

EXTRA INNINGS

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FADE IN:

MONTAGE

1.) 8 YEAR OLD ERIN WILOCH, with short blonde hair and a naive twinkle in her eye, struggles to slip her foot into the stirrup of a GOLDEN STALLION.

ERIN (V.O.)
My dad was my hero.

2.) RICK WILOCH, 25, with a black cowboy hat, chiseled jawline and powerhouse build, rides on the back of PAT GARRETT: a black mare.

ERIN (V.O.)
He was everything a girl could ever ask for in a father.

3.) Rick dismounts his horse, picks Erin up, and hoists her into her saddle.

ERIN (V.O.)
He taught me how to ride.

4.) Erin and Rick toss a baseball back and forth in the backyard.

ERIN (V.O.)
He taught me how to throw.

5.) Rick and LISA WILOCH, 27, lay out on a picnic blanket in a grassy clearing. Lisa is blonde like her daughter, and carries herself with a graceful determinism. Rick leans over and kisses Lisa on the cheek. Erin runs over to them, and kisses Rick on his cheek.

ERIN (V.O.)
He showed me what loving somebody really looked like.

7.) Rick is on the mound in an Osage County Outlaws jersey. He strikes out the last BATTER, and the Outlaws flood out of the dugout.

ERIN (V.O.)
And that there's more to life than your career, even when you're the hometown star. A local hero.

8.) Lisa, Rick, and Erin sit at a table in front of a row of PHOTOGRAPHERS.

9.) Lisa scribbles her name on a contract.

ERIN (V.O.)

After Grandpa died, mom became a part-owner of the same team my dad played for.

10.) Lisa, Rick, and Erin stand up to pose: the perfect family.

11.) At the dinner table, Rick and Lisa sit with, MICHAEL FARADAY, 35, who wears an expensive suit that hangs over his lanky frame. They laugh over a bottle of wine.

ERIN (V.O.)

Mr. Faraday owned the other half of the team. He was like an uncle to me.

12.) On the couch, Erin sits with 8 YEAR OLD JAMES, built like his father and already on track to be the WASPY, prep-school prototype. They're absorbed in a movie playing on the television.

ERIN (V.O.)

His son James was around my age. When our parents weren't around, we'd always watch R-rated movies that we weren't supposed to.

13.) Rick and Faraday carry their two sleeping children away from the couch.

ERIN (V.O.)

We all used to be so close back then, but I guess nothing is built to last.

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

A packed house is on their feet in a gigantic stadium illuminated by towering flood lights.

Rick fields a dribbler on the mound, throws to first, and jumps for joy to celebrate with his teammates.

ERIN (V.O.)
Things couldn't have been more
perfect when my dad became the only
rookie in the modern era to throw a
no-hitter in his rookie season.

In the owner's box, Lisa, Erin, Faraday, and James cheer and hug each other. Erin sheds a tear of joy.

ERIN (V.O.)
He might've already been my hero
for 8 years, but that's the day he
became a legend in the world of
baseball.

INT. MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

Rick towers over the rubber in the middle of the diamond, with a turtleneck under his jersey to fight the cold fall weather.

ERIN (V.O.)
Then the unthinkable happened.

Rick winds up and delivers. The ball skips off the dirt and trickles to the backstop. The Catcher runs after it.

Rick looks to third base: the Runner breaks for home. Rick darts to meet him at the plate.

Rick beats the runner to the plate as the Catcher gathers the ball and flips it in his direction.

He snags the ball and readies to apply the tag. The Runner slides feet first - his cleat PIERCES Rick's ankle on one side of his leg, Rick's bones POP out the other.

ERIN (V.O.)
My dad always said that it's a
short trip from the penthouse to
the outhouse, but he never believed
he'd be the one making that walk.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE - DAY

On a pair of crutches, Rick hobbles into the kitchen. He opens a cabinet, pulls out a bottle of whiskey, and pours himself a tall glass.

ERIN (V.O.)

I used to think our family was the most important thing to my dad, but I realized it's a lot easier to love somebody else when you're on top of the world.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - DAY

A faded, western liquor house that might've hosted bandits and fur trappers 200 years ago. Pat Garrett is tied up to a telephone both out front. In the distance, 12 YEAR OLD ERIN rides alone on her horse.

ERIN (V.O.)

He became a regular at this shit hole out in the middle of nowhere. He was there so much, people used to think his horse belonged to one of the bartenders.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Scuffed linoleum floors under a drop tile ceiling. A poster on an easel reads: "AA: *Unity. Service. Recovery.*" A dozen LOCALS sit in a circle. Rick stares at the floor. Lisa sits next to him apprehensively.

ERIN (V.O.)

My Mom did everything she could to bring him back to the man he used to be, but no matter what she tried, nothing worked.

Lisa puts a hand on Rick's leg. He shews it off.

LOCAL

Rick, is there anything you'd like to share?

He doesn't break his stare, shakes his head "no."

ERIN (V.O.)

They say it's the first drop that kills you, there's no harm at all in the last. But if my dad wasn't going to help himself, my mom wasn't going to sit with him until all the bottles were empty.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Rick, in a police uniform, stands on the sidewalk with a cup of coffee in his hand. CHIEF LINDA RAMSEY, 30, a sturdy woman with impeccable posture, is on the other side of the road.

ERIN (V.O.)

He finally got off his ass and got a job with the local police department through his old high school friend, Chief Ramsey.

A bus pulls up and KIDS pour out. Rick halts traffic, walks into the middle of the crosswalk to usher them along.

Rick chugs the rest of his coffee.

ERIN (V.O.)

Still, everybody knew it wasn't coffee in that cup.

INT. FARADAY HOUSE - NIGHT

An immaculate mansion with high ceilings and dark wood furnishings on everything. HIGH SCHOOLERS are scattered all over the place sipping from solo cups. 16 YEAR OLD ERIN and 16 YEAR OLD JAMES play a game of beer pong together.

ERIN (V.O.)

As I got older, my dad had less and less time for me, so I started hanging around with James more. Mr. Faraday would let him throw the best parties at their house as long as everybody gave up their keys.

INT. FARADAY HOUSE (JAMES' BEDROOM) - LATER

James and Erin burst through the door, sucking face in the most disgusting, high school way.

INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Faraday pulls up outside of Rick's house and parks. Erin gets out of the car to head inside. James walks her to the door.

ERIN (V.O.)

My dad would never let me stay over, but because he was always too loaded to pick me up, Mr. Faraday would drive me home.

EXT. WILOCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Erin and James lean against the outside of the house. Her bedroom window is cracked open above them. James blows out a puff of smoke and passes a joint to Erin.

ERIN (V.O.)

Our days revolved around each others'. It felt nice having somebody like that in my life again.

Erin sucks in a deep in hale. She hears the window creak open above, and looks up to see Rick staring down at them. She coughs and blows the smoke in his face.

INT. FARADAY HOUSE - DAY

James and Erin sit over open textbooks at the kitchen table. He writes math formulas on the inside of a water bottle label.

ERIN (V.O.)

My dad tried to tell my mom that James was leading me down the wrong path...

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

At her desk, Erin checks the notes in the bottle and writes an answer on her test.

ERIN (V.O.)

...but my grades were going back up, so she told him to stop being such a paranoid hypocrite.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Erin and Lisa enter through the front door. Lisa makes her way to the kitchen and fills herself a glass of water. Erin heads down the hallway toward her bedroom.

ERIN (V.O.)

And that's just how things went. Until that one night, about a year ago.

Erin HEARS a noise from inside her parents' bedroom. She looks to her mother.

Lisa approaches and presses her ear to the door. She hears scuffling inside.

ERIN (V.O.)
My dad was supposed to be working
the night shift.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (BEDROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Lisa creaks the door open and peers inside. She barely catches a glimpse of a WOMAN, with reddish-blond hair hopping out the window, a pile of clothes in hand.

Lisa fully opens the door. Rick, shirtless, turns to face her. She storms off.

RICK
Lisa, wait...

Erin stands almost motionless. She shakes her head with a wired jaw.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (LISA'S BEDROOM) - DAY

Lisa fights back tears as she haphazardly clamps hangers onto a railing in an empty closet.

ERIN (V.O.)
My parents moved into separate
bedrooms the next day.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (RICK'S BEDROOM) - DAY

Rick is sprawled out on his bed. He slugs whiskey like there's no tomorrow.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (ERIN'S BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Erin lays in bed under the covers. She faces the wall opposite her closed door. Rick and Lisa's muffled screams echo from down the hallway.

ERIN (V.O.)
Dreams became nightmares, and
nightmares became reality. The
house was so toxic that my mom sent
me to the Lawton School for Girls
so that I wouldn't have to suffer
along with her.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Erin drags a suitcase into the white bricked jail cell of a dorm room and sets it next to a pile of boxes.

ERIN (V.O.)
And that's why I'm here now.

CUT TO:

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

Erin sits in a chair opposite a THERAPIST behind a desk. She's in her mid-60s with stringy grey hair and academic glasses in a tidy business suit.

THERAPIST
Well, it seems like the distance might've been good for you. Not many students excel in their first year the way you did. Captain of the equestrian team, honor roll student. Your parents will be proud.

ERIN
Yeah, I guess so.

THERAPIST
Are you excited to see them again?

ERIN
Did you not listen to a word I just said?

THERAPIST
Let me rephrase. Do you feel like getting an academic year's worth of space has made you feel differently about anything?

ERIN
No.

THERAPIST
Why not?

Erin grows agitated.

ERIN
Why would I?

THERAPIST

You don't miss...what's your father's name again?

ERIN

Rick.

THERAPIST

Yes, Rick. You don't miss Rick at all?

ERIN

Not at all.

THERAPIST

What about the old Rick? The one you used to ride horses with, play catch together. Before you answer, really think about what that time in your life was like. How perfect you said it was.

Erin pauses and looks out the window. She takes a deep breath and turns back to her Therapist.

ERIN

Maybe. What I do know is that he's never coming back. Even if he did, I don't know if I could ever forgive him.

THERAPIST

Don't you think everybody deserves a second chance?

ERIN

He's had plenty of chances.

THERAPIST

Well, let's think smaller. What do you think would make you feel better about this? It could be anything.

ERIN

Finding that woman.

THERAPIST

What woman?

ERIN

The one in the bedroom that night.

THERAPIST

And why is that?

ERIN

She ruined everything. Sure, it was my dad's fault too, but what kind of person do you have to be to sleep with a guy who you know is married?

THERAPIST

Okay. So, if you ever did find her, what would you do?

Erin pauses again. She thinks hard, looks the Therapist dead in the eyes.

ERIN

I wouldn't forgive her. I can tell you that much.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Lisa peeks through a cracked door. She scans a group of REPORTERS gathered in front of a table in the press room. Behind her are James and Faraday: he's restless. Lisa checks her watch.

LISA

C'mon Rick.

FARADAY

He needs to hurry the fuck up or we're starting without him.

LISA

Just give it a few more minutes.

Thunderous footsteps approach from around the corner. Faraday turns to see BILL HASKINS, 40s, storming along with an entourage of BODYGUARDS and PERSONAL ASSISTANTS. Bill is round-faced, a seemingly jolly giant with a leather briefcase in one hand.

HASKINS

Call the hotel and tell them that it won't do.

ASSISTANT

Sure thing, Bill.

BILL

I requested the penthouse, so I'll have the penthouse. Not some fucking suite they keep for ex-wives when they get their alimony.

Haskins reaches the door and taps Lisa on the shoulder with conviction.

BILL (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Flustered, Lisa swings the door open and the group passes through without a single thank you.

FARADAY

So that's the new guy.

LISA

Yep.

FARADAY

What's his name again?

LISA

Bill Haskins.

FARADAY

Seems like a piece of work.

LISA

I'll say. Nothing like a green-gilled, hot shot owner. Apparently he never met a dollar he didn't like. Seems like you guys might have something in common.

Rick rounds the corner of the hallway. He dumps whiskey from his flask into a disposable coffee cup.

LISA (CONT'D)

Where the hell have you been? We were supposed to go on five minutes ago.

RICK

I was just getting my coffee. It's early.

He slips the flask into his jacket.

LISA

Are you sober right now?

RICK
As a gopher.

LISA
I'm serious, Rick. Do not fuck this
up for me.

RICK
Trust me, I'm fine.

From the other end of the hallway, Erin turns the corner with
a suitcase in hand.

LISA
Erin!

Erin drops her bag and sprints to meet them. Lisa opens her
arms to ready for a hug, but Erin leaps on James and gives
him a big kiss on the cheek.

JAMES
Welcome home.

LISA
Hey sweetie! How was your flight?

Erin lets go of James and hugs her mother. Rick sips his
coffee.

ERIN
Uneventful.

LISA
The best kind there is.

Rick wraps his arms around the two of them. They squirm away
from him.

RICK
Hey, honey.

ERIN
Hi.

RICK
We have to go and do this thing
real quick, but what do you say the
three of us go grab some dinner
after?

LISA
I have to stay for a cocktail
reception, but you two go ahead.

ERIN

Actually, James and I were thinking of grabbing dinner just the two of us tonight.

RICK

You just got home. Why don't you two get dinner ano-

LISA

That's fine. Just try to be home at a decent hour, alright?

FARADAY

Come on people. We need to get rolling.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Faraday leads the charge onto the stage with Lisa and Rick in tow. Rick squats over his chair, stumbles, and almost misses the seat. Lisa glares at him.

The Reporters bark questions over one another.

LISA

Thank you all for being here today. In all my years with this organization, there's never been a better time to be a part of the Outlaws than this moment right now. Tomorrow night's Wild Card game will be the first time this ball club has been in the playoffs in over 15 years, and with the support of our incredible fanbase at our back, we don't plan on stopping there. Before we get started, I'd like to announce that my husband, Rick, will be returning to the mound tomorrow night to throw out the first pitch.

The audience murmurs with excitement. All the camera flashes turn to Rick.

LISA (CONT'D)

I'm sure you have plenty of questions for Michael and I, so we'll take them one at a time.

Lisa points to a FEMALE REPORTER in her early 20s in the front row.

FEMALE REPORTER

Rick, this is the first time the Outlaws have made the playoffs since you were the team's ace. What does it feel like to see them winning games again?

RICK

It's uh...it's great, you know. I uh...I couldn't be happier, so cheers to that.

He raises his cup to the room and takes a drink. The crowd roars with laughter. Lisa points to a MALE REPORTER, around her age. A YOUNG FAN sits next to him.

MALE REPORTER

Rick, I loved watching you play back in the day, both here and in the majors. My son is with me today, and he wants to be a pitcher, just like you. What advice would you give to the youth who dream of being a baseball star?

RICK

Well, it's a tough job and it takes a lot of hard work. It's not really all it's cracked up to be. Is that your son right there?

The Young Fan nods.

RICK (CONT'D)

Have you thought about dentistry?

INT. OWNERS' OFFICE - NIGHT

TEAM EXECUTIVES and Reporters mill about the room decorated with puffy leather furniture and framed memorabilia. In a corner, Faraday and Haskins enjoy drinks at a hightop table.

FARADAY

16? Really? That was your first time?

HASKINS

You bet. I remember it like it was yesterday.

FARADAY

Well come on, don't make me beg for the details.

HASKINS

It was me, my dad, and my grandfather. We were in the car on our way up to Canada to take a fishing trip for my dad's fiftieth. About two hours into the drive, my dad turns around and says, "Son, this is the day you become a man." He reaches into the glove box, pulls out three of those beautiful cubans they'd always smoked together, and passes one to me in the backseat. We lit 'em up right there in the car.

FARADAY

Must've been glorious.

HASKINS

Oh trust me, it was. For about 30 minutes until they had to pull over for me to throw up on the side of the road.

The two men howl with laughter.

HASKINS (CONT'D)

But somehow I still learned to love 'em.

FARADAY

I always say, a man is only as good as his taste in cigars.

HASKINS

I'll drink to that.

The two men clink glasses and take a swig. Lisa approaches with a drink of her own.

FARADAY

Bill, I want you to meet Lisa Wiloch. She owns the other half of the ball club.

Lisa and Haskins shake hands.

LISA

It's nice to meet you.

HASKINS

You're that old ball player's wife, right?

LISA

No, I'm Lisa. But yes, Rick is my husband.

HASKINS

Well your husband put on quite a show today.

Haskins fakes to slip out of his chair. Lisa lunges to stop his fall, but Haskins straightens himself back up.

HASKINS (CONT'D)

No, it was inspiring, really. I actually submitted my application to dental school about an hour ago.

FARADAY

"Cheers to that!"

The two men roar with laughter once again. Lisa is lost in the wind.

LISA

I'm sorry. You'll have to excuse me.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Rick kicks back at his cluttered desk. He sips from his flask as he looks at an old TV in the corner of the room. A WEATHERMAN reports.

WEATHERMAN

Temperatures will be in the mid to high 80s throughout the morning and early afternoon tomorrow, but will drop considerably in the early evening when a storm front rolls into town. And this isn't just a little bit of rain we're talking about here, so be sure to check in throughout the day for flash flood warnings.

Chief Ramsey enters. Rick scrambles to shove his flask in a drawer and make himself look busy.

RAMSEY

Whatcha up to?

RICK

Just some paperwork. The usual.

RAMSEY

Wait, didn't Erin come home today?
Shouldn't you be at home, with her?

RICK

Got too much work I need to catch
up on.

Ramsey walks over to the edge of Rick's desk.

RAMSEY

Rick, we've been working together
for over 5 years, and not once have
I seen you stay ten minutes past
when you're supposed to clock out.
What's going on?

RICK

Seems boyfriends are more important
than your parents these days.

RAMSEY

Don't take it personally. You know
how kids are.

RICK

It is personal with her though.

RAMSEY

What do you mean?

RICK

I mean it's got nothing to do with
James and everything to do with me.
You know, no matter how much I try,
they'll never forgive me.

RAMSEY

How much are you really trying
though?

RICK

Don't start that with me. Not now.

RAMSEY

Listen, Rick, I've known you a long
time, longer than anybody in your
life right now. What I've learned
over the years is that if you set
your mind to something, you'll find
a way to get it done. But your
biggest problem right now isn't
Erin, or James, or Lisa.

She slides the drawer open, takes out the flask, shakes it at him.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

It's you. No matter what it seems like, we all love you. But first, you've gotta learn to love yourself if you're really going to make things right. You got injured, you started drinking too much. It's understandable. Hell, if I were you, I'd have gone through 3 livers by now. But there comes a time when you gotta put the past behind you and move along down stream. If drinking a little too much whiskey is really the worst you've done...

Rick shies away, reverts his eyes to the floor.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

...then it isn't too late.

Rick takes it in with a continuous nod of acquiescence.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

Go on. Get home.

INT. FARADAY HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Erin and James, both naked with blankets overtop to cover up, lay together on the couch post-coital.

ERIN

So, what'd you think?

JAMES

That was uh...

ERIN

Definitely not as good as a bed.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I think we should just stick to beds.

They laugh and share a kiss.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Wait, I have something for you.

James slides off the couch, wraps one of the blankets around his waist, and disappears into another room. After a moment, he returns with a small rectangular box, wrapped in a bow.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I know the big day isn't until tomorrow, but I figured a day early wouldn't kill anybody. Don't worry, I still have something planned for the afternoon before the game tomorrow.

Erin unties the bow and lifts the lid to reveal a gleaming, black pearl necklace.

ERIN

James, I don't know what to say.

JAMES

A thank you would do just fine.

ERIN

Thank you.

They kiss again, and a pair of headlights shine through the window on their faces. James swings his head to face them.

JAMES

Shit. My dad's home

ERIN (CONT'D)

Fuck. What do we do?

JAMES

Quick, let's just grab our clothes and fucking, I don't know, get in that closet.

INT. FARADAY HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - LATER

Haskins lights a gorilla finger of a cigar with a match, then passes the box to Faraday.

HASKINS

I have to ask. With all this: the house, the cars, the team. Why not move on to bigger things? In a bigger town?

FARADAY

Simple. I'd rather be the biggest fish in a small pond.

HASKINS

Amen to that.

Haskins takes a big puff from his cigars, revels in the exquisite taste.

INT. FARADAY HOUSE (CLOSET) - CONTINUOUS

Erin and James redress, quietly sliding into their pant-legs. James pulls his shirt over his arms, knocks something off of a shelf that falls on Erin's head.

ERIN

Fuck, James! What the hell was that?

JAMES

Shhh! It's not my fault, it's dark in here.

James reaches down and picks up the heavy metal object. He holds it to the light peeking under the door frame: the silver body of the .45 pistol shines.

ERIN

Is that...a gun? You could've killed me!

JAMES

Oh quit being such a baby, your dad carries one around all the time.

INT. FARADAY HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

HASKINS

Thank you for this cigar, Michael. Not many opponents treat their competitors like this. I'll have to return the favor someday.

FARADAY

How about if that day were tomorrow?

HASKINS

What? Are you going to ask me to throw the game?

Haskins laughs, but realizes Faraday isn't laughing back at him.

HASKINS (CONT'D)

You can't be serious.

Michael stands and walks back and forth like a caged tiger.

FARADAY

Lisa has this idea that people actually give a shit about these games. That our "fans" come to the stadium for something other than cheap beer and rubbery hot dogs. She thinks we owe something to them, but I don't have such sophomoric illusions. My assets aren't where they need to be right now, but I have a plan.

EXT. FARADAY HOUSE (CLOSET) - CONTINUOUS

James peeks the door open and checks to make sure the coast is clear. He turns back to Erin, and raises a finger to his lips: "Shhh."

HASKINS

Let's hear it.

FARADAY

You ever see that movie where the boxer agrees to lose the fight, then bets for himself to win on the back end and makes a fortune when he throws it the other way? We do the exact same thing, with every bookie from here to North Dakota then split the winnings right down the middle.

INT. FARADAY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

James and Erin slide up against the wall and listen in on the conversation.

HASKINS

Seems simple enough to me. What do you need me to do?

FARADAY

Just get your guys in order. Offer them whatever they want: money, a new contract, a trade. Most of them know they'll never make it to the big leagues, so they should take the offer while they can. I'll take care of the rest, and make sure everybody in town "knows" that the game is fixed for a Deputies win.

EXT. WILOCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Rick steps out of a Ford Bronco parked in the driveway and heads for the door. A flash of headlights from down the street catches his attention. He sees a Pickup Truck parked a way down the road.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Rick slides in the passenger's seat. Dakota Grey sits in the driver's seat.

DAKOTA

I haven't seen you in quite a while.

Rick doesn't say a word. He doesn't even look at her.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

How have you been?

RICK

Why are you here?

Dakota passes him an envelope a white envelope. He opens it, and pulls out a stack of polaroid photos of the two of them in a boat on a lake. They look happy as can be, fooling around and posing for each other. He tosses the envelope back in her lap.

RICK (CONT'D)

What do you really want?

DAKOTA

Well, do you have any tips on the game tomorrow? You know, like the ones you used to give me? I heard your starter -

RICK

Do you realize who you're talking to right now? I'm a cop. I could have you locked up so fast -

DAKOTA

Cut me a break, Rick. You know you'd never do that.

RICK

What makes you so sure?

DAKOTA

Because I could ruin you. All it takes is one call to the press and that'll be the last time you're ever seen as the poster boy, the all star, the good cop for this town.

RICK

Like I give a shit.

DAKOTA

I see the press conferences, Rick. I know your life at home is as bad as it always was, no matter how much you try to convince yourself it's not. Things could be a lot better with me, like you always said they would.

Rick snaps his head to look at her with piercing eyes.

RICK

I never said that! Now you get this through that thick fucking skull of yours. We were never anything but a fuck up. We are done. In fact, there is no we.

Rick steps out of the car and slams it behind him.

RICK (CONT'D)

So stay out of my life and don't come back.

DAKOTA

You think you believe what you're saying, but I know you don't. My door's always open.

CUT TO:

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (ERIN'S BEDROOM) - DAY

Erin wakes up to see Rick on the edge of her bed. She follows his gaze to a family picture from Rick's no-hitter on her bedside table.

RICK

Feels like a different lifetime.

She looks back at him, sees two baseball gloves and a ball in his hands.

ERIN

What are those for?

RICK

I gotta throw out the first pitch at the game tonight, and I haven't picked up a ball in god knows how long. I was wondering if you'd want to play catch in the backyard to help warm me up.

ERIN

Sure, but why don't we take the horses and ride up to the ridge where we used to throw?

A sheepish look washes over Rick's face. He's cheeks light up bright red.

RICK

It's...Look, I've been meaning to tell you, but I had to sell your horse.

Erin darts upright.

ERIN

You what?

RICK

I already have to look after Pat, and with my leg, I couldn't keep up with them both so I had to sell her.

ERIN

How could you do that without even asking me?

RICK

What was I supposed to do?
You're not even home to take
care of her.

ERIN (CONT'D)

It's not your decision to
make!

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (LISA'S BEDROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Lisa puts her makeup on in her room. The voices grow louder and louder from down the hall

RICK (O.S.)
I still have the money in my safe.
When you're living here again, I'll
get her back for you.

ERIN (O.S.)
I don't need your help! I'll buy
her back on my own.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (ERIN'S BEDROOM) - CONTINUOUS

RICK
How? Gonna get your snobby, little
shit of a boyfriend to use his
daddy's money for it like usual?

ERIN
You have no right to talk about
James like that!

Lisa hurtles through the doorway.

LISA
What the hell is going on here!?

RICK
This is my house! I'll say whatever
the fuck I want!

ERIN
I hate you!

Erin dives back under her sheets, grabs her pillow and
presses it over her head.

LISA
This is my house, and you will not
talk to our daughter like that!

Rick stampedes out of the room.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rick rips the liquor cabinet open: it's completely empty. He
swings open a cabinet at his knees and sees a garbage can
filled with empty bottles.

EXT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

A decaying collection of splintered wood and rusty nails in
the backyard. Rick blasts out on the back of Pat.

INT. FARADAY HOUSE (OFFICE) - DAY

A decadent home-office space that looks curiously similar to Lisa's owner's office, but even more extravagant.

Faraday sits at his desk with a stack of expensive bills, agonizing over them. He comes upon James' credit card bill, and can't believe his eyes when he sees the ridiculous amount of charges.

James pokes his head in the door.

JAMES FARADAY
I'm heading out with Erin. I'll see you at the game later.

MICHAEL FARADAY
Hold on, come in here for a second.

James follows his dad's orders, but keeps his distance.

JAMES FARADAY
Yeah?

Faraday holds the bill up and points to it.

MICHAEL FARADAY
What the fuck is this?

JAMES FARADAY
What the fuck is what?

MICHAEL FARADAY
Don't you swear at me. It's your credit card bill. What's this ridiculous charge from yesterday?

JAMES FARADAY
It's an anniversary gift for Erin.

MICHAEL FARADAY
What did I tell you about spending so much money all the time?

JAMES FARADAY
I haven't been spending more than I normally do.

MICHAEL FARADAY
That's exactly the problem. You can't be spending like that anymore. You know I'm strapped for cash right now.

JAMES FARADAY
That's not my fault.

MICHAEL FARADAY (CONT'D)
What was that?

JAMES FARADAY
It's not my fault that
you're—

MICHAEL FARADAY (CONT'D)
Are you being smart with me?

JAMES FARADAY
That's not what I meant. If
you would just calm down and
fucking listen—

MICHAEL FARADAY (CONT'D)
That's it! Take the necklace
back.

JAMES FARADAY
What?

MICHAEL FARADAY
Return the necklace. I have had it
with your disrespect, and this is
the end of the line. Take it back.

JAMES FARADAY
What am I supposed to tell Erin?

MICHAEL FARADAY
That's not my problem.

JAMES FARADAY
What if they don't accept returns?

MICHAEL FARADAY
I don't care where you take it and
I don't care where it comes from,
but that money better be sitting on
my desk by the end of the day.

INT. SALLY'S SALOON - DAY

Dakota restocks the mirrored shelves behind the bar. The
front door swings open behind her. The high noon sun floods
in.

DAKOTA
We're closed.

RICK (O.S.)
I thought your door was always
open.

Dakota turns to see Rick limping through the doorway.

DAKOTA
The usual?

LISA (CONT'D)

As fucked up as it is, having the old star at your side makes things easier sometimes. At least it used to. Even if that weren't the case, I guess there's still some part of me that hopes the person I know he can be walks through the door one day.

ERIN

Yeah, I know what you mean.

INT. SPORTS CAR (PARKED) - DAY

An identical model to Faraday's. James behind the wheel. Erin slides in the other side.

ERIN

I've been thinking. Why don't we get in on that bet you're dad was talking about?

JAMES

Read my mind.

INT. CASINO FLOOR - DAY

In an endless pool of different table games, Erin and James peruse each tables' happenings.

ERIN

Let's split up. Keep your ears open.

Erin heads off in a direction opposite the floor.

JAMES

Where are you going?

ERIN

I need to use the bathroom. Want to hold my hand?

INT. CASINO BATHROOM - DAY

Erin squats on a toilet seat in a stall. She hears obnoxiously loud sniffing noises from the stall next to her. In that stall, a WOMAN with a rat's nest for a hairdo passes a pill bag of white powder to her redneck FRIEND.

FRIEND

You hear about the game tonight?
Apparently they rigged it for the
Outlaws to lose. I think we should

WOMAN

That's all a load of bullshit.
Where'd you hear that from? The
peanut gallery? Come on, let's get
back to the tables.

The two women exit their stall and head for the door. Erin
scrambles after them.

ERIN

Excuse me. I heard y'all talking
next to me and —

WOMAN

You eavesdropping on our
conversation you little shit?

ERIN

I'd say it was more in the vein of
can't help but overhear.
Regardless, I was wondering if you
could put me in the direction of
where I might be able to, let's
say, place a friendly wager on the
game tonight. Seems like y'all are
familiar with that arena, no?

FRIEND

Fuck off. You probably ain't even
old enough to be in this place.

ERIN

Now, there are two ways we go about
this. The first is that I find the
floor manager and tell him what
y'all have been doing in here. Or,
we could do it the easy way. A
little quid pro quo.

WOMAN

Squid pro what now?

ERIN

Quid. Pro. Quo. I tell you a little
something that I know, and you tell
me where I can find a bookie with a
lot of cash flow.

WOMAN

And what do you know that could possibly help us?

ERIN

You know that fix y'all were talking about? It's real.

FRIEND

Oh yeah? And how do you know that?

ERIN

My dad is Rick Wiloch?.

WOMAN

The old Outlaws star?

ERIN

That's the man. And better yet, my Mom is the owner of the team now.

The two women look at each other. They're almost ready to believe it.

WOMAN

Let's see what you really know. What number did Rick wear?

ERIN (CONT'D)

45.

WOMAN

He threw a no-hitter in the pros. Who was it against?

ERIN (CONT'D)

San Francisco.

They're taking a back. She knows her shit.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Your turn.

WOMAN

There's a bar out in the middle of nowhere. Sally's Saloon. You're looking for Dakota Grey.

INT. FORD BRONCO (MOVING) - DAY

Lisa at the wheel, Rick in the passenger seat with his police uniform on in the matte black SUV.

RICK

Wait, where's Erin?

LISA

With James - they had something planned for their anniversary.

RICK

Why do you always have to make me
out to be the bad guy with her?

LISA

You do it to yourself.

RICK

It all started when you let
her run around with that
fucking brat who just uses
her as an excuse to showoff
his dad's money.

LISA (CONT'D)

He's a nice kid who gives her
the attention she deserves,
unlike her father.

RICK

Then, you send her off to
boarding school and blame it
on me.

LISA (CONT'D)

Because you're never sober
and turn our house into a war-
zone anytime you're in a bad
mood.

RICK

Now, I'm trying to start
things over with her and you
show her nothing but
resentment towards me.

LISA (CONT'D)

Trying to start over! All
you've changed is that she
doesn't have her horse
anymore. How is that supposed
to make things better?

RICK

I'm trying to teach her how to be
responsible.

LISA

You want to talk about
responsibility? Do you have the
slightest fucking clue what your
actions at the press conference
caused me to have to deal with at
the reception last night? No, you
don't, because you don't give a
shit about anybody but yourself.

RICK

I'm sorry, okay? What do you want
me to say?

LISA

You can't just say sorry and expect
everybody to forgive you at the
drop of a hat, Rick. The world
doesn't work like that.

RICK

Just forget about it.

INT. SALLY'S SALOON (BACKROOM) - DAY

Mountains of cardboard liquor cases, metallic beer kegs, and rusty filing cabinets fill the musty room. The Woman from the casino slaps a band of a cash in front of Dakota on a desk, which is piled high with stack of cash. CINDY, a sexy, tattooed bartender in her mid-20s, stands idly behind her.

WOMAN

\$300 on the Deputies.

DAKOTA

Spread or money line?

WOMAN

Money line.

DAKOTA

Fine. Leave.

Dakota reaches into a drawer, pulls out a pen that sits next to a .357 pistol, notes the bet in a ledger. The Woman hustles away.

CINDY

Ain't you worried about this at all? Almost everybody who's come through that door has only bet on the Deputies. Don't that seem odd?

DAKOTA

Honey, I've been in this racket long enough to understand that if everybody thinks they know something, there's somebody out there who knows more.

Dakota piles the stacks into her arms and turns to place them in a safe on the cabinet behind her. James and Erin tip toe through the door and into the room. Erin locks her eyes on the back of Dakota's head.

QUICK FLASH

The woman with reddish-blond hair scrambles out of Rick's bedroom window.

BACK TO SCENE

Erin's face turns white as a ghost. She's stuck in quick sand. Dakota turns back to them. Erin finds the courage to compose herself.

Dakota mills over the offer. She writes Erin's name and the amount in the ledger.

DAKOTA

I want two to one odds in my favor.
Still one to one for you.

ERIN

Done.

DAKOTA

I hope you kids know what you're
doing.

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - DAY

James and Erin walk to the car.

JAMES

What was that all about?

ERIN

It's her.

JAMES

Who?

ERIN

The bitch who was fucking my dad
that night.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM (BATHROOM) - NIGHT

Immaculately clean marble floors reflect dim incandescent lights in the private stall. Rick flips on the hot water, removes his flask from his jacket pocket, and takes a long swig.

STADIUM ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, heading out
to the mound to join us, and
accompanied by his wife and Outlaws
owner, Lisa Wiloch...

Rick returns the flask to its home, wipes the sweat off his brow, and leans over the sink to take a good, long look at himself.

STADIUM ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
 ...please welcome Outlaw legend,
 Rick Wiloch!

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM (FIELD) - NIGHT

Fans offer scattered applause as they filter into their seats surrounding the small ball park, illuminated by bright flood lights as the sun begins to set on a crisp, summer evening.

On the pitcher's mound, Rick squares up to the CATCHER behind home plate. Lisa looks on apprehensively as he sways back and forth.

He winds up, strides to deliver, trips on his bum leg and crashes to the ground. His flask spills out from his jacket pocket and onto the turf for everybody to see. The crowd jeers, some boo.

Lisa scrambles over, gathers the flask and reluctantly helps Rick to his feet.

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM (SUITE) - NIGHT

A level above the common folk in their bleacher seats is a never ending buffet of ballpark food and an open bar in the upscale event room. Faraday and Lisa mill about with other TEAM EXECUTIVES. Rick sits at a table off in the corner. He nurses a whiskey coke. Ramsey sits down across from him.

RICK
 What are you doing here?

RAMSEY
 Security needed extra help for the big game. Figured I'd drop by and check in.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)
 You alright?

RICK
 Fine.

RAMSEY
 That was a nasty spill you took out there.

RICK (CONT'D)
 Thanks for reminding me.

RAMSEY
 What's done is done. Just try to forget about it and enjoy the rest of the night. Lisa needs you to -

RICK

It's over. There's no coming back from this. So why don't you fuck off and leave me alone.

That stings. Ramsey is equal parts disappointed and pissed off.

RAMSEY

Maybe Erin and Lisa are right about you. You really are pathetic. I need to get back to work.

Ramsey departs the table. Rick downs the rest of his glass, and brushes past Erin and James on his way to the bar. She follows him. Rick flags down the BARTENDER, a clean cut man in his early 20s in a white dress shirt and black apron.

RICK

Whiskey, neat.

The Bartender hesitates as if he's about to say something.

ERIN

You don't need that. We'll have two waters.

BARTENDER

Two waters coming right up.

RICK

Do you know who I am?

BARTENDER

Yes sir, you're Mr. Wiloch.

RICK

Good, then you know to listen to me and not her if you want to keep your job.

BARTENDER

I'm sorry, Mr. Wiloch, but I work for Lisa and she told me not to serve you tonight.

Faraday and James turn up beside them at the bar.

FARADAY

Vodka-soda, please.

Faraday turns to Rick.

FARADAY (CONT'D)
Seems you're a bit rusty from the
old playing days, huh Rick?

Faraday cackles. Rick's eyes light on fire. His face is lava.

FARADAY (CONT'D)
You know, it's a shame you got hurt
all those years back. Looks like we
could really use you out there
today.

He laughs again and slaps Rick on the back; he clenches his
jaw, threatening to crush his own teeth.

RICK
They.

FARADAY
What?

RICK
They. You're not part of the team.
Everybody wants to act like they're
a part of something they aren't
these days.

Erin's eyes dart back and forth between Rick and Faraday.
She's ready for an explosion.

FARADAY
But we're the owners. The team
wouldn't even exist without us.

Rick drunkenly waves a hand to the fans surrounding the
emerald gem of the ball field.

RICK
You see those people?

ERIN
Dad...

Faraday cranes his neck to see what Rick is motioning at.

FARADAY
The fans?

RICK
Yes, the fans: the slutty little
cousins of cheerleaders. Are they a
part of the team too?

FARADAY
Not like we are.

RICK
And what separates you from them?

FARADAY
About 20 feet right now.

Rick holds his hand up to Faraday's face, far too close for comfort, and rubs the world's smallest violin between his fingers.

RICK
Don't convince yourself you mean more to anything than you really do, Michael. Trust me, this team would do just fine without you.

FARADAY
Where do you get off talking to me like that!?

Lisa sees the commotion unfolding from the other side of the room. She escapes her conversation and beelines over.

FARADAY (CONT'D)
You're nothing but a fucking virus around here; you infect everything you touch. You're an embarrassment to your wife and a shit example of a father for your daughter.

LISA
What the hell is going on over here?

RICK
You're a paper man. I can't wait for the day when everybody in this town sees you and your douchebag of a son for what you really -

Erin picks up a glass of water and SPLASHES it in Rick's face.

LISA WILOCH
That's it! I have had it!!

The room goes silent, everybody turns towards Lisa.

LISA
Erin, take your father home. I'll get a ride back from Mr. Faraday.

RICK WILOCH

Great. Didn't feel like driving
anyways.

Rick removes his keys from his pocket, slides them on the table, then heads for the door without a moment's hesitation. Erin follows. Lisa turns to see everybody staring at her. She darts away.

CUT TO:

INT. FORD BRONCO (MOVING) - NIGHT

Erin at the wheel, Rick in the passenger seat. They might as well be riding alone as they cruise down a desert highway.

The RADIO speaks to them.

RADIO

Be aware of a thunderstorm on the horizon that's due to hit town later this evening. Flooding, fallen trees, and power outages are likely for a number of high risk areas in the county that could delay emergency services. Be sure to stock up on gas and groceries before nightfall, and keep your pets inside.

INT. FORD BRONCO - NIGHT

Parked in the driveway, Erin switches off the ignition and pulls on her door handle. Rick gently catches her right wrist before she can slide out of the car.

RICK

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that about James. I dragged you two into the middle of something that really had nothing to do with you. That was unfair of me.

ERIN

I'm sorry too, but I'm not the person you need to apologize to right now.

RICK

I know. I'm trying, Erin. I really am, but I don't think she wants to hear it anymore.

ERIN

Trust me, we both want things to go back to what it was like before you got hurt, but if that's gonna happen, you gotta leave all this shit in the past. The booze, the fights, the self pity; all of it. That's the only way forward.

Erin steps out of the car and turns back to her father, still seated in the Bronco.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Shall we?

RICK

I'm going to head out back and take Pat Garrett out for a ride. I need to think about some things. You head inside, I'll be back before you go to bed.

ERIN

Just make sure you get back before the storm hits.

RICK

Don't worry about me, I'll be fine.

ERIN

You heard the radio, don't leave your pets outside.

RICK

And here I thought you were worried about your old man.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Erin stares at the TV - eyes wide, mouth agape like she's watching the scariest movie of her life.

BROADCASTER (V.O.)

The count is 2-2: the Deputies are down to their last strike. Dignazio takes his signal from the catcher...winds up...a swing and a miss! The Osage County Outlaws are moving on to the quarterfinals!

Erin frantically dials a number on her cellphone.

RING....RING.....RING.....

ERIN

Come on, come on, pick up.

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM (SUITE) - CONTINUOUS

The stadium is in total chaos. Hugs, kisses, jumps for joy all around. James checks his phone and steps outside into the hallway.

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM (HALLWAY) - CONTINUOUS

JAMES FARADAY

What the fuck are we gonna do?

INTERCUT RICK'S HOUSE AND BASEBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

ERIN WILOCH

Listen to me. You need to stay calm.

JAMES FARADAY

Calm? How are we supposed to stay calm? Do you realize how fucked we are right now?

ERIN WILOCH

We're not fucked if you shut the fuck up and listen to me.

JAMES FARADAY

You know what, I'm just gonna fess up. I'm gonna tell my Dad what happened. Maybe he knows somebody that can help us -

ERIN WILOCH

No! Are you out of your mind?

JAMES FARADAY

Then what are we supposed to do?

ERIN WILOCH

All I need you to do is get your ass in a car and be over here as soon as possible. I'll tell you the rest once you get here.

JAMES FARADAY

What do I tell our parents?

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM (SUITE) - CONTINUOUS

Faraday pops a bottle of champagne and pours glasses for himself and Lisa. James approaches.

JAMES FARADAY

Dad?

MICHAEL FARADAY

You want a glass too?

JAMES FARADAY

What? No. I'm on the phone with Erin right now. She's all by herself at home and was wondering if I could go pick her up to celebrate.

MICHAEL FARADAY

You're going to have to ask Lisa.

LISA WILOCH

Where's Rick?

JAMES FARADAY

Out, I guess.

LISA WILOCH

Obviously. Well, sure, why not?

MICHAEL FARADAY

Where are you guys gonna go?

JAMES FARADAY

Not sure. I was thinking we might go and grab a bite somewhere, try to get our mind off of everything.

MICHAEL FARADAY

I don't like you guys being out with that storm coming in. We have to wait here for a bit to meet with the rest of the team, how about you pick her up and take her back to our place?

LISA WILOCH

Would they be able to make it back in time before the storm hits?

MICHAEL FARADAY

What if Erin just stays with us tonight?

(MORE)

MICHAEL FARADAY (CONT'D)
There's something I'd like to talk
about with you and Rick anyways.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Erin's phone buzzes. She checks a text from James: "*It worked. On my way.*"

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (RICK'S BEDROOM) - CONTINUOUS

MONTAGE:

- 1) Erin rifles through drawer after drawer in Rick's dresser.
- 2) She hits a knee, checks under the bed, knocks around boxes.
- 3) Digs through boxes at the bottom of his closet.

ERIN
Where the fuck is it!?

She collects herself. Scans the room. Her eyes land on Rick's old Outlaws jersey framed above his bed. She takes it off its nail. Her face lights up at the sight of a safe mounted in the wall.

Erin tugs on the handle, it's locked. She stares down the pin pad, mashes the numbers: it only accepts four. She looks back at the jersey's number 45 staring back at her.

4-5-4-5. Enter. The safe churns for a moment then pops open. She pulls on the handle to reveal stacks of cash inside.

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM (HALLWAY) - NIGHT

Lisa holds the suite door open as the last of the guests trickle out, Faraday brings up the rear. As she closes it, something attracts his attention from a cove down the hall; it's Haskins.

LISA
Ready?

FARADAY
You head down, I'll be just a
second.

They head off in their opposite ways. Haskins emerges and wraps Faraday up in a bear hug.

FARADAY (CONT'D)
What'd I tell you?

HASKINS
We did it you fucking son of a
bitch!

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM (STAIRWELL) - CONTINUOUS

Lisa goes down the steps, runs into Ramsey on her way up.

LISA
Chief? What are you still doing
here?

RAMSEY
Nothing special. Just making my
last rounds before we close up.

LISA
I think Michael is just saying
goodbye to somebody on the club
level, but I'm sure he'll be down
soon.

RAMSEY
Thanks for letting me know.

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM (HALLWAY) - CONTINUOUS

FARADAY
How did we make out?

HASKINS
My guys say that as soon as word of
the fix spread, the odds
skyrocketed. Some places five to
one, others almost as much as
seven.

FARADAY
It was nice doing business with
you.

Faraday holds his hand out. Haskins grabs it, but doesn't let
go. Faraday meets eyes with him.

HASKINS
You know, this doesn't have to be a
one time thing.

FARADAY

How do you mean?

HASKINS

I mean we could keep doing this every season. I know some guys with other ball clubs that have an appetite for this kind of stuff too. We could get a real thing going.

FARADAY

Luckily for you, you've got your team all to yourself. Having Lisa around will make things hard any times more than once. I don't have the money right now anyways.

HASKINS

Listen, I know you said last night that I was technically doing you a favor, but really, you did a big one for me too. You scratched my back, so let me scratch yours.

FARADAY

What are you saying?

HASKINS

You get Lisa to sell her share, I'll lend you the money. Simple as that.

Down the hallway, Ramsey leans against the wall next to the stairwell.

INT. SALLY'S SALOON - NIGHT

Cassidy wipes down the tables and shews lagging PATRONS out the front door.

CASSIDY

Come on y'all, get the fuck outta here! I wanna go home!

Rick slides in the front door.

RICK

Cassidy...

CASSIDY

I said we're closed! Now get the fuck -

She looks up and sees its Rick.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
Haven't seen you here in a coon's
age.

RICK
Is she in?

CASSIDY
In the back.

INT. SALLY'S SALOON (BACKROOM) - NIGHT

Dakota traces down the columns in her ledger, types the numbers into a calculator. Rick walks in. She looks up and smiles.

DAKOTA
You showed up just in time. I made
out big tonight.

She grabs a bottle of whiskey from a nearby box, tosses it to him. He looks at it in his hands for a moment, underhands the bottle back to her.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)
The day I see Rick Wiloch turn down
a bottle a hooch is the day hell
freezes over.

RICK
I won't be staying long.

DAKOTA
So it's just a quickie then?

RICK
What happened earlier was a
mistake.

INT. SPORTS CAR (PARKED) - NIGHT

Erin drops books into the bottom of a brown paper bag, layers stacks of cash on top.

JAMES
What the fuck are we doing here if
we don't have enough cash to pay
her back?

ERIN

We can't wait for her to come to us. If we go to her first, maybe she won't count it on the spot. We just need to buy more time to get the rest of it.

JAMES

Why don't you just tell your dad what happened? Maybe he can convince her to let us off with just this.

ERIN

No. I don't need him.

They pull into the Saloon parking lot. Erin sees Pat Garrett out front.

JAMES

Is that?

ERIN (CONT'D)

Go around back.

INT. SALLY'S SALOON (BACKROOM) - NIGHT

DAKOTA

Don't start this shit with me again.

RICK

I mean it. It's over. For good.

She sees the conviction in his face; he's serious this time. Rick turns on a heel and heads for the door. Dakota rips the desk drawer open, grabs the .357 and snaps it at him. He turns back to her and stares down the barrel, unfazed.

RICK (CONT'D)

Is that supposed to scare me?

DAKOTA

You think you can just come over here, use me like a tissue, throw me in the trash and waltz back home to your perfect little family -

RICK

Leave them out of this.

DAKOTA

You don't have the slightest fucking clue what your daughter was up to today, do you? It's Erin, right?

RICK
 You tell me what the hell is going
 on right fucking now.

DAKOTA
 You just better hope she finds my
 money before we find her.

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - NIGHT

Rick steps out of the back door and disappears around one
 side of the building. A bolt of lightning SHATTERS the night
 sky to highlight James and Erin as they scurry inside.

INT. SALLY'S SALOON (BACKROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Erin drops the bag on Dakota's desk.

ERIN
 It's all there. 9000. If that's all
 there is to it, we'll be on our
 way.

The two kids head for the door.

DAKOTA
 Hold on.

She grabs Erin's wrist and plants her right next to the desk.
 Dakota calls to the other room.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)
 Cindy!

CINDY (O.S.)
 Yeah?

DAKOTA
 Would you mind coming in here for a
 second baby?

Cindy enters the room.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)
 Would you mind counting this money
 for me? Must've left my calculator
 at home today.

ERIN
 Is that really necessary?

Dakota lifts her revolver from her side and places it on the desk.

DAKOTA

It is.

Cindy walks over and removes the cash from the bag. As she does, Dakota stands and sees the books in the bottom. She grabs Erin by the back of her hair, snaps her head back, and shoves the revolver under her chin.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

You thought you could pull a fast one on me.

JAMES

That's half of it. We just need a little bit more time to get the rest.

DAKOTA

Where's the rest?

JAMES

We don't have it right now.

DAKOTA

Then you're out of time.

She cocks the hammer back.

ERIN

Wait! I can get you the money. It's not cash, it's jewelry, but it's worth more than what we owe and I can get it from my house.

DAKOTA

You have thirty minutes.

She throws Erin free and settles the gun on James.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

He stays with me.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Rick enters to find Lisa and Faraday enjoying a bottle of wine at the dining table. An awkward silence falls over the room.

RICK

Look, Michael, I want to apologize for what happened at the game earlier. I was way out of line.

MICHAEL

It's all water under the bridge. How could I still be upset when the Outlaws are moving on to the next round? Can I offer you a glass of wine?

RICK

I'm alright, thanks.

He sits at the head of the table opposite Lisa, Michael caught between them on her left.

LISA

Rick? You know the rules, no belt at the table.

Rick walks over to the kitchen area, unstraps, and lays the belt on the kitchen counter.

LISA (CONT'D)

There's a reason for the extra hook in your closet.

RICK

It can wait until I go to bed. I don't think Michael is going to steal it and he probably wouldn't know how to use most of this stuff even if he did.

Rick returns to the table.

FARADAY

He's right. My daddy always told me to keep a gun in the house, but I can't say I've ever used it.

RICK

So, who do we have the next round?

LISA

That can wait until tomorrow. I'm just happy we're not sitting here like we usually are, already thinking about next season.

MICHAEL FARADAY

Actually, now that you're both here, I was wondering if we could talk about next season.

LISA

How so?

FARADAY

How would you feel about me buying out your stake in the team?

INT. SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Erin parks far enough down the road from the house that she's invisible in the night.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lisa's face is overcome with concern. Rick is a slab of marble.

LISA

You mean...selling our share in the team?

MICHAEL

Yes. To me.

LISA

You can't be serious.

FARADAY

I consider myself to be a fair business man, but above that I consider you both my friends and I'm willing to offer more than anything you'll find on the open market.

EXT. WILOCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Erin pastes her back to the wall next to Lisa's bedroom window and peeks inside - the coast is clear. She presses two opens palms to the window, slides it open.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

LISA

It shocks me that you'd even think to make such a proposal. I thought we both felt that we've had a great working relationship over the past years.

MICHAEL

It's nothing personal, Lisa. We've done remarkable things together for the future of this ball club, and thinking that I want you out for a lack of professional compatibility could not be further from the truth.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (LISA'S ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Erin hops through the window and into the room, turns and shuts it behind her.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

LISA

Then where is all this coming from?

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (LISA'S BEDROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Erin hears the voices from the other room. She squeezes her ear to the door.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FARADAY

This team means everything to me, and I want that to continue after me, even after James. In order for that to happen, there needs to be unwavering stability from everybody involved. I don't mean to over step my boundaries, but I know you and Rick have had your differences with the organization in the past.

LISA

You have no right to come into my house and lecture me about how what goes on within these walls. It's none of your god damn business!

FARADAY

It is my business when it affects my business.

LISA

Our business. OUR business. It's as much mine as it is yours, and it's going to stay that way.

FARADAY

Wouldn't it be the perfect time to leave, going out on top? I've already had my attorney prepare all the necessary paper work. The deal could be done tomorrow. I have only the best interests of the organization in mind, Lisa.

A silence falls over the room. The staccato pitter patter of rain knocks against the windows.

LISA

I'm not selling.

FARADAY

Oh come on, Lisa. I'm willing to offer up to eight million. That's a damn good deal that you'd be stupid to pass up on.

Lisa rises to her feet, now towering over the two men.

LISA

Did you not hear me? I. Am. Not. Selling! I don't give a flying fuck if you think it's a good deal or not.

FARADAY

What about you Rick? What do you think?

Lisa looks to Rick. She expects the worst.

RICK

I think you should take that contract you have ready, roll it up nice and tight, and go fuck yourself with it.

The tension runs away from Lisa's face. She even cracks a smile, fights a laugh.

FARADAY

You're both clearly too emotional right now. I'll be back to renegotiate in the morning.

INT. SALLY'S SALOON (BACKROOM) - NIGHT

Dakota spins her .357 on the desk in front of James. Cindy leans on a wall. She looks at a clock on the wall, displeased with what she sees.

DAKOTA

Time's up.

Dakota stands and tucks the gun in her back waistband.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

Let's go.

CINDY

Me too?

DAKOTA

I can handle this. You head home. I'll see you in the morning.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Rick and Lisa watch through the front door windows as Faraday pulls away outside. Once he's gone, Rick walks down the hallway leading to the bedrooms.

LISA

Where are you going?

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (LISA'S BEDROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Erin hears two pairs of footsteps pass by, and the click of a bedroom door opening down the hall. She slides the closet doors open and peeks around the corner of the entrance.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (ERIN'S BEDROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Rick flips the light on, sees the empty bed.

RICK
Where is she?

LISA
James said she was alone at the end
of the game, so I told her she
could stay at the Faradays'
tonight. Where were you anyways?

INT. WILOCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Erin pops out from the bedroom hallway into the main area.
She spins in a circle, surveys her escape options.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (ERIN'S BEDROOM) - CONTINUOUS

RICK
She needs to come home right now.

LISA
We can't have James drive her home
through this storm.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Erin's eyes come to rest on Rick's pistol in his utility
belt. She snatches the gun from its holster, dashes on tip-
toes across living room and dives behind the couch.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (ERIN'S BEDROOM) - CONTINUOUS

RICK
I'll go get her.

Rick turns back down the hallway.

LISA
You can't be driving in this
either. What's the big rush?

INT. WILOCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Erin covers her mouth, slows her breathing. Rick snaps his
utility belt around his waist.

LISA
Rick, what are you not telling me?

RICK
I don't have time to explain.

LISA
Tell me what is going on!

RICK
Erin is in way over her head with something, and I need to get her out of it.

LISA
Can't you just call her?

RICK
Like she would listen.

LISA
Rick, please I don't like -

RICK
I have to do this, Lisa. I have to.

Lisa sees the conviction in his eyes; she knows he's right.

RICK (CONT'D)
Just wait here until I get back.
Call me if she shows up.

Rick opens the front door and looks out into the rainy night. He looks back at Lisa.

RICK (CONT'D)
I love you.

LISA
Me too.

Rick steps outside and shuts the door behind him. Lisa takes a deep breath and looks to Erin's room down the hall.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (ERIN'S BEDROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Lisa sits on Erin's bed. She picks up the picture from off the bedside table, holds it to her chest, and lays down.

CUT TO:

INT. FORD BRONCO (MOVING) - NIGHT

The Bronco ZOOMS through a curvy mountain pass blasting music. Sheets of rain slam against the front windshield as the wipers futilely scrape back and forth.

Behind the wheel, Rick's tired eyes squint to see through the rain to no avail. The music on the radio goes static. Rick fiddles with the channel dial to no end. He sees a pair of headlights emerge over a crown in the road up ahead.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Dakota navigates the road with only one hand on the wheel, the .357 in the other. James is frozen stiff next to her.

JAMES

You need to slow down.

DAKOTA

If I have to tell you to shut the fuck up one more time...

JAMES

You're gonna get us both killed before we even get there if you -

Dakota winds up and SLAMS the butt of the pistol grip into James' face. The sudden movement jerks the pickup out of control. She tugs on the wheel to correct their path, but a front tire hits a deep puddle in the middle of the road spins them into the other line.

INTERCUT FORD BRONCO AND PICKUP TRUCK

Rick tugs the wheel time to avoid the collision, but he completely loses control of the vehicle.

The Bronco careens off the side of the road and blows through a sheet metal guardrail.

The pickup comes to a standstill facing 180 degrees the other way.

The Bronco CRASHES into a telephone pole on the side of the road. Rick's face SLAMS off of the steering wheel.

The airbag EXPLODES from the impact. The Bronco comes to a complete stop, its red tail lights cutting through the rainy night.

Rick's eyes flutter for a moment above his nose gushing with blood, then close.

INT. SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

James is dumbstruck. Dakota hones in on the wrecked Bronco.

JAMES
Is that...

DAKOTA
I'll be damned.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - CONTINUOUS

Dakota slowly approaches the misty, red tail lights of the Bronco.

She reaches the window, and peers through the glass to see Rick, bleeding profusely, knocked unconscious, hunched over on the steering wheel.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Dakota reenters the car, shifts it to drive.

JAMES
Aren't we going to help him?

DAKOTA
He's already dead.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (ERIN'S ROOM) - NIGHT

Lisa is asleep in the bed, face down.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Erin remains behind the couch, sitting cross legged with the gun in her lap. The front door CREAKS open, and she snatches the weapon from her lap.

Dakota creeps inside, closes the door without a peep.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (HALLWAY) - NIGHT

Dakota continues on through, removes her pistol from the back of her waist line, peeks into each room as she passes along.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE (HALLWAY) - CONTINUOUS

Erin tracks down the hallway, holding the gun tight with both hands at her side.

ERIN

Dad? Mom?

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (ERIN'S ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Lisa kicks and stamps her legs under Dakota's straddled hips. Lisa drills her adversary with a knee in the crotch. Dakota's head ducks down just enough for Lisa to deliver a HAYMAKER to the side of her head. They spill onto the floor and tumble around.

Erin finally makes it to the doorway and freezes at the sight of the wrestling match. She aims the gun in their direction, trying to track Dakota for a clean shot.

Lisa and Dakota spin on top of one another, neither able to get the upper-hand.

Dakota finally flips on top, presses her chest against Lisa's to keep her down.

Erin's breathing intensifies, the gun rattles in her hands.

She FIRES three shots into Dakota's back.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

James sees the gun shots light up the room inside. He flips his car door open and runs to the house in sheer panic.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (ERIN'S ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Everything is still. Erin drops the gun to the floor. A strained breath comes from the pile.

Erin shoots to the ground and peels Dakota off of Lisa.

The blood on Lisa's clothes isn't only from Dakota - the bullets passed through and plugged her as well. Lisa wheezes for air.

Lisa looks to her daughter with helpless, almost lifeless eyes. Erin begins to sob. Lisa lays a gentle hand on Erin's face.

ERIN
Just hold on, I'm going to get
help.

Lisa's hand slips off of Erin's face, leaving a streak of
blood. Her eyes go dead.

ERIN (CONT'D)
No! No! No! No! No! No! No!

James flies into the room. He can't believe what he sees.

JAMES
What the fuck happened in here?

Erin's words are barely discernible through her cries.

ERIN
I killed her!

James stands over the guns, the blood, the bodies.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Get my dad!

James' eyes light up. He grabs Erin by the shoulders and
turns her to face him.

JAMES
Listen to me.

ERIN
I need my dad!

JAMES
Listen to me! Your dad is dead. He
crashed head first into a telephone
pole.

ERIN
No, he can't be. He can't be!

JAMES
He is, Erin. I saw it happen on the
way here. We can't do anything for
him now, but we can still save
ourselves.

ERIN
Call the police!

JAMES
No.

ERIN

Then what the fuck are we supposed to do!

JAMES

We need to make it look like he did this.

ERIN

What?

JAMES

There's no point in going down with the ship. Whether he's your dad or not, who gives a fuck about framing a dead guy for something that's not going to hurt him anyways?

ERIN

I can't do it.

JAMES

He was never there for you when you needed him. Now you can make that happen. I'll get the guns. Grab some clothes for the both of us and lets go.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - NIGHT

The Sports Car and Pickup are parked behind the Bronco.

James and Erin struggle to drag Dakota's body across the pavement.

They reach Rick's car, and heave the body in the trunk. James heads back to the Pickup. Erin walks to the front seat and looks at the bloody mess that is Rick. James returns with the two pistols and tosses them in the trunk. He goes to shoot the trunk, pauses, and retrieves the .357.

Erin reaches to check Rick's pulse. James spots her just before she makes contact.

JAMES

Don't touch anything else. It has to look like we were never here.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

A paper thin structure that a strong gust of wind might blow over sits at the bottom of a hill. All of the dozen rooms are dark. There's not a soul around.

James and Erin are in their new outfits at the end of the building. James pounds on the door of the Administrative Office. Nobody answers.

JAMES

We'll get a room in the morning.
Let's get back in the car and try
to grab some shut eye.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FORD BRONCO - DAY

The warm light of early morning beams into the car. The rain has stopped falling on the now dampened landscape for some time now.

Rick stirs and slowly comes back to life. Discombobulated, he runs shaky fingers across the dried blood above his upper lip. He looks out the window of the driver's side door to see an 18 wheeler coming towards him.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - CONTINUOUS

Rick gets out of the car and raises a hitchhiker's thumb.

EXT. WILOCH HOUSE - DAY

The 18 wheeler rolls away as Rick saunters up to the front door.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rick enters. He probes the damage on his nose, winces with every touch

RICK

Lisa?

Rick slides his palms down his face and opens his eyes to see the room bathed in blood. He recoils in horror, traces the crimson trail from the back door down the hallway leading to the bedrooms.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (HALLWAY) - CONTINUOUS

He follows the crimson soaked carpet, the path turning leads out of Erin's room. An outstretched HAND protrudes from the doorway, lifeless on the ground.

He peeks into his bedroom as he passes, sees his framed jersey on the ground, the safe left open.

He continues on.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE (ERIN'S ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Rick circles the corner of the door. His eyes move from the hand, to the outstretched arm, to the body of Lisa, lifeless on the ground with her other hand covering her chest. He peels it back - three bullet wounds.

Rick crashes to his knees, a useless paramedic tending to a hopeless patient. His jaw shakes, hands futilely hover over the body.

Across the room, he notices a shell casing on the carpet. He picks it up and examines its make against the sunlight spilling through the bedroom window. With his other hand, he touches his empty holster.

Rick JOLTS from the sound of a KNOCK at the front door - the shell drops from his hand. His eyes dart from his bloody hands, to Lisa, and the direction of the sound.

Rick genuflects next to Lisa's body, assumes her bloody hand between the palms of his own.

RICK

I'm going to make this right.

EXT. WILOCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

At the front door, Faraday knocks again, this time even louder. He looks over to the empty driveway.

MICHAEL

Must be out.

He cups his hands, presses them to one of the kaleidoscopic glass windows on the right side of the door, and witnesses the bloody mess.

INT. WILOCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Michael bursts through the door, overwhelmed by the carnage. He briefly glances at Lisa's hand down the hall, quickly averts his gaze back to the main room.

Through the back windows, he watches Rick ride out of the shed on the back of Pat Garrett and disappear into the woods. Faraday flips out his phone and rapidly dials 9-1-1.

INT. SPORTS CAR - DAY

James sleeps behind the wheel, his chair reclined to the fullest extent. He stirs, wakes, and looks to Erin, sitting upright on the passengers side, dark bags resting under her bloodshot eyes.

JAMES

Anybody here yet?

She shakes her head, no.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You didn't sleep at all did you.

Another shake.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Let's get you some food. Maybe a coffee too.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Michael sits at a glossy pine wood table across from Chief Ramsey. She jots down notes on a legal pad.

RAMSEY

So you come back in the morning, walk into the house, see blood all over the carpeting -

FARADAY

No, like I said before, I was waiting for somebody to answer the door. When nobody came, I looked through the window, saw the blood, then went inside.

RAMSEY

Then you saw Rick?

FARADAY

Why are you asking me things that you already know? Check your notepad if you can't remember the details.

RAMSEY

Just making sure you remember.

FARADAY

I didn't kill Lisa. I don't murder people and then bring evidence to a police station trying to hide in plain sight. This isn't a fucking detective novel for Christ's sake. If I was in on this, I could've just walked away and nobody would have been the wiser. Maybe instead of trying to pin this on me for doing my civic duty, you should be out trying to find Rick.

RAMSEY

Nobody is trying to pin anything on you, Mr. Faraday, that's why you're in here and not in a holding cell, but we have no reason to believe Rick is any more of a suspect than you are.

FARADAY

I saw him fleeing the scene of his wife's murder. What more do you need?

RAMSEY

Our team is gathering evidence at the crime scene right now and it appears Lisa - or, the victim - has been dead for hours. You don't get caught fleeing a crime scene full of usable evidence, hours after the fact when nobody was around to see you do it in the first place.

On cue, OFFICER CARLSON, a slight, unassuming man in his mid 30s bursts through the door.

CARLSON

We've got something for you, chief.

RAMSEY

Excuse me.

Chief Ramsey steps outside to meet with Carlson. Watching through the window, Michael hones in on their lips, trying to read her inaudible words. Carlson hands Ramsey a sheet of paper, then scampers away. She opens the door, and rejoins Faraday at the table.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

We just got ballistics testing results back from the lab.

FARADAY

And?

RAMSEY

Normally these things take longer, but the bullet we recovered from the victim's body, along with a shell casing found in the bedroom, brought up an internal match in our system. It was discharged from Rick's gun.

FARADAY

I could have told you that an hour ago!

RAMSEY

That's not it. They found another sample of blood at the scene too, but we're not sure whose it is yet. Now maybe we should have acted earlier, but what's done is done. You can say, "I told you so," and ride out of here on your high horse, and I couldn't fault you for that. You've done more than you had to already. But most of our force is out assisting people who took on damage from the storm, and I need as much help as I can get to find Rick before it's too late.

FARADAY

I can't. My son is at home with Erin, and she should hear what happened from somebody she...

Michael trails off, his mind wandering somewhere else.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

We need to go. Now.

EXT. FARADAY HOUSE - DAY

Rick and Pat emerge from a thick tree line, entering into an open clearing in the middle of the woods. Faraday's enormous, grey brick house rests in the center of outstretching, pristinely cut grass fields.

The pair circumvent the house from front to back, Rick peering through every door and window for any sign of life as they approach.

Around back, they come to a sliding glass door. Rick dismounts Pat - knocks.

A few beats. No answer.

Rick attempts to slide the door open - it's locked. His cell phone rings. He checks it; an incoming call from Ramsey. Rick places the phone on ground, removes his baton from his utility belt and smashes it to pieces.

He squares up to the glass door, revs up and shatters it.

INT. POICE CRUISER (MOVING) - DAY

Chief Ramsey at the wheel and Michael in the passenger seat, the cruiser ZOOMS down the highway through a mountain pass. Her phone is pressed to her here.

RAMSEY

Fuck! He's not picking up.

They rattle around a corner, and see Rick's Bronco on the side of the road.

MICHAEL FARADAY

Pull over! That's Wiloch's car!

Ramsey diverts from the path on the road and screeches to a halt next to the mangled Bronco.

CHIEF RAMSEY

Stay in the car.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - CONTINUOUS

Ramsey pops out of the car and cautiously approaches the front seat of the Bronco. She cups her hands against the glass and peers into the driver's side window.

She trails down the left side of the car, squinting to fight against the reflecting sun. She circles around to the trunk, does a double take on something.

Ramsey DUCKS under the window, SNAPS HER GUN out of her holster, and shoots back upward to aim it inside of the car.

Michael shoots out of the cruiser.

CHIEF RAMSEY

Stay back!

He crouches to take cover behind the open car door.

MICHAEL FARADAY

What the hell is going on? What's
in there?

Ramsey backs away from the car and settles directly behind the trunk. Her outstretched arms aim the pistol's barrel at the door as she inches closer.

Faraday's eyes curl around his door to watch her approach.

Keeping the gun pointed at the trunk, she reaches with her other hand and POPS the hatch.

The lifeless BODY OF DAKOTA GREY spills out of the car and crashes to the ground in a heap.

CHIEF RAMSEY

Who is that?

MICHAEL FARADAY

How am I supposed to know?

Ramsey hits a knee and peels through Dakota's clothes, inspecting her front pockets - nothing.

She flips the body over. Tucked in her waistline is Rick's pistol.

CHIEF RAMSEY

Shit.

MICHAEL FARADAY

Is that?

CHIEF RAMSEY

Everybody in our unit is equipped
with this model. It must be Rick's.

Ramsey notices a bulge in Dakota's back pocket. She reaches in and pulls out the dead woman's wallet, flips it open and snatches Dakota's driver's license.

CHIEF RAMSEY (CONT'D)

We need to move.

INT. FARADAY HOUSE - DAY

MONTAGE:

- 1) Rick hobbles through the house's hallways, gazing up at the high, vaulted ceilings.
- 2) He sorts through a pile of mail resting on a granite counter top in the elaborate kitchen.
- 3) A pitch-black garage comes to light with the flip of a switch. Two vacant car bays sit in the middle of walls with immaculately organized rows of tools, country club sporting equipment, and shoe racks.
- 4) In an enormous walk-in closet, Rick scrounges through drawer after drawer, rifling through folded men's clothes with a reserved neatness. He's quick, but doesn't hurry.
- 5) On his knees, Rick inverts his head to peek underneath a king-sized bed in the master bedroom.

INT. FARADAY HOUSE (OFFICE) - DAY

Rick sits at the desk in front of a desktop computer. He attempts to log in - password required. He tosses his head back in frustration, then brings it back to look at the desk. He sees the folder of financial records.

Rick picks up it up, filters from year to year, with the plusses gradually shifting to minuses over time. By the time he gets to the present, it's nothing but negatives.

RICK WILOCH

He's hemorrhaging?

From outside the house, he hears the RUMBLE of an approaching car engine. Rick grabs a pen, quickly scribbles something on the page, and stuffs the folder into his pants. He makes his way to the nearest window, splits the blinds and looks out.

EXT. FARADAY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ramsey's cruiser HAULS ASS down a boundless driveway leading directly to the garage.

INT. FARADAY HOUSE (STAIRCASE) - CONTINUOUS

Rick awkwardly bounds down the steps before he TRIPS and TUMBLES DOWNWARD until he SPRAWLS off the bottom of the staircase.

EXT. FARADAY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

INT. FARADAY HOUSE (ENTRYWAY) - CONTINUOUS

The lock turns. Ramsey and Faraday rush through the front door. Ramsey grabs Faraday to bring him to a stop. She listens closely.

INT. FARADAY HOUSE (BASEMENT) - CONTINUOUS

Rick scrambles to his feet and dashes towards the shattered door. His feet crunch the glass.

INT. FARADAY HOUSE (ENTRYWAY)- CONTINUOUS

Ramsey hears the scuffling filter up the staircase. She chases after the noise.

EXT. FARADAY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ramsey and Faraday pop through the basement doorway. Rick and Pat SHUTTLE across the grass field toward the tree line. They are within pistol range, but won't be for long.

Rick glances back over his shoulder, sees Ramsey in the window. He KICKS Pat in the sides to increase their speed.

Ramsey pulls out her pistol, raises it, locks her elbow's tight. She's got them right between her sights - Rick and Pat are almost to safety.

The barrel tracks them across the field, her breathing slows. A bead of sweat crawls down her brow.

MICHAEL FARADAY

What are you waiting for? Fucking
shoot for Christ's sake!

She takes a deep inhale, holds it.

Her finger slowly squeezes the trigger.

Rick tosses the folder back behind him.

The sudden movement strays Ramsey's eyes away from her target.

BANG!

Rick TUGS on Pat's reins and VEERS them from their path at a 45 degree angle as Ramsey's bullet ZINGS past. They scamper into the woods and disappear behind the thick tree line.

INT. PANCAKE HOUSE - DAY

An old-school diner with a short counter and only enough booths and tables to seat the occasional trucker that might drop in from time to time.

At a table against the front windows, James scoops the last bite of an omelette into his mouth. There's barely a dent in Erin's pancakes.

JAMES

You're not going to eat anything?

ERIN

Not hungry.

A WAITRESS drops by.

WAITRESS

Can I get y'all anything else?

JAMES

Just the check.

The Waitress rips the top sheet off of her server's pad and puts it in between them.

WAITRESS

You pay at the register.

She gathers James' empty plate, sees Erin's still full.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Would you like a to-go box?

ERIN

No thank you.

WAITRESS
Suit yourself.

She gathers the second plate and heads off.

JAMES
I'm gonna pay and hit the bathroom
before we leave. You can wait in
the car.

INT. PANCAKE HOUSE (REGISTER) - DAY

Local news drones from a television overhead. The cash register pops open.

WAITRESS
That'll be \$16.50.

James digs through his wallet for a credit card, passes it to the waitress. .

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
Good morning, Osage County. We're starting today with some breaking news, very sad news for the sports world.

James stops, looks up at the TV.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
We're being told that Osage County Outlaws owner, Lisa Wiloch, has been killed in a deadly shooting that took place at her home sometime last night. Though no suspects have been apprehended, a witness who discovered the victim's body claims to have seen her husband, former Outlaw star Rick Wiloch, fleeing from the scene of the crime this morning. The police have embarked on a search for Mr. Wiloch, and ask that anybody with knowledge of his whereabouts please phone them with any details. Stay tuned as this story develops.

James looks outside to Erin in the car. She stares into space out her window.

INT. FARADAY HOUSE - DAY

Faraday holds the front door open as Ramsey steps outside.

RAMSEY

If you hear anything, I'm the first one you call. Mind if I take a look around the back before I head out?

FARADAY

By all means.

Faraday shuts the door.

INT. FARADAY HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Faraday looks out the back windows and watches Ramsey as she traces Rick's escape route away from the house.

His phone rings.

FARADAY

Hello...James!? Where are you? Are you okay?

INT. PANCAKE HOUSE (BATHROOM) - DAY

James paces back and forth.

JAMES

I'm in really big trouble and I need your help.

EXT. FARADAY HOUSE - DAY

Ramsey follows Pat Garrett's hoof prints all the way to the tree line. She stops in front of the folder.

INT. FARADAY HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

FARADAY

Why didn't you call me as soon as this happened?

INT. PANCAKE HOUSE - DAY

JAMES

Because I didn't think this would ever get back to us.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

If they bring Rick in for questioning and find out what really happened, I'll be an accomplice to a murder. I can't go to jail.

INT. FARADAY HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

FARADAY

You're not going to jail. The police almost just shot him in our backyard. It's only a matter of time before he's really dead.

EXT. FARADAY HOUSE - DAY

Ramsey opens the folder and flips through the pages. She lands on Rick's scribbled "*Trust me.*" She looks back to the house, and sees Faraday on the phone through the window.

INT. PANCAKE HOUSE (BATHROOM) - DAY

JAMES

What am I supposed to do before that happens?

INT. FARADAY HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

FARADAY

Lay low. Go back to the motel, check in with a fake name. All you need to do is make sure that Erin doesn't find out that Rick is still alive. Who knows what she'll do if she does. Just sit tight, and I'll come to you.

INT. FARADAY HOUSE (CLOSET) - DAY

Faraday grabs the shiny .45 from the shelf.

EXT. FARADAY HOUSE - DAY

Ramsey opens the front door to her cruiser. Faraday comes jogging out of the house to meet her before she leaves.

RAMSEY

Got something for me?

FARADAY

No, I just remembered my car is still at the station. Would you mind giving me a lift back?

RAMSEY

Going somewhere?

FARADAY

Not planning on it. Just figured it'd be easier to get it now if you're able to help.

RAMSEY

I saw you on the phone and wasn't sure if you heard something.

FARADAY

That was just a friend from out of town calling to congratulate me on the game last night. He didn't even know what's happening.

RAMSEY

Someone from back home?

FARADAY

Bill Haskins, the owner of the Deputies. We didn't get a chance to talk after the game last night, so he called today. What a good sport, huh?

RAMSEY

Sure seems like it. Come on, let's get moving.

INT. SALLY'S SALOON - DAY

Cindy wipes down tables with a wet rag in the otherwise deserted bar area. Rick enters.

RICK

She in?

CINDY

She ain't.

RICK

You sure?

CINDY

Haven't seen her all morning.

Rick brushes past her headed for the backroom.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Are you deaf old man?

INT. SALLY'S SALOON (BACKROOM) - DAY

Rick flips the light on, it's empty.

CINDY
I saw they're looking for you on
the TV.

RICK
Why was my daughter here yesterday?
And Dakota already told me she was
so don't lie.

CINDY
I don't have to tell you shit.

RICK
Well I'm gonna tell you something,
and listen closely because I'm only
say it once. Something bad has
happened, and I don't think you did
it, so you're not in any trouble
right now. But if you don't tell me
everything you know right now, and
if I see this through to court, you
bet your ass I will hammer you for
withholding evidence when other
peoples' lives are at stake.

She averts her eyes and mulls over Rick's threat. Finally gives in.

CINDY
Your daughter was betting on the
game.

RICK
With somebody else, right?

CINDY
Yeah. I don't know his name though.
Some kid about her age.

RICK
How much did they bet?

Cindy walks over to the desk, flips open the ledger and turns to find the right page.

She hands the ledger to Rick. He looks over all the entries.

RICK (CONT'D)

Where the hell did she get 4500 dollars?

CINDY

She didn't. She was short, so Dakota sent her home to get jewelry or something while the other kid had to stay here.

RICK

Everybody bet on the Deputies.

CINDY

I was nervous about that before the game. You know, what if everybody won? But Dakota seemed to know something else was going on. I guess it worked out in the end.

RICK

You sure you haven't seen Dakota?

CINDY

Not since last night when she left with that other kid. I don't know where they went though.

Rick flips the ledger closed and heads for the door.

RICK

I'm gonna take this with me.

CINDY

You think she split town?

RICK

I don't know, but I wouldn't hang around to find myself holding a bag with all this inside if I were you.

CINDY

How am I supposed to do that? I don't have the to start over from scratch?

Rick looks to the ledger, motions it towards Cindy.

RICK

I don't think anybody will miss the money in here.

INT. SPORTS CAR (MOVING) - DAY

James at the wheel, Erin beside him.

JAMES

We just need to lay low and let
this all blow over.

ERIN

But what are we waiting for?

JAMES

For them to come to us. It's
possible that nobody knows any of
this has even happened yet.

ERIN

Maybe its on the radio.

She reaches for the dial, James slaps her hand away.

JAMES

It's easier to lie if we don't know
what's going on.

He pulls into the motel parking lot and stops.

JAMES (CONT'D)

There's nothing that traces us back
to this right now. All that can go
wrong is that we shoot ourselves in
the foot. If we don't do anything,
that can't happen. Do you trust me?

ERIN

I trust you.

JAMES

Okay. We're gonna go in there and
book a room under a fake name. Just
follow my lead.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Ramsey looks through the blinds as Faraday's sports car pulls
out of the parking lot. Officer Carlson enters the room
behind her. She doesn't turn to face him.

CARLSON

Chief?

RAMSEY

Got something for me?

CARLSON

We got an ID on that body in the trunk. Her name's Dakota Grey. System says she lives out by East Lake.

INT. MOTEL (ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE) - DAY

James rings a call bell on an empty desk. Erin stands idly by his side, one step removed. A CLERK, a hefty woman in her 60s, comes out from a back room, sees Erin first.

CLERK

Good morning, sweetie.

ERIN

Good morning.

CLERK

What can I do for y'all?

JAMES

We're looking for a room.

CLERK

Sorry, no vacancy.

JAMES

What do you mean no vacancy? There's not a single car in the entire parking lot except -

CLERK

Quit jangling your spurs there cowboy, I'm just yanking your chain.

She notices that James is not amused with her pep.

CLERK (CONT'D)

One bed or two?

JAMES

Just one is fine.

CLERK

Well that settles it.

ERIN

Settles what?

CLERK

I was wondering if y'all were siblings, and no siblings every choose to share a bed when they don't have to. I remember when I was a little girl, my parents would always make me share a bed with my sister. And let me tell you, that girl was like a rattlesnake when she'd sleep. I mean tossing, turning, kicking her legs all over the place and the worst part was that she'd -

JAMES

Can we please just get the god damn room.

The Clerk is taken aback by his abrasiveness.

ERIN

I'm sorry, we got here after you must've left last night and had to sleep in the car. We just need some rest.

CLERK

Don't worry about it, honey.

The Clerk flips open a registration ledger on the desk. Readies a pen.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Name?

JAMES

Roy.

CLERK

Roy what?

JAMES

Fisher.

She writes the name down. Erin's eyes widen as she does.

CLERK

How many nights will y'all be with us?

JAMES

Just one for now.

CLERK

I won't charge you now, but I'm gonna need a card to put on file for the deposit.

James forks over a card. The clerk looks at his real name printed on the card, heads off to the backroom.

CLERK (CONT'D)

I'll be right back with your paperwork.

Erin taps James on the arm.

ERIN

James...

JAMES

What?

ERIN

The ledger.

JAMES

It's a fake name, it doesn't matter.

ERIN

No. The one at the Saloon...

The Clerk returns with a piece of paper and a room key, places them in front of James.

CLERK

You'll be in room 7. Just need your Hancock on the dotted line at the bottom.

He scribbles on the dotted line.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Erin walks out, headed towards the car. James turns in the direction of the room.

JAMES

Where are you going?

ERIN

We need to get that ledger.

JAMES

We need to wait here.

ERIN

If the cops get ahold of it, that connects us with Dakota.

JAMES

They won't.

ERIN

How do you know that?

JAMES

Because nobody gives a fuck about some dead bartender who runs a fucking gambling ring.

ERIN

I'm going to get that ledger, with or without you.

James pulls out his phone and dials.

ERIN (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

JAMES

(To Erin)

Calling to see if there open. We shouldn't be hanging around outside if we don't have to.

INT. SPORTS CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Faraday's cruises away from the police station. His phone rings.

FARADAY

Hello.

INTERCUT MOTEL AND SPORTS CAR

JAMES

Hi, is this Sally's Saloon?

FARADAY

No, it's your father.

JAMES

Great. I think my girlfriend left something at your place when we were watching the game last night. Are you open for us to swing by and pick it up?

FARADAY

James, what the hell are you talking about right now?

JAMES

Perfect. We're about to be on our way. See you there soon.

INT. MOTEL (ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE) - DAY

The Clerk watches through the window as they get in the sports car and pull away with the Pickup left behind. She picks up the phone and dials.

CLERK

Oh hi there. I work at the motel out by the casino, and I'm sure they're just looking for a, how do you say it -- fuckshack? But a couple of kids just rented a room with a fake name and went off without even going inside...The boy says his name is Fisher but his credit card says Faraday...I'm not sure who the girl is. Looks like she came in her own car so she might be from outta town...I can check the license plate if you want.

EXT. DAKOTA'S HOUSE - DAY

A weathered, one-story cottage with a short porch out front. It sits on the bank of a quiet lake encompassed by trees. Rick and Pat ride down a long driveway, come upon Ramsey's cruiser parked out front.

INT. DAKOTA'S HOUSE - DAY

Rick comes through the door on the porch.

RICK

Ramsey?

The SNAP of a pistol's hammer from Rick's left. He looks over to a kitchenette area, finds Ramsey seated at a dining table, obscured by the late afternoon shadows.

RAMSEY

Sit down.

Rick cautiously moves toward Ramsey. He lays his palms flat on the table, sits directly across from her.

RICK

I think I might know what happened last night, and Dakota is the last piece to make it all fit.

RAMSEY

Me too.

Ramsey slides an envelope across the table. The polaroid photos of him and Dakota spill out as it comes to a stop.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

You come back for these?

RICK

No, I came here looking for her.

RAMSEY

Cut the bullshit, Rick. I found her this morning.

RICK

Where?

RAMSEY

In your trunk. Dead.

RICK

That's impossible.

RAMSEY

Who'd you kill first?

RICK

I didn't kill anybody.

RAMSEY

Lisa or Dakota?

RICK

If you would just let me explain what's -

RAMSEY

I've been listening to your lies for over a year! All this "they've given up on me. I'm trying my hardest" bullshit. You weren't just drinking. You were fucking another woman.

RICK

I know how this looks, but I can prove I didn't do this. You're going to have to trust me.

RAMSEY

Like Lisa trusted you?

Rick

I may have done some things that I'm not proud of, and if I could go back and do it all over again, I would. But I can't, and right now, all that matters to me is finding Erin and making sure she's safe. She's all I have left. Please, just give me a chance to prove it to you.

Ramsey considers his plea for a long beat, sees the genuine honesty in Rick's face. She lowers her gun from his chest.

INT. SALLY'S SALOON (BACKROOM) - DAY

Cindy pops open the safe in the cabinet and frantically shovels handfuls of cash into a duffle bag. The barrel of the .357 presses against the back of her head.

ERIN (O.S.)

Don't move.

Cindy doesn't move a muscle. Behind her back, Erin holds the gun to her head as James rummages through the desk's drawers.

JAMES

Where's the ledger?

CINDY

I don't have it.

JAMES

Turn her around.

Erin grabs Cindy by the shoulder, twists her around and SLAMS her into the cabinet shelves.

JAMES (CONT'D)

It was here when I left with Dakota last night. So where the fuck is it now?

CINDY

Somebody took it earlier today.

JAMES
Who?

CINDY
Your dad.

JAMES
My dad?

Cindy looks to Erin.

CINDY
No, her Dad.

ERIN
What?

JAMES
That's impossible.

ERIN
You're sure?

CINDY
Positive. He wasn't here more than
an hour ago.

ERIN
(To James)
I thought you said he was dead?

JAMES
He is.

CINDY
Sure ain't. Seemed like he was
looking for you.

JAMES
Don't listen to her. She's trying
to fuck with your head.

CINDY
TV says they've been looking for
him all day.

JAMES
She's lying. Shoot her.

ERIN
(To Cindy)
Show me.

INT. SALLY'S SALOON - DAY

Cindy clicks the remote to turn on the TV above the bar. The local news pops up. Erin watches in utter disbelief. James wipes sweat from his brow, knowing the jig is up.

NEWS ANCHOR

Wiloch was last seen fleeing the scene of the crime on horseback this morning, and it should only be a matter of time until he is apprehended by the authorities...

Erin turns to James.

ERIN

You knew, didn't you?

JAMES

Not until this morning.

ERIN

And you still let this go on?

JAMES

By the time I found out we were already in too deep, and we're not gonna pull out now.

ERIN

Give me your phone.

JAMES

No.

Erin points the gun at him.

ERIN

I'm turning myself in.

JAMES

I can't let you do that.

ERIN

I can't let him take the fall for me and rot away in jail for the rest of his life.

JAMES

Nothing has changed. Nobody knows we had anything to do with this except for the three of us in this room and him, and I know she doesn't want this coming back to her anymore than we do.

CINDY

I didn't kill anybody and I'm not gonna wait around long enough for that to happen. There's a phone behind the bar if you want it.

JAMES

Think about what you're doing to me! I'm an accomplice to a murder that you committed -- not me. If they get you, they get me too, and that can't happen.

ERIN

I'm sorry James. I have to do this.

Erin keeps the .357 pointed at James and reaches out towards Cindy with her free hand.

Cindy gathers a rotary phone from a shelf behind the bar and goes to pass it to Erin when a bullet DRILLS her in the chest.

Erin swings her head in the direction of the blast where Faraday approaches. He PUMPS two more rounds into Cindy.

She CRASHES to the floor along with the phone. It's broken parts scatter across the floor.

Faraday ZINGS one more round right past Erin's head.

She ducks and covers her head.

FARADAY

I still got 3 more bullets in here, and if you do anything stupid, they're not gonna be used for warnings like that last one was. Got it?

Erin nods.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Now put down the gun, and let's talk.

She places the gun on the floor, kicks it over to him.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Good. Now turn around.

Erin turns to face the bar and rests her hands on it. Faraday struts up behind her, WHACKS her in the back of the head with the butt of his pistol, and catches her limp body before she falls.

JAMES

What the hell was that!?

FARADAY

You shut the fuck up. If you would've just listened to me and stayed at the god damn motel, we could've done this a lot easier. Now look at this mess we've got on our hands. Be helpful for once and pull your car around back before somebody sees it.

CUT TO:

INT. DAKOTA'S HOUSE - DAY

Rick and Ramsey have the financial records and Dakota's ledger laid out on the table in front of them.

RAMSEY

Okay, wait. Let's go back to the beginning.

RICK

Think about it. Faraday is deep in the hole but wants to buy Lisa's share in the team. So, he and Haskins decide to fix the game together, but they want good odds, so they spread word around town that the Deputies are sure to win, and then bet on the back end for when the Outlaws actually do.

RAMSEY

They're not careful enough about it, so Erin and James probably overhear just like I did at the ballpark.

RICK

Exactly. The two of them think they have some easy money all but sitting in their pocket, and place a bet with Dakota. Erin drops me off at home, sees the Outlaws won, breaks into my safe and takes the cash out to pay off Dakota, then calls James to pick her up.

RAMSEY

They get to the Saloon, Dakota realizes they don't have enough and keeps James while Erin goes back again. But Faraday is trying to buy the team from Lisa, so she can't sneak in and get the necklace.

RICK

But she must've been inside the house because that's the only time I took my belt off, so that has to be when she took my pistol.

RAMSEY

Then what?

RICK

I leave for the Faradays, Lisa goes into Erin's bedroom and waits for us to come back. Erin can't get in now, so Dakota comes for her with James. They must have been the car in the other lane when I crashed, so after the shootout went down, James knew he could put Dakota's body in my trunk and make the whole thing look like I did it. Then Faraday shows up in the morning, and the rest is history.

RAMSEY

That still doesn't answer any of our questions about what happened in your house.

RICK

I know. And if Dakota's really dead, that means Erin is the only one who can answer them.

RAMSEY

But why wouldn't she have come forward by this point?

RICK

Who knows. Maybe somebody isn't letting her.

RAMSEY

You understand what you're saying though, right Rick? If the bullets that killed Lisa are from your gun...

RICK

I know, that's what doesn't make any sense about all this.

RAMSEY

Maybe she's just on the run then.

Ramsey's phone rings. She answers.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

Ramsey here...Yeah?...Out by the casino?...Alright, we'll meet you there.

She hangs up.

RICK

What was that?

RAMSEY

Two kids about Erin and James' age just tried to check into the motel out by casino with fake names.

RICK

They're probably just looking for a play to screw.

RAMSEY

The car they drove there in, that's sitting in the parking lot; it's registered to Dakota Grey. Carlson is on his way there right now. Most of the back roads between here and there are flooded because of the storm so I'll have to take the scenic route. It isn't very far, so if Pat can get you through, you might make it there before me.

RICK

He'll have to.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Erin is laid out on a double bed in the middle of the room on top of a stained beige carpet. James sits on the floor, his back rests against the wall. Faraday stands against a wall across from the bed.

Erin stirs and comes back to life. James grabs a glass of water off of a bedside table and offers it to her.

JAMES

Here, drink some of this.

She takes the water, studies it, then TOSSES it in his face. Faraday calmly takes his .45 out and points it at Erin.

FARADAY

Now there are two ways we can go from here. My plan was to be democratic and let you vote on which one you like best. But if you're gonna act like a horse's ass, this'll turn into a dictatorship real fast. And honey, you ain't gonna like what I pick. Comprende?

Erin gives him a nod of acquiescence. Faraday starts to float around the room.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Here's the situation we've got on our hands. James called me to get you two out of this mess, and I still intend to do that. In my mind, you haven't done nothing that I can't forgive.

Faraday takes the empty water glass out of her hands and heads over to the bathroom sink.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

But the fact of the matter is, because you wouldn't stay put, and had to go running off to the Saloon, now I got blood on my hands too.

Faraday turns on the faucet and fills the glass, walks back to Erin.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

So, if you were to back out now and turn yourself into the police, you'd be putting us all at risk. And I'm sorry sweetie, but that just ain't gonna happen. Now this is the part where you come in, so make sure you listen up. You too, James.

Faraday hands her the glass. She accepts it, takes a swig. He puts the .45 back in his waistband.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The moon has just begun to take shape at the tail end of a pale sunset. Rick and Pat protrude from a ridge that looks down on the motel from the hill behind it. Rick looks down to the road and sees...

INT. POLICE CRUISER (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Ramsey pulling into the parking lot of the motel that's marginally more crowded with cars. She parks next to Carlson's cruiser in the back of the lot, takes out her radio.

RAMSEY

Carlson, where are you?

CARLSON (O.S.)

Administrative office

RAMSEY

Got the room number?

CARLSON (O.S.)

Door number 7. I'm gonna take a look.

RAMSEY

Let me make sure the truck is clear.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

FARADAY

Option number 1. We take that truck that you two were dumb enough to keep with you, pick up that girl's body from the saloon, and bury both of them somewhere in the desert never to be found. Then, we send you two on a trip for a couple of days. When I know that everything has settled, you'll come back and say that you two went on a trip for your anniversary without telling anybody. Sound easy enough?

ERIN

What's the catch.

FARADAY

Glad you asked. I'm here to help you, but, see, I don't stick my neck out for anybody without getting something back in return. So, when this is all said and done, I want you to sell me your family's stake in the Outlaws.

ERIN

And what's option 2?

FARADAY

Option 2 is mostly the same. Except after the part where we bury the truck and that other girl in the desert, we dig another hole for you.

Erin thinks for a beat. She begins to cry.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Carlson walks close to the front wall of the rooms past doors 1, 2, 3...

Ramsey makes her way over to the pickup when she's hit illuminated with a beam of light. She looks up to Rick shining his flashlight at her from the top of the hill. She pulls out her own, shines it on him, then traces a path along the ridge where she wants him to make his way down.

ERIN

I can't let him take the fall.

JAMES

You would've never been in that position in the first place if he hadn't been cheating on your mom, and you know I'm right. He's never cared about you, why would now be any different?

ERIN

But it's my fault this happened.

FARADAY

It doesn't matter. The last time I saw him, the cops were trying to gun him down. He's probably dead by now. What's it gonna be, Erin?

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Carlson reaches door 7 and pins himself against the left side wall.

Ramsey gets to the pickup, checks the front seat and bed. It's empty. She speaks to her radio.

RAMSEY

I'm in position.

Carlson leans out to peek through the window, retracts back, whispers to his radio.

CARLSON

Can you see anything?

Ramsey looks to room 7. Through the blinds on the window, she sees two indistinguishable silhouettes: one sitting on the bed, one standing in front of it.

RAMSEY

One on the bed, one in front. Looks like they're just talking.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

ERIN

You know, my dad's been wrong about a lot of things, Mr. Faraday. But he's always been right about you. You don't give two shits about anybody but yourself.

FARADAY

I'm offering to help you get away with murder and you're gonna say that to me?

ERIN

You aren't doing this for me or James. You just want the ball club. You can kill me, but the truth will come to light one day. And when it does, you won't have the whole team, you won't have half the time, you'll have nothing.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

CARLSON

I'm going in.

He steps back, squares up to the door with the muzzle of his gun pointed right at it.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

FARADAY

Then it sounds like we're done here.

Faraday lifts the .45 right at Erin's head. She closes her eyes.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Carlson lifts his knee to his chest and leans back to deliver a kick.

Ramsey watches the silhouette raise the gun.

RAMSEY

Don't! He's got a gun!

Carlson's leg LAUNCHES towards the door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The door BUSTS open. The frame SPLINTERS.

CARLSON

Police put your -

Faraday SWINGS his gun to his right and fires. Two bullets EXPLODE in Carlson's chest, throwing him right back out of the room.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Carlson collapses onto the sidewalk. Ramsey takes cover, three quick breaths, pops back out and aims for the door.

ERIN (O.S.)
Don't shoot!

Erin is in the middle of the doorframe, held in a headlock by Faraday with the .45 to her temple.

Ramsey pauses, lowers her gun.

Faraday swings his gun at her and sends his last through round at Ramsey. The front windshield of the pickup SHATTERS. She ducks.

Faraday tosses his gun aside and pushes Erin towards his sports car in front of them. James pussyfoots out of the room behind.

FARADAY
Grab her and get in the backseat!

Faraday shoves Erin into James. He grabs her just as Faraday had.

Faraday grabs his door handle, pauses.

A sound in the distance like rolling thunder. He looks to the far end of the motel. It grows louder.

Pat Garrett DRAGS around the side of the motel and heads on a bee line straight for them as Rick SNAPS on the reigns.

Everybody is motionless for another second.

FARADAY (CONT'D)
Get in the fucking car! NOW!

They all snap out of it, rip their respective doors open and dive inside.

INT. SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Michael cranks the gear into place and reverses out. He changes gears again and heads for the exit, loses speed as his tires squeal around turns.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Ramsey walks towards Rick to meet him on a straight line of pursuit to the exit. She underhands her gun to him.

He SNATCHES it out of the air without missing a beat and keeps on at full speed, gaining on Faraday.

Ramsey runs over to Carlson, picks up his gun, and sprints to her car.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Faraday's foreign ride rips it once they hit the open ride. Rick spurs Pat to go faster, but they are not match for the sports car. He looks behind him, Ramsey is just pulling out of the exit.

I/E SPORTS CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Faraday rips the clutch into a higher gear. They're really flying now.

Erin turns to look out the rearview and sees Rick fading in the distance. She looks over at James clinging to the backseat, scared shitless of the speed, not paying attention to her. She looks past him and out his window to the flat desert beyond the edge of the road.

Erin lunges into the back seat, grabs hold of the wheel and JERKS it to the left.

The Sports Car blows across the pavement and into the desert. Faraday loses control on the new terrain for a moment, but quickly brings the vehicle back to center.

He JAMS Erin in the windpipe and she falls back to her seat.

FARADAY

Fucking get ahold of that bitch!

James throws his arm around Erin and squeezes her arms against her rib cage. She wheezes for air.

I/E POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Rick and Ramsey veer into the sand to stay on Faraday's path. Rick continues to fall behind, but Ramsey passes him.

She's moving full speed ahead now, gaining on Faraday.

INTERCUT SPORTS CAR AND POLICE CRUISER

Ramsey BUMPS into Faraday's back fender. A jarring blow, but no serious damage. Faraday swerves back and forth trying to avoid pockets of brush with little effectiveness. Ramsey pulls up beside him.

Faraday drifts over and collides with Ramsey's cruiser. They spar back and forth, bouncing like bumper cars.

FARADAY

James, the gun!

Faraday reaches over his head and James places the .357 in his hand. He lowers the window and BLASTS at Ramsey. She FIRES back at him.

Ramsey is too focused on Michael's car, but Michael peaks up to look at the ground in front of them. Both cars are headed for a large boulder. Impact is imminent.

Faraday TUGS hard left on his steering wheel.

Ramsey looks up, TUGS right. She's a bit too late, and DRILLS the rock hard. Her car pops up, flips upside down and skids to a halt.

Faraday hits the rock at a glancing angle and SPINS out of control. He careens to a stop, managing to stay upright.

INT. FARADAY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Faraday steadies his center of gravity, then pops open his door.

MICHAEL

James, make sure she stays in the car.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Ramsey unbuckles herself and falls to the hood of her car, now a carpet on the ground. A cut bleeds from her forehead. She crawls out of the side window and into the open.

Ramsey claws across the desert, barely functional. She draws her gun from her holster and goes to take another crawling pull across the sand.

Faraday's foot STOMPS on her hand. He twists his heel to rub it in, then bends over and peels the gun from her fingers.

INT. SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Erin scoots to slide out the opposite door, but James squeezes her tighter.

ERIN

Let me go!

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Faraday cocks the gun and points it at Ramsey's head.

A sound in the distance again - a steady drumming coming through the darkening sky.

Rick and Pat appear over a grove and bound down the slight downhill towards Faraday.

Faraday moves closer to the noise, away from Ramsey. He steadies and aims.

Rick and Pat stay on track, increase speed with a series of reign snaps and spur kicks.

BANG

A bullet ZIPS past Rick's shoulder. He tucks himself behind Pat.

BANG

Another bullet SKIPS off the dirt behind them.

BANG

A KICK of dirt just in front of Pat's hooves.

BANG

Another near miss.

Rick POPS upright with his pistol in hand. He points it at Faraday and tries to steady his jerky aim.

Faraday blows out a deep breath. Hones his aim on the approaching Horse.

Rick waits, lets his target draw to a more manageable distance. He's almost within range.

Faraday makes one final adjustment. He's going to pull the trigger at any moment.

The two of them FIRE simultaneously. Faraday catches a bullet in the left shoulder. Rick is DRILLED in his bad leg. He screams and tosses his weight that way.

Rick's sudden shift knocks himself off balance, his bad leg slips out of its stirrup, and he falls to the turf.

Faraday presses on his wound, shouting in agony at every touch. He grits his teeth and spots Rick sprawled out ahead. He gets to his feet and trudges after Rick, clutching the side of his face the whole way.

Rick sees Faraday approaching, but is too beat up to get ready for the brawl. He's completely defenseless.

He bears down on Rick, straddles him, and begins knocking the shit out of him, punch after punch.

INT. FARADAY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Erin kicks and twists to try and break loose.

JAMES

Stop it!

ERIN

Fuck you!

She swings her head backwards and DRILLS James right in the face, blood squirts from his nose.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Faraday keeps on after Rick, drilling him side to side like a piece of meat. He wraps his hands around Rick's neck and squeezes tight.

Rick's face is almost completely purple.

Erin DASHES across the sand for Ramsey's gun.

Faraday looks over his shoulder and sees her. He looks back to Rick, sees the other pistol next to his head. He reaches for it.

Erin slides on the ground, picks up Ramsey's pistol in one fell swoop...

Faraday picks up the pistol, whips around

BANG, BANG, BANG

Faraday stops, looks down at his chest. It pours blood. He goes limp, teeters over and hits the ground in a puff of dust. Erin sits on one knee with the smoking gun in hand.

She pops up, runs over and throws Faraday off of Rick, who coughs like a maniac trying to get his breath back.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A crowd departs from the flower covered casket hovering over a pit in front of Lisa's headstone. Only three remain: Rick, at a safe distance, Erin, next in line to approach behind Chief Ramsey. They're battered, bruised, and bandaged, but all in Sunday's best.

Ramsey places her flower on the casket, pauses, and leaves. Erin addresses the casket in her absence. Ramsey solemnly approaches Rick.

RAMSEY

I'm sorry, Rick. I really am.

RICK

Me too.

RAMSEY

She was a great woman. We were lucky to have known her for as long as we did.

Rick snuffles, tucks his lip, and nods repeatedly, almost invisible.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

I'll see you around.

She pats Rick on the shoulder and leaves the scene. Rick turns his attention back to Erin, realizes she's crying in silence. He walks up behind her and lays a delicate hand on her shoulder.

ERIN

I'm sorry, Mom. It's all my fault.

RICK

Don't say that.

ERIN

It's true. She'd still be here if it wasn't for me.

RICK

You didn't do this - I did. I've been in that grave for years, and I was so selfish that I let her take my place. All she wanted was the best for me, but I was too wrapped up in self pity to notice how lucky I was to have both of you. I lost myself, and now I made us both lose her. But I know that if she was here, she'd make sure I realized that I'm still lucky to have you.

Erin turns and embraces her father. He wraps her up and squeezes her tight.

ERIN

I want to make things right between us.

RICK

We will. We will.

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Erin and Rick sit on a stiff, but stylishly old-school couch, a bear-pelt rug on the floor underneath. The room looks like a hunting lodge.

Across from them in a leather chair is an ATTORNEY, a man in his sixties with a burly mustache and sharp suit. He has a manilla envelope in hand.

The Attorney opens the folder, pulls out a stack of papers.

ATTORNEY

I, Lisa Ford Wiloch, being of sound mind and body...

RICK

Excuse me. I uh...I sure hate to do this, but there's somewhere we need to be in about an hour and we really can't be late. Knowing Lisa, I would imagine this is all pretty cut and dry, but is there anything you think is, oh I don't know, out of the ordinary?

ATTORNEY

What do you mean?

RICK

Anything that's changed recently. I'm pretty sure the last time we did this was after Lisa's father died and I can remember most of that.

ATTORNEY

Well, yes, actually. About a year ago, Lisa made one rather significant change. She left the entirety of her stake in the Osage County Outlaws to Erin. And because of a clause in her contract, Erin has first rights to purchase any part of the organization come available, including Mr. Faraday's that's now on the market.

Erin is bewildered, overrun by the news. She looks to her Dad expecting anger, finds overwhelming calm.

RICK

Well, then I guess we've got some things to talk about over the next hour.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Rick and Erin sit next to one another at a table on the stage. Microphones and reporters in front of them, Outlaws banner hanging behind. Cameras flash intermittently, but the REPORTERS are dead silent. All eyes are locked on Rick, waiting for him to speak.

ERIN

Thank you all for being here today.

The Reporters' attention turns to Erin. The cameras pan.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Your support over the past ten days or so has really touched both my dad and I. The tragedy that struck last week was not only a great loss to our family and this organization, but for the entire town of Osage County. We think time is infinite. But if I've learned anything from this, it's that if yourself to be a prisoner to your past, you will never have enough time going forward.

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)

You think there's always going to be a day to finally decide that you're going to put the past behind, say I'm sorry, forgive somebody, maybe forgive yourself. Until you wake up one day and realize the thing you couldn't let go of is just holding you back. It's really hard to push your ego aside and let yourself admit that truth. It's even harder to move on once you finally do, and it's impossible on your own. That's why we need our family and our friends to help us along the way. Moving forward from this won't be easy, but if we band together, as a community, as a team, and as a family, I know the future will be bright once again. As of this day forward, I am proud to announce that I am officially the sole, acting owner of the Osage County Outlaws. I know I cannot do it alone, and that's why I am naming my father to act in my place while I finish my education, and afterword. Thank you.

EXT. WILOCH HOUSE - DAY

Rick and Erin slams their car doors shut.

RICK

That was a quite a speech you gave today.

ERIN

Thanks.

RICK

Let's head out back real quick. There's something I gotta show you.

EXT. SHED - DAY

Rick and Erin stand in front of the closed wooden doors.

RICK

Go on. You're a big girl. Open it up.

Erin struggles, but heaves the creaky doors open to reveal...

INT. SHED - DAY

Pat Garret in his usual spot, but with a new pen pal: a FLAXEN CHESTNUT, with a similarly colored coat to Pat, but with a blonde mane and tail.

ERIN

Oh my god.

Erin approaches and offers her hand to the horse. It accepts her greeting as if they've known each other for years.

RICK

What do you think?

ERIN

It's perfect! What's his name?

RICK

She actually. The woman at the ranch told me her name is Lizzie, but you can pick whatever name you'd like.

ERIN

Lizzie will do just fine.

Rick makes his way past Erin and her new friend and onto Pat.

RICK

Come on. Let's saddle up.

EXT. CANYON VISTA - DUSK

Rick and Erin ride side by side along the trail, bathed in the warm orange glow of the setting sun.

They reach a peak and look out to see the Outlaws Stadium shining in the distance. Erin gently tugs on Lizzie's reigns and brings the two of them to an easy stop. Rick follows in suit with Pat.

RICK

You want to head back?

Erin doesn't break her stare at the field.

ERIN

No. Let's just stay here for a
while.

FADE TO BLACK.