

BLOOM!

By

Jimi Lamp

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A man sits in front of an old projector. His face is never seen.

Smoke billows throughout the dark room as the man takes a drag off his cigar.

ON PROJECTION SCREEN: a wagon comes into frame moving very fast. One wheel begins to slowly brake off.

The wagon drops to one side then in a flash it pulls apart. Two bodies fly out through the dust.

The man takes a long pull off a bottle of whiskey. The projection screen goes white.

INT. ADOBE HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

A man lays in bed. He's in his early fifties. This is BILL BLACK.

Like Bill, his room is let go. Beer and whiskey bottles cover what was once a library of books, tapes and old film canisters.

He slowly wakes up. Above him, pinned to the ceiling, is a large poster of a mighty botanical garden. Flowers of every color and size. He stares at it as he lights a cigarette.

BATHROOM

Bill vomits as if he's been doing it for years. He fumbles with empty pill bottles.

KITCHEN

Bill pours whiskey into a glass and throws it back.

GREENHOUSE

Bill, holding a water spout over a single bundle of fresh flowers.

The rest of the greenhouse is empty, with the exception of one row of dead petunia's.

INT. THEATER - DAY

It's a small roadside attraction. What was once a profitable tourist spot is now falling apart.

In the main lobby, MARLENE, Early forties, beautiful, earthy, is taking down letters from a small marquee above her. The only letters left on the very top say, "Films of the west."

Across the lobby, a door. Haphazardly strewn across the front is another sign: "Flowers and stuff."

Bill walks in.

As Marlene turns around, the marquee slips and hits her on the head.

MARLENE

Shit. Hey there.

Bill nods and points to "Flowers and stuff."

MARLENE (CONT'D)

Help yourself.

EXT. THEATER - DAY

Bill moves from table to table picking up various items, a basket of apples, carrots.

He plops two bags of manure on to a cart. He's obviously been here before.

INT. THEATER - DAY

Marlene, her back to Bill, packing boxes.

Bill leaves two twenty-dollar-bills on the lobby desk and before Marlene can turn around, the front door slams shut.

MARLENE

Thank you...

(to herself)

...Man who always comes in and never says a word.

She eyes the two twenties.

MARLENE (CONT'D)  
Good tipper though.

EXT. HALF BUILT WESTERN TOWN - STABLES - DAY

Bill, sluggishly, pushes a wagon down the main street of a sprawling, half-built western movie set.

He passes a large half built saloon, a jail and a few other buildings, making his way to a small stable housing four horses.

STABLES

Bill cracks a beer while feeding a horse an apple.

BILL  
Good boy. We're gonna go for a test run soon. Just gotta work out the final kinks.

He gently pets the horses nose.

He opens the gate and drags the apples and carrots into the lot.

EXT. MANUFACTURED HOME - DAY

A beat up pick-up truck pulls up.

A woman in her late thirties, BARB, gets out. She has bleach blond hair, frumpy and wearing a pale blue dress uniform.

She knocks on the door. No answer.

She tries to peek through the window. Knocks again. No answer.

WOMAN  
(yelling through door)  
Petunia! Open up it's Barb. Wakie, wakie. Come on we'll be late for work.

Barb's voice is raspy as if she's been smoking for years. She reaches in her purse and lights a cigarette.

INT. BED ROOM - DAY

The room is covered in old western film posters, pictures of actresses young and old.

It is dark. In the corner is a figure, a young woman, at a desk writing something. This is PETUNIA SWAY.

Behind her, a TV. THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY is playing. It is the end shoot out scene. She finishes what she's writing and brings it over to a cabinet, supporting the TV.

CLOSE ON postcard. The front: "Time fly's when your in Yuma." A picture of an old woman in a lawn chair, under the flamboyant, colored font.

She places the postcard in the cabinet, in between a series of VHS movies. Next to the cabinet...

... is an old and torn out newspaper clipping. The headline in big bold print: "RISING STARS DIE IN ANTICIPATED WESTERN FILM."

She closes the cabinet. As the three men on the TV back away from each other, so does the young woman, participating in the final stand off.

EXT. HOME - DAY

Barb finishes her cigarette. She drops and stamps it out with her foot.

BARB  
I'm coming in!

Barb shimmies a credit card through the door and opens it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Inside a man is lying naked on the couch, wearing a cowboy hat and sound asleep. As Barb moves in, the man wakes up, startled.

BARB  
Who the hell are you?

The man hurries and slips on jeans.

BARB (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
Petunia baby, why is there a naked cowboy on your couch?

Petunia opens the door to her room and enters the living room. She is maybe twenty years old with fire-red dyed hair and is wearing the same uniform as Barb.

Petunia is a wounded bird type. Wounded but free. And by free -- unpredictable, dangerous. But you wouldn't know by looking at her -- and she doesn't know it either.

She is enticingly beautiful, but is unaware. She speaks with a slight southern drawl.

Petunia paces around, agitated, as if trying to locate something.

PETUNIA

That's Jasper.

Jasper stares at Barb with a smirk.

BARB

Hi Jasper.

He tips his hat.

BARB (CONT'D)

You can leave now, Jasper.

JASPER

Yes ma'am.

He hurries out the door.

BARB

(to herself)

It's been quite a spell since I rode a cowboy.

Barb turns her attention back to Petunia.

BARB (CONT'D)

Whatcha looking for, babe?

PETUNIA

I'm missing some California money.  
I really need it.

BARB

For the love of money is a root for all kinds of evil. Some people, eager for money, have wandered from faith and pierced themselves with many griefs. Timothy 6:10. You should read that Bible I gave to you.

PETUNIA  
Would you spare me the guilt trip?

BARB  
Ease down girl , how much was it?

PETUNIA  
Forty dollars and don't tell me to  
ease down. I'm not a horse.

BARB  
Alright, calm down. Here.

Barb puts forty dollars in a jar above the fridge. On the  
jar in sloppy writing: "California fund."

BARB (CONT'D)  
There, no big deal. You can pay me  
back later.

PETUNIA  
Thank you.

BARB  
Alright let's see 'em.

Petunia holds out both her wrists. Two scars are visible and  
somewhat fresh.

BARB (CONT'D)  
Alright, pop 'em.

Petunia takes out two Pills from her purse and pops them in  
her mouth. Then she opens her mouth while Barb inspects.

BARB (CONT'D)  
You got your meds with you?

Petunia gets a bottle out of her purse and shakes it.

BARB (CONT'D)  
Let's rock "n" roll.

As Barb turns from the door, Petunia takes the pills out  
from the top of her gums and crushes them up in her hand,  
behind her back.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Bill sits at a table and tent. Flowers cover the table. It's a poorly put together flower stand. No one in sight.

EXT. DESERT INN MOTEL - DAY

Petunia is running around a pool having a squirt gun fight with a group of little kids. Larry, Petunia's boss, calls from afar.

LARRY

Petunia, may I have a word with you please?

PETUNIA

Shit. Here, take this.

She hands a squirt gun to a little boy.

PETUNIA (CONT'D)

Go protect the villagers. You can't let the bandits win.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

Larry sits behind his desk.

Petunia walks in.

PETUNIA

Hi Larry, you're looking very dapper today.

She gives a coy smile.

LARRY

Take a seat.

LARRY (CONT'D)

You know why your here don't you?

PETUNIA

No one was watching...

LARRY

(interrupting)

I don't pay you to baby sit. I pay you to clean rooms and that's all. You've been late six times the last two weeks. You're always behind. I'm gonna have to let you go.



Petunia says nothing.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I over heard Barb saying you had some famous uncle or something out in California?

PETUNIA

Godfather.

LARRY

Right. Said you were planning on quitting soon. So you weren't gonna be around much longer anyway, right?

PETUNIA

I just need three more weeks.

LARRY

I'm sorry. I can't do it. Not this time. I run a business not a charity. You can finish out today.

INT./EXT. SALOON - DAY

MONTAGE

1) Bill, behind the bar, wiping it down with a rag. He gets eye level, inspecting a small crack in the finish. He pokes at it and rubs it with his thumb.

2) Bill, obsessively, checking the shelves at the back of the bar.

3) Bill, sweeping the floor.

4) Bill breaks up a loose floor board and replaces it.

5) Bill is hammering the floor board.

6) Bill, outside the saloon, on a ladder, painting the trim.

7) Bill sitting on a cooler, drinking a beer.

END MONTAGE

EXT. SALOON - DAY

Bill pulls off a large tan cover, revealing an old wagon. He pulls it out, testing the wheels.

EXT. SALOON - LATER

Bill is under the wagon replacing a large section. He hammers and tinkers with the under carriage.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Petunia stands in front of a room, smoking a cigarette. From inside, loud MOANS and a syncopated BANGING can be heard.

After a few moments a man walks out, tucking his shirt in. He looks at Petunia.

MAN  
Was that loud?

Petunia nods and covers her face, containing her smile.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Could I get one of those from ya?

Petunia hands him a cigarette. Lights him. He walks off.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Barb sits at the edge of one the beds, buttoning up her uniform. She's watching daytime soaps.

Petunia walks in and sits next to Barb.

BARB  
What's wrong?

PETUNIA  
Larry over heard you talkin'.

BARB  
Yeah.

PETUNIA  
He fired me.

BARB  
That fucking snake. You want me to talk to him?

PETUNIA

No. But I was thinking I could do what you do. Just one time.

BARB

No, no way. You're not thinking straight. We can find you another job. You could be outta here in a few months.

Petunia sits quietly for a moment. She's hard to read.

PETUNIA

You now I won't last a month here. This place is eating me alive. Barb, I've never asked you for anything. Please, just one time. I can do it. I won't mess it up.

BARB

No. Honey, I'm sorry but I can't let you do that. You know I can't.

PETUNIA

Please.

BARB

No.

Petunia bends down and gets eye level with Barb.

PETUNIA

When I got outta the hospital, you were the first person I called. Right? I called you 'cause you're the only person I got. Now, if I can get where I'm goin' a whole new world will open up for me. So I'm askin': Just one time. I won't mess it up.

(beat, off Barb)

Fine. When I get off work I'll just stand out in front and I'll do it myself. I've done it before.

BARB

You're such a little bitch. You sure 'bout this?

PETUNIA

Yes.

BARB  
 God help us. Okay, this is what  
 you're gonna do.

Barb's voice becomes the voice over.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Petunia in the shower.

BARB (V.O.)  
 Your gonna need to clean yourself  
 up. Sounds simple enough, but it's  
 important. The better you take care  
 of yourself the better a man will  
 take care of you.

Petunia is in front of a mirror putting on make up and  
 perfume.

BARB (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Make up is important. Not to much,  
 not to little. Most of these guys  
 are from out of town so don't worry  
 about stinkin'em up or gettin'  
 lipstick on the collar.

Petunia is in front of the mirror, all done up. She winks  
 and awkwardly blows kisses to her self.

BARB (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 The most important thing is  
 confidence. You are in control. You  
 don't do anything you don't want  
 to. If this guy starts acting like  
 a jock at the senior prom, you just  
 get out.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Petunia exits her room and locks it behind her.

All the motel lights flicker on in half-ass unison,  
 revealing her in her final stage of metamorphosis:  
 Vulnerable. Beautiful.

She begins to walk down the dimly lit corridor, tripping up  
 on her high heels every few steps.

After a few feet she falls into stride.

BARB (V.O.)

You need to ooze sex. The more sex that radiates from your body, the more money you get and the more money you get, the faster you get to leave Yuma, Arizona.

Petunia approaches a room. She stops and digs out a piece of paper from her purse. It says room 17. She looks up at the room number: 17.

BARB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Once your ready, all you have to do is knock.

Petunia, still standing in front of the room, gives one more glance at the paper then back up at the room number.

She gives three hard knocks.

A beat. The door opens. The flickering light and faint noises coming from the TV make the room look like a portal straight out of a SCI-FI movie.

She enters the room as if entering another dimension.

The door closes behind her.

INT. BILL'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Bill is sitting in front of a typewriter, staring stoically. A bottle of whiskey by his side. He goes through a pile of mail.

He notices a light flashing on his answering machine. He taps it.

SYE (OVER ANSWERING MACHINE)

Bill, you Devil dog. You're not gonna believe this. I've been keeping the line out the last month here. I think we might have a bite.

He eyes the machine.

SYE (CONT'D)

Lonnie, who backed "Dead is Better", well, his son has some connections over at universal. Said something about some extra cash coming in from Mexico. Anyway, he might be looking for a western to

SYE (CONT'D)  
 produce. So I'm gonna need to hear  
 from you soon -- matter of weeks --  
 if we're gonna make this thing  
 work.

Takes a sip of whiskey.

He shuffles through the mail and comes to a post card.

SYE (CONT'D)  
 And Bill. Get out of that tomb. Get  
 some fresh air. Go get laid. Time  
 to let go off the past. Future's  
 lookin' bright.

The answering machine clicks off.

Bill flips over the post card.

It reads: "Dear, Bill. I'm not sure if you remember me. My name is Petunia. I'm you're Goddaughter. My Parents were Susan and Daniel Sway. My Grandma gave me this address before she passed away and I was hoping I could meet you. If you receive this, please respond."

ON BILL. All the blood leaves his face.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Petunia stands in front of the door, clutching on to her purse.

An Hispanic BIKER in his mid thirties sits across the room. He is wearing a sleeveless shirt, arms covered with tattoos.

Next to the TV set are two big, black, duffel bags.

BIKER  
 It's okay.

The man stands up and offers his hand. He has on a holster with a gun in it.

PETUNIA  
 Are you a cop?

The man looks down at his gun then back up.

BIKER  
 Oh.

He takes off the holster and gun and sets it next to the duffel bags.

BIKER (CONT'D)  
No, I'm no cop. Far from it.

Petunia stands firm.

BIKER (CONT'D)  
I'm no cop. Just a man. How old are you?

PETUNIA  
Be twenty next month.

BIKER  
That's a little young to be selling that fine pussy, don't you think?

Petunia becomes uneasy.

PETUNIA  
Four hundred.

BIKER  
Excuse me?

PETUNIA  
Four hundred dollars for one hour.

BIKER  
I heard fifty for an hour. That's quite a jump.

PETUNIA  
I'm the new girl. I set the price. Take it or leave it.

BIKER  
I'll take it.

PETUNIA  
Money up front.

The man smiles. He reaches into the duffel bag and pulls out wads of hundreds. He looks at her and counts very slowly. He lays the money on the bed.

Petunia walks swiftly over and puts it in her purse. She sits on the bed. He sits next to her. He takes his hand and brushes her hair away from her face and kisses her neck.

BIKER

I still need to get a shower. So  
I'm gonna have to tie you up.

PETUNIA

You're not tying me up.

BIKER

Yeah. I'm tying you up.

Petunia bolts for the door but before she can even get a step the man has his hand over her mouth.

He pulls her to bed. They struggle.

The man slaps Petunia so hard her body goes limp for a moment, giving the man time to tie Petunia down to the bed.

BIKER (CONT'D)

I swear you whores got some fight  
in ya.

The man pulls out a knife from his boot and sits softly next to Petunia.

He takes out a small scarf and shoves it into her mouth. He takes the knife and gently runs it down her chest.

BIKER (CONT'D)

Now I told ya I wasn't gonna hurt  
ya. You keep still and I'll keep my  
promise.

He jams the knife into the mattress next to her.

BIKER (CONT'D)

Now I need a shower!

The Biker gets up and moves to the bathroom. A cell phone RINGS. He answers.

BIKER (CONT'D)

Yeah, Yeah, I got it... Give me an  
hour... Alright half an hour.

He hangs up, walks to Petunia's purse and pulls out two hundred dollars.

BIKER (CONT'D)

Sorry sweet pea. Looks like you're  
only making two hundred tonight.

He shoves the money back into the duffel bag and walks into the bathroom. The shower sputters on.



INT. BROTHEL, BAR - NIGHT

Bill sits alone at the bar, smoking a cigarette. He holds the post card in front of him, hovering it over a flaming tequila. After a moment he lets it catch on fire. As the last of it turns to ash and wafts out into the air, he slams the shot.

Behind him, in the corner, a young woman is dominating a ball-gagged man. She is riding him like a pony and hollering.

On the other side, CHARITY, is dancing on a pole wearing nothing but a g-string. She spots Bill alone at the bar. She approaches and sits next to him.

An awkward beat.

CHARITY

Hey there, Mr. Lonely. Whatcha doin'?

Bill ignores her.

CHARITY (CONT'D)

So you came to a brothel just mope around and drink?

Bill takes a drag from his cigarette. He looks behind him and now sees the ball-gagged man being spanked.

BILL

I enjoy the scenery.

The working girl lets out a yelp.

CHARITY

Lonely and funny, my favorite.

BILL

Somehow I kind of doubt that.

CHARITY

My name's Charity.

BILL

Mr. Lonely.

They shake hands.

CHARITY

What's your first name Mr. Lonely?

BILL

Funny.

Charity lets out another yelp and slaps her knee.

CHARITY

Well, Funny Lonely, maybe I can take you back to my room and cheer you up?

BILL

Is this a pity party, Charity?

CHARITY

No pity here. I'll make you feel real good.

She runs her hand up Bill's thigh and bites down on her lower lip.

Bill slams a shot and stands up.

Charity grabs his hand and escorts him through the bar towards a hallway.

Just before reaching the end of the bar, Bill stops, with drink in hand. He looks down at the ball gagged man, who is now directly under him.

Bill, indifferent, stares at the scenario for a moment.

BILL

(to ball-gagged man)  
Having fun?

The man, unable to speak, gives Bill a quick thumbs up.

INT. BROTHEL, ROOM - NIGHT

Bill is lying in bed, shirtless, with a cigarette in his mouth. Charity is getting things in order while trying to make small talk.

CHARITY

So what do you do for a living?

BILL

This and that.

CHARITY

Well let's start with that.

BILL  
Used to make movies.

Charity is playing with oils, not paying much attention.

CHARITY  
Oh, I love movies. What kind of movies?

BILL  
Westerns mostly. I made a movie called "Dead is Better."

CHARITY  
You did that?

Bill nods.

CHARITY (CONT'D)  
My Dad loved that movie. Hey, didn't those two people die in one of those... like in real life or somethin'?...

BILL  
No.

CHARITY  
Anyway...

Charity jumps on the bed like a tiger, holding handcuffs and chains.

CHARITY (CONT'D)  
What do you like?

BILL  
I don't really know. It's been awhile.

CHARITY  
That's okay. We can start slow.

Charity slowly unbuckles Bill's pants. As she's pulling down his zipper, Bill grabs her wrist.

BILL  
How much just to sleep here? Alone?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Petunia is shaking the bed violently until one side of the head board comes loose. She slips her left wrist out and free, unties herself.

She grabs her purse and flees for the door only to stop dead in her tracks. She tip toes over to the duffel bags -- looks to the bathroom door -- shower is still audible -- back to the bags. She opens one slowly...

The shower turns off. Petunia grabs the gun next to the duffel bags and points it at the bathroom door. She holds steady for a beat.

The bathroom door opens. The Biker emerges wearing just his jeans. He goes white.

BIKER

You gonna shoot me little girl? No.  
Put the gun down.

Petunia holds.

BIKER (CONT'D)

You saw what was in those bags,  
didn't you? That's a lot of money,  
isn't it? You can't have that  
money. It belongs to someone else  
and he'll be here soon. So why  
don't you put down the gun and just  
walk out. Save us both a lot of  
trouble.

Petunia holds. She is beginning to shake.

BIKER (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Give me the fucking gu--

Petunia, shaken, accidentally fires one shot in the man's chest. He falls to his knees and plants face first into the carpet.

Petunia screams and frantically shoves the gun into one of the duffel bags. She grabs both bags and limps out of the room.

EXT. MOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Petunia, walking swiftly. She stops, takes off her heels and shoves them hard into one of the bags.

Barb approaches.

BARB  
What the hell was that?

Petunia stands up and walks. Barb walks with her.

PETUNIA  
Something big happened.

BARB  
What?

PETUNIA  
Is Larry still here?

BARB  
No, I got the office tonight. What  
the hell happened?

They reach the end of the corridor and the side of the office.

Barb opens the office door. They enter.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - SAME TIME

Petunia, breathing heavily, sets the bags down and sits in a chair.

PETUNIA  
I shot him.

BARB  
Whatcha mean you shot him?

PETUNIA  
He tied me up; the bags were just  
there and the gun. Just look!

Barb bends over and opens one of the bags, revealing the money. She looks up at Petunia, mouth a gasp. She moves to the next bag and opens it. The same.

BARB  
Dear, Jesus.

Barb moves away from the bags as if they were tainted by the Devil.

BARB (CONT'D)  
Is he dead?

PETUNIA  
Pretty sure.

BARB  
What the fuck are we gonna do? We gotta call the cops.

PETUNIA  
No. He said somethin' about someone comin' to pick up the bags.

Barb pulls out a Bible from the desk and holds it to her chest.

BARB  
You gotta be fuckin' kidding me, Petunia?

Head lights flash over the office window, as a car pulls in.

Barb and petunia both get up and look out the window.

BARB (CONT'D)  
Is that him?

PETUNIA  
How am I supposed to know.

BARB  
It's gotta be him. No one comes in here this late, especially with a nice car like that.

Barb quickly opens a small closet and starts shoving the bags in.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

A black sports car pulls in and parks.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

Barb has both bags in. She pushes Petunia in and hands her the keys to her truck.

BARB

Whatever happens, you just take my truck and you drive and when you get where you're going, you stay there for as long as it takes. You understand me?

PETUNIA

Barb!

The door slams in Petunia's face.

Before Barb can turn around, three loud knocks. A young man, PENTON, in a nice grey vest and black suit, is standing at the office window.

He is in his early twenties. He has a young, soft, innocent face.

Barb approaches the window.

BARB

Can I help you, sir?

PENTON

I'm looking for a friend.

BARB

Okay, well, do you know what room he's stayin' in?

PENTON

I believe it's room seventeen.

BARB

Okay.

Barb bends down and gets a map.

Petunia, for the first time, can see Penton through a crack in the closet.

He stares coldly, right at Petunia as if he can see her. Barb gets back up and slides a map through the office window.

BARB (CONT'D)  
There, that should help.

PENTON  
How many people are staying with  
you tonight?

BARB  
Excuse me?

PENTON  
People -- staying here -- how many?

BARB  
Just three, tonight.

PENTON  
How many working?

BARB  
Working, uh, just me.

PENTON  
Just you. I bet that could get  
lonely.

Barb grabs her Bible.

BARB  
Always have a friend in Jesus.

PENTON  
Would you mind taking me to room  
seventeen?

BARB  
Well if you just follow...

PENTON  
I'm really bad with directions.

BARB  
Well, okay.

Barb exits the office.

Petunia let's out a sigh.



EXT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Barb and Penton reach the door to the room.

BARB  
There you go.

PENTON  
Open it.

Barb begins to shake. She opens the door.

Penton looks in and sees the Biker face down in a pool of blood. Barb makes a mad-dash back to the office.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

The door swings open and Barb falls to the ground.

Penton, right behind her like an 80's slasher character, closes and locks the door behind him.

He pulls a pair of gloves out and puts them on. He takes out a small gun and puts a silencer on it.

Barb slithers into a corner with her Bible.

PENTON  
What rooms are the other guests in?  
Please, don't lie to me.

BARB  
Thirty one and twenty seven.

PENTON  
Where are the files of the workers  
here -- personal files?

Barb points to a metal cabinet.

The man opens it hastily and pulls out all the files. He shuffles through them then stuffs them into his coat pocket.

PENTON (CONT'D)  
What's in the closet?

BARB  
Nothing.

PENTON  
Then let's have a look.

BARB

No!

The man opens the closet. Nothings inside.

Barb begins to sob and gives a sigh of relief.

INT. BARB'S TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

Petunia is speeding down the highway. She is crying and banging on the steering wheel.

PETUNIA

Fuck! Fuck!

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

Barb is still in her corner, with Bible in hand.

Penton bends down and gets eye level with Barb. He delicately removes the Bible from her hands.

PENTON

No Jesus here tonight.

He stands up. Now all that is seen is a portion of the man's leg and Barb.

PENTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Did you ever think you would meet  
the Devil?

Barb looks up at Penton.

Strange SCRAPING and CRUNCHING sounds coming from Penton,  
off screen.

His hair falls into frame at Barbs feet. Then what looks  
like his teeth.

Barb goes white, silent. The man's shirt falls to the floor.

BARB

(whispering)

Lucifer?

INT. PETUNIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The door swings open. Petunia bursts through, going from room to room, gathering things.

KITCHEN

She takes down her California fund jar. She goes through drawers.

BED ROOM

She's throwing clothes into a bag. She runs over to her wall and rips down a big map of California/Nevada. She stuffs it in the bag.

EXT. PETUNIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Petunia is throwing things in Barbs pick up. She gets in and peels away.

EXT. BROTHEL - DAY

Bill walks out and walks to his truck. He lights a cigarette. A wave of nausea hits him.

He runs for the front of his truck and vomits. He wipes his lips and notices a bit of blood on his lip and hand.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Long isles of liquor. Bill looks up and down pacing. He stops in front of a row of vodka.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Bill, driving erratically, drinking from the vodka bottle.

As his property comes into view, he glances out the passenger window. A small figure comes into view.

A young woman walking through the desert. Bright red hair.

He squints, trying to get a better look. He jerks the wheel and skids onto the dirt. He pulls back to the road. He tries to steady the wheel but slides into a small ditch.

His face smashes against the steering wheel.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. BILL'S ROOM - DAY

Bill comes too. Dazed. He puts his hand to his forehead, grimacing.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

He is staring at his truck, which is parked out front. There is a small dent on the front bumper. The passenger side headlight is cracked. He looks around. Curious.

INT. BILL'S ROOM - DAY

Bill sits on the edge of his bed, deep in thought.

A loud CLANKING noise comes from the other side of the house.

He perks up. Then another.

He opens his bedside drawer and takes out a pistol.

HALLWAY

Bill inches down the hallway holding his pistol.

The clanking noises become louder.

Bill reaches the door. He steadies himself then kicks the door open.

Petunia, sitting in the middle of the room, surrounded by old west pistols, let's out a high pitched scream.

Bill, frozen, still aiming.

PETUNIA

You have a lotta guns.

BILL

Who are you?

PETUNIA

I'm your God daughter. Petunia?

Bill lowers his pistol. HOLD ON Bill's face as a loud RUMBLING becomes audible. The SOUNDS of out of control WAGON WHEELS, close up. It gets louder then unbearable.

Bill hunches over, holding his stomach. He turns and limps a few feet down the hall before collapsing and hitting his head on the floor.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Bill and Petunia sit across from each other at a table. Bill, on one side, with his whiskey glass and a bloody rag to his head.

PETUNIA

Can I have some of that?

Bill slides the bottle over. Petunia takes a swig.

PETUNIA (CONT'D)

Did ya get my post card?

BILL

Yes.

PETUNIA

I wasn't sure if you'd actually be here.

BILL

How'd you find out about this place?

PETUNIA

My Nanna. She said this where you were the last time she talked to you.

BILL

That's right. The post card. How is she?

PETUNIA

She's dead.

BILL

I'm sorry to hear that. Do you need some money or something?

PETUNIA

No, I just wanted to meet you.

BILL

You just wanted to meet me? Well, we met. You should leave now.

Petunia looks around for a moment and notices two things: empty whiskey bottles and cacti.

PETUNIA  
You're Kind of like a cactus.

She laughs at herself.

BILL  
What?

PETUNIA  
A cactus. You're like a cactus.

BILL  
Uh huh. Good. Great observational  
skills, but I need you to Get out.

PETUNIA  
I don't have anywhere to go.

BILL  
I find that hard to believe. Here,  
take this.

Bill reaches into his pocket and hands Petunia a wad of cash. Bill gets up, puts both hands under her arm pits, lifts and starts inching her to the door.

PETUNIA  
I thought that's what Godfathers do  
right, they take care of their  
Godchildren. Alright, stop pushin'  
me!

Petunia stops and spins around.

BILL  
How old are you?

PETUNIA  
Twenty.

BILL  
You're an adult now. Not my  
problem.

Bill, gently, nudges Petunia out onto the porch.

PETUNIA  
Wait.

The door closes in Petunia's face.

EXT. BILL'S PORCH - DAY

Petunia stands in front of the door.

PETUNIA

(yelling)

I just need a place to stay for a  
little while. I'm not leaving.

EXT. BILL'S PORCH - NIGHT

Petunia lies on her side, curled in the fetal position,  
shivering. It's pitch black.

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bill is watching Petunia from the blinds.

EXT. BILL'S PORCH - LATER

Petunia, still shivering. The door opens and a bundle of  
blankets fly out onto the porch.

She wiggles over like a dying animal and wraps herself up.

INT. BILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bill sits on the side of his bed wearing reading glasses.

He is hunched over a box going through hundreds of letters  
and postcards.

He moves the box aside and reaches under his mattress and  
pulls out an envelope. He opens it and pulls out the card.

THE FRONT READS AS FOLLOWS:

"To the best director and the best friend we have ever had."

He opens the card.

INSIDE READS AS FOLLOWS:

"Bill, Daniel and myself have truly never met a better man.  
We are proud of your work and proud to be called your  
friends. That is why we have decided to make you Godfather  
to our daughter, Petunia Mary Sway. We hope you except.  
Susan and Daniel Sway."

Bill pulls out a PICTURE of the three of them on a movie set:

Bill sitting in the middle dressed as a preacher, holding a shotgun and a whiskey bottle. Daniel and Susan are standing on either side of Bill, holding up revolvers.

Bill takes the picture and lays it on his chest. He lies on the bed, eyes wide open.

INT. BILL'S ROOM - DAY

Bill opens his eyes to see Petunia sitting in a chair next to him. She stares at the picture of her parents and Bill as she holds a pistol on Bill.

PETUNIA  
What were they like?

Bill's eyes never leave the gun.

BILL  
You know how to use that? It's a single action. You gotta pull the hammer back.

Petunia cocks the hammer.

BILL  
I'd rather not talk about it. Why don't you just do what you came here to do.

PETUNIA  
I understand if you don't want me here. But I'm staying.

BILL  
You are?

PETUNIA  
Yes. And you're gonna teach me how to shoot, use a camera, everything.

BILL  
I am?

PETUNIA  
And I'm gonna be in your next movie.



BILL

That's gonna be hard to do.

PETUNIA

Why's that?

BILL

'Cause I don't do that anymore.

PETUNIA

Then what's this?

Petunia bends down and picks up some papers and throws them on the bed. They are various scenes and what looks like very detailed blue prints.

Bill hasn't been challenged in years... a feeling he used to love. And her -- right in front of him. It's strange, painful -- but new, different. He sits up and grabs the papers.

BILL

You wanna stay here, right? Rule number one, you don't go through my shit. Rule number two, this is my house. We do things my way and if I feel you're ready to learn something, I tell you. If I'm working on anything, that's my decision. And it's my decision if I allow you to be apart of it. Rule number three, if you're gonna put a gun on someone, make sure it ain't a stunt gun.

(he grabs the gun)

This is A stunt gun. It shoots blanks. Got it?

Petunia smiles.

BILL

You can have the room at the end of the hall.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SHINE DENTIST OFFICE - DAY

The Black sports car pulls up. Penton gets out and walks into the building.

INT. DENTIST OFFICE\ WHITE ROOM - DAY

Three men are in a white, surgical style, room. SAM, a average looking man in his fifties sits behind a desk. Dentistry tools lay out in front of him.

Next to him is a younger man, DAVID, his mouth taped up, and tied down to a dentist chair. The third man, FRANK, is a heavier Hispanic man in his forties.

He wears a nice suit and sports a goatee. He stays silent and watches Sam as he tortures David.

SAM

So, am I to understand that this is your first time doing business with us?

David nods. Sam cleans and tinkers with his dentistry tools throughout the scene.

SAM (CONT'D)

Good. So that must mean no one told you exactly what we do here then, right? Not that it truly matters because everyone -- well, anyone who's important that is -- in this town knows what I do and everyone in this town loves me for it. Until they end up where you're sitting.

Younger man cringes and wiggles.

SAM (CONT'D)

Please, don't do that.

SAM (CONT'D)

You see, they're are two, basic, important things you need in order to prosper in this town. A beautiful white smile and an asinine amount of money. I deliver both. Under any circumstances. My Family has been doing this since the dawn of the motion picture. We were here first. We will be here last.

A hatch in the ceiling opens up. A somewhat crude ladder extends and drops down, along with Penton.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(to Penton)  
Have a seat.

Penton sits next to Frank. This seems to be a normal thing.

PENTON  
(referring to David)  
Who's this?

SAM  
This, Penton, is the shining  
example of a unappreciative and  
ignorant young man who doesn't  
understand the basic elements of  
trust. It seems our friend...  
David?

David nods.

SAM (CONT'D)  
It seems our friend David here has  
a predilection for selling bad tax  
credits to potential investors. He  
says he didn't. I say he did. And  
when I say something in this room  
it crystallizes, hardens and  
becomes absolute. But we are not  
here to dwell on who's right and  
who's wrong. We are here to fix the  
situation. Now back to what we do  
here. Penton, tell him what you do.

Penton stands up and recites:

PENTON  
I am no one, for no one shall know  
who I am. If the studio I work for  
does not receive it's pay in full,  
they send me out to collect.

Penton sits back down.

SAM  
Now you know.

Sam rips off the tape from David's mouth and in a flash has  
pliers to a tooth. Yank, tooth is out. Blood squirts. David  
screams.

Frank with a taut, emotionless face.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(calmly)  
Be quiet or I'll take your eyeball.

David quiets.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Now, you do what you have to do to  
make this right, fast, or you'll be  
back here and next time I'm gonna  
take all you're teeth and leave  
just the two in the front, so you  
look like bugs bunny. Then I'm  
gonna send him after you.

Sam points to Penton. Penton smiles, then takes out  
flippers, revealing a series of sharp, filed down teeth.

The kid stumbles off the chair. Sam hands him a hand towel.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Go on. Climb out.

The kid is befuddled. He stands and looks around for a  
moment, taking in the insanity.

PENTON  
You better hurry up you pesky  
wabbit.

The kid climbs out.

SAM  
(to Penton)  
You okay?

PENTON  
Yeah, I'm fine. I don't know what  
happened. I think someone else was  
in the room. It could of been the  
second girl who was working there.

SAM  
Second girl?

PENTON  
Yeah, there was a second girl  
scheduled to be working that night  
but there was no trace of her.  
There was also the manager. I  
checked the whole place. The money  
wasn't there.

Penton pulls out a note pad and reads:

PENTON (CONT'D)

A Larry Patterson and Petunia Sway.

SAM

Chances are this Larry guy has the money. I doubt a girl would have the balls to dash with the cash.

PENTON

Looky here though. I got this from Petunia's medical file. Says, last six months she's been on two different mood stabilizers and a series of antidepressants; she spent a month in a psychiatric ward after slitting her wrists, apparently, after finding her grandmother dead, her last living relative.

SAM

Start with this Larry guy... then we'll get after Mrs. Sybil, here.

Penton stands up from the chair.

PENTON

I just want you to know this was a fluke. It's not going to happen again.

SAM

I know. That's why I'm sending Frank with you.

PENTON

Who, this guy? I'm sorry but I don't need Frank to do anything. In fact, I think I should be privy as to what hell is going on here.

Frank stares straight forward like a trained soldier.

SAM

Hey! You don't need to know shit. Your job was to pick up the money and bring it here. You fucked that up. Now the second party has a right to see that their investment is taken care of. Frank goes. End of story.

Penton, readying for a temper tantrum, turns to Frank.

PENTON  
Fine. I'm driving.

INT. BILL'S BATHROOM - DAY

Bill stands over the toilet. After a few attempts, a red stream.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

Bill stands staring at what was once an empty greenhouse. It is now full of dozens of dazzling flowers.

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - DAY

Petunia stands in front of an old junked-out car, aiming a rifle. Bottles are set up on the hood.

Bill stands behind her and steadies her aim.

BILL  
It's like an extension of you're body. Treat it that way. Don't hold you're breath. Breath normal. When you exhale, I want you to pull the trigger.

Petunia fires a shot hitting her target.

BILL (CONT'D)  
We gotta natural. Looks like we're gonna have to start calling ya wild Petunia now. I gotta ask: how'd you get all those flowers in the greenhouse?

She fires again.

PETUNIA  
Wild Petunia has her ways.

Bill notices scars on her wrists.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Why'd you do that to your self?

She gives Bill a scowl. She tries to pull her long sleeve shirt down over the scars.

PETUNIA  
 Why do you insist on drinking  
 yourself to death?

BILL  
 Touche'. Anyway, you're not gonna  
 do that while your here are you,  
 Petunia.

PETUNIA  
 No Bill, I'm not.

She fires.

BILL  
 Good. I reckon this is the time  
 when I ask what you've been up to  
 all these years.

PETUNIA  
 Ooh! Inquiries. I love inquiries.

She fires.

PETUNIA (CONT'D)  
 After my parents died, I went to  
 North Carolina to live with my  
 Father's parents. When I was ten  
 they passed away and I moved to  
 Yuma to live with my Mother's  
 Mother.

BILL  
 Your Nanna?

PETUNIA  
 My Nanna. Then she died a few  
 months ago and now I'm here.

She Fires. A hit.

PETUNIA (CONT'D)  
 In between that, Stuff happened.  
 You?

BILL  
 I've been here. Stuff happened.

PETUNIA  
 Good talk.

As Petunia aims, she let's her focus go.

PETUNIA POV - The half built western town far in the distance.

PETUNIA (CONT'D)  
What's that?

BILL  
Nothing. Keep shooting.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

Penton is driving. Frank is sitting shotgun. Ranchero music BLASTS from the stereo. After a few moments, Penton turns it off.

FRANK  
Turn it back on.

PENTON  
Fuck you, this is my car.

FRANK  
Pull over.

PENTON  
What?

Frank grabs Penton hard by the back of his neck.

FRANK  
Pull over.

Penton pulls over and stops. Frank has him in a full choke now.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You listen to me you little waste of sperm and egg. I'm in charge of this operation. We do this my way. You understand? You are not gonna fuck this up again.

Frank let's go. Penton coughs and tries to catch his breath.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Turn the music back on.



INT. BILL'S ROOM - DAY

Bill is passed out on his bed. He cradles an empty whiskey bottle like a newborn baby.

Petunia watches him from the doorway.

EXT. HALF BUILT SALOON - DAY

Petunia is walking toward Bill's half built western town, holding both black duffel bags. Her eyes widen as she nears.

INT. HALF BUILT SALOON - DAY

Petunia is behind the bar. She has both bags in a sliding cupboard.

She opens one bag and stares at the money. She takes out one wad and smells it, puts it back, then closes the cupboard.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Petunia walks in from the back.

She glides through to the kitchen sliding her hands along the counter and tapping at things.

She opens every drawer as she walks by.

She opens a cabinet. It's stocked with liquor.

She takes a bottle of tequila and opens it and throws the cap across the room and takes a gulp.

HALLWAY

Petunia opens up a closet. She pulls a bunch of covers off revealing two big film cameras.

She takes a sip and moves in closer, brushing her hand across one camera.

PETUNIA

Cool.

She closes the door and walks to the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Petunia notices the projector. She studies it as she tinkers with a switch. She pushes it.

The wagon scene gallops across the wall. Petunia watches, enamored.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is lit up in the middle of the dark desert. MUSIC can be heard from inside the house.

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bill sits behind his typewriter. "Evil" by Howlin' Wolf is blaring. Petunia, dancing, is obviously intoxicated. She slowly makes her way to Bill.

PETUNIA  
Dance with me?

BILL  
I can't. I'm working.

PETUNIA  
I haven't seen you type one thing since I've been here.

BILL  
I wonder why.

PETUNIA  
Don't be such a grumpy boob.

Petunia grabs Bill and pulls him up.

She wraps herself around him. She stumbles and they both fall on the couch. Petunia laughs. Bill does not.

Petunia starts poking at Bill's crouch then she straddles him.

Petunia tries to stick her tongue down Bill's throat. Bill resists.

BILL  
Stop. You're drunk.

PETUNIA  
So are you.

BILL  
Yeah, well, I've built up a tolerance. Besides, you're my God Daughter.

PETUNIA

So, we're not blood related. We're  
blood negated.

Petunia unbuckles Bill's pants.

PETUNIA (CONT'D)

Let's see what you got for me.

BILL

Stop it.

Petunia digs deeper.

BILL (CONT'D)

Quit it!

Bill shoves Petunia off.

She lands on the floor laughing hysterically. She stops and  
sees Bill, horrified.

PETUNIA

What's the matter? I'm not as  
pretty as my Mom was?

BILL

Your looks are the farthest thing  
from my mind. Either way it's  
concerned.

PETUNIA

Then what's close to your mind? You  
ever wanna fuck my Mother?

BILL

Stop.

PETUNIA

I know what's close to your mind.  
Them two Bodies flying out the  
sides of that wagon. Or was it out  
the back? When you look at the  
bottom of them empty bottles is  
that what you see? At the bottom,  
playing like a movie just for you.  
Over and over and over.

Petunia picks up a bottle that's on the floor.

She chugs what's left of it and peers inside. One eye  
squinting. She drops the bottle and looks back up at Bill.

PETUNIA (CONT'D)  
No movie for me. Petunia gets no  
movie.

She let's out a psychotic laugh.

BILL  
Don't do this. Not like this.

Petunia crawls, on her hands and legs, over to Bill's feet.

PETUNIA  
You're not gonna talk about it...  
so I'm gonna make you.

Bill gets up and slings Petunia over his shoulder.

PETUNIA  
Yeah. Let's get kinky.

EXT. WESTERN TOWN/MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Bill's got Petunia over one shoulder and a bundle of rope on  
the other. He walks into the saloon.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

Bill walks in and bee-line's it up the stairs.

HALLWAY

A man on a mission. He reaches the door to a room, kicks it  
open and ungracefully drops Petunia on the floor.

PETUNIA  
Ouch!

Bill closes the door and ties the rope around the door  
handle. He ties the other end around the stairway rail.

He tugs at it making sure it's tight and walks back down  
stairs.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

Petunia grabs at the door. It won't budge.

PETUNIA  
Let me out! Asshole!

She bangs on the door. She looks around at the dark empty room.

PETUNIA (CONT'D)  
Where am I supposed to sleep?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Frank is at the edge of one of the beds slamming beers and watching television. Penton sits across the room in a chair staring down Frank.

PENTON  
Aren't we just wasting time?

FRANK  
Yeah, we are. You wanna march into a town full of cops investigating a murder, smart ass?

Penton stares with razor sharp eyes.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Quit giving me that jaundice eye, boy. You ain't the best.

They exchange stares for a moment. Penton looks away.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

Petunia is laying on the ground. She twists and turns, trying to get comfortable. She sits up. Looks around. She gets up and walks to a window.

She opens it and looks out. She has a 30 foot drop.

She moves to the only other window. Looks out. Under her is the covered wagon. Pauses. She hangs her legs over the edge and looks down.

EXT. SALOON - NIGHT

She jumps and tears through the cover and lands with a THUD.

A beat. Silence.

PETUNIA  
Ouch.

INT. BILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bill is in bed trying to sleep. Petunia tiptoes in and crawls into bed with Bill and tries to nestle in next to him.

Several beats later. Bill, takes Petunia by the Face and pushes her off the bed on to the floor.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Frank, now in a wife-beater, staring at the TV. His whole body is covered with tattoos.

Penton walks out of the bathroom with a black case. He sets it on the table and sits down.

PENTON

You have a lot of tats. Mexican Mafia?

Frank ignores.

PENTON (CONT'D)

So what kind of deal does someone like you got going on with Movie studios? Doesn't make sense.

Frank gives Penton a hard look. Penton opens up his black case and takes out a jar full of white powder. He spills it out onto the table and begins cutting it into lines.

This grabs Franks attention.

FRANK

Whatchu got over there, white boy?

Penton smiles.

PENTON

La's finest.

Frank moves to the table. As Penton is about to take a sniff, Frank grabs the straw and steals the bump. Then, quickly, another.

Frank's body contorts as his head flings back.

FRANK

Oh shit. That's some good shit.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

CLOSE on Frank as he giggles at the "Three Stooges" on the TV. His eyes are see-through. Face sagging. What ever he snorted... it definitely wasn't coke.

FRANK  
(barely audible)  
Why ain't you hit that. That some  
good shit.

Penton sits across the room.

PENTON  
You like that?

FRANK  
Yeah.

PENTON  
Good. You know what it's called?

FRANK  
What?

PENTON  
It's called Devil's breath. Comes  
from a flower in the jungles of  
Columbia. The effects are almost  
instantaneous. Euphoria, slight  
hallucinations. It works great with  
the power of suggestion. The  
Colombian cartel, they use it on  
the big wigs. Mostly U.S. Corporate  
types. Find out when they are  
getting into town, get a whore to  
slip it in their drink; pay a  
cabbie to blow it in his face  
before he gets out.

Frank stares at Penton with an enjoyable smirk.

PENTON (CONT'D)  
These guys will wake up in the  
middle of nowhere and find all  
their credit cards missing. Their  
entire bank account empty. Personal  
information gone. All from the  
powder of an itty-bitty little  
flower.

FRANK  
That's cool.

PENTON  
It is cool. Who do you work for?

FRANK  
Zeta. Cartel down in Mexico.

PENTON  
What deal do you have going on with my Father?

FRANK  
(while laughing)  
Pirated dvd's. You guys are gonna launder money for us. We give percentage of pirated DVD sales to you. We make 800 hundred million dollars a year off of your stupid movies. That's crazy.

PENTON  
That is crazy. Frank, I want you to take out your gun... and put your silencer on. Can you do that for me?

FRANK  
Yeah.

Frank takes out his gun and twists his silencer on.

PENTON  
Lay down and put the gun under your chin.

Frank obliges. All with a big grin. He has trouble steadying it. Penton walks over and helps Frank place the barrel just under his chin.

Penton backs away and stares at him for a moment.

PENTON (CONT'D)  
Pull the trigger.

INT. BED ROOM - DAY

Petunia, awake, lies next to Bill, who is still sleeping.

She stares up at the flower poster.

Bill slowly awakens. He turns over to find Petunia.



BILL  
Jesus. You're like a tick.

She points to the poster.

PETUNIA  
What's that?

BILL  
Flower's.

PETUNIA  
I can see that. Why do you have it  
there.

Bill turns over on his back and joins Petunia in the gaze.

BILL  
Soothing. It reminds me of what  
heaven might look like -- if there  
is one.

Petunia rolls over and turns to Bill.

PETUNIA  
You're such a fraud.

BILL  
What are you talkin' about?

PETUNIA  
You're a big teddy bear.

Bill smiles then grabs Petunia by the face and shoves her  
off the bed.

PETUNIA (CONT'D)  
Fuck! Alright.

EXT. BACK OF SALOON - DAY

Bill stands and stares at the collapsed wagon. Bits of wood  
scattered on the ground. The cover torn apart.

EXT. BACK OF SALOON - DAY

Petunia is finishing wrapping the cover back onto the wagon.  
Sweat is pouring down her brow.

Bill sits in a fold-out lawn chair a few feet away,  
watching. He sips from a flask.

PETUNIA

This would go a lot faster if you would help me.

BILL

You broke it. You fix it.

PETUNIA

Yeah. Well, I'm sorry.

(beat)

This is where it happened, isn't it? This is the wagon?

Bill doesn't respond.

PETUNIA

You're not gonna say anything.

BILL

There's nothin' to say.

PETUNIA

Really? They were my parents. You do realize that? I'm standing here. Right here right now... and there's nothing to talk about. You know, you should really try and drop this whole misanthropic asshole routine.

Bill sits and stewes with this. After a moment he blurts out:

BILL

I'm gonna re-shoot it.

PETUNIA

What?

BILL

I'm gonna re-shoot it. Get it right.

(beat)

You're standing here. Right here, right now, right?

Petunia nods.

INT. PENTON'S CAR - DAY

Penton sits in his car, which is parked across from a motor home lot. He zero's in on one motor home in particular that's positioned in the very front.

After a moment, Larry walks out to take out the trash. Penton puts on some gloves and readies to get out when his phone rings.

He answers.

SAM (PHONE V.O.)  
What's going on? I told you to keep your phone on.

PENTON  
Frank wanted to stop and sleep.

SAM (PHONE V.O.)  
Where is he? Let me talk to him.

PENTON  
He's not really here right now.

SAM (PHONE V.O.)  
Where is he?

PENTON  
He's definitely not here.

SAM (PHONE V.O.)  
What the fuck is going on out there?!

PENTON  
Alright, Dad, don't get upset, okay, I can explain.

SAM (PHONE V.O.)  
No. It's too late for upset, I'm already upset. What you should be asking of me now is not to become absolutely and completely, fucking livid. Now explain.

PENTON  
He choked me so...

SAM (PHONE V.O.)  
So What?

PENTON  
So I killed him.

Long Pause.

SAM (PHONE V.O.)  
What did you do with him?

EXT. DESERT - FLASHBACK - DAY

A shovel slams down on fresh, disturbed soil.

INT. PENTON'S CAR - DAY

Penton sits in silence for a moment.

SAM (PHONE V.O.)  
I'm calling you back.

PENTON  
He was an asshole! I'm sure he would of killed me if I didn't kill him first. I swear, Dad. He was a fucking lunatic. You should of heard him. Fuck Sam this... Fuck Sam that... Sam's a dead man. My way or the highway bull shit.

SAM (PHONE V.O.)  
Do you have any idea how much shit I'm going to have to wade through to make this right. Because you thought he was an asshole. Frank was on a contract. This is the last thing we need.

PENTON  
You have to trust me. You trust me, right?

SAM (PHONE V.O.)  
Of course I trust you.

PENTON  
Then believe me when I say this: you would have done the same.

SAM (PHONE V.O.)  
Look, take two days off and stay low key. I'm going to try and sort this out. I want you to stay put until I call you. Do you understand?

PENTON

Yeah.

SAM (PHONE V.O.)

And keep your god damn phone on.

PENTON

Alright.

Sam hangs up.

Penton drives off.

EXT. WESTERN TOWN - STABLES - DAY

Bill and Petunia push the wagon up to the stable entrance.

BILL

Why don't you go grab Duncan first.

PETUNIA

Which one's Duncan?

BILL

The one with that big white spot on his chest.

Petunia walks into the stable, cautious. She's nervous and the horses can sense it. She grabs and tugs at the collar. Duncan won't budge.

BILL

Be gentle. You ever been around horses?

PETUNIA

No.

Bill has a thought. He walks in and saddles up Duncan and another horse. He points to the stirrup.

BILL

Put your foot there.

PETUNIA

You sure?

Bill nods. She puts her foot in and before she can get settled, Bill boosts her up on the saddle. Bill gets up on his horse.

BILL

He likes when you pet him. Calms  
him down.

Petunia pets Duncan. She can hardly contain her joy.

BILL

You remember the rifle?

Petunia nods.

BILL

Same idea. He's an extension of you  
but you don't control him. You work  
together. Got it?

PETUNIA

Not really.

Bill whispers into his horse's ear and he kicks off out  
of the stables at a moderate pace, leaving Petunia behind.

Bill whistles and Duncan rips out of the Stables, after  
them.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Bill and Petunia gallop through the desert. Petunia laughs  
and yells out. Somewhere between pure fear and pure joy.

BILL

When you wanna slow down just pull  
back slow. Ease 'em down. You wanna  
slow down?

PETUNIA

No.

BILL

You wanna speed up?

PETUNIA

Yes!

Bill lets out another hardy whistle and they speed up.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Bill and Petunia plod along the roadside back toward Bill's Property. In the distance they see a car on the side of the road. Hood up. Smoking.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Bill and Petunia ride up. Marlene sticks her head out from under the hood.

MARLENE

Howdy. Third time the damn things broke down this week. I swear I have the worst luck. You wouldn't happen to know anything about a '79 Ford Pinto would you?

Bill gets off his horse, hands the reins to Petunia and walks to the front of the car.

Bill looks under the hood.

MARLENE

Hey, I know you.

Bill fidgets with the engine.

BILL

I don't think I'm gonna be much help.

MARLENE

Well... do you know where I might be able to get a tow. Preferably one that might take a payment of a pat on the back and a "well done, sir."

Bill ponders. Looks around. He looks at Petunia and the horses. Then back at Marlene.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Bill and Petunia are towing Marlene's car with the horses.

EXT. THEATER - DAY

Bill and Petunia stand outside the theater. Bill notices a "FOR SALE" sign. Marlene walks out and hands Bill a twenty dollar Bill.

MARLENE  
Sorry. I know it's not much.

BILL  
Not necessary.

MARLENE  
Are you sure?

Bill nods.

MARLENE  
Okay. Well...

Marlene pats Bill on the back.

MARLENE  
Well done, sir.

Bill doesn't know what to do. Either does Marlene. She breaks the awkward tension.

MARLENE  
Um... I have have a question. You guys didn't happen to see... well... a flower bandit I guess. Someone broke into the garden the other day. Completely wiped me out.

Bill looks at Petunia. She tries not to smile.

BILL  
(to Petunia)  
You see anything like that.

PETUNIA  
Nope.

BILL  
Sorry.

MARLENE  
That's okay. I don't know how you feel about karaoke, but once a week I usually go to this bar, Crazy May's. It's a little seedy. Kind of weird... but you should come by. I can buy you a drink. Do you drink?



Petunia laughs hysterically.

MARLENE  
Did I miss something?

PETUNIA  
He'll be there.

BILL  
No...I don't know if we can make  
it. I'm just--

PETUNIA  
What time?

MARLENE  
After eight.

PETUNIA  
We'll be there. Come on, Bill. We  
should get back.

The tables have turned. Petunia coaxes Bill back to the horse. He's being led around like a show pony. Bill hops on his horse and they ride off.

MARLENE  
See ya.

ON BILL AND PETUNIA AS THEY RIDE AWAY.

BILL  
I can't believe you broke in and  
stole her flowers.

Petunia just smiles.

INT. HOLLYWOOD SHINE DENTIST OFFICE - DAY

Sam is working on a woman's mouth. She is unconscious.

A few knocks come from the door.

SAM  
Yeah.

The door opens and two men are standing in the doorway. MANNY is in his late fifties, wearing boots and a cowboy hat. He's an old timer and speaks with confidence.

JACO is younger, thirties, and is wearing a red track suit; the type of guy that would kill a dog just to watch the bleed out make a funny shape.

The receptionist is behind them, trying to peek over the two men.

RECEPTIONIST

They insisted. They said they had a meeting with you?

SAM

That's fine. They were right. You can go now.

The receptionist scurries off.

SAM (CONT'D)

Wasn't expecting you so soon. Why don't you give me a minute and we can tend to this in my office.

MANNY

Won't be necessary. It's been decided. We want you to call your son back. Call it even.

SAM

I assure you--

MANNY

It's been decided. We're already taking care of it.

EXT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

The MERCEDES pulls in front of Larry's home. MARA ORTIZ, early forties, gets out. He's dressed in dress pants and a Hawaiian shirt. He looks around, puts on glasses and walks to Larry's door.

INT. HOLLYWOOD SHINE DENTIST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sam notices the handle of a machete sticking out of Jaco's track pants.

Sam moves his hand to the table next to him. Jaco motions to the machete.

SAM

Easy, slick. I'm working here.

Sam picks up his dentist's drill and revs it. Jaco smiles. He's missing his two front teeth.

MANNY

We understand that mistakes were made on both sides. I hope all of this is understood and we can continue on with our agreement?

SAM

Well... I guess it's been decided.

Sam continues working on the woman's mouth.

MANNY

Very good.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Penton, wearing just his underwear, is doing push-ups. A giant tattoo of BELA LUGOSI as DRACULA on his back. ELVIRA'S MONSTER MOVIE MADNESS is BLARING in the corner, on the TV.

He gets up and walks to the window, peering out. Dust particles permeate around him through the last rays of the sun. He rubs his fingers together: more dust and skin.

His cell phone beeps. A text: "You got a job to do. So do it." Penton turns off the cell phone and drops it on the bed.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Penton stands in front of the mirror. He pulls his hair piece off, then his flippers. He opens his mouth wide inspecting his filed down teeth. He grabs a file next to him and starts scraping. He does this methodically. Some kind of ritual.

INT. MANSION - LIVING AREA - FLASH BACK - DAY

Sam sits on the edge of snake skin couch talking with Lonnie, a studio head, late forties.

LONNIE

Look, we got the script ready to go. The schedule is set, but if we don't start shooting now we're gonna get beat to the punch. Marty already signed a deal. They're already gearing up to shoot. If we can't get it in the can before them, we're are going to be royally fucked.

SAM  
What's the obstruction?

LONNIE  
More like who. It's that fucking  
lawyer, Jerry Stein.

The front door opens. A twelve year old Penton walks in.  
He's skinny, frail, nerdy -- a stark contrast from the way  
he looks now. He's holding an ice pack to his eye.

SAM  
(to Penton)  
What happened to you?

PENTON  
Nothing.

Penton keeps walking. Sam Turns back to Lonnie.

SAM  
I got guy who owns a cement  
company. He's building something  
out in Palm Springs. That work for  
you?

LONNIE  
Whatever you can do.

They shake hands. Lonnie leaves.

INT. PENTON'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

The room is massive and immaculate. It's decked-out wall to  
wall with Universal Monster memorabilia.

Penton stands in front of a make-shift fun house mirror that  
makes you look -- not funny, but big, intimidating -- you  
can call it a Jekyll and Hyde mirror.

Sam walks in.

SAM  
Is it that same kid?

PENTON  
Yeah.

SAM  
You wanna make sure he never messes  
with you again?

Penton turns back from the mirror.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Penton sits in a vintage dentist chair in Sam's office. Sam sits in front of him and lays out dentistry tools.

SAM

The first thing you need to understand about people is that they're not much different then they were a hundred thousand years ago. They still operate the same. They're still visual creatures. And what they respond to the most is fear. Visual fear. You're Grampa new that. Who's you're Pop pop?

PENTON

Carl Laemmle Jr.

SAM

That's right. He understood this better than anyone. He's was able to get Universal Studios off it's feet in the middle of the great depression. And he did that by using fear. Scaring people. Horror. It brings people to a place where you can control them. In order to control someone you must be able to strike fear in their heart before you even open you're mouth or make a move. You understand?

Penton nods. Sam picks up a tooth file.

SAM

Don't be scared.

Sam brings the file to Penton's mouth.

BACK TO: INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

Penton sits on the toilet while filling up the bathtub.

He goes through a black carrying case and takes out several jars. He dumps a little of each jar into the tub.

He turns off the tub and stands up. He's now wearing strange plastic that covers his underwear.

He pulls his wig off revealing a bald head. He puts goggles on and plastic earplugs. He duct tapes his mouth shut and stands over the tub. He stretches and jumps up and down. Preparing.

He puts one foot in the tub. His body tenses as he cringes. Now the other foot, then his whole body.

Muffled screams come from behind the duct tape.

INT. CRAZY MAY'S BAR - NIGHT

It's a hole-in-the-wall cowboy bar. Chili pepper lights strewn about.

The place is filled with High desert sorts.

Toothless, bearded bikers. Leathery, aging hippies. Meth-heads. And everything else in between.

Bill and Petunia walk in.

A pair of intoxicated cowgirls are singing karaoke.

Bill and Petunia sit at the bar.

PETUNIA

You ever been here before?

BILL

No. Drove by it a few times.

PETUNIA

I like it.

A female bartender approaches.

BARTENDER

What'll it be?

Bill nods at Petunia.

PETUNIA

Tequila.

BILL

Bring us a bottle.

BARTENDER

Like your style.

The bartender grabs a bottle and two glasses and slams them down.

Bill pours two shots.

The cowgirls hit the last note to "Mary Jane", by Tom Petty.

Marlene walks up to the bar, next to Bill and Petunia.

MARLENE  
(yelling)  
Can I get a tequila.

Petunia pours a shot and nudges Bill.

Bill gives Petunia a dirty look.

A shot of tequila slides over in front of Marlene. She looks over to Bill.

MARLENE (CONT'D)  
Hey there.

BILL  
Hey.

MARLENE  
Glad you guys came.

BILL  
Yeah. We figured--

Over the speakers, the KARAOKE DJ can be heard:

KARAOKE DJ (O.S.)  
Alright, hipsters, dipsters and  
shifsters, we're gonna have Marlene  
sing us some "Fever", by The one  
and only, Peggy Lee.

MARLENE  
That's me.

She slams the shot.

MARLENE (CONT'D)  
Liquid courage. Thanks again. I'll  
get the next one.

She walks on stage. The lights dim.

Bill and Petunia swivel around on their chairs to face the stage.

The song slowly kicks in. She performs with a charming, easy going nature.

MARLENE (CONT'D)

(singing)

Never know how much I love you.  
Never know how much I care. When  
you put your arms around me... I  
get a fever that's so hard to bare  
(you give me fever) when you kiss  
me. Fever when you hold me  
tight...fever... in the mornin'...  
fever all through the night. You  
give me fever...

Bill looks on. Lost in his own head.

PETUNIA

Let's dance.

BILL

No, I'm fine.

Petunia grabs Bill and pulls him onto the floor below the small stage.

Petunia starts moving, coaxing Bill to follow her lead.

Bill stands there. Petunia dips and twirls around him.

Petunia Saunters around the room, grabbing people off of their seats.

Soon, Bill is surrounded by a strange scene. Random characters surround him, dancing and gyrating.

Bill stands in the middle, barely bobbing his head.

Petunia gets on stage and whispers into Marlene's ear. Petunia takes over the mic, with the help of the two cowgirls. Marlene hops down and presses up against Bill.

Bill doesn't know what to do. Marlene smiles. She moves slow. Soon Bill starts to move. Marlene grabs his hand and wraps it around her. She pulls him into a slow dance.

They're the eye of the storm, as people dance around them.

Petunia glances at them as she sings. Bill and Marlene slowly melt into each other.

BOOTH LATER

Bill sits, sipping tequila. He eyes Petunia at the other end as she flips through the juke-box.

Bill goes to stand up as Marlene sits down across from him.



MARLENE  
Mind if I join you?

Bill slowly sinks back into his seat, never taking his eyes off of Petunia.

BILL  
Sure.

Marlene notices, turns and looks.

MARLENE  
I think she'll be okay.

BILL  
Yeah.

MARLENE  
She's Pretty. She your girlfriend?

BILL  
No. Absolutely not.

MARLENE  
You never know around here.

BILL  
She's my God Daughter.

MARLENE  
She's pretty. Has a real wild energy to her. Unassuming and free, Huh?

BILL  
You could say that.

MARLENE  
I wanted to thank you.

BILL  
For what?

MARLENE  
Always coming in to the theater.  
And actually buying something.

Before Bill can answer:

KARAOKE DJ (O.S.)  
Listen up, all you desert scabs, we got Mr. Bill Back coming up and he's singing "I'm bad like Jesse James", John Lee Hooker style.

Bill's brow shrivels up.

MARLENE

She told me to.

Bill looks over Marlene's shoulder at Petunia. She Points and laughs at him.

BILL

I'm not doing this.

MARLENE

You don't have to.

Bill gets up and barrels to the stage. He grabs the microphone and wraps the cord around his fist.

He looks down at the crowd.

The music kicks on.

Bill looks at Petunia. She gives a big smile. Bill, reluctant at first, starts in on the song. He isn't any good but he gets through it.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bill, Petunia and Marlene are all sitting at a table, on one side. Their heads and body's are scrunched together and they're are smiling at something. Except for Bill. He's grinning at best.

Then a FLASH. Marlene gets up and grabs a Polaroid camera of the counter. She shakes the picture.

MARLENE

Sorry. It's kind of a hobby of mine. I like to take pictures of interesting moments.

She walks back to her side of the table and sits. She sets the picture down on the table in the middle of food, plates and bottles of wine.

MARLENE

So I was saying... Oh, right -- I originally came out here to study holistic healing. Obviously that didn't pan out. How about you? What did you do before settling out here?

Bill and Petunia look at each other.

Bill, reluctant to answer, takes a gulp of whiskey.

PETUNIA  
He made movies.

MARLENE  
Really? Anything I might know?

Bill looks for Petunia's help. She stays silent.

BILL  
I, uh, I actually only made one  
film. It was called Dead is Better.

MARLENE  
I love that movie. If you still  
have a print we should try to run  
it in the theater before I close  
down.

BILL  
Maybe.

MARLENE  
Why'd you stop? Making movies?

BILL  
Short of it is... some people died  
in a wagon accident while I was  
shooting my second film. Close  
friends.

MARLENE  
I'm sorry.

There's a bit of tension. Marlene picks up the picture and looks at it.

MARLENE  
Now that is a wild bunch if I've  
ever seen one.

She hands the picture to Petunia. She looks at it longingly. As far as she's concerned, this is a family photo -- her family. She shows it to Bill.

INT. BILL'S ROOM - LATER

Bill and Marlene are in bed kissing. Bill pulls back.

MARLENE

What's wrong?

BILL

I don't know.

He rolls onto his back.

BILL (CONT'D)

It's been a long time since I've really been around anybody. A woman. A nice woman.

MARLENE

You know I knew who you were from the very beginning. I knew what happened to those people. You're almost like some mythic figure around here. The man who lives behind the hills -- out in the middle of nowhere. People make mistakes. And people aren't meant to pay for those mistakes for the rest of their lives. If you could do anything and leave all this behind you -- what would you do?

Bill points to the botanical garden poster on his ceiling.

BILL

I have this weird idea. A botanical garden right here in the desert. But not just what you'd find out here. All kinds of different plants and flowers. There's a way to do it.

Bill grabs the blueprints from under his bed and spreads them out.

BILL

See you'd have to build partial structures for certain environments. I figure I can sell my plot to start it. It's the only thing of worth I really have. If I don't do it soon It'll be a bust.

Marlene is flabbergasted by Bill's sudden eloquence and child-like demeanor.

MARLENE

What's stopping you?

BILL

There's just something I promised my self I'd do first. Plus, an old friend says he may have a way to get me back in the business.

MARLENE

Is that what you want to do?

Bill has never really thought about it. He surprises himself with the answer.

BILL

I don't think I do. Not anymore.

MARLENE

You should do the garden. I could help you, if you wanted.

Marlene extends her hand to Bill's and gently interlocks her fingers with his. Bill leans over and kisses her. He's rigid and clumsy.

MARLENE (CONT'D)

You sure?

Bill nods. They kiss. Marlene unbuckles Bill's pants and pulls them down. She does the same. She does this as if she were attending to a wounded lion, slow and cautious.

She straddles him and gently eases Bill inside of her.

Bill chokes on his breath.

MARLENE (CONT'D)

You okay?

Bill nods. They make love at a snails pace.

MARLENE (CONT'D)

You can touch me.

Bill, timid, runs his hand down Marlene's chest and cups her breast.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

A fire is a faint flicker in the darkness now. Petunia sits on the edge of the log. She stares at Bill's bedroom window as the light turns off. She gets up and walks into the black. The last flicker of the fire dies out. Darkness.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

An arm reaches up to the sky, positioned alongside the arms of a prickly pear cactus. Petunia lays under the cactus, squinting, trying to become one with the prickly pear.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Petunia, smoking a cigarette and holding a pistol, is walking toward the western town.

INT. BILL'S ROOM - DAY

Bill wakes up. He notices a piece of paper next to him.

It reads: " I had fun last night. Hope to do it again. Marlene."

INT. HALF BUILT SALOON - DAY

Petunia stands at the top floor, looking out the missing wall. Images of Penton flash on and off at random. She points her gun out into the vast nothingness.

The images flash faster and faster until:

HARD CUT TO:

INT. LARRY'S HOME - DAY

CLOSE ON Penton's face as he stares at something. The something he's staring at is...

...Larry's dead body. His body is sitting upright on a couch. There is a family photo album in his hands. His head is twisted back. Blood and brains are scattered on the wall behind him.

A tear wells up and falls down Penton's cheek. He's not crying because he's sad. He's crying because someone is ahead of him. He breaks into a full-out temper tantrum. Yelling, screaming and thrashing.

He kicks at Larry's leg and Points to him, Screaming:

PENTON

You were supposed to be mine!

He gathers himself and walks out.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Petunia walks in from the back door. Bill sits at the kitchen counter.

PETUNIA

I need to tell you something.

BILL

Me first. I wanna show you something.

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bill sets up the projector. Petunia sits on the couch waiting for Bill to finish.

Bill finishes setting up the reel and sits on the couch.

Once Bill is settled, Petunia lays her head on Bill's lap.

A young Bill and Petunia's parents pop up on the projection Screen. It's old silent 16 millimeter film.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- They're on set just goofing around.
- Mary blows kisses at the camera.
- Bill and David share a bottle of bourbon.
- Mary sits on David's lap.
- David gets up and takes the camera.
- Mary enters the frame, holding a baby Petunia. She hands Petunia to Bill.
- Bill holds her and a huge smile peels across his face.

INT. PETUNIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mara is lying on Petunia's bed. He is taking pieces of Petunia's clothing, that are on a pile next to him, and smelling each one.

He notices the cabinet under the TV is toppled and open. He moves to it. A line of old VHS'S. He takes one out. He looks at the cover. It says: DJANGO. He pulls out another. As he pulls it out, postcards fall to the floor. He picks up one and reads it.

He gets on the phone.

MARA  
(In Spanish)  
It's the girl.

INT. BILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bill is lying in bed. Petunia walks in and curls up with Bill. Bill puts his arm around Petunia as they lie there.

The phone rings in the main office.

INT. BILL'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Bill picks up the phone.

SYE (PHONE V.O.)  
Bill, you asshole, you finally  
picked up the damn phone. How fast  
can you get out here?

BILL  
Why?

SYE (PHONE V.O.)  
I got'em interested. Some folks  
want to hear what you have to say.

BILL  
I'm not interested.

SYE (PHONE V.O.)  
What are you talking about? This  
could be it Bill.

BILL  
I appreciate everything, Sye. I  
really do. But I'm done.



Bill hangs up.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Mara's Mercedes pulls up and parks in the middle of the desert. Bill's house can be seen in the distance.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Petunia walks out from her bedroom.

PETUNIA

Bill?!

She notices something on the table. A note. She picks it up

THE NOTE: "Marlene is expecting you."

EXT. THEATER - DAY

Petunia kneels at a dug up garden.

She takes a packet of seeds from a bucket that sits next to her and she spreads them over the soil.

INT. THEATER BOX OFFICE - DAY

Marlene stands behind her counter, filing some papers. A small television is to one side. The news is on.

Petunia walks in.

PETUNIA

All done.

MARLENE

Wow, that was fast.

PETUNIA

Don't you get lonely out here by yourself?

MARLENE

Sometimes. It's something a person gets used to though.

PETUNIA

You have no brothers or sisters, cousins, any family left?

Marlene ponders.

MARLENE

No, actually I don't.

(beat)

You know, living here can really get to you sometimes. It definitely gets to me. So whenever you start feeling everything closing in on you, I want you to know your always welcome here. Anytime.

PETUNIA

Okay.

MARLENE

Okay. Okay good.

Marlene walks to her back office.

A news flash comes on the TV.

TV (O.S.)

We are still looking for a nineteen year old girl out of Yuma, Arizona. Petunia Sway went missing...

She runs to the TV. She tries to turn it off but a knob is missing.

TV (CONT'D)

...seven days ago.

She pokes at the TV.

TV (CONT'D)

She is 5'6'. A hundred and seven pounds...

She shoves the TV off the counter. It smashes on the floor.

Marlene walks out from the back office.

MARLENE

What happened?

PETUNIA

Sorry.

INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

Bill stands in front of a magazine rack. On the front cover of one magazine: "How to start Your own gardening business." Next to him is a dolly, stacked with lumber.

Bill takes the magazine off the rack and tosses it on the dolly cart.

EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE - DAY

Petunia walks swiftly, carrying both duffel bags.

INT. ROOM - DAY

She's slamming both duffel bags hard under her bed.

HALLWAY

She unscrews the door to her room.

BILL'S ROOM

She unscrews bill's door.

LIVING ROOM

She nails up the door to the back Patio window.

FRONT WINDOW

She is nailing up the front window.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Petunia is stationed in front of the front door, holding a rifle.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - LATER

Petunia, still on the chair, rifle in hand, is sleeping.

The front door slowly opens as sunlight engulfs Petunia. She opens her eyes and screams. The rifle drops and goes off.

Petunia sits still, full attention at the open front door.

Bill's head slowly pokes around the side of the door.

PETUNIA  
You scared the shit out of me.

Bill walks in.

BILL  
What the hell is going on here?

PETUNIA  
Bill, I really need to tell you something.

A THUD. Bill collapses. Mara stands behind him, holding a gun.

MARA  
(In Spanish)  
So you're the little one that's been giving everyone so much trouble.

Fear envelopes Petunia's face.

She goes for the gun.

Mara kicks it away and Grabs Petunia by the throat. He holds the gun up to her face.

MARA (CONT'D)  
Where's the money?

Bill slowly comes too. He reaches his hand out to Mara's leg.

BILL  
(barely audible)  
Petunia.

Mara looks down at Bill.

MARA  
Shut up.

Mara kicks him in the face.

Petunia grabs one of the cacti from the bookshelf and smashes it on the Side of Mara's face. He screams out in agony.

Petunia sprints for the back door and runs outside toward the western town.

Mara starts after her. He tries to pull the cacti needles out of his cheek.

MARA (CONT'D)

Fuck!

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Petunia runs toward the western town.

Mara follows. He pulls out a gun and fires at Petunia in the distance.

Bullets whiz by her. She reaches the main street and runs into the saloon.

Mara starts a jog. He fires randomly at the saloon.

INT. SALOON - DAY

Petunia looks around, thinking. A bullet comes through the wall and almost hits her. She falls to the floor.

MARA (O.S.)

(In Spanish)

You're fucking dead, bitch!

Petunia gets up and runs upstairs.

INT. BILL'S ROOM - DAY

Bill's on his feet. He grabs his pistol from his drawer.

INT. SALOON - DAY

Mara bursts in. He looks around.

Mara walks to the bar. He peers around the back.

MARA

(broken English)

Don't me come and find you. Only  
make it worse.

A THUD comes from upstairs.

Mara runs up.

HALLWAY

He approaches the door to the upstairs bedroom.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Bill runs toward the town.

BACK TO: HALLWAY

Mara tries to open the door. It's locked. He rears back and kicks it open.

SALOON ROOM

Mara walks in. Cautious. He looks around and spots an open window.

MARA

Sneaky.

He walks over and peers out.

EXT. SALOON - DAY

Bill approaches the saloon.

BACK TO: SALOON ROOM

Petunia runs out from behind the door and pushes Mara out of the window.

EXT. SALOON - DAY

Mara comes flying out of the window, falls and lands ten feet in front of Bill. Bill looks up at the window and sees Petunia.

PETUNIA

I have to tell you something.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill and Petunia sit at the table. The two duffel bags are open and on display. Bill's eyes are glazed over. He's in another world.

BILL

You kept this from me the whole time.

PETUNIA

I thought if I got here, it would just go away.

BILL

And you don't know anything?  
Anything else? Who these people  
are? What this money's for?

Petunia nods no. Bill gets up and stares out the front window.

PETUNIA

I'm sorry. I should of told you.  
Are you mad at me?

Bill looks at her. He studies her face, now realizing how just unstable she is. All of this is hitting him at once. His breathing becomes heavy. He coughs and catches a little bit of blood on his palm.

He wipes the blood on his shirt, hiding it from Petunia.

BILL

That doesn't matter now.

PETUNIA

What do you mean? What are we gonna do?

BILL

We? We are not gonna do anything.

(beat)

You. You're gonna take that money... and you're gonna head for the border... and you're gonna try and get across. That's it. That's our only option.

PETUNIA

But you're coming with me, right?

Bill doesn't answer.

PETUNIA

You're coming with me, right? No! You can't do this. They know where I've been. If you stay here they'll come, find you and kill you. Come on we have to go.

Petunia gets up and walks to her room. She returns quickly, stuffing clothes in her back pack.

PETUNIA

Come on! It's time to pack up.

BILL

This isn't up for debate.

PETUNIA

God dammit, Bill!

(breaking down, crying)

You can't do this to me! You would rather stay here and die then come with me?

BILL

I can't leave and you can't stay. It's that simple. You have to except that.

EXT. FRONT OF BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Petunia is sitting in the truck, behind the wheel. Bill leans up against the driver's side.

BILL

The border you're gonna cross is small so just try and be calm. You should just get waived through. But if you get in to trouble -- stuff a hundred grand in your back pack and hand it over. If that doesn't work... well... I guess you just tell 'em the truth.

PETUNIA

This is so stupid. It isn't gonna work. I can stay with you. Whatever you're gonna do... whatever happens... I can help you.

Bill leans in the driver's side window and turns the keys in the ignition. Bill kisses her on the head.

BILL

Do what you're told.

Bill walks back to his house. He stands on the porch, waiting for the truck to pull out. Petunia gets out of the truck and walks up to Bill.

PETUNIA

Fuck you! You can't make me leave.

As she approaches, Bill wallops her across the face. Shock and awe rolls across her face. Bill grabs her by the arm and drags her to the truck. He stuffs her back in.



BILL

If you get out again, I'm gonna tie  
you're fuckin' hands to the  
steering wheel. Do you want that?

PETUNIA

I'm sorry.

BILL

It'll be better if we just rip it  
off quick, okay?

Bill shuts the driver's side door.

PETUNIA

I love you, Bill.

BILL

I know.

Bill backs away from the truck as Petunia drives off.

EXT. SALOON - DAY

Bill is bending over Mara's body. The sun is setting.

BILL

What the hell am I gonna do?

INT. BILL'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Bill sits by the phone, tapping a pen against a bottle of  
whiskey.

EXT. SALOON - DAY

Bill digs a grave.

EXT. SALOON - LATER

Bill pushes the body in and fills up the hole.

EXT. PETUNIA'S MANUFACTURED HOME - NIGHT.

Penton is parked out front, on the other side of a road. He  
puts on black gloves and gets out of his car. He walks  
across a desolate dirt road and into Petunia's house.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill is slamming whiskey from a bottle. He's extremely intoxicated, sitting on the edge of his bed, going through old belongings: his picture with Daniel and Susan. Letters. Blue prints. Etc...

He looks over them one by one.

Bill takes the pistol from his drawer and puts it up to his head.

Bill stands up. Haggard. Disheveled. He walks out of the room.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill hobbles off the porch and onto the dirt. He points his pistol out and starts firing at random.

BILL  
Come and get me.

BILL'S POV - Dark, shadowy figures scurry about.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I'm ready.

Bill drops the gun. The world is spinning around him. A familiar sight. He bends over and spits up blood. Then he's back up, laughing.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I'm too fucking bad ass for you.

BILL'S POV - Shadows dancing. The world spinning.

Bill walks a few feet and falls to the ground.

INT. BILL'S ROOM - DAY

Bill lies in bed unconscious. Marlene sits in a chair, facing Bill. Bill wakes up.

MARLENE  
Hey there.

BILL  
What happened.

MARLENE

You passed out. I found you outside.

BILL

Where is she?

MARLENE

Petunia? I haven't seen her.

BILL

How long have I been out?

MARLENE

I don't know.

Bill tries to sit up. Marlene eases him back down. She hands him a cup.

MARLENE (CONT'D)

Here, drink this.

Bill drinks. He gathers his senses.

MARLENE (CONT'D)

Bill, you have to stop drinking.

BILL

You have to leave.

MARLENE

This isn't funny.

BILL

What is this, your professional, holistic opinion?

MARLENE

That's okay, you can be an asshole. It doesn't change the fact that if you stop drinking now you'll most likely be dead in a week. If you keep drinking you'll be dead in a month.

(beat)

I'm taking you to a hospital.

BILL

What day is it?

MARLENE

Bill, Look at me.

Marlene checks Bill's eyes.

MARLENE (CONT'D)  
That's it. We're going.

BILL  
You need to leave. It's not safe  
here.

MARLENE  
Jesus, Bill. You're delirious. We  
gotta go now.

BILL  
Please, just leave me alone.

Marlene kisses Bill on the head.

MARLENE  
I'm not leaving you.

Bill snaps up in a fury.

BILL  
You're not listening to me. Trust  
me. Go.

MARLENE  
Why are you doing this?

Bill grabs Marlene and shakes her with brute violence.

BILL  
I don't want you here. Can't you  
understand that.

Bill let's her go. She flies out of the room and lands on  
the floor.

Marlene's eyes well up.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

Bill walks over to help Marlene up. She slaps his hand away  
and gets up on her own.

MARLENE  
Don't you ever touch me.

Marlene walks out.

INT. MANSION - ROOM - NIGHT

Sam and Lonnie, late-sixties, sit behind a desk. Manny and Jaco are on the other side. Sam is smoking a cigar.

LONNIE

Look, this was supposed to be a smooth deal.

MANNY

Yes.

LONNIE

The way I see it -- it was your man at the drop. If one of your people can't handle a nineteen year old girl I'd say fault ends there.

JACO

(In Spanish)

He never called him back.

(pointing at Sam)

Maybe his kid took the money. Never told us.

SAM

What did he say to me?

MANNY

Maybe your son took the money.

Sam stares at Jaco. Jaco twitches in his seat. Sam puts out his cigar in a Human skull ashtray.

SAM

Smile for me.

JACO

(In Spanish)

What did he say?

MANNY

(In Spanish)

He wants you to smile.

Jaco, feeling challenged, smiles, bearing his missing front teeth.

SAM

I can fix that for you.

In one fluid motion, Sam opens his desk drawer, pulls a gun and shoots Jaco in the face. Manny doesn't flinch.

Sam puts the gun on the desk, facing the handle at Manny.

LONNIE

Christ, Sam. What are you doing?

SAM

(staring at Manny)

Maybe your man got to the money. Go on. Fair's fair.

Beat. Manny grabs the gun and points it at Lonnie.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm a man of my word.

As Manny is about to pull the trigger, Sam grabs the skull ashtray and leaps over the desk, on top of Manny. He repeatedly smash's the skull into Manny's face.

SAM

You fuck! You think you can come into my country -- into my town and tell me what to do. You Fuck! You threaten my son. You Fuck! You fuck! You fuck! You fuck!

Lonnie watches. He knows Sam is not a man to mess with -- but all the years he's been working with him, he's never seen him act like this. He's completely falling apart.

Sam calms and stands up. He nonchalantly places the blood-covered skull back on the desk. He picks up the half-smoked cigar of the floor and lights it.

LONNIE

This is bad. This is real bad. I think you just started a war with the Mexican cartel, Sam.

SAM

Fuck 'em.  
(takes a drag)  
Come on. Help me clean this up.

INT. PENTON'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Penton drives, staring straight ahead. "Threnody for the victims of Hiroshima", by Penderecki, blasts out of the speakers.

His phone, lying on the passenger seat, lights up. Under the phone is one of Petunia's postcards.

Penton doesn't notice. He stares out the front window, focused.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

Petunia sits at a table looking at a map. On top of the map is the picture Marlene took. She turns her attention to a WAITRESS who just walked in. She's only a few years older than Petunia.

She runs behind a counter. Her Boss catches her and berates her.

BOSS

For fuck's sake, Rose. How Many God damn times are you gonna be late this week.

Rose struggles to throw the rest of her uniform on.

ROSE

Jake, I told you my Ma's sick... I'd be workin' another job since you won't give me more hours.

JAKE

No more excuses. I run a business not a charity. Get your ass to work before I change my mind.

Rose tries to breath. She gets herself together and approaches Petunia's table. She notices the big map spread out.

WAITRESS

Hey there, pumpkin. You on a road trip?

PETUNIA

Yeah. You know if I can get on the I-86 from here?

WAITRESS

You're on the right track. Two exits north. It heads straight to Mexico though.

(notices picture)

That you're family.

Petunia thinks for a moment.

PETUNIA

Yes.

WAITRESS

They look nice. Well, I hope you're headin' to 'em and not runnin' from 'em. What can I get for you? Little tip...

(covers half her mouth and  
whispers)

...I'd stay away from the biscuits  
and gravy.

Petunia stares at the picture. After a beat, she gets up and gathers her things. She does a double take at her back pack. She picks it up and hands it to Rose.

PETUNIA

Little tip: quit your job while you  
can. Believe me.

Petunia exits, leaving Rose. A puzzled look on her face. She opens the back pack. It's filled with one hundred dollar bills. She stands in shock.

JAKE (O.S.)

God dammit, Rose! Get to work!

ROSE

(yelling)

Fuck you, Jake! I quit!

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

POV BINOCULARS - Wide spread desert. The binoculars move along the horizon until it reaches Mara's Mercedes.

Bill sits on the porch with his rifle next to him. He lowers the binoculars.

The phone rings in Bill's house. He hesitates then walks.

INT. BILL HOUSE - DAY

As Bill walks in, the answering machine picks up:

MARLENE

Hey, Bill. It's me. Look, I know you must be stressed out but I can't be around someone who's gonna put they're hands on me. In anyway.



MARLENE

I've had my share of abusive relationships in the past and I won't allow it again. I just want you to know I care about you. And I'm worried. So if you feel like you wanna talk about this... I'll pick up the phone. Okay, well I'll just leave it up to you. Bye, Bill.

The answering machine clicks off. Bill Stares at the phone -- then he decides. He walks over and unplugs it from the wall.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill puts a ladder up against the house. He ascends with the rifle and binoculars slung over his shoulder.

EXT. BILL'S ROOF - LATER

The sun sets behind a nearby ridge.

Bill walks up and grabs his binoculars.

POV BINOCULARS - Penton's sports car is now parked next to Mara's car.

BILL

Son of a bitch. Where the hell'd you come from?

Bill readies his rifle and aims it at the car.

BILL (CONT'D)

Come on. Show me something.

Nothing comes into view.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Bill walks, cautiously, towards the two cars.

He nears the sports car, rifle ready.

He walks around to the driver's side door. He tries to peer into the car but the windows are heavily tinted.

Slow. He opens the car door and jumps back. No one inside.

He looks around. Pointing his rifle randomly at open desert.

Then it hits him.

Bill starts jogging back to the house.

He reaches the porch. Still aiming. Looking.

As he backs into the house, Penton pops around the door and smothers his face with a rag. Bill twists but Penton is surprisingly strong.

Bill fades.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A hard SMACK across Bill's face. He pops awake.

Bill is tied and bound to a chair.

Penton stands before him, shirtless, bald and without his false teeth.

He looks like what he loves: A monster.

He sits down in front of Bill. The black case is by his side.

PENTON

Are you a fan of Disney Land, Bill?  
Personally I can't fucking stand  
the place -- but to make my point  
-- there's this ride they have  
there. Can't quite remember what  
it's called. Any takers?

Bill stares at Penton.

Penton Points at invisible people.

PENTON (CONT'D)

You. You. You.

He points at Bill. Bill Says nothing.

PENTON (CONT'D)

That's it. Now I remember. A small  
world.

Penton giggles like a child.

PENTON (CONT'D)

Our galaxy. The eye of the needle in the grand scheme of things. So much space -- yet so much connection. It's really beautiful if you think about it. I must admit, I'm a huge fan. I even heard talk that you were going to make another movie. In fact, there would have been a good chance this deal would have covered most of you're costs.

Penton reaches into his bag and pulls out a pair of brass knuckles, pepper spray, razor wire and a container of liquid with a dropper.

He sets them all on the table in a perfect row.

PENTON (CONT'D)

I'm am just relishing this moment. I've always wanted one of these James Bond kind of moments. Where the bad guy has the good guy dead to rights. And bad guy gets to just spill his guts. only this time you don't escape. This isn't a movie... this is real life. I win.

(beat)

I know you must have a lot of questions. Feel free to fire away before we get started.

Bill says nothing.

PENTON (CONT'D)

Are you sure? This is a luxury few people receive. Questions in the grave. That's how souls get trapped in limbo, Bill. Alright.

Penton puts on the brass knuckles and hits Bill in the face.

Penton cups his hand around his ear as if waiting to hear a question.

Bill spits out blood.

PENTON (CONT'D)

Last chance.

BILL

Why are you doing this?

PENTON

Good question. A bit broad though. We'll start with the obvious. I'm here before you because, somehow, you ended up harboring a crazy little bitch that shot a member of the Los Zetas Mexican cartel and took off with money we were supposed to launder. In exchange we get a cut of their profits, they get clean money and a larger spread.

(beat)

Now. As to why we're doing this -- well, we both know the once bright fire that was Hollywood is now just a piss poor little flame. I want it to be the way it was before.

BILL

You can't live in the past.

PENTON

No. I want to. I have one question for you. Who is this girl to you?

BILL

She's my God daughter.

PENTON

Brilliant. Where is she?

BILL

Who, your mother? She's in my room, icing down.

Penton takes the pepper spray and unloads it in Bill's face. Bill screams.

PENTON

Stings. I'm gonna ask you again. Then we're gonna amp things up. Where is she?

Bill says nothing.

Penton takes the dropper with liquid and holds it over Bill's leg.

PENTON (CONT'D)

This is gonna hurt so bad, Bill.

He presses the bulb and a drop of liquid falls to his leg. It starts to sizzle and smoke.

Bill clenches his mouth shut, trying not to scream.

PENTON (CONT'D)

God dam, you're a tough mother fucker.

Penton squeezes out another drop.

Bill lets out a scream. He clenches his teeth.

PENTON (CONT'D)

Next is the razor wire. I'm gonna use that to separate your jaw from your face, but I'm still going to ask you the questions, only you'll be writing em' down instead of using your mouth. I will be the best at what I do. Understand?

BILL

I hate to break it to ya kid but I gotta news flash for ya.

PENTON

Oh yeah.

BILL

Yeah. It's a special segment. It's called go eat shit and die eating shit.

PENTON

You're not a God fearing man are you, Bill?

Penton takes the razor wire and wraps it in between Bill's Lips. Penton squeezes. Bill screams.

Blood trickles down Bill's jaw.

A GUNSHOT. Penton turns around. Another GUNSHOT. The side of his neck explodes. He swings and falls.

Petunia stands at the doorway, smoke rising from the barrel of her pistol.

Petunia unties Bill. They embrace.

PETUNIA

I'm sorry.

BANG. Blood splatters on Bill's face. Petunia drops to the ground.

Penton is lying on the ground, holding his gun out, screaming and crying like a baby who fell for the first time.

He fires at Bill, missing him by a mile.

Bill runs over and takes the gun out of his hand.

PENTON

Oh my god! Oh god, please! Daddy!  
Daddy! You fucking bitch, you shot  
me! You'll never get away with this  
you fucking bitch! My Daddy's  
coming for you! You're dead! Oh  
god, Please help me...

Bill shoots him in the head.

Bill bends down to Petunia. Blood pours out of the back of her head. She's lifeless. Dead. Bill cradles her in his arms.

EXT. BACK OF SALOON - NIGHT

A lantern hangs from the wall. Bill Throws Penton in the ground and starts covering him with dirt.

MAIN STREET - LATER

Bill stands before a fresh mound. He plants a Petunia on the top.

INT. BILL HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill sits sipping whiskey. Penton's cell phone is in front of him. His eyes glazed and see through.

The phone rings. He stares at it and turns it off.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Bill sits in the truck. Bags are in the back.

He starts it up and drives off.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

Bill drives. He turns the radio on, flips through stations. He passes a familiar sound and flips back.

"Fever", by Peggy Lee.

Bill shakes his head and twitches in his seat.

A long beat.

He slams on the brakes and spins around.

INT. BILL'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Bill on the phone.

BILL

Sye, I need a favor. No questions asked. I'm gonna send you something... I need you to get it to a lawyer.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

CAMCORDER POV - Bill sits in front of the camera.

BILL

Hi, Marlene. You're gonna find out some things about me that you probably won't like. Not that you're very fond of me now. But I'll let that information get to you. You can make your own judgments about me.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

Bill pulls in with a horse bed. He gets out and leads one horse to a large pen where a family is gathered around. Horses graze and happily prance about behind them.

BILL (V.O.)

I've spent twenty years holding on to a moment that lasted a second. Why? I really don't know. In those twenty years, I didn't learn a thing about life or love.

Bill walks the horse up to the family. He hands the reins to a young girl. The Father speaks up.

FATHER

You sure we can't give you something. I mean that's four horses you're giving away.

BILL

No. Just take care of them.

He pats the little girl on the head.

BILL (CONT'D)

You're gonna like this one.

Bill walks back to the truck to get the other horses.

BILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Until I met two girls that may have been just as crazy as I was. But smarter. And, again, In a split second, You're kindness taught me everything I've missed the past twenty years.

EXT. DESERT SWAP MEET - DAY

Bill pulls the wagon up to an elderly couple's booth. He pulls out a large bag and unfolds it on their table. Old west pistols spill out

BILL (V.O.)

This whole time I've been living like I was already dead. Clinging to the past like it was the only thing that had ever happened in life.

The old man's jaw drops. Bill walks off.

BILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It all seems pretty simple when you're looking at the flowers in life. You gotta give yourself what



BILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
you need to grow -- and when you  
stop--

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

CAMCORDER POV - Bill sitting.

BILL  
Well, I'm about to find out.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

An ESTATE AGENT is looking over paperwork. Bill sits across from him.

ESTATE AGENT  
Alright. It's all in her name. Sign  
here to finalize it.

Bill signs and walks out.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Bill stands in front of the mirror holding up a razor to his beard.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Bill walks out, all cleaned up.

He sits down at the table and pulls out Penton's phone. He turns it on and places it in front of him.

He stares at it. Waiting. His usual vacant and glazed eyes are now filled up with something different.

A beat.

It rings.

Bill picks it up.

INT. DENTIST OFFICE - DAY

Sam sits behind his desk. (INTER-CUT PHONE SEQUENCE)

SAM  
Penton.

BILL  
Hello.

SAM  
Who is this?

BILL  
This is Bill Black.

Worry washes over Sam's face

SAM  
Where is he?

BILL  
He's dead.

Sam becomes stoic. Silent. He hangs up the phone and gets up, moving slow.

He then explodes, screaming and throwing things around the office. He slams himself into a bookcase.

WAITING ROOM

Loud banging and screaming can be heard as a few people wait.

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Sam moves his chair and opens a hatch and goes down --

DENTIST OFFICE\ WHITE ROOM

Sam goes to his desk and sits down. He opens a door and grabs a pair of pliers. A beat.

He takes the pliers and clamps them to one of his front teeth. He pulls hard. Tooth's out. He screams in agony.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Bill, by the phone. It rings. He answers. (INTER-CUT PHONE SEQUENCE)

SAM  
Where's the girl?

BILL  
She's dead.

Sam's face is covered in blood.

SAM  
And the money?

BILL  
It's here.

SAM  
So what do you want to do about this?

BILL  
Come and get it.

SAM  
What's the catch?

BILL  
No catch. 1212 West Town Way. Death Valley Junction.

SAM  
How many are with you?

BILL  
Just me. I give you my word.

SAM  
I'll bring a few of my own if you don't mind?

BILL  
Fair enough.

SAM  
Bill?

BILL  
Sam?

SAM  
You killed my only little boy.

BILL  
And I'm about to kill the Father.

Bill hangs up. Sam, with the phone up to his ear, is frozen as the dial tone clicks on.

EXT. HALF BUILT WESTERN TOWN - DAY

Bill is unloading his truck. The back is stacked with long panels of wood. He takes them out one by one.

EXT. HALF BUILT SALOON - DAY

Bill is at the top of a ladder, hammering the panels to the side of the saloon.

Long panels of wood. Bill takes a saw to them.

There is a cooler to the side of Bill, stacked with cold beer.

EXT. HALF BUILT WESTERN TOWN - DAY

Bill, at the front of the first building, is stacking sand bags about four feet high.

He grabs a wheel barrel and pushes more sandbags to the far side of the Town.

EXT. HALF BUILT WESTERN TOWN - DAY

Bill stands in the middle of the two buildings, admiring his efforts. He takes a sip of beer. Sand bag walls are stacked in front of each building.

INT. SALOON - DAY

Bill is at the bar area. He is fiddling around with a sound system.

EXT. HALF BUILT WESTERN TOWN - DAY

Bill stands on a ladder, attaching a megaphone to a large pole at the front of the town.

He gets down and drags a cable across the main street.

He reaches the back of the saloon and brings the cable through the back door.

INT. SALOON - DAY

A large sound board is set up on the bar. Bill hovers over it, attaching various cables.

Bill kicks on a generator at the back of the saloon. MUSIC blasts out of the megaphones.

EXT. SALOON - DAY

Bill is hanging a DV camera on top of the saloon.

EXT. OTHER SALOON - DAY

Bill is attaching more camera's.

EXT. MIDDLE OF TOWN - DAY

A large camera is situated in a compact sandbag hut. Bill pulls Plexiglas over the opening in the front then drills it into wood boards, along the side.

EXT. HALF BUILT WESTERN TOWN - DAY

Bill sits in lawn chairs between the two buildings. He sips his beer as the sun begins to descend.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Several Pistols are spread out on the table. Bill pulls them apart and cleans them. Next to the pistols are a few sticks of Dynamite and a large piece of leather that's been cut and shaped into several holsters.

INT. MARLENE'S THEATER - DAY

Marlene is behind a counter, packing boxes. Bill walks in, holding flowers.

MARLENE

Hey.

BILL

Hey.

Bill hands her the flowers.

MARLENE

Thanks.

(smelling them)

They're beautiful. You wanna sit down and talk?

BILL

No. I just came to say goodbye.

MARLENE

What are you Talkin' about?

BILL

Something came up. It's kind of a job.

MARLENE

You're getting back into the business?

BILL

You could say that.

MARLENE

(sad, disappointed)

Good for you. So that's it then?

BILL

For now.

Bill leans in to kiss Marlene. She reluctantly kisses back but then turns away. Bill looks at her for a moment then walks out.

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The projection screen is on, playing the wagon accident.

The two duffel bags lie under the screen, open, the money bulging out.

Bill steps up. The images of the crash dance over his body.

Bill douses the bags with lighter fluid and without a second thought, he lights a match and tosses it on the bags.

Flames slowly rise.

The projection screen is soon engulfed.

The flames dance around him.

As they begin to rise, Bill walks out.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Bill walks toward the town.

His house, slowly burning behind him.

EXT. DESOLATE ROAD - DAY

A van drives into frame.

INT. VAN - DAY

Sam and his three hired hands are in the van. Sam is in the back by himself. Silent, motionless, he gazes out the window. Desert.

INT. SALOON - DAY

Bill and Petunia are at the bar along with a bottle and two shot glasses. Bill fills up the glasses.

PETUNIA

We should do something fun tonight.

BILL

Like what?

PETUNIA

We should leave this place. Go  
somewhere where there's trees and  
flowers and fresh air.

BILL

Okay.

Bill slams the shot. He looks over and Petunia is gone.

He walks to the front window and looks out. He sits down in  
a chair and picks up a CB that is connected to the sound  
board.

INT. VAN - MOVING - DAY

Sam looks at the burnt down house as they pull onto the  
property.

SAM

What the hell happened here?

INT. SALOON - DAY

Bill can see the van approaching. He talks into the CB.

INT. VAN - MOVING - DAY

Bill's voice is heard over the loud speaker as they  
approach the saloon:

BILL (O.S.)

That's far enough.

Sam hangs his head out of the window, looking at the giant  
megaphone.

The van stops and parks horizontal to the saloon.

EXT. SALOON - DAY

Sam and his three cronies get out of the van and stand  
behind it. Sam peeks over the hood.

"Fever", by Peggy Lee, blasts out of the megaphones.

The music startles Sam. He ducks under the hood.



SAM  
What is this fucking freak doing?

INT. SALOON - DAY

Bill sits in his chair and points his rifle at the van.

He smiles and unloads on the van. Sam and his men crouch behind.

Bill shoulders a camera and walks out.

EXT. SALOON - DAY

Sam looks at Bill as if he were certifiable.

SAM  
What is this?

BILL  
This is the end. That's all.

SAM  
When I get my money, I just want you to know, after I kill you, I'm literally gonna open up your chest and eat your heart.

BILL  
You want your money? It's here.  
Claim it!

BILL'S CAMERA POV - Sam and the three men walk out from behind the van.

The desert lights up with gunfire.

Sam hits the ground.

Bill unloads his pistol as he films, with camera on shoulder, hitting one of the men in the neck. Blood squirts.

The other two men hold, firing their 45's.

SALOON CAMERA POV - Two men, standing and firing. Sam is on the ground reloading.

ANGLE BILL

Bill gets hit in the shoulder. He retreats back into the saloon.

EXT./INT. SALOON - DAY

The door shuts. He falls to the ground. Bill sets the camera down.

The saloon is being sprayed with bullets. Then everything goes silent.

From outside we hear Sam screaming. He's back on his feet.

SALOON CAMERA POV - SAM YELLING:

SAM  
Get back out here!

Slowly, Bill makes his way to the front window. He pokes his rifle out, steadies and fires.

He hits another one of sam's men in the gut, sending him to the ground.

Sam's man is on the ground spitting up blood. Sam shoots him in the head and takes his gun. Sam's last man unloads a clip at the window.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Should have brought more men.

Sam joins in, unloading onto the saloon.

Bill gets grazed in the arm. He tears his bandanna off and wraps it around the wound. His energy is waning.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! That's it! We're coming for you!

Sam get's behind his last man. Both men are shooting up the windows as they back up to the van.

Bill peeks out the window.

BILL'S POV - The van coming toward the saloon.

Bill drops the rifle and pulls out his shotgun, kicks open the saloon doors. He holds as the van nears.

ANGLE VAN

Sam is driving while his man fires out the window.

ANGLE BILL

He unloads the shot gun, draws the pistols from his back. The last blast sprays into the windshield.

Bill runs out the front door and jumps as...

... the van smashes into the saloon. Sam and his man get out. Both bloody.

Bill runs toward another building.

A SHOT is heard. Bill collapses.

He gets up and stumbles into the inn.

INT. INN - DAY

Sam and his man walk toward the inn.

INT. INN - DAY

Bill slouches against the door, bloody and battered.

He forces himself to get up. Bill exits the Inn.

EXT. INN - DAY

He's trying to run. He leads them to where the Main street camera is place.

Sam's man fires and misses. Bill pulls up his gun and shoots Sam's man once in the head and once in the heart.

He fires at Sam but can barely hold the gun up. He limps to the middle of the street.

Sam fires and hits Bill in the leg. He stutters but keeps limping toward the main camera. Sam fires again, hitting in the other leg.

MAIN STREET CAMERA POV - Bill falls into frame, onto his back. Sam can be scene approaching Bill.

Bill drops his gun, reaches into his jacket and lights a cigarette.

Sam shoots Bill in the leg again. He winces in pain.

Sam gets on his knees and hovers over Bill. Bill takes a drag.

SAM

Just tell me where it is and I'll  
end it quick.

Bill puts the tip of his Cigarette under his jacket.

SAM (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Sam lifts back Bill's Jacket and reveals three short-tipped  
sticks of dynamite. One's lit.

Sam tries to get up but Bill wraps his arms around him.

EXT. THEATER - DAY

Marlene stands outside holding a package. She opens an  
envelope and reads the letter.

She covers her mouth with her hand. In shock.

Far in the distance a faint BOOM is heard.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. DESERT BOTANICAL GARDEN - DAY

The place is in full bloom. Plants and flowers everywhere.  
The parking lot is full, as people walk in and out of the  
entrance.

Above the entrance is a sign: BILL AND PETUNIA'S DESERT  
GARDEN.

INT. DESERT BOTANICAL GARDEN - DAY

The place is full. A little girl, DAISY, maybe three years  
old, runs to Marlene.

Marlene is gently planting a cactus among dazzling, multi  
colored flowers.

The little girl reaches Marlene.

MARLENE

Hey, Daisy.

DAISY

What are you doing?

MARLENE  
I'm Planting daddy's favorite  
thing.

A plump WOMAN walks up.

WOMAN  
I just wanted to say, you have some  
of the most beautiful cactus's  
here.

Daisy looks up.

DAISY  
(upset)  
It's cacti.

Marlene laughs and looks at the woman.

MARLENE  
Thank you.

The woman walks off.

MARLENE (CONT'D)  
Today is daddy's birthday. Do you  
want to sing him happy birthday?

DAISY  
Yeah.

MARLENE  
Go ahead.

CLOSE ON Daisy's face as she sings:

DAISY  
Happy birthday to you. Happy  
birthday to you. Happy birthday,  
dear daddy. Happy birthday to you.

She claps her hands and lets out a hearty laugh as we:

CUT TO BLACK.