

THE VIOLIN CASE KILLERS

by

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Registered WGA

INSERT TITLE OVER BLACK: "MISSOURI, 1932"

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- NIGHT

A cargo truck is up on a jack by the side of the road. Towering over the truck is a billboard trumpeting a new Laurel and Hardy movie, "PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES!".

CLIVE MULLIGAN, a rough-featured man in his late forties, is at work tightening a spare tire onto the truck's rear axle.

The sound of an approaching car is heard.

INT. SQUAD CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Two COPS are in the front seat. The billboard and the truck appear in the squad car's headlights.

COP #1
Well, whatta we got here?

COP #2
I dunno. Let's find out.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

The squad car comes to a stop with headlights on Clive. He looks up and sees what kind of car it is.

CLIVE
Damn..

The cops get out of the squad car. They remain standing behind the open car doors. Clive can make out only silhouettes in the glare of the headlights.

COP #1
Need a hand?

CLIVE
No thanks! Just about done here!

COP #1
Blowout?

CLIVE
Yep! Lucky for me I always carry a spare.

The cops begin to approach the truck, flashlights in hand. Clive pretends not to notice as he continues tightening the lug nuts.

Cop #1 shines his light on the truck's driver-side door. It reads: "LASALLE TRANSPORT CO. KANSAS CITY, MO.". Cop #2 runs his light along the underside of the truck.

COP #1
Movers, huh?

CLIVE
How's that?

COP #1
I said, y'all are movers, huh?

CLIVE
That's right. Just moved this rich
old bitch down to St. Louis.

COP #1
From Kansas City?

CLIVE
Yup.

COP #1
Hell of a town.

CLIVE
Yes sir!

Cop #1 moves closer to Clive and shines his light in Clive's face. Looking up, Clive notices the Sheriff's star on the man's uniform.

COP #1/SHERIFF
So, you got a partner, right? Where's
your partner?

Clive jerks a nonchalant thumb in the direction of the woods.

CLIVE
Little boy's room.

Clive straightens up, his work finished.

His eyes meet the Sheriff's piercing stare.

SHERIFF
Y'know, just between you and me, we
get quite a bit of bootleg coming
down this route. Kansas City's a
big bootleggin' town.

CLIVE
That right?

SHERIFF
Yeah, that's right. So, that being
the case, I suppose you wouldn't
mind if we had ourselves a little..
Look around?

CLIVE

No problem.

The Sheriff walks around the back of the truck and shines his flashlight into the cargo bay. It is empty. Meanwhile, Cop #2, climbs up and opens the driver door.

Clive looks nervous.

SHERIFF

Anything up there, Ernie?

COP #2

There's a fiddle case up in here.

From the far side of the cab, just outside the passenger window, something enters the frame:

A GUN

It targets the unsuspecting cop.

SHERIFF

A fiddle case.

(to Clive)

You musical, mister?

CLIVE

Passes the time.

SHERIFF

Well, I've been known to pluck a string or two in my time. What say we take a look at it. Ernie?

Ernie starts to reach inside the cab.

ON GUN

A finger COCKS the pistol.

CLIVE

Er... Officers? I think we have something to discuss.

SHERIFF

We do?

CLIVE

Yes. I think we should discuss our misunderstanding.

SHERIFF

'Misunderstanding'?

CLIVE

Uh, yeah... I think we sorta.. Got off on the wrong foot, so to speak..

COP #2

Uh-huh.

CLIVE

And I believe we can find a solution to our present problem which will be of mutual benefit to us all. If you catch my meaning.

Crickets chirp through the heavy silence.

ON GUN

Still pointed at the officer's head, but waiting to be fired.

Waiting to see what happens.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Are y'all followin' me here?

The two cops stare at him for a moment, then they look at each other, then back at Clive. They start to laugh.

Clive also starts to laugh.

ON GUN

The gun hand relaxes a little.

SHERIFF

A 'solution', huh?

CLIVE

Yeah, that's right!

More laughter.

COP #2

I just gotta see this here fiddle.

He leans inside the cab.

Five GUNSHOTS tear through Cop #2's head and body.

For a moment, he teeters in mid-air, bloody grin still frozen on his face. Then he tumbles to the ground in a mangled heap.

SHERIFF

Jesus!! Ernie!!

CLIVE

Oh, God... no...

For a moment, both Clive and the Sheriff stand frozen in disbelief.

In a flash, the Sheriff's gun is on Clive.

SHERIFF
Put your goddamn hands in the air!!

CLIVE
(raising hands)
Okay.. Okay..

SHERIFF
You stay planted right there mister.
I'll blow you in half.

The Sheriff positions himself so that Clive is between himself and the truck.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Awright, you bastard! I'm giving
you all of five seconds to come out
with your hands reachin'!! When I
hit five, your buddy's head comes
off, comprende?!!

No answer.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
(to Clive)
Mister, for your sake, I hope you
two are *real* tight.
(calling out)
One! Two! Three!

The Sheriff cocks his gun.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Four!

Off in the woods behind the truck, someone takes aim.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Fi..

Two shots ring out of the woods. The first strikes the Sheriff's gun hand, which explodes. The second hits his kneecap. The Sheriff cries out and falls to the ground.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
(clutching his
shattered knee)
Kill you.. I'll kill you..

CLIVE
Oh fuck.. Oh fuck...

Slowly, pathetically, the Sheriff begins crawling toward his gun.

From around the front of the truck a PAIR OF FEET appear, clad in expensive shoes. The feet begin walking toward the Sheriff, whose hand is now mere inches from his gun.

One of the feet crushes the Sheriff's hand into the dirt. He SCREAMS in pain.

We FREEZE on this image *Wild, Wild West*-style, and run CREDITS.

A hand reaches down and picks up the gun.

It is a single-action .45 Colt. On the handle is engraved "OLD LUCKY".

A VOICE
(laughs)
'Old Lucky', huh?

The hand flips open the chamber. Fully loaded.

A VOICE (CONT'D)
Nifty little weapon, but you oughtta think about pickin' up one a them new .38 Supers. Punch holes right through them there bullet-resistant vests.

The hand flips the chamber back into position.

A VOICE (CONT'D)
I reckon this old pea-shooter got you out of a lotta scrapes, old man.

SHERIFF
(coughing)
I reckon.

We see JOHNNY LOBO's face for the first time. Handsome, blond-haired, toothy grin. Eyes shining. Lobo cocks the gun.

LOBO
Not this time.

CLIVE
Lobo! No!

He fires into the Sheriff's forehead. The Sheriff slumps over dead.

Lobo looks up at Clive. Clive's shoulders slump helplessly. Any light of hope is now faded from his eyes. He looks up at the billboard.

"PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES!".

CLIVE (CONT'D)
Lets get rid of the bodies.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) -- NIGHT

The old truck rumbles through the night. Lobo, in the driver's seat, is whistling softly, occasionally stealing a sidelong glance at Clive.

LOBO
Sure are awful quiet over there.

Clive just stares out the window, numb.

Lobo feels his pockets, looking for something.

LOBO (CONT'D)
Say there, Mr. Mulligan. I seem to have misplaced my booze vessel. Don't s'pose I could get a pull off yours...

Clive just continues to stare.

LOBO (CONT'D)
S'pose not.

After a moment, Clive reaches down to the floor and pulls something up onto his knees. It is a specially-designed, reinforced violin case, polished shiny-black and brand-new looking.

Two thick padlocks, built into the case, insure the secrecy of its contents.

Clive runs his fingers over the dark, shiny leather.

He pulls a letter out of his pocket. It is addressed to "Clive Mulligan, Missouri State Penitentiary". He fishes the wrinkled, folded paper out of the envelope and spreads it out across the case. He peers down at the scrawl.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(reading)
'Dearest Clive, I write this letter to you now after many years of silence have passed between us. I trust your time in prison has cured you of your wicked inclinations, or maybe not, I don't know. I'm just an old mother.'

INSERT TITLE OVER BLACK: "A FEW WEEKS BEFORE"

INT. HEARING ROOM -- DAY

Clive sits in front of a parole board. A bespectacled MAN on the board reads the letter out loud. The letter is much newer-looking now.

PAROLE MAN

(reading)

Your Pa died three years ago, and it was his wish that I never contact you as long as I hold breath in my lungs. I am breaking that promise, and pray to God for his forgiveness. It has come to me that you are to go up for a parole hearing soon, and I hope the parole men will read this letter. I am dying, and I need you to come home. I have something to give you. Signed, your Ma'

The parole man looks up at Clive.

PAROLE MAN (CONT'D)

What's this something?

CLIVE

I don't have no idea.

PAROLE MAN

Your Ma don't know that a parolee is restricted from crossin' state lines?

CLIVE

I don't guess she does.

PAROLE MAN

Well, seems how your prison time has been spent in model fashion, we're gonna let you out, Clive. Whaddya think a that?

Clive is visibly surprised.

CLIVE

Truly?

PAROLE MAN

Truly. I s'pose that makes you happy.

CLIVE

Well. Yeah. I reckon it does.

PAROLE MAN

It don't make me very happy.

The parole man regards him for a moment, then begins stamping forms.

PAROLE MAN (CONT'D)

You stay in Kansas City. Get yerself
an honest proper job. Go to church.
Go to your parole officer regular.
You hear?

CLIVE

Yeah.

PAROLE MAN

Don't go back to Arkansas, Clive.
Don't you leave Missouri.

INT. BLOODROOM -- DAY

Kansas City slaughterhouse in the West Bottoms neighborhood.
This is a white-painted room, and Clive is dressed in all
white coveralls, stained with blood. He is hosing blood and
entrails off the walls.

Two MEN approach, dressed to the nines.

MAN #1

(disgusted)
Jesus Christ!

MAN #2

I ain't never been inside one a these
places.

Clive turns to look at them.

MAN #2 (CONT'D)

You Clive Mulligan?

CLIVE

Yeah.

MAN #2

Old man Pendergast wants to see you.
(looking around)
Why? I have no idea...

EXT. MUEHLEBACH HOTEL -- NIGHT

Downtown Kansas City is booming, even in the midst of a
Depression. Jazz music pours down Baltimore Avenue, and the
streets are filled with crowds of people 'steppin' out'.

A long, black Packard pulls to the front entrance. We follow
the big fire-plug head of TOM PENDERGAST as it exits the
limo and moves into the...

INT. MUEHLEBACH LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

The lobby is crowded with expensively-dressed patrons. Everyone turns to look and smile anxiously at the fire-plug head.

BELLHOP

Good Evening, Mr. Pendergast.

VARIOUS GUESTS

Hiya Tom! Hello Mr. Pendergast.
T.J.!

PENDERGAST'S VOICE

Hello.. Hello.. Hiya Johnny.

He moves through the...

INT. HOTEL BAR -- CONTINUOUS

All hand-rubbed oak panelling, burnished marble floors, and gleaming brass fittings.

BARTENDER

Hiya Tom!

PENDERGAST'S VOICE

Hiya Harry.

The head heads toward a...

INT. PRIVATE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Enters and shuts the door. The head sighs and sits down. Across the table sits Clive Mulligan.

We see Pendergast's face for the first time: Thick-lipped, expansive, and impressive, a slight glint of danger in the little eyes.

The two men just stare at each other for a moment.

The silence is broken by a waiter who enters and places a drink in front of Pendergast.

PENDERGAST

Oh.. Thanks Johnny.

He takes a drink. Finally, he speaks.

PENDERGAST (CONT'D)

I just lost a Governor today, so I'm a little whupped. He was a damned shoo-in for the election in November. Dropped dead this morning. Bleeding ulcers or something like that.

(MORE)

PENDERGAST (CONT'D)

Now I'm supposed to run some damn fool County circuit Judge no one's ever heard of.

CLIVE

I'm out.

PENDERGAST

Whyn't you tell me. I woulda had someone there to meet you.

CLIVE

No, I mean I'm out, Tom. I'm just a regular fella now. With a regular job. I ain't comin' back in.

PENDERGAST

Workin' down at the Armour Plant, is it? Lips and assholes?

CLIVE

Its regular work.

Pendergast stands and walks around the room looking at various photographs depicting the salad days of his Machine.

PENDERGAST

Last week, some newspaper called me the most powerful man in the country.

CLIVE

Congratulations.

PENDERGAST

I say that not out of foolish pride, but fear. I got lottsa enemies. But I just cut a deal with a guy in Chicago that's gonna change all that. I won't have to be afraid anymore.

He turns to Clive.

PENDERGAST (CONT'D)

Even I get afraid sometimes, Clive.

He comes a little closer.

PENDERGAST (CONT'D)

I need you to run somethin' for me.

CLIVE

I told you, I'm out. No more running booze, or guns, or any a that.

PENDERGAST

This ain't 'any a that'. This is something different.

CLIVE

Well, what is it?

PENDERGAST

Something special. My esteemed rival, Mr. Joe Ricarno in St. Louis somehow got his paws on it, and I need it to close this deal in Chicago. Fortunately, he has no idea of its true worth... But he knows I want it and that makes him suspicious...

CLIVE

Ain't there two dozen guys like me you could send on this errand?

PENDERGAST

I need Clive Mulligan, I need a man I can trust. This thing... well, let's just say it's not for the weak-willed.

CLIVE

What the hell is it?

PENDERGAST

That's for you to find out. You were the best driver I ever had, Clive. And you never cracked under the whip. You made me a lot of money before your bad luck. I ain't forgot.

Clive looks up at T.J. pleadingly.

CLIVE

Then, listen T.J., just let me live my life. I don't want no more trouble.

PENDERGAST

Breakin' parole ain't trouble?

Clive is silent. Looks at the table. Pendergast lays a fatherly hand on Clive's shoulder.

PENDERGAST (CONT'D)

It was just bad luck, Clive. What happened five years ago. Bad luck, that's all.

CLIVE

(meekly)
Yeah.. Bad luck.

PENDERGAST

'Member when I found you? Down in the Bottoms? 1918. You had the damn flu, lyin' there dyin' in some rat-trap nickel-a-week boarding house.

(laughs)

People said I was crazy, goin around from house to house, takin' inventory, what with all that black death hangin' in the air. But they sure as hell loved me for it, no denyin' that! And that's where I found you, at the end of your rope. I says to myself, 'T.J., there's something fierce in this boy's eyes. If he makes it, you hire him'. And you did, and I did.

CLIVE

I don't want you to think I ain't grateful..

PENDERGAST

Just do this thing for me, Clive. Do this thing and you're out. I promise.

Clive balls up his fists. His knuckles go white.

CLIVE

I... I can't.

Pendergast pulls a piece of paper from his pocket. It is a copy of the letter from Clive's mother. He reads:

PENDERGAST

'I hope that the parole men will read this letter. I am dying, and I need you to come home. I have something to give you.'

He folds the paper and replaces it in his pocket.

PENDERGAST (CONT'D)

'Signed, Your Ma'.

Clive relaxes his hands. He looks different now.

PENDERGAST (CONT'D)

You're goin' down there to Arkansas, ain'tcha Clive.

CLIVE

(after a pause)

In another week. Soon as I get the money.

PENDERGAST

It was me got you sprung early, Clive. Pulled a little favor. Now, I need you to do this for me. Do this for me and then you can go down and see your Ma. And you'll encounter no problems doin' it. I promise.

Clive stares at the blank wall for a moment. Finally:

CLIVE

What I got to do?

EXT. MANSION GATE -- NIGHT

Thunder CRACKS and lightning flashes as the moving truck pulls up to the wrought-iron gate. Rain pounds onto the asphalt. The gate opens and the truck drives through.

PENDERGAST'S VOICE

You're gonna be incognito. I'm gonna give you an address in St. Louis. You're gonna go there.

EXT. MANSION -- CONTINUOUS

The truck drives into the courtyard of this gothic, dilapidated-looking mansion. It could be New Orleans, but this is St. Louis. The mansion is totally dark.

PENDERGAST'S VOICE

You're gonna keep your distance from the house. You're gonna honk your horn five times.

After a moment, a FIGURE emerges through the front door. He walks through the driving rain toward the truck, carrying something.

PENDERGAST'S VOICE (CONT'D)

A man's gonna come out with the thing you're lookin' for. He's gonna ride shotgun with you back to Kansas City.

CLIVE'S VOICE

Who's this guy?

PENDERGAST'S VOICE

His name's Johnny Lobo. He's big Joe's nephew. He's there to make sure I pay up in prompt, reliable fashion. Now, Clive, you listen to me, and listen good... I heard about this guy...

Lobo is now close enough for us to see he is carrying the violin case. He grins his familiar grin.

PENDERGAST'S VOICE (CONT'D)
...you do yourself a favor and watch
out for that son of a bitch.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) -- NIGHT

And we are back on the crumpled letter. Clive runs his finger over the words "something to give you".

Lobo pulls the dead Sheriff's gun out of his pocket. He looks at it and chuckles.

LOBO
'Old Lucky'... That's cute.

He takes out a handkerchief and wipes the barrel and handle.

He opens his window and sends the gun hurtling off into the night.

EXT. BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

We follow the gun as it spins through the darkness and splashes into the river.

Old Lucky disappears into the depths.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) -- CONTINUOUS

LOBO
I heard a little about you from the boys. They sure talked you up. Said you were the best driver there ever was back in the Twenties. Said you could practically smell a hijacker comin' from around the corner. In fact, they say you never lost so much as a drop of liquid. That true?

Again no answer. Lobo plods on.

LOBO (CONT'D)
They also talked about your bad luck. Something about a woman turnin' on you or something. Gave you up to the law and then.. She ends up gettin' killed herself. It was in all the papers, they said...

CLIVE
(with genuine malice)
Kid. Shut up.

Lobo looks embarrassed.

LOBO

Well.. I'm.. I'm sorry about that.
Probably a sore subject. Anyway,
that was all before my time...

Lobo looks over at Clive. Clive looks back.

LOBO (CONT'D)

I's just makin' conversation.

CLIVE

Just get me back to Kansas City,
boy.

LOBO

Aww, shit, Clive. They was just
cops. They weren't real people.
They got in the goddamn way, and
that's all there is to it.

No answer from Clive.

LOBO (CONT'D)

Ain't like they was civilians or
nothing. Innocent people.

Still no answer.

LOBO (CONT'D)

Hell, they were askin' for it!
Snoopin' around.. They had it comin'!

CLIVE

Kid, you know what they were askin'
for? You know what they had comin'?

LOBO

What?

CLIVE

A bribe. A kickback. A little taste
of the honey, that's all. That's
all these fellas ever want.

Lobo is quiet for a moment, thinking about it.

LOBO

(under his breath)
Bullshit...

CLIVE

I'm sorry.

LOBO

Nothin'.

CLIVE

No, no. I didn't catch what you said.

Lobo looks him directly in the eye.

LOBO

I said: Bullshit. What's the matter, you deaf in your old age?

In a flash, Clive has his gun out and pressed to Lobo's temple.

CLIVE

You listen to me, you young cock-sucker. I worked these roads for ten years. Every square inch. Every crook, every narrow, every dip and every rise, so don't sit there and tell me those cops weren't about to take a bribe and be on their merry way. It insults my experience, and it insults my intelligence. You come in, guns blazing like James Cagney, and you fuck up my world, and now I'm gonna fuck up yours. I'm gonna tell old man Pendergast everything, and he's gonna make sure Big Joe knows about it, too. And then we'll just see how much shit you can grin your way through with them big teeth a yours.

He reaches into Lobo's coveralls and extracts his revolver, and then sits back in his seat.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

You'll get this back when we get to Kansas City. And I've had a chance to tell the whole story.

Lobo's face is flushed with rage and humiliation.

He begins pressing down on the accelerator.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

I seen punks like you come and go. Come and go. Oh, you can handle a piece all right, and you can talk a good game, but sooner or later, you step on your own fuckin' two feet like some damn circus clown.

The truck is starting to gain speed.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Slow down.

Lobo presses down harder on the pedal. They barely make it around a tight corner.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Lobo! Slow down!

They are now doing eighty down the backwoods dirt road. Lobo looks possessed.

LOBO

So. You think I'm crazy, huh?

CLIVE

I didn't say you were crazy. Just stupid.

LOBO

You think I'm crazy, huh?

CLIVE

Lobo!! For the love of God slow this truck down!!

LOBO

Well, Mr. Clive Mulligan of Kansas City. I'll show you crazy.

All of a sudden he opens his door and leaps from the speeding truck. Stunned, Clive lunges for the wheel, but it is far too late.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Lobo tumbles violently for about thirty feet down the dirt road. Up ahead, the truck spins out of control and rolls over five times before coming to a stop at the edge of a bend in the road, upside-down.

Lobo just lays there, stunned, floating in and out of consciousness.

One of the tires on the truck continues to spin before finally coming to a standstill.

And then all is quiet. Far off in the distance, a TRAIN WHISTLE sounds in the night.

Gradually, Lobo opens his eyes. He pulls himself up. He coughs and hobbles to his feet.

LOBO

Goddamn. I *am* crazy.

He laughs maniacally, but then dissolves into a coughing fit. He covers his mouth and then looks down and sees blood on his hand.

LOBO (CONT'D)

Jesus..

He wipes his hand on his coveralls and begins limping toward the overturned truck. He sees something lying on the road: His revolver. He grins and picks it up. He cocks it.

He walks a little farther and sees something else. His hat. He puts it on.

He walks slowly around to the front of the truck, gun pointed. He leans down and looks through the shattered windshield.

Clive is trapped inside, unconscious or dead. His face is stained with blood. His arms are wrapped around the violin case.

LOBO (CONT'D)

Well, hey there, Clive ol' buddy.
Long time no speak.

He reaches inside the cab and begins to pull the case out of Clive's grasp.

LOBO (CONT'D)

Seriously, man, you never call, you
never write..

Clive stirs and tries to tighten his grasp. Lobo begins pounding on his hand with the butt of his gun.

He finally succeeds in pulling the case out. He thinks for a moment, and then wipes the handle of his gun and switches his gun with Clive's.

He walks over to the side of the truck and opens a storage compartment. The contents come tumbling out onto the ground, among them an axe.

He picks up the axe and swings it into the gas cap on the end of the gas tank. The cap is knocked off and gas begins pouring out of the tank onto the ground. He walks back about fifteen feet and lights a cigarette.

He stands there smoking and waits for the gas puddle to reach close to his feet. When it does, he looks up at the truck.

LOBO (CONT'D)

Well.. Lets stay in touch.

He tosses his cigarette into the gasoline and the puddle goes up in flames.

He starts moving quickly away from the truck, looking over his shoulder to watch it explode.

He gets about forty feet away and turns around to face the truck.

No explosion. The gas puddle begins to burn itself down. Again, a TRAIN WHISTLE sounds in the distance, closer this time.

He frowns and begins walking back toward the truck.

LOBO (CONT'D)

Son of a bi...

Suddenly, the truck EXPLODES in his face with more force and fury than could be imagined. He is knocked off his feet to the ground.

He clammers up and begins running away as flaming wreckage falls all around him, cackling like a madman.

LOBO (CONT'D)

YEEAAAHHHH!!! HAHAAHAAAA!!!

He gets to a safe distance, and looks back at the flaming carcass of the truck. He lights another cigarette and peels off his coveralls, revealing a stylishly sleazy suit underneath.

And then, violin case in hand and spring in his step, he is off down the lonely country road.

Behind him, the second gas tank EXPLODES.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD (SITE OF MASSACRE) -- NIGHT

A squad car appears, moving slowly toward the Laurel and Hardy billboard. The car's searchlight bathes the edge of the woods.

INT. SQUAD CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Two cops, Sheriff's Deputy FRANK ANDERSON and BUDDY ELMORE JR. sit inside. Anderson peers out into the beam of the searchlight.

Buddy chomps on an onion sandwich.

BUDDY

(mouth full)

Where'd old man Cooper say he heard the shots comin' from?

ANDERSON

Right around here. Loud enough to get him up out of bed at this hour.

BUDDY

Probably poachers.

Anderson turns and gives Buddy a look.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

What?

ANDERSON

That thing smells like a sow's
asshole.

BUDDY

I gotta eat!

Anderson sighs and returns to his search.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Can we go home now?

The searchlight passes over a glint of metal in the bushes.

He stops the car and gets out, flashlight in hand.

He goes to the bushes and fishes something out. He holds it
up to the light.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Frank?

Buddy tosses the rest of his sandwich and gets out. Anderson
is holding a silver flask with "JL" engraved on it.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Whatcha got?

ANDERSON

This ain't been here very long.
Looks expensive.

He takes a small sip of its contents.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Good stuff. Way too good for this
county.

BUDDY

Lemme take a sip.

ANDERSON

That's not happenin'.

He shines his light around the side of the road. Sees tire
tracks.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

There was a truck stopped right here.

He explores the area some more. His face grows darker with
each discovery.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Looks like a coupla sets of
footprints... shell casings... shit...
a whole mess a goddamn blood... shit!

Buddy has discovered something far more disturbing. His light is shining down into an embankment a little further down the roadside.

BUDDY

Frank!!

His light illuminates the word "SHERIFF" on the back of the car hastily concealed at the bottom of the embankment.

EXT. EMBANKMENT -- CONTINUOUS

The two cops scale down the side of the embankment and frantically uncover the squad car. Buddy points his flashlight through the window, right onto the Sheriff's caved-in scalp.

He staggers back a ways, his eyes as wide as saucers.

BUDDY

S-sheriff? That's the... Sheriff..

He leans over and pukes.

Anderson, made of somewhat sterner stuff, shines his light into the back seat, sees what's left of Ernie.

He opens the door and feels for any sign of life on Ernie.

His eyes fill with a sadness, but not tears.

The tears will have to wait.

ANDERSON

Oh man.

Buddy is sitting in the tall grass, struggling for breath. Frank lays a hand on his shoulder.

BUDDY

The Sheriff... he taught..

ANDERSON

Take it easy, old pal.

BUDDY

He taught... he taught..

ANDERSON

We gotta be strong... for a little while, okay? Okay??

Buddy takes a deep breath and attempts to calm himself. He wipes his eyes.

BUDDY

Okay... okay...
(stronger)
Okay.

ANDERSON

Okay. Get back up to a phone and call Minnie. Tell her to call the coroner. And tell her to call Arlington, Virginia. KLA-5417. That's a special line. KLA-5417. Okay?

BUDDY

Okay.

He looks up at Frank.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

He taught my son to throw a curve ball.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

A big, darkened form sleeps in the bed. The Capitol Dome of Washington D.C. is visible through the window, shining in the night.

A framed quotation hangs on the wall. We cannot make it out in the half-light. The telephone RINGS. We hear a stirring from the bed. The light is switched on, illuminating the quotation:

"Impressed with a conviction that the due administration of justice is the firmest pillar of good Government, the selection of the fittest characters to expound the law, and dispense justice, has been an invariable object of my anxious concern.

George Washington"

MAN'S VOICE

(answering phone)
Yeah...

There is a loooong pause.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Okay.

We hear him hang up, and DIAL another number. His voice is measured, controlled.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

It's Stark. My brother Calvin is
dead.

(pause)

I need a plane.

We hear the big man rise out of bed. His SHADOW covers the
quote.

A chest of drawers. A hand picks up a badge lying on top of
the chest and brings it into the light. It reads: "FEDERAL
MARSHAL".

ETHAN STARK stares down at the badge. To describe his face
would be somewhat futile, since everyone knows what he looks
like:

Vengeance incarnate.

After a moment, he places his badge in a drawer and shuts
it. He opens another drawer and pulls out a gun.

The words "Colt Super .38" gleam off the blue barrel.

EXT. DEXTER TOWN LIMITS -- NIGHT

Johnny Lobo walks up to a sign on the side of the road. It
reads:

"WELCOME TO DEXTER, MISSOURI POPULATION 512 WE ARE GLAD
TO HAVE YOU!"

Underneath this is scrawled, in thick black marker:

"Nigger, don't let the sun set down on you in Dexter!"

EXT. DEXTER, MISSOURI (MAIN STREET) -- NIGHT

Not even a one-horse town. More like a collection of ram-
shackle buildings along a country road.

Lobo ambles down the street. He notices a light burning in
the window of one of the buildings.

EXT. EMPTY BOTTLE GENTLEMAN'S CLUB -- CONTINUOUS

He walks up to the window and looks inside.

P.O.V. BARROOM -- CONTINUOUS

This "Gentleman's Club" seems to have hosted quite a few
gentlemen on this night, many of them not so gentle. They
are all gone now, and a smashed-up barroom is the evidence
left behind of what must have been a rip-roaring drunken
brawl.

In the middle of all of this devastation sits a lone WOMAN. A broom is leaning against her shoulder. Her head is in her hands. She is crying.

LOBO

Mm-hmm.

INT. BARROOM -- CONTINUOUS

LUCILLE BANNISTER sits in the middle of the barroom, sobbing.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

She looks up with a start, and we see her face. She is in her early thirties, sharp-eyed and ruggedly beautiful.

She hastily wipes her eyes and collects herself. She goes to the door and opens it. There stands Johnny Lobo.

They regard each other for a moment, she with suspicion, he with pleasant surprise.

LOBO

Well hello, darlin!

LUCILLE

What can I do you for?

LOBO

I was hopin' to get a drink...

LUCILLE

We're closed.

She SLAMS the door in his face.

EXT. FRONT DOOR -- CONTINUOUS

He stands there a moment.

LOBO

Mm-HMM.

He KNOCKS again.

She opens the door, her green eyes flashing.

LUCILLE

Well??

Yup, she is beautiful all right. For once, Lobo is at a loss for words.

LOBO

Um..

She SLAMS the door and locks it.

He stands there another moment. Finally...

LOBO (CONT'D)

She'll do.

He moves over to the front window to get another look. She is now trying to busy herself cleaning up the barroom. He just stares at her, mesmerized.

LOBO (CONT'D)

Oh, yes. She'll do just fine.

Finally, she seems to feel her eyes upon him. She turns and gives him a harsh look.

He grins his big grin and waves. She shakes her head and goes back to work.

He takes a twenty out of his bill fold and spreads it out against the glass. He taps on the glass.

She turns and looks at the bill, unimpressed.

LUCILLE

(voice muffled)

It's 3 o'clock in the morning! Go back where you come from!

She goes back to work.

He puts the twenty away. He pulls out his revolver and, still grinning, taps the butt on the glass.

She turns again to yell, but stops short. She lets out a big sigh and then goes to the door. She opens it and glares at him.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

What, you think that's the first time someone's waved a gun in my face?

LOBO

(annoyed)

Can I please get one goddamn drink and then I'll gladly be on my way?

LUCILLE

Its prohibited.

LOBO

Awww, c'mon!!

LUCILLE

And what, you gonna shoot me if I don't?

We zero in on the bottle, three quarters full.

INT. BARROOM -- LATER

We pull back from the bottle, now almost empty. LAUGHTER can be heard. Lobo and Lucille are now quite drunk.

The Victrola is on in the background. Scratchy BIG BAND MUSIC wafts gently out of the speaker.

LUCILLE

So my daddy.. He decides one day he's gonna take the telephone apart and see how it works..

LOBO

He was curious man.

LUCILLE

He was curious! Anyway, all this grey powder spills out onto the floor and he figures: Its broke, he's in trouble. So he replaces it with gunpowder.. Real quick before mamma gets home.

Lobo bursts out laughing.

LOBO

Gunpowder!

LUCILLE

That was my Daddy, God rest his soul. So he gets the thing back together. Puts it up on the wall. That night, mamma goes to make a call and BOOM! Knocks her clean across the room. She pulls herself up, covered in soot, probably half-deaf, and my daddy takes one look, and says, 'Well, that proves one thing', and she says 'What!', And he says 'Telephones sure don't make very good guns!'

They both explode into hysterics.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

Oh, mommy and daddy. They were such a pair. They ran this place for forty years.

LOBO

Is that a fact.

LUCILLE

Oh yeah. Those were happy days. And now...

LOBO

And now?

She looks at the destruction all around her.

LUCILLE

Things are different.

The record ends, followed by the sound of skipping static.

Lobo gets up and goes to the Victrola. He flips the record. Another slow song drifts from the tinny old speaker.

LOBO

Lets dance.

She looks him over, as if deciding.

Finally she crosses around the bar and goes to him. She takes his hand and they begin moving to the music, awkwardly at first, but then more naturally, fluidly.

LOBO (CONT'D)

Lucy?

LUCILLE

Yes?

LOBO

I'm going to California. To start my own business. I want you to come with me.

LUCILLE

We.. We only just met.

LOBO

I know. And I want you to come with me.

LUCILLE

California..

LOBO

Yeah.

She gazes into those blue eyes once again. Ten years ago she probably would've said yes, but now...

LUCILLE

I'm sorry, Johnny. I can't.

LOBO

'Course you can.

LUCILLE

No. I can't.

He stops dancing and gives her a serious look.

LOBO

You will.

LUCILLE

Johnny, I can't just up and leave everything. I'm not 19 anymore. I've got responsibilities. Its lovely of you to ask... but the answer is no.

LOBO

Miss Lucy, you don't understand...

He opens coat to reveal his gun.

LOBO (CONT'D)

I ain't askin'.

The fantasy ends.

She backs away from him slowly.

LOBO (CONT'D)

If you refuse, I'll have to murder you.

LUCILLE

This ain't funny.

LOBO

That's 'cause it ain't no joke. Y'see, my business is killin'. I already got me two dead cops in my wake tonight, and I ain't in the mood to hear the word 'no'. The moment I first laid eyes on you, I knew I'd either have to love you or kill you. Now there's a couple a ways you can take that, but I recommend takin' it as a compliment.

LUCILLE

I thought you said you never shoot your friends.

LOBO

I don't, but I've been known to shoot a lover or two in my time. I guess I just don't particularly like not bein' liked.

Lobo goes behind the bar and pours himself another drink.

LOBO (CONT'D)

You see that case over there? There's something in it, and I'm guessin' it ain't no violin. Now its locked up tighter than Fort Knox, but I aim to get it open one way or another, because I got a pretty good idea what it holds.

LUCILLE

And what's that?

LOBO

The future. My future. Our future.

He shoots his drink and takes out his gun and lays it on the bar. He rotates it so the barrel is pointing at Lucille.

LOBO (CONT'D)

When you've arrived at your decision, be sure and let me know.

She looks at the gun, and then back at him.

LUCILLE

I'll pack some things.

LOBO

Be quick about it.

She moves toward the stairs.

LOBO (CONT'D)

Miss Lucille?

She turns back to him.

LOBO (CONT'D)

Don't try to run. There's nowhere in this world you can escape me.

She dashes out. Lobo smiles to himself and takes another shot.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD (SITE OF MASSACRE) -- MORNING

The first rays of morning light can be seen on the horizon. A crane is in the process of pulling the Sheriff's car up the embankment towards the road.

A big man stands alone, silhouetted against the clear dawn sky, watching the crane's progress.

A group of COPS stands a fair piece away, watching him and gossiping.

COP #1
He's smaller than in his pitures.

COP #2
No he ain't. He's bigger!

Frank Anderson and Buddy approach the group.

COP #2 (CONT'D)
Hey Frank! I guess this makes you
actin' Sheriff!

Anderson shoots him a harsh look. Buddy is enraged. He
grabs the cop by his collar.

BUDDY
You think that makes him happy??
Huh, Bobby? That what you think??

OTHER COPS
Easy, Bud...

BOBBY
I's just statin' the obvious, that's
all!

BUDDY
Yeah, well its obvious to me you
ain't got the sense of a shithouse
mule...

ANDERSON
All right, all right, Buddy. Stand
down.

Buddy continues shaking the hapless cop.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
That's an order!

Buddy pushes the cop away violently and turns his back on
the group. He puts his hands on his knees and takes a couple
of deep breaths.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Look, we lost a couple of great fellas
tonight. I don't see how much plainer
I can put it than that. And I'd be
lyin' if I told you I wasn't thinkin'
about spillin' me some blood. But
we still gotta remember what we are:
Officers of the Law, and the Law
don't have no emotion. That's what
makes it work. So lets make sure we
all got our heads twisted on straight,
Clear?

The cops mumble in agreement.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Buddy. Clear?

BUDDY
Clear.

Frank turns and approaches the solitary man.

ANDERSON
Mr. Stark?

Stark does not answer, nor turn around.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
I'm Frank Anderson. I found your
brother's body. He was my boss. He
was my...

He almost loses it. He takes a deep breath.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
I also found a silver-plated flask
at the scene, and now we're hearing
about some crazy explosion about
thirty miles up the road. That's
about it.

Silence. And then, finally..

STARK
Did they find his gun on him?

ANDERSON
No.

STARK
My brother and I were never
particularly close. We had..
Diverging viewpoints. Calvin was
the most principled man I ever knew.
He would've told the men exactly
what you told them just now, which
tells me he taught you well, and
which makes my next question that
much harder to ask.

ANDERSON
You can ask me anything you want,
Marshal.

STARK
I'm gonna ask you to spill some blood
with me.

Frank looks back at his men. He swallows nervously.

ANDERSON

I'm in.

Stark turns to look him over. He seems to like what he sees.

STARK

I'm glad. Its just gonna be you and me from here on out. You, me, and all the resources of the United States federal government. Now, what say we go check out this... explosion.

INT. BARROOM -- MORNING

Lucille comes down the stairs with two suitcases in hand. Halfway down, she stops.

Lobo is slumped in a chair, his back to her. He looks to be passed out.

She pauses for a moment, and then quietly descends the rest of the stairs. She lays her suitcases down and creeps over to the bar. On the bar is a pink jewelry box, which she opens. Inside is a menacing-looking black jack.

He does not stir.

She steels herself and begins walking slowly toward him. He remains motionless as she raises the black jack over her head. Her hand is trembling violently.

Suddenly, he speaks:

LOBO

You ready?

Quickly, she stuffs the black jack in her coat pocket.

LUCILLE

Y-yes.

He springs to his feet and whirls around. He eyes her suspiciously.

LOBO

How's about one more kiss. To seal our new partnership.

LUCILLE

Okay.

He advances on her and raises his hands to her throat. For a moment, he seems ready to strangle her.

She loosens a ring on one of her fingers.

She grabs the case, and her two suitcases and heads for the door.

The sound of an approaching car outside stops her short. She goes to the window and peeks out.

P.O.V. LUCILLE -- CONTINUOUS

A police car is now parked out front. A FAT COP is pulling himself out of it.

INT. BARROOM -- CONTINUOUS

She panics for a moment.

LUCILLE

Shit!

Pulling herself together, she races over to Lobo's body, reaches under his shoulders, and with great effort, hauls him onto a chair. She plops his hat over his bowed head, runs over and grabs a broom, just in time for the front door to open.

The fat cop, SHERIFF PUTNAM, stands in the doorway.

PUTNAM

Mornin', Miss Lucy.

LUCILLE

Sheriff. I didn't expect you'd be up at this hour.

His eyes scan the room.

PUTNAM

Oh, I just thought I'd give a peek in on ya, given all the activity last night. Who'se this?

LUCILLE

Him. Oh, that's uh, that's Mr. Jimmy.

PUTNAM

Mr. Who?

LUCILLE

Mr. Jimmy. From way over in Bakersfield. You two haven't met?

PUTNAM

I ain't had the pleasure.

LUCILLE

Well, he's an.. acquaintance of mine.

Putnam approaches Lobo and eyes him suspiciously.

PUTNAM
Acquaintance, huh?

LUCILLE
He's... he's a musician.

PUTNAM
Hm. He sure is a sound sleeper.

LUCILLE
Jimmy had a late gig in Bakersfield.
He's exhausted.

PUTNAM
Hm. What's a 'gig'?

Lucille puts down her broom and goes to the Sheriff. She looks up at him with her wide green eyes.

LUCILLE
A gig is a musical exposition. Now,
Sheriff Putnam, you do believe me,
don't you?

He cannot resist her charms.

PUTNAM
Aww shoot! My apologies Miss Lucy.
Its just that... well...
(sits in a chair)
I s'pose I shouldn't be tellin' you
this but.. Two lawmen were murdered
late last night a few miles outside
of Ithaca. One of 'em was the
Sheriff, rest his soul.

Lucille takes this news like a lightning bolt, although she does her best not to show it. She looks over at the unconscious Lobo.

LUCILLE
My.. My goodness. That's terrible.

PUTNAM
Since then all hell's been breakin'
loose over the wires. We're supposed
to be on the lookout for any
suspicious strangers, but if you say
this fellas all right, then that's
all right by me.

He rises to his feet.

PUTNAM (CONT'D)

Well, now I gotta go check out a wreck on Route 12, as if I didn't have enough on my plate today. You say you're all right then, Miss Lucy?

She looks down at Lobo again, then over at the violin case. She seems to be struggling whether to tell him something. Finally:

LUCILLE

Just fine. Thanks, Sheriff.

He turns to leave.

PUTNAM

I got a couple of your choicest customers residin' in my jailhouse. See about bailin' 'em out this afternoon.

LUCILLE

That'd be greatly appreciated.

PUTNAM

Mornin'.

He exits. Lucille stands there for a moment, looking at the closed door.

LUCILLE

Lucille, I hope you know what your doin'.

She grabs her things and the case and dashes for the back door.

EXT. MAIN STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Lucille makes her way quickly down the street in the pre-dawn half-light.

She hears a car driving up behind her and hides in a doorway.

Sheriff Putnam's car passes by her. Another squad car appears coming from the opposite direction. The COP inside waves down the Sheriff and begins talking excitedly about something. Lucille strains to hear.

The Sheriff's response is audible.

PUTNAM

Awright, follow me back to the Empty Bottle, boys. Somethin' ain't right.

LUCILLE
 (to herself)
 Shit!

The two cars head back in the direction of the bar.

A TRAIN WHISTLE can be heard in the distance. As soon as the coast is clear, Lucille begins running towards it.

EXT. TRAIN STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

She reaches the train station as the morning sun is cresting the horizon.

A freight train is in the process of pulling out of the station.

POLICE SIRENS begin whining out from the direction of town, growing louder by the moment. They are on to her!

She runs up next to the train, looking for a handhold. The train is gaining speed, beginning to pass her by.

Desperate, she drops one suitcase.

She drops the other one. Now she holds only the violin case.

Behind her, the SIRENS grow louder.

She tries in vain to grab onto the door of a passing boxcar, but the momentum of the train rips it out of her grasp.

As the remaining cars pass her, she cries out in anguish.

LUCILLE
 Nooo!!!

Suddenly, a hand reaches out from the door of the very last car, beckoning her. She lunges for it, and is swept up into the car in one swift motion.

As the train disappears into the morning sun, we see Sheriff Putnam and his gang standing on the tracks in the distance, watching it go. The Sheriff throws his hat down in disgust.

INT. BOXCAR -- CONTINUOUS

Lucille falls to the floor, rasping for breath. As her eyes adjust to the darkness of the car, she begins to make out a FIGURE, hunched down in the opposite corner: A man.

Slowly, his face comes into focus.

Clive Mulligan.

His face is covered in dried blood, clothes battered with dust and dirt.

They stare at each other in the half-light. Clive's eyes travel down to the familiar-looking violin case in her hand. Whatever shock of recognition his brain is registering does not show on his face.

CLIVE

Mornin'.

LUCILLE

Mornin'. I'm much...
 (still catching her
 breath)
 ..Much obliged for your help.

CLIVE

Well.. Looks like this is one train
 you couldn't afford to miss.

LUCILLE

I'm a... I'm very happy to be on my
 way, if that's what you mean.

CLIVE

I'm guessin' from the looks of things
 that last town didn't hold much for
 ya.

LUCILLE

Well, I s'pose thats true.

Clive rises to his feet and moves to the open door, favoring his leg a little. He leans his head out and looks back down the track. His bloodied and bruised face is thrown into sunlight.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

Forgive my sayin', Mister, but you
 don't look so hot yourself.

Clive continues staring out at the passing countryside.

CLIVE

Well Miss, I ran me into some trouble
 last night, ere I found this train.
 In fact I... kinda thought all was
 lost. Like I was doomed.

He smiles a weary smile.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Well, we're all doomed, but every
 once in a while you catch a break.

He turns toward her and she sees the gun in his hand.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Hand over the case and we won't have
no trouble.

LUCILLE

What??

She throws her hands in the air in complete frustration.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

Jesus Herbert Christ, can't a woman
get a goddamn moment to catch her
goddamn breath!!

CLIVE

Ok. Take a moment. We ain't goin'
nowhere. After the moment's over, I
want the case.

Looking pained, Lucille holds the case against her forehead.

LUCILLE

(quietly)

Dear Lord, please forgive my use of
cuss-words. I know I ain't been
much of a...

Just then, the train speeds into a tunnel and the car plunges
into complete darkness.

CLIVE'S VOICE

All right Miss, you just.. Stay
where you are.

(pause)

Hey!!

A single GUNSHOT rings out.

A few moments later the train emerges from the tunnel. Clive
is down on all fours, rubbing the back of his head. He looks
up to see Lucille, still holding the case, now in possession
of his gun, pointed at him.

On the floor is her trusty black jack.

She smiles and cocks the trigger.

CLIVE

Shit...

He sprawls out on the floor.

INT. BARROOM -- MORNING

Still slumped into the chair, Lobo begins to come around.

LOBO

Ooohhh..

He opens his eyes and looks up.

He is surrounded by a PHALANX OF COPS.

His hands are hand-cuffed behind his back.

He sighs.

LOBO (CONT'D)

Shit...

A COP

Sheriff Putnam? He's come 'round!

The phalanx opens and Sheriff Putnam appears, chewing on a fried chicken drumstick.

PUTNAM

Great. Now maybe we'll get us a few answers.

He slides up a chair and sets one foot on it. He glares down at Lobo.

PUTNAM (CONT'D)

Who are ya?

Lobo says nothing.

PUTNAM (CONT'D)

I said, who are ya?? And don't give me that 'Mr. Jimmy' crap.

Silence. Putnam jabs the drumstick on Lobo's lapel.

PUTNAM (CONT'D)

You better talk to me boy. You're in a lotta trouble here.

LOBO

Do ya mind?? That's gabardine, fat-ass.

He grabs the silk hankie out of his pocket with his teeth and tries to dab at the grease stain, with comically frustrating results. Finally, he spits the hankie out.

LOBO (CONT'D)

You happy? Its ruined.

Putnam looks shocked and confused. A couple of his subordinates seem quite amused.

COP
 You want I should crack 'im one,
 Sheriff?

PUTNAM
 No, Verne. I wanna do this by the
 book.

COP/VERNE
 (surprised)
 You do??

Putnam rips a bite from the drumstick and throws it to the
 floor. He gets right up in Lobo's face.

PUTNAM
 Now you listen to me, boy. I got me
 20 plus years a the law under my
 belt...

LOBO
 Looks like that ain't all you got
 under your belt.

Putnam straightens up, faced flushed with rage.

LOBO (CONT'D)
 All them little barbecued pork chops
 never had a chance did they, Sheriff?

INT. EMPTY BOTTLE GENTLEMAN'S CLUB -- MOMENTS LATER

Verne's fist SMASHES into Lobo's now-bloodied face.

LOBO
 Oooww...

PUTNAM
 You gonna start flappin' them lips,
 or what, boy??

LOBO
 I ain't got nothin' to say to nobody.

The front door of the barroom opens and a figure stands there.

One of the cops looks around. His eyes go wide.

He taps the Sheriff on the shoulder.

COP (WADE)
 Uh.. Sheriff Putnam?

PUTNAM
 Not now, Wade. Crack 'im again,
 Verne!

WADE

But, Sheriff..

PUTNAM

I said, not now, Wade! Can't ya see I'm interrogatin'! Go ahead, Verne, fuck 'im up, good.

WADE

We got a visitor!

Putnam turns around. He sees the big Federal Marshal standing in the doorway, smoking a cigarette.

PUTNAM

Who're you?

Wade whispers something in the Sheriff's ear.

PUTNAM (CONT'D)

Who?

Wade whispers something else.

PUTNAM (CONT'D)

Oh.

Putnam approaches the man and takes off his hat.

PUTNAM (CONT'D)

Well, uh, Mr. Stark. I'm Jackson Putnam, Sheriff of the town of Dexter. I'm sure sorry for your loss. I's just, uh, interrogating this here.. Uh.. Suspicious character we picked up.

Stark continues staring at him. He finishes his cigarette and throws it to the floor.

PUTNAM (CONT'D)

Uhh.. If there's anything we can do for ya, just please kindly speak up.

Stark pulls out another cigarette and lights it.

STARK

Well, there is one thing you can do for me, Sheriff.

PUTNAM

Oh! Well, what is it?

STARK

You can take your men. And your own fat ass. And get out.

He blows a big cloud of smoke in Putnam's face.

PUTNAM

Uh.. Well, c'mon boys. The Marshal's got important, uh, business.

The men file out, followed by Putnam.

PUTNAM (CONT'D)

(muttering to himself)

Don't quite see how my weight has any bearing...

Stark SHUTS the door behind him. He stands for a minute and eyes Lobo up and down. The silence is deafening.

LOBO

You're a big one, ain't ya?

He begins advancing on Lobo.

LOBO (CONT'D)

I want me a lawyer.

As his big shadow slowly covers Lobo's body, for the first time we catch a glimpse of something new in the boy's eyes: Fear.

We hear CLASSICAL MUSIC, played on a violin.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. PARLOR -- AFTERNOON

A YOUNG BOY, about 10 or 11, stands in the middle of the room in front of a music stand playing violin. He is obviously something of a prodigy, and plays with amazing skill.

On the side of the violin, he has burned the word "HONUS" in small letters, probably with a child's wood-burning set.

A MAN stands in the doorway, his rugged face burned by the sun and by years of drinking.

He takes a long drink from the half-empty whiskey bottle he's been holding.

After a moment, the boy senses his presence. He stops playing and looks up at the man.

The man takes the violin out of his hands and caresses it gently.

MAN

This was your grandfather's. Your Ma says.

BOY

I know.

MAN

Beautiful piece of work, ain't it?

BOY

Yeah.

MAN

I see you named it. So, I guess its yours now.

The man's eyes suddenly fill with rage.

MAN (CONT'D)

You think you deserve it?

BOY

I.. I don't know.

MAN

I do.

He raises the violin over his head and brings it down on the marble table top. It SMASHES into pieces.

INT. BOXCAR -- DAY

Clive jerks awake. A dream. Lucille stands at the doorway of the train looking out.

LUCILLE

We got trouble.

CLIVE

(sighing)

What else is new..

He clambers to his feet and looks out the door.

P.O.V. CLIVE -- CONTINUOUS

At the base of the hill they are rolling down is the next stop. A crowd of LAWYERS and police cars stand waiting to welcome them with open arms.

CLIVE

Christ!

LUCILLE

Is there anybody in the state a Missouri ain't lookin' for this case?

He glares at her and starts advancing. She cocks the gun.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

S-stay back now!

He stops and gives her a thoughtful look.

CLIVE

Listen. I don't know how you got your hands on that thing, but there's gonna be people lots worse than the Law after it, I can guarantee you that. For me, there's no way out. But you.. You can still surrender right now.

LUCILLE

I guess you don't know what kinda police we got round these parts. They tend to shoot first and ask questions about nine years later. I'm in this now.

Clive stares at her. She's beautiful and suddenly fiercely determined.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

'Sides... I been surrenderin' my whole life. Them days is over.

He can't help but smile a little.

EXT. MECHANICSVILLE STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

The crowd of Lawmen are led up by SHERIFF LANGSTON. Police dogs stand at the ready as the train nears.

LANGSTON

All right boys! I ain't sure what we got on this here train, but get ready to sniff it out!

A COP

Sheriff Langston! Two people headed towards yonder woods!

LANGSTON

Lets go get 'em! To the vehicles!

Unfortunately, the cops have foolishly positioned themselves on the opposite side of the tracks. Before they can jump in their cars and take off, the arriving train cuts off their path of pursuit.

One car tries to make it over the track before the train and is smacked by the locomotive and pushed into the station, sparks flying.

LANGSTON (CONT'D)

Oh shit! Go 'round! Go 'round!

Tremendous confusion as the other 11 police cars try to disentangle themselves from each other and swing around the front of the train.

EXT. FIELD -- CONTINUOUS

We follow Clive and Lucille as they race across what must be the largest open field in Missouri, trying to get to the distant tree-line.

Clive looks back and sees the line of police cars giving chase.

LUCILLE

They're comin'!

CLIVE

I know! I know!

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR (MOVING FAST) -- CONTINUOUS

Langston is on his feet, half-way outside his open door.

LANGSTON

Yeeeeehaaaaaa!!!

He looks over and sees two of his cars collide and flip over at top speed.

LANGSTON (CONT'D)

Woo! That hurt.

EXT. TREE-LINE -- MOMENTS LATER

Clive and Lucy make it to the tree-line and plunge into the woods. Seconds later, the cops follow, forced to disembark from their cars, the dogs dragging them into the trees.

INT. WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

The two fugitives dash through the woods for about 100 yards. They come to a ten-foot incline and begin to scale it.

Suddenly, a TRUCK flies by, just feet in front of them. They've come to a road.

INT. WHITE CONVERTIBLE (MOVING) -- CONTINUOUS

A portly man drives down the road, singing cheerfully to himself, dandified dress.

MAN

(singing)

*I was strolling through the park one
day... In the merry, merry month
of May...*

Clive suddenly appears in front of the car, looking like 10,000 miles of rough road.

MAN (CONT'D)

Holy shit!!

He SLAMS on the brakes.

Clive comes around the driver's door and yanks it open. He grabs the man by the scruff of the neck and drags him out of the car.

CLIVE

Come on you fuckin' asshole... Get the fuck out of there...

MAN

What the.... fuck!!

Clive throws the man onto the road and gets in. Lucille gets in the passenger side.

MAN (CONT'D)

This is fucking outrageous!!

Clive points a finger at him.

CLIVE

You watch your fucking mouth in front of the lady.

He slams the car into gear.

LUCILLE

(to the man)

I'm so sorry about this.

MAN

Can I at least have my violin?

CLIVE

Your what??

MAN

In the back seat.

We can now hear the dogs BARKING as they approach. Clive looks in the back seat. Sure enough, there is *another* violin case. Clive is mildly shocked.

CLIVE
You musical mister?

MAN
(with airs)
St. Louis Philharmonic. First chair.

Clive grabs the case and tosses it to the man.

CLIVE
Well, then, don't forget your
miniature geetar!

He hits the gas and the convertible tears off down the road.
The man watches as the car disappears around a bend.

The man throws down his hat in disgust.

MAN
Great!! Just great!!

He finally notices the BARKING, which is getting closer.
Just then, the small army of cops bursts out of the woods.

A COP
There's one of 'em! With the fiddle!

ANOTHER COP
Get 'im!!

The man SCREAMS as the cops pile on top of him. He continues
SCREAMING as they hold him down and push his face into the
asphalt.

The dogs tear viciously at his pantlegs.

The man is now SCREAMING like a little girl. It is not funny.

INT. WHITE CONVERTIBLE (MOVING) -- MOMENTS LATER

Clive and Lucille are laughing their asses off. Tears are
flowing down their faces.

LUCILLE
Did you see the look on his face??

CLIVE
Yeah!!

LUCILLE
That poor guy never knew what hit
him!!

CLIVE
I know!!

LUCILLE
 (aping Clive's voice)
 'Don't forget your miniature geetar'.

CLIVE
 I know!! I just.. Came up with
 it!!

They laugh even harder now. Lucille wipes her eyes.

LUCILLE
 That was the most fun I've had in..
 Well, I don't know..

CLIVE
 I forgot what fun was!

She looks at him. Really looks at him for the first time.
 He is embarrassed at first, but then he looks back at her
 with the same intensity.

They regard each other for a highly-charged moment.

Too long, Clive almost drives off the road.

LUCILLE
 Ohhh!!

CLIVE
 Sorry.

He hits the gas, and we watch them disappear into the haze.

INT. EMPTY BOTTLE GENTLEMAN'S CLUB -- DAY

Stark is sitting in front of Lobo, staring at him.

Lobo is looking away, trying to avoid his stare. He looks
 nervous.

Finally:

LOBO
 All right, Mister! You been sittin'
 there starin' at me and blowin' smoke
 in my face for two hours! You got
 somethin' to say, say it!

After a moment, Stark speaks.

STARK
 When I was a young man, not much
 older than yourself, I had the
 occasion to kill a man in Witchita
 Falls, Texas. He was a well-known
 Federal Marshal.

(MORE)

STARK (CONT'D)

They used to write books about him. I came upon him urinating behind a tree, and I shot him in the back. He died in his own piss. Now, I'm a Federal Marshal, and they write books about me. Since that day, I've killed more men than I care to remember, but you always remember your first.

LOBO

Some might call that cold-blooded.

STARK

That's funny. That's just what my brother called it. See, he believed in the Law, which means he believed in, well, people. Me, I don't believe in nothin'. 'Cept killin'. What d'you believe in, stranger?

LOBO

What do I believe in?

STARK

Yeah. I'm curious.

He thinks for a moment.

LOBO

God.

Stark suddenly barks out a derisive laugh.

STARK

Really?? That's rich.

Still laughing, Stark reaches in his pocket and pulls something out, wrapped in a cloth. The silver flask. Lobo tries to conceal his surprise.

STARK (CONT'D)

This was found just a few feet from where my brother was murdered. Now, we been real careful with it. My guess is, we're gonna find your fingerprints on it, stranger. Am I right?

Lobo is silent.

STARK (CONT'D)

Well, I'm either right or I ain't.

Still no response. Stark begins to slowly slip his belt off.

STARK (CONT'D)

You know, it's too bad you were the one killed my brother. Tell you the truth, when I walked in here, I got me a real good vibration about you. We might've been buddies.

LOBO

I didn't kill him.

STARK

(playing with him)

What's that? I didn't quite...

LOBO

I said I didn't do it. It was the other guy.

STARK

The other guy?

LOBO

Clive Mulligan from Kansas City.

Stark stares at him for a moment. With a speed that belies his age, he suddenly WHIPS his belt across Lobo's face.

The boy winces in pain. Blood flows from a gash on his cheek.

STARK

That's what its like when a rattler bites ya.

Stark holds up his big silver belt buckle.

STARK (CONT'D)

See, I filed that edge down there. Razor sharp. Comes in handy.

LOBO

(enraged)

Well, mind you don't cut your dick off with it! That'd be a shame!

Stark laughs.

STARK

I had me a feelin' I was gonna like you.

The door opens and Deputy Anderson enters. He notes Lobo's face with troubled expression.

STARK (CONT'D)

(to Anderson)

He fell.

ANDERSON

Marshal, can I talk to you for a second?

They walk over to a corner of the room and talk in HUSHED VOICES. Lobo tries to make it out.

Finally, Stark comes back.

STARK

What'd you say this other fella's name was?

LOBO

Clive Mulligan.

STARK

Your lady friend, she managed to give us the slip at Mechanicsville. She was with a guy, dark-haired, mid-to-late forties, wearing dirtied-up mover's coveralls. Ring any bells?

Lobo expression turns to shock.

LOBO

It couldn't be...

Stark smiles.

STARK

I knew I was gonna like you.

EXT. MAIN STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Stark and Anderson emerge from the Empty Bottle. Putnam and his boys turn to look.

STARK

Sheriff! He's all yours.

PUTNAM

Awright, boys, lets get him on over to the jail.

The Marshall and the Deputy walk past the gallery of cops.

STARK

You didn't like the looks of his face, did you?

Anderson is quiet.

STARK (CONT'D)

You're a good man, I know. Probably got a wife. Nice little family.

(MORE)

STARK (CONT'D)
I'm gonna fuck all that up, maybe
get you shot.

ANDERSON
Maybe..

They walk in silence for a moment.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
You believe the kid?

STARK
No. He was the one who pulled the
trigger. He killed my brother.

ANDERSON
How do you know?

STARK
Because I like him. I always like
the worst ones, Deputy. That's my
curse. But it don't matter none,
because I'm gonna kill all three of
'em.

Anderson stops.

ANDERSON
The lady, too?

STARK
Oh my, yes!

ANDERSON
Why??

STARK
You scared, Frank?

ANDERSON
(pause)
Yeah.

STARK
Good. Ever been on a plane?

ANDERSON
An aeroplane?

STARK
Yeah.

ANDERSON
No.

STARK
Well. Get ready.

ANDERSON
Now?

STARK
Yeah. Now.

ANDERSON
Marshal Stark, I ain't ready to get
on no plane.

STARK
Deputy Anderson, get ready.

ANDERSON
Lemme ask you a question Marshal:
Why not just kill the kid right now?
Make it look like he got free and
went for your gun.

STARK
I'd rather let him enjoy some more
Dexter hospitality for awhile. These
boys got somewhat of a reputation
around here, as I understand it...

ANDERSON
Yeah, I know all about it. Your
brother knew, too, Ethan. Think he
approved?

Stark glares back at him, suddenly furious at this
transgression. Anderson stands his ground.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Excuse me. 'Marshal Stark'.

Stark whirls and continues walking toward a waiting car.

STARK
Find me a hotel where the food don't
move on the plate. We take off at
first light tomorrow.
(emphasizing words)
'Deputy Anderson'.

EXT. RIVERBANK -- DAY

The white convertible comes thundering through the thicket,
tumbles over a steep bluff and into the river, where it slowly
disappears into the depths.

Back up on the bluff stand Clive and Lucille, staring down
at the water.

LUCILLE

Too bad.

CLIVE

Too dangerous.

He looks up at Lucille.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Well, Miss, I'm afraid this is where we part ways. I do wish you the best of luck in your travels.

He tips his hat.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Godspeed.

He turns and begins walking down the riverbank. Lucille looks confused.

After a moment, she starts following him. He cuts across a recently-planted cornfield.

LUCILLE

Uh.. mister? I was just wondering where you were headed?

CLIVE

Arkansas.

LUCILLE

Arkansas, huh? You got family there?

CLIVE

Let's hope so.

LUCILLE

Well, uh.. that's it then?

CLIVE

That's it.

LUCILLE

You're not interested in the case no more?

CLIVE

That case has brought me nothin' but trouble. Its all yours. You win. I lose.

LUCILLE

You're.. You're not interested in what's inside it.

CLIVE

I don't got no idea what's inside it. As you can see, its locked up tight.

LUCILLE

I.. I do have an idea.

Clive stops. He turns to face her.

She stares down into the dark reflection of her face in the case's ever-shining black leather.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

Its somethin' valuable, inside. I can feel it. Somethin' men are willing to kill for.

She looks up.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

Whatever it is, I propose a 50-50 split.

CLIVE

What??

LUCILLE

I got nothin' tyin' me to this part of the country anymore. Just a smashed-up barroom full of memories.

CLIVE

Look, you know who T.J. Pendergast is?

LUCILLE

He's the Boss of Kansas City.

CLIVE

That's right. But he's more than just that. He's the government, he's the police, he's the judge and the jury, and he's the one who pulls the switch on the hot seat. And he wants what you got. There's no place he couldn't find you, given time.

LUCILLE

What about Brazil?

CLIVE

Bra-what?

LUCILLE

Brazil? Its a country.

CLIVE

Brazil!

(laughs)

I'm goin' to Arkansas, honey.

He strides toward a scarecrow in the middle of the field.
She follows.

He begins to climb the scarecrow.

LUCILLE

Down in Brazil, no one would ever
find you. Not T.J. Pendergast, not
nobody. You think he won't find you
in Arkansas?

Clive begins to scan the horizon from his elevated view-point.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

What're you doin'?

CLIVE

Lookin' for the river.

(he points)

There.

LUCILLE

(pointing the direction
they came from)

The river's *that* way.

CLIVE

I'm lookin' for the Big River.

LUCILLE

What big river?

CLIVE

The one that's gonna take me home.

(smells the air)

Yeah, it's that way.

LUCILLE

Mister..

CLIVE

Clive.

LUCILLE

You wanna know what's in it just as
much as I do.

CLIVE

I don't care.

LUCILLE

Bullshit.

He stares down at her.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)
I... I need help.

He sighs.

CLIVE
Everybody needs help.

Suddenly, a SHOTGUN BLAST rips the head off the scarecrow, missing Clive's own head by inches.

Clive leaps from the scarecrow.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
Go! Go!

He and Lucy run toward the woods at the edge of the field.

A big, ugly MAN emerges from the opposite direction, holding a shotgun. He gives chase.

BIG UGLY MAN
That's them!! That's them violin-
case killers!!

They make it to the trees, but a thin, harsh-looking MAN materializes in front of them, also brandishing a shotgun.

THIN MAN
Hold on there!

They stop dead. Clive instinctively reaches for his gun, but Lucille already has it trained on the thin man.

The big man runs up behind them.

BIG UGLY MAN
That's the ones, Tom! The ones on
the radio! I know it is!

THIN MAN/TOM
Awright, Lawrence. Take it easy,
now.
(to Lucille)
Little Missy, I'll need you to drop
your weapon.

Lucille cocks it instead. Both Tom and Lawrence cock theirs.

TOM
Now, Miss. You must know your options
are few.

She looks like she is about to fire. And then, finally, her grip weakens, and the gun falls to the ground.

Tom smiles.

TOM (CONT'D)
Wise choice.

INT. JAIL CELL -- DAY

Lobo paces in his cell impatiently. He has a paper napkin stuck crudely to his face to staunch the bleeding from the gash. Finally, he calls out.

LOBO
Hey! I'm starvin' in here! Can't a
man get a plate of food??

No answer.

LOBO (CONT'D)
(louder)
Hey!!

Still no answer. Finally, he hears the outer door UNLOCK and come open.

Verne appears.

VERNE
What you want, killer?

LOBO
How 'bout a little grub, Verne. I
ain't et for two days.

VERNE
You want some grub?

LOBO
I'd be much obliged.

VERNE
Yeah.. Yeah..

Verne disappears. He comes back holding something in his hand, wrapped in wax paper.

VERNE (CONT'D)
Here's some grubs.

He tosses the thing into the cell. It is the Sheriff's half-eaten drumstick. It is covered in maggots.

Verne laughs mockingly.

VERNE (CONT'D)
Bon appetite! Best keep your strength
up for later.

We track over to the violin case, which is up on a vice.

INT. ADJOINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Clive and Lucille are each tied to the two support posts in the room.

Tom sits on a chair facing them. Shotgun across his lap.

TOM

My brother may not be much to look at, but he's quite the smith. He'll get that son of a bitch open.

He leans forward.

TOM (CONT'D)

You folks ain't too talkative all of a sudden. Quite a difference from when we found ya. I heard some of the things you said, talkin' 'bout things men are willin' to kill for. Or die for. Or somethin' like that.

Through the doorway to the open room, they can hear Lawrence continue to pound away: PING PING PING. The intense orange glow coming from the forge throws his shadow up on the wall.

INT. SMITHING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Lawrence pounds the iron bar into a flat point, like the end of a crowbar. He walks it over to the violin case and tries to wedge the red hot point into the shiny metal edge of the case.

He begins pounding on the poker with his hammer, trying to pry it open. Sparks fly. After a few hits, he stops and looks. The metal edging on the case continues to gleam in the firelight as if had never been touched. No scorch-marks, dents, nothing.

Lawrence runs his finger over the smooth metal, wide-eyed with disbelief. He begins POUNDING again.

INT. ADJOINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

We hear Lawrence drop his tools on the ground and CRY out in pain. His demonic-looking shadow grabs at it's hand and dances around up on the wall. Tom notes this with displeasure. He turns back to his prisoners.

TOM

Anyhow, just in case he can't get it open. Where's the key?

CLIVE

I told you, there ain't none. Or if
there are, we ain't got it.

Tom gets up and walks toward Clive. He SMASHES him in the
face with the butt of his rifle.

LUCILLE

You son of a bitch!

Tom looks at her and smiles.

TOM

Well, I hate to do it. But I guess
I'm gonna have to search your
girlfriend for it.

He goes over to her and rips her shirt down, and then rips
her undershirt down, exposing her breasts.

TOM (CONT'D)

Mmmmm. Nice. You're quite a woman.
(to Lawrence)
Lawrence! Get in here!

Lawrence comes in holding the red-hot poker. He stares at
Lucille's breasts.

LAWRENCE

Niiiiice.

TOM

Get 'er on the bed!

He points to a bare set of box springs in the corner.

CLIVE

DON'T YOU TOUCH HER!!

He comes up real close to Clive's face and grins.

TOM

Hope ya don't mind, but I'm feelin'
kinda... apocalyptic right now. So,
you just go ahead and scream all you
like. No one'll hear it.

CLIVE

I told you!! There ain't no key!!

TOM

Oh, I know. I was just lookin' for
an excuse to do what I'm about to do
to your little girlfriend.

He laughs.

Clive's eyes fill with rage. He slips something out of his shirt sleeve into his hand. A cigarette lighter.

CUE LIVELY VIOLIN MUSIC

INTERCUT BARN AND JAILHOUSE

INT. JAIL CELL -- NIGHT

This all happens with NO SOUND EXCEPT THE MUSIC:

A group of cops bursts in and grabs Lobo by the arms and legs.

The cops strip his clothing off of him, leaving him clad only in white long-johns.

Verne looks on with a malevolent gleam in his eye.

INT. BARN -- NIGHT

Lawrence and Tom strip Lucille of her remaining clothes and throw her on the metal box spring.

Clive is burning his ties with the lighter and burning the flesh from his hands in the process. He grits his teeth as tears form in his eyes.

INT. JAIL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

The men drag Lobo kicking and struggling down the darkened hallway towards a back room.

INT. SHOCK ROOM -- NIGHT

The room is dimly-lit, and contains various metal racks. In the middle sits another COP wearing thick granny glasses. On the table is a big black metal box, not unlike a ham radio. The inside glows with a blue light. Two thick cables run from the box, with two metal claws on each end. The man looks up from the box at Lobo.

He brings the two claws together, resulting in a bright, blue ELECTRICAL FLASH.

INT. BARN -- NIGHT

Tom holds her down as Lawrence undoes his pants and climbs on top of her, beady eyes shining with lust. She SCREAMS soundlessly.

INT. SHOCK ROOM -- NIGHT

The men lash Lobo to one of the racks. They pry his legs apart and tie them down.

One of the men brings out a ladle and splashes Lobo's crotch with water.

Verne now grasps the two metal claws. He brings the metal claws towards Lobo's drenched crotch, drawing closer and closer to the source.

INT. BARN -- NIGHT

Lawrence inches his way up her Lucille's body, getting ready for forced entry.

INT. SHOCK ROOM -- NIGHT

Lobo SCREAMS soundlessly, preparing for the worst.

Suddenly, a hand flicks on the house lights, illuminating the room.

END MUSIC

The cops all stop what they're doing and turn toward the door, where stands Deputy Frank Anderson.

ANDERSON

Evenin'.

INT. BARN -- NIGHT

Lucille is struggling in vain. Suddenly she stops and BELTS OUT A LAUGH.

TOM

What's so funny, bitch??

LUCILLE

That!! That's funny...

She indicates Lawrence's crotch area. Lawrence looks down at his crotch, then back up at her. She keeps right on LAUGHING.

LAWRENCE

Get me the knife. I'm ownna cut her tits off.

Lawrence's expression suddenly changes. He starts GASPING for breath. Blood sprays out of his mouth.

The sharp, glowing end of the red-hot poker suddenly emerges from the front of his throat in a shower of blood, driven in to the back of his neck by one fucking pissed-off Clive!

Tom has just enough time to look up into both barrels of his own shotgun held in Clive's other hand, which BLOWS HIS FACE THROUGH THE BACK OF HIS HEAD.

Clive stands there, eyes wide, like he can't believe what he's just done. Lucille's naked body is covered in Lawrence's blood. She lays there, trembling.

INT. SHOCK ROOM -- NIGHT

The torture squad is looking quite sheepish and busted.

VERNE

Uh, evenin'.

ANDERSON

Hope y'all don't mind, I let myself in.

He begins walking around the room, checking things out.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

What y'all up to in here?

VERNE

Uh, well, the... prisoner here was...

ANDERSON

You mean the 'suspect'?

VERNE

That's right, the 'suspect', well, he was... actin' out so to speak. We felt it was necessary to...

ANDERSON

Teach him a lesson.

VERNE

That's right, teach him a lesson.

Anderson is now right up in Verne's face.

ANDERSON

What're you gonna do now?

Verne eyes him for a moment.

VERNE

Well, uh, I think we made our point, right boys? We's just tryin' at scare 'im.

ANDERSON

So then, what're you gonna do now?

VERNE

We're... we're gonna put him back in his cell.

ANDERSON
I'll walk with ya.

INT. JAIL CELL -- MOMENTS LATER

Under Anderson's watch, they very nicely escort Lobo back into his cell. Verne shuts the door and locks it.

VERNE
There we are, Deputy. Locked up nice and tight.

Anderson meets his eyes once again.

ANDERSON
Evenin'.

He turns to leave.

VERNE
(with a slight
maliciousness)
Drop by again soon, Deputy Sheriff!

Anderson turns back to him and his words cut like knives.

ANDERSON
Count on it.

Verne glowers after him as he goes. Then he hears low LAUGHTER. Lobo is loving every minute.

LOBO
(aping him)
'Drop by again soooooon, Deputy Sheriff...'

Verne looks ready to tear the boy's head off. He grabs his pistol.

LOBO (CONT'D)
Now you gonna *pistol whip* me, Verne?
Can't you make up your mind?

Verne catches himself and holsters his gun.

VERNE
He'll be leavin' come dawn. Don't get comfortable. Killer.

He stalks off to the sound of LAUGHTER, and Lobo opens his hand to see the object he managed to snag during his struggles: A small roll of thread.

EXT. BARN -- NIGHT

Clive and Lucille stand looking at the barn. Both look completely exhausted and drained. Kind of numb. She's now wrapped in a blanket. Clive's looks up to the night sky.

CLIVE

Full moon.

LUCILLE

Goddamn right it is.

More silence as they stare up at the stars.

CLIVE

Brazil, huh?

LUCILLE

What?

CLIVE

I said Brazil, huh?

LUCILLE

Uh... yeah.

CLIVE

We gotta go to Arkansas first, okay?

She looks at him, he looks at her.

LUCILLE

Okay.

They draw a little bit closer to each other.

Then she looks over at what must be Tom and Lawrence's house, standing in the near distance.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

Think they got any hot runnin' water in there?

CLIVE

Or food?

LUCILLE

Yes, glorious food.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- LATER

Clive, now cleaned up and bandaged, stands in front of the mirror, shaving. His midsection is wrapped in a towel.

He stares at his ravaged yet handsome face, looking disturbed.

He looks at the bandages on his burned wrists. The cuts and bruises on his body from the truck wreck.

LUCILLE (O.S.)

Clive?

He snaps out of it.

CLIVE

Yes Lucille?

LUCILLE (O.S.)

Can you come in here a moment?

CLIVE

Sure thing.

He walks into the...

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Lucille lays there, freshly bathed, a white sheet covering her naked body. Her still-damp auburn hair spread across the pillow. She is a vision.

CLIVE

Everything all right?

LUCILLE

Well, to tell you the truth, I'm feelin' just a little bit... apocalyptic right now.

She gives him a look and pulls the sheet aside.

He puts the razor down on the dresser and goes to her. We zero in on the straight-razor, lying next to a picture of the smiling now-dead brothers, Tom and Lawrence, arm-in-arm, posing next to a freshly-killed twelve-point buck.

INT. JAIL CELL -- DAWN

The morning half-light is just beginning to chase away the darkness. Lobo lays on top of his bunk, fully dressed again, eyes closed.

He hears the OUTER DOOR OPENING, and his eyes flash open for a second.

Verne enters, smiling. Another cop, Wade, trails behind him.

VERNE

Guess what, killer. The great federal marshal and his lowly little lackey just flew outta town. So your time's almost at hand

Lobo keeps his eyes closed.

LOBO

Tell you the truth, Verne. I'd much prefer the pistol-whippin'.

VERNE

Well, I'm afraid that ain't happenin'. You'll get the shock to the undercarriage just like them niggers.

LOBO

Yeah. Then you can have your men do it for ya.

VERNE

What's that supposed to mean?

LOBO

Only that your fat-ass ain't got the balls to give me a good old fashioned pistol whippin' yourself. Too busy.. Chowin' down on fried chicken. Ain't that right, Wade?

WADE

Well...

VERNE

Well what??

WADE

You do have quite the appetite.

VERNE

Shut your goddamn hole!!

WADE

I's just answerin' the question, Verne.

Verne turns back to Lobo.

VERNE

I give a pistol-whippin' anytime I good goddamn well like. I just don't feel like it!

Lobo makes a chicken sound.

LOBO

BAWK!

Lobo sits up and stares at Verne. He puts his fists in his armpits and flaps his "wings".

LOBO (CONT'D)

BAAAWWWKK!!

He jumps up on his bed and starts poking and prancing around like a chicken

LOBO (CONT'D)

Bawkbawkbawkbawkbawk.... BAAWWWWKK!!

WADE

He's just tryin' to crawl under your skin, Verne. Shake it off!!

Verne sits there in his juices for a moment. Finally, he turns to leave.

VERNE

Lets go, Wade.

They walk away.

Oblivious, Lobo continues on.

LOBO

(in chickenspeak)

BAWK!! What's that Deputy Sheriff??
BAWK!! You want me to suck your
balls for ya?? BAWK!! Anytiiiime...

We hear the outer door CLANG back open. Verne comes flying back in with Wade chasing after him, blinded with rage.

He fumbles for his keys and gets the door open.

VERNE

Keep your gun on him, Wade.

LOBO

BAWK BAWK BAWK!!!!

Verne pulls out his pistol and advances on Lobo, who goes right on BAWKING.

He raises his pistol, handle out, and walks right into a complex webbing of thread, stretched floor to ceiling, barely visible in the morning light.

He gets all caught up in it for a moment, unable to bring the gun down on Lobo.

VERNE

What the...

But one moment is all the time Lobo needs. In a flash he is on the big cop. He grabs Verne's hair and brings his knee up into his nose, hard!! He rips the gun from Verne's hand and points it at Wade, who is completely caught off guard.

WADE

Sorry 'bout this Verne. He gonna
kill me if I don't.

Somehow, he doesn't seem *that* sorry, though. He throws Verne
up on the rack, pries his legs apart, and clamps them down.

VERNE

Huh... Wha...

Lobo picks up the two metal shock claws. He draws them
together and they emit a BRIGHT, BLUE FLASH.

He smiles.

LOBO

Get the ladle, Wade.

INT. MAIN OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Everyone is standing there, frozen, trying to figure out
what to do. Nobody seems to want to move, though.

PUTNAM

Whaddya s'pose is goin' on?

RICKY

Maybe.. Verne.. Was just cleanin'
his gun back there. And it went
off.

All of a sudden, Verne's unholy SCREAM reaches their ears.

VERNE (O.S.)

AAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRGGGGggg
gggghhhhaaaaawwww...

There is a pause. No one speaks. Finally...

VERNE (CONT'D)

NOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAGGGOOOOOOODDDDD
AAAMMMMMMMNSTOOOOOOOAAAAAaaaaaaww
wgggurgle..

PUTNAM

If I had to guess from previous
experience, I'd say they're usin'
the box.

He walks casually over to his desk and crouches down behind
it.

PUTNAM (CONT'D)

Ricky. Go check it out.

The rest of the cops who aren't named Ricky breath a sigh of
relief, and crouch down behind desks.

RICKY
What? Now??

PUTNAM
No, next Christmas.

VERNE (O.S.)
OHHHHHHGODDGODDDDGODGODGODNOONNOONOO
OONOOOONNOOoooooooooaaaaaagggggg....

Ricky looks pleadingly at the Sheriff.

PUTNAM
Well, bring young Billy with you if
you like.

Ricky sighs.

RICKY
C'mon, Billy.

The two cops approach the entrance to the hallway. They stand next to the door, guns up. Ricky sneaks a glance into the hallway.

RICKY (CONT'D)
All clear. Let's go.

They move cautiously into the hallway and disappear from view.

Two GUNSHOTS ring out.

Billy flies back into view and slams into the hallway door, his forehead geysering blood.

Ricky stumbles back behind him into the office, his left eye shot out. Blood shoots out of the hole.

RICKY (CONT'D)
My eye!!! My eye!!!!

He goes into convulsions and pitches onto a desk, his flailing limbs sending the contents of the desktop flying everywhere. Finally, he goes still.

Everyone else looks on in horror.

Putnam struggles to regulate his breathing.

PUTNAM
Awright. Awright. Everyone stay calm. The front door's the only way out. If that bastard thinks he's gettin' through, he's gotta go through Dexter's finest first. Now load your weapons, 'cause he's comin'!

The cops, about nine left, LOAD and COCK their weapons, girded for action.

INT. SHOCK ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A hand opens the door of an oak cabinet. Lined up inside it are five beautiful, gleaming, blue-barreled Thompson machine guns, primed and ready.

Lobo stares at the guns.

LOBO

Oh, Mama. If only you could see
your boy now.

INT. MAIN OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

A shadow appears on the hallway door, lit by a shaft of the morning sun.

PUTNAM

He's comin'!!

EXT. DEXTER POLICE STATION -- CONTINUOUS

In the front yard across the street, two children, a BOY and a GIRL of about 7 and 5 are locked arm and arm, spinning around in the grass and singing...

BOY AND GIRL

*Ring around the rosy, pocket full of
posies, ashes, ashes, we all fall
DOWN!!*

On 'down' they hit the ground together. In the same instance, the police station erupts in GUNFIRE. The children turn to look, eyes wide.

The ROAR OF GUNFIRE continues inside the station as the front windows are shot out. Stray bullets strike near the children, but miss hitting them. Oblivious, the two continue to watch in fascination.

(Note: Intercut with this, we could probably see some QUICK FLASHES of the mayhem occurring inside the station)

The GUNFIRE continues, in shorter spurts now, and then slowly peters out.

There is one last extended BURST OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE.

And then silence. The children continue to stare, transfixed.

Finally, Lobo exits out the front door of the station, whistling to himself as if he had just paid off a speeding ticket.

MAN (O.S.)
 Oooooweee!! They're tearin' this
 state apart!

FATTY, the owner and head cook, lays a steaming plate of
 eggs, bacon and hash browns on the counter in front of the
 paper.

FATTY
 Who?

MAN
 Who ya think?

FATTY
 Eggs'll get cold Manny.

The paper is quickly shunted aside, revealing MANNY ROSE,
 late 40ish black man. His clothes may be humble, but his
 eyes are sharp and his gap-toothed grin infectious to all
 who meet him, save for the most extremely prejudiced.

He sees the eggs and flashes his grin.

MANNY
 Fatty, no one does Kentucky scramble
 like you. I swear, if you had
 breasts, I'd marry you.

Fatty stops and gives him a look.

FATTY
 Have you seen me lately??

The regulars at the counter break into a LAUGH. Fatty,
 however, never smiles.

FATTY (CONT'D)
 Eat your eggs, wiseguy.

Manny dives into his eggs ferociously.

Two WORKING MEN enter, trailing the dust of the road.

MAN #1
 Hey, what's with all the police
 presence outside?

FATTY
 Dunno. They sure as hell ain't eatin'
 anything, though. You fellas wanna
 have a seat at the counter?

The men look at the two chairs open next to Manny.

MAN #2
 Next to the boy? I don't think so.

Manny stops chewing. The place goes SILENT.

FATTY

That's funny. I don't see me no boy
'round here? Fellas, you see a boy
'round here?

The REGULARS at the counter look around.

REGULARS

No.. nope...can't say's I do.

FATTY

Nope. I see me a man, though, name
a Mr. Manny Rose. Travelling
salesman. Deals in fine and exotic
antiques from all over the world.
Been comin' through here for twenty
years. You two got a problem with
that?

MANNY

Let it go, Fatty. It ain't worth
it.

MAN #2

All I know is, you got a section for
Colored's over there, so why ain't
he sittin' in it?

He points to a booth near the kitchen marked 'COLORED BOOTH'.
The booth is painted bright yellow.

FATTY

The county makes me put that up, but
they never specified which color.
So, I decided the color should be
yellow. Its my little joke.

MAN #2

Well, it ain't too funny.

FATTY

I got me a .22 caliber L.C. Smith
behind this counter that disagrees
with you. Now, why don't you two
boys have a seat.

MAN #1

Ferget it. We're leavin'.

FATTY

Suit yourselves. Next breakfast is
45 miles.

The two men look at each other. Grumbling, they head over
to the yellow booth and sit down.

Regular CONVERSATION in the cafe resumes excitedly.

Manny looks over at the spectacle of two white crackers slumped dejectedly in the Colored booth and can't help but stifle a laugh. He looks up at Fatty, who has gone back to his grille.

MANNY

'Exotic antiques'. I'm a junk dealer.

FATTY

You callin' me a liar?

MANNY

Y'know, Fatty. I think today just might be my day.

FATTY

Eat your eggs.

EXT. CAFE PARKING LOT -- LATER

Manny exits the cafe, still smiling. The lot is teeming with police cars, with more coming in from the highway.

His smile fades, and for a moment, we see what he sees:

P.O.V. PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

In SLO-MO: Police cars swirl around us, dust rises from the ground, LAWMEN stare at us suspiciously as we pass, weapons are being checked. An officer watching us says something to another. He mouths the word 'nigger'.

Manny keeps his head down and heads straight for his truck. He is no fool.

An old upright piano is strapped onto the back bed of his battered pick-up truck, his latest acquisition.

He opens the door.

INT. PICKUP -- CONTINUOUS

A gun appears, pointed at him. He freezes.

CLIVE'S VOICE

Drive, mister.

Clive and Lucille are hunched down in the cab, out of sight. They are looking better these days, cleaned up and wearing fresh clothes. Clive has stiches in his forehead. Lucille is holding a small suitcase which, it can only be surmised, holds the violin case.

Manny considers whether to make a break. Clive COCKS his gun.

CLIVE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I said: Drive, mister.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

The pickup rolls down the road.

INT. PICKUP -- CONTINUOUS

Clive and Lucy are sitting up now. Manny driving, Clive in the middle, his gun trained on Manny's chest. Lucy reads the paper.

A police car appears, coming from the opposite direction.

Clive grabs Lucy's shoulder.

CLIVE

Down.

They hunker down until the car passes.

MANNY

(glumly)

This is my day all right.. You'all gonna get my ass killed!

CLIVE

Just keep drivin'.

LUCILLE

Lord have mercy! We are in some trouble here.

Clive looks over at the paper.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

(reading)

'Federal Marshal Ethan Stark, brother of the slain Sheriff, was questioned about his decision to leave the depraved killer Johnny Lobo in the custody of the notoriously corrupt Dexter Police force. His curt response, 'If those boys were involved in torture, then maybe they got what they deserved. As for the three fugitives, don't you worry, I'll get 'em'. Marshal Stark's record belies his confidence: 21 men killed by his gun....'

(face brightens)

Aaaaawww...

CLIVE

What?

LUCILLE

Lookit that. Cute little springer spaniel puppy. Needs a home. Look, they got a picture.

She pushes the paper closer to Clive. He takes a look.

CLIVE

Cute.

LUCILLE

Isn't he just a darling?

Manny looks at them with bugged-out eyes.

MANNY

Have you people gone crazy?? Get down.

They get down. Another cop car passes them by.

CLIVE

Thinks, mister. I didn't even see 'em comin'.

MANNY

Don't thank me! I ain't helpin' no violin case killers!!

LUCILLE

Well, you just told us to get down.

MANNY

(frustrated)

Yeah, but that was... reflex. Goddamnit!

LUCILLE

Take 'er easy, there mister.

MANNY

I just.. I just.. Goadmamnit!!

CLIVE

Look. We ain't tryin' to be no burden on you.

MANNY

(losing it)

Oh, no burden! No burden! Y'know how fast them lawmen gonna shoot an old nigger like me? I get pulled over for a traffic violation, I gotta worry about bein' shot. Now, add in two fugitive killers to the equation, and whaddyou think you got?? Huh??

Clive and Lucy are silent.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Shit. This was supposed to be my day.

CLIVE

Look, mister..

MANNY

Manny. My names Manny. I'm gonna die with you, you might as well know my name.

CLIVE

Manny. I know you ain't gonna believe this, but we ain't actually killed no cops.

Manny eyes Clive.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

This..

(indicating newspaper)

..Is all hyperbole. Sells newspapers.

MANNY

All what??

CLIVE

Hyperbole.

MANNY

Hy-per-..

CLIVE

Hy-per-bo-le..

MANNY

Hyperbole.

CLIVE

Yeah, hyperbole. You got it.

MANNY

All right! Hyperbole! Whatever you say..

CLIVE

That's right. And let me tell you, you ain't that old.

MANNY

I'm 47!

CLIVE

Well, I'm 48! That's old.

Manny eyes him for a moment, then smiles and shakes his head.

MANNY

I'm *dead*.

Clive smiles back. Lucille stays serious.

LUCILLE

Clive, honey? What about...

She points to something in the paper.

CLIVE

No, sweetie. The notice about the dog is not hyperbole. That's true.

LUCILLE

I know. I'm just funnin'.

They burst out laughing. Manny just stares at them like they're out of their minds.

CLIVE

That was a good one, honey.

MANNY

So, if I may ask, where you folks headed?

LUCILLE

Brazil.

MANNY

Plannin' on stoppin' anywhere first?

CLIVE

Arkansas.

MANNY

Mm-hmm. And anywhere before that?

CLIVE

Nowhere special.

MANNY

How 'bout this police road-block up ahead?

They look. There is a big police roadblock up ahead, another ARMY OF COPS waiting. Clive and Lucy dive for cover.

EXT. ROADBLOCK -- MOMENTS LATER

Manny pulls up behind the car in front, which is being searched by the cops.

MANNY

Mm-hmm. My day.. This is my day..

CLIVE

S'pose their's nothin' stoppin' you from turnin' us in here..

MANNY

You could shoot me.

CLIVE

Yeah, but then they'd have us surrounded, and then...

MANNY

Shut your goddamn mouth.

CLIVE

Okay.

The car is waved through and Manny is beckoned forward. He gives the attending COP his winning gap-toothed grin.

COP

What's your business on these roads?

MANNY

Junk.

COP

Junk. That supposed to be funny, boy?

MANNY

Not funny. That's what I do. Junk.

The cop looks to the back of the truck. Sees the piano.

He looks back at Manny.

COP

Step out of the vehicle, boy.

Manny looks back at him. He looks down at the two fugitives, cowering in his cab. He shrugs, as if to say 'What can I do?'.
do?'

COP (CONT'D)

Now! Boy!

MANNY

All right, then..

A STATE COP in the background looks up from his clipboard.

STATE COP

Hell, Ross, that's Manny Rose. How you doin' Manny?

MANNY

Just fine, Dave. Just fine. Didn't recognize you at first.

DAVE

He's okay. Let 'im on through.

ROSS

You sure?

DAVE

He's been runnin' these roads for years. He's okay.

Ross looks unconvinced. He glares at Manny. Manny grins back.

MANNY

You heard him, Ross. I'm okay.

This really gets Ross' dander up. His glare remains unfixed. Dave looks up again from his clipboard.

DAVE

Damnit Ross! If I say he's okay! He's okay!

Finally:

ROSS

Move along. Boy.

Manny puts the pickup in gear and moves through the roadblock to safety.

After driving for a moment:

MANNY

Y'all can come up now.

Clive and Lucy sit up in the cab.

CLIVE

That was a close one.. Thanks.

MANNY

Don't thank me. Just tryin' to save my own hide, like I said.

CLIVE

Well, thanks anyway.

MANNY

Y'know, that's twice since this mornin' some cracker got his ass handed to him. Maybe this is my day, after all. So where to, folks?

CLIVE

You got a place?

MANNY

Yeah.

CLIVE

Where?

MANNY

East and south. 'Bout 5 miles outside of Price Landing.

CLIVE

By the big river. I know the area.

MANNY

Yep. Got me five acres.

CLIVE

Lets go there. I'd like to get off these roads.

MANNY

(cheerfully)

I might as well get killed on my own property.

He takes another long look at his two captors. They really don't look all that dangerous, more like an old married couple out for a sunday drive.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Lemme ask you somethin'.

CLIVE

Shoot.

MANNY

Ain't you folks... y'know...

(hesitates)

..scared?

They look at each other, and then back at him, eyes suddenly weary.

CLIVE

Yeah, mister, we're scared.

LUCILLE

And that ain't no hyperbole.

P.O.V. LOBO -- CONTINUOUS

Lobo's face is hopelessly blurred to the attendant's eye. He's blind as a bat.

ATTENDENT
Riveting. Just riveting.

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

ROLLO, an elegant hood, sits at his desk in this plushly appointed office. The PHONE rings.

ROLLO
(picking up)
Yeah.
(he smiles)
J.L. Smith, huh? Why sure I'd accept the charges. Hey there, J.L., how you doin'.
(pause)
We sure been missin' you around here. Sure is good to see you finally gettin' recognition for your fine work..

He picks up his copy of the *St. Louis Dispatch* and smirks.

ROLLO (CONT'D)
..'specially since it draws so much favorable attention to the company. What's that J.L.? No, the boss ain't in right now. But he wanted me to give you a message, case you called: That package? He wants it back. He's backin' out of the deal.
(pause)
Uh-huh.. Uh-huh.. Yeah, *that* package.

We wheel slowly around the room to reveal Stark and Anderson, sitting in chairs facing the desk.

Stark holds Clive's file in his hands. It is open to reveal a copy of the letter from his mother.

ROLLO (CONT'D)
Yeah. Arkansas. Town called Hemlock. That's where it'll be waitin' for ya..

Stark runs his finger over the words: '...something to give you'.

ROLLO (CONT'D)

You get that package back, and maybe we won't have to let you go due to the budgetary cutbacks. Okay? All right. You have a great day now, J.L. oh, and, J.L.? Don't forget to say your prayers.

He hangs up and looks at the two lawmen.

ROLLO (CONT'D)

I couldn't resist that last part. Hope you don't mind, officers.

STARK

Looks like we picked the right day to drop in.

ANDERSON

Yeah, well, let's just hope Mulligan's stupid enough to go visit his dying mother.

STARK

Oh, he will be. Men get crazy when it comes to mothers. And his is already dead. They put her in the ground this morning.

Anderson gives him a look.

STARK (CONT'D)

Oh, it'll be kept outta the papers. No sense in him finding that out.. Until its too late.

ANDERSON

This mean we have to get on that damn plane again?

STARK

Yeah, Frank. That's what it means.

ROLLO

Always happy to help the boys in blue. Oh, I almost forgot.

He pulls a bottle out of his desk

ROLLO (CONT'D)

Big Joe sends his best. 30 year scotch.

Stark stands and walks over to the bottle. He picks it up.

STARK

I ain't touched a drop in 10 years.
Made me crazy.

ROLLO

Go ahead, Marshall. Take a pull.

Stark tears the seal off the bottle. He unscrews the cap and sniffs.

ANDERSON

Ethan.

Stark looks at Frank, no anger now about the first name. Frank shakes his head slowly.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Remember your brother.

Stark thinks for a moment.

STARK

I ain't forgot, Frank.

He holds the bottle up in toast.

STARK (CONT'D)

To my beloved Calvin.

He takes a swig of the bottle and swallows. He looks back at Frank, who now just wears a sad expression, like he's lost something.

Rollo looks on, satisfied.

Stark walks to a detailed map of the midwest on the wall. He locates the small town of Hemlock, Arkansas on the banks of the Big River.

STARK (CONT'D)

Frank, Frank, Frank...

We focus on the small dot that is Hemlock, and move up the river back into Missouri, finally coming down on another little dot: Price Landing.

We zoom in on an area just south of the dot, which gets bigger and bigger, and finally...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUNK YARD(OVERHEAD) -- AFTERNOON

The sprawling junkyard is perched on a hill overlooking the banks of the river. We see Manny's pickup, a small dot, drive up to the front gate. We can hear SINGING..

EXT. JUNK YARD -- CONTINUOUS

The three of them are SINGING HAPPILY as the truck pulls up.

A big wooden archway announces: MANNY'S MESS. Beyond it lays all manner of man-made detritus.

ALL THREE

*Gonna lay down my sword and shield,
Down by the riverside..
Down by the riverside..
Down by the riverside..
Gonna lay down my sword and shield,
Down by the riverside..
And study war no more..*

They pile out, still singing excitedly. Manny and Lucy lock arms and spin around.

ALL THREE (CONT'D)

*Ain't gonna study war no more...
Ain't gonna study war no more...*

Clive catches a glimpse the banks of the Big River off in the distance, and goes silent. He begins walking toward it.

LUCILLE AND MANNY

(oblivious)

*Ain't gonna study war no more... I
Ain't gonna study war no moooooore...*

They stop. Clive is now standing up on the rise, bathed in the sinking sun, staring out at the shimmering waters. A package freighter drifts lazily by, trailing a cloud of steam.

CLIVE

(softly, emotional)

Down by the ri-ver-side.

Lucy goes to him and takes his hand.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Never thought I'd see it again.

Manny stands back, giving them some space. Finally..

MANNY

This.. This is my place.

Neither one turns around.

CLIVE

Its beautiful, Manny.

MANNY

(embarrassed)

Aw..

He is unsure what to say now. He kicks at the gravel beneath his feet.

MANNY (CONT'D)

So.. Where you two *really* goin', anyway.

Lucille squeezes Clive's hand. She sort of half-turns to Manny, her haunted eyes lit up in the sunset.

LUCILLE

Into the eye of the hurricane.

Suddenly, Manny seems to understand something: These two people are headed towards almost certain death. In that instant, he makes a decision.

MANNY

Well, in that case, you're gonna need a boat.

EXT. BIG RIVER -- EVENING

As the sun dips below the horizon, a thirty-foot steamship CHUGS out into the river. Her boiler and engine are situated amidships, with about six feet of tattered awning covering her stern.

Manny strips down to his undershirt as he attends to the engine. Clive and Lucille sit near the bow, watching the river wind out in front of them.

Manny comes forward, wiping his brow.

MANNY

Well, let's see.. We got plenty a wood, plenty of grub, and two cases of Canadian gin. If anything, I'd say we're overstocked. But you can't be too careful on the river.

He looks up at the sky.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Gonna be a mighty fine moon tonight too. So we can go all night if we want. Figure we make Arkansas by morning. Hemlock by afternoon. If we're lucky.

The emerging stars are just beginning to twinkle. He breathes in the crisp air.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Yessir.. Gonna be a fine, clear night. Y'know..

(MORE)

MANNY (CONT'D)

I won me this boat in an epic poker
game up in Fruitland. 'Bout nine
years ago, now...

He looks back at his two passengers. They are both fast
asleep on each other's shoulders. He throws a blanket over
them and gazes back up at the stars.

MANNY (CONT'D)

(quieter)

Yessir.. Gonna be a fine, clear
night.

The boat CHUGS off into the gathering darkness, and we can
see her name, painted on the stern: "JOSHUA"

EXT. PLANE -- DUSK

An old, twin engine cargo plane slices through the glow of
the setting sun.

INT. PLANE -- CONTINUOUS

Deputy Anderson braces himself against the RATTLING fuselage.
He is seated on a wooden bench which runs the length of the
plane wall. On his lap and by his side are various files
and newspapers.

He is sweating profusely, and looks nauseous.

A savage BUMP of turbulence knocks everything onto the floor.
He grabs the wall where he can, terrified.

He looks down through his sweat. A picture of Lucille on
the front page of a newspaper smiles back up at him.

Stark enters from the cockpit, bottle of scotch in hand,
looking quite a bit more composed than his partner.

He offers the bottle to Anderson.

ANDERSON

No thanks.

Stark sits on the bench on the wall opposite. He takes a
swig. He has to raise his voice a little over the ROAR of
the propellers.

STARK

Talked to the Sheriff of Hemlock by
short-wave. He's gonna make sure
our three friends encounter no
resistance gettin' to the Mulligan
Farm. That's where we'll take over.
Three birds with one stone.

Anderson gives him a blank stare.

STARK (CONT'D)

What?

ANDERSON

I been readin' up on our female killer. She's got no priors. Her record's clean. She's had no known association with the other two before this. It looks like she just stumbled into this whole thing.

Stark arches his eyebrows casually.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

When she was 18 she got pregnant, out of wedlock. Scandalized her parents and the whole town. The baby was born deformed, so she couldn't give it up for adoption. It lived for two years.

STARK

Well, then. She's a whore.

ANDERSON

She doesn't deserve to die, Marshall.

Stark stares at him for a moment.

STARK

You're lobbying hard for this girl, and I think that's an admirable thing. Really I do. So just know that I have my reasons.

ANDERSON

I hear you talkin' about the Law, Marshall, but what I'm seein' sittin' in front of me ain't the Law.

STARK

What're you seein', Frank.

ANDERSON

An executioner.

Stark smiles.

STARK

Nobody in twenty years has had the stones to talk to me like you do, Frank. It's goddamn refreshing. Most people just fear the shit outta me. Hell, I'm startin' to think you just might be the ambitious type.

He narrows his eyes, in full manipulation mode, now.

STARK (CONT'D)

Maybe, just maybe.. my brother's murder was the best thing to ever happen to Frank Anderson, what d'ya think?

Frank glares back at him.

STARK (CONT'D)

'Marshal' Anderson. Sounds pretty good, don't it?

Frank is trembling with rage.

ANDERSON

Your insinuation is most unappreciated, sir.

After a moment, Stark barks out a drunken laugh. He reaches the bottle out to the Deputy once again.

STARK

C'mon, Frank! Have a drink.

Frank glares back for a moment. Finally, he grabs the bottle and takes a sharp swig. He hands the bottle back to Stark.

Stark hoists it in toast.

STARK (CONT'D)

To three birds with one stone.

Another BLAST of turbulence.

STARK (CONT'D)

And getting off this goddamn crate once and for all.

He takes a swig.

ANDERSON

I'll drink to that.

INT. NURSERY -- DAY

We are moving into this lovingly decorated baby nursery. A MUSIC BOX plays in the background and we can hear a baby CRYING as we move toward the bassinet. The crying begins to sound abnormal, the closer we get. Unhealthy. Tortured.

We get to the edge of the bassinet and get a quick glimpse inside. The baby, a boy, is horribly deformed. It is now SCREAMING its lungs dry.

INT. STEAMBOAT -- NIGHT

Lucille awakes with a start. A dream. She and Clive are now lying on the deck, the blanket draped over them.

The moon is now out in full, as predicted, casting a radiant white glow over the big river.

She looks aft and sees Manny sitting at the tiller, still gazing up at the sky, his features lit up in the moonlight. He does not see her.

Tears streak his face. A sparkling river of pain. He bows his head and begins to sob into his hands.

After a moment, she lays back down.

INT. STEAMBOAT -- MORNING

Manny is asleep in the same seat. The engines are now off and the boat just drifts.

He wakes with a start and grabs the tiller, only to find it tied down. He looks back and sees Lucille at the stove. She takes the coffee pot off and pours two cups.

MANNY

Mornin' Miss.

LUCILLE

Mornin' Mr. Rose.

MANNY

I guess I fell asleep at the proverbial wheel.. So to speak.

LUCILLE

Oh, I been tendin' to the tiller. No reason to fret. My Pa owned a little sail boat we used to tool around in, so I'm no stranger to a vessel. All them gauges and levers, though, I'll leave that up to the captain.

MANNY

Oh it ain't such a trick, once you get used to it.

She comes over with a cup of coffee. He gladly takes it. She sits down facing him.

MANNY (CONT'D)

(sipping)

Mmmm-hmmm. Hot.

LUCILLE

Is it to your liking, Mr. Rose? Not too weak, I hope.

MANNY

Its perfect. Thank you, Miss. And let me just say, it sure is nice to wake up to a feminine face.

Lucille is flattered. She sips her coffee and stares intently at him.

LUCILLE

Your.. Wife is...

MANNY

Passed on, Miss. Passed on.

He smiles that incredible smile of loss.

LUCILLE

Oh.. I'm sorry.

MANNY

Well.. Its been a few years now. Kinda gives you perspective.

LUCILLE

Perspective don't make it any easier, Mr. Rose.

MANNY

No. No, it sure don't. What about your daddy? He still kickin'?

She shakes her head.

LUCILLE

He died on the barroom floor. Tryin' to break up a fight. He was...

She looks out on the glistening waters.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

Well, he was like this river: Big, wide and strong. And never-ending. Or so I believed.

MANNY

Even the biggest of rivers've got a delta, Miss, or a basin. They keep on flowin' and flowin'. And then one day, them waters just run off in all different directions, and finally end up in the sea.

(MORE)

MANNY (CONT'D)

And then they get pulled up in the sky, and brought back to start the whole journey all over again. So you were right. There's no end.

She is deeply touched.

LUCILLE

I hope that... I hope I'm not...

MANNY

Just speak your mind, Miss.

LUCILLE

Well, I hope you'll forgive me. I woke up last night and.. And I saw you..

MANNY

Carryin' on?

She nods. He laughs.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Carryin' on.

LUCILLE

I'm sorry. I shouldn't be askin' questions that don't concern..

He takes a sip of coffee.

MANNY

I got me a son, somewhere out there. We had to send him away when things got rough, to some cousins in California. Temporarily, y'know, till things got better. Folks we thought we could trust, but in these times you can't trust no one. Seems these folks... well, they just wanted a healthy baby jus' bad as we did, only they couldn't have one. So I guess they took off with ours. Hell of a world, ain't it? Black folks doin' that to there own. Kilt my wife it did. The not knowin'. Anyway, he'd be about eight now...

A rage enters his eyes for a moment. A rage-filled silence.

LUCILLE

I.. I had a son, too. And I lost him. And it wore me down. I just figured I was cursed, I reckon.

He stares at her intently. Then he bursts out laughing.

MANNY

Miss Lucy! You got a way a bringin'
it outta people! What's your voodoo??

She smiles and takes a sip of coffee.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Miss Lucy. Why you doin' this? You
ain't no killer. You headin' into
nothin' but trouble, you know that.
You ain't no killer.

LUCILLE

Neither is Clive.

MANNY

You sure 'bout that? He seems like
a good man.. But he got himself a
past. The newspapers are full of
it. He done some bad things..

LUCILLE

But not murder!

(then she thinks)

Well, not to no one didn't deserve
it.

She stares out at nothing.

MANNY

That town holds nothin' but death
for you. You could get out right
now, turn yourself into the proper
authorities in St. Louis or Chicago.
'Cause, trust me, I got a feelin'
the ones waitin' for you down in
Hemlock ain't gonna give you a fair
shake, and they ain't gonna stop and
ask questions first. They just gonna
aim their guns and...

CLIVE (O.S.)

Mornin'.

They look up and see Clive. He is stares down on them
suspiciously.

MANNY

(embarrassed)

Mornin', sir.

Clive fixes Manny with a menacing glare.

CLIVE

You probably been wonderin' where we
got these clean clothes and bandages.
Since you got so many questions.

(to Lucy)

You tell him that, too?

She shakes her head.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Woolworth's. Depraved Killers
section.

He suddenly barks out a laugh. Manny looks a little confused.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Any more coffee on this Barge of
Death?

He shuffles over to the stove, yawning.

LUCILLE

(to Manny)

We broke into a farmhouse, Mr. Rose.
They had hot and cold running water..
Clean clothes.

CLIVE

Nice big bed, too.

He winks at Lucy.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

We got to play husband and wife for
a while..

LUCILLE

But not for long.

Clive sits down and takes a sip of coffee.

CLIVE

Then we met you. Its true I done
some bad things. I stole, I lied, I
coveted my neighbor's wife once or
twice. I even got a lady killed
once. A chorus girl. I didn't kill
her. Hell, I loved her. But I didn't
stop her from bein' killed either,
which is just as bad, when you think
about it.

(long pause, finally)

But them days is over. You see, Mr.
Rose, I used to believe I was a cursed
man, but lately I come to realize...
a curse and a blessing. Its the
same damn thing.

He takes Lucille's hand and squeezes it.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
I ain't scared no more.

He looks up the shoreline and spots a sign, drifting closer in the morning mist: THIS SIDE IS NOW ARKANSAS. PLEASE VISIT US!

He stands and walks to the bow. He shouts out to Arkansas.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
I'M COMIN' MAMA! YOU JUST.. HANG
ON, NOW!! YOU JUST HANG ON!!

There is no answer, just the sound of the wind in the trees.

Manny looks on sadly.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Your boy's comin' home.

EXT. DOCK -- DAY

A faded sign on the dock reads, simply "HEMLOCK". It creaks in the gathering wind. We can hear the steamboat approaching.

INT. STEAMBOAT -- CONTINUOUS

Clive and Lucy stand at the bow as Manny steers toward the dock.

A storm approaches in the distance. A RUMBLE of THUNDER.

Clive turns to his lady.

CLIVE
Lucille, I'd like you to give serious credence to what the Captain was saying back there. I got no idea what we're walkin' into.

She grabs for his hand, and he squeezes it, hard.

LUCILLE
We walk in together.

EXT. DOCK -- MOMENTS LATER

Clive and Lucy stand on the deck. Manny cuts the engine with a loud HISS. He walks to the bow and takes one last look at his passengers.

MANNY
You folks want. I'll wait for ya.
(MORE)

MANNY (CONT'D)

Take you all the way down to New Orleans. No charge. Hell, we never even got into the whiskey.

CLIVE

You best git right now, and you know it, or you may come to regret your association.

Manny nods.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

I noticed something. A funny-shaped case under the bulkhead.

MANNY

My fiddle.

CLIVE

You musical, mister?

MANNY

Passes the time, sir. Passes the time.

CLIVE

You hold on to that, y'hear? Don't ever lose it overboard.

Another ROLL of THUNDER.

Manny gives them one more look fraught with meaning, then kicks the engine back on.

The boat begins to roll away from the dock. After a moment, Manny comes back forward.

MANNY

Hey!

He tosses them an umbrella. Clive catches it. Manny shouts to them over the engine.

MANNY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna find me my son! I just decided! I got nothin' holdin' me to this part of the country no more!

Lucille smiles, her eyes wet.

LUCILLE

Godspeed, Captain Rose!

They wave, and watch as the ship begins to chug back up-river. Then they look at each other.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

I suppose we'll never see him again.

CLIVE

Most likely not.

A light rain begins to fall as they turn and mount the steps leading off the dock. A LOUD CLAP of THUNDER. Then, from the now distant ship, comes the sound of MUSIC.

They turn to look. A violin is playing the melody of "Down By the Riverside".

They watch the ship as it slowly disappears around the bend.

The rain begins to fall in earnest.

EXT. TOWN OF HEMLOCK (MAIN STREET) -- DAY

They walk down the main drag, huddled under the umbrella. Hemlock seems to have been particularly hard-hit by the Depression. Many of the shops and storefronts are boarded up.

There is no welcoming committee for Clive with laurels and garlands. In fact, there doesn't seem to be a single soul around.

The rain continues to fall, hard.

EXT. HEMLOCK TOWN LIMITS -- DAY

They reach the "TOWN LIMITS" sign.

CLIVE

Its just up around that bend. The old house.

He turns to face her.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Much as I hate to leave you out here in the rain.. I'd like to go in alone.

She nods.

LUCILLE

I got me the umbrella. I'll be fine.

He has been carrying the battered suitcase with the violin case inside. He tries to hand it to her.

She pushes his hand away. Her hand is trembling.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

I know you'll be back directly, Clive
Mulligan.

They kiss, the raindrops rolling across their faces.

He dashes off into the rain. She watches him disappear.

EXT. MULLIGAN HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

A large white colonial farmhouse. The paint is now faded
and chipped.

Clive stands in front of the house in the pouring rain. He
looks over at the big red barn to the right of the house.
He hears VOICES from the past.

MOTHER'S VOICE

Clive! Clive, honey, time for supper!

BOY'S VOICE

Comin', Mama!

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET -- CONTINUOUS

A car is hidden in some thick brush. In the front seat sit
Stark and Anderson. Stark is passed out, the scotch bottle
in his hand. Anderson is looking through binoculars.

He spots the figure of a man standing in front of the house.
He nudges Stark awake.

ANDERSON

Mouse is in the trap.

Stark wipes his bleary eyes. He takes the binoculars and
takes a look.

STARK

Go get me the girl. You'll find her
in the vicinity.

Anderson gives him a look.

STARK (CONT'D)

What you waitin' for, Frank?

The Deputy quietly exits the car. Stark looks through the
binoculars.

P.O.V. STARK -- CONTINUOUS

Through the glasses, he can see Clive slowly walk towards
the front door.

STARK

That's right, Mulligan. You just
keep on walkin' through that door.

EXT. MULLIGAN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Mulligan walks slowly up to the front porch. He tries the front door. It is unlocked. He opens the door. Inside is all dark.

CLIVE

M-Mama?

He walks forward, as if in a dream.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

He walks slowly through the darkened house.

INT. PARLOR -- CONTINUOUS

Clive stands in the doorway, dripping wet.

Books line the walls. A black baby grand piano sits in the corner.

CLIVE

Mama? You... you here?

No answer. He tries the light switch on the wall. No power.

Finally, he enters the room and goes to the window. He opens the curtain and looks out at the back yard.

P.O.V. CLIVE -- CONTINUOUS

He sees the family plot out in the yard. There is a new grave marker. Just a cheap wooden cross, soaking in the rain.

CLIVE

I'm... I'm too late.

He bends his head to the window frame and starts to weep.

He stands there for a long minute, sobbing quietly.

Johnny Lobo materializes behind him, triumphant grin on his face, gun in hand.

LOBO

Awww... Boo Hoo...

Suddenly, Clive whirls with lightning speed, his own gun out. He BLASTS four bullets into Lobo's chest.

Lobo is blown back into a coffee table, which is crushed under his weight.

He lays there, stunned, chest blown apart. Not quite dead yet.

CLIVE

Surprise.

Clive walks over and towers over him.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Windows got reflections.

Lobo COUGHS. His mouth sputters up blood.

LOBO

Well... congratulations.

CLIVE

Thanks. I figured you might piece things together, come down and pay us a visit, so I prepared myself for that eventuality.

LOBO

(struggling)

Ain't gonna... bring yer... Ma back. You failed, Clive. You're too late.

CLIVE

Maybe that's so. But I reckon I gave it a good shot. And I'm done beatin' myself up.

Clive bends down and picks up Lobo's gun. He turns it over in his hand.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Reckon this old peashooter got you out of a lotta scrapes, old friend. Lotta scrapes.

Lobo looks up at him, knowing what's next.

LOBO

Reckon so.

CLIVE

Not this time.

He FIRES into Lobo's forehead.

EXT. BACK YARD -- DAY

Clive's mother's grave marker: "AVIA HOSNER MULLIGAN b. 1864 d. 1932. WIFE AND MOTHER."

Clive stands at the grave in silence. The rain is beginning to taper off.

He hears a voice behind him.

LUCILLE (O.S.)

Clive?

He turns around.

Stark stands in the middle of the yard, his Colt Super out but pointed down. Anderson stands a little off to his left, holding a handcuffed Lucille.

STARK

Time's up.

Clive stares at the Marshal's face.

CLIVE

You're the one in the papers. The sheriff's brother.

Stark just stares back at him.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Don't s'pose you'd believe me if I told you the one who killed him is dead.

STARK

Believe it or not, I do believe you. But it won't make no difference.

LUCILLE

They mean to kill us Clive! They mean to kill us both!

Clive looks at her. Then he looks to the Marshal, who smiles.

CLIVE

That true?

STARK

I don't know what that whore's talkin' about.

Eyes flashing, Clive's hand goes to the handle of his gun, resting in his waist band. He calms himself a little.

CLIVE

That's why you're alone. No... army behind you.

The Marshal just smiles.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

No witnesses.

STARK

Take out the gun, slowly, and drop
it in the grass.

He keeps his hand on his gun but doesn't take it out. He
looks deep into Lucille's eyes.

Tears are flowing from them now.

Stark points his Colt Super at Clive.

STARK (CONT'D)

(repeating)

Take out the gun, slowly, and drop
it in the grass.

Clive's eyes don't leave Lucille's. Finally:

LUCILLE

DO 'EM!

Clive whips the gun up and BLASTS Anderson in the stomach,
narrowly missing Lucille.

At the same time, Stark PUMPS four bullets into Clive's body.

Anderson and Clive fall together.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

NOOOOooo!!!

Clive lays there in the wet grass. As his vision blurs, he
can see Stark stride over to Lucille.

STARK

Down on your knees.

He pushes her down. She kneels there, sobbing. Stark lifts
his Colt to her head. She closes her eyes.

Clive watches through dimmed eyes.

CLIVE

(weak)

Lucille...

Stark COCKS his weapon. He smiles. SHOTS ring out!! Stark
is blown out of the frame.

Anderson lays there holding his smoking gun. His gun hand
collapses and his head falls back into the grass.

Lucille opens her own eyes, amazed to be alive. She looks
at the bodies around her for a moment.

Then she jumps to her feet and runs over to Clive. She falls on him, sobbing, clutching his chest with her still cuffed hands.

He struggles to speak, his voice a whisper.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

H... h... hey...

She pulls herself up and looks into his eyes.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

In the letter... my Mama said...

LUCILLE

That she had something to give you.

CLIVE

Y-yeah...

LUCILLE

I reckon we'll never know what it...

Clive suddenly grabs her hand, stopping her.

CLIVE

She gave me you.

She stares at him, surprised.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

At least... that's how I prefer to...
think about it.

And then she understands, and she smiles through her tears. It is a smile some people live their whole lives and never know.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

(really struggling
now)

I'm goin' first...

LUCILLE

What, honey?

CLIVE

I'm... Goin' first.

LUCILLE

Where?

CLIVE

Brazil. Meet ya there.

He dies. She hugs him tight.

She lays there for a very long time.

Eventually, we hear APPROACHING POLICE SIRENS whining in the distance.

Lucille doesn't seem to hear them at first. She does finally hear the voice, though.

VOICE

Miss! *Miss!!*

She looks up to see Deputy Anderson addressing her weakly from the pool of blood he's laying in.

ANDERSON

You got to go.

She doesn't move. With titanic effort, he tosses her his hand cuff keys. They land in the grass next to her.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

You go to go!!

She stares at the keys. Then she looks back up at his pale, bloodless face.

LUCILLE

Thank you.

She picks up the key ring and unlocks her bonds, rubbing her wrists. And then she turns her gaze to the old suitcase, lying there in the wet grass. It is now open, revealing the violin case inside, wrapped in some random articles of clothing.

The SIRENS grow louder.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN TRESSEL -- DAY

A tiny figure walks across this massive trestle track spanning a great Arkansas river.

The figure stops midway across the span and looks out over the gentle waters.

The figure releases something small and black. It splashes into the river, hundreds of feet below, and bobs up to the surface.

The violin case floats along the top of the water for a few seconds, and then slowly begins to sink.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS -- LATER

Lucille walks aimlessly through a field beside the tracks. In her hand is the suitcase. She is numb, directionless, her eyes red from crying.

A TRAIN APPROACHES, moving slowly, but gathering speed.

She barely seems to notice as it passes her by, boxcar after boxcar. It is moving faster now.

Finally, she stops and looks up at it. A hand appears from the open door of one of the cars.

It beckons her.

She stands there for a moment, watching the cars pass by. Suddenly, she bursts into a run and leaps onto the iron ladder of the very last freight car.

She almost slips from the ladder, but her foot finds the bottom rung.

She pulls herself up and hangs there for awhile as the train begins to gain speed, staring out at the afternoon sun sinking slowly into the passing trees, her long auburn hair flowing in the wind.

Images flash through her mind: Clive pulling her onto the train, laughing with Clive in the white convertible, Clive entering her bed, Clive and her and Manny Rose all singing together in the truck.

Clive's voice echoes in her mind, as it will until the end of her days:

CLIVE (V.O.)
She gave me you...

And, again, she smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVER BOTTOM -- DAY

The strange violin case descends through the murky depths and then settles gently into the sandy, silty river bed.

SUPER TITLES: "LUCILLE BANNISTER WAS RELEASED FROM PRISON IN 1940. SHE WAS COMPELLED TO CHANGE BOTH HER NAME AND APPEARANCE IN ORDER TO AVOID UNWANTED ATTENTION, AND EVENTUALLY SHE FADED INTO OBSCURITY."

SUPER TITLES: "FRANK ANDERSON RECOVERED AND WENT ON TO BECOME A CELEBRATED U.S. MARSHAL IN HIS OWN RIGHT, AND, TO HIS ETERNAL CREDIT AS A MAN AND A LAWMAN, HE NEVER FORGOT THE

PLAIN TRUTH THAT ETHAN STARK HAD BEEN RIGHT ABOUT HIM ALL ALONG."

SUPER TITLES: "AND FRANK ALSO NEVER FORGOT THE FACE OF THE YOUNG WOMAN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH, SILENTLY PLEADING FOR HER LIFE, NOR THE GREEN EYES. ONE DAY IN 1943, HE FOUND THAT FACE AGAIN."

SUPER TITLES: "THEY WERE MARRIED NOT LONG AFTER."

We begin moving toward the case as it lays there solidly, enigmatically amongst the wavering reeds.

SUPER TITLES: "THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE VIOLIN CASE REMAIN A MYSTERY TO THIS DAY."

We bore into the black exterior, as if we might penetrate its secrets once and for all.

The screen FILLS WITH THAT BLACK to the scratchy strains of a very old SONG, written during another time of great cataclysm:

"Pack up your troubles in that old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile..."