

THE LOW DWELLER

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FADE IN:

ON A SHAGBARK TREE - SUMMER NIGHT

and there's a pie-eyed man at the base, late twenties, sturdy and thick-wristed. His eyes are dark brown, but the liquor's in him and they're barely open now.

This is the low dweller, CHARLIE 'SLIM' HENDRICK.

POLICE SIRENS fill the air. Distant, but encroaching.

There's not a mark on him to explain the blood on his shirt - it's not his. He stirs a bit as if nudged and his eyes raise.

SLIM'S POV

across the rural dirt road, a weathered farmhouse sits vacant on the land. An aged 'For Sale' sign peaks above the brown summer overgrowth.

The SIRENS close in and throw their blue-red lights onto the trees and tall grass and finally...Slim.

And then, from the sky, MAYFLIES FALL. In sheets. Weightless, thin-winged insects.

DEPUTY MULBY NOLAN, late twenties, approaches cautiously, DEPUTY #1 at his side. Guns drawn.

DEPUTY NOLAN
Slim. Slim tell me what's goin'
on...

DEPUTY #1
Speak up, you sumabitch!

Deputy #1 advances on Slim.

DEPUTY NOLAN
(harshly)
Hey!
(Deputy turns)
Lemme do this...

Nolan holsters his pistol and bends down beside Slim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEPUTY NOLAN (cont'd)
Slim. Slim it's Mulby...
(sees the blood)
Jesus...what you gone an' done?

He removes his handcuffs and Slim doesn't resist when they're put on. His wearied eyes never leave the farmhouse.

The Mayflies twitch on the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

A DEAD DOG - MORNING - SUMMER

on the edge of a wheat field. It's not pretty, blood and flesh, like the sun and heat have been at it for days and now the maggots and fleas and buzzards have taken over.

ACROSS THE RURAL HIGHWAY ROAD, through the heat-haze, the high barbed wire perimeter fence of a prison disrupts a cloudless blue sky.

WRITTEN WORDS
Four years later. 1986. Lowlands.
Southern Indiana.

Guards escort Slim towards the gate. They remove the handcuffs and the gates open and Slim steps out, not joyous or doleful, he just steps out and squints from the sun and regards the dog a moment.

INT. ROADSIDE RESTAURANT - MORNING

A RECORD PLAYS ROBERT JOHNSON BLUES and a FAT TRUCKER sits in a corner booth eating runny eggs. The shack is empty less him and a lazy Doberman.

FAT TRUCKER
-- Trucked ta Missoula. Trucked ta
Amarillo. Trucked ta Reno an'
Puget Sound.

OWNER (O.C.)
Whatcha sayin', Noah?

FAT TRUCKER
Sayin' I trucked nuff places, nuff
mailboxes...don't need ta be seein'
the world twice when ya' seen it
once already.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAT-BAT the wooden screen door closes as Slim enters. The DOBERMAN BARKS and the Fat Trucker looks up.

OWNER (O.C.)
Quit yellin' out, Girdie.

Slim takes a seat at the counter, wipes the sweat from his forehead and THE DOG BARKS more as it ponders Slim.

From the kitchen, the pot-bellied OWNER steps out, limping from an ancient injury.

OWNER (cont'd)
Oh quit it now...

Owner pats the dog's ribs and the dog quiets.

OWNER (cont'd)
He don't mean no harm. Big baby's
what he is. Ain't that right,
Girdie? Yeah, big baby...
(to Slim)
What can I do ya' for?

SLIM
Cup a coffee.

Owner hands Slim a menu, fills his mug. Black.

OWNER
Where ya' headed?

SLIM
Easton.

OWNER
Easton? By foot?
(Slim doesn't answer)
Hope you aint in a rush. Got a
good twunny miles a'head. Aint no
one 'round ta drive ya'?

Slim considers the Owner and squirms a bit and looks behind him.

OWNER (cont'd)
No need ta look back here. I know
where you're comin' from. Any man
here on foot come from the same
place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLIM

(a beat)

Lemme have an omelet. Swiss and
some onions. Side a slaw.

Owner limps back into the kitchen. Slim sips his coffee.

OWNER (O.S.)

You got work lined up then?

SLIM

Harvest season. Figure someone'll
take me on.

OWNER (O.S.)

I'd say. An' a roof?

SLIM

...Yeah.

OWNER (O.S.)

How long were you in?

SLIM

(tired of the questions)

Forty-seven months an' since you
gonna ask next, I killed a guy.

Fat Trucker drops his fork.

OWNER (O.S.)

Now don't get burnt up, fella. I
was jus' tryin' ta pass the
mornin'.

Slim looks around. The sun-tired dog wags its tongue. Owner
returns with the omelet and the slaw. Tops Slim off.

OWNER (O.C.) (cont'd)

You're set up better than most I
see. If ya' had a woman I'd say
yous comin' out ahead a the game.

Slim don't wanna address it - woman or no woman - so he just
leaves it and starts eating.

Fat Trucker stands, waves to Owner.

OWNER (cont'd)

Leavin', Noah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAT TRUCKER
Headed out.

OWNER
You give my friend here a lift?

FAT TRUCKER
Where's he goin'?

OWNER
Easton.

FAT TRUCKER
S'pose I could stop that way.

SLIM
Get along without me.

OWNER
Easton's damn near twunny miles,
fella.

SLIM
Twunny-three...now get along
without me.

Slim continues to eat. Doesn't look back.

OWNER
You heard 'im, Noah.

Fat Trucker exits. Owner pats the dog's ribs.

EXT. ROADSIDE RESTAURANT - LATER THAT MORNING

Slim exits the shack and squints from the bedlamite sun and begins walking down the straight, endless road. Toward home.

EXT. RURAL BACKROAD - EARLY EVENING

PURPLE TWILIGHT NOW and Slim is sweating beneath his neck and under his arms and he wears the road's dust. CICADAS BUZZ in the tall grass, rubbing their wings.

A CAR APPROACHES and Slim hides his eyes. Passes a road sign with an outline of Indiana and underneath it, *Welcome To Easton: Home to Welter's Quarry.*

EXT. HENDRICK HOME - NIGHT

Modest. Ranch style. A faded Dodge Aries sits in the loose gravel driveway.

Slim ascends the porch steps and walks into the home.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

IT'S DARK but the window allows a hint of moonlight to reveal two figures on a bed. Both nude.

There's a young man, mid-twenties, all knees and elbows with some ink stains of flaming motorcycles and hard-rock homage. This is CORMAC HENDRICK, Slim's brother.

Beside him, an OBESE GIRL lies on her belly and her ashen, flabby ass is the moon.

THE DOOR OPENS. Slim peers in.

Cormac squints from the sudden hallway light. Stirs.

CORMAC
Who the fuck's that?

SLIM
...It's me. I'm home.

CORMAC
(a beat)
Shut the door.

Slim takes a moment. Then does. The room darkens.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SPRAWLING WHEAT FIELD - DUSK - ONE MONTH LATER

ROLLING COMBINES in the somnolent, old-gold light. The HARVEST WORKERS, handsome young men, careless and profane, work on the periphery with scythes. Telling tales.

LATER - EVENING

THE SUN HAS FALLEN and the anonymous, sun-wearied WORKERS collect their day's pay from THE OWNER, a round man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Slim is among them and there's a slight beard coming in on his sunburnt face.

He steps up to collect.

SLIM

Like ta ask I might work weekends,
Sir.

The Owner appraises Slim and he's watched the workers toil and knows who works and who doesn't.

THE OWNER

We start at dawn then. Hear that?

SLIM

(a beat, takes his pay)
Yes, Sir.

He leaves the line.

INT. HENDRICK HOME - FAMILY ROOM - EVENING

AN OLD TV plays the baseball game behind a layer of fuzz and Slim watches with his feet up.

Cormac enters. Slim sits up, ready to talk, but Cormac breezes right into the hallway and shuts his bedroom door.

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - DAY

Slim in the field and he is stooking the wheat, tying it into bundles, preparing it for threshing.

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - LATER

DUSK NOW and a shirtless Slim is threshing the stooks with a homemade flail, beating the wheat from the straw.

INT. HENDRICK HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

Slim enters and Cormac is on the couch, shirtless, watching TV with a beer and cigarette burning. Slim takes off his hat and walks to the refrigerator and removes a pop.

SLIM

I was thinkin' a goin' for a
sandwich if you --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORMAC
Already ate.

INT. ABERDEEN'S TAVERN - NIGHT

A LABORER'S HANGOUT and there is much talk and all of it liquor-loud.

Slim sits in the corner of the bar, alone. He quietly eats his hamburger and sips his pop and looks at no one.

EXT. WEATHERED FARMHOUSE - DAYS LATER - GLOAMING

The home sits, still-vacant, on the land. The very same 'For Sale' sign peeks above the tall grass.

Full-bearded and skin bronze, Slim stands on the porch, feeling the strength of the wood. He lumbers down the steps and approaches his weathered '81 Ford pick-up truck.

EXT. JILLY'S EAT & REST - NIGHT (LATE)

A woeful, dirt-infused establishment.

Owner and local bookie, JOHN O'RILEY, sixties, sits on the front steps, twisting his mustache and spitting sunflower shells and bits stick in his beard and teeth.

The Ford pick-up crawls into the gravel lot, squeaks to a stop. Slim steps out, leaves the car running and the look he gives the fat man lets us know they're not friends.

SLIM
Where's my brother then?

JOHN
'Round back...

John labors to his feet and follows Slim, waddling the way overweight men do. Like ducks.

SLIM
Who did it?

JOHN
Were a few of 'em. Garret
Bickson's fists mostly. Got into
it over some dame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: JOHN(cont'd)
 Busted up his nose, then went ta
 work on his eyes, belly an' ribs.

They round the corner into the dark shadows --

BEHIND THE RESTAURANT

and glance down at Cormac who's a limp sack of bones on the
ground.

John's already winded and panting and leans against the wall.

 SLIM
 An' what were you doin' while they
 got ta bruisin' 'im?

 JOHN
 I aint gonna lie, I watched same as
 the rest.

 SLIM
 Yeah same as the rest. The bunch'a
 yous whoopin' it up, huh?

 JOHN
 I don't whoop no more over dustups.
 Too old. 'Sides, this one a the
 more lopsided fights I seen.

Slim bends down, rolls his brother over. His nose is
bloodied and his eyes are blue-black, racoon-ish. If Slim's
surprised by the sight, he doesn't show it.

 SLIM
 (to himself)
 Jesus, Cormac...

 JOHN
 Gabby cleaned 'im up a bit. He's
 got the liquor in 'im. Lil' punk.

 SLIM
 Watch yourself.

 JOHN
 No I won't. Not at my own place.
 He's a bad seed, Slim.

 SLIM
 You takin' his bets aint helpin'
 that none.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

He changed when ya' left. You aint seen it yourself, bein' away, but ask anyone 'round here. Mention his name an' some ill story's gonna follow. That's all.

SLIM

(a beat)

...Help me get 'im up.

Slim and John lift the boy and Slim tosses his brother over his shoulders like a baby calf and walks back toward the truck. John follows.

JOHN

He's inta me again. Took a horse name Magellan in the fifth race over at Pikestead. Cramped up on the back stretch. Didn't show.

Slim opens the passenger door of the pick-up, lifts Cormac in. Shuts the door.

SLIM

How much for?

JOHN

Two grand.

SLIM

(a beat)

When d'ya need it?

JOHN

Day or two.

SLIM

Could prolly come up with half by then. Not more.

JOHN

Like it all, but...have the kid bring over half if you got to. Got a little smoke showin'. Smells like you're burnin' coolant.

A tiny snake of smoke escapes the truck's hood.

SLIM

Loose cap...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Slim pops the hood and looks into the guts of the vehicle.

GABBY O'RILEY, early thirties, exits the empty restaurant in waitress uniform, eyes brown as oak and a beauty age can only temper. She bites softly into a peach.

GABBY
(to John)
I'm ready, Dad.

Hearing her voice, Slim turns. Gabby looks up. They share a glance.

It simultaneously startles and softens her to see him, but she swallows both emotions and says nothing.

JOHN
Have Slim take ya' back. I've some
things ta do inside yet.

GABBY
Dad, the babysitter --

JOHN
Goddamnit, Gabby! I've things ta
do inside yet! Aint like he don't
know where we live... An' get that
one-eyed brother a yours ta take
out the garbage.

CRUNCH - CRUNCH Gabby across the gravel and she climbs into the pick-up, ignoring Slim as she does.

The restaurant doors open and John walks back inside.

A BLUE OLDSMOBILE CUTLASS glides into the lot slowly now, almost hauntingly so, carrying two shadowy figures.

BUD DEAKINS, fifties, with eyes that need sleep, steps from the car in a cheap suit. He's balding. Amorphous red birthmarks burden his face and neck. Ugly.

BUD
(to Slim)
Restaurant open, pal?

SLIM
(without turning back)
Don't think. Might be able ta talk
John into makin' ya a san'wich.
Somethin' cold if it's out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUD
Well, I sure hope so.
(looks around)
Been a long, empty ride.

Inside the car, THE SHADOW OF A FEDORA commands our attention.

INT. OLDSMOBILE CUTLASS - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON TWO GIANT, HARDENED HANDS as they slice into a pepperoni log with a BOXCUTTER and the mouth of a Boxer Dog lifts its head to eat the thin slice.

EXT. JILLY'S EAT & REST - CONTINUOUS

BOOM! The hood of the Ford shuts. Slim climbs into the truck and it grumbles out of the lot.

Bud TAPS on the hood of the Cutlass then crosses to the restaurant.

INT. JILLY'S - BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

SMALL AND CONGESTED. John sits behind his desk and removes his BUSINESS LOG from a drawer. Takes out a pen.

THE DOOR OPENS. Bud enters like a tiptoeing fog.

BUD
How are ya', John-Boy?

JOHN
(without looking up)
Fine, I suppose.

As though ritual, John pulls a thick envelope of cash from a drawer and hands it to Bud. Bud appraises it quickly then tucks it away and paces.

BUD
Anyone else here, John?

JOHN
Jus' me. How are things over East?

BUD
You know how it is being
everybody's dream machine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: BUD(cont'd)

(a beat)
Richie says your numbers are a
little thin.

JOHN
Always a little thin harvest
season. The heat, I guess. I
ain't skimmin' if that's what
you're implyin'.

BUD
It's been a long, empty ride. How
about you make me one of them
reubens, huh? I remember likin'
that.

John looks up at Bud and Bud eyes him right back and there's
an unease about John suddenly.

INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

CLINK - CLINK Bud drops two coins into the timeworn jukebox
and cues LORETTA LYNN who begins to tell of 'the boys' and
liquor and lovin'.

JOHN (O.C.)
Extra kraut, Bud?

BUD
Extra extra.

BEHIND THE COUNTER

John removes a few slices of bread, slides butter across
them. Bud approaches, takes a stool at the counter.

BUD
Was sorry to hear about Mare.

JOHN
It's better. She lived with it too
long.

Bud lights a cigarette, inhales deliberately.

BUD
Those medical bills, they can't be
cheap, huh? All those machines to
keep her breathing as long as she
did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
Ain't so bad.

BUD
Even with all that cancer in her
bones? Doesn't seem right...

A stream of smoke leaves the side of Bud's mouth.

BUD (cont'd)
Make that two reubens, John. I
imagine Sam's hungry.

John's face goes limp.

JOHN
...Sam's here?

BUD
He came down with me. We made a
few collections along the way.

John's fidgety as he cuts the sandwiches and if he was uneasy
a second ago, he's skittish as hell now. He glances back at
Bud, then inconspicuously SLIDES A STEEL KNIFE UP HIS SLEEVE.

JOHN
So you uh, you said Richie's doin'
alright then, huh?

SIZZLE! the sandwiches against the pan and the hot grease and
Bud smiles wryly as he watches John squirm.

BUD
(to John's back)
Make those sandwiches to go, will
ya', John?

SSSS! the cigarette is stubbed out as Bud makes for the exit.

CLOSE ON JOHN

sweating as he flips the sandwiches - SIZZLE! against the
grease - and he wipes his brow and DING! the entrance bell.

JOHN
We're closed...

There's the PIT-PAT PIT-PAT OF DOG FEET across the linoleum.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN (cont'd)
What word don't ya understand, pal?

John turns and freezes and his face goes white like he's seen a ghost...Bud is gone...but there is the unnaturally tall man in the Fedora - SAM NEBRASKA - seated on a stool in a charcoal suit, the Boxer dog obediently by his feet.

CLOSE ON SAM NEBRASKA...forties, with eyes like dying embers. His face is marred by cavities and a cleft palette the damage of which surgeries couldn't ameliorate.

JOHN (cont'd)
Sam -- you uh --
(swallows)
-- that brother a yours doin'
alright...?

John turns back to the sandwiches, removes them from the pan and the hot grease and he's shaking like a leaf and his breaths are quick and fast and he can't think anymore so he PULLS THE KNIFE FROM HIS SLEEVE and whips back to Sam and --

SINK! SAM'S BOXCUTTER INTO JOHN'S NECK and John stumbles back against the counter, WHEEZING HORRIDLY for air.

Sam stands and moves behind the counter as smooth as unwinding smoke.

DING! the entrance bell and Bud enters again and he looks at John holding the hole in his neck and there's blood making trails down his shirt like witch fingers.

BUD
Hear that? Breaths are short and
quick. It won't be long now...
Fucking thief.

Sam stares at John's eyes as though reading them and when John's eyes raise to look at his killer, Sam softly closes his eyelids...so they won't look at him anymore.

SAM NEBRASKA
(direful)
Come here, girl.

The Boxer dog approaches his ankles and Loretta continues from the jukebox and it's goddamn frightening somehow, as though a lonely ghost were singing from the darkened corner.

INT. FORD PICK-UP (DRIVING) - EVENING

THE WINDOWS ARE DOWN but the car is silent less the wind and the occasional groan from Cormac.

GABBY
How long you been back?

SLIM
Few months.
(a long beat)
'Preciate you straightenin' Corm up
back there.

Gabby says nothing.

A long, awkward silence.

CORMAC FARTS.

Slim smiles and Gabby smiles and when Slim looks over she's staunch again and looks out the window.

The pick-up rocks as it glides onto an unpaved driveway.
Slim shifts into park.

SLIM (cont'd)
Listen, Gabby, I meant to come by --

She exits before he can finish.

He watches out the windshield as she approaches the front steps of the home and takes her son, BEN, five, from the arms of the Babysitter and into hers.

EXT. HENDRICK HOME - NIGHT

The Ford rolls into the driveway.

INT. HENDRICK HOME - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

DARKNESS AND FLICK A LAMP IS TURNED ON as Slim lays his brother down on the brown sofa. An old, sickly labrador - GUNTHER - approaches with companionable gleam and Slim ignores the animal.

He drapes a blanket over Cormac and regards his brother a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The weight of guilt is heavy.

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

THE BLUE OLDSMOBILE PARKED IN THE TALL STALKS and Sam takes John's body from the trunk and lays it down on the ground.

Bud leans on the bumper and the Boxer Dog is sniffing around.

BUD

Seem strange to you how many of these things we've been closing lately?

(no answer from Sam)

Guess I'm thinking too much. There's some money sitting in the log. Couple accounts worth sticking around for... There's a whore joint just outside town. Been there once. Fucked a piggy girl named Maryanne. Said she taught school during the week. They keep Bibles on the night stands.

Bud tosses the Boxer a restaurant mint.

SAM NEBRASKA

Don't feed her that...

Sam opens the dog's mouth and fishes out the candy and lets her know it wasn't her fault.

BUD

We get what we can. A little windfall would do me well.

Silence. The stalks are still. Bud pulls out John's BUSINESS LOG and his LIGHTER FLICKS ILLUMINATING A PAGE AND THE NAME ON TOP...*Cormac Hendrick*.

INT. HENDRICK HOME - BEDROOM

Outside, the CHINK AND CHAFE OF INSECTS and wide awake on the single bed is Slim, sitting in the trapped summer air.

On the night stand, A PICTURE OF SLIM AND GABBY from a sun-brushed afternoon long forgotten.

FADE TO BLACK.

(O.S.) A PHONE RINGS --

INT. NOLAN HOME - BEDROOM - PREDAWN

THE LIGHT ON THE NIGHT STAND IS FLICKED revealing a bed and MULBY NOLAN. He sits up, answers the phone.

SHERIFF NOLAN
Hello... He didn't call?... I'll
get my mother up an' then be over.

He hangs up the phone, wipes the sleep from his eyes. The NAKED WOMAN beside him, forties, stirs.

NAKED WOMAN
Should I go?

SHERIFF NOLAN
Yeah...

NAKED WOMAN
I gotta pee first...

She looks at Nolan as if for a kiss or a goodbye. He gives her nothing. She leaves for the bathroom.

From the night stand drawer, Nolan removes and opens a new bottle of bourbon. He sips and we hear the woman PEEING.

In the grey predawn light, he's just thirty. A functioning alcoholic, he's developed a chronic cough. The five years since we last saw him look like ten and to him they feel like twenty. Somehow, he thought things would be different.

He coughs, loud and deep-lunged. The TOILET FLUSHES.

INT. BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

Nolan sits on the edge of the tub, bathing his MOTHER, seventies. She is old and so frail and barely cognizant.

MOTHER
I'm tired, Mulby.

SHERIFF NOLAN
Are you takin' your medicine, Ma?

MOTHER
I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF NOLAN
Lean your head close to me.

She leans and he shampoos the wire hair on her freckled scalp.

MOTHER
My knees hurt.

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

In Sheriff's uniform, Nolan sits at the kitchen table eating a fried egg. Across from him, Mother nibbles toast.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - LATER

Nolan lays his Mother down on the sofa. He turns the TV on for her. A gameshow. Turns it loud because she can't hear.

INT. HENDRICK HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

DUSTY SUNLIGHT and Cormac's seated at the kitchen table in a landscaping t-shirt, drinking a beer and fashioning his toast into a temple, egg yolk as the glue.

Slim enters, pours himself a black coffee, takes a seat at the table. He reaches over, turns his brother's face toward him to appraise the bruises. Cormac resists.

SLIM
(about the beer)
You're lettin' yourself get too
used ta that stuff.

CORMAC
(straightening his temple)
Yeah well, that's the one thing Pop
left me with. His thirsty insides.

Cormac takes a piece of bacon from his plate and dangles it over Gunther's mouth. The dog numbly accepts.

SLIM
Don't feed 'im that stuff. No
wonder his wires are all messed up.

CORMAC
He likes it. Right, Gunth?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLIM

He don't like it. He don't know
what it is. He'd eat sawdust
should you put it in your palm.

CORMAC

Walked into the wall the other day.
Right into it like nothin' was
there. Then he pissed 'imself an'
jus' stood right in it. He don't
fuckin' know anything that dog.

SLIM

I'm gonna hafta put 'im down.

CORMAC

Take him to Doc Callens an' have --

SLIM

Ah hush. I'll do it myself...
(a beat)
What the hell you puttin' in bets
with John O'Riley for?

CORMAC

(sighs)
Christ don't land that on me now,
not now. It's too early.

SLIM

How we ever gonna get the farmhouse
if you keep --

CORMAC

Oh there he goes again with that
damn farmhouse. He never ends.

Cormac stands, brings his plate to the sink.

CORMAC (cont'd)

There are two types a people in
this world, Slim: those who take
and the ones they take from an'
when ya gonna see we were born on
the wrong side a that line?
B'sides, I don't remember ever
wantin' that place. That's your
dream, not mine.

Slim pulls a thick wad of cash from his faded jeans, tosses
it onto the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLIM

Drop that over to John. That's
half what you owe. For now.

Cormac considers the envelope. Enraged, he tosses his beer
bottle across the room. SMASH!

CORMAC

WOULD YOU CUT IT, SLIM! GODDAMNIT
with that guilt! It's gonna drive
me insane -- I swear I'm gonna
burst on someone!

After a moment, the air settles and Cormac lights a cigarette
and inhales deeply. Releases.

CORMAC (cont'd)

I was gonna be a nuthin' whether
you went in or not. All the
brotherin' in the world weren't
gonna switch that...

(takes a drag)

Don't kid yourself neither; you
were never much to look up to
anyhow.

SLIM

...You went wrong someplace, Corm.

CORMAC

I went wrong same place you did.
Wherever Mom and Pop met.

(a beat, feels the
humidity)

I hope we get a breeze today, boy I
do. I love when there's a breeze.

Cormac crosses to the table and stuffs the cash into his
jeans.

CORMAC (cont'd)

There's a party tonight. Don't
know when I'll be home, don't know
that I will.

He exits the home and Slim watches his brother climb into the
Dodge Aries and drive away.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER (DRIVING) - MORNING

SUMMER SUN on the windshield as Nolan drives. Outside, something catches his eye and he slows.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Nolan exits the Cruiser and considers a pair of bare feet protruding from a line of shrubs.

SHERIFF NOLAN
Brady? That you?

The scrawny legs stir a bit and reveal they belong to the naked body of a young man.

SHERIFF NOLAN (cont'd)
Brady?

BRADY (O.C.)
I'm sleeping. Who the hell's that?

SHERIFF NOLAN
It's Mulby, Brady.

BRADY
(a beat)
Mulby Nolan?

A RUSTLING and a head peeks out now. This is BRADY O'RILEY, twenty-two, slight and callow with a jittery, blood-spotted right eye which makes him appear a bit cross-eyed.

He looks up at Nolan. Still drunk.

BRADY (cont'd)
Well it's good, good to see you,
Sheriff. Glad you're out
patrolling and doin' a duty and...
(a beat, looks around)
Where the hell am I?

SHERIFF NOLAN
In Elaine Danamer's shrubs.

Brady looks himself over. Realizes he's nude.

BRADY
Well that's one helluva fuckin'
prank, aint it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: BRADY(cont'd)
I mean, leave a man alone in a
woman's shrubs. Fuckin' amoral
what it is. I get my hands on the
two bastard cocksuckers --

As Brady rambles, ELAINE DANAMER, a coy, elderly woman who
lives alone, peeks out the front door.

ELAINE DANAMER
Mulby...?

SHERIFF NOLAN
I'm handlin' it, Mrs. Danamer.

ELAINE DANAMER
I saw his penis.

SHERIFF NOLAN
He'll be covered.

Brady stands. Birth naked.

ELAINE DANAMER
I see it again.

Brady spins.

BRADY
And there's my ass, you old bag!

SHERIFF NOLAN
Brady! -- go back inside, Mrs.
Danamer. He'll be covered.
(to Brady)
Put some goddamn clothes on, will
ya?! Jesus Christ, Brady.

Nolan hands Brady his ten-gallon hat and Brady puts it over
his crotch.

A passing car slows.

BRADY
What the fuck d'you want?
(lifts the hat)
I'll let ya' kiss it for sixty-five
cents!

Elaine shuffles back into the home, watches behind the door.

Nolan begins to gather Brady's clothes from the sidewalk and
street - rawhide jacket and cowboy boots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF NOLAN
Get dressed in the car. I'm headed
to your place anyhow.

BRADY
You gonna arrest me?

SHERIFF NOLAN
Your dad didn't come home last
night.

BRADY
Hopefully he fell in a river.

Nolan nudges Brady toward the Cruiser.

BRADY (cont'd)
Say, why don't you never come
'round no more, Sheriff? Never
come to see my sister anymore.

Nolan stiffens a bit. Brady climbs inside.

BRADY (cont'd)
Why is that, Sheriff?

Nolan doesn't know the answer. He rounds the hood and HONK!
Brady hits the horn, startles Nolan.

Nolan climbs inside and starts the car.

BRADY (cont'd)
You aint gonna tell my sister, are
ya'?

They drive away.

EXT. O'RILEY HOME - MORNING

Gabby waits on the front steps with a coffee.

BEN (O.C.)
One's out.

She turns back, watches Ben inside the home. Dressed in
baseball uniform and glove, he tosses a ball to himself.

BEN (cont'd)
(to himself)
Two out. Three's out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She smiles.

The Sheriff's Cruiser rolls into the driveway. Nolan and a now-dressed Brady exit. Brady walks into the house without speaking to Gabby. Nolan approaches.

GABBY

Should I even ask about that?
(Nolan shakes his head)
Hope I didn't wake you up this
mornin'.

SHERIFF NOLAN

I was up anyhow. You know how I
sleep.

GABBY

I'm prolly just gettin' worked up,
but he didn't come home. Not like
Dad not to call.

SHERIFF NOLAN

He with anyone last night?

GABBY

(reluctant)
Slim came by the restaurant. They
discussed something about Cormac.

Nolan considers that a moment - *Slim* - and his thoughts
wander beyond the case.

INT. O'RILEY HOME - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Brady sits on the stairwell. Nursing a headache, but
listening in.

EXT. O'RILEY HOME - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF NOLAN

(coming back)
I'll uh, check around. Jilly's
then the OTB. See if he didn't
pass out there.
(sees Ben inside)
First game today?

GABBY

(nods)
Doesn't start 'til eight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: GABBY(cont'd)
I think he slept in the thing...
He loves that glove. It was nice a
you.

SHERIFF NOLAN
They figure him a position?

GABBY
Not yet. Don't think he cares.
Just likes being out there.

A long pause and Nolan watches Ben inside the home and
neither Gabby or Nolan speaks.

GABBY (cont'd)
You look thin, Mulby.

SHERIFF NOLAN
...I was on a date with Lorie
Peters last night.

GABBY
Oh, Mulby, don't do this again --

SHERIFF NOLAN
It didn't mean nothin', I jus' --

GABBY
I don't care anymore, Mulby, I
just...

Nolan COUGHS and COUGHS and wipes the sweat from his forehead
and Gabby looks at him like an injured mouse.

SHERIFF NOLAN
I guess I'll be goin'...

He walks back to his Cruiser. Reverses out of the drive.

Gabby sips her coffee.

BEN (O.S.)
Wanna have a catch, Uncle Brady?

BRADY (O.C.)
Nope.

BEN (O.C.)
Why not?

BRADY (O.C.)
'Cause I'm tired that's why not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THUMP-THUMP-THUMP Brady up the wooden staircase.

GABBY

(a beat, calls inside)

You wanna have a catch, sweetie?
Come on outside. Mommy'll have a
catch with you.

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - LATE AFTERNOON

THE HARVEST WORKERS SPREAD OUT IN THE FIELD and Slim walks alongside a combine with a scythe. The day wanes but he is not tired.

He pauses a moment. Admires the wheat. His gaze finds THE OWNER & HIS SON seated on the front porch. Talking. The Owner slides his arm over his son's shoulder.

He returns to work.

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - DUSK

SLIM WALKING TO HIS PICK-UP and Brady steps out of the Ford wearing a buck-colored cowboy hat and there's a bulge of tobacco in his cheek.

SLIM

(recognizes Brady)

You like sneakin' in people's cars,
kid?

BRADY

It was unlocked.

SLIM

What's that got ta do with
anythin'?

Slim tosses his belongings into the truck bed. Brady follows and CRACK! BRADY'S FIST AGAINST SLIM'S MOUTH and Slim winces and spits out a streak of blood and Brady regards his fist, surprised by the force of the blow.

BRADY

That's for what you did ta my
sister! Next'll be for what you
done ta my Father you sonofabitch!
He didn't come home last night an'
I know his business, know you was
the last one with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLIM
(hunched over)
I left 'im early. Ask your sister.

BRADY
My sister!? You sonofa --

Brady draws his arm back again. Before he can throw a punch, Slim grips his shirt and pins him against the pick-up.

SLIM
You do that again an' I ain't gonna hold my fists back no more.

BRADY
I bet not. I remember what happened down in Rittsfield...at that bar you crazy sonofabitch.

He lets Brady down.

SLIM
I ain't been that way in a long time.

BRADY
Some things ya' don't lose.

Slim don't wanna hear it and he climbs inside the Ford now and BU-BU-BU-BU-RUMP! the engine kicks.

The truck pulls away and Brady watches it go and there is a look on his face like that of a bullied youth. Hurt.

EXT. RANCH STYLE HOME - EASTON - NIGHT

The front door of the modest home SHOOTS OPEN releasing the SOUNDS OF A HUMBLE PARTY and Cormac is shoved out by TWO MEN.

CORMAC
(drunk)
Oh come on...come on, fellas. I wasn't grabbin' on her none...

They close the door on him.

CORMAC (cont'd)
Oh come on, Hank... stop foolin'.
(knocks again. Nothing)
Come on, Davie...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

No answer and Cormac moves into the street, lights a cigarette.

CORMAC (cont'd)
(to himself)
Fuckin' bastard prick
cocksuckers...

INT. DODGE ARIES - SAME

SHROUDED IN DARKNESS, Sam Nebraska sits emotionless in the backseat, eyes under his Fedora like candle flames through caverns.

Cormac enters and the light clicks and floods the car momentarily and Sam Nebraska presses his SILVER .45 PISTOL against Cormac's temple. His cigarette sags.

SAM NEBRASKA
(ice cold)
...Drive.

CORMAC
What i-i-s it you want, fella?

Cormac turns to view Sam and with that Sam reaches over, grabs Cormac's palm and SLICES! ACROSS IT WITH HIS BOXCUTTER. Cormac SCREAMS IN PAIN.

SAM NEBRASKA
Take the back roads...where it's
dark...

Cormac is panting now, his eyes straight ahead, blood dripping from his palm onto the steering wheel.

The SENILE ENGINE COUGHS and TURNS and the car pulls away.

VIEW ON THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

as the headlights of the Blue Cutlass emerge from darkness.

INT. HENDRICK HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

AT THE KITCHEN TABLE Nolan's made himself at home and he pours a little bourbon (the bottle's half empty now) into his coffee and pets Gunther at his feet.

Slim enters and the men appraise one another wordlessly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLIM

The long arm of the law...

Gunther leaves Nolan and saunters up to Slim's feet and Slim moves behind the counter and pours himself a coffee.

SHERIFF NOLAN

What happened to your lip?

SLIM

Tripped.

SHERIFF NOLAN

I handed you --

(coughs)

handed you the football four --

(coughs)

four years in high school an' I don't recall you trippin' once...

Slim opens the sliding glass door and lets the dog out. He takes a seat at the table. Away from Mulby.

SHERIFF NOLAN (cont'd)

Cormac been inta John O'Riley for any money?

SLIM

Everyone in this town's been inta John for money. That aint special.

SHERIFF NOLAN

Special now that he's gone missin'. Man gets in a bind, he thinks a ways ta get out, that's all. It's natural.

SLIM

There's a difference between what a man thinks an' what he does.

SHERIFF NOLAN

That's a thin line you're talkin', thin as the light around a shade.

Nolan stares at Slim long after the word's end. Finally, he coughs - loud and deep - and when he can't stop, Slim rises and brings him a glass of water. He sips and it soothes.

SHERIFF NOLAN (cont'd)

Cormac around? Been in?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLIM

We aint eleven no more, Mulby, he
don't check in with me. B'sides,
he was here las' night. Found 'im
behind Jilly's in no shape ta be
doin' the things you're askin'.

SHERIFF NOLAN

Anyone see ya leave?

SLIM

Gabby rode with us.

SHERIFF NOLAN

(a beat)

Things around here aint the same as
when ya' left, Slim.

A beat. Nolan puts his Sheriff cap back on, stands. Before
he leaves --

SHERIFF NOLAN (cont'd)

Let Cormac know I stopped by.

Nolan exits. The dog TAPS on the glass with its paw. Slim
doesn't move.

EXT. EXPANSE - NIGHT

IT'S MADLY, IMPOSSIBLY DARK and CLOSE ON CORMAC'S FACE --

CRACK! SAM'S GIANT FIST connects with his bloodied and blue
and red face. He's down on his knees. Hands bound behind
his back. Sobbing like a child.

And CRACK! his head lurches and his lip opens and a blood
rivulet leaks down his chin. CRACK!

BUD DEAKINS

sits on the hood of the Cutlass, those mean little eyes
counting the money from the envelope.

BUD

When can you get us the rest of the
money, kid? You get it by
tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORMAC

(weakly)

Oh Jesus... Oh God...

SAM NEBRASKA CRACK! and a large gash above Cormac's eye and he is delirious, frantic in his helplessness.

CORMAC (cont'd)

Oh Jesus you fuckers!...

(out of breath)

Oh Jesus God stop...just stop...
hitting me...

Cormac falls back into the tall yellow grass. Sam pulls him to his knees. CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! Brutal.

BUD (O.C.)

Jesus, Sammy. Take it easy...

Cormac's head wobbles and his eyes narrow and Sam backs away and Cormac falls again into the grass.

CLOSE ON CORMAC'S BEATEN FACE

His eyes remain open but aloof and his breaths are short and quick and...slowly...WHOOOF...life leaves his body in a tiny exhale. Things end quietly without notice.

Bud reaches down for a pulse. Nothing. He turns back to Sam, indifferently.

BUD

He's gone...

Bud removes Cormac's wallet, takes out a few dollars cash.

Sam Nebraska bends down and regards Cormac a moment - his youthful face. Finally, he closes the kid's eyelids.

SAM NEBRASKA

Come here, girl...

Sam stands and is joined by the Boxer Dog.

From the sky, MAYFLIES FALL. Hitting the ground without so much as a sound.

BUD

(looking around)

What the...hell...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bud swats the flies away and Sam Nebraska just lets them fall. They twitch on his Fedora and shoulders and when they've all fallen...silence.

BUD (cont'd)
...Fuckin' bugs.

They enter the Cutlass and the engine kicks and the wipers streak the Mayflies across the windshield. Brown-yellow.

EXT. TOWNSHIP BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The Sheriff's Cruiser sits on the dirt shoulder just beyond the outfield wall.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Nolan watches Ben, bored in right field. The bottle of bourbon is nearly empty and he pours the final sips into his coffee. His eyes find Gabby in the bleachers now.

INT. OLDSMOBILE CUTLASS (DRIVING) - LATER

THE NIGHT SKY CAVERNOUS AND BLACKNESS ALL AROUND as Bud and Sam drive. The Boxer Dog sleeps in the backseat.

The CAR SHAKES.

BUD
Goddamn belt. I need to get this
thing inspected.

Bud hands Sam his share of the money.

BUD (cont'd)
Let's see about that whore joint...
They got Bibles on the night
stands.

Sam Nebraska doesn't say a single word.

INT. HENDRICK HOME - KITCHEN - SAME

WIDE AWAKE, Slim with a mug of black coffee, waiting up for his brother to return home.

FADE OUT.

EXT. EXPANSE - DAWN

Beleaguered by tall grass and forest, the Dodge Aries sits like a stranger in an alien land. The humidity heavies the air and there is the sound of a LABORING WOODPECKER.

CORMAC'S FACE

in the grass and the blood has dried and cracked and his cheek is pressed against the ground as a dead Mayfly rests on his head.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SAME

A POLICE CRUISER glides past the expanse. BRAKES SQUEAL and wheels slide, shooting up a dirt cloud.

EXT. EXPANSE - LATER THAT MORNING

POLICE CRUISERS and DEPUTIES surround the scene. A young deputy, DEPUTY BOGWIGGIN, is there, sweating after having just thrown-up.

Standing over the body, an OLDER DEPUTY pinches the wings of the Mayfly and removes it from Cormac's forehead and regards the insect.

OLDER DEPUTY

(to Bowiggin)

Helluva way ta live, huh? The
Mayfly. Their mouths don't work.
Can't eat. Usually live less than
a day. Imagine tryin' ta squeeze a
life into a day.

The SHERIFF'S CRUISER arrives. Nolan steps from the car having already received the news. He bends down to Cormac's level, considers the body.

DEPUTY BOWIGGIN

Who the hell'd do a thing like
that, Mulby?

SHERIFF NOLAN

There's jus' an evil in this world.

THE SKY IMPLODES and it begins to rain heavily.

EXT. HENDRICK HOME - AFTERNOON

From a distance, the side of the house. Rain percusses the aluminum awning above the side entrance where Slim sits.

Gunther prowls the front yard, sniffing tufts of weeds.

A Cruiser idles to a stop and a Deputy approaches Slim slowly with the news.

PRIEST (V.O.)
'This other son of yours wasted
your money on bad women.

And in seconds it's all been said.

CLOSE ON SLIM

listening to Deputy, but not at all. There's a vacancy in his eyes.

INT. SAINTS PETER & PAUL CHURCH - AFTERNOON

A PRIEST recites the Bible passage from the podium. An urn sits at the altar.

PRIEST
And now that he has come home, you
ordered the best calf to be killed
for feast.

Nolan and Gabby are there, separately. Nolan watches Slim.

No one among the small number of MOURNERS is crying. Their presence is perfunctory: a town member died. All except Slim. His eyes are wet and burning.

EXT. WEATHERED FARMHOUSE - EVENING (DUSK)

THE SUN WANING AND THE SKY ORANGE as Slim scatters his brother's ashes over the land.

PRIEST (V.O.)
His Father replied, "My son, you
are always with me, and everything
I have is yours.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Slim lying in bed and the air is heavy in the room and he won't be falling asleep soon.

PRIEST (V.O.)
But we should be glad and
celebrate... Your brother was dead,
but he is now alive.

So he rises and exits into the --

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

and peers into Cormac's empty bedroom. Stark. Nothingness.

PRIEST (V.O.)
He was lost and has now been
found." "

Outside the window, MAYFLIES FALL IN DROVES, touching the earth as soft as baby steps.

INT. BASEMENT - MINUTES LATER

A LIGHT STRING AND A HAND PULLS DOWN ON IT and lights floods the unfinished basement revealing Slim.

He moves to a corner where a mounted oak gun rack hosts a 12 GAUGE SHOTGUN with silver side plates. He removes the gun.

ON SLIM'S HANDS

hardened, feeling the weight and texture of the gun.
Remembering.

FADE TO BLACK.

(O.S.) THE SOUND OF WIND SWIRLING THROUGH CAR WINDOWS and --

INT./EXT. FORD PICK-UP - NIGHT

Slim drives through the night. Windows down. Night black.

EXT. COSMIC BURGER - NIGHT

A throw-back to the 50's burger pits. Waitresses tend to customers car-side.

Brady eats on a bench, eyes watching the teenagers mingle with a hue of jealousy over things never had.

TEENAGER

What's wrong with your eye, man?

LAUGHS FROM THE KIDS and Brady's head sinks and he wishes he could just disappear.

Suddenly, SLIM'S HAND YANKS BRADY UP by the collar --

BRADY

What the...

(looks back, sees Slim)

The hell's this about!? Huh!?

SLIM

You know your Father's business?

BRADY

I aint finished eatin'!

Slim considers that, pauses.

SLIM

Go 'head. Get your burger... Go on dammnit!

BRADY

I don't want it no more. You upset my stomach.

SLIM

Suit yourself.

And Slim drags Brady to the Ford and opens the passenger door and throws him inside. Brady opens the door to climb out. Slim slams it shut.

EXT. O'RILEY HOME - NIGHT

The Ford pick-up parked by the curb.

INT. FORD PICK-UP - CONTINUOUS

Slim alone and now Brady enters and closes the door behind him. He hands Slim a sheet of paper. Slim eyes it.

BRADY

Collector named Cullen Meanan.
Used ta work for my Dad. Drank too
much when he could get it, ate too
much when it was there, talked too
much all the time. Dad let 'im go.
Figured he'd know somethin'.

SLIM

This the only name you got?

BRADY

Well shit, I don't see you bringin'
nothin'.

SLIM

I don't know nothin'.

Slim starts the car and hastily reverses.

BRADY

You goin' now!? He lives all the
way over in Egan Valley for
chrissakes!

SLIM

You got somewhere else ta be?
(Brady doesn't)
Then put your head against that
window an' get some sleep.

Slim shifts the truck into drive. It barrels down the road.

CUT TO:

A RESTAURANT SIGN - EGAN VALLEY - EARLY MORNING

ZINDEL'S DINER and just below it a sign announces, *Today's
Special: Eggs - Runny, Over-Easy, Scrambled, Poached, Fried.
\$2.95 w/sausage patties.*

PAN TO REVEAL -- the Ford pick-up in the parking lot.

EXT. FORD PICK-UP - CONTINUOUS

Slim watches the outside. Brady's asleep, head against the window, drool dripping onto his shirt.

Slim sees something. Nudges Brady.

SLIM

That him?

Brady stirs, wipes the drool from his face. Looks.

BRADY

Yeah...that's him...

Slim reaches behind his seat and grabs the Winchester.

EXT. GRAVEL LOT - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON A THICK SILVER BELT BUCKLE OF A CONFEDERATE FLAG and the fold of a fat man's gut hangs over the belt as he walks.

The gut belongs to the truculent CULLEN MEANAN, mid-thirties, on his way to his car. He pinches the ass of his homely girlfriend, DIANA, twenties.

DIANA

Stop it, baby! I just ate. You'll make me pee my pants. Gosh...

Nearby, Slim and Brady exit the Ford pick-up and approach Cullen. Slim holds the Winchester tight to his side.

BRADY

Cullen. Remember me? Brady O'Riley.

CULLEN MEANAN

(without stopping)

Nope...

BRADY

I got a question.

CULLEN MEANAN

Well I ain't got time ta answer questions from people I don't know. The lady an' me planned a mornin' of debauchery.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brady jogs to catch up.

BRADY

Jus' slow down there, fat-body,
will ya?

CULLEN MEANAN

(turns back sharply)
T'fuck you jus' call me?

SLIM

We got a question's all.

CULLEN MEANAN

(to Slim)
Who you a'pose ta be? I asked the
boy a question. Let him answer on
his own.
(back to Brady)
What'd you jus' call me, crazy eye?

BRADY

Fat body...?

CULLEN MEANAN

That right? I assume that's some
kinda gag on my weight, huh?

DIANA

I'd say it was, baby.

And with that Cullen's hand is at Brady's throat, SLAMMING
HIM AGAINST A CAR. Slim raises the shotgun from his side,
levels it at Cullen --

SLIM

Get off 'im, Mister...

CULLEN MEANAN

(turns to Slim)
What the - you - you sonsabitches
came ta shoot me!? At breakfast!?
I got a belly a eggs an' ham!

SLIM

Now we didn't plan --

BA-WHOOMP! Cullen drills Slim in the gut. Slim doubles over
and Cullen SMASHES his fist into his ear.

Diana is CUSSING --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANA

You goddamn no good lil' dick
bastards! --

-- AND THRASHING HER PURSE at Brady.

Cullen RIPS the shotgun from Slim, SLAMS it against the
pavement, warping it.

CULLEN MEANAN

Fat body, huh!? That what you
a'holes said!? My woman likes me
big an' healthy!

Slim's bent over, cringing, his ear a cauliflower and Diana
is DRUBBING HIM NOW --

DIANA

You fuckin' bastards tryin' ta hit
my man - you don't EVER hit my man!

CULLEN MEANAN

(laughing)
Tell 'em, Di-girl!

And then, mid-swing, Slim grabs Di-girl's purse and pulls it
to him. She lunges forward and CRACK! his fist meets her
nose. She SCREAMS IN PAIN!

Before Cullen can react, Slim shoots up, takes a revolver
from his jeans and sticks it under his meaty chin.

SLIM

Move an' I'll blow this wattle
right through your neck.

CULLEN MEANAN

...You jus' struck a woman you
cowardly sonofabitch.

SLIM

No I just struck your woman an'
she's lucky that's all I did...
We're lookin' for the men who
killed my brother. Men we assume
killed John O'Riley, too.

Brady dabs his bloodied nose with a handkerchief.

BRADY

My nose is bleedin', Slim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLIM

(without looking back)

Lean your head back.

(to Cullen)

Why don't I just figure it was you
an' blow off that fat-shit head a
yours?

CULLEN MEANAN

'Cause I never collected from John
O'Riley. I collected for 'im...
An' I don't collect no more.

SLIM

(pulls the hammer down)

You're talkin' nothin' but wind.

CULLEN MEANAN

I aint collected in two years. Got
a landscapin' biz'ness over in
Atland.

Cullen points to a shiny white pick-up truck in the parking
lot. The arborvitae logo of *C & V Landscaping* on the side.

Slim looks back at Brady. Disappointed in this lead.

SLIM

Who collected from John then?

Diana struggles to her feet. Slim pushes her back down with
the heel of his boot.

SLIM (cont'd)

You better answer, fat body.

CULLEN MEANAN

I don't fucking know, OK? And you
goddamn fuckin' cowards can kiss my
fat, fat-body ass! There! How's
that!? Fuckin' pricks...

In an instant Slim DRILLS Cullen in his tubby belly and then
CRACKS! him across his face and Cullen is bent over moaning
and blood is pouring from his broken nose...

Slim aims the revolver and BANG! BANG! BANG! the windshield
of the white landscaping pick-up is a cobweb and he shoves
the hot gun back under Cullen's double chin.

CULLEN MEANAN (cont'd)

OK-OK-OK! Crazy bastard!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And that is the black-eyed dog inside Slim, the hell fire beyond his eyes.

CULLEN MEANAN (cont'd)
I-I used ta know a guy named Terry
Adams. He would come down and
collect from me on occasion.

EXT. DIRT SHOULDER - EARLY AFTERNOON

THE FORD is pulled over. Slim pukes while inside the car
Brady dabs his nose with a blood-drenched handkerchief.

SLIM (V.O.)
Where can we find 'im?

Slim makes for the car, pauses, pukes again.

CULLEN MEANAN (V.O.)
Last I heard he was livin' in
Ohio...some little town. Bowenburg
or Bowentown or...Bowenville.

EXT. SHANTY - FAR OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - AFTERNOON

The tiny home stands alone on a gravel back-road. Just it
and the birds. A PACKAGE lies outside the front door.

CLOSE ON THE PACKAGE

*JONAH FINN, ANTIQUE GUN REPAIR, 13 Embrook Road, Cedarton,
Indiana.*

The door opens and a hand brings it inside.

INT. SHANTY - AFTERNOON

JONAH FINN, sixties, at his unkempt work station under a desk
light and he slowly takes apart a Smith & Wesson .45
Triplelock Revolver, readying it for repair.

He's a man built solid as oak possessing a handsomeness
marred only by the droop and hue of age.

JONAH'S HANDS

shaking as he disassembles the revolver. The barrel. The cylinder. The gate catch. The grip. The frame. The backstrap. The hammer.

He holds the cylinder up. Squints as he appraises it.

JONAH
Rusted bitch...

The room is suddenly flooded with light and Jonah looks to the door and there is Slim with the busted-up shotgun.

Jonah smiles, removes the tattered cigarillo from his mouth.

JONAH (cont'd)
Well I'll be...

SLIM
How are ya', Jonah?...

INT. SHANTY - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

SILENCE among Slim and Jonah at the square kitchen table. Their eyes are focused outside on LEENY FINN, Jonah's daughter, eighteen and deaf. She picks daffodils, watches her three-legged rabbit roam.

JONAH
Jesus Christ. He was my Godson. I remember when he was born. Your Father an' me sat on the roof. It was a Monday afternoon... How they done it?

SLIM
Beat 'im.

That makes Jonah so sick he can't speak. Finally --

JONAH
Know who it was?

SLIM
I aim ta find out.

JONAH
...I'll see what I got.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(O.S.) BOOM! BOOM!

EXT. SHANTY - BACKYARD - DUSK

ON A LINE OF HANDMADE VASES ON AN OLD TABLE and BOOM! a shot is fired. The vases don't move. BOOM! Again no movement.

SLIM AND JONAH STAND AT A DISTANCE, Jonah with a revolver, taking aim, his hands shaking wildly.

SLIM
Alright there?

JONAH
Fine...caught a chill's all.

Jonah steadies himself and - BOOM! - a FAMILY OF BIRDS
ABSCOND from an Ash tree above the thin stream.

JONAH (cont'd)
(takes the cigarillo from
his mouth)
Goddamnit!

Slim turns back. Leeny watches from the yard, skeptical of both the shooting and Slim.

SLIM
(about the vases)
You're certain Leeny don't want 'em
no more?

JONAH
Don't matter. We ain't hittin'
nuthin' but tadpoles anyhow...

Slim takes the gun, aims and BOOM! A SPLURT! as the bullet hits the stream and the Mallards flee.

JONAH (cont'd)
Shit, that wasn't even close, Slim.

SLIM
And yours? Bit rusty's all.
(off Jonah's skeptical
look)
...that's all it is...

JONAH
Hand me that other one, will ya'?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Slim hands Jonah a WINCHESTER MODEL 21 SHOTGUN from the bevy of antique firearms Jonah's gathered.

JONAH (cont'd)
This here's my baby. Beavertail
forearm. Still got the paperwork
on her.

Jonah narrows his eyes and - BA-WOOM! - the Winchester explodes and A VASE SHATTERS.

JONAH (cont'd)
Oh I remember now...yeah...
(offering Slim the gun)
You take that...

SLIM
You got somethin' newer?

JONAH
Ah 'new' don't mean nothin'. The
Colts'll do us just fine.

SLIM
Us?

EXT. SHANTY - MOMENTS LATER

Slim exiting the backyard, approaching the pick-up. Jonah keeps pace, pleading.

JONAH
-- Oh come on, Slim. I need ta get
out. Tell some old yarns.

SLIM
You seem like you're keepin' busy.

JONAH
Busy!? Only thing I do is watch
the grass grow an' mallards fuck!

SLIM
I can't do it, Jonah. Not ta
Leeny.

JONAH
Oh hell! I ain't seen a whip a
action since Korea an' with them
closin' the mine...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Slim climbs into his pick-up, starts the car.

JONAH (cont'd)
Goddamnit, Slim!

The pick-up reverses.

JONAH (cont'd)
(calls to him)
I'm dyin'!

A beat. The comment hangs heavily in the air. The Ford glides back up, stops beside Jonah.

SLIM
That's a helluva prank.

JONAH
No prank. Got asbestos in my lungs. All those years minin' it. Breathin' in poison. Doctors say I aint got too long. I'm gatherin' dust here. There's no dignity in that.

SLIM
(considering)
What about Leeny?

JONAH
She gets along fine. Takes care a herself better than I do...

And on Jonah's face is a man who doesn't want to die in bed.

SLIM
OK...

JONAH
OK what?

SLIM
We leave tomorra.

Slim reverses again. Jonah watches him and the hint of a smile slowly curls on his face.

INT. HENDRICK HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

HEAVY RAIN AGAINST THE WINDOW and, on the stove, Slim starts heat under a teapot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(O.S.) THE SCREECH OF TIRES.

He moves to the front door. OUTSIDE, Gabby steps from her Buick with purpose, ignoring the mailbox she knocked over.

SLIM

Shit...

Slim runs back to the kitchen, shuts off the light, then - CLING-CLANG-CLINK he knocks over some pots.

SLIM (cont'd)

Fuck. Goddamnit...

Quiet.

A KNOCK. Nothing. Another KNOCK.

GABBY (O.S.)

I know you're in there, Charlie. I saw the light on when I pulled in!

(a beat)

It's rainin' like hell, Charlie!

Slim doesn't move.

EXT. HENDRICK HOME - CONTINUOUS

Gabby in the pouring rain, roaming the house, peering in windows.

GABBY

I know what you're doin', Charlie! They'll send ya back ta jail an' I don't care - I really don't - but I won't let you take Brady. Oh would you open the door you coward!

(a beat)

They'll send ya back ta jail, Charlie!

The thought settles on her and she begins to cry and somehow this isn't about Brady at all. The rain falls on her head, fast and hard.

Slim opens the door slowly and holds a section of newspaper over her head.

SLIM

Jus' come inside will ya'...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She allows herself to be close against his body for a moment. Then she SLAPS! him across the face. Hard. His eyes fall.

GABBY

You ruined what we had but I won't
let you take Brady. He's just a
kid and I won't let you take him...

She takes a moment to compose herself, clears her eyes.

He watches her walk away and climb into the running Buick and we see Ben in the passenger seat.

(O.S.) THE TEAPOT WHISTLES and he doesn't think to remove it.

EXT. CORNFIELD - PREDAWN

THE SKY IS BLUE-PURPLE and an ELDERLY FARMER walks alongside his Hound Dog. The man's pipe smokes white.

He pauses. Looks down at the insect-ridden body of John O'Riley.

The Hound Dog sniffs and the Elderly Farmer stares emotionless, like it were a squirrel.

EXT. HENDRICK HOME - BACKYARD - MORNING

CLOSE ON A BOWL OF DOG FOOD and Gunther eating lethargically.

The Winchester approaches the dog's head...against his skull...

Slim stands over the animal...aims...narrows his eye...finger finds the trigger...

...but he can't do it. He lets the gun down.

SLIM

Shit. Goddamn you, Gunth...

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Slim moves to the Ford, tosses a duffle bag into the flatbed, notices the DEPUTY CRUISER spying him from across the street.

EXT. SHANTY - MORNING

JONAH AND LEENY wait on the front porch. Quiet.

The Ford enters the driveway. Leeny hands Jonah a bagged lunch she's packed for him.

He stands and walks away and she watches as he enters the truck and watches still as it disappears down the road.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - LATER THAT MORNING

The Sheriff's Cruiser parked just before the train tracks, blocking passage. Nolan's outside, back against the car.

The Ford pick-up approaches, slows to a stop. Slim exits.

SHERIFF NOLAN
Headed outta town someplace?

SLIM
You stoppin' me if I am?

SHERIFF NOLAN
You aint done nothin' wrong yet,
have ya?... We got leads on John's
business we're lookin' into --

SLIM
Oh cut it, will ya', Mulby!? Just
stand there an' watch 'til this
truck vanishes over that road an'
then you can run to her...jus' like
ya did the last time.

SHERIFF NOLAN
She came to me the last time.

SLIM GRIPS NOLAN'S SHIRT, pushes him back against the
Cruiser. Their faces just inches apart.

SHERIFF NOLAN (cont'd)
It's on you, Slim. You went in.
You left her.

SLIM
An' if I didn't go in?

Nolan doesn't speak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLIM (cont'd)
Goddamn you, Mulby...anyone but you
I coulda handled...

Jonah steps from the truck. Slowly in his age.

JONAH
Take it easy now, Slim. Go easy.

He gently pulls Slim off of Nolan.

SLIM
It don't matter no more...she don't
want neither of us.

Slim and Jonah climb back into the pick-up and Nolan watches the car vanish. Alone.

INT. FORD TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

THE FERTILE WIND SWIRLS THROUGH THE CAR and Jonah opens the lunch bag Leeny's provided, bites into a pastrami sandwich.

JONAH
Wanna tell me what that was about?

Slim doesn't.

JONAH (cont'd)
I tell you 'bout the time Slow Joe
Paulson an' me went up ta Hunt's
Point with two blondes that aint
never been had yet?
(a beat)
Well fuck you then. I'm tellin' it
anyway. Live with jus' a woman
long enough, man gets the need ta
tell ol' yarns. 'Bout cock an'
pussy. Bout bein' young an'
uneasy. 'Bout men.

Jonah doesn't like the sandwich. Tosses it out the window.
Lights a cigarillo now and that tastes good. He settles in.

JONAH (cont'd)
Carly O'Malley had tits bigger an'
puppies an' a pussy softer than
mohair. Joe Paulson had a curse.
Genetic. His pilly-packer weren't
no bigger than a caterpillar...

EXT. HIGHWAY REST STOP - AFTERNOON

Slim gasses the Ford. Jonah emerges from the shop, swigs a fresh pint bottle of whiskey, lets it tarry in his mouth.

JONAH

Oh I do miss that taste...

A FREIGHT TRUCK GLIDES IN and Brady hops out with a knapsack, watery-eyed.

BRADY

Didn't think you dizzy bastards was goin' without me, did ya'?

JONAH

Who you a'pose ta be?

SLIM

Christ, Brady...

JONAH

(to Slim)

You know 'im?

SLIM

Gabby's brother...

BRADY

Been on you two since you left Gulchwood.

(wipes his tears)

Found my Pop this mornin'. Deke Casey's field. Goddamn asshole's dead. Bastard sonofabitch.

Brady can't hold it together and his stomach heaves.

Slim looks at Jonah who's already looking at him and neither knows what to say so Jonah offers up his whiskey.

JONAH

Take some a that back.

BRADY

No!

JONAH

Oh hush, will ya'? I'm standin' right next ta ya'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brady abides. Swigs. Coughs.

JONAH (cont'd)
Feel better?

BRADY
Hell no, Mister!

SLIM
Take it back slow for chrissakes.
You're burnin' your throat.

Brady takes some more back. Slower this time. Doesn't cough.

INT./EXT. FORD PICK-UP - LATE AFTERNOON

Slim, Jonah and Brady driving along the country highway, fields of wheat unfolding behind them, and passing a road sign now: *Bowenville - 35 Miles*.

EXT. MAIN STREET - BOWNENVILLE, OHIO - EARLY EVENING

If time moved past the 1960's, no one told the store owners.

The Ford pick-up crawls down the road and parks outside a hamburger joint, *Archibald's*.

Brady steps out. Enters the restaurant.

INT. FORD PICK-UP - SOME MINUTES LATER

Slim and Jonah wait.

JONAH
-- the hell's he doin' in there?
Waitin' tables?

SLIM
Here he comes.

Brady enters the car, licking a tall, strawberry ice cream cone. He says nothing. Slim and Jonah stare at him.

JONAH
Well...?

BRADY
Well what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLIM
You get an address?

BRADY
No one knows Terry Adams.

JONAH
(a beat)
All them people in there an' you're
tellin' me not one knows a name?

BRADY
Yeah that's what I'm tellin' ya'.

JONAH
You better watch yourself, kid. I
don't know you well 'nuff.

CLUNK - Slim opens the door and exits and Jonah opens his
door and gives Brady an earnest stare before leaving.

INT. ARCHIBALD'S - EVENING

A MODEST CROWD fills the space and it's Friday night so the
JUKEBOX PLAYS a little louder.

DING! Slim and Jonah enter and Slim removes his baseball cap.
Eyes take them in with a hue of xenophobia, then quickly
return to conversations and burgers and pop.

They approach the counter where a THIN MAN cleans the grille.

SLIM
Excuse me, sir.

THIN MAN
(without turning back)
Menus on the counter.

SLIM
Actually, wondered if you might
help us. Lookin' for an old
friend.

THIN MAN
(turns now)
Which old friend's that?

SLIM
Terry Adams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thin Man smirks and approaches the counter.

THIN MAN
I didn't know him ten seconds ago
when your friend asked and I don't
know him now.

JONAH
Seem an awful small town not to
know someone.

THIN MAN
If it's so small, Old Dog, you find
'im.

PATRONS CHUCKLE at the counter and the man in Jonah's been
hurt a bit, made feel small.

Thin Man retreats.

THIN MAN (cont'd)
(to a Waitress)
I'm gonna fill the bathroom paper.

EXT. ARCHIBALD'S - MOMENTS LATER

DING! Slim and Jonah exit and Slim moves to the Ford but
Jonah's got other plans and veers.

INT. BATHROOM - ARCHIBALD'S - EVENING

Thin Man refills the toilet paper roll inside a bathroom
stall when - BOOM! --

THE DOOR'S KICKED OPEN BY JONAH'S HEEL and he grabs the Thin
Man and shoves his head down, inches from the toilet water.

JONAH
Got a memory of 'im now? He come
in lickin' ice cream cones?

Slim appears now and says nothing. Goes over and locks the
bathroom door.

THIN MAN
(struggling)
I yell an' everyone a them
customers come in an' beat your
asses rotten --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNOCK! Jonah elbows Thin Man on his skull and covers his mouth with his hand.

Jonah looks down at the toilet water. Clean. Been flushed.

JONAH

There piss an' shit in one a them,
Slim?

Slim looks into the neighboring stall.

SLIM

Both.

Jonah YANKS the Thin Man up, drags him next door, shoves his head down into that toilet. It's filled with brown water, piss and sloppy wet shit.

Thin Man resists with all his might and his neck veins are showing and his face is a furnace, but his head's moving closer to the shit water...still...closer...

...finally, HE SHAKES HIS HEAD FURIOUSLY.

Jonah freezes. Releases his hand.

JONAH

Say it.

THIN MAN

He runs a movie theater. Drive-in
off'a Duncan Road.

SLIM

We aint from around here.

THIN MAN

Two miles up. Third stop make a
right. Take it til you see the
lights.

Jonah relents and A SPASM OF PAIN RUNS THROUGH HIM and he cringes in pain and collapses against the stall door and clutches his chest.

Thin Man falls back as well, too tired to yell or fight.

EXT. ARCHIBALD'S - EVENING

CAREFULLY, Slim aids the ailing Jonah into the pick-up. He is an old vase.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROSSROADS DRIVE-IN - NIGHT

BUT OUR VIEW'S FAR, FAR AWAY and the screen is just a tiny rectangle of light in the middle of no man's land.

Slim's truck is a speck crawling down the dirt entrance road.

EXT. TICKET BOOTH - NIGHT

WITH A SIGN, *Tonight: Stand By Me. Family's - \$8.*

Inside the thin booth, an ASIAN WOMAN cradles her NEWBORN while she watches the picture.

THE MOVIE SCREEN

is wide and *Stand By Me* plays and the hairless fatso Vern Tessio is panting and crying as a locomotive is about to ram up his ass.

THE CONCESSION STAND

under yellow lights, a PURE-FACED GIRL eats caramel popcorn and reads a magazine about what makes a boyfriend good.

THE HOOD OF A CHEVROLET

reflects the blue of the movie screen and behind it a young couple necks. HE reaches up, palms her breast. SHE resists.

SHE

Wait.

HE

What is it?

SHE

Your hands are cold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She smiles, rubs his hands. To warm them to touch her.

PAN ACROSS the line of domestic cars, the patrons, and we see the passengers - some old, some young, some families and some lovers. Popcorn and soda and goobers and gummies.

Finally, we pause at the Ford. Inside are Brady and Jonah. Jonah is tired, eyes fading. Brady eats chocolate raisins.

BRADY

How the hell they gonna outrun a
train? I mean, no goddamn way they
beat a train comin' on like that.
It aint believable. Bullshit.

Brady adjusts the speaker so he can hear better.

JONAH

(tired)

Turn that thing down.

SLIM

walks the dirt grounds between cars. He crosses now to the rear of the lot, toward the wooden shed that is the projection room.

He pauses outside the door, tucks his revolver into the waist of his jeans.

KNOCKS. Waits.

PROJECTIONIST

(from inside)

Picture's fine. No refunds.

Slim KNOCKS again.

PROJECTIONIST (cont'd)

I said no refunds!

A beat. Slim KNOCKS again.

PROJECTIONIST (cont'd)

GODDAMNIT!

The man behind the voice YANKS open the door. He's forty, tall and tattooed, face harsh and voice black-lunged. Looks about as much like a projectionist as a whore does a nun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PROJECTIONIST (cont'd)
Got complaints, take 'em up with
the girl workin' concessions.
There's a box --

SLIM
I'm here for Terry Adams.

PROJECTIONIST
(a beat)
What for?

SLIM
Need to ask 'im some questions.

Projectionist sees the gleam of the revolver in Slim's jeans
and he stares at Slim as though reading him.

PROJECTIONIST
Don't know the name --

SLIM
I know he's here. Either you point
'im out or I shake up every one a
your payin' cars lookin' for 'im.

PROJECTIONIST
(a beat)
This about somethin'?

SLIM
About my brother. Got killed over
a debt owed. I heard he used'ta do
some collectin' from John O'Riley.

PROJECTIONIST
What if I said he don't do that no
more? Hasn't for some time.

SLIM
I'd say he's got ten seconds to
prove it before I drive my fuckin'
truck through his movie screen.

Projectionist retreats a step. Slim draws the revolver.

A resigned look washes over Projectionist and Slim knows it's
TERRY ADAMS and Terry Adams knows the past has run him down.

Terry wanders back into the darkness of the projection room.
Stares out the tiny shed window at the movie screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY ADAMS

Just let the movie run out. Then
we'll talk.

EXT. CROSSROADS DRIVE-IN THEATER - NIGHT

THE MOVIE RUN OUT and the crowd dispersed.

AT THE TICKET BOOTH, the exiting cars return their speakers
to the Asian Woman.

BRADY sits on the hood of the Ford, eating a hot dog. He
watches the Pure-Faced Girl sweep the trash. When she looks
his way, he quickly turns. Self-conscious about his eye.

OUTSIDE THE PROJECTION ROOM, Slim and Terry sit on folded
chairs eating concession food.

TERRY ADAMS

-- started collectin' when I was
nineteen. I wasn't goin' nowhere.
Friend a mine knew a guy named
Richie Nebraska who took bets.
Said he lived outside Philly, had
little operations scattered all
over. Needed a few bruisers to go
around an' collect for 'im. I
weren't no husher back then so the
job didn't bother me none. I'd get
my list every week, go shake a few
pockets, toss some fists if needed.
All there was to it. I was young,
hungry an' thirsty, an' the pay
filled most a that.

SLIM

Man we met said you'd know who
collected from John O'Riley.

TERRY ADAMS

Sure he would. Use'ta be my route.

SLIM

Who's is it now?

Terry turns away, squirms. Reluctant.

SLIM (cont'd)

We never came here if that'll help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY ADAMS
Men you're lookin' for are Bud
Deakins and Sam Nebraska. Richie's
younger brother.

SLIM
You know 'em?

TERRY ADAMS
Did a job with Sam once. Guy down
in Virginia placed a large bet,
couldn't hold his end.

FLASHBACK - INT./EXT. TERRY'S CAR - DUSK - YEARS EARLIER

TERRY AND SAM NEBRASKA driving and Sam's in the same charcoal
suit and Fedora and the Boxer Dog's in the backseat. Sam
cuts slices of pepperoni with his boxcutter.

TERRY ADAMS (V.O.)
Richie tells me ta pick up Sam on
the way. First time I met him.
Tall. Big hands. Crude, mutilated
face. Something 'bout him I
couldn't shake. He crept into my
skin. (MORE)

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - RURAL VIRGINIA - EVENING

Terry's car idles to a stop outside the slipshod home.

TERRY ADAMS (V.O.)
End up at this house in some town
God forgot an' when we go inside...

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

A RECORD PLAYER and JOHNNY MATHIS' *Chances Are* plays.

A scared TEENAGE BOY, seventeen, face full of braces and
zits, sits beside his GRANDPARENTS, eighties, on the sofa.
The Grandparents look comatose, unmindful.

Terry questions the boy while Sam stares longingly at the
Boy's unmarked face.

TERRY ADAMS (V.O.)
...Find it's just some punk-ass
kid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: TERRY ADAMS(cont'd)
Thought he could make some money,
bit off more than ten a him could
chew.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

TERRY TOSSES OPEN DRAWERS and empties jewelry boxes full of
porcelain rest stop trinkets. Nothing of value.

TERRY ADAMS (V.O.)
I go upstairs ta try an' find
something we could pawn. People
was dirt poor.

(O.S.) BANG! BANG! Terry pauses. Turns.

TERRY ADAMS (V.O.) (cont'd)
I go back downstairs an'...

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Young Boy's on the floor, body limp from a broken neck.
The Grandparents have bullet holes in their foreheads and
blood rivulets drip off their noses.

Terry enters. His face sobers. Sam's bent down, closing the
Boy's eyelids.

INT. TERRY'S CAR (DRIVING) - LATER THAT NIGHT

BLACKER THAN MIDNIGHT UNDER A SKILLET and Terry's deeply
unnerved by Sam beside him.

TERRY ADAMS (V.O.)
...He'd killed them all. Broke the
kid's neck and shot his grandfolks.

EXT. CROSSROADS DRIVE-IN THEATER - NIGHT

Slim listens to Terry Adams.

TERRY ADAMS
I aint been scared of a single
thing in this life but the mention
of that name makes the hair on my
arms stand. That's when I got out.
Got afraid of my own dreams. Ran
way the hell out here to hide.
S'where I met Lee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Terry signals the Asian Woman holding the newborn. His wife.

TERRY ADAMS (cont'd)
She aint a beauty, but she feels
soft at the end of the day.

SLIM
Where can we find 'em?

TERRY ADAMS
You gotta know I can't do that to
myself. Got a family now.

SLIM
Mister, we ain't leavin' 'til we
know where we're goin' next.

Terry eyes Slim and Slim doesn't flinch.

TERRY ADAMS
(sighs)
Richie's got a bar. Coatesville,
Pennsylvania. Calls it Cooz's.

SLIM
Coatesville?

TERRY ADAMS
(nods)
Bud and Sam live upstairs.

A long beat.

TERRY ADAMS (cont'd)
Listen, Mister, I don't know you
from that dirt on the ground. But
I were you I'd gather my boys and
head right on home. You don't know
what you're walking into.

LEE approaches with the newborn. Hands him over to Terry.

TERRY ADAMS (cont'd)
There he is. Ol' sleepy-eyes.

They stand. Move to enter the projection room: their home.

TERRY ADAMS (cont'd)
Stay the night if ya' like. Plenny
a space.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Slim doesn't wanna stay another minute, but he looks over at Jonah lying in the flatbed of the truck, blanket draped over him. Old and so tired.

EXT. FORD PICK-UP - FLATBED - LATER THAT NIGHT

Slim sits beside Jonah. Quiet, then --

JONAH
(softly)
Look at the kid.

UNDER THE MOVIE SCREEN, Brady sits beside the Pure-Faced Girl. She's opened his palm and is showing him the intricacies and promise of the lines.

JONAH (cont'd)
You still with his sister?

SLIM
She won't see me no more.

JONAH
That don't mean anything. I
'member the way she looked at you.
You still up for this?

SLIM
We used to fish together when we
were young. Stay til it was dark.
Talk all the way home 'bout
nuthin'.
(a beat)
He never built a house or fathered
a child or kept the company of a
woman more than a few hours...
There's nothin' left a him.
Nothin' ta hold. He was better
than that. Better than what they
done ta him.

JONAH
You didn't fail 'im, Slim...

Jonah COUGHS and it's the old man in him as much as the
poisoned lungs.

SLIM
What're you thinkin' about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONAH
Leeny...happens like that when ya'
get old. Your thoughts shrink...
settle on just a few things...

His voice trails off and then he's asleep. Slim takes one of his blankets and lays it over him.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SERIES OF IMAGES - CROSSROADS THEATER - DAWN

JONAH asleep in the flatbed, blanket draped over him, mouth slightly open. He is an infant held by his Mother.

BRADY and the Pure-Faced Girl cuddled inside a sleeping bag under the wide movie screen.

SLIM stands in the middle of the grassland and the sun is a mere suggestion of light on the horizon. His face wears his heart's loss: the dream of days that never happened.

He walks away now. Time to move on.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - DAWN

Terry's awake, staring at his infant son, watching his delicate white belly balloon then deflate.

He sits up. Looks out the window and sees the men packing their belongings into the Ford.

INT. HIGHWAY DINER - LATE MORNING

A converted train car. It's humid. Brady scarfs down pancakes. With a night's sleep in him, Jonah looks slightly healthier. Slim reviews a map.

SLIM
(to Brady)
Hungry?

BRADY
May-be I am. I was exercisin' last
night. Need ta replenish myself.

JONAH
You were lovin' a little?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRADY

Hell yeah I was. The hell you
think we was doin'? Talkin'?

JONAH

I guess not...

Jonah slides his toast across a runny egg yolk. Eats.

JONAH (cont'd)

The first girl I ever had was
Summer Ingersoll. Behind Mac's
Tall Burger Pit when she was on
break. She smelt like grease.

Brady stops eating suddenly.

JONAH (cont'd)

Didn't make a sound the whole time
we shook. Pulled up her pants and
drank a strawberry milkshake. I
was fourteen.

SLIM

(eyeing the map)

We'll get there ~~(MORE)~~ before night.

A beat. Brady squirms. Swallows hard. Begins to pant.

SLIM (cont'd)

What's wrong?

BRADY

I's just thinkin' - goddamn it's
hot in here, aint it? -

SLIM

The air don't work. They said --

BRADY

Well how 'bout the fans!?
(calls behind the counter)
Hey! Turn the goddamn fans on,
will ya!?

JONAH

They aint workin', kid.

BRADY

(back to Slim, fanning
himself)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: BRADY(cont'd)
I was jus' thinkin' that might be
the las' time I ever touch a girl
again - I mean - I feel goddamn
sick, Slim. Like I could puke.
(wipes his forehead)

SLIM
Take it easy.

BRADY
I'm pourin' sweat!
(shows his wet palm)
Look at this! Goddamn fans!

Brady brings his napkin up to his mouth. Gags. Pukes a bit.
He stands up, rushes off to the bathroom.

JONAH
...She told me to shine my shoes.

SLIM
You're still talkin'?

JONAH
Only sound she made. 'Shine your
shoes, boy.'

Slim and Jonah sit in the humid air. Jonah slides his toast
over the yolk.

INT. FORD PICK-UP (DRIVING) - DUSK

EARNEST LOOKS from the men and silence pervades the car.

THE WINCHESTER peers above the backseat, nearly hidden but
loud as thunder. RAIN PATTERS against the windshield.

EXT. ROUTE 31 - COATESVILLE, PA - NIGHT

IN THE DISTANCE, A MASSIVE STEEL MILL exhales from the white-
hot of a day's toil.

Slim's pick-up plods into town. Like a tired horse.

EXT. COATESVILLE STREET - NIGHT (LATE)

SHEETS OF RAIN POUND a grimy street. It's a husky city,
Coatesville. Brawling. Big-shouldered.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the corner, a local bar. A neon light blinks Cooz's and a 'Sold' sign sits low in the window.

INT. COOZ'S - BEHIND THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON A POT OF RAIN WATER. DRIP - DRIP - DRIP and --

JIMMY PERCY, forties, a slight, pig-nosed bartender looks up and sees the rain dripping from a crack in the soft ceiling.

JIMMY PERCY

Christ...

The lights are up as the shoddy, saloon-like bar has closed for the night. CC & ELLIOT HARDINGS, forties, curious twin brothers - CC slight and Elliot plump - sit at the bar.

CC HARDINGS

(drunk)

-- I'm just sayin', the boy's interested in things that shouldn't interest him at his age. Like caterpillars.

ELLIOT HARDINGS

He's immature is all.

CC HARDINGS

He's incontinent, Jimmy. Shit himself at school last week. Shit in his own pants.

(shakes his head)

Goddamn. Imagine the teasing you'd suffer.

ELLIOT HARDINGS

OK. Let's go on home. Mom'll throw a fit if we're late in this rain. Think we drown.

Elliot helps his dejected brother to his feet. It's been a long night of drinking.

ELLIOT HARDINGS (cont'd)

See ya', Jimmy. Tell Richie'll we'll call him tomorrow.

The two brothers exit. Jimmy wipes down the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Moments later, the ENTRANCE DOOR OPENS and FRANCIS, a strung-out male transvestite in a lily-white gown (transparent from the rain) enters. Jimmy doesn't flinch, keeps wiping.

Francis moves across the bar, up the REAR STAIRCASE.

(O.S.) A TOILET FLUSH.

DOC BARSTOW, a hefty, bearded collector steps from the bathroom, one arm in a sling, the other raising his zipper. He takes a stool at the bar.

DOC BARSTOW
Twins leave?

JIMMY PERCY
You just missed 'em. CC was all
worked up over Magwynn.

DOC BARSTOW
Poor kid shit his pants, huh?
Can't imagine the teasin'...

JIMMY PERCY
(about the dripping rain)
How many times do I have to tell
someone to fix a fuckin' thing
around here before it gets done?

Doc pours himself a 'neat' scotch.

DOC BARSTOW
Plenty more than you have. Asked
Richie to get the shitter fixed for
seven months once. Came a time I
fished out the block on my own.

JIMMY PERCY
...What was it?

DOC BARSTOW
You really wanna know?
(a beat, as if very
mysterious)
A sweat sock...

Doc raises his glass and lets out a great horselaugh.

JIMMY PERCY
Asshole...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC BARSTOW

I wouldn't get too uneasy. They'll
rip everything outta this place in
a few weeks anyhow. Be a goddamn
island burger heaven...

(shakes his head)

Let them worry about it.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

A BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTO AGAINST A BARE TILED WALL. A young
Sam Nebraska beside RICHIE NEBRASKA outside a home. Richie
stands over Sam, fatherly, and if Sam looks deformed now, he
was frightening as a child.

Sam sits in the full bathtub and outside is the Boxer Dog and
he's petting its head gingerly.

RICHIE NEBRASKA (O.C.)

(voice slow and smoky)

...Rawlings and Oberton. Then
Altoona. Close them all. It's
time.

Seated by the window, staring pensively outside at the rain
is RICHIE NEBRASKA, fifties, a small, tired man dressed in a
grey suit. Could easily be mistaken for a lawyer or a judge.

RICHIE NEBRASKA (cont'd)

I'm old, Sammy. I'm old and tired
and my blood's different than it
used to be.

SAM NEBRASKA

Bud know?

Richie turns back to Sam.

RICHIE NEBRASKA

I told my brother first. Like I
always do. You make yourself some
money over at Jilly's?

(Sam nods)

Good for you, boy...

(about the dog)

They won't allow her at the new
place, Sam.

Sam cuddles the dog closer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 RICHEL NEBRASKA (cont'd)
Oh God she's sick, Samuel. Her
heart's failing her.

Sam nearly cries.

 RICHEL NEBRASKA (cont'd)
Goddamnit, Sam!

Richie stands, SLAPS SAM ACROSS THE FACE. Sam hangs his head like a child amid his Mother's reproof.

 RICHEL NEBRASKA (cont'd)
I should've known better than to
bring that up. She'll feel only a
pinch and then...endless meadows
and lilacs.

Guilt burgeons in Richie. He moves to his brother and rubs his blotched scalp.

 RICHEL NEBRASKA (cont'd)
You were old before you were young,
Sam. That was my fault.

He kisses his head.

 RICHEL NEBRASKA (cont'd)
'Birds without wings.' You and I,
Samuel...

Richie exits.

INT. COATESVILLE STREET - NIGHT

FATIGUED DUPLEX HOMES line the blue-collar street and the Ford pick-up is parked. Tucked into a line of cars.

INT. FORD PICK-UP - CONTINUOUS

Slim, Jonah and Brady. Jonah greases the hammer of a Colt Revolver with an ancient tin of hair wax, cigarillo in his mouth. His wallet's open in his lap revealing a picture of Leeny.

 JONAH
This one there's got a tricky
hammer. Ornery bitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLIM

I'm gonna piss. When I get back...

Everyone knows already and Slim just leaves it and exits.

BRADY

(false bravery)

I'm gonna shoot some sonofabitch.

JONAH

Long as it aint me.

BRADY

It aint gonna be you... You think
he's as mean a bastard as they say?

JONAH

Well he is and he isn't. Either
way, he's gonna turn mean when he
sees why we're here.

BRADY

...Say you...you ever kill anyone,
Jonah?

JONAH

If I did?

BRADY

Well if ya' did...they still haunt
ya'? I mean, their faces an' all?

JONAH

It aint the face that haunts ya'.
It's learnin' ya' have that inside.

BRADY

(a beat, about the
picture)

She your daughter or somethin'?

JONAH

(nods)

Leeny...

BRADY

...I didn't do nothin' with that
girl last night but sleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONAH

Sometimes it's better like that...
Most times. I learned that from
Hazy Jane.

BRADY

Who's Hazy Jane?

JONAH

Does it matter, kid?
(pensively)
Slow slow Jane. Goddamn, girl. I
wonder what it is you're doin' now.
Prolly poachin' an egg.

INT. COOZ'S - NIGHT

Doc refills his scotch and Jimmy slides the full trash bag
from the bin and Richie enters from the rear staircase.

JIMMY PERCY

Hey, Richie, what d'ya say about
gettin' this ceiling fixed over
here, huh?

RICHIE NEBRASKA

...I'll call the plumber.

Doc's eyes widen incredulously and he looks at Jimmy as if to
raise a celebratory glass when --

The ENTRANCE DOOR OPENS and Slim and Brady enter in slickers.

JIMMY PERCY

Bar's closed.

SLIM

We aint here ta drink.

JIMMY PERCY

Well then you're in the wrong place
anyhow.

SLIM

This Cooz's?

DOC BARSTOW

(off Slim's drawl)
Where you from, boys?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLIM
Lowlands. Indiana.

Richie lifts his eyes now. Views Slim and Brady.

DOC BARSTOW
I had a client out that way... Low-
Dwellers. Isn't that what they
call you?

SLIM
Call us a lotta things...

And Slim draws the Winchester from inside of his slicker and
takes aim at Jimmy --

JIMMY PERCY
...What the...

SLIM
I'm lookin' for Bud Deakins and Sam
Nebraska.

Richie tightens his coat, making sure his pistol is hidden.

RICHIE NEBRASKA
What for, son?

Slim nods to Brady and Brady moves to cover the rear entrance
and he pushes Richie up to the bar with the others.

SLIM
...I'm here ta kill 'em for what
they done ta my brother.

EXT. COOZ'S - REAR OF THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

JONAH WALKING QUIETLY UP THE FIRE STAIRS and now on the
landing, looking into the bedroom window and seeing Sam on
the bed with the Boxer lying beside him.

Jonah moves over to the adjacent bathroom window and quietly
slides it open.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the charcoal suit, Sam lies emotionless on the bed and
there's the SOUND OF BUD MOANING from the neighboring room.
The Boxer Dog sleeps in the corner.

INT. BUD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Francis gives Bud a blowjob under the sheets and BUD BANGS HIS BACK AGAINST THE HEADBOARD.

INT. COOZ'S - CONTINUOUS

Slim and Brady hold Jimmy and Doc at bay and Brady is breathing heavily and Slim looks up at the ceiling at the rhythmic DRIP - DRIP - DRIP of rain water.

DOC BARSTOW

lets his hand slide towards his holstered pistol --

SLIM
Don't go there, fella...

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jonah climbs in the window and his HAND TREMBLES WEAKLY in his age and he slips slightly and his foot touches down on a scale - KINK - the slightest sound. Jonah freezes --

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam doesn't move, his eyes fixed on the ceiling. BUD CLIMAXES NEXT DOOR IN A LOUD ORGASMIC U-U-UGH!

Then silence.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jonah exhales and his feet touch the ground. He removes his Colt Revolver and pushes the bathroom door open slightly and through the space between hinges, he sees the bed is empty.

He pushes slowly into --

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

and only the Boxer Dog is there, looking calmly to the opened window. Jonah turns. Sam Nebraska stands outside on the landing, gun drawn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOOM! BOOM! Jonah crumbles to the ground, clutching his stomach.

INT. COOZ'S - CONTINUOUS

Slim looks up.

SLIM
Jonah? Jonah!?

JIMMY PERCY

ducks down behind the bar.

DOC BARSTOW

reaches for his pistol --

SLIM
Don't fuckin' do that!

but Doc draws the Pistol out and BA-WOOM! the Winchester explodes and DOC FLIES OFF THE STOOL, blood squirting from his neck.

Richie has his coat open and he's struggling greatly in his age to get his pistol from the holster and Slim takes two steps closer to him, gun aimed at his chest.

Richie looks at Slim, beaten. He spits in Slim's face. Slim pulls the trigger - BA-WOOM!

INT. BUD'S BEDROOM - SAME

Bud slides his pants on quickly and --

(O.S.) BA-WOOM! He freezes a second...now grabs a pistol from a drawer in the night stand.

BUD
(to Francis)
Get outta here, whore.

Bud exits. On the bed, Francis smokes from a crack pipe, oblivious.

INT. COOZ'S - CONTINUOUS

Brady has retreated to the rear staircase landing and he is trembling and sweating. Standing over Richie's body, Slim reloads - KLUCK KLUCK - and takes aims at the bar.

SLIM

If you aint Sam or Bud, there aint
no reason ta do this!

JIMMY PERCY (O.C.)

BULL FUCKIN' SHIT, ASSHOLE! You
just shot my friend!

SLIM

He was reachin' for his gun...

JIMMY PERCY (O.C.)

He had one goddamn arm!

SLIM

How many you need to kill a man?

Slim aims - BOOM! BOOM! - two shots strike the bar front.

JIMMY PERCY (O.C.)

GODDAMNIT! Stop with that shit!

BEHIND THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

the splinters of Slim's blast nearby and Jimmy is fumbling with shotgun shells and clearly this is new to him.

JIMMY PERCY

BUD! SAM! Get the FUCK down here!
NOW!

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bud glides down the dimly-lit hallway, under the DRIP - DRIP - DRIP of rainwater from the ceiling. The Boxer Dog saunters lazily past.

Bud peers into Sam's bedroom and --

SAM NEBRASKA

stands over Jonah who is crawling on his belly, leaving a streak of blood on the weathered hardwood floor. Sam watches, listens to his breathing.

BUD
(an angry whisper)
What the fuck's goin' on?

Sam never turns his eyes from Jonah on the floor. Bud forgets him, exits and continues to the --

REAR STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

and descends the shadowy stairs. At the bottom is Brady, nervous, eyes searching the bar floor. Bud takes aim at the kid when --

SLIM (O.C.)
Psss...

Bud freezes...puts his back against the wall.

INT. COOZ'S - CONTINUOUS

Slim points Brady to the bathroom.

BRADY
What?

SLIM
Get in the bathroom...

Brady shakes his head, feigning bravery.

SLIM (cont'd)
Get in the goddamn bathroom, Brady.
Close the door...

Brady moves into the bathroom and closes the door and Slim makes his way across the bar floor, around the pool of blood at Doc Barstow's head --

SLIM (cont'd)
Jonah?! Jonah goddamnit say
somethin' if you're up there!

still keeping aim at the bar --

BEHIND THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy peeks around the bar's edge. Nothing.

JIMMY PERCY

Bud! Do you FUCKIN' hear me up
there you ASSHOLES?!

REAR STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Bud moving down the stairs again, towards the landing, eyeing the bathroom and --

INT. COOZ'S - CONTINUOUS

Slim moves to the space under the stairs, amid empty liquor boxes and brooms and a mop and bucket. He looks towards the bar for Jimmy.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jonah has stopped crawling and Sam hears FOOTSTEPS outside his door. Now a shadow. He aims his pistol. More FOOTSTEPS and Sam pulls the trigger - BOOM! BOOM!

REAR STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Bud looks to the ceiling. His foot lands hard on the stairs and CREAKS...

INT. COOZ'S - CONTINUOUS

Under the stairs...Slim looks up.

SLIM

Jonah?

No response.

REAR STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

A beat. Bud looks down and BOOM! BOOM! the STAIRS ARE SPLINTERED and he flies down to the landing.

BEHIND THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy shoots up from behind the bar --

JIMMY PERCY
You MOTHERFUCKERS!

-- and takes aim at Slim who is reloading the Winchester and he PULLS THE TRIGGER AND MISSES, just above Slim's head. Slim winces. Scrambles to reload. Hands moving quickly.

Jimmy shoots again...A MISFIRE...A beat.

JIMMY PERCY (cont'd)
...Shit...

Slim aims and BA-WOOM! BA-WOOM! JIMMY FLIES ONTO THE SHELVES OF LIQUOR...SMASH!

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BLOOD SEEPS UNDER THE DOOR like an army of encroaching ants and Sam slowly opens the door revealing...the Boxer Dog. Dead. Blood.

His heart sinks and his face trembles in a seizure of shock and anger. He picks up the bloody animal and rushes to the bathroom.

INT. COOZ'S - CONTINUOUS

Slim reloads again.

Brady peeks out the bathroom door and there is Bud dead on the landing and Jimmy dead behind the bar and Doc dead on the floor and the old man Richie dead nearby.

He looks at Slim, a bit scared of him. Slim stares back.

SLIM
Stay in there...

FOOTSTEPS DESCENDING THE STAIRS and Brady steps into the bathroom and closes the bathroom door and Slim moves under the stairs again.

...a long beat...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Moments later, stoned Francis stumbles by Slim in only his underpants. He moves to the bar and pours himself a drink.

Slim moves out of the space and up the staircase.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON THE RED BATH WATER and the Boxer Dog submerged and Sam is WHIMPERING as he scrubs the animal furiously with soap as though that will help and there is blood all over the tiled floor.

Under the door, the SHADOW OF A MOVING FIGURE...Sam turns.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Slim enters slowly, Winchester leveled. He moves to Jonah who is sitting up against the bed, shirt blood-drenched, breaths deep and long.

SLIM
Jesus Christ...

Slim sees the two bullet holes and the blood. So much blood.

JONAH
(a faint whisper)
...bath...room...

SLIM
I'm gonna get you outta here...

JONAH
(slightly louder)
Bath...room...

Slim looks up and in the window reflection...Sam Nebraska slowly opens the bathroom door, pistol drawn.

SLIM LUNGES FOR THE DOOR and WHAM! Sam's giant hand is SLAMMED AGAINST THE WALL and his PISTOL FALLS to the ground.

There is a struggle, each man pushing and...

...their eyes meet for a long moment: THE BLACK-EYED DOG AND THE GLOWING EMBERS...

Slim cocks his fist back and CRACKS! SAM ACROSS THE FACE. Sam flies back into the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLIM
You the man killed my brother you
sonofabitch?!

Slim reaches for the pistol but SAM RUSHES THROUGH THE DOOR now and barrels Slim AGAINST THE WALL and CRACK! against his face and CRACK! - CRACK! - CRACK! a furious series of blows.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brady on the toilet, trembling. Too scared to move.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

CRACK! Slim falls to the ground now, face bloodied and Sam reaches for the boxcutter. He bends down to Slim's level and Slim is clutching his stomach and MOANING and Sam looks deep into his eyes when --

BANG! Sam's shoulder is shot. He turns, Jonah is holding his Colt Revolver weakly, aiming again, struggling with the hammer --

SAM RUSHES INTO THE BATHROOM and out the window before Jonah can pull the trigger and Jonah's hand sinks slowly to the ground.

SLIM
Brady! BRADY GODDAMNIT GET UP
HERE!

FOOTSTEPS and moments later Brady enters the room.

SLIM (cont'd)
Stay here with Jonah...

BRADY
(scared shitless)
Wait... Where you goin'?...You
aint leavin' us are ya?

Slim struggles to his feet and picks up the Winchester --

SLIM
...I'm gonna kill that bastard.

-- and he exits the room.

INT. COOZ'S - CONTINUOUS

Francis in his underpants stands at the jukebox, eyeing the options.

Slim enters from the stairwell, Winchester aimed, eyes darting. He steps up to the cash register, SHINK! it opens and he removes \$1,000. No more. No less.

CLOSE ON THE JUKEBOX

as the mechanical arm LIFTS A RECORD from a row and SIMON & GARFUNKEL'S' *Cecilia* blares through the bar, eerie as hell like a requiem.

SLIM

is startled by the music and it's just growing louder and goddamn louder and he whips around and Francis is dancing now, all alone, lost in a drug-induced bliss.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brady sits beside Jonah and the music is heard from downstairs and BLOOD-HUED WATER IS OVERFLOWING AND RUSHING OUT FROM UNDER THE BATHROOM DOOR.

BRADY
(crying)
...fuckin' drive-in asshole...never
said nuthin' 'bout this shit...

Jonah's head slumps onto Brady's shoulder and he sighs like a man come to the end of something. And then he dies.

Brady begins to cry, tries to steel himself and only half succeeds. He removes Jonah's head from his shoulder and gets to his feet and takes Jonah's Revolver.

INT. COOZ'S - CONTINUOUS

Francis dancing. Winchester drawn, Slim KICKS OPEN the rear entrance, looks outside. Nothing. The percussion of rain and darkness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Slim's trying to focus but his eyes are uneasy with the music and Francis and he's suddenly acutely aware of his own breathing.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

REVOLVER DRAWN, Brady charily walks through the SPLICK-SPLACK of the water at his feet as he approaches the DRIP - DRIP - DRIP of the rain from the ceiling and the soft wooden floor and suddenly WHOOSH! HE FALLS --

INT. COOZ'S - CONTINUOUS

-- THROUGH THE CEILING, plaster and water following him down.

Slim turns, looks up, and --

SAM NEBRASKA

bursts through the rear entrance with a HORRID YELP! that comes from the black-oil boughs of hell and he tackles Slim to the ground and the WINCHESTER FLIES ACROSS THE BAR FLOOR.

There is a great struggle...neither man getting an advantage. And then, finally, the massive Sam Nebraska manages to climb atop Slim and HE REMOVES HIS BOXCUTTER and regards Slim's beaten face a moment when --

BOOM! A beat.

Only the music is heard.

Sam turns back, sees --

BRADY

standing amid the pile of plaster, Winchester aimed.

SAM NEBRASKA

looks down now as blood permeates his shirt. He lurches, then falls off Slim, face to the bar floor...eyes open...but fading...

FRANCIS

dances still to the music like a circus act and there is the
SOUND OF ENCROACHING SIRENS.

SLIM

We gotta get outta here...

BRADY

(breathing heavily)

...You think I killed 'im?

SLIM

GODDAMNIT, BRADY!

SAM NEBRASKA

breathes short, heavy breaths.

SAM'S POV

staring at Richie Nebraska's dead body. SIRENS fill the air.

EXT. COOZ'S - NIGHT

PATROL CARS, lights flashing, screech to a halt outside. A
bevy of OFFICERS, guns drawn approach the door.

INT. COOZ'S - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON THE DOOR as BOOM! it's kicked open and --

OFFICERS' POV

Francis dancing. Bodies litter the floor. Blood.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT./EXT. FORD PICK-UP - NIGHT

TILTING UP FROM THE INDIANA STATE LICENSE PLATE and Brady is
seated in the flatbed. Jonah's body's at his feet wrapped in
blankets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Inside the truck, the back of Slim's head and the headlights shine a path down a quiet, rural highway and there is no wind or rain, only the METALLIC GRUMBLE of the old engine.

INT. COOZ'S - NIGHT

The OFFICERS have entered and checked the bar.

OFFICER
I got one breathing over here!

We pan to OFFICER, kneeling beside Sam Nebraska...

FADE TO:

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES

- NIGHT and the Ford pulling into the driveway of Jonah's SHANTY. A LIGHT UPSTAIRS is on...Leeny.

- THE O'RILEY HOME and Brady steps from the truck. FROM AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW, GABBY LOOKS DOWN. But not at Brady. Into the pick-up. At Slim.

- MORNING AT THE WHEAT FIELD and Slim toils among the harvest workers.

- AFTERNOON and Slim at the WEATHERED FARMHOUSE. He takes the 'For Sale' from the soil. It's his now.

- DUSK BEHIND THE FARMHOUSE and Slim digging with a shovel and now taking the Winchester and burying it. Deep.

FADE OUT.

(O.S.) A WHINY FIDDLE BEGINS...

...and we're jolted by A TORRENT OF ACTIVITY...

...as people dance, swinging one another around, swapping partners, whizzing by...Gabby is among them as are Deputy Bowiggin and Leeny.

ON STAGE

A lively FOLK BAND plays as A HOMESPUN BANNER stretches above them, announcing - *Easton Folk Festival*.

FAIRGROUNDS

Modest amusements and food stands and the whole town is there, eating candy apples and funnel cakes and pulled pork and fried pickles.

ON A BENCH

Brady wipes Ben's mouth free of powdered sugar and Slim's eyes are focused on the dance floor. The murders linger on their faces, shrink them somehow, and Brady is looking around anxiously as if everyone knows and is watching.

BRADY

I uh...actually slept a bit last night. Wasn't much, but...closed my eyes at least.

SLIM

(a beat)

I think I'll be goin'...

Before Slim can leave, Leeny approaches and grabs him, pulls him towards the dancing.

SLIM (cont'd)

Oh no...

(she tugs harder)

You go, Leeny. Plenty a boys'd love to have your hand out there.

She pouts.

BRADY

Go on...

Slim gives in.

EXT. DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Bales of hay flank the giant makeshift floor and Slim and Leeny enter now, mid-song, and THE FLOOR IS ALIVE and there's the swing of the crook of arms and the bobbing of heads.

GABBY

sees Slim among the crowd and her smile fades.

SLIM

being swung around...the passing faces all a blur...except Gabby.

GABBY

catches Slim gazing and turns away upon the meeting of eyes.

The SONG ENDS.

BAND LEADER (O.C.)

Oh boy, it's been a good time with
you folks tonight. We're gonna
slow it down a minute here...

Led by a MOUNTAIN DULCIMER, the band walks into their version of BOB DYLAN'S *4th Time Around*. Slim looks around for Gabby but he's lost her in the crowd.

ON THE BENCH

Leeny returns, sweating and flush, sits beside Brady and Ben.

BRADY

You Jonah's daughter?

She doesn't answer.

BRADY (cont'd)

(nudges her)

Hey...

(she nudges him back.

Hard)

Damn, I didn't mean nothin' by it,
jus'...

She signs at him, vituperatively - a tough girl she is - and he just now realizes she's deaf.

BRADY (cont'd)

Oh hell, I never...jus' that I seen
a picture a you b'fore. Thought
you were awful pretty - I mean it
wasn't mine or nothin' an' I
weren't lookin' at it long or
strange-like, I jus'...hell you
can't hear a damn thing I'm sayin'
anyway, can ya'?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leeny just stares at the people walking by.

BRADY (cont'd)
(deflated)
Yeah...

SLIM

looks for Gabby and he's just about to give up when...a hand pulls him back...Gabby's. She doesn't speak as she escorts him through the crowd to the dance floor.

They begin to dance closely, her head on his shoulder, neither looking at the other. Years of hurt stand between them.

MULBY NOLAN

outside the dance floor, alone, not drunk, not sober, and he watches as Slim and Gabby dance.

SLIM & GABBY

as the song progresses, she holds him tightly, his back and the bones of his shoulders, and remembers him. There is a look on his face of not wanting to be alone anymore.

MULBY NOLAN

can't bear to watch anymore. He walks away.

THE MUSIC STOPS and CLAPS ensue.

Gabby retreats slightly and looks at Slim. She walks off the dance floor. He watches her go.

EXT. WEATHERED FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The Ford pick-up glides into the gravel driveway.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Slim at the kitchen table with a bottle of Sloe Gin beside him and it's the first time we've seen him drink yet.

He pours himself another and soon he will feel no memories.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Slim stumbles into the dark room and he's drunk something good now and it's on his face. Gabby stands by the window, lit by slivers of moonlight around the shade, holding the picture of Slim and her.

GABBY
I'd forgotten this day...

SLIM
Gabby --

GABBY
(gently)
Sshh, Charlie...

She drops her homemade dress from her shoulders and stands naked now, skin white as porcelain with a shock of gold hair.

GABBY (cont'd)
Sshh...

She shivers. He moves towards her.
(MORE)

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

SILVER-WHITE MOONLIGHT on the bed and Slim and Gabby making love and this is much more than physical: two people capable of loving only the other.

EXT. WEATHERED FARMHOUSE - PREDAWN

NIGHT LINGERS IN PURPLE and Slim sits up with a blanket over him while Gabby draws invisible shapes on his back.

GABBY
You killed them, didn't you? The
ones who got my Father...
(he doesn't speak)
I don't care. How bad am I for
saying that, but I don't. I just
wanted you to come home.
(kisses his shoulder)
Back to me.
(a long beat)
He's not yours, Charlie. Ben.
He's not your son...

(CONTINUED)

GABBY(cont'd)
 CONTINUED:
 When you went in, Mulby an' I...for
 a while I was just so angry and...

Tears form in her eyes but Slim doesn't flinch and it's clear
 this wasn't news to him.

SLIM
 It aint my right ta be mad, Gabby.
 I lost that when I went away.

GABBY
 He gave me everything and I
 couldn't love him... It all was
 dead without you...all the places
 we'd go - the river and that old
 house where you would make love to
 me...and that spot with the tall
 grass - do you remember it? Did
 you ever think about it? The sun
 never reached it, remember? They
 were all dead when I went without
 you...it was like they never made
 sense, like the air didn't reach
 them anymore...
 (a beat)
 I used to cry when we made love.

A beat. His stomach ~~(MOVES)~~ and, despite his attempts against
 it, he begins to cry for all he's done. She pulls him down
 into her arms and holds him.

GABBY (cont'd)
 Don't leave me anymore, Charlie.
 (kisses his forehead)
 Don't ever leave me.

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

Slim's awake, looking over at Gabby asleep beside him. He
 watches her breathe.

EXT. WEATHERED FARMHOUSE - MORNING

Slim exits the home with a cup of coffee and the Sheriff's
 Cruiser is in the driveway. Nolan leans against the car and
 he looks drunk and he hasn't slept.

SHERIFF NOLAN
 Got a call this mornin'. One of
 our leads got shot ta hell over in
 Pennsylvania...placed call Cooz's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: SHERIFF NOLAN(cont'd)
 (approaches Slim)
 You know anythin' about that?

 SLIM
 Cooz's? No I don't --

CRACK! NOLAN'S FIST AGAINST SLIM'S FACE and Slim drops the coffee and slams back against the home.

 SHERIFF NOLAN
 I loved her you sonofabitch an' --

SLIM TACKLES NOLAN DOWN THE STEPS. They wrestle on the ground. Finally Nolan CRACKS! Slim across the face. Hard. Slim winces and rolls around, lip-blooded. Nolan stands.

 SHERIFF NOLAN (cont'd)
 I take good care a that boy. See
 that he's got clean clothes, shoes
 on his feet --

Slim stands and charges after Nolan again but Nolan easily tosses the weakened Slim down.

 SHERIFF NOLAN (cont'd)
 ...You never looked at her the way
 she needed to, you never once gave
 a damn she walked this earth!

 SLIM
 (weakly)
 That was a long time ago...

Nolan COUGHS and COUGHS and leans tiredly against the Cruiser.

 SHERIFF NOLAN
 An' stupid goddamn me - stupid
 fuckin' me what do I do? I go an'
 love her an' give her the earth an'
 - I GAVE HER ME GODDAMNIT! I gave
 her me an' she didn't want it...
 (he wobbles a bit)
 You ruined me...

Gabby steps from the house.

 GABBY
 Mulby what're --
 (sees Slim on the ground)
 Oh Jesus, baby...

She rushes to Slim's aid. Her choice devastates Nolan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF NOLAN

What're you- what about me? What
about me goddamnit!? Come and
check on me!

Desperate, Nolan rips Gabby away from Slim, pulls her close
to him.

SHERIFF NOLAN (cont'd)

What about me goddamnit!? I'm
drunk and ruined, Gabby! Drunk and
ruined!

She SLAPS HIM ACROSS THE FACE, releasing his grip, and she
rushes again to Slim. Always to Slim.

SLIM

(from the ground, weakly)
Don't come by here no more, Mulby.

SHERIFF NOLAN

If you done somethin' they'll come
for you. An' when they do I aint
gonna stand in their way.

Nolan climbs into the Cruiser and the car storms out of the
driveway. On Slim in the dirt and Gabby holding him we...

FADE OUT.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON - TWO WEEKS LATER

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF GIANT HANDS in the lap of a hospital gown.

Sam Nebraska is carted by a NURSE down a sun-drenched hallway
where TWO DETECTIVES wait in the distance.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER

The Detectives stand by the glass window looking into a
makeshift room at Sam Nebraska. A DOCTOR stands with them.

DOCTOR

-- just hasn't returned.

DETECTIVE #1

He doesn't remember anything?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR

Not yet. The EEG didn't show any brain injuries, but slight amnesia's not at all uncommon, gentleman.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam Nebraska sits in the room, staring vaguely at nothing at all, as docile as an abused mutt.

DETECTIVE #2 (O.S.)

How long will it take?

DOCTOR (O.S.)

There's no way of telling. His cognitive functions appear normal. It could be tomorrow, it could be six months from now. It could be never. It's not out of the question.

DETECTIVE #2

Let us know when it comes to him.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT (LATE)

A bored COP, thirties, sits outside hospital room 204, sleepy under the soporific evening lights.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM 204 - CONTINUOUS

THE REFLECTION OF THE STEEL MILL on the window and Sam Nebraska stares outside, seated in a wheelchair. Behind him, a NURSE, sixties, straightens the bedsheets.

NURSE

Anything you need before I go?

Sam doesn't respond. His eyes focus on the bed pan. She drapes a blanket over him.

NURSE (cont'd)

To keep you warm... Nights have been chilly...

Sam looks into the bathroom...a men's bathroom kit...the grooming scissors...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nurse moves to exit. Before she does --

SAM NEBRASKA
(ice cold)
'Birds without wings...'

She turns.

NURSE
What's that, sweetie?

CLOSE ON SAM NEBRASKA

His eyes. No longer embers. Explosions. The death of stars.

And if we didn't know already, we know in that look he hasn't forgotten a single thing.

The Nurse exits.

EXT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT (LATER)

The COP lurches, his eyes fading. He shoots up. Clears his face. Looks around.

INSIDE THE ROOM, A CRASH...something metal hitting the floor.

Cop stands up, feels his pistol.

COP
What's going on in there?
(a pause)
Answer me inside that room...

Urine leaks out from under the door.

COP (cont'd)
(to himself)
Christ...
(into the room)
Back away from the door in there!
You hear me!?

He finds his set of keys, unlocks the door, draws his pistol and enters. A pause. Silence.

COP (O.C.) (cont'd)
What's going on in here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(O.C.) A struggle is heard. A GASP FOR AIR. A GURGLE. Then a body drops...then scissors...then quiet.

Moments later, Sam Nebraska steps from the hospital room, strolls down the hall as quiet as mist.

Blood seeps out from under the door.

EXT. COATESVILLE STREET - MORNING

ON A GAUDY PINK NEON SIGN, 'THE OCEAN SPRAY' with the white crest of a blue wave towering over the letters.

It's Cooz's...except it's not Cooz's at all. A renovation has begun with an 'Opening Soon!' banner in the window.

STREET CORNER

Sam looks up at the sign. What used to be his home.

By the side of the bar, the Oldsmobile Cutlass has a boot on the wheel, signs on the dash declaring - *Past Inspection!*

INT. THE OCEAN SPRAY - MOMENTS LATER

FAUX PALM TREES IN SANDBOX OASES and innocuous, steel-drum Island music. A few CARPENTERS labor behind the renovated bar. DRILLS and SAWS.

Sam walks across the floor.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON SAM, eyes sunk and there is a quiver in his lip as he stares at THE BLACK & WHITE PHOTO of Richie Nebraska and himself.

A FOREMAN peers into the room.

FOREMAN

You're here for the plumbing?

Sam's eyes never leave the photo and the Foreman takes that as a 'yes.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOREMAN (cont'd)
 Musta been a goddamn massacre.
 Upstairs is gonna be a fuckin'
 effort, huh?

The Foreman looks down at the BLOOD-RIMMED BASIN OF THE BATHTUB and he shakes his head and leaves and Sam's eyes haven't moved a fucking inch.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

THE CLOSET DOOR OPENING and Sam pulling out the Charcoal suit and the Fedora from the shelf above.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sam stands in front of the mirror shirtless, feeling the pink-white raised, stitched skin of the Winchester blast scar - large and amorphous and --

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - FROM SAM'S POV

Glimpses of moments from that night at Cooz's.

- RICHIE NEBRASKA leaving the bathroom.
- JONAH bloodied, crawling on the floor.

And there are words coming and going throughout, pieces of things heard - *'Brady...Brady get up here!'* *'fuckin' drive-in asshole'* *'You the man who killed my brother you sonofabitch?'* *'BOOM!'* *'Birds without wings.'*

- THE BLOOD OF THE BOXER DOG seeping under the door like a legion of approaching ants.
- SLIM'S FACE, when their eyes met. The black-eyed dog and the glowing embers.
- THE BOXCUTTER approaching Slim's face.
- RICHIE'S FACE, dead against the floor. Blood-coated.
- BRADY with the Winchester and BOOM! it explodes in A FLASH OF WHITE and --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

-- CLOSE ON THE WHITE OF A SINK BASIN and DRIP - DRIP - DRIP
BLOOD SPOTS IT RED.

Sam Nebraska shaves, dressed in the charcoal suit. He
finishes now, wipes the blood from his neck and puts on the
Fedora.

INT. THE OCEAN SPRAY - CONTINUOUS

VIEW FROM THE FLOOR as the curiously tall man walks out of
the paradise bar: a black silhouette against the fading sun.

INT. SPENARD GUN DEALERS - EVENING

ON A REVOLVER being shown to Sam by the DEALER. But Sam's
eyes don't even view the pistol...they're focused on the wall
where a side-by-side double barrel shotgun is mounted.

INT./EXT. TAXI - NIGHT

Driving. Under the vastness of a black sky. In the
backseat...Sam Nebraska.

EXT. HARDINGS HOME - PREDAWN

A duplex. Sam Nebraska steps from the taxi, the double barrel
shotgun at his side.

In the driveway, he sees an old CADILLAC BROUGHAM.

INT. HARDINGS HOME - BEDROOM - PREDAWN

A BOY SLEEPS SOUNDLY in a room filled with posters of Toucans
and there are ant farms and pet caterpillars, too.

This is MAGWYNN HARDINGS, seventeen. The boy who shit
himself.

VIEW ON THE WINDOW

as the Fedora slides by, throwing its unearthly shadow on the
wall beside Magwynn's bed, stirring him momentarily.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CC soundly asleep on the sofa, snoring. A DOORBELL RING.

CC HARDINGS
(groggy)
Jesus Christ...what fucking...

Another DOORBELL.

CC trudges to the door. Outside, shrouded in darkness, is Sam and we can't make out a single feature except his eyes and the glint of the shotgun.

CC HARDINGS (cont'd)
Sam...? Jesus...what time...

Elliot appears in the home now. Squints to see who's there.

SAM NEBRASKA
I found some work...

CUT TO:

EXT. WEATHERED FARMHOUSE - AFTERNOON

LEENY'S THREE-LEGGED RABBIT runs about and Ben gives chase, baseball glove in hand. Running circles.

NEARBY IN THE FIELD

Slim and Brady till the land, sweating and sun-red, preparing it for planting.

BRADY
Gotta be careful a smut.

SLIM
You hear somethin'?

BRADY
Saw Cud Banks at the hardware center. Told how he had it last year. Came out one day, whole field smelt a fish. Had ta burn it all.

Slim pauses, regards the field. The task ahead awakens a near-smile on his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLIM
We'll be alright, I think...

LEENY EXITS THE SCREEN DOOR with purpose and stands now with impatient eyes at the boys. She STOMPS HER FOOT: *lunch is up*. Slim turns.

SLIM (cont'd)
OK, OK...we're comin', Leeny.

Leeny walks back inside.

BRADY
(a beat)
You think she's pretty that Leeny?

SLIM
You an' her? That right?

BRADY
I aint sayin' for me I was jus'
sayin'...like in general.

SLIM
In general, huh?

BRADY
Yeah in general...
(sees Slim smiling)
Oh hell with you then...

Brady exits the field, heads in for lunch.

Slim turns, watches Ben toss a baseball to himself, making basket-catches.

SLIM
You're s'pose to catch above your
head.

BEN
No I'm not.

Slim lets his tool down. Approaches Ben.

SLIM
Lemme show ya'...fore you develop
a bad habit...

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

GABBY AT THE VANITY, smiling.

BRADY (O.C.)
Gab? Lunch is up...

She straightens up quickly, tosses A TISSUE-WRAPPED PREGNANCY TEST into the waste bin. She looks herself over, making sure her smile isn't telling.

Brady appears in the doorway.

BRADY (cont'd)
You hear me?

GABBY
I heard ya'...

BRADY
Well why the hell didn't you say anythin'?

GABBY
Sorry...

BRADY
Goddamn...
(as he leaves)
People are blatant ig'rant 'round here anymore...

Before she gets up, something catches her eye. Outside. Slim and Ben and Slim's showing the boy the right way to catch. She watches a moment, then leaves the vanity.

INT. EASTON COUNTY POLICE STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Nolan with a bag of fast food lunch and bourbon, sits behind his desk. The DOOR OPENS - Deputy Bowiggin.

DEPUTY BOWIGGIN
Gotta message this mornin',
Mulby... From Pennsylvania.

SHERIFF NOLAN
What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEPUTY BOWIGGIN

One from that bar shootout come
outta his coma.

(Nolan looks up)

Said he didn't remember nothin'...
wondered if you still had an
interest in questionin' him.

EXT. HIGHWAY - EVENING (DUSK)

CC's CADILLAC BROUGHAM rolls down the highway.

INT. CADILLAC BROUGHAM - CONTINUOUS

CC driving, Sam Nebraska beside him. In the backseat, Elliot
and Magwynn, the kid, looking wholly out-of-place and
skittish.

CC HARDINGS

He's not a smart kid, Sam. He
needs to find a trade... Kids at
school tease him something awful.

ELLIOT HARDINGS

Oh would you quit it?

CC HARDINGS

What?

ELLIOT HARDINGS

Quit bothering the boy.

CC HARDINGS

I aint bothering him.

(Elliot shakes his head)

I'm just sayin', he's not going to
college so he better take up
something soon. There'd be no
point in college for him.

VIEW OUT THE WINDSHIELD

a road sign passes - *Bowenville, Ohio.*

CC HARDINGS (O.C.)

...He just doesn't have the mind.

A DROP OF RAIN hits the windshield.

INT. WEATHERED FARMHOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

A DRIZZLE OF RAIN NOW and Brady ensconced in a wicker chair, thick bubble of tobacco in his cheek. Slim exits the home with a mug of coffee.

BRADY

Comin' ta the end of the long days
an' short nights. Figure we plant
now an' we'll see beards come
Spring. Five feet high, I'd say.

SLIM

Be nice if we saw 'em by Spring.

BRADY

Have us a King Harvest, huh?

(a beat)

Say, Slim... What happened that
night...down in Rittsfield?

Slim looks out into the cavernous night and it's a question he don't wanna answer.

SLIM

...I don't remember much. Left
home 'round ten. Wim Redbrook come
by an' pick me up like he always
did...says we'd go ta some bar down
in Rittsfield jus' open up. I'd
been drinkin' a while an' when I
walk outta the house I hear this
mewling in the air, like a damn
injured cat. I turn an' there's
Pop sittin' under the barn light.
Liquor-hazy. There weren't nothin'
special in that 'cept now he's
talkin' an' Pop don't talk...
Can't make out much, so I step
closer to 'im an' I can hear 'im
now an' he's sayin' the same thing.
Over an' over...*I shoulda yelped.*
I shoulda yelped 'til it burned an'
burned. Man laid concrete his
whole life, never said a word about
it. I got in Wim Redbrook's car
an' that was the last I ever saw a
him. Died while I was inside.

Slim turns back to Brady.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLIM (cont'd)
That's what I remember 'bout that
night. Nothin' at the bar, nothin'
'bout when that man come at me with
a knife an' nothin' bout when they
found me under a Shag tree with his
blood on me...

A beat.

The HEADLIGHT OF THE SHERIFF'S CRUISER shine on the gravel
driveway. Nolan exits and approaches through the rain.

SLIM (cont'd)
What the hell you want? I thought
I told --

SHERIFF NOLAN
I aint here for you. I came here
for her sake. Got a message from
Pennsylvania. Sayin' one survived
from that bar...

Brady looks at Slim.

SLIM
Who was it?
(a beat)
Goddamnit, Mulby, which one!?

SHERIFF NOLAN
Said his name was Sam Nebraska...

And the faces of Brady and Slim go cold and numb.

SHERIFF NOLAN (cont'd)
Said he come outta a coma not
rememberin' a thing an' if I --

SLIM
Where is he now?

SHERIFF NOLAN
In the hospital... I'm headed up
that way come mornin'.

A beat. Nolan puts his cap back on, walks through the rain
back to his Cruiser.

Slim looks into the bedroom and the yellow glow of the
bathroom where Gabby and Leeny bathe Ben. Gabby takes the
boy into her arms and wraps a towel around him.

INT./EXT. CADILLAC BROUGHAM - NIGHT

Parked. The eyes of Sam Nebraska are seen through the rain-blurry windshield.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - CROSSROADS DRIVE-IN - NIGHT

POURING RAIN outside and Terry is taking down the film reels.

INT. OLDSMOBILE CUTLASS - CONTINUOUS

Elliot lights a cigarette, exhales. CC looks over at Sam and we reveal Sam is looking out the windshield at the projection room.

SAM NEBRASKA

Stay here...

CC HARDINGS

Stay here? Sam I wanted to take
Magwynn, see if I couldn't show --

Sam Nebraska steps out of the car and the sound of rain intrudes momentarily before the door closes on CC talking.

INT. TICKET BOOTH - NIGHT

Lee shuts the ticket window and turns out the light.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - NIGHT

RAIN HITS THE WOODEN ROOF HARD as Terry puts the film back into the reel tins.

A NOISE. He turns to the doorway. Sees the silhouette of Sam Nebraska.

EXT. TICKET BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Waiting for the rain to still, Lee rocks the baby and HUMS A LULLABY.

She looks over at the projection room. Notices Terry's shadow is joined BY A CURIOUSLY LARGE SHADOW.

EXT. WEATHERED FARMHOUSE - LATER

RAIN FALLING IN SHEETS NOW and Slim and Brady stand outside the running Buick in the driveway.

SLIM

-- I got an Aunt Suzanne I aint
seen in too long. We'll head up
that way tomorra.

BRADY

You don't think he'd come for us,
do ya' Slim?

H-O-N-K! The car horn startles Brady.

BRADY (cont'd)

Goddamnit!...fuckin' hell...

INSIDE THE CAR -- Gabby chuckles and Leeny sits with Ben in her arms and he's cradling the three-legged rabbit.

BRADY (cont'd)

What'll I tell Gabby?

SLIM

Tell her nothin'. Don't let her
veer from your sight an' don't let
her leave ta come here. Keep a
pistol 'round in a drawer in case.
Come mornin', I'll pick up some
food in town an' then get Leeny.
Be ready.

Brady nods, climbs into the car.

Slim watches the car reverse. We move in on his eyes...

...as they DISSOLVE INTO...

...the GLOWING EYES OF SAM NEBRASKA. He's walking. Out of the projection room.

VIEW FROM THE DOORWAY

THE RAIN and Sam Nebraska strolls across the grounds toward the Cadillac. The moon flaunts its silver reflection across the land, a sinuous bridge of light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAN INTO THE PROJECTION ROOM: to Terry Adams. Head dropped to his shoulder. It's grisly. Face's been beaten so bad we hardly recognize him.

INT. NOLAN HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Nolan, the defeated man, bathes his Mother.

MRS. NOLAN
I'm tired, Mulby...my knees hurt...

INT./EXT. FORD PICK-UP - NIGHT

Slim in the car, Gunther beside him. He glances outside his window to the O'Riley home.

He takes a pull from the bottle of Sloe Gin now. Keeping watch. Revolver in his lap. Suitcase in the backseat.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. O'RILEY HOME - FRONT LAWN - MORNING

THE SWAYING SHADOWS OF SHAGBARK TREES and it's windy but no rain.

INT. FORD PICK-UP - CONTINUOUS

THE WIND WHISTLES against the car windows. Slim stirs, opens his eyes. Morning. He gathers himself, starts the truck.

INT. O'RILEY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

THROUGH THE WINDOW Brady watches the pick-up drive away. He turns to the clock - 8:00 am - sips his coffee.

INT. CADILLAC BROUGHAM - MORNING

CLOSE ON MAGWYNN'S HAND AS A CATERPILLAR explores his fingers and Magwynn watches with child wonder.

ELLIOT HARDINGS
-- never figure we'd see him again.
Terry Adams runnin' a fuckin' movie
theater.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CC HARDINGS
Never liked that fucker anyhow.
(turns back to Magwynn,
sees the caterpillar)
Oh Jesus Christ... Get that off!
Fuckin' dumb-dumb!

CC knocks the caterpillar out of his Magwynn's hand. Magwynn WHINES and kicks the back of his Father's seat. Loud.

Sam Nebraska turns back, grabs the boy's hand, jerks him forward. He removes his boxcutter, SLICES THE PALM.

Magwynn SCREAMS IN PAIN!

CC looks at Sam as if to intervene but thinks better of it.

Sam's eyes are fire.

EXT. MAIN STREET - EASTON - MORNING

And it's not much of a Main street, but it's the primary artery of town.

Slim exits the market, tosses the last bag of groceries into the bed of the truck. He climbs in and when the truck is out of view --

The Cadillac Brougham glides onto the street.

INT. EMPORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

A PHARMACIST stands behind the counter preparing a prescription and DING! THE ENTRANCE BELL and soon a shadow kills some of the light around him.

SAM NEBRASKA (O.C.)
(ice)
...Brady come in today?

PHARMACIST
(without looking up)
Brady? Brady O'Riley? I aint seen him in years.

SAM NEBRASKA (O.C.)
Still live over in the place on Plankers Street?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHARMACIST

Don't know. Father owned a place
off'a Mossville before he passed.

SAM NEBRASKA (O.C.)

Which one?

PHARMACIST

Well that's awful bold now aint --

Pharmacist looks up. His face sobers as he takes in Sam
Nebraska's face and he can't get out a word.

SAM NEBRASKA

...Which place?

PHARMACIST

It's blue...b-blue with red
shudders. Some uh, some reason you
ask, Mister?

But Sam is gone.

EXT. O'RILEY HOME - EARLY AFTERNOON

RED SHUDDERS BANGING AGAINST THE HOME and it's windy as hell
and the trees CREAK like masts.

ON THE ROOF

A WEATHERVANE OF A WINGED PIG oscillates wildly.

RABBIT CAGE - BACKYARD

THE THREE-LEGGED RABBIT is uneasy, its eyes darting out to
the expanse that stretches to a patch of woods.

RABBIT'S POV

a Fox waits in the expanse.

FRONT PORCH

Brady stands atop a chair, hanging a birdfeeder. He steps
down now, eyes its placement. Content, he goes inside.

INT. O'RILEY HOME - FOYER

Brady enters, struggling against the wind to close the door.

BRADY
Goddamn... Got that birdfeeder up.
Gabby?

He walks into the --

KITCHEN

Beyond the sliding glass doors, Gabby's in the backyard where the wind fills the bedsheets hung on clotheslines like sails.

On the kitchen table...A CARD. Brady picks it up.

It reads, *To Charlie: Congratulations, Dad...Love always and always, Gabby...*

He regards his sister outside. UPSTAIRS, FOOTSTEPS. Brady looks up.

EXT. SHANTY - MORNING

Leeny sits inside the Ford. Outside, Slim's packing her suitcase into the bed of the truck.

He climbs inside. Starts the car.

INT. O'RILEY HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING

Brady helps Ben pack a suitcase.

BRADY
No, I don't think we need
swimsuits.

BEN
Why?

BRADY
'Cause the water's gettin' cold
that's why. You wanna swim in ice?

BEN
Yeah...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRADY

Fine, bring it then. See what your
Mother says.

(O.S.) A CAR GRUMBLES OVER GRAVEL.

Brady moves to the window. Looks. OUTSIDE, the Cadillac
Brougham rolls into the gravel driveway.

Brady's insides freeze. He grabs Ben, opens the closet door.

BRADY (cont'd)

Get in there an' don't make a
sound. Don't leave 'til I come
back... OK? OK!?

Ben's shaken by Brady's sudden turn of emotion.

BRADY (cont'd)

Keep quiet...

Brady shuts the closet doors, rushes out.

EXT. CADILLAC BROUGHAM - CONTINUOUS

IN THE DRIVEWAY. Sam steps out, looks around. No neighbors.
He approaches the front door with the shotgun. Elliot
follows.

CC reaches back inside, tries to drag Magwynn out. The boy
resists, kicking his Father.

CC HARDINGS

Hey! You goddamn sonofabitch! Get
outta that car!

Magwynn resists. CC shakes his head, approaches the home.

GABBY

in the backyard (an expanse of grassland) and the wind is
crazy as she holds the three-legged rabbit in her arms and
bites down on a peach.

GABBY

(to the rabbit)

Aw you're nervous, sweetie, aren't
ya? It's jus' an angry wind is
all.

INT. O'RILEY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Brady rips open a drawer, digs through and removes a revolver. His hands are shaking as he loads the gun and bullets are hitting the floor and he's looking outside at Gabby taking the bedsheets down.

BRADY
Gabby! GABBY!

But she can't hear a word over the wind. The gun is loaded now. Brady looks out the window, sees the top of Elliot's head. He shoots - BANG! THE WINDOW SHATTERS. Elliot ducks.

BRADY (cont'd)
GABBY!!

Brady RUNS TOWARDS THE BACK PORCH DOOR AND BA-WOOM! BA-WOOM!...he falls to the floor.

SAM NEBRASKA

shotgun drawn, steps towards Brady like the glide of water over ice. He looks down at the boy crawling towards his sister...the wake of blood he's leaving behind.

BRADY
(blood-gurgled)
...Gabby...Gab...by...

SAM NEBRASKA
Where's the other one?

BRADY
Gab...by...

Sam follows the direction of Brady's eyes...to Gabby outside.

EXT. WEATHERED FARMHOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

GABBY'S BARLEY-COLORED HAIR strands blow across her face and there is only the sound of WILD WIND WHISTLING and it's loud as hell and you can't hear a thing besides it.

CC steps around one corner of the home. Elliot the other.

Gabby pauses, takes them in. Their guns. Her eyes narrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE SLIDING GLASS DOORS OPEN and Sam Nebraska steps out slowly and drops his shotgun...removes the Boxcutter.

Gabby drops the peach.

She is alone with all that can happen.

CLOSE ON THE FOX

watching everything. Emotionless. Eyes like pools of tar.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE MUTILATED, INSECT-RIDDEN BODY

of the three-legged rabbit. Nearby, the Fox saunters back to the woods.

EXT. O'RILEY HOME - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Ford glides into the gravel driveway behind the Buick.

INT. O'RILEY HOME - ~~FOYORE~~ AFTERNOON

Slim enters, Leeny behind him.

SLIM

Gabby? We're takin' a trip, babe.

Slim approaches the kitchen. Brady's body lies just inside the sliding glass doors. Slim rushes up to him...he's barely breathing. Blood.

SLIM (cont'd)

Brady? Brady Jesus answer me...

Slim rolls him over. His belly bleeds. His breaths are low and fading and his eyes are closing.

SLIM (cont'd)

Brady what happened? Brady talk to me goddamnit! Brady talk!

Brady can't speak. He just stares. But he's alive.

SLIM (cont'd)

(frantic)

Gabby? Ben - oh God, Ben -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: SLIM(cont'd)
(calling out)
Gabby!? GABBY!

Leeny leans down and pushes Slim aside like a Mother and she's got a blanket for Brady.

Slim stands and looks around frantically when...his eyes find the backyard. He freezes.

BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Slim exits the home like a zombie. Gabby lies dead in the grass, blood soaking her hair. Eyes closed.

On the facade of the home, written with her blood -- '*Birds without wings.*'

Slim falls to his knees beside her body. Broken.

FADE TO:

DARKNESS - LATER

Leeny opens the closet door, flooding Ben with light. He whimpers.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON BLOODY BATH WATER and Gabby's body sits up in the tub.

Slim is beside her, pink-eyed from tears held back. He's holding the card in his hand. Reading it over and over.

EXT. WEATHERED FARMHOUSE - DUSK

THE SKY BOILS LIQUID FIRE and IN THE DISTANCE is Slim with a shovel, digging, and now pulling the Winchester from the deep soil.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WEATHERED FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

THE WINCHESTER ON THE TABLE AND THE BOTTLE OF SLOE GIN and Slim is taking pulls and the black-eyed dog's in his eyes and there are explosions in his chest.

HEADLIGHTS FLASH INTO THE HOME momentarily. Slim turns.

EXT. WEATHERED FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MOONLESS AND EVEN WINDIER THAN BEFORE. Slim bursts out of the house, Winchester leveled, ready to shoot. He pauses...

Nolan stands at the bottom of the steps in uniform, Sheriff's Cruiser in the driveway. His eyes take in the Winchester and Slim doesn't hide it.

SLIM
Goddamnit, Mulby, what you doin' here?

SHERIFF NOLAN
On my way back from Phil --
(sees the blood on Slim's shirt, the gun)
Who's blood you got on your shirt?

Nolan feels his pistol. Slim raises the shotgun.

SLIM
Get back in that car, Mulby!

SHERIFF NOLAN
Where's my son?

SLIM
He's safe.

Slim's talked enough and he turns, walks back inside the home. Nolan follows.

INT. WEATHERED FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF NOLAN
Where's Gabby? It's her blood...
GODDAMN YOU, is it hers?!

SLIM
You're too late, Mulby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nolan grabs Slim's shoulder, whips him around. Slim shoves the Winchester under Nolan's chin.

SLIM (cont'd)
You got three seconds ta get in
that car. Three seconds before I
kill you an' I will.

SHERIFF NOLAN
It's that one...one that got outta
the hospital...I seen it...

SLIM
She's gone...

Nolan falls back against the wall and for a moment he forgets how to breathe.

SHERIFF NOLAN
Jesus Christ, she's...

Slim peers out the door windows.

SLIM
They'll come for me. It wont be no
use callin' no one neither. It'll
all be said before they get here.

SHERIFF NOLAN
They killed her...

SLIM
GET OUTTA HERE, MULBY!...I'll kill
you. I don't have an ounce a care
in my body no more.

Nolan doesn't move. Doesn't flinch. He stares right back at Slim.

SHERIFF NOLAN
I don't either...an' whatever I did
left with her...years ago...

SLIM
She never loved you.

SHERIFF NOLAN
But I loved her...what's it matter
if she loved me back?

Nolan COUGHS and COUGHS and takes a flask from his pocket and sips. Finally, he draws his pistol, steels himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A very long beat.

The two men stand on either side of the door. Quiet. Old friends and the basest enemies...thinking of her.

SHERIFF NOLAN (cont'd)
...Why didn't you run?

SLIM
Run ta where? I run as far as I'd
like but that shadow aint never
gone...an' I can't see that it ever
will be.

(O.S.) DIRT CRUMBLING UNDER TIRES. Slim looks outside. The Cadillac pulls into the driveway.

INT. CADILLAC BROUGHAM - CONTINUOUS

DARKNESS CLOAKS SAM NEBRASKA. CC and Elliot are silent, afraid to look at Sam. Magwynn is whimpering, holding his cut hand.

EXT. WEATHERED FARMHOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

THE DOOR SHOOTS OPEN and it's Slim with the Winchester leveled at his shoulder and BA-WOOM! BA-WOOM! and --

Nolan is right behind him, FIRING HIS PISTOL - BANG! BANG! BANG!

They rush back inside to reload.

INT. CADILLAC BROUGHAM - CONTINUOUS

THE WINDSHIELD IS COBWEBBED and all are ducking except Sam Nebraska who hasn't moved.

CC is WHEEZING FOR AIR and there's a hole in his stomach and Magwynn is SOBBING loudly.

INT. WEATHERED FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Slim and Nolan reloads and peer out the door windows.

EXT. CADILLAC BROUGHAM - CONTINUOUS

Sam Nebraska exits with his shotgun. CC falls out of the car, stomach a bloody mess.

Elliot climbs out now, sees his brother.

ELLIOT HARDINGS

CC?

(seeing all the blood)

Jesus fuckin' christ! You fuckers!

You fuckers killed - aw Jesus

Christ, CC...

Elliot stands and takes his pistol from his waist and follows Sam towards the home.

INT. WEATHERED FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Slim by the door and Nolan nearby and Slim nods and Nolan moves to the rear of the house.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

SAM NEBRASKA approaches the sliding glass doors and, looking inside, Nolan is by the back door, gun drawn. A BARK! Sam turns to see --

Gunther in the backyard. BARKING at him.

SLIM

leaves the front door and moves towards the kitchen and BANG! BANG! TWO SHOTS SHATTER THE WINDOW BESIDE THE FRONT DOOR.

Slim falls to the ground. Hit. Elliot KICKS OPEN THE DOOR. Slim's struggling with the Winchester. Elliot takes aim --

ELLIOT HARDINGS

You motherfucker --

- BOOM! BOOM! ELLIOT FLIES OUTSIDE ONTO THE PORCH, crumples to the ground.

Slim looks up.

NOLAN STANDS IN THE HALLWAY, pistol in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF NOLAN
(to Slim)
You alright...?

SLIM
He hit me...

Nolan bends down to Slim who is bleeding from his side. He looks around, checking for Sam as he drags Slim into the --

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

and into the dark corner. Nolan sits beside him. Reloads. Silence. We hear their breathing. Then --

VIEW ON THE SLIDING GLASS DOORS

-- SMASH! GUNTHER'S BODY FLIES THROUGH THE GLASS and lands THUD! in a messy and bloody pile on the tiled kitchen floor.

From the darkness, Sam Nebraska steps into the home.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nolan breathes heavily beside Slim, trying to muffle his own coughing.

SHERIFF NOLAN
(quietly)
Slim? Slim you alive...?

Slim's head slumps and his eyes are wearied and fading and blood paints his hand covering the bullet hole in his side.

SHERIFF NOLAN (cont'd)
Slim...?

We HEAR FOOTSTEPS NEARBY. Nolan quiets his breathing. Slim lifts his head slightly.

SLIM'S POV

looking out a window to the land flanking the home. And suddenly the darkness is light-flooded land. Gold and warm with tall wheat.

And, and now Cormac is there, walking the field. And there, there's Jonah, the old man, and he's talking to his Godson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And Gabby, his love, enters with folded starched sheets pulled from clotheslines and she watches the boys and makes a comment about supper being ready soon.

They are talking, something of great interest but little importance.

Darkness falls once again.

SLIM

stares blankly outside the window. Nolan nudges Slim.

SHERIFF NOLAN
Slim? Slim...?

Slim's head lurches.

More FOOTSTEPS and Nolan looks up to see Sam Nebraska approaching the front door, SHOTGUN DRAWN. He walks past the body of Elliot and climbs the wooden steps slowly, methodically. THUD...THUD...THUD...THUD.

When he's gone from sight --

SHERIFF NOLAN (cont'd)
We gotta go, Slim. We gotta go
now.

Nolan tries to lift Slim up but his body is limp.

SHERIFF NOLAN (cont'd)
Jesus Christ, Slim, get up...We
hafta go now. Slim...?

Slim's head lifts slowly and his fading eyes move to the kitchen where he sees Gunther...dead among the broken glass.

Slim labors to his knees, moves towards the dead dog.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sam Nebraska walks slowly under a single yellow light. Downstairs, THE SOUND OF FEET MOVING AND A DOOR OPENING and Sam turns, moves to the stairwell and --

BY THE FRONT DOOR

Nolan is exiting when BA-WOOM BA-WOOM! Nolan drops. Sam descends the staircase. THUD...THUD...THUD...THUD.

By the landing, Nolan is panting and bleeding from his chest and he's crawling towards outside desperately, coughing blood.

Sam raises his shotgun...BOOM! BOOM! Two shots to Nolan's head.

There's a trail of blood leading out to the porch.

EXT. PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Sam steps onto the porch, reloads, and the WIND FLAPS HIS SUIT JACKET WILDLY. He follows the blood trail down the steps and into the DARKNESS OF THE FRONT YARD.

Two eyes glisten in the night before him. He REMOVES HIS BOXCUTTER and --

From the sky, MAYFLIES FALL IN DROVES. Thousands of them hit the earth without a sound. And Sam just lets them hit him.

Soon they've all fallen. Only the wind is heard.

Sam moves towards the eyes...getting closer...something discernible...the dog...Gunther...

SLIM (O.C.)
Sam Nebraska...

Sam Nebraska turns slowly back to the house and --

BA-WOOM! SLIM ON THE BOTTOM OF THE PORCH STEPS, one weak hand holding the Winchester.

Sam drops to the earth. Blood soaking his charcoal suit.

Slim struggles to his feet, stumbles weakly towards him.

SLIM'S POV

looking down at Sam Nebraska among the twitching Mayflies. His eyes now dark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM NEBRASKA
(a blood-mumbled sound)
...b-birds...w-w-without...wings...

Slim reloads the Winchester, aims the gun down at Sam Nebraska breathing short quick breaths and BA-WOOM!

The curious-looking man dies.

BY THE CADILLAC

MAGWYNN'S WHIMPERING on the ground, holding his dead father CC in his arms and the poor boy's pissed himself.

SLIM

looks at Magwynn holding his Father. And he tries to walk towards the home now, but his legs fail him and he falls to the ground.

CLOSE ON SLIM

blood permeating his shirt and there is nothing left of him...nothing at all...it's all taken...his eyes fading...looking up at God.

FADE TO BLACK.

ON A GORGEOUS FIELD OF WHEAT - YEARS LATER

THE SUN LAY ON THE WHEAT and warms it. A sea of gold. The sky is blue and endless. All is quiet.

Ben comes into view, now seven, hair the color of barley. He walks about aimlessly, letting the wheat heads tickle his open palm. He turns now to -

SLIM

walking the field, his field, checking the beards and kernels. At peace.

BEN
Dad?

SLIM
What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN

It's hot...

SLIM

You wanna go inside?

(Slim looks up. Ben nods)

Come here...

Ben walks towards Slim and Slim, the man with the black-eyed dog inside him, takes the boy into his arms and we watch as they approach the weathered farmhouse, painted and refurbished.

Brady sits on the porch swing beside Leeny, her head resting on his shoulder.

BRADY

Goin' in already?

SLIM

He's tired...

Slim walks inside the home.

And soon, very soon, it will be time to harvest. But not yet.

FADE OUT:

THE END