

BOONE

We give them out on Tuesdays for
wet t-shirt night.

We finally get a look at the gold as Boone takes a GOLD BAR out of the trunk. He admires it, handles it under the lamp on the desk. It looks OLD AND WEATHERED. History must be true.

ELI

Don't seem too busted up about
Billy and Logan.

(beat)

These gypsies... They're not done
with you.

Boone tosses a GOLD BAR in front of Eli--

BOONE

You enjoy your new life, Eli.

Eli stares at the gold, then Boone for a moment before he gets up and heads out without the gold with the shirt over his shoulder. As he walks to the exit of Boone's office--

BOONE (O.C.)

Sure is pretty the way it shimmers
in the light. It's like a...

KERPLUNK, the sound of the gold bar falling on the desk on the desk. SLUMPING heard next.

Eli turns back as he's almost out the door. Boone's face down at his desk. The little girl stares at Boone, then looks over to Eli and stares at him the way she always seems to. Her attention drifts back to the gold. She slowly reaches out as if to touch the gold bar on Boone's desk.

Before she can touch it, Eli makes his way over and grabs her arm to stop her. He looks down at the gold, then to Boone. Boone's eyes wide open. He's fucking dead. Realization sets in. His bad luck holds true.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAWN

82

Start

Small, one-horse type operation. MYRTLE at the station desk. Sun not quite up yet, early morning hours. Sheriff Dowd approaches, COFFEE MUG in hand.

SHERIFF DOWD

Myrtle, did you swap the coffee?

MYRTLE

It's Italian. Gustoso.

SHERIFF DOWD

Well, if that's Italian for shit,
it's aptly named.

MYRTLE

It's expensive.

SHERIFF DOWD

I'm a cheap date, Myrtle.

MYRTLE

You want me to make the other?

SHERIFF DOWD

Why, thank you.

Myrtle sighs, exits to make coffee. As Sheriff Dowd turns to go down the hallway, the front door opens. He turns and sees Eli entering, holding the little girl's hand. If the sight wasn't surprising enough, Eli's new t-shirt reads: BEST TITTIES.

Sheriff Dowd, coffee mug in one hand, slowly reaches for his holster on his hip with the other.

ELI

That's one way to play it.

Sheriff Dowd hesitates, but keeps his hand over his holster. He hears Eli out.

ELI

I ain't nothing to you. That's the first thing you need to know. This little girl's the second. Some gypsies running a carnie over in Odessa stole her. Doubt she's the first. ~~Lot of people looking. You can be the one who found her. Them gypsies probably hauled off~~ already. Ain't gonna be hard to ~~find them.~~ Last thing you need to know is Boone's dead. He ain't holding anything over yer head no more. You can run me in, but there's a whole lotta explaining neither of us wanna do when it comes to Boone.

Hold. Sheriff Dowd thinks it over but shows no inclination of how he wants to handle this. He sips his shit coffee and slowly walks to Eli.

As he reaches Eli, Sheriff Dowd finally takes his hand away from his holster, reaches down and takes the little girl's other hand. Eli lets go of her. Sheriff Dowd leans in.

SHERIFF DOWD

When you run, boy, you run far from here.

Sheriff Dowd takes the little girl and the two walk further into the station. Sheriff Dowd eventually looks back to the entrance. Eli's gone.

End

83 INT. ELI'S TRAILER - DAWN **83**

The door opens, Eli stands in the doorway. After the night he's had, he's exhausted, physically and mentally. He can't stay here and he's got nowhere else to go. He picks up the day's MAIL on the floor, lights a cigarette from the pack on his dresser. He looks down. That damn alarm clock still blinks.

He sits on the bed, tosses the junk mail one-by-one, reading the envelopes in the shafts of light that come through the window blinds. He stops a on an UNFAMILIAR ENVELOPE. He opens it to a LETTER from an OIL COMPANY (*THE FAMILIAR LETTER HEAD LOGO*) and begins reading.

He contemplates, sets the letter on the dresser next to the ATLAS WITH THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS on it's cover. Eli begins straightening his trailer.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCORE DRIFTS INTO AN OMINOUS DARK SYMPHONY.

CLOSE UP ON A GROUP OF THREE KIDS (TWO BOYS AND ONE GIRL) WEARING BROWN PAPER BAGS OVER THEIR HEADS

Holes are cut by their eyes. They stare directly at us.

84 EXT. HILLSIDE - DUSK **84**

WIDE ON THE THREE KIDS standing perfectly still on the hillside on a gloomy, cloudy day. It is a haunting visual with large mountains far in the distance.

Someone steps partially into frame. A CAMERA SHUTTER HEARD CLICKING. Another photo is taken. The operator steps in a little for a closer. It's a WOMAN. She takes another photo.

85 EXT. AERIAL - ROCKY MOUNTAINS - DUSK **85**

DRIFTING ABOVE the snowy and vast Colorado mountains.