

WHEN WE FALL BEHIND

by

Dan Hutchinson

Contact:

Dan Hutchinson  
9 Crookston Road  
London  
SE9 1YH  
+447834603927  
Thehutch180@googlemail.com

U.S. Copyright, 2017

FADE IN:

EXT. RED'S BAR - BOSTON - NIGHT

It is a rain-filled night. A high quality cover of the Django Reinhardt song 'Nuages' can be heard from inside the bar, which stands on the corner of a nondescript street. A sodden poster near the front door advertises that 'Frankie Feldman' is playing tonight.

INT. RED'S BAR - NIGHT

The place is about half-full. Around thirty people are seated near the small stage listening while others sit at the bar talking. A few guys play pool at the back. The solo performer is FRANKIE FELDMAN (31), with flowing locks and a handsome baby face. He wears worn jeans and a 70's style brown leather jacket. He looks the part as he brings his set to a climax. A respectable round of applause follows.

FRANKIE

Thanks guys.

EXT. RED'S BAR - NIGHT

It is still raining. Frankie leaves the bar with his guitar case in hand. He walks a few steps before a car drives up alongside him. He pays little notice to it at first.

The car window then opens and a smoky Brooklyn accent seeps through the noisy rain.

RAY

Hey Frank.

Frankie is stopped dead in his tracks. He winces before slowly turning to face RAY CANNAVARO (55), a white male with receding hair and a face of a thousand stories.

FRANKIE

Ray. What the hell do you want?

RAY

Nice to see you too kid.

FRANKIE

I told you to stay away from me.  
Get the hell out of here.

RAY

So you're still pissed then?

FRANKIE

You left me for dead you asshole!  
Go or I call the cops!

Frankie picks up the pace. Ray follows him in the car. He then pulls over, gets out and jogs after Frankie.

RAY  
Stop! You got no choice kid.

Frankie turns around and Ray is POINTING a gun at him.

EXT. DILAPIDATED WAREHOUSE - INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - NIGHT

Frankie sits forlornly in the driver's seat of a white van. He clearly can't wait for this ordeal to be over. He looks at his watch then spots a guy at the door gesturing. It's LUCA CASTILLO (mid 40's), bald, with a prominent SNAKE TATTOO on his muscular neck. Frankie winds the window down.

LUCA  
Bring me my case.

FRANKIE  
You get it!

LUCA  
(shouting)  
Bring me the fucking case now!

Luca then heads back into the warehouse.

INT. DILAPIDATED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The warehouse is sparse apart from some old broken machinery. A badly beaten man is sitting tied to a chair. He is wearing a ruffled designer suit. It is CARL SULLIVAN (mid 30's) and sun kissed. Carl sports a BLOODIED right eye and chin.

The hulking DANIEL CONTE (late 30's), stands nearby. He's deaf and wears a shabby ponytail.

A RAT suddenly walks over Daniel's foot startling him much to Carl's amusement. Daniel chases after the rat stomping frantically into the floor. Seeing this as an opportunity, Carl manages to reach his phone from his jacket pocket. He fiddles with the handset desperately trying to hold onto it.

Carl manages to press the "number two" on his keypad. The name 'Dad' appears on the screen. He presses the call button. The phone then slips from his hand back into his pocket.

Over by the door Luca pulls out a gun. He is saying something to Frankie. It looks heated.

Daniel stops chasing the rat and angrily stares at Carl.

INT. OFFICE - TOMMY SULLIVAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In a mid sized office laden with war memorabilia a heavily scared burns victim sits in a wheelchair at the end of the phone. It is Bostonian TOMMY SULLIVAN (62).

TOMMY  
(into phone)  
Carl? Answer me. Carl!

Tommy can only hear HEAVY PANTING. He is disgusted.

INT. DILAPIDATED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A pissed-off Frankie reaches Carl and is shocked at the state he is in but he tries to pay him little attention. Carl is the opposite and stares at Frankie who collects some of Luca's things such as some rope, a belt and a bag.

Frankie and Carl catch each others eye as Frankie starts to walk away. Carl takes another look at Frankie as Luca heads over.

CARL  
Hey. Don't I know you?

Frankie ignores Carl's question and continues to walk.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Yeah I do. Holy shit! You're Frankie  
Feldman. Yeah, we did time together.

Frankie slowly turns around. He glares at Luca.

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tommy, brow perspiring, writes down Frankie's name.

INT. DILAPIDATED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Frankie shakes his head in disagreement.

FRANKIE  
I don't know you man.

CARL  
Oh, I remember you. We had a few  
fights. You hit like a pussy.

Luca is confused. He pulls Frankie by the arm and they face away from Carl.

LUCA  
Do you know this guy?

CARL (O.C.)  
Come on Frank. Put the past behind  
us. Talk some sense into your  
animals.

Frankie bites his bottom lip in frustration.

FRANKIE  
Yeah, I do. We did some time  
together in Colorado.

CARL  
Come on Frank, it was dog eat dog  
inside, you know that.

Luca POINTS ANGRILY at Carl.

LUCA  
Quit your talking!

Luca looks at Daniel. He directs him to use the belt on Carl.  
Daniel happily obliges and Carl WAILS in pain. Luca then  
faces Frankie.

FRANKIE  
I'm not getting involved in this,  
Luca.

LUCA  
You kind of are.

FRANKIE  
Bullshit! You deal with this, Luca!

Frankie backs away from Luca for a second. Carl leans towards  
his phone.

CARL  
Luca! Don't listen to Frankie.

Luca looks at Carl with disdain.

LUCA  
Quiet!

Carl tries hard to listen in. Frankie gets closer to Luca  
again.

FRANKIE  
Do what you gotta do. I'm out of  
here.

He looks at Carl one more time before walking off.

CARL  
Frank, come back. I gotta kid. Come  
back you sonofabitch!

Luca shakes his head dismissively, then turns his attention back to Carl.

LUCA  
Time to die, boy.

He loads some bullets into the gun; which has a silencer attached.

CARL  
Fuck you Luca. You think that dumb snake on your neck makes you tough? You're just a bald lump of shit doing someone else's dirty work.

LUCA  
This won't hurt. Much.

Frankie exits the barn.

CARL  
Feldman! Feldman!

EXT - DILAPIDATED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Frankie runs to the van and throws the items in the back. He SLAMS the back door.

He forlornly watches as the silent bullets LIGHT up the darkness that surrounds him.

INT. TOMMY SULLIVAN'S HOME - NIGHT

Tommy is aghast.

CU: On his paper the names Luca and Frankie Feldman are CIRCLED.

He brings the phone from his ear and ends the call. His scarred plastic looks contorted and soon shock turns to anger. He picks up his glass and throws it aggressively against the wall.

EXT. VAN - UNKNOWN ROAD - NIGHT

The van speeds along a desolate road. Through the front window we can see that Frankie is close to tears as he drives. Suddenly the back door flings open and the body of Carl Sullivan is flung out, crashing to the roadside.

EXT. JERSEY CITY - NEW JERSEY - DAY

The Jersey City skyline overlooks the sunlit Hudson River. Lower Manhattan is glimpsed across the water.

**SUPER: 18 MONTHS LATER**

EXT. DOWNTOWN JERSEY CITY - DAY

Downtown is bustling and vibrant with all walks of life. An speeding ambulance makes its way through the morning traffic.

EXT. THE COFFEE BEAN - DOWNTOWN JERSEY CITY - DAY

A busy coffee shop sits in between a book store and an ice cream parlour. The outdoor seating proves popular.

INT. THE COFFEE BEAN - DOWNTOWN JERSEY CITY - DAY

Next to the front window sits MIKE FELDMAN (44), a dishevelled portly man. His sleepless eyes and full beard hide his above average looks. He is sitting opposite ANGELA ROBERTS (40), larger than life, wearing a garish bouffant. She is reading some notes; pausing to sip on her coffee. Mike looks around the coffee shop somewhat detached from the moment before biting into his pretzel.

He spots a young couple enjoying a tender kiss. A bittersweet look glazes over Mike's face as he swallows his food.

Angela is clearly concerned by what she has just read.

ANGELA

No. I've read it again. It's still a disaster. Incoherent, rambling. Bears no resemblance to your first book. No, I can't present this.

MIKE

Okay, well just postpone.

ANGELA

Mike we can't postpone now. The first August is 'go' day. Look, why don't you get out of town for a few days, go to the coast, find a shack, clear your mind. It's worked before.

Mike is now restless and folds his napkin into various shapes.

MIKE

Doesn't appeal at all. Why don't I speak to the old man? He loves me.

ANGELA

His son controls things now and he's a professional asshole.

MIKE

If they have any sense they will do right by me.

Angela puffs her cheeks and CHECKS her watch.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You gotta be somewhere?

ANGELA

I have other meetings 'yes'.

MIKE

Guess I'm not your golden boy anymore, right?

ANGELA

I never said that.

She puts her things into her bag and gets up.

MIKE

That's it run away to your wunderkinds. Don't want your reputation to suffer, do we!

She laughs before composing herself and briefly pointing a finger fiercely in Mike's direction.

ANGELA

Hold on there Mister. We have known each other for twelve years and whether you believe it or not I care about you Mike; way more than I care about my reputation, okay? One bad deal doesn't hurt me but it can kill your career. So have an urgent rethink please.

Angela starts to walk off but stops after a couple of steps.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Look Mike, I hope you can finish this book. But more than that, I hope the old Mike Feldman returns real soon. For both our sakes.

Mike is clearly wounded by her words. Angela leaves some money on the table.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I'll call you.

Angela leaves. Mike looks lost as a few customers glance over at him. He picks up his paperwork, glares at it for a second before tossing it down.



INT. MIKE'S LOUNGE - APARTMENT - JERSEY CITY - LATE EVENING

The open plan lounge/kitchen is cluttered, a mishmash of styles and furnishings. Mike is seated at his window desk staring aimlessly at his blank laptop screen. To his right bookshelves full to the brim are prominent. A black and white photograph of a slimmer younger Mike and Angela celebrating with an award in a restaurant can also be seen on the wall.

On the table next to him sits a pile of unopened letters. The word 'REMINDER' is prominent on some.

On the right corner of the desk a telephone cable hangs disconnected from the telephone wall socket.

Mike rubs his hands over his face before glancing at a photograph of his daughter Lisa (then 7), and him. Lisa, a cute blonde, sits on his knee in a picturesque garden. Regret engulfs his face as he touches the photo for a moment.

He then gets up from his desk and walks to the window. At seventeen stories up the view is majestic. The bright lights of lower Manhattan SHINE across the river. They ILLUMINATE the tranquil Hudson. Mike, hands in pockets, is anything but illuminated.

INT. MIKE'S BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT

The modern bathroom is spacious with a huge walk-in shower. Mike is in his dressing gown brushing his teeth.

Suddenly, the door bell rings. He's startled. Mike walks out of the bathroom with toothpaste around his mouth.

INT. MIKE'S LOUNGE - LATE NIGHT

Mike checks the clock on the wall. It's 12:55 a.m. The door bell RINGS again followed by a LOUD BANG.

MIKE

Okay. Okay. I'm coming!

He opens the door and gets the surprise of his life. A physically drained short-haired redhead stands before him. It's his sister KARA FELDMAN (late 30's). Her floral dress and neck beads indicate a sense of hippiedom.

She looks pissed-off and speaks in a mild Irish accent.

KARA

Finally!

She storms past Mike with one bag of luggage and a tightly wrapped box.

MIKE

Kara. Come right on in siss.

Mike glances down the corridor to check if anyone else is there. He then closes the door.

Mike turns to see Kara toss her bag on the sofa and carefully place the box on the coffee table. She then stands there with her hands on her hips.

KARA

Where the hell have you been Mike!

MIKE

What? I have been here. What are...

KARA

No you idiot. Why have you not answered the phone or replied to my emails? I have been trying to get hold of you for two weeks!

MIKE

Oh uh, I guess I have been busy.

Kara spots that the phone line is disconnected. She walks over to it and picks it up.

KARA

Busy. Really?

Kara then spots the pile of bills. She looks at Mike and casually sifts through them.

KARA (CONT'D)

Yeah, really busy.

Mike walks over to Kara and grabs the bills from her. He notices the toothpaste on his face in the wall mirror and wipes it away.

MIKE

Um, sorry Kara but what the hell are you doing here?

Kara takes her coat off and sits down. She takes a moment.

KARA

Mom's dead, Mike. She died two weeks ago.

His face drops.

MIKE

She's dead?

He holds onto the top of his desk chair to steady himself.

EXT. BALCONY - TOMMY SULLIVAN'S HOUSE - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

The house is huge and old. Tommy is sitting out on his balcony which overlooks a secluded woodland. He's smoking a cigarette. A burly black man with short dreads sits opposite. It's DWIGHT COLLINS (mid 30's).

TOMMY

What guy?

DWIGHT

Randall McIntyre. A bounty hunter. Damn good, apparently.

TOMMY

Oh really. If he is so damn good how come I haven't heard of him?

DWIGHT

He stays in the shadows.

TOMMY

What like some sort of ghoul?

DWIGHT

I kinda meant he won't have heat on him. He gets fast results.

Tommy SIGHS DEEPLY.

TOMMY

Fine. Arrange a meeting.

DWIGHT

He don't do meetings, Boss.

TOMMY

What?

DWIGHT

Only after the job is done.

TOMMY

Are you fucking kidding me?

DWIGHT

No. My contact says it's how he has always worked. He uses phone contact only until he gets his man. Likes to cover his back until the job is finished.

Tommy is unimpressed. He looks out into the middle distance for a moment.

TOMMY

Randall McIntyre. Fuck it, I'm running out of time. Get me his number.

DWIGHT

Okay Boss.

Dwight gets up and starts to leave.

TOMMY

You and the others better keep on looking too. No slacking off.

Dwight nods in agreement.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, and Dwight, if this McIntyre fucks me over then it's on you.

Dwight nods again with some apprehension. He turns, ROLLS his eyes and walks inside.

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kara is on the sofa sipping a glass of water. She looks tired and tear stained. Mike enters the room and grabs his coat.

KARA

Where are you going?

MIKE

To tell my daughter about Mom.

KARA

Is that wise in your mood? Perhaps you should wait.

MIKE

If I wanted your advice on parenting then I would have asked!

KARA

Just remember she's a child, Mike.

MIKE

(sarcastically)

Really? I didn't realize. I'll be extra careful not to mention this stupid idea of Mom's.

Kara stands up.

KARA

It's not stupid Mike!

MIKE

Anything that involves me driving to Oregon with that murdering scum sure sounds pretty stupid to me!

KARA

Mom is just trying to make things better. Can't you see that?

MIKE

Better! She is forcing my hand.

KARA

You just don't care do you?

MIKE

I care. But I just can't understand why she wants her ashes buried in Glendale. She hadn't been there for seven years. I mean, Ireland was her home.

KARA

Are you being serious? She wanted to be reunited with Dad. Yes, she loved being with me in Ireland but Dad was her first love above anything. Surely that was obvious?

MIKE

I don't recall her ever saying anything is all.

Kara momentarily puts her head in her hands.

KARA

That's because you never listen!

MIKE

Yeah, yeah. Where's my damn wallet?

Mike LIFTS UP a cushion then a couple of magazines. He continues to search the room while Kara hangs on his tail.

KARA

He's your brother for God's sake. What happened between you two was thirteen years ago. He's paid the price for that. Stop living in the past, for Mom's sake at least.

MIKE

In case you have forgotten, he killed my best friend.

KARA

Yes, I know, it was an accident.

MIKE

Try telling Steve that.

KARA

Oh Mike, we have been through all this a thousand times. If you can't move on and be civil, then it will be nothing short of a disaster. Why can't you see that!

MIKE

Ah there it is.

Mike picks up his wallet from inside a pair of dirty jeans.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Look, I don't care if it was two hundred years ago. Bottom line is our sweet little brother killed someone dear to me.

KARA

I really can't go into this again. Mom's who you should be thinking about here. You should be doing all you can to honor her memory. Frank will be here tomorrow so please just hug each other and move forward.

Mike grabs his phone off the coffee table.

MIKE

Get real, Kara. It's way too late for hugs and kisses.

KARA

Sure! Who gives a damn, right?

MIKE

Exactly! Get your head out of the damn clouds, will you?

KARA

You bastard.

MIKE

Abuse me all you want.

KARA

You disgust me, Mike.

MIKE

Too bad little Siss.

Mike gets to the front door and opens it. Kara fights back the tears.

KARA  
I haven't finished!

MIKE  
Well I sure as hell have.

KARA  
Mike, this task was Mom's dying wish. Almost her last words.

MIKE  
Oh spare me the dramatics.

KARA  
Listen! It broke her heart not being able to see you two together. So if you fail her Mike, then you will have to live with that forever. Can you be that much of a disappointment?

Mike pauses for a moment and glances over at the urn which has remained on the coffee table. He then leaves the apartment SLAMMING the door behind him. Kara breaks into TEARS.

EXT. SUSAN & PAUL MACQUARIE'S HOUSE - NEWARK, NEW JERSEY - DAY

Mike is stood on the doorstep of a plush suburban house. PAUL MACQUARIE (early 40's), a handsome well groomed man stands before him. They are in the midst of a heated exchange.

MIKE  
You are loving this, aren't you?

PAUL  
Excuse me?

MIKE  
Having all this control. Making me out to be a terrible father.

PAUL  
You don't need my help for that.

MIKE  
Paul, I am asking for five minutes. I have followed the goddamn rules.

PAUL  
The drunken phone calls and school ban say otherwise.

Mike ROLLS his eyes. He rubs the back of his neck.

MIKE

You're a douche bag Paul. I stand  
by that, always have, always will.  
Susan must have lost her mind  
marrying you.

PAUL

Really? Because I thought she was a  
genius for divorcing you.

Paul goes to close the door.

MIKE

You will never be her father. Just  
remember that.

PAUL

The way you are going Mike, neither  
will you!

Paul SLAMS the door in Mike's face.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A six-foot-five, long-haired cowboy sits on the edge of the bed mid call. He is topless and has muscles to die for. His face is grizzled and mean and comes complete with a thick beard and a Charlie Manson stare. It is RANDALL McINTYRE (mid-forties). A Stripper (19), comes out of the bathroom. She looks badly beaten. Randall glances at her with contempt. She awkwardly leaves the room.

RANDALL

(into phone)

Look Sullivan. My price is two  
hundred. Take it or leave it.

TOMMY (V.O.)

You got a big mouth. Fine, two  
hundred.

RANDALL

Now you have my attention.

TOMMY (V.O.)

You better be as good as you think  
you are, boy.

RANDALL

Trust me, I am that good.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Well, you got two weeks. Or the  
deals off.

RANDALL

Why the rush?



TOMMY (V.O.)  
 Coz I'll be dead. And I want my son  
 avenged before I leave this shitty  
 world.

RANDALL  
 Best give me the details then, old  
 man.

Randall smiles to himself.

EXT. BUS STATION - SOMEWHERE IN TEXAS - DAY

Frankie, now wearing short hair, is standing with JULIA MARTINEZ (28), twenty weeks pregnant with natural good looks and flowing black hair. Frankie looks at the greyhound bus behind him, then back at Julia.

COACH DRIVER (O.S.)  
 Last call!

They kiss, then reluctantly release each other's grips.

JULIA  
 We will be waiting for you.

Frankie beams with delight and rubs her tummy.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
 Now go do your Mom proud.

FRANKIE  
 I hope so Julia. You take care,  
 darling. We'll speak real soon.

They smile then Frankie turns and runs on to the coach.

The bus door then closes. Frankie WAVES for a moment through the window. Julia BLOWS a KISS at him.

INT. LIBERTY STATE PARK - JERSEY CITY - DAY

Mike and Kara walk along the riverside. They reach a bench next to some trees.

MIKE  
 This is my spot.

They sit in silence for a moment and look out onto the river.

KARA  
 Maybe I can talk to Jim when I get  
 back and see if we can help out  
 with some money.

MIKE

No, no way. This is my mess. I will work something out. Maybe I can come up with a new idea out on the road.

KARA

I hope so. I don't like seeing you this way.

Mike looks to the ground for a moment.

MIKE

I'm glad we have cleared the air. I was pretty terrible to you.

KARA

It's okay, I get it. But it's important we stick together now Mom has gone.

MIKE

Yeah.

Kara holds Mike's hand.

KARA

Please try to make the trip work. For Mom's sake.

Mike pauses for a moment and looks out to the Hudson before turning back to Kara.

MIKE

I can't promise anything. Every time I think of Frankie I see Steve lying on that road dying.

She looks at him, his head now BOWED.

KARA

You will do the right thing. I know you will.

Kara sits back on the bench as Mike looks out to the river once more.

INT. RANDALL'S TRUCK - ROAD - DAY

Randall is smoking a cigarette while he drives, mid-call.

INT. BASEMENT - UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY

The BADLY LIT basement is full of computer technology and radio transmissions fill the airwaves. A geeky obese man sits in front of four computers while on his phone.

It's KEVIN WALKER (late 20's). Empty cans of energy drinks, half-eaten packs of potato chips and cigarette butts surround his work area. He is hyper.

WALKER  
(into phone)  
Quite the felon we have here.  
Theft, drugs. And murder!

RANDALL (V.O.)  
Murder?

WALKER  
Yeah, road traffic. Did ten years.

RANDALL (V.O.)  
Current location?

WALKER  
Unknown. I'm afraid.

RANDALL (V.O.)  
Unknown?

WALKER  
Yeah. Some hacker has been causing me shit recently. It's messing up my search facility a little.

RANDALL (V.O.)  
What is this bullshit?

WALKER  
Hazards of the job I'm afraid. I can tell you Feldman was born in Oregon, if that helps.

INT. RANDALL'S TRUCK - DAY

Randall is not happy. He pulls over to the roadside.

WALKER (V.O.)  
I guess tracing people ain't as easy as killing them, huh?

RANDALL  
(into phone)  
Just remember Walker, as soon as you stop being useful, Igor Kraspavic will be getting a call. And he ain't nice like me.

A moment of silence.

WALKER (V.O.)  
Uh. Oh yeah, he has a brother. Some author.

RANDALL

Name?

WALKER (V.O.)

Mike. He's based in New Jersey. Or at least was.

Randall CIRCLES the name Mike on his bit of paper.

WALKER (V.O.)

Feldman was also friendly with a guy in prison. A dude called Ray Cannavaro.

RANDALL

Where can I find him?

WALKER (V.O.)

Queens. He has a pizza joint named Ray Ray's.

RANDALL

It's a start. Send me over any recent photos of the Feldman's. And keep searching, shithead.

WALKER

As long as this hacker stays off my back, then you can count on me.

RANDALL

He better. Or you're a dead man.

Randall hangs up the phone. He underscores Mike's name and thinks for a moment, then begins to write further concealed notes.

EXT. STREET (RIVERSIDE) - JERSEY CITY - DAY

Frankie is walking alongside Kara. They exude contentment.

KARA

Is Julia coping with the pregnancy?

FRANKIE

Yeah. She's doing great.

KARA

Can't wait to meet her. She sounds lovely.

FRANKIE

She is. Speaking of lovely, I see Mike is raring to go.

He GESTURES with his head up the street. Kara looks and she can see Mike is packing the Cadillac.

KARA

I tried to soften him up for you.  
But he's not in a good place.  
Hopefully, he will find some peace  
on this trip.

FRANKIE

Still calling me a murderer, I  
guess?

Kara stops and grabs Frankie's hands.

KARA

I know it was an accident, okay?

FRANKIE

I know you do. Mom didn't though,  
did she, and nor does he.

KARA

Come here. It's gonna be alright.

Kara HUGS Frankie tightly in her arms.

EXT. MIKE'S CAR - STREET (RIVERSIDE) - DAY

Mike watches his siblings hug for a moment via the rear  
mirror. He soon turns away, unmoved by the embrace.

EXT. QUEENS BOULEVARD - QUEENS - EVENING

Randall's truck drives around a corner into a busy  
neighborhood. On the left of the street Ray Ray's Pizzeria  
can be seen in-between a 99 dollar store and a video store.

INT. RAY RAYS PIZZERIA - EVENING

In a run of the mill pizzeria, Ray, now greyer on top, is  
writing up a stock list outback.

Randall walks in. Ray HEARS the door open but doesn't turn  
around.

RAY

Give me a minute. I'll be right  
out.

Ray put's his paper down and walks out front.

RAY (CONT'D)

What can I (beat)

He is taken aback by Randall's appearance.

RAY (CONT'D)

Get you.

RANDALL

I don't want pizza.

Ray laughs to himself.

RAY

Well, you've come to the wrong  
place then, pal.

He grabs a cloth and wipes the counter surface.

RANDALL

I'm looking for Frankie Feldman.

Ray momentarily stops the cleaning.

RAY

Frankie Feldman?

RANDALL

Yeah, I'm told you two were pretty  
tight.

RAY

Years ago maybe.

RANDALL

Where is he now?

RAY

How the hell should I know? Who's  
asking anyway?

RANDALL

An old friend of his.

RAY

An old friend, huh?

RANDALL

We go way back.

RAY

I didn't know he was friends with  
cowboys.

RANDALL

Yeah and Indians too.

Ray shrugs his shoulders and turns around. He discreetly  
slides a knife into his apron.

RAY

Look, last time I heard he was in Miami, working on a boat or something.

RANDALL

Miami? On a boat.

RAY

Yeah. Last I heard.

RANDALL

Long way from Oregon, huh?

RAY

Hey look here pal, I said he was in Miami. That's all I know. So why don't you jump back on your horse and go check it out.

RANDALL

If I find out you lied I won't be happy. It's very important I see him.

RAY

I got no reason to lie.

Randall smiles. He then looks at Ray for a few moments.

RANDALL

Goodnight. Ray Ray.

Randall opens the door, TIPS his hat then leaves. Ray is concerned by what just happened. He watches Randall walk out of sight. He then picks up his cellphone and starts to dial a number.

EXT. 1-276 W - EVENING

There is a two mile long traffic jam due to road works. Mike's car can be seen amongst the waiting pack.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - EVENING

Mike is drinking some water. The radio is on. Mozart's symphony 'Serenade No. 13' is playing. You can cut the atmosphere with a knife.

FRANKIE

Kara told me you're writing a new book.

Mike steadfastly ignores him.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
A sequel to Carmel's Honour, right?

Still nothing from Mike.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
I always liked that book. The film,  
not so much.

Mike continues to blank him and instead turns up the radio. Frankie looks disappointedly at Mike for a moment.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
I play guitar. Gypsy Jazz mainly.

Mike is nonplussed and instead reaches for a piece of candy to eat.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
I got a tape in my bag.

Mike laughs sarcastically.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
It works just fine. Can I put it  
on? I've got an adaptor with me.

Frankie leans towards his bag. He then goes to put the adaptor in the connection but Mike SNATCHES it from him and throws it into the back seat as the traffic starts to move.

MIKE  
You don't just turn off, Mozart.

Frankie is a little taken aback.

FRANKIE  
Fine. Forget it.

Frankie THROWS the tape into the back of the car. He looks out of his window in dismay.

Mike glances at him guilt-free.

INT. BACK ROOM - RAY RAYS PIZZERIA - NIGHT

Ray is on his cell phone in the back room. He receives a voice-mail message.

PHONE VOICEMAIL  
The voicemail box is full. Please  
try again later.

Ray hangs up, then sighs. He spots DOUG MORELLO (20), his assistant, standing by the back room door looking at him suspiciously.



RAY  
What's up with you?

DOUG  
Nothing. I've finished cleaning.

RAY  
Right. Well you may as well go home. It's dead tonight.

DOUG  
Okay. Um, can I have tomorrow off? My Mom's sick again so I gotta help her out.

RAY  
Uh, no not really kid. I am going to be out most of the day. I'll need you here.

DOUG  
But she is sick.

RAY  
I understand. But this is your job. Close up a little early maybe. She will be fine.

Doug puts his coat on, a little-pissed off. He looks over at Ray who is clearly troubled.

DOUG  
Night then.

Ray doesn't look at Doug and just half-heartedly WAVES him off.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

In a modest motel lobby Mike and Frankie stand at the reception desk. They are faced by a twenty-stone male MOTEL CLERK (mid 30's), serves them.

MOTEL CLERK  
Sorry guys, we only have the one room left. Single bed.

MIKE  
Oh right.

MOTEL CLERK  
Big soccer game in town tonight. Do you want it?

Mike looks at his watch.

MIKE

Sure.

MOTEL CLERK

Driving license please.

Mike hands over the license as Frankie looks on concerned. The Motel Clerk heads out back.

FRANKIE

Mike, it's a single bed. Lets go somewhere else.

MIKE

This is fine for me.

FRANKIE

Well, I'll take the floor then.

MIKE

The hell you will. Sleep in the car.

FRANKIE

I'm not sleeping in the car. It's freezing out there.

MIKE

Car or the gutter. Your choice.

FRANKIE

Don't be an idiot Mike.

Mike dangles the keys at Frankie.

MIKE

Take it or leave it.

FRANKIE

I can't believe you.

Frankie grabs the car keys as the Clerk returns.

MIKE

Don't you dare lose those keys!

Frankie storms off. Mike smiles awkwardly at the Clerk.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Frankie is lying back in the front seat with his jacket draped over his chest.. He looks out to the highway in front of him. He then closes his eyes.

FLASHBACK:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

BOB HARRISON (early 50's), stocky with a handlebar moustache, sits at the kitchen table in a modest neat kitchen smoking a cigarette. He looks up at the clock on the wall. It's almost 2.30 a.m.

From the kitchen a motorbike can be HEARD arriving. Bob places the cigarette down in his ashtray.

A few moments pass and Frankie (now 18), walks in carrying his helmet. He's surprised to see Bob.

BOB  
Where have you been?

FRANKIE  
With my girl.

Frankie starts to walk out of the kitchen.

BOB  
I ain't done talking. Sit down.

FRANKIE  
I'm good standing.

BOB  
Suit yourself. You been on drugs tonight, son?

FRANKIE  
No Sir.

BOB  
Liquor?

FRANKIE  
One beer.

BOB  
You know it's against the law to drink and drive, boy.

FRANKIE  
I had food and anyway you ain't the sheriff anymore Bob, so you can't book me.

BOB  
No. But I warned you that you had to stop seeing Carly didn't I? Her folks don't trust you.

FRANKIE  
It ain't your business who I see Bob.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Just like it ain't my business who my Mom sees, unfortunately. Good night.

BOB

Okay okay. I'm busting your balls. Say listen Frank, I have your Mom's present in the barn. It needs a few tweaks before the party tomorrow. I could do with a hand.

FRANKIE

Now?

BOB

I know it's late but your Mom's asleep. You know what she's like busying around and all.

FRANKIE

I'm pretty tired.

BOB

It will be twenty minutes tops. We get it finished and then we can sit back and see her happy face.

FRANKIE

What is it?

BOB

I'll show you. Come on.

FRANKIE

Okay. Fine.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Bob opens the barn door and walks in. Frankie follows suit.

BOB

Shut the door. Keep in the noise.

Frankie pulls the door shut as the barn LIGHT comes on. He turns around and Bob is standing there next to a rocking chair.

BOB (CONT'D)

What do you think?

FRANKIE

A rocking chair?

BOB

Yeah. Hand made. It's just part of the gift. Test it out. I'll go and get the other part.

Frankie sits down in the chair. He ROCKS in it a little but isn't particularly impressed. The barn lights then GO OUT.

FRANKIE

Bob. The lights.

A moment passes and they come BACK ON. Bob is standing in front of Frankie and is now flanked by Two Guys (late 40's), with varying builds. Bob smiles sadistically.

BOB

This is your mother's main gift,  
Frankie. The best gift of all.

Bob holds up a whip and the other guys head MENACINGLY towards Frankie.

END OF FLASHBACK

Frankie is woken by a passing truck HONKING at other vehicles.

EXT - I-276 W - DAY

The landscape is LIT by the early morning sun. A few cars make their way up and down the highway. Mike's car comes into view. A sign for Pennsylvania state is just ahead.

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Randall is pacing around the lounge. A HISPANIC CLEANING LADY (middle-aged), cleans around him.

RANDALL

Oregon. Really? I'm sure he said  
Miami to me.

HISPANIC CLEANING LADY

No, Oregon. He is going to bury his  
Mother.

RANDALL

What! She's dead. But I spoke to  
him two weeks ago and he never  
mentioned anything.

She then gets a different cloth and wipes down the stainless steel chairs.

HISPANIC CLEANING LADY

He only found out a few days ago.

Randall sits down on the couch.

RANDALL

Heck. Did he go with Frankie?

HISPANIC CLEANING LADY

Yes.

RANDALL

Taking her back to Portland then?

HISPANIC CLEANING LADY

I'm not sure.

RANDALL

Did the boys fly?

She then moves to the book cabinet with her duster.

HISPANIC CLEANING LADY

He hates flying. No, they drove.

RANDALL

Of course.

On a nearby cabinet Randall spots a PHOTO of Mike stood next to his RED Cadillac. It looks fairly recent but Mike is without a beard.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

The red Cadillac.

HISPANIC CLEANING LADY

Yes, you know that, at least.

Randall takes a sneaky photo of the photo with his cellphone when the cleaner is looking elsewhere.

RANDALL

Say you don't have his cell number do you? I lost my phone yesterday.

HISPANIC CLEANING LADY

No. Sorry.

RANDALL

Ah, that's too bad. Well, I better get going.

Randall gets up, TIPS his hat in her direction and starts to walk to the door.

HISPANIC CLEANING LADY

Hope you catch up with them.

RANDALL

Oh. I'm sure I will.

Randall leaves with a contented smile on his face.

EXT. I-70W - EVENING

The sun is SETTING as Mike's car overtakes a large truck.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - EVENING - SAME TIME

Frankie is picking up some crumbs off the floor.

MIKE

Get them all up. It costs a fortune  
to keep the interiors clean.

FRANKIE

You could just clean them yourself.

He rolls the window down and THROWS the crumbs outside.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Satisfied?

Mike TURNS UP the radio. Frankie TURNS IT DOWN. Mike TURNS IT  
BACK ON but Frankie TURNS IT OFF.

MIKE

Get your dirty hands off the radio.

Mike defiantly puts the radio back on.

FRANKIE

I just want us to talk.

MIKE

No thanks. I have nothing to say.

FRANKIE

Mike, it's been thirteen years.  
Aren't you even a little bit  
interested in me?

MIKE

No.

FRANKIE

So we're just going to sit in  
silence the whole time, are we? You  
calling the shots.

MIKE

Absolutely.

FRANKIE

Come on Mike. I'm trying here.

MIKE

You are trying to annoy me is what.

FRANKIE

Look, I know we have a difficult past but can't we try to be friends?

MIKE

Steve was my friend.

FRANKIE

I wondered when that was coming.

MIKE

Just be quiet. It's better that way.

Frankie reluctantly puts his headphones on and shuts his eyes. Mike is miserable as sin.

INT. RANDALL'S TRUCK - I-70 W - DAY

Randall is driving along at a fair rate of speed. He has a cigarette half-in-his-mouth while he holds his phone to his ear.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Oregon?

RANDALL

(into phone)

Their old girl died. They are taking her ashes home.

TOMMY (V.O.)

His brother. Is he dangerous?

RANDALL

No. Just some hack writer.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Good. Bring them both. Alive.

RANDALL

Both means extra. Another hundred grand.

There is silence for a moment.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Fine. Three hundred grand for both.

RANDALL

That works for me, Sullivan. I'll be in touch.

Randall hangs up.



RANDALL (CONT'D)

Prick.

He then PUFFS his cigarette some more.

INT. BACK ROOM - RAY RAY'S PIZZERIA - NIGHT

The pizza joint is closed. Ray is out back, sitting down at a table with CHARLIE KINDLEMAN (60). Charlie has a long drag on a cigarette.

Ray is anxiously biting his nails. He takes a moment, stands up and leans on a pallet of boxes with both hands for a moment.

RAY

Luca and Daniel were killed over a year ago. Safe to assume that it was a hit by Tommy then?

Charlie nods in agreement and Ray PACES the room.

RAY (CONT'D)

How the fuck could Sullivan think Frankie killed his son? If Luca had snitched then I would be a deadman by now.

CHARLIE

Sullivan was always a relentless sonofabitch Ray. He's got something pinning Frankie. I guess he has always been chasing him and that's why the cowboy is suddenly on the scene. The kid's probably got a price on his head.

RAY

Jesus Christ.

CHARLIE

Why the concern for Frankie anyhow?

RAY

We did time together. Became close. Watched each others backs. The kid saved my life on more than one occasion.

CHARLIE

You owe him, I get that.

RAY

I do. Not just for prison though. I fucked him over a couple of times when we got out.

RAY (CONT'D)

Left him for dead one time and then  
got him caught up in this mess. I  
owe him big time.

CHARLIE

I hear you.

RAY

I gotta do the right thing. Then  
I'm done with all this shit. No  
more Tommy, no more dumb scores. I  
need to make this place work and  
try and get my old lady back.

CHARLIE

Look, I will ask around about  
Frankie and the cowboy, see what I  
can dig up. I'll also try and put  
some muscle together.

RAY

Thanks buddy. Christ, I can't  
believe it. Sullivan walks away  
from a burning warehouse, holes up  
in Canada and lives happily ever  
after.

CHARLIE

Yeah. Only he ain't so happy.

Ray is at a loss. He rubs his forehead and sits back down.

RAY

I shoulda known that Luca couldn't  
be trusted. Trigger-happy asshole.

Ray sips his coffee.

CHARLIE

What's done is done, Ray.

Charlie then gets up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Stay calm. I'll call you soon.

Charlie pats Ray on the back then leaves the room. Ray looks  
at his cellphone.

RAY

Why won't you answer your damn  
phone Frankie!

EXT - I-70W - DAY

It's RAINING and we see Mike's car meander along the sodden highway. Construction signs adorn the roadside. However glimpses of appealing scenery can be seen through the rain.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - DAY

Mike YAWNS in between smiling to himself.

Frankie looks across at him while holding on protectively to his mothers urn.

MIKE

You know something? I realized the more I write and the more I think about writing the less I have to see of you and listen to your crap. So I had a very productive night last night. Thank you; you haven't been completely pointless after all.

FRANKIE

You don't have to be so nasty, Mike.

Mike laughs to himself.

MIKE

You can only dream of being as successful as me. What are you? A farm hand, cleaning up horse shit. Wow, Mom, I bet you are really proud of him, right?

FRANKIE

Uh no. I live on a farm and I teach guitar. Plus I get regular shows. I did try to play you my tape, remember?

MIKE

I'll tell you what you really are?

FRANKIE

What?

MIKE

You're a cockroach and I just want to stamp on you. Stamp you right out of my life. You are nothing Frankie, you know it, I know it and Mom sure as hell knew it too so why don't you just do us all a favor and disappear. Again.

FRANKIE

You really are a hateful piece of work.

MIKE

With good cause. Murderer.

FRANKIE

You can't let it go can you?

MIKE

Never. It should have been you that died that night. Not Steve. He had a wonderful life ahead of him. You were just bad news from the day you were born.

FRANKIE

You don't mean that. We had plenty of good times.

MIKE

I'm pretty sure if Mom were alive right now she would say that her and Dad should have stopped at two.

Frankie's eyes widen. He has reached breaking point.

FRANKIE

Right that's it. Pull over!

MIKE

No.

FRANKIE

I said pull over, you idiot.

Frankie GRABS part of the wheel. He places one hand on the urn box.

MIKE

Get your hands off the wheel. Watch what you are doing with Mom.

FRANKIE

I have her just fine. Now pull over. Let's sort this out like real men.

MIKE

You want to fight me?

FRANKIE

Damn right I do. I am gonna knock some sense into that dumb head of yours.

Mike ROARS with laughter. Frankie pushes him and grabs the wheel again. They TUSSELE.

MIKE  
Let go you fool.

FRANKIE  
Pull over!

The urn lid falls off into the box.

MIKE  
The urn! Look what you have done!  
You almost spilt Mom all over the  
place.

FRANKIE  
She's fine! Pull over!

MIKE  
Shut up!

Mike takes his eye off the road and they ALMOST HIT a motorbike. He SWERVES.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Jesus!

FRANKIE  
Pull over!

MIKE  
Right, I've had enough of your  
crap.

Mike pulls over onto the side of the road.

He gets out of the car and so does Frankie. They face off with their fists.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
What have you got tough guy? Come  
on!

Frankie CHARGES at Mike and takes him down. They grapple on the floor, getting covered in MUD.

FRANKIE  
No wonder Susan left you. You  
horrible bastard.

Frankie THROWS a punch but misses Mike's face. Mike, in turn, KNEES Frankie in order to get him off.

After a few moments it's clear that both are terrible fighters only able to throw a few light punches.

They even resort to RUBBING MUD in each others faces.

MIKE

I hate you. You are nothing to me!  
You hear me, nothing!

A few cars TOOT their horns as they past by. Suddenly the sound of a police SIREN can be heard although the warring brothers are oblivious to it.

A police patrol car pulls up behind them.

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT DESK - DAY

A dishevelled Mike SIGNS some paperwork as a POLICE OFFICER (45), watches. Frankie stands glum near the front door.

POLICE OFFICER

Now you two, make sure you stay out  
of trouble, okay.

Mike nods 'yes' and walks away embarrassed. He ignores Frankie.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Mike walks a few steps and turns around to Frankie.

MIKE

I want you to find your own way to  
Oregon.

FRANKIE

What?

MIKE

This is clearly never going to work  
so I want to carry on alone.

FRANKIE

Wait a minute. I haven't got a car  
or my passport. How do you suppose  
I travel?

MIKE

Get the train or a bus. That's not  
my problem.

FRANKIE

No, no way. You got no right to  
order me around. You heard what  
Kara said Mom wanted us to do this  
together and that's what I intend  
to do.

MIKE

Are you stupid or something? I am not letting you back in the car. It's a waste of time.

FRANKIE

Whatever Mike.

Frankie opens the car door and Mike SLAMS it shut. Frankie attempts to open it again but Mike blocks him.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Do you want to have another fight. Is that it?

MIKE

Outside here? I don't think so. I just want you out of my hair.

FRANKIE

Fine, but Mom's coming with me.

MIKE

What!

Frankie reaches into the boot of the car and pulls out the urn box along with his bag.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Put her back.

FRANKIE

No. See you in Oregon, Mike.

Frankie begins to walk off. Mike is taken aback for a moment. He shakes his head.

MIKE

Okay! Get the hell in the car. Just don't talk to me. In fact don't even look at me.

Frankie turns back and THROWS his bag in the trunk.

He then ignores Mike and gets into the car, carefully holding the urn box as he does.

Mike KICKS the wheel of the car as he walks around to the driver side.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

An ELDERLY MOTEL CLERK (75), is standing behind the reception desk. Randall stands before him FLASHING a fake badge.

Randall

Feldman. Mike Feldman.

ELDERLY MOTEL CLERK  
Let me check the book.

The Clerk checks a few pages.

ELDERLY MOTEL CLERK (CONT'D)  
Yes. I had a Mike Feldman. Stayed  
here Tuesday. Could be the same  
fella.

RANDALL  
Tuesday. Thanks partner.

Randall TIPS his hat at the Clerk. He then leaves the motel.

EXT. COMFORT MOTEL - OFF I-70 W - NIGHT

It's RAINING outside the mid-size motel. There are a few  
LIGHTS ON in the motel rooms.

INT. MIKE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Mike is sitting at the desk typing away on his laptop.

INT. FRANKIE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Frankie is sitting on his bed. The TV is ON but he isn't  
paying any attention to it. He instead flicks through recent  
romantic photos on his cellphone showing him and his girl  
Julia.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY

Mike seems pretty happy with himself. He's typing an email.  
He then removes his USB stick from the PC he's using before  
pressing 'send'. The subject matter is unknown.

MIKE  
Eat your heart out Angela!

He then sits back in his chair as proud as punch.

INT. LIBRARY STAFF ROOM - DAY

Julia is sitting down sipping on a glass of water.

Her cellphone RINGS. She picks it up and is delighted to see  
Frankie's name appear on the screen. She answers the call.

JULIA  
(into phone)  
Frankie!



EXT. GAS STATION - SAME TIME

Frankie is sat on a wall just off the forecourt. He smiles to himself.

FRANKIE  
(into phone)  
Hey there beautiful! How you doing?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION - JULIA & FRANKIE

JULIA  
I'm okay. How has today been?

FRANKIE  
Awful. Same as every day. He just won't give an inch.

JULIA  
Oh no, still.

FRANKIE  
Yeah, we had a proper fight too. Cops broke it up. I just can't wait for this to be over.

END INTERCUT

Mike is in the b.g. refuelling. He notices Frankie's on the phone. We see Mike look down at his watch and walk towards Frankie.

JULIA (V.O.)  
I'm sorry Frank. But there's still time for things to change, right?

FRANKIE  
(into phone)  
I wouldn't bet on it.

Mike gets closer.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Ah screw him. When this is done we never have to see each other again so that's a positive.

JULIA (V.O.)  
You don't mean that, Frank?

FRANKIE  
I do. It was a nice idea by Mom but some thing's just can't be fixed.

Mike arrives.

MIKE  
The cars ready. Let's go.

Frankie turns to see Mike walk away. He wonders if Mike heard any of that.

FRANKIE  
Julia, listen I...

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION - JULIA & FRANKIE

JULIA  
It's okay I heard him. You'd better go.

FRANKIE  
Yeah, I don't want to give him any more ammo.

JULIA  
Listen, Frankie. It will be okay.

FRANKIE  
Maybe. I will call you later. Find out how you are doing.

JULIA  
Sure. Love you, Frank. Bye.

FRANKIE  
Bye babe.

END INTERCUT

Frankie hangs up and looks a bit more positive. He turns his head towards the car. Mike is already waiting with the ENGINE RUNNING.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Frankie's walking through the motel corridor. He KNOCKS on Room 12. Mike OPENS the door. He's dressed in his boxer shorts and a T-shirt.

MIKE  
What do you want?

FRANKIE  
Look, this trip has been hell so far, for both of us.

MIKE  
Agreed.

FRANKIE  
So lets clear the air. Have a beer. What do you say Mike? For Mom's sake.

MIKE  
I would rather chew my own feet.

FRANKIE  
Jesus, Mike.

Mike then SHUTS the door abruptly.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Mike, wait! Don't do this! Please  
Mike

There's no answer. Frankie's shoulders SLUMP and he walks away dejected.

INT. RAY'S VAN - QUEENS - NIGHT

Ray is seated in his parked van. He's smoking and continues to remain perplexed as he dials a number on his cellphone.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Frankie's sitting alone at the bar. He has a bottle of beer in front of him. His cellphone RINGS. He doesn't recognize the number.

FRANKIE  
(into phone)  
Who the hell is this?

INT. RAY'S VAN - NIGHT

Ray is a little surprised to get an answer.

RAY  
(into phone)  
Frankie! Don't hang up, it's Ray.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION - FRANKIE and RAY

FRANKIE  
Ray! I told you to never call me again.

RAY  
I know but there's a problem.

FRANKIE  
Oh give me a break, will you?

RAY  
No, just hear me out Frank it's...

FRANKIE

Shut up Ray! We are done you lying piece of shit! Delete my number or I'll call the cops.

RAY

Frankie for...

END INTERCUT

Frankie hangs up. He's furious and swigs aggressively on his beer.

INT. RAY'S VAN - QUEENS - NIGHT

Ray BASHES his steering wheel with his fist then stares at his phone for a second. He then starts to type a text message.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Frankie is walking out of the bar. His phone beeps twice. He checks the screen and it's Rays number again. Without viewing the message he presses 'delete', then continues to walk out of the bar.

INT. DINER - OFF I-74 W - DAY

Mike sits alone in a busy diner. He's drinking coffee and reading a newspaper.

Frankie walks over. He looks tired.

FRANKIE

Can I sit here, Mike? There are no spare tables.

MIKE

If you must.

Frankie sits down and grabs a menu.

FRANKIE

There must be something big going on in town.

MIKE

The waitress said it's a sports memorabilia event.

FRANKIE

Cool.

MIKE  
Don't order coffee. There's some  
left in the pot.

FRANKIE  
Oh, thanks.

Frankie's confused by Mike's spurt of generosity. He pours a cup of coffee for himself.

Mike then gets up. He THROWS some bills on the table.

MIKE  
I've got to make a few calls. Can  
you take care of the bill?

FRANKIE  
Sure.

Mike leaves the table and Frankie tries to make sense of Mike's minor gesture of hospitality.

EXT. DINER - DAY - SAME TIME

Mike's on his cellphone in front of the diner. He's smiling to himself.

MIKE  
(into phone)  
Angela! It's Mike.

INT. ANGELA'S OFFICE - DOWNTOWN NEW YORK - DAY

Angela is seated in a plush modern office. Brooklyn Bridge is prominent from her high vantage point.

ANGELA  
(into phone)  
Mike, where the hell are you?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION - MIKE & ANGELA

MIKE  
Uh, somewhere near Wyoming.

ANGELA  
What! Why?

MIKE  
I'm heading to Oregon to bury my  
Mom.

ANGELA  
Excuse me!

MIKE

She died a few weeks back.

ANGELA

What! Why didn't you say something?

MIKE

I didn't know at the time. Look it doesn't matter now. I'm doing what I have to do.

ANGELA

I'm shocked and I am very sorry for your loss. Joan was a lovely lady.

MIKE

Yes. So did you like it?

ANGELA

What, the draft?

MIKE

It's good right. I think it's my best work.

Silence.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Are you still there?

ANGELA

Mike, what are you talking about, it's awful.

MIKE

You are kidding me.

ANGELA

No, it's terrible and to top it off I can't believe you sent it to the publisher without letting me proof-read it first. We have always worked that way.

MIKE

I wanted to prove a point to them that...

ANGELA

Oh, you sure proved a point Mike.

MIKE

So what did they say?

ANGELA

Mike, they hated it too. They said they read like eight pages, then deleted your email.

MIKE

(stunned)

I don't believe that.

Angela walks to the office window.

ANGELA

Look Mike, I'm sorry to have to say this, especially at this difficult time but they have gone ahead and pulled the plug. The deal is off. They have hired Toby Sinclair to write it instead.

MIKE

The deal is off!

ANGELA

Yes and they have requested that you also give them back the advance. They feel extremely let down by your lack of craft.

MIKE

I will speak to them myself. Smooth things over.

ANGELA

No Mike, it's too late for that. Bottom line is you shouldn't have been writing. Your Mom has just died. It's crazy!

MIKE

So what the hell happens now?

ANGELA

There's nothing left to say, Mike. You have no deal.

MIKE

I think you need to speak to my lawyer. Or I will.

ANGELA

I had her check the contract already. They covered all angles. Maybe you need a break from the business. Get yourself sorted before you try and write again. Grieve, for God's sake.

MIKE

Angela. You have got to do something. I really need this job.

Angela checks the clock on the wall.

ANGELA

Mike, I have to go. I'll send you a copy of their email.

END INTERCUT

Mike hangs up. He's dumbstruck. He continues to hold the phone to his ear for a few seconds, seemingly trying to grasp the difficult situation he now finds himself in.

EXT. US-36 W - DAY

It's POURING RAIN and Mike's car is one of the few vehicles trying to make headway.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - SAME TIME

Mike is very subdued. Frankie is reading a music magazine.

Mike WIPES the inside of the windshield. It's getting harder to see.

FRANKIE

Are you sure you are okay? You have barely said anything for hours. Is it me?

MIKE

I'm just tired.

FRANKIE

Maybe you should pull over. It's getting dangerous out there.

MIKE

It's fine.

FRANKIE

Don't be stupid. You're not putting my life at risk with your mood.

Mike GLARES at Frankie and looks like he's about to shout at him. He CRASHES through a huge puddle and is distracted.

The brothers are momentarily shaken.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Pull over. There's a rest area up ahead.

Mike flicks his indicator on.



INT. ROADSIDE BAR/SHACK - OFF US-36 W - DAY

Mike can't get a signal on his cellphone. The pay-phone on the wall doesn't work either.

Frankie arrives with two glasses of Coke.

FRANKIE

Who are you trying to call?

MIKE

Susan.

FRANKIE

Susan, why?

MIKE

None of your damn business.

Mike turns to the BARTENDER (Mid-40's).

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hey pal, is there a phone that works around here?

BARTENDER

Sure, outside. Watch out for the leaking roof.

Mike turns and looks out of the window. It's still POURING outside.

FRANKIE

Mike, just calm down first, will you?

MIKE

Drink your drink!

Mike leaves the bar. Frankie looks across at the bartender and ROLLS his eyes.

INT. PHONE-BOOTH - DAY

Mike's getting wet as he waits for an answer.

INT. SUSAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Susan reaches for the phone in the hallway. She wears an apron that's covered in flour.

SUSAN

(into phone)

Hello.

MIKE (V.O.)  
Susan. It's Mike.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION - SUSAN & MIKE

SUSAN  
Oh, what do you want?

MIKE  
(into phone)  
I need to speak to Lisa.

SUSAN  
So you have remembered her then?

MIKE  
Of course. I tried to talk to her  
the other day but Paul...

SUSAN  
Yes, I heard about how you abused  
him.

MIKE  
What? Hardly.

SUSAN  
She doesn't want to talk to you,  
Mike.

MIKE  
Oh, don't you start, Susan. This is  
the same shit I had from Paul.  
She's my daughter and I want to  
talk to her.

SUSAN  
No, Mike. She said, as you  
conveniently forgot again, she  
doesn't want to talk to you.

MIKE  
What are you talking about? Forgot  
what?

SUSAN  
You're pathetic, Mike. It was her  
birthday.

MIKE  
Oh shit.

SUSAN  
You promised her you wouldn't  
forget after last year's mess.

MIKE

I'm sorry. The last few days have been pretty crazy and...

SUSAN

That's it, blame it on the writing again.

MIKE

No.

SUSAN

Sure Mike. It's your best excuse and I would know.

MIKE

Susan, will you just hear me out? It wasn't the writing, okay!

SUSAN

Go on then and humor me.

MIKE

The thing is my Mom died a few weeks back and I only found out a couple of days ago

SILENCE.

SUSAN

Died. What happened?

MIKE

It was a long term heart issue.

SUSAN

I'm sorry Mike. I was very fond of her.

MIKE

Yeah, she liked you too.

SUSAN

I will arrange some flowers to be sent to Kara. How come you found out so late?

MIKE

Various communication problems.

SUSAN

Mike, it's not very useful to be living like you are or professional as a matter of fact. You need to sort out your bills.

MIKE

Okay, okay. Quit with the lecture.

SUSAN

Look, I have to go. I have a busy day.

MIKE

Wait a minute! Let me tell Lisa about her Grandma.

SUSAN

No, I will tell her. She has her friends over so now is not a good time.

MIKE

Jesus, Susan. He has really turned you against me, hasn't he?

SUSAN

Mike, please don't start.

Paul then walks into the hallway.

PAUL

(whispering)  
Who is it?

Susan mouths 'Mike' and Paul ROLLS his eyes.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(shouting)  
What the hell does he want?! Just hang up on him, Susan!

END INTERCUT

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Mike's EYES WIDEN in anger.

MIKE

(into phone - shouting)  
Don't you hang up on me you bitch!  
Tell that asshole to stay out of this!

INT. SUSAN'S HOUSE - DAY

SUSAN

(into phone)  
Mike. Don't you dare speak like that to me!

Paul is standing with his hands on his hips. He shakes his head in disgust.

PAUL  
Give me the damn phone. It's time  
he was put in his place!

Paul grabs the phone and Susan flustered, sits down on the stairs.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Right, you listen to me and you  
listen good!

INT. ROADSIDE BAR/SHACK - OFF US-36 W - DAY

Mike walks back into the bar. He is sodden. Frankie puts down his drink and walks over to him.

FRANKIE  
Mike are...

MIKE  
Don't say anything.

He BATS Frankie away with his arm and heads to the bar.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Whisky. Make it a triple.

BARTENDER  
Are you sure?

MIKE  
Just give me the damn drink will  
you.

FRANKIE  
Mike, what are you doing?

MIKE  
I told you to shut up.

FRANKIE  
What the hell happened out there?

Mike downs the drink and grimaces.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Jesus, Mike.

MIKE  
Same again.

FRANKIE  
No, don't listen to him. Just get  
him a glass of water instead.

MIKE  
Get out of my face!

Mike PUSHES Frankie to the ground.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Same again.

BARTENDER  
Maybe your buddy's right.

MIKE  
He ain't no buddy of mine. Now get  
me what I ordered. I'm a paying  
customer, aren't I?

FRANKIE  
Don't give him any more, he's  
driving.

Frankie's phone then RINGS.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Just a water.

MIKE  
Look, ignore him. He's nobody.

Frankie answers.

FRANKIE  
(Into phone)  
Oh hey Kara.

Frankie walks away for more privacy while trying to keep an  
eye on Mike, who remains at the bar.

MIKE  
Look here's forty bucks. Let me  
have the drink.

BARTENDER  
Fine. Just don't do anything  
stupid, pal.

The Bartender pours the whisky and Mike downs the drink with  
aplomb. It burns his mouth something rotten. Mike then gets  
off his seat and walks past Frankie, whose back is turned.

Mike exits the bar. Frankie hears the door bang and turns to  
the Bartender.

FRANKIE  
Where's he gone?

BARTENDER  
Hey man, I ain't his mother.

Frankie rolls his eyes.

FRANKIE  
 (Into phone)  
 Kara. I'll have to call you later!

Frankie hangs up and RUNS to the exit.

EXT. ROADSIDE BAR/SHACK - OFF US-36 W - DAY

Mike opens the car door and gets in. Frankie DASHES across the parking lot as Mike starts the engine.

FRANKIE  
 Mike! Wait!

Mike ignores his plea but Frankie just about manages to get into the car as Mike speeds-off on to the US-36 W.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - DAY

Frankie puts his seat belt on.

MIKE  
 You really don't want to be in this car!

Mike SPEEDS up. He SWERVES around a couple of cars as the windshield wipers move feverishly.

FRANKIE  
 Jesus, are you trying to kill us Mike? Just stop the car and let's talk.

MIKE  
 Words are worthless.

Frankie spots a truck heading their way.

FRANKIE  
 Look out for that truck!

They NARROWLY MISS a 18-wheeler truck after intervention from Frankie and get a BLARE of its horn for their troubles.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
 Mike. Stop the car. This is really dangerous.

Mike spots a sign for a river. He begins to pull over.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
 Good.

Mike is distracted by a bird flying low near the windshield. He SWERVES and loses control of the car in the slick muddy grass. The car CRASHES into a tree. The brothers are jerked around in their seats. They sit in shock for a moment. Mike starts to LAUGH. Frankie rubs his neck a little. His nose is BLOODIED.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Why is this funny? Look what you have done.

Mike just continues to LAUGH. He then gets out of the car.

Frankie opens his door and steps straight into a PUDDLE of mud.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Shit.

EXT. ROADSIDE - US-36 W - DAY

Mike looks at the BADLY DAMAGED front of the car. The bumper has fallen off, the headlights are SMASHED and the right tire is DANGLING. SMOKE filters from underneath the hood. He LAUGHS once again.

Frankie is pissed off about the whole situation.

FRANKIE

Right, you better tell me what the hell is going on or I am gonna knock you the hell out.

MIKE

I will save you the trouble.

FRANKIE

What?

MIKE

Look after Mom. See this thing through.

Mike then turns and RUNS into the woods.

FRANKIE

Mike. Wait!

Frankie slips slightly as he starts to run. He then stops; turns back to remove the urn from the seat into the boot. He then sets off again after Mike.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Mike! Come back!



EXT - WOODS - DAY

Mike runs hard and fast through the many entangled branches. He is oblivious to Frankie.

EXT - WOODS - DAY (SAME TIME - FURTHER BACK)

Frankie is in hot pursuit of his erratic brother although his footwear is hardly ideal.

EXT - RIVERBANK - DAY (SAME TIME)

Mike reaches the banks of the raging Republican river.

He looks at the water for a second or two before LEAPING in. The rapids ENGULF him but he doesn't put up any fight.

Frankie arrives on the scene. He spots Mike's head BOBBING UP for a second.

FRANKIE

Oh no!

Frankie THROWS the car keys down. He DIVES in and SWIMS with utter determination, soon reaching Mike, who has been swallowing a lot of water.

He GRABS Mike's arm but Mike is resistant.

MIKE

Let me go! Get off me!

FRANKIE

No Mike. This is not gonna happen.

Mike is now weak and the stronger Frankie manages to overpower him after a minor grapple.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Stop it Mike! You don't want to do this.

MIKE

Just let me die. It's all over.

FRANKIE

No way.

They soon reach the riverbank and are breathless. Frankie summons up the strength to haul them both back onto land.

They GASP for breath as they LIE on their backs. Then Mike DIVES on top of Frankie and attempts to STRANGLE him. Frankie tries to hold him off.

MIKE

Why didn't you let me die? You  
bastard!

FRANKIE

Get off me Mike!

Frankie turns the tables and quickly PINS Mike down.

Mike then breaks down and starts to CRY.

MIKE

I'm ruined. The book deal is off.  
And now they are taking my baby  
girl away from me. I have lost  
everything.

Mike cries some more.

Frankie gets off Mike and pulls him closer to comfort him as  
tears flow. Frankie doesn't say anything as the rain  
continues to POUR down on them.

EXT - RED CLOUD/MAIN STREET - NEBRASKA - DAY

Red Cloud is a small town in rural America. Population just  
over one thousand. The street is well kept and lined with a  
diner, grocery store, hardware store and mechanics shop.

We see a peaceful, easy going way of life here.

INT. MARIE'S DINER - RED CLOUD - DAY

In a traditional hub of the community diner MARIE FULLERTON  
(mid-40's), is serving. She's attractive and wears minimal  
makeup. Marie smiles at her female customer. A CREAKY pickup  
truck slowly meanders by outside and catches her attention.  
Mike's car rests all damaged on it's back making Marie even  
more curious.

EXT. GREEN ACRES MOTEL - RED CLOUD - NIGHT

A mid-sized motel sits about fifteen minutes walk away from  
the town centre. Some cars are parked out front along with  
the odd RV. There are 27 rooms. A few of the rooms have  
LIGHTS ON.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - GREEN ACRES MOTEL - NIGHT

Mike is seated on the bed in fresh clothes and drinking a cup  
of coffee. There's a KNOCK at the door.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

Mike, it's me.

Mike gets to his feet and answers the door.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Hey, you okay.

MIKE  
Been better.

FRANKIE  
I have asked around and there's a good diner on Main Street. We can eat there.

MIKE  
You go. I'm not hungry.

FRANKIE  
Come on Mike, you gotta eat.

MIKE  
No, I will just stay here.

FRANKIE  
Well, so will I then.

Frankie walks into the room and pulls up a chair much to Mike's surprise.

MIKE  
Honestly I just want to be alone.

FRANKIE  
That's too bad cuz I'm staying put.

Mike crosses his arms.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Talk to me, Mike.

Mike RAISES his eyebrows.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Look, just forget about all the shit we have to deal with and talk to me.

Mike looks at him and then nods O.K.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
So what is Lisa like?

Mike sits down on the bed. A proud smile breaks out.

MIKE  
She's a great kid. Smart, cute as a button. Anything is possible with her.

FRANKIE

Sounds like a little star.

MIKE

The brightest.

FRANKIE

Well, don't let her fade away,  
Mike.

MIKE

I wish it were that easy.

FRANKIE

You haven't lost her for good,  
Mike. Show her that you love her  
and she'll love you right back.

MIKE

But she will be in San Francisco.  
Miles away by car. I will see her  
maybe once or twice a year, if I'm  
lucky. I'll be even more of a  
stranger than I am now.

FRANKIE

You are her Dad, Mike. You have  
your rights.

MIKE

I lost those rights at the roulette  
tables.

FRANKIE

Kara did tell me that you gambled  
hard.

MIKE

Yeah. The more successful I became,  
the worse I got.

FRANKIE

And Susan remarried then?

MIKE

Yeah. He's a good guy. Makes her  
happier than I ever did.

FRANKIE

Hey come on. I remember you and  
Susan. Hell, you made Lisa  
together, don't forget.

MIKE

Yeah, but I put my career ahead of  
my family.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And I honestly don't think I ever really tried that hard to make it up to them. I just let them disappear.

FRANKIE

Look Mike, you can't change the past. Everyone has regrets. Call Lisa in a couple of days. Don't be the writer guy; just be her Dad.

MIKE

I'm just a loser to her.

FRANKIE

Bullshit. Screw the money and the books. Flesh and bone Mike, heart and soul. Give her that and she will always need you.

MIKE

How do you know that?

FRANKIE

Well, I was rock bottom, close to ending it but Julia took a chance on me. She didn't care about my past. None of that mattered. She just wanted to be with me for who I could become. She made me see the light. People can change Mike. Your past doesn't always have to be a noose around your neck. Loosen that fucker a little and breathe.

Mike thinks about what has been said. He nods in agreement.

MIKE

Maybe you're right.

Frankie pats him on the arm.

FRANKIE

Come on, let's get out of here.

MIKE

I don't know.

FRANKIE

Mike. Let's just go. Just two regular guys; not brothers or enemies. We can deal with our shit some other time. Just come out with me.

Mike looks around the room for a moment before turning back to face Frankie.

MIKE

Okay.

Frankie stands up as does Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hey. Thanks for saving me today.

FRANKIE

What else was I gonna do?

Mike smiles at him, then puts on his jacket and they head to the door.

INT. 808 BAR - OFF US-36 W - NIGHT

Randall's in a corner of a NOISY bar. He is on his cell phone.

A voice message soon says "The number you have dialed is no longer in service."

RANDALL

What the fuck, Walker? Fucking dead man.

He then STABS his pen into the table.

A DRUNKEN JOCK (22), STUMBLES into the table and spills his drink all over Randall. He LAUGHS and Randall is not amused.

Randall gets up and squeezes the guy's nuts really hard. The Jock WINCES in pain.

DRUNKEN JOCK

Holy shit! I'm sorry, man.

Randall then THROWS the guy to the floor.

RANDALL

Get out of my face you fucking idiot!

A few customers look over at the scene. Randall swats them away with a piercing glare.

INT. MARIE'S DINER - RED CLOUD - NIGHT

Marie is pouring coffee for a male customer. She soon arrives at Frankie and Mikes table.

MARIE

Hi guys. What can I get you?

FRANKIE

I think it's gotta be one of those burgers. They look great.

Mike glances at the appetizing burger on the nearby table.

MIKE

Me too but hold the mayo. Thanks.

Frankie gives Mike a knowing look.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And a couple of beers, please.

MARIE

Sure thing.

Marie glances back at Mike just as she is about to leave.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Hey, have you been here before?

MIKE

No, not me.

MARIE

I could have sworn I've seen you somewhere. You aren't off the TV?

MIKE

No, I'm nobody.

FRANKIE

Wait a sec. This is the author Mike Feldman, creator of the greatest crime fiction of the last twenty years.

MARIE

Mike Feldman. Of course. You wrote Carmel's Honor. Oh Wow!

FRANKIE

That's right.

Mike is getting embarrassed.

MARIE

I thought it was you.

MIKE

I've put on a few pounds since then.

MARIE

(raising eyebrow)

Have you seen some of these guys?

Mike LAUGHS.

MARIE (CONT'D)  
So what's with the Mr. Shy act.

FRANKIE  
He likes to be mysterious.

Mike kicks Frankie under the table.

MIKE  
It was a long time ago.

MARIE  
Well, it's in my top five books of  
all-time so for me it's an ...honor,  
shall we say.

FRANKIE  
He'll sign your copy for you if you  
want.

MIKE  
Yeah, okay Frankie. I think the  
lady can make up her own mind.

MARIE  
No, I'd like that.

MIKE  
Oh, okay.

They STARE at each other for a moment. Lost a little in each  
others eyes.

MARIE  
Well, I better go put your order  
through. See you later.

Marie leaves and Frankie looks at Mike.

MIKE  
Nice one, asshole.

FRANKIE  
What? I was helping you out. Could  
you not feel the vibe between you  
two? And she is hot.

MIKE  
She was just being friendly about  
the book.

FRANKIE  
Whatever Mike. I saw the way you  
looked at each other.



MIKE

Okay, will you quit it now?

FRANKIE

Have a little fun, why don't ya?

MIKE

That's enough, okay. Can we change the subject?

FRANKIE

You need to get back in the game Mike and I need to take a leak.

Frankie leaves the table. Marie then looks across at Mike from the counter. Mike looks back and Marie smiles at him. Mike half smiles and turns away. His eyes are smiling though.

EXT. 808 BAR - OFF US-36 W NIGHT

Randall is walking towards his truck. He's spotted by the Drunken Jock from earlier and his crew of five who are outside smoking.

DRUNKEN JOCK

Hey, there's the son of a bitch.

They ambush him. In the melee one of them STABS Randall in the right calf with a shard of glass. Although very painful, this only makes Randall more angry and in no time he overwhelms the gang, leaving them all face down. He pulls his knife out and partially lies over the Drunken Jock, looks down at the guy's nuts and POINTS the tip of the knife against the scrotum. The guy passes out in fear. Randall gets up and FLEES the scene just as some of the barflies arrive to survey the damage.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - GREEN ACRES MOTEL - NIGHT

Frankie is SPRAWLED across a chair and Mike is sitting up on the bed. They are both drunk. Frankie is dressed in a T-shirt and boxers and Mike wears a pair of shorts.

Mike gulps at a miniature vodka while trying to restrain his laughter.

FRANKIE

Then just as she is about to take her underwear off the fucking dog comes bounding into the room, smacks against the wardrobe door, flinging the damn thing open.

Mike laughs hard.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

She went nuts and said she would tell Mom and Dad. I was trying so hard not to laugh.

MIKE

Did she tell them?

FRANKIE

No. Secretly I think she enjoyed it.

MIKE

That Roseanne was a major flirt.

FRANKIE

Great body though.

MIKE

True. Mom hated her so much. She used to say that whore next door, is taking poor Jim Maker for a ride.

FRANKIE

She was right about that! When old Jim died she ended up with half a mill and was remarried within a year.

Frankie takes a swig, then looks into the middle distance for a moment.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

You know, that weekend was the last time we had a big family party. Dad died five months later.

MIKE

He sure knew how to throw a party.

They pause to reflect.

FRANKIE

He was a good man, wasn't he?

MIKE

The best of men.

FRANKIE

Do you think about him much?

MIKE

Not a day passes by.

FRANKIE

Same here.

Frankie BOWS his head. The alcohol and regret weighs him down.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
 Hey I think I'm gonna hit the sack.  
 It's been one crazy ass day.

MIKE  
 Are you okay?

FRANKIE  
 Sure, I just miss him, Mike.

Mike nods in agreement as Frankie gets up off the bed.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
 I'm glad we did this. It felt good  
 even if it doesn't last.

MIKE  
 Yeah, it did.

FRANKIE  
 I'll see you tomorrow, Mike.

MIKE  
 Yeah night.

Frankie leaves the room and his words seem to have touched Mike.

INT. TRUCK STOP REST-ROOM - NIGHT

Randall has blocked the door to the Rest-Room with a mop handle. He has given himself a DIY haircut and is now practically a skinhead.

He's patching up his cut leg with some bandages. He sporadically swigs on whisky to ease the pain.

INT. LOCAL PARK - QUEENS - DAY

In a secluded spot Ray is sat on a bench listening intently to a phone call.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
 So he says to me that a Mike  
 Feldman came into his garage in  
 Jersey City on Saturday. Had a  
 service on a 1972 red Caddy.  
 Feldman told him he was heading to  
 Oregon with his brother. Family  
 stuff.

RAY  
(into phone)  
Frankie was from Oregon.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
And I found out his brother lives  
in Jersey City. Gotta be our guy,  
right?

RAY  
Yeah. But Frank fell out with his  
brother years ago.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
People make up, Ray. Plus how many  
Mike Feldman's can there be in that  
city?

RAY  
Okay, I reckon you're right, buddy.  
And this was Saturday?

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
Correct.

RAY  
Jersey to Oregon. They could have  
covered some miles in that time.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
I say just get on the road. Stay to  
the main highways. Ask around.

RAY  
Yeah, and keep trying his damn  
phone.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
Exactly. I'll keep fishing. And  
Ray, remember to watch your back  
out there. There are plenty of  
problems to still solve.

RAY  
I know. But what's new, huh!

INT. MARIE'S DINER - RED CLOUD - DAY

Mike and Frankie are in the diner. They have been eating  
lunch. They are worse for wear and Frankie is frustrated.

MIKE  
Look, it's not like that. I just  
want to write for a couple of  
hours. We can play golf tomorrow.

FRANKIE

Okay. But when do we talk about us, Mike? It's not going to just go away, is it?

MIKE

I don't know. Let's just do this for Mom. See how things turn out.

FRANKIE

Okay. Fine.

Mike turns around to see Marie has just arrived. She looks FLUSTERED and doesn't see Mike. Frankie grabs a newspaper from the table nearby and casually flicks through it. Mike follows her moves and discreetly listens in as she reaches the counter.

Marie approaches KATHY (50's), her smiling assistant. A Young Waitress (late teens) hovers near-by prepping some salad. The Grill Man is in the b.g.

MARIE

Sorry, Kathy. I got stuck with the Nurse. Dad was having a moment.

KATHY

We coped fine. What happened?

MARIE

He was throwing stuff at her again. And refusing to put his pants on.

KATHY

Poor guy. He can't help it.

MARIE

I know. But I'm not so sure it's going to work for much longer.

KATHY

What do you mean? A 'home'.

MARIE

Yeah. Anyway, let me get to work. We can talk later.

Frankie has been watching Mike.

FRANKIE

Hey Romeo. You had a good enough look?

MIKE

Huh, what?

Marie then notices Mike and smiles at him. He smiles back.

FRANKIE

I got an idea for your book. A rom-com set in a diner. Two forty some-things looking for love

MIKE

Yeah,yeah. Pipe down, will you?

Frankie continues with the newspaper as Mike sneaks a glance at Marie.

EXT. WILLA CATHER MEMORIAL PRAIRIE - RED CLOUD - DAY

Mike and Frankie are lying down in amongst the tall prairie grass, which seems to go on for miles and miles. The sky is OCEAN BLUE and the grass looks almost GOLDEN in the sun's mystical GLOW.

MIKE

What do you have in mind?  
Squirrel's on safari.

FRANKIE

Two squirrels, two monkeys, eight dogs, whatever man. Kids love that sort of stuff, don't they?

MIKE

Do they? I thought it's all wizards and vampires.

FRANKIE

I'm talking like the under fives.  
Easy payday I reckon.

MIKE

No, I don't think so. War stories sell.

FRANKIE

It's an awful lot of research plus aren't you still a pacifist?

MIKE

True. Scrap that.

They both think. Frankie looks up at the blue sky and Mike SCRATCHES the back of his head.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You know what, screw this. Let's go play some golf.

FRANKIE

Yeah?

MIKE

Yeah, maybe smashing a few balls into the woods will loosen up my mind a little.

FRANKIE

Cool. Dinner on the loser?

MIKE

That's kind of you.

They both get to their feet smiling.

INT. RANDALL'S TRUCK - US-36 W - DAY

Randall is smoking as he drives along the empty road. As he turns the bend, he's greeted by a police barrier. A FEMALE POLICE OFFICER (late 30's), WAVES him over.

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER

Sorry sir there's no through traffic allowed. We got a bad accident ahead.

RANDALL

You're shitting me. How long you gonna be?

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER

There's quite a pile up. Only happened an hour ago.

RANDALL

Jesus.

Randall is unimpressed. He checks his map briefly, then turns right onto the US-81 N.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE - GOLF CLUB - DAY

The brothers are walking towards the picturesque clubhouse. They are in good spirits as Mike tallies up the scores.

MIKE

Okay, right. I make it a sixteen-shot win for me.

Frankie shakes his head in disappointment.

FRANKIE

Man, I sucked out there.

MIKE

Why don't you hit the range while I go and relax in the sun?

FRANKIE

No thanks. I don't intend picking up a golf club for a while.

MIKE

You weren't so bad.

FRANKIE

No, I was dreadful. Hey look who's here?

Mike looks to his right and spots Marie in the parking lot getting her clubs out of the trunk of her car.

MIKE

Oh yeah.

FRANKIE

Hell, she loves your book, plays golf. She's kinda perfect for you, Mike.

MIKE

Okay, enough with that talk.

FRANKIE

Just go talk to her.

MIKE

I don't think so. She's busy.

They walk a few steps further.

FRANKIE

(shouting)

Hey Marie! How you doing?

Marie turns around and spots the guys. She smiles and WAVES.

MIKE

Nice one.

FRANKIE

You better go and talk to her, Mike.

He pats Mike on the back and smiles.

MIKE

You need to stop trying to hook me up.

FRANKIE

I'll meet you in the bar. Have fun.

Frankie WINKS at him and walks off. Mike looks at Marie and smiles. He heads on over. Marie meets him half-way with her golf bag.



MARIE  
Hey Mike. How are you?

MIKE  
I'm good. Just won out there. You okay?

MARIE  
Rough morning. Need to relieve some stress.

MIKE  
Oh. Do you want to talk about it?

MARIE  
No, not right now. But I could use some help with my swing.

MIKE  
Oh, um.

MARIE  
Unless your brother's waiting.

MIKE  
No, sure. I'm no player, mind you. The clubs are expensive; like my hook shot.

Marie LAUGHS.

MARIE  
I'll take a chance on you.

Mike smiles and they walk off.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - GOLF CLUB - DAY

In a private bay, Mike is standing behind Marie with his hands on her waste. Marie smiles to herself.

MIKE  
Just arch that back a touch more and then take those knees down a little.

Marie follows his orders.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Keep going. Stop.

MARIE  
Have you coached before?

MIKE

No. Twist your right hand a tiny bit. Okay, that's it, I think. Try and hit one now.

Mike steps back and Marie lines one up. She takes a practice swing then hits a pretty decent seven iron off the tee. It travels well and practically stays straight.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Nice shot.

MARIE

Thank you. It was all down to you.

They smile at each other. She lines up another and the result is the same.

MIKE

You have got it.

He watches her pick up another ball and is clearly smitten.

EXT. PARKING LOT - GOLF CLUB - DAY

Marie is putting her clubs in the trunk of her car. Frankie and Mike are standing alongside her.

MARIE

So, one of my friends is having a birthday party tonight. I'd like you both to come along.

MIKE

Um, well...

FRANKIE

Of course we'll be there.

Mike GLARES at Frankie but then nods in agreement.

MIKE

Yeah, sounds fun. Thanks.

MARIE

Great. Let me write down the address for you.

Marie walks around to the drivers side of her car.

MIKE

(whispering)  
I told you to quit playing matchmaker.

FRANKIE  
 (whispering)  
 Enjoy yourself Mike or you might  
 regret it.

She returns and hands Mike a piece of paper.

MARIE  
 It's a short walk from the town's  
 center. Starts around seven thirty.  
 My cell is on there just in case.

MIKE  
 Thanks.

FRANKIE  
 We look forward to it.

MARIE  
 See you later then, guys.

She affectionately STROKES Mike's arm and smiles before  
 getting into her car.

MIKE  
 Bye Marie.

Frankie looks at Mike as Marie starts the car.

FRANKIE  
 Don't screw this up, Mike.

INT. DEMPSEY'S BAR - JERSEY CITY - NIGHT

Dwight is sitting opposite a nervous Doug in the booth of a  
 busy bar. An envelope is on the table.

DWIGHT  
 You did the right thing, kid. That  
 boss of yours is no good.

Doug nods halfheartedly.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
 My number's in the envelope. Now I  
 gotta catch a flight. You screw me  
 over and I'll cut your head off,  
 you understand?

DOUG  
 Yeah. Sure I do.

Dwight gets up and walks off into the crowd. Doug looks at  
 the envelope with an air of uncertainty.

EXT. GREEN ACRES MOTEL - RED CLOUD - NIGHT

Randall gets out of his truck and walks gingerly towards the motel reception.

EXT. SHAWNA LAMBERT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The garden party is in full swing. There are around forty people there, a mix of men and women of various ages.

Frankie is jamming with an old timer on a makeshift stage. Mike and Marie sit on a couple of chairs towards the back of the garden.

MARIE

He's good isn't he?

MIKE

Amazing. First time I've heard him.

MARIE

Really?

MIKE

We have a complicated past.

MARIE

Oh. Anything you care to share?

MIKE

Maybe some other time.

MARIE

So, you are having fun?

MIKE

Sure I am. This was a great idea.

MARIE

Do I make you nervous, Mike?

MIKE

Um, no. I just haven't had much attention from women lately.

MARIE

I can tell that.

MIKE

Sorry if I was slow out of the blocks.

MARIE

It's okay. But you being in town has brought a much needed smile to my face. You're a nice guy.

MIKE

I'm glad I'm here.

A kiss seemingly hangs in the air. Suddenly the mood is broken as a sassy, lamb-mutton dressed comes bounding over. It's SHAWNA LAMBERT (50), the birthday girl.

SHAWNA LAMBERT

Well. What do we have here?

MARIE

Hey Shawna.

SHAWNA LAMBERT

So who's the hunk, Marie. Aren't you gonna introduce me?

MARIE

This is Mike. You met already.

SHAWNA LAMBERT

Are you sure?

MARIE

One too many cocktails, darling.

SHAWNA LAMBERT

I'm fifty, I'm allowed.

Shawna STROKES Mike's face.

MIKE

I'm Mike. I brought you flowers.

SHAWNA LAMBERT

I bet you did, honey. You keep this one on a leash, Marie.

Shawna GROWLS at Mike and gives Marie a big HUG.

SHAWNA LAMBERT (CONT'D)

Love you, Marie. You're the best.

Marie smiles as Shawna bounds off into the crowd WHOOPING with delight.

MARIE

I should have warned you about her.

MIKE

It's fine, she's just having fun.

They smile knowingly at each other as the live MUSIC STOPS.

FRANKIE

This ones for all the romantics out there. I'm looking at you big bro.

Frankie smiles to himself and then begins playing 'Wonderful Tonight' by Eric Clapton. Some guests SWAY with their partners. Mike and Marie remain seated.

Mike and Marie gaze at each other. Sexual energy rises. Then, suddenly out of nowhere, a LIGHTNING BOLT is followed by a swift DOWNPOUR. Frankie stops PLAYING.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Maybe later guys!

Everyone bar Mike and Marie makes a DASH into the house. There is a growing passion in Mike's eyes. Marie waits with anticipation.

The mood is reluctantly broken as a further LIGHTNING BOLT STRIKES the patio. They both head hastily inside.

EXT. STREET - RED CLOUD - NIGHT

Mike and Marie are walking along the sidewalk of a suburban street. Mike has an umbrella half-sheltering them.

MARIE

But don't you ever get bored of the city? Everyone in their little bubbles.

MIKE

Sometimes I do. I can sure see the benefits of living in a town like this.

MARIE

Are you just referring to me?

MIKE

Maybe. But no, it's nice here. A proper little community. I guess you would never leave?

MARIE

Actually, I hope I do. Perhaps teach again. Travel a little further than Canada.

MIKE

Canada. Went there loads as a kid. Where did you go?

MARIE

All over really. My husband was very ill and wanted to see the Rockies before he passed so we finished up there.

MIKE

Hey, I shouldn't have pried.

MARIE

Don't be silly. It feels like a lifetime ago now. I think I need to make some new memories.

Marie smiles at Mike as they arrive at Marie's house.

MARIE (CONT'D)

This is me.

The security LIGHT is on and it showcases a front garden full of COLORFUL FLOWERS.

MIKE

Oh wow, what a beautiful garden.

MARIE

Thank you. I try my best.

MIKE

Well, it's been a lovely night.

MARIE

Yes, it has. Thank you for walking me home.

MIKE

Pleasure.

MARIE

Would you like to come over for dinner tomorrow?

MIKE

Yeah, that would be great.

MARIE

Perfect. Maybe you can sign my book for me?

MIKE

Absolutely.

MARIE

Shall we say seven?

MIKE

Seven it is. I'll bring some wine.

MARIE

Great.

MIKE

Excellent. Okay then, good night, Marie.

He KISSES her on the cheek and walks down the garden path. He puts up the umbrella.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Oh, I'll return this tomorrow

MARIE

No problem.

Mike executes a 'Singing in The Rain' style jig much to Marie's delight.

EXT. GREEN ACRES MOTEL - RED CLOUD - NIGHT

Mike is at the outdoor vending machine ordering a coke. He reaches down to pick it up, then turns and is shocked to see Randall stood behind him.

MIKE

Jesus, you almost gave me a heart attack.

RANDALL

Sweet tooth, huh?

Mike remembers he is holding a coke can.

MIKE

Oh this, yeah. The water in the room tastes a little funny.

RANDALL

I prefer something a little stronger.

He holds up his hip flask. Mike grins awkwardly, then notices that blood is coming out over Randall's boot.

MIKE

Hey, you are bleeding there, buddy. You alright?

RANDALL

Sure.

MIKE

Okay. Coz I've some band-aid in my room if you need it.

RANDALL

I'll live. Just need a few snacks from that machine there.

MIKE

Oh, right. Be my guest.

Mike steps out of the way.



RANDALL  
See you around.

MIKE  
Yeah. Okay. Night.

Randall tips his hat and Mike leaves, a little bewildered.

EXT. MARIE'S DINER - DAY

Randall is stood out front smoking a cigarette while taking a call. He sits down on a bench.

RANDALL  
(into phone)  
The pizza guy was clean, Sullivan.

TOMMY (V.O.)  
Wrong. He's helping the kid. I have some guys on the road already but you bring him in, then it's another fifty grand.

RANDALL  
Two hundred, then we can talk.

TOMMY (V.O.)  
What! Are you fucking kidding me?

RANDALL  
The deal was for the Feldman boys. You want Ray too, then he ain't cheap.

TOMMY (V.O.)  
Forget it. My guys will find him.

RANDALL  
Whatever. Suit yourself.

TOMMY (V.O.)  
You're pushing my buttons, cowboy.

RANDALL  
Keep calm, old man.

Randall hangs up. He looks across the street and spots a drug store. He rises and LIMPS across the road.

Half way over Mike crosses his path.

MIKE  
Morning.

RANDALL  
Hey, sweet tooth.

Frankie is a few steps behind Mike. He is texting so isn't looking up. Randall walks straight passed him.

INT. LOUNGE - MARIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike is standing and looking at books on the lounge bookshelves. The lounge and dining room form one space. The kitchen links but is separated by a partition wall. The room is reasonably modern. Some landscape photographs adorn the wall along with some oil paintings.

Marie returns with a fruit tart and a jug of cream along with two small plates.

MIKE  
Shall I help?

MARIE  
Can you just grab the two plates,  
please?

Mike does just that and they sit down at the dining table.

MIKE  
This looks great.

MARIE  
Thanks.

She starts to cut a slice.

MARIE (CONT'D)  
Oh, more music. Any preference?

Marie gets back up and walks over to the record player.

MIKE  
Surprise me.

Marie shuffles through a large collection of vinyl.

MARIE  
You really can't beat vinyl.

MIKE  
Best format. Wish I still had mine.

MARIE  
How about this?

'Thunder Road' by Bruce Springsteen comes on.

MIKE  
Perfect.

She then continues to serve the dessert.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Mike helps himself to some cream.

MARIE

My pleasure.

Mike has a spoonful of dessert. Unbeknownst to him, he now has cream on his face.

MIKE

Oh Wow. It's really good.

MARIE

You have some cream on your face.

MIKE

Where here?

He SMEARS it into his right cheek. Marie LAUGHS.

MARIE

Sort out. Shall I get it.

MIKE

How embarrassing.

MARIE

Don't be silly.

Marie gets a napkin and wipes it gently off his face. They look into each other's eyes before both return to their dessert.

INT. JULIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In her cozy music-memorabilia filled bedroom, Julia is lying on her bed in a T-shirt and knickers. She's on Skype talking to Frankie, who's stretched out on his motel bed.

JULIA

I'm too shy for this Frank.

FRANKIE (ON SCREEN)

Now we both know you aren't shy?

Julia LAUGHS.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Come on, babe. It's lonely out here.

JULIA

Fine. But give it a few months and you won't want to see me naked.

FRANKIE (ON SCREEN)  
 Shut up. You are gonna be one hot  
 mama. Trust me.

Julia smiles then after a moment or two puts her finger  
 SEDUCTIVELY between her lips.

JULIA  
 So officer, what was it you wanted  
 to do to me?

Frankie's EYES WIDEN with delight on the screen.

INT - LOUNGE - MARIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike and Marie are on the couch laughing at something.  
 There's half-a-bottle of wine in front of them and 'I'm On  
 Fire' by Bruce Springsteen plays SOFTLY in the b.g.

MIKE  
 Top up?

MARIE  
 You are a bad man, Mike Feldman.

She holds out her glass.

MIKE  
 Moi?

They LAUGH some more. Mike takes a sip of wine.

MARIE  
 You know what, I've been thinking?

MIKE  
 Yes, you can have me.

MARIE  
 Mike!

Marie playfully HITS Mike with a cushion.

MARIE (CONT'D)  
 What I was going to say was, I  
 think you should forgive your  
 brother for what happened.

She takes a sip of wine. Mike looks at her slightly confused.

MIKE  
 I'm surprised you think that way.

MARIE  
 Hear me out.

Mike sits up.

MIKE

Okay.

MARIE

You recall the trip to the Rockies  
I took with my husband?

MIKE

Yes.

MARIE

Well, he actually died on that  
trip.

MIKE

Oh my God.

MARIE

It wasn't his illness though. That  
was being managed. No, we were  
robbed at gunpoint one night, he  
tried to resist and the guy shot  
him. He died in the street.

MIKE

Jesus, that's awful.

MARIE

It was but I soon forgave the guy  
who did it.

MIKE

Forgave. How?

MARIE

He was twenty-one-years-old. The  
foster system had failed him and  
he'd fallen into drugs and petty  
crime. Along the way he'd become a  
father and desperation lead him to  
us.

MIKE

Okay, sure, he had problems, but he  
didn't need to kill anyone.

MARIE

No, but I genuinely believe he  
didn't intend to kill. He was  
scared for his child. The gun went  
off when he panicked.

Mike struggles to find any compassion.

MIKE

But he did kill. He killed the love  
of your life.

MIKE (CONT'D)

There's a reason for every action.  
I mean, you must know deep down  
that Frankie didn't go out that  
night to do harm. Circumstances put  
him in that place.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I don't know Marie, he didn't  
listen to good people.

MARIE

Look, Mike. I think hate just makes  
things worse. For a while I hated  
everything and felt so alone and  
angry but then I kind of realized  
that when you hate so deeply it  
takes away some of the good inside  
of you and makes you someone that  
you don't want to be. I was alive  
and I had another chance to live  
again. To love again. So I found my  
peace with the situation. Maybe you  
need to do the same now, Mike?

Mike nods in agreement. Then RUBS his face in his hands.

MIKE

He was a good kid, Marie.

MARIE

He still might be. If you give him  
a chance.

She puts her hand on his knee and affectionately strokes it.  
He glances down for a second, then back at Marie.

MARIE (CONT'D)

There's too much sadness in those  
eyes, Mike. It's time it left.

Marie appears to be breaking through.

MIKE

You're an amazing woman, Marie.  
I'll definitely take this onboard.

Marie looks at Mike and smiles. A few moments pass and the  
sexual tension is unbearable.

MARIE

Why don't you just kiss me then,  
God-damn it!

He leans in and they KISS PASSIONATELY.

Mike struggles to put his wine glass down. Marie grabs and  
downs it; they both GIGGLE before kissing some more.

Soon their animalistic desires take over and Marie STRADDLES Mike. Mike then rips Marie's blouse buttons open. She loves his passion and within seconds she is hastily leading him out of the room by his arm.

INT. RANDALL'S TRUCK - I-80 W - DAY

Randall is puffing on a cigarette. He passes a road sign that reads "Thank you for visiting Red Cloud. Drive safely."

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - GREEN ACRES MOTEL - DAY

Mike is seated at the desk. He's on the phone.

MIKE

(into phone)

Thanks, Susan. That's really good.

SUSAN (V.O.)

She's your daughter too Mike.

MIKE

You know, it's funny, in a sad way, but seeing Frankie again has made me finally realize what I had with you and what I lost.

SUSAN (V.O.)

Yeah. You did lose me Mike, and you quit trying to find me.

MIKE

I know. And I'm sorry for everything, okay?

SUSAN (V.O.)

Look, it's all in the past now. I hope you find someone again and hold onto them this time. I mean that.

MIKE

That's kind of you.

SUSAN (V.O.)

I'll get Lisa. Take care and say 'hi' to Frankie for me.

MIKE

Will do. Bye, Susan.

Mike lets out a sigh of relief.

EXT. MECHANICS - RED CLOUD - DAY

Mike and Frankie are standing next to the Cadillac with an OLD TIMER-MECHANIC (late 60's).

OLD TIMER-MECHANIC  
It will be ready tomorrow morning.  
Good as new.

MIKE  
Oh right.

FRANKIE  
Great!

MIKE  
Can I have a quick word, Frank?

FRANKIE  
Yeah, what's up?

They move away from the Old Timer-Mechanic.

MIKE  
I was kind of hoping to stay here  
for a couple more days.

FRANKIE  
Coz of Marie?

MIKE  
Yeah. Things are going well.

FRANKIE  
But Mike, we still have some way to  
go before Glendale. And I want to  
see Julia too. She's pregnant don't  
forget.

MIKE  
I understand but I think this could  
be something big for me, I'd really  
appreciate it.

Frankie puffs out his cheeks while deciding.

FRANKIE  
Alright, fine. I understand. But  
you owe me.

MIKE  
Of course. Cheers, Frank.

Mike pats him on the back. Frankie turns to the Old Timer-Mechanic as Mike looks up and down the Main Street, smiling to himself.



FRANKIE (O.S.)  
It's fine. We will still collect  
tomorrow.

EXT. MARIE'S HOUSE - LATE EVENING

Marie spots Mike walking up the garden path with some  
FLOWERS. She has her coat on.

MARIE  
Oh hey, Mike.

MIKE  
Hey. Are you going out?

MARIE  
Yeah. I forgot it was Book Club  
tonight. I did text you.

MIKE  
Oh right. I didn't see it. Shall I  
meet you after then? These are for  
you by the way.

He hands her the flowers.

MARIE  
They are beautiful. Thank you.

MIKE  
Pleasure. Say, how about I come  
along instead?

MARIE  
Really. Will you read Carmel's  
Honor for us?

MIKE  
Sure, why not.

MARIE  
You're a star.

Marie HUGS him and gives him a KISS on the lips.

EXT - GAS STATION - OFF I-80 W - LATE EVENING

The sun is setting as Randall fills up his truck.

A BLONDE WOMAN (MID 50'S), and a ASIAN LADY (60), hurry past  
him towards their car.

BLONDE WOMAN  
Can't believe Mike Feldman is  
there. You definitely have your  
book, right?

Randall's ears prick up.

ASIAN LADY  
Yes, of course. We will make it on  
time, won't we?

BLONDE WOMAN  
Should be fine.

Randall quickly finishes up.

RANDALL  
Excuse me, ladies.

He hobbles over to them as the Asian Lady opens the car door.

BLONDE WOMAN  
Can we help you, Sir?

RANDALL  
I couldn't help overhearing you  
talking about Mike Feldman. Is he  
in town or something?

ASIAN LADY  
Yes, in Red Cloud. A little way  
down the road.

RANDALL  
Red Cloud? Really.

BLONDE WOMAN  
Yes, he is doing an impromptu book  
signing. Are you a fan too?

RANDALL  
Oh, yeah. Huge.

The Asian Lady looks at her watch.

ASIAN LADY  
We need to leave. Time's ticking.

RANDALL  
Sorry to hold you up. Maybe I'll  
see you there later.

The ladies smile and jump into their car. Randall LAUGHS to himself as they drive off.

INT. LOUNGE - MARIES HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike and Marie are sitting on the couch sharing a laugh. Two empty bottles of wine are on the coffee table in front of them. 'After the Goldrush' by Neil Young is PLAYING on the record player.

MIKE

Lets dance.

Mike puts his glass down and stands up. He holds out his hand.

MARIE

How can I refuse?

Marie joins him and they slow dance to the song. Soon they begin to kiss. Marie then stops and looks adoringly at Mike.

MARIE (CONT'D)

I really like you, Mike.

MIKE

Good, because you have made my heart sing again, Marie.

Marie rests her head on his shoulder and they both feel at total ease with each other.

INT. RANDALL'S TRUCK - GREEN ACRES MOTEL - RED CLOUD - NIGHT

Randall is sitting in his truck looking out at the motel rooms. A car pulls up nearby and out gets Frankie. Randall gets a good look at him when the cars headlights shine on Frankie's face. He checks the PHOTO he has of Frankie on his phone.

CU: A police station mug-shot of Frankie (mid-20's). Frankie wears longer hair but the face is distinguishable.

Randall is satisfied this is his man.

EXT. ROOM 8 - GREEN ACRES MOTEL - NIGHT

Randall KNOCKS on Frankie's door.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

Who is it?

RANDALL

Pizza delivery.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

Sorry, you got the wrong room.

RANDALL

Order for Feldman. Room eight.

Frankie opens the door.

FRANKIE

Look, man.

Before he can say anything else Randall has CHARGED him. The door SLAMS shut.

INT. ROOM 8 - GREEN ACRES MOTEL - NIGHT

Randall is astride Frankie and PUNCHES him hard in the face. Frankie tries to talk but isn't given a chance as a couple more punches follow.

Randall then THROWS him against the chest of drawers and KICKS him in the guts with his good leg. As Frankie lies winded, Randall turns on the TV and finds a LOUD ROCK MUSIC channel.

Frankie tries to get up but instead Randall picks him up by the throat and SLAMS him against the desk. Frankie YELLS in pain. Randall grabs his bag and gets some rope out. In the same moment, the urn topples off the desk but Frankie manages to grab it. The lid falls off. Frankie somehow rests the urn down and then Randall grabs him around the throat in a choke position as he lies on the floor.

RANDALL

I'm taking you to Tommy Sullivan.  
He's gonna kill you.

FRANKIE

Tommy who?

RANDALL

Don't play dumb with me, kid.

FRANKIE

Why are you doing this! Who are you?

RANDALL

It doesn't matter who I am.

Randall starts to tie Frankie's hands up.

FRANKIE

You've got the wrong guy. I swear.

RANDALL

Shut up. Where is your brother?!

FRANKIE

He ain't here. He's overseas.

Randall LAUGHS out loud. He reaches for some tape in his bag.

RANDALL

It's real simple, boy. Both of you are coming with me.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

So we will just wait here for your bro to come back before we all go on a little road trip.

FRANKIE

Fuck you.

Frankie KNEES Randall in the nuts. He then manages to get to his feet and KICK Randall in the head as he winces. Frankie RUNS into the bathroom.

Randall gets up, shakes himself down and STORMS OVER to the bathroom. He BANGS LOUDLY on the bathroom door. And then SHOULDER BARGES it. It partly opens.

RANDALL

You really don't want to do this, son.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

Get out of here. I'm calling the cops.

Randall KICKS the door but his bad leg flares up again.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

It's ringing. You better leave.

Randall then sees a torch light shining from outside. He hobbles over to the window and notices Two Male Security Guards (40's) doing their rounds. His leg is now bleeding again. He is pissed off but the urn then catches his eye.

RANDALL

Who's dead?

Frankie slowly opens the bathroom door a touch.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Oh, it's your Mom, isn't it? How could I forget.

Randall threatens to empty the urn.

FRANKIE

No! Leave her alone.

Randall LAUGHS. Frankie RUNS at Randall who HITS him with a flying right hand. Frankie tumbles onto the bed. Randall leans over him.

RANDALL

Okay, listen up. This urn is my collateral. It's gonna get me my money. Now tell me where you're heading so we can sort a meeting with Sullivan?

RANDALL (CONT'D)

And if you play nice I'll even let  
you bury her before you die.

EXT. PORCH - MARIE'S HOUSE - DAY

As the rain continues Marie and Mike are sitting on the porch having a cup of coffee. They smile at each other. Mike takes another sip.

MARIE

You are going to have to leave  
soon, aren't you?

MIKE

No, I can stay here a little while  
longer.

MARIE

I meant leave Red Cloud.

MIKE

Yeah. But I will come back once we  
are done.

MARIE

I hope so, Mike. Please don't hurt  
me, will you? Last night was a big  
deal for me.

MIKE

Hey, I won't. I'm not like some  
other guys, Marie.

The house phone RINGS.

MARIE

Good. Let me get that.

Marie heads inside. Mike watches her, then sips his coffee contentedly.

INT. ROOM 8 - GREEN ACRES MOTEL - DAY

Frankie is on the bed looking awful. Mike enters.

MIKE

Hey Frank.

He notices that Frankie is all beaten up.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Jesus. What happened to you?

Frankie shakes his head forlornly and looks at Mike.

FRANKIE

It's all gone wrong, Mike. They  
have got Mom.

Mike's EYES WIDEN in shock.

EXT. ROADSIDE - I-80W - DAY

Randall is on the phone near a field.

RANDALL

(into phone)

Calm down, will ya Sullivan. (Beat)  
As I said, it's their damn Momma.  
(Beat) Look, I know what I'm doing.  
They will be there and my money  
better be too! (Beat) Noon at the  
Glendale sawmill.

INT. ROOM 8 - GREEN ACRES MOTEL - DAY

Frankie's on the edge of his bed and Mike is standing at the  
window. He looks disgusted.

MIKE

You get some sort of sick kick out  
of screwing everything up, don't  
you?

FRANKIE

Look, instead of ripping me apart  
we should be thinking of how to get  
Mom back from that maniac.

MIKE

We! This is your mess.

FRANKIE

You wanted to stick around this  
stupid town.

MIKE

Don't you dare blame me! Your dirty  
past has caught up with you.

FRANKIE

You've got it wrong, Mike.

MIKE

Bullshit! Just as my life is  
turning around, you fuck me over.  
You're no damn good!

FRANKIE

I'll get her back. I promise.

MIKE

Don't you dare promise me anything.

FRANKIE

Oh fuck you then!

Mike CHARGES him and PUSHES Frankie onto the bed. Frankie grimaces. He manages to PUSH Mike off.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Get off me you fucking idiot!

Mike grabs Frankie's shirt and PUNCHES him in the gut. Frankie CRUMBLES to the floor and Mike grabs hold of his belt that's resting on the chair.

MIKE

You need some Goddamn discipline.

He walks over to Frankie and LASHES him on the back with the belt. Frankie SCREAMS in pain.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You've ruined everything you piece of shit!

Mike has lost it and goes to do it again. Frankie is COWERING in the corner and holds out his hand to push away but Mike LASHES his hand instead.

FRANKIE

Please. Please stop! Please Bob stop it. I am sorry. I am sorry!

Mike hesitates.

MIKE

Bob. Why are you saying Bob?

Mike backs off a little and Frankie takes off his T-shirt. He gets to his feet and turns around to show Mike some horrific scarring on his back. Mike is SHOCKED.

INT. OFFICE - NURSING HOME - RED CLOUD - DAY

Marie is sitting opposite the NURSING HOME MANAGER (late 50's). Marie wipes her tear-stained face with a tissue.

MARIE

But he was fine last night.

NURSING HOME MANAGER

I know. But your father was a very frail man. Both in body and mind.

Marie puts her head in her hands for a moment.



NURSING HOME MANAGER (CONT'D)  
Can I get you some tea or water?

MARIE  
Um, tea would be nice.

The Nursing Home Manager gets up.

NURSING HOME MANAGER  
He is at peace now, Marie.

MARIE  
I hope so.

Marie bows her head dejectedly as the Nursing Home Manager walks off.

INT. ROOM 8 - GREEN ACRES MOTEL - DAY

Mike looks FLABBERGASTED as he stands in front of Frankie who's on the bed.

FRANKIE  
You left us with a vicious bully.  
Bob manipulated everyone,  
especially Mom.

MIKE  
You're so out of line. I ought to  
beat your ass again.

FRANKIE  
Do it then! He was so glad when you  
left. Me and Mom were easy to  
control. But then he realized that  
I was getting old enough to fight  
back, so he took things up a notch.

Frankie SLAPS his own back before getting up. He starts to gather his things.

MIKE  
No. It was prison that did that to  
you. You messed with the wrong guy,  
I bet.

FRANKIE  
Believe what you want, Mike.

MIKE  
Running off home, are we?

FRANKIE  
No, I'm gonna get Mom back and I'm  
gonna bury her.

MIKE  
What a hero.

FRANKIE  
 Whatever. You sit here and do  
 nothing, like usual.

Frankie gets to the door. He turns to Mike and smiles.

MIKE  
 How can you smile?

FRANKIE  
 Because I know when I shut this  
 door I will never ever have to see  
 you again.

Frankie leaves.

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS - I-80 W - DAY

The bus slowly meanders through the afternoon traffic,  
 passing a road sign for Sutherland, Nebraska.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - I-80W - DAY

Frankie is tear-stained as he plays with his phone, pausing  
 at Julia's number. He then looks out of the window, deep in  
 thought. He sighs before dialling a number, then putting the  
 phone to his ear.

FRANKIE  
 (into phone)  
 Hey Ray. It's Frankie.

INT. ROOM 8 - GREEN ACRES MOTEL - DAY

Mike is standing in front of the window of his motel room. He  
 is mid-call and animated.

MIKE  
 (into phone)  
 I told you that little shit  
 couldn't be trusted, didn't I?

KARA (V.O)  
 Mike! I don't want to hear it. I  
 just want Mom back!

MIKE  
 As do I. Right, I gotta go.  
 Remember no cops.

He hangs up and throws his suitcase on the bed.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - RED CLOUD - DAY

Driving with one hand, Mike has his cellphone to his ear. An engaged tone can be heard.

MIKE  
(into phone)  
Damn it, Frankie.

Mike THROWS his phone onto the passenger seat as he turns the corner. He passes a sign post that reads "Thank you for visiting Red Cloud. Drive safely."

INT. DINING ROOM - MARIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marie, teary-eyed, is sitting opposite her assistant Kathy at the dining table. A coffee pot and two cups are positioned between them.

MARIE  
I feel so stupid for falling for  
him. He got what he wanted I guess.  
I'm such a fool, Kath.

Kathy rests a soothing hand on her hand.

KATHY  
Some men are just assholes.

Marie puts her head in her hand.

MARIE  
Think I need something stronger.

Marie gets up and walks to the kitchen.

EXT. ROADSIDE/NEAR MODOC NATIONAL FOREST - CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

It's RAINING HARD. Randall's truck is parked up under some trees.

INT. RANDALL'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Randall is sleeping. A van pulls up in front of his truck and SHINES its BEAMS directly into Randall's windshield. He awakens.

RANDALL  
What the fuck.

He looks into the light expecting the beams to dim but they remain fixed on him. He HONKS his horn. Nothing.

Pissed-off he opens the door and gets out, grabbing his knife as he exits.

EXT. RANDALL'S TRUCK - ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Randall walks towards the lights of the van.

RAY (O.S.)  
Howdy partner.

Randall turns and he's FLOORED by a baseball bat.

INT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE - SOMEWHERE IN CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

Randall is tied up. He has been badly beaten. Ray has the urn in his hand.

RANDALL  
Why don't you take the money from that son of a bitch Sullivan?

RAY  
What are you saying?

RANDALL  
He doesn't know me. I was just a voice on the phone. Be me. Take that fucker's money and we go our separate ways.

RAY  
I don't need that scumbags money.

RANDALL  
Suit yourself, Ray Ray.

Randall LAUGHS. Ray turns to his two Muscle-Bound Bears.

RAY  
Finish this animal. Leave nothing behind.

He walks away, taking a breath as his men start LAYING INTO Randall in the b.g.

EXT. COACH DEPOT - PORTLAND - OREGON - DAY

Frankie is sitting on a bench with Ray. The urn is boxed and between them.

RAY  
So does your brother know you're here?

FRANKIE  
I don't think I will be seeing him anytime soon.

RAY  
That's too bad.

FRANKIE  
It is. So you're sure you can  
handle Sullivan?

RAY  
Yeah, a good old fashioned ambush.  
Don't worry, I got it all figured  
out.

Frankie shakes his head in disbelief.

FRANKIE  
Man, I still can't believe that  
Sullivan and the Cowboy never met.  
Hardly the work of a criminal  
mastermind, is it?

RAY  
He's just desperate. And desperate  
men make mistakes.

FRANKIE  
I guess they do.

RAY  
Right, I better make tracks.

Ray gets up. Frankie follows suit.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Once Sullivan is gone you'll have  
nothing to worry about, Frank. We  
are done. I promise.

Frankie pauses to reflect before nodding in agreement.

FRANKIE  
Can I shake your hand?

RAY  
Been long overdue.

They shake.

FRANKIE  
You take it easy, Ray.

RAY  
You too kid.

Ray then leaves. Frankie sits back down and puts his hand  
gently on the box.

INT. RAY RAY'S PIZZERIA - QUEENS - NIGHT

Doug's sitting behind the counter, unsure of himself. It's dead in there so he opens the cash register. Disgusted by the lack of money its holding he SLAMS it shut.

DOUG  
Dumb ass joint.

He then slings his apron to the floor before making a call.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Yeah, it's me, Doug. Ray is staying  
at the Luna Range Motel.

INT. RAY'S VAN - I-5 S - DAY

Ray is driving slowly through some traffic in his WHITE work van. He makes a hands-free call, to Doug. The phone RINGS. It goes to 'answer-phone'.

Ray then spots a BLACK van behind him FLASHING its headlights.

RAY  
(to himself)  
Jesus, you guys are supposed to be  
in Glendale already.

He pulls over to the road side. The black van follows suit. Ray gets out.

EXT. ROADSIDE - I-5 S - DAY

Ray walks toward the van. He arrives at the winded down window only to be faced with Dwight POINTING a gun in his face. A Burly Accomplice (late 20's), is alongside him.

DWIGHT  
Hello Ray. Mr Sullivan says 'Hi'.

RAY  
Shit!

Dwight goes to pull the trigger but Ray grapples with his hand. The gun GOES OFF and catches Ray in the neck. He STUMBLES BACK and the gun falls to the floor.

DWIGHT  
Shoot him you idiot.

Dwight's Accomplice leaves the van and runs around to where Ray is. He cocks his gun but the safety is still on. Ray dashes back to his van, holding his neck.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Get after him!

Dwight then gets out of the van.

Ray manages to get to his van and grab his gun as a couple of shots are FIRED behind him. The commotion causes some panic on the road and a few cars SWERVE to avoid each other, HONKING their horns.

Ray holds one hand to his neck and DUCKS behind the back wheel of the van. He gets a SHOT-OFF and it catches Dwight in the chest. Dwight STUMBLES BACK ROARING in pain.

The Accomplice FIRES at Ray and catches Ray in the knee. Ray FALLS to the side of the truck and he's an open target. So is the sidekick and Ray takes him out with a SHOT to the head. Ray tries to get back into his van and reload. Bullets fall onto the van floor. Dwight recovers and SHOOTS at Ray's van narrowly missing Ray's head as he stands back up. Ray reloads but by this time Dwight is on his feet and CHARGING at the van. Ray is shot in his chest through the windshield. He CRUMBLES to the deck but is partly shielded by his door.

Dwight is now struggling but gets off TWO MORE SHOTS. One hits the van door and the other goes wildly into the road causing a TRUCK to SEVERELY SWERVE.

Dwight sees the truck coming straight at him but TRIPS OVER his Accomplice's body. The truck crashes straight into Dwight wiping him out. Traffic is chaotic all around Ray. Police SIRENS can be heard in the distance. Ray gasps for air as he reaches for his phone a few feet away in his van. BLOOD pours out of his multiple wounds. He runs out of time and SLUMPS to the dusty ground, then dies on the roadside.

INT - HANNIGAN'S BAR - GLENDALE - NIGHT

The joint is nearly empty. Two Guys play pool in the b.g. Mike is standing at the corner of the bar drinking a beer. He spots a newspaper on the bar stool next to him. It's the 'Glendale Weekly'. He skims through it briefly but his mind is clearly elsewhere. The entrance door CREAKS open and a rake of a man walks in. It is LARRY WEST (mid 60's), and he's quite drunk already. Mike glances at him before signalling to the BLACK BARTENDER for another beer.

Larry STUMBLES a little before reaching the bar. He sits next to Mike.

BLACK BARTENDER  
Just a water is it, Larry?

LARRY  
Ah, fuck you. A beer and a whisky.  
Go easy on the ice.

The Black Bartender ROLLS his eyes. Mike discreetly watches as Larry gets out a puzzle book from his jacket pocket. Larry WAVES the book at Mike.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Can't beat a good puzzle, huh?  
Keeps the mind ticking over.

MIKE  
I guess.

The Black Bartender arrives with their drinks. Larry gives him a THUMBS UP. He downs the whisky and swigs on the beer.

LARRY  
Cheers.

Larry holds up his bottle to Mike, who follows suit.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
You new in town?

MIKE  
No, just here for a couple of days.

LARRY  
Oh. I'm Larry West. Town drunk.

MIKE  
Mike Feldman.

LARRY  
Welcome, Mike Feldman.

Larry has another swig of beer. Mike clocks the Black Bartender who indicates that Larry is a little cuckoo.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Feldman. Name is familiar.

MIKE  
You may have heard of my book.

LARRY  
No, I just like puzzles.

MIKE  
I used to live here, if that helps.  
Up on Maple Tree Avenue.

Larry suddenly looks like he has seen a ghost.

LARRY  
Wait a minute. Your Mom married Bob Harrison, right.

MIKE  
Yeah, were you his friend?



LARRY  
Um, not really. Just did a few jobs  
for him.

MIKE  
Jobs?

LARRY  
Yeah.

Larry gulps and looks blankly ahead.

MIKE  
Are you okay, pal?

LARRY  
You had a younger brother, right?

MIKE  
For my sins.

LARRY  
Bob made me do some bad things, you  
know.

Mike is suddenly concerned.

MIKE  
What bad things?

FLASHBACK:

INT. BOB'S BARN - NIGHT

A moment passes and the lights come BACK ON. Bob is standing in front of Frankie and is now flanked by Two Guys (late 40's), with varying builds. Bob smiles sadistically.

BOB  
This is your mother's main gift,  
Frankie. The best gift of all.

Larry West, wearing a short perm and fuller cheeks, stands near the light switch in the corner of the barn. He is apprehensive.

MONTAGE

- Two of Bob's cronies LAUGH as Bob FURIOUSLY LASHES Frankie with his horse whip. Larry, pretends to enjoy the spectacle.

- Two of the gang haul Frankie into an old chair as Bob reaches into a tool bag. He pulls out some pliers.

- Larry holds up Frankie and Bob uses Frankie as a punching bag.

- Near the barn door, Larry and another one of the guys help Frankie onto his motorbike while Bob shouts angrily into Frankie's face.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. TAP HOUSE - ROADSIDE BAR - NIGHT

Two drunken men stumble out of the bar laughing. We see it's Mike, slimmer build without a beard and his friend Steve (early 30's), a portly black man.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Frankie is WEAVING a little on his motorbike. He loses complete control on a sharp bend. Before he can do anything he skids onto the sidewalk into the path of Mike and Steve.

Mike tries to haul Steve out of the way but it all happens so fast and Frankie's bike CRASHES hard into Steve. KILLING him almost instantly. Mike gathers himself to survey the wreckage. He runs to Steve only to find he is dead.

Mike then looks across at Frankie who takes off his helmet. Mike is stunned.

MIKE

Oh my God Frankie! What have you done!

END OF FLASHBACK

Mike is SPEECHLESS. Larry is shame-faced.

LARRY

He was a bastard was Bob. Truly evil. He got into our heads, especially mine.

Mike struggles to take all this in.

LARRY (CONT'D)

It almost killed me, the guilt of what I did. Years later I wrote your mother a few times to explain but she never replied. I guess Bob controlled her mail, just like he controlled everything else.

MIKE

And this isn't just the booze talking, huh?

LARRY

As God is my witness. We buried the tools and stuff, in the back yard.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Bob planted some apple trees there soon after, help cover them up some more.

Mike shakes his head in despair.

MIKE

I remember the trees. He was always funny when anyone went near them.

Mike stands up.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

Larry grabs Mike's arm.

LARRY

Hey, tell me you forgive me?  
Please.

Mike looks down at Larry's shaking hand for a moment, then back to his face. He's a pitiful state.

MIKE

I do.

Mike, then turns and hastily leaves the bar.

EXT. CEMETERY - GLENDALE - OREGON - DAY

A Member of the Staff walks away from Frankie.

Frankie stands in front of his parent's graves. Both are cremated. The cremation head stone for his mother 'Joan Feldman' is fresh and neat. It reads "Beloved mother and wife. Joan Agatha Feldman. Sadly passed Age 78. Forever in our hearts. Now with Jerry". The head stone of his father, 'Jerry Feldman' reads "Cherished Father and husband Gerald 'Jerry' Thomas Feldman. Sadly passed Age 61. Always with us. Never forgotten."

Frankie takes it in for a moment, letting out a slight smile.

In the b.g. Mike appears and he hears Frankie talking so he holds back.

FRANKIE

I'm sorry that I'm here alone, Ma.  
We tried to get along but we are trapped by our past. Something's are better left broken, I guess.  
I'm gonna be a Dad, you know. I hope I can make you proud. Love you, Ma. Always will.

Frankie looks at his father's grave.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Hey Dad. I miss you so much. Things would have been so different with you around.

Mike steps forward.

MIKE

Frankie.

Frankie is startled and turns around.

FRANKIE

What the hell, Mike.

MIKE

Steve's death was not your fault. It was an accident.

FRANKIE

What? Why the sudden change of heart?

MIKE

A guy at the bar. He was in the barn that night. Confessed everything to me.

FRANKIE

You spoke to one of Bob's men? Where's he now? I need to beat his ass.

MIKE

No, Frank. He's just a guilt-ridden drunk. Bob broke him too.

Frankie is frozen to the spot, trying to digest the situation.

FRANKIE

If only you had believed me, Mike.

MIKE

I know. I was so stupid, Frank. How could I be so wrong? But I can't go back and fix it so I'm asking you to forgive me. I love you, Frank, and I won't let you down again. I swear. We'll be a family from now on, okay? Brothers. So let's loosen that rope. It's time to breathe and look to the future.

Frankie is teary-eyed.

FRANKIE

Do you really mean that?

MIKE

Every word.

Mike holds out his hand. They shake hands. Mike, then grabs Frankie and they HUG in front of their parents graves.

INT. ROOM - HOTEL - GLENDALE - EVENING

In a mid-range hotel the brothers are watching TV but Mike is a bit distant.

MIKE

Think I'll take a shower.

Mike gets up and grabs a towel off the desk chair.

FRANKIE

Hey Mike, you should try giving Marie a call again.

MIKE

I've tried. She has blocked my number now.

FRANKIE

That's too bad.

Mike bows his head and heads to the bathroom.

Frankie starts to watch the news.

ANCHORMAN (O.S.)

More now on that earlier roadside shoot-out. We understand that one of the victims was a man from the Queens area of New York....

Frankie's EYES WIDEN. The Anchorman's voice can no longer be heard as Frankie takes in the scene on TV. A split screen shows police cars and forensics stationed around body bags on one side and a PHOTO-FIT of Ray's face on the other side.

FRANKIE

Oh my God. Mike! You better get out here quick.

He stares at the TV screen IN HORROR.

EXT. MAIN STREET - GLENDALE - OREGON - MORNING

The small town with a meager population is eerily quiet as the sun breaks through the cloud. The surrounding forestry looks spectacular against the quaint premises lining the street.

EXT. GLENDALE SAWMILL - GLENDALE - DAY

The yard is empty of workers and all machinery is shut down. Tommy has arrived in a blacked out car. He has two Beefy Goons (30's), with him helping him out of the car into his WHEELCHAIR. He looks ready for revenge.

EXT. WOODS - GLENDALE - DAY

Mike's with Frankie. Mike is wearing a cowboy hat and has a bandage around his leg.

FRANKIE  
This better work, Mike.

MIKE  
Just do what we discussed and..

FRANKIE  
And what?

MIKE  
And we will be fine.

Frankie is unconvinced.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Frank. We have been over it numerous times. Now we just need to get this thing done, okay?

FRANKIE  
Yeah. Come on, we better get a move on.

EXT. GLENDALE SAWMILL - GLENDALE - DAY

The brothers emerge from the woods and are surprised by Tommy's appearance. Mike HOLDS Frankie by the arm with a gun to his back.

MIKE  
(whispering)  
He's in a wheelchair, Frank. I thought you said he was some sort of psycho?

FRANKIE  
(whispering)  
I wasn't expecting that. But he does have a couple of monsters with him.

MIKE  
(whispering)  
How many guns do you count?

FRANKIE

(whispering)

At-least two but Sullivan must be packing.

MIKE

(whispering)

Right, let's get into character.

Mike SHOVES Frankie and he TUMBLES to the ground in front of Tommy and his guys.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Get to your feet asshole. Move it.

Frankie WEARILY gets up and Mike grabs his arm again. They arrive before Tommy.

TOMMY

You must be Randall McIntyre?

MIKE

(Mock Randall accent)

You must be Sullivan?

TOMMY

Mr Sullivan to you.

MIKE

Whatever. I got your man. Let's talk money.

TOMMY

I wanted both brothers.

MIKE

I had to kill the writer. Had no choice.

TOMMY

Fine. Saves me money, I guess.

Tommy looks at Frankie.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

And you. You must be the elusive Frankie Feldman. The piece of shit coward who murdered my son.

FRANKIE

I didn't kill your son.

TOMMY

Lies. I know you did. I heard you.

MIKE

Hey, before anyone else gets killed can I get my damn money?

TOMMY  
Go get the bag.

One of Tommy's men heads to the car.

MIKE  
Good. Make sure it's all there. I want it counted.

TOMMY  
You ain't in charge here.

MIKE  
Hey, I'm the one holding a gun to his head. I pull the trigger and you miss out on your revenge. So I would suggest you get your guy to count the money. I have been screwed too many times before.

TOMMY  
Bring over the money and both start counting. I want this clown outta here on the double.

One Goon comes back with a suitcase. He opens it and rests it on the floor. There's money, a lot of it.

MIKE  
Actually, I want to count it.

TOMMY  
You are testing my patience now.

Mike PULLS the trigger.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Step back. Let this asshole count.

Mike PUSHES Frankie down. And then heads to the case to start counting.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Oh, I am going to enjoy making you suffer, Feldman. It is going to be hell, you understand?

Frankie looks at Tommy briefly before making his way back to his knees.

MIKE  
Can you tell your guys to get their balls out of my face?

TOMMY  
Take a step back you two. One of you go get the tool bag.



One of the Goons heads off back to the car.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Pass me my water, will ya. All this  
killing is making me hot.

The other Goon bends down and reaches into a bag on the  
wheelchair.

Mike glances at Frankie and WINKS knowingly.

Frankie gets up and makes a DASH for it.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Hey!

Mike deliberately gets in the way of the nearest Goon, but is  
subtle about it.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck! Get after him!

Frankie's FAST and heads into the woods. The Goon's lead the  
chase. Mike reluctantly follows.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Find him cowboy or you're dead too!

Mike RUNS OFF in pursuit.

EXT. WOODS - GLENDALE - DAY

Mike catches up with the Goons who are at a loss where  
Frankie's gone.

MIKE  
I checked these woods out  
yesterday. It's practically a  
circle. You two go that way. We can  
squeeze him into the middle.

The Goons take off in the other direction.

Mike runs a few yards, checks behind him, then comes up to  
some fallen tree trunks.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
It's clear.

Frankie stands up.

FRANKIE  
They bought it?

MIKE  
Yeah, they should reach the trap  
pretty soon.

FRANKIE  
You sure you covered it up?

MIKE  
Absolutely.

We hear two SCREAMS of agony for a few moments, then silence.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Told them I knew these woods. You  
go back. I will go check on them.

EXT. GLENDALE SAWMILL - GLENDALE - DAY

Tommy is alone in his chair looking around. He checks his watch and holds a gun in his hand.

Frankie SNEAKS UP to Tommy. He holds a gun to the side of Tommy's head.

FRANKIE  
Drop the gun Tommy or you're dead.

Tommy reluctantly throws the gun to the ground.

TOMMY  
Do it soon coz my guys will be  
back?

Mike then arrives.

MIKE  
No they won't. They are having some  
trouble with bear traps.

TOMMY  
You motherfucker. I knew I  
shouldn't have trusted you.

MIKE  
Me. I'm just a writer.

FRANKIE  
That's right, Tommy. The cowboy is  
dead. This is my brother.

TOMMY  
You sons of bitches.

FRANKIE  
I never had anything to do with  
your son dying. It wasn't me. So  
this is where it ends.

TOMMY  
You better end it kid coz if you  
don't, then I will.

Frankie pulls the trigger. Mike looks concerned.

MIKE

Frank. Come here a minute.

Frankie and Mike get close.

FRANKIE

We need to get this over with,  
Mike.

MIKE

I know but you aren't a killer.

FRANKIE

I have to be.

MIKE

No, I have an idea.

TOMMY

Hey assholes. You better hurry up.  
I got friends everywhere. They will  
be looking for you.

FRANKIE

We know about you, Tommy. You are  
nothing now. Look at you. Any  
friends of yours are only scared of  
your old reputation. You're just a  
weak old man now.

TOMMY

Let's see about that.

He reaches inside his pocket and pulls out his phone.

Mike's quick to react and PUNCHES him hard in the face  
knocking Tommy out. Frankie puts some gloves on, grabs the  
phone and SMASHES it into the ground.

FRANKIE

What's this plan then?

EXT. I-80W - DAY

Mike's car travels down a near deserted road as the sun  
SHINES BRIGHTLY.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - DAY

The brothers are silent trying to take in the moment. Mike  
then turns to Frankie and smiles at him.

MIKE

Are you okay?

FRANKIE

Yeah. We did the right thing,  
didn't we?

MIKE

Yes. Let the cops sort it now. Or  
the wolves.

FRANKIE

Yeah.

Frankie looks out of his window at the scenery.

EXT. GLENDALE SAWMILL - GLENDALE - DAY

Tommy's out cold. He's tied and propped up against lumber in  
the yard. His wheelchair is MANGLED next to him.

A note is pinned to the chair that reads:

TOMMY SULLIVAN - MURDERER AND MOBSTER. CALL FBI.

EXT. I-80W HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Mike's car cruises through traffic. Road signs for Nebraska  
are up ahead.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - NIGHT

The brothers are silent and exhausted by the day.

Frankie then notices that Mike is looking in the direction of  
the signs ahead.

FRANKIE

You sure you don't want to turn  
off? Head to Red Cloud?

MIKE

No. I messed up.

FRANKIE

I still think you should tell her  
the truth.

MIKE

What happened at the mill can never  
be talked about. You understand?

FRANKIE

Okay but it was us or them, Mike.  
We had no choice.

MIKE

I told her I was different from other guys but I just left her. I didn't give her a moments thought.

FRANKIE

Maybe give it some time, then go see her.

MIKE

Maybe.

Mike looks at the exit for a few seconds, hesitant. He drives past and sighs, then turns on the radio.

EXT - GLENDALE SAWMILL - GLENDALE - DAY

It's early morning and the yard is open for work. Two Workers stand in front of the dead body of Tommy Sullivan. He has been stabbed multiple times. Some animals have also nibbled on his body. The money has disappeared.

EXT - GAS STATION/WHINEY'S DINER - DAY

Mike's car pulls up. They both get out.

MIKE

I will get some gas.

Frankie heads inside the diner.

A truck pulls up in the parking lot. Out steps a badly beaten Randall. He soon notices Mike's car and his EYES WIDEN.

INT. WHINEY'S DINER - DAY

Frankie is helping an old lady into her seat. Randall enters the diner and quickly glances around. He spots Frankie but hangs back watching as Frankie enters the Rest-Room. He soon heads that way.

INT. MEN'S REST-ROOM - WHINEY'S DINER - DAY

There are two cubicles with their doors open. They are unoccupied. Frankie stands alone at a urinal.

The floor is wet and a wet floor sign is present.

Frankie finishes and zips up.

He turns straight into Randall's knife. Randall STARES down at Frankie, who is GASPING. Randall TWISTS the knife deeper.

RANDALL

It will be over soon, boy.

Randall pulls the knife out SLOWLY while covering Frankie's mouth with his hand. He eases Frankie to the floor.

Frankie's now CRYING.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

You should have done as you were told.

Frankie TWISTS to his side trying to get up. Randall PLUNGES the knife into his back.

Frankie is sent back to the ground.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Have a nice life, kid.

Randall gets to his feet. Frankie tries to shout out but can't.

FRANKIE

Help me.

Randall looks down at him in pity. He LAUGHS. He starts to DRAG Frankie's body into one of the cubicles but WINCES in pain at his damaged leg.

In this moment Frankie manages to SPIN around slowly and KICKS out at Randall's damaged leg a couple of times. It causes Randall to SLIP on the wet floor.

Randall falls backwards and SMASHES his head on the sink. He crumbles to the hard floor. BLOOD pours out from behind Randall's head. He dies.

Frankie SCREAMS in pain. He SPURTS blood from his mouth. A few moments pass and Frankie, with TEARS flowing, slowly closes his eyes.

A Member of Staff (20's), forces open the door. Mike BARGES past him and RUNS to Frankie.

MIKE

Oh Jesus Christ, Frankie.

He leans over Frankie open-mouthed.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Oh, Frankie. No, no Frank. Come on stay with me. Come on now.

Frankie'S motionless.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
 Someone call an ambulance! Come on  
 please, Frank. Please.

Nothing from Frankie.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
 Please Frank. Please!

TEARS POUR down Mike's face.

EXT - JERSEY CITY - DAY

The sun shines over the bustling city scape.

**SUPER: 1 YEAR LATER**

EXT - RILEY'S BOOKS - DOWNTOWN JERSEY CITY - DAY

In the main shopping district an independent bookstore is showcasing a new book by Mike Feldman. A sign in the window reads 'Acclaimed author Mike Feldman - in-store signing of his new book - The Road Home'.

INT. RILEY'S BOOKS - DAY

A decent sized crowd of mainly mature fans are having their books signed by Mike, who sits behind a table full of fresh copies. He has lost a little weight and his beard is neater.

Mike smiles through the routine. Kara and Angela are both mingling, drinking coffee. They are delighted for him.

It's a cordial affair. Mike SIGNS another book.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - JERSEY CITY - EVENING

Mike is seated with Angela and Kara. They sip champagne. Angela and Kara enjoy a LAUGH.

Kara then notices Mike is subdued.

KARA  
 Are you okay Mike? You looked a  
 little distant at times today.

MIKE  
 Yeah, I am okay, just sad that  
 Frankie wasn't here. It was his  
 story too.

Kara pats Mike on the back. Mike looks down at his plate of pasta. Kara then beams with happiness at something. She nudges Mike who looks up.

He's faced by Frankie, holding a WALKING STICK, Julia and a little baby girl. His face LIGHTS UP.

FRANKIE

Surprise!

Mike JUMPS to his feet. He's delighted.

MIKE

You said you guys couldn't make it!

FRANKIE

Just kidding with you. We would have been there for the signing but the flight was delayed.

MIKE

Fantastic.

He HUGS his brother.

FRANKIE

Easy Mike.

MIKE

Oh sorry.

He turns to Julia and gives her a KISS on the cheek.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hey Julia. You okay?

JULIA

I'm good. Thanks Mike.  
Congratulations on your book.

MIKE

Thanks. Were you in on this too?

JULIA

Afraid so.

She LAUGHS so do Mike and Frankie. Kara gets up and walks around the table. Mike turns to her.

MIKE

Was this your idea?

KARA

Combined effort.

Mike EMBRACES Kara.

MIKE

Come on guys, sit down and have a drink. Let me take the little one off you Julia.



Julia hands over her daughter. Kara HUGS Julia and gives Frankie a PECK on the cheek. Mike is over the moon.

INT - BAR - JERSEY CITY - NIGHT

Mike and Frankie are sat at the bar with a couple of empty beers and half-drunk whiskies.

FRANKIE  
To my brother. And to many more  
great stories.

They CLINK glasses.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
So come on Mike, tell me the truth.  
The character of Jane. Is she based  
on Marie?

MIKE  
You won't give up on that, will  
you?

FRANKIE  
I hope she is.

MIKE  
Okay fine. She is.

FRANKIE  
That's good. I hope Marie reads the  
damn thing!

MIKE  
Me too.

Mike's smile is bittersweet as he finishes his drink.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - DAY

A vast shot of the bay area with the Golden Gate Bridge taking center stage.

EXT. NAPIER LANE - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

A wooden planked sidewalk runs past Victorian homes that are tucked away behind gardens. The bay can be seen in the distant b.g.

EXT. MARIE'S HOUSE - NAPIER LANE - DAY

Marie is watering some plants on the porch of a pleasant, well kept three bedroom home.

## INT. MARIE'S HOUSE - EVENING

There are a few birthday cards on display in her artistic looking lounge. There is a PHOTO of Marie with a class of school kids. Marie sips on a glass of wine. She then opens a present. It's a copy of Mike's new book - The Road Home. She wryly smiles to herself.

MARIE

Thank you, kids.

Marie stares at the book for a few moments before opening it.

CU: It reads: For the girl in the Red Cloud. Until we meet again.

She puts her hand to her mouth. Then sits back on the couch deep in thought. Her eyes begin to well-up.

## EXT. JERSEY CITY SUBWAY - DAY

A crowd of commuters walk up the subway exit steps. Marie emerges. She takes a look in both directions before walking up to a Newspaper Vendor, who is standing on the sidewalk.

MARIE

Excuse me. Could you tell me the way to Liberty State park please?

## EXT. LIBERTY STATE PARK - JERSEY CITY - DAY

The sun GLIMMERS on the river. Mike is sitting on his favorite bench sipping on a coffee. He looks out over the Hudson and then turns to his right. A moment passes. Something makes him smile.

THE END