

INT. WAREHOUSE NEAR BROKEN BOW, OKLAHOMA--NIGHT

A greasy rag is thrust into a male chest from which protrudes the metal point from a crossbow's arrow.

PULL BACK to reveal a scruffily bearded MAN in his late thirties staggering and heaving for breath. Holding the rag to his wound is BOLGER, a smaller man of roughly the same age with scars on his face.

BOLGER
Easy...easy...

MAN
TAKE IT OUT!

BOLGER
It's barbed and got a fletching...

MAN
SONOFABITCH!

The wounded MAN lurches, pawing the air before collapsing.

WHIP PAN with BOLGER as he runs out the door.

EXT. WAREHOUSE--NIGHT

BOLGER sprints to a suped-up El Camino, tears open the door, starts it, and backs up. He screeches to a stop at the door to the warehouse, leaps from his car and rushes back into the building.

Moments later he emerges with the now comatose body, staggering somewhat comically under its weight and heaving it clumsily into the bed of the El Camino.

He rushes to the driver's door of the car, ripping it open to face a cocked crossbow. He ducks just as the arrow pierces the window behind his head.

He pulls a pistol from his belt and fires blindly at the FIGURE in the passenger seat. The FIGURE takes a slug in the shoulder and slams against the door frame. BOLGER heaves himself into the car and begins kicking at the man's wounded shoulder. The FIGURE yanks the door handle and tumbles out onto the ground with his crossbow.

BOLGER guns the engine, spinning a cloud of gravel and dust.

On the ground the FIGURE manages to load another arrow and fire it at a back tire, puncturing it.

The tire blows and rips off the wheel rim sending a spray of sparks as the car yaws across the warehouse parking lot then around a corner and out of view.

The strains of ZZ Top's LA GRANGE begin, and the song blasts out over the titles slamming into:

INT. CLASSROOM--BROWN UNIVERSITY--DAY

PROFESSOR BILL KINCAID, late thirties, lectures his class. Without a beard, and without as much weathering, he's identical to the MAN we just encountered with an arrow jutting from his chest.

BILL is sure of himself, but not arrogant, even a little awkward as brilliant people can be. It's clear from the rapt attention of the packed room that his students adore him.

BILL

Socrates has just proved why human appetite distracts us. Then enter Alcibiades, a drunk beautiful man hopelessly in love with his mentor. Passion, Plato is saying, however destructive, is essentially and mercilessly human. The best we can do is quell it with ruthless discipline. To Socrates the healthy life comprises endless vigilance in which the individual spends his time excising those forces that confuse or weaken him.

He steps carefully to the front of his lectern, engaging the students eye to eye.

BILL

And why? Why does he implore that we devote our lives to that sort of control, meaning our every waking moment, living ruthlessly by tenets meticulously laid down for the attainment of elusive *ataraxia*, the *happiness* for which the Greeks beautifully and tragically strove?

(MORE)

BILL (cont'd)

Because as every philosopher from Plato to Aristotle to Diogones to Epicurus pointed out, the balance of a happy life, like truth itself, is illusory, and once in your gorgeously flawed human way you feel you've attained it, you are pretending divinity, and like Icarus, you'll go flaming into the sea.

After pausing for effect, he grins.

BILL

So remember that this weekend when you're pouring beer into yourselves imagining you've got life all figured out.

EXT. CAMPUS--DAY

BILL walks with PROFESSOR MORTIMER LAUGHLIN, a stodgy colleague.

LAUGHLIN

What's your schedule over the next month?

BILL

I'll have Maggie get you a copy.

LAUGHLIN

Because we need to meet the board of study, and I was thinking we could do it at Professor Workman's so his wife can cook and we can all get quietly drunk.

BILL

Good thinking.

LAUGHLIN

Dean Griswald has some ignominious notion about changing the distribution requirement, so we're going to have to endure his droning and the endless aphorisms in Greek.

BILL

Next week's better for me.

LAUGHLIN

Are we headed somewhere?

BILL stops.

BILL
Why do you say that?

LAUGHLIN
Rumors.

BILL looks out across the green.

BILL
I'm not going anywhere, Mortimer.
This is my home.

LAUGHLIN
I'm relieved to hear it. We'd miss
you tremendously, especially the
students.

BILL
I appreciate that.

INT. BILL'S OFFICE--DAY

BILL sits across from ANNE GREENSTEIN, an eager young coed,
during office hours.

ANNE
So I was thinking about doing a
sort of contrast between Apollo and
Dionysus.

BILL
You should read Nietzsche's *BIRTH
OF TRAGEDY*.

She writes it down.

BILL
He says tragedy emerges out of a
clash between Apollo, the God of
structure and control, and
Dionysus, the God of abandon.
Their struggle inside the human
condition is inevitable, and from
it came the most salient art form
the world has known.

ANNE
Tragedy?

BILL
Don't you think?

ANNE
I like comedies. You want to see a
movie?

He eyes the door to make sure it's open.

BILL
I'm sorry Miss Greenstein, but no.

ANNE
Did you get my note?

BILL
I did.

ANNE
And?

BILL
It was very clever of you to write
it in Latin.

ANNE
With the repeated use of the
passive periphrastic?

BILL
Quite profligate.

ANNE
And where I was sending up Cicero
with all those alliterative
adjectives hurtling themselves into
the verbs?

BILL
None of this was lost on me.

ANNE
So?

BILL
Anne, you're fetching in your way,
and very bright, but there are
certain rules, *mores* if you will,
lines we don't cross...

She nods, grinning.

ANNE

Uh huh.

BILL

This isn't a joke.

She moves to the door and shuts it.

BILL

Miss Greenstein, I'm going to have to ask you...please don't shut that door...

He rises as she begins intoning in sonorously delivered Latin.

ANNE

Lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artis
flamma deamat, sonitu suo pte

BILL

Catullus 51, the Lesbia cycle,
yes...

She takes off her shirt to reveal a thick floral bra, and moves to him. He stumbles back over his chair.

BILL

Absolutely not, Miss Greenstein...

ANNE

tintinant aures, gemina et teguntur
lumina nocte...

He rises and she begins kissing him. He struggles to resist as the door opens, revealing MAGGIE HARMON, the prim department secretary.

MAGGIE

Oh, excuse me.

She moves to shut the door.

MAGGIE

I'll just...

BILL

Miss Greenstein was just leaving.
Please don't go Maggie.

ANNE gathers her books and shirt and makes a quick embarrassed exit.

BILL
Maggie, that wasn't... Nothing...

MAGGIE
You don't have to say anything.

BILL
I mean it...she...

MAGGIE
They're all in love with you...just like at Harvard.

BILL
Who told you about that? Today on the green Professor Laughlin...why is everyone--?

MAGGIE
This is the Classics Department. No one's more gossipy than you people. I spent two years in Comp Lit and I thought they were bad.

BILL
I'm headed up to Cambridge tomorrow.

MAGGIE
I don't want to know.

INT. TRUCKSTOP NEAR IDABEL, OKLAHOMA--NIGHT

TIGHT on the bearded and dissipated face of BRADY, the very MAN we saw in the first scene: identical to BILL but for a scruffy beard and miles of bad road.

BRADY
We don't deal in crystal meth, we don't deal in cocaine, rock stuff or the powder. Don't deal in nothin' yer gonna heat up in a spoon and shoot in yer arm. Pills? Pharmaceuticals, hell no by'n large. Yer black molly's MAYBE gonna pass through these hands on its way somewheres on account of I used to pop 'em in highschool to get my homework done, but that's generally where we draw the line. Nosir, pure Oklahoma grown.

(MORE)

BRADY (cont'd)
Ain't gonna blow my house up mixin'
antihistamine into dynamite, ain't
gonna sell shit's gotta pass
through a needle. Our people was
bootleggers 'fore all this. More
of a science nowadays, I'll grant
you that.

Beside BRADY sits BOLGER.

WADDELL and SHAVER, two shaggy truckers face them.

SHAVER
He says you change your mind, get
you north.

BOLGER
He mentioned Texas?

SHAVER
Texas ain't gonna happen.

WADDELL
Think we don't want to sell in
Texas?

SHAVER
Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri.

BRADY turns and spits theatrically. The men watch,
unwittingly mesmerized by the expectorant's trajectory.

BRADY
Ain't intersted.

SHAVER
He says you better get yer mind
round bein' intersted.

BRADY
Meanin'?

SHAVER
Meanin' yer choice is expandin' yer
business or shuttin' down entirely.
Then how you gonna pay yer debts?

BRADY
What happened to Fatback?

WADDELL
Arrested last week.

BRADY
The Rawls feller up in Liberty
Mounds?

WADDELL
Blowed his house up.

BRADY
Tough times.

WADDELL
Ain't it the truth.

BRADY
Used to be a few trip wires, booby
traps, good pack o' dogs, live out
there on the property, pay off yer
local constable. Like growin'
wheat. War on Drugs even passed us
by. Sure you had yer Christians,
but we stayed outa their bidness
generally. Never sold in town,
never sold to kids was gonna deal
around schools or churches.

SHAVER
Regular saint.

BRADY
Now they got this war on terror.
Messicans is back out of the
bidness with the border'n all, but
you could spend yer life in prison
for holdin' a dime bag.

SHAVER
Not that I ain't intersted in the
travails of small time drug dealin'-
-

BRADY
Callin' me small time?

SHAVER
--but we got to make it to Tulsa.

BRADY
You know I was the first grower in
this state employed hydroponics?

WADDELL
What's hydroponics?

He turns to BOLGER.

BRADY
 You hear this?
 (back to SHAVER)
 Germinatin' in water shithead. You
 know how many generations of
 hybridization I've done to get my
 three top varietals?

WADDELL
 Uh...

BRADY
 There's a damn reason I grow the
 best.

SHAVER
 Enough, Brady. What's it gonna be?

BRADY squirms.

BRADY
 See he ain't put a timetable on
 this deal.

SHAVER
 Not how he sees it.

BRADY
 I'da knowed about a timetable--

SHAVER
 Shut yer face about a timetable.
 He's offerin' you a way out. You
 just got to grab that ring. But
 you sure as shit better, 'cause
 it's a long way down.

EXT. BRADY'S GROW HOUSE--NIGHT

A large low steel building hides deep in back woods under an enormous stretch of camouflage netting secured by poles. BRADY and BOLGER appear, and BRADY fishes a prodigious ring of keys he uses to negotiate a door bolted several times over.

INT. GROW HOUSE--NIGHT

Inside stand several dozen rows of marijuana plants basking in the light of 600 watt sodium bulbs.

They stretch a good thirty yards back; the scale is industrial and wildly impressive.

BOLGER moves to a wall of switches and fuses, and flips several levers. A blast of mist shoots from above while a lattice of sprinklers comes to life below.

BRADY stares, a hint of sadness and fear playing across his face while BOLGER unhooks a door in the floor, disappearing down stairs into a basement.

INT. CUTTING ROOM--NIGHT

BOLGER sits at a computer staring at an elaborate spreadsheet.

BRADY chops and cleans the tops of mature plants on a pristine Formica table under the white glare of fluorescent light.

BOLGER

A year, maybe a year and a half if it gets slow.

BRADY

Hell.

BOLGER

We get back up into Broken Bow...

BRADY

Fuller boys ain't gonna let that happen.

BOLGER

You agree to expand--

BRADY

Nosir.

BOLGER

You'd have Broken Bow again plus the whole southeast.

BRADY

He'd have to kill Bobby and Cody, and he ain't gonna do that.

BOLGER

Maybe they do the pills and powders'n you stick with this.

BRADY
Ain't gonna be no damn part of
that.

BOLGER
Might want to get with the times.

His work done, BRADY finishes rolling himself a joint.

BRADY
Bolger, I only manufacture what I
ingest into my own sweet self.

He lights it, takes a long toke, then expansively models a
cleaned bud.

BRADY
Just look at that bud structure.
How you gonna get tighter'n that,
and with that crystal density?
Distilled to its pure form. Just
glides down and blooms in yer
belly, give you pure goodness in a
world overtook by evil.

BOLGER
That world's gonna be there you get
high on dope or not. You knowed
what you was gettin' into with him,
and he sure as shit ain't goin'
away.

BRADY
My minds workin' on it.

EXT. IDABEL REST HOME--DAY

BRADY gets out of his truck carrying a small stack of papers
and clippings.

INT. IDABEL REST HOME--DAY

BRADY enters and walks to the front desk where BIG JOE
SHARPE, in sheriff's uniform, sips coffee in front of a large
glazed donout while chatting up SHARON, a middle aged-
receptionist.

BRADY
Hey Sharon.

SHARON looks up from a computer terminal and smiles.

SHARON
She's in the main room.

BRADY
Hey Big Joe.

BIG JOE offers a look that's none too kind.

BIG JOE
Brady.

INT. IDABEL REST HOME MAIN ROOM--DAY

BRADY finds DAISY, his eccentric hippie mother who's at least a decade shy of needing to be there, staring out across rolling hills through the main room's picture window.

He sits in a chair beside her.

DAISY
When I got word your dad was killed I wondered whether he'd wanted that. Somehow I got this picture of him runnin' toward a machine gun nest 'cause he'd rather die that way than come back to Little Dixie and grow old to stare through a window.

BRADY
He was on about every drug you could imagine. Hard to figure what he was thinkin'. And ain't nobody makin' you set in here.

DAISY
He had two kids, a busty young wife and a great mind. Could've stayed home, nobody would have blamed him, not even the law.

BRADY
He ain't seen it that way.

DAISY
Needed the danger he said. Do you remember him at all?

BRADY
Remember smellin' dope for the first time.

DAISY
That certainly had its impact.

BRADY doesn't respond.

DAISY
You brought me any?

He reaches in his pocket, hands over a dime bag.

In the background CNN offers a casualty report from the insurgency in Iraq.

DAISY
Change the Goddamn channel!

Someone does.

DAISY
You know why Virginia Woolf offed herself?

BRADY
I don't, mama.

DAISY
Because she couldn't stand the thought of another war. All these kids dyin' in another country we don't understand.

BRADY
Why don't you come and stay with me'n Colleen?

DAISY
"Colleen and me."

BRADY
Colleen and me.

DAISY
What's your aversion to proper grammar?

BRADY
Give it up, Mom.

DAISY
Tryin' to be one with the people? You figure it's elitist to make a subject and verb agree?

BRADY

You ain't answered my question.
You're a dozen years younger'n
everyone else.

DAISY

I like it here. Can do what I
want. Not eager to be stranded
when you get killed or taken back
to prison either.

BRADY

That ain't gonna happen.

DAISY

Of course it is. You're too deep
in.

BRADY

Colleen's pregnant.

DAISY

You don't say.

BRADY grins.

BRADY

We been waitin' to tell folks. Can
you believe it?

DAISY

I'm happy for you.

BRADY

What about you? Gonna be a
grandma.

DAISY

You gonna be a husband?

BRADY

After I sell all my equipment, sort
my life out. Colleen says she's
mine if I quit sellin'.

DAISY

Gonna open a Chevy dealership are
ya? Maybe push washer dryers in a
department store?

BRADY

Thanks Mom.

She takes his hand.

DAISY
I'm sorry Brady, I've just heard
this shit before.

BRADY
Yeah, well I ain't dad.

DAISY
Your dad was a freaked-out genius
who wasted his life, so how're you
different? You could have done
anything. Got a higher I.Q. than
your brother and he just passed you
by.

BRADY
I like who I am just fine.

She gestures to the papers he holds.

DAISY
What you got there?

BRADY
Just some articles about Billy, one
he wrote.

DAISY
Put 'em on the table.

He does. We get a look at them. The *American Philosophical Journal* shows a picture of BILL under the heading "*THE NEW FACE OF CLASSICAL THOUGHT.*"

She looks out the window.

DAISY
You think I'll see him again before
I die?

BRADY
Prob'ly gonna TAKE one of us dyin'
to get him back here.

INT. BRADY'S TRUCK--DAY

BRADY sits at the wheel firing up a joint. He takes a hit and savors the immediate bliss.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT, CAMBRIDGE--DAY

BILL sits with two men in their fifties: PROFESSOR NATHAN LEVY, Dean of Classics at Harvard, and PROFESSOR JAMES PUTNAM, Dean of the Law School.

PUTNAM gestures to BILL's meal, a thick fish stew topped with langoustines.

PUTNAM

How is it?

BILL

Fantastic. I hardly eat out in Providence; sometimes I get to Federal Hill, but never enough.

LEVY

I hear your book on Marcus Aurelius has the whole community astir. Which press was that again?

BILL

Oxford.

LEVY

They did your translation of THE MENAECHEMI last year.

BILL

Yes.

LEVY

How do you find the time?

BILL

Maybe I don't have a life.

They all laugh.

PUTNAM

I read some biographical material on you last week Bill. You come from humble beginnings.

BILL

That's correct.

PUTNAM

Where was it, Omaha?

BILL
Oklahoma.

PUTNAM
Why don't you have an accent?

BILL
I worked hard to lose it.

PUTNAM
Your father was a bootlegger.

BILL
Grandfather.

PUTNAM
Fantastic.

BILL
Fantastic?

PUTNAM
I don't know...so many of us were
trained for this life. Fancy
private schools, parents in
academia. I'm always astounded by
those who've made their own way.

BILL
My mom was a kind of eccentric
hippie. I found discipline in
books.

LEVY grins.

LEVY
You needed discipline?

BILL
It was good I left.

LEVY
Well you're probably wondering why
Professor Putnam is here.

BILL
The question did occur to me.

LEVY
(to PUTNAM)
James?

PUTNAM

We'd like to sweeten the pot Bill,
and offer you a position in the Law
School.

BILL

Are you joking?

PUTNAM

We've been wanting to expand the
ethics curriculum, and when we got
wind of your hesitancy in
transferring up from Brown in
Classics, we came up with the idea
of letting you create your own
course load for our law students as
well.

BILL

I don't...one doesn't expect such
precipitous...

LEVY

Digest it, savor it; moments like
this come too seldom in life.

BILL

I'll say.

PUTNAM

This offer's only for you, Bill.
The dual position's not a concept
we want advertised.

BILL

Of course.

They chortle knowingly.

LEVY

We want you here Bill. You've
crafted your career diligently. It
makes absolute sense as your next
step.

He points to BILL's chin.

LEVY

You've a dollup of ciappino--

Indeed BILL has a smear of fish soup on his chin.

BILL

Oh...

He wipes it away with his napkin and we follow its arc in his hand to the table...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BRADY'S KITCHEN--NIGHT

A hand takes up a napkin from the table and brings it to its owner's face: BRADY.

The remains of chicken fried steak litter the table.

BRADY

It don't get better'n that.

COLLEEN, a visibly pregnant woman in her early to mid twenties smiles from the sink.

The phone rings.

COLLEEN

Hello? Can I ask who's calling?
Can I ask what this is about?
Because I'm the girlfriend he's
fixin' to marry is why.

She covers the mouthpiece, looks to BRADY.

COLLEEN

Some fellow named Pug?

BRADY

I'll take it in the other room.

COLLEEN

This better not be-- Hey Brady!

He's gone.

INT. BEDROOM--NIGHT

BRADY pauses, picks up the receiver.

BRADY

Hey Pug. Yes they did. Uh huh.
I'll be there. All right, tomorrow
night. Yes sir, I will.

He hangs up the phone and stares out, looking very concerned.

BRADY
Shit shit shit shit. Okay...

He picks up the phone, hesitates, then dials.

BRADY
Bolger? Pug called. No, I ain't changed it one bit. We're gonna have to go right up there and face this, come what may.

INT. CAR--TRAVELLING--DAY

BILL drives onto the Brown campus, looking for a parking space.

His cell phone rings.

BILL
Hello? Yes it is. Wait, who?

He swerves, nearly smashing into an oncoming car.

BILL
I'm sorry, could you please...just wait a second...

He pulls over, hits his flashers.

BILL
How did you get this number?

INT. CLASSICS DEPARTMENT--DAY

An ashen BILL enters, passing MAGGIE's desk. She rises, following him.

MAGGIE
Hi, did that man get ahold of you?

BILL
He did.

MAGGIE
He said it was an emergency, so I...

BILL
You did the right thing.

She nosily follows him into his office.

BILL
Was there something else?

MAGGIE
What, oh, no...I was just... Is
everything all right?

BILL sits, realizing she won't leave until she hears what's happened.

BILL
My brother's been murdered.

She gasps.

MAGGIE
I didn't even know you had a
brother.

BILL
A twin.

MAGGIE
Bill, that's awful.

BILL
He was shot with a crossbow.

MAGGIE
I beg your pardon?

BILL
You heard me correctly.
It's...they're inexplicably popular
where I come from.

MAGGIE
Was it an accident?

BILL
Then it wouldn't be murder.

MAGGIE
I don't even know what to--you're
so--when was the last time you saw
him?

BILL

A long time ago. He was reckless, unpredictable, and completely out of his mind. Whoever killed him probably had a reason.

MAGGIE

I can't imagine anyone related to you being reckless. And a twin?

BILL

Trust me.

MAGGIE

What will you do?

He stares back at her for a long moment.

BILL

I have to go home.

INT. AIRPLANE--DAY

BILL sits reading a periodical. Next to him is KEN ADELMAN, a somewhat nervous man in his early forties.

KEN

What brings you to Tulsa?

BILL

Pardon? Oh, family matters.

KEN

I was gonna say, because nobody visits Oklahoma, you know? I mean it's one of those states where you either live there or maybe you've got business there, but you don't see people coming for the attractions.

BILL

Right.

KEN thrusts out his hand.

KEN

Ken Adelman.

BILL

Bill Kincaid.

KEN
What do you Bill?

BILL
I'm a professor.

KEN
Of?

BILL
Classical philosophy.

KEN
Not too much use for that these days.

BILL
Humanity hasn't changed much.

KEN
And you've got family in Tulsa?

BILL
Idabel.

KEN
Little Dixie. Pretty dangerous down there.

BILL
We grew up over in Hugo, but my family, or what's left of it is in Idabel.

KEN
When did you leave Oklahoma?

BILL
I graduated highschool in 1982.

KEN
I hope it's not tragedy that brings you back, Bill.

BILL
Somewhat.

KEN
I'm sorry.

BILL
Thank you.

KEN

I'm an orthodontist--was--will be again. You have kids?

BILL

No.

KEN

I'm starting out all over. People don't realize it, but it's tough to break in. You get most of your business through your kids' school, or church, or synagogue in my case, but it's tough. The cost of a practice these days is just downright humiliating. Honestly. Downright humiliating.

BILL

I believe you.

He gestures across the aisle.

KEN

That's my wife and three kids over there. We were living in Manhattan but I grew up in Tulsa so we're moving back.

BILL

Are there Jews in Tulsa?

KEN smiles.

KEN

That's what everyone asks, but there are. It's a small community but very cohesive. And a more wholesome family environment. The pull is unimaginable.

BILL

I bet.

KEN

What's that saying, "God laughs most when we make plans?"

BILL laughs politely.

BILL

Sure.

SUZIE, Ken's wife leans across the aisle.

SUZIE
Kenny, can't you see the man is
reading?

KEN
Huh?

SUZIE
He doesn't want to sit listening to
you chronicle the evolution of
Tulsa Jewry.

KEN laughs off the hectoring.

KEN
I'll let you get back to your
reading.

INT. TULSA AIRPORT--DAY

BILL pulls his suitcase along with the other PASSENGERS
making their way toward baggage claim.

KEN catches up with him and taps his shoulder, offering a
card.

KEN
This is a little embarrassing...I
don't mean to be...it's just, if
you have family down there, nieces
and nephews who might need work
done...

KEN smiles sheepishly, embarrassed by the self-promotion.

KEN
I'm really good.

BILL takes the card.

BILL
I'm sure you are.

KEN stares intently, growing serious.

KEN
I never take accidental encounters
for granted.

KEN drifts back to his family. Another GROUP waits beyond the security area. Among them is BOLGER. He sees BILL and approaches.

BOLGER
I'm Rick Bolger.

BILL
Hi Rick.

BOLGER
Folks call me Bolger.

BILL
Nice to meet you.

BOLGER steps back and stares.

BOLGER
Man you sure look like him.

BILL
I guess that makes sense.

BOLGER
Your brother was a great friend to me.

BILL
I hadn't seen him in awhile.

BOLGER
We pick up yer bags down thisaways.

BILL
This is all I've got.

INT. EL CAMINO--TRAVELLING--DAY

On the outskirts of Tulsa, its art deco downtown skyline shimmering in the distance, BOLGER veers onto I-75 South for the long trip to Idabel.

BOLGER
Hadn't been up here in awhile. Was gonna stay the night in a hotel.

BILL
What'd you do?

BOLGER

Found me a dead end in a construction site near the airport, lay back countin' stars. Crazy how much buildin' they got goin' on up here. Folks just don't take to the country no more I guess. Can you figure?

BILL stares absently out the window as they speed past the first of many cow pastures that will mark their way south.

BILL

Mmmmm.

INT. CAR--TRAVELLING--DAY

Just north of Broken Bow BOLGER passes a sign that says "Little Dixie."

BOLGER

Gettin' close.

BILL wakes with a start.

BILL

Already?

BOLGER

You been sleepin' like a baby. You need a drink or anything? Use the restroom? We comin' up on Broken Bow, could pull off at the Utotem.

BILL

Sure.

BOLGER takes the access road.

EXT. UTOTEM--DAY

They arrive at a sixties era convenience store hanging on desperately to its life.

BOLGER

Gonna use the restroom around here.

INT. UTOTEM--DAY

BILL enters through a jingling door, nodding to a heavy young GIRL working behind the counter.

CODY FULLER, a lanky dimwit in his late thirties spies BILL as he enters. Not sure, he leans forward quizzically to get a better look.

CODY
(to himself)
You're shittin' me...

He takes out his cellphone, punches speed dial, and whispers into it.

CODY
Bobby?

BILL wanders back to the cooler where he peruses the drinks.

CODY startles him, standing close.

CODY
Say Brady.

BILL
What?

CODY
You clean up nice. Where's the
duds from?

BILL
Oh, right. I'm not him. I mean--

BOBBY
(making a joke)
What, yer his twin?

BILL
I am actually. Was.

CODY glances nervously out front.

CODY
And you're just runnin' around with
Bolger in his El Camino? Where's
he at?

Sensing danger, BILL decides to lie.

BILL

I'm not sure. He was right behind me.

CODY shoves BILL hard toward the back of the store, and when he thinks of fighting back BILL notices a pistol CODY produces from inside his belt.

CODY

What I want to know is what you're doin' up here in Broken Bow when we don't want you in Broken Bow?

BILL

All right, fine, I'll leave.

BOBBY

Not 'til Bobby gets here you won't.

EXT. UTOTEM ALLEY--DAY

CODY shoves BILL into the alley, shutting the door behind him as BILL stumbles and falls. A black pick-up on over sized tires skids into view, blocking the only chance of escape.

BOBBY FULLER, a husky brute in his early forties bounds from the cab.

BOBBY

Hey Brady.

BILL

Right, I was trying to explain to your associate--

BOBBY begins to beat BILL savagely, while CODY, the pistol hanging languidly at his side, lights a cigarette.

BOBBY

You don't want to be comin' north of Little River where you ain't got trip wires and booby traps and a bunch of police you done bribed...

CODY

Tell it Bobby.

BOBBY

...and think you can sell yer suped-up turbo grass up here to whoever you'd like...

EXT. UTOTEM--DAY

BOLGER emerges from the rest room and makes his way around the building. As he reaches the front he notices BILL isn't there. He shades his eyes to get a look into the store.

EXT. ALLEY--DAY

The beating continues, but now BILL's balled up on the ground taking kicks from BOBBY's steel-toed ropers.

There's a click at CODY's ear where BOLGER holds his pistol.

BOLGER
Stop it Bobby.

BOBBY turns.

BOBBY
Wondered where you was at.

BOLGER
Don't seem too fair a fight.

BOBBY
We ain't asked you two to come up north neither.

BOLGER
Had some business to take care of up in Tulsa.

BOBBY
Heard somethin' about that.

BOLGER
What you heard?

BOBBY
Heard Brady here owes Pug a lot of money.

BILL
I'm not--

BOBBY
Say what?

BILL
Perhaps you haven't heard...

BOLGER

The less you say to these two the better.

BOBBY

Heard he thinks yer gonna expand business down here to all of Little Dixie.

BILL

I said--

BOBBY

How 'bout I say this?

And he slugs BILL once more hard across the face.

BILL goes out cold...

...to black.

INT. BRADY'S HOUSE--DAY

BILL'S POV as he opens his eyes: an expertly rolled joint hangs from grinning lips ensconced in a scruffy beard. Deepening focus reveals BRADY looking straight into camera and laughing.

BRADY

Hey there.

We stare for a moment in silence.

REVERSE out of the POV as BILL tries to make sense of it, his face bruised, his body aching.

BILL

Brady?

BRADY

Sorry Buddy.

BILL

What the Hell's going on here?

BRADY

(giggling)

Well, uh, I sort of got resurrected.

BILL lunges groggily up at his brother. BRADY easily backs away while BOLGER restrains BILL.

BOLGER
Easy, Bill, easy...

BILL
You had him tell me you were dead?
Fucking dead!?

BILL yanks against BOLGER's grasp.

BILL
Let go of me.

BRADY
Not til you calm down he ain't.

BILL
With a fucking crossbow?!

BILL struggles again, writhing in BOLGER's unusually strong arms.

BRADY
How the hell else was I gonna get
you down here?

BILL
Down here for what?

BRADY
My weddin'. Gettin' married.

BILL
You think I care if you're getting
married?

BRADY
And I'm havin' a baby. You gonna
be a uncle.

BILL
Who the hell would marry you?

The pregnant COLLEEN speaks from the couch.

COLLEEN
I would.

BILL glances over.

BRADY
You remember The Dentons? Lived
back home over on Zunis?

BILL
Colleen?

She smiles.

COLLEEN
You remember?

BILL
I baby sat you when I was in
highschool.

COLLEEN
You was my favorite. Just set in
the kitchen readin' books. Got to
watch all the tv I wanted long as I
kept the door shut. You read me
Shakespeare sonnets when I was
goin' to bed.

BILL
And now you're marrying a pothead?

COLLEEN
Not no more.

BRADY
I'm leavin' all that behind.

BILL eyes the joint.

BILL
Looks like it.

BRADY
The sellin' part. I get to keep
smokin' 'til the baby comes, then
it's cold turkey on that.

BILL turns his head around to BOLGER.

BILL
Let go of me now so I can leave as
quickly and painlessly as possible.

BRADY
Stay through the weekend.

BILL
No.

BRADY
You could see Mom.

BILL

I'm leaving Brady. What you've done is irresponsible and cruel and exactly why I stay away.

BRADY steps closer, trying to suppress his emotions.

BRADY

I read every damn article you write, you know that? And so does Mom. Bolger here gets 'em for us off the internet. We read shit you write about folks I never even heard of. Read a fifty page lecture about one word in Aristotle. Set there all day with a dictionary, and not Miriam Webster but the motherfuckin' OED. I bet twenty people in the world read that whole article, and you're lookin' at one of 'em. Ain't nobody down here ever hated you, but you spent your whole life hatin' us.

BILL

I don't hate you.

BRADY

You hate me 'cause you're afraid there might be one ounce of me in you. With all your brains you think 'cause we look alike,--

BILL

What do you want, Brady? What do you fucking want?

BRADY

Other'n Mom I got nobody left.

BILL

Why couldn't you just call and ask me to come down, like any normal person.

BRADY

'Cause you don't never call back, and if you did you'd have said no. Am I lyin'?

BILL doesn't answer.

BRADY
Am I lyin'?

BILL
You're not.

BRADY
We ain't bad people, Billy.

BILL
I know you're not Brady.

BRADY
I got Mom in a home now. She
stares out a window all day
thinkin' about dad'n Viet Nam.
Keeps talkin' about killin' herself
over this business in Iraq. You
want her to die down here'n you
ain't said goodbye?

BILL
Does she still use drugs?

BRADY
Go see her, find out for yourself.

BILL
I just can't.

BRADY
What's any of us ever done to you?

BILL
I have my own life.

BRADY
You think we're gonna take it away?

BILL
I love you Brady, I really do, but
I don't want to be exposed to you.

BRADY
Don't you remember how happy we
was?

BILL
Happiness isn't life's sole
purpose. It's not even--

BRADY

So where you come from don't mean a thing? Yer own fuckin' brother?

BILL

Of course you do, it's just, I live my life with a degree of discipline Brady, a measure of control I try to honor based on certain tenets that go back centuries to some very introspective thinkers who...

BRADY

It's three fuckin' days.

BILL stares for a moment at his brother, not immune to his forlorn charm.

BILL

Sonofabitch.... All right fine. I'll stay the weekend, then I'm out of here.

INT. GROW HOUSE--DAY

BRADY opens the door. BOLGER and BILL follow, BILL astounded by the organized scale of the place.

BILL

My God.

BRADY

Lights is all sodium vapor. VHO Gro-Lux. Incandescents got too much far red in the spectrum, makes the tree grow tall on the stem and the leaves too narrow, whole thing keels over, plus it weakens the potency. Raise 'em Bolger.

BOLGER winds a crank on the wall and the constellation of lights rises by a few inches.

BRADY

Inch and seven eighths a day.

BILL

Who built all this?

BRADY

Me'n Bolger.

BOLGER

Yer brother designed it.

BRADY

Bought the building unassembled'n modified it, put all this here in ourselves. Couldn't likely hire a contractor. Soil's ours too. Two units of moss, one unit of sand, some perlite, sponge rock, and soil we get up near Little River for high magnesium content. Mix in a variation of Rapid-Grow, half a pound of lime for the ph, some worm casings, and yer good to go.

BILL wanders over to one of the plants. TIGHT on a leaf as he fingers it.

BRADY

Yer lookin' at seven generations of hybridization cloning. We start 'em out inside of two treated jiffy pots, one bigger'n the other so the tree ain't traumatized. Casing's made out of compressed peat moss so yer root ball just expands right through.

BILL

I don't know what to say.

BRADY

Hear that Bolger?

He grins at BILL.

BRADY

You want to try some?

BILL

It's not something I do anymore Brady.

BRADY

Take the edge off a bad day.

BILL

My mind is my life.

BRADY

Let it expand.

BILL
It's plenty expanded.

BRADY
Guess I strolled into that one.
Well you okay to join me out back
while I sample the latest?

EXT. BRADY'S YARD--MAGIC

BRADY cleans the weed on a food tray while BILL sips a beer.

BRADY
This is the reserve blend. Gets
sold up in Tulsa and Oklahoma City
to folks don't care what they pay.

BILL
Brady, why haven't you been caught?

BRADY
My distributor ain't been, so can't
nobody get a warrant to come on
here. Me'n Bolger's real careful.
Grease some local palms too. This
is Little Dixie, you remember what
it's like. Folks protect their
own.

He takes a deep toke.

BRADY
Remember that smell?

BILL
I do.

BRADY
Sure you don't want to change your
mind?

BILL
I'm sure.

BRADY takes another hit, his words riding thick billows of
smoke. Bill stares, clearly tempted, but holding his own.

BRADY
Read a article you wrote in the New
York Review of Books a few years
back about a feller named
Heidegger.

BILL

About Jacques Lacan's take on
Heidegger.

BRADY

That's the thing I don't get about
y'all. You don't hardly write
about the topic itself, but about
what somebody ELSE wrote about the
topic. And when you done wrote
that, some other feller's gonna go
on write about what you wrote, and
on and on.

BILL

True.

BRADY

So what's the point?

BILL

Now you're going to venture into
the anti-intellectual line of
thought that goes back to when you
were curious why I learned to read?

BRADY

I learned to read.

BILL

And we were all delighted for you.

BRADY

Just sayin' you gotta live life.

BILL

I live life, don't worry about
that.

BRADY

What, you bang coeds?

BILL

I teach people how to think.

BRADY

We ain't born with that?

BILL

Less and less.

BRADY
So you read books, write about
books, 'n talk about books.

BILL
Is this the point where I leave?

BRADY presents the bong.

BRADY
Get you a tug.

BILL
I said no.

BRADY
You used to smoke more'n I did,
couldn't get enough.

BILL
And I don't anymore.

BRADY
You scared?

BILL
Brady, don't be childish.

BRADY
I can see you want some; it's wrote
all over your face. What I grow is
as good as you're gonna smoke
anywhere. Six years of R and D.
Makes that Jamaican shit we used to
buy seem like tobacco.

BILL
I'm sure it does.

He gestures once more with the bong.

BRADY
Come on.

BILL
No.

BRADY
We're out here, sun's goin' down,
two brothers... One little tug...

BILL
No.

BRADY
A tiny taste...

BILL
I said...

BRADY
Little itty bitty ole taste..

BILL
All right fine Brady, will it shut
you the hell up already?

BRADY
It will.

BILL takes the bong.

BILL
I can't believe I'm doing this.

BRADY
Like ridin' a bike. When was yer
last time?

BILL
I don't even remember. Grad school
maybe.

BRADY
I remember our first time.

BILL
Me too.

BRADY
With Mom?

BRADY
Yeah...fucking ridiculous...

BRADY
Guess she figgerd we'd get around
to it anyway.

BILL fires up, inhales and holds in the smoke.

BRADY
How many buds would you be able to
smoke that smooth after you ain't
done it for years?
(MORE)

BRADY (cont'd)
I've lengthened the curing process
in more of the Dutch tradition.
Got just the right amount of resin.

BILL exhales deeply, closing his eyes as the buzz begins.

BILL
Wow.

BRADY takes the bong.

BRADY
So yeah, as I recall this article
was about logic and truth, and how
humans solve problems. Epi...
Epis..

BILL
Epistemology.

BRADY
Bingo.

BILL
I thought you said it was about
other articles.

BILL's eyes remain closed.

BRADY
But if you look at problems in life
like a wall, you know, and you go
beatin' up against a wall and
beatin' up against a wall, see
sometimes you don't realize you got
to go AROUND the wall. Geometric
truth, see? There is no physical
infinity.

BILL gently opens his eyes.

BILL
What's your point Brady?

BRADY
It's like sometimes it hits you all
of a sudden as to how to get
yourself out of a mess you're in,
and when it hits you you just can't
believe you ain't thought of it
before.

BILL
I'm not sure I like where this is
headed.

BRADY
What?

BILL
What do you want, Brady?

BRADY
Take you another pull.

BILL
Not until you--

BRADY
Go on now.

BILL
I said--

BRADY
Go on.

BILL hesitates.

BILL
It is awfully good.

BILL takes another hit.

BRADY
See that equipment back there was
kind of expensive.

BILL
Uh huh.

BRADY
Can't exactly go to a bank to set
yerself up as a indoor cannabis
grower.

BILL
Yeah...

BRADY
So there's this Jew up in Tulsa
who's kindof in the business.

BILL
What business?

BRADY
Dope dealin'.

BILL
A Jew selling dope? How do you
know he's a Jew?

BRADY
Oh he's a Jew.

BILL
What, he's got a Jewish name?

BRADY
He's a Jew Goddamnit.

BILL
Sounds a little anti-semitic.

BRADY
Anti-what?

BILL
Anti-Jew.

BRADY
I ain't anti-Jew. Love everbody.

BILL
So he's a dope dealer.

BRADY
HE ain't a dope-dealer, he's
upstream. Hires others to do the
dealin', and he buys from me. Buys
from all over, but I been his main
supplier of grass.

BILL
I still don't see a problem, other
than my brother being in a business
that's illegal and carries a life
sentence.

BRADY
Just trust me, I got problems.

BILL
I still don't see how this has
anything to do with me.

BRADY
Gettin' to that.

BILL
Then get to it.

BRADY
Me'n Bolger need to go up and see
this feller.

BILL
I still don't--

BRADY
Just listen, damnit. You don't
never listen!

BILL
Fine.

The brothers lock eyes.

BRADY
I want you to be me.

BILL
What?

BRADY
Down here, like we used to back
home, while I go up there and
settle this here situation.

BILL
No chance Brady.

BRADY
We used to do it all the time.

BILL
There's a lot we used to do, and
now we're functioning adults.

BRADY
I got it figured out real simple.
You don't got to do nothin' but go
visit Mom.

BILL
Is this why you brought me down
here? Is Colleen even pregnant?

BRADY
Of course she is.

BILL

And you think Mom isn't going to know the difference?

BRADY

There's a Sheriff sets over there flirts with a gal. It's him yer gonna fool.

BILL

We don't even look alike anymore.

BRADY

Bolger says the Fuller boys seen you up in Broken Bow thought it was me with a good shave.

BILL stops cold.

BILL

Which is why he pulled over in Broken Bow.

BRADY

Said you needed a coke.

BILL

Brady.

BRADY

Well it might of been Bolger's idea, but I ain't knowed nothin' about it 'til you showed up here all bruised. And by the way, me'n Bolger gonna get up to Broken Bow and whup some country ass.

BILL

No, you're not, Brady.

COLLEEN emerges from the house with BOLGER, BOLGER's wife SALLY, and a third woman, JANET, quirky and in her early thirties.

COLLEEN

Hey honey, y'all started without us?

BRADY

You know you can't have none of this.

COLLEEN

Don't mean the rest of 'em can't.

BRADY motions JANET over.

BRADY

This here's Janet.

JANET

Hi.

BILL rises.

BILL

I'm Bill.

JANET

Havin' a smoke?

BILL

I uh...

He offers her the bong.

BILL

You want some?

JANET

I'll stick with beer thanks.

BILL is terrifically embarrassed.

BILL

Right, I don't usually either, I mean in fact I never do...

JANET

It's all right. Nobody can say no to Brady. You should know that.

BILL

Kindof forgot it I guess.

JANET

Bolger says you're a famous--what was it you said, Bolger?

BOLGER

Thinker.

JANET

A famous thinker.

BRADY
Real famous.

BILL
In certain esoteric circles I
suppose.

JANET
And they pay you for that?

BILL doesn't quite know how to take her.

BILL
They do. I mean I give a few
lectures. I'm a professor.

JANET
I'm just fuckin' with you.

BRADY whispers in BILL's ear.

BRADY
She teaches over at the highschool.

BILL stares as she tilts her head back to take a slug of
beer.

BRADY
And she's the Ladies Noodling
Champion of 2005.

BILL
Her?

BRADY
A hundred twenty-two pounds of
catfish in ten hours with her bare
hands.

BOLGER has put on a cd: Led Zeppelin's "Stairway to Heaven."

BILL
I'm leaving Sunday morning, you
understand that.

BRADY
I understand.

BILL
And I'm not--

BRADY

We can talk about that later.
Crank it Bolger.

BOLGER turns up the music, causing BILL to speak out over it.

BILL

So far almost everything that's
happened down here has only served
to vindicate why I stay away.

BRADY

Not what you got in yer hands I
hope.

BILL

Even this.

In spite of his best efforts, BILL can't help but take
another hit. BRADY grins as the strains of Jimmy Page's
guitar blare out gorgeously.

BRADY

Ambrosia, Billy, pure ambrosia.

Later...

BRADY sits like a pasha in an armchair, COLLEEN at his feet,
while BOLGER and SALLY recline just off the porch looking up
at the stars.

BILL is now irrevocably stoned. JANET sits close, and
they're both drinking beers.

JANET

So where do you live now?

BILL

Providence, Rhode Island. But I
might move to Cambridge.

JANET

Because?

BILL

I have an offer from Harvard.

JANET

You don't sound too excited.

BILL

How can you turn down Harvard?

JANET
You just turn 'em down.

BILL
I tried that.

JANET
Why don't you want to teach there?

BILL
I don't know.

JANET
So take your time. Last I heard
Harvard isn't going anywhere.

BILL
Why'd you come back here?

JANET
I tried the tenure track but
college students are already too
culturally informed. Closes their
minds.

BILL
All right.

JANET
I'm too full of myself. Here I get
to show kids writers for the first
time who they might never read if
it weren't for me.

BILL
How come there weren't girls like
you back home?

JANET
Maybe you didn't know how to look.

BILL
Oh I looked. Why do you think I
left?

JANET
What were you looking for?

BILL
Mostly I felt I had too much to say
and no one to listen.

JANE

And now?

BILL

Now I'd just like to be able to talk without thinking about it.

JANET

You can't do that?

BILL

Where I live conversation is a game.

JANET

Maybe you should keep smokin' weed.

He laughs.

BILL

So you teach English?

JANET

I do.

BILL

My mother did that for a time.

JANET

She must be proud of you.

BILL

I haven't spoken to her in awhile.

JANET

Why not?

BILL

It's complicated.

JANET

You're some world famous thinker--

BILL

Hardly.

JANET

You're some minorly famous thinker and you don't let your mom enjoy that?

BILL

That's right.

JANET

It's hard to imagine what she could have done.

BILL

You're right about that.

JANET

It's not good to have unresolved problems with your mother.

BILL

No?

JANET

Someday she'll be gone, then where'll you be?

BILL

Same place I am now.

JANET

Exactly.

BILL grins, utterly charmed.

BILL

You're smart.

JANET

And you aren't as smart as you think you are.

BILL

Hell, I got tricked by my dope-dealing brother.

JANET

We all get tricked some time or other.

They stare at one another, the tension thick. He leans in to kiss her, and she nearly relents.

JANET

Yeah...I don't think so.

BILL

Why?

She rises.

JANET

The combination of what you've been
smokin' and what I'd do with
you...you'd never recover.

BILL

Is that right?

JANET

I'm goin' home to bed.

BILL

Well can I--? I mean we just
barely--

JANET

I'm goin' noodling tomorrow if you
want to tag along.

BILL

My brother said you did that.

JANET

Sweet dreams.

He rises.

BILL

I don't even know where I'm
sleeping.

INT. BRADY'S ROOM--NIGHT

BRADY opens the door to a room adorned with rock posters from
the seventies: ZZ TOP, FOGHAT, JETHRO TULL, THREE DOG NIGHT
etc..

BRADY

Here ya go.

BILL doesn't quite know how to respond.

BILL

You know Brady...

BRADY

You ain't even seen the best part.
Remember this?

He flicks the lights out and turns another switch,
illuminating the room in "black light," to which the posters
respond with an onslaught of outrageous color.

BILL
Are these the same ones we...

BRADY
Plus a few more.

BRADY walks over to the bed.

BRADY
And the coup de gras.

BILL follows, reaching down to test the mattress and learning it's a waterbed. He catches his reflection in a mirrored headboard.

BILL
Really Brady...

BRADY
I won't hear it. You're doin' me a solid, I'm doin' you one.

BILL
I never said I was--

BRADY
Not another word.

BRADY moves to a turntable and record collection.

BILL
You still play...?

BRADY
Nothin' but.

BRADY sifts some sides, finding LITTLE FEAT's "Sailin' Shoes."

BILL
Sonofabitch, that was mine.

BRADY
Just lay down and enjoy.

BILL
"Lie" down.

BRADY
Sound like Mom.

BILL
Sorry.

BRADY

I'm just glad you came home Billy.

BRADY offers a loving and guileless grin, his teeth glowing ghoulishly in the black light.

As the music begins, BILL leans back into the arms of it, and passes out.

INT. BRADY'S ROOM--MORNING

BILL wakes and half rises, holding his head and working his tortured dry mouth. The black lights glow weakly in the glare of morning as the Bacchanalia of the previous evening comes back to him.

He rises further, turning to see his reflection in the headboard where two versions of himself, his shirtless double just behind him, stare back. He recoils, then whips his head to see BRADY, who has just shaved, staring down at him.

BRADY

What do ya think?

BILL

Sonofabitch.

BRADY massages his naked jaw.

BRADY

Feels kinda weird.

BILL looks back into the mirror, then turns to his brother.

BILL

I'm sorry Brady, but this isn't gonna work.

BRADY

You can't hardly tell the difference.

BILL

I said no.

BRADY

How'd you like Janet?

BILL

My opinion of her is completely unrelated to your infantile scheme.

BRADY shuts the door.

BRADY

All right, look Bill, you GOTTA help me. If I don't get up to Tulsa things is gonna be real bad for me.

BILL

That's not my problem.

BRADY

Like REAL bad.

BILL

So go to Tulsa. Why do I have to--

BRADY

In case somethin' happens.

BILL

Exactly. Where you'd want to have been here so as not to be implicated in whatever typically insane criminal behavior you intend. No way, Brady.

BRADY

I don't get up there, folks is gonna come down here and kill yer brother, Bill.

Silence. It's clear Brady is serious.

BILL

Brady...

BRADY

All I'm askin' is that you go see your own Mom. You just do this good deed and that's it.

BILL

I don't want to see Mom.

BRADY

You come all the way down here.

BILL

YOU TRICKED ME INTO COMING!

BRADY

Shhh. So you're down here. Go see her. It's all you gotta do, give her that one thing. And walk by this feller, which you got to do anyway. Five seconds tops.

BILL

How do you even know he's gonna be there?

BRADY

He's in love with this woman works the desk. Ever mornin' he stands there'n eats a donut.

BILL

And I just walk by.

BRADY

A couple seconds. Just walk by, don't say a word.

BILL

This is ridiculous. All anyone would have to do is find out you've got a twin and I was down here. It's so unbelievably sloppy.

BRADY

You used to take tests for me, Billy. We fuckin' went on dates as each other.

BILL

Once, Brady, and we were sixteen.

BRADY

Worked out for you didn't it?

BILL

And I've felt bad about it ever since.

BRADY

Just do this for me, all right? This one simple thing. You go to a fuckin' rest home where I put our Mom who you ain't seen in twelve years because of God knows why, and you walk by a Goddamn pig eatin' a donut.

BILL
Nobody calls them pigs anymore.

BRADY
What?

BILL
Nobody--they aren't called "pigs"
anymore. It just perfectly
illustrates--

BRADY
Are you gonna do it?!! You know
you got to go see her.

After a pause.

BILL
Fine.

BRADY moves to embrace him.

BRADY
Thank you Billy.

BILL
No, don't. Don't touch me, don't
come near me.

BRADY backs off theatrically.

BRADY
Whatever you say. I'll be--I'll be
back 'fore it's dark. You mark my
words.

INT. BRADY'S CAR--TRAVELLING--DAY

BRADY drives with BOLGER north toward Tulsa.

After a moment.

BOLGER
Say, ain't it Saturday?

BRADY
So?

BOLGER
Think the Jews is in church
Saturdays.

BRADY

Right.

BOLGER

You know where it's at?

BRADY

We look it up.

BOLGER

What if there's more'n one?

BRADY

It can't be more'n one.

Pause.

BOLGER

Can I ask you a question?

BRADY

Shoot.

BOLGER

You believe in a Higher Power?

BRADY

'Course I do.

BOLGER

Like where we was created by Him
and we got souls and we're gonna go
to heaven or hell.

BRADY

Believe ever damn bit of it. Only
way to make sense of all this,
otherwise it's pure chaos. It's
like Isaac Newton.

BOLGER

How so?

BRADY

He dropped a apple, discovered
gravity.

BOLGER

Yeah.

BRADY

So that's a law, ain't it? Law of
gravity, happens ever time?

BOLGER

Yeah.

BRADY

So this ain't all chaos.

INT. SYNAGOGUE--DAY

TIGHT on the round and bearded face of RABBI MICAH ZIMMERMAN speaking from the bema.

RABBI ZIMMERMAN

So what are *halachot*? *Halachot* are the laws we follow in our daily lives, those rituals without which, as we learn from Moses, the violence and anarchy of the world prevail. While Moses talks with God on Sinai, the Jews lose faith, and they abandon law, they forsake the routines that had bound them to order in the hostile world of Egypt in which families were enslaved and first-born sons were robbed from their cradles.

TIGHT from the side on a pointed snake-skinned cowboy boot. The camera booms up the leg of a finely tailored pant.

RABBI ZIMMERMAN (O.S.)

Halachot allow us refuge in a world we can't explain; a violent world, an unpredictable world in which, though the rule of law might falter, God will always prevail in ways that cohere only to him.

Camera continues to BOOM UP, finding the fringes of a talus and then the talus itself, and finally settling on the profile of PUG ROTHBAUM, a scowling, mean and stocky man in his early sixties. He listens to the Rabbi, but movement in the back of the sanctuary catches his eye.

RABBI ZIMMERMAN (O.S.)

To know this, dear friends, is to believe as a Jew...

PUG turns to see: BRADY and BOLGER, yarmulke's crookedly topping their heads, taking seats in the back row.

In another row and across the aisle sits KEN ADELMAN with his family. Thinking he's recognizing BILL from the airplane, he grins and waves.

RABBI ZIMMERMAN (O.S.)
 ...and without such belief we have
 no shelter in a world that's often
 violent and unpredictable.

BRADY waves back quizzically, then looks back to PUG who locks eyes with him, then turns back to the sermon, not at all pleased.

A now curious KEN sees everything.

EXT. IADABEL REST HOME--DAY

BILL pulls up driven by JANET in her late model compact.

INT. CAR--CONTINUOUS

BILL wears BRADY's clothes.

BILL
 Thanks for doing this.

JANET
 Happy to.

BILL considers a joint he holds.

JANET
 You don't want to do that.

BILL
 I don't know what's getting into
 me.

JANET
 This isn't easy.

BILL
 No.

He moves to stick it in the ash tray.

JANET
 Are you crazy? Throw it in the bin
 up there.

BILL
You comin' in?

JANET
I'll be right out here, but we'll
look kindly later on boys who sort
shit out with their mamas.

INT. REST HOME--DAY

TIGHT on a glistening glazed donut as it rides the beefy hand
of BIG JOE SHARPE into his waiting maw. He turns as BILL
enters.

BIG JOE
Gimme a second Sharon.

He leaves SHARON at the desk and grabs BILL by the collar,
shoving him outside.

EXT. REST HOME--DAY

He slams BILL against a brick wall.

BIG JOE
Not a word from you Brady, you
hear? You just gonna listen. The
staff here found your mama smokin'
pot the other day. Now she's a
crazy lady don't even belong in
here, but it won't do nobody no
good to put her away. The only
reason I ain't haulin' you in is
'cause I ain't got proof it was you
give it her, but as soon as I do we
gonna get onto your property'n find
ever last ounce of that super-
charged grass you're growin out
there, I don't care how many my men
you're payin off. You understand
me?

BILL nods weakly as BIG JOE considers this new version of
BRADY.

BIG JOE
And don't think you're foolin' a
soul by cleanin' up. Know just
what you is.

BIG JOE lets him go and strides back inside.

BILL
 (to himself)
 That's just fucking great.

EXT. MACABEE PIPE AND SUPPLY---DAY

Stacks of pipe and oil drilling equipment fill a wide fenced yard.

BRADY'S car and a couple of black SUVs are parked in front of a small field building. Other than a few trucks, no other vehicles are present.

INT. PUG ROTHBAUM'S OFFICE--DAY

PUG sits behind an enormous wooden desk. Behind him are framed photographs of himself with various world leaders, most of them Israeli: SHARON, BEGIN, PEREZ, but also with REAGAN, BUSH 41 and BUSH 43, and BILL CLINTON.

He speaks with a thick gravelly drawl.

PUG ROTHBAUM
 That ain't at all what I asked.

BOLGER and BRADY stand before him. BOLGER has a ratty backpack slung over his shoulder.

To either side of PUG stand WADDELL and SHAVER.

PUG ROTHBAUM
 Asked why you was s'posed to be up here three days ago'n you only comin' up here now.

BRADY
 Had some things to take care of back home.

PUG ROTHBAUM
 Heard you made a appearence in Broken Bow.

BRADY
 Stopped at the Utotem down there, didn't expect to see the Fuller boys.

PUG ROTHBAUM
Everbody knows the Fuller boys work
outa that Utotem. Even the Police
know it.

BRADY
Well...

PUG ROTHBAUM
Sure's hell hope you got my money
in yonder bag.

BRADY
That's just the thing...

PUG ROTHBAUM
Either that or you got some new
samples of what y'all gonna be up
to down there. Don't tell me you
done interrupted my day of rest to
utter shit I got no interest makin'
its way 'tween my ears.

BOLGER
Went to the wrong temple at first.

PUG ROTHBAUM
Temple Israel?

BOLGER
Over there on Utica.

PUG ROTHBAUM
Wanted a church I'd be a Chrustian.

BOLGER
Prob'ly make yer life a little
easier.

PUG ROTHBAUM
Who says my life ain't easy?

BOLGER
Folks ain't too partial to Jews
these days.

PUG ROTHBAUM
Law'd never mark a Jew as a dope
dealer neither, leave me alone by'n
large. The ways of the world is
mysterious, but ever man's got his
place, each accordin' to his
lights.

BRADY

It could be.

PUG ROTHBAUM

Shaver and Waddell done presented you with a deal, Brady. A opportunity. Now either you come up here with a bag full of money or we're gonna talk about expandin' yer situation down there.

BRADY

I can't do neither.

PUG ROTHBAUM

How's that?

BRADY

I'm gettin' out. Gonna start a family. Want to be the dad I never had.

PUG turns to SHAVER and WADDELL.

PUG ROTHBAUM

Ain't this sweet.

BRADY

I might keep growin' for myself, but I ain't gonna grow for you or nobody no more, least not in a sellin' capacity.

PUG gestures to BOLGER's backpack.

PUG ROTHBAUM

So that's a bag full of money pay me back for settin' you up down there?

BRADY

Hear me out Pug.

PUG ROTHBAUM

Gettin' hard to the more of this I got to listen to.

BRADY

Me'n Bolger'll haul the whole operation up to Broken Bow'n hand it over to the Fuller boys. I'll teach 'em everything I know.

PUG ROTHBAUM

If you was to put Bobby Fuller's
brain inside the head of a cat,
it'd keel over'n die.

BRADY

Me'n Bolger'll do whatever it
takes.

PUG ROTHBAUM

Who's gonna pay me back?

BRADY

Ain't nobody said nothin' about a
timetable.

PUG ROTHBAUM

Been a year ain't it?

BRADY

Yes.

PUG ROTHBAUM

I ever asked you for a nickel in
them twelve months?

BRADY

Both me'n you know I been sellin'
to you at a cut rate.

PUG ROTHBAUM

And now you want me to be nice.

BRADY

I guess we do.

PUG ROTHBAUM

My people been kicked outa near
ever country on this planet. My
grandaddy come here 'cause of the
pogroms in Russia. Went travellin'
around sellin' tchotchkers off a
wagon all through the south. He
got that job 'cause it wasn't
nobody else'd walk a wagon fifty
miles a day. Jews got good with
money 'cause the Chrustians
wouldn't touch it. Now they say we
got all the money'n wonder how it
happened.

He turns to take up the picture of Moshe Dayan.

PUG ROTHBAUM

I give near ever cent I make to
Israel 'cause Israel is where we
put our foot down said we ain't
gonna get took advantage of no
more.

BRADY

I just need more time.

PUG ROTHBAUM

Tell you what I'd like. I'd like
for everyone in the world to call
me a cocksucker'n give me a dollar.
You know why?

BRADY

Why's that?

PUG ROTHBAUM

'Cause then I'd be rich'n
everbody'd love me. Shaver, see
what's in the peckel...

BRADY

Pug, please, we come up here to
work this out.

PUG ROTHBAUM

And if it ain't my money, kill the
sonsabitches.

SHAVER moves toward BOLGER, but BOLGER is quicker. He pulls a pistol from the satchel and buries a slug in SHAVER's head, then another in WADDEL's before either can react. They collapse to the floor with rhythmic thuds.

BRADY reaches into his belt and produces a twelve inch Randall hunting knife.

PUG rises, beckoning.

PUG ROTHBAUM

Well bring it on honey.

BRADY

Pug...

PUG moves aggressively from behind the desk, ready to rumble.

PUG ROTHBAUM

You prick me, motherfucker, I'm
sure as shit gonna bleed.

BRADY steps forward and plunges the knife into PUG ROTHBAUM's belly. He thrusts, twists, pulls it out, and PUG drops.

Silence as BRADY and BOLGER take in what's so suddenly occurred.

BRADY
Shit...all right...shit...you got
that spray paint?

INT. REST HOME CHAPEL--DAY

TIGHT on the face of MINISTER DAVIES, late sixties, preaching softly but relentlessly through smiling false teeth.

MINISTER DAVIES
Because Jesus is a loving and
forgiving Gawd. He don't care
where you been or what you done, he
just wants to love you up.

His elderly listeners, many of them asleep or zoned out, include a fiercely alert DAISY.

MINISTER DAVIES
That's all he wants. He was there
when each of you was born, and he
wants you back before you perish.
He loves you and holds you and
comforts you, and gives you
everlastin' rest, because Jesus is
a compassionate Gawd...

BILL approaches his mother and taps her shoulder.

DAISY
You listening to this bullshit?

BILL
Hi Mom.

She turns, recognizing him immediately.

DAISY
Billy...

Tears seep from her eyes.

INT. REST HOME COMMON ROOM--DAY

BILL wheels DAISY to the window.

DAISY

He's got the regular service at the church Sundays, comes here Saturdays.

BILL

Why do you go?

DAISY

Reminds me how much religion's fucked the world up.

BILL

It saved the world too; gave us laws and taught us to reward compassion.

DAISY

I'm done with any hucksters, human or otherwise who pretend this is anything but chaos.

He looks out the window.

BILL

View is nice.

DAISY

I like watchin' the storms come in. You used to get so scared of them. Do you still?

BILL

Nothing scares me much anymore.

DAISY

If you aren't scared these days you aren't alive.

BILL

Perhaps.

DAISY

Comin' here didn't scare you?

BILL

Maybe.

DAISY
Why, Billy?

BILL
I didn't come here for that, Mom.

DAISY
Then why did you come?

BILL
Brady tricked me.

DAISY
He'll be dead or in prison soon.

BILL
He's having a baby.

DAISY
So I heard. You'n that child'll be
the only ones of us left.

BILL
He told me you're considering
suicide.

DAISY
Too many memories inside the news.

BILL
Brady'll be all right.

DAISY
One minute you were there and then
you were gone.

Silence.

BILL
On the night of the party before I
left for college I saw you in bed
with two of my friends.

DAISY takes a long pause, showing neither surprise nor
remorse.

DAISY
I don't even remember.

BILL
I'm sure you don't.

DAISY

I remember your friends always looking at me in that way. I remember how they reminded me of your father who died when he wasn't much older.

BILL

So now I'm supposed to understand?

DAISY

I've never asked forgiveness of anybody.

BILL

Good.

DAISY

You think I didn't raise you?

BILL

I don't know what you did.

DAISY

Reading every book you read and every paper you wrote, even when they were beyond me?

BILL

You told me all I needed to be was smart, and nothing else mattered.

DAISY

You never needed anything.

BILL

Brady did.

DAISY

You think I don't know that? You think I'm not reminded every time he comes here?

BILL

I've stayed away to have some tiny taste of a life that's normal, rational.

DAISY

Where everything's a lie?

BILL

I taught a class in sixties culture when I was in graduate school. I tried so hard to make sense of all the anger, mistrust and anarchy. You tore down but you offered no alternative. If you want to know why we're in the fix we're in it's because the people you hate filled the vacuum you created.

DAISY

As usual you've figured it all out.

Silence.

DAISY

Will this be the last time I see you?

BILL

I don't know, Mom.

DAISY

I'm sorry Billy.

BILL

I am too.

EXT. UNDER WATER--LITTLE RIVER--DAY

In murky brown water a flailing hand appears, fingers splayed and reaching forward. Suddenly, an enormous prehistoric head lurches into view, devouring the appendage halfway up the forearm.

EXT. LITTLE RIVER--DAY

BILL stands waist deep in brackish riverwater staring down as JANET emerges wrestling a three foot catfish that has swallowed her hand up to the elbow.

JANET

You just gonna stand there?

BILL tries to take hold of the thrashing tail but gets smacked off his feet ass-backwards into the water.

JANET calmly wades to shore with her enormous flailing catch.

LATER

BILL sits drying by a fire while JANET finishes cleaning the giant bottom feeder with a bowie knife.

BILL
Why don't you just use a hook and
line?

JANET
This is the way it was done a
thousand years ago.

BILL
I guess I can understand that.

JANET
You still leaving tomorrow?

BILL
I think so.

JANET
I'll miss you.

BILL
And we barely know each other.

JANET
*You have not known what you are,
you have slumbered upon yourself
all your life,
Your eyelids have been the same as
closed most of the time*

*What you have done returns already
in mockeries
The mockeries are not you
Underneath them and within them I
see you lurk*

BILL
Who is that?

JANET
Walt Whitman.

BILL
I don't think I ever imagined
having him recited to me by a woman
gutting a forty pound catfish.

JANET

The kids go crazy for him. They think poetry has to rhyme or sound like it was written five hundred years ago. He wrote without rhyme or meter. Free verse; just whatever he felt inside coming out with its own rhythm. Pure unashamed passion without restriction.

BILL

That makes no sense.

JANET

Why?

BILL

Even poetry has rules.

She moves to the water with a bucket she empties in the slow current.

JANET

Or you make your own.

BILL

I never bought into that.

JANET

Because?

BILL

If you can make your own rules, there's nothing true...nothing to rely on.

She rinses her hands and rises, drying them.

JANET

Or what's true is in front of us and we're moving toward it without even knowing it's there. Once you think you've got it all solved, what's left?

BILL

I'm not sure.

She goes to him. Tentatively they take one another in their arms.

BILL
Please don't get any innards on me.

JANET
Shut up.

They kiss.

INT. BRADY'S CAR--TRAVELLING--MAGIC

BRADY and BOLGER head south to IDABEL, passing the sign that says LITTLE DIXIE. LED ZEPPELIN's "Whole Lotta Love" blasts out of the cd player, overlapping through the next scene.

EXT. UTOTEM--MAGIC

BRADY and BOLGER squeal up to the convenience store, get out, and march to the door.

INT. UTOTEM--CONTINUOUS

They storm in to find CODY, who has seen them through the window and fumbles frantically with his cell phone.

BOLGER
He ain't gonna get here in time,
Cody.

BRADY
And I ain't in the mood to take no
shit while we wait.

CODY
Please...

BRADY seizes CODY by his collar, hoists him up and begins slugging vigorously.

BRADY
See, you met my peaceful side the
other day, but today my blood's
kinda runnin' at a boil...

He has now broken CODY's nose, and the blood is flowing, but he keeps punching while the GIRL at the register begins shrieking at the top of her lungs.

BRADY

...so you tell Bobby the next time we decide to stop in Broken Bow 'cause Bolger here needs to shake his snake or I fancy a refreshing potable, we want to be treated with a little more kindness.

He drops CODY to the floor while the GIRL at the counter continues to scream.

EXT. UTOTEM--CONTINUOUS

They burn rubber out of the parking lot just as BOBBY arrives in his truck.

TIGHT on BOBBY watching them leave.

INT. BRADY'S HOUSE--NIGHT

The TELEVISION NEWS fills frame, and we're looking at footage from the interior of Pug Rothbaum's office, the walls of which have been spray painted clumsily with swastikas and anti-Jewish sayings. A reporter's voiceover elucidates the images.

REPORTER

Jack Rothbaum, known to his friends as "Pug," was a controversial figure in Tulsa's small Jewish community. An enormous success in the oil field equipment business, he gave millions of dollars to the state of Israel and other Jewish causes.

REVERSE on BILL staring at the screen, his jaw at his feet. JANET stands behind him.

COLLEEN is also present.

COLLEEN

Uh oh...

BILL

He didn't...

JANET

What?

Now RABBI ZIMMERMAN is being interviewed.

RABBI ZIMMERMAN
 Pug Rothbaum was a man of
 generosity and valor. Every nickel
 he made, most of it went to help
 others, and not just the Jews.

The footage switches to a still photo of PUG glaring at the camera.

RABBI ZIMMERMAN
 Our community and the city of Tulsa
 have lost a great man.

BRADY and BOLGER come through the front door.

BRADY
 We're back.

BILL is upon his brother immediately.

BILL
 What the hell did you do?

BRADY
 What?

He grabs his brother and yanks him in front of the television where the image of a backwards swastika spray-painted sloppily on Pug's office wall fills the screen.

REPORTER
 One curious aspect of this case is
 that the swastikas were drawn
 backwards, indicating either haste
 or a lack of familiarity with this
 most infamous of anti-semitic
 emblems...

BILL
 Did you do that?

BRADY
 Do what? We was just...

BILL grabs BRADY and pulls him into the kitchen.

BILL
 That was him wasn't it? That was
 the guy you owed money; you said he
 was Jewish.

BRADY
 He was gonna kill us.

BILL
You've murdered. My brother has
committed murder.

BRADY
Bill, I ain't had no choice.

BILL
You always have a choice. Don't
you understand? It's called free
fucking will.

BRADY
I don't need none of your
philosophy.

BILL
You explain yourself; you go to the
police, you hide; you do something,
anything but commit murder. And
what are those swastikas?

BRADY
The swastika was the symbol the
Nazis used--

BILL
I fucking know what they--So, what,
it would look like a hate crime?

BRADY
Exactly.

BILL
Perfect. And now the whole country
can look at us like a hick fucking
state, which we are but now we look
even worse. What a great public
service you've done. How can you
be so brilliant and so monumentally
and selfishly ignorant at the same
time, Brady?

BRADY
When the Hell you ever been in a
situation where you ain't had no
way out; where it was you or
someone else?

BILL
I don't put myself in those
situations.

BRADY

Well that's the real world, Billy,
and you was in my shoes, I know
you, you'd kill to save your own
life too.

BILL

I'm leaving tomorrow.

BRADY

You gonna turn me in?

BILL

I don't know.

BRADY

This guy, Billy, he sold drugs all
over the state. In schools,
wherever.

BILL

You said he didn't sell drugs.

BRADY

He sold to the people who sell, all
right, and he was wantin' me to
expand down here into shit I don't
even want to name.

BILL

They'll find you, Brady, and
someone will kill you or you'll go
to jail.

BRADY

I was down here, remember?

BILL realizes he's unwittingly been an accessory to murder.
He lunges at his brother, tackling him against the stove.

BILL

You're going to ruin my fucking
life!!

BRADY

Ain't nobody gonna know Billy!

The phone rings. They both stop and stare at it.

BILL

Pick up the phone, Brady.

BRADY
Colleen'll get it.

It keeps ringing.

BILL
Pick up the phone.

Reluctantly, BRADY rises, letting it ring once more, willing it to stop. It doesn't.

BRADY
Hello. Yes. No, this is his brother.

BILL looks questioningly. Who could it be?

BRADY offers the phone.

BRADY
For you.

BILL takes it.

BILL
Hello?

INT. PROFESSOR LEVY'S OFFICE, HARVARD--DAY

PROFESSOR LEVY speaks on the phone at his desk.

LEVY
Hey Bill, Nathan Levy.

BILL
Nathan--how'd you get this number?

LEVY
I hope you don't mind. I spoke with Maggie Harmon down at Brown.

BILL
All right.

LEVY
Look, it's none of my business, and I certainly don't mean to--is this a bad time?

BILL looks at BRADY.

BILL

Not at all, just give me a second.

He moves out of the kitchen onto the back porch with the receiver. It's not a portable unit however, and the long corkscrew cord is hideously tangled. He yanks and jerks at it.

BILL

Jesus Christ...

LEVY

Bill?

BILL

Sorry Nathan, I'm just, this phone...

He finally untangles it, but it stretches only a few feet outside beyond the door, which he closes, tethering him ridiculously close to the house.

BILL

Go ahead.

LEVY

Listen, we just had Professor Laughlin up here interviewing for the Classics position--

BILL

Mortimer Laughlin?

LEVY

I know, believe me, but one of the women on the search committee studied with him at Cornell, and he was very aggressive so we did it as a courtesy.

BILL

Go on.

LEVY

Anyway, you didn't hear this from me but you're about to be ambushed down there.

BILL

By whom?

LEVY

It's something about a coed and a poem and some other behavior I'd rather allow you to infer.

BILL

What? You're kidding me.

LEVY

Apparently there's a witness, Bill.

BILL

Nathan, I would never--

LEVY

Look Bill, we really want you here, but if there's even a shred of truth to this--

BILL

There isn't Nathan, I swear. I'm absolutely--I just wouldn't--

LEVY

It's why I'm reaching out, because until whatever's going to happen blows over we can't--

BILL

I understand.

INT. KITCHEN--DAY

BILL bursts in and hangs up the phone. BRADY's still there.

BRADY

Everything all right?

BILL

No, Brady, it isn't.

BILL takes out his cell phone.

BILL

Where the Hell can I get a signal on this?

EXT. BALD HILL--MAGIC

BILL has driven Janet's car to the defoliated top of a hill that looks out over the town. He stands outside speaking on this cell phone.

BILL

You what?!

INT. ANNE GREENSTEIN'S DORM ROOM--EVENING

ANNE cries while she talks with BILL.

ANNE

I wrote a poem for you in latin for when you got back. It was this send-up of Virgil in dactyllic hexameter and it was all about what would happen if--

BILL

Stop. I don't want to hear it.

ANNE

So I was in the library and Marc Loeb read it over my shoulder.

BILL

He sight translated it?

ANNE

I know, he's really good. It had like five hortatory subjunctives.

BILL

Oh Jesus, Anne, did you tell him that--?

ANNE

Yes, and he didn't believe me, so he went to the department. He was really pissed about some B plus you gave him on a Lucretius paper last year.

BILL

Fucking Hell.

ANNE

Did you give him a B plus?

BILL

Anne, I don't remember.

ANNE

So that bitch Maggie Harmon said she caught us making out with my shirt off that day in your office.

BILL

Wait a second.

BILL begins to heave. After a moment he recovers.

ANNE

Are you there?

BILL

Yes.

ANNE

She's been sleeping with professor Laughlin.

BILL

Mortimer Laughlin?

ANNE

Everyone knows it.

BILL

I'm sorry I just, hold on a...

He begins heaving again.

ANNE

Bill?

BILL

I'm here.

ANNE

I went to her and told her the truth and I begged her, but since the door was closed and I was partially undressed...and then professor Laughlin said that in the world of phenomena appearances are truth...going around quoting the cynics, he's such a fucking lightweight...

BILL

Don't...just don't say anymore...

There is a pause while an uncomprehending BILL stares out over the same rolling hills his mother sees through the nursing home window.

ANNE

They want to destroy you Bill.

He doesn't respond.

INT. KEN ADELMAN'S SUBARU--TRAVELLING--NIGHT

KEN drives while SUZIE shouts down the three children sitting in back: GABE (12), JIMMY (10) and TOMMY (8). The noise is unbearable, with everyone but KEN shouting at once.

SUZIE

I told you to leave Jimmy alone!

GABE

He's been on my nerves since Hebrew School.

JIMMY

Eat shit, Gabe.

SUZIE

Don't you dare speak to anyone that way, Jimmy Adelman.

JIMMY

He cusses all the time and so do you.

SUZIE

You both made spectacles of yourselves back there.

GABE

Their pizza sucks compared to the pizza in new York.

SUZIE

Well it's the pizza we have.

She addresses KEN.

SUZIE

And by the way, did I hear you asking your mother if you could borrow money?

KEN
Honey, I don't want to talk about
it.

SUZIE
Don't you have any pride?

KEN
Of course I do.

SUZIE
It's your mother.

KEN
We're strangling Suzie, strangling--
the credit card bills alone...
Until I get my practice up...

SUZIE
And when's that going to be?

KEN
I told you it's...when the kids
make friends at school and we meet
the parents, that's how--

GABE
I hate the kids at school!

JIMMY
They suck!

KEN
Great...

KEN turns on the radio.

RADIO NEWS
...Jewish businessman and
philanthropist Pug Rothbaum.

SUZIE
I said when--

GABE
Yeah dad--

KEN
SHH. EVERYONE BE QUIET!

RADIO NEWS

The brutal murder occurred earlier today after Mr. Rothbaum attended Sabbath Services. There are currently no suspects in the case, though sources close to the investigation say it was a hate crime perhaps perpetrated by acquaintances of Mr. Rothbaum as there was little sign of struggle...

TIGHT on KEN taking in every word.

INT. KEN ADELMAN'S HOUSE--NIGHT

KEN bursts in ahead of his family and moves to his study. SUZIE follows, carrying TOMMY, and shouting after him.

SUZIE

So I'm supposed to get three kids out of the car myself?!

KEN

I just need to...just give me a minute...

INT. KEN ADELMAN'S STUDY--NIGHT

KEN sits at his computer and punches in the name "Bill Kincaid."

A group of listings shows various Brown University web sites along with other classics and philosophy slugs. He punches one calling up Bill's bio.

We PUSH IN on "born and raised in Hugo, Oklahoma."

KEN punches in more data and we're now looking at the Hugo High School class of '82 where we PUSH IN on a photo of BILL in high school.

REVERSE on KEN as he ponders this. Just as he's about to change the page, he stops cold, recognizing BRADY a few rows down.

He slices out the nearly identical images and places them side by side so they fill the screen.

TIGHT on KEN, his mind racing.

INT. KEN ADELMAN'S HOUSE--NIGHT

KEN slinks through the foyer, speaking almost as if he doesn't want to be heard.

KEN
Don't wait up for me.

And he's gone.

INT. WAL-MART--NIGHT

We DOLLY along a case containing an assortment of hand guns.

KEN (O.S.)
It's mainly for protection.

An extremely nervous KEN stands in front of a thickly built SALESMAN in his fifties.

SALESMAN
Well a hundred'n eighty dollars'll limit you, but it don't mean you can't put a bullet in there's gonna pack a wallop.

KEN
I almost don't even need the bullets.

SALESMAN
None of my business friend, but you carry a firearm, you better be ready to use it.

KEN
Uh huh...see it's really more for...

The SALESMAN, ignoring KEN's weak protestations, presents a box of slugs.

SALESMAN
Now these here is hollow points. Dog eat dog, you want to be the one's chowin' down.

INT. KEN'S CAR--NIGHT

KEN drives south toward Little Dixie. He's extremely uneasy but tries to conceal it as he speaks with SUZIE on the phone.

KEN

Honey, you've just got to trust me.
No, of course not. Tomorrow night
at the latest.

TILT DOWN to a handgun on the seat next to him.

EXT. HIGHWAY--NIGHT

We HINGE with the car as it speeds south into the night.

EXT. UTOTEM--DAWN

BIG JOE'S cruiser is parked beside BOBBY'S truck.

INT. UTOTEM--DAWN

BIG JOE sips coffee.

BIG JOE

And I'm tellin' you he was at that
rest home plain as day, so how
could he'da been there, here, AND
in Tulsa?

REVERSE on BOBBY and a badly bruised CODY, a splint on his nose.

BOBBY

He was in Tulsa before he was here.

BIG JOE

This is one big waste of my time,
and I'll tell you what else, I
better not hear about any vigilante
bullshit.

BOBBY

You know why he'd have been in
Tulsa?

BIG JOE

No, Bobby, educate me.

BOBBY

'Cause him'n Pug Rothbaum was
fixin' to start makin' a lot more'n
grass down here.

BIG JOE

Who told you that?

BOBBY

Pug Rothbaum. They was gonna push
me'n Cody outa Broken Bow. He was
into Pug for more'n two hundred
thousand on the equipment for his
grow house.

BIG JOE

You tellin' me the truth, Bobby?

BOBBY

You don't believe me I got a eye
witness can tell you who done this
to my brother...

He calls off toward the register.

BOBBY

...Say Jilly!

The heavysset GIRL who witnessed BRADY beating CODY comes
over.

BOBBY

You want to tell the Sheriff here
what you seen yesterday?

EXT. BRADY'S HOUSE--DAY

BRADY'S DOG yawns in foreground as dawn turns to morning.

EXT. BACK PORCH--DAY

BILL sits with JANET.

BILL

Do you know Plato's metaphor of the
cave?

JANET

No.

BILL

He said that inside our bodies
what we know of truth could be
compared to what cave dwellers see
looking at shadows on cave walls.
That's how limited we are at self
knowledge. When I'm down here I
feel like I get away from who I am,
not to mention being in the
constant presence of this demented
version of myself.

JANET

Will I see you again?

BILL

I don't know.

EXT. FRONT OF BRADY'S HOUSE--DAY

His bag slung over his shoulder, BILL stands before BRADY,
while BOLGER loiters nearby.

BRADY

You gonna stop off and see Mom one
more time?

BILL looks at the ground.

BILL

I don't think so.

As BOLGER turns to open the driver's side door of his El
Camino, a car creeps around the gravelly drive. It stops,
and out steps KEN ADELMAN.

KEN

Hello there.

BILL

You know this guy?

BRADY

You?

KEN steps forward taking in the sight of the twins.

KEN

Well I'll be damned.

He studies them.

KEN

Which of you was it I met on the airplane?

Without hearing an answer he selects BILL.

KEN

You.

He turns to BRADY.

KEN

And you murdered Pug Rothbaum.

BOLGER moves to the back of his truck where he takes up a rifle but KEN pulls his pistol and fires clumsily. The slug punctures the side of the vehicle.

KEN

Put it back. I've got hollow points.

BOLGER does.

BRADY

You ever shot one of those before?

KEN

I don't want to hurt anyone.

BRADY

Then why don't you put away the gun?

KEN

I just want to talk.

BILL

We're listening.

KEN

I never liked Pug Rothbaum. He sent millions to Israel but gave very little here. Israel's a violent place and Pug was a violent guy.

BRADY

Don't Israel got to be violent?

KEN

What has it gotten them?

BILL

Are you two really going to stand here and argue Mideast policy?

(to BRADY)

And since when do you know about Israel?

BRADY

Pug. It's all he ever talked about.

BILL

Well I've got a plane to catch, so if you don't mind...

KEN shakily levels his pistol at BILL.

KEN

I'm afraid I can't let you do that.

BILL

Please don't aim that pistol at me.

KEN

Everybody move over to the porch.

They comply.

BILL

What do you want from us?

KEN

You flew down here to be his alibi, making him a murderer and you an accessory. This is a Christian state, but we're very old testament when it comes to murder. He'll get the chair and you'll get life.

BILL

Why are you doing this?

KEN

I'm drowning in debt. I've been trying to set up a new practice, but I still owe on the insurance premiums from the last one, plus the equipment. I have a wife and three kids...

BILL

But why--what does that have to do with us?

KEN
Until my kids can make friends at
school and we meet the parents...

BILL
But I'm just a guy you met on a
plane...

BILL begins to walk toward him.

KEN
Keep back...

BILL
Why us...?

KEN
I said keep back...

BRADY
Bill don't...

KEN's hand starts shaking wildly, his finger on the trigger
as BILL gets closer.

KEN
KEEP THE HELL BACK!

BILL reaches him and takes the gun, steadying it in both
hands.

KEN is weeping now. BILL puts the barrel of the pistol to
his forehead.

BILL
Do me the favor.

KEN doesn't pull the trigger. BILL takes the gun and KEN
falls to the ground weeping hysterically.

KEN
I'm sorry....I'm sorry...

BILL
Now go home. We all just need to
go home.

KEN
...fine...

KEN rises, still in tears, and begins moving toward his car.

BRADY
You ain't just gonna let him go,
Billy.

BILL
I am, Brady, and so are you.

BRADY
But he's always gonna have this
over us. If you won't take care of
it, me'n Bolger will...

BRADY rushes toward KEN.

BRADY
Hey, you ain't goin' noplac...

BILL
Brady no!

KEN reaches frantically into the El Camino, takes up BOLGER's rifle, turns and fires blindly, striking BRADY squarely in the chest.

BILL instinctively fires the pistol he holds at KEN, striking him in the stomach where the hollow point slug explodes, hurling KEN back and onto the ground.

COLLEEN runs to BRADY, who lies on his back, his breath rasping, a faint smile on his face.

BRADY
...I guess Mom was right...

COLLEEN
Don't say that.

BILL stands between the two bodies, completely unnerved both by what he's done and what he's seen.

BILL
I...I...

Tires squeal down the drive as BIG JOE's police cruiser skids into view, followed by two others.

BRADY turns his head to see the arriving cars. He calls weakly to his brother.

BRADY
Get over here Billy.

FROM INSIDE the cruiser looking out we see only KEN's expiring body on the ground and BILL standing twenty feet from him, Bolger's El Camino blocking his lower half where he holds the gun.

BILL looks over at the Sherrif's car.

BRADY
GET HIM OVER HERE!

COLLEEN pulls BILL over.

BILL
I...I...

BRADY
Gi'me that gun.

As BIG JOE emerges from his cruiser, BRADY takes the gun from his brother.

BRADY
Want you to go see that Rabbi up in
Tulsa.

BILL
All right.

BRADY
Tell him I ain't meant nothin' by
drawin' all that stuff.

BRADY wipes the handle of the gun then grips it tightly, grinning ear to ear.

BRADY
Now you ain't killed nobody.

BIG JOE draws his gun as he checks KEN's body.

BIG JOE
I have a warrant to search these
premises.

The camera BOOMS up high, overlooking the two dying bodies, each holding a firearm, COLLEEN, BOLGER, BRADY and JANET gathered around BRADY, BIG JOE and the other POLICE standing over KEN.

INT. CHURCH--DAY

BILL stands at the podium eulogizing his brother. It's a few days later, and the fact that BILL hasn't shaved has begun to show in a thickening stubble.

BILL

The Greek thinker Diogones wrote about the philosopher Epicurus's reasons for not fearing death. It is irrational, he stated, to fear the unknown, and since what occurs after death is unknown, it is irrational to fear death. One might as well, he argued, fear birth. I was born minutes before Brady, who lived life on his own terms, and indifferent to his fears. But let's be frank: my brother was, by most measures, a criminal and a colossal fuck-up.

There's a murmuring in the crowd.

BILL

But for awhile there in life, when we were growing up, he gave me the happiest times I'll ever know. I had to leave Little Dixie, but my biggest regret in life will be that I never got to tell him how hard that really was.

COLLEEN, seated next to BOLGER and his WIFE, wipes her eyes.

Behind her sits JANET, who lets tears flow down her cheeks, a smile of admiration on her face.

Finally, in the back, DAISY watches from her wheelchair as one son eulogizes the other.

INT. BOLGER'S EL CAMINO--TRAVELLING--DAY

Looking very much like his brother at the beginning of the film, a scruffily bearded BILL drives with BOLGER in BOLGER's El Camino north toward Tulsa.

BILL

How did you get those scars,
Bolger?

BOLGER
In prison with your brother.

BILL
My brother wasn't in prison.

BOLGER
For two years on possession. He saved my life. I was jumped by two guys with box cutters'n your brother went berzerk. Kept the two of us alive in there.

BILL reflects.

BILL
I can't believe I didn't know that.

BOLGER
Wished I coulda repaid the favor.

EXT. SYNAGOGUE--DAY

BILL and BOLGER park and head toward the building.

BOLGER
You want me to join you?

BILL
I'd rather be alone.

INT. RABBI ZIMMERMAN'S OFFICE--DAY

BILL sits across from a gently smiling RABBI ZIMMERMAN.

RABBI ZIMMERMAN
So to what do I owe this visit?

BILL
My brother killed Pug Rothbaum.

RABBI ZIMMERMAN
Your brother?

BILL
The same guy who shot Ken Adelman.

Silence.

RABBI ZIMMERMAN
Have you told the police?

BILL
I will. It wasn't a hate crime.

RABBI ZIMMERMAN
That phrase has always troubled me.
Murder is hate.

Silence.

RABBI ZIMMERMAN
You disagree?

BILL
I... I was there when Ken Adelman
was killed.

RABBI ZIMMERMAN
It's hard to believe your brother
didn't have something against Jews.
He killed two in such a short
amount of time.

BILL
He didn't.

RABBI ZIMMERMAN
Then I'll have to believe you.

Silence.

RABBI ZIMMERMAN
Is there something else?

BILL
Why all the violence?

RABBI ZIMMERMAN
We're animals, Professor Kincaid,
with brains that trick us into
thinking we aren't.

BILL
What do I do with that?

RABBI ZIMMERMAN
Repair.

BILL
What?

RABBI ZIMMERMAN
 We, all of us, you, me, your
 brother, Pug, we break the world.
 Help repair it.

For the first time, we see BILL cry.

EXT. TULSA HIGHWAY--MAGIC

BOLGER's El Camino heads south.

EXT. LITTLE DIXIE SIGN--NIGHT

The El Camino enters Little Dixie.

EXT. ROAD IN BROKEN BOW--NIGHT

The El Camino turns off a road into the parking lot of a
 deserted warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE--NIGHT

BILL and BOLGER enter the darkened building.

BOLGER
 Hello?

The lights come on, revealing BOBBY FULLER seated on the edge
 of a table in the otherwise abandoned space.

BOLGER
 Where's Cody?

BOBBY
 Home, I don't know. What's this
 all about, Bolger?

BOLGER
 I'll let Billy speak.

BOBBY
 See you decided to grow yer beard
 back.

BILL
 I never had a beard.

BOBBY
 Right.

BOBBY motions to a couple of chairs that have been set up across from the desk.

BOBBY
Have a seat.

BILL
No thanks.

BOBBY
You gonna be rude?

BILL
I want to say what I've got to say
and go pick up the pieces to my
life.

BOBBY
What about my brother, got his nose
broke?

BILL
I didn't break his nose.

BOBBY
Yer brother did.

BILL
I think we can agree Brady has
suffered for his actions.

BOBBY
So go on stand there, say what you
got to say.

BILL
My brother had a lot of equipment
on his property.

BOBBY
His grow house.

BILL
We talked to a lawyer and the
police can't confiscate it. I want
to sell it to you before I leave.
Bolger.

BOLGER hands over a list with prices.

BILL
It's all on there.

BOBBY peruses.

BOBBY

Uh huh. See I don't quite see it this way.

BILL

How's that?

BOBBY

Yer brother never paid Pug for that equipment.

BILL

Yeah?

BOBBY

So why I got to pay you for it?

BILL

Are you just a moron?

BOBBY

Come again?

BILL

I said are you a fucking moron? My brother died. I have funeral costs, he had bills he owed, a mortgage on his property, our mother's in a rest home, plus he was expecting a kid. I'm trying to settle his debts, maybe leave his family with something.

BOBBY

Well I'm one of his debts, see, 'cause before your brother'n Bolger got outa prison I had this whole area of southeastern Oklahoma, and Pug Rothbaum come to me for his grass.

BILL

And now you'll have it again.

BOBBY

Your brother owes me that equipment.

BILL

Don't you want to repair the world?

BOBBY

What?

BILL

We're breaking the world. Don't you want to fucking repair it?

BOBBY

I want you to give me that equipment and go back east with all the other faggots think New York's the only place on earth.

BILL

I don't even live in--

BOBBY

It don't mean y'all don't think you're better'n us, do it?

BOLGER takes BILL's arm.

BOLGER

Let's go Billy.

BILLY

Fine.

They turn and begin to walk away.

BOBBY

Don't you turn your back on me!

They keep walking.

BOLGER

Just head for the door. Don't turn around.

BILL

Like Lot's wife.

BOLGER

Who?

BOBBY (O-S)

I said don't you walk away!

BILL

Turned into a pillar of salt.

There's a click, a whistling sound and a "thuck" as the head of a metal arrow leaps out of BILL's chest.

BOLGER turns to see BOBBY holding a crossbow he's just fired. He's already reloaded it when BOLGER pulls his gun and fires, felling him.

BOLGER looks around desperately, holding onto BILL, who wheezes for air. Blood pours from the wound. BOLGER sees a rag and thrusts it into BILL's chest, as we repeat the film's first scene.

BOLGER
Easy...easy...

BILL
TAKE IT OUT!

BOLGER
It's barbed and got a fletching...

BILL
SONOFABITCH!

BILL lurches, pawing the air before collapsing.

WHIP PAN with BOLGER as he runs out the door.

EXT. WAREHOUSE--NIGHT

BOLGER sprints to the El Camino, rips open the door, starts it and backs up. He screeches to a stop at the door to the warehouse, leaps from his car and rushes back into the building.

Moments later he emerges with the now comatose BILL, heaving his body into the bed of the El Camino.

He rushes to the driver's door of the car, ripping it open to face a cocked crossbow. He ducks just as the arrow pierces the window behind his head.

He rises, pulls a pistol from his belt and fires blindly at CODY in the passenger seat. CODY takes a bullet in the shoulder and slams against the door frame. BOLGER heaves himself into the car and begins kicking at CODY's wounded shoulder. CODY opens the door, tumbling out onto the ground still holding his crossbow.

BOLGER guns the engine, spinning a cloud of gravel and dust.

On the ground the CODY manages to load another arrow in his crossbow and fire it at a back tire, puncturing it.

The tire blows and rips off the wheel rim sending a spray of sparks as the car yaws across the warehouse parking lot then around a corner and out of view.

INT. BOLGER'S EL CAMINO--TRAVELLING--NIGHT

BOLGER floors the El Camino, gripping the steering wheel, willing it to go faster, sparks flying behind him.

EXT. ROAD--NIGHT

BOLGER's El Camino fishtails by, sparks spraying. A local patrol car appears from a side street and lights up, its siren blaring.

EXT. BROKEN BOW HOSPITAL--NIGHT

The patrol car skids to a stop at the emergency entrance where MEDICS wait. They descend on the patrol car with a stretcher and pull BILL from the back seat.

INT. HOSPITAL--NIGHT

The MEDICS, followed by BOLGER and the PATROLMAN burst in with BILL on a stretcher, an oxygen mask held to his face by one of the MEDICS.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM--NIGHT

With NURSES and MEDICS watching, a DOCTOR saws the arrow with a hacksaw.

INT. WAITING ROOM--NIGHT

BOLGER waits with JANET and COLLEEN.

The DOCTOR appears and they rise.

DOCTOR
You want to come with me back to
the x-ray room?

INT. X-RAY ROOM--NIGHT

We look at an x-ray of Bill's chest.

The DOCTOR addresses BOLGER, JANET, and COLLEEN.

DOCTOR

The arrow missed his spine by an inch and his heart by centimeters.

JANET

So what's that gonna mean for him?

DOCTOR

It'll be a long recuperation.

He turns to BOLGER.

DOCTOR

I'm sure I don't need to tell you this, but you saved his life.

BOLGER registers this with sad irony.

EXT. BRADY'S HOUSE--DAY

DAISY opens the screen door onto the back.

DAISY

Billy, it's fixin' to rain.

BILL turns from where he sits in a wheelchair next to JANET looking out across the back yard.

BILL

Thanks Mom.

The table between BILL and JANET has a pitcher of lemonade and an old hardcover book with THE COLLECTED WORKS OF WALT WHITMAN on its cover.

BILL

Imagine a time when both mythology and philosophy were in a golden era. You had images like the sun being pulled across the sky by a golden chariot or Hera acting out her jealous rages against Zeus on mankind by inciting wars between massively different cultures, and you had perhaps the world's greatest thinkers trying to make sense of all our frailties. Why is it that the more we learn, the further away from that sort of clarity we get?

JANET

Are you gonna teach again?

BILL

I don't know. I know so little anymore.

JANET notices as rain drops begin pelting the book.

JANET

I think your Mom was right.

BILL

I'm gonna stay out here.

Now the rain begins falling a little harder as the sky darkens.

JANE

In the rain?

BILL

I missed these summer storms so much back east even though they always used to scare me. As a boy I would scream and scream, and end up hiding in a closet. Strange, huh?

She smiles a sad smile.

BILL

So I went and I learned everything I could about them at the library...why they happened, how they happened, the name for every cloud.

JANET

And?

BILL

They still happened.

JANET

You mind if I sit out here with you?

He takes her hand in his.

BILL

I wish you would...

BOOM up and over them, looking down as the rain falls gently away from us onto a couple holding hands.