

THE BROKEN

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FADE IN:

EXT. FARM - DAY

It's 1967. Oklahoma.

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

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

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

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

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

CLEMENS

He sure is dead.

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

BASTOGNE

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

CLEMENS

Yep.

BASTOGNE

Sure looks that way.

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

CLEMENS

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

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

BASTOGNE

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

CLEMENS

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

They laugh.

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

BASTOGNE

What's the boy's name?

The boy's ghastly face. His cornea torn.

Clemens is about to speak as we --

CUT TO:

INT. MACHINE SHOP - AFTERNOON

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

The FOREMAN steps in front of him.

FOREMAN

How ya doin', Gord?

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - TWILIGHT

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

INT. GORD'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

INT. GORD'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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

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

He spots a housefly BUZZING around a window.

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

EXT. GORD'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Gord releases the fly.

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gord sits and closes his eyes -- clearly affected.

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

CUT TO:

INT. GORD'S GARAGE - LATER

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

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

INT. GORD'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

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

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

GORD  
Well howdy, Jon.

JON  
Howdy, sir.

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

JON  
I made Rangers.

Gord eyes the Rangers' emblem.

GORD  
Would you like to come in?

JON  
Yes, sir.

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

Jon smiles as he walks in...

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jon removes his hat. They sit.

GORD  
I just brewed some coffee--

JON  
Thanks. I'm fine.

GORD  
Are you old enough for whiskey?

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

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

Jon fiddles with his hat.

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

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

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

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

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

Jon smiles sheepishly.

JON  
Okay.

GORD  
Sure I can't get you something?

JON  
I'm going back, Mr. Gord.

GORD  
Where?

JON  
To Vietnam, of course.

Gord sits.

GORD  
Coming back twice is harder than  
coming back once.

JON  
You came back more than twice.

GORD  
That was even harder.

JON  
That ain't the point.

GORD

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

Jon looks down to avoid conflict.

GORD (CONT'D)

(pointing emphatically --  
searching for words)

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

Jon stands, confused. Offended.

JON

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

Jon heads for the door...

GORD

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

JON

You should've let him sign up, sir.

Gord hangs his head.

GORD

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

JON

That ain't for you to decide.

GORD

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

John walks out.

INT. GORD'S BEDROOM - DAWN

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

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

INT. GORD'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Gord opens the front door. Morning light searing.

Sheriff BRAD ZIN (59) waits, hat off.

ZIN  
Morning, Gord. May I come in?

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They sit around a coffee table.

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

ZIN  
No, thank you.

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

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

He obliges.

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

Gord looks up.

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

GORD  
What about him?

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

Zin is not very good at these conversations.

ZIN (CONT'D)  
Accident. Tractor accident.



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

ZIN (CONT'D)

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

GORD

(distant)  
She ain't a head doctor.

ZIN

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

GORD

Yeah.

ZIN

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

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

ZIN (CONT'D)

The number's there.

GORD

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

ZIN

Do you want me to go with you?

Gord looks at Zin, shaking his head.

GORD

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

ZIN

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

Zin stands.

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

GORD  
That ain't for me.

ZIN  
That's hard to believe.

Zin opens the door to leave.

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

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

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

GORD  
Sometimes.

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

GORD  
Sounds nice.

ZIN  
I'm sorry for your loss.

The sound of the door CLOSING. Light shifting.

INT. GORD'S GARAGE - LATER

Gord enters in a quiet rage.

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

CUT TO:

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

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

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

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

BARTENDER

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

GORD

I'll take what you got.

The bartender pours.

BARTENDER

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

GORD

I don't shoot animals.

BARTENDER

Just people.

Gord looks up at the bartender.

The bartender moves along respectfully. Gord sips his drink.

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

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Oh lord.

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

BENJAMIN

(to Bartender)

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

The drunks share an obnoxious LAUGH.

Gord looks briefly at the man.

The bartender cautiously approaches -- bringing the beers.

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

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

DAN  
(laughing)  
I guess so!

Benjamin takes a slurp, then SHOUTS at Gord:

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

Gord sips his whiskey, ignoring him.

DAN  
Aren't you going to answer the man?

Benjamin takes another drink.

BENJAMIN  
(to Dan)  
Maybe he's deaf.

DAN  
Maybe.

BARTENDER  
That's enough.

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

-- The bartender cowers --

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

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

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

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

A beat, then:

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

The drunken pair walk out.

BARTENDER  
Damn Sheriff's brother.

GORD  
Sheriff? Zin don't have no brother.

BARTENDER  
Different Sheriff.

GORD  
Which one?

BARTENDER  
Clemens. Up in Holdman county.

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

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

Gord thinks for a moment, then:

GORD  
(whiskey almost to his  
lips)  
Nothin'.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

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

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

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

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

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

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MOMENTS LATER

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

RECEPTIONIST  
How may I help you, sir?

Gord stands over her. Hat in hand.

GORD  
I'm here to see the Sheriff.

RECEPTIONIST  
You have an appointment?

GORD  
I'm not sure.

She looks at him funny.

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

GORD  
You're in on Saturday.

RECEPTIONIST  
(deflecting)  
Just be a minute.

## INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

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

CLEMENS

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

GORD

Sheriff Zin told you who I am.

CLEMENS

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

GORD

(sarcastically)  
That's convenient.

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

CLEMENS

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

GORD

Trent.

CLEMENS

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

GORD

Two years.

CLEMENS

He run away?

GORD

No. He was 18 and I kicked him out.

CLEMENS

For what?

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

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

Clemens CRACKS his knuckles.

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

GORD  
We didn't see eye to eye.

CLEMENS  
Were you abusive?

GORD  
Not to my family.

Clemens puts down his pencil.

CLEMENS  
What did your boy act like?

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

CLEMENS  
And the boy's mother?

GORD  
She left when he was two.

CLEMENS  
Her name?

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

Clemens feigns sympathy, then shifts gears.

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



GORD  
Those can be given to charity.

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

Gord doesn't respond.

Clemens takes notes.

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

INT. MORGUE - LATER

Turquoise trim. Odd for a morgue.

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

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

They are led into a room...

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

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

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

BLANE  
Decency, yes. Funds, no.

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

GORD  
Yes.

Gord is surprised by his son's brutal remains.

Gord addresses Blane:

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

BLANE

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

GORD

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

BLANE

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

CLEMENS

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

GORD

Please.

CLEMENS

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

EXT. FARM - DUSK

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

CLEMENS

This is where it happened...

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

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

GORD

I don't see no tractor.

CLEMENS

Tractor had to be moved.

GORD

Where?

CLEMENS

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

-- Sheriff catches himself --

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

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

GORD

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

CLEMENS

Mr. Thompson.

Clemens doesn't like the question.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

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

GORD

Thank you for your time, Sheriff.

CLEMENS

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

Gord turns to walk away.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

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

GORD

I'll collect him tomorrow.

CLEMENS

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

GORD

No. I'll build one in the morning.

EXT. HORIZON - LATER

The blood red Sun sets into infinity...

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAWN

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

INT. HARDWARE STORE - MORNING

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

YOUNG MAN  
What are you building, mister?

GORD  
Casket.

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

GORD (CONT'D)  
Did you lose interest?

The youth continues cutting...

EXT. FARM - DAY

Gord and his truck pull up to the Thompson farm.

Farmer Thompson approaches the truck.

Gord dismounts.

THOMPSON  
What can I do for you?

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

THOMPSON  
And why would I do that?

GORD  
My son perished on your land.

THOMPSON  
(uncomfortable)  
You're the father?

A beat, then:

THOMPSON (CONT'D)  
What are you building?

GORD  
A casket. For my son.

THOMPSON  
You got the wood?

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

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

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

INT. WORK SHED - MOMENTS LATER

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

Turning on the light:

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

GORD  
Thank you. I'll find it.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Thompson picks up the rotary phone and dials.

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

He hangs up the phone.

INT. SHERIFF CLEMENS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. FARM - HIGH NOON

The Sun has reached its zenith.

Parched soil.

Radiating heat.

INT. WORK SHED - CONTINUOUS

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

Thompson enters.

THOMPSON  
You're a fast worker.

Gord puts down a tool.

GORD  
Was my boy a good worker?

THOMPSON  
Yes.

GORD  
Did he have any friends?

THOMPSON  
My boy and yours got along pretty well.

GORD  
You think I could talk to him?

THOMPSON  
(defensive)  
Who?

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

THOMPSON  
Well, my boy's not here right now.

Gord picks up a tool.

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

THOMPSON  
No hurry.

GORD  
Thank you.

INT. MORGUE - LATER

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

EXT. MORGUE - DUSK

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

The Sheriff extends a hand...

CLEMENS  
I'm sorry about your loss.

Gord shakes his hand succinctly.

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

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

Clemens sours.

Gord then gets in the truck and drives away.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

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

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

MARGE

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

GORD

Marge, I've got a favor to ask.

EXT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

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

MARGE

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

GORD

What about your boy?

MARGE

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

GORD

(humbly)

Yeah.

MARGE

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

INT. DINER'S WALK IN FRIDGE - LATER

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

JON

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



GORD  
Ain't nothing can be done now.

Jon looks at Gord in disbelief.

JON  
How do you know that it was an accident?

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

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

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

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

JON  
Apparently not.

Jon walks out -- stopping when Gord speaks --

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

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

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

She smiles sadly then closes the fridge door firmly.

EXT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Gord walks Marge to her car.

MARGE

Sorry about my boy. Army made him  
cocky.

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

MARGE (CONT'D)

Would you like to come over?

He contemplates the best way to say no, then:

GORD

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

MARGE

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

A beat, then:

GORD

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

She forces a smile.

INT. GORD'S BEDROOM - LATER

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

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

Closing his eyes, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - MORNING

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

INT. FUNERAL HOME OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

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

SHAMUS  
Would you like to hold a funeral,  
Gord?

GORD  
I wouldn't know who to invite.

SHAMUS  
I could put an ad in the paper.

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

SHAMUS  
I can manage that.

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

SHAMUS  
This one's on the house, Gord.

Gord stands.

Shamus follows.

GORD  
That's mighty kind.

Shamus nods.

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

INT. FUNERAL HOME - MOMENTS LATER

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

Two nails...

On the third he misses, SMASHING his thumb --

GORD  
DAMMIT!

EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

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

GORD

Okay.

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

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

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

Shamus looks down at Gord's wounded hand.

SHAMUS

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

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

Looking at each other, Gord smiles in gratitude.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - LATER

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

Pulling the needle out:

BAND

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

GORD

That sounds about right.

BAND

What was he doing out there?

GORD

I'm not sure. Working I guess.

BAND

You weren't close?

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

GORD

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

BAND

He ran away?

GORD

He left and didn't come back.

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

GORD (CONT'D)

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

BAND

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

Gord looks up at her.

BAND (CONT'D)

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

GORD

Yeah.

BAND

Tractor?

GORD

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

BAND

What do you mean?

GORD

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

BAND

What did the autopsy show?

GORD  
They didn't have none.

Band washes her hands.

BAND  
Why not?

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

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

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

GORD  
At what?

BAND  
Trent's body.

GORD  
That's not necessary, Doc.

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

GORD  
He's already buried.

BAND  
With your permission, I can have  
him exhumed.

GORD  
What?

BAND  
His body taken out of the ground.

GORD  
I don't know...

BAND  
It's the least I can do.

Gord is uncomfortable.

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

BAND  
Quite a bit, actually.

She takes his hand, at first making him uncomfortable.

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

Gord gets it.

GORD  
You're the doctor.

INT. GORD'S BEDROOM - MORNING

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

Answering the phone:

GORD  
Hello.

INT. SHERIFF ZIN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Zin speaks into the phone from his kitchen.

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

INT. GORD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gord inhales deeply.

GORD  
Go ahead.

He hangs up the phone.

INT. SHERIFF ZIN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. GORD'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Gord strikes on the light to reveal his damaged sculpture.

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

EXT. CEMETERY - THE NEXT DAY

The boy's body is being exhumed.

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

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Doctor Band is performing an autopsy on Trent.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

BAND

This is difficult for me to say...

Gord is patient.

BAND (CONT'D)

I have compelling reasons to believe your son was murdered.

INTERCUT:

EXT. FARM - IMAGE

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

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Band continues, compassionately.



BAND

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

INT. MORGUE - FLASHBACK

The boy's battered face.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Band moves forward cautiously.

BAND

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

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Band sighs, then:

BAND

I am legally obligated to notify Sheriff Zin.

Gord's tears swell.

BAND (CONT'D)

I'm very sorry, Gord.

GORD

Are you sure about this?

BAND

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

GORD

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

BAND

That was different, Gord.

GORD  
That's what they say.

BAND  
There ain't no war going on here.

GORD  
Yeah.

CUT TO:

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

INT. GORD'S BEDROOM - DAWN

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

INT. GORD'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Gord opens the door for Sheriff Zin.

ZIN  
May I come in?

Gord lets him in.

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

GORD  
Yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. THOMPSON FARM - GORD IMAGINING - BEFORE DAWN

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ZIN

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

Gord didn't expect this from Zin.

GORD

I don't have a choice.

CUT TO:

EXT. THOMPSON FARM - GORD IMAGINING - BEFORE DAWN

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ZIN

(not the position he  
expected)

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

GORD

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

CUT TO:

EXT. THOMPSON FARM - GORD IMAGINING - BEFORE DAWN

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

GORD  
Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. THOMPSON FARM - GORD IMAGINING - BEFORE DAWN

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

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

One STRIKE. After ANOTHER. After ANOTHER.

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

CUT TO:

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zin stands up.

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

Zin walks out.

INT. GORD'S GARAGE - NIGHT

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

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

Gord is back at work.

The foreman approaches him.

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

EXT. MACHINE SHOP

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

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

GORD  
Except for what the doctor said.

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

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

Zin puts a comforting hand on Gord's shoulder.

ZIN  
Now. Bury your son.

Zin smiles warmly, then walks away.

GORD  
I already did.

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

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

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

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

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

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

JON  
I push off tomorrow.

GORD  
I'll be thinking about you.

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

Jon salutes Gord.

Gord salutes back.

INT. GORD'S HOME - NIGHT

Gord enters his home. It feels like a vacuum.

INT. GORD'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

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

Gord leaves the bottle and the unfilled glass.

INT. GORD'S "OFFICE" - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

-- We hear the sounds again --

-- Memories --

-- The sounds of sporadic GUNFIRE --

-- SLOSHING of boots --

-- An EXPLOSION --

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

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

EXT. GORD'S HOME - FIRST LIGHT

Morning light trickles onto his home...

Gord exits the front door and enters his truck.

INT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

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

EXT. FARM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Gord KNOCKS.

Farmer Thompson answers, dressed for field work.

THOMPSON  
(cautious)  
Good morning.

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

Thompson nods cautiously, letting him in.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

THOMPSON  
Would you like something to drink?

GORD  
No. Thank you.

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

Thompson excuses himself.

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

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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

Photographs of his large family are by the phone.

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

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

THOMPSON  
It'll just be a minute.

A beat, then he speaks into the phone:

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

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

THOMPSON  
I got the pot going at least.

Referring to a purple heart on the wall:

GORD  
Were you in the War?

THOMPSON  
Yep.

Thompson remains standing.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)  
Were you?

Gord gives his faint rendition of a smile...

GORD  
Which one?



Thompson is now genuinely afraid.

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

THOMPSON  
What do you want to know?

GORD  
Everything.

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

GORD  
I ain't gonna have to do nothing.

THOMPSON  
I don't appreciate your tone.

Thompson takes a step back. Nervous as hell.

GORD  
I don't appreciate your lies.

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

Gord stands.

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

THOMPSON  
He ain't here.

GORD  
Where is he?

The WHIRL of sirens can now be heard.

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

Thompson is practically pissing himself.

THOMPSON  
I didn't do nothin'.

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

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

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

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

CLEMENS

What are you doing on his land,  
boy?

GORD

He invited me in.

A beat, then:

CLEMENS

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

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

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

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

Gord takes a step towards the officers --

-- They tense at the move --

BENJAMIN

Hold it right there...

Gord does.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Answer my brother, boy.

CLEMENS

You armed?

GORD

Do my teeth count?

CLEMENS

Turn around. Hands on your head.

Gord does.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

Drop to your knees.

Gord obliges.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

Deputy Stirn, cuff this man.

Stirn secures Gord.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

Pat him down.

Stirn frisks him.

STIRN

He's clean.

CLEMENS

Sit him down.

Gord drops to his behind.

Clemens walks up to Gord, squatting next to him.

Whispering into Gord's ear:

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

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

Gord looks coldly at Sheriff...

GORD

Sounds like a gold mine.

CLEMENS

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

A beat, then:

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

What will it be?

GORD  
(reluctantly)  
I'll oblige.

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

Gord just stares at Clemens.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)  
Good.

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

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

Stirn does.

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

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

INT. TRUCK - LATER

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

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

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

Gord watches in the mirror...

EXT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

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

Past another lake...

EXT. CAR DEALER - LATER

Gord pulls his truck into the dealership lot.

EXT. CAR DEALER - CONTINUOUS

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

FRANK  
Howdy, Gord.

GORD  
Howdy.

FRANK  
In the market for a new car?

GORD  
I reckon.

FRANK  
Whatcha looking for?

GORD  
I don't know. Something simple.

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

A beat, then:

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

GORD  
Trade.

FRANK  
The truck?

GORD  
That's right.

FRANK  
I've got the perfect vehicle for  
you.

EXT. CAR DEALER - LATER

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

INT. BARBERSHOP - EARLY EVENING

A BARBER cuts Gord's hair.

INT. GORD'S GARAGE - NIGHT

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

Standing back, he admires the completed work...

INT. GORD'S BEDROOM - LATER

Gord lays on the bed. No whiskey.

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

FADE OUT.

INT. GORD'S BATHROOM - MORNING

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

INT. GORD'S HALLWAY - LATER

Gord carefully removes a floorboard from the ground.

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

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

He thumbs money to take ...

EXT. GORD'S HOME - LATER

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

Sheriff Zin pulls up in his patrol car.

ZIN  
Howdy, Gord.

GORD  
Howdy.

Zin eyes the new car, concerned.

ZIN  
Nice car.

GORD  
Thanks.

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

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

ZIN  
You going somewhere?

GORD  
Often.

ZIN  
I tried calling but you didn't  
answer.

GORD  
Didn't hear the phone ring.

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

GORD  
Oh?

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

GORD  
Very soon, Sheriff.

Zin smiles cautiously and slowly drives away.

GORD (CONT'D)  
Dammit.

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

Gord notices.

GORD (CONT'D)

Christ.

Gord enters his home, closing the door behind him.

INT. GORD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

Into the phone:

GORD

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

A beat, then:

GORD (CONT'D)

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

A beat, then:

GORD (CONT'D)

Thanks very much.

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

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

Gord turns the light back on.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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



EXT. GORD'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

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

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

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

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

INT. GORD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

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

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

ZIN  
Pull over.

Gord ignores him, not changing speed or course.

ZIN (CONT'D)  
Pull over, Gord, or I will alert  
Sheriff Clemens.

EXT. GORD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

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

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

ZIN  
Don't draw your weapon.

Charlie is uncomfortable with this order.

ZIN (CONT'D)  
Stay here and be careful. Gord's  
outfit in WWII inspired Kennedy to  
create the Navy Seals.

CHARLIE  
Navy Seals? What are those?

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

Gord lowers the window.

ZIN  
Where in God's name are you going?

GORD  
An evening drive.

ZIN  
Uh huh.

Zin's eyes scan the interior of the car.

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

GORD  
I'm not sure.

ZIN  
You're not sure?

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

ZIN  
Pop the trunk, Gord.

Gord does.

Zin walks over to the trunk.

To Charlie:

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

CHARLIE  
Yes, Sheriff.

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

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

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

Zin walks back over to Gord.

ZIN (CONT'D)  
Gord, I'm going to have to ask you  
to step out of the car.

Zin's unsteady hand is over his sheathed revolver.

Gord gets out.

ZIN (CONT'D)  
Please turn around.

He does.

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

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

ZIN (CONT'D)  
Charlie, drive his car back to the  
station. Careful, he just bought  
it.

CHARLIE  
Yes, sir.

INT. ZIN'S PATROL CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Zin is driving Gord back towards the station.

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

GORD  
I don't know.

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

GORD  
What Sheriff Clemens did ain't  
right.

ZIN  
He concluded the investigation.

GORD  
His investigation was bullshit.

ZIN

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

GORD

Can't always make the safe play, Sheriff.

ZIN

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

GORD

That'd be a good start.

ZIN

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

GORD

That ain't right.

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

ZIN

There's nothing I can do.

Gord looks out the window.

GORD

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

Zin just looks at him.

INT. ZIN'S JAIL - LATER

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

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

Zin removes Gord's cuffs from the outside.

ZIN

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

Zin walks out.

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

Gord sits on the edge of the bed. Pensive.

He lays back and closes his eyes.

FADE OUT.

INT. ZIN'S JAIL - MORNING

Zin walks in to greet deputy Charlie.

ZIN  
Was he any trouble?

CHARLIE  
No trouble at all.

Zin walks over to Gord's cell.

ZIN  
Good morning.

GORD  
To some.

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

GORD  
You think I need em?

Zin ignores him.

ZIN  
You can keep most the other stuff,  
though.

A beat, then:

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

Gord doesn't acknowledge him.

Zin recognizes the irony of his last statement.

ZIN (CONT'D)  
I should make you sign a damn  
contract but that ain't gonna  
happen, is it?

GORD  
I can't write.

The cell door UNLOCKS as Zin shakes his head.

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

Gord is WELDING at work.

INT. GORD'S GARAGE - NIGHT

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

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

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

There is a KNOCK at the door.

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

No response.

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

Looking through the peephole, he sees no one.

He opens the door and looks around.

EXT. GORD'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Nothing. Gord sees nothing unusual.

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

Deputy Charlie rolls down the window.

GORD  
Did you knock?

CHARLIE

No.

GORD

Somebody knocked at my door.

CHARLIE

I didn't see nothing.

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

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

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He collapses onto the couch, covering his face.

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

Rage echoes through quivering eyes as we...

CUT TO:

BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. GORD'S LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Gord is asleep on the floor. Jacket as pillow.

A KNOCK at the door.

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

He looks through the peephole then opens the door.

Dr. Band is there. Guarded.

BAND  
I hope I didn't wake you.

GORD  
No, I was just making breakfast.

He shows her the knife.

BAND  
Sorry to disturb you. May I come in?

GORD  
What's this about, Doc?

BAND  
May I come in?

Gord extends a welcoming hand.

Band enters.

Gord puts the knife away in the kitchen.

BAND (CONT'D)  
May I sit down?

Gord walks back to the living room.

GORD  
Please.

BAND  
May I have something to drink?

She is clearly troubled.



GORD  
Water?

BAND  
No.

GORD  
Ain't it a little early, Doc?

BAND  
I took the day off.

GORD  
Whiskey's all I got.

BAND  
That'll be fine.

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

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

Gord returns with the drink, handing it to Band.

She takes a sip. Hand slightly trembling.

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

GORD  
What about my son?

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

Gord just stares at her.

She downs the drink.

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

GORD  
Tell me.

BAND  
He was tortured, Gord.

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

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

He can barely keep it together

GORD  
I ain't you.

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

She looks right at him.

GORD  
What did they do to him?

She covers her face with her hands.

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

She closes her eyes, exhaling...

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

GORD  
Why would they do that?

BAND  
I don't know.

A beat, then:

GORD  
I need some time. To myself.

Band understandingly stands and walk towards the door.

Hesitating:

BAND  
I'll talk to the Sheriff.

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

She nods nervously, then opens the door.

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

GORD  
Now you do.

We hear the door CLOSE.

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

Into the phone:

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

INT. SHERIFF ZIN'S HOME - NIGHT

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

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

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

DOLLY  
Anytime, sweetheart.

GORD  
Doc came over to see me today.

ZIN  
Oh. Your hand okay?

GORD  
Just fine.

Gord takes a sip of water.

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

DOLLY  
It's good to have friends who care.

GORD  
Awful things happened.

ZIN  
We know, Gord.

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

ZIN  
Doctor told ya?

GORD  
Yeah.

ZIN  
Tell me about it.

GORD  
That ain't important.

ZIN  
Sure it is.

GORD  
What are these facts gonna change?

ZIN  
For whom?

GORD  
For the situation. The legal  
situation.

ZIN  
I don't know until you tell me.

Finding a way...

GORD  
Boy was tortured, Sheriff.

DOLLY  
Oh Lord.

ZIN  
How?

GORD

Badly.

Zin acknowledges with a repeated slight nod.

GORD (CONT'D)

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

She smiles lovingly.

DOLLY

I will get some coffee.

ZIN

Thanks, Hun.

A beat, then:

ZIN (CONT'D)

Let me think this over.

GORD

(pointing, lowering his  
voice)

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

ZIN

Well that isn't--

GORD

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

ZIN

What do you expect me to do?

GORD

I know your limitations.

ZIN

And you don't have none?

GORD

We all do. Your shield for  
instance.

ZIN

You're in my home, Gord.

Zin sits back in his chair.

GORD  
They put this on my doorstep last  
night.

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

Zin reads it.

ZIN  
Who did this?

GORD  
I don't know.

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

GORD  
Your deputy didn't even notice.

ZIN  
I'll have a talk with him.

GORD  
That ain't good enough.

ZIN  
What do you want me to do?

GORD  
Give me my guns back.

ZIN  
I can't do that.

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

Zin sighs. Studies the note again.

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

A beat, then:

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

Gord gets it.

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

GORD  
I appreciate that.

Zin smiles compassionately as Dolly brings in the coffee.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

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

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

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

INT. SHERIFF CLEMENS' OFFICE - DAY

Clemens sits across from Zin.

CLEMENS  
Have a seat, Sheriff, please.

ZIN  
Thank you.

Zin sits.

CLEMENS  
What can I do you for?

Clemens folds his fingers over his stomach.

ZIN

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

Zin slides him the note.

Clemens quickly scans the note.

CLEMENS

And...?

ZIN

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

CLEMENS

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

ZIN

It's mighty coincidental.

CLEMENS

Everybody in this town knew that  
boy was a faggot.

ZIN

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

Clemens holds up the note.

CLEMENS

This happened in your county,  
Sheriff.

ZIN

It will be investigated there too.

Demonstrating with his hand:

CLEMENS

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

Clemens wipes some sweat from his head with a handkerchief.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

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



Zin glares at him.

ZIN

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

Clemens pops out of his seat.

CLEMENS

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

ZIN

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

CLEMENS

What about Christian law?

ZIN

(standing)

What about it?

CLEMENS

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

ZIN

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

CLEMENS

What's the difference?

ZIN

Thank you for your time, Sheriff.

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

INT. SHERIFF ZIN'S HOME - NIGHT

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

Dolly comes up behind him.

DOLLY

Is everything alright, Hun?

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

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

INT. ZIN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Zin closes the door behind him and dials a number.

Into the phone:

ZIN  
We need to meet. Right now.

EXT. NONDESCRIPT STREET - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. CHILDREN'S PARK - CONTINUOUS

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

Gord rolls up behind him.

EXT. CHILDREN'S PARK - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

ZIN  
You know the old storage facility  
over on Larchmont Street?

GORD  
Uh huh.

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

GORD

What for?

ZIN

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

GORD

What's going on?

ZIN

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

GORD

Yes, sir.

ZIN

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

Zin starts to walk towards his car.

ZIN (CONT'D)

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

Gord's in agreement.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

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

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

He scales it quickly. Constantly cautious and aware.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Gord pulls at the lock, which easily opens.

Slowly and quietly, Gord rolls up the sliding door.

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

Gord locates his bag on some shelves to the left.

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

-- We hear the COCK of a revolver --

-- Freezing Gord in his place --

A voice emanates from the darkness:

VOICE  
Don't move, mister.

Gord squints, trying to discern the figure --

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

Gord starts to obey the command as --

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

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

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

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

Gord hesitates. Burying the beast.

MAN  
Gord, please...

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

The man breathes heavily as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. GORD'S HOME - LATER

Gord storms up to his car.

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

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

Gord contemplates for a moment then decides to --

INT. GORD'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Gord enters, heading towards the phone.

Picking it up --

INT. SHERIFF ZIN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Zin is alone. He speaks quietly in the phone:

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

INT. GORD'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Gord hangs up the phone in frustration.

INT. SHERIFF ZIN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Zin slides the phone off his finger onto the receiver.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Gord and his car tear down the highway...

EXT. GORD'S HOME - LATER

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

Zin pops out of the car.

ZIN

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

Charlie obliges.

CHARLIE

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

ZIN

God, no. This is a simple robbery.

CHARLIE

With battery.

ZIN

Alleged. Where's your partner?

CHARLIE

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

ZIN

Please, son, let me do the  
thinking.

Zin walks back to his car.

ZIN (CONT'D)

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

CHARLIE

Yes, sir.

Zin gets in his cruiser and drives away.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAWN

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

INT. BUS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

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

GORD  
One to Langtree, please.

INT. SHERIFF ZIN'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Zin is addressing his Deputies, including Charlie.

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

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

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

CHARLIE  
But, sir--

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

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

INT. DEPUTY CHARLIE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

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

A baby is heard CRYING in the background.

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

INT. SHERIFF CLEMENS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Clemens hangs up the phone, concerned...

EXT. LANGTREE BUS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Gord exits the bus.

The bus driver's voice is over speaker:

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

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - LATER

Clemens is addressing a group of DEPUTIES.

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

Clemens pats sweat off of his forehead.

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

A beat, then:

CLEMENS (CONT'D)  
Go.

They move towards their assignments.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gord settles into a room, pulling the blinds closed.

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

-- He cleans his shotgun --

-- The rifle --



-- Checks the chamber of his pistol --

-- Tucks the bag underneath his bed --

INT. SUPPLY STORE - LATER

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

GORD  
Do you sell maps?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Gord passes out on the bed.

FADE OUT.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

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

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

EXT. DEAD CORNFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Gord uses a small light to check a compass.

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - FLASHBACK

Grey. Snow. Barren, contorted trees.

INTERCUT:

EXT. DEAD CORNFIELD - PRESENT

Gord shivers from the memory and the cold.

INTERCUT:

EXT. FOREST - FLASHBACK

A German SOLDIER. Alone. Smoking a cigarette.

INTERCUT:

EXT. DEAD CORNFIELD - PRESENT

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

INTERCUT:

EXT. FOREST - FLASHBACK

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

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

FADE OUT.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - LATER

It's still very dark.

Gord is monitoring the building through binoculars.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Raines nods.

GORD (CONT'D)  
Is there anyone else on duty  
tonight?

RAINES  
Two others. On patrol.

GORD  
When are they due back?

RAINES  
2 hours.

GORD  
Good.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Raines is tied to a chair in front of dispatch.

Gord is circling him.

GORD  
What's your name?

RAINES  
What's it to you, cowboy?

Gord tears off Raines' name tag.

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

RAINES  
Nope. But I know what you are.

GORD  
I'm the father of Trent Gord.

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

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

RAINES  
What investigation?

Gord leans in.

GORD  
Who done it?

RAINES  
Who done what?

Gord is practically breathing down Raines' neck.

GORD  
Who killed my son?

RAINES  
It was an accident.

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

RAINES  
I don't have a son.

Raines looks at Gord.

GORD  
Your unborn son.

RAINES  
My wife ain't pregnant.

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

GORD  
(COCKING it)  
Your unborn son.

RAINES  
Oh Jesus.

Raines wets himself.

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

GORD  
It must have been?

RAINES  
It was. We all know it was.

GORD  
His boys?

RAINES  
His brother. His friends. Farmer  
Thompson.

GORD  
Farmer Thompson?

RAINES  
Yes.

GORD  
Why?

RAINES  
You don't want to know.

GORD  
Tell me.

RAINES  
Trust me, mister--

GORD  
Tell. Me.

Pushing the revolver down --

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

A beat, then:

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

GORD  
What things?

RAINES  
You don't want to know, mister.

Pushing the revolver down firmly --

RAINES (CONT'D)  
They was fuckin'.

Gord pulls the revolver back, stepping away...

GORD  
Where is Clemens now?

RAINES  
(hesitating)  
At home.

GORD  
Where does he live?

RAINES  
He'd kill me --

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

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

A beat, then:

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

Gord leans in real close, practically whispering.

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

RAINES

Yes, sir.

Gord disappears into the blackness.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MORNING

Sheriff Clemens is addressing his Deputies.

CLEMENS

What happened this morning is beyond unacceptable.

BASTOGNE

Should we contact Sheriff Zin?

CLEMENS

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

A beat, then:

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

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

RAINES

What do we do? Arrest him?

Clemens is practically radiant.

CLEMENS

(shoot him)

No.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - DAY

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

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Lark is on guard outside. Shotgun in hand.

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

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

THOMPSON  
So...is he coming?

CLEMENS  
Who?

THOMPSON  
Dammit, Sheriff. Gord.

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

THOMPSON  
What does he know?

CLEMENS  
Nothing. He knows nothing.

THOMPSON  
Then why are we holed up here?

Clemens doesn't answer.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Gord is on the phone.

GORD  
Hey. Sheriff.

INT. SHERIFF ZIN'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff closes his office door.

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



INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

GORD

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

INT. SHERIFF ZIN'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Zin is listening.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

GORD

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

Zin sighs.

ZIN

I can do that.

GORD

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

Gord hangs up the phone.

INT. SHERIFF ZIN'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

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

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

EXT. SHERIFF ZIN'S STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Zin gets into his cruiser and heads out...

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Zin is racing down the road...

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Clemens stands, still facing Thompson.

THOMPSON  
Do you think he's gonna show up?

CLEMENS  
Stop it with that negative talk.

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

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

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

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

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

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

LARK  
Boys, I think we got company...  
Bastogne and Johnson join Lark on the porch...

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Zin's cruiser pulls up...

Zin exits.

Bastogne and his men are tense.

BASTOGNE  
Afternoon, Sheriff.

ZIN  
Afternoon.

BASTOGNE  
What brings you into our county unannounced?

ZIN  
I need to speak with Sheriff Clemens.

BASTOGNE  
He's on patrol.

ZIN  
Can you catch him on radio?

BASTOGNE  
I can try.

Bastogne doesn't move.

ZIN  
Now.

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

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Bastogne picks up the phone and dials...

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

The phone rings.

Clemens picks up the phone.

CLEMENS  
Hello?

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

BASTOGNE  
Sir, Sheriff Zin showed up.

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

CLEMENS  
Zin? What's he doing there?

INT. SHERIFF CLEMENS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

He hangs up the phone.

Thompson is staring at him, nervous.

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

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Bastogne walks onto the porch.

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

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

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

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - LATER

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

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Deputy Stirn, who is on guard, tightens.

Bastogne and Zin step out of the cars.

ZIN  
Am I interrupting a crime scene?

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

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

ZIN  
What is this?

STIRN  
Sorry. New policy.

ZIN  
Policy?

STIRN  
Yep. That's all I know.

Zin contemplates his options...

The deputies are uncomfortable...

Zin looks back at his cruiser...

ZIN  
Can I leave it in the cruiser?

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

STIRN  
That'll do.

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

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

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

BASTOGNE  
Shall we?

Zin nods.

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Bastogne shows Zin in then waits outside.

Clemens is still sitting. Jittery.

Clemens is standing.

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

ZIN  
What's this about?

CLEMENS  
You tell me.

ZIN  
(referring to Thompson)  
Who's he?

CLEMENS  
That ain't none of your concern.

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

Thompson starts to stand.

THOMPSON  
Not a problem, I'll--

CLEMENS  
(to Thompson)  
Sit down!

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

CLEMENS  
You're in my home, after all.

A beat, then:

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

CLEMENS  
That ain't possible.

ZIN  
Why it ain't?

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

A beat, then:

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

ZIN  
Say what?

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

Zin decides to play the game.

ZIN  
What do you propose?

CLEMENS  
You know how he thinks.

ZIN  
A little.

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

ZIN  
In exchange for what?

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

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

The phone rings. Raines picks it up.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

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

GORD  
Have you got him?

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Raines, standing proudly.

RAINES  
We ain't arresting nobody but you.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Gord isn't surprised.

GORD  
So be it.

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

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

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

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

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - MOMENTS LATER

Clemens engages Bastogne.

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

BASTOGNE  
What's going on?

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

Bastogne turns towards his cruiser.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - LATER

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

Gord opens his sack and pulls out three Molotov cocktails.

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

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



-- EXPLODING on impact --

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

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

The Deputies react to the impact and the expanding blaze.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Gord runs around the exterior of the building --

-- Repeating the process --

-- Hurling another lit Molotov at the station --

-- BURSTING on impact --

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

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

GORD

Drop your weapons!

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

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

-- Fixing the rifle on them --

GORD (CONT'D)

Drop! Your! Weapons!

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

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

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

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

-- Gord emerges -- rifle forward --

-- Gord picks up both deputies' weapons --

Gord looks up into the now totally engulfed building.

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

CLEMENS

Deputy Stirn. Phone the station.

Deputy Stirn picks up the phone and dials...

STIRN

Station's line's dead, sir.

Clemens turns to Zin.

CLEMENS

(livid)

What's next?

ZIN

What?

CLEMENS

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

ZIN

This ain't my doing.

CLEMENS

We'll see. You're under arrest.

ZIN

(attempting to dissuade)

Sheriff--

CLEMENS

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

ZIN

On what charge?

CLEMENS

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

Deputy Stirn hesitates...

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

Arrest him, Deputy!

Clemens hand is over his sheathed service revolver.

Zin takes inventory of the situation.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)

Do it.

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

-- Stirn draws his revolver --

-- Zin fires first --

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

-- Thompson is frozen --

-- GUN SHOTS --

Zin slumps over. Dead.

THOMPSON

Christ.

Clemens is at the end of a smoking gun.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Oh Christ.

Thompson stands up.

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

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Bastogne is approaching the burning station in his vehicle.

INT. BASTOGNE'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Bastogne is shocked by the destruction.

BASTOGNE

My Lord.

He parks the car and snaps up the shotgun.

EXT. BASTOGNE'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

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

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

BASTOGNE  
(terrified)  
Yes.

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

The radio is chirping for Bastogne:

CLEMENS (RADIO)  
Sheriff for Bastogne.

GORD  
Answer it.

He does:

BASTOGNE  
Go for Bastogne.

CLEMENS (RADIO)  
Return to base.

GORD  
Tell him okay.

BASTOGNE  
10-4.

He hangs up the radio.

GORD  
Slowly place your shotgun and  
sidearm in the backseat.

He does.

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

BASTOGNE  
Yes.

GORD  
Get in.

They do.

INT. BASTOGNE'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

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

GORD  
Drive.

BASTOGNE  
Where?

GORD  
Clemens' Ranch.

BASTOGNE  
You don't want to go there.

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

GORD  
Drive.

Bastogne obliges.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Clemens watches the reinforcements.

INT. BASTOGNE'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Bastogne is driving fast.

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

The car slows.

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

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

GORD  
Whose up there?

BASTOGNE  
I don't know.

Gord pumps the shotgun.

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

GORD  
My Sheriff? Zin?

Bastogne nods into the rear view mirror.

GORD (CONT'D)  
What for?

BASTOGNE  
He come lookin' for you.

Gord falls back into his seat. Concerned.

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Clemens follows Benjamin over to the covered bodies.

BENJAMIN  
Easy, brother. What happened?

CLEMENS  
Sheriff Zin decided to pay a visit.

Benjamin nods in understanding.

BENJAMIN  
Is Jane here? The kids?

Clemens shakes his head.

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

BENJAMIN  
What are we dealing with?

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

Clemens walks over to the window.

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

BENJAMIN  
And if he comes here? Gord?

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

Benjamin beams.

INT. BASTOGNE'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Bastogne looks back at Gord using the rear-view.

BASTOGNE  
They got marksmen up there.

GORD  
Yeah?

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

GORD  
You're right. Pull over.

BASTOGNE  
What?

GORD  
Pull over.

He does.

GORD (CONT'D)  
Get out.

They do.

EXT. BASTOGNE'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Bastogne is terrified.

BASTOGNE  
Whatcha gonna do?

Gord points the shotgun at Bastogne.

GORD  
Take off your clothes.

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Clemens nods.

THOMPSON  
Oh Lord Jesus.

Benjamin hands Clemens a shotgun.

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

THOMPSON  
And if he doesn't come back?

BENJAMIN  
Give it an hour.

THOMPSON  
Can't we just call him?

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

INT. BASTOGNE'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

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

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



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

Gord has him where he wants him.

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

Gord turns through an old, dilapidated wooden ranch gate.

Fields of dead grass cascade in all directions.

BASTOGNE (CONT'D)  
What do I do? When we get there.

GORD  
That'll depend.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

BENJAMIN  
Bastogne's coming. Better cover  
just in case.

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

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

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
The window's shot. Something's up.  
Get ready.

All the men but Benjamin raise their rifles.

INT. BASTOGNE'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

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

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

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Benjamin can see the situation inside the cruiser --

BENJAMIN  
Hostage situation --

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

-- and FIRES --

INT. BASTOGNE'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

-- THUD and SPLATTER --

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

Gord disappears behind the ranch house with the cruiser --

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Gord throws the car in park and jumps out.

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

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

One of them pats Benjamin on the shoulder in congratulations.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

BENJAMIN  
-- Shit --

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

Benjamin quietly addresses the men, BAILEY and STERLIN:

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

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

They nod.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

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

They move.

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

BENJAMIN

Dan? Sheriff?

DAN (O.S.)

Benjamin?

BENJAMIN

Dammit, Dan, come out to the kitchen.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

Benjamin joins him in good cover.

DAN  
What the hell is going on?

BENJAMIN  
He got James and Adam.

Dan is falling apart.

DAN  
Holy shit--

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

BENJAMIN  
Pull yourself together! Where's my brother?

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

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

Benjamin points to the west side of the house.

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

They move.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

Sterlin looks under the car. Nothing.

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

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

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

Sterlin scans the rooftop...

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

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

A fearful countenance sweeps Bailey until --

-- The TRUNK FLIES OPEN --

-- The BLAST of a SHOTGUN --

-- BLOWING Bailey fatally off his feet --

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

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

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

GORD  
(softly)  
Is there anyone else?

Sterlin shakes his head.

SNAKE  
Not outside.

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

Sterlin nods.

GORD (CONT'D)  
How many inside?

SNAKE  
Four.

GORD  
Who?

SNAKE  
Sheriff Clemens. Benjamin. Dan.  
Farmer Thompson.

GORD  
What about Zin?

SNAKE  
He's dead.

GORD  
Who killed him?

SNAKE  
Clemens.

Gord doesn't lose control.

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

SNAKE  
But--

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

Sterlin limps into the cruiser and drives away...

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Dan calls out to Benjamin --

DAN  
Look. I think he's getting away.

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

BENJAMIN  
Blow out the window.

DAN  
What?

BENJAMIN  
Shoot out the goddamn window.

Dan BLASTS it open with the shotgun --

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
Cover me.

Benjamin takes aim at the fleeing driver...

BAM.

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

DAN  
Why didn't you shoot the bastard?

BENJAMIN  
Shut up.

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

DAN  
(squinting)  
Is that Sterlin?

BENJAMIN  
Get down.

They do.

DAN  
We've got to help him.

BENJAMIN  
Stop thinking.

INT. CLEMENS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

Clemens looks at Thompson, annoyed.

THOMPSON  
Are you sure this room is bullet proof?

CLEMENS  
That depends on the caliber.

Thompson keeps TAPPING his fingers.

THOMPSON  
What the hell you build this for?

CLEMENS  
The Russians. Christ, will you cut it?

Thompson stops.

CLEMENS (CONT'D)  
It seems like the boys might need  
my help. More than you do, anyhow.

Clemens stands and walks towards the fortified door.

THOMPSON  
What are you going to do?

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

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

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

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

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

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

CLEMENS  
Benjamin?

BENJAMIN (O.S.)  
Stay down!

Clemens continues to walk, following the voice of Benjamin.

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

BENJAMIN (O.S.)  
We'll get the sonofabitch.

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

CLEMENS  
Anybody with you?



BENJAMIN (O.S.)

Dan.

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

CLEMENS

Bailey? Sterlin?

BENJAMIN

Get down!

Clemens crouches.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

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

INT. CLEMENS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Farmer Thompson is growing increasingly jittery...

He stands up and starts to pace...

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

BENJAMIN

What in hell's name are you doing?

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

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Benjamin stands and barks at Dan:

BENJAMIN

Let's cover him, dammit.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

CLEMENS

(calling out to Gord)

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

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

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

GORD

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

CLEMENS

Put the weapon down so we can work this through.

GORD

Talking had its chance.

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

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

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

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

CLEMENS

What do you want?

INT. CLEMENS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

THOMPSON

Oh, Lord, please forgive me...

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

Clemens suddenly ERUPTS:

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

Gord lowers the rifle and FIRES --

-- Dark blood swelling from Clemens' liver --

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

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

Gord hears a horse GALLUP away --

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

Arms flailing, he falls to the earth...

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

Benjamin just stares.

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

Gord shoots him in the head.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - MOMENTS LATER

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

CLEMENS  
What did you do?

GORD  
Farmer Thompson. Where is he?

Gord points the rifle right up against Clemens' forehead.

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

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - MOMENTS LATER

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

EXT. CLEMENS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

Gord enters the room.

INT. CLEMENS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

Gord squats so he is eye-level with Thompson.

Gord pulls a knife and puts it to Thompson neck.

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

GORD  
What about your boy?

Thompson finds what he thinks is strength.

THOMPSON  
I'll make things right.

GORD  
Give me your hand.

Thompson offers his left hand.

GORD (CONT'D)  
Your right hand.

Thompson fearfully obliges.

Gord cuts Thompson hand slowly and unevenly.

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

INT. CLEMENS RANCH - MOMENTS LATER

Gord towers over Zin's body.

He studies the corpse.

GORD  
I'll look after your wife.

Gord lifts Zin and throws him over his shoulders.

EXT. CLEMENS RANCH - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

Gord cuts the horses free then heads for the cruiser.

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

GORD  
Yes.

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

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

END.