Seven Days in La Suerte

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WGAE Registration #I297235
BLACK

SUPER:

“Many young men started down a false path to their true
destiny. Time and fortune usually set them aright.”

- MARIO PUZO, The Godfather

Pre-lap: country music blares.

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - MORNING

Vast New Mexico desert. A large semi pulling a house-moving
trailer heads down a abandoned road.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - MOVING - MORNING

Country music continues to blare.

Door on the semi reads: "Jones Building Movers, Jackson, New
Mexico."

BUDDY JONES, late twenties, drives with BUTCH JONES, early
thirties. Upset, Butch stares out the front.

    BUDDY
    You gonna stay mad the whole way
    home?

Butch doesn't answer.

    BUDDY (cont'd)
    (turns down radio)
    How was I supposed to know the guy
    was upstairs taking a dump?

Butch chuckles.

    BUTCH
    Just imagining the poor guy sittin'
    on the toilet and the whole house
    starts to shake.

Amused, Buddy looks at Butch who squints as he tries to make
out a sign at the intersection with arrows pointing.

SIGN: "La Suerte, New Mexico 5 miles. Ciudad Juarez, Mexico 8
miles."
BUTCH (cont'd)
Would be funny if he didn't fall
off the rig.
(pounds the dash)
Damn, we needed that money.

The rig turns left toward La Suerte.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Small, second-floor corner apartment that overlooks the main
intersection in La Suerte.

EMILY MECURRIO (37), wakes up and pats the bed, surprised to
find herself alone.

EMILY
Sam?

She sits up and sees SAM MECURRIO (48), half dressed, staring
out the window and drinking a coffee.

EMILY (cont'd)
Bad dreams again?

SAM
(snaps out of the trance)
Coffee's made.

EMILY
You gotta get some help.

SAM
Nice day out. Not too hot.

EMILY
It's not going away.

SAM
Gotta get going.

EMILY
(hesitates)
I pack up and go across the country
to this snake pit of a town and
that's all you can say?

SAM
(gets dressed)
It's my problem.

Sam steps to the door. Torn, he stops and starts to say
something, but just leaves.
INT./EXT. TRUCK - MORNING

The semi approaches the small town of La Suerte.

BUDDY
It's not like the bank isn't on my ass, too.

BUTCH
Yeah, a whole lot of trouble moving you, Billy and the dog. Billy's got what? A couple of bongs and his stash? Try moving two kids with a third on the way.

BUDDY
Don't forget about dad.

Butch becomes annoyed at the comment.

BUTCH
Looks like a whole lot of something's happened since the last time we were here.

SIGN: "Welcome to La Suerte, New Mexico. Where Dreams Become Reality. Est. 1851, Pop. 287" The 287 is crossed out, replaced by a hand-written 292.

Below, another sign points and says: "Mexico 2.5 Miles."

Small two-story temporary building, surrounded by a ten-foot high fence, sits off the road.

BUTCH (cont'd)
That's new.

Truck slows down.

SIGN ON THE FENCE: "Temporary Home of the Plotter Savings and Loan."

Across the street, a much bigger fenced-in lot contains a huge billboard with a picture of DAN PLOTTER.

INSERT: Billboard that reads: "Future Home of Plotter Shopping Center and Savings and Loan."

Butch climbs over Buddy to look at the temporary building.

BUTCH (cont'd)
Prefab.

Buddy struggles to drive with Butch across him.
BUTCH (cont'd)
(sits back)
Idiots left it on the risers.

Buddy looks in his side mirror at the bank.

Truck continues into the tiny town of La Suerte.

INT/EXT. SAM'S DINER - MORNING

A small diner stands at the only intersection in the town.

Reading the newspaper, SHERIFF TOM DURANT (33), badge and a cowboy hat, eats at the counter.

Butch and Buddy enter and sit at a table.

Sam comes over and pours them coffee.

    SAM
    Just yell when you're ready to order.
    (walks to counter)
    You good Tom?

    TOM
    (holds out cup)
    Says here Plotter's silver find might be worth in excess of two hundred million. The old Stevens' mine. Boom's coming, Sam. Boom's coming.

    SAM
    Time'll tell.

Annoyed, Tom looks at Sam.

    SAM (cont'd)
    Always felt nothing's ever as good as it seems, nothing's ever as bad. Time'll tell.

Sam looks out the picture window and becomes amused.

VITO GAMBIZZI (38) and JOEY BARONE (37), dressed in black suede sweatsuits and gold chains that reflect the sun, get out of a white Cadillac.

    SAM (cont'd)
    Hey Sheriff, you gotta see this.
TOM
(looks out)
Oh, yeah. Our new minister and his assistant.

Confused, Sam does a double take.

SAM
You say minister?

TOM
Yeah, Vito. Moved into the Hayes' place. Assistant name's Joey.

SAM
Nothing strikes you odd?

TOM
(reads newspaper)
Nope.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

Across from the diner, Vito and Joey stand by the car. Vito looks around the dead town.

JOEY
Hope the food's good.

VITO
(staring down the street)
Seen more life at Riga's Mortuary.

They walk toward the diner. Joey laughs.

VITO (cont'd)
What? What's so funny?

JOEY
Just picturing Giordano's face when he found out you made the pickup before you turned --

Vito smacks Joey on the back. Joey cringes.

VITO
-- I told you, what I did was a business decision. I don't want to ever hear the R word again.

JOEY
What are we going to do with all that money?
VITO
(puffs up his collar)
Thanks to our friends at the FBI, we're going to do what any respectable citizen would do, put it in the bank.

Approaching the door, Joey notices Sam staring at them.

JOEY
What's with him?

VITO
Maybe he likes our wardrobe.

JOEY
(opens, holds door)
Hey, maybe we should take the money and open up a men's shop?

VITO
A haberdashery?

JOEY
Okay, but I really liked the idea of a men's shop.

EXT. PLOTTER'S SILVER MINE - MORNING

Mine in the middle of no place with a ten-foot high fence and armed guards. A trailer office sits near the gate. Sign reads "Plotter Silver Works."

As an armored car is backed up to the entrance of the shaft, DAN PLOTTER (45), in a Western-style jacket, shoestring tie and cowboy hat, stares into the mine.

DIEGO SUAREZ (56), Mexican, unkempt and shirtless with entire body covered in heinous tattoos, emerges from the tunnel and acknowledges Dan.

A number of Mexican thugs follow, carrying three large chests with the words "RAW SILVER" to the truck.

Dan stops them from loading the chests.

DIEGO
Amigo, no trust?

DAN
Not about trust.

Diego signals his men to open the chests.
DIEGO
(looks back at tunnel)
Pure genius. Give Winnie my compliments when you see her.

The open chests reveal bag upon bag of white powder.

DIEGO (cont'd)
(smirks)
You wanna test it?

Plotter hesitates, then shakes his head.

Diego signals his men to load the chests onto the truck.

DIEGO (cont'd)
My money?

DAN
Same as usual. Five million in an account. Come Monday, your legitimate sources come in and collect their loans. All clean. All laundered.

DIEGO
The loans will be paid back from the profits?

DAN
All clean. All laundered.

The armored car is closed. Dan pounds the side of the car and it leaves.

Diego looks around as he follows his men into the shaft.

DIEGO
Genius. Pure fucking genius.

INT. SAM'S DINER - MORNING

Vito sits alone at the table next to the Jones brothers.

Joey emerges from the bathroom. He becomes concerned as he looks at pictures of Sam in his NYPD uniform on the wall.

Sam puts Joey's and Vito's plates on the table.

SAM
Two specials. Just yell if you need anything else.
SAM (cont'd)
(turns away, turns back)
What denomination?

VITO
What?

SAM
Denomination? Sheriff tells me you're our new minister.

Joey returns and senses the tension as he sits.

VITO
Oh, uh, we're kind of... open to everybody. Wouldn't wanna leave any lost souls out there.

SAM
(walks to counter)
Always pictured your type as Catholic.

Concerned, Vito's eyes follow Sam. Joey leans over and whispers in Vito's ear. Vito looks surprised as his eyes continue to track Sam who returns with fresh coffee.

Joey slouches and tries to hide behind his menu.

Sam notices Vito staring at him.

SAM (cont'd)
Is there a problem with the food?

VITO
Joey just told me you were a New York City cop.

SAM
(looks to the back wall)
Whole 'nother life. Not a problem, is it?

VITO
Nah, no problem.

BUTCH AND BUDDY'S TABLE

BUTCH
We don't get something soon we're done.

BUDDY
It'll work out.
BUTCH
If it doesn't, you're taking dad
this time.

COUNTER

Working at the grill, Sam sees OLD LADY MASON knocking on the
Sheriff's door across the street.

SAM
(amused)
Looks like you have a customer,
Sheriff.

TOM
doesn't look up
Cat's probably gone missing again.

SAM
You could help her.

TOM
Everybody in town knows the station
doesn't open 'til nine.

Vito's attention is grabbed by Tom's statement. Sam returns
to the grill.

VITO
Excuse me, Sheriff. Am I to
understand there's no cops on duty
'til nine?

Butch hushes Buddy, leans to listen.

TOM
You can always get me at home for
an emergency.
(looks out window)
A real emergency.

Tom gets up and hands Vito his business card. He looks out
the door and shakes his head.

TOM (cont'd)
Guess breakfast'll have to wait.
(walks to door, to Sam)
Put it on the department's bill.

Opening the door, Tom looks back at Vito.
TOM (cont'd)
Oh, and minister, Sunday we don't open 'til twelve. Wouldn't want to interfere with your day.

Tom leaves. Dumbfounded, Vito and Joey look at each other.

SAM
Takes some getting used to, but it's a really safe town. Not like we got a whole bunch of criminal types.

Smiling, Vito and Joey look at each other and agree.

INT. TRUCK - AFTERNOON

Buddy and Butch get in the truck.

BUTCH
Stop at the bank.

Confused, Buddy starts the semi and pulls out. Butch's phone RINGS. He looks at it.

BUDDY
You really think this bank's gonna be any different?

BUTCH
Just do what I say.
(answers phone)
Hey honey.
(hesitates)
Just take a deep breath and slow down.

INT. BUTCH'S MOBILE HOME - AFTERNOON

CINDY JONES (29), Butch's pregnant wife, has a baby in her arm and another playing in a pen.

CINDY
Baby, tell me you have the money 'cause the bank came callin' again. If it wasn't for Reverend Hightower stopping by, we'd all be out on our asses.

BOBBYJOE JONES (64), Butch's, Buddy's and Billy's derelict father, walks by. Obviously drunk, he carries a shotgun in one hand and a bottle of whiskey in the other.
BOBBYJOE
It's under control.

BobbyJoe looks out through the drapes. He takes up guard on the recliner near the door.

CINDY
(into phone)
You hear that? That's your drunk father threatening to shoot up everybody and everything.

BUTCH (O.S.)
Tell him I said to go sleep it off.

Cindy looks at BobbyJoe passed out on the chair with liquor spilled all over him.

Bong in hand, BILLY JONES (25), enters from the back. He sits down and starts to light it up.

CINDY
(to the phone)
Hold on.
(to Billy)
How many times do I have to tell you, not in front of the kids.

Billy reluctantly gets up. Disappears into a back room.

CINDY (cont'd)
Baby, please tell me you have the money.

INT. TRUCK - AFTERNOON

Truck slowly makes its way down main street.

BUTCH
We, uh, had a little misstep.

CINDY (O.S.)
Did that stupid brother of yours fuck up --

BUTCH
(looks at Buddy)
-- It wasn't him this time.

CINDY (O.S.)
Well, you tell that idiot, bank stopped at his house, too.
Buddy pulls into the bank lot and parks.

BUTCH
(covers phone)
Stay in the truck.
(to phone)
Don't worry, babe, I have an idea.

CINDY (O.S.)
We don't need ideas. We need money.

BUTCH
(gets out)
Gotta go.

EXT. PLOTTER'S BANK - AFTERNOON

Trying not-to-be noticed, Butch checks out the perimeter of the bank, walking around the back.

He examines the cable connections.

He gets on his hands and knees and checks out under the bank to see that it stands on hydraulic jacks.

INT. PLOTTER'S BANK - AFTERNOON

A small, not-too-busy make shift bank with one teller. An oversized, out-of-place vault is visible.

WYATT EMBRY (46), short, glasses and in a cheap suit, sits at the only desk. CERBERUS, a white pitbull, lays next to him with his eyes closed.

Butch enters the bank. Immediately, Cerberus' head is up. He growls, but his look is in the wrong direction.

WYATT
Cerberus, hush.

The dog lays back down.

BUTCH
Cerberus?

WYATT
Guard dog of Hades. Anybody tries to mess with this bank, they get a whole lot of hell.
BUTCH
(extends hand)
Butch Jones.

WYATT
(shakes)
Wyatt Embry. President. How can I help you?

BUTCH
I'm, um, interested in bringing my business to this area and had some questions about your bank.

WYATT
Please, have a seat.

BUTCH
(sits)
I do have some security concerns. This is a prefab.

WYATT
You have a very sharp eye. Just a matter of time before the main branch is built, but until then I can assure you that we are as safe as any of the big banks. Plotter himself uses this bank for everything, including his personal finances.

(leans in)
Why, we even have an armed guard living upstairs twenty-four seven.

Butch becomes concerned by the statement.

BUTCH
That's a big vault.

WYATT
With the silver find and all that money passing through every month, size and security were of the essence. It's on a timer and only Mr. Plotter can change the schedule.

TYLER PLOTTER (21), Dan's nephew and Winnie's son, in a disheveled armed guard's uniform and obviously stoned, stumbles down the steps.

Embarrassed by the attention, Tyler gathers himself as if nothing has happened.
Annoyed and embarrassed, Wyatt stares at Tyler as he sits on a stool by the door. Butch looks on with amazement.

**WYATT (cont’d)**

My apologies.

Butch waves him off as if nothing has happened.

**WYATT (cont’d)**

Where was I? Oh yeah, the vault. Completely ahead of its time. Power gets cut off and it calls in the cavalry. Somebody tries to open it, you have a better chance of dating Katie Upton. It'll only open for banking hours. That's it. I can't even open it manually.

Butch looks over at Tyler asleep on the stool.

**BUTCH**

My business demands I have access to a very large amount of cash at any given time.

**WYATT**

How much we talking about?

**BUTCH**

Um. Two, three hundred thousand?

**WYATT**

I'm not supposed to say this, but that's chump change compared to what Plotter keeps in here.

There is a commotion at the counter. Two people argue.

Butch looks at a snoring Tyler.

Cerberus snaps to his feet, growling. He faces the wrong way.

**BUTCH**

He's blind?

Wyatt shrugs.

**BUTCH (cont’d)**

(holds out hand)

I think your bank may be the answer to my prayers.

They shake.
INT. VITO'S CADILLAC - AFTERNOON

Joey and Vito pull into the bank's parking lot. They pass Butch and Buddy as they leave.

VITO
It would be just a crime to let an opportunity like this go.

JOEY
But you said ... 

VITO
I said we would be starting over. We are. It's not New York, but it'll be ours.

Upset, Joey parks the car. Vito gets out.

VITO (cont'd)
Remember, let me do the talking.

Resigned, Joey gets out.

INT. PLOTTER'S BANK - AFTERNOON

Vito and Joey enter. Joey carries two large duffel bags. They notice Tyler still asleep at the door.

Cerberus jumps up and growls startling Vito.

VITO
Whoa.

WYATT
Cerberus! Hush.

Cerberus lays down.

VITO
You the president of this bank?

WYATT
Yes. How can I help you?

VITO
Let's go into my office.

Vito takes the farthest path from Cerberus around the desk. He nudges Wyatt out and sits in Wyatt's chair.
VITO (cont’d)
(points across)
Have a seat.

Joey puts down the bags, standing behind a fearful Wyatt.

WYATT
Um, this is highly unusual.

VITO
A lot of this town is highly unusual. Mr. Barone and myself would like to open an account.

WYATT
(relieved)
Why didn't you just say so? I'll have Joan --

As wyatt starts to get up, Joey puts his hands on his shoulders, forcing him to sit.

VITO
It's not your ordinary account.
It's ... shall we say, quite large.

WYATT
Large?

Joey puts the bags on the desk and opens them, exposing the cash. Wyatt is startled by the amount.

WYATT (cont’d)
As soon as we validate the cash and get some references, I'm sure we can set you up.

VITO
.puts feet on desk)
No Problemo. Mr. Barone there will vouch for me and I will him, likewise.


VITO (cont’d)
Now that was easy. Wasn't it?

WYATT
I'm sorry. We just can't --
VITO
-- Did I say there's a nice
finder's fee for whoever opens this
account? Say, five percent?

WYATT
Five percent? That's?

JOEY
One hundred twenty-five thousand.

Stunned, Wyatt looks at Joey, then snaps to Vito.

VITO
So can you do this?

JOEY
(Leans in)
Don't forget the other perks.

Confused, WYATT looks up at Joey.

JOEY (cont'd)
Like peace of mind knowing you're
gonna wake up in the morning.

Wyatt's face is contorted by fear.

VITO
My friend exaggerates a lot, but
choices do have consequences. So?

WYATT
I, um, suppose.

VITO
That's the spirit!
(gets up)
Draw up the papers. We'll be back
after lunch.
(remembers)
The interest rate?

WYATT
On an account this size one-three.

VITO
Good. We'll take two-five. And I'm
holding you personally responsible
for my money. Mister?

Vito picks up and reads a business card from the desk.
VITO (cont'd)
Embry. Hmm. Good to be aboard
Mister Embry.

Staying away from Cerberus, Vito and Joey back out cautiously.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Sweating and breathing rapidly, Sam sits up, startled out of his sleep. Emily wakes up and becomes concerned.

EMILY
Doctor said the dreams would continue if you didn't get help.

SAM
I'll be okay.

EMILY
You're not responsible. It goes with the job.
(waits, no response)
They have this fabulous center up in Albuquerque that does a great job bringing up repressed events.

SAM
No hypnosis.

EMILY
Maybe if you could remember what actually happened?

Sam turns, feigns sleep.

Frustrated, Emily stares at him, tears running down cheeks.

Upset, she turns away, pulls covers over her. He lays with his eyes wide open, tears forming.

INT. ELK'S CLUB - MORNING

MAIN HALL

Hall at the outskirts of town. Empty except for four tables with poker chips on them. There are signs of a recent game.

Bat on his shoulder, Vito struts in followed by Joey. They are in the same suede black sweatsuits. They look around.
JOEY
You sure this is the place?

Vito points with the bat to the poker chips and then to an office in the back, where STEVIE P (21), dressed like the punk he is, sits with his feet up.

Phone to ear, Stevie counts money as he watches TV.

OFFICE

Bat hidden behind his back, Vito peeks in.

VITO
Excuse me. Are you the proprietor?

STEVIE
(into phone)
I'll call you back.
(hangs up, looks at their dress)
The tryout for Goodfellas was last week.

Vito strolls in, bat still hidden. Joey follows. Stevie puts his feet down and stashes the money in a draw.

VITO
Goodfellas. Now that's funny.
(struts around)
Who am I?
(to Joey)
Guy doesn't know his best friend when he sees him.

Stevie tries to look behind Vito's back.

VITO (cont'd)
You wanna know why?

STEVIE
Humor me.

Vito swings the bat overhead. A thundering CRASH sends everything on the desk flying and Stevie jumping back.

VITO
Because I'm the guy who's gonna be nice enough to let you keep forty percent of this operation.

Stevie regains his composure. Smirking, he pulls up his shirt and reveals a small handgun.
STEVIE
You think I'm afraid of grandpa and a Tony Soprano wanna-be.

Faking being impressed, Vito and Joey look at each other. Both pick up their sweat tops to reveal much bigger guns.

Concerned, Stevie sits up.

STEVIE (cont'd)
What do you guys want?

VITO
Like I said, seventy percent of everything. Poker, book, everything.

STEVIE
You said sixty.

VITO
That was before you insulted us. Now, me, I can take it. But my friend here, he's a little on the sensitive side.

Joey makes a stupid hurt face.

STEVIE
Albuquerque send you?
(panics)
Am I gonna die?

Joey puts his arm around Stevie and comforts him.

JOEY
Your lucky day, kid. We're from New York and New Yorkers have big hearts.

Confused, Stevie's eyes dart from Vito to Joey and back.

STEVIE
Made men? I watch the discovery channel.

VITO
Yeah, yeah, we're made. You play your cards right, you could be too.

STEVIE
(gets excited)
Who do I whack first?
EXT. SAM'S DINER – EVENING

Dusk falling, Sam turns the sign on the door to closed. Tom passes as the last customer to leave the diner.

TOM
Great meat loaf, Sam. You going to the game tonight?

SAM
'Fraid I'm not too good at cards. (hesitates) You sure you haven't noticed anything strange about the new minister?

TOM (exhales)
This ain't New York, Sam.

Sam relents.

TOM (cont'd)
You take care then.

Tom crosses the street to his office. Sam locks the door and walks away.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT – EVENING

Sam enters.

SAM
Em, I'm home. (looks around) Em, you home?

He glances in the kitchen and heads to the bedroom.

BEDROOM

SAM (cont'd)
Em, you in here?

Sam looks around and becomes confused. He heads to the ...

KITCHEN

Heading to refrigerator, Sam notices brochures for the hypnosis therapy center and a note on the counter.

Concerned, he reads the note.
EMILY (V.O.)
I could not take the hurt of watching you suffer anymore. Every
time you woke up or stared with
that dull gaze into a place so dark
I could not fathom, I hurt as I
never have before. You said it was
your problem, but, as long as I
love you, it will be ours. I will
always be there for you. I will
not, however, come home one day to
find that you have surrendered to
that darkness.

Shocked, tears stream down Sam's face.

EMILY (V.O.)
I'm taking the only action I can to
hopefully shock you into getting
help. Please Sam, for me, for us,
for yourself, do it. You know where
I'll be when you make that
decision. I love you and will
always, Em.

Broken, Sam stares at himself in a mirror in another room.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - EVENING (BEGIN FLASHBACK)

Cold, snowy, blustery day in New York City.

Sam and his partner, DICK TULOWISKI, forties, sit in a car
parked outside a fenced-in series of shipping containers.

A warehouse sits behind.

Dick looks through binoculars. He has a folder on his lap.

Reaching into his gym bag, Sam takes out a newspaper. A bill
falls out of the bag. He picks it up.

SAM
Now, this is what we should be
investigating. Thirty-eight hundred
for a rebuilt transmission. That's
a crime.

Dick smiles, preoccupied with the warehouse.

Dick looks at Sam reading the newspaper and holds out the
folder.
SAM (cont'd)
Really?
    (returns to newspaper)
I'm seeing these guys in my sleep, for Christ sake.

Dick puts the folder down and returns to scoping out the warehouse. Sam puts the paper down.

SAM (cont'd)
Can't, for the life of me, figure out how they're getting the drugs into the city.

Two SUVs enter the far end of the lot.

DICK
Guess we're about to find out.

Dick takes off his gun and puts it in the glove compartment.

A number of armed men exit the cars.

SAM
You trust those two informants?

Dick nods.

SAM (cont'd)
They're not the sharpest tools in the shed.

Dick shrugs as he stares at the warehouse.

Sam puts the paper back in the bag and grabs a hand radio.

SAM (cont'd)
I'd just feel a lot better if we had backup.

DICK
It's a first meet. The back door should be unlocked.

Sam gets out. Upset, he looks at his feet covered in snow.

SAM
Couldn't pick a better day.
    (leaving)
And you owe me for the shoes.
DICK
You couldn't close the ...
(reaches over, closes door)
Asshole.

Dick drives away.

INT/EXT. NEW YORK CITY WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Gun out and radio in his hands, Sam makes his way through the maze of containers.

Two containers from the warehouse, Sam slips in the snow, falls and hits his head on a container.

Scene goes black.

MOMENTS LATER

Blurry containers. Coming to, Sam panics and grabs for his gun. He peeks out to see Dick enter the warehouse.

He heads to the next container. The radio lies in the snow.

BACK OF THE WAREHOUSE

Sam checks that the back door is unlocked. He moves to the window and, careful to stay hidden, looks inside.

Dick approaches CARLOS RIVERA (55), slicked back hair and dressed impeccably in a thousand-dollar suit, with his back to Sam. They shake and sit.

Sam's eyes dart from one guard to the next, all with automatic weapons.

Concerned, Sam slides down to think.

Rising up, Sam sees Dick and Carlos arguing vehemently. Two guards grab Dick. Carlos takes a guard's pistol.

Sam searches for his radio. He sees it in the snow.

Torn, Sam looks at Carlos aim at Dick. He scans the guards. After hesitating, he makes a dash toward the radio.

Just as he picks up the radio to speak ....

BANG! BANG!

Shock hits Sam's face. Distraught, he drops his head.
EXT. PLOTTER'S BANK - EVENING

Cerberus plays with a toy in front of the bank. His head
snaps up, startled by the sound of trucks.

Three trucks, one with a house-moving rig in tow, turn off
the road. Their lights go dark.

Hidden from view, they stop. Butch, Buddy, Billy and BobbyJoe
get out.

Butch and Buddy quickly start cutting the back fence.

Cerberus charges from the front. Inside the fence, he growls
and barks furiously, charging aimlessly in all directions.

BOBBYJOE
(raises his shotgun)
Jesus Christ. He's gonna wake up
the whole God-damn town.

BUTCH
Relax, the whole town's at bingo.

He picks up a rock. Pulling back the fence, he throws the
rock off into the desert. Cerberus charges off after it.

BOBBYJOE
He is blind.

Amused, Butch and Buddy cut the remaining fence.

INT. VITO'S CHURCH - EVENING

BASEMENT

Folding chairs and tables filled with people playing bingo.
Vito sits up front. OLDER LADY #1 (60's) picks a ball.

OLDER LADY #1
I seventeen. I seventeen.

An older lady (70) in the audience jumps up elated.

OLDER LADY #2
Bingo. Whoop-tee-do. I can't
believe it. Three times tonight.

VITO
Another satisfied winner.

There is a collective MOAN from the congregation.
VITO (cont'd)
Now, now. We are not to judge who
God chooses to be lucky.

Vito pays off the lady. They exchanges winks along with the
lady picking the numbers. She turns and sticks her tongue out
at the other players and she returns to her seat.

EXT. PLOTTER'S BANK - EVENING

Oblivious to a light in the second-floor window, Butch
directs as Bobby backs the moving-rig under the bank.

INT. PLOTTER'S BANK - SECOND FLOOR - EVENING

Headset on and in his underwear, TYLER, rocks to music. He
alternates doing lines of cocaine, drinking shots and smoking
a joint.

EXT. PLOTTER'S BANK - EVENING

Fence down, the flat bed under the bank, Butch connects
cables from the truck to cables on the bank.

BUTCH
Cross your fingers and fire it up.

Buddy fires up a generator on the rig.

Butch puts wire cutters to the original cables just above
where the new ones are attached. He looks at the others with
trepidation, cringes and cuts the wires.

All four pull back, then are relieved as nothing happens.
They exchange high fives.

BOBBYJOE
(takes out flask)
Time for a little touch of the
hooch to celebrate.

The boys stop their celebrating and stare at their dad
incredulously.

BOBBYJOE (cont'd)
(annoyed, backs down)
Can't believe you're my sons.
BUTCH
Okay, let's get the last hydraulics
out and get this sucker tied down.
We ain't out of the woods yet.

INT. ELK'S CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Poker game finished, Stevie stands by the door as the players
leave. Tom is the last one out.

At a side table, Joey counts the cash.

STEVIE
Better luck next time, Sheriff.

Depressed, Tom waves him off and leaves.

STEVIE (cont'd)
(approaches Joey)
You didn't say anything about being
a mechanic?

JOEY
You wanna make money?

STEVIE
I run a clean game.

JOEY
(pushes cash to Stevie)
Ain't no such animal, kid.

Stevie looks at the size of his cut. Torn, he hesitates.

JOEY (cont'd)
(reaches for the cash)
All right, if you don't want it.

Stevie snatches it. Joey smiles, amused.

STEVIE
So the table games'll be here by
next week?

EXT. PLOTTER'S BANK - CONTINUOUS

Buddy sits in the driver seat of the semi. BobbyJoe and Billy
hook up a drag-mat to one of the pickups.
BUTCH
(to Buddy)
You know the reservation better
than anybody. Just get this rig out
of sight.

BUDDY
I got this.

BUTCH
Remember to send me the coordinates
so we can find the damn place.
(looks at father)
And make sure he doesn't drink.

BUDDY
(starts the semi)
Told you, I got this.

The semi with the tank in tow drives into the desert.
BobbyJoe follows in the pickup with the rag mat and kicks up
a dust storm.

Butch watches them drive away, then gets into the other
pickup with Billy.

BUTCH
Let's give 'em something to chase.

Billy guns the pickup, leaving tracks in the other direction.

INT. PLOTTER'S BANK - EVENING
SECOND FLOOR
The house is rocking. Objects fall off the shelf and table.
Tyler, lies face down, passed out on the bed.

INT. VITO'S CHURCH - MORNING
There are about forty people scattered throughout the church
including Wyatt, Dan, Stevie and Tom.
Joey looks at the congregation from a side room in the front.
He turns to Vito who is counting and recording cash.

JOEY
You sure you can pull this off?

VITO
Relax, eight years at Saint Mary's.
JOEY
We got thrown out in second grade
for robbing the collection box.

Vito gets up. Bounces like a boxer before a match.

VITO
Two years? Eight years? What the
fuck's the difference? You just
remember the basket. And make a
note of anybody who shorts us.

Vito walks to pulpit. Joey picks up the collection basket.

VITO (cont'd)
Morning... Morning... Um... Um...

Vito freezes. Face is contorted with panic.

From the side, Joey urges him on. People are uneasy.

VITO (cont'd)
Today we will talk about my
favorite proverb, "an eye for an
eye."

MOMENTS LATER

People stand with jaws dropped. Mothers cover their sons' and
daughters' ears. Others look at each other, confused.

VITO (cont'd)
(worked up into a frenzy)
And when you get 'em down, you keep
'em down. You rip their ...

Vito freezes as he realizes his audience. He gathers himself.

VITO (cont'd)
And that is the meaning of an eye
for an eye.

The congregation responds with a meek confused "amen."

VITO (cont'd)
We will now have our collection.
(starts to sit down, stops)
And remember, God sees all.

Exhausted, Vito sits down.

A lady in the front leads the congregation in a hymn while
Joey takes the collection.
As Joey passes the basket, a man takes out a large wad of money. He peels off a single bill and drops it in.

Joey whacks him in the stomach with the basket and stares.

The man takes off one more bill and looks at Joey's menacing glare. He in puts the whole wad.

Vito flirts with a younger woman in the front row.
The doors of the church burst open. An older man runs in.

OLDER MAN #1
The bank. It's gone.

People look at each other confused.

OLDER MAN #1 (cont'd)
The bank's been robbed.

TOM
They get the money?

OLDER MAN #1
They got the whole damn building!

Confused, Tom looks around as does everybody else. He hustles out. Panicked, everybody rushes out behind him.

Vito and Joey look at each other and rush out behind them.

EXT. CIRCLE OF SNAKES - MORNING

A ring of mountains isolated in the desert with one opening.

Inside the ring, Buddy hangs camouflage netting over the towed bank that's parked under a natural overhang.

Shotgun in hand, a nervous BobbyJoe stands by.

BOBBYJOE
Hurry up, damn it.

BUDDY
(admires his work)
You know, you can be right next to this and you wouldn't know it's here.

BOBBYJOE
Can we just get out of here?
BUDDY
Relax. Butch and me used to hunt rattlers up here when we were kids.
   (takes out phone)
Besides, Snakes don't much care for the taste of alcohol.

Buddy types into his phone.

BOBBYJOE
You get the coordinates.

BUDDY
Doing it now.

Buddy holds up his phone at different angles to get a signal.

BUDDY (cont'd)
I'll send it when we're on the road.

BOBBYJOE
Second set of batteries hooked up?

BUDDY
Tomorrow morning at 9, all our problems'll be gone.

BOBBYJOE
   (gets in the driver's side)
Time for some refreshments.

Buddy gets in and sees BobbyJoe with a bottle.

BOBBYJOE (cont'd)
You gonna be a pussy like your brother?

BUDDY
   (hesitates, relents)
Guess a little toot wouldn't hurt.

BobbyJoe starts the pickup. They drive off.

EXT. EMPTY PLOT OF PLOTTER'S BANK - MORNING

People stand outside with the three sides of fence still up.
On a far hill, Cerberus barks as he searches blindly.
Tom, Dan and Wyatt huddle inside the fence.
DAN
You realize this can't get out.

TOM
Bank robberies are usually an FBI matter.

DAN
There's over seven million of connected money in that bank along with enough drugs to supply the West Coast. We already got our hands full explaining this to Winnie and Diego.

TOM
(walks toward the crowd)
I'll do my best.

Wyatt sees Vito staring at him. He turns white with fear, turns and runs.

Vito taps Joey and they take off after Wyatt.

Tom calms the crowd as Dan dials his phone. Phone to ear, he walks away from the crowd.

DAN
We have a little problem.

INT. WINNIE'S OFFICE, ALBUQUERQUE - AFTERNOON

WINNIE PLOTTER (47) Dan's sister, sits in a high-end office overlooking Albuquerque. She smokes nervously.

Nameplate on desk reads: "Winnie Plotter, CEO"

Three very nervous young men, dressed in black suits with thin black ties, stand on the side.

WINNIE
(puts out cigarette)
Diego is going to expect payment, the boys from California their product.

Winnie listens as she grabs and lights new cigarette.

WINNIE (cont'd)
Just tell me how in the world you could fuck the perfect operation?

Winnie puts her hand over the phone and turns to seated men.
WINNIE (cont'd)
Get me the Chinaman.

One of the men nods and leaves. Winnie puts out cigarette.

WINNIE (cont'd)
We may be family, but I'm not
 carrying you on this. Tell my son --
 (shock on face)
What?
 (lights up new cigarette)
You made my moron son the bank
 guard? I'm not sure who's the
 bigger fucking idiot. I'm sending
 the Chinaman.
 (puts out cigarette)
Well, if you think that's too
 radical then get it fixed 'cause
 the Chinaman's gonna have complete
 freedom. Did you hear me? Complete
 freedom.

She slams the phone down and stares into space. She lights a
new cigarette, takes a deep drag and dials the phone.

INT. EL DIABLO BAR, JUAREZ, MEXICO - AFTERNOON

The bar is the type of place not found on any tourist map. It
is inhabited by a who's who of the scum of the earth. Drink
and debauchery run rampant.

SUPER: JUAREZ, MEXICO

Diego sits at the end of the bar, drinking shots.

The bartender hands the phone to him.

DIEGO
Winnie. I hope Dan passed on my
compliments.

WINNIE (O.S.)
We have a problem.

DIEGO
I assume you have my money?

WINNIE (O.S.)
We're working on it.

DIEGO
You have five days.
He hangs up, downs a shot and pours another.

EXT. HARRY'S BAR – AFTERNOON

Sam and HARRY DURANT (67), former sheriff and Tom's father, sit in front of Harry's bar, the neighborhood saloon that sits opposite the diner.

Harry eats breakfast and Sam drinks coffee.

HARRY
Thanks for bringing breakfast.

SAM
Not like the diner's gonna be busy.
(stares at crowd)
Whole building taken? Here I thought I'd seen it all.

HARRY
Wait 'til you get to my age.

Cerberus runs down the street barking at air.

SAM
Think Tom can handle it?

HARRY
Tom?
(nods to Cerberus)
Better chance that dog finds 'em.
Of course, you could give a hand.

SAM
I'd just screw it up, again.

HARRY
Again?

SAM
(covers)
How's the omelette?

HARRY
Not screwed up.

INT. PLOTTER'S BANK, CIRCLE OF SNAKES – AFTERNOON

SECOND FLOOR.

Tyler wakes up from his drug and alcohol stupor. He staggers to the bathroom and throws up. He looks at the mess.
TYLER
Now that's a party!

He manages to scrape up a line of cocaine and snorts it.

Turning, he sees the rock face out the window and falls into his chair.

FIRST FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

In his underwear, Tyler comes down the steps with a joint dangling from his mouth and a .45 in his hand. He checks his cell phone at different angles for a signal.

TYLER (cont'd)
Shit.

Through the glass doors, he sees the mountains and desert. His jaw drops and the joint falls to th ground.

Unlocking the door, he cautiously sticks his head out.

Hearing a rattle, he freezes. His look darts in the direction of a second rattle. A third rattle and he shuts the door and looks out with trepidation.

EXT. WYATT'S APARTMENT HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Vito and Joey approach the three-story apartment building on the town's outskirts. They look around.

Vito takes out his gun and signals to Joey to follow him in.

INT. WYATT'S APARTMENT HOUSE - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Vito and Joey reach the third floor.

Joey
You see the way he ran when he saw us.

VITO
Little shit probably has our money.

An open door gets their attention.

Vito approaches slowly, snaps his head inside ...

WYATT'S APARTMENT

Gun aimed, Vito carefully enters, followed by Joey.
VITO (cont'd)
Come out, come out, wherever you are.
(snaps aim to bedroom)
We just wanna talk.

Wyatt bolts past the hallway door. Vito and Joey follow.

EXT. WYATT'S APARTMENT HOUSE - ROOF - AFTERNOON

Joey and Vito enter and see Wyatt heading toward the edge.

The roof is empty except for some buckets and various roofer's equipment where Wyatt's going.

Joey SLAMS the door and Wyatt freezes. He turns slowly with his hands up.

VITO
(approaches)
There you are Wy--

Vito looks down at his white loafers in fresh roof tar. Joey looks down at his in the same mess.

VITO (cont'd)
(to Joey)
Do you believe this shit?
(to Wyatt)
Gonna have to add the shoes to the bill, Wyatt.

Fearful, Wyatt inches backwards. Vito sees how close Wyatt is to the edge and puts his hand out to calm him.

VITO (cont'd)
It's okay, Wyatt, we just want to talk to you.

WYATT
You don't understand.

Confused, Joey and Vito look at each other.

VITO
You seemed in an awful hurry to get out of there?

WYATT
You have no idea what Winnie and Diego are capable of.
VITO
(to Joey)
You understand a word of this?

Joey shrugs. Wyatt continues inching backwards.

VITO (cont'd)
Who the fuck are --

Stepping back, Wyatt puts foot into a tar bucket, causing him to stumble and turn. He trips over a propped up board, falls over the edge.

Vito and Joey cringe at the loud THUD of him landing.

Pulling their feet out of the tar, they "rush" to the edge. Looking down, they see a dead Wyatt lying on concrete.

They shrug and put their guns away.

VITO (cont'd)
Guess we find this Winnie and Diego.
(looks at shoes)
And a shoe store.

Leaving, their feet keep getting stuck in the tar.

VITO (cont'd)
You think anybody in this town carries Ferragamo?

INT/EXT. BOBBYJOE'S PICKUP - MOVING - AFTERNOON

A busy highway. Drunk, BobbyJoe finishes a bottle and throws it out the window.

BOBBYJOE
Get a signal yet?

BUDDY
(looks at phone)
I don't want him to know we've been drinking.

BOBBYJOE
(reaches under seat)
Whatever.

BobbyJoe pulls out another bottle. He tries to open it as he approaches a stop sign at a very busy intersection.
BUDDY
Still nothing.

BobbyJoe drops the bottle. Window open, Buddy tries the phone at different angles. BobbyJoe feels underneath his seat.

BOBBYJOE
Shit. Where's that --

Buddy is focused on the phone, BobbyJoe on the bottle.

When ... 

CRASH!

As they pass they stop sign, a huge tractor trailer plows into them. The pickup flips numerous times.

Coming to a stop, the destroyed pickup rests upside down.

The phone lands in the next lane, where ...

A tractor trailer going in the other direction CRUSHES it.

INT. SAM'S DINER - EVENING

Sam works behind the counter. Drinking coffee, Tom sits at the counter in thought.

Vito and Joey enter in black sweats. They walk awkwardly due to their sweats being tucked into new work boots.

Sam turns away to hide his amusement.

VITO
Go ahead, get it out.

Vito and Joey sit at a table.

SAM
(pours Tom coffee)
Tough day?

TOM
Tim Barclay has his boys following the tracks. We'll get 'em.

SAM
Heard about Wyatt. Seems a little coincidental?
TOM
Guy slips on his roof, what does that have to do with the bank?

Unconvinced, Sam turns away.

TOM (cont'd)
Always a conspiracy with you New York guys.

VITO AND JOEY'S TABLE
Joey stares at his boots.

JOEY
Out or in?

Not looking, Vito is confused.

JOEY (cont'd)
More stylish with the pants in or out?

VITO
We just lost two million, and you're worried about fashion?
(slams his fist)
God, I worked hard for that money.

Sam comes over with coffee. Joey looks at his boots.

SAM
Everything okay, minister?

VITO
Yeah. Yeah. It's fine.

SAM
(pours coffee)
Sad about what happen to Wyatt. You guys get to meet him?

JOEY
Yeah, he --

Vito stabs Joey under the table with the fork. Joey's face contorts in pain.

SAM
You okay?

JOEY
Just a cramp from the heat.
VITO
Only time we met him was when we opened an account.

SAM
(to Joey)
Lighter colors.

Joey looks at Sam for more.

TOM
(gets up to leave)
Guess I'll go make Wyatt's arrangements.

SAM
Hold on a sec, Tom.
(to Joey)
Lighter colors'll make it seem a lot cooler in this heat. White's the best.

Joey acknowledges the idea. Vito stares off, angered.

SAM (cont'd)
(to Tom)
I was just wondering if you looked into those guys with the big rig that were in here the other day?

TOM
Leave this one to the pros.

Vito leans over to listen.

SAM
Just in case, I'm pretty sure the name was Jones Brothers, from up in Jackson.

Tom shakes his head and heads out.

SAM (cont'd)
Oh, and Sheriff...

Annoyed, stops at the door, but doesn't turn.

SAM (cont'd)
Those tire tracks? A little too shallow for a rig towing a house.

Aggravated, Tom leaves.
INT. FEDERAL CORRECTION CENTER, OTISVILLE, NEW YORK - EVENING

Phone to ear, NUNCIO DANIELI (30), immaculately dressed, sits at a visitor's window.

Across from him, DAN GIORDANO (61), mob boss and in prison garb, picks up the phone.

DAN GIORDANO
You know you're interrupting Baywatch.

Nuncio smiles and stares at Dan in an awkward silence.

DAN GIORDANO (cont'd)
Speak. I'm missing Pamela.

Nuncio looks around. He slips a cell phone out of his waist and holds the screen up to the glass.

INSERT: Youtube video of the Plotter Bank plot before and after the robbery.

DAN GIORDANO (cont'd)
You made me miss my show for some youtube video?

Nuncio scrolls through pics on his phone. He holds it up. Dan's eyes widen and his nostrils flare.

INSERT: grainy picture of Joey and Vito in the crowd.

DAN GIORDANO (cont'd)
You sure?

NUNCIO
One hundred fuckin' percent.

DAN GIORDANO
I want the heads of those rats on a platter.

NUNCIO
Just what I was thinking.

DAN GIORDANO
Just in case there's another faction behind it, take a small army.

NUNCIO
Me?
DAN GIORDANO
I want this to be an example.
(pounds phone on glass)
A fuckin' example. Do you hear me?

EXT. EMPTY PLOT OF PLOTTER'S BANK - MORNING

The sun is barely up. Sam is a solitary figure searching the cement pad for clues.

He walks to the fence and examines the cuttings.

He walks out on the dirt area, looks at the tire tracks and gazes into the direction they lead. He measures the tracks with his feet.

Walking in the other direction, manmade swirls in the dirt get his attention.

Surprised by rustling, he turns quickly and sees Cerberus sniffing the ground behind him.

SAM
(pets the dog)
Even you can see the clues.

INT/EXT. SAM'S DINER - MORNING

Sam flips the sign on the door to "Open." A new red Ferrari pulls up and gets Sam's attention.

Jimmy Choo high heels attached to long legs in a black latex pantsuit exit the car. The CHINAMAN (27), beautiful Asian woman with a flamboyant pink mohawk exits.

She looks around the town and then enters the diner.

CHINAMAN
(sits at counter)
So what's good?

SAM
(hands her a menu)
You hungry?

CHINAMAN
Famished.

Sam smiles and takes the menu.

SAM
A number one coming up.
CHINAMAN
Just coffee and a cheese danish.

SAM
(pours coffee)
 Doesn't sound like somebody who's hungry?

CHINAMAN
Oh honey, food's not what I'm hungry for.

SAM
(smiles, serves danish)
'Fraid I haven't looked at that menu since I got married.

CHINAMAN
(smiles, extends her hand)
Tracey Wong, I work for WRLX up in Albuquerque. Fishing around for something on the bank robbery.

SAM
(shakes hands)
A reporter, huh?
(looks at car)
Must be paying you guys well.

CHINAMAN
They'll pay if you're good.

SAM
And you?

CHINAMAN
I'm the best.

SAM
You should talk to the Sheriff.

Vito and Joey enter in white sweatsuits over their boots. They acknowledge Sam and, after "laying eyes" on the Chinaman, sit down at a table.

SAM (cont'd)
(to Vito and Joey)
See you took my advice with the clothes. The usual?

Joey nods. Vito signals two to Sam.
VITO
Did you say that those guys with that house-moving rig were from Jackson?

The Chinaman turns her chair to listen. Sam notices her.

SAM
Sorry, I don't --

VITO
-- You know the ones? What were their names?
    (snaps fingers)
The Jones boys? They were in the day before the robbery.

SAM
Sorry guys, bad night. Kinda fuzzy.

The Chinaman gets up. Puts a hundred dollar bill on counter.

SAM (cont'd)
Thought you were hungry?

CHINAMAN
Suddenly feel full.

SAM
Let me get your change.

CHINAMAN
Worth every cent.

Vito, Joey and Sam watch her leave. She drives off.

VITO
Who was that piece of braciole?

SAM
Nothing but trouble.

VITO
Yeah, what woman isn't?

INT. PLOTTER'S BANK, CIRCLE OF SNAKES - MORNING

Flashlight in one hand, .45 in the other and joint in his mouth, Tyler staggers down the steps with a backpack on.

Going to the front door, he freezes as he hears the gears of the vault. He turns to see the door unlock and snap ajar.
Curiously, he enters the vault and sees open boxes of money that have fallen from the shelves. He takes bottles of water out of his backpack and replaces them with cash.

MOMENTS LATER

Leaving, Tyler notices the locked chests marked "RAW SILVER." He shoots a lock, opens the chest.

Seeing the cocaine, he is elated.

He tears open a pack, sticks his face in the powder and snorts. Face covered in white powder, he smiles euphorically.

Quickly, he takes the money out of the backpack and replaces it with cocaine.

MOMENTS LATER.

His backpack overflowing with coke, Tyler opens the bank door. Cautiously he sticks his head out.

EXT. CIRCLE OF SNAKES - CONTINUOUS

Tyler runs out of the bank, leaving a cocaine trail behind.

Outside the ring, he looks back and exhales. He sits down, pours a huge line of coke and snorts it.

Rattlers slither into the bank through the open door.

INT. HARRY'S BAR - AFTERNOON

Bar is dark, empty and old. Stairs lead to second-floor rooms. Harry works behind the bar.

Vito and Joey saunter in, confidently.

VITO
How you doin'?

HARRY
Up until now, pretty good.

VITO
Four fingers of your best.

Joey points to the tap as he looks around.

VITO (cont'd)
That was something yesterday?
HARRY
(pours)
Seen worse.

VITO
Around here?

HARRY
Here and there.

VITO
Sure the talkative type.

HARRY
You want small talk, get a wife.

VITO
You know, in times like these it pays to have some protection.

HARRY
Don't need any.

VITO
Bank's stolen. Wyatt's dead. A little extra insurance could go a long way.

HARRY
And you're gonna sell me that insurance?

Beer mug in hand, Joey looks at pictures on the wall.

VITO
That's right.

HARRY
(scoffs)
Got enough insurance, thanks.

VITO
Maybe. Maybe not.

Joey throws the beer mug and breaks a mirror. Vito turns and points at Joey.

VITO (cont'd)
You see?

The sound of hammers CLICKING on Harry's sawed-off scattergun cause Vito to show fear. He turns to see the gun pointed at his face.
Vito steps back with his hands half up.

HARRY
Figured I'd show you my policy.

VITO
(backs toward the door)
Easy grandpa. We're just offering.

HARRY
You two scumbags get out of my bar
before I fill your asses with buckshot.

The two rush out the door, passing SUE KAY (28) entering. An FBI agent, she does a double take when she sees Harry with his gun.

SUE
I can come back?

HARRY
.puts down the gun)
Sorry about that.

Sue rolls her suitcase up to the bar.

SUE
Heard I can get a room here.

Harry notices the .9mm and badge on her belt.

HARRY
Always a room for the Bureau.

Sue is surprised. Realizing, she closes her jacket.

SUE
(extends her hand)
Agent Sue Kay. I've been assigned
to investigate the bank robbery.

HARRY
(shakes hand)
Harry.

SUE
What was that about?

HARRY
You stay around these parts long enough, you find all sorts of vermin.
Sue notices a picture of Harry with a sheriff's badge on.

SUE
Town seems so peaceful though.

HARRY
If you say.

SUE
The room?

Harry gives her a key.

HARRY
Upstairs, to the left.

Sue nods and starts toward the stairs.

SUE
Anything you can tell me about the sheriff?

HARRY
Nothing good.

Sue becomes concerned as she goes upstairs.

EXT. BUTCH'S MOBILE HOME - EVENING

Open beer in their hands, Butch and Billy exit their mobile home. Butch locks the door.

BUTCH
Cindy's gonna take the kids up to her mom's 'til this blows over.

Turning, Billy becomes surprised. He nudges Butch.

In her latex pantsuit, the Chinaman leans on the hood of her Ferrari.

BUTCH (cont'd)
Can I help you?

CHINAMAN
Thought I can help you.

BUTCH
How's that?

CHINAMAN
Selling insurance and the likes.
BUTCH
That car don't look like any
insurance agent's I've seen.

CHINAMAN
They don't sell the kind of
insurance I do.

BUTCH
What kind might that be?

CHINAMAN
The kind, I'm guessing, you might
need right now.

BUTCH
You got a card?

CHINAMAN
No card, but you can call me the
Chinaman.

BILLY
Shouldn't that be --

CHINAMAN
-- Don't go there.
(to Butch)
You know what? Why don't I just get
started with the sales pitch.

Cross-handed, she draws two magnum .45s from under her
jacket.

CHINAMAN (cont'd)
Now if you don't mind, we can
retire to your kitchen where I'll
be glad to show you all your
options.

Fearful, Butch looks at a frightened Billy. They head inside.

INT. HARRY'S BAR - EVENING
Sue sits at the bar enjoying a burger and a beer.

HARRY
Get you anything else?

SUE
(holds up burger)
Ever think of franchising?
Harry smiles and walks away.

Sam enters and sits two seats from Sue.

**SAM**

Beer.

Sam looks at Sue.

**SAM (cont'd)**
And give me one of those burgers.
(to Sue)
Figured the feds would eventually show up.

Confused, Sue checks that her badge and gun are covered.

**SAM (cont'd)**
Harry told me.

**HARRY**
(serves Sam his beer)
Sam here's former New York City's Finest. Runs the diner across the street.

**SUE**
(shakes hands)
Agent Sue Kay.
(turns back to food)
I was just transferred from New York.

**SAM**
Non-voluntary I assume?

Confused, Sue looks at Sam.

**SAM (cont'd)**
Why else would a young up and coming agent move here?

**SUE**
And you? Non-voluntary?

Sam smiles. He taps her beer's neck in a “touché” toast.

Storming in, Tom looks around and heads to Sue. He fits in with his back to Sam.

**TOM**
You must be the fed they sent to show me how to do my job.
SUE
(extends hand)
Agent Sue Kay.

TOM
(ignores hand)
I don't know what they taught you
up in that fancy academy of yours,
but, in these parts, we take care
of our own problems.

SAM
Give the girl a break.

Without turning, Tom puts his hand up for Sam to hold.

TOM
Stay out of my way.

Angry, Tom glares at Sam, then storms out. Sue looks to Sam
for an answer.

SAM
He'll grow on you.

Harry brings Sue another beer.

HARRY
Like a bad rash.

Harry moves down the bar to do some work.

SUE
Those two have a history?

SAM
Tom's Harry's son.

HARRY
Told you, he's the mailman's.

INT. VITO'S CADILLAC - EVENING

Vito drives up and parks with a view of Butch's mobile home.

VITO
We take care of business and we're
out of here in five minutes.

JOEY
Do we really have to...? You know?
VITO
No, I don't know.

JOEY
You know, kill 'em.

VITO
What would you suggest? We invite them over to celebrate our new- found wealth?

JOEY
Maybe we can make some sort of deal?

VITO
(gets out)
I'm not sharing a cent with these hicks.
(leans into the car)
You comin'?

Reluctantly, Joey exits the car.

EXT. BUTCH'S MOBILE HOME – EVENING

Vito, bat in hand, POUNDS on the door. .45 out, Joey snoops around the trailer door. Vito cautiously opens the door.

VITO
Anybody home?

DARK CORNER ACROSS FROM THE TRAILER

Hidden from sight, the Chinaman is on her cell phone.

CHINAMAN
I told you, I did everything I could to keep them alive.
(listens)
I know they're our only lead.
(listens)
Guy kept blabbering about some ring of mountains he played in as a kid.
(notices Vito and Joey)
I have no idea where it is.
(preoccupied)
You know anything about some eastern guys in the area?
(listens)
I think I have a new lead.
(annoyed)
CHINAMAN (cont'd)
No I won't kill 'em before we find out.

She hangs up.

BUTCH'S TRAILER

Joey runs out and pukes. Vito runs straight to the car. Looking back in fear, Joey follows.

INT. VITO'S CADILLAC - EVENING

Vito jumps into the driver's seat, starts the car. Frightened and out of breath, Joey enters quickly.

VITO
That was definitely professional.

JOEY
Professional butcher.

VITO
Let's get out of here before the cops show.

JOEY
Let's get out of here before that fucking psycho comes back.

They leave in a cloud of dust.

Sinister smile, Chinaman watches them leave.

INT. SAM'S DINER - MORNING

Tom reads the paper at the counter. Vito and Joey, in their white sweats, sit at a table. Sam works behind the counter.

Joey looks up and down at himself.

JOEY
You think it makes me look fat?

VITO
What are you talking about?

JOEY
White. You think these make me look fat?

Vito scoffs and waves him off.
JOEY (cont'd)
Black just seems a whole lot more slimming.

Disheveled, Sue enters. She sits at the far end.

VITO
Never felt comfortable in white.

SAM
(pours Sue coffee)
Looks like you didn't get too much sleep.

SUE
(leans in)
You remember the tip you gave me about those guys from Jackson?

Sam acknowledges he does.

SUE (cont'd)
They found the last two brothers dead, early this morning.

SAM
Jesus, really?

SUE
Jackson police is saying it was drug related, but it's too coincidental.

SAM
Be tough to prove now.
(turns away, turns back)
Last two brothers?

SUE
The father and a third brother died in a drunken crash Sunday morning on the seventy-three.

Sam returns to the grill.

Tom gets up to leave.

SAM
Leaving already?

TOM
Lots to do before the storm tonight.
VITO

Storm?

TOM
Tail end of a tropical off Mexico. We may be in the middle of a desert, but when we get hit, we get hit.
(opens door)
Oh, um, I hate to do this minister, but you think you could stop by the station? I have some questions.

Curious, Vito nods. Tom leaves.

JOEY
You think he knows about Wyatt or us being up in Jackson?

Vito shrugs. Joey looks down at his outfit.

JOEY (cont'd)
Definitely fatter.

INT/EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Tom sits at his desk. Vito sits on the side.

TOM
You know I hate doing this minister, but some of the people are complaining.

Confused, Vito points to himself.

TOM (cont'd)
It's about the insurance you're selling.
(puts his feet up)
You being a man of the cloth, I told them it must be a simple misunderstanding.

VITO
Definitely, a misunderstanding.

TOM
I'm assuming you have a license to sell insurance.

Vito is confused.
TOM (cont'd)
You have to be a registered agent to sell insurance in this state.

VITO
You had me confused. Wife's bringing it with our other stuff.

Tom notices a Reservation Police Van pull up. Concerned, he puts his feet down.

TOM
(preoccupied)
Can you get me a copy?

VITO
As soon as she gets here.

Officers BARRY and REGGIE enter.

OFFICER BARRY
Hey Tom.

TOM
Barry. Reggie. What brings you down to these parts?

OFFICER BARRY
Seems Tyler got himself higher than a kite and lost in the desert.

TOM
Sounds like Tyler. Just bring him in, and I'll have a word with him.

OFFICER REGGIE
(exhales)
Ain't that easy. Dumb ass is dead. Had enough coke in him to get an elephant to dance.

TOM
(looks at van)
You got the body?

Reggie
(nods)
Sorry, to bring --

TOM
-- It was bound to happen sooner or later. Can you bring him down to Martin's while I finish up here?
Barry nods. They head to the door, then Barry turns back.

OFFICER BARRY
Some hunters saw a pickup heading west from Círculo de Las Serpientes
Sunday. Don't know if it has anything to do with the robbery, but it might be worth a look.

The conversation spikes Vito's interest.

TOM
Yeah, I'll look into it.

The officers turn and leave.

TOM (cont'd)
(to self)
Only way I'm looking up there is with a helicopter.

VITO
Cirque du Soleil?

TOM
Círculo de Las Serpientes. Circle of the snakes. There are literally thousands of rattlers up there. Legend says nobody who went in ever came out. That's if you find the place.

VITO
(gets up)
We finished here?

TOM
(distracted)
Just get me that license.

VITO
You got it.
(opens door)
Circle of the snakes, huh?
(contemplates)
Thanks again.

Vito leaves.
EXT. SAM’S DINER – AFTERNOON

Sam leans against the doorframe of the diner and watches Tom leave his office. Harry walks over from his bar. He notices where Sam is looking.

HARRY
Just staring ain't gonna help.

SAM
You think he has any clue?

HARRY
Without help, about as much as Custer did.

SAM
(realizes)
-- Told you, not in that line anymore.

Sam heads inside.

HARRY
Guess you were just out for a walk the other day?

SAM
(at the door)
Couldn’t sleep.

HARRY
Yeah, I always go to an empty bank plot when I can't sleep.

INT. WINNIE'S OFFICE, ALBUQUERQUE – AFTERNOON

Smoking, an irate, Winnie stands behind her desk, looking out the window. The three black-suited men stand in front.

WINNIE
A bank, with millions in cash and product, disappears and none of you fuckin' idiots has an ideas.

MAN IN OFFICE #1
Well, I feel --

WINNIE
(whirls around)
-- You feel? You feel? I don't pay you to feel.
She picks up a revolver from the desk, shoots the man between the eyes. He falls to the ground with a THUD.

Guns out, two security guards rush in. Winnie waves them off.

    WINNIE (cont'd)
    Just letting off steam.

The guards leave. She puts out the cigarette and walks around the desk, waving her gun nonchalantly.

    WINNIE (cont'd)
    Now does anybody here want to give me something to wrap my head around?
    (walks by the two men)
    Speak up.

She takes a cigarette from the desk and lights up.

    MAN IN OFFICE #2
    Have you thought about Diego?

She looks at him quizzically.

She gets face to face, contemplates and exhales smoke. He fights not to flinch.

    MAN IN OFFICE #2 (cont'd)
    (coughing)
    Diego gets his money. He gets to resell the drugs, and we still owe him five million.

The man closes his eyes and winces as he waits to get shot.

Gun to cheek in thought, Winnie turns to the window.

    WINNIE
    Diego? Diego. That's brilliant.

The man opens his eyes in relief. Winnie turns.

    WINNIE (cont'd)
    (to third man)
    Why couldn't you think of that?

BANG! A shot between the eyes fells the third man. He hits the ground with a THUD.

Guns up, guards rush in. Winnie puts out the cigarette.
WINNIE (cont’d)
(to the guards)
Get me twenty of my best men, fully armed.
(looks at bodies)
And order me a new rug.

The two guards leave. Winnie lights up another cigarette and turns to the window. She takes a deep drag and stares out. A sinister smile appears on her face.

INT. VITO’S CHURCH – BASEMENT – EVENING

The bingo game runs as rain pounds the windows.

Vito and Joey, in black sweats, sit in front. Same older woman calls out numbers.

VITO
There's something big in that vault. I can just feel it.

Lady at hopper looks at Vito. He nods.

VITO (cont’d)
I think I'm gonna check out this circle of snakes myself.

Lady reaches in and pulls out a ball.

JOEY
This snake thing doesn't sound too safe, boss.

OLDER LADY #1
B 24  B 24

The old lady, who won last time, jumps up, elated. The audience expresses their frustrations.

VITO
Let's not be petty.
(to Joey)
They must be something for them ...
Like a bug spray.

Vito pays the lady. They exchange winks.

VITO (cont'd)
(gets serious)
There's something else I need to talk to you about.
(leans in)
VITO (cont'd)
This pond is too small to feed three big fish.

Joey becomes confused.

VITO (cont'd)
You know, there's not enough food to go around.
(hesitates)
Me, you and Stevie. The take's not big enough for all of us.

JOEY
I try not to ask for too much.

VITO
Not you. Why should we share with that punk Stevie?

JOEY
He's done everything we've asked.

VITO
You're certainly welcome to give him your share.

JOEY
You want me to tell Stevie he's out?

VITO
A little more forceful.

JOEY
I ain't never killed nobody before.

VITO
It's like stepping on a bug.

Joey stares in disbelief. Vito gets up.

VITO (cont'd)
(points to windows)
You believe this shit? We're in the middle of a fuckin' desert.

Vito leaves. Joey sits, resigned to his fate.

EXT. SIDE STREET - EVENING

Downpour. The FLASH of lightning and CLAP of thunder.

Vito leaves the church.
On her phone, the Chinaman hides across the street.

    CHINAMAN
    I'll have something for you
tomorrow at the diner.

She hangs up and eyes Vito. She tails him carefully from the shadows.

MOMENTS LATER

Instinctively, Vito looks to see if he's being followed. He sees the darkened figure of the Chinaman duck into a doorway.

Hurriedly, he ducks down an alley.

EXT. BACKYARD - EVENING

Small heavily puddled yard with a dumpster and wooden utility poles.

.45 in hand, Vito hides at end of the alley. He takes a step back into a deep puddle.

    VITO
    My fuckin' new boots.

A CLICK of a gun hammer brings fear to his face. His eyes strain to see behind.

Behind him, the Chinaman has her gun to his head.

    CHINAMAN
    Be a good little boy and drop the gun.

Vito does as told.

    CHINAMAN (cont'd)
    Show me your hands up. Turn around and walk backwards to the dumpster.

Vito carefully does as she instructs.

In the light, he recognizes her.

    VITO
    You're the Ferrari lady.

    CHINAMAN
    Your memory of the bank just as sharp?
Vito doesn't answer.

CHINAMAN (cont'd)
Ever heard of a woman scorned?

VITO
I'm looking for my money, too.
(steps forward)
Maybe we can --

The Chinaman aims at Vito's head. Vito stops.

CHINAMAN
A lot of confused men around here.
The brothers. Now you.

VITO
(cringes)
That was you? What kind of sick --

CHINAMAN
-- Prefer to call myself an artist.

VITO
All I know is my money's gone too.

The Chinaman threatens, emphasizing her aim.

CHINAMAN
Since you don't know anything.

VITO
Wait. Wait. I did hear something
today about a circle of snakes.

The Chinaman takes a step forward. She looks down at her
Jimmy Choos in an ankle deep puddle and becomes upset.

CHINAMAN
You better start explaining this
circle of snakes real quick.

VITO
What do I look like, a copy of
National Geographic?

CHINAMAN
(aims)
If you don't know --

A FLASH of lightning hits the utility pole and sends it
crashing to the ground. It narrowly misses the Chinaman.

She smiles and raises her gun.
Fear on Vito's face suddenly turns to a smile.

Confused, the Chinaman looks behind her to see a sparking cable from the transformer in the puddle.

Sparks fly everywhere. The Chinaman convulses. Vito turns away.

Turning back, Vito sees the Chinaman lying dead.

Relieved, he puffs up his collar, pushes out his chest and brushes off his hands, victorious.

VITO
And that's what happens when you mess with New York.

Realizing he's in the open, he becomes fearful. He quickly runs out.

INT. HARRY'S BAR - EVENING

A sullen Sam sits at the bar. Bottle in front of him, he drinks a shot. Sue sits down a couple of seats away.

SUE
I'll have a draft and whatever the special is today.

HARRY
Prime rib.

SUE
Sounds great.
(looks at Sam)
What's with him?

HARRY
Upset nobody'll feel sorry for him.

SUE
Should have my life.

HARRY
No offense, but you really don't seem ...

SUE
The bureau type?

Harry doesn't answer.
SUE (cont'd)
Guess it shows. Both parents and grandparents were military. Not much of a choice. Figured FBI beat a foxhole in the Middle East. If I had my choice, though, I'd be teaching second grade.

SAM
Restauranteur.

Sue and Harry look to Sam.

SAM (cont'd)
Restauranteur. If I had my choice.
(downs a shot)
Three generations of cops. Once my two brothers joined ...
(pours and downs shot)
One big fuckin' dead-end dream.

HARRY
You guys know you're still young.

SAM
I'm all outta options.

Staring at Harry, Sam pours and downs another shot.

SUE
You, Harry?

Confused, Harry waits for more.

SUE (cont'd)
What different path would you have taken?

HARRY
Me? I don't regret any of my decisions.

WINNIE (O.C.)
(loud, from doorway)
Harry! Long time, no see.

HARRY
Except one.

Smoking, Winnie stands at the door with three of her men.

HARRY (cont'd)
And here I thought Friday was garbage day.
Winnie whispers to one of her men. He leaves. Winnie walks up between Sam and Sue. The other two men stay behind.

WINNIE
Is that any way to talk to an old friend?

HARRY
You got that half right.

Winnie coyly puts her hand on Harry's cheek, gets very close and nonchalantly blows smoke in his face.

WINNIE
Since you don't want to refresh old acquaintances, the least you could do is get me two rooms.

Harry reaches for and throws one key on the bar.

HARRY
(looks at her men)
Modesty was never one of your virtues.

Harry relents and throws a second key on the bar.

Pissed, Winnie snatches the key. She signals to her men who take her luggage upstairs.

Winnie eyeballs Sue up and down. Sue's gun is exposed.

WINNIE
Pickin 'em young now, Harry?
(looks at Sue's gun)
Always liked a lady who packs.

Winnie follows her men up the stairs.

Sam and Sue turn back to Harry.

HARRY
(stares at Winnie)
Not worth the breath.

INT. ELK'S CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Alone, Stevie counts money. Vito enters, soaked and out of breath.

STEVIE
Boss, what happened to you?
VITO
Just getting caught up on the Asian
cuisine around here.

Vito sits.

VITO (cont'd)
How'd we do?

STEVIE
(hands Vito money)
Some of the players are gettin' a
little upset at the increased rake.

VITO
Fuck 'em.

Vito puts the money in his pocket. Stares at Stevie.

STEVIE
It's all there. I swear.

VITO
Nah, you're fine. Just wondering if
you're ready for some bigger
responsibilities?

STEVIE
Try me, Boss.

VITO
I don't know, this is a pretty big
step.

STEVIE
I'm telling you, I'm ready.

Vito stares at Stevie for a minute. Leans in.

VITO
I have to go outta town for a
couple of days. --

STEVIE
-- You want me to run the show? No
problem.

VITO
Just listen. Capisci? I was
thinking ... Maybe we need to
lighten our overhead.

Stevie doesn't follow.
VITO (cont'd)
You kind of do everything that Joey
does and more. Probably better.

STEVIE
You want me to tell Joey he's out?

VITO
Not exactly tell.
Confused at first, Stevie becomes startled when he realizes.

STEVIE
Whack him? He's been so nice to me.

VITO
If you can't handle being a made
man.

STEVIE
Made?
   (hesitates)
   You'd only get somebody else.

VITO
   (pats him on the check)
   Now there's a smart man.

INT. SAM'S DINER - MORNING
Dan Plotter sits in the back. Reading the paper, Tom eats at
the counter. Vito sits alone at a table.

Smoking, Winnie enters with one of her guards. Tom's jaw
drops. Sam notices his reaction.

SAM
   I afraid we don't allow smoking.

Winnie stares at Sam, then continues smoking as she heads to
Tom.

Sam looks at Tom, who shakes his head to let it go.

WINNIE
   Tom.

   TOM
   Winnie. Didn't know you were in
town.

Hearing the name, Vito's interest perks up.
WINNIE
Wouldn't have to be if you had done your job.

TOM
Don't put that --

Winnie puts her finger to his mouth.

WINNIE
We'll deal with it later.

She puts out her cigarette in Tom's coffee and sits at Dan's table.

Sam gets Tom a new cup. Vito tries to dial his cell phone.

VITO
Goddamn reception.

SAM
Last storm it took a week to get everything back up and running.

Winnie and Dan talk quietly as Sam serves them coffee.

Dan nods toward Vito. Winnie turns around to look.

Sam pours Vito a cup. Vito notices Dan and Winnie looking. Sam notices the dynamic.

SAM (cont'd)
(breaks the tension)
Well, at least we don't have to worry about telemarketers.

Vito waves him off. Sam goes behind the counter.

VITO
Do I know you?

WINNIE
(lights cigarette)
I have a real small circle of friends.
(takes a drag)
You're the new minister.

VITO
Gonna see you in church on Sunday?

WINNIE
I have all the fire and brimstone I need.
WINNIE (cont'd)
(takes a drag)
Enjoy your breakfast Minister...?

VITO
Vito. Minister Vito.

WINNIE
Enjoy your breakfast, Minister
Vito. You never know when a meal's
your last.

Turned away, Winnie violently puts outs the cigarette.

A young, out of breath woman rushes in.

TOWN WOMAN #1
Sheriff, you need to come quick.

Everybody's attention is gathered, except for Winnie.

TOM
I'll be with you as soon as I
finish my paper.

TOWN WOMAN #1
We found a body behind the Rustad
building.

TOM
Who?

TOWN WOMAN #1
Some attractive Asian lady. Mid-
twenties with pink hair.

Shocked, Winnie turns around. Vito smiles and winks at her.

TOM
(gets up)
All these people dying is starting
to annoy the shit out of me.

Winnie looks at Dan for answers. He shrugs. Tom leaves.

VITO
Just how small is that circle of
friends?

Turned away, Vito smiles confidently.
INT. EL DIABLO BAR, JUAREZ, MEXICO - MORNING

Trying to dial the phone, Diego sits at the end of the bar. He gets a busy signal. He tries again, the same.

DIEGO
(slams phone down)
Fucking Gringos.

He downs a shot and throws the glass shattering a mirror behind the bar.

Everybody freezes as the place becomes deathly silent.

DIEGO (cont'd)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Get me Eduardo!

A moment of silence. A man gets up from his chair dropping the half-dressed woman off his lap. He nods and runs out.

Diego sees everybody has stopped. He holds up a bottle.

DIEGO (cont'd)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Drinks for everybody!

Drink and debauchery are restored. The bartender pours Diego another shot.

BARTENDER
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Your brother? Are you sure?

DIEGO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
You questioning my judgment?

BARTENDER
(in Spanish, subtitled)
I would never do that, Diego. But your brother? He's ...

DIEGO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Crazy?

BARTENDER
(in Spanish, subtitled)
You did give the Americans five days.
DIEGO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Crazy is what these Gringos need.

EXT. MAIN STREET – AFTERNOON

Harry and Sam sit outside of Harry's tavern.

HARRY
Haven't seen Em around.

SAM
(hesitates, covers)
Had to go back East. Mom's not feelin' too well.

HARRY
And the pictures in the diner, they had to go back East too?

Annoyed, Sam smirks.

HARRY (cont'd)
You can push the past back, but you can't make it go away.

SAM
Nothing in your past you'd like to forget?

HARRY
Just a waste of time and energy tryin'.

Sullen, Sam looks away.

HARRY (cont'd)
Always felt a man lived three lives. The first when he creates his demons. The second when he either tries to kill them off or runs away from them. The --

WINNIE (O.S.)
(loud)
-- You better have some answers by the time I get back.

Interrupted, Harry and Sam see Winnie yelling into the Sheriff's Office as she exits. She storms off with her three waiting guards.
SAM
You'd like to see that go away.

HARRY
Nothing but bad ever happens when she's around.

SAM
People change.

HARRY
She's way past redemption.

A car followed by four SUVs comes down the road. Sam looks to Harry for an explanation.

HARRY (cont'd)
Can't be good.

DOWN THE ROAD

Pulling next to Winnie, Nuncio Danieli rolls down the rear window of the lead car.

NUNCIO
Yo, babe.

Angered at first, Winnie gathers herself.

She turns to Nuncio and points to herself.

NUNCIO (cont'd)
Yeah, you babe.

Winnie walks to the window.

NUNCIO (cont'd)
You know where we can get rooms in this shit-hole of a town?

Winnie looks at the line of five vehicles.

WINNIE
(coy)
How many are you, honey?

NUNCIO
Twenty-two.
(smirks)
Twenty-three if you'd like to join us. You're a little older than I like, but I suppose the choices around here are gonna be limited.
WINNIE
(strains to keep calm)
You can get rooms at Mabel's at the end of the road.

NUNCIO
And you?
(smiles confidently)
Trust me, you won't regret it.

WINNIE
I'll definitely make it a point to see you again.

Nuncio starts to roll up the window. Winnie stops it with her hand and leans in.

WINNIE (cont'd)
Such an attractive man, you a movie star?

NUNCIO
(finger to lips)
Don't let it out.

Winnie notices the .9mm under his jacket.

WINNIE
It's our little secret.

Nuncio winks and taps the driver as the window rises.

Winnie watches the cars leave. She turns to her men.

WINNIE (cont'd)
Tomorrow morning. Have the men ready.

The men leave. Winnie stares sinisterly at the caravan as she lights a cigarette.

EXT. PLOTTER'S SILVER MINE - AFTERNOON

EDUARDO "CIRUJANO DEL DIABLO" SUAREZ (34), a giant tattooed man with four huge Bowie knives strapped to his belt, emerges from the tunnel in a leather vest and no shirt.

The workers and guards scramble to get out of his path.

INT/EXT. HARRY'S BAR - EVENING

Between Nuncio's and Winnie's men, the place is crowded.
Harry works behind the bar. Sam sits at the bar.

    SAM  
    Business has picked up.

    HARRY  
    (Pours Sam a shot)  
    Rather be empty.

    SAM  
    Not my problem after today.

Concerned, Harry stops pouring, waits.

    SAM (cont'd)  
    I'm leaving, Harry.

    HARRY  
    If that's what you want.

    SAM  
    Place didn't turn out like I hoped.

    HARRY  
    You sure it was the place?

Sue sits next to Sam.

    SUE  
    I'll have whatever he's having.

    HARRY  
    (pours for Sue)  
    What he's having might be a little  
    too bitter for your taste.

Annoyed, Sam grabs the bottle, moves down a couple of seats.  
Sue watches, then looks to Harry for answers.

    HARRY (cont'd)  
    Doesn't like how his script's  
    playing out.

Sue looks around.

    SUE  
    Crowded.

Harry gives a gesture of indifference.

Sue becomes interested when she sees Eduardo drinking at a  
table by the picture window.
SUE (cont'd)
Holy shit. That's --

Harry quickly signals her to be quiet.

HARRY
"CIRUJANO DEL DIABLO."

SAM
(looks over)
The devil's surgeon?

SUE
Eduardo Suarez, second in command
of the Suarez cartel.
(down shot)
Number five on the Bureau's most
wanted.

HARRY
And Brother of "Señor de la
Oscuridad."

SAM
The Lord of Darkness? Who the fuck
makes up these names?

HARRY
You earn 'em.

SUE
If I could ever bring him in.

HARRY
You're here about a bank robbery.
(notices her staring)
And stop staring.

Eduardo sits up. He sees Joey walking through the town with
Stevie tailing him.

Interest piqued, Eduardo gets up and leaves.

Sue downs her shot, gathers courage and gets up to leave.

HARRY (cont'd)
(grabs her arm)
Don't be foolish.

SAM
Safe decision is right here with a
beer and a steak.
SUE
(pulls away)
What kind of lawmen were you?
(checks her gun)
One mistake's enough for me.

She turns and leaves. Harry stares at Sam and waits.

SAM
What?

HARRY
You know she can't handle this.

SAM
And I can?

HARRY
You'll find that out.

Sam scoffs and pours himself another shot.

SAM
You want me to die? Is that it?

HARRY
Dying's the easy part. Living with yourself, that's a whole other matter.

Sam stares at the bottle. Harry waits.

Harry reaches under the bar. He puts up a fresh bottle and a scattergun in front of Sam and waits.

Harry chugs a shot and looks away.

HARRY (cont'd)
(takes off apron)
Should have known better.

Sam looks back as Harry picks up the scattergun.

THUD. Sam's hand pins the gun to the bar.

Tension mounts as the two stare, eye to eye.

Sam gets up and pulls the gun from Harry.

SAM
You'd probably have a heart attack before you got there.
Sam checks that the gun is loaded, downs a shot and walks toward the door.

    SAM (cont'd)
    And I'm still leaving when this is over.

EXT. SIDE STREETS - EVENING

Joey walks down the darkened street toward the church.

Stevie follows. Eduardo follows both.

Just as Joey puts the key in the church door ...

CLICK!

    STEVIE (O.S.)
    Let me see your hands.

Hands up, Joey turns slowly to see it's Stevie. He relaxes.

    JOEY
    (lowers hands)
    Geez, Stevie, you scared the --

    STEVIE
    -- I said hands up.

Stevie emerges from the darkness, his .45 pointed at Joey.

    JOEY
    What the ...

    STEVIE
    Business, Joey.

    JOEY
    Your cut's not big enough?

    STEVIE
    Just trimming the fat.

    JOEY
    (realizes)
    Fuckin' Vito.

Knife out, Eduardo sneaks closer.

    JOEY (cont'd)
    Vito wanted me to do you.
STEVIE
Vito said you'd try mind games.

JOEY
He's playing one against the other.

STEVIE
Not gonna work.

JOEY
He doesn't care which one of us comes out alive.

STEVIE
(becoming unsure)
We already know who that is.

JOEY
Did he tell you, this will get you made.

Unsure, Stevie nods.

JOEY (cont'd)
He's a two-bit punk from New York.
We both are.

Confused, Stevie gathers his courage and aims.

STEVIE
Sorry.

Ready to fire, suddenly ...

WHOOSH THUD

Stevie's eyes get big. His chest jumps forward.

Stevie hits the ground, a Bowie knife in the back.

Eduardo stands behind Stevie, smiling sinisterly.

EDUARDO
(draws two knives)
Banco. Dinero.

JOEY
(backs up)
Whoa, compadre. No comprendo.

Suarez licks his lips and stalks forward.

EDUARDO
Banco. Dinero.
SUE (O.S.)
FBI. Drop the knives.
Eduardo turns slowly to see Sue with her .9mm aimed at him. He smiles, puffs his chest out and inches toward her.

SUE (cont'd)
Stop right there. I'm warning you.
Eduardo continues slowly stalking his prey.

SUE (cont'd)
I'm FBI. I'll shoot.
Smile getting bigger, Eduardo inches forward.
Backing up, Sue's hand starts to shake.
She stumbles, falling into a seated position and dropping her gun. Her eyes get bigger as Eduardo stands over her.

EDUARDO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Such a pretty face.
DUAL CLICKS of a scattergun cocking. Eduardo freezes.

SAM (O.S.)
And it's gonna stay that way.
From behind, Sam has the gun to Eduardo's head.

SAM (cont'd)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Drop the knives.
Eduardo does as told. Sam kicks them toward Joey. He takes the final one off Eduardo's belt.
Sam looks to a teary, frightened Sue.

SAM (cont'd)
Handcuffs?
Sue manages to throw them to him. Joey picks up the knives.
Handcuffing Eduardo, Sam notices a distraught Sue with her head in her hands.

SAM (cont'd)
You okay?
SUE
I can't believe I fucked up again.
SAM
There'll be time for that later.
Right now we need to get off the street.

INT. SAM'S DINER - EVENING

Sam prepares coffee. Joey sits at a back table. Still in tears, Sue sits near the front. She stares into space.

Sam brings two coffees and the scattergun to Sue's table.

BANGING from the back closet where the door has been reenforced by furniture.

EDUARDO (O.S.)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
My brother will skin the three of you and make soup with your remains.

SAM
(in Spanish, subtitled)
You don't calm down, your brother's gonna have a sister.

JOEY
What are you two guys saying?

SAM
Just catching up on old times.
(to Sue)
It takes a pretty brave soul to go after that guy in the first place.

SUE
I can't believe I froze.

SAM
It happens, even to the decorated ones.

SUE
More than once?

JOEY
Don't you think one of us should get the Sheriff?

SAM
There's at least ten of Diego's men out there looking for him.
SAM (cont'd)
(gestures to the door)
Of course, if you'd like to try.

Joey slouches down.

SAM (cont'd)
(to Sue)
You wanna talk about it.

Sue shakes her head.

SAM (cont'd)
Get some sleep then.
(gets up)
I'll take first watch.

Sue nods and makes herself comfortable.

Scattergun in hand, Sam pulls a chair by the door and sits.

Pre-lap - A TAP TAP TAP on the glass of the front door.

MORNING

Startled, Sam wakes up. Sue wakes. The two look curiously at each other.

Scattergun ready, Sam looks out.

Sam sees Harry sitting next to the door with a shotgun on his lap. Sam nods to Sue it's okay and opens the door.

SAM (cont'd)
How long you been out there?

HARRY
As long as you've been asleep.
(nods across the street)
Tom's in.

BANGING from the closet wakes up Joey.

EDUARDO (O.S.)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
I have to take a piss.

SAM
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Not my problem and if you make a mess, I'll cut it off.

Unsure, Sam looks at the station.
HARRY
You got a better choice?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

Feet up, Tom sits behind his desk reading the newspaper.

Something out the front window gets his attention. He gets up and walks forward to get a better view. He opens the door.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

Tom stands in the doorway.

Sam, Harry and Sue carefully lead Eduardo across the street. Joey follows.

TOM
You know who that is?

HARRY
You've done enough business with his brother.

TOM
You know what Diego will do?

HARRY
What are you gonna do?

TOM
(Hesitates)
I'm not getting involved in this.

SUE
Doesn't matter, I'm commandeering the jail.

TOM
Over my dead body.

HARRY
If necessary.

In disbelief, Tom stares at the group. He storms off.

TOM
If you guys wanna die, be my guest.
INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

Sam closes wooden shutters that have peepholes. Sue tries the landline. Harry grabs the keys and locks up Eduardo.

Hanging up, Sue shakes her head to the others.

Harry holds the second cell door open, waits as he stares at Joey.

Sam and Sue notice the dynamic.

JOEY
I didn't do nothing.

HARRY
Just feel safer with all the criminals behind bars.

Joey looks at Sam. Sam reluctantly nods.

Harry locks Joey in a cell.

Sam checks the back room. Harry admires the jail.

HARRY (cont'd)
Just like I left it.

SAM
(re-emerges)
No back door.

Harry stares at Sam, who looks off. Sue is confused.

SUE
You gonna let me in.

HARRY
Ask Sam.

Sam doesn't answer. He just looks away.

HARRY (cont'd)
Wondering if he still plans on leaving?

Sue's look snaps to Sam.

SAM
It's not my fight.
(to Sue)
You're a lot braver than you think.
SUE
You wouldn't leave us now?
(to Harry)
Say something, Harry.

HARRY
Man believes his fate's sealed.

EDUARDO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
You are surrounded by cowards.

JOEY
What's he saying?

EDUARDO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
You, Harry, are the only one worthy of killing.

SAM
(opens door)
As soon as I get service, I'll call for help.

Sam leaves. Harry locks the door.

EXT. EMPTY PLOT OF PLOTTER'S BANK - MORNING

Winnie smokes as she paces nervously. Impatient, she looks out into the desert. Dan leans against an SUV.

WINNIE
Come on. Where the fuck are you?

Suddenly, she smiles and puts the cigarette out.

From the desert, a caravan appears on a road.

WINNIE (cont'd)
Time to show these dagos how we handle squatters.
(lights cigarette, to Dan)
Tie up the loose ends at the mine.

Dan gets in an SUV and leaves.

EXT. VITO'S CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Nuncio and his men load y weapons at the back of the SUVs.
A man runs down the street to Nuncio.
NUNCIO'S MAN
Joey's in the jail.

NUNCIO
Vito?

NUNCIO'S MAN
Nobody's seen him.

Nuncio turns to the group.

NUNCIO
We'll take Joey now. The other rat can't be too far off.
(grabs his rifle)
Remember, Mr. Giordano wants to make an example of this town.

Everybody loads up. They pull out.

INT. EL DIABLO BAR, JUAREZ, MEXICO - MORNING

A man runs in and approaches Diego.

DIEGO'S MESSENGER
(in Spanish, subtitled)
They got Eduardo.

Diego is confused.

DIEGO'S MESSENGER (cont'd)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
The Gringos. They got Eduardo in the jail.

Diego raises his glass to all the men in the bar.

DIEGO
(In Spanish, subtitled)
Time to pay the gringos a visit.

His men hoot and holler.

DIEGO'S MESSENGER
(In Spanish, subtitled,)
Harry's with them.

Staring off into space, Diego smiles.

DIEGO
(English, to self)
We meet again my old friend.
INT/EXT. SAM'S SUV - MORNING

Torn, Sam drives out of La Suerte. As he passes the plot of the bank, he slows down. Seeing Winnie and her men, he becomes concerned.

Winnie follows his SUV as it passes.

EXT. EMPTY PLOT OF PLOTTER'S BANK - MORNING

Cigarette dangling from her mouth, Winnie cocks her automatic rifle. She signals the men and they walk towards the town.

WINNIE
Let's show our friends a l'il
southwestern hospitality.

EXT. CIRCLE OF SNAKES - MORNING

Steam coming from the engine, Vito's sand-covered Cadillac creeps to a halt.

Vito leans forward, trying to look out the dust-covered windshield. He squirts water and puts on the wipers. His eyes widen, face lights up.

VITO
Darlin', I'm home.

In front of him is the opening to the Circle of Snakes.

He gets out and paces as he stares through the opening from different angles.

VITO (cont'd)
Fuckin' snakes.
(smirks)
I got something for you.
(opens trunk)
Your not facing some fuckin' hicks
from nowhere fuckin' New Mexico.
(puts on shin guards)
Your facing Vito fuckin Gambizzi,
the king of New York.
(takes out chest protector)
That's right. The fucking king.

Vito closes the trunk. Puts on a catcher's face mask and steps forward.

At the opening, he freezes. After a brief moment, he scampers back to the car.
EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

Nuncio's men drive down the main street in their SUVs. The few townspeople scramble for cover.

The SUVs form a line across from the jail. The men get out and take firing positions behind the SUVs.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

Sue turns from a peephole.

SUE
It's not Suarez.

NUNCIO (O.S.)
(on megaphone)
Thomas Durant, I need to talk to you.

Confused, Harry looks out to see Nuncio and his men.

Harry looks to Sue, who shrugs.

JOEY
Nuncio Danieli. He's here for me.

Harry hesitates, then opens the door slightly.

HARRY
Sheriff's not here. You can deal with me.

EXT. MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

AT THE EDGE OF TOWN

Winnie sees Nuncio and his men. She signals her men to stop.

She sends some men around the buildings on the left and others around the ones on the right. A group stays with her and takes cover.

OPPOSITE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Automatic rifle in one hand and the megaphone in the other, Nuncio stands defiantly.

NUNCIO
(in megaphone)
Who are you?
HARRY (O.S.)
Just a tired old man.

NUNCIO
(to self)
Yeah, a tired old man.
(to jail)
Wish I had time to chat, but I'm kinda on a schedule. All we want is Joey.

HARRY (O.S.)
Why should I do that?

NUNCIO
Look, I'd love to have a sit-down, but right now you'll have to settle for living another day.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE – AFTERNOON

Fright on face, Joey paces in the cell.

HARRY
(to Joey)
Wanna tell me what this is about?

JOEY
(Hesitates)
Vito and I kinda made a deal with the feds.

HARRY
This is all being a rat?

JOEY
That and, uh, Vito robbed some money ... a lotta money from his boss.

Harry contemplates.

JOEY (cont'd)
You don't understand what those guys'll do to me.
(to Sue)
I'm a dead man, if you give me up..

HARRY
Nobody's giving your sorry ass up.
(out the door)
Not gonna happen.
NUNCIO (O.S.)
Sorry to hear that.

A massive barrage of gunfire from the street rips through the jail.

Harry slams the door shut. Bullets whiz through the wooden shutters and into the room.

Sue crouches down on the floor, covering her head. Harry crouches. Joey dives underneath the cot in the cell.

Fearless, Eduardo stands up defiantly and laughs.

EDUARDO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Cowards.

The bullets stop suddenly. There is an eerie quiet.

HARRY
Everybody okay.

Sues nods.

JOEY
(sticks his head out)
Yeah.
(feels himself)
I think.

NUNCIO (O.S.)
In two minutes, I'll send a more formal request, old man.

SUE
This door and windows aren't going to hold up.

Harry stares at the desk. He looks around at the other furniture.

HARRY
Quick, help me.

INT/EXT. PLOTTER'S SILVER MINE TRAILER - AFTERNOON

Dan hastily empties the safe into a satchel.

A massive amount of GUNFIRE erupts outside.

Dan moves to the side of the window and looks out.
EXT. PLOTTER'S SILVER MINE - AFTERNOON

Muzzle flashes light the darkened mine.

Automatic pistol to each side, Diego leads thirty or so armed men out of the shaft.

The guards are no match for them and fall quickly.

INT. PLOTTER'S SILVER MINE TRAILER - AFTERNOON

Closing the blinds, Dan turns away from the window and thinks.

He turns off the lights, takes a pistol from the desk and hides under it.

EXT. PLOTTER'S SILVER MINE - AFTERNOON

Diego stares at the trailer.

DIEGO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
To the trucks.

Finishing off any guards, his men head to the trucks. He heads for the trailer.

INT. PLOTTER'S SILVER MINE TRAILER - AFTERNOON

In the darkness, Dan trembles under the desk.

The doorknob twist, but it is locked.

BANG! BANG! The door is shattered.

Smiling, Diego appears in the doorway.

EXT. PLOTTER'S SILVER MINE - AFTERNOON

As his men board the trucks, muzzle flashes appear from inside the trailer.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Every piece of furniture fortifies the front door.

Harry nails boards to the windows.
SUE
What are they waiting for?

HARRY
Trying to play with your mind.

SUE
It's working.

JOEY
Let me have a gun.

EDUARDO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
One more whimpering coward with a gun?

SUE
We could use him?

JOEY
At least let me die like a man.

EDUARDO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
The coward thinks he will fight like a man.
(laughs boastfully)
Tell them, Harry. Tell them what Diego will do.

Harry relents and opens Joey's cell. He gives Joey a revolver.

HARRY
I assume you've used one before.

Joey's face tells of his ignorance.

EDUARDO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
More wasted bullets.

HARRY
Great, we have the only criminal who can't fire a gun.

JOEY
(Defiant)
Didn't say I couldn't.
(backs down)
Just never did.
NUNCIO (O.S.)

Time's up.

Harry puts a piece of chew in his mouth and scrunches his body into a small package. He signals to Sue to do the same.

Joey panics and dives under the cot.

EXT. MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

Winnie sees that her men have reached the alleys.

On her signal, her men rise and walk deliberately into the town, unleashing a hail of gunfire.

WINNIE
(to self)
Told you I'd see you again.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Gunfire from outside that is louder and in greater magnitude than before. The three cower, trying not to get hit.

Confused, Sue takes hands off her head, realizing the office hasn't been hit. Harry does the same.

Also dumbfounded, Joey inches out from under the cot.

The three slowly rise up. Sue and Harry look out.

EXT. MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

Surrounded by Winnie's men, Nuncio is on his knees.

Nuncio's men lie dead.

Winnie walks around him as she lights a cigarette.

WINNIE
(points .9mm at his head)
What was that you called me?

NUNCIO
Fuck you, bitch.

WINNIE
(backhands him with gun)
No, that's wasn't it.
(puts gun to her cheek)
I think the correct words were, "Yo, babe."
NUNCIO
Giordano's gonna level this place.

WINNIE
You think I care about this place.
(chuckles)
I can do business anywhere.

She points the gun at his head.

NUNCIO
What about New York?

Curious, Winnie pulls back the gun.

NUNCIO (cont'd)
I can get the deal done ... You'll triple your take.

WINNIE
(turns away)
New York, huh? What about this Giordano character?

NUNCIO
Fuck Giordano.
(extends his hand)
Partners.

She turns to see his hand extended. She casually puts out her cigarette, then shoots him in the head.

WINNIE
God, I hate disloyalty.
(towards the jail)
Me and you again, sweetie.

Winnie takes out and lights a cigarette.

EXT. CIRCLE OF SNAKES - AFTERNOON

Waders, goalie-pads and a catcher's chest protector on, and with blowtorch in hand, Vito stares into the opening.

VITO
(exhales, lights blowtorch)
Let's see how much you like my friend.

Vito pulls a goalie mask down over his face, takes a flashlight out of his belt and tiptoes into the ring.
VITO (cont'd)
Stay cool snakes ... No reason to get upset ... It's not like I'm looking to make boots ... Just want my money.

INT. PLOTTER'S BANK, CIRCLE OF SNAKES - AFTERNOON

Vito inches into the bank. Cautiously he looks around and sees the vault.

VITO
I knew I'd find you.

VAULT

Vito scans inside with the flashlight. Open boxes of money on the shelves and the floor. Cocaine in the open chests.

Feeling safe, he puts the flashlight on the shelf and sits on a trunk. He puts the blowtorch on the shelf and takes off the mask.

After a moment of contemplation, he throws money up in air, kisses it and celebrates.

VITO (cont'd)
Fuck Giordano.

He reaches inside the chest protector and takes out a cigar. He lights the cigar on the blowtorch and turns the flame off.

A man in paradise, he leans back and smokes.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - EVENING

Sue sits in the corner and stares at her gun.

HARRY
Not a good time for that.

Joey sits next to Sue.

JOEY
You okay?

SUE
What's your story, anyway?

JOEY
Covered for Vito in second grade. Been covering for him ever since.
There is heavy GUNFIRE outside. They cower and cover up. They realize and look out.

SUE
It's Sam.

HARRY
Quick, get this stuff off the door.

Joey and Harry frantically clear the door. Sue watches out the peephole.

EXT. MAIN STREET - EVENING

In the darkness, Sam weaves his SUV through heavy gunfire. It takes multiple hits and rides on the rims.

Engine smoking and riddled with bullets, the SUV dies about ten yards from the Sheriff's Office. There is no sign of life.

Gunshots continue to riddle the car.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - EVENING

Sue slumps in despair.

Seeing her, Harry and Joey become solemn.

The bullets slowly die down.

SAM (O.S.)
Is anybody gonna open the door?

Excited, Harry and Joey quickly clear the door.

HARRY
Cover him.

Harry opens the door, as Sue and Joey open fire out.

Sam dives into jail. Harry, closes the door. Joey and Harry quickly return the furniture. The gunfire dies.

Sam gets up. Harry and Joey look at him incredulously.

SAM
Nice to see you guys, too.

In a seated position on the floor, Sue stares at her gun.
EDUARDO
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Diego will quake with fear.

He laughs loudly.

SUE
(softly)
I shot it.

Harry and Sam pull back to look at Sue.

Joey sits next to her and puts an arm around her.

JOEY
You did good.

HARRY
(Looks out the window)
Maybe next time you can try hitting something.

SAM
(looks around)
Is there anymore firepower in this place?

HARRY
Use to be an old gun closet in the back, but I don't think Tom ever used it.

Sam goes to the back.

Sue picks up the phone, then shakes her head.

She looks at her cellphone and slams it down.

They all snap to a GUNSHOT from the back room.

Smiling, Sam carries out a bunch of rifles.

SAM
Not the newest, but they'll do.

Sam passes weapons out to Sue and Joey.

SAM (cont'd)
There's ammo back there too.

HARRY
(refuses a rifle)
She's never failed me.
Joey brings out the boxes of ammo and puts them on the desk.

SAM
It's limited, so be selective.

There is a sudden eruption of gunfire. Everybody hustles to takes cover.

EDUARDO
(smiles)
*El Diablo!*

INT/EXT. HARRY'S BAR - EVENING

Massive GUNFIRE outside. Muzzle flashes in the window.

Automatic pistols on the table, Diego casually drinks with his feet up.

Two tables away, two guards flank a seated Tom.

The door opens. Two of Diego's men throw Winnie in.

Diego chugs a shot, picks up his automatic pistols and walks to Winnie.

DIEGO
Winnie. Winnie. Winnie. What am I to do with you?
(circles her)
The perfect plan.

WINNIE
I can make this right.

DIEGO
Can you?

Winnie nods rapidly, pleading for her life.

Diego pulls up a chair close to Winnie.

One of his men put a bottle and glass on the table next to him.

Staring at Winnie, he pours a shot and chugs it.

He turns his head at different angles to view the frightened Winnie.

DIEGO (cont'd)
(throws glass at her)
You robbed all my money.
WINNIE
No, I would never rob your money.
(contemplates)
Those men, from the East, they
robbed your money.

Diego looks out the door, then at Tom, then back at Winnie.

WINNIE (cont'd)
You can have your five million plus
the product. I'll take nothing.

DIEGO
Hmm. Very generous of you.

Winnie feigns a smile and nods, hoping.

DIEGO (cont'd)
I only see one problem.

Winnie's face turns to fright.

DIEGO (cont'd)
If they have the money and the
product, I don't need you.

BANG! A shot between the eyes, Winnie falls dead.

INT. PLOTTER'S BANK, CIRCLE OF SNAKES - EVENING.

Vito fills boxes and piles them, unknowingly blocking the
blowtorch.

VITO
Everybody'll know who I am when I
walk down the street.
(kisses a wad of money)
No more Vito do this and Vito do
that.

Vito becomes alerted to a SHORT SOFT RATTLE.

He stops and listens. Nothing.

Blowing it off, he goes back to his work.

A RATTLE causes Vito to freeze in fear. He looks up from his
boxes and sees a rattler directly in front of him.

Panicked, he reaches back for the blocked blowtorch.

A second RATTLE and another snake appears on the floor to his
right.
He takes a step back and another appears on his left, causing him to stumble and knock the flashlight off the shelf.

VAULT GOES BLACK

RATTLES get louder and more numerous.

    VITO (cont'd)
    Momma!

Multiple STRIKING sounds.

EXT. MAIN STREET - EVENING

Gunfire has died down. The town is littered with bodies. Diego's men take up firing positions.

Behind three of his men, Diego walks out with Tom.

    DIEGO
    (loud to jail)
    Did you tell our guests how our last dance turned out, my friend.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - EVENING

Harry looks down.

    EDUARDO
    (in English)
    Darkness has descended.

    JOEY
    He speaks English?

    HARRY
    How do you think he's been responding to everything we say?

    SAM
    (to Harry)
    You have a history with everybody in this town.

    JOEY
    Tell me you've kicked this guy's ass before?

    EDUARDO
    Go ahead, Harry, tell them how Diego has brought you to your knees.
HARRY
That is the devil. He comes in many forms, but it's all the same.

The three grow uncomfortable with Harry's answer.

JOEY
(fingers like horns)
You mean like some symbol for the devil?

Before Harry can answer, he is cut off.

DIEGO (O.S.)
Harry. I have a surprise for you.

Harry and the others look out the window. They see three men walking toward them.

DIEGO (cont'd)
I brought you a present.

The men split. Pistol in hand, Diego pushes Tom forward.

Sue and Sam look to Harry.

HARRY
He made his choice.

SUE
He's your son.

HARRY
Ain't no son of mine. Not anymore.

SAM
If you do this, you'll regret it for the rest of your life.

Tears run down Harry's face, he relents.

HARRY
(through peephole)
Send him in.

EXT. MAIN STREET - EVENING

Diego prods Tom forward. Tom walks slowly toward the jail.

BANG

Tom falls to the ground. Diego, gun still pointed, laughs loudly as his men cover up to protect him.
As they backup to the saloon, a hail of GUNFIRE riddles the Sheriff's Office.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - EVENING

Harry is scrunched down in the corner.

    EDUARDO
    There's only one way this ends ... like it always has.

Incensed, Joey takes one of the Bowie knives off the desk and charges at Eduardo's cell.

    JOEY
    I'll show you who the surgeon is.

Sam cuts him off.

    SAM
    Don't.

Eduardo laughs and taunts from his cell.

    HARRY
    It'll make you just like him.

Joey backs down. Eduardo continues his taunts.

Sue, Harry and Joey look at each other for an answer.

Sam looks out the peephole.

    JOEY
    Maybe if we just wait long enough, they'll kill each other.

They all look incredulously at Joey.

    JOEY (cont'd)
    They've been doing it all day.

    SUE
    If we stay here, we're dead.

    HARRY
    If we make a run for it, we're dead.

Sam continues looking out the peephole.
SAM
The sheriff's van's parked about
twenty feet to the right. If we can
get to it, it's only another ten,
fifteen feet 'til the alley that
leads around the back.
(turns to others)
It's a long shot.

JOEY
I'm in.

SUE
Who's got the keys.

Sam, Harry and Joey look at each other

SUE (cont'd)
Tell me we don't have the keys?

Their looks turn from hope to despair.

Harry starts uncovering the desk. Looks at the others.

HARRY
You gonna help me?

Joey, Sam and Sue help him with the furniture.

HARRY (cont'd)
(opens the draw)
If my kid learned anything from me,
he would have had an emergency set
in the office.

Smile on his face, Harry holds up a set of car keys.

EDUARDO
You'll never make it out the door.

Harry smiles contently at Eduardo. Eduardo becomes uneasy.

HARRY
You better hope we do, cause you're
goin' out first.

Eduardo's look turns to fear.

EXT. LA SUERTE - EVENING

There is a full moon over the town. In the background,
Cerberus barks and howls from a hill.
EXT. MAIN STREET - EVENING

Diego's men are on the roofs, in the windows and behind every hiding place. Diego appears in the window of the saloon.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - EVENING

The group hunkers down next to the unblocked door. Gagged, cuffed and tied at the waist to Harry, a frightened Eduardo is in front.

    SAM
    (to Harry)
    What’s the third?

Confused, Harry stares at Sam.

    SAM (cont’d)
    You said you believed every man had three lives.

    HARRY
    At peace with himself.

Sam thinks about it.

    SAM
    Everybody ready?

Everybody nods.

Harry tugs at the rope tied to Eduardo.

    HARRY
    Bet you never thought it would be your brother who kills you.

Fear fills Eduardo's face. Joey looks on.

    SAM
    May God be with us.

    HARRY
    At least we know he ain't on the other side.

Sam opens the door, and Harry pushes Eduardo out. The rest follow and turn to the right into the darkness.

The SOUND of thousands of shots are accompanied by the multitude of muzzle FLASHES lighting up the blackened doorway.
The gunfire dies down. An eerie smoke fills the darkness.

INT/EXT. NEW YORK WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Lying next to the trailer, Sam comes to. Panicked, he grabs his gun. He looks around the container and sees Dick's car.

Quickly, he gathers himself and heads to the warehouse. His radio lies in the snow.

At the rear window, Sam peeks in. He sees Carlos Rivera, with his back to the window arguing vehemently with Dick.

Sam's eyes dart from one armed guard to the next.

He slides down as he feels for his radio. Panicked, he looks for sees it back by the trailer.

Rising up, Sam sees two guards holding Dick.

Carlos takes a guard's pistol.

NOTE: From here on CARLOS RIVERA is played by the same person who played DIEGO SUAREZ in Sam's Suerte dream, but he is impeccably dressed, immaculately groomed and without tattoos.

Sam looks at the radio in the snow. He takes out a second .45 from an ankle holster.

INT. NEW YORK WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Carlos points the gun at Dick's head, ready to fire.

The back door CRASHES open and Sam flies in with his guns BLAZING.

Surprised at first, Carlos shoots Dick in the head. His guards quickly escort him toward the door.

Pinned down, Sam looks around the crates to see his partner lying dead and Carlos getting away.

Spotting a gas canister marked “FLAMMABLE” near Carlos, Sam takes aim and fires.

A massive explosion on the other side of the room sends Sam flying.

The screen goes black.
SAM
(pre-lap)
Harry... Harry?

INT. NYC HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING

A groggy Sam sees a blurry vision of Harry's face.

NOTE: From here on Larry Stewart is played by the same person who played HARRY in Sam's Suerte dream. All of his physical traits stay the same.

LARRY / HARRY
It's okay, Sam. It's Police Chief Stewart.

Sam's vision clears. He is startled and confused as he sees a uniformed POLICE CHIEF LARRY STEWART.

A two-bed hospital room, Sam lies in one bed. He has a bandage on his head and his leg is in a cast.

On the night stand is Sam's bag from Dick's car.

LARRY / HARRY (cont'd)
You're okay. You're in St. Agnes Hospital.

Sam starts to get his bearings and slowly relaxes.

LARRY / HARRY (cont'd)
You've been in and out of it all day.

Disorientated, Sam shakes his head. Sam looks at the empty bed next to him.

SAM
Dick? Where's Dick?

Larry's looks tells Sam everything. In tears, Sam looks away.

LARRY / HARRY
Nothing you could have done. Hell, what you did was as heroic as I've ever seen.

Sam tries to sit up, but grabs his head.

LARRY / HARRY (cont'd)
Pretty nasty concussion. Doc said you'll have the symptoms for a good while.
LARRY / HARRY (cont'd)
(looks at cast, saddens)
The leg... um... I'll let the doc
tell you about that.

SAM
Strangest dream.

LARRY / HARRY
Doc said that'll happen.
(hesitates)
I want you to know I'm putting you
up for the medal of valor.

SAM
Dick should be getting that.

LARRY / HARRY
He'll be given his rightful place.

Realizing, Sam grabs Larry’s arm.

SAM
Did somebody tell Em?

Larry looks quizzically at Sam.

LARRY / HARRY
Em? Your wife?

Confused, Sam nods and waits.

LARRY / HARRY (cont'd)
Sam, um... Em's been dead for
twelve years.

Sam realizes and relaxes.

SAM
Yeah, I remember now. Guess I'm
still out of it.
(looks around, confused)
Everything's just running together.

LARRY / HARRY
(points to bag)
When you're up to it. Might help
jog your memory.
(gets up)
You need some rest.
(pats him on the arm)
Take all the time you need.

Larry leaves. Saddened, Sam stares off into space.
Sam turns and looks at the bag from Dick's car. He becomes curious and pulls the bag to him.

Sam takes the newspaper out of the bag. The folded up piece of paper falls out.

Sam unfolds and reads the paper.

INSERT: A $3,800 bill for a rebuilt transmission from JONES BROTHERS' AUTO REPAIR.

Sam looks at the front page of the newspaper.

INSERT: Newspaper headlines "ROOKIE IS A HERO" Subtitle: "Female Agent Guns Down Terrorist in Subway."

There are pictures of Sue, her partner and the terrorist.

Sam lets it soak in for a minute. He chuckles and shakes his head, only to grab it from the pain.

INT/EXT. NEW YORK DINER - MORNING

Fairly crowded small New York diner. BETSIE works as the waitress. Her brother, GARY works the grill.

Outside a winter's day in New York. Piles of snow line the sidewalks, people are bundled up. Slush lines the streets.

NOTE: From here on, Betsie and Gary are played by the same people who played WINNIE and DAN in Sam's dream. All of their physical traits stay the same.

Using a cane, Sam limps in. Taking an order, Betsie sees him and smiles.

Sam sits at the counter across from the picture window. Gary smiles and acknowledges him.

Betsie finishes the order, walks behind counter to Sam.

    BETSIE / WINNIE
    Been wondering when you'd be well
    enough to get back to Betsie's
    cooking.

    SAM
    (holds up cane)
    Took a while, but I am famished.

Through the window, Sam sees that DiMaurio’s Restaurant has a big "FOR SALE" sign in the window. PAT DIMAURIO, sixties, oversees the “DiMaurio's” sign being lowered.
SAM (cont'd)
What's that about?

Betsie looks out the window

BETSIE / WINNIE
Pat's heading down south to retire.
(pours coffee)
You just relax and let old Betsie cook you up something special.

In deep thought, Sam stares at DiMaurio's. Betsie goes to the grill and works with her brother.

Sam looks up and sees the TV's off.

SAM
TV broke?

BETSIE / WINNIE
Just tired of all the depressing news. It's all you ever get. Drugs, corruption, whatever. And all the violence, kinda makes you numb.
(reluctantly)
I heard about Dick ...

GARY / DAN
Yeah man, sorry to hear about him.

Saddened, Sam acknowledges Gary's comment. Betsie serves another customer at the counter, then turns to Sam.

BETSIE / WINNIE
You think we're all capable of that kind of violence or are they just born different?

GARY / DAN
(to Betsie)
Can you let the guy eat?
 RETURNS TO GRILL
And we all know, they're born that way.
(to Sam)
Can you imagine her as a criminal? She'd be the worst.

Sam is amused.

BETSIE / WINNIE
(annoyed, to booth)
Hey ... Hey. Not in my place.
Sam turns to see.

In a booth, a customer, ready to light a cigarette, freezes.

Betsie points to the "No Smoking" sign on the wall. Customer relents and puts cigarette away.

    BETSIE / WINNIE (cont'd)
    The smell alone makes me sick.

Sam's stare returns to DiMaurio's. He is oblivious to Gary serving him.

Dish-bin under her arm, Betsie heads to a group of dirty tables and starts to clean them.

    SAM
    He get any offers?

    BETSIE / WINNIE
    It's not gonna be cheap, given the location.

Sam's stare continues as he speaks.

    SAM
    You believe in fate, Betsie?

    BETSIE / WINNIE
    If you mean that I should be here in this diner because that's who I am... Then yeah, I believe in fate.
    (cleans tables)
    But if you're talking about hitting the lottery ...
    (looks to Sam)
    Then --

Sam's seat is empty, his food untouched. The front door closes as Sam walks out.

Confused, Betsie looks at Gary who shrugs.

Curious, Betsie walks over to the picture window.

Sam heads to Dimaurio's and engages Pat.

From their gestures, it is obvious Sam is talking to Pat about the restaurant. Sam shakes hands with Pat.

Pat goes inside and removes the "For Sale" sign from the window.