

SUNSET LIMITED

Written by

Charlton Metcalf

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A crop-duster screams out of the high noon sun above the Arizona scrub desert.

DYER THE FLYER

Ladies and gentlemen we will be
landing in just a minute, please
bare with us.

The crop-duster banks hard to the left down towards an expansive Crayola red warehouse barn.

DYER THE FLYER (CONT'D)

The temp is a cool hundred and ten
in the shade. Enough to have Duke
Wayne himself beggin' for AC

The plane sharply loops down racing to an immediate landing, engine belching beside the barn. Hard dust fly's everywhere.

The cockpit canopy slams back and DYER THE FLYER a sinewy grizzled man of around seventy five yanks a tween girl up by her hair from between his legs.

He stares eyeball to eyeball with the young terrified girl dressed in a training bra and pink panties tight around her candy fat.

Chewing tobacco drools out of the corner of Dyer The Flyers mouth spreading out into his dry cracked lips.

DYER THE FLYER (CONT'D)

Your Shangri-La awaits.

He pulls the girl onto the wing and drags her stumbling off onto the sun scorched dirt.

The girls SCREAMS and takes off in a frantic barefoot dash towards a distant butte.

DYER THE FLYER (CONT'D)

(laughing maniacally)

They got HBO inside the barn baby
child.

Grinning, Dyer the Flyer creeps back into the plane, coughs it back to life and takes off tilting his wings into the unforgiving sun.

Gasping, the limp legged tween falls to her chin, maddened out of breath.

She stumbles up in a distraught panting, her nails dug into her knees.

Suddenly she's in a twisted screaming sprint to the barn.

Smacking hard and denting door she SCREAMS again then slides slowly down the metal, her top lip stretching up and bleeding.

Sobbing out of her mind, she leans up crooked and slumped.

The mammoth barn door skid creaks open.

The girl stumbles back and squints up surprised.

A slender arm snatches out and yanks her in.

FEMALE VOICE IN BARN (O.S.)
Well bless your heart.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN - DAY

ROMAN GRANT an attractive man in his thirties sprints on top of an Amtrak train snaking through the Arizona desert, his burning muscles stretching his dark blue sharkskin suit taut.

Grants black Berluti shoes suddenly kick high as he seamlessly strides onto the next train car.

He kicks strong and launches again, flying down on top of the dinning car.

Grant suddenly skid flips into a push up at the end of the car.

GRANT
There you are pussy.

Grant reaches down between the train cars.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Gotcha.

EXT. AMTRAK TRAIN - DAY

Grant is on top of the train, strolling back the other way.

A large fluffy black feline vaults up onto his shoulder from his arms.

GRANT
Get a pet they said.

Grant hops onto the last car in the line.

GRANT (CONT'D)
They relax you, bring peace to your
life.

Grant twist the cat off of his should bringing it face to
face.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Cats are easy. They sleep all day
and go in a box.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN - DAY

The door in the back of an Amtrak sleeper car slides open and
in jumps Grant cradling his cat.

GRANT
In we go Cash, you got all pig
iron.

Grant raps on the first bedroom door in an off meter top
forty pattern.

The door shifts open a bit and Grant tosses the kitty in.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Indoor cat please Duracell. She's
on her ninth life and I'm on ten
chasing after her.

DURACELL (O.S.)
(woman's voice)
You almost deserve it.

Grants palms the glass of the door and drifts it shut.

GRANT
I've been slandered.

DURACELL
You have glitter on your cheek.

Grant laughs out loud, turns and heads up the hallway along
the row of windows with the desert scrub racing by.

Behind him through the glass of half of the cars back door,
train tracks stretch and snake into the distance.

INT. AMRAK TRAIN - DAY

Grant kicks at the auto opener at the bottom of the car door and strides through to the next car.

He gazes at the butte in the far distance ahead then glances around grinning as he sees the porter.

GRANT
Hey, how was Monaco?

The porter high fives Grant with style.

RHYLAND
Thanks for the suggestion, the wife loved it. Had a blast losing my money.

GRANT
Your money?

RHYLAND
I'm thinking of becoming a croupier for better tips.

GRANT
Well there is that.

RHYLAND
Got to use my French for fun.

GRANT
Super yacht?

RHYLAND
(laughing)
No We stayed on a train.

GRANT
See it gets in your soul, you can't get it out.

Grant turns and waves goodbye back over his head.

RHYLAND
Ridin' in style now.

GRANT
We should have been hobos Rhyland, we should have been hobos.

Grants kicks and glides through the next car door.

INT. AMRAK TRAIN - DAY

Grant stops short after the door drifts close.

MALE CUSTOMER

(angry voice)

I want a burger, No Pickles! Do you think you can handle that?

MARLENE a dinning car waiter in her forties spikes her hands onto her hips.

MARLENE

I'll see if the chef is still hungover.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Bet you win all the talent shows.

MARLENE

Always second place.

MALE CUSTOMER

Dill or sweet, to make it easy.

MARLENE

I relish the thought.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

There is no lemon in my water? How am I ever supposed to drink this swill.

MALE CUSTOMER

For every PICKLE I receive I'll be mad enough DESTROY a city.

MARLENE

That evil villain impression could win you the talent contest.

Grant pushes up off of the glass door and slowly dances past the commotion, waving over his head back to Marlene.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

How fancy is that guys suit?

MARLENE

So... One water With lemon, two burgers, one no pickles?

FEMALE CUSTOMER

I don't like the pickle on mine
when I eat my burger but I loves
the wisp of pickle flavor it
leaves.

MARLENE

I could ask the chef to just
sprinkle a bit of pickle juice on
the bun?

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Oh that would be nice thank you.
But sprinkle it on the burger
instead.

MARLENE

On the burger instead... Got it.

MALE CUSTOMER

Aren't you going to write any of
this down?

Grant comes bursting through the car door sporting a chefs
hat raising a small plate and gripping a glass of water with
the rim packed tight with lemon wedges.

Grant bangs the lemon vase on the table.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

For you sweet Madame I have a nice
bouquet of oh so tangy lemon water.
And for you Sir?

Grant spin bangs down a plate of three pickles with ketchup
cursive written on the rim on the plate.

GRANT

Phoenix, Albuquerque and Roswell.
The last one 'cause enough of that
UFO crap, am I right?

The male customer squints his eyes and grits his teeth as he
compresses his booth back cushion.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Now this is how you do lemon!

Marlene slips by popping the chefs hat off of Grant.

MARLENE

Got it no pickles.

INT. AMRAK TRAIN - DAY

The dining car is half full with lunch munchers. The sour combo having moved on, Grant is sitting alone in a booth finishing a bite of an angus burger heaped high with pickles.

Marlene strolls up to Grant with a towering Cheshire grin giving a slow clap.

GRANT
(to Marlene)
Burgers got a briny snap to it.

MARLENE
I know what my customers deserve.

Grants wipes his mouth with a monogrammed napkin.

GRANT
Am I getting a paper today?

MARLENE
I'll go see how good the papergirls
throw was.

Marlene chatters down the isle collecting a few parsley plates and dead soldiers.

Grant sips a Vader black coffee and glances up between cooling blows at the montage of desert scrub.

As Grant savors in his caffeine, a very attractive woman JENNY around thirty wearing a vanity shirt, bright red sweat pants and heels plops down in the booth right across from him.

Grant immediately does a small spit take towards the isle.

JENNY
Handsome and with manners what an
existence.

GRANT
(very monotone)
If it isn't Jenny bananas, still
putting your googly eyes on
everything.

Jenny holds up her Uma Thurman Kill Bill watch and shakes the googly eyes on it.

GRANT (CONT'D)
How did you find me?

JENNY
I see the gangs all here.

GRANT
Why?

JENNY
Can't a girl visit?

GRANT
Mission from God?

Grant wipes his lips and tips a sip of coffee.

JENNY
It's time we tell him.

GRANT
What? You said you never wanted to?

JENNY
He deserves to know.

GRANT
Now?

JENNY
He knows it's someone,
unfortunately it's you.

GRANT
I've lived a long time
compartmentalizing it.

JENNY
He's been asking.

Two large men dressed in tourist shorts and shirts, ninety percent Slavic if they ever tried acestory.com, look around as they plunk down in the booth across the isle from Grant and Jenny.

Grant glances over and smiles big and fake.

GRANT
That makes me look horrible when it
was your idea not to say anything.

JENNY
He'll understand.

GRANT
Oh I don't think he will.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Your know their minds.

JENNY
Oh trust me I do.

Jenny shakes her googly Kill Bill watch in Grants face.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Relax.

GRANT
Oh I'm very relaxed. This is your
doing.

JENNY
Hey you helped.

Marlene glides into the dinning car and over to Grant and drops a folded newspaper beside his pickle burger with one missing bite. A surprised look comes across her face.

MARLENE
Special delivery.

Marlene starts to turn to the Slavic tourist booth.

JENNY
Hi Marlene.

MARLENE
(over annunciating)
Oh hi how are you, Still breaking
hearts?

JENNY
You're always so peppy with a kind
word.

MARLENE
I should loan you my Nobel peace
prize.

Marlene turns to the clenched jawed tourist motioning she'll be right back.

JENNY
I think I broke her heart.

GRANT
I wouldn't order anything if I were
you.

Jenny reaches over grabbing Grants coffee, takes a gulp, then rocks the cup back down in front of him.

JENNY

We can tell him this afternoon.

GRANT

He's here? You brought him?

JENNY

Why wouldn't I bring him?

GRANT

Oh I don't know, I'm working.

JENNY

Well you were working or should I say because you were working is the reason I'm with him now.

SAWYER a six year old boy bounces into the dinning car and scampers up to the Burly tourist booth.

SAWYER

You two look like villain's from a cartoon.

GOON 1

Out.

SAWYER

Sound like it too.

GOON 2

We're Santa's helpers checking up to see if you're being naughty or nice.

GOON 1

You got a toy on the list kid?

Grant stares over at the two men.

GRANT

They're not villain's, they're French. No harm at all, totally docile.

Santa's tourist helpers stare back and smirk.

JENNY

Sawyer get over here and sit down right now, always bothering.

Sawyer spins and jumps up into the booth right up next to Grant.

Grant, very surprised squirms over a bit. Sawyer scoots right next to him and looks up.

Jenny tosses a napkin in front of Sawyer, grabs the burger and shakes the pickles off onto it then takes a colossal bite of the burger.

SAWYER

Why are you in that fancy suit?

GRANT

Oh... I'm at work.

SAWYER

What do you do on a train? My Mom's an accountant.

GRANT

I heard things add up around her.

Grant opens the newspaper looks stoically at it then folds it back down, pressing and creasing it against the table.

SAWYER

You have any kids?

GRANT

I'm thinking maybe, someday soon.

SAWYER

I hope it's a boy. What's the point of girls you know.

Jenny nods and she chews another burger bite.

GRANT

I'm beginning to wonder that myself.

Sawyer scoops a pickle into his mouth.

Marlene glides in with two waters setting them down on the Santa's tourist table then spinning back out just as they start to growl.

SAWYER

I know where babies come from.

Jenny smiles big while chewing her burger bite.

GRANT

Oh Wow Uh... That's a good thing to know I guess?

SAWYER

Does the doctor watch you do it?

Jenny just nods her head.

GRANT

I don't think so, but now I'm thinking they probably should.

SAWYER

We're going home to New Orleans, where are you going?

Grant nods at Jenny.

GRANT

New Orleans?

SAWYER

Well where you going?

GRANT

San Simon.

SAWYER

I read Geronimo surrendered around there.

GRANT

I think I might to.

SAWYER

You have name? I'm Sawyer.

Jenny gives Sawyer a thumbs up as she chomps another bite.

GRANT

They call me Grant.

SAWYER

Like that drunk President we had?

Jenny cough laughs a bit.

GRANT

I could use a beer... My first name is Roman.

SAWYER

Wow, with that suite and that name
I'll bet your a spy.

Grant stares wide-eyes at Jenny as she gulps another bite.

GRANT

Nope no spy, I'm just an
accountant.

SAWYER

That makes sense my Mom travels a
lot to.

GRANT

She can sure eat a burger.

SAWYER

Watch this Grant.

Sawyer flips a pickle towards his mouth but too far to his
side. He pushes his arm out to catch himself and bumps the
cup of coffee into Grants lap.

Grant leaps up brushing his groin banging his thighs hard on
the table.

GRANT

Ahhh!! Shhhhhh!!

JENNY

Sawyer. We've talked about you
showing off.

Santa's tourist laugh deep in a low chortle.

Grant gives a cold smile back their way.

SAWYER

I would have cussed, I know all the
words.

GRANT

Your Mom can sure eat a burger.

JENNY

And I had plans for tonight.

SAWYER

Did I burn your penis? I zipped
mine up once. Man to man that hurt
like shit.

Grant rubs the side of his face smiling.

JENNY
Sawyer! Only at home.

Jenny clutches a huge clump of napkins, stands up and reaches over the table to dab Grants pants.

SAWYER
(snatching the napkins)
I can do it, I'm closer.

Grant launches up again banging his thighs hard again and his head over on the window.

Grant Grabs the napkins from Sawyer and gingerly dabs.

GRANT
Shit!

SAWYER
See don't you feel better already.
Saying Goddamn really feels good.

Jenny grabs up the last bite of burger.

JENNY
Sawyer that's enough.

GRANT
No, I'm sure he's right.

The conductor CURTIS NEAL makes an announcement over the intercom.

CURTIS (O.S.)
San Simon, San Simon next stop,
three miles.

Santa's tourist look all around out of the windows.

JENNY
We should go ahead and tell him
now.

Grant glances down at Sawyer then up staring into Jenny's batting eyes.

SAWYER
Tell who what?

JENNY
Well Sawyer, you know how you've
been asking who your Daddy--

GRANT
I really have to get off the train.

JENNY
Well...

Grant grabs the paper and flips it open, facing in front of Jenny.

In black sharpie diagonal around the front page is written San Simon.

Santa's tourist nose over a look.

SAWYER
Well what about him?

JENNY
We think it's time to tell you that-
-

GRANT
I think I know your Daddy.

SAWYER
You do?

JENNY
(WTF look)
Oh he knows him very well.

GRANT
And I'm going to get off of the train and look for him at the next stop.

JENNY
You are?

SAWYER
Wow that's great! Can I come too?

GRANT
No, an accountant always works alone you know that. Have to concentrate on the numbers

SAWYER
I knew it.

JENNY
Yeah we'd hate to see anything happen to Grants concentration.

Jenny reaches over, snags some pickles throws one up into her mouth and flips another at Grant who catches it in on his tongue and winks.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Anything at all.

SAWYER
I have some Chinese throwing stars.
Saved up my allowance.

GRANT
I use shuriken, Japanese hand
blades with poison tips.

SAWYER
Two hands, tap, tap am I right?

JENNY
Anything at all...

GRANT
Something like that kid.

The train whistle blows.

CURTIS (O.S.)
San Simon, pulling into San Simon.

Grant starts to scoot Sawyer over so he can get up.

GRANT
If I find him kid I'll send him to
New Orleans.

JENNY
We'll all be waiting, I'm sure.

Sawyer hops up into the isle leaning on the Santa tourist table.

GRANT
I'll have him call first of course.

SAWYER
I'll have to get a PS5 now Mom. So
we can all play in style.

JENNY
Maybe Grant can forward that along
to.

Grant grins nodding his head at Jenny.

The train slows and screeches as its whistle blows again.

CURTIS
San Simon, San Simon!

Grant hops up rubbing Sawyers head.

SAWYER
Sure wish I could go.

GRANT
Maybe next time kid.

JENNY
Alright Sawyer set back down, I'll
get us some lunch and lets let
Grant live up to his
responsibilities.

GRANT
(to Jenny)
You should have my burger since I
have to go.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Well Kid?

Grant glides up his hand and salutes Sawyer.

Sawyer snaps a salute back.

Jenny glances down smirking at the front of Grants wet suit pants.

SAWYER
I'm sure everything will add up.
Wish I could go.

GRANT
You take care of your Mom, you're
the man.

JENNY
More of a man than others.

The train shrieks and shudders to a complete stop.

The lemon water bouquet woman burst into the dinning car sour as ever.

FEMALE CUSTOMER
Why are we stopping here? Amtrak
doesn't stop here. This isn't
scheduled at all.

(MORE)

FEMALE CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

Not even a station here? This is slowing us down. I have dinner reservations at Brigtsen's. Where's that damn conductor?

GRANT

Medical emergency stop I believe.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

(going through the next car door)

I feel fine.

Grant salutes Jenny and rubs Sawyers head one more time then runs towards the car door, looks back and smiles then dashes out of the door.

Santa's tourist shoot up fast and bumble out of the dinner car.

Sawyers leans up and looks all around out the window at the empty scrub desert.

The train starts to jolt forward with no sign of Grant outside.

JENNY

He probably got off on the other side.

Sawyer slants up and looks out across through the other windows.

The train starts to roll a little faster.

SAWYER

I'm gonna go look out the next cars windows.

Sawyer dashes for the door.

JENNY

If you see that sweet waitress send her in. Nuggets and another burger please?

SAWYER

Nuggets, tots, choco milk!

Sawyer zips through the door.

Jenny turns and stares out the window as Grant appears stretching up with a small scratch on his forehead

Jenny yanks the window curtains closed shaking her head.

EXT. SAN SIMON - DAY

Grant straightens the front of his suitcoat and pull it down straight over the damp remains of fatherhood.

GRANT

I could be a Dad. Ones enough
though.

Grant presses the scratch on his forehead as he watches the Sunset Limited pick up speed and wind into the distance.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN DINNING CAR - DAY

Jenny glances at the menu then flips it over as she reaches for another pickle off of Sawyers napkin.

A little red light is flashing on a small black box attached underneath the table where the Santa tourist were sitting.

Jenny parts and peaks out of the curtains exhaling in a long slow blow.

EXT. SAN SIMON - DAY

Grant snaps out a pair of mirrored sunglasses and slides them on and stares up at the relentless sun.

He take one step and his Bertuli's squish into a pile of dark green excrement.

Grant looks down in disgust as her scrapes and grinds it off on the sandy gravelly soil.

GRANT

Damn aliens.

Grant surveys the horizon and spots a cluster of ramshackle shacks under a crooked TV antenna.

Surrounding the shacks are burned out cars with no tires and piles of old tar railroad ties.

Assorted off brand trash dust devils around a sun scorched Kawasaki motorcycle, half buried in sand.

Something makes a sound behind Grant and he spins around with lightning fast reflexes.

He can hear the sun baking the rocks.

Grant strides determined towards the paint peeled shacks.

Walking up, he spy's three meth amigos leaning on there dreams.

GRANT (CONT'D)

HEY!

The men don't move as Grant strolls up.

AMIGO 1

Who the fuck are you.

Grant slides his sunglasses up on top of his head.

GRANT

How are you gentlemen today?

AMIGO 2

He said who the fuck are you?

GRANT

You grammar geeks the welcoming committee.

Amigo 3 casually lift his arm up from behind his back flipping open a switchblade.

AMIGO 3

Now I wanna know. Who the fuck you are. Trains don't stop here.

GRANT

One of you poop in the scrub over by the tracks and forget to clean it up?

AMIGO 1

He looks like some kind of Ken doll in that suit.

GRANT

Anatomically correct if you're asking.

Amigo 1 starts to lunge at Grant but switchblade amigo motions him back.

AMIGO 3

I love watchin' buzzards circle in the sky. It's a thing of beauty.

GRANT

Condors are my favorite, such a majestic wing span. Really can tear out big chunks of meat to.

Amigo 2 pushes up off of the shack knocking a weathered board off.

AMIGO 3

Trying my patience, Who the FUCK are you!

A rattlesnake slithers by on the graveled sand next to Grants Bertuli's

The amigos straighten up a bit.

GRANT

Oh I'm the Mayor.

AMIGO 3

Mayor of what?

Grants strikes down with his hand and snatches up the coiling snake.

GRANT

The rattlesnakes.

Grant grabs the tail, shaking and ratteling it at the amigo's as they jump back into the shack.

GRANT (CONT'D)

I'm looking to rent a plane with a pilot, any of you buzzard dudes fly? Other than meth of course.

AMIGO 3

Why you wanna go up?

GRANT

Take a look at the terrain.

AMIGO 2

The rain?

AMIGO 3

What are you lookin' to see?

GRANT

Well I represent the Walt Disney company. I'll bet you've heard of us. Anyway we are looking for a place to build Disney Universe.

AMIGO 3
I'm just gonna kill you.

Grant holds out his hand stretching a Mickey Mouse watch out of his suitcoat shirt.

GRANT
With all the spaceports going in over across the border in New Mexico. Sir Branson, Bezos and Elon. People will be coming in from all over the world. We want to be ready with the family fun.

AMIGO 1
Then why not call it Disney World.

GRANT
Well we already have one of those in Florida. I'm sure you have relatives there.

AMIGO 2
Let me kill him.

Grant pets the rattlesnakes head gently.

GRANT
I want to go up and scout the land for a suitable spot to build the park on.

AMIGO 3
It's just scrub desert?

GRANT
(motioning to amigo 1)
Disney world in Florida was built on swampland no one wanted.

AMIGO 1
Where's all your cooperate buddies.

GRANT
You know how it goes I'm sure. Don't want to attract a lot of attention with your business dealings sometimes.

AMIGO 3
(puzzled face)
Uh huh...

GRANT

Get you gents jobs working Goofies
Rocket Coaster?

AMIGO 2

You gonna have that robot
Presidents thing?

GRANT

All the animatronic astronauts you
can watch. I just need a pilot and
a plane. I got cash for you three
and the pilot.

AMIGO 3

You got cash for me and the pilot.

GRANT

It doesn't need to be a Learjet.

AMIGO 3

I know a guy. We can take you.

GRANT

So road trip, perfect.

AMIGO 2

But I got a roast in the oven.

AMIGO 3

Oh my God.

AMIGO 1

We gotta eat?

AMIGO 3

Fine, save some for us Rachel Ray.

Grant kisses the rattlesnake on the nose and tosses it up as
Amigo 2 skip runs away.

GRANT

Shotgun, I call shotgun.

AMIGO 3

Around here you can't call shotgun,
it's like musical chairs you just
have to be the first to jump in the
seat.

GRANT

Keeping that wild west esthetic I
see.

Amigo 3 starts to walk toward a group of dilapidated vehicles with mismatched doors and hoods.

AMIGO 3

I don't know how much this guys gonna want? But you'd better have it or you're walkin' back.

GRANT

Oh I'm Vegas flush.

AMIGO 3

Braggin' about it out here is a great idea.

GRANT

Nobody out here but us friends.

Grant and the amigo's gravel scuff up to the group Frankenstein trucks and cars.

GRANT (CONT'D)

I just have to ask you guys, no offense or anything, but is your favorite movie around here Mad Max?

AMIGO 1

Beyond the Thunderdome!

AMIGO 3

Suit, you can kill him if you want.

EXT. DILAPIDATED DESERT AIRPORT - DAY

Grant and the two amigos mingle around the outside of an old arched corrugated metal airport hanger sheltering a few fossiled crop dusters.

Amigo 3 bangs on the side of the building ringing the metal like a sick bell.

Grant flips his shades down and looks up at a deserted cloud.

AMIGO 3

Dyer! You around?

GRANT

Maybe he's dusting somewhere?

AMIGO 3

Dyer!

Dyer sneaks out from around the other side of the hanger.

DYER THE FLYER
Oh it's that kind of visit.

AMIGO 3
Suit here wants to go up in a
plane.

DYER THE FLYER
Ain't got no cunt plane.

AMIGO 3
He's got cash.

DYER THE FLYER
How high you wanna go?

AMIGO 1
He's from Disney, gonna build a fun
park with astronaut robots and
shit.

DYER THE FLYER
It's a small fucking world.

GRANT
So do you have a two seater?

DYER THE FLYER
An old cunt barnstormer.

GRANT
How high does a hundo get me?

DYER THE FLYER
You might as well flap you arms and
jump up and down shades.

The amigos laugh.

GRANT
How about five grand?

AMIGO 3
Woo!

AMIGO 1
Told ya we should have jumped him.

DYER THE FLYER
High enough to jump and leave a
mark. This isn't one of those fancy
suicides is it? 'Cause I don't bury
nobody out here.

AMIGO 1
We usually do that.

Amigo 3 smacks amigo 1 in the back of the head.

AMIGO 1 (CONT'D)
I'm such a kidder.

DYER THE FLYER
He already has his own hole dug.

GRANT
I just want to go up and scout some
locations for topography and where
highway access might go.

DYER THE FLYER
First you'd better make rain for
thirty years starting in the
nineties. Waters trucked in.

AMIGO 3
When do I get paid?

GRANT
When we land, you trust me don't
you?

AMIGO 3
Like my dear departed Mama.

AMIGO 1
You're an orphan.

AMIGO 3
You need to buy a headstone.

EXT. IN THE SKY - DAY

Grant leans over out of the second bay of a sun bleached old
biplane.

GRANT
(screaming over the
engine)
How did you get into flying?

DYER THE FLYER
(screaming over the
engine)
Fastest way out of dodge when you
get caught cheating at cards.

GRANT

You strike me as to smart to need
to cheat.

DYER THE FLYER

Luck always fucks you in the ass.

GRANT

What's that massive red building
over there?

DYER THE FLYER

That's what they call private
property. Never even seen anything
happened there ever.

GRANT

I love all those wildflowers
growing all around it in all those
clumps. Wonder what causes that out
here.

DYER THE FLYER

Maybe wishin' upon a star Disney
Princess.

Grant smiles and nods his head.

GRANT

Hey jet over to those railroad
tracks.

DYER THE FLYER

That's the Amtrak Sunset Limited
line. Don't even know why we still
have trains.

GRANT

Yeah I hear ya. I prefer Aston
Martins flying through the alps on
seven hundred and fifteen
horsepower.

DYER THE FLYER

Like to try that shit on the salt
flats up north.

Grant leans over out of the bay a little farther.

He leans back over the other side as if he's looking under
the plane.

GRANT

How high can you take her?

DYER THE FLYER

You said you weren't a fucking jumper? At least kill someone you don't like before ya go.

GRANT

I'm not jumping!

DYER THE FLYER

I used to love watching that Anthony Bourdain guy 'til that pussy hung himself.

GRANT

I'm not jumping!! Lets have some fun.

DYER THE FLYER

Around eleven thousand feet if I get it revved up to seventy five miles an hour.

GRANT

Lets see what she's got, unless you're a pussy.

Dyer The Flyer revs the motor and aims up straight towards the sun.

DYER THE FLYER

Buckle up buttercup.

The old biplane rattles and revs higher and higher.

GRANT

I'm confident this will hold together.

DYER THE FLYER

Duct tapes only a year old.

Dyer tromps the throttle hard and the plane backfires and smokes a bit.

GRANT

Got a nice shake to it.

Dyer points the plane almost straight up and down.

He levels it off, white knuckles pushing on the yoke.

DYER THE FLYER
 Eleven fuckin' thousand feet, give
 or take a few hundred. Get a good
 pilots tan up here.

Grant starts to take off his suitcoat.

GRANT
 Well thanks, this is where I get
 off.

DYER THE FLYER
 I knew you were a fuckin' jumper.

GRANT
 You've been such a great hostess.

DYER THE FLYER
 Don't care, just give me my money!

Dyer take the plane into a roll going down hard.

DYER THE FLYER (CONT'D)
 Now try to jump pussy, the fuckin'
 money!

GRANT
 This would make a great Disney
 ride.

DYER THE FLYER
 The money! Now!!

GRANT
 OK, OK, you sure drive a hard
 bargain.

With the biplane rolling in a nose dive Grant take six months
 city rent out of his back pocket in hundreds and throws it up
 in the air.

GRANT (CONT'D)
 Oops it fell, I'm sorry.

The Money scatters all over the sky stirred up as the
 propeller chews through it.

DYER THE FLYER
 You fuckin' piece of shit I'm going
 to kill you.

GRANT

When your picking up the money you
can pick some pretty wildflowers
for the Mrs. I'm assuming a catch
like you has a Mrs. Right?

The money flutters gently down floating on a calm breeze as
Dyer pull the biplane back around.

DYER THE FLYER

Dead fuckin' dead!

Grant stands up onto his seat balancing with his arms
Wallenda style.

GRANT

Don't worry I'll give a great Yelp
revue.

Grant swoops off the biplane like an Acapulco cliff diver.

Dyer circles, rocking back around aiming right at the diving
headfirst Grant.

Just as dyer is almost on him with his bullseye chopping
propeller, Grant suddenly pulls a chord inside his dress
shirt.

Grants button down Brioni shirt blows off of his back as a
parachute explodes out and he launches straight up into the
sky as Dyer screams by, just missing him.

Dyer banks hard to the left as the biplane roars towards the
drifting, waving Grant.

Dyer with a wide broken picket fence smile bares the biplane
down on Grant once again.

Grant suddenly pulls out a Glock 19 from under his pants
cuff, smiles, aims, and blast one shot, then tucks it back.

The biplane banks hard to the right with the engine smoking
and the propeller stuttering as it swerves down behind a
mountain.

Grant pulling and tugging on the parachute strings, glides
down gently next to the railroad track.

He slide out of the chute and sighs.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Alright, come on out.

Grant stretches and brushes sand off of his bare chest as he glances up at the burning sun.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I'm going to have to feed you and
find you something to drink. I
can't do that when your hiding.

Grant sighs again.

GRANT (CONT'D)
You're not in trouble. I'm not
MAD!!

Sawyer pops up from behind a sagebrush.

SAWYER
You sound kinda mad.

GRANT
You out here trying to earn some
merit badges or something?

SAWYER
I was worried about you.

GRANT
You should be your Moms going to
kill me dead twice.

SAWYER
She's a softy.

GRANT
Tell me about it.

SAWYER
My tummy is grumbling a bit.

Grant puts his arm around Sawyer and gives him a side hug.

GRANT
I know a place that makes a mean
pot-roast.

Grant eyes the horizon to the right over sawyers head and notices a tiny cloud of dust coming right towards them.

GRANT (CONT'D)
We might even have some company.

THE END