

COWBOY SAM

EXT. LONG STRETCH OF ROAD - EVENING

A four door saloon zooms through a desolate highway.

KEVIN, 29, unkempt, in the passenger seat, gazes warily at the dark clouding sky.

KEVIN
We've gotta get off the road.

Jack, 40s, balding, doesn't respond, he grips the wheel tighter.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I really feel we should get off the road.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Jac..

Jack slams the wheel in frustration.

JACK
Fuck!

Kevin pipes down.

They pass a lighted BANKSTEED MOTEL sign.

KEVIN
(excited)
Look Jack, a motel! We'll be alright in there.

Jack stares at the sign intently.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Jack, I don't want to die in a hurricane.

JACK
Would you rather die in a motel room?

Kevin stares at Jack anxiously.

Jack shows no signs of slowing down. His eyes switch desperately, back and forth, between the dim lights of the motel now coming into view and the open road.

He brakes suddenly.

JACK (CONT'D)
Fine!

He takes a steep turn into the off-road.

JACK (CONT'D)
We'll have it your way.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

JACK stands by the parked car, he bites absently on his finger nails. The wind already starting to pick up.

In the flickering light of the reception kiosk Jack see's something. He squints.

COWBOY SAM stands in the distance, thin and gaunt, a full cowboy getup, ten gallon hat, all in white. He taps his nose.

In the flicker of light, he disappears.

Kevin appears from kiosk, holding a bottle of whiskey in one hand, a bag of snacks in the other.

KEVIN
(grinning)
Hey, look what I got.

JACK
Have we got a room?

Kevin mishears.

KEVIN
Yeah, I've crisps, biscuits, a bottle of Whisky.

JACK
Have we got a room?

KEVIN
Oh. No, nobodies there, I found this stuff in the back.

JACK
We'll have to jimmy a lock then. Suppose that's probably for the best.

Jack hesitates.

KEVIN
(reassuring)
Look, there's no way we were going to make it tonight. We'll be safe from the storm inside.

JACK
It's not the storm I'm worried about.

THUMP THUMP THUMP. Something knocks from the inside of the car boot.

Kevin glances at the boot then back to Jack.

Jack acts like he heard nothing.

JACK (CONT'D)
Let's get inside then.

KEVIN
Jack...

THUMP THUMP

KEVIN (CONT'D)
We can't leave her in the trunk.

JACK
Why not? She'll be safe there.

KEVIN
Sure, she'll be safe whilst your car is flying about, careening through the eye of the storm.

Jack mind whirs, he bites on his bottom lip.

JACK
Fuck!

Jack grudgingly walks over to the trunk.

He pops open the trunk.

LIZ, young blonde 20 something, lays in the trunk, hands and feet bound, her mouth taped. She futilely tries to lash out, her piercing eyes lock into Jack.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The door swings open. Kevin carries Liz over her shoulder, he places her in a wooden chair at the back of the room.

Jack throws over a length of rope.

Kevin begins to tie Liz to the chair.

JACK
Make sure it's tight.

KEVIN
Why? Where's she gonna run to anyway.

JACK
Just make sure it's tight.

Kevin finishes tying Liz to the chair while Jack tensely lights up a cigarette.

Kevin leisurely launches himself onto the bed.

KEVIN

Oh wow, it's a water bed. Comfy or what.

JACK

(sternly)
Are you serious?

KEVIN

What? What's up with you? You've been down all day.

JACK

(incredulous)
What's up with me. Are you even aware of what's going on here.

KEVIN

Look, if it's about the storm...

Jack rilles up.

JACK

It's not the fucking storm!

Jack nearly loses it. He takes a deep breath and calms himself.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get a shower, ok, haven't had a wash in two days.

KEVIN

Scrub yourself good.

INT. EXPENSIVE JEWELRY SHOP - DAY

A Jack stands behind the counter alone in an empty shop.

A strong slurring southern accent breaks the silence.

COWBOY SAM

I wish to purchase this hear watch.

Jack looks up to see Cowboy Sam leering down on him, having seemingly appeared from nowhere.

JACK

(startled)
Oh... I didn't hear you...
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Of course Sam, what size are you anyway?

COWBOY SAM

Size? What business is it of yours, what size I am?

JACK

I can adjust...

COWBOY SAM

The watch is not for me. If I were to procure the dismembered arm of my darling lover, could you fit it then.

Jack is lost for words.

JACK

Or her measurements.

COWBOY SAM

Five feet eight inches. Blonde, blue eyes, slender build. A Miss Elizabeth Templer.

INT.MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A rock music video blares from the tv, Kevin stands on the bed playing air guitar in just his underpants, he takes regular swigs of whisky.

The song ends. He slumps himself onto the bed, picks up a magazine called "THE OCCULT" from the night stand and begins to read.

KEVIN

(calling out to Jack)

Who writes these things? Listen up! I think my husband is a vampire? Is my girlfriend is sleeping with a werewolf?... Hey look an occult crossword.

Kevin picks up a pen from the nightstand.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Six down. A green movie ghost, starts with "S"?

There's no response from Jack. Kevin ponders.

He turns to Liz.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Don't suppose you've got any idea, do you?

She mumbles incoherently under the masking tape.

Kevin eyes the bathroom door quickly, then back to Liz. He stealthily slips over to her.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
You know? A green movie ghost?

She mumbles more vehemently this time.

Kevin carefully peels the masking tape from her face.

A stream of vomit explodes from Liz's mouth covering Kevin.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Shit!

Kevin reels back in disgust.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Aw!

He staggers about panning the room.

Kevin runs over to the bathroom, knocks heavily on the door.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Open up, you won't believe what she..

He tries the handle, the door swings open.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Jack sits on the toilet seat, pointing a cocked revolver into his mouth.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I can't believe you!.. You were gonna fucking kill yourself.

Jack pulls the gun out of his mouth.

JACK
(caught out)
I wasn't.

KEVIN
Yes you were. You were going to kill yourself and leave me with your fucking daughter.

JACK
No... I wasn't.

LIZ
(wiping the vomit from her
mouth)
I'm your daughter?

KEVIN
(to Liz)
Quiet you. I haven't forgiven you
for throwing up on me yet.

Liz grins at them menacingly.

LIZ
Well, if you weren't such shit
drivers?.

JACK
(to Liz)
Watch your mouth young lady.

KEVIN
(to Jack)
Hello.

Kevin waves his arms emphatically.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
There's still the little matter of
your suicide.

JACK
(to Kevin)
I panicked. I'm sorry.
(perking up)
Wait, why are you naked?

LIZ
Who the fuck are you guys?

KEVIN
(to Jack)
It's a motel room. I was relaxing.

JACK
(to Kevin)
With my daughter tied to a chair,
you thought you would get naked?

LIZ
(to Jack)
I'm not your daughter!

JACK
(to Kevin)
Any reason to get naked, eh.

LIZ
What the fuck is this?

KEVIN

(to Jack)

Don't talk to me about etiquette,
Mr Suicide. Maybe you should keep
the gun pointed little miss sick
over there.

Jack steps out of the bathroom as Kevin walks in. Kevin
glares at Liz.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I've gotta get all this sick off
me.

Liz laughs.

LIZ

(to Kevin)

Gotcha good didn't I.

INT. PHOTOBOOTH - DAY

Kevin sits posing for a photo.

A pair of white cowboy boots peer from under the booth
curtain

COWBOY SAM

How fast does this rust bucket go.

Kevin looks perplexed

KEVIN

Er... its a photo machine.

Cowboy Sam steps in and takes a seat. He straightens his
hat.

COWBOY SAM

Ah. What do you think they will say
when you flash your passport and
both our faces look back at them.
Do you think they will deny you
entry, take you to a back room and
perform upon you a most savage
rape.

KEVIN

I think you should get out.

COWBOY SAM

I does not matter, such devices
cannot capture me.

The photo booth flashes.

COWBOY SAM (CONT'D)

Have you heard of the "Banksteed" motel.

KEVIN

No?

COWBOY SAM

I hear perhaps it is a good place to hide, in a storm. Perhaps to see how much of your fist you can fit in your mouth. You see there is a girl needs to be dealt with.

KEVIN

What?

COWBOY SAM

Does the prospect of a man eating his own limbs appeal to you? The image of a man disappearing into himself? I'd draw a picture, but I fear that it would not do it justice.

The booth flashes again, Cowboy Sam disappears.

INT.MOTEL ROOM BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kevin finishes cleaning the last of the sick off himself.

He notices a eye shaped hole in the wall, curiously he peers into the hole.

A motel bedroom. Upon the bed sits a morbidly obese woman, MADAM PUTZ, a gregarious blue and purple flowered moo moo cannot conceal the folds of fat. A large hat and face net completely conceal her face.

Cowboy Sam, subserviently kneels at the bedside removing her shoes.

INT.MOTEL ROOM

LIZ

What do you want? Money. Someone pay you to do this.

JACK

I'm sorry, I didn't have a choice

She spits at Jack

JACK (CONT'D)

(sternly)

Now you stop that.

LIZ

Or what? Is Daddy gonna spank me?
Is that your game. Hey listen big
man, i've been in far worse
situations than this.

JACK

I am your father.

LIZ

My father died. I didn't need a
father. Men like you have walked
over women like us our whole lives.

JACK

Your mother's name is Susan, we
went to college together. I never
knew about you until I saw the
papers.

LIZ

Bullshit!

Kevin enters the room.

KEVIN

Jack, there's a really weird couple
next door...

Jack doesn't hear.

JACK

I know your secret. Your mother
never knew, but I know. The
Stringhorn murders.

KEVIN

Fuck! Those 15 murders upstate,
the serial killings. That's her.
No wonder your on edge.

JACK

(to Kevin)

I'm having a private conversation
here, Kevin.

KEVIN

What are we doing with her, phone
the police. Put her back in the
trunk.

JACK

(to Kevin)

Were taking her to mental
institution.

LIZ

How do you know it's me? You can't prove shit.

JACK

I know Cowboy Sam. He told me, in his own way.

Liz looks confused.

JACK (CONT'D)

Cowboy Sam may be a sick fuck. I mean, once he made me eat someone's severed finger in an A&E ward. But he never killed. And I never made him kill. You know Cowboy Sam, right? Everyone in our bloodline knows him, my father knew him, and my father's father. Our special friend. You know what I mean.

LIZ

I don't know a cowboy Sam. I know a Madam Putz.

JACK

Madam Putz?

LIZ

She's already here. I can hear her grunting.

A grin breaks on Liz's face.

KEVIN

Yeah, there's a really fat woman and a cowboy next door. That cowboy looked real familiar. Something not right.

LIZ

You should untie me.

A loud thud rattles across the wall. Like something trying to break through.

KEVIN

Maybe they're just really going at it?

A smash again, heinous grunting.

Kevin cowers.

JACK

Stop it! I'm your father.

LIZ
(mocking)
Aw, poor daddy. Untie me.

JACK
And then?

LIZ
I'll make sure it's quick.

The wall shakes again, louder.

JACK
We can run for it.

KEVIN
Your joking. We'll die out there.

Kevin scans the room.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
The gun. Shoot her. Blow her
brains out.

The smile drops from Liz's face.

JACK
Shit.

Jack takes aim, inhales deeply.

His arms drop. He turns to Kevin. Passes him the gun.

JACK (CONT'D)
I can't do it. She's my
daughter... I'm gonna run for it.

Jack launches himself out the front door. A roaring wind passes tearing the door from its hinges.

KEVIN
Fuck!

Kevin grapples frantically with the gun vying with both his nerves and the wind, points it at Liz.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Die you fucking bitc...

The wall gives way, Lady Putz, 6ft something, 500 pounds, smashes through with a horrific roar.

She steam rolls into Kevin pinning him up against the wall in a sea of rolling fat.

Kevin slaps pathetically at the encompassing mass, tapping at the flowery decals like a pin ball machine, enveloped, until a mighty CRACK is heard.