

EYES OF THE ROSHI

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INT. SAIGON LIVING ROOM - DAY

1

WE OPEN ON: The whir of spinning vinyl. An innocent hand lowers the needle. Hissing. Then the music. Gentle. Melodic.

YOUNG ADAM is curled up on the shag carpeting by his record player. Listening. Hovering.

SUPER: "SAIGON, 1964."

The music continues. He is transfixed. Outside, the world writhes, but inside, the boy has found peace.

His hands are resting behind his head now.

CU: He looks to his left TO SEE the object of his affection...

CUT TO BLACK.

The music continues...

OPENING TITLES

2

EXT. LONELY ROAD - DAY

2

LATER...

SAIGON AT DAWN.

The music carries over from the last scene... it reverberates through the tall, thick bamboo through tinny transistor speakers in Young Adam's pocket.

The boy stands frozen, appalled, staring down at a horror too horrible to describe. But we must...

CUT TO:

Innocence flees from his dark eyes as HE SEES:

Before him, lying serenely in a ditch is ANH, the object of his affection. The disheveled corpse of this adolescent girl is bent and twisted. Her panties drape her ankles, her dress is sprinkled with blood, undoubtedly her own. The light is gone from her eyes, replaced by a gray fog. Her mouth hangs open, telegraphing one last scream that will never be heard.

She's been ruined. The innocence she once possessed forever taken by time like sand from a broken hourglass.

As he stands transfixed, WE HEAR:

(CONTINUED)

A sound from deep within the forest.

He turns, stumbles backwards, looks into the still-dim morning light.

His eyes widen, his mouth hangs agape as two figures appear...

3 INT. VIETNAMESE PRISON - DAY 3

PRESENT DAY

4 INT. PRISON - DAY 4

CLOSE ON: The face of HO, an old scarred-over bullet hole peeks up from under his right eye. He stares ahead, stoic.

There's the screech of the iron bolt being slid back. The groan of a dungeon door giving way. Light breaks onto this face.

An Asian guard staggers into the cell, dragging a cumbersome chair behind him. He disappears behind a pillar and drops it loudly into the concrete. Positions the chair. Adjusts it. Takes a step back, sizes up his work. He mops his brow, turns, lumbers out.

Beat.

Ho labors in, cane in hand. Adjusts the chair again. Sits.

Beat.

HO
(into the cell)
An American.

Silence.

Ho pulls a cigarette from his pocket. Holds it out for Carey to see.

HO
(referring to the cigarette)
American.

CAREY
I don't smoke.

Behind Ho, another prisoner comes to the bars of his cell, gazes greedily at the cigarette. Clears his throat.

HO
I can get you out of this place. I
need a man like you.

CAREY
A man like me...

HO
To right a wrong. Done many years
ago.

CAREY
Justice...

HO
Justice.

Ho points to his face...

HO
(cont.)
For this.

Carey nods, disappears back into the darkness of his cell.

CAREY
Not interested.

CUT TO:

5 INT. VIETNAMESE PRISON - DAY - CONT.

5

Carey is led out through the cavernous passageways beneath the prison. The inmates pound the doors with increasing fervor as he passes. They scream in foreign tongues, whether in curses or protest is impossible to tell as the shouts swell to a crescendo... Carey smiles so slightly that it is almost imperceptible as he is led out into the blinding light of day.

The screams behind him rise to a level almost piercing...

CUT TO:

6 EXT. ANOTHER LONELY ROAD - DAY

6

ADAM NGUYEN, now a **GRANDMASTER**, rides in the bed of an old pickup. He's got a backpack and a guitar. Not a vagrant, but he's a rover. He is compact and thin, cut from iron. The lines on his face tell his story.

The coastal landscape jogs by and he watches through quiet, intelligent eyes.

7 EXT. CROSSROADS - DAY - LATER 7

The truck slows to a stop. Adam hops down and waves his thanks to the driver who immediately speeds away, making a dusty ruckus as he goes. Adam spots Pearl's down the road, he throws on his pack.

ADAM

Thanks.

Adam counts his dollar bills and makes his his way toward his new destiny, although, it should be said that he both **does and does not** know this

8 INT. PEARLS - DAY 8

Dodd boy comes rushing in from smoking a cigarette. Shelby and the Dodd boys are playing pool.

DODD BOY

Guess who just pulled in.

SHELBY

Was it the big bad wolf?

DODD BOY

Bonney Bright and Tull.

SHELBY

Well, now. You don't say.

DODD BOY

I do, indeed. What do you wanna do?

SHELBY

I want to go start some trouble.

Shelby whistles. They make for the door.

WAITRESS

Ya'll no you can't go outside with your beers.

SHELBY

(flipping her the bird)
Shove it up your ass, Carla!

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

EXT. PEARL'S- CONT.

SHELBY

Well, look who it is. Mr. Bonney
Bright!

Bonney and Tull look at one another.

BONNEY

Aw, god... what does this prick
want?

SHELBY

So, what about it, Bonney? How's
things?

BONNEY

Oh, not too bad. It's a little
early, don't you think.

SHELBY

Well, no sir, I surely do not.
Ya'll gon' get a little fishing in?

NICK

Fishing like a bitch.

MITCH

Fishing like a little bitch.

BONNEY

That was the plan.

SHELBY

Why don't ya'll stick around and
have a drink? We'll play some pool.

BONNEY

Maybe another time.

SHELBY

You see, that's the problem with
America today. There ain't no
hospitality between neighbors no
more. Stay and have a couple beers.

TULL

The man said, "*another time.*"

SHELBY

No, no, no. I insist. Here, you can
have his!

(CONTINUED)

Shelby takes his buddies beer. He tosses it in the air, it sails over Bonney's head.

SHELBY
(sarcastically)
Oops.

Shelby shrugs, laughs.

Bonney and Tull both look back at the bottle, then return their gaze to Shelby.

BONNEY
Was that supposed to be funny?

SHELBY
It ain't my fault you got
butterfing--

Master Adam stands, walks over and begins picking up the broken pieces of the bottle.

SHELBY
Who the--

Shelby looks back at his friends, bewildered.

SHELBY
(angrily)
Hey!

Shelby storms over to Adam.

SHELBY
Didn't nobody ask you to do that.

ADAM
No problem. I throw away for you.

Shelby **scoffs**, plants himself in front of Master Adam and looks him up and down. He reckons that Master Adam doesn't pose any real threat. He's an old Chinese guy, right?

SHELBY
I guess you didn't hear me. I said
leave it.

BONNEY
He's just picking up your mess,
Son. He don't want no fight with
you.

SHELBY

(turns to Bonney)

Oh, you'd be right about that.

(back to Adam)

I want my friend to pick it up.
He's the one who dropped it.

MASTER ADAM

I don't want no trouble.

SHELBY

Step out of the way and there won't
be.

MASTER ADAM

You dropped your bottle. I will
throw it away for you. No problem.

MITCH

Here we go...

Shelby turns to his cohorts. They all laugh. Shelby takes a sip from his beer, holds it out in front of him. He drops it, it crashes to the ground.

MASTER ADAM

I didn't come here to find no
trouble.

SHELBY

Well, you found it anyway, didn't
ya?

Shelby sends his bottle crashing to the ground.

SHELBY

You wanna clean it up so bad, clean
it up.

(beat)

CLEAN IT UP!

MITCH

(exasperated)

Shelby...

SHELBY

(venomously)

Shut up!

Master Adam bends down and picks up the broken pieces of the bottle.

(CONTINUED)

SHELBY
(pleased)
That's right. From now on you stay
out of others peoples business.
Otherwise you get bitch slapped.

Adam stands, holding the shards of glass in his hand.

MASTER ADAM
Ok, you go now.

Shelby turns to his crew, they all smile.

SHELBY
Hell, we just got here. Besides,
I'm having fun!

JESSIE WAYNE
Come on, man.

Shelby spins, furious...

SHELBY
You shut the fuck up, *Jessie Wayne!*
I'll stomp the dawg shit outta you!

Dave looks at Mitch and shrugs.

MITCH
(shrugging)
Fine, fuck it.

SHELBY
See what you did? You tryin' to
embarrass me in front of my
friends? Forget it, you ain't worth
it, anyway.

Shelby spins and **THROWS A SURPRISE PUNCH** at Master Adam hard
enough to break a jaw.

**Master Adam catches it, flush. The punch doesn't budge his
vice gripe. Shelby's eyes go wide. For a second he is too
embarrassed to feel the pain.**

WE HEAR: knuckles cracking.

MITCH
Shit!
(to Dodd boys)
Go!

Dodd boys all run to grab Shelby.

Shelby is caught, the burn sets in, he tries to pull loose, but Master Adam tightens his grip.

Shelby looks around, tries to stay cool.

His friends in the back of the truck look away.

SHELBY
(through gritted teeth)
Ok... alright...

Master Adam, face serene, tightens his grip.

WE HEAR: bones crunching.

SHELBY
(pleading)
Alright, god-dammit!

Adam let's go.

Shelby falls to his knees, grasps his hand in excruciating pain.

SHELBY
(breathless)
Jesus! He broke my hand!

MITCH
Start the truck.

Dodd boys carry a crying Shelby.

SHELBY
He broke my hand! Aren't you going
to do something?!

DAVE BLACK
Just shut up, man.

Mitch pushes Shelby, kicking and screaming, into the truck. They peel out.

Adam bends down and picks up the other broken bottle, takes it to the trash can, sets the pieces inside.

BONNEY
Appreciate you, friend.

Adam turns.

BONNEY

Them boys are always looking for trouble. They just get bored, I guess.

Bonney extends his hand.

BONNEY

Bonney Bright.

Master Adam takes his hand, shakes it.

MASTER ADAM

Nice to meet you.

BONNEY

Who are ya?

MASTER ADAM

Just a man. Looking for work.

BONNEY

What kind of work?

MASTER ADAM

Honest work.

BONNEY

Well, we got plenty of that around here. You got a place to stay?

MASTER ADAM

Not yet.

BONNEY

You mind sleeping in a barn?

MASTER ADAM

No.

BONNEY

You like fishing?

MASTER ADAM

Yes.

Bonney reaches into the back of the truck and pulls out a pole.

BONNEY

Come on, then.

The three walk toward the water.

(CONTINUED)

REAL BONNEY BRIGHT

Well, we gon' do any fishing today
or ya'll gon' stand around jawing
at each other.

BONNEY

We're coming, we're coming.

9

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

9

JAKE and BLANCHE roll down a long driveway on a belching Harley Davidson. Blanche slides off the back seat, pulls off her helmet, tosses it back towards Jake.

She is tall and thin, everything a man wants. Her beauty is purely God-given. Cheek-bones and all. She's not the type to dress up, why would she with a body like that?

Jake is a James Dean wannabe with his white t-shirt and black leather jacket.

Her helmet hits him square in the chest.

JAKE

Seriously?

Blanche throws her duffel over her shoulder and marches toward the house without looking back.

JAKE

(calling after)

Blanche!

The glow from the single head lamp splashes a yellow light across the front of the modest house.

ERIC, 29, tall and svelte with broad shoulders and a thick chest. He walks out on the porch, rubs his hands through his hair sleepily. He is wearing a dirty white undershirt and oily work pants tucked into his boots.

He spies Jake, his best friend. At least he used to be before Blanche came between them.

ERIC

Oh, no. I don't think so, Blanche.
Don't even think about--

Blanche blows right passed him and walks into the house.

Jake takes his helmet off. He waves at Eric.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC
I'll deal with you later!

Jake nods, laughs pridefully, yanks on the gas giving a loud thunder of exhaust. He turns the bike around, gives one last look but Eric is already inside.

10 INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE - CONT. 10

Blanche walks into a \the house and makes her way to the bedroom as Eric follows behind.

ERIC
You have any idea what time it is?

BLANCHE
No Eric, I don't. What time is it?

ERIC
Too damn early. What are you doing here?

BLANCHE
I just need a place to stay for a few days. Relax.

ERIC
Absolutely not Blanche, Absolutely not.

Blanche is in the bedroom and begins changing her shirt.

ERIC
Anybody ever tell you you're like a bad penny, Blanche?

BLANCHE
You still drinking miller light for breakfast, Eric?

ERIC
This isn't a hotel you can't just check in and out whenever you want.

BLANCHE
(muttering)
Whatever. I'm going to work.

Blanche blows past him down the hall.

BLANCHE

Oh and I need to borrow the truck.

She grabs Eric's keys and throws open the screen door, walks outside.

ERIC

Hey no, no way! There's no way you're taking the truck.

ERIC

And you're not taking the truck!

She steps in, cranks it up, pulls out throwing up a cloud of dust while Eric stands watching.

ERIC

(screaming after her)

How the hell am I supposed to get to work! How am I going to lock the house?

11 EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - BARN - JUST BEFORE DAWN

11

That same day...

Master Adam is meditating. His legs are folded and his eyes are closed.

Tull pulls up in a truck, steps out with a cup of coffee. He stares at Master Adam in disbelief.

Master Adam opens his eyes.

MASTER ADAM

Good morning.

TULL

Uh... Morning.

MASTER ADAM

Beautiful day.

TULL

Uh-huh.

Adam finds a guitar.

MASTER ADAM

This is a good one, I can tell.

Tull smokes his pipe.

(CONTINUED)

TULL
Do you know how to play?

MASTER ADAM
Yes.

TULL
Why not? Ain't nobody else using
it.

Master Adam tunes the guitar, begins to play. Tull takes his
hat off.

TULL
Well, I'll be damned.

12 EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - BIG HOUSE - DAY 12
OMITTED.

13 INT. BONNEY'S FARM - BIG HOUSE - DAY - CONT. 13
Blanche walks in, obviously flustered.

BLANCHE
Sorry I'm late.

BONNEY
Only by a few hours. Coffee's cold,
but you're welcome to it.

BLANCHE
Thanks, I'm good.

Blanche exhales deeply, runs her hands through her hair.

BLANCHE
You ever have one of those
mornings?

BONNEY
Only every day. You alright?

BLANCHE
I'm ok.

BONNEY
You back with Eric?

Blanche stops, tenses.

(CONTINUED)

BLANCHE

What makes you say that?

BONNEY

Well... his trucks outside. That,
and the fact that he called.

BLANCHE

I just need a place to stay.

BONNEY

Mm-hmm. Well, I won't ask. I don't
figure you'd tell me about it
anyhow.

BLANCHE

(relieved)

Thanks.

Bonney stands up and drops his newspaper on the table and
makes his way toward the door.

BLANCHE

Are you heading out?

BONNEY

Somebody's gotta give him a ride to
work. Oh also, do you think you can
find my hat?

BLANCHE

Yeah sure, where is it?

BONNEY

I don't know. Check the barn.

He gives her a wink and exits.

14

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

14

Carey stands on the curb waiting silently. An old junky cab
comes to a screeching halt in front of him. The window rolls
down to REVEAL:

MARTY, an old Vietnam-Vet wannabe, who looks ten years older
than he probably is throws his door open and pops up on the
other side of the car.

MARTY

Hey! You ready to go?

(CONTINUED)

Carey picks up his bag, brings it over. Marty jumps out and grabs it, heads for the trunk. Marty, in many ways, is a dead ringer for Andrew Dice Clay. He's loud, says whatever is on the tip of his tongue, and doesn't really understand how to control the volume of his voice. He's already talking a mile-a-minute... Carey rubs his temples in annoyance.

MARTY

Sorry I'm late. I know what time you told me to be here. One minute I'm sitting on the throne reading the paper, the next thing I knew, I was running late. Punctuality has never really been my strong suit, though. I bet you got some jet lag, huh. It's a hell of a haul from over there to over here, ain't it? I bet you're hungry. You like Dim Sum? I know a Dim Sum place that'll make you feel like you never left home at all.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. HOTEL - DAY 15

WIDE SHOT: Marty's cab is parked outside the kind of Motel where the cops are on speed dial and rooms are rented by the hour.

16 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 16

Carey exits the restroom, closes the door behind him. He walks to the sink weakly and washes his hands.

Marty sits by the window with his feet propped up on the bed. He's chewing on a toothpick and staring out the window.

POV: Marty spies a "by-the-hour" kind of girl walking her date into a hotel room a few doors down.

He turns back to Carey, shrugs his shoulders, laughs.

MARTY

Well, it ain't the Hilton. But it's got hot water. My third wife and I honeymooned here. Believe it or not, this used to be the spot. But, eh, this whole area of town's gone to shit. It's all the damn Mexicans. I don't guess you have

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARTY (cont'd)
too much of a problem with that
where you're from.

Marty stands, hitches up his pants.

MARTY
But we got 'em here, boy. That's
for damn sure.

Carey sits on the bed, hands folded, listening with quiet attentiveness.

Marty pulls an envelope from his coat, hands it over.

MARTY
Now, I was only able to round up
six thousand cash. Obviously, I can
get more, this is what I could grab
on short notice. My guy'll be here
in the morning. Early. He's your
man, I can vouch for his
credentials personally. If this boy
you're looking for is here, he'll
sniff him out.

Beat.

MARTY
We cool?

Carey nods.

Marty nods, smiles. That big toothy grin.

MARTY
Alright. You need anything else,
I'm your guy, you give me a call
and I'll be here.

CAREY
I need Floss. And a toothbrush.

MARTY
Floss?

CAREY
And a gun. I'm gonna need a gun.

Marty smiles, stands and exits.

Carey watches out the window as Marty walks to his cab.

CUT TO:

17 INT. BONNEY'S FARM - BARN - DAY

17

Tull and Master Adam stand in the dimly lit barn staring at one another. Tull scratches his head in confusion...

TULL
... what do you mean?

MASTER ADAM
You show me how.

TULL
Show you how, what?

MASTER ADAM
What is it?

TULL
What is it? Well, it's a lawn
mower. What the hell you think?

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT: Tull and Master Adam are standing on opposite sides of a John Deere.

MASTER ADAM
Ah lawn mower. Ok, very cool. How
do I start it?

TULL
You crank it.

Tull turns his hand with a cranking motion.

MASTER ADAM
Crank it?

TULL
Crank.

MASTER ADAM
This is a good one I can tell.

Master Adam gives a thumbs up.

MASTER ADAM
Very cool. I will work very hard
for you.

TULL
I'm sure you will.

Tull continues teaching Adam how to use lawn mower.

(CONTINUED)

Bonney pulls up in his truck.

BONNEY
How's our new boy doing?

Tull looks at Bonney and shakes his head, stalks off toward his truck.

Bonney watches him go, looks back into the barn.

Master Adam gives Bonney a thumbs up, points at his newly acquired toy.

MASTER ADAM
Lawn mower. It's a good one.

BONNEY
Yes, it is. I'll take your word for it.
(beat)
You know anything about trucks?

CUT TO:

18 INT. BONNEY'S FARM - RALPH'S BARN - DAY

18

Landscape shot showing field.

REVEAL:

Ralph sits in his garage. Bonney enters the garage.

BONNEY
You busy?

RALPH
Not anymore than any other day.

BONNEY
Good, I want you to meet someone.

INT. BONNEY'S GARAGE

BONNEY
Well, here she is. This old flatbed's been spoiling my view for years. I'll be sending you to town now and again, you'll need a way to get around. If you two can get her cleaned up she's all yours.

(CONTINUED)

Master Adam puts a hand on the hood, gives it a pat. A decade worth of dust puffs into the air like a thunder cloud. Master Adam wipes his hand on his trousers.

MASTER ADAM
You mean for me, really?

BONNEY
Really.

MASTER ADAM
Wow, very nice of you. Thank you.

Bonney turns to Ralph.

BONNEY
Think you can handle it?

RALPH
We'll make do.

BONNEY
Good. I'll leave you to it.

Bonney exits.

RALPH
This ole truck ain't moved in ten years, that I remember. It's all yours, hop on in.

Ralph, realizing he's talking more to himself than anyone else, turns to Master Adam.

RALPH
You ever drive anything like this?

MASTER ADAM
No.

RALPH
Well, she might look like a tin can but motors still good. She just needs a little love. Names Ralph by the way.

Ralph shakes Adam's hand.

ADAM
Nice to meet you.

RALPH

Back at you. Let's get to it!

CUT TO:

19* EXT. DIRT ROAD- DAY

Blanche walks with Bonney's hat on the road. Bonney pulls up to Blanche.

BONNEY

Hey, did you find my hat?

BLANCHE

Yeah here.

Blanche hands Bonney his hat.

BLANCHE

Thanks for telling me about the strange man in the barn.

BONNEY

Oh yeah, I forgot to tell you about the strange man at the barn. He lives there now.

BLANCHE

Really..

BONNEY

Really.

BLANCHE

Wait, really.

BONNEY

(laughs)

Yes, really.

Bonney pulls his truck out, then he pulls back to Blanche.

BONNEY

Want a ride?

BLANCHE

Yes.

Blanche gets in truck and they drive off.

*18 INT. BONNEY'S HOUSE- BONNEY'S GARAGE- DAY

Ralph and Adam are working on truck.

(CONTINUED)

RALPH
It's getting dark, turn on the
coleman.

ADAM
Coleman?

Adam looks around the truck. Ralph points to the coleman.

RALPH
The light man.

ADAM
Ah, this is a good one. I can tell.

RALPH
Yeah.
(beat)

ADAM
Are you a doctor?

Adam points to logo on Ralph's shirt.

RALPH
What this?

Ralph points to logo on his shirt.

RALPH
Naw man, I just volunteer with the
medical reserve army. We just
assist with emergencys. And this we
got here is an emergency.

19 EXT. BONNEY'S FARM- BONNEY'S GARAGE- DAY

19

Bonnie approaches in his truck, steps out.

Ralph pokes his head out from behind the hood, wipes the
grease off his hands.

BONNIE
How's it going?

RALPH
Well... had to change out the
alternator... radiator. Changed the
oil. Replaced the spark plugs. Axel
ain't no good. Tires are dry
rotted...

(CONTINUED)

BONNIE

Well damn, is that all? I coulda bought a new truck.

RALPH

Probably should have. Still don't run.

BONNIE

What are you gonna do?

From the distance, we hear the rumbling of a VERY LARGE TRUCK. Master Adam pulls up in a six-wheeled military behemoth. It comes to a rumbling stop. Bonnie's mouth falls open. Master Adam cuts the engine, leans out the window smiling.

MASTER ADAM

This is a good one, I could tell.

Bonnie turns to Ralph, still aghast.

RALPH

You said to get the man a truck. I got him a truck.

Ralph walks away.

BONNEY

(screams)

Are you paying for the gas?

CUT TO:

20

INT./EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - RALPH'S BARN - DAY

20

Ralph is under the hood tinkering with this and that.

Blanche is leaning against the side panel staring out at Master Adam, who is in a FIELD doing his exercises.

SHE SEES: Master Adam is serene, his movements are hypnotizing. In a way, his body seems to be one with the earth, a graceful representation of the ebb-and-flow of nature.

RALPH

(muffled)

Wrench.

Ralph breaks the trance...

(CONTINUED)

RALPH
(muffled)
Wrench!

Blanche turns, reluctant to look away.

BLANCHE
What?

Ralph emerges from beneath the hood covered in grease.

RALPH
Wrench. Metal. You use it to turn
things. You mind handing me one?

BLANCHE
Oh, yea. Sorry.

She looks through the tool kit.

BLANCHE
Which one am I looking for?

RALPH
The long one...

Blanche is transfixed.

RALPH
Hey, don't mind me. I'd hate to get
any work done today.

Blanche turns, blushes.

RALPH
What's going in that head of yours?

BLANCHE
Him... have you seen this? Why does
he do that?

Ralph follows her gaze, nods.

RALPH
Oh, yea... beats me.
(beat)
You could probably ask him if you
want. I doubt he bites.

BLANCHE
Yea...

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

Master Adam is sitting now, framed perfectly with the sun behind him. The sun DIPS DOWN and the blue sky begins to turn pink and orange and the LIGHT ON THE FARM BEGINS TO FADE AWAY as the work day comes to a close.

CUT TO:

21 INT. ERIC'S HOUSE -BACK PORCH- DUSK 21

OMITTED

22 EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - DUSK - CONT. 22

Blanche sits in back porch wrapped in one of Eric's over-sized Carhart jackets. She's drinking tea out of a mason jar looking out at the pink and orange glow of the horizon.

Eric steps into the doorway, leans against the frame, flowers in hand.

ERIC

What are we doing here?

Blanche looks over her shoulder, doesn't speak.

ERIC

Are we going to try and make this work?

BLANCHE

I thought I was pregnant.

Blanche's broken voice hangs on the porch like a thundercloud over a fair. Eric stands silent, jaw shut tight.

BLANCHE

I'm not.

(beat)

I thought... maybe...

She sucks back her tears, but her voice betrays her.

BLANCHE

(cont.)

I don't know what I thought.

ERIC

Was it mine?

(CONTINUED)

BLANCHE
Probably. It doesn't matter now.

ERIC
Matters to me.

LONG BEAT.

BLANCHE
I know. I don't know why I said
that.

ERIC
You're not sure?

Eric waits for a reply. It doesn't come. He knew it
wouldn't. Eric nods and leaves.

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE- DUSK

Eric makes his way to his truck. He throws the flowers into
the trash.

EXT. ERIC'S TRUCK- DUSK

Eric drives down the road in tears.

INT. LIVING ROOM- DUSK

Blanche puts her head into her hands and cries.

23 INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - DUSK - CONT. 23
OMITTED

24 INT. BONNEY'S FARM - BIG HOUSE - BEFORE SUNRISE 24

THE FOLLOWING DAY

Bonney walks into the living room.

Blanche is sitting on the couch.

BONNEY
Rare thing seeing you beat me out
of bed.

BLANCHE
Yea.

Bonney reaches for the pot, pours a cup.

BONNEY
Something on your mind?

BLANCHE
Just wanted an early start.

BONNEY
Fair enough.

25

EXT. DOCK - BEFORE SUNRISE

25

Adam repeats his practice. He welcomes the awakening day in a sitting position. He is in deep meditation.

A stone's throw back, Blanche approaches. Adam, aware of her presence, opens his eyes. He turns, smiles.

MASTER ADAM
Good morning.

BLANCHE
There's coffee at the big house. If you want some.

MASTER ADAM
No. Thank you, very much.

BLANCHE
Alright.

MASTER ADAM
Come. Sit.

Blanche looks around, she is uncertain. Though, she can't place why. His peace is contagious. She approaches, sits.

MASTER ADAM
I show you how.

BLANCHE
Show me how to... what?

MASTER ADAM
You are unhappy. You wear it on yourself.

Blanche laughs, an obviously deflection. Her head drops, she's been caught.

BLANCHE
Yea. Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

MASTER ADAM
Out there. You see?

Blanche bites her lip, looks.

MASTER ADAM
Out there is an ocean of pain and
suffering. All around us, all the
time.
(points to his head)
In here, only the past.
(points to his heart)
In here, peace.

Blanche looks at Master Adam with a mixture of confusion and
intrigue.

MASTER ADAM
Come. I show you how.

26 EXT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

26

An old beat up station wagon pulls up to the hotel. Bad 80's
country pumps through the speakers.

NOTE: The camera is under the car. A pair of dusty cowboy
boots hit the asphalt. A cigarette butt follows and is
quickly stamped out.

27 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

27

Carey, thin and gaunt, sits like a pale skeleton at a small
table against the window, the faint light from the window
gives him a "Vampire" feel.

Booker knocks on the door, it falls open, he steps in.
BOOKER enters, turns and smiles. He pulls his sunglasses off
to let his eyes adjust to the light. He looks around the
place with disgust.

BOOKER
Marty said you was from Thailand or
some shit.
(hissing)
I was expecting a chinc.

Carey looks up through the darkness.

CAREY
(speaking fluent Vietnamese)
You should be careful when speaking
to someone you don't know.

(CONTINUED)

Booker smiles, his eyebrows raised in surprise.

BOOKER
(shit-eating grin)
Well, *there-you-go*.

Carey stares at Booker with dead eyes.

CAREY
Did you receive your fee?

BOOKER
I did. There's a problem. It ain't
what we agreed on.

CAREY
It's more than we agreed on. I'm
adjusting my time table. I was told
you were flexible.

BOOKER
I am, man. But when deals change I
get real nervous. I don't mess with
no Al Quaeda shit. I catch a whiff
of the feds and I *will be gone*.

CAREY
You won't.

BOOKER
And I don't fuck with cartel boys
neither. Ever. Don't matter the
price.

CAREY
The man I'm looking for is
Vietnamese...

Beat.

BOOKER
What in the hell is so damned
special about this guy anyways?

CAREY
Just find him.

BOOKER
Well, I plan on it. Hell, I'll put
a bullet in his head for an extra
grand.

Carey blinks in annoyance.

Booker holds up his hands in surrender, that shit-eating grin again.

BOOKER

Hey, man, I'm a capitalist. No harm in asking.

Booker pulls a cigarette from his shirt pocket.

CAREY

And I asked for a gun.

Booker nods at Carey.

BOOKER

I'll get right on that. It's musty in here, man. Might want to open a window or something...

(beat)

I'll be in touch.

Carey continues to sit alone in silence, a vampire in the dark.

28

EXT. HOTEL - DAY - CONT.

28

Booker walks to his car and gets in.

PAN LEFT: TO REVEAL -- Marty sitting in the backseat.

BOOKER

He's still asking about that gun.

MARTY

I figured. What do you want to do about that?

BOOKER

Get him one. I want him to feel secure.

(turns)

But make sure it's gonna jam. I don't want to worry about him having any firepower.

MARTY

I know a guy, I'll take care of it.

(smiles)

What'd I tell you? He's a creepy dude, am I right?

(CONTINUED)

BOOKER

You're a creepy dude, Marty.

Marty smiles, pops a cigarette in his mouth.

BOOKER

You really think this guys worth our time?

MARTY

Guy flew in on a private jet all the way from Viet-nam. He's connected.

BOOKER

What's he into?

MARTY

Real shit, man. He's some kind of bad ass bounty hunter or something.

BOOKER

I'm a fuckin' bounty hunter.

MARTY

(laughs)

Yea, but you're not any good.

BOOKER

The guy who set it up, how do you know him? The war?

MARTY

Hey man, I said I spent a little in the orient. I never said I fought in the war.

Booker shakes his head in disgust.

BOOKER

You're a weird, dude, man. A really weird, dude. You know that?

MARTY

No, actually, I don't. What I do know is this guy just pulled fifteen years in a place most guys wouldn't last fifteen minutes. He's bad, and he's connected. Gotta be.

(leans back)

You said you wanted a score. This is a score.

(CONTINUED)

BOOKER

Yea, it might be. We're gonna need an extra hand on this.

MARTY

I got my man downtown. I'll hook it up.

BOOKER

(turns)

Not Itchy again.

MARTY

He's clean.

BOOKER

I don't know.

MARTY

I'll straighten him out. He's good for this.

BOOKER

(thinking)

You might be right. When it's over, we get rid of him. Nobody asks any questions when a junkie goes missing.

Marty looks out the window, shakes his head.

MARTY

Deals like that make me nervous. Who's to say you don't pull the same shit on me?

BOOKER

(matter of factly)

Nobody.

MARTY

I'll get on it.

CUT TO:

30

EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - DAY

30

Blistering heat warbles on the horizon. The distant drones of big equipment. Another day on the farm.

Ralph is underneath the hood tinkering. Bonnie moseys toward Ralph with Tull following behind. Both men are drenched in sweat.

A spotless SUV appears like a dot in the desert, approaches with a crunching menace on the gravel. Comes to a stop. Out steps Bonney's old friend, Hogan Dodd.

Hogan, 51, is a *business* man whose chief import is trouble. Hogan spots Bonney and smiles, his teeth glimmering beneath his perfectly manicured goatee.

HOGAN

It's been a while.

BONNEY

Yea, it has.

Another SUV pulls up to a halt behind Hogan. Hogan doesn't turn, this was expected. Bonney shifts uneasily from one foot to the other.

HOGAN

Truth is, I wanted to come out here and see if I couldn't make it right. Seems my boys gave you a little trouble yesterday.

Hogan laughs, shakes his head. Runs a finger across the brim of his hat.

HOGAN

It's a damned embarrassment, is what it is. These boys like to get a little beer in 'em just like you and I did. Ain't no harm in it. Till they go to acting like jackasses.

The low rumble of a mower grows louder. Master Adam arrives on the scene and parks by the barn. Ralph walks out, shielding his eyes from the sun. He exchanges a quick glance with Adam. Adam has seen fear before. And he sees it now in his friend.

HOGAN

(yelling)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HOGAN (cont'd)
Shelby! Now, I want you to come
over here and make it right with
Mr. Bright.

A back door on the SUV pops open and Shelby shuffles over.

HOGAN
There you are, now. Apologize to
Mr. Bright.

SHELBY
I apologize, Mr. Bright.

HOGAN
Well, tell him what you're
apologizing for. Don't act like you
ain't got no sense, boy. Now, I
want you to apologize to Mr. Bright
for acting like such a god-damned
asshole.

Shelby winces, his pride stinging with every word.

SHELBY
I'm sorry for acting like a
god-damned asshole.

HOGAN
And I want you to apologize on
behalf of your mother for raising a
god-damned asshole.

Shelby shifts on his feet, looks back to Hogan with a
furrowed brow. He twitches, turns back to Bonney.

SHELBY
I apologize on behalf of my mother
for raising a... a god-damned
asshole.

Hogan smiles.

HOGAN
There, now. I feel better. I think
we all do. You feel better, don't
you, Shelby.

SHELBY
Yes.

HOGAN

Yes, what.

SHELBY

Yes, sir.

HOGAN

Yes, sir, what.

SHELBY

Yes, sir, I feel better.

HOGAN

Well now, Bonney I just want to say--

BONNEY

(interrupting)

I appreciate your apology, Shelby. We gotta get back to work.

(to Hogan)

Good to see you.

HOGAN

Yes. Work. Hell yes. I understand. Lord knows I wouldn't want to keep you from it. But, now, there is the matter of Shelby's hand. See, he busted it up pretty good. He's a fine worker. But now... he can't work no more. You can obviously see my dilemma.

Tull, who has been standing by quietly the entire time, tips back his cowboy hat and pulls back his pipe from his mouth.

TULL

Awe, horse-shit. That boy's broke hand don't have nothing to do with us. Bonney here may own this farm, but it's mine to run. Ya'll are burning my daylight. He's thanked you for your time. I think it's about time ya'll got on down the road.

HOGAN

Well, now. Ain't you full of piss and vinegar.

SHELBY

(pointing to Master Adam)

That's the son of a bitch that done it, right there.

(CONTINUED)

Everyone turns to Master Adam.

HOGAN
Is it now?

SHELBY
Yep. And when he done it he said,
"Hogan Dodd weren't worth shit."

HOGAN
Is that what he said?

SHELBY
That's what he said.

Four thugs step out of the other SUV, as if on cue.

They walk up behind Hogan. JACOB, the biggest of the crew, lights a cigarette and speaks up first.

JACOB
What do you want us to do?

HOGAN
I want you to see how strong he is
when it ain't one-on-one.

They approach Master Adam.

BONNEY
(to Tull)
Call the Sheriff.

HOGAN
Sure, call him. Sheriff Mitchell's
a good friend of mine. I spoke to
him this morning. He said he had
a... real busy afternoon.

The thugs surround Master adam.

MASTER ADAM
I want no problem with you.

JACOB
Shut up. He's a kid. I'm a man.
Let's see you try that
fist-breaking shit with me.

DAVE BLACK
Watch him, Jacob, he's fast.

(CONTINUED)

JACOB
We'll see...

Jacob steps forward and throws three punches one after another in lighting quick succession. A right, a left, and an upper-cut. Master Adam dodges without much effort. On the upper-cut Jacob loses his balance, falls to one knee. He looks up at Adam and smiles.

JACOB
Boy, you are quick, ain't you?

Jacob stands, sends three more swings Master Adam's way. Master Adam bats each one down. Master Adam jabs quickly into Jacob's nose. It knocks him back, he blinks in surprise. Blood pours out of his nose.

CUT TO:

Bonney and Hogan stand next to one another. They are both squinting into the sun.

HOGAN
Where'd you find him?

BONNEY
Gas station.

Jacob's boys come in for the kill. But Jacob throws up a hand to stop them. He wipes his nose.

Jacob regains composure. He takes another run at Master Adam, this time with a roaring flurry of punches. Adam knocks one or two away before he's done playing, he lands a punch square in Jacob's nose, chops him in the throat, kicks him in the knee. When Jacob falls to his knees, gasping and bleeding, Master Adam round-house kicks him into oblivion.

Jacob lands flat on his belly, eyes glassed over, out like a light.

Master Adam straightens, looks to the other three men standing in a semi-circle around him.

MASTER ADAM
Enough. No more.

PETE, one of the three, turns to look at Hogan.

CUT TO:

Hogan nods for them to continue.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

Pete turns to his companions. They all nod at one another.
No more one-on-one.

They rush Adam in a group.

Adam dispatches them quickly. He blocks, breaks, kicks. It's over quickly.

When he is done, Adam stands in a pile of hurt.

CUT TO:

BONNEY

Best collect your boys. It looks like they've had enough for today.

TULL

(to Hogan)

Did you prove your point?

HOGAN

Not yet, but I will.

Everyone disbands and goes about their business.

The boys waddle over to the SUV. Hogan gets in, furious.

CUT TO:

RALPH

You alright?

MASTER ADAM

I don't like to hurt people.

RALPH

I think you did it wrong, then.

Master Adam nods solemnly. Looks back at the SUV's as they make their way home. He makes his exit with his head hanging. Ralph watches him go. Bonney approaches.

BONNEY

They'll be back.

RALPH

I ain't worried, are you?

CUT TO:

31 EXT. BONNEY'S HOUSE - DAY - CONT. 31

Blanche watches from the porch as Master Adam walks away into the distance. She goes to follow him. Tull catches her by the arm.

TULL

Best let him go. He did what he had to do. That don't mean he's happy about it. Don't seem like the kind.

BLANCHE

No. I don't think he is.

Blanche nods, turns to go back inside with Tull. But not without turning back to catch a peek.

32 EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - DAY 32

LATER...

The sun is setting behind Adam as he meditates under a tree.

His mind returns to a time many years ago when violence changed his life forever.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

33 EXT. WOODS - DAY 33

Sunrise in Saigon...

QUICK SHOTS --

-- CU: Anh's face is dead and half covered by the foliage that covers the forest floor. Her eyes have gone but her cheeks are still flushed with a hint of pink and her hair is swirling in the slight breeze.

-- CU: Her panties drape her ankles, one shoe is gone, the other hanging off the heel.

-- CU: One arm lies broken at an awkward angle across her back, the elbow twisted in a way unnatural to normal motion.

-- CU: One arm is crushed underneath her, as if she has been held down. The fingers protrude from underneath her, still grasping tightly onto what is left of her dress. Her fingers are contorted and bent, evidence of a struggle.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

NOTE: In VIETNAMESE with ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

LOW ANGLE: HO and TIE stand over us looking straight down.

Ho smokes a stub of a cigarette.

Tie wipes his nose, looks around nervously.

Tie pushes Ho.

TIE
(whispering)
Come on.

HO
Huh?

Ho turns, dazed.

HO
Yea.

Ho turns back to look at Anh.

He drops his cigarette and turns to follow Tie up the hill.

34 EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY - CONT.

34

Ho and Tie make it up to the top of the hill. Ho stops in his tracks, turns. Tie is already looking at what caught Ho's eye. Ho follows Tie's eye-line.

THEY SEE: Adam in the distance, staring at them, his mouth still hanging open.

Ho looks back at Tie. Tie returns a tight-lipped glance.

Adam takes a step back.

Ho and Tie hesitate. Ho licks his lips. Their eyes are locked on Adam.

Adam turns, slowly at first...

Ho and Tie take off running for Adam, they all tear down the road running at full sprint.

END FLASHBACK.

35

INT. ITCHY'S LAIR - DAY

35

BACK TO PRESENT DAY...

Booker and Marty enter the abandoned house that Itchy calls home.

Booker pops off his sunglasses and takes a look around, he shakes his head in disgust.

He finds Itchy asleep in an old claw-foot bath tub.

Booker gives Marty a look.

BOOKER

Marty said you were clean.

Itchy stirs, looks up squinting between Marty and Booker. He blinks, tries to regain equilibrium.

ITCHY

I am clean, Book.

BOOKER

Don't bullshit a bullshitter, kid.
I find people who don't want to be
found for a living. You get my head
blown off because your high, I'm
gonna be real, real sore at you
about it.

Itchy blinks, a tear falls down his face.

ITCHY

I need this, you know? I can't do
it anymore. I thought maybe if I
could work with you... I could make
a little money. Get the hell out of
here.

BOOKER

Marty'll be by tonight. If you're
sober, you're in.

Booker turns, walks toward the door. SUDDENLY-- He stops, turns.

BOOKER

(exiting)

If not, I told him to put a bullet
in your head.

(CONTINUED)

ITCHY
(to Marty)
Thanks, man.

MARTY
Last time.

36 INT. BAR - NIGHT

36

Small-town honky tonk on a small-town Friday night. Neon. Bad country music blaring on the jukebox. All the regulars are there.

Eric is sitting alone in a corner nursing a Natural Lite. He peels off the label. He is seething.

THEN:

Jake walks in with a buddy, says hello to a few friends. He takes a seat at the bar, sets his motorcycle helmet next to him.

Now let's think back. You remember Jake, don't you? Jake is Eric's former best friend. Blanche left Eric for Jake. Not because she liked Jake so much, but because she figured that would hurt Eric more than anything in the world. At least that is what Eric is thinking when he approaches Jake at the bar. **Beer on his breath, and trouble on his mind.**

ERIC
Hey, Jake.

Jake turns, sees Eric. He shakes his head, his jaw clenches.

JAKE
Oh, shit. Look, it's over. Alright?

ERIC
No, it's not alright.

JAKE
Well, if you got a problem... I'm sure we can find a way to settle it. She's your problem now.

Jake turns back to his conversation, scoffing.

ERIC
Is she?

(CONTINUED)

JAKE
(over his shoulder)
Yea. She is.

ERIC
(thoughtfully)
Hmm.

Eric picks up Jakes motorcycle helmet. Jake turns. The bar comes to a halt. It's that screech-in-the-jukebox-moment.

JAKE
Do we need to step outside to talk?

ERIC
No, right here's fine.

WITHOUT WARNING: Eric swings the motorcycle helmet into Jake's face. Jake crumbles to the ground, his face smashed to pieces. Jake's friend jumps from his seat and falls to Jake's side.

Jake swipes his face, blood pours from both nostrils landing in a puddle on the floor.

JAKE
(breathless)
My nose is broken!

The bar falls silent, everyone stares at Eric. He looks around, breathing heavily.

ERIC
We're just talking.

Eric gives Jake a kick.

ERIC
Right, Jake?

Eric leaves the silent bar without a word.

LATER...

Blanche walks into the bar and back to the bathroom.

Jake is leaning over the sink spitting a bucket of blood out into the running faucet. Their eyes meet.

Jake smiles a big, bloody grin.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

You should see the other guy.

USE AS A TRANSITION...

37 EXT. BAR - NIGHT

37

Eric is loaded into the back of a cop car with cuffs on.

Blanche walks out of the bar. She sees Eric, turns back to Tull and Master Adam who are watching anxiously.

BLANCHE

I'll take his truck back.

(beat)

Thanks.

Blanche runs toward SHERIFF MITCHELL. Mitchell turns, with a deep scowl across his face. He knows Eric. He knows Blanche. He remembers when they were dating. He remembers when they were married. He remembers when they were divorcing. He'd do just about anything to get off their merry-go-round.

MITCHELL

Jake ain't pressing charges. Don't know why. This is his last get out of jail free card, you understand?

BLANCHE

Yes.

Mitchell walks over to the cop car and opens the door.

CUT TO:

COP CAR

MITCHELL

(to Eric)

What's the matter with you? Huh?

Eric doesn't answer.

MITCHELL

You want to end up in jail with your old man? You pull this shit again I'll arrange a reunion. Understand?

Mitchell yanks Eric out of the back of the car and takes the cuffs off. He pushes him away with force.

(CONTINUED)

Eric turns back, looks at Jake. Jake spits a wad of bloody mucus onto the pavement, turns away from his old friend.

CUT TO:

ERIC'S TRUCK

Blanche is waiting in the truck when Eric arrives. He steps inside unsteadily.

BLANCHE
Don't say anything.

Eric looks out the rain-speckled window and throws Jake one last hateful look as they pull out of the parking lot.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - NIGHT

38

Master Adam and Tull arrive at the farm in the flat bed. Tull gets out. The truck is still running, he hears Master Adam put her back into gear. Tull turns. Master Adam catches his stare.

TULL
Best leave it be. That boy's trouble.

MASTER ADAM
That's why I'm going.

TULL
You got a bad habit of putting your nose into other people's affairs. Likely to get you into trouble before too long.

Tull turns away, walks off into the darkness puffing on his pipe.

39 INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

39

Blanche and Eric walk into the house. She walks in the bedroom to grab her bags. She walks out.

ERIC
I wish you had never come back here.

(CONTINUED)

BLANCHE

Well I'm sorry I did, believe me.

BLANCHE

I'm leaving. Whatever you thought, I'm sorry. You don't have to worry about me anymore.

Eric walks over to kitchen.

ERIC

You couldn't get back here fast enough when you thought you were pregnant.

Blanche walks over to kitchen with duffel in hand. Slams it on the counter.

BLANCHE

What did you say?

ERIC

That's the only reason you came back, isn't it?

ERIC

Did you ever love me? You didn't.

BLANCHE

You're an asshole.

ERIC

Say I'm wrong.

ERIC

Say it.

Blanche is shaking.

BLANCHE

Fuck you.

It is in this moment that Eric erupts in a flurry of violent passion so immediate that he does not even know it has happened until it is done.

He reaches back and opens his hand and sends his arm toward Blanche's face with all the velocity that he can muster. He slaps her so hard that her lungs void all air and no sound is heard as she crumbles to the floor like a falling tower of cards.

(CONTINUED)

She crashes down on her bottom trying to catch her breathe. It comes first in a dry-heave. Then in an exhale, that immediately tumbles in upon itself and she sucks in, desperate for oxygen as if holding on for dear life. She clutches her face. Her nose is bleeding, her eye is blood-shot and already beginning to swell shut. The redness on her cheek is turning purple by the second.

Eric paces back and forth.

ERIC

Damn it. Why'd you have to push me?

He towers over her, red faced and fuming. His chest is heaving so hard that he expects he may explode at any moment and fully anticipates his stomach may lurch from his body and cover her in fluid.

She looks up at him with fear-filled, tear-filled eyes. She tries to swallow but the nerves in her face are all screaming and burning with an intensity she has never known until this very moment. She closes her eyes in shame and turns away.

There is a silence between them that is impenetrable. She stands, awkwardly at first, trying to regain equilibrium. She sits down again. Opens her eyes. Stares at Eric without fear. She stands, now. Straightens. The blood from her nose trickles down her lips and drops off her chin in a steady stream. She turns for the door and does not look back.

Eric watches her go for a moment...

She turns behind her and sees him coming... fast. She begins to run.

Eric chases her down and reaches her just as she grabs the door and rips it open **TO REVEAL:**

DOORWAY

Master Adam stands in the doorway tall and proud back-lit in silhouette against the two burning head-lamps from his flat bed parked in the yard.

Blanche and Eric both freeze.

Master Adam sees Blanche's swollen eye, cut cheek, bleeding nose. He doesn't seem to notice Eric panting behind her like a wild animal.

Blanche looks at Master Adam pleadingly, turns back to Eric.

ERIC

Who the hell are you?

Master Adam reaches for Blanche's hand.

MASTER ADAM

Time to go.

Eric grabs Blanche's arm.

ERIC

She's not going anywhere.

Blanche pulls her arm from Eric's grip. Master Adam places her behind himself on the porch. He half turns his head...

MASTER ADAM

(to Blanche)

You wait for me. Won't be long.

Blanche nods, steps off the porch.

Master Adam and Eric stand in the doorway together, two angry statues towering over one another in the yellow light of the living room.

40 EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONT. 40

Blanche backs off the steps and walks toward the truck, looking back all along.

Master Adam steps inside, closes the door...

41 INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONT. 41

Eric and Master Adam stand inside the living room sizing each other up.

Master Adam's face is drawn tight, his fist is open, **READY**.

ERIC

Your trespassing on my property.

MASTER ADAM

You drink too much. You should sleep.

ERIC

And you should get the hell out of here before I show you what an ass whooping really is.

(CONTINUED)

Eric and Master Adam stare at one another. Each one waiting on the other to make a move. All is quiet. AND THEN...

Eric jumps first...

Eric seizes toward Master Adam with the tea kettle swinging wildly.

Master Adam chops at Eric's hand and the kettle sails across the room, it clatters to the floor. Eric immediately follows up with a killer left-hand. Master Adam holds up his fore-arm and Eric's killer left-hand bounces off like a bubble.

The blast from Master Adam's deflection sends Eric stumbling back. He crashes against the counter, turns like a mad-man toward the sink and reaches in, grabbing a steak knife. He returns with fury. Master Adam stands his ground. He knocks the knife out of Eric's hand. Puts a fist into Eric's chest, which knocks him back. Eric falls against the counter wheezing. Master Adam plants a solid, quick fist full of fury into Eric's face and blood oozes. Eric swipes his arm across his nose, a long bloody streak stains his shirt.

Eric looks up, charges once more...

Master Adam stands, in perfect alignment with his spirit, body, and mind. He is calm, peaceful. He drops his hand by his side, raises it again to strike. Master Adam is no longer playing games. His deflections have been WARNINGS. He is no longer Warning.

Eric reaches Master Adam with both fists flying, a scream of fury erupting from his lungs...

Master Adam brings his hand across Eric's head with such swiftness that Eric doesn't know he's been hit until his feet have already left the ground. His body floats in mid-air. The pain receptors in his neck and face sing out with as much intensity as the human body will allow without just simply shutting off and dying. He lands flat on his back, his head bounces off the linoleum like a basketball. His eyes open, and then flutter as if his brain is trying to reboot and it is having trouble.

Master Adam kneels down to makes sure Eric can see him.

MASTER ADAM

I tell you to go to sleep. You don't listen. So I put you to sleep. The next time you touch her, you don't walk again.

Master Adam stands, exits.

42 EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONT. 42

Master Adam steps into the cab. Blanche is waiting, head in her hands, crying.

He sits silently, lets her get it all out.

After a while, Blanche looks up at her savior. She opens her mouth to speak, but can't.

MASTER ADAM
You won't be hurt like that again.

Master Adam cranks his Flat Bed, and they pull off into the night leaving Eric to bleed on his linoleum floor alone.

43 INT. BONNEY'S FARM - BARN - NIGHT 43

THAT SAME NIGHT...

Adam leads Blanche into his modest home.

He plugs in an electric tea kettle, it hums to life. He pulls out a package of loose-leaf green tea and a small carafe.

BLANCHE
This is where you live?

Master Adam smiles, nods. Waves his hand across the humble surroundings.

MASTER ADAM
Plenty of room for a friend.

Blanche smiles awkwardly.

BLANCHE
Is that what we are?

MASTER ADAM
Good thing... to have a friend.

Blanche places a hand on her throbbing cheek, looks away.

BLANCHE
I'm sorry you had to see that.

Master Adam nods.

(CONTINUED)

BLANCHE

I'm embarrassed.

MASTER ADAM

Many bad things happen to us in this life. Don't forget. Learn. And then move on.

BLANCHE

I won't forget. You don't have to worry about that.

Master Adam approaches with a small mug of green tea. Hands it to her.

BLANCHE

I don't know what I'm doing anymore.

MASTER ADAM

No problem to be lost. Important to wander. Wandering come first. Then, you find.

Master Adam takes a seat on his army cot, takes a quiet sip from his tea.

BLANCHE

Can I ask you something?

Master Adam shifts, gets comfortable. His face is long, drawn tight. He knows what she will ask.

MASTER ADAM

Of course.

BLANCHE

Where did you learn to fight like that?

Beat.

MASTER ADAM

I learn when I was very young.

BLANCHE

From who...?

MASTER ADAM

Can I show you something?

(CONTINUED)

BLANCHE

Sure.

Master Adam pulls out his bell. He places it down gently beside him.

BLANCHE

What is that?

MASTER ADAM

I use it to remind me.

BLANCHE

How old is that thing?

MASTER ADAM

On the outside, five-hundred years old. On the inside, eternal.

Blanche looks at it with wonder.

MASTER ADAM

I show you how.

BLANCHE

(intrigued)

Right now?

MASTER ADAM

Not right now. Right now you rest. Important. Need to heal.

Master Adam straightens up his cot for Blanche.

CUT TO:

44 INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

44

Booker sits at a table watching the girls and drinking beer. Itchy and Marty enter, with Eric following closely behind.

MARTY

(to Booker)

This is the guy.

Eric looks up, both his eyes are black and he has a bandage across his nose.

BOOKER

Well, you're here, what do you want?

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

I heard you were looking for somebody.

BOOKER

Yea, how'd you hear that?

ERIC

Word gets around.

BOOKER

(nods)

Hmmm... that's funny. Cause see, when it comes to my personal affairs, I am very careful to make sure that word ***does not*** get around. So, why don't you tell me again how the fuck you know my business.

ITCHY

I was the one who told him. 'Cause you said if I asked around sooner or later someone would--

BOOKER

Itchy...

ITCHY

Yessir?

BOOKER

The next time you want to talk while I'm talking, raise your hand.

ITCHY

Ok.

(beat)

Really?

BOOKER

Really.

Booker turns his steel-eyed gaze back to Eric.

BOOKER

(cont.)

It's your turn to talk, smart guy.

ERIC

You're looking for some chink. I don't know his name.

Booker and Marty exchange quick glances. Marty nods. *"This guy might be on to something after-all."*

(CONTINUED)

BOOKER
You know where he is?

ERIC
I might.

BOOKER
You do or you don't, cowboy.

ERIC
I know where he is.

BOOKER
What makes you so sure?

ERIC
He fucked my old lady, he did this
to my face, trashed my trailer.
That's why I'm here. I wanna help.
But there's one thing I want to
know... when you find him, are you
gonna hurt him?

BOOKER
I'd bet on it, yea.

ERIC
Good. It's gonna cost you, though.

BOOKER
Cost me what?

ERIC
I got information you want. That's
worth something.

BOOKER
And I got something you don't want.
A .38 shoved up your asshole. Don't
fuck with me, kid. I'll shoot you
in this place and she won't miss a
beat.

Booker reaches out and slaps the stripper on her ass, she
coos and giggles.

BOOKER
Say what you came here to say. And
then get the fuck out.

45

EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - RALPH'S BARN - NIGHT

45

Ralph walks out the back door of the garage with his thermos and lunch box under his arm. He goes through a giant key ring, finds the one he's looking for and locks the door.

He turns, stops in his tracks, dropping his thermos.

Two shadowy figures emerge from the darkness.

BOOKER

Evening.

Ralph squints, trying to make out a face.

BOOKER

Wondering if we could talk to you
for a minute.

Ralph looks from one dark figure to the other, unable to gain any useful description.

RALPH

What's this about?

BOOKER

Just need to ask you a few
questions. It's informal, you got
nothing to worry about.

Ralph looks down, spots Booker's cowboy boots, Itchy's pitiful sneakers.

RALPH

Ya'll aint cops.

Itchy looks to Booker, he pulls his hood over his head, bites at the draw string nervously.

BOOKER

Private Investigators. Very
important case.

RALPH

PI's carry badges. You all got
identification?

BOOKER

(snapping)

What you want to make this hard
for, huh?

(beat)

I'm looking for someone. I think
you can help me find out where he

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOOKER (cont'd)
is. The rest doesn't have anything
to do with you. Doesn't have to,
anyway.

RALPH
Well, who is it you're looking for?

BOOKER
A derelict, causing some trouble
locally. Darker than me, not quite
dark as you. Rolled through here
not too long ago. I'm betting he's
still around.

Ralph shakes his head.

RALPH
Sorry, I don't think I can help
you.

BOOKER
Save yourself some trouble, friend.
I figure you know who the hell I'm
talking about.

Itchy pulls a rubber hose from inside his pants. He lets it
dangle down by his leg. Ralph sees this. He stares at it,
unimpressed. His gaze falls back upon Booker.

RALPH
I don't know what you want. Not
really. Whatever you think I know,
I probably don't.

BOOKER
Don't do this. Don't make me hurt
you. Just tell me where he is. It's
simple.

RALPH
I'm not afraid you.

BOOKER
Well, god-dammit, you ought to be.
I am meaner than any hell you ever
dreamed of.

Ralph stands his ground.

BOOKER
No? Okay.

Booker turns to Itchy, lights a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

BOOKER
(quietly)
Swing hard.

46 EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - FIRE - NIGHT

46

Adam and Blanche sit by a campfire, quietly watching the stars move their way silently toward daylight.

Adam stares into the fire, then, as if he can't help himself, across the flame to Blanche.

Blanches senses his glance and she turns, ashamed. Her face is still purple and bruised.

Master Adam pulls out the mallet from his pack, places the bell in front of him.

MASTER ADAM
Are you ready?

Blanche looks up for the first time, her bright eyes glistening in the light.

BLANCHE
Yes.

Master Adam takes the mallet and *dings* the bell. It rings out through the night. They sit in the soft-orange firelight listening. Master Adam hands over the mallet.

MASTER ADAM
You try.

Blanche takes the mallet. Inspects the bell.

BLANCHE
Anywhere?

Master Adam, nods. Smiles.

Blanche strikes the bell, it resounds deeply across the expanse of the world beyond them.

MASTER ADAM
Now. Say what you feel.

BLANCHE
I feel... broken.

Blanche hangs her head.

(CONTINUED)

MASTER ADAM
Is the bell broken?

Blanche shakes her head, "no."

MASTER ADAM
The bell is whole. The sound from
within it, deep. Mimic the bell.

Blanche bends her back, moves her head backwards across her neck. She breathes in deeply. She strikes the bell again.

Beat.

BLANCHE
I'm sorry... I don't know what you
want me to do.

MASTER ADAM
Imagine your spirit and the bell
are one. Harmonize your spirit with
the sound of the bell.

BLANCHE
The bell is...

She looks to Master Adam for help. He doesn't offer any.

BLANCHE
Peaceful. Melodic. Constant.

Master Adam nods.

MASTER ADAM
Yes. Again.

Blanche strikes the bell again as instructed. She closes her eyes, the sound of the bell overwhelms the soundtrack. The sound of the outside world disappears and we can only hear the bell...

BLANCHE
I am happy to have a quiet place to
rest.

She strikes the bell again.

BLANCHE
I am thankful for the people in my
life.
(beat)
I am...

The sound of the bell resounds...

Blanche opens her eyes, tears swell inside and begin to fall. She looks up to Master Adam, who watches her with a quiet, serene face.

BLANCHE

... I am thankful for the life I
have to live.

Master Adam smiles.

MASTER ADAM

Yes.

(beat)

Again.

Blanche bows her head, tears stream down her cheeks. She looks up, smiling sweetly.

BLANCHE

I want to hear you.

Master Adam nods, smiles. Reaches for the mallet.

NOTE: THE FOLOWING SEQUENCE WILL BE INTERCUT WITH THE SOUND OF THE BELL AND MASTER ADAM'S CHANT.

47

47

WE HEAR: The sound of the bell rings out loudly, more clear now because it takes up the whole of the soundtrack.

Itchy and Booker stand like two giant shadows against the night hovering over Ralph.

ADAM

(vo)

Bring joy and happiness to all...

Itchy nods. Steps forward... he swings, but stops. Ralph holds up his hands, but loses his balance and falls to one knee. He looks up at Itchy. Itchy drops the bar down across the side of Ralph's face--

Itchy looks back to Booker. Booker takes a drag from his cigarette, exhales a large plume of smoke. He nods to Itchy to continue.

WE HEAR: The bell again.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

(vo)

Eliminate pain and suffering. Our pain. And the pain of those who surround us in life.

Ralph tries to regain his standing position. Itchy brings the hose up underneath his chin and raises Ralph up into the air. A fountain of blood gushes from Ralph's face in a long spray upward, he reels backward into the ever-deepening shadows.

CUT TO:

48 INT. HOTEL - NIGHT - CONT.

48

WE HEAR: *The bell rings throughout...*

MASTER ADAM

(vo)

Forgive, forget and let go.

Carey stands in front of the mirror. He brings the floss up to his mouth, begins to floss each tooth. Blood begins to ooze from his diseased gums.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT - CONT.

49

WE HEAR: *Another swing across the bell...*

MASTER ADAM

(vo)

Perfect wisdom is found in great compassion. This is our way to freedom.

Bonney and Tull sit across from one another on the front porch drinking coffee. Bonney is telling Tull a story, they both laugh when he hits the punch-line.

Tull lights his pipe and they look over the land with contentedness.

CUT TO:

WE HEAR: A last resonating beat...

Booker watches from the shadows, a thin trail of smoke from his cigarette flowing up into the air with the cool summer breeze.

MASTER ADAM

(vo)

May all living beings be well,
happy, peaceful and secure.

CUT TO:

Ralph rolls over, his eyes swollen shut. He spits out a fountain of blood from his mouth.

Itchy walks around behind Ralph. He stares down at him and considers another strike, but waits. He looks up to Booker and shrugs.

ITCHY

Guess he don't want to play no
more.

BOOKER

No. I guess not.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - FIRE - NIGHT - CONT.

51

Blanche stares at Master Adam across the fire.

BLANCHE

I haven't had a lot of good in my
life. I don't know why you came
here. I'm so glad you did. I don't
feel so all alone anymore.

MASTER ADAM

Not alone.

Blanche covers herself up in a blanket and watches the fire dance between them.

CUT TO:

52

52

Ralph lies on the ground in a heap surrounded by a cone of yellow light from the lone light of the barn. He is bleeding and unconscious.

Booker takes a last puff from a cigarette, throws it on the ground next to him, stamps it out and walks away.

Booker and Itchy reach their car...

ITCHY

We really got his ass good, didn't we?

BOOKER

We didn't get nothing, stupid.

ITCHY

(quietly)

So what do you want to do?

BOOKER

I don't know. But somebody sent our friend a very long way to find this guy. Whoever he is... I want to be there when it's time to collect on his head.

Booker opens the door and gets inside...

53

INT. BOOKER'S CAR - NIGHT - CONT.

53

Itchy gets in, struggles with his seat belt...

BOOKER

I think it's time Sandy paid him a visit. Have Marty set it up.

Itchy scratches at his chin, pulls on his hoody, fingers the drawstring, pulling at the threads.

ITCHY

You really want to send Sandy?

BOOKER

I said it, didn't I?

Booker turns to Itchy, annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

BOOKER

Why do you do that?

Itchy sinks lower in his seat.

ITCHY

Do what?

BOOKER

(mocking)

"You really want me to...? I don't know, should we?"

Booker turns, shakes his head in frustration.

BOOKER

Just do what I tell you to do!

ITCHY

Ok...

(beat)

I will.

Itchy turns away to look out the window. Booker slams the car into gear and speeds away leaving Ralph lying alone in a puddle of his own blood.

CUT TO:

54

EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT - CONT.

54

Wide Shot: Bonney's porch at night. Tull is smoking his pipe. Bonney and Tull are shooting the breeze.

Sheriff Mitchell pulls up in his cruiser, comes to a sliding stop. He opens the door, pops out like a man in a hurry.

Bonney and Tull both stand.

BONNEY

So we do have a Sheriff in this town...

TULL

I'll be damned...

MITCHELL

I'm here on business. You got trouble.

(CONTINUED)

BONNEY

What is it?

MITCHELL

You two hop in with me. Be faster.

Bonney and Tull both look at one another.

BONNEY

Yea. Ok.

CUT TO:

55 INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

55

Sandy's Dressing Room

Sandy walks in from her shift, she sees Booker sitting in a chair by her vanity with his feet propped up. She ignores him, starts changing clothes.

Booker stands, approaches.

BOOKER

You know I think it's sexy when you give me the silent treatment.

Booker grabs her arm. She pulls away, heads for the sink, starts wiping off her makeup.

SANDY

Just get out of here. You're gonna get me in trouble.

Booker steps back, pushes things around on her vanity with his hand.

BOOKER

We need to talk.

SANDY

Marty already did your talking for you.

BOOKER

I need you on this, sweetheart.

Sandy spins around, fire burning in her eyes.

SANDY

Yea, you want to talk about how you treat me like a whore? Is that what

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SANDY (cont'd)
 you think? That I'm a whore? You think I'm gonna do whatever you tell me to do just because you tell me to do it? Well, guess what? I'm not gonna do it anymore. There are good things about me, things you don't know about. I got plans.

BOOKER
 Yea. What plans you got?

SANDY
 (through tears)
 Big plans, you fucking unbelievable asshole.

Booker erupts, stands.

BOOKER
You think I like it?

Sandy stops, takes a step back.

Booker sees Sandy shrinking away from him. He stops, composes himself. Talks softer...

BOOKER
 I don't want to see you do this, baby. You know I don't. But I got plans, too. Just like you. I can't do it without ya. My whole life I been a loser. Well, this time I'm not gonna lose. It's gonna work. I am going to **MAKE IT WORK!**

Sandy turns away, her tears falling into the sink.

Booker comes in close behind her. Puts his hands on her arms and she softens a little.

BOOKER
 I need you to tell me what I'm getting into. Size him up.

MEDIUM SHOT: Booker pulls Sandy's face up with his finger, they look at their reflection together in the mirror.

BOOKER
 You and me are going away after this. We ain't living this shit life no more. But first you gotta do what I need you to do. For us. You understand?

(CONTINUED)

Sandy turns around to Booker.

SANDY
I ain't no whore.

BOOKER
Of course not...

Beat.

She puts her head into his chest. He runs his fingers through her hair.

BOOKER
But you're gonna do what I need you
to do, aren't you, baby...?

CUT TO:

56 EXT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

56

Booker exits the strip club and walks to his car.

Marty is waiting next to Booker's car. He's eating a hot dog, licking his fingers.

MARTY
She gonna do it?

Booker stops, doesn't look Marty's way.

BOOKER
Of course she's gonna do it.

Marty smiles and shrugs, keeps chomping down on his hot dog.

Booker nods, gets into his car without another word.

Marty steps off into the darkness taking another bite of his hot dog. He walks toward his cab as Booker speeds off into the night.

57 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

57

Bonney and Sheriff Mitchell stand in the dark hallway talking quietly between themselves.

BONNEY
You want to tell me what the hell
is going on?

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

I don't know.

Bonney swipes a hand across his mouth, looks back to Mitchell.

BONNEY

I think you do. You don't think I know who calls the shots?

MITCHELL

Listen close, asshole. Cause I'm only gonna say it once. You don't tell me to how to police my town.

BONNEY

Well, see now, that there is the problem. This ain't your town.

Mitchell places his hat firmly on his head, tips the brim.

MITCHELL

Empty accusations are a dangerous thing... can really get a man in trouble. I'll, uh, pray for your friend.

58 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - CONT. 58

Adam and Blanche arrive, they pass Sheriff Mitchell on the way in. Neither one pays him any attention.

59 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - CONT. 59

Tull is sitting in the waiting room. He stands, waves at Blanche to get her attention.

BLANCHE

Is he alright?

TULL

No. He ain't. Come on.

CUT TO:

HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Tull walks Blanche and Adam down a long hallway where they meet Bonney.

Bonney turns, his jaw tight.

(CONTINUED)

BONNEY
They're working on him now.

60 INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

60

Carey sits on his bed cross-legged flipping cards one at a time.

SANDY sits in a chair watching him.

SANDY
Well, what can I do for you, baby?
Your friends said you needed to
relax. I can help you relax... I
got a whole bag of tricks that I
bet you'd just love...

Carey flips a card, pauses. He looks up, his eyes dead.

Long beat.

CAREY
Do you know any songs?

Sandy blinks, laughs nervously.

SANDY
Do you like songs, baby?

CAREY
I want you to sing.

Sandy pauses, smacks on her gum.

SANDY
Well, I'm not sure I know any
songs...

CAREY
(with venom)

SING.

Sandy is afraid...

CUT TO:

61 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

61

Not much later...

WIDE SHOT: An HMI throws long long streaks of light down an alleyway throwing Sandy into silhouette as she vomits onto a wall.

62 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

62

Booker and Itchy sit in an old station wagon watching Carey's hotel room window.

BOOKER

Alright, now, when we get in there we get rough. Right off the bat.

ITCHY

Yea, get rough. Cool.

Itchy pulls a bag from underneath the seat.

ITCHY

Here you go...

BOOKER

What is this?

ITCHY

I got us a couple of masks. You know, really scare the shit of him. Let him know we mean business.

BOOKER

Masks...?

ITCHY

Yea. Scary ones. I lifted 'em from the party store.

BOOKER

We're not wearing masks, Itchy.

ITCHY

But... I already got them. Don't you at least want to see 'em?

BOOKER

No, I surely don't. Under no circumstances am I wearing that stupid mask. You understand?

HARD CUT TO:

63

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CONT.

63

Booker and Itchy kick through the door wearing the MASKS.

ITCHY

Judgement day, Mother Fucker!

They point their guns in all directions, like cops on a bad television show.

POV: The camera surveys the empty room.

Booker and Itchy look around the room in confusion, then at each other.

BOOKER

Judgement day?

ITCHY

(muffled through mask)

Where is he?

BOOKER

Maybe he's taking a shit.

Booker runs to the bathroom, kicks open the door, points his gun.

POV: The bathroom is empty.

Booker drops his gun, turns. He tears off his mask. He looks back at Itchy **TO SEE:**

Carey is standing in the open doorway with a gun pointed at Itchy's head.

Itchy turns, he lifts up his mask.

ITCHY

Hey...

THEN: Itchy's head is blown off.

Booker stares in disbelief as red, gooey matter sprays along the wall and bed. Itchy falls back, a body without a face.

Carey steps into the door with a gun.

Booker looks up, mouth agape. He drops his gun, raises his hands in submission.

(CONTINUED)

BOOKER

Hey man, whoa. This ain't how I go out, you understand? This here was Marty's thing. He had this idea about ripping you off, collecting some big ransom.

Carey stands, listening quietly. Booker is negotiating for his life. Beads of sweat are forming on his forehead and he's blinking them away as they fall off his brow. He licks his lips, shuffles his feet, tries to think quick.

BOOKER

(cont.)

There's a girl. You find her, you'll find him. I can take you to her.

Booker's negotiating skills need work. Carey pulls the trigger in quick succession. Booker's chest opens up like a Christmas present and he falls back onto the floor.

Carey looks down at what is left of Itchy.

He steps outside, bends, comes back in carrying a small paper bag of groceries.

He kicks the door closed. The light in the room changes dramatically.

Carey sits on the edge of his bed. He picks up the phone, dials...

WE HEAR: MARTY'S ANSWERING MACHINE --

MACHINE

(os)

If you got this number, you know what to do.

CAREY

Your friends were... unreliable. You personally vouched for them. I'm sure you'll make it up to me.

Carey hangs up. He stands...

He approaches Booker, kneels down.

CAREY

You're getting scared, aren't ya? Scared cause of what's waiting on you out there in the dark. You're

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAREY (cont'd)
 dying. I've taken your life force.
 With every last breath you take...
 (whispering, confiding)
 ... I can feel myself getting
 stronger. I knew I would kill you.
 I knew it the moment I met you.

Booker stares at Carey, eyes wide, blood pouring from his mouth, he coughs on the viscera.

Carey sits back, leans against the wall.

CAREY
 I'll wait with you if you want.

He takes a deep breathe, exhales, watches as Booker aspirates on his own blood.

CAREY
 When I was seven years old a man
 crawled through my window and put
 his hand over my mouth. He said he
 was going to cut off my mother's
 head and nail her to a tree in the
 woods. Her life gave him strength.
 (beat)
 Do you believe in fate?

CUT TO:

64 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

64

Carey exits carrying his bag of groceries. He places a sign on the doorknob.

INSERT: SIGN, which reads;

"DO NOT DISTURB."

65 INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

65

SANDY'S DRESSING ROOM

Marty explodes through the door of Sandy's dressing room.

She drops her lipstick into the sink.

Sandy turns, snarling.

(CONTINUED)

SANDY

Hey!

MARTY

Get your shit!

Marty grabs a handful of her clothes on a nearby chair.

SANDY

-- the hell, Marty!

Marty swipes his arm across her vanity sending her make-up flying into an open book bag.

Sandy lunges at Marty, tries to grab the book bag.

SANDY

Get your hands off my shit, Marty!

Marty turns, eyes wild with fear.

He swipes a meaty palm across his sopping forehead. He grabs her hard by her shoulders. Screams in her face:

MARTY

Hey...!

The fear in his voice makes Sandy stop.

SANDY

Marty...?

MARTY

Booker's dead.

Sandy falls back into a chair, choking back the shock. She looks up at Marty with a trembling voice.

SANDY

You...

MARTY

He knows it was us.

She stands.

SANDY

You said...

MARTY

He knows...

Sandy lunges at Marty and tries to grab his throat.

SANDY
YOU SAID IT WAS ALL TAKEN CARE OF!
YOU SAID IT WAS FINE!

MARTY
(struggling)
Get off me!

Marty tries to push her away. Sandy scratches her nails across Marty's face leaving four long bloody streaks from his forehead to his chin.

MARTY
Aaarrrrggggh!

Marty recoils in pain, sends Sandy flying across the room. She crashes into a heap by the door.

BAM! BAM! BAM! -- THERE IS A POUNDING AT THE DOOR...

BOB, the bouncer, screams through the door.

BOB
(muffled)
**What the fuck is going on in there,
Sandy!**

MARTY
(quietly)
You don't know how bad this guy is.

BOB
(muffled)
Open the fuck up!

Sandy places a finger to her nose. Blood is gushing from both nostrils.

She looks at Marty through gritted, bloody teeth.

SANDY
(incredulous)
I don't know?
(screaming)
**I told you! I tried to tell you he
was a psycho! I tried to... I tried
to tell you!**

ALL OF THE SUDDEN -- BOB, the bouncer bursts through the door. He's built like a concrete slab.

He SEES: Sandy crumpled on the floor.

He turns, looks at Marty. He jumps at Marty with arms outstretched...

Marty pulls a gun from the back of his pants.

Bob stops dead in his tracks, puts his arms up, falls back crashing against the vanity sending the mirror and lamp crashing to the floor which throws the room upside down with the turned over light.

BOB

Jesus! What the hell, Sandy!

Marty looks at Bob, then Sandy.

MARTY

(to Sandy, quietly)

I fucked it all up.

Marty turns and runs out of the room.

CUT TO:

THE CLUB

The lights pulsate in vibrant colors and the MUSIC PUMPS IN RYTHMIC SUCCESSION. Girls dance, seedy guys ogle and toss twenties.

Marty runs through the club frantically, he is basically unnoticed.

He drops his backpack, bends down to pick it up, stands and knocks into a waitress carrying a tray of beers.

WAITRESS

Heee-ey!

STRIPPER

Watch it, asshole!

Marty doesn't stop, keeps running for the door. He bursts through the door at top speed...

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT: Marty runs toward his cab, gets in...

67

INT. CAB - NIGHT - CONT.

67

Marty gets to his cab and rips open the driver's side door. He throws in the book bag and jumps in.

He puts his key into the ignition...

He stops, looks over his shoulder. His eyes grow wide.

HE SEES: Booker's car parked next to him...

CAREY

(os)

I called you.

Marty jumps, turns, screams.

MARTY

Hah! Oh, Jesus!

Marty puts his hand on his chest. Tries to catch his breath, calm his breathing.

Carey sits in the back seat in silence, his face hidden by the shadows.

MARTY

I... I heard what happened. At the motel.

Marty waits for Carey to speak.

Beat.

MARTY

I couldn't believe it. You know a guy for twenty yea--

CAREY

Shut up.

Marty stops mid-sentence. Stares into the darkness, tries to make out the lines of Carey's face.

CAREY

Did you see what I did?

Marty nods slowly.

CAREY

Did you know what they were planning to do?

(CONTINUED)

MARTY

No. I swear.

CAREY

Did you know what they were
planning to do?

Marty's eyes start to moisten. His voice catches in his
throat. He shakes his head.

MARTY

(hoarsely)

No.

CAREY

Did you know what they were
planning to do?

Marty turns, bites his lip. He wipes a tear out of his eye.

MARTY

They said they were gonna rip you
off.

Beat.

MARTY

I told 'em... about the guys you
ran with. That they were big time.
I didn't...

Marty turns away, wipes his arm across his face.

He takes a deep breath, exhales. He looks up at Carey with
honest, tearful eyes.

MARTY

I thought it was a score, ya know?
That's all. Nothing against you or
nothing.

Beat. Silence.

MARTY

You believe me, don't you?

Carey runs a hand over his chin. He speaks with such a
deliberate calm that it sends a shiver down Marty's spine.

CAREY

I'm a man of my word. That kind of
trust is imperative between...
friends. I need to be able to trust

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAREY (cont'd)
you. That this thing I asked you to
do will get done. It's very
important to me. Do you understand?

Marty nods, gulps back a mouth-full of tears.

MARTY
You can trust me. I swear it. I'm
your friend.
(beat)
I know some guys. Rough guys.

Beat.

MARTY
I can call 'em. I won't fuck it up.

Carey nods.

Marty takes out his phone. He dials. It rings.

**NOTE: The line picks up. We hear both sides of the
conversation but stay on a CU of Marty.**

DARRYL
(os)
Yea?

MARTY
I need to speak to Dodd.

DARRYL
(os)
I'm hanging up.

MARTY
No, don't hang up! It's Marty!

DARRYL
(os)
I know who it is, asshole.

MARTY
I need to speak to him, man.

DARRYL
(os)
He's busy.

(CONTINUED)

MARTY
Tell him I got something for him.

SILENCE ON THE LINE... Then, after a few moments, we can hear the crunch of potato chips when Darryl picks back up the phone.

DARRYL
(os)
He says go fuck yourself.

WE HEAR: Laughter in the background.

MARTY
Wait!
(desperately)
You know the guy who did Book?

Long beat: Telephone line humming, murmuring in the background.

DARRYL
(os)
What about him?

MARTY
I'm sitting right in front of him.

DARRYL
(os)
Hold on.

Murmuring in background.

DARRYL
(os)
Give us a couple of hours.

Marty breathes a sigh of relief.

DARRYL
(os)
And hey...

MARTY
(earnestly)
Yea?

DARRYL
(os)
Don't forget to go fuck yourself.

(CONTINUED)

A burst of laughter, and then; the line goes dead.

Marty holds the phone to his ear, eyes Carey. Pulls down the phone and nods in the affirmative.

CAREY
Write it down.

Carey **hands over a MOTEL PAD and pen.**

MARTY
I can take you right to them, if
that's what you want.

CAREY
You're going to.

Marty takes the pad. Looks at Carey pleadingly, unsure of his intentions. He writes down the address.

Marty sets the pad down on the seat next to him.

MARTY
(whispering)
It's not that far away.

CAREY
I know.

MARTY
How did you find me here?

CAREY
I'm the devil.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CONT.

68

WIDE SHOT: The muzzle flash from Carey's gun lights up the cab interior like a flashbulb.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT: The passenger-side door opens to REVEAL:

Marty slumped over the steering wheel. His brain is painted in a long splash across the windshield. He doesn't look well.

Carey reaches in and **TAKES THE PAD**. Puts it in his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

WIDE SHOT: Carey walks from Marty's cab to Booker's car and gets in, starts the engine, drives away...

CUT TO:

69 INT. BOOKER'S CAR - NIGHT - CONT.

69

NOTE: CAMERA IS ON THE HOOD OF THE CAR.

The street lamps from above light up Carey's face intermittently.

SUDDENLY -- Blue lights flash behind Carey, he looks in the rear-view mirror. He turns on his blinker, pulls over. His face remains emotionless. He blinks sleepily, digs his thumbs in both eyes. Yawns.

OFFICER

(on his phone with Sheriff Mitchell)

I found the car. I don't recognize him, but it's hard to tell. You got it.

The OFFICER approaches with a flashlight. He points the beam into the back of the car, comes up to the window.

OFFICER

(authoritatively)

Hogan Dodd wants to see you.

Carey pulls a gun from underneath the seat.

CAREY

Tell him I'll be right over.

Carey pumps four bullets into the Officer's chest. The Officer reels backwards without a sound.

Carey returns the gun to the glove compartment. Puts on his blinker and pulls off.

70 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

70

Carey walks into an abandoned warehouse. He walks through the door and stops. Hogan is sitting in a chair smoking a cigar.

The boys are standing in a circle around ALLEN, who's tied to a chair. They're taking turns swinging at him.

(CONTINUED)

A series of construction lights display the carnage taking place. Shelby notices Carey, gets Hogan's attention.

SHELBY
(to Hogan)
Hey...

Hogan looks up, the boys stop throwing punches and turn.

ALLEN
(moaning quietly)
Aaaaghhhh...

HOGAN
You the guy that killed Booker?

CAREY
Yes.

Hogan nods, eyes the ash on his cigar, plops it back in his mouth.

HOGAN
It's a damn shame. Don't know what
we'll do without him.

A few stifled snickers...

SHELBY
He was a real piece of shit.

Carey stares at them blankly.

HOGAN
He screwed me on a job a few years
ago.

Allen picks his head up, both eyes cut and bleeding.

ALLEN
You talking about that Panama City
job?

PETE
Shut up, asshole!

SHELBY
Shut THE FUCK up!

NICK
Keep your mouth shut,
bitch!

Nick slaps Allen across the back of the head. Allen groans, he shuts up.

Hogan stares at Allen with sleepy, bored eyes. He turns back to Carey.

HOGAN

I've been itching to see him get taken to the woodshed for quite a while. That chink you're looking for... there still money on his head?

Carey doesn't answer.

Hogan re-directs.

HOGAN

You know, when Marty called, he didn't give your name.

CAREY

He didn't know it.

Hogan smiles, he likes Carey immediately. Hogan's constant need for facade bores him. Carey's direct approach is intriguing. In a way, Hogan probably wishes he had the balls.

HOGAN

Did you kill him?

CAREY

Is that a problem?

Hogan looks to his posse, they all look back. The mixture of surprise and stone-faced glee are hard to suppress.

HOGAN

No, it's not a problem.

(beat)

I don't generally like hired guns. Either you play for me or you don't play at all--

CAREY

I don't care about any of this. Marty is dead because was a liar. He said you could help me.

HOGAN

Maybe so. Several closets that I needed cleaned are now clean thanks to you. Maybe we could be friends.

Carey nods.

(CONTINUED)

CAREY

Fine. I want to go now.

Hogan and the boys all exchange glances.

Hogan laughs, smiles.

HOGAN

We're, uh, right in the middle of something.

CAREY

Well, get to the end of it. I'll wait outside.

Carey exits.

Hogan looks around at his gang, they are all a little unsure about their new friend now, and it shows on their faces.

71

EXT. TOLL BRIDGE - NIGHT

71

Hogan and his crew arrive underneath the toll bridge in the black of night, four large trucks full of hooligans. Lots of headlamps spilling yellow light across the dusty, desolate basin.

Sheriff Mitchell is standing next to his patrol car, smoking a cigar. He sees the caravan arrive and saunters over like a cowboy in the movies. He comes to the passenger side of Hogan's vehicle where Carey is sitting.

Hogan rolls down the window for Carey.

MITCHELL

Jesus Christ, tell 'em to hit those lights, you want NASA to know we're down here?

HOGAN

We got business over at Bonney's place tonight. Need you to play defense.

MITCHELL

Not tonight.

HOGAN

Come again?

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

There's already been trouble over there tonight.

HOGAN

Don't look at me. I didn't have anything to do with it.

MITCHELL

Doesn't matter. If things don't cool down around here, I'm gonna have *staties* crawling up my ass. Bad for business. You and your boys saddle up and ride on home. Things are gonna get real quiet around here for a while. Understand? I hear one peep out of any of ya'll and you are going to be sorr--

Carey, impatient and probably a little bored, pulls a pistol out of his coat, places the barrel on Mitchell's chest and pulls the trigger three times.

Mitchell is knocked off his feet and falls back ten full yards before his lifeless body finally comes to a stop, smoke still rising up out of the holes in his chest.

The shots ring out through the empty night air, echoing for what seems like an eternity. Finally, the echo subsides and the only sound left is the sound of four heavy-duty engines purring. All eyes are on Sheriff Mitchell, not a word is spoken.

Hogan, eyes wide and mouth slack, throws open his door and steps out. He walks around to the passenger side and takes a few steps forward to see if there is any sign of life.

He turns back to Carey's open window, takes off his hat and slams it on the ground.

HOGAN

GOD-DAMMIT! That's my **brother-in-law** you crazy son-of-a-bitch!

His chest is heaving, he's about to hyperventilate. Carey sits in the truck with his hands folded in his lap. He turns slowly to meet Hogan's furious stare.

CAREY

He was your brother-in-law. It's getting late. Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

Hogan looks back at Mitchell, his eyes open, his mouth still forming the last words of whatever threat he was about to make.

Hogan bends down, takes the tin star off of Mitchell's uniform. Pins it on his own shirt. He stands, turns to Carey with a burning in his eyes. Carey doesn't seem to notice.

HOGAN

I bestow this tin star on myself in his honor. He would have wanted it that-a-way. We're gonna have a moment of silence for this great man.

Hogan looks around at his boys.

HOGAN

Well, dammit, take off your hats, won't ya? This here's a moment.

CUT TO:

The boys in the different trucks all remove their hats and bow in reverence.

CUT TO:

Hogan nods in satisfaction, his face very solemn.

HOGAN

Alright, then.

Hogan bows his head, he closes his eyes. He's taking this all very seriously.

HONK! Honk! Honk! (Held for an extended period)

The sound from Hogan's truck horn blasts through the night like a fart in a library. In other words, LOUD. It is held in one long note that doesn't end until, finally, Hogan looks up, his lips pursed together.

Carey is staring at Hogan out the window emotionless, one hand on the horn. He lets go. Blinks.

Hogan slams his hat on his head, obviously incensed that his moment has been ruined.

He stomps back around to the driver's side door with his head held high. He gets in and puts the truck in gear. Looks at Carey. Carey doesn't seem to notice. Hogan is a little embarrassed. A little pissed that he has to put up with this

(CONTINUED)

asshole. But totally happy that he's the new sheriff. Now he doesn't have to kill Mitchell himself. Christmas has come early for Hogan Dodd.

The caravan pulls away into the night, each passing headlight throwing garish shadows over Mitchell's lifeless body. All the boys stare out at Mitchell like he's a carton of eggs that got dropped on concrete.

The caravan disappears into the night. Mitchell's body lies lonely in the ravine painted in yellow from the headlights of his cruiser, which is still running.

72

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - CONT.

72

Tull walks out of Ralph's room. Bonney and Blanche are sitting, they look up. He sees their stare, but approaches Adam.

TULL
(quietly)
He's asking for you.

Adam nods.

HOSPITAL ROOM

Ralph lies in bed, his torso bandaged and braced, IVs in his arm, his eyes swollen, half open. One side of his face is completely bandaged over where Ralph's eye has been taken out.

Adam approaches, sits.

DIRECTOR'S NOTE: LONG LENS, Ralph's bandaged profile in foreground, Adam in background. Shallow focus.

RALPH
(hoarsely)
Two guys are looking for ya.

Adam looks down, he is in deep thought.

RALPH
You don't seem surprised.

ADAM
No.

RALPH
I figured. You didn't just show up out of nowhere for no reason. Everybody's running from something.

(CONTINUED)

Master Adam takes this in.

RALPH
Should I be worried?

ADAM
Only for them.

Ralph takes Adam's hand.

RALPH
What's this all about?

CUT TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

73

EXT. WOODS - DAY

73

Sunrise in Saigon...

-- CU: Anh lies facedown in the ditch, her lifeless eyes buzzed over by flies.

DETECTIVE #1 stands, shakes his head. He turns...

WE SEE: ANH'S Father stands a few feet away, tears streaming down his face. He looks at the Detective and nods.

DETECTIVE #1 looks up the hill and nods at DETECTIVE #2, who is watching over them smoking a cigarette.

DETECTIVE #2 walks over past Ho and Tie, who are shackled and sitting on the ground crying, and kneels down in front of ADAM.

DETECTIVE #2
(pointing)
You saw them?

Adam looks over at Ho and Tie, he begins to cry.

The Detective pushes Adam hard, almost knocking him over.

DETECTIVE #2
You saw them? You tell me right now!

Adam nods.

Detective #2 stands, turns back to his partner and the heartbroken Father.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE #2
(nodding)

Yea.

He takes Adam and leads him down the path. Adam turns as they walk and HE SEES:

Detective #1 hands a pistol to Anh's Father. He turns his back and lights a cigarette.

Adam watches as justice is served and both men are shot in the face. He begins to cry.

END OF FLASHBACK.

74 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - CONT.

74

HALLWAY

Master Adam leaves Ralph's room like a man marching toward war. He's on a mission, his body language indicates this. He heads straight for the exit.

Blanche and Tull both stand, watch him go.

BLANCHE
Where are you going?

Adam turns sharply.

ADAM
You stay.

Blanche looks at Tull, then back to Adam.

BLANCHE
I don't--

ADAM
No! Safe here.

He turns, leaves.

Blanche and Tull watch him go.

Blanche looks to Tull with pleading eyes.

Tull nods.

TULL
Yea. I'll get the truck, meet you
around front.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...

Bonney approaches with three coffees in a drinker carrier. He looks around the hallway confused. Where the heck did everybody go?

HOSPITAL ROOM

He walks into Ralph's room and sets down his coffee. Ralph is silent. Bonney walks over to the window, looks out.

HE SEES: Adam's flat bed pulling out of the parking lot full steam ahead.

Bonney spins around on his heels.

BONNEY

Ralph!

Ralph groans.

RALPH

What.

BONNEY

You plan on dying any time in the next hour?

RALPH

Not if I can help it.

Bonney nods.

BONNEY

I'll be back.

CUT TO:

75

EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - NIGHT

75

The caravan rolls into Bonney's lot, four big trucks, loaded for bear.

They screech to a halt. No one's around.

Hogan throws open the driver door of the lead truck, climbs out, lets the engine idle. He walks back to the second truck, signaling for his boys to pile out.

Doors open.

(CONTINUED)

He motions for the other trucks to follow suit. They do.

Carey gets out, walks down the hill in silence. No one seems to notice in the ruckus.

Shelby hops down out of the last truck grinning from ear to ear with a shotgun propped across his shoulder.

Everyone gathers around Hogan. Hogan spots Shelby.

HOGAN

Put that damn thing up, you want to wake up the whole county?

Shelby looks at his shotgun, then back at Hogan.

SHELBY

Hell, I thought--

HOGAN

You thought wrong, then.

Shelby turns, walks back toward the trucks dejected. He opens a door, places his beloved shotgun inside.

HOGAN

Listen up. Stay in groups. If it's one-on-one, he'll take you. He can't take five of you.

Several hoots of "Hell yea" and "Damn straight."

HOGAN

There ain't gonna be no shooting tonight. Been enough of that already. There's a new law in town. And this fella here, this... outsider. He ain't been nothing but trouble since the day he rolled in. Enough's enough. Tonight we send him home, wherever the hell that is.

More grunting and camaraderie among the troops.

HOGAN

Y'all see him, give a holler. The others will come running. And if you see Bonney Steppe. You just send him to me. Alright, best get on with it!

They boys disband, going this way and that in groups of four or more.

(CONTINUED)

SHELBY

Where do you want me?

HOGAN

I want you to shut up and stay out of the way.

SHELBY

What the hell are you talking about? I thought...

HOGAN

You thought wrong. Hell, I didn't even know you were riding tonight. Should have left your ass up at the garage.

Hogan hops in his truck, cranks it up. He points to Dave Black.

HOGAN

(to Dave)

You stay with him, keep him out of the way.

Shelby pouts, watches sullenly as the other trucks pull out, growling into the darkness.

He props his boot up on a nearby stump, pulls out a **.38. The old standby; a Midnight Special.**

SHELBY

(muttering)

... put an end to this thing myself.

76 INT. ADAM'S TRUCK - NIGHT - CONT. 76

Master Adam drives down the GRAVEL PATH towards the farm. He see's the parked trucks in the distance.

77 EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - NIGHT - CONT. 77

Only one group of four (all anonymous) searchers are still near the barn. They see Adam's distant headlights approaching.

The boys all look at one another.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY
(to Wayne)
You recognize the truck?

WAYNE
Could be Bonney.

JIMMY
Could be.

The truck draws near, coasts to a stop.

WAYNE
Check it out?

JIMMY
Yep.

They walk out from the woods into the clearing, head for the truck.

They all appear from the dark lit up by yellow light from the headlights, one after another.

Jimmy holds up his hand, the others stop. He squints, tries to see through the blinding light.

JIMMY
Hey!

No answer. He looks to Wayne, Wayne motions his head onward. They continue. Jimmy reaches the truck first, looks into the open window. There is no one inside.

Jimmy turns to the others, shrugs. They approach without apprehension.

WAYNE
What you got?

JIMMY
Not much of nothing.

Master Adam stands up behind Jimmy.

WAYNE
(to Adam)
Hey!

Jimmy spins around...

FIGHT SCENE

78

EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - BARN - NIGHT - CONT.

78

Shelby walks around the shed like he's seen soldiers do in *Call of Duty*. His gun is gripped with two hands, he looks this way and that.

He reaches a corner, looks around. Doesn't see anyone. He stands at ease, shoves the gun in the back of his pants. Takes another peek in all directions. Once he is satisfied that no one is around he turns toward the shed wall, pulls out his pecker and begins to take a piss against the wall.

BLANCHE

(os)

Hey.

Shelby turns, dick in hand, does his best to zip up.

SHELBY

Oooohh.....

Shelby looks down, realizes he's drizzled piss all down the front of his wranglers. Humiliating.

SHELBY

What the hell you doing here?

Blanche notes the piss stain, but this isn't what bothers her. What bothers her is the gun she saw sticking out of the back of his pants.

BLANCHE

Shelby... why do you have a gun?

Shelby stands awkwardly, not sure how she saw it in the dark.

SHELBY

No reason.

BLANCHE

You need to leave. Okay?

SHELBY

I can't do that. There's gon' be trouble here tonight. But it don't have nothing to do with you. You got a car?

CLICK!

Shelby **HEARS the unmistakable sound of a hammer being pulled into place.** He turns slowly.

(CONTINUED)

Tull stands behind Shelby with a double barrel shotgun raised.

TULL
Real slow. And real careful. Pull
it out and put it on the ground.

Shelby raises his hands.

SHELBY
You gonna shoot me if I don't?

TULL
This ain't no game, Son.

Shelby looks from Tull to Blanche, then back. He reaches quick and pulls the gun, points it at Blanche, she jumps.

SHELBY
(to Blanche)
Don't!

Tull jumps forward, his wise eyes go wide, the first time we have seen fear in this man.

TULL
Hey, now.

Shelby holds the gun steady, his finger on the trigger.

Tull's breathing quickens.

TULL
Point it at me.

SHELBY
You put yours down first.

TULL
Point it at me, dammit.

Shelby stands taller now, proud to have gotten the jump in front of Blanche. He looks at Blanche and sucks at his teeth. He's in control now, and he knows it.

SHELBY
Alright. I guess I might.

Shelby spins around on his heels like a gunslinger, fires off a wild shot.

WIDE SHOT: Instantaneously: Tull, sensing Shelby's turn, squeezes a shot off. His shoulder bucks under the recoil.

(CONTINUED)

Shelby spins in the air and lands with a wallop on the ground squirming. He's hurting too bad to scream. He looks at his shoulder, split open and spewing blood.

Tull takes a step closer, the boy is staring at the broken flesh peaking through his shirt.

SHELBY

He shot me! Hell, he really shot me!

Blanche backs away, horrified. Tull kicks the .38 out into the dirt. He looks up at Blanche.

TULL

Every litter's got its runt, I guess.

He takes another step toward Blanche and then stops, he wobbles on his feet. He sees Blanche's face, follows her stare. He looks down to see a small red dot forming on his shirt. He touches it, looks up.

TULL

Well... what do you know about that?

Tull falls back onto a bail of hay.

Blanche runs towards him.

Tull places a hand over his stomach, the dime-shaped red dot crawls around his finger-tips and grows larger.

BLANCHE

I'll get help.

Tull pulls his hand away, looks down at the blood.

TULL

Don't worry about me. I got him.

Blanche nods.

Shelby is on the ground wincing, he sees the handle of his pistol glinting on the ground before him. He eyes the pistol, then looks up at Tull to see if he's still kicking.

Tull props his shotgun up across his lap.

TULL

I still got one barrel left, I ain't dead yet and mine is bigger than yours. I wouldn't.

Shelby takes a last look at his pistol and then rolls over, clutching his arm in pain.

TULL
(motioning towards the pistol)
You ain't gonna be using that, are
you?

Blanche walks over and picks up the pistol.

TULL
You call somebody. Hear?

Blanche nods, takes off toward the big house.

79 EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT - CONT. 79

Carey reaches the big house. He walks up to the door, twists the handle. The door falls open...

80 INT. BONNEY'S FARM - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT - CONT. 80

Carey steps inside, looks around the kitchen. Makes his way toward the living room.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - NIGHT - CONT. 81

Adam stands in the middle of four of Hogan's boys. They are all moaning. He's hurt them bad.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - NIGHT - CONT. 82

Hogan watches the skirmish from inside his truck, his boot up on the dash. He checks the site on his rifle, lines up his shot, resting his elbow on the steering wheel.

But as he's about to fire, headlights flare up through the passenger window.

Hogan whips around, stares back wide-eyed at the blinding incomer, incredulous, but only for a second. An instant later, the steel-reinforced nose of Bonney's old pickup barrels toward Hogan with bright, blinding force.

(CONTINUED)

HOGAN
Ohhh, shiiiiit!

Hogan covers up.

Bonney stops just short and steps out. He walks to Hogans truck with his shotgun in his hand.

HOGAN
What in the hell do you think you are doi--

Bonney stops him short, he slams the butt of his rifle into Hogans mid-section and cracks him in the jaw. Hogan spins wildly and lands on the ground yelping like a wounded dog.

Bonney approaches, points his shotgun down.

BONNEY
I think it's about time you and I got something straight. This ain't your town. This ain't Mitchell's town.

Hogan coughs, struggles to his hands and knees. Spits blood on the gravel. He rolls over and stares at Bonney, he laughs.

HOGAN
Mitchell's dead, you dumb son-of-a-bitch. Do you even realize what you just did?

BONNEY
Dead?

Hogan laughs, tears up a piece of grass and tosses it at Bonney.

HOGAN
(mumbling)
You poor, stupid, bastard.

He sits up, smiles. Points toward the star on his chest.

HOGAN
(breathless)
You have just accosted a member of the law.

He staggers to his feet, wipes the back of his hand against his bloody teeth. Blood drips down his chin.

(CONTINUED)

HOGAN
 (breathless)
 Assaulting... an officer of the
 law. I believe is what it's called.
 Just when I thought you couldn't
 get no stupider.

Bonney cocks back the other hammer on his double barrel
 shotgun.

HOGAN
 I am the sheriff of Washington
 County now, dammit, and you will
 yield that weapon into my
 possession immediately!

Bonney stands above him, unimpressed.

BONNEY
 You may have the badge. But I got
 the gun.

He bends down and rips the badge off Hogan's lapel. He
 sticks the badge in his back pocket.

BONNEY
 What do you say you and I take a
 little ride?

83 INT. BONNEY'S FARM - BARN - NIGHT - CONT.

83

Adam bursts into the barn, breathless.

Shelby looks up, eyes full of hatred, but gentle as a
 wounded lamb. Tull notes Adam's presence.

TULL
 He ain't dying. Just shot up a
 little.

Adam turns, sees Tull bleeding from his belly.

ADAM
 You okay?

Tull pulls his hand away from the bullet hole, grimaces.
 Looks up.

TULL
 I reckon I'll live.

Adam draws nearer, bends to look at the wound more closely.
 Tull waves him off.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM
You need help.

Tull tries to protest, but winces.

TULL
She went to call for help.

Tull looks up at Adam, their eyes meet. Adam doesn't have to ask who.

ADAM
Where?

TULL
The big house, I think.

Adam turns, heads out of the barn at full steam.

84 EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - BARN - NIGHT - CONT. 84

Four more of Hogan's boys have surrounded the barn.

Adam stands stuck between them and the house. He nods to the first one in line, he strikes.

The second wave begins.

85 INT. BONNEY'S FARM - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT - CONT. 85

Carey walks around Bonney's empty house alone. He sits on the furniture. Picks up trinkets. Feels how soft or not soft the blankets are. Looks at pictures.

CUT TO:

STAIRS

Blanche enters, runs up the stairs.

CUT TO:

BONNEY'S BEDROOM:

Carey is standing next to Bonney's bed. He sees Blanche pass. He turns slowly, watches her run past.

CUT TO:

BATHROOM:

(CONTINUED)

Blanche rushes into the 2nd floor bathroom, she rips open the cabinet.

She searches inside...

CUT TO:

BONNEY'S BEDROOM:

Carey stands in Bonney's bedroom, bathed in moonlight from the open window. He spies a record player.

Carey pulls out a record, takes the cover off, tosses it aside. He places it on the record player. The needle scratches across the surface.

The MUSIC SING OUT through the house.

CUT TO:

BATHROOM:

She reaches inside the medicine cabinet, pulls out the first aid kit.

Blanche looks up, confused.

BLANCHE

Bonney?

CUT TO:

HALLWAY:

Carey walks down the hallway.

CUT TO:

BATHROOM:

She closes the mirror.

Carey is standing behind her.

Blanche sees Carey, she spins and pulls the pistol from the back of her pants. She shoots, hits Carey in the stomach, he is thrown back into the wall. He raises his arm, shoots wildly.

The medicine cabinet mirror behind Blanche explodes, shards of glass fly. Blanche drops her gun, shakes.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - NIGHT - CONT.

86

The gunshots ring out through the night.

Adam turns, his face distraught.

The last goon stumbles toward Adam with one more wild swing. Master Adam punches the goon in his nose and then the throat, he gasps for air, his eyes bulging.

Adam tosses the last goon on his ass. The goon tries to crawl away, Master Adam puts a foot into his backside and kicks him over, finishing him off.

Master Adam turns, looks to the house.

DARRYL

(os)

Where the hell do you think you're going?

Adam turns, the last wave stands in front of him. They walk over their fallen brethren and surround Adam in a circle. Adam looks back over his shoulder toward the house, then back to his last problem.

CUT TO:

87 INT. BONNEY'S FARM - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT - CONT.

87

HALLWAY:

The MUSIC PLAYS ON.

Carey looks down, blood bubbles through the hole in his shirt. He looks up, points his gun at Blanche.

CAREY

Come on.

Blanche turns to look at her gun on the ground.

CAREY

No.

STAIRS

It's too late for her to reach for it. Carey leads her down the hallway, down the stairs, and into the living room.

LIVING ROOM:

(CONTINUED)

Carey falls back into a seat. He points his gun toward the couch, Blanche sits reluctantly.

BLANCHE
Do you work for Mr. Dodd?

CAREY
Who's that?

Blanche blinks in confusion.

BLANCHE
What do you want then?

Carey sighs deeply, bored with the explanation.

CAREY
I came here for him. And you.

BLANCHE
Me?

CAREY
Yes. You're the key.

BLANCHE
The key to what?

Beat.

CAREY
To finding him. And now I have. And you have to die. For something that happened a long time ago. Before you were born.

Blanche shakes her head, not understanding.

Carey turns, really interested now for the first time since he can remember.

CAREY
Do you believe in fate?

BLANCHE
I don't understand. I don't know who you are?

Carey coughs, he yearns for her to understand. His face is turning white, he turns, disregards her question.

CAREY

This is a tacky house. I grew up in
a tacky house.

A stream of silent tears fall from Blanche's face and roll
down her cheeks, hover over her lips and then fall down off
her chin like rain on a lattice.

Carey's intense gaze never wavers.

CAREY

When I was seven years old a man
crawled through my window and put
his hand over my mouth. He said he
was going to cut off my mother's
head and nail her to a tree.

(beat)

I dream about it. Or maybe it was a
dream. I don't remember.

Carey pulls his hand away from his wound for the first time
since sitting, stares at the blood bubble through his shirt.
He brings his hand closer to his face to see.

CAREY

You've killed me.

BLANCHE

I didn't mean to.

CAREY

But you did.

The sureness of the statement, and the realization thereof,
keeps Blanche planted in her seat. Her mouth shut tight, her
eyes bleary.

CAREY

Do you know any songs?

Blanche doesn't answer.

CAREY

You remind me of my mother. I loved
my mother.

BLANCHE

Why are you telling me this?

CAREY

I wanted you to know.

Carey sighs, looks out the window.

(CONTINUED)

CAREY
It's time to go.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - NIGHT - CONT. 88

Adam narrowly escapes the clutches of this last group. His mind is on Blanche, and the battle has been hard won. When the last man falls Adam turns toward the house. The night is not yet won.

89 EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - NIGHT - CONT. 89

Carey pushes Blanche along with his gun pointed at her back. She leads in silence...

SUDDENLY... Blanche stops, turns. Carey stops. Their eyes lock.

BLANCHE
I'm not gonna walk any more.

CAREY
You have to.

BLANCHE
No, I don't.

CAREY
But you do.

Blanche plants her feet in the ground, meets Carey face to face.

CAREY
It's not me that makes you walk.
It's not this.

Carey motions to his gun.

CAREY
It's your belief. That you'll be saved.

BLANCHE
If you're gonna shoot me, just shoot me.

(CONTINUED)

CAREY

It's not that simple. We have to see how it plays out. Come on, you'll see. Now...

(commanding)

Walk.

(patronizing)

Believe.

BLANCHE

He doesn't even know you're here.

CAREY

He will.

90 INT. BONNEY'S FARM - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT - CONT. 90

Adam runs into the house. He SEES:

Blood in every part of the house. He turns, runs outside...

91 EXT. BONNEY'S FARM - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT - CONT. 91

He SEES:

Two lone figures heading toward the dock in the moonlight.

92 EXT. PIER - NIGHT - CONT. 92

Blanche stands on the edge of the pier. Carey stands behind her, his gun pointed at her head.

BLANCHE

(annoyed)

So what do we do now?

CAREY

We wait.

(beat)

It's not far off.

CUT TO:

Master Adam walks silently through the early morning mist.

He appears on the edge of the dock, sees Blanche. Their eyes lock.

Her hair is wind-swept in the soft breeze, stray strands sticking to her cheeks, a by-product of the many tears she's cried on this night like so many nights before.

(CONTINUED)

CAREY
You know why I'm here.

MASTER ADAM
No.

CAREY
Of course, you do. Tell me... Do
you remember her name?

Master Adam struggles to tear his eyes away from Blanche, he looks to Carey.

Their eyes meet, finally: *the darkness and the light.*

MASTER ADAM
Yes, I remember. Too well.

CUT TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

93

INT. SAIGON LIVING ROOM - DAY

93

The whir of spinning vinyl on a turntable. An innocent hand lowers the needle. Hissing. Then the music. Gentle. Melodic.

YOUNG ADAM is curled up by his record player. Listening. Hovering.

The music continues. He is transfixed. Outside, the world writhes, but inside, the boy has found peace.

FROM ABOVE: The boy lies on his back, arms underneath his head. He stares at the ceiling above him. His face is serene, that stoic contentment only love can bring.

He TURNS, WE **PAN LEFT** TO **SEE**:

Anh lying next to him on her side. The deep, dark brown of her eyes giving only a hint of the plunging abyss of adoration hidden in her heart.

ANH
(in Vietnamese)
Say it.

ADAM
(in Vietnamese)
I love you.

(CONTINUED)

ANH
(in Vietnamese)
Say it again.

ADAM
(in Vietnamese)
There is nothing...

94 EXT. ROAD - DAY - CONT.

94

ANH lies facedown in the ditch, her eyes are dead.

ADAM
(OS, in Vietnamese)
Only you...

CU: Adam looks down in horror...

ADAM
(OS, in Vietnamese)
My heart will burn forever.

END FLASHBACK.

95 EXT. PIER - DAWN - CONT.

95

And so it is. The three of them: Carey, Adam and Blanche, all standing back-lit against the moonlight as the sun struggles its way forward through the misty haze of black, not an exhale between them, waiting for what must and will inevitably happen.

MASTER ADAM
(in Vietnamese)
In you... there is only darkness.

Beat.

CAREY
I am the darkness.

Carey unchambers his pistol, spins the revolver.

CAREY
Do you believe in fate?

There are five bullets in the chamber, he drops one out into his hand and tosses it into the ocean. He spins the revolver back into place with a loud, **Click!**

(CONTINUED)

MASTER ADAM

I believe.

Carey pulls up the pistol and points it at her head, before she can scream he squeezes the trigger. Click!

Blanche flinches, her eyes wide.

Carey spins the chamber again, points the gun at Master Adam.

CAREY

Are you ready?

Master Adam nods.

Carey squeezes the trigger. Click!

Carey looks at Adam and smiles, he points the gun at his own head.

CAREY

My turn.

Carey pulls the trigger and his head snaps back and he falls into the water with a splash.

Headlights streak across the boardwalk and Bonney jumps out with his shotgun in his hand.

He jumps out and calls over the water.

BONNEY

We heard shots! Is everyone alright?

Master Adam and Blanche walk down the boardwalk holding one another.

BONNEY

What the hell was that?

MASTER ADAM

Nothing.

BLANCHE

(to Master Adam)

What do we do now?

MASTER ADAM

We live.

They all jump into the truck and drive back off toward the big house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

110.

CROSSFADE to:

Master Adam does his Tai Chi in front of the water.

CUE CREDIT SEQUENCE.