

HOUR OF RECKONING

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April 20th, 2025

FADE IN:

1

EXT. CONSEQUENCE, TEXAS - AERIAL - NIGHT

1

The view from a thousand feet above this small quiet town makes it look like a nice place to live and raise a family.

It's not.

Other than a smattering of residential lights, the town is dark. Evidently, whatever happens here ends at dusk.

Except for the railroad yard at the edge of town, a sprawling network of tracks and trains, where workers load, unload, and transfer freight to and from train cars and 18-wheelers.

2

EXT. CONSEQUENCE, TEXAS - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

2

The streets are so dark and empty that it looks like a ghost town. A battered sign reads:

"CONSEQUENCE, TEXAS
Population 8,265"

A full one-third of the businesses are boarded up. Graffiti covers the plywood and many of the walls. Homeless encampments and strung-out drug users on the sidewalks.

At the end of the street stands the town's only hotel, a hundred-year-old six-story building that still manages to cling to a sliver of its former grandeur, even though the town around it appears to have sunk into a pit of despair.

A lighted sign on the building reads "THE CONSEQUENCE HOTEL."

Beyond the hotel, there is nothing but empty DESERT. The moonlight-drenched landscape is peaceful. Saguaros. Yucca plants. And then a FLASH-

Something moves through the desert...

Make that *RUNS*. It's a WOMAN (30's) with brown skin and blood pooling around her nostrils. Tears fill her eyes as she sprints--

She's almost naked. Rags of clothing hang from her.

HUH-FWAA-HUH! Her breaths are panicked and sharp. She keeps whipping her head around to look over her shoulder --

But we don't see what's chasing her.

She sprints faster now--

HER FEET

SLAP-SLAP over jagged rocks and cactus spines, leaving bloody RED footprints in her wake...

The feet find asphalt. A road. She runs blindly, away from the town.

Suddenly WHITE LIGHT blasts through the darkness. Her face instantly illuminated.

The fear in her eyes is apparent... but it soon shifts to RELIEF.

WOMAN
(Spanish)
Here! Please--

The lights burn brighter on her face as a vehicle approaches:

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

A '98 JEEP WRANGLER crunches gravel as it slows to a stop. The door POPS--

Out comes MATT HORN, 40s, clean shaven, close-cropped hair. Military tats on his forearms. Concern on his face.

WOMAN
(Spanish)
Help me, they're coming!

MATT
It's okay..

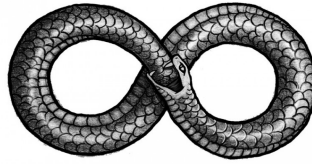
Matt grabs a blanket from his backseat, and unrolls it as he approaches her.

MATT (CONT'D)
Shh, it's okay.

WOMAN
(whimpering Spanish)
They're coming...

Matt wraps her in the blanket. But one of her shoulders is still exposed. On it, Matt sees--

A BRAND has been seared into her flesh:



Matt's forehead crinkles, he doesn't recognize the symbol.
Then—

WHOOOP-WHOOOP! A siren.

Matt and the woman are bathed in RED and BLUE light. Matt has to squint as two uniformed sheriffs climb out of their marked car. Tan uniforms, Stetsons and night-sticks.

DEPUTIES BABBINS and SCOTT (30s). Unfriendly. Unpleasant.
Uniforms aside, they do not look or feel like lawmen.

BABBINS
We'll take it from here.

SCOTT
You're free to go.

WOMAN
No!

She's terrified of them. Matt senses something is off.

MATT
Hold on a second.

BABBINS
Shut the fuck up.

MATT
Excuse me?

Babbins grabs the girl. Twists the woman's wrists behind her back with one hand, and grabs her hair with the other.

WOMAN
Ahhh!

MATT
Hey. Stop—

Matt reaches his hand out and THWACK! Babbins cracks his baton down on Matt's knuckles—

MATT (CONT'D)
(grimacing)
AHH.

The woman frantically pleads to Matt-

WOMAN
(Spanish)
I escaped! I escaped from them-

Matt's hurt, but he's tough. He grits his teeth and powers towards the deputies.

MATT
Tell me where you're taking her
now!

BABBINS
Back away. NOW.

Babbins jabs with his baton. Matt parries and grabs Babbins by the arm.

From the side -- Scott lunges in with a knee that CRACKS into Matt's ribs.

Matt goes to the ground. On his hands and knees, he spits out blood-

MATT
...Fuck.

Babbins drags the SCREAMING and KICKING woman toward the car and throws her inside.

Matt watches this in horror. Scott clucks his tongue to get Matt's attention.

SCOTT
Hey.

Matt looks UP-

Then THUMP -- Scott kicks Matt so hard we hear his nose cartilage crack.

Scott jumps inside the car. WHOOP-WHOOP! The car RUMBLES into the night, kicking up DUST that makes Matt COUGH.

When Matt pulls his head up from the dirt, bloody spittle runs in strings from his lips to the ground.

But there's not just blood on Matt's face, we also see... determination.

He crawls toward his jeep. Matt repeatedly mumbles something.

MATT
(barely audible)
One, one..

Matt *GROANS* as he drags himself up, steadying himself against his jeep door. He pulls it open, and fumbles around inside--

MATT (CONT'D)
Nine...

From the car, Matt pulls out a NOTEBOOK. With his non-injured hand, he scribbles:

"1-1-9-3-5-7"

But that took effort. Exhausted, Matt leans his head against the side of his jeep door... and SUCKS in deep breaths.

He stares off in the direction that the cop car sped. Then looks down at the NOTEBOOK page-

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S JEEP - NIGHT

The same NOTEBOOK page.

Matt lowers it slowly, revealing his face. His faded bruising tells us this is several weeks later.

MATT'S POV

He stares 200 feet away at-

THE CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - OUT BACK - NIGHT

The familiar sheriff car is parked. Its license plate reads:

"1-1-9-3-5-7"

INT. MATT'S JEEP - NIGHT

Matt picks up binoculars now.

MATT'S POV

Babbins and Scott, hands on hips, shoot the shit. Behind their marked car idles a Transit Van. Behind that, a blacked out SUV.

Heavy-set men in combat trousers and desert boots load strange packages into the back of the van, under the instructions of their leader.

The deputies watch on nonchalantly. Once the rear is full, the men slam the doors shut. Load into the front.

The leader nods. A mysterious *SHADOWY MAN* exits the hotel. Something unsettling about him. the leader and another man fall in by his side. Bodyguards.

He stops to light a cigarette. Barks an order at the deputies. He loads into the SUV with his security. The deputies load into their car.

The van REVS to life. Backs out from the hotel. The SUV falls in behind, the sheriff car brings up the rear-

INT. MATT'S JEEP - NIGHT

Matt lowers the binoculars. He turns the key to his ignition. VROOM.. the jeep idles now, but Matt keeps his lights off.

Then starts *tailing* the convoy.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The convoy zooms through thick darkness. Hundreds of feet behind... Matt's jeep moves in silence.

INT. MATT'S JEEP - MOVING

Sweat beads cling to Matt's forehead as he drives. After making a few turns, he's suddenly bathed in a RED GLOW -- the convoy's brake lights.

Matt SWALLOWS hard, keeping his distance. HONK! A train horn blasts up ahead-

THROUGH HIS WINDSHIELD

Matt watches the convoy pull into a dark industrial rail yard. Amber lights burn on steel posts, casting shadows across hundreds of rust-colored rail cars.

Matt doesn't follow. He thinks for a second, and then pulls off the road into the desert-

EXT. DESERT RIDGE, ABOVE THE RAIL YARD - NIGHT

Matt looks down below through binoculars.

MATT'S POV:

Babbins and Scott watch on as the men, joined by others, unload plastic-wrapped KILOS from the van. Each package is marked with the *same symbol* that was branded on the woman.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Ahhhhhhhh!

Somewhere nearby, a woman SCREAMS. Matt lowers his binoculars; he's chilled to the bone.

Matt bites his lip, weighing his next move. Fuck it. He starts carefully crawling down the face of the ridge.

EXT. RAILROAD YARD

Matt moves parallel along a huge line of BOXCARS. There is the occasional pool of amber light, but mostly he runs through deep purple shadow--

Men WHISPER ahead. Matt stops. He presses his back to a metal boxcar, listening.

He can't make out what's being said, but decides to creep ahead...

Past another BOXCAR. This one has its sliding metal door open. Inside it, Matt clocks:

HUNDREDS of iPhones, SIM cards, and other pieces of tech that seem out of place here.

Matt shakes his head and keeps moving toward the WHISPERING VOICES... Until they stop. A sudden HUSH falls over the yard.

Matt's spine tingles.

He hears the CRUNCH of footsteps on gravel behind him.

No need to look back. Matt gulps. Then RUNS--

Past boxcar after boxcar. He looks through the GAPS between the cars, and sees ARMED MEN running on the other side..

MAN (O.S.)

There!

OTHER MAN (O.S.)

Get him!

Matt is panicking now. His lungs BURN. Every rail car looks the same; he's lost in a sea of steel and freight.

But keeps RUNNING--

He sees a patch of electric blue moonlight up ahead. Freedom.

Matt powers toward the blue light like his life depends on it. HUH-HA-HUH-HA.. He pants like a rabid dog--

He's almost to the patch of moonlight; almost out of the yard-
15 feet to go..

Footsteps get LOUDER behind him.

10 feet to go..

Matt strains with all his remaining effort. He's about to pass by the last boxcar when--

BANG! An axe handle SLAMS into Matt's forehead--

Matt's sight BLURS. Orbs of light fill his field of view as he falls -- kaleidoscope vision. From the ground, the last thing Matt sees:

A pair of ITALIAN LEATHER BOOTS. The axe blades twirls on the ground next to the boots.

Matt BLINKS twice, then his world fades to BLACK.

HOLD ON BLACK

Soft wheezing -- Matt is unconscious but still breathing... then another sound; *his body being dragged away*.

OVER BLACK

Text slowly appears:

"A TOWN CALLED CONSEQUENCE"

Eventually we hear--

GROUP OF PEOPLE (PRE-LAP)
(singing)
"For he's a jolly good fellowwww...
which nobody can deny!"

The singing group turns out to be Texas Rangers, all dressed identically:

Stetson hats, jeans, western shirts, cowboy boots, pistols, mostly Colt 1911s, holstered on their hips, each wearing a small silver badge pinned to their shirts.

SUPER: "EL PASO, TEXAS"

The man of the hour, the "jolly good fellow," stands apart from the rest, looking embarrassed by the adoration.

He is JOHN HORN, 50s, tall and solid, dressed just like the others. He smiles in appreciation, but the smile doesn't reach his eyes.

FIRST RANGER
Speech! Speech!

ALL RANGERS
(picked up)
Speech! Speech!

John gestures for quiet. When it finally comes.

JOHN
You all know I'm not one for a lot of talk, certainly not speeches. So I hope you'll forgive me if this turns out to be the shortest retirement speech on record.

SECOND RANGER
It's already too long!

Everyone laughs.

JOHN
But I want to thank you all. Truly. For coming out and seeing me off on this...

As John searches for the right words, he makes eye contact with an older man -- CAPTAIN STAN GILBERT (late 50's) who has wrinkles and a look of *disappointment* on his face.

JOHN (CONT'D)
...Next chapter.

From the crowd--

THIRD RANGER
Beers on John!

JOHN
I already started a tab on the captain's card.

John winks at Gilbert, which gets a smile from the older man. Everyone else claps and laughs.

END OF THE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

John and Gilbert have found a quiet spot to talk and sip their beers.

CAPT. GILBERT
Is it even worth trying?

JOHN
Probably not.

CAPT. GILBERT
Had some lines in the car.
Rehearsed.

JOHN
Yeah? Any of 'em good?

CAPT. GILBERT
Pretty good.

JOHN
Like what?

CAPT. GILBERT
Like don't fuckin' do this. Please.

JOHN
That *is* good.

CAPT. GILBERT
I'm serious. One of my best.
Leaving me early to go...

Gilbert can't finish the sentence. Finishes his beer instead.

JOHN
I appreciate your concern. I do.
But it's just a hunting trip.

Gilbert eyes him with suspicion.

CAPT. GILBERT
If that's really true then... then
good luck I guess.
(a beat)
Buck? Boar? What're you huntin'?

JOHN
Depends.

CAPT. GILBERT

On what?

With some weight-

JOHN

On what's down there.

John stands to leave.

CAPT. GILBERT

Just be careful.

JOHN

Will do.

John playfully slaps Gilbert's back on his way past him.

CAPT. GILBERT

(calling after John)

I had more lines rehearsed.

JOHN

I'm sad to be missing them.

Gilbert chuckles to himself.

7

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

7

What was once a dining room has been converted into a WAR ROOM. The dinner table holds file folders, police reports, a computer, scanner, and printer.

THE WALL

Is papered with copies of pages we recognize from MATT'S NOTEBOOK --

One page has the **cop car license plate...** another has a scribbled sketch of **The Consequence Hotel...** and on the final page:

THE OUROBOROS BRAND

Drawn by Matt. John stares at the symbol of the snake eating itself, and then trudges over to-

A BAR CART

Where John pours brown liquor into a glass. Ice cubes clink on his walk back to the dining table.

He sits and stares at the papered wall. Then pulls out his phone and taps it. A VOICEMAIL plays:

MATT (V.O.)

I know you're not answering because you think I'm calling about... but I'm not. I have ninety days -- a real ninety this time -- so that's not what this is... I need your help. The rail yard, the hotel... I'm onto something. I can't talk on the phone. But it's Something *big*.

John sips his bourbon.

Matt struggles to say this next part-

MATT (V.O.)

I know I don't deserve another favor. But I'm asking for one. Please.

ON JOHN

His eyes welling up.

8

FLASHBACK - EXT. SUNDOWNER MOTEL - DAY

8

A roadside motel on a rural Texas highway.

Sheriffs' and state troopers' cars are scattered in the parking lot as a Dodge Charger rolls up and SKIDS to a stop.

John springs out of the Dodge as Capt. Gilbert approaches.

JOHN

You sure it's him?

CAPT. GILBERT

John, wait a second-

John shoulders past Gilbert.

JOHN

I need to see him.

Gilbert jogs after John.

CAPT. GILBERT

(calling after him)

Look... it's bad.

Gilbert tugs at John's shoulder -- John spins around, and the look on his face says everything. Gilbert knows there's no stopping him...

9 INT. SUNDOWNER MOTEL ROOM - DAY

9

Capt. Gilbert doffs his Stetson and leads John into the room.
John immediately sees:

BLOOD SPLATTER... dripping in streaks down the wall. John gulps. He slowly traces his eyes down the syrupy, red streaks, *forcing* himself to look down...down...

But before he sees the SOURCE of the gore, we-

SNAP TO BLACK

PRE-LAP: Birds chirp and a distant lawnmower hums.

11 EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - MORNING (PRESENT)

11

John, now wearing his Stetson and a well-worn leather jacket, walks out of the house carrying the overnight bag.

And climbs into the Dodge Charger. The ENGINE ROARS to life.

John shoots backward into the street and drives away with a SCREECH OF RUBBER.

14 INT. DODGE CHARGER - MOVING - DAY (PRESENT)

14

John pulls to the curb in front of a new suburban house.

He opens the leather bag and removes a small wrapped gift.

He stares at the house, then opens the car door and gets out.

15 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

15

John knocks on the front door, gift in hand.

MARY HORN, 40s, opens the door.

MARY

Do you have a warrant? 'Cause it's technically not your house anymore.

JOHN

Funny.

She gives him a dry smile.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Not coming in. Just need to drop this.

He holds up the gift.

JOHN (CONT'D)
For her birthday.

MARY
Why not give it to her yourself?

JOHN
She doesn't return my calls.

MARY
It's University of Houston. Not
Australia. You can drive.

JOHN
I have to get down to—

MARY
I know where you're going.

She takes the gift from his hand.

MARY (CONT'D)
You've been there the last two
years.

He sighs, knowing where this is going.

MARY (CONT'D)
Maybe not physically. But you know
what I mean.

JOHN
He needed me.

MARY
So did we.

They've had this conversation. A beat, then—

MARY (CONT'D)
This uhhh... this trip. Is it why I
hear you're retiring early?

He doesn't have to answer. They both know it's a "yes"

MARY (CONT'D)
That figures. Shit, you retired
from us early too.

There's nothing more for John to say. He looks down at the
gift in Mary's hand—

JOHN
See that Francine gets that, will
you?

MARY
I will.

He leaves, and plods across the lawn.

MARY (CONT'D)
And John...

He turns back.

MARY (CONT'D)
Be careful. Please.

16 EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY 16

The Dodge Charger ROARS down the two-lane blacktop.

17 INT. DODGE CHARGER - MOVING - DAY 17

John drives while on the seat next to him rests his overnight bag, his leather jacket, and his Stetson.

John calls a number on his cellphone. The line RINGS once then goes to voicemail.

FRANCINE (VOICEMAIL)
You've reached Francine Horn.
Please leave a message and I'll
call you back as soon as possible.

The line BEEPS. John ends the call. Pain creases his face.

He switches on the radio, gets a talk station. The last thing he wants to hear. He pushes a button-

A folk song plays...

18 EXT./INT. DODGE CHARGER - MOVING - DAY (LATER) 18

Two hundred miles later, John drives along an empty two-lane highway that runs parallel to a railroad track.

He passes a freight train rolling in the same direction. When the last car of the train passes, John blinks twice when he sees:

Two small children playing near the tracks.

PRE-LAP: A TRAIN HORN BLOWS.

19

FLASHBACK - EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

19

The TRAIN HORN causes John, 12, and Matt, 7, both walking down the tracks, to turn around and look behind them.

At the approaching train.

MATT

John, give me a penny.

JOHN

You already have a smushed penny.

MATT

I know. But I want another one.

JOHN

Why?

The HORN BLOWS again as the train gets closer.

MATT

Please, John.

John shakes his head and digs a penny from his pocket.

MATT (CONT'D)

Hurry.

John flips the penny to Matt, who plucks it out of the air.

And sets it carefully on one of the track rails.

The boys look down the tracks at the approaching train, then step off the tracks.

The HORN BLOWS again.

20

EXT./INT. DODGE CHARGER - MOVING - DAY (PRESENT)

20

John snaps back to reality -- no children in sight. He refocuses his eyes on the road ahead.

LATER

John slows as he nears Consequence. He passes the same battered sign we saw earlier:

"CONSEQUENCE, TEXAS
Population 8,265"

John cruises down Main Street.

Past the boarded-up and empty local businesses, once the beating heart of any small town.

Past the vagrants. The junkies. Consequence is on life support.

Fear and mistrust written on the faces he passes.

Behind John a SIREN lets out a short YELP.

John glances in his rearview and sees a sheriff's car on his tail, lights flashing.

JOHN

Shit.

He edges the Charger to the side of the street and stops.

SCOTT (LOUDSPEAKER)

Step out of the car.

John opens the door and steps out.

21

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

21

John stands beside the Charger's open driver's door, the Colt still holstered on his hip.

Scott steps out of the sheriff car and walks toward John. All swagger and malice. Babbins hangs back by the car.

John clocks the license plate. *Flashes on Matt's notebook; the same license plate.* He stiffens.

A few bystanders stop to watch the confrontation. One of them is a man named MARTIN ROBINSON, 50s.

Scott eyes John's holstered pistol.

SCOTT

Possession of a firearm is illegal
in Consequence.

JOHN

This is still Texas, right?

SCOTT

Local ordinance.

JOHN

You've got one.

SCOTT

I'm the law.

JOHN

So am I.

John reaches into his back pocket with his non-gun hand.

Scott jumps back and grabs the butt of his pistol.

John holds up his credentials.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Texas Rangers.

SCOTT

If you're here on official business, you need to check in with the Sheriff's Office up in Springfield. We don't take kindly to moonlighters.

JOHN

I don't need to check in with anybody. But the fact is I'm not here on business. I'm on vacation.

SCOTT

The exception to the firearms ordinance applies to on-duty law enforcement only. So I'm going to have to ask you to give me that pistol. You can pick it up from the office on your way out of town.

JOHN

I'm not giving you my gun.

SCOTT

Then I'll take it from you.

JOHN

You're welcome to try.

Scott eyes John with open hostility. Itching for a fight.

Babbins scans the sidewalk; townsfolk watching this show of defiance.

BABBINS

Deputy Scott... we're needed elsewhere.

Scott looks around. Closes their audience. With a small gesture, Babbins shakes his head towards Scott.

SCOTT
I'll let you off with a warning. Be
seeing you. Ranger.

John stares at Scott until the sheriff gets back into his
cruiser. Babbins winks at John, before climbing back in
himself. The sheriff car drive off down the street.

Martin Robinson smiles with satisfaction and walks away.

22 EXT. CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - DAY 22

John parks the Charger in front of the hotel. Its exterior
matching Matt's notebook sketch.

John gets out, slips into his leather jacket, and grabs his
overnight bag.

23 INT. CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY 23

John strolls through the old-fashioned lobby, passing A
HULKING MAN (30's) sitting in a chair reading a newspaper.

John clocks several surveillance cameras -- they look high
tech and out of place here.

John stands at the empty front desk and RINGS the BELL.

The manager, HORTON CRANE, 50s, a nervous little man in a
black suit, appears from the back office.

HORTON
Can I help you, sir?

JOHN
I'd like a room, please.

Taken aback--

HORTON
Here?

JOHN
This is a hotel.

HORTON
I'm sorry, sir, but there are no
rooms available.

The manager glances past John at the hulking man reading the
newspaper, but the man's not reading the newspaper anymore.
He's staring at John and touching an earpiece--

HULKING MAN
(muttering into earpiece)
...the lobby.

John glances at the man, and then turns back to Horton.

JOHN
(re: the hulking man)
He waiting for a room to open up?
I'll wait too.

Before Horton can stop him, John is already powering-

ACROSS THE LOBBY

HORTON
Sir! That's not possible. There's a
motel about fifteen miles from
here.

JOHN
(calling out)
I know where the motel is. I'm from
here.

After a few steps, John reaches the-

OTHER SIDE OF THE LOBBY

And prepares to sit next to the hulking man.

But the huge guy looks pissed -- he folds his newspaper,
stands, and places a big paw on John's shoulder...

HULKING MAN
Let me walk you out.

John doesn't move.

JOHN
Was I leaving?

A threat-

HULKING MAN
Yes.

No fear from John. He and the hulking man glare at each other
for a long time before...

DING!

AN ELEVATOR OPENS—

Revealing two large, tattooed men. Remy and Dano. Muscle-bound men WE recognize from Matt's reconnaissance.

Combats and desert boots. Guns strapped to their thighs and earpieces. Ex-military. They stomp across the marble floor toward John and the hulking man.

REMY

There a problem here?

John sees he's outnumbered. But he holds his ground.

JOHN

Who are you?

DANO

Hotel security.

John flips open his creds.

JOHN

Hotel security, *Ranger*. Let's try it again.

Dano bristles. John doesn't back down an inch.

DANO

Hotel security. *Ranger*.

JOHN

Better.

(pause)

I was just leaving.

John is turning to go when he hears the elevator doors CLICK SHUT ten feet behind Remy and Dano.

Once shut, the elevator doors come together to form an image:

The Ouroboros Snake eating itself.

John's mind whirrs.

REMY

...Well? *Ranger*?

John looks back to Remy. He is motioning to the front door.

Still reeling, John turns and walks out.

25

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

25

John, Stetson in hand, stands beside a pair of weathered headstones for "WILLIAM F. HORN" and "MARGARET S. HORN." A third, newer looking headstone, reads "MATT HORN".

John whispers to Matt's headstone--

JOHN

...And the worst part is, I don't know if you can hear me. I hope you do. But I don't know.

A beat. Then--

JOHN (CONT'D)

That's what I deserve though, isn't it? When you called.. when you needed to talk -- I didn't answer. So this is payback. Fair enough.

Silence. John chokes up--

JOHN (CONT'D)

But if you *can* hear me. Know that...

John wipes a salty tear away.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Know that--

KENDALL (O.S.)

John?

John turns to see a woman -- KENDALL BRIGNAC, 50s, attractive and dignified. He squints, *recognizing* her.

JOHN

Kendall?

She stands at a headstone marked "DAVID T. BRIGNAC. BELOVED HUSBAND." There are fresh flowers on the grave, and Kendall holds the old ones in her hand.

KENDALL

My God, it's been...

JOHN

Don't make me feel old.

A hint of a smile from her. Then--

KENDALL
How have you been?

She glances past him at Matt's grave, then-

KENDALL (CONT'D)
Stupid question.

JOHN
It's okay.
(a beat)
Really.

John glances at the headstone near her feet.

JOHN (CONT'D)
My condolences.

KENDALL
Thank you.

JOHN
I don't think I knew him. Was he
from here?

KENDALL
Dallas. We lived there for almost
twenty years, but when my parents
left us the house, David and I
decided to turn it into a bed and
breakfast.

JOHN
I hope you had some great years.

KENDALL
We did.

John thinks, then-

JOHN
You don't happen to have a room
open, do ya?

She half-chuckles.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What?

KENDALL
Six. I've got six rooms open.

26

EXT. BRIG & BREAKFAST - DAY

26

John parks near a big Victorian house on a quiet street. A wooden sign advertises it as the "BRIG & BREAKFAST."

John walks up to the front door carrying his overnight bag.

Kendall opens the door.

KENDALL

Come in. And welcome.

John steps inside.

27

INT. BRIG & BREAKFAST - DAY

27

The living room is decorated with comfortable furniture, lots of books, and a piano. He nods at the piano.

JOHN

You still play?

KENDALL

God no. Even with all the lessons.
I always had a tin ear.

JOHN

I thought you were pretty good.

KENDALL

(laughs)

You always had a tin ear, too.

He smiles, touché.

JOHN

I'm not sure how long I'll be in town but I'd like to pay for a week in advance.

KENDALL

Appreciate that, but I'm not taking your money.

JOHN

Kendall, I can't ask you—

KENDALL

It's not like I'm kicking people out to make room for you, John.

(her smile fades)

Consequence has changed a lot.

JOHN
Wanted to ask you about that.

KENDALL
Ask away. But there's only one way
to get the best answers.

She stands up.

JOHN
And what's that?

Kendall drifts toward the kitchen, where John hears CLINKING
SOUNDS--

28

INT. BRIG & BREAKFAST - KITCHEN - DAY

28

John sits at the kitchen table as Kendall pours bourbon into
a pair of glasses.

KENDALL
To old friends.

He touches his glass to hers and they each take a sip. Then-

JOHN
The last time we had liquor
together it might have been hidden
in Gatorade bottles.

She laughs at the memory.

KENDALL
Behind the bleachers on prom night.
I remember.

She takes a sip.

KENDALL (CONT'D)
Used to be a beautiful place to
live.

She nods in agreement, her smile leaving.

JOHN
When did it get so bad?

Kendall thinks before she answers...

KENDALL
That's a long story. Short answer
is Shane Redmond.

John tries to place the name. Remembers.

JOHN
Shane Redmond? The weird kid from
high school?

A beat. She nods.

KENDALL
He's all grown up. Dangerous as a
rattle snake.

John's protective instincts kick in.

JOHN
Dangerous... Any harm to you
personally?

Kendall looks down for a while. When she looks up, her eyes
are dark... sorrowful.

KENDALL
More than you know.

John grows angry. Wants to ask...

KENDALL (CONT'D)
(deflecting)
You got a family? Wife? Kids?

She sips her drink. John knows not to press. After a while...

JOHN
Ex-wife. Lately feels like an ex-
daughter too.

KENDALL
How do you mean?

JOHN
I try to call but... you know.

Now John takes a drink. Kendall studies him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
But that's the way it goes.

John's mind wanders far away. Kendall can see the pain that
he suppresses.

KENDALL
I'm sorry.
(a pause)
I always liked Matt. He was such a
happy kid.

John nods a "thank you".

JOHN

He liked you, too. He asked me once
if you could be his big sister.

KENDALL

What did you tell him?

JOHN

That when you and I got married,
you *would* be his big sister.

Kendall smiles and might say something... but decides not to.

They sit in companionable silence. A lot of things unsaid.

29

INT. BRIG & BREAKFAST - JOHN'S ROOM - NIGHT

29

John unholsters his Colt and lays it on the dresser, then his
wallet. He pulls out his keys but before he sets them down...

KEY RING

A military dog tag chain. Stamped with the name "HORN,
MATTHEW F." Blood type and service number below.

John rubs his thumb across the name while he sits on the bed
and places a call on his cellphone.

RINGING. Before-

FRANCINE (VOICEMAIL)

You've reached Francine Horn.
Please leave a message and I'll
call you back as soon as possible.

He hangs up.

FLASHBACK - INT. DODGE CHARGER - MOVING - NIGHT

John ROARS down a dark, desert highway -- he yells into his
phone.

JOHN

(into phone)
Just hold him. I'm almost there.

30

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

30

A Texas Highway Patrol Sergeant has Matt's Jeep pulled over,
blue lights flashing.

John screeches up and parks behind the trooper's SUV. He pops out, quiet rage in his eyes.

The SERGEANT meets John at the back of the SUV. They look inside—

THE BACK SEAT

Where Matt sits handcuffed -- he's strung out as hell.

SERGEANT

Way he was driving, John, just a matter of time before he killed somebody. I'm sorry—

JOHN

Don't be. Thanks for calling.

MATT

(moaning)

I'm sorry. Please..

John ignores his brother's pleading.

JOHN

What'd he have on him?

SERGEANT

Besides ten empty beer cans--

He raises a prescription pill bottle with a torn-off label.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Twenty-eight assorted pills, Oxy, Xanax, Seconal, others I don't recognize.

John looks down at his brother in the back seat of the trooper's SUV. Now Matt averts his eyes, ashamed.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Iraq or Afghanistan?

JOHN

Both.

SERGEANT

I did two deployments to Iraq. Had issues too.

JOHN

I owe you.

SERGEANT
Pay me back by putting him in a
program. Fast.

He reaches to un-cuff Matt as--

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

John's eyes shoot open. MOONLIGHT leaks through the blinds in his bedroom, casting pale blue shadows on his face.

The soft squeak of breaks and an engine idling.

31 He grabs his gun from the nightstand and creeps over to the blinds. Peers through:

A sheriff cruiser pulling up outside, quickly shutting off its lights.

32 INT. SHERIFF CAR - NIGHT 32

We can make out Deputy Scott behind the wheel. He glares at the dark windows of John's room, and then makes a call.

33 EXT. RAILROAD YARD - NIGHT 33

BUZZZZZ! A phone vibrates in the hand of Remy. He trudges through the rail yard-

Where the night shift is on, moving railroad cars, transferring cargo to and from trucks and boxcars. Remy and Dano supervise.

Remy looks down at the VIBRATING call from "Scott" but doesn't answer yet. He powers toward--

ONE BOXCAR

Set off from the others. The sliding door on one side stands open. The interior is lit.

34 INT. TRAIN BOXCAR - NIGHT 34

No freight inside the boxcar. Two security guards man the doors. A flickering AMBER LIGHT above-

SHANE REDMOND -- (50's) His handsome looks are marred by a burn scar across his cheek. Flamboyant air to his clothes.

Redmond paces as he delivers a speech, casually gesturing with a throwing axe clutched in his hand.. it's unclear whom he is addressing.

Remy enters the boxcar, clutching the vibrating phone.

REDMOND

Will to Power, that's what Nietzsche called it. Or if you prefer the German, *Wille zur Macht*.

He hefts the axe like he's testing its weight and balance.

REDMOND (CONT'D)

It means the determination to accomplish what you want, to bend not only your body, but also your environment to your *will*.

(pause)

It's what the *Übermensch*—the Overman, the Superman—does. He gets things done, no matter the obstacles, no matter the seeming impossibility of the task. He simply gets it done because he *wills* it to be done. *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*.

We still DON'T see who Redmond speaks to...

REDMOND (CONT'D)

But you did not complete your task. Because if you had, this train car, and several others just like it, would be full.

He performs a melodramatic glance around the empty boxcar. Then CLICK-CLICKS his tongue in disappointment.

REDMOND (CONT'D)

Yes, we distribute goods, products... people. Whatever our partners need sent out. But the most important thing -- is what we bring *back*. Clean goods. Which are sold for clean pesos.

Redmond smiles-

REDMOND (CONT'D)

An unholy baptism where I wash all of their sins away. Fortunately, I was able to convince our associates in the cartel that the error was on their end. They've granted us a twenty-four-hour extension.

(pause)

All because you are not an *Übermensch*.

VRBBB!! Buzzing from Remy's phone. Redmond turns to him.

REMY
It's Scott.

Remy extends the phone. Redmond reluctantly moves the axe to his left hand, and grabs the phone in his right--

REDMOND
(into phone)
You interrupted me.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CALL

SCOTT
He's at the Brig & Breakfast.

REDMOND
Doing what?

SCOTT
Nothing far as I can see.

REDMOND
Why is a Texas Ranger here?

SCOTT
Said he's on vacation.

REDMOND
He's in Consequence *on vacation*?

SCOTT
That's what he said.

REDMOND
What's his name?

SCOTT
Plates came back not on file.

REDMOND
I didn't ask about his car.

SCOTT
I uhh..
(nervous)
..I didn't get a good look at his
credentials.

REDMOND
Tremendous.
(then)
I want you to watch him all night.
(MORE)

REDMOND (CONT'D)

Then check in at the Brignac place
to get his fucking name.

SCOTT

Considering the history... she may
not want to cooperate.

REDMOND

Make her cooperate.

SCOTT

Understood.

REDMOND

Oh, and Deputy Scott? Interrupt me
again..

(nonchalantly)

And I'll fucking crucify you.

Redmond ends the call.

37 INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

37

Scott scowls. Lowers his cellphone.

39 INT. TRAIN BOXCAR - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

39

Redmond resumes.

REDMOND

Where was I?

He looks to Remy for a reminder.

REMY

Übermensch.

REDMOND

Übermensch. Yes. Thank you.

He looks back toward whomever he's been speaking to.

ANGLE ON

A terrified RAIL WORKER bound to the far end of the boxcar.
He's hoisted up so that his boots barely touch the floor.

REDMOND (CONT'D)

Your failure has demonstrated that
you are not an *Übermensch*.

He tightens his grip on the axe.

REDMOND (CONT'D)

Eternal return. The snake consumes itself, meaning every one of life's details -- every joy, every *pain* -- will be repeated into infinity. The latter of the two making this next part... unfortunate.

Redmond throws the axe, which hurtles end over end until it BURIES itself in the man's face. Remy doesn't bat an eyelid.

ON REDMOND

Totally unaffected--

REDMOND (CONT'D)

Well... unfortunate for you.

40

INT. BRIG & BREAKFAST - KITCHEN - DAY

40

John comes down the stairs, hat in his hand and gun on his hip. Kendall cooks breakfast.

KENDALL

(without looking at John)
How do you like your eggs?

JOHN

Can't this morning.

KENDALL

It's called the Brig and Breakfast.
So you're actually required--

She turns with a smile; it drops at the sight of John's gun.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Vacation, huh?

They stare at each other for a while.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Know how scabs work?

He still doesn't answer.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

You keep pickin' at 'em, the wound never heals.

John places his hat on his head. Then matter of factly--

JOHN
And if it never stopped bleeding in
the first place?

As Kendall absorbs that, John is already moving to the front window. He sees the sheriff's car still parked outside.

KENDALL
Been there all night.

JOHN
You mind if I go out the back door?

KENDALL
Not at all.

He tips his hat. Slips out.

Kendall watches him go, a sadness washing over her.

42 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

42

As John walks down the sidewalk he notices the weeds, the broken fences, the peeling paint- all part of the overall sense of decrepitude that permeates the town.

43 INT. CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY

43

Redmond wakes up in a giant round bed, some thick tome of 18th century philosophy spread open across his bare chest.

A naked woman lies passed out beside him.

Redmond sets the book down and crawls out of bed wearing only red silk boxers. He downs the dregs of a drink left on the nightstand and walks away from the bed.

The room is massive, taking up the entire top floor of the hotel, with a wide-open floor plan, exposed brick walls, and thick wooden posts supporting the ceiling.

Plenty of packed bookshelves.

Antique weapons adorn some of the walls and wooden posts.

Redmond walks past a sprawling model electric train laid out on a custom-built 10-foot-by-10-foot wooden table. It's not just a train set: it's also a model of the whole town and the adjacent freight yard, complete with tiny painted figurines representing people strolling along Main Street.

It's so realistic it's almost creepy.

Redmond stops at a glass table on which sits the remnants of a mound of cocaine, beside which lay a sterling silver straw and a gold-plated Colt .45.

He snorts up a line of coke, picks up the .45, and wanders into the bathroom.

44

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

44

John walks down the sidewalk. Past a parking lot.

And sees a YOUNG MOTHER carrying a baby on her hip and two plastic shopping bags. Someone is following her...

A PUNK creeps up behind her. He has needle tracks on his arms and a PISTOL in his hand. He presses the gun to the back of the young mother's head.

She freezes.

PUNK

Purse. Now.

YOUNG MOTHER

Please...

The punk knocks down her bags -- sending canned goods CLANKING onto the sidewalk.

PUNK

I'm not fucking around!

She winces. He presses the gun HARDER--

JOHN (O.S.)

Morning.

John now stands *behind the punk*. He CLICKS back the hammer on his pistol, pressing it to the back of the punk's cranium.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Looks like we got a situation.

The punk keeps his gun on the young mother. But he's shaken--

PUNK

(voice breaking)

I'll kill her, man.

She whimpers.

JOHN
No you won't.
(to the mother)
He won't.

She clutches her baby.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Because me and... what's your name?

No answer - John jabs his gun into skull bone.

PUNK
(wincing)
Aggh.. Marco.

JOHN
Because me and Marco both know
there's a firearms ordinance. So
his gun is empty.

MARCO
Then yours is too, fucker.

John's voice is deep, unwavering when he says-

JOHN
Are you sure?

Marco sweats now -- his own gun trembling.

JOHN (CONT'D)
How sure, Marco?

The baby is CRYING.

Beads of sweat tumble down Marco's face--

JOHN (CONT'D)
Be very sure, Marco.

The baby's CRIES grow LOUDER--

Marco drops his gun. It clatters to the ground.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Good.
(then instructing)
Hands interlocked behind your head,
and down on your knees.

Marco obliges... lowering himself to the cement.

The young mother EXHALES for the first time in minutes.
Through tears-

YOUNG MOTHER
(to John)
Th- Thank you.

John helps her gather up some of her spilled groceries,
keeping an eye on Marco the whole time.

JOHN
No problem.

YOUNG MOTHER
You're not from here, are you?

JOHN
Used to be.

YOUNG MOTHER
...Wish you had stuck around.

With that, she heads off with her baby and groceries. John
yanks Marco's hands down from his head, and pulls them behind
his back as-

WOOP-WOOP!

A SHERIFF'S CAR pulls up. John turns. Expecting trouble. But
out pops-

DEPUTY FRANKLIN, African-American, 30's, football player big.

In tan uniform and stetson. But this guy actually looks like
the law. Earnest. Reliable.

FRANKLIN
(to John)
Saw it go down.

Franklin pulls out handcuffs, and starts to detain Marco.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
(to Marco)
Stay still.

John isn't sure who to trust at this point...

JOHN
What are you, the last honest
lawman in the county?

FRANKLIN
Not a fun title, but it's mine.

Franklin helps Marco up and guides him to the car. After shoving Marco in the backseat and SHUTTING the door, Franklin extends his hand to John-

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
Ben Franklin.

John raises and eyebrow as they shake.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
Yeah, yeah, get it out.
Electricity, kites, whatever joke
you got. I've heard it.

John smiles.

JOHN
I got nothin.

Franklin peeps the Ranger badge on John's shirt.

FRANKLIN
What brings a Ranger to
Consequence?

JOHN
Not here to work. Personal trip.

Franklin doesn't really buy that-

FRANKLIN
Sure. This tends to be a real
tourist hot zone.
(then serious)
Whatever you're doing here.. be
careful.

Franklin heads for his car, yelling back-

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
(over his shoulder)
And thanks again.

John looks at Marco in the back of the squad car.

JOHN
No problem.

John turns. Looks up. The CONSEQUENCE HOTEL SIGN.

EXT. CONSEQUENCE, TEXAS - MAIN STREET

John approaches the behemoth of a hotel. But rather than try the front entrance again, he loops around to the back.

INT. FRANKLIN'S CAR - DAY

Officer Franklin drives along Main Street. Sees John heading furtively for the back of the hotel...

OFFICER FRANKLIN
What in the hell...

EXT. CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - THE BACK

John surveys the back of the building:

Spots a garage entrance. With a small road leading from the garage back around to the front. Then empty desert for miles.

John hugs the shadows as he walks toward the garage...

John's getting closer. Sliding his back against concrete. Only 10 feet from reaching the garage gate when--

VROOOOOM -- it OPENS.

John's eyes widen. Now he hears the car rumbling closer...

John swivels his head -- spots a rusty metal door -- and heads for it instead. John rips open-

THE METAL DOOR

It CLANGS shut behind him *JUST* as a TOWN CAR rumbles past and pulls inside the garage.

INT. CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - SERVICE CORRIDOR - KITCHEN - DAY

John catches his breath behind the metal door. Follows the dark corridor into the kitchen...

Dusty counter tops. Rusted pans. An industrial kitchen that hasn't been used for a decade.

John ducks under a stringy hammock of cobwebs as he moves deeper into the kitchen. He approaches a-

HUGE FREEZER DOOR

Curious, John, tugs at the stainless steel handle, and steps inside-

INT. INDUSTRIAL FREEZER - CONTINUOUS

No food. Just iPhones -- boxes of them. Other piled boxes show us pictures of SIM cards and routers.

John turns. Sees KILOS of vacuum-sealed heroine. Each marked by the SNAKE SYMBOL...

He takes another step. SQUEAK. A loose tile beneath his shoe.

John stares down at the small square -- *hmmm*. He kneels and removes the tile... revealing a hole.

Inside it -- BUNDLES OF PESOS and AMERICAN CASH. John scans the other tiles, pretty sure the whole floor is stocked. He replaces the tile and stands back up as--

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)
Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!

John looks up to the ceiling -- that's where the scream came from. He cocks his ear, listening:

Muffled SOBS now... rhythmic and heartbreaking.

Something *washes* over John... anger. Then resolve. He moves with purpose out of the freezer-

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Into the abandoned kitchen. He follows the sobbing sounds to an EXIT DOOR. Then shoves it open to reveal-

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Cement ceiling supported by huge concrete columns. Multiple LUXURY CARS AND SUVs parked up.

ON JOHN

Confused.. trying to get his bearings. Before he can turn back the way he came, his face turns WHITE.

He hears **voices** in the kitchen behind him. He's forced to move into the parking garage. He ducks behind-

A CONCRETE COLUMN

Peering out, John watches Redmond, Remy, Dano and other bodyguards exit through the door. Carrying contraband.

INT. PARKING GARAGE, CONCRETE COLUMN - DAY

John watches as Remy, Dano and the guards PLUNK down kilo bags into the trunk of the town car.

Redmond opens the passenger door to get inside, but FREEZES. He sees something in the SIDE MIRROR... John's reflection!

John sees he has been made --

Redmond whips around to see --

20 FEET AWAY

John sprints for the garage exit --

WITH JOHN

Spit flies from his mouth as he HUFFS and PUFFS --

He hears boots CLATTERING in pursuit behind him.

But John reaches the garage exit and bursts out--

EXT. CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - OUT BACK

Into blinding sunlight. John's eyes burn, but he keeps running--

Through the barren desert. Redmond YELLS behind him --

But John has a good lead... then WHAM!

John face plants. His jaw bone slams down on hot gravel. Dirt and pebbles spray --

Then STILLNESS. Terrifying SILENCE. Until Redmond's boots CRUNCH closer...

And closer...

REDMOND (O.S.)
Trip wire. Arcane if you ask me.
But had to put 'em in to catch the
runaway whores. Never thought I'd
catch a Texas Ranger though...

Redmond grabs John's hair, and YANKS him up to his knees.

Kneeling on the ground, John sees that he is surrounded.
Redmond, Remy, Dano and guards encircle him, PISTOLS drawn.

Then *recognition* flashes across Redmond's face.

REDMOND (CONT'D)
John Horn?

Redmond uses his pistol tip to TILT John's chin upward.

REDMOND (CONT'D)
It *is* you.

Redmond smiles at Remy and Dano.

REDMOND (CONT'D)

This guy right here, we go way back. Don't we, John? Even went to school together for a few years.

(pause)

Back then John's father owned the Consequence Savings and Loan.

John spits out a glob of blood and dirt. Wheezing for air-

JOHN

He didn't own it. He was the manager..

REDMOND

Well my father worked at the rail yard. 'Till he lost his arm. When the workman's comp ran out, he got drunk and plowed his car head-on into one of those trains.

(pause)

A few months and a few missed payments later, John's father sent the sheriff to kick me and my mother out of our house.

(pause)

But the night before the sheriff came to take our home, my mother slit her wrists.

Silence from John. But WE see there is truth to this tale.

REDMOND (CONT'D)

The good news is -- you can tell 'em both hi for me.

(insidious)

And that junkie brother of yours.

Redmond JAMS his pistol against John's forehead. John GLARES up at him. Redmond's trigger finger starts to *SQUEEZE*...

OFFICER FRANKLIN (O.S.)

Stop!

Franklin, gun drawn. Aimed squarely at Redmond.

Remy and Dano instantly draw their guns on Franklin --

REMY

Drop it.

DANO

Fuckin' NOW.

OFFICER FRANKLIN

Whips his gun back and forth between Remy and Dano. The other bodyguards encircle Franklin.

OFFICER FRANKLIN
(yelling)
Redmond!

20 FEET AWAY

Redmond keeps his pistol to John's head-

REDMOND
(to Franklin)
He was trespassing. My property, my rules.

OFFICER FRANKLIN (O.S.)
So let me lock him up. Then you wanna press charges, that is your right to do so.

REMY and DANO

Still aiming-

REMY
(to Redmond)
Boss... what are we doing here?

DANO
No witnesses... call it.

ON JOHN

Eyeing his **own pistol** that has skidded a few feet away.

WITH FRANKLIN

Sweat drops cling to his forehead, as his eyes dart between Redmond, Remy and Dano--

OFFICER FRANKLIN
(to Redmond)
He's a ranger -- You don't want that kind of heat here, trust me!

REDMOND

Grits his teeth. His mind MOTORING for a while before--

REDMOND
(screaming)
Enough!!

REMY and DANO

Both look to Redmond but keep their guns extended.

REDMOND

Nods for them to lower their pistols...

REMY and DANO

Reluctantly bring their guns down, but **do not** holster them.

ON JOHN

He glances at his fallen gun once more...

10 FEET AWAY

Franklin slowly creeps closer until he reaches—

JOHN AND REDMOND

Redmond smiles as Franklin arrives, and makes a show of holstering his pistol -- *"I'm listening, see?"*

OFFICER FRANKLIN

Thank you.

Franklin holsters his gun, then bends to grab **John's pistol** and tucks it away safely.

Now Franklin moves a pair of handcuffs toward John's wrists, CLICK—

OFFICER FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

On your feet.

Franklin YANKS a handcuffed John up to his feet. Then they *back away* together... Franklin doesn't turn his back to Redmond for a second.

REDMOND

You're a damn good Deputy,
Franklin. Remember that.
(a threat)
I know *I* will.

Franklin and John reach the corner of the—

EXT. THE CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

They turn the corner and hustle to FRANKLIN'S CAR, where Franklin rips the back door open—

INT. FRANKLIN'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Franklin helps John inside the car--

He's smashed up against a sleeping Marco, who is deep in a drug-fueled stupor.

Franklin hops inside the driver's seat and REVS the car to life, and then reverses with a SCREECH.

John looks at Marco, annoyed. Then he turns his attention up front:

JOHN

You're seriously taking me in?

OFFICER FRANKLIN

Safer than out here.

Franklin and John look out the front windshield where they see--

EXT. THE CONSEQUENCE HOTEL, FRONT DRIVE

Redmond, and his bodyguards. Redmond waves with a robotic grin. They watch as Franklin's car PEELS OFF.

REMY

We're letting the Ranger go?

Redmond stares after them. Grinning.

REDMOND

I've been to jail many times. It's funny. You never know who you might get locked in there with.

(snaps his fingers)

Get one of those shit-heel deputies on the phone.

Remy smiles, understanding the plan.

INT. FRANKLIN'S SQUAD CAR - MOVING

John is still pressing Franklin--

JOHN

You should be arresting *them*. If you knew what's inside that place--

OFFICER FRANKLIN

(looking in the rearview)

I do know. But how'd barging in with no warrant work out?

John bites his tongue, *fair enough*.

Then something clicks in John's mind, his eyes light up-

JOHN
I need to make a call.

OFFICER FRANKLIN
Yeah, me too. Tell my wife goodbye
and my kid that I love her.

John cocks an eyebrow --

JOHN
Goodbye?

OFFICER FRANKLIN
You don't understand who he is...
what he's capable of.

John does... but decides not to say anything.

He watches out the window as Consequence recedes behind them.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Small, dusty and disheveled. Franklin SCREECHES to a stop in front of the small beige building.

EXT. FRANKLIN'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Franklin hops out of his car, and goes to the back door to help John out. The two men walk toward the jail together.

OFFICER FRANKLIN
(the cuffs)
I'll get those off in a second.

JOHN
And him?

John cranes his neck to the back of the car where Marco is slumped.

OFFICER FRANKLIN
Not going anywhere.

Now John turns back around to the jail. His mind SNAPS TO:

FLASHBACK - EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

John, wearing his Ranger attire, trudges away from a *different* jail.

Matt, looking like death warmed over, trails after him.

MATT

John, I know you're pissed. And I'm
sorry but—

John spins to face his brother.

JOHN

Let's write this down. That way we
can just read it next time the same
shit happens. And the next time.

MATT

(stung)
I know you're mad—

JOHN

I'm not mad. I'm—

MATT

Disappointed? What are you, Dad
now?

JOHN

Embarrassed. I was gonna say
embarrassed.

Matt tries to hide how much that destroyed him.

MATT

...John.

JOHN

You need to go back to the V.A.

MATT

So they can give me more pills?

JOHN

You need to go *somewhere*.

MATT

What?

JOHN

Because one of these days, you're
gonna call again. And I won't
fucking answer—

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

John SNAPS back to the present. He is inside the jail with Franklin, who nods a hello to the half-asleep DESK SERGEANT; MERV as they trudge past him. The place is almost deserted.

FRANKLIN

Open up the tank, Merv.

leading John into-

THE HOLDING CELL.

Merv finds the button and the door slides open.

CLINK-CLICK. Franklin un-cuffs John inside the cell.

OFFICER FRANKLIN

Gotta leave you in here for appearances.

He nods over his shoulder at the dozing desk sergeant.

OFFICER FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Merv ain't the fastest gunslinger, but I think even he'd smell a rat if I just let you walk out. Make yourself comfortable for a minute.

John nods. Rubbing his newly freed wrists.

OFFICER FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Gonna deal with sleeping beauty out there, and make a call.

JOHN

The Calvary?

Franklin walks off, grinning..

OFFICER FRANKLIN

(over his shoulder)
Something like that.

51 EXT. BRIG & BREAKFAST - DAY

51

The sheriff's car is parked outside Kendall's house.

52 INT. BRIG & BREAKFAST - JOHN'S ROOM - DAY

52

Kendall watches as Babbins and Scott trash John's room and dump out his overnight bag.

KENDALL
He's a Texas Ranger.

BABBINS
So? We're Sheriff's Department.

Kendall scoffs out a laugh -- Scott glares at her.

KENDALL
Why are you searching his room?

SCOTT
We can't discuss an ongoing
investigation.

KENDALL
Can we discuss a warrant?

SCOTT
(a warning)
Careful.

Scott steps toward her.

BABBINS
Causing trouble, huh?
(faux disappointed)
Of all people...

He slinks up and puts his face inches from her face.

BABBINS (CONT'D)
You shouldn't need a reminder about
what happens to troublemakers.

Scott throws his eyes to a framed photo of Kendall and her husband DAVID (55), a clean-cut man with soft features. Scott pulls his eyes back to Kendall-

BABBINS (CONT'D)
...Right?

Kendall's eye *twitches* once, but she suppresses her rage.

RING! Scott's cell rings and scares Kendall -- she flinches. That makes Babbins smile.

BABBINS (CONT'D)
Jumpy little field mouse, ain't ya?

Kendall glares at him. Hate written across her face.

SCOTT
(on the phone)
Go for Scott.

Scott listens. Looks at Kendall. Grins.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
10-4.

He hangs up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Seems our Ranger friend has gone
and got himself arrested.
(to Babbins)
New orders. Let's move.

Babbins grins at Kendall. Lets her go.

KENDALL
What are you going to do to him?

BABBINS
Much obliged for your time and your
cooperation, Ma'am. Have a good
day.

KENDALL
Fuck yourself.

They leave. Alone now, Kendall's tough facade begins to
splinter...

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Franklin talks on his phone as he paces the parking lot-

FRANKLIN
(into phone)
...and pissed Redmond off bad.
We've got to help him out.

FROM INSIDE SHERIFF CAR

MARCO (O.S.)
Let me the fuck out!

FRANKLIN
Shut up!

We hear a VOICE through the phone:

VOICE (V.O.)
What was that?

FRANKLIN
(into phone)
Fresh collar. A junkie who—

Franklin stops. And looks up.

Scott pulls up in his car. Lets out a massive PONYTAILED GUY, 260 pounds easily, plus a TATTOOED DUDE who is rangy and fierce-looking.

Scott has both men in handcuffs -- leading them inside.

VOICE (V.O.)
Franklin?

FRANKLIN
(into phone)
Sorry just -- odd. Scott actually doing his fuckin' job for once...
When can you get down here?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - HOLDING CELL - SAME TIME

John sits comfortably. Biding his time.

Scott walks the two thugs past Merv, who barely looks up.

SCOTT
How do, Merv. Open up.

MERV
Busy day.

The door slides open.

SCOTT
Couple visitors for you.

He un-cuffs them and opens the cell door, allowing PONYTAIL and TATTOOED DUDE to step inside--

Scott grins at John through the bars.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Adiós, Ranger.

He spins on his heel.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Merv, come give me a hand with my car would you? Alternator's playing up.

MERV

Always something, ain't there?

Merv stands, grumbling, and follows Scott outside.

John watches them go.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Franklin paces--

FRANKLIN

(into phone)

I figure we gotta get him out
quietly. Different county,
different state maybe...

CLANG! Scott bursts out from the front door with a cocky smile on his face. Merv in tow.

Franklin crinkles his forehead in confusion as he watches Scott pop the hood, and lean over the engine with Merv.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - HOLDING CELL - SAME TIME

John stares down the two men as they approach... Ponytail on his left and Tattooed Dude on his right...

John's eyes dart between the two men, then Ponytail LUNGES--

The FLASH of a blade -- John SLAMS it down -- sending Ponytail's knife plunging into his own thigh!

PONYTAIL

AHHHHHH!

Tattooed Dude rushes in from the other side, so John SPINS--

Whipping a fist into the goon's nose -- CRACK!

Tattooed Dude goes flying and lands with a THUD on the concrete..

John turns back around:

Sees Ponytail bent over, still tugging at the knife in his thigh meat...

John lunges -- shoving Ponytail's skull downward as he SLAMS a knee into the big man's face!

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Franklin has the phone to his ear--

Watches Scott and Merv gesticulating over the engine block. Finished, he slams the hood closed.

Scott looks at Franklin. Grins. Climbs in and drives off.

The color DRAINS from Franklin's face—

FRANKLIN
(realizing)
Oh shit...

He pockets his phone and sprints inside—

60

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

60

Franklin busts through, dashing to--

THE HOLDING CELL

Blood splatter on John's shirt as he SUCKS in air, shoulders rising and falling. At John's feet...

The massive ponytailed guy lays face-down, unconscious... the BLADE still lodged in his leg.

The tattooed dude is also slumped in the corner -- limp with blood leaking from his nostrils..

ON FRANKLIN

In shock. But before Franklin says anything—

JOHN
I need my phone call.

Franklin can barely muster a nod.

JOHN (CONT'D)
And my gun back.

MERV
What in the *hell*?

Merv stands, staring at the chaos.

MOMENTS LATER:

Gun on his hip, John stands outside the cell now; Marco sleeps inside it with the unconscious thugs still on the ground.

Merv eyes John warily. Arms crossed.

Franklin keeps peering out the front window.. anxious, darting glances.

John is scrolling through--

HIS PHONE

His thumb moves through "recent outgoing calls". He hangs on **Francine** for a beat... then keeps scrolling to **Gilbert**. Dials-

...John paces as it rings....

No answer.

JOHN
(to himself)
Shit.

A voicemail BEEP.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Texting you what I need. Please.
And I need it as soon as humanly possible.

John hangs up, fires off a text, and then pockets his phone. Franklin looks over at him just as-

CLANG! The door flies open. It's SHERIFF GRADY LOGAN (60's), salt and pepper hair, very tired eyes.

Franklin EXHALES.

FRANKLIN
Thank God..

Logan gives a respectful nod to John-

SHERIFF LOGAN
Ranger Horn?

John nods back.

SHERIFF LOGAN (CONT'D)
Sheriff Grady Logan.

JOHN
Sheriff, huh?

SHERIFF LOGAN
We need to get away from here. News travels fast in these parts.

65

EXT. COUNTY PARK - DAY

65

Outside the town limits of Consequence.

It's not much of a park, just some dry grass, transplanted trees, a few playground toys, and a couple of picnic tables.

Chief Logan's cruiser is parked next to Franklin's in the lot. John, Franklin, and Logan sit at a table.

JOHN

Those deputies work for you, huh?

SHERIFF LOGAN

That they do.

JOHN

Real upstanding lawmen you got there.

FRANKLIN

Amen.

John looks from one to the other.

JOHN

Someone want to tell me what the fuck is going on?

Logan looks ashamed.

SHERIFF LOGAN

I left Detroit PD about ten years ago. Started looking for a cushy retirement job. Moved out west with my wife, and ran for Sheriff of Baxter County. Thought it'd be a quiet end. But it was nothing like the brochure.

JOHN

Meaning?

FRANKLIN

Redmond arrived. Took over the town.

JOHN

How?

FRANKLIN

At first he was just a shady guy with a lot of money who moved back to his hometown.

(MORE)

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Then it seemed like overnight..

(snaps fingers)

He turned Consequence upside down.
Poisoned it. Starting pushing pills
and dope, running call girls out of
the hotel, driving out shop owners
to get the real estate. Then he
started buying people. Politicians,
businessmen--

JOHN

Lawmen?

Sheriff Logan nods. Sadly.

LOGAN

They needed a figurehead, someone
with a good reputation Someone who
wouldn't draw attention. Redmond's
had me re-elected three terms in a
row. He pays me to look the other
way. Turn a blind eye. And to keep
the Sheriff's Office out of
Consequence. Apart from those two
assholes you've had the pleasure of
meeting. There his men, through and
through. Balls to brain.

A beat.

JOHN

Why?

LOGAN

Kaposi Sarcoma. Pretty much
untreatable.. but you gotta try,
right?

A glimpse of deep pain in Logan's eyes.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

My wife's prescriptions and
treatments hit seventy-five hundred
a month... My insurance cap is
fifteen hundred.

JOHN

Redmond pays the rest?

The chief exhales through his nose. Then nods.

LOGAN

But I just moved her to a hospice
up in Lubbock.

(MORE)

LOGAN (CONT'D)

They say days now, not weeks. So I'm done. I'll take my punishment. Lord knows I deserve it. Whatever you do... I won't stop you.

JOHN

And you?

Franklin grins.

FRANKLIN

Only honest lawman in a hundred miles.

John eyes them both. Struggling to take this in.

JOHN

How does Redmond makes all his money?

LOGAN

Drugs, human trafficking, weapons. Mostly he launders cash for the cartels.

John looks incredulous.

JOHN

He cleans cartel money and runs drugs and women... from a backwater like Consequence?

They both nod solemnly.

JOHN (CONT'D)

How?

A TRAIN HORN booms out in the distance. Logan looks out as a FREIGHT TRAIN crawls along the horizon. Nods towards it.

LOGAN

That's how.

John looks from one to the other.

FRANKLIN

Redmond runs the rail yard. It was the first thing he brought when he moved back here. No-one could figure out why. Consequence hasn't been a rail town since-

JOHN

- Since his daddy worked there.

LOGAN

S'right. Whatever the cartels need moving around the country, guns, drugs, women, contraband, you name it and Shane Redmond moves it. He calls them *ghost trains*.

John cocks an eyebrow.

FRANKLIN

His rail yard takes locomotives out of service for maintenance, repairs, whatever. Then he uses them to haul loads across the country.

JOHN

How does he move trains that far without...

FRANKLIN

Somebody noticing?

JOHN

Yeah.

FRANKLIN

Asked myself the same thing. So I did some research. There're over 140,000 miles of railroad track in this country, almost all of it owned by a few private companies. And no central authority or agency regulating rail traffic, not like with air traffic.

JOHN

So there are gaps.

FRANKLIN

Plenty. And Redmond slips his ghost trains right through them.

JOHN

Nobody looks for a train that's not supposed to be there.

FRANKLIN

Exactly.

JOHN

And the hotel is what... storage? Until product is ready to be moved?

LOGAN

It's more than that. That hotel is Redmond's HQ, home-sweet-home, and Pleasure Island all under one roof. Manned by his security detail and watched over by hundreds of cameras.

JOHN

What's the story with the bodyguards?

FRANKLIN

Ex-military. Private contractors he hires back from Iraq or Afghanistan. Mercenaries. Nasty. And armed to the teeth.

John tries to process all this.

CHIEF LOGAN

Now your turn. No way you're just a guy who's nostalgic about cleaning up his hometown.

John takes a moment to gather himself. Then matter of factly-

JOHN

Shane Redmond killed my brother.

LOGAN

Horn... Matthew Horn? He was your brother?

John nods.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

That happened in the next county over. Overdose? It's a goddamn epidemic in this country... But that was open and shut?

John shakes his head.

JOHN

My brother stumbled onto Redmond's whole operation. And he tried to tell... he tried to...

John stops himself. Clenches his jaw. Tortured.

Franklin jumps in to save him--

FRANKLIN
What's your plan?

John looks him square in the eye.

JOHN
I'm going to kill him.

John looks ready for war. Logan takes that in, then tips his hat-

LOGAN
Godspeed, Ranger.

Logan heads away to his car. John turns his attention to Franklin: his turn. After a beat-

FRANKLIN
Listen man. I got a family. I
can't...

John nods.

JOHN
I understand.

Franklin gives John one last look. Then he ducks into his car, and shuts the door with a SLAM.

66

INT. CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY

66

Redmond sits at a large table holding what looks like enough computing power to run a small electric plant. Three huge computer monitors spread across the table.

Two of the monitors show feeds from 20 security cameras positioned inside and outside the hotel.

The third monitor, biggest of the three, shows windows filled with data and images related to trains and train tracks, like a control center that a railroad dispatcher might operate.

Shane Redmond has hacked into the U.S. rail system.

Remy steps up behind Redmond and clears his throat.

REMY
Scott and Babbins say the Ranger's
gone.

Redmond slowly pivots around in his chair.

REDMOND

Why do I get the feeling that you don't mean gone in a good way?

REMY

He broke out of jail. He's in the wind.

Redmond glares up at Remy. Remy stares back.

REDMOND

The new shipment leaves tomorrow. There are twenty-seven railroad switches I need to override, one at a time, so that the train arrives on time and in one piece.

Redmond swivels back to the computer terminal.

REDMOND (CONT'D)

So as much as I would like to deal with my old schoolmate... I can't afford any distractions.

REMY

You want me to track down the Ranger?

REDMOND

You don't need to. He's coming here. Like a moth to the flame, like Icarus to the sun.

REMY

You think he knows?

Redmond spins around again—

REDMOND

Of course he knows.

(then)

Do you know what Confucius said about revenge?

REMY

...No.

REDMOND

"Those who seek revenge should dig two graves."

REMY

That doesn't sound like a good outcome for either of you.

REDMOND

The first grave was for his brother. The second is for him.

REMY

He's dangerous.

REDMOND

He's one man.

REMY

You know what they say.

REDMOND

Enlighten me. What do *they* say?

REMY

One Riot, one Ranger.

Redmond stops. Turns. Glares at Remy.

69

INT. PAWN SHOP - EVENING

69

An old-fashioned BELL RINGS as John walks into a musty pawn shop.

Behind the counter, Martin Robinson, looks up from a magazine. The man who watched the initial contact John had with Scott and Babbins.

Other than the two of them, the place is empty.

ROBINSON

Can I help you find...

(good look at John)

You're the marshal, one everybody's been talking about.

JOHN

Texas Ranger.

ROBINSON

Even better. What can I do you for?

JOHN

I need a long gun, carbine if you've got one.

ROBINSON

I'm sorry, sir, but I'm no longer allowed to sell firearms. Local ordinance.

JOHN
What about just ammo?
(points to gun on hip)
I need thirty-eight super.

ROBINSON
I'm sorry. No ammo either.

JOHN
Alright then. How far do I need to drive—

ROBINSON
Wait.

John glances up at him. A curious look on the old man's face.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)
...There is an exception for
hunting guns.

The shop owner reaches behind the counter...

ROBINSON (CONT'D)
And if you're hunting what I think
you're hunting—

Robinson pulls up a short-barreled pump shotgun and lays it
on the countertop.

REDMOND
You might need this.

John steps in for a closer look.

JOHN
Winchester Model 12.

ROBINSON
An old Vietnam Marine pawned it,
but he never came back to claim it.

JOHN
And the town ordinance?

ROBINSON
I only use it for hog hunting.

JOHN
Is it for sale?

ROBINSON

That wouldn't be legal. But nothing says I can't lend it to you if you're planning on doing some hunting.

Hint of a smile on John's face.

JOHN

I am. Thank you, sir.

Robinson sets a box of buckshot on the counter. John nods in appreciation. Turns to go.

ROBINSON

I can also lend you this-

He lays a large handgun on the counter.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)

And this-

He lays a rifle on the counter.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)

And one more thing.

He again reaches behind the counter and pulls out a hand grenade. John looks at the arsenal in front of him.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)

Don't ask.

JOHN

Don't tell.

ROBINSON

Good luck, Ranger.

70

EXT. DESERT RIDGE, ABOVE RAILROAD YARD - NIGHT

70

John lies on the ridge overlooking the rail yard. And just like Matt did, John looks through binoculars.

BINOCULAR POV

Portable work lights are set up outside one of the boxcars.

A worker uses a forklift to load pallets stacked with kilos of dope into the boxcar.

The POV shifts to

ANOTHER BOXCAR

where two men open the sliding side door and start shoving young women with bags on their heads into the car.

The women all have the Ouroboros Snake BRANDED onto some part of their flesh.

BACK TO SCENE

John pulls the binoculars from his eyes. He's grinding his molars in anger. Something in him has *shifted*.

71 INT. CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

71

Redmond, wearing a red silk bathrobe, hunches over a small work table next to his sprawling model of Consequence and its adjoining railroad yard.

The electric train slowly winds its way around the track.

Redmond peers through a lighted magnifying glass mounted to an articulated arm. Under the glass he uses a fine brush to paint a tiny human figurine.

The figurine looks like an Old West Texas Ranger.

72 INT. BRIG & BREAKFAST - KITCHEN - NIGHT

72

At the kitchen table, Kendall attempts to glue a SHATTERED painting back together. The painting, clearly trashed during the search of John's room, depicts a serene sunset.

DOWN THE HALL

John walks in from the direction of the back door. He clocks the MESS pouring from his his room: broken furniture, shattered glass...

But keeps moving until he reaches-

THE KITCHEN

John sees Kendall gluing the shattered painting, he looks gutted and guilt-ridden.

KENDALL

Hey John.

(a joke)

We might need to give you a new room.

JOHN

I'm so sorry I got you involved.

He sits down at the kitchen table with her.

KENDALL
I've *been* involved. Trust me.

There's sorrow behind that statement... John senses it.

He doesn't know what to say, so he starts helping her GLUE the GLASS SHARDS together.

A moment. Their hands close together. Then—

JOHN
(wincing)
Ahh.

John pulls away a bloody finger, sliced on the glass.

KENDALL
(smiling)
Big tough Ranger.

She stands.

KENDALL (CONT'D)
Let me bring in the trauma kit.

JOHN
(amused)
It's fine.

But she's already walking away—

KENDALL
(over her shoulder)
Yeah yeah...

ALONE NOW

John's eyes wander, landing on:

A HANGING PHOTO

Of Kendall and her smiling husband, David. It's similar to the photo of them that Officer Scott referenced earlier.

John seems to come to a **realization**...

KENDALL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Here we go.

Kendall reenters with a box of bandaids and the bottle of bourbon. She sits; John clocks the bourbon.

KENDALL (CONT'D)
Disinfectant.

Now Kendall pours them each a glass, and then pours a few drops of the brown liquor on John's cut. He winces and smiles-

Then she takes his hand and lifts it toward her. Blowing on the cut. He lets her. She slides a bandaid over the wound.

Their faces forced to be close. It's quiet.

KENDALL (CONT'D)
(softly)
All done.

JOHN
Thank you.

They hold each other's eyes for a bit.

John treads carefully...

JOHN (CONT'D)
...What'd they do to him? Your husband?

Kendall takes a sip of her bourbon. Letting it give her the strength to tell the story.

KENDALL
When David and I moved back. We were shocked. Consequence wasn't... I didn't even recognize it. So David..

She laughs at the memory-

KENDALL (CONT'D)
..Being David -- decided to run for mayor. We never thought he'd win. Nobody did. Then it happened.

Her nostalgic grin begins to fade.

KENDALL (CONT'D)
A week after the election he was killed walking home from a meeting.
(pause)
The Sheriff's department said it was a random street robbery.

Her mind drifts.

KENDALL (CONT'D)
None of it added up. Not even his
route home. They...

She might continue, but drinks her bourbon instead. After a
beat.

JOHN
...Not adding up. That's a good way
to put it.
(a beat)
Matt didn't kill himself.

73

FLASHBACK - INT. SUNDOWNER MOTEL - DAY

73

DRUG PARAPHERNALIA

JOHN (O.S.)
Evidence of drug use was
everywhere, which was something
Matt had a history with.

MATT HORN'S BODY

The Beretta pistol in his right hand. Bullet wound on the
right side of his head. Fresh needle tracks on his left arm.

JOHN (V.O.)
There was a Beretta in his right
hand, same kind of pistol he
carried in Afghanistan. Fresh
needle tracks on his left arm. The
toxicology screen was positive for
heroin. Whoever staged it was
thorough.

74

INT. BRIG & BREAKFAST - KITCHEN - NIGHT (PRESENT)

74

Kendall hangs on every word.

JOHN
But they missed one thing.
(pause)
Matt was left-handed.

A beat.

KENDALL
But why?

John takes a second.

JOHN

He'd seen too much. Stumbled onto
what Redmond was doing. And that's
just Matt... he had to do
something.

Memories fly through John's mind-

JOHN (CONT'D)

Same reason he enlisted. If he saw
suffering... evil... he had to stop
it. Or at least *try*.

John's eyes turn wet and glassy. He forces himself to go on-

JOHN (CONT'D)

Try surveilling. Try documenting
everything he saw. Try calling his
big brother to come help.

John turns his face, not wanting Kendall to see his pain. His
guilt.

A long beat. No words spoken.

Eventually Kendall takes John's bandaged hand -- kisses it.

KENDALL

(his finger)

It's scabbing already.

She stands up and drifts behind him, placing her hands on his
shoulders.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

But you gotta leave it be... Even
just for one night.

She kisses the top of his head. Hangs there for a moment. And
then begins to leave-

JOHN

Wait..

Kendall saddles up behind him again.

KENDALL

Yes?

JOHN

...I think that was helping.

Hint of smile forming on her lips.

KENDALL
You mean this?

She kisses the top of his head again. Then his cheek.

JOHN
Definitely.

Kendall keeps kissing his face, making her way to his lips. John wraps his hand behind her head, and pulls her in for a real kiss...

It ends. A moment as they hold each other's eyes.

Kendall starts to walk off, dragging her finger across John's chest as she leaves.

Still seated, John turns and tracks her moving down the hall. Kendall slips into one of the vacant rooms, but *leaves the door open* - an invitation.

John understands.

75

INT. BRIG & BREAKFAST - BEDROOM - NIGHT

75

The only light spills in from the window.

John stands a bit awkwardly as Kendall shuts the door and turns to him, their lips nearly touching.

JOHN
Are you sure?

KENDALL
I'm sure.

He opens his mouth to say something else, but she kisses him before he can. John wraps his arms around her as their kiss deepens.

Slowly, they help each other out of their clothes.

And into bed.

76

INT. CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

76

Redmond, still in his silk bathrobe, stares at the town and train model but looks like he's really seeing something else, something only he can see.

77

FLASHBACK - INT. SMALL HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

77

An 11-year-old boy (Shane Redmond) stands in front of the bathroom door. Faint music plays from the other side.

He knocks. Gets no answer. Just the faint music.

Shane opens the door and steps inside.

BATHROOM

Lit only with candlelight. His mother reclines in the tub.

Soothing music plays from an old alarm clock radio.

Shane's mother doesn't move. He steps closer.

And sees syrupy blood streaks dripping down the side of the porcelain tub.

Shane's mother is dead. The boy stares at her without a sound as tears run down his face.

82

INT. BRIG & BREAKFAST - JOHN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

82

John, dressed in his undershirt, stands for a moment. His fingers rub something gently. Matt's dog tag chain. He puts it around his neck.

John stands. Takes a Kevlar vest from his bag. Straps it on.

He quickly dresses in his Ranger gear -- badge on his shirt and Colt Super .38 on his hip. He looks down

In front of him on the bed is the arsenal from the pawnshop. He loads the guns into the shotgun's leather case.

INT. BRIG & BREAKFAST - KENDALL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Kendall still sleeps. John gently reaches for his Stetson hat on the nightstand. Kendall opens her eyes.

John places his hat on his head. Kendall props up on her elbows and quickly clocks: the guns, the badge, the outfit.

KENDALL

John...

A look between them. *Is she going to try to stop him?*

Then—

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Just be careful.

He nods. Tips his hat. And then leaves.

83

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

83

John powers toward the large hotel, face mostly hidden by the brim of his Stetson. He has the leather gun case in one hand, and his phone in the other. Puts it to his ear as he walks.

Through its speakers, we hear Captain **Gilbert's Voice**—

CAPT. GILBERT (V.O.)
It's in your inbox.

John looks down at—

HIS SCREEN

A glimpse of the word "Warrant"

John keeps walking as he talks.

JOHN
(into phone)
Thank you.

CAPT. GILBERT (V.O.)
Look...Just be careful.

JOHN
(into phone)
Everyone keeps saying that.

CAPT. GILBERT (V.O.)
Maybe that should tell you something.

A beat. With weight behind it, John says—

JOHN
(into phone)
Goodbye, Stan.

He ends the call and slides it in his pocket right as he reaches—

THE FRONT OF THE HOTEL

85

INT. CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY

85

Redmond, still in the red silk bathrobe, sits at his mission-control console, now wearing a wireless headset.

His gold-plated pistol lies close at hand.

One video feed is a live view through the front windshield of a train engine as it rolls down the tracks.

Another computer window contains a map of a section of track showing two trains approaching each other from opposite directions, one headed north (Redmond's), the other south.

Between the two trains is a siding. One train will need to pull onto the siding so the other train can pass.

Other computer windows show data about the two trains: GPS coordinates, direction of travel, speed, etc.

One small window shows a countdown timer reading 6:40, ticking down by the second.

REDMOND
(into headset)
Six minutes forty seconds until you
reach the siding. Your oncoming
traffic is nine minutes from you.

ENGINEER (RADIO)
You're cutting it awfully close.

REDMOND
You want more time, go faster.

ENGINEER (RADIO)
This engine is older than me. We're
lucky to get forty-five miles an
hour out of her.

Redmond watches the timer tick down. Then he glances at the security feeds and sees John standing out front.

REDMOND
REMY!

Remy materializes. Redmond points at the screen.

REDMOND (CONT'D)
I don't have fucking time for this.

86 EXT. FRONT OF HOTEL - DAY

86

John slides the shotgun out of the leather case. The gun goes into his belt. The rifle slings over his shoulder.

He lets the case fall to the ground and RACKS the SHOTGUN.

87 INT. CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

87

John walks in from the street, shotgun at the ready.

The manager, Horton Crane, wearing the same black undertaker's suit, goes bug-eyed when he sees John.

HORTON
What are you doing here?

JOHN
Things are about to get ugly, Mr.
Crane. I suggest you leave.

HORTON
I'm the manager. This hotel is my
responsibility.

John waves the shotgun in the manager's direction.

JOHN
Now, Mr. Crane.

Horton turns and runs.

John looks up at one of the surveillance cameras.

JOHN (CONT'D)
My name is Sergeant John Horn of
the Texas Rangers. I'm here with an
arrest warrant for Shane Redmond.

CLOSE ON ONE OF THE SECURITY CAMERA FEEDS

John stands in the lobby, looking up at the camera.

JOHN (VIDEO FEED) (CONT'D)
Anyone who interferes with the
proper service of that warrant is
committing a felony under the laws
of the state of Texas and will be
dealt with accordingly.

John marches toward the main staircase.

INT. CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY

REDMOND
Kill him.

88

LOBBY

88

A bodyguard with a machine gun pops up from behind the desk.
The newspaper reader from when John tried to get a room.

John catches the movement in the reflection from a picture
frame on the wall and steps to the side as the man FIRES.

The man's BURST of GUNFIRE SHATTERS the PICTURE FRAME.

John spins and BLASTS the man with the SHOTGUN.

Another bodyguard bursts through a set of doors. John cuts him down.

He RACKS the SHOTGUN and strides across the lobby to the small elevator. He punches the UP button and waits.

The ELEVATOR DINGS and the door opens.

John backs partially through the open door and into the

89 ELEVATOR 89

Buttons 1 through 5 are standard elevator buttons. But the 6th floor button is a small touchscreen for a fingerprint.

John punches the "2" button, then steps back into the

90 LOBBY 90

John heads toward the back stairs as the elevator closes. Another bodyguard almost plows into him. John ducks away from the gunfire and shoots him square in the chest.

91 BACK STAIRS 91

John charges up the stairs two at a time as he shoves another shell into the loading port of the Winchester.

He spots a security camera in the stairwell.

92 PENTHOUSE 92

Redmond and Remy watches John on the security feeds. Remy fires instructions into his earpiece.

REMY

He's headed up the back stairs.

Redmond sees the timer tick down to 5:02 as the two trains continue toward each other, the siding still between them, but the distances are narrowing quickly.

93 BACK STAIRS - SECOND-FLOOR LANDING 93

John stops at a doorway on the landing and eases the door open a crack. He peeks into the hallway.

94 SECOND-FLOOR HALLWAY 94

The elevator shaft is at the far end of the hallway.

Two of Redmond's bodyguards wait for the elevator to open.

John steps into the hallway at the *opposite* end. He walks past an open door to a room-

INSIDE IT

John sees several LATINA WOMEN dressed in rags... The room has filthy, tattered mattresses on the floor and barely enough light to see. It's inhumane.

JOHN
(hushed but firm)
Go! Now, get out.

Confused and scared at first, the women eventually start filing out. John keeps moving down the hallway--

95

PENTHOUSE

95

Redmond sees John on the surveillance footage and bangs his fist on the table.

REDMOND
Look behind you!

REMY
(into radio)
On your six, on your-

96

SECOND-FLOOR HALLWAY

96

The ELEVATOR DINGS.

The elevator door opens. The elevator car is empty.

JOHN (O.C.)
You looking for me?

Both bodyguards spin around-

John stands ten feet from them. BOOM. RACK. BOOM. RACK. The SHOTGUN BLASTS blow both men into the empty elevator.

97

PENTHOUSE

97

Redmond watches and fumes as the timer reaches 4:07, each train racing toward opposite ends of the siding.

The southbound train is closer to the siding, and will reach the northern switch about two minutes before the northbound train reaches the southern switch.

Redmond grabs a walkie-talkie from his desk. A SQUEAL of feedback as his and Remys' radios are too close together.

REDMOND

He's on the second floor next to
the elevator. Somebody shoot him!

Remy puts a hand on his shoulder. Points to the screens.

REMY

Handle your business. Let me handle
mine.

REDMOND

Then fucking handle it!

98 SECOND-FLOOR HALLWAY 98

John pulls another shotgun shell from his pocket and is about
to load it into the bottom of the Winchester when a BURST of
GUNFIRE almost rips him in half.

He drops the shell and spins toward the main stairwell.

Two bodyguards crouch on the landing FIRING at him.

The elevator door closes behind John.

99 PENTHOUSE 99

Redmond sees the timer tick town to 3:45.

100 SECOND-FLOOR HALLWAY 100

John FIRES back at the two gunmen, emptying his remaining
five rounds of buckshot in four seconds.

One of the gunmen goes down!

On the last RACK, the SHOTGUN CLICKS on an empty chamber.

101 PENTHOUSE 101

REMY

He's empty. Close in.

REDMOND

Will one of the dozens of fucking
mercenaries I pay all this money to
please *kill that son of a bitch!*

Redmond is engrossed by the battle playing out on the
monitors. The timer hits 3:15.

102 SECOND-FLOOR HALLWAY 102

The remaining bodyguard grins at the empty shotgun-

John tosses it, ducks to one side, and unslings the rifle-
 Double taps him square in the chest
 The gunman tumbles back down the main stairwell to the lobby.
 John runs up the main stairwell to the-

103 THIRD-FLOOR HALLWAY

103

The hallway is lined with rooms and decorated with a not-so-subtle red theme. From the open red doorways, more frightened women peek out.

JOHN

Go.

(motions with his hand)

Run away-

They start scampering out. One of the women mutters a "thank-you" in SPANISH as she runs past John.

Unbeknownst to him, it's *THE* Woman Matt initially helped. Her face is badly scarred -- a punishment inflicted -- but she's alive. And now... free.

101 PENTHOUSE

101

Redmond sees the women escaping on the security footage--

REDMOND

No, no, no what the FUCK-

REMY

Converge on the third floor. Third floor!

103 THIRD-FLOOR HALLWAY

103

John powers onward, climbing the main stairs to the-

104 FOURTH-FLOOR HALLWAY

104

John moves down the hall. The hotel is eerily quiet.

A security camera angles down the hallway.

There are fewer doors than on the third floor. These are the apartments of Redmond's retinue of bodyguards.

A door flies open in front of John and a tatted-up behemoth of a man opens FIRE with a PISTOL.

One shot hits John's Stetson and knocks it off his head. John fires a BLAST from the RIFLE but the shot misses.

The man keeps SHOOTING.

John FIRES back, then crashes into the nearest door, busting it open and finding himself in an—

105 APARTMENT 105

A bodyguard stands in the den holding a huge pistol.

John and the bodyguard FIRE at the same time.

John takes a slug full in the kevlar and drops to the floor. The bodyguard is cut down. John gasps for air.

106 PENTHOUSE 106

Remy can see his big man stalking down the hallway, but can't see inside the apartment where John is.

REMY

Get in there and finish him.

Redmond is completely engrossed. Ignoring the screens. The timer shows 2:30 as the trains roll toward each other.

107 APARTMENT 107

John checks the rifle. Only a few rounds left. He draws his Colt and drops onto one knee to peak around the door from a low angle.

He sees the big gunman marching toward him, pistol pointed high, to a spot five or six feet above the floor, where he might expect John to shoot from.

John SHOOTS from his low angle and hits the man in the chest.

108 PENTHOUSE 108

Redmond checks the monitors. The trains are still headed for each other. The timer is down to 2:00.

109 APARTMENT 109

John checks the rifle and ammo. Almost dry. Pulls the Colt. Drops the Colt's magazine into his hand.

The witness slots show only four rounds left. He shoves the magazine into his pocket and loads a fresh one.

JOHN
Shoot straight, John.

John holsters his pistol and picks up the rifle, then steps through the door into the—

110 FOURTH-FLOOR HALLWAY 110

John picks up his Stetson, sees the bullet hole in the crown, and tosses the hat aside. He climbs the main stairwell to the—

111 FIFTH-FLOOR HALLWAY 111

Lined with more apartments, all the doors closed.

Another security camera.

REDMOND (V.O.)
He's made it to the fifth floor.

John sees the last flight of stairs, to the sixth floor, blocked by a steel door with a biometric lock.

Above the steel door is another security camera, its red digital eye blinking at John.

John looks up at the camera.

112 PENTHOUSE 112

Redmond stares at John on the security feed, almost like the two men are actually eyeballing each other.

Remy draws his gun.

REMY
Stay away from the door. Behind me.

Redmond screams in frustration.

REDMOND
A hundred thousand to the man who
kills the Ranger in the next...

He scans the timer, sees it at 1:40.

REDMOND (CONT'D)
... forty seconds.

The engine of the southbound train passes the northern entrance to the siding and keeps racing down the main track.

The northbound train is a minute and a half from the south entrance to the siding, which it will need to divert onto entirely to avoid a collision.

REDMOND (CONT'D)
(switches to train channel)
Ninety seconds to the siding.

ENGINEER (RADIO)
Throw the switch!

REDMOND
The other train's not clear yet.

113 FIFTH-FLOOR HALLWAY

113

In frustration, John FIRES at the biometric lock on the steel door. It accomplishes nothing.

Then a BURST OF BULLETS shreds the wall a foot from John's head as someone inside an apartment FIRES through the wall.

John hits the floor as plaster dust rains down on him.

He fires back through the wall.

Apartment doors spring open and more of Redmond's gunmen spill into the hallway and OPEN FIRE.

John is caught in the open with rounds coming at him from multiple directions.

114 PENTHOUSE

114

Redmond smiles.

REDMOND
Welcome to my parlor, said the
spider to the fly.

REMY
(into radio)
Finish him.

The timer ticks down to 1:00. The southbound train has cleared the north entrance to the siding.

115 FIFTH-FLOOR HALLWAY

115

John FIRES the rifle until it runs dry, killing two more gunmen. He drops the rifle and pulls the pistol.

116 PENTHOUSE

116

Redmond watches John on the security feed. Bodyguards converging on him.

REDMOND
(to image on monitor)
Tell your brother I said hello.

117 FIFTH-FLOOR HALLWAY

117

Except John is still SHOOTING.

--AND MOVING. John drops his empty magazine, reloads, and keeps SHOOTING.

AN APARTMENT DOOR

Flies open! Two more gunmen step out--

BOOM-BOOM! John sends a few shots in their direction; the two men duck back for cover. Now the handgun is empty.

He switches for the Colt and keeps firing... CLICK -- John's Colt locks back empty. *Shit.*

John reaches for the magazine he replaced earlier, the one with only four rounds left -- But someone is RUNNING.. POUNDING up the main stairwell behind him.

Arriving in seconds...

John shoves the half-full magazine into his Colt and SPINS -- about to fire as--

Officer Franklin appears on the landing carrying an M4 carbine. John takes his finger off the trigger.

BANG!

A bullet WHIZZES a few millimeters past John's jaw. It PLUGS the drywall..

Franklin BLASTS return fire -- taking out the bodyguards in the apartment doorway.

118 PENTHOUSE

118

Redmond watches Franklin blasting away at his men.

REDMOND
Are you fucking kidding me!

REMY
Who the fuck is that?!

The timer hits 30 seconds.

119

FIFTH-FLOOR HALLWAY

119

Franklin shoves a fresh magazine into the M4.

FRANKLIN
Okay if I crash your party?

JOHN
(out of breath)
Thank you.

A couple of bad guys resume SHOOTING. Franklin returns FIRE.

FRANKLIN
Fall back this way, I'll cover you.

JOHN
I haven't found Redmond.

Franklin points to the steel door blocking the stairs.

FRANKLIN
Unless you brought a cutting torch,
we're not getting through that.

John FIRES until the slide on his Colt locks back empty. He drops the Colt and picks up a dead man's pistol.

And keeps SHOOTING.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
Thought you said you had a plan?!

JOHN
(shouting)
Rough one.

Franklin FIRES another BURST as John dashes to the landing. They charge down the main stairwell, FIRING on the move.

120

PENTHOUSE

120

Remy notices the screen...an urgent alarm sounding-

REMY
Boss!-

Redmond looks at the timer, sees it hit 5 seconds.

REDMOND

Fuck!

4 seconds.

He starts typing the command to activate the siding switch.

3. 2.

He mistypes. Jabs the backspace key.

1.

Tries to retype.

0.

The northbound train blows past the entrance to the siding.

The view from the train engine shows the two trains barreling toward each other at over 100 mph of combined speed.

REDMOND (CONT'D)

(switches to train channel)

Stop the fucking train!

ENGINEER (RADIO)

You stupid son of a bitch.

The trains slam into each other. The live feed goes black.

Redmond turns to Remy. Eyes wild.

121 MAIN STAIRS - FOURTH-FLOOR LANDING

121

John and Franklin fight their way down the main stairs.
Bodyguards ascending and descending.

Dano is amongst them. Firing remorselessly. Eyes cold.

They duck and weave, driving down the staircase--

122 PENTHOUSE

122

Redmond snatches up his gold-plated .45 and lurches to his feet, sending his chair rolling back on its casters.

He SHOOTs the offending monitor several times.

Remy watches him. Unsettled.

Behind him, a ballistic vest is draped over a nearby chair.

123 MAIN STAIRS - SECOND -FLOOR LANDING

123

John and Franklin reach the landing but find their way blocked by the ascending guards charging up the main stairs.

John pulls out a hand grenade...

FRANKLIN

Where the hell did you get-

JOHN

Don't ask.

John pulls the pin and rolls the grenade down the stairs.

Then he and Franklin duck into the hallway to take cover--

124 MAIN STAIRWELL

124

The HAND GRENADE EXPLODES with a THUNDERING CRACK!

125 SECOND-FLOOR HALLWAY

125

John glances back in the direction of the sound--

FRANKLIN (O.S.)

John!

John whips his head back to see:

Dano, lunging into their path, and FIRING--

IN A FLASH

Franklin moves in front of John. SPLAT! The bullet rips into his stomach.

John shoots Dano, then immediately drops down to help Franklin-

JOHN

Ben? Ben, can you hear me?

126 PENTHOUSE

126

Redmond, silk robe cinched tight, wearing leather slippers, runs toward the elevator, gold .45 auto in hand.

The ballistic vest is no longer draped over the nearby chair.

Remy stands at the elevator. Gun drawn.

REMY

You sure about this, boss?

REDMOND

Once more unto the breach.

On the way to the elevator Redmond passes a wooden post with two crossed throwing axes. He pulls an axe from its mount.

The elevator door opens, revealing the two bodies and blood covering the floor of the elevator car.

Redmond skids to a stop, glances at his expensive Italian slippers, then back at the blood pooled in the elevator.

127 MAIN STAIRS

127

John lumbers down the stairs holding the big cop in a fireman's carry, pistol gripped in his right hand.

JOHN

Hang on, buddy, I got you.

129 ELEVATOR

129

Redmond rides down with the two dead bodies, standing daintily on a towel so as not to soil his expensive slippers.

Remy eyes him with ill-concealed disdain.

130 LOBBY

130

John steps out of the stairwell with Franklin across his shoulders, and runs smack into one of Redmond's guards.

John FIRES first and kills the gunman, but John stumbles and falls.

John scans the lobby. No more bad guys in sight. He kneels beside Franklin. Takes the M4.

JOHN

Hang on, buddy. We're almost out.

(NOTE: the following happens in mere seconds.)

The elevator door DINGS and opens. Redmond and Remy step out. Redmond hurls the axe.

John ducks as the axe spins past, inches from his head.

Redmond FIRES his gold-plated .45. But John is still in motion, *ROLLING* across the floor--

Redmond keeps FIRING, trying to track John.

John comes out of his roll in a perfect kneeling firing position and SHOOTs.

He hits Redmond three times in the chest, and a fourth bullet clips Redmond's cheek and takes off a piece of his ear.

Redmond falls.

Remy grabs hold of Redmond, firing as he pulls him back towards the elevator

Forcing John to move again--

Remy drags Redmond into the elevator by his silk robe, and drops him on top of the two bloody bodies already there, while simultaneously SHOOTING at John.

John FIRES two shots that PING off the SNAKE SYMBOL on the closing elevator doors--

131

IN THE ELEVATOR

131

Remy stops firing as the elevator doors close.

He glances down, sees Redmond's eyes open and doing pinwheels, Redmond gasping to catch his breath, his split cheek and torn ear spilling blood.

Redmond's silk robe is twisted open, exposing the ballistic vest and a tight three-shot group over his heart.

REDMOND
(gasping)
Goddamn he was fast.

REMY
I told you. One riot, one Ranger.

Redmond looks at his leather slippers covered in blood.

REDMOND
My slippers are ruined.

132

LOBBY

132

John kneels beside Franklin and pulls the radio from Franklin's belt.

JOHN
Do you have the statewide channel?

Franklin tries to answer. But BLOOD comes out of his mouth instead of words..

John turns the channel knob and keys the radio.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Any units on this channel. This is
Ranger Sergeant John Horn. Shots
fired at the Consequence Hotel on
Main Street. Officer down. Repeat,
officer down.

SCOTT (V.O.)

Good luck with that.

BABBINS (V.O.)

We warned Franklin, lie down with
dogs, wake up with fleas.

John hurls the radio against the wall.

133

PENTHOUSE

133

The ELEVATOR DINGS and the door opens.

Redmond steps out like a man in pain, still trying to catch
his breath. Remy follows him out.

Redmond kicks off his bloody slippers. Pulls off his robe and
the ballistic vest, then tosses it all into the elevator on
top of the two bodies.

134

LOBBY

134

John gets ready to drag Franklin out of the hotel.

JOHN

Come on, buddy, let's get you the
hell out of here.

He looks down at Franklin. The young cop's eyes are open but
seeing nothing.

Officer Franklin is **dead**.

There are tears in John's eyes. He hears SIRENS outside.

John takes Franklin's Glock 17 and his two spare magazines.
He puts his hand over Franklin's heart.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

135

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

135

John steps out of the hotel just as a SHERIFF'S CAR screeches
to a stop in the street.

Babbins FIRES at John through the open window --

John sends back shots that SPLINTER and CRACK the windshield-

But Babbins springs out of the car and keeps FIRING.

John ducks behind cover as--

Scott comes out the driver's side, gun blazing.

John SHOOTS back. Scott goes down, bleeding-

Babbins panics and drops his Glock. He reaches to pick it up-

JOHN
Don't do it.

Babbins looks up at John, terror in his eyes.

Scott, wounded, CRACKS OFF several SHOTS at John, PINGING them off the hood of the car.

John returns FIRE and runs for cover.

Babbins scrambles to pick up his PISTOL and snaps a few SHOTS.

John is moving and FIRING, never a stationary target.

Bullets punch through the sheriff car; more windows are blown out.

John is there, then he's gone, always half a step ahead as Babbins and Scott try to draw a bead on him.

136 INT. CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY

136

Redmond presses a towel to his wounded face and ear as he and Remy watch the gunfight on the remaining monitors.

REDMOND
I should have hired *him*.

Remy looks daggers at the back of Redmond's head.

137 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

137

Scott fumbles a reload and drops his magazine.

Meanwhile, John closes in on Babbins -- who rises up from cover to fire--

BOOM-BOOM. John DOUBLE TAPS him in the chest.

But Babbins is wearing body armor and FIRES back. His bullet hits John in the left side.

John staggers but keeps his eyes on his front sight. He FIRES a bullet, winging Babbins.

Scott watches Babbins drop to the pavement. He slides behind a parked car...

John approaches Babbins, aiming at him one-handed, his left hand pressed against his bleeding side. John doesn't say anything. He's way past verbal commands.

Babbins stares at John, weighing his chances. And decides he has none. Bleeding and bettered, he raises his hands-

His GLOCK CLATTERS to the street.

138

INT. CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY

138

Redmond and Remy watch Babbins surrender.

REDMOND
Goddamn yellow belly.

REMY
It's not over.

On the screen they see Scott, wounded but not out of the fight, crouching behind one of the police cars.

John can't see him.

139

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

139

John has his pistol pointed at Babbins.

JOHN
Put your hands behind your head.

Babbins does.

John stuffs the Glock into his holster and takes a step toward Babbins.

SCOTT (O.S.)
Turn around, asshole.

John freezes, right hand inching toward the Glock.

SCOTT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ah-ah-ah.

Now John turns to see Scott standing ten feet away, his pistol aimed at John's face.

Scott's uniform shirt has two bullet holes, the ballistic vest just visible through the punctured fabric. Scott's left arm is pulled into his body, blood still leaking from a gunshot wound.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You first. Then I'll find the
Brignac bitch—

OFFSTAGE the hammer of an old REVOLVER COCKS slowly.

KENDALL (O.S.)

That shouldn't be too hard.

Scott spins toward the voice behind him.

BOOM!

A huge 255-grain Colt .45 hits Scott dead center in his chest and staggers him, despite his ballistic vest.

But he doesn't drop his pistol. And when he raises it toward Kendall...

John SHOOTS him in the head.

Scott collapses onto the street.

John looks past Scott and sees Kendall holding an 1873 Colt Peacemaker with a 7 1/2-inch barrel.

JOHN

Are you all right?

KENDALL

I'm fine.

Then she COCKS the HAMMER and swings the muzzle past John.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Where do you think you're going?

John turns and sees Babbins trying to slither away.

JOHN

(to Babbins)

I'd listen to her if I were you.

Babbins raises his hands again.

A fragmentary moment of calm.

From the chaos, townsfolk emerge. Gawping at the carnage before them. Amongst them is Marty Robinson.

ROBINSON
Doing alright, Ranger?

JOHN
Been better.

ROBINSON
What can we do?

CLINK. Footsteps over scattered glass - John turns and sees:

6 LATINA WOMEN

Hiding amongst the rubble, clearly frightened from the gun-battle that just erupted.

WITH JOHN

He nods his head toward the group of women.

JOHN
(to Robinson)
There's more women. Find them. Help them.
(re Babbins)
I'll deal with him.

ROBINSON
You got it.

Robinson and others take off their jackets and drape them around the shivering women. Leading them to safety.

John starts moving--

140 EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

140

He frog marches Babbins down the sidewalk.

Kendall eyes the bloody mess from John's wound.

KENDALL
How bad is it?

JOHN
Hurts a bit.

141 INT. THE BRIG AND BREAKFAST - LIVING ROOM - DAY

141

John sits in an easy chair. Gun trained on Babbins. He takes shallow, labored breaths. He sneaks a peak at his WOUND.

Kendall is finishing patching Babbins up on the couch. None too gently.

KENDALL
 You've got blood all over the
 upholstery.
 (to John)
 Let me see it.

Kendall moves toward John to help. But he TURNS his body, hiding the wound.

JOHN
 It's nothing. A graze.

They both know that's not true. John's face is WHITE from major blood-loss.

KENDALL
 John..

But he nods at Babbins.

JOHN
 Need to talk to him first.

Kendall can see there's no changing John's mind.

142

INT. CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY

142

Redmond, dressed and with his cheek and ear covered with a makeshift bandage, stomps around the room waving his gold-plated pistol in the air. Remy nearby. He watches the monitors. Assessing the situation.

He points to the video feed showing the street outside the hotel, bullet-riddled sheriff's cars and dead bodies in uniform.

REMY
 There's no way to keep this quiet.
 Police, Rangers, Feds, the fucking
 media, they'll be all over this in
 an hour. I'm a private contractor,
 Shane. A merc. I can't operate on
 US soil. We need to get out, and
 I'm talking about *right now*.

REDMOND
 There were five hundred keys of
 coke, two hundred pounds of
 heroine, and a hundred keys of
 fentanyl on that train we lost.
 (MORE)

REDMOND (CONT'D)
And you're worried about the police
and the media?

143 INT. BRIG AND BREAKFAST - LIVING ROOM - DAY

143

Kendall finishes a patch on John's side. He holds the gun
trained on Babbins.

KENDALL
It'll do for now.

She sits in a nearby chair.

JOHN
Tell me about my brother.

BABBINS
I want a deal.

JOHN
I'll tell the D.A. you cooperated.

BABBINS
I want immunity.

John shakes his head "no".

BABBINS (CONT'D)
Then I've got nothing to say.

JOHN
Then I got no use for you-

John clocks the Glock. Babbins' eyes WIDEN. He looks to
Kendall.

KENDALL
What? You think I don't know how to
clean blood out of a carpet? I'd
answer him if I were you.

BABBINS
Okay, okay, okay. But you're not
gonna like it.

JOHN
Let me worry about that.

144 INT. CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY

144

Redmond watches Remy pace the floor.

REMY

I got contacts in South Africa. I could get us there. For a price.

Redmond laughs. Sounds almost maniacal.

REDMOND

Maybe you don't understand. There's no escaping the cartel. They're not peasants. They're not all from the slums. They're smart. That's how they got to be billionaires.

Remy turns to him. Anxiety breaking through--

REDMOND (CONT'D)

And what they don't know, they hire people who do. They own banks, accounting firms, law firms, police and politicians. They hire ex-F.S.B., ex-Mossad, even ex-C.I.A.

He brings his face inches from Remy's. Redmond's eyes are searing.

REDMOND (CONT'D)

And your plan is... to hide?

REMY

Well? What's your plan, asshole? Spout literature and twirl your fucking mustache?

REDMOND

Me? I'm gonna kill John Horn.

REMY

Why the fuck does that matter now?

REDMOND

Because I demand satisfaction! An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Blood for fucking blood.

Remy can see that Redmond has fully lost it.

REDMOND (CONT'D)

I've killed a dozen men in my life. Killing one more before I die won't be a problem.

REMY

Did any of those dozen men you're
always bragging about killing even
know it was coming? Or did you
shoot them all in the back like—

BOOM! Redmond SHOOTs him in the face.

REDMOND

Make it thirteen.

145

INT. BRIG AND BREAKFAST - LIVING ROOM - DAY

145

John takes out his cellphone and opens the voice memo app. He
sets it on the bench beside Babbins.

WE see flashes of Babbins' story play out as he narrates it.

BABBINS

One night, one of the regular girls
escaped from the hotel.

John cocks an eyebrow.

BABBINS (CONT'D)

Normally they just get shipped out,
but Red keeps a bunch of them in a
rotation for him and his crew.

Disgust on John's face.

JOHN

Who was she?

BABBINS

I don't speak Spanish.

(pause)

Anyway, she got out and made a
break for it. Through the desert.

JOHN

And?

BABBINS

Redmond called us. And we caught up
with her out in the desert. Your
brother was driving past. Saw it
going down. He wasn't exactly
cooperative... so we...

JOHN

We?...

BABBINS
...had to tune him up some.

JOHN
Tuned him up how?

HICKS
Beat on him. Put the scare on him.
Nothing but bruises, I swear to
God.

JOHN
Keep going.

HICKS
But he didn't get the hint. Your
brother starts poking around at the
hotel.

(pause)
Everybody in town knows Redmond
owns the hotel, lives there, works
there, does whatever there. They're
also smart enough not to ask
questions. Everybody, that is,
except your brother.

(pause)
He keeps asking...phones the
Sheriff's Office. Starts asking
after Redmond's security guys.
Making noise. Making waves.

That hits John in his solar plexus. But he doesn't show it.

HICKS (CONT'D)
So Red gets worried he's gonna call
the feds or some shit. Decides to
just... get rid of him.

Babbins looks hesitant to go on...

BABBINS
This is the part—

JOHN
Say it.

Babbins sighs.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Say it.

Kendall chews her lip, feeling John's pain.

HICKS

One night your brother snuck into the rail yard. Got spotted by security. So Red dropped him. By the time Matt woke up, Red and his boys had already driven him to that motel across the county line.

JOHN

Who were the others with Redmond?

BABBINS

Them alpha thugs. Remy and Dano. They're in charge of the others... They do the dirty work.

146

FLASHBACK - INT. SUNDOWNER MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

146

Redmond, Remy, and Dano drag Matt into the room. Matt is handcuffed, and wearing a green 82nd Airborne T-shirt.

BABBINS (V.O.)

They'd shot him up with dope before they got there. And already set up the room like he'd been using.

Remy zaps Matt in the neck with a handheld stun gun. Matt collapses onto the bed in convulsions.

Dano un-handcuffs Matt and he and Remy prop him up on the bed.

BABBINS (V.O.)

Remy told me it was Redmond pulled the trigger.

Redmond presses the gun to the right side of Matt's head and on the BANG—

SNAP BACK TO

147

INT. CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY (PRESENT)

147

Redmond's face as he operates the controls for the electric model train.

Remy's body lies where it fell.

Redmond drives one train full speed into another train. Both trains topple off the track.

Then he walks to a section of wall where a medieval mace hangs next to a shield. He pulls the mace from the wall and returns to his model of the town and the rail yard.

Redmond stares at the model for a long moment. Then raises the mace over his head in a two-handed grip and destroys the model by raining blow after blow onto it.

148 INT. BRIG AND BREAKFAST - DAY

148

John stares at Babbins.

JOHN
How do you know what happened
inside that room?

A long beat.

Then ashamed—

BABBINS
(hesitates)
I was there. Just after it went
down. Me and Scott were the first
on the scene We called it in.

JOHN
Prove it.

BABBINS
How?

JOHN
Tell me what only someone who was
there would know.

Babbins looks down. Then finally—

BABBINS
He had on a green Eighty-Second
Airborne T-shirt.

EXT. BACK PATIO - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A sun-soaked backyard. Happier times.

John mans a BBQ. Beer in hand. Matt, wearing the 82nd T-shirt, sits at a patio table with Mary.

They are cracking up laughing.

148 INT. BRIG AND BREAKFAST - LIVING ROOM - (PRESENT)

148

John is beyond grief. Trying not to choke on the words—

BABBINS
I saw you. Driving up. Going in. I
was there.

Suddenly John is on his feet. Grabs Babbins by the hair and drags him from the seat.

KENDALL

John-

John drags Babbins to the iron radiator. Twists his arm up, pulls his handcuffs, and cuffs him to it.

JOHN

(to Kendall)

Death isn't good enough for him.

(to Babbins)

He's gonna rot inside for the rest of his life. He knows what they do to dirty cops in there.

Babbins pales. John hands Kendall her pistol. And his phone.

JOHN (CONT'D)

He runs, you put one in his gut. Wait until I'm clear, then call Gilbert off my phone. Tell him what's happened here... he'll know what to do.

KENDALL

You need an ambulance.

He knows she's right. But hides his agony.

JOHN

Make sure Gilbert gets the recorded statement.

KENDALL

This is horseshit, John. You're in no fit state-

JOHN

I'm not waiting around while he runs.

She can see how determined he is.

KENDALL

What are you going to do?

A beat.

JOHN

Arrest him.

A moment between the two of them. John tips his hat, and begins LIMPING away--

But he stops. Turns.

JOHN (CONT'D)
One more thing..

JOHN (CONT'D)
I recorded a message for my
daughter. Would you send it to her
if I don't...

She nods -- understanding. But not wanting to hear more.

KENDALL
Okay.

John looks at her, savoring the image. Then leaves..

154

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

154

John limps down the deserted street.

Blood leaks from the bottom of John's pant leg. Splatter staining the sidewalk as he walks...

From nearby store fronts and houses, the townsfolk emerge.

WE HEAR-

JOHN (V.O.)
Hey, Bunny, it's dad. If you're
listening to this... I just wanted
to let you know that I love you.
Always have, always will.

John limps onward with a grimace, leaving a dark maroon trail behind him.

More townsfolk appear. Silently willing him to finish it.

JOHN (V.O.)
I'm... I'm sorry for being so
caught up. With Uncle Matt and all
that happened... I wasn't there.
Even when I was right in front of
you and mom, I was gone.
(a pause)
It's funny like that... being
around and gone at the same time.

John has almost reached the hotel.

JOHN (V.O.)
Now it's almost done with. Almost.
So I know we'll spend time together
soon. And I'll be there. With you.
Even if I'm gone... I'll be there.

157 INT. TOWN JAIL - DAY

157

Kendall holds John's iPhone, listening the voice memo
finishes-

JOHN (V.O.)
I love you, Bunny.

A tear slips down Kendall's cheek.

156 INT. CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY

156

Redmond looks out the window at John waiting in the street.

158 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

158

John glances up, staring at the top floor of the hotel where
he knows Redmond waits... challenging him.

159 INT. CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY

159

Redmond, gold-plated Colt .45 in hand, face and ear still
bandaged, nods. Then crosses to the elevator-

160 ELEVATOR

160

Redmond presses the button for the first floor. The elevator
door closes. The car descends.

He spins the .45 on his finger.

161 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

161

John watches Redmond step out and walk into the street.

Redmond twirls the gold Colt around on his finger.

John steps out into the middle of the street, the Glock still
tucked into the left side of his waistband. He fights hard to
hide his pain from Redmond -- taking short, shallow breaths.

The townsfolk, Martin Robinson, Logan and others WE know,
watch on.

The two men walk toward each other.

John and Redmond stop forty feet apart. Show down at high
noon.

REDMOND

I remember when we were kids, John,
how your family was a big deal in
this town. Father owned the bank.
Mother drove a Cadillac.

JOHN

He was the manager.

REDMOND

He *managed* to take our home from
us. My mother *managed* to kill
herself. Then I *managed* to have
cigarettes put out on me in every
foster home in Texas.

JOHN

Drop the gun, Shane. It's over.

REDMOND

The wheel keeps turning though,
right? Now I own the bank. Shit, I
own the whole town. And *your* family
members are the ones offing
themselves.

JOHN

You sure?

Redmond's eyebrow raises.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I have witness testimony naming you
as Matt's killer.

REDMOND

(faux shock)

Me? A killer?

He laughs -- too hard. Then gets suddenly seriousness.

REDMOND (CONT'D)

If you say so.

IN A FLASH-

Redmond yanks up his pistol.

John draws his gun at the same time and takes one long step
to the right...

just as Redmond FIRES his gold-plated .45.

John FIRES the Glock a half-second later.

REDMOND'S BULLET

passes over John's left shoulder, half an inch from his ear.

JOHN'S BULLET

hits Redmond in the chest. A gout of blood spurts from the back. It has penetrated the kevlar.

JOHN

keeps the Glock aimed at Redmond.

REDMOND

His .45 slips from his fingers and CLATTERS to the street. He collapses backwards.

JOHN

lowers his gun and walks to Redmond.

REDMOND (CONT'D)

(wheezing)

In... in the lobby. You said you
had a warrant. Was that bullshit?

Redmond coughs blood. He smiles with slimy red stains on his teeth.

John staggers to stay on his feet, losing blood himself.

JOHN

Failure to appear for a speeding
ticket in Big Bend State Park.

Redmond laughs through agony, coughing blood.

REDMOND

Fucking park ranger. Unbelievable..

They stare at each other.

REDMOND (CONT'D)

I grapple with thee. I stab at
thee...

(coughs more blood)

I spit my last breath at thee.

Redmond laughs one more time.

Then dies.

John keeps looking down at him. But glances up when he hears shuffling footsteps-

Robinson approaches John. Then Logan. They steady John.

Then more people come outside, among them the young mother John helped in the street. Then still more.

John looks up at the emerging crowd -- his face pale WHITE from blood loss. As he surveys, we catch a hint of something in his normally sorrowful eyes...

Hope.

SMASH TO BLACK

PRE-LAP: Birds CHIRPING...

162 EXT. BRIG & BREAKFAST - MORNING

162

John's Charger parked out front. White hot sun rays beam down.

163 INT. BRIG & BREAKFAST - MORNING

163

IN A BATHROOM

John pulls an undershirt onto his torso -- we catch a WELTED SCAR where the bullet had entered, letting us know this must be months later.

After a glance at his mirrored reflection, John leaves the bathroom and heads out into-

KENDALL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

John sees that Kendall is still sleeping. John quietly puts his hat and jacket on -- careful not to make a sound. But-

KENDALL (O.S.)
Not so fast cowboy.

IN BED

She has one eye open. And a playful smile. John heads over and kisses her.

KENDALL (CONT'D)
Now you can go.

That makes him smile.

JOHN
See you tomorrow.

He turns for the door—

INT. JOHN'S CAR - MOVING

John drives through the streets of Consequence, but it looks like a different town: pedestrians walking, storefronts open again, people smiling at John as he drives past...

He stops at a STOP SIGN to let someone cross. It is the mother he saved from the hold-up. Now helping a toddler across the crossing.

She smiles and waves. John waves back.

MOTHER
Morning, Sheriff.

JOHN
Morning.

EXT. THE CONSEQUENCE HOTEL - DAY

WE see John's Charger glide down main street, reach the hotel (recently repainted) and continue. More waves and greetings.

INT. JOHN'S CAR - MOVING

John presses the gas, he's heading *out of Consequence* --

EXT. TEXAS HIGHWAY - SUNSET

John's charger ROARING down a desert roadway as the searing, orange sun rises above a mountain peak.

The charger turns off at a green METAL SIGN:

"I-10 East, Houston"

WE HEAR:

A phone DIALING...DIALING...DIALING...

Until finally—

FRANCINE (V.O.)
Hey Dad.

John's charger keeps driving into the sunset.

JOHN (V.O.)
Hey Bunny.

THE END