

Bitterroot

By Noah Woodin

EXT. BANK, EARLY MORNING.

A bank worker gets out of her car and begins walking toward the front door of the lone standing bank building, she pulls out a key chain with several keys on it and picks through it searching for the Bank's front door key. She pauses from looking and stares at the sunset over the mountains.

MARY:
Oh wow!

MARY takes out her flip phone and snaps a quick photo of the sunrise before resuming her search of the key chain. She finds the correct key and unlocks the door, opening it and shutting it behind her, flipping the sign to OPEN.

INT. BANK LOBBY, EARLY MORNING.

MARY sets her purse down on the Teller's desk and begins setting up for the day's work. As she focuses on beginning her work and organizing her desk, she turns on a small radio next to her. BLUES or FOLK music plays as she finishes organizing a stack of paperwork.

In the background a car is heard speeding then suddenly screeching to a stop, after a little bit the bank door opens and the bell on it dings under the volume of the radio. MARY pays no attention to the STRANGER standing behind her in the bank.

MARY:
Be right with you Sir, just gotta finish some calls real quick.

STRANGER:
I just need to make a withdrawal Miss, shouldn't be no trouble...

MARY turns around to address the STRANGER but is SHAKEN to see a man in a mask holding a handgun at his side.

MARY:
Sir please!

The STRANGER interrupts the now terrified MARY.

STRANGER:
Like I said, I don't wanna be any trouble Miss, I just want you to do what I say. That way you can get back to your day sooner and I won't have to hurt nobody. Can you do that for me today Miss...?

MARY:
Uh, M-MARY, My name is MARY... If it's money you want sir...

STRANGER:
That is exactly what I want, MS. MARY. I am very glad we are on the same page. If you could empty out the safe for me I'll be out of here in no time.

The STRANGER walks over quickly to MARY and wraps his gun hand around her shoulder, guiding her to the back of the Bank.

STRANGER:
Now, before you say anything... I know you know how to open the safe, I know everything about this bank, who works here and what they do. So please don't lie and this will all go much smoother.

MARY looks down, The STRANGER'S handgun is now pressed into MARY'S ribs.

MARY:
Oh god... no, please no.

STRANGER:

MARY, MARY come on. You know I don't want to hurt you. Just open the safe.

MARY:

There's... none, nothing. There's no money here sir. B-But there's the ATM, and you can have everything in my wallet just please don't kill me please I don't want to die yet, I don't want to die.

The STRANGER steps back from MARY as she slumps to her knees. She shakely hands him her wallet but he just throws it across the lobby of the bank.

STRANGER:

I don't want your wallet or your purse MARY. JUST OPEN THE FUCKING SAFE! And you won't die.

Just as The STRANGER finishes, the front door's bell rings again.

RICHIE:

Both of you hand's up, slowly. This is a robbery.

RICHIE points the barrel of his rifle at the back of The STRANGER'S head.

STRANGER and MARY both turn around slowly, their hands in the sky. The STRANGER'S gun laid on the floor beside him.

RICHIE is a local crackhead who spends his days in and out of cop cars.

RICHIE:

Take off your mask, whatcha got it on for anyways?

The STRANGER stands silently before taking off his mask and responding.

STRANGER:

Because you're robbing a robbery.

RICHIE laughs at The STRANGER.

RICHIE:

Guess I'm the smarter Bank Robber then. Shit outta luck for your mister, Ha!

RICHIE turns his rifle to MARY.

RICHIE:

Sorry Missy, Shit luck day for you too I guess. Open up the safe or you ain't makin' it to your lunch break lady Heh-heh.

MARY begins sobbing once again and begs for her life.

MARY:

Sir please don't kill me, I can't get you money, there's no money in the safe. There- There's a shortage of bills and we don't get another delivery in until tomorrow, Sunday is when they bring in more, actual, money. Please sir I swear to god it's the truth.

RICHIE:

You think I fuckin' believe that bitch? The bank is the BANK! Ofcourse there's fuckin' money in there now get up and open that motherfuckin' safe! I'll shoot your ass right now!

RICHIE walks up to MARY and pushes her toward the back of the bank as she continues crying and pleading with the angry gunman.

RICHIE:

You too motherfucker. I'm running this bank now bitch, this is my robbery.

RICHIE shoves the barrel of the rifle into The STRANGER'S face.

RICHIE:

You chose the wrong day to rob a bank!

The STRANGER stands unintimidated by the tweaker, he just glances down, staring at his handgun on the floor.

EXT. ROAD BY BANK, MORNING.

A COP drives past the bank, noticing RICHIE and The STRANGER'S cars hastily and suspiciously parked this early in the morning. He turns his cruiser around and pulls up to the bank, parking on the parking lot and walking toward the front door. As the COP gets closer to the cars he begins to hear RICHIE'S yells and MARY'S cries from the bank. He turns his attention to the front door of the bank, through the windows he can see the situation so he draws his sidearm and begins walking quickly to the front door.

INT. BANK LOBBY, MORNING.

RICHIE, still pointing the gun at The STRANGER, does not see The COP approaching behind him.

The STRANGER looks up from his gun on the floor and sees the armed officer walking towards the front door.

The STRANGER:
COP!

RICHIE:
You think I'm a fuckin' retard now!?

Just then a loud gunshot booms, The COP fires through the window, shattering it, and sending the round past RICHIE'S head into the wall past him.

RICHIE quickly turns around, startled and panicked. The STRANGER and MARY drop to the floor to avoid getting shot, The STRANGER reaching for the gun on the floor just in front of him now. He quickly rolls behind MARY'S work desk and motions for her to come over.

RICHIE takes aim at The COP through the shattered window, The COP is already in position to fire again at RICHIE.

COP:

DROP THE FUCKING GUN AND SURRENDER WITH YOUR HANDS--

Before The COP can finish screaming orders at the panicked RICHIE, RICHIE fires one shot into The COP'S stomach, the shot rips through the body of The COP as blood spurts out. The COP immediately fires another shot afterward, the bullet wizzes into the bank but again goes right past RICHIE. RICHIE stares at the wounded COP, The COP stands, breathless and still, before RICHIE shoots again and hits The COP in the neck, blood starts flooding out from the wound instantly and through the shirt of The COP. He grabs his throat and falls to the ground, trying to scoot himself backward but eventually dying only a few feet away.

RICHIE and The STRANGER both stare at the body laying in the parking lot. The STRANGER looks over to MARY whose body is slumped against the wall with a bullet in her face. The COP accidentally hit her after RICHIE shot him.

The STRANGER quickly raises his handgun to RICHIE as RICHIE turns around aiming at The STRANGER.

STRANGER:

The only person who knew how to get any money from here is dead. You just shot a cop and others are gonna be here any minute now. None of us can get paid today. So we should just forget this happened and go our separate ways. I'm guessing you don't want to die over nothing.

RICHIE:

I'm still gettin' paid today.

STRANGER:

How you gonna do that? Huh RICHIE?

RICHIE:

...you know me?

STRANGER:

Everyone in town does so don't be an idiot and let's *both* put our guns down. Sound good?

RICHIE begins slowly lowering his rifle and walks back toward the shattered window, exiting it and getting in his car and driving off. The STRANGER stands still, aiming his gun at RICHIE as he leaves.

The STRANGER looks around at the scene of the bank.

STRANGER:
God Damn It!

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT, LATE MORNING.

Police cars and cops surround the bank and the body of the dead cop. Standing over the body is SHERIFF BISSERD. Behind his aviator sunglasses he holds back tears at the sight of the corpse in front of him. The cop beside him consoles him.

OFFICER WARREN:
I'm sorry sir, The bullets found were 30-06. It was a robbery in progress, and he was just in the wrong place at the wrong time.

SHERIFF BISSERD:
Yeah... yeah.

OFFICER WARREN:
We're gonna get the son of a bitch that killed JACK. Your son was a good officer, a damn good officer.

SHERIFF BISSERD:
Who's the other body in there?

OFFICER WARREN:
MARY SHULLMAN, guessing she was shot in the crossfire between JACK and the Cocksucker who killed him.

SHERIFF BISSERD:
I just want the security camera footage, I want the face of this bastard and I want it now OFFICER WARREN.

OFFICER WARREN:

Yes sir.

SHERIFF BISSERD walks back to his cruiser and takes out a cigarette, placing it in his mouth and lighting it, taking a deep drag. As he exhales he begins to cry, breaking his hard composure briefly before getting himself back together. He takes out his flip phone and scrolls through his contact list. He hovers over calling his wife, DENISE. But instead scrolls up to his secretary CHEYENNE.

SHERIFF BISSERD:

Hey CHEYENNE, I need you to call DENISE. JACK was shot in a robbery, he's dead... Thank you, for everything and uh tell DENISE I love her.

He hangs up before she can even respond fully and breaks down a little bit more. He takes another deep inhale of his cigarette and blows out, calming himself down.

SHERIFF BISSERD gets out of his car after composing himself and finishes off his cigarette, he looks over to see OFFICER WARREN approaching him from the bank. He's yelling out to the SHERIFF.

OFFICER WARREN:

Watched the CCTV SHERIFF. This ain't what it looks like.

WARREN walks up next to SHERIFF BISSERD and explains the crime.

WARREN:

So this started off as a normal robbery. A masked man approached MARY SHULLMAN calmly and tried robbing the place.

SHERIFF BISSERD:

What about this is such a special crime other than my son
WARREN?

WARREN:

SHERIFF... as this man was robbing the place *another* man came in and robbed the bank at the same exact time. That's when there

was an altercation. JACK showed up, the robbers must've been spooked. That's when JACK and MS. SHULLMAN were shot and killed.

SHERIFF:

Any positive ID on the shooters?

WARREN:

One had a mask on, but even after it was removed it doesn't look like anyone we've booked before. At Least me and the other officers didn't recognize him. But the other suspect sir. I think the other man is RICHIE TOMINSON.

SHERIFF:

That fucking weasely little fucking dopehead! WARREN put a warrant out on our cop killing bastard RICHIE, find the other Motherfucker who did this but do me a favor... Let me take the lead on this, don't tell the others what to do for another day or so. I need a headstart, got it?

WARREN hesitates before he answers the SHERIFF.

WARREN:

Anything I can do SHERIFF? For you?

SHERIFF:

You can do what I fucking ask. I'm gonna give a visit to the TOMINSON residence and do some "preliminary questioning."

WARREN:

...yes sir.

EXT. HIGHWAY, LATE MORNING.

The STRANGER speeds into the town of Missoula and begins driving down some back roads, eventually pulling into a motel parking lot.

EXT. MOTEL, LATE MORNING.

As he parks his car, RICHIE
Parks across the street. He stalks The STRANGER as he gets out
of his car and removes a bag from the back of his car before
going into his motel room.

RICHIE:

Oh so *"none of us are gonna get paid today"* eh? Lying piece of
shit.

RICHIE reaches into his backseat and grabs the rifle. He mounts
it on his forearm and rolls down his window. Aiming through the
half-blinded window of The STRANGER'S motel room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM, LATE MORNING.

The STRANGER places the bag onto his motel bed, opening it
revealing a submachine gun, a shotgun, and three handguns as
well as ammunition. He takes a flip phone out from his bag and
dials a number written on his wrist.

STRANGER:

Hello? Michael? The bank job--

His call is interrupted by a deafening shot that blasts through
the window of the motel and hits The STRANGER in the hand.
Blowing his phone to pieces and taking off a few fingers. He
dives behind the bed, grabbing the pillow off the bed and
wrapping the pillow case around his hand to stop the bleeding.

EXT. RICHIE'S CAR, LATE MORNING.

RICHIE sits aiming through the window. People scream and run
down the street as they look for the shooter in a panic. RICHIE
moves his aim over to the door of the motel room. He fires
another round and hits the door above the handle. Blowing it
open and breaking the lock. He reloads another round into the
chamber and exits his car, grabbing a handgun off his passenger
seat and putting it in his jacket pocket.

RICHIE makes his way to the motel door hanging open silently, his rifle aimed at the hip. As he gets closer to the door he calls out to The STRANGER.

RICHIE:

If you're still alive in their then say you give up and toss that bag of money through the window, and I'll forgive the lying and let you live.

RICHIE stands still near the door waiting for a response. He cranes his head to peek through the window, he fires through the broken window and hits the mattress of the bed. The STRANGER sits almost perfectly still trying not to flinch or make noise.

RICHIE:

You alive motherfucker? Say something, give up the fuckin money.

No response from The STRANGER.

RICHIE:

Got you bitch.

RICHIE walks up to the door, rifle still at his hip, just as he passes into the room The STRANGER holds down on the trigger and fires the fully auto SMG into the wall, door, doorframe, and leg of RICHIE.

RICHIE collapses back and screams out as blood begins to quickly pool out of the two bullet holes above his right knee.

RICHIE:

You sneaky, lying, dirty little fuck! I can't wait to fucking blow your brains all across that fucking motel room, then im gonna fucking shit on your body and wipe with that money you fucking stole from me! You know who the fuck's money you got bitch? That money belongs to fucking me and my brother you motherfucker! You steal drug money from the TOMINSONS and you're gonna fucking regret it you dumb, dumb , stupid motherfucker! HAHAHAHAHAH! We are gonna enjoy dumping your body into the frozen fucking river bitch!

Just as RICHIE finishes his long winded attempt to intimidate The STRANGER, he gets up from behind the bed and walks up to RICHIE, SMG aimed right at the now weeping and bloody heroin dealer.

RICHIE:

Oh no, god no, no, no, please, god. You kill me and my brother ROB is gonna skin you alive. He's already on his way boy!

The STRANGER stands with his SMG pointed at the slumped over and begging RICHIE. However before The STRANGER can finish him off, RICHIE fires the handgun in his pocket. Hitting The STRANGER in the shoulder. He backs into the wall of the motel before firing off more rounds into the torso and head of RICHIE. Painting the pavement with his blood.

The STRANGER sits against the wall clutching his shoulder with his wounded hand, trying to control his breathing and not pass out from blood loss or shock.

The STRANGER manages to get up and begins collecting his things, as he does RICHIE'S phone begins buzzing on the pavement. The STRANGER goes on packing up his stuff and leaves, getting back into his car and leaving the motel.

INT. TOMINSON HOME, LATE MORNING.

STEVE TOMINSON, RICHIE and ROB'S youngest brother sits on a couch with SHERIFF BISSERD behind him. His hands are gloved and holding a pistol to the back of STEVE'S head.

STEVE:

Oh god sir please, I'm sorry I don't know where ROB or RICHIE are, they said they had work this morning and they never call at work Mister.

SHERIFF BISSERD:

That's alright STEVE. You sure you don't know where they work?
Or who might know where they work?

STEVE:

No mister, I'm sorry but they don't tell me where they work or
what they do. Please don't hurt me.

SHERIFF BISSERD pauses before lowering his pistol from STEVE'S
head and flipping it, grabbing it by the barrel, he goes and
walks around to the front of STEVE.

SHERIFF:

STEVE do you know what your brother's are responsible for? What
they did hm?

STEVE (tears in his eyes and nose running)
N-no mister.

SHERIFF:

They hurt someone, they did a bad thing. You know? They hurt
someone really bad STEVE. So I have to do my job, as a SHERIFF,
as a Lawman. I have to uphold the justice here you know that
right STEVE, you're a smart guy, not like your brothers say
right?

STEVE:

Yes sir, I'm smart sir. I know that... But what you gonna do now,
mister?

SHERIFF:

Like I said STEVE. Justice.

SHERIFF BISSERD then swings the butt of his pistol into the face
of STEVE. The crack it makes is loud, bones in STEVE'S nose and
upper jaw crack and blood drips out everywhere. STEVE tries to
inhale through the thick blood but SHERIFF BISSERD just pulls
the hands down from STEVE'S face and slams the pistol into his
face again. Then again. Again. Again. Again. Each violent whack
got quieter as the bones in STEVE'S face broke and his skin
swelled up and bruised. SHERIFF BISSERD tossed STEVE'S beaten

and limp body to the floor where he kept kicking and beating the young man until STEVE was no more than a broken lump in a pile of blood.

SHERIFF BISSERD grabs the flip phone off the coffee table and takes a photo of STEVE'S body. Sending the text to both ROB and RICHIE, with the text caption. "Blood for blood. You two are next."

SHERIFF BISSERD sends the message before quietly leaving the TOMINSON home and calling OFFICER WARREN.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER, LATE MORNING.

SHERIFF BISSERD:

WARREN, I couldn't find anyone at the TOMINSON residence. Can you find out where ROB and RICHIE TOMINSON work?

OFFICER WARREN:

Uhh sure SHERIFF. Just give me a moment.

SHERIFF BISSERD:

Take your time RYAN. Take your time.

OFFICER WARREN:

Alrighty, here's something sir. Says ROB TOMINSON was terminated from Olly's Garage three months ago. RICHIE hasn't had a job since his arrest back in November.

SHERIFF BISSERD:

Strange.

OFFICER WARREN:

Can't say that I'm shocked two Heroin addicts aren't exactly holding steady jobs.

SHERIFF BISSERD:

Thanks WARREN. SHERIFF BISSERD out.

SHERIFF BISSERD hangs up the phone.

SHERIFF BISSERD:
STEVE you lying son of a bitch!

SHERIFF BISSERD begins to pull out of the driveway of the TOMINSON house when he gets a radio call.

RADIO CALL (V.O.)
Shooting at Rest Inn Motel on Idaho and 10th street. Code 10-105, suspect has fled the scene and is armed and dangerous.

OFFICER WARREN:
This is OFFICER WARREN. My unit is on its way to that 10-105 over.

SHERIFF BISSERD sits in his cruiser, he lights a cigarette and takes a drag.

SHERIFF BISSERD:
Gotta come home someday RICHIE boy, you and your shitbag brother.

EXT. STRANGER'S CAR, NOON.

The STRANGER drives down a lonely suburban road as he clutches his shoulder with his bleeding hand. Blood has soaked through his shirt and pillowcase. The car slows down as he loses consciousness before collapsing and crashing the car into an irrigation ditch. He swings open the door and collapses out of the driver's seat against the side of the car.

He looks around for someone to help but before he can call out he begins fading in and out yet again. As he slumps into unconsciousness a man runs up to The STRANGER and begins lifting him off the ground and around his shoulder.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, AFTERNOON.

The STRANGER awakens in a hospital bed, connected to some machinery with his wounds cared for. Next to the bed is the

friendly man who saved The STRANGER, The friendly man, HENRY, looks over and begins talking to The STRANGER.

HENRY:

Jesus christ you made it! Glad to see it Mister. Gotta say it was something else to see a bleeding man fall out of a crashed car... I do have to say, I found the guns in your car. I put your stuff in my car in the parking lot, don't worry, didn't tell anybody mister. Figured that wasn't my business, the only thing that was was getting you to a hospital.

STRANGER:

You shouldn't have saved me.

HENRY:

Oh don't say that. It was the right thing to do.

STRANGER:

No, It wasn't. You really shouldn't have saved me. You're gonna get involved now, you're gonna get killed.

HENRY:

Are you in trouble? Do I need to call the cops for you Mister?

STRANGER:

I need you to listen to me, listen very carefully because you are in danger now. Someone out there is trying to kill me, now they're going to try to kill you so they can kill me. So I need you to get me out of here and to your car so I can get my *things* and try to get you somewhere safe. Now, has anyone else been in this room, who else knows I'm here?

HENRY:

Umm... I-I don't.

STRANGER:

Think sir. You need to think and answer me honestly or we are both going to be killed.

HENRY:

J-just the nurses who have been treating you...

STRANGER:

That's good. Now help me get out of here, we need to go somewhere you haven't told anyone about. We need to go somewhere completely safe and alone.

The STRANGER gets up and begins tearing off the various wires and tubes connected to him and limps over to the window with HENRY.

STRANGER:

Get me to your truck.

HENRY:

It's just in the lot, I parked close by. But do we have to go through the window?

STRANGER:

The person who is trying to kill us could be here, in this hospital. We need to go now if you want to live.

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOM, AFTERNOON.

HENRY and The STRANGER exit the first floor window and begin making their way to HENRY'S truck.

HENRY:

What did you do? You had to have done something to cause someone to want to kill you, kill us.

STRANGER:

Sir, if you ask questions then you're going to know too much. That'll put you, and me, in more danger.

The STRANGER and HENRY both enter the truck and HENRY starts it up, before making his way through the hospital lot trying to exit.

HENRY begins driving out of the lot as The STRANGER slips his clothes back on and tosses the hospital gown in the bag with his guns before taking out the shotgun and loading it.

The STRANGER:

Thank you for saving me, I'm sorry that it got you into this shit. Where can we go that's private and safe?

HENRY:

Got a campsite I hunt at just under an hour from my house. We can head there now.

STRANGER:

Don't tell anyone that you're going. Also I'm gonna need to use your phone. I have to make a call.

HENRY pulls out his flip phone and hands it to The STRANGER.

HENRY:

I'm HENRY by the way, thought you might want to know the name of who saved your life.

STRANGER:

Thank you, HENRY. Can you pull over so I can call. It won't take long.

EXT. HENRY'S TRUCK, AFTERNOON.

The STRANGER puts the shotgun back into the bag and takes it with him as he exits the truck on the side of the road. He tosses the bag of guns into the bed of the truck, grabbing out his pistol and tucking it in the back of his belt, one in the front of his belt. And one in the pocket of his coat. He then takes HENRY'S phone back out and calls MICHAEL again.

STRANGER:

Hey MICHAEL, It's me again. Look the bank job is fucked. One of the TOMINSON boys, RICHIE, showed up and stuck me up in the middle of the job. Then the little fucker killed a cop and the

bank teller, I got out of there but when I got to the safe house RICHIE TOMINSON followed me and almost fucking killed me. Now he's dead and said he called his brother ROB out on me. MICHAEL I need you to get him off my fucking back. I don't care what it costs or how much Heroin the Russians lose, they can find new tweakers to sell their shit.

MICHAEL:

That is unfortunate, what about the condition of the money? Russians want their extra twenty-five percent by Monday.

STRANGER:

The bank didn't have it... said the safe was empty due to shortages and their delivery hadn't been in yet. I don't have the money.

MICHAEL:

So... You want me to call off the psychopathic drug dealer, the psychopathic drug dealer who not only works for our boss but whose brother also worked for our boss, the brother you killed. You want me to take out the extra funds to call him off, when we are already very behind on payments for our bosses. You must think Im a fucking clown. Sorry kid but you're on your own.

STRANGER:

MICHAEL don't you dare throw me under the bus! You lost the ten thousand and made me go out to fucking get it back. Now its all fucked up and you leave me out here to fucking dry?

The phone beeps as MICHAEL hangs up.

INT. HENRY'S TRUCK, AFTERNOON.

The STRANGER gets back into the car with HENRY before looking over at him.

STRANGER:

Thanks again for everything HENRY...

The STRANGER fires off three shots from the gun in his jacket pocket into HENRY, killing him. He tosses HENRY'S body out of the truck and drags it into the grass on the side of the road.

The STRANGER then drives off.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER, AFTERNOON.

SHERIFF BISSERD has moved his cruiser to a more inconspicuous location near the TOMINSON home. He sits in his driver's seat with his hat tipped over his eyes and his head leaned back.

Until a phone call from OFFICER WARREN wakes him.

SHERIFF BISSERD:

WARREN, this better be important. Whatcha got?

OFFICER WARREN pauses briefly before saying in a quiet tone..

OFFICER WARREN:

RICHIE TOMINSON is dead SHERIFF. Shot in some gang related altercation we think.

SHERIFF BISSERD doesn't respond, he just struggles to think of what to say. He hangs the phone up and looks down defeated that his vengeance will go unquenched.

As he sits, in the background, a figure approaches silently from the passenger side before abruptly interrupting the SHERIFF'S silence with two gunshots from his revolver. It's ROB TOMINSON, the oldest TOMINSON brother. His forearm has a marine corps tattoo, proudly showing his military history. Now he, and formerly RICHIE, were the prime Heroin dealers in town for the Russian mob.

The first bullet misses and breaks the drivers side window behind the SHERIFF, the second shot hits the now ducking SHERIFF in the neck, nicking him but still causing some bleeding. The SHERIFF opens his door and begins to roll out onto the ground away from ROB, but as he does a third shot hits him in the back, the round is stopped by the SHERIFF'S vest.

SHERIFF BISSERD collapses to the ground and leans up against the car for cover. ROB TOMINSON proceeds to fire three more shots into the cop car, all of them missing the SHERIFF. ROB runs off towards his house as SHERIFF BISSERD begins running to hide behind a neighboring house. He falls up against the side wall out of sight from The TOMINSON home.

INT. TOMINSON HOME, AFTERNOON.

ROB TOMINSON stands over the body of his youngest brother SHANE. He pulls up his phone and calls RICHIE. The call rings and rings but ROB gets no answer. He tries again. This time after several rings the phone picks up.

OFFICER WARREN:
OFFICER RYAN WARREN.

ROB's stomach sinks.

ROB:
Where's RICHIE? Why do you got his phone?

OFFICER WARREN:
RICHIE is dead, sorry ROBBY. His life just caught up with him I guess--

Before he can finish, ROB interrupts him.

ROB:
OFFICER WARREN... So is the SHERIFF.

ROB hangs up before WARREN can answer and immediately goes into the bathroom. He pulls out a plastic bag filled with a large stack of money that's been duct taped sealed. ROB closes the toilet lid and goes to grab a backpack from one of the bedrooms. He loads the money into the bag and closes it. ROB then makes his way to his bedroom. He lifts up his mattress and pulls out a suppressed pistol and an assault rifle with a scope attached. ROB makes his way out of the house with his backpack and guns.

EXT. TOMINSON HOME, AFTERNOON.

ROB walks back toward the SHERIFF'S cruiser and hijacks it.
Driving off.

INT. MOTEL ROOM, AFTERNOON.

OFFICER WARREN and his partner are both still at the Motel crime scene. WARREN puts RICHIE'S phone back into an evidence bag and walks over to his partner.

OFFICER WARREN:
The SHERIFF'S been shot...

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER, AFTERNOON.

ROB is driving as he hears OFFICER WARREN over the radio.

OFFICER WARREN (V.O.)
SHERIFF BISSERD has been shot, sending all Emergency Services to his current location. Over.

ROB begins to smile as he continues driving.

EXT. STRANGER'S APARTMENT, AFTERNOON.

HENRY'S truck pulls up to the building and The STRANGER exits, he begins walking to the building. Across the street two RUSSIAN GANGSTERS get out of their car. They immediately begin to run toward The STRANGER. The STRANGER turns as they approach and turns to fire his handgun at the nearest one. However before he can let off a shot, one of the RUSSIAN GANGSTERS hits him in the face with a pair of Knuckle Dusters. The STRANGER collapses onto the pavement. The RUSSIAN GANGSTER lifts him by the collar and hits him across the face again. Bouncing the STRANGERS head off of the ground. The second RUSSIAN GANGSTER then approaches and kicks The STRANGER in the ribs, causing him to gasp and wheeze. The STRANGER tries to crawl away on his stomach as the RUSSIANS question him.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER 1:

Where's the money friend? You and MICHAEL both say you would have it no problem.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER 2:

Now MICHAEL say you have no money. You trick MICHAEL, you trick *us*. YOU WANT TO FUCK WITH US LIKE THIS IS JOKE ASSHOLE!?

RUSSIAN GANGSTER 2 kicks The STRANGER again, then stomps on his bandaged, injured hand. The bones crack under his shoe as The STRANGER screams in anger and pain.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER 2:

Where is money!?

The STRANGER doesn't reply, he just keeps trying to crawl.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER 1 then lifts up the shirt of The STRANGER and removes the pistol in the back of his belt.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER 1:

You gonna try to kill us cowboy?

They both laugh.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER 1 kicks him and the side and The STRANGER curls up into a ball, groaning and wheezing.

STRANGER:

(whisper inaudibly)

RUSSIAN GANGSTER 2:

Now he begging? Hahahahah!

RUSSIAN GANGSTER 1 laughs in unison and squats down lower.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER 1:

What you say cowboy?

STRANGER:

(whisper inaudibly)

RUSSIAN GANGSTER 1:

Too much blood in your lungs, cyka? Speak up Hahaha.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER 1 squats lower.

The STRANGER, faster than RUSSIAN GANGSTER 1 or 2 can even react, grabs RUSSIAN GANGSTER 1 from around the neck, placing the handgun he had from the front of his belt to his head. The STRANGER pulls down the RUSSIAN GANGSTER to the ground, using him like a human shield. RUSSIAN GANGSTER 2 pulls out his handgun and takes aim at The STRANGER and RUSSIAN GANGSTER 1.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER 2:

Motherfucker!

STRANGER:

Drop the gun or I kill your buddy right now, then I spray *your* brains on the concrete?

RUSSIAN GANGSTER 2:

FUCK YOU AMERICAN!

RUSSIAN GANGSTER 1:

Wait, No!

The STRANGER, without a flinch or care, blows the brains of RUSSIAN GANGSTER 1 all over the ground. RUSSIAN GANGSTER 2 angrily unloads his gun into the corpse of RUSSIAN GANGSTER 1 as he lay on top of The STRANGER. After The STRANGER fires two shots into each shin of RUSSIAN GANGSTER 2. RUSSIAN GANGSTER 2 collapses in pained screams as he begins to curse at The STRANGER.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER 2:

CYKA BLYAT!

STRANGER pushes off the body of RUSSIAN GANGSTER 1 and gets to his feet, taking aim at RUSSIAN GANGSTER 2.

STRANGER:
Likewise.

He fires and hits RUSSIAN GANGSTER 2 in the forehead, killing him instantly. The STRANGER then grabs the shotgun and gun bag from HENRY'S truck and proceeds back toward the apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, EVENING.

Inside the bathroom, The STRANGER is running water in his sink and cleaning up his bruised and bloodied face with a rag and icing it with an ice pack.

He looks in the mirror for a little while and spits out a tooth into the sink. After cleaning his wounds The STRANGER changes and collects his gun bag, extra ammunition, a roll of money from underneath his sink, and starts walking back toward the door to leave when his home phone rings. He pauses and thinks about answering. He walks over and picks up the phone but doesn't say anything.

ROB:
Hello there.

STRANGER:
...who's this?

ROB:
RICHIE told me everything about the robbery, everything that happened before he died. I know how much shit you're in with the Russians. I know MICHAEL cut you off, you're all on your own. So if you tell me where MICHAEL is I won't shoot you where you stand. Consider yourself lucky since you killed my brother.

STRANGER:
Why would I tell you where MICHAEL is?

ROB:
Because MICHAEL GIAFERNO is a rat. Snitched on you and the Russians to the police. That's why the entire police department

and Sheriff's office is gonna be kicking in your door any minute here. That and *he* has *my* money.

STRANGER:

So you've been keeping an eye on things? Watching everyone.

ROB:

Longer than you know my friend. I knew you were in debt and about your bank job months ago. RICHIE may have been getting arrested every other week but he told me everything he did, everything he saw and heard, and brother, RICHIE heard a lot.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER, EVENING.

ROB sits with his assault rifle aimed out the passenger window, right up at The STRANGER in his window.

ROB:

So where's the rat? I just want to do the right thing on behalf of our bosses. Where's MICHAEL?

The STRANGER just stands silently, staring out the window. Off in the distance sirens can be heard blaring and getting closer.

ROB looks back and can hear the sirens. Then he sees as the lights begin to shine in the distance. The cops approach. ROB turns back around and aims at The STRANGER.

STRANGER:

...I don't know.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, EVENING.

The STRANGER just stands silently. Staring at the sirens, lights getting closer. Then a shot rings out. The bullet crashes through the window and hits The STRANGER in the top of the neck and explodes out the back of his head. His body drops to the floor.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER, EVENING.

ROB sits in the SHERIFF'S cruiser, he turns back around and sees that the cops are now down the road. He aims down the scope and waits.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, EVENING.

OFFICER WARREN pulls up with his partner. Behind them are two more cop cars. The three cars all park and the six cops emerge and begin heading into the building. As they slowly get closer and closer, ROB begins firing out at the cops. He hits WARREN'S partner in the chest twice, then hits another COP in the side of the head.

WARREN takes cover behind his police car. The other four officers all take cover and begin firing into the SHERIFF'S cruiser. ROB ducks from the fire and waits until all the COPS have unloaded their guns.

As the COPS reload their guns and try to tend to the dead, ROB begins firing again. One hits a COP in the leg. Two more COPS are shot and slump over to the ground dead. OFFICER WARREN turns to yell at the other able bodied COP to follow him.

WARREN:

We need to get to the passenger side of the vehi--

WARREN is interrupted with another shot. This one hitting WARREN in the back of the head. WARREN falls forward, stunned and half alive. He tries to get back up and Yells out inaudibly before another two rounds hit him in the back killing him.

The last able bodied COP sits behind one of the cars cowering, the injured one lays in the open bleeding out, calling for help. ROB fires and hits the wounded COP, killing him.

The last COP looks over the car but sees nothing, no sight of the shooter.

Over by the SHERIFF'S cruiser, ROB kicks open the door and sneaks out. He crouches and runs from car to car until he sees

the last COP hiding behind a police cruiser. ROB takes aim at him and fires, the shot hits the COP in the foot and causes him to scatter behind the opposite side of the car. ROB then stands up and begins firing automatically into the police cruiser guarding the COP, emptying the magazine. ROB tosses the rifle to the ground and walks over to the shot up cop car, there on the ground is the last COP, covered in bullet holes and dead on the street.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, EVENING.

ROB stands over the body of The STRANGER, who lays in a pool of blood lifeless.

ROB looks at him blankly.

EXT. TOMINSON HOME, NIGHT.

ROB walks up to the now taped off house. Police have left but tape and evidence of them still scatter the yard and house.

INT. TOMINSON HOME, NIGHT.

ROB walks through the dark living room, past the chalk outline of his brother, when he is stopped by the site of something in the back of the room against the wall.

ROB:
I see you.

ROB is met with silence before being answered.

SHERIFF BISSERD:
Have a seat boy, right on the couch there.

The SHERIFF motions with the barrel of his shotgun.
ROB stands still.

SHERIFF BISSERD:
Go on.

ROB slowly lowers himself onto the couch with his hands in the air and his eyes fixed.

ROB:

You know it's all done now. My brothers are dead, your son, your men, all dead. What's this gonna do SHERIFF? This gonna make you feel better?

SHERIFF BISSERD sits with his shotgun still aimed at ROB, he inhales deeply, struggling to breathe.

SHERIFF:

Nope... but it seems like the right thing to do.

ROB stares at the wounded SHERIFF and locks eyes with him.

SHERIFF BISSERD pulls the trigger and hits ROB square in the torso. The shot rips out the back of the couch, killing ROB where he sits. ROB pulls and fires his suppressed handgun at SHERIFF BISSERD. SHERIFF BISSERD looks down at himself after the draw and sees the bullethole in the center of his chest. Without a word SHERIFF BISSERD falls against the wall and slides down it as blood pools onto his shirt. As SHERIFF BISSERD lay slowly dying he looks down and utters a final word before succumbing to his injuries.

SHERIFF BISSERD:

JACK...

EXT. TOMINSON HOME, NIGHT.

Shot holds on the silent house as the credits begin to roll.

