

DON OF DIXIE

Written by

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Based on True Events

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FADE IN.

INT. TEXAS DINER (AUSTIN) - LATE MORNING

Black and white checkered floors, fluorescent lights above. Red booths against dusty windows, FOUR MEN eating together.

Opposite, a long counter lined with barstools. A neon Coca-Cola sign hangs behind it, retro, if not for the year...

SUPER: AUSTIN, TEXAS - 1962

A gruff DINER COOK rings a bell, lit cigarette in his mouth.

DINER COOK

Order up!

An older waitress (MARLOW, 40s) ushers a trainee (JUDY CATHEY, 20s) over to the counter.

Judy is bright-eyed and innocent, apron and knee-length skirt immaculate, hair in an elaborate bun.

Marlow is tired and disheveled. She hands Judy a plate.

MARLOW

Order ready for Tim.

She sticks a coffee pot in Judy's other hand.

MARLOW (CONT'D)

He always tips well. Just smile,
put the plate down, ask if he wants
coffee, and then leave without
being a bother. Can you do that?

Judy nods, turns to go, unstable on her high heels.

Marlow steadies her, looking Judy's young form up and down.

MARLOW (CONT'D)

Careful...

Her voice trails. And then, almost to reassure herself:

MARLOW (CONT'D)

You'll be fine; you'll learn.

Judy looks at the four men - TIM OVERTON (30s) and posse.

They laugh, loud, cigarette smoke curling from the booth.

Judy approaches. The men grow silent, staring.

JUDY CATHEY
Country fried steak and eggs?

TIM OVERTON
Over here, sugar.

Tim is well dressed, cowboy hat and blazer, no tie.

Judy remembers to smile, puts the plate down, turns to go.

TIM OVERTON (CONT'D)
Coffee?

He motions with his empty mug. Judy refills it.

TIM OVERTON (CONT'D)
For my boys, too?

None one else offers their cup.

Judy leans over the table, filling the empty mugs.

The men stare at her cleavage.

JUDY CATHEY
Anything else for you, gentleman?

FAT JERRY (30s), short, strong, and well-named, snorts.

FAT JERRY
Gentleman? Shit.

TIM OVERTON
Come now, Jerry, I'm sure Miss...?

JUDY CATHEY
Judy. Judy Cathey

TIM OVERTON
I'm sure Miss Judy knows a
gentleman when she sees one.
(off her look)
Now how does a classy lady like you
come to be in this here diner?

JUDY CATHEY
(blushing)
I'm from Corpus Christi - saving
for nursing school.

TIM OVERTON
Working here? Gal like you could do
better.

JUDY CATHEY

Could I?

TIM OVERTON

Why, sure. How much they pay you?

JUDY CATHEY

Thirty dollars a week.

The men laugh.

JUDY CATHEY (CONT'D)

Plus tips.

Tim silences them. He's nice; soft.

TIM OVERTON

I know a place that pays more.

(beat)

Work's more fun, too.

Ring! The diner door opens, a break in the conversation. In walks HARVEY GANN (late 40s), plain-clothed and unassuming.

Tim turns sour. His men bristle. They get up.

Tim writes his number on a napkin, hands it to Judy.

TIM OVERTON (CONT'D)

Give me a call. Name's Tim.

He pulls out a wad of cash, places a large bill on the table.

TIM OVERTON (CONT'D)

Come on, Y'all, I've suddenly lost
my appetite.

Tim leaves, his plate untouched, coffee mug steaming.

His men follow, shouldering past Harvey as they go.

EXT. TEXAS DINER (AUSTIN) - CONTINUOUS

Four American-made muscle cars wait in the dusty parking lot, surrounded by hot, flat countryside.

Tim and gang climb into separate vehicles, speed away.

Judy watches from the doorway. Behind her, Marlow.

MARLOW

Best forget about them, Judy.

Marlow returns to work. Judy lingers, staring.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES.

EXT. AUSTIN DIRT ROADS (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Tim and gang drive muscle cars west down East Fourth Street.

To the left and right, nothing but barren farmland, remnants of the dust bowl.

Downtown Austin looms ahead, the iconic Capitol building gleaming in the late-afternoon sun.

On the other side are beautiful mansions lining the Colorado River - a clear divide between east and west.

CUT TO:

EXT. TARRYTOWN NEIGHBORHOOD (WEST AUTIN) - NIGHT

Halloween in 1960s Austin - lawless. Mayhem, everywhere.

Teenagers run from mansion to mansion, throwing eggs and water balloons at buildings, cars, and people.

Fistfights break out. A flaming tire rolls down the street.

AUSTIN P.D. does its best to keep the peace.

Tim Overton and posse - Fat Jerry, HANK BOWEN (20s), FREDDIE HEDGES (20s), and brother DARRELL OVERTON (20s) - walk down a wide street with bats, chains, and duffle bags in hand.

TIM OVERTON
Alright, Y'all.

The five men fan out, picking mansions that look unoccupied.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. TARRYTOWN MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

The house is quiet and beautiful - ornate furniture, crown molding throughout. We hear rattling in the kitchen.

SMASH! A glass door shatters, its wood frame still locked.

In walks Tim Overton, right through the now-missing pane.

Next is Hank Bowen, reaching through the door and unlocking it, swinging the frame open and walking through.

SLAM! He closes it on Freddie Hedges.

Freddie jumps back, shakes his head, steps through the broken entrance without bothering to open it again.

INT. TARRYTOWN MANSION (KITCHEN) - CONTINUOUS

Tim turns around, annoyed.

TIM OVERTON
Will you two hens stop clucking?

His voice is calm, but demanding.

Freddie and Hank snap to attention.

TIM OVERTON (CONT'D)
Check upstairs, I'll look down
here.

The lackeys exit toward an ornate spiral staircase.

Tim shakes his head, pokes around in drawers and cabinets, moving through the house like an experienced burglar.

Next, the dining room - rummaging through the china cabinet.

He considers a silver spoon, breathes on it, polishes it with a shirt sleeve, puts it in his bag.

Ring! The doorbell.

Tim freezes, head snapping toward the front door.

He tip-toes over, soft, looks through the peephole.

On the other side is a group of YOUNG KIDS, dressed in costumes and holding pillowcases full of candy.

INT. TARRYTOWN MANSION (UPSTAIRS) - SECONDS EARLIER

Hank and Freddie snoop around the master suite.

Freddie opens dresser drawers, one-by-one. He finds a pair of woman's underwear, holds it up for Hank to see, then...

Ring! The same doorbell. They freeze.

Freddie pulls out a gun, previously hidden.

INT. TARRYTOWN MANSION (DOWNSTAIRS) - CONTINUOUS

Tim pauses, unsure what to do.

Enter Hank and Freddie.

HANK BOWEN

What's up?

Tim shrugs.

Freddie raises his gun, reaches for the handle.

Tim stops him.

TIM OVERTON

It's just a bunch of kids.

Beat.

FREDDIE HEDGES

Kids can talk to cops, too.

Freddie goes for the handle again.

TIM OVERTON

Jesus, Freddie.

Tim grabs the gun, replacing it with a bowl of candy sitting on a table in the foyer.

He opens the door.

EXT. TARRYTOWN MANSION - CONTINUOUS

YOUNG KIDS

Trick or treat!

TIM OVERTON

Well, look at all of you! Happy Halloween.

Tim pushes Freddie forward.

Freddie doles out the candy, plastic smile on his face.

He pauses at a CHILD DRESSED AS A POLICE OFFICER, skips him.

FREDDIE HEDGES

Sorry, I don't like --

Tim hits him in the back of the head.

FREDDIE HEDGES (CONT'D)
...Missing Austin's finest.

He pours the rest of the bowl into the child's pillowcase.

The kids' jaws drop, mouths agape.

FREDDIE HEDGES (CONT'D)
Stay out of trouble, ya hear?

Freddie exits back into the house. Tim smiles at the child.

TIM OVERTON
Make sure you share.

INT. TARRYTOWN MANSION (DOWNSTAIRS) - CONTINUOUS

Tim closes the door, gets back to work.

Hank claps Freddie on the back, ushering him upstairs.

HANK BOWEN
Doesn't that make you feel good?

The look on Freddie's face says it doesn't.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Harvey Gann, man from the diner, leans over a desk littered with papers, looking at a map of Austin.

He wears a cowboy hat and plaid dress shirt, sleeves rolled, police badge dangling from his neck.

A UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER approaches.

POLICE OFFICER
Another one reported, sir. That makes eleven

Harvey shakes his head in disgust.

HARVEY GANN
Another God damn Halloween. Another coordinated robbery attempt.

POLICE OFFICER
Attempt?

HARVEY GANN
Successful attempt.
(beat)
For now.

POLICE OFFICER
You have a lead, then?

HARVEY GANN
I don't need a lead, I know who it
was.

POLICE OFFICER
Oh?

HARVEY GANN
Yeah, but I can't prove it. Not
yet, but I will, even if I have to
search all of God damn Dixieland.

CUT TO:

INT. AUSTIN AMERICAN-STATESMAN NEWSROOM - DAY

Desks everywhere. Reporters slave over typewriters, manically
trying to meet deadlines - a state of controlled panic.

Executive editor DON BROWN (40s), groomed mustache and laser
focus, stands hunched over an identical map of Austin, calm.

DON BROWN
Lou!

A portly reporter (LOU VEGA, 60s), elder statesman of the
newspaper, makes his way over, small minnow in tow.

The young reporter in his wake is JACKIE SANDERS (20s),
wearing a classic reporter's outfit, pad of paper in hand,
trying her best to look the part.

LOU VEGA
What's up?

DON BROWN
Eleven, can you believe that?
Eleven.

LOU VEGA
I can believe it.

JACKIE SANDERS
Eleven?

DON BROWN
(hopeful)
Yes?

JACKIE SANDERS
Eleven of what?

DON BROWN
(to Lou)
Who is this?

Jackie thrusts her hand forward.

JACKIE SANDERS
Jackie Sanders, sir.

Don doesn't shake it.

LOU VEGA
Fresh meat for the bullpen.

DON BROWN
So you're my new reporter.
Investigative?

JACKIE SANDERS
I'd like to be, sir.

LOU VEGA
We're starting her off with some
easier beats. You know, parades,
community picnics - get her
comfortable in the saddle.

Don walks away, beckons the two reporters to follow.

They snake through the building's bustling hallways.

DON BROWN
Eleven. Eleven houses in Tarrytown
were knocked over on Halloween.
Police say the total rake was well
over twenty thousand, give or take
a few diamonds.
(beat)
We need somebody on this.

LOU VEGA
We've got somebody on this.

DON BROWN
Lou, crime is up. Vagrancy is up.
Racial tension is up.
(MORE)

DON BROWN (CONT'D)
Austin is headed in the wrong
direction and we don't have
anything to say about it.

LOU VEGA
Don --

DON BROWN
Want another number? Thirteen.
Thirteen unsolved robberies in the
past two years. Everything from
drugstores to bookstores, but never
enough to cause attention. Now, I'm
no mathematician, but by my count,
these robberies add up to nearly
two hundred thousand in stolen
loot. Unrelated petty crimes, or
connected? Planned? A coordinated
robber's guild, if you will, always
flying under the radar, working
together, but independently.
(beat)
Where's that story? That's what we
owe the people of Austin. A bright
light, shining on the entrenched
and persistent crime in this town.

They stop walking, standing just outside Don's office.

LOU VEGA
It's unrelated, Don. I don't want
to glorify petty criminals in the
Statesman.

JACKIE SANDERS
I have a theory.

DON BROWN
Do you?

JACKIE SANDERS
(hesitating)
What about Tim Overton?

DON BROWN
What about him?

JACKIE SANDERS
Couldn't he do something like this?
He has the friends for it, and the
temperament.

LOU VEGA

Overton and his boys? No way.
Criminals, yes. Sociopaths, maybe.
But masterminds? No.
(to Don)
You've met him. I don't think Tim
has the ambition, or the brain.

Beat. Don considers it.

DON BROWN

Put her on assignment. Give her
what we already know about Overton
and his gang. See what she can come
up with.

Jackie and Lou are both shocked.

LOU VEGA

But Don --

DON BROWN

Now, Lou.

Don walks into his office, closes the door, avoids protest.

Lou turns to Jackie.

LOU VEGA

I'd drop this if I were you. The
Overton boys might be dumb, but
that doesn't mean they're not
dangerous.

CUT TO:

INT. M&M COURTS MOTEL (BROTHEL) - NIGHT

PROSTITUTES in the lobby. Tim Overton and gang lounging
around, popping pills and shooting up, women in their laps.

HATTIE VALDES (60s) works the front counter - short, stout,
and steely, pistol in her garter.

Tim smokes a cigar, dumps a bag onto a table. Diamonds,
jewels, and cash rain down.

He shakes it for good measure. A few stragglers rattle out.

FAT JERRY

Which hen you got for me, Hattie?

HATTIE VALDEZ
Pick one yourself.

FAT JERRY
Pick one myself? You see what we
got here, don't you?

He tosses a diamond across the room to Hattie.

She catches it with one hand, stashes it in her brazier,
scans the room, signals two girls over to his waiting lap.

TIM OVERTON
Slow down, Jerry, no need to blow
your load so fast.
(beat)
Or ours.

Fat Jerry's too preoccupied to hear.

Tim looks around, everyone equally absorbed by female talent.

He gets up, walks past a PROSTITUTE on his way to Hattie.

The prostitute holds a silver serving tray. Tim places a
necklace on it, pearl by pearl.

TIM OVERTON (CONT'D)
Meet me in my room.

The prostitute smiles, walks down the hall, experienced.

Tim continues over to Hattie, nonchalant.

She eyes him suspiciously.

TIM OVERTON (CONT'D)
Nice place you got here.

HATTIE VALDEZ
What do you want, Overton?

TIM OVERTON
Now, why do I have to want
something?

HATTIE VALDEZ
Trick in your bed, and you're out
here talking to me? Cut the shit.

TIM OVERTON
(smiling)
I like you, Hattie, I really do.

Tim acts like he's been struck by an idea.

TIM OVERTON (CONT'D)

Say, my outfit's recent successes
have got me thinking - we should be
expanding into greener pastures,
entering new markets.

(beat)

A partnership between us could
be...mutually beneficial.

Hattie snorts, leans in.

HATTIE VALDEZ

A partnership? With you? You might
be a pimp, Overton, but I run
prostitution here in Austin.

Tim smiles, slides a jewel across the counter.

TIM OVERTON

It's not just prostitution that
interests me.

Beat. Hattie looks down at the gleaming rock, back at Tim.

HATTIE VALDEZ

You know, my daddy always told me
that pigs get fat, but hogs get
slaughtered.

Tim laughs, give her a pat on the cheek, soft, but dangerous.

TIM OVERTON

Think about it.

He walks down the hall in search of his woman, whistling an old country tune.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OVERTON'S APARTMENT - LATER

The apartment complex is beat-up and worn, the night silent.

SCREECH! TIM'S CAR skids into the driveway, stops abruptly.

Tim exits the car, drunk, loose tie, ruffled shirt and coat.

He stumbles toward the front door.

INT. THE OVERTON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dark and quiet. The home is small and rundown, mid-century furniture throughout. TWO GIRLS sleep in their shared room.

Tim enters the apartment, loud.

He stumbles through the home, makes it to his bedroom.

Inside, Tim's wife SUE OVERTON (20s) is awake, waiting.

Tim notices Sue, stops - ashamed, but too proud to show it.

TIM OVERTON

What?

SUE OVERTON

Nothing.

TIM OVERTON

Why you up then?

SUE OVERTON

Waiting.

TIM OVERTON

Yeah, for what?

SUE OVERTON

You promised my kids you'd have dinner with them.

TIM OVERTON

Your kids?

SUE OVERTON

Yeah. My kids.

TIM OVERTON

Yeah, well, I was out.

SUE OVERTON

At Hattie's?

TIM OVERTON

I had business.

Sue shakes her head, fed up.

SUE OVERTON

(under her breath)

You're just like your deadbeat father.

Tim hears, can't control his temper - his weakness.

TIM OVERTON

I told you not to bring him up
under my roof!

SUE OVERTON

Our roof.

TIM OVERTON

I found you, Sue, don't you forget
that. Who were you before me? A
sad, single mother, husband in
jail, no job to support her two
beautiful girls. A heroin addict, a
whore. I found you, Sue. I pulled
you up off the pavement. I gave you
a life.

(beat)

I promised? I'll tell you what I
promised. I promised you and your
kids wouldn't starve, that your ex-
husband wouldn't beat you. That's
what I promised.

Sue musters all the confidence she can.

SUE OVERTON

Look, you can lie to me. You can
use me as a trick. You can stay out
all night, hell, stay out all week.
I don't care. But don't lie to my
kids. They've had enough failed
father figures already.

TIM OVERTON

Failed father figure? Just because
I was working too damn hard to eat
dinner like a happy family?

Tim gets a drunken idea - tightens his tie, flattens his jacket, checks his watch.

TIM OVERTON (CONT'D)

Well, hell, it's not too late, is
it? We can still have dinner.

Tim storms down the hallway.

SUE OVERTON

(hissing)
Tim, Tim!

He reaches the kitchen, thrusts open a green-cream fridge, grabs deli meats, mayo, mustard.

Next, a knife. Menacing. Sue tries to restrain him.

Tim throws her off, grabs bread, makes two deli sandwiches.

He carries them towards the girls' bedroom.

SUE OVERTON (CONT'D)

(crying)

Tim, please, no! Please.

Tim ignores her, opens the bedroom door, flips on the lights.

TIM OVERTON

Wake up girls, wake up.

The two girls are in opposite twin beds, groggy.

They rub sleep from their eyes, confused. Tim approaches.

TIM OVERTON (CONT'D)

Your mom wants us to have dinner.

He reaches down, puts a sandwich in each one of their faces.

They refuse, look at their mother, frozen in the doorway.

TIM OVERTON (CONT'D)

Come on, girls, you gotta eat.

They refuse again, wild in their eyes.

TIM OVERTON (CONT'D)

I said eat your dinner!

Tim smashes the sandwiches into the girls' mouths, rubs their faces in the food, condiments everywhere. They cry.

Sue lunges forward.

SLAP! Tim backhands her.

She falls to the floor in a heap.

Her body on the ground sobers Tim, brings him to his senses.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK: INT. TIM OVERTON'S CHILDHOOD HOME (1946) - NIGHT

Tim Overton's father, SNOOKS OVERTON (30s), sits at a beat-up kitchen table, drinking. His shoulders are slouched, poor and ashamed of it.

Enter IMA NELL OVERTON (20s), broad-shouldered and strong, wife of Snooks and mother to all five of his boys.

She says something Snooks doesn't like. He grabs her arm.

Ima struggles to get away. Snooks hits her, hard.

CUT TO:

END FLASHBACK: EXT. THE OVERTON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Back to present (1962), Tim stands in the driveway, distraught, trying to unlock his car door.

He can't. His hands are shaking.

He lights a cigarette, takes a deep drag, calms himself.

He opens the door, speeds off.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN AUSTIN - LATER

Tim Overton saunters down deserted sidewalks, bottle in hand. He's drunk, stumbling, his tie loose, his coat ruffled.

He stops, looks at his reflection in a storefront window.

He's disgusted, pulls at his disheveled clothes.

Then, behind his reflection, he sees a suit on a mannequin.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Hank Bowen and Freddie Hedges loiter on the east side, white t-shirts tucked into tight jeans, cowboy boots on their feet.

Hank throws a rock at a can. It clangs off with a dull ring.

FREDDIE HEDGES

What's takin' 'em so long? It's hot
as a two-dollar pistol. I want to
go to Ernie's.

HANK BOWEN

(ignoring him)

Bet you can't make it in the can
before I do.

FREDDIE HEDGES

How much it worth to you?

HANK BOWEN

Beating you? Priceless.

Both men search for winning rocks. One by one, they toss
pebbles at the open can, focused, when...

SMACK! A stiff boot kicks the can down the dirt road.

HANK BOWEN (CONT'D)

Hey!

FREDDIE HEDGES

Hey!

Hank and Freddie look up, annoyed.

It's a TEXAS RANGER (40s), complete with a wide-brimmed hat,
gleaming star-shaped badge, and reflective sunglasses.

TEXAS RANGER

Hello boys.

(beat)

What we got going on here?

FREDDIE HEDGES

You ruining my mood is what we got
going on here.

HANK BOWEN

Now, Freddie, I'm sure this law dog
has a perfectly good explanation.

(beat)

You do, don't you, law dog?

The Ranger spits, chaw in his mouth.

TEXAS RANGER

Looks to me like we have two
vagrants. Loitering, boys?

HANK BOWEN

We're not loitering. We're waiting.

TEXAS RANGER
For what?

FREDDIE HEDGES
None of your damn business.

TEXAS RANGER
Boys, what I see here is no visible means of support. Vagrancy, which, as I'm sure you know, is illegal here in the great state of Texas, making it all of my business.

FREDDIE HEDGES
Come on, you know that law is corrupt bullshit.
(beat)
Just like the Rangers.

Beat. The Ranger takes a step closer, imposing.

TEXAS RANGER
Men's clothing store was knocked over last night. Bunch of suits were taken, not to mention cash. Real shame.
(beat)
Y'all wouldn't know what I'm talking about, would you?

Freddie spins around, arms wide, modeling his clothes.

FREDDIE HEDGES
Does it look like we know anything about it? Maybe you should question someone in a suit.

TIM OVERTON (O.S.)
What's going on, boys?

Turning, we see Tim and brother Darrell with lackey BOBBIE JOE WARD (20s), a shifty character. All are fully suited.

They stand still, defiant, bags in their arms.

FREDDIE HEDGES
We're getting harassed. You know how we feel about getting harassed.

TIM OVERTON
It's ok, Freddie, I'm sure this Ranger is just doing his job.

TEXAS RANGER
(to Tim Overton)
Nice suit.

Tim hands his bags to his lackeys, walks up to the Ranger.

TIM OVERTON
This thing? Oh, it was a gift.
(beat)
From my mother.

The boys chuckle in the background.

TEXAS RANGER
You wouldn't mind if I check the
tags then, would you?

TIM OVERTON
I would mind.

Beat. The Ranger is silent.

Tim reaches into his pocket, pulls out a roll of cash.

TIM OVERTON (CONT'D)
Silly me, is this what you meant by
tags?

Tim hands the wad of cash to the Ranger. The Ranger accepts.

TIM OVERTON (CONT'D)
You know, I heard it might be them
boys from Dallas.
(beat)
You can have that tip for free.

TEXAS RANGER
I'll look into it.

The ranger doesn't move, arms crossed - he won't.

In the distance, a loud muscle car approaches, music blaring.

TIM OVERTON
Excuse me, but this is our ride.

TEXAS RANGER
Y'all stay out of trouble, ya hear?

The car pulls to a stop, Fat Jerry in the driver's seat. He stares at the Ranger.

Tim and gang pile into the car.

Bobbie Joe Ward motions with his hand like a gun, shoots the Ranger, almost friendly.

The muscle car speeds off.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Harvey Gann sits in his office, feet on his desk. He stares at a corkboard with information on Tim Overton and gang.

Ring! His desk phone. He answers.

HARVEY GANN
Gann.

INT./EXT. DUSTY PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

The Texas Ranger leans against the booth, phone to his ear, toothpick in his mouth, counting his cash.

TEXAS RANGER
Harvey Gann?

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION

HARVEY GANN
Yeah, what of it?

TEXAS RANGER
This is Brayden Morgan, Texas
Rangers.

Harvey snorts.

HARVEY GANN
The Rangers? I've got better things
to --

BRAYDEN MORGAN
I hear you're on a new beat.

HARVEY GANN
Sorry, but I don't buy my tips.

BRAYDEN MORGAN
Consider this a freebie.

HARVEY GANN
Hardly.

BRAYDEN MORGAN
I just ran into Tim Overton.

Harvey sits up in his chair, alert.

HARVEY GANN
Oh?

BRAYDEN MORGAN
Yeah, I was investigating a
clothing store robbery.

HARVEY GANN
That 10-31 already came through
dispatch --

BRAYDEN MORGAN
It's not that.

HARVEY GANN
Well then, what is it?

BRAYDEN MORGAN
Bobbie Joe Ward.

HARVEY GANN
Bobby Joe who?

BRAYDEN MORGAN
Bobby Joe Ward. Safecracker, pimp,
drug dealer extraordinaire. Saw him
hanging with the Overton boys
earlier.

HARVEY GANN
And?

TEXAS RANGER
We got word from a local trick that
he's running a deal tonight for the
Dallas mob.
(beat)
Maybe your boy Tim will be there.

HARVEY GANN
Well now, that is interesting...