

The Sixth Chamber

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. DRIFT MESA, 1872 - NIGHT (BLACK & WHITE)

SLOW MOTION as a BLACK-HAIRED BOY runs across the flat desert mesa. A CALVARY GENERAL rides behind him on horseback. The General pulls a Peacemaker .45 revolver and aims at the child.

Helpless, the boy runs towards the edge of the mesa. He looks back to notice the Calvary General quickly closing in.

The boy looks down the abyss, assessing the drop, then tucks the edge, spreads his arms and closes his eyes.

The Calvary General reaches for the boy. He is too late.

With grace, the child plunges over the edge and into the darkness.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. ABOVE AUSTIN, TEXAS, PRESENT DAY - NIGHT (COLOR)

We soar between sky scrapers and into the suburban countryside.

Like a bird we make a lazy circle above the gated compound of western novelist David Westman, then dip down through a wall-sized window where opera music resonates.

INT. DAVID WESTMAN'S STUDY - NIGHT (COLOR)

The amber glow from the fireplace casts long shadows across wooden walls.

Beneath the warm light of a stained glass Tiffany lamp, DAVID WESTMAN (43), with a rugged face and two day stubble, types feverishly into his lap top computer:

"Revenge never dies, Sheriff Young."

Scanning the study, there is a collection of old western guns in a glass case, and along the wall, writing awards and pictures of David with familiar celebrities. On the computer, he types:

"The Prosperity Mine Massacre ravaged the lives of twenty-six miners and the legacy of Sheriff Joseph Young."

Behind David are two framed covers from his previous two novels. Both covers reveal a man rearing his horse, waving a silver revolver high in the air.

On the cover titled "Joseph Young," the man is dressed in a blue Calvary uniform. On the cover titled "Outlaw," he wears a Wyatt Earp-style uniform with a tin Sheriff's star over his heart.

David leans back in his chair, beholding the final paragraph of his latest manuscript:

*"A hero was lost. For the people of
Drift, many mournful nights would pass
before the light of a new dawn.
The End."*

He looks to the picture of his wife CAROLINE and his seven year-old son COLBY on his desk.

DAVID
(to himself)
I finished it, baby. Time to move on.

On the lap top, in an e-mail envelope, David types:

*"TO: addyedit
FROM: dwestman
RE: DRIFT
--Finished... Enjoy the read. And the
pre-requisite Martini."*

He pushes send. The upload bar climbs, sending the attached manuscript. Then;

A child's scream.

INT. COLBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (COLOR)

COLBY (7), sits upright in his bed, screaming. David rushes in.

DAVID
Okay - okay - okay.

COLBY
I had another scary dream. The same
dream as before...

David sits beside him.

DAVID
(comforting)
It's okay now. It's over. Bad dreams
are no fun.

COLBY
No.

DAVID
I have 'em too sometimes. Know what
helps me out?

COLBY
What?

DAVID
I talk them out so they never come back.

COLBY
You're weird.

DAVID
No, it's true... your mom and I would
talk about them and like magic, they'd go
away.

COLBY
Mine always come back.

DAVID
Wanna give it a shot?

COLBY
I don't really wanna think about it
again.

DAVID
Well, you gotta be brave. You gotta
stand up to your nightmares.

COLBY
(sighs)
I'll try.

DAVID
Okay. What's the first scary thing you
remember?

COLBY
(soft)
It was dark... they were all dead, all of
them. An angry man was shooting guns...
it hurt my ears. Then...

DAVID

What?

COLBY

I was holding a light... The light got
brighter as I got closer to a dying boy.

(pause)

The dying boy was me.

A look of concern crosses over David's face. As Colby looks up to his father, David replaces it quickly with a reassuring smile.

COLBY (cont'd)

Was that brave enough?

DAVID

Very brave. Now... close your eyes,
count to ten, and wish it away.

Colby scrunches his face determinedly as he closes his eyes and mouths a count to ten. After a beat,

DAVID (cont'd)

Well?

COLBY

I'm not so scared anymore.

DAVID

Mom was a pretty smart lady, huh?

COLBY

Do you miss her?

DAVID

Very much...

(pause, then upbeat)

I think she checks up on us from time to
time to keep us guys out of trouble.

COLBY

(giggles)

Yeah. We're trouble-makers.

DAVID

You bet we are. So what do you say we
try that sleeping thing one more time?

COLBY

Okay.

David playfully makes a gun with his hand.

DAVID
You fixin' to' draw that gun a yers
outlaw, or ya' jus gonna lay there?

Colby laughs and makes a gun with his hand.

COLBY
BANG!

INT. AUSTIN TEXAS RESTAURANT - TWO WEEKS LATER (COLOR)

The usual lunch rush. At a window table, David sits across from ADDY RUDNICK, one of the most respected editors and publicity agents in the literary world. A heavyset, strong-willed woman. She minces no words.

Addy and David banter like old friends... and enemies.

DAVID
I need a drink.

ADDY
You need a shrink.

A WAITER takes drink orders.

DAVID
Whiskey Sour.

WAITER
Ma'am?

ADDY
Coffee. Black. No sugar.

Addy pats the manuscript on the table.

ADDY (cont'd)
(to David)
So it's your best work to date...
(he smiles)
...right up until you kill off your main
character.

David sips his water.

DAVID
It was a trilogy from the conception.
Joseph Young dies in a mine explosion.
Now it's time to move on.

ADDY

David, millions of people read your books. There are waiting lists in bookstores across the country for your next installment. Hell, across the world. You can't just say it's time to move on. There is way too much money to be made here.

(beat, joking)

I'll even give you a part of the profits.

DAVID

It's time, Addy. I have a child to raise.

ADDY

So you're giving up.

DAVID

Don't start. I really don't need this--

ADDY

I know you've been through hell--

DAVID

You're starting--

ADDY

One session with my therapist. Just one. Then you tell me you don't need someone to help you work through--

DAVID

You want the truth? I'm tapped. This stuff's stagnant in my imagination and for the first time, I gotta say, I'm completely spent.

The waiter brings David's drink, then holds out a napkin and pen.

WAITER

My brother is a big fan. Would you mind?

David signs the napkin.

WAITER

Thank you, sir.

The waiter leaves.

ADDY
(eyeing him)
I know you too well. There's something
more than just being "tapped."

DAVID
(looking down)
It was a year ago yesterday.
(regretful)
I never gave enough time to her.

ADDY
David. Caroline knew your dreams.

DAVID
I don't want to make the same mistake
with Colby. I don't want to spend the
rest of my life pushing away the real
world to write about a fictional one. I
have to build a life with my son.

ADDY
Writing is life-based, David. Until you
stop fearing life, you won't be able to
tap the story. So get away for a while.
Go out and experience life, and then...
come back and write another installment.
Base it on the adventures you have.

DAVID
I'm out, Addy. I'm sorry. No more.

ADDY
Okay. So you'll be on a writing
sabbatical for a little while.

DAVID
No, Addy, not a little while. Forever.
I owe that to Colby.

ADDY
(passionate)
And how about what you owe your fans?
You gave them a hero... a man women
adore, men want to be, and little boys
want for a father. You can't just take
that away from them.

DAVID
Addy. You're so dramatic. They'll get
over it.

ADDY

Tonight you go online with fans from Poughkeepsie to Peoria. Do something for me. Listen to them.

DAVID

Fine, but... it's not going to change things. Just these past two weeks, I've spent more time with Colby than I have in years. I'm finally getting to know my own son.

ADDY

How is he? I miss him. I'm his Godmother and I never get to see him.

DAVID

Well, he has enough bad influences at school.

(off her look)

He's fine. We're driving out to the book-signing in Tucson next week. Colby's never seen the whole West.

ADDY

See, that's what I mean. A road trip is perfect. You're getting out, experiencing life... and when you get back, I'm sure you'll have a renewed sense of purpose. A new story to tell.

DAVID

That's not the reason I'm taking my son on a road trip.

ADDY

Fine.

(taps manuscript)

But I'm holding the printing of this until you get back. Maybe you'll change your mind. And change the ending.

DAVID

You're crazy.

ADDY

That's right. That's why I have a therapist. You're the one in denial.

DAVID

Who needs a therapist when I've got you to tell me how insane I am?

ADDY
(smiles)
You've got a point there.

INT. ONLINE CENTRAL SERVER BASE

David enters the Communications Room, holding Colby's hand. In the room is a large screen facing plush seats and a technical booth where TWO TECHNICIANS work.

DAN REEVES has an inner-tube stomach, thick bottle-lensed glasses, and a beard worth tugging on.

DAN
David, it's a pleasure to meet you. Dan Reeves, chat-room host.

DAVID
Hi. My son... Colby. Sorry we're late.

DAN
Colby, good to meet you.
(slowly, as to a small child)
Have you ever heard of the internet?

COLBY
I've had my own e-mail account since I was five.

DAN
(surprised)
Well, then.

DAVID
Colby's sort of my technical consultant. I'm not so great with computers.

COLBY
(all business)
How is this set-up going to work tonight?

DAN
Well, instead of talking to one person like when you instant-message a friend... we'll be talking to several thousand people at one time.

COLBY
Can we talk to girls?

DAVID
Alright, cyberstud. Enough questions.

DAN

Rest assured, it's not that kind of chatroom.

DAVID

I'm not typing, am I?

DAN

Not to worry, David, you won't need to lift a finger. Just sit right here and watch the screen. We'll handle the rest.

Colby's sinks into one of the chairs, consumed by its size, amazed by the room.

COLBY

It's like Star Trek in here.

DAN

Just answer any question you wish. I'll handle the typing and our technicians will open the line.

DAVID

Fair enough.

DAN

It's almost eight p.m., so we'll go ahead and log on.

The lights dim. On the large central screen we see "AOL connect with the world." Dan types and the message appears:

"HOST: Welcome to AOL Live. Tonight we chat with western novelist, David Westman."

MONTAGE:

Comments and questions from fans via online: Questions fill the screen, DISSOLVING into answers, then more questions. The place looks like Mission Control.

END MONTAGE.

Colby dozes in the chair behind Dan and David.

DAN (cont'd)

(to David)

We're at the bottom of the hour now. Do you want to take one more question?

DAVID

Sure.

ON THE SCREEN:

"HOST: one more question."

David awaits the final question. Suddenly, his calm face turns to concern and then... fear.

ON THE SCREEN:

"DWESTMAN: Revenge Never Dies, David..."

David removes his reading glasses in disbelief.

DAN

(unconcerned)

There's a jerk in every session. Not unusual. Let's shut 'er down.

DAVID

(mortified)

Nobody should know that phrase.

Colby stirs, unconsciously aware of his father's fear.

COLBY

(sleepy)

What's wrong, Dad?

DAVID

Nothing, shooter.

(quieter, to Dan)

That message came from my account. Look at the address.

ON SCREEN:

"DWESTMAN: Revenge Never Dies, David..."

EXT. DAVID WESTMAN'S HOME - NIGHT (COLOR)

Sirens. Cops on top of the place. On the driveway next to David stands SHERIFF JONAS WHITE, urban face, plump with early grey hair.

SHERIFF WHITE

Alarm went off around 8:30 p.m. Two of our finest are searchin' the place.

DAVID

They knew my computer code and managed to retrieve dialogue from an unpublished manuscript.

SHERIFF WHITE

I'm not doubting you might have yourself a stalker.

DAVID

(sarcastic)

Really? Thanks Jonas, you're a real help.

INT. DAVID WESTMAN'S HOME - NIGHT

OFFICER #1 combs the long hallways with a flashlight.

ON THE STUDY

OFFICER #2 enters. The beam of the flashlight bounces off awards and framed pictures. He shines the flashlight on David's computer. The computer screen reads:

"Revenge Never Dies, David."

The Officer's flashlight illuminates the gun case. The glass is broken and one of the guns is missing. A white piece of latex hangs on a glass sliver.

INT. COLBY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)

Office #1 enters. Moonlight shines through a window that has been forced open. The white drapes billow out from the wind. There is blood on the glass. The Officer notices droplets of blood on the carpet, leading out of Colby's bedroom and into the hall.

EXT. DAVID WESTMAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)

Officer #2 approaches David and Sheriff White.

OFFICER #2

Only thing missing was a gun from your collection. No fingerprints. They wore latex gloves.

He holds up the baggy with evidence of the glove inside.

Officer #1 shouts from the front door.

OFFICER #1

You guys should check this out.

DAVID
Stay with the officer, Colby.

COLBY
I want to go.

DAVID
Stay here.

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER (COLOR)

Drops of blood lead from the rug onto David's bed. The carcass of a dead hawk lies in its own smeared blood, feathers scattered. Sheets red. The bird is mangled, as if killed with nothing more than a strong set of hands.

David stands over the bed, stunned. He studies the dead hawk and notices a piece of paper is stuffed inside the chest cavity. David reaches for the hawk.

SHERIFF WHITE (cont'd)
Don't touch it. Crime scene.

DAVID
There's a note inside.

David pulls out the piece of paper. It reads:

"I'm watching you David."

SHERIFF WHITE
What's it say?

David passes the note to the Sheriff as a large drop of blood splashes on his hand. The Sheriff notices simultaneously and both slowly look to ceiling. A smeared message is written in fresh blood. It reads:

"Eyes like a Hawk"

SHERIFF WHITE (cont'd)
Eyes like a hawk. What does that mean?
Who would write that?

DAVID
A crazed fan. They've taken a liking for the bad guy in my manuscript.

SHERIFF WHITE
(dumbfounded)
A hawk?

DAVID

That's his name. He kills Sheriff Young
in a gold mine.

(then)

I take it you never read the free copies
I gave you.

SHERIFF WHITE

(sheepish)

I got busy. But with this in mind, I'll
read them tonight.

DAVID

You're so kind.

SHERIFF WHITE

Listen, I hear you're driving to Tucson
with your son.

DAVID

In a couple days. Book signing at old
Tucson.

SHERIFF WHITE

Remember our senior year of high school
when we clogged those toilets and flooded
the entire first floor? Say you do what
we did then. Grab what you need. Get a
hotel and leave town in the morning.
Give us time to do some work here. I'm
sure it's nothing, like you said... some
sort of crazed fan, nothing more.

David waves his hand at the blood and mess.

DAVID

This is pretty crazy, Jonas.

SHERIFF WHITE

It is. But we'll get to the bottom of
it. Now, get your stuff together.

DAVID

(reluctant)

Okay.

EXT. SOUTH ON INTERSTATE 35 - MORNING (COLOR)

A black BMW cuts turns and slices through traffic.

INT. DAVID'S BMW - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)

David glances through the rearview mirror. Colby is devoured by the passenger seat, still wiping sleep from his eyes. Tired, he yawns.

The car speeds by a road sign: SAN MARCOS 25 MILES, SAN ANTONIO 90 MILES, CORPUS CHRISTI 200 MILES.

COLBY
How far is Tucson?

DAVID
Not that far.

COLBY
Will it take long?

DAVID
Easy day and a half.

COLBY
What if we have to eat?

DAVID
Then we'll eat.

COLBY
What will we eat?

DAVID
What do you think we'll eat? Road trip food. The most unbalanced diet you've ever had.

COLBY
Like Twinkies.

DAVID
Better. Moon Pies.

COLBY
I like Twinkies better.

Colby pulls an action figure from his pocket. He gazes out to the flat plains of Texas.

COLBY (cont'd)
Dad?

DAVID
Yep.

COLBY

If there's a God, why are there so many
bad things?

Pause. This is a zinger. David thinks it through.

DAVID

(searching)

Well... I think the bad things are there
to remind us how special the good things
in the world are... and that we should
never take any of it for granted.

(satisfied)

You think?

COLBY

Maybe so.

The car passes through San Antonio veering west. The
road ahead stretches to the horizon.
The cell phone rings.

DAVID

(into phone)

Hello? Addy, hi... I'm fine... we're
fine... broke into the computer... No, we
left the hotel an hour ago...

(quieter)

...he doesn't know.

Colby plays with the action figure.

DAVID

No, really, we're fine... I don't know
how they knew the code... No. Don't fly
to Tucson... We'll be fine... He's
fine... okay... He's fine!...

COLBY

Tell her I'm fine.

DAVID

Did you hear that?... Yes, we'll be
careful... Bye... Goodbye, Addy.

COLBY

Bye Addy!

David hangs up the phone and studies the freeway through
the rear view mirror.

DAVID
(to himself)
Not a soul on the road today.

The cellular phone rings again. He answers.

DAVID
Addy, you're really a pain in the ass.

VOICE (V.O.)
(deep)
Murderer.

DAVID
(chilled)
Who is this?

VOICE (V.O.)
Destiny.

DAVID
What do you want?

VOICE (V.O.)
I want you to die. I want your son to
die.

The needle on the speedometer rises well above the speed
limit as David grips the steering wheel.

DAVID
How did you get this number?

VOICE (V.O.)
Watch your speed, David. There's a cop
behind you. Eyes like a hawk, remember?

Static. The voice is gone.

A motorcycle cop's siren blares. David looks in his
rearview mirror. Red and blue lights flash.

DAVID
Jesus. What the--

COLBY
Dad?

DAVID
Everything's fine.

David pulls over. The COP approaches David's window.
David is suspicious.

COP
I'll need your drivers license and
registration.

David reaches into the glove compartment.

COP (cont'd)
What's your excuse?

DAVID
Excuse?

COP
(condescending)
Everyone's got one. What's yours? Late
to work?

David hands over his license and registration.

DAVID
I'm being followed.

COP
Right. By which of the many cars on the
road today?

The cop points to the empty road.

DAVID
Somebody is following me. They called
just seconds ago and told me you were on
my tail.

COLBY
Dad, I'm scared.

COP
(to Colby, unaffected)
No need to be scared, son.
(to David)
Now, I've heard some cockamamie bull
stories, but I've got to tell ya, this is
the best load of crap yet. You even got
your son acting for you?

DAVID
It's true. Call this guy.

He pulls from his wallet Sheriff White's card.

DAVID (cont'd)
Sheriff Jonas White, Austin Police. He
can give you details of the past twenty
four hours.

The cop takes the card and shoves it in his pocket
without even glancing at it.

COP
Your phone, may I see it?

David gives him the phone. The cop disconnects the
battery and returns the phone in two pieces.

COP (cont'd)
Simple, isn't it? Watch your speed.

DAVID
You're not going to help?

COP
What do you want me to do?

DAVID
File a report. Make a call. I'm open.

COP
You're lucky I didn't cite you for
reckless driving. Go. And drive safely.

DAVID
(to himself)
Unbelievable.

The Cop jumps on his motorcycle and peels into the road,
kicking up a path of dust. David aggressively snaps the
battery back into the phone, then speeds into the road.
He dials the phone.

DAVID (cont'd)
Jonas, it's David. The bastard has my
cell number.

SHERIFF WHITE (V.O.)
When he calls again, keep him on the line
for at least twenty seconds. We'll put a
trace on the call. Don't let him hang up
or we'll lose him.

DAVID
Fine.

David hangs up and speeds down the road.

COLBY
Dad, what's going on?

DAVID
Nothing, Colby. Just some guy who...
(struggling)
...read my book and wants to... contact
me.

COLBY
(confused)
What does he want to tell you?

DAVID
I don't know.

EXT. ROOSEVELT, TEXAS - EARLY EVENING (COLOR)

Long evening shadows descend across the Texas plains.

COLBY (O.S.)
I'm hungry. And I have to pee.

DAVID (O.S.)
Alright, cowboy.

David's BMW passes a road sign that reads: ROOSEVELT,
TEXAS WELCOMES YOU. GAS, FOOD, LODGING NEXT EXIT.

EXT. DAIRY QUEEN - MINUTES LATER (COLOR)

David and Colby sit at an outside table eating an
unhealthy "road trip" dinner of french fries and ice
cream.

David is quiet, barely eating, while Colby ravishes his
food. David studies every car in the parking lot; each
person ordering a meal; people sitting across from him,
to the side and in front.

His hand rests on the cell phone. Finger tapping.
Waiting.

COLBY
Are you waiting for a call?

DAVID
Yes, I am.

COLBY
From who?

DAVID
It's work stuff.

COLBY
Just because I'm a kid doesn't mean I'm stupid.

DAVID
I don't think you're stupid.

COLBY
Is the man who broke into our house last night the same man who read your book and wants to contact you?

David pauses, surprised at what his son has put together.

DAVID
I think so.

COLBY
What's he want?

DAVID
(fake laugh)
Probably an autographed book.

COLBY
(straightforward)
I think he wants to hurt us.

DAVID
You kidding? Mess with us? We're tough guys, remember?

COLBY
(beat, then)
Dad, it's just you and me. Maybe it wouldn't be so hard for you if you started telling me the truth sometimes.

David is taken back by Colby's seemingly adult words. Then;

COLBY (cont'd)
I gotta pee.

Colby leaves to go to the restroom.

Seconds later, the cell phone rings.

DAVID
Hello.

VOICE (V.O.)
(cold, static)
David.

David begins clocking the time on his watch.

DAVID
Why don't you leave us alone?

VOICE (V.O.)
Sheriff Joseph Young slaughters fifty on
a full moon night. Blood on his face and
hands. He's a murdering animal. And you
think he's a hero?

DAVID
You're crazy. He's just a character.

VOICE (V.O.)
(malicious)
You made him a hero. He's no hero,
David. He's just like you. You take
fifty. I take one.
(beat)
Your son's a good kid. Want to say one
final farewell before I cut his little
throat?

DAVID
You touch a hair on my son's head, I'll
kill you.

VOICE (V.O.)
Good luck.

A static click, then dial tone.

DAVID
JESUS.

David sprints for the bathroom. He kicks open the
bathroom door.

DAVID (cont'd)
COLBY!

ON THE BATHROOM

Colby stands there, innocently washing his hands.

DAVID (cont'd)
You alright?

COLBY

I'm fine.
(beat)
Dad, you're losing it.

DAVID

Let's get going.

INT. AUSTIN POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT (COLOR)

Sheriff Jonas White stands behind OFFICER SEGER, a young man operating the call tracing machine.

OFFICER SEGER

It's a lock.

SHERIFF WHITE

Good work, Seger.

OFFICER SEGER

But it's not in 512... It's 915... The Fort Stockton area.

Seger types into a computer offering a list of telephone numbers.

OFFICER SEGER (cont'd)

Here she is. State Highway 26, Roosevelt, Texas. Public telephone at a Dairy Queen.

SHERIFF WHITE

Get the Fort Stockton authorities down there right away. This guy's two tacos shy of a combo plate.

Jonas gazes out the window. Storm clouds roll in from the west. Lightning flashes in the distance.

SHERIFF WHITE (cont'd)

Call David and warn him about his location.

EXT. NEW MEXICO BORDER - NIGHT (COLOR)

Rain pounds the windshield of David's car as he passes a sign that reads: WELCOME TO NEW MEXICO. Colby has fallen asleep in the backseat.

Detour Ahead. A truck has jackknifed, blocking all but one lane. PATROLMEN direct traffic off the freeway.

DAVID (O.S.)

Ah, come on.

David's car veers off the freeway onto a narrow two-lane road. Signs read: ALTERNATE ROUTE. STEEP GRADE. WINDING ROAD.

INT. DAVID'S BMW - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)

David can hardly see through the windshield. A large truck flashes his headlights and blares his horn behind him.

DAVID

Son of a-

David slams the horn.

The semi kicks up water, then disappears into the storm.

The cell phone rings.

Nervous, David ignores the call.

It rings again... again... and rings again.

On the fifth ring, he picks up the phone and awaits the stalker's menacing voice.

DAVID (cont'd)

What?

SHERIFF WHITE (O.S.)

(static)

David, it's Jonas.

DAVID

You scared the shit out of me, Jonas.

SHERIFF WHITE (O.S.)

(breaking up)

We traced the call...

DAVID

I can hardly hear you.

SHERIFF WHITE (O.S.)

Get off Highway 26... he knows where you are.

DAVID

I'm on some back road in the pouring rain.

SHERIFF WHITE O.S
...the next town...get off--

Pure static.

DAVID
Jonas?
(beat)
Damn!

David hangs up the phone and flips on the radio.
Blondie's song, "ONE WAY OR ANOTHER" rips through the rain
and thunder:

The clock on the dash reads: 9:30pm.

TWO HOURS LATER:

The clock on the dash reads 11:32pm.

Lightning bursts, giving view to a flat desert valley
below, mesas and rivers beyond.

The road hugs the mountain. On the passenger side of
David's car, pavement stops at an abysmal drop.

David fixates on the road, but anxiety consumes him.
Colby awakens.

COLBY
Where are we?

Colby sees fear in his father's eyes. He peeks out his
window, noticing the cliff edge they are driving upon.

DAVID
(nervous)
It's a long way down, isn't it?

COLBY
I can't tell.

DAVID
I should pull over.

COLBY
There's nowhere to stop.

Lightning flashes. David beholds the endless valley
below. Dizziness sweeps him. Breathing becomes quick
and shallow.

Lights from a small distant town appear ahead. Street signs read: GAS, FOOD, LODGING 5 MILES.

Another car drives up behind David, riding close.

DAVID
Get off my ass!

The car gets closer, nearly tapping the bumper, flashing the headlights. David speeds up. The road straightens, offering more shoulder on the cliffside. The driver behind him doesn't let up.

SMACK! The driver nails David's bumper.

The car behind him passes them, then merges, cutting David off. David slams the brakes. Nothing happens. The brakes are gone. David swerves into the on-coming lane, attempts the brakes again. No luck.

At high velocity, they are out of control. With no other way to stop, David slams his car against the mountain.

Sparks fly as metal scrapes rock. The car squeals and catches a protruding granite slab. David is knocked unconscious.

The car spins into the center of the road, then slides towards the cliff's edge.

Colby screams in terror as the edge closes in.

BLACK OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ANNALEE'S MOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING (COLOR)

David rests upon the bed with a bandage on his knee. His open wallet displaying his Drivers license rests on a table next to the cot.

ANNALEE MCLAURY (late 20's), in reading glasses, cleans the bloody gash on David's forehead. She's attractive. The next door type.

David opens his eyes and adjusts to the light of the sun rising through the window.

ANNALEE
I'm Annalee.

DAVID
What happened?

ANNALEE
You were in an accident. You have a mild
concussion.

DAVID
Where am I?

ANNALEE
Prosperity, New Mexico. I was on my way
into town when I saw your car. Lucky I
did. I think I'm the only doctor within
a hundred miles. Can you tell me your
name?

DAVID
(weakly)
Keyser Soze.

ANNALEE
Sense of humor's a good sign. David
Westman, I think you'll be alright after
all.

She offers a glass of water. Suddenly remembering, David
sits up, frantic.

DAVID
Colby. Where's my son?

ANNALEE
Your son?

DAVID
(loses his cool)
Where is he?

ANNALEE
Are you certain your son was with you?

DAVID
Yes. He was in the car. With me.

ANNALEE
You were alone when I found you.

DAVID
He's got my son!

David tries to get up. He falters woozily and puts a
hand to his forehead.

ANNALEE

David, please. Lay down. Who has your son?

DAVID

The psycho who's following me. He was behind us all the way. I gotta call Jonas.

ANNALEE

We'll call the police.

DAVID

He is the police.

EXT. PROSPERITY NEW MEXICO - DAY (COLOR)

David walks across the dusty main street. He looks around. Everything looks strikingly familiar to him. He takes it all in as the wind grazes his hair. Annalee observes his actions in the distance.

Prosperity is a small town with old architecture from the nineteenth century mixed with small buildings of the early fifties - a Route 66, old-style town.

He moves without direction out of confusion and shock. The town spins around him. People walk by staring. Each person suspiciously looks as familiar as the next. An OLD MAN, A WOMAN with her TWO KIDS, and others.

Finally he stops in front of an old run down gas station. The sign on the building reads: CURLY BEAR'S GARAGE AND AUTO SHOP.

EXT. THE ROAD TO PROSPERITY - DAY

We hear the phone conversation with Jonas as David's BMW is towed from the Cliff's edge.

DAVID (V.O.)

Jonas, it's me. He ran us off the road in the storm. We were in an accident and - he's got Colby! I need your help!

ON THE TOW TRUCK

With the mangled BMW in tow, as it heads down the winding road and into town.

SHERIFF WHITE (V.O.)

David, stay where you are. I'll drive out. Where are you?

DAVID (V.O.)

A town called Prosperity, 100 miles off
the freeway at the New Mexico border.
Hurry up and get here. Please.

SHERIFF WHITE (V.O.)

Stay calm. I'll be there soon. And I'll
contact the Prosperity sheriff for you.
I'll fill him in on the details we know.

We follow the tow truck as it passes a sign that reads:
PROSPERITY WELCOMES YOU. POPULATION 1,200.

The tow truck pulls into the driveway of a small Garage
and Auto repair shop.

EXT. CURLY BEAR'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)

It's a junk yard for cars wasted away with rust, two
outdated gas pumps that both bear "Out of Service" signs,
and home to CURLY BEAR (40's), Native American serviceman
who never takes off his sunglasses - night or day - and
his son ZEUS. Skinny (14).

A convertible canary yellow '67 Ford Fairlane backs out
of the garage, which Zeus is driving.

Curly Bear pulls into the driveway. Out the window, he
shouts to his son.

CURLY BEAR

Zeus!

Zeus revs the engine to the Fairlane, enthralled by her
sound.

CURLY BEAR (cont'd)

(louder)

Zeus!

ZEUS

Yeah?

CURLY BEAR

Take it easy on her. She's old.

Curly backs David's car into the garage.

ZEUS

(caressing the dash)

Not this girl. Not no more.

(beat)

Hey, that guy in the accident.

(MORE)

ZEUS (CONT'D)

He's inside, kinda freaked out! I think
he's crazy or something.

INT. CURLY BEAR'S AUTO SHOP - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)

David hangs up the phone as Curly Bear enters his office,
where a dusty candy display hangs over a glass case full
of various pistols and guns. There aren't many laws
about what a man can sell in New Mexico.

DAVID

My car. It's drivable, right?

CURLY BEAR

I don't know that. Just pulled her into
the garage.

DAVID

How long before it's fixed?

CURLY BEAR

It's pretty banged up. You'll have to
give me some time. Foreign parts, and
all.

Annalee enters.

ANNALEE

David. There you are.
(to Curly Bear)
Curly Bear, right?

Zeus enters.

ZEUS

Lady, I said my father's busy!

CURLY BEAR

It's alright, Zeus.

ANNALEE

David, there's nothing more you can do.
Help is on the way.

CURLY BEAR

Are you David Westman?

DAVID

I need a place to stay.

ANNALEE

Right now, I'm the motel's only customer.
I think there's probably room.

DAVID

Then that's where I'll be.

CURLY BEAR

I know you. I read both of your books.
They're amazing.

(then, quieter)

I'm sorry about your wife. It was all
over the news. I know how awful--

David's tension hits a high.

DAVID

(build to anger)

I don't want you to be sorry. I don't
care if you've read my books. In fact,
I'm not asking you to care at all. Are
we clear? Two things I want. One: Fix
the car! Two: Somewhere out there, some
lunatic has my child, and I have to find
him, no matter what it takes! So you
see, I don't think you know me! Just fix
my car!

David slams his fist down on the glass display case,
cracking it into pieces.

ANNALEE

Jesus!

ZEUS

Told you he's a psycho.

David's hand bleeds profusely.

ANNALEE

David, you have to calm down.

(to Curly Bear)

I'm sorry, he's had a concussion. Do you
have a towel or something? Anything to
control the bleeding.

CURLY BEAR

Zeus, come with me.

Curly Bear and Zeus leave as blood falls from David's
hand onto the glass.

SLOW MOTION: A drop of blood lands on the shards of
glass.

ANNALEE

Let's see your hand.

Annalee takes his hand. David stares through the cracks.
He pulls away from her.

Everything falls silent around him. He becomes dizzy,
hearing only the sound of his breath and beating heart.

ANNALEE (cont'd)

You okay?

No response.

ANNALEE (cont'd)

David?

FOCUS beneath the glass to an old tarnished Peacemaker
.45 REVOLVER in a red velvet-lined wooden box.

He pulls out the box. Picks up the gun. Studies it.

ANNALEE (cont'd)

What are you doing?

SLOW MOTION as:

David turns around with the revolver. He briefly points
it in Annalee's direction, then turns and aims the gun at
his own head.

THE COLOR SHIFTS TO BLACK AND WHITE. David morphs into
Joseph Young and the store morphs into:

FLASH TO:

INT. PROSPERITY MINE, DRIFT - 1880 (B & W)

Darkness. Heavy breathing.

Hawk, a half-white/half-Indian teen with blue eyes and
black hair, appears out of the darkness. He has a blood-
splattered face and one hand behind his back. Sheriff
Joseph Young (David Westman) aims the gun at him.

HAWK

(to Joseph)

I knew you would come.

JOSEPH

Tell me who the hell you are.

FLASH TO:

BLACK AND WHITE blurry images of Calvary Soldiers and Indians in bloody battle.

FLASH TO:

BLACK AND WHITE image of a small child, identical to Colby, holding the Peacemaker revolver in his small hands.

FLASH TO:

SLOW MOTION, BLACK AND WHITE image of Hawk as a young boy, leaping over the edge of a cliff and into the darkness.

FLASH TO:

INT. PROSPERITY MINE, DRIFT - 1880 (B & W)

As Joseph aims the gun, Hawk reveals what is behind his back. He holds a TNT Detonator in his hand.

HAWK

Revenge never dies, Sheriff Young.

FLASH TO:

INT. CURLY BEAR'S AUTO SHOP - BACK TO PRESENT (COLOR)

Annalee backs away as David brings the gun closer to his forehead.

ANNALEE

David. Stop. Don't do this.

From behind, Curly Bear intervenes, grabbing David's arm. The gun fires into the wall. David collapses as Annalee moves toward him.

Curly Bear has David pinned to the ground. He wrenches the gun out of David's hand. David flails and hollers.

DAVID

Let me go! What's happening? Stop!

CURLY BEAR

Call the police, lady. The guy's dangerous to himself and us.

ZEUS

(shaking his head)

Psycho.

ANNALEE

Let him go.

David resists.

CURLY BEAR

He tried to blow his brains out.

ANNALEE

I said let him go!

Curly Bear releases him. David settles, exhausted.
Scared. Out of breath.

DAVID

(horrified)

Help. Somebody help me.

ANNALEE

It's alright. You're okay. We'll get
you out of here.

INT. STARLITE MOTEL (DAVID'S ROOM) - DAY (COLOR)

Annalee wraps David's cut hand.

ANNALEE

Funny thing is, I'm not a doctor yet.

David pulls his hand away.

ANNALEE

I graduate in two months with a Ph.D in
Psychology. Close enough?

She takes his hand back.

DAVID

What are you doing out here?

ANNALEE

I'm passing through myself. My parents
live in San Diego. My mother's not well.

(then)

You wanna talk about the gun?

DAVID

Since the moment I opened my eyes in this
town things have felt strangely familiar.
The smell of the air. The people. Even
you. Deja vu maybe but this is
ridiculous.

ANNALEE

When you picked up that gun, the look on your face was... was like... like you were someone else.

DAVID

I don't remember anything. I picked it up. Next thing I know, I'm pinned to the floor.

ANNALEE

Because you tried to commit suicide, David. Right after you told us you had to find your son, at any cost.

DAVID

I don't know why I did it. I don't... I wouldn't do something like that.

ANNALEE

Maybe it's not your fault. It could be a mind game. You see the gun. The gun triggers a memory. You black out. So the question to ask is: What was the memory? Maybe it caused a schizophrenic hallucination. Or maybe it was paranoia. Some people claim to hear voices directing their behavior.

DAVID

I didn't hear voices.
(beat)
I'm not crazy, you know.

ANNALEE

I know that. But you are afraid of something.

DAVID

Of course I'm afraid. My kid's in the hands of a lunatic and you're analyzing my mind to find out what's wrong with me.

ANNALEE

I'm sorry if I'm being insensitive, I just thought if we knew the origin of what happened, we--

DAVID

I appreciate the help. I just-- I could use some time alone. Jonas has my number here. I'm just going to... wait.

ANNALEE

Fine, But you need to call the FBI. You need more help.

DAVID

I'm sure Jonas has already done that.

ANNALEE

(pause)

David, can you describe the vehicle that caused your crash on the cliff? Could you see the licence plate? Those things would help us find your son.

DAVID

I couldn't see much. It was dark, and-- I don't remember a thing that happened after the crash.

ANNALEE

If you want to remember, I can try to help you retrieve those memories. I'm right down the hall.

She leaves a card with him, then exits.

INT. CURLY BEAR'S GARAGE - AFTERNOON (COLOR)

Zeus dances around beneath David's car as it is up on a hydraulic lift. Curly Bear examines the brake discs. Zeus checks the passenger-side front brake line.

ZEUS

Ah ha! I'm the master. Just call me master Zeus. The crowd goes wild!

CURLY BEAR

What?

ZEUS

Brake lines, baby. Check 'em out.

Curly Bear walks over to study the brake fluid lines. They are severed in half.

CURLY BEAR

Merry Christmas. Looks like somebody took a buck knife to it.

INT. JONAS'S POLICE CAR/ ON THE ROAD -- DAY (COLOR)

SHERIFF WHITE
(over CB receiver)
Seger. Jonas here copy?
(static)
This is Sheriff Jonas White. Please
notify F.B.I. We have a missing person.
(Static)
I repeat missing person--

The radio gives a loud squelch, bending and whining.

Jonas throws the receiver in frustration. He notices the gas gauge on empty.

SHERIFF WHITE
It rains it pours.

EXT. TEXAS GAS STATION - AFTERNOON (COLOR)

Sheriff White pulls into a gas station deprived of most modern-day conveniences. A tumbleweed blows across the dusty street as he pulls up to a tank.

What he doesn't know is that his car is leaking gas and we can clearly see a trail on the asphalt from the moment he pulled in.

ON THE MAIN COUNTER

Nobody is at the main counter. An old radio plays loudly.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
...and today we saw highs reaching the
century mark! There's a chance of a
break tonight with a desert storm coming
in from the west...

INT. TEXAS GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)

Sheriff White rings the service bell at the counter. He notices the phone receiver dangling off the hook.

SHERIFF WHITE
Hello? Anybody here? Sheriff Jonas White
Austin Police. Need to use the phone.
Police business...
(concerned about the silence)
And get some gas. Hello?

No answer.

SHERIFF WHITE (cont'd)
Just gonna help myself then... I'm
leavin' the money on the counter.

Sheriff White notices the phone off the hook dangling over the counter. The busy signal goes off. Something causes the door behind the counter to move.

Thud. Something moves the door again. Sheriff White reaches for his holster.

SHERIFF WHITE (cont'd)
Anybody there?

He moves behind the counter to the door. Blood seeps under the door, meeting his boots.

SHERIFF WHITE (cont'd)
Sweet Jesus...

Sheriff White draws his gun and opens the door.

ON THE BACK ROOM

Darkness. Jonas flips on a light.

The young SERVICE ATTENDANT lies at Jonas's feet. His body trembles. A metal oil funnel has been shoved into his stomach and is full of blood.

He's not dead yet.

SHERIFF WHITE (cont'd)
Good God!

The service man's eyes grow wide with fear. He tries to speak.

SERVICE MAN
(petrified)
Be...be-

His trembling becomes worse.

SERVICE MAN
BEHIND YOU!

Sheriff White turns around. A shadowy figure darts by the door. He goes after it.

ON THE MAIN COUNTER

Blood all over the counter, streaked to form one word:
(MORE)

"DESTINY"

He looks at it in confusion, then notices the front glass door swinging.

EXT. TEXAS GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)

Sheriff White cautiously moves towards his patrol car. He gets inside shuts, the door and gets on the radio.

INT. WHITE'S PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)

Sheriff White frantically radios for help.

SHERIFF WHITE

This is Sheriff Jonas White of the Austin Police requesting immediate back up--

Under the radio we notice the severed wires as:

A human figure emerges from the back seat, placing the barrel of a gun against the back of Jonas's head.

SHERIFF WHITE (cont'd)

Sweet Jesus-

EXT. TEXAS GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)

A tumbleweed rolls across the parking lot in front of the patrol car.

The gunshot rings out, blowing a hole through the windshield as blood sprays the Sheriff badge decal on the front hood. Then, the endless shrill of a car horn.

EXT. PROSPERITY LIBRARY - LATE AFTERNOON (COLOR)

On the window, a flyer reads:

*"DAY OF THE DEAD ANNUAL MASQUERADE. JOIN
IN ON THE RECREATION OF THIS HISTORIC
EVENT."*

INT. PROSPERITY LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)

Annalee scans the rows of books. An old clerk named SAMPSON moves in behind her. He's a creepy gentleman. Old and mysterious.

SAMPSON

My favorite is Melville.

Annalee jumps.

SAMPSON

Forgive me. I startled you.

ANNALEE

No. It's okay I was looking for a particular novel, I'm not sure you would have it.

(noticing the dust on the books)

It's fairly new.

She studies the man, there is something about him.

SAMPSON

There's a few of 'em here. Not all very recent. But we try.

ANNALEE

Anything by David Westman?

His silent stare makes her nervous.

ANNALEE

(freaked out)

I didn't think so. Never hurts to check.

SAMPSON

In the W's. "Joseph Young". "Outlaw". He's got another coming. Supposed to be his last. Usually they save the best for last.

ANNALEE

Thank you.

SAMPSON

You're not from here, but you look like you belong here. Somethin' in your eyes. Somethin' always in the eyes.

ANNALEE

Sir, this will sound strange. I'm doing some research that may take some time and I'm hoping I may have access to your library after hours.

SAMPSON

The name's Sampson.

ANNALEE

Sorry. Annalee. I get so caught up I forget to introduce myself.

SAMPSON

Sure as hell doesn't bother me none. A little company might be nice. Library's all yours. I'll just leave the key on my desk.

ANNALEE

Thank you Sampson. You think we might have met before? You do look familiar.

SAMPSON

Hard to say. Seen so many faces in the past few years.

She smiles weakly and the old clerk walks away.

INT. STARLITE MOTEL (DAVID'S ROOM) - SUNSET (COLOR)

The Peacemaker lays in the darkness upon the dresser.

The clock reads 7:30 p.m. A steady wind howls through the window, kicking up the white drapes. His cell phone rings. David answers.

DAVID

(frustrated)

Jonas where the Hell are you?

DAVID

Hello.

COLBY (V.O.)

Dad?!--

VOICE (V.O.)

Your friend is dead. That's what you get for calling the police.

DAVID

(awake)

Jonas? What have you done? Where's Colby?!

VOICE (V.O.)

Call the authorities again and I'll send Colby to you in monthly installments, piece by piece. This is personal, David, between you and me.

DAVID

What's he got to do with this?

VOICE (V.O.)

He's a little worm at the end of a long hook.

DAVID

What do I have to do with this?

VOICE (V.O.)

Revenge never dies, David.

DAVID

You're quoting my book. My unpublished book. You've got my attention. You've got my son. What do you want?

VOICE (V.O.)

How do you feel?

DAVID

Like shit! That's how I feel! What the fuck do you want?

Dial Tone.

He hurls the phone across the room. Grabs the gun and aims it at the phone... then throws it on the bed and breaks down.

INT. PROSPERITY LIBRARY - NIGHT (COLOR)

She pulls two books: "JOSEPH YOUNG" BY DAVID WESTMAN and "OUTLAW" BY DAVID WESTMAN.

She sits at a table buried beneath old research books and speaks into a voice recorder.

ANNALEE

It's my first day with Westman. Bizarre behavior to say the least. Hopefully tonight I'll come closer to understanding all this.

Annalee pushes "STOP" on the recorder. She scans through "JOSEPH YOUNG", eyes wide and in intense thought. Her mouth moves as she reads silently, then aloud.

ANNALEE (cont'd)

(reading)

"Major General Joseph Young of the 6th U.S. Calvary was stationed near Tucson."

Turns the page.

ANNALEE (cont'd)

"The sage breeze, the crisp snow-capped mountains... none could speak Morgan's soft whisper. For Joseph, life began that cool December day in Tucson. The day he met Morgan. The day God's country in all her majesty shrunk to a pin point."

(to herself)

How sweet.

She scans through more pages.

ANNALEE

"Colt Peacemaker .45 Caliber revolver. Joseph engraved the initials in a discrete place, beneath the handle, a 'J' and a 'Y.' "....

(thinking)

Colt Peacemaker.

a hand falls upon her shoulder. Annalee screams.

ANNALEE

Jesus!

She sees David's reflection in the window in front of her.

ANNALEE

David you scared the hell out of me.

DAVID

He killed Jonas.

Annalee removes her glasses and looks at him with concern.

DAVID (cont'd) (CONT'D)

And he has my son.

(off her look)

I want to remember every detail on that car. Every detail about the accident. You have to help me -- whatever you got. I'm ready.

INT. STARLITE MOTEL (DAVID'S ROOM) - NIGHT (COLOR)

David lays on the bed with his eyes closed. Annalee sits in a chair next to him.

ANNALEE

You're completely relaxed. You feel the weight of your body upon the mattress. When I count to three, you will wake up.
(beat)

David. How old are you?

DAVID

43.

ANNALEE

When and where were you born?

DAVID

Dayton Ohio County Hospital, August 15th, 1957.

ANNALEE

Now take yourself forward in time to the early morning of August 6th, 200_. Can you tell me what you see?

DAVID

Pouring rain. Colby is asleep. I can hardly see the road.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. DAVID'S BMW - LAST NIGHT (COLOR)

Colby is asleep and the clock reads: 11:32 a.m.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. STARLITE MOTEL (DAVID'S ROOM) - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)

David's eyes are still closed as Annalee continues to question him.

ANNALEE

The time of the accident?

DAVID

It's almost midnight.

ANNALEE

What do you see?

DAVID

Approaching headlights. A cliff. I'm afraid -- it's the cliff.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

I hate heights. The lights behind me are blinding.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. DAVID'S BMW - LAST NIGHT (COLOR)

Blinding headlights in the rearview mirror.

ANNALEE (V.O.)

Can you see the car?

David squints, clenched to the steering wheel.

DAVID (V.O.)

No. It's too bright.

The car passes to the left.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)

He's passing us.

ANNALEE (V.O.)

What do you see?

DAVID (V.O.)

I can't tell, maybe a Thunderbird. Looks new. I can see his silhouette. I can't read the plates.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. STARLITE MOTEL (DAVID'S ROOM) - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)

ANNALEE

Look closely, David.

DAVID

I can't read it.

ANNALEE

Look for the license plate.

DAVID

I can't control -- I can't see!
(panicked)

The cliff!

ANNALEE

David. Look hard. Can you see the licence plate?

DAVID

I can't control the-- JESUS--

David goes silent.

ANNALEE

On the count of three you will wake up.
One... two... three.

David's eyelids flutter as he enters R.E.M. STATE.

ANNALEE (cont'd)

David. Wake up now.

David does not wake up.

DAVID

It was slaughter. We wiped out fifty
lives on that moonless night. I chased
an innocent boy to his death for Manifest
Destiny.

ANNALEE

David, Manifest Destiny was in the 19th
century. What are you talking about?

FLASH TO:

EXT. DRIFT MESA, 1872 - NIGHT (B & W)

Hawk (as a young boy) runs across the flat desert mesa.
Joseph Young rides behind him on horseback wearing a well-
decorated Calvary General's uniform, with his Peacemaker
revolver in hand.

The boy runs towards the edge of the mesa. He looks
back, then looks down the abyss.

Close on Joseph's bloody face as he closes in on the boy.

SLOW MOTION as the boy spreads his arms.

Joseph reaches for the boy.

DAVID (V.O.)

I tried to grab the boy, but I was too
late. He spread his arms and leaped off
the edge and disappeared into the canyon.
No one could've survived the fall.

SLOW MOTION as the boy plunges into the abyss.

DAVID (V.O.)(cont'd)
And he was just a child... who'd rather
test God than a man.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. STARLITE MOTEL (DAVID'S ROOM) - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)

Annalee is engaged and in complete concentration as David
tells his story.

ANNALEE
What is today's date, David?

DAVID
December 22, 1872. And my name is
Joseph.

Annalee picks up her tape recorder and pushes record. A
gust of wind rustles the window drapes. She rubs her arm
as goose bumps form. The drapes rustle again as we hear
the faint whistle of a Steam Train.

DAVID (cont'd)
The train means growth for Drift, and
growth means money. There's something
about this night. I haven't felt this
way since the day Jesup and I joined the
Infantry.

The drapes fly up in the motel room to reveal a very
active BLACK AND WHITE town of Drift, New Mexico.

FLASH TO:

EXT. DRIFT, NEW MEXICO, 1872 - NIGHT (B & W)

The train's steam billows as wheels screech to a complete
stop. Men and women walk across the dusty Main Street.
It is a bustle of activity.

MORGAN YOUNG excitedly runs towards the Outpost Saloon.
She is identical to Annalee.

INT. DRIFT OUTPOST SALOON - NIGHT (B & W)

Merchants rest their feet, chasing the night with whiskey
shots. Horse traders are deep in conversation.

Morgan rushes in, drawing attention from the men.

LIEUTENANT JESUP PARKER converses with TWO MEN of the 6th U.S. CAVALRY at a table. Morgan approaches, interrupting.

MORGAN

Jesup!

She hugs him, nearly knocking him down, shouting with excitement.

JESUP

Morgan! What's with you?

MORGAN

I have news!

Morgan is giddy with joy. Jesup sees the answer in her eyes. He smiles as she puts her hand on her belly.

JESUP

(forming a smile)

Holy Jesus, how far along?

MORGAN

Two months! Where is he?

JESUP

At the bar.

She kisses Jesup on the cheek, then pushes her way towards the bar.

Joseph Young stands at the bar, dressed in a navy blue CALVARY uniform. Morgan moves in behind him.

Jesup and the two Calvary men look on as Joseph turns around, surprised at the sight of his wife. Morgan whispers something in his ear. Joseph grabs Morgan, then lays on a passionate kiss. Calvary Men, Jesup, and the entire saloon cheer at the sight, whistling and howling. Joseph and Morgan relish the moment.

At a nearby table sits OTTIS CARLSON, wealthy owner of The Carlson Mining Company -- the corrupt politician type. Next to Ottis is BOB LEATHERWOOD, the grey-haired, weak-willed Mayor of Drift. Both have business on their mind.

LEATHERWOOD

Joseph Young's a decorated Civil War hero. Confederate fighter. Earned field promotion at 25... the youngest Major General in the Infantry.

(MORE)

LEATHERWOOD (CONT'D)

But it was the frontier and Dead Man's Cave, in Arizona, that made him a legend. His soldiers were pinned. He fought a savage group of Apaches hand to hand, then managed to shoot a hole through 'em just big enough to break his boys free.

OTTIS

He'll be perfect.

AT THE BAR

The BARTENDER sets up a glass of whiskey for Joseph and Morgan.

BARTENDER

What's the occasion, Mrs. Young?

MORGAN

This man's going to be a father, Douglas.

The Bartender pours one glass of whiskey for Joseph, then pours a glass of water for Morgan.

JOSEPH

(raising his shot glass)

We're gonna be a family!

Everyone cheers. Joseph smiles at Morgan.

JOSEPH (cont'd)

I think we're gonna be happy here.

MORGAN

We're gonna stay?

JOSEPH

Yes. We're a family now, and I want to take care of us.

MORGAN

You'll leave the Calvary?

JOSEPH

I'll find a job here in town. I can work on a ranch for a while. Maybe we could have our own property soon. Or I could--

Ottis and Mayor Leatherwood interrupt.

LEATHERWOOD

How does Sheriff Young sound?

Leatherwood puts a hand on Joseph's shoulder. Joseph looks at them, surprised. Morgan has a mixture of shock and joy on her face.

DAVID V.O

Morgan and I were going to be a family.
We were ready to start a new life on our
own, away from the burden of the U.S.
Calvary.

OTTIS

A boomtown like Drift will need the law.

JOSEPH

Boomtown?

LEATHERWOOD

General... Mrs. Young... this here is the
wealthiest man in the west.
Meet Ottis Carlson. Owner of the San
Francisco Carlson Mining Corporation.

DAVID V.O

But a proposition would be made.

INT. DRIFT OUTPOST SALOON- LATER(B & W)

Ottis Carlson opens the window, letting in the damp
summer wind.

JOSEPH

Mr. Carlson, it's getting late. I do
need to get back to my wife.

OTTIS

There's gold here, General, and no one
can figure it out, because New Mexico is
Silver country.

JOSEPH

There's no gold here.

OTTIS

I felt the same way. I sent a team for
silver, copper and coal. But to my
astonishment, near an Indian camp--

Ottis pulls from his pocket a gold nugget. He holds up
in the light.

OTTIS (cont'd)

There's nothin' more eye-fillin'.

LEATHERWOOD

Drift has been blessed by the Lord,
General.

JOSEPH

(smiling ironically)

You think this is the Lord's doin', huh?

OTTIS

(waves it off)

Whoever's blessing it is, Joseph, it's
going to change things. Drift will
prosper with industry. Carlson Mining
will need workers, miners, seamstresses
and carpenters. But to start, we're
going to need you... and the men of the
6th Calvary.

JOSEPH

Mr. Carlson, we're not miners. Our
duties serve the U.S. Government. Orders
aren't given by conglomerate
corporations.

OTTIS

It'd be no order, I assure you, only an
opportunity that serves the best interest
of your town... and your new family.

JOSEPH

What opportunity?

OTTIS

Intervention. Prosperity has a cost.
Goes back to manifest destiny.

(positioning his words)

I'm asking for the relocation of the
Indian tribe who occupies that gold-rich
land.

LEATHERWOOD

General, I know you want to settle down
in Drift with your lovely wife and the
baby on the way. Do this for Drift and I
promise free election as Sheriff.

JOSEPH

I'm not gonna position my men to battle a
tribe of harmless Hopi tribe who have
made this land their home for hundreds of
years before we were here.

OTTIS

If you don't do it, somebody else will.
 (eyeing Joseph)
 Perhaps someone with less compassion than
 yourself, General.

LEATHERWOOD

Play what's been dealt to you, Joseph.
 Only you can get them off without some
 kind of battle.

Leatherwood slides the Sheriff's badge across the table.

LEATHERWOOD (cont'd)

You served your country. Now how about
 serving your town.

Joseph eyes the badge thinking intensely about his
 decision.

DAVID V.O

It was a smart idea. I was going to give
 Morgan a life she had always dreamed of.

JOSEPH

If I do this, there will be no bloodshed.
 We offer land double in size and promise
 protection. It will be a trade.
 Protection for land.

LEATHERWOOD

That's our plan.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. STARLITE MOTEL (DAVID'S ROOM) - PRESENT EVENING
 (COLOR)

David rests upon the bed while Annalee records every word
 he says. Thunder pounds outside. The drapes rustle as
 RAIN begins pounding on the roof.

DAVID

Protection for land.

ANNALEE

What land? Whose land?

DAVID

(sad)

Not ours to take.

David, still under a trance, looks directly at Annalee.

DAVID (cont'd)
My Morgan. She looks just like you.

ANNALEE
(freaked)
May I talk with David, please?

DAVID
Yes. I'm David.

ANNALEE
Drift is the setting of your books, isn't it?
(silence)
David?

DAVID
I'm here.

Annalee persists.

ANNALEE
Why did you write about Drift, David?

DAVID
I didn't
(pause)
Joseph Young did.

EXT. CURLY BEAR'S GARAGE - NIGHT (COLOR)

Curly Bear, Zeus and Annalee stand beneath the car in the garage.

Zeus points out the brakes on David's car.

ZEUS
The brakes on his car... it wasn't an accident. Somebody cut the brake fluid lines, creating a slow leak. By the time he hit that turn -- BAM! No brakes.

CURLY BEAR
We have to drive into Albuquerque and get the parts in the morning.

ZEUS
Who's gonna keep Mr. Crazy at bay?

CURLY BEAR
What's his story anyway?

ANNALEE

It's complicated.

CURLY BEAR

Why don't you enlighten me a little?

ZEUS

Yeah.

CURLY BEAR

(to his son)

Not you. You get to bed. We're getting up early tomorrow.

Zeus leaves the shop reluctantly. Curly Bear stands before Annalee, who is impatient. His prying has interrupted her research time.

CURLY BEAR (cont'd)

So what's his story? I want the truth.

ANNALEE

Relax. Studying David's condition is actually helping me complete my thesis. I know this stuff -- he's harmless. What are you so worried about?

CURLY BEAR

How do you know he didn't set this up? Purposely cut the brakes, crashed the car, maybe even murdered his son?

ANNALEE

Fine. You're right. I don't know. But I believe something's brought him here unwillingly.

CURLY BEAR

Like what?

ANNALEE

Say he's psychotic, or delusional, and everything he's told us so far is in his head. He's convinced someone is after him. He is tortured by the idea that somebody chased him here and took his son. Isn't fear psychological to begin with? Who cares if it's real or in his head? It's against his will either way. And think about it -- why here? The middle of nowhere?

CURLY BEAR
Why does that matter?

ANNALEE.
Because nobody comes to a place like this
without reason.

INT. STARLITE MOTEL (DAVID'S ROOM) - NIGHT (COLOR)

The Peacemaker revolver lays upon the bed next to David's manuscript. The wind kicks up and loose pages scatter across the bed and floor.

ON THE BATHROOM

David splashes his face down in the sink. He dries off. He looks into the foggy mirror, wiping the moisture away with his hand, but in the mirror, instead of his own reflection...

HE SEES SHERIFF JOSEPH YOUNG IN BLACK AND WHITE.

He backs away from the mirror....

JOSEPH V.O
Colt Peacemaker .45 revolver. Six
chambers. Six bullets. I've always
learned to make it on the first.
Sometimes it's the only chance you have.

INT. PROSPERITY LIBRARY - SAME TIME (COLOR)

Annalee sits with her research, sipping a cup of coffee. She plays the tape she recorded of David. His voice is faint and scratchy.

DAVID (ON TAPE)
I didn't
(pause)
Joseph Young did.

She rewinds it, then plays it back.

ANNALEE (ON TAPE)
Why did you write about Drift, David?

DAVID (ON TAPE)
I didn't
(pause)
Joseph Young did.

On her legal pad is a written list of possibilities that include: SCHIZOPHRENIA, MULTIPLE PERSONALITY, DEMENTIA. She adds one more possibility to the list:

"PAST LIFE?"

EXT. MAIN STREET - TOWN TRANSFORMATION SEQUENCE - NIGHT
(COLOR/B & W)

David walks down the middle of the empty street with the revolver in hand. A small figure approaches in the distance.

It is the BLACK AND WHITE IMAGE of a little boy wearing clothes from the 19th century who looks just like Colby.

David stops in his path. He holds out his arms as the boy jumps into them. As he spins the boy in the air, the entire town transforms from COLOR INTO BLACK AND WHITE:

A Steam Train emerges out of thin air on vacant tracks. The white steam falls away as the engine thunders past the Starlite Motel.

THE STARLITE MOTEL MORPHS INTO AN OLD WOODEN TRAIN DEPOT.

Asphalt turns to dirt beneath David's feet. But David is not David. He is Joseph Young, with his seven year-old son Nicholas in his arms.

Townspeople emerge like ghosts, filling the street. Drift is alive with action as joyful townspeople pass. The hustle of a prosperous mining town has emerged in the evening.

NICHOLAS

Can I shoot the gun tonight, Papa?

EXT. PROSPERITY CANYON 1880 - NIGHT

Joseph stokes a campfire as orange embers float towards the sky. He places three glass bottles on a low tree branch.

NICHOLAS

Will I be Sheriff someday?

Joseph pulls out the Peacemaker revolver.

JOSEPH

If you could be anything you want in this entire world, is that what you'd be?

NICHOLAS
Anything at all?

JOSEPH
Why hell yes, even if you could be
President Rutherford B. Hays.

NICHOLAS
I can't be the President.

JOSEPH
You can be anything.

NICHOLAS
I wanna wear a star.

Joseph smiles and gives Nicholas the gun.

NICHOLAS (cont'd)
(amazed)
Wow!

Nicholas quickly aims.

JOSEPH
(laughter)
WHOA! Careful. First thing a man needs
to learn about a gun is this number one
rule.
(change of tone)
You are now more responsible for your
actions than you'll ever be. Being
careless with a gun can take a life, and
that means taking their memories, their
love, and their dreams and burying them
six feet beneath this ground. Don't ever
forget that.

Nicholas nods.

JOSEPH
See the bottles?

NICHOLAS
Yes.

JOSEPH
Aim for one. Line it up.
(pauses)
Now, slowly pull the hammer back.

Nicholas cocks the gun. CLOSE as the revolver clicks to
the first chamber.

NICHOLAS
Sure is heavy.

JOSEPH
Use both hands. Steady.

Joseph adjusts the boy.

JOSEPH (cont'd)
Get a solid stance. Don't worry about
hitting the bottles right away. Just get
a feel for it.

Nicholas aims, shoots and hits one bottle. With quick
reflexes, the boy cocks back and shoots the other bottle
dead center.

JOSEPH (cont'd)
(laughing)
Can you show me how you did that?

NICHOLAS
We're gonna need more bottles.

Joseph takes the gun, aims and blows the last bottle off
the branch.

JOSEPH
I think you're right.

BLACK AND WHITE SHIFTS TO COLOR as Joseph becomes David
again.

FLASH TO:

EXT. PROSPERITY CANYON - PRESENT NIGHT (COLOR)

We see David aiming the same gun. Alone in the darkness.

DAVID
(delusional)
Nicholas?

He notices he is alone.

DAVID (cont'd)
What's happening to me?

The wind rushes up again.

EXT. PROSPERITY LIBRARY - NIGHT (COLOR)

A figure watches Annalee scanning the bookshelves from outside the window.

INT. PROSPERITY LIBRARY - NIGHT (COLOR)

In the periodical section, she shuffles through old newspapers dating back to 1901. One headline reads:

"PROSPERITY'S NEW MAYOR, JOHN MCLAURY, EVADES MINING CONTROVERSY."

She leafs through the article. It reads:

"UPON THE DEATH OF WIFE MORGAN MCLAURY, JOHN MCLAURY RAISES HIS NEWBORN SON, NATHANIEL, IN THE SHADOW OF MRS. MCLAURY'S EARLIER MARRIAGE TO JOSEPH YOUNG AND THE MINING CONTROVERSY."

ANNALEE

(reading)

"Mayor Mclaury has defended his wife and the town of Prosperity from accusations of burying facts of a mining disaster that took the lives of 26 miners and Mrs. Mclaury's first husband, Sheriff Joseph Young, and her young son, Nicholas." Jesus.

She flips through other newspapers and headlines:

"MORGAN MCLAURY, LAST SURVIVOR OF THE YOUNG LEGACY, DIES."

"ANONYMOUS LETTER PROFESSES, 'SHERIFF TO BLAME!'"

"DRIFT BECOMES TOWN OF PROSPERITY"

ANNALEE (cont'd)

This is impossible.

Someone approaches from behind her:

SAMPSON

All of it's possible.

She jumps and turns to him.

ANNALEE

(startled)

Damn it Sampson. Can't anyone just say hello first!

SAMPSON

Over the years. So much has happened in this little town. Some good, but mostly bad. So many buried sins.

EXT. ABANDONED HOME - PRESENT NIGHT (COLOR)

SAMPSON V.O

The kind of sins we only read about. What's fiction to one man is another man's fact.

Soaked from the pouring rain, David searches for his son in the only way he knows and that is by some sixth sense instinct he has acquired since the accident.

DAVID

(calling out in desperation)
COLBY! COLBY!

SAMPSON V.O.

With all the lives lost here it's no wonder they changed the town name. Once a place on the map. Now it has vanished into the perils like we are hiding from something terrible.

He approaches an old house that has been ravaged by weather and time. Small-town kids have sprayed graffiti in various places. Names of visitors are etched in wood.

David slowly opens the squeaking door.

SAMPSON V.O.

No one can hide from retribution. Like the revolver of a gun. Six chambers for six bullets. The first chamber houses destiny. The sixth chamber houses revenge.

INT. ABANDONED HOME - NIGHT

Water drips from rafters onto the rotted wood floor. Walls with large holes lead to the dark shadows of the next room.

Timeworn furniture sets amongst empty booze bottles and cigarette cartons from various bums and teenage kids that have inhabited the place.

We FOLLOW DAVID CLOSELY, and he doesn't feel alone here -- it's as if someone lurks behind his every step. David looks around the front room -- it's empty.

He moves into bedroom doorway. Instinct feels like Deja vu.

DAVID
I know this place.

The room spins around him until full transformation is complete to an entirely BLACK AND WHITE image.

SAMPSON V.O.
For those involved. They have seen their
past laid out before them. They call it
deja'vu. It makes everyone feel better.

INTERCUT:

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT (COLOR)

Annalee counters Sampson's far fetched philosophy.

ANNALEE
Nothing science can't answer.

SAMPSON
Some call it science. The Hindus call it
Karma. The Hopis and the ancient Anasazi
tribes called it the last law of desire.
It's the final wish before death. A wish
carried over into the next life. I think
this town is cursed by something your
science will never explain.

ANNALEE
Is there something I should know about
you?

SAMPSON
I'm an old man and I read a lot.

He smiles and walks away.

ANNALEE
(to herself)
The National Enquirer.

INT. ABANDONED HOME - NIGHT - THE PAST (BLACK AND WHITE)

The house is like new. Candles burn, reflecting dancing
light on the walls. Ornate furniture is elegantly
placed. David (as Joseph) enters the bedroom, soaked from
a monsoon rain.

INT. YOUNG BEDROOM - NIGHT - THE PAST (BLACK AND WHITE)

Candles surround the room. On the bed lays Morgan. She is naked, laying on her stomach, boots on, playfully aiming the Peacemaker at him.

Joseph smiles, beholding his beautiful wife.

MORGAN

Does the Sheriff wanna fool around?

JOSEPH

Naked with a gun and boots. I'd say that goes for indecent exposure. Indecent exposure while armed with a dangerous weapon.

He removes his jacket. It drips water. Their eyes meet in the reflection in the mirror.

JOSEPH

I'd be careful. I believe it's loaded.

MORGAN

(devilish)

Which one?

He removes his shirt and crashes next to her on the bed. He looks into her eyes with affection.

JOSEPH

Both. I don't think I removed the bullets after Nicholas.

(kisses her)

Happy Anniversary.

She's suddenly distracted.

MORGAN

Nicholas?

JOSEPH

(continuing the seduction)

He's old enough to learn the responsibility of using a Peacemaker.

Pushing him away:

MORGAN

You put a gun into our son's hands. How could you, Joseph?

She gets up and throws on a robe, no longer in the mood.

MORGAN

(bitter laugh)

A Peacemaker. What a name for a gun that doesn't make peace, but causes war. It's as though you're telling him it's okay to kill.

JOSEPH

(not taking her serious)

I'm telling him, 'Thou shalt not kill.'
But thou shalt defend if need be.

MORGAN

What a contradiction.

JOSEPH

(commanding)

Don't deny him his passion of becoming a sheriff, Morgan.

MORGAN

(angry)

His passion? He's seven, Joseph. I think you mean your passion... for belonging to some noble code. When will you belong to us? You barely see me, or your son... and when you do, you give him a lesson in shooting. I'm beginning to think this place has been an eight year curse.

JOSEPH

(cross)

Eight years ago, to earn this badge, I violated the code you so ignorantly speak of. I owe it to the people of this town to make up for that, to be better than that.

MORGAN

(outraged)

You owe us, damn it! You need to remember that for every moment you feel you owe this town is another day you're in debt to us.

(tears)

My God, Joseph...

Joseph goes to her. She pushes him back.

MORGAN (cont'd)

(crying)

What will it say on your headstone when
it's all said and done? Beloved husband
and father?... Or righteous and
honorable Sheriff?

(collecting her emotions)

Happy Anniversary.

Morgan walks away and like a ghost, vanishes into time--
then it all disappears.

FLASH TO COLOR:

INT. ABANDONED HOME - PRESENT NIGHT (COLOR)

Unwilling to accept what his mind suggests, David backs
away slowly, stuck someplace between genius and madness
wondering what door he has opened.

Suddenly the floor buckles beneath him. He falls into
the:

SUB-LEVEL

He grabs his leg in pain as he lays upon the muddy floor.

DAVID

(half serious)

Who the Hell would put a crawl space
here!

He lays there, looking around. A small wood box rests
half buried in front of him. He scoots over to it and
starts digging it out.

Resembling an old lock box, it too is weathered by time.
David struggles as rust has sealed the lock permanently.
With force he is able to break it away.

He opens it. A tarnished Sheriff's star meets his eyes.
He places it his trembling hands. His breathing labored,
shock and dismay hit him like a locomotive as he reads
the words on the badge:

DAVID (CONT'D)

Drift. Sheriff. What the hell--

He keeps searching. He pulls out an old INDIAN BEADED WAR
NECKLACE. Only a few beads remain. The leather tie has
been severed like it was ripped away.

Then he notices a discolored piece of paper with writing on it. It reads: THE YOUNG FAMILY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1879. A surge of adrenaline rushes through his veins. David flips it to reveal a family photograph, faded and brittle, of Joseph Young, Morgan Young, and Nicholas with his striking parallels to Colby. David is overwhelmed, out of breath, saddened, confused. Nothing describes it well enough.

DAVID
(mumbling)
This is impossible completely impossible.

But the photograph he holds in his hand does not lie.

EXT. PROSPERITY GRAVEYARD - PRESENT NIGHT (COLOR)

David ambles between many crosses, all dated AUGUST 7, 1880.

TWENTY-SIX CROSSES.

David holds his head in dizzying pain. He moves forward towards a large headstone cross. He kneels, clearing the brush around it. On the headstone, he reads:

*HERE LIES JOSEPH YOUNG, SHERIFF OF DRIFT.
JANUARY 3, 1842 - AUGUST 7, 1880.*

The wind picks up, blowing the high brush. He sees the headstone next to it. It reads:

NICHOLAS YOUNG, BELOVED SON 1873-1880

Tears emerge in David's eyes. The brush blows back to reveal another headstone and another name:

*MORGAN YOUNG MCLAURY DECEMBER 26, 1850 -
JUNE 25, 1901.*

David reaches out and touches Morgan's name.

INT. PROSPERITY LIBRARY - NIGHT (COLOR)

At a low lit desk, Annalee continues her research, pulling together more clues from various articles spread across the desk. She frantically writes the following names on a family tree diagram:

"NATHANIEL MCLAURY BORN UNTO JOHN MCLAURY & MORGAN YOUNG MCLAURY, 1901."

"NATHANIEL MCLAURY FATHER TO NATHANIEL II BORN 1943."

"NATHANIEL II FATHER TO ANNALEE MCLAURY, BORN 1973"

ANNALEE

(to herself)

Morgan remarried to Mclaury, my great
great grandfather, then my father's
father. This is so damn confusing!

She steps back to look at the diagram. We follow the
family tree diagram to her name.

ANNALEE

(puts the puzzle together)

I'm the only female descendant. It must
be something genetic. Sampson's right.

She plays back David's tape.

DAVID (ON TAPE)

"My Morgan. She looks just like you."

We hear a door slam.

ANNALEE

Sampson is that you?

No answer.

ANNALEE (cont'd)

(nervous)

Sampson?

Annalee scoops the newspaper articles, books, and her
tape recorder in her bag and throws it over her shoulder.
She picks up a sharp envelope opener and walks towards
the door. Outside, lightning illuminates the windows and
the power surges.

ANNALEE (cont'd)

Shit - shit - shit.

(calling out)

Who's there, damn it? Answer me.

Thunder roars. The room goes black.

She runs for the phone at the main desk. Picks up the
receiver and prepares to dial when she hears:

VOICE (V.O.)

(staticky, on phone)

Morgan.

ANNALEE

Who is this?

Dial tone:

Annalee slams the phone down and bolts for the door.

She passes Sampson's office. He is dangling above his desk. Neck snapped. Hung by a rope.

Annalee backs out of the room screaming.

EXT. PROSPERITY MAIN STREET - NIGHT (COLOR)

In the pouring rain, Annalee runs away from the library.

Thunder rumbles. Annalee hears something and turns around abruptly to a dark ominous figure wearing a masquerade mask.

Hawk grabs Annalee's throat before she can even scream. Annalee gasps for air as Hawk pulls a knife. He throws her against the door, raises the knife and--

Annalee ducks out of the way and out of his grasp as the knife sinks into wood.

Annalee starts running. Hawk goes after her.

ANNALEE

(screaming)

HELP. SOMEBODY HELP!

Hawk moves faster, gaining on her.

A train approaches on the nearby tracks.

Hawk closes in, reaching for Annalee. She slips, falling into the mud. Hawk grabs her by the hair, pulling her up. He raises his knife a second time.

Annalee flips around and thrusts her shoe into Hawk's face, knocking him backwards.

She takes off toward the approaching train.

ANNALEE (cont'd)

Help me!

Hawk, back on feet again, closes in once more on Annalee.

David runs out into the street. He aims the Peacemaker and fires at Hawk. He misses.

ANNALEE (cont'd)

DAVID!

Hawk is too close now. David runs to her, but realizes she is closer to the tracks than he is.

DAVID

RUN FOR IT! HURRY!

Annalee runs towards the train. Ever so close now. So close, the engineer sounds his horn.

She gambles and jumps across the tracks. The train's engine thunders as the horn sounds, missing Annalee by inches.

She catches her breath, falling into David as the train rolls past them, car by car.

David holds the gun, waiting. He can see Hawk (still wearing the mask) between each car until the last one passes. David looks toward the place where Hawk was standing -- but he is gone.

Silence.

David holds Annalee tight. Gasping, she turns to him. David continues to hold her close... almost more for his own security than hers.

ANNALEE

Sampson's Dead! Strung above his desk by a rope! Who the hell is this fuck!

INT. STARLITE MOTEL (ANNALEE'S ROOM) - NIGHT

Annalee comes out of the bathroom in a robe, her hair wet. She towels it dry as she sits on the bed across from David, who sits at her desk.

ANNALEE

Did you call the Police.

DAVID

He cut the lines.

ANNALEE

Then we'll get in the car and drive to the police station.

DAVID

We can't do that. He'll kill my son if I get help.

David glances at his cell phone.. He loses his mind.
Kicking furniture.

DAVID

When is this psycho gonna call again?

ANNALEE

David sit down. Then we gotta figure this
out on our own. Do you have your
manuscript with you?

DAVID

What does that have to do with anything?

ANNALEE

Just take it out. I need to see it.

David pulls his manuscript out of a backpack and drops it
between the piles of books Annalee has been researching.
He unties the box.

DAVID

I finished it three weeks ago.

Annalee is still shaken. David studies her trembling
hands as she flips through the manuscript.

ANNALEE

(upset)

Hawk. The bad guy in your book. How did
he come about?

DAVID

I brought the character of Hawk back to
avenge Joseph Young in the final chapter
of Drift. He succeeded by killing
Sheriff Young in a mine explosion and
taking his own life in the process.

ANNALEE.

Why did he do it? You don't know why do
you?

DAVID

As I'm learning... for reasons that
exceed the story in my book.

ANNALEE

Your not crazy David.

David focuses on a book with a Yale Library sticker on
it.

DAVID
What are you talking about?

ANNALEE
(softly)
Some studies indicate that past life
memories can be handed down through
genetic make up.

She picks up her tape recorder and pushes play.

ANNALEE (cont'd)
Listen to this.

DAVID'S VOICE ON TAPE
My Morgan. She looks just like you.

DAVID
What the hell--

ANNALEE
I taped the session with you. You went
into a past life while you were under
hypnosis. It's all on here.

DAVID
I don't believe this.

ANNALEE
Believe it.
(intense)
You wanna know why I'm here, David? I'm
not just passing through town, and my
mother's not sick.

DAVID
What are you talking about?

ANNALEE
For the past year, I've been haunted
every night in my dreams, with visions of
a time... of a life... of a child and a
husband I don't know. All I did know was
that the town I saw in my dreams was
called "Drift."

DAVID
(to himself)
Drift.

ANNALEE
So I searched for "Drift" on the
internet.

(MORE)

ANNALEE (CONT'D)

And all I could find were two pieces of information: that long ago, a town called "Drift" was re-named "Prosperity"... and that a man named David Westman had written two books about that same town.

David looks at Annalee, wide-eyed and speechless.

ANNALEE (cont'd)

(worked up)

So instead of pestering you like some psycho fan. I came here to learn about the history of this place.

(quieter)

Find out why I'm so connected to it.

(then)

And three days later, I came upon your car crashed on the road and... you filled in the answers I was looking for.

(gathers herself)

I know why I'm here now. It's like you said under hypnosis. I look like Morgan because I am a direct descendent of her.

(softly)

I was her. I was Morgan Young.

DAVID

This is crazy.

ANNALEE

I am, David. And you're my--
her husband... Joseph. All your books were written from genetic memories of the life you lived over one hundred years ago. But, I sense there is another reason I am here and I don't know what it is.

David touches Annalee's face. He moves into her, and her eyes tear up from his touch. David wipes a tear away.

Annalee closes her eyes and kisses him, tapping a well of unconscious love from a past she barely knows. After a long beat, they stop.

ANNALEE (cont'd)

David, I'm so afraid. I don't know what to do. Why is this happening to us?

David pauses, knowing all too well what she's referring to. He embraces her, holding her tightly in his arms as he stares out the window and into the pouring rain.

DAVID

I don't know what kind of door we opened
by coming here. But my son's in this town
and I'm going to find him Annalee.

INT. STARLITE MOTEL (ANNALEE'S ROOM) - MORNING (COLOR)

Sunlight streams through the window. Annalee is asleep in
David's arms. David is having a nightmare. She wakes up
to his mumbling.

DAVID

Colby!...No!

David's eyes spring open, focusing under a blurry ray of
light.

ANNALEE

It's okay. You were having a bad dream.

DAVID

What time is it?

ANNALEE.

Eight.

David gets up. He looks out the window and sees banners
being hung on Main Street. Three men are assembling a
large tent.

DAVID

(to himself)

Day of the Dead.

EXT. PROSPERITY MAIN STREET - MORNING (COLOR)

David and Annalee walk into the center of the street
beneath a large banner that reads: DAY OF THE DEAD ANNUAL
CELEBRATION.

A Police Bronco speeds towards them, its siren blaring.
DEPUTY JOHN THORTON jumps out of the car, gun drawn.
David and Annalee freeze.

THORTON

Both of you, down on the ground, now!

DAVID

What the hell is this about?

THORTON

Stay down.

Thorton moves in with his gun drawn and handcuffs ready.

THORTON (cont'd)
David Westman, you're under arrest for
the murder of a police officer!

DAVID
Are you out of your fucking mind?

Thorton slaps the cuffs on David.

DAVID (cont'd)
My son has been kidnapped. You don't
understand. This was an act of vengeance-

THORTON
Yeah, right. Your fingerprints were on
the gun that killed a police officer
twenty miles from here.

ANNALEE
(frightened)
David?

DAVID
(to Annalee, ignoring
Thorton)
I didn't kill Jonas, Annalee. You know
that.

THORTON
I haven't even said the officer's name
yet. You've just incriminated yourself
even more.

ANNALEE
(to Thorton)
No. You're making a mistake.

Thorton throws David into the Bronco. Annalee rises from
the ground and watches as the truck drives away,
helpless.

INT. PROSPERITY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY (COLOR)

David walks down a dark corridor and is led into an
interrogation room by Thorton. He cuffs David to a
chair.

THORTON
The sheriff will be right with you.

David waits in the darkness.

Then, he hears heavy footsteps. The door opens. SHERIFF NOAH BRENNAN enters. He is tall, dark-haired with streaked-blond highlights and deep blue eyes. He sits down opposite David.

A beat.

SHERIFF BRENNAN

I wasn't sure what to do with you. Send you back to Austin and have those boys beat you up, or let you rot in my jurisdiction.

DAVID

(defiant)

Well? What did you decide?

SHERIFF BRENNAN

You killed a cop. You should rot in hell.

DAVID

He was my best friend. Why would I kill him?

SHERIFF BRENNAN

I don't really care why you killed him. Your fingerprints were all over the gun we found.

DAVID

(remembering)

A gun was stolen from my house two days ago by an intruder. That psycho murdered Jonas, and he has my son! You've got to--

SHERIFF BRENNAN

(sarcastic laugh)

A stolen gun? That's a tired excuse.

(he shudders)

God only knows what you did to your son.

David forgets he's cuffed and jumps up in a rage. The cuffs jerk him back down in his seat.

DAVID

If you think I'd do anything to hurt my own boy--

(then)

He's the only reason I live.

SHERIFF BRENNAN

Really? What about that pretty little lady you were with this morning? Doesn't seem like you were too concerned about the location of your son when you were with her.

DAVID

I was told not to call the police. I searched the entire town last night, and then the rain was too heavy for me to see. I came back, and the psycho who has Colby almost killed Annalee, after he killed that old librarian. I was with her because we had nowhere else to go.

SHERIFF BRENNAN

Sampson? Nobody killed him. The bastard's been trying to kill himself for years. He finally succeeded that's all. All of this information sounds pretty convenient, wouldn't you say, Mr. Westman? "A stolen gun"? "Don't call the police"? Was there a ransom mentioned? What specific action did he want you to take?

DAVID

I don't know. He hung up too fast. He told me he killed Jonas, that Colby was bait to get to me, and then... he just hung up.

SHERIFF BRENNAN

Where were you at approximately eight p.m. last evening, Mr. Westman?

DAVID

(thinks)

I-- I think I was asleep. In my motel room.

SHERIFF BRENNAN

Asleep? While your son was out there somewhere, missing, you were sleeping?

DAVID

I was in a car crash the night before. I'd suffered a concussion and I was waiting for Jonas to get here. I-- I--
(outraged)

WHY AREN'T YOU HELPING ME LOOK FOR MY SON?!

SHERIFF BRENNAN

(cold)

Because you're a murder suspect, Mr. Westman. And a damn well-incriminated one. Your "missing son" is duly noted... I'll even take a look for him myself. But you have to admit, none of this looks good for your case, does it?

DAVID

(beaten)

Just, please... find Colby. He was alive as of last night, but... I'm afraid something's gonna happen tonight...at the Day of the Dead celebration.

(serious)

It's the anniversary of the Prosperity Mine Massacre.

Sheriff Brennan gives a short laugh.

SHERIFF BRENNAN

The Prosperity Massacre is a legend. I'm not chasing ghosts tonight, Westman.

DAVID

(desperate)

Please. Find my son. I don't care what happens to me but-- find him, please.

SHERIFF BRENNAN

(emotionless)

I'll do what I can.

(shouts)

Deputy, get this murderer out of my face. Lock him up.

Thorton comes in with the cuff key.

DAVID

Please, you've gotta believe me. Things are happening and I can not explain them.

SHERIFF BRENNAN

Whatever happens from now on is out of your control.

Sheriff Brennan exits. Thorton takes David away and drags him to a holding cell.

INT. JAIL CELL - SECONDS LATER (COLOR)

David is thrown into the cell and the Deputy locks the door.

THORTON
Have a nice day.

DAVID
Go to hell.

EXT. TOWN OF PROSPERITY & MAIN STREET - SUNSET (COLOR)

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

We sweep over Prosperity Canyon, over the Graveyard, and down to Main Street.

ON MAIN STREET

An amber sky blankets the The Day of the Dead Annual Masquerade. Banners wave in the wind as a storm gathers on the horizon.

The sun finally dips behind distant Mesas.

A few early-bird townspeople walk along sidewalks and around the celebration tent, in half-costume, masks in hands. They anxiously await for nightfall.

INT. CURLY BEAR'S GAS STATION - DUSK (COLOR)

Zeus and Curly Bear bring David's car off the hydraulic lift. There is some minor trouble with the lift. Zeus operates the switch and Annalee stands beside Curly Bear.

CURLY BEAR
Bring it down, Zeus.

ZEUS
I'm trying, man. Come on! You stupid mother!

ANNALEE
You gotta help him, Curly Bear. He can't stay in there.

CURLY BEAR
It still hasn't hit, has it? The guy's in for murder. Have you any idea what you're getting mixed up in?

ANNALEE

Yes, I do, as a matter of fact. Last night I had a run-in with David's stalker. He's real, and he's out to kill David. He tried to kill me.

ZEUS

Sounds like psycho-writer guy's safer on the inside.

ANNALEE

Have you ever heard of the Prosperity Massacre?

CURLY BEAR

No. Wait-- from his book?

ANNALEE

Yes. It has something to do with the Day of the Dead.

(beat)

It really happened, Curly.

ZEUS

She's just as crazy as he is.

CURLY BEAR

Zeus. Respect.

ANNALEE

It did. All of it really happened. And something's gonna happen here tonight, and whether you like it or not, we're a part of it because we helped him.

CURLY BEAR

I got nothin' to do with this man. I'm just fixing a car. It was just a job.

ANNALEE

David needs help. I need your help.

(off Curly's blank stare
through his sunglasses)

You know what? I'm wasting my time. Go ahead. Do nothing. I'll help him myself.

INT. ANNALEE'S CAR - NIGHT (COLOR)

Annalee drives down the street. Crowds now flock the streets wearing masquerade masks. The memory of Hawk's mask last night haunts her and she guns the engine as she heads towards the Starlite Motel.

Annalee stops at an intersection. People in masks stare in at her through the window, some dancing. Kids run around in circles where the band plays. A burst of light appears in front of her car -- small fireworks -- and Annalee's eyes widen as we:

FLASH TO:

EXT. DAY OF THE DEAD MASQUERADE - THE PAST - (B & W)

Masked men and women in late 19th century clothing dance beneath the large celebration tent. Music plays. Children smash confetti-filled eggshells on the ground, spattering the unexpected's finest suit and gown. Laughter abounds.

Morgan Young walks with her son Nicholas through the loud celebration.

NICHOLAS

Do you think Papa will meet us here?

MORGAN

I hope so.

(rote)

Remember, he's working hard so the town is safe for little ones like you.

NICHOLAS

(proud)

I know! He's brave. He loves us.

MORGAN

(quietly)

Yes. He does.

Morgan elegantly removes her mask, revealing a sad look that she immediately hides as Mayor Leatherwood approaches.

LEATHERWOOD

(through mask)

Mrs. Morgan Young. Nicholas.

MORGAN

Mayor Leatherwood, is that you behind the mask?

LEATHERWOOD

(removes mask)

Wonderful to see you.

NICHOLAS

Can I play with the other kids?

Nicholas points to several children nearby.

MORGAN

Yes, dear.

Nicholas runs off as a masked Ottis Carlson appears.

OTTIS

(removes mask)

Well, Mrs. Young, what a splendid surprise. Where's Mr. Young? Or, Sheriff Young, I should say.

LEATHERWOOD

He shouldn't leave such a lovely lady alone.

MORGAN

I wish he agreed with you, but... the Sheriff is doing what a Sheriff does. There are some drunken miners wreaking havoc up by the mine, and he had to tend to business. After all, he belongs to the people of Drift, not to me, isn't that right, Mr. Carlson?

OTTIS

Work brings wealth, Mrs. Young. Your husband and I saved this town from fading away into nothing.

(pointed)

You ought to be more grateful.

MORGAN

(direct)

Wealth can't replace my husband. Or the truth of how this town was saved.

OTTIS

(referencing the crowd)

Some of us might disagree.

LEATHERWOOD

(pressed to change subject)

Let's all enjoy this fine celebration. Mr. Carlson, we'd best be on our way. I believe we have a pie-tasting to attend. Good evening, Morgan.

MORGAN
Good evening, gentlemen.

Ottis and Leatherwood move away, weaving through the crowd.

Morgan stands silent, a lone unhappy figure in the face of prosperity, joy and celebration. She wipes away a tear with a gloved hand and walks to a quiet place beyond the tent and the dancing. The band plays a slower, more romantic song.

Joseph Young emerges from the desert, walking his horse behind him. He approaches Morgan from behind and slides his arms around her waist, surprising her.

JOSEPH
Why aren't you wearing a mask?

MORGAN
(slightly cold)
I am.

Joseph notices her tone, but tries to breeze past it.

JOSEPH
I told you I'd make it.

MORGAN
It's almost over. I was about to take Nicholas home. He wanted to see you. I wanted to see you.

JOSEPH
I'm here now.

Joseph turns her around and embraces her. At first, Morgan holds back, but then she lets herself be held by him. He kisses her, and the ice is broken.

Joseph pulls away, holds her by the shoulders, and stares into her eyes.

JOSEPH (cont'd)
I love you, Morgan. I do.

MORGAN
(softly)
I know.
(off his intensity)
What's wrong?

JOSEPH
There's something I gotta do... For us.
For you. And Nicholas.

MORGAN
Just be here. That's all we need.

JOSEPH
I will. After this, I will.
(with determination)
It's time they all know.

MORGAN
Know...?

JOSEPH
Find Nicholas. Take him home. I have
some people to talk to, and then I'll be
home. For good.

MORGAN
You're okay?

JOSEPH
I will be.

Joseph kisses Morgan again.

MORGAN
I'll see you soon.

JOSEPH
Before you know it.

Joseph leaves on his horse. Moments later, Nicholas runs
up behind Morgan, hugging her waist.

NICHOLAS
Mama? Did you see? I held a sparkler!

MORGAN
Oh, my! How was that?

NICHOLAS
It was so pretty! The lights came down
all around me, but they didn't burn me!

FLASH TO:

INT. ANNALEE'S CAR - NIGHT (COLOR)

The lights of a sparkler held by a child shower in front
of Annalee's car.

A drunk man wearing a mask taps on her window, jolting Annalee out of her vision from the past.

DRUNK MAN

Let me in.

Frightened, Annalee floors it, her heart racing. She peels away. Lightning from a dry-heat desert storm flashes as she turns into in the parking lot of the Starlite Motel.

INT. STARLITE MOTEL (ANNALEE'S ROOM) - NIGHT

Blackness...

Then the door creaks open and Annalee enters the room. She fumbles for the light switch. Her fingers reach along the wall. Reaching further.

A male arm moves into frame from behind the curtain. Annalee keeps reaching until she nearly touches the curtain and the intruder's arm...ever so close, then:

She retracts her hand and reaches up - finding the switch, she flicks on the light.

Wind kicks up, blowing the door closed. Annalee jumps, then holds her hand to her chest, relieved it's just the wind. She starts packing a suitcase hurriedly, throwing some of the books from the pile into it.

Through the mirror, Hawk's ominous shadow moves behind her. Lightning flashes revealing Sheriff Brennan holding Hawk's masquerade mask. The lights go out.

ANNALEE

Wha--

When lightning strikes again, Annalee finds herself face-to-face with Brennan. This time he is wearing the mask.

EXT. STARLITE MOTEL -MOMENTS LATER

We see the headlights of a car. Reveal a '67 Fairlane pulling to a stop in the Starlite Motel parking lot.

BACK ON ROOM

Where a reflection from the moon reveals Annalee lying in the corner, motionless. Shards from a broken mirror reflect the light of a car approaching.

Another lightning flash lights the room momentarily, revealing that Hawk...

is gone.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT (COLOR)

Deputy Thorton reads his newspaper while David paces in his cell.

DAVID

Do you have kids, Deputy?

THORTON

None of your damn business.

DAVID

Know what it's like to hear your kid laugh, to see him smile?

The Deputy ignores him.

DAVID (cont'd)

I'm never going to see my kid again if I don't find him tonight.

Thorton lowers the newspaper and gives David a disinterested look.

DAVID

That freak is out there. And if I'm not there to stop him, he's gonna kill the last bit of love I have on this earth. You have to help me. Please.

THORTON

(pacifying)

If your boy's out there, Sheriff Brennan's sure to find him.

David's eyes grow wide. An alarming thought has hit him and we...

FLASH TO:

EXT. DRIFT MESA, 1872 - NIGHT (B & W)

The boy looks over at Joseph, his piercing light eyes wide with fear, then leaps over the edge of the canyon.

FLASH TO:

INT. PROSPERITY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - EARLIER IN THE DAY
(COLOR)

Sheriff Brennan saunters in the office, his deep blue eyes glaring at David, who sits handcuffed.

BACK TO PRESENT.

INT. JAIL CELL - PRESENT (COLOR)

David hits the bars in front of him and SCREAMS.

DAVID

No!

EXT. STARLITE MOTEL - NIGHT (COLOR)

Curly Bear runs from the motel office to Annalee's room. He knocks, then pushes open the unlocked door.

INT. STARLITE MOTEL (ANNALEE'S ROOM) - NIGHT (COLOR)

Curly Bear rushes into the room. It is torn apart. He sees the the phrase written in blood on the wall:

"REVENGE NEVER DIES."

Stricken with the image, he removes his sunglasses for the first time, revealing dark brown eyes.

He hears a slight moan and his eyes move from the image on the wall to find Annalee's body lying crumpled on the floor.

CURLY BEAR

Annalee!

Annalee's right hand twitches and her fingers begin to move. Curly Bear rushes to her side. Her eyes open groggily.

CURLY BEAR

Who did this to you?

ANNALEE

I told you... he was out there.

CURLY BEAR

Where's David?

ANNALEE

In jail.

CURLY BEAR
 (to himself)
 So it's not him...
 (to Annalee)
 Can you move?

ANNALEE
 I... I don't...

Curly Bear brushes mirror shards off of her body.
 Annalee wearily attempts to sit up. Curly Bear picks her up in one motion.

CURLY BEAR
 Come on. I got you.

ANNALEE
 (muttering, seemingly out of it)
 He's gone... he's gone... he's...

Curly Bear carries her to the door.

CURLY BEAR
 Shh... try not to talk. You're okay now.

Annalee's eyelids flutter as she clearly sees something known only to her and we...

FLASH TO:

INT. JOSEPH YOUNG'S HOME, 1880 - NIGHT (B & W)

Morgan and Nicholas, still in his mask, enter the house.

NICHOLAS
 I'm tired. And cold.

MORGAN
 It's past your bedtime! Run upstairs and get an extra blanket from my room. I'll be up to kiss you goodnight.

NICHOLAS
 Okay.

Nicholas races upstairs as Morgan places her mask on the kitchen table. She's tired, too.

NICHOLAS (O.S.) (cont'd)
 (from upstairs)
 Papa forgot his gun!

MORGAN
(laughs to herself)
That's hard to believe.
(calling upstairs)
I'm sure he borrowed one, sweetheart.

Morgan stands in the kitchen, alone. A little sad. She traces the shape of her masquerade mask on the table with her finger. The candles in the window are burned down to their base.

MORGAN
(to herself)
Must be almost midnight.
(calling out)
Nicholas, blow out the candles before you
get in bed.

Silence.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Nicholas?

She enters Nicholas's bedroom.

ON NICHOLAS'S ROOM

The bed is empty. A small masquerade mask lays on the pillow.

MORGAN
Nick?

She picks up a lantern, searching the house.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Nick, where are you?

Morgan enters her bedroom. The room is empty. The wooden box which houses the Peacemaker .45 revolver is also empty. Morgan walks to the box and puts her hand where the gun should be.

She runs out of the house, calling for her son.

MORGAN
NICHOLAS!

EXT. DRIFT GOLD MINE, 1880 - MINUTES LATER (B & W)

Nicholas approaches the mine entrance, Peacemaker revolver clutched in his hands.

FLASH TO:

INT. CURLY BEAR'S CAR - NIGHT (COLOR)

CLOSE on Annalee.

ANNALEE

The mine... he's in the mine... My
God... my poor little boy...

CURLY BEAR

Annalee?

Curly Bear drives as Annalee sits in the passenger seat.

ANNALEE

(more aware)

The mine! He must be there!

CURLY BEAR

Annalee, who?

ANNALEE

My-- David's son. If the stalker wants
to restage the past, he'd keep Colby at
Prosperity Mine. We have to tell David.

A sudden pain hits her and she brings a hand to her forehead.

ANNALEE (cont'd)

Oh god.

CURLY BEAR

You're beat up pretty bad.

ANNALEE.

(weaker)

Do you believe me now?

CURLY BEAR

I do, but-- I don't understand. What
happened... in the past?

ANNALEE

(slowly)

I know it sounds crazy. We're
reincarnates.

(MORE)

ANNALEE (CONT'D)

Descendents, actually, reliving
experiences passed through our genes.

CURLY BEAR

Who?

ANNALEE

Me, David, Colby... and a boy named Hawk.
We're connected to each other through our
ancestors' pasts. It's like Shared
Psychotic Disorder. Each of us sees the
same hallucinations of the past... but
for us, it's not made up.

She closes her eyes, upset.

ANNALEE (cont'd)

We have to get David out of there
somehow. Only he can find his son-- he's
been through this before!

CURLY BEAR

I'm taking you home first. You need
help. I'll get David.

EXT. DAY OF THE DEAD MASQUERADE, PROSPERITY - NIGHT
(COLOR)

Most of the crowd has arrived. People in masquerade
masks dance. Music pounds as clowns perform. In the
street, teenagers send fireworks to the sky. Hollowed
egg shells filled with confetti are smashed by young
children over each others heads...

and Sheriff Brennan parts the crowds with a cold look in
his eye.

INT. CURLY BEAR'S GARAGE - NIGHT (COLOR)

The clock on the wall reads: 11:30 P.M. Zeus is watching
"High Noon" on television when Curly Bear enters with
Annalee in his arms. Zeus jumps up as Curly Bear lay
Annalee on the couch.

ANNALEE

(weakly)

Hey, Zeus.

ZEUS

What happened?

Curly Bear rummages through the GUN RACK, not looking at
Zeus.

CURLY BEAR
She's been attacked.

ZEUS
By who--

CURLY BEAR
(direct)
Listen to me close. When I leave, lock
the doors and shut off the lights.

He hands his son a gun. He grabs a rifle and a revolver
for himself.

CURLY BEAR (cont'd)
Take care of her until I get back.
Whatever you do, do not go outside. And
do not let anyone in. Clear?

ZEUS
Where are you going?

CURLY BEAR
Don't worry about it.

ANNALEE
It's okay, Zeus.

ZEUS
(incredulous)
It's okay?! It's not okay! I want to
know what's going on!

CURLY BEAR
(firm)
For once, Zeus, do what I tell you!

Off his anger, Zeus backs down.

ZEUS
Fine.
(waves his father off)
I'll take care of her. Go!

Rifle in one hand, pistol in another, Curly Bear runs out
the door. Zeus locks it behind him, his hand trembling.
He flicks off the lights.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT (COLOR)

Deputy Thorton sits at the front desk down the hall from
David's cell.

David shouts violently from his cell, shaking the bars, but Rock-and-Roll pounds through a headset over Thorton's ears.

DAVID
Let me out of here! He has my son! I
know he is Hawk!

David paces like a lion in a cage and EYES the keys on the Deputy's belt loop. Deputy Thorton pounds his pencil to the beat of the music in his ears, then:

David stops pacing in the cell. Both hands on the bars, he makes a psychological move, focusing his eyes directly on Thorton.

DAVID
(direct)
Lieutenant Jesup Parker.

Thorton suddenly stops pounding his pencil. PUSH ON Thorton.

FLASH TO:

EXT. DRIFT CANYON CLIFF, 1872 - DUSK (B & W)

Joseph's horse slips as the ground gives way. Boot caught in the stirrup, he falls with the horse over the edge. Jesup comes to his aid.

JESUP
Give me your hand, Joseph!

SLOW MOTION as Jesup grabs Joseph's hand and pulls him to safety.

FLASH TO:

INT. JAIL - PRESENT NIGHT (COLOR)

Thorton slowly removes his headphones. Ashen, he stands, his hands trembling.

DAVID
You were there.

Thorton turns to David and shakes his head in disbelief.

THORTON
I must be--

DAVID
You're not.

THORTON

I don't--

DAVID

Believe it.

Thorton moves towards David's cell. He puts the pieces of the memory together in his mind.

THORTON

Day of the Dead. You were there.

(realizing)

You were my friend.

DAVID

Yes.

(morose)

You gotta get me out of here, Deputy.

Slowly, Thorton reaches for the keys on his belt. He reaches towards the lock, then:

TWO LOUD BANGS.

Thorton stands in shock as blood saturates the front of his uniform. He falls as David grips his right hand, holding on to his dying friend the best he can.

DAVID (cont'd)

Give me the keys, Jesup.

THORTON

(slurred)

Like those days in the Infantry.

Thorton attempts to deliver the keys with his left hand. He is too weak. He squeezes David's hand, then exhales his final breath.

THORTON (cont'd)

Joseph...

His heart stops and he drops his hand. The keys fall onto the boots of Sheriff Brennan.

SHERIFF BRENNAN

(dark whisper)

At midnight Prosperity Mine will explode again. In it, your boy will burn.

Brennan moves toward David, grabs him through the bars and places the point of a knife to David's throat.

SHERIFF BRENNAN (cont'd)
No redemption.

DAVID
You're a murderer.

SHERIFF BRENNAN
Just like you.

DAVID
I've done nothing! You know that!

SHERIFF BRENNAN
You're responsible for your past. If
you're not, who is?

DAVID
No one!
(desperate)
Why are you doing this?

SHERIFF BRENNAN
It starts by feeling like you've been
somewhere before...

Slowly Sheriff Brennan pushes the knife further into
David's neck.

SHERIFF BRENNAN (CONT'D)
...then it hits at an emotional level.
The nightmares...

He drives the point deeper, breaking the skin. A drop of
blood falls. David stands his ground, too angry to
flinch.

SHERIFF BRENNAN
...the rage buried deep in your soul...

Blood rolls down David's neck.

SHERIFF BRENNAN
...and then the fear vanishes and it all
becomes clear... and then you realize
what you have to do. You must avenge the
innocent until the blood of revenge drips
from your hands. Like the blood of your
wife.

DAVID
What did you say?

SHERIFF BRENNAN
 FBI's been on it like flies on shit. You
 should have been with her that night.
 Instead you stayed home writing your life
 away. You let her drive alone all by
 herself...

FLASH TO:

HIGHWAY - NIGHT - A YEAR AGO (COLOR)

SHERIFF BRENNAN V.O
 ...stranded in a broken down car all by
 herself.

Caroline struggles to start her car on the shoulder of
 the road. Her cell phone reads: NO SERVICE.

She looks in the rear view mirror with concern as
 headlights approach behind her.

A shadowy figure emerges from the car. Gun in hand.

CLOSE as the revolver spins to the second chamber.

BACK TO PRESENT:

SHERIFF BRENNAN
 It was too easy.

DAVID
 You fuck! You ruined my life!

SHERIFF WHITE
 You ruined your life!

Brennan drives the knife deeper.

DAVID
 Go ahead. Finish the job.

We hear the LOCK AND LOAD OF A LARGE RIFLE.

Curly Bear enters, rifle aimed at Sheriff Brennan.

CURLY BEAR
 Drop the knife.

Sheriff Brennan looks behind him, calm. Without a word,
 he retracts the knife and drops it on the floor. He
 backs away from David, studying Curly Bear.

SHERIFF BRENNAN
Shouldn't you be out enjoying the party?

CURLY BEAR
Party seems to be here. Open the cell.

Sheriff Brennan picks up the keys and opens the cell.

CURLY BEAR (cont'd)
Let him walk.

David walks out of the cell, slowly, avoiding Brennan.

CURLY BEAR (cont'd)
(CONT'D)
David. Take my car and go. Keys are in
the ignition.

David exits. Curly Bear glares at Brennan.

CURLY BEAR (cont'd)
Get in the cell, Brennan.

Sheriff Brennan eyes the knife on the floor. He smiles
as he slowly backs into the cell, then quickly drops,
rolls, grips the knife, and with agile reflexes, hurls it
into Curly Bear's chest.

SHERIFF BRENNAN
It's Hawk.

Curly Bear falls backward as HIS GUN GOES OFF in the
Sheriff's direction.

ON SHERIFF BRENNAN

who lay against the wall, a bullet in his shoulder.

ON CURLY BEAR

propped against the opposite wall like a rag doll, the
knife in his chest.

They both glare at each other, suffocating in the
silence.

CURLY BEAR
(cool)
Next time I come back... it's your ass.

Sheriff Brennan gives him an evil smile as Curly Bear
exhales his final breath.

CRANE above his body, hovering above the room like a spirit as:

Sheriff Brennan moves towards Curly Bear's body, pulls the knife from Curly Bear's chest and exits into the night.

ON CURLY BEAR

floating above his body then out the open window.

EXT. CURLY BEAR'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)

We float toward the front window until we are inside.

INT. CURLY BEAR'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)

In the dark, Zeus gently applies a damp cloth to Annalee's forehead wound.

Suddenly, Zeus becomes visibly uncomfortable.

ANNALEE

What is it?

HIGH ANGLE, floating above them:

ZEUS

It's my dad. Something's wrong.

ANNALEE

They'll be here soon.

Zeus silently backs away over the realization that his father's spirit is with them. Curly Bear is no longer alive.

ANNALEE

Zeus, it's okay--

ZEUS

We've gotta go. I'll get some things.

Zeus goes to a back room, leaving Annalee on the couch.

EXT. TOWN OF PROSPERITY - NIGHT (COLOR/B & W)

People scatter as David rips through town in the Fairlane. He veers sharply into an alleyway, crosses the train junction and speeds up a gravel road into the hills beyond the graveyard.

He speeds through the desert terrain. Headlights, lighting his way. Suddenly he slams on his brakes as he finds himself over --

EXT. DRIFT MESA - PRESENT NIGHT

WE PULL BACK FROM THE FAIRLANE TO REVEAL: a human skeleton lit by his head lights. David turns the car off. Pulling back further, as David gets out of the car, there are more than one human skeleton. There seem to be several, weathered over the years but still with desert heat and sand have somehow been preserved over the years.

David stands alone in silence in the middle of what was once a battleground, beholding the distance Mesa's beyond. He has driven onto a plateau.

Then he hears the horses.

EXT. DRIFT MESA, 1872 - DUSK (B & W)

A brigade of Calvary Soldiers on horseback, led by General Joseph Young, trample across the canyon.

To Joseph's right rides Ottis Carlson; on his left, Lieutenant Jesup Parker.

JOSEPH

(to the Calvary)

Alright. Lieutenant Parker and I will go. Stay back unless ordered.

OTTIS

Might it be foolish to leave your defenses, young man?

JOSEPH

We're making a trade, Jesup, not starting a battle. Ottis, you'll remain with the rest.

OTTIS

(sarcastic)

Well, go then... General.

Joseph Young and Jesup Parker ride down into the valley below.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - DUSK (B & W)

Joseph and Jesup ride between complexes of adobe and stone. Nervous Indians gather in mass. Some collect their weapons and jump on horses.

One Indian stands guard as the rest of the tribe stand in defense. The Indian acts as a translator.

The Translator speaks to the group of men, and their Chief emerges from them, acknowledging Joseph with a nod.

JOSEPH

(to the chief)

I assure you. It's in the best interest of your tribe.

INDIAN TRANSLATOR

(translating)

How would you know what is best for us? Our people have lived on this land for hundreds of years. This land is our best interest.

JOSEPH

(to Chief)

I'm afraid this land will become property of the Carlson Mining Company, by right of United States law.

INDIAN TRANSLATOR

How do you place laws on land that does not belong to anyone but Mother Earth?

JOSEPH

We only wish to trade. One thousand acres has been provided for your tribe, one days' trek from here.

As his Chief speaks, the Indian translates each word.

INDIAN TRANSLATOR

Have you no vision of the future? After we move to this new place, what white man will run us from there?

JOSEPH

I promise, you will have complete protection under the town code. We will guarantee your safety.

The Chief simply shakes his head.

INDIAN TRANSLATOR

He does not believe you.

(translating, then)

This is no trade. You bribe with no care but for what is good for you.

JOSEPH

(with urgency)

Then tell him, your only reason for staying is to defend what has already been taken from you. I'm warning you of great danger. The next men you see will not ask you to leave. They will simply use force... and guns... to make you leave.

EXT. DRIFT HILLSIDE - CONTINUOUS (B & W)

OTTIS

This is horse shit. There could be trouble. Fall in, men!

CAVALRY SOLDIER

We've been ordered to stay back.

OTTIS

There's a time for orders, young man, and a time for survival.

Ottis whips his horse and gallops ahead.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS (B & W)

Joseph holds an affidavit to the acreage in his hands.

JOSEPH

The affidavit declares your rights to a thousand acres. A deed of trust signed by the Mayor of Drift.

Ottis and the 6th Calvary emerge over the hillside.

The Indian notices and pulls a Leman Indian Treaty Rifle.

From afar, Ottis aims his rifle.

ON OTTIS

OTTIS

Get off my land.

Shooting the translator and the Chief in the chest. The other Indians prepare for immediate battle.

JOSEPH

(to his Calvary)

No! Christ, hold your fire!

On horseback, an Indian charges Joseph, swinging a War Club. Joseph draws his Spencer Carbine Rifle, aims, and shoots. The Indian drops.

The Calvary Soldiers move down the hillside, weapons drawn.

Instant chaos. As horses stampede the village, Indian women take their children and run for shelter.

A young, blue-eyed, black-haired, half-white boy stands paralyzed while two soldiers close in on him. One soldier falls with his horse, an arrow in his back. An Indian woman screams to the child.

INDIAN WOMAN

Hawk!

Hawk is frozen, frightened and confused.

The soldier on foot moves in on the woman. He grabs her hair, pulls her head back, and slices her throat.

HAWK

No. Ma!

Joseph throws down his rifle and throws up his hands.

JOSEPH

(to the Calvary)

STOP SHOOTING AND SURRENDER!

Jesup rides up to him.

JESUP

What the hell are you doing?

JOSEPH

Surrender, Jesup. Drop your gun!

JESUP

Forget it. I'm not going to be slaughtered.

JOSEPH

I'M ORDERING YOU, LIEUTENANT. DO IT NOW!

JESUP

Jesus!

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

An Indian charges Joseph, throwing him from his horse. He gets up on his knees. An Indian Warrior aims his Bow and Arrow.

Jesup draws his revolver. He shoots the Indian in the back.

Joseph jumps to his feet.

Nearby, Ottis Carlson fires his rifle. He smiles as he shoots an Indian at point blank range.

Hawk attempts to help his Indian mother, but she is already dead. He pulls her body out of the melee.

PUSH IN on Hawk's eyes as he sees and hears Joseph Young bark orders.

JOSEPH
(to himself)
We're gonna have to kill them all.

CAVALRY MAN
What do we do now, General?

Joseph draws his Peacemaker revolver.

CAVALRY MAN (cont'd)
General?

CLOSE as the revolver clicks to the third chamber.

And through Hawk's eyes we witness in SLOW MOTION:

JOSEPH
(defeated; to his Calvary)
DEFEND YOURSELVES! SHOOT TO KILL! LEAVE
NO SURVIVORS!

A Calvary Officer is pulled from his horse by an Indian and then struck by a Hatchet.

Joseph fires again at a rapidly advancing INDIAN WARRIOR.

The bullet slips from the shaft of his gun, slicing the air. Smoke billows from behind it.

Joseph fires again and again until the Indian Warrior falls from his horse.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: Young Hawk sees massacre before his eyes.

EXTREME CLOSE UP, SLOW MOTION: Joseph's face quivers with each gunshot, anger and regret in his eyes.

Joseph fires three more shots. He dismounts and uses his horse as a shield to reload.

Men fight around him as innocent women and children are slaughtered. Joseph jumps on his horse and rides towards Ottis, who loads his six-shooter on horseback.

Joseph punches Ottis off his horse.

JOSEPH
(fit of rage)
I said no bloodshed! That was the deal!

OTTIS
You were in danger.

JOSEPH
They were about to sign! They were about to sign, you arrogant son of a bitch!

Jesup struggles in a hand to hand battle with an Indian. Another Indian rides up behind him, shooting an arrow. Jesup looks up just as the arrow enters the back of his shoulder blade. He hollers in sudden pain.

Slowly, he pulls it out and jabs it deep into the first Indian's neck.

Hawk flees. All are slaughtered - women, children, everyone but Hawk.

Joseph rides after the boy.

JESUP
Let 'em go, General!

Hawk runs across the flat desert floor. Joseph follows on horseback, Peacemaker revolver in hand.

The boy dashes toward the cliff's edge and stops. He looks back, then assesses the drop.

SLOW MOTION as the boy leaps over the edge, arms spread like an eagle.

Joseph's horse slips as the ground gives way. His boot caught in the stirrup, he begins to fall with his horse over the edge. Joseph clutches a thick branch with both arms. Boot still stuck, Joseph hangs from the branch as the horse lands on two more branches four feet below.

Joseph cries out in extreme pain. Jesup rides to his aid and dismounts.

JESUP

Give me your hand, Joseph!

Joseph looks down at the dizzying drop. His horse flails beneath him, tangled between the two branches. Both branches begin to crack as the horse slips. Rock and debris fall to earth and the bone in Joseph's ankle snaps.

JOSEPH

Argghh!.. He's pulling me down. I can't-

The branch Joseph hangs from begins to crack.

JESUP

You have to free your boot.

Joseph struggles to release his foot. He slowly loses his grip. The leather stirrup buckle stretches as one of the limbs supporting the horse gives way.

JOSEPH

I can't hold on.

The stirrup snaps free as the other branch shatters and his horse falls to the river below. Joseph's branch snaps as he reaches for Jesup's hand. He dangles from Jesup.

JESUP

I got you!

Jesup pulls him up. Tired, breathless and in pain, Joseph and Jesup lay at the cliff's edge, beaten mercilessly.

JESUP

(catches breath)

God almighty. What have we done?

JOSEPH

I don't know.

We scan the field beyond them. It is carnage: Indian families, several Calvary men, all of them ravaged and dead.

EXT. THE RIVER - CONTINUOUS (B & W)

From the white rapids of the river below, Hawk surfaces, flailing and gasping.

The boy manages to lift himself upon a large rock to safety. He holds on for life. And sobs.

Under the tears, PUSH INTO his crystal blue eyes.

FLASH TO:

EXT. DRIFT MESA - PRESENT NIGHT

David Westman walks toward the edge gazing down across Prosperity Canyon.

DAVID
(builds to tears)
Oh God -- I'm so sorry.

He stops closer to the drop. Taking in a deep breath, he closes his eyes and slowly places one foot in front of the other until he can't go any further.

He stares into the abyss without a shutter or wince.

In the distance, an electric-lit sky lights a pathway through the distant Mesas beyond.

EXT. PROSPERITY MINE - NIGHT

The Ford Fairlane cuts across an old dirt road and pulls up to the boarded up Prosperity Mine Entrance. As David looks into the rearview mirror--

A METAMORPHOSIS BEGINS:

Through the reflection in the mirror, the town of Prosperity transforms. Buildings shift and disappear, becoming the traditional architecture of an old western town.

Color vanishes as the black and white past eats through town as if it were time catching up. David and the car (seen in color) are all that remains of present time.

EXT. PROSPERITY MAIN STREET - NIGHT (COLOR)

A masked Sheriff Brennan moves like a snake through the crowd towards The Day of the Dead celebration tent.

Behind him, pavement becomes dirt as the masquerade of the present becomes The Day of the Dead masquerade of the past.

EXT. PROSPERITY MINE, DRIFT - ALTERNATE REALITY - NIGHT
(COLOR/B & W)

David (in color) moves through a group of WORKING MINERS.
Just above him is Prosperity Mine.

Miners haul buckets and coils of wire explosives as David
Westman rushes up the hill towards the mine.

INT. PROSPERITY GOLD MINE - NIGHT - ALTERNATE REALITY
(COLOR/B & W)

Black and white picture. In the darkness, water seeps
through moist rock. Buckets lay empty, some full.
Miners work, sending Pick Axes into the mineral, casting
forth sediment. Only a miner's lamp cuts the darkness.

In the dim flickering light, Colby (in color) sits, bound
by sturdy wire, screaming to be seen by the soot-covered
miners (in black and white) around him. Yet they cannot
see him and he cannot speak to them. Colby cries out
again.

COLBY
(cries)
Help, please!

A miner chisels away at the rock wall next to him.
ANOTHER BOY calls out for his father.

NICHOLAS (O.S.)
Papa?! Are you in here?

Colby sees the silhouette of a boy his age, with the same
looks, and the same voice.

NICHOLAS (O.S.)(cont'd)
Papa!

Nicholas (in black and white) is fully revealed to
Colby's eyes -- but Nicholas can not see Colby.

COLBY
(sobbing, to Nicholas' image)
Please -- go away.

EXT. DAY OF THE DEAD MASQUERADE - NIGHT - ALTERNATE
REALITY (COLOR/B & W)

Annalee (in color) exists in the same altered, black &
white reality as Colby and David.

Now, instead of reliving the past as Morgan, she is a simple observer of the scene. Everything she sees is an hallucination, but she can do nothing to stop what is about to occur.

Annalee stands nearby, watching Joseph hands the reigns of his horse to Jesup.

JOSEPH
Tie my horse, Deputy.

JESUP
What's this about, Joseph?

JOSEPH
Redemption.

Annalee looks into Joseph eyes. Something is truly eating at him.

Like a determined General, Joseph plows through the crowd towards the main stage where the music plays. He runs right into Mayor Leatherwood.

LEATHERWOOD
(cheerfully)
Sheriff! You made it!

Joseph drives a punch through Leatherwood's face, knocking off his mask as the crowd scatters in shock. Joseph pushes forward to the stage. The music stops. The crowd watches in suspense and silence.

JOSEPH
(to the crowd)
Your Mayor and I have kept a grave secret from all of you.

Annalee stops and listens.

JOSEPH
I will no longer represent the greed of this town...

Joseph removes his Sheriff's Star and throws it down into the dust before the feet of the Mayor and Ottis.

JOSEPH
...and you deserve to know the truth.
Eight years ago--

INT. PROSPERITY GOLD MINE - NIGHT - ALTERNATE REALITY
(B & W)

Deep in the bowels, a miner chisels into a new vein, his face obscured in the harsh shadows.

HAWK
I got somethin'!

Miner #1, a few yards up the tunnel, shouts back.

MINER #1
Tell me it's a new vein.

HAWK
Get down here. Look for yourself.

Miner #1 climbs down the narrow crevasse, his Kerosene Lantern burning through the darkness.

MINER #1
Christ, it's hot up here.

He examines the rock wall, looking for the non-existent gold streak.

MINER #1 (cont'd)
You sure you're seein' right?

Before he can turn back, Hawk raises his pick ax and sends it into the miner's skull.

Up the tunnel, the Miner's scream is heard by MINER #2.

MINER #2
Okay down there?

Hawk pulls out two Six Shooters.

MINER #2 enters and beholds his co-worker's limp body.

MINER #2 (cont'd)
What the hell did you do?

HAWK
(coldly)
I killed two men.

Hawk pulls the trigger. CLAP! We follow the bullet through Miner 2's chest and out his back.

EXT. PROSPERITY GOLD MINE - NIGHT - ALTERNATE REALITY
(COLOR/ B & W)

Two loud gunshots are heard. The Miners in the foreground look up.

David (in color) quickly runs up the hill as a barrage of gunfire ensues and Miners scatter.

DAVID

NO!

EXT. DAY OF THE DEAD MASQUERADE, DRIFT - ALTERNATE REALITY (COLOR/B & W)

Annalee (in color) observes as Joseph (in black & white) -
- without his sheriff's star for the first time in seven years -- rides past the Masquerade tent, heading towards home.

Suddenly, a barrage of gunfire erupts from above at the mine. The people in main street panic.

TOWNSPEOPLE

What's going on?! / Who's up there?

A panicked Townsman grabs Joseph's rein as he moves past.

PANICKED TOWNSMAN

(begging him)

Sheriff! You gotta get my boy out of there! He's in the mine!

Several nearby Townspeople echo his sentiments. Joseph doesn't think twice about what he has to do.

JOSEPH

(calling back)

Jesup, let's go!

Jesup Parker jumps on his horse.

They are about to leave when, in an unbelievable play with imagery, Annalee watches as Morgan Young runs past her toward Joseph, horrified.

MORGAN

Joseph! My God--

JOSEPH

What is it?

MORGAN
(breathless)
It's Nicholas--

JOSEPH
What's wrong?

MORGAN
You left your gun. He went to look for
you. I can't find him anywhere.

Joseph looks at his empty gun holster. Miners continue
to shout from the mine above.

MORGAN (cont'd)
(terrified)
What if he went to the mine? He always
looks for you there!
(off a SHOT)
What's going on?

JOSEPH
There's been... a disturbance. We'll
find him, Morgan. He'll be okay, I
promise.

MORGAN
My god, Joseph! Bring back our baby!

JOSEPH
I will.

With a look to Jesup, the two immediately ride off in a
cloud of dust. Morgan begins to sob.

EXT. PROSPERITY MINE, DRIFT - MINUTES LATER - ALTERNATE
REALITY (COLOR/B & W)

Dust and debris fill the air. The entrance is caved in.
Ten miners stand outside. Four of them are injured.

Joseph Young and Deputy Parker approach. They dismount.

MINER #3
It's massacre! He's killing everyone!

JOSEPH
Who?

MINER #3
They call him Hawk!

JESUP

How many are still inside?

ANOTHER MINER

We're not sure -- probably twenty-five
trapped inside. Ten of us escaped.
Whoever it was blew the goddamn entrance

JOSEPH

I've got to get inside.

David runs up behind Joseph, passing him in his urgency to get to Colby. He abruptly stops in front the cave because of the debris -- David can only observe the past, he cannot alter it.

For the first time, David gets a first-hand glimpse of who he was in his past life as Joseph moves in, beginning to clear away rock and debris from the mine entrance.

The remainder of the uninjured miners and Jesup help clear a path into darkness. Joseph crawls further into the mine.

David stands still -- unable to help. He tries bending his thoughts, tearing through his hallucination and back to present reality.

FLASH TO:

EXT. PROSPERITY GOLD MINE, PROSPERITY - PRESENT NIGHT
(COLOR)

David stands in front of the boarded-up Prosperity Mine entrance. Lightning flashes and rain begins to fall. He begins tearing through the wood, using all his will and strength until he reaches a hole to the darkness inside.

DAVID

(panicked cry)

COLBY!

David tears his way through until his mind gets the best of him once more and he enters...

FLASH TO:

INT. PROSPERITY MINE, DRIFT - NIGHT - ALTERNATE REALITY
(COLOR/B & W)

DARKNESS.

Joseph Young picks up a lantern from the ground. The glass is broken and the fire only illuminates a few feet in front of him. With caution he moves forward, Jesup's gun in hand.

David moves past Joseph, desperate to find his son.

DAVID

Colby!

He hears Colby's cry echo down the mine.

COLBY (O.S.)

Daddy! Help!

David (in color) moves over the black & white dead bodies and trickling water.

DAVID

Colby! Where are you?

COLBY (O.S.)

Over here, Daddy!

DAVID

Where, Colby? I can't see you!

COLBY (O.S.)

Behind you.

David follows the voice and then, through thick dust and behind piles of rocks, sees his son. Colby (in color) sits on the soft dirt, bound by thick metal wire, unable to move.

COLBY (cont'd)

(sobbing)

Daddy, I was so scared.

David kneels down embracing his son tight in his arms.

DAVID

Oh god! Thank god you're here!

Then, David and Colby behold the light of Joseph Young's lantern, revealing the body of one more soul.

ON NICHOLAS (IN BLACK & WHITE)

Nearby, the dying boy raises his arm to get the attention of his father.

NICHOLAS
(whisper)
Help me.

JOSEPH
(adrenal surge)
Nicholas!

Joseph grabs his son's hand to reassure him and removes his jacket, placing it on his chest to try to stop the bleeding.

JOSEPH (cont'd)
(tears)
Please hang on.

NICHOLAS
Water.

ON DAVID AND COLBY (IN COLOR)

As Colby watches Joseph tend to Nicholas, David reassures him.

DAVID
Close your eyes, Colby. It's not real.

ON JOSEPH AND NICHOLAS (IN BLACK & WHITE)

Joseph holds a canteen for Nicholas. Joseph's hand trembles as tears rush from his face. Water dribbles from Nicholas' lips. His chest moist with blood. Joseph applies pressure with his hand.

NICHOLAS
(faint)
What happened?

JOSEPH
I don't know.

NICHOLAS
He's not one of us. He's mad at us.

JOSEPH
(through the tears)
Who is he? Where is he?

Joseph takes his hand once more, holding on tight.

NICHOLAS
 He said you're old friends.
 (losing his breath)
 Papa I'm scared.

Joseph takes Nicholas in his arms. Holding him close.

JOSEPH
 (desperate)
 You're okay. You'll be okay, Nicholas,
 you have to hold on-- please!

ON DAVID AND COLBY (IN COLOR)

David moves quickly to untie Colby, but something catches his attention. He sees the ticking clock of a modern day time bomb Sheriff Brennan has set. It counts down from: 4 MINUTES.

DAVID
 We gotta get you out of here.

Colby tries to squirm through the wire as:

ON JOSEPH AND NICHOLAS (IN BLACK & WHITE)

Nicholas closes his eyes and exhales his final breath. The boy's hand goes limp in his father's. As he holds his son, Joseph breaks down.

JOSEPH
 (sadness and anger converge)
 Who did this?

Joseph's cry echoes. There is sudden movement down the tunnel. An approaching voice is heard -- a voice in Native American tongue. It is Hawk.

HAWK (O.S.)
 We we lo lo
 Ah yum tu wa

Joseph pulls the Peacemaker from his son's hand and checks the six chambers of the gun. Seeing that each chamber is loaded, he snaps it back.

CLOSE as the revolver spins to the fourth chamber.

He stands alert and ready.

JOSEPH
 (rage)
 Show your face.

Joseph cocks the gun and aims towards Hawk's approaching voice.

HAWK (O.S.)

Sa qua ma na
Kuy yea va
Nah tuk se na.

Hawk appears, face shadowed, blood splattered on his face, hiding one hand behind his back.

ON DAVID AND COLBY (IN COLOR)

The clock reads: 3:10, as David realizes he cannot free Colby without something to cut the wire.

DAVID

My God, no!

ON JOSEPH, NICHOLAS & HAWK (IN BLACK & WHITE)

HAWK

(to Joseph)

I knew you would come.

Joseph shoots Hawk in the leg. Hawk falls, but smiles evilly at Joseph anyway.

JOSEPH

Tell me who the hell you are!

ON DAVID AND COLBY (IN COLOR)

David desperately pulls on the wire around Colby. It is useless.

The clock reads: 2:30.

ON JOSEPH, NICHOLAS & HAWK (IN BLACK & WHITE)

Joseph cocks his gun again above his crippled enemy.

JOSEPH (cont'd)

I'll shoot your face clean off! Tell me,
you murderer!

HAWK

My name is Hawk. "One who brings hell."
(then)

You killed my people, General Young.

Joseph studies Hawk's face. His eyes. And he remembers.

JOSEPH
You were the boy.

HAWK
Now I'm a man. My innocence is long
gone.

ON DAVID AND COLBY (IN COLOR)

David is helpless. He cannot free Colby. He searches
desperately for a way to cut the boy free.

FLASH TO:

INT. PROSPERITY GOLD MINE, PROSPERITY - PRESENT REALITY
(COLOR)

The mine is dark and silent. David and Colby are alone.
David sees an old dusty pick ax laying in the dirt. He
picks it up.

FLASH TO:

INT. PROSPERITY GOLD MINE - ALTERNATE REALITY
(COLOR/B&W))

ON JOSEPH, NICHOLAS & HAWK (IN BLACK & WHITE)

Hawk is enraged.

HAWK
You can kill a thousand men, but you
can't kill their spirits!

A long cord extends from Hawk's sleeve into the depths of
the tunnel. Hawk holds an old explosive detonator in his
hand.

ON DAVID AND COLBY

The clock on the detonator next to Colby reads: 1:10.

David starts cutting through the wire with the pick ax.

DAVID
Colby, when I cut this wire, don't look
back. Run!

COLBY
What about you?

DAVID
I'll be right behind you.

ON JOSEPH, NICHOLAS & HAWK (IN BLACK & WHITE)

Joseph releases his anger.

JOSEPH

I'm sorry for what happened. But why--
why are you killing innocent people? Why
not just me?

HAWK

An entire tribe was killed for the
benefit of an entire town. It's not just
you.

Hawk squeezes the detonator in his hand. An explosive
rumble shakes loose rock and debris.

ON DAVID AND COLBY (IN COLOR)

The clock reads: :23 (seconds)

David continues to bring the pick ax down on the wire
over and over. It finally breaks. He pulls it off
Colby.

The clock on the detonator next to Colby reads: :12
(seconds)

DAVID

Now! RUN!

Colby takes off for the entrance. David runs behind him.

A loud boom.

ON JOSEPH, NICHOLAS AND HAWK (IN BLACK & WHITE)

Fire inundates the depths of the mine as:

The sweltering updraft blows through Hawk's hair.

HAWK

(cold)

Revenge never dies, Sheriff Young.

Hawk disappears in the flames.

JOSEPH

God forgive me.

Joseph closes his eyes as the fire sweeps into him and
his dead son's body.

ON DAVID AND COLBY (IN COLOR)

A Colorful ball of fire rushes up the tunnel behind David and Colby. The wall of fire approaches fast.

David jumps onto Colby and they both hit the ground as a ceiling of fire sweeps a few feet above them.

David yells as heat lashes out at his face. He buries Colby close to him. They huddle close, holding on tight, coming to terms with their fate in what looks to be the final moment:

FLASH TO:

EXT. PROSPERITY GOLD MINE, PROSPERITY - PRESENT NIGHT
(COLOR)

BLACK AND WHITE SHIFTS TO COLOR:

Fire explodes through the entrance. Wood and rock go airborne and the sign that reads: "*WELCOME TO DRIFT*," twirls into frame.

INT. CURLY BEAR'S GAS STATION - SAME TIME (COLOR)

The deafening explosion from the mine rattles the windows and shakes Zeus out of his stupor. He struggles up to look in the sound's direction.

Scared, Zeus backs away from the direction of the window facing the hill side as he clutches his wound. Catching his breath, he looks out the window as smoke billows up from the mine and glowing orange embers float out like fire flies into the night.

EXT. PROSPERITY MAIN STREET - SAME TIME (COLOR)

The explosion rings out through town. People dart as Annalee springs into a limping run down the middle of the street toward the canyon above.

ANNALEE
(screaming)
David!

EXT. PROSPERITY GOLD MINE, PROSPERITY - CONTINUOUS
(COLOR)

Out of the smoke-filled darkness, David emerges with Colby tight in his arms. The boy is unconscious, wheezing shallow breaths.

David lays his son down, rocking him in his arms.

DAVID
(desperate)
Wake up, Colby! Please!

Colby chokes and coughs.

DAVID (cont'd)
Come on. Good. That's good.

Colby opens his eyes, subdued.

DAVID (cont'd)
(with alleviation)
We're gonna be okay.

David carries Colby to the car.

INT. FAIRLANE - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)

David gently lays Colby, exhausted and asleep, across the back seat. He starts the car and drives towards town.

EXT. PROSPERITY TRAIN JUNCTION - MINUTES LATER (COLOR)

The Fairlane slows to a stop as the railroad crossing guard lowers. Red lights flash off the xing with warning as an oncoming train thunders by, shattering the night.

INT. FAIRLANE - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)

David, anxious to get to Annalee and vacate town, revs the engine with impatience.

DAVID
Come on.

Each car passes in SLOW MOTION as red lights blink in succession off the crossing guard.

Urgency is written on David's face.

And then, in the rearview mirror, not far from the rear of the car, a tall ominous human figure appears wearing a masquerade mask. Gun in hand.

David makes eye contact with the eyes in the mask, and knows what he has to do. He opens his door without waking his son.

EXT. PROSPERITY TRAIN JUNCTION - SECONDS LATER (COLOR)

Several yards from the car, David and Sheriff Brennan stand before each other as Joseph and Hawk did over one hundred years ago. They focus on nothing else but each other as the sound of train cars rattling is behind them.

David carries no weapon. He is solely reliant on his own physical skill.

The last car rattles by. As the rain begins to fall, there is only the sound of a hollow wind and rain.

There are no words at this moment, just the fierce look of two men in the hands of fate and a clear understanding that this is the moment.

The reflection of David Westman casts off a nearby puddle, and quickly dissolves by ripples made by the rain.

Then the reflection comes together once more and in it lays the black and white reflection of Joseph Young.

DAVID

Take off the mask. I know who you are.

Sheriff Brennan removes the masquerade mask deliberately, throwing it at David's feet. He raises his gun, gripping it so tightly his arm trembles.

DAVID (cont'd)

You want me. Here I am. You claim I caused you so much pain then pull that trigger.

Thunder rolls.

Sheriff Brennan squeezes the trigger. The bullet slices through the rain, then enters David's arm. David cries out and grips his bleeding arm, suffering in pain while still standing his ground.

Sheriff Brennan aims again, but the gun simply clicks. Out of bullets.

David recovers, holding back his pain.

DAVID

I won't fight. Promise not to harm my son. He did nothing to you. Promise not to harm anymore innocent people.

(MORE)

DAVID(CONT'D)

Promise that much and then take my life.
Please. Spare my son.

Brennan kicks David in the face. Blood immediately gushes from his nose.

In Sheriff Brennan's eyes is the black and white reflection of a child running for his life towards the cliff's edge.

David crawls up to his feet once more.

DAVID

Promise this will stop.

PUSH INTO David's eyes: The black and white reflection of Sheriff Joseph Young holding his dead son in his arms.

INT. FAIRLANE - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)

A huge clap of thunder erupts. Colby awakens in the back seat. Rain pounds against the windshield. His eyes do their best to gain focus.

COLBY (V.O.)

I had another scary dream. The same dream as before...

DAVID (V.O.)

(comforting)

It's okay now. It's over. Bad dreams are no fun.

PUSH IN on Colby, dazed and tired, unsure if the entire evening was real or a dream.

From outside, he hears a voice.

ANNALEE (O.S)

(from far away)

David?! David!

Lightning flashes. From his crouched position in the backseat, through the front windshield, Colby sees a woman (Annalee) he has never met before - yet she seems strangely familiar to him. Slowly, he raises his head to be seen through the window.

ANNALEE (O.S)(cont'd)

Colby? Colby!

She rushes toward the car.

Colby's eyes widen as he sees a silver object beneath the seat. It is the handle of the Peacemaker revolver left from when Curly Bear rescued Annalee. Under the handle are The initials: "J.Y."

He takes it in his hand and slowly the revolver clicks to the fifth chamber.

Behind him Annalee approaches in the window. Colby's eyes dilate. Enter the darkness of his pupil.

MATCH MOVE TO:

SHERIFF BRENNAN

Brennan pounds David hard in the face. On the ground David spits blood, gasping for air.

DAVID

I was reaching for you. I didn't want--

Brennan kicks him hard in the stomach.

DAVID

Carlson forced the ambush. I ordered them back but nobody listened.

Brennan picks him up and throws him against the car, then pulls a knife.

Brennan grabs David by the shirt, holds him up and prepares to drive the knife into his chest.

They both see eye to eye.

DAVID

I tried to save your life.

ON BRENNAN as we:

FLASH TO:

THE CLIFF'S EDGE (B/W)

Joseph Young on horse back aims his gun as Hawk runs to the edge. Joseph retracts his gun placing it back in his holster.

He reaches for the child, hand extended toward frame. Hawk toes the edge looking back in apprehension.

JOSEPH

No! Don't! I'm not going to harm you.

Joseph reaches out but only manages to grab Hawk's war necklace. The necklace snaps and the beads explode in all directions as Hawk falls into the canyon.

FLASHBACK TO:

Brennan retracts the knife. David holds out Hawk's war necklace. David collapses on to Brennan. The remaining beads scatter across the pavement. Sheriff Brennan brings David slowly to the ground. Both feed into each others' eyes with the same expression: "Why us?"

SHERIFF BRENNAN

It wasn't our fight.

Sheriff Brennan holds David as he falls into unconsciousness.

Brennan closes his eyes. Opens them again.

Annalee stands before him, Peacemaker revolver in hand.

CLOSE as the revolver clicks to the sixth chamber.

ANNALEE

(to Brennan)

Revenge never dies.

She squeezes the trigger, and from the inner shaft the bullet explodes.

The reflection of the bullet spins in Sheriff Brennan's eyes, quickly closing in. Sheriff Brennan closes his eyes.

Annalee stands in shock aiming the Peacemaker revolver, a gun that has not killed in 123 years. Smoke billows from the shaft.

ANNALEE (V.O.)

No one can hide from retribution. Like the revolver of a gun. Six chambers for six bullets. The first Chamber houses destiny. The sixth chamber houses revenge.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - 6 MONTHS LATER - DAY

Super: 6 months later.

Over the busy city streets of Manhattan.

INT. MANHATTAN HIGH RISE - DAY

Sounds of urban hustle. Daylight bounces in through the window of a spacious loft apartment.

Moving around the empty room, we notice unpacked moving boxes and familiar furniture from David's Austin Texas home -- plus several boxes marked: "Annalee." on a box marked: "COLBY", where several toys stick out.

WOMAN PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)

He's not exhibiting any conscious memories of the event. Aside from the occasional nightmare, he's pulling through quite well.

DAVID (V.O.)

It's a blessing he doesn't remember. Children are survivors, Doctor.

PAN ACROSS a wall of books - old books from the nineteenth century.

WOMAN PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)

That's right. They are.

(pointed)

How are you holding up?

On a lone picture frame on the desk, David, Annalee, and Colby stand in Central Park - smiling, if only to hide the pain.

DAVID (V.O.)

I'm... fine. We're... trying to forget.
(under laugh)

But all I forget is my Metro Card or where I put my office keys. Not adjusted to the city I suppose.

INT. METRO - CONTINUOUS

David, in casual dress, stands in front of the doors on the Metro train. Behind him New Yorkers of all ethnic background sit quietly awaiting their stop. He touches the scar on his chest through his shirt.

METRO DRIVER O.S.

(through the speaker)

Central Park West.

The doors slide open and a very bloody Sheriff Brennan, knife in hand, lunges into frame yelling.

DAVID
(intense fear)

No!

But... only an old WOMAN stands in front of him, startled by David's reaction.

STARTLED WOMAN
Omigod!

DAVID
(catching his breath)
I'm sorry. I, uh, thought you were
someone else.

David exits towards the escalator. He moves down the corridor, parting the crowds, briefcase in hand.

WOMAN PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
Older minds may not be so lucky. You may
not forget, but you will heal.

EXT. BUSY NEW YORK BOOKSTORE - DAY

PULL BACK from a large window display of books - all titled: "DRIFT" BY DAVID WESTMAN.

Curious readers browse inside as David, hidden in the crowd, crosses frame.

EXT. MANHATTAN SIDEWALK - DAY

Outside a high-rise apartment building, under the canopy of Central Park, Colby stands with Annalee, waiting.

WOMAN PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
There will come a time when you will be
without the constant fear. Your lives
will begin again...

David approaches. Happy to see his father, Colby runs to embrace him. They hug.

WOMAN PSYCHOLOGIST
(V.O.)(cont'd)
And I promise, salvation will be found in
each other - in being a family.

David takes Annalee's hand in one, his son's in the other, and they walk down the street together.

Rise above the city of eight million. Car horns, cell phones, radio static, etc.

COLOR TURNS TO BLACK AND WHITE.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PROSPERITY/DRIFT - DAY

The thundering Mesas of New Mexico and the town of Drift.

FADE TO BLACK.

The End