

DOWN TIME

Written by

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WGA  
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2013

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EXT. ANGLE ON 70-ISH GOLD COLORED CADILLAC - NIGHT

The lights of the CRIPPLE CREEK CASINO'S shimmer and fade in the background as a gold Cadillac tops the Badger Mountain summit and its headlights pry down into the darkness on the other side of the pass.

INT. 70ISH GOLD COLORED CADILLAC - NIGHT

CURTIS ROOKS driving. TADA TUCKER rides shotgun and breathes through a blood soaked shirt he holds against his battered nose. DAYTON PENNYBACKER sits in the middle of the back seat.

DAYTON

Should-a kept your mouth shut and played along. Now you gotta broken nose and that shirt ain't never gonna rinse out.

ROOKS

(sucks his teeth)  
There's a camera inside that elevator. I bet they got it all on tape, those apes kicking the shit out-a you.

Tada pulls the blood soaked shirt away from his swollen nose.

TADA

(nasal intonation)  
MooZe. That son-of-a-bitch can hit. I ain't seen stars like that since I got sucker punched at Soda Springs Park, but I got-em. Got-em good, hard headed son-of-a-bitch, beer went everywhere. I only got a sip outta that beer.

DAYTON

(hiss)  
You hit that pit boss across the head with a full bottle of beer?

TADA

Yep. Dropped him right to his knees. Teach that little fuck to slow the game down when I'm makin a come back.

ROOKS

(sneers)

That's what they got on tape, you crackin a bottle of beer over that MooZe's head. You're lucky you got out a there alive.

TADA

(whipped)

Yeah - I ain't goin back.

DAYTON

No shit you ain't goin back. Ain't none of us goin back now. (hiss)  
Five bucks a hand. At least in Vegas you can double your bet until you get even then try a different table or check out the babes on the floor.

TADA

That's really profound thinking. You spent your entire life resting your brain for that one thought.

DAYTON

How you gonna beat twenty-one all night?

TADA

Ah.(used to it) That's right Dayton. How you gonna beat twenty-one all night.

Tada flips open the sun visor exposing a lighted vanity mirror. He carefully adjusts the mirror until his swollen nose is framed inside the square reflection.

TADA (CONT'D)

Broke my nose. Sure as shit.

ROOKS

We ought to get some ice for that.

Dayton leans forward to appraise the bloody broken nose.

DAYTON

Yeah. A lot of ice!

Tada squirms in his seat.

TADA

I keep telling you Dayton, you don't play to beat twenty-one, you play to beat the dealers hand nothing else. . . More.

DAYTON

Yeah like an ace and a nine against the dealers five. Hit me - hit me-hit me. You took the bust card you dick.

Tada slaps the visor up with the back of his hand leaving a smear of blood on the fawn colored trim. He pulls his billfold from his hip pocket and tosses the billfold blindly over the seat at Dayton.

TADA

Take the five bucks I cost you and shut the hell up about cards.

ROOKS

(agitated)

Enough. You're spilling blood all over your seats. Sit back and put your face on that shirt.

TADA

I know how to play cards.

DAYTON

Yeah-yeah. Didn't you just say shut up about cards?

Dayton leans forward and drops the billfold into the front seat beside Tada.

DAYTON (CONT'D)

(singing)

They got all my money and it may sound funny but I got my skinny ass kicked too. Ta-da.

TADA

At least I walked out of there with more than I came in with.

DAYTON

At least I ain't wearing a blood soaked shirt on my face.

Without pause and in a single act Tada removes the wet crimson shirt from his face and flips the moist bloody wad backward over his shoulder landing the splat squarely on Dayton's face.

TADA  
(throaty chuckle)  
Hee hee hee.

Dayton's mouth and nostrils flush with the contents of his stomach. Gurgling sounds of wet gag followed by the plunk of vomit chunks spew down on the front seat between Rooks and Tada.

ROOKS  
Ah for Christ's sake Dayton.

TADA  
Shit Dayton, you just wasted a ten dollar dinner. Ah Christ it's running all over my seats.

DAYTON  
(broken breaths.)  
Tada. You, you bastard.

TADA  
(chuckling)  
Pull over Rooks. It's all over my seats, on the floor. Damn-it. Pull over before he erupts again.

EXT. SIDE OF HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Rooks noses the Cadillac off to the side of the highway and parks the car clear of the asphalt. He helps a sickly Dayton from the car and props him against the fender. We hear sounds of disgust coming from the Cadillac as Tada wipes off the soiled seat.

ROOKS  
(to Dayton)  
You know better than to keep jabbing Tada. He gets you every time.

EXT. HIGHWAY 67 - NIGHT

A freight train rolls down tracks parallel to highway 67. It's head light is bright and blinding.

Back TO:

DAYTON

(twit)

Yeah. Who's cleaning it up?

ROOKS

(laughs)

You two drive me nuts.

The freight train is closing in on the Cadillac. The trains air horn sounds long blasts. The train will not clear the Cadillac.

ROOKS (CONT'D)

(panic)

Tada get out of the car.

Rooks enters the Cadillac leaving the door wide open and tries to start the stubborn engine.

ROOKS (CONT'D)

Get out of the car. The trains gonna hit us.

Tada sits motionless, head bowed. Rooks frantically continues keying the ignition. The engine fires. Rooks slams the car into gear and floors the gas pedal. The car launches across the highway caroming off a dirt berm and stops abruptly. The head lights of the car spot-light the side of the moving train.

INT. LOCOMOTIVE CAB - NIGHT

Train ENGINEER and CONDUCTOR pissed about the Cadillac near the tracks.

ENGINEER

Goddamn drunks.

A disturbed man hangs out of the locomotive window holding his arm up and his middle finger up even higher yelling inaudible words.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Interior lights of the Cadillac are on. Tada sits starrng at his cupped hands. Rooks sits behind the steering wheel, daunted by what just happened.

TADA

Got this off the floor of the elevator.

Rooks WTF!

ROOKS  
What the fuck did you get off of  
the floor?

Tada holds up a brilliant piece of gold.

Rooks looks at the gold. Now the previous thoughts totally  
blown.

ROOKS (CONT'D)  
That looks real.

EXT. HIGHWAY 67 - NIGHT

The railroad cars continue east down Badger Mountain. Each  
car is spotlights in the Cadillac's headlights as it rolls  
by. The wheels thump the rail with each rotation. Wheels  
squeal, throw sparks and leave wisps of blue-grey smoke. A  
red light flashes from the rear of the train.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Tada gently wipes fresh blood from under his nose.

TADA  
(softly)  
It is Rooks. It is.

EXT. HIGHWAY 67 - NIGHT

A speeding cargo truck zooms down the pass.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Dayton enters. Tada grips tightly the gold, raises a finger  
to his lips.

TADA  
(to Rooks)  
Shh

Rooks puts the car in gear and noses out onto the dark  
highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY 67 - NIGHT

Out of no where the speeding truck over takes the Cadillac. The truck's horn sounds as the truck swerves to miss the nose of the Cadillac. We see WELLS FARGO stenciled on the side of the truck as it passes by.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

TADA

This goddam highway's gonna get us killed.

DAYTON

That was a Wells Fargo truck.

ROOKS

(surly)

Well that makes me feel better Dayton. (pause) Kate ever get on with them?

TADA

I don't know. I guess. She always gets her way. Hell, she coulda been driving that truck for all I know.

DAYTON

Nah. If it had been Kate driving, she'd a swerved to hit us.

TADA

Christ, I hope they don't let her carry a fire arm.

ROOKS

Yeah. How's your nose?

Tada wipes under his nose. A smear of fresh blood appears on his hand.

TADA

Ah, I'm all right. I could use a little heat. Gettin kind of cold.

Tada turns on the cars heater. Dayton, oblivious, rolls down his window. Lights up a smoke. They continue down the highway for several miles and stop at a railroad crossing.

EXT. HIGHWAY 67 - PREDAWN

The Cadillac comes to a stop at the STOP LINE of a Railroad crossing. There is a train stopped here and the last car of the train is blocking MOST of the road crossing. It's a tight squeeze between the KNUCKLE of the last railroad car and the end of the wooden grade planks. A wooden post holds railroad crossbucks eight feet above the ground. Below the crossbucks, straddling the post are two flashing red lights. A warning bell dings a monotonous clang.

INT. CADILLAC - PREDAWN

Rooks and Dayton peer out at the railroad car blocking the road. Tada slumps against the door. Daylight begins to peak across the eastern horizon. CAMERA FINDS a separation between two of the railroad cars not far from where the Cadillac stopped.

DAYTON  
(eying the gap)  
Can a train do that?

ROOKS  
Do what? Pull apart?

DAYTON  
Yeah.

ROOKS  
This one did.

Tada struggles to open one eye open and focuses on the railroad car ahead.

TADA  
Son-of-a-bitch. We meet again.  
You don't think you cun squeez-er  
by?

ROOKS  
Might fall off the crossing, get  
stuck.

TADA  
Nah. I think we'll get by.

ROOKS  
Why don't you hop out and guide me?

Tada considers hopping out but decides it's too much trouble.

TADA  
I'm gonna give-em five minutes.

ROOKS  
I got a piss anyway.

EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING - MOMENTS LATER

Three doors open on the Cadillac and three men head out to relieve themselves. Rooks moves to the front fender and relieves himself. Zips up. Rooks stands on broken shards of glass and fresh skid marks crossing the road. Rooks steps into the brush, bends and inspects the ground. Its dredged up with fresh ruts.

ROOKS  
Hey. Over here.

Rooks continues into the brush.

ROOKS (CONT'D)  
(loud whisper)  
I'll be damn.

A shirtless Tada and Dayton find Rooks.

ROOKS (CONT'D)  
It's that truck.

TADA  
(inspecting the truck)  
Wells Fargo. (pause)Huh?

INT. WELLS FARGO FACILITY - NIGHT  
Inside the WELLS FARGO transport and tracking facility, THE BUNKER, BILLY DAVIS, a young a male, sits observing a computer screen and when he can get away with it, the long thin legs of his shift partner/trainee KATE PENNYBACKER.

BILL  
(confident)  
So Kate, we might as well just kick back, I mean another seven million dollars bestowed on the rightful owners. Right?

KATE  
(yawns)  
Yeah I'm ready for the bell. I'm beat.

BILL

(ogling her legs)

You know I think your getting the hang of it. The hardest part is staying awake. I think a few more shifts with me and you'll pass your probation period.

KATE

(watching her screen)

Oh! I couldn't have done it without you, I mean I could tell right away that you were a multi-tasker.

BILL

Yeah. I'm a multi-tasker all right. That's me, Mr. Multi-tasker. Say Kate. . .

KATE

How do you do it? I mean you watch my screen. You watch your screen,

She catches him ogling her legs.

KATE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(curt)

and you never take your eyes off of my legs.

Billy

(caught) Well I...

SUDDEN LOUD - RAPID BEEPING INTERRUPTS.

Screen splits information showing elements of the alarm/features of a map pinpointing alarm to a stretch of Highway 67.

UNIT 9400

[-MAP-]

PANIC ALARM: 4:30 AM

FIRST DRIVER: MARTIN SHORT

CELL: 555-6969

SECOND DRIVER: PAUL SMALL

CELL: 555-1234

LOCATION; HIGHWAY 67

CLOSEST MILE MARKER: 30

DESTINATION: PUEBLO.

CARGO: 7,000,000

KATE  
 (startled)  
 Holy shit. The real deal? I'm so  
 used to simulation? Is this real?

BILL  
 Something's going on. Try their  
 cell phones. I'll try the two-way.

KATE (fumbles with phone)	BILLY (into hand-set)
I'm on it, five five . . .	Bunker to unit 9400. 9400 Over?

BILLY (CONT'D)  
 It happens once in a while. It's  
 usually just a quirk in the GPS  
 system. (into hand-set) 9400 give  
 me a talk, over. (back to Kate)  
 What time did the alarm come in?

Kate looks at the info on her screen.

KATE  
 4:30

BILLY  
 (WTF)  
 That was over a half hour ago.

Bill pulls his cell phone from his pocket but when he looks  
 at his phone, Kate's bare legs appear in the BG. His eyes  
 lock on Kate's sexy legs spread wide as she is drawn into her  
 screen.

BILL  
 Stay with it Kate.

KATE  
 Bill? 4:30! A half hour ago. Why  
 aren't we calling it in?

Bill picks up hand-set.

BILL  
 (into a handset)  
 Denver station to unit 9400 over.  
 (pause) Denver station unit 9400,  
 over. (to Kate) Get an update. Log  
 it and reset. See if it clears.  
 I've been through this drill more  
 than once. Believe me. The two way  
 radio will come on any second and  
 confirm what I'm saying.

INT. MONTAGE WELLS FARGO/COLORADO STATE PATROL

Bill and Kate attend their stations. Kate sits hunched over her computer screen. Her skirt held back against the edge of the seat when she slides forward to study the computer screen exposing her bare legs, soft and white. Billy's eyes swell with anticipation. Billy is aroused by her ruffled state.

BILLY (O.C.)

It just a glitch in communications.  
The satellite lost communication  
with the GPS radio. It happens. I  
mean do you think someone is  
robbing our armored truck? Good  
luck with that.

Kate catches a glimpse of Billy's enthusiasm and scoots herself back in the seat and pulls her skirt to her knees.

KATE

Okay. Okay but it's taking so long  
and who said anything about being  
robbed? What if they had a blow out  
and need assistance?

Billy stands and moves away from Kate; he begins to pace.

He RETRIEVES HIS PHONE and dials a number. We hear Billy's phone ringing another number. No answer. Billy ends the call and places the phone in his shirt pocket.

BILLY

There is a standard procedure for a  
problem like that. (checks his  
watch) Shit.

KATE

Yes. There is a procedure for this.  
It's in the manual and it states  
when in doubt, call it in. You ever  
read it?

BILLY

I'm telling you their GPS lost the  
satellite. Their in the mountains.  
It happens.

CAMERA ON BILLY'S SHIRT POCKET

We hear a ringtone playing from Billy's shirt pocket.

CELL PHONE (V.O.)  
 Hold my drink bitch. Hold my drink  
 bitch.

Billy's smile leaves his face when he hears the ringtone. He raises a crooked finger up in the air.

BILLY  
 I gotta get this.

Billy's enthusiasm dies away. He takes out his cell phone and looks at it with distaste and nasal exhale, a little fear.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
 (into cell phone)  
 Yeah. 4:30. But I... I did right  
 away. No I ... Yes.

INT. GOLD RUSH CASINO - MORNING

MooZe stands just outside a money cage and speaks on a phone that sits on the counter.

MOOZE  
 (into phone)  
 You tellin me they went missin at  
 4:30 and I'm just now hearin about  
 it? (checks his watch) You sat on  
 your nuts for thirty-five minutes?  
 Trainee? Huh? GPS? You fuck! You  
 better hope so and don't do nothin  
 til I call you back.

MooZe slams the receiver down.

MOOZE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 (to himself)  
 Mother lode headin for the bosses  
 and Billy boys jerkin off some  
 trainee. (beat) I'll kill-em both.

EXT. GOLD RUSH CASINO PARKING LOT - MORNING

CLOSEUP: LICENSE PLATE: **HUM-THIS**. MooZe drives a BLACK HUMVEE out of the Gold Rush Casino parking lot and onto a road leading out of town. He isn't wasting any time.

INT. WELLS FARGO BUNKER - MORNING

Billy pulls the cell phone away from his ear and wipes perspiration from his forehead with the back of his hand.

He drops his cell phone into his pocket and picks up the land line - dials a number.

BILLY  
 (into phone)  
 Denver terminal, ID number 696969,  
 panic alarm.

INT. COLORADO STATE PATROL DISPATCH

WIDE SHOT of dispatch room. Computer screens shine brightly. A WOMAN dispatcher sits in front of two screens and a state of the art radio control panel. She listens intently as Bill's voice spills out from the speaker box, mixing with the normal background sounds of police dispatch room - dispatcher typing into computer.

BILL (V.O.) RADIO  
 Transport unit 9400 - mile marker  
 30, panic alarm.

INT. WELLS FARGO DISPATCH BUNKER

Bill listens to the dispatcher. He punches the SPEAKER PHONE and lays down the receiver. WE HEAR the sounds of a police dispatcher's room from the S/P. There is radio static in the back ground as different patrols communicate with the DS.

STATE PATROL DISPATCHER (O.C.) SPEAKER  
 PHONE  
 I have a unit in Woodland Park. . .  
 Hold. . .

Bill sits upright at this desk, tapping the eraser end of a pencil. He's all business now.

STATE PATROL DISPATCHER (O.S.) S/P  
 (CONT'D)  
 Unit nine - We Have a Wells Fargo  
 transport in route to PUEBLO -  
 Panic alarm, no response.

PATROL DISPATCHER(OS) CONT'D)  
 Unit nine. . . are you there?

UNIT NINE PATROLMAN (O.C.)RADIO/SP  
 Roger Dispatch. 10-17. No eta.

STATE PATROL DISPATCHER  
 Roger unit nine.

UNIT NINE PATROLMAN  
Thirteen are you clear?

UNIT THIRTEEN PATROLMAN(O.C.)RADIO/SP  
Still working this rollover at Lake  
George. I'll be a bit.

INT. PATROL CAR UNIT NINE - NIGHT

A patrolman sits inside his cruiser. The engine runs. He glances up from writing on his clipboard. He takes time to light up a smoke and takes a hit: trays the smoke and grabs the handset.

UNIT NINE PATROLMAN  
(into handset)  
Call it in to Cripple Creek, tell  
Moray what's up. Its his beat west  
of Divide.

EXT. WELLS FARGO WRECK - DAYBREAK

A Wells Fargo Transport rests on it side. Its front end is severed and missing, gone.

ROOKS  
Where's the front half?

TADA  
Huh? This is the half I'm  
interested in.

ROOKS  
But the whole CAB is missing.

TADA  
It's probably hangin on the front  
of the damn train. Karma man.  
That's Karma workin here.

DAYTON  
What if they got thrown out, laying  
around here?

TADA  
(looking to get inside the  
hull)  
Then they're laying around here.  
Look at this shit. Man I'm standing  
on a mound quarters, must be a  
thousand car washes under my left  
foot.

Tada reaches down and scoops up a hand full of quarters.

TADA (CONT'D)

Fuck this.  
(beat)  
Where's GRANT?

Rooks watching Tada.

ROOKS

(incredulous)  
I don't know man? I mean we can't  
take money. What if Dayton's right?  
We gotta check.

TADA

(eyes bulging)  
We gotta find Grant. That's who we  
need to be checking on. Grant, Ben  
and all his little friends.

Tada holds up the hand full of quarters.

TADA (CONT'D)

Say hello to my little friends!

Dayton inspects some of the wreck.

DAYTON

A train did this? Split the truck  
in half. Ripped the front end off,  
no engine, seats or nothing.

Rooks sniffs the air.

ROOKS

Diesel. Smell that Tada?

TADA

(nasal)  
Ah - no.

Tada walks around to the end of the hull.

The door to the hull lays flat in the dirt. The inside of the  
hull is dark.

Rooks follows Tada around to the end of the hull, pulls his  
shirt up to cover his nose.

TADA (CONT'D)

(sees Rooks. Giddy)  
Oh now that's good Rooks. A hold  
up.

(MORE)

TADA (CONT'D)

That's exactly what I had in mind.  
Gettin our money back. Gimm-me your  
lighter Dayton. I need a look  
inside this box.

Dayton steps up between them. He pops open the metal snuffer  
of his cigarette lighter.

CLOSEUP: SLOW MOTION - Lighter. He flicks his thumb and spins  
the BLACK WHEEL across the FLINT. SWISH. The SPARK lights the  
wick and FLAME rises above the snuffer.

TADA (CONT'D)

Now this is what I call an answered  
prayer boys.  
(steps inside the hull)  
Over here Dayton.

EXT. HIGHWAY 67 - MORNING

We see MooZe in the black Humvee racing down the highway. He  
isn't happy.

INT. WELLS FARGO HULL

Dayton moves the lighter inside the hull. We see LOOSE BILLS  
and BAGS of MONEY - some stenciled with GOLD RUSH CASINO. Its  
a whole lot of money.

TADA

Hallelujah boys were rich.

DAYTON

(ouch)  
Shit.

Dayton drops the hot lighter. A second later BLUE FLAMES rise  
like a sudsy rinse up from where they stand.

EXT. WELLS FARGO WRECK - DAYBREAK

Smoke begins to rise skyward from the hull.

Rooks backs out of the hull and stomps out yellow flames  
burning on the soles of his shoes. Dayton follows, his shoes  
are lit in yellow flames.

DAYTON

Ouch. Ahh shit. Help.

Rooks uses his boots and dredges dirt up against the top of Dayton's shoes while Dayton dances.

ROOKS

If you keep dancing your going to  
burn up! (loud) Leave it Tada!

Tada runs from the burning hull carrying a load of packages. He is headed for the car, no shirt, blood splattered face and both arms wrapped around what must have been three million dollars. As he passes Rooks and Dayton he pitches a package at each one without stopping.

TADA

(running) You guys start that fire?

Tada stops at the Cadillac - tosses the loot inside the back seat including a WHITE SATCHEL. He turns to find Rooks and Dayton right behind him. Rooks and Dayton each hold a package of money. It's wrapped tight in CLEAR PLASTIC and resembles closely the size of a briefcase.

TADA (CONT'D)

Lookie here Rooks. Let me show you something. (Pause) (inspects the package) Yeah, yeah. This looks like your fifty bucks right here on the end. See? Gold Rush Casino, your fifty bucks. Make sense?

Tada holds the package out for Rooks to view. Rooks stares hard at the package.

ROOKS

That's all fifty's? Right?

TADA

That's what I'm sayin. You're rich.  
(beat) Dayton, you cun thank me later cause, it's time to roll. Et-um, (sings)it may sound funny but I found everybody's money and that sawed off little shit can kiss my ass.

INT. BLACK HUM-VEE MORNING

MooZe is driving fast and not happy.

CAMERA flip 180 degrees through the Hum-Vee windshield - MooZe's POV. A single column of smoke rises up above the forest.

EXT. CADILLAC MORNING

Cadillac CREEPS past the last car of the train.

TADA (V.O.)  
 Now don't you feel bad callin me  
 those nasty, nasty names?

DAYTON (V.O.)  
 No. It's my hobby.

TADA (V.O.)  
 Shit-head.

CAMERA ON REAR OF CADILLAC.

Right rear tire of Cadillac drops off of the wooden planking and lands between the rails bringing the movement to a stop. We HEAR the ENGINE REV in an effort to get over the rail/track but the Cadillac appears to be stuck. We see the tire smoke as it spins against the rail.

TADA  
 Punch it man. Lets go.

Rooks finds reverse and backs the car a few inches then drops the shifter in drive and guns the engine. We see the gold colored Cadillac bounce against the railroad car's knuckle. The fender scrapes the Knuckle as the car climbs over the rail. Golden flakes of paint are left on the knuckle and on the wooden planking between the rails. The Cadillac makes it past the railroad car and disappears down the road on the other side Of the railroad tracks at a high rate of speed.

EXT. HIGHWAY 67 - MORNING

A BLACK HUMVEE races down a tree lined Highway 67.

MOOZE'S POV: from a high spot in the road, we see smoke rising up above the trees. We see the hood of the Humvee round a corner and now, through the windshield we see smoke from the wreck just ahead.

EXT. WELLS FARGO WRECK - MORNING

We see the W/F hull is a short ways from the road crossing. We see the road crossing is partially blocked by the last car of a train. We see the Humvee come to a stop a short distance from the road crossing.

MOOZE  
I'll be damned.

Men exit the Hum-Vee and step toward the smoking hull of the Wells Fargo transport. The flames follow the route the cab took along the train tracks. MooZe inspects the burned out hull. He watches two of his men poke through the blackened rubble. Giddily they pocket loose bills.

MOOZE (CONT'D)  
This doesn't smell right to me.

ONE OF HIS MEN  
Whadda-ya mean boss? It all burnt to shit. We can pocket the rest.

MOOZE  
What I'm lookin for don't burn you fuck. Leave it.

MooZe pulls his cell phone from his trouser pocket and pushes the digit 2 and holds it up to his ear. A moment later he speaks:

INT. WELLS FARGO BUNKER - MORNING

BILLY'S PHONE  
Hold my drink bitch.

Billy gives Kate his best happy face and turns away. Answers his phone.

BILLY  
What-d we find out?

MOOZE (V.O.)  
Your truck got eaten by a freight train out here on the side of the mountain. Somebody made off with the gravy. You get what I sayin?

The corners of Billy's mouth begin to twitch as he hears his phone. He drops his stubbled chin against his chest.

BILLY  
Eaten by a freight train?

MOOZE (V.O.)  
Eaten by a freight train. Call your patriarch. Tell-em it's under control. Tell-em forget about what they might see on the news.  
(MORE)

MOOZE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 It's with me and it's on its way  
 again next Thursday.

BILLY  
 Yeah. You fix it. That's what  
 you'll do.

EXT. WELLS FARGO WRECK - MORNING

MooZe spots something shiny on the ground. He crouches, lifts a lighter from the ground and examines it. The snuffer on the lighter is open.

MOOZE  
 That's right Billy boy and when I  
 tell-em you fucked it up, didn't  
 call me they gonna get suspicious,  
 tell me to fix it and I'm going to  
 fix it. (pause) Nothing personal.

MooZe stands and kills the call - pockets his phone. He studies the lighter, turning it side to side, back and fourth. He flips the snuffer closed then open.

FLASH BACK:

INT. GOLD RUSH CASINO - NIGHT

Blackjack table: Dayton and MooZe butt heads about the shiny lighter. MooZe argues it's a mirror and ain't allowed at the blackjack table.

EXT. WELLS FARGO WRECK - MORNING

MOOZE  
 I'll be damned.

MooZe shuts the snuffer with an audible click.

MOOZE (CONT'D)  
 Zippo man.

MooZe drops the lighter inside his fitted trousers. The smoke and fire has moved into the sparse brush that fades into granite rocks and boulders. The fire would burn itself out soon. MooZe surveys the ground from the burned out hull to the road and now walks toward the railroad crossing, searching the ground with each step. Inside his trouser pocket his hand flips open and shut the lighter's snuffer. The train conductor stands at the last car and waits for MooZe to approach.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR

(subdued)

The front half is under the engines.

MOOZE

Any survivors.

The train's Conductor shakes his head no.

MOOZE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(points with his chin at the hull)

See anybody hanging around over there?

TRAIN CONDUCTOR

No. Is there? Huh?

Without answering, MooZe steps past the conductor and examines the crossing. The conductor moves toward the burned out hull.

KNUCKLE ON REAR CAR

We see fresh flakes of GOLD PAINT left on the knuckle. MooZe pulls the Zipo lighter from his pocket and scratches gold paint from the rusted metal of the trains knuckle into the snuffer. We see fresh flakes of gold paint on the wooden planks. MooZe crouches and inspects the gold fakes of paint dotting the wooden planks. Again he pinches flecks of gold paint into the Zipo's snuffer.

ON SOUND: short warning blasts (waooop - waooop) we all recognize as a police car's intersection warning.

EXT. WELLS FARGO WRECK - MORNING

POLICE car rolls up to the wreck opposite side of MooZe. MooZe stands, removes his cell phone from his pocket and flips open the receiver to press a single digit. A moment later he speaks into the phone:

MOOZE

Check the street tapes and parking lot tapes. Get Moray to run license plates on every vehicle leavin after midnight. Make a special note any car looks gold and see if you can pick up on those three saps I booted out just before closin. Get back to me.

EXT. GOLD CADILLAC - DAY

GOLD CADILLAC pulls to a stop in a driveway next to a small house.

INT. GOLD CADILLAC - DAY

Rooks, Tada and Dayton sit inside the Cadillac. Between Rooks and Tada is the OPENED white satchel. All eyes are fixated on a bright golden light illuminating from within the satchel.

TADA

Man I just liked the satchel. I'd no idea . . . this has got to be the most amazing thing I have ever seen.

ROOKS

It is pretty. I'll give it that.

Dayton allows himself a peek over the seat. He peers down into the white satchel then slowly reaches inside, gently stirring the contents until he finds a chunk of unrefined gold the size of a golf ball. He raises this chunk up out of the satchel and holds it flat in the palm of his hand for all to see. It is a magnificent chunk of gold, dazzling brilliance.

DAYTON

I like this one.

TADA

That's my new filling. (snaps it out of Dayton's hand) You're gonna have to keep this shit a secret for a long time. Years maybe. And for God sakes, don't tell your sister Kate. She'll want half.

EXT. GOLD CADILLAC - DAY

An OLD MAN (HARRY) stands a few feet away from the Cadillac and stares hard at Tada.

INT. GOLD CADILLAC - DAY

DAYTON'S sees the Harry standing feet away.

DAYTON

Jesus Christ!

ROOKS  
Ah Shit. Busted.

TADA  
(ensuring) Oh. It's my  
neighbor.  
He's a retard. Don't worry bout  
him.

EXT. GOLD CADILLAC - DAY

Tada exits the car. Speaks to a befuddled old man.

TADA  
Hey Harry. Catch any fish?

HARRY  
Fish?

TADA  
Huh?

Dayton exits the car from the back seat.

DAYTON  
(scolding)  
Maybe you should take him fishing.

TADA  
Yeah right. (beat) Maybe you should  
bait his hook!

Tada walks around Cadillac leaving the befuddled man & Dayton  
to themselves.

We see fresh scratches left from scraping the train's  
knuckle. Tada is oblivious to the scratches.

EXT. CADILLAC - DAY

Tada bends eye-to-eye with Rooks who has not moved out from  
under the steering wheel.

TADA  
I'm off the hook at 4 o'clock.  
Straight home Rooks. You do not  
want to get pulled over.

ROOKS  
Thanks. I'll keep that in mind.

TADA

Rooks I'm serious. Straight home.  
Park this son-of-a-bitch in the  
garage. (beat) And keep Dayton out  
of it. Shit. I better take the  
cash. You take the satchel.

ROOKS

I gotta drop Dayton off at his  
house remember?

TADA

Yeah shit. Just get off the road as  
quick as you can. (beat) And hey,  
glad you're back.

Couple of beats here. Rooks just nods.

Tada opens the rear door and collects the packages.

EXT. DAYTON'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Dayton exits the Cadillac, walks toward door of a small  
bungalow.

EXT. ROOKS'S HOUSE - DAY

Garage door opens as Gold Cadillac pulls into driveway.  
Cadillac enters garage next to a 1978 full sized Bronco. Now  
we see the garage door close.

INT. ROOKS'S GARAGE - DAY

Rooks exits the Cadillac then reaches back inside the car to  
retrieve the white satchel. Next he tosses the satchel into  
the back floor board. Leaving the doors open, he fetches a  
blanket from a near by shelf and covers the satchel. The  
doors shut and the last thing we see is a finger flipping the  
light switch to off. Darkness.

INT. ROOKS'S HOUSE - DAY

It's a small house without much decoration. Few pictures on  
any wall. Rooks rests uncomfortably on his tweed couch and  
occasionally raises his tired body up to peer through the  
window sill.

A clock hanging on a near by wall reads 8:14

ROOKS eyes the clock; closes his eyes.

## BATHROOM

We find Rooks sitting on the toilet reading the mornings paper.

NEWS PAPER, Drought conditions will limit water use in all of Colorado. Bronco's training camp starts Monday.

ROOKS spreads the newspaper open then closed working his way through the pages. A steaming coffee cup rests on a book ledge across from him. He lets go the paper with one hand, leaned forward and grasped the cup BUT before the rim of the cup touches his pursed lips the TOILET belches.

ROOKS: WTF, hurries a sip of the hot liquid.

TOILET: More belching occurs. A spurt of water sprays upward onto his hamstrings.

ROOKS

What the?

ROOKS seated, holding the morning newspaper in one hand and a brimming cup of coffee in the other. He parts his arms and peers between his spread thighs. We watch the water disappear down the toilet bowl all together.

ROOKS, amazed - puzzled

TOILET BOWL: water slowly fills to the normal level. A single FIFTY DOLLAR BILL floats face up. ULYSSES S GRANT stares up out of the clear swirling water; he looks baffled.

ROOKS (CONT'D)

Get a grip.

Rooks manages to set his coffee cup down without much focus. He drops the newspaper on the floor, pulls up his shorts but he never takes his eyes off of Ulysses S Grant.

TOILET burps sending Ulysses's face into a gibbous smile. More water gushed into the bowl and more bank notes swim up from the toilet's siphon. The bowl rims with water soaked bills.

ROOKS (CONT'D)

Oh no.

Rising water finds its way over the rim of the toilet and ripples down its porcelain sides. We see his hand turning the water shut-off valve but water still flows, splattering off the tile floor onto his legs.

ROOKS (CONT'D)

Christ!

He steps back.

TOILET: More bills appear in the swirling water. Bills of all denominations begin floating over the rim of the toilet and waxing onto the floor.

ROOKS: Further away he moves until his back leans against the door. Breathe he reminds himself.

BATHROOM FLOOR: Water rises under the arches of his feet and bank notes, thousands of bank notes awash in inches of water. A voice startles him.

VOICE

Rooks?

ROOKS

Just a minute.

He drops to his knees and rakes the bills up out of the water and stuffs them back down the toilet. In the skirmish, bills are hurled upward pasting to his face.

VOICE

Rooks?

Rooks: stands in inches of swirling money. He pushes the toilet's lid against gushing green then sits on top.

HOPELESS, he watches the moneyed water washing over the toilets edges. He closes his eyes.

ROOKS

Think.

He sees himself standing in each of the corner of the bathroom voicing incoherent summations relating to the morphing toilet.

ROOKS (CONT'D)

It isn't possible. The  
infrastructure can't. . . Doubting  
is guilt. . . I am not guilty! And  
the very basis of plumbing. . .  
Magic toilet?

INT. ROOKS'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Dayton kneels beside the couch, wakes Rooks from a deep sleep.

DAYTON

Hey Rooks. Wake up man. (laughs)  
You're slobbering.

ROOKS: opens his drowsy eyes and balks at the rays of sunlight streaming through the window. Not yet fully awake.

ROOKS

I'm not guilty . . .

Rooks wipes his chin. He places his palm flat across both eyelids and massaged lightly.

A bolt of lightening seizes his brain - his eyes bulge.

ROOKS (CONT'D)

Magic toilet.

He pauses, turns his head stretching an eye to the floor.

Rooks's POV: FLOOR: His vision zooms across the carpeted floor blurring details of the living room, past the commotion of a newspaper, books and a TV tray that mark a trail into the bathroom.

FREEZE on bathroom floor. It is bone dry. No water. No money. Just the sun light reflecting off a sparkling clean tiled surface.

REVERSE ANGLE REVEALS

Rooks dumbstruck standing on the threshold of the bathroom door gawking at a clean, tidy bathroom.

INT. GOLD RUSH CASINO SECURITY ROOM - DAY

We see a half dozen monitors with split and dissected screens showing every corner of every room in the Gold Rush Casino including the BATHROOMS. MooZe and two henchmen stand behind a seated security person peering into one screen in particular.

SCREEN - GRAINY: Two men help an ailing third man across a parking lot.

MOOZE

That one.

SCREEN: Zoom in. Rooks and Dayton helping Tada across the parking lot and into the gold colored Cadillac.

MOOZE (CONT'D)  
 Zippo man you skinny, little fuck.  
 (beat) Get a shot of those plates.

SCREEN: Fast forward to Cadillac backing out of a parking spot.

MOOZE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Hold it.

CAMERA: FREEZE ON LICENSE PLATE

We see the license plate clearly.

MOOZE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Print that.

MATCH CUT:

EXT. ROOKS'S GARAGE - AFTERNOON

We are inside of Rooks's garage but we don't necessarily know that just yet as the screen is frozen on the license plate.

ON SOUND: We hear a door creek open, approaching foot steps. Footsteps stop. We hear the Cadillac's door open. The Cadillac (license plate) moves as though a heavy person just sat inside the car. More movement. The car rocks a bit. We hear the Cadillac's door shut. We hear footsteps leaving. We hear the garage door shut. In the near distance, just outside the garage, we hear two automobile doors firmly shut.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

BLACK 1978 BRONCO

INT. BLACK 1978 bronco

Rooks places the SATCHEL in the back seat of the Bronco. Dayton sits shot-gun. It's a very clean, well maintained Bronco with an upgraded four on the floor shifter. Right now it's probably worth about fifteen million dollars, considering the satchel's contents.

ROOKS  
 We give-em back the satchel. Let them think the money burned.

Dayton lights up a smoke. Takes a puff.

DAYTON

Give them back the Satchel? Tada's never gonna go for that. Did you see his eyes when . . .

ROOKS

We're in over our heads man. Don't listen to Tada.(beat) Tada's gonna get us killed.

EXT. BLACK 1978 BRONCO - DAY

BRONCO backs out into the street and off they go.

INT. BRONCO - DAY

Dayton hits his smoke again then flips the partially smoked cigarette out the window.

DAYTON

We got away clean.

ROOKS

Why would a Casino have gold like that, I mean raw gold?

DAYTON

Display. Get everyone into a spending frenzy.

AERIAL SHOT OF BRONCO

BRONCO moveing swiftly down streets.

ROOKS (V.O.)

That's a lot of frenzy.

EXT. TADA'S HOUSE - DAY

DRIVEWAY, BRONCO rolls to a stop in driveway.

NEIGHBOR, HARRY stands in his yard, stares wildly at Rooks and Dayton.

DRIVEWAY, two men exit the Bronco and head for the front door of Tada's home. Rooks opens the wooden framed screen door and knocks on the partially opened entry door.

ROOKS (V.O.)

Tada. Hey Tada.

INT. TADA'S HOUSE - DAY

ROOKS entering, scowls at the tossed living room.

LIVING ROOM: overturned couch - tv lays face down on the floor - the back panel broken from its plastic frame - tada's personal treasures - a curio - his books - pictures all spilled across the room. PICTURE OF TADA AND KATE WEEDING DAY.

DAYTON (V.O.)

Tada?

DINNING ROOM: computer and printer cast off of a table onto the floor. a crafted, built-in bookshelf emptied - its contents tossed to the hardwood floor and the painted shelves ripped away from the white plastered wall.

ROOKS

Jesus Christ. Tada?

BEDROOM: overturned bed - blood on wall

BATHROOM: shattered mirror, more blood.

DAYTON

Christ all mighty.

ROOKS

He ain't here.

DAYTON

Call the police.

Rooks places the toe of his boot up under an over turned chair and raises it up to reveal a dead dog.

ROOKS

Jester.

Rooks tosses the chair and kneels beside the dog.

ROOKS (CONT'D)

Ah Jester.

Strokes the fur on the dogs back. Dayton recoils at the site of JESTER

DAYTON

He's dead.

ROOKS

I can see that.

DAYTON

Tada's gonna be one pissed off son-of-a-bitch.

ROOKS

If he ain't dead?

DAYTON

Call the cops. We'll tell them what happened. Everything. We'll. . .

ROOKS (CONT'D)

. . .They ran his plates.

DAYTON

. . . tell them. (beat) Who?

ROOKS

They ran his plates. It takes a cop to run plates.

DAYTON

Cops wouldn't do this. What are you saying?

ROOKS

I'm saying we stepped in a bucket of shit Dayton. We took something of theirs and they want it back.

DAYTON

We better find Tada and quick.

KITCHEN: ROOKS entering - cupboard doors are opened, shelves are bare, and the contents lay broken across the counter top.

ROOKS

Jesus!

ROOKS and DAYTON stand a few feet from the kitchen table. DAYTON peers over Rooks's shoulder.

DAYTON

Is that. . . Oh shit. That's Tada?

CAMERA FLIPS 180 degrees to find a bloody finger wearing a gold wedding band laying on the kitchen table.

ROOKS (O.C.)

No that's Tada's finger.

DAYTON (O.C.)

(speaking slow)

Where's the rest of-em?

We hear foot steps approaching from out side the kitchen.

ROOKS takes a quick peek through the kitchen window. One of the crew is approaching.

ROOKS motions Dayton back. They flank the doorway.

ROOKS grasps the leg from a busted chair and readies it for a swing.

DAYTON nods at Rooks. He understands.

The door spring noisily stretches then snaps the door shut. Rooks has a good angle and just when the intruder steps both feet in the kitchen, (WHOP) Rooks swings the club full force catching the man under his chin. DAYTON: follows with a solid kick to the man's groin dropping the man to his knees.

ROOKS: brings a smashing blow onto the man's shoulder knocking the man face down. He uses his booted foot and shoves the man onto his side. The man's jacket lays skewed exposing a pistol fitted into a concealed holster. ROOKS hovers over the man and studies the twitching face.

ROOKS  
He's one of them.

DAYTON  
Yeah. 'Take the stairs.' I remember him in the elevator with Tada.

ROOKS reaches down alongside the man's hip and carefully removes the pistol from the holster then tosses it off to the side.

DAYTON (CONT'D)  
Maybe we should hang on to that.

ROOKS  
No. We don't need a (after thought) Actually this might be the gun they shoved up Tada's nose while they hacked off his finger.

DAYTON  
Why would they sever his finger?

ROOKS  
Hacked Dayton. They hacked it off with a knife. It wasn't quick and he didn't just sit there and let them sever his finger.  
(MORE)

ROOKS (CONT'D)

They shoved that gun up his broken nose and whipped the shit out of him and probably killed Jester right in front of him but to answer your question, it's a message. Tada fingered us.

DAYTON

He wouldn't talk.

ROOKS

You wanna to bet your life on that?

ROOKS removes the man's billfold, stands and thumbs through its contents.

ROOKS (CONT'D)

(counting money)

One hundred, two hundred. (beat)  
Man this guy's loaded. Four hundred, that's for Jester you son of a bitch.

DAYTON moves the man's mouth open and closed with the toe of his shoe. The man's mouth opens and closes like a pond fish.

CUT TO: a stiletto knife in the man's hand. Dayton slowly pulls the knife out of the man's closed hand; realizes this is probably the knife that hacked Tada's finger off.

DAYTON

No you ain't a very nice person are you?

Dayton opens the knife astonishingly fast.

DAYTON (CONT'D)

Ever play Mumblety Peg?

ROOKS

(into the wallet)

What?

Whap! Dayton stands back and throws the knife. It sticks in the floor between the man's legs.

DAYTON

Mumblety Peg. Ever play it?

WHAP! Again Dayton throws the knife but this time closer to the man's groin.

ROOKS

Oh. Yeah I played it. (checks out the knife - surprised) You get that off of him?

Dayton's into it. WHAP, throws the knife and it sticks one inch from the man's balls.

DAYTON

(dazed)

I never was very good at it.

Thump. Dayton misses his mark (or not), sticks the man solidly in the leg.

Man sits up. Grabs hold of the knife stuck in his thigh with both hands.

MAN ON FLOOR

(incensed - lips curled down) You still ain't no good at it.

The man pulls the knife from his bleeding leg. Rooks and Dayton fill with hilarity and dread, (The guy wasn't knocked out after all). They bounce off each other and bolt.

SERIES OF SHOTS

DRIVEWAY: Rooks and Dayton hop into the black Bronco, fire it up and HAUL ASS out of the driveway.

FRONT DOOR OF HOUSE:

HENCHMAN: SMASHES THROUGH the screen door taking with him the screen and wooden frame.

BLACK BRONCO - STREET: Tires squeal, smoke rolls out from under the rear tires. Serious rubber being laid down here.

HENCHMAN: raises knife, points it at the Bronco.

HARRY: WIDE-EYED - stands in his yard staring at the commotion.

INT. BLACK BRONCO - DAY

It's loud with engine roar. Rooks is slamming gears.

DAYTON

(over the roar of the engine)

(MORE)

DAYTON (CONT'D)

Now would be a good time to get pulled over.

ROOKS

Yeah, never a cop around when you need one. Put your seat belt on Dayton. Things may get a little bumpy.

EXT. BLACK BRONCO - DAY

Bronco flies past stop sign.

DAYTON

Police station.

ROOKS

Okay. (beat) Its just that something's bothering me.

DAYTON

What could possibly be bothering you?

ROOKS

What if they tell a different story?

DAYTON

One stories good as the another. Let the cops figured it out.

Rooks slows the Black Bronco down to a fast clip. His eyes flick from rearview mirror to door mirror.

ROOKS

MooZe. He isn't as dumb as he looks and they already know everything about us.

DAYTON

Toss it. Toss the bag right here on the street. Be done with it.

BRONCO SKIDS to a stop.

DAYTON snaps forward against the restraint of the seat-belt. As he reaches for the satchel he follows Rooks's stare simultaneously.

DAYTON'S POV: we look through the windshield, through a thin veil of tire smoke reveals the BLACK HUMVEE.

ZOOM to FRONT OF BLACK HUMVEE - LICENSE PLATE READS (HUM-THIS).

HUMVEE sits in the middle of the road facing the Bronco glistening in the sun.

The REAR DOORS open and TWO MUSCLE HEADS exit a few feet to each side and stand with Mac 10 machine guns - staring down the Bronco.

There is ONE INTERSECTION between the two vehicles.

IN this intersection we see a COP CAR race in and out of the scene.

DAYTON (V.O.)

Cops.

A MOMENT LATER

SAME COP CAR rolls slowly backwards through the scene clearing the intersection and stops.

We clearly see CRIPPLE CREEK POLICE stenciled on the car as it rolls backwards clearing the intersection.

POLICE OFFICER behind the wheel raises a hand up in a questioning way toward the Humvee. What's up?

ROOKS (V.O.)

Cops!

A moment later the men jump back into the Humvee. It's tires spin. Their coming for the Bronco.

DAYTON

What's wrong with the cop?

We hear pinging and things start breaking.

SLOW MOTION: Mirror shatters - windshield collects bullet holes. Another ping and we watch the windshield splinter.

ROOKS

Their shooting at us.

ROOKS thrusts the BLACK BRONCO into reverse and floors it. The rear tires squeal and bounce looking for traction. A white cloud of tire smoke lifts up past the windows. The Bronco races backwards but not fast enough. The Humvee closes the distance by half.

Rooks cranks the black steering wheel a full turn counter clockwise. The scene blurs. Tires screech loudly.

Rooks spins the Bronco around ninety degrees and ramps BACKWARD up an empty concrete driveway past an ashen two-story framed house.

The Humvee enters the driveway a moment later. More shots. Bullets ping off the front of the black Bronco. Rooks grips the wheel tight and keeps the Bronco rolling backwards crashing through the closed door of a single car garage.

A SPLIT SECOND LATER: BOOM!!!

The BACK WALL of the single car garage explodes. Splintered studs and torn siding fly in every direction. The black Bronco launches through the air and lands in the alley, carrying dust and debris with it.

Rooks (SURPRISED HE MADE IT) spins the steering wheel, slaps the gearshift into first gear and dumps the clutch. The black Bronco fishtails then speeds away spraying dirt and gravel behind its roaring tail pipes.

We see the black Bronco screaming down alleys. It won't be hard to follow considering the amount of dust the Bronco is raising.

They cross several alley/street intersections then at the twelfth Street intersection they take to the pavement. Both men watched directly ahead. First Street is coming up and on the other side of the intersection a garbage truck is working its route.

ROOKS (CONT'D)

Left or right?

DAYTON

I don't know. I don't see them.  
RIGHT! Turn right!

Rooks turns right guiding the Bronco onto the street but not as smooth as he'd liked. Forward thrust sends the Bronco over the curb up onto a grassy parkway and the tires peel and rut the green velvety sod as the Bronco slides past the street. Rooks keeps the rear tires spinning, working the throttle and revving the engine just enough to gain control over inertia. He turns into the skid then out of the skid and works the throttle to keep the Bronco moving and completes the right hand turn. Once straightened and aligned toward the street, he punches the accelerator again sending more sod and black earth spewing skyward.

ROOKS

Anything coming?

The tires chirp as they seize the sidewalk anxious for the street.

DAYTON  
(over his shoulder) No!

EXT BLACK BRONCO - EVENING

The Bronco slows for a stop sign. It is shot to hell. Rooks tries to gain a little composure. Dayton is clearly NUTS out of his element.

ROOKS  
(body check)  
You leakin anywhere?

DAYTON  
(nuts - adrenalin) Fuck  
me. Where'd you come up  
with that? Hell yeah!  
That's how it's done.

DAYTON lights up a smoke and takes maybe the biggest drag in history. When he exhales, the smoke fogs the front of the Bronco in fact, its' so thick they can't see out. A moment later, when the smoke clears we see through the windshield a ways down the road. The black Humvee waits in the middle of the intersection facing the Bronco. Dayton pitches the cigarette out the window.

POLICE CAR: stops perpendicular to the Humvee then backs up clearing the way for the Humvee to take chase.

We hear the deep throaty sound of the Bronco. Rooks revvs the engine (gently) up and down, ready to dump the clutch and haul ass.

We see the front tires of the Humvee turn toward the Bronco. Its about to be ON again.

DAYTON (CONT'D)  
Fuck this!

Dayton takes the satchel and exits the Bronco. He faces the Humvee while he holds the satchel up in one hand and raises his other hand signaling stop/halt. Slowly one step at a time, but ready to dive back inside the Bronco: ZOOM TO DAYTON, bawling it out at the top of his lungs--

DAYTON (CONT'D)  
Here. Sorry for the confusion.

The black Bronco leaves the scene.

CAMERA ON REARVIEW MIRROR INSIDE BRONCO:

In the MIRROR we see the humvee pull up to the satchel, POLICE CAR right behind it - all the while getting smaller and smaller as the Bronco drives away.

DAYTON

It's over.

FROM INSIDE THE BLACK BRONCO:

We see the Humvee & cop car framed in the rear view mirror - yet through the windshield - the road ahead. We watch the mirror fall from the windshield taking with it the shot of the Humvee & cop car.

EXT. STORAGE LOCKER/SHOP - DAY

SUPER IMPOSE: A FEW DAYS LATER

INT. STORAGE LOCKER/SHOP - DAY

CAMERA ON REAR OF WHITE 1978 BRONCO: It is not totally dark inside the locker/shop as a light burns deeper within. We see as much of the rear of the Bronco as the lens will allow in very close quarters. Camera slowly booms up.

DAYTON(O.C.)

The body of an unidentified man was found (beat)pinned inside a vintage Cadillac in a remote area near Badger Mountain. (beat)A large amount of cash along with a hand gun were also recovered.

CAMERA: wide as lens will allow - the shot is dolling forward between Bronco's roof and the ceiling of the storage locker:

CAMERA PUSHES FORWARD slowly over the top of the Bronco.

Deeper inside the locker we see a mechanics light burning near the ten foot ceiling.

DAYTON(O.C.) (CONT'D)

The cash is believed to have come from the recent Wells Fargo, train collision at Hennessey Point.

CAMERA FINDS DAYTON READING FROM NEWS PAPER:

DAYTON (CONT'D)

Authorities aren't saying how much cash was found. . . (beat) Alcohol and marijuana was also found inside the car. . .

ROOKS Pulling masking tape and paper from a freshly painted WHITE 1978 BRONCO.

INT. SHOP - DAY

We see a tool stand used as a table for two cups of steaming coffee - Dunkin-Donuts? Dayton may have just arrived with coffee and a news paper. There is a couch with pillow and blanket. This is their home for now.

DAYTON

Hand gun? Marijuana? Why didn't they mention his name? They ran his plates.

ROOKS

Were next when they get around to it.

DAYTON

They got their gold back. Why'nt they mention that?

ROOKS

Oh it's big on their list but the last thing they'll mention.

DAYTON

Why?

ROOKS

I think we should find out.

DAYTON

I don't want to fuck with these guys.

ROOKS

(working)

I'm not proud of what I did. And I wouldn't even mind a short stint, pay for stupid but I won't let-em piss on Tada.

DAYTON

I just want to go to his funeral.  
Say good-by, be done with this  
shit.

ROOKS

No funeral. That spells nothing but  
trouble for us and that's the first  
place they'll be looking.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

We are inside the portal/foyer of a funeral home. A couple stand at the guest register. The woman signs. To the right, a notice placed on a stand reads: In memory of Dirk Tucker (Tada) A suited man wearing Tony Lamas, sun glasses and donning a cowboy hat steps up and waits his turn for the register. The woman signs the book - steps aside catching a glimpse of the man, suddenly recognizing him.

KATE

Rooks?

The suited man donning a cowboy hat is Curtis Rooks.

ROOKS

(nods)  
Kate.

KATE

I didn't know you were back.

ROOKS

(beat)  
Two weeks.

The man with Kate - Billy Davis, takes it all in - clasps his hands - sarcastic smile

KATE

I can't believe what I read.

DAYTON (O.S.)

Don't believe it.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL: Dayton staring into the chapel from a near by opening.

KATE

Dayton!

BILLY

Introduce me to your friends Kate.  
Wait. I know, you must be Curtis  
Rooks. And you must be Dayton  
Pennybacker. (smacks his head) Are  
you, are you Kate's brother? Am I  
right? (beat) Ah never mind that.  
Too bad about your friend Tada.

Kate takes a reactionary step away from Billy.

ROOKS

Who's your friend Kate?

KATE

He's, he's with Wells Fargo.

BILLY

(sarcastic smile)  
Billy Davis. I couldn't let Kate  
attend her ex's funeral alone, such  
a shock you know, him robbing the  
Wells Fargo transport and the drugs  
and a gun. Was he a close friend of  
yours?

BILLY'S PHONE

Hold my drink bitch - hold my drink  
bitch.

Billy can't turn quick enough to answer his phone.

KATE

He insisted on coming. I . . .

ROOKS

(WTF)  
He knows my name?

KATE

(shocked)  
I . . . I didn't know. He works  
with me. He's my supervisor.

ROOKS

And Dayton? What else does he know?

A COUPLE OF BEATS HERE.

KATE

(pensive)  
I didn't know you were back. You  
were gone a long time.

ROOKS  
 (nods)  
 Four years.

BILLY DAVIS (V.O.)  
 (into cell)  
 He's standing right here in front  
 of me.

ROOKS  
 (done with it)  
 Maybe now's not a good time Kate.

Kate takes a glance at Billy. He's a few feet away and talking fast into his phone.

KATE  
 (hushed)  
 Don't let him get to you. He's got  
 the little man syndrome. He's in  
 everybody's business. He's nobody.

ROOKS  
 Well he's somebody Kate. He pegged  
 us.

DAYTON  
 I dislike short guys.

KATE - concentrating very hard on Rooks's statement.

KATE  
 Seven McKinley street. Saturday.

ROOKS  
 Ok. Say good bye to Tada for us.

STREET - NIGHT

MAIL BOX Reads: 7 Mckinley - WHITE 1978 BRONCO idles by then parks.

ROOKS knocks on the door.

INT. 7 MCKINLEY STREET NIGHT - NIGHT

ROOKS and DAYTON entering.

KATE  
 You certainly have been busy. You  
 two.

Kate smiles at Rooks. She is very happy to see him again. He returns the sentiment. Dayton notices, maybe a bit edgy about the innuendo between them.

DAYTON

Hey give us a break here man, we're running for our lives.

Rooks gives Dayton a look.

KATE

Why? Why are you running for your lives?

ROOKS

The man you were with, Billy ah, (fumbling for the last name)?

KATE

Billy Davis?

ROOKS

Yeah. (pensive) Billy Davis. He's intense.

ROOKS eyes Kate

KATE

He's a supervisor, my supervisor. We worked the bunker (beat) Wells Fargo Dispatch Center the night of the accident. He's pushy and has a big mouth. He doesn't trust anybody and he thinks you two had something to do with the wreck. Did you?

ROOKS

Nobody causes a wreck like that. It just happened. How did he get our names?

KATE

I don't know.

ROOKS

What does he say about Tada?

KATE

Just what he read from the paper and that Tada caused a lot of trouble.

DAYTON

Tada didn't cause anything. It  
already happened.

ROOKS

Would you mind closing the drapes?  
I'll explain.

Kate closes the drapes, sits near by.

ROOKS (CONT'D)

We spent the night gambling at the  
Gold Rush Casino. We were down a  
couple hundred and starting to come  
back when the pit boss slows the  
game down. You know how Tada hates  
that so he got pissed and started  
in on the pit boss. The pit boss,  
MooZe called out the muscle heads  
and had Tada escorted out through  
the elevator. We found Tada laying  
in the weeds outside the casino  
about a half hour later. He took a  
beating, broken nose, bloody mess.  
On the way home we came across the  
wreck, casino money spilled  
everywhere. Tada wanted to even the  
score.

KATE

Just Tada?

ROOKS

Let me finish Kate. We weren't in  
the best state of mind I mean they  
beat Tada. So when we came across  
their money on a dark stretch of  
highway, nobody around, we took it.  
It seemed right at the time but it  
was a mistake. When we sobered up  
and were ready to give it back,  
they closed in on us like a pack of  
dogs. They killed Tada then set him  
up and that's their plan for us.

KATE

Why?

ROOKS

I'm figuring it out as we go but I  
think it's to keep it quiet.

DAYTON

Dead quiet.

KATE

You rob their armored truck and they want to keep it quiet? Not making any sense Rooks.

ROOKS

There was more than cash Kate there was a satchel half full of raw gold.

KATE

That doesn't matter. It was still theirs.

ROOKS

OK, but why kill Tada?

DAYTON

They left a message for us at Tada's house.

KATE

A message? Just a reminder you robbed them?

DAYTON

They hacked. . . severed his ring finger and left it on the table.

KATE

(pales)  
Ring finger. Enough!

KATE rises up. She's heard enough. She grabs the phone.

DAYTON

No Kate.

KATE

No. Let me go. Let me go.

DAYTON corrals her arms. She can't dial. She fights back but only for a frantic moment then CRUMBLES back into the chair. She calms.

ROOKS

Kate. If you make that call we go to jail and maybe hang for Tada's murder. I can't fight these guys from jail.

LONG uncomfortable PAUSE

KATE

Ok. Benefit of the doubt.

ROOKS

Your friend Billy. . .

KATE

He's not my friend.

ROOKS

Ok. (pause) He knows something he's not talking about, at least. . .

KATE

He'd be bragging if he knew something. The night of the accident he was slow to act, I don't know why, he kept putting protocol off like he had to get permission to call it in.

ROOKS

Call it in to the police?

KATE

Yes. When the alarm sounded I, (tears) I didn't know. . . Oh Tada. I loved him but I just couldn't live with him.

ROOKS

(touches her)

We all loved him Kate. He didn't have to die. (pause - wipes her tears), How much of what happened is on record?

KATE

Everything is taped.

ROOKS

Can I look at a copy? Maybe there's . . .

KATE

No. Everything is run through security, different part of the building. I wouldn't know where to look.

ROOKS

Can you explain the satchel?

KATE

The scan showed cash and coins coming out of the Casino. I've never heard of the satchel.

ROOKS

How would it get on an armored truck?

KATE

The unit's are empty when they leave here. A GPS tracks the units to their stops. Unit sixty-nine went straight to the Gold Rush Casino, loaded and left. The GPS stopped exactly when the train hit them. So unless somebody tossed the satchel into the wreck, it was loaded from the Casino.

ROOKS

No other stops?

KATE

Nope. Sixty-nine goes out specifically to the Gold Rush Casino every Thursday night. It's their only pick-up. It had to load from the Gold Rush Casino.

ROOKS

Their only pick-up? Where does it go from the Gold Rush Casino?

KATE

It delivers to a bank in Pueblo County.

ROOKS

(HUH?)

Before sun-up?

DAYTON

Raw gold transported out of the Gold Rush Casino to a bank in Pueblo. The driver's would have known about the satchel.

ROOKS

Yeah but they ain't talking. Billy Davis knows something about it. I'm sure of it. He answered to somebody that night. Who?

KATE

Well he didn't enjoy the conversation I can tell you that much. He was sweating.

ROOKS

I don't get it. Maybe their stealing it.

KATE

(snit)

Yep. That's it. Stealing it from their own casino.

ROOKS

Well something's fubar, they made a kill to keep it a secret?

KATE

So turn him into the Police.

ROOKS

I'd love to Kate but near as I could tell the police were shooting at us too. The police want it kept quiet. The casino wants it kept quiet.

DAYTON

You were right Rooks. Tada's gonna get us killed.

KATE

What about the CBI or the FBI? Or the IRS?

ROOKS

They'd all want proof of which we're a little short of. We'd tell our side of the story, be investigated by the idiots, end up in prison for taking it in the first place. Tada would never be vindicated, unless (beat) unless they were caught holding the satchel.

DAYTON

They are holding the satchel.

ROOKS

No no. I mean caught red handed holding the satchel. We set them up.

(MORE)

ROOKS (CONT'D)

Look, we know they'll come after it if it goes missing. We just need to tell them where it is and when they come after it the Feds will be waiting. Let MooZe explain to the Feds.

KATE

How does that clear Tada?

ROOKS

I'll tell them how we found Tada's house. How the men from the casino were there and turned everything upside down, killed Jester. The message they left on the table. Tell the truth about taking the money (beat) but I gotta have the evidence.

KATE

The satchel.

DAYTON

That satchel is going to save us or get us killed.

ROOKS

Either way we gotta have it.

KATE

It's a curse.

ROOKS

It's the smoking gun Kate.

DAYTON

(worth a try)

You're short two drivers Kate. Rooks can drive anything.

KATE

No. No you have to hire through Billy. He's suspicious of you as it is.

DAYTON

Rooks rented a storage locker off of highway 24, big enough to paint a van to look like one of your trucks? They'd be expecting two new faces. We get there ahead of your guys, pick up the satchel.

KATE

No. They would be expecting a Wells Fargo armored truck, not a van. You'd have to steal a Wells Fargo armored truck and last time I checked, they keep a pretty close eye on those.

ROOKS

Yeah I bet they do. (beat) Nothing but dead ends. Can't go to the cops, can't go home. We're lying low in a storage locker. It doesn't get any better than this. (beat) If we stay they'll find us. We've got nothing left to do but pack it up.

ROOKS writes on a piece of paper, gives kate it to Kate, opens the door to leave.

ROOKS (CONT'D)

We'll be around for a few days.  
Love to see you again Kate.

Couple of quiet beats here. Rooks comforts Kate with a warm embrace, not a long hug but still, we can see it; they care for each other. They care.

EXT. WELLS FARGO BUNKER - AFTERNOON

KATE drives into the Wells Fargo parking lot for work. As soon as she exits her car, out of no where, Billy Davis is in her face.

BILLY

Hi Kate. Ready to get back to work?  
We're doing it again tonight. You  
and me.

KATE composes herself. She is not ready for overbearing Billy Davis.

KATE

It's Monday. I thought you only worked the bunker Thursdays?

BILLY

Change of plans. Your affiliate Jackson got demoted to driver for a while. We're short two drivers, remember?

As they walk side by side something out of the frame gets Kate's attention.

Beyond the first lot where Wells Fargo armored trucks are lining up for their runs, is a second lot.

In the second lot, way back against the far fence sit FIVE WELLS FARGO ARMORED TRUCKS in various stages of disrepair.

KATE (O.C.)

Demoted to driver? I didn't know driving was a demotion. What about those trucks back there? Do we use those?

BILLY

(convincing)

Oh you don't want to drive. Dangerous job. Look what happened to Short and Small.

KATE

You never know. It sounds exciting, driving an armored truck.

BILLY

I'm exciting. Want to drive me?

KATE

(nettled)

Not my idea of exciting.

KATE reaches for the door. Pulls it open about two inches then - BAM!

BILLY'S hand enters the frame - bangs the door shut stopping Kate dead in her tracks.

BILLY

(choleric)

Parts.

KATE

(startled)

What?

BILLY

The trucks on the back lot. We use them for parts.

EXT. ROOKS'S SHOP - MORNING

GRAY FORD drives up to the shop door and stops.

INT. SHOP - DAY

KATE, Entering.

KATE

He's on to you Rooks.

ROOKS

Who?

KATE

Billy Davis. He says he knows you and Dayton were with Tada and he's digging for more information.

DAYTON

Why doesn't he just blow the whistle on us; he's so damn sure?

ROOKS

Because he's dirty. The Gold Rush Casino is corrupt and the cops are paid off. (beat) Sound about right Kate?

KATE

Why are you asking me?

ROOKS

Seems like they're using you to get to us.

KATE

I'm not part of this. I'm just very concerned.

ROOKS

You're right in the middle Kate. They left Tada's ring finger for you to find. Not us.

KATE

So? We're divorced.

ROOKS

They don't know that Kate. Billy Davis is playing you. Maybe he knows you were Tada's wife. Maybe he doesn't but sooner or later they'll put two and two together and be coming for you.

DAYTON

If he's not all ready.

A few beats of quiet. Kate lets it sink in then quietly she speaks.

KATE

I know where there are five armored trucks. Their parked in the back lot at the Wells Fargo facility. They use them for parts.

DAYTON

Anything left of them?

KATE

They look like ghosts to me. I don't know if they start or where the keys are.

DAYTON

We don't need no stinkin keys.

INT. GRAY FORD - DAY

Parked a short distance from the W/F facility, Kate, Rooks and Dayton sit in Kate's gray Ford and observe the five armored trucks parked in the Wells Fargo back lot. Rooks scans the facility with binoculars. Camera on the Wells Fargo armored trucks.

ROOKS(V.O.)

Number 22 has air in all but one tire. Its on the South end. Okay why don't we draw a sketch.

CAMERA pulls back to reveal Kate sitting at a table under a lamp inside Rooks's shop brushing off the sketch with a shop hand brush. To the side of her sketch lay a dozen blown up pictures of the Wells Fargo complex showing various angles.

ROOKS stands at Kate's shoulder.

ROOKS

Tell me again about the security.

KATE

Walter. He's old, quiet, cowboy type, keeps to himself. I see him in the break room and at the shift briefings. He doesn't wear a wedding ring.

ROOKS

Where is his office?

KATE brushes off the sketch, lays the brush down and points out where Walter's office is.

KATE

Here on the corner. He has one big window facing the shop but nothing on the east side.

ROOKS

(studying the sketch)  
So he walks from his office here around to the yard side of the building here to smoke?

ROOKS turns his eyes away from the sketch toward Kate.

KATE

Yes. That's the covered patio in picture. That's where the smokers go but anybody can hang out there on their break. I take. .

She turns her head and finds Rooks's eyes. This moment turns into a romantic quest each liking the feeling more and more until they kiss. They break apart.

KATE (CONT'D)

Just so you know, I was in love with you. I knew I was in love with you but you never asked.

ROOKS

I wanted to.

They gingerly move onto the next kiss. The feeling escalates until nothing else matters. Clothes start flying off . . .

EXT. PATIO - WELLS FARGO COMPLEX - NIGHT

Under the patio's dim light a man, WALTER, sixty something lights up a smoke. He is a well dressed man with salty hair and a salty mustache. He has come a long way through a tough world and while his body may be slowing down he at all times speaks through life's harsh experience.

FREEZE

EXT. FIELD EAST OF WELLS FARGO COMPLEX - NIGHT

UNFREEZE: CAMERA DOLLY ZOOMS BACKWARD from the man smoking under the patio and INTO A PAIR OF BINOCULARS.

DAYTON (V.O.)

He doesn't even wear a side arm.  
Looks like a big ole gray lizard to  
me. Got slits for eyes.

ROOKS takes the binoculars and hands Dayton a tool bag.

EXT. BACK LOT FENCE - NIGHT

DAYTON crawls under the fence toward the armored trucks.

EXT. UNDER ARMORED TRUCK - NIGHT

UNDER THE ARMORED TRUCK we see Dayton lying on his back, electrical tools in hand, checking the trucks engine. Behind Dayton we see a black tarp clothes pinned to the front bumper. The tarp provides cover for Dayton as he works. He wears an LED head lamp to see.

EXT. FIELD EAST OF WELLS FARGO COMPLEX - NIGHT

ROOKS makes a note in the note book of Walter's movement.

EXT. UNDER ARMORED TRUCK - NIGHT

DAYTON belly crawls out from under a truck dragging his tools, tarp and crawls under another truck. Here he pauses for a smoke. DAYTON gets two puffs off a cigarette and pitches the hot-boxed smoke out to the side.

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Walter sits at his desk in front of a computer screen. The computer screen is split into a dozen panels showing every corner and niche of the complex. One of the panels reveals the armored trucks sitting in the back lot.

COMPUTER SCREEN WALTER'S OFFICE

ZOOM in on panel with armored trucks. Two puffs of smoke slowly rise out from under the truck and up into the air. TIGHTER ZOOM reveals a lit cigarette shooting out from under the armored truck.

INT. ROOKS'S SHOP - DAY

SUPER IMPOSE: SUNDAY



DAYTON

(chewing food)

Hey man. I've searched every tire shop from here to Wyoming. Nobody has them, new or used.

ROOKS

Then we'll have to get one off one of the other trucks.

DAYTON carries on . . .

DAYTON

Their all flat. We don't no if any of them will air up. We could be airing up tires for two days the way we have to sneak around.

ROOKS

You're absolutely right. Your going to have to get a spare tire from the Wells Fargo shop.

DAYTON

(disbelief)

And I'll grab a set of keys and a starter while I'm at it. Are you nuts Rooks?

KATE

You can't pull it off without a truck.

ROOKS

We're out of time Dayton. They'll never see it coming. (beat) You fit in. I can't act but you can. If anything happens, just act like they screwed up and walk out. I'll be waiting on the street.

DAYTON

I can't do this?

ROOKS

No no. I've been thinking. You could walk in there with a time card in your shirt pocket, act like a new hire. Anybody asks, point to your time card. By the time they figure it out, if they ever do we'll already be done with the casino. We need to make a time card.

KATE

I can get a blank.

DAYTON

Now you can help? Fuckin Tada.

ROOKS

That's the spirit Dayton. (beat) So Kate, what's the good news?

KATE finishes a sip from her drink. Digs in her purse

KATE

Oh yeah. (digging inside her purse)  
You two keep me so amused, I almost forgot. I was on-line looking for peculiarities with gold in Cripple Creek when this popped up.

KATE pulls out printed information. Reads as she scans the pages.

KATE (CONT'D)

The thing about Cripple Creek and gold is, (beat) Cripple Creek is a statutory city located in. . . Oh! (reading) Following the design guidelines of Cripple Creek proper. . . here it is. . . is a statutory city and falls under a protected statute disallowing the mining of ore inside city limits; CCO - 101.

DAYTON

So?

KATE

So their mining gold but because of the protective statute no one's allowed to mine gold inside the city limits. Their smuggling it out to avoid the statute.

ROOKS

And taxes?

KATE

I'm guessing somewhere inside the Gold Rush Casino is the secret. Using a Wells Fargo transport is the safest way to transport it. They never get stopped by the police.

ROOKS

That's as good as anything we've come up with. If you're right we could bury all of them including Billy Davis.

KATE

I'll dig the hole.

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: MONDAY

WALTER

(smooth but nasty)

You made a move without telling me! You hired the two bastards that got the shit rolling downhill in the first place. And by down hill I mean Pueblo. Thank God they both died.

TWO SHOT: walter & billy davis

WALTER

Oh, wait, you were having romantic thoughts about Miss Pennybacker? Wanted to work with her? Well let me tell you something Mr. Boner, you couldn't have that high class gal if you were the last swinging dick on the planet. So you just tie dickie in a knot until this thing blows over. I'll tell you when you can take it out and play with it. Now get out of my office.

EXT. WELLS FARGO YARD - EARLY MORNING

DAYTON walks up to the gated yard behind several workers. One worker slides his ID card in and out of a card reader fastened to the gate. A moment later the gate slides opens. The workers enter as a group. Dayton mixes in step for step.

EXT. STREET OUT FRONT OF WELLS FARGO COMPLEX - DAY

WHITE 1978 BRONCO - ROOKS sits behind the wheel, Checks his watch. WATCH: reads 7 a.m.

INT. WELLS FARGO SHOP - DAY

It's a professional shop loaded with tools, air compressors, lifts and spare parts. Three armored trucks rest on raised racks

DAYTON moves forward following the men through the shop toward the locker room and as he does there begins a series of very quick cuts. His eyes flick place to place probing the shop for parts.

WALL OF TOOLS - SECURITY CAMERA MOUNTED ON CEILING - A DOZEN CLIP-BOARDS HANGING ON A WALL - A WORK BENCH WITH ENGINE PARTS IN VARIOUS STAGES OF REPAIR INCLUDING AN ENGINE STARTER

INT. WELLS FARGO SHOP/LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Typical locker room with men changing out of street clothes and into shop overalls. Dayton opens a locker, stares inside.

WORKER  
(shaking head)  
Fuckin new guys.

DAYTON  
Huh.

WORKER  
FNG's always got that deer in the head lights look first day.

DAYTON  
I won't get in the way.

2ND WORKER  
Damn right. You'll be (beat) down under, cleaning the grease pit all day.

INT. WELLS FARGO SHOP - DAY

Men filter into the shop from the locker room and pick up where they left off the day before. Sparks fly out from under a truck as a man weld's on the frame. An air gun sounds in the distance.

DAYTON steps through the entry door. A WORKER shoves a clipboard in Dayton's gut.

WORKER  
Grease pit new guy.

BLACK SHOP FOREMAN grabs the work order from Dayton and shoves it into the workers gut.

SHOP FOREMAN  
Reese! I give the work orders around here. You get a day in the pit for leaving early Friday.

WORKER takes the clip board -- walks off

WORKER  
(walking off)  
I was sick. Fuckin new guy ought-a get the grease pit like I did. I paid my dues.

SHOP FOREMAN  
(points with both index fingers at Dayton)  
Didn't expect you until tomorrow.  
(beat) Got something I need done right away. Follow me.

DAYTON follows the SHOP FOREMAN through the shop bays and underneath a truck up on a lift to a tire changer and six NEW unmounted tires.

TIRE CHANGER

SHOP FOREMAN (V.O.)  
You ever run a Ranger rim clamp before?

DAYTON

Stares at the machine.

DAYTON  
Ah. I worked mainly with a ah Goodyear, (snaps his finger) rim guard before.

SHOP FOREMAN  
Probably fancier'n this one. Hell they all work about the same.

SHOP FOREMAN slaps a hand on armored truck on the lift next to the Ranger rim clamp machine.

SHOP FOREMAN (CONT'D)  
Get these tired mounted on this truck by noon.

DAYTON  
Yes sir. Right away.

DAYTON draws up the smell of the new tires with his hands.  
Sniffs the air.

DAYTON (CONT'D)  
God I love the smell of new tires.

SHOP FOREMAN surprised by Dayton's spirits.

SHOP FOREMAN  
(shakes his head)  
Fuckin new guys.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF WELLS FARGO COMPLEX - MORNING

WHITE 1978 BRONCO parked on street. ROOKS sits behind the  
wheel. He checks his watch

WATCH: 8:17

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF WELLS FARGO COMPLEX - DAY

AERIAL SHOT: WHITE BRONCO - drives away.

EXT. FIELD EAST OF WELLS FARGO COMPLEX - DAY

WHITE BRONCO moves slowly along the REAR FENCE of the Wells  
Fargo BACK LOT. The FIVE ARMORED TRUCKS are between the WHITE  
BRONCO and the Wells Fargo complex. ROOKS sits inside the  
bronco watching the shop.

ROOKS'S WATCH: 12:30

WHITE BRONCO sitting in field behind Wells Fargo complex

ROOKS'S WATCH: 2:15

INT. WELLS FARGO SHOP - DAY

DAYTON is soiled with shop dirt. He slaps the last new tire  
onto the armored truck, zips the lug nuts on tight with  
impact wrench.

ROOKS'S WATCH: 2:32

ROOKS  
Come on Dayton. For Christ sake.

ROOKS'S POV

a single truck tire WOBBLER out from behind the shop. We aren't sure it won't flop over but it some how rolls.

ROOKS  
That a boy Dayton. I knew you could do it.

The tire is picking up momentum rolling down the incline until it begins hauling ass. It bounces wildly now as it heads straight for the five armored trucks.

ROOKS (CONT'D)  
Perfect. Perfect Dayton.

ROOKS' POV: The tire disappears some where on the other side of the five armored trucks.

GAPS BETWEEN THE TRUCKS

No tire here

FENCE LINE RIGHT SIDE OF THE ARMORED TRUCKS

No tire here

FENCE LINE LEFT SIDE OF THE ARMORED TRUCKS

No tire here

BOOM DOWN: ANGLE UNDER REAR BUMPER OF ARMORED TRUCKS AND THE GROUND

No tire here

ANGLE UP: reveals the TIRE. It is nothing short of a RUBBER METEORITE, blasting over the top of the middle armored truck, over the metal fence and heading straight for Rooks. Rooks recoils inside the Bronco. BAM!!!

EXT. FIELD EAST OF WELLS FARGO COMPLEX - DAY

TIRE: slams the top of the Bronco and continues hauling ass into the field.

WHITE 1978 BRONCO

ROOKS sits up and looks left then right. He pulls himself half out of the WHITE BRONCO up through the window and looks over the top of the Bronco in the direction the tire took.

ROOKS'S POV

TIRE: rolling ninety mph bouncing into the field.

AERIAL SHOT - WHITE BRONCO PEELS OUT AFTER THE TIRE.

EXT. PARKING LOT IN FRONT OF WELLS FARGO COMPLEX - AFTERNOON

Workers walk out of the complex into the W/F parking lot.

DAYTON walks with the shop foreman.

BILLY DAVIS: Sits inside his car facing the crosswalk the workers are routed. He is impatient and edges closer wanting the workers to let him past. They don't.

DAYTON and the SHOP FOREMAN walk past car.

SHOP FOREMAN  
(to dayton)  
Hey, you didn't fill out a time  
slip.

Dayton points at shop foreman both index fingers

DAYTON  
Tomorrow.  
BILLY DAVIS recognizes Dayton as they walk past. He can't believe his eyes.

AERIAL SHOT - WHITE BRONCO arrives -- Dayton hops in and off they go.

INT. WHITE 1978 BRONCO - AFTERNOON

DAYTON is covered in shop dirt.

DAYTON

Thought I was going to make overtime. Hey, you ever hear of a Ranger Rim Guard?

ROOKS

(bursts)  
That frickin tire liked to killed me.

BILLY DAVIS - Cell phone up to his ear - wicked smile

AERIAL VIEW - STREET

WHITE BRONCO moving through traffic - BILLY DAVIS follows.

INT. BILLY DAVIS'S CAR - AFTERNOON

BILLY DAVIS

You're not going to believe this one. (cocky) I was following a hunch. . .

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

WALTER sits at his desk.

ANSWERING MACHINE

BILLY DAVIS (V.O.)

Those two screws MooZe is chasin. Well one of them works for us.

COMPUTER SCREEN WALTER'S OFFICE

TIRE roll out from behind the shop, down the hill and over the fence.

COMPUTER SCREEN -- rewinds to night TWO PUFFS OF SMOKE rise up from under the armored truck

CIGARETTE: shoots out from under armored truck

COMPUTER SCREEN -- fast forward

ARMORED TRUCK - DAY we see clearly the L/F tire on truck number 22 is flat.

COMPUTER SCREEN -- fast forward

Tire rolling down hill toward back lot.

WALTER

(picks up phone)

Are you sure? Ah-huh. You don't say? Well I tell you what, why don't we make sure before we get MooZe and the boys in an uproar. Hell I can't hardly stand to think about what he'll do if you send him on another wild goose chase. In fact, why don't you find out where their going and get right back to me.

INT. BILLY DAVIS'S CAR - AFTERNOON

BILLY DAVIS

Hey, Walter, can we keep my uncle out of this one? He'll cut off my balls if he finds out I hired this screw.

WALTER (V.O.)

Oh yeah. No problem. Wouldn't want to piss him off. No sir.

EXT. STORAGE LOCKER/SHOP - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: TUESDAY NIGHT

BILLY'S CAR is parked outside.

INT. BILLY DAVIS'S CAR - NIGHT

BILLY DAVIS - WALTER - The two men watch the shop.

WALTER

Those brazen sons-a-bitches. Working right under our noses. What do you suppose their up to?

BILLY DAVIS

Well it's pretty fuckin obvious Walter. Their pulling something from the inside. I'm betting Kate is feeding them the information. Man I was wrong about her. Thanks for the wake up call. I better call MooZe. (whips out his cell phone) He's gonna clean house.

EXT. BILLY DAVIS'S CAR - NIGHT

Through the window we see BILLY'S CELL PHONE laying on the drivers seat.

CELL PHONE  
(MooZe VO)  
Hello. Hello.

ANGLE OUT THROUGH CAR WINDOW

Walter drags Billy's lifeless body into the brush. A moment later we see Billy's cell phone land on top of his chest.

EXT. STORAGE LOCKER/SHOP - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: WEDNESDAY NIGHT

SHOP DOOR Opens up. DAYTON stands at the door. WHITE BRONCO rolls out. DAYTON closes shop door.

EXT. ROAD NEAR THE FIELD EAST OF WELLS FARGO COMPLEX - NIGHT

DAYTON hops out of the Bronco, opens up the back and drags out an aired up truck tire. It bounces on the asphalt. Dayton closes up the Bronco and rolls the tire into the field toward the Wells Fargo armored trucks.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX PARKING LOT - NIGHT

PARKING LOT white Bronco enters the parking lot and parks. ROOKS steps out of the Bronco and opens up the rear and retrieves a large bag.

EXT. FIELD EAST OF WELLS FARGO COMPLEX - NIGHT

ROOKS carries the bag across the field.

EXT. FENCE BEHIND ARMORED TRUCKS - NIGHT

ROOKS and DAYTON crouch down at the fence line behind the armored trucks.

INT. WELLS FARGO BUNKER - NIGH

KATE walks through the corridors leading out to the patio. She passes Billy Davis's office, tip toes by his door. She continues down the corridor to Walter Megan's office

WALTER'S DOOR

PLAQUE reads WALTER MEGANE

KATE knocks softly. No answer. She knocks again. Again no answer. She takes a deep breath and turns to leave.

WALTER MEGANE opens the door.

WALTER  
Can I help you?

KATE  
(loss for words)how about  
a smoke?

WALTER  
You smoke?

KATE  
No. Oh I smoke. I just quit for a  
while. Stupid Me. Started again. I  
thought I might smoke one of yours,  
Walter, if you have time?

WALTER  
Well I guess I could take a break.  
Haven't had one for a while. I'll  
just get my coat.

Door shuts in front of Kate. A couple of beats here.

WALTER reappears in the door way.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Lets go.

EXT. WELLS FARGO PATIO - NIGHT

Entering KATE and WALTER step onto the covered patio. Kate stands facing the back lot. Walter faces opposite.

EXT. FENCE BEHIND ARMORED TRUCKS - NIGHT

ROOKS AND DAYTON. ROOKS: through binoculars eyes Kate and Walter. ROOKS checks his watch: 1 o'clock

ROOKS  
There she is. Right on time.

EXT. WELL FARGO PATIO - NIGHT

KATE and WALTER

KATE  
What are we smoking?

WALTER  
Viceroy. Been smokin-em for thirty-five years now.

WALTER offers KATE a Viceroy.

KATE  
Thank you.

Kate takes the Viceroy.

KATE (CONT'D)  
So where are you from?

WALTER lights up his smoke and holds out the lit lighter for Kate. KATE looks past Walter, out of the frame.

WALTER  
Chicago. You?

KATE  
I'm from, right here in Colorado.  
Manitou actually.

EXT. BACK LOT, ARMORED TRUCKS - NIGHT

KATE'S POV: dark shadow rolls a tire along the side of truck number 22.

EXT. WELLS FARGO PATIO - NIGHT

WALTER holds a lit lighter for Kate

WALTER

Honey you gonna light that  
cigarette or just let me burn my  
hand?

KATE

Oh.

KATE sucks the flame into the cigarette  
(exhales) What brought you  
all the way out here?

WALTER

Gold.

KATE upon hearing Walter's last comment has a difficult  
moment.

KATE

Gold?

WALTER

I've always enjoyed stories about  
the old west, the gun slingers and  
the gold rush. Wish I'd had that  
opportunity. (pause) Ah well. Don't  
get me going about gold. I'd love  
to strike it rich.

EXT. ARMORED TRUCK # 22

DAYTON works under black plastic, wears a head lamp,  
completes installation of tire on truck 22

Under ARMORED TRUCK: we see Dayton working behind black  
plastic on the underside. He attaches a starter then a  
battery booster to the engine. He holds a voltage meter and  
tests for current.

DAYTON

(to himself mainly)  
Come on. Where the . . .

We hear a series of ELECTRONIC BEEPS.

DAYTON (CONT'D)

Ah. There you are. (hushed) Hey  
Rooks?

INT. WELLS FARGO ARMORED TRUCK - NIGHT

ROOKS lays over in the seat holding two wires.

DAYTON (V.O.)  
 (beeping)  
 It lives. Try it.

ROOKS twists the wires together.

DASH BOARD

Dash lights light up - TWO-WAY RADIO LIGHTS illuminate. Rooks smiles and then looks up through the windshield.

EXT. ARMORED TRUCK # 22

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - ROOKS peers through binoculars at the Wells Fargo complex.

BINOCULARS POV

KATE and WALTER are stepping inside the W/F building.

DAYTON (V.O.)  
 But no resistance. Are we sure this  
 thing even has a GPS?

WALTER holds the door for Kate. He turns and gives a serious stare back into the binoculars. For a split second we see WALTER'S EYES morphing into huge lizard eyes.

INT/EXT. ARMORED TRUCK # 22

Through the windshield we see ROOKS abruptly pull the binoculars away from his eyes. He shakes it off. Peers back into the binoculars.

DAYTON under the truck shines a mag light on a photo copy of a GPS component. His eyes flick back and fourth between the photo copy and underneath the truck. Then the 'Aha' moment. He sees the GPS.

DAYTON  
 No shit! Ass backwards and up side  
 down.

ROOKS (V.O.)  
 Just hurry up.

DAYTON  
 Hey. As soon as I cut the wires, we  
 can turn it over.

ROOKS (V.O.)  
Cut the wires then.

DAYTON cannot fit the wire cuter into the tight spot so he yanks them apart with his fingers leaving EXPOSED BARE WIRE.

INT. WELLS FARGO ARMORED TRUCK - NIGHT

Two-way RADIO LIGHTS GO DARK.

DAYTON (V.O.)  
Break the connection.

ROOKS pulls the wires apart.

ROOKS  
Done.

DAYTON takes one of the booster cables and touches the starter. The engine turns over easily then STARTS.

DAYTON  
(wide eyed & loud)  
Pull the wires apart.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK # 22

ROOKS is caught off guard.

WIRES - one wire is SPARKING - shorting out against the metal dash.

ROOKS - SWIPES AT WIRES BREAKS CONNECTION.

EXT. ARMORED TRUCK # 22 - NIGHT

DEAD QUIET - White puffs of exhaust linger in the night air.

EXT. FIELD EAST OF WELLS FARGO COMPLEX - NIGHT

ROOKS and DAYTON run like bandits.

DAYTON  
(running)  
I told you to break the connection.

ROOKS  
(following)  
I did.

DAYTON  
Then why'd it start?

ROOKS  
(winded)  
Stop. Stop.

Catch their breath in the middle of the field.

ROOKS (CONT'D)  
The wires shorted out on the dash.

DAYTON  
It doesn't matter now. Call her.

ROOKS  
No. No phone calls.

DAYTON  
(snip) You call her any  
other time.

ROOKS  
One hell of a time to bring that  
up.

DAYTON  
(snip)  
You and Kate sweet on each other?

ROOKS  
We need to be cut in here Dayton.

DAYTON  
She'll change you.

ROOKS  
I should've changed a long time  
ago.

DAYTON  
Tada quit coming around like,  
before Kate and after they got  
married, when he did come over he  
was always drunk.

ROOKS  
It was the booze that changed Tada  
not Kate. She's the only woman that  
ever made sense to me.

DAYTON  
You already sound different.

ROOKS

I'm just standing up for what I want.

DAYTON

You took four years to figure it out? Four Years, not a word. Suddenly you want, Kate?

ROOKS

I've always wanted Kate. I just needed more time.

DAYTON

For what?

ROOKS

To stand up.

DAYTON

For Kate? Or face Tada.

ROOKS

Its just that. . .

DAYTON

It's ok.

A couple of beats here.

DAYTON (CONT'D)

(moving on)

Hey, I thought I was going to cash out right their.

ROOKS

(thoughtful)

I was in slow motion, couldn't get my legs to move. At least we know damn thing starts, (chuckles) You were like Mad Max on steroids.

DAYTON

I hate Mel Gibson.

ROOKS

Huh? You gotta be kiddin. He's a bull dog.

DAYTON

Clint Eastwood. I like his style.

ROOKS

Clint Eastwood can't run. He always shoots his way out. You don't have a gun.

DAYTON

I'm fast forwarding to when I have Mooze standing in front of me, begging for his life. I'll ask him, do you feel lucky? Well do ya punk? Then I'll blast him to hell.

ROOKS

I thought we were going to let the Feds have him?

DAYTON

See. That's the thing about Mel Gibson.

INT. WELLS FARGO HALLWAY - NIGHT

WALL CLOCK: 3:00

KATE paces in front of WALTER'S door, knocks. Walter opens the door.

WALTER

Kate?

KATE

Ready?

WALTER

(bemused)What? Again?

KATE

I'm by myself tonight. Little sleepy. Need a smoke.

WALTER

Well I was about to walk the yard. Ok with you?

KATE

I was thinking maybe just a few minutes in the patio. Then I need to get back.

WALTER

Okay but it's your fault anything turns up missing.

KATE

Well I . . .

WALTER

Don't look so serious honey. It's a  
joke.

EXT. WELLS FARGO PATIO - NIGHT

DOOR opens and Walter and Kate walk out onto the patio.

EXT. FIELD EAST OF WELLS FARGO COMPLEX - NIGHT

ROOKS and DAYTON sit watching the patio.

ROOKS watches through the binoculars.

ROOKS

There out for smoke. We gotta make  
our move now.

DAYTON scurries up to the fence then crawls under the fence  
and inside armored truck 22.

ROOKS cuts a piece of the chain link fence and un-threads a  
single strand. A moment later, the fence lays apart enough to  
allow armored truck number 22 to roll out of the compound.

ROOKS sneaks along side number 22 up to the cab. He stops  
under the driver's window and peers through the binoculars.

ROOKS (CONT'D)

Wait.

EXT. WELLS FARGO PATIO - NIGHT

BINOCULAR POV: KATE and WALTER smoke and talk. Walter seems  
to be enjoying himself. KATE turns to the door. Walter opens  
the door for her.

EXT. ARMORED TRUCK # 22 - NIGHT

ROOKS

Now Dayton!

INT. ARMORED TRUCK # 22 - NIGHT

DAYTON slaps the brake off. Exits the truck

ROOKS PULLS ON THE REAR BUMPER

TRUCK ROLLS BACKWARDS OUT OF THE COMPOUND

INT. WELLS FARGO HALLWAY - NIGHT

WALTER and KATE stand in Walter's doorway.

WALTER

Oh. Before I forget.

WALTER steps inside his office to his desk, opens a drawer and pulls out two BADGES.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Would you give these to Billy D  
when you see him. Rules is rules.

Hands Kate two badges.

COMPUTER SCREEN WALTER'S OFFICE

TRUCK # 22 is rolling backwards out of compound, disappears into the dark.

EXT. ARMORED TRUCK # 22 - NIGHT - TRUCK CLEARS THE FENCE

ROOKS THREADS THE FENCE BACK TOGETHER

The truck gains momentum as it rolls BACKWARDS away from the compound into the darkness. DAYTON has one hell of a time pulling himself up inside the moving truck. The truck is getting away from him and he slips, dragging along side the truck. It takes everything he has to pull himself up into the cab.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK # 22 NIGHT

Dayton presses the brake peddle. The peddle falls to the floor. Dayton twists the start wires together - nothing seems to be working. The truck bounces out of the field into the street. Dayton pulls the emergency brake.

EXT. ARMORED TRUCK # 22 - NIGHT

BRAKES squeal as the emergency brake slows the armored truck down.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK # 22

Dayton grinds the gears into reverse and dumps the clutch. VAROOM. The armored truck fires up. Dayton spins the steering wheel and the truck turns one hundred and eighty degrees and speeds off into the night.

INT. BRONCO - NIGHT

Rooks fires up the Bronco and follows the armored truck.

EXT. SHOP - NIGHT

ROOKS raises the door. The armored truck rolls inside. Rooks squeezes the Bronco in behind and closes the door.

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

WALTER sits alone in his office watching his computer screen.

COMPUTER SCREEN - NIGHT

ARMORED TRUCK rolls backwards through the fence, fades into darkness.

WALTER'S OFFICE

Chuckles. Shakes his head.

WALTER

(quotes)

Even the just may sin with an open chest of gold before them.

INT. SHOP - NIGHT

DAYTON hops from the armored truck - he is wild

DAYTON

(hyped - adrenalin)

Did you see that shit man? It's a good thing the emergency brake held.

ROOKS

That was kick ass Dayton.

DAYTON

Did you get the fence wired up?  
Can't leave any holes.

ROOKS

Dayton - take a breath.

DAYTON

I can't help it Rooks. I feel good  
tonight.

ROOKS

Yeah. Yeah we might of pulled it  
off. I don't know.

DAYTON

We have some work to do on this  
beast. I'm on it.

INTERIOR SHOP: MONTAGE

ROOK and DAYTON work on armored truck. TOOLS lay hear and  
there. DAYTON'S FEET stick out from under the truck; toes up.

ROOKS works under the hood.

ROOKS'S FEET stick out from under the truck; toes up.

DAYTON WORKS under the hood.

DAYTON'S FEET stick out from under the truck

ROOKS sits inside the truck.

EXT. SHOP - THURSDAY MORNING

ANGLE UP: out away from the BASE of shop door and down the  
drive way. We see a gray Ford pull up the driveway until it's  
almost on top of the camera. Car stops. Motor dies. We see  
the bumper, tires and undercarriage of a car.

DOLLY RIGHT we see the DRIVER'S door swing open and out comes  
a woman but we don't see the whole woman, just her feet &  
legs. She steps out of the car and onto the concrete. Car  
door shuts.

Woman's feet - legs walk out of frame.

INT. SHOP - MORNING

KATE entering.

FROM UNDER THE ARMORED TRUCK

We see Dayton wrenching away

DAYTON'S POV:

We see Rooks's legs drop out of the truck from drivers side. Woman's bare ankles/legs step to within inches of Rooks. She goes up on her toes for a few seconds.

UNDER ARMORED TRUCK

DAYTON considers what he sees. (Couple of beats here) Shakes his head.

ROOKS and KATE break from a kiss.

ROOKS  
(deep breath)  
You and Walter get along alright?

KATE  
Walter's a sweet old man. Kinda stiff though and he smokes Viceroy cigarettes. Oh my God did I get dizzy.

Digs in her purse.

ROOKS  
I was ready to call it off when I didn't see you . . .

KATE  
(digging in purse)  
You can still call it off; go talk to a state investigator or a U.S. Marshall. Last night was easy compared to what's next. Here.

Hands a badge to Rooks.

KATE (CONT'D)  
Present from Walter.

ROOKS  
Huh? Its real.(shakes it)

Dayton crawls out from under the truck.

DAYTON

Walter gave you two badges? How is that Kate?

Kate

Actually Walter gave them to me to give to Billy Davis. They belonged to the recently deceased drivers.

DAYTON

I don't want a dead guys badge.

KATE

It's a prop Dayton. You'll need a badge number.

Hands Dayton a badge.

DAYTON

(eyeing the badge)

Is a dead mans badge bad luck.

ROOKS

Well it don't have his name on it like a dog tag so (beat) you're ok.

Dayton tosses the badge onto the tool box.

DAYTON

We don't have license plates for our armored truck. Hate to get pulled over for that.

ROOKS

We better find something official looking, maybe some phony temporary tags?

DAYTON

I've got something in mind, something Tada would get a kick out of.

Rooks gives an assenting nod.

ROOKS

OK? What?

DAYTON

It's a surprise. (pause) I was thinking about something. Do you remember when the four of us camped out at Maroon Bells? Tada's twenty-first birthday.

Rooks and Kate exchange looks.

KATE

It's just the three of us. Tada isn't here.

ROOKS

Bacon and eggs on the rocks.

KATE

(after a moment)

Yes. Tada grabbed the beer instead of the frying pan.

ROOKS

Imagine that.

KATE

(to Dayton)

Tada cooked breakfast on a flat rock over the fire. And you bitched the whole time but we all ate every bite.

DAYTON

It tasted good and it turned out all right. (beat) I didn't think I was going to get control of the truck last night. It nearly got away from me, dragging me underneath. I banged my head and I was ready to let it go but then I heard Tada's voice. He said, crack an egg on that rock Dayton. It'll cook. (turns to Kate) He was telling me to pull myself up into the truck.

KATE

(pampering)

Dayton. You banged your head.

INT. BASEMENT MAINTENANCE ROOM - DAY

A dark, windowless utility room carved into a rock wall with mining tools on racks mounted into the rock. There are some plain wooden chairs and a workbench. On the workbench is a miners pick and four small chunks of gold.

Two muscle heads hold AUGGIE against a rock wall while MooZe BANGS Auggie's head against the rock wall. BANG BANG

MOOZE

You steal from me you pay the price  
Auggie. You know that you fuck.

AUGGIE

I wasn't stealing, I swear MooZe. I  
picked them off of the floor. I  
forgot they were in my pocket.

BAM. MooZe slams Auggie's head against the rock wall.

MOOZE

Don't insult me Auggie. For Christ  
sake Auggie. I was just at little  
Auggie's baptism Sunday before  
last. What's he gonna think you  
come home with all these knots on  
your head?

(laugh)ha-ha

AUGGIE

Ok. Ok. Maybe I forgot to mention I  
had a few chunks in my pocket.

MOOZE

You forgot to mention. You son-of-  
a. (bangs Auggie's head again)

ROCK WALL: a few sparkling Gold nuggets are embedded in rock  
wall.

MOOZE (CONT'D)

I count every single nugget in that  
wall twice a day. You know what  
Auggie? I'm still missin one. I  
swear I'm gonna have to make you  
guys strip before youse walk outta  
here at night. (beat) Strip-em.

The Muscle men start to strip Auggie.

MOOZE (CONT'D)

The Bosses got wind of the train  
robbery and they ain't happy bout  
it. They hear anything bout this  
shit and they roll me under the  
next train; this shit don't stop.  
Auggie, you got anything you want  
to tell me for we get down to your  
nuts?

Auggie is half stripped and sweating bullets.

AUGGIE'S SHOE moves like Auggie's got a bad itch inside.

INT. SHOP - DAY

Dayton runs a tail pipe extender out under the shop door.

DAYTON  
OK Rooks.

ROOKS sits inside the truck, touches the two wires together.

SPARKS from wires - engine starts.

DAYTON walks up to cab of truck.

DAYTON (CONT'D)  
Put a little slow down in the brake  
lines and this truck is good as  
new.

ROOKS  
A little slow down in the brake  
lines?

DAYTON  
Break fluid.

ROOKS  
Yeah, yeah I get it. What ever.  
Do we have any break fluid around  
here?

DAYTON  
Special kind. I'll pick some up. Be  
back later.

ROOKS  
OK but we do this in (checks his  
watch) eleven hours.

INT. BASEMENT UTILITY ROOM - DAY

Auggie ain't looking so good. They have him stripped down to  
his under ware, shoes and socks.

MOOZE  
Don't worry Auggie. I know a guy  
like you wouldn't stick gold under  
his nuts. They ain't big enough.  
(laughs) Take his shoes off.

AUGGIE  
NO MooZe. No.

Muscle men pull off one of his shoes and hand it to MooZe. MooZe shakes it. Nothing here.

MOOZE  
Give me that other one.

Muscle man hands him the other one. MooZe shakes it. We hear something bouncing around inside the shoe.

MOOZE (CONT'D)  
(shoe up to his ear -  
shakes it)  
Huh Auggie. Huh.

MooZe rolls the chunk of gold out into his hand.

MOOZE (CONT'D)  
I didn't know Florsheims came with  
a gold nugget. You guys know that?

Muscle men look at each other. Shake their heads.

PICK HAMMER

BAM. MooZe slams the pick end of the hammer into Auggie's big toe.

AUGGIE  
Screams.

MOOZE  
I ever catch you stealing again I'm  
gonna put this through your fat  
head. That's the rules. (pause) Let-  
em go.

Auggie falls to the floor begging for forgiveness.

MOOZE (CONT'D)  
Don't be a pain in the ass Auggie.  
Get the hell outta here. (to muscle  
head) You check his ass? I think  
I'm still short a nugget.

MooZe kicks Auggie square in the ass. Auggie hobbles out of the room grabbing his back side and a wad of clothes.

MOOZE (CONT'D)  
Could-a been your nuts Auggie.  
Rules is rules. Moron. (beat)  
Speakin of Morons?

MooZe pulls out his cell phone; dials a number.

EXT. SHOP - DAY

Out in weedy overgrown area near the shop BILLY DAVIS lays dead in a shallow grave. His cell phone rings. A Mini Doberman sniffs the ground. He's found something under his paws and he pisses on it.

BILLY DAVIS'S dead eyes stare up at the dog peeing on him.

PHONE

Hold my drink bitch. Hold my drink  
bitch.

EXT. GOLDEN NUGGET GOLD RUSH CASINO - MORNING

DAYTON wears a COWBOY get-up and dark sun glasses. He enters the Gold Rush Casino's MULTI STORY PARKING GARAGE. As he walks there begins a series of very quick cuts.

Dayton stands looking out of parking garage.

DAYTON'S POV: We see the rear doors of GOLD RUSH CASINO, (where the Wells Fargo armored trucks back in to load money from the casino).

CUT TO:

INSIDE PARKING GARAGE

ROW OF PARKED CARS, CONCRETE STEPS leading up to door in stair well - SECOND LEVEL - COWBOY ENTERING SECOND LEVEL - ROW OF PARKED CARS - SECURITY CAMERA mounted to ceiling - SECURITY CAMERAS MOUNTED TO CONCRETE PILLARS

STAIR WELL DOOR (5TH FLOOR - NO ADMITTANCE)

Dayton tries door. It's locked. He slips credit card into lock hasp, it opens. FIFTH LEVEL - parked cars. PAN AUTOMOBILES left then right now back to left. FREEZE on BLACK HUMVEE License plate (HUM THIS) DAYTON SMILES, disappears behind Humvee.

MUSCLE HEAD ENTERS FIFTH LEVEL - Slams open door. Walks around Humvee. Nobody here. Looks over the rest of the parking level. No sign of anybody. Scowls.

MooZe and two more MUSCLE HEADS enter the fifth level parking. MooZe is yakking on his cell phone, pays no attention to the MUSCLE HEADS.

MUSCLE HEAD Gives a WTF look to the other MUSCLE HEADS. The other two MUSCLE HEADS look around the immediate area, find nothing and shrug it off. All three MUSCLE HEADS enter Humvee and drive off with MOOZE.

STREETS CRIPPLE CREEK - DAY

BLACK HUMVEE (no license plates) traveling down streets of a festive day in Cripple Creek. It's Cowboy Days at Cripple Creek and there are lots of cowboys walking the streets and in and out of the Gold Rush Casino.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

MOOZE

Look at them shit-kickin turd muckers. Ain't a one of-em ride a horse.

HUMVEE

Turns a corner and we see a parade of cowboys riding horseback. HUMVEE pull up and is 1st out behind a parade of horseback riders.

HUMVEE front tire rolls over fresh horse droppings. SQUISH.

INT. SHOP - THURSDAY EVENING

ROOKS and DAYTON work on truck checking wiring, lights, turn signals.

REAR OF ARMORED TRUCK: TURN SIGNAL

ROOKS (V.O.)

Left.

Left rear turn signal blinks

ROOKS (V.O.)

Right.

Right rear turn signal blinks.

ROOKS

(edgy)

What else - what else? (beat)Are you sure about the GPS?

DAYTON

Yes I've severed the wires. (under his breath), I don't want that damn thing kickin in; make me have to deal with the man lizard.

ROOKS AND DAYTON

Dressed in gray pants and gray shirts. Nothing fits right.

DAYTON

Should've thought about uniforms day one.

ROOKS

You just have to look good from the waist up.

His pants are a good two inches above his ankles.

DAYTON

Good thing.

Rooks pins a badge on Dayton; slaps a gray baseball cap on Dayton's head.

ROOKS

There. Nobody will be looking at your feet.

DAYTON

Name tags?

ROOKS

You've got a badge.

DAYTON

Hats should say Wells Fargo.

ROOKS

They just want to see an armored truck.

DAYTON

Digs around in a tool box.

INT. WELLS FARGO BUNKER - NIGHT

KATE ENTERING

Walks to her station, types a pass word for her computer, screen opens. She scrolls the screen until:

GOLD RUSH CASINO: 304 EMMET STREET - PICK-UP 3 A.M. DELIVERY - PUEBLO BANK AND TRUST - DRIVER: ROGERS - DICKY.

KATE reaches for phone. WALTER enters bunker, walks up behind Kate's seat. KATE lets phone drop into receiver.

KATE

(edgy)

Time for a smoke?

WALTER

No. No, I'm just gonna sit in for a while. I don't think Billy D is going to show and the Casino's called twice, wants a truck up there at three a.m. I've never been inside the place. I'm sure it's nice. You?

KATE

I don't even know how to get there really. Up sixty-seven til you run into the Gold Rush Casino I guess. What's up with Billy D? He sick?

WALTER

Not that I know of. Maybe he fell into a hole or something.

KATE

Ya gotta wonder?

KATE checks the time on her computer screen.

KATE'S POV: 11:22 p.m.

INT. SHOP - NIGHT

ROOKS sits under a dim light pitching cards into any one of three open drawers of the tool chest.

DAYTON Lays face up, napping inside the cab of the armored truck.

ROOKS is restless. The cards are not making it into the drawers. He checks the time.

Watch Reads MIDNIGHT. ROOKS checks his cell phone to see if it's working.

## WELLS FARGO DISPATCH BUNKER - NIGHT

Kate works the routes and logs information on the computers. Walter observes.

WALTER

(looking hard into  
computer)

Well what the hell is seventy-two  
doing at Penrose Hospital?

KATE

(rolls her screen)

John Howland's on spot until twelve  
twenty. (edgy) He's got twenty  
minutes. I need to . . .

WALTER

Damn. Is it midnight already. I  
better go push a few buttons on my  
computer or they'll think I didn't  
show up tonight. You be alright  
honey?

KATE

(relieved)

Oh. Of course. I've got this.

## WALTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

WALTER sits at his desk. His multi-line phone is dark -  
suddenly line two lights up. Walter smiles.

## INT. WELLS FARGO BUNKER - NIGHT

KATE Dials out on the phone.

KATE

(into phone)

I'm calling to confirm a scheduled  
pick up two thirty a.m.

## INT. ROOKS'S SHOP - 12:05 A.M.

ROOKS holds phone up to his ear.

PHONE

(Kate's voice)

Scheduled pick up at two-thirty  
a.m.

ROOKS closes his phone, pitches what's left of the deck into the drawers. 52 card pick-up style.

ROOKS  
Its on for a two-thirty.

DAYTON is sitting inside the cab.

DAYTON  
(deep breath)  
She sound OK?

ROOKS  
Yep. Kate's Kate.

DAYTON hops out of the truck and digs inside a tool box.

ROOKS (CONT'D)  
Gotta roll Dayton!

DAYTON flips Rooks a gray baseball with the words WELLS FARGO stenciled on it inked from a black magic marker.

ROOKS (CONT'D)  
(at hat)  
I like it.

DAYTON digs in the tool box, covertly wraps something in his jacket.

EXT. GOLD RUSH CASINO - 2:30 A.M.

Wells Fargo truck, number 22 backs up to the rear of the Gold Rush Casino and stops six feet short of the casino's doors. The trucks engine idles rough and uneven, spitting confused puffs of white smoke into the night air. As the smoke clears we see HUM-THIS license plates on rear of armored truck.

ROOKS sits driver. DAYTON sits shotgun. They are focused into the door mirrors. Both men eye the closed doors to the casino's rear entrance.

Without a word, both men exit the armored truck taking opposite sides then head to the rear of the truck. DAYTON opens the rear door, ROOKS yanks a dolly out of the truck. DAYTON hops in the back of the truck and closes the door.

ROOKS pushes the dolly to the rear entrance of the casino and presses the buzzer.

ROOKS  
(to himself)  
Were gonna do this Tada.

The door buzzes.

INT. REAR ENTRANCE CASINO

ROOKS entering, shoves the dolly inside.

ROOKS POV: we see a short, dim corridor. About half way down the corridor sits a gray desk. On the desk, a notebook lays open. A pen is attached to the notebook by a soiled white string.

ROOKS'S HAND signs the register Wells Fargo.

ROOKS eases the dolly past the empty desk and stops at the GRAY METAL DOOR at the end of the short corridor. An intercom imbedded in the wall hums with static noise. Rooks presses the button and speaks:

ROOKS  
Wells Fargo. Here to pick up.

We hear a loud static pop from the intercom speaker as Rooks lets go of the button. ROOKS startles, works through his fear and reaches for the door handle. A voice bawls from behind him.

VOICE  
Wait a minute.

ROOKS shits his pants. (a couple of beats here)

VOICE (CONT'D)  
You guys always pull this and I  
take shit for it.

ROOKS turns around to face the voice. A muscle head stands at the desk.

The MUSCLE HEAD eyes the notebook and taps the page with the pen used to sign in.

MUSCLE HEAD  
You forgot your badge number.

ROOKS walks back to the desk. MUSCLE HEAD shoves the pen at ROOKS. ROOKS takes the pen, writes his badge number: 69

ROOKS  
Sorry. I work in accounting but  
we're short handed tonight. (beat)  
You get what you pay for. Right.

MUSCLE HEAD

I don't give a shit what you get paid for.

ROOKS

Right.

ROOKS turns and walks.

MUSCLE HEAD

Some badge number.

ROOKS

(over his shoulder)  
Ain't it.

ROOKS opens the GRAY DOOR.

INT. MONEY ROOM GOLDEN NUGGET.

ROOKS ENTERING: Bright light floods the otherwise dim hallway and office noise spills out past the threshold. Rooks pushes the dolly inside the room.

SLOW MOTION

ROOKS POV: It's a busy place. Under bright lights men and women count money. Machines spit out stacks of currency. Coin machines rumble. ROOKS is in the way. Worker's shuffle around him.

WORKER

(pointing - curt)  
Over there.

Over there is a stack of five packages roughly the size of five brief cases.

ZOOM IN on stack of packages. There is no satchel.

ROOKS - Eyes wide. Mouth agape. He snaps to.

ROOKS

Thank you.

Nobody here give a shit, their too busy counting money. ROOKS loads the packages onto the dolly. Wheels it out of the room.

ROOKS ENTERING hall way.

ROOKS POV: Two men stand near the desk - backs to rooks. They talk but the words are hushed, suddenly one busts a gut laughing, the other turns around to see ROOKS. It's MOOZE. His big grin morphs into an ambivalent smirk.

The SATCHEL now sits on the desk. MooZe's rests his hand on the satchel.

ROOKS adjusts his hat lower and walks toward them.

MOOZE

Hey. How come you ain't wearing a gun?

ROOKS, SLO-MO

ROOKS'S MIND PLAYS ON THE SCREEN: REAR DOOR OF GOLDEN NUGGET

DAYTON stands in door way holding a gun.

DAYTON

(points gun at MooZe)  
Is this what your talking about?

GUN: BANG! BANG! BANG!

MOOZE Splatters against the wall and slides down to the ground leaving a smear of crimson red blood on the wall.

ROOKS snaps out of it. MooZe and the muscle head stare hard at Rooks.

ROOKS

The guard in the vault has a gun.

MOOZE

(laughs - turns to M/H)  
That's wear the fuck I'd wanna be.

ROOKS

(alarmed)  
We're running late.

MOOZE

(checks his Rolex)  
You still got fifteen minutes til you gotta be here. What's yer hurry?

ON SOUND: YER HURRY ECHOES in Rooks's ears as he walks the dolly past the two men, the desk and the satchel. MooZe gets a good look at Rooks as he passes.

MOOZE (CONT'D)  
 (as Rooks passes)  
 You must be the new guy?

ROOKS keeps walking.

ROOKS  
 I work in book keeping. They shoved  
 me over here tonight.

MOOZE  
 Book keeping? How long you -

ROOKS  
 (cuts off MooZe)  
 Account technician. I'm an account  
 technician.

MOOZE  
 (chuckles)  
 Account technician. Everybody's a  
 technician these days. Billy Davis.  
 He's an account technician. Seen-  
 em?

ROOKS stops abruptly and turns around.

ROOKS  
 Not lately.

MOOZE walks over to Rooks, sets the satchel on top of the  
 money packages

MOOZE  
 Yeah. Fuckin moron does what ever  
 the hell he wants.

ROOKS  
 Are we done?

MOOZE  
 (to Muscle head)  
 Why can't you be more like this  
 guy? All business.

MUSCLE HEAD  
 Cause I ain't a pussy?

MooZe and muscle head laugh.

ROOKS  
 You guys are a lot of fun. We'll  
 talk next time.

EXT. REAR GOLD RUSH CASINO - NIGHT

ROOKS exits the casino and dollies the money and satchel to the rear of the armored truck. MooZe right on ROOKS'S heels.

REAR OF ARMORED TRUCK: ROOKS gives the door two sharp raps. DAYTON opens the door. Rooks shoves the packages inside. Dayton accepts the packages and the satchel and the dolly.

MOOZE

(to Rooks)

You sure he's got a gun. I didn't see a gun.

ROOKS has a difficult moment. (a couple of beats here) Not sure what to say.

DAYTON shoves a gun out of the rear of the armored truck and into MOOZE'S ear.

DAYTON

Is this what your looking for? Get in.

MOOZE plays it cool. ROOKS shits his pants.

DAYTON grabs MooZe by his tie and plants the gun in MooZe's forehead.

DAYTON (CONT'D)

(Dayton tugs on MooZes tie)

I said get in.

MooZe climbs in the back of the truck - Dayton gripping MooZe's tie. Rooks snaps to. Shuts the door. Hops inside the cab. Wells Fargo truck leaves down the alley.

MUSCLE HEAD Stands wide eyed. Not sure of what just happened.

INT. CRIPPLE CREEK POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

PROFILE OFFICER inside cruiser. Officer speaks into cell phone.

OFFICER

(disbelief)

Are you shittin me? MooZe?

POLICE CRUISER

LIGHTS UP - SOUNDS SIREN- PEELS OUT

EXT. HIGHWAY 67 - NIGHT

POLICE CRUISER chasing after a WELLS FARGO armored truck number 22. UNIT 71 ARMORED TRUCK passes unit 22 armored truck on way to casino.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK UNIT 71 - NIGHT

DRIVER radios in

DRIVER  
(into handset)  
Unit seventy-one to base.

KATE (V.O.)  
Base. Go ahead seventy-one.

DRIVER  
(into handset)  
Do we? Are you aware that there is a police car chasing one of our trucks down town Cripple Creek?

INT. WELLS FARGO BUNKER - NIGHT

KATE sits alone and for a moment she closes her eyes. Then, opening her eyes facing her screen.

KATE  
Roger seventy-one. Are the Cripple Creek Police in pursuit?

C/C Police cruiser races after unit 22, siren in BG.

DRIVER UNIT 71(V.O.)  
Ah, yes. That's a roger. (beat) The casino says we already picked up. I don't know what the screw-up is. We got here on time.

KATE  
Roger seventy-one.

Kate picks up the phone. Dials a number.

KATE (CONT'D)  
Hi. Is this the El Paso County Sheriff. I'm a dispatcher at Wells Fargo. We've got a situation heading out of Cripple Creek, (pause) no I cannot hold.

INT. WELLS FARGO UNIT 22 MONEY VAULT - NIGHT

Dayton wraps MooZe's tie around a steel pole/brace inside the money vault and hangs on to the end of his tie. He holds a gun on MooZe's head with his other hand.

MOOZE

You know what zippo man? You ain't gonna make it outta this alive. You should -

Dayton shoves the gun up MooZe's nose. MooZe STEADIES himself placing hands out flat on the seat. Fingers spread.

MOOZE (CONT'D)

Easy with that thing.

DAYTON

You know, I'm always trying to do the right thing and I never thought I would ever take the law into my own hands but then you came along.

MOOZE

(chuckles)

You hadn't dropped your lighter maybe you'd got away. You shoulda.

Bam! Dayton shoots the middle finger off of MooZe's left hand then shoves the gun right back up MooZe's nose. MooZe cries out but can't move away because his tie holds him tight against the pole.

MOOZE (CONT'D)

You son-of-a-bitch.

DAYTON

What's the matter MooZe? You gonna wet yer pants? (looks at MooZe's crotch) Oh, you already did. Got anything else I shoulda?

EXT. HIGHWAY 67 - NIGHT

We see the WELLS FARGO Truck racing down the highway. CRIPPLE CREEK squad car in hot pursuit - officer shooting at the armored truck's tires.

INT. CAB, WELLS FARGO ARMORED TRUCK - NIGHT

ROOKS has his hands full. He's doing his best to control the truck at high speeds.

He pumps the brakes every now and again. The driver's side mirror shatters from a bullets bouncing off the pavement. Rooks over corrects and bounces off a tree near the road.

EXT. ARMORED TRUCK # 22

UNDER TRUCK: The GPS Wires touch - sparks fly.

INT. WELLS FARGO ARMORED TRUCK - NIGHT

RADIO Light flickers then stays on. We hear radio static:

RADIO  
Wells Fargo base to unit seventy-one.

INT. WELLS FARGO DISPATCH BUNKER - NIGHT

COMPUTER SCREEN GPS lights up: (unit 22 - HWY 67 - teller county)

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - NIGHT

The local ore train, maybe the same one that cut the wells fargo truck in half a few weeks ago winds it's way down the tracks.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK 22 - NIGHT

SPEEDOMETER needle is at sixty-five

Its a wild ride, swerving left and right; tires squeal. Bullets whizz by. Rooks pumps the brakes, tries the emergency brakes. Nothing seems to slow down the heavy truck. Rooks is losing control of the truck. He looks at something out of the frame.

A train is approaching the railroad crossing at Hennessy Point. It's big and bold in the night.

INT. UNIT 22 - NIGHT

Rooks can't possible stop in time. Screw it, he's only chance now is to beat the train.

GAS PEDDLE to the floor.

SPEEDOMETER needle moving up past 70 MPH.

CRUISER is locked on to unit 22, bumper to bumper.

INT. CRIPPLE CREEK POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

OFFICER  
(looking ahead)  
You better kick it in the ass!

Officer floors it digging into the trucks bumper.

EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING - NIGHT

The Train narrowly misses UNIT 22. WHAM!!! The CRIPPLE CREEK POLICE CRUISER gets CRUSHED by the train.

EXT. HIGHWAY 67 - NIGHT

BOOM UP: OVER THE TRAIN: AERIAL SHOT: we see the Wells Fargo truck fly off the road and crash into a hundred trees. Its a splinter-fest with tree branches flying everywhere, whole tree trunks flipping HIGH up into the air.

INT. UNIT 22 - NIGHT

ROOKS'S POV: WINDSHIELD Trees and limbs and branches pile up on the hood of the truck. BOOM - BAM - CRACK and SMASH but the armored truck holds together.

INT. MONEY VAULT - WELLS FARGO ARMORED TRUCK - NIGHT

Its loud and bumpy inside the truck's money vault. DAYTON holds MOOZE'S tie wrapped tight around the steel pole.

As the two men struggle to maintain balance and control the hand set falls out of the holder near MooZe. He grabs the hand set and smacks Dayton in the head. The TALK BUTTON STICKS to the ON position. The radio is transmitting everything coming from the trucks money vault.

INT. WELLS FARGO DISPATCH BUNKER - NIGHT

Kate stands and bends toward her desk, watching her computer screen. She appears disheveled. Her long hair hangs down in curly strands touching her cheeks, naked arms stretch to the desk. Its quiet - then the radio sputters and the computer screen lights up.

TWO-WAY SPEAKER - COMPUTER SCREEN:

We hear the interior sounds of the armored truck's money vault as it smashes through the forest. CRACK - BAM - OUCH SON-OF-A-BITCH. The computer screen lights up showing UNIT 22 - HWY 67 - MILE POST 30

KATE

Highway 67 at mile post 30.

Kate holding for the El Paso County Sheriff's office.

BEHIND Kate ENTERS WALTER.

WALTER

Unit twenty-two is transmitting?

KATE

I'm calling the sheriff now.

She's quick to dial 911 but Walter yanks the phone from Kate's hand and hangs it up.

WALTER

I think you and I better do this one ourselves. Get your coat Kate.

KATE

What about? Who's going to watch the floor?

Walter grabs Kate's arm and shoves her to the door. She may even be a little submissive thinking she has been caught helping Rooks and Dayton.

WALTER

Forget the coat.

KATE

I can explain. Let go of me. I can explain.

WALTER

I'm sure you can. Just be quiet and start walking.

INT. EL PASO COUNTY SHERIFF'S DISPATCH - NIGHT

Sheriff Dispatch answers phone.

SHERIFF DISPATCH

(into phone)

Hello? Hello?

INT. WALTER'S CAR - NIGHT

WALTER

Do you want to tell me what's going on? Are you in on it Kate?

KATE

No. Maybe. It's not what you think. Where are you taking me?

WALTER

You're a smart girl. Think about where the armored truck is headed.

KATE

(surprised)

You know where they're headed?

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

ARMORED TRUCK comes to a rough stop in a shallow drainage ditch near the forests edge. The one working head light shines out onto a forest road. The engine sputters.

INT. WELLS FARGO ARMORED TRUCK - NIGHT

Rooks sits up. Collects himself. Suddenly he bolts out of the truck.

EXT. WELLS FARGO ARMORED TRUCK - NIGHT

Rooks opens the rear door to the truck's vault.

Dayton is hurting but still has a gun on MooZe. MooZe tied by his neck tie to the pole. He isn't happy.

ROOKS

Are you out of your fucking mind.

DAYTON

He was on to us Rooks. He recognized me right away. He talked about killing Tada.

MOOZE

He's a liar. Delirious. Must-a banged his head.

DAYTON

Give me my lighter.

MOOZE  
I ain't got your lighter.

Dayton sticks the gun barrel into MooZe wound, presses

MOOZE (CONT'D)  
(in pain)  
Alright. Alright.

MooZe reaches into his pocket with his good hand and yanks out the lighter. Dayton snatches the lighter.

MOOZE (CONT'D)  
Hadn't been for that lighter, you guys might a pulled it off. Your buddy'd be alive zippo man hadn't dropped it. You shouda. . .

MOOZE remembers what "you shoulda" got him last time. He braces for it. Closes his bloody fist.

ROOKS  
(incensed)  
That lighter didn't kill Tada. You did. Keep him down Dayton. We have a ways to go yet.

MOOZE  
You two gonna get your nuts cut off, you don't let me outta here right now. I didn't. . .

Rooks shuts the door. Enters the truck and rolls the truck out onto the forest road.

EXT. SHOP - SUN-UP

Walter's car pulls to a stop in view of Rooks's shop, right about where he dumped Billy Davis's body. Very quiet here.

WALTER  
(excited)  
I wondered if they could pull it off.

KATE  
What are you talking about?

EXT. ROOKS'S SHOP - SUN-UP

We see the Wells Fargo truck coming up the street. It carries tree branches. It turns up the driveway into the shop. The door closes. Walter see the trees on the truck.

WALTER

Huh. Must-a taken the short cut but hey, unit 22 is in the building and we are wasting time. Get out of the car.

KATE

(unloads) I'm not going anywhere with you.

Walter grabs Kate by the arm and drags her out through his side of the car. Kate kicks and fights, looks like she might get free then Walter grabs her hair and drags her to the rear shop door.

EXT. SHOP

Walter kicks in the door.

Entering the shop. Kate struggles.

INT. SHOP

Walter continues into the shop with Kate. The Wells Fargo truck sits in the middle of the shop. Tree branches lay across the hood, sticking out here and there. Nobody is around. They walk to the rear of the Wells Fargo truck - Kate struggling. The rear door is ajar. We hear voices from inside the armored truck. Walter yanks the door wide open.

WALTER'S POV:

MooZe has turned the table and holds the gun on Dayton and Rooks. MooZe is surprised at Walter and points the gun at Walter. Walter shoves Kate in between himself and MooZe and whips out his own gun and promptly shoots MooZe in the head. MooZe sits. MooZe's gun falls between him and Rooks. Incredibly MooZe is still alive. Walter shoves Kate into the vault and climbs inside.

INT. WELLS FARGO DISPATCH BUNKER - MORNING

Two El Paso County Sheriff officers stand taking information from a clerk inside the Wells Fargo dispatch bunker. Unit 22 info is up on the computer screen.

OFFICER  
 (to clerk)  
 Well if you didn't call nine one -  
 one, who did?

INT. WELLS FARGO ARMORED TRUCK VAULT - MORNING

KATE  
 You are out of control Walter  
 Megane. This is not in the  
 procedure manual.

INT. WELLS FARGO DISPATCH ROOM - MORNING

Two deputy's work the Wells Fargo clerk.

WELLS FARGO CLERK  
 Yes. Here is a real time read out.  
 (points to computer)

We hear static noise on the two-way hand set and the muffled voices of WALTER - MOOZE - DAYTON, KATE and ROOKS.

COMPUTER SCREEN:

Unit 22; 2211 EAST HWY 24; Manitou Springs, 6:55 A.M.

WELLS FARGO CLERK  
 That's a current location. Unit  
 twenty-two is transmitting from  
 2211 East Highway 24. This computer  
 records everything that the GPS  
 puts out and the radio  
 transmissions too.

We hear voices from the two way radio speaker.

WALTER (V.O.)  
 I only have one question, where is  
 the gold?

DAYTON (V.O.)  
 The door came open in the forest,  
 must of fell out.

WALTER (V.O.)

Just fell out in the forest. Huh.  
Boy, you must think I'm stupid.

MOOZE (V.O.)

That was a hell of a ride. Coulda  
happened. (looks at Kate) Are you  
okay? Man I got a head ache.

INT. WELLS FARGO ARMORED TRUCK VAULT - MORNING

WALTER

Will you shut the hell up.

Kate places her hand on MooZe's head wound.

KATE

Gotta keep pressure on this.

MOOZE

(sweet - is not himself)  
Okay. Okay. Ain't she the prettiest  
thing I ever laid my eyes on?

WALTER

How the hell would I know?

ROOKS

(to Walter)  
Who are you?

INT. WELLS FARGO DISPATCH ROOM - DAY

WALTER (V.O.)

I'm the one that planned the whole  
thing. I have been waiting years  
for you. When that train cut the  
truck in half and you hi-tailed it  
out of there with the gold, I  
almost pissed my pants. Pulled a  
slick one on me though, gave the  
gold back to MooZe. I didn't see  
that coming but I waited and baited  
you. You needed an armored truck. I  
let you have one. You needed parts.  
I let you have them. Billy Davis  
was a problem. I took care of Billy  
Davis.

KATE (V.O.)

What do you mean?

WALTER (V.O.)

Oh he's about a hundred feet that way (points with his thumb) in a shallow grave. He was on to you, about to get in the way. Broke his neck but they'll pin that on you two. Poor bastards been there for a couple of days now. That's where your going Katie-poo unless you hand over the gold.

Officer radios into shoulder handset.

OFFICER-1

(into handset)

Ten sixty-five, twenty-two-eleven east highway twenty-four.

OFFICER-2

I'm going to request that you volunteer a certified hard copy to the El Paso County Sheriff's office.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Police cars light up the streets and head to 2211 HWY 24.

INT. WELLS FARGO ARMORED TRUCK MONEY VAULT

MOOZE

How about we all just get along, split the gold and I marry this girl? Baby I got a hell-of-a-lot more where that come from?

DAYTON

Thing is, you killed Tada and the Cripple Creek police covered it up. They don't seem to mind if you shoot at us either. I don't think that's going to work MooZe.

MOOZE

I told you, I didn't whack Tada. He was dead when I got there. Walter got there first. I only fixed it, made it look good, keep the bosses off my ass. I can fix anything.

WALTER  
 (to MooZe)  
 How bout another hole in your head?  
 Can you fix that?

Walter raised the gun to MooZe's head.

MOOZE  
 Hey. You don't want to do that in  
 front of the lady. (to Kate) What's  
 your name?

ROOKS  
 Okay. Walter. Walter take all this  
 cash. There must be three million.

WALTER  
 You thick headed son-of-a-bitch.  
 They trace cash.

MOOZE  
 I can fix that.

WALTER  
 What?

INT. WELLS FARGO DISPATCH BUNKER - DAY

Deputies listening to radio.

MOOZE (V.O.) RADIO SPEAKER  
 I own the Cripple Creek police too.  
 Moray's my stool pigeon. Got-em in  
 the books for about two hundred  
 thousand. He'll do what ever I say.  
 I'll call-em off. You can have it  
 all.

We hear the back ground noise coming in from the two-way  
 radio inside MONEY VAULT. SIRENS - DOOR SLAMMING

RADIO SPEAKER (V.O.)  
 This is the El Paso County  
 Sheriff's department. The building  
 is surrounded. Drop your weapons.

INT. WELLS FARGO ARMORED TRUCK MONEY VAULT

WALTER  
 Well screw this. Looks like I get  
 to be the hero instead of rich.  
 Either way you all get to die.  
 (MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

Nobody'll ever know the difference.  
Bye.

Walter raises his gun to shoot MOOZE. ROOKS, lightening fast, raises the gun that fell between he and MooZe and empties it into Walter's torso - BANG-BANG-BANG BANG CLICK-CLICK. Walter falls dead. Gun Smokes. ROOKS hands the gun to MOOZE.

ROOKS

Here. He moves, shoot-em.

MOOZE

(off the cuff)

OK.

Sheriff deputies close in and take over the scene.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Rooks, Dayton and Kate sit with THREE detectives.

DETECTIVE JACKS

Well then there's the matter of the ledger. Two million, seven hundred thousand dollars on the books to Pueblo Bank and Trust but being prudent detectives like we are we tore off the wrappers and counted the currency and came up with four million. That's a bit of a discrepancy wouldn't you say?

ROOKS

I . . .

KATE

I had no idea.

DETECTIVE JACKS

Neither did the Gold Rush Casino. They say it's a miracle.

1ST DETECTIVE

(laughs)

Heres the thing. Feds have been all over this casino for months. Surveillance, wire taps, you name it and they come up with nothing. You guys come along with some personal vendetta and presto, the mother lode of evidence.

(MORE)

1ST DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Great work on your part but Detective Jacks' theory is you all are guilty of obstruction; might of got his feelings hurt because you didn't ask permission, (beat) so we better shoot some holes in Detective Jacks theory. Rooks, you were driving Tucker's Cadillac when you came across the wreck?

ROOKS

I was. Tada was too beat up to drive.

DETECTIVE JACKS

But not to beat up to carry off two million in cash?

No answer from Rooks.

1ST DETECTIVE

Ok. What time did you come up on the wreck?

ROOKS

Before sun up. Maybe five thirty, five forty-five.

1ST DETECTIVE

Did you see anybody at the scene?

ROOKS

No. Not a single person.

1ST DETECTIVE

Then what happened?

MONTAGE: VARIOUS SCENES

TADA'S WRECKED HOUSE - MUSCLE HEAD ON FLOOR - JESTER THE DOG - CRASH THROUGH THE GARAGE - TOSSING THE GOLD - WELLS FARGO LOT - WELLS FARGO TRUCK INSIDE SHOP - SCENE AT GOLDEN NUGGET - DAYTON PULLING MOOZE INTO TRUCK VAULT - CRASH THROUGH THE FOREST - INSIDE THE MONEY VAULT

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE

ROOKS

We had no choice the way we saw it. They aimed to kill us all.

1ST DETECTIVE

I understand your thinking, but you took the law into your own hands and you withheld information and that's obstruction.

Detective Looks at his paper work, taps his pencil.

1ST DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Then there's the matter of a stolen Wells Fargo Truck, trespass and public destruction.

ROOKS

Public destruction?

DETECTIVE

The forest department is going to want restitution for the trees.

(to 2nd Det.)

Has Wells Fargo responded yet?

2ND DETECTIVE

Their attorneys want a letter of confidentiality.

ROOKS

A letter of what?

1ST DETECTIVE

If say there isn't enough to put you away for a long time, they want a guarantee this won't go public. You didn't hear this from me but given your service record and clean civilian record and the circumstances, I wouldn't be surprised if the state prosecutor offers you a deal. You know he doesn't want to ruin your life cause he believes ya, so with a plea bargain maybe two years. If you're lucky do maybe six months, some community service? That's for Rooks and Dayton and you all sign the letter.

ROOKS

And Kate?

1ST DETECTIVE

She's not implicated, but not exactly clear of this either.

(MORE)

1ST DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

There'll be more questions about Walter Megan and Billy Davis.

DAYTON

The satchel?

DETECTIVE JACKS

We don't think the satchel got on the truck otherwise we would've recovered it. Must of fallen out of the truck during the scuffle with MooZe. (beat) But we'll toss the rug, see what comes crawling out. (to Kate) I don't want you leaving town until this gets closed.

DAYTON

So that just leaves the bad guys? MooZe and the Muscle heads?

DETECTIVE

They'll go down on Federal Racketeering, money laundering and fraud charges. (laughs) Never would've believed there was gold underneath the casino. Huh. That's, in my best guesstimation, where the extra one point three million comes into play. They couldn't pay taxes on the gold even if they wanted to. It's illegal to mine gold in the town of Cripple Creek in the first place. So just to keep it quiet they probably got fifty cents on the dollar. Made out like bandits.

KATE

Poor MooZe. Seems like a sweet guy. Will he be okay?

1ST DETECTIVE

He's facing a long recovery. Soon as they get him patched up he'll join his cronies in Canon City Federal Correction Center. Funny thing is he asks about you guys. Wants to know if your all okay. Says Kate's his sweetheart.

KATE

He's really not my type.

DETECTIVE  
 Didn't think so.

EXT. TADA'S GRAVE - DAY

ROOKS - DAYTON - KATE stand over Tada's grave.

DAYTON  
 He was a hell of a card player.  
 (tosses a deck of cards onto the  
 grave) So long Tada.

Dayton walks away maybe wiping tears. Kate grasps Rooks by the hand.

KATE  
 (into Rooks's eyes)  
 I want to spend the rest of my life  
 with you.

They kiss.

ROOKS  
 The past is past but the future is  
 ours. I'm not letting you go twice.

They kiss again, start to walk off. Rooks looks back at Tada's grave.

ROOKS (CONT'D)  
 (to the grave)  
 It's time to slow the game down  
 Tada. (pause - winks)

THE END

End credits roll:

BACK GROUND:

HARRY - fishing pole - BIG SMILE, casts a large gold nugget out onto his yard, reels it in.

WELLS FARGO ARMORED TRUCK - covered in tree branches, looks like something out of MAD MAX. ZOOM ON LICENSE PLATE: HUM-THIS

ROOKS IN A CLEARING IN THE FOREST

Wearing STATE PRISONER FATIGUES, digs a hole and with great care, plants a seedling. Digs another hole, hits something with the blade of the shovel, (thud) drops to his knees.

Pulls the satchel out from under a downed tree. Smiles.  
Buries it near the freshly planted seedling. Marks it with a  
rock.

GRAVE MARKER, 'DIRK TUCKER - TADA.' Mini Doberman walks up to  
Tada's grave looking to lift its leg. The dog cocks its head,  
hears something coming from the grave. Suddenly it turns tail  
and runs like hell looking fearfully back at Tada's grave.