

DONE

FADE IN:

EXT. GHOST TOWN, NEW MEXICO - NIGHT

Silvery moon. A rust covered BRONCO rolls through a desert GHOST TOWN...past a weed covered building with a faded sign ..."Little Fanny's Hotel and Pleasure House"--

Along a winding road bordered by a brush covered wire fence. Pulls over and stops.

SCREEAK! SCUFFY BOOTS exit a complaining door. A SHORT MAN. A wire cutter. Face in shadows, he goes to the fence. SNAP SNAP SNAP...the wire falls.

He gets in the Bronco...bounces and rattles up a rocky hill and halts. He exits, carries a shovel. Peers around. Cautious. Hikes to a ledge that overlooks a deep canyon.

A dark entrance looms. He enters, flips on a flashlight and steps down a steep rocky slope to a--

INT. PUEBLO CLIFF DWELLING - CONTINUOUS

...light illuminates TWO RIGHT TRIANGLES on the wall side by side, like an arrowhead. He brushes away dirt beneath the triangles. He's been here before. Yanks away a canvas.

Beneath it a deep hole. Digs with his shovel...with his hands. Lifts a small, tan pot decorated with a pattern of red and green triangle shaped markings. Mutters to himself...

SHORT MAN

Apache...

Puts it into a sack. He's up the slope to the ledge...gets in the Bronco.

INT. BLACK JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Headlights out, climbs over rugged terrain. FEDERAL AGENT GUVELLY (42) drives. No one knows his first name...or wants to. Night vision goggles. Chews tobacco.

NIGHT VISION GOGGLE VIEW; a Bronco parked on the side of a steep hill.

He takes off the goggles. Broad face matches his girth, pasty complexion, razor cut hair. Turns on a spotlight.

DONE

2.

INT. RUSTY BRONCO - CONTINUOUS

The Short Man starts the truck. SPOTLIGHT plays over him. Engine ROARS...a DRAGON UNDER THE HOOD. He's over the crest of the hill. Sees the spotlight turn toward him.

A CLOUD OF DUST as he brakes and turns. The Bronco disappears into the darkness.

INT. BLACK JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Guvelly stomps the accelerator. NIGHT VISION GOGGLE VIEW; a speck disappears into the desert night. He shakes a burly fist, spits a WAD OF TOBACCO out the window.

GUVELLY

I know it's you, ya sonofabitch.

Spits again. Heavy jowled grin--

GUVELLY

And I know where ya live!

EXT. DOS HERMANAS TORTILLERIA - NEXT DAY, EVENING

Old Town Albuquerque. An adobe house, brown stucco walls, a flat roof. Sign--"DOS HERMANAS." LAUGHTER AND MUSIC.

INT. DOS HERMANAS - CONTINUOUS

Western ambiance...sombreros, desert artifacts and Indian designs on the walls...piñon logs burn in a fireplace.

A bar...PEOPLE line up for drinks...western hats, silver belt buckles and boots. A MARIACHI BAND plays. A FIGHT between TWO MEN. People back away...CHEER AND LAUGH.

BARTENDER intervenes in the fight, hands them each a margarita. They grin, take the drinks and swig. The Bartender returns to his work, mixes more margaritas.

WAITRESS ANGIE (35), wide smile, angular face, way too much lipstick, picks up a drink, takes it to--

SCUFFY BOOTS lead up to a rugged and handsome man, dirty jeans, faded shirt, denim jacket, sits at a table against a wall. This is HUBERT (HUBIE) SCHUZE (42),

Market READY

FADE IN:

EXT. GHOST TOWN, NEW MEXICO - NIGHT

Silvery moon. A rust covered BRONCO rolls through a desert GHOST TOWN past a weed covered building, driven by a MAN unseen.

Passes a faded SIGN: "Little Fanny's Hotel and Pleasure House."

Brush covers a wire fence. He pulls over and stops.

His BOOTS crunch on gravel, silence on dirt.

A World War II entrenching tool (SHOVEL) hangs from his belt, best friend in the world, a FLASHLIGHT, too.

At the fence, right hand reveals a wire cutter. Face in shadows, he works by moonlight.

SNAP SNAP SNAP. Wire drops.

Back in the Bronco, he thumps up an unpaved hill.

Approaches a CLIFF DWELLING, it's opening covered by CANVAS.

He pulls over, gets out, and yanks the canvas back.

He enters.

INT. PUEBLO CLIFF DWELLING - CONTINUOUS

FLICK!

Flashlight illuminates TWO RIGHT TRIANGLES side by side on a wall, like an arrowhead.

This is HUBERT (HUBIE) SCHUZE (42).

HUBIE (V.O.)

All my life I've hunted for ways to unearh the past. Nostalgia, maybe. In my heart, I'm a collector of the oddest, finest, most sought after pots in the state.

He goes to the triangles, estimates the distance from the dwelling wall, kneels down, rock hard soil.

Market Ready

2.

HUBIE (V.O.)

If I'm not making them, I'm hunting
for them.

Slam, shovel to dirt. He digs.

HUBIE (V.O.)

I've been called a lot of things in
my life. Not that much different
from anyone else I guess.

He sets aside the shovel. Digs with his hands. Nails
encrusted with dirt.

He digs, the closer he gets, the gentler his hands become.

HUBIE

I know you're hiding my full, round,
girl. Now come to--

Flashlight on the pot; we catch a look at him; more impish
handsome than Indiana Jones.

He digs. Feels a rim. Then bulbous clay. He hurries the
dig.

HUBIE (V.O.)

But I don't like it when people call
me a pot thief.

He brushes dirt from his find, holds it up--tan with red and
green triangle markings.

HUBIE

Two yards in. One foot down.
Consistent as sunrise.

He stands and bags his find. His smile: enigmatic.

HUBIE

Three trips, third time's a charming
pot.

He holsters his shovel and heads out.

HUBIE (V.O.)

Used to think I was crazy because I
talk to myself when I'm alone. I
found out about a study that said
when volunteers looked for an object
and talked out loud, they found it
faster.

He's up the slope to the ledge and back to the Bronco.