

**Banker Boy**

By: Spencer McDonald

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FADE IN:

A 1976 FORD PINTO travels down Speedway Boulevard in Tucson Arizona. The Pinto is faded and has a smashed right front corner. One headlight is burned out.

The car stops at red lights and proceeds at green. You hear the stereo playing country music but don't get a good view of the driver.

Other cars travel along side the Pinto. Some pass. A right hand signal light comes on and the Pinto turns into a saloon parking lot.

As the Pinto turns in you see a sign that reads: SIDEWINDER SALOON and the entire exterior is lit with Christmas lights that drape the roofline.

Brake lights come on and you hear squealing of worn brakes as the Pinto parks.

The driver's side door opens and RAY LANDING (28) gets out and walks toward the front door of Sidewinder.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALOON DOOR - NIGHT

Ray Landing is wearing a red flannel shirt and worn jeans. His belt buckle is a big Texas Longhorn and his boots are made out of Rattle Snake skin.

RAY

Any cover tonight?

BOUNCER

Nope. Come on in the girls are hot tonight.

Ray enters the saloon.

A police car travels slowly up Speedway shining his searchlight at random cars.

CREDITS END

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

Ray Landing is sitting three barstools away from two women who are playing a sex trivia video game. He nurses

a draft beer with a whiskey chaser sitting untouched on the bar in front of him.

Seventies rock music plays in the background while others can be seen shooting pool and throwing darts. Cigarette smoke hangs in the saloon air.

Two young ladies, ROBIN (22) and TAMARA (21) are sitting at the bar each with a long neck beer bottle in front of them. Both are dressed seductively and a bit on the skanky side.

Robin wears a low cut blouse with short denim skirt. Tamara is dressed in tight blue jeans and a tight Arizona State University midriff shirt.

Both girls are loopy, giggly and well over the legal limit to drive.

ROBIN

Member that game we played on them  
two college dorks last weekend.

(beat)

God that was a blast. I laughed til  
I almost peed my jeans.

Robin grabs for her long neck to take a drink and knocks it over on the bar. She picks it up quick and wraps her mouth around the over flowing foam from the beer bottle.

The BARTENDER (28) wipes up spilled beer on the bar top.

TAMARA

Take it easy girl.

(beat)

You're gonna get us cut off.

Both girls laugh. Robin pulls on Tamara's blouse begging to play their game like a little girl.

ROBIN

Pweez can we? Can we.

TAMARA

Come on. Straighten up. That bar  
tenders looking over here.

(pause)

See any ASU boys we can fuck with  
in this dump.

Robin looks over Tamara's shoulder to scan the tavern for potential male suspects to play their game with.

Tamara lights a Virginia Slim and takes a long drag on it as she flips her blonde hair as if getting ready for a date.

ROBIN

How about him? He looks like  
a dumb wanna be model.

Tamara turns on her barstool to look.

TAMARA

Which one?

ROBIN

The buff looking guy in Calvins  
playing pool.

Tamara turns back around on her barstool. She leans in closer to Robin.

TAMARA

We gotta be careful so remember,  
no names.  
(beat)  
Hey you got me?

ROBIN

Yeah yeah, no names. Got it.

Robin walks off toward the pool table where their game player finishes up a pool shot.

Ray slides over to Robin's empty barstool next to Tamara. He holds out his hand to shake hers with a friendly smile on his face.

RAY

Names Ray. What's yer name?

Tamara sets her Virginia Slim down and greets Ray. She shakes hands in a feminine manner with Ray.

TAMARA

(British Accent)

Ray.  
(beat)  
Do you know any sex trivia?

Tamara points at the trivia game her and Robin were playing.

TAMARA

Look at this question. 3.9% of all women surveyed say they never do what?

Ray shrugs his shoulders.

TAMARA

Wear underwear. Ray.  
(beat)  
Can you guess if I'm wearing any undies.

Tamara reaches out her hand and strokes Ray's cheek in a lustful way.

TAMARA

Well I'm not going to tell you.  
You're going to have to guess.

Ray glances down at Tamara's tight jeans as she spreads her legs just a bit to arouse Ray.

TAMARA

What do you say Ray?

Bartender sets a new draft beer on the bar in front of Ray and a new Whiskey chaser. He picks up the Whiskey shooter and drinks it all then gulps a big swig of his draft beer.

RAY

Woo Wee. I like games.  
(beat)  
I'd have ta say.  
(beat)  
No panties.

Ray smiles.

RAY

I uz listenin' ta ya girls talk bout playin' fun games with college boys.  
(beat)  
Sounds like fun. Can I watch?

TAMARA

Only if you are a good boy Ray and don't tell. You promise not to tell?

(beat)

Be a good bystander and I'll let you look and see if I'm wearing undies or not.

RAY

Deal. I'll be quiet as a church mouse.

INT. SALOON - POOL TABLE - NIGHT

Robin puts her arm around Bobby (21). Bobby leans hard on his pool stick to keep from falling over from the wobbling of Robin's drunkenness.

ROBIN

Been watching you play.

Robin lifts her beer and points with a free finger back toward the bar where Tamara and Ray are starting to introduce each other.

ROBIN

See that beautiful blond with the cigarette? That's my business associate from London. We're in advertising.

BOBBY

You two girlfriends?

ROBIN

She does look yummy enough to eat doesn't she?

(beat)

Just business associates. Shooting a Tommy Hilfiger underwear commercial Monday morning.

BOBBY

(skeptical)

And you two are in a tavern looking for the next Tommy Hilfiger model?

(beat)

Why Tucson. Seems like Phoenix or L.A. would hold more promise.

She playfully slaps Bobby on the chest.

ROBIN

College town dummy.

(beat)

Lots of sexy guys here in Tucson.

She stumbles away and sets her drink on an empty table then squares up her hands like a goal post and squints at Bobby's crotch.

ROBIN

Ever do any modeling?

BOBBY

Thought about it. My friends say I'd be good.

Robin shakes her head up and down in agreement.

She takes his pool cue and shoots at a ball on the table. As drunk as she is she makes the shot. After the shot she lays the cue on the table.

ROBIN

My friend sent me over to check you out. Looks like you got the right kinda ass we're looking for.

(beat)

Yeah I think you got the right stuff for our shoot. Interested?

Bobby checks out his ass in the full-length mirror on the wall.

BOBBY

Get outta town.

(beat)

Why me?

ROBIN

What's your name?

BOBBY

Bobby.

ROBIN

Well Bobby darling, you have the perfect ass for our underwear shoot but I don't get to make the last

(continued)  
decision my associate sitting over  
there does.  
(beat)  
It's her shoot. Come on she wants  
to meet you.

Robin grabs Bobby's arm and tugs him toward the bar  
where Tamara and Ray are sitting.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

Robin and Bobby stand behind Tamara and Ray as they  
flirt with each other.

Tamara spins around on her barstool, holds her hand out  
in a feminine way for Bobby to take.

Bobby takes her hand and kisses it.

ROBIN  
This is Bobby.  
(beat)  
What do you think?

TAMARA  
He looks good, but does he  
have the butt factor we need?

BOBBY  
What did you say your name was?

TAMARA  
Call me Candy.

BOBBY  
What a sweet name.  
(beat)  
I'm just a little skeptical about  
all of this modeling shit.  
(beat)  
Who do you say you work for?

TAMARA  
Bobby love I'm here on business  
from London. Bright and early Monday  
morning we're shooting a print layout  
for Hilfigers newest underwear line.

Tamara reaches out and touches Bobby on his chest then crosses her legs.

TAMARA

I'm looking for a bad boy with sex appeal and a bit of a hard edge.

(beat)

Bobby love that's why we're in a college town. We're searching for an all American looking guy. What better place than this saloon.

(beat)

If we need you Bobby dear are you available Monday morning?

Robin hands Bobby a piece of paper with an address on it.

BOBBY

I could be if the price is right.

TAMARA

Before we talk price I need to see you walk.

Tamara motions for Bobby to back up with her hands. She puts one hand on her chin in thought and looks Bobby up and down.

TAMARA

Can you walk for me sexy?

BOBBY

What? Right here? With all these people around?

(beat)

Are you sure you're here with Tommy Hilfiger?

ROBIN

Bobby, Candy can make you a super model. Shut up and listen to her.

(beat)

Whadda you got to lose anyway?

Tamara looks at Robin and shakes her head side to side indicating no.

TAMARA

Maybe our instincts are all wrong.

(continued)  
Maybe he hasn't got the right  
stuff.

ROBIN  
Come on I know he's the right guy.  
Look at that perfect ass. He's  
got our butt factor.

TAMARA  
Yes love but I'm not sure he's got  
the commitment we need.

With his beer in one hand and a cigarette in the other  
Bobby walks like he is modeling on a runway.

Tamara motions for him to spin around at the end of his  
runway walk and he complies.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

WREN RYDER (28) throws a losing lottery ticket into the  
trashcan next to his cluttered desk. He gets up from a  
desk and walks toward SIDNEY JONES'S (45) office.

The door is closed. He knocks on the smoked glass part  
of the door that reads FIRST DESERT SAVINGS & LOAN E.V.P  
SIDNEY JONES.

A booming voice comes through the door.

SIDNEY  
(muffled)  
Doors open!

Wren turns the knob to enter.

INT. SIDNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Wren stands inside the office and shuts the door.

Awards, degrees, family pictures, autographed  
memorabilia grace the office décor.

WREN  
Got a minute Mister Jones?

SIDNEY

Sit down Wren.

Stands and motions with his hand. He sits in unison with Wren.

SIDNEY

Wren you know I'm a busy guy today.

(beat)

Those bank auditors are all over me.

Sidney tosses an autographed baseball from his desk up and down while listening to Wren.

WREN

I wanted to see you because I bought this Hyundai. It's nothing but trouble and seems to be a giant lemon. Keeps breaking down and causing me to be late to work.

SIDNEY

You should have bought a more reliable car like my wifes Delta 88. Now that's a solid American made car. Oldsmobiles will do you right.

WREN

Is your wife's car for sale? If it is maybe you could loan me some money to buy it.

Wren shuffles in his seat and adjusts his tie.

WREN

Sorry. I realize you're busy and have no time for my bad jokes.

Sidney catches the baseball and sets it back in its holder. He leans forward.

SIDNEY

What is it you want? I'm sure you didn't come in here to bother me with small talk about your Hyundai. I really don't give a shit about your car troubles.

Sidney leans back in his chair folds his arms while staring at Wren.

WREN

You're right, sorry. It's just that I'm really having a tough time making ends meet on my current pay.

Getting angrier as he speaks.

WREN

Yeah. It's been over a year since my last raise and I was wondering...

Sidney jumps out of his chair and opens up his arms wide. He looks down at Wren sitting in the chair across from his massive desk.

SIDNEY

You were wondering what!  
If I'd pay you more money?

WREN

Yes sir. Its been over a year since my last raise.

SIDNEY

No! Now get the hell out of my Office!

Wren gets up defeated to leave. Sidney shouts at Wren as he walks out the door.

SIDNEY

You want more money. Play the lottery cause you sure as hell aren't worth one more dime to me or any other sucker who might offer you a job.

Sidney walks over and slams his door.

FLASH CUT:

INT. JONES'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Wren stands in front of Sidney Jones, grabs his striped tie and pulls him toward himself while severely head

butting Sidney. Sidney falls unconscious to the garage cement.

Wren pulls out a 45 magnum and pulls the trigger six times unloading bullets into Sidney.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ray pulls the curtains closed on motel room #112.

Tamara and Robin are flirting with each other while Tamara opens a fresh bottle of Tequila. They pour three complimentary motel glasses with tequila.

TAMARA

God. Our game gets better every weekend.

RAY

Wer'd yer accent go girl?

Tamara smiles at Ray.

Ray takes his glass of tequila and downs it. So do Tamara and Robin.

RAY

Ya girls play that game ever weekend?

Robin runs her finger down Ray's chest seductively.

ROBIN

Those dumb college guys are so fucking vain.

(beat)

And, oh my god, easy targets.

Ray takes their glasses and sets them on the mini bar. He pours another round of Tequila shots.

RAY

Common now girls. Ya promised me a good time.

(beat)

Let's get to it.

The girls become entangled in a full mouth kiss with each other. They separate and walk holding hands toward the bathroom.

TAMARA

Be a good boy we'll be right back.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Robin locks the door. The look of seduction escapes her facial expression and is replaced with a look of fear. Tamara continues to have a looks of fun and seduction.

ROBIN

Fuck. How are we gonna get out this?

TAMARA

I think he's kinda cute. I could watch you fuck him then hit him over the head with that empty tequila bottle.

ROBIN

That's not funny. The way he talks gives me the creeps.

(beat)

Can't we just hit him with the Tequila bottle when he's not looking and get the fuck outta here?

TAMARA

(scheming)

We could but...

ROBIN

No Tam. No more games tonight.

TAMARA

Tell you what Robin.

(beat)

If he lasts five minutes I'll give you five hundred bucks tomorrow.

Robin looks at Tamara in the bathroom mirror.

ROBIN

Promise?

(beat)

(continued)  
Five hundred?

Tamara seals their deal with a kiss on Robin's lips.

TAMARA  
Five hundred.

Robin runs her finger through her hair and takes a close look at her face in the bathroom mirror.

ROBIN  
Gimme a condom.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ray puts his arm around Tamara and whispers in her ear.

RAY  
Remember our deal.  
(pause)  
Ya promised to let me see if  
yer wearin' any panties.

Tamara pushes away from Ray and drinks her shot of Tequila.

TAMARA  
I've got a better deal for you.

RAY  
Ya do?

Tamara runs her index finger down the front of Robins blouse in a seductive way. She unbuttons one button on Robin's blouse.

RAY  
Ooooh wee! Another game. You girls  
is gonna make me cum in my britches  
for we even get to fuckin'.

TAMARA  
She agreed to fuck you for five  
hundred bucks while I watch. The  
game is you gotta last more than  
five minutes then she gets her cash  
in the morning.  
(beat)  
Sound like fun?

RAY  
Loads of fun. Let's play.

Robin begins to unbutton the rest of her blouse as she moves closer to Ray.

She turns her back to Ray so he can't see her remove her blouse.

Ray put his arm around her waist from behind and begins to nibble on her neck.

RAY  
Ya got a beautiful neck.

Ray grabs Robin's hair and pulls her neck back violently.

RAY  
Are ya watchin' this game?

Robin screams.

Ray slices her throat with a large hunting knife.

Blood spurts out.

RAY  
(looking at Tamara)  
Ya like my game?

Tamara jumps up from the motel chair and runs for the bathroom door screaming.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tamara screams uncontrollably and thrashes about searching for a weapon to use against Ray.

RAY (O.S)  
I like my game better. Don't ya  
wanna play?

He knocks slowly and methodically on the bathroom door.

RAY (O.S.)  
Common honey open the door and  
let's play.  
(beat)  
Think it uz fair to treat them

(continued)  
 boys like ya did?  
 (beat)  
 Seemed kinda shitty ta me.  
 (pause)  
 I got a final game fer ya. It's  
 called survival.  
 (beat)  
 Do ya think you'll win or die?

In one explosive burst the door crashes open by Ray's boot and he rushes at Tamara with his hunting knife.

They wrestle and push each other, and then you see stunned eyes looking at Ray as he pulls his plunged knife out of her stomach. She stands in shock as Ray plunges the knife into her again then one more time.

Tamara falls lifeless to the bathroom floor. With crazed eyes Ray bends down and carves R A Y into Tamara's lifeless body.

RAY  
 Ah, Ya didn't play long. I uz  
 hopin' for more fight outta ya.  
 (beat)  
 Gotta leave my signature. Cops  
 need ta know it uz me.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

MOTEL ATTENDANT (41) dials the phone.

DESK SARGENT (O.S.)  
 Tucson Police. What is your emergency?

MOTEL ATTENDANT  
 (frantic)  
 Hi this is the night clerk over at  
 the Lazy 8. I just heard loud screams  
 coming from one of our rooms. I just  
 rented it out about half hour  
 ago.

DESK SARGENT (O.S.)  
 Take a deep breath and relax. Good.  
 Now do you have the name of your  
 renter?

MOTEL ATTENDANT  
Registered as Ray Landing. He's in  
room 112.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

DESK SARGENT (45) is talking on the phone to the Motel Attendant. Desk Sargent picks up yesterday's newspaper and reads a headline while he talks.

DESK SARGENT  
Did you say Ray... Ray Landing?

MOTEL ATTENDANT  
That's the name he signed in as.

DESK SARGENT  
Did you see yesterday's paper?

MOTEL ATTENDANT  
No. Why?

DESK SARGENT  
I just picked it up and one of  
the top stories is about a killer  
on the loose in the desert. Says  
he leaves them dead with a name  
carved into their forehead.  
(beat)  
Know what name he carves?  
(pause)  
Ray. He's one sick bastard.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Attendant pulls open a drawer at the counter and takes out his gun. He checks to see if it is loaded.

MOTEL ATTENDANT  
Crap. What should I do?

DESK SARGENT  
If this is the sick bastard we'll  
get him. Just hang tight a couple  
of squad cars are on their way to

(continued)  
 the Lazy 8.  
 (beat)  
 Just lock your doors and hang tight.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Standing in front of the mirror Ray stares at himself.

Water runs in the sink. His hands are under the water  
 and blood runs down the sink.

FLASH CUT:

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

RAY'S DADDY (26) stands over his dead mother's body and  
 continues to stab her with the kitchen knife.

RAY LANDING (10) is in the door way watching.

RAY

Daddy?

Ray's daddy looks up to see Ray crying.

RAY'S DADDY

Yer no good momma has been askin'  
 fer a killin' fer a while now boy.  
 (beat)  
 I just know she's been out sleepin'  
 round on me. And look at you. She  
 don't know howda look after no kids.

Little Ray wipes tears off of his face with his pajama  
 sleeve.

RAY

Daddy. Wur should we put momma?

RAY'S DADDY

We'll dump her in the woods next to  
 yer sister.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ray opens the nightstand and takes out a copy of the GIDEON'S BIBLE and opens it up to the Ten Commandments.

He circles the fifth commandment that says "Thou shall not kill" in pencil then sets the bible open on the dresser top and leaves the room.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Two police cars and an unmarked police car are parked in front of room 112 next to Ray's Pinto.

A paramedic van, coroners van, and CSI car are parked outside the room as well. Lights are spinning on the two police cars.

Light shines out from the open motel room door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

COP 1 (31) stands at the dresser reading the circled bible verse. Two other detectives WAYNE (45) and STANLEY (48) are searching around the room.

The paramedic wheels Tamara's covered body out of the motel room. Others are setting up to do their job.

The motel attendant stands near the open door to the room and lights a cigarette as the paramedics wheel the covered body past him. His hands shake nervously.

COP 1

Wayne. You see this.

WAYNE

Is it a circled bible verse?

(beat)

Exdous chapter twenty verse thirteen?

Wayne, Stanley, and the Cop #1 stand in a group around the open bible looking at the open verse.

STANLEY

I'd say we just missed our Desert Serial Killer again.

(pause)

Guess we should bag it.

(beat)

Roger. Bag it for evidence.

ROGER (29) a CSI guy walks over and bags the bible for evidence.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Wren Ryder runs down the sidewalk with a leather brief case in his right hand.

He dodges in and out of pedestrians and cars as he runs up the sidewalk and street away from the bank.

He is wearing dress pants, a white shirt, paisley tie, and wing tip dress shoes.

His tie is swinging from side to side as he runs.

Alarms can be heard ringing as he runs with the security guards gun in his left hand.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXICAB - DAY

Ray listens to Kenny Roger's music while driving down Speedway Boulevard and singing along to the lyrics.

RAY

You gotta know when to hold em.  
Know when to fold em, know when  
to walk away know when ta run.  
You never count yer money when  
yer sittin at the table. Ther'll  
be time enough for countin when  
the dealins done.

(beat)

Now every gambler knows that the  
secret to survivin' is knowin what  
to throw away an knowin what to  
keep...

EXT. TAXICAB - DAY

Ray is stopped at a red light.

Wren runs up to the taxi and pounds on the passenger window.

Ray looks over at Wren who quickly opens the rear passenger door and gets into the taxicab.

INT. TAXICAB - DAY

Ray turns to look at Wren who is in the backseat of the taxicab now. He sees a security guard and Sidney running toward the taxicab out the back window.

Wren turns and looks with Ray.

RAY

Ya in trouble buddy?

WREN

(sarcastic)

No. Just out getting some exercise with my tie and wing tips on.

Wren pulls his stolen security guard pistol out of his pants pocket and points it at Ray.

RAY

What the hell ya doin'?

WREN

Just turn around and step on the gas cabbie.

Wren opens the brief case and grabs a stack of hundred and tosses them on the front passenger seat.

WREN

Now drive!

Ray's POV.

The taxicab screeches away.

Ray looks back at Wren through his rear view mirror. Wren is watching Sidney and the security guard fade into the heat ripples of the hot desert asphalt.

RAY

Do you know who I am?

Wren's POV.

He shrugs his shoulders and looks back at Ray through the rear view mirror.

WREN

Oh yeah. You're Glenn fucking Campbell.

(beat)

How the hell should I know who you are. You're just some cabbie. Should I know you?

RAY

Spouse not. Ya just win the lottery?

WREN

Kinda.

RAY

Kinda?

WREN

Yeah kinda. Those two dopes chasing me. Ones my former boss and the other's just pissed cause I stole his gun.

RAY

Look I don't need no more trouble. Got me enough already.

WREN

Why do you have trouble? You on the run or something cabbie?

RAY

Yeah. I got some troubles.

(beat)

Hey, other then robbery, whaddya do fer that bank?

WREN

Made loans.

RAY

And withdrawals.

Ray laughs. Wren rolls down his window and the CD resumes playing Kenny Rogers.

FADE TO:

EXT. PIMA AIR MUSEUM PARKING LOT - DAY

Ray shuts his door and tosses the keys to the cab into a strip of bushes about ten feet away. Wren opens his car door and gets out of the taxicab.

WREN

What the hell are you doing? Go get those keys and get back in this cab. Lets go!

Wren attempts to pull his stolen security guard pistol out of his pocket and drops it on the ground. He bends to pick it up. As he comes back up Ray is pointing a .357 at him.

RAY

Now I aint gonna say this again.

(beat)

I kinda like ya. And I can help ya but ya gotta let me.

(pause)

So here's the deal. You can throw that gun into those bushes and let me get you outta here scott free or...

WREN

Or what? You'll shoot me in...

RAY

That's right. In broad daylight.

Ray cocks his gun. Wren complies and throws the piece into the bushes.

A smile comes across Ray's face and he puts his gun into the back of his pants. He walks around the taxicab and puts his arm around Wren in a friendly way.

RAY

Now that uz fun. Shoulda seen the look on yer face when I said I'd shoot ya in broad day light.

(beat)

Iz gonna be fun travelin' with ya.

WREN

Why are we parked here?

Wren opens the door of the cab and takes out his brief case and sets it on top of the cab.

RAY

First time robbin' banks?

WREN

I don't make a practice of it.

(beat)

Guess I was just sick of working a dead end job. You know what that's like?

RAY

Yeah. My boss is gonna be pissed when he finds this cab abandoned.

(beat)

Sure I'll be fired.

WREN

Oh I'm sure I'm fired too. But I got all this cash now and won't need that pathetic job or any job.

(beat)

No more ass clown bosses always take take taking.

(Pause)

If I would have had my letter opener in my hand I might have stuck it right into his fat turkey neck.

Ray grabs the brief case off of the roof of the cab and Wren grabs Rays arm to stop him.

RAY

Chill out. We gotta start walkin' for a cop happens by here lookin' fer ya.

(beat)

Just tryin' ta help. Sounds liked I aint as greedy as you are.

Wren snatches the brief case out of Ray's hand.

WREN

What do you mean walk? It's fucking hot out here.

(beat)

Doesn't that cab have A/C?

Ray begins to walk toward the road and Wren runs to catch up.

WREN

Hey. The cabs got A/C. Let's ride.

RAY

What's yer name? Yer a funny guy.

(pause)

That bank guy saw ya get into the cab? Do ya think he called the cops? Do ya think the cops might be lookin' for a bank robber ridin' in a taxicab?

(beat)

My taxicab.

The lights go on in Wren's head and he lifts his brief case so Ray can see it and gives it a couple of pats with his hand.

WREN

I want to go to Nogales. If you help me I've got some cash for your troubles.

(pause)

Can you get me to Nogales?

Ray smiles at Wren and shakes his hand.

RAY

Sure banker boy.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP TABLE - DAY

Ray and Wren sit at a round table drinking coffee. Wren wipes coffee drips running down his paper cup with his napkin. Soft jazz plays in the background.

RAY

Good thing ya landed in my cab. Never know what kinda wacko is running loose out thar. Get into the wrong car and ya might not come out alive. Know what I mean?

WREN

You seem a little weird and...

RAY

And what? I just like ta have fun. Playin' games with people gets me hard.

WREN

Guess I should of asked for your background info before jumping into your cab. Didn't really have a lotta time for the formalities.

Ray laughs at Wren's attempted sense of humor. Ray takes a sip of his coffee.

RAY

Hey banker boy, whaddya say yer name uz?

WREN

I didn't. And it sure as hell isn't banker boy.

Wren shoots Ray an evil glare as he takes a bite of his bagel.

RAY

Don't get testy on me now. I just saved you from some jail time.

(beat)

Now... Whaddya say yer name uz?

WREN

Wren. Just Wren.

RAY

Gotta last name?

WREN

Don't worry about it. Just call me Wren.

Ray gets a psychotic look in his eyes and slams down his coffee cup spilling coffee on the table.

RAY

Well just Wren, how bout I reach under this table an grab yer nuts an squeeze a last name outta ya?  
(beat)

(continued)  
Cough it up banker boy.

WREN  
Stop calling me banker boy. My  
name is Wren Ryder.

Ray sits back in his chair and smiles. Wren pushes his  
half eaten bagel away from him.

RAY  
Well banker boy, I'm Ray.

Wren's POV.

His elbows are on the table and he is leaning forward.

WREN  
Can you get me to Nogales?

RAY  
Why ya wantta go ta Nogales?

WREN  
So I can hop the boarder and  
live fat and happy with all  
this cash.

Ray's POV.

He crumples up a used napkin and tosses it aside. Then  
he moves the centerpiece on the table to the side.

RAY  
Well banker boy if I take you to  
Nogales the cops ul surely be waitin'  
fer yer robbin' ass.  
(beat)  
Thar smart people. They anticipate  
yer moves even for ya do.  
(beat)  
Gotta think smarter.

Points to his head with his index finger.

RAY  
Gotta stay one step ahead.

Ray leans back in his chair.

RAY

No sir. I got me a better plan.

WREN

Ok. I'm all ears.

RAY

We get ta San Diego instead.

Wren shakes his head in acceptance. Ray leans back in and puts his elbows on the table.

RAY

Wer gonna need a car, and yer gonna need different clothes.

(beat)

Let's go.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP PARKING LOT - DAY

Ray is checking cars for an unlocked door. He is only checking expensive cars. The third door he checks is open and he gets into a PORCHE CAYANNE.

Wren is the spotter and nervously looks left and right for people watching.

WREN

You learn this driving cabs?

Ray smashes the ignition and connects two wires together the Porche starts. He sits up and puts the car into gear.

In the passenger seat is a newspaper with a headline that reads: DESERT SERIAL KILLER RUNNING AMUCK on top of a Nike gym bag.

RAY

Stop yammerin' and get in.

Wren opens the door to get in while Ray grabs the newspaper and throws it out the window. He tosses the gym bag into the back seat.

WREN

What was that?

RAY

It uz a newspaper. We don't need

(continued)  
ta read bout any bad news like  
serial killin' or...  
(beat)  
or bank robbin'.

Ray smiles and drives away in the Porsche.

CUT TO:

INT. PORCHE - DAY

Ray's POV.

RAY (O.S.)  
Nogales or San Diego?

WREN  
(smiles)  
San Diego.

Ray slaps the dashboard in excitement.

RAY  
Yee Haw! Let the games begin.

WREN  
By the way, what's your name?

RAY  
Ray. Ray Landing.

Wren gets a puzzled look on his face.

WREN  
Landing. Landing. Sounds familiar.  
(beat)  
How do I know that name?

RAY  
Probably sounds common.

WREN  
Probably. Come on Ray lets put  
some miles on the road before  
sundown.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIMA MUSEUM PARKING LOT - DAY

Wayne stands at the driver's side of his unmarked police car and holds the radio receiver in his hand. He thinks for a minute then pushes the button.

WAYNE

Dispatch his is Wayne.

POLICE DISPATCH (O.S.)

Go ahead Wayne.

WAYNE

I got an abandoned cab over here at the air museum.

(beat)

Can you send me a black & white and tow truck.

POLICE DISPATCH (O.S.)

Roger Wayne.

Take his finger off the radio button and sets his white Stetson on the car roof and opens the trunk.

A tied up dead cabbie is in the trunk. You see the letter R A Y carved into the cabbies forehead.

A second unmarked car pulls into the parking lot and drives toward Wayne. Stanley is seen driving. He pulls up next to where Wayne stands.

STANLEY

Whadda we got? Looks like another Ray Landing car.

WAYNE

Yep. Gotta vic in the trunk.

CUT TO:

INT. PORCHE - DUSK

Wren's cell phone rings. He fumbles for the phone in his pants pocket takes it out and looks at the caller id screen. The caller id displays: TUCSON POLICE.

RAY

Aint ya gonna answer it?

WREN

It's the cops. Whatta think

(continued)  
they want?

Wren and Ray both smile then the phone stops ringing. He tosses it into the center console of the Porsche.

WREN  
Where do you think a serial  
killer might hide out here in  
the desert?

RAY  
Ah, they might be anywhere. Deserts  
a big place.  
(beat)  
But don't you worry none bout it cause  
I got this big gun case somethin'  
happens.

Ray looks over at Wren while driving and holds up his  
.357.

RAY  
Ever use a gun on anyone?

WREN  
(sarcastic)  
Ever rob a bank?

RAY  
Not yet.

Ray examines his gun closer. He looks down the barrel then points it down to examine the handle. Wren shifts in his seat nervously as Ray plays with the gun while driving.

RAY  
Don't fret none. My daddy showed  
me how ta use guns when I uz a  
youngen.

WREN  
What to hunt with?

Wren nervously shifts in his seat as Ray plays haphazardly with the gun.

RAY  
Yeah. I been huntin' but that

aint what I uz talkin' bout.

WREN

Hey, knock it off you're scarin'  
the crap out of me.

(beat)

If I didn't know any better I'd  
think you were that Desert Killer.

Ray stops playing with the gun and puts it into the  
center console. He smiles at Wren in a playful manner.

RAY

All right. Hey ever pick up hitch  
hikers?

WREN

No. And it's probably not a good  
idea with a killer running loose.

RAY

Ah common banker boy lets take a  
risk, live a little, chance the  
night.

(beat)

Play some games. An we'd be  
heppin' someone who needs a ride.

WREN

I think we need a break.

(beat)

I got to take a piss.

RAY

Then we can pick up a hitchhiker?

Wren waves his hands to dismiss his question.

WREN

Whatever floats your boat.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - DUSK

The Porsche Cayenne pulls up to the pumps and stops. The  
headlights go out.

Both car doors open.

CUT TO:

INT. PORSCHE - DUSK

Ray opens the center console and puts his gun back into his waistband.

WREN

What are you doing?  
(beat)  
You don't need that were only getting gas.

RAY

You seen the price of gas. If thar gonna rob me I'm a gonna rob them theivin' bastards.

WREN

Were just gonna get gas and go.  
I'll be right back.

Wren grabs his brief case and gets out of the car.

As soon as Wren disappears from sight Ray pulls a cell phone out from his pants pocket.

The two cell phones are the same make and model. Ray switches phones in the center console.

INT. MINI MART - DUSK

Ray and Wren walk into the mini mart pulls out his .357 from his rear waistband and points it at the CLERK (25) behind the register.

WREN

What the hell are you doing?

RAY

Turn on pump four.

The clerk turns on the pump and raises his hands.

CLERK

Shit man take whatever you want.  
Just don't kill me.

WREN

You're not a cab driver are you?

RAY

Nope. Just borrowed it.

Ray keeps his gun pointed on the clerk while picking up souvenirs from the front counter and admires them.

Ray hold up a rattlesnake belt buckle. He reaches over and takes the clerks dark sunglasses and puts them on his head.

RAY

(talking to Wren)

Wouldn't I look good in this baby?

Ray stuffs the belt buckle into his pants pocket.

WREN

Armed robbery!

Ray becomes enraged at Wren's question and points the gun at Wren. He pulls the trigger and hits a display of beer cases instead of Wren. Beer squirts everywhere.

Wren drops to the floor and covers his head with his brief case.

RAY

And bank robbins' ok in yer book?  
(beat)

Wer gonna do thing my way. Now go  
get some duct tape and lets wrap  
this fucker up like a mummy.

With his brief case in hand Wren gets up from his cowering position on the floor and go to find duct tape.

RAY

Hey gas boy how bout a game?

CLERK

What.

RAY

Yeah. I got five bullets left in  
this gun.

Ray smiles while he schemes a game to play with the clerk.

RAY

Every hundred dollar bill ya pull  
out takes one bullet outta my gun.

(beat)

Hope ya got five of em.

The clerk pushes the "no sale" button and the drawer  
opens. He nervously counts money.

Wren walks around behind the register with a roll of  
gray duct tape. Ray winks at Wren. Wren shakes his head  
no at the clerk.

CLERK

I only got three.

RAY

Only three? That just aint good  
enough.

Ray opens the revolver on his gun and removes three  
bullets then shut the revolver with the two remaining.  
He cocks the hammer and places the barrel on the clerk's  
forehead.

WREN

Wait. Don't shoot him. Lets just  
wrap him up and get the hell outta  
here.

RAY

Now yer thinkin' banker boy. Wrap em  
up tight. I don't want em callin' the  
cops or nothin'.

(beat)

That is if he survives these two  
bullets.

Wren tapes up the clerk good. His hands, mouth, and eyes  
are wrapped tight.

Ray takes out the other two bullets after the clerk's  
eyes are covered. He leans over the counter and whisper  
in the whimpering clerks ear.

RAY

Where do ya want me ta shoot ya?

(beat)

How bout yer fat noggin'?

Ray pulls the trigger twice on his gun and nothing happens only two clicks.

RAY  
How'd ya like that game gas boy?

The clerk is crying. Ray roars with laughter.

RAY  
Look at his face.

WREN  
Let's pump our gas and get the hell outta here before the cops show up.

Wren follows Ray out to the car with his brief case in hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 8 - NIGHT

BECKY BLACK (28) hitch hikes along the highway. Several cars drive past her then she starts running toward a stopped car off screen. She is carrying a backpack.

You see car lights then the Porsche pulls slowly into sight.

Becky leans on the passenger side door with a lit cigarette in one hand.

RAY  
Hey girl where ya headin?

Becky smiles in a seductive way at Ray.

BECKY  
I'm going wherever you boys are going.

She waves off into the distance.

Asshole boyfriend just got mad and dumped me out here in the middle of nowhere.

Ray smacks Wren in the arm with the back of his hand.

RAY

Don't be rude banker boy. Let er in.

WREN

Maybe this isn't a good idea.

RAY

Ah, she looks safe. And I don't think that boyfriend ul be back a lookin' if he just dropped er in the middle a nowhere.

Ray's POV.

Looking past Wren.

RAY

Think he's a comin' back for ya?

Becky's POV.

She takes a drag on her cigarette and blows smoke into Wren's face.

BECKY

Nah. He's an asshole.

(beat)

Does crap like this all the time. I just hitch my way home then we make up if you know what I mean.

WREN

Sounds dysfunctional.

Becky tosses her cigarette on the ground and gets in the back seat. The Porsche starts down the road.

INT. PORCHE - NIGHT

Ray offers his hand behind him to shake hers.

She looks at Ray through the rear view mirror and grabs his hand.

RAY

Ray.

BECKY

I'm Becky.

Becky taps Wren on the shoulder to introduce herself.

BECKY

You aren't that serial killer  
are you?

Ray laughs.

RAY

That's banker boy. He's just  
uptight bout his brief case.

WREN

Lets not talk about the brief case.  
It's our little secret. We don't even  
know her.

RAY

Banker boys got piles a hundurds  
in it. He Showed em ta me.

Wren pulls his brief case closer.

BECKY

Why do you got piles of hundreds  
in that brief case.

(beat)

Rob a bank?

WREN

What if I did?

Turns to Ray.

WREN

I told you to stop calling me  
banker boy. My name is Wren.

Digging through her backpack Becky keeps talking to  
Wren.

BECKY

Aren't you the perfect one.

(beat)

Why you dressed up like that  
anyway?

(beat)

Going to a funeral?

(beat)

Who died? Your compassion.

Ray and Becky both laugh.

RAY

I think his sense a humor died.

Ray's POV.

With a smile on his face he looks at Becky in the rear view mirror.

RAY

Hey Becky ya like games.

WREN

No more games.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 8 - NIGHT

Wren walks along the side of the highway carrying his brief case.

Ray pulls up along side of Wren and rolls down the window.

RAY

Where you think yer goin' banker boy?

(beat)

Ya don't like playin' my games no more?

Wren ignores Ray and keeps walking up the highway. Headlights of opposite direction traffic race past Ray and Wren.

RAY

Nobody got hurt. That mini mart guy only peed himself.

(beat)

I uz only havin' some fun.

(beat)

An we got some free gas and three hundurd bucks.

WREN

You're crazy. I'm done riding with you. I'll get to Nogales on my own.

RAY

No yer not.

Ray opens the center console and dials his cell phone number. It rings in Wrens pocket. Ray hangs up the phone.

Wren takes the phone out of his pocket confused and looks at the caller id it reads: WREN RYDER.

RAY

I'z affaid you'd say that.

(beat)

Back at that gas station I switched phones with ya. Wanted ta be able to reach out and toucha.

Ray takes out his .357 and points it out the window at Wren as he walks.

WREN

Shit.

RAY

Now I aint askin' ya anymore. I'm tellin' ya to get in the car.

Wren makes a basketball like move. Faking one way then going the other. He runs.

Ray fires his gun in Wren's direction. Wren covers his ears and stops in his tracks.

Becky covers her ears and gives out a little scream.

RAY (O.S.)

My daddy taught me not to waste no lead.

(beat)

Next shot aint gonna miss. Now get your loser ass in this car.

Wren's POV.

Walks up to the Porsche and opens the passenger door. He gets in.

CUT TO:

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

Ray grabs Wrens brief case as he gets into the Porsche.  
He tosses it into the backseat to Becky.

The door closes and the Porsche travels on.

FLASH CUT:

INT. CHURCH CHAPEL - NIGHT

Ray is kneeling at the front of a chapel in prayer.  
Candles are lit.

RAY

Forgive me father. I can't stop  
stealin'.

Wren walks up behind Ray and swings his brief case at  
Ray's head. He makes a full connection and Ray fall over  
dead.

WREN

You are a sorry waste of life.

Wren stomps repeatedly on Ray's head. You hear crunching  
bones and see blood run under a pew.

CUT TO:

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

RAY

This is yer lucky day.  
(beat)  
You and I is gonna split banker  
boy's cash fifty fifty.

BECKY

Really.

RAY

Really.

Becky pops the latches on the brief case and starts to  
count all the stacks of hundreds in the brief case.

Becky's POV.

She points a stub nose .38 revolver in the direction of the front seats. She aims it back and forth at Ray then Wren.

BECKY

Well boys this really is my lucky day.

RAY

Put that gun away fore someone gets hurt. I told ya I'd split it with ya.

WREN

Shit!

(beat)

Why'd you tell her about the brief case in the first place?

(beat)

Now what?

Ray pokes his finger into Wren's side.

RAY

Shut up banker boy. You're the greedy one.

Car swerves.

BECKY

Hey hands on the steering wheel!

WREN

I'm not greedy.

(beat)

How about this.

(beat)

Ray throws in his stack of hundreds I gave him when he picked me up and he toss in the money he robbed from that gas station back up the road.

Becky's eyes move to the back of Ray's head and she sticks the gun into the back of his seat.

BECKY

You got more cash I don't know about?

Ray's eyes glances in the rear view mirror. He sees a police car approaching. Becky also sees the car in the rear view mirror.

Wren starts to turn around to look. Becky buries the gun into the back of Wren's seat.

BECKY

Keep your eyes forward.

(beat)

Slow down and let that cop pass.

Ray keeps checking out his rear view mirror. Lights and siren come on.

Ray's POV.

RAY

Shit.

Becky puts her gun back into her backpack.

BECKY (O.S.)

Just play it cool. Say anything  
and you're both dead.

Ray pulls the Porsche over. He rolls down the window.

FLASH CUT:

EXT. CHILDHOOD HOME PORCH - DAY

Ray's daddy shakes hands with the SHERIFF (50).

SHERIFF

I'm sorry to hear bout your wife.

(beat)

Seemed like a real nice gal.

RAY'S DADDY

Thank ya Sheriff.

(beat)

The boy and I is fixin' to have a  
bite soon. Would ya like to stay  
fer supper?

SHERIFF

That's real nice of you to offer.  
But I'm gonna have to ask you to

(continued)  
wait on supper. City folk lawmen  
asked me to come on out an take  
a look round your place.  
(beat)  
They think ya might a done your  
wife in your self.  
(beat)  
Aint got a warrant or nothin'.

The sheriff takes off his hat.

SHERIFF  
Think it'd be alright to step in  
for a minute of so? I'll be outta  
your hair quick then you and Ray  
can get on with your supper.

Ray's daddy opens the screen door.

RAY'S DADDY  
Come on in Sheriff, ya aint gonna  
find nothing' here.

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME KITCHEN - DAY

Ray (10) is stirring instant mashed potatoes at the  
stove.

SHERIFF  
Hey boy how are ya?

Sheriff lifts the lid on an old milk can, takes a quick  
peek inside then shuts the lid.

RAY  
Real good Sheriff.

Ray's daddy is behind the sheriff and plunges a kitchen  
knife into his back.

Ray stops stirring the mashed potatoes.

RAY'S DADDY  
Lets drag him outta here. He ainta  
gonna find out bout our dealins.

Ray and his daddy bends down and grab the Sheriff by his  
shirt shoulders and drag him toward the back screen  
door.

RAY

Where should we put em daddy?

RAY'S DADDY

We'll wrap him up in that tarp in the truck and dump him in the woods.

CUT TO:

INT. PORSCHE - DAY

STATE TROOPER (29) has parked on the side of the road and approaches the Porsche. He leans down to ask for a drivers license and registration.

Ray reaches for his wallet and comes up with the .357 from his waste band.

STATE TROOPER

Afternoon. License and..

The state trooper sees Ray's gun and wrestles to get his out of its holster.

Ray shoots the cop point blank in the chest. The shot kills him instantly. His body lies on slow lane of the asphalt.

As soon as the shots are fired at the state trooper Ray turns and fires one shot into Becky's forehead.

Blood splatters all over the back seat and partially onto Wren.

Wren thrashes about in his seat hysterically. He hits his ears to try and recover his hearing from the gunshot blasts at close range.

WREN

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Oh Fuck. Are you completely insane?

Ray waves the gun back toward Wren.

RAY

(exhilaration)

Whewee. Did ya see her head explode.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 8 - NIGHT

Ray holds Wren at gunpoint while Wren is directed to place the dead state troopers body in the back seat with Becky.

WREN

Killing a cop!

(beat)

I don't want any part of this.

Ray waves his gun wildly at Wren.

RAY

Well banker boy I didn't want any part of your bank robbin' but I am.

(beat)

Ever read the bible. Exodus 20 verse 15 Ya shall not steal. Ya broke the commandments just like I did now yer goin' ta hell just the same.

(beat)

Question is when are ya goin' ta hell. If ya don't shut up and do as tell ya yer goin' tonight.

WREN

Bank robbing and murder aren't the same. Ever see anyone to death row for stealing anything.

RAY

Says they are in the bible.

Ray slams the back door of the Porsche and pushes Wren toward the passenger door to get in the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDIAN RESERVATION - NIGHT

It is pitch black out. The only light comes from the headlights of the Porsche traveling down an abandoned dirt road on the Gila Bend Indian reservation. Dust blocks the brightness of the headlights.

The Porsche comes to a stop. Headlights are still on. Dirt floats in the air as both doors open.

EXT. PORSCHE HOOD - NIGHT

Ray sits on the hood between the beams of light holding the .357 on Wren. Wren stands looking at Ray.

RAY

Now it's buryin' time.

WREN

How do you expect me to bury these two without a shovel?

RAY

Ya know Wren I like ya. I don't wantta have ta take yer money and kill ya. I'd rather just leave ya here with nothing'.

(beat)

Just grab that rock and dig.

Ray reaches out with his rattlesnake boot and gives Wren a kick to his knees.

EXT. IN FRONT OF PORSCHE - LATE EVENING

Wren is bent down on his knees. He starts to dig into the soft desert sand with a sharp rock. Every now and then he look over under his arm at Ray as he digs.

Ray is sitting on the hood of the Porsche and looking through the darkness as rodents run through the brush. He is not paying full attention to Wren as he digs.

In a moment when Rays eyes wander away with a running rodent Wren decides it is now or never to escape and he dives for Ray. Both fall onto the ground. As they land on the ground Ray's gun falls out of his hand.

Both wrestle around trying to gain control of the gun. Ray gets and upper hand and grabs Wren by his shirt collar and slams his head hard into the ground. Wren's head hits a rock.

Wren goes unconscious.

RAY

I should kill ya but I kinda like ya. Ya gotta fighten spirt bout ya.

Ray wipes blood away from his mouth.

He picks up his gun and walks over to the driver's side of the car and gets in.

Ray drives slowly away.

Wren's brief case sits in the passenger seat with the .357 lying on top of the brief case.

EXT. INDIAN RESERVATION - MIDNIGHT

Wren wakes up groggy. He rubs the large bump over his ear where he hit the rock.

WREN

Son of a bitch. Ooch.

Wren stands and looks around for Ray. He becomes crazed and frantic when he can't find his brief case or Ray. Wren's crazed state dissolves into defeat then morphs into determination.

WREN

Fuck!

He runs up the abandoned road toward the Highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8 - MIDNIGHT

Wren running. He spots the police car under some brush just off of the freeway.

Two cars race by him as he stands with his back to the highway and squints to see the police car buried in the brush.

He pushes through the brush and opens the driver's side door. The "door ajar" bell sounds and he realizes the keys are still in the ignition.

Wren takes the keys.

He begins to get into the police car then stops and thinks for a minute.

WREN

Wait a minute.

Wren slams the door shut and runs back up the abandoned road.

EXT. INDIAN RESERVATION GRAVE - MIDNIGHT

Wren rummages through Becky's pockets. He sees her backpack laying about five feet from her body.

He lurches over toward the backpack, grabs it and unzips it. Wren tosses aside a pack of cigarettes, a hairbrush, and some smaller items. Looking into the backpack, which is almost empty, he sees her .38 gun and takes it. He checks to see if it is loaded.

Wren moves over to the dead cop, unclips his holster that holds a Glock 9mm.

Wren stands and puts the 9mm in his back waistband then throws the .38 out into the desert brush.

WREN

(to himself)

You son of a bitch. Taking my money is one thing, but killing is another.

(beat)

I'm gonna find you, get my money back and rid you from the world.

(beat)

You know. Like your bible says. An eye for an eye.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - MIDNIGHT

You see sheer determination on Wren's face as he grips the steering wheel with both hands. He speeds in a black and white POLICE CAR down the highway.

Cactuses, tumble weed, and road markers fly by. The police scanner is squawking away.

Suddenly Wren spots the Porsche parked at the ROAD KILL TAVERN just off the road.

Wren slams on the brakes. His eyes stay glued to the Porsche as the police car skids to a stop.

EXT. POLICE CAR - MIDNIGHT

You see black skid marks left on the hot asphalt. The police car turns around and heads toward the tavern.

The police car turns into the tavern parking lot.

The police car kicks up dust from the dirt parking lot.

Wren drives slowly behind the tavern out of sight. You see headlights go out behind the tavern.

CUT TO:

INT. ROAD KILL TAVERN - AFTER MIDNIGHT

The BARTENDER (34) is wiping down the bar as Wren stands just inside the double bar doors. He looks up as he hears the doors close.

Wren stands with his head hunched forward and a look of revenge on his face.

Bartenders POV.

BARTENDER

Help you?

WREN

Just looking for a friend.

Wren scans the tavern from left to right looking for Ray.

As he looks he walks toward the bartender.

WREN

Looking for a man with longish sraggly hair, red flannel shirt, and a split lip where I smacked him with my fist.

(beat)

Seen em?

Wren pulls out a stool and straddles it to sit at the bar in front of the bartender.

He points at the selection of booze bottles behind the bar.

WREN

How about a Grey Goose and seven.

Bartender turns and pulls down the Grey Goose bottle and pours a double into the glass. He looks up at Wren in a

quizzical manner as he pours then squirts 7up into the glass from the bar hose.

BARTENDER

You look a litte beat up. You  
sure that guy you smacked didn't  
get the better of you?  
(beat)  
What happened?

Wren snatches the glass from the bartender and takes a long drink.

WREN

Thanks.

BARTENDER

That's a nasty bump?  
(beat)  
Aint gonna be any trouble are  
you?

Wren scans the bar again for the sight of Ray. Then he leans in closer to the bartender.

Bartender leans in closer to hear Wren.

WREN

Buddy you wouldn't believe  
my story. You'd say it was  
all malarky.

Bartender dismisses Wrens statement with a shake of his head.

Wren takes a second drink from the glass and finishes his drink. He slides it away from him toward the edge of the bar.

BARTENDER

See the guy you're look for yet?

WREN

No. But I know he's here somewhere  
cause his stolen Porsche is parked  
outside.  
(beat)  
And that rat bastard's got my money.

BARTENDER

Your money?

Wren looks squarely into the bartender's eyes and hits his chest with both of his hands and he emphasizes his answer.

WREN

My money.

The bartender raises his hands as if to give up. He picks up Wren's glass and turns to grab the Grey Goose bottle.

WREN

Sorry. Didn't mean to scare you.  
I'm not really a whack job.  
(beat)  
The sick son of bitch who I was  
riding with is the whack job.

BARTENDER

Why do you say that?

Bartender hands Wren a fresh drink of Grey Goose and seven. Wren takes the highball glass and drinks slower than before.

Barmaid calls out a drink order from the right side of the bar.

BARMAID

Can I get a double shot of tequila  
(continued)  
and two Pacificos? Thanks.

WREN

Got myself into a kinda jam.

Bartender sets up two shot glasses and pours the tequila.

BARTENDER

Oh yeah?

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD KILL PARKING LOT - AFTER MIDNIGHT

A plain marked police car pulls into the tavern parking lot. The headlights go out. Only the parking lights are lit as the police car slowly drives around the parking lot.

The police car drives past the parked Porsche and doesn't even stop to investigate. It drives on behind the tavern where Wren parked the police car.

The unmarked police car comes to a stop at the rear bumper of the stolen police car.

STANLEY (O.S)

Dispatch, I'm over at Sidewinders.  
I've got a positive match on our  
missing police car.

(beat)

Gonna need some backup. Send it  
over right away.

DISPATCH (O.S)

Will do Stanley.

CUT TO:

INT. ROAD KILL TAVERN - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Wren reaches behind his pants, grabs the police issue 9mm and lays it on the bar in front of the bartender.

The bartender jumps away from the bar. He starts to duck for cover.

WREN

Hey. I told you I'm not gonna  
hurt you.

Wren stands on the rings of the barstool and peers over the bar at the cowering bartender who is squatting with both elbows pulled up and wrapped around his head.

Others in the background duck under tables for cover.

WREN

Come on. Get up. I told you I'm  
in kind of a jam.

The bartender stands cautiously with his back against the rack of booze on the wall.

BARTENDER

If its about the drinks there on the house. Just don't start shootin' up the place or the people.

WREN

Don't worry I'm not gonna shoot up your place or you.  
(beat)  
Only got designs on shooting that whack job who stole my money and did them people in back up the road.

BARTENDER

Did some people in?

The lights in the bartenders mind go on and he snaps his fingers as his memory comes back.

He hits the "no sale" on the cash register. The cash drawer opens with a ding. Frantically he shuffles the hundreds then lifts the plastic cash drawer and pulls out a white envelope.

BARTENDER

Your name Banker Boy?

WREN

No goddamn it. My name is Wren.  
(beat)

Only that whack job would write that? He thinks he's a comedian.

The bartender picks up the envelope and tosses it on the bar as he scoops up the gun and places it under the bar.

BARTENDER

Just in case you are that Desert Serial Killer I'll hang on to this for you.

WREN

(laughs)

Serial Killer. Want some real humor. The whack job that handed you this envelope was your serial killer.

CUT TO

EXT. ROAD KILL TAVERN PARKING LOT - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Two new police cars pull into the parking lot and drive around the back of the tavern parking lot.

Both police cars drive only with there parking lights on so they are not noticed.

The driver's side door opens from each of the police cars.

Stanley spits out a plug of chew and wipes his mouth with his open palm.

STANLEY

Boys. We got a tip that banker  
boys inside.

Wayne kicks a rock out of the way and leans against the trunk of the stolen police car.

WAYNE

You gotta stop chewing Stan. Aint  
your wife just grossed out by that  
shit in your mouth?

Stanley shoves Wayne in a playful way.

JOSE(31) is the third police officer at the scene. Jose doesn't speak much English and only nods and laughs at conversation and banter.

STANLEY

Only piece of shit here is inside.

WAYNE

Heard we got an anonymous tip on  
his whereabouts.

(beat)

The guy who turned him in knew  
exactly where he would be and  
refused to come in for the reward  
money. Said he only wanted  
him caught.

(beat)

His voice gave me the creeps.

Stanley puts in a new plug of chewing tobacco and tugs on his utility belt.

Jose adjusts his gig line.

STANLEY

Well. Lets go get em.

CUT TO:

INT. ROAD KILL TAVERN - AFTER LAST CALL

Wren turns the envelope over and reads the writing on the front. It says: FOR BANKER BOY.

He snickers at Ray's warped sense of humor and rips the end of the envelope open. Inside is a one hundred dollar bill and a letter written on a police issue notepad from the dead police officers vest pocket.

Wren folds the hundred and slides it into the front right pocket of his pants. He reads the letter.

BARTENDER

Is that the guy you're looking for?

WREN

(while reading)

Yep. Know what time he left here?

BARTENDER

Had too a been about hour and half ago. He just finished his whiskey shot, tossed me this envelope and (continued) a twenty and walk out.

WREN

You see which way he went?

BARTENDER

Nope. I was busy cleaning up a mess at the other end of the bar.

Wren's POV.

You see the words of the letter as Wren reads.

INSERT.

RAY (V.O.)

Banker Boy. I like to play games. Do you like to play? Here's the game.

I take your stolen cash and you come take it back before I get to San Diego. I'm only giving you 48 hours then the game is over and I win. So that I know you will play here is the twist. Every twelve hours one more victim will lose their life at my hand. P.S. Oh by the way, here's one more small wrinkle. I called the cops and let them know you would be at the Road Kill right about now. You better run banker boy. See you soon.

Wren shakes his head in disgust and folds the letter and stuffs it into his pants pocket.

FLASH CUT:

EXT. ARMORED CAR - DAY

Wren drives an armored car. Determination and revenge are seen in his facial expressions. He hits Ray at full speed while Ray stands on the centerline of the highway.

As the armored truck moves past the dead body of Ray you see a personalized license plate frame that reads: BANKER BOY.

CUT TO:

INT. ROAD KILL TAVERN - AFTER LAST CALL

Stanley, Wayne, and Jose storm through the front door of the tavern. Their guns are drawn as they bust in.

Wren has his back to them. He calmly sets his Grey Goose and seven on the bar top and spins around in his barstool.

STANLEY

Keep those money grubbin' hands where we can see em banker boy.

Wren raises his hands in surrender.

As he raises his hands his cell phone rings in his pocket.

WREN

Goddamn it my name is Wren. Wren fucking Ryder.

(beat)  
Do you mind if I answer my phone?

WAYNE

Hey! Put one hand in your pocket  
and Stanley will start shootin'.  
He's kinda angry right now cause  
he had to stay up late just for  
you.

Wayne spins Wren around to cuff him. He cuffs him while  
pushing his legs apart and landing his face against the  
bar.

Stanley and Jose holster their guns.

STANLEY

Wren Ryder. Yep you're the guy who  
robbed that Desert First over on  
Speedway.

(beat)

We been lookin' for you. Read him  
his rights Jose.

Jose who has been mainly following his elders' lead  
steps forward toward Wren and pulls out a 3x5 card.

Wren is stood up and turned around to face Jose.

The bartender talks with the barmaid over to the side of  
the bar.

JOSE

(in Spanish)

You have the right to remain silent...

STANLEY

In English Jose.

JOSE

You have the right to remain silent...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Wren's POV.

Cell phone is ringing as they drive.

Stanley looks into the rearview mirror at Wren.

STANLEY

Got a drug deal you need to make?

WREN

Funny.

STANLEY

Funny alright. Funny that you would call from your own cell phone and turn yourself in.

WREN

What?

STANLEY

Why would you want to rat on yourself?

Stanley turns down the police radio.

WREN

My cell phone was stolen. You may know the guy who stole it.

Stanley looks at Wren through the rear view mirror.

STANLEY

Who?

WREN

Oh are we negotiating?

(beat)

You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours.

STANLEY

Or I just pull over and shoot you in the back and say you were trying to get away.

Stanley slows the car to pull over.

WREN

Ok. You're as crazy as he is.

STANLEY

Who? Tell me.

WREN

Ray Landing. You know him?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERIGATION ROOM - DAY

There is a bright light that hangs down from a high ceiling. In the middle of the room are a single table and two chairs. One chair is a metal folding chair and the other is metal but padded on the seat and backrest. All of the walls are painted battleship grey. All the walls are empty except for one wall which has a two-way mirror and a plaque that reads: CRIME DOESN'T PAY.

Wren and Stanley are seated at the desk. Stanley is pulled up to the table and Wren sits shackled in leg irons and handcuffs pushed away from the table.

Stanley opens a manila folder, which is full of pictures, notes, and letters.

STANLEY

Says here you took a load a cash  
from Desert First.

Stanley waits for Wren to answer but only gets silence.

Stanley spits out a big mouth full of chewed up tobacco right on Wrens shoe as he sits in silence.

STANLEY

Whadda we got a mute here?

Wren shakes his shackled feet violently and the chew flys around the room and onto Stanley.

STANLEY

Hey asshole!  
(beat)  
We got a positive id on you.

Stanley throws a statement written and signed by Sidney at Wren.

STANLEY

Yeah we know you robbed the bank.  
What we don't know is what you did  
with the money.  
(beat)

Where is the money? You better tell me.

Wren is silent. He only stares intensely at Stanley.

Stanley gets up disgusted and throws the file full of paper across the room hitting Wren. An envelope, containing the note written by Ray lands on the floor.

STANLEY

Well. You better start talking or I'll see that the judge throws the book at you.

WREN

Talking to you?

(beat)

About what? Your bad breath. Your fat gut. Or do you want to talk about your wifes undies?

(beat)

I know where those are.

Wren giggles at his wit. Stanley jumps at Wrens throat to choke him.

Wayne dashes through the door and removes Stanley from the room.

WAYNE

Hey. Hey. Stop it!

STANLEY

This guy thinks he's a big joker. He knows where the money is. I think I'll beat it out him.

Stanley lunges toward Wren again and is restrained by Wayne.

WAYNE

Come on lets go out in the hallway and get some air.

STANLEY

(to Wren)

You better start singing like a bird.

Stanley complies and going into the hallway. Wayne stays in the interrogation room and sits in the open chair. He

smiles at Wren and shakes his head. Wayne is the good cop.

WREN

He needs some anger management classes.

Wayne leans forward to speak to Wren.

WAYNE

You gotta know you're in some serious trouble here.

(beat)

Do you know you're in trouble?

WREN

You mean do I know the difference between right and wrong. Do I know that bank robbery is a crime?

WAYNE

Exactly. I'm a bank robber not stupid.

WREN

I know. But you and barney fife got more trouble than just putting me away for taking some money.

Wayne leans back in his chair and give Wren a quizzical look.

WREN

That whack job I was riding with is the guy you want. He is your big catch. I think he's the Desert Serial Killer.

WAYNE

How do you know?

WREN

Cause he left me for dead on the rez with a dead cop and hitch hiker. He shot them both right in front of me. And he has my cell phone and I have his.

(beat)

Didn't I call and turn myself in. Why in the hell would I do that?

WAYNE

So you witnessed Ray Landing murder someone?

WREN

(perturbed)

That's exactly what I'm saying to you.

Wren moves his head toward the floor where the envelope rests.

WREN

You geniuses read that letter on the floor?

WAYNE

No. If I read it will you tell me where the money is?

Shakes his head up and down to indicate yes.

Wayne stands up to see the envelope. He walks around the table and picks it up.

WAYNE

How'd you get that nickname Banker Boy anyway?

WREN

The whack job who wrote that letter kept calling me banker boy. I should kill him just for that.

Wayne takes the letter out of the envelope, slowly unfolds it, and reads silently. Wren is shifting uncomfortably in his metal chair.

WREN

Hey, you think you might let me out of these restraints so I can stretch?

WAYNE

Yeah I think so.

Wayne sets the letter down then uncuffs and unshackles Wren's feet and hands. Then he sits back down and reads the rest of the letter.

After finishing the letter he leans forward with one elbow resting on the table and his hand over his mouth in thought over the content of the letter.

He stands and folds the letter and puts it into his pocket.

WAYNE

Ok I read your letter now you promised to tell me where the money is. Where is it?

WREN

It's in a brief case.

WAYNE

Where's the brief case?

WREN

Your boy Landing has it now. He stole it from me.

Wayne pulls out a pack of cigarettes and offers Wren one.

WREN

No thanks. Those things will kill you.

WAYNE

Can you tell us where those bodies are?

WREN

I can but...

WAYNE

But what... You want to be an accomplice.

WREN

Cut me a deal and I'll sing.

Wayne lights his cigarette.

WAYNE

I think I might be able to cut a deal if you help us catch him.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Wayne and Stanley enter Wren's holding cell. Both are wearing blue jeans with big belt buckles, cowboy boots, and a white dress shirt. Pinned over the breast pocket is a badge shaped like a star that reads: SPECIAL TASK FORCE.

Wayne sits on the cot next to Wren and tosses his cowboy hat down on the cot.

WAYNE

Stanley and I have been thinkin'.  
(beat)  
That letter you had. You didn't  
write it did you?

STANLEY

Sounds like something smart allicky  
you might pull.

Wren stands up and walks to the other side of the cell.

WREN

Stanley. If I had the chance to beat  
you silly I would give it a shot.  
(beat)  
No. I didn't write that letter.  
(beat)  
This Ray guy is a complete lunatic.  
He just happened to be in the way as  
I tried to make a get away from the  
bank and I landed in his cab. Only it  
turned out not to be his cab.

STANLEY

Talk about bad luck.

WREN

He said he would drive me to Nogales  
for a price. I didn't really have a  
plan other than to just grab the cash  
and run.

WAYNE

How much did you grab?

WREN

About two million I think. The

(continued)  
federal reserve car had just left  
the bank.

Wren paces as he talks then walks over to the bars and  
grabs hold with both hands.

WREN

I was sick of the fat pompus bastard  
Sidney. Always sitting in his office  
thinking he's better than everyone  
else just because he's the boss.

Wren turns to face Wayne and Stanley.

Wayne stands up, picks up his hat and hits his blue  
jeans to dust it off.

WREN

Hey. Why are you guy dressed like that?  
I thought you were just regular cops.

STANLEY

Wayne and I are part of a special  
task.

WAYNE

We've been assigned to track and  
catch Landing.  
(beat)  
We figure he's killed about forty  
plus people over the last six months.

STANLEY

Far as we can tell he's left bodies  
from Los Angeles to Deming.

WAYNE

So we spoke to the chief and the  
prosecutor and they have given us  
permission to cut you a deal if you  
help us nab Ray.

STANLEY

Are you in?

Stanley pulls a can of tobacco out of his back pocket  
and takes a dip then offers Wren some. Wren shakes his  
head no.

WREN

I'm in.

Wayne puts on his hat and all three walk out of the cell.

WREN

Wait. We'll need Ray's cell phone.  
That's how we were going to make  
contact with him.

CUT TO:

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Ray drives a yellow cab down Speedway. He stops at a red light.

From the trunk comes muffled sounds then the car bounces a little from the bound cab driver in the trunk kicking and trashing about.

Ray turns up the country station playing in the car. The light turns green and he slowly proceeds forward. At the next side street Ray turns right and stops at the curb. He parks and turns the music off.

EXT. CAB - NIGHT

Ray gets out of the cab and walks to the trunk. He opens the trunk to reveal a bound foreign CAB DRIVER (35). The cabbie is bound with duct tape around his arms, legs, and mouth.

Ray takes a picture of the cabbie with the cell phone and emails it to his cell phone.

Calmly Ray picks up the tire iron then suddenly becomes violent and starts beating the cabbie repeatedly.

RAY

Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! I told  
you to shut up!

The tire iron is tossed back into the trunk. The cabbie is bloody and crying in pain.

He take another picture with the cell phone and emails it to his cell phone.

RAY

One more word out of you. One  
more kick inside this trunk and  
I'll...  
(beat)  
I'll toss you under a moving car.  
Now shut up! I gotta think.

The trunk lid is slammed shut. Ray gets back in the cab  
and it drives away with the radio playing again.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

Stanley puts a hand on his shoulder as he opens the car  
door.

STANLEY

I don't want any funny stuff outta  
you. You're only here to help us  
catch your friend.

Wren turns to face Stanley with the door open.

WREN

He's not my friend.  
(beat)  
So if I help you guys pull this  
off then what?  
(beat)  
What kinda deal am I getting?

Stanley pokes Wren in the chest with his finger and  
pushes his sunglasses down on the fat part of his nose  
to look at him eye to eye.

STANLEY

You know I don't much like you  
and don't really care about cutting  
you a deal. That was the chief and  
Wayne's idea. In my eyes you're just  
criminal trash. I'd let you rot.  
(beat)  
But here's what I will do. If you  
even think about double-crossing me  
I'll shoot you and leave you for dead.  
Now get in the car!

Wren turns to get in the car. As he sits down he gives Stanley a look of death.

WREN

And if you even think about eating one more Fatburger I'll scare you to death with a slim fast shake.

Wayne laughs at Wren's sarcastic humor.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The taxicab is parked being gassed up.

Ray is dialing numbers on the cell phone. You hear the beep of the numbers as they are depressed then the ringing of the phone in Ray's ear as he waits for an answer.

DESK SARGENT (O.S.)

Tucson Police. What is your emergency?

RAY

I want ta talk ta that bank robber yer holdin'.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Desk Sargent realizes he has Ray Landing on the line. He covers the talking part of the phone with his hand.

DESK SARGENT

Tell the chief our Serial is on the line.

(beat)

Hurry up.

A police officer sitting at a desk behind the Desk Sargent picks up the line with Ray on it and presses a button to listen in and record.

Desk Sargent takes his hand off of the phone to talk.

DESK SARGENT

No can do. That guy is locked up.

(beat)

Is this his lawyer?

RAY (O.S.)  
This aint his lawyer. This is his  
money manager.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Ray slams the gas nozzle back into the pump.

RAY  
(irritated)  
Hey bozo. Ya tell banker boy  
I got iz money and I aim to keep  
my promise if I don't hear from  
him straight away.

DESK SARGENT (O.S)  
Is this Ray?

Ray hangs up the phone.

He smacks the trunk lid with his palm.

RAY  
Yer times runnin' out cabbie.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

The cell phone rings.

Stanley picks it up and looks at the caller id number.

STANLEY  
Says Wren Ryder's calling.

WREN  
It's him. Gimme the phone.

Stanley tosses it to Wren. He answers.

WREN  
Ray. How's my money?

RAY (O.S.)  
I like havin' all this green.  
(beat)  
Ya want it back?

WREN

Oh I'll get it back.

RAY (O.S.)

Sounds like ya ready ta play

our game now.

(beat)

How'd ya get outta jail so quick?

WREN

I have some new friends in high  
places.

(beat)

Sure I'll play. Seems I have  
nothing better to do right now  
anyway.

RAY (O.S.)

Whewee! This is gonna be fun.

WREN

Fun. Yeah. But I'm gonna need a  
clue. Where you headed?

(beat)

Still San Diego or...

RAY (O.S.)

San Diego.

(beat)

Hey, did ya check out them pictures  
I sent ya?

Wren covers the mouthpiece.

WREN

Ray's headed to Nogales.

(pause)

Did you say pictures?

RAY

Check out them pictures I sent  
ya.

Ray hangs up the phone.

Wren holds the phone out in front of him and examines  
the pictures Ray emailed.

Wren tosses the phone to Stanley to view the pictures of the cabbie bound in the trunk of the cab.

WAYNE

What's up?

STANLEY

We're gonna need a helicopter to get ahead of this maniac.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 8 - DAY

Ray stands at the trunk of the cab with the cell phone to his ear.

RAY

Banker boy? Sounds loud.

(beat)

I changed my mind. Instead of just going to San Diego alone I think I'm gonna bring a friend. Can ya guess who?

WREN (O.S.)

You have friends?

RAY

Ya. I found your mom's number in yer phone. Maybe I'll pay her a visit.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Wayne is tapping on his palm pilot.

Stanley takes a big dip of chewing tobacco.

WREN

(agitated)

This game is between you and me.  
Leave my mom outta this game.

He nudges Stanley as he stuffs chew into his mouth.

WREN

He's going after my mom.

WAYNE

What?

Yelling over the helicopter noise.

WREN

Says he's gonna call my mom and kidnap her. Says he's gonna take her to San Diego with him.

STANLEY

You said he was goin' to Nogales.

WREN

Just a gut feeling but I know he's going to Nogales not San Diego because he thinks he is playing a game with our minds.

Wayne puts his palm pilot back into his vest pocket.

WAYNE

We gotta make sure he's going to Nogales. I got an idea.

FADE OUT

EXT. MOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Wren's MOM (62) lives in a small well kept stucco home in the Sam Hughes neighborhood with a white picket fence and a perfectly cut lawn.

Wren and his mom embrace.

Stanley and Wayne break up the reunion.

MRS. RYDER

Why Wren? Why did you steal that money? You had such a good job. Just give it back.

(talking to Wayne)

Can't he just give it back?

Mom's mood shifts from excitement to see her son to disgust with his actions. She slaps him across the face.

WAYNE

Mrs. Ryder. I'm detective Wayne.

He holds out his hand and they shake hands. Stanley shake hands with Mrs. Ryder.

Wren doesn't have the money  
Any...

MOM

(interrupting)

Where'd it go Wren?

WAYNE

Easy Mrs. Ryder. The man Wren was riding with has the money now. The man he was riding with is a very bad man.

MRS. RYDER

(confused)

Well who is he?

STANLEY

He's the desert serial killer.

She starts to feel sick and sits on the steps of her porch.

Stanley helps her down to sit on the steps.

INT. MOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Wayne walks into the living room from the kitchen with a large glass of ice water and gives it to Mrs. Ryder who is sitting in an easy chair. Stanley and Wren sit on the sofa.

WAYNE

Drink this, you'll feel better.

MOM

Thank you.

Wayne sits in another easy chair next to the sofa.

She takes a long drink and wipes the dribble off of her lip.

WREN  
(whispers)  
Mom. I'm sorry.

WAYNE  
Mrs. Ryder we need your help and we don't have a lot of time to explain. Stanley and I have been after this killer for the past six months. If you help us catch this serial killer it will look favorably to Wren's situation.

Wayne pulls a statement out of his vest pocket. He hands it to Mrs. Ryder.

WAYNE  
Part of the deal I have been allowed to cut Wren is this sworn statement signed by Sidney Jones.

MRS. RYDER  
I'm sorry. Who is Sidney Jones?

STANLEY  
It was Wren's boss over at the bank.

Mrs. Ryder sets her glass of water on the end table and picks up a pair of reading glasses then put them on.

WAYNE  
You can read it but to summarize it says no charges will be pursued if Wren pays back all the money he found and helps us brings Ray Landing to justice.

Mom hands the statement back to Wayne and walks over to the mantle. She picks up a picture of Wren as child.

Stanley and Wayne give each other a glance. Wayne shrugs his shoulder to Stanley to suggest he is not sure whether Mrs. Ryder will agree to help or not.

STANLEY  
Mrs. Ryder?

WREN  
What are you thinking about? This whack job told me he's coming to

(continued)  
kidnap you.

Mom sits back in her chair and glares at Wren with disgust.

MRS. RYDER  
Boys, how can I help?

WREN  
Thank you. Thank you. I love  
you mom.

EXT. BACKYARD DECK - DAY

Mom sits in a chaise lounge fanning herself with the mail to beat the Arizona heat.

The phone rings and it startles her. She holds her chest then composes herself and answers.

MOM  
Hello.

RAY (O.S.)  
Oh is this Mrs. Ryder?

MOM  
Yes.

RAY (O.S.)  
I'm a friend of Wren's. We worked  
together at the bank and he asked  
me to call you.  
(pause)  
Mrs. Ryder you know he was arrested  
for robbin' the bank don't cha?

She drops the mail on the deck.

MOM  
Yes I know. The police said I  
couldn't see him yet.  
(beat)  
What was your name?

RAY (O.S.)  
If you don't mind I'd like to be a  
good Samaritan and take you to see  
Wren. Can I come by and pick you up

(continued)  
 this evening?  
 (beat)  
 If we show up they'll have to let  
 you see him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY DUMP - DAY

The trunk of the taxicab is open.

Ray's hands are covered in blood.

In one hand he holds a bloody knife and in the other the  
 cell phone.

MOM (O.S.)

Do you really think they'll let  
 me see Wrenny if we show up.

RAY

Sure they will.

(beat)

Where can I pick you up?

With the knife Ray reaches down and carves R A Y into  
 the dead cabbies forehead.

He slams the trunk of the cab.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD DECK - DAY

MOM

Oh I'm a wreck. They might arrest  
 me if I show up looking like hell.  
 Can we do it tomorrow?

RAY (O.S.)

Tomorrow. Sure why not. What's  
 yer address?

Mom looks at her fingernails then blows on them.

MOM

On Thursdays I go to Sonoita for  
 the horse races. Can we meet there?

RAY (O.S.)

Oh I love the ponies. Happens to be a horse runnin' in the first I like the name of.

MOM

Good. I'll bring the racing form so we can play a few races.

(beat)

Anyway, I would feel more comfortable meeting you in a public place.

RAY (O.S.)

I understand. Can't be too careful with crazy people running loose lately.

(beat)

Post time is usually two. How bout I meet you at the paddock by that statue of the Golden Jockey at noon? I'll be wearin' some old blue jeans, a rattle snake head belt buckle and a red flannel shirt.

(beat)

How bout you Mrs. Ryder?

MOM

I'll be wearing a big button that says WOMEN FOR DUBYA.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - MORNING

A police helicopter lands on the field near the grandstands.

The rotors start winding down as soon as the helicopter sets down.

Wayne slides the door of the helicopter open and he, Stanley, and Wren step out. They walk briskly out from under the spinning blades.

Stanley spits out a big plug of chew then wipes the brown spit off of his chin.

WAYNE

It's all takin' care of.

STANLEY  
What's takin' care of?

WAYNE  
Back up.

Stanley gives a puzzled look to Wayne.

WAYNE  
It's just the three of us. I think  
if we don't make such a big fuss  
havin' lots of cops hangin' around  
we'll have a better chance of nabbing  
our guy without scarin' people.

Wayne turns and looks at Wren.

WAYNE  
What time did your mom say  
Ray was supposed to show up?

WREN  
Think she said about noon. She  
says he has a hunch on a horse  
in the first.

STANLEY  
(to Wren)  
His hunch is probably just a loser  
like you.

WREN  
You're a prick.

WAYNE  
Come on lets focus guys. Where did  
she s say their gonna meet?

WREN  
She said near the Golden Jockey  
(continued)  
statue in the paddock area.

STANLEY  
Do you think not calling for any  
backup is such a good idea Wayne?

WAYNE  
Yeah. It'll be fine. He won't know  
what hit him.

WREN

If we're gonna do this, just the  
three of us, I'm gonna need a gun.

STANLEY

No gun!

Wayne reaches down and unstraps a .38 from around his  
ankle and tosses it to Wren.

WAYNE

Shut up. He's here to help us nab  
Landing and get that money back.

STANLEY

Givin' him a gun is a bad idea.  
I want that on record.

Wren inspects the gun. He opens the opens the tumbler,  
gives it a spin then slams it shut while glaring at  
Stanley.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Mrs. Ryder stands at a table facing the racetrack. She  
is wearing a colorful flower dress and a large button  
that reads WOMEN FOR W.

She has the racing form spread out on the small table  
and circles a horse on the form with her pen.

Random people stand behind her at tables reading  
newspapers, racing forms, and racing digests. One guy is  
talking on a cell phone while eating a hot dog.

She looks up from reading her form and take a quick  
glance at her watch.

She folds up her form and stuffs it into an oversized  
purse. The form protrudes out of her purse as she walks  
toward an open doorway that leads to the paddock area.

You see her disappear through the doorway from a  
distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Cars are lined up in a turn lane into the Santa Cruz parking lot. The light is red.

Ray Landing's taxicab is the second car in line to turn. His left hand signal light is flashing.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXICAB - DAY

Ray reaches over and turns down the radio. You hear the clicking of his signal light as he waits at the light.

He glares with glazed over eyes at the bumper of the car in front of him and reads a bumper sticker: GUNS DON'T KILL PEOPLE. PEOPLE KILL PEOPLE.

FLASH CUT:

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME RENE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ray's sister RENE (8) is hiding under her bed. They are playing a childhood game of cops and robbers.

Ray walks in with his fathers loaded handgun and wearing pajamas and a cowboy hat.

RAY

Yer under arrest. Come out with yer hands up or Ima gonna start blastin ya.

RENE (O.S.)

I'm comin' out. Don't shoot.

She scoots out from under her bed.

Ray grabs her by the wrist and marches her out of the bedroom.

RENE

Stop that hurts. Stop it.

EXT. CHILDHOOD HOME HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rene shakes free of Ray's grip and runs down the hallway.

In the background a TV is playing and a light flicker from the tube against a hallway wall.

RAY

I said stop or I'll blast ya!

Ray pulls the trigger twice on his father's loaded gun.

Rene falls face first into the carpet. A pool of blood is running out from under her.

Ray's father runs over to Rene and holds her in his arms.

RAY'S DADDY

Boy what in the hell is wrong with you?

RAY

I was only playin' daddy.

RAY'S DADDY

Boy your game just got your sister killed.

(beat)

Why didn't ya take them bullets outta that gun for ya started playin'.

Ray drops the gun in the hallway and runs away.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXICAB - DAY

The signal light has turned green and Ray is holding up traffic. Horns honk and he snaps back to reality with a tears running down his face.

He steps on the gas and turns into the Santa Cruz Fairground parking lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. PADDOCK - DAY

Mrs. Ryder walks and looks around for a man wearing worn jeans and a red flannel shirt. She weaves in and out of bystanders.

She sees Wren standing inside the clubhouse from her vantage point and waves.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Ray is holding the brief case and wearing dark sunglasses as he stands near the rail of the clubhouse looking out at the track.

Wayne sees Ray and walks briskly over toward him with his hand on his gun holster.

Ray turns to see Wayne approaching.

Wayne begins running toward Ray. He draws his gun as he runs. Patrons begin screaming and running away from the area.

WAYNE

Ray Landing. Stop right there!

Ray jumps off the clubhouse level and lands below in general admission.

He runs under cover where Wayne can't see him anymore.

Wayne stops at the rail and looks down but can't see Ray. He hits the redial button on his phone and Stanley answers.

Wren runs toward Wayne.

STANLEY (O.S.)

What's happening? Did you see him?

WAYNE

He saw me and jumped over the railing.

Wayne points below into the crowd of people standing in the general admission area.

WREN

He jumped? That's a long way down.  
He really is crazy.

WAYNE

It's gonna take me a minute to get down their keep an eye out for him.

INT. GENERAL ADMISSION - DAY

Stanley holds his cell phone. He scans the area around him for any sign of Ray.

STANLEY

I don't see him.

There are large crowds of people standing around. It's hard to see through the crowd.

Ray sees Stanley talking on the phone and dashes into a restroom carrying his briefcase.

WAYNE (O.S.)

Wren and I are headed down.

EXT. GENERAL ADMISSION - DAY

Wren, Wayne, and Stanley stand near the racetrack rail and look back up toward the clubhouse level then into the general admission covered area.

STANLEY

Son of a bitch he gave us the slip. How the hell did that happen?

Stanley spits out a wad of chew.

STANLEY

I gotta take a piss. I'll be right back.

He walks toward the covered general admission area and restrooms.

WREN

What about my mom? We shouldn't  
(continued)  
leave her up there by herself.  
Ray might try to grab her.

WAYNE

You're right. Get back up stairs and find your mom but don't stay too close we still need her for the bait to catch Landing.

INT. GENERAL ADMISSION - DAY

As Stanley approaches the restroom a NERVOUS MAN (44) dressed like a used car salesman walks out of the restroom sees Stanley's badge on his shirt, stops Stanley and warns him.

NERVOUS MAN

There's some guy in there with a gun. Looks like like pictures of that killer guy in the newspaper.

Stanley moves back away from the nervous man to avoid his alcohol breathe.

STANLEY

Thanks.

Stanley pulls out his gun and walks into the restroom. The nervous man runs out into the crowd of gamblers standing around.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

Stanley scans the restroom for Ray. There is no sign of anyone in the restroom.

With his gun drawn he walks up to the first stall and kicks the door open. It swings open and no one is inside.

Moving to the second stall he bends down to look under the stall door. Nobody is in the stall.

He stands.

STANLEY

Ray Landing.  
(beat)  
I got you. Come on out.

No answer.

Stanley pushes the third stall door with his foot and the door swing open then it slams shut on his hand as Ray kicks it shut.

He grabs his hand in pain and begins to fight with Ray in the stall.

STANLEY

You peace of shit! That fuckin'  
hurt.

Ray slams Stanley's head against the back of the toilet.

RAY (O.S.)

Does that feel better?

Stanley is dazed and fumbles for his gun on the floor.

Ray drags Stanley out of the stall and slams his face up against a mirror. You see Stanley and Ray's face in the mirror.

RAY

Well fat boy. Looks like I got  
ya.

Ray stabs Stanley in the back. He smiles as Stanley gets a stunned look on his face. Blood begins to run out of Stanley's mouth.

Ray pulls the knife out of Stanley. Stanley drops to the floor.

Stanley is dragged into the third stall and set on the toilet. Ray picks up his brief case heads for the door.

A sign is sitting in the corner of the restroom with the other cleaning supplies that says RESTROOM CLOSED. He takes the sign and places it around the restroom handle as he leaves the restroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. PADDOCK - DAY

Horses are walking around the paddock circle. You see a shot of a gray horse with the number three on the saddle.

Ray sees Mrs. Ryder and walks up to her without her seeing him. He grabs her firmly by the arm.

RAY

Hello mom.

MRS. RYDER

Ray?

RAY

Yup. Wer leaving now.

He looks around for other cops. Then Ray starts to walk while gripping Mrs. Ryder's arm. She resists a bit.

RAY

Now don't make a fuss mom and I'll let ya go when we get outta here.  
(beat)  
Ya look like a nice lady. Not like that pathetic loser son of yours.

Mrs. Ryder sees Wren in the distance. She is holding a pen in her free hand and swings it around stabbing Ray in the forearm.

He grabs his arm in pain. Mrs. Ryder breaks free of Ray's grip and runs toward Wren.

MOM

Wren! Wren! It's Ray!

Wren sees Ray and starts to chase after him.

Ray runs with a .357 in hand and the brief case in the other.

WREN (O.S.)

Ray Landing I'm gonna kill you.

RAY

Ya aint got it in ya banker boy.

Ray turns and fires his gun at Wren. Wren fires back. A gunfight ensues as patrons dive for cover under tables or on the floor.

EXT. GENERAL ADMISSION - DAY

Wayne is standing near the rail of the track and scanning the crowd to see Stanley.

He hears gunshots from the clubhouse and bolts for the stairs.

Several patrons fall as he pushes them out of his way.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Ray runs toward the exit as he and Wren exchange gunfire.

Wayne enters the chase as he crests the top stairs into the clubhouse.

CUT TO:

EXT. VALET PARKING - DAY

A MAN (39) dressed in fine clothing has just stepped out of his JAGUAR. The VALET (19) hands the man a ticket.

VALET

Good luck today sir.

The man takes the ticket and hands the valet a tip. He begins to walk toward the door to the clubhouse.

Ray runs up to the Jaguar elbows the Valet out of the way and slides behind the wheel. He slams the running car into gear and burns out as he drives off.

The Valet lies in the road holding his bleeding nose.

VALET

Shit.

Wayne and Wren run up to the next car in the valet line.

Wayne flashes his badge. Wayne pushes a blonde out of the way as they commandeer her car.

They get into a MASERATI COUPE and speed away toward Ray.

CUT TO:

INT. JAGUAR CAR - DAY

Ray is being pursued at high speed down a Nogales Highway towards the Mexican boarder.

Ray wears dark sunglasses. He has a very cool expression on his face. The car window is down and his elbow rests on the door.

Every few seconds Ray checks his rear view mirror.

CUT TO:

INT. MASERATI - DAY

POV of Wayne.

The Maserati closes in on Ray's Jag.

Wayne hits the Jag's rear bumper and backs off. This action goes on for a few times.

WREN

Come on Wayne put your foot into the gas and lets catch him.

WAYNE

Hang on.

Wayne slams the gas peddle to the floor. They speed up again and slam into the Jag's rear bumper harder.

Ray fishtails and loses control of the Jaguar. The Jag lands in the ditch to the right of the highway. The Maserati stop behind the Jaguar on the pavement.

Both doors fly open on the Maserati. Wren holds up his hand to Wayne.

WREN

This son of bitch is mine.

WAYNE

Wren.

Wayne stands at his door and watches Wren.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

Ray and Wren walk briskly toward each other.

Ray wipes blood from his forehead and points his .357 at Wren. Wren walks toward Ray with determination in his stride and points a .38 revolver at Ray.

RAY

You still aint pissed at me bout your money are ya.

WREN

Yeah I'm still pissed. You

(continued)  
got my money?

Ray smiles.

RAY  
Nah. Bet it all on some nag  
running in the first.

Wren fires two shots from his gun. One shot hit Ray in his right hand and the other hits him in his right upper thigh.

Ray crumples to the ground in agony.

RAY  
God damn it Wren.  
(beat)  
I bet on you to win.

Ray lifts his gun to fire and Wren fires off one more shot standing at close range before Ray can pull his trigger.

The bullet hits Ray in the head. Ray lays on the asphalt with both eyes wide open and dead. Next to him are his sunglasses. His .357 rests in his dead left hand.

WAYNE (O.S.)  
We got him. I'm gonna call it in.

WREN  
Not yet. Gimme a chance to see  
(continued)  
if he's got the money.

WAYNE (O.S.)  
You got one minute.

Wren walks over to the passenger side of the car and pulls out the brief case and sets it on the roof of the Jaguar. He pops the latches and discovers nothing but a note and a horse wagering ticket in the brief case.

INSERT.

RAY (V.O.)  
Banker boy if you're readin'  
this note then I guess ya won  
our game. Bad news is I bet all

(continued)  
 the money on you to win in the  
 first race. I couldn't resist.  
 I just liked the name of the  
 horse. Good luck I hope you win  
 again.

Wren folds the note and the ticket then puts them into  
 his pants pocket. He closes the latches on the brief  
 case and walks to Wayne.

WAYNE  
 Good you got the cash.

Wren hands the brief case to Wayne.

WREN  
 Not sure.

Wayne opens the brief case to reveal nothing.

WAYNE  
 Whadda you mean, "not sure."  
 It's empty.

Wren takes the horse wagering ticket out of his pants  
 and holds it up for Wayne to see then puts it back into  
 his pocket.

It is a single wager of \$1,999,000 on horse #3 in the  
 first.

WREN  
 Hey Wayne who won the first  
 race?

WAYNE  
 Hang on I'll find out.

Wayne ducks inside the Maserati for a minute turns on  
 the horseracing channel and gets the results.

He stands up at the driver's side door.

WAYNE  
 (puzzled)  
 Was number three.  
 (beat)  
 Name of the horse was...  
 Banker boy.

(continued)  
(pause)  
Paid \$11.20 to win. That's about  
ten million dollars.

WREN  
Who says crime don't pay. Paid ten  
million.

You see a stream of spinning lights from police cars  
approaching the scene from behind Wayne.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

There is a large oval table in the room with a phone  
sitting in the middle of the table.

Seated around the table are Wayne, Wren, and Sidney.

Wren pulls out an oversized cigar and lights it.

SIDNEY  
Put that out. There's no smoking  
in the bank.

Wren takes a long drag and blows his smoke into Sidney's  
face.

WREN  
Or what? You'll call the cops?

Sidney brushes the smoke away by waving his hands.

SIDNEY  
Forget it. Let's just get down  
to business. Do you have the banks  
money that you stole?

WREN  
Allegedly stole. Get it right Jones.

SIDNEY  
Whatever. Potatoes poetotoes.

WREN  
I got it right here in my brief case.

Wren slams the brief case onto the conference table. The latches pop open on impact and money goes all over the table and floor.

WREN

Suppose you wantta count it.

SIDNEY

You betcha Ryder.

Sidney and Wayne gather the money into a pile on the table. Sidney begins to count.

Wren takes another drag on this cigarette and blows the smoke at Sidney.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Wayne holds his keys and walks with Wren toward the automatic doors.

WAYNE

Can I give you a lift somewhere?

WREN

Thanks for the offer but no thanks.  
My moms waiting for me outside.

Wayne shakes hands with Wren.

WAYNE

Say hi for me. Good luck to you Wren  
and stay away from the track with all  
that money.

Wren laughs and they walk out the bank doors.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPEEDWAY BLVD. - DAY

Wayne walks to the right toward the parking lot with his white Stetson on. Wren walks up to a new FORD F-250 truck with his mom in the passenger seat.

He gets into the drivers seat and starts the engine.

INT. FORD F-250 - DAY

Wren puts on Rays dark sunglasses

MOM  
Is everything taken care of?

WREN  
We're all settled.

MOM  
(angry)  
You and Mr. Jones are all settled  
but I'm not through with you yet.

She reaches over and slaps Wren on the face.

MOM  
That's for stealing. Didn't I  
teach you better than that?

She slaps him again.

MOM  
And that's for scaring me half  
to death.

Wren rubs his face then pulls the automatic transmission  
into drive.

WREN  
Sorry mom.

EXT. SPEEDWAY BLVD. - DAY

As the truck pulls away from the curb a horse trailer is  
revealed. You see a horse in the trailer and on the side  
of the trailer is the horse's name: BANKER BOY.  
CREDITS ROLL.

Kenny Roger's song the gambler plays.

The truck drives on down the street and fades out of  
sight.

FADE OUT:

THE END