

Evil Awaits

A SCREENPLAY

BY

JOE FAUST

**WGA WEST
REG. #1678801**

jajowrite@aol.com

FADE IN:

EXT. PROSPERITY, ARIZONA - NIGHT.

A gust of wind blows down the dark, deserted, main street of the old town.

Carried on the breeze, a piece of newspaper slowly tumbles past the time worn buildings lining the narrow street. The paper comes to rest against a steel post.

At the top of the post, blinks a small neon sign that reads: PROSPERITY MOTEL, VACANCY.

Behind the signpost, a line of small, shabby, cabins run into the darkness. The cabin drapes are all closed.

The drape of cabin eight parts slightly, then closes.

INT. CABIN 8 - NIGHT.

In the shadows of a dim nightlight a MALE FIGURE moves deftly about the room.

Gloved hands grab a suitcase, throwing the contents to the floor. An old beaded handbag is emptied, and several dollars are taken from a small change purse.

Faucets, doorknobs, glasses, a whiskey bottle, are all calmly wiped clean with a hand towel.

The male figure's legs pause at the cabin door.

The hand towel is thrown to the floor.

The cabin door slowly opens.

EXT. CABIN 8 - NIGHT.

The door of number 8 closes quietly.

The first traces of dawn are visible on the horizon.

The male figure's legs move away from the cabin.

Into the darkness between the cabins, the figure disappears.

A car engine starting breaks the night's silence.

INT. CABIN 8 - NIGHT.

In the dark shadows, from under the twisted bed sheets a long slender female leg protrudes.

BLACKOUT:

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY.

THE CREDITS ROLL over a panoramic view of a shiny red pickup climbing off the desert floor, up over the edge of the high country. A hawk makes lazy circles over the high grassland. The SCREECH of the hawk is heard. The truck passes a highway sign that reads, FLAGSTAFF 80 MILES PROSPERITY 1 MILE.

END CREDITS

INT. TRUCK - DAY.

Driving is SIMON HORN, Native American, tall, good-looking, late thirties, well dressed in western wear, new boots and Stetson hat. He glances down at the gas gauge that is reading on the empty mark. Ahead is a highway sign reading: PROSPERITY NEXT EXIT.

INT. PROSPERITY AZ. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY.

A wood railing separates a small entrance area from the main part of the office. To the rear of the old building is a glass-enclosed office. The view into the office is obscured by Venetian blinds. Faded lettering on the door to the enclosure reads, MARSHAL. Seated at a desk just outside the Marshal's Office is a uniformed officer. Deputy RAY SILAS, thirties, over six foot, with a crew cut. He has the look of an ex-jock.

Deputy Silas shuffles through paperwork. He drops the paperwork on his desk, stands up and stretches.

Silas looks at his watch and then around the empty office. He walks slowly up to the Marshal's door, looks around the empty room again. Opens the door and enters the office.

INT. MARSHAL SAM FORD'S OFFICE - DAY.

Deputy Silas walks into the office. He closes the door. He walks up to an old desk and picks up the nameplate on the desk. It reads, MARSHAL SAM FORD.

Ray Silas smiles and drops the nameplate on the desk. He walks around the desk and stands for a second looking down at the paperwork on the desk.

Suddenly he swings the desk chair around, sits down and throws his feet up on the desk. Silas slowly leans back in the chair with a smile on his face. He picks up the phone and pretends to answer a call.

Ray

Yeah, Marshal Silas here... The County Sheriff's been killed?... Hell, I was just elected Marshal. I don't want the Sheriff's job... I don't care how much it pays. Get somebody else.

Ray slams down the phone and laughs. He gets up and walks slowly toward the office door. Suddenly he whirls back toward the desk and draws his gun.

Ray

Bang, bang... Hey, catch that draw?

Ray laughs and drops the gun back in his holster with a flourish. He smiles and walks out of the office slamming the door behind him.

INT. OLD ROOMING HOUSE. PROSPERITY, AZ. - DAY.

Marshal SAM FORD a tall, lean, suntanned man in western cloths, mid-fifties sits at a dining room table. MARTHA TATE, a small lady in her seventies, serves Sam coffee.

SAM

By God, that was a fine breakfast.

MARTHA

Yeah, breakfast is the high point of your day... What you need is a good woman, an' outa this roomin' house.

SAM

Can we talk about something else?
Like going fishing?

Martha laughs as she sits down and pours a cup of coffee.

MARTHA

You an' your fishin'... You won't find
a good woman in this town. You of all
people should know what's happened
here since the Interstate bypassed us.

SAM

If it's so bad why haven't you left?

MARTHA

I'm old an' rottin' like the town.

Sam laughs, picks up a newspaper and glances through it.

MARTHA (con't.)

Now, you Sam are still in your prime.
When the election comes up next year,
you're not gonna be runnin'. That's
the time to escape an' find a lady
before you start to dry. An' do you good to
get away from those idiot deputies of yours.

SAM

Now Martha, they get the job done.

Martha

You always say that. The only one worth
anythin' is the new deputy, that young
Howie Billings. I'd like to have him
come for dinner some evenin'.

SAM

Well, we'll discuss my deputies and dinner
invitations some other time. Duty calls.
Another day of high crime in Prosperity. I
should take a good book to read.

EXT. TRUCK - DAY.

Simon Horn turns off the interstate. He drives down a two-lane road that serves as the main street of Prosperity.

EXT. OLD ROOMING HOUSE. PROSPERITY, AZ. - DAY.

Sam Ford exits the dingy rooming house. With a cup of coffee in hand, he walks slowly down the street toward The Town Marshal's Office. The red pickup truck passes by.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY.

The red pickup truck pulls up and stops beside two antiquated gas pumps in front of an old station building.

Simon steps out of the truck. He looks at the price on the pumps and shakes his head. He stands waiting for service.

At one end of the old station is a grease rack. On top of the raised lift, sits a mud splattered Jeep.

BILLY RAY SILAS, a tall, thin young man with a wild crop of hair, emerges from the office. He slowly approaches Simon, wiping his hands on a rag. The nametag on his work shirt reads Billy Ray.

BILLY RAY

(frowning)

Well, who are ya? Whata ya
want?

SIMON

I need some gas. Ten dollars of
regular, please. Also I'd like
to use your rest room.

Billy Ray has a smirk on his face as he continues to wipe his hands on the rag, and look up and down the deserted street.

BILLY RAY

What's the matter? Any guy drives
a sharp truck like this oughta
have the money to fill the damn
tank... Right, big chief?

Simon smiles and maintains control.

SIMON
Ten dollars will be just fine.

BILLY RAY
Oh, I don't know, ain't gonna
get ya back to that there
Reservation.

The smile leaves Simon's face, but he maintains control.

SIMON
I'm stopping in Flagstaff, so ten
dollars will be enough... I didn't
catch where you said the rest
room is.

BILLY RAY
That's cause I didn't say. The damn
toilet's round back.

Billy Ray smiles as he jams the pump nozzle into the gas tank.
Simon watches this scene for a second.

He turns and walks to the back of the building. SALLY PORTER, around
sixteen, scanty dress, hard look, walks out of the station office door.

EXT. REAR OF GAS STATION - DAY.

Simon at the rear of the station opens the rest room door.
He reacts to the stench in the room. He closes the door.
Shaking his head he reopens the door, enters the rest room.

INT. PROSPERITY AZ. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY.

Seated at the desk just outside the Marshal's Office is Deputy Ray Silas.
Sam Ford's voice calls out from the Marshal's Office.

SAM (O.S.)
Ray, where's the mail?

The deputy picks up several envelopes from his desk and walks to the Marshal's door.

INT. SAM FORD'S OFFICE - DAY.

Seated behind the old desk is Marshal Sam Ford. He looks tired and bored. An old electric wall clock makes a humming noise.

Deputy Ray Silas struts into the office and drops the mail on Sam's desk.

SAM

Why didn't you bring it in here yesterday when it came?

RAY

I was busy.

SAM

(disgusted)

Oh yeah, of course you were.

Ray with a smirk on his face exits the office.

Sam shuffles through the mail. Drops mail on his desk.

Sam puts his feet up on the desk.

He looks out of the office window. There's a view of mountains in the distance.

Sam takes a deep breath and lets it out.

Sam opens the top desk drawer and retrieves a small box of trout flies.

He removes one and holds the fly up in the light from the window.

A smile comes across his face as he slowly turns the fly in the light.

EXT. FRONT OF GAS STATION - DAY.

The front of the station is quiet, no one in sight.

The red pickup truck is gone from the pumps.

Simon comes around the corner of the station. Stops dead in his tracks and stares at the gas pumps.

Simon strides toward the station office.

INT. STATION OFFICE - DAY.

Simon stands looking around the empty office, and then looks back out at the gas pumps.

Simon looks confused as he again looks around the office.

Suddenly there's a noise in the grease rack area.

EXT. GREASE RACK - DAY.

Simon quickly walks out to the grease rack.

A figure wearing mechanics COVERALLS stands under the raised Jeep. The oil in the jeep is being drained.

The crop of wild hair in coveralls steps out from under the Jeep. He looks over at Simon, and then out at the gas pumps.

COVERALLS

What the hell do ya want?

SIMON

I wanna know where my truck is.

COVERALLS

What truck ya talkin' bout?

Simon points out to the gas pumps.

SIMON

I'm talking about the red truck
that was parked by those pumps.

COVERALLS

Look mister... I ain't seen no
red pickup truck round here. An'
I ain't ever laid eyes on ya.

Simon steps closer and looks him in the eye.

SIMON

I don't know what kinda joke you're playing, but I want my truck back out by those pumps, right now.

The Coveralls figure throws the oily rag into the corner of the grease rack.

COVERALLS

Don't know what ya been smokin',
an' I don't give a rat's ass.
I'm gonna tell ya for the last time,
I don't know nothin' bout any red pickup.

The Coveralls figure reaches out and pokes a finger in Simon's chest.

COVERALLS (con't.)

Ya best be haulin' yer butt. The interstate is bout a mile back up the road.

Simon slaps Coveralls hand away from poking him in the chest.

SIMON

Oh no, the only place I'm heading is the nearest police station.

COVERALLS

Well now, that's a fine idea. They'll give ya some directions to the damn Interstate, real quick like.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY.

Simon and Coveralls walk out to the street corner. Simon looks down the street, as they reach the corner.

Down the street is an old building with a sign that reads, TOWN MARSHAL PROSPERITY AZ.

Simon controls his anger.

SIMON
I see the office from here.

Coveralls laughs and walks back to the station.

Simon shakes his head and walks down the street toward the town Marshal's Office.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY.

Simon Horn enters the office.

Deputy Ray Silas shuffles some paper work. Without looking up, he speaks.

RAY
Have a seat in the waitin' area.

Simon sits down on one of the benches that line both sides of the waiting area.

He waits a few seconds.

SIMON
Excuse me officer.

Ray drops the paper work on the desk, stares down at it for several seconds.

Ray stands up and struts up to the railing.

RAY
Whata you want?

SIMON
I wanna report a stolen pickup truck.

Ray leans up against the railing.

RAY
(bored)
Who owns the vehicle?

SIMON

Why... I'm the owner. That's why
I'm here to report it.

Ray fakes surprise.

RAY

Well I'll be damned. The truck
was stolen?

SIMON

Yeah, that's right.

Ray Silas frowns, rubs his chin in deep thought. He then turns and walks away unconcerned.

RAY

Nope, I ain't seen it.

Simon watches as the deputy returns to his paperwork.

SIMON

But... it was JUST stolen. How
could you have seen it?

Ray slowly looks up from the paperwork, studies Simon.

Ray puts his feet up on the desk.

RAY

Who the hell are you?

SIMON

The name is HORN... Look... I don't
want any trouble. I came here to
report a stolen truck, that's all.

RAY

All right Mister Horny, or
whatever your name is. You got
witnesses to this alleged crime?

Ray picks up the paperwork from the desk and studies it.

SIMON

(irritated - voice raised)

The name is HORN. Witnesses?... Okay, let's handle it this way. I'll go to the nearest pay phone and report the theft to the Highway Patrol.

The door to Sam Ford's office swings open.

Sam walks out and glances over at Simon, then back to Ray.

SAM

What's all the ruckus?

Ray takes his feet off the desk.

RAY

No problem at all. Nothin' old Ray can't handle.

Sam turns back toward the office door.

SAM

Oh yeah... I bet. Jesus... another Monday.

SIMON

Excuse me Marshal, there's a problem. I'm having trouble reporting a stolen truck.

Sam turns back to Ray and Simon.

SAM

That right, Ray?

RAY

We got better things to do. You don't know if this Indian owns a truck.

SIMON

(voiced raised)

What do you mean, you don't know if I own a truck?

SAM
ALL RIGHT. Hold it down you two.

Sam frowns and points to Simon.

SAM (con't.)
Who are you?

Simon shakes his head in disgust.

SIMON
That's the third time somebody in
this town has said that to me...
The name is SIMON HORN.

Sam stands for a second studying Simon.

SAM
Come in my office, Mister Horn.

INT. SAM FORD'S OFFICE - DAY.

SIMON
(agitated)
I don't see why there's a problem.

Marshal Ford settles down in his desk chair.

SAM
Now just simmer down. Have a seat.

Simon pulls up a chair facing the Marshal's desk.

SIMON
All right, whatever it takes.

SAM
You Navajo?

Simon pauses and studies the Marshal for a second.

SIMON
Yes, I'm Navajo... Why do you ask?

SAM

No reason in particular. Going back to the Reservation?

SIMON

Yeah, I'm moving there from Tucson.

SAM

How long were you in Tucson?

SIMON

About sixteen years.

Sam leans back in his chair and studies Simon.

SAM

What did you do there?

SIMON

I worked in computer graphics.

SAM

(laughs)

You one of those computer nuts?

SIMON

Oh, I guess so... Why does it seem strange a Navajo would work with computers?

SAM

No, no. I didn't mean anything like that... How come you left Tucson? Get in some kinda trouble down there?

Simon looks around the room and takes a deep breath.

SIMON

No... I left because my father is old and his health is failing. He wants me to come back to the Reservation. Why ask me a question like that?

SAM

Oh, no offense meant, just checking.
Sorry about your father's health.

SIMON

Marshal, I understand being who
I am makes me an outsider in this
town. That's painfully obvious.

(beat)

I don't mean any disrespect... But
I don't see why my life history is
so important at this...

Sam leans forward in his chair and points at Simon.

SAM

Oh, but it is, Mister Horn. You see,
from time-to-time we get drifters who
wander into town and cause trouble.
We're just kinda cautious around here.

SIMON

Do I look like a drifter? I'm just
an unlucky guy who needed some gas.

Sam pulls a form from his desk and picks up a pen.

SAM

All right... Lets start from the top.
Where was the truck stolen?

SIMON

At the first gas station as you come
in town... But the guy who works there
says he's never seen me or my truck.

Sam drops his pen on the desk and sits back in his chair.

SAM

(frowning)

Well, we seem to have a small problem
here.

SIMON

The guy put gas in the truck.

Sam studies Simon for a second.

SAM

I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take the information for the report, and then find out what's going on.

(beat)

A stolen vehicle is something that just doesn't happen around here.

SIMON

I told you what happened. I'm not lying.

Sam picks up his pen, takes a deep breath and lets it out.

SAM

I didn't accuse you of lying.

SIMON

(resigned)

Please... just make out the report.
Anything to get my truck back.

Sam smiles and begins to write.

SAM

After you give me the information,
why don't you go down the street
and get a cup of coffee and a donut.
We've got a couple of nice cafés in
town. Come back in... about an hour.

EXT. OLD GRAVEL PIT - DAY

The red pickup truck is parked at the bottom of an old gravel pit with both doors open.

Stretched out on the seat is the body of SALLY PORTER, approx. sixteen, dress is very scanty.

Parked at rear of the truck is a police patrol car.

Seated in the car is Deputy HOWIE BILLINGS. Billings is young, good looking, clean cut. He's on the car radio.

HOWIE
(excited and shouting)
This is Billings. I've got a
one-eighty-seven down at the old
gravel pit. There's a red pickup
truck with a dead girl in it.

INT. HALF DOLLAR CAFÉ - DAY.

Has the look of a forties café. To the rear of the room are booths. Each is separated by a high wooden partition giving privacy to each booth.

The room is empty except for a waitress behind the counter.

MONA WILLIS, early thirties, attractive face, trim figure, looks out of the front window and sees Simon approaching.

She smiles coyly and adjusts her snug fitting uniform.

Mona pours a glass of water and sets it on the counter as Simon enters.

MONA
Saw you walk down the street... Don't often
get good looking customers like you.

Simon smiles shyly as he slides onto a stool.

SIMON
A cup of coffee, black please.

MONA
Coming right up. You want some
breakfast? Henry the owner and
cook went to Flagstaff for
supplies, so I'm the cook AND
waitress this morning.

Mona pours the coffee and sets the cup in front of Simon.

SIMON
Just coffee will be fine, ma'am.

MONA
You're walking. Car trouble?

She begins folding paper napkins around silverware.

SIMON
Yes ma'am, you might say that.

MONA
Is your car at one of the gas stations?

SIMON
Yes ma'am, my truck was. But somebody made off with it.

Mona stops folding napkins and walks back up the counter.

MONA
Did you report it to the Marshal's office?

SIMON
Yes ma'am. But I don't think they believed me.

MONA
Did you try to make the report to a big Deputy, named Ray Silas?

SIMON
Unfortunately I did.

MONA
Well, we have a mutual enemy.
Hi, I'm Mona Willis. And you are?

Mona smiles as she extends her hand.

Simon smiles shyly and briefly takes her hand.

SIMON

The name is Simon Horn, ma'am.
You said we have a mutual enemy.
Deputy Silas?

MONA

(laughing softly)
Oh yes... Please excuse my language.
He's one big, dumb, son-of-a-bitch.

SIMON

How does he get away with his attitude?

Mona leans over the counter in front of Simon.

MONA

Simon, people here ignore a lot
of things. This isn't a very
civic-minded community.

SIMON

What's the story on the Marshal?

MONA

Oh, Sam's a good honest man. Just
doesn't like problems. I guess
he's been at the job too long.

Mona walks over to the coffee maker.

MONA (con't.)

The one to watch is our friend,
Ray Silas. More coffee?

SIMON

Yes ma'am.

Mona returns with hot coffee. She fills Simon's cup.

MONA

Please drop the ma'am. Just plain Mona.
(beat)
Your truck was stolen from which
station?

Simon smiles as he takes a drink of coffee.

SIMON

The one at the edge of town. I know this sounds crazy... But, I went to use the restroom, when I came out the truck was gone. This guy Billy Ray, says there was no truck.

MONA

That's Billy Ray Silas, Deputy Silas's cousin. Don't worry, Sam will straighten it out.

Mona walks back to the coffee maker. Then she returns to folding the napkins and silverware.

MONA (con't.)

Which direction are you headed in?

SIMON

I'm on the way back to the Reservation.

(beat)

My father is a Singer, or a Shaman as he's called in your world. I'm his only son, so it's the custom to follow in his footsteps. He'll teach me the blessing way.

INT.- NAVAJO HOGAN - DAYLIGHT - FLASHBACK.

A NAVAJO BOY, seven or eight years old, lies on the dirt floor wrapped in a blanket.

Framed by the sunrise in the open Hogan doorway, stands a tall middle aged NAVAJO MAN. His arms are raised as he faces the sunrise.

His voice rises in a rhythmic chant.

The young boy yawns and rubs his eyes. He smiles and looks at the man with admiration.

INT.- HALF DOLLAR CAFÉ - PRESENT DAY.

Mona smiles at Simon as she works on her napkin folding. She turns and looks out the café window.

MONA

Oh no, don't tell me he's coming in.
Simon, you better take your coffee
back to one of the booths.

Mona throws down her silverware.

SIMON

Why? Who's coming?

She grabs a glass of water and steps up to the counter.

MONA

Ray Silas. Considering your first
meeting, you know he's going to
give you some hell. So go.

SIMON

Maybe he's coming to tell me they
found my truck.

MONA

I'll find out why he's here. Lets
play it safe... Go, PLEASE.

Simon grabs his coffee and walks to a back booth. High partitions separate the booths, blocking his view up front.

Ray struts into the Café. He glances around the room.

RAY

(sarcastic)

Well, there's moanin' Mona.

Ray slides onto a counter stool and leers at Mona.

RAY (Cont.)

Anybody make you moan last night?

Mona slams a glass of ice water down on the counter.

MONA

Only moaning you'll ever hear is when
you're in the bathroom by yourself.

(beat)

Now, do you want some lunch?

Ray pats his stomach. He looks back at the booths.

RAY

Sorry baby, this is business.
You seem a Navajo, about six
foot, early thirties?

Ray gets up and starts to walk toward the booths, but stops.
He continues to look toward the rear of the café.

MONA

You know very well there isn't an
Indian walking around this town.

Ray walks back and leans over the counter in front of Mona.

Mona backs away from the counter

RAY

I ASKED if you had seen him.

MONA

NO, I haven't seen him.

Ray steps back and throws out his chest with authority.

RAY

The son-of-a-bitch is wanted for rape and
murder. The County Sheriff has been
notified. I'll bring him in and just ask a
few questions before we turn him over.

MONA

My God, murder and rape?

RAY

Yeah, the Porter girl.

MONA
Reece Porter's daughter? Damn, she's
only a kid.

Ray takes a quick look around the room.

RAY
Just sixteen... The bastard took her
down to the old gravel pit, did
his thing, then killed her.

MONA
How do you know it was the Indian?

RAY
Her body was in his truck.

Ray continues to look around the room. He shows interest in the partitioned booths.

Ray smiles and pats the gun in his holster.

RAY (con't.)
He's in town, he's a dead man. I'll
save the County the cost of a trial.

MONA
Wait a minute, you said you just
wanted to ask him a few questions.
You can't up and shoot the man.

RAY
(laughs)
Why not? He attacked me. I had to
defend myself.

Mona steps forward and grabs the glass of ice water from the counter.

MONA
Sилас, did it ever dawn on you this
man may be innocent?

RAY

Ah come on. You know Sally had a little bit of a reputation for bein' wild. Hell, she was always wanderin' the streets at odd hours. The Indian probably saw her and talked her into takin' a ride.

Ray leans over the counter as if to confide in Mona.

Mona is face to face with Ray.

Ray (con't.)

After he killed her, he panicked. He figured if he reported the truck stolen he had an alibi.

Mona backs away and looks at Ray in disgust.

MONA

My God, I can't believe you'd use that crap you dreamed up as an excuse to shoot a man.

RAY

Oh, believe it baby. And just wait till the truck is checked for prints and a DNA sample.

Ray turns and takes a step towards the booth area.

MONA

Of course if he's still around town, he's a dead man. Right?

RAY

They don't belong in this town.

MONA

Who are THEY? You mean anybody who doesn't have white skin?

Ray turns back to Mona.

RAY

Oh, you know what I mean.

MONA

No, I don't know what you mean.
What if he was Chinese?

RAY

(laughing)

I guess they could ship his dead
ass back to China.

Mona stands staring down at the counter top. Without looking up, she speaks in a low, angry, voice.

MONA

Deputy Ray Silas, get your rotten
mouth out of here.

Mona is still holding the glass of ice water. She draws back ready to throw it on Ray.

Ray steps back and makes a move toward the booth area.

RAY

Yeah... I gotta get goin'. Got to check
the other cafes. But first I better
check the booths and take a look out
the back door.

MONA

I told you I haven't seen the Indian.
Now get out of here before I throw
this water on you.

Ray ignores Mona and starts for the rear door. He walks slowly up to the first booth.

Mona rushes from behind the counter. Ray approaches the second booth.

Mona catches up to Ray. She grabs Ray's arm trying to stop him. He pulls free and starts toward the third booth.

Mona screams as loud as she can. Ray stops dead.

RAY

JESUS. What's the hell was that for?

MONA

I told you to get out of here. If
you don't leave, I swear I'll
throw this ice water on you and I'll
keep screaming as loud as I can.

RAY

Yeah, yeah. You're bluffin'.

MONA

The hell I am. Try me. Go head, TRY ME.

Ray turns and exits quickly. He calls back from the street.

RAY

One of these nights I'll nail you.
You'll moan, you little bitch.

Mona stands staring out of the window for several seconds after the patrol car drives away. Then she suddenly remembers Simon and walks quickly to the back booths.

Simon is sitting in the third booth, with his head bowed.

SIMON

My God... when you screamed I thought
I was a dead man.

MONA

I didn't know what else to do. Hey, it
worked.

Simon is agitated and rubs the sides of his head.

SIMON

I should never have gone to the Marshal.
I should've called the Highway Patrol.

Mona sits down in the booth.

MONA

Simon, stop and think... That wouldn't changed the fact the murdered girl was found in your truck.

Mona looks over the booth to check the front of the café.

SIMON

But... the deputy said something about fingerprints, and DNA. That'll prove I'm innocent.

MONA

Those things take time.

(beat)

Baby, our problem right now is keeping you ALIVE until they find out who killed the girl.

Simon looks at Mona in disbelief.

SIMON

You mean that deputy would actually shoot me on sight? What about the other deputies?

MONA

YES, he'd shoot you.

(beat)

So would the other deputies.

Mona again looks up to the front of the café.

MONA (con't.)

If you were locked up here, you'd never make it through the night. You'd go down as just one of those jail house suicides.

(beat)

I know this all sounds bizarre, but you're in my world now. TRUST ME.

SIMON

I guess you're the only person in this town I can trust. So, what do I do now?

Simon checks the front of the café.

Mona thinks for a few seconds and then smiles.

MONA

Listen, go out the back door... You'll see my old blue station wagon... The back seat is folded down... Hide in the back... I'll leave as soon as Rose my relief gets here.

Simon shakes his head and frowns.

SIMON

Thank you for everything you've done.
But I can't let you get that involved.

Mona stands up. She glances toward the front of the cafe.

MONA

Simon, you CAN'T stay here. They'll kill you.

SIMON

You've known me, what fifteen minutes?
Why are you helping me?

MONA

(smiling coyly)

I can't stand by and see you get shot by that dumb ass. Besides, being a waitress makes me a good judge of character. Now get out the back door. PLEASE.

Simon hesitates for a second, then smiles in agreement as he turns and walks toward the back door.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY.

Crawling into the back of the wagon, Simon stretches out. His body is tense.

Simon's eyes quickly scan the station wagon windows.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY.

Deputy Howie Billings is seated at a desk reading a newspaper when Deputy Ray Silas enters the building.

RAY

Where's the damn Marshal?

HOWIE

He's down at the gravel pit with the Coroner. They're waiting for the County Lab people.

Ray kicks open the waiting area gate. He struts over to his desk.

RAY

That damn Indian's up and disappeared.

HOWIE

The Marshal is going to be pissed.

RAY

I don't know where he is. But he's lucky, because if I'd found him he'd be one dead bastard.

Ray sits down and throws his feet up on his desk.

HOWIE

The Marshal will have your ass if you blow the Indian away... You don't really mean it anyway.

RAY

Ah, the hell with Sam. He's just waitin' for his retirement. AND YOU, what's the matter? You a candy ass?

Howie throws the newspaper into a wastebasket.

HOWIE

I gotta get out on patrol before
the Marshal comes back and has my
CANDY ass for screwing off.

RAY

You may be the new guy, but you know
what to do if you see the Indian.

Howie frowns as he gets up and walks toward the door.

HOWIE

I doubt you got the guts to shoot him.

EXT. OLD GRAVEL PIT. - DAY.

Marshal Sam Ford is standing by the red pickup truck. The CORONER, a small, middle aged man, is examining the body of Sally Porter. He turns to where Sam is standing.

CORONER

Well Sam, looks like you got your
work cut out for you. Any suspects?

SAM

Oh, one I guess. Be able to tell
more when the County boys finish
with the prints. Think she was raped?

CORONER

Doesn't look like it. I can tell more
when the body is back at the lab.
But she damn sure was strangled.

SAM

Something IS NOT RIGHT. The guy who
owns this truck should be the one we're
looking for, but my gut says he didn't
do this... Knowing this damn town I better
find him before things get outa hand.

INT. STATION WAGON. - DAY.

Simon is restless as he waits in the rear of the wagon.

Suddenly there's the sound of a car door slamming.

MONA (O.S.)
So far, so good, Simon.

The engine of the station wagon roars to life. Mona drives down the alley. She swings the station wagon out of the alley behind the café and drives slowly down Main Street.

Braking for a stoplight, Mona glances in the rear view mirror. Slowly pulling up behind her is a patrol car. The grinning face of Ray Silas is visible behind the wheel.

MONA
Stay down Simon. We've got company.

SIMON
What do you mean?

MONA
Ray Silas is behind us.

Mona pulls away from stoplight, turns down a side street.

SIMON
What's he doing? Is he...

MONA
He's right on my ass. Okay... I've got to be quick about this. I'm going to pull into my driveway and get back to his car before he can get out.

Mona turns into her driveway.

She stops, and quickly exits the station wagon.

EXT. PATROL CAR IN DRIVEWAY - DAY.

Mona rushes up to the patrol car.
Ray rolls down the window, looks her up and down and grins.

RAY

Hi there, sexy little thing.

MONA

You following me?

Ray laughs and reaches out as if to grab her.

RAY

Bet your sweet ass I am.

MONA

(irritated)

Why, Ray?

RAY

Hey, we got a killer loose in town,
and I sure don't want him layin'
his hands on you. You're gonna
be all mine one of these days.

Ray starts to exit the patrol car.

Mona struggles to keep the car door closed.
Ray shoves the door open and steps out.

MONA

Stop right here. Quit harassing me.

RAY

Harassin' you? I was just gonna
check out the house.

MONA

There's no one hiding in my house.
I've had a long day. My feet are
tired, I'm going to take a nap.
(beat)
Now, get the hell out of here or
I'll call the Marshal.

Ray steps around Mona and starts to walk up the driveway.

RAY

Oh come on, Mona... Why don't I come
in and take that nap with you. I'll
make you forget those tired feet.

Mona tries to grab Ray by the arm. He pulls away.

RAY (con't.)

I'll have that cute ass of yours
bouncin' all over the bed.

Mona attempts to slap Ray. He sidesteps her hand.

MONA

You step one foot more toward the
house, I'll call the County Sheriff.

Mona positions herself between Ray and the house.

MONA (con't.)

I'll have your butt in a sling so fast
it'll make your head swim. YOU GOT IT?

Ray walks back to the car, gets in and slams the door.

RAY

Nobody threatens me... you little
bitch. Remember our little secret?
You owe me big time, and I'm gonna collect.

Ray backs the patrol car out of the driveway. He steps on the gas and the car careens down the street.

Mona watches the car turn the corner. She turns, walks slowly toward the house, glancing back down the street.

Mona reaches the side door to the house and unlocks it.

She opens the rear door of the station wagon.

MONA

Quick, in the house.

Simon rolls out of the wagon. He steps through the doorway.

INT. MONA'S KITCHEN - DAY.

Simon stands in a small, neat kitchen. Mona closes and locks the door behind them.

MONA

Damn, that was a close call.

SIMON

What happened out there?

Mona motions toward a small kitchen table.

MONA

Have a seat... Oh, the same old crap. Would you like some coffee? I think I could use some.

Simon slumps down in one of the kitchen chairs.

SIMON

I'll take a cup since you're making it. Why do you put up with him?

Mona is busy with the coffee maker.

MONA

That's a long story, Simon... It all started a little over a year ago, shortly after I lost my husband.

SIMON

I'm sorry.

Mona leaves the coffee maker and stares out the window.

MONA

Oh baby, that's life I guess.

(beat)

Nick and I met in college. I was a
not too serious commercial art major.

He was in business administration.

Nick was born and raised here in
Prosperity. In fact, right in this
house.

(beat)

He convinced me the West was the place
for an artist.

SIMON

What happened to Nick?

MONA

We were here... about two weeks.

(beat)

The town bank where Nick worked, sent him
to Flagstaff on business. That day
there was a blizzard.

(beat)

It was a seven-car pile up. Nick
was killed instantly... so they said.

SIMON

Did he leave any family?

Mona goes back to the coffee maker and pours two cups.

MONA

No, his parents are dead.

She sits down at the table with the coffee.

SIMON

You should get outa this town.

Mona is silent for a second. She stares into her coffee cup.

MONA

Oh, since Nick died I've thought about selling the house and moving. But, it's hard to start over in a strange place all by yourself. Who knows, maybe someday I'll get up the courage to move.

(beat)

I suppose if the right person came along, that would make the move easier.

Mona gets up and takes Simon by the hand. He appears embarrassed by her touch, bewildered by the attention.

MONA (con't.)

Come, I'll show you my studio.

INT. MONA'S STUDIO - DAY.

Simon walks into a room cluttered with the tools of an artist. Two easels stand in the middle of the room.

Simon

I'm impressed, I see you're serious about your painting.

MONA

Oh, I hang in there. But back to your problem.

Mona points to an old rocking chair. Simon sits down. Mona pulls a paint stained stool up to his chair.

MONA (con't.)

Is there anyone on the Reservation you can call? Anyone who can get you out of town?

SIMON

No, my family doesn't have a phone.

(beat)

But I have an old friend in Flagstaff.

He went to the Reservation school with me... I think still have his number in my wallet.

Mona stands up and turns toward the kitchen.

MONA

There's the phone on the table by
your chair. Give him a call. I'll
be out in the kitchen.

ENT. KITCHEN.- DAY.

Mona pours a cup of coffee and sits down at the kitchen table.

She stares at the cup, her fingers tap on the table.

She gets up with a frown and walks back to the studio.

ENT. STUDIO.- DAY.

Simon hangs up the phone and looks up with a smile.

SIMON

I reached Jim Begay. He'll be here tomorrow
night around ten or eleven. He'll call
when he gets in town. Jim says he
knows a good lawyer in Flagstaff.

MONA

Great, now you can stay here and
play it safe. Tomorrow night you'll
be in Flagstaff.

SIMON

You know... I've been thinking, there
are two people who know what really
happened, Billy Ray Silas and the murderer.

MONA

You've always said Billy Ray lied
about the truck. How did you know
it was him? You've never met him.

SIMON

He had on a shirt with one of those
nametags.

MONA

There's no way you could have known,
but Billy Ray has a twin, Lee.

Simon sits bewildered.

Suddenly he remembers something.

SIMON

When I came out of the rest room,
the guy had on a pair of mechanics
coveralls. They covered up the nametag
on the shirt. I just assumed he was...

MONA

So you can't be sure whom you talked
to, Billy Ray or his brother Lee.

(beat)

I wonder... is it possible one of them
took the truck and the other is
covering for his brother? And is one murderer!

SIMON

Oh my God... You mean I've got the Silas
brothers trying to pin a murder on me,
and cousin Ray out to shoot me?

Mona walks over to an easel holding an unfinished oil of a man's profile.
She drops a cover over the painting.

MONA

I'm afraid so. Now another question
comes to mind. Does Deputy Ray Silas
know what his cousins are up to?

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY.

Deputy JOE ROLLINS, thirty, average build, quick tempered,
surly, walks in the front door. Howie Billings looks up from his desk.

HOWIE

Hey Joe, how you doing?

JOE

What the hell you so happy bout?

HOWIE

I just asked how you were doing.

JOE

Well, don't ask... Anybody shoot that
damn Indian yet?

HOWIE

Of course not... You sound like Ray.
No one is going to shoot anybody.

JOE

Yeah, least of all you. You're too much
of a little kiss ass. Ain't you?

HOWIE

I guess you're right. You and Ray. The
office is all yours, Joe.

Howie gets up from his desk and walks out the front door.

INT. MONA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY.

The living room is small with a large sofa, a coffee table, and chair. On the wall facing the sofa, is a small brick fireplace. Several oil landscapes hang on the walls. Mona places newspaper and kindling in the fireplace. She sets it ablaze.

Simon is stretched out on the sofa.

MONA

I usually bring something home from
the cafe and reheat it for dinner.
But today I forgot. I'll have to go
back and pick up something.

SIMON

I'm not really that hungry.

MONA
(smiling)
Simon, we have to eat.

Mona turns and walks into the kitchen. Relaxing on the sofa, Simon watches the flames dancing in the fireplace. His eyes slowly close.

INT. SAM FORD'S OFFICE.- NIGHT.

Sam sits at his desk. He's reading a file.

Deputy Joe Rollins opens the office door without knocking.

JOE
I'm goin' out on patrol. As if it made
any difference to anybody round here.
Jake better not come in late tonight.

Joe slams the office door.

Sam sits and stares at the office door and then shakes his head.

Sam closes the file marked Coroner's Report.

Sam swings his chair around and looks out the office window. Through the darkness headlights can be seen moving up into the distant mountains.

SAM
Simon Horn, where in the hell are you?
(beat)
If you made it up to the Reservation
they'll never find you in that country.

INT. HALF DOLLAR KITCHEN - NIGHT.

Mona pushes her way through the kitchen swinging door.

The smiling face of HENRY TOMS greets her. Henry is about sixty, short and balding. He has a slight speech impediment.

HENRY

Hellllo there lady. You're earrly.

MONA

Oh, I don't think I'll eat with you
guys tonight. I'm tired.

Henry begins loading a dishwasher. Mona starts getting plastic containers down from a shelf.

HENRY

Loooooks like I'll be dinin' by myself.
Rose has innnformed me she has a
hoooot one tonight.

MONA

Yeah, I saw her on the way in... Well,
I'll just settle for the chicken and
some biscuits.

HENRY

Help yourself, darlin'.

Mona starts putting food in containers. She places the last container in a large paper sack.

Mona pours a cup of coffee and sits down at an old table.

MONA

Henry, you heard anymore about
the Sally Porter murder?

HENRY

Old Reece Porter is all liquored up...
drivin' around town wiiliith a gun.
All we neeeeed is him to shoooot some
innocent towns folk.

ROSE COLLINS, swings through the kitchen door with a grin.
Rose is in her mid-twenties, a pretty girl, a little on the stout side.

ROSE

That was the last customer. I'll start cleanin' up.

Rose notices the large sack of food sitting on the table.

ROSE (Cont.)

Whose the big takeout order for?

HENRY

That's not a taaaaakeout order.
Belongs to Mona.

Rose tries to look in the sack.

ROSE

(laughing)

My God, that's enough to feed an army. You havin' a party?

MONA

No, no babe, no party tonight.

ROSE

Oh, I bet you've got a man. I bet you're havin' a party.

MONA

No man, no party. Sorry. Just another quiet night at home.

ROSE

(giggling)

You're hidin' somethin'.

Rose exits through the swinging door.

Henry looks at Mona and shakes his head.

INT. MONA'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

Mona enters and turns on the kitchen light.

She puts the food on the kitchen table, and walks into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Simon sits on the sofa rubbing his eyes.

Simon stands up, yawns, and stretches.

Mona moves in close to Simon. She smiles and places her hands on his shoulders.

MONA

Come in the kitchen and lets eat.
Then we can have our coffee by the
fireplace.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT.

Sam Ford is looking in an old refrigerator in the dimly lit kitchen. Suddenly Martha appears in the doorway to the kitchen.

MARTHA

Supper's six every night.

Sam is startled by her voice.

SAM

Don't sneak up on me like that...
Yeah, I know what time it's
served.

MARTHA

Oh, I suppose you've had a long day
an' your stomach's growlin'. Sit down.
I'll heat up somethin'... MEN.

Sam slumps down in a kitchen chair.

SAM

Martha, marry me and we can run off
to the mountains and fish all day.

MARTHA

Just what you need, an old woman in
your life to clean your damn fish.

Martha begins breaking some eggs in an iron skillet.

SAM

I suppose you heard about Sally Porter?

MARTHA

Course I did. The tongues were waggin'
before the body was cold.

SAM

That figures. I suppose you also heard
about the Indian?

Martha starts a pot of coffee, then goes back to the eggs.

MARTHA

Yep. Did he do it?

SAM

I don't think so... I need to find
that young man.

(beat)

I don't understand why he didn't
come back to the office, or why
the deputies can't find him.

MARTHA

My God, he's an Indian in a strange
town. A white girl's found dead in
his truck. Did you expect to find him
standin' on the street corner? He's
back on the Reservation by now.

SAM

I got one question. If he didn't do it, how did
he find out about the murder?

INT. MONA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Simon puts a log on the fire, then relaxes on the sofa.

He appears deep in thought when suddenly Mona settles into the sofa beside him with two mugs of coffee.

She places the mugs on the coffee table.

MONA
(purring)
What are you thinking about?

SIMON
How well do you know the Silas at the gas
Station, Billy Ray?

MONA
Oh, he's always in some kind of
trouble. Spends a lot of time
at Jerry's Bar. He's a drunk.

There's a knock at the front door. Rose's voice calls out.

ROSE (O.S.)
I'm gonna crash your little party.

MONA
Into the studio, Simon. I'll get
rid of her.

Simon grabs his mug from the coffee table and hurries into the dark studio.

Mona walks to the front door, pulls back the door curtain.

MONA (con't.)
Hi Rose, I was just getting ready to
take a shower. Whata you doing here
at this hour?

Mona closes the door curtain.

ROSE (O.S.)
(giggling)

I decided to see what you're up to.
Gota meet the stud you're shakin' up with.

Mona stands to one side of the door window.

MONA

Come on, give me a break. There's
no guy, and I'm beat. I'll see you
tomorrow. Okay?

Rose giggling in the background.

ROSE (O.S.)
Ok, if you say so. I'll see you tomorrow.
I still don't believe you.

Increased giggling from Rose as she leaves.

Mona waits a few seconds, and looks out the door window.
She turns and walks back to the sofa.

Mona
She's gone.

Simon walks out of the studio holding his coffee mug.

SIMON
What is she doing here?

MONA
It's a long story. Come sit down.

Simon sits on the sofa. He's clearly agitated.

MONA (con't,)
The girl's gone, Simon. Settle down.

SIMON
I've got to get out of this town.

Simon stands up and begins pacing in front of the fireplace.

MONA
You will, take it easy. Now,
you asked about Billy Ray Silas.

SIMON
You said he's usually at Jerry's Bar.
What time does the place close?

MONA
Maybe around eleven o'clock. Why?

Simon sits down and takes a drink of coffee.

SIMON
Billy Ray knows what happened today.

MONA
So? What are you thinking?

SIMON
Well... if he's really drunk... I can
probably handle him.
(beat)
After I find out what I wanta
know, he'll be so disoriented
it'll take him time to find Ray.

Simon gets up and walks to the front door window. He looks out the window curtain.

MONA
Jesus...are you serious about finding Billy Ray?

SIMON
Yeah, I am. What does he drive?

MONA
An old Jeep.

SIMON

If I can grab him before he gets to his jeep, maybe I can get the truth out of him. Then I'll have some information to give the lawyer in Flagstaff.

(beat)

Well, forget that. There's no way to get to the bar and back here.

Simon resumes pacing.

MONA

I have a pickup truck.

Simon stops pacing. He's surprised.

SIMON

You... have... a pickup?

MONA

Yeah, it's in the garage back on the alley. Just an old truck with gray prime paint on it. Nick was restoring it before he was killed.

Simon is satisfied with the answer and looks at his watch.

MONA (con't.)

I intended to tell you about the truck because you could've taken it to the Reservation. But after you called your friend in Flagstaff, I didn't see any need.

Simon sits down and stares into the fire. He looks at his watch again. He's restless.

SIMON

That's all right.

I'd never run the risk of dragging you into this by getting caught on the Interstate in your truck.

Mona thinks for a second.

MONA

I think you'll be safe driving the truck to the bar. But promise me if anything goes wrong you'll leave there and come back here right away.

SIMON

Oh, I will. I hope no one sees me in your truck... I probably shouldn't go.

Simon gets up and resumes pacing.

MONA

No, GO.

(beat)

I guess you could just go head and... take the truck to the Reservation.

SIMON

(smiles)

I told you there's no way I'd take your truck there. Forget it. Jim will be here.

MONA

All right... The best way is down the alley to Main Street. Three blocks passed the Café you'll see Jerry's Bar. It's the first bar on Main.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT.

The two walk slowly through the kitchen to the side door.

Simon stops by the door and looks into her eyes. He is hesitant but then gently touches her cheek.

SIMON

I still don't know why you're doing this for a complete stranger. And how can I ever thank you?

He turns, steps through the side door.

Mona closes the door, smiles and turns out the light.

INT. OLD TRUCK - NIGHT.

Simon drives pass the dark buildings on Main. A small neon sign glows red, JERRY'S BAR.

He sees an alley by the bar and turns into it. As he turns, he sees an old Jeep parked on the corner of Main and the alley.

Switching off the headlights, Simon pulls behind the bar and parks the old gray truck.

Simon sits in the truck for a few seconds, thinking.

He opens the truck door.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT.

Simon exits the truck and blends into the shadows. The alley way glistens as a light rain begins to fall.

Slipping through the darkness to the end of the alley, Simon finds a small recessed doorway in the brick wall of the bar. The old door is bricked over.

Stepping back into the alcove, he has a view of the sidewalk and the front of the Jeep.

Standing hidden in the shadows, Simon waits.

Suddenly, from around the corner, comes the sound of the bar door opening and closing. Simon tenses his body as he waits.

There are the sounds of several voices. Car doors slam and the car drives away.

Simon shivers from the chill of the night air. Main Street is silent except for an occasional buzzing noise from the bar's neon sign. A light rain continues to fall.

Out of the night comes the sound of a car. It parks behind the Jeep. Headlights go off.

Pressed up against the wall Simon waits. Again there is the sound of the bar door opening and closing.

In the entrance to the alley, appears a very drunk Billy Ray Silas.

As he stumbles toward the Jeep, a figure appears on the other side of the alley entrance.

The figure sweeps Billy Ray back into the shadow of the alley, and up against the brick wall next to Simon's alcove.

They're out of Simon's sight, but so close he can hear them breathing and see the steam from their breath.

BILLY RAY (O.S.)
(slurred)

Jesus, what the hell... did ya up...
and do that for?

RAY (O.S.)
You little piss ant, I oughta snap
your skinny neck.

Simon catches his breath when he hears Ray's voice.

He presses back against the brick wall.

BILLY RAY (O.S.)
(slurred)
Why, what... did I do... Ray?

RAY (O.S.)
Cousin, or not. You lie to me,
I'll beat your rotten ass half to
death, right here, right now.

BILLY RAY (O.S.)
(slurred)
No, no, please... don't hurt me.

RAY (O.S.)

You stupid son-of-a-bitch, do you know
how that Porter girl ended up with the
indians truck?

BILLY RAY (O.S.)

(whimpering)

No, I don't know nothin"

A loud crack echoes down the alley, as Ray's open hand slaps Billy Ray.

Simon winches at the sound.

He tries to press farther back into the alcove.

RAY (O.S.)

Don't lie to me, you little shit.

BILLY RAY (O.S.)

(sobbing)

Oh, you know how she was... always skippin' school...
The little shit was always hangin' round the
station in the mornin'.

RAY (O.S.)

You know who took that Indian's
pickup, don't you?

Simon leans forward to hear better.

BILLY RAY (O.S.)

She took it.

Simon's expression is one of shock.

Simon presses back in the alcove as far as he can.

RAY (O.S.)

She took the truck? Why?

BILLY RAY (O.S.)

(drunken laugh)

Cause... I told her... to.

Billy Ray coughs and gags several times.

BILLY RAY (con't)

We was foolin' round in the station office when he drives up. While I was finishin' puttin' gas in the truck she comes waltzin' out. I told her to take the thing for a ride. He was in the toilet.

(beat)

The keys was right there... I told her to dump it somewhere when she was done.

Simon in the alcove, drops his head down in disbelief.

Ray (O.S.)

You stupid ass, did you think the guy would just laugh about his truck bein' taken?

BILLY RAY (O.S.)

(defiant)

Nobody round this town is gonna believe him... I sent him down to see ya... I knew ya'd figure out... some way to handle him.

(beat)

How was I suppose to know the bitch were gonna get killed?

Ray slams Billy Ray up against the wall again, so hard it knocks the wind out of him. He is gasping for breath.

Ray, Billy Ray, and Simon in his hiding place, are now all in view in the alley.

RAY

So you figured your good old cousin would clean up the mess you made with your little joke. Like I said, I ought to beat the shit out of you.

(beat)

But you're lucky. Cause I'm gonna make sure this Horn goes down for the murder.

The rainfall begins to increase.

BILLY RAY
I wonder... who did up and kill her?

RAY
I don't care who did it. I've got
an election for Marshal comin' up
next year. I want this whole mess
cleaned up.

BILLY RAY
Well... how are ya gonna make sure
the Indian takes the fall? Oh yeah,
and what you gonna do bout that
married bitch? She's trouble.

Simon inches forward to hear better as Billy Ray sounds weaker.

RAY
You're goin' to get on the stand,
and tell your little story. Remember?
You've never laid eyes on that Indian,
or his truck... Forget that bitch. I got
plans for her... Where was brother Lee while
you were havin' your fun?

BILLY RAY
Oh, Lee don't come to work... until
round... eleven.

RAY
But he came in early this mornin' to
help you work on the Jeep. Right?

Billy Ray gags and moans.

BILLY RAY
No, he didn't come... in early.

RAY
YES HE DID, And when Lee gets on
the stand he's gonna back you up.

BILLY RAY
(weak, slurred)

Oh... I see... but what if he don't
want... to do it?

RAY
What did you say?

The sound of Ray's fist crashing against the side of Billy Ray's head causes Simon to flinch.

Ray holds Billy Ray up against the wall inches from Simon's hiding place.

BILLY RAY
(weak and sobbing)
Please... don't hit me... no more.
We'll do it.

Ray is right in Billy Ray's face as he holds him against the wall.

RAY
Just remember cousin, we all stick together.
I always been there to hold things
together. Right?

Les begins to retch.

BILLY RAY
Yeah, yeah... right... All stick
together.

RAY
You're a waste.

Simon stands frozen as Ray Silas leaves the alley.

There's the sound of a car driving away.

Simon listens as Billy Ray vomits. Finally there's silence.

He peers cautiously around the corner of the alcove, as Billy Ray stumbling toward the Jeep.

Simon waits for the noise of an engine starting.

There's silence, only the buzzing from the bar's neon sign.

Simon steps out into alley, and walks slowly to the corner.

At a point where Simon can see the front seat of the Jeep, he stops.

Billy Ray is slumped over the steering wheel, passed out.

Simon returns to the pickup.

INT. OLD TRUCK - NIGHT.

Simon starts the truck and drives back down the alley.

As Simon turns onto Main Street, he sees Billy Ray, still passed out.

He drives slowly down Main street.

A stoplight turns red as Simon reaches an intersection. He looks nervously in the rear view mirror.

The street is deserted and the rainfall is heavy.

SIMON
(mumbling)
Come on light change.

As the light turns green Simon drives forward.

The windshield wipers whip back and forth.

Suddenly in the rear view mirror he sees the lights of a car following him.

Simon drives slowly up Main Street.

In Simon's rear view mirror the lights of a patrol car come on, casting an eerie red light in the rain.

SIMON
(muttering)
Oh God, what do I do now?

Simon pulls over to the side of the street. The rain is now blinding on the truck windows.

Simon's eyes search in the truck cab.

Simon reaches under the truck seat. His hand searches frantically. He comes up empty handed.

Simon opens the glove compartment. His hand pulls out small caliber pistol.

Simon checks the pistol. It's loaded

Simon sits holding the pistol down at his side.

The patrol car pulls in behind the pickup truck.

The car door opens and the deputy steps out into the rain.

The deputy hesitates by the open car door. The deputy suddenly jumps back into the car and closes the door.

The patrol car pulls out and speeds away with red lights flashing.

Simon slumps in the truck seat.

He throws the pistol back into the glove compartment.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Mona is deep in thought on the sofa. She has a frown on her face. She glances at her watch.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT.

Mona walks into the kitchen and starts a pot of coffee.

She sits down at the kitchen table, in the darkness, and waits. She appears agitated.

There's the sound of a truck engine and then footsteps.

The side door opens and Simon steps in, quickly closing the door behind him. He sits down at the table.

The only light in the room comes from a small red light on the coffee maker.

SIMON

Well, I FINALLY made it back.

MONA

I'd begin to wonder. Go in by
the fire, we'll have coffee.

(beat)

You can tell me what happened.

Simon gets up and walks toward the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Simon settles down on the sofa.

He holds his hands out to the warmth of the fireplace.

Mona enters with the coffee and slides in next to him.

MONA

Okay, I'm listening. Did you find
Billy Ray?

SIMON

Oh yes, I found him. But I didn't
talk to him.

MONA

(frowning)

I don't understand.

SIMON

You're not going to believe what
happened tonight... I don't.

EXT. MAIN STREET - LES'S JEEP - NIGHT.

LEE SILAS, Billy Ray's twin, is shaking his brother, and shouting in his ear.

LEE
Come on wake up.

BILLY RAY
Okay, okay, I'm awake. Jesus, stop shakin' me.

LEE
What happened to the side of yer head? It's all swelled up. What did ya do, fall down?

BILLY RAY
No, I didn't FALL DOWN, dammit. Our son-of-a-bitchin' cousin Ray beat the crap outta me.

LEE
What for?

BILLY RAY
Ah, it's all bout the Indian.

Lee steadies his brother as he struggles out of the Jeep. Billy Ray leans against the Jeep.

LEE
I thought all he wanted was to shoot the bastard.

BILLY RAY
I reckon he didn't get a chance. So now he wants us to be witnesses against the Indian.

Lee grabs his brother's arm.

LEE

Come on, get in the car. Ya can
pick up the Jeep tomorrow.

INT. LEE'S CAR - NIGHT.

BILLY RAY

Ya didn't up an' kill that little
Porter slut, did ya?

LEE

Why would I wanna kill her?

BILLY RAY

I don't know... Ya up an' done
crazy shit before. Remember?

LEE

Leave it alone, brother.

Billy Ray holds his head as the car pulls away from the curb.

INT. MONA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Simon is stretched out on the sofa. The fireplace embers light the room. Mona walks into the room with a pillow. She has changed from her street clothes into a loose fitting robe.

She bends over to place the pillow under Simon's head, the robe falls open. She is sans clothing under the robe.

Mona quickly pulls the robe closed. She smiles playfully. Mona turns away and walks slowly out of the room.

Simon lies on the sofa with his eyes wide open, startled, and staring straight up at the ceiling.

BLACKOUT

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY.

As Sam Ford steps through the door, DEPUTY JAKE WILSON looks up from his paperwork, then at his watch. Jake is tall, thin, about forty-five. He's an easy going type.

JAKE

My God, Marshal... What are you
doin' in here so early?

SAM

Oh, a dog up the street. The son-
of-a-bitch barked all night. Kept
me up, dammit... Quiet last night?

Jake

Routine. I stopped a pickup with a
burned out taillight, but before I
could give him a warnin' I had a call
on a accident out on the Interstate. By
the time I got there the Highway Patrol
was coverin' it.

SAM

When Howie gets in, tell him I
said to call the County Sheriff.
Check to see if there's any word
on that Simon Horn. I think he's
made it back to the Reservation.

(beat)

I'm gonna grab some breakfast.

Sam opens the door to leave, the phone rings. Jake answers.

JAKE

Marshal's office.

Jake appears to grow slightly agitated. Finally he hangs up.

SAM

What's the matter?

JAKE

Oh, that was old Lester Spears
at the Prosperity Motel. All I
could make out was something
about cabin number eight bein'
bad, bad, bad.

SAM

I'll check it out. You finish
your paperwork.

INT. MONA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY.

Simon throws back the quilt and sits up on the sofa.

He turns to see Mona standing in the studio doorway.

MONA

(Soft whisper)

Good morning, what can I offer you?

(beat)

Would some fresh coffee help?

SIMON

Oh yes. I could use some.

Mona walks over to Simon with a coy smile.

He slips on his shoes.

Mona reaches out and brushes back his disheveled hair.

She stands close to him and rubs Simon's shoulders.

Her hair is still wet from the shower. The clean waitress uniform clings tightly to her body, leaving little to the imagination.

MONA

(seductively)

How about some bacon and eggs
to go with it?

Simon tries to cover his body's temptation with a quilt. He remains seated and appears embarrassed.

SIMON

Bacon and eggs would be fine,
if you have the time.

She turns and walks slowly toward the kitchen with coy smile on her face.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY.

Mona sets a cup of coffee in front of Simon as he slumps in a chair.

MONA

I'm gonna stop at the real estate office. I'm giving them a listing on the house. I decided last night.

Mona busies herself with the bacon and eggs.

MONA (con't.)

I think the opportunity to get out of this town has presented itself.

INT. MARSHAL'S CAR - DAY.

Turning into the motel driveway Sam sees LESTER SPEARS in front of one of the cabins. Lester is small, very thin, balding, about sixty. He's staggering around in a circle, waving his arms in the air.

Sam parks by the office and exits car.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY.

Sam walks toward the raving Lester. He reaches out slowly and grabs one of the man's flailing arms. Lester staggers to a stop in Sam's grasp.

SAM

Everything is okay now, Lester.
Settle down. Tell me what's wrong.

Lester's eyes roll from side to side, as he points to the open door of cabin 8. Lester is very drunk.

LESTER
(Whispering)
Bad... Bad... Bad.

SAM

Listen to me, Lester. I want you to go back to the office and wait there. Do you understand?

Lester's baldhead nods and he stumbles off toward the office cabin, muttering incoherently.

Sam walks slowly up to the open door of cabin 8.

INT. CABIN 8 - DAY

With gun drawn, Sam steps cautiously through the doorway. His eyes quickly sweep the dark, shabby, room.

He walks to the bathroom, which is small, dirty, and empty.

Returning to the bed, Sam stands looking down at the body. The bed sheet is twisted around the lower half of her nude body. Sam pulls the sheet up to cover her.

Sam returns the gun to its holster.

He surveys the clothing strewn about the room. On the floor is an empty suitcase, in one corner stands a battered guitar case.

Sam looks around the room and then exits the cabin.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - DAY.

Sam steps into the small office.

Sitting in an old overstuffed chair is the small, thin, frame of Lester. He's snoring. On a small table beside the chair is an empty whiskey bottle. Next to the bottle sits a glass half full of what appears to be whiskey. Immersed in the amber liquid is a set of false teeth.

Walking around the office counter, Sam checks a metal file hanging on the wall. He pulls a blank card out of the slot marked number eight. He shakes his head and drops the card back in the slot.

Sam picks up the phone and dials.

SAM

This is Marshal Ford. Let me talk to the Coroner.

INT. CABIN 8 - DAY.

Stepping back into the cabin, Sam pulls on latex gloves.

Sam walks over to the bed and begins making mental notes.

He hears a car drive up.

He steps to the open door.

EXT. CABIN 8 - DAY.

As Jake Wilson walks toward the cabin, Sam calls out.

SAM

You gotta camera in your car?

JAKE

Yeah, sure do. Got lots of film.

SAM

Good, go back and get it. You're officially working overtime.

Jake turns back to his car.

Sam returns to his surveying of the crime scene.

INT. CABIN 8 - DAY.

Sam walks back into the bathroom.

Sam's eyes scan the small, dingy room.

He looks in the medicine cabinet. It's empty except for a lone cockroach that scampers across one of the shelves. He slams the cabinet door shut.

Sam glances down at a small wastebasket sitting under the sink.

Picking up the wastebasket, Sam pulls out two square pieces of brown paper. Each is slightly stained with oil.

He smells the paper and drops it back in the basket as he hears Jake's voice.

JAKE (O.S.)

Oh... my God. What the hell happened here?... Where's old Lester?

Sam walks out of the bathroom.

SAM

He's passed out in the office.

JAKE

Damn, looks like another one.

Jake loads film in camera.

SAM

Yeah. Appears the lady was strangled.
There's severe bruising around the neck.
(beat)
This looks a lot like the Porter girl
killing.

Jake starts to move about the room taking pictures

SAM (con't.)

This time we have a female in her
late twenties, average height and
build, red hair, fair skin, attractive.

Sam thinks for a second as he walks around the bed.

SAM (con't.)

I'm no expert on time of death...
but I'd guess death occurred
about twenty-four hours ago.

Sam continues to scan the room. On the nightstand beside the bed, sits a half empty whiskey bottle and two clean glasses

SAM (con't)

There's a hand towel laying on
the floor by the door. I'd bet
the towel was used to wipe
clean nearly everything.

(beat)

We'll be lucky to get any prints.

JAKE

Yeah, the same as the Porter case.
Nude or partially nude body,
death by strangulation. Now
the question is was she raped?

Sam walks over to the old guitar case in the corner of the room and opens it.

A hand tooled leather strap attached to the guitar has "Sweet Red" stamped in it. He closes the case.

Sam turns to look at the bed. Something catches his eye, just under the bed.

Sam reaches down and picks it up. His hand holds a gold ballpoint pen. He studies the pen.

He pulls a small plastic evidence bag from his pocket. He drops the pen in the bag and places bag in his pocket.

SAM

Get some pictures of the bathroom.

(beat)

In the wastebasket are a couple
of sandwich wraps, shoot'm,
bag'm and hold'm for the
lab man coming down from County.
I want them checked for prints.

JAKE

Do we know who she is?

SAM

No identification on her. There's
the name Sweet Red on that guitar
over in the corner.

Sam points to guitar case.

Sam walks over to the bed and picks up the corpses hand.

SAM (con't.)

Her fingertips are very calloused.
My guess is, she played professionally.

Jake begins to walk around the room taking pictures.

JAKE

What would she be doin' here?

SAM

Good question. Did she know someone
in town? Or was she here to work?

JAKE

Who would hire a guitar player in
THIS town?

Sam walks to the open cabin door and looks outside.

SAM

I have a hunch I know the answer
to that question.

JAKE

Do we know what time she checked
into this dump?

Sam turns back to Jake and shakes his head in disgust.

SAM

Nothing... Thanks to friend Lester.
A blank registration card.

Jake
I didn't see any car parked out
there. I wonder how she got here?

Sam steps out of the open door as he speaks to Jake.

SAM
Maybe someone brought her here. Or she
came in on the bus.
(beat)
I've called Howie and he's on his way to
check the bus stop at Deacon's drug store.
(beat)
While I'm gone, no one comes in this
room. Only the coroner and the man
from County. Lets be quiet about
this one.

JAKE
You got it Marshal.

INT. DEACON'S DRUG STORE - DAY.

Deputy Howie Billings spots PHIL DEACON behind the pharmacy counter. Deacon is middle-aged, short, and balding.

PHIL
Mornin' Deputy.

Howie walks up to the pharmacy counter.

HOWIE
Morning Sir, I looking for some
information. Maybe you can help.

PHIL
Oh, sounds serious.

Phil continues filling a prescription.

HOWIE
I just need a little information
about the last bus that stopped
here... Sunday, right?

PHIL

That's right Deputy. Sunday afternoon,
four o'clock sharp.

HOWIE

Well Sir, did you see anyone get off?

Phil stops his work.

PHIL

Yeah, sure did. Lady got off the bus
from Phoenix, in fact she was the only
one that got off. Kind of a pretty lady.

HOWIE

Did you see anyone meet her?

PHIL

No... she just stood out there. I went out
and asked if she needed any help. She said
no, asked where the closest motel was. I
mentioned the Manor House, but she just
wanted a motel. I sent her down the street.

HOWIE

So, you're sure no one met her?

Phil resumes filling a prescription.

PHIL

No one. Oh by the way, welcome to
Prosperity. I think you'll do just
fine here.

Howie starts toward the door, and then he turns around.

HOWIE

(smiling)

Thank you for your help, sir.

INT. SILAS MARKET - DAY.

Sam pushes his way through the market door.

BEN SILAS, forties, average height and weight, is counting some change at the checkout stand. He looks up and frowns.

BEN

What's goin' on over at the motel?
What's a County Sheriff's car
doin' there?

SAM

Oh, they're just checking out a few things. That's why I stopped by. I need some information.

BEN

Well, I'm not gettin' involved.
What goes on over there is none of my business. I've got work to do.

Ben continues to count cash. He ignores Sam.

Sam's patience has grown short. His forbearance snaps.

SAM

Dammit Ben, we can get into a pissing match over this. Hell, we can make it real official.

Ben slams the cash register drawer shut.

BEN

Make it quick, I'm busy.

SAM

All I need to know... is did a woman with long red hair come in Sunday afternoon? Since all the cafes in town are closed Sunday afternoon, I thought she may have come here and bought a sandwich.

Ben thinks for a second. Then a smile comes over his face.

BEN

Yeah, good-lookin' gal.

(beat)

The wife and daughter were in Flagstaff
for the day, so I was tempted to try
that one on for size. Know what I mean?

SAM

(Disgusted)

Let's get back to the sandwich.

Ben leans up against the cash register with a smirk on his face.

BEN

Wasn't just one sandwich... She ordered
two to go. Said she had a friend waitin'.

SAM

This is important. Did you see anyone
waiting for her?

BEN

Nope.

SAM

When she left did you see which
direction she headed?

BEN

(laughs)

Yeah, she went across the street to
that fleabag motel ...Probably gonna
feed some old boy before she screwed him.

Ben opens the cash drawer and starts counting change.

SAM

(Sarcastic)

Thanks for your valuable help. Oh by
way, sure you didn't close early and go eat
that other sandwich?

BEN

Screw you Marshal. That'll give you somethin' to think about.

SAM

Not really. What would she have wanted with an over the hill arrogant Silas?

Sam turns toward the door as Ben makes an obscene gesture.

EXT. JERRY'S BAR - DAY.

Sam stops to read a sign by the front door of the bar. It reads: Guitar Music by Sweet Red. Evenings, 8 PM till 11 PM.

Sam pushes through the double swinging doors.

INT. JERRY'S BAR - DAY.

The dimly lit small town barroom is deserted.

Sam sits on a stool at the end of the bar.

Suddenly out of the back room walks JERRY McCLURE carrying a case of beer. Jerry is fifty, average height, stocky build, with an outgoing personality.

JERRY

By God, it's Marshal Ford. Don't see much of you lately.

Sam starts to speak but Jerry's enthusiasm carries him on.

JERRY (con't)

You oughta come in tomorrow night and listen to the live entertainment that I...

Sam takes a deep breath and interrupts him.

SAM

Well Jerry, I figured your bar would be
the only one in town with enough class
to hire a guitar player.

(beat)

I've got some bad news.

(beat)

Your young lady and her guitar, won't
be able to keep their date.

JERRY

Sure, she'll be in on today's bus.

SAM

She must have come on the Sunday bus...
Billy found her body this morning in
one of the cabins, murdered.

Jerry leans against the bar. He wipes his hands on a towel.

JERRY

Oh, no. Not her.

(beat)

And I brought her here.

SAM

This is important, Jerry. Did she
say if she knew anyone in town?

Jerry throws the bar towel across the bar.

JERRY

No, she never heard of Prosperity.

SAM

Well, she obviously made an acquaintance
shortly after arriving in town.

Jerry walks around the bar, sits on a bar stool next to Sam.

JERRY
(visibly upset)
I don't understand.

SAM
Your lady made a fatal mistake. She had
a fling with the wrong guy.

Sam pats Jerry on the back as he stands up.

SAM (con't.)
Sorry... Don't be hard on yourself because
you gave her a job. What happened in
that motel room isn't your fault.

Sam walks toward the front door.

Jerry is sitting at the bar shaking his head.

Suddenly he remembers something.

JERRY
This may not be a good time to bring
this up... But I think you'd want to know...
You have a Deputy with a problem.

SAM
What deputy? What problem?

Jerry gets up and walks back around the bar.

JERRY
Sunday afternoon, Joe Rollins was
in and wanted me to sell him a
bottle of booze. I told him I
couldn't sell him a bottle to carry
out, not with my license. He got
really upset. So I sold him one.
(beat)
I know I shouldn't have. But...

SAM

Joe Rollins? Well, that's interesting.

Why did he want a bottle on Sunday?

(beat)

Hum, very interesting... Watch out,
Jerry. You could lose your license.

Sam pushes open the bar door, and exits.

BLACKOUT

INT. SAM FORD'S OFFICE - DAY.

Sam settles down in his desk chair.

He pulls the small plastic evidence bag from his pocket. He drops it in the top desk drawer. Pulling open a side drawer, he removes a small thin box.

After checking the contents, Sam places the box in the top desk drawer.

There's a knock at the office door.

Deputy Howie Billings sticks his head in and smiles.

HOWIE

Excuse me Sir. The lady with the long red hair who was strangled came here on the Sunday bus. Phil was sure he didn't see anyone meet her.

SAM

Thanks, Howie... I want you back here at ten o'clock tonight for a meeting.

HOWIE

(smiling)

A meeting? But Sir, that's going to cut into my late night social life.

SAM

Give the ladies a break. Oh, by the way.
Do you like working here better than
up in Greenwood?

Howie smiles and shuffles from one foot to the other.

HOWIE

I like it, Sir. I'm glad I came here.

SAM

You're a fine young man with a bright
future. We're glad to have you here in
this office.

HOWIE

I'll won't let you down, Sir.

Howie turns to leave and starts to close the door. Deputy Jake Wilson opens the door and walks past Howie.

Howie leaves the room, closing the office door.

JAKE

The County couldn't find any
prints. The Coroner did his thing.
You were right on the time of death,
also it looks like she wasn't raped.

SAM

Thanks... Go get some rest, but be back
here at ten o'clock. I'm having a
special meeting here in my office.

JAKE

Okay. Boy, the wife will love that.

SAM

Sorry... I know it's an inconvenience.

JAKE

No problem, goes with the job.

Jake turns and starts to walk toward the door.

SAM

Also I want you to contact Ray and Joe. Then run down Billy Ray and Lee Silas. The brothers may have some questions to answer about this vanishing truck.

JAKE

You got it, Marshal. See you at ten.

INT. MONA'S KITCHEN - DAY.

Mona steps into the kitchen dressed in her waitress uniform.

Simon is at the kitchen table reading a magazine.

MONA

I brought home some roast beef for dinner. You feel like eating?

SIMON

I will even if I don't feel like it. Tonight is gonna be a long night.

MONA

Go in and rest on the sofa. I'll call you when dinner's ready.

Mona watches him leave the room.

After his back is turned she gets a cold look on her face

INT. SAM FORD'S OFFICE.- NIGHT.

Sam sits at his desk drinking a cup of coffee and reading a file folder by a desk light.

The phone rings. Sam answers.

SAM

Marshal Ford... Oh yeah, I've been waiting... Yes, the fingerprints on the wrappers... Oh, I see... Well, I guess you never know... Do you..... Yeah... I'll handle it. Thanks.

Sam hangs up the phone. He spins his chair around toward the office window.

He mutters to himself.

SAM

Oh damn... Tonight is gonna be a real party, with some unhappy people. One in particular.

INT. MONA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

The fire is down to a few glowing embers, as Simon struggles from a restless sleep to open his eyes. He hears voices.

Slowly pulling himself up on the sofa, he listens. The sounds come from the kitchen. Voices, then what sounds like the slamming of a door and the voices grow louder. Suddenly it's quiet.

Simon stands up and looks around the room. He walks to the doorway leading into the studio.

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT.

Simon slips into the shadows of the studio. He stands frozen in the half-light, listening. There is a sound, like something being shoved across the kitchen floor.

He moves across the dimly lit studio to the wall beside the kitchen doorway.

Simon stands pressed against the wall, listening. He takes a deep breath. He moves up to the edge of the doorway. He hears someone gasping for air.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT.

Simon steps into the bright light of the kitchen doorway. His eyes blink trying to adjust to the bright light.

The kitchen chairs are either knocked over, or shoved up against the walls. The table is pushed against the cabinets under the sink. Stretched across the table is Mona, gasping. Her arms waving through the air, fists striking out. Her long, bare, legs stretching out, kicking the air. Standing between her flailing legs is Ray Silas.

With a left hand on her neck he holds her down on the table. His right hand unbuckles the gun belt, which drops to the floor. Next the belt on his pants. The pants are shoved down to his knees. Ray leans forward, both hands on the gasping Mona's neck.

RAY
(Spits it out)
You gonna love it, bitch.

Simon vaults across the kitchen and lands on Ray's back. Wrapping his arms around Ray's neck and legs around Ray's waist, Simon strains with every muscle in his body. He tightens the chokehold on Ray's neck as Ray rears backwards.

Coughing and gagging, Ray reaches back with both hands and grabs Simon's hair. Hobbled by the pants that are now down around his ankles, Ray careens around the room like a spinning top.

Simon's head and back are slammed into the walls, then into a china cabinet, sending broken glass flying through the air.

Mona screams.

Ray's hands rip at Simon's hair and ears. Simon strains to tighten the chokehold on Ray's neck.

Suddenly Ray's body stiffens, twitches, and then goes limp. Falling over backward, Ray crashes to the floor, knocking the wind out of Simon. Gasping for breath, Simon shoves the limp mass off of him.

Pulling himself to his feet, Simon staggers about blindly.

Simon rubs his eyes clearing his vision. Finally he sees Mona huddled in a corner behind an overturned chair.

Mona holds her torn dress wrapped tightly around her body. Her head is bowed and her shoulders are trembling.

Pushing the chair aside, Simon reaches down and picks Mona up in his arms. He carries her out of the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Mona is lying on the sofa. Suddenly her eyes pop open. She grabs Simon's arm. She speaks in a weak, raspy voice.

MONA
Where is he?

Simon rubs his head and eyes.

SIMON
He's dead... I couldn't see what was happening, but I must have choked him to death.
(beat)
Everything happened so fast... Oh my God, what if he isn't dead? Maybe he just passed out?

MONA
(Weak)
Simon, you didn't...

SIMON
Just lie still, I'll be right back.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT.

Stepping into the bright light of the kitchen Simon sees Ray stretched out on the floor.

Simon walks slowly toward Ray. He reaches for Ray's gun belt on the floor.

Simon stops short.

On Ray's khaki shirt, around the silver deputy badge, a dark red stain has formed. Next to the badge protruding up from the stain, is the handle of a knife. A pool of blood has formed next to Ray's body.

Simon looks over the body carefully. He hesitates, then goes to the sink and draws a glass of water.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Simon returns to the living room with the water.

Mona is sitting on the sofa with a bathrobe held tightly around her. Her eyes stare into the fireplace.

She takes a sip of water.

MONA

(Softly)

Another second and it would have
been too late.

(beat)

I stabbed him.

Mona is very calm. Simon sits down beside her.

SIMON

You did what you had to do. If he
got loose, you know both of us would
be lying dead on that kitchen floor.

MONA

When your friend Jim calls, tell him
to pick you up here.

(beat)

Go while you have the chance.

SIMON

I can't leave now. I'm your witness
to what happened here.

(beat)

No, I'll take a chance on Marshal Ford.

MONA

Do you think I really need to explain
what happened?

Mona pulls back the collar of the robe. Her thin neck is ringed with an angry looking bluish red bruise.

MONA (Cont.)

If you want to trust Sam, call him.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT.

Sam Ford stands in the small kitchen, looking down at the body of Ray Silas. He shakes his head in disbelief.

SAM

What a way to go. Lying on the floor of a lady's kitchen, flat on your back, with a knife in your chest.

Sam reaches over and grabs a dishtowel hanging by the sink. He drops it over Ray's face.

SAM (Cont.)

That's more respect than you deserve.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Sam stands looking at Mona and Simon sitting on the sofa.

SAM

(frowning)

A call on that mess in the kitchen was one thing, but now I find you, Simon Horn. I want an explanation from both of you. It better be good.

(beat)

But first things first. Mona, is it necessary to go to the clinic?

MONA

No, no. He didn't rape me.

SAM

Then I'll use your phone to make some arrangements for our friend in the kitchen.

Mona points toward the studio door

MONA

The phone is on a table in the studio.

SAM

When I get back I want some answers.

Sam leaves the room.

Mona and Simon sit in silence.

Mona suddenly whispers to Simon.

MONA

We're on our way. The hell with this town.
We have to talk before Sam comes back.
There's some things to clear up.

Simon is puzzled by her words. He studies her face.

SIMON

Well yes, there are a lot of things
that we'll have to explain. I'm sure.
What am I going to do about Jim?
What if he calls here now?

MONA

You won't be needing Jim. You better
explain to the Marshall about him.

SIMON

I don't know what'll happen after
tonight, but I want you to come up
to the Reservation. Maybe after you
sell your house.
(beat)

I want to see you again.

Mona looks toward the studio door. She takes Simon hand.

MONA

Simon, listen to me. I have plans.

Sam walks back into the room.

EXT. PROSPERITY'S MAIN STREET.- NIGHT.

An old pickup truck is pulled off to the side of the street by the town's first stop sign. In the truck sits REESE PORTER, father of the murdered Sally Porter. He's in his fifties, and very drunk.

Reese rolls down the truck window. He throws an empty whiskey bottle out the window. The bottle breaks on the pavement.

Reese closes his eyes and slumps against the truck seat.

A new pickup truck rolls down Main Street from the direction of the Interstate highway. It comes to a stop at the town's first stop sign.

The noise from the truck stopping awakens Reese Porter.

Reese looks over at the truck. His head weaves back and forth. He begins to curse.

REESE PORTER
Injin bastard, you killed my baby.

Suddenly he raises a rifle and begins shooting at the new truck.

The truck's window is shattered by the bullets.

The driver slumps over the steering wheel.

ENT. LIVING ROOM.- NIGHT

Sam is seated, looking at Simon and Mona on the sofa.

SAM
Deputy Jake Wilson and the Coroner are
on their way here. Okay Mona... relax,
tell me everything you can remember.

He leans forward and listens.

MONA
I was getting dinner ready. Simon was
asleep on the sofa.

Sam points to Simon.

SAM

Then I'm to assume he's been staying
here?

MONA

Yes, he has been.

Sam sits back in his chair and shakes his head in disbelief.

SAM

(frowning)

Unbelievable... Well I'll be damned... I
lose a deputy and find Horn.

(beat)

All right... let's get back to Ray.

MONA

Someone knocked on the side door.
I thought it was old Mrs. Thomas
from next door.

Mona pulls her robe tightly around her.

MONA (con't.)

I started to turn the knob and
the door flew open.

Mona takes a deep breath.

MONA (con't.)

There he stood... smiling at me. I
knew if he found Simon here... Ray
would shoot him.

Sam sits forward in his chair. He's clearly agitated.

SAM

Wait a minute... What's this about Ray
shooting Horn? Where in the world
did you get that nonsense?

MONA

He said he would when he came into
the cafe looking for Simon.

Mona takes a drink of water. A shudder goes through her body.

Sam reaches over and touches Mona's hand.

SAM

We'll talk about that later. Right
now, tell me about the knife.

Mona sits in silence for a few seconds.

MONA

Everything was a blur... we were
whirling around the room crashing
into everything.

Mona pauses as she pushes her hair back with one hand.

MONA (Cont.)

I saw the kitchen knife... lying on
the counter.

There's a knock at the front door.

SAM

That'll be Jake. Sit still I'll get it.

Sam walks to the front door and opens it.

Jake Wilson steps in and motions Sam to one side. He whispers to Sam.
Sam shakes his head. Jake goes back out through the door. Sam walks over
to Mona and Simon.

SAM

There's a problem. I have a shooting
to go to.

(beat)

Mona, I want you to stay with my
sister tonight. I don't think you
should be alone. Give me the keys
to the house.

Mona walks to a table by the fireplace.

She picks up the house key. She discreetly puts another set of keys in her pocket.

Mona walks over to Sam and hands him the house key.

SAM (con't.)

When we finish with this shooting,
I'll send Wilson and the Coroner
back here to take care of our friend
in the kitchen.

(Beat)

All right Mona, gather up whatever
you need and I'll drop you off at
my sister's. It's just around the
corner.

Mona gets up to leave the room. She gives Simon a coy smile and discreetly flashes the other set of keys toward him.

Sam (con't.)

Then Mister Horn and I'll go to
this shooting. I swear I don't
know what's going on in this town.
It's coming apart at the seams.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT.

Several patrol cars surround Reese Porter's pickup truck and the one parked at the stop sign. Their flashing red lights illuminate the scene.

Marshal Sam Ford and Simon Horn are standing by one of the patrol cars.

Deputy Jake Wilson approaches.

JAKE

Reese is passed out in the County
car. He'll be booked in Flagstaff.

SAM

Any identification on the victim?

Jake opens a wallet.

JAKE
Yeah, accordin' to his drivers
license his name is James Begay.

Simon leans against one of the patrol cars.

SIMON
Oh my god, not Jim... Jesus, no.

SAM
You know the victim?

SIMON
Oh yes, I know him. Damn it. All because of me!

INT. SAM FORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Sam Ford stands by his desk. He looks through the Venetian blinds, into the outer office.

Billy Ray Silas paces back and forth in front of the coffee maker, glancing at Sam's office.

Lee Silas sits at a desk with his arms folded and a sullen look on his face.

Deputy Howie Billings is seated at his desk with a bored look.

Deputy Joe Rollins, is slumped over his desk reading the newspaper.

Sam turns back toward his desk and sits down. He turns his attention to Simon.

SAM
Sorry about your friend, Begay.

Simon sits rubbing forehead. He's clearly shaken

SIMON
I... can't believe... Jim is dead. It's
my fault. He came here because of me.

Sam studies Simon.

SAM

Why didn't you just come to me. I would've listened to you.

Simon doesn't answer. He sits with his head bowed.

SAM (con't.)

And this nonsense about Ray Silas shooting you on sight, well he may have been stupid but not THAT stupid.

Simon sits back in his chair and points at Sam.

SIMON

Marshal... Last night I stood in a cold, damp, dark alley next to Jerry's Bar. I heard Ray knocking around a very drunk Billy Ray.

Sam leans forward in his chair as he listens intently.

SIMON (con't.)

Let me tell you everything that happened and everything that was said in that alley.

(beat)

I think you might be interested.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Simon walks over to a desk and sits down.

Joe Rollins seated at his desk gives Simon a sly smile.

Joe gets up and walks toward the coffee maker.

He stops where Simon is seated.

JOE

Hey buddy, looks like they got you by the short hairs. Boy, they're gonna put it to you but good..... Coffee?

SIMON
No... No coffee... Go to hell.

INT. SAM FORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Joe Rollins stands by Sam's desk with a cup of coffee.

SAM
Joe, I want you at the front desk.
No one leaves. Okay?

JOE
(bored)
Yeah, if that's what ya want.

SAM
That's it. Now send Billy Ray in.

Sam gets up and watches Joe Rollins walk into the outer office. Joe speaks to Billy Ray, who gets up slowly and keeps looking over at Lee. He struts into Sam's office.

BILLY RAY
(Sarcastic)
Well, I see ya got the murderer.

SAM
Close the door, Billy Ray.
(beat)
Excuse me, who you referring to?

Billy Ray slams the office door.

BILLY RAY
Why, I was referrin' to that
Indian sittin' out there.

SAM
What Horn is doing out there is
none of your damn business... I've
some bad news for you... Ray was
killed tonight.

Billy Ray has a look of disbelief. He drops down in a chair.

SAM (Cont.)
He was killed in a physical altercation.

Billy Ray leans forward with a puzzled look.

BILLY RAY
What was those words ya used? Ya sayin'
he was in a fight? No... ain't no man
could take Ray in a fair fight.

SAM
I' not gonna discuss it right now. I'm
looking for information about a murder.

Billy Ray becomes nervous and squirms in his chair.

BILLY RAY
Don't know nothin' bout any murder.

SAM
Well, with the information I have,
you could be charged as an accessory
to murder.

BILLY RAY
Accessory... to a murder?

Les starts rubbing the side of his head.

SAM
That's right, a trip to State Prison.

BILLY RAY
But... I didn't kill anybody.

SAM
(raised voice)
Don't screw with me... If you withhold
information about a murder, or assist
in a cover-up of the crime, then you
become an accessory... Think about it.

Billy Ray continues to rub his head.

He tries to look through the window blinds toward the outer office.

BILLY RAY

Oh no, I know'd it... I just
know'd it. Holy shit, all
hell is gonna break loose
with old Ray gone.

SAM

What do you mean, all hell is
gonna break loose?

Billy Ray doesn't hear the question. He bangs the arm of his chair.

BILLY RAY

(Muttering)

I told them... wouldn't work.

A knock at the door. Deputy Jake Wilson sticks his head in.
He points to Sam.

JAKE

Can I speak to you Marshal?

SAM

Billy Ray, we're going to take a break.
You better go tell your brother about Ray.

Billy Ray jumps up, pushes past Jake, and rushes across the room toward Lee. Jake Wilson walks into Sam's office

JAKE

What did ya say to him?

SAM

Come in and close the door. I told
him about Ray, but that's not what
sent him flying outa here.

(beat)

I was just trying to bluff him into
admitting what he knew about Horn's
truck and Sally Porter.

Jake

Hum.. wonder what got to him?

SAM

I don't know, but I'm sure gonna
find out.

(beat)

Things wrapped up at the shooting
and Mona Willis's house?

JAKE

Yeah, the bodies are at the Coroners.
The County Sheriff is handlin' the
shootin' scene. I got a lot of pictures.

Jake lays several rolls of film on Sam desk.

SAM

Jake you're good man. I think you'd make
a fine Marshal. Why don't you run for it?

Jake

Gosh, never thought much bout the job...
I'd have to talk it over with the wife.

SAM

Do that, Jake. It'll be good to leave
of this town knowing no one from that
damn Silas family will get the job.

Sam gets up from his desk and walks to the office window.

Sam and Jake look through the blinds into the outer office.

Lee is jabbing his finger in Billy Ray's chest, making a point.

SAM

Go break'm up. Send Lee in.

JAKE

With pleasure.

Sam watches through the window, then returns to his chair.

Lee Silas walks in the office, sits down with a sullen look.

SAM
Sorry about your cousin.

Lee speaks in a low voice, filled with anger.

LEE
What the hell ya got us in here
for? You old bastard, are we
bein' charged with anythin'?

Sam leans over the desk and points his finger at Lee.
He raises his voice.

SAM
Watch your damn mouth, Lee. No... you're
not being charged... Not yet. You're
here to answer some questions.

LEE
(angry)
Ya ain't got no right bringin' us
in here an' makin' us sit with
the likes of a murderer.

SAM
Which murderer?

Lee stands up and walks over to the office widow.

LEE
That damn Indian... He's the only
murderer in the room.

SAM
Oh really, are you sure?

LEE
What do ya mean by that?

SAM
You never know what skeletons some
people have in their closets.

Lee is still angry, but now he appears nervous.

LEE

What does THAT mean?

SAM

Sit down. Cool off.

Lee slumps down in a chair.

SAM (con't.)

I was just speaking in generalities.
Why, is something bothering you?

LEE

I got nothin' botherin' me, except
the killin' of my cousin.

SAM

Right now I'm gonna bring all my
Deputies in to clear up another matter.
(beat)
But after that I have unfinished business
with you and your brother.

LEE

(grudgingly)

Looks like we ain't got no choice but
to put up with all your shit.

Lee gets up from the chair and walks out of the office.

Sam walks to the office window and watches as Lee joins Billy Ray in
their corner of the room.

Their argument resumes.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Simon is seated at a desk watching the Silas brothers, who are in the
far corner of the office.

LEE

Brother, ya best keep yer' mouth
shut in that damn Marshal's office.
Ain't got Ray no more.

BILLY RAY

Ya just watch what yer sayin'.

Simon gets up from the desk. He walks to the far corner of the room where the brothers are standing.

Billy Ray sees Simon coming.

Billy Ray

What's that Indian comin' this way
for?

LEE

How the hell should I know? Maybe he just
likes ya.

Simon stops and stares at Billy Ray.

BILLY RAY

What the shit are you lookin' at?

Simon smiles and sits on the edge of a desk.

SIMON

I'm looking at a troubled man. A liar.

Billy Ray points his finger at Simon and shakes it in the air.

BILLY RAY

Listen you damn Indian, don't come
over here callin' nobody a liar.

SIMON

Oh, but you are a liar. You lied about
my truck. I know you gave it to the
murdered girl. I also know you were
gonna lie in court and try to frame
me for her murder.

Billy Ray is shaken by Simon's statement.

He looks at Lee then back to Simon. Billy Ray is now very nervous.

BILLY RAY

That's bullshit. Ain't that right
Lee? Tell'm Lee.

Lee is speechless.

Billy Ray turns his back to Simon. He speaks low to Lee.

BILLY RAY

Oh damn, it's them hants.

LEE

Hants? What are ya talkin' bout?

BILLY RAY

Hants, ya know ghosts. I heared them
people paint their faces an' dance
round fires at night an' talk to
them hants.

LEE

Yer all screwed up in head cause of
Ray always hittin' ya.

Billy Ray starts pacing back and forth in front of Lee. He points at Simon and raises his voice.

BILLY RAY

How the hell else he'd know all
that. It's them hants.

Simon smiles and walks back to the desk where he was seated.

INT. SAM FORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Sam gets up from his desk and walks to the office door.

He opens the door and motions to Jake, who is at his desk.

Jake walks up to Sam standing in the open doorway.

JAKE

What's up?

SAM

Get Joe and Howie.

JAKE

What about the Silas brothers?

SAM

They'll be all right.

(beat)

Let'm have at each other for a while.

Sam turns back into his office and lines up three chairs facing the desk.

Sam sits down in his chair and waits.

The three deputies walk through the door.

SAM

Last one in close the door,
please. Everybody have a seat.

Joe Rollins sits on one end, Howie Billings with a cocky grin, in the middle, and Jake Wilson on the other end.

Sam sits looking at each deputy, one at a time.

The office is quiet, except for the clock on the wall. It makes a HUMMING noise that some electric clocks make.

SAM (cont.)

I guess you gentlemen have been wondering where Ray is.

(beat)

He was killed early this evening during an attempted rape... He was fatally stabbed.

Joe sits forward in his chair and looks at the Marshal.

JOE

Holy shit, you ain't serious.

SAM

I'm afraid I am.

Joe gets up and walks to the office window.

HOWIE

Who did he try to rape?

SAM

Mona Willis.

Joe is standing by the office window.

JOE

Are you sure bout this?

SAM

Yeah, we're sure. All the evidence
is there... including a witness.

JOE

Who's the witness?

SAM

Our friend, Mister Simon Horn.

Joe points to the outer office.

JOE

What was he doin' at Mona Willis's
house?

SAM

What he was doing at her house
is another story. Sit down.

Joe walks back to Sam's desk.

Joe leans over Sam desk and raises his voice.

JOE
But he's in custody, right?

Sam slams his fist on the desk.

SAM
Dammit, I said SIT DOWN.
(beat)
Lets just say... he's cooperating.

Joe is shaking his head as he sits down.

SAM (cont.)
Joe, I want you to sit there and
keep your mouth shut. Understood?

Joe doesn't answer. He stares at Simon in the outer office.

Simon is at a desk, reading a newspaper.

Sam looks at the three deputies in front of his desk.

In the background can be heard the HUMMING of the clock.

JAKE
Marshal, I get the feelin' you've
figured out who did all this killin'.

SAM
That's right Jake. Which I'm sure is
gonna come as a surprise to some people.

The room is silent except for the clock.

SAM (con't.)
I guess you might say after all these
years I finally got off my ass and did
my job. Kinda like my last who-rah.

The deputies are uneasy in their chairs.

SAM (con't.)

Remember when I went to that Police Chief's convention? The hotel in San Diego where they held this shindig, gave each participant a little gift.

Sam pulls open the top drawer of his desk. Then he removes from the drawer the small evidence bag he filled that morning at the motel murder. Sam places the bag on the desk. Sam removes a pen from his pocket and places it on the desk.

The deputies watch Sam. The clock HUMS.

SAM

In the evidence bag is a gold pen. Stamped on the side of the pen is, Western Police Chief's Convention, and the date.

(beat)

I found it this morning on the floor of the motel where the girl was killed.

Sam picks up the small thin box and removes the lid.

SAM (con't.)

This little box contains a pen just like the one in the bag. When I came back to town the box had six pens.

Sam removes the pen from the box and lays it on the desk.

SAM (con't.)

I gave each Deputy a gold pen. That's a total of four. Here's mine.

Sam picks up his pen from the desk.

SAM (con't)

Now we have five pens, and the one from the box on the desk. That's six pens.

(beat)

Now the question is who belongs to the gold pen in the evidence bag?

Sam lays his pen down and picks up the evidence bag.

The room falls silent.

Jake reaches up to his shirt pocket.

JAKE
Here's mine, Marshal.

HOWIE
And mine.

JOE
Oh shit. Where's that pen?

Joe searches his shirt pockets.

SAM
No pen, Joe?

JOE
Damn, I must've lost it.

SAM
Why did you push Jerry McClure into
selling you a bottle of whiskey
on Sunday?

Joe sits up in his chair.

JOE
I had a date.
(defensive)
I just wanted some booze for Sunday
night

SAM

There was an empty bottle at the motel
murder... An empty whiskey bottle.

Joe now becomes rattled.

JOE
By God, it wasn't mine... Where's that
pen?

Joe checks his pockets again.

SAM

You know Jerry's license doesn't allow him to sell by the bottle.

JOE

What the hell, it was just some booze. Oh, I left the pen on my desk. I'll get it.

Joe gets up to leave the room.

SAM

Sit down... I don't need to see your pen.

Sam slowly swings the evidence bag in front of the Deputies.

SAM (con't.)

County called earlier this evening... They identified the fingerprints on the oily sandwich wraps found at the Motel. It seems Ray forgot about them when he was wiping everything clean at the crime scene.

The deputies sit staring in disbelief at Sam.

SAM

Then we have poor Sally Porter, who took a pickup for a joy ride. It appears that she was goofing off at the gravel pit when Ray happened along. Again, he thought the crime scene was clean. But he missed one print on the truck door.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - DAY - FLASHBACK.

A red pickup truck is parked at the bottom of an old gravel pit.

Sally Porter is sitting in the truck smoking a cigarette.

A police patrol car pulls up behind the red truck. Deputy Ray Silas steps out and walks slowly up to the truck.

Sally watches in the rear view mirror as he approaches.

RAY

What are you doing parked down
here? Why aren't you in school?

SALLY

(coy smile)

Don't like school. Like to come
down here. Wanta cigarette?

RAY

I don't smoke, Sally.

Ray leans against the truck door.

SALLY

Oh, he knows my name. What else
do you know bout me?

Ray opens the truck door.

RAY

I know you like it, you little slut.

Ray grabs Sally by the hair, kisses her hard on the lips.

Sally wraps her arms around Ray's neck and pulls him down on her as she lies back on the truck seat.

Rat begins to rip open her thin blouse.

Sally

Oh God, where you been all this
time? Jesus, let's get it on.

Sally's hips rise and fall under Ray. She begins to moan.

She works on Ray's belt.

Sally wraps her legs around Ray.

Ray hunches forward.

Sally
(heavy breath)
Oh God, yes, yes.

Ray rears up and grabs her by the throat. He begins to laugh as he tightens his grip on her thin neck.

Sally fights, but slowly loses the battle.

Ray steps back from her body, and adjusts his uniform. He takes her ripped blouse and wipes the door handles.

He walks calmly back to the patrol car, slides into the car and drives away.

ENT. SAM FORD'S OFFICE - PRESENT DAY.

The silence in the room is broken only by the wall clock and by a dripping sound.

SAM

I guess we'll never know what makes some people tick, even a big dumb ass like Ray Silas.

The Deputies set in stunned silence.

INT. MARSHAL'S OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT.

Simon drops the newspaper he's been reading and yawns.

Lee Silas has his head resting on a desk. Billy Ray still paces as he nervously eyes Simon.

The door to Ford's office opens, and Deputy Jake Wilson steps out. He walks across the office to the pacing Billy Ray. The other deputies take seats.

Billy Ray and Jake speak for a few seconds, and then walk toward Ford's office.

Simon smiles at Billy Ray as he walks by. He is upset.

INT. SAM FORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Jake closes the door. He points to the chairs in front of Sam's desk. Sam is standing looking out of the dark window. The obviously highly agitated Billy Ray takes the middle chair, as Jake sits down next to him.

Billy Ray throws a nervous glance in Jake's direction as he pulls a pack of cigarettes from his shirt pocket.

SAM
No smoking in the office.

Sam walks back to his desk and stands looking at Billy Ray.

BILLY RAY
Ah Marshal, I just need one to help
me settle down. All that there coffee
I been drinkin' has really got me
screwed up.

SAM
Is that the only thing that's got
you screwed up?

Billy Ray squirms in his chair.

BILLY RAY
What do ya mean by that?

SAM
I think I explained to you the
consequences of being an accessory
to murder.

BILLY RAY
Don't remember... talkin' bout that.

Sam slowly sits down and points his finger at Billy Ray.

SAM
WELL, let me refresh your memory.
When I said something about being
an accessory, you said with Ray
gone all hell would break loose.

Billy Ray is very upset and keeps rubbing the side of his head.

BILLY RAY
Don't think... I remember... that.

Sam sits up in his chair. His voice rises.

SAM
Billy Ray Silas, you better get your head
out of your ass and start remembering.

Billy Ray shows signs of sweating. He fidgets with a cigarette.
He tries to look out the window into the outer office.

Sam and Jake sit silently staring at Les. The electric wall clock's HUM
is the only sound.

Finally Sam speaks.

SAM
I know what Ray told you to do. You
were gonna set up Horn for the murder
of Sally Porter.

Suddenly Billy Ray stands up and begins shouting at Sam.

BILLY RAY
Jesus, ya been talkin' to that damn
Indian. Him and his hants.

Jake grabs Billy Ray and forces him back down into the chair

A shutter runs through Billy Ray.

Sam leans forward in his chair and smiles.

SAM
I think you better get hold of yourself.
Stop lying and start remembering.

Billy Ray takes a deep breath and lets it out.

BILLY RAT

Oh God... I don't know... I just told them they couldn't get away with it. I don't mind playin' a joke on somebody, but this were different.

Sam is very calm and speaks softly.

SAM

What was different this time?

Billy Ray keeps rubbing the side of his head.

He continues to try to look out into the outer office.

BILLY RAY

(Muttering)

I didn't know... what was goin' on.
Ray... brought me the jack.

Sam shoots a questioning look at Jake, who shrugs his shoulders.

Sam looks back at Billy Ray.

SAM

(pushing)

What jack? And speak up.

Billy Ray squirms in his chair.

BILLY RAY

Oh, shit.

Suddenly Sam's fist hits the desk. Billy Ray flinches.

SAM

DAMMIT, What jack?

BILLY RAY

(shaken)

A hydraulic jack. Ray wanted me to screw up the jack so the thing would look like it failed.

Sam's voice rises as he pushes the questions.

SAM

WHY did Ray ask you to do that?
Weren't you a little curious?

BILLY RAY

(nervous)

I don't know. I don't... remember.

Billy Ray starts to rub the side of his head.

SAM

OH COME ON. You don't remember?
Why do you keep rubbing the side
of your head?

BILLY RAY

I don't know... what do ya mean?

Sam gets up and walks behind Billy Ray. He leans over and speaks into
Billy Ray's ear.

SAM

Remember last night in the alley
next to Jerry's Bar?

Billy Ray finches. He tries to look around at Sam.
Sam leans in close.

SAM

I told you I have a lot of
information.

Billy Ray strains to see where Sam is standing.

BILLY RAY

Well, if it ain't that Indian
then must've been Lee. What
did he up and tell ya?

SAM
(laughs)
Oh, we had a nice little talk.

Billy Ray quickly looks out the window at the now pacing Lee
He jumps up and shakes his fist at the office window.

BILLY RAY
Jesus... that damn Lee and his big
mouth. Yeah, Ray told me to be
a witness against the Indian.

Sam grabs Billy Ray by the shoulders and forces him down in the chair.

SAM
SIT DOWN... Now Ray wanted something
done to a jack, right?

Billy ray slumps in his chair.

BILLY RAY
Well... he just wanted me to screw up
the jack seal so it would look
like the jack failed with weight on
it. He told me not to ask why.

Billy Ray sits with his head bowed. All anger is gone.

BILLY RAY (con't.)
(Almost inaudible)
Just did what Ray asked me to do.
But the next day...
(beat)
I heard bout this guy a gettin'
killed. I went to Lee and asked him
what was goin' on? He told me to keep
my mouth shut.

The room is silent, except for the HUM of the wall clock.

Sam returns to his chair.

SAM

(very calm)

Billy Ray... it looks to me like you've got
yourself between a rock and a hard spot.
Apparently you had knowledge of a murder.

Billy Ray covers his face with his hands.

SAM (con't.)

You obviously feared for your safety.
Knowing Ray, you had good reason to
keep quiet.

(beat)

Of course now you're free to testify
about your knowledge of the crime.
And I see no reason why you can't come
out of this clean.

The room is quiet as Billy Ray struggles with his conscience.

Finally he takes a deep breath and exhales.

BILLY RAY

What about Lee?... He IS my brother,
my looka like brother.

SAM

Is Lee involved in this?

BILLY RAY

YES... but he weren't alone.

Sam glances at Jake, and then back to Billy Ray.

SAM

You mean he and Ray did it?

BILLY RAY

No, no, Ray was just helpin' Lee an'
the other one cover up what they done.

Sam studies Billy Ray. Finally he speaks.

SAM

It looks like it's up to you.
You can keep your mouth shut and
become an accessory to murder. Or
like I said... testify and walk away.
(beat)
Now if you want an attorney present
when you make your statement, that's
your right.

BILLY RAY

I ain't got no lawyer... I don't
need one to tell the damn truth.

Sam turns on a tape recorder lying on his desk.

BILLY RAY (Cont.)

Ya better make sure ya got lots
a tape in that gadget, cause
it's a long story.

Sam leans back in his chair.

SAM

It's just fine. Okay, let's start
at the beginning.

BILLY RAY

Well, I guess the thing all started
with Lee an' that married slut...

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Marshal Ford is working on the coffee maker.

The clock on the wall reads four o'clock.

The room is empty except for the Marshal and Simon.

Simon stands up and works the kinks out of his back.

SAM

Want some coffee? It's pretty bad,
but it'll wake you up.

SIMON

Thank you... I guess I dozed off.
Where is everybody?

SAM

Probably heading home to get some
sleep. So it's just us, and my
guests back in the holding cells.

Simon walks to the coffee maker and pours a cup.

SIMON

Guests? I don't understand.

SAM

Bring your coffee. We'll go in the
office and sit down. I'm beat.

(beat)

You got to sleep through all
of the excitement. I guess only
an innocent man could do that.

INT. SAM FORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Sam sits down in his chair. He opens the top desk drawer.

SAM

Have a seat.

Sam drops a set of keys on the desk.

SAM (con't.)

Here's your keys. The truck's
in the impound lot behind the
building.

(beat)

Mister Simon Horn, you're free
to leave.

Simon sits for a second letting that sink in.

SIMON

Well... that's a surprise. I fell asleep a murderer and woke up an innocent man. I think you owe me some sort of explanation.

Silence falls over the room broken only by the HUM of the wall clock. Sam takes a sip of coffee.

SAM

Yeah, I do owe you an explanation... My Deputy Ray Silas was looking for you, Kind of ironic. The murderer Ray was looking for an innocent man.

SIMON

Your deputy killed Sally Porter? My God, why?

SAM

Well, why he did it will be up to some shrink. Obviously he had a problem.

(beat)

Who knows, maybe his mother abused him as a child... We'll probably never know.

SIMON

What about my friend, Billy Ray? Did you finally get the truth out of him?

SAM

Yeah, finally. Just what did you say to him?

Simon smiles and takes a drink of coffee.

SIMON

I only planted a seed in a troubled mind. His lies made it grow.

SAM

Well, you shock the hell out of him.
Then a strange thing happened when I
started questioning Billy Ray . I'm trying
to get the truth out of him about
your truck, and he thinks I'm
questioning him about a murder.

SIMON

Another murder? How many murders
do you have? No, forget it..... I don't
think I wanna know.

Simon finishes his coffee and sits the cup on Sam's desk.

Simon reaches over and picks up his truck keys.

As he stands up, he looks at the noisy clock on the wall.

SIMON (con't.)

It sounds to me like you could
use a new clock, Marshal.

(beat)

Well, I have Jim's burial ceremony
to attend on the Reservation.

Simon extends his hand across the desk to Sam Ford.

SIMON (con't.)

So, I guess this is goodbye, Marshal.

Sam ignores the gesture and looks up at Simon.

SAM

You may wanna sit down again.

SIMON

Why? You gave me my keys. You said
I was free to go.

Sam leans back in his chair and studies Simon for a second.

SAM

I know you feel indebted to Mona for helping you. But there's something you should know.

(beat)

Mona ever mention how her husband died?

SIMON

Yes, he was killed in a car wreck.

SAM

I'm sorry... but Nick Willis died in his garage while working on an old pickup truck. He was crushed by the truck when the jack holding it up failed.

(beat)

Or so the accident report states.

Simon sits down stunned. He's speechless for a second

SIMON

I don't believe that. It can't be true. Mona isn't a liar.

Sam gets up and walks to the dark office window.

He stares out into the darkness as he speaks.

SAM

Oh, I understand how you feel. But, all I can do is tell you what I know and what happened here tonight.

SIMON

I'm listening. I wanna hear this.

SAM

A little over a month ago, I took a vacation.

(beat)

Ray Silas handled the investigation of Nick's death.

INT. NICK WILLIS'S GARAGE - FLASHBACK.

NICK WILLIS is under an old gray pickup truck. The truck is held up by two jack stands. Only Nick's head is visible. He's in his early thirties and good looking.

Suddenly from around the side of the truck a man's legs appear. A piece of pipe is held in his hand. The pipe is raised and brought down on Nick's head. Blood splatters on the walls of the garage. A woman's legs appear from the other side of the truck.

WOMAN

Is he dead, sweetheart?

MAN

Yeah. Now get yer ass in the house and start callin' round for some help. I gotta jack this damn truck up and get rid of them jack stands, then let the truck down on him.

(beat)

Oh yeah, when yer on the phone cry a little bit.

INT. SAM FORD'S OFFICE - PRESENT DAY.

SAM

Ray turned the report over to the County Sheriff's Office.
No investigation. Case closed.

Sam walks back and sits on the edge of the desk.
Simon sits silent for a few seconds as he looks down at the floor.

Simon passes the truck keys from one hand to the other. Then he looks up at the Marshal.

SAM (con't.)

Simon, this is all according to the statements of the Silas brothers.

Sam glances down at an open folder laying on the desk.

SAM (con't.)

It began six months before Nick's death,
Mona started the affair with Lee Silas.
Apparently Mona decided Nick had to go.
Probably for his house and insurance.
Of cause shortly after the murder she
dumped Lee. Ever since then it's been
like a Mexican stand-off between them.

Simon holds his head in his hands, looks down at the floor.

SIMON

What'll happen to Mona?

SAM

Mona doesn't know it yet. She will be
picked up in a few hours at my sister's
house and taken to be booked in Flagstaff
(beat)
She'll be charged with murder.

Sam looks at Simon's bowed head. The room is quiet for several second,
except for the HUM of the clock.

SIMON

I don't believe she's capable of
murder. Those brothers are liars.

Sam walks around the desk, sits in his chair, speaks softly.

SAM

Oh, she's very capable. I can't
prove anything, but I have some
nagging suspicions about this rape
and the killing of Ray Silas.

Simon looks up at Sam, puzzled.

SIMON

What do you mean? I saw what
happened.

Sam leans forward over the desk. He looks Simon in the eye.

SAM

Just what did you see? What she wanted you to see? You'd been asleep. How do you know what happened before you woke up?

Simon stands up. He's clearly agitated.

SIMON

No, no, I know what I saw. I know what happened.

SAM

As I said, I have no proof. But it was certainly a convenient killing. Old Ray knew too much. Think back. You said last night in the alley Ray mentioned he had plans for the married bitch. Right?

SIMON

Ray was a braggart when it came to the ladies... Why would she go out of her way to help me if she was guilty? Why risk calling attention to herself?

Simon waits in silence as Sam takes a drink of coffee.

SAM

As far as helping you, well, you were certainly handy to have around when the attempted rape occurred. Right?

Simon doesn't answer. He looks down at the floor.

SAM (con't.)

Also I suspect she was looking for some place to disappear to. You know, leave her past. Reservation country is just that kinda place.

Simon puts the truck keys in his pocket.

SAM (con't)

Simon, if it was an accident then why did she give you this cock and bull story about him dying in a car wreck?

SIMON

(Whispers)

My God, all of this just because I needed some gas.

Simon forces a smile, and turns away.

Sam watches as Simon walks across the outer office, opens the door and steps into the early morning light. Sam walks back to his desk. Sam frowns as he picks up the ringing phone.

SAM

Hello...Sis, what's wrong?.....SHE WHAT?

EXT. RED PICKUP - SUNRISE.

Where the old road out of town meets the on ramp of the interstate, Simon pulls to the side of the road.

He looks to the east and the rising sun. Simon waits in silence for a few minutes.

An old gray pickup truck pulls up behind Simon's truck. Simon sits for a few seconds, then gets out of his truck and walks slowly back to the gray pickup.

The driver is not visible as the gray truck's window is rolled down. Simon appears to talk to the driver. After a few seconds he shakes his head no and raises his hands in a negative gesture.

Simon turns and walks back to his truck. The red truck pulls out and drives past a faded sign, slightly obscured by tall weeds. It reads: LEAVING PROSPERITY. COME BACK AND STAY AWHILE.

The old gray truck remains parked as the red pickup pulls onto the Interstate and is lost in the speeding traffic.

In the distance the sound of a siren breaks the morning calm.

FADE OUT:

THE END