

The Devil's Punchbowl

by  
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March

*SOFT HAUNTING MUSIC, BE HERE NOW- RAY LAMONTAGNE.*

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS - DAY.

Lush woods. Morning fog cascades off a dense forest ridge into the Montana wilderness below.

Barb wire fencing runs out to the horizon.

Large wooden arching gateway with a wooden sign that reads **PALOMA NEGRO** swings in the wind.

EXT. FAMILY PLOT - PALOMA NEGRO - DAWN.

A NARROW PATH through tall grass leads to the small family plot surrounded by a white wash, latticework fence. Inside, TWO DOZEN graves. The faces are time worn.

TRACKING BACKWARDS from the rear to the front of the graveyard, past to present, the stones become more legible. Each shares one thing in common: the last name **MASSEY**.

PAUSE near the small gate, loose dirt piled in front of a head stone. A fresh grave: **Abraham Massey 1920-2010**.

Pulling back further - against the backdrop of snow covered mountains, reveal an ancient oak tree guarding over the family plot. From the hundreds of the tree's crooked branches, strings tied to broken pieces of COLORED GLASS hang - glimmering, gently clinking against each other.

A GIANT WIND CHIME.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS - DAWN.

A still MOUNTAIN LAKE. Dark clouds on the horizon, morning light, gray skies streaked with fiery hues.

TITLE CARD: **THE DEVIL'S PUNCHBOWL**

FADE OUT.

CREDIT MONTAGE - OVER: KNOCKED UP- KINGS OF LEON

Title Card: **West Texas**

EXT. DYLAN'S TRUCK - SUMMIT TEXAS/HIGHWAY - DAY.

Desert. Flat plains. The sign reads: **Summit - 11 miles.**

A truck races past and turns off the two lane farm road, fishtailing onto the dirt path leading to nowhere.

INT. DYLAN'S TRUCK - SUMMIT TEXAS/FARM ROAD - CONTINUOUS.

SAVANNA KING, 23 straddles DYLAN MASSEY, 24. They are having sex while he drives. Dylan veers sharply off the dirt road. He turns the wheel as he stomps on the breaks. The truck whips around and comes to a stop. He picks her up and lays her down on the bench seat.

EXT. BRIDGE - SUMMIT TEXAS - NIGHT.

Dylan and GARRETT CODY, 25, wait on the train tracks, on a bridge, with a lake 50 feet below them. The light from the train engine bears down. Savanna and a group of girls watch from the banks of the lake, screaming for them to jump.

Dylan playfully nudges Garrett just enough to throw him off balance and he falls off the bridge towards the lake.

GARRETT

FUCK YOOOU!

Dylan balances on a rail as he walks on the tracks towards the oncoming light. A crazy look in his eye as he stares down the train. The horn BLASTS. Just feet away... HE JUMPS.

EXT. KING HOME - SUMMIT TEXAS - NIGHT.

Savanna runs out the door with a smile and an arm full of clothes. Her dad yells from the door of their beautiful home.

Dylan opens the truck door for her. He shuts the door behind her, walks to the drivers side and looks back at Savanna's dad, fuming. Dylan's tips his hat to him. Savanna drags Dylan into the truck as her father runs toward them. They tear off, leaving him in dust.

INT. LAST DANCE SALOON - SUMMIT TEXAS - NIGHT.

Dylan throws a punch, knocking someone out. He turns to face another guy. Savanna tries to hold him back.

Garrett throws Dylan up against the wall, yelling at him. Guys attack the two of them from behind. Garrett and Dylan fight them off together.

EXT. DYLAN'S TRAILER - SUMMIT TEXAS - MORNING.

DESOLATE DESERT. A hot wind kicks up, scattering dust over the single wide trailer, smack dab in the ass of nowhere. The trailer shakes as the dust devil rushes past.

INT. DYLAN'S TRAILER - SUMMIT TEXAS - CONTINUOUS.

Dylan kisses Savanna goodbye. As she rolls over, her pregnant belly shows through her Pj's.

EXT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE/PAVILION - SUMMIT TEXAS - DAY.

Dylan puts on a blood-spattered apron and grabs a strange looking weapon. Dylan and Garrett walk out to the pavilion.

Dylan puts the weapon to the crown of a cow's head.

DYLAN  
(under his breath)  
We're all just meat with feet in a  
goddamn cage.

He pulls the trigger and the cow falls out of frame.

INT. LAST DANCE SALOON - SUMMIT TEXAS - NIGHT.

Garrett sees ISABELLA LONGORIA, 23, across the dance floor. She sees him watching her. He walks through the crowd until he stands in front of her. He slides his hand across the small of her back and pulls her to him. They dance. They dance really, really well together.

She is totally surprised. Her smile grows ear to ear.

GARRETT  
(as he spins her round and  
round)  
You are in so much trouble.

She whispers into his ear.

ISABELLA  
I like trouble.

EXT. LAST DANCE SALOON - SUMMIT TEXAS - NIGHT.

Garrett and Isabella make love against the backside of the building. Rain begins to fall.

EXT. DYLAN'S TRAILER - SUMMIT TEXAS - SUNSET.

Savanna stands on the porch looking out over the desert. She plays with the silver wedding ring on her finger, looking down the empty dirt road, waiting for Dylan.

EXT. DYLAN'S TRUCK - SUMMIT TEXAS/HIGHWAY - SUNSET.

Dylan sits on the roof of his truck smoking a cigarette. The highway sign beside him reads **Junction 258 North 1/2 mile**. Ahead, the roads cross.

END MONTAGE

INT. DYLAN'S TRAILER - SUMMIT TEXAS - PREDAWN.

Audio - soft sounds of wind, and the repetitive smack of sheet-metal against metal.

Dylan wakes with a start. Savanna sleeps soundly next to him. He looks up, sees a piece of the roofing has come loose.

He gets up and walks to the window. Outside, the wind is blowing hard, but the night sky is clear and moonless. Desert's full of stars. He looks back to Savanna.

CUT TO:

In a dark closet, he opens a wooden box marked **Rosemary Massey**. Inside books, CD's, pictures. As he flips through the CD's he sees **A LETTER** in a weathered, baby blue envelope. The writing on the front reads: FOR MY SON. He pauses and then pulls out a CD and closes the box.

EXT. DYLAN'S TRAILER - SUMMIT TEXAS - PREDAWN.

An extension cord runs out the screen of his bedroom window to a paint covered CD player resting on a crate.

Dylan pulls a plastic tarp off the skeleton of a fairly large boat. Strange sight in the middle of the desert.

DYLAN  
Hey, beautiful.

He grabs a piece of sand paper and goes to work.

Concerto #3 in D minor plays softly. The sky, full of stars, changes as the subtle aurora borealis effect called the "Marfa Lights" illuminates along the horizon.

EXT. DYLAN'S TRAILER - SUMMIT TEXAS - DAY.

Even though it's still early morning, it's crazy hot already. Dylan uses the drill to mount a rail along the side.

Savanna leans against the doorway of the trailer, in nothing but a sheet. She rubs her pregnant belly and smiles.

SAVANNA

Happy birthday, baby.

He squints as he looks over to her as she steps out into the light and sits down on the stairs. She opens her legs a little. Coy, subtle. Dylan smiles, grabs a screw and drills it into the wood. He looks over to her. She lets the sheet fall off her shoulder.

SAVANNA (CONT'D)

You gonna keep playing with your dinghy, Dylan... or you want me to?

EXT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE/PAVILION - SUMMIT TEXAS - DAY.

Dylan ties on his white plastic apron as he watches Garrett's truck pull up. Garrett gets out from the passenger seat. Isabella, behind the wheel, catches Dylan's eye. They hold that look a little too long. She breaks it. Drives away.

Dylan throws Garrett his apron.

DYLAN

You let *her* drive your truck?

GARRETT

(sideways grin)

There's all sorts of stuff I let her do that I don't let you do.

The large corral gates are opened and the swing boss pulls a cord, sounding a loud whistle. The cattle are sorted into various shoots by pretty hard looking roughnecks.

The whistle blows again in two sharp blasts. All the cowboys pull their bandanas up to cover their mouths as the wind whips sand through the open air pavilion.

Dylan climbs up a few steps to his station. Garrett stands below him waiting for their shoot to be filled.

DYLAN  
I hate this job.

Cows pour single file down the narrow shoot.

GARRETT  
You're a fuckin' cowboy in the last days of cowboy.

Garret climbs onto the railing and prods them along.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
Cowboy up.

The first cow hesitantly enters the holding slot. Garrett pulls a lever and its head is trapped.

A noisy tractor waits behind Dylan as he puts the weapon to the crown of the cow's skull. He hesitates.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
Mason's on the platform. Don't get us backed up.

Dylan eyes MASON COLE in a starched white shirt and black slacks on a balcony looking out over the operation.

TRACTOR DRIVER  
Come on, Dylan! Let's get this show on the road.

Dylan doesn't even look down. He pulls the trigger and the cow falls to the ground. Garrett ties a rope to the horns. The tractor pulls the animal away.

The next cow is brought in and its head is trapped. Dylan looks around at all of the chaos on the slaughter house floor. Gruesome business everywhere. He shakes his head.

Dylan places the gun to the animal's skull. Mason Cole aims his binoculars at Dylan. Dylan stares back. Mason's joined by a man in a nice suit on the balcony.

The cow in line behind the one in the hold becomes skittish, slamming against the rails. Its watery eyes dart about.

GARRETT  
Pull the f-ing trigger, bud.

Dylan fires. The cow behind it flinches. His clean white apron now covered with traces of blood.

The sound of the tractor pulling away. The skittish cow is led into the slot. It tries to escape, but Garrett catches its head in the hold.

Dylan slowly places the gun to the animal's head. He can't take his eyes off the cow's watery, fear-filled eyes.

Long beat. Hesitation.

MASON COLE (O.S.)  
(Over the loud speaker)  
DYLAN MASSEY.

Dylan flinches. He pulls the trigger. The gun jams, doesn't fire. The cow's eyes open and strain as it fights against the hold. Dylan looks up to Mason Cole.

MASON COLE (CONT'D)  
(loud speaker)  
Dylan, come on up here.

GARRETT  
(upset)  
Told you. Give me the gun. Give it.

Dylan steps down, hands the broken gun to Garrett to fix. He takes his apron off and throws it to the ground.

INT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE/MASON COLE'S OFFICE - SUMMIT TEXAS - DAY.

Mason leads Dylan in. Dylan notices the man in the black suit, holding a briefcase, standing on the balcony with the sliding glass doors closed.

MASON COLE  
You know that guy?

Dylan shakes his head, no, as the man, ARTHUR TASSOS, turns around and nods at Dylan.

MASON COLE (CONT'D)  
Asked for you.

The man comes in through the sliding glass, looking Dylan over with a slight smile.

ARTHUR  
(not breaking eye contact)  
Mr. Cole, would you mind so much if we used your office to have a brief conversation alone. I promise it won't take long.

MASON COLE

(beat)

Not tat all. You boys make  
yourselves comfortable.

Mason exits.

Arthur finally offers Dylan his hand.

ARTHUR

There is a strange fate that sits  
on the doorstep of new beginnings  
and entangles the threads of  
life...

DYLAN

Come again?

ARTHUR

My grandfather was a poet. Fancied  
himself one at least, he wrote  
that. I've always wanted to say it  
to someone, at an opportune time.  
Never seemed right before. Sit.

Dylan takes a seat in a chair. Arthur rests against the desk.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You'll have to excuse me my  
eccentricities, Dylan. I've been  
looking for you for a very long  
time. Three years ago, my office  
was tasked with taking control of  
an estate. I was paid up front what  
I thought was handsomely, for what  
I thought would be a very simple  
job...to deliver these letters.  
They are from an Abraham Massey. Do  
you know who that is?

Dylan shakes his head, no.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Really? I'll be... That's was your  
Father's Father. Your Grandfather,  
Dylan.

Arthur smiles as he pats his briefcase.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

These papers have come with me to  
every courthouse in every shit hole  
town south of the Mason Dixon. It's  
taken over three years because of  
one thing and one thing only.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Your mother and father, who have now passed?... Took great strides to not be found. Do you know why that would be, son?

Dylan shakes his head no. He clears his throat.

DYLAN

No, no sir.

ARTHUR

This has become... well, my wife calls it an obsession, I would say its become a mission and you'll once again have to excuse me, but it's a little surreal to be sitting here with you finally. I don't know what I've been carrying all this time and I don't know why this was all such a secret, but I do know that I've been wondering... More than what was inside, I was curious about who they were going to.

(he points at Dylan)

You.

INT. LAST DANCE SALOON - SUMMIT TEXAS - NIGHT.

Dylan takes a long swig and nods his head.

DYLAN

Me.

Bar is full, loud. Dylan sits across from Garrett and Isabella in a booth. They both just stare at Dylan, listening to him tell this story.

INT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE/MASON COLE'S OFFICE - SUMMIT TEXAS - DAY.

Arthur pulls out two envelopes. Holds up the first.

ARTHUR

(winks)

This one... is mine, and according to the instructions... me first.

(he rips into the letter)

*Mr. Tassos, please explain all of the contents of this package to my Grandson and advise him of his legal rights and take care of any and all paperwork. Arthur Massey*

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
(rips open the larger  
envelope)  
May I?

He reads to himself as Dylan waits, shifting in his chair.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
You come from money, Dylan?

DYLAN  
(laughs nervously)  
Does it look like it?

Long beat as he reads further. Turning a page. His eyes sharpen reading the text carefully.

ARTHUR  
Well, your kids will.

Arthur looks up at him with a smile. Dylan cocks his head.  
Close on Dylan's eyes.

EXT. DYLAN'S TRAILER - SUMMIT TEXAS - NIGHT.

Dylan is on the bow of his boat pouring gasoline on the deck.

INT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE/MASON COLE'S OFFICE - SUMMIT TEXAS -  
DAY.

Dylan stands beside Arthur, who has laid out the paper work on Mason's desk.

ARTHUR  
It would appear to me, Dylan, that  
you have inherited a very large  
piece of property in Montana from  
your father's family.

DYLAN  
How large?

Arthur looks up from his papers.

ARTHUR  
5,856 acres.

Dylan shakes his head.

DYLAN  
That's impossible. My dad worked in  
this place since he was younger  
(MORE)

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
than me. Died without a penny  
working in that yard out there.

ARTHUR  
He was born here?

Beat.

Arthur's eyes flash, enjoying watching Dylan putting the puzzle together.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Your parents have been keeping a  
secret from you, Dylan. About who  
they were and where they came from.  
They've been hiding your whole  
life.

INT. LAST DANCE SALOON - SUMMIT TEXAS - NIGHT.

Garrett and Isabella sit in rapt attention.

GARRETT  
Why would they want to keep all  
this a secret from you?

Long beat as Dylan thinks.

EXT. CEMETERY - SUMMIT TEXAS - DAY.

Dry dust bowl heat. Wind whipping everywhere.

DYLAN (V.O.)  
I don't know. I don't know  
anything.

Dylan walks past a funeral service and comes to a stop in front of a stone. Empty vase. Others near him have plastic flowers.

Dylan takes off his sunglasses.

Headstone; Waylon Massey - Father, Husband, Child of God.  
1959- 2008  
Headstone: Rosemary Massy - Mother, Wife, Child of God. 1965-  
1989

Dylan stands perfectly still. The wind begins to pick up all around him as tears fall down his face like rivers - they collect dust, leaving trails. His eyes turn angry. Furious.

He kicks Waylon's headstone with the heel of his boot as hard as he can. It doesn't budge. He kicks again and again and again. Loosening.

The service going on near him has stopped, all eyes on him. He pounds and pounds and pounds until the stone is tilted

INT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE/MASON COLE'S OFFICE - SUMMIT TEXAS - DAY.

Strong gust shakes the windows and dust fills the pavilion outside.

DYLAN (O.S)  
What am I supposed to do?

Dylan goes over to Mason Cole's small office bar and pours a glass of whiskey and hands it to Arthur. Dylan drinks straight from the bottle. They stand in front of the sliding glass doors looking over the slaughter yard.

ARTHUR  
You ever been anywhere, Dylan?  
Anywhere outside of this pit?

DYLAN  
Been to Mexico couple times. To the border at least.

ARTHUR  
Never been to Montana?

Dylan takes another pull from the bottle.

DYLAN  
No sir.

ARTHUR  
Dylan, if god had a vagina, it would look like Montana.

Dylan laughs.

EXT. DYLAN'S TRAILER - SUMMIT TEXAS - NIGHT.

*OVER- DIRE STRAITS- ROMEO AND JULIET-*

Dylan lays in bed. Savanna closes the curtains. Why? Nothing out there anyway. She lights candles.

DYLAN

Went to town today to grab some wood. Al and them boys gave me all sorts of shit about how everybody thinks I'm loosing it.

SAVANNA

Why?

DYLAN

Building that boat out here in the middle of the desert.

SAVANNA

Don't listen to a word. It's romantic. I don't care if it ever gets finished. I just love that you are out there under the stars building me this boat to take me off to someplace, far away.

DYLAN

But, you don't really think we'll ever go do you?

SAVANNA

Honey, I don't care if we turn to ash right here on this bed, 70 years from now.

DYLAN

If I got that boat built somehow and we could just sail away, would you actually want to leave?

She blows out the match and gives him her sideways grin from across the room. The song hits its peak and she mouths the words with a big grin. She moves to the bed as she sings.

SAVANNA

*"I love you like the stars above,  
I'll love you 'til I die. There's a  
place for us, you know the movie  
song. When you gonna realize it was  
just that the time was wrong,  
Juliet?"*

She leans in touching his face in the sweetest way.

SAVANNA (CONT'D)

I would go anywhere your boat could take me.

INT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE/MASON COLE'S OFFICE - SUMMIT TEXAS - DAY.

Arthur turns to him. He puts his hand on his shoulder.

ARTHUR

I'm laying on this table the transfer of title. The actual deed you will find in a safety deposit box in Little Whiskey, Montana. This is the key. From what I understand, the title is not complete until you accept the contents of the box and agree to the terms.

DYLAN

What terms?

ARTHUR

I believe they are laid out for you in a letter which you will find in the box.

Dylan slumps into his chair.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

As your attorney...

(he smiles at Dylan)

I would advise you to pack a bag and go see what is up there. Your life is about to change, Dylan. You gotta just roll with the tide on this one. Whatever this mystery is, you ain't gonna solve it from Summit, Texas and I don't think you'll be able to live without knowing.

INT. DINER - SUMMIT TEXAS - NIGHT.

Isabella turns the "open" sign around to "closed".

Dylan takes a sip from his coffee. He is alone with her. She looks irritated. Pays him little attention.

ISABELLA

Why you keep coming in here pestering me, boy. Go home to your woman. One good thing about you breaking us apart was that I didn't have to stay up all night listening to your belly aching.

DYLAN

I like it here after everyone's gone. Like talking to you, with a counter between us. Feels safe, and I get a little of what I miss.

ISABELLA

You couldn't get anything else if you begged for 40 years.

DYLAN

Well, there you go. Boy, Garrett did some serious work on that little heart. Got you sky high again.

ISABELLA

What do you know, Dylan? Come on, I'm trying to get out of here and you're just starting little fires.

DYLAN

You love him?

ISABELLA

What do I know about love?

She grabs his cup, half full and tosses it in the sink.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Be nice to believe in something.  
(beat)

What do you care? You have what you want.

Dylan puts money on the counter and stands.

DYLAN

He's my best friend, Bella.

ISABELLA

Well, you were mine. Even if you kept me hidden away. Even with that you were my best friend.

They can't even look at each other.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

He doesn't care where I come from.

Beat.

DYLAN

What are you waiting for?

ISABELLA

I'm waiting on you... Because he's  
you're best friend. He loves me,  
Dylan. I'd like to love him too.

Her eyes start to well up she looks at him across the room.  
Dylan starts to open the door.

DYLAN

Go on and love him then. What else  
do we have, Bella?

Dylan winks and goes out the door. She smiles and quickly  
undoes her apron.

INT. LAST DANCE SALOON - SUMMIT TEXAS - NIGHT.

GARRETT

Like when? Tomorrow?

Dylan smiles.

DYLAN

Yeah, come check it out with us.  
See what the hell this is all  
about.

Garrett and Isabella stare at each other and then break into  
laughter.

GARRETT

Want to go up to Montana for a sec?

She laughs.

ISABELLA

Absolutely!

The all hold up their glasses and cheers each other,  
excitedly.

GARRETT

You told Savanna yet?

Dylan breaks into a huge grin.

INT. SAVANNA'S CAR - ROAD TO DYLAN'S TRAILER - SUMMIT TEXAS -  
NIGHT.

Savanna jams out to music. As she turns down the road towards  
Dylan's trailer, there is a large fire.

EXT. DYLAN'S TRAILER - SUMMIT TEXAS - CONTINUOUS.

She gets out and sprints around the side to find Dylan on the porch watching his boat burn, listening to Concerto #3.

SAVANNA

What the hell are you doing?!

She runs and grabs the hose and turns it on. She starts to try and put the fire out.

Dylan comes up behind her and puts his arms around her. She tries to fight him off. Water going everywhere.

SAVANNA (CONT'D)

Are you crazy?!

DYLAN

Just dance with me.

She is totally taken aback by the scene. His stupid expression.

SAVANNA

DYLAN, OUR BOAT! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?

DYLAN

Off the deep end.

SAVANNA

Totally nuts?

DYLAN

Over the rainbow.

He grabs the hose and tries to pull her in again to dance.

SAVANNA

Are you going to tell me what's going on?!

DYLAN

After this one dance.

She shakes her head. He holds out his hand. She reluctantly grabs it.

SAVANNA

It better be good. I MEAN, BURNING DOWN OUR BOAT GOOD!

DYLAN

Better than a boat, I promise.

She looks at him like he is a total mad man, but she dances.  
Wide shot of the whole scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DYLAN'S TRUCK - SUMMIT TEXAS/HIGHWAY - DAY.

FROM OVERHEAD - Dylan's truck speeds along the two lane highway.

The road and the truck remain the same, but the land around them slowly begins to change from the hot, dry West Texas desert - to the lush, Northern wilderness.

EXT. DYLAN'S TRUCK - MONTANA HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS.

A sign reads: **Welcome to Montana**

INT. DYLAN'S TRUCK - MONTANA HIGHWAY - NIGHT.

Dylan drives as the rest of his passengers sleep. Garrett and Isabella in the back; Savanna at his side.

FADE TO:

EXT. RANCH GATES - PALOMA NEGRO - DAY.

Dylan, Savanna, Isabella and Garrett stand just off a Montana mountain road in front of a large wooden ranch gate: PALOMA NEGRO

CLOSE ON: DEAD EYES. DEAD, PARTIALLY EATEN BABY DEER, hanging upside down by its legs, tangled in the barbed wire fence in front of them. It's skull has been gnawed on and IS BARE to the bone, like a monk cut. Its jawbone and rib cage exposed.

Isabella turns her back and walks back to Dylan's pickup, which is loaded up with all of their stuff.

A rusted out truck drives by. The driver does a double take and slams on the brakes. He puts the truck in reverse.

The driver, JOHN FLORES TUCKER, pulls up beside them. He's got a YOUNG GIRL, (13), in the passenger seat. John Flores Tucker spits, tips his hat, and reveals a sawed off shot gun through his window, not pointing it at them, but it's there.

JOHN TUCKER  
Morning. Can I help you with something?

DYLAN  
Yeah, you could put that gun up.

Tucker smiles and looks the girls over. He spits again.

JOHN TUCKER  
Could...But ain't.

Tucker gets out of his truck and walks towards the deer on the fence.

JOHN TUCKER (CONT'D)  
Looks like you found yerselves a coyote lollipop.

DYLAN  
A what?

JOHN TUCKER  
Coyote lollipop. Thought he...  
(Tucker lifts up the deer's head to check the sex, flies go everywhere)  
Thought *she* could jump this fence like mama does and got her little legs caught up. Nothing she could do but just hang around until Mr. Coyote came to gnaw on her.  
(looking over to Savanna with a sick smile)  
Nibble on her head a bit. Probably still alive when it happened.

Garrett looks to Dylan. Tucker shifts suddenly and fires two quick shots which sever the animals legs causing it to fall to the ground.

JOHN TUCKER (CONT'D)  
Can I ask you what you're doing here?

He drops two fresh shells in the shotgun.

DYLAN  
This is my place.

Tucker raises the gun and puts it in the crook of his arm still not pointed at him, but dangerous looking for sure.

JOHN TUCKER  
Excuse me?

GARRETT  
Put that gun down, mister.

DYLAN  
I said I own this property.

Beat.

JOHN TUCKER  
What's your name?

DYLAN  
Dylan Massey.

Long beat.

JOHN TUCKER  
So yer daddy is Waylon Massey.

DYLAN  
Thats right.

JOHN TUCKER  
Jesus Christ.

John checks the licence plates, TEXAS.

JOHN TUCKER (CONT'D)  
So, that's where yer paw's been  
hiding out all this time.  
(winks)  
They can have 'em. Name's John  
Flores Tucker. I was friends with  
yer Granpaw.

Tucker lowers the gun.

The truck door slams and the Young Girl exits. John Flores Tucker spins around, just as she clears the bumper. Reveal- the Young Girl, PREGNANT. She smiles shyly looking at Savanna's pregnant belly.

JOHN TUCKER (CONT'D)  
You better get in that truck and  
let me talk to the man.

The Young Girl quickly turns and gets back in the truck.

Tucker stares at them.

JOHN TUCKER (CONT'D)  
 You come up to sell off yer  
 Grandpaw's ranch? That the deal?

Beat as Dylan looks Tucker over.

DYLAN  
 Mister, I ain't accustom to having  
 casual conversation with guys who  
 pull guns on me.

JOHN TUCKER  
 You know how big this place is?

DYLAN  
 I've heard tell.

JOHN TUCKER  
 You...*heard tell?*

Tucker looks over his shoulder at the Young Girl in the truck. She turns away instantly.

JOHN TUCKER (CONT'D)  
 (laughs)  
 Ain't like Nintendos out here. It's  
 real country. Sure as hell ain't  
 fer folks in designer trucks.

They look over to Dylan's piece of shit, circa '91, Chevy.

GARRETT  
 Well, you got an eye. I'll give you  
 that.

JOHN TUCKER  
 I got people, Dylan. That's what  
 I'm aiming at. Moneyed up people  
 who are very interested in this  
 property and could take this place  
 off yer hands fer a purty penny.  
 Get yer lady a real ring, move back  
 to the city, buy a bird dog that  
 don't hunt. You get what I'm  
 gettin' at?

Dylan looks down at Savanna's ring. Little silver piece. Dylan looks down at the dirt, and then with two slow confident steps forward, Dylan puts his hand on Tucker's shoulder.

DYLAN  
 "Yer" a hick. I get it. It's big  
 bad land out there, sure.

Dylan squeezes Tucker's shoulder getting his attention.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

But it ain't like we're from Dallas  
Mister. I'd 'preciate it if you  
dealt with us accordingly.

Long, tense beat.

GARRETT

Sure you won't be hard to find if  
we need any help from you.

JOHN TUCKER

(spitting in the dirt)  
Oh, I won't be hard to find at all.

They watch as John Flores Tucker walks away. He slams his  
truck door.

ISABELLA

Ten minutes and we got a gun pulled  
on us. This place is awesome,  
Dylan.

The Young Girl waves goodbye to Savanna through the back  
window as they tear down the road.

GARRETT

(laughing)  
*It ain't like we're from Dallas  
Mister?*

DYLAN

Well we ain't.

Dylan flashes a grin.

CUT TO:

INT. DYLAN'S TRUCK - PALOMA NEGRO - FOREST ROAD - DAY.

They drive down the thick forest road.

Ahead, the trail opens up. Savanna slides over and hooks her  
arm through Dylan's.

SAVANNA

You ready, baby?

Dylan is all smiles. They come out of the darkness into the  
light...

Their faces drop.

Before them lies a vast, open landscape - fertile, utopian wilderness running up to the foothills of a mountain range way off in the distance. Paradise.

EXT. DYLAN'S TRUCK - PALOMA NEGRO - FOREST ROAD - CONTINUOUS.

Garrett and Isabella, awestruck.

GARRETT  
 Are you kidding me?  
 (He slams on the roof)  
 I mean... ARE YOU KIDDING ME,  
 DYLAN?

INT. DYLAN'S TRUCK - PALOMA NEGRO - FOREST ROAD - CONTINUOUS.

SAVANNA  
 DYLAN...

DYLAN  
 I had no idea.

She slaps his arm, repeatedly half smiling, half serious.

SAVANNA  
 You've been living in a trailer,  
 working in a slaughter yard for  
 pennies! And all the while you're a  
 filthy rich trust-fund baby!

Dylan looks out to the fence-line which runs as far as the eye can see. Blown away.

DYLAN  
 This has to be a dream.

EXT. CLIFF - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

They exit the truck and walk over to a cliff.

GARRETT  
 Look, right there, you see that?

A herd of over twenty elk run in a large pasture.

DYLAN  
 Lord, almighty.

40 feet below them is a crystal clear mountain lake. They all look to each other and run back to the car to go down to the lake. Everyone but Isabella, who is ripping off her clothes.

SAVANNA

Isabella...

GARRETT

Don't you even think about it.

She kicks off her jeans.

ISABELLA

Think about what?

Isabella sprints and flies off the cliff.

SAVANNA

(shocked)

HA!

Garrett runs over to the cliff. Before he even gets there:

ISABELLA (O.S.)

COME ON!

Garrett comes over to the truck and starts taking off his clothes. Garrett tosses his jeans in the bed of the truck.

SAVANNA

I mean, I really like that girl.

GARRETT

You only like her because she's gonna kill me.

Garrett runs towards the cliff and jumps off. Savanna's face is frozen with a huge smile and wide eyes, waiting for his scream. When it comes, she turns to Dylan.

DYLAN

Remember when you weren't pregnant?

SAVANNA

Aww... tied down with his blimp.  
You wanna jump? I'll drive the truck down.

Dylan runs to the truck without a second thought; Savanna laughs. Dylan dumps his stuff in the bed and starts to run. Savanna watches with a smile as he flies through the air.

EXT. CLIFF - PALOMA NEGRO - LATER.

HANDHELD, LONGSHOT, **POV**- through the trees, from the shadows, reveals Garrett and Isabella climbing the rocks towards the top of the cliff to jump again. She laughs as he chases after her.

Garrett catches up with her. He tries to kiss her. She playfully pulls away.

She casts a look over her shoulder and sees Savanna floating on her back, lightly supported by Dylan's hands. Isabella smiles and turns back to Garrett.

As Garrett moves towards her, she backs right to the edge of the cliff with a smile.

ISABELLA  
I'll jump. I swear.

He reaches out and pulls her into a kiss. They pull each other closer and kiss harder, leaving nothing on the table. When they come up for air they're both dazed.

She runs her hands down his shoulder where, for the first time, his tattoo is revealed: Marine Corps insignia - Iraq. She looks it over and runs her fingers along a nasty scar.

She whispers in his ear.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
I think I am falling for you.

She jumps backwards, falling the 40 feet to the water below. Garrett looks around from this high perch and sees the HUGE RANCH HOUSE in the distance.

Garrett sees what appears to be A PIPELINE leading from the lake, he follows it till it disappears over the property line into the bordering property.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
What are you waiting for?

HANDHELD P.O.V. From the woods. Through the leaves, we see Garrett's back. He jumps, screaming all the way down.

P.O.V. Moves towards the cliff. SOFT HUMAN FOOTSTEPS. The sound of the animal sniffing the air feverishly.

P.O.V. OVER THE CLIFF - Isabella in the lake. Her perfect body. The water coming off her.

Rocks fall to the water below. Garrett and Isabella scan up the cliff wall and there is A WOLF looking down on them.

GARRETT

Dylan!

ISABELLA

Is that a wolf!?

Beat.

GARRETT

That's a wolf, man. You've got fuckin' wolves, Dylan!

The Wolf turns and paces the edge, trying to find a way down.

ISABELLA

Is he coming down here?

Dylan looks closer, confused.

SAVANNA

What is it, baby?

DYLAN

It has a collar.

It has a ragged COLLAR on its neck. The Wolf suddenly snaps its attention to the woods behind him and scurries off. The kids are all speechless.

Isabella puts her head back and howls; the rest follow.

EXT. HOUSE - PALOMA NEGRO - DAY

A huge, striking, mountain home nestled in the trees. Excited voices echo through the open doorway as the group explores.

Dylan stands outside - taking it all in. The cicadas' Gothic cacophony fills the air.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS

Dark and musty. The curtains drawn over the windows. Deer heads and various other kills mounted on the walls.

Savanna stops at a wall covered in framed pictures. She looks at a photo of a family standing in front of this very house, but eons ago. The men all hold pistols, even the young boys. In front of them is a **SMALL COFFIN**.

Isabella eyes a box filled with broken pieces of colored glass.

EXT. HOUSE - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS

Garrett walks the houses perimeter which is a massive clearing that leads to the tree line two hundred yards out.

He spots a empty **METAL CAGE**, some kind of trap.

Inside the cage is an old rusted bell.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS

Isabella throws open one of the curtains to a large bay window, casting light over the semi-organized clutter. Out the window is a magnificent view of the valley below.

The two girls stare at the view with wide smiles. Savanna sees Dylan.

SAVANNA  
Would you look at that.

ISABELLA  
What?

Beat as Savanna cocks her head.

SAVANNA  
Dylan.

Dylan stands in a clearing with a smile on his face.

Isabella is taken aback too.

ISABELLA  
I don't think I have ever seen that face before.

SAVANNA  
Me neither.

EXT. FAMILY PLOT - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS

The overgrown path leading from the house is barely visible. Dylan walks; the remoteness of this place sinks in.

An odd sound he can't place, like a massive glass wind chime.

Lush ivy bulges out from an old, white-washed, lattice fence. Dylan parts the ivy, revealing a mighty oak tree.

**Thousands of pieces of colored glass** hang by strings send colored light in every direction. They sway in the wind, striking each other, creating a perfect sound. The oak has been transformed into a weeping willow composed of light.

A small, fenced-in area beside the tree. He makes his way through a little gate. Before him, tucked away in the thick grass, headstones. Dylan walks past them, they all read: **Massey.**

A rustle from behind him. Dylan turns to see Savanna making her way through the little fence. Her arms wrap around him from behind.

DYLAN  
Stranger in my own life.

SAVANNA  
Most people are.

Long beat.

DYLAN  
Never thought I would be able to give you anything. Scared the shit out of me.

SAVANNA  
Dylan...

DYLAN  
It's true. Woke up every night in sweats. Would head out there... building that boat, like a fucking idiot. I felt...

Savanna turns him to face her. Her eyes dart back and forth searching his face.

SAVANNA  
Felt what?

DYLAN  
Felt like there was this chance you would wake up one day and see how stuck you were. All those promises I made to get us out, everything that I promised to give you...

Beat.

SAVANNA

Look around. Look out there. Look right here.

She takes his hand and puts it on her belly.

SAVANNA (CONT'D)

I am not blind. I see what's going on inside of you, but Dylan. Somebody up there wants you to be happy. That old story, it won't play anymore; you aren't allowed to have it.

She smiles at him.

SAVANNA (CONT'D)

This is a new story here. That man you're looking for, you're gonna find him... someplace out there. Watch.

EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Garrett inspects the pipeline. He throws a leaf into the water and watches it spiral around the pipe and then disappear under. He starts to follow the pipe when he hears, Isabella calling his name. He looks back towards the property line and then turns back towards the house.

EXT. HOUSE -PALOMA NEGRO - MOMENTS LATER

Dylan watches Garrett come up the trail.

DYLAN

Everything good?

GARRETT

Yeah buddy. Couple things I think we should check out tomorrow, but damn son...

DYLAN

Come on lets cook something up and celebrate a little.

GARRETT

Whiskey, whiskey, whiskey, brother.

Dylan throws his arm around him.

DYLAN  
Let's gets some in ya.

EXT. HOUSE/FIRE PIT - PALOMA NEGRO - NIGHT.

The fire burns bright and the couples slow dance to the music playing from the truck stereo, laughing and drinking.

GARRETT  
...Sell off, a thousand, fuck that,  
five-hundred acres and you'd have  
enough money to do whatever you  
wanted out here for a long time.

SAVANNA  
How much?

GARRETT  
(wincing)  
A couple million.

SAVANNA  
A COUPLE MILLION!

Savanna slaps her hand over her mouth.

GARRETT  
The whole property's gotta be  
worth... it's scary to think about,  
but... fifteen, maybe.

DYLAN  
FIFTEEN?!

ISABELLA  
Shut your face!

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
This is Montana, man. Ted Turner  
may come over and ask for a cup of  
sugar tomorrow.

DYLAN  
Alright, alright, but then what?  
Run cattle? I'm no rancher.

GARRETT  
My dad's a rancher, dude. The last  
time I saw him he literally opened  
a door into his own face. It's not  
rocket surgery.

DYLAN  
His dad was a rancher, and his  
dad's dad. He may be a moron but he  
knows what he's doing.

GARRETT

Look. Come over here.

They all move over towards the edge of the cliff, looking over the moonlit expanse.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

This place is a gold mine. You run some cattle. Be a real fucking cowboy. The wildlife situation is out of control, it's like fuckin' Jurassic Park down there. People would pay out the nose to hunt here, so you guide some hunts.

Everyone looks out together.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

The big thing you gotta do is get a conservation easement to maintain your ranchland status so no one can develop that chunk you sell off. Put the money you make from selling it into infrastructure and equipment. Bulldoze that monstrosity and build your girl and that little guy their dream house, invest the rest and live off the interest and the land. Easy.

They all stare at him speechless.

ISABELLA

That was sexy as hell. Say easement again.

GARRETT

They ain't making land no more, and there ain't going to be many open spaces left. Shit, even West Texas... twenty years and the city lights will be at your gates. You, my friend, have 6000 acres of Montana wilderness! Surrounded by National Forest. Totally protected. This is what it's going to look like a hundred years from now.

He looks over to Dylan with a smile.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

If you were ever going to make a stand for something, this is it.

Dylan smiles and then looks back out over the property.

DYLAN  
Would you help me?

GARRETT  
I'll tell you everything I can.

DYLAN  
No... I mean come on up and work it  
with me.

Long beat.

GARRETT  
I can't pick up and move out to  
Montana, Dylan.

ISABELLA  
Why not?

They all seem taken aback by her interjection.

SAVANNA  
Yeah, why not?

DYLAN  
Punching someone else's cattle in  
West Texas, or your own out here...

GARRETT  
(laughing)  
*My own?* What the fuck are you  
talking about? Listen, you don't  
need me, man. I could help you find  
a proper foreman...

DYLAN  
I don't want some hick foreman.  
We'd be partners. Straight down the  
center. Right now it's mine, if you  
say yes, it'll be ours. Period.

Garrett is floored.

GARRETT  
People don't do this, Dylan. You  
don't just give away millions of  
dollars of land.

Beat. Dylan walks toward him.

DYLAN

You're my best friend. You never  
had a break in your life and  
neither have I.

(dead in the eye)

I got mine... now take yours.

Dylan holds out his hand. Garrett just looks at it. Garrett looks to Isabella; she smiles and nods.

ISABELLA

Say yes, Garrett!

DYLAN

OUR LAND, MAN! How does that sound?

Dylan shakes his beer up and the girls do too. Garrett stands there with the biggest grin on his face.

GARRETT

It would still be y'all's land. I  
could never own half of it.

DYLAN

This is an all or nothing deal  
here. Yes or no?

SAVANNA

(wicked grin)

Yes or no, Garrett?

Isabella bounces excitedly waiting for him to respond.

GARRETT

YOU GUYS ARE CRAZY!

Garrett looks at all of them waiting for his response. He closes his eyes. Beat.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Yes.

They all scream, open up their beers and chase each other around the fire. Garrett picks Isabella up and throws her over his shoulder, screaming at the moon. He puts her down and she kisses him. Never have people been so happy.

ISABELLA

I love you.

She immediately slaps her hand over her mouth and closes her eyes, not believing the words that came out.

Shocked. He comes towards her.

GARRETT

What did you just say to me?

She laughs as hard as she can as she tilts her head to the moon and howls. She looks back to him glowing.

ISABELLA

I said... I love you. I love you.

Garrett's face beams. He grabs her and kisses her with everything he's got.

CUT TO:

The girls sit back looking at their boys on the edge of the cliff, silhouetted by the moon, arms around each other, screaming out over their property.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - EARLY MORNING.

Dylan walks from the kitchen, slowly coming back to life with each sip of coffee he takes from an old tin mug.

His bloodshot eyes squint into the daylight that shines through the long bay window.

His attention turns to a rustic antique desk in the corner. Leather books are neatly stacked to the ceiling against the wall, and old papers are scattered about the table top. The chair SQUEAKS as Dylan takes a seat and sets down his coffee.

He thumbs through the papers, trying to make sense of the mess. Dylan lays them aside and leans back in the chair, cringing as it squeaks LOUDER. He places his hands behind his head, relaxing.

GARRETT

(out of nowhere)

I didn't know we had a cat.

Garrett standing in the doorway. He wears a robe that looks older than him.

DYLAN

We don't.

GARRETT

Well, something took a shit in my mouth.

Dylan laughs.

DYLAN  
What are you wearing?

GARRETT  
(raspy)  
Found this robe. Kinda like it. I  
am keeping it. Half this shit is  
mine now anyway.

Dylan smiles.

INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN - PALOMA NEGRO - MOMENTS LATER.

Garrett yawns as he pours coffee from a campfire kettle into another tin mug. His eyes drift above the stove, where a bottle of bourbon sits next to a first-aid kit.

GARRETT  
I love Montana.

Garrett grabs the bottle, pulls the cork out with his teeth, and pours more than a healthy shot in with his coffee.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

Dylan reaches into his pocket and pulls out the SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX KEY. He twirls it on his finger.

EXT. HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

Garrett steps onto the front porch, his eyes still half open. The front door slowly begins to shut behind him. He steps forward, setting his coffee cup on the railing. He comes up with a cigarette but PAUSES, as he looks down...

The cigarette FALLS FROM HIS MOUTH.

GARRETT'S P.O.V. of his feet. HE IS STANDING IN BLOOD.

GARRETT  
What the fuck?

He turns around to see the trail of blood leading to the front door. He stands speechless looking at the double doors.

SOMETHING IS WRITTEN IN BLOOD. The door SLOWLY CREEPS SHUT...  
CLICK.

**GO AWAY** written in LARGE, RED, letters across the doors.

Garrett looks to his right -  
A SMILING PIGS HEAD sits in a LARGE GLASS PUNCH BOWL, FILLED  
WITH BLOOD on the rocking chair.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

Dylan looks up to see Garrett standing frozen at the door.

DYLAN

What?

EXT. HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - PALOMA NEGRO - MOMENTS LATER.

Garrett puffs his cigarette nervously, standing behind Dylan.

GARRETT

Housewarming gift?

Beat. Dylan looks down to the pigs head and bowl of blood.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Thoughtful. Not exactly a muffin  
basket or a membership to the jelly  
of the month club...

DYLAN

(quiet)

No, it's not.

GARRETT

What the fuck is going on around  
here, Dylan?

Dylan looks to the key in his hand and tosses it to Garrett.

DYLAN

I think we gotta go into town to  
find out.

Dylan looks at the blood on the door.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

First we clean this shit up before  
the girls wake up.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE/KITCHEN - PALOMA NEGRO - DAY.

CLOSE ON A WHITE SINK - BLOOD POURS - PORCELAIN TURNS RED.

Dylan stands above the sink, emptying out the bowl. He turns on the water, washing the traces of blood away.

EXT. HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - PALOMA NEGRO - MOMENTS LATER.

Garrett dips a rag in the bowl and starts scrubbing the letters off the dark, wooden door.

SLOW as Dylan launches the water from the bowl across the porch floor, washing away the trail of blood.

CLOSE ON droplets of light red water as they DRIP from the top step down to the next.

EXT. BLUFF - PALOMA NEGRO - MOMENTS LATER.

Garrett lets go of the pig's head and watches as it falls to the rocks below.

INT. DYLAN'S TRUCK - MONTANA HIGHWAY - MORNING.

Dylan drives down the two lane highway that cuts through the forest. Savanna sits shotgun as Isabella rests her head on Garrett's shoulder in the back.

Savanna looks at the safety deposit key.

SAVANNA

What do you think is in it?

DYLAN

Who knows?

Savanna hands the key back. She looks at Dylan who has a grim face, through the rearview she sees Garrett looks the same.

SAVANNA

What's gotten into you two?

Dylan looks back at Garrett through the mirror.

DYLAN

Nothing, just hung that's all.

SAVANNA

Well let's get some food. I could eat a horse.

GARRETT  
 (snickering)  
 How 'bout some bacon?

Dylan shifts his eyes back to Garrett. *Really, dude?*

SAVANNA  
 Oooh. Lots and lots of bacon!

ISABELLA  
 (reading the sign with a  
 smile)  
 Welcome to Little Whiskey.  
 Population 356. This is God's  
 country, don't drive through it  
 like hell.

EXT. DYLAN'S TRUCK - MONTANA HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS.

The truck slows as it reaches the main drag. Everyone stares out the window at the beautiful, quaint town.

Nearly everything you need is right on Main Street: A grocery and mercantile store, Doctor and Pharmacy, Barber, and of course, *Little Whiskey Savings*.

Dylan parks the truck in front of the grocery store. Garrett helps Savanna down.

SAVANNA  
 Thank you.

Dylan leans over the hood.

DYLAN  
 I'm gonna run into the bank. Why don't you and Isabella get us some stuff to hold us over for awhile?

SAVANNA  
 Sounds great.

The girls turn and walk down the boardwalk. Dylan and Garrett walk across the street toward the bank.

GARRETT  
 What should I do?

Dylan gestures down the boardwalk, A GUN STORE.

INT. GROCERY STORE - LITTLE WHISKEY - CONTINUOUS.

Savanna strolls with Isabella through the small market.

They walk to another aisle, CLEARING FRAME.  
An OLDER WOMAN watches the two of them...  
Pure hatred behind her eyes.

INT. BIG WHISKEY SAVINGS - LITTLE WHISKEY - DAY.

Dylan waits behind a customer in the small town bank. The place is from another era. Frank and Jesse James could walk in at any moment and hold the place up.

The ELDERLY TELLER licks his thumb, counting out a hundred.

TELLER  
... sixty, eighty, and a hundred.

CUSTOMER  
See you next week.

TELLER  
Likewise, Jack.

Dylan steps forward. As the customer exits, he stops in his tracks and looks back to Dylan.

TELLER (CONT'D)  
What can I do you for?

Dylan takes the key out of his pocket and lays it down. The old man picks it up and takes off his glasses. He holds the key close to his face. He looks back up to Dylan.

TELLER (CONT'D)  
Man alive.

INT. GUN SHOP - LITTLE WHISKEY - CONTINUOUS.

A bell rings as Garrett walks in. He steps to the counter, scanning the rifles and shotguns. A KID no older than 13 walks from the back room.

KID  
Can I help you, sir?

GARRETT  
Your pa back there?

KID  
(fuck off)  
Can I help you, sir?

GARRETT  
I love Montana. Alright, scooter, I  
need a 12 gauge pump - and a palate  
of buckshot.

The Kid hands a pump action shotgun to Garrett.

KID  
What are you after?

GARRETT  
Pig.

INT. GROCERY STORE - LITTLE WHISKEY - CONTINUOUS

Isabella's basket is half full as they walk past the aisles.

The older lady walks, a little girl holding her hand,  
appearing each time the girls pass an aisle. They don't  
notice they are being watched.

CLOSE ON on the lady's face A MOLE on her left cheek.

INT. BIG WHISKEY SAVINGS - LITTLE WHISKEY - CONTINUOUS

DARKNESS. A door opens and two figures stand in the doorway.  
A switch is flipped and light fills the room, revealing a  
large cannonball safe, and a wall of safety deposit boxes.

Dylan follows the teller into the room - all business.

CLOSE ON the box as Dylan slides his key into the slot. The  
Old Teller inserts his own key, and they turn them both  
simultaneously. The teller strains to pull the box out.

TELLER  
Could you help me, son?

Dylan yanks on the handle and box slides out. The Teller  
takes the box out and moves to a table near the door.

TELLER (CONT'D)  
I'll give you some privacy.

DYLAN  
Thank you, sir.

TELLER

(shutting door)

You're welcome. Just don't steal nothing.

Dylan eyes the box.

He puts his hand on top.

He takes a deep breath and slowly opens the lid.

His eyes grow wide. MONEY. Lots and lots of money.

DYLAN

Holy shit.

On top of the neatly lined bank stacks is another envelope.

Dylan opens the envelope and carefully pulls out an ancient piece of paper. At the top of the paper: **DEED 1864**. Behind the deed is a HAND WRITTEN NOTE.

Dylan unfolds it and reads.

ABRAHAM MASSEY (V.O.)

Dylan, all I know of you is that you exist. As for what your parents may have told you about me, reserve judgement for a moment and think of what I'm asking of you less as a favor for a stranger, and rather as something you should want badly for yourself, regardless of what station you have arrived here from. Before you lay claim to what is by all rights yours, I need you to understand what you are about to receive and I need you to agree to what I will ask of you.

Dylan wears an urgent face, not missing a single word.

ABRAHAM MASSEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You come from a story that is different than most, Dylan. You are the descendent to a great legacy, a proud name, with a brutal history. Before they ran away, to god knows where, your Father and Mother were born into families who owned properties that bordered each other. Two families that have been fighting one other for nearly a century. Over time, most of my family has been murdered at the hands of your mother's brothers and uncles, a family called Shore.

(MORE)

ABRAHAM MASSEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We have, in turn, killed many, many of them. This is who you are, Dylan. Your last name is *Massey*, but *Shore* blood runs through your veins. I am going to try and appeal to the *Massey* in you, the strength in you, and pray it hasn't been corrupted by your fathers weakness. You are the last male *Massey*. The last in a long line of great men who have worked this land for over 135 years.

INT. GUN SHOP - LITTLE WHISKEY - CONTINUOUS.

The kid sits on a high-stool looking on as Garrett inspects the guns he's left on the counter.

SILENCE. Only Abraham's voice over can be heard.

ABRAHAM MASSEY (V.O.)

This land is yours now and it is a gift beyond measure. It will bring you joy and if you are smart, great wealth. But, you must understand it often comes at a dire price. I beg of you to pay it. You will have to keep it.

Garrett picks up the gun with the shortest barrel and brings it to his shoulder. He picks a spot on the wall.

UP THE BARREL TO HIS FACE AS HE AIMS.

ABRAHAM MASSEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There will be members of the *Shore* family who will want to spill your blood, because of who you are, because you are my heir, and are the owner of *Paloma Negro*. These are men who you will not fear, rather fight, if necessary to the death, to defend this land as so many have done before you.

INT. GROCERY STORY - LITTLE WHISKEY - CONTINUOUS.

Isabella and Savanna sit in the checkout line. Savanna frowns, remembering.

SAVANNA

I forgot one thing.

Savanna walks away and down the baking goods aisle. She looks up, seeing what she needs on the top shelf. CAKE MIX.

She struggles to get her hand high enough. The lady with the mole watches her from the top of the aisle.

The lady's mischievous smile turns innocent and sweet.

INT. BIG WHISKEY SAVINGS - LITTLE WHISKEY - CONTINUOUS.

Dylan, reading.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Defend your land, Dylan. Protect the water at all costs, which is everything. It is what made us what we are and it is what they want. I beg of you, be the man your father couldn't be. Stay and fight and build a home for yourself. Find a wife if you haven't and raise a family so the Massey name will flourish once more. Raise the boys to be strong and put their hands in this earth early. Every time you put your hands in the soil, think of your family. We are all there. Our blood is in there. The land is our story, and now it is your story. It must not end with either of us. Your grandfather, *Abraham Dylan Massey*.

He takes the note and carefully puts it in his pocket.

INT. GROCERY STORE - LITTLE WHISKEY - CONTINUOUS.

Savanna still reaching... she can't. She comes down, and turns to find the lady with the mole RIGHT BEHIND HER.

Savanna's basket falls to the ground. The lady leans down to pick it up and comes up with a smile.

MONA

Goodness, I'm sorry dear. I didn't mean to give you a fright.

SAVANNA

No apologies necessary.

MONA

Let me help you there. You are carrying a big enough load.

Mona reaches to the top shelf.

MONA (CONT'D)

Did you want angel's or devil's?

SAVANNA

Devil's please.

MONA

Of course...

Savanna looks down at the little girl who quickly hides behind her grandmother's dress.

Mona comes down with the cake mix and hands it to Savanna.

MONA (CONT'D)

Just when you think you know everyone in a small town, a fresh face shows up. I'm Mona Shore.

Savanna sticks out her own hand.

SAVANNA

I'm Savanna Massey.

Mona looks pleased, as gentle and polite as someone you would meet on the Church steps.

MONA

How far along are you?

Mona moves closer.

SAVANNA

Just under six months.

MONA

Is that so?

Mona sticks out her hand.

MONA (CONT'D)

May I?

Savanna shrugs innocently.

SAVANNA

Um, sure.

Mona leans over and gently places her hand on Savanna's stomach. The little girl peeks out from behind her grandmother's dress. Savanna smiles at her.

SAVANNA (CONT'D)  
 (to the little girl)  
 And what's your name?

MONA  
 (still polite)  
 Don't speak to my grandchild, dear.

Savanna thinks she heard wrong.

SAVANNA  
 Pardon me?

MONA  
 Does it feel different?

Savanna is confused.

SAVANNA  
 Does what feel different?

Mona looks up, the hate behind her eyes again.

MONA  
 Having a Massey growing inside you?

CLOSE ON Mona's hand as it presses against Savanna's stomach.

EXT. MAIN STREET - LITTLE WHISKEY - CONTINUOUS.

Garrett slides a shotgun and a lever action rifle behind the back seat. He lights a cigarette and slams the door. Dylan approaches behind him.

DYLAN  
 I know what's going on.

The doors to the grocery store open behind them, where Isabella stands holding three bags of groceries.

ISABELLA  
 Little help from the gentlemen?

Dylan and Garrett approach. They grab the bags from her.

DYLAN  
 Where is Vanna?

ISABELLA  
She forgot something.

INT. GROCERY STORE - LITTLE WHISKEY - CONTINUOUS.

CLOSE ON Mona's hand. Her fingers twisting and pushing harder against Savanna's belly.

SAVANNA  
(struggling)  
Let go of me.

Mona looks up with a twisted smile.

Savanna tries to back away but can't, Mona grabbing her side, forcing her in place.

MONA  
Tell me, can you feel it's horns  
inside of you when it moves?

MONA PUSHES HARDER. The little girl GIGGLES as she watches.

MONA (CONT'D)  
Such an abomination. Living proof  
there is a god, because the devil  
grows inside...

SAVANNA  
Get your hands off me!

She SHOVES Mona. Mona falls back onto the ground. The little girl runs to her side and tries to lift her up.

Savanna backs away. Mona winces in pain. Beat. With the help of her granddaughter, she slowly gets up, rubbing her wrist that she has landed on.

Her look of hate and determination slowly turns back to a sincere smile as she takes her granddaughter's hand and she starts to walk away. Dylan, Garrett and Isabella turn the corner just as Mona passes. Mona stops and looks at them all.

MONA  
Nice to meet you, Mrs. Massey.

She walks toward the front of the store.

MONA (CONT'D)  
(over her shoulder)  
Welcome to the punch-bowl.

The bell rings as she exits.

EXT. FOREST - PALOMA NEGRO - LATER.

CALM. The sounds of nature in full spring. A MURDER of CROWS sit atop a towering aspen tree. Something startles them... they jump and fly off into the distance.

EXT. HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - PALOMA NEGRO - NIGHT.

Everybody sits on the front porch as the off-road cruiser pulls up in front of the house.

Dylan walks down to greet SHERIFF CLAYTON MACDANIEL.

DYLAN

How are you, sir? Sorry to call you out on a Saturday night.

SHERIFF CLAYTON

Aww, that's alright, son. Much to the wife's chagrin, my dancing days are pretty much over.

They smile at each other.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - NIGHT.

Savanna pours him some coffee. They all sit comfortably around the fire.

DYLAN

I know very little, sir. From what I gather, this is an old blood feud that we are mixed up in. My group here, we come from Texas. We came up to start a new life for ourselves. Last thing we want is trouble.

SHERIFF CLAYTON

Well, that may be so, but let me tell you a little something about what is going on. Town is buzzing tonight about one of your ladies pushing Ol' Miss Shore to the ground at the store this afternoon.

SAVANNA

ONLY BECAUSE...

SHERIFF CLAYTON

Now, now, hold on Mrs. Massey. I have been around long enough to know that ol' lady ain't nothing but a, excuse my french... big ol' bitch.

Everyone laughs. Relief.

SHERIFF CLAYTON (CONT'D)

If she ended up on the floor, she had it coming, and we will just leave it at that. That said, I think you guys are just gonna have to drop any notions of a marching band playing down main street when you come to town.

GARRETT

Fair enough. But, Sheriff, we woke up this morning with a pig's head in a punch bowl on our front porch. Now, that is a threat and we brought you over here to ask you how serious we should take it, or see if you could help us out here.

Sheriff pulls out a small pouch of tobacco and a pipe.

SHERIFF CLAYTON

Do you mind? I won't light her, on account of you're being pregnant, Mrs. Massey. Just an old habit.

SAVANNA

No, go right ahead.

SHERIFF CLAYTON

The way these things work is as follows. Shore's, Massey's, people take sides. Not me. I don't favor anyone in this deal.

(catches Dylan's eyes)

I hate all y'all.

They all look to each other.

SHERIFF CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Now, don't get me wrong, I am sure you are all very nice people, but I have a rule here, it's the same as my father's who had this post for 45 years before me.

(MORE)

SHERIFF CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
If you kill someone in my town, you  
are going down. If it happens on  
your land, call me for the body.

DYLAN  
What?

ISABELLA  
That's crazy.

SHERIFF CLAYTON  
That's hundred some odd years of  
blood spilling in Flathead county.

Long beat as he looks them over serious as a heart attack.

SHERIFF CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
See, I don't give a shit about this  
land. Families' been too busy  
fighting over it for so damn long,  
neither one of ya ever done a thing  
for this city or county, even  
though both sides had more money  
than anyone in it. Now, this may  
seem strange to y'all. Maybe never  
heard of something like this, but  
this is it. This is the way it  
works. If something was to happen  
to ya, if y'all get yerselves  
killed, I don't want to think I  
should have warned ya better. So  
now... be warned. Yer on your own,  
just like they are, just like y'all  
all have been since the beginning.

Dylan starts to interject, but the Sheriff puts his hand up  
to stop him.

Beat.

SHERIFF CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
That's it, son. That's my final  
word. I done my part. Now, I'll get  
on as to let you do yours, whatever  
that maybe.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - LATER.

A fire crackles in the fire place as Garrett and Isabella sit  
across from Savanna and Dylan. Beat.

SAVANNA

We're staying. We obviously can't expect you to do the same...

Dylan leans forward, looks Garrett in the eyes.

DYLAN

Deal still stands, if you are up for it. Might be tough, might be a fight, but it's something we think is worth it. It's like you said, Garrett, if we were ever gonna make a stand for something, this is it.

Garrett sighs, leans back and looks to Isabella. She nods.

GARRETT

Alright, but we ain't nobodies bitch, you hear me?

SAVANNA

Hell no.

GARRETT

They are stealing your water Dylan. Pumping it straight out of the tank and over to their property.

DYLAN

Well lets start there.

FADE TO:

EXT. FENCE LINE- DAY

The boys stare at a tank(man made lake) on the Shore's property is being filled by the pipeline. The hum of the generator is defening.

EXT. LAKE - PALOMA NEGRO DUSK

The boys, Covered in mud, unearh the other end of the pipeline buried deep in the bank of the lake. Garrett comes over with an Ax. He hands it to Dylan. Dylan looks back in the direction of the Shore's property. He raises the ax above his head and brings it down with a mighty blow.

EXT. SHORE TANK - CONTINUOUS

The water chugs and sputters and then comes to a trickle. The Whine of the generator strains.

EXT. RANCH GATES - PALOMA NEGRO - DAY.

In the grey light and fog of early morning, the four of them stand beside a make shift flag pole. Dylan hoists a white flag. As the wind catches it and it unfurls, reveal: A hand drawn PIGS HEAD.

He stands back with the rest of them looking up at their creation which waves for all who pass by to see.

BEGIN MONTAGE

EXT. PASTURE - PALOMA NEGRO - DAY.

Beautiful day, but storm clouds gather on the horizon.

Savanna lays down in the tall grass in the clearing. She can't see, but less than fifty yards away, five antelope are grazing on the grass she is lying in. She hums, her hand on her stomach, as she looks up to the sky. Humming continues through the montage.

P.O.V. The wind blows the clouds across the frame.

EXT. THE LAKE - DAY

INT. HOUSE/GARRETT & ISABELLA'S BEDROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - NIGHT.

The full moon shines through the open window as the young couple make love in the moonlight.

Sound of WOLVES HOWLING. They smile.

EXT. FOREST - PALOMA NEGRO - MORNING.

Morning fog rests along the forest floor.

Dylan's beard is at least three weeks old. His shallow breaths cloud as he hides behind a tree, shotgun in hand. His eyes are alive and alert. Twenty yards ahead of him, fat turkeys waddle along.

Dylan turns and aims.  
Fires.

INT. HOUSE/DINING ROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - EVENING.

Dylan sits at the head of the table with a large tail feather behind his ear. Garrett and Isabella applaud as Savanna exits the kitchen with a beautifully cooked turkey.

Savanna smiles, crosses her legs and gives her best debutante curtsy. They scream as the turkey nearly falls, and laugh as she places the platter safely on the table.

EXT. PALOMA NEGRO - SUNRISE.

WIDE SHOT OF THE WHOLE VALLEY - ELAPSED TIME SUNRISE

Dylan and Garrett are up with the dawn. Dylan works with a hoe, breaking the earth. He has created ten long rows for a garden. Garrett twists a fence post into the ground. He takes a bail of chicken wire, unravels it and hammers it in place on the post and moves to the next one.

INT. BARN - PALOMA NEGRO - DAY.

Dylan and Savanna lead a pregnant heifer into the barn and into an empty stable.

INT. BARN - PALOMA NEGRO - NIGHT.

Dylan and Isabella sit on the stable door as Garrett and Savanna deliver the calf.

The calf comes out and takes its first steps.

INT. HOUSE/BATHROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - MORNING.

Dylan's bearded face is covered in shaving cream. He sits on a sink. Savanna stands in front of him, her slightly larger belly poking out from her pajamas.

SAVANNA

You're coming into focus, Dylan  
Massey.

She concentrates guiding the straight razor down Dylan's neck. She tries not to smile, but she begins to crack.

EXT. HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - PALOMA NEGRO - DAY.

Isabella paints, looking out to the land and then to her canvas.

EXT. HOUSE/GARDEN - PALOMA NEGRO - DAY.

Savanna and Isabella look on as Garrett holds a piece of wood in place for Dylan to hammer.

They stand back and look at a wooden canal leading to the cistern 30 yards away.

Garrett runs to the cistern and signals with a thumbs up.

DYLAN

Ready.

Garrett turns a spigot, and the water flows down the wooden canal towards the garden and stops short at the dam they have built. Dylan stomps on a lever. The dam opens and the water spills down the trap and courses over the top of the garden, feeding down the rows, perfectly.

EXT. LAKE - PALOMA NEGRO - DAY.

They all stand together. Isabella lays the painting down on a tree stump.

They all look out to the lake. Then back to the painting.

Painting - two houses across the lake from one another. Their future homes. In the center of a lake, a gazebo. Rowboats on docks by each house.

END MONTAGE

EXT. PASTURE - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

The sun is about to drop below the tree line as Dylan and Garrett walk through the clearing.

Garrett kneels and plucks a reed from the ground.

GARRETT

We are doing it, aren't we?

DYLAN

This time next year, two houses, cultivated pasture, gardens. Yeah, I'd say we are doing it.

GARRETT

Not bad for a couple slaughterhouse boys.

Beat.

Garrett looks back up to the house. Music from the porch, the girls are dancing around like a couple of idiots. The girls wave at them as they dance their way into the house and close the door. Dylan turns back to see Garrett staring at him.

Long beat.

Dylan nods his head and stands up, ready for this conversation.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Did you love her?

Dylan takes a deep breath and shakes his head.

DYLAN

Hell, Garrett, I don't know. I don't think I loved anything until I got here.

GARRETT

Awww, bullshit, Dylan. You were crazy about Savanna before you came.

DYLAN

Love is relative to your circumstances. Anyone that tells you any different is full of shit. I fucking hated myself, how in the hell was I gonna love somebody.

Long beat as Garrett mulls it over.

GARRETT

Doesn't make me mad.

DYLAN

That's cause you know she's nuts for you.

Garrett nods.

GARRETT

She is, right?

DYLAN

Yes! That girl thinks you hung the moon for some reason.

GARRETT

In a weird way I am glad you understand why I am so fucking crazy about her.

Dylan starts to smile.

DYLAN

Is it because her pussy tastes like peaches?

Garrett snaps his attention to Dylan. Garrett can't help but to grin.

GARRETT

Mother fucker.

Dylan has a huge smile. He starts to step backwards and breaks into a sprint as Garrett chases after him. Dylan runs to the house.

DYLAN

(over his shoulder)  
Well, is it?

Dylan stops suddenly. Garrett does too.

About a quarter of a mile away we see a man on horse back dismount, he pulls out something from his saddle. He goes to the shore of the lake and begins to dig and inspect something.

GARRETT

What the hell is that guy doing?  
Come on, let go.

They start towards the path leading towards the man when a... WOLF comes slowly out of the treeline.

Drool falls from his mouth as he growls. His nose to the ground, ready to attack at any moment.

Dylan, slowly reaches one hand behind his back TOWARD THE PISTOL.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Easy, pooch. Easy now.

THE WOLF SNARLS and BARKS at Dylan. Dylan DRAWS THE GUN.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for?!

Dylan sees THE COLLAR around the Wolf's neck and hesitates.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
Shoot this bitch.

A faint voice carries on the wind.

DYLAN  
You hear that?

VOICE  
(closer)  
... do not shoot!

A loud whistle, and the WOLF snaps to attention. FOCUSED on the tree line. The Wolf sits calmly, waiting...

The man on horseback appears in front of them. He slows to a trot, but continues toward them.

Dylan lowers his gun but does not put it away.

The horseman screams for the wolf to back off. The wolf turns and runs to him. He sits, like a well trained golden retriever, beside the horse.

DYLAN  
Lose something, mister?

FALLON  
He got loose.

Long, uncomfortable beat.

The horseman, FALLON SHORE, looks at the house and then back at Dylan.

FALLON (CONT'D)  
Damn. You do look just like yer  
fucking dad, don't ya?

DYLAN  
What were you doing by our lake?

FALLON  
Your lake...

He stares at them for what seems like an eternity, then spits to the ground, turns and begins to ride off, wolf trailing behind him. Dylan calls after him.

DYLAN  
MISTER. HEY MISTER!

The man continues to ride without looking back.

Dylan puts his pistol in the air...

**FIRES.**

Dylan and Garrett stand frozen. Heartbeats in their throats.

The horseman stops. He spins his horse around. Riding in circles. He starts his horse towards the boys, galloping back, wolf at his side. Fallon jumps off and walks towards Dylan, completely ignoring Garrett. Dylan stands his ground.

Fallon is a mean, very dangerous looking dude.

FALLON

Firing a weapon around here has different implications than in most places.

DYLAN

I'll ask you again... What were you doing by our lake?

FALLON

Dylan, that is your name, correct? Dylan I am going to give you a piece of advice. Get out while you can. No ones gotten hurt yet. I got men back at my place that I basically have to tie up so they don't come over here and do terrible things to you. Yer coward daddy left here with his tail between his legs, running off with my sister and us... hot on his trail. I swear to you boy, if you don't walk away now you'll be running too and there will be bodies to carry with you.

Dylan steps confidently towards Fallon. Fallon just stares at his Dylans chest smiling. Fallons bowie knife dangles from his waist. Luming.

DYLAN

If you think I got one bit of my daddy in me, you got another thing coming. I ain't going no where. I aim to talk with you. I don't want to fight. There is a way to work this out. I am sure of it.

He looks at Dylan dead in the eyes.

FALLON

I'm sure of it too. I can hear the sound of my knife running through that breast plate.

Fallon smiles walks back to his horse, gets on

FALLON (CONT'D)

Ain't your lake boy. Ain't your water. Never has been.

He sprints down the ridge and out of sight.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - DUSK.

Isabella kneels, flipping through the records. Willie Nelson's *Shotgun Willie* is placed on the turn table. The tiny RED LIGHT ignites and the record begins to spin.

Savanna sits, thumbing through 10 playing cards. With Isabella's back to her, she sneaks a hand toward the stack...

ISABELLA

(without turning)

Don't even think about it.

Isabella places the needle on the outer edge of the record, and the silence of the living room is interrupted with the crackles of the vinyl, and then of course *Shotgun Willie*.

She walks/dances back over to the couch where Savanna sits with an all too innocent face.

SAVANNA

I'm appalled you think I would cheat.

ISABELLA

I'm appalled that you would.

BAM. The girls flinch as the back door flies open and hits the wall behind it. Garrett walks into the cabin carrying logs. He drops them beside the fireplace. Dylan walks in behind him, placing the guns on the rack.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

The great white hunters return... empty handed.

GARRETT

Wasn't for a lack of trying.

Garrett smiles as he stacks the logs in the fireplace. Dylan disappears into the kitchen.

SAVANNA  
What's his deal?

Garrett's face shows signs of cracking, but he smiles anyway.

GARRETT  
Aww nothing. He saw a buck he's  
been tracking, took a shot and  
missed him clean.

Savanna knows better. She'll get it out of him later. Back to her game.

INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN - PALOMA NEGRO - NIGHT.

A few ice cubes POP as Dylan pours a strong drink - a dash of Coke on top of a sea of bourbon. He takes a long swig, nearly taking the whole drink down.

He makes another drink for Garrett; topping off his own.

Out the kitchen window, light almost completely gone. He throws another back, wincing. Beat.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - NIGHT.

Garrett kneels by the fireplace.

CLOSE as he twists the newspapers and places the wads underneath the bundle of wood.

Dylan exits the kitchen with two drinks and plops down in a big chair facing the fireplace. He sips at his drink, watching as Garrett makes the fire.

Savanna and Isabella sit playing GIN quietly. The game nearly over, they eye each other, eagerly and competitively.

SILENCE.

CLOSE ON the head of a match as it strikes.

Garrett holds the small flame to the papers underneath the wood which catch quickly. He stands, puts the guard in front of the fire place and takes a seat next to Dylan.

Dylan hands him his drink. Tired and weary, the boys watch as the fire from the paper catches to the logs.

CLOSE ON THE SMALL FIRE AS IT SLOWLY GROWS.

STILL QUIET, save for the music. Savanna bites her lip.

Isabella hesitantly lays down a five, and is relieved when Savanna looks disappointedly at the deck of cards.

CLOSE ON THE FIRE - STRONGER NOW.

Dylan shuts his eyes, feeling the warmth on his chapped face.

Savanna slowly brings up the card to reveal AN EIGHT.  
She hides her cool.

Savanna shrieks as she lays a card face down...  
The fire in full force, the wood ABLAZE...  
Garrett raises his glass to take a sip...  
The Wood POPS...

SAVANNA

GIN!

AN AWFUL ANIMAL SCREECHING SOUND FROM OUTSIDE followed by a  
TERRIBLE CRASH!

Garrett's drink falls to the ground.

BEAT.

Garrett and Dylan stand as the girls look to the window. They  
all look to each other.

ISABELLA

What in the hell was that?!

Garrett and Dylan move slowly to the window. They look out.  
Nothing. Worry grows on the girl's faces.

CHAINSAW fires up in the distance.

GARRETT

Alright girls, come with me.

ISABELLA

What is happening?

GARRETT

I don't know, but we are putting  
you back here for a second.

Garrett leads them towards the back room; he grabs a shotgun  
off the wall, breaks it open to see that its loaded.

THE CHAINSAW REVS AND HITS SOMETHING AND BEGINS TO GO TO WORK. AWFUL, TERRIBLE SCREAMS, BAYS.

They all look back in horror from the hallway.

DYLAN  
Get them back there.

INT. HOUSE/GARRETT & ISABELLA'S BEDROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

Garrett a closet.

GARRETT  
Alright, now listen to me. Get in there. Here is the gun. If anyone opens this door and you don't hear one of our voices first telling you everything is okay, you shoot.

The girls get in the closet.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
Don't even hesitate, shoot.

THE SOUND AGAIN. AWFUL. The girls are terrified. Garrett closes the door.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

Dylan has turned all the lights off. The room lit only by the fire. He is kneeling by the window, peering out the shades.

The chainsaw revs up again and there is a sustained cutting sound then the saw makes it through whatever it is cutting and revs free for a moment, then stops.

Long tense silence.

Headlights in the distance, illuminating a stand of trees. Tail lights. Red glow. Vehicle drives off. Darkness.

EXT. HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - PALOMA NEGRO - MOMENTS LATER.

The boys stand in the doorway. Garrett with the pistol. Dylan with the shotgun.

GARRETT  
STAY PUT GIRLS!

They don't answer.

Dylan and Garrett begin to slowly creep into the darkness away from the house. Every sound amplified by the terror of the unknown. They walk with soft footsteps, but the forest floor crackles as they move.

Approaching the stand of trees, Garrett suddenly grabs Dylan. They kneel. Ahead, movement. Something swinging in the trees. Focus in, two dark forms swinging. They listen. Nothing.

They approach. Crouching, trying to be quiet, as they near their faces drop in horror.

Sound of rope straining, swinging from the limbs of trees.

Cut to their POV.

Movement, swinging in the dark. The calf. Each of its back legs had been tied and strung up to two different trees. The perpetrators have sawn it in half and the two parts now separated, swing back and forth.

Pinned to the trunk of one of the trees, a note.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
(out loud)  
You have one week, Massey.

EXT. HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - PALOMA NEGRO - DAY.

Garrett stands with Savanna and Isabella. He holds the shot gun. They are all in the same clothes from the night before. Haven't slept a wink.

GARRETT  
I still think this a stupid fucking  
plan, Dylan.

Dylan walks down the steps. He digs in his pocket.

DYLAN  
I'll be back in an hour. If not, go  
to the Sheriff two counties over,  
you stay away from Little Whiskey,  
you hear me?

He throws Garrett the keys to the truck.

GARRETT  
You won't even take the pistol?

Dylan looks up to Savanna.

DYLAN  
Love you Vanna.

SAVANNA  
I love you.

Dylan walks down the trail toward the main road.

ISABELLA  
This is crazy.

SAVANNA  
Try and stop him.

Isabella shakes her head and walks into the house. Garrett puts his arm around Savanna and they follow her in.

EXT. RANCH GATES - PALOMA BLANCO - LATER.

Dylan stands in front of a sign very similar to Paloma Negro. Large wooden gates, which read **PALOMA BLANCO**.

Dylan hops the fence.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - PALOMA BLANCO - MOMENTS LATER.

Dylan walks down the ominous stretch. The arching trees block out almost all sky.

Ahead, a house. Quaint frame, but rundown. On the porch, three figures. Dylan continues to move towards them.

One of the figures spots him and runs into the house. Dylan puts up his hands.

DYLAN  
I am unarmed. I came to talk.

The two others, LESTER SHORE, 28 and COLT SHORE, 19, move to the railing of the porch.

The third, TRES SHORE, 26, comes back from inside with a rifle. He comes down the porch and stands in the road.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
I just aim to talk with you.

TRES  
Keep on coming. I just aim fer yer head.

Tres lifts the rifle. Dylan stops.

LESTER

I would turn yer ass right around  
and walk the fuck home, Massey.

DYLAN

I ain't leaving 'til I get to say  
what I want to say.

Dylan takes a step forward. Tres fires. The bullet whizzes by striking the ground a few feet to the right of his foot.

Dylan flinches, but keeps walking.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I AIN'T LEAVING!

Tres slowly lowers the rifle.

TRES

You believe this kid?

Dylan keeps walking. Lester and Colt come down the steps. Colt looks timid. He stays behind his bigger brother. Tres turns and throws the rifle to Lester, who catches it. He starts to roll up his sleeves and walk towards Dylan.

Dylan keeps walking, lowering his hands to his side.

COLT

PAW!

DYLAN

That's right, let me talk with yer  
Dad.

TRES

You'll be glad I put you out before  
he comes.

They are close now and Tres rushes Dylan and throws a huge punch knocking Dylan to the ground.

Tres stands tall over him, cracking his neck. Dylan gets to one knee, looks up at Tres and then stands up straight. Tres shakes his head, then rears back and strikes Dylan again.

DYLAN

I ain't gonna fight you.

TRES

Come over here and pick this piece  
of shit up off the ground.

Lester and Colt come over, but before they can get to him, Dylan is already starting to rise up on to his own two feet.

The boys grab him by his arms and hold him.

TRES (CONT'D)

You ain't gonna fight, that right?

He strikes Dylan in the ribs.

A figure comes out of the shadows of the house. Fallon. He sits down on the stairs of the porch and watches the scene.

TRES (CONT'D)

Say you ain't gonna fight. I want to hear you say it right before I knock you the fuck out.

DYLAN

I CAME TO TALK!

Tres delivers a punishing blow and Dylan goes limp, the boys holding him let him fall to the ground.

Dylan is down. He struggles. He tries to get up, but falls. He tries again and gets to all fours. Tres steps back and looks like he is preparing to kick a field goal with Dylan's head. He starts towards Dylan...

FALLON

BACK OFF HIM, TRES!

Tres skids to a stop. They all look back to Fallon. Fallon gets up off the stairs and starts towards them.

Fallon lifts Dylan's head up. He is bleeding from his cheek and mouth. Fallon grabs Tres's blood soaked fist.

FALLON (CONT'D)

Go wash that filthy fucking blood off yer hands.

Tres spits to the ground and walks inside.

Dylan uses all of his strength to stand up. He wobbles. His eyes focus to see Fallon flanked by his two boys.

FALLON (CONT'D)

Must be dumb as dirt.

Dylan cracks his neck.

DYLAN

I didn't come here to fight.

LESTER

Then don't come here.

Fallon shoots Lester a dirty look.

FALLON

We ain't got nothing to say... that we ain't already said.

Long beat.

DYLAN

I have an offer. Make it worth yer while to listen to me. My place, 7:30, bring yer boys if you like. They seem like great company. I'll show you what we are willing to do. If you ain't there, *then* you said enough.

Fallon cocks his head.

Dylan nods and turns away and starts back down the road.

FALLON

That it? That's all you come to say? Could have written a note.

Dylan turns. He wipes the blood off his lip.

DYLAN

And miss a chance to meet family?

Fallon can't help but to smile. This kid is crazy.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

(holding his ribs)

7:30. Come hungry.

Dylan turns again and walks away.

EXT. HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - PALOMA NEGRO - EVENING.

Dylan and Garrett sit on the porch, rocking in their chairs as they look to the tree line. Dylan's face hasn't started to bruise too badly, but he still looks worked over. Garrett watches him - not knowing how to say it.

GARRETT

You really think this will work?

DYLAN

Has to.

Beat. The boys look out as Fallon appears from the tree line on horseback. Garrett and Dylan watch as he enters the clearing, his sons trotting behind him.

GARRETT

Do they know that?

The mounted men get closer. You can see their tough faces aimed at the boys on the porch.

Dylan smiles and stands up, Garrett follows. They go over to the stairs and lean up against the posts.

The men arrive to the house and remain on their horses. Savanna and Isabella come out of the house. Savanna comes and stands by Dylan, Isabella to Garrett.

SAVANNA

Thanks for coming over, gentlemen.  
Come on off your horses and make  
yourself at home.

They all look to each other.

SAVANNA (CONT'D)

Come on fellas, we won't bite. You  
can wash up in the kitchen.

Fallon steps off his horse and the boys follow.

Savanna starts to walk into the house. Dylan nods at the guys as they come up the stairs. Tres and Garrett immediately lock eyes. Bad blood, first look. Fallon is about to take off his hat and cross the threshold when Savanna turns and smiles.

SAVANNA (CONT'D)

I won't have any guns in my house.  
I asked the boys to leave theirs on  
the porch, I was wondering if you  
would be kind enough to do the  
same.

LESTER

Hell no. I ain't taking my...

FALLON

Shut up son. You heard the lady.  
Take yer guns off and leave them on  
that chair right there.

Fallon takes off his hat and smiles at Savanna.

SAVANNA

Very kind of you Mr....

FALLON

Call me Fallon, Fallon Shore.

SAVANNA

Very kind of you, Fallon. Now come on in out of the cold and let me make you a drink already. All this testosterone needs some whiskey thrown on it.

INT. HOUSE/DINING ROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - EVENING.

The ticks and tocks of the ancient grandfather clock fill the dining room as Fallon sits at one head of the dining room table and Dylan sits opposite. His boys on one side, Garrett and two empty chairs on the other. Trading awkward glances.

LONG LONG BEAT.

On the table sits the makings of a hearty meal. Green beans, mashed potatoes, dinner rolls, etc... but the plates are all empty. No one reaching. They wait.

Fallon looks the two boys over. He doesn't just look, he observes. His eyes stop on Garrett.

FALLON

You serve, Garrett?

GARRETT

Yes sir, yes I did.

Garrett lifts up his sleeve revealing his tatoo:  
*The State of Texas placed over the number 4.*  
Underneath reads simply: *Lone Star*

Fallon nods in approval, smiling sideways.

FALLON

1st Battalion, 23rd Marines. Semper  
Fi, brother.

Fallon pulls up his sleeve revealing a tattoo of his own:  
*A shield with a sword through it is drawn in faded black ink.*

Fallon nods as he hides tatoo back under his sleeve.

DYLAN

How did you know, out of curiosity;  
that Garrett served?

FALLON

Just something you pick up when you  
seen some shit. Ain't that right,  
Garrett?

Garrett takes a sip of his bourbon.

Fallon takes a gulp of his own as Isabella exits from the  
swinging door in the kitchen.

ISABELLA

Should be just another minute.

Fallon gives her a once over as he takes another drink. She  
feels it. Tick, tock... tick, tock. She looks the boys over.  
Colt seems sweet, not like the others. He has a black eye,  
that wasn't there this afternoon. He immediately casts his  
eyes down when she looks at him.

BONG... Isabella flinches as the clock strikes its new hour.

FALLON

It seems your new surroundings have  
y'all a tad jumpy.

ISABELLA

Sorry...

Fallon gives a 'no worries,' smile to Isabella. His gaze  
slowly moves to Dylan, and does not break.

FALLON

Other than *my* service with Uncle  
Sam, I feel as though I have never  
ventured more than ear shot away  
from this place. I couldn't imagine  
up and moving 2000 miles away. Must  
seem like a different planet.

The door to the kitchen swings. Savanna walks in with the  
entree. She puts it down and takes her seat next to Dylan.

DYLAN

Savanna is an amazing cook.

FALLON

It would appear so. What is this we  
are about to enjoy?

Beat.

ISABELLA

Veal.

Garrett chokes on his drink. Everybody kind of breaks into half smiles. Isabella reaches for a roll...

FALLON

I don't want to overstep here  
Dylan, but could we say grace?

Isabella pauses and puts the roll back into the basket. Everyone at the table looks to Dylan.

FALLON (CONT'D)

It's just, I feel with your  
*fortuitus* arrival and with Savanna  
expecting and all, I thought...

Beat.

DYLAN

Absolutely. With this group here...  
the formalities have slowly gone  
out the window. Do us the honor,  
Fallon?

Fallon lays his hands on the table, gesturing to Isabella - waiting for her hand to take his. Isabella looks down to see Fallon's right hand has NO INDEX FINGER; severed at the second knuckle. She locks eyes with Fallon. She smiles, placing her hand in his four fingered hand.

The rest follow, Tres looks to Dylan, shakes his head and reaches out his hand. Dylan takes it and the human chain is completed. They all sit - CONNECTED. Fallon lowers his head.

FALLON

Dear lord, thank you for this  
wonderful meal that lies before us.  
Thank you for all the blessings  
that you have bestowed upon us. But  
tonight, I thank you for guiding  
young Mr. Massey to this strange  
and brave set of actions to try and  
make peace between us. Let us never  
forget what has been lost for this  
land. The blood that has been shed.  
Give us the strength to keep these  
memories alive and not try to bury  
them. And give everybody here the  
courage to do the right thing, God  
knows... we are gonna try.

Savanna's hand squeezes Dylan's, she smiles. They cannot see with their eyes closed, but Fallon smiles as well.

CLOSE ON Fallon's hand with Isabella's. The stub of his missing finger begins to SLOWLY CARESS the top of ISABELLA'S HAND... gently... HER EYES OPEN.

FALLON (CONT'D)

And I also thank you for delivering to him such worthy companions. For in the absence of his family, he has formed his own.

Isabella tries to free her hand from Fallon's grasp, but Fallon will not allow it. Colt sees this minor struggle and immediately clinches his eyes shut.

FALLON (CONT'D)

Lord knows this area needs all the *fresh blood* it can get. Thank you for all of this and more. In your son's name we pray...

EVERYONE

Amen.

Fallon opens his hands and looks up with a smile.

FALLON

Well then, let's eat.

INT. HOUSE/DINING ROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - LATER.

Empty plates, bones. Scraps.

Fallon reaches into his pocket and comes out with a pipe.

FALLON

Hard to say, exactly. Sometimes it seems like Massey's and the Shore's have been fighting each other since we were in caves.

The table gives a laugh, but Isabella remains silent. She cannot to look at Fallon. Garrett sees something is wrong.

FALLON (CONT'D)

By all accounts, there was a land rush here in the late 1800's. Cattle-man's paradise once the Indians were cleared out. It's ironic, you coming here from Texas, 'cause that's where our great-great-whoever's drove the cattle from to get here. Who was here first depends on who you're talking to.

(MORE)

FALLON (CONT'D)

But, one family laid stake right next to the other. The land was perfect, but steady water was scarce. Both families wanted it, and both families fought for it, but at the end of the day it came down to a single hand of cards. Herbert Massey, wasn't known as anything but a card sharpening, cheating dog. He and Earl Shore played all night one night and at dawn they laid em down drunk and for all the marbles and Herbert won it all. But it wasn't Earl's to lose and the town was sure that even if it was, Herbert cheated to get it. Blood boiled, tempers raged.

Fallon is a natural storyteller.

FALLON (CONT'D)

And then one night, in a camp not far from town - a gun went off. And a Massey fell dead from a Shore bullet. And a Shore fell dead the very next day. And we have been killing each other ever since...

Fallon trails off a bit, pointing toward the lake.

FALLON (CONT'D)

And all over a hand of cards... all over that little bit of water. Gallons of blood been spilt, dozens of souls sent down. That's how it got its moniker.

SAVANNA

What moniker is that?

Fallon smiles.

FALLON

*"The Devil's Punchbowl."*

Garrett and Dylan share a look. Fallon puts the pipe in his mouth but does not light it. He holds it in between his teeth, talking out the side of his mouth.

FALLON (CONT'D)

Hell of a handle, but it's earned it.

SAVANNA

It started with one bullet and here we are hundred years later.

Isabella leans forward, coming back to life.

ISABELLA

So, someone has the wrong last name and they can die. People just kill each other over nothing at all?

Fallon gives Isabella a sharp look. Long Beat.

FALLON

Nothing at all? Goddamn, is that...

There is a long awkward silence. Fallon, eyes cast down at his plate, looks up.

FALLON (CONT'D)

Ladies, I am a little old fashion. I am not one to tell anybody what to do in their own home, but I know that Dylan here has something that he wants to discuss with us. Who knows how this is all gonna go. I hope very well, but in the off chance we can't seem to come to some form of agreement, I think it best that this talk be amongst the gentlemen.

The girls look nervously at Fallon.

FALLON (CONT'D)

It's just that, even though my boys here have been instructed not to speak, these little monsters are not always so obedient, and due to their lack of female rearing, they haven't developed the ability to talk in a way that is always appropriate for a woman's ears.

Savanna stands.

SAVANNA

I'm sure your boys are quite charming when given a chance.

They begin to walk out of the room.

SAVANNA (CONT'D)  
May I say something, before you  
begin?

FALLON  
Certainly.

Beat, as she thinks.

SAVANNA  
I genuinely do appreciate you being  
big enough to come over here. I  
really hope you guys will listen to  
each other. You seem like a good  
man, and I know these men and I  
know they are good. Find a way. We  
don't want trouble.

Fallon stares at her, he looks to Dylan.

FALLON  
There is a way to work this out. I  
am sure of it.

Savanna smiles at him and they walk out the door.

DYLAN  
Thanks for coming over.

Beat.

FALLON  
Why don't we cut the shit.

Fallon lights his pipe. He has completely transformed. Dark  
hatred written all over his face.

FALLON (CONT'D)  
I will play this little game in  
front of the ladies, but it's you  
and me now. Say what you gotta say.

Dylan and Garrett look at each other.

DYLAN  
I have an offer for you. A way of  
trying to make this right.

FALLON  
Like what, money?

DYLAN  
Land.

Fallon seems surprised. He's listening.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I figure, land is how the fight started, maybe that is how it could end.

FALLON

What's your offer?

DYLAN

865 acres. Bordering your property.

Fallon lets this sit heavy in the room.

FALLON

That include the Punch Bowl?

Dylan looks to Garrett. Garrett shakes his head, no.

DYLAN

No.

Fallon laughs and watches Dylan. Dylan stares right back.

FALLON

Tres here, he's not my boy. My brother's kid. Tres why don't you tell him what happened to yer daddy.

TRES

(to Dylan)

Yer dad ran a knife through him.

FALLON

In his back. Day he found out about yer dad and my sister.

DYLAN

That was my dad. Not me.

FALLON

I think you might be missing the gravity of this thing, Dylan. See, I look at you and I don't see a man. You got history all over you that you may not understand, but I do. When I look at you all I see skin and blood. Skin I want to tear into. Blood that has just been dying to get out since the day it got mixed. I'm gonna be the man to do it.

Fallon stands, his boys follow.

FALLON (CONT'D)

My land is already dieing since you cut the line. We've watched our property finally become what all of our ancestors told us it could be if we only have the water that was ours and now i'm watching it die right in front of my eyes again. Its our time now to have that water course over our earth. Its our time to have a chance breath life into our soil. No one is going to get in my way, you fucking hear me boy? You have a week. That's my offer. Let me set you straight, son. One week and then anyone, and I mean... anyone, that is on this property after, is gone.

Beat. Dylan's face transforms as well.

DYLAN

Sit the fuck down, Fallon.

Tres, infuriated by Dylan's insolence, leaps at Dylan across the table. Dylan, quick as a cat, stands and grabs Tres by the shirt and knocks him to the floor with a solid right hook. Dylan stands defiantly, facing Fallon.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

You think I am gonna let you threaten my family. My wife. That water is ours, and if that means that we have to fight for it like everyone else, then so be it. I made you a good offer. I tried to make the peace. That land is worth a ton of money. It's more than anyone else has ever done for you. This is fucking crazy!

Fallon pulls a gun from his boot and puts his finger to his lips with a huge grin and wild eyes.

He tip toes over to Dylan. He tosses the gun to Lester who points it at Garrett. Fallon grabs a knife from the table, he puts it to Dylan's throat.

FALLON

This ain't crazy, Dylan. This is the end of crazy. You had me over to make peace.

(MORE)

FALLON (CONT'D)

I came over to get a look at your doors and windows. See where your women sleep. Now...

Fallon's attention turns to the kitchen door, where Isabella has emerged with Garrett's shot gun at her hip. She doesn't say a word. She just slowly enters aiming it at Lester.

Fallon smiles at her and begins to back up.

FALLON (CONT'D)

The next time I have a knife to your throat, you'll be hanging upside down and I am gonna let all that mixed blood of yours trickle down into this earth. Somewhere up there, there are a hundred Shores gonna be looking down and smiling, because one way or another, this ends, and ends soon.

He and the boys exit the dining room leaving Garrett and Dylan shocked and dazed.

They both sit. Isabella lowers the gun. The sound of the men's horses riding away.

Dylan FLIPS the table over in a rage.

DYLAN

I can't get free! I was a goddamn fool to think...

His face is red. Furious. Long beat. He looks up to Savanna, his own pain behind her eyes.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

We have to leave. I am selling this place and I'm taking you as far away from here as I can.

SAVANNA

(quietly)

Is that what you want?

DYLAN

I came here for answers, and I found 'em. My family is every bit as evil and sour as my Dad was. The truth is they ain't even my family. Didn't know of em a month ago.

(Beat.)

You're my family. And it is not safe anymore. For you or any of us.

Long beat. Dylan stands, filled with so much devastation.

ISABELLA

We tried to reason with them. We did everything that we could.

GARRETT

Everything we were willing to do.

ISABELLA

What else is there? Dylan's right. We should leave. We should wash our hands of all of this hate.

Savanna just stares at Dylan waiting for him to look up at her. Dylan wears a telling smile - a joke that only he gets.

Beat. His eyes meet hers. He is heartbroken.

DYLAN

...What about tomorrow?

He picks up the crystal paperweight and throws it across the room.

SLOW as the paperweight crashes into one of the ancient pictures on the wall.

FADE TO:

INT. HOUSE/DYLAN & SAVANNA'S BEDROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - NIGHT.

Dylan and Savanna sleep next to each other.

Close on Dylan. **RESTLESS DREAM:**

INT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE/SHOWER ROOM - SUMMIT TEXAS - DAY.

The slaughterhouse shower room is overwhelmingly WHITE: sterile looking. The only variation from this is Dylan, standing at the industrial sink, his smock soaked in BRIGHT RED BLOOD.

CLOSE ON: Dylan's hands covered in BLOOD. He washes them feverishly.

His father, WAYLON MASSEY, stands at the other side of the room looking out the room's only window. They are alone, so Waylon sneaks a snort from his dented flask.

Waylon watches the strong wind outside kicking up dirt in the parking lot, and the northern front on the horizon, a haunting, gun-metal gray.

WAYLON  
Storm coming.

Dylan splashes water on his face and runs his fingers through his hair, trying to get the blood out. He goes back to scrubbing his hands.

Waylon sees his son is frazzled.

WAYLON (CONT'D)  
That blood don't ever all come off,  
so don't even try.

DYLAN  
Well, I ain't leaving 'til it does.  
Stay here all night if I have to.

Waylon laughs. Takes another swig of bourbon.

WAYLON  
I about bet you would. Bet ya'd  
bleed to get that blood off.

Dylan looks at his father's reflection in the mirror and then to his own.

Waylon looks at a pack of cattle being led into the pavilion.

WAYLON (CONT'D)  
Lucky fucks.

Waylon lights a cigarette. His hands still caked with mud and God knows what else.

WAYLON (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
We're all just meat with feet in a  
Goddamn cage.

DYLAN  
Why do you have to be such a sour  
fuck all the time?

Waylon takes a another pull of the flask. Long beat.

WAYLON  
A long, long time ago, Dylan, for a  
brief while, your sour fuck father,  
was a happy man.  
(MORE)

WAYLON (CONT'D)

Bet you can't picture that, but,  
it's the honest truth. Here comes  
yer mom, all this fog lifts, and I  
start dreamin', like a fool.  
Everything was just...

Waylon, lost, looking at the dark clouds out the window.

WAYLON (CONT'D)

She pulled me up high enough to see  
what was out there, fer long enough  
to remember it for the rest of my  
damn life. I stayed up as long as I  
could and then I sank right back  
down like a stone to my station and  
dragged that poor girl with me...  
'til it ate her up from the inside.

Waylon takes one last long pull, emptying the flask. He  
screws on the top and tucks it into his back pocket.

WAYLON (CONT'D)

That's yer genetic lot, buddy boy.  
We got darkness in us that will  
just...

He looks at his son, DEAD IN THE EYE, angry, frustrated.

WAYLON (CONT'D)

...just murder any light.

Dylan towels off his hands, shows them to his father,  
perfectly clean, not a hint of blood. Waylon smiles. He gets  
up and starts to laughs as he walks to the door to leave.

He turns back to Dylan.

WAYLON (CONT'D)

What about tomorrow, son?

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE/DYLAN & SAVANNA'S BEDROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - NIGHT.

Dylan's eyes wide open. Savanna asleep with her back to him.

INT. HOUSE/HALLWAY - PALOMA NEGRO - MOMENTS LATER.

Dylan's socks shuffle across the floor of the hallway.

INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN - PALOMA NEGRO - MOMENTS LATER.

He drinks a glass of water, staring across the room at Isabella's painting which lays on the kitchen table.

INT. HOUSE/HALLWAY - PALOMA NEGRO - MOMENTS LATER.

He starts to walk back to the room, stops. A door is open and he can hear the wind from outside.

He walks towards the open door. He can see Garrett's silhouette, through the window on the porch.

DYLAN

Garrett?

EXT. HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

Garrett is totally silent, focused. His gaze sharp, looking off into the forest, past the clearing.

DYLAN

What is it?

GARRETT

Just be quiet for a sec.

They stand together looking out. The wind picks up.

SHADOWS RUNNING in the distance. They both duck down, Garrett rests the shotgun on the railing.

Dylan sneaks inside.

INT. HOUSE/GARRETT & ISABELLA'S BEDROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - MOMENTS LATER.

He wakes up Isabella. He puts his finger to his mouth.

DYLAN

(whispers)

Put shoes and warm clothes on. Wake up Savanna, okay?

She nods, terrified.

EXT. HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - PALOMA NEGRO - MOMENTS LATER.

Dylan has his pistol. He goes beside Garrett in the shadows.

GARRETT

Out about 150 yards, 11 o'clock.  
Can you make that out?

Dylan squints. He shakes his head no.

Silence. Long tense beat.

A spark of a lighter out by the treeline. A torch comes to life. Torch falls to the ground. Fire ignites the forest floor and spreads quickly in a line.

Dylan fires at the shadow of the man as he disappears into the darkness. The line of fire quickly disappears around the side of the house, and then moments later reappears from the other side, meeting in the origin. A RING OF FIRE around the perimeter of the whole house, about 100 yards out.

The girls scream from inside.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS

Dylan stands with his back to the door, breathing heavily. Savanna rushes into the room and latches onto his arm.

Garrett runs over to the gun cabinet. He opens the drawer... loose shells roll forward. Garrett's shaking hands try to slide shells into the gun.  
THEY WON'T FIT.

GARRETT

These are the wrong gauge... our shells our in the fucking truck!

DYLAN

How many 12 gauge shells we got?

GARRETT

Four.

DYLAN

Fuck.

Dylan sits Savanna on the couch. Looks her in the eye, trying to calm her with his voice.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

We are going to get out of this.  
(he touches her stomach)  
Are you okay?

She nods.

SAVANNA

Don't let anything happen to us.

Dylan rushes over to a huge wooden bookshelf near the front door. He tries to push it towards the front door as a barricade. His face red as he struggles. It's too heavy.

Isabella runs to the large bank of windows. She grabs the end of the curtain and starts to bring it across the room.

She looks out and sees the silhouette of a HUGE MAN with some kind of a LONG BLADE over his shoulder. The man just stares at her. Dead still.

She SCREAMS and throws the curtains closed.

**CRASH!** The bookcase falls against the door. Isabella nearly jumps out of her skin and runs behind the couch with Savanna.

Dylan and Garrett secure the case against the door. Dylan reaches behind his back bringing out his revolver and runs over to the window. Dylan moves the curtain aside just enough to see. Nothing.

DYLAN

What did you see?

Garrett's eyes flash, and he runs into the kitchen. Isabella shakes her head, not able to get the words out.

INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

Above the refrigerator is a CB radio. Garrett turns the knob to channel 9.

GARRETT

Hello, hello... can anyone hear me?

STATIC. Beat.

He turns the knobs changing the tone and squelch... nothing.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

We need immediate assistance at Paloma Negro ranch... Anyone please!

He bangs his hand on top of the radio, screaming into the handset.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

IS ANYBODY THERE?! WE ARE SOUTH OF FULTON AND NEED HELP... ANYONE, PLEASE... COPY!

CRACKLE from the radio. Garrett doesn't even breathe.

A high pitched electric whistle and then: A soft laugh, cackling through the static.

VOICE  
(over the CB)  
Lights... out.

The red light for the radio fades. The girls scream in the next room...

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

SILENCE.

Everything in the cabin GOES DARK. **Power cut.**

INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

Garrett's back slides down the refrigerator to the floor. The handset still in his hand.

He sits frozen as the refrigerator fan slowly whirls down... and down... until it stops altogether. Beat.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - MOMENTS LATER.

Only the moonlight through scattered windows provides light.

Dylan flips the couch on its back giving them better protection. He grabs Savanna and brings her to his side.

Garrett rushes in and kneels next to Isabella behind the couch with his shotgun.

SAVANNA  
Are they going to kill us?

DYLAN  
We all need to be as quiet as we can. We need to hear what they're doing, okay?

Savanna buries her face in his arm to muffle her cries. The crying fades to whimpers, then to deep breaths, and slowly turns to SILENCE.

BEAT. The quiet is deafening.

The sounds from outside begin to creep in. Gusts of wind whistling through the clearing.  
The crackling of the fire ring.

Silence. Long torturous beat. Nothing...

**CRASH.** A massive stone BURSTS through the window. The girls SCREAM.

Beat.

**THE WOLF COMES BARRELLING IN THROUGH THE OPENING!**

Garrett pulls the trigger, knocking The Wolf back just as it leaps for him.

Dylan and Garrett steady their guns on the couch. Dylan's pistol shakes in his hands, Garrett's steady, trained.

Cold wind gusts through the house. Silence again.

The sound of the Dylan's truck hood POPPING open. Garrett and Dylan look at each other. Loud POPS as the tires are punctured. The tires WHISTLE as the air escapes.

Garrett surveys the room. He sees the two huge BEAR TRAPS over the fireplace next to a grizzly mount.

Beat. The curtains billow ominously as the wind rushes into the room, occasionally revealing the clearing. When they can see, they see no one. Their panicked breaths begin to fog as the temperature in the room drops.

The sounds from outside intensify through the broken window. Whispers. Running footsteps. A TRUCK DOOR OPENS.

LOUD, strange stereo crackle. The volume turned all the way up. DEAFENING STATIC. The sound changes as a signal is found.

A right-wing, radio talk-host proselytizing about immigration, taking back our country from foreign heathens. The host gets progressively inflamed as the scene continues.

Dylan summons his courage and runs to the huge covered window. He looks out the crack in the curtains. The truck hood is open, steam rises from the engine, tires deflated.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

No one.

GARRETT

The radio. They don't want us to be able to hear them... they are coming in.

Garrett rushes towards the mantle and grabs a bear trap.

INT. HOUSE/GARRETT & ISABELLA'S BEDROOM - PALOMA NEGRO -  
MOMENTS LATER.

Garrett kneels below the bedroom window. He covers the set  
bear trap with a sheet from the bed.

He crawls quietly out of the room and closes the door.

INT. HOUSE/HALLWAY/BEDROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - MOMENTS LATER.

Garrett rushes down the hallway, second trap in hand, shotgun  
under his arm. He opens the door and rushes to the window. He  
carefully takes the safety pin out of the center.

INT. HOUSE/HALLWAY/BEDROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - MOMENTS LATER.

He secures a chair firmly under the back door and creeps back  
down the hall. As he passes the second bedroom, he stops in  
his tracks. The SLOW CREAK of a window opening.

Garrett gets down on his knees and looks through the keyhole.

Garrett's P.O.V. through the keyhole. A face appears through  
the open windowsill, LESTER. He lifts his leg, straddling the  
window sill, and then slowly slides through.

The Radio Host SCREAMING, his furious rant about to climax.

Lester's foot slowly falls closer to the jaws of the trap.  
His foot hits the trigger...

CLICK. The trap SLAMS SHUT on his calf.

Garrett springs to his feet as Lester HOWLS IN AGONY. Garrett  
kicks open the door, and the two men lock eyes. Beat.

Garrett FIRES the shotgun, striking Lester in the chest.  
Lester's whole body flies through the open window behind him.  
The bear trap, too large for the window, catches, leaving  
Lester hanging outside by his nearly severed leg.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - MOMENTS LATER.

Dylan lowers his pistol as he sees Garrett emerge from the  
darkness. Dylan waves his hands for him to stop. Dylan points  
to the floor below them.

DYLAN  
(as soft as can)  
Someone is under the house.

Garrett loads two new shells into the shotgun. Isabella grabs Dylan's jacket and tugs. She points down to a crack in the floorboard where smoke is pouring out.

Garrett looks down. Through a small knot hole in the wooden floor he can see the flicker of flames.

Two huge CRASHES from the bank of windows. Two torches come flying through catching the curtain on fire. Smoke is getting more intense. Heat is growing under their feet. Everyone starts to cough.

Garrett runs to the kitchen. He comes back with four wet rags. He puts one of the towels over Isabella's mouth. Garrett throws the other towels to Savanna and Dylan.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
We have to make a run for it.

Dylan looks out. Nothing. No one.

Garrett takes the pistol from Dylan and grabs Isabella's hand. They move to the back door. Garrett peaks through the back window. He sees a large propane tank.

GARRETT  
We run south as fast as we can.

Savanna, coughing, scared, pissed...

SAVANNA  
WHICH FUCKING WAY IS SOUTH?!

Garrett aims the pistol at the tank, fires.

HUGE EXPLOSION!

EXT. HOUSE - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

The boys lead the girls toward the treeline in a full sprint. The house is ablaze behind them.

They come to the ring of fire that has burnt down to just above knee height. The boys jump over and the girls hesitantly follow.

EXT. FOREST - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

THEY RUN, darting in between trees - separating a bit.

Dylan slows to look behind him. His friends run ahead. Dylan scans the treeline. No one following.

He turns back around and is PUNCHED in the face. The shotgun flies from his hand, out of his reach.

Ahead, Garrett turns to see A HUGE MAN standing over Dylan. The man takes the shotgun by the stock and swings it, shattering it against a tree.

GARRETT  
(to the girls)  
RUN! DON'T STOP!

Garrett rushes towards Dylan, raises the pistol, ready to fire. The beast pulls Dylan to his feet, putting Dylan's head in the crook of his arm squeezing, nearly lifting him clear off the ground.

The beast squeezes harder, cutting off Dylan's air. Garrett's eyes turn cold, mad. He steps toward the Man, raising the gun square to his forehead to blow his ugly fucking face off.

When Garrett is close enough to fire, the man reaches over his shoulder and unsheathes a lawn mower blade. He swings it at Garrett. The butt of the handle hits Garrett hard across the temple. Garrett's pistol falls to the ground as Garrett falls to his back.

The Man violently tosses Dylan aside, Dylan gasping for air.

Garrett shakes it off just in time to see this man standing over him. Long blade in his hand.

Dylan JUMPS on the man's back, putting him in a headlock. The man flails wildly trying to catch Dylan with his fist or the blade. He slams Dylan's back into a tree, but Dylan somehow manages to hang on.

The man catches his heel on a root and falls back.

Before the man knows it Dylan is on top of him punching him hard across the face, throwing his whole body behind it. Dylan spots the lawn mower blade within reach and grabs it.

Dylan raises the wide blade above his head with both hands and comes down toward the man's throat.

The man catches the horizontal blade with his BARE HANDS.

Blood runs down the man's forearm as he holds onto the sharp end of the blade. Dylan can't believe it. Dylan pushes with all of his might, to no avail.

The man slowly lifts the blade away from his throat. Nearly cutting through his own palms in the process.

The man smiles, and sticks out his tongue in his effort to get the blade away.

His smile disappears as he looks up to see Garrett, blood falling from his temple, looking down at him. Garrett RAISES his foot and stomps on the exposed part of the blade.

Dylan falls off the dead man's body.

EXT. FOREST - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

Savanna and Isabella sprint through the trees.

Savanna looks back to see if anyone is behind them. She TRIPS, falling hard to her knees.

Isabella runs over to her.

ISABELLA

We have to keep moving, Savanna.

SAVANNA

They should have caught up to us.

Savanna gets to her feet with Isabella's help.

A twig SNAPS in the distance. Figure approaching. Horrifying beat.

ISABELLA

Come on...

They dart in between different trees, forcing them to separate a bit again.

Savanna looks over her shoulder. Isabella is gone.

SAVANNA

(whispering)

Isabella.

Nothing. Beat.

SAVANNA (CONT'D)

(a little louder.)

Isabella!!

A form steps out from behind a tree into the moonlight, revealing a hideous female face, MONA.

Savanna sprints away. Mona is not far behind. Savanna skids to a halt just a few feet away from the side of a cliff. She looks over the edge about thirty feet to the rocks below.

Rusted knife at hangs at Mona's side.

MONA

Massey...

Savanna shakes her head, not able to hold back the tears any longer.

SAVANNA

Please! Just listen to me.

Mona runs at Savanna, slashing wildly. Savanna, nowhere to go, raises her hands to protect her stomach from the knife.

The blade SLICES across Savanna's left wrist.

She falls back over the edge of the cliff, but catches onto a root with her hands. Savanna holds onto the root with all her might. She screams as loud as she can, writhing in pain.

She looks up to see Mona standing just feet above her at the edge of the cliff, a large stone raised over her head.

A PISTOL SHOT strikes Mona's back. Her body stands for a second and slowly falls over Savanna's head to the rocks below her.

Dylan reaches down to lift her up.

Dylan lays Savanna down. She's in shock.

DYLAN

Let me see it.

Blood pours from between her fingers where she clenches her wound tightly. He reaches for her arm and she jerks it away.

SAVANNA

No! It's bad, Dylan. Really bad.

DYLAN

I've got to see it, Savanna.

She shakes her head violently.

Garrett grabs the pistol and steadies it against a rock, training it back and forth.

GARRETT  
 (loud whisper)  
 Isabella... ISABELLA.

Savanna screams in pain as Dylan tries to pry her fingers apart to see the wound.

SAVANNA  
 (loud whisper)  
 PLEASE NO, DYLAN.

GARRETT  
 Savanna, listen to me... did you see her? Which way she ran?

SAVANNA  
 (through tears)  
 She just disappeared.

Dylan sees the horror in Garrett's eyes.

DYLAN  
 Go!

Garrett runs as fast as he can into the darkness.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
 I can fix it.

She looks up pleadingly at him.

They hear a noise. Both of their faces freeze. They wait and listen... nothing. Savanna's sharp gaze breaks, and she looks to him as he stares off at attention.

SAVANNA  
 You can't fix it, Dylan.

DYLAN  
 Let me try.

She lifts up her arm and slowly uncovers the wound. It's bad.

SAVANNA  
 Oh no. No, Dylan. Oh God.

He rips off his sleeve. Blood rushes down his arm as he lifts her hand above her head.

DYLAN  
 (working feverishly)  
 It's a lot of blood. It's fucking scary, but it's just blood.  
 (MORE)

DYLAN (CONT'D)

(he wraps the shirt tightly around her arm starting at her wrist and making his way up to her elbow.)

Blood stops.

(he ties it off tight and kneels down to her.)

Cuts heal.

(he rips his other sleeve wraps it around her wrist layering it over and over again just atop the wound)

This one will too... I promise.

She nods yes. He takes one of her sleeves and tears it.

He ties her off above her elbow. He grabs her face and stares into her eyes.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

This will work, okay? We're going to be okay.

She nods. They are completely out in the open and vulnerable. He looks through the low branches of the ancient cottonwood tree at the moon, which disappears behind the dark clouds.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

We can't stay here.

She nods.

EXT. FOREST - PALOMA NEGRO - NIGHT.

Garrett runs through the forest, hell bent. Thinking he sees something, he drops to the forest floor. He searches in every direction. He gets up and runs, again.

Looking around frantically, frustrated beyond comprehension, he stops and puts his hands on his knees, breathing heavily.

GARRETT

Isabella!

He looks around, waiting. He doesn't hear anything.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Baby, answer me.

Fingers dug into the ground, he raises his head and with everything he has left:

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
ISABELLA!

Beat.

Suddenly her voice on the wind.  
Garrett is frozen, listening.  
Her voice again, far away.

EXT. FOREST - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

Dylan and Savanna running. Garrett's call through the forest.

GARRETT (O.S.)  
(from afar)  
DYLAN!

Dylan is frozen.

SAVANNA  
Oh, god.

Silence.

EXT. FOREST - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

Garrett arches his back and screams.

GARRETT  
Dylan!

He waits.

EXT. FOREST - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

Dylan looks back to Savanna.

GARRETT (O.S.)  
DYLAN PLEASE! WHERE ARE YOU?

SAVANNA  
Baby, we have to go to him.

Dylan is so torn. He looks down to her wraps, the blood seeping through. He can't. He starts running, Savanna in tow, in the same direction he had been, away from Garrett's pleas.

EXT. FOREST - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

CLOSE ON - Isabella's tortured face. Her tears fall upside down to her forehead. She SCREAMS as loud as she can.

EXT. FOREST - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

Dylan and Savanna stop cold. The scream is chilling. They drop to one knee. Listening. Savanna can't take it.

ISABELLA (O.S.)  
SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP ME!

Dylan beats his fist on the forest floor.

GARRETT (O.S.)  
ISABELLA, PLEASE! WHERE ARE YOU?

Dylan helps Savanna up. They run towards Garrett's voice.

EXT. FOREST - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

Isabella screams her heart out.

A WIDER SHOT reveals Isabella hanging upside down by her feet from the branches of a tree a good ten feet off the ground.

GARRETT (O.S.)  
(a long ways off)  
Isabella!

ISABELLA  
SOMEBODY HELP!!!

Isabella sobs as she screams.

Exhausted, she closes her eyes and lets her body hang limp. She relaxes her neck, pointing her face to the ground.

Her eyes open and come alive in terror. She's face to face with young COLT SHORE, standing with a KNIFE in his hand, and a rifle on his back. He is trembling and scared.

He HACKS the rope anchored to the trunk.

Isabella falls to the ground. She tries to scream, but the wind has been knocked out of her. Colt slowly raises a finger to his lips, begging her to stop screaming.

She looks down at the knife that he is clinching in his fist. His knuckles white. She shakes her head, no, pleading with him, with her eyes.

COLT  
I have to, okay?

ISABELLA  
No you don't. You don't have to, I  
promise you. I can help you.

His POV - The knife raises above his head, and plunges down.

Her eyes shoot open wide.

Horrified, he scans her face and then, with tears falling  
down his own, he closes his eyes and raises the knife again.

CUT TO BLACK:

Breathing, deep panicked breaths. The knife again, and again.

Then... We hear Colt catching his breath. Nothing else.

FADE IN:

Colt's eyes open slowly. His hands are in front of his face.  
They are covered in blood, they fall revealing Isabella. She  
stares up at him.

Exit POV - He falls off of her body, unable to look away.

GARRETT (O.S.)  
(in the distance)  
ISABELLA!!

Colt doesn't seem to hear it.

GARRETT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(getting closer)  
ISABELLA!

EXT. FOREST - PALOMA NEGRO - NIGHT.

Garrett stops in his tracks when he reaches the clearing.

Isabella lays MOTIONLESS near the tree, covered in blood.  
Colt nowhere in sight.

Garrett drops beside her body. Shock.

Garrett starts to lift her body into his arms.

GARRETT  
I'm going to get you out of here,  
Alright?

Garrett hears footsteps, picks the pistol up, takes aim.

Dylan and Savanna make their way to the clearing. There is Garrett, Isabella in one arm, pointing the pistol at them with the other.

DYLAN  
It's me, Garrett.

Garrett hesitates and slowly lowers his weapon. Way too slow to make Dylan feel comfortable.

Savanna refuses to move forward as Dylan slowly approaches. She lets go of his hand, in total shock.

Dylan kneels beside Garrett and reaches for Isabella's hand.

Garrett, totally gone. Dylan scans Isabella's wounds. There are so many.

GARRETT  
She'll be fine, right? We just have to get her out of here. It's not that bad, Dylan.

Garrett looks frantically up at Dylan.

Dylan has to stand and turns his back. He looks back towards Savanna and shakes his head, no.

GARRETT (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
I am going to get you out of here... okay? Grab my hand, Baby... squeeze it once so I know you can hear me.

Isabella's unresponsive hand. Her chest moves so slightly.

Garrett runs his fingers through her hair, weeping.

Isabella's eyes OPEN. Garrett grabs her face and starts to cry, looking at her. So much pain in her eyes.

She looks up pleadingly.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
What do I do?

She looks over to the gun.

CLOSE ON - Garrett's face. Looking at the pistol. Shaking his head.

Her eyes close.

Garrett picks up the pistol.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
(under his breath)  
Oh, God no, please. This isn't  
happening. PLEASE!

Garrett lifts her up in his arms and he starts to walk away.

DYLAN  
Where are you going?

Garrett doesn't answer.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Garrett, where are you going?

GARRETT  
I am getting her out of here.

Dylan runs to Savanna and grabs her hand to follow.

DYLAN  
She's not gonna make it. You aren't  
going to be able to carry her.

GARRETT  
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I CAN DO! I am  
getting her out of here.

Dylan and Savanna run to catch up. They walk side by side.

Isabella's eyes open.

Her body contorts in so much pain.

Garrett has to put her down.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
Isabella. Hold on.

Her eyes dart around and lock in on his face. Begging him.

ISABELLA  
Please help... no more.

SAVANNA  
Oh god, Isabella.

He tries to pick her up. She lets out a guttural moan that is just horrifying. Soul pain. Garrett puts her down again and begins to cry so hard he is having trouble breathing.

She looks down to the gun in his hand and then up to him.

GARRETT

No, Bella.

Her face ghost white. Her whole torso contorts. Insides on fire.

Long beat.

The weight of the pistol in his shaky hand.

Garrett slowly puts the pistol to her chin. His fingers are shaking on the trigger.

His hand shaking so bad he has to lower it.

He screams up to the heavens and then looks back to her, again. He puts the pistol back to her chin. He tries to pull it, but can't. He looks up at Dylan.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

I can't. I CAN'T, DYLAN!

Dylan helps him up and Garrett falls into him. Dylan takes the pistol from Garrett's hand. Garrett stumbles away sobbing uncontrollably. He falls to his knees with his back turned, waiting.

The gun hangs in Dylan's hand. Savanna walks over to Garrett and crouches down beside him. They huddle together.

Dylan looks long at Isabella. Her eyes open. She is shaking all over. She shakes her head yes ever so slightly.

The gun raises. Dylan closes his eyes slowly, as to ask her to close hers. She starts to cry as her sweet eyes shut.

Dylan looks away. Gun still pointed at her.

His finger pressed tight against trigger.

**THUNDEROUS GUN SHOT. HIS FINGER HASN'T PULLED THE TRIGGER.**

Garrett and Savanna's whole bodies flinch.

Dylan's face frozen. He slowly looks down and touches his shoulder. He comes up with blood on his hand. HE HAS BEEN SHOT. He falls to his knees.

Garrett turns slowly. Seeing Dylan and the blood on his back from the exit wound.

Garrett runs to him. Savanna slumps over, not seeing what is happening.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Savanna.

She shakes her head with face to the forest floor.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

SAVANNA!

Savanna snaps her head around. She sees Dylan on the forest floor. She gets up and rushes to him.

Garrett scans the treeline and sees Colt aiming the rifle. He fires, misses and quickly ducks behind a tree.

Garrett grabs Dylan's pistol. His face overcome with rage, he sprints towards him. Colt runs off as fast as he can.

SAVANNA

Dylan. DYLAN!

*Her voice fades away.* Nothing but the sound of two people breathing.

Dylan's eyes.

Dylan lays next to Isabella on his side. His hand on his shoulder, in shock. Her face so beautiful with her black hair streaked across it. He looks at her shallow breath rise in tiny clouds. Rise and then disappear, rise and then disappear. Then stop.

His eyes.

Her lips. Nothing.

His hands claw into the earth. His eyes become fixed, as if he is listening to something.

DYLAN

(whispers)

This isn't it.

The sound of the world comes rushing back.

SAVANNA

DYLAN! PLEASE!

Savanna hunched over him. He reaches up and touches her face.

He reaches out his other hand. She pulls him up. They look down at Isabella. She is gone.

They begin to hobble towards the electric blue horizon. Morning breaking, barely.

In the distance a rifle shot, followed by a long beat and then four pistol shots in a steady rhythmic succession. They look back towards the shots, to the dark forest.

EXT. FOREST - PALOMA NEGRO - LATER

The fog of morning is making everything hard to see. Dylan and Savanna help each other along. They come to a rise and can see the Punchbowl in the distance, and the dark road leading to the highway.

They make their way towards the road.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - PALOMA NEGRO - LATER.

They walk up the road to its crest. Savanna is about to pass out. She slides down Dylan's arm.

DYLAN

We can't stop.

Dylan leans down and helps her up with his good arm.

The sound of a truck in the distance. Savanna weary eyes come alive, filled with horror.

SAVANNA

Oh god, it's them!

DYLAN

Come on.

They move quickly down the road. Suddenly the truck rises over the crest and turns its lights on. They turn, frozen in the light... then sprint as fast as they can. The truck revs and bears down on them fishtailing on the crushed rock path.

They break off the road and the truck follows them, bouncing along, light everywhere.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

He will follow me. You have to get to the road! GO!

She breaks to the right; Dylan keeps running straight. The headlights go off him. The truck follows Savanna. Dylan stops and sees Savanna illuminated in the distance as the trucks taillights move away from him.

Dylan breaks into a dead sprints towards them.

Ahead, the break lights glow. The truck comes to a skidding stop. The door flies open and a man jumps out.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

SAVANNA!

Her SCREAM carries to him.

He comes up on the truck and finds Fallon with a knife to her throat. Dylan is filled with rage. His eyes on fire. He keeps coming towards Fallon. Fallon shoves Savanna aside.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Run, Savanna.

Fallon stands arms by his side, knife in hand, waiting for Dylan. Fallon quickly flips knife into the air, catching it by the blade and in one smooth motion slings it towards Dylan catching him in his arm. He roars in pain, rips the knife out and runs at Fallon. Fallon meets him and they violently collide into each other.

What follows is savage. This is not fighting; this is destroying without inhibitions.

Fallon gets Dylan by the hair and drags him along the forest floor, towards his truck in ripping jerks. He loses his grip when Dylan's hair comes out, and Dylan swings the knife and catches Fallon in the calf. He gets on top of him and slams his elbow into Fallon's throat with all of his body weight. He punches him repeatedly, grabbing him by his ears and slamming his head against the earth. Fallon arches his back and turns suddenly.

Fallon, quick and strong, grabs Dylan from behind and locks him up. His forearm tight against Dylan's neck. Twisting, and flexing Fallon's legs come around him and the leverage is set. Dylan's airway completely cut off. Dylan's arms flail. His face changes color. Fallon's face becomes calm. Alert. Relishing this moment.

Dylan's eyes widen. His face becomes filled with anxiety. This is it. Dylan is going to die and he knows it. His shoulders relax. He stops fighting. His arms fall to his side. Fallon jerks a couple of times. Dylan's eyes focus. They become dark and he turns his head in the hold and digs his heels into the dirt and rages. Strength from some deep place explodes out of him knocking them both back. Fallon still manages to keep a hold on him. Dylan's whole torso turns; he roars and fights with everything he has and his head slips past the hold. As they struggle, Dylan's hand grazes against the handle of the knife in Fallon's calf.

He flails for it again. His fingers just missing it. Finally he grabs it and twists. FALLON SCREAMS IN AGONY. But instead of letting him go he focuses the pain on Dylan. Dylan twists again and Fallon has to let go and falls backward. Dylan is free. He tries to get to his feet, but can't.

Fallon struggles to his feet. He screams like a beast. He hobbles towards Dylan. Dylan's crawls on his knees. His hand comes across a palm sized stone. Fallon's foot steps behind him. Dylan gets to his feet and turns with every ounce of energy he has. His arm swings wide and his fist clenching the stone strikes Fallon on the face sending him back, arms swinging to keep his balance, almost falling over the cliff.

Dylan stands swaying, stone in hand. Fallon falls to his knees. He sees Dylan walking towards him. Dylan stops feet from him. Looking down at him.

Fallon spits to the ground. His eyes come up to meet Dylan's.

FALLON  
(quietly)  
Take it.

Dylan pauses in front of him.

FALLON (CONT'D)  
GO ON!!!! TAKE IT!

Dylan's eyes.

VERY WIDE SHOT- Dylan throws the stone as hard as he can, striking Fallon in the head and Fallon's limp body falls backwards. The weight of his head and shoulders carries him over the cliff and into the Punchbowl below.

Dylan falls to his knees.

He falls apart. The sun breaking over the mountains. His hands reach into the earth, his whole body shaking.

EXT. FOREST - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS

Garrett holds a bleeding wound on his stomach. He sits and watches the sun come up over the mountains.

GARRETT  
Would you look at that.

Garrett smiles. He looks down and finds a stick. He begins to carve something into the earth.

LONG DISSOLVE  
TO:

INT. FALLON'S TRUCK - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LITTLE WHISKEY -  
LATER.

The sound of the hazards, tick tick. Tick tick.

Dylan's hand reaches for the horn. He has trouble pressing it. He holds it down for a very long time and then slides over to Savanna who is unconscious on the bench seat beside him.

Through the passenger seat window we see they are in front of the sheriff's station. Two officers exit the building and head towards the vehicle.

Dylan grabs Savanna's hand and puts his other her belly.

DYLAN  
I love you.

FADE OUT.

BEAT. AUDIO OF A HELICOPTER.

FADE UP.

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY.

The helicopter leans and takes a hard right as it moves across the frame.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS.

Dylan sits in the helicopter as they fly over mountains and forest. His wounds are bandaged. His arm's in a sling.

Beside him, official looking agents wearing sunglasses and windbreakers.

The helicopter moves over the lake on Dylan's property and circles over the charred remains of his grandfather's home.

Dylan looks down upon the ruins and he searches the trees. He spots the brilliant colors of the *glass willow* and the small graves below.

**Flash image:**

Dylan and Savanna by the glass tree in the golden light.

**Flash image:**

Dylan looking through the window into Savanna's hospital room.

BACK TO:

DYLAN  
(into the headphones)  
Go West.

The pilot maneuvers the craft and they head into the sun, passing over the heavy woods.

In time, Dylan spots a body. The thought it could be Garrett causes his heart to skip a beat. Dylan looks over to one of the agents. The agent leans forward looking out the side of the helicopter.

AGENT AGNESSE  
(into the headphones)  
Bring her down in that clearing.

The other agent looks to Dylan. As the craft lowers:

**Flash image:**

Fallon holds Savanna from behind with a knife to her belly.

BACK TO:

Dylan begins to cry. It's hard for the agent to watch. The agent puts his hand on Dylan's shoulder. Dylan flinches.

AGENT AGNESSE (CONT'D)  
It's okay.

Dylan's eyes glaze and he turns and watches as they approach the body which is face down below.

EXT. FOREST - PALOMA NEGRO - DAY.

Dylan kneels and watches intently. It's Colt's body. Near him under a pine, Tres, dead as well. The agents walk the area, trying put the pieces of the scene together.

Dylan has to turn away. He looks out over the property. His last thread snaps.

AGENT AGNESSE  
I found a trail, sir.

Dylan pulls himself up. He wipes the tears away.

EXT. FOREST - PALOMA NEGRO - MOMENTS LATER.

They rush through the forest, following a trail of blood.  
DRAG MARKS.

**FLASH TO:**

Garrett pulls himself along the floor of the forest.

**BACK TO:**

They come to a clearing. Dylan stops. One of the agents steps forward. Dylan grabs his arm.

**FLASH TO:**

Garrett sits up, blood all over. He watches the sunrise. He looks out over the most amazing view. There, below him, is the pasture running up to the foothills and the mountains in the distance. He smiles. Wobbling.

**BACK TO:**

DYLAN

Can I get a second?

Agent Agnesse looks to Agent Small. He nods.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Dylan walks forward alone. He stops and stands, looking down.

Reveal - Garrett's body, laying beside Isabella's.

His hand in hers. Dylan looks back to the trail which disappears into the woods where Garrett had dragged himself all the way to her, at least a quarter of a mile.

The agents start to walk towards him. Dylan's eyes are fixed on the DIRT.

**FLASH TO:**

Garrett sits with a stick in his hand carving into the DIRT. He puts his stick aside and slowly lays down.

**BACK TO:**

Reveal - at Garrett's feet, three words carved with a stick into the hard pan forest floor:

**BUILD IT HERE.**

The agents kneel down at the crime scene and inspect the writing.

AGENT AGNESSE  
What does this mean, Dylan?

Dylan is frozen, staring at his two friends. The agent waits for an answer and when he knows it will not come, he leaves Dylan be.

Wide shot of the scene.

TIME LAPSE:

Slowly the image of the agents fade, leaving Dylan standing alone. Crime scene tape appears and disappears around him. Dylan still frozen.

The leaves fall from the trees around him. Snow falls. Dylan still frozen, standing there. Spring.

LONG BEAT.

SAVANNA APPEARS FROM BEHIND HIM. CARRYING A BABY.

She moves to his side.

Beat.

Savanna reaches out for his hand.

LONG BEAT.

Slowly pieces of colored glass appear one by one by one on the limbs of the tree they are standing under. The seasons change. One by one by one the pieces of glass continue to appear, hundreds of them dangle and sway as Dylan and Savanna walk out of frame. The last of the colored pieces arrives in fall. The camera pans slowly, 180 degrees.

Reveal - Garrett's view, which is now obstructed by the skeleton of a new home.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - DAY.

Savanna stares out the window. She plays with her ring, mesmerized by what she is seeing.

Through the window, we see Dylan and their boy in the pasture close to the lake. The little boy is still unsteady on his feet, just learning to walk, he plops down to his butt. Dylan gets up and picks him up, holding him in the air. The little boy laughs.

Savanna turns away and goes back to what she was doing. She straightens up around Dylan's desk by a big window. Occasionally looking out to them.

Something catches her eye as she moves some papers to the side. The corner of a yellowed envelope. She slowly pulls it out.

**TO MY SON DYLAN MASSEY.**

She looks out as she pulls the letter from the envelope. Dylan has the little boy on his shoulders.

SAVANNA (V.O.)

Dear son, whatever happens,  
remember the past is not a cage,  
every story can be rewritten with  
time.

EXT. PASTURE - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

Dylan and the boy smile. The camera tracks with them as the walk together on this beautiful day.

SAVANNA (V.O.)

Go make a life for yourself and  
forget all of the dirt and the  
pain, it was never what was  
intended for you or me. You have my  
heart. Inside, you and I are the  
same. We are beautiful and filled  
with light and love. You, my  
precious boy, are destined to be  
happy. Put the ghosts to rest. I  
will watch over you, always. I am  
with you, always. I am sorry,  
Dylan. I pray you'll understand all  
of this. I know you will  
understand, in time. Mama.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - PALOMA NEGRO - CONTINUOUS.

Savanna looks back out the window.

EXT. HOUSE - PALOMA NEGRO - MOMENTS LATER.

Savanna exits the house. We see for the first time, she's pregnant again. To her right as she walks, the glass willow they have created for Garrett and Isabella is glowing on this cloudless day. The colored pieces softly strike each other in the breeze, creating the perfect sound.

WIDE SHOT - Savanna walks towards her boys.

In the distance. The Punchbowl. Gazebo in the middle and a little rowboat on its shore.

FADE TO BLACK.