

FOR THE LOVE OF ROSE

Written by

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Revisions: January 31, 2017

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EXT. TRAIN STATION- PLATFORM - DUSK

A cloud of smoke dissipates revealing a row of PASSENGERS in silhouette waiting to board. A WHISTLE sounds as the train arrives.

EXT. CITY - TRAIN TRACKS - SECONDS LATER

The train picks up momentum, the CHUG becomes repetitive, rhythmic, intoxicating. Steam collects and swirls along the tracks. A dark and looming SCORE like "PRELUDE AND DEATH OF KANE" by Bernard Herrmann begins.

The train car enters a dark tunnel.

INT. TRAIN CAR - SAME TIME

The train is tattered and old. We move past a variety of PASSENGERS as they become engulfed in darkness. Periodic and ominous streaks of light illuminate their faces as we pass them. We follow CHARLIE REDGRAVE (40s), well dressed native passenger, with a Dennis Hopper hat and gold tinted glasses, down the aisle -- he exhibits a photograph to passengers as he passes them. Redgrave stops at TOM KING, (40s) a face that advertises without pretense, what he is, a defeated fighter. A hint of his once handsome self is hidden beneath swollen eyes and fresh wounds.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

You're the fighter, Tom King?

TOM

Was.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

Looks like you're still in business.

TOM

Don't believe everything you see.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

Red Lyons is undefeated. (a beat)
I'm sorry. Heard it on the radio.
(shows his badge)
Charlie Redgrave, Indian Affairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Produces his hand to shake Tom's - he obliges.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE
Mind if I sit?

TOM
Sure.

Reluctantly, Tom moves his bag.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE
Bit of a fan of yours. Never
forget the number you did on Skull
Murphy. What a beating.

TOM
Long time ago.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE
What brings you to Millhaven?

TOM
Work.

A beat.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE
Me too. Some nasty stuff going on
up there.

TOM
No offense mister but I'm --

CHARLIE REDGRAVE
Charlie. Small town, I'm sure
we'll cross paths. Please, back to
sleep.

Tom positions his head against the window. A beat.
Redgrave stares down the train car lined with patrons,
reading newspapers with headlines: "INDIAN GOLD BRINGS
MURDER AND MAYHEM TO MILLHAVEN." Charlie looks over at
Tom again.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE
(Whispering) Ah, sorry, Mr. King?

TOM
Tom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

Tom ... Just one quick thing and
I'll leave you alone.

Charlie pulls out a file from his bag.

TOM

Shoot.

He presents Tom with a photo.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

You wouldn't have seen this lady
at the station, maybe on this
train?

Tom looks at the black and white picture of ANNA BROWN
(40s) as Charlie pulls out a cigarette. Tom passes him a
book of matches. Redgrave strikes a match and notices a
name scribbled on the inside, "HALE & CO. 705-212-1916."
Tom hands the photo back to Charlie.

TOM

Never seen her.

Charlie lights up and returns the matches.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

Sorry to bother you, Tom. Back to
sleep.

Charlie has an inquisitive look as the TRAIN falls back
into darkness.

The TITLE SEQUENCE plays over BLACK to a SCORE like
"WARDA'S WHOREHOUSE" by Philip Glass.

SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. MILLHAVEN - TOWN LINE - SUNSET

The train speeds past camera and a town sign that reads:
'WELCOME TO MILLHAVEN.' Two INDIANS are sawing it down,
another stands on the hood of car waving a tribal flag.

EXT. HALE & CO. - LATER

A nodding SECURITY GUARD (50s) stationed in a booth behind a fence, wakes at the sight of TOM. He uses his foot to BUZZ open the gate.

END OF TITLES.

INT. HALE & CO. - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

We FOLLOW TOM into an OFFICE, wood paneled, Freemason iconography, big game hunting photos and images of BIG BILL HALE and VINCE HALE adorn the walls.

VINCE HALE (mid-40s), swings around in his chair, phone to his ear, situated behind a very small desk, he's pale and meek-looking caught up in the long, coiled, telephone cord. He untangles himself and hangs up the receiver examining Tom through reading glasses hanging onto the tip of his nose. He points to the seat across from him.

VINCE

Have a seat.

TOM

(Tom extends his hand)

Thanks. Tom.

(Vince shakes hands)

Marty Fallon sent me.

VINCE

(surveying Tom's battered face)

I know. (a beat) I'll assume you were told little, so I'll keep it brief. Our family deal in real estate mainly, also in tobacco products, from cultivation through to distribution. Uncle Bill has been the single most important driver of the economy here for three decades.

Tom scans the place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vince shuffles papers on his desk and pulls one from the pile. He leans back in his chair, studying it, lighting a cigarette.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Smoke if you want. (a beat)

Vince offers one to Tom. He accepts it.

TOM

Tell me a bit about this missing girl?

Vince ashes his cigarette and looks up at Tom, removing his glasses, he provides Tom with a lighter and returns to the documents. Tom lights up and interrupts.

VINCE

A man who gets right to it. What's your background?

TOM

Besides boxing, I've done work in factories, a brewery, worked a few shutdowns at the mills back home. Worked the docks with longshoremen, you name it, Mr. Hale, I can do it.

Vince holds up Tom's profile as he reads off a list:

VINCE

May I? (clears his throat). Break and enter. Possession of narcotics and assault of an officer.

Vince looks over at Tom but continues to read.

VINCE

Break and enter again. You got off. Two years later, extortion; same year, another assault ...

A pause, then ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VINCE

... almost killed the guy but he
dropped all charges (looking at
Tom) Foggy memory? (smiles)

TOM

Dig deep enough. Everyone's got a
shadow.

VINCE

Where there's no light, there's no
shadow. Welcome to Millhaven, Mr.
King. (a beat)

TOM

I'll find this lady, I'll do
anything needs to be done.

Tom leans forward directing his plea to Vince.

TOM (CONT'D)

I've got a wife and baby back
home, and if I don't they'll be
living in public housing and
eating at soup kitchens.

Vince sighs.

VINCE

Compelling story Mr. King, hate to
break it to you, but there's no
longer any need for your services -
problem has been resolved. We're
very appreciative for you coming
all this way.

Vince hands Tom some papers and a pen.

VINCE

If you can just initial here in
the following places
(pointing to the
spots on the pages)
- Your debt to Mr. Fallon will be
taken care of.

Tom signs on all the spots indicated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TOM
You don't need me?

Vince catches the last page.

VINCE
And your signature on the dotted
line there.
(pointing to the last
page)
The missing person was a relative
of Bill's fiancée. Unfortunately,
she was found early this morning.
This contract confirms we hired
you to help us find her. Don't
mind the date. We drafted it a few
weeks ago.

Vince hands Tom a second copy and the fighter proceeds to
sign this one as well.

VINCE
Duplicate.

TOM
Can I help with anything while I'm
here?

Tom finishes the final signature and puts down the pen.
Vince files away the documents.

VINCE
For the inconvenience, I'll have a
thousand sent over to you, in
cash. Token of our appreciation.
(a beat - he turns) Where are you
staying?

TOM
I came straight here.

Vince sees the red light on the rotary phone flashing.

VINCE
On your way out, speak to Wanda,
the receptionist. She'll give you
the address for the Fairfax Hotel,
one of our properties. I'll put
you up for a night or two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Tom stands up, while Vince cradles the phone to his ear.

TOM
And the debt to Marty?

VINCE
Like I said, everything is taken
care of.

Vince pushes a button.

TOM
Well, thanks. Sure there ain't
anything else I can do?

VINCE
I could, but then I'd have to let
a local brother go. We're a tight
community here. (into the phone)
Wanda, yeah, did she call? Don't
let Bill know she's been by.
(a pause)
Huh? Who's Redgrave,
(Tom remembers the
name)
what did he want? Okay, set up a
meeting tomorrow. I'm sending out
this Tom character, get him two
nights at the Fairfax. Call Jimmy
the Greek, tell him it's on me.

Tom pulls out the business card belonging to Charlie
Redgrave. Vince hangs up the phone.

TOM
Whatever I gotta do, I'll do.

Vince stands, butts out his cigarette, and opens the
door, ushering Tom out of the office.

VINCE
I'll send someone to meet you
later with the cash. Stay in your
room - I'll call with directions.

On his way out Tom turns to Vince.

TOM
What was her name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

VINCE

The deceased? Anna ... tragic.
Anna Brown.

TOM

Gotcha. Sure is.

INT. HALE & CO. - OFFICE / LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

WANDA (30s), a gorgeous, long limbed, secretary with a beehive hair-do, is seated behind a small desk. She sits across from the POLICE CHIEF (BUTCH) (late 50s), rotund, red-faced. He lifts himself up and waddles into the office, Vince slams the door behind them.

SCORE continues over the first image of the next scene.

EXT. FAIRFAX HOTEL - DUSK

A fading Art Deco building. The letters on the illuminated sign are burned out. Distant JAZZ and HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER mash into WAGNER'S "Ride of the Valkyries".

VOICE O.C.

We have resident status, weekly or
nightly. Don't matter to me so
long as I get paid.

INT. FAIRFAX HOTEL / HALLWAY - SAME TIME

We FOLLOW behind TOM and JIMMY MUSKOS (50s) slicked hair, cheap suit and gold tooth. The MUSIC is louder.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Two nights, right?

TOM

For now.

Jimmy looks back over his shoulder at Tom.

JIMMY

How do you know Vince?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM
Old friends.

Jimmy looks at him suspiciously.

JIMMY
Wanda said he's covering this
himself. Square up every Friday
before noon for the next week.

TOM
Busy place?

JIMMY
Sure. (a beat) No pets and no
extra people, otherwise you pay.
This ain't no flophouse (a beat)
but it ain't no monastery neither.

TOM
I've got an old lady back home.

JIMMY
Yeah - how's that working out? (a
beat)

The source of the Wagner MUSIC is coming from one of the
rooms. Jimmy bangs on the door as they pass.

JIMMY
Larry?! You hear me?! Turn that
down you deaf bastard!

Jimmy spins back around to Tom.

JIMMY
Still thinks he's storming
Normandy.

Jimmy shuffles through a series of keys on a large chain.

JIMMY
You need anything else, anything,
lemme know. If you're cool I'm
cool. (a beat) You ain't no cop?

TOM
I'm no cop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They arrive at the door.

JIMMY

Good! I gotta ask - if you are,
you gotta say so otherwise it's
entrapment. Heard there's a few
undercover swines in town sniffing
after them dead Indians.

Jimmy finds the right key and slips it in. We FOLLOW them
into the dark room. Light is spilling in the window from
the building across the way.

TOM

Smells like stale piss.

JIMMY

Our residents are mostly old-
timers here. Pensions and
disability checks all go straight
to Bill.

TOM

What a racket.

JIMMY

Makes up for the stink.

Jimmy turns the light on, Tom looks around the room - it
bears a faded resemblance to a once vibrant past, peeling
wallpaper, a cheap single bed, a small desk with a chair
and a framed picture on the wall.

The hanging light bulb pendant FLICKERS and goes out,
Jimmy turns on the bedside lamp and hands Tom the key.
Tom notices track marks on his arm.

JIMMY

Cleaning lady works once a week.
If you miss her then you gotta
wait another week.

Tom drops his gym bag on the bed. The light above
flickers again.

JIMMY

I'll send the custodian up to fix
that. (a beat) Serious, if you
want anything you know who to
call. You a sporting fella?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TOM

No.

JIMMY

Well, we also rent hunting cabins.
Discreet getaway if you need to be
discreet. Just lemme know.

TOM

What if I needed a fix?

Jimmy studies him for a beat with a sarcastic smirk.

JIMMY

You ain't ...

TOM

We've already crossed that bridge.

Jimmy hesitates but proceeds to reach into his sock and gives Tom a small sample wrapped in foil.

JIMMY

This one is on me. From my own
stash. You dig it, I'm your man.
Call down if you need anything.

Jimmy leaves WHISTLING a tune. The lamp FLICKERS off. The same tune fades into the SCORE, something like "PRELUDE" from Fahrenheit 451 by Bernard Herrmann.

DISSOLVE TO:

A gust of wind blows a newspaper off the bed, we pass Tom smoking the hit from the foil, ending on the window where the curtains dance in the wind.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK

EXT. THE BIG CITY - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: "EARLIER"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A small working class restaurant. Through the window, we see the OWNER (50s), balding and thin, watches a sitcom from behind the counter while rolling cutlery in napkins at the bar.

TOM sits expressionless and calculating, huddled in a booth by the window. Through the reflection, his freshly bruised and beaten face is speckled with rain, while city lights and traffic flutter past.

TRAFFIC slowly fades to the murmur of the restaurant CLANKING dishes and an inaudible TV SHOW. We're closer on TOM. He notices someone approach. He takes out a cigarette and lights up. FRANCIS FALLON (40s) Gary Oldman-type from "State of Grace", arrives and sits next to him, frantic, smoking.

FRANCIS

Fucking mess we're in now, Tommy.

FRANCIS spots someone O.C. and stubs out his cigarette.

MARTIN FALLON (60s), robust and well dressed, old-school Irish tough guy, comes into the diner, turns the OPEN sign to CLOSED.

INT. DINER - BOOTH - SAME TIME

We follow FALLON to the booth, he removes his hat, and sits across from TOM and FRANCIS with his back to camera. He turns the brim downwards, spilling rain onto the floor. Suddenly, with great force, Marty grabs Tom's head slamming it against the table. He pulls Tom's ear, forcing his face against the linoleum.

FALLON

You think I fucking won't? I'll fucking do it right now.

With his free hand, Fallon rummages in Tom's pocket, removes pills and opens the bottle with his teeth, spilling them all over the table and floor.

TOM

My pain pills. I need them for my hands and the headaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FALLON

Headaches? For fucking headaches?

FRANCIS

Come on, Tom ...

TOM

What the fuck would you know about pain, Frank? Marty, ...

FALLON

Bullshit, Tom!

FRANCIS

Couldn't stay off it for a night?
You a fucking junkie?

FALLON

(to Francis) A fucking junkie you
vouched for! Lucky I don't fucking
castrate you, too, and don't think
I fucking wouldn't!

TOM

Marty, when I had money, hell, I
treated both of youse like family.
I could have had this guy tonight.
Thought it was a sure thing.

FALLON

I've waited months for my money. M-
o-n-t-h-s! You promised me
tonight, Tom. T-o-n-i-g-h-t!

TOM

You think this is how I wanna
live? A fucking charity case? How
long've you known me? I had to
come to you and fucking beg. Me!
Like a fucking rummy on the
street.

FALLON spits in TOM's face.

FALLON

If I don't get my money (a pause)
you know how the story ends ...

A beat between them. FALLON puts on his hat and leaves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRANCIS
Fucking mess Tommy.

FRANCIS hands TOM a napkin to wipe the spit from his face. He knocks on the window signaling for Marty to wait.

FRANCIS
He's my fucking pops. I gotta live with this. Don't fucking move from this seat. I got an idea.

TOM watches FRANCIS meet MARTY in the street. TOM notices a PATRON peering over a newspaper.

The OWNER looks over from the bar.

OWNER
Okay, Tommy?

A beat.

TOM
No, George. Far from it. Cheque, please.

TOM reaches into his pocket. The OWNER notices.

OWNER
You don't pay here. Not until you're rich and famous again.

TOM smiles, a lump collects in his throat. OWNER moves off behind the counter.

OWNER
How about a whiskey? On the house - you fought hard, Tommy.

TOM looks over to the PATRON again, his newspaper held high. He reads the headline "FORTUNE FOUND ON RESERVATION."

TOM
Thanks, but not tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FRANCIS comes back into the restaurant and sits across from TOM for a beat.

FRANCIS

Well (a beat) he still wants to fucking kill us both. But, there's this friend of his out Millhaven way, wants help to find someone, a missing Indian broad.

TOM

In Millhaven?

FRANCIS

Yeah, guy's a millionaire, politically connected, owns half the town, property developer, cigarette empire, bit of a fucking cowboy. Marty used to help him out with the cigarettes, getting 'em across the border by police escort. Anyway, I can't help him, I gotta be here. So, I told the old man we'd send you ... wipe the slate clean.

TOM

What did he say?

FRANCIS

Still wants to fucking kill you, but you do this and we're kosher.

TOM

What if I don't find her?

FRANCIS

I don't think you will. She's been gone a few weeks. Just help these fucks - They just want someone looking.

TOM

Sadie is gonna have a fit.

FRANCIS

Sadie'll be the least of your worries if you don't.

EXT. RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

A car wipes the foreground.

EXT. FAIRFAX HOTEL - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON: TOM's window, the curtains flutter, CAMERA ZOOMS OUT to reveal we're watching TOM from a room across the way. Tom's phone RINGS.

INT. FAIRFAX HOTEL - TOM'S ROOM - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON: PHONE ringing. TOM wakes up. Lifts the receiver. Jots down an address on faded Fairfax stationery.

EXT. WESTDALE CINEMA - NIGHT

We move toward a large marquee glowing in the night, TOM walks up to the box office and then into the theater.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WESTDALE CINEMA - THEATER - LATER

ANGLE ON: TOM passed out.

WIDER: ROSE (20s) knockout, mixed Indian, well dressed, with a scarf covering her hair, arrives and takes a seat in the row in front of Tom. From her purse she pulls out an envelope with his name on it.

Tom wakes, feeling a nudge, Rose provides a half turn, grabbing Tom's attention, he sees the envelope between the seats.

The AMBIENT MUSIC fades. The FILM SCORE is amplified.

Tom reaches for the envelope - she holds on for a beat before letting go. She fixes her lipstick in the reflection of a compact mirror, catching a glimpse of Tom behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tom is enamored, Rose leaves. Tom smells the envelope, looks inside at the cash, and then notices she has left her scarf behind on the arm of the chair.

The AMBIENT SOUND and dialogue from the film returns.

EXT. CINEMA - UNDER THE MARQUEE - LATER

TOM walks into CLOSE UP lighting a cigarette, waiting beneath the marquee with the scarf in hand.

ROSE is in front of Tom, opening an umbrella under the edge of the marquee.

From O.C., Tom grabs Rose's arm.

TOM

Excuse me.

She turns, Tom now in the foreground.

ROSE

Get your hands off me!

Tom throws up his hands in defense, revealing her scarf as a truce. He tries again;

TOM

I think this is yours.

Tom locks Rose's gaze for a beat.

ROSE

I'm very sorry. That was rude ...
It was rude, wasn't it?

TOM

You never know these days. I mean,
(looking around) people are
wackos.

ROSE

Wackos?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

Yeah, you know (fluttering his fingers next to his temple) crazies. Well, I ain't one of 'em. But there are plenty around, lemme tell ya.

An uncomfortable beat between them.

ROSE

Is that so? Well (a beat) thanks for the warning, and my scarf.

Rose turns to flag a cab that passes her by.

TOM

Buy me a coffee and we can call it even.

Surprised, Rose turns back to him with some hesitation.

TOM (CONT'D)

We won't be long. Since I might never see you again - I wouldn't want you to feel bad about never being able to return the favour.

ROSE

You're not a wacko?

Rose fixes the collar on her coat.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Are you?

TOM

I've been called plenty of things, but never a wacko. (a prolonged look and smile) Anywhere good around here?

ROSE

What's your name?

Tom reaches out to shake her hand, but instead she takes the scarf from his opposite hand. Embarrassed, Tom withdraws his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOM

I'm Tom.

Rose ties her scarf and slowly walks past Tom with a playful and mischievous smile.

ROSE

Well, I know a little joint just around the corner. Shit coffee but the best pie this side, I dunno, where do they make good pie, Tom?

TOM

Millhaven, apparently.

Tom drops his cigarette, they huddle under her umbrella and they walk O.C.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEAUTY'S DINER - LATER

The place looks like "Nighthawks" by Edward Hopper. MUSIC plays against the AMBIENT STREET SOUNDS. Tom and Rose are seated next to the window. Flashing marquees and passing traffic reflect in the glass. Slowly their dialogue takes over the exterior sounds.

ROSE

So, is this your technique for getting yourself a date? Steal things from patrons at the cinema and then extort them for pie and coffee?

TOM

No. Usually it's dinner and whiskey.

ROSE

Hmm, I see. Clever.

She takes a bite of pie.

ROSE

You look familiar (a beat) why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

Yeah? I dunno. Just one of those faces, I guess ...

ROSE

No, yours is pretty rough looking. In a good way. Memorable, I mean.

TOM

Thanks, I suppose.

ROSE

You're not from around here, 'cause I'd know you.

TOM

I'm from the city. I'm working here.

ROSE

What do you do?

TOM

Used to fight.

She looks down from his face to his bloody knuckles.

ROSE

That makes sense. Didn't want to ask.

TOM

I had a job here but turned out my services weren't needed anymore. You delivered my severance package.

Rose is uncomfortable.

ROSE

So you're from the city, huh?

TOM

Born and raised.

ROSE

I hope to move to the city soon.

TOM

Cash delivery ain't working out here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She is apprehensive, maybe even a bit shy. She fiddles with her cutlery.

ROSE

No. Try my luck at acting. My (hesitation), a friend of mine has connections there. Casting directors and agents in the film business. Certainly don't wanna get stuck here for the rest of my life.

TOM

It's not so bad.

ROSE

Give it time. Why, with all the trouble going on here, the plot is better than a movie, I suppose.

TOM

Go to school. I should have. Didn't have it together at your age. I'd love to see you act in something (a beat).

ROSE

Maybe ... when I get my first part.

TOM

Maybe I can see you again?

ROSE

(smiles) Let's get through the pie first.

A beat between them.

TOM

You go to movies on your own?

ROSE

Only when I'm stood up.

TOM

No? You weren't just an errand girl?

ROSE

Not the first time either, believe it or not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Tom laughs.

ROSE
Glad someone finds it funny.

TOM
Come on. I just don't believe you.
Who the hell would stand you up?

Rose holds up her engagement ring and turns her attention to the pie on her plate, embarrassed. Tom didn't even notice, it registers.

TOM
Ah, the friend. I see. Your friend
doesn't realize he's made the
worst mistake of his life.

ROSE
Why's that?

Tom moves in for the sugar with the confidence of a Casanova.

TOM
Because he left the most beautiful
girl in town alone in a theater
with me. And now I'm having the
pie he ought to be having.

Rose turns blush but comes back strong as Tom fills his cup with sugar.

ROSE
What makes you think I'm not just
a well-mannered woman returning a
favour to a lonely looking guy,
huh?

Tom moves in even closer, returning the sugar, his voice more intimate and directed into her ear.

TOM
Because you left that scarf on
purpose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

She takes it in, her eyes half closed. Tom leans back, Rose's eyes open and she buttons her coat. Tom watches her reaction with uncertainty. He may have blown it.

She looks down at his half eaten pie.

ROSE

Not hungry?

Rose takes the last mouthful of food from his plate and looks at his ring finger ...

ROSE

Insatiable appetites know nothing
but hunger.

(a beat)

I gotta be back here to open in
the morning. I'm only moonlighting
as an errand girl.

Rose walks away from the booth and speaks with her back to Tom. A SCORE like "SCENE D'AMOUR" by Bernard Herrmann.

ROSE

Be a gentleman and walk me out
while I flag a taxi, will you?

To the WAITRESS (MAVIS).

ROSE

Good night, Mavis.

MAVIS, at the cash register, looks on wearily.

MAVIS

Safe home now, love. See you
tomorrow.

Tom puts on his coat, trailing behind.

EXT. DINER - SAME

TOM hits the street. ROSE has already flagged a cab. She turns to Tom, they share a beat, then she kisses him deeply.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She disengages, opens the door to the car and moves to the opposite side of the backseat leaving both the door, and invitation open. Dumbfounded for a beat, Tom jumps in.

INT. FAIRFAX HOTEL - HALLWAY - LATER

We move down the hallway towards ROSE and TOM as he unlocks the bedroom door and enters. **Rose is close behind, but pauses, looking off screen before entering.**

REVERSE / PUSH IN TO: JIMMY appears peering from the doorway of a room down the hall. The hallway lights FLICKER. The closer we get to Jimmy, the more cavernous and menacing the PANTING of sex and SQUEAKING of bedsprings sound ...

INT. FAIRFAX HOTEL - TOM'S ROOM - SAME TIME

The SOUNDS continue, now CLEAR and PRESENT ...

TOM'S POV: ROSE's head tilts back, her hands squeeze TOM's against her chest and thigh.

REVERSE: Tom's head is pressed tightly against his pillow.

The climax is over but she rides it out in a few final shifts. She lets her hair fall back over her face and descends onto Tom's chest.

CLOSE ON: Tom is looking upwards at the ceiling fan SPINNING ...

DISSOLVE TO:

DREAM SEQUENCE: EXT. CORN FIELD - DUSK

P.O.V., we chase SADIE KING (30s), a beautiful face jaded by hard times, wearing a flowered dress, through a corn field, she is laughing and running away from camera, zig zagging her way through the tall stalks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Each time we find her, her outfit is more frayed and torn, she is more fearful, battered and bloodied. Finally, at an opening in the field, we find her body slumped down, as she raises her head we see that it is ANNA BROWN (50s), the native woman from Redgrave's photo, she is bleeding profusely, holding her hands upwards, as if to protect herself from someone. She looks O.C.

MARTY and FRANCIS emerge from the corn with guns aimed at her, firing in Anna's direction.

ANGLE ON: ANNA'S BODY crumpled in a lifeless mess on the ground, surrounded by a murder of CROWS, when suddenly a phone (O.C.) RINGS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FAIRFAX HOTEL - TOM'S ROOM - MORNING

The last resonating note of the RINGING phone echoes in the room. TOM opens his eyes. Rose has left, he lifts his head as a KNOCK sounds at the door.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

Mr. King?

CHARLIE REDGRAVE walks in and gently closes the door behind him, he removes his hat (a beat).

CHARLIE REDGRAVE (CONT'D)

It was unlocked. I had the manager call up first.

Tom lifts himself in bed.

TOM

Alright, what can I do for you?

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

Remember that woman? The one in the picture from the train?

TOM

The photo, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

She was found dead this morning.
Two land surveyors from the mining
company found her, decomposed.

TOM

I'm sorry to hear. But what's that
gotta do with me?

Tom finds a cigarette and lights up, now looking for his
clothes.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

The last person to see Anna alive
was her niece. Witnesses claim her
niece left Anna's trailer on the
reserve the evening she went
missing. This niece and Anna were
escorted by an unidentified male
driver.

TOM

Been here a day and you're asking
me about murder?

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

Well, (a smirk) Here's the thing -
I kicked up some muck and Anna's
niece, Rose O'Byrne is her
name, (Tom's reaction changes to
panic) was seen with you at
Beauty's Diner last night. You do
know Rose, don't you?

Lifting himself to the edge of the bed.

TOM

Last night? (a beat) She must have
been the girl, a pretty brunette.
I remember.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

We also searched Anna's trailer
and found a lease, unsigned,
between her and the Hale
Corporation. Seems that Rose and
her fiancée, Big Bill Hale, were
trying to have Anne sign over her
land claim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOM

Mister, I'm just a fighter. Don't know a thing about buying or selling properties.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

You must know about the land out there? It's the biggest deposit of gold ever discovered in these parts and Anna had the mother load.

Tom gets up and is putting on his pants, his cigarette dangles from his mouth.

TOM

Sure, what about it?

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

(unsure if Tom is ignorant or just playing dumb) Motive? See where I'm coming from?

Tom reaches for an ashtray and Charlie Redgrave notices a WILD CAT cigarette butt with lipstick traces.

TOM

Wish I could tell you more about the broad or the gold, but I can't.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

Naturally, first person we called was Vince. Gave me a cock and bull story. Then we got Bill. He claimed Vince hired you to find Anna. Has a contract and all, he says.

Tom pulls a shirt on and is now getting aggressive.

TOM

I was asked to find a missing person, show up, and I'm they said the didn't need me. I meet this Rose girl in a coffee shop. Now her aunt is dead. I'm having a hard time understanding what you're accusing me of.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

Strange you didn't recognize
Anna's picture on the train.

TOM

I didn't know who I was hired to
find. If you're not charging me
with anything, I'd like to ask you
to fuck off ...

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

Last year there've been almost a
dozen Indians dead or missing.
Coincidentally, each had interest
in this gold claim. We believe
this is a systematic case of mass
murder to thief Indian land. I'd
like you to come with me, Tom. We
can put your case to a close and
you can head on back home.

INT / EXT. CAR - COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

CHARLIE REDGRAVE drives along the rural road. Adjacent
tobacco fields are dotted by NATIVE and MIGRANT WORKERS
tending to the crops - MUSIC plays from the car,
something like "FIRE, WATER, EARTH AND AIR" by Julie
Felix. In the distance there are a few local POLICE CARS
and a section taped off. A COP opens the roadblock for
their car.

Charlie Redgrave and Tom stop at the crime scene.
Charlie, followed by Tom, walks under the police tape and
they trail behind the POLICE CHIEF (BUTCH) to the body.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

Why are your men at my scene?
Anything on this reserve is Indian
Affairs.

POLICE CHIEF

This is an ongoing investigation,
Charlie, one we started and by
hell, one we're gonna finish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

This is a federal matter and now
your crew of flunkies, with
questionable loyalties, have gone
and tampered with another
homicide.

A MEEK COP (20s) approaches the Police Chief.

MEEK COP

Problems down the road, Chief.
Heathens put up another blockade.

Police Chief brushes past him, ignoring the warning, he's
set to get answers from Redgrave.

POLICE CHIEF

Ain't no way to do policing with
two teams fighting. Hell, we don't
know who to trust. Tell me who the
undercovers are and we can help.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

Like hell I'd tell you.

They stop at the body, a PHOTOGRAPHER snaps two quick
shots the corpse, and a FORENSIC COP tape-measures the
distance between a shoe and the body, the body is clothed
in the same patterned dress from Tom's dream.

TOM reacts, shaking his head in amazement, the pungent
smell of decomposition causes those close to react.

TOM

Fuck me. That's
(a pause)
Anna?

Charlie Redgrave walks closer and crouches next to the
body. Tom vomits in the background.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

Only two people left between Big
Bill Hale and this gold.

LOW ANGLE ON: Redgrave sighs with dismay. The Police
Chief comes into frame behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

How many is this now, Butch? Just a coincidence they're all Mohawks with land claims?

Tom comes in on the other side, nose plugged, peeking down toward Anna.

POLICE CHIEF

You're not fooling me with them feathers and fringe. Acting like you're a goddamn communist, part yahoo. I don't buy it. You're a goddamn capitalist.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

How much is Bill paying you Butch?

POLICE CHIEF

We call it scam artistry around here. You're a phony.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

Call it what you want, Butch. This is what happens when an Indian finally does well. Don't you have a roadblock to take care of?

Charlie Redgrave rises to his feet and walks over to Tom, the Chief follows behind him.

Charlie arrives ahead of Tom, smoking, looking at his watch.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

Can't smoke here. Outside the tape.

TOM

Can I leave?

Charlie lifts the police tape.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

Stick to the ring, Tom. This town is a time bomb ready to explode.

Tom shakes his head and walks away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

Remember King, perjury and
complicity are felonies. Stay away
from Hale.

HIGH ANGLE ON: the scene, Tom walks away from the crowd,
and down the road on his own.

EXT / INT. VINCE'S CAR - ROAD - LATER

A car approaches TOM from a distance and pulls over.
VINCE opens the passenger door. Tom gets in.

INT. VINCE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

VINCE

Jimmy said that this Redgrave
character picked you up from the
hotel this morning?

Tom looks a bit uneasy.

TOM

Yeah. Walked right into the room.
Asked me about Anna - brought me
to see her dead body.

VINCE

What was he asking about?

TOM

You told me she was found dead.
Yesterday.

VINCE

We assumed as much. (a beat) A
missing Mohawk is usually a dead
one. Looks like we were right. (a
beat) You asked for more work.

TOM

(a beat)
Yeah. Got something?

VINCE

Right up your alley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the near distance, INDIANS wearing balaclava's and bandannas over their faces, roll a truck owned by the mining corporation, into the middle of the road and set it on fire.

VINCE

Oh, shit!

TOM

What?

Vince's car is pelted with rubbish from the adjacent fields. The INDIANS chase after them yelling "Murderers!" VINCE places the car in reverse and accelerates back down the road.

EXT. PAGODA CHOP SUEY - NIGHT

HIGH ANGLE ON: The marquee neon sign glows in the night.

INT. PAGODA CHOP SUEY - DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

The restaurant is adorned with dimly lit Chinese lanterns, we follow a SERVER (30s) in traditional garb to a table where TOM, JIMMY and VINCE sit. MUSIC like, "BIG BAD JOHN" by Jimmy Dean plays.

JIMMY

He's set up in a motel round the way ... pound of blow.

VINCE

Butch just wants an arrest for Anna. We want Redgrave off the scent. With Anna dead, Johnny inherits his mother's gold claim.

JIMMY

Drug dealer turned millionaire overnight.

VINCE

Perfect motive.

JIMMY

Cops will be there likes flies on shit. They need someone to peg for Anna, best if it's an Indian.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCE

Arrest him for trafficking and then get a confession. What do you say, Tom?

TOM

I dunno. Not even the colored folks get it as bad as the Indians.

JIMMY

Give him a beating, make sure he's not able to split, leave a bit of coke with him and he's toast.

VINCE

(to Tom) You just debilitate him.

JIMMY

When the cops come, we just need the red man red-handed (big smile).

TOM

How do you know he'll have all this dope in his room?

JIMMY

'Cause I'm supposed to be buying it. I ordered it. Have a taste.

Jimmy hands Tom an open piece of foil on the table. Tom uses the teaspoon to take a scoop and inhales. Nodding in reaction to the quality.

TOM

It's good. (eyes wide, sniffs)
Problem is, I need cash, not coke.

VINCE

Half now and half later. Jimmy is taking the dope. With Johnny out of the picture, the rights fall directly into Rose's hands.

Tom's anxiety grows, his heart racing from the bump.

TOM

(playing stupid)
The girl who brought me the cash?
From the theater?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VINCE

Yeah. Bill's fiancée. She inherits
the mother load.

Tom has slept with his boss's wife-to-be and wonders who
knows. Tom motions for another scoop from Vince, he
obliges.

VINCE

All you gotta do is waltz in there
and do what you do.

Tom takes in another heaping load, then strikes a match
and lights up a cigarette.

JIMMY

He'll give it up, trust me. You
got a piece?

TOM

Never needed to use it, (waving
off the flame from a match) and
don't plan on it.

JIMMY

So long as you have one, 'cause he
don't pack.

TOM

Hold your fucking horses. I could
be marching into the O.K. Corral
for all I know - what makes you so
sure?

JIMMY

Easy! He can't pack, he's on
probation. Too much heat. You pull
out that burner and it's all
yours.

VINCE

You're the star boxer with a rap
sheet as long as this fucking
menu. This is a piece of cake.

TOM

Who is he connected to? Does he
deal for bikers?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JIMMY

Fuck the bikers, they got no pull
in this town.

TOM

Few here right now.

JIMMY

How do you mean?

TOM

Right over there. They don't seem
the type to take kindly to getting
robbed.

"SONATA IN B-FLAT MINOR" by Chopin plays.

Jimmy glances across the restaurant and a few BIKERS sit
down at a booth.

VINCE

They're just trying to get in on
the rush. More carpetbaggers.

TOM

Ten grand and it's a deal, or I
walk.

VINCE

You fucking nuts? (a beat) I can
have every slope in this place
whacked and go home with take-out
for half that price.

Tom wipes off his mouth with a napkin and tosses it on
the table.

TOM

If I go into that room and
something ain't right, I mean, if
I even get a whiff of trouble,
I'll kill you ...

A beat.

VINCE

You watch your fucking mouth,
King! Don't forget where you are
or what happened back home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Reluctantly, Vince counts cash under the table.

TOM
Five now, five later, or I walk.

VINCE
Fine ... you fuck.

Vince finishes the count, shoves it into an envelope and hands it to Tom.

VINCE
... and five later.

JIMMY
(to Vince) Regular sheeny we got here.

VINCE
(to Jimmy) Pay the fucking bill.
Tomorrow at ten. You drive him.
(to Tom) Don't you fucking cross me again, King.

Vince stands up and leaves. The table of Bikers watch him leaving, one of them winks at Vince.

EXT. LEON FURS - DAY

A small section of a commercial street. Traffic passes.

INT. LEON FURS - SAME TIME

Sun shines into the shop window. Light illuminates the walls in streaks. Racks are adorned with fur coats, scarves and hats. A taxidermied coyote, mink, and raccoon decorate the corners of the shop in defensive poses.

From O.C. LEON (40s), a robust and short Jewish owner, with small glasses and tight fitting suit, pushes a rack down the aisle and passes ROSE, we stay with her moving down an aisle.

Rose locks eyes with the stuffed coyote.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON: TOM walks down the adjacent aisle. Rose and Tom begin a conversation candidly over the racks.

TOM

You knew I was working for Bill.
If he found out about us, they'd
kill me.

ROSE

Meeting you wasn't exactly
something I had planned.

TOM

But you had something planned.

ROSE

I'm through with Bill ... I was
using him to get a cut of Anna's
land and get out of Millhaven.
Seemed like an alright idea.

TOM

You helped him murder your aunt.

ROSE

Jesus, Tom. I had no idea he was
gonna murder her. The plan was to
get her to sign Bill's lease on
the land. I was told to lure her
from the trailer after a few
drinks and Vince would convince
her to sign.

TOM

Didn't work out as planned. So
what's your angle now?

ROSE

I got taken. I don't even answer
their calls. I'm terrified of what
they'll do now that I know.

TOM

Stick around and find out.

ROSE

Don't say that. I need you to help
me. Can you please help me?

TOM

How do you suppose I do that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROSE

I'll take care of you. I know they're framing Johnny, I can see now it's been their plan all along.

TOM

You know what they asked me do?

ROSE

I don't, and I don't want to know. Whatever it is, when it's done, you and I will leave town together. Settle this properly, legally. You and me alone.

TOM

How do you know I'm not like them?

ROSE

I trust you (a beat) ... there's something about you, Tom. You're a special soul. Sometimes you can just tell.

TOM

And what about my obligation to my family?

ROSE

They'll be well taken care of.

A beat.

TOM

Doesn't change the fact I have responsibilities.

ROSE

Your wife or me. I'm trapped here without you. Living here is a reminder of the abuse. The schools. The rape. Bill.

She begins to tear.

TOM

I'll find somewhere for us to stay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROSE

Tomorrow I'll tell Mavis I'm
feeling sick. Nobody will be
wiser.

TOM

Tonight, stay in my room and don't
let anyone see you come into the
hotel.

ROSE

(with a hint of guilt for being
seen at the hotel previously by
Jimmy)
I won't.

TOM

Be sure of it. I'll pick you up
from the restaurant at noon.

Tom hands her his room key, she accepts it and looks O.C.

ANGLE ON: the snarling COYOTE on the wall.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - NIGHT

A dark road is illuminated by the approaching HEADLIGHTS
from Jimmy's CAR, as he drives past camera.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR - SECONDS LATER

JIMMY mans the wheel and TOM sits silently in the
passenger seat, smoking and loading bullets into his
Luger. The windshield wipers SQUEAK clearing the rain, a
broken FAN BELT makes a repetitive noise. Annoyed, Tom
glares over at JIMMY, who is too high to pay any mind to
it. We approach ...

INT. JIMMY'S CAR - MOTEL PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

JIMMY

Alright, see over there?(pointing)
that one, see the room?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

(Tom peers up) If anything goes wrong, or if this is a set up. Pray to God you don't see me again.

JIMMY

(leans over and swings open Tom's door) Just knock him out and bring back the coke.

As the door opens, the sound of the RAIN becomes louder. Tom puts the gun into his pocket and slams the door shut - a beat of SILENCE and score ...

EXT. OWL'S ROOST MOTEL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Bela Bartok's "MUSIC FOR STRINGS, PERCUSSION AND CELESTA (ADAGIO)" plays as we FOLLOW TOM towards the motel room, GUNFIRE and SCREAMING echo from a distant television. He stops for a moment and looks back over his shoulder at JIMMY, dropping his cigarette to the asphalt ...

ANGLE ON: Jimmy, behind the driver's wheel, watches intently, sinking into his seat, waving Tom onward.

Tom turns and forges ahead toward the room, tucking the pistol into his belt.

The sound of the TELEVISION SHOW grows louder the closer he gets. A perfectly kept custom Harley is parked below the canopy. A Cowboy movie plays with a song like "RIDERS IN THE SKY" by Sons of the Pioneers blaring from the television. The door is partially open.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - JOHNNY'S ROOM - DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

We FOLLOW TOM into the doorway to reveal JOHNNY, Native-American (40s) long hair tied back, sitting on the couch drinking a beer.

JOHNNY

Who the fuck are you?

INT. OWL'S ROOST MOTEL - JOHNNY'S ROOM - SAME TIME

On the coffee table in front of JOHNNY is a bag of weed, along with some rolling papers and empty beer cans.

TOM
Jimmy's guy.

JOHNNY
Well don't just stand there, close
the goddamn door!

BIKER (O.C.)
Beer?

At the back of the room sits a mean looking BIKER (50s), nose broken too many times, ink up his arms. He's counting money on a small linoleum table. A cigarette dangles from his mouth. Hard light from a hanging pendant casts shadows around his eyes.

TOM
(apprehensive)
No thanks.

JOHNNY
He don't drink the cheap stuff.

TOM
I just don't want a drink.

The Biker cracks the seal on a can, catching Tom's eye, and relays it to Johnny who places it in front of Tom.

A beat.

BIKER
Drink the fucking beer.

Johnny lights a joint, and becomes engulfed in the smoke.

ANGLE ON: The TV, channel changes to a BLACK MUSICIAN performing.

BIKER
Fucking, jungle music.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tom's attention is on the task at hand ...

TOM

(to Johnny)
Jimmy said you can sort me out.

BIKER

(to Tom)
Depends. You like niggers?

TOM

What?

BIKER

Niggers. You like 'em?

An uncomfortable pause.

TOM

I'm equally discriminate. I don't
like anyone.

BIKER

You don't like me? I just gave you
a beer.

A beat.

TOM

You're hospitable, I'll give you
that.

BIKER

I don't do business with people
who like niggers.

You could cut the tension with a knife. Tom looks over to
Johnny.

JOHNNY

(to Tom)
What do you want, pal?

BIKER

How much money you got, nigger
lover?

Unflinching, a deep resentment growing in Tom's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOM

I want the pound I came to buy.

JOHNNY

Alright, just put the cash on the table.

TOM

I gotta be sure this is blue
blooded cowboy shit. Hard times.
Never know who might be tempted to
put the boots to it (to the Biker)
like a nigger would.

Biker cocks a gun and points it across the room at Tom.

Johnny whips a giant buck knife from a sheath and in one swoop has the blade firmly against Tom's jugular.

JOHNNY

Where's the money?

TOM

You buy a car before you take it
for ride?

BIKER

Ain't no trading post here. Maybe
you haven't heard but these
Indians don't barter no more.

JOHNNY

You a fucking cop?

TOM

No, I ain't no cop!

BIKER

(to Johnny)
You bring the fucking heat to meet
me, savage?

JOHNNY

He just said he ain't no cop!

Johnny lifts his shirt to check for a wire but finds a gun and takes it from him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BIKER

No money, but he's packing like a cowboy! Why so brave, partner?

JOHNNY

There better not be a bunch of swines waiting outside for us!

Biker uncocks his pistol still aimed at Tom.

Johnny removes the knife from Tom's throat and slides it back into its sheath.

BIKER

Let him have a taste first.

The Biker sets his gun on the table and finishes counting the large stack of cash, securing it with an elastic band.

Johnny peers out of the window.

BIKER

Where are you from?

JOHNNY

He's from the city.

TOM

Can I have my piece back?

JOHNNY

After.

BIKER

You come all the way out here to play Joe Drug Dealer?

JOHNNY

Who are you gonna sell to?

Johnny lifts a pile of blow on the tip of his blade from a bag and places in front of Tom's nose, he inhales it. Johnny uses a triple-beam scale to show the weight.

BIKER

You gotta know people to push this kinda weight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JOHNNY

I take care of everyone in town,
Dover and up the rest of Prince
Edward County.

BIKER

People round here ain't gonna be
too happy with competition.

TOM

None of it is staying here.

Tom's eyes pass over the table to a baseball bat at the
door. He feels the threat slowly diminishing.

TOM (CONT'D)

It's good. I'll have to get the
dough and come back. Hand me my
piece ...

BIKER

Easy there, fella.

JOHNNY

Collateral.

TOM

I'm doing business and I get a gun
pointed at my head and a blade
against my throat. I'm gonna be
honest, my people won't be too
happy.

BIKER

You are a fucking cowboy, I
fucking knew it!

JOHNNY

And who the fuck are your people?
Jimmy?

Tom nervously pulls a cigarette from his pack and
trembles as he lights up.

BIKER

Ah, now he goes quiet.

Tom ruminates in the smoke for a moment, focused on the
bat by the door. The Biker looks down at his gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

TOM

Marty Fallon.

A beat.

JOHNNY

Bullshit. That dirty cop, Fallon,
sent you to buy a pound of coke in
Millhaven?

BIKER

And I'm fucking Barney Rubble.

JOHNNY

You know what he'd do if he knew
you was using his name?

An uneasy beat.

BIKER

Let's find out what he'd do. He
knows who I am. Call him.

TOM sees the telephone is next to the baseball bat.

TOM

You want me to call him ... now?

JOHNNY

No, tomorrow, smart guy. There's
the phone.

Tom peers up at his opponents, ashing his cigarette.
Johnny places the blow on the table.

BIKER

Once you get him, pass it over to
me. Tell him it's Hal.

Johnny plunks himself down in a chair opposite the phone.
The Biker cracks another beer and snorts a line off the
table in front of Johnny.

JOHNNY

Make the call.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Tom walks to the phone, lifts the receiver and dials, looking O.C. to the window, pulling back the curtains.

A beat.

TOM
Who's that?

JOHNNY
Who's what?

The Biker turns to walk back to his seat.

TOM
Who's at the fucking door?!

BIKER
Go see who it is.

Johnny turns to the door, Tom snatches the baseball bat and swings, cracking Johnny across the back of his head, knocking him onto the floor.

The Biker turns, frantic, and leaps for his gun.

BIKER
You motherfucker!

Tom chases the Biker, smashing him in the back of the head and crumbling him to the carpet before the table.

The wounded Biker tries to lift himself but is met with a devastating blow sending him down for good.

A beat.

Suddenly, Tom drops from screen.

ON THE FLOOR, Tom's head is buried in Johnny's stranglehold. In one swoop with his free hand, Johnny unsheathes his blade and plunges it deep into Tom's side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

With two uppercuts, Tom explodes his attacker's nose. He frees himself from the choke, pulls the knife from his side, rolls on top and viciously stabs Johnny's throat.

The Biker struggles to his knees.

Tom stands, picking up the bat. On one knee, the Biker searches for the table while blindly swatting away another assault. The crash of Tom's bat collapses him from frame.

ON THE FLOOR, the Biker's head is beaten and smashed into a bloody pulp. CLOSE ON: The bat soars past the painting of an owl.

LOW ANGLE ON: Out of breath and bleeding, Tom drops the bat and falls to his knees, rummaging through the Biker's pockets for the roll of cash. A CHOKE sounds from behind, draws Tom's attention O.C.

Johnny is gurgling and spewing up blood, wide eyed. His arms are outstretched for mercy. Tom removes his Luger from Johnny's pocket.

ANGLE ON: THE TELEVISION SET, Tom turns up the volume, the SCORE becomes the only audible sound -- something brooding.

Tom stands above Johnny, turning to deflect any potential debris, and fires a shot into his head.

EXT. OWL'S ROOST MOTEL - SAME TIME

We see the second shot FLASH from the motel room.

JIMMY's CAR is illuminated with the third FLASH.

INT. OWL'S ROOST - JOHNNY'S ROOM - SECONDS LATER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tom is visible through a partial reflection in the mirror. He raises the gun to his temple and tightens his bloody index to the trigger.

A beat.

CLICK, CLICK. The chamber is empty. A hysterical laugh turns into tears of desperation.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

TOM stumbles across the parking lot towards Jimmy's car with the suitcase, the rear door swings open.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR - PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Through the rearview reflection, TOM lands in the back seat. JIMMY starts the engine and turns to Tom, noticing he's a bloody mess.

JIMMY

This isn't good.

(a beat)

You kill them? Where's the gun?

Tom passes Jimmy the gun, he accepts it with a sleeve pulled over his hand.

JIMMY

I can't just bring you to a
fucking hospital like this.

Tom opens his shirt, revealing a nasty knife wound. The HEADLIGHTS of an approaching car shine through the back window and stops next to them.

A passing FIGURE casts a shadow across Jimmy's face. VINCE sticks his head in the passenger door; a cigarette burns in his gloved hand.

Jimmy shows Vince the gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCE

He use this?

JIMMY

You hear him, Tom?!

Vince's attention is drawn to the backseat to find Tom in the shadow bleeding.

TOM

My second half. Five grand.

Vince looks over at Jimmy, surprised, then back to Tom.

VINCE

Jesus! You're alive. What happened?

TOM

I got fucking shanked, I'm bleedin bad.

JIMMY

I think he killed 'em both.

VINCE

Are they dead, Tom?

TOM

Both. My fucking half.

VINCE

We'll get you fixed up.

Tom struggles to do up his shirt. Jimmy examines the bag of coke.

JIMMY

When do I get my cash Vin? You said you'd buy this shit.

VINCE

Keep the suitcase for now. (to Tom) Get in my car, Tom. (to Jimmy) Jim, you gotta wait. Pass me that ...

Jimmy hands over Tom's gun, Vince puts it in his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY

What about the money?

VINCE

There's a fucking murder scene in there and the fucking door is swinging open! Did you even check to make sure they're dead?

JIMMY

Tom?

VINCE

(almost spitting he's so angry)
The guy's fucking bleeding to death over here! Go ahead -- Go close the fucking door!

Jimmy opens the driver's side door and, without warning, Vince fires two shots into the back of his head. Vince tosses the weapon, and the coke, next to Jimmy's body.

INT. VINCE'S CAR - LATER

VINCE is driving, from the glove box he produces a bottle of Ether, douses a rag, and turns to the backseat, holding it over TOM's nose and mouth.

VINCE

Everything is gonna be okay pal.
Hold still ... deep breath
(a beat)

TOM struggles but almost instantly, he nods off.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Nighty, night, rabbit.

Tom's face falls in and out of the passing light. Sound bridge of Saturday morning CARTOONS play.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK - EXT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - DAWN

TITLE CARD: DAY OF THE FIGHT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"WIND" by Sons of the Pioneers plays continuous as we crane past FIRE ESCAPES and CLOTHES LINES connecting the tenements, we PUSH INTO the second floor WINDOW of low rise building, the CURTAINS flutter and blow inwards and over the lens as we move in ...

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Though the curtains we reveal TOM seated at the kitchen table mopping a small pool of gravy with a morsel of bread.

TOM

I'd murder for a piece of steak.

SADIE (30s), Tom's wife, a beautiful face jaded by hard times, comes to the table to collect Tom's plate.

SADIE

Nobody would offer us credit.
Suppose we better get used to
that.

Tom finishes the bread with a gulp of water.

TOM

They wouldn't, huh? Not even Joe?

Tom places his large swollen hands onto the table as he stands up. He passes his YOUNG BOY (2) asleep in a highchair. Tom limps to a chair by the window, and crosses his worn leather boots on the sill. Sadie watches his reflection through a mirror above the sink, she turns on the hot water.

Tom is meditative. The fading sun warms his face, a canvas of a violent past. He removes a cigarette from a pack and strikes a match.

SADIE (O.C.)

Good friends you've got. Never
missed a beat when you were buying
drinks.

Tom takes a long pull on his cigarette and looks at his boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SADIE (CONT'D)
Never mind a steak.

TOM
What'd Sweeny say?

Sadie responds by crashing a few dishes in the sink. Tom acknowledges that this is his life.

Tom's eyes retreat to the window. He pulls hard on his cigarette. Exhaling, he wishes that like the smoke he too could disappear into thin air ...

SADIE
If you don't win?

TOM
I've got to win.

SADIE
You can't do physical work
anymore, your hands are too weak
from the arthritis.

TOM
Not much else to do. All the
savings are spent.

Tom sighs and looks down at his watch.

TOM (CONT'D)
They'll be starting the first bout
in a few minutes. I don't come on
for over an hour.

At the end of a prolonged beat, Tom rises.

SADIE
How are you feeling?

TOM
Not ready. Haven't trained enough.

SADIE
You've done in harder than this
one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOM

Not much supper in me. What I'd do
for a steak right now.

Tom kisses his boy and collects his bag, coat and reaches
for his hat.

Tom pulls her in for kiss.

Sadie moves over to the Boy and picks him up into her
arms. Tom stands for a moment looking around the
apartment, it was all he had in the world, with the rent
overdue and her and the boy.

TOM

If I take him, the purse is
fifteen. Five for us and ten will
cover the debt to Martin.

SADIE

Tom (a pause) I can't live like
this anymore.

TOM

Never imagined this, did you?
(a beat)
Them good days were real good.
(her kisses his sons
head)

A beat.

SADIE

It'll be the last time I wait up.

Tom leaves the apartment.

INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

We FOLLOW behind TOM

SADIE watches him from the doorway of their apartment.

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - STAIRWELL - SECONDS LATER

TOM descends the twisting spiral stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HALE'S MANSION - DUSK (PRESENT)

A large mid-century house situated on a small hill. There is a green haze of an approaching storm in the sky. A heavy breeze blows, as we move closer towards the house.

BIG BILL HALE (O.C.)
I'm Bill. Your employer, Mr. King.

INT. HALE'S MANSION - LARGE BEDROOM - SAME TIME

TOM, pale and sweating, has a facecloth removed from over his eyes. He lies on his back, having had his wound cleaned. The scene is accompanied by a TICKING clock.

BIG BILL HALE
Thanks, Maureen.

MAUREEN (50s), Bill's housekeeper, exits the room with a first aid kit.

VINCE sits on a chair in the corner, engulfed in shadow. BIG BILL HALE (60s), tall and wide, is a business man from a bygone era. Round glasses accentuate his menacing eyes, he pokes at a log in the fireplace. Maureen re-enters and provides Tom with a pressed shirt and new pair of pants.

BIG BILL HALE
You're a lucky man, King.

Bill, shuffles over to his arm chair, adjusting his suspenders. He puts on a pair of socks while Tom sits up and dresses. Tom scans the room for something.

TOM
Where are my pants?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vince, slumped in his chair, glares enviously at Bill.

BIG BILL HALE

The cash is on the table.

Tom buttons up the shirt, cautious of his wound.

VINCE

(to Tom)

Remember anything from last night?

Tom takes the cash from the table.

TOM

I was asleep in my hotel last night.

Vince smiles. Bill turns his attention back to his mirror image, Tom pulls on his pants.

BIG BILL HALE

Do you believe everything happens for a reason, King?

Bill takes his daily dose of pills.

VINCE

(to Tom)

You have to speak up. He's hard of hearing.

BIG BILL HALE

Eh? I said, do you believe in a God, King?

TOM

No, not particularly.

Big Bill turns to Tom over his shoulder.

Tom counts the cash as Bill strings a tie through his collar, making a knot, turning back to the mirror while speaking to Tom.

BIG BILL HALE

It's a nasty world Tom. This is why we stick together.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BIG BILL HALE (CONT'D)

Predators stalk and attack prey
that stray from their kind. What I
offer you is the strength of the
flock. Our adversaries want us to
take a go at life all alone.

Bill adjusts the tie, puts on a tweed jacket, and turns
to Tom.

BIG BILL HALE (CONT'D)

Our lives got all tangled up
together, son. We're at a critical
juncture where we can take control
or risk that tie unwinding. I'm
determined to tighten that knot
like a fucking noose. Follow?

Vince passes Bill a plastic bag with TOM's gun. A classic
song like "SONATA NO.2 B-FLAT" plays.

TOM

I think my work here is done, Mr.
Hale ...

Bill holds up the plastic bag with Tom's pistol in it.

BIG BILL HALE

This pistol shot Johnny Brown dead
last night. Without this, last
night was just another drug deal
gone wrong. Two degenerates
Millhaven is better without.

VINCE

That saved your life, Tom.

BIG BILL HALE

... and it'll end it just as
fast. You follow?

VINCE

(to Tom) Bill appreciates a
favour, so he's willing to give
you one last job.

TOM

I've got my boy and wife waiting
on me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BIG BILL HALE

Keep that cash, son, and the five
for last night. (a beat) I hear
from back home money is something
you might need?

TOM

You've talked to Marty?

BIG BILL HALE

You're here because of him, isn't
it?

TOM

As I understand it, Mr. Hale, that
debt has already been taken care
of.

BIG BILL HALE

Sure. Once the jobs here are done.

Hale gets up and moves to the a desk drawer and pulls out
the money he owes Tom.

TOM

Mr. Hale, I ... I was nearly
killed last night.

VINCE

Bill's a reasonable man, Tom.

Hale hands Tom the cash, Tom motions for a cigarette and
Vince obliges. Hale makes his way out of the room, Vince
gets up to follow.

VINCE

Come with us into the living room,
Tom.

The men walk through along a series of hallways through
the house during their conversation, Bill stops and waits
for them, but continues to lead down the hallway.

VINCE (CONT'D)

We need one last favour, Tom. A
personal thing. It's Bill's
fiancée. She's not being
cooperative with her commitment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TOM

You need a private investigator,
not a washed up fighter.

Bill turns while forging ahead through the hallways.

BIG BILL HALE

Don't be shy, Vin, tell him about
the girl.

A beat. Tom knows more than he should about Rose. Vince,
catches Tom's eye.

VINCE

(with urgency and caution in his
voice)
I think I told you about Rose.

Tom is unsure why Vince isn't sharing the cash drop
between him and Rose. He doesn't know how much either men
know.

BIG BILL HALE

This one is special. Piece of ass
with a price tag that'd make your
head spin! She needs to be held
onto.

TOM

(terrified)
I don't follow. Infidelity?

Big Bill stops in his tracks.

BIG BILL HALE

Nobody said a goddamn thing about
that.

An uncomfortable beat. Bill, continues to lead onwards
down the hall.

VINCE

No. Well, (quietly, to Tom) maybe,
but - It's just not black and
white.

TOM

What do you want me to do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BIG BILL HALE

She's not answering my calls.
That's worrying. As of this
morning, with the last of her dirt
worshiping family dead ...

VINCE

Thanks to you, Tom.

They enter into a large dining room - Bill et al, are
greeted by MAUREEN, who hands Bill a newspaper. Vince and
Tom follow Bill to the table. Bill scans the front page,
peering up at them as he reads.

BIG BILL HALE

(to Tom and Vince) Eat.

They all take a seat at the table where a full breakfast
is served.

BIG BILL HALE (CONT'D)

With Johnny Brown dead, the title
goes to the closest blood
relative. My Rose inherits it all.
(his eyes look up from the paper)
I need you to make sure she signs
that lease.

Bill throws the morning paper in front of Tom. He reads
the headline: LAST SURVIVOR TAKES INDIAN HEAD RIGHTS FOR
TWENTY-FIVE MILLION.

BIG BILL HALE (CONT'D O.C.)

It's a good idea she stays in
love.

Bill proceeds to cut up his meal into precise portions.

TOM

You set me up.

Bill eats, Vince looks to him for a reaction. Bill is
emphatic with his gestures, using his knife.

BIG BILL HALE

You've earned every penny we've
paid you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BIG BILL HALE (CONT'D)

Every grifter from Bakersfield to Timbuktu has swarmed this town trying to swindle these Indians. I put in my time, paved the roads, provided jobs for the savages. Hell, if anyone deserves to steal that land, it's me!

VINCE

Bill's right, it ought to be us (an awkward beat). Swindlers come in to town providing cash up front for leases, promising protection. Next thing you know, in come their lawyers, and poof. The land is under control of white men.

TOM

You can't take over Indian land.

BIG BILL HALE

Says who? We made a country of it. Hell, I built this very town on it. Take that stance and we may as well hop back on the Mayflower. It's gotta be the right white man to take control.

We notice a symbolic Freemason icon on Big Bill's tie clip.

BIG BILL HALE

This agent, Redgrave is his name, from the Indian Affairs, has come to town. He's looking to sign a lease on the Brown claim. He's digging up earth that shouldn't be disturbed ... questioning our people about me - even sent in mercenaries undercover trying to get close.

Vince squirms in his seat, chewing uncomfortably, he's unsure if he's been caught.

VINCE

Redgrave? You know this guy, Bill?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

BIG BILL HALE

You're not my only eyes on the street. Do I look daft? (an uncomfortable beat between them)

VINCE

(to Bill with rising anger)

I've been running this business for you for two decades. You can't keep me in the dark. (a beat) It's not fair, Bill!

Bill ignores Vince completely, methodically wipes his mouth with a napkin, throwing it on the table, and slides his fingers into his shirt.

BIG BILL HALE

The point is, Tom, they're closing in. You and I, well - we don't know each other all that well, but Christ; we speak the same language. I'm certain we can trust you.

Vince has a steely look, his envy has come to a crescendo. Maureen enters and collects Bill's dishes. Vince drops his napkin on the plate, Tom hasn't eaten a thing.

TOM

What do I have to do to get the fuck out of here?

VINCE

(defeated and calculating)

Lure Rose out of town, kidnap her, whatever you gotta do, just keep her out of sight, safe and get that lease signed.

TOM

Or put a pistol to her head and a pen in her hand.

VINCE

(handing Tom keys)
This key is for the hunting cabin, about an hour out of town.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

VINCE (CONT'D)

This (hands him a manilla envelope) contains the lease.

Bill finds his hat.

BIG BILL HALE

I deserve this, King, not some fly-by-night con-man from the city. I need a fighter on my side. A man who ain't afraid to go out into the world and earn like I have, in the primal way, in the wild and killing for his mate and cub. Whaddya say? One last round, all I ask. We're all in this fight together.

Vince hands Tom the key to the cabin.

BIG BILL HALE (CONT'D)

That's the spirit!

Big Bill places his hat on his head and exits the room.

BIG BILL HALE (CONT'D O.C.)

Vin, get Tom one of the cars.

VINCE

Sure, Bill. Whatever you say.

Vince follows the order, with a vicious look about him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEAUTY'S DINER - LATER

A swarm of motorcycles and BIKERS pull up out front of the diner, others sit against the outside wall.

ANGLE ON: LOCAL GIRL (20s), carries a transistor radio playing MUSIC like "RUMBLE" by Link Wray, together with her GIRLFRIEND (early 20s) cat-eye glasses, they survey the BIKERS collecting outside.

INT. BEAUTY'S DINER - LATER

ROSE is serving the HANDSOME BIKER (JACQUES) from the Pagoda. CHARLIE REDGRAVE enters and saunters past TOM.

ANGLE ON: Tom, at the end of the bar. Redgrave pats him on the back as he passes.

REDGRAVE
(to Tom)
Can lead a horse to water ...
Decided to stick around I see.

Redgrave sits at the opposite end of the bar next to Jacques, who is laying on the heat with Rose, and she's receptive.

Three other BIKERS, also from Pagoda, come in, wearing similar leather jackets with insignia. They trickle around the restaurant. ROSE approaches CHARLIE REDGRAVE with a coffee pot and empty mug, he nods.

ROSE
What can I getcha?

REDGRAVE
You Rose O'Byrne?

She peers up at him while pouring a cup of coffee. She shares a glance with Tom.

ROSE
Depends on who's asking.

REDGRAVE
Charles Redgrave. I'd like to talk to you. Got a minute?

She's heard every pick-up line in the book. In typical fashion, Redgrave reaches into his pocket and produces a business card.

ROSE
(Firmly)
What can I getcha?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her eyes are steely and impatient. Redgrave lays the card down on the counter.

REDGRAVE

You are Miss O'Byrne?

ROSE

Yes I am. You gonna order or what?

REDGRAVE

Anna and John Brown were relations of yours?

Rose puts down the coffee pot and wipes her hands on the sides of her apron.

ROSE

Look mister, I don't know anything about Anna or Johnny. Frankly, I didn't talk to that side of the family. The Indian way of life didn't agree with me. My father pulled me out of the system. Rape and abuse somehow didn't have much to do with Mohawk teachings.

Rose lights a cigarette, only able to pull a few drags. Redgrave notices the brand: Black Cats - the same as in Tom's ashtray.

ROSE (CONT'D)

I already told the cops after Anna went missing. They were satisfied with my answer. They're both dead ... The end.

Rose counts the newcomers in the background, butts out and collects enough menus.

REDGRAVE

My condolences.

ROSE

Like I said, we weren't close. My family stayed away, damage was too deep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rose walks over with menus for the men. She carries on the conversation with Redgrave who turns on his stool to face her.

REDGRAVE

You are related nonetheless.

Rose catches eyes with Tom as she makes her way behind the bar and up to the cash register.

ROSE

Technically. Look, I'm busy here, what can I do for you?

REDGRAVE

Technically is all that matters. Do you know what head rights are?

Rose cashes out a filthy FARMER (40s), suspiciously eyeing Charlie.

ROSE

Only what I read in the papers. Something to do with all that Indian gold.

REDGRAVE

Precisely to do with all that Indian gold.

FARMER

Shame about Anna and Johnny, Rose. Didn't know youse was related. Horrible Johnny would do that to his own mother.

ROSE

Like I said, we stayed away from that side for a reason.

FARMER

Don't validate nobody getting killed like that, still.

ROSE

Thanks, Fred.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

REDGRAVE

So you know what happened. You stayed away, until the day Anna was killed. You did visit her that day ... didn't you?

The bell behind her CHIMES. Rose collects an order from the kitchen window, nervously and walks the plate over to the man next to Redgrave, an OLD MAN (70s) with big ears sticking out from under a mesh trucker hat.

ROSE

I gave her a ride to the store. Guess I should have written more Christmas cards.

OLD MAN

Drug deal gone wrong. Johnny was always trouble. Better off, Rose. Good girl like you wouldn't want to be associating with them Browns.

ROSE

(to Redgrave) Look mister, I knew Anna, she was good to me when my folks died, I drove her to get groceries from time to time, but I stayed clear of Johnny.

REDGRAVE

I'm not a cop. I'm here because of Anna, she and I were in the middle of an agreement when she died.

ROSE

What's that got to do with me?

REDGRAVE

I was trying to help protect her claim. The largest deposit on the reservation. I was going to make her rich - but she didn't sign the lease with me - said she had another offer.

ROSE

Come again?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

REDGRAVE

I have a deal with the Bureau of Indian Affairs to help maintain fair control of the Indian claims: extraction, distribution and most importantly around here, protection. Certain people are after that gold and, as you can see, they're willing to murder to get it.

ROSE

Doesn't look like you're doing a very good job.

REDGRAVE

Evidently. Had she signed the lease, she'd be alive and the wealthiest person in Millhaven.

Rose is filling up the Old Man's coffee at the bar.

ROSE

I appreciate the intel, mister, but I got work to do. I have your card (a beat).

She turns away from Redgrave and returns the coffee pot. Tom lowers his paper and signals to meet him out back.

REDGRAVE

Anna's claim was to be inherited by Johnny. Since he was killed sometime last night (a pause) You're the last living relative. It's all yours, Rose.

Rose walks back to the counter with a feigned glimmer of surprise and conviction, as if she didn't know.

ROSE

Why would I believe another smooth talking suit from the city?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

REDGRAVE

(discreetly) Miss O'Byrne, the largest gold claim owned by a single individual in the entire county, as of this morning, is yours. I'd at least explore the idea.

Redgrave produces a file with documents.

REDGRAVE (CONT'D)

Sign the lease and we can execute.
Call me when you're ready.

She accepts the lease documents from Redgrave. A beat.

ROSE

How much is this worth?

REDGRAVE

They say about twenty-five million. Coming from the business myself, I'd say no less than five, maybe seven million a year, for the next five years. Not including extraction and distribution fees of course. That's where I come in. Still, you can count on a few million a year.

A lump collects in her throat - it all worked out.

ROSE

What if I want to do it on my own?

Jacques chuckles and shakes his head, accepting a shot of whiskey from MAVIS.

REDGRAVE

Anyone else will turn your ownership into a fraction. The Indian Affairs deal is your best bet. We're here to help you.

Rose and Jacques share a look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JACQUES

You think all them dead bodies
turning up is a coincidence?

Rose flips through the lease.

ROSE

How can I be sure you and your
Pinkerton gang aren't
carpetbaggers here to strong arm
me?

REDGRAVE

We're the good guys.

JACQUES

We're gonna catch this sonofabitch
who put down your family.

ROSE

This is crazy. I'm gonna have to
get a lawyer.

The men share a look. Jacques responds with a coy smile.

JACQUES

Find a good one. You don't strike
me as the gambling type.

REDGRAVE

I recommend you do look around. (a
beat). But do it fast.

Jacques swallows the whiskey.

JACQUES

We heard you're engaged. That's a
shame.

Tom is furious, he gets up and walks out of the
restaurant. Redgrave notices him leave and, notices he's
injured.

REDGRAVE

My friends here are paid to kick
up dirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

JACQUES

Your fiancée, Bill Hale, isn't it?
The independently ...

REDGRAVE

Impossibly ...

JACQUES

... impossibly wealthy Big Bill
Hale? Now how the hell did a guy
like Hale come from thieving
livestock and bootlegging to
owning half the town?

The Old Man leans forward and interrupts.

OLD MAN

Don't you be bringing Bill into
this Indian business. Bad enough
you harass this poor girl at work!
You have no idea what Bill's done
for this town!

Rose calms the Old Man. An ominous SCORE plays.

ROSE

Easy, Ralph. Don't worry, they
were just leaving.
(to Redgrave and
Jacques)
Think it's time to go.

REDGRAVE

I've got a good idea what he's
done to this town. I'm on my way
to get the whole story from a man
who will tell all. Flipped to
states witness.

(a beat)

I've got a funny inclination you
may have went shopping together,
with Anna, that fateful afternoon.

Rose knows she's been backed into a corner. Jacques
massages the Old Man's shoulder giving him assurance, the
man's eyes widen, froth develops on the side of his
mouth.

JACQUES

Ain't all that shimmer gold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

OLD MAN

(to Rose) He's a goddamn church going Christian for Chrissake. Not like them animals out there on that reservation, killing each other like godless savages!

Redgrave whispers to Rose.

REDGRAVE

You were the last person seen with Anna before she was murdered. We've got an eye witness, after I leave here, I'll also have a confession. I don't believe Bill, and I don't believe you. But, per the will, this claim will go to family, and you're it. No more trouble.

ROSE

Are you accusing me of something?

REDGRAVE

Some stones are better left unturned. For your sake, I'm willing to oblige.

JACQUES

(to the men scattered about the restaurant) Saddle up fellas!

Rose collects the empty cups and glasses along the bar, giving it a wipe down, as the GANG rise and exit the restaurant.

Redgrave takes her hand and slaps a hundred dollar bill in her palm and closes it.

ROSE

You didn't order anything.

Outside a few men fire up their motorcycles; the ROAR of their engines rumble.

REDGRAVE

For the whiskey and your time. Use it wisely.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

REDGRAVE (CONT'D)

(a beat) When you hear the
thunder, best prepare for a storm.

Redgrave exits.

Rose watches him leave and removes her apron, Mavis
approaches her.

MAVIS

You okay, doll?

ROSE

I'm not feeling so hot. I gotta
take the shift off to lie down.

MAVIS

Oh love, I'm sorry. Go on now, get
going. Warm whiskey, cloves, lemon
and stay in bed!

Rose grabs her purse.

ROSE

You're the best, Mavis. Thank you.

MAVIS

Don't mention it, doll. Go on now.
I'm fine here. More tips! (smiles)

Rose gives her a look, passes the COOK and leaves through
the rear door.

EXT. BEAUTY'S DINER - BACK OF RESTAURANT - SECONDS LATER

TOM is in the idling car, ROSE gets in and they leave in
a hurry.

EXT. BEAUTY'S DINER - DAY

TOM's CAR comes from behind the diner and passes the
front of the restaurant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We move into REDGRAVE and the GANG of mercenaries mounting their bikes, the two YOUNG GIRLS flirt with the bikers.

BUTCH pulls up in a cruiser and rolls down the window.

POLICE CHIEF

Harassing the entire town. Now that ain't no way to conduct business. I'm gonna have to serve you with an injunction.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

Come on, Butch. Everyone knows this little backwards town is as crooked a dogs hind leg.

Butch throws the car in park and lifts himself out of the door.

POLICE CHIEF

How's about the story of the good hearted Indian, trying to save his poor brothers and sisters? Oh, yeah. A majority stake in the mining company taking all the Indian Affair claims. And, you won't believe it, he's hired by the state to negotiate the deals. Couldn't be true! Dirty red fingers in two pies. Oh, you thought I didn't know? Called scam artistry. Goddamn capitalist, you are!

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

(looking down at his watch)

I better mosey Butch, got a confession from a rat so deep in this horse shit surprised he's not stuck on the heel of your boot.

POLICE CHIEF

You better tell us who you're talking to! You can't keep that from us.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

I'm most interested in all the murders you've enabled.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE REDGRAVE (CONT'D)

Keeping count? Imagine the future of this tribe had you not accepted all of those bribes and pay offs. They'd have been the wealthiest tribe the country had ever seen. (looking down to his car key and giving them a jingle) I'll know all by noon.

Butch is furious, he moves in closer, almost nose-to-nose with Redgrave - a deep and ceremonial like score plays.

POLICE CHIEF

And what do you think this informant will do for ya? Break down our organization? Been part of this thing my whole life, it's been in our blood for generations. Can't expose what you can't see. But, give it a shot. Might be your kind round here, but I'm always the chief.

CHARLIE REDGRAVE

Don't you have a triple homicide to straighten out? So long, Butch.

Redgrave looks over to Jacques giving him a nod. Charlie slides into his car, considering the sobering reality of Butch's statement. Jacques and gang fire up their engines.

WIDE ON: Redgrave and the Mercenaries drive away from BEAUTY'S.

SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. FORESTED HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Landscapes, wispy clouds, and passing road goes by. We pick up on TOM'S CAR driving deeper into forested roads.

Shafts of sun streak through tall pines.

INT. TOM'S CAR - SAME TIME

TOM is driving and ROSE is seated in the passenger seat.

TOM
You didn't tell him anything,
nothing about me, about Bill?

ROSE
No.

TOM
Who were those other guys?

Rose lights up a cigarette.

ROSE
Jesus, would you calm down?

TOM
The one looking at you like a
piece of meat. You know him?

ROSE
From where? Of course not. Don't
be crazy, Tom. Plus, you're
married and I'm supposed to be
engaged.

Tom is extremely anxious and paranoid.

ROSE (CONT'D)
The suit is some business guy
named Redgrave. Works with Indian
Affairs and wants me to sign a
lease with him.

TOM
I met him. Something off with that
character. Can't put my finger on
it.

ROSE
Well, do you wanna know what he
offered me?

TOM
Did he ask about me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSE

Nothing. He doesn't know anything.
Now why would I tell anyone about
us?

TOM

Maybe I'm being set up. Something
ain't right.

EXT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

A small art deco roadside station, surrounded by open
fields. An old mangy DOG is tied up outside.

TOM is filling up the car. ROSE considers Tom's insight
as she gets out of the passenger seat.

ROSE

How well do you know Redgrave?

A beat. Tom, fiddling with the pump.

TOM

Have you been with that guy?

ROSE

Jesus, Tom! I don't need to be
interrogated by a married man.

TOM

Just tell the truth!

ROSE

You're the only person I've been
with, Tom. I've told you that! Not
even with Bill, the man I'm
supposed to be marrying.

TOM

I hope you're not lying.

Rose grabs Tom by the chin ...

ROSE

I just inherited a multimillion
dollar gold claim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tom raises his finger to tell her to be quiet.

(Rose proceeds in a
quiet tone)

I just inherited a multimillion
dollar claim. That's what those
people wanted from me, okay?
Indian Affairs; they're just
trying to protect the land.

A beat. Tom finishes filling up. He removes the nozzle
and inserts it into the pump.

TOM

Bill told me to protect you. Take
you away so ... nobody could get
at you.

Tom reaches into his pocket and from the stack of cash
pulls out a twenty. He spots the ATTENDANT in the shop,
Tom waves the money at him.

ROSE

Why? You think he knows something
about us?

TOM

He knows something. You're his
meal ticket.

Rose takes it in, but not willingly, the ATTENDANT, (15)
scurries over to accept payment.

TOM

(handing cash to the
attendant)

Here.

Attendant accepts the money.

ATTENDANT

Want the windows cleaned, mister?

TOM

Please. Keep the change, kid.

(to Rose quietly)

Regardless of who Bill suspects,
you can be sure he's gonna kill
you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Attendant cleans the car windows in the background. A TRUCK pulls into the station, sounding the BELL.

ROSE

Maybe he knows you've been fucking me? (the Attendant is inquisitive)
Maybe it's you he'll kill? That ever cross your mind?

TOM

It's possible.

ROSE

I've got gold, what do you have?

TOM

Exactly.

ROSE

Exactly?

TOM

Killing me is pointless. At least until you've signed Hale's lease. You're far more valuable dead than alive.

ROSE

He'd never ...

ATTENDANT

(to the men in the truck) Be with you in a minute.

Rose and Tom look over to the truck: Two Mohawk men, an OLDER HUNTER and YOUNGER HUNTER, tighten the ropes securing the freshly harvested BUCK in the back of their truck.

TOM

If we don't drift, you can be as sure as the nose on your face you'll have a fatal accident.

The Attendant walks over to service the Mohawk men. Tom, engages the Older Hunter. A subtle, but ominous score, plays, something like "GHOSTS AND ALL" by Sarah Davachi.

TOM

This the way down to Owl Lake?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

OLDER HUNTER

Sure is. Follow this road north.
It'll bring you right to the
water.

YOUNGER HUNTER

Hope you got yourselves a cabin.

TOM

Why's that?

ROSE moves forward, to their side of the pumps. YOUNGER HUNTER takes notice, he moves to the soda machine and grabs himself a bottle of Coke.

ROSE

Forecast not looking good?

OLDER HUNTER

Weather looks fine, it's the
coyotes. They're hungry.

YOUNGER HUNTER

Last few days, we had to fire
warning shots.

OLDER HUNTER

Goddamn coyote came right at me
today.

The Younger Hunter comes back to the truck popping two
lids from two bottles.

YOUNGER HUNTER

Seen him with the scope along the
tree line, 'bout a hundred yards
away.

OLDER HUNTER

Could smell the kill.

The Older Hunter takes a bottle from his friend.

YOUNGER HUNTER

Big fella too, (to the Older
Hunter) real mangy you said,
didn't ya?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

OLDER HUNTER

Sure! Came right for me. Even
after the shot. Never seen
anything like it.

The Older fella takes down the entire bottle in one long
swig.

YOUNGER HUNTER

Started to gallop after the first
shot. Either him or me. Sure-as-
shit ain't me! 'Scuse my language.

OLDER HUNTER

Fearless. Put him down real fast.
Need a coat?

The OLDER HUNTER lifts a pelt from the back and lets out
a deep hearted laugh.

TOM

Guess we'll have to be careful.

OLDER HUNTER

I'd say that'd be a good idea.

YOUNGER HUNTER

Nothing to do about the howling.

Tom shares a beat with the Older Hunter whose smile
fades, he notices something about Tom.

TOM

Thanks for the heads up.

ROSE

Thanks for the nightmares.

They all share a smile, except for the Older Hunter.

OLDER HUNTER

(to Rose) You Mohawk, ain't you?

ROSE

Half.

OLDER HUNTER

I can see it in your eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

An uncomfortable beat broken by Tom. The Younger Hunter pays the Attendant.

TOM
Anywhere down the road we can grab
a bite to eat?

YOUNGER HUNTER
Little general store 'bout a mile
ahead. No restaurant.

TOM
Post office in there?

YOUNGER HUNTER
Sure. Post, more fuel, munitions,
and supplies, that shit. Nothing
for miles after that.

Tom opens the door to the car.

TOM
Good to know. Thanks, fellas!

As Tom gets in, The Older Hunter and Rose share a look as she lowers herself into the passenger side.

Tom's car leaves the parking lot.

BLACK FRAME: Accompanied with a startling SOUND TAG and the sound of CHOPPING WOOD.

EXT. CABIN - SUNDOWN

The sun falls below the small wooden cabin, casting shadow. Smoke trickles from the metal chimney, amidst the backdrop of tall pines and cedars. The small front windows glow with firelight.

INT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: ROARING FIRE blazes and CRACKLES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSE is signing papers, but hesitates and looks over to TOM, who is stoking the flames with a log.

ROSE
You're going to leave your wife
... right?

TOM
One step at a time.

Tears collect in Rose's eyes, she drops the pen. Tom gets up from the fire and pours himself a glass of Whiskey. He looks over and notices she's upset. He brings the bottle over to top her up.

TOM
(consoling her)
C'mon. You think I'm gonna let
anyone hurt you?

Tom hands Rose the glass but she walks O.C.

ROSE
What am I gonna do? Bill's a
lunatic!

Rose sits on the hearth with the lease in her hand.

ROSE (CONT'D)
You still didn't answer the
question. Are you going to leave
her?

He stares out of the window - dismissive.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Then I have to leave you, Tom.

Tom looks over to her, and notices the lease in her hand. He walks to the fireplace and sits next to her.

TOM
She never left. Even after the
fighting dried up, after all the
injuries, the pills ... She never
left. If for nothing else, she
took care of the baby.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOM (CONT'D)

I haven't spoken to her in days,
after just taking off to come
here. Then I meet you and get
mixed up in this thing. At the
very least, I owe her some
dignity.

ROSE

Figure it out, Tom. Do it by the
time we leave the cabin. It's
either her or me. That's the deal.

Tom, takes the lease from her hand and places it on a
coffee table. Rose sips the drink and ties up her hair,
lighting a cigarette.

ROSE (CONT'D)

(in a defeated tone)
The lease is signed. Just make
sure you protect me, Tom.

Tom takes it in, her cigarette smoke fills the air. Their
eyes lock through the smoke, illuminated by the
flickering of the fire. Tom, takes the cigarette from her
and throws it into the flames, forcefully kissing her and
aggressively moves down to her neck, she removes her top
with one hand, Tom moves downwards, while Rose pulls him
in tight to her chest. She grasps his head with her
fingers buried in his hair and nails drawn to his scalp.

Rose's body is maneuvered, she's looking down at what Tom
is doing to her. WE MOVE CLOSE TO: Rose's reaction - we
hear CLOTHES AND BELTS coming undone. She's in erotic
ecstasy - her eyes roll to a close. He's gone down on
her. Now CLOSE ON: Rose, her eyes open, staring into the
fire, she's somewhere else.

EXT. CABIN - SUNRISE

The sunrise slowly flares through the trees above the
peak of the cabin like an all seeing eye. Smoke trickles
into the sky from the small chimney. A crow CAWS just as
TOM strikes a block of wood with an axe.

ANGLE ON: Tom splits a log into pieces.

INT. CABIN - SAME TIME

Embers smolder in the fireplace.

ROSE wakes up to a crow CAW.

EXT. LAKE SIDE - MORNING

TOM stokes the fire on the pebble beach next to the lake. He looks O.S. ROSE comes into the foreground.

EXT. LAKE SIDE - LATER

Tom pulls a coffee pot from the fire and pours Rose a cup of coffee, she is seated next to him, shrouded by a wool blanket.

ROSE
I'd like to go out on the lake.
Can we?

Tom pokes at the fire. He absorbs her request as he returns to filling his cup.

TOM
You know how to canoe?

ROSE
It's in my blood.

A beat.

TOM
Alright, you get the paddles.

She squeezes his arm with a big smile. He pokes at the fire again, the flames crackle and spit flecks of ash, ambers, and smoke into the sky. A distant SHOTGUN echoes.

Rose smiles, wrapping the blanket tightly over her shoulders she walks O.S. Tom watches her over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXT. ON THE WATER - LATER

Through the tree dotted shoreline, we FOLLOW Tom and Rose navigate the canoe through light rapids.

P.O.V. from the front of the boat navigating through the water as it plunges into a bath.

REVERSE ON: ROSE struggling.

ANGLE ON: TOM struggling to captain the canoe.

TOM
Not too far, Rose! If we ruin the
boat I want to be able to hike
back before dark!

HIGH ANGLE ON: the BOAT, the frothy rapids spit them out from the rush and into frame.

EXT. LAKE - BAY - LATER

WIDE ON: LAKE, traversed by the canoe coasting through a small and pristine bay, the water is like glass. A LOON calls across the lake.

ZOOM INTO: The canoe, reflection of the forest mirrors its image on the water.

TOM attempts to paddle back but ROSE grabs onto his paddle.

ROSE
Just drift. There's no rush.

A beat between them. TOM withdraws his paddle into the boat.

ROSE
I could live out here with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

Until the frost. What would you do then?

ROSE

I'd survive. You'd need me.

TOM

I bet I would.

ROSE

We can go anywhere now, anywhere in the world, we can do anything we want.

A LOON cries again.

TOM

You certain nobody knows you came out here?

ROSE

Certain.

TOM

Positive?

ROSE

I never told anyone, Tom.

Tom slides back into the boat and pulls up his collar and reaches for his cigarettes.

ROSE

If you could go anywhere, where would it be?

Tom lights a cigarette and crosses his heels.

TOM

To the house I grew up in, thirty years ago. I used to hide in a tree in the back garden - alone.

ROSE

I mean now, somewhere special together. Somewhere exotic. Tibet, Nepal, (a beat) Hollywood?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

An uncomfortable beat between them.

ROSE (CONT'D)
You're coming with me, wherever I
go.

TOM
We'll see.

Rose turns.

ROSE
We'll see? Tom, you're kidding me?

A beat.

TOM
I said, we'll see. Let's get this
thing settled first.

Rose turns back to the lake, raising her paddle.

ROSE
I just signed those papers - for
us, Tom!

A crow flies above them and CAWS, ROSE looks up, setting
her paddle back in the boat.

TOM's paddle soars into frame smashing the side of Rose's
skull, collapsing her body into the canoe. Blood pours
from her head. A pool forms around her as her eyes
flicker, she reaches up in shock.

LOW ANGLE ON: TOM kneels above her looking down, shocked
with his own actions. Rose squirms and looks up for help,
confused. He slams the blunt end of the paddle down onto
her head, tears roll from his eyes. The assault becomes
more fierce as he repeats. On the third strike, he
capsizes the boat.

CAMERA BOBS BETWEEN THE SURFACE and UNDERWATER

ROSE gurgles and thrashes, weak and badly injured.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TOM grabs hold of her head and firmly holds it underwater.

UNDERWATER

The thrashing, gurgling and struggling builds and then slowly comes to an end. Rose's eyes become wide and vacant, the blood from her face clouds the water around her. Tom's grip loosens.

Her hair floats peacefully and a beam of light glows around her head.

EXT. SHORELINE - MOMENTS LATER

We FOLLOW behind TOM, dragging the canoe along the shoreline, through the pines, with Rose's lifeless body inside.

EXT. RAPIDS - LATER

TOM arrives at the top of a powerful waterfall. He breaks off a branch from a tree and throws it into the rapids, watching it float over the edge.

EXT. RAPIDS - EDGE OF THE FALLS - MOMENTS LATER

TOM is waist deep in the water holding on to the shore and maneuvering the canoe with ROSE inside. He sets it free down the rapids.

TOM watches the boat float off the edge of the falls.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The boat falling in SLOW MOTION peacefully, into the mist below. The sound of RUSHING WATER becomes powerful and overwhelmingly loud.

EXT. CABIN - LATER

A brooding Silence fills the air as TOM arrives back at the cabin. He spots a COYOTE near the car. Tom and the beast share a look before it wanders off into the forest. SCORE in and continues over the next scene, something like "ROAD TO PERDITION" by Thomas Newman.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FORESTED ROAD - LATER

TOM'S CAR speeds along the road home.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - MOMENTS LATER

TOM'S CAR is parked outside. A few LOCALS sit on the front porch.

INT. GENERAL STORE - LATER

TOM stuffs all of his cash into an envelope, hides it between cartons of Black Cat cigarettes which he stuffs into a postage box.

TOM tapes up the box and hands it over to the CLERK (70s), overweight woman, bad hair, in an animal patterned dress. The Clerk looks at him with suspicion, he is dripping wet, his clothes tattered.

TOM

Do you have a phone in here?

CLERK

One in the back (pause) on the wall. Same day or regular post?

TOM (O.C.)

As soon as possible.

CLERK

Same day. That'll be ten thirty-nine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tom pays the clerk, she notices the wad of cash he has, her suspicion grows.

PHONE

The CLERK watches Tom at the back of the store on the phone, she raises her brows, she's been caught looking and returns to her magazine. Tom turns for privacy.

TOM

It's Tom, Bill. Tom!

The Clerk looks back at Tom again.

TOM

Everything is taken care of. I'm coming back now to collect (a beat) have it ready. All of it.

Tom hangs up the phone.

DISSOLVE TO:

UNDERWATER - SAME TIME

Looking up from the depth of the bay, ROSE's lifeless body drifts face down toward us. She is back lit from the sun above. The image is majestic and surreal. The peacefulness is ruptured as she is pulled from the water by LARGE HANDS.

INT. TOM'S CAR - LATER

TOM drives towards Millhaven, passing WORKERS erecting a new town sign.

EXT. FAIRFAX HOTEL - LATER

TOM sees a late-model CADILLAC parked half on the curb, out front, the passenger door is wide open.

EXT. FAIRFAX - BACK ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

STREET KIDS chase each other down the back alley. TOM parks his car. He walks into the back door.

INT. FAIRFAX HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

TOM proceeds down the hallway and enters his room. The door is unlocked.

INT. FAIRFAX HOTEL - TOM'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TOM looks around, the window is open, from the adjacent shadow, a GUN COCKS. BIG BILL HALE has Tom's Luger aimed at him. Bill motions Tom to sit.

TOM

Bill?

Tom notices a large bag next to him and a pool of blood collecting beneath Bill's shoes. He follows the trail upwards to Bill's body.

TOM

What happened?

BIG BILL HALE

Mercenaries came to the house. I was there with Vin. I knew it was him!

TOM

Where's Vince?

BIG BILL HALE

I put him down like disobedient dog. Had that ungrateful scoundrel followed, got pictures of him and Rose. Behind my back. He was setting me up, Tom. Little bastard was trying to steal her and the land. After all I did for him.

TOM

He's dead?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIG BILL HALE

Invited him up to the house to get rid of him. No sooner had he arrived when Redgrave's posse roll up looking for a fight. (touching his wound, painfully). Jesus!

(a pause)

He sold me out - so I killed every last one of 'em.

TOM

Pass me the piece, Bill and I'll get you some help.

Bill raises the weapon at Tom.

BIG BILL HALE

The lease first, King.

TOM

Not the deal, Bill.

BIG BILL HALE

Lease first!

TOM

Give me the pistol. Lease is in the car.

SIRENS sound from outside.

BIG BILL HALE

Goddammit!

Bill stumbles to the edge of the window, looking down to the street.

BIG BILL HALE

Look at my fucking car.

Tom takes a few quick steps in and with a hard left drops the old man to the floor.

Tom takes his gun and aims the pistol at Bill, crumpled on the ground, his old hands grasp for something, his pills spill everywhere. Tom stands above casting a shadow on Bill's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE ON: Tom looking out of the window to the street below.

TOM'S P.O.V. the SIRENS roar as two POLICE CRUISERS stop out front. Two COPS emerge from each driver side, taking aim from behind the hoods of their cruisers. The third COP takes aim from behind the driver's door.

EXT. FAIRFAX HOTEL - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

A POLICE CRUISER comes to a stop behind Tom's car. The COP climbs the backfire escape.

INT. TOM'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Big Bill struggles to one elbow and desperately jams a pill in his mouth. He wipes blood from his nose with his sleeve.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

TOM frantically walks down the hallway and bursts through the fire escape door.

FIRE ESCAPE - STAIRCASE - SCONDS LATER

TOM quickly descends the stairs when he notices the COP from the alleyway coming up. The Cop begins to chase after Tom. Tom crashes though the fire escape for the next floor.

NEXT FLOOR DOWN

Tom races to the opposite fire exit when a bullet hits him in the side, knocking him over. His assailant continues to fire, but Tom maintains his escape, badly wounded he tries to return a shot from his empty Luger before crashing through the fire exit.

EXT. FAIRFAX HOTEL - STREET - SAME TIME

HIGH ANGLE ON: four COPS are positioned taking aim news to their cars, POLICE CHIEF (BUTCH), shuffles out front and center looking up at the building. The Chief waddles back to the car to retrieve something.

REDGRAVE maneuvers past the COPS.

Police Chief waddles back into frame with a megaphone - he turns it on, FEEDBACK blares for a second and then --

POLICE CHIEF

Bill, we know you're up there! Put
them hands out of the window where
we can see 'em.

ALLEYWAY - SAME TIME

TOM starts his car and drives off down the alley. From the same fire exit, the COP bursts through the door, taking aim, but there are too many CHILDREN around making the shot too dangerous.

INT. FAIRFAX HOTEL - TOM'S ROOM - SAME TIME

BIG BILL HALE raises himself up from the floor. He unzips the bag and removes a Springfield bolt action rifle. He inches his back against the wall and peers out.

BIG BILL HALE

That you, Butch?!

Bill LOCKS and LOADS his weapon. He positions the weapon, taking aim, lining up his target through the scope.

POLICE CHIEF (O.C)

Sure is. Now Bill, we just need
you to show them hands. Nobody is
gonna get hurt, sure this is all a
big ... misunderstanding.

EXT. FAIRFAX HOTEL - STREET - CONTINUOUS

The POLICE are aimed at the window, CHARLIE REDGRAVE flanks the POLICE CHIEF.

POLICE CHIEF
(to Redgrave) Well, I'll be. So much for them undercover knights fighting for the poor. Not to fret, my flunkies got the ring leader surrounded (with a coy smile) Sounds of it, you gonna need some more men.

Redgrave is furious.

REDGRAVE
Who did you send to the cabin?

POLICE CHIEF
Cabin? That's near an hour away son. We ain't allowed to cover another man's jurisdiction. If you don't mind, we've got your mess to clean up here.

Redgrave makes his way past the cops.

INT. FAIRFAX HOTEL - TOM'S ROOM - SAME TIME

BIG BILL HALE
Just wait till I produce them ledgers Butch! All the payments I made to you!

POLICE CHIEF (O.C.)
Now come on, Bill! No need to be fabricatin tales!

EXT. FAIRFAX HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

LOW ANGLE ON: the COPS share a look, the POLICE CHIEF, lowers the megaphone and passes it off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICE CHIEF (CONT'D)

Well, if that's the way he's gonna
be - let him have it. Smoke him
out!

INT. FAIRFAX HOTEL - TOM'S ROOM - SAME TIME

BIG BILL HALE is leaning against the wall, he checks his bleeding wound and gasps. A smoke bomb shoots into the window, hits the wall and rolls to a stop, engulfing the room in a cloud of WHITE SMOKE.

EXT. FAIRFAX HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The CROWD below stand guard in anticipation. A beat.

The smoke bomb is thrown from the window and rolls to a stop next to the Chief's FEET.

The crowd look back up at the window.

We digest the Police Chief's reaction, a pause, when suddenly a bullet rips through the chief's throat.

ANGLE ON: THE WINDOW, Bill locks, loads and lines up the next target.

ANGLE ON: A YOUNG COP stumbles backwards trying to cover his face firing blindly. He's tagged through his hand and forehead.

EXT / INT. CAR - MILLHAVEN TOWN LINE - LATER

TOM'S CAR speeds past the town line. The car begins to wobble and weave past a few cigarette huts. Inside, Tom is bleeding badly, he pulls off the road, a trail of dust follows his car into the parking lot of ...

EXT. HEWITT'S DINER - PARKING LOT - DUSK

Tom's CAR comes to a stop next to a truck. In shock, faint with blood loss, TOM struggles to get out of the car and finds the tire flat. Reluctantly, he makes his way inside.

INT. HEWITT'S DINER - MOMENTS LATER

The diner hasn't changed since the nineteen-fifties. A long formica counter runs along the back wall, behind it is a charcoal grill. LOCALS sit on the dozen stools that line the bar. TOM, sweating and grey, finds a seat at the bar where he is greeted by a WAITRESS (70s), old age hidden beneath thick make-up.

WAITRESS

Drink?

TOM

Matches, please. Beer?

From under the counter, the WAITRESS produces a pack of matches for Tom, noticing the ill look about him.

WAITRESS

Only one kind.

Tom lights up.

TOM

Anything. You got steak?

WAITRESS

Sure. Steak and eggs, steak and fries, steak and onions, or steak and potatoes.

TOM

Your biggest steak, rare, and fries.

WAITRESS

(to the cook) Steak bloody and fry crisp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Waitress pulls a beer from the fridge, pops the lid off, hands it to Tom.

EXT. HEWITT'S DINER - PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

A family station wagon pulls into the lot. A beautiful YOUNG WOMAN (20s) and her DAUGHTER (6), get out of the wagon. The driver, RED LYONS (20s), is the family's tough but handsome father (Tom's opponent from the fight he lost). Red walks into the restaurant while his wife and child cross the country road to buy fruit.

INT. HEWITT'S DINER - SAME TIME

The COOK drops a raw t-bone steak on the grill, the WAITRESS turns up the volume on the TELEVISION propped above the grill.

FEMALE REPORTER

Reports just in from Millhaven, where police have shot and killed local businessman, William Hale.

MALE REPORTER

They are telling us that a battle began at Hale's home where his nephew and three unidentified men have been pronounced dead.

FEMALE REPORTER

The gunplay continued after the millionaire fled his home, waiting for authorities at his downtown hotel. The situation left two police officers fatally wounded.

MALE REPORTER

Mr. Hale, more famously known to locals as Big Bill ...

The station changes to a state Lottery ...

The Waitress and Cook watch in anticipation.

WAITRESS

I win this, I'm gettin' the hell outta dodge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM
(to the waitress)
Men's room?

A STEEL WORKER (50s), covered in filthy work clothes sits across the bar watching Tom suspiciously. The Waitress directs Tom to the end of the restaurant.

The Cook drops a few hamburger patties onto the grill, next to Tom's steak.

COOK
Put it all in the bank, or better yet, under the bed. Except maybe a hundred grand or so. Save it for college, for my kids.

Tom swallows down the entire bottle of beer and moves to the men's room, leaving his cigarette burning.

WAITRESS
Mine wouldn't piss on me if I was on fire. One way ticket outta here.

COOK
And what about your old man? He's like a motherfucking weed up in this town. You know he ain't never gonna leave that front porch.

Cook delivers a steak and fries onto the back counter and hits the BELL.

WAITRESS
Don't spoil the dream ...

The Waitress picks up the order but stands next to the Cook watching the falling lottery balls.

LOTTERY ANNOUNCER
6, 1, 7, 8, 37, 22

Back to reality. The Waitress, shaking her head, delivers Tom's food and notices blood on the counter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Looking up, she watches Tom struggle towards the restroom with his bag slung over his shoulder. She wipes the blood from the formica counter.

MAN (O.C.)

Can I get menu over here?

The Waitress turns her attention to the loud patron.

INT. WASHROOM - SAME TIME

TOM stands at a mirror, this is what its all come to. He wipes his mouth with a linen cloth, presumably after having been sick. We can see from his complexion, his condition is worsening. He turns on the faucet.

INT. DINING ROOM - RED'S BOOTH

The WAITRESS approaches RED and hands him a menu. Before she can leave he places his order.

RED

Cheeseburger, loaded with fries. A
grilled cheese, no crust, with
fries, and a salad, whatever you
think is your best, dressing on
the side.

WAITRESS

Big appetite.

RED

My wife and girl are across the
road.

Waitress looks across the road.

WAITRESS

Just teasing. I saw'em. Anything
to drink?

RED

Milk for the girl, and two coffees
for the wife and I.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Waitress jots it down, smiles, and leaves. Red heads to the washroom.

BATHROOM - SAME TIME

TOM cleans off his bloodied hands, splashes water on his pale face, and takes a long look at himself when, through the mirror, he notices Red, approach the sink next to him.

Tom looks back over at Red, washing his hands. The silence is broken.

TOM
You know who I am?

Red, stops and turns, unimpressed.

RED
You got me?

A beat.

TOM
No idea?

RED
Some kind of pervert?

Red washes turns off his tap, shakes off the water from his hands and reaches past Tom for a towel. He dries his hands deliberately staring at Tom through the mirror.

TOM
We fought.

A beat. Red give him a more serious examination.

RED
Suppose I ought to say sorry for the beating. (a beat) I know, cause ain't never lost.

Red tosses his towel into the bin and turns to the door. Tom follows him out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A TRUCK's menacing HORN grows in the distance.

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

RED walks out of the restroom, TOM shuffles down the aisle behind him.

TOM

Hey, Red!

Red turns to back to Tom just as the transport truck's HORN grows deafeningly loud and present, Red looks towards the window, Tom looks down the aisle to ...

RESTAURANT AISLE

The WAITRESS carries two coffees and a glass of milk to RED'S BOOTH when a third and prolonged HORN turns into SQUEALING tires and a metallic SMASH. The Waitress drops the tray, SHATTERING the glass, milk and coffee hit the floor.

Red looks out of the window in a panic.

The COOK pounces over the counter and out of the door ending on ...

The Waitress, in the foreground, peering out of window, turns to Red, they share a look ...

It hits Red like a left hook - his family!

Red and the Waitress run outside.

Tom sees the scene through the window of the now empty restaurant as he shuffles back to the bar.

Tom reaches his stool and sits. His meal is there on the counter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVERSE

Tom cuts into the steak, behind him, is the tableaux of chaos unfolding outside: A car is flipped on its hood, engulfed in smoke, flames, and falling debris.

EXT. HEWITT'S DINER - PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

We FOLLOW RED, push his way past a small cluster of PATRONS collecting in the parking lot, he moves past the COOK and the WAITRESS, arriving at the scene...

THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT

A DRIVER (50s) struggles to get out of the wreckage.

INT. HEWITT'S DINER - SAME TIME

Tom's knife cuts and slices into the flesh, removing large morsels of steak, leaving a pool of blood on the plate.

EXT. THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT - SAME TIME

CAMERA pushes through the smoke, flames grow in size and fury. The DRIVER pulls himself. Just then the smoke clears momentarily, behind the wreckage, revealing the YOUNG WOMAN (Red's Wife), her hands covering her mouth.

RED looks down from his wife's eyes to the ground, his gaze widens, where is his daughter?

REVERSE: now CLOSE ON his wife, she steps forward and from the wreckage their DAUGHTER plunges into her arms.

INT. HEWITT'S DINER - SAME TIME

The COOK, returns to the grill, still watching outside, while flipping the burgers. The WAITRESS enters ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COOK

That was some fucked up shit.

TOM puts his bag down on the counter and produces some cash. He gives the Waitress two one-hundred dollar bills.

TOM

Split it.

COOK

(speechless) You didn't finish the steak?

Both the Waitress and Cook can see Tom is not well. Tom's face is pitch white, sweat collects on his brow, he musters together the strength to speak.

TOM

I need a favor. (Tom produces the envelope with the lease and place it on the bar)

WAITRESS

You okay?

TOM

It's very important that this man (he places Redgrave's card on the lease), gets this envelope.

The Waitress is reluctant, her and the cook share a look.

WAITRESS

(taken aback) I - it's not that I don't trust you but ...

COOK

Shit man! You bleeding? You ought to be out wait'n on them ambulance too.

TOM raises his bloodied finger to his lips telling them to be quiet. He pulls out another hundred.

TOM

No lottery, I know. No funny stuff, just very important. No matter what - please get it to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Cook reaches past the Waitress, takes the envelope, the card, and snatches the extra money.

COOK

Don't you worry nothing mister.
Good as done.

TOM

Thank you.

Tom zips up his bag and shuffles out of the diner, leaving the Waitress and Cook dumbfounded.

EXT. FORESTED ROAD - SAME TIME

REDGRAVE'S CAR speeds along the country road, a flashing Police light is mounted on his roof. The YOUNGER HUNTER flags him down. The elder Mohawk emerges with ROSE's body in his arms.

EXT. HEWITT'S DINER - PARKING LOT - SECONDS LATER

TOM exits the diner and crosses the parking lot against the orange haze of the setting sun. He opens the trunk of his car and retrieves a jack, cross wrench, and spare tire. Tom drops the spare onto the asphalt and proceeds to remove the hubcap and loosens the lug nuts, one-by-one, dropping them into the cap. Each twist of the wrench is amplified by the approaching sound of police and ambulance SIRENS.

"FALLIN' RAIN" by Link Wray plays. The accident in the background ERUPTS in a sudden burst of flames. Oblivious, Tom works away, although his effort is seemingly futile, he begins to hoist up the frame.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END