

### Project Summary:

This is my adapted screenplay for Tom Spanbauer's novel, *Faraway Places*. The novel is about 100 pages long. This adaptation required a substantial overhaul. Spanbauer's novel is light on dialogue and heavy on description. I reworked scenes, added dialogue and action to existing scenes, and created brand new scenes to help flesh out the story. My goal was to respect Spanbauer's vision, plot, and storytelling abilities, while tweaking the content enough to make it appropriate for a film.

Faraway Places

By

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Based on Faraway Places by Tom Spanbauer

Film Screenwriting  
WR 510-0FS  
Winter 2018

EXT.WEBER\_FARM.DAY

It's an unbearably hot, sunny day at a farm outside a small town in Idaho in 1950.

Jake (around 13, Caucasian) is attending to his daily chores. He leaves the house and catches the door so it doesn't slam. He slowly crosses the farm, looking at each building as he heads toward the chicken coop.

INT.CHICKEN\_COOP.DAY

Jake tries to gather up the eggs, but the chickens don't cooperate. They peck and bawk at him while he grabs the few eggs they've laid. He sets the basket in the shade outside the coop when he's done.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.DAY

Jake is headed to the pig pen, but he stops and longingly stares at the nearby river.

EXT.RIVER.DAY

The river is clearly low. It slowly drifts by, shimmering in the sunlight.

Script on screen: BLACKFOOT, IDAHO, SUMMER 1950

EXT.RIVERSIDE.DAY

He sighs and continues walking toward the pig pen. It shimmers in the distance, and while it's low for the season and fairly slow, the sound of flowing water is still audible.

EXT.PIG\_PEN.DAY

A few pigs lazily roll in the mud while Jake shakes and examines the fence. It's old, rickety, and has obviously broken in the past. Finding no issues, he heads to the barn.

INT.BARN.DAY

Jake brushes and feeds the family's three horses. He then lets them out into the nearby pasture.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.DAY

Jake stops in front of the river again. He's sweating profusely now. He takes a few steps toward it, stops, and looks around. He doesn't see or hear anyone, so he quickly walks along the river into a large group of cottonwood trees. A hawk screeches and flies away as he approaches.

EXT.RIVER.DAY

Jake strips down to his underwear and jumps into the river. He lazily swims downstream. He spends a long time swimming, diving, and enjoying his respite from the heat.

EXT.RIVER.BRANCH.DAY

Jake finally pulls himself onto a branch to catch his breath. He sits in silence and just breathes. His feet dangle in the water. He hears a woman's scream and looks in that direction.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.LEAN-TO.DAY

Much further down the river, on the far side, a lean-to is set up next to an unlit campfire. A woman, Sugar Babe, (Native American, late 40s) rushes out of the lean-to. Her face is bruised. She's only wearing her bra and panties. She tries to cover her body with her hands.

SUGAR BABE

Don't touch me! Get away from me!

EXT.RIVER.BRANCH.DAY

Jake slips back into the river and hides under the branch. He moves into a position where he can see, but he feels hidden by the branch. Only his head is out of the water. He stares, transfixed, at the attack in front of him.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.LEAN-TO.DAY

Harold (overweight, bald, Caucasian man in his 50s, clad in a stereotypical cowboy getup such as tight jeans, ridiculously large belt buckle, cowboy boots, etc.) follows her. A dog whistle dangles around his neck. He swears and punches the woman to the ground. She crawls along the riverside, desperate to escape.

SUGAR BABE

Please...please stop...

He points at her and yells something unintelligible. He begins to kick her when another man comes out of the forest and jumps on his back. The man, (Native American, darker skin than the woman, in his early 20s), punches the attacker while screaming.

GERONIMO

You son of a bitch! Get your hands off her!

The two fall to the ground. The woman continues to crawl away. The attacker loses the upper hand and is pinned to the ground.

For a brief moment, Jake and Geronimo see each other.

Harold puts the whistle in his mouth and blows. A surprisingly loud, but shrill, screech erupts from the tiny whistle.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.BACK.DAY

Not far from the scene, five dobermans lazily lie in the grass near a large house at the riverside downstream. The back door is open. A massive US flag gently flutters above the home. Upon hearing the whistle, the dobermans perk up. The pack sprints off in the direction of the whistle. The dogs are growling and snarling.

EXT.RIVER.BRANCH.DAY

Jake looks in the direction of the dogs. His mouth moves like he's going to say something, but nothing comes out. His eyes follow the dogs as they pounce on their victims.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.LEAN-TO.DAY

The dogs tear into Geronimo and Sugar Babe. The pair scream in agony.

EXT.RIVER.BRANCH.DAY

At this horrific sight, Jake dives as deeply into the river as he can, and he frantically swims upstream as far as a single breath can take him.

(the distorted sounds of their  
screams is still heard as he  
swims)

He crawls out of the river, gasping and shaking, near the farm.

EXT.WEBER\_FARM.NIGHT

It's a clear night. The river shines in the moonlight. Everything is still and quiet, except for the shrieks of two hawks in the poplar trees near the farmhouse and the rustling of the horses.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.JAKE'S\_BEDROOM.NIGHT

Jake is sweaty and his breath shallow. He's fingering rosary beads and trying to pray, but he keeps losing track and repeatedly starts again. He's trembling. After a few breaths, he grows quiet. Jake slowly closes his eyes.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.JAKE'S\_BEDROOM.DAY

A rooster crows and Jake jolts awake. He lies in bed for a long moment before he finally gathers the strength to get up (he clearly hasn't slept and is sweaty). He robotically gets dressed and leaves the room.

EXT.WEBER\_FARM.DAY

Jake lets the front door slam as he leaves the house. His mother looks on from the window as he walks off. She can tell he's upset, but she lets it go.

INT.CHICKEN\_COOP.DAY

The chickens are just as uncooperative as the previous day. One particularly feisty hen pecks him, but he doesn't seem to react to it. The pain doesn't register.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.KITCHEN.DAY

Mary, Jake's mother (Caucasian, late 30s), is washing a pair of yellow-stained underwear in the sink. She vigorously scrubs, sighs heavily, and continues scrubbing. Out the window is a faded, but still clearly stained, sheet hanging on the clothesline.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.DAY

Jake walks toward the pig pen. He doesn't look at the river.

EXT.PIG\_PEN.DAY

Jake walks past the pen. He doesn't acknowledge the pigs or the pen. He doesn't even stop.

INT.BARN.DAY

Jake brushes two of the horses and cleans out their stalls. While brushing the last horse, Jake spaces off. The sound of the river seems to get louder, and he and the audience can gradually hear the voices from the riverside scene. The horse, growing impatient, starts moving in place. The last sound is of the woman screaming as the dogs attack her.

At the same moment, the horse loudly snorts and bumps his arm. He gasps.

JAKE

(dazed)

No! I...I...sorry, boy. Sorry, I'm brushing. I got it.

He finishes brushing the horse and lets it out into the pasture with the other horses. He picks up a broom and starts sweeping the barn floor.

INT.BARN.LOFT.EVENING

Jake quietly sits in the barn's loft with his legs dangling off the edge. He stares at the river. The sun sets.

He hears footsteps approaching, so he pulls his legs up. He watches through the floorboards. His father, Joe (Caucasian, late 30s, clean shaven), approaches. He stops in front of the saddle room door.

INT.BARN.SADDLE\_ROOM\_DOOR.EVENING

Joe stops at the door. It's locked with a rusty, old padlock. He pats his shirt pockets, his jean pockets, and groans. He's forgotten the key. He looks around and listens for a moment.

Convinced of his solitude, he takes a few steps to the side of the saddle room and lifts up a small, loose board from the siding. He pulls out a small key and replaces the board. He unlocks the door and goes in.

INT.BARN.LOFT.EVENING

From his vantage point, Jake can see Joe's back in the saddle room. He hears a distinct clicking sound, the opening of a drawer. After a few moments, the drawer closes. Joe leaves the room, shuts the door, puts the key back and leaves.

After he's sure Joe is gone, Jake carefully descends the loft's ladder.

INT.BARN.SADDLE\_ROOM\_DOOR.EVENING

Jake stops and sees the unlocked door. He looks at it for a long moment and then cracks it open. He looks inside.

INT.BARN.SADDLE\_ROOM.EVENING

Not much is visible inside. A gun hangs on the wall; it's barrel shimmers in the light. He also sees a drawer under a workbench. He takes a step toward it.

In the distance, he hears his mother.

MARY (O.S.)  
Jake! Dinner! Come on!



He immediately leaves and slams the door shut. He quickly locks it. He takes a few breaths and quickly walks out of the barn.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.LIVING\_ROOM.NIGHT

A newspaper rests on a coffee table. The headline, in large font, reads "BODY OF WOMAN FOUND IN PORTNEUF RIVER." Jake picks up the paper and skims the story. He recognizes the photos of the two victims. The woman is identified as Sugar Babe, but the man remains unidentified.

He quickly puts the paper back down, realizes it isn't in its exact spot, and tweaks it until it's exactly where it was before.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.KITCHEN.NIGHT

Jake sits at the table and his mother sets a pan full of tuna casserole on the table. His father is sitting at the table, too, but he's eating fried eggs and potatoes.

MARY

What's wrong?

JAKE

Nothing.

MARY

Something's bothering you. Has been for two days now.

JAKE

Nothing is bothering me.

His mother sits across from him and watches him eat. Jake dislikes tuna casserole, but he forces himself to eat it anyway. After he finishes, he can feel his mother still staring at him, so he takes a second helping.

Joe silently leaves the table. He takes the paper and goes outside. Mary pours him a cup of coffee with two sugars, cuts him a slice of rhubarb pie, and takes both to him outside. She pours herself coffee, and gets Jake a slice of cake.

MARY

(sternly)

Jake, what's wrong?

Jake silently eats. He finishes and then shrugs. He takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

I've been swimming in the Portneuf  
pretty near all summer now.

They silently stare at each other. His father walks into the dining room with the newspaper in his hand. He tosses it on the table.

JOE

That woman, that Injun woman cross the river, the one they call Sugar Babe, who lives with that nigger over there, well, they found her naked and floating in the river, dead. Been there a couple of days, it says here. Says there wasn't much left of her, that some dogs or coyotes probably got her in the river. And it says the nigger she lives with over there in that lean-to is missing. They got a posse out right now looking for that nigger. Says here they think the nigger probably killed her.

He shakes his head and snorts.

JOE

Always trouble with those kind of people. They just got a nose for it...

The three exchange glances in an awkward silence. Mary crosses herself.

MARY

Your son has been swimming in the Portneuf. And one thing always leads to another. Forever more.  
(she crosses herself again)

JAKE

...I saw it. It wasn't--

JOE

What were you doing in the river? Didn't I tell you to stay out of the river?

JAKE

Yes, but that--

(CONTINUED)

JOE

(Joe sits down)

What were you doing in the  
Portneuf? I told you not to go in  
the river!

MARY

Forever more!

(she crosses herself)

JOE

None of this would have happened if  
you had stayed out of the river.

The three of them look at the newspaper. A long silence  
suffocates the room.

JOE

(to Mary)

Leave us alone.

MARY

What are you going to do?

Joe momentarily looks wounded by her words. His anger  
returns.

JOE

This boy's too old to give a  
licking to, but I'm going to.

MARY

The boy didn't do nothing.

JOE

He jumped in the river!

Joe quickly stands, knocking his chair to the floor.

JOE

And I told him to stay clear of the  
river and those people! Now, just  
look at this mess!

Joe stands inches from Mary's face. His hands slowly curl  
into fists.

MARY

You're going to lose that boy. You  
can't beat that boy for this.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

Mary. Leave us alone. Now. This is not a woman's concern.

Mary grudgingly complies and walks outside. Joe removes his belt.

JOE

Drop your pants. Bend over and grab the table.

Jake stares at his father in disbelief for a moment. He then follows his father's command. He holds his breath and waits for the first strike (camera focus on Jake's face from the front, his father blurred behind him).

A long, awkward moment of nothingness passes. Jake turns around and looks at his father. Joe blushes and rapidly blinks (he blushes because he realizes how inappropriate this punishment is. He clearly hasn't thought it through). He realizes Jake is watching him, and he strikes him hard with the belt twice.

JOE

...I'm ashamed of you. Pull your pants up!

Joe is visibly shaken and upset. Jake does as he's told. He then turns and stares at his father. The two share a tense moment, eye to eye. Jake opens his mouth to speak.

JOE

Now go to your room and don't come out until I say so.

Jake quickly walks away.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.JAKE'S\_BEDROOM.NIGHT

Jake quietly shuts the door. He chokes back tears. He paces the room for a few moments. Out his window, he can see his swing in the cottonwood trees. He opens the window and begins to climb out.

EXT.WEBER\_FARM.FRONT.NIGHT

(view from in front of the house out toward the road). Just then, the sheriff (Caucasian, 40s) drives up in his Jeep. A mounted posse on horses accompanies him. Mary rushes inside as the sheriff shuts off the Jeep and approaches the house. Jake can hear the sounds of his parents talking downstairs. He then sees his father approach the sheriff.

EXT.WEBER\_FARM.SIDE\_VIEW.NIGHT

(view from the side so all the men are in profile. The river is in the background)

SHERIFF BILL  
Evenin' Joe! How's everything?

JOE  
Can't complain, Bill, if the wind don't blow us away.

SHERIFF BILL  
Yup, she's as dry as a bone.

JOE  
Don't look good. So, what are you guys up to? Looking for trouble?

SHERIFF BILL  
Yeah, trouble. We're looking for the nigger. You seen this evening's paper?

JOE  
Yeah, I saw it. Was just reading about it. Those people got a nose for trouble.

SHERIFF BILL  
Hell, Joe. you know that ain't the part of them that gets them into trouble!

The sheriff and his posse laugh. Joe follows suit.

SHERIFF BILL  
So, you seen him around here?

JOE  
Nope.

SHERIFF BILL  
How about the rest of your family, your wife, Mary, she seen him?

JOE  
Nope.

SHERIFF BILL  
How about that strapping son of yours, he seen him?

(CONTINUED)

JOE

Nope. He ain't seen him neither.

SHERIFF BILL

Well, alright. You let me know if that changes, Joe.

JOE

I will, Bill, I will.

EXT.WEBER\_FARM.ROAD.NIGHT

Joe watches the posse leave. He solemnly stands.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.JAKE'S\_BEDROOM.NIGHT

Jake watches the posse leave. He's breathing rapidly and fidgets.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.JAKE'S\_BEDROOM.DAY

A rooster crows and Jake jolts awake. He lies on his bed, panting and drenched in sweat. He changes clothes and puts them (yellow-stained underwear clearly visible) in the hamper. He strips the bed (which is also stained) and bundles up the sheets. Realizing that there's no way he can handle the problem without anyone else figuring it out, he shrugs, sighs, and goes down stairs.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.LIVING\_ROOM.MORNING

His father sits in the living room drinking coffee and fiddling with the newspaper. Mary is washing dishes. Jake talks to the back of his father's head.

JAKE

Good morning.

JOE

Morning. Ready to go?

JAKE

Um...would it be OK if I stayed?  
I'm not feeling that great and I think maybe--

JOE

Absolutely not. Go get ready and don't forget to pack for Grandma's.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Can I please just stay home?

JOE

No. I already said no. Now go.

Jake lingers for a moment before returning upstairs.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.JAKE'S\_BEDROOM.DAY

He changes into what are basically church clothes: black, polished shoes, stiff jeans, and a blue plaid shirt/blue vest combo. He puts his previous outfit in a bag with toiletries. With the bed in sight, he grabs an extra pair of underwear.

EXT.WEBER\_FARM.FRONT.DAY

Jake leaves the house and gets in the backseat of the family's Oldsmobile, which is already running. His father drives with his mother up front.

INT.CAR.DAY

Jake stares out the window. No one says anything.

EXT.CAR.ROAD.DAY

The car follows the road near the river. A few turns later, a field overtakes the river, which then gradually becomes the town. A few people mill about, but it's a quiet day. The car stops at a stop sign. Nearby, a glowing neon sign that reads "Working Man's Club" flickers.

INT.CAR.DAY

JOE

That woman, Sugar Babe. She worked there. Pat Mulekey was just saying the other day that's where she works. Waitressing.

MARY

Isn't...err...wasn't she an Indian?

JOE

Full-blood Sho-Ban. Daughter of one of them old True Shots out there. Straight off the reservation.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Forevermore!  
(she crosses herself)

JOE

Doesn't figure! Those Injuns out there don't like niggers no more than we do, and there she was, a full-blood, waitressing in that place. And living with one of them, too, out there in that lean-to!

MARY

Shh!  
(she motions with her head toward Jake)

JOE

Those kinds of people just got a nose for trouble. That's all there is to it.

A car behind them honks. Joe mutters under his breath. They drive on. A quiet moment passes.

MARY

(turning to Jake)  
Say, why don't we sing something like we always do?

Mary begins to sing "Faith, Hope, and Charity." Jake noncommittally begins to mutter the words. Mary begins to sing louder to encourage him, and he finally joins in, although, he's clearly not into it and doing it just for her. Meanwhile, Joe just stares at the road ahead.

EXT. BLACKFOOT\_STATE\_FAIR.DAY

Joe parks the truck. The family gets out and walks toward the Blackfoot State Fair. A ferris wheel, barns, tents, and various carnival rides are in view.

BLACKFOOT\_STATE\_FAIR.INT.VEG\_BARN.DAY

Inside the vegetable barn, Mary examines the vegetables on display. She picks up a small potato and sighs. She then picks up a pathetic-looking sugar beet and shakes her head.

MARY

It's a crying shame the way these crops looks this year. A crying shame. Forevermore.

(CONTINUED)



(She crosses herself)

JOE

(to Jake)

The sheaves of wheat should be as tall as you are. They don't even reach your knees.

EXT.BLACKFOOT\_STATE\_FAIR.DAY

Jake and his parents wander through a crowd toward the next barn.

INT.BLACKFOOT\_STATE\_FAIR.COW\_BARN.DAY

The cows, pigs, horses, and sheep are active and look healthy. The troughs are full of water. Jake pets a horse near two farmers who are talking.

FARMER 1

You hear about J.D.?

FARMER 2

No, what?

FARMER 1

He was just telling me the other day he might lose his farm. Crops are shit this year and you can't find good feed nowhere.

FARMER 2

Even if you can find it, you can't buy it. Price of feed goin' up and up every day. What's he gonna do?

FARMER 1

No idea. He loses that farm and he'll lose everything.

FARMER 2

That'll be all of us if this drought don't let up soon.

EXT.BLACKFOOT\_STATE\_FAIR.DAY

The family wanders back outside. They slowly walk through the fair, taking in the sites. Joe looks unamused by everything, but he rounds a corner and sees a large display of machinery (combines, tractors, other machinery). His eyes light up and he quickly walks toward it.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Jake, wait. Here: take this. Don't tell your father.

She puts two dollars into Jake's hand. Joe is standing behind them talking to a man standing next to a giant John Deere tractor.

MARY

Now, take off out of here and have a good time before it's too late to have any more good times.

Jake looks at the money and then at his mother. He excitedly smiles.

JAKE

OK! What time should I be back?

MARY

It's a small world, and you're not getting away from me that easy. There's plenty of time to worry about time.

Jake quickly hugs his mother and runs off.

EXT.BLACKFOOT\_MAIN\_ST.DAY

Jake gets his hand stamped at the fairground's main entrance. He walks by the courthouse and a used furniture store, and he walks straight into the Working Man's Club.

INT.BLACKFOOT.WORKING\_MAN'S\_CLUB.DAY

He buys a bottle of Schlitz and a pack of Lucky Strikes. The bartender appears drunk and gives him too much change. He counts it and puts the extra change on the counter.

Inside the bar, he notices a group of young (around their 20s) Sho-Ban Native Americans. He stares at the group. He's thinking about Geronimo and Sugar Babe and debating whether or not he should ask about Geronimo.

INT.BLACKFOOT.WORKING\_MAN'S\_CLUB.TABLE.DAY

Jake can barely overhear the group of Native Americans talking.

(CONTINUED)

MAN 1  
...right, but, will they catch him?

MAN 2  
What's to catch? He's right there.  
(next bit is inaudible)...they  
won't do anything about...

MAN 1  
Shit. What about (inaudible)...he  
need anything?

MAN 2  
Shut up.

MAN 1  
What? I just...

MAN 2  
Shut it!

Man 2 realizes Jake is listening in and stares at him. The group picks up on it and they all stare him down.

INT.BLACKFOOT.WORKING\_MAN'S\_CLUB.DAY

Frustrated, Jake leaves the bar with his beer in a bag, and he puts his cigarettes in his shirt sleeve.

EXT.BLACKFOOT\_RAILROAD\_PARK.DAY

Jake wanders through the nearby railroad park. The area is deserted, aside from a few lonely train cars. Jake takes large swigs of his beer while walking and thinking out loud.

JAKE  
And what the hell was I supposed to say to them? What? Just walk up to this group of strangers and say, "Hey, you know where Sugar Babe's son is or if he's even alive? I saw what happened. I need to talk to him." Yeah, brilliant idea. That'll totally work.

He throws the empty bottle at a train car and swears. He lights up a Lucky Strike. He follows the tracks back toward the fair. He stumbles a few times (dizzy from the heat and the beer) and vomits. He puts the cigarettes in the front of his jeans. He quietly laughs and smiles to himself.

EXT. BLACKFOOT\_STATE\_FAIR.DAY

Jake takes in the various sites at the fair. He rides the Tilt-O-Whirl, Rocket Plane, Mix Master, etc. He buys some cotton candy and a Pronto Pup. He wins a Kewpie doll at one those games where you knock down milk bottles with a ball.

He then watches a magician's act. Mr. Energy (Caucasian, 50s) pulls doves out of a hat, puts them in a box, and changes them into crows. He cuts a woman in half...

(Jake looks away)

...and puts her back together. He hangs himself (his assistant steps under to prove it isn't a trick), but he's hanging from his feet after a curtain change. He bows with his assistant and walks into the crowd.

MR. ENERGY

Friends, friends! My dearest friends. Did you know that everything is an illusion? Everything! Not just up here on the stage, not just in the circus. Everything is an illusion! You there, young man. Repeat what I just said for me.

JAKE

Everything is an illusion.

MR. ENERGY

Do you think that statement is true, young man?

JAKE

...I guess so.

MR. ENERGY

What is your name, young man?

JAKE

Jacob Joseph Weber.

MR. ENERGY

Well, Mr. Jacob Joseph Weber, tell me. Do you understand what illusion is?

Jake pauses. He looks like he's trying to think of something profound to say.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

...yes.

(sounds of audience laughing)

MR. ENERGY

Well, tell me what it is, then, Mr. Jacob Joseph Weber. Tell me what illusion is!

JAKE

It is everything. Illusion is all there is.

MR. ENERGY

Indeed, indeed! Now, for my next trick, or should I say illusion, I'm going to...

(he vanishes behind the curtain)

Jake walks off and doesn't hear or see what happens next. In the distance, he notices the Hall of Mirrors.

INT.BLACKFOOT\_STATE\_FAIR.HALL\_OF\_MIRRORS.DAY

The Hall of Mirrors is basically two long hallways full of mirrors of different sizes. At the end is a door labeled "No Exit" (even though it is the only exit). Jake enters and the door locks behind him. The room is pitch black. He slowly makes his way through. He breathes faster as he starts to feel lost. He finally finds a door, but it's stuck. He puts his shoulder into it and it flies open.

EXT.BLACKFOOT\_STATE\_FAIR.BEHIND\_HALL\_OF\_MIRRORS.DAY

Jake stumbles outside and is blinded by the light. Geronimo, startled by the sight and sound, jumps to his feet. He smiles. Jake and Geronimo recognize each other. Jake approaches, but Geronimo backs away.

JAKE

Wait, please! Don't run away!

Geronimo stops. Jake takes the cigarettes from his jeans. He lights one and offers one to Geronimo. He laughs a full-body laugh (he laughs because this kid who saw everything just offered him a cigarette from a pack he had in his pants. It's almost surreal). His laugh causes Jake to laugh. He takes the cigarette and lights it.

EXT. BLACKFOOT\_STATE\_FAIR.BEHIND\_HALL\_OF\_MIRRORS.TREES.DAY

Geronimo sits on a bale of hay under the shade of a few trees. Jake hesitantly sits next to him. He can see gruesome scars on Geronimo's hands and arms from the dogs' attacks. Geronimo takes a few steps away and stands with his back to Jake.

A long silence passes.

JAKE

I saw--well, I guess you know--I saw her and Harold and you and then the dogs came and I didn't know what to...I...

Another long silence passes. Geronimo looks at him.

JAKE

My name is Jake.

The man stares at him.

GERONIMO

And my name is Geronimo.

Geronimo walks off, rounding the building's corner. Jake chases after him.

JAKE

Wait, wait!

Jake touches his shoulder, but the man shrugs him off.

JAKE

She was your mother, wasn't she?

Geronimo immediately turns around. His hands are tightly balled into fists.

JAKE

I knew it. I heard you. I saw Harold and I saw his dogs and your mother and I didn't know what to do. I swam away. I'm sorry. I tried to tell them, but no one will listen. I tried to tell them...

Geronimo gently smiles at Jake. His hands uncurl. After a moment, he starts to walk off.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Here! Please, just...here.

Jake gives him the package of cigarettes and the rest of the money.

GERONIMO

Thanks.

Geronimo walks off.

EXT.BLACKFOOT\_STATE\_FAIR.DAY

Jake wanders through the fair and notices Mary at the Catholic Women's Booth.

JAKE

I won this for you.

He hands her the Kewpie doll.

MARY

Oh, thank you, Jake. Always such a kind boy.

JOE

Waste of good money if you ask me.

MARY

Joe, when's the last time you brought me a prize?

Joe snorts.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.JAKE'S\_BEDROOM.NIGHT

Jake sits at a desk in his room reading a book. A list of saints is next to the book. He looks up a saint, skims the page, looks up another, continues.

JAKE

St. John Vianney, full name Jean-Baptiste-Marie Vianney, known as John in English, was born May 8, 1786 in Dardilly, France and was baptized the same day...often helped the poor...also opened a school for children. John is notable for his dedication to confession. It is said he spent eleven to twelve hours a day

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAKE (cont'd)  
 helping people reconcile with God.  
 As the parish priest of Ars, it is  
 said he received up to 20,000  
 pilgrims every year.

Jake turns a page.

JAKE  
 It is also said that John  
 regularly, and quite literally,  
 wrestled with demons who were  
 infuriated with his good works.  
 They would come to him during the  
 night, spreading lies and doubt  
 designed to mislead him into  
 abandoning his faith. John,  
 dedicated to God, his community,  
 and his faith, always won these  
 battles. His story and legacy is a  
 testament to the power of faith and  
 devotion...

Jake scratches of the other saints on the list and writes  
 down St. John Vianney. He closes the book.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.JAKE'S\_BEDROOM.DAY

Jake is having a nightmare. His body spasms and he's  
 muttering under his breath. He can hear screams and barking  
 dogs from the attack. He jolts awake with the rooster's  
 crow. Like before, he robotically goes through the motions  
 of putting his stained laundry in the hamper and stripping  
 the bed. He dresses in a navy blue suit with baggy pants.

EXT.CHURCH.DAY

Joe parks the truck and the family enters the church.

INT.CHURCH.DAY

Joe and Mary pick a seat on one of the pews near the front  
 of the church.

JAKE  
 I, uh, I'll be right back.

MARY  
 You better hurry. Service starts in  
 about five minutes. I can't imagine  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)



MARY (cont'd)  
what you'd need to confess, but  
hurry.

Jake walks away.

INT.CHURCH.CONFESSIONAL.DAY

Jake sits down in the confessional. He sits quietly for a few moments.

MONSIGNOR CANBY (V.O)  
(on the other side of the  
confessional)  
Good morning on this blessed day.  
How can I help you?

JAKE  
(crosses himself)  
In the name of the Father, Son, and  
Holy Spirit...

MONSIGNOR CANBY (V.O)  
Amen.

A brief silence.

MONSIGNOR CANBY (V.O)  
...and what can I do for...?

JAKE  
Oh! Sorry, right, um, it's been a  
week since my last confession and  
I've sinned. Again.

MONSIGNOR CANBY (V.O)  
And what is this sin?

JAKE  
Well, I've been having these, you  
know, accidents. At night. Every  
night. And I'm sorry for these and  
all of my sins of my life.

MONSIGNOR CANBY (V.O)  
Ah, my son, God appreciates your  
honesty and your spiritual  
concerns, but I fear you are being  
overly harsh on yourself for such  
an act. Surely it is something  
beyond your control.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Yes, but, I mean, no that's not--I have these nightmares. That's what causes it.

MONSIGNOR CANBY (V.O)

What are these unfortunate dreams that plague you so? Do you know of their origin?

Jake is silent.

MONSIGNOR CANBY (V.O)

My son?

JAKE

Yes, sorry. Yes, I do. I don't know what to do about that. I've tried. I'm still trying...

MONSIGNOR CANBY (V.O)

Of course. God recognizes your effort and sees your troubled spirit. As a penance, every time this act troubles you, say an "Our Father" and a "Hail Mary." This will help your soul during these trials.

JAKE

O-okay, I'll do that...

MONSIGNOR CANBY (V.O)

May our Lord Jesus Christ absolve you; and by His authority I absolve you from every bond of excommunication and interdict, so far as my power allows and your needs require. Thereupon, I absolve you from your sins in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

JAKE

Amen.

MONSIGNOR CANBY (V.O)

As you are unready or unable to confess the origin of your troubles at this time, let us pray for God's guidance that you may find the strength required to free yourself of this darkness.

(CONTINUED)

Jake closes his eyes and clasps his hands together.

MONSIGNOR CANBY (V.O)  
Heavenly father, this faithful soul  
is at your doorstep and asking for  
guidance. He is penitent and  
dedicated and ready to receive your  
guidance. Please deliver unto him  
your love and grace that he may  
find the courage and strength  
required to triumph over his  
demons. Amen.

JAKE  
Amen.

MONSIGNOR CANBY (V.O)  
Give thanks to the Lord for He is  
good. The Lord has freed you from  
your sins. Go in peace.

JAKE  
Amen...and, uh, thanks.

MONSIGNOR CANBY (V.O)  
(warmly)  
You mean thanks be to God.

JAKE  
Oh, yes, thanks be to God.

MONSIGNOR CANBY (V.O)  
Amen.

Jake exits the confessional.

INT.CHURCH.DAY

The congregation is singing the ending portion of a hymn.  
Jake stands at the front of the church with five other kids.  
Monsignor Canby (Caucasian, 50s, extremely kind) officiates  
the event.

MONSIGNOR CANBY  
...Amen. And now, let us turn to  
our last confirmandee, Jacob Weber.

He turns to face Jake.

MONSIGNOR CANBY  
Jacob, if God is everywhere, why  
cannot we see him?

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

(stands up straight, chest  
slightly puffed out)

We cannot see God because He is a  
Pure Spirit and cannot be seen with  
bodily eyes.

MONSIGNOR CANBY

And that spirit dwells within us  
all. Jacob, have you chosen a  
patron saint?

JAKE

I've chosen St. John Vianney.

MONSIGNOR CANBY

Ah, yes. A wonderful saint, St.  
John. Truly dedicated to his faith  
and the people. You've chosen  
wisely. Are you familiar with his  
prayer?

JAKE

Sort of...

Quiet laughter from the congregation.

MONSIGNOR CANBY

I cannot claim to recall all the  
words; however, his prayer goes  
something like: "I love you, O my  
God, and my only desire is to love  
You until the last breath of my  
life. If my tongue cannot say in  
every moment that I love you, I  
want my heart to repeat it as often  
as I draw breath."

JAKE

I'm not sure I'll remember all  
that.

More laughter from the congregation.

MONSIGNOR CANBY

There's no need to despair. If  
nothing else, recall the meaning of  
his prayer. The intent matters far  
more than the words themselves.  
Look to your saint for strength and  
guidance.

(He draws a cross on Jake's  
forehead)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MONSIGNOR CANBY (cont'd)  
 Be sealed with the Gifts of the  
 Holy Spirit.

JAKE  
 Amen.

MONSIGNOR CANBY  
 Now, let us pray...

Congregation begins to pray.

EXT.CHURCH.DAY

MARY  
 Jake, Jake! Look up a little bit  
 more. OK, now hold your smile just  
 like that--don't move,  
 smile--annnnd...

Joe takes a picture of Jake in front of the church. He's  
 holding his confirmation certificate.

MARY  
 Great! I'm so proud of you, honey.  
 You did great.

JAKE  
 Thanks, mom.

Mary looks expectantly at Joe.

JOE  
 ...yeah, you did good.

Mary sighs. The family walks toward the car.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.JAKE'S\_BEDROOM.NIGHT

Jake hangs his certificate on the wall next to a picture of  
 a guardian angel helping two children cross a bridge. His  
 confirmation name, "John," is clearly visible. He crosses  
 himself. He gets in bed, smiling, and turns the light off.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.JAKE'S\_BEDROOM.DAY

Jake is having a nightmare. His body spasms and he's  
 muttering under his breath. He can hear screams and barking  
 dogs from the attack. He jolts awake with the rooster's  
 crow. (It's almost identical to the previous instance, but

(CONTINUED)

the sounds are much louder.) He jolts awake with the rooster's crow. He's unfortunately had another accident. He's on the verge of tears.

JAKE

(while changing, voice  
wavering)

Our Father, Who art in Heaven,  
hallowed be Thy name; Thy Kingdom  
come, Thy will be done on earth as  
it is in Heaven. Give us this day  
our daily bread; and forgive us our  
trespasses as we forgive those who  
trespass against us; and lead us  
not into temptation, but deliver us  
from evil. Amen.

He then strips the bed

JAKE

(regaining composure)

Hail Mary full of Grace, the Lord  
is with thee. Blessed are thou  
among women and blessed is the  
fruit of thy womb Jesus. Holy Mary  
Mother of God, pray for us sinners  
now and at the hour of our death  
Amen.

(he crosses himself)

He puts the soiled laundry and sheets in the hamper and leaves the room.

EXT. WEBER\_FARM.DAY

It's a hot, windy day. Jake leaves the house and catches the door so it doesn't slam. He walks across the farm. (His demeanor is different than before. He feels positive and his behavior shows it).

Jake goes through his normal farm duties. He whistles an upbeat tune off and on during work, talks with the animals, etc.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

INT.CHICKEN\_COOP.DAY

Jake gathers eggs and the chickens cooperate.

EXT.PIG\_PEN.DAY

Checks the fences and feeds the pigs.

INT.BARN.DAY

Brushes the horses and leads them into the pasture.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.DAY

Jake notices the river and stops. He stops whistling. He can hear a loud snapping sound in the distance. After a moment, he walks toward the direction of the sound.

EXT.RIVER.BRANCH.DAY

He walks along the river until he finds the large branch that hangs over the river. He looks downstream.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.LEAN-TO.DAY

The lean-to has been ransacked. The window is broken, the door is open, and household items are strewn about. A few hawks rest on the trees nearby.

JAKE

Hello? Is anyone...?

He realizes it's a stupid question and shames himself for even asking. He can hear the loud snapping sound further downstream.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.ELM\_TREE.DAY

Jake climbs a nearby elm tree. He stops at a large branch in the middle and sits down.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.BACK.DAY

A large US flag snaps in the wind above a large brick house that sort of resembles a castle. Harold leaves the house and walks onto the lawn. He stretches and blows the whistle around his neck.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.ELM\_TREE.DAY

Jake freezes and gasps.

INT.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.DAY

Harold's five dobermans are lazily lying about. They perk up at the sound of the whistle and run out the door. The front door is still open.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.ELM\_TREE.DAY

Jake sees the dogs round the corner and surround Harold.

JAKE

Damn! No, no, no...

Jake slowly gets up and backs up toward the trunk. He keeps his eyes fixed on the dogs. When he reaches it, he tightly clutches it as if squeezing it tightly will somehow let him blend in.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.BACK.DAY

Harold gathers up five sticks and looks at the group of dogs.

HAROLD

Sit! Stay! All of you stay.

He then throws each of the five sticks in a different direction. One of the sticks lands on the far shore near the elm tree.

HAROLD

Fetch! Go get 'em, boys!

Each dog runs after a different stick. One dog picks up the stick near the elm tree. It hesitates for a moment.



EXT.RIVERSIDE.ELM\_TREE.DAY

Jake looks down out at the dog. It's holding the stick in its mouth but also trying to sniff at the air.

JAKE

(He tries to recall his  
saint's prayer, but butchers  
it)

Oh, God, my desire is to love you  
until the...last breath...of  
life...my heart repeats it when I  
breathe...

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.BACK.DAY

Four of the dogs sit in a row with the sticks in their mouths.

HAROLD

Huh. Looks like we got a straggler.  
(bellowing)  
Come here!

EXT.RIVERSIDE.ELM\_TREE.DAY

The dog's ears perk up when it hears Harold. It sprints off with the stick. Jake loudly exhales.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.BACK.DAY

The straggler joins the line with the other dogs in front of him.

HAROLD

Drop it!

All the dogs drop the sticks at the same time.

(cont'd)

Good boys! Now, come here!

Harold wrestles with his dogs. He playfully pins one to the ground, pushes another way, plays tug of war with them, etc.

Visibly winded, he takes his hat, shirt, boots and socks off. He puts his socks in his boots. He lies on the grass and looks at the sky. The dogs position themselves around him. One at each limb and one at his head. They sit, attentively facing him.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.ELM\_TREE.DAY

Jake watches the scene unfold.

JAKE  
 (under his breath)  
 Why are they sitting like that?

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.BACK.DAY

Harold coughs as if impatiently waiting for something to occur. The dogs start licking him. Each dog focuses on what's in front of them. (This display is about power and control. He doesn't have to bathe himself because they're trained to do it for him. There's also an implied sexual element that no woman would ever touch him either because he's that revolting).

EXT.RIVERSIDE.ELM\_TREE.DAY

Jake is mildly disgusted as he watches.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.BACK.DAY

Harold sits up and looks around. He takes off his pants and underwear. The dogs lick every part of his body. He rolls onto his stomach and the dogs continue.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.ELM\_TREE.DAY

Jake is utterly disgusted by the scene.

JAKE  
 You disgusting son of a bitch. No  
 wonder they're so well trained.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.BACK.EVENING

After he's been sufficiently cleaned, Harold rolls onto his back. He sits up and watches the sky for a moment. The sun is beginning to set. He stands up and walks into the house. Each dog grabs an article of clothing and follows him in. He leaves the door open. The flag is still snapping in the wind.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.ELM\_TREE.EVENING

Jake waits for a moment until he's sure Harold won't come back out. He climbs down the tree and stares at the house for a few moments. He then walks back upstream. He passes the farm and just keeps walking.

EXT.WEBER\_FARM.FRONT.NIGHT

Nightfall. Jake crosses the farm and enters the house.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.KITCHEN.NIGHT

Jake enters the kitchen. His parents are at the table. It's covered in several piles of papers. A pink bill rests in the center.

JAKE  
What's all this?

JOE  
Setting-up time...

MARY  
...time when the vultures get their  
claws in you.

JOE  
Like I was saying, that stack can  
go. We've got that one handled.

Mary takes the stack and sets it on the counter.

MARY  
OK, what about this one?

Joe flips through the stack.

JOE  
This one can wait.

MARY  
It'll be late.

JOE  
Yeah, well, it'll have to be late  
then.

He sets it on a different stack.

(CONTINUED)

JOE  
What's that bill?

MARY  
Tractor repairs

JOE  
That can wait. Todd owes me one  
anyway.

Mary and Joe continue to sort through bills, muttering to each other. Jake leans against the wall. A few moments pass as they continue to work.

JAKE  
Hey, what's for dinner?

JOE  
We don't have time for--

MARY  
I'm sorry, honey. Why don't you  
make some bologna sandwiches. I can  
fry up some potatoes real quick.

Jake and Mary attend to their dinner tasks. Mary lights up a cigarette as she works. Joe continues sorting bills and swearing under his breath. By the time dinner is ready, only the pink bill remains. Jake sets the table. The bill is in front of a chair like it's an unwanted dinner guest.

They quietly eat. As they finish, Jake perks up.

JAKE  
Pinochle. How about a game of  
pinochle?

MARY  
Hmm...help me with the dishes and  
we'll see.

Mary clears the table. Joe sits at the table with a cup of coffee. He occasionally flips it over, but there's nothing on the back. Jake turns on the radio. Darktown Strutter's Ball plays:

(I'll be down to get you in a  
taxi, honey You better be  
ready about half past eight  
Now dearie, don't be late I  
want to be there when the band  
starts playing Remember when  
we get there, honey The  
two-steps I'm goin' to have

(CONTINUED)

'em all Goin' to dance out  
both my shoes When they play  
the "Jelly Roll Blues"  
Tomorrow night, at the  
Darktown Strutter's Ball)

JAKE

Say, how do you foxtrot?

Mary looks at him kindly, recognizing that he's trying to lighten the mood.

She puts down the dishes and walks over to Jake.

MARY

First, put your left hand on my right shoulder. Then, put your hand on waist there, like that. OK, now make a box with your feet. Yes, a box. Now it's just one, two, three, four...

They try to dance, but Jake just fumbles about.

MARY

Oh, Jake. You've got two left feet there. Come on, Dad. Let's show our son here how to foxtrot.

Joe silently rises and takes hold of Mary. They foxtrot around the table (and the bill). Mary smiles at her surprisingly romantic husband (who gets swept up in the moment). The song ends.

JAKE

(clapping)

Wow. Who knew you two could dance.

MARY

(she curtsies)

Thank you, thank you.

Joe grumbles and returns to his coffee and the bill at the table.

MARY

Oh! I know. Let's have dessert. There's still chocolate cake left and I'll make fresh coffee. Jake, you can even have some, too. Get out the cards.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

OK!

The family plays Pinochle while Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, etc., plays in the background. Even Joe manages to crack a smile.

Music continues to play as they play a game of Hearts.

JOE

I think I won that one.

JAKE

I know I didn't.

MARY

Ah, ah, ah. Look at these cards, here. Don't you see what I've done?

JAKE

You shot the moon!

MARY

I shot the moon, and you know what that means.

JAKE

More penalty points?

MARY

Not just more--26 more. Add them up, boys.

JOE

(sighing)

Why bother? You were winning before this hand.

MARY

Fine, fine. I don't need a record to know I'm undefeated. OK, that's enough winning for me tonight. Off to bed, Jake.

JAKE

OK, good night!

Jake heads to his room. Joe picks up the cards. Mary leans in and gives him a quick kiss on the cheek. Joe offers a half-smile in return.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.JAKE'S\_BEDROOM.NIGHT

Jake is half-asleep in bed. Mary enters. She adjusts his blankets and looks at the full moon outside.

MARY  
(whispering)  
Good night, Jake.

JAKE  
(muttering)  
Good night.

She leaves the room and shuts the door.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.JAKE'S\_BEDROOM.DAY

Jake awakens. He examines himself and realizes he had a nightmare-free night. He practically jumps out of bed, gets dressed and heads downstairs.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.LIVING\_ROOM.MORNING

Joe stands in the living room. He's dressed in his Sunday suit and holding the pink bill. Mary is drinking coffee at the table.

JAKE  
Where are you off to this morning?

JOE  
Business. I'll be back later.

JAKE  
Oh, OK, I'll take care of things  
around--

Joe leaves. The door slams behind him.

JAKE  
That was nice.

MARY  
Try not to hold it against him.  
Just your father being your father.

JAKE  
Yeah, being a jerk.

Jake and Mary exchange awkward glances.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

What? He's always been like that.

MARY

No. No, he hasn't.

JAKE

To me he has.

MARY

You don't understand, he--

JAKE

(cuts her off)

--I have to take care of the farm.

Jake leaves the house. Mary sits and drinks her coffee for a quiet moment. (She begins to talk to herself, saying things she wish she could say to him; things she wishes he could know and believe).

MARY

Oh, Jake. You can't understand. You were too young.

She looks around the kitchen, glances into the living room. She recalls a memory.

FLASHBACK:

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.LIVING\_ROOM.DAY.1937

Joe and Mary enter the house and walk into the living room. Joe is holding a newborn--Jake. The house is dusty and full of older furniture.

JOE

Annnnnd this is it! Isn't it a great place? There's plenty of room for us and Jacob. And we can have horses and chickens and maybe even pigs.

MARY

It's a beautiful place, honey. Isn't it traditional for you to carry me over the threshold into a new home, though?

JOE

I would, but I'd have to put him down.

(CONTINUED)



MARY

You can set him down for a minute,  
you know. He's not going anywhere.

JOE

Yeah, but why would I ever do that?  
I'm never gonna let him go.

Joe kisses Jake's forehead. Mary embraces them both, and she and Joe share a long kiss.

NARRATIVE PRESENT MOMENT:

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.LIVING\_ROOM.DAY

(Scene continues on from Mary's standing position in the previous scene).

Mary crosses the living room to a bookcase. She stops in front of it.

She picks up a framed photo off the bookcase. It's of her, Jake (around 4 years old), and Joe, who is dressed in his Army uniform.

FLASHBACK:

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.LIVING\_ROOM.DAY.1941

Joe is dressed in his uniform. Jake is playing with blocks and toy cars on the floor. Joe is playing with him. Mary stands off to the side, watching. Joe's duffelbag is near her.

JOE

(playing with a toy car)  
Vroom, vroom! Look out!

He crashes the car into a crude building made of blocks in front of Jake. Jake laughs and starts rebuilding the building. Joe looks up at Mary.

JOE

Hey, come on now...

He stands and embraces her.

JOE

I probably won't even be gone that long. And my mother will be here to help with Jacob. And Dad can handle the farm. It'll be OK.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Why does it have to be you, though?

JOE

You know it's not just me. Most men have to go. Hell, even all of my brothers are going.

MARY

Doesn't mean you have to go.

JOE

That's not why I'm going and you know it. Look, if I had my way, I wouldn't go at all. I don't have a choice.

They stare at each other for a quiet moment. The sound of blocks tumbling to the floor is audible. Jake laughs again. Joe smiles at their ruined moment and kneels beside Jake.

JOE

Hey, buddy. I have to go.

JAKE

OK, daddy. Bye bye!

Joe caresses his son's head and looks into his eyes. Joe begins to tear up.

JOE

(choking on his words)  
I love you, son...

JAKE

(playfully)  
I love you!

Jake resumes playing with blocks while Joe watches, sadly smiling.

NARRATIVE PRESENT MOMENT:

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.LIVING\_ROOM.DAY

Mary sets the photo down. She looks at a few other happy photos of them and then walks down the hallway.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.PARENTS'\_BEDROOM.DAY

Mary enters the bedroom and shuts the door. She looks at another photo on her dresser. In it, Mary and Jake are smiling. He's older (around 8). Joe is forcing a smile, but doesn't seem present in the moment.

FLASHBACK:

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.KITCHEN.NIGHT.1945

Mary is dressed in a clean, pretty dress. She's hastily setting the table, which is already covered in food.

MARY

Jake? Jake! Did you already wash up for dinner? Your father should be here any minute. Everything has to be perfect.

JAKE (V.O)

I washed up.

MARY

Thank you, honey. Dinner is just about ready, and then--

She hears a door open.

MARY

Joe? Joe!

She rushes into the living room.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.LIVING\_ROOM.NIGHT.1945

Joe is standing in the doorway. He's holding his dufflebag. He's staring at Jake, who is eight years old now.

MARY

Joe! I'm so glad you're home. Don't just stand in the doorway, get in here!

She takes his bag and pulls him inside. She shuts the door. She quickly embraces him. He appears to be trembling slightly.

MARY

Oh, Joe. I missed you so much. This almost feels like a dream. Why are

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARY (cont'd)  
you trembling like that? Are you cold?

JOE  
They say that goes away after a while. Sorry.

MARY  
It's OK, honey. I'm just so glad you're home.

JOE  
Me too.

Jake squeezes in between them, hugging Joe's legs. He looks up at Joe.

JAKE  
Hi dad! I missed you! I was good when you were gone.

Joe gently kneels. Jake wraps his arms around his neck.

JAKE  
(squeezing Joe tighter)  
I love you!

Joe gently pushes him back and looks at his smiling, loving son. He caresses his face.

JOE  
(stammering and shaking)  
I...love you...too...buddy.

JAKE  
Yay!

Jake continues to bearhug Joe. Joe stares off into the distance, visibly shaking.

NARRATIVE PRESENT MOMENT:

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.PARENTS'\_BEDROOM.DAY

Mary picks up the photo and looks intently at Joe. She runs her finger over his face and stares longingly at him. She begins to cry.

EXT.CAR.ROAD.DAY

Joe drives toward town.

EXT.BLACKFOOT\_MAIN\_ST.DAY

Joe drives past the Working Man's Club. He doesn't acknowledge it.

EXT.BLACKFOOT\_BANK.DAY

Joe parks at the bank. He picks up the bill, locks up the car, and enters the building.

INT.BLACKFOOT.BANK.DAY

The bank just opened and is mostly deserted. A single bank teller staffs the counter.

TELLER

Good morning, sir. How can I help you today?

JOE

Good morning. I have an appointment with Harold Endicott.

TELLER

Oh, yes. Joe Weber, right? He told me to expect you. His office is just this way.

INT.BARN.LOFT.DAY

JAKE

Go on! Get out. Shoo!

He claps his hands and shoos off a group of pigeons. He hears a car door slam and looks in that direction. He then hears the house door slam. His father yells something, the door slams again. He can hear his father entering the barn. He looks between a gap in the boards and sees his father unlocking the saddle room door. He's holding two bottles of Black Velvet whiskey in his hand. He enters the room and locks the door.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.LIVING\_ROOM.DAY

JAKE  
Mom! Mom? Where are you?

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.KITCHEN.DAY

Jake checks the kitchen and looks out the window.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.HALLWAY

He knocks on his parents' bedroom door.

JAKE  
Mom? Are you in there? The door is  
locked.

Mary slowly opens the door. She looks exhausted.

MARY  
What is it, Jake?

JAKE  
Do you know what happened at the  
bank? Dad just got back and I saw  
he had two bottles of something. I  
think he might be drinking. He's in  
the saddle room in the barn. What  
do we do?

MARY  
Do? What do you mean what do we do?

JAKE  
Well, I mean, shouldn't we help him  
or at least check on him or  
something?

MARY  
Jake, if he's in the saddle room,  
he doesn't want to see us right  
now. All we can do is wait. Now,  
I'm going to get some rest. I  
suggest you do the same.

JAKE  
OK, but do you know how the meeting  
went? Is the farm still--

(CONTINUED)

MARY

I don't know Jake. I don't know.

Mary shuts the door. Jake stands in the hallway, flustered.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.EVENING

Jake sits near the river watching a few water skippers jump back and forth. He looks around and sees a light on in the kitchen.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.KITCHEN.EVENING

Jake enters the kitchen just as Mary is setting a roast beef on the table. There are also bowls of mashed potatoes, coleslaw, greenbeans, bread, and gravy.

MARY

Jake, just in time. Set the table for me.

Despite cooking, Mary is rather dressed up. Red housedress, lip stick, clean apron. She looks like she belongs in a cooking magazine.

JAKE

What are you doing? He's still in the saddle room. He might not even come out.

MARY

I'm doing what I can, Jake, which is all we can do. Now set the table while I make some coffee. Please.

JAKE

Yeah, OK.

The table is set and dinner is ready. Jake and Mary stand in the kitchen for a few quiet moments. She goes to the window, pulls the curtain aside, and looks toward the barn.

INT.BARN.NIGHT

The light in the saddle room clicks on. Joe begins to drunkenly sing.

JOE

Du, du liegst mir im Herzen, du, du liegst mir im Sinn...

## INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.KITCHEN.NIGHT

Joe's singing is clearly heard in the house. Jake is sitting at the table and Mary is still at the window.

JAKE

What is that? Is he singing now?

JOE

Du, du machst mir viel Schmerzen,  
weißt nicht wie gut ich dir bin...

MARY

It's German. From the war.

JAKE

Why is he singing?

MARY

Just eat, Jake. Hurry up and eat  
and then go to your room.

Jake eats quickly and leaves the room. Mary continues to look out the window.

## INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.JAKE'S\_BEDROOM.NIGHT

Jake sees Joe drunkenly walk from the barn toward the house. He stumbles a few times but continues singing. His words are even more slurred than before.

JOE

So, so wie ich dich liebe so, so  
liebe auch mich...

Mary throws the bedroom door open and rushes in. She closes it just as quickly.

MARY

Jake, get in bed. Now.

JAKE

What? What's going on?

Mary pulls his bedsheets back. She sternly stares at him, waiting. He gets into bed. She begins to tuck him in. She sits on his bed and looks at him for a moment.

MARY

Looks like we've lost the farm for  
good.

Jake sits in stunned silence.

(CONTINUED)



JAKE

What does that mean? What do we...

Jake and Mary hear the house's screen door open. His singing is louder.

JOE

Die, die zärtlichsten Triebe fühl'  
ich allein nur für dich...

Mary stands up.

MARY

Jake, whatever happens tonight, I  
don't want you coming out of your  
room. There's trouble enough  
without you two getting into it.  
Promise me.

JAKE

(reluctantly)

I promise.

Mary leaves the room. Jake can hear their voices, but can't make out the words. He catches a few swear words from his father, and he hears them using each other's names. The voices grow quieter until he can't hear anything.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.JAKE'S\_BEDROOM.NIGHT

Jake awakens. It's still night. He can hear Joe vomiting downstairs. In between Joe retching, he can hear Mary sobbing. He listens for a few moments until silence returns and then closes his eyes.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.JAKE'S\_BEDROOM.DAY

Jake awakens again. He clearly hasn't slept. It's later than the other times he's woken up. He's unfortunately had another accident. He changes his clothing and recites the appropriate prayer.

JAKE

(voice steady, but lifeless)  
Our Father, Who art in Heaven,  
hallowed be Thy name; Thy Kingdom  
come, Thy will be done on earth as  
it is in Heaven. Give us this day  
our daily bread; and forgive us our  
trespasses as we forgive those who  
trespass against us; and lead us

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAKE (cont'd)  
not into temptation, but deliver us  
from evil. Amen.

He puts his clothes in the hamper and begins to strip the bed.

JAKE  
(voice still lifeless)  
Hail Mary full of Grace, the Lord  
is with thee. Blessed are thou  
among women and blessed is the  
fruit of...

He stops. He stares at the bed and then looks at his confirmation certificate. He drops the sheet and leaves the room.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.LIVING\_ROOM.DAY

Joe is sitting on the couch. He's still in his suit from the day before. He has a bottle of Black Velvet in his hand. Jake stands behind him, but Joe doesn't acknowledge him.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.KITCHEN.DAY

Mary stands at the sink, smoking. She's staring out the window. Two places are set at the table with bacon, eggs, and toast.

MARY  
Sit. Eat.

Jake sits down.

JAKE  
Is he OK? What should I...

MARY  
Just eat.

Jake silently eats. Mary continues to smoke and stare.

MARY  
When you're done, take care of the  
animals, the farm. Stay out of the  
house.

JAKE  
OK, I will. Just call for me if you  
need anything.

Jakes leaves the house. Mary continues to smoke and stare.

EXT.WEBER\_FARM.DAY

It's an extremely hot day (hotter than the previous days) Just outside the house, Jake stops. He looks down the road leading up to the house. It appears to shimmer like the river.

He closes his eyes, hard, and looks again. It's just the road (Heat waves can cause visual distortions).

He quickly works through his chores. His work is quick and sloppy.

INT.CHICKEN\_COOP.DAY

Jake gathers eggs and the chickens cooperate.

EXT.PIG\_PEN.DAY

Jake Checks the fences and feeds the pigs.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.KITCHEN.DAY

Mary puts her cigarette out. She clears the table and washes the dishes. She lights and smokes another cigarette. She puts it out after a few puffs and picks up the rolling pin.

INT.BARN.DAY

Jake Brushes the horses and leads them into the pasture. As the last horse leaves, he notices the saddle room door.

INT.BARN.SADDLE\_ROOM.DAY

The saddle room is unlocked and wide open. Jake slams the door, and locks it. He grabs the spare key from its hiding place.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.DAY

Jake quickly walks to the river. He throws the key as far as he can. It vanishes into the river in an instant. He walks back toward the house.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.LIVING\_ROOM.DAY

Joe stands. He chugs the rest of the bottle and lets it drop to the floor. He stumbles into the kitchen.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.KITCHEN.DAY

Joe reaches the middle of the kitchen. Mary walks up behind him and swings the rolling pin with all her strength. She completely misses and tumbles into the stove. She stands up quickly and winds up for another swing, but Joe punches her in the face. She falls to the ground with a whimper.

JAKE

(mirroring what he heard Geronimo say in the beginning) You son of a bitch! Get your hands off her!

Jake charges at Joe and swings.

MARY

Jake! No!

Joe easily dodges it and pops him in the side of the face. Jake falls to the ground next to Mary. She shields Jake with her body.

MARY

Please, Joe. Please...(she continues to whisper "please").

JOE

Look at the two of you. On the floor. Pathetic.

He leaves. Jake is lying on the floor, dazed. The world is sideways. A hawk flies by and screeches, but it sounds like the sound of the screen door as it slams. The world slowly rights itself as Jake sits up. Mary sits next to him, holding her face and staring at the ceiling. Jake unsteadily stands. He grabs a wet wash cloth from the sink.

There's the sound of metal on metal and something breaking. It comes from the direction of the barn.

JAKE

Here. Use this.

MARY

Go after your father. He needs you now.

(she crosses herself)

(CONTINUED)

JAKE  
OK, I'll go find him. I'll try to  
calm him down.

Jake leaves the house.

EXT.WEBER\_FARM.DAY

Jake collects himself and wipes some blood off his face.  
He sprints toward the barn.

INT.BARN.DAY

In the barn, Jake catches his breath. He frantically looks  
around.

JAKE  
Dad? Dad!

He notices a pick axe on the floor.

INT.BARN.SADDLE\_ROOM\_DOOR.DAY

There are several splintered holes in the door. The rusty  
lock is on the floor, broken.

INT.BARN.SADDLE\_ROOM.DAY

Jake steps into the saddle room. There are several shotguns  
and rifles hanging on the wall. They're outlined in red. A  
gun is clearly absent from the collection.

JAKE  
Oh my God...

INT.BARN.DAY

Jake sprints through the barn.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.DAY

Jake stops at the river. He looks around and thinks. He  
looks downstream and realizes exactly where his father is.  
He sprints off downstream.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.BATHROOM.EVENING

Mary finishes cleaning up her wounds. She starts to put makeup on to cover her blackening eye, but stops. She washes it off.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.KITCHEN.EVENING

Mary finds her cigarettes at the windowsill. She lights up, takes a few puffs, and then finally looks out the window. She hears a loud gunshot, which causes her to drop her cigarette.

EXT.RIVER.BRANCH.EVENING

A dark thunder storm is rolling in. Thunder crashes in the distance. Jake is at the branch/lean-to when he hears the gunshot.

JAKE

No! God no! Please, please,  
please...

He starts sprinting further downstream. He wades across the river toward Harold's house and starts to pray (more erratic than the last time he tried. Even more butchered).

JAKE

(breathing heavily)  
God...desire to love you...until  
the last... breath...of life...

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.BACK.EVENING

Jake reaches Harold's house. He's far enough away that he can see them, but they don't notice him. (He views this from the side).

Harold is on the back porch. He's surrounded by his dogs.

JOE

(pointing the rifle at Harold,  
words slightly slurred)  
The next shot is between your eyes,  
Mr. Big Shot, unless you get those  
dogs inside.

The dogs stare intently at Joe. They don't growl and they don't move. They wait.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

And don't try anything funny. I know all about how you like to kill people with those dogs of yours. Just killed you a Bannock squaw, didn't you?

Harold stiffens. The color drains from his face. He jumps up. Joe fires at the wall behind Harold.

JOE

Don't press me, you crooked son of a bitch. I've killed me a bunch of people in my time and I sure as hell can kill one more if it's you!

Harold fingers the whistle. He complies and directs the dogs into the house.

JOE

Pull the door tight and lock it.

Harold coldly smiles and shuts the door. He fumbles with the doorknob to make it look like he locked it.

HAROLD

Yeah? You gonna shoot an unarmed man?

JAKE

(to himself)

I bet he left the door...

Jake runs around the house to the front.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.FRONT.EVENING.RAINING

The sky opens up into a deafening downpour. Jake reaches the front door. It's still open. He slams it shut just as the first of the dogs reaches it. He runs back to the other side of the house.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.BACK.EVENING.RAINING

Joe and Harold are in the yard. The gun is missing. Joe has removed his jacket and is rolling up his sleeves.

JAKE

Where's the gun?

(His voice grows louder and more frantic)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAKE (cont'd)  
Where's the gun?

JOE  
There. A fair fight. Like a man.

Harold cuts him off with a right hook to the jaw. Joe tumbles back onto the grass. Harold laughs. He feels his jaw, shakes it off, and stands up. Harold punches him again, but Joe sustains the blow. Joe then punches Harold in the face and then the stomach. Harold swings and misses, and Joe punches him to the ground.

JAKE  
Yeah! That'll show him, dad!

Joe looks up at the sky. He seems relieved, almost happy.

JAKE  
Dad! Watch out!

While he's distracted, Harold punches Joe in the stomach. He uses his forearm, which knocks Joe to the ground. Harold kicks Joe a few times and then spits on him.

HAROLD  
Yeah. Some kind of man you are.

Joe groans for a bit and passes out.

Harold walks back toward the house. He's holding the whistle in his hand.

JAKE  
(to himself)  
Dammit! Where the hell is the gun?  
I need the gun!

He frantically scrambles to find it. He notices it at the river's edge propped against some rocks.

Jake picks up the gun. He looks through the sight.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.BACK.GUN\_SIGHT.EVENING.RAINING

Harold is fingering the whistle. He reaches for the doorknob. The sight is positioned over Harold's left eye. Jake pulls the trigger.

\*click\*

Nothing happens.



EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.BACK.EVENING.RAINING

Jake fumbles with the rifle, cocks it, and looks through the sight again.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.BACK.GUN\_SIGHT.EVENING.RAINING

The whistle is in Harold's mouth. Harold is staring at him.

JAKE

Forevermore...

Before Jake can pull the trigger, an arrow pierces Harold's eye. Jake screams.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.BACK.EVENING.RAINING

Harold takes a step back. The whistle drops from his mouth. His knees buckle and he kneels momentarily before collapsing to the ground.

Jake looks in the direction from which the arrow came.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.ELM\_TREE.EVENING

Geronimo is perched in the elm tree across the river. He's wearing a leather loin cloth and a necklace of black beads. A sheathed hunting knife dangles from a thin string. His face and the right side of his body are covered in red paint designs that resemble rattlesnake bands. He's frozen in an aiming pose.

After a moment, he drops from the tree and wades across the river.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.BACK.EVENING.RAINING

Unsure of what to do with a loaded gun, Jake points it at the ground nearby and pulls the trigger. The sound echoes through the area. Jake sets the gun on the ground. Geronimo crosses in front of Jake to Harold. He's singing a song native to his people.

JAKE

Geronimo? What were...why were you...?

Geronimo ignores him. He circles Harold's body, singing. He then puts his foot on Harold's head and remove the arrow.

(CONTINUED)

(Jake averts his eyes)

Geronimo removes the whistle from around Harold's neck. He holds the whistle and the arrow toward the sky. He puts the whistle around his own neck. He then removes his knife and scalps Harold.

He takes another arrow and makes a cross out of it and the arrow that killed Harold. He holds the cross and Harold's scalp to the sky.

(Jake trembles)

Geronimo takes both and slowly walks toward the river singing to himself. He wades in waist deep and holds both to the sky again.

Unsure of what to do, Jake decides to check on Joe.

JAKE

Dad? Dad! Wake up!

Jake shakes Joe. He mumbles a few times but is clearly out of it.

After a moment, Geronimo approaches Jake.

JAKE

He's totally passed out. What do we do with him now?

GERONIMO

Jake, I need you to go to the other side of the house. Open the front door to get the dogs' attention and then shut it. Keep doing it until I give you the signal I'm clear.

Geronimo begins undressing Harold. He folds his pants and shirt. He places his socks inside his boots (he does exactly what Harold had done earlier. Jake recognizes the action).

GERONIMO

(looking at Jake, smiling)

Just like usual, huh?

(he taps Jake on the shoulder)

Now get going.

Jake runs to the other side of the house.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.FRONT.EVENING.RAINING

Jake reaches the front of the house. He looks in the window.

INT.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.EVENING.RAINING

Inside, the five dogs are nowhere to be seen. Jake can hear them barking and snarling at the far side of the house.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.FRONT.EVENING.RAINING

Jake quietly opens the door. He slams it.

INT.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.EVENING.RAINING

The dogs sprint to the door, barking and scratching at the door like crazy.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.BACK.EVENING.RAINING

Geronimo quietly opens the door.

INT.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.EVENING.RAINING

Geronimo drags Harold's body in and puts him on the ground in front of the fireplace.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.FRONT.EVENING.RAINING

Fearing the dogs will hear Geronimo, Jake repeatedly opens and shuts the front door to keep their attention.

INT.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.EVENING.RAINING

Geronimo sets Harold's clothes on the nearby couch. He slams the door as hard as he can.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.FRONT.EVENING.RAINING

Jake hears the door slam. He recognizes that Geronimo is finished. He shuts the door and uses his shirt to wipe the doorknob.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.BACK.EVENING.RAINING

Jake meets up again with Geronimo.

GERONIMO

Thanks, Jake. Now, pull that flag down and bring it here.

JAKE

Why do we need the--

GERONIMO

We don't have time, Jake. Grab the flag.

Jake heads for the flag pole near the front of the house.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.FLAG\_POLE.EVENING.RAINING

The giant US flag is snapping violently in the wind. Jake struggles with the rope but manages to get it down.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.BACK.EVENING.RAINING

Geronimo clears away the rubble from Joe's gunshot at the house. He searches the yard and finds the empty gun shells. He tosses them in the river.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.FLAG\_POLE.EVENING.RAINING

Jake folds the flag in the style befitting the US flag.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.BACK.EVENING.RAINING

Jake holds the folded flag out to Geronimo. Geronimo looks at it and looks at Jake. He snorts and laughs. He takes the flag and shakes it out near Joe's passed out body.

GERONIMO

Grab the gun.

JAKE

I'll get his jacket, too.

GERONIMO

It's important that we get out of here before the rain stops. It's about to let up soon. Is your home further upstream?

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Yes. There's a bridge further up stream. It's a ways past the barn.

GERONIMO

OK, we'll head there for now.

They roll Joe's body onto the flag. Geronimo surveys the area looking for any other obvious signs of their presence. Jake returns with the gun and jacket. He places them on the flag next to Joe.

GERONIMO

Alright, grab that end. One, two, three--wait!

JAKE

What? What's wrong?

GERONIMO

Just a second.

Geronimo lets go of the flag and walks toward the house. He looks in the window.

INT.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.EVENING.RAINING

The dobermans have positioned themselves around Harold's corpse in their usual positions. The dogs are licking his limbs. The dog at his head licks at Harold's head wound and then nibbles at it.

(Jake gags and looks away)

GERONIMO

Alright, come on. We gotta go.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.HAROLD'S\_HOUSE.BACK.EVENING.RAINING

Geronimo and Jake walk over to Joe and pick him up with the flag. Geronimo takes a step and stumbles. Jake is staring off into the distance.

GERONIMO

Jake? Jake!

Jake is staring at the river. The tremendous downpour has caused the water level to rise. The slow, lazy river is now fast and dangerous. Jake seems hypnotized by a large, swirling eddy in the river's center.

(Focus on swirling, crashing water. Should feel claustrophobic, almost violent).

(CONTINUED)

GERONIMO

Jake! What are you doing? We have to go! Now!

JAKE

(stammering)

Uh, yeah. I'm...I'm here. Sorry.

Jake grabs the other side of the flag. The pair lifts Joe and walks upstream.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.UPSTREAM.EVENING.RAINING

Jake and Geronimo continue to carry Joe upstream. The rain seems to intensify. Jake begins to shake.

GERONIMO

Jake, are you OK?

The world around Jake begins to swirl. (a terrible fever is beginning to wrack his body. He hears auditory hallucinations). He hears Harold's dogs barking again. A woman's scream echoes through the forest. Jake loses his grip and drops the flag. Joe's legs hit the ground. Jake stumbles and falls to the ground. He violently vomits.

Geronimo gently sets Joe down.

JAKE

(unintelligible mumbling)

Jake tries to stand. He loses his balance and falls in the raging river.

GERONIMO

Jake!

Geronimo reaches for Jake, but he doesn't get anywhere close to grabbing him.

EXT.RIVER.EVENING.RAINING

Jake's body is swept downstream. He gets dragged along the river's edges, and battered against debris.

EXT.RIVER.BRANCH.EVENING.RAINING

Jake's body smashes into the branch (it's the same branch he was on earlier). It's almost entirely submerged. He gets stuck on it. Plant debris (other branches, etc.) is also tangled up on it.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.UPSTREAM.EVENING.RAINING

Geronimo carries Joe and sets him under a thicket of trees. He drapes the flag over him. He sprints up stream. A bridge can be seen in the distance.

EXT.RIVER.BRANCH.EVENING.RAINING

Jake chokes on the water and awakens. He struggles against the water and pulls himself to the left along the branch to try to reach the shore. He struggles to stay awake.

A long moment passes. Jake's strength wanes; his vision blurs as he tries to hang onto the branch.

GERONIMO (O.S.)

Jake! I'm here! I'm coming!

Geronimo slowly, but urgently, wades into the river. He braces himself against the branch and reaches for Jake. Jake, somewhat renewed by Geronimo's voice, pulls himself along the branch. Geronimo finally grabs him and pulls him to shore.

Jake rests on his back, gasping. His clothes are torn, his body is bruised and bloody.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.SKY.EVENING.RAINING

The sky is dark. Clouds are moving quickly and the torrential downpour continues. Lightning flashes; thunder echoes. Geronimo's silhouette then blocks out the sky

GERONIMO

(touching Jake's forehead)

You're on fire, Jake.

He then picks up Jake.

JAKE

Dad...my dad...I can't...

(CONTINUED)

GERONIMO

Shhh...

Geronimo walks upstream. He quietly sings one of his tribe's gentle songs. Jake's eyes close, but he continues to mumble.

INT.HOSPITAL.NIGHT

(Fever dream from Jake's point of view. A swirling vision of water, Geronimo, Harold, and Joe. Unintelligible yelling echoes.)

There are visions of hospital equipment and a hospital room. (The sound of water (rain and/or river) causes the mumbling). Jake doesn't hear the entire conversation because of his fever. A nurse and doctor stand on either side of his bed.

NURSE

...yes, doctor. It's been about a week since he was admitted. Aside from the scrapes and bruises, it's just that fever.

DOCTOR

His stitches look good, too. Continue to monitor his condition and let me know immediately if anything changes.

NURSE

Certainly, doctor...

INT.HOSPITAL.NIGHT

(Fever dreams continue. Distorted visions and mumbling voices continue.)

Mary sits near Jake's hospital bed. She holds her rosary in one hand and a Bible rests in her lap.

JAKE

(mumbling)

Where...where am I?

MARY

(reaching for his hand)

You're in the hospital, honey. It's OK. I'm here.

(CONTINUED)



JAKE  
(mumbling)  
Hospital...how...?

MARY  
I found you both outside the house.  
Your father was wrapped in the  
flag. You were passed out. I heard  
a loud noise, a rock or something,  
and came outside, and there you  
were.

A quiet moment passes.

MARY  
Your father has been sober since  
then. I don't think he remembers  
what happened. I guess you know now  
why he doesn't drink.

Another quiet moment. Mary begins to cry. She stands at the  
foot of his bed.

MARY  
I'm sorry I couldn't protect you.  
I'm so sorry...

Joe then appears. They both look at him. Joe reaches out to  
comfort her, but she slaps his hand away. She leaves. Joe  
looks at the ground for a moment before looking at Jake.

INT.HOSPITAL.NIGHT

(Fever dreams continue.  
Distorted visions and mumbling  
voices continue.)

Joe stands in front of Jake's hospital bed. He stares at the  
floor and slowly looks up at Jake. He walks to the side of  
the bed. He reaches toward Jake's face but stops and pulls  
away. He sits near his bed.

A long moment passes. He looks at Jake.

INT.HOSPITAL.NIGHT

(Fever dreams continue. Less distorted, water sounds still  
audible, but not as loud).

Joe sits near Jake's bed (he's wearing a different outfit).  
The sheriff enters. He stands on the other side of Jake's  
bed.

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF BILL  
Joe. We need to talk.

Joe looks up. He looks tired and broken.

SHERIFF BILL  
Joe, we found him out on the  
highway.

JOE  
What?

SHERIFF BILL  
Joe, when we found him, he had a  
bloody knife on him. Harold's  
whistle was around his neck. He was  
nearly naked and had Harold's  
scalp. His scalp!

JOE  
Bill, I don't know what you're  
trying to tell me.

SHERIFF BILL  
Joe, come on. He had his whistle  
and his scalp. And we found a pile  
of bones around his dogs. What do  
you think?

JOE  
(angry)  
So it was him?

SHERIFF BILL  
Sure as hell looks that way. Not  
sure why he attacked you and your  
boy, but you know how those people  
are.

JOE  
(even angrier)  
Then what the fuck are you doing,  
Bill?

SHERIFF BILL  
Now, Joe, just calm down. I'm just  
saying what we know.

JOE  
(explodes)  
Calm down? You see him?  
(he points to Jake)  
Fuck you, you tell me to calm down.  
You know what you have to do, Bill.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOE (cont'd)  
It's only right that nigger be  
punished.

Joe leaves, slamming the door. The sheriff breathes a heavy sigh and looks at Jake.

INT.RIVER.DAY.DREAM  
(Jake is dreaming)

Jake is in the river deep underwater. He seems to be floating. He's breathing (exhaling bubbles), but not drowning. He's perfectly fine and he has no injuries. He looks up. There's a bright light above him. He begins to swim upward and the light grows brighter. He reaches the surface.

INT.HOSPITAL.EVENING

Jake awakens. He removes the breathing tubes from his nose. He's pale and sweaty. He's still feverish. He takes a few moments to acclimate to his surroundings. He slowly gets out of bed. There are flowers on a nearby table. The room is totally silent. Jake is clearly disoriented.

He looks around, but can't seem to figure out what to do. He hears a faint barking sound.

JAKE  
What? What the hell?

He approaches the door. The barking grows louder. He shakily puts his hand on the door handle and pulls the door open a few inches. The barking stops.

INT.HOSPITAL.HALLWAY.EVENING

The hallway is deserted. There's nothing of particular interest in the hallway. It's bright. A wheelchair is across the hallway. Jake shuts the door.

INT.HOSPITAL.EVENING

Jake stands at the door, listening. He backs away, but he again hears barking, faintly, in a different direction. Confused, he stumbles toward the bathroom. The barking grows louder. He throws the door open. The barking stops.

INT.HOSPITAL.BATHROOM.EVENING

It's a hospital bathroom. Bright, clean, sterile. A change of clothes rests on the counter. Jake looks at himself in the mirror. There are several stitches in his forehead. He splashes water on his face. He takes his shirt off and immediately notices the large, horizontal bruise across his chest (from hitting the branch).

He examines his arms, the rest of his body. He feels the various bruises and scrapes. He uses a wet wash cloth to clean up. He changes into the fresh clothes and leaves.

INT.HOSPITAL.EVENING

Jake sits on the bed. He hears the barking again. He looks at the bathroom door and the hallway door. It's coming from both directions. He starts to sweat again.

JAKE

It's just a dream, it's just the  
fever, it's just an illusion...

He grabs his jacket off the wall and puts it on. The barking grows louder. He begins to panic. His vision gets slightly hazy. There's snarling and scratching sounds from the other side of the doors.

JAKE

No! No, no, no...it's not, they  
can't, I have to get out of here.

Jake opens the window. He notices a drainage pipe.

EXT.HOSPITAL.EVENING

Jake clumsily climbs out the window and reaches for the pipe. The world seems to be swaying. He slides down the pipe, but he loses his grip and falls the last few feet. He hits the ground with a thud. The sounds of the dogs are completely gone. He stands up, doesn't bother to dust himself off, and walks down the street.

EXT.BLACKFOOT\_MAIN\_ST.EVENING

It's a quiet night. Jake walks down a mostly deserted Main Street. He eventually passes the Working Man's Club. The sounds of loud music and conversation fill the air, but he doesn't acknowledge it. He keeps looking straight ahead and continues the long walk home.

EXT.WEBER\_FARM.ROAD.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

Jake can finally see the farm in the distance. He's removed his jacket and isn't sweating anymore. (His fever has finally passed). The house lights aren't on and the car is missing.

Jake pauses and considers the situation.

He keeps walking toward the farm.

EXT.WEBER\_FARM.FRONT.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

The farm is quiet. The river can be heard in the background. It's lower now (the storm passed several days ago) but not as low as before. Jake enters the house.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.LIVING\_ROOM.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

The living room is bathed in a cold, bluish light.

JAKE

Hello?

No reply. There are several coffee cups on the coffee table. Newspapers are strewn about. The table is surprisingly messy.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.KITCHEN.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

The sink is full of dirty dishes. A dead geranium is crinkled up on the windowsill. The percolator and radio are missing.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.KITCHEN.FRIDGE

Jake opens the fridge. It's completely empty, except for a peach pie and a pitcher of milk. Jake takes both out.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.KITCHEN.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

Jake looks for a clean fork, but there aren't any. He pulls a clean-ish fork from the sink and eats some pie. He takes a swig of milk from the pitcher, but it's sour. He grimaces and pours it out.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.HALLWAY.FULL\_MOON

The hallway is dark and quiet. He knocks on his parents' door.

JAKE

Mom? Dad?

He opens the door.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.PARENTS'\_BEDROOM.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

The bedroom is a mess. Clothing is carelessly strewn about. The bed is unmade. Jake examines his mother's dresser.

JAKE

Her rosary and Bible are gone. Must have taken them with her to the hospital again.

Not seeing anything else of note, he leaves.

EXT.WEBER\_FARM.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

Jake steps into the yard. The tractor and hay baler are missing.

JAKE

What the hell happened to the tractor? The hay baler?

(louder)

Hello?

He waits for a response that doesn't come.

INT.BARN.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

Jake looks around in the barn. The horses are missing.

INT.BARN.SADDLE\_ROOM\_DOOR.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

The door is still full of holes. No one is inside the room.

INT.BARN.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

Jake walks toward the back exit of the barn.

INT.BARN.OUT\_BACK.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

Jake steps out of the barn. He isn't looking where he's walking and bumps into something hanging from the winch. Several crows fly off of it.

It's Geronimo. A noose is tied tightly around his neck. Portions of his legs below the knee are missing. His lips and eyes have been eaten by the birds. His face is covered in flies. The crows perch on his shoulders and head and more fly high above the barn.

Jake stares at Geronimo, confused, unable to move because of the sight. He tries to scream, but nothing happens.

JAKE

How...how could...how could this...

Jake suddenly feels sick. He stumbles off to the side of the barn, vomiting. He takes a few moments to catch his breath. He can hear the crows and the flies.

A long moment passes. Jake looks broken and confused. He suddenly realizes what he should do.

INT.BARN.SADDLE\_ROOM\_DOOR.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

Jake stands in front of the door. He throws it open and walks in.

INT.BARN.SADDLE\_ROOM.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

Jake clicks the light on. The room is immaculate. It has an odd, almost museum-like feel to it. The rifle from the river encounter is back on the wall. Tools line the walls. Each set (for instance, screwdrivers) is perfectly aligned with the next and in ascending order of size.

Jake tries to open the drawer in the work bench, but it's locked. He searches the other drawers and looks around, but can't find the key.

He grabs the familiar rifle from the wall and points it at the drawer.

(CONTINUED)

He fires the gun. Buckshot sprays everywhere, ruining the room's pristine condition. He reaches into the newly formed hole in the drawer and pulls something out.

He's holding five photographs.

JAKE

Who is this?

It's a series of photos of a woman undressing. She's in less clothing in each picture until the last photo in which she's naked. He sets them on the workbench.

He pulls more out of the drawer.

The next photo is of an Army company. There are around twenty or so men in the photo. Many of the men have a thick, black "X" across their faces. The next photo is of a beautiful nurse. He reads the caption out loud. A portion of it is in a foreign language.

JAKE

"To Joe: Always my love, All of it,  
Eva." Is the rest of this German?  
Must be.

He sets the photos with the others and pulls more hidden items from their hiding place.

One is a Trojan condom.

JAKE

"A contraceptive." Hmm.

He tosses it on the workbench (He has no idea what it is).

He pulls a bunch of money (Francs and Reichsmark) from the drawer. A pink, silken envelope falls to the floor. None of the money is green. He examines it for a while, but doesn't know what to make of it. He tosses the money on the workbench.

More items. A photo of his father at 13 with a German shepherd. He's in a suit in front of a house.

JAKE

"Me and Fritz on my Holy  
Confirmation Day, January 17, 1928.

Jake flips the photo over.



JAKE

"My Holy confirmation name: John."

Jake is flabbergasted that he has the same confirmation name as his father. He laughs to himself.

JAKE

John. Wonder if it's the same John,  
the one who wrestles with devils.  
Hah.

He reaches into the drawer again, but it's empty. He stands at the workbench examining his father's memories as a whole. He then notices the pink envelope.

He pulls out three photos and a blue ribbon. He looks at the ribbon.

JAKE

"Best Butterfly Collection, St.  
Veronica's School, Eighth Grade,  
1928.

He thinks for a moment.

He looks at the first photo. It's a photo of his parents at their wedding. They're both smiling. The second photo is of Joe with 6 other men. They all resemble each other. There are six dates on the back between 1941 and 1945. The last photo is his father holding a little baby. He's smiling proudly. Jake reads the caption.

JAKE

(choking on his words)  
"Jacob and me. 1937".

Jake tears up. Seeing such a loving display from his father is surprising and somewhat validating.

A quiet moment passes. He picks the gun back up (to put it on the wall).

JOE

(Jake jumps, startled)  
What the hell are you doing in  
here?

Joe takes a few steps toward Jake. He's within arm's reach.

JOE

(sternly)  
What the hell are you--

(CONTINUED)

Jake suddenly punches him in the face. Jake looks a little confused, surprised. Like it couldn't have possibly been his fist that hit his father.

Joe stumbles back, dazed. He wipes blood off his mouth and looks at his hand as if it couldn't be his blood. The two stare at each other for a moment.

JOE

I...I was drunk. Don't hate me,  
Jake.

Jake is visibly shaken upon hearing his father say his name (This is the first time he says it in the script in the present).

JOE

Please...please, son...

Joe reaches for him. Jake recoils, almost as if the words punched him (again, first time Joe calls him this).

Jake uses his free hand and sweeps all the photos and other items off the workbench. They fall in front of Joe.

JAKE

(stammering, as if he's not  
sure he believes his own  
words)

I hated you before you were drunk.

Joe looks at his memories on the ground. He's breathing rapidly.

A tense moment passes. Then, as if he's been defeated, Joe slumps to the floor. He gently picks up the photos and looks at them. He finds the photo of him and his brothers.

JAKE

Who are those men?

JOE

My brothers.

JAKE

Why have I never heard of them?

JOE

They're dead. They're all dead.

JAKE

...I'm...sorry. How did--

(CONTINUED)

JOE  
(cutting Jake off)  
The war. They all died in the war.  
I'm the only one who survived.

Joe finds the photo of his company.

JOE  
Most of these men died, too. I saw  
most of them die. Just like my  
brothers.

Jake is quiet.

Joe finds the ribbon and the picture of the nurse. He's now gently holding photos of his dead brothers, dead brothers in arms, the nurse's picture, and the ribbon.

Jake stares at his father for a long moment.

JAKE  
It's true what they say. Everything  
is an illusion. Even you.

Another tense moment passes.

Joe picks up the photo of him and Jake. He pulls it close to his face. He studies it for a while and then holds it to his chest. He begins to sob.

He finally looks up at Jake, who is still holding the gun. When Joe looks up, he looks up the gun's barrel toward Jake. The gun is uncomfortably close to his head. He stares at Jake.

JOE  
(choking on his words)  
When did you get home?

JAKE  
About an hour ago, I guess.

JOE  
Are you feeling--

JAKE  
(cuts Joe off)  
--Does it even matter?

Jake shifts his weight. The gun is still uncomfortably close to Joe's head.

Another tense moment passes. Joe somewhat regains control of his emotions (his speech is uncharacteristically soft).

(CONTINUED)

JOE

How did it all happen at Endicott's that night? I know you were there. I remember you.

JAKE

I followed you after you punched me and mom.

Joe looks down. Jake continues.

JAKE

You wanted a fair fight, like a man. You were winning, but you let your guard down. Endicott whipped you.

Joe looks at Jake again.

JOE

When did the nigger kill him? Do you know? Did you...see it?

JAKE

How do you know it was the...nigger...who killed him?

JOE

The sheriff told me. At first they thought Endicott died of natural causes and that his dogs got to him after that. But then they picked up the nigger on the highway, walking down the middle of the highway, with hardly nothing on and Endicott's whistle around his neck and part of Endicott's scalp hanging from his belt. After I heard that, I knew what happened to us and I told him to do what he's supposed to do.

JAKE

I guess those people just got a nose for trouble, huh?

Joe is quiet.

JAKE

He saved your life.

JOE  
Who saved my life?

JAKE  
The nigger, Geronimo, saved your  
life.

JOE  
Geronimo?

JAKE  
That's his name.

JOE  
Saved my life?

JAKE  
He shot Endicott with his bow and  
arrows. I had the gun. I was about  
to do it myself, but he spared me  
and saved you. Endicott was going  
for his dogs to sic them on you and  
turn you into what they turned his  
mother, Sugar Babe, into, but  
Geronimo stopped him, shot him in  
the eye. I saw it all. Just like I  
saw it all the first time.

Joe shuts his eyes, realizing that his son has seen two  
murders. It's painful.

JOE  
How'd Endicott get back in the  
house then?

JAKE  
We put him in there, and then  
covered our tracks. Then we covered  
yours.

JOE  
And both of you carried me back  
here?

JAKE  
Yes. In Old Glory. I didn't make it  
all the way though. I got sick and  
fell in the river. Geronimo pulled  
me out.

The screen door of the house slams in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

JOE  
Mom found us both lying there by  
the back door. I was wrapped up in  
the flag. She said it was a  
miracle.

A quiet moment passes

JOE  
Why?

JAKE  
Why what?

JOE  
Why did the ni--, the Injun--

JAKE  
(cutting Joe off)  
--Geronimo.

JOE  
Geronimo. Why did he do it?

JAKE  
She was his mother. Sugar Babe was  
his mother. He wanted justice.

Joe is quiet. Then he begins to breathe rapidly as if he's  
just remembered something important.

JOE  
We have to tell the sheriff. Right  
now.

JAKE  
Why?

JOE  
Because maybe we can get Geronimo  
off--for saving my life and for  
saving yours.

JAKE  
You don't know then?

JOE  
Know what?

Jake hangs the gun back on the wall. He grabs a flashlight  
and stands in the doorway. He motions for his father to  
leave.

INT.BARN.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

Joe walks through the barn toward the back exit. Jake follows him.

INT.BARN.OUT\_BACK.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

Joe exits the barn and walks into Geronimo's body much like Jake did earlier. Jake shines the light on Geronimo's face. Joe stumbles and grabs Geronimo's body to catch himself. He wipes something off his face and looks at his hand. It's blood. He looks up and sees Geronimo's face.

Joe panics and slips and falls. He scrambles in the mud trying to get away from Geronimo's body. He wimpers, grunts, sighs. He tries to wipe the blood off his face and bursts into full-body sobs.

JOE  
I didn't know! I didn't know! God  
forgive me, I didn't know!

A long moment passes.

Joe eventually stops sobbing. He stands and vomits multiple times. The crows on Geronimo are pecking at his body again.

JOE  
Jake? Jake...

Joe walks toward Jake. Jake tenses. Joe wraps his arms around Jake. He grabs his neck and holds him tighter.

Jake is so surprised he doesn't move. He holds onto his father so as to not lose his balance, but he doesn't quite hug him either. After a moment, they realize Mary is standing in the barn's doorway.

JOE  
Mary?

Mary is a mess. Her dress is torn, her makeup is smeared. Her eye is still black and bruised. She's carrying a large crucifix, the giant US flag, and a can of gasoline.

Jake, Joe, and Mary all exchange looks.

MARY  
Jake, go grab the shovels.

Jake leaves to grab the shovels. Mary puts the giant flag under Geronimo's hanging corpse. She sets the gas by the door. Jake returns from the barn with the shovels.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Let's go. We'll bury him in the corral.

EXT.WEBER\_FARM\_FARM.CORRAL.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

Jake and Joe dig a grave in the pasture. They take turns shovelling. The soil is soft; the work goes quickly. After a shallow grave is formed, Joe starts to cry again. He stops, resting against his shovel.

JOE

(tearing up)

I've...been such a fool.

Jake keeps digging. Mary is quiet. After Joe composes himself again, he continues to dig.

INT.BARN.OUT\_BACK.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

The family gathers around Geronimo again. Mary walks into the barn.

JOE

Mary? Mary!

She ignores him. She comes back moments later with a shotgun. She aims at the lariat on the winch and pulls the trigger.

There's an explosion of gun fire and crows cawing and flying off. Geronimo's body hits the ground with a squishy thud. Jake and Joe pick up his body with the flag and take it to the grave.

EXT.WEBER\_FARM\_FARM.CORRAL.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

Jake and Joe place Geronimo's body, flag and all, in the grave. They fill in the grave. After they finish, Mary places the crucifix on it. Jake walks away.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.UPSTREAM\_ISLAND.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

Jake walks upstream past the bridge. The river widens. He wades out to an island and walks to the farside. He begins to shake and quietly cries. He strips naked and dives in the river.



EXT.RIVER.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

He dives as deep as he can and stops. All he can hear is his own heartbeat. He looks strangely calm. He looks up and sees a bright light--the moon (reminiscent of his hospital fever dream). He swims up to the surface.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.UPSTREAM\_ISLAND.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

Jake treads water and looks at the moon. He swims back to the island and begins to wash each item of clothing in the river. He wrings out each item and puts it back on. He wades across the river to the shore and walks downstream.

EXT.RIVERSIDE.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

Jake sees his mother standing knee-deep in the river. She puts her face close to the water. She cups the water and splashes it over her face and head. She does this multiple times. Jake can see her saying something, but he can't hear it. She crosses herself and wades back to shore.

Jake can see Joe further downstream. He rubs his hands in the water and stares at them like they'll never be clean again.

EXT.WEBER\_FARM\_FARM.CORRAL.NIGHT.FULL\_MOON

Mary kneels at Geronimo's grave.

MARY

Our Father, who art in heaven,  
hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom  
come; thy will be done on earth as  
it is in heaven.

Joe kneels next to her.

MARY AND JOE

Give us this day our daily bread;  
and forgive us our trespasses as we  
forgive those who trespass against  
us...

She stops and looks at Jake (suggesting that he should also be kneeling). Jake doesn't move. After a beat, she continues.

(CONTINUED)

MARY AND JOE

...and lead us not into temptation,  
but deliver us from evil. For the  
kingdom, the power, and the glory  
are yours now and for ever. Amen.

Mary and Joe look at Jake.

JAKE

(he perfectly repeats the  
saint's prayer as Canby had  
said it)

I love you, O my God, and my only  
desire is to love You until the  
last breath of my life. If my  
tongue cannot say in every moment  
that I love you, I want my heart to  
repeat it as often as I draw  
breath.

MARY

Amen.

INT. BARN. OUT\_BACK. NIGHT. FULL\_MOON

Mary rounds the corner of the barn pouring gasoline. She pours the last of it at the bloody spot where Geronimo's body fell. She lights a match, studies it for a moment, and then tosses it into the gasoline. It immediately catches fire and surrounds the barn. Mary, Jake and Joe walk to the other side of the barn.

EXT. WEBER\_FARM. FRONT. DAWN. FULL\_MOON

Jake, Mary and Joe reach the front of the house. The Oldsmobile is running. Joe seems lost. He wanders the yard, watches the fire, wanders some more. Mary enters the house.

JAKE

(mostly to himself.)  
Just a minute! I have to grab  
something!

He runs toward the burning barn.

INT.BARN.BURNING.DAWN.FULL\_MOON

Jake enters the burning barn. The shingles and floorboards are burning. Even the light seems to be on fire. He races into the saddle room and races back out.

EXT.WEBER\_FARM.FRONT.DAWN.FULL\_MOON

Jake has pocketed what he took from the barn. The barn collapses into flame. It spreads to the nearby fences, the chicken coop, and eventually the house.

Mary exits the house in high heels and a hat. She's carrying two giant suitcases, which she throws into the trunk. The house is ablaze behind her. She gets in the driver's seat and shuts the door.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.LIVING\_ROOM.DAWN.FULL\_MOON.FIRE

The living room burning. Fire races up the walls and devours the coffee table.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.KITCHEN.DAWN.FULL\_MOON.FIRE

Fire climbs up the kitchen counters and spreads across the table.

INT.WEBER\_HOUSE.JAKE'S\_BEDROOM.DAWN.FULL\_MOON.FIRE

Jake's bed is on fire. Fire climbs the walls and eats his confirmation certificate.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

EXT.WEBER\_FARM.FRONT.DAWN.FULL\_MOON.FIRE

The house collapses in on itself.

Jake walks over to his father. He's holding two photos.

JAKE

Here.

He hands Joe the photo of him and Mary at their wedding. Joe looks at it for a moment and smiles. Jake pockets the other photo. Joe can't see it (but viewers should), but it's the photo of Joe with Jake as a baby.

Without another word, Jake walks away from everything.

EXT.ROAD.SUNRISE

Jake walks down the road. The sun is rising. (The river should be in view off in the distance). The sounds of the house burning can still be heard.

After a few moments, Mary and Joe drive up. She turns on the radio. Perry Como's "Far Away Places" is on. Joe opens the door and extends his hand to Jake.

JOE

Jake...

Jake doesn't acknowledge him. He keeps walking and Mary keeps driving. After a moment, he looks at his father and takes his hand.

INT.CAR.SUNRISE

Mary drives, looking straight ahead. Joe looks at Jake. He seems sad and confused. There's still blood on his face. Jake rolls the window down and looks in the mirror. He tilts it so he can see the fire. After a while, the fire can no longer be seen.

EXT.CAR.ROAD.DAY

Jake braces himself against the door and leans out the window. He can see flames reaching toward the sky. He watches for a few moments.

JAKE

Forevermore...