

EDDIE
Pull into that 7-11.

EDDIE

EXT. 7-11 - AUSTIN, TX - NIGHT

The convertible noses up to the glass front plastered with signs for RC Cola and Texas Lotto tickets. Eddie jumps out.

RAY BOB
Listen. Don't buy those straights.
Get some filters.

EDDIE
Man, you know I smoke straights.
You want filters gimme some money.

RAY BOB
I'm broke.

Eddie laughs.

EDDIE
Then you shit outa luck, man. All
I got left is six dollars.

RAY BOB
Fuck you.

EDDIE
Well up yours sideways.

Eddie and Ray Bob laughin', talkin' shit that way because that's what 'running buddies' do.

INT. 7-11 - SECONDS LATER

SC. 1

Eddie enters, walks up to the register between the Lotto ticket stand and the display of Lone Star key chains.

START → EDDIE
Gimme a pack of Camel straights.

The **INDIAN OR PAKI CLERK** lays a pack on the counter.

INDIAN
Six dollars and one cent.

EDDIE
I got six dollars here. Where's
the spare penny bucket?

The clerk points to an empty plastic ash tray. All out.

1/13

ROBBERS

EDDIE (CONT'D)
No problem, I'll catcha next time.

INDIAN
(pulling the cigs back)
It's six dollars and one cent.

EDDIE
You gonna hold up this deal over a penny?

INDIAN
That is what it costs.

Eddie frowns, flips the top of his Zippo open and shut in one hand. Snap. Snap. Snap.

EDDIE
Man. You jerkin' my chain.

INDIAN
I am jerking nothing.

EDDIE
Hell you ain't. What kind of country are you from?

INDIAN
Good country.

Eddie stares at him.

INDIAN (CONT'D)
Very fine country. Where we pay for what we get.

EDDIE
You givin' me the red-ass, pardner. This here's America. Hand me them cigarettes.

INDIAN
Six dollars and one cent.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
I don't believe this.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Gimme the goddamn cigarettes.

INDIAN
Go. I call police. Get your license plate --

EDDIE
Fuck you, cocksucker --

2/13

Eddie reaches in his boot, pulls a little .22 revolver. The Indian is freaked, speechless. They stare at one another forever. Then Eddie lowers the gun. *This is crazy, fuck it.* Suddenly:

A SHARP CRACK. A hole appears in the clerk's forehead. His head snaps back. The Clerk stands there with his hands on the counter a moment, then slides down onto the floor. Eddie looks behind to his left, SEES Ray Bob standing just inside the door, his 9mm in hand.

RAY BOB

What the hell you doing?!

EDDIE

Wouldn't give me the cigarettes
cause I didn't have a penny.

Ray Bob jumps over the counter, grabs a carton of filtered cigarettes, kicks open the register, grabs the cash, shoves it in a sack, looks down at the guy laid out on the floor.

RAY BOB

Fuckin' moron. Never ever mess
with a man and his smokes.
(to Eddie)
Find that shell casing.

INT. ELDORADO - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie gets in shaking, snapping his Zippo open/shut.

RAY BOB

(counting money)
Shit. Maybe a hundred bucks.

EDDIE

For that you make me an accessory
to robbery?

Ray Bob stares at Eddie.

RAY BOB

Wasn't robbery. You can't rob a
dead man.

EDDIE

Hell you can't.

Ray Bob slams the car in reverse.

3/13

ON THE ELDORADO - TWO WHEELING IT OUT OF THE PARKING LOT
Eddie and Ray Bob still arguing.

RAY BOB (V.O.)
You can't.

EDDIE (V.O.)
Bullshit. They got a law for
everything.



The Caddy barrels down the road, heading for God-knows-where.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

4/13

RULE

There ya go.

Rule pulls away onto South Lamar. Bernie watches.

CUT TO:

THE CADDY

On the side of an isolated road running through Zilker Park. Ray Bob and Eddie aren't there. Because they are:

ON A LIMESTONE SHELF

Sitting over Barton Creek, counting their money, legs overhanging the edge. Rolls of coins: quarters, dimes, nickels. Ray Bob is the cashier.

SC. 2

ROBBERS

START →

EDDIE

I ain't hauling no rolls in my pockets.

RAY BOB

Put 'em down the front. Might draw some pussy.

Ray Bob divvies up the loose change.

EDDIE

Draw suspicion, what it'll do. We gotta go to a bank.

RAY BOB

I don't like banks. Got popped robbing a bank.

EDDIE

You said you never skanked a joint before.

RAY BOB

I lied.

EDDIE

Any particular reason?

RAY BOB

I need a reason? For practice. A man's gotta keep his chops up.

Eddie looks at a couple of swans drifting along the shore.

EDDIE

You talk a lot. But I don't know jack about you. What else you lie about?

RAY BOB

Get real, hoss. I pulled more heists you can shake a stick at. Case you didn't notice, I ain't no Boy Scout.

EDDIE

I was. 'Til they booted me out.

RAY BOB .

What you do? Shoot the scoutmaster?

EDDIE

Naw. His old lady did. Caught him in bed with her sister. Shot 'em both. Used a twelve gauge with buckshot. Died in the saddle. A real asshole, too. Always yelling at us. Shoulda' given her a merit badge for civic duty.

RAY BOB

Or marksmanship.

Ray Bob grins, stacks the paper currency.

EDDIE

Man, it hurt when they bounced me. Lost my buddies. Plus, I wanted to be good at sumthin' --

RAY BOB

Look at that.

Ray Bob points down at the creek. **TWO GIRLS** in an aluminum canoe float past. The girl in front is a **BLONDE**, chubby with short hair; the other is a thin **BRUNETTE**.

Ray Bob stuffs the bills and rolls of coins into the plastic bag and takes off his T-shirt.

RAY BOB (CONT'D)

Come on. Let me do the talkin'.



A DIRT PATH

Under trees, atop the high creek bank. Ray Bob and Eddie draw even with the canoe.

6/13

ACT FIVE

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ray Bob, boots on, TV remote in one hand, sprawled on a bed. Eddie is disrobing, gets into the shower. Ray Bob has one eye on Eddie. One eye on the TV. He's searching through the channels, hits a news account of the 7-11 shooting and the shooting in the parking lot. Changes to another channel. Same material, different newscaster. And another.

ROBBERS

RAY BOB
(crowing)
Jesus Christ. Come lookit this.
We done hit the trifecta, pardner.
Channel 7. Channel 24. Channel
36.

SC. 3

INTERCUT BETWEEN EDDIE AND RAY BOB

Water cascading down Eddie. But it doesn't wash away the feeling:

What the fuck have I gotten myself into?

START →

EDDIE
Listen, I been thinkin'. Maybe we
should split up.

RAY BOB
(O.C.)
What do you mean?

EDDIE
Cops gotta be all over this. They
lookin' for two guys.

Eddie starts to get out of the shower.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
It might be smart for a while 'til
shit settles down --

Eddie doesn't see it coming. Ray Bob, fast and frightening, slams Eddie against the wall, hand-to-neck, gun-to-head then jammed in his mouth. Eddie stares down the barrel.

RAY BOB
A runnin' buddy don't quit on a
runnin' buddy. You just don't do
that kinda shit.

7/13

EDDIE
(gun in mouth).
Ain't quittin' on ya...

Ray Bob has his finger on the trigger. Eddie is a millimeter away from a very messy kiss-off, then:

Ray Bob releases his grip, steps back. He fucked up. He knows it. Eddie knows it. We know it.

RAY BOB
Goddammit.

EDDIE
You asshole. There's a lotta shit you can't get with a gun.

RAY BOB
Lemme tell you somethin', Eddie. What we got's righteous. Ain't no need to split up. We're better together than alone.

Eddie's thinking.

RAY BOB (CONT'D)
Truth is, I give you what you give me. Family. And that is a powerful thing.

STOP

And with that Eddie nods. Ray Bob spreads his arms, hugs the soaking wet, naked Eddie. Off of this strange tableau, we

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The Motel Manager watches Ray Bob walk past the housekeeper pushing her cart and toward a coffee shop across the street.

SOMEONE ELSE'S POV - SAME TIME

From the motel room, Eddie watches Ray Bob cross the street, thinks about life and shit, thinks about his running buddy. **EIGHTEEN-WHEELERS** and **CARS** pass in front of him, slashing their way down the road, intermittently obscuring his point of view.

Eddie lights a cigarette, takes it deep into his lungs.

EDDIE

ROBBERS

EPISODE TWO

ACT ONE

SC.4

DELLA (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

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.

EDDIE

START → Where ya goin'?

DELLA

Sugar Land.

9/13

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
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

EDDIE

I know, how 'bout some music?

He flips the dial through the stations and --

DELLA

Stop there.

Della smiles, leans forward:

END.

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.

13/13