

The Sugar Demon

By

Billy Camp

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FADE IN

EXT. OKLAHOMA CITY COUNTY JAIL - LATE NIGHT

The County Jail is an old looking, three story, brownish colored, stone building. It sits mostly isolated. A large fence separates it from the small, red brick library that sits across the street. Oklahoma City Police cars dominate the parking lot behind the fenced area. A dim street light highlights the County Jail.

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY COUNTY JAIL - SAME TIME

A long, dark, hallway leads to a medium sized holding cell. TONY RODRIGUEZ, a thin Mexican male of medium height, stands in the middle of the cell. He is ruggedly handsome with a light beard, and mustache. He looks to be in his early 40,s. Tony wears worn out jeans, with casual black shoes. He dons a long, and thin overcoat. He stands with his hands behind his back in a still position. Tony is pissed.

Heavy steps are HEARD coming towards the jail cell. A shadowy figure stands in front of the cell. Tony relaxes his arms and takes two steps towards the figure.

SHERIFF LARRY JONES is a white male in his early 50s. He is of medium height, but has a thick and muscular build. His hair is balding in the front. Larry wears his Sheriffs uniform minus the hat. He has a gentle, and easy going demeanor with Tony.

LARRY
How ya doin Tony?

Tony stares angrily at Larry.

LARRY
(continuing)
I'm - uh - sorry about this. Ya know? Things happen huh. What are ya gonna do?

Tony is angry, but soft spoken. He turns his head, and looks back out of frustration while taking a deep breath.

TONY
Somebody robbed me.

Larry takes his cell key out. He has trouble unlocking the cell, but keeps talking with Tony, fooling around with the lock, but failing to get it open.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Somebody screwed up. I know.
Everybody's embarrassed over this.
We're gonna drive you down to your
property where you'll be able to
finish, the uh, transaction.

Larry stops fidgeting with the keys.

LARRY

(continuing)

Ya don't wanna let one mistake end
a quality relationship. You might
wanna take a coupla steps back. You
never know how fast these things
are gonna open.

Tony smiles sarcastically. He steps back.

Larry slowly opens the cell door. Five LAW OFFICERS, all
over six feet, and weighing more than two hundred pounds
each, burst into Tony's cell. OFFICER ONE hits Tony on the
head with a billy club, knocking him to his knees.

The other Four Officers pick him up, and drive him back to
the cell wall. OFFICER 2 holds his elbow against Tony's
throat, limiting his breathing.

Through the non stop action, DEPUTY DREW PEARSON, a 6,5, 300
pound, blonde, white male, holds a thick rope. In lightening
speed, he ties the rope in hangman fashion on top of the
cell. The Officers wrap the rope around Tony's neck.

Drew, dressed in his deputy uniform, slowly pulls down on
the rope with both hands in a repetitive motion, rising Tony
to the top of the cell. Drew pulls with both hands at once
as the rope, and Tony, rise to the top of the cell, choking
the life out of him.

Tony struggles until the end, but his body stiffens. He is
dead. The Officers quickly walk out of the cell. Larry
closes the cell door behind them and casually walks down the
hall

EXT. HILL IN HOUSTON, TEXAS OVERLOOKING STREET - SUNDOWN

A large, and grassy park area overlooks a lit up city
street. A 1980 brown Chevrolet is the only car on the hill.

BOBBY JONES, a Latino looking type male, wears a short
sleeved polar shirt that shows off his athletic build. He
also sports jeans, and sun glasses. He looks to be in his
mid 30s. He looks at the city through a pair of binoculars.

(CONTINUED)

JONES'S P.O.V.

The City Bank of Houston is seen through binoculars. A MIDDLE AGED SECURITY GUARD, locks the front door to the bank and walks away.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. BROWN CHEVROLET - SAME TIME

Bobby sits back, and takes out a joint. He kicks back on the seat while lighting it up. He then looks out on the city. He is relaxed. The ring of Bobby's cell phone is HEARD. He takes it from the passenger seat.

BOBBY

Yeah.

The voice on the other end belongs to CLYDE. He has a heavy voice with a mild southern accent.

CLYDE

Everything all right Bobby?

BOBBY

Yeah, it's all right. The only security's an old guy by the name of -

Bobby takes a match box out of his pocket

BOBBY

(continuing)

- Joe Harris. He doesn't amount to shit. Their computers'll go down at 2 tomorrow.

VOICE OF CLYDE (O.S.)

Why don't you explain their system to me one more time?

BOBBY

We've been through this fifty times Clyde. You're not a software guy. Alright?

There is silence on the other end of the phone. Bobby hangs up. He sits back, and smokes the joint. The phone is HEARD ringing again. Bobby smiles softly, and picks it up.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE OF CLYDE (O.S.)
Why don't you try, and explain that
system to me one more time.

Bobby is silent. He smiles while inhaling.

VOICE OF CLYDE (O.S.)
(continuing)
Bobby?.... You're not smoking a
joint are you?

Bobby turns off the cell phone. He lies back in his seat,
and continues smoking.

EXT. CITY BANK OF HOUSTON - AFTERNOON

Customers are seen going in, and out of the City Bank of
Houston.

INT. CITY BANK OF HOUSTON - AFTERNOON

The bank is crowded with customers who have formed a long
line to get to the bank tellers. Three, FEMALE BANK TELLERS,
wait on the customers. The Middle Aged Security Guard,
stands at his post near the entrance. Three BANKERS, two
males and one female, all dressed in formal attire, serve
the customers seated in front of them.

BANK TELLER ONE, a young female, takes care of her customer,
a MIDDLE AGED MALE, dressed in formal attire. She counts out
his money and puts it in an envelope.

BANK TELLER ONE
- And that's it. Thank you Mr.
Harris.

MIDDLE AGED MALE
Thank you.

The Middle Aged Male walks away.

The lights in the bank dim. The machines next to the tellers
go out. The bank has a power outage.

The Middle Aged Security Guard, stands by the right side of
the door. He looks concerned while glancing to his left.

GUARD'S P.O.V.

The barrel of a machine gun is seen.

BACK TO SCENE

(CONTINUED)

Bobby holds an Uzzi Sub Machine gun in the face of the Middle Aged Security Guard. He wears a long black overcoat, and a ski mask.

Clyde, who stands at five ft. ten, with a muscular build, holds what looks an old fashioned Tommy Machine gun. It is large, and looks to be heavy. He also wears a ski mask, and a long black overcoat.

Bobby cuffs the Middle Aged Security Guard and pushes him on the ground. He then walks to the front of the bank, and stands on the counter.

Clyde steps to the middle of the floor. He faces the TERRIFIED bank customers. Speaking with a heavy and intimidating voice, he puts the fear of death into the patrons.

CLYDE

Hit the fucken floor!

The bank patrons get on the floor, and lie on their stomachs.

CLYDE

(continuing)

Put your heads down! Close your goddamn eyes!

Clyde lowers his voice, still speaking loud.

CLYDE

(continuing)

Now, for those of you who are mentally retarded, or to uh, be politically correct, mentally unfortunate. We're having a bank robbery. Now we can either have a good day, or a bad day. If we have a good day, everybody lives. If we have a bad day, everybody dies. Who wants to have a bad day, raise your hand.

Nobody raises their hand.

CLYDE

(continuing)

All right. And let's not make a soap opera outta this. If somebody has a heart attack, I'm gonna shoot the shit out of em. If I get a murder rap, I'm gonna earn it.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby calmly stands on the front counter. He talks to the Three Bank Tellers, and the BANK MANAGER, a short, balding, heavy set white male in his mid fifties. They are all lying on the floor behind the counter.

BOBBY

Who's in control here?

The Bank Manager slowly raises his hand from the floor.

BANK MANAGER

I am.

BOBBY

Get on your feet.

The terrified Bank Manager slowly rises from the floor. Bobby steps down in front of him. He is diplomatic, and rational.

BOBBY

(continuing)

I need three million dollars in clean bills.

BANK MANAGER

I understand ya.

BOBBY

Ya sure?

BANK MANAGER

Yes sir.

BOBBY

If I'm smart enough to shut you down, I'm smart enough to know dirty bills. You give me any dirty bills, I'm lookin at a dead man.

BANK MANAGER

I know it.

BOBBY

Just tryin to help ya out.

Bank Manager nods.

A HERO, a large white male in his early twenties, is dressed in jeans, and a tee shirt. He lies along with the other customers. Clyde has his right side turned to him. The Hero looks at Clyde, and slowly rises off of the floor. Clyde turns towards him, and guns him down in lightning fashion.

(CONTINUED)

The Tommy gun packs a loud wallop. The Hero falls dead to the ground. Light cries of fear are HEARD from the crowd.

CLYDE
Shut the fuck up!

The Bank Patrons are silenced.

Bobby hangs his head as if annoyed. He addresses Clyde.

BOBBY
Now was that necessary?

Clyde yells angrily.

CLYDE (O.S.)
Excuse me sir! I'm a little
occupied at the moment!

Bobby sighs with a quiet resignation. He speaks to the Bank Manager.

BOBBY
Go on.

BANK MANAGER
He looks down at BANK TELLER ONE.

BANK MANAGER
(continuing)
Saundra.

She is frightened, and looks down. He raises his voice.

BANK MANAGER
(continuing)
Saundra.

She gets up and faces him. He hands her a key.

BANK MANAGER
(continuing)
Get em what they want.

She quickly walks to the back of the bank. There is tension in the air. Only Bobby is relaxed. A couple of seconds go by.

BOBBY
Hurry up!

She comes out with a sack of money, and starts to hand it to Bobby.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
(continuing)
Place it on the counter.

She puts the sack on the counter. Bobby steps over to the opposite end of the counter. He looks through the bag in extreme speed.

Clyde looks back at Bobby.

Bobby nods to Clyde, and quickly walks towards the front entrance. He takes his overcoat, and ski mask off, just before opening the door.

EXT. CITY BANK OF HOUSTON - SAME TIME

Bobby carries his overcoat over his left arm. The money is in a backpack which is strapped over his right arm. He looks up, and spots someone.

BOBBY'S P.O.V.

CLARA, a white but ethnic looking female, wears a thick brunette hairstyle. She sits in the driver seat of an old, grey, four door, 1980 Buick. She is dressed casually in a loose blouse, and jeans. Looks to be in her late 20s.

INT. BUICK - SAME TIME

Bobby enters the Buick and sits in the back seat. Clara looks at him through the rear view mirror. She has a slight New York accent, and stylishly sexy voice.

CLARA
How'd it go?

BOBBY
I got the money, and Clyde killed somebody.

CLARA
Yeah? So what else is new? What's taking him so long?

BOBBY
He wanted to add something new to the act. Some nonsense about a bomb being in the bank.

Clara is humored. She smirks while looking at the bank.

INT. CITY BANK OF HOUSTON - SAME TIME

Clyde still has his gun pointed at the patrons.

CLYDE

- so if anyone touches anything in the next ten minutes, the bomb will go off. Making all of you famous in a very bad kinda way.

EXT. CITY BANK OF HOUSTON - SAME TIME

Clyde holds his overcoat over his right shoulder, and takes off his ski mask. He is a white male, with a thin but muscular frame. Ruggedly handsome with short black hair, he has a scar on his left cheek. Looks to be in his mid 30s. He dresses in a two piece pin stripe suit. He looks up at Clara.

Clara gives Clyde a slight smile.

Clyde casually crosses the street, and gets in the front seat of Clara's Buick. She drives off.

EXT. MOJO'S GARAGE - SUNDOWN

Mojo's Garage exists in an isolated location. It is an old, brown brick, rectangular shaped building. It stands in the midst of a junk yard. The garage has bright lights, which make it visible in the dim light of sundown. Clara slowly pulls up to the garage in the Buick. The large garage door comes open, and she drives in.

INT. MOJO'S GARAGE - SAME TIME

The inside looks old, with hard concrete floors, and a bunch of dated cars. The cars are organized in rows. MOJO is a six ft. seven, very thick, Native American. He has long hair, and wears long overalls. He is happy to see Clara, and friends. He motions for them to stop, and walks up to the car.

Clara, Clyde, and Bobby exit the car. Mojo walks over to Bobby and shakes his hand.

BOBBY

How ya doin Mojo?

Bobby walks over to a 1975, dark colored, Volkswagen. The car is on the far right of the garage.

(CONTINUED)

MOJO

Pretty good. I'm glad you're finally taking these cars off my hands.

Mojo throws Bobby the keys to the car. Bobby steps in the Volkswagen, and starts it up. Clara, and Clyde still stand by their car. Clyde points to Bobby while talking to him in a hostile manner.

CLYDE

Hey buddy. Me, and you have to have a little talk about crowd control.

BOBBY

Save it for Oklahoma.

Bobby gives Clara a friendly look.

BOBBY

(continuing)

See ya at the motel.

Clara looks at Bobby pulling out of the garage. Clara, and Clyde walk to a 1975, tan colored Fiat. Mojo throws Clara the keys. Clyde opens the door for her. Mojo smiles at Clara.

MOJO

Tell my cousin I said hi.

Clara playfully flirts with Mojo.

CLARA

I might tell em more than that.

Mojo laughs. He watches Clara, and Clyde pulling out and driving off.

INT. BOBBY'S VOLKSWAGEN - NIGHT

Bobby relaxes on the dark, two lane highway headed for Oklahoma. He listens to a tape of , Johnny Mathis, singing "As Time Goes By". He then takes the tape out and puts in another tape.

VOICE ON TAPE (O.S.)

The following is a brief overview of the Narcissistic Personality Disorder. The essential feature of this disorder is a pervasive pattern of grandiosity, in fantasy or in behavior -

INT. CLARA'S FIAT - EARLY MORNING

Clara, and Clyde drive on a small, two lane highway.

The morning sky is bright and sunny. Pasty Kline's hit, "Crazy", is HEARD over the radio.

Clyde is sleeping. Clara looks at him with a quick expression of concern, then looks to the road.

A large billboard on the highway reads, "WELCOME TO OKLAHOMA." Clara, and Clyde drive past it.

EXT. LARGE HILL OVERLOOKING A DRIVE INN THEATER - MORNING

Bobby parks his car in a secluded wooded area overlooking a Drive Inn movie theater. He walks to a tree which has, "BILLY & DEBBIE: 1985" carved in it. He walks to the front of his car, and uses his binoculars to view the Drive Inn.

HIS P.O.V.

The Drive Inn movie marquee reads, "Macabre Drive Inn Theater."

BACK TO SCENE

Bobby smiles. He goes in his car, and turns on loud rock music. He then sits on top of his car, and smokes a joint.

EXT. OKLAHOMA CITY CHURCH OF CHRIST - MORNING

The Oklahoma City Church Of Christ is an awesome spectacle that has the look of a small dome. The billboard outside the church reads: OKLAHOMA CITY CHURCH OF CHRIST: REV. TOM HALEY: SUNDAY'S LECTURE: "THE MESSAGE IS NOT FOR THE COWARD."

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY CHURCH OF CHRIST - SAME TIME

The interior of the church has a very wide, dome like architecture that holds 10,000 people. The members are formally, and casually dressed, and look to be mostly lower middle class. The church is 80% white and 20% black. The church floor, and balcony are filled to capacity.

The church PEW stands tall on the church floor in front of the members.

(CONTINUED)

The Reverend, TOM HALEY, a middle aged Caucasian male, stands, and addresses the congregation from his pulpit. Tom stands at six feet, and has a medium sized build. He has a full head of brown hair, and a mature, handsome appearance.

TOM has complete control of the moment, and speaks with an educated confidence. He dresses in a two piece gray suit, and tie. REV. HARRIS and REV. BUTLER, both middle aged white males, sit behind the Rev. They wear black church robes.

ROSE HALEY, Tom's wife, sits in the audience on the right of the pulpit. She is a thin and attractive female in her early fifties. She sits by their son, DEAN HALEY, a clean cut male dressed in an expensive suit. He has the look of a pretty boy, and looks to be in his late 30,s.

DEAN'S wife, OLIVE HALEY, sits on his left. She is a stunningly beautiful blond. She wears a conservative, light colored dress.

Olive is motionless while Tom preaches.

Their son, DEAN JR., a three year old who looks like a younger version of his mother, dresses in a blue suit. He sits on his mother's left, and sleeps on her shoulder.

Tom starts off the sermon quietly, pausing between words. He has a comforting tone.

TOM

What is it that you want? As individuals, what is it that you truly want? We're all Christians, but our prayers are as diverse as the psalms in our bible. But I assume, because we are Christians, when we do desire, or need, or want, we ask God for that desired outcome. What concerns me is not what you ask, but rather, how you ask.

Tom takes a more serious tone.

TOM

(continuing)

Are you on your knees asking Christ to work a miracle for you, because you lack the conviction to even look your dilemma's in the eye? I don't believe we have many members here who believe in the concept of welfare. But some of us take God as a public service office.

(CONTINUED)

Soft toned amens are HEARD from the congregation.

Tom becomes slightly humored in his speech.

TOM
(continuing)
When my son, Gov. - excuse me,
Mayor Haley.

Laughter from the congregation is HEARD.

Tom bows his head with a smile of embarrassment.

TOM
(continuing)
I believe in positive thinking.
Soon to be Gov. Haley.

Laughter, and applause are HEARD.

Dean smiles softly, as does his wife, Olive.

TOM
(continuing)
When Dean was 14, and his room
looked like a hurricane ran through
it, I didn't pray that he cleaned
his room. Clean it up!

Laughter is HEARD throughout the congregation.

TOM
(continuing)
But as our problems become more
disturbing and complex, we tend to
distance ourselves from them, and
ask Christ to intervene on our
behalf - No! You can get, you can
have anything you want! But you
must do it by prayer, and God, and
Christ working through you.
Possessing your soul to do whatever
it is you want to do. This is the
only way to a desired end.

Loud amens, and other words of praise are heard.

TOM
(continuing)
God's message is not for the
coward.

Tom loudly, and angrily belts out his sermon.

TOM
(continuing)
God, come into my heart and be as
small as me so that I may be as
large as you! March on mighty
Christian soldier! Accomplish what
you will!

Congregation stands and applauds.

TOM
(continuing)
Your methods might prove
questionable to some, but they are
justified with a just, and
Christian outcome. Don't fall
victim to those who fail to
understand your spirit.

Tom calms down. He stares at his congregation.

TOM
(continuing)
As I've already stated. The message
is not for the coward.

INT. MOTEL 6 - SUNDOWN

Bobby, and Clara relax in the motel room.

It's old, but has a tidy look to it. Other than Bobby's open suitcase of clothes on the floor, it is spotless. The space consists of two medium sized beds, a love seat on the right side, and a table, and chair on the left. The bathroom is to the extreme right. The T.V. is on, but it's sound is turned down. It shows the local news.

Bobby relaxes on the bed, lying back with his head up. He reads a hard copy book entitled, "Case Studies of Behavior Modifications." He dresses in khakis, and a tank top. He looks up every so often to see the news.

Clara cools out on the couch. She wears a cloth robe. A loud knock is HEARD on the door. Clara talks while getting up to answer the door.

CLARA
This has to be the most boring town
I've ever seen.

Bobby is more into his book than her statement.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

It's not N.Y.. That's for sure.

Clara opens the door. Clyde walks in. He is dressed in a two piece suit, and tie. He quickly directs his attention to Bobby.

CLYDE

- So we're in and outta here in no time, and you're sayin we leave with something close to five million.

Bobby talks quietly, looking down at his book.

BOBBY

This thing is air tight. There's no way we lose.

Clyde looks at Bobby as if trying to recall something. He gives a sarcastic grin.

CLYDE

Oh yeah-

Bobby smiles as if he knows what's coming.

CLYDE

(continuing)

What's this,uh,was that necessary bullshit? What was that all about?

Clara is annoyed. She holds her head as if it's about to explode.

Clyde sits on the couch, and takes off his shoes while Clara talks. He fixes a suspicious grin on Bobby.

CLARA

Oh God. You promised me you weren't gonna talk about it, and you're talking about it.

CLYDE

People have to respect my word the way they would the word a God. You question what I'm doin in there, the next thing you know they question it. Then we got chaos. I gotta take out 4 or 5 people just to get silence. The scene becomes a spectacle, and what do ya know? The cops show up. Okay? I'm not going back to jail for anybody.

(CONTINUED)

Clara sits on his lap, and rubs his forehead. She baby talks him.

CLARA

Nobody's sending you back to jail.
Right Jones?

Jones gives a small but reassuring smile.

BOBBY

Right.

CLYDE

If super cracker had got on the floor just like everybody else, he'd still be alive today. He thought he was a hero, ya see, because he's been watchin that idiot machine too much.

Clyde points to the T.V.

Clara is nice, but firm with him.

CLARA

I want you to be quiet because -

Clyde starts to talk.

CLARA

(continuing)

- no. He understands. You've been driving me crazy with this all day. I can't take it anymore. That's all he's been talking about.

Bobby is calm and agreeable while addressing Clyde.

BOBBY

You're right. When you're right, you're right.

(beat)

BOBBY

(continuing)

You should be glad you have her.

CLYDE

I'm very happy with my friend Clara. Thank you.

BOBBY

Misunderstanding. I didn't mind you
acing the guy. But you told that
woman to shut the fuck up. That's
no way to talk to an 80 year old
lady.

Clyde laughs. Bobby smiles. Clara smirks. Clyde's laughter
shrinks into a smile.

CLYDE

We understand each other.

BOBBY

Yeah.

The television has caught Bobby's attention. He turns up the
volume.

Clyde, and Clara also have their eyes fixed on the box.

The TELEVISION shows a LIVE NEWS CONFERENCE taking place on
the steps of Oklahoma City Hall. Mayor Dean Haley, dressed
in a suit and overcoat, is flanked by, Sheriff Larry Jones,
Deputy Drew Pearson, and his father, Rev. Tom Haley. D.A.
BRENT MORGAN, a middle aged, formally dressed white male,
stands on the right of the Sheriff.

A horde of television, and news reporters face Dean while he
reads a prepared statement.

DEAN

- I will reiterate. The
investigation into the alleged
suicide of one Tony Rodriguez has
proven it to be just that. A
suicide. There is no evidence of
foul play on the part of any member
of the Oklahoma City Police
Department, or any prisoner housed
in our jail. On the night of Oct
31st in the year 2005, Tony
Rodriguez chose to take his own
life by hanging. It seems, at least
to us, that Mr. Rodriguez was
overwhelmed with the number of
illegal drug trafficking charges
against him, the hard evidence that
followed these charges, and the
prison time that would have had to
been served as the result of a very
likely conviction. I -

Clara gives a soft, but confident statement to Bobby.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA

Somebody got what they wanted.

Bobby looks at Clara, then continues to look at the conference. Clyde gets up, and puts on his hat, preparing to leave.

CLYDE

That's what it looks like. I'm gonna hit the streets. See what I can find in this country town.

Bobby's attention is on the conference. He turns to Clyde with a motionless demeanor.

BOBBY

Yeah, have a good time.

Clyde leaves, closing the door behind him. Bobby concentrates on the conference.

EXT. OKLAHOMA CITY HALL - SAME TIME

25 TO 30 TELEVISION, and NEWS REPORTERS are gathered at the bottom steps of City Hall. Mayor Dean Haley stands behind a podium at the top of the steps. He speaks into a number of microphones attached to the podium.

REPORTER 1, a formally dressed young black male, speaks out.

REPORTER 1

Mayor Haley. When will you formally announce your campaign for Governor of Oklahoma?

DEAN

I will never campaign for the governorship of Oklahoma. As you can see, I'm in the middle of a very trying job. However, my name will appear on the ballot. I leave it to the people of this state to decide how well I've gone about serving them.

The horde of Reporters are HEARD shouting questions.

Dean relaxes, and takes an informal speech approach.

DEAN

(continuing)

Let me say this. I promised this city that I would never look away

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (cont'd)
from it's drug problem. With the
apprehension of Tony Rodriguez, God
bless his soul, we believe that
we've gone a long way towards
solving that problem. I have
complete trust in our city
government to do the wrong thing.

Laughter is HEARD from the Press.

Dean frowns for a split second, then forces a laughter.

DEAN
(continuing)
You know what I meant. Thank you.

Dean turns, and leaves. He is followed by his entourage.

EXT. SMITH STREET - NIGHT

Smith Street, a seedy nightclub strip in Oklahoma City, is the home of many, strip joints, drug dealers, night clubs, male, and female prostitutes, and street musicians. The street carries on for three blocks.

Clyde sits at a side walk table. He plays a game of Black jack with three 3 CARD PLAYERS. All the Players are dressed in blue collar wear. Jeans and t-shirts. They are in their mid 20,s. There is one black male, and two white males. Clyde slams an ace on the table, and starts collecting his money.

A BLUES SINGER, an elderly black male with an acoustic guitar, plays a blues song right down from the card game. He sits on the curb, and has a hat out for collecting money.

Clyde starts collecting his money. He's won 200 dollars. He holds the money in his hand while speaking.

CLYDE
One outta two ain't bad. Lets go
one more time. What the hell.

CARD PLAYER 3, sitting directly across from Clyde at the small, plastic table, reaches out quickly, and yanks the money from Clyde's hand. He sprints down the street and out of sight.

Clyde is a bit annoyed, but is able to relax in a second. He rubs the top of his head. He turns to PLAYER 2, a black male.

(CONTINUED)

CLYDE
(continuing)
What's the world coming to when
people start stealing from thieves?

Player 2 laughs. Player 1 keeps a serious demeanor.

There is close to \$1,000 on the table. Clyde very casually goes in the middle and takes it all, putting it in his pocket.

PLAYER 1
What the hell do you think you're
doing?

Clyde opens his suit jacket, and unveils a large gun as he speaks.

CLYDE
I'm taking your money.

Player 1 and 2 look blankly at Clyde. He walks away.

Clyde walks down the street. He puts a 100 dollar bill in the hat of the BLUES SINGER, who continues to sing.

Clyde firmly grabs the arm of TRANVESTITE ONE. He's a young, well built, white male heavily dressed in make up, and a mini skirt. They stand outside of JACK N JACK'S, a gay male club. Clyde wears a cold expression and speaks void of emotion.

CLYDE
(continuing)
I got 200.
TRANVESTITE ONE
(Smiles)
Alright tough guy.

Clyde manhandles Transvestite 1. He grabs him from the side walk, and walks towards the door of the club.

TRANVESTITE ONE
(continuing)
You don't have to be so rough.

Transvestite One starts to walk into the club. Clyde walks behind him. He takes off his hat, and hits him in the head.

CLYDE
Go on, and get in there now.

He follows Transvestite One into the club.

The Blues Singer's music is HEARD.

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM AT MOTEL 6 - NIGHT

Bobby sits on his couch, and enjoys the television. A comedy show is on.

Clara steps out of the bathroom wearing nothing but a towel. She looks suggestively at Bobby.

CLARA

Hi Bobby.

Bobby gives a soft grin. Clara looks at him, then goes to comb her hair in the mirror.

BOBBY

I thought Clyde was still squeaking both sides of the oil well.

Clara smiles softly at Bobby, viewing him through the mirror.

CLARA

Really?

Bobby gets up, and walks to Clara.

BOBBY

No, not really. I just heard that figure a speech a while back. I thought it was kinda funny.

Bobby approaches Clara from her rear. He puts his arms around her, and gently takes off her towel. She closes her eyes.

Bobby rubs her chest, and kisses her neck. Clara turns around, and they kiss. She sits down on the dresser. Bobby kisses her face, and chest. He then goes to her legs.

INT. DEAN AND OLIVE'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

The bedroom has a spotless, and spacious new look. A queen sized bed sits in the middle of the room. A good sized drawer is on the right of the bed, with a large mirror above it. A flat television hangs on a wall to the right of the bed.

Olive, sleeping in a sexy, silk nightgown, wakes up. She pulls her head from under the covers. Olive looks at Dean, who is watching the television on the wall.

(CONTINUED)

Dean buttons up his shirt, and puts on a suit jacket while standing before the television. He starts to adjust his tie, but has trouble, as the televised action has his full attention.

The TELEVISION shows an interview between an ANCHORMAN, and CONGRESSMAN FOWLER. The Anchorman is a formally dressed, clean cut, black male in his early 40's. Congressman Fowler, a formally dressed white male in his late 40's, has young features which give him a youthful appearance. They sit across from each other in a local T.V. news room.

ANCHORMAN

Congressman Fowler, and I assume you're still going by Congressman.

CONGRESSMAN FOWLER

(Smiles politely)

Yes I am.

ANCHORMAN

You're going through the political process of campaigning for Governor of Oklahoma. Your opponent, Mayor Haley, stated yesterday that he's too busy doing his job to indulge in a campaign. Would it be presumptuous to ask why you're not too busy with yours?

CONGRESSMAN FOWLER

To answer that question, yes it would be. I've served the people of Oklahoma in the House Of Representatives for two terms. Now I feel as though I could put my so-called liberal agenda to better use as Governor. And getting back to Mayor Haley. I think he said he, and his people, were busy doing the wrong thing.

They both laugh.

CONGRESSMAN FOWLER

(continuing)

I'm just quoting him. But that's one subject me, and the Mayor are in total agreement on. Here we have an alleged drug dealer found dead in his jail cell. I'm not suggesting foul play on that. But to assume that there's a major

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONGRESSMAN FOWLER (cont'd)
 progression in Oklahoma's drug
 trafficking problem is ridiculous.
 This man hadn't even had an
 indictment hearing. Let alone a
 trial. He's innocent until -

Dean uses his remote to turn off the television. He turns to look in the mirror, and fixes his tie.

Olive sits up. She is tired, but wears a pleasant expression.

OLIVE
 Honey. I wouldn't worry about that.
 You remember the Miss Teen Oklahoma
 Pageant? When I forgot - I forgot
 the words to, The Way We Were?
 Nobody remembered in the end. And
 that's a song everybody knows.

There is a pause. Dean fixes his tie. He turns around to Olive. He has a polite but empty attitude.

DEAN
 I'm sorry. Did you say something?

Olive is uncomfortable, but still friendly.

OLIVE
 No. I was just saying don't worry
 is all.

DEAN
 This campaign has got me uh...

Dean motions that he is out of it.

DEAN
 (continuing)
 - I'll see you tonight.

Olive wears a small, but false smile, and nods. Dean walks out.

EXT. HARRY'S JUNK YARD - MORNING

Harry's Junk Yard is in the middle of nowhere. It sits alone off a side highway road. It has an empty, and depressing look. There are auto parts scattered everywhere. However, his car selection is amazing. Everything from classic T Birds, to new Jaguars are seen on his lot. They are not organized

(CONTINUED)

in any kind of category, and are parked at peculiar angles. A small, dark colored, brick building stands at the front of the lot.

HARRY is a middle aged American Indian. He is 5 ft.4, and has a stubby type build. He wears his hair in a pony tail. Harry has a hard, motionless look to his face. He neither changes expressions, nor voice tones.

Harry, Bobby, and Clara stand together by the right side of the lot. They look at three old cars which are lined up. A 1980, brown Chevrolet, a 1985 black Chrysler, and a 1979 brownish Station Wagon.

Clyde walks around the lot dressed in an old fashioned gangster suit, and hat. He is amazed by the classic car selection.

HARRY

Nobody has seen these cars in ten years. Probably longer then that. They all got new motors. They'll take ya where ever you wanna go.

CLARA

Mojo said you were a good guy.

Harry takes out a pipe, and lights it.

HARRY

Yeah, that's what they say.

Bobby turns around, and looks at Clyde.

Clyde stands a distance from them. He looks at a 1945 black, Ford classic. He walks around it.

BOBBY

(Yells to Clyde)

Don't you think that's a little conspicuous?

CLYDE

I don't care. I want it.

HARRY

I could arrange that.

Bobby is slightly irritated, but shrugs it off.

BOBBY

It really doesn't matter what cars we get because I might have to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY (cont'd)
replace em all tomorrow. That's
highly unlikely. But I'm gonna need
the keys to your place.

Harry looks at Bobby. He sizes him up.

HARRY
Mojo said you were alright too.

Harry tosses Bobby a set of keys.

Clyde stands in the front of the 1945 Ford, and smiles at
it.

EXT. REV. HALEY RECOVERY CENTER - EARLY MORNING

The Rev. Haley Recovery Center, a large three story
building, sits alone, and fenced off. It has a modern look
to it. The Recovery Center has a flat rectangular shape. A
large parking lot surrounds the building.

A large loading dock sits at the left of the building. It is
blocked off by a steel garage door.

Dean pulls up towards the back of the parking lot in a 98
Lexus. He wears an overcoat, shirt, and tie. Dean steps out
of his car. He see's a NURSE, who pulls up in a parking
space facing his car. The Nurse, a woman in her 50's, is
happy to see him. Dean walks towards the loading dock while
the Nurse walks towards the front entrance of the Center.

NURSE
Taking the freight elevator again,
huh Mayor?

DEAN
Yeah. It's the only way I can get
to where I'm going.

NURSE
Just show those nurses your wedding
ring. They should leave you alone
after that.

Dean laughs. The Nurse smiles.

DEAN
Alright, Mary.

They go their separate ways.

Dean approaches the dock. He dials in a code, and the garage opens.

INT. DOCK - SAME TIME

The dock area is bland and dimly lit. 6 DOCK WORKERS are at work. Three muscle bounded, and tall white males, and one equally large black male, load the trucks with medium sized, tightly bound boxes.

There are two trucks parked in the middle of the dock. TRUCK DRIVER ONE, on the right of the dock, is a large, older looking white male. He has a distinct scar on his right cheek. His face has a blank and cold look to it. He wears a bandage around his head.

Dean walks pass Truck Driver One. They look at each other. Dean walks to the freight elevator and steps in.

EXT. ROOF TOP OF REV HALEY RECOVERY CENTER - SAME TIME

Dean steps out of the elevator, and onto the roof. His father is waiting for him. Tom wears a thick, long coat over a formal two piece suit, and tie. He stands in the middle of the roof, reading a magazine.

Dean is excited, and about to break out in laughter. He walks in front of his Dad, and faces him with his back against the wall.

DEAN

You're not gonna believe this. I just saw one a the ugliest sons a bitches to ever live.

Tom wears a small smile.

TOM

One of the drivers. Big guy right?

DEAN

I felt like -

Dean starts to laugh.

DEAN

(continuing)

I'm sorry. I felt like I was in a horror movie or something. Thank God for prostitution.

(CONTINUED)

Dean laughs hysterically, and is out of control. His father looks at him with the same small smile.

DEAN
(continuing)
What's he got that bandage around his head for?

TOM
He got into some foolishness with one a Larry's boys. He got the worst for wear. That's for sure.

DEAN
(Laughter lightens.)
Really?

Tom looks at Dean as if sizing him up.

TOM
He shook ya up didn't he?

Slowly comes out of laughter.

DEAN
Hell no. I just needed a good laugh is all.

TOM
They scared ya. You didn't like what they were carrying in the back of that truck. That Congressman's getting the best of you.

Dean sits down against the back wall. He no longer laughs.

DEAN
I trust in my city government to do the wrong thing.

Tom waves his hands as if it's of little importance.

TOM
Ahhhh -

DEAN
I say that in the middle of this Rodriguez business.

TOM
How many times have I told you, Dean? You're not a preacher. You're a politician. I screw up my words,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOM (cont'd)
and the crowd goes amen. You mess
up, and you're on the front page. A
good politician never leaves his
script. For any reason.

Dean nods. He is pissed off.

TOM
(continuing)
But, if you had to make a blunder
like that, you couldn't've picked a
better time.

DEAN
Ya lost me on that one Pops.
Fowler's gonna recommend some kind
of investigation. He already has.
Then he's gonna talk about the
issues. Abortion, poverty, whatever.
And he's gonna tie his
investigation into that. He's
talking to the Women's League on
Tuesday. God knows what he's gonna
say, but we need our people there.
Whatever he says tomorrow, we have
to be ready to counter it.

TOM
I don't give a damn what he says
tomorrow. You don't have an
opponent. You got a crusader. What
we have here is a state of simple,
decent folks.

Tom points to his left and his right.

TOM
(continuing)
They're not over here or over
there, they're right here.

Points to the middle of his palm.

TOM
(continuing)
But when a left winger comes out
here, and starts talking change,
the bible beltters run to the
right, and a lot a people follow em.
They run to you. And you assure
them that order has been restored.
They wanna believe the only drug

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOM (cont'd)
problem we had was some millionaire
Colombian dealing drugs to their
children. It scares the hell out of
em to believe anything else.

Dean is low key.

DEAN
Yeah. It's not like I'm lying
either. He had a great operation.
Just couldn't accept his own
limitations. He thought he was
still in Central America.

Tom nods.

TOM
How's the marriage going?

There is an awkward silence.

Tom is irritated.

TOM
(continuing)
If it wasn't for her, you'd still
be crashin up cars with -

Tom gives up.

TOM
(continuing)
Alright.

DEAN
What do ya want me to say?

TOM
The birth of your boy. That was no
accident. Things happen for a
reason. Your wife's presidential
material. Ask anybody.

Dean brings a letter out of his pocket.

DEAN
I got a letter yesterday. Almost
forgot. The Imperial Wizard of the
Klan.

Looks at letter.

DEAN

(continuing)

Doesn't really go into anything. Same bullshit. White folks are oppressed in their own country - blah, blah, blah, blah. We'd like a meeting with you. We can assure secrecy.

TOM

Stay away from em.

DEAN

Well I'm not putting a sheet over my head. But after yesterday votes are votes.

TOM

You manipulate em from the tube. They're not the smartest guys in the world. You adhere to em with code words. You come down on crime, but when it comes to hate crimes, you have a hard time defining it. They'll hear ya. Your opponent's for gun control. You argue for the poor scared soul who wants to protect himself. Everyone'll hear ya. Including the N.R.A.

Tom pauses to look at a worried Dean.

TOM

(continuing)

Why're sittin down with your hand in your pocket like that? Are you playing with yourself, or what?

DEAN

Those guys from New York. I get to meet em tonight right?

TOM

Bobby Jones. Computer genius from New York. He's a fast money boy. Should be alot of help.

DEAN

I heard he was Mexican?

TOM

Mexican, Cuban, whatever. He's a good asset.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
(Still Occupied))
Party should be a lot of fun.

TOM
You have to wake up Dean. You're
thinking too much. You can't
perform that way. Nervous about the
business -

Tom shakes his head.

TOM
(continuing)
My daddy used to tell me, during a
tornado, even the strongest tree's
gotta bend to survive. We can't
compete without doing what we have
to do. No. Ask yourself this
question. Are people praying to God
for money, or are they praying to
money to be God? How do you think
people look at men of power? You
can't do anything about that. But
once you have it, there's nothing
you can't do.

Dean loosens up. He gives a slight smile.

TOM
(continuing)
Keep your hands outta your pockets.

Tom leaves. Dean sits in same position.

EXT. BACKYARD OF TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom's backyard is the size of two football fields. It sits
in back of his awesome three story mansion. The yard is
filled with guests, both formally, and casually dressed.

Bars with bartenders dressed in formal wear cover all angles
of the yard.

Tom is seen shaking hands with an ELDERLY GENTLEMAN wearing
a suit, and tie.

The guests pull up in a long driveway which leads to the
backyard. There, they are met with VALET PARKING ATTENDANTS
dressed in formal wear.

(CONTINUED)

Clyde drives his classic Chevrolet down the long driveway. The car is stopped by VALET ONE, who opens the driver door for Clyde. VALET TWO opens the back door for Bobby, while VALET THREE opens the door for Clara. Clyde, Bobby and Clara get out of the car.

Clyde is dressed in a 1930's gangster style pin stripe suit. Olive wears a classy, but revealing black mini skirt. Bobby has on a conservative two piece suit, and tie. They walk onto the lawn together. A bar stands to their right.

BOBBY

(To Valet Three)

Excuse me. Have you seen Rev. Haley?

VALET THREE

He's in there somewhere.

Clyde approaches the bar on his right. He turns to Bobby.

CLYDE

Ya want something?

BOBBY

I don't drink. You know that.

Bobby is pre occupied with searching for Tom.

CLARA

(To Clyde)

I'll have a red wine. Merlot.

CLYDE

(To Bartender)

One Merlot. And gimme a Whiskey Sour.

Olive sits with her mother in law, Rose. They share a small table a few feet away from the main action. Olive wears an elegant dress.

ROSE

You have to bring my little Dean around more often. It's been two weeks.

OLIVE

Oh I know. It just that his dad's so stressed over the campaign -

Drew Pearson, and Dean stand across from each other. Between them is a wooden table flanked with hard alcohol which Drew, and his co-horts, have brought.

(CONTINUED)

Dean is dressed in a formal suit and tie. He is in a festive mood, and appears to be at home with Drew.

Drew, who is flanked by COPS, 1, 2 & 3, two very large, and tall white males, and one large black male. He lays a black briefcase on the table and opens it up as he looks at Dean. Drew and Cops 1, 2, and 3, are dressed in shirts, and jeans. Drew is slightly intoxicated.

DREW

(To Dean)

Now Dean. Just in case you end up embarrassing the hell out of us again, I wanted you to be prepared. So I went, and brought ya this fuck up kit.

Everybody laughs. Dean smiles. Drew reaches inside, and takes out a bottle of Golden Grain alcohol.

DREW

(continuing)

If you ever screw up another speech like that, you would wanna comfort yourself with 100 percent golden grain alcohol.

Dean laughs, as do Drew's friends. Drew hands him the bottle.

Dean turns his head to his right.

HIS P.O.V.

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG BRUNET looks at Dean from a distance.

BACK TO SCENE

Dean smiles at her.

DREW

(continuing)

Dean? Dean?!

Dean looks at Drew.

DEAN

(smiling)

What else ya got there?

DREW

Hey.

Drew slaps COP 2'S hand off of the briefcase.

(CONTINUED)

DREW
(continuing)
I got some plane tickets just in
case ya wanna get outta town.

Drew brings out tickets.

DREW
(continuing)
Two tickets for England, and one
for Amsterdam. Just in case you're
travelling alone.

COP 2
Those whores in Amsterdam are no
joke.

DREW
Lemme tell ya. Some people don't
come back.

DEAN
I don't want you guys to blame this
on his parents. They're good
people. I don't know how this
happened.

Dean starts to walk away.

DREW
Hey, Dean.

Dean turns around.

DREW
(continuing)
Hey. Do the right thing.

Cops one, two and three laugh. Dean laughs, shaking his head
and walking away.

Tom, Sheriff Larry Jones, and STEVE JOHNSON, are seen
talking. All are dressed in formal wear except for Larry,
who wears a light black warm up jacket and jeans.

Steve has a bookworm appearance. He wears glasses, and has a
brown nosing attitude towards Tom. They stand a small
distance away from the crowd. Tom, and Larry drink glasses
of wine.

STEVE
(To Tom)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEVE (cont'd)

The governor says we can count on an endorsement. Just not at the moment.

TOM

Well, I can understand that.

STEVE

He sends his regards, and his support.

TOM

Alright. Listen, I have to talk with the sheriff so uh -

STEVE

No problem. I need a drink anyway.

TOM

Good job, Steve.

Tom looks at Steve walk away. He then speaks to Larry.

TOM

(continuing)

I want you to have him fired the first chance you get. My son was very poorly prepared for that speech yesterday.

LARRY

Who's your new strategist?

TOM

We don't need a damn strategist. He's got me.

Dean approaches a bar near his father's right. He hands the bottle of Golden Grain alcohol to BARTENDER 2.

DEAN

Be careful with that.

BARTENDER 2 laughs.

Dean walks over to Tom, and Larry. Larry pats Dean on the shoulder.

LARRY

You're looking good son.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

That's nice to hear.

Rose approaches Dean.

ROSE

I have somebody that wants to meet you.

Dean, Tom, and Larry follow Rose. They walk towards SENATOR and MRS. HARRIS. Senator Harris, a middle aged white male, is formally dressed and heavy set. He is partially bald. Mrs. Harris, a short but large woman, wears a formal and classy dress.

Olive talks with Mrs. Harris.

MRS. HARRIS

I think that you, and Dean make the cutest couple since John, and Jackie Kennedy.

OLIVE

(Smiles bashfully)

Thank - you.

Rose approaches Sen., and Mrs. Harris with Dean, Larry, and Tom. Tom, and Senator Harris shake hands.

TOM

Senator Harris. It's always good to see you.

SENATOR HARRIS

Likewise Reverend.

TOM

I believe you already met my daughter in law. This is my son, Mayor Dean Haley.

Dean shakes hands with Senator Harris. He is excited.

DEAN

It's an honor to have you here Senator.

SENATOR HARRIS

Oh please. The pleasure's ours.

DEAN

My eyesight must be failing me. I had no idea you were here.

(CONTINUED)

SENATOR HARRIS

Oh, Marie and I just popped in for a second. We have a plane to catch. We just wanted to let you know that you have our full support.

DEAN

That means the world to me, and my family. You know that goes both ways.

SENATOR HARRIS

(Shakes Dean's hand)

That's good to hear. Good luck to you.

DEAN

I appreciate it.

Senator, and Mrs. Harris walk off.

Olive nervously plays with her hair. Rose concentrates on the action.

LARRY

(To Dean)

He's taken a big chance supporting you like that. He's all hung up on those tobacco lobbies. That's where half his money is.

DEAN

He doesn't stand a chance with Fowler. He knows that. But he's a good guy to have on your side. Just as long as he stays honest.

Tom looks to his far right, and grins.

HIS P.O.V.

Bobby, Clara, and Clyde stand next to the bar. The bar is on a somewhat isolated part of the lawn, and away from the action.

BACK TO SCENE

Tom is low key but excited, speaking to Dean.

TOM

Bobby's here. The computer guy I was telling you about.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby, and Clara stand in front of the bar. Clyde stands by the bar, and pours a bottle of whiskey into a glass. Bobby stares at Tom, and his group.

CLARA

(To Bobby)

Where are we going after we leave here?

BOBBY

(Looks at Tom.)

Somewhere. I don't know.

CLYDE

I didn't like the way that boy was driving my car.

BOBBY'S P.O.V.

Tom smiles at him. He slowly waves him over.

BACK TO SCENE

Bobby is focused on business. He speaks to Clyde, and Clara.

BOBBY

Okay, let's go.

Bobby leads them in Tom's direction. Clyde walks in back of them.

Tom greets Bobby, putting his hand on his shoulder, and shaking his hand.

TOM

Glad you could make it Bobby.

BOBBY

How ya doin Tom?

Tom talks with his arm around Bobby.

TOM

Dean, this is Bobby Jones. The computer genius I was tellin you about.

They shake hands.

DEAN

Genius, huh?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
I'm on the net once in a while.

TOM
Don't believe that.

Tom looks at his guests as he introduces them.

TOM
(continuing)
This is Clyde Williams.

Clyde smiles softly and waves.

TOM
(continuing)
And I believe you're Clara Bow.

CLARA
(Smiles politely.)
Clara Barnes. Clara Bow was the
movie star.

Bobby stares at Olive.

His P.O.V.

Olive is socially graceful, concentrating on the action.

TOM (O.S.)
Well a very elegant Clara you are.

BACK TO SCENE

Bobby looks at Olive, then quickly looks away from her.

TOM
This is my daughter in law, Olive
Haley. My wife, Rose, and uh, our
Sheriff here, Larry Jones.

Larry smiles politely, and nods.

CLARA
It's a nice party you've got here.
My church never served drinks like
this.

TOM
I serve different types of spirits
in the church. But, they'll keep
you up just the same.

The party gives a polite laughter.

(CONTINUED)

TOM
(continuing)
Well, Larry's gonna take you to my
office.

Tom puts his hand on Dean's shoulder.

TOM
(continuing)
We just have a few rounds to make.
We'll join ya in a second.

BOBBY
Alright.

LARRY
This way.

Larry walks ahead of the group in the direction of the mansion. Bobby, Clara, and Clyde follow him.

Tom stands with Dean. They face Olive, and Rose. He looks at the crowded lawn a distance from him.

ROSE
They were interesting.

HIS P.O.V.

The lawn is crowded with hundreds of people.

BACK TO SCENE

TOM
Why don't you and Olive go on and
mingle a little. Tell em, uh, Dean
should be back in no time.

ROSE
They're gonna think I'm running for
governor.

TOM
You boss us around anyway. What's
the difference?

Dean laughs. Olive smiles, but looks uncomfortable. Tom wears a soft smile as he looks at her.

TOM
(continuing)
How's Dean Jr. doing?

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

Oh, he's doing just fine. Thanks
for asking.

Tom puts his arm around Dean, and leads him away.

TOM

We'll be back.

Olive, and Rose stand alone

INT. BASEMENT OF HALEY HOUSE - SAME TIME

The Haley basement has a classic look to it. It is roomy,
with antique furniture.

Bobby, Clyde, and Clara are at the rear of the basement.
They sit at a small styled, wooden table.

Larry is at the other end preparing a drink behind the bar.

Bobby pulls out a cigarette. He looks tense.

BOBBY

(To Larry)

You don't mind do you?

LARRY

Go right ahead. Running jails, you
get used to it.

Tom, and Dean come down the stairs leading into the room.
Dean sits at the bar.

Tom speaks while walking behind the bar, and preparing
drinks.

TOM

So, how do you like Oklahoma?

Bobby is uptight, but tries to be friendly.

BOBBY

It's a nice town. I noticed a Drive
Inn on my way in. It had a nice
twist to it. It just shows old
horror movies.

TOM

The Macabre Drive Inn. That was it.
It's been around for what, 35
years?

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

About that.

BOBBY

So we've got a 50 -50 split going.
I mean that's an accurate
assessment. Isn't it Reverend?

Everybody seems edgy but Tom. He speaks casually to Clyde.

TOM

You remind me of that bank robber.
Clyde... Clyde Barrel. Bonnie and
Clyde. You know who I'm talking
about.

CLYDE

(Motionless)

You ever seen em?

TOM

No. But if I did, I'm sure he'd
look just like you.

LARRY

Mr. Jones, the split is 60 - 40.
That's no disrespect to you. But
you're risk factor in robbing these
banks -

TOM

Aggressive cash transaction. That
sounds a little better.

LARRY

Your risk factor was next to none
the last time we talked. Now it is
none. Zero.

BOBBY

No such thing. Impossible. And
we're gonna be working away from
your jurisdiction.

LARRY

The Tulsa precinct is not out of
our district. We're able to
intercept all their signals. We
have contacts in their department
that are making sure no message,
not even a mixed signal, gets to
that station. And no officer will
be in the vicinity of the bank.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

You tell me about my own plan and then lower my end ten percent. I'm waiting for the punch line.

Larry looks down.

Tom has a casual attitude.

TOM

Mr. Jones. What the Sheriff didn't tell you was that we have 3 criminals. 3 violent criminals that fit your descriptions. They'll be in the area of the business when it takes place. About a block away. Under the control of our boys in the Tulsa Department. We have witnesses in the bank that'll swear it was them they saw. Your risk factor is zero, and our end is 60 percent. I'm sorry if that wasn't made clear to you.

BOBBY

(To Dean)

Thank you for your time. Good luck to you.

DEAN

Uh, thank - you.

Bobby walks slowly towards the door. Clara gets up and fixes her jacket, preparing to leave. Clyde downs his drink and looks at Bobby, preparing to follow him.

TOM

50- 50's... okay.

Larry looks upset. Dean is surprised.

Bobby looks at Tom in a mock state of puzzlement.

BOBBY

Aggressive cash transaction?

Bobby smiles. Everyone laughs softly.

TOM

Ya need anything? Maps -

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
I got it covered.

Bobby pays his respects before leaving.

BOBBY
(continuing)
Reverend. Sheriff. Mayor.

TOM
Go out there, and have a good time.
Loosen up. We're not gangsters.
We're just trying to get by.

Bobby finds Tom funny. He smiles at him, then leaves. He is followed by Clara, and Clyde. They exit.

LARRY
That's an arrogant son of a bitch.

TOM
Hell, I admire his confidence.

Tom prepares another drink.

EXT. PARTY - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Clara sits at the bar alone, away from the main action. She drinks Merlot wine.

Bobby, and Clyde stand on the lawn, a small distance away from the main action. Clyde drinks whiskey, while Bobby smokes a cigarette.

BOBBY
(Shakes his head)
This guy. No risk factor? He's
gotta be crazy.

CLYDE
He's overconfident for good reason.
In N.Y., I'd agree with you. But
this place. Look at this place.
Look at the sheriff. This guy
thinks he's Billy Graham Capone or
some shit. I think it's a gold
mine. We just gotta get outta here
quick. That's all.

Clyde smirks at Bobby.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

What now?

CLYDE

Looks like you're gonna make a house call on the Mayor's wife.

Bobby starts to react.

CLYDE

(continuing)

Don't worry. You hid it well. I advise you against it. But what do I know? I'm just a maniac bank robber. I do know that if you weren't so damn horny you'd still have your psych.practice in New York. I'm sorry Jones. Business is business.

BOBBY

I smiled at his wife. I was being polite.

CLYDE

That's what I wanna hear.

Bobby, and Clyde look at Olive.

Their P.O.V.

Olive stands with Rose, and talks with ELDERLY CONSERVATIVE COUPLE 2.

BACK TO SCENE

Bobby and Clyde continue to look at her. Clyde looks at Bobby, and smiles.

Clara sits by the bar, and has another glass of wine. Dean comes, and stands on her right. He orders.

DEAN

I'll have what she's having. So, where're you staying?

Olive looks down, and smirks.

DEAN

(continuing)

I hate to be so forward but -

(CONTINUED)

CLARA

You know where I'm at. You want me to invite you over. That might be a little difficult at the moment.

Dean blushes.

DEAN

I'd like to see you again.

CLARA

I kinda figured that.

DEAN

Nice meeting you.

OLIVE

Likewise.

Dean smiles softly, and leaves.

Clyde, Drew, and two cops are seen laughing at a bar in the midst of the party.

Bobby stands alone, and looks at Olive.

HIS P.O.V.

Olive sits alone at a table, and has a drink.

BACK TO SCENE

Bobby walks a straight dash to her with no hesitation. She sits as he approaches.

BOBBY

How do you do? I'm Bobby Jones.

Olive stands, and shakes his hand.

OLIVE

I know. It was nice meeting you.

BOBBY

I think you're one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen.

Olive feels awkward, but is polite.

OLIVE

Thank you. I hope you come out to -

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

Listen. I have a place I hang out. Nobody knows about it. It's right off of highway 85. You make a right just before you get to the hill that leads to that horror Drive Inn place. I'll be there every night between nine, and eleven. I would love it if you joined me.

Olive has a look disbelief.

OLIVE

I'm sorry?

Bobby smiles softly. He pauses.

BOBBY

I'm sorry too. It was nice meeting you again.

Bobby shakes her hand, and leaves. Olive looks confused.

INT. DEAN AND OLIVE'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Dean is fast asleep in bed. Olive lays across from him as she reads a magazine, "Psychology Today". She puts the magazine on her night table, and turns off the light. The room is dark, the only light coming from a reflection of the moon.

Olive looks at Dean. She leans over, and whispers softly in his ear.

OLIVE

Those people we met today. The spanish guy with the white couple. Are they criminals?

Dean nods in his sleep.

OLIVE

(continuing)

That girl with them. Clara. Did you screw her?

Dean shakes his head no.

OLIVE

(continuing)

Did you try to?

Dean nods his head in his sleep.

(CONTINUED)

Olive whispers directly in his ear.

OLIVE
(continuing)
White trash piece of shit.

Olive turns over and goes to sleep.

EXT. MOTEL 6 - MORNING

The parking lot is half empty. The sun is out in full scale, but it is windy, and cold. Bobby has his car, a dated, grey colored, 1985 Chevrolet, on an isolated small grass patch on the edge of the parking lot. It faces a two lane highway. Bobby lays a large map on the hood of his car, and studies it. He is dressed in jeans, and a tee-shirt.

INT. CLARA'S ROOM AT THE MOTEL 6 - SAME TIME

Other than two pairs of shoes lying on the bed, Clara's room is spotless. She sits on the floor, and looks through a plastic bag full of pictures. She is in casual pants, and a blouse.

Clyde is in her bathroom with the door open. He wears a black two piece suit. He loads his Tommy machine gun, and clicks it. He then walks out, and looks at Clara.

CLYDE
What are ya lookin at?

CLARA
Nothing really. Just some old pictures.

Clyde reaches down, and takes the three pictures from her hand.

HIS P.O.V.

Picture one shows Clara, and Clyde, arm in arm, in front of an old time car. Picture two shows Clyde lifting Clara in front of the car. She holds a white daisy in her hand. Picture three shows them involved in a passionate kiss.

BACK TO SCENE

An awkward moment. Clyde hides his surprise, and embarrassment by looking down. Clara is calm, and composed with a friendly smirk on her face. She avoids eye contact with Clyde.

(CONTINUED)

CLYDE
I think Jones is ready for us.

CLARA
Okay.

Clara and Clyde leave the room.

INT. DEAN'S LEXUS - SAME TIME

Dean and Olive, both formally dressed, drive down the two lane highway towards the front of Motel 6.

EXT. MOTEL 6 - SAME TIME

Bobby talks with Clyde, and Clara. He brings out a small gadget with a red light.

BOBBY
When this light goes off, their
drive through is closed.

Clyde goes to the backseat to get his black trench coat.

CLYDE
How many times ya gonna tell us
that?

BOBBY
About 20 more times.

INT. DEAN'S LEXUS - SAME TIME

Dean speeds past the Motel 6. Olive peers through her side view mirror.

HER P.O.V.

Bobby turns, and faces her direction while he folds the map, and puts it in his pocket. Clyde gets in the back seat, Clara in the drivers seat.

BACK TO SCENE

Olive looks down, and gives a small but mischievous smile.

EXT. TULSA CITY BANK - MORNING

The Tulsa City bank is a one story, modern looking facility. It is located on Main street, which has a dated look. Small businesses with a plain, small town look, dominate the area.

INT. GREY COLORED CHEVROLET - SAME TIME

Clara drives very slowly as she approaches the bank. Clyde is in the front seat while Bobby's in the back. They have not suited for the robbery.

CLARA'S P.O.V.

TULSA CITY POLICE OFFICER 1 is present in front of the bank. He talks to a formally dressed, MIDDLE AGED WHITE MALE.

BACK TO SCENE

Clara is angry but cool.

CLARA

He said no cops. What is this? He's been there for at least 20 minutes.

BOBBY

We go around the block one more time. If he's still there you drive back to New York.

BOBBY'S P.O.V.

The car gets closer to TULSA CITY POLICE OFFICER 1. The officer turns around, and spots Bobby, establishing eye contact. He nods, and smiles, gets in his police car, and leaves.

BACK TO SCENE

BOBBY

(continuing)

Alright. Drive around a few more times.

EXT. STREET AROUND THE CORNER - SAME TIME

TULSA CITY POLICE OFFICER 1 drives in his small, and old fashioned police car. He blasts his siren for the car in front of him to stop.

The car, an old grey colored 1978 Buick, stops slowly and pulls up to the right side of the curb.

TULSA CITY POLICE OFFICER 1 walks to the car.

HIS P.O.V.

The FRAME VICTIMS sit in the car. A WHITE FEMALE drives the car. A WHITE MALE sits in the passenger seat and a HISPANIC MALE sits in the back. Together they fit the descriptions of Clara, Clyde and Bobby.

TULSA CITY POLICE OFFICER ONE
License and registration please.

Another TULSA CITY POLICE CAR pulls up behind the action.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACIOUS BACKYARD OF MANSION - SAME TIME

An all woman's tea in support of Dean's run for governor takes place. About 100 formally dressed MIDDLE AGED WOMEN sit in small wooden chairs. Dean speaks on a podium. Some of the guests are still on line getting orders.

Olive stands on his right as he speaks.

DEAN
Well, first I'd like to say that I really didn't mean to eat all the peach cobbler.

The women laugh. Their exaggerated laughter suggests they are attracted to Dean. Olive also laughs.

DEAN
(continuing)
I think my mother has finally met her match. God help me. She's not here.

Soft laughter.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
(continuing)
Congressman Fowler has also met his
match.

Loud applause.

DEAN
(continuing)
And the criminal element of
Oklahoma has met their match.

Applause greatens.

CUT TO:

INT. TULSA CITY BANK - LATER THAT MORNING

The Tulsa City Bank is a spacious and modern looking bank. There is a long counter separating customers from patrons. Three Banker Desks are also seen.

All the customers lie on the floor in a forward position with their hands over their heads. Clyde, dressed in a black trench coat, and ski mask, stands over them.

Bobby stands in front of the counter with an Uzzi machine gun, a ski mask, and a black trench coat. The TULSA BANK MANAGER, a formally dressed young white male in his early 30's, stands with him.

A YOUNG CLERK, an Indian male in his early 20's, comes out with a sack full of money.

BOBBY
(To Clerk and Bank

Manager)

Get on the floor.

The TULSA BANK MANAGER and the YOUNG CLERK hit the floor a distance from Bobby.

Bobby goes through the bag of money in lightning speed, loading it in his backpack. He runs his thumb through each wad of hundred dollar bills. He stops on one of the bills.

HIS P.O.V.

A red mark appears on the last bill.

BACK TO SCENE

(CONTINUED)

Bobby pours the money back into the bag it came in. He goes into his backpack and takes out a small leather bag. He is motionless and speaks in a low tone.

BOBBY
(continuing)
It's marked.

Clyde makes a loud sound cocking his machine gun. He talks in a deep but low tone.

CLYDE
(To the Patrons)
Don't blink. Don't flinch a damn
inch. Anybody that does is deader
then dead and that's a dead son of
a bitch. Lemme tell ya.

Bobby moves fast. He quickly grabs the Tulsa Bank Manager off the floor from the back of his collar. He walks him over to a table which stands to the right of counter. Bobby sits him in a seat by the table and covers his mouth with duct tape.

The Tulsa Bank Manager starts to breathe hard from panic. Bobby violently grabs him and puts his arms on the table. He positions his body weight in front of the Bank Manager in such a way that the Manager can not move his arms as they are weighed down on the table.

Bobby takes out a sharp, steel, ice pick. He puts the right hand of the manager in front of him. He softly lays the ice pick on the Manager's index finger. Bobby goes up in a sudden motion and slams the ice pick on the Manager's finger, cutting it off.

The Manager bawls, and cries from the pain. Bobby lays the ice pick on the thumb of the Manager. The Manager panics and tries to move, but Bobby freezes him.

Bobby takes his own index finger, and puts it over his mouth, motioning for the Manager to remain silent. Bobby rips the duct tape from his mouth, and looks at him.

The manager, who is in tears, and has a face wrecked with pain, looks over at the Young Clerk, and nods.

INT. CLARA'S GREY COLORED CHEVROLET- MINUTES LATER

Clara sits across the street from the bank. She looks at her watch with concern.

Bobby appears at the front door dressed in jeans and a tee shirt. He carries a black back pack over his shoulder and his trench coat under his arm. He gets in the back seat.

CLARA
What happened?

BOBBY
He was an asshole. I had to take his finger off.

CLARA
That is so disgusting. Ohhh.

Clyde appears crossing the street in a grey pin striped suit. He carries his trench coat under his arm. He gets in the front seat. Clara pulls off, and out of sight.

EXT. STREET AROUND THE CORNER - MINUTES LATER.

Four TULSA CITY POLICE CARS surround the GREY COLORED BUICK which contains the FRAME VICTIMS.

Tulsa City Police Officer One gets a discreet call on his car radio. He walks to his Police car, and sits in it. He then walks back out. He steps in front of the four Tulsa City Police Officers, and looks at the FRAME VICTIMS.

HIS P.O.V.

The Bi Racial male sits in the back. He is angry, and looks down. The White Female, and White male stare angrily at the Officer.

TULSA CITY POLICE OFFICER ONE
(To Frame Victims)
Carry on.

The Frame Victims ride out of sight.

INT. ZABOR'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Zabors Restaurant is a high class, but commercial bar, and seafood establishment similar to Houstons, or Red Lobsters.

It is large and roomy with a bar, a large floor area.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby sits in a large, one sided booth between Drew, on his left, and Tom, on his right. They are all dressed casually in pants and shirts.

Clara is dressed in a mini skirt and sits at the far right of the bar. She drinks a gin and tonic. Clyde sports his usual 1950's gangster look. He stands at the middle of the bar drinking a whiskey sour.

Dean stands and talks with two OFF DUTY OFFICERS who are sitting towards the right of the bar.

RICK, a handsome 19 year old off duty officer, sits at a small table with LIZ, an attractive 21 year old brunet female. She is a college news reporter, and does an interview with him. They have a flirtacious tone with each other.

Tom is relaxed while talking to Bobby. Bobby is polite but distant. Drew is occupied looking at another table but still reacts to Tom.

TOM

(Tom raises his glass along with Drew, and Bobby.)

A toast to a successful, and aggressive cash transaction.

Bobby smiles politely. He raises a glass of ice water. Drew is motionless while raising his glass.

BOBBY

You got the money? It came through?

TOM

Of course it came through, Bobby.

BOBBY

The 50 percent?

TOM

What is it with you? Why don't you ever relax?

BOBBY'S P.O.V.

Clyde gets up from the bar and raises his glass at Bobby. Bobby gives a slight wave. Clyde leaves the restaurant.

BACK TO SCENE

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
I'm alright.

PATTI, an attractive waitress dressed in a tux, comes to the table to wait on them.

TOM
Patti, why don't you get em a drink.

BOBBY
No thank - you. I'm fine.

PATTI
You're cute too.

Bobby blushes.

PATTI
(continuing)
Anything else?

TOM
We're okay over here.

Patti walks away.

TOM
(continuing)
That's what I'm talking about.

DREW
That's what it's all about.

Tom looks across the restaurant.

TOM
See, there's one of our officers over there doing an interview with a college girl.

Tom looks at Drew.

TOM
(continuing)
Isn't that what you said?

HIS P.O.V.

LIZ AND RICK AT TABLE

Liz holds a small pad and writes on it as Rick talks. He talks and she laughs.

BACK TO SCENE

DREW

Oklahoma University.

TOM

Afterwards, they're gonna have a good time. Maybe a little fornication. If he came to me, I'd tell em not to. But if he's intent on doing it, I might as well own the Hotel he takes her to

TOM

(continuing)

Same thing with damn nearly everything. I live in world I didn't make.

Tom pauses to take a drink. He casually speaks to Bobby.

TOM

(continuing)

You ever thought about going into the narcotics business?

BOBBY

I didn't hear what you said. And, I'm not sure I want to.

TOM

Awww get a grip son. Ain't nobody gonna believe you anyway.

BOBBY

Nice talking with you Reverend.

Bobby shakes Tom's hand, and leaves. Tom looks at him walking while speaking to Drew.

TOM

That boy never ceases to amaze me.

HIS P.O.V.

BAR

Clara faces in the direction of Rick. She smiles at him.

HER P.O.V.

LIZ AND RICK AT TABLE

Rick smiles back. Liz is friendly but irritated.

LIZ

Excuse me. I thought we were doing
an interview.

BACK TO TOM AND DREW

TOM

Looks like he's getting lucky twice
tonight. That girl doesn't need to
be out this late. Clara works
better for em.

Drew nods.

TOM

(continuing)

It'd probably be better if you
stopped em from doing anymore
interviews.

Drew is motionless. He drinks, and looks at Tom.

BAR

Clara pulls a cigarette, and tries to light it, but her
lighter is out. Dean walks up to her. He pulls out a book of
matches, and lights it.

CLARA

Thank - you.

She tries to hand the matches back.

DEAN

You could keep em. I'm trying to
quit.

CLARA

Definitely not good for your image.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Yeah. I hear it all the time.

CLARA
I didn't know politicians smoked.

DEAN
(Laughs)
Nice seeing you again.

Clara grins softly.

Dean walks over towards his father's table.

BACK TO TOM AND DREW

Tom talks to Drew. He stops when he sees Dean.

TOM
Dean.

Dean tries to walk past Tom's table.

A FLOWER GIRL stands at the table with a camera.

DEAN
I gotta get home to Olive.

TOM
Sit down and take a picture.

Tom moves over by Drew. Dean sits down. Tom puts his arm around him, and smiles. The picture is taken. The Flower girl pulls it out, hands it to Tom, and walks away.

Drew gets up and walks towards the bar.

TOM
(To Dean)
It went great.

DEAN
I heard. I ran into Larry.

TOM
Why don't you stay, and have a few drinks?

DEAN'S P.O.V.

Drew is talking with Clara. They flirt.

BACK TO SCENE

DEAN
I can't. I gotta go.

TOM
What's with everybody tonight?

Dean gets up.

TOM
(continuing)
Go on, and get.

Dean walks away.

TOM
(continuing)
Study those speeches.

LIZ AND RICK AT TABLE

Rick, and Liz continue their interview. Drew comes over, and heavily slaps his hand on Rick's shoulder.

DREW
I gotta talk to ya.

Drew is friendly with Liz.

DREW
I'll have em back in a second. I promise.

LIZ
Okay.

Drew puts his arm around Rick, and quickly walks towards the door.

RICK
What are ya doin?

DREW
I can't let ya miss this.

They walk out of the door.

CLARA'S POV

Clara watches them walk. She then turns to Liz and smiles politely.

LIZ AT TABLE

Liz smiles back.

EXT. LARGE HOUSE ON SIDE OF A LAKE - NIGHT

Drew and Rick drive up a long, and lonely driveway leading to a beautiful, colonial styled house. A lake sits on the right of it. They get out, and walk towards the house.

Drew carries a whiskey bottle.

DREW

I don't wanna hear another word about that girl. You're ungrateful. Ya know that? I'm fixing you up with the hottest ass in the city, and you're talking about a little college girl.

RICK

I like college girls. I was this close to getting her.

Shows a small distance between his index finger.

DREW

This Clara girl's hot. She'll be here any minute.

Hands Rick a whiskey bottle.

DREW

(continuing)
Cool yourself out.

INT. CLARA'S FIAT - SAME TIME

Clara turns a corner down a dark street.

EXT. LARGE HOUSE ON SIDE OF A LAKE - NIGHT

Rick, and Drew walk towards the house. A BLACK CAR slowly comes down the DRIVE WAY.

Drew looks over his shoulder.

HIS P.O.V.

Only the head lights of the car can be seen.

BACK TO SCENE

Rick turns, and looks at the car with a smile on his face.

RICK
Is that her?

Drew smiles. He stands behind Rick.

DREW
Who else could it be?

Drew takes out a 45 magnum, and shoots Rick in the head 6 times. Rick falls dead in a pool of blood.

The car's headlights turn off. Cop 3, a Male dressed in jeans, and a tee shirt, walks towards Drew.

Drew reaches down to take the whiskey out of Rick's hand, and takes a swig. He wipes the blood off the bottle.

COP 3
What about the girl?

DREW
He said not to worry about her.
Clean this up. I got something to do.

Drew starts to step in his car.

DREW
(continuing)
Oh yeah. Reverend says no interviews.

Drew gets in, and starts to drive off.

COP 3
(Under breath)
No shit.

INT. CLARA'S FIAT - SAME TIME

Clara drives into a large motel complex. She pulls out a BOOK of MATCHES.

HER P.O.V.

The matches have, "Motel California: rm. 657A" written on the inside flap.

BACK TO SCENE

Clara pulls up to room 657A and parks in front of it.

EXT. ROOM 657A - SAME TIME

Clara walks up to the door and knocks. Dean answers. He is still dressed in a two piece suit. He lifts Clara up, and begins to kiss her. He takes her inside and slams the door.

EXT. LARGE HILL OVERLOOKING DRIVE INN THEATER - NIGHT

Bobby sits on top of his old, 1985 Black Buick. He smokes a joint, while looking at an old Horror film, "Carnival of Souls." The Drive Inn below him is semi filled with cars.

A car motor is HEARD.

HIS P.O.V.

A car with extra bright head lights drives up the hill. The lights are blinding. The car slows down, and turns off the lights. It is a 1999 dark colored Lexus. Olive steps out of the car.

She throws her hair back, and looks at Bobby. She wears a curious, but friendly look, as if studying him. She is wearing a tasteful mini skirt, and high heel shoes.

BACK TO SCENE

Bobby walks to the right end of his car to face Olive. She faces him from the end of hers. Bobby holds the joint while he talks to her.

Olive establishes eye contact with Bobby. She is more curious, than intimidated.

OLIVE

Did you rob that bank today?
Wait..Don't tell me. I don't wanna know.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby is surprised that she's come. He is soft spoken, and a complete gentleman.

BOBBY

Well. I used to be a Psychiatrist.
Maybe we could talk about that.

Bobby laughs bashfully.

BOBBY

(continuing
You're here.

OLIVE

I majored in psychology in college.

Bobby holds joint up as he talks.

BOBBY

If this is bothering you -

OLIVE

Oh no. You go right ahead.

BOBBY

I'm under stress. I don't like
drinking, so I do this.

OLIVE

It's okay.

BOBBY

I could -

Bobby stomps out joint with his foot.

BOBBY

(continuing)
It's all gone now. So after
psychology - what? Did you go to
grad school?

OLIVE

No. It seemed like all the
psychologists were talking about
themselves. Freud had a pretty
mother so he believed in the
Oedipus Complex. Carl Jung's mom
was fat, so he thought it was
nonsense. I crossed out Theories of
Personalities on my textbook, and
put biography of mental patients.

Bobby laughs.

BOBBY
That's pretty good.

OLIVE
I've never cheated on my husband
before.

Bobby stares, still in a shy, and soft spoken way.

BOBBY
I'm sorry to hear that.

Olive smiles softly. She chews her gum slowly.

OLIVE
I wanted to. Everyone was always
watching. If anything happens here
- I'm really not liking Dean right
now.

Bobby nods.

BOBBY
Do you have anymore gum?

OLIVE
This was my last piece.

BOBBY
Do you mind if I take that?

Olive looks down, and gives a slight, and embarrassed smirk. Bobby walks over to her, and lifts her head to face his. He kisses her, and takes the gum out of her mouth to his. They then indulge in a passionate kiss, hugging, and kissing each other.

Bobby lifts her and places her on the trunk of his car. He lies on top of her. They kiss again. He removes her shirt, and rubs her bare chest. Olive closes her eyes in ecstasy.

INT. TOM'S CHURCH OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Larry walks into the waiting room of Tom's office. It is a small space, with chairs closely lined together. The secretary's space is guarded by a sliding glass window.

A POSSESSED WOMAN, an overweight female in her early 20's, has an horrifically angry look on her face. She stares at Larry from the side of her eye. She wears a loose church dress, and has her hair in a little girl bun.

(CONTINUED)

Larry knocks on the glass window. The SECRETARY, a thin middle aged white female, has a pleasant, but stern attitude. Larry is very upset but low key.

LARRY

I'm here to see Tom.

SECRETARY

He's got his hands full at the moment Larry.

THREE DEACONS, 2 middle aged white males, and one young black male, come, and lead the Possessed Woman out. She goes ballistic as she kicks, screams, and swears. She fights them every step of the way.

POSSESSED WOMAN

Get your motherfucken, goddamn,
cock suckin hands off a me
motherfucker!!! What the hell....

The Three Deacons manage to open the office door, and get her out of the waiting room. She is heard screaming down the hall.

SECRETARY

(To Larry)

Why don't you come back around
five? Everything should be fine by
then.

Larry nods, but ignores her. He opens the door to the hallway leading to Tom's office.

INT. LONG HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF OFFICE - SAME TIME

Larry walks slowly down the long, dimly lit hallway. Tom's office is down on the left. The door to a small sanctuary is down on the right.

The Possessed Woman is being forced into the sanctuary by the Deacons.

Tom stands outside, and talks to the POSSESSED WOMAN'S MOTHER, a middle aged woman in a conservative dress, and church hat. He wears a two piece suit, and tie.

Larry stands a small distance from them, and stares at Tom.

POSSESSED WOMAN (O.S.)

I'm the Sugar Demon!! I had this
bitch addicted to Baby Ruth's by
the time she was five!!!

(CONTINUED)

Everyone looks towards the door. Tom gently holds the Possessed Woman's Mother's hand. The Possessed Woman's rants, and raves are HEARD.

TOM

The demon inside your daughter will be compelled by the power of Christ.

POSSESSED WOMAN'S MOTHER

Praise Jesus.

Deacon 1, a white middle aged male, gently escorts her into the sanctuary. Tom goes into his office, and is followed by Larry. The Secretary approaches Tom in an alarmed state.

SECRETARY

Rev. I told him -

TOM

It's alright.

Tom closes the door.

INT. TOM'S CHURCH OFFICE - SAME TIME

Tom's ample spaced office consists of a large desk, with a reclining chair, and a tall closet. A back window has a view of mountains, and a forest. Tom grabs a LARGE SILVER GLOVE which fits up to his elbow. He is casual.

TOM

These exorcisms. They never get any easier.

Larry is intense, but of low volume.

LARRY

Ricky Cooper. What the hell happened?

Tom fits his glove onto his arm, and casually looks at Larry.

LARRY

(continuing)

He's got six bullets in the back of his head. I'm gonna ask you again. What happened?

(CONTINUED)

TOM

You wanna calm down. I have a few people out there.

Larry speaks in a lower, but angry voice.

LARRY

Drew told me he was giving an interview to some young college girl.

TOM

So you know what happened.

LARRY

I'd say you're gettin a little paranoid, Tom. You get one a my boys over some interview with a little girl?! For a college newspaper? He was discussing normal police procedure.

TOM

We decided we wanted no interviews with the press coming out of your department. None. Rules don't become laws until somebody breaks em.

Tom walks over to the closet, and takes out a black church robe which he puts on.

TOM

(continuing)

That wasn't just any college. That was Oklahoma State University. We're lucky the president's a friend of mine. He stopped the article before it hit the press.

LARRY

What did Ricky say in the interview?

Tom takes his bible off his desk.

TOM

Nothing really.

LARRY

You gotta do better than that.

(CONTINUED)

TOM
Is that right?

LARRY
He was a good boy Tom.

TOM
Aren't we all. But good boys get that gleam in their eyes when they look at good girls. All of the sudden, they're feeling a little more important. The more info. he has, the more she's impressed. 19 years old. Giving an interview about your department. I have to do better?

Tom stares Larry down.

TOM
(continuing)
Do you have anything - anything else you'd like to say to me?

Larry looks down. Tom turns, and thumbs through his bible, putting a bookmark in a certain spot.

TOM
(continuing)
That Sugar Demon is nobody to play with. I'll tell you that.

Larry stands by the door about to leave.

LARRY
No more interviews. Of any kind.

TOM
Good.

Tom walks out of his office, and into the sanctuary. He leaves his office door open. Larry watches him close the door to the sanctuary. He then walks down the hall to his right.

TOM (O.S.)
I rebuke you demon! I return your unclean spirit to the depths of Hell.

POSSESSED WOMAN (O.S.)
Kiss my motherfucken ass you -

INT. BILLY'S - SUNDOWN

BILLY'S, a large bar and grill, is the classiest joint on Smith St. which doesn't say much. Still, it is a clean looking 2 story bar, and grill, with a piano player, DOC CAMP,. The theme to Billy's is Western. The WAITRESSES wear cowboy hats, and the BARTENDER'S wear old styled shirts, and bow ties.

Doc Camp, a handsome black male in his mid 60's, plays great jazz on a Baby Grand Piano. He sits towards the front of the bar. It has an average crowd, and it no where near filled to capacity. The upstairs has a room for prostitutes, and Johns.

Clara, Clyde, and Bobby sits at a large wooden table in the middle of the joint. Bobby faces Clyde, and Clara.

Clyde drinks a shot of whiskey with a bottle next to it. He is intoxicated, but handles it well. Clara sips on a martini. Bobby drinks a glass of ice water.

CLARA

(To Bobby)

The next one is easy right? I mean it almost has to be.

BOBBY

I don't know. Oklahoma can be a pretty strange place. At least that's what I hear.

CLARA

There's no way anyone caught on to what happened.

BOBBY

Yeah. You're probably right. But there's a lot a guns in Oklahoma. And a lot of people who don't mind using em.

CLYDE

What're sayin?

BOBBY

We had three hits scheduled. The first two were just rehearsals for the big one. The City Bank. The way the first one went, we don't need another run through.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA
What about the Reverend?

BOBBY
I'll talk to the Reverend.

Bobby looks upstairs.

HIS P.O.V.

A BEAT UP TRANSVESTITE comes slowly down the stairs. He is a large white male, dressed in a tight mini skirt, and blouse. He looks upset, and scared. He sports a black eye.

BACK TO SCENE

Bobby looks at Clyde.

BOBBY
(continuing)
Look. I don't have anything to do with the way somebody lives their life, but this is getting ridiculous. You're bringing attention to us.

Clyde angrily stares him down.

CLYDE
You ever been to prison before?

Bobby looks down, and smirks.

CLYDE
(continuing)
You're wasting my time.

Clara wears a smile of discomfort.

CLARA
Look... I have somewhere to go.

She gets her pocket book ready to leave.

CLYDE
You're sittin just fine darlin.

Clyde stares at Bobby.

CLYDE
(continuing)
You tryin to embarrass me Bobby? Is that what you're tryin to do?

(CONTINUED)

Bobby smiles dangerously at Clyde. He throws his ice water on his face. Clyde stays still for a second. He then takes a napkin, and wipes the water off. He wears a playful smirk.

The MANAGER OF BILLY'S, a large black male dressed in a cowboy hat ,and boots, comes over to the table with a friendly but concerned attitude.

MANAGER OF BILLY'S
Is everything alright over here
fellas?

CLYDE
That piano player. He's pretty
good.

MANAGER OF BILLY'S
Oh he's real good. That's Bill
Camp. He's a retired doctor. We
just call em Doc around here.

CLYDE
Ya think he'd mind if I did a set?
I'm a blues singer myself. I'm not
as good as the Dr., but I'm able to
manage a little something.

MANAGER OF BILLY'S
Be my guest. The Dr.'s left the
building.

Clyde takes Clara by the hand, and walks to the piano. She sits on his right. Clyde breaks out with a great Jazz improv, and slows it down to a blusy melody. He starts to sing the Blues to Billie Holiday's "Ain't Nobody's Business".

CLYDE
"Good friend a mind is fuckin
somebody's wife" "And he's gettin
ready to screw up his goddamn life"
"Ain't nobody's business if he
does" "I don't know who he thinks
he's trickin" "But I damn sure know
what he's lickin"

Bobby laughs as he leaves. He looks back at Clyde, and walks out the front door.

INT. TOM AND ROSE'S DINING ROOM - DUSK

The old fashioned but very large, and clean dining room consists of a long table, expensive looking silver ware, napkins, and table cloth.

Tom sits at the head of the table. He is dressed casually in jeans, and a polar shirt.

Rose sits at the left of the table dressed in casual wear as does, ANNA, Olive's mother.

Anna is an attractive women in her mid 50's. She has blonde hair, and looks like an older picture of Olive. She seems friendly, and high spirited.

Dean, Olive, and Dean Jr. sit at the right side of the table in that order. A large dinner napkin hangs from Dean Jr.'s shirt. Dean Sr. is dressed in a two piece suit. Olive sports a conservative, and expensive dress.

Rose, and Clara are gossiping with each other.

Olive cleans off Dean Jr.s mouth with a small napkin.

DEAN JR.

I don't like this side of the table.

TOM

(To Dean)

How long does it take to cook roast beef?

DEAN

I don't know. What? Two hours?

Olive's attention is on Dean Jr. as she answers.

OLIVE

About that.

TOM

That's too long. I haven't had anything all day.

BETTY, an elderly white female in her late 70's, comes out from the cooking area. She wears a black servant uniform, and an apron.

BETTY

I heard ya! I told you I'd be finished at five, and you went and got everybody here at 4.

(CONTINUED)

TOM
I don't want any trouble Miss
Betty. Dean was the one
complaining. I'm just here trying
to teach the boy patience.

Dean smiles. Betty walks back to the kitchen area.

BETTY
I know he's lying.

TOM
Take your time.

OLIVE
Mama, could you hand me that other
napkin?

Anna hands her the napkin, and looks at Dean Jr.

ANNA
How's my little pretty boy doing?

DEAN JR.
Girls are pretty. Boys are
handsome.

OLIVE
That's right. You're gonna give him
a complex Mom.

ANNA
All I'm saying is he looks just
like you when you were three.

TOM
Just what we need. Another pretty
boy in the family.

Dean Sr.'s CELL PHONE rings. He takes it out, and looks at
it. He clicks it off, and slams it on the table.

DEAN
This is the second time the press
got my cell phone number. Do you
know how they manage that?

TOM
We'll find out.

The CELL PHONE RINGS again. Olive looks down at it.

HER P.O.V.

(CONTINUED)

The CALLER I.D. reads, CLAIRMONT HOTEL.

BACK TO SCENE.

Dean grabs the phone, and puts it in his pocket.

Olive gives a small, sarcastic smile.

OLIVE

The press calls from some of the
strangest places sometimes.

The table ignores the comment.

ROSE

(To Anna)

Have you seen the new additions to
the garden?

ANNA

No, I haven't.

Rose gets up. Anna starts to follow her.

ROSE

I have to show you the white rose
bush.

Olive is upset, but hides it well. She picks Dean Jr. up.

OLIVE

Mom, you think you can take Dean
with you? It's getting late, and I
told a girlfriend I'd help her out
with something.

ROSE

Oh Olive, how often does the family
get together?

OLIVE

I know Rose, but this is pretty
serious.

Olive hands Dean Jr. to Anna.

OLIVE

(continuing)

If you can keep him over night,
I'll pick em up tomorrow morning.

DEAN JR.

I don't mind.

ROSE

Why don't you let em stay over here. We never get a chance to see em.

Olive is nice, but firm.

OLIVE

I think it would be better if he stayed with my Mom. I'm taking him clothes shopping tomorrow, and she lives right near the mall.

TOM

Awww it doesn't matter. We got that little rascal today don't we.

Olive gives Tom a quick, and dirty glance.

The ladies walk out to the Garden.

ANNA

Come with Grand Ma.

Tom and Dean Sr. have the room to themselves.

TOM

(Speaks angrily under his breath to Dean.)

You're not even trying.

Dean grits his teeth in frustration. He then gets up, and leaves. He walks quickly to his right.

EXT. ROOF TOP OF THE HALEY MANSION - LATER

The Roof Top of the Mansion consists of a large, and spacious patio area complete with chairs, tables, and a small bar.

The Pigeon Coup, a large open box with three pigeons, stands on a ledge to the left of the patio.

Dean holds a pigeon and tosses it in the air, watching it fly away.

Tom comes on the roof. He slowly walks to the bar, and gets a bottle of wine, and a wine glass. He sits at the patio table, and opens the wine bottle, pouring it into the glass.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

You and that pigeon coup. Ya know,
I take care of that when you leave.

DEAN

Yeah. I know. You do a pretty good
job too.

TOM

Surprised you didn't I?

DEAN

I just don't associate you with
birds. I can't make that
connection.

Tom drinks his wine.

TOM

A birds a bird. It flies in the
air.

Dean smirks. He then looks at Tom.

DEAN

This thing with Olive. It's hard to
say, I love you, when what you
really mean is, I like to hang
around you when I don't have
anything better to do. When I don't
have anymore groupies to chase.
This marriage thing. It's not me. I
realize I can't divorce her. I know
that. She's beautiful, nice. She
deserves better.

TOM

80 percent of the young married
couples I council are miserable as
hell. THEY need Viagra. It's the
most depressing job I have. You
wanna fall in love. Get a mistress.
Get all that foolishness out of
your system. Because you got no
choice. She's your lady. First
lady. Whether your Mayor, Governor,
President, whatever.

DEAN

For some reason I wasn't surprised
when she got pregnant. But I was
careful. Damn careful.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Dean Jr.has your eyes. He looks like you spit em out for God's sake.

DEAN

I know. I love em. I love em.You know that.It's just the marriage. The boredom.

TOM

Just put a smile on her face. Pretty soon you'll be accomplishing great things together. You'll see who she really is. You might surprise yourself. When the lady's happy, the marriage works.

DEAN

I can do a lot of things. But I never could look a lady in the eye, and lie about my feelings.

TOM

You better learn how. You're in the business of giving people what they want. You're there for them. Not them for you. They wanna see you, and Olive together.

DEAN

There are things I wanna do. I know business is business. But down the line, I'd like to have an agenda. Serve the poor...something. But you're sayin the people are gonna decide what I say, and don't say, for the rest of my life.

TOM

That's it. You finally got it. They're only two issues in this country. Profit, and non profit. You wanna profit? You become a servant of the people, and give em what they want.

DEAN

People are tired of politicians telling em what they wanna hear.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Really? Funny thing happened the other day. I had a woman come in. Tells me her daughter is possessed by something called the Sugar Demon. I saw her. Sure enough, she was throwing up, talking in some kind of strange, uh, deep voice.

DEAN

I didn't know you were still doing exorcisms.

TOM

Oh yeah. That demon told me it had her addicted to candy bars by the time she was 5. And I got the demon out of her. Even though I knew there was no demon. Even though I knew that 99 percent of possession cases, are usually young females who are molested. Most of the time by a religious fanatic father. That's a fact. Try tellin the Sugar Demon that. But I'll get that lady to lose 100 pounds, and praise Jesus. Why? Because I gave her what she wanted. Not what she needed. Try telling people there are no heroes. They got their minds made up before you enter the fray. I know what they want us to be. You be that person with Olive at your side, and we'll become Governor, President. I also know what we are. And that's why we'll stay President. Whether we're in office or not.

DEAN

You know how to make a point don't you? That thing about the woman.

TOM

Don't dwell on that.

Tom pours another drink.

TOM

(continuing)

I'm a good preacher. I'll turn a druggie into a doctor, or a lawyer, if that's what he wants. Then

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOM (cont'd)

there's the real world, and I live in that.

DEAN

I know you're putting the future of this family in my hands. I'll come through. If you can't buy a future for your family, your money's worthless. You don't need to worry about anything.

Tom gets up, and pats Dean on the shoulder. He leaves.

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM AT MOTEL 6 - NIGHT

Bobby's room is spotless. He and Olive sit across from each other at a small wooden table. A candlelight glows in the middle of the table. They eat Italian Food on glass dishes. Olive is dressed in a tasteful, but sexy mini skirt.

Soft jazz music is HEARD from Bobby's c.d. player.

Bobby stares at Olive with a smile.

OLIVE

(Amused)

What?

BOBBY

I'm just looking.

OLIVE

You seem shy.

BOBBY

You think I'm the shy one?

OLIVE

Yes. The conditions of our last encounter were awkward. To say the least. So I was -- bashful. But you. You have a shy nature about yourself.

BOBBY

You're analyzing me.

OLIVE

I've had to. I got my old psyche books out just for you. I had to make sure you weren't a psycho or something.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

I'm not a psycho, Olive. I'm abnormal. There's no question about that. But I'm cool for the most part.

Olive pauses. She eats, and looks up at Dean with a smirk.

OLIVE

When I met you, I was confused as to what race you were. You look black, but you could also pass for Mexican or something.

BOBBY

I'm Black and Jewish. Mulatto, Bi racial, what ever. I've been called a lot of things.

OLIVE

I should've known.

BOBBY

What do ya mean you should've known?

OLIVE

Your nose. It's classic Jewish.

Bobby smiles as though she's told a cute joke.

BOBBY

You're a racist?

OLIVE

Most definitely. I'm just curious about you is all. All the things I've heard about black guys. Even if they are only half. It's supposed to be incredible.

BOBBY

You should already know about that.

OLIVE

It's been a long time for me. I'll get a better idea tonight.

Bobby starts to laugh.

BOBBY

I'm not laughing because I'm shy. You're making me laugh.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

Oh really?

BOBBY

Tell me about yourself. I mean, I hardly know anything about you.

OLIVE

Oh, I'm just a study in perfection.

Olive pauses to cut off her playful sarcasm.

OLIVE

(continuing)

I was Ms. Teen Oklahoma. I missed becoming Ms. Oklahoma by a a hair. I hate saying that. Anyway, I went to college. I never wanted to go but I did anyway. That's where I met Dean. And for a while I thought I was in love with him.

BOBBY

Were you?

OLIVE

It's confusing. How do you care so much for somebody who doesn't even like you? He was wild back then. You talk about crazy. Getting drunk, doing drugs, crashing cars. His father got him out of everything. I got pregnant, but that's another story.

Olive looks down. She then casually continues.

OLIVE

(continuing)

So why did you screw your patients? Don't ask me how I know. It's obvious.

BOBBY

I couldn't separate vulnerability, and sexuality. Not with women I found attractive anyway. I never hurt em. It wasn't like I was trying to start a cult or something. I made em comfortable. They still call every now, and then.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

How'd you get caught?

BOBBY

Jealous husband. Screwed up everything.

OLIVE

Do you have a fetish for married women?

BOBBY

Not especially. They seem to like me though. And anybody else who shows em attention. Loneliest people on the earth.

OLIVE

You got that right.

BOBBY

(Speaks soft and gently)

Would you like to dance?

Olive looks up, and gives a small smile. Bobby walks over to Olive, and gently takes her hand. They walk to the middle of the floor, and start to slow dance. They establish intimate eye contact, and kiss.

INT. ROOM AT CLAIRMONT HOTEL - NIGHT

The Clairmont is a luxurious, and modern looking hotel. Clara, and Dean are in a Suite, complete with a sunken hot tub, that lies in the middle of the bedroom. The room is well lit, with a big screen T.V. at the head of the bedroom.

A half conscious Clara lies in the hot tub. Dean is adjusting his tie. He leans down, and rubs Clara's face. He smiles softly as if taken by her. Dean whispers in her ear.

DEAN

You got anymore more a those swashbucklin stories to tell me.

CLARA

If I told you anything else, I'd have to kill you.

Dean smiles. He kisses her on the cheek, and leaves. Clara goes to sleep. Dean walks out.

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM AT MOTEL 6 - LATER THAT NIGHT

Olive is dressed in one of Bobby's t-shirts, and shorts.

Bobby wears a tank top, and shorts. An empty bottle of wine sits on the table.

Olive sits down in a corner of the room. She is intoxicated, and high while smoking a joint. Olive's face is red as though she's been laughing.

Bobby sits in a chair by the window. He smokes a joint, and leans back in a cool posture. A moonlight shines on him.

OLIVE

(Silly. Holds joint)

Have you ever been in a tornado?

BOBBY

Not too many come through N.Y.

OLIVE

I saw a house flying once.

She starts to laugh hysterically.

OLIVE

(continuing)

How the hell did that house get up there?

She laughs. Bobby looks at her, and smiles. She looks back at him, and laughs.

OLIVE

(continuing)

You look so funny. You're so quiet. I know, you're just lookin. Why are you so quiet lover boy?

BOBBY

I used to be long winded. Especially when I talked about sports, or women. I was scared of becoming an obsessive talker, so I just started to listen. I got comfortable with it.

OLIVE

(Laughs slightly simmers)

I'm sorry. You look so cute. Do you have a wild side?

Bobby takes his joint not really reacting.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

(continuing)

Of course you do. You're a bank robber.

BOBBY

That's pretty good stuff there. And you drank that whole bottle of wine. You're gonna be hurtin in the morning.

OLIVE

That's okay. This is just what I needed. I haven't smoked since college.

Olive suddenly wears a scared, and upset expression.

OLIVE

(continuing)

My life. My life's a mess.

She starts to cry. Bobby walks over to her, gently taking her hands to try, and pull her up.

BOBBY

It's alright Olive. C'mon.

OLIVE

I can't stand.

BOBBY

Yeah ya can.

She stands, and Bobby kisses and hugs her, whispering in her ear.

BOBBY

(continuing)

It's no big deal. You had a lot of wine, and chased it with a joint. You're just having a paranoid reaction. That's normal.

Bobby tries to walk her to the bed, but she stumbles. He then picks her up, and starts to put her to bed.

OLIVE

No. The couch.

Bobby lays her down on the couch.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE
(continuing)
I need some room.

Bobby goes, and leans back in his chair.

BOBBY
It's alright Olive.

OLIVE
Not it's not. It's not alright.

BOBBY
You're a beautiful lady.
Intelligent, witty. You're a bit of
wise ass.

Bobby pauses to see if she'll lighten up.

BOBBY
(continuing)
You have a lot going for you.

OLIVE
I don't have shit going for me. Not
anymore. I have to tell you
something. I just have to talk
about it. You can't tell anyone. I
know you won't.

BOBBY
Look,uh, what ever we talk about in
here is confidential. But you might
not wanna tell me anything you'll
be sorry about in the morning.

OLIVE
I have to leave Oklahoma. Me and
Dean Jr. Could you... could you
please help me. I don't have access
to much money at all.

BOBBY
I'll see what I can do.

Bobby looks at her. He softens up.

BOBBY
(continuing)
I'll help you.

OLIVE

I told you I thought I loved Dean. I know different now. But back then, I couldn't think of anything else. He thought I was alright for a coupla nights a week. I was only 20. Those nights meant a lot to me. His father liked us together.

BOBBY

Rev. Haley.

OLIVE

Tom. He always invited me to all the family bullshit. Made me a part of things. He had some strange idea that his son could be some kind of politician. Dean was headed for jail. He would've been there already had it not been for his father. Dean made me his girl to get Tom off his back. But he was a lousy boyfriend. One day his father came over to my place. He said Dean needed to marry me. That I should get pregnant. It would put everything in perspective. He would see to it that Dean straightened out, and married me. But Dean wouldn't touch me without some kind of protection... So Tom did.

She looks at Bobby to see his reaction. He looks down then looks at her. He hasn't changed expressions.

OLIVE

(continuing)

I got pregnant. And the baby, he said, would look just like Dean. Everything he said came true. Dean married me. Straightened out. But I have to go.

BOBBY

Did he ever come back?

OLIVE

No. Once was disgusting enough. I changed my mind after I realized...I was hoping I didn't get pregnant. But I love my son.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

You were at the wrong place, at the wrong time. 20 year old with a school girl crush, and a self serving man who made that work to his advantage. It's a basic situation. Easy to understand. But if you think about it past that, you won't be too happy with yourself. It'll get more complicated.

Beat.

OLIVE

I'd like some water.

Bobby walks to the mini fridge, and takes out a bottle of spring water. He pours it in a cup. As he walks over to Olive, he see's she has fallen asleep. He stares at her, drinks the water, and turns around, looking out of his window.

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY CHURCH OF CHRIST - MORNING

Tom speaks from behind the pedestal to a packed church. He wears a black robe. A large picture of the Macabre Drive Inn movie screen hangs on the wall behind him. It shows a 20 year old Tom Haley, preaching to a group of 20 people seated before him. Tom starts off soft spoken in his sermon, and gains momentum. His Reverends sit behind him.

TOM

That's a Drive Inn movie Screen behind me. Macrabe Inn. On October 10th, in the year of 1962, the most beautiful lady I ever saw, inspired a 20 year old boy to get in front of that screen, and preach the first sermon ever for the Oklahoma City Church of Christ. I was frightened, but I went on anyway. I talked about the subject I always talked about. Self empowerment through God, and Christ.

Amens are HEARD.

TOM

(continuing)

There were 20 people come to the service that day. I remember,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOM (cont'd)
because I must've counted em a
hundred times.

Light laughter is HEARD.

TOM
(continuing)
10 of the 20 left early. They just
wanted to see who this lunatic was
yelling in front of a drive inn
movie screen. But 10 stayed. 3 of
them are here today. The Cooper
Family. Stand up.

Loud applause is heard. JOE and SHIRLEY COOPER, a formally
dressed, and attractive middle aged couple, stand with their
son, George. George wears a suit, and looks to be in his mid
30,s. He stands with his WIFE, and 10 year old SON.

TOM
(continuing)
Give em that mike.

A DEACON walks over and hands the microphone over to Shirley
Cooper. She is embarrassed.

SHIRLEY
Oh,God. I'm not a public speaker.

Shirley laughs as the crowd encourages her with applause.

SHIRLEY
(continuing)
We raised our kids in this church.
And our children will raise their
kids in this church. Reverend,
you've been an integral part of our
lives. From counseling me, and Joe,
to turning our son's life around.
And I'm not ashamed that George had
a drug problem, because you taught
him how to use Christ to rid
himself of that habit.

TOM
Yes ma'am.

SHIRLEY
And George has been drug free for
15 years, and managing a super
market for 10 years. Never missed a
day of work. Praise God.

(CONTINUED)

The crowd claps. Shouts of Praise Jesus, and Praise God are HEARD.

The Deacon gives the microphone to JOAN SMITH, a heavy set lady in her early 40,s.She is dressed formally, and speaks with a heavy southern drawl.

JOAN

Reverend. I love you, and I love Christ. Your rehab program turned me from a hopeless alcoholic, and battered housewife, to a clean and sober teaching assistant. I've been here for 15 years, and I hope to stay for the rest of my days. Praise Jesus.

Shouts of Praise Jesus and applause are HEARD.

Tom stares at Joan with a small, but proud smile.

The Deacon gives the microphone to JIM HAYGOOD. Jim is a tall, and strong looking male in his early 40,s. He wears a light beard, and mustache. Jim wears an expensive looking suit. He has a serious demeanor.

JIM

I'm not a public speaker either, so you have to bear with me. Reverend. When I met you I was a drifter. I had a house, but my mind wasn't focused. I had a dream, but I didn't believe in it. But you taught me how to strengthen myself through Christ. When I met you I wanted to own my own car lot. I had 1 car, and this church. Today Haygood's Auto Town is the fifth biggest Honda retailer in the Southeast.

The crowd says Amen.

JIM

(continuing)

I couldn't have done it without Christ. I wanna thank you for believing in this church.

The crowd applauds. Jim sits down.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Thank you Brother Haygood. Empower
yourself to number 1!

The crowd applauds.

TOM

(continuing)

Street sweeper, president, teacher,
movie star, preacher, butler, cab
driver. You be the best that ever
did it. In the name of Christ,
possess yourself. In the name of
your community, drive yourself. If
you have a dream, it doesn't matter
what road you start from. Some are
short. Some are long. But with
Christ as your navigator, you will
reach your destination. We've
survived 38 years. They said we
couldn't build a real church. They
laughed at us. They said I was the
Drive Inn Deacon. Remember that?

Shouts of amen, and, yes reverend, are HEARD.

TOM

(continuing)

What will they call us now? It
really doesn't matter does it?
Because we know where we're going!

The crowd is loud with amens, praise gods and applause.

Tom ends with a bang.

TOM

(continuing)

Dream on Christian Soldiers.

Tom lowers his voice to a normal, but emotional tone.

TOM

(continuing)

Dream on.

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM AT MOTEL 6 - MORNING

Bobby awakens from his bed wearing shorts, and a tank top.
Olive is already dressed. She gathers her things, and heads
for the door.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
Where're ya going?

Olive is nervous, but tries to hide it by acting casual.

OLIVE
I told Dean Jr. I'd take em clothes shopping at nine. It's already eight thirty.

The motel phone is HEARD ringing.

BOBBY
Just hold on for a minute. Just one second.

Bobby reaches to the night table on his right, and picks up the phone.

BOBBY
(continuing)
Yeah?

VOICE of Clyde is heard whispering urgently.

CLYDE (O.S.)
I have a bad premonition about this fucken place. I'm leaving after the next robbery, and I'm taking Clara with me. I don't give a shit what you say. I never go against my instincts.

BOBBY
I agree. We're outta here. Look, I really have to go.

CLYDE
The Mayor's wife is over there isn't she?

BOBBY
None a ya business. Why're ya whispering?

EXT. SIDE STREET - SAME TIME

Clyde holds a cell phone. He talks from an alley way. He looks down the corner on his right.

HIS P.O.V.

(CONTINUED)

CARD PLAYER 3, the young white male who stole Clyde's money, is seen talking to a FRIEND. The friend leaves, and Card Player 3 begins to walk in Clyde's direction.

BACK TO SCENE

CLYDE

Some guy robbed me in a card game
first night I was here. I got my
eye on em.

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM AT MOTEL 6 - SAME TIME

Bobby stands with phone as he talks.

BOBBY

Don't worry. We're on the same wave
length.

Clyde is HEARD screaming over the phone. Bobby jerks the phone away from his ear.

CLYDE (O.S.)

You're gonna take my money
motherfucker!!! I'll break ya
goddamn neck!!!

CARD PLAYER 3 (O.S.)

Ahhhhhhhhhh!

Bobby hangs up the phone. Olive looks concerned.

OLIVE

Is everything okay?

BOBBY

(Casually)

Yeah. That's just Clyde. He's upset
about something. No big deal. It
happens sometimes.

Olive nods her head, but has doubt about his words. She pauses, then speaks. She is embarrassed, but tries to cover it.

OLIVE

About last night. That wasn't me.
Sometimes people are incoherent
when they're under the influence.
You're a doctor. You know about
that.

Bobby speaks in a nice, and relaxing tone.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

I don't remember much about last night. I had a good time. I do remember that. Then I believe you said something about wanting to go somewhere. Not necessarily with me. You just kinda needed a break from here.

OLIVE

(Olive is soft spoken, and politely suspicious.)
Why are you being so nice to me?

BOBBY

I'm just tryin to please a lady. That's all. I think you'd do better somewhere else.

Olive looks down.

BOBBY

(continuing)
I'll call you.

Olive nods, and smiles softly. She heads towards the door.

BOBBY

(continuing)
You're forgetting your sun glasses.

OLIVE

Oh, that's just like me.

Bobby walks over to Olive. He gently puts the glasses on her head. He starts to kiss her. Olive is bashful.

OLIVE

(continuing)
What are you doing?

They kiss. Olive backs up, and leaves the room.

BOBBY'S P.O.V.

Olive gets into her car, and puts her sunglasses on.

BACK TO SCENE

Bobby smiles at her.

She smiles back.

INT. HILTON HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

The elegant, Hilton Hotel Ballroom, is packed with, DEAN HALEY FOR GOVERNOR, supporters. They wear hats, blow horns, hold signs, and cheer.

SENATOR HARRIS, a middle aged, heavy set white male, makes a speech at the podium.

SENATOR HARRIS

I'm endorsing Mayor Haley, because
Mayor Haley has endorsed the people
of Oklahoma!

The CROWD CHEERS.

INT. DEAN'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Dean, and Clara sit on the love couch. She cuddles in his arms. Dean wears a suit, while Clara dresses in a sexy, but classy dress.

CLARA

I don't believe everyone's down the
hall. This is nervy even for me.

DEAN

Nobody knows we're in here. The
room's in somebody else's name.

Dean kisses Clara gently on the head. He kisses her hand. She smiles. He smiles back.

DEAN

(continuing)

Ya know....

CLARA

No I don't know. Why don't you tell
me?

DEAN

I like where you are right now. In
my arms with me. I know you like to
travel. You like good things. I can
get you those. I could set you up
in a Penthouse in what ever state
I'm in.

CLARA

How do you know I won't write a
book?

(CONTINUED)

Dean looks at her, and smirks playfully.

CLARA
(continuing)
Oh, because I'd have to go into my
life too. I see your point.

DEAN
I'm covered sweetheart.

Clara laughs lightly.

DEAN
(continuing)
I don't know if I ever had a real
relationship before.

CLARA
You're married Dean.

DEAN
I was pushed into that. So to
speak.

CLARA
You're a nice guy. I never would've
suspected that.

DEAN
So what is it? Yes? No? Maybe?
You'll think about it tomorrow?

CLARA
I have to go.

DEAN
Why?

CLARA
This town. It isn't me. And I only
love one man. I'm sorry.

Dean's not hurt. Just curious.

DEAN
Is it Jones?

CLARA
No. It's not Bobby. Believe me. You
would never understand.

DEAN

If I become president, and I reserved you a hotel room on that night -

CLARA

We'll see.

She moves away from Dean. He grabs Clara, and kisses her passionately. Clara gets up, and pulls herself together.

CLARA

(continuing)

Good luck.

She grabs her pocketbook, and walks towards the door.

DEAN

Watch yourself now.

Clara leaves.

Dean is turned on. He speaks under his breath.

DEAN

(continuing)

Goddamn.

INT. HILTON HOTEL CAMPAIGN SUITE - SAME TIME

The large Campaign Suite is semi crowded with well wishers, mostly formally dressed. Some wear hats, and jeans.

Tom talks with Larry, and Drew who are both dressed in suits.

Larry is accompanied by MRS. JONES, an attractive middle aged woman dressed in a beautiful gown.

An ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE, is with Drew. She is formally dressed as well.

DREW

(To Tom)

Everybody's looking for Dean.

TOM

(Tom talks to Mrs. Jones. He refers to Larry)

I can't believe you got him in a suit. I expected jeans, and a sheriffs hat.

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. Jones laughs politely.

LARRY

Oh, not tonight Tom. I wouldn't miss this for the world.

Bobby walks in dressed in a suit. He approaches Tom. They shake hands.

TOM

How are ya Bobby?

BOBBY

How ya doin'?

TOM

(To Company)

Excuse me for a second.

Tom puts his arm around Bobby. They walk into a private room.

INT. OLIVE'S LEXUS - SAME TIME

A formally dressed Olive wears a sparkling diamond necklace, and pearl earrings. A suit wearing Dean Jr. sits in the passenger seat wearing a seat belt. They are close to the Hilton.

OLIVE

There's something I've been meaning to ask you.

DEAN JR.

Like what?

OLIVE

How would you like to go on a long trip with Mommy?

DEAN JR.

That would be okay. I don't like letting daddy in the house anyway.

OLIVE

Daddy's a good guy.

DEAN JR.

So.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE
(Speaks under breath)
Talk about the Oedipus Complex.

DEAN JR.
What's the Dedipis Flex?

OLIVE
(Smiles)
Nothing Dean.

They come to a red light. Olive gives him a look of love.

OLIVE
(continuing)
You know I love you. I love you so much.

DEAN JR.
I love you mommy.

Olive pulls up into the Hotel entrance.

BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - 15 MINUTES LATER

Senator Harris gets enthusiastic behind the podium.

SENATOR HARRIS
There's nothing wrong with being a conservative Bible Belter.

(Senator Harris grabs his belt to make a point)

SENATOR HARRIS
(continuing)
I'm a conservative Bible Belter.
And I can't wait for Mayor Haley to return a sense of Christian morality to the state of Oklahoma!

The Crowd CHEERS.

INT. ROOM IN CAMPAIGN SUITE - SAME TIME

Tom talks to Bobby.

TOM
So you're leaving after the next project. The Big one.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
My people are getting
uncomfortable.

TOM
Why the hell is that?

BOBBY
I'll deliver what I promised. Good
luck with the campaign.

Bobby shakes Tom's hand, and heads for the door.

TOM
Mr. Jones.

Bobby turns around, and faces Tom.

TOM
(continuing)
I don't know how a man like you can
get into a better situation than
this. Talk about low risk. You can
feed this to 60 minutes, and they
might call bullshit on you. Your
people are gonna do what they're
gonna do. Just consider it. We can
get some good things done together.

Bobby looks at Tom and gives a soft, polite smile, and nods.
He leaves.

INT. HILTON HOTEL CAMPAIGN SUITE - SAME TIME

Bobby walks back into the crowded room.

Dean stands with Olive at the front door. He is excited
about his speech. He talks with Larry, and Drew. Bobby walks
right past Olive, and out the door. Olive looks at Bobby.

Her P.O.V.

Bobby throws his right hand up to wave.

BACK TO SCENE

Olive doesn't react. She looks at Dean Jr.

Tom approaches Dean.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

I'd tell ya to go out there, and
mesmerize em, but from the sound of
things you already have.

DEAN

I can go out there doing jump n
jacks, and they'd go crazy.

Tom laughs along with everyone.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY LEADING TO BALLROOM - 5 MINUTES LATER

Bobby walks up the hallway. He stands at the entrance of the
ballroom, which is packed to capacity.

HIS P.O.V.

Dean and Olive walk out hand in hand. Dean Jr. holds his
mother's hand. Tom, and Rose walk behind them.

The CROWD goes ballistic.

Dean kisses Olive on the cheek. She smiles.

BACK TO SCENE

Bobby's casual expression changes to a slight frown. He
turns, and leaves. Bobby gets on the escalator going down.

The voice of Dean is HEARD.

DEAN (O.S.)

I trust in the people of Oklahoma
to do the right thing!

The Crowd cheers loudly.

EXT. OKLAHOMA CITY BANK - MORNING

The Oklahoma City bank, a large one story building, has no
action going on outside of it.

Clara sits in the driver's seat of a 1985, four door, brown
Chevrolet. She looks across at the bank, then lights up a
cigarette.

EXT. OKLAHOMA SIDE STREET - SAME TIME

FRAME VICTIMS TWO sit in an old, brown Chevrolet. A TRASHY WHITE FEMALE sits behind the wheel, while a ROUGH NECK WHITE MALE sits in the front passenger seat.

FEMALE UNDERCOVER OFFICER ONE, a beautiful redhead white female, dressed in skin tight pants, and a revealing top, stands by the passenger door. She talks to them.

ROUGH NECK WHITE MALE
Thanks for the car.

FEMALE UNDERCOVER OFFICER
I'll give you more than that if you
stick around here.

The Rough Couple laughs.

An Oklahoma city police car pulls up behind the Buick. POLICE OFFICER 6, a medium sized, and young white male, sounds his siren. He casually gets out of the car, and walks to the sidewalk. He is quickly approached by Female Undercover Officer. They talk quietly.

POLICE OFFICER 6
I see two people.

FEMALE UNDERCOVER OFFICER
Joe Cooper, the black male. He
skipped parole. They don't know
where he is.

Police Officer 6 stares blank faced at her.

FEMALE UNDERCOVER OFFICER
(continuing)
Shit happens. What do you want me
to do?

POLICE OFFICER 6
That's not gonna measure up.

Oklahoma city police car 2 pulls up behind the first Police Car. POLICE OFFICERS 7 AND 8, a young black male and older white male get out of their car.

OFFICER 7 stares at Frame Victims 2, while OFFICER 8 talks to him.

Police Officer 6 walks over to Police Officer 7. He talks to him.

(CONTINUED)

Police Officer 7 walks over to the Frame Victims, and motions for them to leave.

The Frame Victims PULL OFF.

EXT. OKLAHOMA CITY BANK - MORNING

Clara sits in her 85 Chevrolet.

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY BANK - SAME TIME

Clyde stands on the main floor holding a Tommy Machine gun at the BANK PATRONS. He wears a stocking over his face, and is dressed in black.

The Bank Patrons lie on the floor execution style.

SECURITY GUARD 3, is unarmed, and lies in the center of the group.

Bobby stands at the main bank counter, and looks through the money. He too wears a stocking mask, and black clothes.

BANK MANAGER 3, a, short, stout, middle aged white male, stands a short distance from Bobby. He looks angry and scared.

SUIT ONE, a suit wearing white male in his mid 30's, raises his head slightly from the floor. He looks slightly to his right.

Bobby quickly takes out a bill from the banks bag. He speaks casually.

BOBBY

It's marked.

Clyde cocks his Tommy Gun.

Suit One uses his right hand to go for his gun.

Clyde opens fire on the head of Suit One. He rolls over dead.

SUITS 2 AND 3, young white males in suits, stand up from Bobby's left. They open Fire. Bobby returns fire with his Uzzi Machine Gun, and drops them.

SUITS 4 AND 5 shoot at Clyde from his right at the same time. A shoot out erupts with Clyde dropping Suits 4, and 5.

(CONTINUED)

SUITS, 6,7,8,9, and 10 shoot from Clyde's left. They stand spread out on the rear middle of the floor. They open fire on Bobby, and Clyde.

Bobby returns fire while running to his left. He hits SUIT 6 while running, killing him. He dives over the bank counter.

Simultaneously, Clyde turns around, and returns fire. Some of the bullets from Bobby's gun cover him. Clyde, however, gets into a direct shoot out with SUIT 7. He takes a bullet in the left shoulder as he blows Suit 7 against the wall, and dead. He immediately runs to his right, and dives behind a banker desk.

Clyde leans behind the desk. Loud continuous gun fire is HEARD. Screams of BANK PATRONS are also HEARD. Clyde pulls a thick piece of white cloth out of his pocket to wrap around the lower part of his shoulder.

SUIT, 8,9, 10 continue to shoot behind the front counter at Bobby. Bobby shoots back, and almost hits them. SUIT 8 runs at the counter while shooting. He jumps behind a bankers desk.

SUITS 9, 10 run to their left, and jump behind desks. Suits 9, and 10 are near each other. Bobby overwhelms them with bullets. They shoot back, but in spurts.

Clyde's left arm is bandaged. He has stopped the blood flow. He holds his Tommy Gun in his right hand, and cocks it. He uses his legs to get to the edge of the desk. Suit 8 comes from behind his desk, which has him facing Clyde. He points his gun straight at him. Suit 8 is irate, and speaks in a heavy country accent.

SUIT 8

Drop that fucken piece right now!
Drop it! Drop it! Drop it!

Clyde drops his gun. He looks down in disgust. Suit 8 comes to Clyde, and grabs his shirt collar, holding the gun to his head.

SUIT 8

(continuing)

Hold your fire! Hold your fire!

Bullets spray near the sound of Suit 8's voice.

Suit 8 rises with Clyde to his left. They stand with their backs to the front entrance.

(CONTINUED)

SUIT 8
(continuing)
Hold your goddamn fire!!

The shooting stops.

Bobby ducks down behind the counter. He watches Suit 8, and Clyde.

BOBBY'S P.O.V.

A small knock is HEARD at the front glass door. Suit 8 turns around, and is hit by a heavy gun blast. He is blown to the back of the bank.

BACK TO SCENE

Clara, dressed in black and wearing a stocking mask, enters the bank blasting with a high powered rifle. Suits 9, and 10 return machine gun fire from behind the desk. Clara runs with Clyde, and aims her rifle with her left hand. She blows Suit 9, and the desk away.

Suit 10 runs, and shoots his machine gun at Clara, and Clyde.

Bobby shoots at Suit 10. He misses all his shots.

Clyde pulls Clara behind the desk he hid behind originally. They fall behind the desk. Clyde picks up his Tommy Gun.

Suit 10 jumps behind a desk. He has a shoot out with Clara, and Clyde.

Bobby sneaks towards the left side of the counter. He grabs Bank Manager 3, who is lying in a execution styled position. Bobby grabs him by the shirt collar, and leads him to the back of the bank to the safe.

INT. BACK OF BANK - SAME TIME

Bobby takes Manager 3 and throws him against the wall. He then takes out a small gun, and shoots him in the right foot. Manager 3 falls on his back grabbing his foot. Bobby points the gun at his head. Bank Manager 3 is terrified.

BANK MANAGER 3
I'm gonna throw you the key! Don't
shoot damnit! I'm going for the key
now!

Bobby cocks his Uzzi. Bank Manager 3 throws the key. Bobby catches it.

(CONTINUED)

BANK TELLER 3

Second safe on your left. It ain't marked.

Bobby goes to the back, and looks through the safe in lightening fashion. He grabs the money, and puts it in his backpack. He then takes off his mask.

INT. MAIN FLOOR OF BANK - SAME TIME

The shoot out continues.

Clara holds her fire, and tries to find a mark.

Clyde returns fire in full blast from behind the desk.

CLARA'S P.O.V.

BANK MANGER 3 is tied to a chair. He wears a stocking mask and has an Uzzi tied to his arms. He is pushed out towards Suit 10.

Suit 10 opens fire on Bank Manager 3, killing him.

Bobby is in a low position behind the counter. He heads for the door.

Clara stands, and blows Suit 10 and the desk into bits with her rifle. Clara, and Clyde head for the door.

EXT. CITY BANK OF HOUSTON - SAME TIME

Bobby turns the Chevrolet around at full speed, and stops by the bank entrance. Clyde, and Clara get in. The tires SCREECH as they speed off.

EXT. LARGE HILL OVERLOOKING DRIVE INN THEATER - SUNDOWN

The sun is falling down giving a beautiful tint to the hill. Bobby lies on top of Clyde's 1945, Black, Ford Classic. He smokes a joint with his eyes closed.

Clyde is dressed in his suit pants, and shirt. He leans back by the trunk onto Clara, who sits on the trunk. He drinks from a straight bottle of whiskey. Clara rubs his shoulders.

CLARA

Are you sure you're okay?

(CONTINUED)

CLYDE
It went in, and out.

EXT. OKLAHOMA CITY CHURCH OF CHRIST - MORNING

Bobby is dressed in a black two piece suit. He carries a black briefcase, and walks in the Church.

INT. TOM'S CHURCH OFFICE - SAME TIME

Tom is dressed in a black church robe. He talks on the phone in a relaxed manner.

TOM
That'll be just fine.

A knock is HEARD on the door.

TOM
(continuing)
Come in.

Bobby enters with his briefcase.

TOM
(continuing; To person on
phone)
I'll talk to you later.

Tom hangs up the phone. He stands up, and shakes Bobby's hand.

BOBBY
How are you?

Tom is disappointed.

Bobby lays the briefcase on the table.

TOM
Listen Bobby. I'm sorry about that.
We stepped on somebody's toes with
this one. I have a good idea who it
was.

Bobby is relaxed, and soft spoken.

BOBBY
You can...keep that to yourself
Tom.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Well... if I got shot at with a machine gun, I'd like to know who was behind it. Maybe that's just me.

Bobby smiles.

BOBBY

I think they were shooting at you. I'm just a phantom. They don't know me from Adam. But somebody didn't like you coming into their place of business.

TOM

Is everyone okay?

BOBBY

If they weren't amateurs, I could've lost somebody. Maybe everybody.

TOM

Amateurs?

BOBBY

One of em held a hostage with his back to the door. They didn't cover the outside. Amateurs. You wanna count that before I leave.

TOM

That's not necessary.

Bobby starts to leave.

TOM

(continuing)

Look, Jones. I already took care of this. This was nothing. You know that. We wanna expand out of Oklahoma. We can't run over a bank in L.A. the same way we do here. But that's where the software boys come in. You've outgrown your people. You've outgrown me. Hell Bobby, I wanna buy a little of the future, but I can't own a bank. And the only people who know how to take money outta there, other than the one percent of the country I don't belong to, are the computer

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOM (cont'd)
hackers. College boys with holes in their sneakers, and you. Now that's a huckleberry if I ever heard a one.

Tom snickers. Bobby stares at him.

BOBBY
Ya live long enough, you get to see everything.

TOM
This is a corporation we have here. And we're sneaking in on that 1 percent. You were banned by the American Psych. Association. You could own the A.P.A..

BOBBY
I don't have a problem with them.

TOM
Give me two days to get a deal on the table for you. Believe me. You'll stay.

BOBBY
I'm outta here tomorrow. It's been a pleasure.

Bobby shakes his hand, turns around, and starts to leave. Tom talks casually.

TOM
I think it would be better if you stayed.

Bobby turns around with a friendly demeanor.

BOBBY
I don't know why you need me. That son of yours. He's got a million dollar smile. He's a natural born charmer this guy. He should get you what you want.

Tom smiles.

TOM
Yeah, the governor's race doesn't seem like much of a problem anymore.

BOBBY

No, no, Reverend. Not the politician. I was talking about the other one.

Bobby smiles. Tom holds back all emotion. He face freezes for a second. He covers his anxiety with a faked, but casual attitude.

BOBBY

(continuing)

I think it'd be better if I left.

TOM

You know what they say. You gotta go, you gotta go.

Bobby looks Tom up, and down, with an expression of disgust. He turns, and leaves.

EXT. DEAN AND OLIVE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Bobby knocks on the front door. Olive answers. She is surprised.

OLIVE

Bobby?

BOBBY

Is Dean here?

OLIVE

(Friendly but cautious)

Not right now, no...

Bobby walks in.

INT. DEAN AND OLIVE'S HOUSE

LIVING ROOM

Bobby walks quickly into the large living room. It is complete with a big screen T.V., three couches, and a stereo system. Bobby is nervous. He moves, and talks at a rapid pace. Olive is happy to see him, but seems scared.

BOBBY

Where's the kid?

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

He's with my mother. Listen Bobby,
I don't think this is safe at all.

Olive stands in the middle of the room. Bobby walks slow around her. He is always in some type of motion.

BOBBY

It really doesn't make a
difference, Olive. You're leaving
with me right?

Olive nods her head, and smiles softly as though she was a little girl.

BOBBY

(continuing)

You're so adorable. I'm so crazy
about you. You love me?

OLIVE

You could say that I'm in love with
you. Sure.

Bobby slows up for a moment, and walks over to her. He kisses her hand, and looks at her.

BOBBY

I love you too.

Bobby turns his back, and walks to the couch. He sits.

BOBBY

(continuing)

We're gonna have to leave earlier
than expected. Like today. Like
right now.

OLIVE

What happened?

BOBBY

You trust me?

OLIVE

No. Not with the way you're
acting. What happened?

Bobby walks while he talks.

BOBBY

The Reverend. That sick son of a
bitch. He tried to make some kinda

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY (cont'd)
gangster move on me. He's gonna
make me an offer I can't refuse.
Tell me what to do. Fuck that.
Okay? He's scum. I wanted to let em
know that. You understand?

OLIVE
(Concerned. Eyes Bobby)
Not yet. No.

Bobby pauses. He stands still, and crosses his arms while
looking at Olive.

BOBBY
I told him.

OLIVE
You told him we were running away
together?

BOBBY
(Stares at Olive)
No.

Olive drops her head in her hand. She starts to cry, then
catches herself.

OLIVE
Let me - , You put our lives on the
line. Not to mention my son's.
Because you wanted to back him off.
You didn't have to say anything. We
could've just walked outta here.

BOBBY
(Slowly and Calmly)
We were never gonna just walk outta
here.

Olive walks over, and slaps Bobby. She holds back tears.

OLIVE
Let me get this straight. Just for
the... for the record. You told Tom
you knew Dean Jr. was his son.

Bobby looks down.

Olive walks away. She directs her anger at Tom.

OLIVE

(continuing)

That's such a disgusting thing for me to have to say. He's not his son. He's my son. I don't want him to ever see Tom again.

BOBBY

You're doing a lot better then I thought you would.

Olive laughs softly, and shakes her head. She looks at Bobby, and half smiles.

OLIVE

You're gonna take me away?

BOBBY

(Nods and talks softly)

Yeah.

Bobby looks to the back of the room. He's concerned.

HIS P.O.V.

Dean Sr. is HEARD opening the back door to the Living Room. He comes in. He is surprised to see Bobby, but is polite in hiding it. He is dressed in a trench coat, and a suit.

DEAN

Well, to what do I owe this visit?

Bobby goes back to his usual calm demeanor.

BOBBY

Your father. He wants you to meet him at the rehab center. He said to call him before you came.

DEAN

Ahhh, I got no reason to do that. I know just where to find him.

OLIVE

Well, Mr Jones. Thanks for coming over.

BOBBY

Thanks for having me.

Bobby pulls a pen, and pad from his suit jacket. He starts to write a note as he talks.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
(continuing)
Oh, um, when you talk to the
Reverend, you think you could give
him this note for me?

HIS P.O.V.

Bobby writes "DRIVE INN: 4:00 P.M." on the note.

BACK TO SCENE

DEAN
Uh, sure. No problem.

BOBBY
Aww forget about it. I can tell him
myself.

Bobby balls up the paper, and throws it in the small waste
basket by his right leg. He then talks to Dean.

BOBBY
(continuing)
Ya mind if I use your phone?

DEAN
Not at all. It's over here.

Dean turns his back. Bobby follows him to the left side of
the Living Room. He makes a face at Olive, motioning with
his eyes that he left a note in the waste basket.

Dean hands Bobby the phone. He dials a number, and waits for
an answer. He gets none, and hangs up.

BOBBY
He's probably waiting on you.

DEAN
Call em later. I'm sure he'll be
in.

BOBBY
Take care of yourself.

DEAN
I'll try to.

Dean helps Bobby to the door. Bobby leaves.

Dean picks up the remote control for the television. "The
Martin Show" is on. Dean starts out with a soft laughter,
which leads into a heavy, and hysterical type of laugh.

(CONTINUED)

Olive is puzzled.

DEAN

(continuing)

That Martin sure is a funny son of
a bitch!

Olive studies his strange behavior.

OLIVE

Yeah...he's a funny guy.

Dean calms down.

DEAN

Oh shit. I'll be back.

Dean leaves through the back door.

EXT. LARGE HILL OVERLOOKING DRIVE INN THEATER - AFTERNOON

Clyde, Bobby and Clara stand around Clyde's 1945 Black Ford
Classic.

Clara wears a light trench coat, and jeans. She stands on
the right side with her back turned to the action.

Clyde leans back on the driver's door with a bottle of
Oklahoma Whiskey in his hand. He is dressed in pin stripe
suit pants, and a nice shirt.

Bobby leans against a tree with his foot propped on it. He
faces Clyde.

Clyde is drunk, and in a jovial mood while talking to Bobby.

CLYDE

Could I tell you something? You're
a bad son of a bitch. I'm gonna
talk about you. And I'm not making
mockery. I thought this Vito
Corleone, Jimmy Swaggart boy was
bad, but you got em. You got em by
a long shot.

CLARA

That's not the whole story Bobby.

CLYDE

You mean there's more than that?
Goddamn. I'm glad I bought my
whiskey.

(CONTINUED)

Clyde takes a big swig, and walks to his left.

BOBBY

(To Clara)

Clara. You, and Clyde have enough disguises in that trunk there to join the circus. You can find a way to get outta here.

Clyde picks up his Tommy Gun from the trunk of the car, and hangs it over his shoulder as he drinks the whiskey.

CLYDE

(To Clara)

Don't worry about anything baby. This is just like old times. A little more dangerous than robbing a bank but not by much.

Clyde shoots his gun against a tree.

CLYDE

(continuing)

Goddamnit! I'm gonna get somebody!

Clyde takes another swig, and talks to himself in a low tone. He psychs himself out.

CLARA

(To Bobby)

You're saying Tom wanted you to stay. You refused. And he threatened you.

Bobby lights up a joint to calm his nerves.

BOBBY

Yeah.

CLARA

And he knows you, and Olive have something going on. He wants to kill her too. So she's meeting us here to get outta town.

CLYDE

It makes sense until it gets to the part about Olive. Then it turns to bullshit.

CLARA

(Looks Bobby in the eye)

It's bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby inhales the joint. He then hesitates, and thinks before he speaks.

BOBBY

I got something on em. Don't ask cause I'm not tellin. But Olive knows.

CLARA

So Olive must've told you. Whatever it is.

CLYDE

Now I believe that. You got it out of her. He's always doin shit like that. Getting in people's heads.

CLARA

(Makes small smile at Bobby)
She doesn't seem like your type.

BOBBY

(Gives her a friendly smirk)
So you're staying.

CLARA

What do you think?

CLYDE

How many bank robbers do you know that could come in a town. Take the Governor's wife. Tell the town president, reverend, and head gangster to kiss his ass, and leave with \$15,000,000. That of course goes 3 ways.

BOBBY

Yeah.

CLYDE

Now, when we get back to the apple, I'm gonna turn you into the Bank Robbers Union to have your ass barred. That affair. I told you that was unprofessional. Not a good idea. But until then, I'm with you.

CLARA

What time's she coming?

BOBBY

Hour or two.

CLYDE

Somebody in Oklahoma knows how to
make some goddamn whiskey.

INT. DEAN AND OLIVE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Olive is on the phone. She paces around the living room
while talking on her cell phone.

OLIVE

Hello, Mom?

VOICE OF ANNA (O.S.)

Olive. I saw the cutest suit for
Dean Jr. I was standing right over

-

OLIVE

Mom... mom listen. I need you to
bring him over here right away.

VOICE OF ANNA (O.S.)

He's at church.

OLIVE

He's where? How could you let that
happen?! He comes home at four
every day!

VOICE OF ANNA (O.S.)

Is something wrong?

OLIVE

No, no I just need him here. Could
you please go get him. Tell Rose
she can see him tomorrow. Mom
please -

VOICE OF ANNA (O.S.)

Alright, alright. I'm going.

Olive hangs up. She paces around the room.

EXT. ROOF TOP OF REV. HALEY RECOVERY CENTER -AFTERNOON

The sky is gray. The wind blows slightly. Tom stands at the middle of the roof, wearing a warm trench coat, and tie. He reads a newspaper.

Dean steps off of the elevator, and steps onto the roof. He wears a friendly but shy look. Tom talks while looking at the paper, then looks at Dean.

TOM

So, how does it feel to be 10 points ahead?

DEAN

I just came back from watching... God I forget his name. It was a funny show.

TOM

You need to laugh. As much as I hate to admit it, you did a helluva job last night.

Dean looks at Tom, then avoids eye contact. He is more formal than usual.

DEAN

You have to admit, I did rather well without the script.

TOM

That's what I'm talking about. You took the weakest part of your campaign, and made it into the strongest. "I trust in the people of Oklahoma to do the right thing." Not bad. Not bad at all.

DEAN

Corny - but - effective. The people've already decided. I'll just fall in the mix. Everything should work out fine.

TOM

You're learning. There's no doubt about that. This state is still a virgin, Dean. You're the man it's been waiting for. Once you screw it, it'll never forget you.

Dean smiles politely.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Well, I appreciate it.

TOM

You, and Olive looked great up there together.

Dean smirks.

TOM

(continuing)

Well, a smiles enough for me at this point.

Dean's smile dissipates into a blank face.

Tom turns his back on Dean as he talks.

TOM

(continuing)

I told you a million times she would work out for you. Now you see

-

TOM'S P.O.V.

Dean stands on the edge of the roof. He stares at Tom with an intense look of hate.

BACK TO SCENE

TOM

(continuing)

Dean?

Tom is worried. He looks at Dean, then looks down as if to gather his thoughts. He voice has a calm and soothing tone.

TOM

(continuing)

Dean. This kinda thing is normal with the stress you have on you.

Dean SPITS in Toms face. Tom looks down in disappointment as the saliva drips from his face. He wipes it off. He talks in a deep, and scared whisper.

TOM

(continuing)

Dean. Cmon. Cmon back over here now.

(CONTINUED)

Dean keeps the same intense look of hatred. He casually turns around, and steps off of the roof to his death.

Tom turns around in intense pain. He covers both ears with his hands as tight as he can. He hyperventilates with his breathing.

EXT. BUSY CITY STREET - AFTERNOON

Olive travels in a Lexus. She is in heavy traffic.

INT. OLIVE'S LEXUS - SAME TIME

Olive wears loose pants, and a casual blouse. She comes to a red light.

OLIVE
(Beeps car horn)
Cmon!

A D.J.'s voice is HEARD over the RADIO.

D.J. (O.S.)
We interrupt this program to bring you a special announcement. Mayor Dean Haley, a front runner in Oklahoma's Governor race, was tragically killed in a car accident at approximately 2:00 this afternoon.

OLIVE
What?

D.J. (O.S.)
Thousands are mourning the death of the man who appeared to be the next
-

Olive holds her head in her hands.

OLIVE
God.

The traffic light turns green. Drivers blow their horns for Olive to move.

EXT. LARGE HILL OVERLOOKING DRIVE INN THEATER - SAME TIME

Bobby sits on the roof of the car, while Clyde sits on the grass, still sipping whiskey out of a bottle.

Clara's confused. She stands, and faces Bobby.

The D.J.'s voice can be HEARD from the car radio.

D.J. (O.S.)

Mayor Haley was almost certain to become Oklahoma's youngest governor in history. He -

CLYDE

I couldn't give a shit. If that dumb son of a bitch became president, we'd all lose.

Clara continues to stare at Bobby.

BOBBY

I don't know what happened.

INT. STUDY IN REV. HALEY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Tom's study has the look of a small library. It also consists of a spacious couch, and a built in large screen t.v.. which sits in front of the couch. Tom looks at the television with an expression of disgust. He sits in a still position.

VOICE OF POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Rev, are you alright? Rev?

Tom continues to look at the television.

EXT. SIDE RESIDENTIAL STREET - AFTERNOON

Olive parks her car on a side street. She gets out.

EXT. SIDE RESIDENTIAL STREET

Olive walks carefully around the curb to get a view of her mother's house.

HER P.O.V.

Anna sits on her front porch, and holds Dean Jr. in her arms. She rocks him gently.

Drew stands by Anna in plain clothes.

Three other OKLAHOMA CITY POLICE OFFICERS walk around the porch, talk on cell phones, etc.

BACK TO SCENE

Olive puts a closed fist over her mouth. She looks up, and a tear falls from her right eye. She drops her hand, and holds her head. She smiles at Dean Jr.

HER P.O.V.

Dean Jr. turns so that his face is visible.

BACK TO SCENE

Olive turns around with her head buried in her hands. She walks slowly back to her car, and drives off.

INT. STUDY IN REV. HALEY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Tom sits on his couch, and talks on a cell phone. He speaks in a low but casual voice.

TOM

Okay.

Tom nods. He clicks the phone off, and hangs his head.

EXT. LARGE HILL OVERLOOKING DRIVE INN THEATER - SUNDOWN

Clara stands against a tree, and loads her high powered rifle.

Bobby places a map on the trunk of the car, and studies it.

Clyde sits. He suddenly looks to his left.

A CAR is HEARD coming up the hill.

Clyde grabs his gun, and prepares for combat. He silently walks behind a tree, and peaks out.

HIS P.O.V.

Car lights are seen coming up the hill.

(CONTINUED)

BACK TO SCENE

Clara holds her rifle in front of her.

Bobby grabs his Uzzi Machine Gun off the top of the car. He walks to the left of the car coming up the hill, while holding his gun in back of him.

HIS P.O.V.

The car, a blue Lexus, makes it up the hill. Olive gets out.

BACK TO SCENE

Bobby is relieved.

BOBBY

Olive?

Olive quickly walks to Bobby. They hug.

Clyde relaxes. Clara looks down.

Olive has a teary eyed smile while looking at Bobby. They hold each other.

BOBBY

(continuing)

Are you alright?

Olive nods.

OLIVE

I'm gonna have to send for Dean Jr.
That shouldn't be a problem. I'm
his mother.

Bobby caresses her face.

BOBBY

It'll be okay.

Clyde walks to the back seat of the car, and opens the door.

CLYDE

It's about that time partner.

Clyde holds the door open for Bobby, and Olive.

Clara drives, while Clyde sits in the passenger seat.

EXT. TWO LANE HIGHWAY - SUNDOWN

Clara drives the, 1945 Black Ford Classic, down the lonely, two lane highway. A few cars are seen coming from the opposite lane. The highway has little traffic.

INT. 1945 BLACK FORD CLASSIC - SAME TIME

There is a silence in the car. Olive, and Bobby hold hands in the back seat.

Clyde looks out of the window.

Clara drives carefully at 55 m.p.h..

CLYDE

I don't know if I've ever seen a site as beautiful as the sun going down in Oklahoma.

CLARA

You've been in New York too long.

Clyde turns around, and faces Olive with a pleasant demeanor.

CLYDE

Ma'am? Is there something I can do for you?

OLIVE

I'm fine. Thanks anyway.

CLYDE

Well, you're in good hands here.

OLIVE

That's nice to know.

A police siren is HEARD.

CLARA'S P.O.V.

A POLICE CAR GOING AT LEAST 90 M.P.H. is coming down the road towards them.

BACK TO SCENE.

Clyde gets his gun ready.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

Just keep driving Clara. Not too fast. Not too slow.

The Police Car passes them.

Clara's voice has a sarcastic ring to it.

CLARA

Maybe they forgot about us.

Olive's hand is shivering. Bobby holds it.

CLYDE

We shoulda brought some kinda police radar.

CLARA

They'd scramble the signals. Believe me.

BOBBY

That lawman there was probably headed for a road block. There waiting for us over the next big hill.

CLARA

They wanna force us on a side road.

OLIVE

Bear Hill is coming up in just a second.

BOBBY

Any turns before that?

OLIVE

Just Creek Road. It's about a mile up. Right before you get to the hill.

CLYDE

That makes sense.

EXT. TWO LANE HIGHWAY - SAME TIME

Clara drives the car at 55 m.p.h. They arrive at Bear Hill, an extra large hill which is impossible to see over. Clara makes a slow right on CREEK ROAD.

EXT. ROAD BLOCK BEYOND HILL - SAME TIME

20 POLICE CARS are seen just over the hill. A large crowd of Oklahoma City Police Officers, are seen talking on their radios, talking to each other, etc.

A small car is pulled over, and interrogated.

EXT. CREEK RD.- SAME TIME

Clara drives the car down Creek Road. The road is full of open farm space, and fields.

INT. 1945 BLACK FORD CLASSIC - SAME TIME

Olive tries to hide her anxiety by talking softly with Bobby.

OLIVE

Where do you wanna go? Once we get outta here?

BOBBY

The Caymans, Bermuda, Greece -

CLARA

Greece is nice. I like Rome. I saw the coliseum before. It was gorgeous.

OLIVE

(Smiles at Bobby)

You think you can afford it?

Bobby laughs. Bobby changes expressions in under a second. He falls on top of Olive.

MACHINE GUN FIRE hits the car from the right side.

Drew, and TWO PLAIN CLOTHES GUNMEN fire from an open field to the right of the car. Drew stands in the middle of the field.

GUNMAN TWO, a 35 year old white male, stands on Drew's left. GUNMAN 3, a young black male, stands on Drew's right.

They all stand in front of a large black, old looking car.

The bullets have shattered all the windows. They still come in a continuous motion as they tear the car apart.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby lies with his back on Olive, and gets his machine gun ready. He fires a couple of shots and goes back down. He gets in an upward position and fires again. He is covering Olive the whole time.

A hole has been blown through Clyde's passenger door. He leans on the floor in front of him, and uses the hole to shoot at the Gunmen. He opens fire with his Tommy Gun.

Clara gets behind Clyde, and opens fire with a high powered rifle.

Drew blows another hole through Clyde's passenger door. There is very little of it left.

CLYDE
Motherfucker!

Clyde loads up the Tommy Gun and cocks it.

CLYDE
(continuing)
Cover me!

CLARA
(Scared)
Clyde?!

Clyde walks out of the car shooting.

Bobby shoots out the roof of the car, and rises out of it to shoot at the Gunmen.

Clara leans her body over to the passenger door, and shoots through it.

Clyde, and the 3 Gunmen square off. They walk towards each other with machine gun fire.

Bobby hits Gunman Two with numerous shots, and kills him.

Clyde, Drew, and Gunman Three square off.

Drew is hit, and driven back. Clyde comes forward and hits both the gunmen, splitting them in two with his Tommy Gun.

Clyde walks forward, and continues to shoot the dead Gunmen. Though he is covered with blood, he smiles as he continues shooting them.

Clyde walks fast, but with a limp. He goes to the large black car, and opens the door. He looks over at Clara and, though exhausted, and in pain, smiles.

(CONTINUED)

Clara's smile suggest she has a morbid amazement with Clyde.

Clyde drives the car to the totaled Chevrolet Classic.

Clara enters the front passenger seat. Olive, and Bobby enter the back seat. Olive hugs Bobby.

Clara smiles at Clyde, relieved.

CLARA
(continuing)
Clyde.

Clyde doesn't answer. Though his eyes are open, his still expression suggests he is dead. There is no question.

Clara starts to cry, but stops herself from going hysterical. Her chin shakes.

Bobby looks at Clyde with a sad, and angry expression, tensing up his jaw.

Clara gets out, and walks around the car, still proudly, and angrily, fighting back tears.

She gently drags Clyde out of the car, and lays him softly on the ground. She takes off his suit jacket, and lays it over his head. She then takes off her coat, and covers his body with it.

She gets back in the car, and drives off.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

Clara is saddened and shocked as she drives.

EXT. HARRY'S JUNK YARD - EARLY EVENING

The sky is not yet black. Clara drives the Black Car to the entrance of a small, dark colored building which is Harry's office.

Olive, and Bobby get out with Clara, and approach the door.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE

Harry is sitting in his dimly lit, old, wooden, nasty looking office. Papers are scattered everywhere. He sits at his desk and smokes a large pipe. A loud bang is HEARD at the door. Harry, has little emotion.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

It's open.

Bobby, Clara, and Olive enter. They look like they've been through hell.

There is blood on Clara's blouse. Bobby, and Clara accost Harry at his desk. Olive sits on a seat against the wall.

BOBBY

I need a car. I need the fastest fuckin car ya got. We gotta get outta here. We gotta get outta here tonight.

HARRY

(Calmly)

What happened to you?

CLARA

(Yells)

What the fuck does it matter?! Did you hear what he said?! He needs a car! Where's the fuckin car?!

Harry slowly rises from his seat.

HARRY

I'm gonna get you what you need. I just need you to calm down.

CLARA

Don't tell me what to do! We put enough money in this dump for you to open three garages!

BOBBY

(Calmly)

Get the car, Harry.

An endless amount of car keys hang all over Harry's walls. He walks to his left for a pair of keys.

HARRY

I got just the thing for you. It's an old car. Doesn't stick out. But it rides like a race car.

Olive speaks softly, but is heard.

OLIVE

We don't need another car.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA
(Annoyed)
What?

Olive walks slowly to the dusty phone which hangs on Harry's back wall. She dials a number. Though emotionally weakened, she is able to speak.

CLARA
(continuing)
Who are you calling?

OLIVE
Channel 11.

Olive answers in a weak but audible tone.

OLIVE
(continuing)
This is Olive Haley. The widow of Mayor Dean Haley. I need to speak with your program manager. My code word is Periwinkle Blue.

(Beat)

OLIVE
(continuing)
Yes, Steve. This is Olive Haley. I need, I need a media escort to the airport. I've received a death threat. I have my private security with me. I don't feel comfortable with anybody else, so I... I don't need you to call the police. I'm sure you understand.... If you give us an escort, I might be able to do a press conference.

VOICE OF STEVE (O.S.)
Sure. Where are you?

OLIVE
What ever you do, don't expose us here. No cameras. Turn the cameras on once we hit the road.

VOICE OF STEVE (O.S.)
No problem Mrs. Haley. Just tell me where you are.

Olive hands the phone over to Harry.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE
Give em directions.

Harry gently takes the phone. He is sympathetic towards Olive.

HARRY
Okay, you take the first -

CLARA
(To Bobby)
I need some clothes.

Bobby nods.

EXT. MAIN TWO LANE HIGHWAY - EARLY EVENING

Clara drives the Black Car.

Olive, and Bobby ride in the back. A large van, which reads, CHANNEL 11, rides in front of the black car.

Another CHANNEL 11 van follows the car. Both vans have CAMERA MEN pointing cameras at the car.

INT. STUDY IN REV. HALEY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Tom stands with his arms crossed, and his right hand over his mouth. He stares at the screen.

TELEVISION

ANCHORWOMAN 2, a pretty and formally dressed female in her mid 20's, sits down, and reports the news.

ANCHORWOMAN
As reported earlier, Mrs. Olive Haley, wife of the now late Mayor Haley, is getting a media escort to the airport courtesy of Channel 11. Mrs. Haley has apparently been the victim of a number of death threats following the passing of her husband.

Two other MEDIA VANS pull into the fray. The two Vans, one is titled, " CHANNEL 5" while the other reads "CHANNEL TWO" pull in back of the CHANNEL 11 Van.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE OF ANCHORWOMAN (O.S.)

As you can see, other stations are now joining the escort. Mrs. Haley has stated that she only felt comfortable with her private security, and requested we not call the police. However, Law enforcement has arrived at the airport, and should have all the gates covered once Mrs. Haley arrives.

Tom continues to look at the action.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE TO OKLAHOMA CITY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Olive drives the black car up to the entrance of, DELTA BAGGAGE CLAIM. Clara gets out, followed by Olive, and Bobby.

Olive walks between Bobby, and Clara. They join arms with her, escorting her pass the press, and the Oklahoma City Police. They all wear USED CLOTHES from Harry's junk yard.

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY AIRPORT - SAME TIME

The airport is flooded with Oklahoma City Police Officers, T.V. Reporters, and T.V. Cameras. A horde of Mayor Haley followers hold up signs such as "We Love You Olive" and "God Bless Governor Haley". They cheer as she enters the airport.

The Police hold back the well wishers. T.V. Reporters rush Olive with questions. Clara and Bobby get her through the crowd.

REPORTER 8

...Mrs. Haley. Who threatened you?

REPORTER 9

... Mrs. Haley, are you okay?

REPORTER 10

.... Are you going to give a press conference?! Mrs. Haley?! Where did the death threats come from?!

Larry gives an interview to REPORTER 11, a young Chinese female. He speaks calmly.

LARRY

We're making certain that Mrs. Haley has the best possible

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LARRY (cont'd)
security. That's all I can tell you
at this time.

Larry walks away with a number of Police Officers.

INT. DELTA AIRLINES - SAME TIME

Airport Security, and Oklahoma City Police Officers keep everybody back.

Olive, walking arm in arm with Clara and Bobby, arrives at the airport flight gates.

The DELTA FLIGHT MANAGER, a middle aged Black Male dressed in a formal Delta Airline Uniform, is led by Airport security to Olive.

DELTA FLIGHT MANAGER
Mrs. Haley. My sympathies are with
you.

OLIVE
Thank you.

DELTA FLIGHT MANAGER
Where do you wish to go?

OLIVE
Just... far away from here.

The Delta Flight Manager leads Olive, Bobby, and Clara to the nearest flight.

INT. STUDY IN REV. HALEY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Tom watches Olive, Bobby, and Clara disappear from view.

The T.V. shows Olive, Bobby, and Clara walking out of view.

VOICE OF ANCHORMAN 2
One would have to think that Mrs.
Haley is in some kind of a disguise
with the clothes she's wearing,
along with her security. There they
go. And the flight's destination,
of course, is confidential. I wish
I could give -

FADE OUT:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - THREE DAYS LATER

Dean lies in a closed casket which is lowered in the ground. Hundreds of Uniformed Oklahoma City Officers are present. The press is also there.

Rose Haley is being led out by THREE POLICE OFFICERS.

Tom, dressed in a coat, suit and tie, watches Dean lowered in the ground. Dean Jr., who is also dressed in a formal suit, holds his hand. Tom picks Dean Jr. up, and walks away.

END OF SCRIPT