

2 GUNS

by

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Based on the graphic novel "2 Guns"

9/15/09

INT. VAULT, TRES CRUCES SAVINGS & LOAN - DAY

A wall of identical safe deposit boxes... A black valise crammed with money... A FERRET-NOSED man, JULIO by name, puts the cash-filled valise into a box, flips the lid shut... The box is returned to its slot... A key locks the box door...

INT. TRES CRUCES SAVINGS & LOAN - DAY

ROBERT "BOBBY" TRENCH, aka "Bobby T," aka "Bobby B," aka "Bobby Beans," (Late 30s, taciturn) studies a BULLET HOLE in a Victorian marble column. A scar of long ago violence.

Behind Bobby, Ferret Nose emerges from the vault. Bobby hides his face as Ferret Nose crosses behind him and exits. MS. YOUNG (early 20s and perky) approaches.

MS. YOUNG

Admiring our bullet hole? Billy the Kid put that there during a robbery in 1880.

BOBBY

How much did he get away with?

MS. YOUNG

The vault was locked for the day. Sheriff did shoot two of Billy's men on the front steps though.

INT. VAULT, TRES CRUCES SAVINGS & LOAN - DAY

Ms. Young chatters, but Bobby isn't listening. Bobby is staring at the wall of safe deposit boxes.

MS. YOUNG

Your box will be available any time from an hour after opening to 30 minutes before close. Also if you open a checking account, we'll give you 5% off the box along with free overdraft protection.

BOBBY

And here I was hoping for a free toaster.

MS. YOUNG

Why would a bank give out toasters?

Bobby's phone RINGS.

INT. DINER - SAME

MARK "STIG" STIGMAN (no aka's, a manic ball of forward leaning energy) sits looking out at the sleepy main drag of Tres Cruces. Specifically at the entrance of the Tres Cruces S & L where Ferret Nose climbs into a car with two other rough characters and drives off.

A WAITRESS idles at Stig's table.

STIG (INTO PHONE)  
I'm ordering you the french toast.

BOBBY (ON PHONE)  
No, Ma, nothing important.

STIG (INTO PHONE)  
Our very patient waitress, Maggie -- at least it says Maggie on her name tag -- has poured me four cups of coffee. If I don't order at this point, it's just rude.

WAITRESS  
I can come back.

STIG (INTO PHONE)  
I'm making an executive decision.  
Pancakes.

OUT THE WINDOW - CAMERA finds Bobby emerging from the bank, striding toward the diner.

BOBBY (ON PHONE)  
No, no pancakes. I hate pancakes.

STIG (INTO PHONE)  
What are you a communist?  
(to the Waitress)  
I'll have the hash and my friend'll have the pancakes with a fried egg.

BOBBY (ON PHONE)  
If she brings me eggs and pancakes, I will kick your ass.

STIG (INTO PHONE)  
You need to eat breakfast. It's the most important meal of the day.

DOOR CHIMES jingle as Bobby marches in.

BOBBY

Ignore everything he's said. If you'll just bring me an O.J., that'd be great.

STIG

Bring him coffee and toast too.

As the waitress retreats, Stig gives her a big wink.

BOBBY

Why do you have to do that?

STIG

Do what?

BOBBY

Wink at the waitress. You hang her up for five minutes then give her a creepy wink like you're gonna ask her to take a ride in your Camaro.

STIG

Hey, waitresses like me.

BOBBY

Nobody likes you.

STIG

I'm a likable guy. I'm a good tipper. So. The bank?

BOBBY

The bank.

As Bobby talks we flash to IMAGES of:

INT. TRES CRUCES SAVINGS & LOAN - M.O.S. - EARLIER

Bobby surveys the bank as Ms. Young leads him back to the vault. The bank is old-fashioned in its architecture but modern in its security features. In sync with the V.O. Bobby notes the cameras, position of the guard, alarm buttons, etc.

BOBBY (V.O. - CONT. FROM PREVIOUS)

4 tellers, 1 guard. Bulletproof glass, multiple security cameras. The manager's office is between the tellers and the vault so we'll have to hope we catch him on the floor. Beyond that the safe deposit boxes are just sitting there.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS FROM ABOVE

STIG  
So it's doable?

Bobby nods. Stig slaps his hands on the table with glee.

DOOR CHIMES. Two SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES enter. Stig and Bobby go silent and tight.

Greeting the staff by name, the deputies settle in at the counter and help themselves to the display of jelly donuts.

The waitress returns with Bobby's O.J. and coffee for Stig.

WAITRESS  
I'll be right back with your hash.

STIG  
Wait. Maggie. Your jelly donuts,  
are they any good?

WAITRESS  
Best in three counties.

STIG  
Put three in a to-go box. Two for  
me, one for him.

BOBBY  
Just two.

Stig flashes three fingers to the waitress as she retreats. A beat. Without preamble, Stig jumps to his feet.

STIG  
Gotta shake the weasel.

As Stig vanishes into the back, one of the cops throws a glance Bobby's way. Bobby gives the cop a flat look back.

The waitress returns with Stig's hash and the donuts.

BOBBY  
I apologize for my friend. He was  
kicked in the head as a child.

WAITRESS  
Oh, he's not that bad.

BOBBY  
No. He is.

Stig returns. Without sitting, he digs out a donut.

STIG

Mmm, these are good. We should go.

BOBBY

Your food just got here.

Stig flicks his eyes at the cops.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You didn't?

STIG

You ever hear the saying "never rob a bank across from a diner with the best donuts in three counties?"

Bobby stands and tosses cash on the table. Behind the counter SMOKE begins to curl out of the kitchen.

STIG (CONT'D)

That's all you're gonna leave for a tip?

BOBBY

You are a complete lunatic, you know that?

STIG

You gotta leave at least 30%. The woman's about to be out of a job.

The tendrils swell becoming flames as the kitchen is engulfed in a roaring grease fire.

BOBBY

(tossing down another \$10)  
This, this is why nobody likes you.

EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Bobby and Stig saunter out the door and back to their car. Behind them smoke billows. Chaos. Shouts. Alarms. Patrons and wait-staff flee. A FIREBALL blows out the windows.

FREEZE FRAME: Bobby & Stig in F.G.; the blazing diner in B.G.

MAIN TITLE CARD: "2 GUNS"

EXT. GRECO RANCH - DAY

SUPERTITLE: **MEXICO**

A private kingdom in the Sonora desert. Ancient stone walls. Adobe buildings. Vaqueros on horseback work EXPANSIVE LIVESTOCK PENS.

FIND Bobby and Stig speeding along. Past BARNS that house not just cattle but processing areas for cocaine and heroin. Past a DIRT AIRSTRIP where bales of marijuanas are being loaded onto a piper cub. Up to the MAIN HOUSE where a rowdy barbecue is underway. Half a cow on a spit. *Narco corridos* on the stereo. No bling, no bimbos in mini skirts. Just hard men eating, drinking and slinging dominos.

Bobby and Stig are greeted by RUDY (knife-scarred and wily). Rudy shakes hands with Bobby. Stig, he ignores.

RUDY  
Papi's down in the stables.

BOBBY  
Go get something to eat.

STIG  
I'm not hungry.

BOBBY  
Stig, you and I are here to do business. Diplomatically. If closing this deal involved shooting the wings off a fly while driving on two wheels through a ring of fire, I'd be the one getting something to eat.

STIG  
I can be diplomatic.

A glare from Bobby. Stig goes. Reluctantly.

INT. STABLES, GRECO RANCH - DAY

Bobby, toting a duffle, is lead inside and down into a network of ancient tunnels that run beneath the ranch.

INT. TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

Rudy pauses at an antechamber and motions for Bobby to wait. Nearby savage LAUGHTER erupts from a group of MEAN CHARACTERS who are taking turns peeking inside a bowling ball bag.

MEAN #1 (OSCAR) holds the bag toward Bobby. *Wanna see?* Bobby shrugs. Oscar comes over. And with great flare snaps the bag open under Bobby's nose.

We see nothing more than a wisp of hair, but the half-flinch in Bobby's expression is enough to tell us there's a human head inside. Oscar and the others CACKLE.

Returning, Rudy shoos the toughs and waves Bobby on.

INT. VAULTED CHAMBER BELOW THE STABLES, GRECO RANCH - DAY

Seated on a wooden crate MANUEL "PAPI" GRECO (a man of earth and blood) plucks the feathers from a duck carcass. Looming in the corner is Ferret-Nose Julio from the bank.

PAPI GRECO

"I-know-a-guy" Bobby. Quick: an ostrich, a tank of ether, and a '55 Thunderbird.

BOBBY

Will you take a '56?

PAPI GRECO

In El Paso by Wednesday?

BOBBY

I know a guy.

Papi finds this game a chuckle. He squishes his fingers into the flesh of the duck and digs out three pellets of buckshot.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Not for nothing, but who's the head in the bag?

PAPI GRECO

My cousin.

BOBBY

Little Toro?

PAPI GRECO

Julio caught him skimming. Not that I blame Little Toro. Everybody skims a little cream, it's human nature. But just 'cuz it's human, don't mean you let it go.

Papi takes a hatchet - THWACK - chops off the duck's head.

PAPI GRECO (CONT'D)

That for me?

Bobby pulls a shiny new CHAINSAW from his duffle.

BOBBY

The gas-powered MS 270. Throttle trigger interlock, bumper spikes, quickstop chain-brake.

Setting aside the duck, Papi comes over to examine his new toy. Bobby sets a protective hand on the saw.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Where's my present?

Papi motions to Ferret-Nosed Julio who tosses Bobby a satchel. Inside are 200 blank passports and 400 blank social security cards. Bobby examines them. His expression sours.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

These are garbage.

PAPI GRECO

They're what I got.

BOBBY

If I take these, I'm telling you I don't know my business, and I know my business.

A sudden air of menace hangs. Papi's boys glower.

PAPI GRECO

You too good for my product?

BOBBY

I'm saying anyone who'd take these is stupid, desperate, or looking to put you in jail. Which one you think I am?

A beat. Papi looks to his boys. Then shrugs/smirks.

PAPI GRECO

I told you he wouldn't take 'em.

BOBBY

So, what, is that it? I pass your test?

PAPI GRECO

It's not just you. After Little Toro we're running everybody through the blender. If it soothes your ego, I'll give you 39,000 for the '56 Thunderbird. Assuming it's mint.

THWACK - Papi chops off the duck's feet.

EXT. NEAR THE STABLES, GRECO RANCH - DAY

Four ROUGHNECKS shoot at a line of chickens buried up to their necks in the dirt. Bets are traded. A bottle is passed. Stig sits nearby finishing a plate of barbecue.

STIG

That's not very sporting. What chance are you giving the chickens?

The roughnecks trade scornful remarks in Spanish and return to their game. Stig hurls a leg bone at them. They stop. They glare.

STIG (CONT'D)

If I'm gonna kill a defenseless animal, I'm gonna honor its sacrifice by grilling it up into some tasty barbecue. What I'm not gonna do, is torture it just to prove I'm a crappy shot who can't hit anything further away than his own pecker.

OVER BY THE STABLES -

Rudy walks Bobby back out into the harsh Mexican sunlight. They spot Stig jousting with the roughnecks.

RUDY

Looks like your junkyard dog's off the chain again.

Bobby grumbles/sighs and marches over to Stig.

BOBBY

What are you doing?

STIG

They're torturing those chickens.

A roughneck curses at Stig in Spanish.

STIG (CONT'D)

Say that in English, monkey boy.

BOBBY

Stig. Look at me. You see that bag on the buffet table?

Bobby points over at the barbecue/party where the men with the bowling ball bag have joined the others.

STIG

Between the ribs and the potato salad?

BOBBY

There's a human head inside.

STIG

Aw, sonofa... That is uncool; that is not cool.

The roughnecks mutter Spanish curses. Stig lunges at them. Bobby grabs Stig. Stig calms.

STIG (CONT'D)

It's all right. I'm all right.

Stig and Bobby turn to go. Behind them the roughnecks CHUCKLE. That tears it. In one seamless motion Stig whips around and shoots the heads off all five chickens.

EXT. GRECO RANCH - DAY

Bobby and Stig walk back across the ranch to their car.

STIG

I hate Mexico. I hate the dust, I hate the desert, I hate the beer.

BOBBY

I'm sure it hates you back.

STIG

You don't think Papi suspects?

BOBBY

If Papi knew we were planning to rip him off, it'd be our heads in that bag by the potato salad.

STIG

Nah, our two heads'd never fit in a bag that small.

EXT. U.S./MEXICO BORDER - DAY

The colossal border jam up. Car and buses and smoke belching trucks await inspection. Lines of day laborers cross on foot, ready to work hard. If they can find work, that is.

Bobby and Stig sit in their non-moving car in the non-moving line. Bobby looks into the station wagon beside them. 5 Mexican house painters with sun-creased faces look back.

STIG

Papi's guy delivers a briefcase full of money to that bank every two weeks. At that rate he's gotta have, what, two mil stashed there?

BOBBY

Math sounds right.

STIG

What happens if we get caught?

BOBBY

If we get caught, it'll be your fault and I'll kill you.

STIG

Sure, whatever, but say we do? And say Papi Greco mangles my corpse, runs it through a sawmill, something like that, would you come after him?

BOBBY

Nope.

STIG

You wouldn't kill him? Because if he did that to you I'd kill him.

BOBBY

Then you're an idiot.

STIG

You know why I'd kill him, because you're my people and there's a code.

BOBBY

First up: there is no code. You do what you have to do. The rest is just stuff that makes you stupid.

STIG

And second?

(a look from Bobby)

Right. We're not "people."  
Because you, you don't have people.

Bingo. Bobby and Stig roll up to the inspection booth.

BORDER GUARD

Purpose for you visit to Mexico?

BOBBY

Quail hunting.

STIG

My aunt in Tuba City had a heart attack so we cut our trip short.

The guard considers Bobby and Stig. Considers their documents. Then retreats inside the shack.

BOBBY

Tuba City?

STIG

It's near Odessa.

BOBBY

Nice place?

STIG

Hell hole but she is my favorite aunt.

A sudden commotion. Boots. Guns. Swarming men in kevlar. Before Bobby and Stig can react their car is surrounded by 15 armed border agents. M-16s leveled, fingers on triggers.

INT. GARAGE BORDER INSPECTION STATION - DAY

A team of border agents tear apart Bobby and Stig's car.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A UNIFORMED BORDER AGENT grills Stig. DEA AGENT DEB REES (driven, but not without a sense of humor) observes.

UNIFORMED AGENT  
Tell Agent Rees about Papi Greco.

STIG  
Who?

DEB  
Papi. Greco.

STIG  
He some kind of Mexican Santa Claus?

DEB  
I didn't fall off the turnip truck, Mr. Stigman and my roots aren't blonde so how 'bout you stop playing the stupid card?

STIG  
No ma'am. It's my intent to cooperate with whatever you need. As an American, I know you're just doing your job and sometimes innocent folks like me get caught up in the system. It's like with the airlines. They didn't lose your bag on purpose, but everybody takes it so personal. I bet you two see a lot of frowning faces.

Stig winks at Deb. Deb rolls her eyes and exits.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, NUMBER 2 - DAY

A similar HARD-CASE BORDER AGENT grills Bobby. DEA SUPERVISING AGENT MARLON JESSUP (decent, dedicated) sits in on this one.

HARD-CASE  
Tell us about your trip.

BOBBY  
Lawyer.

HARD-CASE

What's the big deal? You were just down in Sonora?

BOBBY

Lawyer.

HARD-CASE

(re: Jessup)

You think Agent Jessup and the DEA don't know about you and Papi Greco? They know you were at his ranch.

BOBBY

Lawyer.

Hard-Case bristles. Jessup puts a hand on his shoulder and nods for Hard-Case to step out. Hard-Case goes. A beat.

JESSUP

Five border agents are ripping apart your car as we speak.

BOBBY

They're not gonna find anything.

JESSUP

Where'd you hide the passports?

BOBBY

There are no passports.

JESSUP

What are you talking about? The deal was in place. A hand to hand buy from Papi Greco for 200 passports.

BOBBY

I turned them down.  
(off Jessup's disbelief)  
They were third rate crap.

Deb enters.

DEB

Your pal, Stig's a piece of work.

BOBBY

He winked at you, didn't he?

JESSUP

Bobby rejected the passports.

BOBBY

Papi was testing me. If I'd taken the passports, I'd never have gotten off the ranch alive.

JESSUP

You sure about that?

BOBBY

Don't insult me. I've got four years in on this. I have waded through sewage. I had a bag with a human head in it shoved under my nose, okay?

JESSUP

I know. I know all you've been through and I know how you've had to give your life over to playing the part of Bobby Beans.

BOBBY

I can get Papi Greco. I have an angle. The only trick is I need you to let me rob the Tres Cruces Savings & Loan.

JESSUP

You want to rob a bank?

BOBBY

No. Stig wants to rob the bank. It was his idea, he approached me, no entrapment. What I want is for you to help me stop him, just not until he's accessed the safe deposit boxes.

JESSUP

And just why does "Stig" want to break into the safe deposit boxes?

BOBBY

Because Papi Greco has two million dollars stashed there, and if we can access the money -- like if it was evidence in a failed robbery -- we can nail him for unreported tax evasion and possibly RICO.

DEB

What happens to Stig?

BOBBY

He takes it hard on a class B felony, does 20 years like a good fish. Who cares?

JESSUP

I'm not going to like the answer, but why not just get a warrant?

BOBBY

We can't. I can't prove how I know what I know. At least not in open court.

JESSUP

Because how you know it is in violation of the rules of evidence?

BOBBY

Don't ask / don't tell.

JESSUP

No.

DEB

If it'll get us our man...

JESSUP

It's suborning felony robbery.

BOBBY

It's only felony robbery if I get away with the money.

JESSUP

There are rules to what we do, Agent Trench. They stink and they're awkward, but they're the rules we've agreed to play by.

Bobby scoffs/burns.

BOBBY

You can't fight an avalanche with a teaspoon.

JESSUP

Maybe we can't. But we're sure gonna dig like hell.

EXT. BORDER CROSSING / HIGHWAY - DAY

Bobby and Stig drive away in their reassembled car. Stig jiggles his seat.

STIG

I think my seat's loose. You ever get flagged like that before?

BOBBY

Nope.

STIG

It's like they thought we'd be holding. Which we woulda been if those passports had been any good.  
(a look from Bobby)  
I'm just saying.

BOBBY

Then say it.

Stig reaches into his belt, pulls out a knife.

STIG

Are you playing me? 'Cuz if I hadn't spent the last ten months at your side, I'd think you weren't really I-Know-A-Guy Bobby the man who can get anyone anything. I'd think you were playing me.

Tension hang for a beat. Then Bobby scoffs and smiles.

BOBBY

Put that pig-sticker away.

STIG

(laughs)

I had you. The corner of your eye, it twitched. Just a little bit. Damn. Let's get some tacos or something.

BOBBY

You gonna wink at the waitress?

STIG

Hell yeah.

INT. NO-TELL MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bobby sloshes whiskey around in a plastic cup. A figure stirs in bed beside him.

DEB

That's five bucks you owe me for thinking about work.

BOBBY

You think Jessup knows about us?

DEB

What "us?" You don't do "us" and I am in a relationship.

Fetching a plastic wrapped cup from the bathroom, Deb pours herself a matching whiskey.

BOBBY

Right, your imaginary boyfriend, Harvey.

DEB

His name's not Harvey.

BOBBY

Why not? Harvey's got a great ring to it.

DEB

You don't get to be jealous, Bobby. Not anymore.

Bobby stifles a twinge but only half-way succeeds. Deb considers Bobby.

DEB (CONT'D)

You want me to take a run at Jessup, don't you?

BOBBY

The bank will get us Papi Greco.

DEB

And in the end that's all that matters to you?

BOBBY

It's not like I got a bunch of hobbies. The job's what I've got. It's the elephant I carry.

DEB  
(resigned/disappointed)  
All right, I'll talk to him. But  
if he still says no...

Bobby gives her a kiss on the head. Then swills the rest of his cup and starts to dress.

DEB (CONT'D)  
Did you ever really love me?

BOBBY  
Of course, I did.

DEB  
Ask a silly question...

BOBBY  
I meant to love you. The room's  
paid up for another 3 hours.

DEB  
You always take me to the classiest  
joints.

INT. BOBBY'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

A bland unit in a bland development. Bobby enters. Silence, lonely and hollow, hangs. Tossing his keys and gun on the table, Bobby goes into the BEDROOM and --

WHAP - a PHONE BOOK smacks Bobby. Bobby thuds to the floor. Papi Greco steps over Bobby. With Papi are Rudy and Ferret-Nose Julio.

PAPI GRECO  
I miss old fashion phone books.  
Policeman's best friend, right?  
But then you'd know. Because you  
are an undercover agent of the DEA.

Rudy and Julio hoist Bobby up. Papi slams the phone book into Bobby's gut. Bobby groan/gasp/moans.

PAPI GRECO (CONT'D)  
If you feel it's your duty to give  
me a couple denials, I'll respect  
that. I'm not gonna believe you  
and Rudy's just gonna kick you  
upside the head, but feel free.

BOBBY

No. No, you got me. I'm a cop.  
And you're all under arrest.

WHAP - phone book shot to the temple.

PAPI GRECO

I should kill you. But killing a federal agent draws a whole rain of crap. So instead, I was thinking: what do you figure might happen if a hundred thousand unexplained dollars materialized in your checking account?

Bobby sees where Papi's going.

PAPI GRECO (CONT'D)

The only thing DEA hates more than drug dealers is crooked agents. But then 4 years deep cover, you were bound to go bad.

BOBBY

Who burned me?

PAPI GRECO

It was Saint Peter and Virgin Mary. You think I'm gonna tell you? I. Am not. An asshole.

Papi stomps Bobby's chest. Bobby gasps/yowls/moans.

BOBBY

Your mother's a one legged whore.

PAPI GRECO

You trying to get me to shoot you? Bobby. It's too much fun watching you squirm. Besides, truth is she was a whore. Two legs though. Enjoy prison. I hear they do entertaining things to dirty cops.

Papi tosses aside the phone book and exits. Delivering final kicks to the gut, Rudy and Ferret-Nose Julio follow.

INT. 7-11 - NIGHT

Bobby scuttles in. Inserts his card into the ATM. His balance flashes "\$108,763.31" Bobby slams the machine. The kid behind the counter glares.

INT. BULLPEN, EL PASO BRANCH OF THE DEA - DAY

Deb works at her desk. Bobby hurries in.

BOBBY

I need you to come with me.

DEB

I haven't had a chance to brace  
Jessup.

ACROSS THE BULLPEN - Jessup calls out from his office.

JESSUP

Bobby. If you'll come in my office  
for a minute.

BOBBY

One sec.

(pulling Deb's arm)

Come on, let's go, we gotta get out  
of here.

DEB

What's wrong?

JESSUP

Now, Bobby. Please.

A beat. No real option, Bobby reluctantly comes.

INT. JESSUP'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JESSUP

Sit down.

Bobby reads Jessup's face. He notes the bank records laying  
on Jessup's desk. *Jessup knows.*

BOBBY

Papi Greco planted the money in my  
account.

JESSUP

Sit down.

BOBBY

He knows I'm close to nailing him.

JESSUP

It doesn't matter.

Beat. Bobby's screwed.

BOBBY

This is... I am a lot of things but  
I am not on the take.

JESSUP

Then the truth will bear that out.  
Pending an investigation, you are  
as of now on unpaid administrative  
leave. I'm sorry.

EXT. PARKING LOT, FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

DEB

What are you gonna do?

BOBBY

I don't know. I'm... You know I'd  
never...

DEB

I know.

BOBBY

(a beat then)  
I'll rob the Tres Cruces.

DEB

Bobby...

BOBBY

The bank gives us Papi Greco. When  
Papi falls, one of his boys'll  
flip, testify the money was planted  
in my account.

DEB

Or we could wait for the  
investigation to run its course.

BOBBY

The bosses already think I'm  
guilty. They'll shuffle papers for  
six months then wipe their hands.

DEB

And just when were you thinking of  
committing this act of lunacy?

BOBBY

What are you doing for lunch?

DEB

You are completely hamstringing me  
on this.

BOBBY

I'm protecting you by giving you no  
other option.

INT. STIG'S APARTMENT - DAY

A highly unfinished loft in a rundown building. The space is chopped up by dividers with windows along one whole wall. Stig lounges on a Goodwill sofa eating fistfuls of Fruit Loops and blowing shit up on X-box. O.S. a fist POUNDS at the door. It's Bobby.

BOBBY

Let's hit the bank.

INT. TRES CRUCES SAVINGS & LOAN - DAY

The ornate wall clock shows 12:55. The customers and tellers go about their business oblivious to the impending storm.

EXT. TRES CRUCES / INT. WORK VAN - DAY

Bobby checks his guns. Stig holds up two Halloween masks: evil clown and Frankenstein.

STIG

Who you want, clown or Frankie?

BOBBY

Frankie.

STIG

You saying I'm a clown?

BOBBY

I don't care.

STIG

I'm kidding. You can have Frankie.

Bobby considers Stig. An IMAGE flashes in Bobby's mind:

FLASH TO:

BOBBY'S IMAGINATION - Bobby and Stig rush out of the bank right into the teeth of a DEA ambush.

Stig looks over at Bobby. Realizes Bobby has betrayed him. Stig drops the money, levels his gun at Bobby... Only to be cut down by a hail of DEA bullets.

CUT BACK TO:

STIG (CONT'D)

You good?

BOBBY

Yeah.

STIG

Not gonna back out on me?

BOBBY

No.

Bobby and Stig pull on their masks and kick open the doors.

INT. TRES CRUCES SAVINGS & LOAN - SAME

Business continues undisturbed as OUTSIDE THE WINDOW two men in masks climb out of a van...

EXT. MAIN STREET, TRES CRUCES - SAME

Bobby and Stig stride down the street... And right on past the bank...

INT. TRES CRUCES POLICE STATION - SAME

OFFICER DAVE (the native American desk officer) chats with OFFICER PHIL (paunchy ex-marine).

OFFICER PHIL

...So what'd you do with the Remington 22?

OFFICER DAVE

I traded it to my cousin for an espresso machine.

OFFICER PHIL

You need special beans for that?

Bobby and Stig blow in, guns levelled.

STIG

If you gentlemen will refrain from reaching for your firearms.

BOBBY

How many other people in the building?

OFFICER PHIL

Just Naomi and the Chief.

OFFICER DAVE

Why'd you tell 'em that?

The CHIEF steps out of the back office nose in a magazine. Stig grabs him, slams him to the floor.

BOBBY

Easy.

CHIEF

What the heck is this?

STIG

It's a bank robbery. Only instead of robbing the bank then letting you chase us, we figured we'd come get you first.

NAOMI (the office assistant) enters. The coffee cup drops from her hand. Shatters.

BOBBY

You must be Naomi.

INT. HOLDING CELLS, TRES CRUCES POLICE STATION - DAY

Stig and Bobby lock the cops in a cell.

STIG

Think we should leave them some water?

BOBBY

Anybody thirsty?  
(no hands)  
They're fine.

STIG

They're gonna be in there a while.

Bobby sighs. Marches out. Then marches back in with a flat of water bottles which he drops by the cell door.

BOBBY

Can we go?

INT. TRES CRUCES SAVINGS & LOAN - DAY

Bobby and Stig storm the bank. Bobby pins the guard, takes his sidearm. Stig spiders over the bullet proof glass and corrals the tellers.

BOBBY

Ladies behind the counter, keep your hands visible and off the alarms.

BANK MANAGER

It's all right, girls. Just give them the drawer cash.

STIG

(gun to the manager's nose)  
Did we ask for the drawer cash?

Stig spots the guard inching a hand toward an ankle holster.

STIG (CONT'D)

Guard.

Bobby seamlessly whirls, kicks away the guard's backup piece.

BOBBY

We are being polite about this.  
Sit tight. It'll be over soon.

Bobby tosses his backpack to Stig. Stig grabs the manager, ushers him back to the LOCKED VAULT GATE.

STIG

Open the gate.

BANK MANAGER

I don't have the key.

Stig rips open the manager's shirt revealing a key on a lanyard. Dragging the manager by the lanyard, Stig unlocks the gate then deposits the manager on his butt.

STIG

Sit fido.

UP FRONT - Bobby notes a quivering FEMALE CUSTOMER. She is near tears. He leans down and whispers to her.

BOBBY

Just pretend you're not here.

Bobby's empathy only makes the woman cry harder.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Sing a song. "Row, row, row your boat"? Go ahead. Row, row, row your boat...

SCARED WOMAN

Row, row, row your boat / gently down the stream...

BOBBY

Everybody.

"Encouraged" by Bobby's gun, the bank patrons join together in a shaky rendition of "Row, Row, Row Your Boat."

BACK IN THE VAULT - Stig hangs a net strung with magnetic charges across the wall of safe deposit boxes. Stig arms the detonator. The magnets activate attaching themselves to the doors of the boxes. Stig retreats outside the vault.

STIG

Fire in the hole!

BOOM! Smoke billows. Stig rushes back into the vault. The box doors are all blown off their hinges. Stig pulls out two boxes. Both contain money-stuffed attache cases.

Stig opens two more boxes. They also contain money-stuffed cases. As do the next two. And the next two. And the two after that.

STIG (CONT'D)

Uh, Frankie?

Bobby edges back toward the vault. Sees Stig surrounded by cash-crammed attache cases.

STIG (CONT'D)

They're all filled with money.

BOBBY

I thought Papi only had two safe deposit boxes.

STIG

I got 18 and counting.

BOBBY

(grabbing the manager)  
Whose money is this?

BANK MANAGER

I, I, I, please--

STIG

Forget it. We take the money.  
Figure it out later.

Stig grabs a stack of bank satchels and starts loading.

Bobby returns to the MAIN ROOM. Out of Stig's earshot he sidles up to the prostrate Security Guard.

BOBBY

Listen to me. When we leave,  
there's gonna be police gunfire.  
When it hits, get everyone behind  
the counter.

The guard nods, albeit warily. Stig emerges from the vault, toting five sacks of money.

STIG

There are four more in the vault.

Bobby hesitates, then goes to the vault, grabs the remaining money. Together he and Stig march toward the front doors...

FLASH TO:

BOBBY'S IMAGINATION - The image of Stig getting riddled by DEA gunfire plays over and over in Bobby's mind...

CUT BACK TO:

Bobby slows allowing Stig to drift ahead of him. Stig bangs out the doors and...

EXT. TRES CRUCES SAVINGS & LOAN - DAY

...Nothing. The street is quiet. No ambush. No cops. No DEA. Bobby is stunned to say the least.

STIG

Come on.

Bobby, not knowing what else to do, follows Stig back to the van. They heave the money in back and roar off.

EXT. HIGHWAY OUT OF TOWN / INT. VAN - DAY

Stig drives. Bobby reels. He just robbed a bank. Up ahead a two car caravan zooms at them. As the cars pass, Bobby spots Deb in the lead car with 4 WINDBREAKER CLAD DEA AGENTS.

Bobby peers into his side mirror. The DEA caravan keeps right on going. Getting smaller and smaller....

INT. DEB'S CAR - SAME

DEB

Is this as fast as you can go? Go.

EXT. TRES CRUCES SAVINGS & LOAN - DAY

The DEA cars roll up on the bank. Deb sees the milling crowd, realizes they are too late to stop anything.

DEB

Keep going.

(when the driver hesitates)

You want the world knowing one of our guys just robbed a bank? Go.

The DEA cars roll past the bank and off down the street.

EXT. SCRUBBY MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAY

Nothing but arroyos and scrub brush. Bobby and Stig peer into the van at the massive pile of money and attache cases. Their expressions are of concern rather than joy.

STIG

We couldn't just be the luckiest chumps on the face of the earth?

BOBBY

You feel lucky?

STIG

How much you think is there?

BOBBY

Packs of hundreds, 60 packets per case. 70, 80 million?

Stig punches the van. Walks away. Kicks the dirt.

STIG

Money like this, someone's gonna come looking for it.

Bobby braces for what he knows he has to do. On the sly he palms his DEA shield.

BOBBY  
(turning)  
I've got some bad news. I'm afraid  
you're--

REVEAL - Stig, gun leveled right at Bobby. Bobby hides his badge before Stig can see it.

STIG  
I really like you, you know?

BOBBY  
I like you too.

STIG  
No, you don't. It's okay. Nobody  
likes me.

BOBBY  
That's not true. You're a likeable  
guy. Just put down the gun.

STIG  
I can't. I'm sorry. Orders.

BOBBY  
Wait--

STIG  
I've gotta shoot you now.

BOBBY  
No no no--

Stig shoots Bobby in the shoulder. Bobby tumbles to the dirt.

STIG  
Dammit. Hell. I'm sorry, okay?

Bobby gasps/moans. Stig feels like crap. He fetches a water bottle from the van, sets it down beside Bobby.

STIG (CONT'D)  
Here you go.

Stig spots Bobby's shield laying in the dirt. Stig spit polishes it with his thumb.

STIG (CONT'D)  
Sonofa... Damn, Bobby. Damn.

Stig tosses the badge aside. Gets in the van and roars off. Bobby tries to get to his knees. He collapses. Out.

INT. BATHROOM, HOTEL SUITE - DAY

A Naval Academy ring rests on the sink beside the mini-shampoos emblazoned with the name of the hotel: "Camino Real, El Paso." Hands turn off the faucet and put the ring back on. The hands belong to THE ADMIRAL (U.S.N.).

INT. HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

The Admiral returns to the living room where the coffee table is piled with the stolen cash from the Tres Cruces S&L.

REVEAL - Stig in the uniform of a Naval Petty Officer. Also present is SEAL MASTER CHIEF QUINCE. Stig snaps to and salutes. Quince pours coffee for the Admiral.

ADMIRAL

That is an impressive mound of greenbacks.

STIG

Eighty-one million five hundred thirty two thousand.

ADMIRAL

(to Quince)

Recount the money, then pack it up. We'll stow it in my safe back in Corpus.

STIG

My impression was we were supposed to come out of the bank with two million at most.

The Admiral nods/mmm and sips his coffee.

STIG (CONT'D)

You know, sir, it'd be polite if you showed at least a little surprise. Who's money is it?

ADMIRAL

Bad men unworthy of it.

Stig doesn't like the Admiral's non-answer but he's an Admiral and Stig's not.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

Otherwise all went well?

STIG

4-A, sir.

ADMIRAL

And Mr. Bobby Beans?

STIG

Put a bullet in him. Left him in the desert.

ADMIRAL

Dead?

STIG

More than likely.

ADMIRAL

Your orders were to kill him.

STIG

My orders were to shoot him. You never said "kill."

ADMIRAL

Son, the whole point of you partnering with Bobby Beans was to create a cut-out so the robbery couldn't be traced back to us.

STIG

My cover's solid. There's no way it'll trace back.

ADMIRAL

That's a call made above your pay grade. Chief Quince take Petty Officer Stigman back out to the desert, make sure our cut-out's dead.

QUINCE

Done and dusted, sir.

STIG

Did you know he was a DEA agent?

ADMIRAL

No. I didn't.

STIG

No offense, but you really need to work on your "surprised" face.

ADMIRAL

If Bobby Beans was DEA, he helped you  
rob a bank which makes him dirty and  
for that I've got no mercy.

EXT. SCRUBBY MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAY

Bobby rouses. The sun blares down. His breath is labored.

BOBBY

Get up, you stupid sonofabitch.

Bobby wills himself to his feet. The landscape is empty to  
the horizon. He staggers forward.

TIME BECOMES LIQUID... Bobby's feet shuffling in the dirt...  
His chest heaving... Blood seeping from his shoulder... Down  
his arm...

Bobby drops to all fours. Blood, his blood, drips to the  
arid ground and balls up like quicksilver.

A shadow appears over Bobby. An a 11 YEAR-OLD MEXICAN BOY on  
a played-out horse. The boy has a .22 rifle, and it's aimed  
right at Bobby.

BOY

You coyote or drug runner?

BOBBY

I'm... I'm a police officer.

BOY

Where's your badge?

BOBBY

I lost it.

BOY

Coyotes left 6 people in the desert  
last week. Promised to get them  
across the border. Took their  
money, left them to die.

Bobby can't believe the absurdity of this.

BOBBY

I'm goddamn bleeding here.

BOY

Not my fault.

Bobby lunges for the boy's rifle. The boy smacks Bobby with the rifle butt and rides off. Bobby chases, but the boy just gallops further and further away until Bobby's legs give out and he tumbles to the pavement -- yes, pavement -- as he has collapsed along a two lane highway.

EXT. ROAD / INT. TRUCK - MOVING - SAME

MICKEY GALLAHAD rolls along in his 1995 pick-up with a camper top and an RV trailer in tow. Reaching into a paper bag he pulls out a newly purchased FLESHLIGHT (a flashlight-shaped "sexual aid"). Mickey bites open the plastic and unzips.

MICKEY

Come to daddy.

Up ahead Mickey spots a blood-caked man laying in the middle of the road. It's Bobby, of course. Mickey swerves and stomps the brakes. Climbing out, he hustles over.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Jesus. Mister, are you okay?

Bobby looks up at Mickey. At the fleshlight in his hand.

BOBBY

What the hell is that?

MICKEY

This? It's, um... Dang. It's a pocket pussy.

Bobby considers Mickey. Then simply pulls out his gun.

CUT TO:

Bobby drives off in Mickey's truck leaving Mickey by the side of the road with his fleshlight and his RV trailer.

INT. SLUM HOUSE, UNKNOWN FOREIGN COUNTRY - DAY

EARL FULLMAN (50, slim tie, silver western-style bracelet on his wrist) washes his hands at the grimy sink.

EARL

The United States is the greatest country in the world. Because we accept that man at his core is greedy, selfish, and covetous.

Earl rifles the cabinets. Finds a box of Lucky Charms. Pouring a bowl, he picks out the marshmallows and places them in a tidy stack. In the F.G. sits a FIGURE tied to a chair.

EARL (CONT'D)

We don't try to ameliorate these qualities, fence them in. We embrace them. We line everybody up, say, you're on your own boys, grab all you can grab. That's why we'll always win. Because we don't fight the ugly truth of human nature.

A THICK NECKED FELLOW with sunglasses and an ear piece enters toting a satellite phone. Earl takes the handset.

EARL (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Yeah?... When?... How much did they get?... What was our money doing in a bank in New Mexico?... I'll be on the next transport.

Earl tosses the phone back to Agent Thick Neck.

EARL (CONT'D)

Pack it up. We're out of here.

THICK

What about...

Earl looks back at his "audience." The man in the chair is blindfolded and naked with electrodes strapped to his balls.

EARL

Leave him as lunch meat for the rats.

Earl exits. Agent Thick Neck and his LEAN partner follow.

INT. KENNEL, VET OFFICE - DAY

PATSY (19, chipper) bops to the latest groove on her iPod as she coos at the dogs and the cats and even the iguana.

PATSY

Dinner time my cuties. Chester.  
Igor. How's my Stumpy?

Rounding the corner, Patsy comes up short. Propped against the wall, in his blood-soaked shirt, is Bobby.

BOBBY

You must be Dr. Ken's new  
assistant.

INT. VET OFFICE - LATER

Bobby sits on the table as a flustered DR. KEN inspects  
Bobby's gunshot wound. Patsy loiters in the corner.

DR. KEN

Jesus, Bobby, Jesus, what am I  
supposed to do with this?

BOBBY

Stitch me up, take the bullet out.

DR. KEN

I'm a vet not a trauma surgeon.  
Something like this, Jesus. You  
gotta go.

BOBBY

Kenny, you remember offering to  
sell me 500 hits of Ketamine last  
month?

DR. KEN

You said you weren't interested.

BOBBY

I'm a DEA agent, Kenny. And if you  
don't stitch me up, I'm gonna tell  
the DA how you like to cruise Tori  
Amos concerts selling Special K to  
weepy college girls.

DR. KEN

You're not a cop.

Bobby grabs Dr. Ken, squishes his face against the wall.

BOBBY

You have the right to remain  
silent. You have the right to have  
an attorney present during  
questioning. Do I keep going?

DR. KEN

Whatever, okay, I'll do it.

BOBBY  
(to Patsy)  
Your boss is a real swell guy.

DR. KEN  
And you're the humanitarian of the  
year.

EXT. SCRUBBY MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAY

Quince picks Bobby's shield up out of the dust. Over by the car, Stig watches Quince huddle with two more SEALs, MINI (who's anything but) and TEEMO (compact, intense).

TEEMO  
Blood trail heads off South-  
Southeast. There are a couple of  
deep washes but no sign of a body.

Quince shoots a look at Stig then calls the Admiral.

Gazing off, Stig spots a coyote. Wild and alone. The coyote gazes back, then suddenly takes off after a small critter. All teeth and snarl.

QUINCE  
He wants to talk to you.

Stig takes the phone.

ADMIRAL (O.S. - ON THE PHONE)  
You've put us in quite a hole.

STIG  
I don't see it that way, sir, but  
you're the man with the stars.

ADMIRAL (O.S. - ON THE PHONE)  
All the pride I had in you, the way  
you conducted your mission, you  
tossed it to the wind.

Stig is honestly stung by the Admiral's disapproval.

STIG  
Yes, sir. I'm sorry, sir.

In the warped reflection of the car windshield, Stig spots Mini coming up behind him, a black hood in hand....

Stig spins as Mini whips the hood over Stig's head. Stig head butts Mini, smacks Mini face first against the car...

Teemo and Quince draw their guns. Stig dives over the hood. Bullets spray.

Beneath the car Stig sees the feet of the SEALs moving to flank him. Stig sprints for a nearby arroyo. Ricochets chase his heels as he slides/tumbles into the wash.

The fire-fight becomes hide & seek through the scrub pine. Everyone moving fast and low.

Quince spots Stig. Charges after him. Breaks through a stand of trees and -- WHAM -- Stig levels Quince with a branch. Quince kicks out and sweeps Stig's legs.

The two men grapple. Quince goes for Stig's eyes with his thumbs. Stig bites Quince's fingers. They roll apart.

Quince clammers after his fallen pistol. Stig scrambles up out of the wash. Quince fires. Wide.

The SEALs chase Stig up out of the wash but at the top there is no sign of him.

A darting shadow draws the aim of all three men. The coyote. Quince takes a shot at it in frustration.

O.S. They hear the CAR ENGINE rev. Quince and the SEALs race back toward the car. But Stig and the car are gone.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

The phone rings. The Admiral answers.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH ALONG HIGHWAY - SAME

STIG

Whose money is it, sir? Must be somebody pretty scary.

ADMIRAL

Where are you?

STIG

You told me it was drug money. You told me there'd be two million and all of it would go to the families of the men we lost in Kashmir.

ADMIRAL

I told you what you needed to hear  
to go through with the mission.

STIG

The Navy taught me honor, sir. It  
taught me to fight the enemy and  
protect my own.

ADMIRAL

I think you're under a mistaken  
impression.

STIG

I was.

ADMIRAL

Listen to me. We both love our  
country--

STIG

Don't. Please. I still believe in  
the values the Navy taught me, sir.  
I just don't believe in you.

ADMIRAL

I'm sorry to hear that. I'm even  
more sorry to hear that you went  
AWOL 3 months ago and shot an MP.

STIG

Did I kill him?

ADMIRAL

I haven't decided yet. You're the  
egg and I'm the wall, son. And  
when egg and wall come together,  
there's only one ending to the  
story. The Navy's grateful for  
your service.

With that the Admiral hangs up.

EXT. TRES CRUCES SAVINGS & LOAN - DAY

Police cars blockade the entrance. Earl pulls up with his  
aides, Thick and Lean.

INT. TRES CRUCES SAVINGS & LOAN - CONTINUOUS

The bank is abuzz with police and a handful of FBI Agents.

OFFICER PHIL

I'm sorry, gentlemen, this is a closed crime scene.

EARL

We need to see the bank manager.

OFFICER PHIL

Who are you?

EARL

I'm nobody. I'm not even here. In fact I don't even exist.

A man in an FBI windbreaker steps up.

FBI MAN

Can I help you?

OFFICER PHIL

They want to see the manager.

EARL

You the Special Agent in Charge?

(hands over a card)

Here. Call this number. Tell the man who answers, "Earl says 'hi.'"

On the card is a phone number. Nothing more.

EARL (CONT'D)

Go on.

The FBI man steps away to call the number on the card. Out the window, Earl notes the burnt out diner.

EARL (CONT'D)

Excuse me, when did that diner burn down?

OFFICER PHIL

Two, three days ago.

EARL

(to Thick)

Get interviews with the wait staff. See if this and that are connected.

OFFICER PHIL

It was just a grease fire.

EARL

Did I ask you your opinion, Gomer?

The FBI man returns, highly shaken. Hands back the card.

FBI MAN  
Give him whatever the hell he  
wants.

OFFICER PHIL  
Who is he?

FBI MAN  
He's nobody.

The FBI man walks off, wanting as much space between himself and Earl as possible.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING, EL PASO - DAY

Parked up the street in Dr. Ken's Mercedes (licence plate: "PUSSDOC"), Bobby watches Deb drive out of the garage.

EXT. CAMINO REAL HOTEL - DAY

Bobby watches Deb head inside. He waits a beat then follows.

DOORMAN  
Welcome to the Camino Real.

INT. LOBBY, CAMINO REAL HOTEL - DAY

Deb steps onto the elevator. Just as the doors are closing, Bobby jumps in. Pulls the emergency stop.

BOBBY  
A quickie with Harvey at the Camino  
Real? Now there's a lovely way to  
spend the afternoon.

DEB  
Jesus Christ, Bobby, what the hell  
happened?

BOBBY  
I robbed a bank. What happened to  
you?

DEB  
I was there with a squad of six  
agents at 1:03.

BOBBY

You were late.

DEB

You were early. For Christ sake,  
you locked up the entire police  
department.

BOBBY

I didn't want anyone getting hurt.

DEB

So why didn't you pull your own  
badge and stop it?

BOBBY

I did. Just before Stig shot me.

Bobby flashes Deb the bloody dressing on his shoulder.

DEB

Oh my god.

BOBBY

He set me up. He left me for dead,  
and I didn't see it coming.

DEB

You've gotta turn yourself in.

BOBBY

I can't help myself if I'm in jail.

DEB

It's not you all alone against the  
world. It never has been.

BOBBY

I know that. Look, if I can find  
Stig and the money then at least  
I've got a story to sell. What I  
need from you is to take a second  
look at Stig's background. See if  
there's anything we missed,  
anything that might help track him.

DEB

Sure.

BOBBY

I'll owe you.

DEB

You'll always owe me.

Bobby restarts the elevator and gets off at the next floor.

BOBBY

Tell Harvey I say "hi."

EXT. VET OFFICE - DAY

Mickey Gallahad's pick-up is parked outside. Mr. Lean peers in the driver's side window. The seat is caked in blood.

INT. VET OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Thick blockades the door. Dr. Ken fidgets. Patsy chomps her gum, kind of entertained by the excitement.

DR. KEN

This is ludicrous. I haven't done anything. I have animals that need care.

Dr. Ken makes like he's going to march out the door. Thick's stone reaction sends Dr. Ken back to his chair. Earl enters. Whispers with Thick. Thick exits.

EARL

So who'd you fix up last night?

DR. KEN

What are you talking about?

EARL

There's a stolen car outside with blood all over the driver's seat.

DR. KEN

I don't know anything about that.

EARL

All right.

Earl pulls out a revolver, dumps out all six bullets.

EARL (CONT'D)

You ever play Russian Roulette?  
Course not, what am I thinking?

Earl puts one bullet in the chamber, spins it, snaps it shut.

EARL (CONT'D)

Thing is most people put the gun to the temple, and that's just stupid. What if the bullet's in the first chamber? You blow a guy's head off before he ever has a chance to tell you what you want to know.

Earl puts the gun to Dr. Ken's knee. Dr. Ken squirms. Earl pulls the trigger. BLAM! Dr. Ken howls.

EARL (CONT'D)

Case in point.

INT. STIG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bobby picks the lock, slips inside. He searches but finds little except for evidence of Stig's poor housekeeping and love of sugar cereal. The phone RINGS. The machine picks up.

STIG (O.S. - ON THE MACHINE)

Pick up the phone... Come on, stop eyeballing my cereal and pick up the phone... Fine.

The machine clicks off. A beat. Bobby's cell RINGS. Bobby checks the caller ID. It's Stig. Bobby answers.

STIG (O.S. - ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)

Thank you. First question, are you really DEA?

EXT. ROOFTOP ACROSS THE STREET - SAME

Burrowed under a tarp, Stig uses the scope atop a sniper rifle to watch Bobby through the windows of the loft.

BOBBY

Let me put the cuffs on you and you'll find out.

STIG'S POV - Down on the street below, Quince, Mini, and Teemo approach Stig's building.

STIG

Uh-oh. Three very bad men just walked up to the building. If they catch you in my place they're liable to get ugly.

INTERCUTTING:

Bobby races to the windows. Sees the SEALs below. Turning, he hustles for the elevator.

BOBBY

I swear to god, when I find you...

STIG'S POV - In the lobby Quince and Teemo board the elevator while Mini takes the stairs.

STIG

I wouldn't take the elevator.

Bobby turns for the stairs.

STIG (CONT'D)

Wouldn't do the stairs either.  
There's a goon named Mini on the way up. He won't like you.

Nowhere to go, Bobby retreats back into the apartment.

STIG (CONT'D)

So just how dirty are you?

BOBBY

Go to hell.

STIG

It's just you seem like a decent guy. I mean, you were willing to rob a bank but it's not like you were a weasel about it.

Bobby digs through the kitchen drawers for weapons. Finds a large knife.

STIG (CONT'D)

A knife to a gun fight? Come on, Bobby.

BOBBY

Where are you?

STIG

To your right, look at the toaster.

Bobby looks. In the chrome reflection, he spots a red laser dot in the middle of his forehead. Bobby dives for cover.

STIG (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna kill you. I like you. I just need to figure out if I can trust you.

BOBBY

You? Trust me? You shot me.

STIG

Did I kill you? I could've killed you. In fact if I had killed you I wouldn't be in this mess.

STIG'S POV - Quince and Teemo step off the elevator.

STIG (CONT'D)

Oh, boy. Three bogies right outside the door. Your best chance is to head for the back bathroom.

Ignoring Stig, Bobby hides behind the couch.

STIG (CONT'D)

What are you doing? That's a stupid place to hide.

The door kicks open. The SEALs burst in. Bobby holds tight. Quince signals Teemo and Mini to disperse about the loft.

STIG (CONT'D)

Okay, we'll do this the hard way. On my mark, cut low and left behind the chair.... Go.

Bobby moves quick and low. Thanks to Stig's timing the SEALs are all looking other directions.

STIG (CONT'D)

Next stop, around the bookshelf and beneath the bed... Go.

Per Stig's instruction, Bobby darts around the right side of the bookshelf just as Quince comes the other direction around the left side. Diving under the bed, Bobby just misses getting spotted by Teemo.

STIG (CONT'D)

Okay. Roll right, crawl into the bathroom, hide in the tub. Now.

Bobby rolls. Crawls into the BATHROOM. Climbs in the tub.

BOBBY

Who are these guys?

STIG

Some people I used to work with.  
We had a philosophical falling out.

BOBBY

And now they want you dead?

STIG

Pretty much.

BOBBY

I understand the feeling.

STIG

You're just mad 'cuz you thought  
you were the one playing me. Admit  
it, I was good.

Bobby starts to get out of the tub.

STIG (CONT'D)

Wait, not yet.

Bobby waits. Quince passes by the open doorway.

BOBBY

Why me?

STIG

Why you? You were perfect. You  
don't trust anyone, you don't like  
anyone, you don't have people so  
who's gonna have your back when you  
fall?

Another shadow slides past the doorway. Teemo this time.

STIG (CONT'D)

All right, time to go. Step up  
onto the toilet and open the top  
half of the window.

Bobby does as instructed.

STIG (CONT'D)

Now climb out and up onto the roof.

Jutting out above the window is a stone ledge that Bobby will  
have to free climb over if he's to make the roof.

BOBBY  
What's option 2?

STIG  
It's completely doable. I scoped  
this as an escape route myself.

BOBBY  
You had two good arms. I've got a  
bullet hole in one of mine.

Bobby looks at the ledge. No way. He climbs back in.

STIG  
No, no, no, Bobby. You gotta go.

Bobby ducks behind the door. Peeks out.

STIG (CONT'D)  
I wouldn't do that.

Bobby makes a break for the bed. Teemo spots him and  
unloads. Bobby sprawls.

Stig opens fire. Windows shatter. Glass rains. Teemo is  
hit in the leg.

Quince and Mini fire at Bobby but with Stig pinning them down  
they can't get an angle on him.

Bobby breaks for the kitchen island. Stig covers him with a  
sweeping volley.

Quince unleashes a volley out the window at Stig. Stig  
returns fire which allows Bobby to dash out the door.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Bobby whips down the stairs.

EXT. ROOF TOP ACROSS THE STREET - SAME

Stig retreats and climbs down the fire escape.

EXT. STIG'S BUILDING - SAME

Bobby sprints outside. A car squeals up. The passenger door  
kicks open. It's Stig.

STIG

Get in.

Bobby levels his gun at Stig. Stig stomps the gas and speeds off.

Bobby fires at Stig's car blowing out the rear tire. Stig spins out, smacks head on into a parked car.

Climbing out, Stig hustles away on foot. Bobby chases him around the corner, only to have Stig seemingly vanish. Bobby looks around. Notes a ROWDY, PACKED BAR....

INT. ROWDY, PACKED BAR - NIGHT

Eyes on alert, Stig hunches over a beer near the back of the bar. Out of nowhere a pretty young thing named SUSIE flops into the booth.

SUSIE

You wanna have sex?

STIG

(completely flummoxed)

I, uh...

SUSIE

Knock boots? You know, go back to my place and make sweet, sweet monkey love?

Stig stammers, topples his glass, mops at the spilled beer.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, your friend gave me fifty bucks to do that.

STIG

Friend?

Bobby slides into the booth beside Stig, beer in one hand, gun jabbed into Stig's ribs under the table with the other.

BOBBY

Hi. Thanks, Susie. You can take off.

STIG

No, stay.

BOBBY

Now Bruce, you promised you'd come dancing with me.

STIG

Not tonight, honey.

BOBBY

You wanted me to go to the movies with you.

STIG

That was different. The movies don't involve you putting me in handcuffs.

SUSIE

I'm gonna let you two work this out.

Susie leaves Stig and Bobby to their "lover's spat." Bobby jabs Stig with his pistol.

BOBBY

Question one: whose idea was it to plant the 100k in my account, yours or Papi Greco?

STIG

What 100k?

BOBBY

Wrong answer.

STIG

Why would I be working with Papi Greco when it was his money we were stealing.

BOBBY

Because it wasn't actually his money.

STIG

True, but I didn't know that.

BOBBY

So who's money was it?

STIG

I don't know, but the guys in my apartment are willing to kill you and me to keep us from finding out.

BOBBY & STIG'S POV - Across the bar Susie relates her encounter to her girlfriends. The girls titter and gawk.

STIG (CONT'D)

I can't believe you involved a civilian. That is so outside the lines.

BOBBY

What lines?

STIG

Rules of engagement.

BOBBY

Rules of... What are you military?  
(realization)  
Oh, Jesus. You're military.

STIG

I can't really say. If I could trust you weren't dirty, maybe I could, but I don't, so I can't.

BOBBY

You're part of a military conspiracy to rob a bank, and you're worried that I'm dirty?

STIG

You robbed the bank too.

BOBBY

I wasn't trying to get away with it. My people were supposed to arrest us as soon as we accessed the safe deposit boxes.

STIG

So wait, the robbery, you were just setting me up?

BOBBY

It had nothing to do with you. I was trying to bust Papi Greco for tax evasion.

STIG

Thanks, really. It's good to know, me spending 20 years in jail was a complete afterthought to you.

BOBBY

Hey, just who shot who here? Come on. Let's go.

Bobby prods Stig. Shifting as if to rise, Stig knocks Bobby's beer into his lap. Bobby flinches the tiniest bit, but it's enough for Stig get his own gun out and jab it into Bobby's ribs. Now they both have guns.

STIG

I can't believe you didn't see that coming. How did you not see that move coming?

BOBBY

I guess I just missed it.

OVER BY THE FRONT DOOR - Quince enters, scans the bar. Bobby and Stig both see him. *Uh-oh.*

Without warning Stig rears back and decks Bobby. Bobby sprawls.

STIG

You slut. How could you sleep with Ricardo?

The bouncers instantly descend on Stig while at the same time the tightly packed crowd blockades Quince.

STIG (CONT'D)

It's all right, I'm leaving, I'm out.

Stig hurries out the back. Bobby scrambles to go after him.

BOUNCER

Let him go, buddy. There's plenty of fish in the sea.

Bobby pulls loose. Slams out the back door into --

THE ALLEY BEHIND THE BAR -

There is no sign of Stig. Bobby curses.

BACK INSIDE -

Quince shoulders through the crowd, but by the time he gets --

OUTSIDE -

Bobby like Stig before him has vanished.

INT. JESSUP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A modest home on a modest street. Jessup, (Bobby's boss at DEA) fixes a whiskey and pepto. O.S. a KNOCK at the door. It's Earl. Without invitation Earl bulls past Jessup inside.

EARL

You've got a nice place.  
Unpretentious.

JESSUP

What are you doing? Who are you?

EARL

Where's our money?

JESSUP

I have no idea what you're talking  
about.

EARL

You think DEA can just waltz into  
our bank, steal our money, and  
we're not gonna kick?

JESSUP

Get out of my house.

Jessup goes to grab the pistol in his desk drawer.

EARL

Don't do that.

A GUN COCK freezes Jessup in his tracks. REVEAL - Behind Jessup is Mr. Thick. (Thick snuck in through the patio door while Jessup was at the front door with Earl). Mr. Lean slips in through kitchen door and joins the party.

EARL (CONT'D)

Close the drawer, please.

(Jessup closes the drawer)

Your man, Bobby Beans -- Bobby  
Trench stole 81 million of our  
dollars. We want them back.  
Because it's our money; and because  
it's a blatant act of disrespect;  
and because it's our money.

INT. BOBBY'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - The phonebook left behind by Papi Greco. A hand reaches in and picks it up. It's Stig. Wandering the townhouse, Stig calls Bobby's cell phone. He gets voicemail.

STIG

Hey, Bobby. It's me. I wanted you to know, I broke into your place. Don't worry, there's no busted glass. The lock on your patio door's kinda shot but... Anyway I didn't want you getting paranoid.

Stig considers the blank slate feel of the townhouse. Basic furniture. Bare walls. Nothing personal anywhere.

STIG (CONT'D)

To tell the truth I expected plusher digs from the man who can get anyone anything. But that was just the part you were playing, right?

Stig checks Bobby's drawers, cabinets, closets.

STIG (CONT'D)

I thought for a sec maybe you were going for a whole ascetic statement, but for that you'd have to have like one bad jazz CD you played over and over.

Beneath the carpeting at the rear of the linen closet, Stig finds a stash hole. Hidden inside are Bobby's only personal effects. His DEA credential, a few photos, a snow globe of the twin towers, a Justice Department commendation medal.

STIG (CONT'D)

"Commendation for exceptional service in the public interest."

Stig considers a PHOTO of a pissed off teenage Bobby standing with his father, a Marine Corps Sergeant.

STIG (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell me your dad was a jarhead? It explains everything. The surliness, the cranky attitude.  
(beat)

(MORE)

STIG (CONT'D)

Not to be over the line but you  
don't look like you had the  
happiest of childhoods.

Stig considers a photo of Bobby from his time as a Chicago  
Police Officer, his bearing all righteousness and rectitude.

STIG (CONT'D)

Anyway the real question is how  
deep into your part did you go?  
Did Papi actually set you up or was  
the bank the big score that would  
set you free?

The phone line BEEPS.

ELECTRONIC VOICE ON PHONE

If you are happy with your message,  
press one. If you would like to  
erase your message and start over,  
press two.

Stig thinks. Then hits 2 and erases his message.

INT. DEB'S CUBICAL, DEA - NIGHT

Deb broods at her desk. Everyone except the cleaning crew  
has gone home. Her phone rings. She grabs it.

DEB

Tell me it's you.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DR. KEN'S MERCEDES - PARKED - LATE NIGHT

Bobby tests his wounded shoulder. Not good. He pops three  
vidicon, swallows them dry.

BOBBY

You find anything new on Stig?

DEB

He came up clean in every data base  
I'm cleared for. To go deeper I'd  
need clearance from Jessup.

BOBBY

So no military connection, record  
of service?

DEB

No. Why, what are you looking for?

BOBBY

I don't know. Somebody burned me to Papi Greco. Somebody convinced him to put that money in my account to make sure I'd go through with the robbery.

DEB

Stig.

BOBBY

Stig didn't even know I was DEA. Besides he's got people trying to kill him too.

(beat)

It's like I'm drowning in quicksand.

DEB

What can I do?

BOBBY

Do you think it ever could've worked between us? If we'd really given it a try?

DEB

I'm not sure what answer you want to hear.

Neither is Bobby.

BOBBY

It could've been nice, right?

DEB

It wouldn't have been you.

She's right. And it's a truth that hurts.

BOBBY

Look, whatever happens I promise I'll leave you out of it. We never talked, I never called, you don't even know me.

Bobby hangs up. Deb calls him right back.

STAYING WITH BOBBY -

Deb's call registers on Bobby's phone. Bobby hits "ignore" and climbs out of the car.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bobby strides up the street, knocks on the door of a house. The door is opened by Mr. Lean. This is Jessup's house. All at once and with startling swiftness --

INT. JESSUP'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lean reaches for his gun. Bobby lunges at Lean. They tussle. Lean's gun discharges - BLAM.

The shot momentarily distracts Earl and Thick allowing Jessup to go for the gun in the desk. Thick pistol whips Jessup. Jessup goes down but gets off a wild shot. Earl whirls and pumps two into Jessup's chest.

Lean knees Bobby in the balls. Slams Bobby to the floor.

Jessup's eyes meet Bobby's. They are filled with the panic of a man who knows he is dying. Bobby thrashes but Lean keeps Bobby's head pinned to the floor.

Earl spits a curse. Marches over to Thick, chops him in the throat, snatches his gun, drops him with an elbow.

EARL

*That is how you take down a man  
with a gun.*

With a surprising tenderness, Earl bends over Jessup.

EARL (CONT'D)

*It's all right. There's no turning  
back. Let it come.*

Jessup gasps. And dies.

EARL (CONT'D)

*Dust to dust.  
(a beat - to Bobby)  
You took our money.*

Bobby grits his teeth and refuses to look at Earl.

EARL (CONT'D)

*Look at me, not at him.*

BOBBY

Who are you?

EARL

Can you imagine the hidden hand of God? Well, I'm God's sonofabitch.

Earl takes out a pen knife.

EARL (CONT'D)

Who at DEA authorized you to steal our money?

Bobby is mum. Earl twists the knife into Bobby's wound. Bobby howls.

EARL (CONT'D)

You're gonna tell me, so just tell me. Who authorized you to steal our money?

BOBBY

I was freelancing. I was off the reservation.

EARL

And you just happened to pick our bank?

BOBBY

I thought it was drug money. I thought it belonged to Papi Greco.

EARL

And who gave you that idea?

BOBBY

Stig, Mark Stigman. He set me up then he shot me.

EARL

And the money?

BOBBY

I don't know.

EARL

So no idea? Nothing at all? Or if pressed, might you suddenly find inspiration as to where to look?

BOBBY

Sure.

EARL

You know what you are? You're a dirty DEA agent who robbed a bank and murdered your boss. You walk into any police station, any federal office, that's the story they're gonna have. Unless... you bring me 81.53 million dollars.

Earl pulls out a sharpie. Writes 81.53 on Bobby's arm.

EARL (CONT'D)

81.53 million and he's a suicide.  
81.53 and you walk away clean.  
Have I properly incentivized you?  
Then get after it. Go on.

Bobby staggers to his feet. Earl tucks his card in Bobby's pocket. Bobby looks back at Jessup's body.

EARL (CONT'D)

If you're thinking he deserved better, you're right.

EXT. JESSUP'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bobby hustles back to his car. A beat. He punches the steering wheel, the roof, the seats. His rage ebbs. He's still fucked. He throws the car in gear and drives off.

EXT. UPSCALE DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

A 7-series BMW sits parked in front of an expansive but not gaudy home. Beside the BMW, smoking a cigarette, is Ferret-Nose Julio. A hand taps Julio on the shoulder.

BOBBY

Hola.

Bobby pistol whips Ferret-Nose Julio. Julio drops like a bag of rocks as his cigarette goes spinning through the air....

INT. CHILD'S ROOM, NICE HOUSE - NIGHT

CESAR (age 7) sits in bed cradling a jackknife. His father, Papi Greco, opens the knife and shows him how to hold it.

PAPI GRECO

Hold it firm but not tight. A  
knife is a tool. You treat it with  
respect.

Cesar's mother, DAISI (sensuous and lovely) watches from the  
door. Tucking Cesar in, Papi crosses to her.

DAISI (IN SPANISH)

*He misses you.*

PAPI GRECO (IN SPANISH)

*And I miss you. But you're safer  
in El Paso than Juarez where half  
the police are owned by my enemies.*

Papi gives her a heartfelt kiss and a cash roll.

EXT. DAISI'S NICE HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobby hogties Julio, stows him in the bushes. Climbing  
behind the wheel of Papi's car, Bobby hunkers low and waits.

IN THE REFLECTION IN THE SIDE MIRROR - Bobby watches Rudy and  
Papi emerge from the house.

PAPI GRECO

*Let's get moving, Julio. I want to  
be back across the border by dawn.*

Bobby fingers his pistol as Papi's hand reaches to open the  
car door...

Suddenly out of nowhere. An ENGINE. HEADLIGHTS.

Rudy and Papi whirl as a car barrels up on to the lawn.  
Plows into Rudy. Rudy is tossed into the shrubs.

Stig leaps out of the car. Snatches Papi. Smacks his head  
on the roof. Slings him into the trunk.

Bobby jumps from the BMW, levels his gun. Stig whirls--

STIG

Jesus, you scared me.

BOBBY

What are you doing?

STIG

Kidnapping Papi Greco.

BOBBY  
Gimme your keys.

STIG  
Why, you afraid what he's gonna  
tell me?

BOBBY  
No. It's just I got my own  
questions for Papi Greco and I got  
here first.

STIG  
You can have him when I'm done.

BOBBY  
The gun says I don't wait in line.

Stig drops the keys down the front of his pants.

STIG  
Come and get 'em.

POP - Bobby socks Stig in the nose with his gun butt. Stig  
staggers back.

STIG (CONT'D)  
That was uncalled for.

Bobby aims his pistol at Stig's crotch.

BOBBY  
I'm aiming for the left one, but  
even at this range I might clip  
both.

Stig gives. With a shimmy/shake his leg he maneuvers the  
keys down his pantleg onto his shoe top.

STIG  
You know, I liked you better when  
you were I-Know-A-Guy Bobby. That  
Bobby was a good guy. I trusted  
that Bobby.

BOBBY  
Yeah, well, I liked you better when  
you were a two-bit thief with a  
chip on your shoulder.

Stig kicks the keys high in the air and surges at Bobby.  
BLAM - Bobby fires a shot into the pavement between Stig's  
legs. Stig freezes.

STIG

Saw that move coming?

BOBBY

Yup.

STIG

So what now? One of us is gonna  
have to pick up the keys.

A beat. O.S. From inside the trunk, Papi Greco thumps and curses. Still neither makes the first move.

Across the lawn, Rudy pulls himself up onto one elbow and fires his Uzi. Bullets spray. Stig and Bobby dive.

As Bobby returns fire, Stig grabs the keys, jumps in the car, and speeds off. Bobby curses, jumps in the BMW, and chases.

EXT. HIGHWAY- NIGHT

Bobby speeds down the road, his headlights blaring in Stig's rear view. Sliding up tight, he whacks Stig's bumper. Stig ignores the hit and floors it through traffic. Bobby stays right on him. They bang, they bump, they bash.

Bobby pulls alongside Stig and aims his gun out the window at Stig's head. Stig stomps the brakes and swerves/spins across the median, across oncoming traffic, and off down a dirt access road.

Bobby throws the BMW into a power slide, gets clipped by oncoming traffic, but keeps right on after Stig.

Gravel sprays as Bobby chases Stig away from the highway, away from the lights, down smaller and smaller roads.

Stig flips a U-turn and takes off cross-country through the cottonwood. Bobby tracks after him. Deeper and deeper out into nowhere.

Amid the dust all Bobby can see is the red of Stig's tail lights. He is driving blind. Trees flash out of blackness. He swerves and dodges. He will not give up the chase.

Stig cuts left around a stand of scrub pine. Bobby cuts right. The cars separate, then pivot and charge at each other. It's a game of chicken. Lights rush at lights. They are about to smash head on when --

Both men veer at the last moment. Stig goes nose first into a ditch. Bobby goes head on into a cactus. The two men tumble from their cars.

Bobby throws a haymaker at Stig. Stig slips the punch. Both men tumble to the dirt. A beat. There they sit in the dusty glow of their headlights. Gassed. A beat. Stig laughs.

STIG

Come on, that was kinda fun.

Almost despite himself, Bobby lets a half-smile slip out.

BOBBY

You're insane.

STIG

Nah. I'm Naval Intelligence. Or was. The Admiral FUBARed my jacket so I'm listed 3 months AWOL.

BOBBY

You're lucky. They've got me killing my boss.

STIG

Did you?

Bobby chucks a pebble at Stig.

STIG (CONT'D)

So we're both innocent? Innocent and completely screwed?

BOBBY

Unless you can prove you were under orders when you robbed the bank.

STIG

Nope. You?

BOBBY

Technically I wasn't.

STIG

That's hard core.

They both chuckle. Bonded by their communal fucked-ness.

BOBBY

So what'd you want with our boy in the trunk?

STIG

You said he set you up to look dirty. I figured I'd check your story, see if I could really trust you. You?

BOBBY

Somebody tipped him I was DEA. I thought if I could get him to tell me, I could slip the noose, track down the money, escape.

Stig grabs the keys from his car and flips them to Bobby.

STIG

Well, I guess you better ask him.

BOBBY

When this is over, I'm still gonna shoot you.

STIG

Do you really think that's gonna make you feel better?

BOBBY

Yeah, I do.

Bobby pops the trunk. Twisted up inside, Papi Greco is caked with spittle and vomit.

STIG

Did he puke? I think he puked.

BOBBY

It was a bouncy ride.  
(to Papi)  
Who told you I was DEA?

STIG

Was it the Admiral?

PAPI GRECO

Sure, it was the Admiral, fuck you both.

STIG

I don't think it was the Admiral.

BOBBY

This might take a while.

Bobby slams the trunk.

INT. GARAGE, SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

Bobby pulls a makeshift blindfold off Papi's head. Papi is bound to a lawn chair with extension cords.

BOBBY

How do you want to do this?

STIG

We could waterboard him?

BOBBY

Don't we need like equipment?

STIG

Just a couple buckets and some plastic wrap.

PAPI GRECO

You won't do it. The United States Government doesn't torture.

BOBBY

Yeah, well, I'm persona non grata with the government, so I don't feel particularly compelled to follow their rules.

STIG

We should at least give him a chance tell us.

PAPI GRECO

I hope you like the taste of balls, 'cuz I'm gonna cut yours off, stuff 'em in your mouths. Or maybe I'll put yours in his and his in yours.

STIG

I'll go find the plastic wrap.

BOBBY

When you set me up, did you know I'd rob the Tres Cruces?

PAPI GRECO

The Tres Cruces? You robbed the Tres Cruces?

STIG

We thought we were robbing you.

Papi burst out laughing. He howls.

PAPI GRECO

Oh, no. No, no, no...

BOBBY

I didn't know it was so funny.

PAPI GRECO

You're dead, you're both dead and I don't even have to kill you.

Glee was not the reaction Bobby and Stig expected. Bobby slaps Papi. But even that fails to dampen Papi's mood.

PAPI GRECO (CONT'D)

How much you get?

BOBBY

(a look to Stig, he lies)  
Two million.

PAPI GRECO

I thought you were sharp. Mr. Bobby Beans. But you, you ripped off the CIA.

STIG

Why would you be stashing money in the same bank as the CIA?

PAPI GRECO

What money? The only money I ship to that bank are my payments.

Stig and Bobby trade a confused look.

PAPI GRECO (CONT'D)

What?

BOBBY

We're kinda slow. So how 'bout you lay it out piecemeal?

PAPI GRECO

You don't know? The CIA, they skim off 7% of my revenue. In return they "let" me fly my shit across the border -- not that I was having any problems with that. They take a piece from all the cartels. It's goddamn imperialism.

STIG

He's lying.

PAPI GRECO

Okay, I'm lying. I'm a liar.  
They're still gonna kill you.

The garage door KA-CLUNKS. Bobby and Stig whirl guns leveled as scrolls upward revealing DEB'S CAR.

DEB

Bobby?

INT. DEB'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bobby placates Deb while Stig pokes through the fridge.

DEB

You kidnap a drug kingpin and tie  
him up in my garage?

STIG

Mind if I swipe a yogurt?

DEB

What the hell happened to leaving  
me out of this?

BOBBY

Jessup's dead.

That hits Deb like a ton of bricks.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

The CIA, it was their money. They  
came looking for it.

DEB

(sinks into a chair)  
Oh my god...

STIG

I'm gonna get some air.

Stig exits out the patio door.

DEB

How did this get so messed up?  
(swatting Bobby)  
You bastard.

Deb swats at Bobby again. Bobby takes it.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

The Admiral is at the podium giving a power point presentation to 500 military/government types.

ADMIRAL

Outdated force-projection paradigms must be abandoned if the Navy is to embrace the new reality of asymmetrical combat. We must shake off the rust and refocus on those areas where non-state actors and criminal enterprise intersect: Somali pirates, weapons smugglers, narcotraffickers. Slide.

(re: the new slide)

A submarine. Under construction in middle of the Columbian jungle...

EXT. HOTEL, LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

The Admiral strides outside. Mini and 4 other SEALs (LUCAS, KELVIN, SANGER, and GOMEZ) wait by an SUV. Laid out in back is Teemo, a field dressing on his leg.

ADMIRAL

Has Chief Quince reported in?

MINI

Still out hunting.

ADMIRAL

What he hunts, he finds. So be ready. How's Teemo?

MINI

Bullet missed the femoral artery but...

The Admiral checks Teemo's leg. It's not good.

ADMIRAL

You hanging in there?

TEEMO

I was thinking, sir, maybe Mini could take me to the base hospital, say it was a training accident?

ADMIRAL

You know procedure. The boys would be tied up with questions for days. We have to settle things with Stigman and the cut-out first.

TEEMO

Right. Of course. I'm sorry.

ADMIRAL

You need anything more for the pain?

TEEMO

No, sir. I'm strong.

ADMIRAL

You have my admiration and my respect.

Teemo beams. The Admiral's respect is better than morphine. The Admiral's phone RINGS. He steps away to answer it.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BACK YARD, DEB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Stig huddles out of Bobby and Deb's sight.

STIG

It'll take you 6 minutes to trace this call. I'll be off in 3 so don't bother.

ADMIRAL

Wouldn't think of it.

The Admiral motions to Mini - "Trace this call."

STIG

Was it CIA money?

ADMIRAL

(a beat, then the truth)  
Off the books money earned from drug dealers.

STIG

What are you going to do with it?

ADMIRAL

Fight the enemies of America.

STIG  
As defined by you.

ADMIRAL  
Who better?

STIG  
Do you even care about the families  
of the men we left behind?

ADMIRAL  
Money won't bring back the dead.  
What it will do is allow us to take  
the battle to enemy without  
constraint or remorse.

STIG  
Or oversight?

ADMIRAL  
We are at war.

STIG  
Not with the CIA.

ADMIRAL  
With Muslim extremists. With petro-  
dictators. With an ignorant Congress  
that forces the Navy to account for  
every penny while the CIA finances an  
off-the-books slush fund with money  
extorted from Papi Greco and a dozen  
other druglords.

STIG  
So you decided to hijack their off-  
the-books slush fund and use it to  
run rogue ops?

ADMIRAL  
I am charged with protecting the  
people of this nation. And what  
the people want is to lay safe in  
their beds untroubled by the moral  
compromises required to achieve  
that safety. If I thought you  
understood...

Bobby appears behind Stig.

BOBBY  
Who are you talking to?

STIG

I was just confirming Papi's story.

BOBBY

(snatching Stig's phone)

Give me that.

(to the Admiral on phone)

Give me one reason I shouldn't go to the CIA, tell them you're behind this whole thing?

ADMIRAL

Because they'll kill you anyway. Whereas I'm going to give you what you really want, a chance to clear your name.

BOBBY

Really?

ADMIRAL

You work in the field, Agent Trench. You understand the difference between what looks black and white on paper and the reality of getting things done. I know the frustration you carry: the DEA asking you to fight the wolves on their own turf, then making you do it in handcuffs.

The Admiral's got Bobby down. Not that Bobby would admit it.

BOBBY

You're making me misty.

ADMIRAL

I'll see that Petty Officer Stigman takes the full fall for the robbery, and I'll guarantee you protection from the CIA. All have to do is give me your location. My men will take care of the rest.

Bobby considers Stig who has no idea of the Admiral offer.

BOBBY

Throw in a million dollars and you've got a deal.

ADMIRAL

Done.

BOBBY  
Two million.

ADMIRAL  
You said one.

BOBBY  
Three.

ADMIRAL  
This isn't a game, Agent Trench.

BOBBY  
Three's about to become four.

ADMIRAL  
Three.

BOBBY  
You know what? I'd rather let Stig  
cut your throat.

Bobby hangs up, tosses the phone back to Stig.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Go check on Papi.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Papi Greco is gagged and still tied to the chair. Stig checks that the cords are tight.

STIG  
Snug as a bug in a rug.

Stig notes the side door to the garage is ajar. He crosses to investigate. Outside all is clear when --

A LIGATURE flips around Stig's neck from behind. Quince. Stig thrashes. Tries to call out but can't get air.

INT. DEB'S KITCHEN - SAME

DEB  
How can you possibly trust a thing  
Stig says to you? He's a lunatic.

BOBBY

I don't. I don't even like the guy.  
But he's the help I've got.

CUT BACK TO:

Stig kicks his heel into Quince's knee. The two men topple into Papi knocking him over in his chair.

CUT BACK TO:

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Stig?

CUT BACK TO:

Quince has his arm across Stig's throat preventing a response. Stig claws at Quince's eyes. They bang against the shelves. Garden tools go clattering.

Papi strains to grab a fallen pair of clippers.

Stig gouges Quince in the throat. The two men tumble/crash out the SIDE DOOR.

CUT BACK TO:

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(marching for the garage)  
What are you doing in there?

CUT BACK TO:

Papi cuts himself free and dashes out the door just as Bobby enters from the kitchen. Bobby sees the empty garage. Races back through the house to Deb --

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Stig and Papi are gone.

DEB

Gone where?

CRASH - Stig's body comes flying through the plate glass patio door.

Stig rolls onto his back and empties his pistol out at the yard. A return volley POP-POP-POPS out of the dark. Bobby, Deb, and Stig scramble for cover.

BOBBY

How many?

STIG  
Quince, maybe a few others. Papi?

BOBBY  
Gone.

More shots POP-POP-POP. Bobby and Stig return fire.

STIG  
You wanna take the left or the right?

BOBBY  
We should split out the other way, go for the car.

STIG  
Bad guys are out back.

BOBBY  
And this place will surrounded by cops in about two minutes.

Another volley rains in from the dark. Taking control, Deb dashes for the front door.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Can we go?

STIG  
You never want to stay and fight.

Laying down covering fire, Stig and Bobby follow Deb as ricochets zing around them.

EXT. DEB'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stig, Bobby, and Deb race out of the house.

BOBBY  
Get in the car.

STIG  
Fine, but I'm driving.  
(when Bobby balks)  
Hey, you brought us here and see how well that turned out.

Bobby gives. They pile in, Stig at the wheel, and speed off.

EXT. MAMA MAYBELLE'S DINER - EARLY MORNING

An old school dive. Stig pulls into the lot.

BOBBY

What are we doing here?

STIG

Getting breakfast. They make a dynamite omelet, and their pancakes aren't bad either.

INT. MAMA MAYBELLE'S DINER - EARLY MORNING

Bobby, Deb, and Stig huddle at a back booth. Aside from a few long-haul truckers they have the place to themselves.

DEB

You have to turn yourselves in.

BOBBY

And say what? "We didn't really rob a bank, it was an off the books CIA slush fund, and we didn't really even mean to get away with robbing it.

STIG

I meant to.

BOBBY

Not helping.

A pretty, young waitress (SHAUNA by her tag) approaches.

SHAUNA

Y'all had a chance to look at your menus?

BOBBY

We'll take three coffees and a couple of minutes.

Shauna retreats.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

We need proof. Proof I was set up, proof he was acting under orders.

STIG

Having our mitts on the money  
wouldn't hurt either.

DEB

You have a plan for all this?

BOBBY

Sure.

No.

STIG

Bobby shoots Stig a glare.

STIG

She asked a question.

Shauna returns with the coffees. Stig gives her a respectful  
nod as she retreats once more.

BOBBY

All right. That's twice she's been  
here and you haven't winked at her  
either time.

STIG

So?

(caught)

She's the cousin of an old friend.

BOBBY

A Navy friend?

STIG

Tim Corrales. His mother owns the  
place.

BOBBY

Aw, christ, what have you walked us  
into?

STIG

He's dead. Okay? We served in  
SEAL Team Six together. He died on  
a mission that never happened in a  
country we were never in. His  
family was told it was a car crash.

(beat)

The Admiral lied and said the two  
million from the Tres Cruces would  
go to his mother and the families  
of the other men we lost.

Bobby sees the emotional burden Stig is carrying.

STIG (CONT'D)

Guess I'm just a bleeding heart  
sucker.

BOBBY

Yup.

MAMA MAYBELLE emerges from the kitchen, sees Stig, and burst  
out in a big opened arm smile.

MAMA MAYBELLE

Marcus, how dare you sit down in my  
restaurant without giving me a hug  
first?

INT. KITCHEN, MAMA MAYBELLE'S DINER - LATER

Stig flamboyantly works the flattop under Mama's iron fisted  
supervision. Bobby and Deb watch from stools at the counter.

DEB

Look, Bobby, if you come with me, I  
think -- *think* I can convince the  
U.S. Attorney you went along on the  
robbery because you were trying to  
stop it. There's the Papi Greco  
angle, and you did get shot.

BOBBY

What about Stig?

DEB

He'd have to take his chances with  
the grand jury.

BOBBY

So I'd be hanging him out to dry?

DEB

You'd be putting an end to this  
madness. And you'd be clearing  
your name.

Bobby glances over at Stig. *What to do?*

DEB (CONT'D)

You know by all rights I should  
walk away and let you drown?

BOBBY

And validate my cynical world view?  
No chance.

Bobby wins a smile. He likes that smile.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You know, if I was the suave type,  
I'd take your hand, tell you to  
ditch Harvey. Run away with me to  
a grass hut in the South Seas.

DEB

His name's not Harvey. And I'd  
know you were lying.

BOBBY

Maybe I'm not.

And indeed maybe he isn't.

OVER AT THE FLATTOP - Stig watches Bobby and Deb. The way  
she touches his arm, the way he leans in to her. Deb rises,  
heads for the door.

EXT. GAS STATION ACROSS THE HIGHWAY - DAY

Deb approaches the pay phone. She considers her reflection  
in the chrome around the keypad. She dials.

INT. MAMA MABELLE'S DINER - DAY

STIG

You had us stash a kidnapped drug  
lord in the garage of your ex-  
girlfriend? That is messed up.

BOBBY

She was never my girlfriend.

STIG

Did you two...

Bobby's non-answer gives Stig his answer.

STIG (CONT'D)

Like I said, "Messed up."

Mama Maybelle thrusts a breakfast plate at Bobby.

MAMA MAYBELLE

Over easy with a side of pancakes.

BOBBY

You tell her how I feel about  
pancakes?

MAMA MAYBELLE

He told me but it's my place and in  
my place everyone eats a good  
breakfast.

*How can Bobby say no?* Maybelle pats Bobby's head and returns  
to the kitchen. Bobby considers Stig, decides be square.

BOBBY

Deb's calling the U.S. Attorney.  
She thinks she can get me off. She  
isn't sure about you.

STIG

What'd you mean?

BOBBY

If you turn yourself in, you could  
get royally screwed.

STIG

Worse than I am already?

BOBBY

Depends how you feel about federal  
prison.

STIG

(stunned/wounded)

You're throwing me to the lions?

BOBBY

I'm giving you a choice. If you  
want to go, there's the door. If  
it were me, I'd take my chances  
with the U.S. Attorney.

STIG

You and I aren't in this together,  
are we?

BOBBY

No.

STIG

You're just doing what you gotta  
do, right? The rest is just stuff  
that makes you stupid.

Swallowing his hurt, Stig returns to the flattop.

STIG (CONT'D)

Order up.

Bobby feels like a heel. Glancing around the restaurant he notes that the place is dead empty.

STIG (CONT'D)

I said order up.

BOBBY

Didn't there used to be customers.

*Uh-oh.* Stig and Bobby both pull their guns.

Shauna emerges from the bathroom. Stig motions for her to stay put as he and Bobby ease over to the front window.

OUT IN THE PARKING LOT - are 5 well armed, Mexican toughs.

STIG

Papi Greco's?

BOBBY

You want the ones on the left or the right?

STIG

Let's see if we can split out the back.

BOBBY

You wanna split out the back? You never want to split out the back.

Stig nods toward Shauna and Maybelle. Bobby gets it.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Ladies, we need you to go back to the walk-in and lock the door.

STIG

It's all right Mama.

Mama and Shauna go. Bobby and Stig hustle out the back --

EXT. BACK DOOR, MAYBELLE'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

-- only to be confronted by a dozen shotgun barrels wielded Papi Greco and a dozen of his boys.

PAPI GRECO

Looks like we flushed a couple of rabbits.

Papi clubs Bobby with his shotgun. Bobby goes down.

PAPI GRECO (CONT'D)

Take 'em and skin him.

STIG

80 million dollars.

(Papi stops.)

81.53 actually. It's what we stole from the CIA. We lied and said two but it's really 81.53. Million.

PAPI GRECO

81.53 million?

STIG

Yours for the taking.

PAPI GRECO

Where is it?

STIG

I don't know. But he does. He took it and hid it somewhere.

BOBBY

No, I didn't.

STIG

Sure, you did.

BOBBY

What are you talking about?

STIG

Shut up and agree with me before they decide to kill you and keep me alive.

BOBBY

I hid the money.

STIG

Actually, I'm the one who hid it.

BOBBY

You just said I hid it.

STIG

Well, one of us did.

Papi considers Bobby. Then Stig. Then 81.53 million dollars. Papi clubs Stig. Stig joins Bobby on the ground.

PAPI GRECO

Take them both.

EXT. 24-HOUR COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Greco's boys frog-march Bobby and Stig around the diner. Bobby spots Deb hiding across the street. He waves her off with a shake of his head. Deb nods and scuttles away. Bobby and Stig are thrown in a car trunk. The lid slams. BLACK.

INT. VAULTED BASEMENT BELOW THE STABLES, GRECO RANCH - NIGHT

Bobby's head is shoved into a trough of fetid water. He burbles, thrashes, is yanked back up. He gasps. Papi's fist clocks him. He is shoved back under. Burble/gurgle/gasp.

INT. CHICKEN COOP, GRECO RANCH - NIGHT

Greco's boys toss Bobby inside. He lands with a thud. Stig sits sulking against the wall.

BOBBY

Deb knows where we are. We just have to hold out until she can call in the cavalry.

STIG

We're 300 miles south of the border. By the time she gets through the red tape we'll be dead.

BOBBY

That's a positive mental attitude.

STIG

You were gonna sell me out to the U.S. Attorney.

BOBBY

It's kind of a moot point.

STIG

You know what? I'm not talking to you.

(MORE)

STIG (CONT'D)  
(sulks a beat and then)  
What did I ever do to you?

BOBBY  
Besides shoot me?

STIG  
Know what you are? You're a  
misanthrope.

BOBBY  
A what?

STIG  
It's from the Greek. It means you  
don't actually like people.

BOBBY  
I know what it means.

STIG  
Well, in case you didn't.

Stig lays down with his back to Bobby.

STIG (CONT'D)  
You're just lucky Papi couldn't  
resist the lure of 80 million  
dollars. I'd be dead, but you,  
he'd be torturing you just for fun.

BOBBY  
Lucky me.

STIG  
I'm serious. If it was 5 million,  
he'd be smart. But 80? He's got  
the fever.

BOBBY  
And when he figures out we don't  
actually have the money?

STIG  
He'll chop our feet off, pluck out  
our eyeballs and generally kill us.

BOBBY  
Well, at least we'll see the  
sunrise.

For a beat they lay in silence.

STIG

You ever see the sunrise off an aircraft carrier at sea?

BOBBY

You ever see the sunrise off Miami Beach after you've been up all night?

STIG

Drinking mojitos with a beautiful woman who's wearing your jacket and leaning against your shoulder?

BOBBY

Margaritas. No jacket.

STIG

No.

BOBBY

You should.

STIG

I'm not good with women.

INT. CHICKEN COOP, GRECO RANCH - DAY

The doors fling open. Sunlight floods in. Two goons snatch Stig and haul him out. A beat. Two more goons appear.

GOON

You too.

INT. VAULTED BASEMENT BELOW THE STABLES, GRECO RANCH - DAY

Bobby and Stig are on their knees, hands bound in front of them. Papi is over by the corner, pissing on his hands.

PAPI GRECO

My grandfather cut cane every day for 30 years, never got a blister. He'd say it smells like hell but it toughens the hands.

Zippering up, Papi wrenches an ax handle in his powerful grip.

PAPI GRECO (CONT'D)

You know what's nice about this, Bobby? This time I don't have to worry about leaving marks.

Papi whacks Bobby across the back.

PAPI GRECO (CONT'D)

There is an opportunity here for  
one of you to buy your life back.  
The longer you wait the less life  
there's gonna be.

STIG

Go jerk yourself off.

Papi jabs Stig with the ax handle, then chokes him with it.  
Stig's eyes bulge.

BOBBY

Think about the money, Papi.  
Revenge is personal. Money's  
money.

PAPI GRECO

What money? You keep talking about  
this phantom money.

BOBBY

81 million dollars.

Papi releases Stig. Stig topples forward.

PAPI GRECO

Where is it?

BOBBY

I don't know.

STIG

Corpus Christi Naval Air Station.

BOBBY

What are you doing?

STIG

Improvising.

(to Papi)

The money's on the base at Corpus.  
But only for another 2 days max.  
After that it's gone, and you might  
as well kill us.

PAPI GRECO

If you're telling the truth, I  
might as well kill you.

STIG

I can get the money. In return you let me live. And you give me 5%.

PAPI GRECO

What about him?

STIG

He gets nothing.

PAPI GRECO

I'll think about it.

(re: Bobby)

Strap this one to the table and get my chain saw. I got a nice one.

The goons go to grab Bobby.

STIG

You can't. I need him. Corpus is a big place, not to mention all the guards with rifles.

PAPI GRECO

I'm just supposed to let you walk out of my sight and trust you'll come back with the money.

STIG

Where we gonna go? The cops want to arrest us, the CIA wants to kill us. You're our best friend.

As Papi ponders this, Ferret-Nose Julio enters and whispers in Papi's ear. Whatever he says, it gives Papi real pause.

PAPI GRECO

Take them upstairs, get 'em a shower. They smell like chicken shit.

EXT. MAIN HOUSE, GRECO RANCH - DAY

A car pulls up. Ferret-Nose Julio steps up to greet the new arrivals. The arrivals are Earl and his two aides.

EXT. GRECO'S RANCH - DAY

Earl and Papi watch the vaqueros herd cattle. Earl scoops some pebbles. Tosses them one by one.

EARL  
You hear about the Tres Cruces?

PAPI GRECO  
Saw a TV report.

Earl hands over photos of Bobby and Stig.

EARL  
The thieves came from your organization.

PAPI GRECO  
They're freelancers. Americans.  
And that one's a cop.

EARL  
I'm not asking for their resumes.  
I want you to find my money.

PAPI GRECO  
There a finders fee on this?

EARL  
The fee is you get to stay in business with us.

PAPI GRECO  
You think all us Mexicans we're just dying to mow your lawn? To stand outside Home Depot in the rain? "Please Mister, give me a job."

EARL  
I think those men in the rain just want the best life possible.

PAPI GRECO  
You like my country weak and corrupt, so you can have cheap labor. I'm not cheap.

EARL  
Is this about pride, Manny? Prove you have a big Mexican cock? Your cock is huge. It's massive. A record holder. And I... am in awe. So what? You think we can't just reach across the border, scoop you up like a handful of dust and --

Earl blows the dirt off his palm. Wipes his hands.

EARL (CONT'D)

It's a free market, Manny, not a free world.

PAPI GRECO

I'll take a look.

EARL

Hard. You'll look *hard*.

PAPI GRECO

Under every rock in Mexico.

INT. GUEST SUITE, GRECO'S RANCH - NIGHT

Bobby stews. Stig is in the bathroom examining the scented guest soaps.

STIG

Check this one. I think it's Papaya.

(off Bobby)

Come on, one of us had to make a play.

BOBBY

You didn't think to tell me about Corpus?

STIG

Invading a Navy base is not among your top drawer options.

BOBBY

You knew where the money was.

STIG

Like you've always told me everything? I could've let Papi Greco chop you into little pieces. But I didn't. If that's not enough of a good faith gesture I don't know what is.

Bobby scoffs.

The doors suddenly SLAM open. Papi's boys storm in...

EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

Bobby and Stig jounce along in the bed of a rusty pickup, hoods over their heads. The pickup stops. Bobby and Stig are hoisted out, their hoods removed.

They are in the middle of a BARREN MEXICAN NOWHERE. Hands march Bobby and Stig over to a panel truck. Inside 20 Mexicans clutch bundles and backpacks.

PAPI GRECO

The truck will take you near the border. From there you go on foot with the coyotes.

STIG

If it's all the same, we'd rather drive.

PAPI GRECO

With everybody looking for you, you'd get pulled out of line at the border in two seconds. No, you go over like you force my people.

Papi's men hoist Bobby and Stig up into the truck.

PAPI GRECO (CONT'D)

I'm trusting you as men to fulfill your side of the bargain.

BOBBY

Scout's honor.

Papi WHISTLES. The side door of a van whips open. Inside Ferret-Nose Julio shines a light on the face of a cuffed and gagged woman. **IT'S DEB.** Her eyes scream to Bobby as --

-- the truck's roll door slams down.

INT. CARGO BAY, PANEL TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Bobby tries to wrench the door back up but it won't budge. O.S. we hear the CLICK-CLACK of the door being padlocked then the RUMBLE of the engine as the truck sloshes off on its way.

BOBBY

Help me, goddamn it.

STIG

There's nothing to do.

BOBBY

He's got Deb.

STIG

I saw.

Stig finds a comfortable spot among the other travellers.

STIG (CONT'D)

Papi's not gonna hurt her. She's his insurance we come back with the money and not a squadron of helicopter gunships.

BOBBY

When they drop us at the border, we'll double back.

STIG

If we double back, he'll put a bullet in her just for spite.

Bobby knows Stig's right. He kicks the wall of the truck.

STIG (CONT'D)

We go ahead with the plan, get the money from the Admiral, then at least we have some leverage.

BOBBY

A plan? You mean there's an actual plan in your head for invading a high security naval base?

STIG

I'm working on it.

Stig tilts his head back, closes his eyes.

INT. CARGO BAY, PANEL TRUCK - NIGHT

The truck bounces and sways. In the half light, Bobby considers the other passengers. A few know each other, but for the most part they keep to themselves. Bobby sees their fear, their hope, their leap of faith determination.

Beside Bobby, Stig starts to snore. Bobby pokes him.

BOBBY

You're snoring.

STIG

And?

BOBBY

Leave it to you to sleep.

STIG

I was tired.

Stig pulls himself upright. Looks at Bobby.

STIG (CONT'D)

You in love with her?

BOBBY

Deb? I don't know. Haven't really been in a position to answer the question.

STIG

'Cuz you kinda act like you're in love with her.

Bobby chews on that for a beat.

STIG (CONT'D)

You really wanna know why I can sleep? Because I know what I'm fighting for. You, you don't even know how you got here.

BOBBY

I'm here because you set me up.

STIG

The Admiral taught me duty, honor, loyalty to the chain of command. He may be a two-faced S.O.B. but the values weren't wrong. I went into that bank because I believed we had a debt to the men we'd left behind. And when we get to Corpus I'm going to kill the Admiral because he violated the trust that comes with oak leaves on your cap.

BOBBY

You're an idiot.

STIG

Of course I'm an idiot. To believe in anything you have to forget that for 50,000 years human beings have been chopping each other's heads off and shoving each other into ovens. We're not nice creatures. But at least I sleep at night.

Stig tilts his head back, shuts his eyes.

BOBBY

You wanna know why I went into that bank? It was the only way to get Papi Greco. And I was going to do whatever it took.

STIG

Whatever it takes is a dangerous thing, Bobby. The Admiral's just doing whatever it takes. So are your buddies at the CIA. Me, I'd rather be an idiot.

Stig shuts his eyes leaving Bobby to ponder this. Brakes SQUEAK as the truck jerks to a halt. The roll door opens.

EXT. DESERT NOWHERE - CONTINUOUS

Four COYOTES (bandanas over their faces, shotguns on their arms) herd Bobby, Stig, and the others out of the truck and march them off into the desert night.

EXT. DEEP DESERT NOWHERE - NIGHT

Bobby and Stig follow the others through the inky night. The ground is ragged. Stumbles are frequent, but no one complains. No one helps anyone else up either.

The coyotes prod one of the laggards on at gun point. Stig takes offense and interposes himself between the laggard and the coyote. The dead-eyed coyote puts his muzzle to Stig's chest. Bobby takes Stig by the arm.

BOBBY

Not our fight.

Stig isn't happy about it but he backs off and tromps onward.

EXT. BLUFF - NIGHT

The coyotes lead the pack to a bluff overlooking the Rio Grande. The lead coyote points down to a narrow spit where they should ford.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

Bobby and Stig follow the others down to the riverside. Wordlessly the immigrants remove their shoes and carry them up over their heads as they enter the water.

Stig and Bobby wade in with the others. The water quickly rises to chest height. The swirling current threatens to knock them off their feet.

One of the immigrant men slips, then surfaces with a splash of flailing limbs. He can't swim.

The other immigrants hustle out of the river and up the bank, afraid the drowning man's noise will get them all caught.

Bobby tosses his shoes at Stig and dives after the drowning man. The man grabs at Bobby's face. Bobby bats away the panicked man's arms and takes him around the neck.

BOBBY

*Callate. Tranquilo.*

The man calms. Bobby hauls the man over to where he can stand. The man scampers up the bank and disappears. Bobby sloshes ashore. Stig tosses Bobby his shoes.

STIG

Not our fight?

BOBBY

At least he stopped to say thank you.

STIG

Because that's why you did it? For the thank you?

BOBBY

When this is over I'm still gonna shoot you.

STIG

Whatever you say, Bobby.

Stig pats Bobby on the shoulder and heads up the bank. Bobby finishes tying his shoes and follows.

Trudging onward, they make their way toward the putrid sodium light glow smudged across the horizon.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Bobby and Stig emerge into a vast mall parking lot filled with oblivious consumers lugging bags of extraneous, overpriced crap. After the coyotes and the desert and the river, the culture shock is a bit of a mind bender.

STIG  
(re: the sea of cars)  
Got a favorite color?

EXT. ROAD / INT. MINIVAN - MOVING - NIGHT

Bobby and Stig drive East in a stolen blue minivan.

INT. MINIVAN / EXT. REST STOP - MORNING

Bobby wakes. He is alone in the van. He climbs out.

Across the way Bobby spots Stig at a picnic table in deep conversation with Mama Maybelle. Stig and Maybelle hug. Stig returns carrying a hefty duffle bag.

BOBBY  
What was that about?

STIG  
I figure she should know how her son died.

BOBBY  
Isn't that a violation of government secrecy?

STIG  
Arrest me.

Stig hoists the duffle into the minivan, zips it open. The bag is crammed with pistols, rifles, etc.

STIG (CONT'D)  
My rainy day stash.

Stig digs out a pack of military I.D. cards. Selects two.

EXT. FRONT GATE, CORPUS CHRISTI NAVAL AIR STATION - DAY

Heavily fortified. Stig and Bobby roll up.

STIG

My people. I do the talking.

BOBBY

What's the plan?

STIG

I'm working on it.

Stig holds the I.D. cards out to the SHORE PATROL GATE GUARD.

STIG (CONT'D)

What's your name, Seaman?

GATE GUARD

Excuse me?

STIG

This is an improptu security inspection under D.O.D. order 27592, so give me your name before I decide I'm having a bad day.

GATE GUARD

Seaman Weisberg, sir.

STIG

Write that down.

GATE GUARD

No disrespect, Commander, but all uncleared visitors have to be phoned into the security office.

STIG

What part of "impromptu" do you not register, Seaman? It means you don't tell anyone you're *coming*. Did you graduate high school, I know they make you graduate high school, so you had options. You didn't have to burden my Navy with your stupidity. You chose to burden my Navy with your stupidity.

(MORE)

STIG (CONT'D)

Now wave us through and don't even  
to think about FUBARing my  
inspection by alerting the world  
we're here to check the security  
status of this base.

The SP motions to lift the gate and waves them though.

BOBBY

That was your brilliant plan?

STIG

I can't believe it worked.

Bobby checks his side mirror. In the reflection he sees the  
SP picking up the phone.

BOBBY

I wouldn't get too healthy  
congratulating yourself. The  
guard's in the shack on the phone.

STIG

No worries. It'll take at least 3  
minutes to scramble the Shore  
Patrol so we've got that for a head  
start.

BOBBY

You are just a big ball of  
sunshine.

INT. ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS, CORPUS CHRISTI N.A.S. - DAY

A small but pleasant house on base. The Admiral takes the 81  
million out of his safe and splits it between three  
suitcases. Quince enters.

QUINCE

It's time, Admiral.

ADMIRAL

Thank you, Chief. If you'll finish  
splitting the money between the  
bags. We'll cache the first in  
Panama, the second in Dubai, the  
third in Hong Kong.

QUINCE

Flight plan's all arranged.

The Admiral gives Quince a "well done" pat and crosses into the LIVING ROOM where Teemo, pale and feverish, is laid out on the sofa.

ADMIRAL

I hate to see you like this, son. An officer takes on a mission, he has to constantly balance the desire to protect his men versus the need to complete the mission.

TEEMO

Yes, sir.

ADMIRAL

For two days, I've been forced to let you suffer. And you have been magnificent. Because you understand the mission is greater than any one of us. If I could show you my heart, it aches.

The Admiral stands. Levels a pistol at Teemo.

TEEMO

Sir?

ADMIRAL

I take no pleasure in this.

BLAM.

EXT. ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS, CORPUS CHRISTI N.A.S. - DAY

SCREECH - Tires smoke as the minivan jerks to a halt outside the Admiral's quarters.

INT. ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS, CORPUS CHRISTI N.A.S. - DAY

Stig and Bobby burst in the back door, guns at the ready. In alternating turns they move forward through the house. On the sofa they find Teemo's dead body.

BOBBY

He's dead.

Bobby crosses into the study and rifles the Admiral's desk. Stig lingers reverently over the body.

In a drawer, Bobby finds a bill from the CAMINO REAL HOTEL. A connection sparks...

BOBBY (CONT'D)

When you delivered the money to the Admiral in El Paso what hotel was he staying at?

STIG

The Camino Real.

The information hits Bobby like a shovel.

BOBBY

Sonofa... Come on. I know where to intercept the Admiral.

STIG

(still considering Teemo)  
I only shot him in the leg.

BOBBY

Well, somebody else must have shot him in the chest.

Bobby looks at Stig. Stig looks at Bobby. A mutual realization hits.

MEGAPHONE VOICE (O.S. - FROM OUTSIDE)

Come outside with your hands raised. We have the house surrounded.

Bobby and Stig rush to the windows. Outside the house is surrounded by four dozen armed SPs and a dozen vehicles.

BOBBY

Terrific plan you had.

STIG

I didn't figure we'd need an exit strategy.

(re: Teemo)

You think they'll think we killed him?

BOBBY

No, they're gonna think we broke onto the base to give him an appendectomy.

STIG

There you go with the defensive sarcasm. All right, look, these are innocent sailors. I don't want any of them getting shot.

BOBBY

And I'm sure their orders are to just put a few warning shots in the backs of our heads.

STIG

I mean it. I want your word.

BOBBY

Fine.

STIG

Good. So what do we do now?

BOBBY

(thinks)

Do you trust me?

STIG

Do you trust me?

BOBBY

Not the question.

STIG

Yes. I do.

BOBBY

Then go outside and surrender.

Bobby blows past Stig.

STIG

What? Bobby?

EXT. ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS - SAME

SPs with itchy trigger fingers surround the house...

INT. ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS - SAME

Bobby cranks the bathroom tub on full bore. Then heads for --

THE KITCHEN - Bobby pulls the stove out from the wall. Knives the gas line. Then grabs a trash bag and goes into --

THE ADMIRAL'S BEDROOM - Bobby swipes a clean uniform. Stuffs it in the trash bag.

EXT. ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS - SAME

The front door cracks. Stig slides outside, hands raised...

INT. ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS - SAME

Bobby tosses a bar tray on the kitchen floor. Smashes the neck off a whiskey bottle. Dumps it over the tray...

EXT. ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS - SAME

Stig eases away from the house...

VARIOUS SHORE PATROL  
...On your knees... Hands where I  
can see 'em... Give me an excuse...

Stig sinks to his knees...

INT. ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS - SAME

Bobby ties off the trash bag, tosses it in the now full tub. Takes a deep breath and...

Bobby fires at the metal bar tray... The tray sparks. The booze catches fire... Bobby dives for the tub as...

The leaking gas ignites. A FIREBALL shoots through the house... Bobby dives underwater as above him flames fill the bathroom...

EXT. ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS - SAME

The gas explosion blows out every window in the house. Stig is knocked flat. Splintered wood and glass fly.

INT. ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS - SAME

The fireball retreats from the bathroom. Bobby pops up out of the water with a gasp.

INT. ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS - 15 MINUTES LATER

Firemen storm the house with hoses and axes. There are smoke and flames throughout the house, but the bulk of the fire is contained in the kitchen. Amid the chaos, Bobby, slips out of the bathroom, dressed in the stolen uniform.

BOBBY

Push those flames back.

FIREFIGHTER

(reacting to the uniform)

It's not safe yet, sir. You really need to stay outside.

EXT. ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS - SAME

The SPs have Stig stuffed in a patrol car. In the B.G. we see Bobby exit the house and slip away amid the commotion.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - TWILIGHT

Bobby drives through the lonely desperate landscape. Foot to the floor. Eyes locked straight ahead.

EXT. LONELY GAS STATION - NIGHT

Bobby stands at a pay phone. He considers the sharpie scrawl on his arm. In his hand is Earl's card.

BOBBY (INTO PHONE)

Give me the office of the D.D.O....  
It's about 81.53 million dollars.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, BRIG, CORPUS N.A.S. - NIGHT

An AGITATED LIEUTENANT leans in tight over Stig.

AGITATED LIEUTENANT

Silence is not your friend. You murdered a decorated Navy SEAL.

Stig stares straight ahead.

AGITATED LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

You've betrayed everything the service stands for.

Stig remains stone. The frustrated Lieutenant whips a coffee mug past Stig's ear. The mug shatters.

STIG

That's a waste of a good mug, sir.

The door cracks as the Lieutenant is called out of the room. Two beats later he returns.

AGITATED LIEUTENANT

Get out of here. You're free to go.

Stig suspects a trick. He rises. He walks out. No one tries to stop him.

EXT. BRIG, CORPUS N.A.S. - NIGHT

Stig steps outside. Waiting there are Earl, Thick, and Lean.

EARL

Get in the car.  
(when Stig hesitates)  
It's not multiple choice, son.

INT. C-2A GREYHOUND TRANSPORT - NIGHT

A squat turbo prop. The Admiral rests his elbow on the cash-filled suitcases. Along the cargo bay wall sit Quince, Mini and the other SEALs (Lucas, Kelvin, Sanger, and Gomez).

ADMIRAL

Make the Navy proud, boys.

As one the SEALs rise and sprint out the back of the plane...

REVEAL - The plane is flying at 10,000 feet.

EXT. NIGHT SKY - CONTINUOUS

Down down down the SEALs plunge. Until finally at an impossibly low altitude - POP - they deploy chutes.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GRECO'S RANCH - NIGHT

Papi circles around Deb. Deb holds her expression blank.

PAPI GRECO

Your Bobby's a determined fellow.  
I don't care what his badge says,  
he was Bobby Beans. And robbing  
the Tres Cruces only proves it.

DEB

Maybe he just has his own view of  
the law.

PAPI GRECO

You don't have to defend him.

Papi reaches into a safe, counts out \$400,000.

PAPI GRECO (CONT'D)

You sure you wouldn't rather take a  
percentage of the money he and Stig  
bring back?

DEB

I don't work on contingency.

Papi smirks. Hands her the money. Pours them each a drink.

PAPI GRECO

When you told me Bobby was DEA, did  
you know he'd rob the Tres Cruces?

DEB

Nope.

PAPI GRECO

Just lucky I guess?

Papi smiles. Deb smiles back. Neither smile quite genuine.

EXT. AIRFIELD, GRECO RANCH - NIGHT

THREE OF PAPI'S GUARDS patrol. O.S. They hear an approaching  
engine. WHOOSH - The unlit C-2A skims just over their heads  
and touches down.

The guards snap alert. The lead guard chatters into his  
radio. Several more guards arrive and surround the plane.

The plane taxis to a stop and lowers its tailgate. The  
guards finger their triggers. Inside the plane a SPOTLIGHT  
snaps on. On cue --

Bullets ZIP-ZIP-ZIP into the guards from all directions. Those who aren't killed outright spray haphazard volleys at the darkness until - ZIP-ZIP - they too are cut down.

The Admiral steps off the plane. Quince and the other SEALs who parachuted from the plane rise up from their hidden fire spots around the airfield.

ADMIRAL

Scorched Earth, Chief. Nothing lives.

EXT. STABLES, GRECO RANCH - NIGHT

Oscar (the guy who had the head in the bag) marches up to two of Papi's TOUGHS. O.S. Sporadic GUNFIRE rips.

RUDY (IN SPANISH)

*Grab some men, head for the airfield.*

The toughs scurry off. Emerging from the shadows Bobby sneaks up behind Oscar. Oscar spins. Bobby kicks him in the balls. Smacks him with the butt of his pistol. Oscar's nose shatters. He drops.

INT. STABLES, GRECO RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Bobby slips down the stairs into the network of tunnels that run beneath the ranch.

EXT. CATTLE PENS, GRECO RANCH - NIGHT

Jittery vaqueros pan their rifles as predatory shadows surge and dart towards them. Closer. Closer.

The vaqueros start popping off bursts of fire. SEAL hands snatch the vaqueros from behind and slash their throats.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GRECO'S RANCH - NIGHT

Papi peers out the window and the black night. O.S. Ripples of intermittent gunfire draw closer. Papi glances over at Deb who is recounting the \$400k.

PAPI GRECO

You know, I don't usually do business with women.

DEB

That's short sighted and sexist of you.

PAPI GRECO

With a man, you know why he does what he does. With a woman, who knows?

Crossing to a filigreed chest Papi pulls out a shotgun.

PAPI GRECO (CONT'D)

Who's out there?

DEB

How would I know? According to you I'm just supposed to sit here and look cute.

EXT. GRECO RANCH - NIGHT

Sweeping across the ranch, the SEALS FIREBOMB the drug processing barns. EXPLOSIONS rock the night.

INT. TUNNELS BENEATH GRECO RANCH - SAME

Bobby scurries along. Up ahead armed toughs herd a clutch of cocaine workers along at gun point. Bobby dives into a side passage and lets them pass.

INT. MAIN HOUSE, GRECO RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Bobby slips up into the main house through a hidden door.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GRECO'S RANCH - SAME

Papi jabs the shotgun at Deb. Deb calmly stows the \$400k in her jacket. O.S. more EXPLOSIONS boom.

PAPI GRECO

Tell me who they are? CIA? DEA?

Appearing in the doorway --

BOBBY

U.S. Navy. You got in bed with the wrong girl.

As Papi whirls to level the shotgun at Bobby, Deb pulls a .22 from her belt and just like that everyone starts blasting.

Bullets rip the air. Furniture shreds. Papi is hit in the gut. Deb flees. Bobby chases.

INT. HALLWAY, MAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Deb sprints down a long corridor. Bobby fires two shots past her ear. Dead to rites, she freezes.

BOBBY

You should've told me Harvey was an Admiral. This all would've been so much easier to figure out.

(beat)

You're the one person I trusted.

DEB

You never trusted me or anyone. And don't say you meant to. You were always all about you.

Bobby is stung. Because it's the truth.

BOBBY

You're right. I was a sonofabitch. Now let's go.

Bobby snatches away Deb's .22 and drags her onward.

EXT. MAIN HOUSE, GRECO RANCH - SAME

The roughnecks guarding the house spray wild gunfire as the murderously efficient SEALs - ZIP-ZIP-ZIP - wipe them out.

INT. KITCHEN, MAIN HOUSE - SAME

Bobby hauls Deb toward the back door. A stray volley SHATTERS the windows. Bobby yanks Deb to the floor.

DEB

You've got no chance, you know that?

BOBBY

Shh. Wait for it.

O.S. The faint WHUP-WHUP of a helicopter. Bobby grins.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
(calling outside)  
Hey, Harvey, you out there?

EXT. MAIN HOUSE, GRECO RANCH - SAME

ADMIRAL  
Mr. Bobby Trench. You are a  
resilient fly in the ointment.

BOBBY  
I've got Deb in here, Harvey, and  
since you two are in love, I  
thought you might be willing to  
trade her for the money.

ADMIRAL  
No. No deals.

BOBBY  
Well, before your boys start  
blasting, you might want to take a  
look off to the East.

On the horizon, two lights approach low and fast. Twin black  
helicopters armed with mean-ass 20mm gun cannons.

The lead helo swoops down and alights while the second helo  
circles protectively. Earl and his boys climb out dragging  
Stig with them.

EARL  
Hail, hail, the gang's all here.

Mexican standoff time. Literally.

The SEALs have their guns on the CIA. The CIA have their  
guns on the SEALs. Both side have their guns on Bobby as he  
ushers Deb outside.

Cautiously, The Admiral, Bobby, and Earl approach each other,  
Bobby towing Deb, Earl towing Stig.

EARL (CONT'D)  
What's the deal here, Bob? You  
promised me 81 million dollars in  
return for getting this pudknocker  
out of stir.

BOBBY

I thought the Admiral might trade Deb for the money, but it turns out he's not the romantic type, so I guess you two are gonna have to duke it out.

EARL

Is that right?

A beat. All sides on edge. *Who will make the first move?*

Out of nowhere - BA-BLAM - a shotgun blast rips into Earl's arm. It's PAPI GRECO. Bleeding from the gut, the drug lord lurches out of the house, shotgun blazing.

Bobby tosses Stig a pistol as all sides open fire. It's a free-for-all of dust and lead. Bullets fly. Bodies sprawl. Two SEALs drop (Sanger & Kelvin).

Bobby and Stig dash for the cover of a nearby barn while the SEALs retreat toward the livestock pens and the helo rains down fire from above.

INT. ADOBE BARN, GRECO RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Chased by strafing helo fire, Bobby and Stig dive inside.

STIG

Not to crack on your strategy, but this was the best you could come up with?

BOBBY

You'd rather be back in the brig?

Bobby kicks the straw off a trapdoor. Beneath it is a ladder leading to the tunnels. Ignoring Bobby, Stig takes a rifle off the body of one of Papi's men.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Come on, the tunnels lead all the way to the edge of the ranch.

STIG

And then what?

BOBBY

And then we get the hell out of here before the Navy or the CIA or both of them shoot the hell out of us.

STIG

No. I'm not letting the Admiral  
get away with the money.

BOBBY

Jesus-goddamn... I just saved your  
ass.

STIG

So go. Get out of here. Go tell  
the world Deb set you up and clear  
your name. It's not like we're in  
this together.

Bobby curses. He kicks wall. He stays.

BOBBY

Where you go, I go.  
(beat)  
You're my people.

STIG

(touched)  
For real?

BOBBY

Can we just do this?

Stig tosses Bobby an extra clip. Flanking the door, they  
peek out for the circling helicopters --

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I hate Mexico.

STIG

I'm sure it hates you back.

-- and race off in pursuit of the Admiral.

EXT. MAIN HOUSE, GRECO RANCH

Cradling his shattered arm, Earl crosses to Papi, who lays  
dying in the dust.

EARL

Why'd you lie to me? We were just  
doing business.

PAPI GRECO

Mow... my... lawn.

Papi manages a blood choked gurgle/giggle. Earl raises his pistol and shoots Papi dead.

EXT. CATTLE PENS, GRECO RANCH - SAME

Bobby and Stig engage the SEALs in a running fire-fight through the narrow alleys between pens.

The spooked cattle buck, they bellow, they crash through the fencing and STAMPEDE.

Amid the swirl of 2000 pound beasts, Bobby and Stig get separated. Stig is knocked to the dirt. Quince steps out and has the drop on Stig when...

A bullet rips through Quince's neck. Quince falls revealing Thick as the shooter.

STIG

Thanks.

Without hesitation or remorse Thick pivots his gun on Stig...

...Before Thick can fire, Bobby dives into view and fires at the CIA man forcing him to retreat back out of sight.

BOBBY

We having fun yet?

EXT. AIRFIELD, GRECO RANCH - SAME

The C-2A pilot fires up his engines as the Admiral and the remaining SEALs descend on the airfield.

From above the CIA helo strafes the cockpit killing the pilot. As the pilot falls forward, he jams the right engine throttle causing the plane to taxi in a circle and crash into a metal shed. The propellers shred. Bits of tin spray.

EXT. DRUG PROCESSING BARNs, GRECO RANCH - SAME

Amid the flames of the drug processing barns, Bobby and Stig trade heavy fire with Thick and Lean.

From above the helo strafes. Bullets swiss-cheese the tin roof. Bobby and Stig go sprawling.

Bobby spots a huge BULLDOZER. He taps Stig.

CUT TO:

ABOVE THE BARN - the circling helo pilot spots a puff of diesel smoke as Bobby and Stig come CRASHING through the wall of the barn on the bulldozer.

The helo swoops. Bobby raises the front bucket as a shield. The helo's bullets PING.

Stig pours fire up at the helo's tail rotor. The rotor sparks, smokes. The helo goes into a flat spin and CRASHES.

EXT. AIRFIELD, GRECO RANCH - SAME

The SEALs retrieve the cash-filled suitcases from the crippled plane and toss them in an SUV when --

-- Bobby and Stig come barreling over the rise on the bulldozer. Gomez and Lucas hose down the dozer, while the Admiral, Deb, and Mini pile in the SUV.

Flooring the throttle Bobby runs right over the two SEALs but not before Lucas rolls a GRENADE beneath the treads.

Stig and Bobby leap from the bulldozer as - BOOM - the grenade explosion FLIPS THE BULLDOZER onto its side.

Bobby and Stig haul themselves up. In the distance the SUV speeds off in a cloud of dust.

Bobby and Stig look at each other. Look at the ratty CESSNA parked along the runway.

CUT TO:

Bobby and Stig take off in the Cessna.

EXT. ENDLESS SCRUB DESERT - DAWN

The SUV rips across the vast desert nothing, trailing a 50 yard plume of dust.

Above, Stig throttles up the Cessna and dives. Swooping down he thumps the Cessna's landing gear on the roof of the SUV. Deb jerks the wheel and speeds off in a different direction.

Stig loops around and dives again. This time Mini and the Admiral pour fire out the windows at the plane. Bullets rake the cabin. Stig is forced to pull up.

STIG

We could pull back and track them.

Bobby taps blinking "LOW FUEL" light.

BOBBY  
We don't have the gas.

STIG  
That settles it then.

BOBBY  
Yup.

Stig banks the plane around and dives so that the plane is in a direct head-on collision course with the SUV.

IN THE SUV -

DEB  
They're coming right at us.

ADMIRAL  
They'll pull up.

IN THE PLANE -

Stig drops the Cessna so that its wheels scrape the ground.

STIG  
You sure you don't want me to pull up?

BOBBY  
Absolutely.

STIG  
Cool.

Plane and SUV hurtle at each other. 50 yards... 25... 10... Deb jerks the wheel. The SUV fishtails. **The Cessna T-bones the SUV.** The SUV barrel rolls. The plane goes ass-over-teakettle.

Then silence. The SUV lays on its side, tires still spinning. The plane sits inverted on its back.

INSIDE THE PLANE - Bobby and Stig hang upsidedown. Bobby claws at his belt release. Drops with a groan-inducing thud.

STIG (CONT'D)  
(groggy)  
Well, that was a hoot.

BOBBY  
You all right?

STIG  
Busted rib, maybe.

Stig pulls at his belts. Jammed.

Bobby looks over at the overturned SUV. The fate of its passengers undetermined.

STIG (CONT'D)  
Go on. I'm cool.

Bobby shimmies out of the plane. Gun drawn, he side steps toward the SUV. The SUV's engine hisses... The tires spin...

Bobby swings around the nose and levels his pistol through the fractured windshield at... Mini's dead body.

A pistol jabs against the back of Bobby's neck. It's the Admiral, his face bloody, his right leg dragging awkwardly.

BOBBY  
Stig?

ADMIRAL  
Drop the pistol.

BOBBY  
Stig, I kinda need your help here.

Stig, who has dragged himself free of the plane, sees the Admiral with a gun to Bobby's neck and snap draws his own. The Admiral pulls Bobby tight in front of him as a shield.

ADMIRAL  
Don't do it, sailor.

BOBBY  
Do it. Shoot him.

Stig considers the narrow angle he has on the Admiral.

STIG  
I don't know. It's tight.

BOBBY  
You won't miss.

STIG  
I could miss.

Rising up from a ditch, Deb levels her gun at Stig.

DEB  
Drop the gun.

STIG  
Aw, crap.

DEB  
I'll shoot you where you  
stand.

BOBBY  
Take the shot.

ADMIRAL  
She said to lay down the  
weapon.

STIG  
She's kinda got a gun pointed  
at me.

BOBBY  
Fine. I got yours. You got mine.

STIG  
If you miss and I get shot...

ADMIRAL  
I'm gonna count to three. One.

BLAM-BLAM - Stig and Bobby both fire. Bobby hits Deb in the chest. Stig puts his through the Admiral's eye.

Bobby crosses to Deb who is rapidly bleeding out.

DEB  
Say something nice.

BOBBY  
You always had a beautiful neck.

Deb dies.

Nearby Stig stands over the Admiral's body. Bobby joins him.

STIG  
Think they'll give him a full honor  
guard?

BOBBY  
Of course they will. There's no  
way they'll admit the truth.

STIG  
Well, that sucks.

The remaining CIA helo, its gun cannon locked on, glides out of the dawn and alights. Earl and the boys climb out. Earl motions to retrieve the money from the overturned SUV.

EARL  
You won't mind if we take back what  
was ours all along.

BOBBY

Would it matter if we did?

THICK

(aside to Earl)

You're just gonna let them go?

EARL

We have the money. The people who conspired to steal it are dead. We've got no further business with these gentlemen.

BOBBY

What about the warrants for our arrest?

EARL

A misunderstanding.

STIG

Both our names are clear?

EARL

I trust you'll find your own way home?

With that Earl climbs back into the helicopter and flies off.

STIG

What now?

Bobby cross to Deb's body. Takes the 400k out of her jacket. Tosses it to Stig.

BOBBY

For Mama Maybelle.

STIG

Thanks.

BOBBY

There is one more thing.

Bobby gives Stig a look.

STIG

Aw, you're not serious?

BOBBY

Leg or arm?

STIG

You're really gonna do this?

BOBBY

Looks like we're gonna have to walk out of here, so I'm thinking arm.

STIG

You are a petty, vindictive sonofa--

Bobby shoots Stig in the arm.

STIG (CONT'D)

Ow! Motherless-goat-sucking...

BOBBY

Hurts, don't it?

INT. MAMA MABELLE'S DINER - DAY

Mama opens a brown wrapped packet. Inside is the \$400k and a photo of her son in his dress uniform. On the back of the photo is a note: "A pitiful token in honor of your loss."

On Maybelle. Moved.

INT. BANK VAULT, 1ST STATE BANK OF CENTERVILLE - DAY

A long line of cash crammed safe deposit boxes. How much cash? Say 81.53 million? Earl flips the boxes shut. Slides them into their wall slots. Locks the doors.

EXT. 1ST STATE BANK OF CENTERVILLE - DAY

Centerville, Iowa is a placid mid-western small town. Exiting the bank Earl gets in a car with Mr. Lean.

ACROSS THE TOWN SQUARE - at a window table in the CENTERVILLE DINER are Bobby and Stig.

INT. CENTERVILLE DINER - SAME

Stig, his arm in a sling, scans the menu as Bobby watches Earl drive off.

STIG

I saw some nice looking blueberry pancakes go by.

BOBBY

When have I ever ordered pancakes?

STIG

There's always hope.

The waitress, MARGIE, approaches.

MARGIE THE WAITRESS

What can I get you, boys?

STIG

Well, Margie, I was looking over  
the menu here--

BOBBY

(cutting to the point)  
How are your jelly donuts?

MARGIE THE WAITRESS

To tell the truth, our donuts are  
kinda lousy.

BOBBY

I can't tell you how happy we are  
to hear that.

THE END