

The Eleventh Man

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. MUNICH, GERMANY TRAIN STATION - DAY -ESTABLISHING

Outside the station, busses and taxis come and go. People are funneling into and out of the glass entrance doors.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Passengers crowd the station. Over the rumbling of voices and footfalls, German instructions blare from a speaker system and echo off the high ceiling.

A MAN wearing a business suit and carrying a briefcase steps off a train. His skin is dark and he has a beard.

He looks through the station and sees a YOUNGER MAN coming toward him. The younger man also has a dark complexion and is rolling a suitcase behind him.

The two men take a seat next to each other on a bench.

The man in the suit hands the briefcase to the other man who then straps the briefcase to the suitcase.

A pregnant WOMAN and small GIRL approach the bench. The girl holds a doll and is singing softly to it.

The man in the suit looks up and smiles. He scoots over.

The woman smiles and then she and the girl sit on the same bench as the two men.

WOMAN

Danke.

The younger man slides the suitcase under the bench with his foot. The men stand and make their way to the front entrance, a towering wall of steel framed plate glass.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - SAME

Across from the station stands an OLDER MAN. He has streaks of gray in his hair. He watches the two men exit the station.

The older man takes out a cell phone as he sees one of the men get into a taxi and the other onto a bus.

After the bus and taxi depart, the older man strolls down the street punching numbers on his phone.

(CONTINUED)

When the man is half a block away, he hits the last button.

The entrance of the station explodes in a thundercloud of orange flame and glittering razor blades of glass.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGH RISE HOTEL - DAY

The older man, wearing casual clothes and a USC ball cap, arrives in front of a hotel in a taxi. A PORTER opens the door.

The older man steps out and glances up at RADISSON HOTEL. His bags are unloaded by the porter.

The older man follows the porter inside.

INT. HOTEL - SAME

Smiling, the man hands the porter a tip.

OLDER MAN

Thank you very much. I'll take 'em from here.

PORTER

Here for the game?

OLDER MAN

You bet. Go Trojans!

The man walks across the lobby to the front desk with his bags. The HOTEL CLERK looks up.

HOTEL CLERK

May I help you?

OLDER MAN

I have reservations. Phil Anderson.

HOTEL CLERK

Yes, Mr. Anderson. We have your room ready for you.

The clerk hands the man a card-key.

HOTEL CLERK

Welcome to San Francisco, Mr. Anderson.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME

The older man slides his card key in and goes into his room. It has a connecting door. He goes to the door, listens and then knocks.

The door is opened by the younger man from the Munich station. He smiles.

YOUNGER MAN  
Akram! You look well.

The men hug.

AKRAM  
As do you, Najeeb.

Akram steps into the adjoining room. The man that wore the suit in Munich stands and greets Akram.

AKRAM  
(Arabic with subtitles)  
Welcome to America, Kaseem. What of Tariq and Rahib?

KASEEM  
(Arabic with subtitles)  
Tariq arrived yesterday. He is at the Hyatt...working. Rahib is driving up from Los Angeles.

AKRAM  
(Arabaic with subtitles)  
They will be ready?

NAJEEB  
Yes. They are eager to begin.

AKRAM  
(beat)  
Allah u Akbar

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

DIGGER MOSBY, an old man in greasy overalls, stands in the glaring sun. He eyes the sheriff's office then a sign, PYRITE HARDWARE. He strolls across a street to the store.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE - SAME

Digger peers up and down the desolate interstate running through the small Nevada town. Digger spits a stream of tobacco and goes through an open door into the store.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - SAME

Several OLD MEN are standing in front of a counter.

DIGGER  
Anythin' happenin' yet?

GIZ GIBSON, a man in his late sixties, is sitting behind the counter. He casually peels an apple.

GIZ  
Not yet, Digger. But any time.

Giz nods with his head, indicating a WOODEN CASE on the counter. The case has a spread eagle carved on it.

GIZ  
He bought that old pistol Morgan sold me. He's comin' in to pick it up today.

An old man in the group sneers good-naturedly at Digger.

OLD MAN ONE  
Giz was telling us why he favors the newcomer.

DIGGER  
But he's barley six feet tall!

GIZ  
Don't matter. Like I was sayin', I know he's dug all five hundred of them post holes by hand. Now, he's practically bustin' out of his shirts.

OLD MAN TWO  
That's not enough to take the sheriff.

Giz drops a spiral of apple peel into a trash can.

GIZ  
This Jason, now, he's quiet but I can see something about him, something I saw in the war.

(CONTINUED)

OLD MAN TWO

Come on Giz. Lots of us was in Nam.  
You don't even know his last  
name much less how tough he is.

DIGGER

You're not saying the guy's crazy?

GIZ

No! You just don't want to push him  
too far, that's all.

Footsteps are heard approaching.

WOMANS'S VOICE (O.S.)

Isn't that what you're all hoping  
for?

MATTY GIBSON, wife of Giz, plump, gray-haired, appears and  
walks behind the counter.

GIZ

Not hopin'. We just figure it's  
gonna happen, like it or not.

MATTY

Why doesn't Bob leave him alone?  
All Jason wants is to be left  
alone. What'd he ever do to Bob?

The men glance from one to another grinning.

DIGGER

He bought Bob's ranch right out  
from under him, for one thing.

MATTY

What ranch?

GIZ

The Morgan ranch. The sheriff  
almost had enough for a down  
payment when Jason showed up.

OLD MAN ONE

And it's no secret how the  
sheriff feels about Kimberly  
Whitney. He's fit to be tied.

DIGGER

The way I heard it, this new  
quy just up and paid full price. He  
must be made out of money.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Who must be made out of money?

The men turn in unison. KIMBERLY WHITNEY, an attractive woman in her mid-twenties, hair in a ponytail and wearing jeans is entering through the open door.

She holds a handful of mail and looks tired.

MATTY  
Welcome home, Kimberly! How was  
Colorado?

Kimberly shuffles through her mail. The men mumble hellos and suddenly begin to disperse.

KIMBERLY  
Fine. Uncle John is doing well.

Matty comes from behind the counter and gives Kimberly a hug. Kimberly notices the odd behavior of the men.

KIMBERLY  
Did I interrupt something?

MATTY  
Oh, they're hoping to see a fight  
or something. Heaven only knows.

KIMBERLY  
Pyrite has livened up since I've  
been gone.

Matty nods then slowly lowers her glasses. She studies Kimberly for a moment. Matty's eyes narrow and she smiles.

MATTY  
I think they'll liven up even more  
now. It's your new neighbor  
that's causing all the excitement.

KIMBERLY  
You mean old Morgan finally sold  
out? I didn't think Bob would ever  
meet his price.

Matty's smile grows. Giz comes to the counter and leans his elbows on it, listening.

MATTY  
Bob didn't get that property. It  
was a young man, a single, polite  
and very handsome young man.

(CONTINUED)

Kimberly stops rifling through her mail.

GIZ

That's right. Bob's been usin' his badge to pester him ever since.

Silence. Kimberly brushes a strand of hair back into place.

KIMBERLY

And it's Bob and this new owner they expect to get into a fight?

GIZ

Maybe not a fight. But somethin'.

Kimberly nods and gathers her mail into a neat stack. She heads for the front door but stops and steps back inside.

KIMBERLY

Morgan told me Bob wanted that ranch but that was a year ago.

MATTY

Are you going to be in town long?

KIMBERLY

I've got to pay some bills.

MATTY

If you wait a few minutes, you can meet the new owner.

Kimberly looks at her watch and sighs.

KIMBERLY

If he's here when I come by again you can introduce us. Otherwise, I need to get home.

Matty watches Kimberly walk out, then sends Giz to the rear of the store on an errand.

EXT. SIDEWALK PAYPHONE - SAME

Matty sneaks out to the town's only pay phone. She disguises her voice.

MATTY

I want to report some cattle rustling at the Robinson place. They've cut the fence. Hurry!

INT. HARDWARE STORE - SAME

Matty returns to the store. She sits in the empty chair, smiles and waits. Just as Kimberly returns, two BLAZERS roar past with lights flashing, sirens screaming.

MATTY

My! That looks serious.

KIMBERLY

It must be. Bob wouldn't take back-up unless it was.

MATTY

I wonder what it could be. Maybe you should wait and find out.

KIMBERLY

No. I'm sure Bob will tell me all about it. I really don't...

A door slams in the rear of the store. Matty and Kimberly turn. Giz is walking up the main aisle with a CUSTOMER.

The customer is JASON BURKHART. In his early thirties, he has tanned skin and an athletic build. His eyes are cast downward as he walks.

MATTY

(whispering)

I told you he was a looker. You two would have some beautiful children.

KIMBERLY

Matty! What has gotten into you?

Kimberly spins, faces the counter sorting her mail.

MATTY

Kimberly, are you blushing? I never thought I'd see the day.

Kimberly glares at Matty then looks back at her mail.

GIZ

Look who came in the back way. Said he didn't want to cause trouble for anybody.

MATTY

I just saw "anybody" leaving town. Rustlers out at the Robinson's place.

(CONTINUED)

GIZ

How'd you know that?

Matty places a hand on Kimberly's shoulder and turns her around. Kimberly is still angry but tries to hide it.

MATTY

Jason, I'd like you to meet Kimberly Whitney. She owns the ranch south of you. Kimberly, this is Jason.

Kimberly and Jason's eyes meet briefly then Jason averts his eyes. Kimberly extends her hand.

KIMBERLY

Glad to me you, Jason. And your last name?

Jason hesitates then uncomfortably shakes Kimberly's hand.

JASON

Nice to meet you.

Kimberly and Jason's eyes meet again but this time hold.

JASON

I had no idea... you would be...

Still looking into Kimberly's eyes, Jason falls silent and lets her hand go.

KIMBERLY

(sternly)

That I would be a woman?

JASON

No... No, I knew that already.

Jason turns abruptly and heads out the rear of the store. Kimberly watches and then scowls at Matty.

KIMBERLY

Did you say, polite?

Digger appears from another isle. He glances around.

DIGGER

What happened. Is he gone?

GIZ

Hell if I know. Like I said, I seen his kind in Nam.

(CONTINUED)

As the other men begin to reassemble, Matty takes Kimberly by the arm and starts for the front door.

MATTY

Let's go get a cup of coffee.  
There're some things I need to tell  
you about Jason.

KIMBERLY

I should be going. Whatever you  
have to tell me is really none of  
my concern.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MAIN STREET - DAY

Matty maneuvers Kimberly out of the store and down the sidewalk. Matty is now more stern.

MATTY

What just happened surprised me,  
too. But I think you might have  
been the cause of it.

KIMBERLY

Me! What could I have possibly  
done?

INT. DINER - DAY

The two women enter the town's diner. The women take a booth by the front window.

KIMBERLY

Well, I'm listening.

MATTY

As I said, Jason doesn't say much  
to anybody. Some say he's  
unfriendly, but I think he just  
doesn't want to have any friends.

KIMBERLY

Sounds like the same thing to me.

A middle-aged WAITRESS pokes her head out of the kitchen.

WAITRESS

Be with you two in a second.

(CONTINUED)

MATTY

Just two coffees, Doris.

The waitress grabs two mugs and a pot and crosses to the booth. She starts pouring coffee.

WAITRESS

How was Colorado, Kimberly?

KIMBERLY

Fine. How are things around here?

WAITRESS

The usual.

The waitress stops pouring.

WAITRESS

But there's a new man in town.

Kimberly rolls her eyes.

KIMBERLY

I believe I just met him. His name is Jason?

The waitress finishes filling the cups.

WAITRESS

What'd ya think? Sure is handsome.

KIMBERLY

I didn't have a chance to form an opinion.

WAITRESS

Stick around, Honey. That's his old truck out front. He usually comes in before he leaves town.

The waitress leaves. Irritated, Kimberly glances at her watch, then through the diner's large window at the TRUCK.

MATTY

Anyway, one day, Jason came in to pick up some posts. Giz wasn't back yet, so I asked Jason to wait. I gave him a chair. He sat down and didn't move a muscle for more than an hour.

Matty takes a sip of her coffee. Her eyes glaze.

(CONTINUED)

MATTY

He finally said Nevada wasn't what he'd hoped, that he'd come to start a new life but couldn't forget his old one.

Kimberly's expression softens. She takes a sip of coffee.

KIMBERLY

What was he trying to forget?

MATTY

As it turned out, that particular day was the one year anniversary of his wife's death.

KIMBERLY

His wife's death?

MATTY

It must have been awful. He was a paramedic in San Francisco. He was called out on a traffic accident. A drunk had plowed into a small car. The person in the car was screaming but Jason had to work on the drunk. The drunk lived. The woman in the car died.

KIMBERLY

And the woman was his wife?

MATTY

He didn't know it at the time. When he told me all this, I just stood there like a fool.

Kimberly reaches across the table and touches Matty's hand.

KIMBERLY

You couldn't have known, Matty.

MATTY

I finally said he should try and make new friends, to move on.

KIMBERLY

That's good advice.

MATTY

But when I told him he should think about marrying again, he just sank down inside himself.

(CONTINUED)

Kimberly shifts uncomfortably, glancing at the pickup.

KIMBERLY  
I'm still not sure what any of  
this has to do with me.

Curiously, Matty gazes at Kimberly for several seconds.

MATTY  
Something about you disturbed him.

KIMBERLY  
I'm sorry Matty. I don't get what  
you're driving at.

For Matty, the tension breaks. She bursts into laughter.

MATTY  
Girl, you should pass in front of a  
mirror sometime.

Kimberly wrinkles her brow and frowns.

MATTY  
Well, even if you don't see it,  
Jason did, and he wasn't ready for  
it.

KIMBERLY  
I should be going. If you see Bob,  
tell him I'm back.

MATTY  
I'll do no such thing.

Over Matty's shoulder, the FRONT DOOR opens. Seeing Jason,  
Kimberly suddenly turns away and peers out the window.

Jason walks to the booth.

JASON  
Excuse me.

Matty looks up surprised.

MATTY  
Jason! What can we do for you?

JASON  
I wanted to apologize to Ms.  
Whitney. I came to say it was a  
pleasure to meet you.

Jason awkwardly starts to leave. Matty glances at Kimberly.

KIMBERLY  
I accept your apology.

Matty clears her throat, goading Kimberly to say more.

KIMBERLY  
Would you join us for coffee?

WAITRESS  
Coffee for you, Jason?

Unconsciously, Jason's hands clinch into fists.

JASON  
Ah, yes, please.

Jason clutches a nearby chair and places it at the end of the booth. He sits.

The waitress pours coffee and leaves.

KIMBERLY  
Since we're going to be neighbors,  
we might want to discuss some  
things. If you plan to run cattle,  
that is.

JASON  
That's what I'm here to do.

KIMBERLY  
I assume you have the same range  
allotment as Mr. Morgan?

JASON  
Yes. I believe that's customary.

Matty moves as if to leave.

MATTY  
I should let the two of you talk  
business. Giz expects me back.

Kimberly glares at Matty. Kimberly's jaws clinch.

KIMBERLY  
I can't stay either. I've been away  
from the ranch for two months.

Jason glances at Matty then looks squarely at Kimberly.

JASON

When it's more convenient then.

Kimberly winces and casts a what-do-I-do glance at Matty, then blurts out a solution.

KIMBERLY

Are you free tomorrow night? Matty and Giz are coming for dinner. There are lots of things we need to talk about.

Matty hides her surprise at the impromptu invitation.

MATTY

Please do, Jason.

Jason studies the two women. He is suspicious and uneasy.

JASON

It would be a pleasure.

Explosively, the front door bursts open. The sheriff, BOB MULLER, storms in. He is a tall, thickly built man in his late twenties.

He sees Jason in the chair.

BOB

Alright, you! On your feet!

Jason does not move.

JASON

What is it this time, Sheriff?

BOB

You know good and well...

Bob suddenly recognizes Kimberly sitting in the booth. He goes to it and stands just behind Jason.

BOB

Kimberly, you're back!

KIMBERLY

I was going to call you tonight.

Bob's eyes shift from Kimberly to Jason.

BOB

He trying to move in on you, too?

Jason comes to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

JASON

Excuse me, Matty, Ms. Whitney.

He looks up into Bob's face.

JASON

Maybe we should conduct our business somewhere else.

BOB

Getting brave, are we? I do my job wherever and whenever I want. And right now I'm putting you under arrest.

MATTY

For what?

BOB

For calling in a false criminal report. It was just his way to sneak into town.

MATTY

When did the call come in?

BOB

A couple of minutes before I left town. I was in the station when the call came in.

MATTY

Well then, it couldn't have been Jason. I was talking to him when you went down Main.

Jason turns to Matty. He smiles, acknowledging the alibi.

JASON

Thank you, Ms. Gibson.

Jason turns back to the sheriff.

JASON

If there's nothing more, Sheriff, I'll be going.

The sheriff does not move. Jason steps around him and leaves. Bob slides into the booth next to Kimberly.

MATTY

You know, Bob, maybe you should go a little easier on him. Giz thinks you shouldn't push him too far.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

He's nothing to worry about. Just another California reject. It won't be long and the heat and hard work'll send him packing.

Matty slides out of the booth and stands.

MATTY

He's been working awfully hard and he doesn't look too worse for wear to me...Does he to you, Kimberly?

Kimberly shrugs. Matty walks out the door.

WAITRESS

Coffee, Sheriff?

BOB

Yeah. And some peach pie.

Bob looks at Kimberly and studies her.

BOB

I suppose you had business with that guy.

KIMBRLY

Yes. He bought the Morgan ranch.

BOB

That's old news.

The waitress comes with coffee and pie and then leaves. Kimberly glances across the street but the Jeep is gone.

KIMBERLY

How'd you know he was from California?

BOB

Pulled him over a few times.

KIMBERLY

What do you know about him?

BOB

I know his last name's Burkhart. And he's not wanted for anything.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY

What do you mean, wanted?

BOB

He acts, like a crook or a con. Never looks me in the eye. Hardly talks. I checked but there was nothing on him.

KIMBERLY

Is that all?

Bob swallows a mouthful of pie.

BOB

Kimmy, there's things about this you don't understand. I'll handle him when the time comes.

KIMBERLY

But you said he was clean.

BOB

I'm not done with him yet.

KIMBERLY

Bob, I don't want anyone to get hurt over this. Whatever's between you two isn't worth jeopardizing your job.

BOB

There's only one person around here that's in jeopardy.

Bob leans and snatches a newspaper left on a table. He looks at the

HEAD LINES

which reads "Terrorists Threats Target Europe, U.S.". Bob shakes his head in disgust.

BOB

Damn ragheads. We should nuke 'em all.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Akram, Najeeb and Kaseem are looking at a wall full of photos. TARIQ and RAHIB are sitting on the floor cleaning Uzi type weapons.

Among the photos are two newspaper clippings. One reads "USC Ranked No. 1". Another reads, "S C opens against Cal".

AKRAM

(Arabic with subtitles)  
Number of security in terminal  
three?

NAJEEB

(Arabic with subtitles)  
No more than three on the lower  
level. Two on the upper.

AKRAM

(Arabic with subtitles)  
None will resist us. The guards are  
no better than trained monkeys.

Everyone laughs but Akram.

AKRAM

(Arabic with subtitles)  
But still, it is best not to kill  
them unless it is necessary. It  
will give you more time  
before killing the others.

KASEEM

Allah u Akbar.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAWN

Tattered curtains billow gently framing a pre-dawn desert horizon through an open window. A MONGREL DOG is asleep on a wooden floor.

Jason rises to a sitting position. He is shirtless in his boxer shorts. He shivers in the cold morning air.

He dresses, then he laces up a pair of scarred work boots.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Without looking, Jason snatches a denim jacket off a peg and puts it on. He goes to a stove, lights two burners. He places a coffee pot on one, a skillet on the other.

Jason opens a cupboard filled with canned goods. He looks down at the dog who is looking up at him.

JASON  
Spaghetti or corned beef?

The dog yawns.

JASON  
Corned beef it is.

Jason opens a can, spoons some of it into the skillet. The last spoonful he lets the dog eat.

EXT. PORCH - SUNRISE

Sitting on a crate, Jason eats while reading a book entitled CATTLE RANCHING.

EXT. BARN AND CORRAL - LATER THAT MORNING

Jason throws hay to a single horse.

JASON'S PICKUP

With thuds, Jason loads railroad ties in his pickup.

With a metallic clang he drops a steel rod in the truck bed. He loads a water barrel. The dog jumps up on the ties.

INT. TRUCK CAB

Jason drives for a moment then slams on the breaks.

JASON  
She forgot to tell me what time!  
She can't expect me to come if I  
don't know the time.

EXT. FENCE LINE - MID-DAY

Jason strains to lift one end of a railroad tie. He slides it grinding over the sand, lifts one end and the tie drops to the bottom of the hole with a heavy thud.

Jason pours himself a cup of water. The dog growls and Jason looks at him. The dog is staring down the road.

Jason follows his eyes and sees a truck coming in the distance. He watches as it stops by the house.

JASON

Now, who are you?

A figure gets out and then gets back in the truck.

JASON

That's right. Nobody's home. Go back where you came from.

The truck slowly starts up the fence line, coming closer.

JASON.

Damn it!

Jason sits on the tailgate. The truck nears and the dog charges. The sunlight reflects off the windshield.

DRIVER

Good boy. Good boy.

The dog stops barking. The truck comes to a stop. Now Jason can see it is Kimberly. He hops off the tailgate.

KIMBERLY

Is it alright to get out?

JASON

He won't bite.

Kimberly gets out of the truck wearing a white western hat, stoops and extends a hand toward the dog.

KIMBERLY

Come on, boy. What's his name?

JASON

Trouble.

Trouble waddles forward and licks Kimberly's hand.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY

What kind of dog is he?

JASON

Supposedly, a vicious watchdog.

Kimberly looks down the long row of fence posts.

KIMBERLY

You do nice work.

Jason brushes his hands over his sweat-soaked shirt. He looks at the loose white blouse Kimberly is wearing.

JASON

I think it'll hold.

KIMBERLY

I was sitting in church this morning and realized I didn't tell you what time to come for dinner.

Kimberly looks at Jason. She sees the outline of muscle in his chest and shoulders and quickly averts her eyes.

KIMBERLY

Eight o'clock, if that's alright with you.

JASON

That's...fine.

KIMBERLY

Do you know where the turn off is to the ranch?

JASON

I do. But I don't want to be any trouble.

Kimberly looks back at Jason, now into his eyes.

KIMBERLY

What do you mean?

JASON

I know it's none of my business, but I gather you and the sheriff are...together. He won't like it that you're having me over for dinner.

Kimberly stiffens. Her eyes smolder.

KIMBERLY

You haven't been here long, Jason Burkhart, so I'll excuse you for being so forward! I assure you, nobody tells me who I can and can not see!

JASON

Does the sheriff know that?

Kimberly's eyes ignite.

KIMBERLY

Dinner's at eight!

Kimberly storms back to her truck and slams the door. She roars off in a cloud of dust.

Jason jerks his hat off and throws it into the desert.

JASON

Why in hell did I say that?

EXT. FENCE LINE - NEAR SUNSET

Jason looks at the sun and hurriedly packs his last post. He drops the steel rod and opens the door of his truck.

JASON

Come on, Trouble, load up. We're going to be late!

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NEAR SUNSET

Jason fills a ten gallon metal tub with water and takes it to the porch.

EXT. PORCH - SAME

Jason strips and steps into the tub. He lathers with soap. He steps out of the tub, grabs it by the handles and dumps it over his head and body.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Jason dresses in a clean shirt and jeans. He snatches his denim jacket from the peg on his way out.

EXT. WHITNEY HOUSE - SUNSET

Jason pulls up to a two story victorian style house. Jason takes it all in. He goes to the door and knocks.

MARIA, a short heavy-set Mexican woman opens the door. She looks appraisingly at Jason for a moment.

MARIA

You must be Senor Burkhart. Come in, por favor.

JASON

Please, call me, Jason. If you don't mind.

MARIA

I am Maria. I am happy to be meeting you. They are this way, please.

INT. WHITNEY HOUSE - SAME

Following Maria, Jason enters a large dining area. A heavy wooden table is neatly set. French doors lead to a garden.

MARIA

I will tell them you are here.

Moments later, Giz and Matty walk in smiling quizzically at Jason. They cross the room toward him. Giz is carrying the wooden case with the carved eagle.

MATTY

Good evening, Jason.

Giz extends his hand to Jason. They shake. Jason's eyes catch movement. With silky hair behind bare shoulders, Kimberly enters wearing a flowing Mexican style dress.

GIZ

You left so quick today you forgot your pistol. Hope you brought your appetite.

Giz hands Jason the case but Jason can't take his eyes off Kimberly.

JASON

It's been a long time since breakfast.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY  
It's not wise to skip lunch.

JASON  
Ordinarily I don't. Today, I forgot.

KIMBERLY  
A busy day?

Kimberly comes along side Matty. Jason releases Giz's hand.

JASON  
No more than normal. But I would say the day was better than most.

Kimberly smiles faintly. Her demeanor softens.

KIMBERLY  
Then it's time to eat.

Kimberly indicates seating with her hand.

KIMBERLY  
Jason, you may sit next to Matty over there. And Giz and I will sit there.

Jason places the case on the table and sits across from Kimberly, Giz from Matty. Maria comes in carrying candles in brass holders. She places them on the table and lights them.

MARIA  
You are ready to eat?

Kimberly squints disapprovingly at Maria.

KIMBERLY  
Yes, Maria. And thank you so much for the candles.

Maria winks at Matty.

MARIA  
It is not often they are called for in this house.

Maria returns quickly with a cart of steaming hot food. She pauses to dim the lights.

MARIA  
Enchiladas, chili rellanos, tacos, tortillas, rice and ribs.

GIZ

Ribs?

KIMBERLY

Not everyone likes Mexican.

JASON

That's very considerate. But  
nothing can beat good Mexican food.

Maria beams and sets down a pitcher of tea.

MARIA

Gracious, Senior.

JASON

De nada.

KIMBERLY

Jason, how long will it be until  
your fencing is finished?

JASON

I never gave it much thought.

KIMBERLY

Oh? May I ask what type of  
operation you'll run?

JASON

Cow, calf.

KIMBRLEY

And how will you start up?

Jason pauses.

JASON

Well, I planned on getting fifty  
heifers or good cow-calf pairs. And  
a hundred steer calves to get some  
money coming in. And three or four  
bulls.

GIZ

I hope you got a good banker.

This time Jason pauses a full minute as he stares down at  
his plate.

JASON

No. There was an accident...and  
there was life insurance.

(CONTINUED)

Giz is stunned into silence. Matty lowers her head and rubs her brow. Jason slowly raises his head.

KIMBERLY

I'm very sorry to hear that, Jason.

Jason nods then takes a sip of tea.

JASON

I admit I don't know much about cattle, but I think I can learn enough to make do.

KIMBERLY

You haven't run a ranch before?

JASON

No.

KIMBERLY

Of any kind?

JASON

No.

The room falls silent once again.

GIZ

You're taking a mighty big risk.

Giz points at the pistol case.

GIZ

Old Morgan went broke out there. That's why he sold that pistol to me. One winter he didn't even have hay money.

JASON

He told me about that winter. The pistol belonged to his great grandfather.

GIZ

What'ya want with that old smoke wagon, anyhow?

JASON

It's a present for Morgan.

KIMBERLY

A present?

GIZ

That's a mighty expensive present.

JASON

Morgan and I...we had a lot in common. We got along real well. He gave me a rifle to go with the ranch. I'm just returning the favor.

Kimberly looks steadily at Jason, a mix of admiration and curiosity in her eyes.

MATTY

When do you plan to see him again.

JASON

I'm going to San Francisco and then to the stock exposition in Daly City. Morgan is going to pick me up at the airport and help me look over the stock.

MATTY

What happened to that old recluse, anyway? Where'd he end up?

JASON

After I bought the ranch he stayed on a couple of weeks and showed me around, taught me how to ride a horse, how to build fence. Then he moved to an apartment in San Jose.

Kimberly folds her hands and rests her elbows on the table.

KIMBERLY

Going to the expo is a good start. When will you do that?

JASON

I leave tomorrow. I'm catching a charter flight out of Fallon.

KIMBERLY

Will you be gone long?

JASON

Three or four days.

Kimberly goes deep in thought for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY

You do understand our allotments are adjacent to each other and our land is open range out there?

Jason nods.

KIMBERLY

I have a cow-calf operation, too and our cattle are going to mix. It usually helps if both owners work together during the gather and branding. Does that sound okay to you?

JASON

I don't see that I would be of much help.

KIMBERLY

Well, consider this. You could buy your feeders from me this year. That would save me shipping costs plus you'd donate your labor bringing them in.

Giz laughs out loud.

GIZ

Now you see why she's one of the best ranchers in Nevada.

MATTY

Sounds like a good offer, Jason.

Jason considers the proposal for a moment.

JASON

It's fine with me. And buying the feeders will save me shipping costs, too.

KIMBERLY

You learn fast. Welcome to the cattle business. Now, who wants dessert?

Giz starts to answer but is cut off by Matty.

MATTY

Thanks so much, Kimberly, but Giz and I have to be going.

Giz checks his watch and frowns.

(CONTINUED)

GIZ  
It's only nine o'clock!

MATTY  
Yes, dear, but I'm sure these two  
have lots to talk about.

Giz scowls. Matty scoots her chair back and stands.

MATTY  
Give Maria our compliments. We'll  
show ourselves out.

GIZ  
Thanks for the feed, Kimberly. Nice  
to have you back.

Giz shoves his chair back, stands and shakes hands with  
Jason.

Giz and Matty leave. Jason and Kimberly's eyes follow them.  
A thud signals the close of the front door. Maria returns to  
the dining room.

MARIA  
They are gone so soon? It must be  
important for Mr. Gibson to leave  
with no dessert.

KIMBERLY  
Apparently so.

Kimberly turns her attention to Jason.

KIMBERLY  
Would you like some dessert?

JASON  
No room.

Maria studies Kimberly for a moment then glances at Jason.  
Maria goes to the French doors and opens them wide.

MARIA  
It is a nice evening in the garden,  
Miss Kimberly. Your father's roses  
are in bloom.

JASON  
Roses? Out here in the desert?

KIMBERLY

This wasn't always desert. The soil here will grow anything. Give it a little water and, over night, things spring to life.

JASON

But, roses seem so delicate.

Kimberly tips her head toward the rose garden.

KIMBERLY

Care to take a look?

Jason gazes at Kimberly. She is painted with candlelight.

JASON

It would be a pleasure.

When Kimberly and Jason are near the French doors Kimberly formally places her arm in Jason's. Jason glances down at her arm, a question in his eyes.

KIMBERLY

This house has been in my family for generations. It comes with certain traditions.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Kimberly and Jason step into the garden. A high adobe wall encloses the garden. Roses grow all along the wall. Kimberly and Jason begin to stroll.

KIMBERLY

There are several different varieties of roses but I won't bore you with all the names.

JASON

Nothing seems to be predictable in the desert. So many unusual combinations.

KIMBERLY

Combinations of roses?

JASON

No. Of the desert and cattle, for one thing. Who would have thought the desert could be cattle country? Of a night out here, the smell of roses, and me on a walk with you.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY

Is that such an unusual combination?

JASON

Until this very moment, I would have thought it impossible.

Kimberly stops and pinches off a rose. She puts it in the upper button hole of Jason's jacket.

JASON

Another tradition?

Kimberly places her arm back in Jason's and they continue to stroll.

KIMBERLY

Sort of. I want to apologize for the way I acted this afternoon.

JASON

I took no offense. It was none of my business to ask what I did.

KIMBERLY

You were just being considerate.

JASON

Was I?

Jason reaches out and caresses the petals of a rose.

JASON

I'm not sure that was my motive.

KIMBERLY

Bob and I have known each other since childhood. People make too much of our friendship.

JASON

What does the sheriff make of it?

KIMBERLY

In some ways, Bob is still stuck in high school.

Kimberly and Jason come to a heavy wooden gate. They pause.

JASON

Where does that lead?

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY

Out into the desert. I often walk there in the evenings.

JASON

Alone?

KIMBERLY

I used to go with my father. He showed me beauty where others saw only emptiness.

JASON

It was the emptiness that drew me out here. I felt at home with it.

Kimberly lets go of Jason's arm and shoves the gate wide open. It squeaks. Kimberly again takes Jason's arm.

EXT. OPEN DESERT - NIGHT

Kimberly and Jason walk into the desert.

KIMBERLY

They say serenity can heal the soul.

Several times they glance at each other. They come to a small bench encircled by stones. They stop.

KIMBERLY

My father and I used to sit here. I was ten when I placed the stones. It was our special place.

JASON

I'm sure it still is.

Kimberly looks up trying to see Jason's expression.

KIMBERLY

After mother died, father wasn't the same. Once, I asked him if he would ever marry again. He put his arm around me and said, "Having lost someone you love is no reason to never love again."

Jason peers into Kimberly's moonlit eyes.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY

Matty told me about your wife,  
Jason. She thought I should know.

Kimberly pauses for a reply. Jason takes a deep breath and exhales slowly.

JASON

Maybe it's best.

KIMBERLY

Father never met anyone else. He never got the chance. I would hate to see someone like you waste away out here. Maybe you should reconsider what you're about to do.

Jason reaches down and takes Kimberly's hand and holds it.

JASON

I wish I could have met your father.

KIMBERLY

Jason, do you understand what I'm trying to say?

JASON

Yes. And I appreciate the advice.

KIMBERLY

Will you take it?

JASON

I was thinking along those lines after what happened in the diner.

Kimberly takes her hand from Jason's grasp.

KIMBERLY

And?

JASON

I changed my mind.

KIMBERLY

When did you do that?

JASON

Tonight. About the time you walked into the dining room.

Kimberly shakes her head.

KIMBERLY  
I'm confused.

JASON  
Me, too.

Kimberly's eyes narrow inquisitively. A moment later, she rises on her tiptoes and gently kisses Jason on the cheek.

KIMBERLY  
Shall we call it a night?

Jason gazes into Kimberly's star-lit eyes for several seconds. Slowly he places his hands on her shoulders. Kimberly does not resist. Jason kisses her gently on the lips, the kiss lingers for a moment.

Kimberly's eyes open slowly. For a moment she seems dazed and then her eyes focus on Jason.

JASON  
Your father was a wise man.

INT. AIRLINER - DAY

A seat belt light chimes. Jason holds a rose in his hand. He unbuttons his denim jacket pocket and places the rose inside. He looks down at an aerial view of San Francisco.

PILOT (V.O.)  
Due to our late takeoff, we'll be  
landing about forty five minutes  
late. We're sorry for the delays.  
Have a great time in San Francisco.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - SAME

Jason's charter plane lands.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - SAME

Jason exits the plane with a carryon bag and the wooden case.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - SAME

Jason is walking through the crowded airport. He sees a white straw cowboy hat in the distance. It is worn by TRAVIS MORGAN, a wiry seventy year old with a weather-worn face and gray mustache.

Morgan sees Jason coming. He waves and starts walking toward him. Seconds later, a thunderous explosion from outside the terminal rattles the glass windows and ceiling.

Everyone flinches and ducks. For a moment no one moves in the deathly silence. Seconds pass. The intercom system comes alive.

INTERCOM VOICE

Your attention. Your attention please. There has been a minor vehicle explosion in the parking area. There is no reason for alarm.

The passengers in the terminal immediately relax. Nervous laughter and voices erupt into a buzz of relief.

His eyes full of suspicion, Jason again starts for Morgan. To his left he catches sight of a group of young men, several wearing red jackets.

Jason bumps into someone. He glances up several inches into the impudent eyes of a YOUNG BLACK MAN. The man has a football jersey on with seventy two in large white numbers. The man has his arm around a girl.

YOUNG MAN

Watch where you're goin', fool!

Jason glares at the young man.

VOICE (O.S)

Conally, get over here with the team or, I swear, I'll bench you.

CONALLY, a six foot six tackle smirks as he turns and starts walking away. The name "Conally" stretches between the broad shoulders of the jersey.

Jason glances back toward Morgan. Morgan is trying to get through the crowd.

Kaseem and Najeeb, both wearing overcoats, brush by Morgan. Jason sees them as they fling open their coats and pull out Uzis.

Jason looks over his shoulder and sees Rahib draw weapons.

(CONTINUED)

Rahib, Najeeb and Kaseem blast rounds into the ceiling, showering the airport with debris and glass. Everyone, including, Jason dives for the floor.

Jason lets go of his carryon bag and scrambles to tuck the wooden case under his jacket. Orders are barked out.

KASEEM (O.S)  
You! You! On your feet!

Jason feels a boot crash into his ribs just missing the wooden case.

KASEEM  
On you're feet!

Jason staggers up holding his ribs and the hidden case. He is quickly herded into a group. Automatic weapons fire again erupts but only into the ceiling.

Najeeb starts for a flight of stairs.

RAHIB  
(Arabic with subtitles)  
Kaseem, we have eleven!

Two armed airport police burst through sliding glass doors, pistols drawn. Akram, Kaseem and Najeeb point their weapons at their hostages.

KASEEM  
Shoot and they all die!

The officers hold their fire. The terrorists take their hostages at gunpoint up a flight of stairs.

Passengers are ducking and screaming as the hostages are hurried along.

At the top of the stairs, Najeeb fires another blast of automatic gunfire. It clears the way to a boarding tunnel.

INT. BOARDING TUNNEL - SAME

The terrorist and hostages rumble down the tunnel and into an empty airliner.

INT. AIRLINER - SAME

At gunpoint, the flight attendants are ordered off the plane. A lone captain is ordered into the cabin.

KASEEM  
 (to the hostages)  
 Everyone takes a window. Left and  
 right side. Every third row. Move!

Jason takes a sidestep, assuring he is last in line. He takes a seat toward the rear of the plane.

Jason glances to his left. In the window seat opposite him, is Conally. Their eyes meet. Conally's eyes reflect fear.

Kaseem walks back to check on the last seats. He glares at Conally.

KASEEM  
 You, seventy two, are the biggest,  
 the strongest. You will be the  
 first to die for Allah.

INT. AIRPORT - MINUTES LATER

Morgan is standing near the wall. A kallidescope of blue and red police car lights flicker through the windows.

Uniformed officers are erecting a yellow tape to the left and right of him.

Dozens of passengers, including the football team, are corralled within the tape.

MEGAPHONE (V.O.)  
 Quiet! This is the San Francisco  
 police department. We need it quiet  
 in here!

All eyes locate the OFFICER holding the megaphone.

The officer stands next to another MAN and a distinct group of young men in red jackets. The man holds a clip board.

OFFICER  
 Go ahead.

The man begins to reads off a list of names. Some players don't answer.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER  
How many, coach?

COACH  
Ten.

The officer raises the megaphone.

OFFICER  
(with megaphone)  
Those of you outside the tape,  
please go about your business.  
Those inside the tape will be  
detained until after questioning.

TWO MEN in dark business suits duck under the tape  
and rapidly thread their way to the officer and coach.

The man in the lead is JACK VAN DYKE, a square-built man in  
his mid fifties. Behind him, AGENT BISHOP, is younger.

VAN DYKE  
(flashing a badge)  
I'm Special Agent in charge, Jack  
Van Dyke, FBI.

Van Dyke thumbs over his shoulder.

VAN DYKE  
This is Agent Bishop. What do you  
have so far?

OFFICER  
As best we can tell, three armed  
men abducted eleven men and forced  
them onto a 727. They have a pilot.  
The plane taxied out and is sitting  
on runway three. Ten of the men are  
from the U.S.C. football team.

The officer hands the list of names to Van Dyke.

VAN DYKE  
Football players. Coincidence?

OFFICER  
No chance. Eleven on offense,  
eleven on defense. They wanted a  
full squad of football players. But  
they made a mistake with number  
eleven.

(CONTINUED)

VAN DYKE  
Number eleven?

OFFICER  
He looks like an athlete but he's  
not. Just a passenger in the wrong  
place at the wrong time.

Van Dyke frowns and checks his watch.

VAN DYKE  
We heard there was one more  
terrorists.

OFFICER  
Apparently, he accidentally  
blew himself up in the parking lot.

VAN DYKE  
Get the regular passengers  
questioned and out of here. Detain  
the team until I get back. Agent  
Bishop will be in charge until  
then.

INT. AIRPORT POLICE TAPE - SAME

Van Dyke ducks under the tape. He bumps into one of  
the bystanders. The bystander watches Van Dyke disappear.

The bystander is Akram.

INT. AIRPORT BAGGAGE CLAIM - SAME

Morgan is standing alone against the wall and last to be  
questioned. Bishop approaches him.

BISHOP  
Did you get a look at any of the  
terrorists?

MORGAN  
Nope. Kept my head down.

BISHOP  
You're free to go.

MORGAN  
My friend ain't back yet.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP  
Back from where.

MORGAN  
He was walkin' toward me just 'fore  
the shootin'.

Bishop takes out a tablet and pen.

BISHOP  
His name.

MORGAN  
Jason Burkhart.

BISHOP  
What's he look like?

MORGAN  
'Bout six foot. Thirty maybe.

Bishop walks out past the tape and into an office. In seconds, he is coming back toward Morgan.

BISHOP  
Come with me, please.

MORGAN  
What for?

BISHOP  
We may have found your friend.

Morgan rises and follows Bishop.

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE - SAME

Windows face the runways. A single jet can be seen. Fog is rolling in.

A half-dozen people are scattered around computer screens. Another is looking through binoculars at the jet.

One of the half-dozen, is DR. WEBB, a fat middle-aged man with a goatee and glasses that have a neck chain attached.

Bishop enters the room with Morgan. Dr. Webb glares at Morgan, his eyes taking in the cowboy hat and boots.

DR. WEBB  
Oh, let me guess. Number  
eleven will possess a cowboy  
mentality.

(CONTINUED)

A frail MAN in white shirt and tie approaches Morgan.

MAN

You'll have to excuse us. This is very stressful. We need you to look at our monitor.

The man leads Morgan to a screen and presses a button. The screen runs footage of the abductions.

Morgan suddenly leans close.

MORGAN

Son of a bitch!

BISHOP

Is it your friend?

MORGAN

Sure enough is.

Bishop goes to the monitor and reverses the footage. He runs it again then freezes the screen. He points at the CASE. The carved eagle is clearly visible.

BISHOP

What's he hiding under his jacket?

Morgan leans back and slowly shakes his head.

MORGAN

I'll be a double damned son of bitch.

DR. WEBB

Oh, please!

BISHOP

What's in the box?

MORGAN

A forty-four caliber Civil War pistol.

BISHOP

Civil War pistol!

MORGAN

Yep.

Bishop grinds his palm across the back of his neck.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP

Mr. Morgan you can wait outside,  
please.

Morgan leaves the office.

BISHOP

(to Webb)

Why would he take that old pistol?  
If they find it they'll kill him.

Dr. Webb lowers his glasses, letting them dangle around his neck. He inhales pompously.

DR. WEBB

To American males, the pistol represents the penis. Being taken hostage is tantamount to emasculation. Taking the pistols was a desperate attempt for him to protect his manhood.

BISHOP

You think he'll be trouble?

DR. WEBB

Clinging to a useless pistol would indicate instability. Perhaps even paranoia.

Bishop takes a radio from his belt.

BISHOP

This is Bishop. Tell control number eleven has weapons and may be unstable. Over.

DR. WEBB

Of course, I need more information to form a complete psychological profile.

Bishop goes to the office door and calls Morgan back.

MORGAN

It over already?

Bishop draws a blank and ushers Morgan back inside.

BISHOP

Do you know Burkhart's birth date?

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN

Nope.

BISHOP

What town does he live in?

MORGAN

He lives way out in the Nevada desert. He don't live in a town.

DR. WEBB

Cowboys!

MORGAN

You're tryin' to figure his next move, ain't ya? Well I can tell ya what he's gonna do.

DR. WEBB

An expert on human behavior, are you?

MORGAN

I can read men pretty good.

BISHOP

And?

MORGAN

Jason knows guns. And I've seen him shoot. He'll load the pistol and use it as soon as he can. He ain't the kind of man to die on his knees.

DR. WEBB

That's preposterous. How long have you known this Burdock?

MORGAN.

It's Burkhart. And as you count time, I ain't known him long. But I know him good enough.

DR. WEBB

So...in your way of counting time, how long have you known him?

MORGAN

A few months back, we ranched together for a couple of weeks.

(CONTINUED)

Webb throws up his hands and scoffs just as the office door flies open. Van Dyke storms in.

VAN DYKE

What's this about an armed hostage?

BISHOP

The eleventh man. He has a pistol hidden under his jacket. But it's a Civil War relic, sir.

VAN DYKE

Was it in a case?

BISHOP

Well, yes but...

VAN DYKE

Is it complete?

Bishop looks to Morgan for the answer.

MORGAN

It sure as hell is.

Van Dyke turns and gives Morgan a once-over look.

BISHOP

He's a friend of number eleven.

DR. WEBB

Surely, you don't think the weapon is operable?

VAN DYKE

Why the hell not? And even if it isn't, didn't you say he was unstable?

DR. WEBB

But my analysis also indicates Burdock will have a strong desire for self-preservation.

VAN DYKE

Those terrorists out there don't give a damn about self-preservation. Maybe our guy isn't any different...And it's Burkhart not Burdock.

The man with binoculars jerks suddenly.

(CONTINUED)

BINOCULARS MAN  
Somebody fell onto the tarmac!

BELT RADIOS (V.O.)  
We hear gunfire! Repeat, gunfire!

Van Dyke grabs the binoculars and looks at the jet.

RADIOS (V.O.)  
The cabin is full of smoke.

BISHOP  
What's happening?

VAN DYKE  
We're too late, damn it.

RADIOS (V.O.)  
The evacuation side in deploying.  
People are coming out.

Van Dyke uses his radio.

VAN DYKE  
Who are they?

RADIO (V.O.)  
From here...from here...we ID them  
as hostages. All of them.

VAN DYKE  
When they get a hundred yards from  
the plane, move out. And I want  
those hostages isolated. No contact  
with anyone.

RADIO (V.O.)  
We have injured.

VAN DYKE  
Transport to San Francisco General.  
Send agents with the ambulances.

RADIO (V.O.)  
Roger that.

EXT. TARMAC - LATE AFTEROON

Jason's jacket is blood-soaked. He holds a bleeding arm and watches SWAT team members run past in the fog. A gurney hurries past him the other direction. On it, is the unconscious airline pilot.

(CONTINUED)

Police cars are arriving from every direction. Jason drifts away from the confusion gradually working his way to the rear of the squad cars and ambulances.

A muddy, old model Ford pickup suddenly plows through the fog and skids to halt in front of him.

Morgan sticks his head out of a rolled down window.

MORGAN

Figured you might want to high-tail  
it out'a here about now.

JASON

You figured right.

Holding his arm, Jason runs to the passenger door.

VOICE (O.S)

(from the fog)

Hey! Come back here!

The pickup speeds off and disappears into the fog.

INT. PICKUP - EARLY EVENING - SECONDS LATER

The pickup truck decelerates and merges into the slow moving stream of fog-bound traffic leaving the airport.

MORGAN

Where to?

JASON

Away from here and back to the  
desert. All I want is to go home.  
Well, back to your ranch.

MORGAN

It's your ranch, now.

Morgan notices the bloody arm of Jason's jacket.

MORGAN

How bad are you hurt?

JASON

Not bad. A flesh wound.

Morgan drives a moment in silence.

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN

Lucky you had that pistol with ya.  
Did you come away with it?

Jason opens his jacket and pulls the pistol from his belt.  
He lays it on the seat.

MORGAN

It empty?

JASON

All six cylinders.

MORGAN

(long beat)

All six? Did you have to shoot some  
of 'em twice?

Jason shakes his head as if in a daze.

JASON

I've got no idea, Morgan. All I  
know is I want no part of it. If  
what I did gets out, I'll have to  
look over my shoulder the rest of  
my life.

MORGAN

Yeah. That's a fact. Them people  
are bred for revenge killin'.

JASON

Does your radio work?

MORGAN

Been busted for years.

JASON

They may not be looking for me yet.  
If you get me to a bus station, I  
can buy a ticket east.

MORGAN

The hell you will. I'm drivin' you  
back to the ranch.

JASON

You sure? You might get in trouble  
with the law. I'm sure you're  
breaking something already.

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN

Mind if I stay a few days? At least  
'til you're mended, some?

JASON

Anytime, Morgan. But it might be  
best if they don't associate  
you with me.

Morgan looks up through the fog and sees a sign indicating  
"Oakland right lane". Morgan changes lanes.

MORGAN

Hell, anything beats livin' in an  
apartment. I must of been crazy to  
think I could do that.

JASON

I could use a foreman. If you're  
interested, the job's yours.

Morgan looks several times at Jason as he drives. He  
struggles to respond.

MORGAN

I'd like that.

JASON

Welcome back. If you're sure.

MORGAN

Good times or bad, I've always  
ridden for the brand.

JASON

Good. Then we'll chance it  
together. Maybe we can make it back  
in one piece.

MORGAN

Well, it's a long shot but an  
outside chance is better'n no  
chance at all.

INT. AIRPORT CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

Ten young men, sullen and defiant, sit in a row waiting.

A door opens. Van Dyke and Dr. Webb enter.

(CONTINUED)

VAN DYKE  
I'm Agent Van Dyke, Special Agent  
in charge. This is Dr. Webb.

Van Dyke eyes the football players.

VAN DYKE  
Who can tell me what happened?

There is a long silence.

VAN DYKE  
Okay. Tell me about the terrorists.

Again there is no response.

Van Dyke paces up and down in front of the men, then stops.

VAN DYKE  
Gentlemen, what's said in here  
stays private. Nothing is going to  
be leaked to the press. Nothing.

The players glance from one to the other.

VAN DYKE  
We want to protect you and our  
eleventh man. To do that we need to  
know what happened and why?

PLAYER ONE  
It all happened so fast.

VAN DYKE  
Go on.

PLAYER ONE  
I was sitting toward the back,  
close to Conally. I could see our  
guy...

INSERT - MEMORY FLASH WITH VOICE OVER

Jason cranks lead balls into the pistol cylinders.

PLAYER ONE (V.O.)  
...loading his pistols when the  
terrorists weren't looking.

BACK TO SCENE

PLAYER ONE

When they took Conally to the front  
and made him kneel...

INSERT - MEMORY FLASH WITH VOICE OVER

Jason stands and blasts Rahib point-blank in the chest.

PLAYER ONE (V.O.)

...he shot the guy closest to me.

BACK TO SCENE

PLAYER TWO

He grabbed that guard and spun him.  
He held him like a human shield...

INSERT - MEMORY FLASH WITH VOICE OVER

Jason clutches Rahib and with the pistol belching flame and  
smoke, he shoots, and hits Najeeb twice in the chest.

PLAYER TWO (V.O.,)

...and then he shot the guard that  
had a gun to Conally's head.

BACK TO SCENE

CONALLY

That guy fell over me...

INSERT - MEMORY FLASH WITH VOICE OVER

Najeeb crumples over a Conally and flips onto the tarmac.

CONALLY (V.O.)

...and out the door onto the  
pavement.

BACK TO SCENE

PLAYER ONE

The plane was full of smoke, then.

(CONTINUED)

CONALLY

That's when the last terrorist came  
out of the cockpit...

INSERT - MEMORY FLASH WITH VOICE OVER

Kaseem shoves the PILOT through the cockpit door and riddles  
the smoke-filled cabin with bullets.

CONALLY (V.O.)

...but he shoved the pilot out  
ahead of him and started shooting  
at everything.

BACK TO SCENE

PLAYER ONE

It was that terrorist that hit the  
pilot and our guy. When the  
pilot fell...

INSERT - MEMORY FLASH WITH VOICE OVER

The pilot falls with bloody holes in his back. Jason fires  
three shots. He is hit in the forearm but puts a bullet  
through the Kaseem's head. Blood splatters on a partition  
behind him.

PLAYER ONE (V.O.)

...our guy finished off the last  
one.

BACK TO SCENE

Van Dyke is stunned as is Dr. Webb.

VAN DYKE

Then what?

CONALLY

Our guy went to work on the pilot.  
He looked like he knew what he was  
doing. That's when he talked to us.

VAN DYKE

About what?

(CONTINUED)

CONALLY

He asked us not to tell what happened, to leave him out of it. He said it could get other people killed. And we all swore we wouldn't talk.

DR. WEBB

Why did you agree to such a request?

Conally glares at Webb for a moment.

CONALLY

Because he saved my life.

DR. WEBB

And how do you know that?

PLAYER FOUR

Because they told him to kneel and put a gun to the back of his head!

Webb's eyes narrow as if savoring the moment.

DR. WEBB

Did they actually... say...they were going to kill anyone?

PLAYER FIVE

They weren't speaking English but we knew what they were doing.

DR. WEBB

Then you did not actually hear any threats?

CONALLY

You could see it in their faces. You could feel it.

DR. WEBB

I see.

Van Dyke eyes reflect disapproval as he looks at Webb.

VAN DYKE

Did the terrorists identify themselves?

PLAYER TWO

They called themselves the Alliance for Greater Syria.

(CONTINUED)

VAN DYKE

That's a new one.

Dr. Webb takes a step closer to the players and begins handing out business cards.

DR. WEBB

I want you to contact me if you begin experiencing any anxiety, depression...or guilt.

VAN DYKE

Guilt?

DR. WEBB

You all may see Burdock as a savior now. But when you realize he is responsible for the death of three human beings and perhaps even the pilot, you may feel guilty for agreeing to protect him.

A MAN comes into the room and hands Van Dyke a note. Van Dyke reads it and crams it into his pants pocket.

VAN DYKE

You're all free to go. Remember, we can't protect number eleven if you speak to anyone about this. That especially applies to the media.

The room clears, leaving only Van Dyke and Dr. Webb.

VAN DYKE

Dr. Webb, it seems you're prejudiced against our eleventh man. Why is that?

DR. WEBB

Prejudiced. I hardly think so.

VAN DYKE

Sounded to me like you were trying to convince the players what he did was wrong.

DR. WEBB

I believe it was reckless and irresponsible. Had we listened to their demands, we would have had a chance to negotiate.

Eyeing Dr. Webb, Van Dyke takes out a piece of gum, unwraps it and shoves it in his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

VAN DYKE

I'm going to assign a departmental psychiatrist to these boys and let you get back to your busy schedule.

Dr. Webb's mouth drops open. His jowls turn red.

DR. WEBB

You haven't the authority.

VAN DYKE

You'd best serve the public by returning to your practice.

DR. WEBB

We'll see about this! You've overstepped your authority for the second time this evening.

VAN DYKE

Yeah? When was the first time?

Dr. Webb buttons his coat with a sadistic smile and walks out the door.

INT. OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM DOOR - SECONDS LATER

Dr. Webb sneers and straightens his tie.

DR. WEBB

The public has a right to know.

EXT. AIRPORT SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Van Dyke is standing next to Bishop. Fog is drifting by.

BISHOP

Every terrorist cell in the country's going to be after him.

VAN DYKE

I know.

BISHOP

And Homeland Security will want him, too.

VAN DYKE

If those clowns would've done their job in the first place, none of this would've happened. Right now he's ours.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP

How long do you think we can keep the wraps on this?

VAN DYKE

I had the surveillance footage confiscated. The license plates on the pickup were too muddy to read. I don't think the players will talk. All that'll buy him some time.

BISHOP

How do you want to handle it?

VAN DYKE

Check the car rentals, busses and Amtrak in a hundred mile radius. If anything comes up give it to me. The guy stopped a Jihad all by himself. The least we can do is give him some breathing room.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

The truck is on the interstate. The fog is gone and traffic is moderate. Morgan sees a sign "Vacaville 2 Miles".

Morgan glances at Jason's bloody sleeve.

MORGAN

Hadn't we better get that arm cleaned up and bandaged?

JASON

Yeah. I know a pharmacy just off the freeway. All I'll need is a roll of gauze and some antiseptic. The bullet missed the bone.

Morgan takes the off-ramp. He drives to a well-lit parking lot and parks.

MORGAN

I'll see what I can find out about what's going on.

INT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

The pharmacy is nearly empty. Morgan picks a roll of gauze and bottle of iodine. He goes to the check-out. A WOMAN employee smiles and scans the items.

WOMAN

How are you this evening?

MORGAN

Pretty good. You heard anything about what happened at the airport in San Francisco? Last I heard the hostages got out.

After scanning the gauze, woman stops what she is doing.

WOMAN

Oh, it turns out somebody on board shot all three terrorists. Somehow the pilot got shot, too.

MORGAN

How is he?

WOMAN

I don't know. But they're trying to arrest the shooter for something called "reckless endangerment" and, get this...having a concealed weapon without a license.

MORGAN

Do they know who the shooter is?

The woman scans the iodine and resumes working.

WOMAN

The FBI won't say anything about what happened. All of what's on the news is coming from a lady on the city council and some psychiatrist with a goatee.

MORGAN

Webb!

WOMAN

That's him.

Morgan pays for the supplies and gets back into the pickup.

INT. PICKUP - SAME

Morgan starts the truck and pulls out of the parking lot.  
Jason starts taking off his jacket.

JASON  
Find out anything?

MORGAN  
Yeah. The FBI's not saying much but  
Webb is spilling his guts.

JASON  
Who's he?

MORGAN  
A know-it-all shrink. Him and me  
buted heads a few times.

Morgan pulls back on the freeway. Jason starts rolling up  
his sleeve.

JASON  
Well, maybe we can at least make it  
back to the ranch before they close  
in.

Jason tears a piece of gauze from the roll. He pours iodine  
on the wound and winces. He wipes it with the gauze strip.  
He begins wrapping the forearm.

Morgan looks into the rearview mirror and then looks again.  
Seconds later, red and blue lights flash behind the pickup  
truck.

MORGAN  
We got trouble.

Jason turns and sees the flashing lights.

He finishes tying off the bandage and slumps back in the  
seat. He stares straight ahead as Morgan pulls to the side  
of the freeway.

Morgan rolls down his window as a patrol officer walks up  
with a flashlight scanning the pickup.

OFFICER  
Driver's license and registration,  
please.

Morgan reaches for his wallet. The officer shines his  
flashlight on Jason's face then down onto the bandaged arm.  
Morgan opens the glove box and gets the registration.

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN  
What's the problem, officer?

OFFICER  
Tail light's out.

Morgan hands the registration to the officer. The officer looks it over, then hands it back.

OFFICER  
How far are you going tonight?

MORGAN  
Maybe as far as Tahoe.

The officer again shines the light on Jason for a moment then turns it off.

OFFICER  
Fifty and eighty are going to be busy tonight. If you want to make it to Nevada, you might want to take the back roads.

JASON  
Thank you, officer. We'll do that.

The officer walks back to his patrol car. Morgan pulls back into traffic. The patrol car follows for a while then roars past in the left lane.

MORGAN  
That was lucky. I thought we were done for.

JASON  
I don't think that was luck, Morgan. Fifty and eighty aren't busy this time of year.

MORGAN  
You think he knew?

JASON  
You said Tahoe. He said Nevada. And the way he looked at me, I'm sure of it.

Morgan slaps his knee.

MORGAN  
We got some friends out there! Hot damn.

JASON  
Win some, lose some.

Jason unbuttons his denim jacket and takes out the rose. He unrolls his window. After taking a look at the rose he tosses it out the window.

Morgan glances curiously at Jason as Jason rolls up the window.

MORGAN  
Anything I should know?

JASON  
(long beat)  
Kimberly Whitney.

Morgan pauses thoughtfully and then grins.

MORGAN  
I take it you two met. She's quite a young woman, ain't she?

JASON  
She's none of my concern? Not anymore.

MORGAN  
This lack of concern, a recent thing, is it?

JASON  
It doesn't matter. She'll probably marry the sheriff.

MORGAN  
(long beat)  
You shouldn't burn any bridges just yet, Jason. Does Kimberly know how you feel about her?

Jason slides down in the seat, closes his eyes and leans his head back.

JASON  
I hope not.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - PRE-DAWN

Morgan is driving. He wipes his tired eyes. He sees sign FALLON 10 reflect in the headlights. He glances at Jason who is waking up.

MORGAN  
Almost to Fallon. You slept good.

JASON  
Loosing blood makes you groggy.

Jason sits up and wipes the sleep from his eyes.

MORGAN  
Where's your truck?

JASON  
At the airport.

Morgan points at a sack on the seat.

MORGAN  
I stopped at an all night grocery while you slept. Got a sandwich and some water for ya.

JASON  
Any more news?

MORGAN  
Nope.

Favoring his left arm, Jason opens the water bottle and drinks it down. He starts eating a sandwich.

MORGAN  
What kind of ranch truck did you get?

JASON  
A fifty four Willys.

MORGAN  
They don't make 'em like that no more. Rugged and simple. Can you drive it with that arm?

JASON  
It's swollen and stiff but I'm fine. It'll help to loosen it up.

Morgan veers off the interstate and into Fallon.

EXT. FALLON AIRPORT PARKING LOT - EARLY DAWN

Jason gets out of the truck and into the Willys pickup. With Morgan following, Jason drives the truck back onto the highway, a two lane road.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - SUNRISE

The trucks pulls up in front of the house. Trouble comes running tail wagging. Jason and Morgan step out.

JASON  
That's my dog, Trouble.

Jason greets the dog and then the dog sniffs at Morgan. Morgan takes an appraising look around.

MORGAN  
You've been busy.

JASON  
The house is the same. Mostly, I've just built fence.

MORGAN  
Good thing about this place, is we can see for miles in any direction.

Jason surveys the horizon.

JASON  
I guess we may as well talk about that.

MORGAN  
Got any guns of your own?

INT. HOUSE

Jason opens a closet door and removes three weapons.

JASON  
I've still got the rifle you gave me. The pistol and shotgun are mine.

Morgan takes the old lever action rifle and looks it over.

MORGAN  
Hell, if we were expectin' buffalo I'd want this back. Mind if I take the shotgun?

(CONTINUED)

JASON

I prefer the rifle and my pistol. Maybe we can get supplies for your pistol in Pyrite. The more weapons we have the better. Just in case.

Jason hands Morgan a box of shells.

JASON

You want breakfast? We can eat in Pyrite and pick up a few things while we're at it.

MORGAN

Sounds good to me.

JASON

And Morgan. No last names. Hardly anyone knows mine and the less they know, the better.

MORGAN

What if we see Kimberly? What're you going to do?

JASON

She can't be associated with me in any way. No one close to me will be safe, now. That's how it has to be.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - EARLY MORNING

Jason and Morgan walk in. Giz is busy with paperwork. He glances up briefly then goes back to work.

GIZ

Jason, back already? How was the Cow Palace?

JASON

Good. I even found a foreman.

Giz looks up over his half-rim glasses.

GIZ

Morgan?

MORGAN

He means hired hand. I won't be foreman 'til we get some cows.

Kimberly appears coming down an isle. She smiles at Jason and then at Morgan.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY

What's this about a new foreman?

Jason looks into Kimberly's eyes but does not answer.

MORGAN

Hired hand, Kimberly. Just a hired hand, for now.

Kimberly shakes hands with Morgan.

KIMBERLY

Glad your back, Morgan. Welcome home.

Jason takes a piece of paper from his shirt pocket.

JASON

You'll have to excuse me. I have a lot of things to order. Giz, could you help me out back?

Jason leaves for the rear of the store. Giz follows but Morgan stays with Kimberly. Kimberly is stunned.

MORGAN

He's got a lot on his mind. He's goin' to be mighty busy for bit.

KIMBERLY

I see.

MORGAN

Beggin' your pardon, Kimberly, but no you don't see.

KIMBERLY

What?

MORGAN

Stay away from him, Kimberly. But don't go away.

Morgan walks away from Kimberly before she can respond.

INT. REAR OF HARDWARE STORE - SAME

Giz is listening to Jason and writing with a pencil.

GIZ

Fence wire. Forty-five shells, forty-five-seventy shells, black powder, caps. Anything else.

(CONTINUED)

JASON  
Can you get dynamite?

GIZ  
Want to close some mine shafts?

JASON  
You guessed it.

GIZ  
Yeah, I can get it. And get around  
the permits, too. Damned permits.

Morgan joins Giz and Jason.

MORGAN  
You was talkin' 'bout gettin' some  
canteens, Jason.

GIZ  
I got them up front. The forty  
fives, too. Got a box of buckshot.

Giz leads Jason and Morgan back to the front of the store.  
Kimberly is gone.

GIZ  
Hey, Jason. You flew back from San  
Francisco. Did you hear about that  
shootout with those sand jockeys?

JASON  
I didn't fly back. Morgan drove  
me. We heard a little.

GIZ  
Some of the terrorists came in from  
Mexico. One was even a U.S.  
citizen.

Jason veers for the door and away from Giz and Morgan.

JASON  
I'm going over to Digger's. I'll be  
right back.

INT. GAS STATION - SAME

Digger is reaching high and grabbing a roll of paper.

(CONTINUED)

DIGGER

Nobody's asked for BLM maps in a while. You can keep 'em. But you be careful. You can get lost out in that desert. There's lots of mine shafts you can fall into, too.

JASON

Mine shafts?

DIGGER

That's how I got my name; minin' out there. The shafts are marked on the maps with crossed picks .

JASON

I'll watch for them. Thanks for the warning.

Jason tucks the rolled maps under his arm and leaves the station. Morgan meets him holding a sack.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Morgan is crossing the street.

MORGAN

Ready for breakfast?

JASON

May as well. We may not be back in town for a long time.

INT. DINER - DAY

The diner is crowded. Morgan and Jason find a booth. Someone left a newspaper on the table.

JASON

The paper came early today.

Morgan looks at the newspaper and sees a sketch.

MORGAN

That's not all. Take a look.

Jason glares at the sketch and looks back at Morgan.

MORGAN

Relax. It don't even look like you.

(CONTINUED)

JASON

It's close enough.

Jason sees Kimberly and Bob walk in together. Bob is in plain clothes. They take a table near Jason and Morgan. Kimberly has a newspaper with her.

MORGAN

Says here, the pilot didn't make it. And that son-of-bitch, Webb, is spoutin' his bull crap all over the front page.

JASON

Any more good news?

MORGAN

Some. Webb has told everybody your name's Burdock.

Jason slumps and shakes his head.

JASON

Kimberly's here. I need to get this over with.

Jason stands and approaches Kimberly's table. Kimberly is reading the front page. Bob looks up.

KIMBERLY'S TABLE

BOB

What do you want?

Kimberly sets the paper down and looks up.

JASON

I'm sorry, Ms. Whitney, but I've changed my mind and decided not to take you up on your offer after all.

KIMBERLY

It seems you changed your mind about a lot of things.

JASON

It would seem so.

Jason extends his hand across the table.

(CONTINUED)

JASON  
No hard feelings.

Bob slaps Jason's hand away with such force, Jason's right hand slams into his left forearm. Jason grunts with pain.

BOB  
Get you hand out of my face!  
Kimberly, this guy's such a loser.

KIMBERLY  
I'm sorry it didn't work out for  
us.

Kimberly notices BLOOD oozing from Jason's forearm.

JASON  
So am I.

BOB  
What a jerk.

Kimberly's eyes follow Jason back to his table. She glances down on the floor and sees DROPS of blood.

Kimberly suddenly flips the paper back over to the front page.

THE DINER

The sound of shattering glass fills the room.

KIMBERLY'S TABLE

BOB  
What did you say!

The sheriff jerks the paper from Kimberly's hand. He glares at the paper.

BOB  
Hell. You may be right! Burdock.  
Burkhart. It could be him.

KIMBERLY  
But the sketch doesn't look like  
him. It's not him.

BOB  
You're the one that saw it, Kimmy,  
not me.

Bob comes to his feet and saunters toward Jason with the newspaper in his fist.

JASON'S TABLE

BOB

It's you isn't it...Burdock? You're the one they're looking for.

JASON

Burdock and Burkhart are common names. Try looking in big a phone book some time.

Jason slides out of the booth.

JASON

Let's go, Morgan. I've lost my appetite.

BOB

I should run you in right now.

JASON

You'll be hit with a harassment suit. I can make it stick, too.

BOB

I can hold you on suspicion.

Jason leans close to Bob and whispers.

JASON

What if I am him, Bob. The one that just killed three men. Do you really want to get in my way?

Bob steps back and reaches where his pistol would normally be if he were in uniform. He realizes he has no weapon.

BOB

Don't leave your ranch. I'll get a warrant soon enough.

JASON

I got nothing to lose, Sheriff. Don't crowd me again...Ever!

EXT. RANCH PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON

Morgan and Jason are sitting on the porch. The shotgun and rifle rest against the wall.

They are looking far down the road watching a car come toward them.

MORGAN

Who do you think it'll be? The sheriff, maybe?

JASON

No. He wouldn't come alone.

The car nears, leaving a trail of dust behind it.

JASON

That's Giz. I recognize his car.

Giz pulls up. He gets out, looks back down the road and then opens the rear door and brings out a cardboard box.

GIZ

The town took a collection, sort of. Most everybody helped. We figured you might need these things sooner than I could order 'em.

JASON

What is it?

GIZ

Cartridges. Forty-five and forty-five-seventy. And Digger had some dynamite. He says to tell you the fuse is five seconds to the inch.

Giz places the box on the porch. Again he looks back down the road.

JASON

What is it, Giz?

GIZ

The sheriff called the papers and the news networks. He's leadin' 'em out here.

Morgan stands and peers down the road at a large dust cloud.

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN

Here they come. Swarming out here  
like a damned bunch of vultures.

In minutes, a line of cars speeds toward the house. In the lead is a white blazer. The cars randomly skid to a stop in a towering cloud of dust.

First to appear out of the cloud, is the sheriff.

JASON

Unless you have papers, your  
trespassing.

A dozen reports, cameras rolling, form a crowd behind the sheriff.

BOB

I don't need papers. Don't you  
recognize the people's right to  
know when you see it? You're gonna  
be on all the T.V. stations...so  
everybody can see you.

MORGAN

You're gonna tell those murderin'  
terrorists what he looks like and  
where he lives?

REPORTER ONE

Who's the murderer? Burdock didn't  
give those men a chance.

A lone pickup truck slides to a stop amidst the other cars. Kimberly rushes between the parked cars.

REPORTER TWO

And he got the pilot killed.

KIMBERLY

You lied, Bob! You said you'd wait!

Kimberly shoves her way through the reporters. The cameras focus on her as she stands between them and the porch.

BOB

So, what? I told you he was no  
good.

With attention on Kimberly, Jason stands and grips his rifle. He ratchets in a shell.

He points the barrel at the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

KIIMBERLY

Jason! What are you doing?

JASON

Morgan, get your shotgun.  
Take every camera and cell phone  
they have. Then put them in a pile.

Morgan gets his shotgun. At gunpoint, he gathers all the phones and cameras. He tosses them in a pile.

REPORTER ONE

You can't do this. What about  
freedom of the press?

JASON

No freedom is absolute. Morgan, see  
what that twelve gauge can do to  
the people's right to know.

Morgan steps back and blasts five rounds into the pile. Jagged shards of plastic fly as glass is pulverized into glitter.

The reporters cringe into a huddled mass.

REPORTER THREE

You're insane!

JASON

Maybe.

MORGAN

What d'we do now, boss?

With his eyes on the sheriff, Jason hands his rifle to Morgan.

JASON

Take off your pistol, sheriff. And  
your back up, too.

KIMBERLY

No. Jason. You don't know what  
Bob's capable of. You can't win.  
And you'r hurt.

GIZ

Careful, Jason. Think about what  
you're doin'.

Morgan steps close to Jason and speaks softly.

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN

He's not only big but he's mean.  
Maybe he's too big.

JASON

He's put together just like  
everybody else.

Jason closes on Bob. Bob grins and drops his belt pistol  
and tosses away an ankle pistol.

BOB

Well, well. You should'a listened  
to Kimmy. I'm going to...

Jason's fist splits Bob's lips. Bob recoils. Jason follows  
with a sledgehammer hook to the ribs.

Bob staggers gasping for air.

Jason viciously kicks Bob on the side of his knee. It pops  
and Bob goes down screaming, holding his knee.

GIZ

Damn! That didn't take long.

Jason walks through the crowd to the Blazer and rips the  
shotgun from its rack.

He ejects the shells, takes it by the barrel and shatters  
the stock on a railroad tie.

JASON

I killed to prevent murder. But you  
will murder me in the name of  
journalism.

Jason walks past Kimberly without looking at her. He takes  
the rifle from Morgan.

JASON

Now get off my land!

The reporters help Bob to a car and all drive away. Giz and  
Kimberly lag behind.

JASON

Kimberly go, now. You shouldn't  
have come.

Kimberly grabs Jason's shirt collar and kisses him.

KIMBERLY

I'm staying away from you, Jason  
Burkhart. But I'll be damned if  
I'm going away.

Giz and Kimberly join the others and drive away.

MORGAN

She's a dandy.

Jason shrugs indifferently.

JASON

It's going to hit the fan now.  
Everybody and their dog is gonna  
know where I am.

MORGAN

We could make a run for it. Find  
some place to hideout.

JASON

If my life's going nowhere, I'd  
just as soon get there without  
wasting time. I'll make my stand  
here.

MORGAN

Glad to hear you say that. We're  
gonna need to make some plans.

JASON

I'll need your help with the  
details but I already know what  
needs to be done.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

The windows of the house have blankets over them. The maps  
are unrolled on the small kitchen table, the corners held  
down with boxes of rifle and pistol bullets.

The table is illuminated with a kerosene lantern, the only  
source of light in the house.

Jason is standing looking down at the map. The front door  
slams and Morgan walks into the kitchen.

Morgan is holding a bag of fertilizer and a gas can. Several  
jaw traps are slung over his shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN

Found the fertilizer and fuel can.

Morgan sets the bag and can down on the floor next to the dog. He starts taking the traps from his shoulders.

MORGAN

Thought we might could use these. I got 'em for a cougar that was killin' my calves. Never could bring myself to use 'em, though.

Jason eyes the traps. His eyes narrow.

JASON

I know just where to put them.

MORGAN

Out around the house?

JASON

No. Here.

Jason points at a spot on the map with his open pocket knife.

JASON

I'll set them around this ridge.

Morgan takes a closer look at the map.

MORGAN

There's a lot of rough, broken country out there. What's on that ridge?

JASON

A mine shaft.

Morgan shakes his head and shrugs.

MORGAN

I never went out that way. There's no grass for cows and nothing but goat trails to drive on.

JASON

(pointing with the knife)  
This is where I want them to end up. So, we have to pull them in through here and along here, deeper into the desert.

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN  
And we're the bait?

JASON  
We just have to keep moving and  
keep our distance.

Morgan nods. He ponders the map and then grins, his face bathed in the amber light of the lantern. His eyes reflect approval and admiration.

MORGAN  
You got any Apache in you?

JASON  
Not that I know of.

MORGAN  
You sure as hell think like one.

JASON  
So, what's the fertilizer for?

MORGAN  
That's ammonium nitrate. We're  
gonna mix that with the diesel in  
that can.

JASON  
What does that do?

MORGAN  
By itself, nothin'.

Morgan reaches into the box that Gibson brought and pulls out a small packet with an orange sticker on it.

MORGAN  
But this is Tannerite. We hit this  
with a bullet and it'll set off the  
fertilizer and fuel mix. I used to  
blow rocks out of the road with  
that stuff.

JASON  
How many Tannerite do we have?

MORGAN  
Just one.

Jason thinks for a moment and then points to the map.

JASON  
How about we put it here?

MORGAN  
I was thinkin' the same thing.

JASON  
Two sticks of dynamite and one  
bomb. Not bad.

Morgan grins. In the lantern light he appears devilish.

MORGAN  
I'd say our chances are gettin'  
better all the time. We got a  
sayin'. "It ain't over 'till the  
fat lady sings."

JASON  
Then, tomorrow at first  
light, we'll set the stage for  
her. After that, at least she'll  
have something to sing about.

EXT. FRONT OF RANCH HOUSE - DAWN

SERIES OF SHOTS

JASON saddling his horse. He loads his rifle and slides  
it into the scabbard. He buckles on his pistol.

MORGAN on the porch mixing fertilizer with fuel.

MORGAN duct taping the Tannerite onto a fuel can.

JASON riding off on horseback.

MORGAN driving off in his truck.

EXT. WOODEN BRIDGE - SUN RISE

Morgan works under a small bridge that spans a narrow  
ravine. He knots the fuel bomb to a pier with a piece of  
rope.

DESERT ROAD

Jason ties a strip of cloth onto a shrub as a marker.

EXT. HILLSIDE - EARLY MORNING

(CONTINUED)

Jason stashing a canteen under a shrub and then tying another strip of cloth to a branch of the shrub.

ANOTHER HILLSIDE - SAME

Jason sets a large jaw trap and covers it with dead leaves.

JASON sets another trap the same way on the same hill.

JASON stands and checks his location and a distinct formation of rocks on a nearby ridge.

EXT. ROCK FORMATION - NOON

Jason stashes a canteen and then leads his horse past the rock formation and up the ridge a short distance to a gaping hole in the ridge.

MINE SHAFT - SAME

Jason ties his horse and goes into the mine shaft.

INSIDE MINE SHAFT

Jason looks around the dank cavern. He places a canteen on a rock and walks back out into the daylight.

OUTSIDE MINE SHAFT

Jason scans the vast empty desert below him that stretches for miles. He looks up into the glaring sun.

END OF MONTAGE

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. RANCH PORCH - SUNRISE

Jason is looking into the rising sun as he leans on a porch post. He has a weeks growth of beard. He has his rifle under his arm.

Morgan, also bearded, comes out with two cups of coffee. He hands one to Jason.

JASON

Something isn't right. Something should have happened by now. And I can't shake the feeling that we're being watched.

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN

I know what ya mean. The hairs on the back of my neck have been bristlin' all mornin'. And after what we done, you'd think they'd of sent troopers after us.

JASON

Maybe the warrant hasn't been finalized yet.

MORGAN

Might be, you got through to them newsfolks. Maybe they kept quiet.

Jason sips his coffee and scans the desert.

JASON

No. They didn't have their cameras but I'm sure they reported everything and even spiced it up. The news is a product these days. They won't miss the chance to sell it.

MORGAN

But if they did, this place'd be swarming with people.

JASON

What I don't get is why the FBI hasn't showed up. That makes no sense at all.

MORGAN

Back at the airport, I got the idea Van Dyke was on our side. Maybe that has somethin' to do with it.

Jason and Morgan drink for a moment, their eyes constantly searching.

JASON

At least Kimberly's safe. The sheriff will take care of her.

MORGAN

I think she'll take care of herself. She struck me as feisty.

(CONTINUED)

JASON

She is that.

MORGAN

Think I'll go to town and see what  
I can find out.

JASON

I'm going to ride out and check  
everything over. I'll tie Trouble  
up when I leave. When you take off  
to town let him go and he'll stay  
here. I want him around when I come  
back.

EXT. CORRAL - EARLY MORNING

Jason places a brown paper bag in his saddlebags and straps  
the saddlebags down tight.

He leads the horse to the front of the house. Morgan is  
waiting.

EXT. HOUSE - SAME

JASON

Morgan...I want...ah, I want you to  
know...

Morgan smiles and extends his hand. They shake.

MORGAN

I know. Vaya con Dios, amigo.

Jason kneels. He looks into the dogs eyes as he pets  
him. Jason then steps into the saddle.

JASON

The fat lady sings today.

INT. TRUCK CAB - MORNING

Morgan is driving his Ford along a gravel road. Ahead he  
sees an older car with its hood up.

## SIDE OF THE ROAD

TWO MEN are working under the hood, THREE MEN are sitting on the

Each man is wearing a straw, field workers hat and plaid shirt. They are dark-skinned and all have black mustaches.

## EXT. ROADSIDE - SAME

Morgan pulls up behind the car and steps out of the Ford.

MORGAN  
Hola. Que paso?

The men working under the hood look at Morgan. One speaks.

MAN ONE  
Buenos dias. No tengo gasolina.

MORGAN  
Hang on, amigos. I got some gas.

Morgan goes to the bed of the truck. He reaches over the side and grabs a can.

He turns just in time to see a rifle butt coming at his face.

MAN ONE  
Allah u Akbar!

## BLACKNESS

MAN TWO (V.O.)  
Masha'allah!

## EXT. FENCE LINE - SAME DAY

Jason is riding his horse with saddlebags tied behind his saddle. He has his pistol belted on and the rifle in the scabbard.

He stops a quarter mile from the house on a slight rise.

Jason studies the terrain surrounding the house looking for anything out of place.

JASON  
You should be back by now, Morgan.

He sees his dog asleep in the shade of the Willys.

(CONTINUED)

JASON

Good boy, Trouble. Always on guard.

Suddenly, through the heat waves, Jason notices a cloud of dust forming on the road.

Squinting against the glare, Jason can't make out the vehicle causing it, so he rides next to a fence post.

He removes his hat and wipes his brow with his shirtsleeve.

He steps down and waits in the shade of a fence post. He then sees it is the Ford retuning. He rubs the horses neck.

JASON

Can't be too careful. Not now...  
Not ever.

Jason waits in the shade. He hears Trouble start to bark and sees him race for the Ford.

Suddenly, the dog scampers away from the truck.

Jason sees the dog stop. Jason hears the barks change in tone and then watches the dog chase after the truck.

Jason rips the rifle from the scabbard and ratchets a bullet into the chamber.

He wraps the reins tightly around his left hand.

JASON

What's wrong, Trouble? What do  
you smell?

Jason sees the truck slide to a stop in front of the house. Four men jump out of the truck bed.

One shoots an automatic weapon at the dog.

Trouble yelps, somersaults twice and then frantically runs into the desert.

Two terrorists flank the house and two go in the front door.

Jason sees the driver step out. Voices can be heard, not English, not Spanish.

Jason raises the rear sight of the rifle three notches.

JASON

Alright. You can shoot a  
defenseless dog. Let's see what

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JASON (cont'd)  
what you can do with a son-of-a  
bitch'n rifle bullet.

Jason uses a fence post as a rest and takes aim down the barrel. He squeezes the trigger.

The rifle thunders. The recoil is brutal. The horse jerks.

A distant terrorist slams against the house and drops to his knees. He scrambles back to the trucks.

JASON  
That's for my dog.

Swearing softly, Jason ratchets in another bullet.

JASON  
Up here, ass holes. Look up here!

Jason fires another round. The slug hammers a spider web fracture through the windshield of the Ford.

Automatic weapons fire erupts, impotently peppering the road one hundred feet in front of Jason.

Jason eases down the hammer of the rifle and calmly mounts his horse.

He sits upright, defiantly waiting until the bullets begin kicking up sand in front of him.

He spurs his horse up the fence line.

EXT. KNOLL

Jason spins and fires again.

One terrorist gets into the cab of the Ford to drive, one leaps into the bed and takes a position overlooking the cab.

The wounded terrorist crawls into the back of the Willys as the other two get in the cab of the Willys.

Both trucks start and roar up the fence line toward Jason.

Jason takes off again but this time at an easy gallop, cutting across the

EXT. DESERT

The trucks follow, bouncing and scraping over the desert terrain. The trucks begin to get closer.

(CONTINUED)

Jason hears the dull rattle of gun fire behind him and cuts across the desert, denying the terrorists a clear shot.

Jason then rides onto the road toward the small wooden bridge.

EXT. BRIDGE

Hooves thunder as he crosses the bridge at a full run.

Eighty yards from the bridge, Jason slides to a stop behind a pile of boulders. He dismounts and ties his horse.

BOULDER

Jason goes to a knee-high rock and kneels. He jerks off his hat and slaps it down on the crest of the rock.

He burries the fore stock of his rifle in the crown of his hat. Using the hat as a rest, he takes careful aim at the Tannerite that is taped to the fuel bomb under the bridge.

The trucks slow to cross the narrow bridge. The Ford crosses first.

Jason fires.

EXT. BRIDGE

The fuel bomb explodes under the truck's rear axle, vaulting the rear of the truck into the air and catapulting the terrorist in the bed even higher.

The Ford flips upside down. The bridge is splintered in front of the Willys.

The Ford explodes in flames with the trapped driver screaming inside.

BOULDER

JASON

And that's for Morgan.

BRIDGE

The vaulted terrorist slams into the sand and then scrambles to his feet.

He runs back across the arroyo and joins the others in the bed of the Willys.

The Willys backs up and heads down the arroyo looking for another place to cross.

(CONTINUED)

## BOULDER

Jason jams the rifle into the scabbard and swings into the saddle. He steadies the horse and sees the Willys is stuck in the bottom of the arroyo.

JASON

Come on! Figure it out. It's four wheel drive. Shift damn it, shift.

Gears are heard grinding. The engine roars and the truck rockets out of the arroyo and for a moment is airborne.

It slams down in a cloud of dust and then makes a bee-line for Jason.

## EXT. DIRT ROAD - SAME

Jason tears down the road. He hears gun fire. The horse stumbles but gains its feet and bursts into a run.

JASON

Come on boy! Come on!

In seconds the Willys is behind him. Too close!

JASON draws his pistol, turns in the saddle and fires off six rounds.

## TRUCK CAB

The driver's eyes flare as bullets pepper the windshield. He slows down as the terrorists standing in the

## TRUCK BED

pound on the roof demanding more speed.

JASON sees a cloth tied to a shrub and instantly veers off the road and jumps a narrow

## ARROYO

When he looks back the Willys is stuck again but shifting into reverse.

JASON quickly dismounts and fires a rifle round into the radiator of the Willys.

## TRUCK

A heavy slug clunks into the radiator.

(CONTINUED)

The terrorists grinds the gears, and get unstuck.

JASON starts to remount but sees blood on the flank of the horse.

He wipes it with his hand and then sees a bullet wound.

JASON

Sorry, buddy. But you got to give  
me all you've got left.

JASON remounts and puts the horse into a gallop back onto the

EXT. ROAD

The truck resumes pursuit.

Two miles in the distance, Jason sees the ridge with the distinctive rock outcropping. He spurs the horse into one last run.

At full speed, he passes a shrub with another strip of cloth tied to it.

Jason instantly turns off the road. The horse is bleeding along the flank but its hooves cut deep into the desert sand.

DESERT

A few seconds later, the horse stumbles badly.

Jason spurs the horse again. It picks up speed for several hundred yards.

He passes another piece of cloth and then the horse crumbles to its knees. Jason is thrown head first bouncing and rolling into the sand.

JASON staggers to his feet, takes the rifle and the saddlebags from the dying horse.

He runs up a hill, a hill mostly devoid of brush.

EXT. HILL

At the crest of the hill he frantically starts to dig with his rifle butt.

He pauses and sees the Willys back down the road. A geyser of steam shoots into the dry air.

(CONTINUED)

The doors of the truck are wide open but no terrorists are in sight.

Jason scans his perimeter. He sees he has the high ground but now digs even faster.

EXT. FOXHOLE

He lays in the depression, watching as he continues to dig and piles rocks around it.

Sand mixes with the sweat and sticks to his face. In the silence the sun beats down. He reloads his pistol.

Through the heat waves, he can see the ridge with the distinctive rock formation. It is a half mile away.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. FOX HOLE - LATE AFTERNOON

Jason hears pebbles rattle around him several times. He wipes the sand and sweat from his eyes but can see nothing.

He listens. The rocks roll from three different directions. He is being surrounded!

EXT. HILLSIDE - SAME

A terrorist is creeping on all fours. He is working his way closer to the foxhole.

He places his hand down. A trap snaps, crushing his fingers between the steel jaws.

The terrorist lunges to his feet screaming. The trap and chain dangle from his girating hand.

FOXHOLE

Jason snaps a shot, center-mass, at the terrorists.

HILLSIDE

A heavy slug, zzzzip--thuds into the terrorist's chest, throwing him backward as if jerked by a rope.

JASON (O.S)  
That's for my truck.

EXT. FOX HOLE - MINUTES LATER

A gentle wind begins to stir. Jason hears more rocks rattling.

He catches a glimpse of someone. Then he sees a flicker of another man running in a different direction. They are coming!

Jason shoves his hand into his saddlebags and grabs a stick of dynamite. The wind increases.

JASON

Five seconds. No more.

Bending low, Jason lays the dynamite and fuse on the butt of his rifle.

He cuts the fuse short with his pocket knife and fingers a packet of matches from his shirt pocket.

From three different directions, three figures rise from the brush and start charging toward Jason.

They open fire with their weapons as they close in, strafing the entire perimeter of the foxhole.

Jason kneels and bends as low as he can get.

He strikes a match. The wind blows it out. Jason whips off his hat and covers the dynamite.

Fumbling, he rips out another match and strikes it.

Bullets kick sand all round him. Sand is raining down and into his face.

UNDER HAT

The second match, under the hat, ignites. The fuse bursts into a sputtering flame.

JASON

Bastards! This is for my horse.

Jason slings the dynamite over and up then flattens himself in the foxhole and covers his ears.

A deafening shock wave blasts a wall of crimson mist (what's left of terrorist three), sand and debris harmlessly over the foxhole.

Jason throws himself over the edge of the foxhole.

(CONTINUED)

With rifle and saddlebags, he gains his feet and runs down the hill heading for the rocky ridge.

## RIDGE SLOPE

Behind him, firing erupts. A bullet rips across his back burning him like a hot iron.

He corkscrews to the ground and loses his grip on the rifle as he spins and falls.

Jason scrambles back to his feet. Dodging bullets, there is no chance to locate the rifle.

Hunched over, Jason hurdles over boulders and zig-zags around junipers and sage as he runs farther down the ridge.

Out of breath and out of range, Jason struggles up the next hill to the brush-covered ridge.

## EXT. ROCKY RIDGE

Jason uncovers a cached canteen and slams it down between gasps of air.

## ROCKY RIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Jason checks his pistol and spins the cylinder. He leans back against a rock and winces.

He looks and sees his blood smeared on the rock.

He is still sucking wind when he sees two figures working their way up the ridge below him.

Instead of moving stealthily, the two are at ease as they come closer.

In addition to their automatic weapons, Jason sees one is confidently carrying his lost rifle.

## BASE OF RIDGE

## TERRORIST FOUR

Hear me, Jason Burkhart. You are to be executed for the murder of our brothers of Greater Syria. Your death will strike fear into the hearts of all infidels.

## ROCKY RIDGE

JASON

Is that so? You're the ones  
that're trapped in the desert with  
no hope of escape.

Bullets erupt, slapping the rocks near Jason and rattling the branches above his head.

On all fours, Jason crawls into the thick brush and rocks that line the ridge.

## BASE OF RIDGE

TERRORIST FIVE

Our deaths mean nothing. Your land  
will be stained with our blood but  
it will run deep with yours.

## BRUSH - MINUTES LATER

Jason hears the crunch of boots grinding sand. He takes out his pistol and listens as the steps pass by him.

Muffled voices are heard for another minute.

Jason then hears branches snapping. Moments later he smells smoke. Soon he hears the roar of the flames.

In seconds, walls of flame are surrounding him. The heat stings his skin.

JASON

No more hiding! No more  
running! It's over. Time to let the  
fat lady to sing!

Jason grabs a large rock and tosses it in an arc farther down the brush. Grasping the saddlebags, Jason cocks his pistol.

## BRUSH LILNE

A terrorist goes toward the sound of the rock crashing.

Jason charges out of the brush, lunges through a wall of flame and lands on his feet.

## OPEN RIDGE

(CONTINUED)

Jason sees a terrorist through the smoke and flame. Jason aims dead center between the man's shoulder blades.

The terrorist suddenly turns just in time to see Jason blast a slug through his heart.

ANOTHER BLAST explodes behind, Jason. Instinctively, he twists and dives to his right.

Jason comes up on one knee ready to fire.

Instead of the last terrorist, Jason sees the sheriff. He is wearing a metal knee brace and pointing a shotgun at Jason.

Between Jason and the sheriff, the last terrorist is sprawled face down with his bloody back shredded by buckshot.

Jason rises slowly to his feet. The sheriff's shotgun stays trained on Jason.

BOB

His eyes flicker. His finger tightens on the trigger of his shotgun.

JASON

You can explain my death, Muller,  
but not if I'm full of buckshot.

The terrorist lying between them twitches. Bob swears and blasts the corps again.

BOB

(to Jason)

Damn you to hell, anyway!

Bob slowly lowers the shotgun but only slightly.

BOB

I came out here to take you in. I  
got the papers now.

Jason holsters his pistol.

JASON

Now you'll be on their list. And  
once you're on it, you can't get  
off.

BOB

What list. What are you trying to  
pull now?

(CONTINUED)

Jason points to the body lying between them.

JASON

The same list I'm on. You killed one of them. And you'll get credit for it in the media...just like I did.

The sheriff lowers his shotgun completely.

BOB

So?

JASON

So, we better not stand out here in the open. There's more of them out there somewhere.

BOB

There were. You left a trail behind you a blind man could follow. Horses and men - or what's left of 'em.

JASON

How'd you get here, ride or drive?

BOB

The Blazer.

Bob chews on the inside of his cheek for a moment.

BOB

What are you thinking?

JASON

Go back and get the bodies and bring them here.

BOB

Hell, one of 'em's in pieces. What'd you do to him?

JASON

Never mind. Use a body bag. Don't leave any parts that can be identified.

BOB

I'm not digging any graves.

EXT. ROCKY RIDGE - LATE AFTERNOON

The sheriff drives up to where Jason is waiting. The ashes of the brushfire are smoldering.

JASON  
(pointing)  
Put it in reverse and back it up  
there.

Jason points to a gaping hole in the side of the ridge.

JASON  
They go in there with the others.  
And all their weapons, too.

EXT. MINE SHAFT - SAME

Jason and Bob drag the bodies and two body bags into the mine. They come out into the sunlight.

BOB  
We going to bury them or what?

JASON  
Sort of. Move the Blazer back.

BOB  
For what?

JASON  
Dynamite.

BOB  
Dynamite! So that's what happened  
to that guy. Serves 'em right.

JASON  
Yeah. But at least they had the  
guts to come at me in a standup  
fight. You got to give them that.

Jason takes out a stick of dynamite. Bob gets in the Blazer.

BOB  
I'll buy this shoot, shovel and  
shut-up business, but you're still  
under arrest.

Jason lights the fuse.

(CONTINUED)

JASON

Whatever.

The Blazer roars off. Jason tosses the dynamite and runs horizontally from the shaft and then dives to the ground.

The explosion shakes the desert floor and blasts a pillar of dust high into the cloudless sky.

Jason dusts himself off and walks down to the

BLAZER

The sheriff draws his pistol and levels it at Jason.

BOB

I'll take your pistol now.

JASON

I suppose it would look better, at that. We have company.

Jason points to a black speck in the sky. A drum-like rumbling begins to reverberate across the desert.

BOB

What now?

Jason drops his pistol in the sand. The sheriff cuffs Jason's hands behind his back.

A HELICOPTER circles several times and then lands in a storm of sand.

TWO MEN in dark business suits get out carrying assault weapons. The cockpit door opens and Kimberly hops out.

She runs to Jason and throws her arms around him.

KIMBERLY

Thank God you're alright. I was so afraid.

VAN DYKE

Hello, Jason Burkhart. We finally meet.

BOB

Who the hell are you?

VAN DYKE

FBI Special Agent in charge, Van Dyke. We were looking all over for you and then we saw the explosion.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Well, you're too late. I've already made the arrest.

Van Dyke looks at the burnt brush and the smoldering ashes.

VAN DYKE

Have a fire?

BOB

(long beat)

He was hiding in the brush. I had to burn him out.

KIMBERLY

You what!

BOB

Well, he had a gun.

KIMBERLY

Is that true, Jason?

JASON

I better take the fifth on that.

Van Dyke stares at the mouth of the collapsed mine shaft. A wisp of smoke escapes through the debris.

VAN DYKE

By the way, your friend, Morgan has some loose teeth but he'll be fine.

JASON

Morgan is alive?

KIMBERLY

I was out checking my fences when I saw Trouble run by and...

JASON

Trouble?

KIMBERLY

Yes. I called him and he came up to me. I could tell he was scared so I started over. That's when I found Morgan lying the side of the road. When he came to, we decided to call Agent Van Dyke.

Van Dyke looks down and picks up a casing from an automatic weapon. He smells it, then tosses it into the smouldering brush.

(CONTINUED)

VAN DYKE

NSA took over the case. I think they decided to let the terrorists have you. Some thought that might avoid an all out terrorist campaign. NSA told us to back off like they did the press.

KIMBERLY

But things changed after you shot up those cameras and ran off the reporters. What you did and said changed a lot of minds.

BOB

What are you getting at, Van Dyke?

VAN DYKE

What it boils down to...Sheriff... is that you can take the cuffs off him. He's in Federal custody, now.

Bob jerks the keys from his pocket and tosses them at Van Dyke's feet.

BOB

He's your prisoner. You take 'em off.

Bob gets in his Blazer and slams the door. He guns the engine and a speeds off as Van Dyke uncuffs Jason.

VAN DYKE

I'll be over at the helicopter.

KIMBERLY

Everything is going to be alright.

JASON

Kimberly, how can it be? They know who I am. They won't give up. I could never be sure...

Kimberly puts her fingers to Jason's lips.

KIMBERLY

There's a program for you, Jason. You'll get a new identity. A new beginning.

JASON

I can't have that and stay around here. I was sort of hoping my new beginning was going to include you.

(CONTINUED)

Kimberly puts her arms around Jason and kisses him.

KIMBERLY

I was hoping you would feel that way. So, how do you feel about Colorado?

JASON

Colorado?

KIMBERLY

That's where the cows will be.

JASON

I'm not following you.

KEMBERLY

Don't worry. You won't have to follow me. We'll go together.

JASON

Where?

KIMBERLY

To Colorado, my dear. My uncle has been wanting me to take over his ranch for years. We can start over...together.

JASON

(long beat)

Changing my name. That will take some getting used to.

KIMBERLY

Us women do it all the time.

JASON

And what would my new name be?

KIMBERLY

How do you feel about Whitney?

Jason puts his arms around Kimberly and pulls her close.

JASON

I liked that name the first time I heard it.

DISSOLVE TO :

EXT. MEXICAN BORDER TOWN CANTINA - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Several old cars are parked outside the cantina. Among them is a new, black SUV.

INT. MEXICAN CANTINA - SAME

In a darkened corner, TWO MEN sit at a table. One man wears a business suit, one wears farmworker type clothes. Their faces are obscured.

MAN IN SUIT

It took some digging but you're right. He's still alive.

The man reaches inside his coat pocket and takes out an envelope. He slides it across the table. Imprinted on the envelope the return address reads "U. S. Marshals Service".

The hand of the farmworker reaches out and takes the envelope. The farmworker is Akram.

AKRAM

Allah u Akbar.

The man in the suit puts on a pair of sunglasses and readies to leave.

MAN IN SUIT

Masha'allah.

FADE OUT.

THE END