



T H E  
I N D I A N  
R U N N E R  
B Y S E A N P E N N

**For Educational  
Purposes Only**

Revised shooting script  
7/30/90

In a series of quick cuts we see flashes of movement: The hooves of a deer dart through frame, bare dark skinned human chest heaves in movement. The deer stops, eyes darting, bare dark human feet sprint; images of an INDIAN in pursuit of a deer through the woods continue under:

JOE (V.O.)

The Indians knew that deer moved in circles. That if a man calculated his moves properly, he could run the deer into submission. The deers' hooves would wear until its feet bled (fingers touch a hoof print, wet blood from the print is caressed between thumb and index finger) and the animal stumbled (SLO-MO the deer collapses). The Indian runner would kneel above his dying prey (he does). It was considered a most treacherous hunt, (deer: Hyperventalating. The runner: concentrated on its every breath) as the runner sought not venison, but rather the swiftness of the deer for himself. Upon its final breath (and we see what is described here) the runner was to put his mouth to the deer's, stealing that last breath. The treachery of this hunt was not one of the flesh, but of the spirit. With faith the runner would succeed in his quest but, were his faith in doubt, he took simply the breath of an animal fleeing its hunter.

We see the deer, its stillness in death. Now we see the face of the runner, fear in his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLES on black screen: Music over:

Titles track: TRAFFICS' "Feelin Allright."

FADE IN:

2 EXT. SNOW COVERED OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY. 2

A red police light whirls. The SIREN HOWLING. Sergeant JOE ROBERTS is in high speed pursuit of an El Camino truck. Over the short wave we hear:

RADIO (V.O.)

Unit 0-3. Suspect is armed and extremely dangerous. Victim has been pronounced dead on the scene...you got a murderer there Joe.

3 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 3

Series of angles: The chase. We see a road sign: STATE LINE 5 MILES. The El Cam races past, Joe on its heels. Suddenly the truck goes into a spin-out on the icy road, finally slowing to a stop. The DRIVER jumps out weilding a .357 Python. Joe skids to a stop close behind. He throws open his car door for cover, taking position behind it with his shotgun. When the driver opens fire, Joe takes him down...and the deed is done. Angle on Joe, his eyes close...never killed a man before.

CUT TO:

4 INT. SHERIFF BARRACKS - DAY - SAME DAY 4

We are tight on Joe, (START WITH LONG LENS TO ALLOW BLURRED BODIES TO WIPE FRAME) his eyes closed, then, as they open we see and hear the world around him. (CLEAN C.U. THEN:) A commotion in the station lobby can be heard in the rear office where Joe sits at his desk.

WOMAN (DISTANT O.S.)

You killed my boy Joe Roberts!  
You killed my baby boy!

MAN (DISTANT O.S.)

Damn your whole family to hell.

WOMAN

This is the way houses catch fire!  
A murderers house! Murderer!  
Murderer!

(To a cop pulling her  
away.)

He killed my BABY!

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

As they grab her, her HUSBAND stiffens and begins to sing "John Henry" hauntingly. It consumes Joe.

As the song fades into the distance:

ANOTHER MALE VOICE (O.S. NEAR)  
Y'alright boss?

ANGLE: RANDALL, a older deputy with a severe flat-top haircut and a silver front tooth, approaches Joe.

Joe nods.

RANDALL  
'did what ya hadta.

Joe smiles ironically.

JOE  
I don't know.

Beat.

RANDALL  
Well, I don't know what you don't know but, you had no choice.

JOE  
...just a boy...

RANDALL  
...with a gun. With a gun, boss.

JOE  
With a gun...Right.

RANDALL  
Bottom line is we don't choose victims. They choose us.

JOE  
(re: people in lobby)  
Parents?

Randall nods.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

RANDALL

Word's out, Franky's comin back.  
Only in the stockade one of three  
tours? Sounds like he's built  
himself some control.

Joe gives the deputy a cold stare.

RANDALL

Korea woulda been my shot. Just  
wish I coulda' been there! It's  
my flat feet you know? Hadn't  
a' been for these pancakes in my  
shoes I'd of been" in-country"  
with 'em!

JOE

I'm going home.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. JOE'S HOUSE NIGHT.

5

Rain is coming down heavily as Joe pulls up the snow covered  
drive in his police car. He gets drenched, running from his  
car to the house. He starts to fiddle for the door key, when  
the door opens from the inside. Joe's wife MARIA, pulls him  
in from the rain.

6 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

6

Before any words are spoken, Joe searches Maria's face.

JOE

You heard, huh?

MARIA

(touching his face)  
Get those wet things off.

JOE

(as he pulls off his  
jacket)  
You're a practical woman.

They embrace.

7 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

7

Maria takes Joe by the hand, leading him into the kitchen. Joe sits at the kitchen table, Maria gets a bottle of scotch from a cupboard, and two glasses, joining Joe at the table. She pours them both a drink.

MARIA

That rains' gonna melt the snow.

JOE

Might just freeze up with it.

MARIA

No. They said it's gonna start warming up.

JOE

Yeah?

MARIA

Yeah. (Pause) Your mom called.

JOE

Oh, what's happening?

MARIA

First, the plane was going to be delayed in Hawaii or somewhere; then it was going to be on time again. Now she says nine-thirty, Tuesday, he's gotta go through Fort Dix.

JOE

Tuesday morning?

She nods.

JOE

Raffael sleeping?

She nods.

MARIA

(seeing him turn in)  
You worried about today...or about Franky comin' home?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

JOE

This kid today, his parents came into the station makin threats and so on. When the deputies pulled the father outside...he started singin, and the way he sang, it was like the song was a curse...

Maria sits next to him, close. She kisses him.

DISSOLVE TO:

8 EXT. MOVING P.O.V. FARMLAND - DAWN. MUSIC OVER, "JOHN HENRY" HARMONICA RENDITION. THEN: 8

We see Joe's police car, in WIDE SHOT. He pulls to the roadside in front of a sprawling farm, the farmhouse distant. As Joe gets out of the car, music fades. Stay in Wide Shot as he walks a short way into the snow covered pasture.

JOE (V.O.)

I lost the farm in '65, Franky'd just gone to Vietnam and I had to take the uniform job to make ends meet. I'd drive out sometimes, just to look across the fields I'd planted... That I'd accomplished that. Having to shoot that kid down brought back the need...I'd had a farm. Son of a bitch...

CUT TO:

9 EXT. JOE'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY. 9

Joe knocks on his parents' door, father answers.

10 INT. JOE'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY 10

FATHER

Hey, Joe. Come on in, boy.

JOE

How are you, dad?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

FATHER  
Can't complain. How are you  
doin'? It was all over the papers  
today.

JOE  
Didn't read 'em.

FATHER  
Well...you obviously did what  
hadda be done...your mother's out  
back cleanin' out Franky's room.

JOE  
Alright.

CUT TO:

11 INT. FRANKY'S ROOM - DAY

11

Athletic trophies abound, sharing space with team and individual  
photos.

Mother is putting fresh sheets on the bed. Joe enters.

JOE  
(giving her a hug)  
Hello.

MOTHER  
(embracing Joe)  
Oh God. You surviving this?

Joe shrugs.

I been doin' nothin' but worryin'  
about your brother for so long.  
Here he's comin' back from the  
army... and now my Joe's got  
something' like this happen to  
him.

JOE  
I'll be okay, mom.

MOTHER  
Of course you will. Joe. Listen  
to your mother, son.  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

MOTHER (Cont'd)

You're a good man. That don't exempt you from having a time come where you have to kill a man . You can't regret it. Hadn't a' been him, it woulda been my son...No sir! You can't regret that... you just say the serenity prayer and get on with it.

Father appears at the door.

FATHER

It's somethin', ain't it...Franky comin' home tomorrow. Lotta killin' goin' on over there.

MOTHER

A little regret wouldn't hurt that child. Come on you boys, I'll get us some beers.

FATHER

Now you're talkin!

They move to the kitchen.

12 INT. PARENTS HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

12

Joe and Father sit around the kitchen table, Mother serves them, then herself and joins them.

FATHER

They say a lot of the boys comin' back, are comin' back real confused.

JOE

Franky left confused.

MOTHER

(laughing...on the outside)

Maybe it'll have straightened him out.

JOE

That's what Randall said.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MOTHER

Oh God. Now he's comparing his mother to a moron...

JOE

It wasn't a comparison, mom.

FATHER

There anything to these threats your getting?

JOE

It's just the kid's parents. They were screaming and yelling at the barracks yesterday... I'd hate me too.

MOTHER

Don't say that...

(her voice tightens)

Is Maria comin' with us to the airport in the morning?

JOE

She wants to. That alright?

(Pause).

FATHER

(uneasy)

Sure...fine.

CUT TO:

13 INT. JOES'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT.

13

Reprise "John Henry" Harmonica rendition:

PAN from Joe's gunbelt, slung over a chair, to Joe, in bed, he is having a turbulent sleep. Maria is stroking his hair as she hears a NOISE downstairs.

MARIA

(gentle urgency)

Joe.

Joe doesn't stir. Though frightened, this woman can handle anything a man can. She rises from the bed, lifts a four inch Smith .38 from Joe's gunbelt by the bed.

(CONTINUED)

- 13 CONTINUED: 13  
Maria moves to the bedroom door. Quietly, she opens it ajar.
- 14 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT 14  
Maria's P.O.V.: Shadow of movement across the downstairs floor-with it- footsteps.
- 15 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT 15  
Maria: She tenses; raises the gun starting downstairs stealthily.
- 16 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 16  
As she reaches the living room, she sees the kitchen door ajar, and then... the figure of a man, partly obscured. Maria takes a deep breath, then makes her move toward the door, in utter silence.
- 17 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 17  
Then, WHAM! She kicks the door, knocking the man down, face first, and is on him, with the gun to the back of his head in one motion.

MARIA  
Who are you?! what are you doing  
in my house?!

MAN  
(face still down)  
I's jes lookin' fer a perty girl  
ta dance wit me.

MARIA  
Franky?!

The man turns slow against the pistol. He is wearing army dress fatigues and has stitches in his upper lip. It is Frank.

FRANK  
Senorita muy bonita... How you  
doin' sugar?

As they get to their feet.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MARIA  
(excitedly)  
Franky! Oh, Franky!

They hug warmly.

FRANK  
Look at you. That ol' Joe must  
have a specialness with the "HIGH  
ONE" ta keep a lady like you.

She blushes.

MARIA  
(putting her finger to  
his stitched lip)  
What did you do? We all thought  
you were getting in tomorrow...

FRANK  
'Couldn't see hangin' around in  
New Jersey for the flight, so I  
hopped a Greyhound. You're hair  
looks pretty.

With that, Frank sees something over Maria's shoulder that makes him smile. Maria turns to see: Joe, in his exhaustion has literally crawled on his belly from his bed to the landing, and somewhere between the conscious and the unconscious he beams at his brother.

18 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

18

Without words, Frank moves to below the landing and raises his hand up to Joe. Joe drops his arm through the railing to meet Franks'. ANGLE: Their hands clasp. ANGLE: Their faces emotional. ANGLE: Maria, one warm tear escapes. WIDE ANGLE TABLEAU: One man reaching to another.

CUT TO:

19 INT. KITCHEN - DAY (MORNING)

19

RAFFAEL, Joe and Maria's three year old, is experiencing an eating problem all over his face. Maria is wiping up the mess. Frank pops into the kitchen (still in his army dress fatigues). As he pushes by Maria, licking oatmeal off Raffael's face:

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

FRANK  
Share with uncle Frank, shorty.

Joe appears at the door.

JOE  
(to Maria)  
I'm takin' Frank over to the  
folks, honey. I'll be back in  
a bit. You be here?

MARIA  
Yes, I've got two lessons this  
afternoon.

JOE  
Okay, I'll see ya later.

MARIA  
See ya. Welcome home Frank.

FRANK  
Thanks, baby.

Frank kisses Maria on the cheek, getting a bit of food on her  
face.

FRANK  
See ya.

With this, he takes a last lick of the food off Raffael's face,  
picks up his duffle bag, then exits with Joe.

MARIA  
(to Raffael,)  
Your uncle is a barnyard dog.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. TOWN STREET\INT. POLICE CAR - DAY (SAME MORNING)

20

We are with Joe and Frank in the police car travelling through  
the town Frank has not seen for three years and three tours of  
duty.

FRANK  
So, you're a "dad", man. How's  
that, anyway?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

JOE  
(smiles)  
It's a kick in the ass.

FRANK  
(laughing)  
Yeah...Towns the same, looks the same.

Pause.

You're a cop.

JOE  
Yep.

Beat.

You were in a war.

FRANK  
Their war. You like bein' a cop?

Frank takes some amphetamines from his pocket.

JOE  
(regarding the pills)  
What's that?

FRANK  
Prescription, I get tired  
sometimes...So, you know; I'm not  
lookin' forward to this...

JOE  
Mom and Pop?

FRANK  
...not lookin' forward to it at'ol.

JOE  
Lotta time's past, Frank.

FRANK  
Time's the teacher that kills its pupils.  
(changing the subject)  
Miss the farm, I bet...

JOE  
Like a piece of my heart.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

FRANK  
What happened?

JOE  
Price of wheat went down and we  
went out. So... here I am.

FRANK  
A cop.

JOE  
Right...

21 EXT. STREET - DAY

21

The car has stopped at a crosswalk: Frank's P.O.V.: An INDIAN MAN in his late sixties passes in front of the car. He is a lean, striking yet weathered image, purposeful in walk. Frank is lost in the sight of this man for a beat, then:

22 INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

22

FRANK  
Ever run into any hippies in town.

JOE  
We get 'um passin' through.  
What're your plans, Franky?

FRANK  
My plans... Shit, piss, breathe...  
then die sometime.

Frank's eyes stray back to catch a last glance of:

23 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

23

ANGLE: Frank's P.O.V: the Indian man (framed against a freshly painted white wall) SLO-MO; walking...mythic.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE - DAY

24

Minutes later, as the car pulls into the parents driveway, Mother comes running out to greet Frank. Frank gets out of the car and is instantly embraced by her.

MOTHER  
Frank, Oh Franky!

FRANK  
Hi, Ma.

Joe gets out of the car.

MOTHER  
Doesn't he look wonderful, Joe?

JOE  
...strappin' young man, ma.

MOTHER  
You're alive, you're home...Oh  
God. Thank God!..You've got  
stitches in your lip...you've got  
to come see your father...

She pulls him toward the house. Joe takes up the rear. Father greets them at the door. (A small American Flag waves on a stick, fastened to the door frame).

FATHER  
(extending his hand)  
Welcome home, son.

They shake.

FRANK  
Lookin' strong, pop.

FATHER  
(indicating the flag)  
We got the stars and stripes up  
here for you.

FRANK  
I see that.

25 INT. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

25

They enter the house.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

MOTHER

Come in here, Frank. I got your room all cleaned up...

For the duration of the scene, Franks words fluctuate between outward statements and inner dialogue.

FRANK

I'll see it in a bit, ma. I just wanna set' here for a few minutes...

MOTHER

I spent the last two days making it comfortable for you. I even adjusted the curtains so the light shines through just the way you like it. You could take a quick peek, at least...

Frank looks at Joe.

JOE

Go on.

FRANK

(maintaining a smile)  
YOU 'go on'. I wanna set for a few.

Pause

FATHER

He wants to sit, let him sit.

Mother covers her hurt with a smile, going back to Franks room, alone.

Her feelings get hurt easy.

FRANK

Everybodys' do... House looks just the same.

Frank lights himself a cigarette. He catches Joe, on his way to console Mother.

Joe!

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

Joe turns to him. Frank indicates for Joe to stop...he'll cover it.

(calling)  
Ma!... Ma don't pout back there now.

No response.

Ma?!...(sotto) shit...

He gets up, heads for his room.

FATHER  
(to Joe)  
Beer?

JOE  
Sure.

Father exits to kitchen.

26 INT. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

26

Joe moves to the hallway where he can HEAR Frank and Mother.

MOTHER (O.S.)  
I really wanted to get off to a good start. I'm sorry...

FRANK (O.S.)  
Ma. Don't cry.

MOTHER (O.S.)  
I'm sorry.

Father brings Joe a beer.

FATHER  
Here's your beer...what's going on?

JOE  
Frank's talking to mom.

FATHER  
(as he moves down the hall)  
This isn't private hour...

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

We stay on Joe, We HEAR:

FATHER (O.S.)  
 Cryin' time is over, people.  
 Now's for a little family time.  
 C'mon, boy... I wanna hear about  
 this war'a yours...

27 INT. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

27

Father comes out, Mother in tow. Frank slightly behind. Joe has moved to the sofa.

FRANK  
 D'ya hear that Joe? 'It's family  
 time!' Subject of the day...WAR!

Silence: Frank faces off his family. Something changes in his eyes. He rolls the cuff of his pant leg flicking the ash of his cigarette into it. Mother observes as: SLO-MO the ashes fall delicately into Frank's cuff.

Isn't this cozy...

JOE  
 We can talk about anything you  
 want, Frank.

FRANK  
 That right?

MOTHER  
 Honey, we don't need to talk about  
 past things. You're home safe.  
 That's what matters...

FATHER  
 The future...

FRANK  
 Did you say that, Pop? The  
 future?...Damn...well, alright.  
 I'm equipped for that talk...  
 (abruptly, exuberantly  
 condescending)  
 Matter of fact, the war deal sorta  
 comes into the future thing...see,  
 (more)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

FRANK (Cont'd)

the thing is this: my future is now secure so's you can just put the brakes on any concern you might have. You can just put the brakes on those right now. Can I get a beer?

Joe grabs him a beer. Frank opens it, takes a long pull.

JOE

So?

MOTHER

What's this good news, son?

FRANK

(smiles broadly)

E.C.U.: His cigarette as the cherry burns towards his fingers.

...The deal is this...

(very specifically)

I got in with a few fellas "in-country", That's Nam, okay? Business partners you could call 'em. And these fellas, see, they worked in "G.R.O" (office). That's GRAVE REGISTRATION. Anyway, the long and short of it is, no American corpse, not one, comes home that hasn't been "B & T'd," That's bagged and tagged, by G.R.O. What these fellas did is they cut into the corpses, terrible stench when they open a dead man, gotta tell ya, filled 'em with bags of "H," that's heroin...

MOTHER

Oh dear God!

FRANK

(enthusiastically)

Yeah, usin' the corpses to smuggle in the stuff, anyhow, I'm a partner in all this and I expect to make a bundle.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

FRANK (Cont'd)  
(takes a pull on his  
beer)

Silence.

JOE  
This a bad joke Frank?

Beat.

FATHER  
He's joking.

JOE  
Nobody's laughing Frank.

FRANK  
(laughing)  
We all dream of success, don't  
we?

MOTHER  
He hates us! He hates his parents!

FATHER  
You on Earth to hurt people,  
little boy?

FRANK  
(giggling)  
Little boy, huh?

JOE  
What are you doin Frank?

No answer.

Joe moves on him, whacks him, hard on the head (open hand).

JOE  
(A pent up rage)  
'The hell you doin', Frank?

Frank doesn't flinch. But his smile vanishes.

Father pulls Joe away.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

FATHER  
(to Frank)  
Get out!

MOTHER  
God is watching all of us...

FRANK  
PRAISE THE FUCKING LORD!

MOTHER  
(screaming)  
Stop it! Stop it!

This time Joe Really goes at Frank, but Frank is clearly a trained fighter and Joe is quickly on the floor bleeding from the nose and mouth. Father raises a chair to Frank.

FATHER  
(hysterical)  
Get out of my home!

Mother, at Joe's side is mumbling prayers through her tears.

Beat

FRANK  
You people are all blind!

Silence

Frank starts to leave.

MOTHER  
Son...

(NOTE: We begin to hear the distant sound of a train)

FATHER  
Boy, you been savin' this one up.

FRANK  
'Have indeed! As for you 'old man'  
they's only two kinds of men in  
this world...heros' and  
outlaws...you ain't neither...

He exits

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (4)

27

JOE  
I'll talk to him...

FATHER  
(tough as it comes)  
No need for that, he's dead to  
us here. I'm going to do some  
work in the shed.

He exits to the backyard.

MOTHER  
(disregarding this last  
comment)  
Help your brother, Joe.

Joe exits. Mother watches him go then turns to see Father  
through a window as he enters a shed behind the house.

CUT TO:

28 EXT.THE STREET - DAY - MINUTES LATER

28

Frank, telefoto; he is walking towards us, a train sweeping thru  
frame.

Joe pulls the car up next to Frank. He stops and gets out.

Closer angles:

JOE  
(over the trains  
rumbling)  
You gonna talk to me?

FRANK  
(hyped up)  
I wanted to talk to you before  
I even left for overseas, man.  
You was busy... Maria, the farm,  
the whole bit...

JOE  
...can't fault me those things,  
Frank.

FRANK  
'course not, Joe.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

JOE  
What are the pills, Frank?

FRANK  
(defiant)  
It ain't the pills, Joe. It's me.  
They don't tamper with what  
is...Yeah, I eat speed 'cause I  
gotta keep movin'...Did you see  
the look on his face?! Guys do  
that you know?! with the corpses  
and the dope. He about shit when  
I said I was doin' it, didn't  
he?...

The train has passed.

29 EXT. STREETS - DAY

29

JOE  
What's the point of hurtin' 'em  
like that, Frank? They just two  
people gettin' old...

FRANK  
Sweet ol' mom and dad...

30 EXT. STREETS - DAY

30

A pick-up pulls up next to them.

MAN IN PICK-UP  
Hey Joe! This whole town's  
talkin' 'bout you. Good shot,  
boy.

The car moves on.

31 EXT. STREETS - DAY

31

FRANK  
Heroics? What's that about?

JOE  
(long pause)  
'Had to shoot a man.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

Beat.

FRANK

Dead?

Joe nods.

You killed a man, Joe...(smiles)  
Oh, shit! ... Really?  
(relishing)... It's somethin'  
ain't it?!

We simply observe the two of them in silence for about thirty seconds, then:

32 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

32

Another train moving slowly along the tracks.

Frank pulls his duffle bag out of Joe's car.

JOE

Where're you going?

FRANK

Gimme a few bucks, Joe.

JOE

What for?

FRANK

I'm not really interested in all this. Just give me a coupla' bucks.

JOE

Not really interested in all what?  
WHAT! What the hell is all this?!  
You're like a stranger.

FRANK

Just give me the money, Joe, huh?  
If you don't, I'll just get it  
elsewhere, you know?

Exasperated Joe shakes his head, no.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

(reassessing)  
'hell with the threat...gimme a  
loan.

The train begins to pick up speed in the B.G.

JOE  
(not letting it go)  
It was a threat.

FRANK  
It was. I took it back...Gimme  
a loan.

JOE  
Don't threaten me.

FRANK  
I know. Okay...Loan?

Pause

Joe hands him two twenty dollar bills.

JOE  
That's forty bucks. Where're you  
goin' Frank?

Frank turns and walks away.

JOE  
Frank?

Joe watches him go, Frank runs alongside a freight car of the  
passing train, Hops on. As the train moves into the distance  
we hear:

JOE (V.O.)  
Watchin' my little brother head  
off that day, my only thought was  
of our mother. I'd have to tell  
her that he'd taken off and I  
didn't know where to. I didn't  
know for how long. I only knew  
that her troubled baby boy had  
been away for three years and when  
he got home he didn't want  
anything to do with her.

DISSOLVE:

33 INT. WORKSHED - DAY

33

An 8mm home movie projector is running: the image fills the screen. A black and white home movie of Joe and Frank playing as children. Joe (12 years) is playful and affectionate toward his brother Frank (7 years). Frank draws from his toy gun belt, shooting imaginary Indians. ANGLE Father. The moving light of the projector cascades his face illuminating the tears that streak his cheeks. (We begin to HEAR the distant sounds of banshee screams. As they jump in volume to present we):

CUT TO :

34 EXT.\INT. ABSTRACT LIMBO:

34

Banshee screams have risen to full volume in concert with a severe image. An Indian runner (same man from the previous scene). He runs toward us.

SIGHT\SOUND CUT TO:

35 EXT. MONTAGE:

35

We observe the changing of the seasons through a montage of:

A) MELTING SNOW,

B) EASTER DINNER at joe's parents house WITH JOE, ---MARIA, RAFFAEL, AND JOE'S PARENTS...NO FRANK.

C) BIRDS IN FLIGHT,

D) NEW GROWTH ON THE TREES, ETC.

NOTE: Amongst the melting snow shots we include one featuring the STATE LINE sign that we saw in the earlier chase sequence.

DISSOLVE:

SIX MONTHS LATER:

36 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY:

36

We watch Joe's police car cruise a barren midwestern landscape; summer.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

JOE (V.O.)  
 We didn't see or hear from Frank  
 for a good six months when our  
 lives took a turn...

The VOICE OVER ends, the sound of the distant vehicle rises...

CUT TO:

37 EXT\INT. JOE'S HOUSE - SUNSET.

37

Maria stands at the kitchen window, holding Raffael looking out as we see Joe drive up. She puts Raffael into a (foreground) highchair, as she exits frame, we continue to watch through the window as she greets him. We DON'T hear what is said, but we see Joe drop to his knees in anguish. Maria moves to him, holding his head to her waist.

CUT TO:

MUSIC OVER:

38 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY:

38

MOVING P.O.V. A CEMETERY - MORNING.

We see the procession; one hearse, two private cars and two police cars winding through the grounds.

39 INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

39

Inside the police car are: Joe, his father, Maria, and Raffael.

CLOSE ANGLE: Joe watching the gravestones go by

40 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

40

MOVING P.O.V. - the gravestones.

41 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

41

NEW ANGLE: Slow zooming, telefoto, the cemetery in foreground, we pan with the police car along the cemetery road.

DISSOLVE:

42 EXT. JOE'S DAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

42

Joe and his dad sit on the porch bench as the small reception goes on inside. This scene, as most of the scenes here, should be played in REAL TIME and without regard for conventional movie pace.

FATHER

(looking off)

You know... it didn't sit right with me when you married a Mexican woman... but I look at her today (all of a sudden, he's holding back tears) and son... she's beautiful. She's a good and beautiful woman... and I was wrong (he's crying), I was dead wrong...

JOE

Dad...

FATHER

Was I an awful man, son? Was I an awful father?

JOE

Dad...

FATHER

... And that Raffael. Now that's a boy made of pure magic... I'm all right... just had a moment...

JOE

It's okay, dad.

(Here, we rest in a two-shot for a long beat... then:)

JOE

I'm gonna check the computer at the station. It wouldn't surprise me a bit if he were somewhere in the system.

FATHER

He is.

Joe looks quizzically.

He sent out a card 'bout a month ago. I didn't want...

(more)

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

FATHER (Cont'd)  
her to know about it. He's got  
twenty-four days to go... well,  
twenty-three and a "wake-up", oh  
yeah, I been countin'.

JOE  
Where is he?

FATHER  
Columbus, Ohio.

Father starts an inward laugh.

He didn't send the card. Some  
girl named Dorothy... "Dear Mr.  
and Mrs. Roberts, Frank hit me  
so my daddy said he had to go to  
jail, but don't worry 'cause I'm  
here to take care of him..."

They laugh together.

JOE  
He is a likeable sum-bitch.

Pause.

FATHER  
It's what killed your momma...  
where's it come from, Joe?

JOE  
I don't know.

Joe stands, moves to the porch window.

43 INT. JOE'S DADS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

43

Joe's P.O.V.: Maria sits with Raffael in front of the T.V. They  
sit not facing the set, but sideways to it inches away from the  
image . (NOTE: The T.V. is playing a shoot 'em up western).  
Joe taps on the glass. Maria and Raffael wave (framed by the  
shootout on T.V.).

CUT TO:

43A EXT. JOE'S DAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

43A

Two men on the porch of an American house.

Atmosphere and music fades out. We bleed the thumping pulse of a HEARTBEAT over:

DISSOLVE:

43B EXT. COLUMBUS CITY JAIL - DAY

43B

SLO-MO: We see pieces of inmates bodies dribbling a basketball. The HEARTBEAT is synchronized with the bouncing of the ball. This HEARTBEAT effect continues as we rise from the basketball game through brick wall to the barred windows and over into:

DISSOLVE:

44 INT. COLUMBUS CITY JAIL - DAY

44

The jail, crowded and hostile; we move across cells SLO-MO continuing to isolate the HEARTBEAT. A typical fucking cell-block bore. We find Frank in his cell with two other "guests". He's no longer the clean-cut soldier-boy, oh no... long slicked back hair, biker sideburns, tattoos (these are from Nam and before) ... you know the type.

Frank's is the classic jail house pose: hands linked about the upper bars, groping a cigarette, dreaming of another place. One of his CELLMATES sits on the commode reading a True Detective magazine. The OTHER one sits up off his rack and approaches Frank. On his approach the HEARTBEAT fades out and the loud jail sounds bleed in. As we return to 24 f.p.s.

CELLMATE

(innocently, as though  
to ask for a cigarette)

Hey, Frank...

Without a beat, Frank whirls around locking the poor bastard's arms in a bear hug, lifting him in four quick strikes, slamming his cellmates head into the iron cell ceiling. It's beating as vicious as we've ever seen on screen. Between, the mans pleas for him to stop, and with each hit, Frank says "YOU DON'T KNOW ME!" Inside of five seconds it's all over. Frank takes a breath to compose.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

FRANK  
(to the cellmate on the  
commode)  
What did you see?

GUY ON COMMODE  
Nothin'

FRANK  
You about done there, brother?

The man stands up, unfinished, un-flushed, pants around his ankles.

GUY ON COMMODE  
You go'head.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. PARK - DAY.

45

Raffael plays in the sandbox with two other little boys. Maria sits on a bench, periodically glancing up from a crochet she's working on.

Joe's police car winding slowly towards us along a paved maintenance path. As he pulls to a stop near Maria's bench we see that he's accompanied by RANDALL.

RANDALL  
(terrible accent)  
Como esta, senorita bonita?

Joe and Randall approach Maria on foot.

MARIA  
(in Spanish)  
Very well, and you? You redneck  
buzzhead, incest product!

The extent of Randall's Spanish expended, he defers to Joe.

JOE  
Woman...(soto)Incest product?

RANDALL  
What did she say?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

JOE

She asked would you mind playing  
with the kids while we chatted  
a bit?

RANDALL

Sure thing. Kids love me.

He starts to go, when:

That ain't really what she said?

MARIA

No.

RANDALL

(beat)

I knew that.

He smiles, and walks off to the sandbox. Joe takes a seat  
beside Maria.

JOE

I got a real bad idea I wanna  
follow through on, but I need your  
okay.

MARIA

This is about Franky?

JOE

Yeah... I want to offer him a room  
at our place for awhile when he  
gets out. I gotta try'n get close  
to him again. I gotta try...  
somethin'...

MARIA

Why do you think he'll want to?  
I thought he had that little  
masochist waiting for him.

JOE

Maybe the lil' masochist'll come  
too.

MARIA

Now, wait a minute...

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

JOE

Maria, you're probably right...  
he won't want to come and it'll  
be a dead issue, but...

MARIA

We have a child in that house,  
Joe.

JOE

I've thought about that. I'd talk  
to him first. If he wanted to  
come, and he wanted to bring the  
girl... I'd meet her... decide  
from there.

(Pause).

MARIA

I'm not going to say no.

JOE

Say what you feel.

MARIA

I trust you... and I love you.

She turns to watch Raffael. Joe just keeps looking at her.

ANGLE: Randall plays in the sandbox with the children, and seems  
quite at home.

JOE

Darlin'... if you think I'm making  
a mistake, tell me.

MARIA

We are. But we should do it...  
should try.

JOE

I love you more than God.

ANGLE: Raffael puts sand down Randall's pants.

RANDALL

(genuinely angry)  
Why'd you do that?.

The children go on playing and laughing.

DISSOLVE:

46 EXT. HIGHWAY - SUNSET. 46

Joe's car (small, American made) cruises the open plains. He passes two large trucks with the insignia of a Circus painted on the side of the storage shell.

47 EXT./INT. ROADSIDE MOTEL - NIGHT. 47

Joe checks into this tiny motel. He drinks from a bottle of Johnny Walker in the room.

JOE (V.O.)

I'd spoken with Franky's jailers  
who told me releases didn't start  
til after ten a.m., so instead  
of pushin' the last fifty miles,  
I'd knock off with a bottle, drive  
on in the morning.

48 EXT. ROADSIDE MOTEL - NIGHT. 48

A Circus truck passes by the motel as the last lit room window (Joe's) goes dark.

CUT TO:

49 INT. COLUMBUS CITY JAIL, DISPENSARY WAITING AREA - DAY 49

The place is a circus of family and friends awaiting the release of inmates. Joe sits quietly among them, when he notices a young woman. She has a gentle beauty that overtakes him; a sadness in her young eyes much beyond her years, yet there is a peacefulness about her in this environment that separates her in this crowd, UNTIL: the girl suddenly jumps up. Joe follows her direction with his eyes. She is running toward the inmate just released from the gate... it is Frank.

We hold on this action on a long lens P.O.V. The scene is tender. Frank clearly has no regard for the surroundings. He is very still with her, a soft kiss, a fluid stroke of her hair, a settling embrace.

ANGLE: Joe - he turns away.

ANGLE: Frank and the woman DOROTHY:

They walk out of the building, passing Joe, who diverts his face to go unseen, then looks after them as they exit frame.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. JAILHOUSE PARKING LOT - DAY

50

JOE'S P.O.V.:

Frank and Dorothy getting into her old Buick out front of the jail; he in the passenger seat, she at the wheel... they drive off.

JOE (V.O.)

Franky seemed to have few enough moments of tenderness in him, I didn't need to interrupt this one. I thought better to wait my turn.

ANGLE JOE: watching the Buick drive off. He exits frame.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. CITY BOULEVARD - DAY.

51

We pan with the Buick until an American flag hanging over the boulevard comes into frame. We hold the flag, the Buick exits... then a second car passes (Joe's) following the Buick.

CUT TO:

52 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT.

52

Soft blues plays over a bedside radio. With six empty beers on the night-table next to Frank, he and Dorothy sleep on the bed. The SOUND of a bird, and he wakes. He studies her face. His knotted fingers slide the hair from over Dorothy's eye. His eyes open, when:

FRANK

We need squares, lil' sister...  
and some more beer.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT.

53

Joe is on the stand-up pay phone in the parking lot. He smokes a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

JOE  
 (into phone)  
 Collect from Joe... Hi, darlin'.  
 I'm still here. Yeah...No, I  
 haven't yet. Soon, I figure.  
 'Kid's got me smoking again. I  
 know. I will. Love ya... Bye.

As he hangs up, he sucks in a deep drag, then sees, JOE'S P.O.V:  
 Dorothy comes out of the room, alone. She gets into the Buick  
 and drives off. Joe watches her go. We track with Joe, across  
 the parking lot, to the room. He knocks.

FRANK (O.S.)  
 Lil' sister, that you?

JOE  
 (smiles at hearing  
 Frank's voice)  
 Will "Big brother" do?

After a few beats, we hear a LAUGH (o.s.), then:

FRANK (O.S.)  
 How about Winnie the Pooh?

JOE  
 He's in the zoo.

FRANK (O.S.)  
 This I knew.

JOE  
 (looking at the door)  
 He don't like the view.

FRANK (O.S.)  
 ...'Cause he sniffs glue.

JOE  
 Who?

FRANK (O.S.)  
 (pause)  
 What's the next cue?

JOE  
 Open the damn door.

After a beat, the door opens, and the brothers face each other.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

FRANK  
(last laugh)  
Are you sore?... 'the hell d'you  
find me here?

JOE  
Nice guy... gonna invite me in?

FRANK  
(hugging him)  
Joe... I owe you forty bills.

JOE  
So pay me.

54 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

54

FRANK  
Come in here "repeat"... how'd  
you find me here today?

JOE  
Well, I followed you from the  
jail. I been sittin' out here  
in the car... smokin'; which I  
had quit, but...

FRANK  
You followed? Man, you got that  
criminal blood flowin'...

JOE  
No. I don't think so, Franky.

They share a long stare.

Mommy's gone.

Frank muscled the news through his body deceptively.

FRANK  
Bye Mommy.

They share an even longer stare. Frank notices cigarettes in  
Joes pocket.

Hell, can I get one of those  
squares off you? I got more on  
the way. Have a brew with me?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

Joe shifts one up from the pack.

FRANK  
Much obliged.

Frank takes it.

Frank sits, Joe follows suit... Frank stands.

JOE  
(pointed)  
The funeral was last Wednesday.

FRANK  
(suddenly blowing up)  
I was in fuckin' jail, Joe! (and  
to himself...) Where are those  
damn cigarettes!?

JOE  
I know where you were... What  
difference did that make? You  
wouldn't have known anyway.

FRANK  
(just as easily calming  
down)  
What are you gonna do, Joe? You  
come in here to guilt-me-to-death?

Joe hadn't meant to provoke this tension; in his retreat there  
is a long silence between them... UNTIL: We HEAR a car pull  
up outside the door... then, Dorothy enters with a small grocery  
bag.

FRANK  
(all is well)  
Joe, this is my ol' lady,  
Dorothy... or Dotty, or Doe, or  
whatever.

DOROTHY  
(small plea)  
Not "whatever".

JOE  
Hello, Dorothy. I'm Joe. I'm  
Franky's brother.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

DOROTHY  
How do you do?

FRANK  
(teasing)  
Joe followed us... like a  
criminal.

DOROTHY  
Oh...

(Beat).

Well, here's your beer and stuff.

With Dorothy's eyes diverted, Frank indicates a sly "watch this", to Joe.

FRANK  
(to Dorothy)  
My mother died. Joe come to tell  
me.

Without a beat, her eyes well up, and she bee-lines for Frank throwing her arms around him while tucking her face into his chest. Frank looks to Joe, as if to say... "how about that for programing". Joe, of course, is not amused, but to that, Frank is blind.

FRANK  
How 'bout we all go for some  
chow?!

CUT TO:

55 EXT. DINER - NIGHT.

55

One of the Circus trucks, from the night before, pulls into the diner parking lot.

56 INT. DINER - NIGHT

56

Joe, Frank, and Dorothy sit in a window-side booth. A waitress is taking their order.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

FRANK  
(to Dorothy)  
...You want the fried steak, or  
the turkey breast.

WAITRESS  
I recommend the fried chicken,  
highly.

FRANK  
(pointed)  
Why's that?

ANGLE: Dorothy, something O.S. catches her eye, to which she  
reacts, with mouth agape.

WAITRESS (O.S.)  
It's a secret, but, the owner,  
that'd be Ned... he hired a  
detective to find out the  
'colonel's' recipe... and,  
well... he got it...

ANGLE: the waitress.

WAITRESS  
(noticing Dorothy's  
gaze)  
Young lady, are you alright?

DOROTHY  
Goodness gracious. Oh my goodness  
gracious!

The table follows her gaze.

57 INT. DINER - NIGHT

57

Their P.O.V: a MAN and a WOMAN are seating themselves at another  
booth. The woman has a FULL BEARD and MOUSTACHE.

JOE  
(sotto)  
The circus is here.

FRANK  
(to Joe)  
What?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

DOROTHY  
(stunned)  
That woman has a beard.

FRANK  
She'll have the chicken.

WAITRESS  
(exiting)  
Thank you.

DOROTHY  
(duplicating her own  
tone)  
That woman has a beard.

FRANK  
Are you saying that twice  
because... Do you think we didn't  
hear, or we can't see... or what,  
girl?

DOROTHY  
I'm gonna go over and say hello.

She goes.

FRANK  
That's a way-out lady I got. Was  
one of those "flower children"  
'for I set her course.

JOE  
What's your course this life,  
Frank?

FRANK  
Shit, piss...

JOE  
...Breathe... then die sometime.  
I want you to come back with me;  
live at the house awhile.

FRANK  
(laughing)  
Oh, yeah. Maria'd love that.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

JOE

She would. She wants you to come too.

FRANK

(a bit defensive)

This is something you've discussed, is it? ...Well, thanks but I got Dorothy n'all...

JOE

Livin' in a motel...?

FRANK

No. Just me till I find a crib. She's with her folks till then.

JOE

Why not be with family? You can bring Dorothy.

FRANK

Why, man? Do what? Have a few laughs with Pop?

JOE

It'll give you a chance to stay out of trouble, to get a damn job.

FRANK

Joe-boy! Listen to me. I don't want a damn job. 'Sides, I scammed a 'deal where I'm gettin' G.I. Bill checks. .. 'far as Mr. trouble goes---he ain't no less in one place than another.

JOE

(somber)

Why is that, Franky?

FRANK

I always figured-it-was he had a car, big brother.

There is a loud shriek (O.S.) the brothers look - P.O.V: Dorothy stands three feet back from the bearded lady's booth, looking very embarrassed.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (3)

57

DOROTHY  
(explaining to Frank  
and Joe)  
She let me touch it!

CUT TO:

58 EXT. THE MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

58

TWENTY MINUTES LATER - MUSIC OVER:

Dorothy stands by her Buick, looking into the side-view mirror. She touches her face, softly making sure that no beard has begun to grow.

Frank and Joe, stand by Joe's car.

JOE  
If you change your mind the offer  
stands.

Frank nods a "thank you."

They say good-bye with an embrace. Joe leaves.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT JOE'S HOUSE - DAY.

59

We HEAR the birds of a summer morning.

CUT TO:

60 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

60

Extreme C.U. Raffael, food all over his face. He cries hysterically.

ANGLE: Maria. She's fed up, standing in the far corner of the kitchen. She maintains her cool, best she can... she is smoking a joint.

ANGLE: Raffael. Indeed he has spilled food and drink all over himself.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

MARIA

(evenly)

Little one, I love you more than life, but... mommy is going to relax now. Mommy is going to take a little break. "Raffael"... what a beautiful name... what a beautiful boy...

ANGLE: Raffael a mess.

You'll be a father someday...  
you'll see.

We HEAR Joe's car arrive outside.

The law's here. Never smoke this stuff in front of the law. The law gets upset.

She's putting out the joint. Raffael laughs.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

61

Joe gets out of the car, travel bag in hand. He can smell the wafting marijuana in the air. He stops in his tracks, he "hates" it when she does this.

JOE

Maria! I'm home. Dispose of the evidence!

Maria appears at the door, onto the porch (squirting breath spray into her mouth) then runs into Joe's arms.

JOE

Woman...

MARIA

Man...

JOE

Hey there.

MARIA

Hey there... he didn't come?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

                  JOE  
No.

                  MARIA  
Sorry Joe.

                  JOE  
No surprise... Where's the boy?  
In there shooting heroin?

To this, Maria reacts with overwhelming laughter. She grabs Joe's hand and pulls him into the house.

62 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

62

Maria is pulling him toward the stairs.

                  JOE  
Where're we going?

                  MARIA  
To make another baby. This one  
cries too much.

She runs up the stairs.

63 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - DAY

63

Throwing off clothes, disappearing into the bedroom.

64 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

64

He joins Raffael in the kitchen.

                  JOE  
                  (yelling after her)  
What are we going to do with this  
one?

                  MARIA (O.S.)  
                  (severity)  
Get up here, NOW! You gotta  
change your clothes for work  
anyway.

65 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - DAY

65

Joe is about to protest, (but...) as Maria's powder blue panties land at the bottom of the stairs.

66 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 66

JOE  
(kissing Raffael on the  
head)  
I gotta go change for work, son.

67 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - DAY 67

We follow him as he barrels up the stairs and into the bedroom.

68 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 68

When he enters, Maria abruptly pulls the sheets up over her face. She laughs and screams as he lunges for her on the bed.

JOE  
You're under arrest!

A deep kiss, and we:

CUT TO:

69 EXT. TOWN STREET - DAY. 69

A crowd has gathered outside the local bar, CAESAR'S SALOON. They look on as a big REDNECK Vet with one false arm with a hook bashes the side of a V.W. van (flowers and peace signs painted on it) with a baseball bat.

REDNECK  
Get outta there you long hair  
hippie sons' a bitches! (etc.)

A loud burst of the siren, as Joe pulls up in his police car. The crowd parts. Joe stops the car and gets out.

JOE  
(to the redneck)  
Whatcha' got here, Lawrence?

LAWRENCE  
(redneck)  
Damn hippies flipped me the dirty  
finger, Joe.

HIPPIE #1 (O.S.)  
That guy's crazy, man. He's  
trying to kill us.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

That true, Lawrence? You trying to kill somebody?

LAWRENCE

What the hell, Joe!? It ain't nothin' but a buncha' them he-she meat puppies. They got no business around here anyway.

JOE

(taking the bat from Lawrence)

'Much as you or I Lawrence... You people alright in there?

HIPPIE #1

I guess so, but the van is totaled, man.

LAWRENCE

Peacenik Bastards!!

JOE

Well, c'mon outta there, we'll straighten this thing out.

HIPPIE #1

No way, man. That guy's gonna kill us if we come out.

JOE

That true, Lawrence?

LAWRENCE

I don't know Joe. Might be.

JOE

(taking out his cuffs)

Okay you people; stay put. Lawrence, pal, turn around. I'm gonna have to arrest you.

As Lawrence turns... Joe moves him against the side of the van cuffing him, false arm and all.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

LAWRENCE  
 (Forehead pressed  
 against the van as he's  
 being cuffed)  
 How's ol' baddass Franky doin'?  
 He'd like bein' here on this one,  
 wouldn't he? You'd of hadta' be  
 cuffin' him up too!

JOE  
 Probably so, Lawrence, probably  
 so.

We pan off Joe to Lawrence, his head against the van wall panel.

CUT TO:

69A INT. VAN - DAY

69A

On the inside of the van we follow the muzzle of a shot gun. It is pressed against the inside panel of the van in the exact spot Lawrence rests his head on the outside. We find three guys and a girl, long hair, beards and flowers. A silver peace symbol dangles from the neck of the young man holding the gun, banging against the butt effortlessly.

JOE (V.O.)  
 Okay people, the beast is chained.

We see the hippies breathe a visible sigh of relief and return their gun to its hiding place.

LAWRENCE (V.O.)  
 You dirtbags lucked out, this  
 time.

The girl giggles.

CUT TO:

70 INT. FRANKS' MOTEL - BATHROOM - TWILIGHT.

70

Establishing C.U. - FRANKS GUN:

SLO-MO: He rolls the chamber. (We HEAR ONLY the gun, no atmosphere).

ANGLE: Franks face (EXT. C.U.) intent.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

ANGLE: The gun. (SLO-MO) one by one he inserts the bullets, the image is almost sexual (AGAIN: ISOLATED SOUND) Then: SNAP! He flips the chamber into the revolver frame.

CLOSE ANGLE: The amphetamine bottle sits on the bedside table.

ESTABLISHING C.U: Franks washing three pills down with a beer.

ANGLE: Frank checking himself in the mirror (gun in belt).

FRANK  
(to himself)  
They's only two kinds 'a men in  
this world...

CUT TO:

71 EXT.\INT. ABSTRACT LIMBO:

71

Repeat image of the Indian Runner. SOUNDS of banshee screams.

CUT TO:

72 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

72

Joe, Maria, Raffael, and Joe's father sit at the dinner table.

JOE  
(saying grace)  
Thank you lord, for the gift of  
this woman's cooking, the food  
to cook, and the family we have  
to share it... Amen.

ALL: ..."Amen".

They dig in.

MARIA  
You been getting out at all, Dad?

FATHER  
Same ol'-same ol'. Here and  
there, you know... 'gonna sell  
the house, I think.

JOE  
Are ya?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

FATHER

Think so.

JOE

Where're you thinkin' of livin'?

FATHER

Trailer park over there on  
Bright's got a pretty good deal  
goin'.

MARIA

That's nice there. They have a  
vegetable garden in the back where  
you can rent a plot, grow your  
own (a look between she and Joe...  
beat) vegetables.

RAFFAEL

Vejabulls.

They all laugh.

FATHER

That's right, vejabulls. Your  
daddy used to grow vejabulls.  
Did you know that, Raffael? Your  
daddy was a farmer before he was  
a (and he enunciates it:)  
PO-LEES-MAN.

RAFFAEL

Po-lees-man.

MARIA

Very good, Raffael.

FATHER

You miss the farm, Joe?

JOE

Sometimes.

FATHER

It's a bitch, ain't it? The same  
thieves that took your farm, now  
have you working for them.

MARIA

We get by fine.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

FATHER  
Of course you do... of course you  
do.

CUT TO:

73 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

73

One hour later.

Father stands, with a drink in his hand, looking over the family photos that sit on the T.V.

ANGLE: Photo: Frank and Joe (as kids), a family portrait from Frank's last day before going overseas, one of Mom, and of Father, one of Maria with Raffael, etc.

Joe comes down the stairs joins his dad.

FATHER  
Little one asleep?

JOE  
Maria's singin' to him.

Father strains to hear the singing.

JOE  
(referring to the  
pictures)  
Whatcha' lookin' at here?

FATHER  
Shhh... I want to listen.

We faintly hear Maria sing, a soft, sweet Mexican lullaby. We linger, then:

FATHER  
(pained)  
You done well, kid.

JOE  
Yeah.

FATHER  
I'm gonna go. You say goodnight  
for me.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

JOE  
Okay, Pop.

They move to the door, Joe opens it, they shake hands, Father exits then abruptly re-enters gives Joe a hug.

FATHER  
You're a good kid.

Again he exits. Joe watches him go for a beat then closes the door.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. MANSION - NIGHT.

74

Rich teenagers having a party. Frank stands in the street looking over the expensive cars in the driveway. Through the windows of the house he sees the kids dance to rock and roll. There is disdain in his face.

CUT TO:

75 INT. OF CAR - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

75

We are close on Frank's hands as they "hot wire" a car in the lot.

76 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

76

The job done, he drives off in a gorgeous Shelby GT 500 Cobra convertible.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

MUSIC: eg. Cowboy Junkies' "MISGUIDED ANGEL" OVER: SERIES OF ANGLES: Frank driving.

77 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

77

MUSIC continues as Frank pulls into a liquor store. We stay in WIDE SHOT and simply observe him go into the store (having put on a ski mask) and, at gunpoint, he robs the storekeeper then pistol-whips him unconscious. He comes out, (C.U. Frank as he removes mask - then back to wide shot) jumps into the car and bolts.

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER:

- 78 INT. DOROTHY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 78  
WE SEE DOROTHY AT HOME. HER FAMILY SIT IN FRONT OF  
TV WATCHING "GILLIGANS ISLAND".
- 79 EXT. ISOLATED AREA - NIGHT 79  
FRANK MOVES AROUND THE STOLEN SHELBY, DOUSING IT  
WITH GASOLINE. AN OLD IRON STAIRWELL LEADS TO A  
TRAFFIC BRIDGE ABOVE HIM.
- 80 INT. DAD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 80  
FATHER POURS HIMSELF A SCOTCH.
- 81 INT. DOROTHY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 81  
DOROTHY STARES AT THE TELEPHONE WITH ANTICIPATION.
- 82 EXT. TRAFFIC BRIDGE - NIGHT 82  
FRANK STANDS BY THE BRIDGE RAILING IGNITING A KNOTTED  
PIECE OF CLOTH WITH HIS LIGHTER.
- 83 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 83  
JOE LIES IN BED, SMOKING, WATCHING VIETNAM WAR  
COVERAGE ON TV. MARIA SLEEPS.
- 84 INT. DOROTHY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 84  
DOROTHY GETS MADE UP AT HER VANITY.  
(SERIES OF SHOTS: TIGHT ON MOUTH AS LIPSTICK IS APPLIED, ETC.)
- 85 EXT. TRAFFIC BRIDGE - NIGHT 85  
(60 f.p.s.) CLOSE-UP: FRANK'S HAND DROPS THE FLAMING  
CLOTH IT FALLS FROM HIS HAND MOVING DOWNWARD AGAINST  
A BLUE\BLACK SKY.

- 86 INT. JOE'S DAD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 86  
FATHER GETS DRUNK, ALONE IN HIS KITCHEN This shot will be returned to. The frame is tight enough as to avoid seeing the table at which he sits. ALSO, an overhead lamp with a pull chain hangs above his head; this is the only light, save the moonlit picture window centered behind him.
- 87 EXT. ISOLATED AREA - NIGHT 87  
THE FLAMING CLOTH (SLO-MO) FLOATING THROUGH SPACE.
- 88 INT. DOROTHY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 88  
DOROTHY GETS INTO HER DRESS (WE FEEL THE FLOW OF HER DRESS).
- 89 EXT. ISOLATED AREA - NIGHT 89  
WIDE ANGLE: FRANK ON THE BRIDGE ABOVE. THE FLAMING CLOTH FALLING INTO THE CAR. (TIGHTER ANGLE) IT IGNITES THE CAR. WE MOVE THROUGH THE FLAMES INTO FRANK STARING INTO THE FIRE.
- 89A INT. DOROTHY'S HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 89A  
HER father looks sadly after dorothy as she prepares for her date.
- 89B EXT. TRAFFIC BRIDGE - NIGHT 89B  
FRANK IS HITCH-HIKING AS A CAR PICKS HIM UP AND DRIVES AWAY
- 90 INT. DOROTHY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 90  
SLO-MO, AS DOROTHY PICKS UP THE PHONE. THAT IT IS FRANK THRILLS HER.
- 91 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 91  
FRANK DRINKS FROM A BEER CAN AS HE STANDS, LOOKING OUT THE MOTEL ROOM WINDOW, WAITING FOR DOROTHY'S ARRIVAL.

- 92 EXT. DOROTHY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 92  
DOROTHY GETS INTO HER BUICK, HER FATHER WATCHES  
HER DRIVE OUT THE DRIVEWAY.
- 93 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 93  
JOE PUTS OUT HIS CIGARETTE, GOES TO SLEEP.
- 94 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 94  
DOROTHY AND FRANK, IN THE OPEN DOORWAY OF  
HIS ROOM, KISSING.
- 95 INT. JOE'S DADS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 95  
FINAL SHOT OF MONTAGE: WE REPEAT LAST IMAGE OF FATHER.  
AS WE SLOWLY PULL BACK, WE REVEAL A .357 PISTOL  
THAT LAYS BEFORE FATHER ON THE KITCHEN TABLE.  
WE CONTINUE TO PULL BACK AS HE PULLS THE LIGHT  
CHAIN, LEAVING HIM A SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE  
MOONLIT WINDOW BEHIND HIM. HE LIFTS THE PISTOL  
TO HIS HEAD, MUSIC ENDS... BANG!
- CUT TO:
- 96 EXT. OPEN ROAD - DAWN 96  
We see and hear only a distant police car glide through a wide  
shot.
- CUT TO:
- 97 EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAWN. 97  
Randall pulls up the drive in a police car.
- CUT TO:
- 98 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - DAWN 98  
Joe is hurrying down the stairs, pulling on a pair of pants.  
We HEAR rapid knocking on the door.

JOE  
Who is it?

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

RANDALL (O.S.)  
It's me, Joe.

Joe opens the door.

99 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - DOORWAY - DAWN

99

JOE  
Pretty early, Randall. What's  
going on?

RANDALL  
Joe... Your dad shot himself last  
night.

Beat.

JOE  
Dead?

Randall just nods his head, he can't look at Joe.

CUT TO:

100 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAWN

100

Maria sitting up in bed. She has heard from there.

RANDALL (O.S.)  
Can I use the john?

CUT TO:

101 EXT. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE

101

We see Father's house, three police cars and an ambulance in the driveway. Several neighbors have gathered in bathrobes etc.

102 INT. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE

102

Then, we follow Joe through the house. He leaves the bloodied kitchen... then exploring the home where he grew up. At some point, he looks into the backyard, where we recognize the swing-set from Father's home movies. Joe has accidentally put his hand into a small splatter of the blood. As he rubs it between his fingers:

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

JOE (V.O.)  
 "Bye, Daddy"... right, Frank?

DEPUTY #1 (O.S.)  
 Joe. Got your wife on the phone.

Joe picks up the phone in a bedroom.

JOE  
 Maria. -yeah-it's ---oh,  
 God...yep. Would you?-leave a  
 message at the motel. -I don't  
 know her last name. -I'll see  
 you then. -Right. Bye, bye.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. ROADSIDE -GARAGE - DAY.

103

A FAT WOMAN wearing furry bunny slippers, vericose veins and stretch polyester shorts under her open bath robe with an oversized Las Vegas t-shirt sporting a likeness of Elvis Presley across her chest. She walks alone along the soft shoulder of the road. The road hosts several garage-like structures each separated by empty lots. She passes one where a man inside is working on motorcycle engines. Next she passes one where a transistor radio plays, but no one is about. And finally, one where a man wearing a protective mask is welding auto-engine casings.

WOMAN  
 Mr. Roberts, I have just received  
 a telephone call from someone  
 claiming to be your kin.

Frank stops his work, removes the mask.

Apparently, you have a family  
 emergency.

FRANK  
 Did'ya have a nice walk down here?

WOMAN  
 I don't understand.

FRANK  
 No?

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

WOMAN  
No.

FRANK  
What are you doing here?

WOMAN  
Mr. Roberts, I have just told you.  
Your family would like for you  
to call on them; evidently there  
has...

He cuts her off.

FRANK  
A family emergency!

WOMAN  
Yes.

FRANK  
(cold and quiet, flaming  
torch in hand)  
Burn in hell.

The woman runs off crying.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. ROADSIDE - NEAR SUNSET - SAME DAY

104

Frank sits in the passenger side of the Buick, waiting for Dorothy to get off a payphone. Dorothy hangs up the phone sobbing, she can't move. Frank gets out of the car.

FRANK  
What is it?

DOROTHY  
(sobbing)  
Oh, Frank...

FRANK  
WHAT!?

DOROTHY  
Your daddy killed hisself.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

He grabs her immediately, pushing her toward the passenger side of the car.

FRANK  
(urgent)  
Get in the car!

Frank takes the wheel... and they're off.

CUT TO:

105 EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - NEAR SUNSET.

105

Joe sits under a maple tree, with Raffael on his lap.

JOE  
(simply, he is seeking  
comfort)  
Hey, pal. You're granddaddy's  
gone. My father... (he lays  
Raffael's tiny index finger upon  
his chest) Daddy.

RAFFAEL  
(repeating)  
Daddy.

JOE  
(places the boy's finger  
on his own chest)  
Son... say SON.

RAFFAEL  
SON.

JOE  
(pointing to himself)  
SON...  
(then to the sky)  
Daddy.

Raffael laughs and kisses him. Joe is overwhelmed.

MARIA (O.S.)  
Joe!

He looks. We see Maria on the porch.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

RAFFAEL

Mommy!

MARIA

Franky's girl just called. He  
didn't want to get on the line.

JOE

Did you tell her?

MARIA

Yes... was that alright?

Joe, approaching Maria, with the boy in his arms.

JOE

Did you say we wanted him here?

MARIA

I told her. I don't know how much  
got through...

JOE

Well... at least he knows.

CUT TO:

106 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

106

As the Buick rumbles toward us (telephoto) against the last  
crescent of a red sunset, we HEAR:

JOE (V.O.)

Being the cause of death, and all,  
none of the priests 'r ministers  
would perform the service.

The Buick barrels past.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

107

Raffael stands between his parents holding their hands. We are  
on their backs in a medium shot. As the grave diggers lower the  
casket (adjacent to mothers plot).

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

JOE (V.O.)  
My brother was out there...  
somewhere. He'd had Dorothy call.  
I wondered if that meant he  
cared...

CUT TO:

108 INT. SHERIFF'S BARRACKS - DAY.

108

Joe is at his desk, taking a civilian complaint from a landowner who is having a problem with hippy squatters.

LANDOWNER  
...Now I've been patient up to  
my gills, here, Joe. I know you  
got your own problems, but I'm  
not gonna wait on you people much  
longer. If you can't clear them  
longhairs off my land... my  
Winchester will!

JOE  
Calm down, here, Buzz. Ain't  
nobody breakin' out no  
Winchesters. Now, Randall's gonna  
take a ride out there today...  
give 'em a last notice. They  
still there come first light,  
we'll lock 'em up... Deal?

BUZZ  
Okay, Joe... but I'm tellin' ya...

JOE  
It's done.

CUT TO:

109 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY .

109

Maria sits with a TEENAGED CHICANA GIRL on the couch in the living room. She is finishing up an English lesson. We HEAR a car pull up outside.

GIRL  
Esta 'es mi hermano

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

MARIA  
(challenging)  
What did you say? I don't speak  
no Mexican

GIRL  
Thank you Mrs. Roberts but my  
brother is here to get me.

MARIA  
That's more like it.

GIRL  
Please give for me prayers to Mr.  
Roberts.

MARIA  
Thank you Lucy. I will.

110 EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

110

Just as Lucy is walking out the door, her BROTHER (Miguel)  
appears.

GIRL  
(to Miguel)  
Listo?

MIGUEL  
(indicating his sister  
to wait in the car)  
Momentitio, por favor, Lucy.

She goes.

Hola, senora Roberts. Como esta  
usted?

MARIA  
Bien, gracias, Miguel.

MIGUEL  
Yo sabe esta tiempo es deficil  
para usted, y el Senor Roberts.  
Para usted un pequeno regalo.

He hands her a lid of marijuana.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

MARIA  
(she smiles conspiratorially)  
Muchas gracias, Miguel. Adios.

MIGUEL  
Adios Senora.

He gets into the car, they drive out of the driveway.

MARIA'S P.O.V.: As Miguel's pick-up truck hits the street it nearly collides with the speeding Buick, driven by Dorothy... alone. Dorothy pulls in the driveway as Miguel and Lucy pull away.

Maria watches as Dorothy gets out of the Buick and walks to her.

DOROTHY  
Are you Joe Robert's wife?

MARIA  
Yes, who are you?

DOROTHY  
(what difference does  
that make?!)  
Me?!... I'm Dorothy.

CUT TO:

111 INT. JOE'S POLICE CAR:

111

Joe in his police car cruises the town. A FEW MINUTES LATER.  
Over the shortwave we HEAR:

RADIO  
Unit 0-3. Unit 0-3. Respond,  
over.

Joe picks up the transmitter.

JOE  
0-3, here. What's up?

RADIO  
Hey, Joe. Your wife just called.  
Seems your brothers' girl dropped  
by. She says ol' Franky's over  
at your folks' place...  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

RADIO (Cont'd)  
sounds as though he's got a wild  
hair goin'... you want a back up?

JOE  
No. I'll cover it...0-3 out.

He puts down the transmitter, hits the siren... puttin' all  
eight cylinders into action.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE - DAY

112

Moments later Joe cuts the siren as he pulls up in front of the  
house. As he gets out of the car, he sees the picture window  
has been smashed.

JOE  
(from the front lawn)  
FRANK!

No response from the house.

(approaching the front  
door)  
Frank?

Joe takes a look through the window. A cigarette with a long  
ash burns in the ashtray. A half empty bottle of whiskey on  
the table.

JOE  
(through the open  
window)  
You in there Frank?

Still no response. Joe takes a key from his pocket, opens the  
door.

113 INT. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE - DAY

113

He enters the house. He follows a trail of clothing up the  
corridor to where he finds a door ajar. Faint BREATHING SOUNDS  
from within.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

JOE  
Franky... it's me, Joe... You in  
there, kid?

FRANK (O.S.)  
That you, Joe?

JOE  
(moving on the door)  
It's me kid. What are you doin'  
in there?

FRANK (O.S.)  
Workin' on my draw, Joe... just  
workin' on my draw.

JOE  
Allright if I come in?

FRANK (O.S.)  
Sure, Joe C'mon.

114 INT. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE - BEDROOM -DAY

114

Joe opens the door to expose Frank, totally naked and perspiring, his back to us. He has a pistol in his hand, with which he draws on himself in a full length mirror.

FRANK  
(draws)  
BANG! Gottcha!

He laughs. Joe says nothing. Frank turns.

FRANK  
So, I've had a bit to drink...  
somebody was boring me! I think  
it was me... it's not loaded.

He throws the pistol onto the bed.

JOE  
Why don't you get dressed Frank.  
I'll take you to your lady.

FRANK  
Pass me my drawers...

CUT TO:

115 EXT. TOWN STREETS - DAY

115

MUSIC OVER.

The police car cruises through town, Joe drives. Frank appears asleep, his head against the window. One of his eyes opens just enough to see:

Frank's P.O.V.; distorted SLO-MO the Indian runner stands on the roadside waving at him, haunting him. Bleed in the sounds of distant banshee screams.

CUT TO:

116 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

116

EXTREME C.U: Dorothy's face. She sucks hard on a joint. Dorothy and Maria sit on the living room couch.

DOROTHY

I just hope he's alright.  
Sometimes he hurts himself...

MARIA

Joe'll bring him home. He'll be fine... Where did you and Frank meet?

DOROTHY

Oh, shoot... everywhere, I guess.

Here, Dorothy has confused even herself. She begins a laugh that infects Maria, until we HEAR the baby's cry from upstairs.

MARIA

Excuse me.

CUT TO:

117 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - RAFFAELS' ROOM - DAY

117

Close on Raffael, crying in his bed, against a window. Maria comes into frame, her hands soothing his head, as we: RACK FOCUS through the window. This is now Maria's P.O.V. of Joe's car arriving.

MARIA

Ay!

We shift focus to her, she is held up a couple of beats, still trying to quiet the baby, then, in the same shot we follow her down the stairs... TOO LATE.

118 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

118

Joe (with Frank) walks in the door... Dorothy is sucking a joint.

ANGLE: Maria...BUSTED!

JOE  
I'm surrounded!  
(and to Dorothy a "gimme  
a break" half-smile)  
Get rid of that.

MARIA  
Sorry, Joe... HI FRANKY!

FRANK  
You the spoil-sport, Joe... Hey,  
baby!

Frank and Maria hug.

Suddenly, ALL realize that Dorothy has disappeared from the room.

FRANK  
Where'd she disappear to?

JOE  
(leaning against the  
wall)  
She ran outside.

FRANK  
(he goes after her)  
Dottie!

Joe goes to the window, followed by Maria. THEY WATCH AS:

119 EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

119

Frank finds Dorothy out under the maple tree. Her back is to him. He touches her shoulder. Surprisingly, she spins, hauling off slapping Frank across the face. Even more surprisingly, he's the picture of the "naughty" boy taking his comeuppance.

120 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

120

JOE  
He's like a little boy with her.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

MARIA

She said they drove straight over to your folks' house. He was acting wild, so she got scared and took off... got our address out of the book.

JOE

He didn't say much of anything. I figure... he's here and that's a start.

121 EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

121

ANGLE: Frank and Dorothy in sweet reconciliatory embrace.

122 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

122

JOE

That's my brother.

CUT TO:

123 INT. JOE'S HOUSE -LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

123

Joe and Frank sit, drinking, in the living room. Maria and Dorothy wash dishes in the kitchen.

JOE

I'm glad you're here...

They toast.

FRANK

Joe... I feel funny showin' up like this. I don't know... funny.

JOE

Well. I don't know either 'cept I'm glad you're here... and Dorothy too. Finally got lucky, huh?

FRANK

Yeah?... Well I sure hope so 'cause she's got my lil' monkey in her belly.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

JOE

What?!

As Maria comes screaming out of the kitchen, trailed by the proud, smiling Dorothy.

MARIA

(full of joy)

Joe! Joe!... Dorothy's pregnant!

JOE

So I just heard.

CUT TO:

124 EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (WIDE SHOT)

124

We see in the window, Joe, Maria, Frank, and Dorothy hugging in celebration. WE HEAR:

JOE (V.O.)

I knew that Frank had come back as a result of Dad's suicide. It was odd, but that he'd come back at all, and that he was gonna have a baby with this girl, was enough for me to feel that he'd not gone completely numb.

DISSOLVE TO:

125 EXT. PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT (SAME SIZE FRAME)

125

The Buick pulls into the driveway.

CUT TO:

126 INT. PARENTS - HOUSE - NIGHT

126

Frank and Dorothy enter, bags in hand.

DOROTHY

This is where you were a little boy?

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

FRANK

It's where I grew up, yeah... hit that light.

Dorothy turns on a lamp.

DOROTHY

Where's your room?

FRANK

End of the hall there on the left.

Dorothy runs excitedly down the hall.

We gonna be takin' the big room, girl!

DOROTHY (O.S.)

I know- I know. I just want to see it!

Frank puts down his bags, glances at the broken picture window.

CUT TO:

127 INT. FRANK'S CHILDHOOD ROOM - NIGHT

127

Dorothy searches about Frank's room in absolute wonder. She touches, smells everything in sight.

128 INT. PARENTS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

128

Frank is in the living room taping cardboard over the broken window.

129 INT. PARENTS HOUSE - FRANK'S CHILDHOOD ROOM - NIGHT

129

Dorothy's sitting cross-legged on the single bed. Frank arrives at the door.

DOROTHY

I happen to love you more than anybody ever loved anybody before...

FRANK

Shit, Dot...

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

DOROTHY

Come on, Franky... It's our first  
night in a house together...

Her eyes are on him like a little Bambi deer.

Pause

FRANK

I love you back, okay?

She jumps into his arms.

CUT TO:

130 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING.

130

E.C.U., RAFFAEL EATING.

The food seems to be eating him, and in a cruel moment we just  
watch... until Maria's hand enters frame to wipe some off...  
only for more to splash on.

MARIA (O.S.)

Joe... I think our child is  
retarded.

JOE (O.S.)

Maria!

MARIA (O.S.)

Well!... Ucccch!...

ANGLE: Joe and Maria. He gives her a glare.

I'm sorry, Raffael. You're not  
retarded... but you're very silly  
about food.

RAFFAEL

(laughing)

Silly boy!

Maria laughs. She looks to Joe, he is not amused, still glaring  
at her.

MARIA

You look like a monster. What's  
the matter with you?

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

JOE

I'll tell you what's the matter with me. You want to be able to feed him? You want to be able to keep this house? See what happens when word gets out that my wife smokes narcotics...

MARIA

Narcotics?!

JOE

...see how fast I lose my job and see how funny that is.

Joe exits. Maria follows him.

CUT TO:

130A INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

130A

(Same time)

MARIA

(grabbing his arm)

Now, you listen to me Mister. You got something to say about what I do, okay. I listen to you, but you look at me like Godzilla and read me the law like that, I'll show you how ugly this little Mexican can be...

JOE

(calming her)

Stop. Stop. I'm sorry. It's not you. I'm sorry.

He embraces her.

131 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING.

131

Frank is in the shower washing and shaving (around his moustache). Dorothy enters the bathroom.

DOROTHY

Don't shave your sideburns!  
They're 'tough'.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

FRANK  
Not for a welding job, baby.

CUT TO:

132 EXT. BRIDGE OVER RIVER - DAY. MUSIC OVER:

132

The wind blows hard over the river as a construction crew works on the bridge. A pile driver bangs rhythmically. In wide shot we observe Frank stroll to a man wearing a hard hat. We hold on them for a beat, then zoom very slowly in as they talk then shake hands with a smile, and gratitude from Frank.

CUT TO:

133 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

133

Maria sits reading a magazine when: The DOCTOR escorts Dorothy back to Maria.

MARIA  
Everything okay?

Dorothy is beaming.

DOCTOR  
This little lady's body keeps a good secret. In about four months you're going to be an Aunt Mrs. Roberts.

Delightful... WE:

CUT TO:

134 EXT. TOWN - ROAD - DAY.

134

Maria and Dorothy drive along in Maria's car.

INT. MARIA'S car - DAY  
135

DOROTHY  
(reading a Dr. Spock  
book)  
Frank was gonna see an old friend  
of his today about a job.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

MARIA  
Doin' construction?

DOROTHY  
Welding. Frank's a welder, and  
this friend of his makes it his  
business to hire veterans...

MARIA  
I hope he gets it.

DOROTHY  
(doubtless)  
Oh, he will.

MARIA  
So what will you name the baby?

DOROTHY  
If it's a girl, Frank wants to  
name her Billie... don't ask me.  
But if it's a boy, he wants to  
name him Joe, after your Joe.

MARIA  
Seems like you really love Frank.  
He's lucky to have you.

DOROTHY  
I'm the luckiest. Luckiest-  
luckiest-luckiest!

We pull away, they drive on.

CUT TO:

136 INT. SHERIFFS' BARRACKS - DAY.

136

Joe and Frank eat fast food sprawled over Joe's desk.

JOE  
Pay well?

FRANK  
Five bucks an hour to start. Plus  
I still got my G.I. Bill.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

136

JOE

Sounds pretty damn good, man.  
Do it up! Dorothy gonna get a  
job?

FRANK

After the baby comes... I'm  
lookin' at this food; I said to  
Dot the other day... we're havin'  
the last baby. After this,  
they're just gonna pop Mr. Seed  
in the microwave and SNAP! You  
got a whole new person standin'  
there... What time is it?

JOE

Four-ten.

FRANK

I gotta truck on home. She's  
waitin' on me.

JOE

You need a lift?

FRANK

No, I got the Buick. We sneakin'  
out onto the farm tonight?

JOE

'Leven o'clock. I'll 'treat' the  
sixers.

FRANK

Good deal! Free gourmet feast  
by day and a brew fest by night...

JOE

Hasta la bye-bye

FRANK

Adios!

Frank exits.

CUT TO:

137 INT.FRANKS HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT.

137

JOE(V.O)

There came a point where it looked like our Mother and Father dyin' were as two halves that made Franky whole. I didn't feel I knew him any better for it... just that I may not have really known my parents.

The blues are playing on the bedside clock/radio. The clock reads 10:52. Beside it we see a small India ink container, a small needle with blackened thread around its tip and an open bandaid box. We hear kissing sounds as we pan off the clock to Frank and Dorothy. She's in bed, he is pulling up from her getting on his shirt and trying to turn on the light as she is pulling him to her for more and more kisses.

FRANK

(between kisses)

Baby, I gotta go.

She releases him for a beat, then...pulls him back for more.

FRANK

(pleading)

Baby-girl...

DOROTHY

(rapidly)

Okay-okay.

She begins to release him, then...pulls him back again. After a few more kisses, he pulls away.

FRANK

'tol Joe I'd hook up with 'im at eleven darlin.

DOROTHY

...sorry.

She pulls the blankets away from her stomach and tugs at a bandaid just above her naval, revealing a small fresh tatoo of a rose.

DOROTHY

You're a great drawer. It's so pretty.

Frank, buttoning his shirt.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

FRANK  
(with reverence)  
You a beauty!

He pulls on his coat, ready to go, is about to kiss her "goodbye" then he thinks better of it and blows her the kiss, which she returns in kind.

FRANK  
See ya later

He goes

DOROTHY  
(stopping him)  
Oh! Frank-Frank-Frank?!

He stops at the door.

FRANK  
Yeah, darlin'?

DOROTHY  
Um, um,--um, If you see any shooting stars or anything, will you think about me? -or if, um...anything else, will you think about me?

They look quizically at each other.

FRANK  
Lil' sister, 'you really askin' me those questions, or are you just stallin' me here?

DOROTHY  
(giggles-she's caught)  
...both.

They share a smile - he exits.

DOROTHY  
(to the baby)  
...he loves us.

CUT TO:

138 EXT. JOE'S OLD FARMHOUSE - NIGHT. (MOONLIGHT) LAUGHTER OVER: 138

Extreme C.U. a beer can popped open (slo mo) as warm beer spurts out. Reveal Joe and Frank drinking on the porch of Joes old farmhouse. The windows are boarded up. The new owners use the place for storage with paid-help now "minding the farm." A dim overhead light illuminates the scene.

CUT TO:

Frank makes owl calls.

FRANK

"A-ooo, A-ooo.

An owl returns the call: A-ooo, A-ooo.

JOE

Used to be bears out here.

FRANK

Not so damn long ago. This place wasn't even timbered yet when we were kids.

JOE

New - ground! You bet.

FRANK

New - ground, shit!

JOE

NEW - GROUND!

FRANK

NOT NEW - GROUND!

JOE

Whattya mean, "Not New - Ground."  
NEW - GROUND!

FRANK

OLD - GROUND!

JOE

OLD - GROUND, SHIT!

FRANK

DAD SAID.

JOE

Said what? What did Dad say?

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

FRANK

You had Sioux villages 25 miles north and another 10 miles south west. Dad said when these was woods, Indian runners would travel messages through here.

JOE

...getting chewed by wolves.

FRANK

Safe from wolves

JOE

Shredded by Grizzlies.

FRANK

Safe from Grizzlies

JOE

Safe, shit!

FRANK

Dad said.

JOE

Dad said what?

FRANK

"Independent of time and space, the runner becomes his message." No wolf or bear gonna eat a message, Joe.

Beat.

JOE

Since when do you...No-no-no! Wait a minute! I get it...

(he raises his finger to his head like a gun.)

FRANK

What's that.

JOE

I know you think that way and I can't resolve it but, I still love ya.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: (2)

138

FRANK  
Think what way?

JOE  
Dad finally did something you respect.

FRANK  
(putting his own finger  
to his head, and a grin  
spreading across his  
face)  
Pop shoulda been an Indian runner.

Pause.

JOE  
Beer's all warm... I'm drunk.

FRANK  
You lightweight, Joe.

JOE  
(laughing)  
I am that! This place looked  
better when I had it!

FRANK  
It did... you know why? 'Cause  
you had the fire in ya. 'Cause  
this was your dream. You're a  
farmer Joe. These people got it  
now, don't even live on the land  
their workin! ain't got NO-fire.

JOE  
The fire... The fire?

FRANK  
'Out now! but, so what? 'tween  
the cradle and now,  
(indicating the farm)  
you happened! You burned!

JOE  
So, whaddo I have to show for it?

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: (3)

138

FRANK

To show for it?... What you got,  
farmer-Joe, is knowin' you once  
was!

JOE

(breaking a smile of  
realization)

On FIRE! Shit man! I burned!

FRANK

The land was churned.

JOE

I burned.

FRANK

The soil was turned.

JOE

I burned.

FRANK

They took what you earned.

JOE

A lesson learned.

FRANK

Meeting adjourned.

JOE

(regarding their  
comraderie)

I've missed this, Franky... missed  
having a laugh with you.

FRANK

Me too, Joe.

As Joe takes a pull on his beer, Frank picks up a short stick  
and bashes out the overhead light.

JOE

What'd you do that for?

FRANK

Okay you big bear! I'm an Indian  
runner!

(more)

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: (4)

138

FRANK (Cont'd)  
I'm a message and the message  
is...bet you can't find me!

On that Frank takes off into the cornfield hooting all the way.  
Joe takes off after him.

JOE  
(laughing)  
I'll get ya! I got a message for  
you...

Bleed MUSIC OVER: (Tribal)

SERIES OF ANGLES: The chase through the corn stalks. Frank:  
Miraculously fast and silent like a mid-western Ninja. Joe:  
Plowing through. Losing his breath.

JOE  
(stopping)  
Allright... You win! You're a  
message! You win!

Frank reveals himself with an ear to ear grin, also out of  
breath. He approaches Joe.

JOE  
(abruptly grabbing  
Frank, playfully  
tackles him and pins  
him)  
The message is never trust a bear!

He tickles Frank into hysterical pleas for the ticklings to end.

CUT TO:

139 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT.

139

Joe stumbles in the front door, drunk; then up the stairs to  
the bedroom.

140 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

140

Maria is awakened from a deep sleep, as Joe puts his face a  
quarter inch from hers.

JOE  
I burned!

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

MARIA  
(stirring)  
Hmm?

JOE  
I burned.

MARIA  
There is butter in the  
refridgerator.

Joe collapses on the bed.

JOE  
(passing out)  
I burned...

CUT TO:

141 EXT. BRIDGE OVER WATER - DAY

141

Intercut the following:

WE SEE: Frank welding at the bridge site.

142 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

142

DOROTHY HANGING PRETTY NEW CURTAINS, DAY. (She looks more pregnant).

143 EXT. BRIDGE SITE - DAY

143

FRANK BEING SHUTTLED BY PILOT BOAT TO RIVER BANK AT BRIDGE BASE WITH OTHER WORKERS.

144 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BABY'S ROOM - DAY

144

DOROTHY PAINTING THE BABY'S ROOM.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

ETC... WE HEAR:

JOE (V.O.)

Frank worked hard... every shift  
he could get on, and Dorothy  
tended to the house, got the ol'  
place lookin' remarkably new.  
Me... I wanted to "burn" again...

145 EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

145

Seed packets (corn, carrots, pumkin) on the ground. We SEE a  
hoe dig into fresh soil, then widen to reveal JOE starting a  
garden in his back yard by Raffael's swing set.

We SEE JOE look up from his new garden, to the upstairs window  
of the house.

ANGLE: Maria in the window. She's been watching Joe, and when  
their eyes meet, she pats her hand over her heart. He smiles  
at her then goes back to his hoe. He is about to chop into the  
ground again when he sees something. Joe picks up a small ship  
of stone. C.U. The stone... is an arrowhead. Joe puts it in  
his pocket goes back to gardening.

CUT TO:

146 INT. FRANKS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

146

Dorothy is standing on her head against a wall. Frank sits in a  
chair timing her with stop watch.

DOROTHY

(straining)

How much longer, Franky?

FRANK

(very serious)

Just forty-seconds, hold on...

DOROTHY

I don't know if this is good for  
the baby Frank...

FRANK

Thirty-three seconds.

Pause, her face getting redder and redder.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

DOROTHY

Frank.

FRANK

Yeah?

DOROTHY

(carefully)

Why do I have to do this?

FRANK

Twenty-five seconds... 'cause I gotta know.

DOROTHY

(almost crying)

Gotta know what, Franky?

Beat

FRANK

Fifteen seconds.

She starts to cry with the strain.

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six,  
 five, four, three, two one.  
 ---Okay, good.

She collapses off the wall and sits up.

I'll marry ya-'f you want.

The tears shut off immediately. A huge smile takes over her teary reddened face. (She's passed the love test.)

CUT TO:

147 EXT. THE PARK - DAY.

147

The Wedding reception is a Sunday afternoon barbecue, informal. A sign posted on a tree reads: "THIS AREA RESERVED FOR THE ROBERT'S FAMILY RECEPTION. CONGRATULATIONS FRANK AND DOROTHY." Children (among them Raffael) play in the sandbox, tended by Maria. Joe runs the hotdog/hamburger detail at the grill. FRANK sits on a bench sucking a Coors with his arm around a very pregnant Dorothy. Randall and his pimply-faced young GIRLFRIEND set place settings.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

Also there is LAWRENCE (the big one armed Vet Joe earlier arrested for terrorizing the hippies in the van), with his wife, BEVERLY, a sexy, if 'used up' busty blonde. Two or three other couples take up the slack... and there you have the guest list:

THIS PARTY SHOULD BE SHOT VERY LOOSELY AND IMPROVISATIONALLY, WITH A FOUNDATION OF THE FOLLOWING DYNAMICS (MUSIC PLAYS ON A TRANSISTOR RADIO):

- 1) FRANK is relaxed, happy, and attentive to DOROTHY.
- 2) JOE tells FRANK that FRANK inspired him to start a garden. He gives FRANK the arrowhead he found in the new garden.
- 3) RANDALL fearfully relieves JOE from his chef duties, with his GIRLFRIEND helping him. Kids put sand in his pants again.
- 4) LAWRENCE (very drunk) gets JOE and FRANK on the side, asking them for advice on how to deal with his wife, who he suspects of sexual indiscretions.
- 5) FRANK takes an eyeful of LAWRENCE'S wife, Beverly... and she of him.
- 6) DOROTHY and MARIA conspire on the joys of loving the "Roberts boys", babies, and babies in the making.
- 7) ALL toast the "good life", and the guest of honor in Dorothy's womb.

CUT TO:

148 EXT. JOE'S BACKYARD GARDEN - NIGHT.

148

Joe waters the garden.

MARIA (O.S.)  
Dinner's ready

CUT TO:

149 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT (WIDE SHOT)

149

With the garage door open, we see frank hitting a heavy bag slung from the rafters, in his garage (make-shift gym). A single bulb hangs from the garage ceiling.

150 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

150

Frank bangs hard against the bag. Dorothy appears at the house/garage adjacent door.

DOROTHY  
Dinner's almost ready.

FRANK  
Hit that door shutter, baby. I'm getting chewed ta shit by these skeeters.

She hits a switch on the wall, the garage door closes.

Thanks, hun.

She lingers at the door.

...I'll be done in a minute.

DOROTHY  
Franky?

FRANK  
Yep?

DOROTHY  
Can we go to the movies tonight?  
They got that 2001 playing over  
at the drive in?

FRANK  
Nope.

DOROTHY  
Why never? Why can't we?

FRANK  
I've told you, I don't like the  
movies.... like payin' money for  
somebody else's nightmares.

DOROTHY  
Some are like nice dreams, too.  
We could go to a nice one.

Wiping off with a towel.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

150

FRANK

I said, no. I don't like the movies. I don't like sad 'ones... and I especially hate "nice" ones... two hours in a warm blanket, just to get thrown back out into the col' world... you got your party just yesterday. Ain't that enough excitement for one week.

CUT TO:

151 INT. CAESAR'S SALOON - NIGHT:

151

Lawrence, the big redneck we saw earlier, downs one last tequila. He shoots his glance to Caesar at the end of the bar. Caesar wiping the bar top, smiles at Lawrence. As Caesar turns away from him we tilt to favor Caesar's hand making a circular motion on the bar top with a rag. We now intercut two shots at 30 f.p.s: A zoom\push-in that is Lawrence's P.O.V. of the circling rag with a zoom\push-in on Lawrence until we are extremely tight on both, ending as we tilt up from the circling rag to Caesar's smiling face.

152 EXT. CAESAR'S SALOON - NIGHT

152

Lawrence comes out onto the sidewalk, his walk is staggered, his face forlorn. He finds a stoop to sit on. He buries his head between his knees.

MOVING P.O.V.:

Joe sees Lawrence from his police car.

Joe curbs the car by Lawrence.

JOE

Pretty early in the evening to be without your footing, isn't it Lawrence?

LAWRENCE

I'm spinnin' is what I am, Joe. Everythings just goin round and round and I'm this itty-bitty man. I'm this itty-bitty hook-ed man standin' in the middle of it.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

LAWRENCE (Cont'd)  
It's a big clean-up rag and it's  
circling me, closing in...  
(he weeps)  
Sorry, Joe. Can you bring me  
home?

Joe has gotten out of the car to help him in..

JOE  
Come on.

CUT TO:

153 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

153

Frank eats while Dorothy waits for approval.

FRANK  
Goo-ood, lil' sister!

She smiles broadly.

DOROTHY  
(suddenly)  
Oh, Frank! It's kicking!

She places his hand on her stomach.

FRANK  
That's the "Last Wild Son", you're  
bakin'.

DOROTHY  
(to the unborn)  
Is that right, what your daddy  
says? Are you gonna be a strong  
handsome dude?

FRANK  
(slow, deliberate)  
Whata 'bout me? Whattaya say you  
and me go fiddle with the  
hydraulics?

DOROTHY  
Fraa-ank! Don't talk like that!

Frank goes silent. He stares at Dorothy.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

Why're you lookin' like that at me?

He continues.

Frank, you're scarin' me.

THEN:

FRANK

(burning mean)

Did I say the wrong words?... Is it that you don't know me, that you don't hear when I say something nice?... That you don't know how to see good things, from bad things? Is it that you and me are strangers?

DOROTHY

I don't know what you're talkin' about.

FRANK

We're not strangers! Okay!...  
We're not strangers. Allright!

She flinches.

What are you backin' off from!?  
I tol' you I wasn't never gonna smack you again! Didn't I?!  
...You backin off like that-makes me feel like doin' it!

He's about to hit her, instead, he gets up, puts on his coat.

DOROTHY

(terrified)

Where are you going?

FRANK

Out and about and all that shit.

He exits, she weeps.

CUT TO:

154 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT 154

Frank comes charging out the door. He jumps into the Buick and splits, leaving some rubber.

155 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 155

Dorothy stands by the window, framed in pretty new drapes. She watches Frank speed away.

DOROTHY  
(to the unborn)  
It's gonna be okay, baby... he's  
just restless...

CUT TO:

156 EXT. TOWN STREETS - NIGHT (FRANK) 156

SERIES OF ANGLES: FRANK DRIVING THROUGH TOWN.

MUSIC OVER: "THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN," Nancy Sinatra.

Intercut with:

157 EXT. TOWN STREETS - NIGHT (JOE) 157

SERIES OF ANGLES: JOE DRIVING THE POLICE CAR THROUGH TOWN.  
MUSIC CONTINUES.

158 EXT. STREET\INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT 158

As music comes to a close, WE: pick up Frank as he pulls up to a stop light next to a Chevy. There is a WOMAN with her 8 YEAR OLD SON driving the Chevy. We recognize her as Lawrence's wife, Beverly, the busty blonde, sporting a new black eye.

FRANK  
(charm in overdrive)  
Hey there Beverly Morrison!

BEVERLY  
Well, Frank Roberts. How are you  
Mr. Danger?

FRANK  
Dangerous.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

BEVERLY

You look it... but I got his child  
with me.

FRANK

(indicating their cars)  
So you do... but we got two  
lodgings here and I got some  
skeeter bites need scratchin!

BEVERLY

(noting that the light  
has turned green)  
Insects can be trying.

Frank takes off, Beverly right behind him.

CUT TO:

159 EXT. THE PARK - NIGHT.

159

Joe is cruising the maintenance road. He sees Beverly's Chevy.  
ANGLE: the BOY, straining to see out the Chevy window as Joe's  
headlamps cut through his face. Joe pulls up, gets out, going  
over to the boy in the car.

JOE

Where's your mommy, Roger?

ROGER

(monotone)  
She be doin' the wrong thing by  
my daddy with some dude back  
there, behind the toilets.

JOE

Stay here.

Joe leaves.

ROGER

(alone) (monotone)  
Didn't had no other plans.

We follow Joe around the back of the toilet structure.

ANGLE: JOE'S P.O.V.: The Buick. (A blues tune plays on the car  
radio.)

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

Beverly exits the steamed up Buick. Buttoning a last button and kissing Frank good-bye. The music is flipped on the radio dial. Joe stays unseen as Frank drives off. Joe waits, as Beverly makes her way around the toilet structure, where, out of the boy's sight, Joe confronts her.

JOE

Hello, Beverly.

BEVERLY

Jesus! You scared the hell out of me!

JOE

I took your husband home tonight. He wasn't feelin' too good.

BEVERLY

It goes that way when you pour down the liquor day in and out.

JOE

Yeah... seems to feel his wife isn't being much of a wife, and it's distressing to him... then he distresses me when I gotta take him to jail for acting out.

BEVERLY

He can't keep his hands to himself, that's his problem.

JOE

He's your husband, Beverly. A little nurturing wouldn't hurt... you don't seem to be wasting any on young Roger.

BEVERLY

I don't know if a man from your family is in any position to speak...you know how they always say "A man looks good in uniform"...you don't.

JOE

Goodnight, Beverly.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: (2)

159

BEVERLY

It's too hot a night to chat with  
a humorless man.

She returns to her car... drives off.

ANGLE: Joe watching. As he goes back to the police car, grabs a  
cigarette, and stares into the night, WE:

CUT TO:

160 INT. CAESAR'S SALOON - NIGHT.

160

EXTREME C.U: Frank sucks deeply on a cigarette, then quick-downs  
a shot of Jack. There is a fury about him. Frank exchanges  
glances with a GIRL who is with a GUY. The GUY tries to stare  
Frank down.

FRANK

You got a problem with your eye?

GUY.

What?

FRANK

Your EYE! You got a problem with  
your FUCKIN' EYE?!

GUY

(reluctantly brave)

No.

FRANK

You want one?

CUT TO:

161 INT. JOE'S POLICE CAR - NIGHT

161

CLOSE on his cigarette being stubbed out in the ashtray.

SHORT WAVE RADIO

All units in the vicinity of 1131  
Bracken Boulevard. See the man,  
511 in progress. Caesar's Saloon,  
1131 Bracken.

(CONTINUED)

7/30/90

95.

161 CONTINUED:

161

JOE  
0-3 responding. E.T.A. three  
minutes.

RADIO  
(various responding  
units)

Joe hits the siren and the accelerator.

CUT TO:

162 EXT. CAESAR'S SALOON - NIGHT.

162

The last of the bar crowd is being moved onto the street by Randall. Randall's partner is by their patrol car with the GUY with whom Frank last "spoke". The guy's left eye is repulsively bloody and swollen. The guy is complaining that Frank is a lunatic, ...etc. AS:

Joe arrives on the scene.

JOE  
(walking toward the bar)  
What's the deal?

RANDALL'S PARTNER  
(sotto)  
It was your brother, sarge.

Joe moves immediately to Randall.

JOE  
Where is he?

RANDALL  
He's in there waitin' for you,  
boss. I had to cuff 'im to the  
bar rail.

CUT TO:

163 INT. CAESAR'S SALOON - NIGHT

163

Joe enters the bar, the place is a shambles. There is Frank, sitting low on the bar rail, one hand cuffed to it. CAESAR, the owner/bartender, is handing him a drink from over the bar. Joe just looks for a beat, THEN:

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

JOE

Looks like he ran up a tab tonight, huh Caesar?

CAESAR

He did that... tells me he can sell off some furniture.

JOE

Can you give us a minute, Caesar...

Caesar moves into the back room.

That right, Franky? You can sell off some furniture... That's GOOD. You let off some steam... Dorothy's got nothin' to sit on... and what are you gonna sell off to keep this fella with the big eye from pressin' charges? With your record, you could do a year on this...

FRANK

(drunk)

What can I say, Joe? I fucked up. I get in a violent way. I look around a room and I want to bust everything to hell. I look at a man and I want him to look at me cross-eyed. I want that excuse to 'do' him. I don't know why-for...all I know is somebody's gotta pay, and it can't be me. I may be wrong as the devil, Joe. But it can't be me... just can't, sorry...

JOE

So you spend the rest of your life in jail? Isn't that payin'?

FRANK

Jail?... That's just a bear, man. I'm a message, it can't touch me. Joe, pass me a cigarette.

He does.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED: (2)

163

JOE

I thought you were done with this shit. What about Dorothy? The baby? Can it touch them?

FRANK

Outside parties.

JOE

What?

FRANK

Outside parties! Gimme a light.

Joe lights the cigarette, then tries a tactical change.

JOE

Franky, you remember when we used to come in this place? You, and me, and Maria?

FRANK

Drinkin'...

JOE

Drinkin' good...dancin with Maria!

Pause.

FRANK

We had some Western times...

Pause.

FRANK

I had a moment, Joe! One little bitty moment, Like I could hold between these two fingers! And I just peeked at the fucker-that promise...and it looked nice...then...(snaps his fingers)...didn't look nice no more.

JOE

(frustrated)

But, things, are lookin' nice now! You got a job, a great girl... baby comin'... what is it Frank?...

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED: (3)

163

FRANK

I don't know, Joe. It come up  
on me from behind.

Pause.

Joe suddenly moves to Frank.

JOE

Give me your free hand.

As Joe cuffs Frank's free hand to the bar rail.

FRANK

What are you doin', Joe?

JOE

(exiting out the bar)  
I'm gonna try to cut you a break.

CUT TO:

164 EXT. CAESAR'S SALOON - NIGHT

164

The guy who Frank hit is refusing medical attention from one  
of the deputies. He is desperate to show his GIRL that he is  
tough.

GUY

The son-of-a-bitch caught me  
blind-sided!

Joe approaches the guy.

JOE

You want to file charges on this  
asshole in the bar?

GUY

Hell, yes I do! I'd like to file  
my fist right through his face,  
the son-of-a-bitch! He caught  
me blind-sided!

JOE

Well come with me. I need you  
to identify him.

Joe and Randall exchange a conspiratorial glance.

165 INT. CAESAR'S SALOON - NIGHT

165

Joe walks the guy over to Frank.

JOE  
(as they approach Frank)  
Jesus, was this asshole ever  
callin' your lady some awful  
names.

Frank looks up, confused.

On this, the guy splits from Joe and attacks Frank (who is cuffed), Joe lets it go on for a few seconds, then separates them.

GUY  
(being held back by Joe)  
SON-OF-A-BITCH! SON-OF-A-BITCH!

JOE  
That'll do, pal!  
(then to Frank, who is  
bleeding)  
Hey, you! You want to press  
charges on this fella?

GUY  
What the hell are you talking  
about?!... we'll just call it  
even, okay.. okay?

Frank looks at Joe with the most "pissed off" look of gratitude you've ever seen.

CUT TO:

166 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

166

Dorothy is kneeling at the window, still framed by the pretty new drapes. She see's Joe's police car arrive out front.

167 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

167

She quickly dashes to the kitchen to take up a casual, unworried position. We HEAR Joe and Frank coming in. As soon as she sees Frank's bloodied face... her casualness crumbles.

DOROTHY  
Oh no! Oh no!... You're bleedin'!

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

FRANK

Goddamn rocket scientist, I'll  
tell ya...

JOE

I'm gonna go, Frank... I had the  
Buick towed over to the barracks.

Frank is drunkenly trying to wash his face off in the kitchen  
basin.

(to Dorothy)

Make sure he comes by to see me  
tomorrow. I'll hold onto the car  
keys til then, alright?

DOROTHY

Allright, Joe. Thanks for gettin'  
him home.

JOE

Goodnight, Dorothy.

DOROTHY

'Night Joe.

ANGLE: Frank's blood, washing down the sink.

CUT TO:

168 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

168

Hot coffee, being poured from cup to saucer. Joe sits at the  
kitchen table. Maria brings over his coffee and joins him.

MARIA

You didn't sleep at all?

Joe shakes his head "no".

Maybe you can get off early.  
'Come home... I'll rub your  
back...

Joe tries to smile, but he is suddenly overcome by tears.

Oh, Joe. You've done everything  
you can. He's got a problem, and  
he's gonna have to deal with it.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

168

JOE  
I know. I know. I can't help  
it; I look at him, and I see this  
little boy with his little toy  
gunbelt on...my little brother.

She holds him.

CUT TO:

169 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

169

As Frank wakes, he has to slowly peel his blood-glued face from  
the pillow. He looks, and is, miserably hung over. Dorothy  
is not in the room...

FRANK  
(yelling)  
Dot! Dot!!!

Dorothy comes running into the room.

DOROTHY  
Yes, Franky?

FRANK  
C'mere.

She goes to him on the bed, he holds her.

I got a little off-course last  
night.

DOROTHY  
I know.

FRANK  
I love you, lil' sister.

DOROTHY  
(tightening her hold)  
I know.

CUT TO:

7/30/90

102.

170 OMITTED 170

171 OMITTED 171

172 INT. FRANK'S GARAGE - DAY. 172

Frank pulls an old bicycle from the garage rafters.

MUSIC OVER:

173 EXT. TOWN STREETS - DAY 173

SERIES OF ANGLES: Frank riding the bike through town. INTERCUT with P.O.V.'s of "Town Life" as he sees it (people "go in thru the motions" of life).

CUT TO:

174 OMITTED 174

175 EXT. TOWN STREETS - DAY 175

Frank on the bike, passes a pickup football game in a field between two houses. There is a scuffle between two of the child players. Frank stops, observing as a bigger kid beats up on a smaller kid. ANGLE: The fight SLO-MO. Roger (Bev Morrison's boy) is the bully. We see Frank, fear in his eyes.

CUT TO:

176 INT. SHERIFF'S BARRACKS - DAY 176

Joe is at his desk, (Randall at the desk beside him) doing paper work when Frank comes in, escorted by another deputy.

ANOTHER DEPUTY

Look who I caught doin' wheelies  
in the parking lot!

FRANK

Hey, Joe.

JOE

Hey, Franky.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

176

FRANK

Joe, I came for the car, but I want to talk to ya, if you got a minute...

JOE

Sure...Randall, can you follow Billy and drop Frankys' car at his place.

RANDALL

Sure boss.

JOE

C'mon Frank, you ride with me.

Frank lunges suddenly at Randall "BOO!" Randall jumps backward.

RANDALL

(pissed)

What'd you do that for?

CUT TO:

177 EXT. THE STREETS - DAY - LATE AFTERNOON.

177

Joe's police car slides through town. The old bicycle sticking out of the trunk.

178 INT. JOE'S POLICE CAR - DAY

178

Joe and Frank.

FRANK

I was drunk last night, you know, man... I know you're worried about will-I take care of business with the ol' lady, and when the baby comes, and I appreciate it... but don't worry. I'm good.

JOE

I want you to have a good life, Frank.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

178

FRANK

I know... I hear ya... I guess  
I'm here to say; I'm sorry about  
all the shit... I'm sorry about  
Mom and Pop. That's why I came  
back. I haven't said it... So,  
I'm saying it.

(he starts to cry)

I'm sorry... that's all.

Joe reaches over, putting his hand on Frank's shoulder supportively.

CUT TO:

179 EXT.\INT. ABSTRACT LIMBO

179

(This is a heightened version of what we have seen previously)  
SUDDEN SCREAMING IMAGE OF THE INDIAN RUNNER.

CUT TO:

180 INT. JOE'S POLICE CAR - DAY

180

Frank pulls away from Joe as if from a horrible nightmare.

JOE

You alright.

FRANK

(catching his breath)

Yeah...yeah, sorry.

CUT TO:

180A INT. TOY STORE - DAY

180A

Dorothy excitedly purchasing baby toys

CUT TO:

180B EXT. TOY STORE - MAIN STREET - DAY

180B

Frank stands on the sunny sidewalk waiting for Dorothy. She exits the toy store and they walk together up the sidewalk towards us.

(CONTINUED)

180B CONTINUED:

180B

(NOTE: They are coming straight at us, on the sidewalk, TELEFOTO. NOTE: Frank has his shirt off and it is tucked into the back of his pants, down one leg.)

CUT TO:

181 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

181

Frank stands in the doorway watching Dorothy as she hold various toys and objects to her pregnant belly, joyfully explaining each item to her unborn child. Frank, in another world, fear in his eyes.

CUT TO:

182 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT.

182

Joe and Maria are in the upstairs bathroom. Joe sits on the sink counter top sipping from a glass of scotch. Joe in his Levi's and cowboy boots, is bare-chested. Maria, with her nightgown pulled up, sits on the toilet. They are quiet for a few beats, THEN:

JOE

He screws around...

MARIA

(stunned)

He does? How do you know he does?

JOE

I saw him.

MARIA

JOE!

JOE

(explains)

I was patrolling the park; the night he had the fight, the day of the barbecue...

MARIA

This was an eventful night...

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED:

182

JOE

This was about eight. Bev Morrison was getting out of his car behind the restrooms.

MARIA

Bev Morrison... You don't think Dorothy knows anything about it do you?

JOE

No.

Pause.

MARIA

Did you see her naked?

He gives her a hard stare.

Sorry... 'stoned woman's question'.

Beat.

I don't know, Joe. I think he's just a very self-destructive guy...

JOE

(sarcastic)

Well, that's all good and romantic.

A long beat as Joe downs his drink, then changes the tone:

Your poopy stinks.

MARIA

(half real/half mock shock)

No!

JOE

Your poopy stinks.

MARIA

Noooo! Dooooon't!

JOE

I love you, Maria.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: (2)

182

MARIA

Get out! Get out of here!

He's laughing.

183 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

183

We pull back with him out of the bathroom, into the bedroom. Maria shuts the door behind him.

Joe! That's mean...

Joe's thoughts go back to Frank.

CUT TO:

184 EXT. BRIDGE - CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

184

The following sequence should hold the irony of the "coolest" images of Frank. The tone is self-loathing.

DAVID BAERWALD'S "MR. DANGEROUS" PLAYS OVER:

SLO-MO:

A) Frank is perched high atop the bridge. He welds the last connection of his night shift. The sparks descend beautifully to the river below.

B,1) He pulls his hard hat and face mask off as he's shuttled by pilot boat to the landing.

B,2) Above the landing is a foreman's shed where Frank punches his time card.

C) Telephoto (high angle dutch): He walks towards us against a dawn sky (cars in foreground, still and moving as other workers head home).

185 EXT. TOWN STREETS/INT. CAR - DAWN

185

Series of angles, as he winds the Buick on home. Sucking a cigarette. (Include helicopter shot.)

FADE MUSIC AND IMAGE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

186 INT. FRANK HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

186

C.U: Frank's work-dirty hand glides over Dorothy's pristine and hugely pregnant belly.

WIDE ANGLE FRANK, in his work clothes lays partway on the bed. He strokes Dorothy's belly. She has just awakened.

FRANK  
(referring to her belly)  
"Because it's there"

DOROTHY  
What?

FRANK  
That's why you climb it.

DOROTHY  
(no clue)  
Oh.

CUT TO:

187 EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

187

We HEAR the telephone ringing.

188 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

188

Inside the house. Maria is giving an English lesson to an older Mexican man. Joe answers the phone.

JOE  
(into the phone)  
Joe Roberts... What is it Frank?!

Maria reacts.

We'll be right there!  
(to Maria)  
The baby's comin'!

CUT TO:

189 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

189

Dorothy is in labor. There, are the DOCTOR, a MIDWIFE, and Frank. We HEAR Joe's police siren as his car pulls up.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED:

189

FRANK

That's my brother, I'll be right  
back.

He leaves the room.

190 EXT.\INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

190

In the living room, Frank peaks out the window.

Franks P.O.V.: (over shoulder) Joe and Maria getting out of the car. Maria holds Raffael and passes him to Joe. They approach the house. Frank leaves frame. Maria lets herself in, followed by Joe. When they are in the house, Joe sees out the window: the Buick pulls away.

CUT TO:

191 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM\HALLWAY - DAY

191

Maria holds one of Dorothy's hands. Joe opens the door ajar, signaling Maria.

MARIA

(to Dorothy)

I'll be back in a second.

She comes out into the hall with Joe.

JOE

Ask the doctor where Frank went.  
I just saw him drive off.

She goes back in the room, whispers to the doctor, he whispers back. She comes back to Joe.

MARIA

He said Frank left the room just  
to let us in...

JOE

I'm gonna go find him.

DOROTHY (O.S.)

(in agony) FRANKY!!!

CUT TO:

192 INT. CAESAR'S SALOON - DAY.

192

We are up close and vertical, looking down on the bar top. A shot glass of whiskey sits in the center of frame. Caesar's hand enters frame lifting the glass to wipe his rag through frame. We tilt up into an over shoulder on Caesar, Frank's back is to us.

CAESAR

Did you ever want to kill someone. Just out of rage? You don't do it cause you're afraid. It's all about fear. Fear of the law come down, sure. But mostly, fear like in sin. Sin with God, almighty God. What if he ain't almighty? What if he ain't sacred? You might just as well have done the fella, right? Goodness maybe ain't nothin' but fear.

Joe enters the bar. Frank sees him.

FRANK

(answering Caesar)

I think fears are phantoms.

Caesar goes back to work washing glasses in the corner. We see that Frank is the only customer at the bar, or in the whole place, for that matter. A TV set silently shows coverage of the riots at the democratic convention. Joe takes a stool next to Frank.

FRANK

What are you doin' here?

JOE

(sitting)

Looking for you.

FRANK

You found me.

JOE

What are you doin' here?

FRANK

Havin' a drink. Can I buy you one?

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

192

JOE  
Don't you think you ought to be  
by your lady's side... leastways  
over at the house?

FRANK  
No.

JOE  
No? Why not?

FRANK  
Why?

JOE  
C'mon Frank! Don't give me this  
horseshit!... 'the hell you  
doin'?!

Caesar walks by, pullin' on his sweater.

CAESAR  
How are you, Joe?

JOE  
'Afternoon Caesar.

CAESAR  
Watch the place for a minute  
boys...gotta pay a a visit to the  
"captain's chair."

He exits.

JOE  
I'm tryin' to understand why you  
are such a selfish son-of-a-bitch.  
I want to know how to help you!  
You're my brother Frank. And  
you're the angriest man I know,  
and I want to know why. I want  
to know why you hurt people! why  
you aren't with Dorothy when your  
baby's being born... I want to  
know...

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED: (2)

192

FRANK

(interrupting)

Let me ask you, Joe: how'd it feel when you killed that fella... that kid out on the highway?

JOE

Not good, Frank.

FRANK

No, huh? Hmm... I woulda' thought it woulda' felt real fuckin' good... Clean, legal... saved your own life... can't forget that. It's common sense Joe, common fuckin sense. That's how these people think.

JOE

What people, Frank? You're on a tangent man.

FRANK

No Joe, it ain't no fuckin' tangent.

JOE

What people, Frank?

FRANK

These fuckers don't give you enough time to figure out the problem! It's a math class. The whole deal here is a math class, and like every math class, There is some clown in the front row, everybody hates this clown, he's raising his hand, answering the fucking questions, so what do we do? MOVE ON! We, all of us, MOVE ON. READY OR NOT! HE is deciding when we move on! Yes! He knows his math! I hadn't figured out about Santa Claus and dragons yet and gasoline was my favorite smell! It's like your farm, Joe. Who grew better crops? You, or the math-man who bought it out from under you? YOU, right!?

(more)

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED: (3)

192

FRANK (Cont'd)  
And what's a farm for?...crops.  
Thats the world...And it's a  
beauty! Am I right?

JOE  
You're right.

FRANK  
Am I wrong?

JOE  
You're not wrong.

FRANK  
There is no common sense. I'm  
right, right?

JOE  
Right, Frank. You're right.

FRANK  
I'm right!

JOE  
Right!

FRANK  
Alright then, pass me another  
beer.

JOE  
(passing the beer)  
Right. So, your... anger... your  
problems...the worlds fault?

FRANK  
(burns in rage)  
That's right, Joe. Look at it  
(indicates the TV:Police  
clash with student  
protesters brutally)  
It's the worlds fault. It's your  
fault. It's my fault. It's the  
fault of every mother-grabbin'  
motherfucking "human being" as  
they call themselves, every  
fuckin' one of them out there!

(CONTINUED)

192. CONTINUED: (4)

192

JOE

Life lacks tenderness, does it?

Frank laughs uproariously. A laughter turning quickly to despair.

FRANK

You go on back to the house there, Joe. You go on back. Go see my angel get born. Life must be great if you can laugh it up, huh, Joe? No, mister, I'll just stay here and drink it down, thank you...They's only two kindsa' men in this hell, Joe...Heros' and outlaws, which one are you?

There is along beat as Joe studies Frank's face, then:

JOE

Men come strong and weak, brother; and you ain't strong. Men stick by their families through thick 'n thin; and you're in a bar when Dorothy needs you most...So you go 'head Frank. You drink it down. Oh yeah, brother... you got it right. There ain't nothin' worthwhile left...not even our own children.

Frank, holding back tears.

FRANK

Your eyes are closed, Joe. Keep 'em like that. I love you, Joe.

JOE

My eyes are open, Frank. And I love lookin' at my little boy, and my wife, and my little house, and my little garden. And I love you, Frank.

Frank is very shaken.

FRANK

Is that all there is, Joe?

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED: (5)

192

JOE

Why does that scare you so much.

FRANK

Why doesn't it scare you? I'm spot welding a bridge for fat retired men and their fat wives and fat kids to drive their RV's over, downin' Bosco and chowin' wonderbread chit-chatting 'bout their broken Maytag! I'm makin' a fuckin' impact is what I'm doin'.

Joe stares at Frank for a long beat. Joe suddenly breaks his scotch glass on the bar, Frank looks at him, baffled. Joe takes a sliver of glass purposefully sliding it across his own palm, opening a deep gash. He holds it out to Frank, blood dripping onto the bar.

JOE

(indicating the blood)

That's all there is Frank. Out there (he points to the door of the the bar) it's family... in here - it's hell.

Joe exits the bar leaving Frank to ponder his blood.

CUT TO:

193 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM\HALLWAY - DAY.

193

Dorothy in agonized labor.

We see Maria, Dorothy and Doctor. Maria goes to the hallway where Joe waits (his hand bandaged).

MARIA

(the bandage)

What happened?

JOE

It's nothing. She alright?

MARIA

She's tough... where's Frank?

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

193

JOE

Not here.

Dorothy screams out.

DOROTHY

Frank!!

SOUND overlap as Dorothy's scream of Frank's name echos over:

194 EXT. THE TOWN STREETS - NIGHT FALL

194

A SERIES OF STATIC ANGLES as night falls over the town: Storefronts, streets, alleys, farms, and finally resting on Caesar's. The echo of Dorothy's scream fades out.

CUT TO:

195 INT. CAESAR'S - NIGHT

195

Frank sits at the bar. Ten or twelve people occupy the joint. ANGLE on Frank: As we watch Frank we are divorced from reality. The volume of the bar shifts with Frank's internal shifts. Frank looks to the door and the volume lowers. Frank looks to Caesar, his bar rag going in that circular motion and the volume rises. Frank looks at his brother's blood on the bar and the volume lowers. Frank looks at Caesar's rag and the volume lowers a little bit. In Frank's face we see a decision. He puts his money on the bar, waves good-night to Caesar and heads to the door. With each step to the door the volume rises. Just before reaching the exit, Frank stops, turns. NEW ANGLE: Caesar SLO-MO his rag as it begins to mop up Joe's blood. (The only thing we hear is the loud intensified squeaking sound of the rag as it mops up Joe's blood on the bar) Frank moves towards him, we move with him. Frank's P.O.V.: Caesar: slow distorted. NEW ANGLE: A tight shot: Caesar. We hold a piece of an empty chair in the foreground. SLO-MO. Caesar. Frank's hand comes into frame beginning to lift the chair up through the top of frame.

CUT TO:

196 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

196

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED: 196

The muted SLO-MO sounds from the previous scene carry us into Frank's bedroom and combine with Dorothy's screams of pain.

CUT TO:

197 INT. CAESARS - NIGHT 197

The muted sounds from the two previous are heard as we follow the path of the chair SLO-MO as it continues to rise through frame. First obscuring the face Caesar, then revealing them. As he notices Frank standing above him, his expression turns to horror.

CUT TO:

198 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 198

Again, the muted sounds from the previous scenes are heard. With emphasis on Dorothy's pain. Joe paces, (SLO-MO) sipping from a scotch glass. As the volume of Dorothy's scream rises we see Joe raise his hand to his ear and we:

CUT TO:

199 INT. CAESAR'S - NIGHT 199

In real time, real sound: HIGH ANGLE: On the cut, the impact of the chair, Franky brings down on Caesar causing a loud CRACK! On this crack we:

CUT TO:

200 EXT.\INT. ABSTRACT LIMBO: 200

We see the Indian runner running towards us.

CUT TO:

201 INT. CAESAR'S - NIGHT 201

We watch as the chair comes down on Caesar. Another CRACK is heard as blood spurts from his head.

CUT TO:

- 202 EXT.\INT. ABSTRACT LIMBO: 202  
The Indian runner gets closer, as we:  
CUT TO:
- 203 INT. CAESAR'S - NIGHT 203  
Angle is on Franky as he brings the chair down a third time on the Caesar. The CRACK is followed by a spurt of blood. As it reaches Frank's face we:  
CUT TO:
- 204 EXT.\INT. ABSTRACT LIMBO: 204  
The Indian runner is almost upon us as we:  
CUT TO:  
The following are a series of quick flash cuts at the speed of a heartbeat:
- 205 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 205  
Dorothy's face of agony.
- 206 INT. CAESAR'S - NIGHT 206  
Frank's face, realizing what he has done bolts out of the bar. A young woman's face (a splattering of her Caesar's blood).  
CUT TO:
- 207 EXT. CAESAR'S - NIGHT 207  
Frank runs gets into his car and tears off.  
CUT TO:
- 208 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 208  
CLOSE UP on telephone, the ring is piercing. Joe's hand reaches into frame and brings the phone to his ear:

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED:

208

JOE  
 Frank? What? What? Oh God, no.  
 No...

As Joe is talking on the phone he looks up and out the window and sees: Frank. He sits in the buick, engine idling on the street in front of the house gazing in at Joe, almost expressionless. Joe's heart sinks, the phone drops from his hand. He walks as if pulled by a slow magnet, out the front door to the porch.

209 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

209

Joe. From this closer point, he can now see the blood on Franky's hands and face. They just stare at each other. Then:

JOE  
 (taking a step towards  
 Frank)  
 Frank...

ANGLE Frank: His expressionless face turns from Joe. His foot hits the gas. The car roars away. Joe runs to his police car, tears out of the driveway, backing through a picket fence and goes after Frank.

Joe hits the siren, and is in pursuit!

SERIES OF ANGLES: High speed chase. Led by Frank, the two cars fly by all the familiar terrain: Around corners onto the main drag, past the crime scene itself. ANGLE: We are looking straight down main street, the two cars barreling towards us. A train whipping through the bottom of frame in foreground. As the cars approach in what appears to be an inescapable collision with the train, we drop down quickly below the train where the cars have veered down an incline into a compact, concrete underpass. Both cars sideswipping its walls.

210 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

210

INTERCUT: Dorothy in hard labor with:

211 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

211

SERIES OF ANGLES: The chase, their faces, blah, blah, blah. Full of energy and extensive. Country roads, near misses...etc.

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED:

211

Out of nowhere, the Indian runner (face and body painted in white streaks) dashes into the road. Frank sees him. QUICK CUTS: In the rear view: Joe. Directly in front of Frank: the Indian. Frank (a decision). Frank slams the brakes. The Buick skids straight at, but stops just short of, the runner. Joe spins out behind him. Frank's P.O.V. the runner SLO-MO: The Indian runs into a literal "vanishing point" disappearing before our eyes.

ANGLE: Joe, heaves a sigh of relief, thinks the chase is over. When he looks out, Frank is still in the stopped Buick looking at him (checking?). Silence...THEN:

VROOOM! Frank hits the gas again.

JOE  
(to himself)  
Son of a Bitch !!!

The chase is on again.

212 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

212

Dorothy pushing.

213 EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - NIGHT

213

AGAIN: Series of angles (the chase).

We come to the place in the road with the STATE LINE sign. When Joe sees the sign, he is right on Frank's heels...the radio squawks:

RADIO (V.O.)  
Unit 03, unit 03, what is your  
position Joe?

214 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

214

WE SEE: The baby born. (This should be actual birth footage.)

215 EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - NIGHT

215

RADIO  
Unit 03, unit 03, do you read me,  
over?

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED:

215

Joe picks up the hand set, depresses the talk switch, is about to report position when something changes in his face. He puts the hand set down.

Suddenly, Joe pulls over to the side of the highway.

Over an extended P.O.V. of Frank's tail lights moving in to the distance, we HEAR:

JOE (V.O.)

I knew I'd never see or hear from Franky again. He turned his back, on himself, and on his family. I went home that night, watered my garden, kissed my baby and held my wife until morning. Life is good. My brother Frank...

WE HAVE DESATURATED TO BLACK AND WHITE:

Same shot, black and white. Franks car stops. It backs up to within' twenty yards of Joe, stops.

Angle: Joe (in color) watching.

Angle: Frank's car (B & W).

The door opens, out comes the seven year old Frank in his cowboy suit.

Angle: Joe (color).

Intercut stare-down.

Then:

Angle: Young Frank (B & W) He draws his toy six-shooter. We freeze frame, (PORTRAIT OF A BABY GUNFIGHTER) over we hear: FATHER'S voice reprised - "You on Earth to hurt people little boy?"

SLOWLY WE FADE TO BLACK:

Music over titles.

END