, and multiple surveillance monitors. A 12 gauge shotgun openly hangs behind the desk. Hollywood makes his way to the bar, and pours three shots. He hands one to both Frank E and the Blazer. The third, he takes in his hand, and raises it to toast. He nods to Frank E to make the toast.

FRANK E
To loyalty.

Frank E and the Blazer down their shots, but Hollywood hesitates. There's no way Frank E knows, does he? If he does know, Hollywood can only hope the Blazer won't allow Frank to slaughter him in his own office. Snapping back to reality, he takes his shot quickly, and immediately pours another for himself.

FRANK E (cont'd)
So, let's get down to business.
Hollywood tells me you're looking
to make a name for yourself in El
Cielo.

RED BLAZER
Yeah, like I was telling him, I
hear you're the man I need to see
if I wanna make it here. You're a
legend back home, and I know we can
make some big things happen... if
we work together.

FRANK E
Where did you say you were from
again?

RED BLAZER
Sun Lake. You know, it's about 50
miles north of here.

FRANK E
Yeah, I know Sun Lake. I got a
partner up there. He's been trying
to get me to make the move for
years now. He tells me its an
untapped market...

RED BLAZER
He's right, there's nothing going
on there... at least not like here.

FRANK E
So you figured you'd get some
connections in the big city, and go
home with the big dick?

RED BLAZER
Well, something like that.

Jesse and the girls can be seen on one of the security monitors.
They are all dancing on the dance floor.

53 ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Jesse and the girls are dancing, grinding and kissing on each
other. Paul watches as directed.

PAUL
Jesse Jameson is on the dance floor
now.

Paul watches as Jesse makes contact with the Red Head at the poker table. Jesse is putting on a show for her. She smiles, then turns away. A moment passes, then she whispers something in her husband's ear. She stands up, and walks over to the bar. Jesse winks up at William.

JESSE
(To his girls)
Ladies, excuse me for a moment.

Jesse goes over to the bar, and stands next to the Red Head. He looks her up and down, then turns away. The bartender sees him, and immediately rushes over to him.

BARTENDE
R
What can I get you brother?

JESSE
Two red headed sluts.

BARTENDE
R
Got cha.

The Red Head attempts to order a drink as well, but the bartender rushes away to fill Jesse's order. She sighs, and turns to Jesse.

REDHEAD
WOMAN
So what makes you so special?

JESSE
Who me? I'm not special baby, I
just know how to take care of
people.

REDHEAD WOMAN
Really?

JESSE
Oh yeah.

The bartender sits both drinks on the bar. Jesse give him a \$100 bill, and winks. The bartender takes the bill, nods, then walks away to help other customers. Jesse slides one of the drinks over to the Red Head. He's slightly leaning on the bar.

JESSE
I love to take care of people...
maybe you could be one of them.

He takes his drink in hand and raises it slightly to toast. The Red Head hesitates, but her curiosity gets the best of her, causing her to raise the glass, and tap it on Jesse's. She takes a sip. Jesse smiles, and does the same.

REDHEAD
WOMAN

Looks like you got enough people to take care of.

Her eyes are on the dance floor, where Jesse's girls are practically making out. Others are too busy staring and enjoying the show to dance. Jesse smiles, and takes another sip of his drink. His eyes stare directly into the Red Head's, and he licks his lips. He puts on his best seduction face.

JESSE
Listen lady, I got a strong back, a quick tongue, and one hell of an imagination. I guarantee you, I can handle just about anything.

Jesse's eyes move from the Red Head's face, and examines her curvaceous body.

54 BACK IN THE OFFICE

Hollywood stands nervously next to his mini bar, while Frank E and the Blazer stand near the desk. Frank E has emptied the contents of his backpack onto the desk. There are two bricks of heroine on the desk, both of which are wrapped in plastic wrap.

FRANK E
As you can see, I don't play that nickel and dime bullshit. You fucking with me, you better be ready for the big league.

RED BLAZER
I'm definitely ready. How often can you deliver the goods?

FRANK E
First off, I don't deliver. This is a one-time thing, from now on, you go directly through Hollywood. Secondly, I can get you as much as you can handle... if the money's right.

The Blazer shakes his head, and reaches for his briefcase. He opens it up to show neatly stacked hundreds.

RED BLAZER
Money is no problem, and like you
said, Sun Lake is an untapped
market. I can afford it and I sure
as hell can move it.

The Blazer and Frank E stare each other down. Frank E knows this is a
set up. He doesn't have the facts, but he can feel it. All he can think
about is how in the hell he is going to get his brother and William out
alive. How can he end the deal without having to worry Hollywood sees
the tension,
and jumps in.

HOLLYWO
OD
So, what's up fellas? Do we have a
deal?

A pause. Frank E has noticed something on the monitor. He has a
way out.

FRANK E
(smiles)
I think we do.

He reaches his hand out to the Blazer. The Blazer shakes his hand.

HOLLYWO
OD
Hells yeah! Let's do another shot!

Hollywood turns to his minibar, but the monitor catches his eye.

HOLLYWOOD (cont'd)
What the fuck?

Frank E and the Blazer turn their attention to the monitor
as well. They see Jesse arguing with the Red Head's husband,
then smashing the stool over his back.

HOLLYWOOD (cont'd)
Holy shit?

FRANK E
Fuck!

Frank E grabs the heroine, and throws it back in his bag. He rushes out
of the office.

Jesse is in an all out brawl with the Red Head's husband and his friends. The crowd goes into a panic, as they try to move out of the way of the fight. Jesse is holding his own against his attackers. He uses part of the broken bar stool to fend them off. Lieutenant Monroe looks on from his seat.

PAUL
Dagger! Jesse Jameson just started
a fight!

SHERIFF GRISSOM (IN THE EARPIECE)
Shit! Where's the Blazer?

PAUL
He's still in the back, but what do
you want me to do. Should I go in?

SHERIFF GRISSOM (IN THE EARPIECE)
No, hold your position. I don't
give a fuck if that little shit gets the
piss beat out of him. We don't move
until the deals done.

One by one Jesse sends man after man to the ground. Despite his efforts, they keep coming. One grabs him from behind. Another punches him in the face, then a few more shots to the abdomen. William joins in on the fight. He takes out the man in front of Jesse, and Jesse flips the one on his back onto the floor.

Fists, elbows, knees, and chairs fly as the fight continues. Frank E runs from behind the bar, and joins in. The Red Blazer and Hollywood stand amongst the crowd watching the fight.

HOLLYWOOD (screaming)
Stop! Stop! Y'all are fucking my place
up!

Jesse knocks the Red Head's husband to his knees. The man reaches to his back to pull his pistol. Jesse gets the jump on him pulling his first. A few of the other combatants reach for their firearms as well. William and Frank E both pull out their pieces. William is carrying a black and nickel 1911, while Frank E yields two custom Barrettas. The New Age Outlaws are now in a standoff with the crowd.

PAUL
Fuck, they pulled! I'm going in.

Paul stands up and reaches for his gun.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (IN THE EARPIECE)
Deputy stand down! Wait for the
signal...

PAUL
But sir! This is getting out of
hand...

SHERIFF GRISSOM (IN THE EARPIECE)
Wait for the Goddamn signal deputy.
We don't have shit right now.

Paul sits back down. Hollywood runs into the middle of the crowd.
He's waving his arms for everyone to calm down.

HOLLYWOOD
Security! Security! Get them the
fuck out of here!

Hollywood's security rushes in and clears out the fighters. Some
struggle, and find themselves overpowered by the burly bouncers.
The outlaws are left alone. Jesse is putting his gun back in holster, as
one of the husband's friends sneaks up behind him with a knife. No
one notices. Just as the attacker reaches Jesse's back, three shots are
fired. The attacker falls to the ground, dead. Everyone turns to see
that the shots came from the Red Blazer. Just like Russ advised, he
never breaks cover.

PAUL
(in disbelief)
Holy shit!... the Blazer just shot
someone.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (IN THE EARPIECE)
Who?... one of the Jamesons'?

PAUL
No, just some guy with a knife.

Silence over the airways.

PAUL (cont'd)
Sheriff Grissom, we don't have
anything....Sheriff?

56 IN THE SURVEILLANCE

Dagger sits in the van silent and frustrated. He slowly slides the
headphones off his ears. He removes a flask from his jacket pocket
and takes a long sip. He lights up a cigarette. He breaths the smoke
out of his lungs. The

officer accompanying him doesn't say a word. Dagger takes another long drag from his cigarette then jumps into a violent tantrum. The months of waiting and planning, all for a failed bust. He throws the cigarette to the floor, and begins kicking a punching anything in site. He's ripping equipment off the walls of the vans, and papers fly through the air.

SHERIFF GRISSOM
Fuck! Fuck! Motherfucker! God
dammit! Fuck! Fuck!

Exhausted, the Sheriff sits back in his seat. He tries to catch his breath. Finally calm, he notices a picture of William. He's got one last shot, and William is the key.

57 TROY'S BODY SHOP

Six months prior, William backs the shop truck into the Garage. Deacon is directing him in. An old white Grand National is hooked to the back of truck. The car is in dire need of restoration. William exits the truck, and begins lowering the car.

DEACO
N
Well, this is real piece of shit
here.

WILLIAM
Yeah, it's gonna take a while to
get it right.

DEACO
N
Especially with everything he wants
done.

WILLIAM
I told him it would take like six
months or so.

DEACO
N
We better get started... I'm gonna
take a piss first.

58 FRONT OFFICE

The bell above the door rings as the office door opens. In steps red pumps, and a sexy set of legs. MARIA, beautiful Hispanic woman, 39. She's wearing a tight white blouse, black pencil skirt, large sunglasses and a sun hat. She's carrying a small strapless red purse to match her heels.

William is sitting at the front desk. He looks up to see Maria. She smiles at him, and their eyes connect. He immediately fantasizes about running his hands up her long luscious legs. He can almost taste her pouty lips on his when, the toilet flushes and Deacon enters the office. He's wiping his hands with a shop rag. He sees Maria.

DEACO

N

Well, I'll be damned.

Maria screams in excitement, and runs to hug Deacon. A huge smile is on Deacon's face as the two hug. He spins her around a little. They release their hold, and Maria removes her hat and glasses. She places them on the desk in front of William. He is envious of the affection this gorgeous woman has bestowed upon Deacon.

MARIA

Deacon Troy, how you been babe?

DEACO

N

I've been great beautiful, just great!

Deacon takes a step back to examine Maria. She looks almost exactly the same as she did some 15 years ago. Absolutely beautiful.

DEACON (cont'd)

Wow, you look... well... you are...
I mean... wow!

MARIA

Oh stop. You always knew how to make a girl feel special.

The two stare into each others' eyes for a moment. Silence. William clears his throat.

DEACO

N

Oh, I'm sorry. William this is Maria Espinoza... She's a really good friend of mine.

William stands up and shakes Maria's hand. He can't take his eyes off of her.

WILLIA

M Nice to meet you.

MARIA

Likewise... Deacon and I've known each others since we were kids...

MARIA
(to Deacon) You remember the time I
lost my doll, up on that hill?

Deacon smiles and nods.

MARIA
Deacon gave me the cutest little
Indian doll when we were young. Not
five minutes after he gave me that
damn thing, I went and dropped it
in a crevasse. Old Deacon here
spent hours trying to get it out...
his little arms. He just couldn't
get a hand on it.

Maria chuckles. Holding up her wedding band.

MARIA (cont'd)
But anyways, It's Grissom now. It's
been that way for sometime now.

DEACO
N
Sorry, they say your memory's the
first thing to go with old age.

MARIA
It's okay. Had things been
different maybe it'd be Troy.

Deacon smiles nervously. William realizes this is must be the one
that got away.

DEACO
N
So, what brings you to these parts.

MARIA
Oh, I was having a little trouble
with the car.

DEACO
N The Mercedes?

MARIA
Yes, it's been making some really
weird noises when I try to start,
and it just won't crank.

DEACO
N
And you came all the way down here
for me to look at it?

MARIA
Don't be silly Deacon. You know
you're the only man I trust with my
under carriage.

An awkward silence.

DEACO
N
Well, I guess I could take a look
at it. When can you get it over
here?

MARIA
Well, I didn't drive it of course.
I was just doing some shopping. How
does tomorrow sound?

DEACO
N
I tell you what. I'll have the Kid
pick it up today if that's OK.

MARIA
That sounds great!

Maria's purse rings. She reaches for her phone inside. She checks the
number.

MARIA (cont'd)
Oh, I have to take this dear.

Deacon nods. Maria reaches for her things and smiles at
William. He smiles back. Walking towards the door.

MARIA
OK, well, I'll be home later today
if you would like to get the car,
you know the place.

Deacon and William both smile as Maria exits the office. Neither of
them take their eyes off of her. William is the first to look away, as he
catches Deacon staring at the closed door. Her sent still as intoxicating
as ever. Deacon takes a deep breath and looks over at William who is
staring a him? Deacon drops his happy expression.

DEACO
N
What the fuck you looking at?

William quickly turns away.

WILLIAM
Nothing.

Deacon nods, and goes back into the shop.

An underground parking garage in Maria's building. The parking spots are filled with various luxury and custom vehicles. William has the shop tow truck, and he has hooked the cable to Maria's car, a stunning vintage gull wing Mercedes. William's wearing gloves and a wife beater. His sweat causes his muscles to glisten. Maria watches over him, and she bites her lower lip lustfully. It's been far too long since she's been held in the arms of a strapping stud like William. He moves over to the operating mechanism and pulls the lever. The car slowly is pulled onto the truck.

Maria looks away long enough for William to examine the curves of her amazing body. He knows she is a married woman, and of past she's shared with Deacon. Nevertheless, he can't get the thought of her legs being wrapped him out of his head. He tries to ignore his impure thoughts as the car finally sets on the truck. William secures the wheels then turns to Maria.

WILLIAM

We're all done here Mrs. Grissom.
Deac should have it back to you in
no time.

MARIA

Oh, I'm sure. He is the best
mechanic in town... and please call
me Maria.

WILLIAM

OK Maria... Deac is great, he
taught me everything I know.

MARIA

Is that so? How long have you been
working for him?

WILLIA

M A few years now.

MARIA

Really? Has he ever mentioned me
before?

WILLIAM

No ma'am.

Maria has a disappointed look on her face.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
Well, I mean... He doesn't really
talk about too much of anything.
He's more of the strong silent type
you know?

MARIA
That's Deacon. Not much has changed
with him. He never was much of a
talker.

Maria smiles. A pause.

WILLIAM
Well, I guess I'm going to get out
of here.

MARIA
Oh, well why don't you come
upstairs for a drink?

WILLIAM
Thanks, but I really should be...

MARIA
Nonsense. You look parched
darling... Besides, its the least I
can offer for you coming all the
way down here to help me out.

A pause.

60 MARIA'S APARTMENT

William waits nervously for Maria to bring him his drink. He's standing alone in the living room. Of all the women in all the world, why her? He don't know whether to run or just pounce when she comes back in the room. The loft is decorated in fine linens, antique, and imported furniture and fixtures. William is in awe.

As he examines the wall decor, he comes across an old photo of a family. The father, dressed in full police officer uniform, his wife, and a young boy. There are various pictures of Maria and others. A large oil painting of a younger Maria embraced with Sheriff David Adam Grissom Jr. hangs over the fireplace. Just then, Maria comes from the kitchen with two glasses of lemonade. She hands one to William.

MARIA
I'm sorry I don't have anything
else. I hope lemonade is OK.

WILLIAM
It's fine Mrs. Grissom, thank you.

MARIA
Silly boy, call me Maria.

William glances over at the photo of Maria and the Sheriff. Maria notices.

WILLIAM
I think Mrs. Grissom is more
appropriate ma'am.

Maria looks to the floor. She shakes her head, and walks over to the mantle. Staring at the picture.

MARIA
Photos are the damndest thing.
They're a moment frozen in time.
You can look back at them and
remember all the good times... The
problem is, they also make you
remember all your mistakes.

Maria is silent for a moment. A tear runs down her cheek. Although her body longs for a man's touch, her heart still desires the man she vowed to spend the rest of her life with.

WILLIAM
M Maybe I should...

MARIA
I'm sorry... I didn't mean to...
it's just...

She gets choked up. William moves in closer to her.

WILLIAM
M Mrs. Grissom?

MARIA
I can't remember the last time a
man looked at me the way that you
did today. It seems like I've
wasted my best years cooped up in
this penthouse. I have tried
everything to make that man love
me. I...

She wipes her eye.

MARIA

I can't blame anybody but myself. I had a good man once, and I let him go. Then I tried to make this work, when I knew from the beginning that he was already married to that goddamn shield. After all these years I'm just his fucking mistress.

She slams her glass on the mantle, shattering it. As the lemonade splashes to the ground, so does her tears. William rushes over to her. Standing behind her, he grabs her hand to find a small cut from the glass. He removes his shop rag from his back pocket and wipes the blood. Maria looks over her shoulder at William. Her tears stop, as she watches him tend to her wound. Their eyes connect, and a deep stare follows. William looks down. He tries to turn away, but Maria grabs his neck. She pulls his face towards her.

She places a soft kiss on his lips. William doesn't kiss her back. A pause. Maria eyes begin to look away, and her grip around William loosens. Just as she starts to remove her hand completely from William's neck, he grabs her arm, pulling her closer. The two kiss passionately.

William's hands explore Maria's body, sending chills up her spine. Her arm is still wrapped around his neck. With the other, she is reaching behind her at William's waist to pull him closer. She feels him stiffen behind her. William hikes up Maria's skirt, and she lets her thong fall down to her red pumps. William undoes his pants, as he continues to kiss Maria's neck. She rolls her head back in complete ecstasy. William's pants drop around his ankles, and he enters her. She gasps for air, as she pulls him closer. William and Maria make love passionately, standing at the mantle with Dagger's photo watching.

Some time later, Maria and William are both laying on the sofa. Maria is laying on top of William. He softly caresses her long dark hair. Maria's hand is on his bare chest.

WILLIA

M This is bad.

MARIA

This is very bad... but it feels so good.

WILLIAM
Yeah.

Maria softly kisses William's lips. He kisses her back, then gently kisses her forehead.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
You know, I probably should get back to the shop. I'm sure Deacon will start to worry.

MARIA
OK... but, maybe he shouldn't know about this.

WILLIAM
Lady. He's at the top of the list of people who should never know about this.

61 NORA'S DINNER

Six months later, William and the Jamesons sit at a diner booth. There are only a few others in the diner. Breakfast food is in front of each of them. A waitress is walking away from the table. Frank E and William start eating.

JESSE
All I'm saying is that any chick that you can't introduce to your friends must be a porker. Either that or, she got some serious Freddy Kruger going on.

WILLIAM
Naw man, she's gorgeous. It's just that..

FRANK E
So you're been banging this chick for like 6 months now, and we still haven't met her? I hate to agree with dumbass over here, but there has to be something wrong with her.

JESSE
OK, so you don't want to tell us. Let me just ask you this... she don't have a dick does she?...

William drops his fork, and sits back in his seat. He doesn't want to risk anyone's safety, but other than Deacon the Jameson's are the only family he has. He begins to feel guilty for keeping Maria a secret for so long.

JESSE (cont'd)
No seriously, it's cool if she does... Hell, it happens. You start fooling around, she gets you all ready to go, then you reach down and BAM! There's the biggest fucking clit you ever seen in your life...

They all laugh.

JESSE (cont'd)
Shit what are you gonna do then... just go balls in right?

Laughter. William shakes his head.

FRANK E
Seriously Kid, we just want to meet the little lady. You know, make sure she's legit, that's all.

A pause.

WILLIAM
I'll see if she's up for it.

62 JAMESONS' LOFT

It's night and Maria, William, the Jamisons' and Jesse's girls sit around the living room. Maria's legs are laying across William's lap. Her high heels are on the floor beside the couch. They have clearly been there for some time now. Everyone is drinking, smoking, and having a good time. Classic rock music is playing in the background.

JESSE
So we're in the middle of the office, and there's pigs all over the street. All of a sudden, this fucking spotlight from the chopper shins in on us. I swear to God I bout shit my pants. We got the honorable Judge Mannheim and is wife duct taped in the next room, and I'm holding her little jewelry box.

FRANK E
Little? Bullshit. It was a fucking
safe. I'm talking close to six
million in diamonds and shit.

JESSE
So, long story short, we were
fucked.

MARIA
Why'd she keep her jewelry in the
house?

FRANK E
They thought it would be safe.

Everyone laughs.

JESSE
So anyways, we're trying to hide
from the light... and that's when
we see the car.

MARIA
What car?

FRANK E
You know the judge is really into drag
racing?

Maria nods yes.

FRANK E (cont'd)
Yeah, so he bought Maverick Jack's old
Cuda, and this muthafucker had it in on
one of those spinning platforms in the
lobby. How the
fuck he got it in there, I'll never know.

JESSE
But, I sure as hell know how we got
it out. Now keep this in mind,
we're on the fourth floor. There's
black and whites on the street,
chopper in the sky, and a swat team
coming up the stairs. We had two
choices, shoot it out or run.

FRANK E
Yep, Jesse's hot wiring the Cuda,
and I'm just waiting for swat to
kick in the door. Just as that

FRANK E
bitch roars up, the elevator opens
up.

JESSE
What kind of lazy ass swat team
takes the fucking elevator anyways?

They laugh.

FRANK E
Well, all I know is when those
doors opened up, I let em' rip.
Unfortunately, so did they. I took
one in the shoulder, and fell into
the car. Jesse's crazy ass climbs
over me, and hits the gas. Next
thing I know, we're flying four
stories over El Cielo's finest. I
swear I was just as surprised as
they were. I mean, its one thing to
think about doing it, but when
you're doing it... shit.

Everyone laughs.

MARIA
Wow! You guess really are crazy!

FRANK E
Shit that was nothing.

Points to William.

FRANK E (cont'd) That's
the real daredevil over there.

Maria looks at William, and can't help but to giggle slightly.

MARIA
I guess you're right... anyways,
it's getting late. I probably
should get going. It was really
nice meeting you all.

Maria slips her heels on. William stand up, and walks her to
the door.

WILLIA
M You want me to...

MARIA
No babe, I'm fine.

She kisses him.

MARIA (cont'd)
I'll give you a call tomorrow...
goodnight guys.

EVERYBOD
Y
Goodnight.

Maria exits.

63 OUTSIDE THE
BUILDING

An unmarked car is sitting across the street from the Jamisons' loft. The head lights are off, and it appears that no one is inside. Inside the car are two men. Both of them have their seats laid back to avoid being seen.

MAN 1
This is fucking stupid.

MAN 2
What jumped up your ass?

MAN 1
Nothing. It just doesn't make sense for us to keep watching these assholes. Hell, God knows we couldn't do a damn thing even if we caught those bastards with a smoking gun and crumbs all over their pretty little faces.

MAN 2
Yeah, but it's not about them. Dagger knows the rules, and even he knows he can't break em'.

MAN 1
So that brings me back to my point. What the fuck are we doing here?

MAN 2
Research. A lot of shit goes down around these guys. Just because we can't take them in doesn't mean we can't bust their asshole acquaintances.

MAN 1
Whatever, they're not going to do
anything at home. They're not that
stupid.

MAN 2
Or maybe they are... Is that?...

MAN 1
You've got to be kidding me.

Through a camera lens, Maria is caught leaving the Jamisons'
building. Man 1 snaps some photos.

MAN 2
Why the fuck was she there?

MAN 1
I don't know, but Dagger isn't
going to like this.

64 DAGGER'S OFFICE

Man 1, officer RICHARD BUCKS, stands nervously over Dagger's desk.
He is silent as the Sheriff goes through the photos. He's praying to God
that the "don't kill the messenger" rule applies now. Dagger's
expression is cold. He doesn't look up at Bucks.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
Was this the first time you saw her
there?

BUCKS
Yes sir.

SHERIFF GRISSOM
Does anyone else know about this?

BUCK
S
No sir... just me and my partner
Tomlison.

SHERIFF GRISSOM
Good, let's keep it that way.

Dagger continues to rustle through the pictures. Bucks is silent. A
pause. Dagger looks up.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (cont'd)
Did you have anything else?

BUCK
S
No sir, I just...

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
Then get the fuck out of my office!

Bucks nods, and turns to the door.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (cont'd)
Wait. I want you to follow her. I want to know everything she does, everywhere she goes, and everyone she talks to. You report it directly to me. You have that partner of yours stay on the Jamesons. You got that?

BUCKS
Yes sir.

Bucks leaves the office leaving Dagger alone. The Sheriff takes a moment to gaze over the pictures. He realizes he's not the best husband, but he doesn't feel he deserves this. He has let this job consume him, and now his wife is spending her nights with the scum of the city. He sets the photos down and reaches for his coffee. He brings the mug to his lips, then changes his mind. He sits the mug back on the desk, and reaches into his desk draw and pulls out a bottle of bourbon. He takes a huge gulp directly from the bottle. Dagger stares at the photos of his wife.

A pause.

A knock on the office door.

SHERIFF GRISSOM
Come in.

Lt. Monroe enters the office, and makes his way towards the desk.

PAUL
You wanted to see me?

Dagger motions to the chair in front of the desk.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM Have a seat.

Paul does as he is told. Dagger pushes the photos in front of the Lieutenant.

PAUL
That's... um... wow... are you
going to...

DAGGE
R
I'm going to kill those little
shits.

PAUL
Sir. With all due respect, that
really isn't an option.

DAGGE
R
Yeah, I thought about that.

Dagger stands up and stares at his father's badge hanging on the wall.

A pause.

DAGGER (cont'd)
You know, I used to think that this
badge stood for something. I used
to watch my old man get ready for
work everyday. You know, ready to
protect and serve. I looked at him,
and I was proud to know he stood
for something. My old man, he
believed in justice. He believed in
the law, and he would never
compromise. He was a good man, but
he was never more than a cop
walking the beat. When he died, I
vowed that I would do anything to
make him proud.

Paul sits puzzled.

DAGGER (cont'd)
What I soon realized is that the law
doesn't mean a damn thing in this town.
To get where I am, I had to do a lot of
things, that I wish to God I could take
back.

Dagger moves to his desk, and looks at the picture of Mayor
Colt and himself.

DAGGER (cont'd)
I can honestly say that I make
myself sick every time I look in
the mirror. Good thing he's dead,
cause it would have killed my old

DAGGE

R

man to see what I've become. But if there's one thing I learned... sometimes you gotta go down the wrong roads to get to the right destination.

Dagger looks Paul right in the eyes.

DAGGER (cont'd)

This has gone way too far. There are rules, even in this God forsaken city, there are rules. There are lines you don't cross, and there are just some things you don't do. I can look past a lot of things, but this...

Dagger chugs some more bourbon, then sits the bottle in front of Paul. Paul doesn't move.

DAGGER (cont'd)

I'm taking them down. I'm going to bury those bastards, and there's not a soul on this planet that can stop me...

PAUL

But sir, we can't...

DAGGE

R

No, we can and we will. That is, if you'll help me. I know you stand for something, like my old man, you still stand for something. I don't want to compromise that... that, whatever it is in you that makes you a better man than I could ever be. But, I do need your help this one time. This once, I'm begging you to come down to my level... just once.

Paul takes a moment to think. He picks up the bottle and takes a big gulp.

PAUL

What do you have in mind?

Dagger sits alone in a corner table in the bar. He's holding an old photograph of Maria. He remembers the first time he met her, how she took his heart that very moment. He remembers who he almost lost her once before. In the early days when Deacon Troy first came back to town. It took everything he had to convince her to stay. Someway, some how, he got her to stay. After 18 years, it was all for nothing.

The saloon isn't very crowded. This is the spot where older gentlemen come to relax. A few patrons are at the bar, while others are playing pool on one of the tables. There's a vintage jukebox in one corner, playing old blues music. The place is dimly lit, due more so to poor lighting than an intentional ambiance.

Above the bar, sits a rustic Martini Henry rifle. Behind the bar is HANK, an 60 something gray-haired black man. He's serving up a beer to one of his regulars. The bar's only waitress, Hank's 40 year old wife DESI is walking towards Sheriff Dagger. She is a busty blond, wearing a tight, low cut top to show off her cleavage. Desi approaches the table with a glass of bourbon. She sets the glass on the table.

DESI
Hey hon, how you been?

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
I'm always a little better when I
see you.

Desi smiles.

DESI
You better be careful old man, I
might have to tell Hank about you.

Dagger looks over to the bar at Hank. Dagger raises his glass, and Hank nods.

DESI (cont'd)
How's the wife?

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
(sarcastically)
She's still the light of my life.

DESI
That's good... well, let me know
when you're ready for another one.

I'm ready. SHERRIF GRISSOM

Desi smiles, and walks away to retrieve another drink. Dagger stares at her ass as she walks off. Dagger's attention is quickly turned to Deacon entering the bar. Deacon nods in his direction, and takes a seat at the bar. Hank greets him with a big smile, and a hand shake. Dagger chugs his drink, and gets up.

66 MOMENTS LATER

Outside the bathroom of Martini Henry's, the men's room door is closed. A phone is mounted to the wall beside the door. The sound of a toilet flushing. Dagger emerges from the restroom. He places his head on the wall, and takes a deep breath. He picks up the phone, and dials. The phone rings twice, then its answered.

 DAGGE
 R
 Yeah, Paul... I need you to meet
 me... no, in the morning... yeah,
 I'm sure, just be ready.

67 HOLLYWOOD'S

It's morning and the club has closed. Hollywood is still there from the night before. He sits at the bar, with a large stack of cash. The Bartender is there cleaning up, and a few of the waitresses and dancers are still there.

68 OUTSIDE THE CLUB

Two men in ski masks stand near the back door. Both men are dressed in all black, gloved, and carrying fully automatic assault rifles. There is a dumpster in the alley, and a blacked out van is parked next to it. The van is running, and the back doors are open.

69 BACK IN THE CLUB

The bartender is gathering his trash bags.

 HOLLYWO
 OD
 Hurry up so we can get the hell out
 of her will ya?

BARTENDER
I'll be done in a sec.

The bartender, with a trash bag in each hand, moves towards the side door. He exits.

Awaiting him are the two ski masked men. SKI MASK 1 smacks the Bartender in the face with the butt of his gun. He falls to the ground, out cold. Ski Mask 2 flips him over on his stomach and handcuffs his hands behind his back. His partner points his gun at him. The two men drag his body near the dumpster.

With the Bartender out of commission, the duo slowly moves into the open door. They find Hollywood at the bar, and notice the girls at the tables counting their money.

SKI MASK 1
Nobody move.

The girls scream. Hollywood grabs an armful of money, and runs towards his office. Ski Mask 2 gives chase. Hollywood enters the office, and drops the money. He tries to close the door behind him, but Ski Mask 2 kicks the door in. Hollywood flies backwards, and lands on his glass desk, shattering it. He desperately tries to climb to his feet, and reach the shotgun on the wall. Ski Mask 2 grabs Hollywood's foot just as his fingertips touch his gun. He drags across the floor, straddles him, and delivers a knock out blow with the butt of his rifle.

Back at the bar, Ski Mask 1 has all the girls face down on the floor. One of the girls has a gun in her purse just out of arms reach.

SKI MASK 1
Anybody move, and I swear I'll blow
your fucking brains out!

Ski Mask 2 emerges from the back dragging Hollywood by the collar. Hollywood is unconscious, his mouth duct taped, and his hands are bound. Ski Mask 1 hears the commotion.

SKI MASK 1 (cont'd)
You get em'?

SKI MASK 2
Yep, let's move.

SKI MASK 1
Alright ladies, we're moving out. I
want everyone to put your hands on
your head, and keep your fucking
mouths closed.

Everyone follows the orders. Both men begin to bound the hands of the girls. The girl with the purse makes sure no attention is being paid to her, and she goes for her gun. She grabs it, and fires wildly in the direction of the masked men, screaming. The other girls scream as well, as the kidnappers dodge her bullets.

Ski Mask 2 jumps to the floor. He is eye to eye with the girl. She pulls the trigger in his direction, but she is empty. A burst of shots hits her right in the chest. Ski Mask 2 looks over to see that Ski Mask 1 has shot the girl.

Her blood soaks the floor. A pause. Ski Mask 1 walks over to his partner and reaches out his hand.

SKI MASK 1

We gotta move.

70 IN THE ALLEY

The van is filled with Hollywood and the girls. Ski Mask 1 holds the girls at gunpoint, while Ski Mask 2 pushes the last of the girls into the van. He slams the door shut. He and Ski Mask 1 share a brief stare. With everyone loaded up, the two enter the van, and drive off.

71 WAREHOUSE

Hours later, inside the warehouse. It is extremely dark, but there is a light shining down on Hollywood. Hollywood sits unconscious in a chair. A large splash of cold water hits him, and he comes to. He squirms and tries to scream through the duct tape. Ski Mask 2 smacks him in the face. Hollywood moans loudly. Ski Mask 2 puts a pistol to Hollywood's temple.

SKI MASK 2

When I tell you to speak, you speak.

Hollywood nods in understanding. Ski Mask 2 pulls a cell phone from his pocket, and dials. The phone rings twice then and answer.

MAYOR COLT (PHONE)

Hello?

SKI MASK 2

Mayor Colt.

MAYOR COLT
(PHONE) Who is this?

SKI MASK 2
Who I am is unimportant. What is important, is what you're going to do for me.

MAYOR COLT (PHONE)
Who the fuck do you think you are calling my house at...

Ski Mask 2 places the phone near Hollywood's mouth, and removes the tape. Hollywood screams out.

HOLLYWOOD
Uncle John! Help me! Get me out of here! They're gonna...

Ski Mask 2 pistol whips Hollywood, knocking him out.

MAYOR COLT (PHONE)
Cornelius!

SKI MASK 2
If you ever want to see your nephew alive again, you'll have 20 million dollars in non sequential, unmarked bills ready for me in 48 hours.

MAYOR COLT (PHONE)
That's preposterous, where am I supposed to come up with that kind of money?

SKI MASK 2
Where? Well, that's your concern. My only concern is that you have my money the next time you hear from me. I know you're a man who wouldn't normally surrender to the will of guys like me, even if your own blood is at stake. So, I also want you to know that I have 11 other hostages. All of which have families who probably wouldn't sit kindly to knowing that good ole Mayor Colt let them die, because he was a stubborn old fool. Aren't you up for reelection soon?

MAYOR COLT (PHONE)
You son of a bitch. Do you have any
idea what I can do to you?

SKI MASK 2
I'm fully aware of your track
record Johnny Boy, and I assure
you, that has been taken into great
consideration. That is why I want
to make myself very clear. I will
call you in exactly 48 hours with
instructions on delivering my
money. If all goes well I will
leave town, maybe even the country
immediately. If not, I will kill
every last one of these hostages,
starting with your dear nephew...
can't afford witnesses right.

MAYOR COLT
(PHONE) Now you listen...

The phone goes dead.

72 MAYOR COLT'S BEDROOM

Mayor colt is in his silk pajamas standing beside his bed. He is still holding the phone. His wife is asleep in the bed. He sits on the bed, and places the phone on the hook. His head drops. He probably can come up with the money, but at what real cost? There's no way he will let his nephew die, but if word gets out he allowed this to take place, there's no way he will be able to resume control of the city. Every junkie with an icepick will be at his throat. He needs someone to find his nephew, and kill every last one of those bastards. Luckily, he knows just the guy.

73 BACK AT THE WAREHOUSE

Ski Mask 2 stares at the incapacitated Hollywood. Two men approach from the shadows. Henchmen #1 and Henchmen #2. Ski mask walks over to the edge of the light, and grabs a duffel bag. He hands it to one of the men. They open to reveal stacks of hundred dollar bills.

SKI MASK 2
It's all there. I'll have the rest
for you once this is all over. Take
him to the spot, and wait for
further instruction. The others are
in the van outside.

Both men nod.

74 OUTSIDE THE
 WAREHOUSE

There is a black late model sedan parked outside. Dagger is sitting in the passenger side in the all black attire. He's smoking a cigarette. The passenger door opens, and Ski Mask 2 sits down. He closes the door, and removes his mask. It is Paul.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM How'd it go?

PAUL
Just like you said it would, but I
think he got the point.

SHERIFF GRISSOM
Good.

Dagger takes a long drag from his cigarette. His phone rings. Dagger flicks his cigarette out the window.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (cont'd)
Time to go to work.

Dagger answers the phone.

DAGGER
R
This is Grissom... really?... It's
a real shame what this town has
come to... yes, we do need to get
scum like this off the streets...
why don't you just pay them?

Mayor Colt screams into the phone, causing Dagger to pull it away from his ear.

MAYOR COLT (PHONE)
I'm not paying those muthafuckers!
That's what I have you for!

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
You're right, you do have me. But,
we both know my services don't come
cheap... I want to really start
cleaning up this city... starting
with the Jamesons... They are your
boys, but he's your blood. You
choose what's more important...

Silence.

MAYOR COLT (PHONE)
OK.

DAGGER
Don't worry, I'll get the kid back.

75 LUCKY BEAVER CASINO

The next day, Dagger stands at the entrance of the casino with he back to the street. A smirk comes across his face. He kicks in the door. Gunfire comes from inside. The Sheriff steps inside massacring the very men he paid to hold onto his hostage.

76 GRISSOM APARTMENT

Later that night, Maria stands at the window in a towel. Teary eyed. There is a noise at the front door. The knob turns, and in walks Dagger. He is drunk. Maria is surprised to see him.

MARIA
Honey? What are you doing home? I thought you were working late?

Quickly wiping her eyes.

DAGGER
R
What, a man can't come home to see his own wife.

Nervous. Maria walks towards him.

MARIA
No, I mean, I'm just glad to see you. What a nice surprise.

She gives him a cold hug and a quick peck on the cheek. He doesn't hug her back. She backs away.

MARIA
Um... can I get you anything?

Dagger still stands near the front door. He looks around the living room.

DAGGER
R
Yeah, get me a drink.

Maria moves towards the kitchen.

MARIA
OK, hon.

In the kitchen, Maria fills a glass with ice, then pours in bourbon to the rim. She doesn't notice that Dagger is now standing behind her.

DAGGE
R Thanks dear.

Maria jumps, and almost drops the glass. Dagger grabs her hand holding the drink. He takes it from her hand and drinks it down quickly. He drops glass to the floor, shattering it. Maria takes a step back, but she bumps into the counter. Dagger stares her down.

MARI
A Are you OK?

Dagger moves in closer.

DAGGE
R
You know, I was just thinking... I
don't remember the last time I came
home and made love to my wife.

Maria is clearly scared. She shakes her head.

MARIA
Baby, you're drunk. How about we
just go...

Dagger grabs her by the throat. Maria grabs at his hands, but he is too strong. He stares deep into her eyes. He pulls her close, and takes a deep breath. Maria's eyes are turning red. Her body is now on the counter, and her feet aren't touching the floor. Her struggles cause her towel to come undone, exposing her bare body. Dagger is between her legs. He tightens his grip, and tears escape Maria's eyes.

Dagger realizes his position, and he pulls her closer to his crotch. He undoes his pants with his free hand, and forces himself in her. He goes as hard as he can, never taking his eyes from hers. He finishes. A pause. Dagger slowly releases his grip, but doesn't move. Maria is frozen.

DAGGE
R
Does he fuck you like that?
A pause.

DAGGER (cont'd)
(screaming)
Does he!

Maria doesn't move.

DAGGER (cont'd)
He's going down. I'm going to bury
that son of a bitch... and you're
gonna help me.

77 HOLLYWOOD'S

Hollywood's is packed as usual. Dagger and Paul sit together in the darkest corner of the club they could find on the first level. Above them sits William, the Jamesons, and their girls.

At Dagger's table, both he and Paul are having drinks. Dagger's eyes are focused on the crowd on the dance floor near the stage. A live band is playing. Paul has a confused look on his face.

PAUL
You sure you want to play it this
way?

Dagger takes his time answering. He sips his drink.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM Why wouldn't I?

PAUL
I don't know. This is getting out
of hand. The sting was a bust,
and... it is your wife.

Maria is seen making her way through the crowd to the stage. Paul notices her, and looks over at Dagger. Dagger's eyes are already focused on her. She's not his wife anymore. Just another pitiful soul foolish enough to get in his way. Maria looks up to William's table. He notices her, and makes his way down to her. William and Maria embrace.

PAUL (cont'd)
Sir?

Dagger doesn't take his eyes off them. William and Maria dance, and speak softly into each others' ears. Maria whispers something that excites William. He pulls her closer, and they kiss passionately.

PAUL (cont'd)
David, are you sure about this?

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
Paul, when this is all said and
done, you gotta promise me
something.

PAU
L What's that?

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
You be the cop that you were meant
to be. Be the man that you were
meant to be...

Dagger and Paul sit at their table watching Maria and William on
the dance floor. Any love he has ever had for her, dies in this
moment.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (cont'd)
Don't make the same mistakes I did.

Dagger and Paul continue to watch as Maria takes William's hand,
and they make their way towards the exit.

78 WILLIAM'S BEDROOM

Maria and William are in William's bed. Maria lays on her side, and
William lays behind her, with his arm wrapped around her. The
ceiling fan spins slowly. Maria's eyes are closed. William cannot see
her face.

WILLIAM
You awake?

MARIA
No.

WILLIAM
Hump. Can I ask you something?

MARIA
Sure.

A pause.

WILLIAM
What made you change your mind?

Maria sits up, and looks into William's eyes. She smiles.

MARIA
When it came down to it... I just
couldn't imagine living in a world
that didn't involve you. Besides,
you are gonna make us rich.

She kisses him.

WILLIAM
Don't thank me, it's the Colts that's
gonna make us rich.

Maria moves back to her original position.

MARIA
The Colts? How's that?

WILLIAM
We're robbing their bank... First
Western.

Maria doesn't say a word. Her face turns cold. A tear falls from her
eye.

79 FIRST NATIONAL BANK

The next morning, Bucks and Tomlison are the first to arrive. Just
receiving from the intel 30 minutes prior, the others are on their way.
There is a patrol car arriving. The marked car almost hits William,
flying out of the bank on
his chopper. They were too late to stop the robbery.

BUCK
S (on radio)
Suspects fleeing the scene...

A motorcycle drives across the top of the car.

BUCK
S
Holy shit.

He drops the radio. Bucks and Tomlison exit their vehicle and draw
their guns. Jesse comes flying out on his chopper, and opens fire. He
kills both of the officers in the other car. Bucks and Tomlison open
fire, and shoot Jesse in the abdomen. Jesse crashes to the street.
Frank E and William shoot and kill Bucks and Tomlison. Frank E
throws Jesse on the back of his bike and drives off along side William.

Sirens are heard.

Soon after, Dagger, and a gang of black and whites arrive on the scene. They are accompanied by a swat truck. Dagger exits his car, with Paul by his side. Paul and Dagger examine the scene.

PAUL
Fuck! They got away.

Dagger notices Jesse's chopper lying in the street. He walks over, and kneels down. There is blood next to the bike. He looks at the dead officers. They are nowhere near the pool of blood. He realizes one of the outlaws was hit.

DAGGE
R
They're not gonna get far.

Dagger stands up, and moves towards his car. Paul follows.

DAGGER (cont'd)
I want you to go to my house, and
make sure my whore of a wife
doesn't leave.

PAUL
Got it.

Paul motions to a black and white, and an officer hops in the driver seat. Paul gets in the passenger side, and they drive off. The swat team leader and Cop #1 come up to The Sheriff.

SQUAD
LEADER What's the plan,
boss?

DAGGE
R
I want your guys to come with me, I
know where these bastards are
going.
(to Cop #1)
Get this shit cleaned up.

Cop #1 watches as Dagger and the Squad leader exit. He looks around as other cops begin to tape off the crime scene.

Dagger's car and the swat truck pull up outside the Jamesons' building. There are no sirens. Squad leader signals to his team with his hands. Some enter the main entrance, while others go around the building to other exits. Dagger and the Squad Leader are side by side, as they enter the main entrance.

Time passes.

Gunfire is heard from the street.

Inside, Dagger steps over Frank E's dead body. He reloads his revolver. He enters the apartment to find Jesse dead on the couch. There are various SWAT members dead as well. The window is still open. Dagger walks over to the window. The remaining SWAT team members search the rest of the loft. Squad leader approaches Dagger, who is staring out to the streets.

SQUAD
LEADER It's all clear sir.

DAGGE
R
He's still out there. Did you find the money?

SQUAD
LEADER
No sir, there's a couple of back packs, but less than ten grand. I'll have my men search the area.

DAGGE
R You do that.

SQUAD
LEADER
Yes sir.

The Squad Leader exits. Dagger picks up his phone, and dials. It only rings once.

DAGGE
R
Paul... I want you to take her into custody... yes, I'm sure. I'll send a team over in case he shows up... if he doesn't he'll be leaving town... I know who will.

81 GRISSOM APARTMENT

Maria sits on the couch, with her knees to her chest. She's wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt. She is crying. She has surrendered the man that she loves to a monster with a badge. She can only imagine what he will do now that he's killed William. A knock at the door. She rushes over to her purse, and grabs her taser. Another knock. She quickly approaches the door, and looks through the peephole. It is Paul.

Maria puts the taser in waist of her sweatpants. She makes sure her t-shirt is concealing the taser. Another knock. Maria takes a deep breath, and opens the door. Paul stands in front of her, badge in hand.

MARIA
Lieutenant. How can I help you?

PAUL
Mrs. Grissom. I'm sorry about this,
but I'm going to have to bring you
in. Sheriff's orders.

Maria quickly turns her back to Paul.

MARIA
OK, let me just grab a couple of
my...

Paul takes a step towards her, and grabs her shoulder.

PAUL
Ma'am, I can't allow you to...

Maria slaps his hand away, and removes the taser from her back. She shocks him, and he lets out a painful moan. Paul stumbles backwards into the hallway. He hits the wall, then lands flat on his face. Maria grabs his gun from his holster, and runs back inside. She slams the door shut, and locks it behind her.

Her back is leaning on the door, and she is breathing heavily. Her body is trembling. A noise at the window catches her attention. She points the gun in that direction. The window opens, and a foot enters. Maria fires, but hits the wall. The foot quickly exits.

WILLIAM
I swear to God if you hurt her!

MARIA
William?

WILLIAM
Maria?

William puts his hands in the window. He lets his gun swing from his finger, and he has the other hand open to show he means no harm. He peeks his head in, and sees Maria. She drops the gun, and runs over to him. He enters the window. They hug.

MARIA
Oh, my God! I thought you were
dead.

She kisses him frantically. He has to push her away.

WILLIAM
Look, we gotta get the fuck out of
here.

MARIA
Baby, what happened?

WILLIAM
There's no time, Frank E is on his
way, but... Jesse's dead.

Maria bursts into tears, and grabs her face.

MARIA
Oh my God. This is all my fault.

WILLIAM
Baby, this has nothing to do with
you. It's OK... we just need to
leave... now.

Maria backs away from William. She sits on the window sill. Her guilt
consumes her.

MARIA
You don't understand... he made me
do it.

WILLIAM
What are you talking about?

Maria drops her face into her hands as she cries. William kneels
beside her.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
Baby, what happened?

MARIA
I told him everything.

William stands up. Puzzled, he paces the room for a moment. He can't
believe what he is hearing. The only woman he ever truly loved, has
betrayed him. He turns back to Maria.

WILLIAM
You told him everything? What do
you mean? Why would you...

MARIA
I didn't have a choice. He would
have killed me. I had to... I...

She reaches her hands out to William. He moves away.

WILLIA
M (screaming)
I could have protected you! There's no
way I would have let him hurt you! I
would have done anything for you! I
loved you!

Tears fill William's eyes. Maria can't even look at him.

WILLIAM (cont'd) You..
you're fucking pathetic.

Maria continues to sob. William turns his back to her. He gathers himself.

WILLIAM
I have to get outta here...

Suddenly, sirens are heard. Maria looks out behind her, and sees all the squad cars in the square. William grabs her, and pulls her from the window.

WILLIAM
Fuck! They got Frank E.

MARIA
What are you going to do?

WILLIA
M I don't know.

William cocks his gun, and walks towards the front door. Maria runs after him, and grabs his arm.

MARIA
You can't. There's an officer
outside.

WILLIAM
What?

MARIA
He came by to arrest me. I tasered
him, but he's gonna come to any
second now.

WILLIAM
This just keeps getting better.

Shots are fired and Maria and William hit the deck. The gunfire stops. William slowly crawls towards the window. He peeks out to see boots protruding from the fountain. He moves to a seated position next to the window. His face is blank. Tears escape his eyes.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
Frank E's dead.

Maria sits up, but doesn't say a word. She crawls over to William. She wipes away his tears. He touches her hand on his face. A pause. He pulls her close, and holds her on the floor. She may have betrayed him, but now, she's all he has left. Five more shots. Neither William or Maria budge.

Minutes past. Neither William or Maria has moved. William notices a dragging sound. He turns his attention to the front door. Maria notices, and turns as well. The door knob jiggles. William points his gun towards the door. Maria moves to give him space. William carefully aims at door.

A pause.

The door is kicked open. William fires. Maria screams in terror as she watches Deacon's lifeless body fall to the floor. William drops his gun. He is speechless. Maria weeps uncontrollably as she crawls over to Deacon. She places her head on his chest, and continues to cry. The Indian doll lays next to Deacon's corpse.

82 GRASSY
MOUNTAIN

It is a warm day. Two young children play on the side of a mountain. One is Deacon, and the other is Maria. Maria is wearing a little pink dress with a cloth Indian doll in her hand. Deacon approaches her holding a flower. Maria takes the flower, and smells it. She smiles at Deacon, then gives him a huge hug. He smiles back. He offers her his hand, and she accepts. He takes the doll from her and places it on top a large boulder.

The two run off and play hand in hand. As they play, the wind begins to blow. The doll is blown off the boulder and into a small crevasse. As the two return to the area, Maria notices her doll is missing. The two children search the area, and find that the doll is now in the crevasse. Deacon reaches for the doll, but his arms are too short. He continues to struggle for the doll as the sun begins to set. Maria notices the approaching night, and begins to tug at Deacon.

MARIA
Come on Deacon... let's go. It's
OK, I can get another doll... Get
up Deacon... Deacon, get up.

Deacon's little hand is still reaching out for the doll.

83 ANTIQUE SHOP

Present day, Deacon stares down on a cloth Indian Doll laying in a glass case. The shop owner comes over to him.

SHOP
OWNER
You see anything you like?

Deacon points at the Doll.

DEACO
N
Yes. I'll take the doll.

The shop owner nods, and opens the case to remove the doll. Deacon exits the antique shop.

He hops into the shop truck, and throws the doll into the passenger seat. The old pick up truck, Hank's truck, is hooked up to the shop truck. Deacon drives off.

84 MARTINI HENRY'S

The crowd is small as usual. Hank is behind the bar, and Desi is serving up a round of drinks to a table of 3 men. Deacon is sitting at the bar. He has a drink in front of him, and a cigar in his mouth.

HAN
K
I gotta thank you for taking care
of my baby again Deacon. I really
appreciate it.

DEACO
N
It's the least I can do for the man
who saved my life.

HAN
K
Shit, you would have done the same
for me... Besides, it was my
pleasure. I got a new house, this
lovely establishment, and the Mrs.
ain't too bad neither.

They both glance over at Desi leaving the table.

DEACO
N
Yeah, but you earned it Hank.
Everything you got, you earned it.

HAN
K
Well, you ain't doing to bad
yourself. Hell, all you need is a
pretty lil' ole lady to settle down
with, and you'd be good. You know,
start a family or something.

Deacon takes a sip of his beer.

DEACO
N
I think I'm a little too old to be
thinking about starting a family.
Besides, I ain't as pretty as I
used to be.

They laugh. Hank's face turns serious. Deacon notices his
expression. Entering the bar is Dagger, fresh from his
murder of the Jamesons. Deacon looks at him, then turns back around.

DEACON (cont'd)
Hank, if you don't start getting
some better customers, I don't know
if I can keep visiting your
establishment.

Hank laughs. Dagger has made his way to the bar. He takes a seat
next to Deacon. Deacon doesn't look at him.

HANK
What'll be Sheriff?

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
Whiskey.

HANK
Coming right up.

Hank turns to make the drink. Dagger stares at Deacon.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM How you been
Troy?

Deacon drinks his beer. He still doesn't look at the
Sheriff.

DEACO
N
Same as always, you?

SHERIFF GRISSOM
Well, that's an interesting
question. You see...

Hank sits the drink down in front of Dagger, and walks away.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (cont'd)
(to Hank)
Thanks.
(to Deacon)
You see, I seem to be loosing a
grip on things here lately. First
at home, and now this town. Or
maybe it's the other way around.
Hell, I'm not even sure where I
went wrong.

Deacon finishes his beer. He stands up and throws money on the
counter.

DEACO
N
Well, Sheriff, I really wish I
could help you pull things back
together.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
Really? Cause the funny thing is, I
think you can help me out a lot.

Deacon stares down the Sheriff.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (cont'd)
Let me tell you what happened today.
That little shop boy of yours. William I
think it is. He and his hooligan friends
up and robbed a bank today. And not
just any bank. They hit First Western.
Made off with a good bit of cash too.
Now ain't that something?

DEACO
N
Oh, its something alright.

Dagger chugs his whiskey.

SHERIFF GRISSOM Well,
Troy. You wouldn't know nothing bout
that would you? We found them
Jameson boys, but not your boy. Or
the cash.

DEACO
N
Like I said, I wish I could help
you out.

Deacon nods at Hank, and turns his back to Dagger.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
Oh yeah. There is one other thing..
It seems your boy, and you got more
in common that just greasy hands.
Apparently, that little bastard is
sweet on my wife too...

Deacon turns back around.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (cont'd)
Oh yeah, you do remember my wife don't
you?... I guess she has a thing for
mechanics... too bad you missed out
huh?... but, I guess you wouldn't know
much about that either?

Deacon can't even fathom the idea of Maria and William together. If
he'd known, he would have beat the living shit out William himself. He
knew William was up to something, but not robbing the Colts' bank.
Especially not with Maria being involved. Even so, even if he did know,
he still wouldn't give him up to Dagger.

DEACO
N
It's no business of mine.

Dagger stands, and approaches Deacon.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
Let me tell you what your business
is. Your boy got away, and I want
to know where he's going.

DEACO
N
Sheriff, you ain't got nothing on
me, and I ain't got a damn thing
for you.

Deacon turns once again, but Dagger grabs his shoulder.

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
That's alright friend. I'm sure I
can find out everything I need to
know from my wife. She is an
accessory at this point. Between
the robberies and the dead

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
officers, she'll spend the rest of
her life behind bars...
(whispering)
That is if I don't slit that
unfaithful whore's throat first.

Deacon turns around, and punches Dagger. There's no chance in hell he will ever let him hurt Maria. Dagger falls back into the bar, and Deacon comes after him. The small crowd is shocked. Dagger smashes his glass over Deacon's head. Deacon falls to his knees. Dagger kicks him. Deacon smashes a bar stool into Dagger's knee. Deacon tackles Dagger onto the bar, where he punches him repeatedly. Dagger kicks him away.

Dagger throws a bar stool at Deacon, but he ducks. The two exchange punches. Dagger picks Deacon up, and throws Deacon onto a table. The table gives way. Deacon smacks Dagger with one of the broken legs. Dagger falls against the wall. Deacon comes after him, but Dagger sends a blow to his stomach. The two continue to exchange punches.

Deacon throws a punch that knocks Dagger on his back. Deacon falls to his knees in pain. As he tries to regain his strength, Dagger leaps onto his back. He begins to choke him. Deacon struggles to break free. His hand finds its way to Dagger's gun. He grabs the handle and pulls the trigger. The bullet grazes Daggers leg just enough for him to release his hold. He falls off Deacon's back, but the gun remains in Deacon's hand.

The Sheriff grabs his leg, as Deacon tries to catch his breath. He stammers to his feet. The Sheriff is still on the ground. He's made his way to his knees. Deacon realizes he has the gun, and points right at Dagger's head.

Dagger smirks. The bar is silent. Deacon breathes heavily over Dagger. He has kept his hands clean for so long, and now, he's holding a gun to head of the God damn Sheriff. The Sheriff calmly fixes his clothes and hair.

HAN
K
Now Deacon, don't do anything
stupid!

SHERIFF
GRISSOM
Yeah, don't forget Troy. I am the
law.

Dagger plucks his badge as his other hand slowly moves to his back. Deacon doesn't move. They two stare directly into each others eyes. Two titans in their own rights, neither will ever back down. Neither of them flinch.

HANK
Deacon!

SHERIFF GRISSOM
Don't worry Hank, he won't shoot... ain't
that right Troy? You ain't
got what it takes to put me down do ya...

Dagger now has a firm grip on his knife. Deacon hasn't moved.

SHERIFF GRISSOM (cont'd) I
know you want to, but you ain't got it in
you anymore, do you Troy... when's the
last time you took a life?... well ... you
gonna take the shot?

Dagger pulls the knife from his back. Bang!

85 TROY'S BODY SHOP GARAGE

Deacon is in the shop. Sirens are heard in the distance. He's holding the Indian doll in his hand. His gun belt is hanging over his shoulder. He's beaten and bloodied. He rushes over to the covered car. He sits the doll on a counter, and grabs the cloth. Pulling the cover, to reveal the black Mach 1 Mustang underneath. Deacon grabs the doll. The door of the Mustang slams shut and the engine revs.

Moments later, Deacon flies down the road. Pedestrians dive out of his way. He wipes the blood from his nose and brow. Deacon looks over at the doll in the seat. He then looks up in his rear view mirror. He stares at the city that is now fading in the distance. Maria is still there, and if Dagger was right, she will spend the rest of her life in jail. Regardless of that fact, going back is suicide. He must leave her behind.

Deacon's stead leaves behind a trail of dust back to El Cielo. Back to his home, back to his heart. The car flies down the road past a coyote carcass. The feeding vultures fly away. Suddenly, the car spins around and comes to a stop. The Mustang's motions have uplifted sand into the air. Deacon's car is emerged in the cloud. Within in that cloud is a man a part. Going back would mean his death, yet he doesn't know how to live without his heart.

A pause.

The dust starts to settle just as Deacon's tire begins to spin again. His engine revs, and he accelerates back towards El Cielo.

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