

COWBOY NIGHTS

by
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"Cowboy Nights"

FADE IN:

EXT. SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO -- MORNING

The sun rises behind a beat up red Bronco, held together with chewing gum and duct tape as it speeds down a stretch of highway in the middle of nowhere. Kicking up dust.

The Bronco pulls onto a driveway, carved wood sign on the fence says: Owens Ranch - Horses Boarded, Stalls For Rent.

EXT. OWENS RANCH -- DAY

The red Bronco skids to a stop next to an orange Lamborghini in front of a huge ranch house with stables. Door opens and DUSTY MILLS rolls out - not bad looking guy somewhere in his thirties, born to wear a cowboy hat and boots.

Doesn't get but halfway to the house before the door opens and PAUL OWENS steps out.

DUSTY

What you got for me?

OWENS

Jack McGiver, in from Hollywood, wants to ride the North Trail. After that you can muck the stalls.

DUSTY

Shit.

OWENS

Yeah - the stalls are full of it.

DUSTY

McGiver probably is, too.

Dusty heads to the stables, Owens ducks back inside.

EXT. STABLES -- DAY

Dusty leads a pair or saddled horses out of the Stables, to where JACK MCGIVER, famous movie star, waits impatiently. McGiver is about five years past his Hollywood pull date - plastic surgery, hair plugs, dye job, big fake teeth smile.

MCGIVER

Ready for this, Big Guy?

DUSTY

Your horse. Stormy. Haven't ridden her for a while.

MCGIVER

No breaks for a busy man.

McGiver takes the reins, doesn't touch the horse.

Dusty rubs the snout of the other horse, blows on its nose.
Puts a foot in the stirrup, swings up and into the saddle.
Rubs his horse behind the ears.

McGiver puts his foot in the stirrup, tries to pull his horse down to him. The horse jerks away.

DUSTY

Easy, there.

MCGIVER

I could use some help.

DUSTY

Just swing yourself up.

McGiver tries again, jerking on the reins to show the horse who's boss. The horse pulls away again. He YANKS the reins. The horse bucks away.

MCGIVER

Stay still, damnit!

McGiver yanks the reins HARD - trying to bring the horse's face to his. The horse rears up, reins slipping through McGiver's hands.

Dusty swings off his horse. Grabs the flying reins.

DUSTY

Hey, easy now. Easy.

The horse calms down.

MCGIVER

What the hell did you do to my horse?

DUSTY

Fed it, brushed it, cleaned out her stall. Took care of her.

MCGIVER

Made it forget who the hell's in charge.

McGiver snatches the reins from Dusty, yanks on the horse.

Dusty takes a moment.
Then punches McGiver HARD in the face.
Knocking him on his ass.

Takes the reins and rubs the horse's nose.

DUSTY

Not your fault your owner's a fucking asshole.

McGiver sits up, blubbering and holding his bloody nose.

MCGIVER

You son of a bitch, you broke my nose. Do you know who I am? I get twenty million a film! I'll have your ass.

Dusty takes a step toward him. McGiver scrambles away like a crab.

DUSTY

You ever mistreat this or any other horse again, I'll find you and tear that nose right off your face.

Dusty takes the reins and leads the horses back to the stable.

EXT. OWENS RANCH -- DAY

Dusty gets halfway to his Bronco when Owens steps out.

OWENS

Dusty? Where's McGiver?

DUSTY

Got himself a nosebleed. Called off the ride. Might need a doctor.

OWENS

Those stalls still need mucked...

DUSTY

Well, you better get yourself a shovel, 'cause I quit.

Climbs in the Bronco. Starts it up and tears out of there.

INT. FURNISHED ROOM -- DAY

Dusty packs his bags. Not much to pack.

A week's worth of clothes, some rodeo trophies, a college diploma, photo of a younger Dusty behind a bar surrounded by college girls, a sleeping bag and a box of junk.

Dusty takes a final look at the furnished room, leaves.

INT. BRONCO -- DAY

Everything Dusty owns in back. He zooms along the endless highway... going where the sun keeps shining through the pouring rain, where the weather suits his clothes.

EXT. WIDE OPEN HIGHWAY -- DAY

The Bronco zooms down the highway in the middle of nowhere.

Railroad tracks nearby...

An Amtrak train zooms past the Bronco, heading to Albuquerque.

INT. BRONCO -- DAY

Eventually he passes a sign announcing: Albuquerque 15 miles.
Where the weather suits his clothes.

EXT. CENTRAL AVE, ALBUQUERQUE -- DAY

The Bronco parks and Dusty rolls out to the sidewalk.

A dozen bars and night clubs litter the street.
Dusty wanders down the sidewalk, looking for an open bar.

EXT. MUSTANG SALLY'S NIGHT CLUB -- DAY

Dusty passes the Night Club.
In one of the windows is a cardboard sign.

ON THE SIGN: "Help Wanted: Bartender, experienced only."

Looks dark inside. He pushes the door... it opens.

INT. MUSTANG SALLY'S NIGHT CLUB -- DAY

The place is empty. Vacant. Dusty looks around.

An urban cowboy bar. Rustic bare wood, horse tack and saddles hanging on the walls. Rodeo posters. A DJ booth above the dance floor, a pair of mechanical bulls.

DUSTY moves up to the bar and runs a hand across the wood.

BOB (O.S.)
Can I help you, buddy?

Dusty spins to see BOB VOIGHT standing directly behind him.

BOB is a big guy in a loud print shirt and cowboy hat with matching loud print band. Eyes are surrounded by wrinkles from his perpetual smile. In his right hand is a gun.

DUSTY
Here about the bartender job.

BOB
Bob Voight, Head Bartender.

DUSTY
Dusty Mills.

Dusty starts to reach across the bar to shake with Bob, but realizes the smiling man still has the gun in his hands.

BOB

Guy walks in when we're closed, gotta wonder what he's after.

Bob puts the gun back behind the bar.

DUSTY

Just a job. No trouble.

BOB

Sign says: Experienced Only. You tended bar before?

DUSTY

Yeah.

BOB

Swell. Where'd you work?

DUSTY

Just got into town today.

BOB

Where you from?

Dusty looks at Bob and lies.

DUSTY

Austin.

BOB

Where'd you work down there? Sterling's club? Name some of the places you worked over the past couple years, I'll see if I heard of them.

Dusty's voice turns cold.

DUSTY

Look, the sign says Experienced Bartender. I've got experience. Why all the questions?

BOB

Buddy, chill out. What? You get fired at your last job?

DUSTY

Something like that.

Bob laughs.

BOB

I like that, you don't take shit. Let me talk to the boss, try to get you a job.

Bob moves out from behind the bar and disappears through the door marked "Office".

Bob reappears a moment later with BARNARD NILES, a hard looking man about the same size as Dusty, in a western cut suit, sporting a black patch over his left eye. An undercurrent of danger, as if he might do something cruel.

BOB

This is the guy...

Dusty is more interested in Niles's wife. Tall and sexy in an off the shoulder white gown that hugs every curve, SYLVIA NILES is the type of woman a man would kill for.

When Dusty looks at Sylvia, the sparks of attraction are hot enough to light a fire.

Bob nods to Dusty.

BOB

Says he's an experienced bartender, but doesn't want to give work history.

NILES

Well, Mister....

DUSTY

Dusty, Dusty Mills.

NILES

What's in a Sex-On-The-Beach?

DUSTY

Vodka, Peach Schnapps, and Cranberry juice.

NILES

A Beachcomber?

DUSTY

Rum, triple sec, lime juice, and Maraschino.

NILES

A Nightshade?

DUSTY

Bourbon, vermouth, OJ, and Chartreuse. The yellow kind. Do I pass the test?

Niles gives a cold smile.

NILES

Not yet. Mix me a martini.

Dusty moves behind the bar and begins mixing a Martini.

DUSTY

You know, a lot of people think the Martini is an East Coast drink. Or maybe European. But the Martini was invented in Martinez, California. Little town near Oakland..

NILES

I knew that.

Niles's voice is tinged in ice.

DUSTY

Trying to make conversation.

NILES

Just make the drink.

Dusty finishes shaking the Martini. He pours it into a pair of glasses and hands one to Niles, and one to Sylvia.

When she takes the glass, her hand touches Dusty's for a second, and there is a charge of electricity. Almost enough power to light up the chunk of diamond on her wedding ring.

Niles takes a sip, smiles.

NILES

VERY good. How tall are you?

DUSTY

Six two. 'Bout the same height as you.

NILES

You have yourself a job.

DUSTY

When do I start?

NILES

Tonight. Is that soon enough for you?

DUSTY

Appreciate it.

Niles turns and goes back into his office, leaving Sylvia sitting at the bar with a full Martini in front of her.

Bob reaches across the bar to shake Dusty's hand.

BOB
Congratulations - you can call me
"boss". Or, maybe, your highness.

Bob looks down at Dusty's hand.

BOB
Rough hands for a bartender.

DUSTY
What happened to the other guy?

BOB
What other guy?

DUSTY
The guy I'm replacing.

BOB
Oh... He just up and quit.

DUSTY
Didn't like the pay, the hours, the
tips, the clientele?

BOB
No. Just time for him to move on.
Why'd you quit your last job?

DUSTY
Time for me to move on.

Dusty looks at Sylvia.

DUSTY
How is it?

Sylvia takes a sip.

SYLVIA
Just the way my husband likes it.

DUSTY
You don't like it the same way he does?

SYLVIA
I like the red vermouth.

DUSTY
A touch of sweetness.

SYLVIA
And hundred proof vodka.

DUSTY
You like it hot.

SYLVIA
The HOTTER the better.

She puts the olive between her full red lips and slowly pulls the plastic sword from it. Placing the sword next to her empty glass, glides off the stool and returns to the office. Following her husband.

Bob and Dusty watch her leave the room. It takes a moment for them to get conversation back on track.

BOB
I wouldn't mess with her. Not if you want to keep your job.

DUSTY
Thanks for the advice.

BOB
Got a place to stay?

DUSTY
Not yet. Passed a motel on my way into town with a \$285 weekly.

BOB
Got a spare room at my place - room mate split. Six hundred a month, you can bunk with me.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Dusty drops his bags on the floor, Bob flips on the lights.

BOB
The boss gives a great quiz, doesn't he? What do you call vodka, orange juice, and milk of magnesia? A PHILIPS screw-driver.

Bob laughs as he crosses to the spare room.

BOB'S APARTMENT is furnished in Cost Plus Import wicker and palm tree. Portable bar, big screen TV, a wall of stereo equipment. A ceiling fan whirs overhead.

Bob opens the door of the other bedroom and gestures inside.

BOB
Have to clean the place up a little bit. That couch folds into a bed.

IN THE BEDROOM

Dusty looks around the room - some stray pieces of furniture in addition to the sofa bed... Plus a fairly new TV, a CD player, a box of junk just like his.

Some clothes in the closet.

DUSTY

What happened to your roommate?

BOB

For a guy who doesn't like answering questions, you sure ask a lot of them.

Dusty look at the box of junk: a high school diploma and family photos. As if the guy left everything he had behind.

DUSTY

Maybe the guy wants to come back for his stuff. Not looking for any future altercations.

Bob grabs the box from the floor before Dusty looks too close.

BOB

He ain't coming back. He's the guy you're replacing at Sally's.

DUSTY

He have a girlfriend?

BOB

Why?

DUSTY

I get his job, some of his clothes, and his room...

BOB

Gotta get your own girl.

Dusty dumps his stuff in the room as Bob takes the box into the living room.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

BOB

What do you get if you mix Chivas Regal and Heinz steak sauce? A 57 Chivy.

DUSTY

Where's the bathroom?

Bob pops open the door to the bathroom.

BOB

Through here. Towels are in the closet.

DUSTY

Thanks.

Dusty grabs a towel and closes the bathroom door behind him.

LATER

Dusty comes out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped around him, hair wet. Looks for the box of junk - it's gone. Nowhere in the living room. Dusty grabs his bag.

BOB

Where'd you get the rough hands? Making license plates out at San Quentin?

DUSTY

Working at a dude ranch. Takin' movie stars and millionaires trail riding.

BOB

Real cowboy, huh?

DUSTY

Got another one of those?

BOB

Yeah.

Bob pulls out a beer and uses an old fashioned opener mounted on the wall to pop it, before handing the bottle to Dusty.

Dusty takes a sip, nods thanks, goes to his bedroom to dress.

IN THE BEDROOM

Dusty pulls clothes from his bags. Hangs some things in the closet, puts others in the drawers.

BOB (O.S.)

Let me give you a couple of pointers. First: Stay clear of Arlene, the head waitress. She looks great, but trust me, she's got sharp teeth between both sets of lips.

Takes a moment to study the last guy's clothes. His size, they fit perfectly, but not his style at all.

BOB (O.S.)

Second: You got any trouble, call for Woodsie, the bouncer. He gets paid for taking the punches.

None of the other guy's clothes look old, none are torn or frayed or worn out in any way that would have you leave them behind. A leather biker jacket looks brand new.

BOB (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Third: Card everyone. We get lots of kids in there from the college and we don't want to lose our license.

Dusty puts the last guys clothes back in the closet.

BOB (CONT'D)

Not to mention, you get six months in jail if you serve 'em.

Dusty finishes dressing, wondering about the last guy.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Bob looks at the closed bedroom door...

BOB

Hey, maybe you've been there before?

The door opens and Dusty comes out wearing a white shirt and black dress slacks. Cowboy hat on his head, beer in hand.

DUSTY

Can we get something straight, here?
My past life is dust on the road.

BOB

Sure thing.

DUSTY

I'm just a bartender. Minding my own business, trying to get my life back on track. Okay?

BOB

Sure.

Bob smiles and holds his beer bottle out in toast.

BOB

To free drinks and all the pussy you can eat.

Clink bottles and chug their beers.

INT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- NIGHT

Dusty sets a pair of beer bottles down in front of a customer.

DUSTY

Here you go.

Sally's is hopping tonight. A crowd of Urban Cowboys in their twenties and thirties dance, drink, and make out to the blaring country western from the DJ booth.

DUSTY AND BOB mix drinks at high speed. Dusty juggles the bottles as he mixes, like in "Cocktail". He's good at it, and in no time his tip jar is overflowing. Most of Dusty's customers are attractive women, drawn to his good looks.

DUSTY
Here you go, ladies.

A pair of GIRLS in cowboy hats giggle, leave with drinks.

Dusty look up from his work, spotting Sylvia across the room. He smiles at her. She returns the smile, then turns away.

BOB
Who you smiling at?

DUSTY
Just happy to be working.

WOODSIE, an ex-linebacker, dressed in a bright cowboy outfit complete with frills which fail to hide his rippling muscles.

BOB
Woodsie! This is Dusty - new bartender.

When Dusty reaches across the bar to shake hands with Woodsie, notices the 45 Automatic holstered under the bouncer's lapel.

DUSTY
Why the hardware? Afraid the customers are going to revolt?

WOODSIE
All customers are revolting.

DUSTY
You're not afraid someone's going to grab it from you in a scuffle?

WOODSIE
Would you like to try?

Dusty laughs at Woodsie, then the rush of customers resumes.

BOB AND DUSTY work the bar at high speed. Dusty juggles the bottles like a pro, smiling and flirting with the girls.

DUSTY
Melon Marguerita for the sweet lady.

CUSTOMER
Laura.

The CUSTOMER takes the drink, puts a ten in the tip jar.

Bob jokes with the customers.

BOB
Fuzzy Navel, huh? I got some Nair behind the counter, here, and I'd be happy to apply it for you.

The GIRL giggles.

BOB

You want the DRINK Fuzzy Navel? Coming right up.

He mixes the drink, smiles at the next pretty GIRL in line.

BOB

And what can I do for you?

GIRL

Sex On The Beach, please.

BOB

Maybe when I get off. Can I get you anything to DRINK?

A cocktail waitress, ARLENE, comes to Dusty's station with a drink order. A sex goddess whose D cups runneth over. Bright red lipstick and fingernails give her a predator look.

ARLENE

Two Modelos, a strawberry marguerita, and a rum and Coke.

Dusty takes one look at her, and is in love. From the waist down.

DUSTY

Don't think we've been introduced. I'm Dusty.

He reaches across the bar to shake. She ignores him.

ARLENE

My customers are waiting.

Dusty lowers his hand, gets her drink order.

DUSTY

There you go.

When Arlene leaves, Bob pops over.

BOB

See you met Arlene.

DUSTY

Not a dog, but still a bitch.

BOB

She thinks the bar revolves completely around her... but we know that's not true - it really revolves around me.

Dusty laughs, goes back to high speed drink mixing.

The music stops and the DJ makes an announcement.

DJ
All contestants for Mustang Sally's
Bikini Bull Riding Contest, get ready.
Your chance to win five hundred dollars
is coming up after the next song.

The music resumes, people begin grabbing seats around the two mechanical bulls near the back wall.

A pretty, freckled, girl next door, JENNIFER LEWIS, grabs an empty bar stool at Dusty's station.

JENNIFER
Hi.

DUSTY
What can I get for you?

JENNIFER
A strawberry daiquiri, please.

DUSTY
Coming right up.

Dusty mixes and sets the glass on a coaster in front of her

When the song ends, a half dozen HOT GIRLS in Mustang Sally robes have gathered near the mechanical bulls.

DJ
Let me introduce our six contestants
in tonight's contest!

As he introduces the girls, they step foreword for a moment. The crowd yells and applauds.

DJ
Mary. Lisa. Debbie. Lorna. Peggy.
And returning champ Ruth. One of these
pretty girls will go home tonight with
five hundred dollars.

Everybody applauds the girls.

DJ
Our regular judges! Your favorite
bartender, Bob Voight! Mustang Sally's
head of promotions: W.C.Maxwell!

Bob and MAXWELL sit in two chairs, the crowd cheering each of them. The DJ smiles and looks around the crowded room.

DJ
And.... YOU.

He points at GARY drinking a beer with two FRIENDS. His friends pat him on the back and push him to the third chair.

Gary sits in the third chair, leering at the six girls. The DJ brings the microphone over.

DJ
What's your name?

GARY
Gary Johnson.

DJ
Gary, you know the rules: Ten points for every second the contestant stays in the saddle plus up to 20 points for style. Remember - keep your eyes open.

This gets a laugh.

DJ
Would you like a pen to take notes?

GARY
No...

BOB
He wants to keep his hands free!

Bob gets a laugh.

DJ
Our first contestant: Marvelous Mary!

Mary takes off her robe, does a spin so the crowd can see her bikini (they cheer) then she mounts the mechanical bull and hangs on for dear life as the thing begins bucking like crazy. She can only hold on with one hand...

Doesn't take long for her to hit the padding.

Everyone cheers. The DJ records the time from the big red LED behind the bulls on a chalkboard.

DJ
Seven point three. That's the time to beat. Judges?

Bob and Maxwell and Gary hold up scores from 1-20 for style.

DJ
The two contestants with the highest scores will ride head-to-head in the buck off - winner earns \$500 and is qualified for the championship with a five thousand dollar prize!

(MORE)

DJ (CONT'D)

(cheers)

Next up is Lovely Lisa!

Lisa drops her robe, does a spin, and mounts the bull.

EACH CONTESTANT gets her chance to ride: DEBBIE, LORNA, PEGGY and buff RUTH. All are bucked off. Some bounce out of their bikini tops and require post-ride bikini adjustments.

Gary tries to grab some of the girls - playing to his friends. Bob gestures for him to keep back.

BOB

Just use your eyes. Keep your hands to yourself.

Gets a laugh.

AS THE CONTEST GOES ON, Dusty looks over the bar at Jennifer.

DUSTY

Why aren't you out there?

JENNIFER

I couldn't. I could do the riding part. Had horses all my life. But the bikini? Flirting with the judges?

DUSTY

Too shy?

JENNIFER

Maybe.

DUSTY

Dusty Mills.

They shake hands.

JENNIFER

Jennifer Lewis.

DUSTY

What kind of horse?

JENNIFER

Just an old paint.

DUSTY

I used to ride quarters. Dopey dude ranch up in Santa Fe. Mostly I mucked stalls for movie stars. Show business.

Jennifer laughs. A sweet, innocent laugh.

THE CONTEST is down to the "buck off" - RUTH vs. LORNA - two hot women mount the two mechanical bulls.

DJ

Rowdy Ruth is going head to head with luscious Lorna in the Buck Off. Ladies - Mount Up! And... Ride!

The two women ride the bucking mechanical bulls - neither getting knocked off.

DJ

There are points for style, points for the bikini, and points for...

Lorna gets knocked off seconds before the buzzer.

DJ

This one is too close to call. Judges?

The three judges confer, comparing notes to reach a decision.

DJ

As our judges compare notes on who is the best rider, let me tell you about some of the other activities at Sally's. Tuesday is two for one drink night. Wednesday is ladies night. Thursday is our square dance contest. And EVERY Saturday is Bikini Bull Riding!

Gary hands the DJ a freshly sealed envelope.

DJ

Thank you. And the winner is... Ruth!

Everyone applauds as Ruth dances out to the DJ in her bikini and accepts her five crisp hundred dollar bills.

Gary grabs Ruth and plants a big juicy kiss on her - grabbing her ass along the way. Gary's two friends hoot. Ruth pushes Gary away roughly. Gary takes a step towards her, but Woodsie gets in his way.

WOODSIE

Judging's over - go back to your table.

Gary gives Woodsie his toughest look, then walks away.

BOB slips back behind the bar.

BOB

Hard work.

DUSTY

Yeah?

BOB

I was working, I got hard. What else would you call it?

Dusty laughs, then the drink rush resumes... no time to flirt with Jennifer.

Gary and his Friends come up to the bar to order.

GARY

Three Turtle Mountains.

DUSTY

You know, it's a good idea to ask a stranger before you grab her ass.

GARY

Just give me the beers and butt out.

DUSTY

Maybe you should apologize to her.

GARY

Look, asshole, you seem to be forgetting your purpose in life. You're supposed to serve me.

DUSTY

I think I'm cutting you off.

Gary and his two Friends LUNGE across the bar, attacking Dusty. Dusty slams Gary in the face with his cocktail shaker, elbows one of the Friends in the nose, and takes a hit from the other. A crazy ragged skirmish that doesn't last long...

The two Friends get yanked off the bar top... then, just as Gary is about to slam Dusty in the face, he gets yanked away. Dropped to the floor... Woodsie standing behind him.

Gary looks up at Woodsie... sees the holstered gun.

WOODSIE

You heard the man, you've had enough.

Gary reaches up for the gun...

Woodsie grabs his wrist, twists, and pulls Gary to his feet.

WOODSIE

Now get going, before the going gets rough.

GARY

(to Dusty)

You can't hide behind that bar forever. Sometime, when you aren't lookin'...

Woodsie gives him a shove toward the doors.

Gary gives Dusty a final, fatal, look...
Then leaves with his Friends.

DUSTY

Thanks.

WOODSIE

Sometimes you need to let the assholes
be assholes.

DUSTY

Never learned how to do that.

WOODSIE

Try it, you'll live longer.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Niles silhouetted in the office doorway, watching Dusty.
Sylvia beside him.

NILES

No self control.

SYLVIA

He's passionate.

NILES

I'd rather he were tame.

DUSTY AND BOB mix drinks at high speed. At one point, Bob
and Dusty toss bottles to each other from opposite sides of
the bar, while juggling them and mixing drinks. PRETTY GIRLS
waiting to flirt with Dusty.

SYLVIA

He's good for business. He attracts
the women. They bring in the men.

NILES

You find him attractive?

A trick question, and Sylvia knows it.

SYLVIA

He has a way about him.

NILES

Not sure I trust him, lover.

SYLVIA

Maybe he skims a little. Don't they
all? Long as he brings in the business.

Niles doesn't seem to agree.

Sylvia remains in the doorway, as Niles crosses the crowded dance floor to Woodsie stands.

NILES

Keep your eye on the new bartender.

WOODSIE

Think he needs breaking?

NILES

Let him run wild, see what happens.

Niles turns to look at Sylvia, but she's gone.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Morning has broken... a few hours ago. Bartenders tend to sleep almost until noon.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Dusty comes out of the kitchenette with his morning coffee, goes into his bedroom to put on a shirt.

IN THE BEDROOM

Dusty grabs a shirt, notices the leather biker's jacket in the closet, wonders about the box of junk.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Behind the building, a pair of garbage dumpsters. Dusty sets his coffee cup down as far from them as possible, then lifts the plastic lid of one. Instantly pulls back, the smell is terrible.

Dusty finds a broken broom handle, uses it to poke through the trash, looking for the box of treasures. Sees a box under some trash bags... but it's the wrong one - full of worn paperback romance novels. Lets the lid drop.

The second dumpster is just as smelly, just as full. But when Dusty pokes around, he finds a box under the garbage. He uses his hands to pull garbage aside, uncovering the box of treasures. Pictures, high school diploma, and...

Is that a wallet? Open with a driver's license showing?

DUSTY

What the hell?

Just as he reaches for it...

A loud grinding noise from behind him.

Dusty spins to see the GARBAGE TRUCK zooming toward him, giant steel arms lowering - at gut level. To pierce him?

Dusty moves aside, as the steel arms hook the dumpster, lift it over the garbage truck's bed, and release the trash... including the box of treasures. Now Dusty will never know the last guy's name, or what other things were in the box.

The empty dumpster returns to the ground, and the truck repositions itself for the next dumpster.

EXT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- DAY

When Dusty comes around from in back of the building, he bumps into Bob, coming home.

DUSTY
Where you been?

BOB
What are we? Married or something?

DUSTY
It's almost one.

BOB
God, you sound just like my ex-wives.
All three of them.

They walk to the apartment front door together.

BOB
You just coming in, too?

DUSTY
Taking out some trash. Clothes from
your old room mate. Hope he didn't
want them.

BOB
Told you - he didn't need any of that
crap. Left it all behind.

DUSTY
Brand new leather jacket worth a few
hundred bucks?

BOB
Yours if you want it.

DUSTY
What kind of guy leaves something like
that behind?

BOB
Do I look like Dr. Phil?

Dusty tries to figure out how to get better answers without losing his room or his job... but they get to the front door, first. Bob and Dusty enter.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Bob heads straight to the kitchenette.

BOB
Jesus, I need a beer.

DUSTY
There's fresh coffee.

BOB (O.S.)
Narrows it down to my first ex-wife.
She always had coffee and questions.

Bob takes a long pull on the beer as he enters and plops down on the sofa. Dusty sips coffee.

BOB
Know that girl that came in second place, Lorna? She was giving me a private performance. Tried to buck her off, but she kept on riding.

DUSTY
Was it over in eight seconds?

BOB
Then I woulda been home early.

Bob tosses the empty bottle into the kitchenette.

IN BOB'S KITCHENETTE

The beer bottle goes through the hoop into the garbage can.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

DUSTY
Two points.

BOB
You didn't score last night? You had a hundred to choose from.

DUSTY
Was a long day. Needed to get to bed.

BOB
None of those girls had beds?

Dusty laughs. Bob grabs another beer.

DUSTY
Maybe I'll get lucky tonight.

Dusty finishes his coffee, sets the cup down...

INT. NILES'S NIGHT CLUB -- NIGHT

A beer is set down on a coaster in front of a CUSTOMER.

The place is packed. DUSTY AND BOB mix drinks at high speed, doing all kinds of Cocktail-like tricks. Female customers tend to flag down Dusty, who flirts with them. Bob doesn't seem to mind the male customers, like the...

DRUNK

Gimme an Alvarado.

The DRUNK puts a \$20 on the counter. Bob gets the beer, pops the cap, takes the \$20 to the register... comes back and counts back the change.

BOB

Here you go. Beer is six, that's seven, eight, nine, and ten.

The Drink takes the money, leaves a buck for a tip.

Dusty sees this from the other end of the bar... Watching Bob as Dusty serves his cute CUSTOMERS. Bob is stealing money, skimming tips, and pocketing as much money as he can.

SMALL HAT DRUNK

Two shooter of tequila!

Bob fills a couple of shooters, puts them on the bar in front of the drunk with the SMALL HAT and takes his \$20.

BOB

That's eight bucks, nine and ten.

SMALL HAT DRUNK

Gave you a twenty.

BOB

No, was a ten.

Small Hat reaches out to grab Bob. Bob evades, but can't exactly get away - trapped by the bar.

SMALL HAT DRUNK

You owe me ten dollars.

Bob turns to the register, pops it open, laughs.

BOB

My mistake! I put your twenty in the ten slot - right here on top. Here you go, buddy. Sorry about that.

Bob gives Small Hat a ten, and gets the two bucks as a tip... which doesn't go into the tip jar, but Bob's pocket. Bob smiles at the next CUSTOMER in line...

Dusty's tip jar fills.

DUSTY

What can I get for you, darlin'?

CUTE CUSTOMER

Three Appletinis.

DUSTY

All for you?

Dusty flirts as he mixes the drinks and sets them in front of the CUTE CUSTOMER who had two Cute FRIENDS. When Dusty makes change, he doesn't skim anything.

ARLENE taps her tray on the waitress station until Dusty comes over.

ARLENE

Two Cosmos, a Margarita, a Mia Tai,
three Coronas, a Modelo and two
Alvarado.

DUSTY

Got it.

As Dusty mixes the drinks and pops the tops on the beers, he tries to have a conversation with Arlene.

DUSTY

The guy who was here before me?

ARLENE

Which one.

DUSTY

Last one. What do you know about him?

ARLENE

He didn't waste time with a bunch of
questions when he should have been
mixing drinks.

DUSTY

Know why he quit?

ARLENE

Just didn't show up one day. You gonna
get me the beers or do I have to get
them myself?

DUSTY

Know where he worked before this?

ARLENE

Some place in Chicago, where they worked
a hell of a lot faster than you do.

Dusty puts the last beer on the tray, gives her a smile.

DUSTY

There you go.

Arlene takes the tray, Dusty goes back to his line of women.

Bob jokes with his customers, mugging and pulling faces to get a laugh... while he skims his money and steals tips. Dusty smiles and flirts with the dozens of girls in his line.

A MOMENT: Sylvia brushes against Dusty as she checks the register readings. Dusty feels the heat. Sylvia ignores Dusty.

The crowd begins pairing up and leaving, Bob yells:

BOB

Last call for alcohol!

And the lights come up to full power. The bar clears... eventually empty except for the employees.

DUSTY

Who was it who said "All women are beautiful at last call"?

BOB

Wasn't me. Look, I'm headed back over to Lorna's. Can you close up for me?

DUSTY

Sure.

Bob dries his hands, grabs his bag, and exits. Arlene and the other WAITRESS splits their tips and then just split.

Dusty is alone. As he cleans up the bar, Sylvia leaves the office, takes a seat directly in front of him.

SYLVIA

Martini please.

DUSTY

Coming right up, Mrs. Niles.

SYLVIA

Sylvia.

DUSTY

Sylvia.

Flirtation in her tone and his. The way she sits on the bar stool, Dusty gets a generous shot of leg.

Mixes her a martini with Italian vermouth and 100 proof Stoly. Dusty sets the drink in front of her and looks at the light coming from under the office door.

DUSTY
Your husband keeps late hours.

SYLVIA
He likes counting the money. If the building were on fire, he'd keep counting.

She sips the martini, smiles at Dusty.

SYLVIA
That goes down easy.

DUSTY
You like things that go down easy?

SYLVIA
Of course. What do you drink?

DUSTY
Beer.

SYLVIA
As a chaser?

DUSTY
No.

SYLVIA
(smiles)
I've drank beer with lots of chasers.
But I prefer martinis.

She runs a finger over Dusty's hand.

SYLVIA
Why are you alone tonight?

DUSTY
I'm not alone.

Sylvia smiles and moves her face across the bar towards his. Their kiss is passionate, electric, charged with raw sex.

Dusty pulls away, conscious of the light from under the door.

DUSTY
Closing time, I should leave.

SYLVIA
You don't have to. For the next few hours, my husband will be counting.

Dusty looks at the office door and thinks about it.

DUSTY
Good night, Mrs. Niles.

SYLVIA

The offer's open.

The way she says it makes him wonder if more than the offer is open. The light still comes from under the office door.

DUSTY

I better head home, ma'am.

Dusty grabs his coat. Getting out of there before he changes his mind and does something stupid with the boss's wife.

EXT. NILES'S NIGHT CLUB -- NIGHT

Dusty steps out of the club and takes a deep breath. Someone SLAMS him against the wall.

WOODSIE

You should know better.

Woodsie holds him by the lapels against the wall.

DUSTY

I was just talking.

WOODSIE

Stay away from her. You understand?
I like you Dusty, wouldn't want to
have to break your legs.

DUSTY

Look, I was....

Woodsie SLAMS him up against the wall again.

WOODSIE

Do you understand?

DUSTY

Yes.

He lets go of Dusty, then brushes dust from Dusty's coat.

WOODSIE

Sorry. Didn't mean to hurt you. Just
trying to make my point.

He sounds genuinely apologetic, brushing dust from Dusty's coat. Dusty pushes him away and holds up his hands.

DUSTY

I gotta get out of here.

Woodsie watches Dusty turn and walk away from Niles's

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

IN THE BEDROOM

Dusty sits on the sofa-bed, sipping a beer trying to forget about Sylvia. Not as easy as it sounds.

Looks at the ceiling, and knows he's hooked. Sylvia may be trouble, but just the kind of trouble he wants to get in to.

INT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- NIGHT

Thursday night is Square Dance Night. Everyone is decked out in their fancy duds.

Bob and Dusty mix drinks, juggling bottles and even tossing them back and forth to each other the length of the bar. A couple of times Dusty spots Bob pocketing a \$20 bill.

Jenny grabs a stool in Dusty's section.

JENNIFER
Strawberry daiquiri.

DUSTY
How you doing pretty lady?

JENNIFER
Better now.

Dusty mixes the drink and brings it to her...

Just as the DJ stops the music, brings up the lights a little.

DJ
Thursday night is Square Dance night!
So grab your partner and get ready to
dosey-do with caller Randall Rizzo.

The DJ hands the mike to RANDALL, and the music begins.

The crowd at the bar ends up on the dance floor, and Jennifer grabs Dusty's arm.

JENNIFER
Come on, let's dance.

Dusty looks at at the bar, then to Bob.

DUSTY
Cover for me.

BOB
Cover for you? Sure, why not.

Dusty vaults over the bar and takes Jenny to the dance floor. Everyone is paired up, starts dancing when Randall calls.

RANDALL

Bow to your women, bow to your men.

Dusty and Jennifer bow to each other and begin dancing.
Half the patrons are dancing, the other half clap in rhythm.

RANDALL

Take your partner by the hand, circle
left. Turn on around and come on back.
Allemande left and eight chain thru.

As Dusty and Jennifer dance, a MAN in a brand new hat slips
into the bar, face hidden.

RANDALL

Pass to the center and spin the top.
Centers in and cloverleaf. Spin to
the right, roll away, ladies in and
men sashay!

Dusty and Jennifer laugh as the dance, having fun. Neither
notices the MAN in the brand new hat squeezing behind the
crowd clapping, toward Dusty.

RANDALL

Lead to the right and do passo. Square
it grand and circle to line. Dive on
thru then wheel around. Allemande
thar and shoot the star!

Dusty and Jennifer laugh. Everyone is clapping to the music
except the MAN in the brand new hat.

RANDALL

Slip the clutch and right hand wave.
Alamo swing thru and box the gnat.

The MAN in the brand new hat watches Dusty and Jennifer dance,
moving his head up. Under the hat brim - it's GARY.

RANDALL

Couples trade, wheel and deal, circle
right and let 'em squeal!

Gary takes a roll of quarters from his pocket, puts it in
his fist - gambler's brass knuckles.

RANDALL

Sweep a quarter, flutter wheel, spin
around and dance hell to heel. Turn
around and bow back down.

Dusty and Jennifer bow and curtsy as the music ends...
While everyone is clapping, Gary jumps Dusty.

Before Gary can take a swing, Woodsie has him by the collar.
Yanks him away from Dusty.

WOODSIE

You come back for more? Thought we
86ed your ass last time?

Woodsie slaps his hand, forcing him to drop the roll of
quarters. When it hits the floor, it breaks open.

GARY

Son of a bitch.

WOODSIE

You fight here, it's with me.

Gary struggles to get free, can't. Glares at Dusty... then
sees the mechanical bulls on the other side of the club.

GARY

You too chicken to fight, how 'bout we
ride? Them bulls.

DUSTY

What the hell you talking about?

GARY

I get bucked off first, I leave. You
get bucked off first, you leave.

WOODSIE

You don't fire bartenders, the boss
does. Now get out...

Woodsie tries to drag Gary to the doors, but he turns, gets
in Dusty's face before Woodsie can pull him back.

GARY

You're a fucking pussy coward.

DUSTY

Buck off. You and me? Fine.

GARY

Give you four weeks to train... and
find a new job.

WOODSIE

You done? Then wipe.

Woodsie drags Gary out of the club. Gary laughs all the
way... until the doors close behind him. Everyone in Sally's
watches Dusty as he lets go of Jennifer's hand and walks
back to the bar. The DJ pulls the mike from Rusty.

DJ

You heard it! A month from tonight
Mustang Sally's will have the ultimate
buck off! Mano-a-mano. Only one of
these cowboys will be left standing!

Dusty hops over the bar, trying to act calm.

DJ
We now return to square dancing,
previously in progress...

Hands the mike back to Rusty... and the music starts.

Bob moves next to Dusty, speaking confidentially.

BOB
You crazy or something? What happens
if that asshole wins?

DUSTY
Need to find yourself a new room mate.

BOB
Remember, it's here if you need it.

Bob puts something in Dusty's hand... the bar gun. He looks at it for a moment before replacing it under the bar.

DUSTY
I can take care of myself.

Dusty grabs some empties off the bar and chucks them.

INT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- NIGHT

Dusty wipes down the bar. The club is empty and everyone has gone home. Woodsie gives him a wave as he leaves.

Dusty finishes up, hits most of the lights, heads to the back room to punch out.

NILE'S OFFICE DOOR

Open a crack. Niles and Sylvia are inside, counting the day's take. Dusty knocks, the door opens a little more.

DUSTY
Sir, I'm leaving.

NILES counting cash, Sylvia watching... the safe open: plastic wrapped bundles of hundreds inside. Too much money.

DUSTY
Woodsie left a couple minutes ago.

Niles looks up, angry... Sylvia moves to block Dusty's view of the safe - or maybe just block Dusty from entering.

SYLVIA
I'll walk him out and lock up.

She presses Dusty back into the bar.

AT THE BAR

Sylvia leads Dusty away from the office.

SYLVIA
Martini, you know the way I like it.

Dusty almost asks about the money...

DUSTY
Isn't this against the law?

Glances at the clock - after hours - then mixes her a martini, sets it in front of her, grabs a beer for himself.

SYLVIA
My husband thinks you were in prison...

DUSTY
How would you feel about that?

SYLVIA
Curious. Excited.

She takes a sip of her drink.

DUSTY
Ninety days in county for fighting.
Worked a chain gang in Texas.

SYLVIA
Thought those were a thing of the past.

DUSTY
Someone needs to tell Texas.

SYLVIA
Over a woman?

DUSTY
Nothing that romantic. Working a college place in Austin off 6th. Some rich brat kept riding me about my cheap watch, stupid ten dollar Timex my dad gave me.

SYLVIA
And you hit him?

DUSTY
Nope. Took it most of the night, but when he left without tipping me, I called him a cheap bastard. Took three punches from him before I slammed him. Broke his nose in two places.

She pushes her empty glass toward him. He looks at the clock.

SYLVIA
 Past your bed time? You have tomorrow
 off, everyone does.

He mixes another martini for her, grabs another beer.

SYLVIA
 Why didn't they arrest him?

DUSTY
 Ain't as much who starts a fight as
 who finishes it. And I said he was
 rich.

SYLVIA
 He bribed the policeman?

DUSTY
 Police were on my side. So was
 everybody else in that bar, except his
 pals. But he had a high priced lawyer,
 and that beats all the evidence and
 eye witness testimony in the world.

SYLVIA
 That's not fair.

Sylvia moves closer to Dusty, kissing him gently on the lips.
 Dusty tries not to respond, but it's too much for him. This
 woman is sex incarnate.

Soon they are in each other's arms. Touching, holding,
 caressing. The raw passion each of them feel is too strong
 to contain... but the bar keeping them apart.

DUSTY
 No. Not here.

SYLVIA
 Yes. Here. On the bar.

She whispers as she climbs onto the bar and into his arms.
 Dusty looks toward the office door, hesitating.

SYLVIA
 He's busy counting.

DUSTY
 What if...

She stops him with a kiss, reaches down and unzips his pants.
 Dusty unbuttons her blouse with his teeth.

SOON, Sylvia's blouse and panties are on the floor. She and
 Dusty are wrapped inside each other on top of the bar.

As they make love on top of the bar, Dusty looks over his shoulder at the office door. Praying they won't be discovered.

Sylvia changes positions, naked leg hitting her empty martini glass, knocking it to the floor where it shatters. LOUDLY.

DUSTY

Shit.

For a moment they are silent, motionless... looking toward the office door. When Niles doesn't come storming out, Dusty smiles and they resume making love.

SYLVIA'S CLIMAX is frighteningly vocal for the still of the night. Will Niles leave the office and find them?

INT. NILES'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Niles fills his ashtray with the paper straps from the cash bundles and burns them. Then puts the ledgers in the safe, locking it. He hears a noise from the bar.

Almost yells something, but stops.

Looks over the office to make sure everything is ready for tomorrow, then quietly grabs his coat, turns off the lights.

INT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- NIGHT

Niles quietly locks the office door, listening.

He quietly creeps down the short hall to the bar, turning the corner to see...

An empty bar. Sylvia is at the front door, locking it. Fully clothed, though slightly flushed. Hears him and turns.

SYLVIA

Watch your step, I broke a glass.

NILES

Dustin just left?

SYLVIA

Saw you turn out the lights, so I unlocked the door. We are leaving?

He kisses her, sniffing her.

NILES

Of course, lover... You seem to have worked up a sweat.

SYLVIA

Wait until we get home.

Sylvia flirts while trying to keep her distance. Keep him from discovering why she's moist. Niles hits the lights and they leave, locking the door behind them.

EXT. BOB'S APARTMENT - BALCONY -- DAY

The door opens, and Dusty steps onto the balcony behind Bob, who sips a beer and looks down at the swimming pool. Splashing and the occasional giggle of a woman.

BOB
Some view, eh?

DUSTY
Can I ask you something about Sally's?

BOB
Closed today. First Sunday of the month - always closed.

DUSTY
Why?

BOB
Who cares? It's a paid day off. You don't like being paid to do nothing?

Bob hands Dusty his empty, grabs a big cooler and boom-box and heads down to the pool. Dusty follows.

EXT. POOL SIDE -- DAY

CRISTAL, a sexy Black nurse, smiles when she sees Bob.

CRISTAL
Bob!

BOB
Cristal, babe, how they hanging?

Bob looks at her bikini top, appraising the hang.

PAMMY, a shy grocery checker looks from Bob to Dusty.

PAMMY
Who's your friend?

BOB
Pam, my new roommate, Dusty Mills.

Bob introduces the girls, gesturing to each of them.

BOB
Pam, Tina, Beverly, Cristal, and Sandy.

TINA is a good looking single mom, proud of her hard body.

BEVERLY is an intelligent Legal Aid assistant.

SANDY is a snotty fashion model, who lays face down, working on her tan, and ignores Bob and Dusty completely.

Bob sets the cooler down next to the barbecues, pops it open. Beer and hot dogs and burgers and chicken. He starts passing around beers, grabbing one for himself first.

DUSTY

Nice to meet you.

BOB

Dusty's the new bartender at Sally's.

PAMMY

I'll have to visit you at work sometime.

Pammy smiles at Dusty.

BOB

Come down some night, Pammy, I'll give you a screaming orgasm. On the house.

BEVERLY

You're such a pig, Bob.

Bob snorts a couple of times, and all the girls except Sandy laugh. It gets a good response, Bob does it again.

BOB

You oughta come down some night, Sandy. We've got Bikini Bull Riding. You ever rode a bull? Win five hundred bucks.

SANDY

I make five hundred an hour, modeling.

BOB

Yeah, but you don't got to wear knee pads to win THIS contest.

BEVERLY

Such a pig.

Bob snorts again. Dusty attempts to take him away from the girls, like that's even possible.

DUSTY

Got a question for you.

BOB

Hey, I brought my meat, any of you girls want some?

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

Thought we'd have a little 'Welcome to the complex' barbecue for Dusty. All you girls are invited.... Even you, Sandy.

SANDY

I'm a vegan.

Bob grabs a bog of brickettes and starts the barbecue.

BOB

You eat meat, I know you eat meat!

Cristal, Pammy, and Tina laugh. Beverly doesn't say anything for fear he'll start snorting again. Dusty takes another stab at asking Bob about the money at the bar.

DUSTY

I saw something strange last night...

BOB

Beverly in a good mood?

After the quip, Bob completely ignores Dusty, takes the boom-box to a ledge behind the girls - ogling them as he passes - and hits "play" blasting MoTown hits over the patio.

EXT. POOL SIDE -- LATER

The barbecue party is in full swing, Motown blasting from Bob's boom-box. Two guys from the apartment complex, TED and BILL filtered down when they heard the music.

DUSTY sits on a chaise lounge, washing down a hot dog with some beer, feeling like an outsider.

BOB passes around a joint, everyone takes a hit but Dusty.

EVEN SANDY takes a hit, although that's the extent of her interaction with the group. BILL, the best dressed guy in the group tries flirting with her and gets nowhere.

BOB and Tina begin dancing. Bob uses whacky steps in a parody of 1960s go-go.

PAMMY sits next to Dusty, and begins talking with him as she sips a wine cooler. Dusty listens, but his attention is on Bob - he wants to ask about the money.

DUSTY

Excuse me.

Dusty leaves his food on the lounge and crosses toward Bob...

But BOB AND TINA start making out on a wicker sofa. Dusty looks away from them to look at the party,

BILL and Cristal are getting stoned out of their minds.

TED tries hitting on Sandy, and gets nowhere.

PAMMY tries to get Dusty to dance with her, but he declines. Ted pulls her to the center of the patio, dancing with her.

DUSTY watches them dance as he sips his beer.

TINA pulls Bob's hand out of her swim suit, pushes him away.

TINA

Hey, not here...

BOB

Finger lickin' good. I'm gonna get me some chicken. Want anything?

BOB licks his fingers and heads to the barbecue. Pops open the lid, puts a piece of chicken on a paper plate. Puts the rest of the hot dogs in buns on a plate before they burn.

Dusty gets up to talk to Bob, but SANDY blocks his way.

SANDY

Want to dance?

DUSTY

Maybe later, okay?

Dusty heads to the barbecue, taps Bob on the shoulder.

DUSTY

Need to talk to you.

BOB

This more of that ex-wife shit?

(to Cristal)

He wants to be my next ex-wife. He's got the nagging down --

DUSTY

This is important.

BOB

Here, before they get cold.

Hands him a hot dog on a paper plate. Dusty stands next to him and puts mustard and relish on his dog, whispering.

DUSTY

Something funny's going on at the bar... with money.

The smile fades from Bob's face.

BOB

Come one.

Bob leads Dusty to edge of the patio, near the grinding pool filter, far away from the rest of the group. Bob takes a bite of his chicken, pretending nonchalance.

BOB

This about the till? Somebody say I didn't give 'em the right change?

Dusty shakes his head.

DUSTY

This ain't about your skimmin'. There's a bunch of money in the safe that doesn't belong. Bundles of hundreds.

BOB

Oh, that. Thought I was in trouble.

DUSTY

What the hell's going on?

Bob makes sure no one from the group is listening.

BOB

We don't talk about this, we don't even think about this, okay?

DUSTY

Think about what?

He takes a bite of his hot dog.

BOB

Niles doesn't own Sally's, Maryanne does.

DUSTY

Who's that? His ex-wife?

BOB

Mid-west mob. Kansas City. Work out of a meat packing house. Cross them, they grind you into hot dogs, feed you to your family. Unless they already ground up your family and served 'em to you, then they do a barbecue for your pals. It's festive.

Dusty tosses the rest of his hot dog in a trash can.

DUSTY

The money?

BOB

They got a guy flies in the first Sunday
of every month with a cool million in
dirty money, and the bar cleans it up.

DUSTY

Cleans it?

EXT. MUSTANG SALLY'S NIGHT CLUB -- EVENING

Neon sign dark and a "Closed" sign in the window.

BOB (V.O.)

Mixes it in with the receipts.

INT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- EVENING

Light from the open office door creates deep shadows in the
dark club. The door buzzer rings.

INT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- EVENING

Niles hits the lights, partially illuminating the club.

SYLVIA sits at the bar. She watches as Woodsie takes out
his gun and checks it, then nods to Niles.

NILES

Yes?

VOICE

Laundry service.

Niles unlocks the door.

Three men enter the nightclub, before Niles locks and bolts
the door closed behind them.

A huge OVER-ALLED BODYGUARD, the size of Woodsie.

A quiet looking ACCOUNTANT dressed in a conservative suit,
with a metal briefcase handcuffed to his wrist.

And GENE LEE BENJAMIN, a cowboy-clad syndicate boss who oozes
good old boy power. The kind of fake-friendly guy who'd
tell you a joke and kill you as the punchline.

NILES

Mr. Benjamin.

They shake hands.

NILES

You've met my wife?

Benjamin kisses her on the cheek.

BENJAMIN

When are you gonna dump this guy and
come back to Kansas City with me.

SYLVIA

I don't think your wife would approve.

Benjamin laughs. THE MEN move to the privacy of a back booth.
The Accountant lays the briefcase down on the table.

NILES

Can I get you a drink?

BENJAMIN

No, got a plane to catch.

Niles pulls his gold neck chain from under her shirt, and we
see a pair of keys on the end of it. One key to unlock the
Accountant's handcuff. The second opens the briefcase.

Inside is ONE MILLION DOLLARS in twenties and hundreds,
wrapped in plastic.

Sylvia looks at the money.

BENJAMIN

One million dollars.

Niles puts the bricks of money in a canvas money bag. The
Accountant takes the empty briefcase and moves aside.

BENJAMIN

Next month is spring break.

NILES

Going to Lauderdale to hunt co-eds?

BENJAMIN

I don't think my wife would approve.
Think you could handle five?

NILES

Even at break, a bar doing five million
bucks worth of business is --

BENJAMIN

(pats his cheek)
Just make it work.

Benjamin heads to the doors, his entourage in tow. Sylvia
follows to lock up after them. Benjamin smiles at her.

BENJAMIN

My wife ever leaves me, look out!

Sylvia laughs and locks up after them...

While Niles, accompanied by Woodsie, takes the canvas bag full of money into the office and puts it in the safe.

BOB (V.O.)

You think Sally's is a bar?

EXT. POOL SIDE -- EVENING

Bob takes a bit of his chicken, tosses the bone and plate into the trash can with the rest of Dusty's hot dog.

BOB

Sally's is there to hide money they make from drugs and whores and sports bets and extortion and murder for hire. That's why we don't talk about it.

DUSTY

The drinks we mix don't matter.

BOB

Now, I'm gonna go back to the party and take Tina upstairs and ride her 'til she's bowlegged. Okay?

Bob claps Dusty on the shoulder, dances back to the party, grabs a beer along the way, ends up on the lounge with Tina.

Dusty looks over the party...

Then looks at his discarded hot dog in the trash can.

EXT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- NIGHT

The place is hopping.

INT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- NIGHT

Dusty looks at a hundred dollar bill in the till as he slowly closes the drawer. Stands behind the bar, lost in thought.

IN THE BACK OF THE BAR

THE BIKINI BULL RIDING CONTEST is down to the "buck off" - TAMMY vs. RUTH - two hot women mount the two mechanical bulls.

DJ

Rowdy Ruth is going head to head with Tasty Tammy in the Buck Off. Ladies - Mount Up! And... Ride!

The two women ride the bucking mechanical bulls - neither getting knocked off.

DJ

There are points for style, points for the bikini, and points for...

Tammy spits at Ruth, tries to kick her and gets knocked off.

RUTH

Skanky cow...

The instant the buzzer sounds, Ruth dismounts and jumps on Tammy. The two women punch and kick and tear at each other. Fingernails gouge. A bikini top is ripped off, fluttering to the dance floor. The men in the crowd cheer.

DJ

Woodsie!

Dusty sees Woodsie race across the room and dive into the middle of the fighting women, trying to tear them apart.

Bob jogs back to the bar from the judges gallery.

BOB

Get a bucket of cold water!

Bob laughs - kidding. Dusty watches as Woodsie and the DJ pull the two women away from each other, to opposite sides of the room. Both women are struggling to escape and attack.

DUSTY

What the hell?

BOB

Five thousand bucks is a lot of scratch.

Woodsie gets a coat over Tammy and hustles her and her ENTOURAGE out of the bar, while the DJ makes sure Ruth is okay then grabs the mike.

DJ

Looks like Ruth is the winner by default. Five hundred dollars!

He pays her in crisp hundred dollar bills... then hits the music and people begin dancing. Bar easing back to normal.

When the music ends, CUSTOMERS rush the bar. Bob jokes with customers... while he skims his money and steals tips. Dusty flirts with the dozens of girls in his line. After the rush, people begin dancing to the next tune...

VACCARO

Ginger ale.

DUSTY

Excuse me?

Dusty looks up at VACCARO, a craggy faced Homicide Detective in a London Fog overcoat with puppy dog eyes.

VACCARO

Heard you had a fight.

DUSTY

Just a disagreement between a couple of lady customers.

VACCARO

Funny, I heard it was with the new bartender. That's you, right?

DUSTY

This a roust?

VACCARO

I don't know where you came from. Raiford, Milan, Quentin. But you're in my city, now, cowboy. Don't give me any reason to send you back.

Dusty notices Woodsie watching the conversation from the other side of the room as he sets the Ginger Ale on the bar, not backing down.

DUSTY

Here. On the house.

Vaccaro takes the drink, tosses his card on the bar.

VACCARO

Case you hear about anything that may interest me.

Dusty does not pick up the card. Vaccaro leaves. Bob grabs some beers.

DUSTY

Who the hell was that?

BOB

Martin Vaccaro. Robbery-Homicide.

DUSTY

Who died and brought him here?

BOB

One of those guys with his thumb in a lot of pies. Smells chain gang on you. Wants you to know he's The Man.

Dusty looks over to Woodsie, they lock eyes for a moment, then Woodsie turns away... and then the rush hits.

For a few moments, all Bob and Dusty do is mix drinks at high speed. Juggling bottles back and forth as they go.

Sylvia watches Dusty work, and licks her lips.

Jennifer takes a seat in front of Dusty, smiles.

JENNIFER
Strawberry daiquiri, please.

Dusty smiles and mixes her the drink.

JENNIFER
Really gonna ride against that jerk?

DUSTY
Think he'll beat me?

JENNIFER
Ever rode a bull before?

DUSTY
Not a mechanical one. I try it stick
to horses and women. Real ones.

JENNIFER
When's your day off? We should ride.

DUSTY
Sounds like fun --

She smiles at his response, but nothing else happens because Bob calls from the other side of the bar.

BOB
Hey, Dusty!

DUSTY
Excuse me.

Dusty moves down to where Bob's line is growing. Dusty lends a hand mixing drinks and grabbing beer bottles.

BOB
You want to leave early? Knock off a
piece?

DUSTY
No. I'll hang.

Jennifer is leaving, Dusty goes back to his station.

DUSTY
What about that ride?

JENNIFER
Call me.

She rolls a coaster at him, he catches it. Her phone number is on the back. Dusty waves to her, pockets the coaster, starts taking orders and mixing drinks.

ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE CLUB, Niles turns to Woodsie.

NILES

I'm going to be out for the rest of the night. I'll be back later to count the tills. Do me a favor: keep an eye on Sylvia for me.

WOODSIE

Right, boss.

Woodsie nods and touches the butt of the gun under his lapel. Niles leaves the club.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Niles passes a swimming pool and twists through the hallways. When he comes to a door marked 2B, he rings the bell.

INT. APARTMENT 2B -- NIGHT

Furnished in black lacquer and oriental designs, a sexy looking woman in a green silk kimono, opens the front door.

NILES

Sorry I'm late.

She pulls Niles into her arms, kissing him. Hand moves into his trousers, she pushes him against the door. Closing it.

Niles rolls, presses her against the door. His hand reaches inside the kimono, fingers moving over her panties.

Niles moves his face from hers... the woman is ARLENE.

NILES

Does this mean you're happy to see me?

Kissing him an answer.

Niles unfastens the kimono, letting it drop to the floor.

Wearing only green silk panties, Arlene leans against the door. Niles, completely dressed, moves into her arms.

ARLENE

I want you every night.

Niles pulls his lips off her nipple.

NILES

In two weeks. We'll have five million dollars to spend. Of course, we'll have to leave the country.

ARLENE

Where will we go?

NILES
 Acapulco. I'll buy you silver ear
 rings, we'll live on the beach.

Arlene reaching inside ohs trousers, grasping him.

ARLENE
 What about your wife?

NILES
 Wearing widow's weeds.

Niles slides the panties down Arlene's legs.

They make love against the door.
 Arlene naked.
 Niles dressed in his suit and tie.
 His clothing makes her look more than naked.

When Arlene climaxes, she doesn't call out Niles's name...

ARLENE
 Five million dollars.

Niles zips up and mixes a drink. Arlene walks to the table,
 naked, grabs a cigarette, lights it. Blows smoke rings.

INT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- NIGHT

Dusty looks at the coaster in his pocket, then finishes
 closing up. Looks at the office door - a sliver of light
 under it: Sylvia adding illegal cash to the receipts.

He wanders over to one of the mechanical bulls. Looks at it
 for a moment before mounting up. Nothing like a real bull.

SYLVIA
 Want me to turn it on?

Startled, Dusty turns to Sylvia at the controls.

DUSTY
 Maybe I should put on a bikini?

She hits the switch... and Dusty is almost bucked off!

DUSTY
 Woah!

He hangs on as the mechanical bull bucks right and left and
 twists and turns under him. Finally gets thrown to the floor
 before the ride is even half over.

SYLVIA
 Not as easy as it looks.

Dusty picks himself up and brushes himself off.

DUSTY
Nothing ever is.

He moves into her arms, but she presses him away.

SYLVIA
Niles is on his way.

DUSTY
Where'd he run off to?

SYLVIA
He got a call, some bar business, I
really can't talk about it.

Dusty nods. Mob business. He moves away from her. She
pulls him back and kisses him - a really good kiss.

SYLVIA
Next time...

Keys in the front door! As Niles enters, Dusty moves a
respectable distance away from Sylvia. Boss and employee.
He doesn't realize her lipstick is smeared on his mouth.

NILES
Putting in some overtime?

DUSTY
Just trying out the equipment. Damned
thing knocked me on my ass.

Niles looks from Dusty's mouth to Sylvia's, smiles.

NILES
That can happen.

Sounds like a threat to Dusty. He grabs his coat.

DUSTY
Night, boss.

Dusty walks to the door, wondering if Niles is watching.
The door closes behind him.

EXT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Morning breaks over the apartment complex.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Dusty, decked out in riding clothes, opens the closet door
to grab his jacket... and sees the leather biker's jacket.
Pulls it out and searches the pockets for a clue to the owner.
Something in the inner pocket...

Train tickets - a half dozen of them!

DUSTY

What the...?

Flips through the tickets - all for different destinations, six farthest points in the continental United States - all for the same day and almost the same time. Strange.

He returns the tickets and the leather jacket, grabs his denim jacket and puts it on.

EXT. WIDE OPEN HIGHWAY -- DAY

Dusty's Bronco speeds down the highway out of town.

EXT. COUNTRY SIDE -- DAY

Dusty and Jennifer ride through beautiful country. One post card after another. Completely different than the city.

Dusty doing considerably better on the real horse.

DUSTY

That damned mechanical bull knocked me on my ass last night.

JENNIFER

Real man, fake bull, what do you expect?

She gives her horse a squeeze and takes off. Zooming across the countryside into the forest at a gallop.

Dusty takes off after her.

EXT. WOODS -- DAY

Dusty chases Jennifer through the wooded area, both having fun. The pursuit isn't only about the horses, it's sexual.

The beautiful background flies by - like flipping through a book of Ansel Adams photographs.

Whenever Dusty has almost caught up with her, she takes a hard left or hard right, trying to lose him. He keeps up.

EXT. LAKE -- DAY

Jennifer breaks through the forest and trots to a beautiful lake and waterfall, letting Dusty catch up.

JENNIFER

You really know how to ride.

DUSTY

Not just a hat.

JENNIFER

Some people aren't what they seem.

DUSTY

What's the use of pretending you're someone else? Eventually something'll trip you up and you'll fall.

She dismounts, lets the horse graze. Dusty dismounts, too. They walk to the edge of the lake.

She pulls him close to kiss him.

DUSTY

I'm sweaty.

JENNIFER

Me, too.

They kiss, and it's a good one. Then she begins pulling off her clothes. Stripping down to her panties.

JENNIFER

Get rid of these sweaty clothes.

Dusty strips, too. Jennifer jumps in the lake, and Dusty follows. They swim out to the base of the waterfall, where they kiss and tread water.

JENNIFER

You could have any girl in that bar, why me?

DUSTY

No hair extensions, no push up bra or fake boobs or botox. Women think men want some sort of Playboy fantasy... well, we do... but we want it to be real, not some plastic concoction. Rather grab a real B cup than some plastic D cups.

Jennifer puts his hand on her breasts and kisses him again. When they part kiss, she swims to the edge of the waterfall, where her feet find the bottom. When Dusty swims to her, she pulls her panties off and throws them at the shore.

JENNIFER

The first time, ever, I saw your face --

Dusty kisses her, pulls off his underwear, tosses it.

DUSTY

Crap.

Misses the shore. They float in the water. Jennifer pulls him onto a rock under the waterfall, and they make love. Water sprays over their naked bodies on the rock.

A tender, sexy, love scene.

INT. BRONCO -- DAY

Hair still wet, Dusty smiles as he zooms down the road, his underwear flapping as it air dries outside the window.

Country turns to city outside...

When he passes a USED CAR LOT he sees a hot 57 Chevy with New York license plates on display. Dusty hits the brakes.

EXT. USED CAR LOT -- DAY

Dusty looks over the 57 Chevy - all tricked out. Studies the New York plates - the previous bartender was from NYC.

SALESMAN

Beauty, isn't it?

Startles Dusty. The SALESMAN is a slick older cowboy with massive bright white teeth. He is the dealin'est!

SALESMAN

Gotta love them lines. Don't make 'em like that anymore.

DUSTY

New York plates.

SALESMAN

But low mileage. Previous owner took good care of her.

The Salesman opens the door so that Dusty can sit behind the wheel. Dusty has to move the seat back to fit his legs in.

DUSTY

What can you tell me about him?

SALESMAN

Changed the oil every thirty. All original parts. You like the leather?

DUSTY

He wearing a leather jacket?

SALESMAN

No, country boy, just like you. Fancy cowboy duds, but still a Lobo. Got some flexible financing right now --

DUSTY

A local sold you this car?

SALESMAN

Had the papers and a good ID. I wouldn't sell you a hot car, mister.

Dusty swings out of the car, closes the door.

DUSTY

You know where this Lobo worked?

SALESMAN

Some bar on Central. College place,
but this weren't no college kid.

DUSTY

Was this guy my height, with a black
patch over his eye and --

SALESMAN

Listen, mister, I sell cars here, don't
sell out people. Don't know what you
want but you ain't gonna find it here.

Dusty figures he has his answer, tips his hat at the Salesman.

DUSTY

Thanks for your time.

Ambles back to his Bronco before this old coot gets angry.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- EVENING

Dusty pulls the Bronco into its parking spot, pulls the now-
dry underwear from the window, and climbs the stairs.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

Dusty enters with the underwear, closes the door behind him.
He is not alone.

Someone is sitting in a chair in the dark apartment. Niles?
The person moves to their feet, heading towards him!

Dusty raises his arms defensively...

DUSTY

What do you want?

SYLVIA

Your cock. In my mouth.

Sylvia steps into the light, Dusty lowers his arms. They
kiss. Then she reaches for his hand, finds the underwear.

SYLVIA

What's this?

Dusty hits the lights...

DUSTY

What are you doing here?

She takes the underpants from his hand, smells something on them... Jennifer's smell.

SYLVIA
Where were you?

DUSTY
Trail riding. Got bucked into a lake.

Pulls the underpants from her hands and tosses them.

SYLVIA
Bucked?

DUSTY
Did anyone follow you....?

He suddenly stops talking and looks at Bob's bedroom door. Sylvia puts his mind at ease.

SYLVIA
We're alone.

She moves into his arms.

SYLVIA
I think Barnard knows about us. He was acting strange this morning.

DUSTY
Did he say something?

SYLVIA
Just hold me. I'm frightened. You don't know how violent he can be...

He pushes her back to look into her eyes.

DUSTY
Did you have anything going with the guy before me?

SYLVIA
That's... personal.

DUSTY
Tell me.

He shakes her.

SYLVIA
You're hurting me.

DUSTY
I think your husband may have killed the guy before me. Found his car in a lot today... who leaves their car?

SYLVIA

We flirted. Nothing more.
 (pulls him close)
 He was just gone one day. Don't want
 that to happen to you.

She tips her head up and kisses Dusty. The passion flares
 between them like wildfire.

INT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- NIGHT

Thursday night business slowing as the night comes to a close.
 Dusty puts the last drink on Arlene's tray.

DUSTY

There you go.

Arlene takes the tray without a word...
 Revealing Niles watching him.
 Staring at him.
 Dusty turns away, getting back to work.

BOB

Boss was asking about you.

Bob startling him at the bar.

DUSTY

What'd he want to know?

BOB

Just watch out. He's keeping an eye
 out for you...

Bob touches his eye, where Niles wears a patch.

BOB

You should keep an eye out for him.

DUSTY

I'll be careful.

Bob nods, then goes to help a DRUNK at his end of the bar.
 Dusty looks to where Niles was - he's gone. But Woodsie
 watches him from the corner. Dusty nods at him.

When Dusty turns back to the bar, Sylvia is there.

SYLVIA

Break time. Back door.

DUSTY

No...

But she's already moved on. Dusty watches her pass by
 Woodsie, making some unheard joke, Woodsie laughs, then
 continues out the front door of the club.

Woodsie turns away from Sylvia and looks right at Dusty.
Dusty continues doing some bar clean up...

Then Arlene taps her tray on the waitress station.

ARLENE

Strawberry marguerita, two Modelos,
and a rum and Coke.

DUSTY

Coming right up.

Dusty mixes drinks, tries NOT to look in Woodsie's direction.

DUSTY

There you go.

Puts the drinks on the tray, glances at Woodsie...
He's gone. Wanders to where Bob is fleecing the Drunk.

DUSTY

Taking ten.

Bob just nods and goes back to playing dollar bill poker
with the Drunk... collecting all of the money afterwards.

BOB

I got two nines. You got better?

Dusty heads to the bar's back door.

EXT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- NIGHT

Dusty steps into the alley, takes a deep breath.

FROM THE SHADOWS, a HAND presses over his mouth.
Cutting off his scream. Another HAND reaches around to the
front of his pants and begins unbuckling his belt.

Dusty swings around, grabbing each hand by the wrist and
pressing his Assailant back against the stone wall.
The HANDS struggle, but Dusty finally pins them in place.

Sylvia laughs and moves her mouth up to kiss him.

SYLVIA

You said not to go to the apartment.

DUSTY

We can't do this --

The kiss is passionate and fiery.

SYLVIA

He's counting his money.

Sylvia unbuttons her blouse, her nipples are instantly erect.

CAR HORNS on the street, people's laughter echoes.

DUSTY
This is wrong...

SYLVIA
Is it?

Sylvia unzips his fly and reaches inside his pants.

SYLVIA
Feels right to me.

Sylvia gives Dusty's trousers a tug, they fall to his ankles.

Voices from People leaving the club echoes through the alley.

Dusty is trapped between reason and lust. Guess which wins?

He lifts Sylvia's skirt, hand inside her panties, searching.
When he finds it, Sylvia moans.

SYLVIA
Yes. Oh, God, yes.

Dusty gives her panties a powerful yank, ripping the fabric,
exposing her moistness to the cool night air.

Sylvia guides him inside of her.

DUSTY AND SYLVIA make love against the cold brick wall, their
cries of pleasure mingling with the street symphony of
laughing pedestrians and honking taxi horns.

One sound makes them stop mid-stroke... Woodsie.

WOODSIE
Miss Sylvia?

Sylvia and Dusty - still joined - try to blend with the
shadows as Woodsie appears at the end of the alley.

Woodsie looks down the alley - right at them...

But they are in the shadows, and he sees nothing.
He walks away.

SYLVIA
I'm afraid.

DUSTY
Why don't we just leave? Hop a plane
to Puerto Vallarta or something?

SYLVIA
He'd track us down. Maybe kill us.

DUSTY

I don't mind dying, I just don't want
to die first.

SYLVIA

How would we do it? That's what you're
thinking isn't it?

Is it? Dusty and Sylvia disengage and dress. Sylvia gives
him a final kiss, before he heads back into the nightclub.

INT. THE STORE ROOM

Dusty checks his clothes, then grabs a couple of cases of
beer before heading out into the club.

INT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- NIGHT

Dusty comes out of the store room, he's stopped by Woodsie.

WOODSIE

Where'd you go?

DUSTY

Taking my ten.

WOODSIE

Have you seen Miss Sylvia?

DUSTY

Not in the store room.

Dusty tries not to look at the huge bouncer's gun.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Sylvia squeezes in, and notices the confrontation between
Woodsie and Dusty. She moves around the club, trying to get
as much distance between herself and the door.

SYLVIA

Woodsie?

Woodsie turns from Dusty.

DUSTY

There she is.

Sylvia near the Mechanical Bulls.
Woodsie nods to her, turns to Dusty.

WOODSIE

Want to make sure you haven't forgotten
the little chat we had the other night.

Woodsie moves out of Dusty's face across the room to Sylvia.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

IN DUSTY'S BEDROOM

Dusty and Sylvia naked in a ribbon of sheet.

DUSTY

How would we do it?

SYLVIA

The laundry. This month is spring break - they're delivering five million. That's the most it's ever been. What if Barnard ran away with the money?

DUSTY

Think that's likely? They'd hunt him. You can't steal money from them...

SYLVIA

What if they never found him?

DUSTY

What do you mean?

SYLVIA

You and Barnard are about the same size. After he gets the money, we shoot him.

We see snippets of the plan...

INT. NILES OFFICE

NILES puts the bag with \$5 million in the safe, turns to see Dusty dressed exactly as he is - like a reflection.

DUSTY (V.O.)

With what? The bar gun?

SYLVIA (V.O.)

You're dressed to look like him, patch and everything.

BANG! Dusty shoots Niles, grabs the money bag.

INT. DUSTY'S BEDROOM

SYLVIA

You go to the train station. Albuquerque is a hub - three different lines criss-cross here.

DUSTY

Really?

He glances in the closet at the leather jacket.

INT. ALBUQUERQUE AMTRAK STATION

Busy with travelers, but some HOMELESS people sleep on the benches. Dusty dressed as Niles approaches the ticket window.

SYLVIA (V.O.)

Buy six tickets to each of the three farthest destinations. Use his credit cards and make sure the ticket seller remembers you - remembers Barnard.

Six train tickets - six corners of the country.

DUSTY (V.O.)

Six train tickets?

SYLVIA (V.O.)

There are always homeless people sleeping there. Give six of them the tickets and make sure they get on the trains. We need false trails for them to follow so that they don't follow us.

Six HOMELESS DUDES stand in different lines to board different trains for different destinations.

INT. DUSTY'S BEDROOM

Looks at Sylvia - she has this all worked out.

DUSTY

I won't have a ticket.

SYLVIA

You go into a bathroom, take off the eye patch and coat. Come back here...

DUSTY

The police --

SYLVIA

We bury his body where no one will ever find it.

EXT. COUNTRY SIDE -- EVENING

Where Dusty and Jennifer were riding... he is now shoveling dirt onto Niles' corpse... last shovel full hits the face.

SYLVIA (V.O.)

No reason for the police - Niles told me he had to go to Kansas City on business.

DUSTY (V.O.)

And Kansas City? Maryanne?

Dusty swings up onto his horse, rides into the sunset.

INT. DUSTY'S BEDROOM

Sylvia smiles at him, he knows about Maryanne?

SYLVIA

They won't know which train he took,
so there'll be six trails to follow.

DUSTY

Niles will be dead, and we'll have
five million dollars to ourselves.

SYLVIA

Not to mention each other.

Sylvia kisses his chest. Light through the blinds casting
shadows over her face... like prison bars.

INT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- NIGHT

Shadows over Dusty's face like prison bars...
He looks across the bar at Sylvia, who smiles at him.

When he looks away, Dusty is looking right at Woodsie.
Who frowns at him. Does he know?

Dusty looks away from Woodsie... at Niles, who is watching
him. Has he been watching all night?

That's when Jennifer sits at the stool in front of him.

DUSTY

Strawberry daiquiri?

She touches his hand. Lets it linger.

JENNIFER

Ready for another ride?

Dusty looks across the room at Sylvia, she's turning to look
at him, so Dusty pulls his hand away from Jennifer.

DUSTY

Let me get your drink.

Dusty prepares the drink... juggling a hand full of subplots
as he juggles et bottles. He wants Woodsie to see him with
Jennifer but does not want Sylvia to see him.

JENNIFER

Next Monday, the bar's closed, right?

DUSTY

Think the boss is going to make me
work. Some store room maintenance.

Jennifer smiles nervously at him.

JENNIFER

Maybe after you get done I could fix you dinner. A non-microwave meal?

DUSTY

Sounds nice.

JENNIFER

I like to cook, but I don't have anyone to cook for. When you live alone, you usually do what's easy. Lean Cuisine.

DUSTY

Hungry Man Doubles.

Jennifer laughs.

JENNIFER

The difference between men and women. Lean or Hungry.

Dusty and Jennifer laugh together, and it seems natural.

DUSTY

Jennifer, I don't want you to take this wrong, but I have plans Monday.

She moves back, cooling. Dusty is going to lose her.

JENNIFER

So it was just one ride?

DUSTY

Look --

A loud voice cuts through the noisy bar:

GARY

Where's that fucking pussy asshole?

Jennifer moves away...

The bar crowd splits, giving Gary a clear shot at Dusty.

GARY

There he is.

Gary, flanked by his two FRIENDS make a bee line at Dusty.

Halfway there, Gary gets yanked off his feet by Woodsie. Feet literally running above the floor like a cartoon.

GARY

Put me down monkey-boy. I'm here for my buck off with the loser.

DUSTY

You were serious about that?

THE BACK OF THE BAR

Gary and Dusty each stand next to one of the mechanical bulls.

DUSTY

Sorry, dude, forgot to bring my bikini.
You wearing yours?

Gary rushes at Dusty... but Woodsie pulls him back.

The DJ takes control of the event. Everyone is watching.

DJ

The is the ultimate buck off! Mano-a-
mano. Bartender Dusty against...
(Woodsie whispers the name)
Customer Gary. Only one of these
cowboys will be left standing!

Everybody cheers. Gary's two Friends cheer.

DJ

Okay, men, let's mount up!

Gary and Dusty get on their bulls and get ready.

GARY

Hope you found yourself a new job.
Just a pussy loser asshole.

DUSTY

There are people who talk and people
who do, which are you?

Wham! The mechanical bulls start bucking. Gary and Dusty
hold on tight - neither getting knocked off.

GARY

Guys who win.

The DJ cranks up the intensity...

DJ

There are points for style, points for
duration, and points for...

Dusty almost gets knocked off. Holds on tight wit both hands
for a second. Gary laughs.

GARY

Give up, loser?

Gary takes his leg from around the mechanical bull and kicks
at Dusty. Hits him in the leg, almost knocking Dusty off.

Kicks again...

Loses his grip.
Gary is bucked right off the bull, SLAMMING onto the mat.

The buzzer goes off.
Dusty has remained on the bull the whole time.
Dismounts and stands over Gary.

DUSTY
So, I guess you'll be leaving.

Gary moves to his feet, secretly slips on his brass knuckles.

GARY
Sure, loser-boy. But first...

He SLAMS Dusty in the face with a fist.
Gary's Friends erupt into action, punching the person nearest them. A huge bar room brawl breaks out.

Gary and Dusty trade punches - a savage fight. The brass knuckles TEARING into Dusty's face a couple times. But Dusty is fast, and ducks most of the punches. Waiting for that one opening, and then - WHAM!

He decks Gary. By now, Gary's two friends are also on the floor, being dragged out of the bar. Dusty smiles at Woodsie.

DUSTY
Get rid of this trash for me.

WOODSIE
Very good.

Woodsie drags Gary out of the club.

Dusty looks for Jennifer, but she's gone. So is Sylvia. He is alone in the crowded bar.

EXT. MUSTANG SALLY'S NIGHT CLUB -- DAY

The sun rises over the city.

A sign in the window of Mustang Sally's reads "Closed Today".

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- DAY

IN THE BATHROOM

Dusty washed his face, looks in the mirror.
A massive shiner on his right eye.

DUSTY
Wrong damned eye.

Won't be covered by the patch. The swollen black eye makes it obvious that he's not Niles, and calls attention to him. This isn't going to work...

EXT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- EVENING

Neon sign dark and a "Closed" sign in the window

INT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- EVENING

Three men enter, before Niles locks and bolts the door closed behind them. Sylvia and Woodsie watch from the bar.

The huge OVER-ALLED BODYGUARD, the quiet looking ACCOUNTANT with the metal briefcase handcuffed to his wrist, and syndicate boss GENE LEE BENJAMIN.

NILES

Mr. Benjamin.

They shake hands and move to the privacy of a back booth. The Accountant lays the briefcase down on the table.

Inside is FIVE MILLION DOLLARS in twenties and hundreds, wrapped in plastic.

BENJAMIN

Five million. You can handle it?

NILES

Of course.

Niles puts the bricks of money in a canvas money bag. Sylvia watches each brick of cash - five million dollars. More money that she's ever seen... more than we've ever seen.

The Accountant takes the empty briefcase and moves aside.

SYLVIA

Can I get you a drink?

BENJAMIN

Got a plane to catch.

NILES

Woodsie, walk them out.

Woodsie nods, but looks confused - this isn't normal.

Benjamin heads to the doors, his entourage and Woodsie in tow. Sylvia follows to lock up after them.

BENJAMIN

Always a pleasure, Sylvia.

Woodsie and the three leave, Sylvia locks up behind them.

NILES

That went smoothly.

Niles carries the bag of money to the office.

NILE'S OFFICE DOOR

When he opens the office door, he is looking into a mirror.

Dusty, in one of Niles's suits, black eye patch over his right eye. They could be twins, except for the bruises...

And in Dusty's hand, instead of the money bag, a gun.

NILES

What the....?

Dusty and Niles lock eyes for a moment.

SYLVIA

Do it. Do it!

Dusty hesitates. He's not sure he can do it. Until Niles grabs for the gun... only a second of struggle.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Dusty fires three shots point blank into Niles's chest.

Nile's mouth opens in shock. He hits the floor, sprawling. The bag of money bounces twice, but doesn't open.

DUSTY

Shit.

Dusty just looks at Niles's body. He has killed a man.

SYLVIA

Get his car keys! In his pocket!

He isn't sure what to do with the gun. Sets it on the floor.

Dusty searches Niles's pocket, the dead man's hand right next to it. Will the hand reach out and grab him? Hesitation. Dusty takes a breath... carefully pulls out the car keys. Puts the keys into his (identical) pocket.

SYLVIA

Don't forget his wallet. You'll need it for ID when you buy the tickets.

Dusty moves back to the body, knowing at any moment it'll jump at him, delicately pulls the wallet from Niles's pocket.

Dusty pockets the wallet, reaches for the gun.

SYLVIA

Leave it there. You can't take the gun to the train station anyway.

Sylvia hands him the money bag. It's heavy. She kisses him. Dusty looks down at the corpse of her husband... She pulls him out of the office.

IN THE CLUB

Dusty looks at the bar on his way to the door:

Her martini glass on a coaster, next to it is a liquid ring.
No glass, no drink, just a ring.

SYLVIA

No time for a drink. You don't want
to be pulled over, right?

DUSTY

I never killed a man. I feel...

Sylvia kisses him.

SYLVIA

Don't think about what's done. You
can't change it. Move forward. Car to
the train station. Six tickets. Then
come back here and we'll bury him.

DUSTY

Bury him? Yeah, right. Sorry.

She kisses him again.

SYLVIA

You going to be okay?

Dusty nods and leaves the night club, looking every bit like
Barnard Niles. This whole thing is going to work.

EXT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- EVENING

Dusty pulls out Niles's car keys and looks at the Mercedes,
in the center of the empty lot. Clicks the lock button and
the headlights blink - the alarm is off. Car ready.

DUSTY

My car, my money, my wife.

A gun barrel jams into Dusty's neck. Dusty stops.

WOODSIE

You killed the boss?

Woodsie pokes him in the neck with the gun. Hard.

DUSTY

I shot him. Three times.

WOODSIE

He was a prick. Hope he suffered.
(nudges him with the
gun)

What you got? The money?

DUSTY
I'll give you half.

WOODSIE
I'll take all of it. And the car.

Dusty CAREFULLY hands the money and the car keys to Woodsie.

DUSTY
Look, we have a plan. Six train tickets -
six destinations - make it look like
Niles ran with the money. I need the --

WOODSIE
Your problem, not mine.
(pats Dusty's shoulder)
Mr. Benjamin and Maryanne, not gonna be
happy. It's the big barbecue for you.

Woodsie crosses to the Mercedes, swing the money bag.
Dusty moves as far away from Woodsie as he can get.

DUSTY
You can't just leave me like this.

WOODSIE
I tried to warn you.

Woodsie opens the car door, slips inside, closes the door.
Give Dusty a smile and a wave before turning the keys...

BLAAAAAAM!
The Mercedes EXPLODES into a huge ball of flames.

Dusty is thrown back, slams into the wall. Fire and debris
blast around him. There is nothing left of the Mercedes!

INT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- NIGHT

Windows are blown in: a spray of glass across the floor.
Broken glass even lands on Niles's body in the office.
Sylvia covers her face, ducking behind the bar.

When explosion is over, the burning car illuminates the dark
corners of the bar. Sylvia brushes off broken glass.

IN THE OFFICE

Niles moves to his feet and brushes off broken glass!

IN THE CLUB

Niles, still brushing off glass, moves to the bar and Sylvia.

NILES
For a moment I was worried he might
chicken, like the other one.

SYLVIA

The other one wasn't a brawler.

NILES

But now our little cowboy is scattered
all over the parking lot.

SYLVIA

Little pieces. All dressed in your
clothes, with your ID, in your car,
with your money.

NILES

Well, not quite.

Niles pulls the REAL money bag from behind the bar.

NILES

He was so nervous trying to get the
keys from my pocket, he didn't even
notice you switching bags.

SYLVIA

Switching is my specialty.

Sylvia kisses Niles, takes the bag, starts stepping back...

NILES

Why are you moving back?

SYLVIA

Don't want to get blood on the money.

Niles feels his body for glass cuts.

NILES

Am I bleeding?

SYLVIA

Not yet.

A HAND wearing a rubber glove, scoops the "murder gun" from
the floor. Another hand breaks it open and replaces REAL
shells for the blanks, aims the gun at Niles.

NILES

What are you doing?

THE GLOVED HAND fires three shots into Niles.
BANG! BANG! BANG!

Niles SLAMS into the wall, blood erupting. When his mouth
opens, blood spews. He slides down the wall, leaving a smear.

SYLVIA

Sorry, Niles. I was part of your plan.
But you weren't part of mine.

THE GLOVED HAND drops the gun back onto the floor.

SYLVIA

Make sure you take away the rest of the blanks. We wouldn't want to confuse the police. You sure those gloves won't smear Dusty's prints? Good.

THE GLOVED HAND scoops up the shells on the floor. The gloves are peeled off, to expose soft, delicate hands.

SYLVIA

Mumm. I can't wait to feel those hands on me. All over me. And your tongue....

A siren in the distance snaps her out of her fantasy.

EXT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- NIGHT

Dusty, under the broken window, listening. A scattering of singled dollar bill sized pieces of paper at his feet. He grabs a handful, stuffs them in his pocket as he listens.

SYLVIA (O.S.)

Better get out of here. Take the money with you. We want it to be nice and simple for the police. Dusty shot my husband, took his money, got into his car, and it blew up.

Dusty looks at the wreckage of the Mercedes - that was supposed to be him all along - he was the fall guy.

SYLVIA (O.S.)

Maybe a contract hit. All of the money went with Dusty. And he's dead. No reason for the Mr. Benjamin and Maryanne to look for the money...

Hears Sylvia and Hands leave the night club, presses himself closer to the wall.

Hopes they won't see him... And kill him.

SYLVIA (O.S.)

I'll see you in bed, later.

Dusty hears Sylvia's car start up and drive away... Right past him! Two people in the car - both women?

The police sirens get closer.

Dusty runs past the burning Mercedes and into an alley.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT

Dusty runs through the alley to the next street.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

A police car speed down the street right in front Dusty.

Dusty ducks back into the alley, hugging the wall.

The police car screams past, heading towards Mustang Sally's.

Dusty jogs out of the alley and across the street.

WHAM! Is almost hit by a CAR.

The DRIVER screeches to a stop only an inch away.

Dusty runs around the car.

DRIVER

You drunk or something?

Dusty keeps running, around a corner.... gone.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

Dusty tries to look like a pedestrian, as...

A POLICE CAR cruises around a corner.

The Policeman spots Dusty, he slows the car, pacing him.

Dusty keeps walking, moving a little faster than average.
He's covered with bruises from the fight, cuts from the
explosion, and his suit is slightly singed.

Not suspicious at all.

THE POLICE CAR keeps pace.

Dusty moves even faster, sweat dribbling from his forehead.

THE POLICE CAR keeps pace twenty feet behind him.

Dusty begins to panic.

The Police Car is stalking him.

At the next intersection:

The 'Walk' light blinks red, stop light is still green.

Dusty stops at the intersection.

Waiting for the light.

THE POLICE CAR slows for a moment.

Then it creeps past him.

Dusty can FEEL the Policeman's eyes on him.

Studying him.

But doesn't look over.

Sweat dots his forehead.

Finally the POLICE CAR drives away.

Dusty wipes away the sweat... Fingers touching the eye patch. He pulls it off, throws it on the sidewalk.

Walk light turns GREEN.

DUSTY
Evidence. It's evidence.

Picks up the patch, stuffs it in his pocket.

The walk light flashes: DON'T WALK.

Dusty bolts across the street, watching for the POLICE CAR. Halfway across, the light turns red.

On the cross street, a CAR floors it, not noticing Dusty.

SLAM!
Dusty flies over the hood of the CAR, lands on the asphalt. The CAR screeches to a stop.

Dusty rolls to his feet, takes off running like a mad man.

THE DRIVER gets out of his car, confused. Watching Dusty run away after he's been hit.

DRIVER
Hey! That's hit and run! Come back here! Look at my car!

Dusty runs as far away from Mustang Sally's as possible.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

Dusty leans against the brick wall of a building, catching his breath. Wondering where to run. Where to hide.

Dusty reaches into his pocket and feels something.

The coaster with Jennifer's phone number.

EXT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- NIGHT

FIREMEN are putting out the flames from Niles's Mercedes.

RESCUE
Hey! There's somebody in here!

A few other RESCUE WORKERS run to the car.

DETECTIVE VACCARO turns from the wreckage, looks at the broken windows of the night club.

VACCARO
That makes it a double.

A POLICEMAN looks from the car to the club.

POLICEMAN

Think they snuffed each other?

VACCARO

Possible, isn't it?

He takes a puff on his cigar.

INT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- NIGHT

Sally's has been taken over by CRIME SCENE TECHNICIANS.

The MEDICAL EXAMINER looks over Niles's corpse.

VACCARO

What do you got?

MEDICAL

Male caucasian, mid fifties, about six foot two, no ID, no left eye.

VACCARO

Cause of death.

MEDICAL

Shot three times. Medium range. Medium caliber. Probably wearing a medium shirt.

VACCARO

Estimated time of death?

MEDICAL

This is a fresh one. Within the hour.

VACCARO

You know who it is?

MEDICAL

Barnard Niles.

The Technician dusting the gun turns to Vaccaro.

TECHNICIAN

Hey Marty, got something, here.

VACCARO

Signed confession? Surveillance video?

TECHNICIAN

Full set of prints. Slightly smudged, but I don't think they'll be any problem.

VACCARO

Run 'em. Put out an APB on the shooter. No where he can hide.

The Technician gets to work.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

A yellow cab creeps slowly down "Apartment Row".

INT. THE YELLOW CAB -- NIGHT

Dusty sits in the back seat, eyes scanning the street.

DUSTY

There it is.

TAXI DRIVER

Funny. My ex-wife lives in that building. Right there. She's probably in there, now. With some guy...

The TAXI DRIVER pulls over.

TAXI DRIVER

That'll be fifteen sixty, Pal.

Dusty pulls out Niles's wallet and pays the driver.

DUSTY

Keep the change.

TAXI DRIVER

Thanks, Pal.

THE TAXI pulls away, Dusty pulls the coaster out again.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Jennifer closes the door, locks it, and frowns at Dusty. He looks like hell.

JENNIFER

When said you could stop by for a drink, I didn't mean at three A.M.

DUSTY

Something came up....

She begins unlocking the door to let him out.

DUSTY

I need a place to stay.

JENNIFER

Behind in your rent?

DUSTY

The police are there.

JENNIFER

The police?

DUSTY

They think I killed a man. My boss at Sally's. Look, I really need a drink.

JENNIFER

(makes a decision)

Come on it, grab a stool, tell me your problems. What'll it be?

IN THE KITCHEN

Jennifer pours an inch of Jack Daniels into a glass, sets it on the counter in front of Dusty - on a tall dinette chair. She is the bartender, he is the customer. Dusty downs the drink, handing it back to her.

DUSTY

Again.

Jennifer fills the tumbler.

DISSOLVE TO:

When the tumbler is empty, Dusty has his nerves back.

JENNIFER

You slept with her?

DUSTY

It was all part of her plan.

JENNIFER

You slept with her?

DUSTY

Yes. I slept with her.

Jennifer nods.

JENNIFER

Bitch.

Jennifer downs her glass of Jack, pours more for them.

JENNIFER

What do you think the police have?

DUSTY

Should I call 'em up and ask?

Jennifer nods towards the phone. Dusty dials Bob's number.

DUSTY

Bob?

Bob's voice cracks through the handset.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Bob peeks out the window... at a POLICEMAN watching from the parking lot.

BOB

The cops just left. They asked me all kinds of questions...

DUSTY (V.O.)

What happened?

BOB

Have you lost your mind? Niles is dead. Shot with his own gun. Woodsie got blown up. Couldn't ID him for hours until they found one of his hands.

Just thinking about it gives Bob the willies.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dusty cuts him off.

DUSTY

Bob, what did the police want?

BOB (V.O.)

They want you.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

BOB

Your prints were all over the gun.

DUSTY (V.O.)

Only my prints?

BOB

What the hell were you thinking? There's no way you could get away with this... I mean, fuck, she's only a broad... You kill her husband, you end up in jail. You don't get the girl, you're gonna BE the girl.

Bob looks out the window, the Policeman is still there.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dusty tries to process this.

DUSTY

I didn't kill Niles. I was set up.

BOB (V.O.)

How'd your prints get on the gun?

DUSTY

He was alive when I left the club.

BOB (V.O.)

Good luck convincing the cops. Don't think you should call again. Might tap the phones. But anything you need.

DUSTY

There is one thing - the leather jacket in my closet? I'm gonna need it.

Dusty hangs up, leans against the wall.

DUSTY

What do they do here? Hanging? Gas? Firing squad?

JENNIFER

I don't think they give you a choice.

DUSTY

Can't afford an O.J. Lawyer, and I don't think the PD will care.

Jennifer moves to him, hands touching his face.

DUSTY

Your hands are soft.

JENNIFER

Run. Go someplace where the weather suits your clothes... Florida, maybe.

DUSTY

Too many cameras. Homeland Security. Less trouble if I just turn myself in.

He touches the back of her hand, holding it against his cheek. Jennifer pulls his face down and they kiss.

JENNIFER

Why not sleep on it?

They kiss again, and she pulls him into her bedroom.

IN THE BEDROOM

Kissing gently. They fall into the bed and make love gently. Pure romance. Everything is soft and loving...

FADE OUT.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Jennifer, dressed for work, wakes up Dusty and hands him a fresh cup of coffee. He's groggy - not much sleep.

She sips her cup of coffee and looks out the window.

JENNIFER

I'm not driving you to the police station.

DUSTY

Guess I can take a cab.

JENNIFER

You didn't kill him, right?

DUSTY

I don't think the cops are going to believe me.

JENNIFER

They will if you have the evidence.

DUSTY

Sylvia knows who the killer is.

Jennifer bites her lip, wanting to say something....

JENNIFER

I have to get to work. Try not to get caught, and try not to sleep with her.

Dusty smiles, kisses her, and she leaves the apartment.

EXT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- DAY

Windows boarded up. Burned out Mercedes removed. Police tape flutters in the wind. The sign still says closed.

INT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- DAY

Sylvia crosses the empty night club - most of the lights are still off, and the boarded up windows keep out the sun.

She finishes her martini, and heads into the office.

IN THE OFFICE

Dark. The desk chair is aimed towards the back wall.

When Sylvia enters, the chair slowly twists towards her.

IN THE CHAIR: Barnard Niles in the shadows, gun in hand. Very much alive...

Sylvia goes into shock.

NILES

Surprised to see me?

SYLVIA

Barnard?!?!?

But it's Dusty, dressed in Niles's suit with the eye patch.
Dusty flicks on the desk lamp.

SYLVIA

Dusty. I was worried about you.

DUSTY

Worried I'd talk?

Sylvia stops cold.

DUSTY

Niles was so worried about my seeing
HIS amazing recovery, he completely
missed out on MY recovery.

Sylvia pours on the sex.

SYLVIA

Oh, Dusty, I'm so glad you're alive.
Glad we can be together...

Dusty keeps the gun aimed at her.

DUSTY

Who killed Niles?

SYLVIA

You did. Don't you remember?

DUSTY

And you were supposed to hide the body
and get rid of the gun, right? But
both were there for the police to find.

Sylvia corrects him.

SYLVIA

WE were supposed to dispose of the
body TOGETHER, remember?

DUSTY

But when I got in the car, it blew up.

SYLVIA

It was Woodsie in the car...

DUSTY

But why did the car blow up?

SYLVIA

Detective Vacarro said there was a
bomb wired to the ignition.

DUSTY

A bomb you put there.

SYLVIA

How can you think that? That's why we killed Barnard, so we could be togeth--

DUSTY

Nile was alive when I left. The gun I shot him with was loaded with blanks.

Sylvia gets on her knees in front of Dusty.
Begging forgiveness.
At gunpoint.

SYLVIA

That was Barnard's plan. I thought he was just using you as a decoy, so he could get away with the real money. I didn't know he wired his car to explode. He promised me he'd let you live!

She rests her head on his crotch.

DUSTY

Keep going, Sylvia. Experience proves I'll believe almost anything.

SYLVIA

He was supposed to give me half the money, then leave. Money for us.

Dusty puts the gun barrel against her head.

DUSTY

It was a frame from the start, and I walked right into it. I can't see the whole picture. Who really shot Niles?

Sylvia looks down the barrel of the gun.

SYLVIA

Arlene. She and Barnard were lovers. They were supposed to run away together. But when she saw what he did to you, she killed him.

DUSTY

So that you two could be together.

SYLVIA

No, Dusty. I want to be with you.

Dusty cocks the gun.

SYLVIA

Arlene was afraid Barnard would double cross her. She wanted all of the money. She isn't like you or me. She doesn't feel love. It's all money to her.

Dusty lowers the gun, moves to his feet, takes off the coat and eye patch and tosses them. Grabs the leather jacket from the back of the chair and slips it on. Runs a comb through his hair to grease it back - he's somebody else.

DUSTY

Came to return your husband's coat.

She moves up and kisses him. Dusty can't help but respond. Is he going to end up sleeping with her?

SYLVIA

We can still be together. But I'm afraid of Arlene.

Dusty wonders where this will go.

DUSTY

Because she killed Niles.

SYLVIA

And took the money. All of it. She'll kill us if she has the chance.

DUSTY

So... where do I find her?

Sylvia pops open the Rolodex on the desk and pulls out Arlene's employee info contact card.

EXT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- DAY

Dusty leaves Sally's, heads down back streets to Arlene's with the Rolodex card in his hand.

EXT. BACK STREETS -- DAY

Dusty hears footsteps echo behind him. Someone following?

IN A WARPED CAR HUBCAP: a figure stops 100 yards behind him.

By the time he turns his head, the street is empty. Rows of doorways where his follower could be hiding.

A PAIR OF SHOES peeks from a doorway.

Dusty turns into a narrow alleyway. Footsteps echo behind him.

INT. DARK ALLEYWAY -- DAY

A cat springs off a garbage can at him. Scaring him to death.

When he stops, the footsteps behind him stop, too. Dusty continues down the alley, walking faster. Footsteps behind him faster.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Dusty approaches Arlene's building.
Footsteps echo behind him.

Dusty walks past the steaming pool, heads for the stairs and
Apartment 2B - on the Rolodex card.
A voice startles him.

ARLENE

What are you doing here, Dusty?

Arlene stands on the other side of the pool.
In her hand a 25 automatic glitters.

DUSTY

You don't look happy to see me.

She aims the gun at him.

ARLENE

You killed Niles, you have to pay.

DUSTY

I didn't kill Niles, you did.

Arlene shakes her head, doesn't lower the gun.

ARLENE

Half of that money is mine. I want it.

DUSTY

So I killed Niles AND took the money?

ARLENE

You know you did.

DUSTY

Sylvia told you, right?

Arlene nods, keeping the gun on him.

EXT. STREET - TELEPHONE BOOTH -- DAY

Dusty stands in a phone booth, phone to his ear.
Arlene stands behind him with the 25 Automatic.

DUSTY

Sylvia? I'm here with Arlene.

(beat)

No, I haven't shot her, yet.

(beat)

Well, she's aiming a gun at me. And
she thinks you killed Niles and took
all the money. And she wants half.

Suddenly Dusty gets a dial tone - Sylvia hung up.

Dusty turns to Arlene.

DUSTY

You happen to have fifty cents?

Arlene keeps the gun trained on him while she digs in her purse for a couple of quarters, hands them to Dusty.

DUSTY

Thanks.

Puts the money in the phone and dials again.

DUSTY

Sylvia? Sorry, we were cut off. Arlene, here, says that you have the money. All of it. Is that true?

(beat)

She says if you don't give her half the money, she's going to the police. Tell 'em what really happened.

Arlene smiles at Dusty.

DUSTY

Don't know what stops her from killing me and killing you and just taking all of it. Paying her half is a good idea.

(beat)

So, you DO have all the money?

(beat)

I thought so.

Arlene pokes the gun at Dusty.

DUSTY

Where do we meet?

(beat)

Hey, there, darlin' - you could have saved me a trip!

Dusty hangs up the phone, turns to Arlene.

DUSTY

At the bar in an hour.

ARLENE

What do I need you for?

Arlene pushes the gun into Dusty's chest. Finger on the trigger.

BLAM!

INT. MUSTANG SALLY'S -- DAY

BLAM!

The money bag slams down onto the bar. Sylvia opens it, exposing plastic wrapped bricks of twenties and hundreds.

SYLVIA
Five million dollars.

Across the bar, Arlene points the 25 Automatic at her.

ARLENE
I'll count it anyway.

Sylvia pushes the bag towards her.

SYLVIA
Fifty - fifty split.

Arlene sets her drink on a coaster, keeping the gun on Sylvia.

A voice from the corner of the room.

DUSTY
We split it three ways. I figure I earned a cut... And some honesty.

Sylvia and Arlene turn to Dusty, who stands in the shadows. Steps into the light.

ARLENE
No deal. I was promised half.

SYLVIA
The original deal was: Barnard and I split the money fifty-fifty. She inherited his half when he died.

DUSTY
You and I share the other half?

SYLVIA
A million and a quarter each - that's more than the average man makes in a lifetime. Never have to serve another drink, never have to take shit from anyone.

DUSTY
Thought we were sharing the money, honey? The plans they keep a-changing.

SYLVIA
We split the money two ways.

ARLENE
Wrong. We split the money one way.

Arlene grabs for the money bag.
Sylvia grabs for the money bag.
But Dusty snags it - pulls it away from both of them.

DUSTY

Which one of you really killed Niles?

SLYVIA

She did!

ARLENE

She did!

They charge at each other, until Dusty shakes the money bag. That gets their attention.

DUSTY

The guy before me, who killed him?

ARLENE

That bitch!

SLYVIA

This cunt!

Dusty has to shake the money bag again.

DUSTY

Ladies, ladies. You want this money, you gotta start telling the truth. Who the hell shot Niles?

Arlene realizes she has the 25 Automatic in her hand, aims it at Dusty. Starts towards him.

ARLENE

I'll take that.

Wham! Sylvia tackles her.

The 25 Automatic goes skittering across the floor.

Arlene and Sylvia roll across the floor, punching and scratching and kicking each other.

SLYVIA

Butt-licking bitch!

ARLENE

Crusty cooze!

SLYVIA

Puss-filled pussy!

ARLENE

Jizz-gargling whore!

Sylvia keeps a grip on Arlene as they plow into a chair. As they tear out hair and rip off clothes and slam each other's heads against the bar floor, Dusty just watches. It's the ultimate cat fight... maybe to the death.

SLYVIA

The gun!

Dusty drops the money on the bar, dives for the gun.

Arlene scoops up the 25 Automatic just as Dusty gets to it. Swings the gun and connects with Dusty's face, slamming him to the floor.

ARLENE

My gun, asshole.

Arlene aims the gun at Sylvia's face. Sylvia grabs the barrel, pushing it up into the air. The two women struggle with the gun. BANG!

Exploding right between them.

ARLENE

Sloppy smelly slit!

Arlene tries to twist the barrel at Sylvia's face. Sylvia tries to keep it away from her. Another shot blasts through the ceiling.

Sylvia sees the gun barrel right in her face. Grabs Arlene's hands, twists the gun back at her.

SLYVIA

Termite infested twat!

They struggle, the gun between them. Arlene twists the gun barrel into Sylvia's left breast. Sylvia pushes the gun so that it's pointing at Arlene's face. BANG! BANG! BANG!

Arlene's is almost blown off... She staggers for a moment - face a bloody mess... Then lands on the floor with a SPLAT!

SYLVIA

Bitch!

She pulls the trigger again, but all she gets is a click. Throws the empty 25 down at Arlene's corpse. Pours herself a martini from the shaker, looks at Dusty.

SYLVIA

There. Now we split it two ways.

DUSTY

What do we do about Arlene?

She already has a plan.

SYLVIA

Throw that bitch in the trunk of her car, take the gun with you. Drive her out to the middle of the desert. Set the car on fire, then call me. I'll come and pick you up.

DUSTY

I'll bet I don't get a hundred yards down the road before you call the cops.

SYLVIA

Why don't you trust me?

Dusty laughs.

SYLVIA

I wouldn't do anything to hurt you.

Sylvia moves to Dusty, embracing him.

DUSTY

You fucking tried to blow me up.

SYLVIA

That was Barnard. Not me.

She looks into his eyes.

SYLVIA

What do you think I am?

DUSTY

I know what you are.

She lets go of him, moves back to the bar.

DUSTY

End of the line, babe. One of us goes to jail, it isn't going to be me.

Sylvia reaches under the bar, pulls out the 38 Special. Aiming the gun at Dusty.

SYLVIA

Too bad, Dusty. We could have had something together.

Dusty takes a step towards her.

DUSTY

Something always comes between us. Usually a gun.

Dusty takes another step.
Closer.
Closer.

Sparks of attraction still flying between them.
Will they kiss?

Dusty makes a grab for the gun.
They embrace and struggle for the gun.
Face to face.
Gun moving between them.

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
Dusty's eyes POP open in pain!

Sylvia moves her lips to Dusty, she kisses him gently.

SYLVIA
Goodbye.

She goes limp in Dusty's arms. Dead.

DUSTY
So you in hell.

Dusty lowers her to the floor, Smith and Wesson 38 in hand.

He takes a bar rag and wipes his prints from the gun.
Pulls out Detective Martin Vaccaro's business card.

EXT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

The sun is setting behind the building as Dusty's Bronco
pulls into the parking lot.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

Dusty enters the apartment, one hand in the leather jacket
pocket... holding the gun. The money bag in the other hand.
He searches for Bob, doesn't find him... but hears laughter
from the swimming pool below.

EXT. POOL SIDE -- EVENING

The gang's all here: Cristal, Pammy, Tina, Beverly, Sandy,
Bill and Ted... and Bob. Drinking beers and eating burgers
after a hard day at work...

BEVERLY
You're such a pig, Bob!

Bob starts snorting like a pig.
Stops when Dusty steps into the pool area, a sudden hush.

BOB
What the hell you doin' here? It's
not safe. The police are watching
this place. They're looking for you.
You're on fucking America's Most Wanted.

Dusty grabs a beer from the cooler, smiles at the girls.

No one knows how to react.

Dusty does NOT have the money bag in hand anymore.

DUSTY

Sylvia's dead.

BOB

What are you talking about?

DUSTY

It's over.

Dusty pulls his hand out of his coat pocket.
He's wearing a rubber glove, just like Niles's real killer.
In the gloved hand is the 38 Special that killed Sylvia.
Dusty aims the gun at Bob.

Everyone screams, scampers out of the way.

DUSTY

Detective Vaccaro is on his way.

BOB

He'll be happy to catch you.

Bob moves quick, wrenching the gun away from Dusty.
Gives Dusty a love tap across the face with the barrel.

Dusty looks down the barrel of the Smith and Wesson 38.

BOB

Tina, why don't you call the police.
Cristal, that nurse training might
come in handy in a second, here.

Dusty pulls the 25 Automatic from his other pocket.
More screaming and scattering from the group.
Tina drops her cell phone.

Bob and Dusty back away from each other's guns... to opposite
sides of the swimming pool. The others watch like townspeople
in an old western high noon scene.

DUSTY

You played us all against each other.
Kept your hands out of most of it.
Guess you didn't want to rough 'em up.

BOB

I don't know what the hell you're
talking about.

DUSTY

Sylvia said to Nile's killer, she couldn't
wait to feel his soft hands on her.

BOB

You killed Niles. And Woodsie. And now you say Sylvia's dead?

DUSTY

The bartender before me, your old room mate, how the hell did I kill him?

Pammy looks at Sandy, then at Bob. Everyone looks at Bob.

DUSTY

When we first shook hands, you said how rough my hands were.

BOB

You're not making any sense...

DUSTY

You got to have soft hands to say that, don't you?

Bob has no answer to this, keeps the gun aimed at Dusty.

DUSTY

Thought Niles killed the last bartender and dumped his car at a used lot. 57 Chevy. But when I sat in the car, the seat was pulled way up. Niles and I were about the same height, but you --

BOB

Can you believe this guy?

Bob faces off against Dusty - the pool between them.

BOB

You gonna use your gun? Or am I gonna use mine? Now's the time, Dusty.

Bob pulls his gun up, like a gunslinger. Dusty raises his gun, just as fast. Bob fires first - and keeps firing!

PAMMY

Noooooo!

When the gun clicks dry, Bob turns to the "townspeople".

BOB

You saw what happened. He came out here... A murderer. He had a gun. Aimed at it me. Made some wild accusations. It was him or me.

Police sirens in the distance - coming closer. When Bob turns to look at Dusty's corpse... He's still standing!

DUSTY

Found the blanks behind the bar. How else could I get cordite on your hands.

BOB

You can't do its to me.

DUSTY

Your prints are on the gun that killed Sylvia, and Arlene, and maybe even the bartender who backed out of the deal.

BOB

You're a stupid cowboy.

Bob throws down the gun, glares at Dusty.
Police sirens right outside.

DUSTY

Catch!

He throws the 25 Automatic at Bob... and he catches it, aims it at Dusty and keeps pulling the trigger on the empty gun.

Dusty peels off the gloves, tosses them in the barbecue.
Flash! They burn away to nothing.

Detective Vaccaro and 3 UNIFORM cops rush into the pool area.

BOB

There he is! The shooter! Dusty Mills.

DUSTY

He's the one with the guns. And you may find a big bag of dirty money in his bedroom closet.

Bob drops the 25 Automatic, raises his hands.

BOB

He's setting me up!

VACCARO

You do have one gun in your hand and another at your feet.

DUSTY

Recently fired. You might check his hands for gunpowder residue.

VACCARO

You watch too much CSI.

Bob tries not to look at his hands.

BOB

I can explain all of this.

VACCARO

I'm sure you can. And we'll give you plenty of time to think about it.

Vaccaro turns to the first Policeman.

VACCARO

Check both their hands for powder burns and cordite. Bag the guns, check them for prints.

BOB

This isn't the way...

VACCARO

Looks like life behind bars, and no free drinks, Mr. Voigt.

Bob looks at Dusty... and loses it.

BOB

You son of a bitch!

Charges at Dusty...

And two of the POLICEMEN raise their guns and fire. Blasting Bob into the pool, where he floats in blood.

The WOMEN scream and cry, except for Sandy, who just looks bored, as usual.

Vaccaro gestures for Dusty to lower his hands.

VACCARO

Thanks for the call.

DUSTY

A man's gotta do...

Vaccaro studies Dusty for a minute.

VACCARO

I'll bet there's an interesting reason why your prints were on the gun that killed Niles.

DUSTY

I can explain...

Sweat breaks out on Dusty's forehead.

VACCARO

Don't really want to hear it. Niles was a piece of shit and that's just more paper work.

Vaccaro nods for Dusty to join the others. It's over.

INT. MUSTANG SALLY'S NIGHT CLUB -- NIGHT

Thursday night is Square Dance Night. Everyone is decked out in their fancy duds.

Dusty mixes drinks, juggling bottles, as the DJ stops the music, brings up the lights a little.

DJ

Thursday night is Square Dance night!
So grab your partner and get ready to
dosey-do with caller Randall Rizzo.

The DJ hands the mike to RANDALL, and the music begins.

Dusty moves down the bar to where Jennifer sips a daiquiri.

DUSTY

Hey, can I have this dance?

Jennifer looks up and smiles.

JENNIFER

Sure.

Dusty tosses the bar towel at the sink, turns to the new bartender, BILLY, a fresh faced kid, who looks up to Dusty.

DUSTY

Cover for me.

BILLY

Sure, Dusty.

Dusty takes Jenny to the dance floor.
Everyone is paired up, starts dancing when Randall calls.

RANDALL

Bow to your women, bow to your men.

Dusty and Jennifer bow to each other and begin dancing.
Half the patrons are dancing, the other half clap in rhythm.

RANDALL

Take your partner by the hand, circle
left. Turn on around and come on back.
Allemande left and eight chain thru.

Dusty gives Jennifer a big kiss as they dance.

RANDALL

Spin to the right, roll away, ladies
in and men sashay!

Dusty and Jennifer laugh as the dance, having fun.

FADE OUT.