

Anger Always Flowers

By

Justin Murphy

Based On His Novel And His Prequel Novella  
Fear Always Blooms

EXT. PORT OF NEW ORLEANS DAY

GIUSEPPE "GARY" ANTONINI arrives on a ship to NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA. The young Sicilian immigrant sets foot in this new world. Eyes gaze at him all around.

CENSUS TAKER

Alright everyone...come on...

Each of these immigrants move forward into the immigration office. Gary included. None say a word.

INT. IMMIGRATION OFFICE DAY

CENSUS TAKER

What's your name?

This Census taker ask another immigrant this question. No doubt he has an authoritarian voice.

CENSUS TAKER

What part of Sicily do you come from?

Gary hears his tone. Almost rude.

CENSUS TAKER

Go to the end of the line...we'll deal with you later.

He watches his fellow Sicilian. Gary sees him move to the end of the line. This man has tears in his eyes.

INT. INFIRMARY DAY

Gary waits in line. He sees a nurse give another Sicilian immigrant a vaccine injection. Right in the arm with a syringe. Squints his eyes. Gary watches this.

NURSE

You're up next...honey...

Gary does not step forward.

NURSE

Don't worry...I won't bite...

Dips a cotton ball in an alcohol bottle. She dabs it on Gary's arm. Injects him with a different syringe.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE

...see? Now that didn't hurt!

Unfolds a small band-aid. Onto his arm. Covering the injection wound. Gary heads out of here.

INT. IMMIGRATION OFFICE DAY

Gary steps out of the infirmary. He gazes into a chair. There is a book LEARNING ENGLISH FROM A TO Z. Picks it up. Opens it. Begins to read aloud. Sounding each letter.

GARY

Aaaaaaaaaay...

Gazes at the letter "A". Tries to pronounce it.

GARY

...Beeeeeeeeeeeeee...

Now gazes at the letter "B". Repeats the same function.

EXT. BOUCHARD FAMILY PLANTATION DAY

ANGELIQUE BOUCHARD stands here with a few of her friends, her younger sister HANNAH, and her brother HENRI. Both a decade her junior. She gazes into the horizon with wonder.

ANGELIQUE

Someday...a mysterious stranger's  
going to come here from a far away  
land and I'm going to marry him...

Angelique sighs with a deep breath. Her friends and younger siblings start laughing.

FRIEND

You think some tall, dark, knight  
in shining armor is going to sweep  
you off your feet...

This friend of hers places the back of her hand to her forehead. Her other hand to her chest. Mocking Angelique's Southern belle outlook on romance and love.

FRIEND

...you're going to marry another  
local bum from around here in New  
Orleans just like the rest of us!

(CONTINUED)

ANGELIQUE

What was that you little bitch?

Angelique snaps around. Charges toward her friend. Grabs her by the throat. Taking her to the ground immediately.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD

Now what in the hell is going on out here?

Angelique, Hannah, and Henri's father, ROBERT EDWARD LEE "BIG DADDY" BOUCHARD comes out. Pulls them apart.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD

This is not how I've raised my children to act...

Holds Angelique's shoulders.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD

...if you can't act like a proper lady, you can go inside and forget about these friends of yours!

Stands at a distance from his children and their friends. Has made his point.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD

Enough is enough of this shit...am I understood?

Big Daddy Bouchard. A fat, sweaty aristocrat walks back inside. Wears a white suit. Cooling himself with a handkerchief. Watches his daughter through the screen door.

ANGELIQUE

No one will ever tell me who I can or cannot marry.

Turns her attention back to the horizon.

EXT. MOSCA'S NIGHT

A car parks in front of this eatery. A somewhat older, more Americanized Gary Antonini opens the door. Gets out of the driver's seat. He sees a huge wad of money.

ROUGEAU

Here's your fee for tonight...

Mob boss MAURICE ROUGEAU. Well dressed with a fedora hat. Pays him a one hundred dollar bill for his services. Gary pockets it for safe keeping.

(CONTINUED)

ROUGEAU  
...listen...we have a bit of a  
problem...

Gary nods. Walking alongside Rougeau.

ROUGEAU  
...The Ku Klux Klan is rallying on  
our turf pretty soon. I want you  
and several others to back me up.

GARY  
You got it...

ROUGEAU  
Honestly...you need to stop dating  
that Cajun girl...it's bad for  
business!

GARY  
At least she isn't wearing white  
sheets or burning crosses!

Shakes his head at Rougeau.

GARY  
Wait a minute...aren't you a half  
breed?

They gaze at each other. Not too upset. Yet not too pleased  
with each other.

ROUGEAU  
Think about what I said...

Stares at Gary. Waits to see if he understands.

ROUGEAU  
...huh?

Kisses Gary on the cheek. Nods at him.

ROUGEAU  
Remember...if any racists in white  
sheets show up...give the signal.

GARY  
No problem.

Rougeau nods at Gary once more. They both leave Mosca's.  
Head in separate directions.

EXT. KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE KAMELIA LODGE NIGHT

Rougeau walks up to the door of THE KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE KAMELIA lodge. This place looks like a nice wooden pub or tavern. He knocks on the door. It opens.

INT. KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE KAMELIA LODGE NIGHT

He enters. There is a bunch of old white Southern men here. Playing cards. Drinking whiskey. Among other things. One looks at him. Not opposed to him. But not welcoming either.

KLANSMAN

What do you want half breed?

Rougeau looks down. A bit nervous. Does not want to say anything. Looks up. Takes a deep breath.

ROUGEAU

I'm willing to make a deal with you...

KLANSMAN

I'm sorry we don't make no deals with no half nigger Suh-See-Yuhns. Even if he has Cajun blood in him.

Rougeau steps forward a bit more forceful.

ROUGEAU

Listen...I know you want Big Daddy Rougeau out...you feel he's become too much of a family man...

Trying to find the right words.

ROUGEAU

...that he's not devoted to your cause as you would like...

KLANSMAN

Yeah...but how's that any business of yours?

ROUGEAU

I think one of my men is dating his daughter...I can help you bring 'em down...

Nods. More confident.

(CONTINUED)

ROUGEAU  
...while also teaching my guy a  
lesson...

Watches The Klansmen talk amongst themselves. Sees them turn back to him. The Klansman he spoke with gets up. Rougeau waits to be addressed with a response.

KLANSMAN  
What's in it for you?

ROUGEAU  
I'll need sanctuary from the law...

Gulps.

KLANSMAN  
What for?

ROUGEAU  
...there's things I've been  
doing...both my crew and the police  
have been catching up.

The Klansmen talk amongst themselves once more.

KLANSMAN  
Alright...we'll help you...

Approaches Rougeau.

KLANSMAN  
...but you need to help us first...

ROUGEAU  
Got it.

KLANSMAN  
And you better pay up soon!

ROUGEAU  
Oh don't worry...you'll be hearing  
from me shortly...

Leaves the lodge. A smile on his face. It displays a plan at work. Hints at a shred of nervousness he conceals.

INT. BOUCHARD FAMILY DINING ROOM NIGHT

Gary and Angelique sit down with her family. Plates of red beans and rice are served. Yet Gary and Big Daddy Bouchard stare at each other. Mutual dislike. If anything...

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD  
Ain't you one of them  
Suh-See-Yuhns?

GARY  
Yes I am.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD  
So...you're involved in organized  
crime?

Gary drops his fork onto his plate. His eyes widen in anger.

GARY  
I don't see what that has to do  
with anything!

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD  
Are you or are you not one of them  
there mobsters?

Gary gets up from the table, Angelique follow.

ANGELIQUE  
Daddy...

Shoots her father a nasty scowl.

ANGELIQUE  
...what in the hell is wrong with  
you?

INT. BIG DADDY'S DEN NIGHT

Angelique walks Gary into her father's secret work area. She does not want anyone to know they are in here. Has her finger over his lips. Wanting Gary to be quiet.

ANGELIQUE  
Listen...there ARE some things you  
need to see...

Further guiding Gary into the room.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELIQUE  
...they explain why my father is a  
bit of an asshole.

GARY  
A bit?

They both start laughing.

ANGELIQUE  
You may think it's funny now...but  
you won't in a minute.

Points him in the direction of the fireplace. There is  
Confederate flag on the wall above it. A couple of Civil War  
dueling pistols bolted to the mantle below.

ANGELIQUE  
Are you ready to see what's in this  
cabinet?

Gary nods. She opens it up. There are some white robes.  
Swastikas are embroidered directly on them.

EXT. PLANTATION FIELDS NIGHT

Gary and Angelique kiss. Both lay on the ground. Making love  
where no one can see them. His head on her stomach. Her  
blouse partially open. Her abdomen heaves.

ANGELIQUE  
Don't worry about my father...we're  
not all like that...

GARY  
The Klan is expected to trespass on  
our turf...

She bolts into the seated position. He squints his eyes.

ANGELIQUE  
WHAT?

GARY  
I guess I wasn't supposed to say  
that...

She runs her fingers through his hair. Sees his shirt is  
also unbuttoned.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELIQUE  
No big deal...

Kisses him on the lips.

ANGELIQUE  
...for now...we'll enjoy this  
moment.

They both kiss each other's body parts.

ANGELIQUE  
Although I have every intention of  
going there and stopping it if my  
father has plans to hurt you!

Gary pulls away.

GARY  
I can't let you do that...it's  
between your father and I.

Shakes his head.

ANGELIQUE  
I promise I won't get hurt...I'll  
be careful...

GARY  
I...I can't let you do that!

Holds her in his arms.

GARY  
I'm not going to allow you to put  
yourself at risk...

Kisses her on the lips.

GARY  
...just for me.

EXT. MOSCA'S NIGHT

Several members of THE KU KLUX KLAN have gathered. Karge  
crucifixes burning behind them. They wear white sheets.  
Members of THE NEW ORLEANS MAFIA meet them out front.

ROUGEAU  
We don't want any trouble...

(CONTINUED)

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD

There are those of us here in New Orleans who wish to preserve the purity of our white race...

Gary's eyes widen in fear. He recognizes this voice.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD

...we are tired of filthy Sicilian nigger trash intoxicating our land...much less any half breeds!

Gary sees a car pull up. Angelique gets out of it.

GARY

What the...?

Rushes away from the conflict over to Angelique.

GARY

What are you even doing here? I told you not come!

ANGELIQUE

I couldn't allow this to happen...my father is wrong!

GARY

Yeah..but you're also wrong by showing up here!

Big Daddy sees Angelique talking with Gary. His eyes are visible. Even while masked under these robes.

KLANSMAN

Hey, isn't that your daughter?

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD

Well, hell yeah...

Gazes at her. Concerned.

ROUGEAU

Did I just hear him say the Cajun Antonini's dating is the lead Klansman's daughter?

GANGSTER

Yeah...I think I did...

ROUGEAU

Kill her! Don't even flinch!

(CONTINUED)

A handgun aims at Angelique from a distance. This gangster shoots her right in the throat!

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD

Oh no...

Sees what happened.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD

Which one of you pasta eatin' niggers shot my daughter?

Angelique falls into Gary's arms. Grasps her throat as blood drains from it. Big Daddy races to her.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD

Get the hell away from her!

She gasps for air. Her eyes roll back into her head.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD

You're the ones who killed my baby girl!

GARY

She wouldn't have been murdered just now if you hadn't come here!

The two of them still hold Angelique's body.

GARY

I hope each and every one of you burn in hell!

Gazes at fellow members of The New Orleans Mafia. And also The Ku Klux Klan. Stares at Maurice Rougeau and Big Daddy Bouchard in particular. He sees blood.

GARY

Every...single...one...of...you!

Still holds Angelique. He spits in Big Daddy Bouchard's face. Forgiveness is not in his vocabulary.

EXT. ABOVE GROUND CEMETERY DAY

The entire Bouchard clan gathers around Angelique's final resting place. Big Daddy Bouchard, Hannah, and Henri are here. So are many others in attendance.

(CONTINUED)

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD  
I'm so sorry you got caught in the  
middle of this...

Tears stream down his face.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD  
...I was wrong...

Drops to his knees.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD  
...I was so wrong!

Buries his face in the palms of his hand.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD  
And there's no doubt I'm going to  
have to live with this for the rest  
of my life...

A whole new row of tears comes flooding through his eyelids.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD  
...I killed my own daughter!

Walks away from the sarcophagus holding Angelique's remains.

GARY  
I'm here precious...

Stands behind a tree. A far distance from the funeral  
service. He looks on. Tears illuminate his eyes as well.

GARY  
...I know they don't even want me  
here...but that didn't stop me...

Steps away from this tree. Big Daddy Bouchard and the rest  
of Angelique's family pass through here. Gary hides.

GARY  
Now we shall have our time  
together...

Walks over to Angelique's grave. Lays a bouquet of magnolias  
down. They lay on the lid of her sarcophagus.

GARY  
For you...

Pulls out an old music box. Ge winds it up for her. Lays it  
next to the bouquet of magnolias. Holds out his arm. He  
begins dancing with an invisible partner.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

"you are my sunshine...my only  
sunshine...you make me happy when  
skies are gray..."

Closes his eyes

GARY

"...you'll never know dear how much  
I love you..."

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH DAY

The door opens. Rougeau walks in. A bit nervous. He sees a  
PRIEST at the farther end of the church. Walks passed each  
of the pews. Confronts him. Something is wrong here.

ROUGEAU

I'm seeking sanctuary from the  
law...I was told this is a church  
for Klansmen...

Wipes sweat from his forehead with a handkerchief.

PRIEST

It is...

Nods.

PRIEST

...you're awfully dark for a  
Klansman...

ROUGEAU

Listen...I need a place to get  
away...I'm in trouble...

Tugs on the priest's cloth.

PRIEST

Alright...alright...there's a room  
in the back...you can work in the  
soup kitchen...

ROUGEAU

Thank you...thank you...if there's  
ever a way I could repay you...

PRIEST

Just your devotion to The Lord is  
enough...

Waves it off with the stroke of his hand. Walks into the back room. Rougeau follows his path. A lost lamb.

INT. BACK ROOM DAY

Rougeau follows the priest. There are many beds in a row. Each of them with a lamp, nightstand, and a bible next to them. He stands here not making a sound whatsoever.

PRIEST

Here is where you'll be  
staying...there are many others who  
room here as well...

Shrugs.

PRIEST

...in the day...they are often  
either at work or volunteering at  
the soup kitchen...

Nods.

PRIEST

...and you'll be doing that soon  
enough...

ROUGEAU

Good enough for me...

The priest smiles at him.

PRIEST

Of course...it's good enough for  
anyone.

Walks over to one of the nightstands. Grabs a copy of THE HOLY BIBLE. Walks back over to Rougeau. Hands it to him.

PRIEST

All you ever need is the word of  
The Father, The Son, and The Holy  
Spirit at your side...

Pats Rougeau on the shoulder.

EXT. PORT OF NEW ORLEANS DAY

Missionaries board a boat. Rougeau and the priest are among them. They both smile at each other. Rougeau carries his Bible. Looks out at the horizon. Sees the sun.

INT. BOAT DAY

PRIEST

Ready to work with those less fortunate?

ROUGEAU

Oh yes.

Smiles. Looks at a brochure for North Africa.

PRIEST

Sad how many souls in those third world countries have never been touched by the word of Christ...

Rougeau nods.

ROUGEAU

I know.

PRIEST

Let's just hope we can make a difference in their lives...

ROUGEAU

If only...

Does a form of Catholic prayer. Points to his head. Now his heart. Now to both shoulders. Before pointing to his head and heart once more. He is ready for his journey.

PRIEST

Let's see what we can do...

Smiles. The boat starts moving.

PRIEST

...I can see us getting many converts out of this...

EXT. PORT OF NEW ORLEANS DAY

The boat journeys for the mists of the sun. Exiting the port. Heading somewhere far away. It keeps going and going. It becomes nothing more than a blip in the distance.

INT. MOSCA'S DAY

Gary watches TV. It sits above his table. He sees the MISS LONE STAR pageant. There is a beautiful blonde who is being crowned with a Tiara. Given a sash and bouquet of flowers.

PAGEANT HOST

Ladies and gentlemen...this year's  
Miss Lone Star...DIXIE LYNN EWING!

Gary smiles. Taken and mesmerized by her.

GARY

She looks just like Angelique...

WAITER

It's some beauty pageant they're  
airing from Texas...the girls don't  
look half bad...

GARY

You're telling me...

So transfixed and dazed. He does not focus on anything else.

GARY

Wish I could meet her...

WAITER

Just wait...a lot of the  
contestants come here to have  
dinner each year...

GARY

What? A bunch of beauty queens from  
Texas come through some mob  
establishment here in New Orleans?

WAITER

You got it.

Lays bread sticks on a nearby table.

GARY

But don't they know it's Mafia  
connected? Why don't they go to  
some legit place in Texas?

(CONTINUED)

WAITER

Simple...they come here for the mixture of Louisiana Creole and Italian cuisine...

Smiles. Tries to look away from Gary.

GARY

Is that it?

Looks at the waiter. Something he is not being told.

WAITER

A lot of The Mafia guys like you buy them dinner and...well...you know what I mean...

Winks at Gary.

GARY

Oh yeah...

Nods. Catching onto what he means.

GARY

...I'd buy her dinner...

At a later date...

Gary pulls out Dixie Lynn's chair. He sits down. The waiter brings the first course. Oysters and other elements. Such as aperativo drinks and antipasto dishes.

DIXIE LYNN

Thanks for buying me dinner...

Squints her eyes. Concerned.

DIXIE LYNN

...don't you think you should slow down? That's like you're fifth drink...isn't it?

Gary takes another sip of his drink.

GARY

Sorry...it's a habit of mine...

DIXIE LYNN

I can see that...

GARY

So...how did you end up in that  
pageant?

DIXIE LYNN

For a long time...people thought I  
was ugly and thought I would never  
amount to anything...

Gary looks horrified.

GARY

No...that's wrong...

Takes her hand.

GARY

...you are so beautiful..you remind  
me of someone I once knew...

DIXIE LYNN

Tell me about her.

Looks into his eyes. Transfixed by him.

GARY

Angelique was the most beautiful  
woman in the world...she never  
could do anything wrong...

Looks down. Humble.

GARY

...she was taken away from me in an  
act of murder...

DIXIE LYNN

Oh no...

Their eyes lock for a moment.

DIXIE LYNN

I've been on the pageant circuit  
ever since I was eighteen...hope to  
do some modeling down the road...

Smiles. Changes the subject.

GARY

I'd like to get to know you more...

INT. NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

Gary and Dixie Lynn enjoy the nightlife. Strobe lights. Disco music everywhere. They are on the dance floor. Enjoying the night away with other couples here.

GARY

Had no idea a Texas beauty queen  
could dance like that.

They both dance and laugh.

DIXIE LYNN

You've never seen me dance before!

Laughs.

GARY

Did I ever tell you how beautiful  
you look?

DIXIE LYNN

Yeah...at that restaurant...

Gary smiles. He walks toward her. She does the same. They move closer toward each other. Gary takes her hands. They wrap their arms around each other. They share a kiss.

DIXIE LYNN

Wow...

Pulls away. Big smile on her face. Has no idea whether to be astonished or embarrassed. She is starry eyed right now.

DIXIE LYNN

...isn't this moving a bit fast?

GARY

Come on...let's sit down...

Takes her hand. They go to a table.

DIXIE LYNN

Thank you...

Gary pulls out a chair for her. A waiter brings over a couple drinks. She takes one. He sits in the other chair.

Sees Gary pull out a bottle of Jack Daniels. Pouring it into his drink. Raises the glass to her. Drinks it.

Later...

(CONTINUED)

DIXIE LYNN

What are you doing?

There are a few lines of cocaine in front of her. She scoops a line with half a razor blade. The cocaine on his side of the table is disorganized and messy.

She snorts it up her nose. A rolled up dollar bill in hand. Gary has coke plastered around his nose. Neither seem to get enough of this. He snorts the small bit around his nostril.

DIXIE LYNN

Oh gee...another drink? And besides...don't you feel you're doing a little too much coke?

Gary sips the next drink the waiter brings him.

GARY

So...what's the big deal?

DIXIE LYNN

I'm just doing a small bit and hanging out with friends...you're acting like a full blown junkie!

Gary still snorts residue powder from around his nose.

DIXIE LYNN

Look at you...it's embarrassing!

Still has half a razor blade in her hand. Two lines of cocaine remain in front of her. Yet she is on a high horse.

GARY

You're one to talk.

Points to the lines in front of her.

DIXIE LYNN

At least I'm not overdoing it.

Gary laughs. Kind of ironic. Even though she has a point.

GARY

Talk to me when you stop doing lines.

INT. GARY AND DIXIE LYNN'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Gary is asleep. Tossing and turning. Making noise. He screams and wakes up. Dixie Lynn is next to him. Holds him. Petting him. Their wedding photo is on the nightstand.

DIXIE LYNN  
Did you have another bad dream?

GARY  
No doubt.

Wipes the sweat from his face.

DIXIE LYNN  
About her?

GARY  
You bet...

Holds her close. Runs his fingers through her hair.

GARY  
...just glad you're here safe with  
me...Angelique...

Dixie Lynn pulls away from him. Gets off the bed. Rises to her feet. A scowl on her face. Sick of this aspect of their relationship. She will have no more of this.

DIXIE LYNN  
Good god...when are you going to  
get it?

Shakes her head.

DIXIE LYNN  
You have me wear her old clothes  
...you get me to style my hair like  
her...why?

Frustrated and confused. Holding her arms out.

DIXIE LYNN  
When are you going to accept that  
I'M NOT ANGELIQUE?

Gary lies in bed. Withdraws from her. Turns back around.

DIXIE LYNN  
Honey...I'm sorry...

Climbs in bed after him.

(CONTINUED)

DIXIE LYNN

I shouldn't have brought that up...

Wraps her arms around him. He ignores her.

DIXIE LYNN

Come on...don't be like that...

Kisses his shoulder. Lays her head on his.

DIXIE LYNN

...don't be angry...

Grabs his arm.

DIXIE LYNN

...I'm here.

No response from Gary. Rises up in the bed.

DIXIE LYNN

What's with you?

Slaps his arm.

DIXIE LYNN

First you try to comfort me because you think I'm Angelique...then you ignore me because I'm not her?

Sits on the bed.

DIXIE LYNN

Why are you so messed up? Why can't we have a normal marriage? We can't even have children because of you!

Bites her lip.

DIXIE LYNN

Why?

Grabs the wedding photo from the nightstand.

DIXIE LYNN

I would do anything for you...but it seems like you won't return the favor unless I remind you of her...

Wipes a tear from her eye.

INT. MOSCA'S NIGHT

Gary walks through the doors. Heads for the table where he first saw Dixie Lynn in the Miss Lone Star Pageant on TV. He sits down. Hanging his head. Sees the same waiter.

WAITER

I'm sorry you two divorced...

GARY

Yeah...six years and we just weren't happy together...

Does not even look at the waiter. Shrugs.

WAITER

What are you going to do?

Gary stares at the TV.

GARY

I don't know...maybe I'll have a drink?

Waiter gets in his face. Hopes to get his attention.

WAITER

Look...I've always known you've liked a little extra bourbon with your food...but all this week...

Shaking his head.

WAITER

...I've seen you come here every night ordering one drink after another and causing a scene...

Leans toward Gary.

WAITER

...I often keep quiet about these things...I think you might have a problem...you need help...

GARY

Don't you tell me I need to go to some AA meeting...who in the hell do you even think you are?

WAITER

We've been friends for years...but I can't serve you if you're going to be drunk and belligerent...

(CONTINUED)

Backs away from Gary.

GARY

Where do you get off? After all the years we've known each other...

WAITER

I know...

Nods.

WAITER

...but you need some serious help.

Gary jumps from the seat. Lunges at the waiter.

GARY

Look...I'll eat wherever I want...I choose to eat here...

Everyone in the restaurant looks at him.

WAITER

You need to go...you're causing too much trouble...

Points with his index finger toward the door.

WAITER

Please show him out...

GARY

You can go to hell for all I care...hey!

Two men dressed in suits grab Gary's arms. Pull him out of the chair. Start dragging him away from the table.

GARY

Hey! Back it off!

Kicks one of the doormen while the other carries him out. This one grabs his leg. Helps force him out of Mosca's.

GARY

Hey!

The waiter looks on as this happens. Disappointed.

INT. BAR DAY

Gary sits at a stool having a drink. No doubt getting sloshed. A man who looks familiar stands next to him. Closing his eyes and shaking his head. It is Henri.

GARY  
Wait a minute...aren't you  
Angelique's brother?

HENRI  
Yeah...it's me...

Sits on the stool next to Gary.

HENRI  
...you're beating yourself up  
pretty bad here...

The bartender holds out a glass. Offering Henri a drink. Waves it off. Shakes his head. Does not want it.

HENRI  
Would this have anything to do with  
my sister's death...by any chance?

GARY  
She was the most beautiful women I  
ever met...then I watched her  
die...I know I caused it...

HENRI  
My sister went there of her own  
free will...to stop The Mafia and  
The KKK...it was her choice...

Smiles. Puts his hand on Gary's shoulder.

HENRI  
You tried to save her...remember?  
You tried to talk her out of being  
there...it wasn't your fault...

Gary sulks in his beer. Not listening.

GARY  
It was my fault for being  
there...and in The Mafia to start  
with...there's no denying that...

HENRI  
And there's no denying it was Big  
Daddy's fault for being a Klansman  
and organizing that rally...

(CONTINUED)

Locks eyes with Gary.

HENRI

...my sister was guilty for being  
in the wrong place at the wrong  
time...you have to see it...

Waves his hand in front of his eyes. Illustrating his point.

GARY

Let's not forget who ordered her  
the trigger to be pulled...

HENRI

Oh I remember...

Compassion and forgiveness fades from his face.

HENRI

...I've never forgotten him...

Shakes his head. Cups his hand to his mouth before moving  
it. Still angry over the exact culprit in her murder.

HENRI

You need to move on and put this  
behind you...I've done that. It  
wasn't easy...but I'm doing better.

GARY

How?

HENRI

With this...

Pulls an Alcoholics Anonymous chip out of his pocket.

HENRI

I'd be willing to sponsor you at  
our meetings...

Hands the chip to Gary. He looks at it.

GARY

I'm not sure it's a good idea...

HENRI

If you change your mind...let me  
know...

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH DAY

Gary and Henri stand out here. A very religious and holy structure. The crossing point for their sobriety. Gary stares. Not a saying a word. Henri's hand on his shoulder.

HENRI  
There's nothing scarier than your  
first step...

Henri heads for the church. Gary remains here.

HENRI  
...come on...

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT DAY

Gary and Henri are now seated amongst others in the group. Gary gets to his feet. He looks at all of them. Henri nods. He turns back to the group. Gary takes a deep breath.

GARY  
Hi...I'm Gary and I'm an  
alcoholic...I've only been sober  
for a few days...

Looks out at the rest of the group. Does not know how to continue. Gets a nod from the group moderator.

GARY  
...I took my first drink when my  
girlfriend was murdered...I tried  
to save her...

Sits back down.

GARY  
...but it was too late.

Wipes a tear from his eye. Lets out a deep sigh. A huge weight is coming off his shoulder. Both sad and relieved.

GARY  
I was married to a beautiful woman  
for six years...did everything I  
could to screw that up...

Smiles.

GARY  
...did everything I could to make  
her like the dead girlfriend...we  
both did drugs...she had enough...

(CONTINUED)

Shrugs.

GARY

Now she's sober and going for her  
real estate license...

MODERATOR

Is she the reason for your newfound  
sobriety?

GARY

Nah...we divorced...but a good  
friend convinced me to be here...

Smiles and nods at Henri.

MODERATOR

The fact you're here is what's  
important...

Gary remains seated and attentive.

MODERATOR

...in recovery...we try to get to  
the root of the problem...

Gary laughs.

GARY

I already know what the root of my  
problem is...no one's paying for  
her murder...

MODERATOR

Do you know who killed her?

GARY

Yes...

Nods.

GARY

...last I understood "he found God"  
and is doing missionary work in  
North Africa...

Shrugs.

GARY

...have no idea if that's even  
true.

EXT. HANNAH'S FRONT PORCH DAY

Gary and Henri walk up. Henri knocks on the door. Gary has his hands in his pockets. Hannah opens it. She holds a baby. Her husband GABRIEL COLLINS stands next to her.

HANNAH

Oh my god...is it really you?

GARY

Yeah.

Pulls his Alcoholics Anonymous chip out of his pocket. Holds it up for Hannah and Gabriel to see. Smiles at him.

GARY

So...you're a mother now?

Smiles at the baby. Makes faces. Tickles with his finger.

HANNAH

I'd like you to meet my husband...

GABRIEL

Hi...

GARY

How are you doing?

They shake hands.

GABRIEL

You mean this is the guy who was involved with your sister?

Turns to Hannah. Whispers this.

HANNAH

Shh...

Whispers this to him in return. Gently grabs his arm. Turns him around to face Gary and Henri. The meeting is awkward.

HANNAH

We're about to start dinner...would you like to come in?

Smiles at Gary.

GARY

Yeah...I would.

Smiles and nods in return.

INT. KITCHEN DAY

Gary, Henri, and Gabriel sit around the table. Gary bounces the baby on his knee. Puts him in the high chair. Hannah brings over a huge pot of red beans and rice.

GARY  
Mmmm....smells good!

Hannah dips the red beans and rice into each of their plates. She dips out some in the baby's plate. And at last, some for herself. She sits down. Everyone has a plate full.

HANNAH  
So Henri has been sponsoring you in AA?

GARY  
Right.

Hannah smiles.

HANNAH  
I'm just glad we're speaking again and the past is behind us...

Takes a bite of her red beans and rice. All smiles.

GARY  
Almost...

Also takes a bite. Something is on his mind.

GARY  
...one more thing needs to be taken care of...

Holds up his index finger. Nods at Hannah.

GABRIEL  
What's that?

Gary, Henri, and Hannah give him a dirty look.

HANNAH  
Do you honestly need to ask?

EXT. ABOVE GROUND CEMETERY DAY

THIRTY YEARS LATER, an older Gary with gray hair is dancing around with an invisible partner near Angelique's grave. With a new bouquet of magnolias laying on her sarcophagus.

GARY

"...please don't take my sunshine away..."

The music box lays next to the bouquet of magnolias on the lid of her sarcophagus. He picks it up before heading away from her grave after it is finished playing.

GARY

I'll see you again precious...

Starts to walk away.

GARY

...very soon...I promise...

Goes over to his truck at the edge of the cemetery.

GARY

Let's see...how much do we have?

Looks in the back of the truck and sees the bags of Halloween candy he bought. Picking up one of the bags, he holds and tosses it in his hand before putting it back down.

GARY

Yeah...we've got quite a bit here...

Opens the door to his truck. Gets into the driver's seat. Cranks up the engine and drives away from the cemetery.

INT. HANNAH'S LIVING ROOM DAY

Gary brings in the Halloween candy for Angelique's sister Hannah. Now a widowed middle aged mother. The kids are running around and playing as Hannah gets things in order.

HANNAH

So you've got everything?

Gets up from the couch. She sews one of her kids' costumes before getting up and looking through the Halloween candy. A big smile spreads across her face right now.

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH

Yep!

She gets takes the Halloween candy as they walk into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN DAY

Hannah puts the Halloween candy right on the counter. Gary checks on a dish of red beans and rice here at the stove. Takes a large spoon. TRIES it out as it still cooks

HANNAH

Why are you warming that on my stove anyway?

GARY

For The Day of The Dead...

HANNAH

Oh please...why do people even celebrate that?

GARY

To honor the spirits...why else?

Hannah laughs at this. Smiles at him.

HANNAH

You know...I just want to thank you for all you've done...

Moves closer and touches his arm.

HANNAH

...you've been a big help since Gabriel died.

Gary smiles back.

GARY

No problem...he was a good man.

Stirs the pot containing red beans and rice.

GARY

...if only your sister and I had the chance to marry...

Shrugs and nods at her.

(CONTINUED)

GARY  
...but either way...you're still  
family...

Hannah shrugs with a nod of her own.

HANNAH  
...it's also been almost thirty  
years since Daddy passed away from  
cancer...

Gazes at his portrait in the hallway.

HANNAH  
...he got it not long after she  
died. He felt so guilty...he didn't  
have the will to live.

Gary does not seem to care.

GARY  
Well...considering the role he  
played her death...he had it  
coming!

HANNAH  
What is THAT supposed to mean?

Turns around. Snaps back at him.

GARY  
If it wasn't for him and The  
Klan... she wouldn't have been  
there in the first place!

HANNAH  
Isn't a certain mob boss you worked  
under the one who ordered the hit  
on her? You're one to talk!

Almost tries to leave the room.

GARY  
You sure you don't want to try  
this? It's really good!

She turns back around.

GARY  
Come on...we can't change the past,  
right?

Takes the spoon from Gary. Samples from the pot of red beans  
and rice.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

See? Can I cook Cajun or what?

HANNAH

Like no other Sicilian I know...

Gary stirs the pot further.

HANNAH

...too bad we don't get that for dinner.

GARY

Trust me...

Smiles when he says this.

GARY

...we'll be having bites of this soon enough!

EXT. LOCAL TELEVISION STATION DAY

A now gray haired Maurice Rougeau walks through this area with a copy of THE HOLY BIBLE in one hand. He carries a sizable object covered in a black sheet with the other.

CAMERAMAN

Are you ready for your first broadcast...Father?

ROUGEAU

Ready as our Lord wants me to be...

Walks through the doors.

INT. LOCAL TELEVISION STATION DAY

Rougeau sits down in an armchair. Is fitted with a microphone on his lapel by an assistant. The lights and cameras are now being setup for his inaugural broadcast.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)

You're on the air in five...four...three..two...

The red light on the camera appears.

ROUGEAU

Hello my children and welcome to The Evangelical Hour...

(CONTINUED)

Smiles at the camera.

ROUGEAU  
...I am Father Maurice Rougeau.

Holds up his copy of The Holy Bible.

ROUGEAU  
What I want to talk with all of you  
about today is the moral of  
forgiveness...

Smiles at the camera.

ROUGEAU  
...we all have secrets or bad  
things we have done in our past...

Puts his copy of The Holy Bible down on the table. His right  
hand covers it.

ROUGEAU  
...you have done wrong and I have  
done wrong...

His gaze from the camera does not waver.

ROUGEAU  
...what is important is how we  
forgive others and they forgive  
us...

Stares at the red light on the camera. Speaking in a soft  
conversational tone.

ROUGEAU  
...most of all, how we forgive  
ourselves.

Nods his head.

ROUGEAU  
And yes...I know it's not easy to  
forgive...

The entire camera crew watches him in awe.

ROUGEAU  
...there are acts such as murder  
that can never truly be forgiven...

Remains focused on the camera.

ROUGEAU  
...but it is true you can forgive  
the people who commit those acts...

Smiles.

ROUGEAU  
...we need to short break...we will  
discuss more about the power of  
forgiveness when we return...

Sees the red light on the camera. It flickers.

ROUGEAU  
...now a short moment with someone  
who has been touched by the word of  
our Lord...

The red light flickers off.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)  
And we're out!

EXT. HANNAH'S FRONT PORCH DAY

Hannah walks onto the front porch. Checks the mailbox. There is a flyer inside she pulls out. There is a drawing of a church on it. She opens the door and goes inside.

INT. HANNAH'S LIVING ROOM DAY

Still looking at it. Hannah squints her eyes. Puzzled. Gary sees her. Comes up to her. Look at it also. Something is strange about it. He looks at the address at the bottom.

GARY  
Why does this place seem familiar?

Hannah takes the flyer. Looks it over once more.

HANNAH  
Isn't this the old Klan lodge Big  
Daddy used to go to?

GARY  
You mean that dump where The KKK  
used to build crosses before  
putting in front of restaurants?

Smirks. Hannah ignores.

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH

But who'd be starting a church in a place like that after all the bad things it stood for?

GARY

Maybe Henri knows something?

Pulls out cellphone. Dials it.

GARY

Hey...you know anything about a church being built at the site of your Pop's old Klan lodge?

HENRI (O.S.)

No I don't...

GARY

You sure?

Looks at the flyer once more.

GARY

Is there a way you can come over to Hannah's for a second?

Listens for his answer.

HENRI

Not at the moment...I'll be at Mosca's later tonight...

Hannah shrugs at him.

GARY

Well...I'll meet you there and we'll talk about it then...alright?

HENRI

Sounds good...

GARY

I'll see you then...

Smiles and nods.

HENRI

Alright...

Hangs up the cellphone.

INT. DIXIE LYNN EWING REALTY DAY

A much older and settled down Dixie Lynn sits at her desk. Looking over paperwork. A receptionist jots down things on a notepad. They both smile. So happy and upbeat.

RECEPTIONIST

So...tell me about this date you're going on...

DIXIE LYNN

He's just an old friend...that's all.

Gets up. Goes to the display window. Checks on the flowers.

RECEPTIONIST

Is he someone I know?

Looks excited. Wants to hear more.

DIXIE LYNN

I don't think so...this is a man I knew years ago...

Walks away from the flowers in the display window.

RECEPTIONIST

Can you tell me a little more about him?

Dixie Lynn turns around. Smiles.

DIXIE LYNN

Now that wouldn't be much fun...would it?

Sits back down at her desk.

DIXIE LYNN

Still have a few hours 'til I need to get ready.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh that's right...you have a meeting with Father Maurice Rougeau in about an hour...

Checks the appointment in the datebook.

DIXIE LYNN

Yeah I know...about the megachurch we're developing...

(CONTINUED)

RECEPTIONIST

I know it's not my place...but  
don't you find those televangelists  
a bit phony?

DIXIE LYNN

No denying it...but it makes us  
money!

Receptionist shrugs and nods.

RECEPTIONIST

I've watched some of his  
broadcasts...he seems a  
bit...creepy...

Moving her hand around. Trying to find the right words.

DIXIE LYNN

Don't like him much either...and  
there is something strange about  
him...can't put my finger on it...

Shakes her head.

DIXIE LYNN

...I don't know...I try to keep in  
mind it's a business deal...he'll  
be out of our hair soon enough...

RECEPTIONIST

True...the sooner the better,  
right?

Shrugs. Takes notes.

DIXIE LYNN

Exactly.

Looks at an old framed photo. It is her as Miss Lone Star.  
It sits next to a coffee mug. Features the Texas state flag.

INT. LOCAL TELEVISION STATION DAY

Rougeau steps off the set. Moves behind the camera. Grabs a  
glas of water. Holds his head up. Gargles. Swallows. Lowers  
his head. Turns to the cameraman. Smiles.

CAMERAMAN

You're doing great Father!

(CONTINUED)

ROUGEAU

Believe me...it'll be great once  
The Day of The Dead is outlawed  
here in New Orleans!

Rougeau makes it back to the armchair. He sits down. Faces the camera. The cameraman holds microphone connected to the earpiece of his headset. He waits for instructions.

CAMERAMAN

We're back on in  
five...four...three..two...

Points at Rougeau with his index finger. The red light comes on.

ROUGEAU

A testimonial from one in our  
congregation who was transformed by  
the power of forgiveness...

Gazes over at the object on the table. Still covered by a black sheet.

ROUGEAU

...now I want to reveal some news  
of our impending place of worship  
now in its formative stages...

Rises from the armchair. Walks over to the table. Removes the black sheet.

ROUGEAU

I plan on opening a megachurch here  
in New Orleans.

The object reveals itself to be a large scale model of this megachurch. It more resembles a large sports arena or shopping mall. Not a true and humble place of worship.

ROUGEAU

While we have partial starting  
funds...we are going to need your  
help...

Points with his index finger.

ROUGEAU

...at this toll free number at the  
bottom of the screen...you can make  
donations and help us out...

Nods at the camera.

ROUGEAU

...I have a physical location all  
picked out. A nice open field on  
which to build this.

Places his hand on the edge of this large scale model.

ROUGEAU

At this megachurch...all of you in  
my congregation shall gather with a  
larger portion of New Orleans...

Folds his fingers into each other as they assemble a  
prayer formation. He now holds his hands below his lips.

ROUGEAU

...and together we shall rejoice in  
the miracle of forgiveness...

INT. HANNAH'S LIVING ROOM DAY

Not yet dressed for his date. Gary sits down with a glass of  
cranberry soda. In front of the television set. Grabs the  
remote. He starts flipping the channels.

HANNAH

You're still not ready?

GARY

Oh please...I still have an hour or  
two...

Hannah looks confused.

HANNAH

I thought you were checking the red  
beans and rice one last time before  
you left...

GARY

I'll check it before I go, which I  
will, but didn't say I was going  
right now...

Shakes her head.

HANNAH

You Sicilians are so laid back...

GARY

I know...I know...

(CONTINUED)

Laughs a bit. Flips to a channel using the remote. The person on this station looks very familiar. He gets up from the couch to see if can get a closer look.

GARY  
SON OF A BITCH!

All of the anger in this world shoots through his system, Crushes his glass of cranberry soda. The beverage pours onto the carpet It mixes with blood dripping from his hand.

GARY  
Do you see who this is?

HANNAH  
Are you alright...are you  
alright...let me see!

Checks the cut on his hand. Gary still holds broken glass.

GARY  
But do you see him...?

Hannah gazes at the television set.

HANNAH  
Oh yeah...I remember that face...

Lips curl into an intense frown.

HANNAH  
...no matter how much gray hair and  
wrinkles he has now.

Gary still fixates on the television set. Hannah gets some antibiotics. Sprays them on his hand before wrapping it in a bandage. Now assembles the broken glass.

HANNAH  
Are you sure you're going to be  
okay for your date?

GARY  
Don't worry about it...I'll be  
fine...

The remote is still in his hand. Pauses Hannah's DVR on the image of Maurice Rougeau. The very mafia boss he worked for years ago. The one who ordered Angelique's death.

GARY  
What about the kids?

Hannah comes back with a hand held vacuum cleaner. She takes it to the floor. Starts sopping up the mixture of his blood and cranberry soda he spilled just now.

HANNAH

Oh they're fine...they're busy playing around until it's time to go...

GARY

Well, don't you think you should head out? I mean the sun's going down,...you better hurry...

Points toward the window. She nods.

HANNAH

Screw it...you're right!

Opens the door to the next room. Pokes her head in.

HANNAH

Get your trick or treating bags, it's time to go!

Turns back and faces Gary.

HANNAH

Don't worry about that...it'll dry...

Gazes at the stain on the floor.

HANNAH

Are you sure you're going to be okay?

GARY

Are you?

Hannah nods at him as she opens the door and lets the kids out.

HANNAH

I'll be fine.

Finishes escorting the kids out of the house with an angry scowl on her face.

INT. LOCAL TELEVISION STATION DAY

Rougeau meets a real estate agent who arrives. It is Dixie Lynn. They smile at each other. He now extends his arm out. Showing her the large scale model of his megachurch.

DIXIE LYNN  
Wow...is this it?

Gazes at the model. Her eyes beam with a smile.

ROUGEAU  
How much will it cost to pull this  
off?

The enthusiastic look on Dixie Lynn's face turns sour.

DIXIE LYNN  
This seems more than a tad  
expensive...

Shrugs her shoulders.

DIXIE LYNN  
...it's a bit extravagant for my  
budget. It wouldn't hurt for you to  
downsize...

The look on Rougeau's face also declines into a scowl.

DIXIE LYNN  
...aren't churches supposed to be a  
lot more humble than this  
monstrosity? I mean...look at it!

ROUGEAU  
Monstrosity, huh?

Tone in his voice becomes a bit hostile.

ROUGEAU  
Who in God's name do you think you  
are to insult my vision like this?

Approaches her.

DIXIE LYNN  
I'm only trying to help your vision  
reach its true potential...

A bit of concern in her voice. Almost fearful.

(CONTINUED)

DIXIE LYNN  
...and the best way of achieving  
that right now, from what I can  
see, is to simplify this design.

Distancing herself from him.

DIXIE LYNN  
I have another engagement...

Heads toward the exit.

DIXIE LYNN  
...call me once you've crafted a  
smaller model for something we can  
afford.

INT. MOSCA'S NIGHT

Gary sits at a table. Finally dressed in a suit and tie. A hurried yet well dressed Dixie Lynn makes her way over to the table. Sits down. Both smile at each other.

DIXIE LYNN  
I know I'm running late...I was  
seeing a client...

GARY  
No problem...here you go...

Hands her a bouquet of magnolias. She notices his bandaged hand. Does not seem too pleased by this gesture at all.

DIXIE LYNN  
I see...

Reluctantly takes them.

DIXIE LYNN  
...even years after our divorce,  
you still brought me HER favorite  
flowers.

Shrugs his shoulders. Tries to laugh about it.

GARY  
Oh that's right I forgot, you  
prefer yellow roses and  
bluebonnets, being a Texas girl...

Dixie Lynn smiles at him.

(CONTINUED)

DIXIE LYNN

But I'm proud of you for staying  
sober though...

Raises his glass of iced tea to her.

GARY

Well, thank you.

Puts his glass down back on the table.

GARY

So, can you tell me about this  
client of yours?

DIXIE LYNN

He's one of those phony  
televangelists who asks for money  
on TV...

Shakes her head.

DIXIE LYNN

...he wants me to invest in this  
coliseum sized thing he calls a  
megachurch...

Waves her hand in midair out of disbelief.

DIXIE LYNN

...anyway, I told him to downsize  
and we can try something more  
affordable.

Hands him a pamphlet with a photo-realistic character sketch  
of Maurice Rougeau. His eyes widen in anger.

DIXIE LYNN

This is him, you've probably seen  
him on TV at least once...

Gary trembles. Shudders at the very sight of this man. One  
who ruined his life. And their marriage.

DIXIE LYNN

What's wrong?

GARY

This is the son of a bitch who  
killed my precious Angelique!

DIXIE LYNN

WHAT?

Widens her eyes.

DIXIE LYNN

You mean...

GARY

Yes.

So fazed by the image on the pamphlet. He cannot focus on her.

DIXIE LYNN

But how...

GARY

Remember how I said she was  
shot in a run in between The New  
Orleans Mafia and The Ku Klux Klan?

Dixie Lynn nods.

DIXIE LYNN

Yeah and you were a mafia  
underling...

GARY

I worked under this bastard right  
here!

Taps the sketch of Rougeau on the pamphlet.

GARY

...this son of a bitch was a mob  
boss and he's still getting away  
with murder...

Dixie Lynn now has her hand over her mouth.

DIXIE LYNN

Oh my god...I don't know what to  
say...

Has tears in her eyes.

DIXIE LYNN

For years, I've blamed you for the  
end of our marriage, but I'm the  
one who did something wrong...

INT. LOCAL TELEVISION STATION NIGHT

Rougeau looks over some paperwork. All of a sudden, Dixie Lynn storms into the corner office. One he has set up here on the set. A desk, a chair, and laptop.

DIXIE LYNN

Were you in charge of The New Orleans Mafia years ago?

ROUGEAU

Yes...I ran a small crew...but that's all in the past now. Why are you asking this?

Backs away from her.

DIXIE LYNN

Were you or your crew involved in the death of a woman named Angelique Bouchard?

Rougeau remains silent.

DIXIE LYNN

I was married to one of your underlings, Gary Antonini, for six years...

Comes after him. Her index finger pointed at him.

DIXIE LYNN

...and he never got over it!

Tears form in her eyes.

DIXIE LYNN

Not only did I have to endure his drinking, but I was compared to Angelique throughout our marriage!

Gets in his face.

DIXIE LYNN

He also had nightmares about your murdering her every single night... we could never make love...

Holds back an even larger row of tears.

DIXIE LYNN

...because of what you did we weren't able to have children...

(CONTINUED)

Tears now pouring down.

DIXIE LYNN  
YOU RUINED HIS LIFE AND I HATE YOUR  
GUTS FOR IT!

She wipes the tears from her eyes.

DIXIE LYNN  
Whatever happens to you in life...I  
honestly hope you burn in hell!

Gazes at the large scale model of his megachurch.

DIXIE LYNN  
You think I'm going to work with  
you after what Gary revealed to me?

She throws the large scale model of Rougeau's megachurch off  
the table. It lands across the room.

DIXIE LYNN  
Take your broadcasts, your messages  
of forgiveness, this megachurch,  
and shove it all up your ass!

Heads toward the exit.

DIXIE LYNN  
Maybe you can pray for a miracle,  
because soliciting those donations  
aren't going to cut it!

She turns around to leave. Rougeau grabs her by the arm.

ROUGEAU  
You're a feisty little bitch,  
aren't you?

Gets in her face. She does not back down.

ROUGEAU  
I like that in a woman, but I'm not  
going to tolerate any disrespect...

Holds up a magnolia.

ROUGEAU  
...disrespect a man of the cloth  
and bad things can happen...

Shoves a small blade through one of its petals.

ROUGEAU  
Understand?

Dixie Lynn slowly nods her head.

DIXIE LYNN  
Yes...

Eyes widen.

DIXIE LYNN  
...I understand just fine....

She leaves through the exit.

ROUGEAU  
You'll never escape me...

Smile spreads across his face.

ROUGEAU  
...oh no you won't...

Picks off the remains of the severed petal.

ROUGEAU  
...I'd rather kill everyone close  
to your heart.

Grabs the cellphone. Dials a number.

ROUGEAU  
You know where the office of Dixie  
Lynn Ewing Realty is?

Paces around the room.

ROUGEAU  
Take the stone from my shoe...she's  
becoming a problem for us...

Hangs up the cellphone. Puts it back in his pocket.

INT. DIXIE LYNN EWING REALTY DAY

The receptionist sees a few men walk in. They look tough.  
Well dressed in suits. She smiles at them. They come closer.  
Smile is big and bright. They have a more serious tone.

RECEPTIONIST  
May I help you?

(CONTINUED)

HITMAN #1  
We're looking for Dixie Lynn  
Ewing...

RECEPTIONIST  
You can see she's not in right  
now...would you like to sit down  
and wait 'til she comes back...

Holds out her hand. Pointing to a few chairs here in the  
office. These men look at the seats before turning around.

RECEPTIONIST  
...or would you like to leave her  
message and have her contact you  
when she is able?

Hitman #2 pulls out a switchblade.

HITMAN #1  
Where is Dixie Lynn Ewing?

Gets in her face.

RECEPTIONIST  
I told you...she's out...now if you  
just wait or leave a message...I'll  
make sure she gets back with you...

Hitman #2 flicks it open.

HITMAN #1  
I don't think so...

Hitman #2 holds the switchblade. Walks behind her.

RECEPTIONIST  
What do you people want?

Hitman #2 yanks her by the hair. Holds the swtchblade to her  
throat. Her eyes widen in fear. Breathes heavily.

HITMAN #1  
I'm going to ask you one last  
time...where...is...Dixie...Lynn  
Ewing?

RECEPTIONIST  
I'm not telling you anything...

Later...

Dixie Lynn arrives. Sees her receptionist's head lying on her desk in a pool of her own blood. Moves closer. Checks her pulse. Tears in her eyes. They widen.

DIXIE LYNN

Oh no...

Pulls out her cellphone. Starts dialing.

DIXIE LYNN

Wait...that's right...getting the police involved only makes a Mafia situation worse....

Stops dialing. Sees the pamphlet for Maurice Rougeau's megachurch on the receptionist's desk near her body.

DIXIE LYNN

Gary!

Resumes dialing.

INT. HANNAH'S LIVING ROOM DAY

The sun is rises. Gary sleeps on Hannah's couch. His cellphone rings. bolts up wide awake as a result. Dixie Lynn's name is on the Caller ID. Answers it.

GARY

Hi...wh....?

Smiles. happy to receive the call. Yet is now confused0

DIXIE LYNN (O.S.)

I'm here at my real estate office and I'm afraid to call the police...

GARY

Why? What's wrong?

Eyes widen in concern.

DIXIE LYNN

I just arrived and I've locked myself in a backroom...

GARY

Yeah, but could you tell me what's going on and why you're so upset?

(CONTINUED)

DIXIE LYNN  
That televangelist Maurice Rougeau  
made an attempt on my life...

GARY  
I'll be right there...don't move...

INT. DIXIE LYNN EWING REALTY DAY

Gary drives up in his pickup truck. Gets out. Walks up and looks through the glass doors. Enters through the door. See the receptionist. Appears to be asleep at her desk.

GARY  
Are you alright?

Shakes her. Her body limp over. Discover her throat has been slashed. Blood seeps out of it.

GARY  
Oh no...

Looks around. Sees his ex-wife's office is empty.

GARY  
Dixie...?

INT. HALLWAY DAY

Gary gazes around both sides of this corridor. Sees absolutely no indication of a door to a backroom in this section of the office.

GARY  
DIXIE!

GARY  
Dixie...where are you?

Sees a door. Tugs on the knob.

GARY  
Are you in there...?

Tugs on it further.

GARY  
Come on...open up...

His forehead breaking into a sweat. Starts pounding on the door.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

Please...

The door opens.

GARY

Oh thank god...

Hugs Dixie Lynn.

DIXIE LYNN

I need to get out of here...I'm not safe...

Gary nods.

GARY

I know somewhere where you can stay...

Takes her hand.

GARY

...I have this friend with a boarding house out in Biloxi, maybe I can get you a room there...

Dixie Lynn's eyes squint out of confusion.

DIXIE LYNN

I feel weird not filing a report with the police...can't just drop everything here at the office...

Gary shakes his head.

GARY

There's no time...

Guides her to the door.

GARY

...we need to get to your house and so you can grab everything you can.

Opens the door for her. She gazes at him .

DIXIE LYNN

Thank you...

Smiles at him.

DIXIE LYNN  
...for everything.

EXT. STREETS OF BILOXI, MISSISSIPPI DAY

Gary drives around in his truck. Dixie Lynn's are in the back. She rides in the passenger's seat They stop at a two story building. He nods toward its structure.

GARY  
We're here alright.

Gets out the truck. Sees it is the boarding house.

DIXIE LYNN  
I thought we'd never get here...

Tired. She and Gary get her luggage out of the truck's rear.

GARY  
Let's get a move on...

Both head toward the boarding house.

GARY  
...I'll try to get you a room...

Opens the door.

GARY  
...you want me to stay here?

Shakes her head.

DIXIE LYNN  
I'll be fine.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE DAY

Gary and Dixie Lynn walk inside. It is dark and quiet. not even a sound being made. They walk up to the desk. Gary smiles at his old friend. He waits for them.

FRIEND  
It's been awhile...

GARY  
Yeah I know...listen, she needs a room. Can you help her?

His friend looks at the his laptop.

(CONTINUED)

FRIEND

Gee...I'm pretty booked as it is.

Gary moves closer to the desk. Almost face to face with his old friend.

GARY

Please, it's important...she's desperate and needs a place to stay.

Slips his friend some cash to pay for the room.

GARY

After all I did to help bring you over from Sicily...the least you could do for me is this favor...

His friend takes the cash and nods.

FRIEND

It's alright...come on...I think we can fit you in...

Leaves the desk. Waves for Dixie Lynn to come with him. Helps carry her luggage into a back room. Gary holds her hands. Gazes into her eyes for a short while.

GARY

Stay safe...I love you sugar...

Dixie Lynn does not say a single word. She smiles at him. Walking to the back with his friend.

INT. MOSCA'S NIGHT

Gary sits at a table here with Henri at his old haunt. There are also old comrades here from The New Orleans Mafia. Henri looks at him. Not saying a word. Is listening.

GARY

So you haven't heard about that church being built?

HENRI

What? About it being built on Big Daddy's old Klan lodge?

GARY

Not only that...it's who's building the church...

(CONTINUED)

HENRI

Who?

Shrugs.

GARY

Remember my old mob boss Maurice Rougeau?

HENRI

The son of a bitch who ordered the hit on my sister at that rally?

Nods.

HENRI

Him I do remember.

GARY

Well...guess what? He found God all of a sudden...

HENRI

I'd still love to kill him for what he did...

Face turns into a scowl.

GARY

Remember...

Pulls out his Alcoholics Anonymous chip. Henri takes a deep breath. These two face each other. Henri paces himself.

GARY

...you'll get your chance...

Gary smiles. Henri shrugs.

GARY

...he's after someone else...I'm giving her protection...we need to focus on getting ready...

Holds his hands in midair.

GARY

...Hannah and I are preparing red beans and rice for The Day of The Dead...I might need your help...

Waves one of the hands.

GARY

...not necessarily with that...we have it taken care of...but with something else afterwards...

HENRI

What is it?

GARY

Something I'm planning for...I'll need you and the old crew I used to work with here...

Nods.

HENRI

Anything you got in mind?

GARY

Oh believe me...I know what I'm doing.

INT. HANNAH'S LIVING ROOM DAY

Hannah sees Gary's pickup truck in the window. Pulls up in the driveway. He comes through the door. greeted by the scowl on her face. From ear to ear.

HANNAH

Where in the hell have you been?

GARY

Look...there was an emergency in town I needed to take care of...but it's alright now...

Holds his hands up in midair.

HANNAH

Well, at least you could have told me or left a note...

Walks up to Gary. Hugs him.

GARY

I'm so sorry...

Is released from the hug. Shakes his head.

HANNAH

So...what happened, exactly?

(CONTINUED)

GARY

Someone I care about needed help,  
that's all...

Hannah shrugs her shoulders.

HANNAH

Well, at least you did what you  
felt was the right thing.

Points toward the hallway with her index finger.

HANNAH

Hey, I kept your red beans and rice  
on the stove. You want to make sure  
it's still good before tonight?

INT. KITCHEN NIGHT

Gary stirs the pot. Tastes the red beans and rice one last  
time. Both he and Hannah stand here with a few others  
wearing skeleton costumes and face paint.

GARY

Could you help me put this into a  
plate?

Hannah gets one.

GARY

Thanks.

Grabs the pot and pours the red beans and rice onto the  
plate she holds. He moves to put it in a plastic container.  
Gets another container of iced tea.

GARY

So...do you remember everything we  
discussed regarding our plan  
tonight?

Puts the this small container of iced tea into the larger  
container. It sits near the big plate of red beans and rice.

HANNAH

Every single word...

Helps Gary get some drinking glasses. Puts them in the small  
space between the two sections he created for the plate and  
the smaller container. Almost a precise arrangement.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

Good!

Places small lemon slices and some forks into the container.  
Closes the lid on it.

GARY

Ah...one more thing...

Places Angelique's old music box and bouquet of magnolias on  
top of the closed container.

GARY

Perfect!

Gary and Hannah leave the kitchen.

INT. HANNAH'S LIVING ROOM NIGHT

These two walk in here with others joining them. Gary  
carries the container. These items situated on top. A DVR  
recording of Rougeau's broadcast plays on television.

GARY

Tonight you'll get yours you son of  
a bitch...

Opens the door. He, Hannah, and the others walk out.

GARY

Alright, we need to stick  
together...don't want anyone  
getting hurt or even worse...

They all leave the house.

EXT. KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE KAMELIA LODGE NIGHT

Rougeau stands here at this spot. Raises The Holy Bible. His  
congregation a congregation surrounds him. Walks among them.  
He gives this sermon so loud and clear.

ROUGEAU

Tonight my children, we are here to  
condemn The Day of The Dead...

Looks around with their eyes on him.

ROUGEAU

...a night that insults and  
disrespects the deceased here in  
New Orleans...

(CONTINUED)

Now moves to the front of the congregation. Addresses them.

ROUGEAU  
...in the name of The Lord, are we  
going to stand for this?

MEMBERS OF CONGREGATION  
LORD NO!

Rougeau nods while smiling at them.

ROUGEAU  
That's why I say let's march over  
there and sway them from committing  
this ultimate sin against our Lord!

Cheers and howls emit from this congregation.

ROUGEAU  
Those of you who join me in  
infiltrating The Day of The  
Dead shall walk beside me in  
Heaven...

Gazes up at the sky. Big smile on his face. Clutches The Holy Bible to his chest.

ROUGEAU  
...yet those of you who decide  
against it and take the coward's  
way out shall burn in hell!

The cheers and howls grow even louder.

ROUGEAU  
Now let's go out there and do The  
Lord's work!

Walks amongst them again. Raises The Holy Bible high in the air. Makes his way to the other side of the crowd.

MEMBERS OF CONGREGATION  
Hallelujah! Amen!

Rougeau leads each of them away from this site. They themselves are armed with copies of The Holy Bible. Also raising them high in the air. As if they are torches.

EXT. ABOVE GROUND CEMETERY NIGHT

Gary's skeleton painted face is seen in the darknes. He carries the container with the music box on top of it. Hannah and a few others follow him.

GARY  
For you, precious...

Sets the container and music box on Angelique's sarcophagus. Opens the container. Unveils the plate of red beans and rice. Raises a small bite with fork in hand.

GARY  
...I shall take the first bite.

Gets the plate of red beans and rice out and eats from the fork. Hannah and the others grab forks and follow suit. Gary gets out the drinking glasses.

GARY  
Now we all take a drink...

Fills the drinking glasses with iced tea. He now fits each of them with a lemon on the side of each one. Raises his own glass. Takes the very first sip.

GARY  
...to commemorate a Cajun belle  
named Angelique Bouchard. I love  
you with all of my heart.

Everyone else takes a sip.

GARY  
You're spirit will live on long  
after we are all dead.

Places his glass on the sarcophagus.

GARY  
Could you excuse us for a minute? I  
believe I owe Angelique a dance.

The others leave her grave site. He picks up the music box. Winds it up to play the tune of "You Are My Sunshine". Holdd out his arms. He twirls around.

GARY  
"You are my sunshine...my only  
sunshine..."

Dances with an invisible partner.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

"...you make me happy when skies  
are gray..."

Closes his eyes. Big smile on his face.

GARY

"...you'll never know dear how much  
I love you...please don't take my  
sunshine away..."

EXT. THE FRENCH QUARTER NIGHT

Rougeau leads his congregation throughout this section of  
New Orleans. Their copies of The Holy Bible still raised  
high in the air. They walk amongst those in costume.

ROUGEAU

Repent all you sinners...repent!

Gazes at the people coming and going throughout this area.  
Each of them are dressed as skeletons with such face paint.

ROUGEAU

All of you will burn in hell for  
disgracing your dearly departed  
loved ones!

His voice booms everywhere.

ROUGEAU

The Day of The Dead is an  
abomination against The Lord and  
his miracle of life...

A good number of people stop and look at him.

ROUGEAU

...you desecrate their resting  
places by bringing food, drinks,  
and gifts you say are for them!

No one says one word against him.

ROUGEAU

You are disrespecting them...leave  
their graves alone! Let them be!

Moves to the middle of the road. There are no oncoming cars  
or truck passing by. It is empty.

(CONTINUED)

ROUGEAU

All these souls ask for is  
everlasting peace and eternal  
rest...

Shakes his head. Clutches The Holy Bible to his chest.

ROUGEAU

Treat the dead as you would treat  
the living...those who walk among  
you...it is the code of humanity...

Looks up at the sky.

ROUGEAU

...one that involves committing the  
most divine act here on Earth...one  
The Lord shall cherish...

His eye remains on those in this quarter.

ROUGEAU

...embrace the teachings of The  
Lord and you shall be rewarded  
beyond Heaven my children!

Raises his arms to the crowd. They all cheer and clap.

EXT. ABOVE GROUND CEMETERY NIGHT

Gary lays down the bouquet of magnolias. Gently on  
Angelique's sarcophagus. Also gazes over at another nearby.  
A makeshift sarcophagus a craftsman built not long ago.

GARY

You will be avenged precious...

Nods.

GARY

...I promise.

Walks over to this other sarcophagus.

GARY

He's going to get the scare of his  
life.

Opens the lid. Crawls inside.

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH

Just remember to hold the edge of  
it open so you won't suffocate...

His fingers gripping the edge.

GARY (O.S.)

No problem...got it...

HANNAH

Good!

Wipes the sweat from her forehead with her hand.

HANNAH

Come on...let's go...

Hannah pushes the sarcophagus forward. Lifting with her legs. The others join in. Helping her. She gazes back at Angelique's own sarcophagus.

FRIEND

What is it?

Hannah smiles with a tear in her eye.

HANNAH

Nothing...

Wipes the tear away.

HANNAH

...just thinking about my  
sister...that's all.

She and the other pushes the sarcophagus forward. Hannah takes a deep breath. Seeing this is some heavy lifting.

HANNAH

Let's keep moving...

They push this makeshift sarcophagus out of this cemetery.

EXT. THE FRENCH QUARTER NIGHT

Rougeau and his congregation still preach among the people of New Orleans. A few dressed in skeleton costumes and face paint arrive here pushing a sarcophagus.

ROUGEAU

What is this abomination you bring  
before me?

(CONTINUED)

Opens the sarcophagus. Rougeau sees a dead body dressed in a skeleton costume and face paint. Taking a closer look. A hand reaches out and grabs him by the throat.

ROUGEAU  
AHHHHHHHHH!

The hand belongs to this supposedly dead individual. Rises from the sarcophagus into the seated position. Rougeau looks into his eyes and realizes exactly who it is.

ROUGEAU  
Oh my god...it can't be you...

GARY  
Oh yes it is...I remember how you killed my precious Angelique...

Releasing his throat. Sees Rougeau back away into his congregation.

GARY  
...and honestly you shall pay...

Crawls out of the sarcophagus. Makes it to his feet.

GARY  
...I don't plan to do anything right now, since you've got all of these lost souls to hide behind...

Grips the edge of the sarcophagus. Remains steady.

GARY  
...but I will make you this offer...

Walks toward a trembling Rougeau. Remains close to his congregation.

GARY  
...meet me at Mosca's...that old Sicilian restaurant where I used to park cars for you...

Rougeau is amused. Chuckles.

GARY  
...when I worked for you in The New Orleans Mafia. The same spot where you ordered the hit on Angelique...

Gets closer to Rougeau.

GARY

...meet me there at high noon  
tomorrow or I will come looking for  
you myself!

EXT. AVONDALE, LOUISIANA DAY

Rougeau and a few members of his congregation enter this rural part of New Orleans. Holds The Holy Bible close to his chest. Raises it in the air. They walk farther.

ROUGEAU

The Lord is my shepherd...I shall  
not want. He maketh me lie down in  
green pastures...

EXT. MOSCA'S DAY

Gary stands out here with Henri and his old comrades from The New Orleans Mafia. Rougeau and his followers show up. The two groups stand in opposition to each other.

GARY

Since you used to run this whole  
place...I'll let you call the first  
shot...

ROUGEAU

Ten paces and then we both  
shoot...just like out of some old  
Western.

Rougeau and his followers laugh.

GARY

Fair enough...

These two storm toward each other. Fast paced. Now they both turn their backs. Gary and Rougeau each take two slow paces. Rougeau turns around. His gun raised.

HENRI

Watch out!

Gary snaps around. Raises his own gun. Fires. Hits Rougeau in the shoulder. Grabs it. He smiles. Barely affects him.

ROUGEAU

You've learned since last  
time...when I ordered that  
Klansman's daughter to be shot...

(CONTINUED)

GARY

You son of a bitch! She was a beautiful girl who never harmed anyone...you'll burn in hell...

Rougeau stands here. Blood spurts from his shoulder. One of his underlings steps forward. Gary charges at them. Spares no expense in punching Rougeau immediately. No holding back.

Gary has been hit. Bends down. Holds his stomach. Rougeau's underling delivers a punch to the gut. Gary sees a led pipe

The underling pulls it from his pocket. He charges at him. His eyes remain focused on the pipe. Yet he is cut down by Rougeau this second. He looks up from the ground.

ROUGEAU

I have no problem killing you...

Points the gun in Gary's face. Laughs.

ROUGEAU

...but I think it's a bit early for that...

Cocks the gun. Withdraws it.

ROUGEAU

...show him what The Lord does to people who intimidate his children...

The underling steps forward. Kicks Gary in the ribs. Rougeau laughs more. A gun in one hand. The Bible in the other. Enjoying every bit of this.

Gary props his arm up on the ground. Tries to get to his feet. The underling kicks him. Rougeau smiles. Only thing Gary sees. His view is obstructed by the hot Louisiana sun.

ROUGEAU

Try and get up...see what happens...

Kneels down. Gets back in his Gary's face.

ROUGEAU

...you should have stayed around here parking cars...it's all you were ever good at...

Gary's fingers grasp the sand. Blades of grass between his fingers. Looks at them. Grits his teeth. Determined not to let this be the end.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

You won't last forever...

Out of nowhere, Rougeau's underling gets clocked in the head. Rougeau himself stares at what is going on. Not able to believe it. Slowly, Gary rises to his feet. Smiling.

Gary watches as Rougeau's jaw drops. His eyes widen. Henri beats the crap of the underling with his bare hands. The led pipe is now on the ground. No one has it.

Gary and Rougeau both stare at it. He steps closer.

GARY

Is God telling you to pick it up?

Sees Rougeau's prized expression when he turns around.

GARY

What is The Lord telling you to do now?

Gary smiles. Henri continues pounding away on the underling. Yet there are still three men on either side looking on.

GARY

You were the King of organized crime in New Orleans...now you're just standing here?

Gets close to Rougeau's ear.

GARY

Well...at least none of them are parking cars...right?

Looks at the led pipe on the dirt once more. Henri pounds the underling senseless. One who is not fighting back.

GARY

If you had any guts...you'd show me what you're made of...for real....

Gary smirks a little. Turns his back. Rougeau reaches around and chokes him with his arm from behind. There are footsteps. Another follower of Rougeau's get the led pipe.

ROUGEAU

...so you want to come after me and scare the living daylights out of those who worship The Lord?

Drags Gary to the ground as he coughs. This other follower stands here with the led pipe. Gary looks up. Clawing at the grass and dirt once more. His feet scrape them.

ROUGEAU

...now I'm scaring you senseless.  
How do you feel about that?

Gary struggles to get to his feet. Now in the squatted position. Pulls himself up one at a time.

GARY

You want to know how I feel?

His gun lays at his foot.

GARY

I feel like I could kill you right now!

Picks the gun off the ground. Holds it on them.

GARY

Drop it! Drop it!

The follower hesitates. The led pipe trembles in his hand.

GARY

I said drop it!

The follower bends over. Places the led pipe on the ground. Holds both hands in midair. Does not want further trouble.

GARY

You ordered this exact same thing to happen to the woman I loved!

Gets in Rougeau's face.

GARY

You did it because she was a Cajun girl and the daughter of a Klansman. Because of who she was!

Grabs Rougeau by his throat. The man of the cloth gasps for air. Unable to speak. The follower stands here. Does nothing. Gary shakes Rougeau. Not once. But twice!

GARY

You are no better than The Ku Klux Klan...you were insecure because you yourself were a half breed.

Rougeau falls to his knees. Unable to take anymore. Another comrade from The New Orleans Mafia charges in. He grabs the led pipe. Hits Rougeau's second follower upside the head.

GARY

You were never accepted by the The Mafia. Other than running a small crew here in New Orleans...

The other collapses to the ground. Blood running from a wound on his head. Gary's old comrade stands here. Rougeau's face looks worried. Gary looks him in the eye.

GARY

...and you were never accepted by those aristocrats and Klansmen who ran The French Quarter either...

Stands over a barely breathing Rougeau. Both he and his friend remain here. Standing guard. Making sure there are no tricks. Rougeau sits here on the ground weak and cowardly.

GARY

...you were too Sicilian to be a full blooded Cajun and too Cajun to be a full blooded Sicilian...

Smiles. Almost enjoys this. Smirk spreads across his face. His old comrade from The New Orleans Mafia pops the led pipe in his hand over and over.

GARY

...so the only thing you did to solve that was murder a beautiful woman who did you no harm...

Gets closer to Rougeau. Whispering in his ear

GARY

...and don't think for a second we don't know about you going to The Ku Klux Klan behind our back...

Chuckles.

GARY

...you betrayed your own crew so you could get away with molesting your underage daughters...

There is a gunshot. Gary's old comrade goes down. Bleeding from a wound in his forehead. Another crony of Rougeau's steps up. The odds have tipped.

(CONTINUED)

The first follower of Rougeau is on the ground. Henri gets a few more of punches. The gunshot stops him. He sees what has happened with Gary's old comrade.

HENRI

What's going on?

Leaves his own conflict behind. Comes rushing to where Gary and Rougeau are. Stands by Gary's side. Rougeau slowly prys Gary's hands from his throat. Weakened but looks up smiling.

Rougeau's third follower raises a gun. Henri races toward him. The second follower pops back up. Hits him in the gut. Henri goes to the ground. Rougeau rises to his feet.

ROUGEAU

You can't keep a true man of God  
down...

GARY

That's something you're not...

ROUGEAU

Shh...

Has his finger over his lips. Walks over to Gary. Kneels him between the legs. Gary grabs himself. Falls to the ground. The tables turn further on him.

ROUGEAU

...let the preacher man talk...

Leans over Gary. Now wincing in pain.

ROUGEAU

It seems you don't have a lot of  
forgiveness in your heart...

Nods.

ROUGEAU

...I find that very troubling...

Gary looks up at the two followers. They stand next to Rougeau. One still popping the led pipe. Another still holding a gun on him. There is nowhere for him to turn.

ROUGEAU

...I feel refusal to forgive is a  
sin...and you know what I do to  
sinners?

Rougeau smiles at them. Ready to take Gary out. These two go down. Almost like a bullet train hit them. No doubt they have been tackled to the ground.

Rougeau's eyes widen. He looks on in fear. Another comrade of Gary's stands here. His eyes bug out. His teeth are clinched. He resembles a large football player.

This man comes toward Rougeau. This mafia kingpin turned born again televangelist backs away. His eyes widen at the feirceness of this monster. A man who can take him apart.

GARY

Ain't so tough now are you?

Rises to all fours. Holding his ribs. Still in pain.

GARY

A real man stands up to you and you  
back down...

Struggles. Yet rises to his feet.

GARY

...you murder my  
Angelique...threaten my Dixie  
Lynn...now you're a coward...

Shakes his head. Laughs. He and this other comrade come toward Rougeau. His former mob boss backs away even further.

GARY

...what are you running from...

Gets closer to Rougeau.

GARY

...a real fight?

Rougeau looks over at the one follower who has not yet gotten involved. He slowly walks over to him. Crawls behind the guy's back. Hiding behind him. Nowhere else to turn.

GARY

Where are you? A real man usually  
comes out and does things for  
himself...

He and the football player like comrade head for Rougeau and his last standing lackey. Sees the former mob boss hiding.

GARY

I know where you are...

Walks closer.

GARY

...so why don't you stand up and be  
a real man for once?

Walks toward Rougeau. The football like comrade throttles  
this last follower to the ground. Gary faces Rougeau.

GARY

Now why won't you face me one or  
one...what are you afraid of?

Staring him the eye.

GARY

You victimize women...but you won't  
take on a man who can defend  
himself?

Rougeau's last remaining follower tries to get up. The  
football like comrade kicks him back down.

GARY

Answer me...

Grabs Rougeau's shoulders. Shakes him.

GARY

...why aren't you a true man of  
character?

Rougeau's eyes are vacant.

GARY

All these years I've often thought  
of killing you...

Gary's last comrade steps forward. Stands next to him and  
the football player like comrade.

GARY

...no doubt you've wanted to kill  
me...

Steps away from his comrades.

GARY

...yet you harm women instead of  
having the guts to come after me...

(CONTINUED)

Shrugs. Puts in his hand in his pockets.

GARY  
...and no doubt you hide behind  
others in fear...

Nods.

GARY  
...I'll give you this one last  
chance to show me if you have any  
courage...

Takes his hands out of his pockets.

GARY  
...don't thump your Bible or hide  
behind your phony religious  
beliefs...I'm onto that one...

Henri remains injured. Yet gets to his feet.

HENRI  
What's going on?

Henri holds his ribs. Gary looks at the two other comrades  
still standing. Something is about to go down here.

GARY  
Each of you get someplace  
safe...you've done all you can for  
me right now...

Gazes at the comrade who was shot in the head.

GARY  
...take his body back to his  
family...tell them my thoughts and  
prayers are with them...

The football player-esque comrade helps Henri. They make it  
over to their fallen friend. They both carry him.

GARY  
Now it's just you and me...

Looks at Rougeau.

ROUGEAU  
How? I still have my guys here  
while you were stupid enough to  
tell yours to leave...

Each member of Rougeau's crew gets to their feet.

(CONTINUED)

ROUGEAU

...how do you think you can destroy  
me when it's five against one?

Smiles and beams with overconfidence. Yet each of them start  
leaving. Except Gary and Rougeau. These two remain.

ROUGEAU

Where the hell are you going? Come  
back here!

They keep going. Not looking back. Rougeau tries to go after  
them. He stops when they leave.

GARY

Man of the cloth using damnation in  
vain...yelling at them like they're  
schoolkids on a playground...

Chuckles.

GARY

...I remember when people in this  
town used to fear you...you've lost  
your touch...

Rougeau still looks out into the horizon.

GARY

Why won't you face me?

Gets closer to Rougeau. Snatches him by the arm.

GARY

Look at me!

Jerks him around. They stare into each other's eyes.

GARY

I've waited a long time for this...

Punches Rougeau in the mouth. He flinches. Gary stands here.  
Rougeau backs away a couple steps. Holds his bloody mouth.

GARY

Aren't you going to hit back?

Approaches Rougeau.

GARY

The most fearsome mob boss here in  
New Orleans...such a commanding  
presence on a religious station...

(CONTINUED)

Stares him in the face.

GARY  
...now it's you and me...you keep  
backing down...

Shrugs.

GARY  
...not the big, tough man in New  
Orleans you think you are?

Chuckles.

GARY  
Forget it...you're worthless...

Gary turns his back. Attempts to walk away. Is tackled to the ground. Turns around. Indeed, Rougeau did this. Gary wastes no time in grabbing his throat. Regaining control.

GARY  
So you'll confront me after  
all....but only with my back  
turned...takes a lot of courage...

His hands are still around Rougeau's throat. Bangs his hand against the ground. Does this several times. Gets up.

GARY  
...why am I wasting my time with  
you?

On his feet once again. Pulls out his gun. Holding it on Rougeau. Tired of dancing around. He wants this done.

GARY  
Why don't I just kill you right  
now?

Leans over Rougeau. Smiles.

GARY  
I want to see you beg for your  
life...

Rougeau frowns. Breathing heavily.

GARY  
...beg for your life...

Kicks Rougeau while he is down.

GARY  
...did you ever allow Angelique or  
Dixie Lynn to beg for their lives?

Kicks Rougeau again. Tears stream down Rougeau's face.

GARY  
No...you murdered one before she  
had a chance to breathe...the other  
you sent running...

Cocks the gun in Rougeau's face. Snot runs from Rougeau's  
nose. Snivels at this. Is on the receiving end.

GARY  
...you can't run...but I'll give  
you one last chance to breathe...

His face becomes dead serious.

GARY  
Say something...

Kicks Rougeau one last time.

GARY  
...SAY IT!

Still holds the gun on Rougeau.

GARY  
Say something dammit!

Rougeau is on the verge. Breaking down and crying. Tears  
stream down his face. Snot bubbles pop from his nose. The  
most contorted frown imaginable. Ugly in its appearance.

ROUGEAU  
Please don't kill me!

Holds his hands up. Begging. Sobbing. Gary stands over him.  
The gun still in his hand. He is not letting up.

GARY  
Again!

Sticks the gun even further in Rougeau's face.

ROUGEAU  
Please...don't...kill...me...

GARY  
One more time...

Stands over his former mob boss. The tables have long turned. Rougeau snivels at his one time underling's feet.

GARY  
...scream it at the top of your  
lungs!

ROUGEAU  
PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!

Covers face with hands. Is now exposed for what he is.

GARY  
Now we have it...

Pockets his gun. Grabs Rougeau by his arms. Helps him to his feet. Points for him to leave right now. Dead serious.

ROUGEAU  
What the...?

Stands here. Confused.

GARY  
You're free to go...I'm not wasting  
anymore time with a loser...

Turns his back. Starts to walk away. Rougeau remains here.

GARY  
...oh yeah...one more thing...

Stops in his tracks. Turns around.

GARY  
...I lied!

Pulls the gun out of his pocket one last time. Shoots Rougeau in the throat. Rougeau falls to his knees.

GARY  
Now you know how it feels you son a  
bitch...

Gets in Rougeau's face. A man who clutches his throat. Gasps for air. Blood pours between his fingers.

GARY  
...how Angelique felt in her last  
moments...

(CONTINUED)

Stands here. Smiling. Enjoying this.

GARY  
Did you even give her a chance?

Shrugs.

GARY  
I've given you more than enough  
here...

Leaving Rougeau here to die.

GARY  
...now you'll burn in hell!

EXT. AVONDALE, LOUISIANA DAY

Gary walks a good distance away from Mosca's. Looking toward the hot sun. Breathing heavily. He is alone. Many of his comrades got back to safety. As he ordered them to.

GARY  
I did it for you precious...

Speaks toward the sun.

GARY  
...he's gone now...he'll never hurt  
you again...

Falls to his knees. Breaks down crying.

GARY  
...I promise you that!

INT. HANNAH'S LIVING ROOM DAY

Gary opens the door. Walking inside. He unloads the bullets from the gun. Sees the tears in Hannah's eyes. Walks toward her slowly but surely.

GARY  
She can finally rest now...

Places the now unloaded gun on the fireplace. Slips the bullets into his pockets. Hannah starts crying. They hug almost immediately. A long held nightmare is over.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

...I put him out of his misery...

Holds onto her. Tears stream down her face.

HANNAH

What did you do with him...

Looks up at Gary.

HANNAH

...what did you do with the body?

Gary does not say a word.

HANNAH

I just want to know.

Gary shrugs his shoulders.

GARY

I left him there...

Henri gets off the couch. Holds his ribs.

HENRI

You mean he's still there in Avondale?

Gary nods.

HENRI

So did you kill him?

Gary tries to walk away. Not wanting to discuss it.

GARY

I gave him the death he deserved...

Gets both Henri and Hannah in a group hug.

GARY

...for all the police know, it's just a random shooting.

Hannah takes a deep breath.

HANNAH

That...that's smart...I think...

The two of them move away from each other. Now on opposite sides of the room. Henri stands in the middle.

GARY

You want to see his body?

Shakes her head. A combination of disgust and laughter.

HANNAH

No...

Still shaking her head.

HANNAH

...no I don't...

Turns her head. Drying her tears.

GARY

Maybe that's a good thing...

HENRI

Go back to Mosca's...feed him to  
the gators for all I care...

Waves it off with his hand. No longer an issue for him.

GARY

The nightmare's over...is really  
is...

A small smile. Tinged with sadness.

GARY

...we can all move on now...

Wipes a tear from his eye. Smiles at Hannah and Henri.

HANNAH

You both need go to the hospital  
for those ribs...

They laugh. Grabs their ribs. A little pain.

EXT. STREETS OF BILOXI, MISSISSIPPI DAY

Gary drives his truck through here. Has retrieved his  
ex-wife Dixie Lynn from hiding. Smiles at her. She looks  
quite confused. shrugging her shoulders.

DIXIE LYNN

Are you sure he's dead?

Gary holds up his first three fingers. scout's honor like  
formation She holds a bouquet mixing both yellow roses and  
bluebonnets. Dixie Lynn holds them up to her nose. Smells.

(CONTINUED)

GARY  
I'm the one who killed him...I  
should know...

Dixie Lynn looks away. Still not convinced.

GARY  
...you'll never have to worry about  
him again...

Runs his fingers through her hair.

GARY  
...I promise.

DIXIE LYNN  
So I can basically go back to real  
estate?

Nods his head.

GARY  
Why not?

Shrugs his shoulders.

GARY  
You can have your whole life  
back...

Gazes at his ex-wife.

GARY  
...if that's what you really  
want...

Dixie Lynn turns around. Smiles at him.

DIXIE LYNN  
Yeah...

Wipes a tear from her eye.

DIXIE LYNN  
...I do.

Gary holds out his hand. She takes it.

GARY  
Good for you...

Holds her hand even tighter.

GARY  
...so good.

Smiles at her.

EXT. HANNAH'S FRONT PORCH NIGHT

A now eighty three year old Gary sits here. Tells stories to a few little kids. His eyes are weary Wrinkles on his face tell a story. One of stress and grief.

KID #1 (O.S.)  
So...did you re-marry Dixie Lynn?

Gary chuckles.

KID #2 (O.S.)  
Did the police find Rougeau's body?

Waves his hand.

GARY  
Ya'll have to wait another time...

Watches a car pull up.

GARY  
...I think your mother's here.

Gets up from the swing. Waits for her.

JOSETTE  
Give you any trouble today?

Hannah's now adult daughter...JOSETTE...arrives on the porch.

GARY  
Naw...not really...

Pulls out a bouquet of magnolias and an old music box.

GARY  
...if you'll excuse me...there's  
someplace I've got to be...

JOSETTE  
I have a dinner engagement next  
week, could you babysit the kids  
again?

Gary struggles to take a step. Holds onto the edge of the swing.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

I think I'm getting too old for  
this sort of thing...

Takes a deep breath.

GARY

I'm heading out...

Leaves the porch.

JOSETTE

Call me if you're able to watch  
them...

Stands on the porch. Her voice booms.

JOSETTE

...okay?

EXT. ABOVE GROUND CEMETERY NIGHT

Gary enters this place. walks to Angelique's sarcophagus  
Lays the bouquet of magnolias on it. Winds up the music box.  
Stands here gazing at these flowers.

GARY

I will always love you, precious...

Lays the music box down on the sarcophagus. It plays. Dances  
with an invisible partner.

GARY

"You are my sunshine...my only  
sunshine...you make me happy when  
skies are gray..."

Closes his eyes.

GARY

"...you'll never know dear how much  
I love you..."

Breathes heavily.

GARY

"...please...don't...take...my  
sunshine...away..."

Clutches his arm. Leans to one side. Collapses.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

Precious...I don't think I'm going  
to make it...

Rolls his eyes into the back of his head. Die Angelique's  
spirit rises from the sarcophagus. Walks among the cemetery.

ANGELIQUE

Come on honey...it's time to go!

Her spirit reaches for Gary's hand. His spirit's rises out  
of his body. Takes it.

GARY

We can be together at last...

These two spirits are young. Happy. Innocent.

ANGELIQUE

We better hurry...you don't want to  
be late...

Tunnel of light appears. Gary and Angelique walk toward it.  
Arm in arm with each other.

GARY

That's the main thing I always  
loved about you...you were so  
strong and so stubborn...

He laughs. Both walk into the light.

GARY

...let's finally go home.