

ROACHTOWN

by

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PREVIEW

FADE IN:

EXT. PUBLIC PAYPHONE - DAY

Sunlight blasts the side of the booth. In the background, harsh shadows spill across brown dirt.

Young unpainted lips press tightly into the mouthpiece of the phone handset. A GIRLS hand, wrapped around it, trembles. Her voice wavers, on the verge of tears.

GIRL

Please, I don't know where I am.
They won't tell me anything -- I'm
shittin' it here. I've called three
times now. Please, find me--

A CLICK behind her -- the call disconnected.

MAN (O.S.)

Ain't nobody givin' a crap 'bout
you now, missy. Back in the truck.

The girl is pulled violently from the booth, the handset left hanging in the breeze.

MAN (O.S.) (cont'd)

Pull that kinda shit again, I'm
gonna fuck you up.

O.S. a truck door SLAMS shut. An engine GROWLS, fades off into the distance.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Sun beat, barely paved, stretches to the horizon, splits a distant mountain range in two. Heat BILLOWS from the scorched earth.

A distant ROAR -- a five litre, V-8, approaches --

A BLACK ESCALADE thunders nearer. It chews gravel, slides to a halt. The engine shuts down -- a world of sound returns.

CASSANDRA FIELDS, model blonde, black skirt, white shirt, steps from the car, scans the view. Her stilettos are way out of place. She consults a small unresponsive GPS unit, bangs it once off the side of the car.

Nothing.

Fields chucks the useless gadget away, watches it fly. She reaches into the SUV, extracts a map. Old school it is.

She removes her shades, deep blue eyes get a clearer view of the map. She eyeballs the surrounding terrain.

(CONTINUED)

Then, recognition. She stabs a finger into the paper. Gotcha.

Fields flings the roughly folded map through the drivers window. She strides to the trunk of the car, opens it up.

Inside -- a tool kit, tire jack, cross wrench -- alone in the back. Fields picks them out, carries them around to the hood and drops everything beside the front tire. A quick look around -- still alone.

Fields takes a step back and removes a compact GLOCK 29 PISTOL from under her skirt, points it at the wheel, fires.

A dull THUD, and soft WHISTLE of air, as the radial empties under its own pressure.

At the rear of the suv -- BANG! -- She executes the spare tire mounted on the back.

Job done, Fields hides the Glock back up under her skirt. She picks up the shell casings, and sends them both after the GPS unit.

EXT. SUV CAB - DAY

Fields leans against the passenger door, sips from a water bottle. She waits.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

An old PICK UP truck, faded sky-blue paint job, trundles along the tarmac.

Fields pushes herself towards the road.

FIELDS

Here we go.

Fields sticks out a manicured hand, waves. The pick-up veers towards her, pulls in just behind her SUV.

AUBREY (30's), behind the wheel, fit but thin -- hasn't shaved in a week. Looks like he hasn't washed in the same. Greasy hair hangs from under a worn baseball cap. He climbs out cautiously.

AUBREY

Ma'am.

FIELDS

Hi there.

Aubrey approaches, hands jammed in the pockets of his jeans.

AUBREY

Car trouble?

(CONTINUED)

Fields blinks away her thought of 'No shit!' Smiles instead.

FIELDS
Puncture I guess. And the spare is
flat somehow.

Aubrey takes a quick peek at the flat up front. He turns to
the spare on the back.

FIELDS (cont'd)
It seemed fine this morning. But I
don't really know about these
things. My ex always did this kind
of thing.

Fields flashes Aubrey her best dumb blonde smile. Aubrey
takes off his hat, wipes his brow in the heat, smiles back.

AUBREY
Well Ma'am, your tire got shot.

FIELDS
(hand to her mouth)
Oh! Really?

Fields leans in to see, brushes against Aubrey just enough to
get him thinking. Aubrey licks his lips, wipes his face.

AUBREY
Sure were lucky. Happens round here
though. Folk been known to be hurt.

FIELDS
I could have been shot! I'm so
relieved you came along.

Aubrey hesitates, swallows, speaks.

AUBREY
I'm headed to town, I can -- can I
offer you a lift?

FIELDS
Oh that would be so kind. I've no
cell coverage here.

AUBREY
There's a hardware store in town,
they sometimes do some work on
cars. Got a garage at least. And a
pay phone in the bar across from
it.

FIELDS
Fantastic! Let me grab my things,
and I'm all yours.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

FRASER
Shelling, dazzle me.

SHELLING
Ballistics report on Agent Fields.

Fraser extends a hand, takes the offered report. The rest of the room's interest now piqued. Shelling acknowledges a few faces with a nervous smile.

Fraser scans the top sheet, closes the folder, exhales.

FRASER
Shit. That is some dazzling shit.

Shelling goes to speak, hesitates, then finds the words.

SHELLING
There's also a memo -- One of the SUV's is gone. Missing. Never signed out.

FRASER
A memo? Shit, there should have been alarms, loud noises! Hell, mild panic would have been appropriate. Don't ya think?

Shelling has nothing. Fraser turns to the room, singles out a woman in a dark grey suit, hair tied up, Ray Bans tucked into her breast pocket.

FRASER (cont'd)
Narewski?

NAREWSKI
Sir.

FRAZER
You're with Shelling. A car's missing. I want it back.
(to Shelling)
Fill her in on the road. And don't let her drive. Or navigate.
Actually, let her drive.

NAREWSKI, in a Wall Street suit, probably Victoria's Secret underneath, glances at Shelling, assesses him with one look --

NAREWSKI
You just outta high-school? You look like you're about to have your first ever job interview.

She walks out into the hallway. Shelling hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

SHELLING
 I'm-- I'm thirty one.
 (turning to Frazer)
 She knows that, right?

FRAZER
 Sure. OK. Go on-- scoot!

Shelling chases after Narewski. Frazer turns to the room, picks on a SUIT with a mug to his lips.

FRASER
 You! With the coffee -- Get me the
 garage on the phone.
 (almost to himself)
 I'm in an asshole tearing mood, a
 really big one.

INT. F.B.I. FIELD OFFICE - ELEVATOR BANK

Agent THOMPSON, (20's), embarrassing moustache under his nose, intercepts Shelling and Narewski as they wait.

THOMPSON
 (holding a sheet of paper)
 Here -- Fields home phone record. I
 think I have your starting point.

Shelling and Narewski glance down at the page. Shelling takes it in hand, passes it to Narewski.

THOMPSON (cont'd)
 Day of the shooting, three calls
 from the last number there -- all
 unanswered. A truck stop pay phone.
 In the ass-end of nowhere.

The elevator arrives, Shelling and Narewski step in.

NAREWSKI
 (holding up the sheet)
 After you get this to Frazer, do me
 a favour -- get rid of that insect
 under your nose.

The doors close on Thompson, selfconsciously rubbing his upper lip.

INT. AUBREY'S TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

Both windows are rolled down, no AIR-CON on this old hog. Fields casually drums her fingers on the door panel. A light breeze fills the cab. Most of it rattles as Aubrey keeps the truck at a steady sixty-five.

(CONTINUED)

Aubrey glances over at Fields, wipes some sweat from his face, turns his attention back to the road.

AUBREY

Only locals use this road, mostly.
Every other folk go by interstate.
You're lucky I was passing, Ma'am.

FIELDS

(looking at passing
scenery)
Cass, please. So I'm your first
hitcher today?

Aubrey cocks a head.

AUBREY

First good deed too. Though, I
picked up a teenager, maybe a week
back. Fine looking girl. Untouched
I'd say.

Fields slowly, deliberately, watches Aubrey.

FIELDS

Teenager? Alone?

AUBREY

Y'up. Real smooth skin too. Like
yours.
(turning, smiling)
Just younger.

Fields breaks out the big Hollywood smile.

FIELDS

Obviously. I'm well clear of my
teens.

AUBREY

Not by much, I'd say. You're a fine
example of woman.

FIELDS

Shucks. Was she headed someplace
nice? The girl?

Aubrey's face contorts into a grin laced with wickedness.

AUBREY

No idea. Sat right where you are,
all the way to town. Hardly spoke a
word. Never saw her again.

The little grin never leaves his face. Fields keeps her hand close to the Glock.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Aubrey's truck drives past a worn out sign shoved into the grass verge:

WELCOME TO ROTTSFIELD
POPULATION ~~453~~ ~~348~~ 217

EXT. ROTTSFIELD - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Harsh sunlight drenches Store fronts that haven't seen fresh paint in decades. A bar -- a diner -- hardware store. Businesses dying. Or dead already.

A LINCOLN sits gathering dust near the hardware store. Dried mud obscures the County Sheriff's logo on the side.

Sheriff REXTON and a Deputy FLINT, according to their name badges, stare out the windshield, sweating in the heat.

From the hardware store, an OLD CODGER staggers out, tripping over a display of cheap steel buckets.

OLD CODGER (DISTANT)
I knows you don't sell beer, pays
to check once in a while.

The drunk waves himself back into a standing position and slowly waddles off down the road.

INT. LINCOLN

Deputy Flint moves uncomfortably in his faux leather seat, pokes a hand behind his back.

REXTON
You actually gonna scratch that damn itch? All your shaking is making me nauseous. I don't like being nauseous.

FLINT
(still scratching)
That'd be the heat making you nauseous. You should drink more. Fluids they say. Could be heat stroke.

REXTON
They say? How about I stroke you across the back of the head with my Smith and Wesson?

The scratching stops.

(CONTINUED)

REXTON (cont'd)

Shit. Why you so green, Puppy? You still reading all those books? Regurgitating their shit? That don't make a man. You wanna be a man, right? That's down to experience. And you've got jack-shit of it. Stick with me, Puppy, we'll get you some real experience. Do your momma proud. Patience. She ever tell you that?

Flint nods as Rexton looks across the empty square, rubs a palm up his forehead and under his stetson.

REXTON (cont'd)

Time to decamp to the bar, seek some refreshment. Fluids.

Flint goes to open the passenger door. Rexton puts a hand on his deputy's arm.

REXTON (cont'd)

Hold it now boy. Stay.

Flint follows Rexton's gaze towards the edge of the square as

AUBREY'S PICK-UP

comes to a jarring stop outside the CANNONDALE SALOON.

Aubrey slides out of the cab, slams the door, and shoves his hands in his pockets.

Fields appears, glides around the truck, throws her hair over her shoulder.

REXTON (cont'd)

Ho-ly shit. Would ya look at what the dog dragged home today.

FLINT

Hooker?

REXTON

That drug sniffing piece of shit wouldn't know a hooker if she came with a how-to diagram.

FLINT

Lawyer then.

REXTON

Then he'd be needing a whole series of diagrams. And a fancy degree.

They watch Aubrey follow Fields into the bar. Fields takes a good long look around as she goes.

(CONTINUED)

REXTON (cont'd)
No. She's something else.

INT. CANNONDALE SALOON - DAY

It's a shit hole. Somebody may have once given a damn, but there's no evidence of that now. Empty booths gather dust. One is occupied by two men: BOBBY and BILLY. Aubrey goes to them.

Fields stiletto's echo off the dusty floor boards as she strides towards the bar.

A PAY PHONE is mounted on the wall in a small alcove to the right. At the table below it, an old GENTLEMAN sticks a screwdriver into something in front of him, and twists.

AT THE BAR

Fields straddles a stool, nods at FERRIS, the barman. At the far end, a cowboy, BURKE, clutches a cold beer. A tan stetson hides his eyes.

FERRIS
(to Fields)
How-do.

A filthy cloth is over his shoulder, his jaw actively chews gum under a few days beard growth.

FIELDS
Pay phone working?

FERRIS
Y'up.
(points at the alcove)
Soon as Boone finishes fixin' it.

Fields watches BOONE destroy what she now recognizes as the phones handset.

FIELDS
I guess I can wait.

FERRIS
Cellular gizmo not working?

FIELDS
No signal.

She smiles lightly at him.

FERRIS
Yeah. People round here took a dislikin' to those antenna things the company wanted to erect.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FERRIS (cont'd)

So they put the nearest one a fair ways away. Near as I can tell, it's outta state.

He flashes crooked teeth and a smile at her.

FIELDS

Figures. Got anything over a decade old with the words Single Malt on it?

FERRIS

Eh, whiskey? I got some Jack back here.

FIELDS

Fine. Straight up, and a bottle of Bud, thanks.

Ferris pivots away.

FERRIS

You betcha.

Fields takes in the bar, sees Aubrey and his gang looking right at her, grinning, staring.

The order is placed in front of Fields. She leaves a TWENTY down, drains the bourbon, washes it down with a swig of beer.

FOOTSTEPS from behind, getting closer. Fields tenses, takes another drink.

Rexton steps between her stool and the next, close enough that his revolver presses against her hip. He drops his hat onto the bar, looks down at Fields.

REXTON

Hey Ferris! Two beers. On account.

Fields looks over her shoulder -- Flint stands awkwardly near the door, his attention between the bar and Aubrey's gang.

Ferris delivers two cold Buds. Rexton knocks back the first, takes a swig from the second, and turns to Fields.

REXTON (cont'd)

That's what a hot day ordered. You workin'?

FIELDS

Sure am.

Rexton flicks his eyes at Aubrey.

REXTON

You a hooker?

(CONTINUED)

FIELDS

Real estate. I sell houses, nothing more. Unless you want to offer me six figures.

Fields offers a smile. Rexton relaxes, takes a drink. And a long look at Fields legs with it.

REXTON

Strange company for a realtor.

Fields follows Rexton's stare.

FIELDS

Two flats. He picked me up a few miles out, was kind enough to direct me here, to that phone.

Rexton follows Fields pointing finger over to Boone as he continues to butcher the pay phone.

REXTON

G'luck getting that to dial out.

FIELDS

Yeah. I think I'll go find another.

Fields drains her beer, slides off the stool.

REXTON

Hardware store across the street. Maybe.

FIELDS

I'll check it out.

REXTON

And don't drink and drive.

Rexton watches her walk away, his eyes locked firmly on her ass. Fields glances at Aubrey as she exits.

FIELDS

Appreciate the ride.

EXT. CANNONDALE SALOON - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

The door swings shut behind Fields. She exhales, searches the square.

Outside the hardware store, MCELDRY, a middle-aged man, jet black stetson on his head, well groomed moustache on his face, loads a modern BLACK PICK-UP with feed by.

Aubrey and his two friends emerge from the bar.

(CONTINUED)

FIELDS

Boys?

Bobby, scruffy in a dirty t-shirt, pushes the smaller kid forward.

BOBBY

Go on Billy, ask her.

BILLY

Fuck you Bobby.

AUBREY

Hey assholes! Be polite!

Fields looks around. McEldry is gone, truck bed wide open.

BOBBY

Okay, okay. We hear you ain't got a man-friend? Billy here wants 'a ask you out.

FIELDS

You don't need to be concerned with that, Bobby.

Bobby moves closer, bearing his teeth.

BOBBY

How 'bout we go somewhere and all three of us get concerned together?

BILLY

But there's four of us.

AUBREY

Don't pay no mind, Billy. He's just playin' with you. Now, Cassandra, I think maybe you be owin' me a little something? Maybe share it around with my friends?

Aubrey and Bobby move in. Fields takes a step back, poised, ready to turn and run. Or point and shoot.

The bar door swings open -- Burke steps out, positions himself between Bobby and Fields.

BURKE

Not civil to upset a lady her first day in town. Walk away now.

BOBBY

Fuck you fagot.

Burke's fist SMASHES into Bobby's face, knocks him down the steps and onto the dirt. Anger races across Aubrey's face. Billy steps back.

(CONTINUED)

BURKE
I think it's best the three of you
leave of your own accord.

Aubrey glances from Fields to Burke and back again. His nostrils flare, but he stays put. From behind --

MCELDRY (O.S.)
Best do like he says.

At the base of the steps, brandishing a lever action RIFLE, McEldry.

No one's arguing with a rifle -- even three idiots.

AUBREY
Let's back it up.

Aubrey and Billy grab Bobby, and bundle him into Aubrey's truck. It screeches out of town the way it came in. Bobby hangs out the passenger window.

BOBBY
Wait til Callahan hears about this,
fagot!

Burke faces Fields.

BURKE
You okay?

FIELDS
Yeah. Thanks.

BURKE
Don't mention it.

FIELDS
Buy you a drink?

BURKE
(grinning)
Maybe next time.

He walks down onto the dirt, tips his hat at McEldry.

BURKE (cont'd)
McEldry.

McEldry replies in kind, salutes Fields.

MCELDRY
Ma'am.

Fields watches McEldry climb into his truck, steer it out of town. Burke crosses the square and enters Harden's Hardware.

Before Fields can move, Rexton steps out, Flint on his heel. He places his Aviator's over his eyes, leans on the rail.

REXTON
You okay, Ma'am?

FIELDS
Fine.

REXTON
Okay.

Rexton marches over to the patrol car, followed by Flint. Fields watches them drive off.

FIELDS
(to herself)
Hey Cassandra, welcome to
Rottsfield, the weirdest little
shithole you ever did see.

INT. HARDEN'S HARDWARE - DAY

Products are outdated, the fixtures are in need of a good spit and polish. In the background, a tired RADIO pours out an old tune. On the wall --

An OLD WINCHESTER RIFLE.

The only shiny thing in the place.

BEN HARDEN stands behind the counter, a heavy apron hung around his neck, a portly belly wrapped in a check shirt. His aging, bald head wears a handsome grin -- It's not every day an attractive woman comes to town.

BEN
That's a mighty pretty lady you
were courtin' out there, Burke.

Burke, beside an up-right FRIDGE, throws a grin Ben's way.

BURKE
She'll be over here any minute, you
watch. Be needin' your phone.

BEN
Oh my.
(holds up an aging phone)
This one?

Burke takes two bottled waters from a shelf, places them on the counter, along with five dollars.

BURKE
Say she's lookin' for something
more hi-tech. But you never know.

(CONTINUED)

Ben looks lost.

BEN
Oh. She told you?

BURKE
Overheard.
(leans closer, grins)
She is pretty though.

BEN
You got the better look, Burke. And
better eyes.

Burke squints out through the door, watches Fields cross the dusty square, when -- out of nowhere --

AUBREY'S TRUCK

Blasts onto the square, slides in front of Fields as --

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

The passenger door springs violently open, SMACKS Fields with a sick THUNK. She's on the ground before she can react.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

BURKE
Balls.

Burke bolts through the entrance onto the --

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

and sprints at Aubrey's pick-up. Too late. Bobby drags a stunned Fields inside the cab.

FIELDS LEG

hangs out the open door, as the engine growls and pulls the truck out of town.

BURKE

slides to the spot as an expensive shoe bounces across the dirt.

THE PICK-UP

swerves around a corner, disappears. Burke picks up the black stiletto, as people emerge from behind store fronts.

BURKE
Fuck it.

(CONTINUED)

He sprints to a scruffy RED TRUCK across the street. Engine GROWLING, he fishtails away after them.

INT. AUBREY'S TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

Aubrey wrestles the wheel, steers the truck over rough ground.

In the back -- Fields is on the floor, face bloodied. The barrel of a MAGNUM .45 inches from her nose.

On the other end of the gun, Bobby, rifles through Fields shoulder bag with his free hand. He pulls out a REVOLVER.

BOBBY

She's travelling light. Bitch has a
twenty two, and fuck all else.

(to Fields)

Ain't plannin' on stayin' long,
huh? That shit just changed.

He grins down at Fields. Another pass through the bag and he finds a billfold wallet.

BOBBY (cont'd)

What's this now?

He flips the wallet open wide. His eyes follow suit as he reads. It's an I.D. From the front, Billy watches Bobby's face. Aubrey notes it, glances behind.

AUBREY

Well?

BOBBY

Looks like we got us a real big
fish. Straight fresh from the city
aquarium.

Bobby leans forward, holds the I.D. out to Aubrey.

AUBREY

Holy shit. Ho-ly shit!

EXT. SIDE ROAD - DAY

The Lincoln slows, stops. The engine idles down, radiator creaks.

INT. LINCOLN - DAY

Rexton wipes substantial perspiration from his brow. Flint stares out the windshield.

(CONTINUED)

REXTON
Sure is a hot one.

FLINT
Sure is.

Rexton clears his throat.

REXTON
How's that pretty little wife of
yours these days?

FLINT
Marissa's doing fine.

REXTON
That's good. That's good. No little
deputies riding into view?

FLINT
I mean we've been trying, but --

REXTON
You ain't been blessed you with a
child just yet, I understand.

FLINT
Somethin' like that.

Rexton fans his sweaty face with his hat.

REXTON
Well maybe the Lord took a dislike
to you being a pussy. Getting no
manly experience behind you.

Rexton stabs his deputy's shoulder with his hat.

REXTON (cont'd)
Hey now, I'm just playin'.

Flint visibly relaxes. A suspicious grin appears on his face.

REXTON (cont'd)
Listen now. I want to share
something with you, and I need to
be sure it stays just between us,
see? You do that?

FLINT
Sure I can.

REXTON
You sure?

FLINT
Sure I'm sure.

(CONTINUED)

Rexton eyes flick across Flints face.

REXTON
Okay then.

Rexton steps out, walks to the trunk. Flint looks back through the rear window.

REXTON (cont'd)
(from outside)
Come on out here, Puppy.

EXT. LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

Flint comes along side the trunk as Rexton pops it open. Bags of white powder. COCAINE. The trunk is filled with it.

FLINT
Sweet Jesus. That cocaine?

REXTON
It ain't powdered milk.

FLINT
You're not looking to sell it?

REXTON
What do you think I am? I don't deal in this shit. This here is Callahan's. Last night, after you'd gone home to your life of sterility, I acquired it from a couple of his runners.

Flint lets the jibe go.

FLINT
You don't think he'll want it?

REXTON
Of course he'll want it! That's why we're going to bring it to him. Maybe claim a finders fee. I've been in this back scratchin' business for long enough. Bout time Callahan paid me some mind.

FLINT
Me? What do I do?

REXTON
Nothing. Sweet nothing. Just keep it between us, like I said. Maybe if shit goes south, you back me up?

FLINT
That's all?

(CONTINUED)

REXTON

Yes, that's all. It ain't complicated. Look, Puppy, I know you're inexperienced an' all, but this's how things have been around here for some time. Salary ain't what it used to be. Only goes so far. Needs topping up.

Rexton puts hand on Flints shoulder.

REXTON (cont'd)

Now I'm bringing you in on this arrangement as a courtesy, see. There may be a finders fee in it for you too, you play nice. Buy the wife something pretty.

Flint looks like he bit his tongue. He squints at the coke.

FLINT

How pretty?

A broad shit-eating grin spreads across Rexton's face.

REXTON

Shit, Puppy, you had me going there! Wow-wee.

As Rexton laughs, a battered BROWN PICK-UP trundle to a stop beside them. Boone winds his window down.

The trunk is wide open. The pile of coke can easily be seen.

BOONE

Afternoon Sheriff, Flint.

Boone hasn't seen the drugs.

REXTON

Boone.

BOONE

Everything okay? You needin' a tow?

REXTON

No, we're fine. Thought we may have hit an animal a ways back. Just checking the body work.

BOONE

Okee dokee.

Boone glances around. Flint is paralysed. Rexton slowly puts a hand to the trunk lid and begins to close it -- Just as Boone looks right at the coke. He cannot look away.

(CONTINUED)

Rexton SLAMS the trunk lid down, the BANG shakes Boone from his gaze. The old man nods a goodbye and races off as fast as his beat up truck will let him.

Flint watches him go. Rexton is already at the drivers door, the big grin from moments ago consigned to history.

REXTON

Get in. We've got business with
Callahan.

Flint obliges, slowly. He stares after the dust cloud in Boone's wake.