

ROBBERS

DELLA

ACT ONE

On DELLA

The b.g. is out of focus -- it starts to become sharper. Behind her there's a glass window of the Greyhound bus station coffee shop. We can feel the buses pulling out.

Della (20s) is the spine of our story. And you cannot take your eyes off of her. Distracted, she looks at her watch.

START →

DELLA  
What time is it?

SC. 1

WOMAN (O.C.)  
You got a little time --

DELLA  
I broke my watch.

She did indeed. Shattered. A mess.

Sitting across the table from Della, is a woman, LORETTA (40ish), BFF, hair piled high, stylish in an East Texas kind of way, dumping Sweet and Lows in a cup of coffee. She takes Della's hand.

LORETTA  
You gonna be okay, honey.

Della shakes her friend off, rummages through her purse -- she's got some Certs, playing cards, nail polish (metallic pink), a business card, worse-for-wear cell phone, couple of packs of Benson and Hedges, Nicorette, and a .22.

Loretta catches a glimpse of the .22, eyes go wide: *Shit!*

DELLA  
I once heard a man on the TV talkin' 'bout fate. Wonderin' if it's the hand of God or the 'confluence of cosmic events.'

Della unwraps a pack of cigarettes.

DELLA (CONT'D)  
I believe everything happens for a reason...

CUT TO:

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ROBBERS

INT. CURL UP AND DYE BEAUTY SHOP - SUGARLAND, TX - PRESENT

DELLA (V.O.)

... And God helps them who helps themselves.

**DELLA** is working on a **HEAVYSET WOMAN** with a bulldog face, slathering stuff on Bulldog's hair, clipping it with aluminum foil.

BULLDOG

Well, you know what they say? 'A good man is hard to find.'

DELLA

You got one?

BULLDOG

Can't say that I do.

But Della is the **eternal optimist**:


DELLA

Well, I'm gonna find one. I firmly believe that. Reliable, with a steady job. And sensitive. Mr. Dreamboat.

Della smiles, looks into the mirror.

DELLA (CONT'D)

And him and me and my two kids are gonna live a happy life.

 **STOP**  
BLACK, THEN:

A chyron appears across the screen:

"D E L L A"

INT. HOLIDAY INN SUITES BAR - WEST SIDE OF HOUSTON - NIGHT

Della sips a screwdriver at the bar. Lots of chrome and glass, inset lighting. This is an upscale Holiday Inn.

VOICE (O.S.)

Yes'm, oilfield pipe. I sell it by the mile, install it by the yard.

A **DRUNK PIPE SALESMAN** on the stool next to Della has his hand halfway up her skirt. She pushes it back down. He lets his fingers do the walking, again.

DRUNK

What you do again?

2/13

DELLA

ON RULE

In bed with the sleeping form of the woman curled against his flank. He can't move without waking her. And he doesn't want to wake her, replaying the 7-11 surveillance video from memory. Mind in hyperdrive, over and over again:

Eddie walks in. Pack on the counter, then off. Words exchanged. The Clerk, excited, saying something. Then a hole in his head. From nowhere. The other one jumps the counter. Grabs the cigarettes. Grabs the money.

Even on the lousy video, it's clear: Mr. No Name is running lead. One angry, lethal dude.

**START →** DELLA (V.O.)  
They give you any trouble, you tell them to mind.

**SC. 2**

CUT TO:

DELLA - **FLASH FORWARD** - BUS STATION/CONTINUATION

She pulls out a cigarette.

~~LORETTA~~  
~~I brought up two boys of my~~  
~~own. Didn't kill or lose one~~  
~~of 'em --~~

DELLA  
They just can't stay at my  
Momma's. Not now.

LORETTA  
It ain't a problem --

DELLA  
And they like Fruit Loops but only  
let 'em once a week on account of  
sugar making them all hyperactive  
and shit...

Della catches her breath, THEN:

She takes the business card that was in her purse, slides it  
across the table.

DELLA (CONT'D)  
Got somethin' for you.

**ON THE BUSINESS CARD**

Embossed on the card is the name of Rule Hooks. Texas  
Ranger. With his telephone number.

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DELLA (CONT'D)

Anybody... anyone comes looking for me or askin' 'bout the kids or stuff, you call this man. But you don't tell him where I am.

LORETTA

You wanna tell me how you got this?

No. Della turns the cigarette over and over in her hand.

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

What kind of trouble are you in, Della?



SMASH TO:

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(N.B. And by the way that card looks remarkably like --)

SMASH BACK TO:

DELLA - **FLASH FORWARD** - BUS STATION/CONTINUATION

She stares at the card -- same one from the Holiday Inn -- resting on the table.

DELLA

It was a case of mistaken identity.  
And then it never stopped.

CONT. →

BLACK, THEN:

"FRIDAY"

EXT. MOTEL - MORNING

Rooms rented by the week or the hour. A swimming pool and ratty lawn chairs. The water in the pool is green -- and it's not from some fancy tile. Ray Bob and Eddie walk into:

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Ray Bob and Eddie step up to the registration counter. The **MOTEL MANAGER** looks up then back at his **HIGH SOCIETY** magazine. In the B.G. a crappy cathode TV. On the TV, **LET'S MAKE A DEAL** -- the new version with that "Mr. Personality/Mr. Entertainer" Wayne Brady guy who ain't that talented.

RAY BOB

We need a room.

MOTEL MANAGER

(not even looking up)

Twenty-nine dollars a day. In advance.

Eddie takes out two rolls of quarters, then two rolls of dimes, drops them on the counter.

EDDIE

You got HBO?

The Manager sizes them up, tosses a key. Room 107.

MOTEL MANAGER

Gonna need your license plate.

RAY BOB

We're on foot.

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EXT. EMPTY FIELDS - DAY

From nowhere, the Caddy appears like an apparition. Drives into the middle of a field, dust flying. Finally stops.

INT./EXT. CADDY - CONTINUOUS

Ray Bob turns to Eddie.

RAY BOB

Get out.

Ray Bob slams the car door, circles around the back of the car, slowly approaches Eddie.

Eddie stares at **the gun in Ray Bob's hand**. Then:

RAY BOB (CONT'D)

(whoops)

You done it now! You a goddamn outlaw!

He reaches into the back seat, pulls out a six pack, tosses a can to Eddie.

RAY BOB (CONT'D)

Say it: 'I am a goddamn outlaw!'

A long beat.

RAY BOB (CONT'D)

Say it!

Eddie looks around.

EDDIE

Alright! Jesus! I'm a goddamn outlaw.

Ray Bob holds out his hand. He and Eddie shake. Ray Bob loudly snaps his thumb and finger when shaking, like it's some kind of secret handshake of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Outlaws.

Ray Bob embraces Eddie as the wind whips up the dirt.

CONT.

DELLA (V.O.)

You ever read the bible?

DELLA AND LORETTA - **FLASH FORWARD** - BUS STATION/CONTINUATION

Buses and people coming and going.

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LORETTA  
Til I was fifteen.

DELLA  
I been reading it off and on.  
There's this story about the  
prodigal son, how the older brother  
got jealous cause the younger  
brother had so much fun. And he  
didn't even suffer for it?...

Loretta takes this in.

DELLA (CONT'D)  
It's a good story...

Della finally lights that cigarette.

**END.**

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. THE CADDY - MOVING - PRESENT - NIGHT

A two-lane road in a place they call Texas.

EDDIE  
That old man back there. Reminded  
me of my Uncle Wade. Wade Hebert.

RAY BOB  
Yeah? Ya'll were close?

EDDIE  
Naw. Couldn't stand 'im. He was  
always tellin' me what to do.

RAY BOB  
Why didn't you just shoot 'im?

EDDIE  
Because he was usually right.

RAY BOB  
My momma was like that.

EDDIE  
Usually right?

RAY BOB  
Never wrong.

EDDIE  
Why didn't you just shoot 'er?

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# ROBBERS

DELLA

SC. 3

GEORGE CLOONEY

He's still kinda dead -- Della's in the b.g., almost dressed, on the phone even though she is four feet from a bloody mess.

ON DELLA - FAST, JAGGED JUMP CUTS

START →

DELLA

(trying to keep it together, volume rising)

... Look Momma, can you just keep 'em for a bit?... I don't know when, Momma... You stopped taking your iron... Yes you did... You did too. That's why you're tired. Make sure Randy takes his medicine... How 'bout Waylon?... Whatd'you mean he's up?... Momma -- (softens)

Hey, sweetheart... Well if Randy smacks you just smack him back... I gotta go now... Mommy loves you.

END.

She hangs up. Hyperventilating. Stares at the dead man on the bed. Not sure what to do next. She picks up George Clooney's Armani suit jacket, goes through the pockets, pulls out his wallet. *Who is/was this guy?!*

There's a lot of cash. But she doesn't take anything -- she's got principles -- then curiously pulls out a CELL PHONE and a BUSINESS CARD. She looks at the card, looks at George, then back at the card:

*Shit!*

8/13



# ROBBERS

## EPISODE TWO

DELLA

### ACT ONE

**D**ELLA (FROM THE RECAP OF PILOT/EPISODE ONE)

Standing on the side of the road.

Even from a distance in the moonlight, you can tell her eye is swollen, black and blue. You can almost make out the blood on her dress.

Twenty yards away, the Eldorado at the side of the road. Ray Bob is behind the wheel, 9mm in his lap. Eddie is sitting shotgun.

EDDIE (O.C.)

Goddamn! We was doin' eighty when we saw you!

Della stares at the Eldorado.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Well, you cummin' or not?

On Della

*Who the hell are these guys?*

BLACK, THEN:

"SOMEWHERE NEAR HOUSTON"

INT. THE ELDORADO - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

SC. 4

Ray Bob stares at Della in the rear-view mirror. She sits in the back holding her shoes in her lap and the Bible to her chest. Eddie is turned around in the passenger seat.

**START →**

EDDIE

Where ya goin'?

DELLA

Sugar Land.

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EDDIE

Lucky you, we goin' that way. Why you walkin'?

DELLA

My car broke down.

EDDIE

That's a long walk.

Della nods.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Gotta be careful. Dangerous out here at night.

DELLA

Don't I know it. I was gettin' worried.

EDDIE

Well, I reckon you was. What happened to your eye?

She reaches up, touches it. She's almost forgotten.

DELLA

I fell down. In the dark.

EDDIE

You wanna cigarette?

She gives the car a once-over. **Nice.** And Eddie, too. **He seems nice, friendly eyes --**

DELLA

You got a joint?

EDDIE

Naw. We got cigarettes though.

DELLA

S'okay.

She opens her purse, takes out the Benson & Hedges, leans forward behind the seat to block the wind, lights it.

EDDIE

What's your name? I'm Eddie.

DELLA

Della. Where you going?

10/13

EDDIE  
We on the run.

Ray Bob glances at Eddie.

DELLA  
What from?

EDDIE  
We're robbers.

Ray Bob glares at him. *Dumbass!*

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
How about you?

DELLA  
I'm a model.  
(a slight hesitation)  
Catalogs and stuff.

EDDIE  
(impressed)  
Is that right?

DELLA  
I woulda' been in magazines but my  
face is too long and my eyes set  
too close.

EDDIE  
They look fine to me. They  
ain't so close. You got nice hair too.

RAY BOB  
(to himself)  
Jesus.

DELLA (CONT'D)  
Well thank you. You really  
robbers?

EDDIE  
Well it's just a sideline. Really  
we're welders. Only we outta work.  
We work the pipelines.

DELLA  
I heard all about pipelines.

EDDIE  
Well then you know. That's why we  
stay on the move. That and other  
things. Where's your car?

DELLA  
Back there. It's broke.

EDDIE  
Maybe we can fix it.

Ray Bob looks at Eddie: *You gotta be fucking kidding --*

DELLA  
It's nice a you to offer but I  
think I'm just gonna let the  
finance company take it back.  
Payments're high anyway.

Della looks up to see Ray Bob looking at her in the mirror --  
like he sees something no one else can see. She slides along  
the seat to the right out of the line of vision...

EDDIE (O.C.)  
You live in Sugar Land?

DELLA  
Well, Sugar Land's where I been  
staying. Only I'm in the process  
of relocating. Where you going?

EDDIE  
Everywhere and nowhere. Whichever  
way the wind blows. They got any  
cheap motels near where you stay?

Her mind is working overtime. *Mr. Dreamboat dead in a  
Holiday Inn. The police. The kids. The job. That shitty  
ol' Saturn...*

DELLA  
I need a ride in the morning. If  
you could give it to me, you can  
stay at my place tonight --  
(adding quickly)  
I got an extra room.

Eddie turns to Ray Bob. Nothing.

EDDIE  
Where you need a ride to tomorrow?

DELLA  
Whichever way you're going might be  
fine. Not sure yet.

Eddie nods like it all makes sense, then stares out the  
window as a **COP CAR** speeds up behind them at 90 m.p.h.,  
lights flashing. Eddie holds his breath. Ray Bob grips the  
gun in his lap. But the Cop Car keeps moving, passes, races  
after someone else. The SIREN dissipates, SILENCE until:

12/13



- DELLA 5.-

EDDIE

I know, how 'bout some music?

He flips the dial through the stations and --

DELLA

Stop there.

Della smiles, leans forward:

DELLA (CONT'D)

(mouth as fast as the  
Caddy)

That's Keith Urban. He's married  
to Nicole and I was reading in  
people that they were having  
troubles but I hope it ain't true.  
That's who he's singing about,  
Nicole Kidman. God, I think he's  
cute.

(singing)

'The first time I looked in your  
eyes I knew that I would do  
anything for you. The first time  
you touched my --'

RAYBOB

Let's get one thing straight. I  
ain't no welder and sure you ain't  
no model.

EDDIE

Jesus Christ, man, take it easy --

RAY BOB

(to Eddie but loud enough  
for Della to hear)

... And one other thing. Just so  
you don't get the wrong idea. I  
ain't feeling too good. Otherwise,  
if they ain't fat, I get the  
blondes.

Della doesn't even blink.

DELLA

Well... I don't see how.

END.

13/13