

88 CONTINUED:

88

ENNIS

Jack and me is goin' out and get a drink.
Might not get back tonight, we get to
drinkin' and talkin'.

ALMA

(again)
Sure enough.

Takes a dollar from her pocket.

JACK

Pleased to meet you, Alma.

ALMA

(in her misery voice)
Ennis...

ENNIS

(already heading down the
stairs)
Alma, you want smokes there's some in the
pocket a my blue shirt in the bedroom.

89 EXT: MOTEL SIESTA: NIGHT:

89

WE SEE the exterior of a run-down small-town rough-country
motel in Riverton.

90 INT: MOTEL SIESTA: ROOM: NIGHT:

90

Clothes strewn around the room, a few empty whiskey bottles.
The room blue with cigarette smoke.

ENNIS, shirt off, leans against the headboard. JACK sits on
the edge of the bed. Both smoke.

JACK

We got a talk about this. Swear to God I
didn't know we was goin' a get into this
again.

ENNIS gives him a look.

JACK (cont'd)

Yeah, I did. Red-lined all the way,
couldn't get here fast enough.

ENNIS

Four years. I was about to give up on
you. Figured you was sore about that
punch.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Friend, that next summer I drove back up to Brokeback, talked to Aguirre 'bout a job.

(a beat)

Heard you hadn't been back there, so I left. Headed down to Texas for rodeoin'. How I met Lureen. Made \$3,000 that year bullridin', fuckin' starved. Drove grooves across Texas. Half the time under that cunt truck fixin' it. Lureen's old man's got some serious money, farm machinery business.

(pause)

'Course, he hates my guts, so it's a hard go now, but one of these days....

ENNIS

Army didn't get you?

JACK

Nope, too busted up. Rodeo ain't like it was in my daddy's time. Guys with money go to college, trained athaletes now. I'm gettin' out while I can still walk.

ENNIS takes a hit from his cigarette. Exhales.

A beat.

ENNIS

I been sittin' up here all this time, tryin' to figure out if I was...? I know I ain't. I mean, here we both got wives and kids, right? I like doin' it with women, but Jesus H....ain't nothin' like this.

(pause)

Never had no thoughts a doin' it with another guy.

JACK

Me neither.

(pause)

Old Brokeback got us good. We got to work out what we're goin' a do now. Friend, we got us a situation here.

ENNIS looks at JACK. Stubs out his cigarette.

ENNIS

I doubt there's nothin' we can do.

(pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

What I'm sayin', I built up a life them four years. Love my little girls.

JACK

What about Alma?

ENNIS

Alma? It ain't her fault.

(pause)

What about you? You got your wife and baby, that place in Texas...besides, you and me can't hardly be decent together, if what happened back there...

(jerks his head in the direction of the apartment)

...grabs on us like that. We do that in the wrong place, we'll be dead.

Sits up on the edge of the bed. Gets up, goes to the dingy little bureau and gets another package of cigarettes.

ENNIS

(cont'd)

No reins on this one, buddy. Scares the piss out of me.

A beat...JACK takes a deep breath.

JACK

I'm gettin' out of rodeo, Ennis. Don't got the bucks to ride out this slump I'm in, don't got the bones, neither.

(earnest)

What if you and me had a little ranch together, little cow and calf operation, it'd be some sweet life. Shit, Lureen's old man, you bet he'd give me a down payment if I'd get lost. Already more or less said it....

ENNIS

(interrupts)

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Ain't goin' a be that way.

(a beat)

I'm stuck with what I got here, caught in my own loop.

JACK looks stricken.

ENNIS

Jack, I don't want a be like them guys you see around...and I don't want a be dead.