

THE BROKEN
by
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Draft Date: December 16, 2011

WGA Registration # 1455633

FADE IN:

EXT. FARM - DAY

It's 1967. Oklahoma.

A hand. Black and blue. Dirt under the nails. An arm.

Freshly tilled soil props up the whole arm as if it were reaching towards the heavens in plea.

His body. The BOY'S (20ish) body grotesque. Blood like hardened magma. Twisted in horror and wounded in unspeakable ways.

An old tractor's front wheel all but touches the boy's torso.

Sheriff ROBERT CLEMENS (55), bloated, pale, and disinterested towers over the corpse with clinical eyes and an earnest tongue.

CLEMENS

He sure is dead.

The Deputy, FRANK BASTOGNE (38), kneels next to the Dead... taking a little soil between the fingers...

BASTOGNE

He sure is. Do you think it was an accident?

CLEMENS

Yep.

BASTOGNE

Sure looks that way.

Clemens looks up at the tractor. Gesturing as he illustrates...

CLEMENS

He somehow fell in front of the tractor while doing his work. The boy shouldn't been operating a tractor yet. Only 3 weeks on the farm. First farm job. Doesn't make no sense to put him on this task.

Clemens wipes the sweat from under his nose with a handkerchief.

BASTOGNE

Doesn't make no sense at all,
Sheriff. Do you want to fine Farmer
Thompson?

CLEMENS

For what? Hiring a foolish boy?
Them's all be paying fines if
that's the case.

They laugh.

The FLIES are staring to encroach. Bastogne flips open his
note pad. Pen in hand.

BASTOGNE

What's the boy's name?

The boy's ghastly face. His cornea torn.

Clemens is about to speak as we --

CUT TO:

INT. MACHINE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Sparks flare in the shielded face of EUGENE GORD (46) as he
works cutting steel. Even through his thickly protected eyes
we can see that his soul has been damaged. His psyche
continuously buffered by a controlled, trained intensity.

The FOREMAN steps in front of him.

FOREMAN

How ya doin', Gord?

Without missing a beat, the foreman continues his patrol,
clearly not expecting engagement.

Gord lifts his mask. Sweat and grease caked on his face.
Taking off his mask completely we...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - TWILIGHT

Gord is driving home in a circa 1950 truck, on its last legs.
Listening to the silence and the BREEZE.

INT. GORD'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Gord's home is cleaner than we'd expect.

Newspapers and magazines from the WWII era are stacked knee high intermittently throughout his modest space.

INT. GORD'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Gord washes his hands and face. The warm water feels good.

Opening the cupboard he pulls down a fifth of cheap but honest bourbon and pours himself a small glass.

He spots a housefly BUZZING around a window.

Gord takes an empty water glass and covers the fly against the window. Making sure to not harm it, he gently slides a magazine underneath the water glass, trapping the fly.

EXT. GORD'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Gord releases the fly.

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gord sits and closes his eyes -- clearly affected.

Closing his eyes tightly, for a moment, we hear the unmistakable sounds of WAR...

CUT TO:

INT. GORD'S GARAGE - LATER

Gord strikes on the light to reveal a sculptural work in progress. It's of a man's hand. Open as if it is reaching for something. A thick scar runs diagonally across the palm.

Gord continues the work until it is interrupted by a KNOCK.

INT. GORD'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

JON STEVENS (21) is at the door. Exuding youthful perfection, he wears his formal army sergeant's uniform as if it were his own skin -- appearing unscathed by the war he just fought.

Jon's presence brings light to even Gord's day.

GORD
Well howdy, Jon.

JON
Howdy, sir.

GORD
You're back. Safely. Glad to see.

JON
I made Rangers.

Gord eyes the Rangers' emblem.

GORD
Would you like to come in?

JON
Yes, sir.

GORD
Quit calling me sir. You already
make me feel old enough.

Jon smiles as he walks in...

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jon removes his hat. They sit.

GORD
I just brewed some coffee--

JON
Thanks. I'm fine.

GORD
Are you old enough for whiskey?

JON
(smiling infectiously)
I'm fine. How have you been getting
along, sir?

GORD
Oh...staying out of trouble.
Keeping my head down and my mouth
shut.

Jon fiddles with his hat.

JON

Is Trent around? It sure be great
to see him.

Gord stands, uncomfortable. He grabs some periodicals off the
table and stacks them neatly on an adjacent pile.

GORD

I'm afraid not. He moved out a
while back.

JON

How can I get a hold of him? I'd
really like to see him.

GORD

We aren't exactly on speaking terms
right now, son. But I'm sure a
Ranger like yourself can track him
down.

Jon smiles sheepishly.

JON

Okay.

GORD

Sure I can't get you something?

JON

I'm going back, Mr. Gord.

GORD

Where?

JON

To Vietnam, of course.

Gord sits.

GORD

Coming back twice is harder than
coming back once.

JON

You came back more than twice.

GORD

That was even harder.

JON

That ain't the point.

GORD

Well if the point's to die you are
on the right track.

Jon looks down to avoid conflict.

GORD (CONT'D)

(pointing emphatically --
searching for words)

Them gooks do things different. It
ain't like the wars I fought.

Jon stands, confused. Offended.

JON

You're making me uncomfortable,
sir. If you were somebody else I
might be obliged to be a little
more direct.

Jon heads for the door...

GORD

If you find my son, please send him
my best.

JON

You should've let him sign up, sir.

Gord hangs his head.

GORD

He couldn't have handled it. He
wasn't built for it.

JON

That ain't for you to decide.

GORD

I didn't. Army doctors did. Blame
who you like. It don't matter.

John walks out.

INT. GORD'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Gord's eyes are open as he lay fully clothed on top of his
neatly made bed.

-- THE SOUNDS OF MACHINE GUN FIRE GIVE WAY TO KNOCKING at the
front door --

INT. GORD'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Gord opens the front door. Morning light searing.

Sheriff BRAD ZIN (59) waits, hat off.

ZIN
Morning, Gord. May I come in?

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They sit around a coffee table.

GORD
I just brewed some coffee.
Well...yesterday. It still works.

ZIN
No, thank you.

Zin removes his hat as he picks up a paper off the table headlined 'BATTLE OF THE BULGE'.

GORD
(uncomfortable)
Please. Put that down. Paper don't
like the oils on the skin.

He obliges.

ZIN
The best way for me to do this is
jump right in.

Gord looks up.

ZIN (CONT'D)
Gord, your son...

GORD
What about him?

ZIN
I'm sorry, Gord.
(struggling)
He's joined the almighty.

Zin is not very good at these conversations.

ZIN (CONT'D)
Accident. Tractor accident.

Gord falls inward, leaning back, displaying a sort of emptiness...

ZIN (CONT'D)

If you need to talk to someone, besides myself that is, there is no shame in that. How about that doctor you talked to after the war?

GORD

(distant)
She ain't a head doctor.

ZIN

What difference does it make? She's a doctor.

GORD

Yeah.

ZIN

They want you to identify the body. Up in Holdman County. Contact the Sheriff's office there.

Zin leaves a small piece of paper with a number penciled on it.

ZIN (CONT'D)

The number's there.

GORD

(distancing himself)
That boy's been nothing but trouble.

ZIN

Do you want me to go with you?

Gord looks at Zin, shaking his head.

GORD

(ashamed)
Can it wait until the weekend? My boss isn't the understanding type.

ZIN

I'll arrange that with Sheriff. Shouldn't be a problem.

Zin stands.

ZIN (CONT'D)
(forcing a little levity)
It isn't too late for you to be a
deputy. Probably squeeze a few
years out of ya, yet.

GORD
That ain't for me.

ZIN
That's hard to believe.

Zin opens the door to leave.

ZIN (CONT'D)
You let me know if the emotions
catch up with you.

Zin eyes a lone cereal box in the minimalist nearby
kitchen...

ZIN (CONT'D)
You still eat cereal for dinner?

GORD
Sometimes.

ZIN
Why don't you come over? Put
somethin' real in your gut. It's
been a long time, Gord. Too long.

GORD
Sounds nice.

ZIN
I'm sorry for your loss.

The sound of the door CLOSING. Light shifting.

INT. GORD'S GARAGE - LATER

Gord enters in a quiet rage.

Picking up an axe, he HACKS THREE TIMES at his sculpture --

CUT TO:

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Gord walks into the bar which looks more like a converted barn. An old speak easy. Space for gambling but those gaming tables are twenty years departed.

The PATRONS, scattered amongst low-rise tables, are surprised by Gord's presence. He bellies up to the bar.

The BARTENDER, late thirties, slides a napkin in front of Gord. He too is startled by the visitor.

BARTENDER

I'm afraid they don't make your sipping whiskey no more, Gord.

GORD

I'll take what you got.

The bartender pours.

BARTENDER

It's good to see you here, Gord. Me and the boys are going hunting next weekend. We'd love to be shown a thing or two.

GORD

I don't shoot animals.

BARTENDER

Just people.

Gord looks up at the bartender.

The bartender moves along respectfully. Gord sips his drink.

A large man, BENJAMIN (40ish) enters with a companion of similar age and size, DAN. They are intoxicated.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Oh lord.

Patrons calmly watch the men as they make their way to the bar, sitting on the opposite end of Gord.

BENJAMIN

(to Bartender)

Bring us a couple of beers. We're trying to sober up for the ride home.

The drunks share an obnoxious LAUGH.

Gord looks briefly at the man.

The bartender cautiously approaches -- bringing the beers.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)
Is my credit still good here?

The bartender wipes his hands wishing he could do more, then walks away.

DAN
(laughing)
I guess so!

Benjamin takes a slurp, then SHOUTS at Gord:

BENJAMIN
Where you from? I haven't seen you
around before.

Gord sips his whiskey, ignoring him.

DAN
Aren't you going to answer the man?

Benjamin takes another drink.

BENJAMIN
(to Dan)
Maybe he's deaf.

DAN
Maybe.

BARTENDER
That's enough.

Benjamin pounds his beer then holds it back as if he is going to throw it at the bartender --

-- The bartender cowers --

-- Benjamin slams the glass down on the bar hard enough to crack but not shatter the glass --

BENJAMIN
That's what I thought. Damn queer
bar.

Dan finishes his beer then drops his glass on the floor. It shatters.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)
 (referring to the glass)
 You can put that on my tab too.

A beat, then:

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)
 (smiling and gazing at
 Gord)
 Let's leave them queers to them
 queerish affairs.

The drunken pair walk out.

BARTENDER
 Damn Sheriff's brother.

GORD
 Sheriff? Zin don't have no brother.

BARTENDER
 Different Sheriff.

GORD
 Which one?

BARTENDER
 Clemens. Up in Holdman county.

GORD
 (nodding)
 I'm heading that way soon.

BARTENDER
 What that hell you going to that
 shit hole for?

Gord thinks for a moment, then:

GORD
 (whiskey almost to his
 lips)
 Nothin'.

We can hear their motorcycles FIRE UP outside as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

Gord passes a pristine lake in his own county as he
 approaches the Holdman county line...

Crossing over, we see the wide plains give way to nothing. A poorly maintained road splits the, dry, infertile land...

Gord's truck thunders laboriously towards the horizon...

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Silence. Not a thing. Just Gord, the breeze, and the flickering dawn...

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Gord's truck pulls into the lot outside the deteriorating building...

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MOMENTS LATER

A RECEPTIONIST keeps the front tidy despite it being riddled with unfinished repairs. The renovation is overdue. A fan whips unsteadily from above...

RECEPTIONIST
How may I help you, sir?

Gord stands over her. Hat in hand.

GORD
I'm here to see the Sheriff.

RECEPTIONIST
You have an appointment?

GORD
I'm not sure.

She looks at him funny.

RECEPTIONIST
You Mr. Gord? Sheriff wasn't too happy about coming in on a Saturday.

GORD
You're in on Saturday.

RECEPTIONIST
(deflecting)
Just be a minute.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sheriff Clemens invites Gord to sit down. His office is filled with fish and game trophies. A man whose insecurities require the clustered hanging of animal heads on walls. Not as if in sport, but in conquest.

CLEMENS

Please, Mr. Gord. Have a seat. I have to ask some obligatory questions before I can take you down to the coroner.

GORD

Sheriff Zin told you who I am.

CLEMENS

I know, sir. This must be difficult. I created this questionnaire myself for the department. Helps streamline investigations.

GORD

(sarcastically)
That's convenient.

Clemens is following his typed questionnaire. He fills in the blanks as he goes.

CLEMENS

(clearing his throat)
What's the boy's name?

GORD

Trent.

CLEMENS

How long has it been since you've seen him?

GORD

Two years.

CLEMENS

He run away?

GORD

No. He was 18 and I kicked him out.

CLEMENS

For what?

GORD
I don't see what this has to do
with anything.

CLEMENS
You don't need to see. The law
needs to.

Clemens CRACKS his knuckles.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)
Why did you kick the boy out?

GORD
We didn't see eye to eye.

CLEMENS
Were you abusive?

GORD
Not to my family.

Clemens puts down his pencil.

CLEMENS
What did your boy act like?

GORD
(why is he asking?)
He acted fine.

CLEMENS
And the boy's mother?

GORD
She left when he was two.

CLEMENS
Her name?

GORD
Claudine. She may be dead. Heavy on
the sauce. Heavier than anyone I
ever come across.

Clemens feigns sympathy, then shifts gears.

CLEMENS
How would you like his personal
effects dealt with? He had no money
that we can find. Just some clothes
and a radio.

GORD
Those can be given to charity.

CLEMENS
(beaming)
The only charity we have down here
is the church.

Gord doesn't respond.

Clemens takes notes.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)
Okay, why don't we shuffle on down
to the morgue?

INT. MORGUE - LATER

Turquoise trim. Odd for a morgue.

Ubiquitous fluorescent light makes visible what shouldn't be.
A good quarter of the bulbs need replacing.

The CORONER, FRANK BLANE, leads the Sheriff and Gord down a
hall...

They are led into a room...

Pitch black for a moment until the light is STRUCK ON...

The coroner pulls out the corpse cabinet. Trent's body is not
covered...

CLEMENS
Don't you at least have the decency
to cover the body, Frank?

BLANE
Decency, yes. Funds, no.

CLEMENS
I'm sorry, Mr. Gord. Is that your
son?

GORD
Yes.

Gord is surprised by his son's brutal remains.

Gord addresses Blane:

GORD (CONT'D)
My boy got an autopsy, right?

BLANE

No, sir. I'm not a doctor. I'm an elected official.

GORD

Don't you think an autopsy is in order...?

BLANE

Sheriff would have to order it. Bring in an M.D. from another county. No doctor qualified in this jurisdiction.

CLEMENS

Despite his lack of applicable education, he is a fine coroner. Would you like to see the scene of the accident, Mr. Gord? I can walk you through what happened.

GORD

Please.

CLEMENS

I'm sorry, we simply do not have the funds to bring in outside doctors. Unless the evidence of foul play is compelling, which it is not. The opposite, in fact.

EXT. FARM - DUSK

Gord and the Sheriff walk carefully between the recently tilled earth.

CLEMENS

This is where it happened...

Clemens lays out the scene with hand gesture. Nothing but farm land.

Gord looks around as if he is supposed to see something.

GORD

I don't see no tractor.

CLEMENS

Tractor had to be moved.

GORD

Where?

CLEMENS

Back to John Deere. Had to get
flesh parts cleaned out and all--

-- Sheriff catches himself --

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Mr. Gord. Mighty
insensitive of me. Wasn't thinking.

GORD

What's the farmer's name? The one
my boy worked for.

CLEMENS

Mr. Thompson.

Clemens doesn't like the question.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

What do you do for a living, Mr.
Gord?

GORD

Thank you for your time, Sheriff.

CLEMENS

(smiling at the successful
deflection)
Pleasure's mine.

Gord turns to walk away.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

Oh. One more thing...how would you
like the remains dealt with?

GORD

I'll collect him tomorrow.

CLEMENS

Do you need a casket? We have a
superb undertaker--

GORD

No. I'll build one in the morning.

EXT. HORIZON - LATER

The blood red Sun sets into infinity...

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAWN

Gord wakes. His eyelids flutter to the cadence of a disciplined MACHINE GUN.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - MORNING

Gord is having lumber freshly cut by a YOUNG MAN...

YOUNG MAN

What are you building, mister?

GORD

Casket.

Taken off guard, the young man pauses for a moment...

GORD (CONT'D)

Did you lose interest?

The youth continues cutting...

EXT. FARM - DAY

Gord and his truck pull up to the Thompson farm.

Farmer Thompson approaches the truck.

Gord dismounts.

THOMPSON

What can I do for you?

GORD

I was hoping you'd let me use your tools.

THOMPSON

And why would I do that?

GORD

My son perished on your land.

THOMPSON

(uncomfortable)
You're the father?

A beat, then:

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
What are you building?

GORD
A casket. For my son.

THOMPSON
You got the wood?

Gord puts his hand on the bed of his pickup, indicating that he does have it.

Thompson peeks in the back, seeing the stacks of lumber.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
It's the least I can do.

INT. WORK SHED - MOMENTS LATER

Gord is led in to the well-supplied shed by Thompson.

Turning on the light:

THOMPSON
Make yourself at home. Anything
you'll need should be at arms
length.

GORD
Thank you. I'll find it.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Thompson picks up the rotary phone and dials.

THOMPSON
Hello...Sheriff...the boy's father
came up here...well, he is here,
rather...no I don't need you to
come up...he's building a casket
for the boy. Needed tools...sure,
I'll give you a call when he
leaves...just thought you should
know.

He hangs up the phone.

INT. SHERIFF CLEMENS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff hangs up the phone. He isn't happy that Gord's been sticking around.

EXT. FARM - HIGH NOON

The Sun has reached its zenith.

Parched soil.

Radiating heat.

INT. WORK SHED - CONTINUOUS

Gord is sweating through the final stages of the casket's construction.

Thompson enters.

THOMPSON

You're a fast worker.

Gord puts down a tool.

GORD

Was my boy a good worker?

THOMPSON

Yes.

GORD

Did he have any friends?

THOMPSON

My boy and yours got along pretty well.

GORD

You think I could talk to him?

THOMPSON

(defensive)

Who?

GORD

Well a conversation with my son is gonna have to wait.

THOMPSON

Well, my boy's not here right now.

Gord picks up a tool.

GORD
I'll be out of here in an hour or
so.

THOMPSON
No hurry.

GORD
Thank you.

INT. MORGUE - LATER

Gord and Blane carefully lift the boy's body into the casket.
The Sheriff looks on with interest.

EXT. MORGUE - DUSK

Casket now in the bed of the truck, Gord covers it with a
tarp.

The Sheriff extends a hand...

CLEMENS
I'm sorry about your loss.

Gord shakes his hand succinctly.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)
I'm glad we could bring prompt
closure to this matter. As I said,
tax collection ain't what it used
to be.

GORD
Maybe you should build some lakes.
Seems to serve our county well.

Clemens sours.

Gord then gets in the truck and drives away.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Gord's truck pulls up outside. He gets out and enters the
diner. There is a section for whites and a section for
blacks.

Marge Stevens (39), attractive, solid, is wiping down the counter top...

MARGE

Well hello, dear. I heard about your son. I'm so very sorry.

GORD

Marge, I've got a favor to ask.

EXT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Both Gord and Marge are looking at the casket in the bed of his truck.

MARGE

Excuse my language, but how the hell are we gonna move this sweet boy all by our little selves? I'm flattered that you think I've got the strength but the "inner" doesn't always work it out with the "outer".

GORD

What about your boy?

MARGE

He's a little irritated with you right now. And he's no boy no more. He's a man.

GORD

(humbly)
Yeah.

MARGE

But I can't think of a better solution. Be right back.

INT. DINER'S WALK IN FRIDGE - LATER

Gord and Jon Stevens carefully push the casket into the walk-in fridge. They stop and catch their breath while they look down where Trent sleeps.

JON

I just can't believe it. Boys survive years in combat, and Trent gets it from a tractor. Damn tragedy.

GORD
Ain't nothing can be done now.

Jon looks at Gord in disbelief.

JON
How do you know that it was an
accident?

MARGE (O.S.)
Watch your tongue, boy.

GORD
(to Jon)
What the hell are you talking
about?

JON
It doesn't make no sense, sir. The
lot of it. I knew him well enough
to know that he wouldn't end up
like this. He may have been
different from you but the boy was
methodical. As methodical as you.

GORD
It doesn't have to make sense.
Haven't you learned that in the
jungle, kid?

JON
Apparently not.

Jon walks out -- stopping when Gord speaks --

GORD
I'd appreciate your coming to the
service tomorrow. I know Trent
would.

Jon, without acknowledgement, walks out of the diner. The
door CHIMING behind him.

GORD (CONT'D)
(to Marge)
I'll collect him in the morning.
Before you open.

She smiles sadly then closes the fridge door firmly.

EXT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Gord walks Marge to her car.

MARGE

Sorry about my boy. Army made him
cocky.

She turns to him, running her finger over where her wedding
ring used to be.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Would you like to come over?

He contemplates the best way to say no, then:

GORD

I don't think that's a good idea.

MARGE

I didn't think you'd want to be
alone on a night like this.

A beat, then:

GORD

Good night. I'll see you in the
morning.

She forces a smile.

INT. GORD'S BEDROOM - LATER

Gord's body's impression is at the center of the bed. The
silence is broken by the sound of Gord entering the house.
Glasses CLAMOR in the kitchen, then he lumbers up the stairs.

Sitting on the edge of the bed he gives in slightly to the
fatigue...taking a finger of whiskey...he lays back, filling
the impression...

Closing his eyes, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - MORNING

Casket in the bed, Gord pulls his truck into the rear of the
house.

INT. FUNERAL HOME OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Gord sits across from the funeral director, JAMES SHAMUS
(43), in the mahogany heavy office of the funeral home.

SHAMUS
Would you like to hold a funeral,
Gord?

GORD
I wouldn't know who to invite.

SHAMUS
I could put an ad in the paper.

GORD
No. That won't be necessary. Can
you bury him today?

SHAMUS
I can manage that.

GORD
How much will this cost me? If I
had the land, I'd bury him myself.

SHAMUS
This one's on the house, Gord.

Gord stands.

Shamus follows.

GORD
That's mighty kind.

Shamus nods.

GORD (CONT'D)
I'd like to put the final nails in
the coffin.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Gord carefully nails shut the top of the coffin. One nail...

Two nails...

On the third he misses, SMASHING his thumb --

GORD
DAMMIT!

EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

Gord places one of his purple hearts on top of his son's
casket.

GORD

Okay.

Shamus, by Gord, looks on as a GRAVE DIGGER covers Trent with dampened soil at this modest cemetery.

Gord is doing everything he can to hold back a flood of emotion. Slightly trembling, his eyes water...

Gord's thumb is swelling through a bandage, blood soaking through. We can see the white slowly giving way to the red...

Shamus looks down at Gord's wounded hand.

SHAMUS

You ought to get that looked at.
Infection could set in. Cost you
work hours.

Gord looks at his hand as Jon walks up to the edge of the burial site.

Looking at each other, Gord smiles in gratitude.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - LATER

Doctor ELLEN BAND, mid fifties, injects a hypodermic needle into Gord's stricken thumb.

Pulling the needle out:

BAND

I'm sorry to hear about your son,
Gord. A man like you, after all
you've been through. What a shame.
I haven't seen him since he was
about 17.

GORD

That sounds about right.

BAND

What was he doing out there?

GORD

I'm not sure. Working I guess.

BAND

You weren't close?

Gord shakes his head. Can't quite look her in the eye.

GORD

He blamed me for his Mother being gone. She would write him letters. Lies mostly. That and I wouldn't let him in the service when he was 17.

BAND

He ran away?

GORD

He left and didn't come back.

Band places a small band-aid over Gord's thumb.

GORD (CONT'D)

I couldn't talk to him. I didn't know how. He saw me as a coward. As a husband, and a father. Suppose he was right. I had no business being a family man.

BAND

I beg to differ. You're a good man, Gord.

Gord looks up at her.

BAND (CONT'D)

It was an accident, huh? Out there on the farm?

GORD

Yeah.

BAND

Tractor?

GORD

That's what they say. Looked awfully messed up, though.

BAND

What do you mean?

GORD

They say the tractor chewed him up. He didn't look chewed up. He looked beat up. Not like a machine got em'. I've seen it both ways before...but I can't be certain.

BAND

What did the autopsy show?

GORD
They didn't have none.

Band washes her hands.

BAND
Why not?

GORD
Sheriff said it was an accident.
Don't have the county funds,
neither. Evidence has to be
"compelling".

Band leans against the counter away from Gord...thinking...

BAND
It doesn't have to be "compelling".
It simply has to be reasonable. And
what you say sounds just that. I
should take a look.

GORD
At what?

BAND
Trent's body.

GORD
That's not necessary, Doc.

BAND
I'd be happy to do it. It's the
right thing to do under the
circumstances.

GORD
He's already buried.

BAND
With your permission, I can have
him exhumed.

GORD
What?

BAND
His body taken out of the ground.

GORD
I don't know...

BAND
It's the least I can do.

Gord is uncomfortable.

GORD
What could you possibly find? The
boy's dead.

BAND
Quite a bit, actually.

She takes his hand, at first making him uncomfortable.

BAND (CONT'D)
Look. It probably was an accident.
But if my son died under those
circumstances, I would want to
know.

Gord gets it.

GORD
You're the doctor.

INT. GORD'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Gord's phone rings as he smokes an unfiltered cigarette.

Answering the phone:

GORD
Hello.

INT. SHERIFF ZIN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Zin speaks into the phone from his kitchen.

ZIN
Doc says you gave her the go ahead
to exhume your son. She needs the
go ahead from me. I need the go
ahead from you.

INT. GORD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gord inhales deeply.

GORD
Go ahead.

He hangs up the phone.

INT. SHERIFF ZIN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Zin looks at the phone, startled by the terse response. He, too, hangs up the phone.

INT. GORD'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Gord strikes on the light to reveal his damaged sculpture.

He puts on his mask, fires up the blowtorch, and begins to mend it back together...

EXT. CEMETERY - THE NEXT DAY

The boy's body is being exhumed.

Gord takes the purple heart off the casket and puts it in his pocket.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Doctor Band is performing an autopsy on Trent.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Band is sitting across from Gord in her country office.

BAND

This is difficult for me to say...

Gord is patient.

BAND (CONT'D)

I have compelling reasons to believe your son was murdered.

INTERCUT:

EXT. FARM - IMAGE

The boy's body as we found him. As Gord imagines him.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Band continues, compassionately.

BAND

There is evidence of facial trauma manifested by the presence of multiple maxillary and mandibular facial fractures.

INT. MORGUE - FLASHBACK

The boy's battered face.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Band moves forward cautiously.

BAND

Also, there are multiple linear abrasion marks about the wrists and ankles, and there is acute ecchymoses about the chest and a fracture of the fourth and fifth right rib and the third left rib. Severe internal bleeding. This is, of course, evidence of blunt trauma. Signs of struggle.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Band sighs, then:

BAND

I am legally obligated to notify Sheriff Zin.

Gord's tears swell.

BAND (CONT'D)

I'm very sorry, Gord.

GORD

Are you sure about this?

BAND

I'd put his being murdered at well...at certain.

GORD

Maybe this is what I get for killin' all those folks.

BAND

That was different, Gord.

GORD
That's what they say.

BAND
There ain't no war going on here.

GORD
Yeah.

CUT TO:

BLACK. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF MACHINE GUN FIRE --

INT. GORD'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Silence. The RAPPING of a fist at the door.
Gord gets up from his usual place of sleep.
He passes a bottle of whiskey by the lamp. No glass.

INT. GORD'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Gord opens the door for Sheriff Zin.

ZIN
May I come in?

Gord lets him in.

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They both sit around the coffee table, diagonally across from one another.

ZIN
Doc told me the results. Doc told
me she told you as well.

GORD
Yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. THOMPSON FARM - GORD IMAGINING - BEFORE DAWN

The tractor's high-beam lights cut through the black morning
as it moves forward.

We can't hear but can only see what Gord imagines.

CUT TO:

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ZIN

Normally I wouldn't ask this, as my duty supersedes just about everything else. But seeing all you've been through with your life, your service to your country, and your history with your boy...do you want me to pursue this further?

Gord didn't expect this from Zin.

GORD

I don't have a choice.

CUT TO:

EXT. THOMPSON FARM - GORD IMAGINING - BEFORE DAWN

The boy's hands again. Behind the wheel of the tractor. Tender. Whole. Alive.

His eyes are tired but the face is young. So young.

CUT TO:

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ZIN

(not the position he expected)

Well, Jesus, Gord...are you sure?

GORD

Yes, I'm sure. I'm sure I want you to do your job.

CUT TO:

EXT. THOMPSON FARM - GORD IMAGINING - BEFORE DAWN

The boy is focused on the task at hand. Suddenly, his world is SHATTERED by a heavy rock to the face which catapults him from the tractor onto the soil --

-- With all his might he props himself up from the earth --
Trying to stay conscious. Viscous blood streaming. Dangling.

CUT TO:

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ZIN
(pointing)
Remember who you're talking to...
I'll call Sheriff Clemens today.

GORD
Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. THOMPSON FARM - GORD IMAGINING - BEFORE DAWN

A crowbar STRIKES the boy in the arm. He collapses again.
Bones BREAKING.

He starts to tremble in shock as another blow CRACKS him in
the ribs. We can only see the boy's SCREAMS. Blood pushing
out instead of words.

One STRIKE. After ANOTHER. After ANOTHER.

The boy's eye and eyelid make their final movement --

CUT TO:

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zin stands up.

ZIN
I'll call you as soon as I know.

Zin walks out.

INT. GORD'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Gord is adding detail to the fingerprints on his sculpture...

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

Gord is back at work.

The foreman approaches him.

FOREMAN
(empathetic)
Sheriff's here to see you, Gord.

EXT. MACHINE SHOP

Zin and Gord walk away from the shop so they can't be heard.

ZIN
Sheriff Clemens won't budge. Says
new "evidence" ain't enough.

GORD
Except for what the doctor said.

ZIN
Except for what the doctor said.
And that ain't good enough.

GORD
(slight sarcasm)
Ain't it? I reckon so.

Zin puts a comforting hand on Gord's shoulder.

ZIN
Now. Bury your son.

Zin smiles warmly, then walks away.

GORD
I already did.

Zin stops in his tracks. Can't muster the strength to turn and face him. Keeping his back to him he continues to walk away.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

Gord, with the help of a hospital WORKER, lifts his son's refrigerated body into the casket.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Gord watches his son be reburied. Again, he places the purple heart on the casket.

Jon walks up, catching Gord off guard. Jon can see in Gord's eyes that an injustice has been done.

JON
I push off tomorrow.

GORD
I'll be thinking about you.

JON
Thank you, sir. I'll be thinking
about you too.

Jon salutes Gord.

Gord salutes back.

INT. GORD'S HOME - NIGHT

Gord enters his home. It feels like a vacuum.

INT. GORD'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

He takes down the bottle of whiskey, gets a glass, unscrews it to pour. Even though he is glaring at the bottle, his mind is elsewhere.

Gord leaves the bottle and the unfilled glass.

INT. GORD'S "OFFICE" - MOMENTS LATER

Gord enters the dark room and closes the door. We don't know where the light is coming from, but all we can see are his distressed eyes.

Placing his head between his hands, he is squeezing his skull in frustration.

-- We hear the sounds again --

-- Memories --

-- The sounds of sporadic GUNFIRE --

-- SLOSHING of boots --

-- An EXPLOSION --

Releasing his head, breathing more heavily, the sounds stop...

Gord stands. More put together, he slowly exits the room...

EXT. GORD'S HOME - FIRST LIGHT

Morning light trickles onto his home...

Gord exits the front door and enters his truck.

INT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Gord fires up the truck. Refreshed and collected, he drives off...

EXT. FARM - CONTINUOUS

Gord pulls up to the Thompson farm. It's a relatively small property, fewer than 10 acres. Isolated.

His eyes, in analysis, scan the building as he approaches the front door...

Gord KNOCKS.

Farmer Thompson answers, dressed for field work.

THOMPSON

(cautious)

Good morning.

GORD

Likewise. Do you mind if I ask you a few questions about my son?

Thompson nods cautiously, letting him in.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Thompson and Gord enter the living room. Simple. Spare. Christian symbols. A family portrait.

THOMPSON

Would you like something to drink?

GORD

No. Thank you.

THOMPSON

I am going to make some tea for myself. It will just be a minute. Wife's with the chickens.

Thompson excuses himself.

Gord's eyes are at work again, scanning the room. Looking for clues. We haven't seen him act like this before...he is waking...coming alive...

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Thompson quietly picks up the phone and dials as he speaks.

Photographs of his large family are by the phone.

THOMPSON
Are you sure I can't get you
anything?

GORD (O.S.)
I'm fine.

THOMPSON
It'll just be a minute.

A beat, then he speaks into the phone:

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
(softly)
Sheriff, please.

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Thompson enters the room to find Gord exactly where he left him.

THOMPSON
I got the pot going at least.

Referring to a purple heart on the wall:

GORD
Were you in the War?

THOMPSON
Yep.

Thompson remains standing.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
Were you?

Gord gives his faint rendition of a smile...

GORD
Which one?

Thompson is now genuinely afraid.

GORD (CONT'D)
Tell me about my son.

THOMPSON
What do you want to know?

GORD
Everything.

THOMPSON
You're gonna have to narrow it down
a bit.

GORD
I ain't gonna have to do nothing.

THOMPSON
I don't appreciate your tone.

Thompson takes a step back. Nervous as hell.

GORD
I don't appreciate your lies.

THOMPSON
I'm going to have to ask you to
leave, Mr. Gord.

Gord stands.

GORD
You said our sons were friends. I
want to talk to him.

THOMPSON
He ain't here.

GORD
Where is he?

The WHIRL of sirens can now be heard.

GORD (CONT'D)
You didn't have to do that.

Thompson is practically pissing himself.

THOMPSON
I didn't do nothin'.

Gord looks out the window to see three Sheriff cruisers pull
up to the house.

Gord glares at Thompson -- thinks about taking drastic action -- then decides to back down --

Gord walks over to the front door and opens it --

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Clemens, Deputy Bastogne, Benjamin (in civilian clothes) and 5 other DEPUTIES all have hands on revolvers or shotguns in hand...

Gord recognizes Benjamin from the bar (early scene in script - Sheriff Clemens' brother).

CLEMENS

What are you doing on his land,
boy?

GORD

He invited me in.

A beat, then:

CLEMENS

That ain't how we see it. That
ain't how he sees it.

Gord looks back at Thompson, who is slowly backpedaling away from the situation...

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

I'll ask again: what are you doing
trespassing...?

Gord takes a step towards the officers --

-- They tense at the move --

BENJAMIN

Hold it right there...

Gord does.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Answer my brother, boy.

CLEMENS

You armed?

GORD

Do my teeth count?

CLEMENS

Turn around. Hands on your head.

Gord does.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

Drop to your knees.

Gord obliges.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

Deputy Stirn, cuff this man.

Stirn secures Gord.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

Pat him down.

Stirn frisks him.

STIRN

He's clean.

CLEMENS

Sit him down.

Gord drops to his behind.

Clemens walks up to Gord, squatting next to him.

Whispering into Gord's ear:

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

I'm going to give you one
opportunity, and one opportunity
only...

Gord looks coldly at Sheriff...

GORD

Sounds like a gold mine.

CLEMENS

You have two choices. Get out of
town, or go to jail. And we don't
have no ordinary jail. It's a
special kind of jail. For a special
kind of people. People like you,
Gord.

A beat, then:

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

What will it be?

GORD
(reluctantly)
I'll oblige.

CLEMENS
Good. If you ever come near my
jurisdiction again, there won't be
nothing to talk about...got it?

Gord just stares at Clemens.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)
Good.

Clemens pats Gord on the shoulder, stands, and walks away.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)
Deputy Stirn, release this man.

Stirn does.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)
Deputy Bastogne, take one of the
boys and follow Gord to the county
line. Radio in when you're done.

Gord gets in his truck and they drive off...

INT. TRUCK - LATER

Gord is driving down the straight highway, monitoring the following Sheriff cruiser in the rear view.

Beneath him, he feels and we can hear the road CHANGE quality for the better. What was ROUGH, GRAVELED and UNEVEN is now SMOOTH and CLEAN.

The deputies pull to the side of the road, dirt bellowing...they then turn around...

Gord watches in the mirror...

EXT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Gord's truck moves down the highway...faster than we've seen it before...

Past another lake...

EXT. CAR DEALER - LATER

Gord pulls his truck into the dealership lot.

EXT. CAR DEALER - CONTINUOUS

Gord exits his truck and is greeted by FRANK TILLMAN (30ish), the car salesman.

FRANK
Howdy, Gord.

GORD
Howdy.

FRANK
In the market for a new car?

GORD
I reckon.

FRANK
Whatcha looking for?

GORD
I don't know. Something simple.

FRANK
Well you ain't gonna find a
Cadillac here. So, I can all but
guarantee the straightforwardness
of our product.

A beat, then:

FRANK (CONT'D)
What type of transaction are we
talking about?

GORD
Trade.

FRANK
The truck?

GORD
That's right.

FRANK
I've got the perfect vehicle for
you.

EXT. CAR DEALER - LATER

Gord drives out of the lot in a used Buick Riviera.

INT. BARBERSHOP - EARLY EVENING

A BARBER cuts Gord's hair.

INT. GORD'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Gord is touching up a fingernail on his sculpture...

Standing back, he admires the completed work...

INT. GORD'S BEDROOM - LATER

Gord lays on the bed. No whiskey.

The wind spreads and coils the drapes in his room. He looks over, enjoying the fresh air, closing his eyes as we...

FADE OUT.

INT. GORD'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Gord is shaving -- we haven't seen him clean shaven before.

INT. GORD'S HALLWAY - LATER

Gord carefully removes a floorboard from the ground.

Inside the opening is an old safe. Spinning the code, it opens.

He pulls out a thick black duffle bag, grunting at its weight. Behind the bag are stacks of cash. Varying denominations.

He thumbs money to take ...

EXT. GORD'S HOME - LATER

Gord puts the duffle bag, along with another in the trunk of his new car.

Sheriff Zin pulls up in his patrol car.

ZIN
Howdy, Gord.

GORD
Howdy.

Zin eyes the new car, concerned.

ZIN
Nice car.

GORD
Thanks.

ZIN
Ain't no use for the truck no more?

GORD
I ain't got no more dead folk to
cart around.

ZIN
You going somewhere?

GORD
Often.

ZIN
I tried calling but you didn't
answer.

GORD
Didn't hear the phone ring.

ZIN
Sheriff Clemens called, Gord. Says
you were up to no good.

GORD
Oh?

ZIN
Why don't you come over to the
house for dinner? Missus would love
to see you...

GORD
Very soon, Sheriff.

Zin smiles cautiously and slowly drives away.

GORD (CONT'D)
Dammit.

Another patrol car pulls up to the curb around the corner from Gord's house.

Gord notices.

GORD (CONT'D)

Christ.

Gord enters his home, closing the door behind him.

INT. GORD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gord turns out the light, then looks out the window with a pair of German binoculars.

The patrol car is still there. He studies the faces of the two DEPUTIES inside.

He gently puts the binoculars down and picks up the phone.

Into the phone:

GORD

Hi, this is Doctor Cain down at County. Is Deputy Miller available?

A beat, then:

GORD (CONT'D)

I see. Could you let him know his wife just checked in. Looks like she might be pregnant again.

A beat, then:

GORD (CONT'D)

Thanks very much.

He hangs up the phone. Picking up the binoculars, he looks back at the car...

We see one of the deputies pick up the radio. They look anxious about whatever was just discussed, then drive off...

Gord turns the light back on.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gord turns a light on here too, which can also be seen through a window.

EXT. GORD'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Gord gets into his new car and drives into the night...

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

Gord is driving down an otherwise undisturbed stretch of highway...

A patrol car, sirens WAILING, is rapidly approaching Gord from the rear...

INT. GORD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gord watches the patrol car pull up right behind him...

Sheriff Zin, accompanied by another DEPUTY, speaks through the loudspeaker:

ZIN

Pull over.

Gord ignores him, not changing speed or course.

ZIN (CONT'D)

Pull over, Gord, or I will alert Sheriff Clemens.

EXT. GORD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gord pulls over, resting his head against the steering wheel in surrender.

The Sheriff and his deputy, CHARLIE (27), get out of the car.

ZIN

Don't draw your weapon.

Charlie is uncomfortable with this order.

ZIN (CONT'D)

Stay here and be careful. Gord's outfit in WWII inspired Kennedy to create the Navy Seals.

CHARLIE

Navy Seals? What are those?

Zin rolls his eyes then walks up to Gord's car.

Gord lowers the window.

ZIN
Where in God's name are you going?

GORD
An evening drive.

ZIN
Uh huh.

Zin's eyes scan the interior of the car.

ZIN (CONT'D)
Do you have any weapons in the
vehicle?

GORD
I'm not sure.

ZIN
You're not sure?

GORD
Sometimes I forget. Leave em' in
the car.

ZIN
Pop the trunk, Gord.

Gord does.

Zin walks over to the trunk.

To Charlie:

ZIN (CONT'D)
Keep an eye on him.

CHARLIE
Yes, Sheriff.

Zin opens a bag in the trunk. Shuffles through it.

He then opens the black duffle bag to find a 6 gauge shotgun,
a rifle, a 45 caliber pistol, and a K-Bar knife amidst other
supplies.

ZIN
Christ. Charlie, put these bags in
our trunk please.

Zin walks back over to Gord.

ZIN (CONT'D)

Gord, I'm going to have to ask you
to step out of the car.

Zin's unsteady hand is over his sheathed revolver.

Gord gets out.

ZIN (CONT'D)

Please turn around.

He does.

Zin then cuffs him and walks him over to the patrol car.

Charlie opens the door and they put him gently in the
vehicle.

ZIN (CONT'D)

Charlie, drive his car back to the
station. Careful, he just bought
it.

CHARLIE

Yes, sir.

INT. ZIN'S PATROL CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Zin is driving Gord back towards the station.

ZIN

Clever move back at the house.
Getting my deputies all mixed up.
Didn't think I'd come after you?

GORD

I don't know.

ZIN

I think you wanted to get caught.
Stop yourself from doing something
stupid, Gord.

GORD

What Sheriff Clemens did ain't
right.

ZIN

He concluded the investigation.

GORD

His investigation was bullshit.

ZIN

I can't challenge him on it. All I can do is stop this situation from getting worse.

GORD

Can't always make the safe play, Sheriff.

ZIN

What do you want me to do? Call the Feds?

GORD

That'd be a good start.

ZIN

You really think they'll take on this case? Kick aside a reputable Sheriff?

GORD

That ain't right.

A beat, then Zin gazes into the rear-view mirror:

ZIN

There's nothing I can do.

Gord looks out the window.

GORD

Maybe not. But I can. It's not somethin' I want to do. But it's the only way I know how to do it.

Zin just looks at him.

INT. ZIN'S JAIL - LATER

Everything about Zin's station seems more up-to-date than Clemens'.

The bars close on Gord, the sole occupier of the cell.

Zin removes Gord's cuffs from the outside.

ZIN

We'll talk about your future in the morning. Take this time to think. Hard.

Zin walks out.

GORD
(under his breath)
There ain't nothing to think about.

Gord sits on the edge of the bed. Pensive.

He lays back and closes his eyes.

FADE OUT.

INT. ZIN'S JAIL - MORNING

Zin walks in to greet deputy Charlie.

ZIN
Was he any trouble?

CHARLIE
No trouble at all.

Zin walks over to Gord's cell.

ZIN
Good morning.

GORD
To some.

ZIN
You're not getting your guns or
ammo back.

GORD
You think I need em?

Zin ignores him.

ZIN
You can keep most the other stuff,
though.

A beat, then:

ZIN (CONT'D)
If I let you out you gotta stay out
of trouble, Gord. Any indication
otherwise and I'll come after you.
And if I can't catch you I'm
legally obligated to let Sheriff
Clemens know you're coming. Got it?
I don't need any blood on my hands.

Gord doesn't acknowledge him.

Zin recognizes the irony of his last statement.

ZIN (CONT'D)

I should make you sign a damn contract but that ain't gonna happen, is it?

GORD

I can't write.

The cell door UNLOCKS as Zin shakes his head.

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

Gord is WELDING at work.

INT. GORD'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Gord is polishing his now bronzed sculpture. Running the soft cloth over the long scar at its center...

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Gord sits on his couch, drinking a finger of whiskey.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

GORD

Don't worry, Sheriff. I ain't going nowhere.

No response.

Gord grunts, then gets up and walks over to the door.

Looking through the peephole, he sees no one.

He opens the door and looks around.

EXT. GORD'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Nothing. Gord sees nothing unusual.

He walks over to the patrol car that is staked across the street from his home.

Deputy Charlie rolls down the window.

GORD

Did you knock?

CHARLIE

No.

GORD

Somebody knocked at my door.

CHARLIE

I didn't see nothing.

Gord walks back to his door to find an envelope on the doorstep. He must have walked right over it before.

He picks it up and quickly enters his house, closing the door behind him.

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gord sits down in front of the envelope. He looks at it suspiciously. Closing his eyes. Opening them. Contemplating what to do.

Deciding to open it, he tears at the back cleanly with an index finger.

He looks inside...it appears to be a single, white piece of paper...

Slowly, Gord slides it out -- reading it -- pain spreading across his face --

Dropping it on the table, we can clearly read what is scrawled across the paper in thick red writing...*"Are you a Faggot like your boy?"*

He puts a hand over his eyes as if a massive headache suddenly emerged...

Gord TEARS the paper in half, letting it drop to the floor...

Gord boiling into a rage, constraining himself only to not attract attention.

He collapses onto the couch, covering his face.

We think he is on the verge of tears. Shaking. But he is not.

Rage echoes through quivering eyes as we...

CUT TO:

BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Gord is asleep on the floor. Jacket as pillow.

A KNOCK at the door.

Gord wakes and is on his feet quickly. A chef's knife is behind him, gripped tightly as a weapon...

He looks through the peephole then opens the door.

Dr. Band is there. Guarded.

BAND

I hope I didn't wake you.

GORD

No, I was just making breakfast.

He shows her the knife.

BAND

Sorry to disturb you. May I come in?

GORD

What's this about, Doc?

BAND

May I come in?

Gord extends a welcoming hand.

Band enters.

Gord puts the knife away in the kitchen.

BAND (CONT'D)

May I sit down?

Gord walks back to the living room.

GORD

Please.

BAND

May I have something to drink?

She is clearly troubled.

GORD
Water?

BAND
No.

GORD
Ain't it a little early, Doc?

BAND
I took the day off.

GORD
Whiskey's all I got.

BAND
That'll be fine.

Gord returns to the Kitchen. We hear him making the drink.

BAND (CONT'D)
There...there's something I've been
meaning to tell you, Gord...

Gord returns with the drink, handing it to Band.

She takes a sip. Hand slightly trembling.

BAND (CONT'D)
Please. Forgive me. It's about your
son.

GORD
What about my son?

BAND
There's more to his injuries than I
initially indicated to you.

Gord just stares at her.

She downs the drink.

BAND (CONT'D)
I don't know how to soften this...

GORD
Tell me.

BAND
He was tortured, Gord.

GORD
Tortured how? Why the hell didn't
you tell me before?

BAND
(strongly)
Because I'm a mother. And I
wouldn't want to know. Not after
what's happened.

He can barely keep it together

GORD
I ain't you.

BAND
I realized that. And the
investigation's dried up. That's
why I'm here.

She looks right at him.

GORD
What did they do to him?

She covers her face with her hands.

GORD (CONT'D)
Tell me. What did they do?

She closes her eyes, exhaling...

BAND
His rectum was torn. Badly. And
part of his descending colon was
severely damaged.

GORD
Why would they do that?

BAND
I don't know.

A beat, then:

GORD
I need some time. To myself.

Band understandingly stands and walk towards the door.

Hesitating:

BAND
I'll talk to the Sheriff.

GORD
No. Don't tell nobody. I'll take
care of it.

She nods nervously, then opens the door.

BAND
I'm so sorry. I didn't know what to
do.

GORD
Now you do.

We hear the door CLOSE.

Gord takes a deep breath, running his hands over his face.
Collecting himself. Clearing his throat. He picks up the
phone and dials.

Into the phone:

GORD (CONT'D)
Hello. Sheriff...? I'd like to take
you up on that dinner.

INT. SHERIFF ZIN'S HOME - NIGHT

Zin's home is warm and filled with his wife DOLLY's
inexpensive trinkets.

Dolly, Zin, and Gord are all sitting at the dining room
table, having just finished eating meatloaf and mashed
potatoes.

GORD
Thank you, Dolly. I haven't had a
home cooked meal in a long time.

DOLLY
Anytime, sweetheart.

GORD
Doc came over to see me today.

ZIN
Oh. Your hand okay?

GORD
Just fine.

Gord takes a sip of water.

GORD (CONT'D)
She came to talk about my boy.

DOLLY
It's good to have friends who care.

GORD
Awful things happened.

ZIN
We know, Gord.

GORD
No. More than you know. More than
what I knew. Before today.

ZIN
Doctor told ya?

GORD
Yeah.

ZIN
Tell me about it.

GORD
That ain't important.

ZIN
Sure it is.

GORD
What are these facts gonna change?

ZIN
For whom?

GORD
For the situation. The legal
situation.

ZIN
I don't know until you tell me.

Finding a way...

GORD
Boy was tortured, Sheriff.

DOLLY
Oh Lord.

ZIN
How?

GORD

Badly.

Zin acknowledges with a repeated slight nod.

GORD (CONT'D)

Excuse me, ma'am. I hope I'm not stepping out of bounds.

She smiles lovingly.

DOLLY

I will get some coffee.

ZIN

Thanks, Hun.

A beat, then:

ZIN (CONT'D)

Let me think this over.

GORD

(pointing, lowering his voice)

No. You ain't gonna do nothing and you know it.

ZIN

Well that isn't--

GORD

Your hands are tied. You said it after you picked me up on the highway. These new facts don't change nothing.

ZIN

What do you expect me to do?

GORD

I know your limitations.

ZIN

And you don't have none?

GORD

We all do. Your shield for instance.

ZIN

You're in my home, Gord.

Zin sits back in his chair.

GORD
They put this on my doorstep last
night.

Gord slides him the "*Are you a faggot like your boy?*" note,
which is taped back together.

Zin reads it.

ZIN
Who did this?

GORD
I don't know.

ZIN
I'll keep the patrol car out front
of your house until things settle
down.

GORD
Your deputy didn't even notice.

ZIN
I'll have a talk with him.

GORD
That ain't good enough.

ZIN
What do you want me to do?

GORD
Give me my guns back.

ZIN
I can't do that.

GORD
What if they come back? A man's got
a right to defend himself.

Zin sighs. Studies the note again.

ZIN
I'll give you the shotgun back. One
box of shells. You can pick it up
from the deputy stationed outside
your house when you get back from
work. Check it in with him in the
morning on the way out. You'll do
this day in and day out until I say
otherwise.

A beat, then:

ZIN (CONT'D)
 Self defense only. Any maleficence,
 and I'll lock you up for a week.
 Maybe more.

Gord gets it.

ZIN (CONT'D)
 And in the meantime, I'll talk to
 Sheriff Clemens about this
 business.
 (referring to the note)
 I'll go up and see him. Face to
 face.

GORD
 I appreciate that.

Zin smiles compassionately as Dolly brings in the coffee.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

A speck moves over the long, desolate highway. As it
 approaches, seeming to gain shape and momentum, we see that
 it is a Sheriff's car...

Since we are so far away, we can see a cluster of lakes in
 the background...

Moving even closer we identify Zin behind the wheel, powering
 down the road...

INT. SHERIFF CLEMENS' OFFICE - DAY

Clemens sits across from Zin.

CLEMENS
 Have a seat, Sheriff, please.

ZIN
 Thank you.

Zin sits.

CLEMENS
 What can I do you for?

Clemens folds his fingers over his stomach.

ZIN

This note was placed in front of
Gord's home two nights ago.

Zin slides him the note.

Clemens quickly scans the note.

CLEMENS

And...?

ZIN

I was wondering if it had anything
to do with the case?

CLEMENS

No. I told you, Sheriff. That case
is closed.

ZIN

It's mighty coincidental.

CLEMENS

Everybody in this town knew that
boy was a faggot.

ZIN

That may be the case, but I think
it should be explored.

Clemens holds up the note.

CLEMENS

This happened in your county,
Sheriff.

ZIN

It will be investigated there too.

Demonstrating with his hand:

CLEMENS

I've had it up to here with these
cockamamy stories. The boy was a
queer pure and simple. And queers
get into trouble. Accidents happen.
He was lucky to have a job.

Clemens wipes some sweat from his head with a handkerchief.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

I'll say it one. More. Time. Case
closed. Am I clear?

Zin glares at him.

ZIN

I see how you see it but that isn't good enough.

Clemens pops out of his seat.

CLEMENS

How dare you come into my office and tell me how it is supposed to be!

ZIN

It ain't me tellin' you nothin'. It's the law tellin' you.

CLEMENS

What about Christian law?

ZIN

(standing)
What about it?

CLEMENS

Listen, Sheriff. We can work together on this. There are murders and there are accidents. This was an accident. Nature took its course...

ZIN

So now it's natural law? I thought we were on Christian law?

CLEMENS

What's the difference?

ZIN

Thank you for your time, Sheriff.

Zin locks eyes with Clemens as he grabs the note and slowly walks out.

INT. SHERIFF ZIN'S HOME - NIGHT

Zin is alone at his dining room table, introspective, drinking a beer out of the bottle.

Dolly comes up behind him.

DOLLY

Is everything alright, Hun?

ZIN

Yeah. It's just been a long day.
That's all.

He forces a smile as they touch hands. Zin gets up walks out...

INT. ZIN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Zin closes the door behind him and dials a number.

Into the phone:

ZIN

We need to meet. Right now.

EXT. NONDESCRIPT STREET - NIGHT

Zin's private car (not the cruiser) rolls slowly through the otherwise still street.

The Sheriff's mind is clearly somewhere else. His eyes fixed.

EXT. CHILDREN'S PARK - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff parks, setting the gear. He exits the vehicle, not in uniform.

Gord rolls up behind him.

EXT. CHILDREN'S PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Gord and Zin are in the center of the park. The equipment looks new. Bright colors.

It's a cold night. We can see their breath. Nerves aren't helping.

ZIN

You know the old storage facility
over on Larchmont Street?

GORD

Uh huh.

ZIN

Unit D. Go there tonight. Around
midnight will be good.

GORD

What for?

ZIN

Scale the fence in the rear. It was damaged in last winter's storm. You don't have to worry about the dog, neither. He was put down last week. The sliding door will be unlocked. Unit D. Don't write this down.

GORD

What's going on?

ZIN

Your bag's in there. The one I took. You'll see it. We never had this conversation, understand?

GORD

Yes, sir.

ZIN

And we'll never have this conversation again. After tonight, wait a few days before we communicate about anything.

Zin starts to walk towards his car.

ZIN (CONT'D)

And Gord, don't forget to lock the door behind you tonight. You were never there.

Gord's in agreement.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Darkness of the thick woods. Insects CHIRP by the deafening thousands.

Gord trots up to the edge of the wilderness, finding a damaged fence. The barbed wire separated and unwound from the top, providing a space to crawl through to the other side.

He scales it quickly. Constantly cautious and aware.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Gord eyes a dark shack of a home on the property. Must be the owner's.

He makes it over to the large sliding door marked "D."

Gord pulls at the lock, which easily opens.

Slowly and quietly, Gord rolls up the sliding door.

He snaps his flashlight on, orientating himself with the 12' x 15' space.

Gord locates his bag on some shelves to the left.

He opens it and examines its contents. Satisfied with what he finds, he zips it back up and slings it over his shoulder --

-- We hear the COCK of a revolver --

-- Freezing Gord in his place --

A voice emanates from the darkness:

VOICE
Don't move, mister.

Gord squints, trying to discern the figure --

VOICE (CONT'D)
Put down the bag. Slowly.

Gord starts to obey the command as --

-- The figure moves, slivers of light revealing pieces of his face --

VOICE (CONT'D)
Gord, is that you?

Gord thrusts the bag at the MAN (60ish), knocking him back, sending the pistol flying --

Gord then pins the man, bringing a fist up as if to punch him --

Gord hesitates. Burying the beast.

MAN
Gord, please...

Gord gets off him. Grabs his bag. Disappears into the darkness...

The man breathes heavily as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. GORD'S HOME - LATER

Gord storms up to his car.

Opening the trunk, he tosses the black bag in the trunk.

Heading to the driver's seat, his momentum is interrupted by the phone RINGING in his house...

Gord contemplates for a moment then decides to --

INT. GORD'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Gord enters, heading towards the phone.

Picking it up --

INT. SHERIFF ZIN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Zin is alone. He speaks quietly in the phone:

ZIN

I swear on the heavens the Old Man
wasn't supposed to be there.
Hunting trip was cancelled last
minute--

INT. GORD'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Gord hangs up the phone in frustration.

INT. SHERIFF ZIN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Zin slides the phone off his finger onto the receiver.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Gord and his car tear down the highway...

EXT. GORD'S HOME - LATER

Zin's cruiser pulls up to the house where Deputy Charlie waits. Lights swirling above his cruiser.

Zin pops out of the car.

ZIN

Charlie, turn off the damn lights.
You're gonna wake up the neighbors.

Charlie obliges.

CHARLIE

I don't think he's here, boss. His
car is gone. Do you want me to
alert the other counties? Head out
toward the highway?

ZIN

God, no. This is a simple robbery.

CHARLIE

With battery.

ZIN

Alleged. Where's your partner?

CHARLIE

Called in sick, remember? Do you
want me to wake the other deputies?

ZIN

Please, son, let me do the
thinking.

Zin walks back to his car.

ZIN (CONT'D)

Stake out his house for the night.
I'll have a plan in the morning.

CHARLIE

Yes, sir.

Zin gets in his cruiser and drives away.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAWN

Gord jerks awake in his car. It looks like he was dreaming.

INT. BUS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Gord has his black duffle slung over his shoulder. He's
talking to a TICKET AGENT.

GORD
One to Langtree, please.

INT. SHERIFF ZIN'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Zin is addressing his Deputies, including Charlie.

ZIN
We're not going to go outside our county yet. This is a small matter. A local matter. If we don't find him in the next few hours, we'll go APB.

CHARLIE
Sir, what about the issue with Sheriff Cle--

ZIN
Sheriff Clemens will know soon enough. Charlie, go home. Your shift is over.

CHARLIE
But, sir--

ZIN
Go home, son. If you had spotted the damned fool who slipped the note to Gord, maybe none of this would've ever happened.

Charlie hesitates, grabs his coat, then walks out...

INT. DEPUTY CHARLIE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Charlie is talking into the phone. His drinking is not only evidenced by his behavior but by the bottle next to him.

A baby is heard CRYING in the background.

CHARLIE
There's something I'd like you to keep in confidence, sir... Sir, Sheriff Zin is not doing his duty in telling you that Gord stole his guns back... Yes, sir... And, sir, we can't find him...

INT. SHERIFF CLEMENS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Clemens hangs up the phone, concerned...

EXT. LANGTREE BUS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Gord exits the bus.

The bus driver's voice is over speaker:

BUS DRIVER (V.O.)
Langtree station. This is Langtree
station. Connection to--

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - LATER

Clemens is addressing a group of DEPUTIES.

CLEMENS
We have to assume that Gord is
heading up here to continue his
delusional investigation into the
accidental death of his son. People
who bury their children will seek
reason when reason is not due.
Assume he is armed and dangerous.

Clemens pats sweat off of his forehead.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)
Johnson. Caprese. You idiots get on
out to that highway. See if you can
spot him there.

A beat, then:

CLEMENS (CONT'D)
Go.

They move towards their assignments.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gord settles into a room, pulling the blinds closed.

-- Gord lays his weapons out on a bed --

-- He cleans his shotgun --

-- The rifle --

-- Checks the chamber of his pistol --

-- Tucks the bag underneath his bed --

INT. SUPPLY STORE - LATER

Gord is taking a small amount of supplies to the counter.

GORD
Do you sell maps?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Gord spreads the map out on the poorly lit desk. He places his right index finger on the City of Langtree.

He then uses a ruler to measure the distance between Langtree and the Town of Essex.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Gord passes out on the bed.

FADE OUT.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

BLARING, the alarm clock startles Gord awake. It's 2:00 a.m.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gord is wearing a large backpack. Large enough to contain his guns.

He looks around cautiously, then crosses the street and disappears into a dying cornfield.

EXT. DEAD CORNFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Gord uses a small light to check a compass.

It's cold. We can see traces of his breath.

As he walks along the stalks in the chilled darkness,
memories surface --

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - FLASHBACK

Grey. Snow. Barren, contorted trees.

INTERCUT:

EXT. DEAD CORNFIELD - PRESENT

Gord shivers from the memory and the cold.

INTERCUT:

EXT. FOREST - FLASHBACK

A German SOLDIER. Alone. Smoking a cigarette.

INTERCUT:

EXT. DEAD CORNFIELD - PRESENT

Gord centers himself. Collected. He paces forward, deflecting
the elements.

INTERCUT:

EXT. FOREST - FLASHBACK

The German soldier. Enjoying the cigarette. We only see the
arms of the OTHER. The black flash of a knife and the quiet,
quick death of the soldier.

A final release of breath. Blood runs over the buttons of a
faded uniform.

FADE OUT.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - LATER

It's still very dark.

Gord is monitoring the building through binoculars.

A light is on inside. A deputy, RAINES, exits the building to light a cigarette. Crickets CHIRPING.

Raines looks at his wristwatch then drops and extinguishes the cigarette with his boot.

Raines turns back for the station when he is grabbed and thrust to the ground in one swift motion --

-- Raines' face is slammed against the dirt --

-- Gord on top of him, pinning him down ferociously --

GORD

(softly)

If you say anything. That is, unless I ask you a question, I will remove your vocal chords. Do you understand?

Raines nods.

GORD (CONT'D)

Is there anyone else on duty tonight?

RAINES

Two others. On patrol.

GORD

When are they due back?

RAINES

2 hours.

GORD

Good.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Raines is tied to a chair in front of dispatch.

Gord is circling him.

GORD

What's your name?

RAINES

What's it to you, cowboy?

Gord tears off Raines' name tag.

GORD
Raines...do you know who I am?

RAINES
Nope. But I know what you are.

GORD
I'm the father of Trent Gord.

Gord continues to circle. He's done this before.

GORD (CONT'D)
Were you privy to the
investigation?

RAINES
What investigation?

Gord leans in.

GORD
Who done it?

RAINES
Who done what?

Gord is practically breathing down Raines' neck.

GORD
Who killed my son?

RAINES
It was an accident.

GORD
I'll tell you what. You tell me who
killed my son, and I won't kill
yours.

RAINES
I don't have a son.

Raines looks at Gord.

GORD
Your unborn son.

RAINES
My wife ain't pregnant.

Gord sticks the deputy's revolver into Raines' crotch.

GORD
 (COCKING it)
 Your unborn son.

RAINES
 Oh Jesus.

Raines wets himself.

RAINES (CONT'D)
 (petrified)
 It must have been Clemens and his
 boys.

GORD
 It must have been?

RAINES
 It was. We all know it was.

GORD
 His boys?

RAINES
 His brother. His friends. Farmer
 Thompson.

GORD
 Farmer Thompson?

RAINES
 Yes.

GORD
 Why?

RAINES
 You don't want to know.

GORD
 Tell me.

RAINES
 Trust me, mister--

GORD
 Tell. Me.

Pushing the revolver down --

RAINES
 Your boy and Farmer Thompson's
 son...

A beat, then:

RAINES (CONT'D)
They were...doin' things.

GORD
What things?

RAINES
You don't want to know, mister.

Pushing the revolver down firmly --

RAINES (CONT'D)
They was fuckin'.

Gord pulls the revolver back, stepping away...

GORD
Where is Clemens now?

RAINES
(hesitating)
At home.

GORD
Where does he live?

RAINES
He'd kill me --

Gord points the revolver at the back of Raines' head --

RAINES (CONT'D)
(closing his eyes)
Clemens Ranch. It's about five
miles north of Cliff junction.
There is a dirt road that veers off
there. You can't miss it.

A beat, then:

RAINES (CONT'D)
Are you going to kill me?

Gord leans in real close, practically whispering.

GORD
I want you to tell your Sheriff
that he has until noon tomorrow to
turn himself in, or I'll act on
behalf of something greater.
Understand?

RAINES

Yes, sir.

Gord disappears into the blackness.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MORNING

Sheriff Clemens is addressing his Deputies.

CLEMENS

What happened this morning is beyond unacceptable.

BASTOGNE

Should we contact Sheriff Zin?

CLEMENS

No. He's been nothing but a wrench in our gears. And although deputy Raines did a good job keeping his mouth shut, Gord will come to us. Bastogne...take Lark, Johnson and Raines. You'll hole up here and wait. Sleep here if you got to.

A beat, then:

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

I'll take Horn, and Stirn. We'll head up to my ranch. If Gord is gonna come knockin' it is going to be one of two places.

RAINES

What do we do? Arrest him?

Clemens is practically radiant.

CLEMENS

(shoot him)

No.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - DAY

Deputies on guard in various posts. Brandishing weapons. Waiting.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Lark is on guard outside. Shotgun in hand.

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Farmer Thompson is sitting cross-legged across from Clemens who is snacking incessantly from a bowl of stale peanuts.

The room is decorated with taxidermy, swords, and firearms.

THOMPSON
So...is he coming?

CLEMENS
Who?

THOMPSON
Dammit, Sheriff. Gord.

CLEMENS
Nothing to be concerned about. Just an ignorant man with a chip on his shoulder.

THOMPSON
What does he know?

CLEMENS
Nothing. He knows nothing.

THOMPSON
Then why are we holed up here?

Clemens doesn't answer.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Gord is on the phone.

GORD
Hey. Sheriff.

INT. SHERIFF ZIN'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff closes his office door.

ZIN
Christ, Gord. What the hell is going on?

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

GORD

I don't have much. A house. What
come with it. That's about all.

INT. SHERIFF ZIN'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Zin is listening.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

GORD

I just want you to see my things
through in a proper way. If things
go wrong.

Zin sighs.

ZIN

I can do that.

GORD

I've got a safe under the
floorboards near the kitchen. Tap
your boots to find it. 28. 14. 12.

Gord hangs up the phone.

INT. SHERIFF ZIN'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Zin hangs up the phone, then writes the code down. Profoundly
troubled.

The reflection eating at him, he opens his door and walks
out...

EXT. SHERIFF ZIN'S STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Zin gets into his cruiser and heads out...

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Zin is racing down the road...

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Clemens stands, still facing Thompson.

THOMPSON
Do you think he's gonna show up?

CLEMENS
Stop it with that negative talk.

Clemens turns and looks out the window which reveals a sloping hill covered with tall, dried grass.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)
Hell, I don't know.

Through a reflection we can see the dry grass move elegantly in the wind.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Lark notices something...squinting towards the horizon...

Zin's car is approaching from the distance...

LARK
Boys, I think we got company...

Bastogne and Johnson join Lark on the porch...

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Zin's cruiser pulls up...

Zin exits.

Bastogne and his men are tense.

BASTOGNE
Afternoon, Sheriff.

ZIN
Afternoon.

BASTOGNE
What brings you into our county unannounced?

ZIN
I need to speak with Sheriff Clemens.

BASTOGNE
He's on patrol.

ZIN
Can you catch him on radio?

BASTOGNE
I can try.

Bastogne doesn't move.

ZIN
Now.

Bastogne slowly walks into the station and closes the door behind him. The two deputies remain.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Bastogne picks up the phone and dials...

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

The phone rings.

Clemens picks up the phone.

CLEMENS
Hello?

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

BASTOGNE
Sir, Sheriff Zin showed up.

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

CLEMENS
Zin? What's he doing there?

INT. SHERIFF CLEMENS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BASTOGNE
I don't know. Wants to speak with you.

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

CLEMENS
I can't be seeming suspicious. Send him up.

He hangs up the phone.

Thompson is staring at him, nervous.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)
What, you rat bastard?

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Bastogne walks onto the porch.

BASTOGNE
I'll give you a ride up to see him.

ZIN
If you don't mind, Deputy, I'd
rather drive myself.

BASTOGNE
I suppose that'd be alright. Follow
me. Raines, Lark, you stay here.
Keep sharp.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Zin follows Bastogne out in their vehicles. The deputies look on from the porch...

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - LATER

Zin and Bastogne's vehicles can be seen parking in front of the ranch.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Deputy Stirn, who is on guard, tightens.

Bastogne and Zin step out of the cars.

ZIN
Am I interrupting a crime scene?

BASTOGNE
No. Sheriff's inside. Let me get
him.

STIRN
Deputy Bastogne, Sheriff says we
got to take his gun first.

ZIN
What is this?

STIRN
Sorry. New policy.

ZIN
Policy?

STIRN
Yep. That's all I know.

Zin contemplates his options...

The deputies are uncomfortable...

Zin looks back at his cruiser...

ZIN
Can I leave it in the cruiser?

The deputies look at each other, seeking affirmation...

STIRN
That'll do.

Zin walks slowly over to his trunk, unlocking and opening it...completely hidden behind it...

Still unseen, Zin grabs his .38 special and tucks it into his sock. The revolver at his side he unsheathes and drops it with a THUD in the trunk.

Bastogne peers around the edge of the trunk to catch Zin closing it --

BASTOGNE
Shall we?

Zin nods.

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Bastogne shows Zin in then waits outside.

Clemens is still sitting. Jittery.

Clemens is standing.

Zin cuts fragile Thompson with his eyes. Detects trouble from the man.

ZIN
What's this about?

CLEMENS
You tell me.

ZIN
(referring to Thompson)
Who's he?

CLEMENS
That ain't none of your concern.

ZIN
I need to speak with you, Sheriff.
Private.

Thompson starts to stand.

THOMPSON
Not a problem, I'll--

CLEMENS
(to Thompson)
Sit down!

ZIN
What in hell's business is it of
his?

CLEMENS
You're in my home, after all.

A beat, then:

ZIN
I'm here to collect Gord and move
on.

CLEMENS
That ain't possible.

ZIN
Why it ain't?

CLEMENS
It ain't because he tied up one of
my deputies. It ain't because he
made threats. It ain't because he
needs to face justice in this
county.

A beat, then:

CLEMENS (CONT'D)
Tell me, Sheriff -- are you
complicit?

ZIN
Say what?

CLEMENS
You don't strike me as a man who
needs a vocabulary lesson.

Zin decides to play the game.

ZIN
What do you propose?

CLEMENS
You know how he thinks.

ZIN
A little.

CLEMENS
Then perhaps you can assist my
deputies in the search.

ZIN
In exchange for what?

CLEMENS
(looking down at his empty
holster)
Your pistol.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

The phone rings. Raines picks it up.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Gord is on this end. Maybe 1,000 feet from the Sheriff's
station. He's staring right at it --

GORD
Have you got him?

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Raines, standing proudly.

RAINES
We ain't arresting nobody but you.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Gord isn't surprised.

GORD
So be it.

He hangs up the phone and walks deliberately towards the station...

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Raines looks into the phone before he hangs up. The fear sets in. His proud stature dissolves.

He looks at Johnson, it's just the two of them.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - MOMENTS LATER

Clemens engages Bastogne.

CLEMENS
You better get back down to the station. Gord may be a knockin'.

BASTOGNE
What's going on?

CLEMENS
Just get and be ready. Nothing else to it. Raines is a little short handed. We'll be alright here.

Bastogne turns towards his cruiser.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - LATER

Gord is perched behind the cover of brush adjacent to the station. Watching.

Gord opens his sack and pulls out three Molotov cocktails.

He follows that with a lit Zippo, igniting the first cocktail
--

-- Allowing the flame to catch, he then hurls the first one at the station --

-- EXPLODING on impact --

-- fire catching quickly on the poorly constructed building --

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

The Deputies react to the impact and the expanding blaze.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Gord runs around the exterior of the building --

-- Repeating the process --

-- Hurling another lit Molotov at the station --

-- BURSTING on impact --

-- The Deputies run out of the already collapsing structure,
pistols drawn in front of them --

-- Gord picks up his rifle and yells at them --

GORD

Drop your weapons!

The deputies turn frantically -- scanning the brush alongside
the station -- pistols forward -- unable to see Gord --

Gord slowly moves a few meters from his previous position --
still concealed in the brush --

-- Fixing the rifle on them --

GORD (CONT'D)

Drop! Your! Weapons!

Deputy Johnson FIRES blindly into the brush -- missing wildly
--

-- Gord aims carefully -- squeezing the trigger --

-- The bullet STRIKES Johnson in the ankle -- he collapses
like a rag doll through a whirl of bellowing smoke --

-- Raines drops his weapon and puts his hands over his head --

-- Gord emerges -- rifle forward --

-- Gord picks up both deputies' weapons --

Gord looks up into the now totally engulfed building.

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Clemens can see the fire miles away through the window in the valley below.

CLEMENS
Deputy Stirn. Phone the station.

Deputy Stirn picks up the phone and dials...

STIRN
Station's line's dead, sir.

Clemens turns to Zin.

CLEMENS
(livid)
What's next?

ZIN
What?

CLEMENS
First the station. Now what? What's your plan?

ZIN
This ain't my doing.

CLEMENS
We'll see. You're under arrest.

ZIN
(attempting to dissuade)
Sheriff--

CLEMENS
No. I am Sheriff of THIS county.
And THIS man is being taken in.

ZIN
On what charge?

CLEMENS
Conspiring with a known felon.
Aiding and abetting. Deputy, arrest him.

Deputy Stirn hesitates...

CLEMENS (CONT'D)
Arrest him, Deputy!

Clemens hand is over his sheathed service revolver.

Zin takes inventory of the situation.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

Do it.

The Deputy moves in but Zin falls to the ground and reaches for the ankle pistol --

-- Stirn draws his revolver --

-- Zin fires first --

-- THUD -- the bullet rattles in Stirn's brain --

-- Thompson is frozen --

-- GUN SHOTS --

Zin slumps over. Dead.

THOMPSON

Christ.

Clemens is at the end of a smoking gun.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Oh Christ.

Thompson stands up.

Clemens walks over to his phone, picks up, and dials...

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Bastogne is approaching the burning station in his vehicle.

INT. BASTOGNE'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Bastogne is shocked by the destruction.

BASTOGNE

My Lord.

He parks the car and snaps up the shotgun.

EXT. BASTOGNE'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

As Bastogne gets out, a pistol is put to his head. A pistol connected to the confident hand of Gord. Blind-sided.

GORD
The men here didn't listen. Will
you?

BASTOGNE
(terrified)
Yes.

GORD
This is not something I want to do,
Deputy. It's just the only way I
know how to do it.

The radio is chirping for Bastogne:

CLEMENS (RADIO)
Sheriff for Bastogne.

GORD
Answer it.

He does:

BASTOGNE
Go for Bastogne.

CLEMENS (RADIO)
Return to base.

GORD
Tell him okay.

BASTOGNE
10-4.

He hangs up the radio.

GORD
Slowly place your shotgun and
sidearm in the backseat.

He does.

GORD (CONT'D)
Is that all you're carrying?

BASTOGNE
Yes.

GORD
Get in.

They do.

INT. BASTOGNE'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Gord puts the muzzle of the shotgun to the back of the driver's seat where Bastogne is positioned to drive.

GORD
Drive.

BASTOGNE
Where?

GORD
Clemens' Ranch.

BASTOGNE
You don't want to go there.

Gord BLOWS A HOLE through the front passenger seat with the shotgun -- terrifying Bastogne --

GORD
Drive.

Bastogne obliges.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

A group of 6 horse-mounted men move side by side across the vast open field that leads up to the main house.

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Clemens watches the reinforcements.

INT. BASTOGNE'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Bastogne is driving fast.

GORD
Slow down. We ain't in no hurry.

The car slows.

GORD (CONT'D)
What are we facing up there?

BASTOGNE
We? I'm not facing anything but a peaceful end to this day.

GORD
Whose up there?

BASTOGNE
I don't know.

Gord pumps the shotgun.

BASTOGNE (CONT'D)
Mr. Thompson. Deputy Stirn.
Clemens, of course...your Sheriff.

GORD
My Sheriff? Zin?

Bastogne nods into the rear view mirror.

GORD (CONT'D)
What for?

BASTOGNE
He come lookin' for you.

Gord falls back into his seat. Concerned.

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

The horsemen shuffle in the front door. Benjamin Clemens, the leader of the pack, comes in last.

CLEMENS
What took you so damn long? Have
your boys lock and load.

Clemens follows Benjamin over to the covered bodies.

BENJAMIN
Easy, brother. What happened?

CLEMENS
Sheriff Zin decided to pay a visit.

Benjamin nods in understanding.

BENJAMIN
Is Jane here? The kids?

Clemens shakes his head.

CLEMENS
Thankfully, no. They're up at the
lake for another week.

BENJAMIN
What are we dealing with?

CLEMENS
The boy's father. He crisped my
station. Maybe more.

Clemens walks over to the window.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)
Deputy Bastogne should be back
shortly.

BENJAMIN
And if he comes here? Gord?

CLEMENS
Shoot him for trespassing my land.
Keep it clean.

Benjamin beams.

INT. BASTOGNE'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Bastogne looks back at Gord using the rear-view.

BASTOGNE
They got marksmen up there.

GORD
Yeah?

BASTOGNE
They won't take kindly to this, and
what you've done.

GORD
You're right. Pull over.

BASTOGNE
What?

GORD
Pull over.

He does.

GORD (CONT'D)
Get out.

They do.

EXT. BASTOGNE'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Bastogne is terrified.

BASTOGNE
Whatcha gonna do?

Gord points the shotgun at Bastogne.

GORD
Take off your clothes.

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Benjamin is holding an M14 rifle, along with 4 of his men. One of them, Dan (also from the bar scene), is holding a shotgun.

BENJAMIN
Sheriff. Mr. Thompson. Care for a
shotgun?

Clemens nods.

THOMPSON
Oh Lord Jesus.

Benjamin hands Clemens a shotgun.

BENJAMIN
We're gonna surveil things. We'll
circle up once Bastogne gets back.
Dan, stay with Sheriff.

THOMPSON
And if he doesn't come back?

BENJAMIN
Give it an hour.

THOMPSON
Can't we just call him?

CLEMENS
No. Let's do it Benjamin's way.

INT. BASTOGNE'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Gord is driving. He's wearing Bastogne's uniform.

Bastogne is wearing Gord's clothes. He is firmly pressing the shotgun against the base of Gord's skull.

Bastogne's hands are tightly tied in this position with a rope. The shotgun has been emptied.

Gord has him where he wants him.

BASTOGNE

Make a left at the gate. Then it's
a mile up the road.

Gord turns through an old, dilapidated wooden ranch gate.

Fields of dead grass cascade in all directions.

BASTOGNE (CONT'D)

What do I do? When we get there.

GORD

That'll depend.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Benjamin is perched like a sniper next to a rotting tree. He spots the approaching cruiser through a pair of binoculars.

BENJAMIN

Bastogne's coming. Better cover
just in case.

The 4 men position themselves along the slight hill overlooking the road and the desolate town many miles in the distance. The ranch house 100 feet to their right.

Benjamin watches the cruiser getting closer, noticing the window being damaged from the shotgun blast....

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

The window's shot. Something's up.
Get ready.

All the men but Benjamin raise their rifles.

INT. BASTOGNE'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Gord sees the movement of a rifleman on the hillside. He then looks at the adjacent ranch house and veers toward the far west side of the home that is opposite of Benjamin's position to the east.

The veering intentionally exposes the inside of the car to Benjamin...

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Benjamin can see the situation inside the cruiser --

BENJAMIN
Hostage situation --

Benjamin drops the binoculars -- picks up the rifle -- aims
for a moment --

-- and FIRES --

INT. BASTOGNE'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

-- THUD and SPLATTER --

-- The bullet tears through the skull of Bastogne --

Gord disappears behind the ranch house with the cruiser --

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Gord throws the car in park and jumps out.

He opens the trunk quietly and pulls out his M1 rifle.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Benjamin and his four men, at first cautiously descending the
hillside, relax a little in satisfaction.

One of them pats Benjamin on the shoulder in congratulations.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Gord squats at ready by the southwest corner of the house.

He takes a deep breath then turns the corner, facing east,
rifle forward --

-- Quickly SHOOTING two of the men the chest --

-- Falling to the ground -- they die moments later --

BENJAMIN
-- Shit --

Benjamin and his 2 remaining rifle-bearing men take cover
against the east side of the house --

Benjamin quietly addresses the men, BAILEY and STERLIN:

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Bailey you go around the north side of the house, flank him that way. Sterlin, you take the south, try to tangle up the son of a bitch in a fire-fight while Bailey cuts him down. Meanwhile I'll enter through the window to make sure he ain't already inside. Got it?

They nod.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

I'll push through and meet you at the west side. Go.

They move.

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Benjamin slides open the window and calls in through the kitchen:

BENJAMIN

Dan? Sheriff?

DAN (O.S.)

Benjamin?

BENJAMIN

Dammit, Dan, come out to the kitchen.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Sterlin peers around the northeast corner. Nothing. He advances slowly west. Staying low. Rifle forward.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Bailey peers around the southeast corner. Nothing. He too advances west.

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Dan makes his way into the kitchen. Staying low. Crouching with the shotgun.

Benjamin joins him in good cover.

DAN
What the hell is going on?

BENJAMIN
He got James and Adam.

Dan is falling apart.

DAN
Holy shit--

Benjamin grabs Dan's shoulder and jerks some sense into him.

BENJAMIN
Pull yourself together! Where's my brother?

DAN
Locked up in the office. Sheriff's keeping an eye on Thompson.

BENJAMIN
Good. I got Sterlin and Bailey trying to pin him down outside.

Benjamin points to the west side of the house.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)
Let's push through. Cautiously.

They move.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Bailey and Sterlin all but simultaneously turn their respective corners at the west end of the house.

They see each other, then raise their rifles at Bastogne's seemingly empty cruiser. Engine running. Driver door open.

They then look out over the wide extensive grass plains. Nowhere to hide.

Their attention turns back to the cruiser. Gray fumes from the exhaust.

Sterlin looks under the car. Nothing.

Bailey spots a rifle on the ground in front of the trunk.

Sterlin looks inside the from the driver's window. Nothing.

Bailey moves closer to the rifle which is weighing down a piece of paper.

Sterlin scans the rooftop...

...as Bailey picks up the paper...turning it over...

It is the SAME NOTE that was left for Gord: "*Are you a Faggot like your boy?*"

A fearful countenance sweeps Bailey until --

-- The TRUNK FLIES OPEN --

-- The BLAST of a SHOTGUN --

-- BLOWING Bailey fatally off his feet --

-- Gord rolls out of the trunk onto the earth --

-- Picking up the rifle and shooting Sterlin in the ankle underneath the car --

-- Sterlin FALLS -- Alert -- staring down the barrel of Gord's rifle --

GORD
(softly)
Is there anyone else?

Sterlin shakes his head.

SNAKE
Not outside.

GORD
If you're lying I'll shoot you first. Do you want to live?

Sterlin nods.

GORD (CONT'D)
How many inside?

SNAKE
Four.

GORD
Who?

SNAKE
Sheriff Clemens. Benjamin. Dan.
Farmer Thompson.

GORD
What about Zin?

SNAKE
He's dead.

GORD
Who killed him?

SNAKE
Clemens.

Gord doesn't lose control.

GORD
Take the cruiser and drive. Get out
of here.

SNAKE
But--

GORD
(tensing)
Now. If you turn back, I'll kill
you.

Sterlin limps into the cruiser and drives away...

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Dan calls out to Benjamin --

DAN
Look. I think he's getting away.

Benjamin carefully moves up to the window, facing south,
where Dan is positioned.

BENJAMIN
Blow out the window.

DAN
What?

BENJAMIN
Shoot out the goddamn window.

Dan BLASTS it open with the shotgun --

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)
Cover me.

Benjamin takes aim at the fleeing driver...

BAM.

The tire unravels on impact of the bullet, swerving off the road...

DAN
Why didn't you shoot the bastard?

BENJAMIN
Shut up.

Sterlin exits the cruiser and falters in step, then falls to the grass in pain...grasping at his wounded ankle...

DAN
(squinting)
Is that Sterlin?

BENJAMIN
Get down.

They do.

DAN
We've got to help him.

BENJAMIN
Stop thinking.

INT. CLEMENS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Thompson is sitting behind a desk, anxiously TAPPING his fingers.

Clemens looks at Thompson, annoyed.

THOMPSON
Are you sure this room is bullet proof?

CLEMENS
That depends on the caliber.

Thompson keeps TAPPING his fingers.

THOMPSON
What the hell you build this for?

CLEMENS
The Russians. Christ, will you cut it?

Thompson stops.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

It seems like the boys might need
my help. More than you do, anyhow.

Clemens stands and walks towards the fortified door.

THOMPSON

What are you going to do?

CLEMENS

Handle it. I'm Sheriff after all. I
can't be found cowering behind a
door.

THOMPSON

Don't I need something more than
this here Colt?

Clemens looks down at the Colt artfully rising from
Thompson's hip.

CLEMENS

If you are our last defense --
we're screwed.

He then UNLOCKS and OPENS the heavy old door...

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Clemens walks down the hall, shotgun forward. The door closes
TIGHTLY behind him.

CLEMENS

Benjamin?

BENJAMIN (O.S.)

Stay down!

Clemens continues to walk, following the voice of Benjamin.

CLEMENS

Haven't got a hold of the
situation, have you?

BENJAMIN (O.S.)

We'll get the sonofabitch.

Clemens looks out the kitchen window to find two of the dead
men.

CLEMENS

Anybody with you?

BENJAMIN (O.S.)

Dan.

Clemens walks into the room where Benjamin and Dan are holed up.

CLEMENS

Bailey? Sterlin?

BENJAMIN

Get down!

Clemens crouches.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Bailey is unaccounted for. Sterlin
is wounded out in the field.

INT. CLEMENS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Farmer Thompson is growing increasingly jittery...

He stands up and starts to pace...

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Clemens stands...gazing out the window...thinking for a moment...then heads towards the front door...

BENJAMIN

What in hell's name are you doing?

Clemens looks at him, says nothing, then heads outside...

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Clemens walks out into the open through the front door...

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Benjamin stands and barks at Dan:

BENJAMIN

Let's cover him, dammit.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Wind whips across Clemens. Shotgun pointed towards the earth at his side.

CLEMENS

(calling out to Gord)

I have a wife and two children. Two boys, in fact. You've killed and wounded my men. Torn my law to shreds. Why don't we talk this out?

Gord appears around the southwest corner of the house with his rifle pointed at Clemens.

Clemens senses Gord, turning around to face him...

GORD

I'm not interested in any more hocus pocus talk, mister.

CLEMENS

Put the weapon down so we can work this through.

GORD

Talking had its chance.

Through the glare of the window, we can see Dan sneaking up to flank Gord from inside the house...

Without taking the rifle off Clemens -- Gord draws his pistol --

-- SHOOTING Dan squarely in the head -- window glass SHATTERING into a thousand pieces --

-- Clemens thinks about lifting the shotgun but backs off -- he knows he's out of his league --

CLEMENS

What do you want?

INT. CLEMENS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Farmer Thompson' head is between his hands. Sweat. Tears. Fear.

THOMPSON

Oh, Lord, *please* forgive me...

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Gord continues to move towards Clemens. Slowly. Rifle forward.

Clemens suddenly ERUPTS:

CLEMENS
 YOUR COCK SUCKING FAGGOT CHILD IS
 ROASTING ON A SPIT IN THE FARTHEST
 CORNER OF HELL!!!

Gord lowers the rifle and FIRES --

-- Dark blood swelling from Clemens' liver --

-- Gord crouches and unsheathes Clemens' sidearm -- unloading
 it and tossing it aside along with the shotgun --

-- Clemens writhing in that unthinkable pain -- covering his
 wound -- blood now seeping through his fingers --

Gord hears a horse GALLUP away --

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Gord comes up behind the eastward fleeing horse, commandeered
 by Benjamin...

50 yards and counting, Benjamin is getting away...

Gord raises his rifle, and SHOOTS Benjamin squarely in the
 back...

Arms flailing, he falls to the earth...

Gord approaches Benjamin, who is on his back...

Benjamin just stares.

GORD
 I'll put the bullet on your bar
 tab.

Gord shoots him in the head.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - MOMENTS LATER

Gord is heading towards Clemens, who is still on the ground.

CLEMENS
 What did you do?

GORD
 Farmer Thompson. Where is he?

Gord points the rifle right up against Clemens' forehead.

CLEMENS
Straight in. Third door on the
left. My office.

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - MOMENTS LATER

Gord walks down the hall towards Clemens' office where
Thompson is still hiding.

EXT. CLEMENS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Standing to the side of the closed door, Gord attempts to
open the locked door --

-- Three SHOTS penetrate the door intended for Gord --

-- Gord BLASTS the lock out with his shotgun --

-- Two more SHOTS are fired from within the room --

-- Then nothing but the CLICK CLICK CLICK of a desperate
revolver --

Gord enters the room.

INT. CLEMENS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Thompson drops the revolver from his right hand in surrender
from his seated position.

Gord squats so he is eye-level with Thompson.

Gord pulls a knife and puts it to Thompson neck.

THOMPSON
I didn't mean for your boy to
suffer. I'm just a simple farmer...

GORD
What about your boy?

Thompson finds what he thinks is strength.

THOMPSON
I'll make things right.

GORD
Give me your hand.

Thompson offers his left hand.

GORD (CONT'D)
Your right hand.

Thompson fearfully obliges.

Gord cuts Thompson hand slowly and unevenly.

Gord wipes blood from the knife as Thompson falls onto the floor crying.

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - MOMENTS LATER

Gord towers over Zin's body.

He studies the corpse.

GORD
I'll look after your wife.

Gord lifts Zin and throws him over his shoulders.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Gord walks out. Zin still mounted on his shoulders. Lumbering forward.

Clemens is crawling towards his weapon. Gord kicking it further away.

Gord carefully puts the body in the backseat of the healthy cruiser, treating Zin as if he is only in a deep sleep.

He looks at Clemens, who is growing severely ashen. Shock setting in.

Gord cuts the horses free then heads for the cruiser.

CLEMENS
You're gonna leave me here? Like this?

GORD
Yes.

Gord enters the vehicle without urgency and starts up the engine.

Slowly, he rolls into gear and drives off towards home...

END.