

THE ASSASSINATION OF LLEWELYN MOSS BY THE COWARD ROBERTO
VADO

written by

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Based on Characters from the Novel 'No Country for Old Men'
by Cormac McCarthy

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - EL PASO - DAY

A dark motel room, closed curtains let enough light through to make sure the room knows it is still day outside.

VOICES can be heard from outside, A female and a male are having a conversation.

MALE (O.S.)

Ma'am I know what beer leads to.

FEMALE (O.S.)

Beer leads to more beer.

The noise of a JET AIRPLANE can be heard climbing into the sky above.

FOOTSTEPS outside the door.

A KEY turns the lock.

The door CREAKS open bathing the dingy room in bright sunlight.

In the doorway is LLEWELYN MOSS, mid 30's he wears a white and orange cowboy shirt, matching stetson and a mustache taken straight from a German porn film.

A vinyl gun bag hangs from his right shoulder.

FEMALE (O.S.)

Now you come tell me if you change your mind on that beer.

He turns to the source of the voice.

EXT. MOTEL

Typical motel with rows of rooms lined up alongside a parking lot and a central court pool.

The sunlight is very bright.

In the pool is an attractive bikini clad girl floating on an inflatable pool lounge. SPLASHING the water with her hands she has a look of mischief in her eyes.

MOSS
First number I call.

He flashes a smile at the woman and turns back to the room.

Carefully looking around the room enters the room closing the door behind him.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Darkness again.

Moss opens the curtains allowing daylight to fill the room.

He turns on the television and sits down on the bed taking the gun bag from his shoulder.

There is a news program on TV though no sound can be heard.

Slowly unzipping it he brings out a shotgun.

He takes a box of shells from the bag and loads the gun before he places it carefully on the bed next to him.

Something on the TV catches his eye, he turns towards the screen and sees a photograph of himself.

Moss walks to the TV and turns the large dial on the front.

The sound from the TV can now be heard as

ON TV

a female news reporter is stood outside a Hotel.

REPORTER
Yes James the police have now
released details of the second body
found and have named him as..

The photograph of CARSON WELLS is now on the screen. Early 40's, blond hair, if you had to say he looked like anyone it would have to be an older version of Woody from the TV show Cheers.

The photograph remains on screen.

REPORTER
..Carson Wells, 43 years old and
believed to be from the Houston
area. Police are still unsure as to
whether he was involved in the

(MORE)

REPORTER (cont'd)
shooting spree or just another
innocent victim of this tragedy
that has shaken the community of
Eagle Pass.

We are back in the studio now where JAMES the anchor is smiling at the camera.

JAMES
Thanks to Dianne Saunders for that
report. And just to repeat that the
police have warned that this man..

The photograph of Llewelyn is flashed back onto the screen, an old photograph without the mustache and stetson and bears little resemblance to llewelyn now.

JAMES
..Llewelyn Moss is armed and highly
dangerous and should not be
approached under any circumstances.

(beat)
We will have more on this story as
it develops.

The photograph of Moss is replaced by one of Ronald Reagan.

JAMES
And now we return to the big news
of the day and to former Hollywood
star Ronald Reagan's first day on
the campaign trail as the
Republican nomination for
November's presidential election..

IN THE MOTEL ROOM

Moss turns off the television and digs in his pockets.

He pulls out a small pocket knife and kneels down on the floor next to the TV table. There is an air vent on the wall behind a wire mesh cover.

Moss uses the pocket knife to unscrew the four tiny screws that hold the cover in place and take it from the wall.

He reaches inside the air vent and and drags something heavy out.

Sitting on the floor in front of him is a boxy black leather document case.

Moss opens the case to reveal the money inside. Bundles of \$10,000 fill the case. Moss picks up one bundle and taking out three \$100 bills returns it back to the case.

Moss slides the case back into the vent and screws the cover back in place.

Moss sits back down on the bed.

He sits staring at his reflection in the black television screen.

MOSS (TO HIMSELF)
Llewelyn you got yourself into some
trouble this time.

He stands and goes to the window and peels aside a corner of the net curtains and looks outside.

The girl is still sunbathing in the pool.

MOSS (TO HIMSELF)
Might as well get into some more.

EXT. MOTEL - EL PASO - POOLSIDE

A door from one of the rooms opens and out walks Moss, he stops and scans the parking lot before taking another step.

Sensing everything is OK he slowly makes his way to the swimming pool.

The girl sees him and waves.

POOLSIDE GIRL
Well hi, I saved you a beer.

Moss is halfway across the car park and smiling back at the girl when the sound of SQUEALING TIRES wipe the smile from his face.

In a flash a pickup with a rack of roof lights ROARS into the motel entrance.

As Moss dives out of the way to avoid being hit the sound of MACHINE GUN FIRE rips into the air.

The girl in the pool doesn't have a chance and is peppered by bullets, her body ripped to ribbons.

Moss jumps to his feet and races back towards his room.

More MACHINE GUN FIRE.

Moss catches a stray bullet in his leg and brought crashing to the floor inches from his room.

The pickup races to the end of the parking lot.

Moss struggles to his feet and limps to the door, reaching into his pocket and grabbing his key.

SQUEALS as the pickup turns and races back towards Moss.

Moss opens the door and falls into his room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

He claws his way across the room and manages to hide behind the bed. He grabs the shotgun and aims it at the open door.

The pickup stops directly outside the room.

Silence.

Then the noise of someone getting out of the truck and FOOTSTEPS as someone approaches.

VOICE (O.S.)

You know what we are here for.

The voice is of a Mexican man.

No reply from Moss.

VOICE (O.S.)

We just want the money.

Moss tightens his grip on the shotgun still aimed at the door.

MOSS

Well come in and get it amigo.

MEXICAN (O.S.)

Mr Moss you do not play games with us.

MOSS

You been watching CNN too?

MEXICAN (O.S.)

We know all about you.

(beat)

we know your wife too.

MOSS
The money ain't here.

MEXICAN (O.S.)
Then that is not good.

MOSS
But I can get it.

Moss pulls himself up a little more, his elbows resting on the bed, his gun still trained on the doorway.

MEXICAN (O.S.)
Tell me, was it worth it?

MOSS
That depends on what happens next.

MEXICAN (O.S.)
You knew we would come looking.

MOSS
Believe me you ain't the only one.

MEXICAN (O.S.)
Where is the money Mr Moss?

MOSS
What's your name amigo?

MEXICAN (O.S.)
My name? My name is Roberto Vado.

MOSS
Well Roberto Vado, like I said it ain't here.

VADO (O.S.)
Then you leave me no option.

MOSS
If you were man enough you would be in here already.

VADO (O.S.)
I have run out of time for games.

Moss gets to his feet.

His hand holds his shot leg there is lots of blood.

The shotgun trained back on the door he lets out a blast through the open door.

He hears nothing.

Shuffling into the doorway he looks to see where Roberto is.

Roberto is suddenly standing about 3 meters away from Moss holding a hand machine gun.

Moss quickly fires again and Roberto takes the full blast of the shotgun in his stomach.

Moss looks down at Roberto on the floor writhing in pain, the gun still in his hands.

A jet airplane ROARS above.

Vado looks up to Moss, the machine gun still in his hands.

The sound of MACHINE GUN FIRE replaces the aircraft noise and Moss falls backwards hitting the ground hard.

An ENGINE STARTS and SQUEALS as the pickup races away and into the distance.

Moss is laying still, his eyes wide open.

His chest is ripped apart and blood is everywhere.

Outside a car SCREECHES to a halt, a DOOR SLAMS and the noise of running footsteps across the parking lot.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Call Police.

Moss lies on the floor, the blood draining out of him, the life already gone.

FADE OUT: