

MIDNIGHT, TEXAS BOBO SIDES

ABSOLUTELY NO
COLOGNE, PERFUME, OR
SCENTED FRAGRANCES
SHOULD BE WORN.
HIGHLY ALLERGIC OFFICE.

PLEASE NOTE: THESE
SIDES ARE FOR AUDITION
PURPOSES ONLY

BOBO SIDES

'BOBO'
AUDITION MATERIAL
ONLY

INT. MIDNIGHT PAWN - DAY

Manfred moves toward the counter. From the back, he hears a man's voice. A pissed off man --

START
1

BOBO (O.S.)

Least you can do is give me my ring back. You can't take off ...

Manfred clears his throat. Loud.

BOBO (CONT'D)

Call me back Aubrey.

A beat. BOBO WINTHROP 30s, emerges from a back office. Looks like a guy who played college ball. Smiles like a quarterback. Everyone likes Bobo.

BOBO (CONT'D)

You must be Manfred...?

(off his nod)

...made good time from Dallas --

MANFRED

No traffic the last five hours.

BOBO

(laughs, searches a drawer)

No there isn't. I'll get the keys.

INT. MANFRED'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Manfred looks around. Clean, Ikea furnished apartment.

BOBO

Last tenant left the furniture. Particle board bothers you, you're welcome to come by the shop --

MANFRED

-- it's fine. I like newer things.

BOBO

RV in the driveway suggests otherwise...

(then, admits)

I gotta come clean. I checked you out, before renting the house.

MANFRED

I hope it's not a problem.

"MIDNIGHT, TEXAS"
ISAACSON AND SOULIERE CASTING
OFFICE IS VERY ALLERGIC TO SCENTS.
PLEASE DON'T WEAR PERFUME OR COLOGNE.

BOBO

That you're a psychic? Just the opposite. I was gonna offer you a month's rent if you could help me out...

My fiance, she walked out, won't return my calls --

MANFRED

-- Let me stop you.

(lies)

It's not real. I tell people what they want to hear. I'm just good at reading people. That's all it is.

BOBO

No harm in asking. I should get back. You need something --

MANFRED

I know where to find you. Thanks.

END I

EXT, COLD ROCK RIDGE - LATE AFTERNOON

WITH Livingston, interrogating Bobo. Bobo is devastated.

**START
2**

LIVINGSTON

Her next of kin?

BOBO

Me I suppose. She's got an aunt. Don't know her name. Raised Aubrey after her parents died. Kicked her out when she was fifteen, and got a little wild. They weren't in touch.

LIVINGSTON

Where'd you meet?

BOBO

Dewey. She was waiting tables. We got to talking. She was getting evicted, I had a house to rent.

(then)

Took her to dinner the night she moved in. She moved in with me three weeks later.

LIVINGSTON

That's fast.

BOBO

She said, when you know, you --

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Bobo's voice cracks. Livingston doesn't give Bobo a chance to compose himself. Continues, distrust on the surface:

LIVINGSTON

She was gone for two weeks, you didn't report her missing.

BOBO

I thought she walked out.

LIVINGSTON

Without her stuff.

BOBO

She barely had stuff. Two suitcases of clothes, cheap furniture she didn't like.

LIVINGSTON

Why'd she leave?

BOBO

(hates himself for it)
We fought. I got mean. Told her to get out... I didn't intend...

END 2

He drops his head into his hands, can't keep talking.

INT. BOBO'S APARTMENT - EARLY AM

FIND Bobo. Empty bottle next to him. Lost in grief. Doesn't react to a knock at his door. The sound of keys in the lock. Or Fiji walking in with bags.

FIJI

Used my "in-case-of-emergency" neighbor keys. This qualifies.

She walks past him, to the kitchen:

FIJI (CONT'D)

I have food.

BOBO

I'm not hungry.

FIJI

Of course you're not. But you still need to eat...

CUT TO:

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INT. BOBO'S APARTMENT - DAY

A lovingly prepared plate of food. Bobo half-heartedly pushes food around his plate.

FIJI
Hope it's okay.

BOBO
It's good...
(admits quietly)
I know why this happened.
It's me... my fault --
(then)
We don't talk much about who we
were before coming to Midnight...
But I wasn't a good man.
I didn't deserve her, didn't
deserve to be so happy. I knew
something would go wrong.

FYI

Fiji takes his hand --

FIJI
I don't care who you were. I know
who you are. Now. And that is the
kindest man I know. And I --

KNOCK, KNOCK. Fiji stops, crosses to the door --

FIJI (CONT'D)
I'll get rid of --
(opens it, surprised)
Sheriff Livingston.

He's even more surprised to see her there. Looks past her --

LIVINGSTON
I need to talk to Bobo.

He doesn't wait for an invitation, enters. Fiji follows.

FIJI
I'll get going --

BOBO
Please, stay.

Fiji stands by Bobo's side. Livingston gets right to it.

LIVINGSTON
Coroner's preliminary report is
victim was beaten, shot. Gunshot
assumed to be the cause of death.

417

ON BOBO, a gut punch.

LIVINGSTON (CONT'D)
That's not why I'm here... Aubrey
Hamilton wasn't the girl you
thought she was.

PUSH IN on BOBO as he listens...

LIVINGSTON (CONT'D)
Her real name, Aubrey Hamilton-
Lowry. Married to Peter Lowry,
three years into a fifteen year
sentence at Beaumont Federal.

FIJI
(shit)
Sugarcornpops.

LIVINGSTON
She's got family. Mother, father,
two brothers, outside of Dallas.
Very much alive. Aubrey talked to
her mother every Sunday up until
the week she went missing.

FYI

BOBO
That can't be. You're wrong.

Livingston pulls out photographs. Hands them to Bobo. A
SEARS family portrait: Aubrey, brothers, parents in Christmas
sweaters. And a Wedding photo, Aubrey in a poufy, white
dress, a BIKER with a bad-ass expression is the groom.

Bobo stares at them, tries to process.

LIVINGSTON
I notified her parents. They're
upset. Understandably. Looking for
someone to blame. Her husband, he's
Sons of Liberty, he's got reach.

BOBO
What are you saying?

LIVINGSTON
I know this town. Know you like to
handle things yourselves. But in
this case, don't. You see
something, you call us. I don't
want this situation escalating.

Bobo nods.

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LIVINGSTON (CONT'D)
So you didn't suspect?

BOBO
(seething)
Did I suspect that everything she
said was a lie. No. I didn't --

INT. MIDNIGHT PAWN - NIGHT

DING DING. TWO BIKERS framed in the doorway. All
testosterone, rage and hate. CAMERA LEADS them through the
store.

A DOME SURVEILLANCE MIRROR. Distorted image of the Bikers
approaching the counter.

TILT DOWN to see Bobo, behind the counter watching. Bobo
looks under the counter. A phone and pistol right there. Bobo
walks out from behind the counter, leaving both behind.

WITH BOBO as he walks up to The Bikers.

START
3

BOBO
(matter of fact)
You're not welcome here.

The Shorter Biker pulls his pistol out from his holster.
Trains it on Bobo. The Taller Biker gets right up on him.

TALL BIKER
What I want to know is, you kill
Aubrey because she knew the truth
about you?

BOBO
I wouldn't hurt her.

TALL BIKER
And I don't take the word of a
traitor and a coward.

The Tall Biker pulls out a hunting knife.

TALL BIKER (CONT'D)
~~I want to end you, right~~
~~here. Backy for you, I need~~
~~something.~~

(whispers)
Where'd you stash them? You know,
those weapons ain't yours.

(MORE)

TALL BIKER (CONT'D)
You tell me, where you put the
cache and I'll let you live to see
the sunrise.

BOBO
You've misjudged the situation.

Bobo lifts his head, as if to offer his neck.

BOBO (CONT'D)
I don't care either way.

TALL BIKER
Suit yourself --

END3

He's about to slice Bobo's throat when --

THWAP. Out of fucking nowhere -- a long metal arrow flies
across the room, impales the Tall Biker in the back.

The Tall Biker screams, crumbles to the ground.

CAMERA WHIPS to REVEAL: Olivia, black bra and panties,
longbow in hand.

Freaked out, the Shorter Biker spins, fires. BAMBAMBAM. But
Olivia dives, disappears behind some furniture.

The Shorter Biker spins his pistol on Bobo. Before he gets
off a shot --

A quick white blur whips across the room, appears next to the
Shorter Biker. Two pale hands reach out and grab his head,
twist. A meaty snap --

He falls dead, next to his bleeding friend.

TILT UP to REVEAL Lemuel, in a bathrobe, over him. The
Taller Biker starts to scream. Lem bends down, puts a hand
over the man's mouth.

BOBO
I didn't ask for help.

OLIVIA
This isn't just about you anymore.

LEMUEL
Aubrey is not worth dying for.