

SHOTGUN

Draft #4

by

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1. INT. HIDEOUT. DAY

1

KATE, a wide-eyed girlwoman, wearing a t-shirt with BAD printed on the front, drifts through a deserted, unfurnished terrace house. She passes windows which are untidily covered with old sheets, filtering the daylight into a soft, variegated glow. There is a strong impression of the interior being stage-lit, unreal.

She walks softly, going in circles, obviously bored, quietly humming tunes from famous westerns, making little clip-clop horse noises, tip-toeing along the edge of an imaginary cliff...

Twice, she steps exaggeratedly over a particular section of floor but eventually circles back to that spot. She stops, staring moonily down at a small dark splash on the bare boards.

With the air of a schoolgirl sampling a taste from her parent's liquor cabinet, she extends a bare foot and toes the splash. It leaves a red smear in the dust, a little arrowhead of blood.

She steps in the direction pointed by the arrow, her feet placed carefully alongside another spot...then another ...and another.

The trail of blood leads through a doorway into a corridor even more dim and gloomy than the rest of the house. Kate pauses on the threshold.

On the right-hand wall of the corridor is a doorway to a room from which the light has been utterly excluded, a rectangle of impenetrable blackness. On the left is another doorway, this one suffused with a deep red glow.

The trail of blood leads straight up the corridor to a closed door at the end.

Clamping her lips tight, Kate steps onto the blood trail like a tightrope walker onto a wire. She peers surreptitiously into the darkness of the room on the right as she sidles past.

Suddenly, she squeaks with surprise. She looks down to where a sinuous arm has encircled her waist from behind. She squirms free as she turns to face SHYAN, a crafty looking man wearing grubby but elegant clothes. He has a nasty graze down one side of his face which causes him to smile with only one side of his mouth.

He leans in the doorway of his room (on the left hand side of the corridor). Behind him, the window is covered with a red sheet. As Kate spins out of his embrace, he transfers his grip to her arm, holding her close.

SHYAN

Look what I caught.

KATE

No, I'm not caught.

He leans in close.

SHYAN

Got any cigarettes, Katie?
I'm dying here.

KATE

You know I don't smoke,
Shyan.

Shyan releases her arm and touches her lips with his forefinger.

SHYAN

No.

Kate turns her face away.

KATE

Stop it.

SHYAN

And where are you going
then?

Kate shrugs, unwilling to own up. Shyan smirks.

SHYAN

(Whispering)
Psycho-ooo...

They both turn their heads to look at the door at the end of the corridor.

SHYAN (CONT'D)

Are you sure that's a good
idea?

He nods meaningfully to the dark room across the hall.
Kate lowers her voice.

KATE
It'll be alright.

Shyan drops a hand onto her shoulder.

SHYAN
Why don't you visit me
instead?

Kate just looks down, saying nothing. Reluctantly, he lets her go, his hand trailing down her arm before finally falling away.

She looks up at him, suddenly compassionate.

KATE
How is your graze?

He grimaces, touches the livid mark on his face gingerly, then smiles lopsidedly again. He reaches out for her again.

SHYAN
You could make it a lot
better.

She tries to pull away but he has her around the waist.

KATE
No, Shyan!

SHYAN
Come on, Katie. A little
bit of comfort for the
troops.

He draws her in closer. She pushes back furiously.

KATE
Let me go!

SHYAN
I just want...

Suddenly, there is a WHIFFLE of something hurtling through the air and the blade of a pocket-knife thuds into the wood of the door-jamb between Shyan and Kate's

faces. Kate gasps. Shyan lets her go and stares indignantly towards the dark room across the hall.

SHYAN
Fucking hell, man...

From within the dark room comes a deep, authoritative voice.

LLOYD
Keep it quiet.

SHYAN
That could have hit one
of us!

LLOYD suddenly looms out of the darkness of the room, a tall man with uncompromising eyes. He holds Shyan with those eyes as he tugs the knife from the wood with one easy motion.

LLOYD
Next time it will. Keep it
quiet.

He recedes back into his room, the darkness swallowing him up.

Kate and Shyan share a mutually accusatory look, then Kate turns down the hall.

SHYAN
(Whispering)
Katie!

She stops and looks back.

SHYAN (CONT'D)
Ask Psycho if he's got any
cigarettes.

Kate continues up to the third doorway. The door is an inch ajar. She can see nothing through the opening except for the continuing trail of blood on the floor.

Kate realises that Shyan is still watching her from down the hall. Gingerly, she steps into the doorway.

She peeps further and further into the room, leaning slowly around the door. She sees a haphazard collection of sheets crowded over the window, creating an uneven,

mottled light. She continues to inch her gaze around the door, following the blood to its source: a big shirtless man in a cowboy hat, sitting on the floor in the corner of the room.

PSYCHO is holding the flame from a silver lighter to the blade of a wicked looking diver's knife. A cigarette hangs from the corner of his mouth. A wadded up ball of blood-soaked shirt is clamped awkwardly to his side.

Kate gives a tiny gasp. She opens the door a little more widely. A breeze ruffles the sheets on the window and flutters the lighter's flame.

Psycho's eyes flick up fiercely. Exposed, Kate steps fully into the room.

Psycho removes his hat to shield the flame. Dismissed, Kate begins to back out. But then, Psycho adjusts the hat ever so slightly and peeks out from behind it. Kate smiles shyly. He retreats behind the hat, peeks out the other side. She giggles. He lowers the hat to his lap and smiles back at her. He gestures her inside with a nod of his head.

Delighted, she crosses to where he is sitting and kneels before him, her attention on the hat. She trails a finger around the brim, admiring it.

Psycho picks up the hat and hands it to her.

Wide eyed, Kate accepts it and places it on her head reverently. She closes her eyes.

2. EXT. KATE'S FANTASY DESERT. DAY 2

Kate, in cowboy hat, checked shirt, waistcoat and sherriff's star, sways with the rythmn of her pony's gait as she crosses a sun-baked plain. She surveys the scene around her, smiling blissfully.

She closes her eyes.

3. INT. HIDEOUT. DAY 3

Kate opens her eyes in sudden concern.

Psycho stares intensely at her.

Discomfitted, Kate removes the hat and hands it back to him. He doesn't take it.

PSYCHO
You like that hat.

KATE
Oh yes, yes!

PSYCHO
You'd like to have it, like
it to be your hat.

She hesitates, uncertain now where this is going.

KATE
Yes...

PSYCHO
What would you give me for
it?

KATE
(Looking around
hopelessly)
Oh, I...I don't...

PSYCHO
It's a good hat.

KATE
Yes, yes, it's a wonderful
hat!

PSYCHO
So? What would you give me?

Kate finally raises her eyes to meet his despairingly.

KATE
What do you want?

Psycho stares at her, slowly reaches out and takes the hat from her trembling hands. He slips it back onto his head and returns his attention to the knife in his other hand.

PSYCHO
Hundred bucks.

Kate deflates at this impossible demand. Then, suddenly, she brightens.

KATE

I have that! In my share!
I have thousands! Hundreds
of thousands!

PSYCHO

Let's go with thousands...
If you get your share. If
we get out of here. If I'm
still willing to sell to
you when you're a rich bitch.

He turns his attention back to the knife. He lets the wadded shirt drop from his side, revealing a ragged hole into which he twists and gouges the hot knife blade. Kate stares on aghast as he emits a painful caricature of laughter which culminates in a last flick of the blade and the skittering of a little red pellet on the floor.

Psycho picks up the crumpled bullet in bloody fingers and deposits it in Kate's palm.

PSYCHO

You can have that for nothing.
Souvenir.

He pays her no further attention. She looks down at her palm in dismay and backs towards the door. Psycho crumples into the corner and lights up another cigarette.

Kate stops at the door, miffed.

KATE

Do you have a spare cigarette?

PSYCHO looks up sharply.

PSYCHO

Not for you. For Shyan, right?
He getting you to ask me for
fags? You can tell Shyan...

He raises his voice to be heard down the hall. Kate glances nervously out the door.

PSYCHO

...you tell Shyan HE CAN GET
HIS OWN FUCKING CIGARETTES!

She backs out of the room, cringing and making placatory gestures with her hands.

KATE

Yes, yes, I'll tell him...

She ducks into the corridor as Psycho's shirt hits the door jamb with a bloody slap. There is a further thump or two as she scuttles back down the hall, wincing at every sound.

She reaches Lloyd's door and hesitates, eyeing it fearfully. She ducks her head and darts past at a crouching run.

4. INT. HIDEOUT. DAY

4

Kate sits crosslegged on her 'bed', a couple of blankets on the floor in the middle of the bare expanse of the lounge room. She scratches the image of a cowgirl on the floorboards with a nail file.

She looks up as Psycho emerges from the corridor and lurches to a door on the other side of the lounge room, clutching his side painfully. He disappears out the back without looking at her.

She reaches into a schoolbag and takes out a pink piggy bank. With the nail file, she pries open the bottom of the piggy bank and shakes loose the coins onto her blanket. A few spill free, clattering loudly onto the wooden floor. She grasps at them quickly but one rolls away, drilling the silence with the unnaturally loud sound of its progress.

KATE follows it with her eyes, wide with dismay, until it is clamped to an abrupt halt beneath the sole of Shyan's elegant shoe.

Shyan reaches down, picks up the coin and flips it onto KATE's meagre pile.

SHYAN

You're making quite a din,
Katie.

KATE

It was an accident.

SHYAN

Got to watch out for accidents.

KATE

I need some money.

Shyan snorts and bursts into laughter, which he quickly suppresses, glancing nervously over his shoulder in the direction of Lloyd's room.

SHYAN

You got money. A heap of it.

KATE

I mean, I need some money now. A hundred dollars.

She pokes the meagre pile of coins desultorily. Suddenly, she looks up at Shyan with hope in her eyes.

KATE

You've got a hundred dollars, Shyan. You've got a hundred dollar note in your wallet. I've seen it.

Shyan pulls a red leather wallet from his back pocket and squats down in front of her. He opens the wallet, revealing a hundred dollar bill.

SHYAN

You mean this one, Katie?

KATE

I could pay you back! You know I could, when we get our shares!

SHYAN

I don't know, Katie. A bloke's got a c-note in his wallet, he feels like he's somebody, you know?

KATE

But you're rich. We're all rich now.

SHYAN

Not yet, Katie. Soon. If I give you this, I'm going to need something in return till we get out of here.

KATE

What?

Shyan leans in close, whispers. Kate's eyes widen with surprise.

KATE

We're not allowed to! Lloyd said...

SHYAN

Lloyd doesn't have to know.

KATE

What if someone sees me?

SHYAN

You're just some girl. Who's going to know you?

He snaps the note taut in front of her, holding it before her eyes.

SHYAN

One packet, and you can keep the change.

Kate glances over to the far side of the room as Psycho re-enters, heading back to his room. Her attention zooms in on the hat. She follows it in slo-mo as it crosses the room. She follows it until it disappears behind the hundred dollar note, looming large in the foreground of her field of vision. She focusses on Shyan's hungry eyes peering over the top of the note.

5. EXT. STREET. DAY

5

Kate emerges from the side of a rundown terrace house into glaringly bright sunlight. She risks a look in both directions. The street is empty. She visibly relaxes and steps out onto the pavement.

As she strides off, across the street a MIDDLE AGED WOMAN in gardening gloves holding a pair of shears straightens

up from behind a hedge. Frowning, she squints at the house Kate has emerged from, then shields her eyes to follow Kate's progress down the street.

Kate strides purposefully on. She passes beneath a tree, from which a loud chorus of birdsong is issuing. She slows, staring up into the branches, then continues on her way with a happy smile on her face.

Behind the tree, unseen by Kate, is an OLD WOMAN reading a newspaper. She glances up as KATE passes, then stares hard. She flips back to the front page, revealing the headline, FOUR IN DARING ESCAPE.

Sitting in the gutter before a tiny inner-city playground, a TEN YEAR OLD BOY spots Kate coming and stares at her open-mouthed. Over his shoulder, he summons a GROUP OF KIDS who are playing on the equipment and they all join him at the kerb, staring at the passing Kate with astonishment.

Kate sees them and waves happily. After a few hesitant looks and nudges, the kids all wave uncertainly back.

As Kate continues down the street, behind her, the kids scatter to various houses and run inside.

Kate arrives at a corner milk bar and takes a careful look around.

6. INT. MILK BAR. DAY

6

A VIETNAMESE SHOPKEEPER and his three plump CHILDREN are watching a TV sitting on a shelf facing the counter. The TV is showing mugshots, one after another, of Shyan, Psycho and Lloyd.

TV COMMENTARY

...police are unable to explain how the three brothers made their escape, but believe them to have been assisted by a fourth member of the gang...

As the doorbell jingles and Kate enters the shop, a smiling photo of her appears on the screen.

In unison, the shopkeeper and his three children slowly drag their attention away from the TV and onto their customer. As their eyes fall on Kate, they all widen with

surprise. All four pairs of eyes snap back to the picture on the screen, then back to Kate with even greater astonishment.

Kate smiles, warm and friendly and completely oblivious to the TV displaying her face just behind her shoulder.

TV COMMENTARY

...extremely dangerous and
should under no circumstances
be approached...

Without taking his eyes from her, the shopkeeper fumbles under the counter and comes out with a remote control. He smiles nervously at Kate and passes the remote to his children.

SHOPKEEPER

How can I help you?

Their eyes glued to Kate, the three children pass the remote down the line to the oldest, who presses one of the buttons.

The word MUTE appears on the screen as it switches to an interview with a senior police officer.

KATE

A packet of cigarettes
please.

SHOPKEEPER

What...what kind of
cigarettes?

On the screen, shots of an open bank vault, a police constable holding up a black balaclava, and another constable pointing out the cut wires of an alarm system.

KATE

(Frowning
thoughtfully)
What's the ones with the
cowboy?

The shopkeeper exchanges a quick look with his children. They all look back at Kate.

SHOPKEEPER & CHILDREN

Marlboro.

KATE

Packet of those please.

The shopkeeper reaches up for a packet of Marlboro. The three children return their gazes to the TV, which is now showing chalk-circled bullet holes in a wall. Kate half turns to see what the children are watching. The shopkeeper slams down the packet of cigarettes.

SHOPKEEPER

Ten dollar fifty...please!

Kate is successfully diverted from seeing the TV, as it returns to the four photographs of the gang displayed on a quartered screen. The shopkeeper can't help but look himself. He tears his gaze away to see Kate handing over the hundred dollar bill.

KATE

Sorry, that's all I've got.

The shopkeeper nods and smiles in a stunned fashion, and counts over her change. Kate beams at him and picks up the cigarettes.

KATE

Thank you!

She turns and leaves the shop. The shopkeeper returns his stunned gaze to the TV. The oldest child hits the mute button again and the volume is restored.

TV COMMENTARY

...repeat, they are armed and dangerous. Any sightings should be reported to police immediately...

The shop door swings shut behind Kate with a jaunty jingle.

7. EXT. STREET. DAY

7

Down the street, every front garden and porch is crowded with curious ONLOOKERS peering over their fences towards the corner shop. As the shop bell jingles, they all duck down out of sight.

Kate steps out and looks carefully around. Seeing no-one, she flips the packet of cigarettes in her hand in a

feeling-pleased-with-herself kind of way, and sets off back to the hideout at a jaunty stroll.

Behind her back, the onlookers slowly re-surface as she passes each of them by.

Arriving in front of the hideout, Kate becomes wary again and turns for one more look.

Just in time, the entire street takes cover as one.

Satisfied that she is unobserved, Kate ducks down the side of the house.

8. INT. HIDEOUT. DAY

8

Kate climbs through the kitchen window, the ciggy packet tucked into her t-shirt sleeve.

Suddenly, Psycho's arm snares her in a headlock. She gives a squeak of alarm and instantly his hand is across her mouth.

PSYCHO

Look what I caught.

Kate bites his hand. He yanks it free of her teeth with a snarl, spinning around. He continues the spin, bringing the same hand up to hit her.

Kate grabs his wrist with a gasp.

KATE

I've got the money!

PSYCHO

What money?

KATE

For the hat!

She darts into the loungeroom and lays the change down on her bed. Carefully she counts the coins from her piggy bank onto the pile of change.

Psycho steps up behind her, still wringing his hand.

Kate gathers up the collection of notes and coins, turns and offers it up to him.

KATE

Ninety-nine dollars and
thirteen cents.

PSYCHO

That's what we agreed on?
Ninety-nine thirteen?

KATE

It's only eighty seven
cents.

PSYCHO

Well, ninety really. Twos
and ones aren't exactly legal
tender any more.

KATE

Still. It's pretty close.

PSYCHO

Yep. Pretty close.

He tugs the hat down over his eyes and strolls away. Kate slumps down, defeated. She takes the ciggies from her sleeve and tosses them disconsolately on the floor.

9. INT. HIDEOUT. DAY

9

Kate starts to knock on Shyan's door and then stops.

Shyan lies asleep, his head propped on a rolled-up coat.

Kate creeps forward and kneels before him. She places the packet of cigarettes on his chest. She looks at him affectionately. He has a trickle of saliva coming from the corner of his mouth. Kate wipes it with her finger and then wipes her finger on his shirt.

She looks back at the cigarettes, frowns, does a quick calculation on her fingers.

Careful not to wake him, she removes the plastic wrapping from the packet, takes out two cigarettes and then replaces the packet on his chest.

10. INT. HIDEOUT. DAY

10

Kate strides into Psycho's room brandishing a clutch of money in one hand and two cigarettes in the other.

KATE

Fifty two and a half cents
each! That's a dollar and
five cents, and that's more
than...

Kate trails off as she realises that Psycho is asleep also, curled up foetally with a thumb in his mouth.

Nearby, Psycho's cowboy hat dangles on the handle of the diver's knife which is stuck into the wall.

Kate looks at the hat, looks at the sleeping Psycho, looks down at the money and cigarettes in her hands.

Gingerly, she lays the money and cigarettes down on the floor next to Psycho's sleeping face. A couple of the coins tumble against one another, making a clinking noise, but she stills them with a quick finger. She freezes, waiting for a reaction, but he doesn't stir.

Kate turns to the hat. Reverentially, she raises it off the knife and clutches it to her chest. Holding her breath, she backs out of the room.

11. INT. HIDEOUT. DAY

11

Kate stands in the middle of the bare lounge room, cowboy hat on, staring fixedly in front of her.

Suddenly she draws an imaginary six gun and fires away. With a smirk of satisfaction, she blows away the smoke from the barrel of her 'gun', spins it around her finger a few times and replaces it in her holster. She swaggers back and forth, tugging the hat down low over her eyes, hooking her thumbs in her belt loops.

She draws again, crouching, spinning around, ready for anything. She grins with easy confidence. Nothing can faze her. With her fingers pointed like a gun, she tips her hat back and surveys her imaginary world.

Gentle applause comes from behind her.

She spins, suddenly discomfitted.

A sleepy looking Shyan leans in the doorway, a lit cigarette hanging from his lopsided smile.

SHYAN

Lookin' good, Katie. You're a regular cowgirl.

She smiles, pleased, and touches the brim of her hat in thanks, a real Western gesture.

SHYAN

Thanks for the smokes.

He glances over his shoulder towards Lloyd's room and lowers his voice.

SHYAN

No problems?

KATE

Nope. Smoooooth as.

Shyan grins in admiration.

SHYAN

You sure are something out of the box, aren't you Katie?

KATE

(Full of confidence)
Yep.

There is a sudden loud crash from the other side of the house. Shyan looks around in alarm as there are several more crashes.

PSYCHO (O/S)

YOU FUCKING BITCH! YOU FUCKING THIEVING BITCH!

Shyan turns to Kate.

SHYAN

He did...give you that hat, didn't he?

KATE

(Suddenly fearful)
I...I paid for it...

SHYAN

Oh shit.

He turns, backing away from the door as Psycho's lumbering footsteps sound down the corridor.

Psycho appears in the door, looking murderous. He has the knife in one hand.

SHYAN

Whoa, Psycho, man, we gotta keep it quiet...

PSYCHO

Gimme my fucking hat or I'll cut your throat.

Kate reverses. Shyan interposes himself, nervously.

SHYAN

That's okay. That's okay. She'll give you the hat.

KATE

No I won't.

SHYAN

What?!

KATE

It's mine. A hundred dollars you said.

PSYCHO

GIMME MY FUCKING HAT!

He hurls the knife. Shyan ducks with a yell. The knife narrowly misses Kate and clatters loudly in the kitchen.

SHYAN

(On the floor)

For chrissakes, Psycho, we gotta keep it quiet, man. It's just a fucking hat.

Psycho reaches behind him and pulls out a revolver. He points it at Shyan.

PSYCHO

You keep quiet.

He points it at Kate.

PSYCHO

You, give me my hat.

Shyan stands, laughing in nervous disbelief.

SHYAN

Where did you...? That's
not a real gun.

Psycho pulls the trigger wildly. There is an enormous explosion as the gun goes off. Shyan ducks again. The cowboy hat flies off Kate's head. A bullet-sized hole is tugged in the sheets over the window. There is the sound of shattering glass and the nearby PEEOWWW! of a ricochet.

Cowering on the floor, Shyan is completely astounded. Psycho too looks taken aback and stares at the gun as though wondering what it will do next. Kate meanwhile is also staring at the gun but with utter, naked covetousness.

SHYAN

Jesus. That's...that's
done it. We gotta get
out of here.

The hat lies on the floor between Kate and Psycho. They both stoop to pick it up, both grab it on opposite sides of the brim.

Face to face over the hat, they both refuse to let go.

PSYCHO

Let go.

KATE

No.

Psycho raises the gun so that the barrel is mere centimetres from Kate's nose.

PSYCHO

Let go.

Suddenly, a fist crashes into the side of Psycho's face. The gun is ripped from his hand. He lets go the hat. Suddenly released, Kate falls backward. The hat goes spinning into the air.

Lloyd looms above the three of them. He snatches the hat out of the air and glares down, hat in one hand, gun in the other.

LLOYD
Who'd like to explain
what's going on here?

Kate points at Shyan. Shyan points at Psycho. Psycho points at Kate.

PSYCHO
She stole my hat.

KATE
I paid for it.

PSYCHO
She was eighty seven cents
short.

KATE
I gave you cigarettes!

PSYCHO
(Spits)
Cigarettes!

Lloyd turns all his intimidating attention to Kate.

LLOYD
Psycho nearly got us all
killed before.

PSYCHO
Aww...

Lloyd waves him to silence.

LLOYD
You saved our arses.

Kate smiles hopefully.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
But this...

KATE
I'm sorry. I just had to
have it.

LLOYD
We're in the shit now.

KATE
Yes.

LLOYD
You're responsible.

KATE
Yes.

LLOYD
For a hat.

Kate nods, looking down at the floor.

LLOYD
Why?

Kate looks up at him. Slowly, she reaches up and takes the hat out of his hand. She places it on her head.

12. INT. HIDEOUT, MUSICAL NUMBER. DAY 12

Music : 'Don't Fence Me In' sung by Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters.

(Kate, Shyan, Psycho, and Lloyd mime the song.)

During the intro, Kate slowly looks up at Lloyd from beneath her hat.

KATE/BING
Oh, give me land, lots of
land, under starry skies
above,
Don't fence me in.

Let me ride through the
wide open country that I
love,
Don't fence me in.

She steps towards the window and yanks the sheet away.

KATE/BING (CONT'D)
 Let me be by myself in the
 evening breeze,
 And listen to the murmur
 of the cotton wood trees...

She pulls the window open and leans out.

KATE/BING (CONT'D)
 Send me off forever, but I
 ask you please,
 Don't fence me in.

The breeze from the window ruffles the hair and clothes
 of Shyan, Psycho and Lloyd as they stand together,
 serenading her.

SHYAN/PSYCHO/LLOYD/
 ANDREWS SISTERS
 Just turn me loose,
 Let me straddle my old saddle
 underneath the western skies.

 On my cayoose,
 Let me wander over yonder till
 I see the mountains rise.

Kate turns from the window to confront them.

KATE/BING
 I want to ride to the ridge
 where the west commences...

She advances upon them.

KATE/BING (CONT'D)
 ...And gaze at the moon till
 I lose my senses...

They crowd around her, hemming her in. She spins...

KATE/BING (CONT'D)
 ...And I can't look at hovels
 and I can't stand fences...

She shoves them aside. They fall back.

KATE/BING (CONT'D)
 Don't fence me in.

The rythmn section swells for a couple of bars while Kate breathes in the fresh air luxuriantly. Shyan, Psycho and Lloyd step together to form a tight-knit troupe.

SHYAN/PSYCHO/LLOYD/
ANDREWS SISTERS

Oh, give me land, lots of land,
under starry skies,
Don't fence me in.

13. EXT. STREET. DAY

13

The music continues beneath the STREET SOUNDS as though emanating from the hideout.

SHYAN/PSYCHO/LLOYD/
ANDREWS SISTERS (O/S)

Let me ride through the wide
country that I love,
Don't fence me in.

At first glance, all is serene. The street appears empty. But at either end, police cars are parked across, forming barricades.

SHYAN/PSYCHO/LLOYD/
ANDREWS SISTERS (O/S)

Let me be by myself in the
evening breeze...

There's a uniformed POLICEMAN in the neighbour's doorway, another one across the street.

SHYAN/PSYCHO/LLOYD/
ANDREWS SISTERS (O/S)

...And listen to the murmur of
the cotton wood trees...

Behind the row of parked cars oposite the hideout, there's one...two...three...a whole SQUAD of crouching policemen, fiddling at their holsters for their revolvers, checking their watches, signalling to one another...

SHYAN/PSYCHO/LLOYD/
ANDREWS SISTERS (O/S)

Send me off forever, but I ask
you please,
Don't fence me in.

14. INT. HIDEOUT, MUSICAL NUMBER. DAY

14

Shyan spins Kate into an embrace (both facing forward). They mime riding a gentle pony into the sunset as Psycho and Lloyd harmonise in the background.

SHYAN/ANDREWS SISTER I

Just turn me loose,
Let me straddle my old saddle
underneath the western skies.

PSYCHO/ANDREWS SISTER II

Doo doo doooo, dooloodoodoo
doodooooo.

Kate shields her eyes, gazing towards a distant horizon.

KATE/BING

On my cayoose,
Let me wander over yonder till
I see the mountains rise.

Shyan spins her out so that she falls into Lloyd's arms.

KATE/BING &

LLOYD/ANDREWS SISTER III

Baboo ba ba bah!

They all gather round, helping to raise Kate up.

ALL

I want to ride to the ridge
where the west commences...

15. EXT. STREET. DAY

15

Music continues as soundtrack.

Behind the parked cars, a black garbed SWAT TEAM scrambles into position amongst the uniformed police, cocking their rifles.

ALL (O/S)

...And gaze at the moon till
I lose my senses,
And I can't look at hovels
and I can't stand fences...

Down the line, twenty, thirty rifles and revolvers take aim at the front door of the hideout.

ALL (O/S)
Don't fence me in.

16. INT. HIDEOUT, MUSICAL NUMBER. DAY 16

Shyan, Psycho and Lloyd lean in close, wagging admonishing fingers.

SHYAN/PSYCHO/LLOYD/
ANDREWS SISTERS

No-oh.

Kate (back as she was at the beginning of the song) looks up at Lloyd. Shyan and Psycho retreat to the background.

KATE/BING
Papa don't you fence me in.

17. INT. HIDEOUT. DAY 17

Lloyd looks down at Kate. Kate looks up at Lloyd, waiting for the judgement.

LLOYD
(Eyes not leaving Kate)
Eighty-seven cents, Psycho?

Psycho grunts. Lloyd digs in his pocket, retrieves a coin and flips it over his shoulder to Psycho. Lloyd smiles at Kate.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
Sold.

Kate beams in gratitude. Lloyd's smile disappears abruptly. He extends the gun towards her.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
Now, get us out of here.

18. EXT. STREET. DAY 18

The SWAT team LEADER stands and raises a megaphone to his mouth. Before he can say anything, he is dragged down by the cop next to him, who points to the front door.

The front door of the hideout slowly swings open. From the bright sunshine of the street, the interior of the house is impenetrably dark. For a moment there is nothing, then...

Kate burst forth in her cowboy hat, holding the revolver high. Behind her, Shyan, Psycho and Lloyd (lugging a suitcase) follow in her wake.

KATE
Yee-harrrr!

They make a run for it.

Freeze frame.