

# A SIMPLE PLAN

A Screenplay  
By  
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ORIGINAL  
RED

FADE IN on:

BEGIN CREDITS

1 INT. FEED MILL - DAY 1

The air is thick with dust. Grain is being milled, a loud, steady GRINDING: WE SEE the machinery moving in the shifting light. Shelves line one wall, sagging with burlap sacks. HANK MITCHELL is tallying the bags on a clipboard. He's thirty years old, slim, light-haired, dressed in khakis and a sweater.

2 EXT. FEED MILL - DAY 2

A tall narrow building, roofed with corrugated tin. It's separated from the feedstore by a barren, snow-covered yard. The snow is dirty, pockmarked with tracks. We still HEAR the grinding, but it's more muffled now.

The mill's door opens, and Hank emerges, clutching his clipboard. He coughs, spits into the snow, then picks his way quickly toward the feedstore, slapping at his sweater and pants as he goes, leaving a cloud of dust in the air behind him.

3 INT. HANK'S OFFICE - DAY 3

A tiny office, which Hank shares with his boss, TOM BUTLER. The bookshelves are crowded with files; the desks are messy; a fluorescent light flickers on the ceiling. Butler, a heavysset man approaching forty, is talking on the phone: no words, just an intermittent string of HMMM's, UH-HUH's, and UNH-UNH's.

Hank enters, plucks the top sheet of paper from his clipboard, deposits it on Butler's desk. Butler scans its columns without pausing in his conversation. As Hank sits down at his own, slightly smaller desk, his watch BEEPS. He fumbles with it, checking the time: it's noon.

Hank hurriedly shuts his briefcase, turns off his desk lamp. When he steps to the door and pulls down his coat, Butler glances at his own watch, raising his eyebrows, the phone still pressed to his ear. Hank hesitates, halfway into his overcoat.

HANK

The cemetery..?

(Butler's face remains blank)

My brother and I...

Butler nods, suddenly remembering, and waves Hank away. Hank rushes out the door. It SLAMS shut, then immediately pops back open as Hank sticks his head in.

HANK (cont'd)

Happy New Year!

(CONTINUED)

Before Butler can respond, the door shuts, and Hank is gone.

4 EXT. SMALL TOWN MAIN ST. - DAY 4

A small, worn-looking town. The street is lined with two-story buildings, their paint peeling, gutters sagging. The few people out and about are dressed heavily against the cold. Snow has been shoveled into long piles along the sidewalk's edge. Wind-tattered Christmas decorations cling to the light poles.

Hank emerges from the feedstore, buttoning his overcoat. He turns to the right, hurrying, his head ducked against the cold.

MOVING

We follow Hank down the block. He passes a woman carrying a bulging grocery bag, a SMALL CHILD trailing behind her, androgynous in its snow gear. The woman's name is LINDA.

HANK

Happy New Year, Linda!  
(to the child)  
Happy New Year, Marci!

The mother and daughter both RESPOND, their faces too muffled by their scarves for us to make out their words.

HANK walks on, passing a tavern, several stores, the library: all of the buildings look equally rundown. Only the town hall stands out in any way, a red-brick structure with a police truck parked on the street before it. CARL JENKINS, the town policeman, a white-haired, vigorous-looking old man, is scraping the truck's windshield. He waves at Hank.

CARL

Happy New Year, Hank!

As Hank waves back, a little girl glides toward him down the sidewalk, perched on a sled: silent, almost magical. Hank steps aside to let her pass. Then he turns the corner, starts down the next block. He stops at--

5 THE MITCHELL HOUSE 5

--which is just a bit less dilapidated than its neighbors, an essentially rundown building with a thin facade of renovation: fresh paint, clean windows, a wreath on the door. Christmas lights blink on the porch railings. Hank climbs the steps, vanishes inside, the door SLAMMING shut behind him.

END CREDITS

6 INT. MITCHELL ENTRANCEWAY - DAY 6

Hank pauses inside the door, unbuttoning his coat. To his right is the dining room, to his left the living room. Nothing's expensive, but all the furnishings have obviously been chosen with care. A poinsettia sits on a table by the front door.

Hank drapes his coat over the bannister, bends to remove his shoes, then stops, listening. WE HEAR water running, and--too faintly to make out the words--a woman singing. Hank yanks off his shoes, starts quickly up the stairs.

7 INT. MITCHELL BEDROOM - DAY 7

A bed, night tables, a pair of bureaus. Photographs dot the walls; the windows look out onto the street. A door, cracked open, leads to a bathroom. This is where the water's coming from: Hank's wife, SARAH, is singing in the shower. We can HEAR her words now. She's singing, "In the Bleak Midwinter".

Hank enters, moves to the bathroom door. Very slowly, he pushes it open, steps into--

8 THE MITCHELL BATHROOM 8

A sink, toilet and tub. Everything shines whitely, except for the shower curtain, which is bright red. Behind it, Sarah continues to SING, her voice hauntingly pretty. Hank stands in the center of the room, perfectly silent, listening.

After a few beats, the singing stops and the water is turned off. Then the shower curtain is slowly pulled open, revealing--

SARAH

--who, like her voice, is hauntingly pretty. She flinches at the sight of Hank, startled, hiding behind the shower curtain. It clings to her body, betraying the huge dome of her belly: she's extremely pregnant. After a moment, she smiles, and Hank grabs a towel, steps forward with it, holding it out to her. Neither of them says a word.

9 INT. MITCHELL BEDROOM - DAY 9

Hank is knotting his tie in front of the mirror; he's changed into a dark suit. Sarah stands behind him, adjusting his collar, HUMMING the Christmas carol. She's wearing a bathrobe; her hair is still wet. She brushes at Hank's jacket.

From downstairs, WE HEAR a sudden pounding. Sarah steps to the window, peers out.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

Oh-oh. Looks like it's going to be a long  
afternoon for you.

(grinning from the window)

He brought Lou along.

Hank turns from the mirror in dismay, his shoulders sagging.

10 INT. MITCHELL FRONT ENTRANCEWAY - DAY

10

The POUNDING resumes, as Hank comes down the stairs. He grabs his coat off the bannister, pulls open the door. His brother, JACOB, waits on the porch. He's heavy, slovenly, dressed in a dirty red parka. He eyes Hank, taking in his suit and tie.

JACOB

You ready?

Hank stares past him, buttoning his overcoat.

10A HANK'S POV - THE STREET

10A

Jacob's rusted red pickup idles at the curb. His DOG, a shepherd mix, is in the back. LOU sits in the passenger seat: fortyish, balding, stoop-shouldered. He throws Hank a wave.

10cont BACK TO SCENE

10cont

Hank waves back with an obvious lack of enthusiasm.

HANK

(to Jacob)

What's he doing here?

Jacob shrugs, not looking at his brother.

JACOB

Needed a lift home.

HANK

Kind of out of the way, isn't it?

JACOB

(another shrug)

I thought we could take him after.

Hank looks as if he's about to protest more strongly, but then he checks himself. He sighs, reaches back inside for the poinsettia, then shuts the door and leads Jacob down the steps.

11 EXT. COUNTRY CEMETERY - DAY

11

A small graveyard behind a ramshackle church, surrounded by open fields. Snow covers everything. Jacob's truck idles in the church's lot. His dog sits in back, pressed against the rear windshield, which has been replaced with a sheet of plastic.

Hank and Jacob trudge toward the center of the cemetery. Hank is carrying the poinsettia. They stop before a gravestone. Jacob stoops to wipe it clear of snow, revealing an inscription:

Jacob Hansel Mitchell  
June 2, 1930  
December 31, 1990

Josephine McDonnell Mitchell  
May 5, 1933  
December 31, 1990

Beneath this are two blank spots, for Hank and Jacob. The men stand for a beat, heads bowed. The dog watches from the rear of the truck, ears erect.

After a moment, Hank kneels to place the poinsettia before the grave. He scoops out a little crevice for it in the snow, inadvertently excavating the frozen remains of a potted chrysanthemum. Hank stares at it in surprise, then up at Jacob.

HANK

Somebody else was here.

JACOB

I brought it.

Hank seems to have trouble accepting this idea.

HANK

When?

JACOB

(laughing)

You think this is the only day we can come?

Before Hank can respond, WE HEAR a screeching sound from the parking lot. Both men turn to look.

HANK'S POV - CHURCH PARKING LOT

Lou has climbed out of the truck. He unzips his pants, starts to pee. As he urinates, he shuffles slowly to the right.

LOU

Hey, Jake! I'm writing my name!

(CONTINUED)

BACK TO SCENE

Jacob laughs. He starts toward the lot, unzipping his own fly. Hank remains crouched there, watching as the two men, giggling like boys, pee their names in the snow. The dog jumps from the truck to sniff at their urine.

\*11A EXT. PEDERSON BARNYARD - DAY

\*11A

The explosive sound of FLAPPING WINGS. WE SEE a chicken coop, surrounded by a wooden fence. The chickens are scrambling, a FOX in their midst. The fox lunges, catches one of the birds, snaps its neck with one quick shake of the head, then darts away, scampering over the wooden fence. The windows of the Pederson house are blank: no one's home.

WE RISE into the air, watching the fox set off into the fields, its paws throwing up a wake of snow. On the horizon, WE SEE a dark mass of trees. The fox is heading straight for them.

\*11B EXT. COUNTRY CEMETERY - DAY

\*11B

Jacob's truck is pulling away from the parking lot, the dog in back. WE SEE the two men's names yellowing the snow. Lou's is written in large, bold letters. Jacob's starts out equally big, but then gradually shrinks as his bladder empties: JACOB.

\*11C EXT. JACOB'S TRUCK - DAY - MOVING/BRIDGE & CREEK

\*11C

The truck crosses a low bridge over a half-frozen creek. Plowed snow is piled thickly over the bridge's railings. In the truck's rear, the dog sits pressed against the back of the cab.

LOU (OS)

So the cop starts to search the car, right?

\*11D INT. JACOB'S TRUCK - DAY - MOVING/BESIDE FROZEN LAKE

\*11D

Jacob drives with his gut pressed against the wheel. Like Lou, he has a beer can nestled between his thighs. Lou is on the outside, with Hank in the middle. Lou and Jacob talk back and forth above Hank's head, as if he weren't even there.

LOU

And when he looks under the seat, he shouts: "What the hell is this supposed to be?" And you know what the guy says?

JACOB

(snickering)

It's a crockpot.

Lou shakes his head, LAUGHING.

(CONTINUED)

LOU  
No, no--come on, pay attention. That was the preacher. This is the cowboy.

Jacob thinks for a moment, then grins slyly.

JACOB  
He says, "Mooooo."

They both LAUGH. Hank glances from one to the other, mystified.

LOU  
No. He says, "Why, officer. It's just a piiiineapple."

They LAUGH even harder; Lou prods Hank with his elbow.

LOU (cont'd)  
Get it?

Hank shakes his head. Lou turns to Jacob.

LOU (cont'd)  
Mr. Accountant doesn't get it.

Jacob starts to respond, but then a startled, panicky expression sweeps across his face. He slams the brakes.

- \*12 OMIT \*12
- \*13 OMIT \*13
- \*14 OMIT \*14
- 15 HANK'S POV - OUT THE WINDSHIELD 15

The fox is sprinting across the road, directly in front of us, a chicken hanging from its jaws.

EXT. EDGE OF PARK - DAY

The truck goes into a skid, its right front tire dropping into the ditch beside the road, the right headlight shattering.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

Everyone's thrown forward. The dog comes flying in through the plastic rear window, legs flailing, then scrambles quickly out.

- 16 OUTSIDE THE TRUCK 16

The dog leaps down, BARKING, and chases the fox into the woods.



17     INSIDE THE TRUCK

17

Jacob slaps the steering wheel with his hand.

JACOB

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

(CONTINUED)

Lou GIGGLES, and pushes open his door.

EDGE OF THE PARK

The three men climb out to inspect the damage. WE SEE their breath in the air. Jacob flips up his parka's hood; Lou pulls on a hat. Hank shivers in his overcoat. The dog's BARKING grows fainter and fainter. Jacob WHISTLES.

JACOB

MARY BETH!

Lou peers across the road. Hank follows his gaze.

ACROSS THE ROAD - HANK'S POV

The fox's tracks trail off across the field, a dotted line pointed toward the Pederson farm.

BACK TO SCENE

LOU

Looks like Dwight Pederson's missing a chicken.

Jacob WHISTLES again. The BARKING sounds very far away now, but it seems to have stopped moving. The three men listen.

JACOB

She treed it.

LOU

That's how it sounds.

Jacob walks to the truck and reaches inside, rummaging behind the front seat. He emerges with a hunting rifle in his hand.

HANK

What're you doing?

Jacob doesn't answer. He loads a bullet into the gun, slams the truck's door, shoulders the rifle.

HANK (cont'd)

It's a nature preserve, Jacob.

JACOB

So?

HANK

It's posted land. You can't hunt here.

Lou grins, watching the brothers. Jacob points at his truck.

(CONTINUED)

JACOB  
He busted my headlight.

LOU  
We're not really hunting here, Hank. It's  
more like we're collecting a debt.

Jacob and Lou set off into the woods, LAUGHING. It's clear that they're a bit loaded. Hank hesitates, then hurries after them.

18 EXT. WOODS - DAY

18

A small stream. WE SEE the dog and fox's tracks running up the far bank. Lou has already crossed; Jacob is sloshing through. Hank, in dress shoes, searches for a dry passage. Lou and Jacob LAUGH as they watch him teeter his way across on some stones.

19 EXT. WOODS - FURTHER IN - DAY

19

Lou and Hank stop to rest on the edge of a small valley. Jacob has fallen behind. He struggles toward them, his jacket open, his face shiny with sweat. Lou points into the valley.

LOU  
Jesus. Look at all those birds.

HANK'S POV - DOWN THE SLOPE

The trees are different here: smaller, planted in rows, the remains of an apple orchard. Their branches are full of crows. The fox's tracks go straight through the orchard, disappearing over the far slope. In the distance, the dog continues to BARK.

JACOB (OS)  
Wish we'd brought something to drink.

BACK TO SCENE

Jacob has reached them, GASPING, soaked with sweat. Lou waves his hand in the air, snaps his fingers over his jacket pocket, pulls out a can of beer. He opens it, hands it to Jacob.

LOU  
Always be prepared.

Jacob takes two large gulps, returns the can to Lou. Lou sips at it, then holds it out to Hank, but Hank shakes his head.

LOU (cont'd)  
What? Can't drink till after five?

Hank SIGHS, peers off into the orchard, pointedly ignoring Lou.

(CONTINUED)

LOU (cont'd)  
 (trying to get a rise)  
 Or maybe you don't wanna share? 'Fraid  
 you'll catch something from us.

He winks at Jacob, who smirks. When Hank still refuses to react, Lou hands the beer can to Jacob, scoops up a snowball. He feints a throw at Hank, and Hank ducks. Lou and Jacob LAUGH.

LOU  
 See, now that's what you might call in-sin-u-a-ting a throw. Remember? You said that last time I saw you. Could've just said "hint," but nooo, you had to put on airs, show us all the fancy words you know.

Lou tosses the snowball into the orchard.

HANK'S POV - THE ORCHARD

The snowball arcs into the orchard, smacks into a mound of snow upon which a dozen crows are perched. CAWING, the crows rise up, and a sheet of snow slides off the mound, partially REVEALING a SINGLE ENGINE PLANE. Both its wings are missing. It's balanced, nose-down, over the trunk of a fallen tree.

BACK TO SCENE

The three men stare into the orchard, stunned.

HANK  
 Jesus Christ.

20 INT. PLANE - DAY

20

Near darkness--we shouldn't be sure where we are. A thin stream of light enters from a crescent-shaped tear in the fuselage. WE HEAR muffled voices, then the cabin begins to shake. There's a CREAKING sound, metal pushing against metal, and a perpendicular crack appears in the darkness, a doorway opening.

WE SEE Hank's face shoved through the crack, blinking.

INT. PLANE - HANK'S POV FROM THE DOORWAY - DAY

The plane's rear is lost in shadow, but it looks empty. Toward the front is a large duffel bag. Beyond it are two seats. In the gray light filtering in through the ice-covered windshield, it's impossible to tell if they're occupied.

21 EXT. ORCHARD - DAY

21

Hank pulls his head from the doorway. Jacob has his rifle cradled in his arms; Lou is drinking from his can of beer.

HANK

I can't see.

(to Jacob)

Can you scrape some of that snow off the windshield?

Jacob shuffles off, while Hank tugs again at the door. He pulls so hard that he rocks the plane, dislodging the remainder of its shell of snow, but the door refuses to budge any further.

Hank turns sideways, pushes his head and shoulders through the doorway, then gets stuck. He tries to pull back, but his coat is snagged. WE HEAR a tearing sound.

HANK (cont'd)

Shit.

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22 INT. PLANE - DAY

22

Hank is trying to worm his way in, when WE HEAR Jacob start to scrape at the windshield. Hank squints toward the cockpit.

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22A\* HANK'S POV - PLANE'S COCKPIT

22A\*

Jacob continues to scrape at the windshield, but to no effect. Through the gray opacity of the ice, WE SEE the shadow of his arm moving back and forth. It disappears, then comes THUMPING down against the glass. The ice shatters, falls away. Light floods in, REVEALING a man's body, slumped in the lefthand seat.

The pilot's head, resting against the dashboard, seems to be shaking back and forth.

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22B\* BACK TO SCENE

22B\*

Hank stares in shock.

HANK

Hey, buddy. You all right?  
(slapping the fuselage)

Hey!

---

HANK'S POV - PLANE'S COCKPIT

The pilot's head has stopped moving.

(CONTINUED)

22B\* CONTINUED:

12.

22B\*

BACK TO SCENE

Hank twists his head, yells over his shoulder.

HANK  
There's somebody in here!

He tries to squeeze forward again.

23 EXT. ORCHARD

23

Jacob shuffles back toward Lou from the front of the plane.

JACOB  
What'd he say?

Lou shrugs: he neither knows nor cares. He finishes his beer, tosses the can off into the trees, then steps behind Hank.

LOU  
Watch this.

He begins to tickle Hank. Hank kicks out, but misses and loses his footing. The doorway's grip holds him up. Lou LAUGHS.

24 INT. PLANE

24

Hank strains to get free. Lou and Jacob's LAUGHTER filters in.

JACOB (OS)  
Let me try.

Hank freezes as WE HEAR a loud flapping sound from the cockpit.

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24A\* HANK'S POV - THE COCKPIT

24A\*

The pilot's head is tossed aside as two crows burst from his lap, THUDDING into the windshield. They beat against the glass, then bounce off, one landing on the rear of the pilot's seat, the other on the seat beside it. Their heads dart back and forth, eyeing Hank.

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24B\* BIRD'S POV - HANK TRAPPED IN THE DOORWAY

24B\*

Hank, very carefully, is trying to slip back out the door.

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24C\* EXT. ORCHARD

24C\*

Jacob begins to tickle Hank. WE HEAR Hank scream.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

13.

24

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24D\* HANK'S POV - THE COCKPIT

24D\*

The birds take to the air, banging against the windshield again. One of them bounces off and flies straight at us.

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INT. PLANE

Hank ducks, and the bird hits him in the forehead. He YELPS, pitches forward, and finally breaks free, landing inside the plane. The bird flies up to the hole in the fuselage and worms its way out, followed almost immediately by its partner.

25 EXT. ORCHARD

25

The birds emerge from the hole. Lou flinches at the sight of them, stumbling backward, falling onto his rear end in the snow.

26 INT. PLANE

26

Jacob fills the doorway, blocking the light.

JACOB

You see those birds?

Hank doesn't answer. His forehead is bleeding. He stands up, moves hurriedly toward the cockpit.

JACOB (cont'd)

Hank?

HANK'S POV - THE PILOT

The pilot is a thin young man, dressed in a flannel shirt and jeans. WE SEE Hank's hand tap him on the shoulder.

HANK (OS)

Hey. You okay?

26A\* A pause, then Hank pulls the pilot from the dashboard. The man's head falls back. His eyes have been eaten out by the birds: their dark sockets stare up at us. A bloody icicle hangs from his nose.

26A\*

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26B\* BACK TO SCENE

26B\*

Hank stumbles backward, trips over the duffel bag, falls. His impact upsets the plane's balance across the fallen tree: its nose lifts into the air, and Hank slides toward the plane's tail. The pilot's body swivels in its chair, as if to pursue him; the duffel bag slips along the floor till it's blocking the doorway; and a soda can rolls out from under the pilot's seat, RATTLES down the length of the plane, thumps into Hank's leg.

(CONTINUED)

LOU (OS)

What the fuck's he doing in there?

Hank picks up the can, throws it away in disgust. It hits the floor, RATTLES right back into him. He peers down at it for a beat, then touches his forehead, examines the blood on his fingers. Finally, he rises, struggles toward the door, shoving the duffel bag out before him.

27 EXT. ORCHARD - MOMENTS LATER

27

Hank crouches beside the plane, holding snow to his wound. Lou removes his gloves, starts to work at the duffel bag's knot.

JACOB

I say we just stop by the police station.  
If we call it in on the CB, we'll never get  
out of here. We'll have to wait forever--

Lou has managed to open the bag; WE SEE him look inside with an expression of stunned amazement. He reaches in, touches whatever's there. Neither Hank nor Jacob notices his reaction.

HANK

We'll still have to come back, Jacob.  
We'll have to lead them to the--

LOU

Jacob!

(Jacob turns)

Look...

He tilts the bag. It's filled with hundred dollar bills, packets held together with paper bands. The three men stand in shocked silence, not even noticing when the dog reappears, wading down through the snow on the opposite slope. Finally, Lou starts to GIGGLE. He bends his head into the bag, kisses the money, then looks up at the other two, ecstatic.

LOU (cont'd)

Can you believe this?

Hank steps forward to look more closely. Jacob glances from him to Lou, bewildered.

JACOB

It's real?

LOU

Of course it's real. Don't be stupid.

He plucks out a packet, tosses it to Jacob. Jacob catches it, staring in wonder. Lou jumps up, pumped with excitement.

(CONTINUED)



Hank shakes his head; he finds the prospect preposterous.

LOU (cont'd)  
(with sudden venom)  
Stay the hell out of it, then. We don't  
need you. It just means more money for us.

HANK  
I don't want to stump you with another  
"fancy" word, but does the term accomplice  
mean anything to you?

Jacob tries to intercede before Lou can reply.

JACOB  
Why would we get caught?

HANK  
It's a lot of money, Jacob. Someone has to  
be looking for it. And when they find the  
plane, and it's not inside--

LOU  
That's bullshit. That guy's gotta be a  
drug dealer or something. As far as the  
police're concerned this doesn't even  
exist. Nobody knows about it but us.

JACOB  
(nodding enthusiastically)  
Like lost treasure!

Hank is obviously unconvinced. Lou turns to Jacob, disgusted.

LOU  
Your fucking brother--it's the American  
dream, and he just wants to walk away from  
it.

HANK  
You work for the American dream, Lou. You  
don't steal it.

LOU  
Then this is even better!

JACOB  
(jumping in, insistent)  
It's drug money, Hank. It's not stealing.

LOU  
How about this?  
(lifting out a packet)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LOU (cont'd)  
I'll bet you ten thousand dollars that when they find the plane, there's no mention of the money.

He holds the packet toward Hank. Hank peers down at it. When he doesn't take it, Lou tosses it at him. It smacks Hank in the chest; he catches it as it bounces off.

LOU (cont'd)  
Why give it up before we even know if someone's looking for it?

ON HANK, as he stares down at the money, hefting it in his palm. The other men watch him, waiting. Hank opens his mouth to speak, but then stops, hesitating, trying to make his way through this new territory, struggling to discern a path.

Finally, slowly, as if he were merely thinking out loud:

HANK  
What if I was the one to keep it?

JACOB  
All of it?

HANK  
Just till spring. Till someone finds the plane.

LOU  
And then?

HANK  
If you're right, and nobody mentions the money, we can split it up and move away.

LOU  
Why should you get to hold it?

HANK  
That's the only way I'll do it. Otherwise, we can turn it in right now.

Jacob gives his brother a quizzical look.

JACOB  
You don't trust us?

Hank hesitates, weighing the merits of a truthful answer. Then:

HANK  
I guess I don't.

Jacob nods. He doesn't seem surprised. Hank turns to Lou.

(CONTINUED)

HANK (cont'd)

No promises. If it looks like anyone's searching for the money, I'll burn it, and that'll be that.

Jacob and Lou stare at each other, silently debating. Finally, Jacob shrugs, tossing his packet back into the bag.

LOU

(threatening)

We count it first.

Hank and Lou lock eyes for a moment. Then Hank nods.

HANK

That's probably a good idea.

28 EXT. EDGE OF ROAD - DUSK

28

Jacob's truck is repositioned at side of the road. The three men stand behind it. WE SEE the packets lined up on the tailgate, forty-four stacks of ten. The three men stare down at them, mesmerized. Very faintly, WE HEAR a car approaching.

LOU

(breathless)

Four million, four hundred thousand dollars.

JACOB

How much is that apiece?

HANK

Almost a million and a--

The CAR is much louder now. All three men look up at once.

JACOB

Shit.

HANK'S POV - DOWN THE ROAD

WE SEE a pickup approaching. It has a bubble light on its roof.

BACK TO SCENE

Hank throws the duffel bag over the money. It barely covers half of it. He waves Jacob and Lou toward the cab.

HANK

Get in the truck, okay? I'll handle this.

(CONTINUED)

Jacob and Lou hesitate, then move quickly toward the front.

CUT TO:

29 THE POLICE TRUCK - NIGHT

29

stopping behind Jacob's truck. Carl Jenkins rolls down the window, smiling broadly as Hank steps out to greet him.

HANK

Hey, Carl.

CARL

Engine trouble, Hank?

HANK

Dog trouble. Jacob's mutt ran into the woods after a fox.

CARL

Tree it?

HANK

Thought so, but just as we started to go after her she came running back.

Carl leans forward a little, squinting up at Hank's face.

CARL

What happened to your head?

Hank touches his wound, then waves toward the woods.

HANK

Walked into a branch.

Carl looks toward Jacob's truck. Hank follows his glance.

HANK'S POV - JACOB'S TRUCK

Through the torn rear windshield, WE SEE Lou and Jacob talking animatedly, their faces close together. Jacob's dog suddenly pushes her way between them, scrambling out the window into the truck's rear. She starts sniffing at the money.

BACK TO SCENE

CARL

Brother still out of work?

(Hank nods)

Lou?

(CONTINUED)

HANK

Him too.

CARL

That's a shame, ain't it? Two grown men,  
both eager for work. This country...

Carl leans forward, turns up his truck's heater.

HANK

Well, we should probably--

The door to Jacob's truck CREAKS open, and Carl looks up.

HANK'S POV - ACROSS THE ROAD

For an instant WE SEE the plane's pilot approaching, his eyeless  
face, his bloated hands held out before him, but then WE HEAR:

CARL (OS)

Hello, Jacob.

And the figure becomes Jacob approaching us, the door of his  
truck standing open behind him.

BACK TO SCENE

CARL (cont'd)

I was beginning to think maybe you were  
trying to avoid me.

JACOB

I was just cold. Wanted to get in the  
truck and warm up a bit.

(glancing at Hank, grinning)

You tell him about the plane?

Hank stares at his brother, speechless with surprise and horror.

38 INT. JACOB'S TRUCK - NIGHT - MOVING

38

Hank sits between Jacob and Lou, his legs hugging the duffel  
bag. He keeps glancing out the torn rear window, making sure  
they aren't being pursued.

HANK

(scared and angry)

I've seen you do a lot of stupid things,  
Jacob, but that pretty much takes the cake.

Before Jacob can respond, Lou jumps to his defense.

(CONTINUED)

LOU  
It was my idea.

HANK  
Well, that's brilliant, Lou. If they find the plane now, and they realize the money's gone, he's gonna know right off who took it.

Jacob shakes his head, grinning.

JACOB  
That's the beauty of it. There's no way we'd have mentioned it if we were the ones who took the money.

LOU  
It's not like we told him you actually saw a plane going down. Just that you thought you heard one with engine trouble. I don't really think--

HANK  
(furious)  
You want me to burn the money?

The other two men are mute, intimidated by his rage.

HANK (cont'd)  
I'm not going to jail for this, Lou. If it looks like there's even the slightest chance of us getting caught, I swear to God, it's all gonna vanish. You understand?

Again, silence. The torn plastic makes a flapping sound behind their heads. Finally, Lou throws Jacob a little smirk.

LOU  
(whispering)  
It's a piiiiiiineapple.

He and Jacob begin to GIGGLE. Hank glances from one to the other, still angry, and--with no small effort--they manage to stop laughing.

Out the window WE SEE a rundown farmhouse. Jacob slows the truck, pulls into the driveway.

31 HANK'S POV - LOU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

31

As the truck rolls to a stop, NANCY, Lou's wife, a large, fortyish woman, leans her head out the door, peering toward us.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

Lou?

(she steps outside)  
Where the hell've you been?

BACK TO SCENE

Lou SIGHS, starts to climb out. Hank grabs his sleeve.

HANK

Nobody knows about this. That includes  
Nancy.

Lou glares at Hank's hand till Hank lets go.

NANCY (OS)

You're two hours late!

Lou ignores this, brushing at his sleeve.

LOU

She's gotta know sometime. She's gonna  
wonder where all my money's coming from.

HANK

You can tell her when we decide that it's  
safe to keep it.

LOU

Then the same goes for Sarah.

Before Hank can respond, a snowball smacks Lou in the neck.  
Nancy gives a gleeful SHOUT.

HANK'S POV - LOU'S HOUSE

Nancy has stepped down onto the snow-covered walk.

NANCY

You promised to shovel the walk before you  
left, you lazy son-of-a-bitch.

A snowball THUMPS into the truck. The dog begins to BARK.

BACK TO SCENE

Lou starts toward the house, making calming gestures with his  
hands. Nancy throws another snowball at him, narrowly missing.

LOU

Come on, Honey. We just got a little tied  
up.

(CONTINUED)



Nancy retreats to the porch. There's a shovel there, jammed into a pile of snow. She yanks it out, throws it at Lou's feet.

NANCY

You're not coming in till the walk's clear.

HANK AND JACOB

As Jacob backs down the drive, Hank turns to watch the house.

HANK'S POV - OUT THE TRUCK

Lou stands there with the shovel, talking fast and low, gesturing animatedly. Nancy has come down a step to listen.

ON HANK

As he watches Lou, suspecting that their secret's already out.

32 INT. MITCHELL FRONT ENTRANCEWAY - NIGHT

32

Light streams in from the kitchen, but otherwise the hall is dark. WE HEAR pots clinking, Sarah singing. The front door CREAKS open, and Hank steps inside, dragging the duffel bag behind him. He shuts the door, then hesitates, staring at the bag. Sarah continues to SING, unaware of his return.

Finally, Hank comes to a decision. He leaves the bag, starts down the hall, still in his overcoat. He stops after a few steps, though, comes back, twists shut the door's lock. Then he moves quickly toward the kitchen.

33 INT. MITCHELL KITCHEN - NIGHT

33

Sarah stands by the stove, stirring a pot, SINGING softly. She's dressed in a bathrobe. She glances up, smiling, when Hank appears in the doorway.

SARAH

Hey! I didn't hear you--  
(setting down her spoon,  
concerned)

What happened to your head?

She picks up a dish towel, runs it under the faucet, steps toward him. Hank stares at her, struggling to think things through. She takes him by the hand, leads him to a chair.

SARAH (cont'd)

It's all bloody.

She starts to clean his wound. Hank watches her for a beat, silent. Then:

(CONTINUED)

HANK

Sarah.

(she stops, looking at him)  
What if you were out walking in the woods,  
and you found a bag full of money--maybe, I  
don't know...

(he pretends to think)

Four million dollars. Would you keep it?

Sarah gives him a funny look, half-smiling, half-wary.

SARAH

Of course not.

The pot begins to boil over on the stove. Sarah jumps to turn  
it down. Hank stares after her, astonished.

HANK

How come?

Sarah resumes her stirring.

SARAH

Well, for starters, it'd be stealing.

Hank shakes his head, standing up, growing animated: this is a  
reservation he's sure he can appease.

HANK

We're talking about lost money here.  
Nobody's looking for it.

SARAH

Four million dollars and no one's looking  
for it?

(Hank nods emphatically)

Then whose money is it?

HANK

What do you mean? It's yours.

Sarah opens the oven, bends to check on the bread.

SARAH

But whose was it before?

The question seems to stump Hank. He has to think for a moment.

HANK

A bank robber's?

SARAH

Then it's the bank's money.

(CONTINUED)

Hank throws up his hands in impatience.

HANK

All right, it's a drug dealer's.

Sarah stirs the pot, considering this. It's clear that she's searching for a reason not to take a drug dealer's money.

SARAH

This is so silly, Hank.

Hank gives her a long look of disappointment, which she doesn't seem to notice. Then he turns and strides from the room. Sarah continues to stir, oblivious of his departure.

SARAH (cont'd)

(to the empty room)

I mean, it doesn't matter where it's from.  
I wouldn't take it.

(a pause)

It's just wrong. That's all that--

Hank returns, dragging the duffel bag. He pours the money into a massive pile across the table, packets sliding off and dropping to the floor. Then he turns to Sarah, a huge grin on his face. She's staring open-mouthed at the money.

HANK

It's real.

Sarah looks almost pained. She reaches behind herself, drops the spoon onto the stove, touches her hand to her forehead.

\*33A HANK AND SARAH - LATER

\*33A

seated at the kitchen table, eating dinner--spaghetti, garlic bread, green beans, milk. The money is piled messily on the floor beside them. They keep glancing at it while they eat.

HANK

If we keep it, we'll never have to worry about money again.

SARAH

We don't have to worry about money now, Hank. You've got a good job. We don't need this.

Hank lets this go. He stares down at the money, chewing his food, thinking, searching for another approach.

HANK

Nobody gets hurt by our keeping it.

\*33B THE KITCHEN SINK - LATER

\*33B

Hank is washing the dishes, while Sarah dries them and puts them away. The money is still lying on the floor, but it's been organized into stacks now. A TV is playing on the counter.

HANK (cont'd)  
That's what makes it a crime, isn't it?  
People getting hurt?

He turns off the water. Sarah begins to dry the last pot.

SARAH  
(impatient)  
What makes it a crime is that it's against the law. It doesn't matter whether anybody gets hurt or not. You get caught and you go to jail.

HANK  
But you aren't listening to me. The money's the only evidence that we've done anything wrong. We can sit on it and see what happens--

A COMMERCIAL is playing on the TV, and both it and Hank's dialogue roll over into the next scene.

\*33C INT. HANK'S FAMILY ROOM - LATER

\*33C

Hank and Sarah sit on the couch in front of a larger TV. They're sipping sparkling cider. The money is back in its bag, which sits across the room now, leaning up against the doorway.

HANK (cont'd)  
--if someone comes searching for it, we'll burn it, and that'll be that. There's no risk, we'll always be in complete control.

On TV, the commercial ends, and a New Year's Eve show comes on--there are shots of Times Square, frenzied crowds, the gold ball.

SARAH  
What about Jacob and Lou?

HANK  
As long as we're the ones holding the money, they'll do whatever we tell them to.

On the TV, the countdown is just starting; the ball begins its descent. Hank and Sarah don't seem to notice.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

And your tracks in the snow? They lead in from the road, right to the plane, then back out again.

HANK

It's supposed to snow tomorrow. The tracks'll be gone by tomorrow night.

The New Year arrives--FIRECRACKERS, COWBELLS. On the TV a swing band strikes up AULD LANG SYNE. Sarah lifts her glass, and Hank returns the gesture, but distractedly, merely out of reflex.

HANK

We can always burn the money. Right up to the very last moment. It seems silly to just give it up now, before anything's even gone wrong.

\*330 BENEATH THE BED - LATER

\*330

A CU of the duffel bag, stuffed beneath the bed. The bed is creaking a bit, and WE HEAR Hank and Sarah making love. We move UPWARD until WE SEE

HANK AND SARAH

Sarah is crouched over Hank; his hands are on her breasts. They both seem to be deeply involved in what they're doing, but then, suddenly, Sarah freezes.

SARAH

You have to go back and return some of it. A lot, like five hundred thousand.

It takes Hank a moment to focus in on what she's saying.

HANK

What?

SARAH

That way when they find the plane, they'll assume no one's been there yet. It'll put us beyond suspicion. No one would walk away from that much money.

HANK

(still a little dazed)  
We're gonna keep the rest?

SARAH

You'll have to go in the morning, so when it storms later, it'll cover your tracks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SARAH (cont'd)  
(a pause)  
You can't tell Jacob, though.

It takes Hank a moment to follow this. He stares up at her.

HANK  
You think he'd go back and take it?

Sarah brushes the hair from his forehead, then leans forward, kisses his cheek.

SARAH  
It's just being careful. That's what we have to be from now on. We have to be thinking ahead all the time.

She begins moving up and down again; Hank responds accordingly, though he seems distracted, his thoughts far away.

\*33E INT. APARTMENT LANDING - DAY

\*33E

Hank stands at the top of a dingy, dimly lit stairway, pounding on a closed door. There's no answer. Hank pounds again, louder this time.

HANK  
Come on, Jacob. Open up.

He pushes at the front of his jacket. There's a definite bulge there, which he tries to shift a bit with his hand. He's still working at it when the door opens. He quickly drops his hand.

Jacob blinks out at us. His face is puffy, his hair uncombed. He's wearing long johns and a too-small T-shirt. Behind him, we glimpse a small, sparsely furnished, extremely dirty studio, with a scraggly Christmas tree in the corner.

Hank glances anxiously down the stairs. He puts his hands in his jacket pockets, pushing out, trying to hide the bulge.

HANK  
(whispering)  
I moved the pilot. We gotta go put him back like he was.

Jacob gives Hank a bleak stare, then coughs raggedly, dragging something up. He glances around for something to deposit it into, then just leans out the door and spits into the hall.

\*34 OMIT

\*34

\*35 OMIT

\*35

*36	OMIT	*36
*37	OMIT	*37
38	EXT. EDGE OF WOODS - DAY	38

Hank's car, a green station wagon, pulls over near where they crashed the day before. Hank and Jacob push open their doors, Jacob's dog bounding out behind them. Hank moves to the car's

(CONTINUED)

rear, tugging at his coat, trying to readjust it over the bulge. He stops when he sees Jacob watching him, and quickly opens the car's tailgate, bending inside.

HANK  
(over his shoulder)  
You go out with Lou for New Year's?  
(Jacob grunts)  
Nancy come along?

Silence. Hank pulls his head out of the car's rear, looks at his brother. Jacob nods.

HANK (cont'd)  
He tell her?

JACOB  
You tell Sarah?

HANK  
Of course not.

Jacob gives him a disbelieving look. Hank ignores it.

HANK (cont'd)  
So?

Jacob glances away, SIGHS.

JACOB  
How the hell should I know, Hank?

Hank leans back into the car. When he emerges, he's holding a jack. He crouches beside the car's left rear wheel, starts to fiddle with the jack, but then stops, turning to Jacob.

HANK  
I want you to take responsibility for him.  
If he fucks up, it'll be your fault. I'll  
hold you to blame.

Jacob hesitates, thinking this through.

JACOB  
Who takes responsibility for me?

HANK  
I do.  
(smiling up at Jacob)  
I'll look after you and you'll look after  
me. We'll each be our brother's keeper.

They each consider the other. Finally, Jacob SNORTS, as if it were all a bad joke. Hank LAUGHS, too, a little embarrassed.

(CONTINUED)



38 CONTINUED: (2)

30.

38

He turns back to the jack, starts to rotate its handle. The car begins to rise. Jacob gestures at the tire.

JACOB

Nobody's gonna believe that. It's obvious  
it's not flat.

Hank reaches for the tire's valve. The air HISSES out.

39 INT. PLANE - DAY

39

Hank slips inside, his coat unbuttoned. A purple pouch rests against his stomach, bulging with the money. It's the type of bag people carry babies in, and has a dinosaur on its front.

39A\* HANK'S POV - THE PILOT

39A\*

Still twisted around in his seat, facing us, his seatbelt holding him in, his eyes gouged out, the bloody icicle hanging from his nose. His arms are open, as if to embrace Hank.

39B\* BACK TO SCENE

39B\*

As Hank starts forward, the plane tilts onto its nose again. The soda can RATTLES past Hank to the cockpit; the pilot swivels in his chair, his head smacking into the control panel. The icicle falls to the floor, shattering.

39D\* Hank drags a trash bag out of the pouch, shoves it beneath the pilot's seat.

39D\*

40 EXT. EDGE OF ROAD - DAY

40

Jacob is crouched beside the car. He's changed the tire and lowered the jack, and is just tightening the bolts on the spare. WE HEAR an engine, gradually growing louder. The dog WHIMPERS, peering toward the field. Jacob turns to look.

JACOB'S POV - ACROSS THE ROAD

DWIGHT PEDERSON, an old man in an orange jacket, is approaching on a snowmobile. He's following the fox's tracks, a rifle on his shoulder.

41 EXT. ORCHARD - DAY

41

Hank squeezes out of the plane, then starts to shut the door, only to discover--

HANK'S POV - THE AIRPLANE'S DOOR

A small square of tan cloth hangs from one of the door's bolts.

(CONTINUED)

BACK TO SCENE

Hank inspects his overcoat. WE SEE a small tear on his side.

HANK

Jesus.

He carefully plucks free the snagged square of cloth.

42 EXT. EDGE OF ROAD - DAY

42

Jacob rises to his feet, still gripping the jack's handle. The snowmobile is almost to the road. Pederson waves at Jacob, and Jacob waves back, glancing anxiously into the woods.

43 EXT. THE ORCHARD - DAY

43

Hank is searching the wreck for other signs of their presence. In the BG WE HEAR the snowmobile. Hank pauses, listening, then pushes shut the door, turns and starts up the slope at a run.

44 EXT. WOODS - THE STREAM

44

Hank is running through the trees, out of breath, sweaty. He reaches the little stream, splashes straight through it.

45 EXT. WOODS - NEAR THE ROAD

45

Hank suddenly slows to a walk, looking ahead.

46 HANK'S POV - EDGE OF ROAD

46

About thirty yards ahead, WE SEE Jacob standing behind the car, talking with Pederson, who's still perched on his snowmobile.

45A BACK TO SCENE

45A

Hank straightens his jacket, continues walking toward the road.

46A HANK'S POV - EDGE OF ROAD

46A

Jacob is shaking his head, talking very fast. Pederson keeps pointing at the snow. He looks up suddenly, squints toward us, then raises his hand halfway up his body in greeting.

45B BACK TO SCENE

45B

Hank waves back, smiling, keeps walking.

46B HANK'S POV - EDGE OF ROAD

46B

Jacob looks toward us, panicked, still talking. Pederson shakes his head, REVS the snowmobile, starts slowly forward. Jacob

(CONTINUED)

46B CONTINUED:

46B

lunges after him, swinging the jack's handle, hitting Pederson at the base of his neck. Pederson collapses. Jacob slips on the follow-through, tumbling on top of him, losing his glasses.

45C BACK TO SCENE

45C

Hank starts to sprint toward the road.

47 EDGE OF ROAD

47

Jacob pats around in the snow, finds his glasses, struggles to his feet. His nose is bleeding. Hank is running toward us. Jacob stands over the old man staring down at him. He drops the jack's handle into the snow. Hank stops a few yards short of the road, breathless, bewildered.

HANK

Jesus, Jacob. What the--?

Jacob's nose is bleeding heavily, and he's started to cry. He points at Pederson.

JACOB

He was... he was tracking the fox. He would've gone right by the plane.

HANK

So you hit him?

He takes a hesitant step toward Pederson.

HANK (cont'd)

Dwight?

Pederson isn't moving. He's lying with his face in the snow. Hank stares for a beat, waiting for a response, then:

HANK (cont'd)

Oh, Christ.

He rushes toward him, rolls him over. Pederson's eyes are shut; a line of blood drains from his left ear. Hank fumbles at the old man's jacket, trying unsuccessfully to get it open. Then he drops his head to Pederson's chest, listening.

JACOB

I couldn't... I tried to stop him.

Hank yanks off his glove, holds his hand over Pederson's mouth. Jacob's trying to stop crying.

JACOB (cont'd)

But he wouldn't listen--

(CONTINUED)

HANK  
(horrified)  
You killed him.

JACOB  
What?

HANK  
(rising)  
He's dead.

Jacob moves quickly toward the old man.

JACOB  
He can't be. All I did was--  
(a beat; with sudden panic)  
Check again.

Hank ignores him. He steps out into the road, glancing in both directions. Jacob crouches beside Pederson, jostles him. He turns to Hank, his words emerging quick and scared.

JACOB (cont'd)  
You gotta do CPR. Don't you know CPR?

Hank doesn't respond. He's peering off toward Pederson's farm. Jacob starts to push at Pederson's chest. It's clear he has no idea what he's doing: he slams his hands down with far too much force, totally out of control. Hank turns to watch.

HANK  
Jacob.

Jacob keeps pushing, too fast, too hard. Hank strides over.

HANK (cont'd)  
Goddammit!

He shoves Jacob away. Jacob immediately starts scrambling back toward Pederson, crying, but Hank blocks his way.

JACOB  
We gotta save him. They'll--

Hank crouches before Jacob, grabbing at him, intense.

HANK  
Stop it. All right? I can't think.

Jacob falls silent. He continues to CRY, though, his eyes on Pederson. Hank paces off a few steps, glances up and down the road again. Then he steps back toward Jacob, urgent now.

(CONTINUED)

HANK (cont'd)  
Have any cars gone by?

JACOB  
Cars?

HANK  
While I was in the woods. Have any passed?  
Jacob shakes his head, wipes at his face.

JACOB  
Why?

Hank stares down at Pederson, thinking hard. He glances up and down the road one last time, then takes a deep breath, gathering himself, and starts to lift Pederson back onto the snowmobile.

HANK  
Grab his legs. We'll make it look like an accident.

Jacob jumps to his feet, shaking his head, pointing at the snow.

JACOB  
They'll follow the tracks, Hank. They'll come here and they'll see our tracks and they'll follow them to the plane

HANK  
(shaking his head)  
It's supposed to storm. Any minute now it'll start snowing, and all of this'll be covered up.

Jacob frowns, looking at the sky, which is continuing to clear. He starts to protest, but Hank doesn't let him. He drops Pederson, takes Jacob by the arm, guides him toward the car.

HANK (cont'd)  
You're gonna drive back to the bridge. I'll take him through the park on the snowmobile. We'll push him into the creek, make it look like he drove off by accident.

JACOB  
The bridge?

HANK  
You'll get there before me, but I don't want you to stop. I want you to drive by, then circle back. I don't want people to see you sitting there.

(CONTINUED)

Hank thrusts the car keys into Jacob's hand, pulls open the car door, shoves Jacob inside. Jacob drops into the seat. For an instant it seems as if he's about to cry again. Hank leans close, forces him to look him in the face.

HANK (cont'd)  
Just trust me, okay? I'll get us through this.

Jacob stares at him, silent, but the threat of tears has passed. After a beat, Hank steps back, SLAMS shut the door. He waits till Jacob STARTS the car, then moves quickly back toward Pederson. As Jacob turns the car around, Hank struggles with the old man's body, dragging him up onto the snowmobile.

Hank slings Pederson's rifle over his shoulder, climbs onto the rear of the snowmobile, starts the ENGINE. He has to press against Pederson's back to reach the controls. Jacob drives away.

CLOSE on Pederson's right hand, as the fingers clench slightly.

When the snowmobile starts forward, Pederson's eyes flash open. He looks glassily out at the world, then GROANS, jerking his head. Hank flinches, tumbling off the snowmobile, which continues on its own for a few yards before veering to a stop at the edge of the woods. Pederson rolls off into the snow.

Hank stares in shock. Finally, he manages to rise and hesitantly approach the old man. He crouches beside him.

HANK  
Dwight..?

Pederson rocks his head, kicks his leg. He MOANS.

PEDERSON  
Your brother... he... hit me...

Hank jumps up, rushes out into the center of the road.

HANK  
(yelling)  
Jacob!

HANK'S POV - DOWN THE ROAD

The car is already too far away to call back.

BACK TO SCENE

Hank watches for a moment, his arm raised, his mouth open. Then he turns back to Pederson, who's stopped moving. Hank starts

(CONTINUED)

toward him. As he nears the old man, his foot hits something in the snow, and he stops to look: it's the jack's handle. Hank stoops to pick it up, glancing back toward the road, where WE SEE the jack itself still sitting on the pavement.

HANK (cont'd)

Shit.

He jogs over, picks up the jack, returns to Pederson, crouches over him. Pederson blinks up at him, his face smeared with blood. He gestures toward his farm.

PEDERSON

Get... Alice...

He GROANS, shuts his eyes. Hank is clutching the jack in his arms. He stares down at Pederson, then across the road toward the farm, then back at the old man, thinking hard. Pederson opens his eyes, peers up at Hank, as if surprised to find him still crouched there.

PEDERSON (cont'd)

Hank..?

They hold eyes for a moment. Then Hank lowers the jack into the snow. A sudden look of fear passes over Pederson's face. He struggles up onto his elbows, turns toward his home. WE SEE his house, tiny and dark against the horizon. Pederson YELLS.

PEDERSON (cont'd)

Alice!

Hank pushes him back down, ducking low.

HANK

Shhh.

Pederson tries to rise again, SCREAMING:

PEDERSON

ALICE..!

Panicking, Hank grabs Pederson's scarf, presses it against his mouth. Pederson resists, flailing, but Hank won't let him up.

Gradually, the old man's struggling weakens. Then all is still. Hank lifts his hands away from Pederson's mouth, stares down at the old man, clearly horrified by what he's done, a look of deep shock and fear sweeping across his face.

\*48 OMIT

\*48

\*49 OMIT

\*49

smashing into the ice. We HOLD on him, lying crushed beneath the snowmobile, the creek seeping in through the cracked ice.

52 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

52

Jacob drives up in Hank's car. As Hank throws the jack into the car's rear, Jacob jumps out and rushes toward the bridge's railing, leaving the engine on. Hank stares at him, shocked.

HANK

Jacob.

Jacob ignores him. He's stopped crying, but his movements are still jittery, panicky. He peers over the railing at Pederson.

HANK (cont'd)

(urgent)

If someone sees us--

JACOB

I'm not gonna do it.

HANK

What?

Jacob's panic rushes out of him like vomit--his chin starts to shake again, his voice trembles.

JACOB

It's just gonna make it worse if we try to cover it up--

Hank points toward the station wagon.

HANK

Get in the car!

Jacob starts down the bridge, his eyes on Pederson's body.

JACOB

I'm pulling him out. We'll tell them the truth. The money, everything. That I didn't mean to do it--

Hank rushes after him. Just as Jacob's about to step into the snow at the end of the bridge, Hank yanks him back.

HANK

You're gonna leave tracks--

Jacob turns on him, enraged. He shoves at Hank. Hank shoves back reflexively, and Jacob rushes at him, bulldozing him back toward the car. The dog scrambles out, BARKING, snapping at

(CONTINUED)



their boots. Jacob throws his brother up onto the car's hood, pinning him there. He leans down, SHOUTS into Hank's face.

JACOB

This is my decision! Mine!

He lifts Hank off the hood, SLAMS him back down, banging his head. Then he turns, starts back toward the edge of bridge.

JACOB (cont'd)

I'm the one who killed him. I'm the one they're gonna--

HANK

You didn't kill him.

Jacob turns to look at him. Hank sits up, rubbing his head, wincing. He remains silent, hoping Jacob will let the statement go, but Jacob doesn't. He stands there, waiting.

HANK (cont'd)

(hedging)

We both did.

JACOB

What do you mean?

Hank slides down off the hood, starts toward the driver's side door. He obviously doesn't want to say anything more.

HANK

Can't we just get out of here, Jacob? If somebody sees us...

Jacob doesn't move. Hank glances up and down the road, then SIGHS, rubs at his face.

HANK (cont'd)

He was still alive when you left. I smothered him with his scarf.

Jacob struggles to absorb this. Hank moves to the driver's side door, turns back to his brother. The dog pushes past him, jumping into the car.

HANK (cont'd)

I guess that makes it my decision, doesn't it?

\*52A CU - TELEVISION SCREEN

\*52A

Someone's flicking quickly through the channels. We fly by game shows, cartoons, talk shows, Xena the Warrior Princess...

(CONTINUED)

WE PULL BACK to REVEAL:

53 INT. MITCHELL FAMILY ROOM - DUSK

53

Hank and Sarah stand before the TV. Sarah's flicking the remote: tense, frightened, focused. Hank's not looking at the screen--he's watching Sarah, struggling to reassure her.

HANK

I swear to God, it looks real... And even if... well, let's say it doesn't look like an accident. Who'd ever..? I mean, why would anyone think of us? We don't--

SARAH

(sharp, cutting him off)  
Your tracks lead right to the plane.

HANK

But it's gonna snow. Any moment now--

SARAH

Was there any blood?

HANK

Blood?

Sarah turns on him, furious, still flicking the channels.

SARAH

Jacob hit him. Did he bleed anywhere? On the road, or the--

HANK

I don't know. I can't re--

SARAH

(appalled)  
You didn't look?

HANK

(struggling to remember)  
I didn't... I was... I mean, it's gonna snow, Sarah. As soon as it snows all that'll be cov--

Sarah waves abruptly him into silence. She's found the news.

53U ON THE TV

53U

The local news. WE SEE a FEMALE REPORTER walking along the bridge, TALKING INTO THE CAMERA.

(CONTINUED)

## FEMALE REPORTER

He was apparently trying to cross along this bank of snow, when his snowmobile slipped over the edge, throwing him into the icy waters of Anders' Creek.

WE SEE the ice, the half-submerged snowmobile. Pederson's hat floats beside it, but his body has been removed. Carl crouches on the river's bank, staring up toward the guardrail.

53UA WE SEE

53UA

the reporter again, staring straight into the camera.

## FEMALE REPORTER

A tragic beginning to this New Year for one local family.

(a pause)

Back to you, Mark.

\*53UB INT. NEWSROOM - DAY - ON THE TELEVISION

\*53UB

A MAN and WOMAN sit behind a low counter.

## MAN

Thanks, Tracy.

On the wall behind him a picture of two Great Danes appears.

## MAN (cont'd)

(to the camera)

Playful pouches or killer canines? In this case it seems to depend on who you talk to--

54 ON HANK AND SARAH

54

Sarah turns from the TV, sits on the couch. She's started to regain control of herself, is struggling now to search out all the loose ends. Hank drops down beside her. He takes her hand, and she lets it hang there in his grip, absolutely lifeless, like a napkin.

## SARAH

(staring into the distance)

I wish you hadn't told Jacob.

(a pause)

I wish he still thought he was the one who killed him.

Hank waits, as if expecting something more, but nothing comes. He drops her hand.

(CONTINUED)

HANK  
Does it scare you?

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

Of course it scares me. What if he tells someone?

HANK

I mean what I've done.

Sarah hesitates before she answers, as if debating the right course to take. Finally, she shakes her head.

SARAH

I know you only did it because you felt trapped. Because you couldn't think of another way.

Hank considers this for a beat. It's obviously not the answer he was hoping for.

HANK

But would you've done the same thing? If you'd been there instead of me?

Sarah stares at him; she doesn't know what to say.

HANK (cont'd)

I just want to know if it's possible.

SARAH

Oh, Sweetie.

She leans forward to hug him. He hesitates, then hugs her back. But just as he's beginning to relax into her embrace--shutting his eyes, burrowing into her neck--she abruptly pulls away, staring at the TV.

54U SARAH'S POV -- ON THE TV - THE NEWSROOM

54U

The anchorman and woman are smiling at the camera. On the screen behind them we see CHUCK, the weatherman, standing outside a local mall.

WOMAN

When we return, Chuck'll have the latest on that big storm he keeps threatening us with.

(turning to the weatherman,  
checking her watch)

Knee-deep by six o'clock this evening,  
Chuck. Wasn't that what you said?

Chuck grins sheepishly, lifting his hands in surrender. Above him, WE SEE the sky: cloudless, the stars just emerging. The newscasters LAUGH as the newsroom cuts to a commercial.

- \*54A BACK TO SCENE \*54A
- Sarah turns to Hank. Her face has resumed its tense, frightened expression. Hank sits beside her, searching for a way to reassure her. But there's nothing he can say. WE PUSH IN on his face, which is just as frightened as Sarah's, and then:
- \*54B EXT. EDGE OF WOODS - DAY \*54B
- WE SEE the spot where the fox crossed the road. There are tracks everywhere, a gash in the snow alongside the road from Jacob's truck, and tread marks from Pederson's snowmobile...
- \*54C EXT. WOODS - THE STREAM \*54C
- Tracks run up and down either bank--Hank, Jacob, and Lou's, the fox's and the dog's...
- \*54D EXT. ORCHARD - THE PLANE \*54D
- The plane shines silver in the sunlight, surrounded by its own tangle of tracks.
- \*54E INT. MITCHELL FAMILY ROOM - DUSK \*54E
- Hank and Sarah continue to hold each other's eyes for several beats of anxious silence.
- \*55 OMIT \*55
- \*56 OMIT \*56
- 57 INT. MITCHELL BEDROOM - NIGHT 57
- The room is dark. Sarah is fast asleep. Hank climbs out of bed, moves to the window. He parts the curtain, peeks outside.
- 58 HANK'S POV - NIGHT SKY - THROUGH THE WINDOW 58
- No sign of snow.
- 59 EXT. ORCHARD - NIGHT 59
- Sirens, the CHOP-CHOP-CHOP of hovering helicopters. Dozens of policemen are scouring the orchard. Searchlights flash across the trees. By the plane, WE SEE a policeman plucking a red thread from a torn piece of fuselage. Another cop bends to extract Lou's beer can from the snow. He holds it up above his head, blowing excitedly on a WHISTLE.

\*59A INT. HANK'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

\*59A

The room is dark. Hank, dressed in his bathrobe, is pouring a glass of milk. He opens the refrigerator to put the milk back.

60 INT. COUNTY MORGUE - NIGHT

60

A cooler door opening, revealing the bare feet of a corpse on a metal slab. A man in a lab coat drags the slab into the open. Carl stands beside him, frowning. It's Pederson's body, and there's a hand-shaped bruise on his face, covering his mouth.

\*60A INT. HANK'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

\*60A

Hank stands by the table in his bathrobe, sipping at his milk, paging through the brochures. The front window begins to RATTLE from the wind. Hank steps toward it, excited, wipes away the frosty condensation, and peers outside.

\*60B HANK'S POV - OUT THE FRONT WINDOW

\*60B

Still no snow, just the wind gusting down the street.

\*60C BACK TO SCENE

\*60C

Hank turns from the window, heads back toward the kitchen. He pauses at the doorway to the family room, glancing in.

\*60D INT. HANK'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

\*60D

The room is a shambles. Lou and Jacob sit on the couch, dividing the money. A shotgun rests across Lou's knees. Hank's bloodied body is slouched in an armchair across the room.

Suddenly, from the front of the house, WE HEAR a door open. Lou and Jacob freeze, listening. The door slams shut, and Lou lifts his shotgun from his lap. We PUSH IN CLOSE on Hank as his eyelids flutter open.

HANK  
(gasping)  
Sarah...

\*60E WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL

\*60E

Hank slouched in the chair. He stares at his chest. There's no blood, no sign of Jacob or Lou. The window has grown light: dawn has come. Hank rises to his feet.

\*61 OMIT

\*61

\*62 OMIT

\*62

\*63 OMIT

\*63



64 INT. HANK'S BEDROOM - DAWN

64

Sarah is alone in bed, sleeping soundly.

HANK (OS)  
(yelling, in the distance)  
Sarah!

Sarah lifts her head. She stares around the room, disoriented, then climbs from bed, moves to the window, parts the curtain.

64B SARAH'S POV - OUT THE WINDOW

64B

A snowball THUMPS into the glass. Snow is pouring from the sky. Hank stands in the street, dressed in his pajamas, LAUGHING. He tosses another snowball, then waves for her to come out.

64B BACK TO SCENE

64B

Sarah starts to LAUGH, struggling to open the window. When she finally succeeds, she grabs some snow off the ledge and, with a giddy YELP, throws it down at Hank.

65 SARAH'S POV - OUT THE WINDOW

65

Hank flops down in the middle of the street, starts to make an angel. Across the way, a neighbor watches from his porch, a cup of coffee in his hand, taken aback by their horseplay.

65A EXT. ORCHARD - DAY

65A

The plane is once again buried beneath the snow. The tracks have vanished. The crows perch motionless in their trees. We watch the snow continue to fall: fat, heavy flakes. Then--

DISSOLVE TO:

65B SMALL TOWN MAIN ST. - FROM HANK'S OFFICE WINDOW - DAY

65B

Through the blinds, WE SEE a trio of men loading a casket into a hearse. Pederson's WIDOW, dressed in black, watches from the sidewalk, clutching a handkerchief to her face.

We PULL BACK to REVEAL:

INT. HANK'S OFFICE - DAY

Hank watching out the window.

MAN'S VOICE (OS)

You listening to me, Hank?

HANK

(flinching from the window)

Sure.

He steps quickly back to his desk, sits down. DOUG SCHMITT, a thin old man, dressed in a parka and wool cap is sitting across from him. Butler is at his own desk, MURMURING on the phone.

DOUG

Every Monday I come down here, buy two bags of feed, regular as clockwork. Two bags a week, four weeks a month. That's eight

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOUG (cont'd)  
bags I'm supposed to be billed for.  
(he shakes a slip of paper at  
Hank)  
I don't know how else to--

HANK  
(slowly, as if to a child)  
December began on a Monday, Doug. That  
means there were five Mondays in the month.  
You come in five times, you gotta pay for--

DOUG  
You trying to tell me there were five weeks  
last month?

He SCOFFS, turns toward Butler for support. Hank's phone begins  
to RING. He finally loses patience, points across the room at a  
calender hanging by the door.

HANK  
Just look at the goddamn calender, will  
you?

Hank's abrupt tone makes Butler hesitate in his own  
conversation; he frowns across the room at him. Doug rises to  
look at the calender. Hank snatches up his phone.

HANK (cont'd)  
(harassed, into the phone)  
What?

JACOB'S VOICE  
It's me.

A short pause. Hank says nothing; he watches Doug scan the  
calender, counting up the Mondays. Jacob CLEARS his throat.

JACOB'S VOICE (cont'd)  
I need to talk to you.

HANK  
I'm kind of busy right now, Jacob--

JACOB'S VOICE  
(riding right over him)  
Can you meet me at the farm?

HANK  
(still watching Doug)  
The farm? What farm?

JACOB'S VOICE  
Our farm.

(CONTINUED)

Hank hesitates, suddenly alert. He lowers his voice.

HANK

What's going on?

JACOB'S VOICE

On your lunch break. Twelve-thirty.

Doug SLAPS down the calender's page, STOMPS out of the office. Hank half-rises from his chair, calls after the old farmer.

HANK

Doug? We straight on this?

(no answer)

Shit...

(into the phone)

I'm not gonna drive all the way... Jacob?

Jacob's already hung up.

\*R66 EXT. PARENTS' FARM - DAY

\*R66

Establishing shot. Blowing snow, windmill, dilapidated barn.

66 EXT. PARENTS' FARM - DAY

66

A snow-packed road running through barren fields. Hank's car stops behind Jacob's truck, and he climbs out. The ruins of a house and barn stand on a rise above the road, along with a rusty old windmill. WE SEE Jacob sitting on the edge of the house's porch. He stands up, waves. Hank starts toward him, looking anxious.

67 EXT. PARENTS' FRONT PORCH - DAY

67

Several of the house's windows are shattered; the front door is boarded up. The barn's roof is caving in. Jacob is trying to peer in through one of the windows. He turns, smiling, when he hears Hank CRUNCHING toward him through the snow. Hank stops in front of the porch, raises his hands, questioning.

HANK

So..?

Jacob waves from the house to the surrounding fields, grinning.

JACOB

I'm gonna buy it back. I'm gonna rebuild everything--just like it was before Mom and Dad died.

A long, sad stare from Hank. He SIGHS, shaking his head.

HANK

You know you can't do that. As soon as we split up the money, we have to leave.

Jacob eyes Hank for a beat, then moves to the edge of the porch. He peers off toward the windmill. When he speaks, his voice has a childish inflection, lost and scared.

JACOB

You want me to just drive off all alone?

Hank doesn't know how to answer this. He rubs tiredly at his face, steps up onto the porch beside his brother, turns to stare off across the fields.

HANK

Where would you say you got your money?

Jacob brightens; he's obviously already thought this through.

JACOB

We could tell people Sarah inherited some. Nobody around here knows anything about her family. We'll say you guys bought the farm before you left, and set me up to run it.

(cutting off Hank's protest)

I thought you'd be happy. It's our farm; I'm gonna bring it back.

HANK

It's so hard, Jacob. You don't just buy a farm, you have to work it. You have to know about machines and seed and fertilizers and pesticides and herbicides and drainage and irrigation and the weather and the government. You don't know about any of that. You'd end up just like Dad.

JACOB

(sharp, stepping back)

How do you think he ended up like that?

HANK

He had two mortgages riding on the place. There was no way he could keep up--

JACOB

(his voice rising)

Where'd the money go? You think he just spent it on the farm?

HANK

What else would--?

(CONTINUED)

JACOB

Why do you think he took the second mortgage? Four years of college. Didn't you ever wonder how he paid for that?

Hank seems truly shocked. He struggles for some response.

HANK

Jacob--

Jacob kicks at the porch railing, splintering it.

JACOB

I was supposed to get the farm.

Hank lifts his hands toward his brother, pleading.

HANK

Jacob, you've got the whole world. You can go anywhere you want.

JACOB

This is where I want. Right here.  
(he STOMPS his foot)  
Home.

Hank stares off at the empty fields, his shoulders hunched. Then, without looking, he reaches out, touches Jacob's arm, the first sympathetic gesture we've seen him make toward Jacob.

68 EXT. SMALL TOWN MAIN ST. - DAY

68

Afternoon: sunny, cold. Hank comes from the direction of the feedstore, walking fast. He turns in at the library.

69 INT. LIBRARY - DAY

69

Sarah is behind the counter, sorting books. Hank enters from the street.

HANK

What..?

Sarah holds a finger to her lips, nodding toward MRS. TRILLING, an old woman on the far side of the room. Then she waves Hank behind the counter. She removes some papers from beneath a book, spreads them out for him to see. Hank peers down at them.

WE SEE the papers: three photocopied newspaper articles.

SARAH

(whispering)

A four point four million dollar ransom.

(CONTINUED)

The first headline reads: DEADLY DUO KILLS SIX, KIDNAPS HEIRESS: HUGE RANSOM DEMANDED.

SARAH (cont'd)  
And as far as anyone else knows, it's just disappeared into thin air.

The second headline reads: HEIRESS' BODY ID'D BY FEDS: FATHER LOSES DAUGHTER, RANSOM.

SARAH (cont'd)  
(pointing at the last article)  
Do you recognize one of them from the plane?

The third headline reads: FBI ID'S McMARTIN KIDNAPPERS: MANHUNT BEGUN FOR MICHIGAN BROTHERS. Beneath the headline are photos of the suspects. One is small, dark-haired, thin-lipped. The other is larger, with long hair and a thick beard.

HANK  
(squinting at the photos)  
I can't tell. His face was... gone.  
(a pause)  
He'd have to be the younger one, though.  
The older one's too big.

MRS. TRILLING (OS)  
Have you read this one, Sarah?

Sarah covers the articles. The old woman stands across the room, holding a book out toward Sarah. Sarah smiles.

SARAH  
Not yet, Mrs. Trilling. Stephen King recommends it, though. So it must be okay.

Mrs. Trilling frowns at the book, unsure. Then she moves back behind the shelves. Hank and Sarah hesitate a moment before they resume their WHISPERED discussion.

HANK  
I guess it changes things, doesn't it?

SARAH  
How's that?

HANK  
Now we know someone's looking for it. We can't say it isn't stealing anymore.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

It's always been stealing. It's just that before we didn't know who we were stealing from.

Mrs. Trilling COUGHS from behind the shelves. Hank and Sarah freeze, glancing up. They wait a moment before:

SARAH (cont'd)

I think it's good we know where it came from. I was beginning to worry that it might be counterfeit, or marked.

HANK

It might still be marked.

Sarah shakes her head. She points toward the articles.

SARAH

It says they demanded unmarked money.

Hank seems unsure. Sarah gives him an impatient look.

SARAH (cont'd)

You're being paranoid, Hank. It's over. You're just looking for stuff to worry about.

She shoves the articles into her bag.

70 INT. MITCHELL BEDROOM - NIGHT

70

Hank and Sarah are asleep. Very faintly, WE HEAR knocking from downstairs. Hank lifts his head, listening. When the KNOCKING resumes, he slips out of bed, leaving Sarah sleeping behind him.

71 INT. HANK'S FRONT ENTRANCEWAY - NIGHT

71

Hank tiptoes toward us down the stairs. Someone is JIGGLING the front doorknob, trying to get in. Hank reaches the bottom, stoops to peer through the window beside the door.

71A HANK'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

71A

A car is parked on the street. Suddenly, LOU'S FACE blocks the view. He presses against the glass, kissing it.

71(con)BACK TO SCENE

71(con)

Hank unbolts the door. He cracks it open and peeks outside. Lou stands on the porch, smiling drunkenly.

(CONTINUED)



LOU  
Hey, Mr. Accountant.  
(a conspiratorial whisper)  
I'm here to make a tiny withdrawal.

HANK  
Go home, Lou. Turn around and go home.

LOU  
(shivering)  
It's freezing out, Hank. Invite me in.

Lou presses up against the door, and--when Hank retreats--steps inside. He shuts the door behind him, grinning drunkenly.

HANK  
I don't have time for this. I have to go  
to work in the morning.

Lou nods, as if in understanding. He rubs his hands together, glances around the entranceway.

LOU  
I want my share.

HANK  
The money's not here. And even if it were  
I wouldn't give you any.

Lou rears back in indignation.

LOU  
Just because you have it doesn't mean it's  
yours.  
(he taps his chest)  
Part of it's mine.

HANK  
Part of it might be yours. If we decide to  
keep it. The plan was--

LOU  
Come on, Mr. Accountant. Be a sport. Just  
give me a packet. I can come back later  
for the rest.

Hank rests his hand against Lou's chest, very lightly. Lou stares down at it.

HANK  
If you ask me again, I'll go and burn it  
first thing tomorrow. Is that clear?

(CONTINUED)

Lou SNICKERS at this, brushes away Hank's hand.

LOU  
Bluff. B - L - U - F - F.

HANK  
Call it then. See what happens.

LOU  
Jacob told me a little secret, Mr.  
Accountant.  
(a pause; his grin deepens)  
I know what happened to Dwight Pederson.

Hank stiffens, then tries to hide it.

HANK  
You drink too much. You don't know what  
you're saying.

LOU  
I want one of the packets.

HANK  
They aren't here. I've hidden them away  
from the house.

LOU  
Be a shame if someone wrote a note to Carl  
Jenkins, saying there might be something a  
little suspicious about Dwight Pederson's  
accident. I mean, he just drove off that  
bridge? You believe that?

HANK  
Jesus, Lou. You're a thief, remember? If  
one of us goes to jail, we all do.

Lou is momentarily confused. He struggles to think it through.

LOU  
I need my share, Hank. I'm broke and I owe  
people money.

Hank steps to the closet, fumbles inside, pulls out his wallet.  
He removes two twenties, extends them toward Lou. Lou looks at  
Hank as if he'd just shit in his hand and held it out to him.

LOU (cont'd)  
Forty dollars?

(CONTINUED)

HANK

The money's a day's drive away. I couldn't get to it even if I wanted. Not till Sarah's had the baby.

LOU

(not believing him)

A day's drive?

HANK

It's at a storage place down in St. Paul.

LOU

What the hell is it doing in St. Paul?

HANK

I didn't want it near us. In case we came under suspicion for some reason.

Lou ponders this, pursing his lips, adding numbers in his head.

LOU

We'll go after she's done?

(Hank hesitates, then nods)

And we'll split it up?

Hank nods again. Lou debates for a beat, then moves toward the door. At the last second, he turns, grabs the twenties. Then he pulls open the door, throws one final grin at Hank.

LOU (cont'd)

Sorry to wake you.

He steps outside. Hank shuts the door behind him, peering out the window to watch him leave.

71B HANK'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

71B

As Lou opens his car door, the light flashes on inside. WE SEE a vague shape in the front seat. It's hard to tell, but it could be Jacob. Lou starts the car and drives away.

71(con)BACK TO SCENE

71(con)

Hank turns, moves toward the stairs, then stops, startled.

HANK'S POV - TOP OF THE STAIRS

Sarah stands there, looking frightened.

BACK TO SCENE

Hank hesitates on the bottom step.

(CONTINUED)

HANK

You heard?

Sarah doesn't respond. She's holding her belly, perplexed.

HANK (cont'd)

I never should've told Jacob...

(trailing off)

I knew it, too.

Sarah sits down suddenly, grimacing.

SARAH

Hank.

HANK

Even as I was doing it, I knew--

SARAH

(louder)

Hank!

Hank looks up at her, a dazed expression on his face.

HANK

What?

SARAH

I think--

(a wave of pain)

I'm having the baby.

72 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

72

Jacob, carrying a present wrapped in pink tissue paper, moves down the hall, scanning doorways for room numbers, brushing at his hair while he walks. He finally finds the room he wants and strides toward it, only to pause on the threshold.

73 INT. SARAH'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

73

A curtain divides the room. A TV PLAYS behind it. Sarah--no longer pregnant--is dozing in the bed. Hank notices Jacob in the doorway. He holds up a hand for him to wait. Then, moving quietly, so that he doesn't wake Sarah, he slips from the room.

74 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

74

Hank and Jacob are standing a few doors down from Sarah's room, speaking in HUSHED voices. There's no one else in the hallway, but the doors to all the rooms stand open, and we can HEAR people talking in them, along with the crying of a baby.

(CONTINUED)

HANK  
 (surprised)  
 Gambling?  
 (Jacob nods)  
 Where?

JACOB  
 In Hinkley. At the casino. He's lost some  
 money.

HANK  
 A lot?

Jacob shrugs, evasive. Hank starts to press for an answer, but then smiles instead, looking past Jacob down the hall.

HANK'S POV - DOWN THE HALL

A YOUNG COUPLE is approaching, the man pushing his wife in a wheelchair, the woman holding a swaddled newborn: they're being discharged. A NURSE walks alongside.

BACK TO SCENE

Jacob turns. He smiles, too.

HANK  
 (cheerily, to the couple)  
 The big day, huh?

The couple LAUGH, nod. As soon as they pass, Hank stops smiling. But not Jacob: he watches them go, grinning, and seems startled when Hank resumes his interrogation.

HANK (cont'd)  
 How could you've told him, Jacob? I put  
 myself at risk for you, and what do you do?  
 You turn around and betray me.

JACOB  
 What're you talk--?

HANK  
 It's like there are two sides now. Like--

JACOB  
 Why do you both keep talking about sides?  
 That's not--

HANK  
 (with sudden intensity)  
 Lou talks about sides?

(CONTINUED)

JACOB

I'm on both your sides. We're all in this together.

HANK

(stepping close)

If you had to pick a side--

JACOB

(retreating)

I'm not going--

HANK

No, I want to know: Lou, or me?

Jacob glances down the hall, searching for a way out. Finally:

JACOB

I'd pick you. You're my brother.

75 INT. SARAH'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

75

The curtain is still pulled. Behind it, the TV continues to play. Hank sits beside Sarah's bed. Sarah is unwrapping Jacob's gift, a ruffled-looking teddy bear with a brass key in its back. She holds it up, inspecting it.

SARAH

It's used.

She examines it with distaste, then winds its key. A man's voice begins to SING "Frere Jacques". Hank stares in surprise.

HANK

It was his bear.

(Sarah looks up, startled)

When he was little.

Sarah lifts the bear again, reappraising it. She sniffs at it.

SARAH

I guess it's sweet of him then, isn't it?

The nurse enters, carrying Hank and Sarah's baby, AMANDA.

NURSE

Feeding time for the little princess.

Everyone COOS over the baby. Sarah unbuttons her nightgown, begins to nurse the infant. The bear's MUSIC slows to a stop. Sarah leans forward to make sure the nurse has gone, then turns to Hank. He's stroking her arm, distracted, gazing at the baby in wonder.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

I want you to buy one of those little tape recorders--the little dictating ones--the type you can hide in your pocket.

HANK

(not glancing up)

What do you want with a tape recorder?

Sarah glances toward the curtain, lowers her voice.

SARAH

You're going to tape Lou confessing to Pederson's murder.

Hank looks up in surprise, stops stroking her.

HANK

What're you talking about?

Sarah holds her finger to her lips, gestures toward the other half of the room. They both stare at the curtain, behind which the only sign of life is the TV.

SARAH

You and Jacob invite him out for drinks, you get him drunk, take him back to his house, and then start joking about confessing to the police. You take turns pretending to do it--you first, Jacob second, Lou last--and when Lou does it, you tape him.

Hank starts to LAUGH, but then realizes she isn't joking.

HANK

That's absurd. There's no way it'd work.

The baby makes a MEWLING sound. Sarah smiles down at it.

SARAH

(in a baby voice)

Yes! You're a hungry little girl, aren't you?

She jiggles the baby for a moment, then glances back up at Hank.

SARAH (cont'd)

Jacob helps you. That's the key. If Jacob eggs him on, then he'll do it.

(CONTINUED)

HANK

But even if we could get him to say it, it wouldn't mean anything. No one would ever believe it.

SARAH

That doesn't matter. All you have to do is get him to see that you and Jacob could claim he killed Pederson just as easily as he could claim you did it. If you make him think that Jacob would side with you, he'll never risk bringing in the police.

Hank considers this, frowning. Sarah watches him, caressing the infant, then reaches out and touches his arm.

SARAH (cont'd)

We should at least try, shouldn't we? We can't lose anything by trying.

\*76 OMIT

\*76

\*77 OMIT

\*77

\*78 OMIT

\*78

#79 INT. JACOB'S APARTMENT - DUSK

#79

Dirty, dimly lit. The scraggly Christmas tree still stands in the corner. Jacob is slouched on the bed, a beer can in his hand, the dog is sleeping beside him. Hank is sitting on a chair a few feet away from his brother, dressed in a suit, his tie loosened. He's leaning forward, intense, hectoring Jacob.

HANK

It's not like I'm asking all that much of you, Jacob. You pick up the goddamn phone. You say, 'Hey, Lou. Hank suggested we go out drinking tomorrow night--'

JACOB

But why would you ask me and Lou to go drinking?

HANK

(with growing impatience)

You tell him I agreed to split up the money. That I want to go out and celebrate first.

Jacob is becoming increasingly upset. He shakes his head

(CONTINUED)



JACOB  
I can't trick him like that. He'd never  
forgive me.

Hank jumps up, paces to the window, equally agitated.

HANK

Don't you get what's happening here? He can send us both to jail.

JACOB

Lou's not gonna--

HANK

(spinning back toward Jacob)  
Know what the problem is? You don't have any distance on this. You can't see what he's really like.

Jacob gives him an incredulous look. He sits up on the bed.

JACOB

You're gonna tell me that?

HANK

I can tell you--

Furious, Jacob flings his half-empty beer can across the room. The dog jumps up, BARKS.

JACOB

You know nothing about him, Hank. You've seen him drunk a few times, so you think--

Hank cuts him off, impatient.

HANK

Look. You want me to help buy back the farm?

(silence)

Well?

Jacob still doesn't answer. He realizes he's trapped and is searching unsuccessfully for a way out. Finally, he nods. Hank steps over to the night table, grabs the phone, slams it down into Jacob's lap.

HANK (cont'd)

Then you gotta help me first.

He strides back to the window, stares out into the night. Jacob wavers, watching his brother's back. Finally, he picks up the phone and begins, very slowly, to dial. WE SEE Hank shut his eyes, as if oddly pained by his success.

79 INT. MITCHELL KITCHEN - NIGHT

79

Sarah sits at the table--which is set for two--nursing the baby. WE HEAR the front door open, the MURMUR of Hank and Jacob's

(CONTINUED)

voices. Sarah lifts her head, listening. After a beat, Hank enters, still in his coat. He bends, kisses Sarah on her forehead, moves to the cabinets.

SARAH  
(whispering)  
Did I hear Jacob?

Hank nods. He pulls down a plate, grabs a placemat, starts to set out a third place.

HANK  
I invited him for dinner.

Sarah looks surprised. She takes a moment to absorb the news, watching Hank lay out the utensils. Then, still whispering:

SARAH  
Is he gonna do it?

Hank hesitates, anticipating her displeasure.

HANK  
I had to promise him the farm.

SARAH  
What? I thought we already agreed--

HANK  
(plaintively)  
Where's he supposed to go, Sarah?

Sarah launches into him, her voice slowly rising.

SARAH  
If he stays, we'll end up getting caught.  
Sooner or later he'll screw up and--

HANK  
(hushing her with his hands)  
I know. I know. That's not what I'm saying.

WE HEAR the toilet flush. The door to the downstairs bathroom OPENS. Hank moves toward the fridge.

HANK (cont'd)  
I just wish he could, that's all.

88 INT. HANK'S KITCHEN - LATER

Hank, Jacob and Sarah sit at the table, the meal finished. Jacob's dog sleeps at their feet, its head resting on Amanda's

bear. Hank and Jacob are telling Sarah a story, each trying to be the one to get it out, talking one over the other.

JACOB

And just when our dad's putting the final touches on it--he's way up on a ladder tightening some bolts--

HANK

This breeze starts the windmill's sails spinning--

JACOB

Smack!

HANK

They hit him right in the face, knock him off the ladder.

SARAH

(her hand over her mouth)  
Was he hurt?

Hank and Jacob both LAUGH. Hank pours Jacob more wine.

HANK

Mom thought so.

JACOB

She saw it happen from the house, and was sure he'd broken his neck, so she called the volunteer fire department.

HANK

All his buddies from town came rushing out, sirens racing, only to find him sitting in the kitchen with an ice-bag on his face.

The all LAUGH.

JACOB

He never forgave her for that.

HANK

I can still hear him bitching about it:  
"Why didn't you wait to see if I got up,  
for Christ's sake?"

Everyone LAUGHS. From upstairs WE HEAR Amanda begin to cry. Sarah listens for a beat, then SIGHS, standing up.

SARAH

Her Majesty calls...

(CONTINUED)

The two men watch her leave. A beat of silence, then:

JACOB

I think dad would've understood what we're doing.

(a pause)

Don't you?

HANK

I don't know... I guess so.

JACOB

I mean, that's why they killed themselves. If they'd had what we have now, they'd still be around.

HANK

What're you talking about?. They were drinking. It was an accident.

Jacob SCOFFS at this.

JACOB

You saw where it happened, right?

(Hank nods)

Notice any skid marks?

Hank's silence is answer enough. Jacob shakes his head sadly.

JACOB (cont'd)

Dad thought their life insurance would be enough to pay off all their debts.

A short pause; the mood in the room has plummeted. Jacob picks up the stuffed bear, winds its key.

JACOB (cont'd)

I guess it's what I would've eventually done, too. If I hadn't gotten the farm back.

Hank absorbs this in silence. The bear SINGS in Jacob's lap.

\*R81 EXT. BAR - NIGHT - ESTABLISH

\*R81

81 INT. SMALL TOWN BAR - NIGHT

81

A long room with a bar running down one side, a line of booths down the other. The place is loud, smoke-filled. Hank, Jacob and Lou are drinking in a booth. Jacob sits beside his brother, looking tense, distracted. Lou is leaning forward, a bit tipsy, addressing Hank with surprising earnestness.

(CONTINUED)

LOU  
I guess what I'm trying to say is maybe I misjudged you, Hank. You can see how that might've happened, cancha? 'Cause you're a bit more... I don't know... let's say... 'serious' than a guy like me, and maybe sometimes it can come across like you've sorta got a stick up your ass. I mean, to someone who doesn't know you, who can't see beneath that first impression. And maybe... maybe sometimes I can come off as a bit of an asshole... You think?

Hank starts to deny this, but Lou waves him into silence.

LOU (cont'd)  
No, no, I know what I'm talkin' about. But fuck it, all in the past, right? Whaddya say?

He extends his hand across the table. It takes Hank a moment to understand what's expected of him. Then, while Jacob watches with something close to disgust, Hank smiles, shakes Lou's hand.

HANK  
Sounds good to me.

LOU  
Hell yes! Live and let live!

He drops Hank's hand, quickly downs a shot, then wipes his mouth on his sleeve, BELCHING.

LOU (cont'd)  
Gotta take a leak.

Lou rises, a bit unsteady on his feet. As he's moving along the bar to the bathroom, he stumbles into a large, BEARDED MAN on a stool. The man glances over his shoulder, and Lou gives him an angry stare, hitching up his belt.

LOU  
Think that's funny, tripping people on the way to the can? Think you're some kind of comedian?

The bearded man spins to face Lou. The bar begins to quiet.

BEARDED MAN  
Listen, buddy. Looks like you might've had a few too--

LOU  
Don't you buddy me.

The bearded man starts to climb off his stool, but as he does so, Jacob suddenly appears, resting his hand on Lou's shoulder.

JACOB  
Maybe it's time we hit the road, Lou.  
Whaddya think?

Hank is standing behind Jacob, holding Lou's jacket. Lou allows himself to be led away, but not without a parting shot.

LOU  
(pointing at Jacob)  
He's my buddy.  
(pointing at Hank)  
He's my buddy, too.  
(to the bearded man)  
You're not my fucking buddy.

82 EXT. LOU'S FRONT YARD - NIGHT

82

Jacob's truck pulls into the driveway. Hank, Jacob and Lou are inside; Jacob's dog is in the back. Lou's house is dark.

INT. JACOB'S TRUCK

Lou and Jacob are taking turns sipping from a bottle of whiskey.

LOU  
We gotta be real quiet. Nancy's asleep.

83 INT. LOU'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

83

The living room is a step down from the entranceway. There's a green shag carpet, an old-looking TV. Hank and Jacob are sitting on the couch; Lou is in an armchair across from them. Everyone's drinking whiskey; Lou and Jacob are both quite drunk.

LOU  
(loud)  
--so this guy steps forward, right? And he says, 'He was doin' fine till we twisted his head back around for him. Then he fuckin' died on us.'

Jacob scowls as Hank bursts into LAUGHTER, playing to Lou.

NANCY (OS)  
I got one.

The three men instantly fall silent, startled, turning to see:

(CONTINUED)

HANK'S POV - FRONT OF THE HOUSE

Nancy is at the foot of the stairs, dressed in an extra-long T-shirt. Her hair is tangled from sleep.

NANCY (cont'd)  
This old drunk was telling jokes to his two drunk friends, keeping up his wife who, unlike him, had a job she had to go to in the morning.

BACK TO SCENE

The three men watch her, stone-faced.

NANCY (OS cont'd)  
Well, finally, she got so fed up she came downstairs and told him that if he didn't shut up he was gonna have to find some other place to live rent-free. Ha-ha-ha. Get it?

Lou jumps up from the couch, hurries toward her, making conciliatory gestures with his hands.

LOU  
It's okay, hon. We're just drinking a little and--

Watching Lou and Nancy, who WE HEAR murmuring back and forth from across the room, Hank leans toward his brother, WHISPERS.

HANK  
What're you waiting for? I don't wanna be here all night.

Jacob shakes his head drunkenly, not looking at Hank.

JACOB  
I'm not gonna do it...

Hank gives him a stern look.

HANK  
We made a deal.

JACOB  
(still looking away, hard)  
It's not right.

WE HEAR Nancy start back upstairs. Lou returns across the room. Hank touches Jacob's arm, attempting to silence him, but Jacob

(CONTINUED)



pushes his hand away. Hank picks up his glass, trying to pretend that nothing is happening. Lou sits down.

LOU

Guess we oughta keep it down a bit, huh?

Hank nods, sips from his glass. Jacob is still watching him, with something like revulsion now.

JACOB

What the fuck is wrong with you?

Hank glances up, shocked. Lou grins as Jacob turns to him, gesturing at Hank, his voice angry.

JACOB (cont'd)

See how he drinks from that glass? Like a goddamn bird.

He mimics Hank sipping, exaggerating his hesitancy. Hank attempts a joke.

HANK

You gonna play older brother now? Teach me how to drink my whiskey?

Jacob ignores him, still looking at Lou.

JACOB

Ever seen me drink like that?  
(he downs his glass, slams it  
to the table)  
My dad?

LOU

Tell the truth, Jake, I ain't never seen nobody drink like that.

JACOB

So where'd he learn it?

Hank sets his glass down. He leans forward, trying to meet his brother's eyes, questioning, but Jacob continues to ignore him.

JACOB (cont'd)

I mean, tell me one thing we got in common besides our last name.

(Lou can't think of anything)

You're more like a brother to me than him.

Lou GIGGLES, glances back at the stairs. Then, his voice low:

(CONTINUED)

LOU

Do him crossing the stream, Jake.

(Jacob hesitates)

Aw, come on. He don't care. Do you Hank?

Hank stares at Jacob, who's leaning forward to refill his glass. His hands are unsteady, and he sloshes whiskey onto the table.

HANK

Crossing the stream?

Jacob takes a sip of whiskey--mimicking Hank again. Then he stands up and begins making fun of the way Hank crossed the stream that first day, as they made their way through the woods to the plane. He exaggerates Hank's awkward hops, his teetering in midstream. Lou CLAPS and GUFFAWS: it's obvious this has been a recurrent joke between them. Hank blushes.

LOU

Do him getting bit by the crow!

Jacob ignores him. His smile has faded.

JACOB

We never should've let him keep the money.

Look at him. He thinks he owns us.

Lou's smile fades. Hank rises, picks up his jacket, appalled.

HANK

Look, we've all had too much to drink.

Maybe we should--

JACOB

Isn't this what you want? Me to pick a side?

HANK

What're you talk--

JACOB

(sneering, to Lou)

Know what's gonna happen? He's gonna end up confessing. Crawling into Carl's office and spilling his guts.

Hank starts pulling on his overcoat.

LOU

Fuck yes. He'll rat on us to get off the hook.

(CONTINUED)

Hank begins moving across the room toward the front door. Jacob watches him, his grin fading, his voice turning steely.

JACOB  
Let's do him confessing. You be him, and  
I'll be Carl.

Hank turns, staring. Jacob avoids his gaze. SNICKERING, Lou gulps some whiskey, stands up and mimes knocking on a door. Hank moves back toward the couch.

LOU  
(mimicking Hank's voice)  
Carl?

Hank pulls off his coat, sits back down.

JACOB  
Yes? Who is it?

LOU  
It's Hank Mitchell. I got something to  
tell you.

JACOB  
Come on in, Hank. Have a seat.

Lou pretends to open a door. He walks in place, grinning, then sits down. Hank fumbles at his shirt, pretending to scratch at his chest. With a SOFT CLICK, the tape recorder turns on.

LOU  
It's about Dwight Pederson.

JACOB  
Yes?

LOU  
Well, he didn't die in an accident.

JACOB  
What do you mean?

Lou feigns glancing nervously around the room. Then:

LOU  
I killed him.

JACOB  
You killed Dwight Pederson?

(CONTINUED)

LOU

I smothered him with his scarf, then I pushed him off the bridge into Anders' Creek. I made it look like an accident.

That's enough for Hank; he gestures at Jacob to stop.

HANK

Okay. That's--

Jacob ignores him.

JACOB

Why would you do something like that?

LOU

'Cause four million dollars is worth a hell of a lot more to me than some old man's life--

Hank reaches up, turns off the tape recorder in his pocket.

HANK

(firm, to Jacob)  
That's enough.

LOU

(shaking his head)  
I wanna get to the part where you offer to testify against us. Keep asking me questions, Jake.

Jacob takes a swallow of whiskey. He seems spent by the whole episode, drained. He drops back on the couch as Hank takes out the tape recorder and rewinds it. Hank presses play, sets it on the table. They all stare at it while it replays Lou and Jacob's DIALOGUE. Lou looks utterly bewildered.

LOU (cont'd)

You taped us?

Neither Hank nor Jacob answers him. When the tape is finished, Hank reaches forward and rewinds it.

LOU (cont'd)

What're you doing, Hank?

HANK

It's your confession. It's you saying how you killed Dwight Pederson.

Lou stares at the tape recorder for a moment, realizing finally what it's for. He sneers at Hank.

(CONTINUED)

LOU

Nobody's gonna believe that thing. It's obvious I'm just kidding around.

HANK

If you and I both went into Carl's tomorrow and claimed that the other killed Dwight Pederson, who do you think he'd believe? You? A forty-year-old, unemployed high school dropout who's proud when people call him the town drunk? Or me? I've got a job, Lou. I don't get drunk and shout obscenities at my wife in public. I don't pass out in other people's doorways.

A tense moment, then Lou tries to grab the tape recorder, but Hank snatches it away, returns it to his shirt pocket.

LOU

(angry, humiliated)

You fucking--

He rises. Hank does, too. Lou scowls at him, waves at Jacob.

LOU (cont'd)

Come on, Jake.

Jacob sags deep into the couch, not looking at either of them.

JACOB

The tape doesn't hurt you. It's just to keep you from hurting him.

LOU

What?

JACOB

He's not gonna use it unless you tell on him. That seems fair, don't it?

LOU

You're in this together?

Jacob finally looks up:

JACOB

He promised to help me buy back the farm.

Lou clenches his fists, his body taut with anger. He glares at Jacob until Jacob looks away, then spins and strides toward the front of the house, disappearing down the hallway to the left.

(CONTINUED)

Hank heads toward the front door, gesturing for Jacob to follow. Jacob hesitates, then starts slowly after him, a bit wobbly on his feet. As Hank opens the door, he glances down the hall.

HANK'S POV - LOU'S DOWNSTAIRS HALL

Lou approaches from the garage, jamming shells into his shotgun.

BACK TO SCENE

Jacob pushes Hank.

JACOB

Move...

Jacob runs outside. Hank remains, looking at Lou in disbelief.

HANK

What're you doing, Lou?

Lou stops five feet away, pumps the gun, aims it at Hank's chest. Outside, WE HEAR Jacob's truck door slam shut.

LOU

Give me the tape.

HANK

Put the gun down.

Hank starts to back onto the porch, dragging the door shut behind him. Lou grabs it, yanks it open, raises the gun again.

LOU

You're not leaving till you give--

JACOB (OS)

Leave him alone, Lou!

Lou freezes, startled. He and Hank both turn to look.

84 HANK'S POV - LOU'S FRONT YARD

84

Jacob is aiming his rifle at Lou's head, breathing hard.

EXT. LOU'S FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

HANK

Stop it, Jacob. Go back to the truck.

Jacob doesn't move.

LOU

You gonna shoot me, Jake?

(CONTINUED)

They both begin to YELL. The dog jumps from the truck, BARKING.

JACOB  
Just leave him alone--

LOU  
You stabbed me in the back. In my own house.

JACOB  
Please, Lou.

LOU  
You know I need the money. I need it tomorrow. They're gonna take my truck.

JACOB  
Just put the gun down.

LOU  
Why should he get to keep it? He's got a job. We're the ones who need it. He just wants it--

NANCY (OS)  
Lou?  
(instantly, silence)  
What's going on?

She starts down the stairs. WE SEE her feet through the top of the doorway. Lou is still pointing his gun at Hank, but he's looking at Jacob. His face is bright red.

LOU  
How could you do this? You think he's your friend? He doesn't give a fuck about you.  
(he glances at Hank)  
Do you?

HANK  
Come on, Lou. We can talk this through.

Lou raises the gun till it's pointing just above Hank's head, and pulls the trigger. There's a tremendous EXPLOSION. The dog runs off. An eerie quiet settles in. Lou pumps another shell into the chamber, gives Hank an edgy smile.

LOU  
That was just an in-sin-u-a-tion.

He steps forward, presses the gun to Hank's forehead. Hank holds himself rigid, too frightened to move. He shuts his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

HANK

Lou...

Lou's smile deepens. Behind him, Nancy descends another step.

NANCY

Put the gun down, baby.

LOU

This is the real thing.

With a quick, startling movement, he jerks the gun up so that it's pointing just a few inches above Hank's head, and pulls the trigger. Another EXPLOSION. At the same instant, Jacob FIRES his gun. The bullet smacks Lou in the forehead. Lou falls into the house. Nancy begins to SCREAM.

85 INT. LOU'S FRONT ENTRANCEWAY

85

Hank steps inside. Lou lies on his back a few feet from the door, a small hole in his forehead. His shotgun rests beside him. A large puddle of blood is spreading across the floor.

Nancy rushes down the stairs, WAILING. She crouches beside Lou's body, but doesn't touch it. Hank steps forward, as if to comfort her. When she sees him coming, she backs toward the family room, SOBBING hysterically.

HANK

It's okay, Nancy.

NANCY

(shaking her head)

We gotta call--

She spins, starts into the family room, but Hank grabs her arm.

HANK

Wait. We have to decide what--

Nancy SCREAMS, yanks her arm free. She turns on him in a frenzy, CRYING, her words unintelligible. Hank makes a quieting gesture with his hands. Jacob steps through the door, looking dazed, clenching his rifle.

HANK (cont'd)

Nancy. You can still have his share.

Nancy flinches, shocked into momentary silence. Then:

NANCY

You bastards.

(CONTINUED)



HANK

Shhh--

He makes another quieting motion, but she starts toward him, her fists clenched, her face distorted with rage. Hank backs away.

NANCY

You think I'm going to let you keep the money? You fucking--

Hank retreats across the entranceway. Nancy pursues him. As she passes Lou's corpse, she stumbles against the shotgun, kicking it across the tiles. They all stare down at it.

There's a pause, then Nancy stoops, picks up the gun, pumps it. Hank lunges forward, grabbing for the barrel. They struggle, and Hank rips the gun from her hands. Nancy falls backward, tripping down the step into the living room, landing on her rear end. SHRIEKING, she lifts her arms to protect herself, thinking Hank's about to shoot her.

HANK

It's okay. I'm not--

He crouches to lay the gun down. Nancy scrambles to her feet, begins backing into the living room, still SHRIEKING.

HANK (cont'd)

Shhh, Nancy. Please.

Hank starts after her, the gun in his hands. Nancy turns to run. There's a doorway in the back corner of the room, leading to the kitchen, and she heads straight for it, knocking over an end table in her flight.

HANK (cont'd)

Wait!

He sprints after her, into--

86 LOU'S KITCHEN

86

The room is dark, illuminated only by the light filtering in from the family room. Nancy is barely visible at the rear of the room; WE HEAR her yanking open a drawer, scrambling inside, things falling to the floor. Hank stops on the threshold.

HANK (cont'd)

I just want to talk, okay?

He reaches to his right, fumbles for the light switch. At the exact moment the light goes ON, Nancy spins toward us, a pistol

(CONTINUED)

in her hand. She FIRES, and the bullet SLAMS into the wall to Hank's left. Hank scrambles out of the doorway, back into--

## 87 LOU'S FAMILY ROOM

87

Nancy FIRES again. The bullet comes through the doorway, THUDS into the couch. Hank rushes backward, not watching where he's going: he stumbles into the overturned table, falls onto his back just as Nancy appears. She aims her pistol at him, but before she can shoot, he FIRES the shotgun from the floor. The blast hits her in the chest, knocking her back into the kitchen.

A long, eerie beat of silence, then Hank struggles to his feet. He's starting hesitantly toward the kitchen when he hears--

JACOB  
(terrified)  
Hank..?

--and jumps, spinning to aim the gun at Jacob, who's still standing in the front doorway. Jacob cowers. Hank holds the gun on him for a moment, trying to find his bearings. Then he pumps the shotgun, swings it a few inches to the right, FIRES into the wall. He SHOOTS the ceiling, the armchair, the coffee table, Jacob flinching at every shot.

## 88 INT. LOU'S KITCHEN

88

Nancy lies crumpled against the refrigerator, her chest a mess of blood, her head cocked at an odd angle. Hank examines her from the doorway, a blank look on his face. Then he turns and vanishes back into the family room. WE HOLD on Nancy, as her blood slowly begins to pool on the surrounding tiles.

## 89 INT. LOU'S FAMILY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

89

Hank stands by the couch, talking on the phone. The coffee table has been obliterated; the armchair has a giant hole in it.

HANK  
--at Lou Chambers' place. Out on County  
Road 27, just past Burnt Road.  
(a pause)  
They're both... They're both dead.  
(he feigns a sob)  
You gotta hurry. Please.

He sets down the phone, his hand noticeably shaking.

## 90 LOU'S FRONT ENTRANCEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

90

Hank crouches over Lou's body, plants his prints on the gun, sets it on the floor. He glances into the family room, which is empty, and a frightened look comes over his face.

(CONTINUED)

HANK

Jacob?

He rises quickly to his feet. Jacob's parka is lying on the floor a few yards away. Hank steps over and picks it up.

HANK (cont'd)  
(yelling)

Jacob?

After a beat, WE HEAR, very faintly, a gasping sound--like a stifled sob--come from the kitchen. Hank steps down into the living room, hurrying toward the kitchen's open doorway.

91 INT. LOU'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

91

Hank pauses on the threshold. Nancy still lies in her bloody puddle. Hank stares at her, as if he thinks that she might've been the one to make the gasping sound. There's no sign of Jacob. Hank is just about to turn from the doorway when he stops, peers again at the floor.

HANK'S POV - THE KITCHEN FLOOR

On the far edge of the puddle, WE SEE a man's bloody footprint.

BACK TO SCENE

Hank edges his way around the puddle. There's an open doorway just beyond Nancy's body, leading down to the cellar, lost in darkness. Hank reaches in, flicks on the light, REVEALING:

THE CELLAR STAIRS

Jacob sits midway down the steps, his head in his hands. After a beat, he turns, blinks up at us over his shoulder. It's clear that he's been crying. Hank watches him from the doorway, a worried look on his face.

HANK

What're you doing?

Jacob shrugs, struggles for a smile, but can't quite make it.

JACOB

Hiding.

They look at each other for a moment in silence. Hank shifts the parka from his right arm to his left.

HANK

You gonna be okay?

(CONTINUED)

Jacob thinks for a moment, then shakes his head. His mouth starts to tremble, and he turns away.

HANK (cont'd)

We can make this work, Jacob. We can--

He starts down the steps, and Jacob jumps up, turning to face him, scared. He shakes his head again, slowly at first but then more and more quickly.

JACOB

No...

Hank crouches, bringing his eyes almost level with his brother's. He makes a quieting gesture with his hands.

HANK

Shhh. Just listen, all right? All we gotta say is--

Jacob continues to shake his head, covering his ears.

JACOB

No!

Hank stands up, raises his voice, almost shouts:

HANK

Stop it!

Jacob freezes, startled. Hank comes down another step, lowering his voice, struggling to sound soothing.

HANK (cont'd)

I need you to calm down. Can you do that for me? Can you calm down and listen to what I have to say?

(a long pause; finally Jacob manages a nod)

They were fighting, okay? They were both drunk, and Lou started pushing Nancy around. When we tried to stop him, he went and grabbed his gun, and Nancy ran for her pistol. We sprinted out to the truck and got your rifle, but by the time we got back to the house, it was too late. He'd already shot her. He was shooting up the whole place, firing into the ceiling, the walls, everything. And when we stepped into the doorway, he fired at me. The shot went wide, so he pumped the gun again and aimed right at my chest... And that's when you killed him...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (2)

HANK (cont'd)  
 (a beat)  
 You saved my life.

Hank stops, waiting for a reaction, but Jacob just stands there.

HANK (cont'd)  
 See how simple it is?  
 (still no response; WE HEAR  
 sirens approaching)  
 Come on, Jacob. Say it for me.

Jacob remains silent, the SIRENS closing. Then, hesitantly:

JACOB  
 They were... they were fighting...  
 (he starts to CRY again)  
 ...and Lou... Lou started shooting the  
 walls...

He begins to shake his head again, CRYING too hard to speak.  
 The SIRENS are closing.

HANK  
 (coaxing him)  
 And what'd we do?

WE PUSH IN ON Hank, as he tries to prod the story out of Jacob.

HANK (cont'd)  
 We ran out to the truck--

CARL (OS)  
 (interrupting)  
 You ran outside with Jacob?

\*92 OMIT

\*92

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

93 INT. SHERIFF'S INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

93

Hank sits on one side of a table, facing the Fulton County SHERIFF, a DETECTIVE, and Carl. WE SEE a tape recorder spinning on the table, several half-empty cups of coffee. The detective is taking notes. Hank hesitates, surprised by the question. When he nods, the detective stops scribbling.

CARL (cont'd)  
 Because the way Jacob tells it...  
 (he leans forward, scans the  
 detective's notes)  
 He went to get his rifle on his own. He  
 says Lou chased you out of the house after  
 he shot Nancy.

(CONTINUED)

Hank shifts in his chair.

(CONTINUED)

HANK  
Jacob said that?

Carl nods: a long pause, while Hank searches for a solution. He stares at his feet, CRACKS his knuckles, one after the other.

HANK (cont'd)  
Well, I suppose I can see how it might've seemed that way to him.

Another pause. The policemen exchange a look. Hank shifts in his chair, looking right through Carl, straining for a solution. Then, slowly:

HANK (cont'd)  
Because he did go to the truck alone... I mean, I followed him, but then when I heard Nancy get shot, I turned back toward the house. I was on the porch when Lou started to come outside, and that's when I turned to run back down the walk again.  
(a pause)  
So, I guess that's how it might've seemed to Jacob that I was running out of the house.

The detective scribbles more notes. Carl studies Hank. Before he can speak, a policeman enters the room, carrying a pot of coffee. He leaves the door ajar behind him. Hank glances out.

HANK'S POV - OUT THE DOOR

Sarah sits in the hallway, the baby in its pouch. She stares blankly in at us, as if she were looking at a stranger.

BACK TO SCENE

The policeman sets down the coffeepot, exits, shutting the door behind him. The Sheriff refills everyone's cups.

CARL  
And then?

HANK (cont'd)  
Then Lou fired at me and missed. He pumped the gun to try again. And that's when Jacob shot him.

Hank glances from policeman to policeman, fearing another challenge. When none arrives, he waves at the tape recorder.

HANK (cont'd)  
I guess you know the rest.

(CONTINUED)

A long pause. Then the Sheriff nods, shutting off the machine.

\*\* 93A THRU 93K - OMITTED \*\*

\*93L EXT. ORCHARD - DAY - ON THE PLANE

\*93L

A wind is blowing, drifting snow across the wreck of the Cessna. The crows sit hunched in the swaying trees, silent.

MRS. TRILLING (OS)  
Listen to this, Clifford--

\*93M INT. TRILLING KITCHEN - DAY

\*93M

A small, meticulously clean room. Mrs. Trilling sits in her bathrobe, reading the paper. Her HUSBAND is putting breakfast on the table.

MRS. TRILLING (cont'd)  
--it says he'd been gambling--

She lifts the paper to see better, covering her face. WE PUSH IN on the PAPER.

MRS. TRILLING (OS cont'd)  
--at the casino in Hinkley--

The paper is lowered, but it's no longer Mrs. Trilling behind it. It's Linda.

LINDA  
--and that they were gonna--

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

\*93N INT. SMALL TOWN DINER - DAY

\*93N

Linda sits in a booth, with a sandwich and a cup of coffee in front of her. Across from her sits a COWORKER of Nancy's, an older woman in curlers.

LINDA (cont'd)  
--repossess his truck.

COWORKER  
You know, he used to hit her.

ON LINDA, looking both shocked and delighted by this revelation.

LINDA  
No!

(CONTINUED)



\*93N CONTINUED:

80A.  
\*93N

I swear it-- COWORKER (OS)

\*93P CU - TELEVISION SCREEN

\*93P

The coworker is being interviewed by the female TV reporter.

COWORKER (cont'd)

--we all knew she was headed for something like this. 'Cause they had problems going way, way back--his gambling and drinking weren't half of it. I remember her coming into work once with this big bruise on her cheek, told us she'd walked into a wall.

The woman rolls her eyes in disbelief.

COWORKER (cont'd)

I mean, who'd she think she was kidding?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

\*93Q INT. SMALL TOWN BAR - NIGHT

\*93Q

The TV hangs above the bar, which is moderately crowded. Everyone's watching the screen, rapt. WE SEE Doug Schmitt at the end of the bar. He turns to the MAN beside him, another, equally old FARMER.

DOUG

He could get nasty when he drank, know what I mean? I saw him here that last night--

He waves down the bar. The other drinkers are turning to hear what he has to say.

\*93R INT. SMALL TOWN BAR - NIGHT - FALSE FLASHBACK

\*93R

In SLIGHT SLOW MOTION, Lou bumps into the bearded man on the stool, and they begin to argue.

DOUG (OS cont'd)

--nearly took a guy's head off--

Lou lunges at the bearded man, swinging wildly, shouting curses. They tumble to the floor. Jacob steps in and pulls Lou off.

\*93S EXT. COUNTRY CEMETERY - DAY

\*93S

Hank and Sarah stand arm-in-arm as Lou's casket is lowered into the ground. They keep glancing at Jacob, who's weeping uncontrollably. WE SEE Nancy's fresh grave, a rectangle of brown dirt in the snow. The priest sprinkles holy water. Hank and Jacob both cross themselves.

(CONTINUED)

Off to the side the old farmer from the bar and Mrs. Trilling's husband, Clifford, stand watching, whispering quietly together as the service is completed.

FARMER (cont'd)

--Jacob had to manhandle him out of there.

Clifford shakes his head, sadly, watching Jacob toss a shovelful of icy dirt onto his friend's casket.

CLIFFORD

It's just such a tragedy, the whole thing.

\*93T INSERT - CONDOLENCE CARD

\*93T

A woman's handwriting: "Our thoughts are with you in this time of tragedy. Fondly, Brent and Kara Hill"

INT. MITCHELL ENTRANCEWAY - DAY

Hank, still dressed in his suit from the funeral, is reading the card. The hall table is cluttered with gifts--tupperware containers full of food, jars of jam, foil-wrapped loaves of bread. Hank sets the card beside them, starts up the stairs.

\*93U INT. MITCHELL UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

\*93U

Hank heads for the bedroom, loosening his tie. He pauses in the doorway.

HANK'S POV - THE BEDROOM

The baby is on the bed. Sarah's changing her diaper, but she's paused to play for a moment. She dips her head to Amanda's, then pulls it back, COOING. Amanda smiles, kicks her feet.

Sarah glances up, turns toward us, her face blank. Finally, after a long moment, she manages a smile.

BACK TO SCENE

Hank steps into the room, moving to his bureau. Amanda drops her pacifier; it rolls off the bed. As Sarah bends to pick it up, WE SEE the duffel bag still hidden beneath the box springs.

\*\* 94 THRU 105 - OMITTED \*\*

106 INT. SMALL TOWN BAR - NIGHT

106

A Saturday night crowd: LOUD VOICES, LAUGHTER. The street door opens and Jacob enters. He hesitates at the entrance, looking lost. People turn to stare, and the bar slowly falls silent.

(CONTINUED)

A long pause. For a moment it appears as if Jacob might turn and flee, but then the BARTENDER beckons him, waving free one of

(CONTINUED)

the barstools. Jacob shuffles forward, takes the proffered seat. The bartender places a shot in front of him.

BARTENDER

On the house, Jacob.

Jacob stares at the whiskey, as if he's not sure what to do with it. Everyone in the bar is watching, silent.

BARTENDER (cont'd)

Come on now, down the hatch. Do you good.

Jacob lifts the shot, downs it. Everyone smiles; someone CHEERS drunkenly. The DRINKER next to Jacob slaps a bill onto the counter, gestures toward Jacob's glass.

DRINKER

Next one's on me.

The man gives Jacob a sympathetic nod. Jacob glances quickly away. People are crowding around his stool. A woman puts her hand on his shoulder. For a moment Jacob looks as if he's about to cry: his face trembles. But then he regains control, lifts the shot to his mouth, pours it in.

107 INT. MITCHELL BATHROOM - NIGHT

107

Sarah kneels beside the tub, bathing Amanda in a plastic basin. Hank is in his pajamas, brushing his teeth. WE HEAR a faint pounding. Hank doesn't notice, but Sarah lifts her head.

SARAH

You hear that?

Hank spits into the sink, turns off the faucet. WE HEAR the pounding more clearly. Hank steps to the window, peers outside.

108 HANK'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

108

It's dark out, but WE can SEE Carl's truck parked in the street.

107conBACK TO SCENE

107con

Hank turns from the window with a frightened expression.

HANK

It's Carl.

The POUNDING continues. Hank and Sarah hold eyes, motionless, Amanda SPLASHING in her basin. Then Hank rushes from the room.

189 MITCHELL FRONT ENTRANCEWAY - NIGHT

189

Hank unlocks the door, pulls it open. Carl stands on the porch, his hat in his hands, his face grave.

CARL

Hope I didn't wake you, Hank.  
(he gestures upward)  
Saw a light on, so I figured--

Hank shakes his head.

HANK

It's all right.

CARL

I hate having to do this.  
(he sighs, glances back toward his truck)  
See, I was driving by Lou Chambers's place, and I saw your brother's truck parked right in the center of the road there, could hardly even squeeze by it. Found him inside the house, passed out in an armchair. Looks like he popped a pane of glass to get in. Place was all dark, heat off--he probably would've frozen to death, if I hadn't happened by.

He pauses, as if waiting for Hank to respond, but Hank doesn't.

CARL (cont'd)

I'd have taken him to his apartment, but he was pretty firm about wanting to come here.

Hank finally realizes what Carl's saying: Jacob's in the truck.

HANK

No, no, I appreciate it. I mean I'm sorry you even had to... Is he gonna be in any trouble?

Carl waves him into silence.

CARL

I know you guys have been having a rough time. Just have a talk with him, all right?  
(he turns to lead Hank to the truck)  
I'll try to keep a tab on him, too.

110 INT. MITCHELL GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

110

Jacob sits on the bed, a blanket over his shoulders, shivering, his nose running. Hank is untying his boots, yanking at the shoestrings, angry. Sarah watches from the doorway.

HANK

What the hell were you thinking about?  
That's the last place in the world you  
oughta be.

JACOB

I didn't... I didn't mean to. I was just  
driving and I... I...

He starts, very softly, to CRY. He tilts slowly to the side, pulling his feet away from Hank, and curls into a fetal position on the bed, WEeping quietly. Hank glances toward Sarah, waves her away. She hesitates a moment, watching Jacob, then leaves.

HANK

Jacob--

JACOB

(quiet, from the pillow)  
Do you ever feel evil?

Hank is startled by the question. He thinks for a moment.

HANK

No. I feel like... I mean we didn't--

JACOB

(his voice quavering)  
I do. I feel evil.

He begins to WEep in earnest. Hank doesn't know what to do. Finally, he reaches out, hesitantly, and pats Jacob's arm.

HANK

Shhh, now. Shhh, Jacob.

He glances toward the empty doorway.

111 INT. MITCHELL BEDROOM - NIGHT

111

Sarah is lying on her side in bed, seemingly asleep. Hank ENTERS, creeps toward the bed. As he slips beneath the covers:

SARAH

We should probably have him over more.

(CONTINUED)

Hank hesitates, surprised that she's awake. Then he settles in behind her. He's just reaching out to touch her when--

SARAH (cont'd)

If he's gotta drink, I'd rather he did it here than somewhere else.

--and he stops.

HANK

He'll be all right. He's just--

SARAH

(rolling to face him)

You and I can help each other through this, Hank. He doesn't have anybody.

From her crib across the room, Amanda begins to CRY.

HANK

Meaning?

SARAH

You should keep an eye on him, that's all.

She starts for the crib, leaving Hank lying there on his side.

112 EXT. LOU'S HOUSE - DAY

112

There's a "For Sale" sign in the yard; the place looks even more dilapidated than before. Jacob's truck sits in the center of the road. Hank's car approaches, stopping behind it.

INT. HANK'S CAR - DAY

Hank puts the car in park, waits for Jacob to climb out, but Jacob doesn't move. He stares off at the house, then out at his truck, thinking. When he finally speaks, his voice is quiet.

JACOB

Maybe I can get a family of my own now.

(a pause; he turns to Hank)

I mean, with the money and all.

He appears to expect a response from Hank, but Hank just watches him, mute. Jacob continues, his voice suddenly irresolute.

JACOB (cont'd)

Don't you think somebody'll marry me if I'm rich?

Hank starts to smile, but then realizes how serious Jacob is.

(CONTINUED)



HANK

You don't need the money for that.

Jacob gives him a knowing look, not believing Hank means this.

HANK (cont'd)

What about Carrie Richards? Didn't she like you without the money?

Jacob shakes his head, smiling grimly.

JACOB

Her friends all chipped in and bet her a hundred bucks she wouldn't go steady with me for a month.

HANK

(with sympathy)

Jesus, Jacob.

JACOB

It wasn't that bad. I mean, we never kissed or touched or anything like that, but we walked around a lot together, and talked, and when the month was up she still stopped to say hello when we passed in the hall, which she didn't have to do.

(a pause)

I'm thirty-three, Hank, and I've never even kissed a woman. If being rich'll change that, then fine. I don't care if it's just for the money.

They fall silent: an awkward moment which Jacob finally breaks by pushing open his door. He turns back before he climbs out, though, his voice like a child's, full of uncertainty.

JACOB (cont'd)

I'm gonna be happy now, aren't I?

Hank only hesitates for a second. Then he manages a nod.

HANK

Sure you are. We all are.

Jacob nods, too, staring off down the road, pursuing a vision.

JACOB

I'm gonna buy the farm, and marry someone nice, and have lots of kids, and you and Sarah and Amanda'll come visit, and we'll stay up late drinking on the porch just like Dad and Uncle Ted used to.

(CONTINUED)

Hank glances away, a pained look on his face. Jacob doesn't notice: he climbs out, pushing shut the door behind him.

HANK'S POV - JACOB

Jacob shuffles to his truck. He starts to scrape his windshield with his glove, then glances up to see why Hank hasn't left yet. He stares for a moment, then gives a little wave.

CU - HANK

Tears glistening in his eyes. He raises his hand, holds it up toward Jacob. Then he pulls away.

113 INT. SMALL TOWN BARBERSHOP - DAY

113

Hank sits in the barber's chair, an old, bald-headed BARBER trimming his hair. Hank's eyes are shut, the scissors moving quickly about his head. The door SQUEAKS open. The barber nods to the new arrival, but Hank doesn't open his eyes.

CARL (OS)

He nod off on you, Jack?

The barber smiles, but doesn't answer. Hank's eyes flick open.

HANK'S POV - IN THE MIRROR

Carl is standing behind the chair, grinning, examining Hank's hair. He CLUCKS his tongue.

CARL (cont'd)

Getting a little thin up top there, Hank.

BACK TO SCENE

Hank reaches to touch his scalp, but the barber bats his hand away. Carl CHUCKLES.

HANK

(smiling)

Don't you have any crimes to solve?

CARL

Maybe. Think you could track down Jacob, bring him by my office tomorrow afternoon?

He moves to the counter, lifts the lid on a glass jar full of lollipops. Hank starts to twist his head to follow him, but the barber won't let him.

HANK

Why's that?

(CONTINUED)

CARL

Man from the FBI's gonna be driving through, thought you two might be able to help him out.

Hank starts to turn his head again, and again the barber stops him. Carl finds the flavor he's looking for, unwraps it, sticks it in his mouth, turns toward Hank with a smile.

CARL (cont'd)

Seems they're looking for a missing plane.

114 INT. SMALL TOWN BAR - DAY

114

Hank sits across from Jacob in a booth. Jacob is sipping at a beer, four empties at his elbow; he's a little drunk. Hank has a cup of coffee. The place is empty except for the bartender dusting the bottles behind the bar.

JACOB

(just above a whisper)

--and then when we heard it crash--

HANK

(impatient)

We didn't hear it crash, Jacob. We heard an engine, that's it. For all we know it could've been a snowmobile.

JACOB

But--

Hank jumps up, throws some bills onto the table.

HANK

Come on. You've had enough.

He grabs Jacob's parka, pulls him out of the booth. Jacob rises obediently. He reaches to take his beer, but Hank won't let him; he drags him toward the door. The bartender turns to watch them go.

115 EXT. SMALL TOWN MAIN ST. - DAY

115

Hank and Jacob exit the bar, Jacob blinking at the sunlight. Down the street, an old man is unloading firewood from the rear of a pickup. Hank and Jacob start down the sidewalk.

HANK

It's really not that difficult. We go in, you say--

(CONTINUED)

Jacob starts shaking his head, and Hank stops, turns to face him, furious.

HANK (cont'd)  
All you have to do is think! Just use your head for once in your life.

JACOB  
(snapping back)  
Why'd you have to kill Pederson? If you'd--

Hank shoves his brother, knocking him back a step.

HANK  
What the fuck does that have to do with anything?

JACOB  
(shoving back)  
None of this'd be happening if--

Jacob slips as he pushes at Hank, falling to his knees. Hank leans down, speaks right into his face:

HANK  
(loud)  
Who hit him in the first place, huh? Every step of the way you're the one who's pushed us into trouble, and I'm the one who's dragged us back out.

Jacob lowers his eyes, silenced. A beat, then he struggles to rise. Hank steps back, glancing up and down the street.

HANK'S POV - down the street

The old man with the firewood is peering toward us. He waits a moment, then returns to his unloading.

BACK TO SCENE

Jacob brushes snow from his knees. Hank lowers his voice.

HANK (cont'd)  
If we stick to our story, we'll skate right through this, all right? I promise.

He takes Jacob's elbow, starts to lead him away, and WE HEAR, very loud, a baby begin to cry. This carries over into--

116 INT. MITCHELL BEDROOM - NIGHT

116

Sarah paces across the room, trying to quiet the WAILING baby. Hank is changing from his work clothes, but he's so nervous that he keeps starting a new task--untying his shoe, unbuttoning his shirt--before finishing the last.

HANK

Maybe we should leave. Just take the money, the baby--

SARAH

Stop it, Hank.

She drops Amanda to the bed, checks her diaper, then refastens it. She sits beside Hank, tries to force a breast on the baby. Amanda twists away, SCREAMING. Hank stands up, begins to pace.

SARAH (cont'd)

You go in, see what he knows. If it looks bad, we can always burn the money. That's still our only real tie to--

HANK

The connections are just under the surface, Sarah. It wouldn't be that hard for things to come together. There's the plane and Pederson, there's Lou and Nancy and--

Sarah grabs him as he passes before her. With one hand she holds the SCREAMING baby, with the other she grips Hank's wrist.

SARAH

You've got to remember how people see you. You're just a normal guy. A nice, sweet, normal guy. No one would ever believe that you'd be capable of doing what you've done.

Hank pulls himself free, walks to the window. Behind him, Sarah continues to jiggle the SHRIEKING infant. Hank shuts his eyes, rests his fingertips against the glass, pressing till they grow white. Then he spins back toward Sarah--

HANK

Christ! Can't you shut her up?

They lock eyes for a moment, then Hank strides from the room.

SARAH

Hank? Hank!

WE HEAR him pound downstairs, wrench open the front door, slam it shut behind him. Sarah rises, carries Amanda to the window.

116A SARAH'S POV - OUT THE WINDOW - NIGHT 116A

Hank is standing with his back to us at the curb, wearing just his pants and a T-shirt.

117 EXT. MITCHELL HOUSE - NIGHT 117

PUSH IN ON HANK, fists clenched at his side, eyes shut. He takes a deep breath, steaming the air, then another, then...

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN ON:

118 EXT. SMALL TOWN MAIN ST. - DAY 118

It's late afternoon, snowing heavily. The street is empty, but lights shine in several windows, including Carl's office.

119 INT. CARL'S OFFICE - DAY 119

Hank, Jacob and NEAL BAXTER sit before Carl's desk. Baxter is a large, crewcut man, dressed in a suit and trench coat. Carl is behind his desk. His office is neat and spare--a filing cabinet, a nearly empty bookshelf, a gun cabinet on the wall.

HANK

It was snowing pretty hard, so we weren't really sure, but it sounded like an engine coughing on and off. We pulled over to listen, but we didn't hear anything more-- no crash, no engine, nothing.

He watches Baxter write this down. When Baxter finishes, he shuts his notebook, then glances from brother to brother. Jacob shifts uncomfortably in his seat, making it CREAK.

CARL

Anything to add, Jacob?

JACOB

It was probably just a snowmobile.

Another moment passes in silence, while Baxter continues to examine them. Then he nods at Carl. He rises to his feet, sliding his notebook into his jacket. Carl stands up, too.

CARL

Well, thanks for stopping by, boys.

Hank and Jacob both rise quickly, elated to be let off so easily. Jacob even sneaks a grin at his brother as they start to move toward the door. But then, just before they escape:

(CONTINUED)

BAXTER

Think you could take us out there?

Hank and Jacob look apprehensively back at Baxter.

JACOB

To the nature preserve?

BAXTER

Have to go in the morning, I guess. After the storm passes.

HANK

(to Baxter)

Can you tell us what's going on?

120 INT. MITCHELL KITCHEN - DUSK

120

Hank has just come home. He's still wearing his overcoat, snow melting on his shoulders. Sarah is washing lettuce at the sink.

SARAH

There's no way it's from an armored car robbery.

HANK

This isn't a guess, Sarah. The guy from the FBI told me where it's from.

SARAH

But it doesn't make sense. The kidnapping made sense.

HANK

He's searching for a plane full of money. You can't tell me there's more than one of those around here.

Hank pulls a bottle of beer from the refrigerator. The stove's timer BUZZES. Sarah opens the oven, checks inside. WE SEE a roast chicken, not quite done. She resets the timer.

SARAH

It's hundred dollar bills, Hank. If it were an armored car, there'd be other denominations. There'd be fifties and twenties and tens.

Hank twists the cap off his beer, flips it into the sink.

HANK

Well congratulations, Sarah. I guess you know more than the FBI.

(CONTINUED)

Sarah starts to respond, but then stops, thinking, as Hank heads into the hall. She waits a beat, then rushes after him.

121 MITCHELL FRONT ENTRANCEWAY - DUSK

121

Hank is hanging his overcoat in the hall closet. Sarah comes toward him from the kitchen.

SARAH

Did he show you his badge?

HANK

Why would he show me his badge?

Sarah bolts up the stairs without answering. Hank stands there a moment, exasperated, then trudges slowly after her.

122 INT. MITCHELL BEDROOM - DUSK

122

Hank ENTERS. Sarah is digging through her bureau's top drawer. As Hank sits on the bed and starts to remove his shoes, she turns, excited, the articles about the kidnapping in her hand.

SARAH

It's him, isn't it? The older one, Vernon.

(she hands him the article)

He's looking for his brother.

WE SEE the kidnapper's photographs: he does resemble Baxter a bit, though not much. Hank shakes his head.

HANK

The guy I met today was skinnier. He had a crew cut and no beard.

SARAH

Maybe he's lost weight. Maybe he cut his hair and shaved his beard.

Hank continues to stare at the article. They're both growing impatient with each other; their responses are quick, sharp.

HANK

He wouldn't be coming around like this; it's too big a risk.

SARAH

You're telling me that if Jacob took off in a plane and disappeared with all the money, you wouldn't try to find him?

(a pause)

Think what we've already done to keep it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



SARAH (cont'd)  
What he's doing is nothing compared to that.

Hank drops the article onto the bed.

HANK  
It doesn't really make a difference, does it? No matter who he is, I still have to take him to the plane.

SARAH  
If we think it's him, you shouldn't go.

HANK  
Why not?

SARAH  
He'll shoot all three of you, Hank. As soon as he sees the plane. That's why he wants you to go, so he can eliminate the witnesses.

HANK  
But if he's really from the FBI, it'll look suspicious if I don't help.

As he watches Sarah search for a response, WE HEAR the stove's timer go off. It goes on and on, but neither of them reacts.

123 INT. MITCHELL KITCHEN - NIGHT

123

Hank and Sarah sit at the table. Sarah is serving the chicken, which is noticeably burnt. She starts to eat, setting aside the burnt part. Hank watches her, ignoring his own food. He's tense, overwrought.

SARAH  
I'll call the FBI in the morning. I'll ask for an Agent Baxter.

HANK  
I'm meeting them at nine. They won't be open before that.

SARAH  
You can stall them for a bit. I'll call from here, then call you at Carl's office.

HANK  
And if there's no Agent Baxter?

SARAH  
Then you won't go. You'll tell Carl that the baby's sick and you have to come home.

(CONTINUED)

HANK

And Jacob?

SARAH

Say he's hungover. Carl'll believe that.  
(sprinkling salt on her food)  
No matter who this guy is, we don't want  
Jacob there.

Hank starts to protest, but Sarah jumps on him before he can.

SARAH

What do you want, Hank? You wanna just  
walk out there and get shot by this guy?  
I'm trying to come up with a plan--

HANK

(out of control)

A plan? Like the one to take the money  
back to the plane, and we wind up killing  
Pederson? Or the one to tape Lou and two  
more people end up dying? That the sort of  
plan you're thinking of?

A long, strained beat of silence. Then, with sudden resolution:

HANK (cont'd)

I'm gonna take the money back to the plane.  
(a bewildered look from Sarah)  
The snow'll cover my tracks. By the time--

SARAH

Hank--

Hank stands up abruptly, nearly knocking over his chair. He  
heads toward the hall, leaving his food untouched behind him.

HANK

If we put it back, everything'll be just  
like it used to be.

For a moment, Sarah is too astonished to react. Then she jumps  
up and starts after him.

SARAH

(furious)

That's what you think you want?

124 INT. MITCHELL FRONT ENTRANCEWAY - NIGHT

124

Hank is climbing the stairs. Sarah comes down the hall from the  
kitchen, YELLING at him.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH (cont'd)

Walking off to the feedstore every morning for the next thirty years? Waiting for Tom Butler to retire or die so you can finally get a raise?

She stops at the foot of the stairs. Hank has vanished up them, but she keeps SHOUTING after him.

SARAH (cont'd)

Coming home each evening to this cheap, ugly house, with the basement flooding every spring, the furnace breaking down twice a year, those disgusting yellow tiles on the kitchen floor? Is that all it'll take to make you happy?

Hank reappears at the top of the stairs. He starts down them, dragging the duffel bag behind him.

SARAH (cont'd)

What about Amanda? You think she's gonna like growing up in somebody else's hand-me-down clothes? Playing with other kid's old toys because we can never afford to buy her anything new?

Hank reaches the bottom of the stairs, turns to Sarah, a pained look on his face.

HANK

Sarah--

Sarah keeps going, ignoring him.

SARAH

And me? You think I want to spend the rest of my life stamping due dates on books? Eight hours a day with a fake smile plastered on my face, then home to cook dinner for you, the same meals over and over, casseroles and macaroni and meatloaf, whatever the week's coupons allow, only splurging for a restaurant on birthdays or anniversaries, and even then watching what we order, skipping the appetizers, waiting till we get home for dessert? You think that's what I want?

Hank reaches toward her, sounding scared suddenly.

HANK

That's enough. You've made your--

(CONTINUED)

Sarah shakes her head, pulling away from his touch.

SARAH

No. We haven't done Jacob yet. What about him? Back to the welfare office, the occasional odd job, but without Lou to fill the dead-time now, just himself and his dog all alone in that dirty apartment. How long do you give him, Hank? A year? How long till he takes out that rifle of his, sticks it in his mouth and--

HANK

Stop it!

A beat of silence. Hank looks at Sarah as if she's just stabbed him in the chest. Sarah remains wrapped within her fury. From outside, WE HEAR the wind buffeting the house.

SARAH

(with venomous disgust)  
Sounds wonderful, doesn't it? Everything just like it used to be.

She grabs the bag, starts to drag it back upstairs, leaving Hank all alone in the hall. WE HOLD on him, staring dully after her, while outside, the storm continues to rage.

\*125 OMIT

\*125

\*126 OMIT

\*126

R127 EXT. SMALL TOWN MAIN ST. - DAY

R127

It's bright, clear, with fresh snow everywhere. WE SEE Hank coming down the street from his house. He climbs the steps to the town hall, disappears inside.

127 INT. CARL'S OFFICE - DAY

127

Hank sits in front of Carl's desk, his hat in his hand. Carl is at his filing cabinet, fiddling with a coffee maker. He turns, hands Hank a steaming cup, then sits behind his desk.

CARL

Well, if Jacob can't make it, that'll just leave more of Linda's homemade breakfast treats to go around.

He extends a greasy brown paper bag across the desk toward Hank.

(CONTINUED)

CARL (cont'd)

Her special creation: a dietetic deep-fried donut--so inedible, you won't be able to get enough down to be bad for you.

(CONTINUED)

Hank gingerly takes one of the donuts, then holds it out to his side. It's obvious he'd prefer not to taste it. Carl takes one for himself, bites into it, chewing vigorously, smiling at Hank. Hank glances at the phone, then his watch. It's 9:03.

HANK

(feigning indifference)

This guy show you a badge or anything?

CARL

A badge?

HANK

I always wondered if they look like they do in the movies.

CARL

And how's that?

HANK

You know, bright and silver with the big F-B-I stamped across the center.

CARL

Sure they do.

HANK

You saw his?

CARL

(shaking his head)

No, but I've seen them before.

(he winks at Hank, nods out the window)

Bet he'd show it to you if you asked him.

\*127A HANK'S POV - OUT THE WINDOW

\*127A

Agent Baxter is just exiting from his car, looking somber.

\*127B BACK TO SCENE

\*127B

Carl grins mischievously at Hank.

CARL

He might even let you hold his gun, too. If you ask real nice.

(he starts to CHUCKLE)

Then later I'll give you a ride in the truck, and flash the lights for you.

Hank grins, embarrassed. He opens his mouth to respond, but the phone RINGS, interrupting him. Carl picks it up.

(CONTINUED)

CARL (cont'd)  
Police Department.  
(a pause; he smiles at Hank)  
Yes, Ma'am. He's sitting right across from  
me, trying to figure out how to avoid  
eating one of my wife's homemade donuts.  
(a pause; he laughs)  
Well, why don't you tell him that yourself?  
(another pause)  
All right then. You take care.  
(handing the phone to Hank)  
Your wife.

Hank takes the phone.

HANK  
Hey, honey.

SARAH'S VOICE  
It's him. You gotta get out of there.

Hank is silent, taking this in. He glances across the desk at  
Carl, who's opened a newspaper and is busily reading the comics.

HANK  
I'm staying, Sarah.

SARAH'S VOICE  
What do you mean, you're staying? We  
agreed--

HANK  
(turning away, whispering)  
What about Carl?

A long pause while Sarah tries to solve this oversight. Then:

SARAH'S VOICE  
Tell Carl... Tell him to give the guy  
directions, that you two'll meet him there,  
and then... and then...

She trails off, at a loss. Hank watches Carl nibble his donut.

BAXTER (OS)  
Everybody ready to roll?

Hank jumps in his chair, turning.

HANK'S POV - OFFICE DOORWAY

Baxter leans in the door. His jacket hangs open, and WE SEE his  
shoulder holster beneath it, holding a large black pistol.

(CONTINUED)

BAXTER

Where's your brother?

CARL

Jacob won't be joining us today. Seems like he tied one on last night.

Hank watches Baxter for a reaction, but Baxter appears unmoved. CHUCKLING, Carl leads them out. Hank starts to follow, but then turns back to set his uneaten donut on the edge of Carl's desk. He hesitates, glancing at the paperweight, then takes off his hat, sets it beside the donut, and turns to leave.

\*128 OMIT \*128

\*129 OMIT \*129

\*130 OMIT \*130

131 EXT. TOWN HALL - DAY 131

Carl and Baxter stand by Carl's truck, watching Hank approach down the steps. Hank stops, reaches up, touches his head.

HANK

Damn.

(he glances over his shoulder)

Left my hat in your office.

Carl waves him back up the steps.

132 INT. CARL'S OFFICE - DAY 132

Hank moves quickly to Carl's desk. He takes the key from beneath the paperweight, unlocks the gun cabinet, grabs a pistol. He re-locks the door, returns the key to its hiding place, and starts to leave, but then stops to see if the gun is loaded. It's not. He moves to Carl's desk, yanking open the drawers. He finds several boxes of bullets in the bottom drawer, all different sizes. He tries one, but it doesn't fit. WE HEAR a horn honk. Hank jumps, glancing out the window.

133 HANK'S POV - OUT THE WINDOW 133

Carl's truck is parked at the curb, engine running.

132conBACK TO SCENE 132con

Hank grabs several of each type of bullet. He jams the pistol into his waistband, picks up his hat, and runs for the door.



134 INT. MITCHELL BEDROOM - DAY

134

Sarah is staring out the window. The baby is on her hip,  
SCREAMING. Sarah jiggles her absentmindedly, her face tense.

134A SARAH'S POV - OUT THE WINDOW

134A

Carl's truck is parked before the town hall, engine running. After a moment, Hank emerges from the building, runs down the steps, climbs inside. Then the truck drives off.

134conBACK TO SCENE

134con

Sarah steps to the phone, snatches it up, dials, listens.

SARAH

Jacob?

\*A135 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

\*A135

The truck is moving through farm country.

135 INT. CARL'S POLICE BRONCO - MOVING - DAY

135

Carl is driving. Baxter sits in the middle with Hank on his right.

CARL

This guy's body's going numb, the wind whipping through the front of his jacket. So he pulls over, climbs off his motorcycle, and turns his jacket around. Smart, right? That way the wind won't be able to come through the front as he drives. But then, a few miles up the road, he hits some ice. The bike starts to slip out from under him and his jacket's too tight for him to regain control. He shoots right off the road, smack into a tree.

Carl SMACKS the wheel, and Hank jumps. He's sweating; he keeps pushing at the gun beneath his coat, not listening at all.

CARL (cont'd)

By the time I arrive, a big crowd's already gathered. When I ask what happened, this guy from Wisconsin steps forward and says, 'He was doin' fine when we first showed up. But then we twisted his head back around for him, and he just up and died on us.'

Baxter LAUGHS heartily, slaps his knee. It's obvious Hank hasn't heard a word, but he forces a LAUGH for Carl's benefit.

136 EXT. EDGE OF WOODS - DAY

136

Carl's truck pulls over, and the three men climb out. Hank continues to push at the gun beneath his jacket, glancing nervously at Baxter.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

I figure the best way is for each of us to take a different section of the woods.

(to Baxter)

If you or I see it, we'll fire a couple shots into the--

WE HEAR a car approaching, and all three men turn to look.

HANK'S POV - DOWN THE ROAD

Jacob's truck is approaching us, fast.

CARL (OS cont'd)

Well, good for Jacob. This'll make things go quicker.

BACK TO SCENE

Hank watches, trying to hide his anger, as Jacob skids to a stop behind Carl's truck. He pushes open the door, his dog jumping out behind him.

CARL (cont'd)

(calling to Jacob)

Bring your rifle!

Carl takes a silver whistle out of his pocket, hands it to Hank.

CARL (cont'd)

You'll have to use this. Blow on it loud as you can if you find anything, and we'll come running. All right?

Hank nods, frowning at Jacob, who's lumbering toward them now. Jacob hesitates when he notices Hank's obvious disappointment. He raises his eyebrows, questioning.

HANK

(with an edge)

Thought you weren't feeling up to this.

JACOB

(flustered)

Sarah said you wanted...

He trails off, unsure how to proceed. He glances from Hank to Carl to Baxter, everyone watching him, then shrugs, MUMBLING:

JACOB (cont'd)

Once I got up, I felt a little better.

(CONTINUED)

CARL  
That's the spirit. Fresh air'll do you  
good.

(to the others)  
Everybody set?

Hank steps decisively forward.

HANK  
I'll take the center.

He points into the woods, straight toward the plane.

137 EXT. WOODS - DAY

137

Hank trudges through the snow, weaving between the trees. The other three men are nowhere in sight. He stops, stares.

138 HANK'S POV - DOWN INTO THE ORCHARD

138

From the rim, WE SEE the plane, nearly hidden by the fresh snow. The crows still cling to the branches of the apple trees.

139 EXT. ORCHARD - DAY

139

Hank moves through the orchard. As he's passing the plane, WE HEAR a crunching sound beneath his boot. He stops, turns to see what he's stepped on. It's Lou's beer can, crushed now, and half-covered with snow. Hank grins, bending to pick it up. Then he starts jauntily up the slope, not looking back.

140 EXT. WOODS - FURTHER IN - DAY

140

Hank glances around to make sure he's alone, then heaves the beer can into the woods. As it SMACKS into a tree trunk, WE HEAR a gunshot. Hank jumps.

141 EXT. WOODS - BAXTER

141

A second SHOT echoes through the trees. Baxter stops, listens.

142 EXT. WOODS - JACOB

142

Jacob, panting, sweaty, stands listening. WE HEAR another shot, sounding farther away here than with the other men, and Jacob begins, slowly, to trudge through the snow toward the orchard.

143 EXT. WOODS - HANK

143

Hank is motionless, listening.

(CONTINUED)

CARL (OS)  
(from a distance)  
I found it!

Hank starts to sprint back through the trees toward the orchard.

144 EXT. WOODS - BAXTER

144

Baxter is walking quickly toward the orchard. Suddenly WE HEAR the sound of a whistle being blown. And then:

HANK (OS)  
Carl!

Baxter stops, listening, perplexed. The WHISTLE blows again.

145 EXT. ORCHARD - DAY

145

Carl is on the slope above the orchard, a huge grin on his face. He's come around from the east, and is facing the tail of the plane. Hank's tracks cut straight across the orchard, from left to right. As Carl slides his pistol into his holster, he pauses, listening. WE HEAR the whistle. Then:

HANK (OS cont'd)  
Run, Carl!

Carl squints off into the woods, bewildered.

EXT. WOODS - HANK

Hank runs through the woods, blowing on the WHISTLE. He reaches the rim of the orchard, and pauses, out of breath.

HANK'S POV - THE ORCHARD

Carl stands a few yards from the plane, staring toward us. Behind him, WE SEE Baxter moving slowly down into the orchard.

BACK TO SCENE

HANK  
Get out of there, Carl! Run!

Hank starts down into the orchard. Carl doesn't seem to hear him. He smiles up at Hank, pointing at the plane.

CARL  
You walked right by it!

Baxter is almost upon him now, glancing from the plane to Carl to Hank. He seems confused.

(CONTINUED)

HANK

Pull your gun on him! Make him show you his badge!

Baxter and Carl glance at each other. Baxter grins awkwardly, shaking his head. Carl CHUCKLES. Hank is fumbling with his coat, trying to get at the gun, which has slipped down into his crotch. His fingers are clumsy with his gloves on, though, and he can't get anything open. Finally he just points at Baxter.

HANK (cont'd)

Get your hands in the air!

Baxter and Carl LAUGH. Hank continues toward them, walking awkwardly because of the pistol.

CARL

What the hell's going on, Hank?

HANK

Just do it, Carl. Make him show you his badge.

Carl turns to Baxter, shrugging and smiling, as if in apology.

CARL

Maybe you should show him your badge.

BAXTER

(shrugging)

All right.

He reaches into his jacket. Carl turns back toward Hank.

CARL

See, Hank? He's gonna--

Behind him, WE SEE Baxter pull his pistol from its holster. He aims it at the back of Carl's head.

146 EXT. WOODS - JACOB

146

Jacob leans against a tree trunk, trying to catch his breath.

HANK (OS)

(very far away)

CARL!

WE HEAR a gunshot, and then, faintly, the crows CAWING. Jacob's face shows a sudden look of terror.

147 EXT. ORCHARD - DAY

147

Baxter aims his pistol at Hank's chest. Carl's body lies at their feet, his blood steaming the air.

BAXTER

Where's my money?

Hank, struggling for breath, feigns bewilderment.

HANK

I don't--

Baxter lashes out at him with his pistol: a savage, back-handed blow to the side of his face, knocking Hank backward. Hank touches his cheek. His hand comes away bloody.

When he glances at Baxter again, he finds the pistol aimed at his head, its hammer cocked. Hank waves toward the plane.

HANK (cont'd)

It's still in there.

Baxter glances down at the gun on Carl's belt, then up at Hank.

BAXTER

Then go get it.

Hank doesn't move. Baxter quickly scans the orchard's rim, then waves toward the plane with his gun.

BAXTER (cont'd)

Come on. Before your brother gets here.

Hank starts toward the plane. He has to tug the door several times to get it open, rocking the plane, once again freeing it of its covering of snow. Taking a deep breath, he slips inside.

148 INT. PLANE - MOMENTS LATER

148

Hank crouches behind the pilot's seat. The garbage bag full of money sits at his feet. He has the gun out, and is digging into his pants for the bullets.

BAXTER (OS)

Hey!

Hank's hand is shaking, and the bullets spill out onto the floor, bouncing away from him. He picks some up, tries to shove them into his pistol, but none of them fit.

Suddenly, Baxter FIRES twice into the side of the plane. Hank flinches, dropping his pistol, as the bullets punch a pair of 148A\*

(CONTINUED)

148A\* CONTINUED:

109.

148 A\*

holes in the fuselage above the melon-shaped tear, so that the light shining in forms a semblance of a smiling face.

148B\*

HANK

(picking up his pistol)

Okay, okay! I've got it!

148B\*

Still struggling with the bullets, he starts toward the door.

EXT. ORCHARD

Hank squeezes through the doorway, holding the garbage bag out before him. Baxter steps forward and grabs it.

149 CLOSE ON BAXTER

149

as he opens the bag, staring inside at the packets.

BAXTER

That's it?

(he looks up)

Where the fuck is the r--

He freezes.

BAXTER'S POV - HANK

Hank stands there, drenched with sweat, pointing his pistol at us. His wound is leaking a line of blood down his face.

BACK TO SCENE

Baxter watches Hank. After a moment, he smiles.

BAXTER

You're not the cold-blooded type, are you, Mr. Mitchell?

(silence, but Baxter's satisfied)

Then I guess we're both going to have an awful lot of explaining to do now, huh?

Hank's face is wet; it's hard to tell whether from sweat or tears. He wipes at it, then shakes his head bleakly.

HANK

Just me.

He Shoots Baxter between the eyes. An instant after the GUNSHOT:

JACOB (OS)

HANK!

(CONTINUED)



Jacob has arrived on the rim of the orchard. Hank watches him come stumbling down the slope, his dog BARKING at his heels. The crows are whirling and CAWING. Jacob is red in the face, panicky. He stares from Baxter to Carl.

HANK  
It's okay, Jacob.

Jacob moves toward Carl's body, as if in a trance.

JACOB  
You killed...

Hank shakes his head, points at Baxter.

HANK  
He did.

Jacob falls to his knees beside Carl, reaching toward him. Hank steps quickly forward.

HANK (cont'd)  
Don't.

Jacob ignores him, taking Carl's hand.

HANK (cont'd)  
(growing angry)  
You're gonna mess it up.

Hank grabs his brother by his jacket, drags him backward. Jacob falls on his rear end in the snow, then just sits there, too upset to move. Hank examines Carl's body, making sure Jacob hasn't disturbed it. Then he turns back toward Jacob.

HANK (cont'd)  
You understand what we're gonna say?

Jacob doesn't respond. Hank steps toward him.

HANK (cont'd)  
It's simple.  
(he holds up his pistol)  
We're gonna tell them Carl loaned me the  
pistol to signal if I found the plane, and  
when I saw Baxter shoot him, I--

Jacob lifts his head. His face is wet with tears. He rises to his feet, his rifle slipping off his shoulder into the snow. He gives Hank a desolate look.

JACOB  
We can't, Hank.

(CONTINUED)

HANK  
What're you talking about?  
(he waves around them)  
It's perfect. This is exactly what--

JACOB  
I'm turning myself in.

Hank is speechless with shock. He looks from Jacob, to the two bodies, to the plane, searches for something to say. Then:

HANK  
You can't do this again. We're gonna end  
up in jail if you keep--

Jacob is looking at Carl's corpse, his face quivering.

JACOB  
No...

He turns quickly away, covering his eyes with his hand. Hank steps forward, panic surging through his voice.

HANK  
This is it. I promise. We get through the  
next few hours--

JACOB  
(on the edge of tears)  
I can't... I can't...

He takes a deep, ragged breath. Hank grabs his arm, frantic.

HANK  
You want to be happy, Jacob? You want the  
farm, a wife and kids, me and you drinking  
on the porch late at night?

Jacob stares at him vacantly. Hank shakes his arm, shouts:

HANK (cont'd)  
Do you?  
(seemingly against his will,  
Jacob nods)  
Well this is how you get it. Right here.  
Right now.

He starts to drag Jacob from the plane, past Carl's body. The heat of Carl's blood has begun to melt the surrounding snow.

HANK (cont'd)  
This is what it costs--

(CONTINUED)

After a few feet, Jacob pulls his arm away. He turns to Hank, suddenly intense, points toward Baxter.

JACOB

Use his gun.

Hank gives him a stupefied look. Jacob shuffles to Baxter's body, picks up the dead man's pistol, holds it out to Hank. Hank hesitates, then takes it. Jacob nods his approval.

JACOB (cont'd)

I don't wanna go to jail, Hank.

Hank seems relieved by these words.

HANK

You don't have to. We're gonna--

Jacob shakes his head.

JACOB

I can't pretend like you...

(a pause)

Do it in the head, okay?

Hank stands frozen: confused, frightened, the guns in his hands.

HANK

Stop it.

JACOB

From behind, so I don't have to see.

HANK

STOP IT!

They face each other in silence. Jacob's dog stands by Carl's corpse, ears cocked, watching. Jacob holds out his hand.

JACOB

Here.

He steps forward, reaching to take back the gun. Hank retreats, scared. Jacob shuffles to Carl's corpse, crouches, removes the policeman's gun from its holster. Then he stands, faces Hank.

HANK

Goddammit. We don't have time for this.

Jacob stares down at the pistol in his hand, struggling to think things through. He looks up at his brother.

(CONTINUED)

JACOB

You have to...

(he points toward Baxter's  
pistol)

It won't make sense if I--

His dog rubs against his legs, distracting him. He stares down at her for a beat, then stoops to pet her. He hugs her roughly, kisses the top of her head.

HANK

Jacob.

Jacob pushes the dog away, rises, lifts Carl's pistol. For an instant it looks as if he's going to aim it at Hank, but then he presses it to his own temple.

HANK (cont'd)

(horrified)

Jacob!

JACOB

It's okay.

Hank raises Baxter's pistol, points it at his brother.

HANK

Put the gun down.

Jacob nods, encouraging him.

JACOB

Do it, Hank.

Hank shakes his head, his face anguished.

HANK

No...

Tears are starting to leak down Hank's cheeks. Jacob cocks the pistol's hammer with his thumb. Hank takes a single step toward him, but Jacob backs away.

JACOB

You have to...

Hank keeps shaking his head. Finally, Jacob shuts his eyes, his face tightening in anticipation of the bullet's impact. WE SEE his finger begin to squeeze the trigger.

HANK (cont'd)

NO!

(CONTINUED)

A GUNSHOT echoes out across the orchard, and Jacob crumples into the snow. For an instant we shouldn't be sure who fired the shot. Then WE SEE the bullet hole, in the exact center of Jacob's forehead.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT

Hank is surrounded by the three corpses, the pistol still held out before him. He slowly drops to his knees, then lifts his head and lets loose with a long WAIL of pure despair. Behind him, the plane shines in the sun. Mary Beth BARKS frantically, while the crows whirl above the trees, CAWING.

TIME LAPSE DISSOLVE TO:

150 ORCHARD - SAME HIGH ANGLE SHOT - LATER

150

The trio of dead men are covered with blankets. Policemen mill about the orchard. One of them videotapes the plane, another photographs the bodies. A news cameraman is trying to approach the scene, but the police won't let him. An ambulance crew stands waiting for the photographer to finish with the corpses.

On the orchard's edge, WE SEE Hank talking to a group of policemen.

CUT TO:

HANK

as two men, dressed in identical overcoats, approach him from behind. They're Special Agents RENKINS and FREMONT. Fremont has the plastic bag full of money.

RENKINS

Mr. Mitchell?

Hank turns to find Renkins holding his badge toward him. It's bright and silver with a big F-B-I stamped in the center.

RENKINS

Mind if we have a word with you?

151 INT. CARL'S OFFICE - LATER

151

Renkins is seated behind Carl's desk, watching Hank, who sits across from him. Fremont stands peering in at the gun cabinet. The garbage bag full of money and the pistol Hank stole earlier that morning sit on the desk, alongside a running tape recorder.

FREMONT

(turning from the cabinet)

You know, Mr. Mitchell, for someone who's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FREMONT (cont'd)  
been properly trained, there are many ways  
to detect a liar.

There's a dark red gash across Hank's cheek, but the wound has  
stopped bleeding. He gives Fremont a frightened look.

HANK  
I don't--

FREMONT  
The shifty eyes of pulp fiction have a  
certain basis in fact. A wooden or stilted  
tone, gestures that seem either slightly  
robotic or unnecessarily expansive--

Renkins nods in agreement, joining in.

RENKINS  
Details tend to be vague, slippery.  
Sometimes the suspect will cover his mouth  
with his hand as he speaks...

Fremont rests his palms on the desk, leans toward Hank.

FREMONT  
You notice anything like that from the man  
you shot today?

Hank still hasn't grasped what the agent is saying. He glances  
from Renkins to Fremont, gives a nervous shake of his head.

FREMONT (cont'd)  
He was lying to you, Mr. Mitchell. He  
wasn't from the FBI.

Hank lifts his hand, starts to cover his mouth, but then  
realizes what he's doing and quickly lowers it. He struggles to  
mask his relief, to feign confusion.

HANK  
I don't understand. He said--

Fremont nods; he knows what he said.

FREMONT  
His name was Vernon Bokovsky. His brother  
was in that crashed plane you found out  
there today.

HANK  
He was looking for his brother?

(CONTINUED)

The words seem to suck everything out of Hank; for an instant, he looks as if he might crumple. The other two men don't appear to notice. Renkins leans forward, opens the bag of money.

RENKINS

He was looking for this.

He shakes it, displaying the money. Hank stares, unseeing.

FREMONT

Bokovsky and his brother were the guys who kidnapped that McMartin girl last November. You remember? The one they shot and dumped in the lake?

RENKINS

Four point four million dollars in ransom.

Hank continues to stare into the bag, completely absent; he hasn't heard a word they've said. The agents smile at each other, misinterpreting his reaction. Renkins reaches into the bag, pulls out a packet, holds it out to Hank.

RENKINS (cont'd)

Wanna touch it?

Hank blinks up at him, too dazed to answer. Renkins nods encouragingly.

RENKINS (cont'd)

Go ahead.

Hank finally realizes what the man wants of him. He takes the packet, balances it for a moment in his palm, then hands it back to Renkins, who returns it to the bag.

RENKINS (cont'd)

This is only part of it, of course. We're still tracking down the rest.

FREMONT

(confidently)

Just a question of time.

The words jerk Hank back into the conversation. He glances apprehensively from Renkins to Fremont.

HANK

What do you mean?

FREMONT

We had the money for two hours before the kidnapppers picked it up. We couldn't mark  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FREMONT (cont'd)  
 it--we were afraid they'd detect the markings and kill the girl--so we put together a task force of twenty agents, and they wrote down as many of the serial numbers as they could. We ended up recording just under five thousand of them, one out of ten of the bills.

Hank stares at them, too shocked to speak.

RENKINS  
 Simply a matter of waiting for the numbers to turn up. You can't go around passing hundred dollar bills without eventually sticking in someone's memory.

HANK  
 (stunned)  
 The money's marked.

FREMONT  
 That's what it amounts to. Marked money.

Renkins leans back in his chair, smiles.

RENKINS  
 Crime doesn't pay.

\*152 OMIT

\*152

\*153 OMIT

\*153

CUT TO:

154 THE MONEY

154

pouring out across the Mitchell's living room carpet.

INT. MITCHELL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hank drops the empty duffel bag to the floor, bends, picks up a handful of packets. Logs burn in the fireplace. Sarah stands before it, facing Hank. She's crying, shaking her head.

SARAH  
 No.

She holds her hands out before her, blocking his way. Hank just stares at her, his eyes empty.

SARAH (cont'd)  
 We can run with it... We can leave the country, go to South America, Australia, somewhere far away...

(CONTINUED)



Hank says nothing. He's resigned himself to what he has to do, and he stands there waiting for Sarah to do so, too.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH (cont'd)  
 (desperate)  
 I can get a job at the FBI. I can steal  
 the list of numbers.

HANK  
 Sarah...

She wipes at her tears, steps forward, holding out her hands.

SARAH  
 Please, Hank.

She touches his face, then leans in, hugging him, kissing him. He tries to pull away, but she holds on, intense, and for an instant it seems as if he might submit. Then he jerks free, pushes past her to the fire. She grabs at him, and he turns, shoving, knocking her back into the pile of money. She falls to the floor.

Hank crouches, opens the fire screen. He throws the packets onto the logs. Behind him, Sarah lies weeping on the carpet. She's on her stomach, scrambling at the pile of money, dragging packets toward her, trying to hide them beneath her body.

Hank stares into the fire. WE SEE the packets catching, their edges curling, their ink going black. Very faintly, WE begin to HEAR the grinding of the feed mill, which carries over into:

**\*\* 155 THRU 160 - OMITTED**

\*160A INT. SMALL TOWN LIBRARY - DAY

\*160A

Amanda lies in a bassinet by the counter. Mrs. Trilling COOS at the baby while Sarah stamps her books. She gives Mrs. Trilling a fake smile. The sound of the FEED MILL is growing steadily louder, carrying over into:

\*160B INT. MITCHELL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

\*160B

Hank is crouched beside Sarah, prying the packets from her grip. She's sobbing. Behind them, the fire blazes. The GRINDING is almost unbearably loud now.

\*160C INT. FEED MILL - DAY

\*160C

Hank stands in the center of the storeroom, his clipboard in his hand, staring blankly at the shelves, which sag beneath the piled sacks of grain. The air is thick with dust, the walls vibrating with the violence of the mill.

\*1680 INT. MITCHELL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

\*1680

Abrupt SILENCE. Hank crouches before the fire, watching the flames. The pile of money is gone. It's all been burned.

(CONTINUED)

\*160D CONTINUED:

119.

\*160D

Sarah still lies on the carpet, curled into a ball, but she's no longer crying. Like Hank, she's staring dully into the fire.

We watch them for a long time before we

FADE TO BLACK