

AT CLOSE RANGE

Original Screenplay

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FIRST DRAFT

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What follows is a true story.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Winter.

Silence.

Thin barren trees, cold white sky.

Everything motionless.

SERIES OF DISSOLVES:

Thick woods, thin woods, wet leaves on the ground.

Muted colors: blacks, browns, beiges.

A sign: "Brandywine Game Preserve. No Hunting/No Trespassing."

Wind rustles the trees.

We feel the wind. The landscape is still, lifeless, but we sense something moving. Spirits are alive here. Time is alive.

Deeper woods. Austere...bleak...comforting.

A DEER. White deer grazing. Its presence seems like merely another landscape.

A brook, mostly frozen over. Moss on the rocks.

Around the deer: young white birches...oaks...a tall maple with a double trunk. No. No, one trunk is something else...recognizable...
A HUNTER, motionless. When we distinguish the human form, the effect is at once startling and reassuring/inevitable.

The deer chews...sweet green shoots.

Geese fly overhead.

A scarf is wrapped around the Hunter's mouth to diffuse his steaming breath.

Wind stirs up fallen leaves.

Easy grace: the way the deer moves its head. Proud antlers.

The Hunter holds a rifle, muzzle nestled against his cheek. He is 31, bearded, and handsome. Except the eyes: thin and sunken, like scars.

The deer moves a few steps.

The Hunter eases the rifle upward.

At the hole in the ice, the brook gurgles.

Grey clouds streaming against the white sky. Headed someplace.
Fast.

The rifle slowly extending.

The deer raises its head. Tilts it, listening.

The rifle locks into position. Aiming.

The deer turns --

The Hunter's finger on the trigger --

The deer looks toward him --

The Hunter's eyes, squinting --

The deer is looking directly at him. Without fear. A look of
complete understanding.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

WHITE TITLES

DISSOLVE TO:

LEGEND:

SPRING 1978

EXT. DARK LOCATION (Alley? Stairwell?) - DUSK

Lips.

A joint glowing. We hear the hiss of air/smoke being inhaled.

Dark tight shot. Impossible to distinguish any features in the
swath of jaw and cheekbone that is in frame.

The tongue moves forward, licks the lips and tip of the joint.

Inhale again.

CUT TO:

EXT. REVOLUTIONARY WAR MONUMENT - NIGHT

Stone edifice, next door to:

EXT. STATE LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

The building is white, very brightly lit. Makes it seem like
every bottle inside is doubly potent, precious.

Two boys loiter outside. Their eyes are glazed: stoned. BRAD JR., 18, is big-boned, light-haired; his features caught between indifference and a scowl. TOMMY, 16, is prettier, softer, dressed in the same teen/hood outfit, but with a touch of flair.

A wealthy OLDER COUPLE pulls in in a Lincoln Continental. Tommy glances questioningly at Brad, who pays no attention. He's humming an idle tune and staring out at the Baltimore Pike:

Cars flashing by. A bright convertible catches his eye: DRIVER dressed in suede, next to a REDHEAD in a halter top, her hair streaming behind. We sense Brad's thought: there it is, the good life...unachievable....

The words to the tune Brad's humming become almost intelligible:

BRAD JR. (flat)
 At Beneficial...toot toot...
 You're good for more...
 At Beneficial...toot toot...
 Where the money is...
 We want to give you...
 The full amount you have in mind...

A Datsun station wagon pulls in driven by a SLEAZY SALESMAN-type, 25. Brad hustles toward him. Tommy follows.

BRAD JR.
 Excuse me, mister. Excuse me, could
 you buy us some beer?

The Salesman takes a few steps toward the store...hesitates, stops.

SALESMAN
 Whattaya want?

TOMMY (nervous)
 Beer.

BRAD JR. (slipping him \$5)
 Rolling Rock. Give us two dollars
 back.

The Salesman nods, keeps walking.

They watch from outside as he strolls in...past the beer case...
 to the counter.

TOMMY
 What's he doin'?

The Salesman buys a bottle of Gin.

TOMMY
 Shit. Shit, he's not getting it.
 He's screwing us.

Brad does not look perturbed. —

TOMMY

Shit. Shit on a stick.

The Salesman comes out, brushes past them, heads for his car.

BRAD JR.

Give us our money.

SALESMAN

How old're you?

BRAD JR.

Fuck you. I'm eighteen.

SALESMAN

And him?

BRAD JR. (without apology)

Sixteen.

SALESMAN (getting into car)

Too young to drink.

He starts the motor.

Brad Jr. stares at him.

Then lies down on the hood of the car. As if he's easing into bed.

The Salesman stares at him in astonishment. Starts the car moving.

Brad Jr. is flattened against the hood like a throw rug.

The Salesman swerves slowly back and forth. Brad takes hold of the windshield wipers.

The Salesman speeds up...onto the highway...down the road.

The side of Brad's face is now pressed against the windshield, a foot from the Salesman's. He's staring off: almost placid.

The Salesman hits a good speed and then slows down, does a few final swerves and comes to a stop.

SALESMAN (confidently)

Okay now. Get off.

Without looking toward the Salesman, Brad holds out his hand for the money.

The Salesman's eyes bulge with anger. He speeds up again.

Brad is smiling mysteriously.

The Salesman hits the brakes. Brad strains to hold on.

BRAD JR.

Go ahead, go on, go on!

He says this without fear or anger. A kind of suicidal exhilaration.

The Salesman keeps speeding up and braking.

BRAD JR.

Keep goin', buddy!

Once more the Salesman speeds up and brakes sharply --

No effect on Brad.

The Salesman shakes his head in disbelief.

Again he pulls the car over.

Brad holds out his hand. Still without looking at the Salesman.

The Salesman gives him the \$5.

Brad takes it, holds out his hand again.

SALESMAN

What?

BRAD JR.

The gin. The gin.

SALESMAN (scornfully)

Oh come on, kid --

Brad Jr. finally turns and stares at the Salesman. Something calm, determined, demented in his eyes. Like some communicable disease.

BRAD JR. (soft, weird)

Hey man, ya know?... We got your license plates.

A long look exchanged. The Salesman wants no more of this kid. This kid is way way too freaky.

He hands Brad the gin.

Brad climbs off the hood, and the Salesman stares at him in disbelief. Then peels away, spewing gravel all over.

Brad pulls the gin out of the bag, frowns at it, throws it away into the grass.

He starts up the long hill toward Tommy. In the background: lush Spring foliage.

As Brad passes the gin bottle, he has second thoughts. Picks it up, wedges it under his arm.

CUT TO:

EXT. OXFORD, PA. - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

A battered, aged Honda 350 cycle sputters down the street...on its last legs. Brad riding, Tommy in back, holding on with feet and thighs: no arms around his brother's waist, that'd look like a girl. The paper bag with the gin is between them.

They approach a squat corner building: bank by day, hang-out by night. A cluster of three girls, two clusters of boys, and a girl and boy talking together...they all watch the cycle pass.

Brad and Tommy stare right back.

Then Brad makes a U-turn and returns for a second look:

BRAD JR. (squinting)
You know those girls?

Tommy winces: doesn't know 'em, doesn't want to:

TOMMY
They're porkers.

Brad nods. They drive on...away.

The camera holds. We observe main street. Small tawdry town.

Two Farmers in coveralls climb into a pick-up.

Neon signs: Drug Store...Laundry. Look like some tautological joke.

GRADUALLY THE LIGHT SHIFTS...DARKER...TIME PASSING...

And nothing happens. Town has the metabolism of an oak tree.

In the distance the cycle moves back toward us. Weaving slightly.

Brad is now slightly drunk, Tommy bombed/hung over/in pain.
Tommy is clutching Brad's waist.

BRAD JR.
Stay awake, kid. You awake?
(off his silence)
Tommy?

TOMMY
Yeah, I got it.

They cruise slowly past the bank. Brad glances over out of habit.

There are TWO OLDER GUYS in exactly the same position as when Brad first drove past: timeless tableau.

And near them, two girls talking. One of them turns her head --

She's riveting: short black hair, cute face...something about the way she stands there...

Brad can't take his eyes off her. Has to remember to look back at the road... Then back at her. Her eyes meet his, hold, then swerve away.

He's past her. But half way down the block, he slows down... Then stops. Thinks.

BRAD JR.

Tommy...? I might... If I stopped a minute, would you be okay?

TOMMY

No matter what you do, I ain't okay.

Brad considers a moment, decides this is consent.

He makes a U-turn, heads back. Glances over: The Girl is looking right at him. He has to stop. Does.

He sidles across the street toward them. They're nicely dressed; not hicks.

The Two Older Guys see where he's going.

OLDER GUY

Ain't no use, buddy.

They've tried and failed.

But Brad walks right up to the girls, nods, speaks in a soft shy voice:

BRAD JR.

Hi.

THE GIRL

Hello.

An awkward but comfortable silence; an acknowledgement.

He looks back and forth between them. Doesn't know what to say, how to begin. Finally asks the girl, indicating the other:

BRAD JR.

Ummm...this is your friend?

THE GIRL

Yeah. Jill.

BRAD JR.

Hi Jill.

JILL (neutral)

Hi.

(long pause)

You got a name?

BRAD JR. (nods)

Brad?

JILL

You don't sound so sure.

Brad looks at the Girl expectantly. At first she doesn't get what he wants. Then:

THE GIRL

Oh. I'm Terry.

BRAD JR. (nods)

Terry.

He says this as if it were a confirmation of something.

BRAD JR. (smiles)

Hi.

She half-laughs; he's repeating himself.

BRAD JR.

Well, I just...I'd like to talk to you if that's okay.

TERRY

Yeah, it's okay.

BRAD JR. (indicating cycle)

I saw you --

(stops himself)

Well...I...I haven't really seen you down here before.

TERRY

Yeah. My Mom doesn't let me out too much.

He nods.

BRAD JR.

So. Anything goin' on?

JILL

Tonight?

Brad nods.

TERRY

Nope.

JILL

We just got here.

BRAD JR.

Oh.

Well...

(shy, soft, so only
Terry can hear)

...you got a real nice smile.

She smiles.

TERRY

Thanks.

Silence. A car passes. They peer out at it.

He's nervous. What next? He hesitates, takes some pills from his pocket.

Offers them. Jill takes two.

TERRY

What are they?

JILL

Terry doesn't take drugs.

BRAD JR.

I don't know, they kinda... They make things stronger.

JILL (skeptical)

What's that mean?

BRAD JR.

Whatever you're feeling, you feel it stronger.

He hesitates, then extends his arm toward Terry.

Their eyes meet. A long look: question on his part, answer on hers.

She takes a pill. We sense the tiny spark of electricity as her fingers graze his palm.

TERRY

Thank you.

Jill doesn't seem entirely pleased by this.

JILL (indicating Tommy)
Who's that?

BRAD JR.
Oh, that's my brother, he's pretty
messed up. ...I guess I better get
him home.

Terry looks disappointed.

BRAD JR.
Will I see you out here again?

TERRY (mildly petulant)
I don't know.

BRAD JR.
Where will I see you?

She sees the pleading in his eyes.

TERRY
Well...I guess I could be here...
like...day after tomorrow.

BRAD JR.
Same time?

TERRY (nods)
If my mother lets me.

BRAD JR.
Good.

He backs shyly away, then slows:

BRAD JR.
You feelin' that pill yet?

TERRY
A little.

Brad nods, smiles slightly as if to say: me too.

He half-waves -- a flap of the hand -- and starts across the
street toward Tommy and the bike.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Two-thirds moon. Skewed.

In the distance a car's headlights approach --

INT. WILLIAM'S APARTMENT - BRAD JR.'S ROOM - NIGHT

He lies on his back, eyes open. Daydreaming...

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

A sleek sportscar - CORVETTE - streaking toward camera.
Engine roars. Moving like hell. Just as the vehicle seems
about to smash into and obliterate the frame, we:

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Plastic Jesus on the wall.

Plastic flowers atop a vintage color TV set. A soap opera in
garish reds and greens.

LUCAS (O.S.)

I tell you, man. All they got
is a cunt.

LUCAS - a lanky, swarthy cowboy/hood - sits on the couch.

LUCAS

They're all the same.

Brad Jr. sits at the kitchen table squinting through his cigarette
smoke. Motorcycle parts are spread out over newspaper.

LUCAS

They tell you they want you to talk
nice, act nice, but all they got is
a god-damned cunt.

Lucas stretches out on the couch, starts reading "Soldier of
Fortune" magazine.

Brad sets down his cigarette. A COCKROACH is edging up onto the
newspaper. Brad Jr. stares at it. Crushes it with his hand.

The door slams downstairs.

Brad wipes his hand off on the newspaper.

Heavy footsteps tromping up the stairs.

VOICE

'Lo?

BRAD JR.

Yeah. Come on in.

A BURLY MAN (37, dressed in work clothes and a baseball cap)
appears in the doorway.

Long beat. He watches Brad. Beneath the numb mask of the boy's face, something is moving....

BURLY MAN
What're you doin'?

BRAD JR.
Oh, my bike's all fucked up.

The Burley Man nods, heads down the hall.

LUCAS (sotto voce)
Who's that?

Brad Jr. shrugs, but his expression says he knows the answer. He peers down the hall, sees the Burly Man opening doors, looking in the bedrooms.

BURLY MAN (calls)
Your mother home?

BRAD JR. (swallowing the sound)
No.
(louder)
No.

BURLY MAN
I come to give her some money.

This question is a confirmation:

BRAD JR. (softly)
I'll be damned.

BURLY MAN (returning)
Huh?

BRAD JR.
I just said...she could sure use it.

The Burly Man nods, takes out a thick roll of bills.

BURLY MAN
Whattaya think, a hundred? Two?
(off Brad Jr.'s silence)
Well...three.

He peels off three bills. Then stops...squints...says it:

BURLY MAN
You Brad?

Brad nods.

BURLY MAN (indicating Lucas)
Tommy?

Brad shakes his head. An awkward silence, interrupted by:

Loud noises from the TV. Brad and the Burly Man glances toward the screen, as if someone in the room were saying something interesting

On TV: a man and woman screaming at each other. Domestic melodrama.

After a beat, the Burly Man turns back toward the boy:

BURLY MAN

Okay, see you 'round.

BRAD JR.

Yeah.

Brad watches as the Burly Man ambles toward the stairway. Reaches the doorway, turns:

BURLY MAN

How old're you now anyways?

BRAD JR.

Old enough.

The Burly Man laughs, leaves. We hear him clomp downstairs.

Brad gets up slowly, moves to the window, looks out:

The Burly Man climbs into a shiny Corvette, revs it up, peels out.

Brad returns to the table, looks at the three hundred dollar bills.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - LATER

JULIE (37, looks 52) picks up the three hundreds, wedges them into her bra.

BRAD JR.

Say...you know where he's livin' at?

JULIE

I don't care.

GRANDMA, 55, sits at the table eating a plate of gray, over-cooked food. She stares at Brad Jr. Measuring him. Calculating.

GRANDMA

Over in Homeville. Street Road.

She continues to stare at him as he starts off toward his room.

GRANDMA

Little Brad...

He turns.

GRANDMA

Don't even think about it.

CUT TO:

EXT. OXFORD - MAIN STREET (BANK) - NIGHT

A leg, jingling up and down like a motor. Nervous energy. Brad.
He's sitting on the steps of the bank. It's 11:20, only two
other guys are left at the hang out...and Terry didn't show.

BRAD (humming unconsciously)

"In the back of your mind...
What you're hoping to find...
Is the real thing. Coke is..."

He drags on his cigarette, peers down the street: A LOCAL COP
unlocks a parking meter, dumps its haul into a sack. Small town
life.

BRAD JR. (resumes)

"And the way it will stay...
What the world wants today..."

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ghostly TV light strobes over the faces of Brad and Tommy. Beer
cans in front of them.

Brad stares stoned at the screen. Loud volume: as if -- like a
rock concert -- it's trying to force them to feel something.

Tommy hunched over, lighting a joint.

ERNIE (42, looks 52; a laborer: thin, strong, and stupid) enters
the doorway. He's in pajamas, tousled hair: Pissed off.

He moves to the TV, turns off the sound. Faces them:

ERNIE

You drinkin' my beer?

BRAD JR. (casual)

This is Colt 45. You can't afford
it.

He stares at Ernie and takes a long, taunting toke on the joint.

ERNIE

Stuff rots your brain. Course in
your case, no damage done.

Brad passes the joint to Tommy, saunters to the TV, raises the sound.

Ernie slams it off.

ERNIE
Why don't you get a job, boy?

BRAD JR.
I tried that.

ERNIE
Yeah, and quit soon as you paid off that motorcycle.

BRAD JR.
That's right.

ERNIE
Well we ain't all so lucky. Your mother's got to work tomorrow, and your grandmother, me, we're working. We need some sleep.

Brad just stares at him. Ernie starts out.

ERNIE (indicating TV)
You turn that thing back on, I'll beat the Jesus out of you.

BRAD JR.
Ain't no Jesus in me.

This stops Ernie. He glances back.

Brad moves to the TV, turns it on. Showdown.

ERNIE
Tommy, go to bed.

As Tommy leaves, we see Julie in the hall shadows, edging forward.

Ernie's waiting for Tommy's exit, but Brad plunges right in:

BRAD JR. (insouciant, stoned)
Look, "Ernie," this here's my house. We been here four years; before that we lived over in Rising Sun, six years, then before that Jennersville. You get it? You been just five months with...

(indicates Julie)
...her, and you don't ever tell me what to do.

Brad seems rather pleased with this speech.

Ernie walks to him, lifts him by his shirt, carries him --

JULIE (softly, aghast)

Ernie?

Brad Jr. is totally impassive. Limp. Like a cat being carried by its mother.

And we see why: Ernie's arms are like steel cords.

They reach the top of the stairs. Slowly Brad smiles. And spits: a big gooey glob all over Ernie's face.

Ernie hurls him down the stairs.

EXT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brad exits ruffling his shoulders: unharmed. He glances at his motorcycle: all in parts.

As he heads up toward the corner phone booth, we see that his apartment is over a deserted barber shop. This is literally the other side of the tracks.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Brad Jr. stares down the street. No idea what to do. He sees the lights going out in his apartment.

Taps a dime against the glass...and an idea flickers over his face.

He hesitates...then plunges: punches out the number. 411.

As he speaks, his voice quivers slightly:

BRAD JR.

Yeah. In Homeville, I want the number of Brad Williams Senior.

CUT TO:

INT. CORVETTE - NIGHT

Little Brad watching:

His father, Big Brad (the Burly Man) driving. Calm, relaxed, like a Sunday driver.

The speedometer: 70. The limit on these back roads can't be over 45, but Big Brad moves through the curves and dips without the slightest effort.

BIG BRAD

So...I guess you musta heard about me. Somethin'.

BRAD JR.

I guess.

BIG BRAD

What?

Beat. Brad Jr. doesn't know what else to say:

BRAD JR.

I heard you 'as a thief.

BIG BRAD

What'd you think about that?

BRAD JR.

Well...seems like you make good money at it.

BIG BRAD (nods; casually)

Now listen here, kid: 'ccording to some folks, I'm just the devil in blue suede shoes. Don't you believe it, hear?

BRAD JR.

Okay.

BIG BRAD

I ain't stole nothin', hear it?

BRAD JR.

Yup.

The car sweeps around a corner, accelerates.

BRAD JR.

Don't you worry 'bout a speedin' ticket?

Big Brad glances at him: don't he know nothin'?

BIG BRAD

Kid...you look a thousand miles any direction...Tennessee...Toronto...I can go back roads almost anywheres... never touch an interstate, never see one god-damned cop.

Brad Jr. nods.

BIG BRAD

'Sides, this ain't fast.

Brad Jr. raises an eyebrow.

Big Brad grins.

Accelerates: 80...90...100. The car flies around a corner.
Brad Jr. is caught between excitement and terror.

CUT TO:

INT. BIG BRAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Big Brad and Brad Jr. framed in the doorway. A tableau. They face:
Three men and a woman sitting closely together in the living room.
Looks like some secret society. Slowly, reluctantly, they turn
their heads.

BIG BRAD
Now this here's my son Brad, be
stayin' here a few weeks. That
there's your Uncle Dickie...

Dickie's nod is almost imperceptible. Eyes neutral, calculating.
We recognize him as the Hunter from the pre-title sequence.

BIG BRAD
...Uncle Patch...

PATCH, 29, is tall, gangly, a fun-loving fuck-up. He grins.

PATCH
Hey there, kid.

BIG BRAD
That's Boyd --

BOYD
Hello.

BRAD JR.
Hi.

BOYD, 38, is dark, compact, burnt-out. A technician.

BIG BRAD
Boyd's kind of a... He's a friend of
the family.

PATCH (grins)
Yeah.

BIG BRAD
And there, there's your stepmother,
that's Mary Sue.

MARY SUE is a chubby girl of 26. She has the weirdly seductive
manner of a cheap slut. Wears glasses. Impossible to tell whether,
behind those glasses, thoughts are moving with quicksilver speed
or no thoughts are occurring whatsoever.

MARY SUE
Yeah. Hello Little Brad.

BRAD JR.
Ma'am.

BIG BRAD
She's 'bout five years older'd'n you;
you two oughta get along famous.

DICKIE (standing)
We're late.

BIG BRAD
Yeah.
(to Brad Jr.)
Mary Sue'll show you the room we got.

All the men stand, file out the door. As he goes past, Patch wraps an arm around Brad Jr. and gives him a squeeze.

PATCH
Hell, he's cute.

As Big Brad closes the door:

BIG BRAD
See you t'morrow, boy.

The door closes.

Brad Jr. looks at Mary Sue. She is staring at her hand...clicking together the nails of her thumb and forefinger.

MARY SUE
Two weeks?

BRAD JR. (nods)
'Bout.

She glances up, looks him over like a bad piece of furniture.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRAD SR.'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The men are walking toward the car, carrying equipment.

BOYD
Didn't know you had a son, Brad.

DICKIE
Got two.

PATCH (grins)
Sort of. Old Brad here went to prison,
Julie started dicking some grease
monkey from Wilmington.

BOYD
Oh yeah?

DICKIE
Least he wasn't a nigger.

PATCH (laughing)
Nine months later out popped little
Tommy!

Brad Sr. whips around, shoves a crowbar against Patch's throat --
Shoves Patch back against a car. Crushing his windpipe. Grins.

BIG BRAD
What exactly is you sayin', Patch?
This seems to be a game to him. Except that he's almost killing
Patch.

PATCH (gasp)
Nothin'.

Big Brad holds the crowbar there. As though contemplating the
final murderous thrust.

BIG BRAD
'At's what I thought.

Beat.

He grins again, relaxes his grip, and walks casually away.

Patch stares after him, stunned. Feels his throat.

BIG BRAD (casual, getting into car)
Okay, let's move it.

INT. BIG BRAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brad Jr. and Mary Sue watching the late movie. The TV - a big,
Mediterranean-style color console - sits on a carpeted pedestal.
On top of it is a clock: 2:30.

Brad Jr. glances at Mary Sue. Bathrobe and curlers.

She continues to stare at the TV. Won't make contact.

BRAD JR.
You stayin' up?

She nods toward the TV; digs some popcorn out of a large, almost empty bowl, and stuffs it into her mouth.

BRAD JR.

Well...where'd they go, anyways?

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL TOWN ROAD - NIGHT

Patch stands on the porch of two small shops.

He glances both ways down the road.

PATCH (into walkie-talkie)

Nice 'n' clear.

Across the road, set back a hundred yards, is a small drab factory.

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Boyd and ORR (27, a tough ex-con) are unloading gear from an International Travelall.

Dickie is wielding a rope attached to a hook. He throws it up fifty feet, over the roof. Yanks it: secure.

He scales up the side of the building like a fly.

Watching Dickie are Brad Sr. and TONY PINE (47, a nervous weasel of a man). Tony Pine is frowning heavily.

TONY PINE

Man, I wish we was goin' for that back hoe.

BIG BRAD

Nope. Been doin' too much farm equipment.

Tony Pine nods, stares up at Dickie, shakes his head.

TONY PINE

God damn I hate heights. I have a fit up there, I'm gone.

BIG BRAD

Hell Tony, don't worry. We'll give you a real sweet burial.

EXT. ROOF

Minutes later. Dickie, Big Brad, and Tony Pine crouch around the skylight.

Tony Pine smashes it.

They look down: a German Shepherd starts barking at them.

Big Brad grabs the rope and hurtles downward.

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Big Brad comes down the rope, stopping ten feet off the ground.

The Dog leaps at him, barking furiously, showing its fangs.

BIG BRAD (calm and firm)
Bad dog! Sit! Sit!

The Dog hesitates.

Big Brad stares at it fearlessly. Moves slowly down the rope.

BIG BRAD
Sit.

The Dog does.

Big Brad reaches the ground.

BIG BRAD
Good dog.

The Dog snarls. Seems like it's about to pounce.

BIG BRAD
Stay. Sit. Good dog.

He walks calmly right up to the Dog, gives it a milk bone.

The Dog eats it, looks up at him skeptically.

Big Brad pets it.

BIG BRAD
Good boy, that's a good boy...
(calls up)
Okay.

Dickie hurtles down the rope.

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Boyd, with walkie-talkie, on guard.

EXT. SHOP PORCH - NIGHT

Patch sits smoking a cigarette.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Orr lies stretched out on his back next to the skylight.

INT. FACTORY - OFFICE

A safe. Tony Pine, Dickie, and Big Brad staring at it unhappily. Apparently something about its construction or location annoys them.

EXT. SHOP PORCH - NIGHT

Patch, bored, starts to look in the shop windows. He glances up, sees headlights in the distance.

PATCH (into walkie-talkie)
One comin'...

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Boyd turns, looks.

BOYD (into walkie-talkie)
Right.

INT. FACTORY - MAIN ROOM

Big Brad and Dickie examine a fork lift. Slowly Dickie grins.

EXT. SHOP BUILDING - NIGHT

Patch is now around to one side of the building, peering in another window. His eyes widen:

He's looking into someone's bedroom. On the night table by the window are a watch and a jewel-studded cross.

On the near side of the bed, snoring lightly, is a dark THIN MAN, 40.

Patch hoists himself up higher so he can see over the Thin Man:

On the other side of the bed is a long SLEEK WOMAN sleeping in her underwear....

INT. FACTORY - MAIN ROOM

Dickie's riding the fork-lift, ramming it through the door to the office, smashing down the wall. Looks like man and machine gone mad. The fork lift's prongs keep jutting in the doorway and through the wall. Prehistoric sexuality.

EXT. SHOP BUILDING - NIGHT

Patch is arduously chewing a large wad of gum. His jacket is off and he's flexing his shoulders as if to relax them.

He leans over the window, presses a glass cutter to the pane, and starts to make the cut.

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Boyd sitting peacefully. Suddenly there's a distant flash of light and the faint sound of a motor. Boyd turns, looks toward the road, sees nothing. Was that a car?

He shakes his head - couldn't have been a car, Patch would've said something. But he shifts so he faces the road.

EXT. SHOP BUILDING - NIGHT

Patch cuts the third side of a small rectangle. Sharp nasty sound. As he finishes, the Thin Man turns in bed and Patch jerks back, out of sight. He listens, eyes bright with excitement.

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Steam. Fire. Spectral figures. Like an image of hell. The camera approaches. We're in a corner of the large room. The safe is elevated by the fork lift. Tony Pine is burning into it as Dickie hoses it down with water. Big Brad stands beside Dickie and stares at the safe. They shout to be heard:

BIG BRAD
I never lose the thrill!

DICKIE
Huh?

BIG BRAD (indicating safe)
Kinda like a girl, 'fore you undress her! Till you open it up, every one looks like it's stacked with hundreds!

EXT. SHOP BUILDING - NIGHT

Patch has the chewing gum wedged against the cut portion of the window pane. We can see the cut on all four sides. He taps the pane lightly with a stick. No movement.

He taps it again, harder, wincing at the noise. This time the cut portion of the pane breaks, falls into the room --

Patch's hand falls inside too, clutching onto the chewing gum... just catching the glass in time to keep it from crashing to the floor

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Boyd is staring at a car's headlights...approaching...then going past. He shakes his head, grabs his walkie-talkie.

EXT. SHOP BUILDING - NIGHT

Patch's arm is snaking in the window...extending farther, farther, toward the watch and cross --

BOYD (O.S., through walkie-talkie)
Shit. Shit. What was that car?
Patch, you there?

Patch yanks his arm back. Almost breaks the pane. The Thin Man groans, turns over, hits the snooze alarm on his clock radio.

Patch sighs, turns off his walkie-talkie.

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

BOYD (into walkie-talkie)
Brad? Brad?
(silence)
God dammit.

Boyd pounds on the door of the factory.

INT. FACTORY - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Dickie's now doing the torching. With the hiss of his flame, we don't hear the pounding.

But the German Shepherd does. It starts to bark furiously, getting Big Brad's attention.

Big Brad follows it over to the door.

BIG BRAD (to Dog)
Easy, boy, easy. It's okay.

The Dog quiets.

BIG BRAD (into walkie-talkie)
Yeah?

BOYD (O.S., through walkie-talkie)
Lost our look-out. I think your brother's up there pinchin' hubcaps.

Long beat. He's pissed:

BIG BRAD
You keep watch best you can. I'll stay where I can hear you.

EXT. SHOP BUILDING - NIGHT

The Thin Man is now awake, staring at the ceiling. But this doesn't stop Patch. His arm floats...ever so slowly...through the broken window...

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Dickie completes the final torching, and the safe door falls open. He takes off his mask as Tony Pine puts the loot into a bag.

DICKIE

Hundreds?

TONY PINE

Twenties.

EXT. SHOP BUILDING - NIGHT

Patch's fingers pick up the watch...the cross...and lift them ever so slowly. The gold chain attached to the cross rises silently off the night table.

EXT. FACTORY - ROOF - NIGHT

Two ropes. Big Brad and Orr on one, Dickie and Tony Pine on the other. They're hauling something heavy.

Two bags -- one with gear, one with loot -- lie beside them.

They strain...then pull up what they're hauling: the German Shepherd.

Ext. FACTORY - NIGHT

Final moments before get-away. Throwing gear into the back, jumping into the Travelall.

Take off up to the road...where Patch is waiting.

INT. INTERNATIONAL TRAVELALL - NIGHT

Patch squeezes in. The Dog growls at him.

BIG BRAD (to Dog)

Good boy.

PATCH

What's that?

BIG BRAD (giving Dog a biscuit)

A dog, asshole.

DICKIE (mean)

A damn good watch-dog.

BIG BRAD

Gonna give 'im your job, 'f you can't do it right.

PATCH (grins, shows cross)
Oh, I did it real good.

Dickie and Big Brad exchange a look: we know this isn't the end of this subject.

They drive silently for a moment. Taking off their gloves, stretching, passing around a bottle of booze. We see, plugged into the cigarette lighter on the dash: a CB radio, a radar detector, and a crackling police scanner.

BIG BRAD (patting dash)
This baby's a good drive.
Anybody 'member where we stole her?

ORR
Maryland somewheres.

Brad Sr. nods. Beat.

PATCH (showing watch)
Hey Orr, wanna see what else I got?

Dickie whirls, gives Patch a quick stiletto stare --

DICKIE
Brother, you are nickel and dime. A
nickel and dime asshole.

EXT. LARGE SHOPPING CENTER - ALMOST DAWN

Everyone except Brad Sr. gets out of the Travelall. They spread out, go to their cars.

Brad Sr. drives away, followed by Dickie's car.

EXT. DESERTED QUARRY - DAWN

Moonscape: rock, gravel, gouged earth. Everything covered with grey sludge. Dickie and Brad Sr. unload the last of the equipment from the Travelall.

Then they push it...slowly...toward the edge...over the edge.

The Travelall falls into the water...and slowly sinks. An odd, almost comical effect.

They scuff over the tire marks with their shoes.

Then get into Dickie's car.

As they leave, the Travelall is just bubbling out of sight...

CUT TO:

INT. BIG BRAD'S HOUSE - LITTLE BRAD'S ROOM - MORNING

Little Brad asleep.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Little Brad wandering around admiring everything. Furnishings in extravagant bad taste: top-of-the-line naugahyde.

EXT. BIG BRAD'S HOUSE - MORNING

The parking area and garage out back: five cars. Two Corvettes, a customized van, a Camaro Z-28, and a dirt-track racing car (hot, stripped-down Camaro) that sits up on a trailer. Little Brad stares, wide-eyed, in all the windows.

Behind him we glimpse the countryside: lush, green, expansive.

INT. BIG BRAD'S HOUSE - NOON

Brad Jr. lies on the couch, feet up on the table, pressing the remote-control channel switcher: a whirr of images.

Mary Sue enters in a bathrobe, heavy pancake make-up. Looks like a grotesque caricature of a mime. She frowns at Brad Jr., as if she'd forgotten he was around.

He's uncomfortable. Puts his feet down.

She walks toward him...staring intently as if trying to figure out something very important. Finally speaks:

MARY SUE

You look like somebody I went to school with.

(long pause)

Only he was a real doofus.

She wanders off toward the kitchen.

Big Brad comes out fully dressed, mutters to Little Brad:

BIG BRAD

How ya doin'?

Without pausing for an answer, he moves to the kitchen.

Puts instant coffee into a cup, runs tap water into it, drinks it down.

Repeats the first two steps.

BIG BRAD (to Mary Sue)

Goodness worth a second cup.

He edges out toward Little Brad.

BIG BRAD

Go for a ride?

BRAD JR.

Sure.

Big Brad drains the coffee cup, turns back toward Mary Sue and pats his back pocket.

BIG BRAD

Gotta do some laundry.

CUT TO:

EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY

Brad Sr. and Jr. stroll past a series of cars.

BIG BRAD

Kid...you like pussy?

Beat.

BRAD JR. (slightly startled)

Yeah.

Big Brad nods. Nods again.

BIG BRAD

Smart boy.

A SALESMAN comes up.

SALESMAN

Can I help you, sir?

BIG BRAD

I expect.

He turns toward a car, seemingly at random.

BIG BRAD

You got \$5500 on the windshield here.
I give you five grand cash money,
do I drive her out?

The Salesman is taken aback by the bluntness.

Big Brad pulls a thick wad of bills from his back pocket.

MINUTES LATER

The car they've just bought is parked next to Brad Sr.'s Camaro.
They wave to the smiling Salesman and tear/skid out of the lot.

Silence. (During the following conversation, Brad Sr. drives down the road to a break in the concrete divider. He then makes a U-turn and drives back to another auto dealership directly across the road from where he bought the car.)

Brad Sr. glances at his son, pops a pill, glances again...

BIG BRAD
You hate me, kid?

BRAD JR.
Why should I hate you?

BIG BRAD
Well...runnin' out on your mother
and all.

BRAD JR.
Tell the truth, I don't blame you.

Big Brad laughs, grabs his son by the scuff of the neck and squeezes hard/playfully.

BIG BRAD
Hey kid, you got it.

BRAD JR.
What?

BIG BRAD
Mountain blood. You know what they
say back in Tennessee, don't you?

BRAD JR.
Nope.

BIG BRAD
Say you cannot fuck a Williams. Say
you fuck a Williams, you better hope
you never get no wife, never get no
kids, better hope you never own
nothin' the rest of your life.

Little Brad laughs.

Beat. They pass a slick Philadelphia NERD.

BIG BRAD (sober, mean)
Shit. People 'round here...they ain't
got no blood at all.

They pull into the second auto dealer.

BRAD JR. (bewildered)
What're we doin' here?

BIG BRAD

Laundry.

They get out. Wait.

BRAD JR.

You know, Dad, my motorcycle's gone punk. Dead. I could sure use my own car sometime.

Big Brad looks him over, as if to see if he's being conned.

BIG BRAD

Maybe.

SECOND AUTO DEALER

Good afternoon, sir.

BIG BRAD

Yeah. Now I just bought this car for five grand. She's cherry. Will you gimme forty-five hundred for her?

He winks at Little Brad. The Dealer is baffled:

SECOND AUTO DEALER

Why you sellin' it?

BIG BRAD

I don't like the radio.

Beat.

SECOND AUTO DEALER

Give you forty-two.

BIG BRAD

Five.

SECOND AUTO DEALER

Three.

BIG BRAD

Look, handsome, my price is forty-five. I got other things to do, okay?

The Second Auto Dealer hesitates, nods.

CUT TO:

INT: CAMARO - DAY

They're bopping along, tape deck blaring. Big Brad's in high spirits.

BRAD JR.

Where we goin' now?

BRAD SR.

Celebrate.

BRAD JR. (doubtful)

In Wilmington? What's there?

BRAD SR.
Meow...meow...meow....

CUT TO:

INT. WHOREHOUSE - PARLOR - DAY

Five or six raunchy GIRLS (these are not the object of anyone's fantasies) swarm around Brad Jr. as his father looks on proudly. Overlapping dialogue:

DEBBY
Really?

BRAD SR.
Damn straight.

AMIE
He's so cute!

THIRD WHORE
Why didn't you bring him before?

AMIE (to Jr.)
You're cute....

DEBBY
He's really your son? I don't believe it.
(unzipping Jr.)
Lemme see --

THIRD WHORE (outraged)
Debby!
(winks)
Let 'im do it himself

BRAD SR. (to Jr.)
Go 'head now, pick out any one you like. They're all good.

DEBBY
You oughta know.

FOURTH WHORE (primping)
Well...some is better'd'n others.

DEBBY (to 4th Whore)
Yeah, but not you.

BRAD JR.
Well, I don't know, Dad, I...

AMIE
Don't be shy now, we don't bite --

FOURTH WHORE (to Amie)
Maybe you don't, sweetie, but --

THIRD WHORE
Hush up, now. That's gross!

BLACK WHORE (re: 3rd Whore)
She do it, but she don't talk about it.

DEBBY (aside)
Well...she's Catholic.

BRAD SR.
Come on, boy, it's my treat. You
ain't no faggot, are you?

BRAD JR.
Well...I...

He is about to pick the ugliest of the lot, when Brad Sr.
intercedes.

BRAD SR.
Here, try Amie, she's pretty hot.

Amie grins and squeezes Brad Jr.'s thigh, primps for the others.

BRAD SR.
You like Amie okay?

She looks at Brad Jr. hopefully. Suddenly vulnerable.

BRAD JR. (being nice)
Sure.

BRAD SR.
Thattaboy.

As Amie leads Jr. off, she calls to Sr:

AMIE
You want private rooms, Brad, or --

BRAD SR. (calls)
Hell no! Just like me and Patch!
(inspects remaining girls)
Now lemme see here. Who needs some
exercise?

INT. WHORE HOUSE - "PARTY ROOM" - DAY

Brad Jr. pumping away. Sweating. Grunting. Looks like he's
doing calisthenics.

Gradually we hear another grunt...CAMERA PULLS BACK...we see
Brad Sr. humping his heart out on the adjacent bed.

The two are almost in rhythm.

Heaving bodies. Fucking and fucking and fucking. Almost an ordeal...or some bizarre form of competition. But we also sense they are comrades...buddies. After a few moments, Brad Sr. glances over:

BRAD SR. (gasping)
Hey, how ya doin'? You okay?

Brad Jr. nods.

Brad Sr. grins, resumes his grunting. The camera slides past him, swoops in on Little Brad's face: void.

BRAD SR. (O.S.)
Yeah, this is somethin', huh? Really
somethin'.

...And, because we are very close, we are able to see emotion etched on Brad Jr.'s face. He is absolutely totally miserable.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

School letting out. Kids milling around, talking, flirting.

Brad Jr. and Tommy lean against a fence, watching, looking for someone.

The other kids, when they approach, glance at the two brothers with fascination and then look away. Brad and Tommy are the same age but somehow older, different...like some genetic perversion.

BRAD JR.
You're kidding.

TOMMY (shakes his head)
Mom goes, 'That's my son, Ernie.
Nobody touches my son.' And she
threw his suitcase down the stairs.

BRAD JR.
I wish I'd seen it.

TOMMY
Well...so when you comin' home?

BRAD JR.
I don't know, I'm...
(sly smile)
I'm hopin' Dad might gimme somethin'...

TOMMY (jealous)
 Yeah? Give ya what?
 (notices Brad is tilting
 his neck...staring)
 Hey. Hey, you see her? Is 'at her?

We follow Brad's gaze: Jill.

Brad is moving toward her. Fast.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Brad hitchhiking. Sticks his thumb out. A car goes past, then an Amish buggy drawn by a horse. Sitting in the buggy are two AMISH MEN dressed in black with pancake black hats. Their spines are mathematically vertical. They look straight out of the seventeenth century.

Brad keeps walking. Long sweeping farms on either side. Crickets bleating. Summer sun. This place feels like paradise.

EXT. CROSSROADS - DAY

A car pulls up, Brad gets out.

Looks around: Two farmhouses catty-corner. He checks them both out, then looks up toward the white one.

A curtain moves on the second story.

Brad walks down the road, next to a corn field.

Waits.

Terry wanders out of the house carrying some school books.

She goes to the edge of the lawn, adjacent to the corn field, glances around, then dips in among the stalks.

ON BRAD

Sprawled out on a patch of grass.

He hears something moving amongst the corn and gets up.

It's Terry...coming toward him.

He watches her.

They both have slight shy smiles.

BRAD JR.

Hi.

TERRY

Hi.

Beat.

BRAD JR.

Thanks for coming out --

TERRY (glancing toward house)

I can only stay a minute.

BRAD JR.

Well...Jill wasn't sure you'd
wanna meet me.

TERRY (rolling her eyes)

Jill...

One of the straps on her thin top falls down, over her shoulder.

He notices.

She notices that he notices.

She leaves it there.

He doesn't know quite what that means, but he likes it.

BRAD JR.

So...you do remember me, huh?

TERRY

Sure.

BRAD JR.

You were supposed to meet me, you know,
that night --

TERRY

I couldn't get out. My mother wouldn't
let me; then I tried to sneak out and
she caught me --

BRAD JR.

Really?

TERRY (nods)

Grounded me for two weeks.

BRAD JR.

Oh. I thought...

TERRY

She says till I'm sixteen, I can
only go out --

BRAD JR.
You're only fifteen?

TERRY
Uh-huh.
(defensively)
So?

BRAD JR. (smiles)
So nothing.

He's just impressed, can't quite say why.

BRAD JR.
You really...you tried to sneak out
to see me?

TERRY
Uh-huh.

He smiles.

She smiles.

BRAD JR.
I thought a lot about your smile.

TERRY
Yeah. I thought about you, too.
Jill says your last name is Williams?

BRAD JR.
Yeah.

TERRY
Your father, seems like he's got
kind of a reputation --

BRAD JR.
Well...don't believe everything
you hear --

TERRY'S MOTHER (O.S.)
Terry!

TERRY
Shit.
(nervously)
I gotta go.

BRAD JR.
Well listen, Jill wouldn't even give
me your number --

TERRY (fast)

734-2639.

BRAD JR.

734-2639.

(as she starts away)

Don't go.

TERRY

I have to --

TERRY'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Terry!

He moves to her.

She's frantic to leave but can't take her eyes off him. Can't run away if he's really going to...

He's very nervous. Kisses her very very gently on the lips.

Her face lights up. Fantastic smile. She scampers away through the corn stalks.

Brad Jr. watches her then turns away, looks down, shakes his head in delight and disbelief.

CUT TO:

INT. BIG BRAD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Late. Brad Jr. and Patch watch TV as Mary Sue does her nails.

Brad takes on a joint, hesitates, offers it to Mary Sue.

She looks at him incredulously, as if this were a bald attempt at seduction. Shakes her head disgustedly, returns to her nails.

Patch grins, takes the joint.

Brad Jr. watches Patch take...

BRAD JR.

Hey Patch...how come you're not going out no more...?

Patch glares at him. Sucks hard on the joint.

BRAD JR.

With the others.

PATCH

'Cause they're assholes, that's why, pansies; 'cause your god-damned dick-faced Daddy don't want me makin' no money. Ya see...see, I can't do

PATCH (Cont'd)
nothin' all alone, and...
 (looks Brad over...
 an idea sprouting...)
 and...
 (sly grin)
 Hey kid...you like money, kid?

CUT TO:

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA GAS AND ELECTRIC SUBSTATION - NIGHT

A small hut, surrounded by a chain link fence, in the middle of a flowing field.

High tension wires hum and crackle overhead.

Outside the fence is a truck.

Inside: a small tractor. Patch rises up from behind it like a God manifesting.

Brad Jr. swings open a gate. Patch pushes the tractor toward him.

MOMENTS LATER

They push the tractor up a ramp into the truck.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Patch driving, drinking from a flask, puffing on a cigar.

BRAD JR. (excited)
 How much do we make? A tractor like that, what's it cost new? Two thousand? More?

PATCH (sneers)
 This is nickel 'n' dime.

BRAD JR.
 Well? So? How much?

Beat.

PATCH
 Look in your pocket.

BRAD JR.
 Huh?

PATCH
 Go on.

BRAD JR. (looks, finds:)
 A hundred dollars!

Patch grins.

BRAD JR. (looking at pocket)
How'd you do that?

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD SR.'S HOUSE - BRAD JR.'S ROOM - NIGHT

From a distance we see Brad Jr. Sleeping in his underpants.

Mary Sue in the doorway watching him.

The sheet is mostly off him. His body looks young and muscular.
Male porn.

The eroticism of this image disgusts her. It turns her on against
her will, discombobulates her.

Big Brad moves to her side, follows her gaze.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON Brad Jr....

BRAD SR.

He was the ugliest baby you ever saw.
Skin was kinda green and puckered up,
and his head had this big soft spot,
like somebody'd took a knife and
scooped some piece outta his skull.
I said to Julie, "Is 'at how a baby's
supposed to look?" She said, "Yeah."
I said, "I sure hope not."

Beat. The camera, very close now, is practically massaging his
underwear.

MARY SUE

He's a punk. Get 'im outta here.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIG BRAD'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Chrome. Tires. Paint.

Fingers caressing:

The long lines of a car: brown '71 Firebird. This huge machine.
This instrument of will and pleasure.

Brad Jr. looking it over. Eyes wide.

BIG BRAD

Well?

BRAD JR. (shaking his head)
Man, it's beautiful.

BIG BRAD
It's a piece of shit. But it's yours.

Little Brad grins...then we see a thought come.

BRAD JR.
Is it...it's legal?

BIG BRAD
Oh, she's legal.
(honesty compels:)
I mean...there's parts on her borrowed,
but the registration's clean.

Little Brad nods, feels the upholstery.

BIG BRAD
Don't never say I done nothin' for you.

BRAD JR.
No, it's just... I can't ever repay
you --

BIG BRAD
Try this.

BRAD JR.
Huh?

BIG BRAD
Stay clear a my brother.

BRAD JR. (hesitates, then:)
Which one?

BIG BRAD
You know damn well, boy.

BRAD JR. (nods)
Yeah. But... But it's a way to make
money, Dad.

Big Brad nods.

BRAD JR.
And it ain't hard. I can do it.
It's somethin' I can do!

BIG BRAD
Okay, but with you two jackasses,
you both end up in jail.

Little Brad stares at his father.

BRAD JR.

Then you show me.

BIG BRAD

Huh?

BRAD JR.

You show me what to do. I'll find some
friends, get together with some friends --

BIG BRAD

I ain't got time.

BRAD JR.

Just to show me? Come on, man...

Beat.

BIG BRAD

Don't feel right.

Brad Jr.'s eyes are pleading.

BIG BRAD

I don't know, we'll see. Now you
better get home.

(off Brad Jr.'s look)

Your mother's.

BRAD JR. (bewildered)

Okay.

BIG BRAD

I don't know why, but Mary Sue,
you make her awful skittish.

Brad Jr. nods, glances toward the house.

Then he looks at the car again, pounds the horn. Grins.

Big Brad holds out the keys.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Floating living room:

Brad Jr. cruising at 15 mph. Sun shining, green fields. He's
leaning back, relaxing, stroking the upholstery. King of the
road.

He pumps the accelerator. Feeling the power.

Pumps again, again. Then starts to accelerate: 40...50...60. He's grinning. Floors it. 70...75...80. His hair is flying, his eyes wild.

For an instant, like a revelation, the sun glints off the hood -

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - DAY

Julie is ironing. Steam rising. Her thin arms straining.

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Grandma opens a can of beer, pours half into a glass, covers the can with Saran Wrap.

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - BOYS' ROOM - NIGHT

Light on, Bruce Springsteen playing. Tommy lies in bed. Pasted over him are photos of half a dozen girlfriends. Brad lies clothed on top of his bed.

TOMMY

So what's he like?

Beat.

BRAD JR. (knowing damn well)

Who?

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - DAY

Julie sets a bowl of hot cereal in front of Brad.

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brad stands in the far corner smoking a cigarette, watching TV. Alienated. Bogart pose.

Julie, in her bathrobe, watching him. Hesitates, then moves to him, hugs him.

JULIE

Night, Little Brad.

BRAD JR.

Okay.

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - BOYS' BEDROOM - MORNING

Mid-morning sun slants in. Tommy's gone. Brad Jr. stares at the ceiling.

Tommy sticks his head in.

TOMMY

You awake?

Brad Jr. nods.

TOMMY

There's some girl on the phone.

Brad Jr. smiles secretly.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD BESIDE CORNFIELD - DAY

His car parked where he and Terry talked. Radio playing. He sits waiting, glances at his watch, lights a cigarette.

Something odd lies in the ditch. A green thing: round, twice the size of a softball, mottled on the surface like a human brain.

Brad picks it up, examines it. Some kind of seed.

Smashes it on the pavement. It splits. The inside is white. Long tendrils.

He looks at his watch again.

Moves toward:

CORNFIELD

Brad moves through the stalks.

To his left Terry's house is visible.

He veers away from it -- keeping out of sight -- and continues forward.

Then he sees something ahead.

On the ground: a girl's clothes.

He looks around. No Terry.

He approaches the clothes, smiles slightly. This is what he expected, but not quite how.

He looks for her again --

And starts to pull off his clothes.

Then we see her. Peeking out at him. Her face shy, eyes wide, hint of a smile. Hoping it's going to be magic.

He removes the last of his clothes. Turns, looks for her.

And she starts to circle toward him. Posture erect, proud. Her nakedness broken and unbroken by the cornstalks...

Garden of Eden eroticism.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - NOON

Brad swaggers through the kitchen in jeans, motorcycle boots. He's putting on his shirt.

Opens the icebox, stares, slams it.

Heading through the living room, to his mother and grandmother:

BRAD JR.

Why don't we get some real food
around here? Hamburger or steaks,
something a guy can eat.

A horn honks outside.

JULIE

Well, that stuff costs, Brad.

He looks at her, disgusted, and takes a small roll of bills from his pocket. Tosses a \$20 on the table.

BRAD JR.

Just get me something, will ya?

She looks at the money. Knows it's dirty. Hesitates, then wedges it into her bra.

Grandma looks at Brad, shakes her head.

BRAD JR. (to Grandma)

So?

As he heads for the stairs, the horn honks again.

EXT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - NOON

Outside the door Tommy is working on the motorcycle. Brad exits, heads across the street toward Brad Sr.'s van.

TOMMY

Hey. Can I come?

The question stops Brad Jr. cold. Hadn't even considered this. Stares at his brother.

BRAD JR.

You're too young, Tommy.

TOMMY

I'm sixteen.

Brad Jr. sees the deep need in Tommy's eyes.

In the apartment above, the curtain is parted. Julie staring down.

Brad Jr.'s expression softens.

INT. VAN - DAY

Brad Sr. and Jr. and Tommy riding through idyllic countryside.

Brad Sr. driving casually, two fingers looped over the bottom of the steering wheel.

They pass an elegant ranch house. Arabian stallions grazing.

BIG BRAD (pointing)

Find one there.

The boys stare out.

Across the road they come to another house. Brad Sr. indicates the garage.

BIG BRAD

Back in there.

TOMMY (eagerly)

How can you tell?

Brad Sr. slows. They're driving along a wooden fence. The lawn inside was recently cut.

BIG BRAD

Size of the lawn, size of the stroke.
Regular mower cuts a foot wide. Good
tractor'll do three or four.

They drive on.

Tommy continues to stare out. In a field, hay is rolling up like carpet. Three rolls, in a row.

BIG BRAD

See, most people drive through this country, they see farms, stone houses, trees and shit, fields... I see money. Everywhere I go, I see money, I see things that can move. And anything can move has got my name writ on it. Brad Williams. Please hold for delivery to Brad Williams.

Beat.

BRAD JR.

Yeah. My name too.

Brad Sr. laughs.

BIG BRAD

Yeah. You little bastard.

(glances at Tommy)

Wait, I forgot. You's the
bastard, ain't you?

Tommy looks down.

BRAD JR. (to Tommy)

Hey.

BIG BRAD

Yeah. Don't mean nothin' by it.

A POLICE CAR barrels past them. Fast. Brad Sr. waves to the
cop, DETECTIVE FLOREK, a burly guy who's slouched down low in
his seat.

BRAD JR. (surprised)

You know him?

BIG BRAD

Sure, Florek. He's Chief Detective.

Brad Sr. slows the van...peers out the window.

BIG BRAD

Never hurts to say howdy do.

The van is now stopped. The boys follow their father's gaze: a
tractor store.

TOMMY (tentative)

Is...is that where you sell 'em?

Brad Sr. looks at Tommy, starts moving again.

BIG BRAD

Nope.

Silence. Big Brad is not used to questions. Continues grudgingly.

BIG BRAD

We do sell to dealers, not him.

TOMMY

Then what're you lookin' there for?

BIG BRAD
Well...some places we make deposits...
some withdrawals.

Tommy grins. Big Brad smiles back, and Tommy feels better.
Pulling into a shiny metallic diner:

BIG BRAD
C'mon. They got a good jukebox.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

Jukebox: Englebert Humperdink. Brad Jr. scarfing steak, eggs, pancakes. Tommy has a burger and fries.

Brad Sr. sips coffee and watches the boys...sizing them up.

Beat.

BRAD SR.
One day, know what I'm gonna do?

BRAD JR.
Eh?

A flicker of thought across Brad Sr.'s face. He takes a pistol from under his jacket and lays it on the formica.

BRAD SR.
Gonna give you two monkeys a present.

The boys stare at the gun. A CUSTOMER at the counter watches, bug-eyed. Brad Sr. proceeds, totally cool, as if people did this every day in the week.

BRAD SR.
Whattaya think?

BRAD JR. (trying to be cool)
Seems like a pretty nice gun.

BRAD SR. (irritated)
Fucking A it's a nice gun. Damn
thing's three fifty retail. Course
I got a good price on mine.
(winks)

Real good.
(to Tommy, who's
ogling the gun)
Go 'head, go on.

Tommy picks it up gingerly, examines it with reverence.

BRAD SR. (almost an offer)
You like it?

TOMMY (overwhelmed)
You bet!

BRAD SR.
Can't have it, it's mine.

Brad Jr. laughs. He's getting attuned to his father's games.

Tommy offers the gun to his brother, who shakes his head. Then gives it back to Brad Sr.

The Customer is still shooting nervous/curious glances toward them.

Brad Sr. notices, irritated. Turns casually:

BRAD SR. (to Customer)
Wanna look it over?

CUSTOMER (very startled)
No, no, no.

Brad Sr. smiles, wedges the gun back under his jacket. Turns back toward the boys.

BRAD SR. (to Jr.)
I already give you a car.

Brad Jr. smiles.

BRAD SR.
Don't mean shit. I gotta see
somethin' in you...see you got
somethin'...
(squeezing his own
balls)
right here...
(nods)
then I give you a real present.

He pats the gun under his jacket. Tommy watches hopefully....

BRAD SR. (to Tommy)
You too.

Tommy smiles.

LESTER (O.S.)
Hey Brad, how's it goin'?

Brad Sr. turns to find LESTER, a small sycophantic man with a shit-eating grin.

BIG BRAD (cold)

Hey there.

LESTER (indicating boys)

These your new recruits?

BIG BRAD

My sons, Lester.

This brings the slightest smile to Brad Jr.'s face.

LESTER (significantly)

Uh-huh. Well...you boys have a very interesting family.

BIG BRAD

Get lost, Lester.

LESTER (hushed tones)

I was just wondering how much you got off the Spaight Street job?

Brad Sr.'s jaw tightens.

LESTER

Guy's claiming insurance losses of fifty grand. Now I know that ain't right, but I'll betcha you cleared ten...

Silence.

LESTER

Oh yeah, you're smart. Don't wanna talk to me, do ya?

(frowns)

Come on, Brad. We're in the same business. I wanna work with you again. I need some of that action.

BIG BRAD

Why? So you can tell the cops?

LESTER

Cops ain't so bad. Only doin' their job.

(winks at boys)

Just kidding.

(looks at Brad)

Not talkin', huh? Okay, okay, I know.

(backing down aisle)

I'm goin'...I'm goin'...I'm gone....

Big Brad stares after him coldly.

BIG BRAD
That boy ain't got the life
expectancy of a house fly.

He stubs out his cigarette, glances irritably at Brad Jr.'s food.

BIG BRAD
Hurry up and eat.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Blank faces: Julie...Terry...Grandma sitting on the couch staring at the TV.

Brad Jr. in the armchair.

Terry sneaks a glance at the women on either side of her.
Wondering: will she end up like this?

Brad Jr. rises. When he speaks, it's like his voice echoes in a vacuum:

BRAD JR.
I better take you home 'fore your
mother starts wondering.

He moves toward the door.

TERRY (to Julie)
Very nice to meet you.

JULIE
Likewise.

Terry turns to Grandma, who has her back to Brad and speaks in almost a whisper:

GRANDMA
Honey, if you can, you keep him
from his father, hear? Keep him
clear away. It's just trouble.

Terry blinks, startled. Blinks again, then nods.

BRAD JR.
Let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

She gives Brad a quick kiss and runs into the house.

EXT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brad Jr. flicks his lights.

Tommy runs out of the apartment, jumps in the car.

INT. BRAD JR.'S CAR - NIGHT

Dark night, dark road. Brad Jr. driving -- two fingers looped over the bottom of the steering wheel. Tommy's beside him.

And in the back seat: Lucas, TIM (17, punk, severe blond crew cut), and AGGIE (17, a small, crooked-faced country boy).

Brad starts to hum a commercial. Light annoying sound, evil musak. The others twitch. Nervous time.

EXT. RANCH-STYLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Silent. Black. Still.

TWO FIGURES run across the lawn to the garage.

Then everything motionless again. As if what we just saw was a fantasy.

This is the same house Brad Sr. pointed out to his sons. Tim lurks in the shadow of a tree...Aggie's posted outside the garage...Tommy waits in the road, next to the car. (This looks like a dime-store imitation of the adult gang's M.O.)

The garage door swings open, and Lucas and Brad emerge, pushing a small tractor.

As they move down the driveway, the others join them. They steer the tractor to the road and round the corner.

MAIN ROAD

Lucas and Aggie push the tractor into an open field some distance from the house.

As Brad waits in the car, Tim and Tommy gather brush, pile it beside the road: a marker.

Lucas sprawls out beside the tractor, Aggie runs toward the road.

EXT. FIELD - LATER

Another field. Brad, Aggie, and Tommy sit beside a different tractor. Brad is telling the others about the adult gang. Aggie listens eagerly, Tommy with evident jealousy.

BRAD JR.

All different stuff. Like one time Patch says he went into some jewelry store, asked to look at this \$500 watch. The lady shows it to him all right, but keeps her hands right on it. He's tuggin' one way, she's tuggin' the other. So finally he rolls up his sleeve and shows her this other watch, he goes, "Look, lady, my watch is worth a thousand dollars. Now why would I go and steal yours?" So this makes sense. She lets go of the watch; he grabs it and runs like hell outta the store.

Aggie laughs. Tommy just stares at the road...

TOMMY

That's them.

A truck is blinking its lights.

Brad, Tommy and Aggie start to push their tractor toward:

THE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Big Brad waits with Tim and Lucas. A ramp has been lowered.

Brad, Tommy, Aggie push the tractor onto the road, up the ramp. Inside the truck are two more tractors.

The boys come outside.

Big Brad takes out his wad of bills, starts to count their pay.

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - MORNING

It's 7:00 A.M. as Brad Jr. and Tommy bustle up the stairs. They're stoned, exhilarated.

Grandma's in the kitchen cooking.

BRAD JR.

That sure smells good.

Long beat. She stares at them, disgusted.

GRANDMA

It's scrapple.

DINING ROOM

Moments later. The boys, Grandma, Julie. Eating breakfast in stone silence.

Grandma working up to something. Finally:

GRANDMA

Tommy?

TOMMY

Yes M'am.

GRANDMA

I ask where you was, will you tell me?

Tommy looks at Brad. Brad at Grandma.

BRAD (gently)

We went out, Grandma.

Long silence.

Grandma shakes her head.

Julie looks at the boys, then down at her plate. Forlorn.

JULIE

Big Brad... You know? When I married him, he had the biggest eyes you ever saw. And he courted me just like a regular gentleman. With flowers and everything.

She stops. They wait for more.

Nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. FANCY DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Among these PROSPEROUS SHOPPERS, Brad Jr. looks like a being from some other, scuzzy universe.

He stands at a counter shelling out money.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL SODA SHOP - DAY

Sitting in a booth. Terry fingering a new necklace. Her eyes sparkling.

TERRY

Thank you.

Brad Jr. nods casually.

She dips into her sundae, takes a bite, looks up at him, looks down again...

TERRY

Brad...you know what your grandmother said to me? About your father?

BRAD JR.

Don't listen to her, okay?
(slightly edgy)
'Kay?

She nods. End of conversation.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Tattered spirit. The room of someone thrust, through loneliness and stupidity, into ascetism.

Closet door open. Old dusty cardboard box on the bed. Julie watches with tired eyes as Brad Jr. leafs through the box. Slowly. Photographs.

He finds something, stops. Holds up a photo. Then sees a second one underneath. Examines them both.

Julie moves to his side.

One photo shows Brad Sr. holding a small infant. In the second shot, which includes a much younger, prettier Julie, Brad Sr. holds the infant overhead as if it were a prize trout.

Brad Jr. is uncertain which photo to take. Afraid his mother might be insulted if --

JULIE (sensing his uncertainty)

Don't put up my picture.

Half-vanity, half not wanting to be reminded of any connection with Brad Sr.

Brad Jr. nods, lowers the family portrait, and examines the other photo:

What at first seems like a posed "standard baby shot" - father cradles child - reveals on closer inspection a moment of awkward, unwitting tenderness. The baby is smiling --

And his father's expression is frozen in response: a look of astonishment, pride.

As Brad Jr. stares at the photo, realization comes across his face: once...even for an instant...my father loved me.

SMASH CUT TO:

(TRACTOR STEALING MONTAGE)

INT. LITTLE BRAD'S CAR - NIGHT

Raucous good time. Kids bopping along, passing two beers and a joint. (Faint musical theme under: "Oh What a Feeling!")

They pass a big house with a garage...look out at it --

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Lucas and Aggie push a tractor toward the road.

INT. LITTLE BRAD'S CAR - NIGHT

Driving again. Little Brad humming "Oh, What a Feeling!"

Tim drinks some beer, burps loudly. The mood is getting looser.

TOMMY

This has been some night!

LUCAS

Hell, man, it's some week.

TIM (indicating a barn)

There's one.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Aggie, Tommy, and Tim push a tractor. They're horsing around, weaving the tractor back and forth, rough-housing.

INT. LITTLE BRAD'S CAR - NIGHT

Mood is rowdier still. Tommy and Tim sucking on joints, Lucas crushing a beer can, pushing the ends together. Little Brad loudly humming "Oh, What a Feeling."

LUCAS

Hey Brad, you know something?

BRAD JR.

I guess so.

LUCAS

You are an asshole.

BRAD JR.

I know that.

LUCAS
Spend your whole life singing god-
damned commercials.

BRAD JR.
Yeah?

LUCAS
Yeah.
(mocking)
"It's the real thing..."

BRAD JR. (picking it up, ripped)
"In the back of your mind...
What you're hoping to find...
is the real thing..."

AGGIE
"Coke is."

TOMMY
"And the way it will stay..."

AGGIE
"What the world wants today..."

BRAD JR.
"Is the real thing!"
(beat)
"Coca-cola, it's coke!"

Long beat.

LUCAS
Man, you guys are all assholes.

BRAD JR.
So what...?
(tokes on joint, then:)
"Oh...oh...oh...
Oh what a feeling!"

TIM (falsetto)
"Oh what a feeling!"

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Tommy and Aggie pushing out a small tractor.

BRAD JR. & TOMMY (V.O.)
"To drive a Toyota!"

TIM (V.O., falsetto)
"Drive a Toyota!"

Tommy glances at the Mercedes parked beside the tractor.

BRAD JR. & TOMMY (V.O.)
 "Oh what a feeling."

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Two vehicles stream out. Tommy and Aggie push the tractor, Lucas the Mercedes. Brad Jr. pushes the Mercedes and also steers.

AGGIE (V.O., bass)
 "Value and style."

BRAD JR. & TOMMY (V.O.)
 "Oh what a feeling."

TIM & AGGIE (V.O.)
 "Mile after mile!"

INT. LITTLE BRAD'S CAR - NIGHT

They're driving by a field where a large tractor is parked. Suddenly you can see the idea pass between them.

BRAD JR. & TOMMY
 "Yeah yeah yeah! Oh what a feeling!"

They screech to a halt.

AGGIE (deep bass)
 "Quality!"

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Trying to start the big tractor, which Lucas has hot-wired.

EVERYONE (V.O.; ragged)
 "Toyota...Toyota!"

The motor turns over...and over...won't start. Silence.

Then it catches. They raise their hands in triumph. (Start again:)

BRAD JR. & TOMMY (V.O.)
 "Oh what a feeling!"

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Brad Sr. driving along...sees this large tractor by the side of the road.

AGGIE (V.O.)
 "You asked for it, you got it."

Then he sees the kids around it. His eyes bug out of his head, and he screeches to a halt.

TIM (V.O.: very weird)
"A car of quality!"

MOMENTS LATER

Big Brad paying them off.

BRAD JR. (V.O.)
"A car that'll give you..."

AGGIE (V.O.)
"Everything and more!"

EXT. LARGE BARN - NIGHT

Tommy runs out, holds up two fingers, signaling: two of them!

BRAD JR. & TOMMY (V.O.)
"A car that'll give you..."

LUCAS (V.O.; not sung)
"What you're asking for, you asshole!"

INT. LARGE BARN - NIGHT

Tommy and Brad pushing one tractor, Lucas the other. Aggie stands by the door ready to shove it open. The kids are completely relaxed, stoned, drunk --

BRAD JR. & TOMMY (V.O.)
"Oh oh oh oh what a feeling!"

TIM (V.O., replacing "Quality")
"Stealin'!"

AGGIE (V.O., replacing "Toyota")
"John Deere!"

Aggie pushes the door open.

AGGIE (V.O., continuing)
"John Deere tractors!"

A FIGURE IN THE DOORWAY.

A FARMER with a shotgun. Timeless figure. Americana. Looks almost posed.

Fear.

The boys frozen, Farmer frozen.

Lucas shouts --

Aggie rushes the Farmer --

Lucas pushes his tractor toward the Farmer --

Brad and Tommy crouched low --

Aggie shoves the Farmer, knocks him down --

Everyone runs --

The Farmer jerks to his feet --

The boys running...long youthful strides. Antelope.

The Farmer raising his shotgun. Firing. Spastic movements.

Brad Jr.'s face. Screaming.

His hands moving up, holding his face.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The boys running through the adjacent field, littered with farm equipment --

Brad Jr. trips, falls over a roll of barbed wire --

Tommy helps him up --

The boys are running in scattered frantic patterns, like chickens.

We hear the shotgun. And again.

The boys keep running...until they reach a cornfield.

The camera rises. From above we follow their flight as the cornstalks twitch in the moonlight.

CUT TO:

INT. MASSIVE OLD BARN -- NIGHT

Lamps hang. Bats knife through the air like kamakaze pilots.

A huge food truck being unloaded. FIFTEEN PEOPLE (men and women... the extended circle of the adult gang) stack boxes and crates along one side of the barn.

Brad Sr. oversees. Patch ambles by with a box marked: Campbell's Soups.

BIG BRAD
Faster, man. We gotta get this...
(indicating truck)
...sucker to a truck stop 'fore dawn.

Patch deposits his box.

PATCH (indicating produce)
Hey Brad, what we gonna do with all
them vegetables?

BIG BRAD
Eat 'em.
Can 'em. Freeze 'em. Th'ow 'em to
the pigs.

DICKIE (calls)
Anybody want coffee?

As Dickie starts out, we hear a female voice squawk on Orr's
walkie-talkie.

ORR
Hey Brad, phone call for you.

Brad Sr. heads for the door.

DICKIE (derogatorily, as he leaves)
It's the Kiddie gang!

PATCH (mocking)
Kitty, kitty, kitty. Here kitty.

BIG BRAD (to Patch)
You're one to talk.

On his way to the door, Brad Sr. passes crates marked "Chrysler Corp." and "Remington Firearms"...stacks of antique furniture... machinery...sporting goods. This barn is the gang's warehouse.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Brad Sr. moves over an old wooden bridge toward a field-stone house.

Dickie is a few yards ahead, but neither man makes a move to walk together. Just like strangers.

They pass: a pig pen...a massive tractor...a camper...a huge stack of copper wire. More loot.

The surrounding woods are deep, dark, comforting. Across the way is a vast cornfield covered by high-tension wires stretching out into the distance. This could be anywhere. Nowhere.

Brad Sr. pets the head of the stolen German Shepherd and enters:

INT. STONE HOUSE - NIGHT

Primitive country-style furnishings. Brad crosses into:

THE KITCHEN

Dickie's pouring coffee. A backwoods woman, ROSE, sits at a wooden table chopping vegetables.

BIG BRAD

Make it spicy, Rose.

She nods. Big Brad picks up the phone:

BIG BRAD

Yo. What you got?

EXT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The corner phone booth.

BRAD JR.

Shot.

BIG BRAD (V.O.)

Eh?

BRAD JR.

I got shot. Birdshot in my face.

We've been seeing the clean profile. He turns to reveal crusted blood.

BIG BRAD (V.O.)

Bad?

BRAD JR. (casual)

Well...it hurts.

Tommy sits on the ground beside the booth.

BIG BRAD (V.O.)

Get any tractors?

BRAD JR.

Nope.

Brad Jr. watching:

Tommy takes out a pack of Marlboros. His hands are shaking. Three cigarettes fall on the ground...into light grease: ruined.

BIG BRAD (V.O.)

Well, go on home then.

BRAD JR. (O.S.)

I can't. Not with my face like this.

Tommy lights another cigarette. Starts to fiddle with the ones on the ground.

BIG BRAD (V.O.)

Well, you can't go to my place. Mary Sue's here helpin' out. Be at it all night.

Tommy has arranged the three cigarettes in a row.

BRAD JR. (O.S.)

Can I come where you're at?

BIG BRAD (V.O.)

Nope.

The cigarettes look like graves. Tommy stares at them.

Brad stares at Tommy. Irritated by Tommy's fidgeting.

BIG BRAD (V.O.)

What about...well...you got a woman someplace?

Brad Jr. tilts his head...considering the idea. Hold.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. STONE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brad Sr. hangs up. Dickie sipping coffee, watching.

DICKIE

I got word. Mike can take those rifles to Arizona tomorrow. Cigars're goin' up to New York.

Brad Sr. nods.

DICKIE

What happened with the kiddies?

Beat. Brad Sr. shrugs.

DICKIE

They fuck up?

BIG BRAD

No, it's...didn't get nothin' tonight.

Dickie nods. He knows Brad Sr. is lying.

DICKIE

Hey, those kids. Put 'em all
together, ain't got an IQ of 50.
Money just ain't worth the trouble,
Brad.

Brad Sr.'s face...wondering the same thing.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She sleeps. A rustling noise. She squirms. More rustling --
She sits up, startled --

A tree branch moving against the window.

It falls away, revealing: Brad.

Terry stifles a scream.

Then, as she recognizes him, she moves to the window...
She sees his torn-up face, and hers lights up with horror, alarm.

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A candle burns.

Terry - now composed, her face a mask of adolescent stoicism -
presses a hot washcloth against Brad's face. He winces.

She holds it there another moment, then removes it. Lifts the
candle up and examines his face. In her other hand: tweezers.

BRAD JR.

You sure your Mom didn't hear us?

Terry uses the tweezers to remove a piece of birdshot. Her
hand is steady.

TERRY (shaking her head)

Once she falls asleep, she's out.

She sets down the tweezers, moves the candle around. The job is
done. His face looks clean and raw, like hamburger.

TERRY

Okay.

(puts washcloth to his face)

Here.

She indicates for him to hold it.

She picks up her things and stares at him, considering.

Beat.

Decision: she lifts the candle, leads him out.

LIVING ROOM

As they move through the room, Brad gawks at the antique furniture... the spaciousness... paintings on the wall. This home is nicely furnished, upper-middle class. He's never known anyone who lived like this.

UPPER HALL

They come to the top of the stairs, move quietly down the hall. Past a closed door. Terry points, mouths silently: "My mother." At the end of the hall they reach:

INT. TERRY'S BEDROOM

She closes the door.

He stares at the bed.

TERRY (smiles)
First time in a real bed.

LATER

They're making love. Very slow, delicate, slightly awkward.

DISSOLVE TO:

DAWN

They lie facing each other.

Under the sheet Brad is running one hand lightly over her.

He starts to shake his head.

TERRY
What?

BRAD JR.
I don't know.

He shakes his head again.

TERRY
Come on, it's something...

BRAD JR.

It's just...
 (touching her breast
 under the sheet)
 it's you, that's all. You.

She laughs, kisses him.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

They're making love. Violently now. Feels like he's trying to keep her, to hold her, to prove that this is real.

BRAD JR. (mutter)
 Don't go, don't go...

Her face turned toward him. Eyes wide, miraculous.

BRAD JR. (continuing)
 Don't go, don't go --

The bed creaking.

He groans. Not coming, just feeling it...

Faster strokes.

The door opens.

Brad starts to make louder noises. Terry too. She's turning her head...back and forth, back and --

The door slams.

Disorientation.

They come apart.

TERRY'S MOTHER (O.S.)
 I want to see you both downstairs --
 with your clothes on -- in five
 minutes.

You hear me? Terry?

Brad and Terry look at each other.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Brad comes out the window...onto the tree.

Terry throws a small knapsack and a sleeping bag out onto the ground. (Upbeat music begins.)

He takes her hand, helps her onto the tree.

They climb to the ground and pick up their things.

As they scamper across the lawn, we see Terry's Mom waiting in the living room.

EXT. ROAD/CORNFIELD - EARLY MORNING

They round the corner, jump into Brad's car. Terry hugs him: they made it, they escaped! Brad grins slyly.

He starts the engine, and they move away. We are bound up with them in a feeling of inexpressible freedom.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - BOYS' ROOM - MORNING

Brad Jr. is packing, Terry helping him.

Tommy sits on the bed opposite. Mute witness. Being deserted.

Julie frowns in the doorway.

JULIE

You all right? You in trouble?

BRAD JR.

No.

He fishes through a band-aid box, takes out a roll of bills.

Julie watches them. We can see the thoughts racing through her mind. There's a lot she wants to say.

JULIE

Well...you be careful.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Junk food heaven. They've loaded up their cart with Cokes, Fritos, ham, salami - everything they've always wanted.

EXT. SMALL ROW OF SHOPS - DAY

Brad sneaks up on Terry, hands her flowers, candy. Extravagances.

INT. BRAD JR.'S CAR - DAY

Sunny day, driving down a back road; they're laughing; the back seat of the car is piled with clothes, food, junk. We sense: time apart...unreality...a complete and private happiness.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Brad Sr. closes the back of a truck containing two tractors. He pays off the boys.

BIG BRAD

Gotta lay off this a few weeks.

LITTLE BRAD

What?

BIG BRAD

Yeah, I got a "friend", see?, reads the police memos. Seems they got this report where there's more tractors stole in Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland - that's us - than the other forty-seven states all together. It makes 'em kinda peppy. They're gonna patrol.

Brad Jr. takes this hard. Looks with disgust at his share of the loot: \$60.00.

Brad Sr. gets in the truck, drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINTZY 1950's-STYLE MALL - DAY

Terry stares in the window at a flashy blouse, looks at Brad Jr. He shakes his head.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

An ATTENDANT pumps gas as Brad Jr. frowns at the mounting total.

INT. BRAD JR.'S CAR - DAY

They're driving along aimlessly. Brad Jr. munching on a peanut butter and jelly sandwich as Terry fixes one for herself.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL RICKETY TRAILER (NOT TRAILER HOME) - NIGHT

Brad Jr. and Terry asleep on the hall floor.

Lucas, dressed only in a T-shirt, opens the door and staggers past them.

Steps on Terry by accident.

She looks up: Lucas's crotch is practically in her face.

LUCAS

Sorry.

She turns over, cuddles up to Brad Jr.

Lucas stares down at her face: gorgeous.

Beat.

He goes into the bathroom. Noise of him pissing.

Terry's eyes open, then close again.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

Terry and Brad Jr. at a window. Terry hands over her bankbook.

The TELLER examines it, looks up:

TELLER

You're closing this out?

CUT TO:

EXT. QUARRY - DAY

Tommy dives off a high rock...graceful...knives into the water.

Brad Jr., Terry, and Aggie lie on a rock. Unlike the boys, who are in their underwear, Terry wears shorts and a t-shirt.

Tim, completely dressed, all in black, lies across the way under a tree. In the shade. His t-shirt sleeves are rolled up. A cigarette droops from his lips. Punk fashion parade.

Brad is sipping a cold canned Whiskey Sour. He hands it to Aggie, who drinks... Then Terry takes the can.

AGGIE (surprised)

Girls don't drink booze.

TERRY

Oh yeah? Why not?

She takes a tiny sip, considers it, then takes two long swallows. Grins at the boys and hands the can back.

Lucas takes Tommy's place at the top of the rock.

AGGIE

Shit, he can't dive.

We realize this is the same quarry where Brad Sr. and Dickie dumped the Travelall.

Lucas dives...lands in a horrible belly flop.

Everyone winces in sympathy/hoots in derision. Lucas swims to shore without registering any pain.

AGGIE
So how long you think you can last?
'Thout goin' home?

BRAD JR.
I don't know. We'll find somethin',
I guess.

Lucas climbs up onto the adjoining rock. Glances over at Terry.
She wipes a little sweat off her forehead.

BRAD JR.
Why don't you go in?

She hesitates.

BRAD JR. (encouraging)
Go on.

She dives in, still in shorts and T-shirt.

They all watch her.

BRAD JR.
She's the one I'm worried about.

Tommy climbs onto another, even higher rock. He peers down. We see that he's about to dive right into the spot where the Travelall sank.

BRAD JR. (calls)
It's too high!

Tommy shakes his head...stares down...concentrates.

Everyone looks up at him. It is a long way down.

He dives. Beautiful form...piercing the water.

He does not come up.

No bubbles. Nothing.

Everyone staring at the spot.

Brad stands, concerned. Aggie fidgets with a ring on his finger.

10

LUCAS (casual)
Now that...that was a beautiful dive.

BRAD JR.
Shut up, man!

Then Tommy's head shoots up a long ways away. He laughs.
Lucas laughs too.

BRAD JR. (grinning)
Little son of a bitch.
(calls)
You son of a bitch!

Everyone laughing. Terry climbs out of the water, smiling and shaking her head with relief. Her breasts cling to her T-shirt. The boys glance at it --

She laughs, pulls the T-shirt away from her body.

Then wraps herself in a towel.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL ROAD - NIGHT

Brad Jr. and Terry driving, smoking cigarettes, looking out the side windows for a place to sleep.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

They're curled up, wedged together in the single sleeping bag.

It's raining.

Their faces are wet. Brad Jr. wakes...realizes what's happening
...shelters Terry's face.

BRAD JR. (gently)
Wake up. Terry? Wake up, it's
raining.

They scamper out of the bag. Getting even wetter. It's raining hard

They grab their clothes and the bag and run toward the road.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

They're in back. Huddled up together. Shivering. Rain pounds against the windows.

Terry's teeth chatter.

Brad stares at her.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Brad stands in front of a doorway with a little hole in it. The MANAGER's face barely visible through the hole.

BRAD JR.

Fifty a night?

MANAGER

It's the only room left. Champagne suite.

Brad stares at the rain. It's too miserable to keep looking.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

A large room, flashy and ugly, with a circular mirror on the ceiling over the bed.

Brad slumps in a chair.

Terry stares at him from the bed. A mid-conversation silence. She sneezes. He smiles as if this supports his argument.

BRAD JR.

It's the only thing to do, Ter.

TERRY

No. No, it's not. I could...I could work in a supermarket or something, or --

BRAD JR.

Yeah? Two bucks an hour? For how long?
(long beat; unhappily)
Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - AFTERNOON

Brad Sr. whispers something to a WAITRESS. She nods, moves off.

He turns, walks to a table where a BUXOM WOMAN, thirty-one, is drinking alone.

BIG BRAD

Afternoon.

The Buxon Woman looks up.

BIG BRAD (charming)
 'Cept for assholes 'n' faggots, I'm
 the richest son-of-a-bitch in this
 county. You mind if I set down?

Across the bar at a large booth sit Patch, Dickie, Orr, and Boyd.

PATCH (to Orr, excitedly)
 ...Maybe four years ago, and we get this
 call from Indiana, go out there and hit
 this truck stop. Real clean. Nobody
 sees nothin'. But as we headed out,
 Dickie here passes one of them photo
 machines, four for fifty cents, by
 accident gets his pitcher took.

ORR
 Shee-it.

PATCH
 Well we ain't gonna hang around two
 minutes for developments, so watch
 you think we did?

ORR
 Broke the machine?

PATCH
 Took it.

Orr laughs.

PATCH
 Whole damn thing. Sold it for a nice
 bundle too, right back to the photo
 company, no questions asked.

Brad Sr. leans over the table toward the Buxom Woman. The Waitress
 sets a half-empty bottle of bourbon beside them.

BIG BRAD (to Waitress)
 How much for the bottle?

WAITRESS
 Twenty.

Brad nods without looking at the waitress and shoos her away.
 He takes a \$50.00 bill, sets it in front of him, puts the bottle
 on top.

BIG BRAD
 Think you can drink that?

Raised voices at the bar. Brad Sr. turns, sees:

The BARTENDER talking to Brad Jr. and Terry.

BARTENDER

Now sonny, I wasn't born last week.
If you're age and she's age, I'm a
hundred and five.

Brad Sr. tips his cap to the Buxom Woman:

BIG BRAD

I'll be back.
(going to bar)
It's okay, Andy.

BARTENDER

Hell, Brad --

BIG BRAD

The boy's my boy, he's twenty-
six. The gir's twenty-three.

The Bartender shakes his head at Brad Sr., then motions disgustedly: go on.

Brad Sr. leads them to the big booth where the other men are.

BRAD JR.

Dad, this is Terry.

TERRY (neutral)

Hello.

BRAD SR. (nods)

You treat my boy right, you hear?

TERRY

I will.
(softly, smiling, to Brad Jr.)
I do.

Brad Sr. hears this, draws a sexual implication, and looks Terry over like a piece of meat. As if she's just announced that she's a whore.

She's bewildered by his look.

They all sit.

BRAD SR.

She's Terry, that's Patch, Orr,
Boyd, Dickie. What're you drinkin'?

He motions for the Waitress.

TERRY

Oh, I'm fine.

BIG BRAD

No. You're over age now, you're in a bar, you better drink.

BRAD JR. (to Waitress)

Rolling Rock.

TERRY

I'll have a whiskey sour.

PATCH (under his breath)

'Whiskey sour?'

TERRY

They're good.

DICKIE (sarcastic)

Yeah.

Silence. Nobody knows what to say. The men look Terry over with some interest.

PATCH (flirtatious)

Well, we're real real glad to meet you, Terry. Whattaya think, now that you see us in the flesh?

TERRY (smiles)

I don't know. ...I've heard a lot about you.

BIG BRAD

Nice things, I hope.

DICKIE

Brad, you ain't done nothin' nice.

BIG BRAD

I guess not.

(concerned)

What'd you hear, then?

Patch is grinning at her. Still flirting. She can't help but respond in kind:

TERRY (coy)

Oh...different things...

She runs her fingers through her hair. Primping unconsciously...

PATCH (to Brad Jr.)

Boy, all I can say looking at you two is I sure wished I was sixteen when

PATCH (Cont'd) — —
 you're sixteen 'cause when I was
 sixteen I never saw nothin' like that
 comin' my way.

TERRY (blushing)
 Well...Brad's eighteen, anyway.

The Waitress comes, serves the kids' drinks. Terry sips hers and
 nods approvingly: nervous. Brad Sr. glances over at the Buxom
 Woman and winks: he'll be back soon.

DICKIE (nasty, to Brad Sr.)
 She's a real honey, Brad.

Brad Sr. glares at Dickie.

BIG BRAD
 You want her next?

BRAD JR.
 Well...um...the reason I came here is:
 Terry and I left home. Ran away. We
 need money, and I want to join up with
 you.

TERRY
 Just temporarily.

BRAD JR.
 Yeah.

He looks hopefully around the table. Silence.

DICKIE (quiet, sinister)
 Join up doin' what?

BRAD JR.
 Well...you know...what you do.

Beat.

Dickie leans over very close to Brad Jr. Eyes bulging.

DICKIE
 You're a fuck-up, kid.

BRAD JR.
 I am not.

DICKIE
 You're a pot head.

BRAD JR.
 Maybe. But you guys take speed.
 I can take speed too.

Beat. Dickie looks at Brad Jr. and Terry, shakes his head in disgust.

BIG BRAD (indicating Terry)
You shouldn't of brought her here,
Junior.

PATCH (grins)
Why not? She's the cutest thing
since biscuits.

BIG BRAD (to Patch, vicious)
Shut up, asshole!
(calmly, to Brad Jr.)
This is business.
(gallantly, to Terry)
Sorry, it ain't your fault.
(the solicitous leader)
Whatta you think, Boyd?

BOYD
It's a risk...but he can't be any
worse than Patch.

PATCH
Fuck you, Boyd.

DICKIE
I say no.

PATCH (to Boyd)
Fuck you and fuck your mother.
(to group)
I say no too.

TERRY
Okay. Okay, fine. You don't have
to let him in, but...

Everyone looks at her in amazement. Why's this girl talking?

TERRY
But I gotta say one thing: Brad's
as good as any of you. Better. I mean...
it's not his fault he got shot.

DICKIE (pouncing)
Shot?

TERRY (indicating his face)
Yeah.

DICKIE (staring at Brad Sr.)
When was this?

TERRY
'Bout a month ago.

Dickie stares at Brad Sr., who shifts slightly in his seat.

DICKIE (re: Brad Sr. & Jr.)
What a bunch of half-wits.

TERRY (to Brad Jr.)
Come on, let's go.

BRAD JR.
Huh?

TERRY
Let's go. We don't need them.
(to group)
We don't need you, we really don't.

All the men stare at her: what a mouth.

TERRY
'Cause...you know...? Brad doesn't
want to grow up to be a thief.

Terry rises. Brad Jr. makes no move to leave.

The men's faces: hard, blank.

BIG BRAD (nasty)
You see any other girls here?

I mean... Can you see that this
is a group you don't belong to
and there ain't no other girls
shootin' their mouths off? You
remember me sayin' you shouldn't
even be here in the first place?

She's staring down. Nods.

BIG BRAD
You keep your mouth shut up tight
or you'll get my boy in deep
deep shit, hear?

She nods again.

BIG BRAD
Now get out of here. Go.

She stumbles away.

Brad Jr. starts after her. Brad Sr. grabs his shirt. Holds
tight.

BIG BRAD
You watch her mouth, huh?

BRAD JR.
It's okay, she's --

BIG BRAD
She's danger, boy. She's got your
dick in a wringer, and you know it,
same as I do.
(shoves Jr. away...hard)
Now go on.
(mutters to himself)
Go to your whore. ...Meow...

He stares nastily after his son.

Then turns to face the group. Suddenly grins. Glances over
at the Buxom Woman.

BIG BRAD
Gotta go get my ass licked.

He picks up Terry's whiskey sour, downs it.

Pinches Patch's cheek between thumb and forefinger. Hard.

BIG BRAD (nasty smile)
Fuck up or no, that boy's
(indicating Jr., off)
my son, hear?

CUT TO:

EXT. GANG'S HIDEOUT - DAY

A portrait of Brad Jr.'s face. Pensive...cocked at an angle
...watching:

A MAN standing next to a stream cutting up a Corvette with a blow-
torch.

Brad Jr. and Sr. stand on the small wooden bridge between the
stone house and the big barn.

BIG BRAD
Go 'head. What else?

LITTLE BRAD
Well...this group or whatever it
is you're part of, it goes all
'cross the country, huh?

BIG BRAD
Yup.

LITTLE BRAD
And it's organized?

BIG BRAD
Organized enough. It's just guys.
I know guys, 'n' Tony Pine knows
some, Orr, my brothers, everybody knows
a few people 'n' those people know
people 'n' pretty soon you know all
you gotta know to get the job done.

What else?

INT. BARN - DAY

Father and son sit smoking a joint.

BIG BRAD
More questions?

LITTLE BRAD
Well...yeah. Why're you lettin'
me ask you all this?

Long complicated pause. Big Brad looks his son over, trying to
find a true answer.

BIG BRAD
'Cause you gotta know. ...I gotta let
you know...make sure you walk into this
with your eyes wide...see what you're
doin', who you're with.

He pauses. Stares out at the huge wooden wall across from them.
Flecked with holes through which we see the day's brightness, it
looks like a planetarium show.

BRAD SR.
It's special situation. Family. You
can go out with us: once...twice...
see how it is.

'N' then you gotta decide if you still
want it. 'Cause if you do, that's all,
that's it: it's a one-way highway. Can't
make a u-turn for a long long ways.

These words soak slowly into Brad Jr.'s consciousness....

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The adult gang plus Brad Jr., minus Tony Pine.

Dark roads. Slashing patterns of light from occasional street-lamps.

Pills being passed. Brad Jr. takes one. Patch stares at him: only one? Brad Jr. hesitates, takes a second pill. Patch grins widely...some kind of mindfuck.

Dickie leans forward and Brad Jr. sees a shoulder holster -- and pistol -- wedged up under his armpit.

Brad Jr. stares at the gun. Starts to hum unconsciously.

Dickie glares at him.

He stops.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION GATE - NIGHT

Orr, armed with rifle and walkie-talkie, jumps out. Paramilitary feel. The van speeds on, past fountains and gardens, toward a large white mansion.

EXT. MANSION - PORCH - NIGHT

Boyd disconnects the burglar alarm, nods. Patch smashes a window, opens it.

Brad Jr. watching, holding a walkie-talkie. Trying to stay cool.

The men climb in the window.

Brad Jr. looks out: wide lawn...caretaker's cottage. All is motionless...all silent.

He glances into the building: weird patterns, flashlights moving about. He stares at this. Freaky.

Then looks out again: everything calm...the caretaker's cottage is still dark. Yes. Yes, but --

He squints...

A ground floor window... Thin curtain, faintly backlit. A shape. A silhouette. A MAN.

Brad Jr. pulls back, out of sight. Can't believe it.

Whispers urgently into the walkie-talkie:

BRAD JR.

The caretaker! The caretaker!
Somebody's watching us!

Fast action: Flashlights in the house streak down the staircase, tear toward Brad Jr. Men stream out carrying stolen goods and HOLDING PISTOLS...

Brad Jr. stares: they're all AIMING PISTOLS TOWARD THE CARETAKER'S COTTAGE....

The front door of the cottage opens -

The last man, Patch, grab's Brad's arm -

PATCH

Let's move, asshole!

Patch pulls him toward the van. The unarmed CARETAKER steps out.

Patch's eyes are glowing. Hopped up. Like he's hoping for a shoot-out.

Brad leaps into the van.

Patch hesitates, eyes bugging out...about to shoot the Caretaker.

Sudden reversal of impulse: he grins, waves goodbye, and leaps in the open door. The van skids away.

CUT TO:

INT. AFTER HOURS CLUB - NIGHT

A fancy place that serves food. The gang is celebrating: drinking Dom Perignon, eating steaks and lobsters. Brad Jr. is ecstatic. Feels initiated, one of the gang.

PATCH

You know what? I been thinkin' I oughta sign up at the University.

DICKIE

Oh, good idea, Patch. Real swift.

PATCH

No, to take an art course. We go in a joint like that, I'll bet there's billions hangin' on the walls. We're too dumb to know which ones to take.

DICKIE

Take the ugly ones. Uglier they are, more they're worth.

BRAD JR.

That's right.

As Brad Jr. turns back and sips his drink, he notices Brad Sr. has been staring at him. And keeps staring.

BRAD JR.

What?

Beat.

BRAD SR. (quiet)
You showed me somethin' tonight.

BRAD JR.
Showed what?

BRAD SR. (slow smile...)
Mountain blood.

Brad Jr. smiles too, meeting his father's.

Their smiles fade to a kind of serious frankness...looking each other directly in the eye for the first time. No games or power trips. Feeling the link: father and son.

Brad Sr. reaches over, and, with as much gentleness as he can muster, pulls Jr. toward him.

BRAD SR. (whispers)
You're fuckin' gonna make it, ain't you?
(still whispering to Jr.;
also leering snidely at
Dickie and Patch)
You're fuckin' gonna do it!

BOYD (O.S.)
Hey. Hey lookie there.

The two Brads look up:

Across the room Detective Florek is dining with a PLAIN-LOOKING WOMAN.

PATCH (wincing)
Oh man, is that his wife?

BOYD
Poor bastard.

BRAD SR.
Florek's really got class. He's
havin' the hamburger steak.

Brad Sr.'s eyes narrow...

Someone is moving toward Florek's table...it's Lester, the guy we met at the diner.

DICKIE (cold)
See that?

Lester suddenly notices them, acts nervous, waves. He'd like to just leave, but that's too ridiculous. He sits with Florek and wife.

Dickie, Boyd, and Brad Sr. exchange hard glances.

Brad Sr. calls the Waitress over.

BIG BRAD

Fetch us more a this Dom Perignon,
will ya?, and send a bottle right
away over to Officer Florek. With
my compliments.

PATCH (protesting)

Brad, that's forty-four dollars a
bottle!

BIG BRAD

It's okay. I'm buying.
(pours for Brad Jr.)
Come on, Junior, have another glass.
You did good, and I'm buyin'.

Across the room, the Waitress serves the champagne to Florek's
table. Florek looks across at them, winces a smile of thanks.

Brad Sr. waves patronizingly. Brad Jr. grins.

CUT TO:

EXT. AFTER HOURS CLUB - NIGHT

The gang piles out to their cars. Leaning against Brad Sr.'s
Camaro is Lester.

BIG BRAD

Hey...hey look who waited up for us.

LESTER

Well, I didn't want you gettin' the
wrong idea, my sharin' dinner with
some fuckin' cop.

DICKIE

We didn't get the wrong idea, Lester.

BIG BRAD

We got the right idea.

BOYD

Sure.

Brad Jr. watching this.

BIG BRAD

Whattaya say, you wanna go out with
us, on a job?

LESTER (tentative)
Okay.

BIG BRAD
Right now?

LESTER
Well...

BIG BRAD
Come on, Lester. This's your chance
to prove yourself.

Brad Jr. doesn't like the look of this.

Brad Sr. wraps his arm around Lester's shoulder.

CUT TO:

LESTER'S FACE

In darkness. Quick savage movements. He's squirming. A booze
bottle is being shoved between his teeth. Force feeding.

BIG BRAD (O.S.)
Now that's good, Lester. That's
more like it.

We see Boyd coming at Lester from behind, holding the bottle.
We are:

INT. CAMARO - NIGHT

Bumping down dark country roads. Lester's in front with Brad Sr.
Brad Jr. -- who's in back with Boyd -- watches wide-eyed:

BIG BRAD
See we're all drunk as skunks, and
we want you to feel just as good
as we do.

Brad Sr. nods to Boyd, who pulls the bottle away. Lester gasps
for air.

BIG BRAD
You feel better?

LESTER
I don't know.

BIG BRAD (offering pill)
Here, eat this.

LESTER
What is it?

BIG BRAD
Something to eat. Eat it.

Brad Jr. gulps as though in sympathy as:
Lester swallows the pill.

BIG BRAD
Good. Now what you been tellin'
the cops, Lester?

LESTER
Nothin'.

Boyd grabs Lester by the back of the neck, holds.

BIG BRAD (calm)
Then what do you talk to Florek about,
weather? The Phillies?

LESTER
No, just --

BIG BRAD (convivial)
Well, I know you're discussin'
somethin' --

BOYD (hard)
What? What is it?

The car enters an old covered wooden bridge. Coffin.

LESTER
I...I'm scared...

BIG BRAD
Come on, Lester, you can't be scared.
You're a tough guy. You used to
ride with the Williams gang.

LESTER
I know, Brad, but --

BOYD
What'd you tell 'im?

BIG BRAD (vicious)
Talk, Lester! Now.

LESTER
Well, I...I sold 'im some information.

BIG BRAD (as they exit bridge)
Yeah?

LESTER

But it wasn't true information.
It was about Soleski. I wouldn't
hurt you, Brad, you know that.
I wanna help you, I do. I was
pumpin' him for information, stuff
you guys can use.

BIG BRAD

Yeah?

LESTER

Yeah. Like I found out they brought
the FBI in?

BOYD (freaked)

What?

Brad Sr. tenses.

BIG BRAD (casually)

No shit.

LESTER

Yeah. Yeah, and they got this
grand jury convened.

BIG BRAD

'Bout us?

LESTER

Yeah, yeah. I tell you, who would tell
you this kinda stuff, Brad, if it weren't
for me?

BIG BRAD

I don't know, Lester. I guess... I
guess you're just a real good friend.

Boyd looks at Brad Sr. Who looks back. They nod with their eyes.

Brad Jr. sees this, understands. He's totally freaked.

LESTER

I don't feel too good. I drank
too much.

Silence.

BIG BRAD (friendly)

Well then...then maybe we better stop.

BOYD (cold)

Up by that tree.

Brad Sr. nods.

Brad Jr. can't believe this.

Brad Sr. stops the car.

BIG BRAD

Come on, Lester, let's go for
a walk. Let's walk this off.

Brad Sr. and Boyd get out, help Lester out his door.

As Lester climbs out, there is an instant when he turns back toward Brad Jr. His eyes are milky, wallowing...but they are also desperate, crying out for help --

Brad Jr. sees the cry --

Lester's eyes are saying: 'I'm human. I'm trapped, helpless. Please. Please, help -- "

Just as Brad Jr. feels the impulse to do something, Lester is yanked away by the two men.

They walk him toward the woods...into the woods. Brad Jr. watches wide-eyed, catatonic.

He takes a deep breath as if to shout something...but he's too scared, wired. The breath shudders out his nostrils.

And then they are gone. Vanished. Just trees.

Brad Jr. shakes his head. His breath coming fast and nervous now.

He gets out of the car, staggers a few steps, bends over and starts to throw up.

EXT. STREAM - NIGHT

Boyd walking Lester into a stream. A thick haze hangs over it, making what we are about to witness seem not quite real.

Brad Sr. is walking along the bank, talking:

BIG BRAD

You feel that water, Lester? It's
good, it'll wake you up.

LESTER (hesitates)

Uh-huh.

BIG BRAD

Keep goin'.

LESTER
But it's getting deeper.

BOYD
Yup.

BIG BRAD
Well, we got to get your face wet.
It's the water on your face that
really wakes you up, right? Right.

He nods to Boyd.

Boyd shoves Lester's head under water.

There isn't even a struggle.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Brad Jr. sits on the hood of the Camaro watching Boyd and Brad Sr. walk toward him. Boyd is dripping wet.

As they come into earshot, we barely hear:

BOYD
...can do that tomorrow, but
tonight we got to move his car.

Brad Sr. nods. Looks up, sees Brad Jr.'s expression.

BRAD SR.
Hey, you okay?

Brad Jr. nods unconvincingly.

BRAD SR.
Hope so. 'Bout time to drop you
off to your girlie.

He winks suggestively, grins.

Hold on the grin. It is wide, crazed, totally inappropriate to the circumstances....

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Same night. Clear. Full moon.

Terry and Brad in the small sleeping bag. Both awake. He's on his back, staring at the sky.

TERRY
Brad...it's hot out.

BRAD JR.

I know.

He is shivering.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S CAR - MORNING

He's driving. Nervous.

Terry watches him with concern. She takes a canned Whiskey Sour from the glove compartment, opens it for him, hands it to him.

He smiles thanks, drinks.

Tenderly she touches his cheek.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - MORNING

They carry their bags in from the car. Moving back home.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - BOYS' ROOM - AFTERNOON

Brad and Terry lie facing each other. The two single beds have been pushed together. Dreamy afternoon mood....

BRAD JR.

And they have horses, right?

TERRY

Yeah, sure...and you can see forever...
like twenty miles one way and fifty miles
the other. It's called the big sky country.

BRAD JR.

...And you really think your uncle'd
take us?

TERRY (nods)

And there's jobs there too. My cousin's
husband, Rollie, he's got a job in
Billings, and he's about as dumb as a..as
a dog or something.

BRAD JR.

Yeah...

It's a long ways away.

TERRY

So?

BRAD JR.

So...you sure you want me to
go with you?

She stares at him, shakes her head: doesn't he know by now?
Then another excited thought:

TERRY

You know what else they've got, my
cousin?...she's just two years older
than me, and she's got a baby.

BRAD JR.

Yeah?

TERRY

It's amazing, Brad. With these little feet
and little hands...and it laughs already.
I mean it probably talks now, but when I
was there it was so little, and it was
already laughing.

Her face is transported by the memory. He sees it, doesn't
shy from it. Touches her. Their eyes meet. Thinking about
the baby that they might have together...

BRAD JR.

Sounds good. Really good.

TERRY

Yeah.

I guess I love you, huh?

BRAD JR.

I guess.
(laughs)
I hope.

So...how much...how much you think we'd
need to get out there, get started?

She shrugs. Frowns. Shrugs again. Neither of them has the
faintest idea.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brad, dressed up slightly, combs his hair in the mirror. Behind
him we see the couch made-up: Tommy's bed.

CUT TO:

INT. SWANK AUTO SHOP - DAY

The OWNER stares at Brad. Keeps staring.

OWNER
You gotta be kidding, kid.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAMS APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY

Julie serves Terry lunch: baloney and lettuce on white bread.

TERRY
Thanks.

Julie sits, lights a cigarette. She's not eating.

Cautious friendly silence. Slowly broken by:

TERRY
Brad...he's not going to work for
his father anymore.

Julie stares at the girl. Slowly, as she believes it, we see
her biggest smile...which is pretty slight.

TERRY
And soon as I'm sixteen, we're
getting married.

Terry nods - she said it - and starts in on her sandwich.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARN - DAY

A sign on the barn says: "Ralph's Cycle Shop - Sales & Service."
Inside we see TWO MEN working on small rat-shit bikes. One of
them -- RALPH -- talks to Brad as he works.

RALPH
Yeah, see you can't get a job till
you got experience, you can't get
experience 'thout a job, so the
only way around it's to work for free,
three months, somethin' like that.

Brad stares disgustedly at the bike.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON MOTORCYCLE

Hands moving expertly, in mid-repair. Brad's hands. We are:

EXT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - DAY

Brad working on the old cycle as Tommy looks on.

BRAD JR.

Yeah, we get this fixed up, you'll
be one sharp dude... A real rumbler.

Tommy grins.

Brad Jr. tightens a nut with a torque wrench.

BRAD JR.

You know, I'm thinkin' about... I'm
gonna find a shop that works on bikes
...get myself a real job.

TOMMY

Yeah? How much do you make?

BRAD JR.

Ten, twelve an hour. Depends.

TOMMY

That's not much.

BRAD JR.

It's a steady job, man. Nobody
gets killed.

TOMMY

Killed? Somebody got killed?

Brad winces.

TOMMY (eagerly)

When? When you went out with the men?
What happened?

BRAD JR.

Forget it.

TOMMY

But --

BRAD JR. (sternly)

I said forget it.

Tommy nods, swallows.

Brad Sr. drives up in a car we haven't seen before.

Brad Jr. turns his back to the car, faces Tommy very directly.

BRAD JR.
It's no good, Tommy. They're no good.

TOMMY
Huh?

BRAD JR.
They're bad people.

Brad Jr. shudders at the difficulty of saying this.

TOMMY (totally bewildered)
What...what're you talkin' about?

Brad Sr. saunters over.

BRAD SR.
Hey, boys...

TOMMY
Hi, Dad.

Tommy shoots one more curious glance toward Brad Jr.

BRAD JR. (neutral)
Hi.

BRAD SR. (sly grin)
Now listen. I got some business in
Wilmington, if you know what I mean.
(playfully poking Jr.'s
ribs)
Huh? You know? Huh? Huh?

Tommy is bewildered.

BRAD JR. (can't help smiling)
Yeah. Yeah, I know.

BRAD SR.
I'll bet you do. So anyways, for
variety, I was wonderin' if you
could help me out with some of that
wacky tobacco.

Brad and Tommy look at each other, shake their heads and grin.

They walk to the apartment door. Gear is stacked up in the
anteway. Brad Jr. roots around in it, pulls out a lid.

BIG BRAD (grinning)
Hello, Mary Jane.

Brad Sr. examines and sniffs the dope as Brad Jr. waits...

BIG BRAD (getting the idea)
How much, twenty five?

BRAD JR.
Forty.

Brad Sr. laughs, pays. They wander out toward the motorcycle.

BIG BRAD
You comin' with us tonight?

BRAD JR.
I got a date.

BIG BRAD
Tomorrow?

BRAD JR. (hesitates, then)
I don't know, Dad, I...

Disappointment and a touch of rage flicker across Brad Sr.'s face. A door is closing. He mutters to Tommy:

BIG BRAD
Boy's got stomach problems.
(condescending smile)
Well, dudn't matter. You can
get back...
(indicates Tommy)
with them. It's clear to start in
on the tractors again.

Brad Jr. doesn't look too sure about that either.

Julie comes out of the house.

BIG BRAD (to Julie)
Whatta you want?

Grandma comes out too.

JULIE
Tommy. Girl on the phone.

Tommy heads upstairs.

GRANDMA
Leave these boys alone, Brad Senior.

BIG BRAD
I ain't doin' nothin'.

GRANDMA
Just leave 'em be. You done enough
damage in this family.

BIG BRAD (grinning)
What'd I do?

GRANDMA
Never mind that. Just...I don't
want you talkin' to these boys again,
leadin' 'em into any mischief.

BIG BRAD
And whatta they say about it?

GRANDMA
They say the same.

BIG BRAD
Yeah? They got their own minds,
I'll betcha.

Julie is shaking her head.

BIG BRAD
Maybe they don't wanna end up in
no apartment like that. Maybe they
don't like workin' ten hours a day
in a damn cannery. You look like
shit, Julie Williams. You look sixty
if you're a day --

JULIE
I know it.

Tommy comes back out.

BIG BRAD
Well maybe these boys want better.
Maybe they want a clean car, you
know?, money in their pocket,
cute young girls sittin' in their
laps --

JULIE
I know your girls --

BIG BRAD
Yeah, but I got freedom, woman, I
got money. I got what I want.
(turning to Brad Jr.)
And I ask you this, boy: that
girlie you with,
(scornfully)
that rich young thing...how long
you think she'll hang around in
(indicating apartment)
a dump like that?

He stares at them.—Takes out a fat roll of money. Showing off.
Counts some out.

BIG BRAD (to Jr.)
I got to pay for you th'other night.
(hands money over, starts
away, then turns to boys)
Call me when you get somethin', hear?

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON BRAD JR.'S FACE

Toking on a joint. It's night. Out the window behind him we see countryside flowing by.

He holds the smoke in for a very long time. We are:

INT. BRAD JR.'S CAR - NIGHT

The kiddie gang. Lucas driving, Brad Jr. wedged in back, in a corner: seems distant from the others.

TOMMY (turning to Brad Jr.)
You're just chicken, that's all. That's
what Dad says.

Brad Jr. shrugs.

TOMMY
And you're jealous 'cause it's my idea.

BRAD JR.
It's a stupid idea.

TIM (exhaling dope)
Hey man, maybe it's a fucked-up
idea, but if it works, we make a
bundle, huh?

Brad looks at Tim with disgust.

LUCAS (proclamation)
It's a crap shoot.

Tommy points, and Lucas pulls the car in next to the tractor store that Brad Sr. was staring at earlier.

TOMMY
I got this whole thing checked out.

EXT. TRACTOR STORE - NIGHT

Tommy cuts a wire connected to the alarm system. A little red light goes out.

TOMMY

There we go.

Brad Jr. looks skeptical.

LATER

Brad Jr. sits in the car facing the road. Semi-lookout. He doesn't want any part of this.

Behind him we see the others pushing tractors out of the store. Already fifteen are lined up.

Tommy comes up beside Brad Jr.

TOMMY

I called Dad.

No response from Brad Jr.

Tommy squints: in the distance, lights are visible on the road... two cars.

TOMMY

Hey, maybe that's him.

Brad Jr. shrugs, looks in the other direction: another pair of headlights.

All of them moving slowly. Too slowly.

TOMMY (frowns)

What... Whattaya think?

Brad Jr. gives Tommy a long stare...

The lights continue toward them... Tommy blinks nervously, watching. And then ALL THE HEADLIGHTS GO OUT.

TOMMY (slowly backing up)

Shit.... Shit!

BRAD JR.

Silent alarm.

TOMMY (to the others)

Hey! Hey! The cops!

He starts to run.

The others join him.

As the first police car turns the corner, Brad Jr. just sits there.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL - MORNING

All the kids in a cell. Waiting. Depressed. Tommy can't even look at Brad Jr.

A GUARD comes, opens the door.

GUARD

Okay, bailed out. Essex, Milton,
Smithson, and Williams, T.

Brad and Tommy look at each other. Beat.

TOMMY (miserable)

Brad, I'm --

BRAD JR. (holding no grudge)

Go on.

Tommy goes after the others. The Guard locks up again.

CUT TO:

INT. BIG BRAD'S HOUSE - DAY

The doorbell rings.

Mary Sue shuffles out in shorts and a T-shirt, answers it:

TERRY

Is Mr. Williams home?

Mary Sue looks her over.

MARY SUE

Don't you come pushin' your
wares here, girl.

Terry looks at her, astonished. No idea what this means.

TERRY

I'm...I'm Terry? Little Brad's
girlfriend?

Mary Sue stares at her.

Then minces away, down the hall.

Just left Terry standing there. Totally bewildered.

Big Brad comes out in his bathrobe, looks at Terry.

BIG BRAD (motioning her in)

Okay.

MOMENTS LATER

Terry sits on the couch, Big Brad on the arm of a chair.

Mary Sue watches from the kitchen. Chaperone.

TERRY

I just don't get it. A hundred thousand dollars bail?

BIG BRAD

Well...they hope he's in there long enough, he won't know what he's sayin'.

TERRY

Huh?

BIG BRAD

They think he'll talk.

TERRY

About what?

(slowly, off his silence)

Oh. Oh, you mean about...?

Big Brad staring at her.

TERRY (nervously)

Look, I just wanna see him. His mother can't go till the weekend, she's working. Are you planning to go?

BIG BRAD

Maybe.

TERRY

Well...if you do can I come? .

BIG BRAD (grins toward Mary Sue)

Don't see why not.

TERRY (stands, moves toward door)

Thanks. Oh, and...and I'm trying to get my mother to hire a lawyer --

BRAD SR. (eyes bulging slightly)

No lawyers --

TERRY

But...but we gotta do something, right?, and I thought --

BRAD SR.
 You let me think. No lawyers, hear?
 Whatever's got to be done, I'll do it.

She hesitates, nods.

Brad Sr.'s eyes narrow. He doesn't like her hesitation one damn bit.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN - NIGHT

A blur of feathers. Blood. Squawking.

Red rooster's head, tilted. Big bug eye, idiotic and purposeful, as though following the dictates of some transistorized God.

Another Rooster head, black and bloodied, wobbling spastically.

Among the sweating, cheering crowd: Brad Sr...craning his neck, looking.... He spots a Non-Descript Man (some unspecified form of OFFICIAL) in a Lacoste shirt, and moves toward him.

The Official is cheering, shaking his fist with the best of them.

BIG BRAD

Hi there.

The Official glances irritably at Brad.

BIG BRAD (grins)

Your wife still raise these cocks?

OFFICIAL (flat)

The good ones. Whattaya want, Williams?

BIG BRAD

I wanna put five hundred on that black cock there.

They look at the ring. The Black Cock's on the ground. The Red Cock circling him.

OFFICIAL

That's a shrewd bet.

BIG BRAD

What's my son sayin'?

OFFICIAL

I don't know. If he's singing, I don't hear it.

BIG BRAD

What about the FBI? Is it true they was called in?

OFFICIAL

Last month.

BIG BRAD

And there's a grand jury?

The Official nods.

BIG BRAD

Whatta they got?

OFFICIAL

Not much so far.

(smiles)

I'm sure they'll come up with something.

BIG BRAD

Well...is there... Can I make a
political donation or --

(as Official

shakes his head)

I got money to spend.

OFFICIAL

Not now, it's too hot. Your bird
lost.

They look toward the ring: The Red Rooster is eating the Black
Rooster's brains.

BIG BRAD

Right you are.

He presses money into the official's hand.

OFFICIAL

Maybe in a few weeks. If they don't
get anything more. I'll see.

BIG BRAD

And if they do get more...?

The Official gives him a nasty/patronizing stare.

BIG BRAD

Oh.

Beat.

We see tight bands of frustration constrict in Brad Sr.'s forehead.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Brad Jr. sits on the bed watching the ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY, 27, pace the cell. A stalemate.

ASST. D.A. (turns, frustated)
You're scared, aren't you?

BRAD JR.
No.

ASST. D.A.
You think if you talk, they'll hurt you.

BRAD JR.
Yeah. Kill me.

ASST. D.A. (reassuring)
But...but we can protect you --

BRAD JR. (laughs derisively)
Oh sure, sure.
(intensely)
Look, man, you're the asshole here, not my father. 'Cause maybe he's done what you think, maybe not; maybe he's done more, and worse, but you won't hear it from me. Not about my family! Not about my fucking father! Now God dammit, dammit, you get the hell out!

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - AFTERNOON

Terry waiting. Dressed up nice.

A pick-up truck rolls in, Big Brad driving. Lucas jumps out the passenger side.

She seems startled to see him.

LUCAS (crooked grin)
Just goin' along for the ride...

She nods uncertainly.

He motions for her to get in.

INT. PICK-UP - AFTERNOON

TERRY (climbing in)
Hi.

BIG BRAD
Howdy.

Lucas gets in. It's sort of a tight squeeze.

The truck starts moving. She looks between them:

TERRY

I didn't even...I didn't know you two really knew each other.

BIG BRAD

Yeah...well...Lucas is the only one in that whole kiddie gang knows his ass from a pitchfork. I'm sorta...I'm takin' him under my wing.

They drive. Silence.

BIG BRAD

How you feelin', you nervous?

TERRY

I'm okay.

BIG BRAD

Never been inside a jail before?

TERRY

Nope. No way.

BIG BRAD

Well, it's nasty, I'll tell ya. Gives me the jimmies every time.

LUCAS

Yeah. They close that big door, feels like you're never gettin' out.

Big Brad frowns, rustles through his jacket.

BIG BRAD

Don't even like thinkin' 'bout it.

He pulls out a pint bottle, sips.

LUCAS

What's 'at, bourbon?

BIG BRAD (passing it to Lucas)

Rye.

Lucas takes a swig, gasps with satisfaction.

He hands the bottle to Terry. The natural thing to do. Making the rounds.

Terry holds the bottle, hesitates.

BIG BRAD (casual)
You're welcome if you want to.

She takes a tiny sip, gives the bottle to Brad Sr.

BIG BRAD
Not a bad idea, really. Get a little
loaded 'fore you get in there.

LUCAS
Yeah.

BIG BRAD
Yeah. See, this prison, it's gone
be worse of all on you.

TERRY
Why's that?

BIG BRAD (drinks, gasps)
Well...bein' a girl --

LUCAS
Bein' a cute girl --

BIG BRAD (giving bottle to Terry)
Yeah. Bein' real cute and bein' a
girl, all th'other convicts, perverts
and such, they'll be givin' you a real
long look.

LUCAS
That's right.
(eyeing her fiercely)
Convict stare....

Terry sees the stare...and takes another, slightly larger, sip
of booze.

BIG BRAD
Yeah, they'll be lookin' you up and
down, thinkin' 'bout your skin...your
legs --

LUCAS
Thinkin' 'bout you all over --

TERRY
Stop it --

LUCAS
It's just the truth.

BIG BRAD
Sure is. And you better be ready
for it, girl --

LUCAS

Damn ready --

BIG BRAD

Or they gone make you feel real
real bad.

LUCAS

Real nasty, that's right.

TERRY

Well...they can't touch me or
anything, can they? Hurt me?

Long beat. Lucas drinks...hands her back the bottle. We realize
that because Terry's in the middle, she's drinking twice as much.

BIG BRAD

Go 'head, have another taste.

She hesitates.

BIG BRAD

Only one way for a girl to go into
a joint like that, that's stew-eyed.

TERRY

But...won't you protect me?

LUCAS (gentle)

Sure.

BIG BRAD

Not from their eyes.

Terry nods. Considers this. Drinks. Two long hard swallows.

She winces/gasps, hands the bottle to Brad Sr.

Thinks...

TERRY (concerned)

This prison...if it's so bad for me,
is it bad for Brad?

A lightening look exchanged between the two men.

LUCAS

Damn right.

BIG BRAD

Worse maybe.

LUCAS

Yeah. Some of those boys in
there, it ain't girls they're after.

TERRY

Oh.

BIG BRAD

Yeah. He stays in there too long,
gonna be painful to set down. Know
what I mean?

She's not sure, but it sounds pretty bad. Brad Sr. has drunk,
and Terry's holding the bottle again.

BIG BRAD (gently solicitous)

How you feelin'?

TERRY

Awful.

BIG BRAD

Tell you what. I know you're a
nice girl, ain't used to drinkin',
but I'm gonna do you a favor. I'm
gonna offer you a bribe.

TERRY

Huh?

BIG BRAD

You and Brad Jr., you need money, right?

TERRY

So?

BIG BRAD

So see what's left in that bottle,
'bout an inch?

It's more like three.

BIG BRAD

I'm gonna give you a hundred bucks
to drink that.

TERRY

A hundred dollars? Why?

BIG BRAD

'Cause the durnker you are, you're
gonna sail right through that prison.
They can stare at you, whatever they
like, you'll feel just fine.

Terry looks at him, confused:

TERRY

you want to give me a hundred
dollars to drink this?

LUCAS

He said it.

BIG BRAD

Yeah. I gotta watch out for you,
right? You're my boy's girl.

Her head is swimming.

TERRY

But...I think I'm drunk already.

LUCAS

Little more won't hurt.

BIG BRAD (strong, parental)

Look, girl, I'm tellin' you this for
your own good. I been in prison,
and I know what it's like.

(gentle again)

Okay?

TERRY (dazed)

Okay...

Beat.

She drinks.

They watch. Cold eyes.

She finishes, coughs.

Lucas pounds her on the back.

BIG BRAD

There. That's better. Now you
gonna feel real good.

She stops coughing, takes a deep sigh, gets her breath.

TERRY

Wow.

LUCAS

Good stuff, huh?

TERRY

Yeah. I don't know.

BIG BRAD (handing her money)

There's your hundred.

She takes it, puts it into her little purse, which is very
high school.

— — — LUCAS
How ya feelin'?

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL - EARLY EVENING

Lucas and Brad Sr., helping Terry from the pick-up.

TERRY (drunk)
Where are we? Where're we going?

BIG BRAD
You drunk too much.

TERRY
I'm okay, I am. I just want to
see Brad.

LUCAS (a mutter)
Screw Brad.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Terry lies on the bed. Silence, except for her heavy breathing.
She frowns, glances around nervously --

TERRY
What's happening? Where'd you go?

Beat.

Brad Sr.'s face smashes in right next to hers; large and sweaty.

BIG BRAD (savage)
This is a warnin', girl. We're
tellin' you and your boyfriend:
keep your god damn mouths shut.
I don't want you talkin' to
nobody 'bout nothin', and you tell
him the same, and either one opens
your mouths one inch, what happens
now won't be nothin' next to what's
gone happen later, hear?

TERRY (frantic)
What? What're you talking about?

Big Brad stands over her. Looks huge.

Starts to unbuckle his belt.

TERRY
No!

She tries to sit up. He shoves her back like a puppet.

Lucas stands by the door. Watches:

CLOSE SHOTS:

- Brad Sr. pouring whiskey into his mouth.
- Terry's contorted face. His face moves down onto hers... kisses her.
- Forcing her mouth open. The whiskey going into her mouth.
- She chokes, swallows to keep from choking.

TERRY (coughing)

Help! Help!

Lucas' face. Watching.

Slowly moving toward a grin.

LUCAS

Hey Brad...hey, save somethin' for me.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Terry wakes. Alone. Groans, clutching her head.

She struggles up onto an elbow and looks around the room. Sees her scattered clothes. ...She feels like dying.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - DAY

Grandma and Terry at the kitchen table.

Tears flowing silently down both their cheeks.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL - VISITING ROOM - DAY

From a slight distance we see them:

Terry talking in a soft voice. Her eyes looking down.

Brad Jr.'s face blank. He swallows. The rage gradually building...

His body tensing...

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL - BRAD JR.'S CELL - DAY

He's pacing like an animal. Stops, thinks, resumes pacing. He has obviously been doing this for hours.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL - VISITING ROOM - DAY

Tommy sitting opposite Brad Jr.

TOMMY

I can't do it.

BRAD JR. (fierce, frenzied)

Sure you can. You get Tim to buy
the acid --

TOMMY

But --

BRAD JR. (Cont'd.)

A thousand hits. Dad's got a private
well, so there's no problem gettin'
it in there --

TOMMY

But Brad...he's our father.

Brad stares at Tommy, exasperated. Realizes it's no use.

BRAD JR.

Yeah. Yeah. And whattaya think that
means, huh? Whattaya think that's
supposed to mean?!

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL - BRAD'S CELL - DAY

Brad sitting, motionless, staring at the floor.

Steps move toward him, echoing.

He does not look up.

We hear: the cell door chinks open...footsteps enter...the door
swings shut.

Brad looks up: The Asst. D.A. and Detective Florek.

ASST. D.A. (irritated)

What now?

Brad stares at them. His face blank. As if looking into some bottomless abyss.

He shudders/sighs.

Blinks twice.

BRAD JR.

Sit down.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - DAY

Julie vacuuming. Loud sound.

A MARSHAL appears in the doorway.

She turns off the Hoover fast as she can.

JULIE (nervous)

Yes?

MARSHAL

Is there a Thomas Williams present?

JULIE (worried)

Why?

No answer.

She glances involuntarily toward the back.

He sees the glance.

She realizes she's been caught. No alternative:

JULIE (resigned)

Tommy...

She stares at the paper in the Marshal's hand.

Tommy comes out. Barefoot, jeans but no shirt.

MARSHAL

Are you Thomas Williams?

TOMMY

What about it?

MARSHAL

Would you sign here please?

Tommy looks pissed. Signs.

JULIE

Is he okay? What is this?

The Marshal hands over the paper, doffs his cap, and leaves.

Tommy opens the paper. They both look it over.

TOMMY

What's this mean?

JULIE (blankly)

Means you gotta testify.

(staring off)

Somebody give your name to a grand jury.

TOMMY

Well, but...but what do I do about it?

She shrugs helplessly.

He moves to the phone, dials.

TOMMY

Yeah, Dad? This is Tommy.

No, I'm fine, it's...I got this paper to go up to the grand jury tomorrow, and --

CUT TO:

INT. DIRT RACING CAMARO - DAY

Brad Sr. driving. Face intent.

Downshifting. Whips around a corner.

Engine noise thunderously loud.

He speeds up again.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

He's barreling down the road, suddenly spins the wheels...
...executes a 180° turn, tears off in the other direction.
Rolling mounds of dust behind him.

After fifty feet, he executes another 180°...

The car is lost in the dust. Invisible...until it shoots out again, going the other direction.

Then again: the car brakes...goes into a slide...is lost in dust...

And then becomes visible again going in the same direction...after doing a 360°.

INT. CAR

Brad Sr.'s face, covered with dirt. Dirt swirling around inside; windows open. Looks like he's in a sand storm.

His expression is focussed, crazed. Insane meditation.

He opens his mouth; tense face muscles tell us he's screaming...

But under the car's roar, we don't even hear it.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - ISOLATED BACK BOOTH - DAY

Very dark. Muted reds and greens.

Dickie staring...Patch staring: At Brad Sr.

Brad Sr. meets their gaze, then looks down. Lights a Pall Mall.

Takes out a wad of bills, lays them on the table.

Divides the money into two stacks. Exactly even.

BIG BRAD (softly)

Tonight.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Shovels. Patch and Tony Pine digging a long rectangular hole. Dickie, who's taking a breather, watches.

TONY PINE (pausing)
Hey, you think Brad'll keep up his
end of this bargain?

DICKIE
What's that?

TONY PINE
My car.

DICKIE (patronizing)
Yes, Tony, Brad'll fix up your car.

Tony nods, resumes digging with renewed enthusiasm.

PATCH (grins)
Don't work too hard, Tony. Liable to
have one a your epileptic fits. Fall
right in here, never get out.

Tony shoots him a dirty glance.

They both resume working. The camera stares at the hole...

CUT TO:

INT. BIG BRAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Big Brad, Patch, Dickie. Tony Pine. Sitting around playing cards. Waiting.

Patch offers Big Brad a pill. Big Brad shakes his head: you fucking moron.

The phone rings.

Tension released: it's what they've been waiting for.

Big Brad motions for Tony to go. They watch him.

TONY PINE (into phone)

Yeah?

Yeah, Tommy, go ahead.

He did?

He nods to the others: this is evidently bad news.

TONY PINE

Okay, Tommy, thanks --

BIG BRAD

Wait --

TONY PINE (into phone)

Hold on.

He covers the receiver.

BIG BRAD

Ask him where he'll be.

TONY PINE

Where you gonna be, Tommy?

Okay. Bye.

He hangs up.

TONY PINE (rejoining group)

Carnival.

DICKIE

That's three. Tommy...Lucas...now
Aggie.

Beat.

PATCH (frowning)
Which one is Aggie?

CUT TO:

EXT. FIREMAN'S CARNIVAL - DUSK

Hick carnival, cheap rides and amusements. Families, teenagers, little kids with cotton candy gobbled on their faces.

Everything slightly luminescent, plastic, false. We sense, among all the almost-happy faces, that some act of unspeakable cruelty is required for this place to function.

Tommy, Tim, and TWO GIRLS are wedged into a spinning disk.

Brad Sr. watching them. Eating crackerjacks.

They are laughing, stoned, feeling the innocent/illicit pleasure of their bodies forced together, thigh on thigh. High school kicks.

Brad Sr.'s eyes catch Tommy's.

The next time Tommy spins around, he is no longer laughing.

LATER

Tim and the Two Girls are joking and flirting as Brad Sr. talks to Tommy a short distance away.

Tommy nods, walks toward Tim, stops.

TIM
What's up?

Tommy turns his back so the girls can't see: he's choked up.

TOMMY
I gotta go.

TIM
Oh come on, man. These girls're ready for --

Tommy starts to cry. Tim is flabbergasted.

TIM
What is it, man? What's the matter?

Beat.

TOMMY

This time tomorrow...I'll...I'll
either be in a motel or six feet
under.

Half-beat.

TIM

What? Come on, that's fucked up.
What're you talkin' about?

Tommy doesn't know what else to say. Long beat, then he turns:

TOMMY

See ya.

He walks away.

Tim stares after him.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL DRAB COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Tommy sits in the van watching:

Brad Sr. standing in the doorway of a one-room country house in
the middle of nowhere. He's whispering to Boyd.

He waves for Tommy to come in.

As Tommy gets out, we see cars all around. Boyd's money -- like
Big Brad's -- has gone into vehicles.

Tommy heads in, Brad Sr. out. They pass.

BIG BRAD

I'll be back.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Later. Empty bucket of Kentucky Fried Chicken on the table.
They're watching TV.

Boyd's face working nervously.

BOYD

Listen kid, you...you wanna go out
someplace?

TOMMY

Where?

BOYD

Well...I could take you someplace else.
Back home, or...or a friend's house,
any place you thought you'd be...
comfortable.

TOMMY

No. No, I can't.

Dad told me to stay right here.

Boyd stares at the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

A single car moving slowly down a country road. Gradually we see something very peculiar:

The trees alongside the car are bent away from it. Not as if they've been trimmed. Not blown by the wind. No. As if they were expressing some profound aversion.

The car pulls up next to a gate.

One FIGURE gets out, unlocks the gate, and pushes it open.

As the car starts through the gate and up into the field, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

We see the car parked below as Lucas and the Williams Brothers stride through the tall grass. The field is surrounded by dark thick woods.

BIG BRAD

Hell man, don't worry about no subpoena. They got nothin' on you.

LUCAS

I hope not.

BIG BRAD

It's just my piss ant son's got a loose lip. Shoulda drowned the bastard when I first saw him born.

LUCAS (looking around)

Where is this tractor we're after?

BIG BRAD (pauses, looks)

Patch?

PATCH
Up a little ways.

BIG BRAD
Yeah, it's a good one. If we get
her unstuck, should clear 'bout
six grand.

LUCAS
Man, this is a hell of a place to
go stealin' tractors.

BIG BRAD
Well, we found her 'cause last year,
Dickie, he poached a deer back in
these woods.

DICKIE
Yeah.

A white deer.
(pointing)
Right in there...

Lucas turns to look:

Sees the woods: thin trees in the moonlight.

Then sees...on the border of the field...the rectangular hole.
Grave.

Lucas turns --

Flashlight shined in his eyes --

Patch holds the flashlight --

Dickie a gun. Fires.

Lucas motionless.

Dickie fires again.

Lucas staggers backward.

PATCH
Go on, keep goin', keep goin'...

Lucas falls.

PATCH (grins)
Damn, I thought he's make it right
inta the grave.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL - BRAD'S CELL - NIGHT

Brad Jr. turns slowly in his sleep.

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - JULIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julie is asleep with the radio on. Static.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Aggie and the Williams Brothers half-way up the field.

PATCH

You know, Aggie, I was admirin'
that ring you got on. What'd it
cost anyways?

AGGIE

Beats me.

PATCH

Well...is it a real sapphire?

AGGIE

Wouldn't you like to know.

PATCH

Well...I'll find out damn soon --

He turns --

Dickie raises the flashlight:

- In Aggie's eyes --

- In Patch's eyes --

Patch fires a shot.

Silence.

Aggie looks, sees the gun.

AGGIE (impressed)

Hey, is that a real gun?

Patch grabs the flashlight, holds it on Aggie, fires again.

LATER

Patch pulls the ring off Aggie's finger.

Then hoists the arm. They all carry the body. Aggie is wearing a Tweetie-Bird t-shirt.

Dickie looks uncomfortable.

BIG BRAD
What's eatin' you, Dickie?

DICKIE
I don't like touchin' dead bodies.
Gives me the willies.

BIG BRAD
Then keep your mouth shut about it.

They throw Aggie into the grave -- on top of Lucas.

DICKIE (nasty)
Don't you tell me nothin'. If you'd
kept your dick in your pants, we
wouldn't even be here.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She's curled up with her CAT. Her face peaceful, smiling.

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Grandma sits tiredly in the armchair staring at the TV set.
Can't sleep. Sips from a beer can. Eyes sad, wondering.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - SAME NIGHT

Tommy and the Williams Brothers. Brad Sr. seems relaxed, convivial.

BIG BRAD
You ever been out West, Tommy?

TOMMY
Nope.

BIG BRAD
Then you never heard a coyote?

TOMMY
Don't think so.

BIG BRAD
Well they make this sound like:
"yip yip yip yip yip."

PATCH

Yip yip yip yip yip...

BIG BRAD

And when a coyote bitch gets in heat,
first thing she does is take care of
them coyote males. Then she heads towards
town. Yeah. And all the neighborhood
dogs, they smell her and go crazy.
Follow her. She lures 'em out into the
desert, and once she gets a dog out
there alone, th'other coyotes come
along and circle 'round.

PATCH

Yip yip yip yip yip.

BIG BRAD

And they kill that dog and eat it.

TOMMY

Oh.

Long beat.

Brad Sr. turns, faces his stepson.

Moves back.

BIG BRAD

Tommy...if you went up to that grand
jury, what would you say?

TOMMY

Nothin'.

He says this so sincerely, ingenuously, that we know it's true.

We see this knowledge register on Brad Sr.'s face.

For an instant we realize/hope that Tommy may escape --

TOMMY

I wouldn't tell 'em one damn thing.

Beat

Brad Sr.'s face turns blank.

BIG BRAD (fiercely)

Liar!

He raises a pistol.

TOMMY (calmly, a plea)

Dad?

Brad Sr. fires.

CUT TO:

THE MOON

Shining.

Hold.

CUT TO:

INT. TONY PINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

His face. Sweating. Starting to tremble. More. He just has time to wedge the blanket into his mouth before the epileptic fit really comes on.

He is thrashing uncontrollably. Knocking the sheets and blankets loose. Falling onto the floor. Kicking. Flailing.

We simply observe it.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - DAY

Brad Sr. standing in the hall doorway.

Grandma ironing Tommy's shirts. The TV plays beside her. She glances up. Beat.

GRANDMA

Whatta you lookin' for?

BIG BRAD

Answers. I got my own son dimin' on me. You know why?

GRANDMA

I guess so.

BIG BRAD

Why? I could get 50 to 99 years, you know that? 99 years!

GRANDMA

Not long enough.

They stare at each other. Brad Sr. stifles an urge to punch her.

GRANDMA

Well, you had doin's with Terry, I guess.
(measuring him)

Did you?

I guess.

Beat. He slaps some newspaper on the table, unfolds it: cash.

BIG BRAD

That's twelve thousand cash money. You tell Little Brad this's waitin' for 'im, all he's gotta do is tell those cops he was high on acid, made up all that junk, hear?

GRANDMA

It's dirt money. He don't want it.

BIG BRAD (confidently)

You let him decide.

GRANDMA (very firmly)

He don't want it.

Brad Sr. squirms, doesn't know quite what to say.

GRANDMA (resumes ironing)

First time I ever seen you sweat,
Brad Senior.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: BRAD JR'S FACE

Fierce, determined. We are:

INT. GRAND JURY COURTROOM - DAY

Brad Jr.'s on the stand. The District Attorney paces. The Assistant D.A., who we saw before, sits at a table.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

But we can't let you out. Are you aware that your brother and two friends have disappeared, they're fugitives?

BRAD JR.

Sure.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

If your father can hide them, he can hide you too.

BRAD JR. (savage)

Yeah. 'Cept if he comes near me, I'll waste him.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

No, Mr. Williams, we cannot have you "wasting" anyone. You're our witness.

BRAD JR.

Yeah, I'm your witness. And I'm not sayin' one more word here till you let me out. I wanna see my girlfriend, and that's that.

The D.A. stares at him, exasperated.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

Terry and Brad Jr. hugging in the back seat. Can't stop. Kiss. She blushes...

TERRY (whisper)

Stop...

She glances toward the front seat, where we see Julie and Grandma.

Grandma glances back at them.

GRANDMA

Hey, honey...you sure it's okay for Brad to stay with you?

TERRY

Uh huh. My Mom's out of town. My sister's stayin' over, and she doesn't care.

Silence.

JULIE

Little Brad... You heard somethin' from Tommy?

Brad Jr. shakes his head.

GRANDMA

That's just not like him...not to call or nothin'...

Brad Jr. nods. Thinks.

CUT TO:

INT. STONE HOUSE NEAR BARN - DAY

The Williams Brothers, Tony Pine, Orr. There is a large pile of bills on the table.

BIG BRAD

Fifteen thousand. Anybody wanna count it?

Silence.

ORR
I don't want no part of this.

Beat.

DICKIE
You're a nigger, Orr. Your heart
pumps piss.

ORR (standing)
I don't care. I won't touch it.

He leaves.

They stare after him.

TONY PINÉ (to Brad)
How d'ya want the boy?

BIG BRAD
Tied to a god damn tree in the god
damned woods where I can look 'im in
the eye and do him myself.

Beat.

PATCH
That's a long order.

BIG BRAD (nods, surveys the group)
Do it any ways you can.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Terry and Brad Jr. lying cuddled up on the sofa, watching TV.
Behind the set is a large picture window.

Brad's eyes move from the set, toward the window.

He gets up, pulls the curtain.

Turns back and looks at her. Hesitates, then smiles sadly.

BRAD JR.
Doesn't really matter. If he wants
me, nothin' I can do.

Beat.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She's sleeping peacefully...clear young skin...looks like a Madonna.

Brad stands, wired, at the window. Listening.

At first we hear nothing...then it comes again...rustling noise. ...Getting closer.

Brad's poised, hammer in hand.

The noise is right outside --

He throws the window open --

Terry wakes, gasps --

A pigeon flies away, off the roof.

Brad sighs, closes the window.

Turns and sees Terry looking at him. Scared.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Brad and Terry eating cornflakes.

The cat wanders by. Terry pets it.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - EARLY EVENING

1950's style mall. Drab, lifeless, plastic. With neon flickering from a few shops, it looks like a ghost town.

Terry's friend Jill is looking around.

VOICE

Hey...

Jill looks, doesn't see anyone except...well...it's Terry and Brad wearing floppy hats and sunglasses.

JILL (smiles)

Oh god...look at you, what're you doing?

TERRY

You like it? We're in disguise.
Pretty good, huh?

JILL
I guess, but...why?

TERRY (jaunty)
We think somebody's trying to
kill us.

JILL (joking)
Oh yeah, sure.

BRAD JR. (serious)
Let's get in the theatre, okay?

They head toward a movie marquee.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Julie and Grandma watching television. Lonely, forlorn.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Lights from the movie flickering across the faces of Brad Jr.,
Terry, Jill.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

From outside we see Terry's SISTER turning out most of the lights,
turning on the porch light, going up to bed.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Brad Sr. drinking with Tony Pine.

EXT. MALL - NIGHT

Exiting the movie. Terry with an arm around both Brad and Jill.

EXT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The motorcycle Brad gave to Tommy sits in front of the apartment.
It is re-assembled, polished, ready to ride.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house looks silent. Motionless. The wind is blowing very
softly.

INT. BRAD'S CAR - NIGHT

Terry and Brad saying goodnight to Jill. Jill hugs Terry, winks:

JILL
Be careful.

They wait as Jill runs up to her house. Then drive off.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Brad Sr., Tony Pine, and TWO GIRLS. All very drunk and rowdy. Brad Sr. has his arm around one of the girls as he flirts with the Waitress.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE - CORNFIELDS - NIGHT

The corn rustling in the wind.

INT. BRAD JR.'S CAR - NIGHT

He's driving. Very dark. Radio crackling. Terry's asleep, curled up, head in his lap.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Very brief shot.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Brad Sr. laughing loudly, head tilted back.

EXT. CROSSROADS BY TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Headlights coming...slowing down --

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Brad Sr. glances surreptitiously at his watch.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The car turns the corner...pulls up the crunchy gravel driveway.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Brad turns off the key.

Terry's head in his lap. She stirs.

Sits up.

Wind blowing around them, lightly.

She rubs her eyes with her knuckles like a little kid.

BRAD JR.

I'm hungry.

She looks through the windshield. Her face soft, clear.

TERRY
I have to feed the cat.

The windshield explodes.

Gunfire.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Brad Sr. laughing, very drunk.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Terry screaming. Glass everywhere.

Bullets hitting them.

They're struggling to get out.

TWO FIGURES firing.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Brad Sr., more laughter.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brad and Terry running toward the house. Gauntlet.

The revolvers extended toward them, firing. On one hand, holding a pistol, light glints off a Sapphire ring.

Brad shouts, falls, hit in the leg.

Terry scrambles/crawls/falls up the stairs. Running in place. Almost comic/horrible. Can't make progress.

For an instant they are both on the stairs. Blood bursting from them --

And this look. This look passing between them. As if for an instant they are beyond the horror of their situation. They are calm. Together. Dying.

But he doesn't want to die. He scrambles up, clutches her to him -- Another bullet hits her. And him.

He squeezes her against him and pulls her inside.

Bullets pop against the door.

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brad Jr. pulling Terry to the couch. His eyes keep jerking toward the door and windows: waiting for them to burst in and finish the job.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Brad Sr. staring silently into his drink. Alcoholic meditation.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Two Figures dashing toward a car...Corvette.

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The couch. Brad clutching Terry, weeping. There is so much blood. Too much blood.

But instead of being horrifying, it looks almost religious... like an ablution...or some final, intimate form of sex. Their blood running together, fusing...

He looks at her. She seems to be fading.

BRAD JR.

No...no...

He runs his hands through her blood.

She is looking up at him...almost peaceful, almost a smile...

BRAD JR.

No!

He reaches for the phone --

BRAD JR.

Oh please God no!

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - NIGHT

The Corvette knifing through the darkness.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Brad Sr. standing, very drunk, his arm around one of the girls. He tosses some money to the bartender. Establishing his alibi:

BIG BRAD

Andy...this has been a night to remember...

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Two stretchers carrying bodies are borne out to the ambulance.

Meanwhile, off to one side, Florek is quarreling with an FBI MAN:

FLOREK

What the hell happened, man? Why weren't you guarding them?

FBI MAN (walking toward house)
It's your jurisdiction, "Jack" --

FLOREK
But you said the Feds could --

FBI MAN
Yeah, we could've, but nobody told
us to, so --

FLOREK
Jesus Christ, man --

They disappear into the house.

The second stretcher is put into the ambulance.

A thick silence surrounds the house.

Wind rustles the dried corn stalks.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAWN

Brad lying motionless, eyes open and unblinking. Dead?

A DOCTOR comes in.

DOCTOR
Brad...?

Brad moves his eyes. Can't move his head.

BRAD JR. (hoarse whisper)
How's Terry?

DOCTOR
Brad, I don't know how you did it,
but you're going to come through all
right. Eight bullets, three in the
head, and all you'll have to show
are a few scars.

Silence.

BRAD JR.
Terry?

Long beat.

The Doctor shakes his head.

Brad Jr. closes his eyes.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Months later. Noise of propellers. From high above we see roads, trees, snow, rivers. Bleak winterscape. This is the country we've been seeing, but now, as in the opening shots of the film, the land is empty. Dead.

Just as we realize we're seeing all this from inside a helicopter, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - DAY

A helicopter circling in the sky.

A crowd gathered, watching.

Marshals with rifles on the roofs of small shops.

The Williams Brothers, in handcuffs, peer up at the copter.

Behind them in the middle of this shopping center, is a building marked: COURTHOUSE.

Among the crowd we see Julie and Grandma.

Also Tim. Dressed up in oddly formal clothes.

The helicopter descends.

Marshals lead the Williams Brothers into the Courthouse.

Policemen move the crowd back.

Mary Sue holds the stolen German Shepherd on a leash. It's barking furiously.

TWO COPS carrying rifles jump out, look around.

Then three more figures jump out. The one in the middle, with a jacket over his head, is smaller...Brad Jr.

They carry him toward the courthouse, one lifting either arm. His feet skimming the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Brad Jr. on the stand.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Your name?

BRAD JR. (softly)
Bradford Williams.

He is 15 pounds lighter than we last saw him. Skin sallow, cheeks concave.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
And what do they call you?

Odd pause. As if he were considering some metaphysical answer.

BRAD JR.
Brad...

He starts to shake.

BRAD JR (Cont'd.)
...Or Brad Jr....Little Brad.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
And is there a Brad Sr., a "Big Brad?"

His hands clutch the chair. Tendons white. Arms trembling.

BRAD JR.
Yes.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
And who is that?

Long pause. Brad Jr.'s eyes doing a St. Vitus dance.

BRAD JR.
(speaks but no sound comes out)

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
What did you say?

Brad Jr. really shaking now. Awful to watch.

Finally his eyes move toward Brad Sr. And hold.

Between them we see a moment of sadness...recognition...betrayal.

BRAD JR. (choked up)
He's my father.

SOUND FADES OUT. As we watch Brad Jr. testifying, a crawl comes up:

BRAD WILLIAMS SR., DICKIE WILLIAMS, AND
PATCH WILLIAMS WERE CONVICTED ON MULTIPLE
COUNTS OF MURDER, PLUS THE ATTEMPTED

MURDER OF BRAD WILLIAMS, JR. THEY ARE
APPEALING THEIR CONVICTIONS AND HAVE NOT
YET BEEN SENTENCED.

FADE OUT.

Two beats.

FADE IN:

BRAD WILLIAMS JR. WAS RELEASED FROM THE
FEDERAL WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM AND
MOVED BACK TO HIS HOME TOWN, WHERE HE MET
ANOTHER GIRL NAMED TERRY. THEY ARE NOW
HAPPILY MARRIED.

* * *