

KLAMATH FALLS

by

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FADE IN:

INT. SAW MILL - KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON - 1936 - DAY

WORKERS saw heavy logs into lumber. The noise is deafening. Shafts of sunlight slant through the sawdust.

BEN DEERBORN, 20'S, a Klamath Indian with long black hair, works with another Indian named BROMDEN, also from the reservation. Together they load a log onto the table and Ben guides it into the saw. Someone YELLS behind them.

Bromden points over Ben's shoulder at the FOREMAN, a white man walking towards them, who calls again, louder this time.

FOREMAN

Deerborn!

Ben turns back and looks at Bromden, who nods for him to go.

Ben walks over to the Foreman. The Foreman motions for Ben to follow.

EXT. SAW MILL - DAY

Ben and the Foreman make their way across the tracks. The MEN loading lumber onto the rail cars turn to watch them.

The Foreman points across the yard to a girl, RACHEL ROSS, about 8, standing alone by the main entrance. Her summer dress is dirty and tattered.

FOREMAN

This girl says she's your daughter.

BEN

Yessir. I guess so.

FOREMAN

She don't look Indian.

BEN

No sir. She don't look it.

FOREMAN

Her mama must be white then.

BEN

Yes.

Ben walks up and gives his daughter a stern look.

BEN
Where's your mother?

RACHEL
In Klamath Falls.

BEN
How'd you get up here?

RACHEL
I followed the river up.

FOREMAN
Like I said, a girl young as yourself
shouldn't be wanderin' away from your
mama like that, you hear?

Rachel looks up at him without responding.

BEN
You answer him Rachel.

RACHEL
Yes sir.

FOREMAN
Well, I expect you oughta take her
home, then, take the rest of the day
off. 'Course it's gonna come off
your pay. Half a day I reckon.

BEN
Quittin' time's in a couple of hours.

FOREMAN
Half a day, Deerborn. And I don't
expect to see her comin' around
again? You follow me?

BEN
Yes sir.

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - DAY

Ben walks through tall grass, a step ahead of his daughter.
The wind blows grass into her face.

BEN'S HAND

reaches back to take hers, small and pale in his.

EXT. BEN'S PORCH - INDIAN RESERVATION - DAY

BEN'S HANDS make a DREAMCATCHER for Rachel, expertly weaving a web of delicate sinew around a bowed willow branch wrapped in red leather suede.

BEN (O.S.)

Long ago when the world was young, an old man sat on a mountain and had a vision of a spider. It was Iktomi, the great trickster and teacher of wisdom.

Rachel looks out as TWO HORSEMEN ride through the open field in the distance, then back at the dreamcatcher.

BEN (O.S.)

Itkomi said, 'In each time of life there are many forces that can help or interfere with the harmony of nature and also with the Great Spirit and all of his teaching.'

Ben ties leather straps lined with pony beads to the branch, then secures two eagle feathers inside the beads.

BEN

If you believe in the Great Spirit, the web will catch your good dreams and ideas, and the bad ones will go through the hole.

A car appears on a dusty road behind him. Ben turns to see the car approaching, then looks back at Rachel.

BEN

Use the web to help yourself and your people to reach your goals and make good use of your people's ideas, dreams and visions.

The car pulls up and MARY ROSS, Rachel's white mother, gets out of the passenger side. She looks distraught as she signals for Rachel to come.

Young Rachel shows her mother the dreamcatcher excitedly, but Mary grabs her arm and scolds her.

The car's fat, sweaty driver, SAM BALLARD, gets out, tries to console Rachel. Ben and Mary exchange a tense glance.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - KLAMATH FALLS - 1942 - DAY

RACHEL, now 14, runs through the CROWD on the platform to her father, standing in a United States Army uniform, his head shaved close now in a crewcut.

Another uniformed INDIAN is with him, along with TWO ELDERS from the reservation. The men step back as Rachel comes up.

Rachel hugs her father and runs her hand over his closely shaved head. Ben looks past Rachel to Mary, who walks up and stands at a distance.

The men on the platform stare at Rachel. Her mother stands in the background, emotionless.

Boilersmoke puffs up as the train speeds away.

RACHEL

watches the train leave the station, tears streaming down her face.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - DANCE CLUB - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

The scene shifts forward again to a dance club in the present. CLUB MUSIC drones in the background. SARAH BALLARD, a sultry beauty of 18, drinks from HER HANDS CUPPED below the faucet, then splashes her face with water.

ANGLE ON THE MIRROR

Sarah rises up and looks at her face. Pupils dilated. Mascara streaks.

TWO LAUGHING GIRLS walk in. Sarah watches in the mirror as one of the girls heads for a stall.

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Sarah walks in a daze through the CROWD, past TWO DANCING GIRLS in day glo tube tops.

A tattooed DJ, DAREK LUNDSTROM, 22, spins at the turntables, eyeing Sarah across the room as she walks out.

Lights are pulsing with the loud MUSIC. TEENS dancing.

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT (RAINING)

A two story Victorian on a hilly street in North Beach, dark except for the warm light in the top floor window. An ominous SIREN blares in the distance.

INT. TOM'S STUDY - NIGHT

Sarah's father, TOM BALLARD, late 50's, bespectacled, types on a laptop in his home office, with shelves filled from floor to ceiling with books.

He pauses, listens to the rain PATTERN and continues typing.

EXT. STREET - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT (RAINING)

Sarah walks quickly, her dress already soaked from the rain. She crosses the street precariously. A car swerves and HONKS. Suddenly she kneels to the ground like she's going to barf.

A car pulls over. A YOUNG WOMAN in an evening dress rolls down the window on the passenger side. The young woman's tuxedoed BOYFRIEND looks over too.

YOUNG WOMAN

Are you OK?

Sarah just looks at them blankly, obviously not OK. The woman gets out to help.

Sarah lies down on the wet ground, as if to sleep.

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - NIGHT

Rachel's DREAMCATCHER hangs in the open window, gleaming in the moonlight. Rachel, now 16, lies asleep in bed, troubled by her dreams.

EXT. FIELD - THE PHILIPPINES - 1942 - DAWN (TROPICAL RAIN)

US ARMY TROOPS are retreating through tall grass in WW2. Ben Deerborn is among them. He looks dirty and exhausted.

DARK CLOUDS OF SMOKE rise up behind them on the hillside. The grass glistens from the heavy rains.

Ben Deerborn dives in the tall grass to avoid a volley of enemy fire. Planes flying overhead drop bombs on the hillside. Fires burn all around.

Ben is dragged away with a bloody wound on his abdomen.

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - NIGHT

Rachel lies awake now, listening. We hear someone TYPING, like a computer keyboard rather than a typewriter.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - KLAMATH FALLS - 1942 - DAY

Mary receives a telegram from the Western Union MESSENGER.
Rachel watches her mother from the kitchen.

Mary backs away from the door, reading the telegram
silently.

EXT. A JUNGLE - THE PHILIPPINES - 1942 - DAY

Captured UNITED STATES AND FILIPINO TROOPS are force marched
by JAPANESE SOLDIERS.

Ben limps along lamely. He looks emaciated, malarial.
Suddenly his legs buckle and he drops to his knees. He
struggles to get up.

A JAPANESE SOLDIER

pokes at him with his rifle. Steps back. FIRES.

EXT. MARY'S PORCH - KLAMATH FALLS - 1942 - DAY

Rachel drops the telegram on her lap and stares off into the
distance. Mary watches her daughter from the kitchen
window.

Mary's POV - as Rachel puts her head in her hands.

EXT. STREET - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT (RAINING)

Sarah lies on a gurney. TWO PARAMEDICS load her into the
ambulance, red lights flashing.

Sarah looks over at the young woman standing under an
umbrella with her tuxedoed boyfriend. The sound of typing
mixes in with the rain.

MARY (O.S.)

Rachel?

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - NIGHT

Rachel drinks from HER HANDS CUPPED below the faucet, then
splashes her face.

ANGLE ON THE MIRROR

Rachel rises up and towels her face.

MARY (O.S.)

Rachel?

RACHEL

Yes, mother.

Mary appears in the open doorway in her nightgown.

MARY

You okay?

RACHEL

I couldn't sleep.

MARY

I know. I heard you.

RACHEL

I had another dream about dad.

Mary stares at her daughter, a cold look. Rachel brushes past her mother and walks down the hallway to her room.

MARY

Try and get some sleep before school.

Rachel closes the door to her room rudely. Mary looks at the door, then turns off the bathroom light.

INT. TOM'S STUDY - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Tom types furiously now. The screen glows into his glasses.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN

as Tom types the last part of this sentence: "The distance between them grew each year since her father's death, which stayed in her like the heat stays in the ground in the summer after the day has gone."

Tom stops typing, sips his coffee and reads the screen.

He starts typing again and the phone RINGS. Tom looks at his watch and completes another sentence on the keyboard, then reaches across the desk for the phone.

TOM

Hello?... Yes, I'm her father...She what?... Where is she?

Tom grabs a pen from the desk drawer, writes on a post-it.

TOM

I'll be there as soon as I can.

Tom hangs up and dials another number as he leaves the study

and walks down the hallway to his bedroom.

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The phone rings in a large bedroom where Tom's wife, CINDY BALLARD, late 40's, lies asleep in the bed next to a younger man named DAVID. The phone rings a few times before David stirs and leans over to answer it.

DAVID

Hello?

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom sits on the bed putting his shoes on.

TOM

I need to speak with Cindy. Tell her it's important.

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

David leans over to Cindy, lying with her back to him.

DAVID

It's Tom. He says it's important.

Cindy turns and takes the phone from David.

CINDY

My God, Tom, what time is it?...
She's what?

Cindy sits up, suddenly alarmed.

CINDY

What do you mean? What happened?

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom walks down the stairs to the entry and grabs a jacket.

TOM

She O.D.'d on something. She's at St. Elizabeth's.

INT. HOSPITAL - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Tom walks down the hallway. Cindy is already there, standing with a NURSE. Tom looks at Cindy without emotion.

TOM

Did you see her?

CINDY

Not yet.

NURSE

She's still in ICU, Mr. Ballard. You need to wait out here.

TOM

But she's going to be OK, right?

NURSE

Yes.

Tom looks at Cindy. The nurse continues, obviously repeating.

NURSE

She's stabilized. She came in with too much alcohol mixed with something, probably MDMA.

CINDY

MDMA?

NURSE

It's the chemical name for Ecstasy.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

A TV drones in the background. Tom shifts uncomfortably in a chair. Cindy sits across from him, a magazine on her lap. The tension between them is thick.

TOM

Did you know she was using drugs?

CINDY

No.

TOM

Me neither.

CINDY

(venomously)

Yeah, how could you? You're too busy on the novel.

Tom looks at her, unable to refute the assertion. Just then DR. JEANNE STEVENS, 40's, in blue scrubs, strides through the swinging doors from ICU and comes over to them.

DR. STEVENS
You must be Sarah's parents.

TOM
(rising)
Yes.

DR. STEVENS
Well, I'm glad you're here. You can
see your daughter now.

CINDY
Is she okay?

DR. STEVENS
Yes. She has an IV for rehydration.
She may not wake up for awhile yet.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Tom and Cindy come in behind Dr. Stevens and see Sarah for
the first time, still asleep in the hospital bed with an IV.

Tom watches Cindy walk over to the side of the bed. Cindy
looks down at her sleeping daughter.

DR. STEVENS
I think she's a good candidate for
early intervention.
(looks at her
watch)
Now if you'll excuse me, I have other
patients to attend to.

TOM
Thank you, doctor.

Dr. Stevens leaves. Cindy turns to say something and stops.

TOM
What?

CINDY
Nothing.

Cindy sits in a chair beside her sleeping daughter. Sarah
stirs, then blinks once, sensing that someone's there.

SARAH
Mom?

CINDY
Yes, Sarah. I'm right here.

Cindy leans over the bed, places her hand on Sarah's forehead. Tom walks over to the bed opposite Cindy.

CINDY
Honey, what happened?

Sarah swallows through dry lips, motions for a glass of water. Cindy pours a glass from the pitcher on the bedstand. Sarah sips tentatively. Water dribbles down her chin.

SARAH
You guys came together?

TOM
Never mind us. What happened, Sarah?

Sarah takes another sip, avoiding the question.

CINDY
We're very concerned, Sarah, about what happened here. We need to know what's going on.

TOM
Since when have you been on drugs?

SARAH
It's just X, dad, it's no big deal.

CINDY
Honey, you're in the hospital, obviously it's a big deal.

SARAH
I drank too much before is all.

TOM
Sarah? Since when have you been taking Ecstasy?

Sarah looks down into her cup.

SARAH
(muttering)
What do you care?

CINDY
Honey. Don't--

Sarah looks out at the blue dawn glow in the window. Tom looks at Cindy, then back at Sarah.

TOM

We need to know how big a problem it
is, Sarah?

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - DAY

Rachel enters the kitchen dressed for school, but with her
hair still wet from the bath. Mary, still in her nightgown,
serves eggs from the skillet on their plates.

RACHEL

No sweet rolls?

MARY

Just eggs this morning, honey. I'm
out of flour.

Mary sits and bows her head.

MARY

Father bless this day and this
meal...

Rachel stares at the table, eyes opened.

MARY

...to the nourishment of our souls
and bodies. Amen.

They eat for a moment in an awkward, unbearable silence.

MARY

Mr. Ballard asked was I going to the
dance tonight.

Rachel looks up from her eggs but doesn't respond.

MARY

Would you like to come along with us?

RACHEL

Jonathan already asked me to go.

MARY

Jonathan Wellner?

(beat)

When did he ask you?

RACHEL

I don't know. Last week.

MARY

When were you planning to tell me?

RACHEL

I don't know.

MARY

Well, I'm glad to know of it, anyway. Jonathan is a fine young man with wonderful prospects. Got his own car and everything.

RACHEL

I knew you'd say that, mother.

MARY

Can I make you a new dress?

RACHEL

We can't afford a new dress.

MARY

I have some fabric I've been saving.

RACHEL

The polka dot?

MARY

Yeah.

RACHEL

I don't like that fabric.

MARY

But your Sunday dress is tattered.

RACHEL

No it's not. It just needs cleaning.

MARY

Do you like that pattern?

RACHEL

Mother. You don't have time.

Rachel finishes her eggs and rises and leaves Mary sitting at the table.

MARY

Well. I want you to look your best.

Rachel looks at Mary, then gathers her books and walks out.

Mary rises with their plates and goes to the sink. The screen door SLAMS as Mary watches Rachel walk to the road.

EXT. ROAD - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - DAY

Rachel walks up and stands with her books under her arms. JANET EVANS, 17, a plain girl from across the road, is already there.

JANET

Did you do the assignment for Mr. Hendricks?

Rachel looks off at the SCHOOL BUS, the first of it's kind, coming from a distance.

RACHEL

No. I can't read a thing he writes on that chalkboard.

JANET

Me neither.

INT. SCHOOLROOM - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - DAY

Rachel sits in class. Janet sits next to Rachel, exchanges a look with her.

The portly teacher, MR. HENDRICKS, scribbles something unintelligible on the chalkboard.

Rachel giggles quietly and Janet laughs louder.

Mr. Hendricks turns around abruptly.

MR. HENDRICKS

Is there a question Miss Ross?

Janet bursts out laughing.

RACHEL

No.

MR. HENDRICKS

Again. You will address me as sir, Miss Ross. Understood?

RACHEL

Yes sir.

MR. HENDRICKS

Good. Now, is there a question?

RACHEL
No sir.

MR. HENDRICKS
Good.

Suddenly, a KNOCK at the door.

MR. HENDRICKS
(annoyed)
Enter.

JASON WAHLMAN, 17, appears, escorted by a SECRETARY from the principal's office.

SECRETARY
Sorry to interrupt Mr. Hendricks, but this is Jason Wahlman, the pupil I told you about.

MR. HENDRICKS
Welcome to the class, Mr. Wahlman.

Jason sits in an open seat by the door. The secretary leaves.

MR. HENDRICKS
Since you're new to the area you should be happy to join our lesson about Lewis & Clark and the early settlers in Oregon.

Rachel watches Jason as Mr. Hendricks continues scribbling on the chalkboard.

Janet gives Rachel a knowing look.

Mr. Hendricks scribbles away as Jason opens his book. He looks around the room nervously.

The other STUDENTS study him, hardly any of them paying attention to the chalkboard.

Jason catches Rachel watching him.

Rachel smiles back at him.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - THE HOSPITAL - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Sarah walks with Tom to his car.

SARAH
Where's mom?

TOM
I don't know.

SARAH
Should I call her?

TOM
It's up to you.

INT. TOM'S CAR (MOVING) - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Tom drives through the city with Sarah, who looks off at the Bay Bridge looming over the bay.

TOM
I'm glad you've decided to go back to therapy.

SARAH
Yeah, my grades were fucked up anyway.

Tom looks over.

TOM
Why didn't you tell me?

SARAH
You never asked.

TOM
Maybe you can get caught up.

SARAH
You mean with school?

TOM
Or the college applications.

SARAH
Whatever. It's not like I'm getting into Berkeley.

TOM
Why not?

SARAH
Because I'm not a minority.

TOM
Well, you could still get in.

SARAH
Yeah right. On your name, maybe.

TOM
No. That won't have anything to do
with it.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - IN TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Sarah looks at a photograph of her with Tom and Cindy at the beach, still a family.

Two light TAPS on the door. Sarah puts the photo face down on the dresser. Tom cracks the door, sheepish.

TOM
You need anything?

SARAH
I'm fine.

TOM
OK. We'll have dinner later, then?

SARAH
Sure.

Tom closes the door.

INT. SHOWER - DAY

Sarah pulls her wet hair back and leans her face into the stream of steaming water. The window open beside her.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Sarah buttons her blouse, already dressed in a skirt and platform sandals. Funky chic. She grabs a jean jacket from her closet and throws it over her shoulders.

INT. TOM'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sarah walks down the hall and peers into the opened door of Tom's bedroom.

SARAH'S POV - Tom lies sleeping in his bed.

Sarah closes the door to Tom's bedroom quietly.

INT. DANCEHALL - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - NIGHT

A BAND plays an old time country song on a stage above the

dance floor in a large barnlike dancehall. The HUM of conversation fills the room behind the music. There are many more WOMEN than MEN.

Mary stands at the bar with Sam Ballard, now 40, heavier. She looks around for Rachel.

Rachel enters with JONATHAN WELLNER, 18, a senior from school with a hint of acne on his jawline but tall and good looking. She wears a lovely, new (40's) style dress with polka dots. Several MEN by the bar ogle her. One nods hello to Jonathan and another says his name.

JONATHAN
Would you like a soda?

RACHEL
No, thank you.

Mary watches her daughter at the bar. Sam belly laughs at a joke told by another MAN at their table.

Jonathan pulls a chair out for Rachel to sit. As she sits something catches her attention across the room. Jonathan turns to see Jason, the new boy from school standing with SOME GIRLS.

RACHEL'S POV - Jason does an exaggerated imitation of a dance style. A TALL GIRL laughs.

JONATHAN
What would you like? To drink?

Rachel looks at Jonathan.

RACHEL
Whiskey.

JONATHAN
Whiskey?

RACHEL
Yeah.

Jonathan looks at her incredulously.

JONATHAN
OK. Stay right here.

As Jonathan goes to the bar Rachel watches Jason lead the tall girl to the dance floor.

A young COUPLE passes by Rachel. They stare impolitely.

The girl whispers something impertinent to her boyfriend.

Jason dances well. He spins with his partner near Rachel and rotates to precisely the right position to notice her. Their eyes meet once again.

Jonathan notices Rachel watching Jason. The BARTENDER pours their shots discretely as Jonathan slides some bills across the table. The bartender winks.

Jonathan walks back to the table, surprises Rachel.

JONATHAN

He's an orphan from San Francisco.
Already got a job at Sam's.

Rachel turns, caught, as Jonathan sits.

RACHEL

Do you know him?

JONATHAN

I know about him. His name is Jason.

RACHEL

How do you always know everything
about everyone?

JONATHAN

From working in my father's law firm,
I guess.

Rachel slams her whiskey back and shakes her head. Jonathan watches her, astonished, then does the same with his, not to be outdone by a girl.

Mary watches her daughter disapprovingly, standing at the bar with Sam, drinking a soda. The band starts up a new slow tempo song, and Jonathan stands.

JONATHAN

Would you like to dance?

Rachel looks up at him and stands without answering. Jonathan leads Rachel to the dance floor, where only Jason and the tall GIRL are dancing.

Mary watches her daughter with Jonathan as she follows Sam to a table. Sam pulls a chair out for her.

SAM

Rachel seems to be having a good
time.

MARY

I hope so. She's been kinda wayward lately. Actually, ever since her father died.

SAM

Well. She ain't alone in that.

MARY

I know.

SAM

He wasn't around much anyways, was he, livin' out on the reservation, workin' the mill?

MARY

No.

SAM

That his choice or yours?

MARY

Mine.

Sam looks at her.

MARY

He was the biggest mistake of my life, Sam, I told you that.

SAM

A good man is hard to find ain't he?

MARY

'Specially these days.

ON THE DANCEFLOOR

Rachel can't keep her eyes off Jason, looking over Jonathan's shoulder as they turn.

Jason catches her watching him.

Sam and Mary watch Rachel and Jonathan dancing.

SAM

Jack Wellner's son could be the best thing'd ever happen to your daughter, going to law school next year and everything.

MARY

Following in his father's footsteps.

SAM

Yeah. Course he probably shoulda gone to war, but his daddy got him out of that somehow, so they say.

Sam is startled by some commotion on the dancefloor.

The tall girl's brother, JEB, swings at Jason with both arms. Jason puts his forearms up to defend himself, then swings back wildly.

Rachel watches as Jonathan jumps in to help break it up.

Sam stands from his chair to see.

SAM

I guess Jeb didn't take too kindly to my new stock boy dancin' with his sister.

MARY

Who is he?

SAM

Name's Jason Wahlman. The pastor took him in. He came by the store looking for work. My last two stockboys enlisted.

Sam watches Jason held back, Jeb with a bloody nose.

SAM

Looks like he can take care of hisself.

EXT. PARKING LOT - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - NIGHT

Rachel walks out with Jonathan, then notices Jason standing against the wall in the shadows, watching her.

Jonathan opens the passenger side door of his car and Rachel steps in. He closes her door and walks around the car.

JACK (O.S.)

Have a nice time, son?

Jonathan turns, surprised to see his father, MR. JACK WELLNER, 50's, come up from behind the car.

JONATHAN

Dad!

JACK

I thought we talked about this.

INT./EXT. JONATHAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Rachel looks out at Jonathan talking with his father.

JONATHAN

Dad. I gotta take her home.

Jack glares at his son.

JACK

Yeah. I guess so. But that's the last time you will disobey me, you hear? I'll see you home in an hour.

JONATHAN

Yessir.

Jack looks in at Rachel, who stares straight ahead as Jonathan drives away.

Jason stands watching in the shadows.

INT. DANCE CLUB (SAN FRANCISCO) - NIGHT

The lights are pulsing with the deep bass of the music. People dancing.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Sarah makes out with the DJ from the previous night, Darek, pulling him into her body seductively. A couple passes in the hallway, grinning at their steamy exchange of fluids. Darek eyes the couple staring back at them, then lifts Sarah's leg, lunging into her with his hips.

DAREK

You got me all hard.

Sarah just smiles.

DAREK

Can I buy you a drink?

SARAH

No. I went to the hospital last night.

DAREK

You what?

SARAH

I passed out and ended up in the hospital.

DAREK

Shit. I bet it was laced.

SARAH

Laced with what?

DAREK

PCP, DMX, you name it.

SARAH

What the hell's DMX?

DAREK

Dextromethorphan, from cough medicine.

SARAH

Whatever it is I was fucked up.

DAREK

I'm sorry, baby.

SARAH

Yeah, me too.

DAREK

Let's get out of here.

SARAH

Where.

DAREK

I don't know.

SARAH

I better go.

DAREK

No. Don't.

Darek leans in and softly caresses her ear with his tongue.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Stillness in the moonlight, with no sound until the phone RINGS, echoing through the seemingly empty house.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Tom is startled awake. He lifts himself up on an elbow to answer the phone.

TOM
Hello? Yeah. What's up?

INT. JOHN GORMAN'S HOUSE - KLAMATH FALLS - NIGHT

JOHN GORMAN, also in his 50's, stands in the kitchen of his modest home. He pours coffee from the pot on the stove.

JOHN
Your mom died, Tom. Earlier this evening.

INT. TOM'S STUDY - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Tom looks off at the clock on the desk. 10:30pm.

TOM
What time?

JOHN
A little after supper, I guess.

TOM
Where was she?

JOHN
In her chair. Hell, I thought she was gonna live 'til a hundred the way she was marching around with that walker. She didn't want to die no place else but in that house, you know?

TOM
Yeah. I know.

JOHN
You alright?

TOM
I'll be fine. Thanks, John.

JOHN
So when can you come?

TOM
I don't know.

JOHN
Tomorrow, then?

TOM
Maybe. Probably Thursday if that's
OK. I'll let you know.

JOHN
Sure. How's the book?

TOM
Fine.

JOHN
There's a lot of folks around here
that aren't fine with it, you know?

TOM
Yeah, well.

JOHN
Especially now.

TOM
Meaning what? Exactly.

JOHN
Meaning I'm not so sure it's a good
idea writing a book about your mom's
past.

TOM
It's about Rachel.

JOHN
Same difference. It's still family.

TOM
I'll see you in a few days.

JOHN
Sure.

Tom hangs up, listening for a moment.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tom knocks again lightly on the door to his daughter's

bedroom, opens it.

TOM'S POV - peering into Sarah's bedroom. She's not there.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Tom walks downstairs looking for his daughter.

TOM

Sarah?

He looks into the dark living room. Nobody there but him.

INT. BUS (MOVING) - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Sarah rides the bus listening to music on her iPod. A grungy MAN stares at her from across the aisle.

INT. TOM'S STUDY - NIGHT

Tom types at the laptop with music playing softly on the CD player. The words appearing on the screen reflect in his reading glasses.

Tom pauses, listens to the front door opening downstairs.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah closes the door and hears the music coming from upstairs.

INT. TOM'S STUDY - NIGHT

Sarah appears at the doorway.

SARAH

Hey.

TOM

Hey.

Sarah leans against the doorframe. Tom studies her.

TOM

You're out late.

SARAH

I know.

TOM

I thought we were going to have dinner?

SARAH
Yeah. I know.

TOM
Where'd you go?

SARAH
I had to tell my friends what happened.

TOM
Which friends?

SARAH
Dad?

TOM
What? You scared the shit out of me.

SARAH
Sorry.

Tom studies her.

TOM
My mom died, earlier this evening.

SARAH
Oh my God, Dad. Are you OK?

TOM
I'm fine, yeah. You know. It had to happen sometime.

Sarah unfolds her arms. She can't believe he's so unfazed.

SARAH
When is the funeral?

TOM
I don't know. Maybe Saturday. Will you come with me?

SARAH
To Klamath Falls?

TOM
Yeah.

Sarah looks down then out the window, not sure what to say.

TOM

For the funeral and to help settle the estate. There's a lot of junk in that house that's gonna have to be cleaned out. Maybe you could have some of the good stuff.

SARAH

Dad, I hardly knew her.

TOM

I know, but I'd love for you to come with me. Your mother won't want to come.

SARAH

Since when do you care what Mom wants?

TOM

You know what I mean.

SARAH

Well, I'm too tired to decide right now. Can we talk about it tomorrow?

TOM

Okay.

SARAH

Okay, then. I'm going to bed.

Sarah starts to leave, then turns.

SARAH

Dad, I'm sorry about Grandma.

TOM

Me too.

SARAH

I wish I got to see her again before she died.

TOM

Me too.

Tom watches Sarah turn and leave, then listens to her walk down the hall and close the door to her room.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - DAY

Janet sits on the swing next to Rachel during recess and

stops talking as Jason walks up.

JASON
Hi.

RACHEL
Hello.

Janet stares at Jason and looks at Rachel, then breaks the awkward silence by getting up to leave.

JANET
I'll see you in class.

RACHEL
Alright.

Rachel watches Janet walk away.

JASON
The preacher told me your daddy died
in the war.

Rachel looks at him, not wanting to talk about it.

JASON
My daddy died too, not in the war
though.

The BELL RINGS, the end of recess. Rachel stands from the swing and pauses awkwardly, then starts to walk away. Jason follows a few feet back.

JASON
I was wonderin' if I might walk you
home, later.

RACHEL
Maybe. I'll think about it.

JASON
OK.

As they approach the school door along with some other students Jason reaches to hold the door open for Rachel.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Rachel starts to walk off down the hall. Jonathan Wellner watches the two of them from a distance.

JASON
Hey. What was your name again?

RACHEL
(turns)
I never told it to you.

JASON
I'll meet you by the bus, then?

Rachel nods and walks off down the hall to class.

Jason watches her walking away.

EXT. ROAD - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - DAY

Rachel walks in the path beside the road. Jason walks next to her in the tall grass.

RACHEL
How come the preacher took you in?

JASON
I don't know.

RACHEL
Did he know your parents?

JASON
No.

RACHEL
How'd your daddy die?

Jason leans and spits.

JASON
They shot the shit out of my daddy.
I couldn't believe what I was seein'.

RACHEL
How come they shot him?

JASON
On account of the money he owed.

RACHEL
He must of owed a lot.

JASON
I guess.

RACHEL
And your mother? How did she die?

JASON

She died when my little brother was born. He died too. That's when my daddy started drinkin' and gamblin'. I knew it was bad when we kept movin' around, every new place worse than the last until we were living in a hotel in San Francisco. Cockroaches everywhere.

Rachel looks at him, unfazed.

JASON

Mostly in summer. In the winter it was too cold.

RACHEL

I've never been to San Francisco.

JASON

Maybe I'll take you there someday.

Jason measures her reaction. Rachel looks over at him and smiles, then turns down the dirt road past some mailboxes.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - DAY

Mary watches Jason and Rachel walk up to the house.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Rachel stops and turns to Jason with her back to the house.

RACHEL

I didn't want you to see where I live.

JASON

Why would I care?
(looks at the house)

I seen lots worse. I guess I'll, I mean, thanks for letting me walk you home.

Rachel shyly backs away and starts to turn towards the door.

JASON

Rachel?

RACHEL

Yeah?

JASON

You're the first person that's talked
to me since I came to the school.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Mary watches Jason walk away. The screen door SQUEAKS.
Rachel walks in and stops short.

RACHEL

I thought you were with Sam.

MARY

I see you did.

Rachel shrugs, heads towards her room.

MARY

Is that the boy from Sam's store?

RACHEL

Yeah.

MARY

I thought you had a nice time with
Jonathan at the dance?

RACHEL

It was OK.

MARY

Well, I wouldn't want you to
compromise yourself.

RACHEL

What do you mean, mother?

MARY

Don't do anything Jonathan would
disapprove of.

RACHEL

What if I don't really like Jonathan?

MARY

Honey, Jonathan is a better catch
than that orphaned boy.

RACHEL

See, everybody knows everything
around here. I hate this town.

Rachel storms off to her room. Mary follows her.

MARY

I think it's best if you don't see that boy.

RACHEL

But mom, he doesn't have any friends.

MARY

I don't want you to see him anymore, you hear?

Rachel SLAMS the door to her room. Mary WRAPS her knuckles on the door impatiently.

MARY

Did you hear what I just said?

RACHEL (O.S.)

Leave me alone!

MARY

Rachel!

RACHEL (O.S.)

Leave me alone, please!

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The Klamath River runs beside a dirt road. Jason throws a flat stone side-armed, sends it skipping up the river.

Dust kicks up in the distance. A car slowly emerges out of the dust in the hot afternoon sun. It's Jonathan's Chevrolet.

Jason watches the car slow to a stop. Jonathan gets out.

JONATHAN

What do you think you're doing?

JASON

Throwin' rocks.

JONATHAN

You know what I mean.

JASON

Can't say I do, exactly.

JONATHAN

You stay away from her, understand?

JASON
You got dibs on the prettiest girl in town, is that it?

JONATHAN
Damn right I do.

JASON
(muttering)
We'll see about that.

JONATHAN
Say what?

JASON
I figure she has a say in the matter.

JONATHAN
Not in this case, she don't. Her mom wouldn't tell you any different, neither.

JASON
I'm not talking about her mom.

JONATHAN
Just stay away from Rachel.

Jason throws another rock. Jonathan turns to go.

JASON
Is it true she's a half-breed?

Jonathan swings around.

JONATHAN
Who in the hell told you that?

JASON
Well?

JONATHAN
I don't have to answer that.

Jonathan gets in his car to leave. Jason spits in the dirt. The car squeals out, shooting up dust behind it.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Tom packs a suitcase on the bed. He looks out the bedroom window at a black Mercedes sedan idling at the curb.

Cindy appears in the doorway.

CINDY
Why didn't you call me?

TOM
I don't know.

CINDY
Sarah called me at work.

TOM
Oh.

CINDY
You asked her to go to Klamath Falls?

TOM
Yeah.

CINDY
For how long?

TOM
I don't know. A week. Maybe more.

CINDY
What about the program?

TOM
She can go when we get home.

Cindy looks at the window across the room. Tom catches her.

TOM
You told him?

CINDY
No.

Tom looks out the window.

TOM'S POV - The black Mercedes idles at the curb.

CINDY
Listen. I'm sorry about your mother.

TOM
No big deal. She had to go sometime.

Cindy looks at Tom, suddenly angry.

CINDY
Typical.

TOM

What?

CINDY

I never understood why you never wanted to patch things up, especially after Sarah was born.

TOM

Maybe because of Sam.

CINDY

Maybe because of you.

Tom looks at her.

CINDY

What about Sarah?

TOM

What about her?

CINDY

Where is she?

TOM

At the store.

CINDY

You let her just take the car, alone?
After what happened the other night?

TOM

Yeah. I guess I do.

CINDY

Brilliant.

TOM

You want to come with us?

CINDY

Right.

TOM

I'm serious.

CINDY

Don't do that.

TOM

Do what?

CINDY
You know what I mean.

TOM
Not really.

CINDY
I gotta go.

Tom nods.

CINDY
Call me when you get back.

TOM
Alright.

Cindy leaves and Tom stands listening to her heels CLICKING down the stairs. The front door OPENING and CLOSING.

He watches out the window as his wife gets in the Mercedes. The car drives away and Tom watches the car until it disappears over the hill.

INT. CLASSROOM - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - DAY

Rachel sits in class next to Janet. Jason slouches in the back row, his arms folded.

MR. HENDRICKS
Now class, who can tell me where Miss
Emily Dickinson lived?

No one answers.

MR. HENDRICKS
Amherst would be the correct answer.
Can anyone tell me where that is?

Jason raises his hand, but blurts it out before being called.

JASON
Massachusetts.

Rachel turns around to look at Jason, who smiles and shrugs.

MR. HENDRICKS
That's right, Mr. Wahlman. Would you
care to read this poem aloud?

JASON
Not really, sir. I'd prefer not to.

MR. HENDRICKS
Another Bartleby, eh?

Janet laughs at the reference. Jason looks quizzical.

MR. HENDRICKS
Well let's see. How about...

RACHEL
I'll read it.

MR. HENDRICKS
That's fine, Miss Ross. Come to the front to recite the poem, please.

Rachel walks self-consciously to the front of the class. She looks up and catches Jason's eye. He's grinning now.

Janet sees the exchange of glances and giggles to herself.

MR. HENDRICKS
Proceed, Miss Ross.

RACHEL
I heard a Fly buzz - when I died - /
The stillness in the Room / Was like
the Stillness in the Air - / Between
the Heaves of Storm...

Jason watches Rachel, leaning forward.

RACHEL
...With Blue - uncertain stumbling
Buzz - / Between the light - and me
- / And then the windows failed - and
then / I could not see to see.

EXT. SCHOOL - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - DAY

The bell RINGS.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The students gather their belongings.

MR. HENDRICKS
You all have a nice summer vacation.
Read some books for a change.

EXT. SCHOOL - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - DAY

Students start to pour out the front door. Jason approaches Rachel walking with Janet.

JASON
Where you headed?

RACHEL
Home.

JASON
Mind if I walk you?

RACHEL
I don't know. My mom doesn't really want me to be around you.

JASON
I wanna show you something.

RACHEL
What is it?

JASON
A place I found.

RACHEL
What about Janet?

Jason looks at Janet, as if he hadn't noticed her before.

JASON
She can come too.

JANET
No, thanks.

RACHEL
Why not?

Janet rolls her eyes, looks around for another girlfriend.

JASON
(to Rachel)
C'mon.

EXT. UPPER KLAMATH LAKE - 1945 - DAY

Jason walks along the shore, a piece of straw in his mouth. Rachel walks with him, looking radiant in the late day sun.

RACHEL
You've been to Massachusetts?

JASON
No. But I took geography.

RACHEL
Wasn't Emily Dickinson a recluse?

JASON
Was she? I guess that explains it.

RACHEL
Explains what?

JASON
Why all her poems are about death.

RACHEL
I couldn't make heads or tails of
that poem.

JASON
She's on her deathbed and hears a fly
buzz.

RACHEL
I know, but why?

JASON
You got me, it's just a stupid fly.
What I wanna know is, who the hell is
Bartleby?

RACHEL
Bartleby the Scrivener. It's a story
we read before you came.

JASON
Oh. I guess English isn't one of my
best subjects.

RACHEL
Geography is, though, huh?

JASON
(laughs again)
I guess. Enough about school. Let's
go swimmin'!

RACHEL
You mean now? We don't have any
swimsuits.

Jason backs away with a sly grin, taking off his shirt. He removes his shoes and trousers and dives off a large rock.

JASON

C'mon.

Rachel removes her blouse behind some bushes and takes off her skirt and shoes. She runs into the lake in her underwear.

Jason swims toward her. He stands on a rock in the middle, slightly off balance. She pushes him in, laughing.

EXT. WOODS - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - DAY

Rachel dresses behind a tree as Jason pulls on his trousers.

She comes out with wet hair buttoning her blouse. Jason approaches and they kiss against the tree. First kiss.

He starts to fumble at her blouse and she grabs his hand and frowns.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

With their hair still wet they walk the road holding hands. A car approaches from behind and Jason thumbs it down.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

A SALESMAN in a three piece suit reaches over Jason and pulls the door closed while driving away.

SALESMAN

That door don't shut too good. Gotta get the latch fixed. Don't fall out.

The salesman looks in the rearview mirror at Rachel.

SALESMAN

Y'all been swimming I guess?

JASON

Yeah.

SALESMAN

See any fish jumpin'?

JASON

Nope.

SALESMAN

I fished up at Sprague last week and caught twenty trout big as my forearm.

JASON

That right?

SALESMAN

Yeah, just came from up that way today. Sellin' insurance.

Rachel looks at Jason.

SALESMAN

Ain't never seen an Indian who wasn't dumber than a tree.

JASON

Why's that?

SALESMAN

I can't say, I ain't Indian.

Jason looks back at Rachel, who motions "no" with her head.

JASON

She is.

The salesman turns around in an elaborate gesture of disbelief.

SALESMAN

She ain't either.

JASON

Yes she is, one half.

SALESMAN

Lucky for her she don't much look Indian. Is it your mama or your daddy who's white?

RACHEL

My mother.

SALESMAN

Where's your daddy?

RACHEL

He died in the war.

SALESMAN

Was he fightin' the Japs or the Nazis?

RACHEL

The Japs. He was in the Philippines.

The salesman softens now.

SALESMAN

Guess he paid the ultimate price for his country, then, didn't he?

JASON

I guess he did.

Rachel looks out as they drive by the train station, the same one from the opening scenes.

INT. DRUG STORE - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - DAY

Jason and Rachel sit at the soda fountain drinking milkshakes. Jason slurps from a straw while Rachel fiddles with a spoon. The SODA JERK leans against the back counter watching them.

JASON

That salesman is your mom's boss?

RACHEL

Yeah. My mom's the insurance office secretary.

JASON

You mean you never met him?

RACHEL

No. My mom won't let me go to the office.

JASON

Whyever not?

RACHEL

What do you think?

The front door DINGS as Sam enters and sits a few stools down from them.

SAM

I'll have myself a Coke, Bobby. I see you're making the most of your summer vacation already, Jason.

JASON
Yes, sir. We went swimmin' to
celebrate.

SAM
Crater Lake?

JASON
Nope. Upper Klamath.

The soda jerk puts a Coke on the counter. Sam takes a sip.

SAM
Hello, Rachel, how's your mom?

RACHEL
Fine, I guess.

SAM
Does she know you're here?

RACHEL
(lies)
Yeah.

SAM
How'd that cake turn out?

RACHEL
It was real good, Mr. Ballard.

SAM
And how old are you now, anyway?

RACHEL
Seventeen.

SAM
Well, you'll be looking to get
married one of these days, I suppose.

RACHEL
I ain't in no hurry.

SAM
I guess I ain't either.

Sam leaves a dollar bill on the counter.

SAM
Keep the change, Bobby. I'll see you
at the store tomorrow morning, Jason,
bright and early.

Sam walks out. The door DINGS.

INT. JONATHAN'S CAR - DAY

Jonathan watches Sam leave the drugstore.

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Rachel laughs. Her eyes shine. DING! Jason turns and sees Jonathan walk in. Makes him nervous.

JASON

That's your friend over there?

Jonathan sees that they're aware of him and saunters over.

JONATHAN

I thought I told you to back off.

JASON

It's a free country, last I checked.

JONATHAN

Yeah but this here's our town. You got no business butting in.

JASON

I ain't buttin' in where I'm not wanted.

JONATHAN

(to Rachel)

That so?

RACHEL

We're just friends, Jonathan. Jason doesn't have any friends except me.

JONATHAN

That's 'cause he's a damn orphan, didn't you know?

RACHEL

C'mon, Jonathan. Leave him alone.

JONATHAN

You stay out of this, Rachel. This is between me and him.

JASON

There's nothing between us, as far as I can see.

JONATHAN

Oh yes there is. She's sitting right next to you. No mistake about that.

RACHEL

(to Jason)

Let's go.

JONATHAN

See you later, orphan boy.

Jonathan leaves abruptly and Rachel watches him go.

Jason finishes his milkshake, slurping the remains at the bottom with his straw. Rachel takes heart from his easy composure. Jason rises and pulls some bills out of his trousers and lays them on the table.

JASON

Thanks for the shakes.

SODA JERK

Any time.

EXT. DRUGSTORE - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - DAY

Jason comes out with Rachel, looking around. Jonathan seems to be gone.

JASON

Sorry about the milkshake idea.
Spoiled a perfectly good afternoon.

RACHEL

I guess he had to see us sometime.
It's a small town, you know.

JASON

Oh, he saw us long before that.

RACHEL

How do you know?

JASON

This wasn't the first little
conversation we've had.

RACHEL

That's why my mom doesn't want me to
see you.

JASON

Well, I can't do anything about that.
You want to see me, don't you?

RACHEL

I don't want this day to end.

JASON

What about tomorrow? You wanna go to
the pictures with me tomorrow?

RACHEL

I'll probably be grounded.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rachel tries to open the screen door quietly.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - NIGHT

Mary lies awake in bed, listening to the screen door SQUEAK
and quietly shut, then Rachel's FOOTSTEPS in the hallway the
door to her room closing.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - KLAMATH FALLS - DAY

Tom drives past a sign that reads "Welcome to Klamath
Falls." Sarah is in the passenger seat, reading a map.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - KLAMATH FALLS - DAY

Tom and Sarah walk in and a RECEPTIONIST greets them.

TOM

I'm Tom Ballard, son of Mary Ballard.
This is my daughter Sarah.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, of course, welcome. I'll get
Mr. Johnson.

The receptionist calls into the office and JIM JOHNSON, 50,
the owner of the oldest funeral parlor in town, comes out
immediately to greet them.

JIM

Hello Mr. Ballard, please come in.

Tom offers his hand.

TOM

Hi Jim. This is my daughter Sarah.

SARAH

Hi.

JIM

Yes, well, it's nice to meet you.
Please, come into my office.

INT. FUNERAL HOME OFFICE - DAY

The three of them enter and Jim is all business.

JIM

Now we spoke on the phone earlier,
Tom, about the plot next to your
sister Rachel, which your mother has
purchased some time ago now and which
is quite some distance from the plot
where we were able to bury your
father, may they rest in peace.

TOM

Yes, and I agreed that my mother
should be buried where she chose.

JIM

Okay, and with that agreed we have
only the selection of a casket. If
you will come with me I will show you
our elegant and inexpensive models.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY

Tom and Sarah follow Jim into a room with a number of
caskets.

JIM

Now we also agreed that Saturday at
noon would be acceptable for the
funeral, did we not?

TOM

Yes. Saturday's good.

JIM

Perhaps the young lady will be our
best hope of agreeing on a model.

Sarah exchanges a look with her father, almost giggling at
Jim's awkward formality.

INT. RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - KLAMATH FALLS - DAY

Tom pulls off the road onto a dirt driveway and approaches a

ranch-style house.

SARAH
That's it, eh?

TOM
You mean you don't remember it?

SARAH
Dad, I was 8 years old when we came,
remember?

TOM
Yeah, I guess you wouldn't then huh.

SARAH
Alls I remember is the bouncy horse
out back.

EXT. MARY BALLARD'S HOUSE - DAY

Tom parks the car, then he and Sarah get their bags out of the rental car.

SARAH
Where's the cat?

TOM
Oh, she was given away awhile ago.

SARAH
So the house really is empty now.

TOM
Yeah.

INT. MARY BALLARD'S HOUSE - DAY

The screen door creeks as Tom enters with his bags, breaking an eerie silence. Sarah follows him in and looks around the living room. The furniture is sparse and old and dusty.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Sarah walks with her bag down the hallway to a bedroom at the end.

SARAH
Can I have some of the furniture too,
for when I get my own apartment?

TOM
What about the dorms?

SARAH
I mean after college.

TOM
Yeah. We may have to get a storage
space for awhile.

SARAH
What do we do with the rest?

TOM
I was thinking of having a yard sale.

SARAH
Cool.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Tom stands in the doorway. The bed is perfectly made.

TOM
You want to sleep in here?

Sarah appears in the doorway.

SARAH
No.

TOM
Me neither.

SARAH
Is that where she died?

TOM
I think so.

INT. SAM'S STORE - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - DAY

Sam stocks items while Jason sweeps the floor.

JASON
Can I go early Mr. Ballard?

SAM
Not on your life.

JASON
But it's so slow.

SAM
An honest day's work is an honest
day's pay.

JASON

Yessir.

SAM

You in a hurry to get somewheres?

JASON

No.

SAM

Say what?

JASON

No sir.

SAM

Don't lie to me. You know Mrs. Ross don't think too much of you seein' her daughter. In my time you'd be a damn fool to disrespect somebody's ma like that. If she had a daddy around you might get yourself shot.

Jason looks at him, and then at the clock.

SAM

You listenin' to me, son, 'cause I done my preacher a favor lettin' you come to work here and I'd hate to see you disrespectin' me along with Rachel's mom.

JASON

Yessir.

SAM

Now there's plenty of other pretty girls in town.

Sam stares at him and Jason looks away defiantly.

EXT. SAM'S PORCH - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - DAY

Sam stands with Mary outside his modest ranch-style home, the same one where we just saw Tom and Sarah.

SAM

Well, I talked to him. I just don't know if it was gettin' through.

MARY

Thank you kindly, Sam.

SAM
Would you like to stay for supper?

MARY
Of course, I'd love to.

SAM
Alright then.

Sam opens the door to the house and Mary walks back in.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DUSK

Sam's radio plays WAR NEWS in the living room as Sam pours another drink at the dining room bar. Mary is in the kitchen in the background cleaning up their dishes.

Harry Truman comes on the radio.

HARRY TRUMAN (V.O.)
This is a solemn and glorious hour.
I only wish that Franklin D.
Roosevelt had lived to witness this
day...

Sam turns up the radio. Mary comes out of the kitchen, looks at Sam. They stand listening with rapt attention.

HARRY TRUMAN (V.O.)
The flags of freedom fly over all
Europe.

INT/EXT. MARY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Mary drives through town, where MEN and WOMEN spill out into the street from the bars and shops along Main Street, shouting and hugging.

Cars cruise the street HONKING. Mary's car drives away.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary walks into the quiet hallway.

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel lies awake in her bed. Crickets CHIRP in the field. The dreamcatcher hangs in the breeze from her open window.

She hears a RUSTLE in the weeds and Jason appears outside.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rachel pushes the dreamcatcher out of her way and climbs out the window. Jason points at the dreamcatcher.

JASON
What's that?

RACHEL
Shhh.

Rachel puts her finger to her lips, takes his hand, and runs away from the house.

A full moon lights up the field.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Jason looks both ways before leading Rachel out of the trees. They cross the road quickly.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

Jason and Rachel walk in the grass on the riverbank.

RACHEL
The Europe War?

JASON
Yeah. It's over.

RACHEL
What about Japan?

JASON
I don't know.

An owl HOOTS in the distance.

JASON
I still wanna know what that thing in your window is.

RACHEL
A dreamcatcher. My daddy gave it to me when I was a girl.

JASON
What's it for?

RACHEL
It catches good dreams, and the bad ones fly away.

JASON
I could use one of those.

RACHEL
Maybe I'll make you one sometime.

Jason walks up to their swimming hole.

JASON
First one in the water wins.

Jason tears off his shirt and awkwardly removes his pants. He falls down taking his pants off but springs back up and runs into the water. He turns abruptly when he's waste deep to look at Rachel still standing on the shore in her dress.

RACHEL
What about your shoes?

Jason leans down in the water and yanks off his shoes.

JASON
What about 'em?

Rachel laughs, then undresses in front of him.

Jason watches as she slowly walks into the water and comes up close to him, then closer.

RACHEL
(softly)
I guess you won.

JASON
I guess I did.

Rachel kisses him, gently at first and then passionately.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - KLAMATH FALLS - DAY

Tom stands in coat and tie and looks down at the face of his mother, MARY BALLARD, too heavily made up in the casket.

Sarah watches him. He shows very little emotion even now.

EXT. CEMETERY - KLAMATH FALLS - DAY

Tom and Sarah stand with a small CROWD gathered around the plot. Jim, the funeral home director, is there, along with John Gorman and his wife JANE, also in her 50's. A powerful wind blows and the PASTOR concludes a final prayer over the casket, which has been lowered into the hole.

PASTOR

"... That your days may be multiplied, and the days of your children, in the land which the Lord swore unto your fathers to give them, as the days of heaven upon the earth. Amen."

The Pastor finishes his prayer and throws a handful of dirt onto the casket. The MOURNERS all rise and line up to do the same.

Tom watches a young woman, JENNIE, throw some dirt in the hole. Jennie suddenly turns to look at Tom, who returns her gaze with a nod.

Tom notices an older Klamath Indian MAN in dark sunglasses and a cowboy hat, watching from a distance. It strikes Tom as odd. The man lurks around the edges of the cemetery as Tom and Sarah throw handfuls of dirt on the casket.

When Tom looks up again, he's gone.

John walks over with his wife.

JOHN

Let me know if you need any help out at the house.

TOM

Thanks John. I might need your truck at some point to haul stuff to the dump.

JOHN

Sure. Just let me know. How about a beer at the Bigfoot before you go, for old time's sake?

TOM

Sounds good.

John walks away with his wife and Tom and Sarah walk over to Rachel's grave.

TOM'S POV - On the gravestone; "RACHEL ROSS 1928 - 1947."

SARAH

Dad? Where is Rachel's father buried?

TOM

He was cremated, which is still the custom of the Klamath Indians on the reservation.

SARAH

Why wasn't Rachel cremated?

TOM

I don't know. Mom tried to raise her white after Ben died.

SARAH

How did he die?

TOM

In the Bataan Death March.

EXT. MARY BALLARD'S HOUSE - DAY

Tom and Sarah's funeral clothes are dirty after going through the stuff in the house. Tom lift the heavy metal door to the cellar. Sarah waits for him to enter first.

INT. MARY'S CELLAR - DAY

Sarah follows Tom down the stairs into the dark cellar, dimly lit with a shaft of light from the small high window.

Tom tries the string hanging from the dusty light bulb but it doesn't light.

SARAH

What's that?

Tom looks down at an open trunk on the floor, with it's contents strewn around and mostly burned to piles of ashes.

TOM

A trunk.

SARAH

I know that, dad. Why's it burned?

TOM

I don't know.

Tom bends to pick up a picture, hard to make out, of Rachel. A school picture. There is a photo of Sam Ballard, with Mary and Tom in front of the house. The year is 1967. Tom has long hair drawn back in a ponytail.

Sarah looks over Tom's shoulder at another photo, a black and white of young Rachel playing on a bouncy horse in front of a trailer home. Mary sits on a lawn chair in the background, wearing sunglasses.

TOM

You can have any of the photos that you'd like.

SARAH

What about you?

TOM

Yeah, I'll keep some as well, but you can choose which ones you want.

SARAH

Thanks.

Sarah takes a bundle of photos from Tom, studies them.

SARAH

How old is Rachel here?

Tom leans up and peers at the photo.

TOM

She must be about eight, I think. She looks like you in that photo.

SARAH

You think? Except she looks Indian.

TOM

A bit, but you have to admit there's a resemblance. You're still related through my mom, you know.

SARAH

I know, but I guess I never thought about being related to her.

Tom digs around in the trunk and takes out a bundle of yellowed newspaper clippings.

Tom unties the string and opens the bundle. He carefully unfolds a newspaper article with a photo: a night scene of an auto accident, with the photographer's flashbulb illuminating the white sheet covering a body beside the mangled car, brighter than anything in the picture.

The caption: "Fugitive Girls die after 5 hour escape."

SARAH
What's that?

TOM
I don't know.

Tom unfolds another, intrigued: a front page article of the *Salem Herald*. The caption reads, "Klamath Girl's death ruled a suicide."

TOM
Mom told me about Rachel's suicide.
But she never told me about an auto
accident.

SARAH
And she escaped from the school?

TOM
I guess so.

SARAH
Why'd she try to burn all this?

TOM
I don't know, Sarah. How did she get
down here to burn it is more like it.
I don't think she could open that
cellar door any more.

INT. MARY BALLARD'S HOUSE - KLAMATH FALLS - DAY

Tom and Sarah sit at the table with a pile of burned papers and letters beside them. Sarah tries to read them randomly, and Tom jots down notes on a yellow pad.

Tom makes a call on the old cord phone on the desk.

TOM
John... Hey, it's Tom.

INT. JOHN GORMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

John stands in his kitchen. His wife Jane prepares dinner behind him.

JOHN
Tom, what's up?

Jane looks over with a concerned look. John acknowledges her gaze.

JOHN

I don't know anything about no trunk.

INT. MARY BALLARD'S HOUSE - DAY - INTERCUT

Sarah listens expectantly.

TOM

We found it half burned this afternoon. It's kinda odd, don't you think?... Yeah, I don't know. I was hoping you might be able to tell me.

JOHN

Well, like I said, Tom. I don't know nothing about no trunk in the cellar.

Tom looks at Sarah. A new line of inquiry.

TOM

You said you found her dead in the bedroom, right?... The nurse? You mean Jenny?... I just... You don't think she could of got down in the cellar, do you?

John stands in his kitchen, nervous.

JOHN

No, that don't seem likely, does it?

Tom stands now also, pacing.

TOM

I'm just wonderin' how the trunk got burned. It didn't smell like it'd been burned for long.

JOHN

I'll be damned. You think she tried to burn that stuff?

TOM

I don't know. I guess I'll go talk to Jenny tomorrow. Thanks John.

JOHN

You bet.

Tom hangs up and looks at Sarah.

INT. MARY BALLARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom sits at the kitchen table working on his laptop, typing in energetic bursts of flowing prose. The burned letters are strewn out on the table before him.

INT. RETIREMENT CENTER - KLAMATH FALLS - DAY

Tom and Sarah sit with Jenny, the young woman from the funeral, who is dressed now in her nurse's uniform.

Tom looks off at two Indian guys leaving The Bigfoot Tavern across the street, walking unsteadily to their pickup truck.

JENNY

I had no business lookin' at that.

SARAH

Did you notice she tried to burn it?

JENNY

Yeah, I noticed. She had started in on the burning right before she died.

Tom considers this.

TOM

But she died in the bedroom, right?

JENNY

Right.

Sarah looks at her father.

TOM

You think she could have gotten into the cellar without help?

JENNY

Well, no. I don't. I guess I never thought about it that night.

SARAH

Did she say anything about the trunk before she died?

JENNY

Well, no, not exactly. She spoke quite a bit about Rachel, but... patient confidentiality, you know.

TOM

You mean you won't tell me?

JENNY

She met with her lawyer a few times concerning the will. You might talk to him.

TOM

Jonathan Wellner?

JENNY

Yeah. From Wellner & Sons.

Tom looks at Sarah.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - DAY

Newsreels are showing. The war in the Pacific flashes by on the screen, then wartime propoganda about "domestic efforts to help the boys overseas," as well as "UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU."

Rachel steals a glance at Jason, who stares intently at the screen. She puts her hand in his and leans on his shoulder.

Jonathan Wellner enters, scans the theater, and sees them. He takes a seat in the back row across the aisle.

The newsreels end and the feature presentation begins. It's the 1945 film, *A Walk In The Sun*, directed by Lewis Milestone.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DUSK

Jonathan walks out past the ticket booth into the blue dusk.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DUSK

The movie looks just like the newsreels now; it's near the end. Jason senses Rachel discomfort.

JASON

(whispering)

You wanna get out of here?

RACHEL

Do you mind?

JASON

Hell, I've seen enough of the war for one night.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DUSK

Jason walks with his arm around Rachel, with the light from

the marquee behind them and the light of the day receding.

RACHEL

I like walking with you. It's a nice night.

JASON

Yeah.

RACHEL

Do you want to go dancing?

JASON

You really think we should?

RACHEL

I feel like dancing.

JASON

What about your mom?

RACHEL

I don't care. She can live her life the way she chooses, with fear. I don't want to live that way is all.

JASON

I told you, Rachel, you got nothing to fear. I'll take care of you.

RACHEL

Will you take me to San Francisco?

JASON

When?

RACHEL

I've got no reason to stay here.

JASON

What about finishing school?

RACHEL

I don't care about school. I wanna leave this town forever, with you.

Jason looks at her.

RACHEL

Take me dancing.

JASON

Alright.

EXT. BIGFOOT TAVERN - DUSK

Jonathan exits the bar drunk and stumbles over to his car.

INT. JONATHAN'S CAR - DUSK

Jonathan slouches down in his car as he sees Rachel and Jason walking toward the bar. He smiles.

Jonathan's POV-Jason opens the door for Rachel, looks around.

EXT. BIGFOOT TAVERN - DUSK

As Rachel steps inside, Jason sees Jonathan's car across the street.

INT. BIGFOOT TAVERN - NIGHT

The place is crowded. EVERYONE turns to look at Rachel.

The BARTENDERS's face has a blank expression as Jason and Rachel slide into a table at the far side of the bar.

LESTER SIMPSON, mid-20s, a bull of a man with a bad leg, watches them with undisguised contempt. He drinks his beer and turns to his buddy CARL, also 25.

LESTER

I didn't think they let that kind in here.

CARL

She's Mary Ross's daughter, you know that.

LESTER

I don't care who she is. And why the hell ain't that kid enlisted?

CARL

Earl said they drafted Indians to send messages in the Pacific. The Japs can't break the code.

LESTER

What's that got to do with anything?

CARL

Just telling you what I heard.

LESTER

Ship 'em all out for all I care. I
got no use for no damn Indians.

CARL

You're just sore they wouldn't take
you on account of a bad leg.

LESTER

I don't give a shit.

The WAITRESS approaches Jason and Rachel and stands without
speaking.

JASON

(to Rachel)

You want a soda?

RACHEL

I'll have whiskey.

Jason looks at her, smiles.

JASON

Two whiskeys.

The waitress walks off in a huff. Barks out their orders.

LESTER

(to bartender)

You letting her stay?

BARTENDER

You mind your own damn business; I'll
mind mine.

LESTER

I am minding my own business. I
might have to leave if she stays.

CARL

Shut up, Lester.

The waitress brings Jason and Rachel their drinks. Jason
pays and she walks off.

JASON

How long you been drinkin' whiskey?

RACHEL

Since last month.

JASON
That's what my daddy drank.

RACHEL
My daddy drank beer.

JASON
Guess we're even, then.

Rachel and Jason slam their whiskeys back at the same time.

JASON
Dance with me?

Rachel focuses now on the dancefloor, hesitant at first but she doesn't want to say no. Jason leads her out onto the floor, and soon they are flowing to the music like water.

RACHEL
You never told me how you learned to dance so well.

JASON
In San Francisco. My dad would get drunk and take me out. Sometimes I had to dance with him.

Jason moves gracefully, right in time with the music, and when the song finishes he releases Rachel's hand and bows.

Lester claps menacingly from the bar.

Rachel goes back to a table and Jason goes over to the bar.

JASON
Two beers.

The bartender's working hard, taking orders and mixing drinks. Jason waits awhile and then orders again, louder this time.

JASON
Can I get a couple beers over here?

The bartender hears this time and pours a couple of drafts. Lester leans over and whispers in a raspy voice.

LESTER
She keep you warm at night?

Jason ignores him for a moment, then thinks better of it.

JASON
You talking to me?

LESTER
Yeah I'm talking to you, city boy.

JASON
I didn't hear what you said.

LESTER
I said, she keep you warm at night?

JASON
Right.

Jason pays and tries to walk off with their beers. Lester grabs his arm.

LESTER
Tell your lady I'd like a dance.

JASON
Ain't gonna happen.

LESTER
Oh yes it is.

Lester releases his grip. Jason stares at him, then walks over to join Rachel at the table.

RACHEL
What did he say?

JASON
Nothin'.

RACHEL
Jason, what did he say?

JASON
Let's just finish our beer and go.

Jason gulps his beer. Rachel, a bit shaken, rises with Jason, leaving her beer at the table.

Lester stands up with his beer to block the way to the door.

LESTER
(to Rachel)
Where you goin' missy. I don't believe I've had the pleasure of a dance.

JASON

Keep your hands off her.

Jason takes her by the hand and tries to pass, but Lester blocks him, spilling his beer down the front of Jason's pants.

LESTER

Look Carl, he already came in his pants. These things happen, kid.

JASON

Go on outside, Rachel.

RACHEL

No, you come with me.

JASON

Do like I told you to.

LESTER

She ain't goin' nowheres.

Jason pushes Lester out of the way.

Lester slugs Jason with a blow that backs him into the bar, then pounces on him and continues throwing wild punches.

BARTENDER

Alright that's enough! Break it up!

Lester smashes a barstool over Jason's head. Blood streams down Jason's forehead as he comes at Lester, but Carl joins in and grabs Jason by the neck and locks him up with another guy while Lester pounds Jason's face with his fist.

Rachel grabs a bottle from the table and comes after Lester. Carl releases Jason to stop her but it's too late.

Someone YELLS as Rachel smashes the bottle over Lester's head, then she turns and starts running with the jagged-edged stem still in her hand.

Carl catches Rachel from behind and hauls her out the door.

EXT. BIGFOOT TAVERN - NIGHT

Carl slams Rachel up against a truck. Lester limps out. Carl pins Rachel's arms behind her while Lester slaps her.

LESTER

You gonna dance with me, half-breed?

Rachel spits in his face, and Lester tears her dress down the front. He starts to unbuckle his belt.

INT. BIGFOOT TAVERN - NIGHT

Jason hears a SCREAM outside and breaks free of several guys.

EXT. BIGFOOT TAVERN - NIGHT

Jason flies out the door with a broken chair.

Carl turns to defend himself, letting go of Rachel's wrists. Jason slams Carl over the head with the chair. He crumples. The guys from inside tackle Jason from behind.

The broken bottle appears like a flash of lightning. Rachel jabs at Lester's face, cutting deep into his left eye socket. Blood sprays out of the gaping wound.

LESTER
(viciously)
Why you little cunt.

SIRENS in the distance. Rachel backs away from the scene, starts running.

Lester's face is covered with blood and he paws at the air. The SIRENS are louder now as the police cars skid into the parking lot outside the tavern, dust billowing behind them.

LESTER
Look what she did to my face!

The cops break up the fight between Jason and the other guys, while Lester screams in pain and points at Rachel running.

One cop takes off after her and runs her down in the field, cuffing her violently.

Jason ducks his head into a police car as Rachel comes back with the cop holding her arm.

The cop puts her in another cruiser and slams the door.

INT. JAILHOUSE - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - DAY

Rachel sits in a dusty cell with another WOMAN, a prostitute. The door CLANGS down the hall.

Mary enters with the JAILER.

MARY

Can I speak with her alone?

JAILER

Sorry Mrs. Ross, can't do it.

Mary walks up to the bars, eyes her daughter, now standing.

MARY

Rachel, look what you've done.

RACHEL

Mama?

MARY

What happened?

RACHEL

I don't know. It happened so fast.

MARY

There's a man in the hospital. His face is badly cut.

RACHEL

He tried to rape me.

MARY

That boy got you into all this, didn't he?

RACHEL

Where is he? Did you talk to him?

Mary looks at her daughter, with some asperity.

MARY

I told you to stay away from that boy and you deliberately defied me. Rachel, listen to me. Do you know what they're accusing you of?

RACHEL

No.

MARY

Aggravated assault.

RACHEL

What does that mean?

MARY

They think you tried to kill him.

RACHEL

I didn't try to kill him. But I should have.

MARY

Is it true that you used a broken bottle to cut him?

RACHEL

Where's Jason? He saw what happened.

MARY

Never mind about him right now. I wish that boy never came to Klamath Falls.

RACHEL

Mama. I love him.

INT. JAIL CELL - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - DAY

Jason lies back on the cot brooding, his arms behind his head, staring at the ceiling.

JASON

(to himself)

Shit.

A guard walks to the cell and shoves a plate of food into a slot under the door. Jason sits up and stares at the plate.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Mary enters the courtroom alone and takes a seat in the front. The prosecutor is JACK WELLNER, Jonathan Wellner's father.

BAILIFF

All rise.

The JUDGE enters in robes and Rachel is brought in from a door on the side, handcuffed and escorted by a POLICEMAN.

Rachel sits next to her court-appointed DEFENSE ATTORNEY, a tall, lanky lawyer wearing a slightly rumpled suit.

Mary watches her daughter, but there's no sign of emotion.

JUDGE

At this time we will begin the criminal trial of a Miss Rachel Ross, who stands accused of aggravated assault. Let me add that Miss Ross is still a minor, and her punishment, if any, will be at the discretion of the court. We will now hear opening statements. First, the prosecution.

Jack realizes he's expected to start and stands up.

JACK

Your honor, gentlemen of the jury, this young woman stands accused of attacking an unarmed man with a deadly weapon. What could possibly have motivated her to commit such a crime? In the next few moments I will make it clear how and why she did, in fact, attempt to murder my client, Mr. Lester Pomeroy, whose face has been totally disfigured by this girl.

Rachel looks on disinterestedly, as if these remarks are about someone else.

INT. COURTROOM - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - DAY

Carl is on the stand being questioned by the DEFENSE ATTORNEY.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

So you claim that Mr. Pomeroy did not provoke the young man to fight him by making remarks about my client?

CARL

All I know is one minute we were sitting at the bar and the next minute that kid was pounding away at him. Then she hits him over the head with a bottle, smashes it right on his head.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

You told us about the bottle, sir. But I'm asking you what was said between Mr. Pomeroy and Mr. Wahlman. Did they argue before the fight broke out?

CARL

Not that I recall. It just happened.
So when Lester got outside she comes
right at him with that broken bottle.

JACK

And Lester merely defending himself
from a savage attack upon his person.

CARL

Right.

JACK

No further questions, your honor.

INT. COURTROOM - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - DAY

A door opens in the back and Lester appears, heavily
bandaged.

JACK

The prosecution calls as its next
witness, Lester Simpson.

Lester, with only one eye visible, peers out at Mary.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Rachel sits at the table alone. She looks utterly defeated.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

The prosecution wants you to believe
that this young woman would
jeopardize her future by attacking a
drunk, hapless older man with no
provocation whatsoever. Well, I just
don't think she would have done that.
And you can see for yourself that a
man might, under certain
circumstances, use his superior
strength to overpower her and have
his way with her. That's what Lester
Pomeroy tried to do...

INT. COURTROOM - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - DAY

Members of the JURY file into the box. The FOREMAN stands
up and reads the verdict in a solemn voice.

FOREMAN

The jury finds the defendant guilty.

There's a murmur in the room from the FEW that are gathered.

Rachel looks blank, doesn't register what has just happened.

JUDGE

In light of the verdict just rendered, and mindful of the horrific nature of the attack, I have no choice but to demand an appropriate punishment, Miss Ross, mitigated somewhat by your youth. As you are a still a minor I choose not to incarcerate you. However, I sentence you to three consecutive years in the Oregon State Industrial School for Girls.

(to the
courtroom)

I remind you that the trial for Mr. Jason Wahlman is scheduled for Monday.

The Judge bangs the gavel.

Mary tries to get Rachel's attention.

MARY

Rachel!

Rachel looks at her vacantly, her eyes glazed over.

EXT. KLAMATH FALLS - DAY

Tom and Sarah walk down Main Street and find the entrance to the Wellner & Sons Law Offices.

INT. WELLNER & SONS - DAY

Tom and Sarah climb the stairs to the offices, which occupy the whole second floor of the building.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

TOM

We're here to see Jack.

RECEPTIONIST

You mean John?

TOM

Yeah, I guess.

RECEPTIONIST

He only comes in mornings.

TOM

Oh. I thought I spoke to him last week about my mom's funeral, which was yesterday.

RECEPTIONIST

You're Mr. Ballard?

TOM

Yes.

RECEPTIONIST

If you'd like to have a seat, I'll page Brandon Wellner.

TOM

That's fine, thank you.

Sarah reads a plaque on the wall. Tom comes over and stands over her shoulder, reading as well.

ON THE PLAQUE

A picture of Jonathan Wellner, a couple of decades younger, with a caption that reads: "Jonathan Wellner Jr. helps with the dissolution of the Klamath tribe"

BRANDON (O.S.)

Mr. and Mrs. Ballard?

Tom and Sarah turn to face BRANDON WELLNER, early 40's, Jonathan Wellner's youngest son.

TOM

This is my daughter, actually, Sarah Ballard. I'm Tom Ballard.

BRANDON

Sorry to hear about your mother. My father was at the funeral, of course.

TOM

I'm not sure that I saw him.

BRANDON

Well, he may have been at the range.

TOM

The range?

BRANDON

The driving range.

TOM
Where's that?

BRANDON
North end of town. Can't miss it.
How's the novel coming?

Tom looks at him, surprised by the question.

TOM
Oh, fine.

BRANDON
Good. We can't wait to read it.

TOM
We?

BRANDON
Everyone in town, I mean.

TOM
Oh, sure.

BRANDON
If you need any help, just let us
know.

Tom looks at him, confused.

BRANDON
With the book, I mean.

EXT. MAIN STREET - KLAMATH FALLS - DAY

Tom and Sarah cross the street to their rental car.

TOM
What was that?

SARAH
Seems nervous about the book.

TOM
I thought so too.

SARAH
Wanna golf?

TOM
Not really.

SARAH
Me neither.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

JONATHAN WELLNER, now in his 70's, stands at the driving range smoking a cigar. He wears plaid golf pants long out of fashion and dark sunglasses. He takes a swing with his driver. WHACK!

JONATHAN
Damn hook!

Tom and Sarah walk up.

TOM
Jack?

JONATHAN
Yeah?

TOM
Your son said we might find you here.

JONATHAN
Who are you?

TOM
I'm Tom Ballard. Mary's son.

Jonathan bends over to place another ball.

JONATHAN
How can I help you?

TOM
I was hoping you might be able to tell us a little about your visits to my mother in the retirement home.

JONATHAN
Read the will. It's all there.

TOM
Not what we want to know.

Jonathan takes another swing. WHACK!

SARAH
Sir. We found a trunk in the cellar.
Most of it was burned.

JONATHAN

What's that got to do with the will?

SARAH

Nothing.

TOM

Someone burned that trunk. I was hoping you might help us find out who.

Jonathan walks over to his golf cart.

JONATHAN

I don't know nothing about a trunk.

Jonathan drives away impatiently. Tom looks at Sarah.

TOM

That was helpful.

SARAH

I think he's hiding something.

TOM

I do too. But what?

INT. BIGFOOT TAVERN - KLAMATH FALLS - DUSK

Tom and Sarah are at the bar; he's drinking beer, she has Coke. John Gorman stands behind the bar, on duty.

Two INDIAN GUYS are at the other end of the bar, the same ones we saw leaving the bar from inside the Retirement Home.

JOHN

I have to say Tom. Word's gotten out about your novel, that it's about your mom and Rachel, I mean.

TOM

I don't know what it's about at this point.

JOHN

Not everyone's thrilled about it, you know, how the town will be portrayed.

TOM

Yeah, well, what do you want me to do, John, have a town meeting?

JOHN

Not a bad idea. I just thought you'd like to know. Folks are anxious about it.

TOM

Don't they have enough to worry about? Most of 'em never read my work anyway.

JOHN

Well, it's still a small town, despite all the growth. Besides, everyone loves to gossip.

Sarah puts her Coke down on the bar emphatically.

SARAH

Speaking of gossip, what do you know about this Martin guy?

JOHN

Who?

SARAH

The guy at the scene when Rachel died.

JOHN

How do you know about that?

SARAH

It was in the newspaper clipping we found.

JOHN

In the trunk?

JOHN

There's this guy you gotta talk to. He was at the funeral the other day.

TOM

In the cowboy hat?

JOHN

Yeah. His name is Robbie Jensen, a real conspiracy nut I hear.

TOM

Alright, but where do we find him?

JOHN

He doesn't have an address per se.
Just a shack off in the woods. It's
off of Highway 62 up by Crater Lake.
Look for a little dirt road off to
your right after you pass Fort
Klamath.

TOM

What else do you know?

JOHN

Enough to know that there's a lot you
don't.

Tom looks off at the Indians leaving the bar, waving to
John, obviously regulars.

TOM

She kept a lot from me all those
years. I never knew about anything
in that trunk.

JOHN

I guess she wanted to take it with
her to the grave.

INT. PADDYWAGON (MOVING) - 1945 - DAY

Rachel rides with four other GIRLS. She opens the window
for air, then leans down and barfs on the floor.

ELIZABETH, 16, tries to open another window. Rachel glances
out at a sign that reads "Oregon State Industrial School For
Girls."

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - SALEM, OREGON - 1945 - DAY

The paddywagon pulls into the large gates of the entrance,
and drives up to the red brick building.

MRS. DONALD, 40's, a small, stern headmistress, comes down
the steps with her ASSISTANT.

Rachel climbs out with the others, eager to get out of the
smelly paddywagon. Mrs. Donald looks on authoritatively,
without a word of greeting spoken to the girls.

INT. OFFICE - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1945 - DAY

BOB DAVIES, 40's, the superintendent, looks down from the
window of his cluttered second story office.

INT. HALLWAY - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1945 - DAY

Rachel and the others are led down a long hallway inside.

INT. BANQUET ROOM - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1945 - DAY

The girls are seated in a row of folding chairs. Bob enters, all business.

BOB

Good morning. Welcome to the Oregon State Industrial School For Girls. You all know the reason why you were sent to us, but soon you will also know the purpose of your detention. First, it is to protect society from the deviant behavior you were recently engaged in, and secondly to protect you from the environment that led to deviance.

Rachel watches him begin to pace.

BOB

Thirdly, our purpose is to educate and train you, if possible, to be good and useful women. Most of you have been placed under our care for a period of three years, although some of you were convicted of more serious crimes, and will be detained indefinitely, or until we determine that you are prepared to become law-abiding women in a civil society. It will be up to all of you to show me that you are capable of leading productive lives outside of our care.

MARTIN STODDARD, 34, enters the room carrying some booklets. He is slightly plump and awkward at all times, perhaps a bit retarded, though it's hard to tell.

Mrs. Donald rises to take the booklets from him.

BOB

Thank you Martin. You will now be given a book outlining the rules of conduct, and a schedule of your daily routine. Any questions?

The girls just stand there, intimidated and overwhelmed.

INT. SHOWERS - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1945 - DAY

Rachel showers with the other girls. None of them speak. Rachel notices the bruises and sores on Elizabeth's arms and legs.

INT. NURSE'S OFFICE - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1945 - DAY

Rachel lies on the medical table with her knees bent and her gown lifted above her knees. DR. RICHIE, a stout man in his 50's, rattles off questions while NURSE TOLAND takes notes.

DR. RICHIE

No evidence of lesion or infection.
The labial wall appears healthy.

(to Rachel)

How many sexual partners this year?

RACHEL

Excuse me?

DR. RICHIE

How many sexual partners have you had
within the year?

Rachel looks at the nurse, who gives no indication of whether she is required to answer.

RACHEL

One.

DR. RICHIE

How many times?

RACHEL

Two.

The Nurse jots the number. Dr. Richie signs the form and turns to wash his hands at the sink, his back to Rachel.

DR. RICHIE

Did you know you're with child?

RACHEL

I'm what?

Dr. Richie dries his hands with a towel.

DR. RICHIE

You're pregnant.

Rachel sits up and stares at him.

DR. RICHIE

When the time comes, the birth will be performed at the nurse's quarters down the road at the mental hospital. Who is the father?

RACHEL

Jason Wahlman.

DR. RICHIE

Does he care to know about it?

RACHEL

He's in jail.

DR. RICHIE

I see. Obviously not fit to raise a child. What about your mother?

Rachel looks at him.

DR. RICHIE

Well, it's time to tell her the news, and to see about her willingness to care for the child after it's born.

INT. HALLWAY - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1945 - DAY

Rachel comes out dressed in her new uniform. Elizabeth goes in after her.

INT. MAILROOM - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1945 - DAY

Martin sorts the mail, follows Rachel with his eyes.

Rachel sits with the other girls. A guard nudges the next girl.

INT. BUNK ROOM - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1945 - NIGHT

Bunk beds are lined up against the walls on both sides.

Rachel lies awake in bed. She looks down at Elizabeth. Elizabeth returns her gaze. A coyote YELPS in the distance.

INT. DINING HALL - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1945 - DAY

Rachel walks with her tray away from the food line. Some of the girls stare as Rachel walks over to Elizabeth at a table.

Elizabeth looks up from her food. Rachel looks around and sits down next to her. She picks at the food with her fork.

ELIZABETH
Pretty bad, huh?

RACHEL
Yeah.

ELIZABETH
So you didn't know?

RACHEL
Know what?

ELIZABETH
That you were pregnant?

RACHEL
Who told you?

ELIZABETH
Whose is it?

RACHEL
(studies her)
My boyfriend's.

Elizabeth eats another bite, talks with her mouth full.

ELIZABETH
I knew the hour after my first time.

RACHEL
You had a baby?

ELIZABETH
No. Not exactly.

RACHEL
What does that mean?

Elizabeth looks across at some other girls at their table.

ELIZABETH
I had an abortion.

RACHEL
A what?

ELIZABETH
It's when they take the baby out. My
daddy made me do it. Now I can't
ever have a baby again.

RACHEL

Why'd your daddy make you do that?

ELIZABETH

Because it was his.

INT. A ROOM - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1945 - DAY

Martin looks down on Rachel, who stands with a bunch of girls outside, waiting to be taken out to the fields. A stakebed truck pulls up, and the girls climb in the back.

EXT. CHERRY ORCHARD - 1945 - DAY

Rachel picks cherries into a basket. The sun disappears behind the clouds.

A GUARD rides by on a horse, keeping watch on the girls.

EXT. CHERRY ORCHARD - DAY (RAINING)

Rachel throws her full basket into the back of the truck and grabs an empty one. Her clothes are now wet from the rain.

The sun peeks through the clouds on the western horizon as the rain comes harder now, and the GUARDS blow the whistle for the girls to stop their work and load up in the trucks.

Rachel turns, tosses her empty basket back in the pile on the back of one of the trucks, and climbs up in the stakebed of another truck, already filled with about a dozen girls. Suddenly one of the guards whistles and yells.

GUARD

I got a break in the field!

Lots of commotion. The guard gallops out in the field.

Rachel catches a glimpse of a girl, LILLIAN HARRIS, 17, running at the far end of the field, where the barbed wire fence separates the field from the road.

The girls watch from the back of the truck.

The guard rides up, dismounts, and tackles Lillian into the mud. He handcuffs her and pulls her up out of the mud.

The guard trots back to the trucks with Lillian running beside on a leash that's tied to the cuffs. Some of the girls CHEER.

EXT. BACK OF THE TRUCK - 1945 - DAY

Rachel watches Lillian, all muddy down the front of her shirt and breathing heavily. The girls make room for her to sit.

Lillian brings her hand up to her hair. The cuffs jangle as she pushes her wet hair back from her eyes with muddy hands.

INT. BUNK ROOM - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1945 - NIGHT

Rachel lies on her bed staring out the window. A FULL MOON appears from behind the clouds, then disappears.

INT. BEDROOM - MARY'S HOUSE - KLAMATH FALLS - NIGHT

Sarah lies on a bed in the living room, looking at the moon.

SARAH
Dad? You asleep?

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom lies awake.

TOM
No. Are you?

Sarah appears in the doorway in a tank top and boxer shorts.

SARAH
I can't stop thinking about Martin.
Something's funny about it.

TOM
Like what?

SARAH
Like what happened between them.
(beat)
Do you think we can find this guy in
the woods?

TOM
Yeah, but I wonder if he knows about
Martin.

SARAH
Maybe. We'll find out tomorrow.

TOM
Let's hope so.

INT. MAILROOM - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1945 - DAY

Martin sorts mail. Rachel appears behind him with a letter.

RACHEL

Can you send this for me?

MARTIN

Put it on the outgoing pile.

RACHEL

Which one is that?

MARTIN

Outgoing pile on the left. Always.

RACHEL

Okay. Nothing's come for me yet?

Martin double checks the pile.

MARTIN

No. If it does, you'll be the first to know.

RACHEL

Except for you.

MARTIN

Huh?

RACHEL

You'll know before me.

MARTIN

(still doesn't
get it)

Right.

Martin continues his work.

RACHEL

So what else do you do besides the mail?

MARTIN

(annoyed)

Lots of things.

RACHEL

How long have you been working here?

MARTIN

Seven years.

Bob Davies walks in, frowns.

BOB

Martin, I need today's mail delivered immediately.

MARTIN

Yessir.

Bob eyes Rachel suspiciously.

BOB

Hurry along, Rachel, or you'll be late for the lesson.

Rachel leaves and Bob follows her with his eyes.

BOB

Martin, please refrain from fraternizing with the girls.

MARTIN

Yessir.

BOB

Very well, then, carry on.

INT. MAILROOM - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1945 - DAY

Martin sets two letters aside, both addressed to Rachel Ross.

Martin studies the envelopes. He looks around, then opens one from Jason, unfolding the pages. He reads it a moment and folds it back up, stuffs it in the envelope.

He unlocks the filing cabinet and pushes the files back on their rollers. He drops the letter underneath the folders.

Martin closes the cabinet and locks it, then puts the padded envelope from Mary Ross in the pile.

INT. BUNKROOM - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1945 - DAY

Martin walks down the aisle, tossing envelopes on the beds.

INT. HALLWAY - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1945 - DUSK

Rachel comes out of the dining room with Elizabeth. She finds Martin closing up the mailroom.

RACHEL

Martin!

Martin turns to face her.

RACHEL

Anything for me?

Martin stands awkwardly staring at Rachel. Elizabeth giggles.

MARTIN

I put something on your bunk.

RACHEL

A letter?

MARTIN

A package from your mother.

Rachel's mood sinks.

RACHEL

Nothing else?

MARTIN

Not that I saw.

(nervous)

Excuse me. I gotta finish up.

Elizabeth grows impatient.

ELIZABETH

C'mon.

Rachel lingers, won't let him off the hook.

RACHEL

Are you sure there aren't any letters?

MARTIN

No. I mean, Yes, I'm sure.

Rachel eyes him suspiciously. Martin looks over at Elizabeth, then back at Rachel. She finally turns to leave. He watches.

INT. BUNKROOM - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1945 - NIGHT

Rachel opens the package expectantly, then takes out her dreamcatcher. Smiles.

She looks in the package for anything else. Takes out a note from her mother and throws it on the bed.

Rachel hangs the dreamcatcher from the post above her bed.

Elizabeth lies on the bed next to hers. CATHERINE, a large, imposing Indian girl of 18, walks up and stands there, just watching Rachel.

ELIZABETH

What do you want?

CATHERINE

(to Rachel)

Where'd you get that dreamcatcher?

RACHEL

My mom sent it to me.

CATHERINE

She Indian?

RACHEL

No, my dad was.

CATHERINE

Are you Klamath?

Rachel turns to her.

RACHEL

Yeah.

CATHERINE

Me too.

RACHEL

Really?

CATHERINE

Yeah. I'm from Chiloquin.

Rachel looks around the room, suddenly self conscious that everyone is listening.

RACHEL

Did you know Ben Deerborn?

CATHERINE

Sure. He joined the army.

RACHEL

He died in the war. The Japs force
marched 'em two hundred miles. Most
died from malaria and starvation.

CATHERINE

My daddy died from drinking too much.

Elizabeth butts in.

ELIZABETH

Yeah, well, my daddy was a shithead.

Catherine looks over at her.

CATHERINE

You all want some smokes?

RACHEL

They allow cigarettes in here?

CATHERINE

Not really.

RACHEL

No thank you.

EXT. A FIELD - 1945 - DAY

Rachel rakes leaves in the yard, starting to show under a
sweater over her work uniform. Elizabeth works with her.

The wind blows the trees, and Rachel's leaves are scattered.

Mrs. Donald watches Rachel standing with her rake, Elizabeth
laughing. Rachel turns to Mrs. Donald.

RACHEL

I have to go to the bathroom.

MRS. DONALD

Not until you're finished.

RACHEL

But the leaves keep blowing away.

MRS. DONALD

Just a few more piles then, and get
them in the trash cans quicker.

INT. BUNKROOM - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1945 - NIGHT

Some of the girls are getting rowdy. A pillow fight ensues.

Rachel writes a letter on her bed. She blots her ink pen, finishes the last sentence and signs "RR" with a flourish.

Rachel feels a tingle in her belly and lifts her hand up to touch it, lying back on her bed, looking up at the ceiling.

ELIZABETH

Did you feel it?

RACHEL

Yeah. That's the first kick.

ELIZABETH

Does it hurt?

RACHEL

No. It tingles.

Lillian comes in, walks over to her bunk. Catherine stares at Lillian.

CATHERINE

So what's it like?

LILLIAN

What's what like?

CATHERINE

Solitary.

LILLIAN

What do you think it's like?

Catherine looks at her.

CATHERINE

I think it's a tropical island,
laying on the beach with a coconut
milk.

LILLIAN

Yeah, and a boy up in the trees,
cutting down coconuts.

Lillian looks at them, laughs. The others laugh too.

INT. STOCKROOM - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1945 - DAY

Rachel gathers sewing supplies. Martin appears behind her.

MARTIN

Are you alone?

Rachel jumps.

RACHEL
Martin! You scared me.

MARTIN
There's another letter for you.

RACHEL
Where is it?

MARTIN
It's on your bed. From your mother.

RACHEL
Isn't there anything from Jason?

MARTIN
No. Who's Jason?

RACHEL
He's the father, Martin.

Martin looks at her, glancing down at her swollen belly.

MARTIN
I haven't seen any letters from him.

Rachel glares at him for a long time. An awkward silence. Martin looks away, then glances down at her belly again.

MARTIN
Can I touch it?

Rachel eyes him suspiciously.

RACHEL
I guess.

Martin steps up and awkwardly puts his hand on her belly.

RACHEL

looks at Martin, almost sympathetic.

MARTIN'S HAND

reaches up under Rachel's shirt to her breast.

Rachel grabs his hand but Martin forces it up. Rachel looks nervous, but doesn't move as Martin fondles her breast insolently.

Martin starts breathing heavily and then pulls his hand away abruptly. Stares at her, gauging her reaction.

Rachel stares at Martin, then down at his pants. His eyes gaze downward, embarrassed. He spits at the ground and leaves.

Rachel watches him clomp back up the rickety stairs, then breathes out, releasing the fear from her shoulders, finally breathing after the terrible encounter.

INT. BUNKROOM - NIGHT

Rachel lies awake in bed. She stares out the window with a new understanding of the depth of her predicament.

INT. OFFICE - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1945 - NIGHT

Bob stands looking out the window, listening to Truman on the radio.

TRUMAN (V.O.)

This is a victory of more than arms alone. This is a victory of liberty over tyranny. From our war plants rolled the tanks and planes which blasted away...

BOB'S POV - looking down on Martin getting in his car.

TRUMAN (V.O.)

...at our enemies, from our ships sprang the ships which bridged all the oceans of the world for our weapons and supplies...

There's a KNOCK on the door. Bob turns.

BOB

Enter.

Catherine enters.

BOB

Did you tell Martin?

CATHERINE

Yes.

BOB

Come in.

Catherine steps inside awkwardly. Bob eyes her.

CATHERINE

absorbs his gaze with contempt.

BOB

Close the door.

EXT. MAIN STREET - KLAMATH FALLS - 1945 - NIGHT

PEOPLE are everywhere in the street, whooping and hollering. A band plays a MARCHING SONG. Fireworks light up in the sky. Cars drive up and down HONKING.

Jason walks along through the CROWD, just released from jail.

Sam stands with Mary watching the crowd, spots Jason across the street and nudges Mary. Sam points at Jason. Mary starts to cross the street after him.

MARY

You mean you're outta jail already?

JASON

Since yesterday. Just in time for the end of the war.

SAM

Lotta nerve you got coming here after what you done.

JASON

Maybe you could tell me what's happened to Rachel. I haven't heard anything.

SAM

I expect she's come to her senses and doesn't want to have anything to do with you.

JASON

(to Mary)

Is she OK, ma'am?

MARY

No she is not OK.

JASON

Nothin's happened to her, I hope?

MARY

Plenty, but that's none of your concern what's happened to her. You stay away from her or you'll have hell to pay.

Sam steps toward Jason, threatening.

SAM

You get the hell out of here, Jason.

JASON

I just wanna know if she's OK. That's all. I haven't heard from her any.

MARY

And that's the way it's gonna stay, if I have anything to say about it. Damn you!

SAM

You best get the hell out of town. Back to San Francisco where you came from, you here?

JASON

(to Mary)

Tell Rachel I love her.

Mary walks off fuming. Sam eyes Jason menacingly as he walks off after her. Jason kicks the gravel with his boot.

INT. RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - HIGHWAY 62 - DAY

Tom drives. Sarah sips her coffee. Tom slows down.

TOM

You think that's it?

SARAH

Must be. Let's try it.

Tom's POV - Pulls off the highway onto a small dirt road, with tall weeds on either side of it and drives into the woods.

INT. RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - THE WOODS - DAY

Tom drives in dense forest now, looking for the shack. Sarah spots a Ford pickup parked, behind it a dilapidated shack.

SARAH
That's it!

TOM
Maybe so. I don't see him, though.

SARAH
I do. He's underneath the truck.

EXT. ROBBIE JENSEN'S SHACK - NEAR CRATER LAKE - DAY

ROBBIE JENSEN, 71, slides out from underneath when he hears the car approaching and jumps up, opens the door of his truck.

INT. RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Tom's POV - of Robbie, a lanky Indian in a grease-stained t-shirt putting on a cowboy hat and stuffing a handgun in his belt. It's the same man he saw at the funeral. Looks younger than he is, and a bit like Clint Eastwood.

EXT. ROBBIE JENSEN'S SHACK - DAY

Robbie comes over to block the car's path, hands on his hips.

ROBBIE
What d-ya want? You lost?

Tom opens the door and gets out and stands behind the door.

TOM
John Gorman sent us.

ROBBIE
That right?

TOM
I'm Tom Ballard. I grew up in Klamath Falls with Sam and Mary Ballard.

ROBBIE
Yeah, I saw you at the funeral.

TOM
This is my daughter, Sarah.

Robbie glances at Sarah standing behind her opened door.

ROBBIE
So what can I do for y'all?

TOM

We're hoping you might know something about Rachel, from back in the '40s.

ROBBIE

I knew her boyfriend pretty well once. Haven't seen him since he got out of prison.

SARAH

Prison?

ROBBIE

State pen. Outside Salem.

SARAH

What's his name?

ROBBIE

Wahlman. Jason Wahlman.

SARAH

Did he ever talk about Rachel?

ROBBIE

That's about all he talked about. Got so bad I drove him up there one winter.

SARAH

Up where? To Salem?

ROBBIE

That's right, Salem. Colder than a witches teet that day.

TOM

What did Jason do to go to prison.

ROBBIE

I got my own theories about that.

SARAH

Let's hear it.

ROBBIE

You ever heard of Leonard Peltier?

EXT. SERVICE STATION - NEAR CHILOQUIN - DAY

Tom stands beside the phone booth while Sarah talks.

SARAH

Portland... Do you have a listing for
a Jason Wahlman?... No, with an H.
W-A-H-L-M-A-N...

Sarah writes on her hand, then hangs up and dials.

SARAH

Hello?... Is this Jason Wahlman? I
got your name from a man in
Chiloquin... Robbie Johnson, yes.
I'm related to Rachel Ross, I think
you knew her...

Sarah listens intently. Tom paces.

SARAH

We can be in Portland tomorrow....
OK, 2329 23rd. B13. I'll see you
around 10, alright?

Sarah hangs up the phone.

TOM

You found him!

INT. SEWING ROOM - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - SALEM - 1946 - DAY

Rachel sits at an old Singer sewing machine, making a baby's
jean jacket. The WHIR of the machines fills the room.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - SALEM - 1946 - DAY

A truck drives up outside the fence, away from the entrance.
Jason gets out and comes over to the fence with ROBBIE, then
17. They both look up towards the buildings.

JASON

You think she'll see us?

ROBBIE

Nope. Somebody else might see us,
though, and start wonderin' what the
hell we're doin' loiterin' outside a
girls school. You thought a that?

Jason considers this.

JASON

Jesus. It's freezin'.

ROBBIE

Pussy.

INT. SEWING ROOM - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1946 - DAY

Elizabeth looks up from her machine and looks out the window. Jason and Robbie stand outside the truck by the fence.

ELIZABETH
(to Rachel)
Pssst.

Elizabeth motions with her head to the window. Rachel looks.

RACHEL
Jason!

ELIZABETH
(whispers)
Sssshh. Rachel!

Rachel walks to the door. Elizabeth tries to cover for her but it's too late.

MRS. RILEY looks up from her desk in the back of the room.

MRS. RILEY
Can I help you, Rachel?

Rachel stops in the doorway. Caught.

RACHEL
I need to go to the bathroom.

MRS. RILEY
It can't wait until lunchtime?

RACHEL
No. I gotta go bad.

Mrs. Riley looks at her swollen belly. Nods her head to go.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1946 - DAY

Rachel runs out a side door in the b.g. Jason turns.

JASON
Rachel!

Rachel runs up to the fence, her breath visible in the cold.

RACHEL
Jason!

Rachel reaches Jason and puts her fingers through the fence.

JASON
Hey there! Long time no see.

RACHEL
I'm going to have a baby, Jason.

Jason looks down at her belly under her work shirt.

JASON
My, God. Rachel.

RACHEL
It's due in two months. Didn't you
get my letters?

JASON
No. Nothing.

She lifts her shirt, cold as it is, and presses her belly
against the fence.

RACHEL
Feel it. It's a baby, Jason. Our
baby.

Jason feels it with his hand through the chain linked fence.

ROBBIE (O.S.)
We got company pardner!

A guard comes running out with Mrs. Donald close behind him.

GUARD
Hey!

ROBBIE
Let's go!

JASON
Rachel. We gotta get you outta
there!

The guard runs up on Rachel and grabs her arm at the fence.
Jason gets in the truck and looks out the back window as
Robbie drives off quickly, the tires spinning in the dirt.

GUARD
(to Rachel)
Who are those guys?

Rachel doesn't answer, her eyes fixed on the speeding truck.
Mrs. Donald comes up on them, out of breath.

MRS. DONALD
You get back inside right now Miss
Ross. You've got some explaining to
do.

INT. SHOWERS - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - SALEM - 1946 - DAY

Rachel scrubs the tile floor, still on work detail.
Catherine is also there from getting caught with cigarettes,
scrubbing.

RACHEL
(whispers)
After the baby.

CATHERINE
But how?

RACHEL
I don't know yet.

INT. BUNK ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel, Catherine, and Elizabeth sit on the beds, whispering
conspiratorially. Lillian lies in the background, appears
asleep.

ELIZABETH
There's a delivery truck that comes
every Thursday at dawn.

CATHERINE
What are we gonna do, ask for a ride?

ELIZABETH
We're going to sneak into the back of
it, stupid.

Lillian lies awake, eavesdropping.

RACHEL
How do we get out after lockup
though?

LILLIAN (O.S.)
Martin has a key.

Startled, they all turn around at once, looking up.

ELIZABETH

(angry)

Who asked you, anyway?

LILLIAN

Listen, I wanna get outta this place
as bad as anyone.

ELIZABETH

Do it by yourself, then.

LILLIAN

I tried that already, remember?

CATHERINE

Yeah, but how are you going to get
the key from Martin?

Elizabeth suddenly blurts out.

ELIZABETH

Rachel's the only one who can get it
from him.

RACHEL

How's that?

ELIZABETH

Use your feminine charm, like
Catherine with the superintendent.

CATHERINE

Fuck you. You think I enjoy it.

ELIZABETH

I think you like the privileges.

Catherine stands up and walks over to Elizabeth menacingly.

CATHERINE

Yeah and so do you. You're the one
smoking like a chimney.

ELIZABETH

What's it to you?

Catherine stares at Elizabeth.

RACHEL

Knock it off. How're we gonna get
out of here if we don't work
together.

INT. HALLWAY - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1946 - DAY

Rachel comes down the stairs. She hears VOICES and hangs back in the stairwell.

INT. MAILROOM - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1946 - DAY

Martin holds a broom. Mrs. Donald scolds him.

MRS. DONALD

(whispers)

You say anything ever, to anyone,
you're gone. Is that understood?

MARTIN

Yes, ma'am.

MRS. DONALD

Now get out of here.

Mrs. Donald leaves towards the stairs.

Rachel's POV, from inside a broom closet door, sees her pass. She quietly pushes the door open and approaches Martin.

RACHEL

Hey.

MARTIN

(startled)

You're not supposed to be in here.

RACHEL

I came to check for my mail.

MARTIN

I deliver the mail midday, you know
that, Miss Ross.

(beat)

I'm getting ready to go home now.

Martin sets the broom aside and fumbles in his pocket.

RACHEL

You want to touch it?

Martin hesitates, unsure of her motives.

MARTIN

Is he gonna kick?

RACHEL

Maybe. Go ahead, touch it.

She holds her shirt up as Martin tentatively puts his hand on her swollen belly. He feels the baby move and pulls back. Looks around nervously.

MARTIN

Um, I better be going now... Okay?

Rachel studies Martin. Sweat drips on his brow. Rachel takes his hand and puts it up to her breast, and backs him into the shelves. Martin is startled by her forwardness, but leans into her awkwardly, fondling her breast roughly.

He leans in and kisses her on the mouth, forcing himself into her.

Rachel breaks free and quickly backs away, notices the bulge in his pants. The wet spot. Martin looks down, ashamed of his tumescence, and stunned by the erotic violence of the moment.

He slowly backs away from her, staring at her like he owns her, then turns to leave.

Rachel watches him walking off down the hall. A sly smile.

INT. BUNK ROOM - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - DAY

Rachel tiptoes in, jingling the keys in front of Elizabeth. Elizabeth jumps up and grabs the keys.

ELIZABETH

You did it!

RACHEL

Sssshhh.

ELIZABETH

We have to tell the others.
Tomorrow's Wednesday.

RACHEL

I know. Tomorrow night we do it.

INT. CAFETERIA - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1946 - DAY

Rachel and Elizabeth side by side, eating oatmeal. Catherine and Lillian join them, trying to be as nonchalant as possible. They exchange meaningful glances without speaking. Rachel breaks the silence.

RACHEL

Try not to sleep or you might not
wake up.

ELIZABETH

We have to be in the stock room by
6:00am or we'll miss the truck.

LILLIAN

This is it. We're really doing it.

INT. BUNKROOM - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1946 - NIGHT

Rachel lies in bed awake but sleepy. Suddenly her eyes go wide and she sits up, pulling the covers off to look at the sheets covered in her water.

RACHEL

Psst.

No answer.

RACHEL

(under her
breath)

Elizabeth!

Elizabeth bolts awake.

ELIZABETH

Oh my God, I fell asleep. Are we
ready?

RACHEL

My water broke.

Elizabeth doesn't comprehend. She's still groggy.

RACHEL

Here are the keys. You go without
me. I have to find the night nurse.

ELIZABETH

Oh no, Rachel.

(finally
registering)

We're not going without you.

INT. HALLWAY - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1946 - NIGHT

Rachel walks down the hallway in her night shirt and jacket. The GUARD jumps up from his chair, alarmed.

RACHEL

It's early. The baby's early.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1946 - NIGHT

Bob Davies drives up as Rachel comes out with the guard.

RACHEL

How far is it?

BOB

Five miles.

INT. BOB'S CAR (MOVING) - 1946 - NIGHT

Bob speeds down a two lane highway. Rachel is breathing heavily and groaning, already contracting.

EXT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - 1946 - NIGHT

Bob and the guard lift Rachel onto a gurney.

INT. A COLD ROOM - PSYCH HOSPITAL - 1946 - NIGHT

Rachel breathes through the pain and screams as Dr. Richie works under her gown. Nurse Toland helps with tools on the rusted medical stand.

Martin appears at the door, lurking. The guard looks at him.

DR. RICHIE

The head's almost out, Rachel, keep pushing.

Rachel sucks in a series of quick short breaths. Her face turns red as she holds her breath to push. She sees Martin.

RACHEL

What is he doing in here?

DR. RICHIE

Get him out of here... C'mon Rachel, push.

Rachel grabs the nurse's hand; we hear the baby crying.

DR. RICHIE

It's a boy, Rachel. C'mon, a little more, okay?

Rachel is hyperventilating now.

The doctor brings THE BABY up from between Rachel's legs. The nurse cuts the cord, takes the baby from the doctor and rushes out of the room. The baby's CRIES echo down the hall.

RACHEL

No! Don't let them take my baby!

The doctor scrubs his hands in the sink, his work finished.

DR. RICHIE

Ssshhh. Relax. The baby is fine.

RACHEL

Bring him back! I want to hold him.

DR. RICHIE

I'm afraid that won't be possible. The nurse will have given him to your mother shortly.

RACHEL

No!... Let me see him! Mother!

Martin lurks outside the door, and Rachel catches a glimpse of Martin and screams at him.

RACHEL

God damn you! Give me back my baby!

INT. HALLWAY - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1946 - DAWN

Nurse Toland wheels Rachel down the hall in a wheelchair.

INT. BUNKROOM - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1946 - NIGHT

Rachel stands out of the chair, looks around the room at her friends, pretending to be asleep. Rachel walks slowly to her bed as the nurse leaves with the wheelchair.

Catherine watches Rachel. Elizabeth turns over on her side and looks too.

Rachel looks spent, pale, as she climbs into her bed. She reaches for the dreamcatcher and takes it down, placing it on the bed before sitting there.

ELIZABETH

Rachel.

RACHEL

What day is it?

ELIZABETH

Friday.

RACHEL

How many days until the next delivery?

CATHERINE

It's tomorrow?

RACHEL

They took my baby.

CATHERINE

I know. Get some rest. We're leaving tomorrow.

RACHEL

I can't go tomorrow.

CATHERINE

Yes. You can.

INT. BUNKROOM - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1946 - DAWN

Rachel stares into space in the pre-dawn darkness. Elizabeth pulls her blanket away and climbs out of bed, already dressed.

ELIZABETH

Can you do it?

Rachel nods. She puts the dreamcatcher inside her jacket and climbs out of her bunk.

INT. BASEMENT - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1946 - DAWN

Elizabeth tries the key in lock, jiggles it. Rachel looks around nervously. Catherine takes the key and tries again. It works. She opens the door and steps inside with Rachel. Lillian appears out of nowhere and follows.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1946 - DAWN

A COOK and another WORKER are loading crates.

Rachel and Catherine watch them from behind some shelving. Elizabeth and Lillian hide behind some barrels nearby.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1946 - DAWN

Rachel crawls out the basement window. Catherine, Lillian

and Elizabeth follow. They run to the corner and peer around cautiously. A truck is parked close to the loading dock.

The worker and the salesman take a load inside the storage room. Catherine runs for the truck while they're inside.

INT. BACK OF TRUCK - 1946 - DAWN

Catherine climbs in, wedges herself between the barrels. Then Rachel appears, finding a place behind some crates.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1946 - DAWN

Elizabeth and Lillian watch from the corner as the worker reappears outside and goes into the truck for another load.

INT. BACK OF TRUCK - 1946 - DAWN

Catherine and Rachel hide. The worker grabs another crate.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1946 - DAWN

Elizabeth and Lillian wait for him to go back inside, then run in the truck.

The worker and the COOK appear again outside the building.

COOK

That's it?

WORKER

Yeah. The rest goes down the road.

The cook closes the back of the truck.

INT. BACK OF TRUCK (MOVING) - 1946 - DAWN

The girls sit quietly as the truck starts and drives away.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1946 - DAWN

The truck drives out the front gates and turns down the road.

EXT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - 1946 - DAY

The worker opens the back doors to unload some more stuff.

INT. BACK OF TRUCK - 1946 - DAY

Rachel, Catherine, Elizabeth, and Lillian wait for the salesman to take his load and then run for it. Rachel falls

behind the others immediately but still moves quickly.

EXT. PSYCH HOSPITAL - 1946 - DAY

The girls fly out of the truck and round the corner just in time. The worker comes out with a different COOK this time.

Catherine and Lillian take off in a sprint, with Rachel and Elizabeth behind them. Rachel falls behind again.

EXT. A FIELD - 1946 - DAY

The girls walk inside the tree line beside a road. The sun rises on the eastern horizon.

CATHERINE
(breathing heavy)
Rachel. You've got to go faster.

RACHEL
I can't.

CATHERINE
Try.

LILLIAN
Let's split up.

CATHERINE
No.

Lillian looks at Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH
I think we should.

CATHERINE
Why?

ELIZABETH
You two can move faster and we go in
different directions.

Catherine looks at the others and nods.

ELIZABETH
Alright. Me and Rachel go south.
You take this road toward the sun.

EXT. TOM'S RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Tom in the passenger seat; Sarah drives the rental car now. In pursuit of a common goal, they have become much closer.

TOM

Whatever we do or don't find out,
Sarah, I want you to know I'm glad
you came along. I couldn't have done
it without you.

EXT. APARTMENTS - PORTLAND, OREGON - DAY

Tom parks their rental car on the street outside a three
story brick apartment complex in Northwest Portland.

Tom and Sarah climb out and jaywalk across the street.

SARAH

Must be around the back.

Tom and Sarah make their way down the sidewalk to the back
of the building, where they find the stairs leading down
into the basement apartment #B13.

Tom knocks on the door.

Suddenly the door opens, and JASON WAHLMAN, 73, appears,
leaning on a cane, dressed in a white t-shirt and old
khakis.

Jason studies them without a word for an awkward moment.

TOM

I'm Tom Ballard, this is my daughter
Sarah, who spoke to you on the phone.

JASON

Yes, I know.

Tom looks at Sarah and back at Jason.

TOM

We want to talk with you about
Rachel.

JASON

I bet you do.

Sarah looks to Tom.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jason hobbles in using a cane and Sarah and Tom follow him
into the darkened apartment. Jason turns off the TV with
rabbit ears on top of it, opens a crack in the blinds.

Tom decides to close the door, despite the deep musty smell from years of accumulated dust.

Sunlight from the crack in the blinds cuts a swath over the shag brown carpet, but it doesn't help light the room much.

The walls are brown wood paneling and there are a couple of black velvet pictures hanging on the wall.

One is an early picture of Elvis Presley; another is a bright rendition of a bullfighting scene, like in a Mexican restaurant.

Jason sits in his lazy-boy recliner, and Tom and Sarah find a seat on the torn leather couch across from him.

SARAH

How long have you lived here?

JASON

Ten years. Too many young folks moving into the area, if you ask me. How old are you, by the way?

SARAH

Eighteen. I'm the same age as Rachel when she died.

Jason winces at the mention of Rachel. But he knows why they're here, and braces himself to face the past again.

JASON

Yeah, I guess that's about right.

TOM

We're wondering if you know anything about Rachel's escape?

JASON

Mrs. Ross didn't tell you nothin', did she?

TOM

No. You mean Mrs. Ballard, my mother.

Jason looks at Tom.

TOM

She died last week. We came straight here from Klamath Falls, you see we found...

JASON

She ain't your mother, Tom, Rachel
is.

Sarah looks at Tom.

TOM

What?

SARAH

(to Tom)
Rachel's your mom, dad.

Tom looks at Sarah, back to Jason, utterly confused.

SARAH

(to Jason)
So you're my grandfather.

JASON

That's right. I got something to
show you, if I can find it.

SARAH

Oh my God, dad. He's your dad.

JASON

That woman hated me. Blamed me for
everything that happened to Rachel.

SARAH

We were hoping you might tell us what
happened to Rachel. How she died.

JASON

Just bad luck was all. 'Course we
never had anything but.

EXT. A WAREHOUSE - OUTSIDE SALEM, OREGON - 1946 - NIGHT

The streetlight flickers on. Rachel and Elizabeth,
exhausted, trudge up to the warehouse and climb in a broken
window.

INT. WAREHOUSE - 1946 - NIGHT

Rachel crouches on some crates. A car approaches from a
distance. As the headlights move closer Rachel ducks away
from the window.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

Is it him?

RACHEL

I don't know.

Elizabeth appears from a dark corner and peers cautiously out another window twenty feet away. She combs her hair back from her face with dirty hands.

Rachel sees the pickup truck driving fast.

RACHEL

I think it's him.

ELIZABETH

How can you tell?

RACHEL

It looks like his truck.

The truck pulls off the road. A cloud of dust billows out from the truck as A YOUNG MAN, no more than 18, climbs out.

He slams the door, which swings back at him and he stumbles away laughing.

The DRIVER laughs too. Rachel sees him drink from a bottle. The young man approaches the building, unbuttoning his pants.

DRIVER

(from the truck)

Just fucking pee, where the hell you goin'?

The young man laughs and stops with his back to the truck, facing the windows where Rachel and Elizabeth watch as he pees in the dirt.

Elizabeth giggles quietly and Rachel gives her a stern look.

DRIVER

C'mon, are you done yet?

YOUNG MAN

Just making room for some more liquor.

DRIVER

Yeah well there ain't none left. C'mon.

YOUNG MAN

Hold up.

The driver starts to drive away, taunting him, and stops.

YOUNG MAN
 (still peeing)
 What are you doin'?

The driver guns it again, then jerks to a stop. The young man finishes hurriedly and stumbles back to the truck while still buttoning his pants.

YOUNG MAN
 What the hell are you doin' man?

The truck peels out in the dirt.

Elizabeth moves closer to Rachel's window as the truck drives away.

ELIZABETH
 Bet we coulda gone with them.

RACHEL
 Gone where?

ELIZABETH
 I don't know. A motel or something.
 Maybe we coulda got some sleep.

RACHEL
 Like they would of let us sleep.

ELIZABETH
 Is he really gonna come or what?

RACHEL
 He'll come.

Elizabeth sits on a crate, exhausted.

ELIZABETH
 I'm so tired.

RACHEL
 I know.

ELIZABETH
 I can't stay awake anymore.

Rachel sees another pair of headlights from way off. Elizabeth can't even sit up.

ELIZABETH
 Is it him?

RACHEL

I don't know.

INT. MARTIN'S CAR (MOVING) - 1946 - NIGHT

Martin behind the wheel, leaning forward expectantly.

Martin's POV - driving up on the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - 1946 - NIGHT

As the car passes under the streetlight, Rachel catches a brief glimpse of Martin driving.

Rachel runs to the stairs. Elizabeth senses her fear.

ELIZABETH

Who is it?

RACHEL

It's Martin.

ELIZABETH

Martin? How did he know?

RACHEL

Stay here.

ELIZABETH

What's he doing here?

Rachel motions with her finger on her lips to keep quiet.

INT. MARTIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Martin grabs a shotgun from the back seat, checks the chamber. Loaded. He opens the glove box and takes out two handcuffs.

He looks up at the warehouse and climbs out.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Rachel grabs a steel rod by the kiln.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Rachel?

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Martin stands with his gun dangling beside him awkwardly.

MARTIN

Rachel? I know you're in there.
Come on out.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Rachel peers out a window, sees Martin with his shotgun.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Rachel? Come on out if you're in
there.

Rachel steadies her grip on the steel rod and walks up to the metal loading doors.

Elizabeth watches Rachel at the door with the steel rod.

ELIZABETH

Rachel!

Martin smashes a window with his gun and climbs in quickly over the broken glass. Rachel swings the rod but Martin already has her in his grip.

Elizabeth runs at them. Martin SLAMS Rachel on the head with his gun. Rachel staggers. Martin points the gun at Elizabeth.

MARTIN

Stop right there!

Martin handcuffs Rachel and hauls her up.

RACHEL

Elizabeth! Run!

MARTIN

Don't you dare try nothin', you
little tramp.

Martin points the gun at Elizabeth, holding on to Rachel.

INT. MARTIN'S CAR (MOVING) - 1946 - NIGHT

Rachel is handcuffed to the door. Martin looks over, uneasy.

The car passes a sign that says, "Salem 5." A truck passes going the opposite direction. BRIGHT LIGHTS.

RACHEL

Turn the fucking car around.

Martin drives faster.

RACHEL

You bastard. I hate you!

Rachel kicks Martin, her hands still cuffed to the door. The car swerves, careening over the center line.

ELIZABETH

What the hell are you doing? You're going to get us killed.

RACHEL

I swear to God I'll jump-- I'm not going back there, Martin.

MARTIN

Take it easy. We're not going back. You can stay at my place tonight.

Rachel slams the door with her shoulder, it flips open with the centrifugal force, pulling her out.

ELIZABETH

Rachel!

Martin grabs Rachel's shirt with his right hand while trying to steer with his left. The car swerves all over the road.

HEADLIGHTS approach fast in front. The horn HONKS.

EXT. ROAD - 1946 - NIGHT

Martin sideswipes the oncoming truck. SLAM! The truck skids and spins off the road in a cloud of dust.

INT. MARTIN'S CAR (MOVING) - 1946 - NIGHT

Martin tries to regain control, then lets go of the wheel and pushes her with all of his strength out of the car.

ELIZABETH

No!

Rachel drags on the ground, the door swinging on its hinges. Then the handle breaks off. The car thumps over her body.

EXT. ROAD - 1946 - NIGHT

Martin spins off the road in a cloud of dust. It turns over down the steep bank and crashes through a barbed wire fence. It rolls a few times before settling upside down and mangled.

Rachel's body lies bloodied on the road fifty yards back.

Martin climbs out, his head gashed.

Elizabeth groans, trapped under the car, her femur bone sticking out below the knee cap.

Martin limps up to the road. A voice CALLS in the distance.

Martin looks down at Rachel, obviously dead. He spots the dreamcatcher under her shirt, reaches for it and takes it.

Martin stumbles back to the car, finds Elizabeth gasping for breath, her lungs crushed under the weight of the car.

Martin looks around and lifts a big rock, then drops to his knees and smashes the rock down on Elizabeth's head.

He looks at the blood on the rock, holds it up, and crushes her skull with another blow.

TRUCKDRIVER
(in the distance)
Hey! Everyone okay?!

Martin buries the rock in the field and scrambles up the bank to the road.

A TRUCKDRIVER jogs up.

TRUCKDRIVER
Oh my God! Is she dead?

MARTIN
Yeah, and there's another girl dead
down there.

The truckdriver looks down at the mangled car, then back at Rachel. He notices the handcuffs.

TRUCKDRIVER
What the hell happened here?

MARTIN
Go back to that house and get help.

EXT. ROAD - OUTSIDE SALEM, OREGON - 1946 - NIGHT

Police cars and ambulances on the scene. Lights flashing. FIREMEN work to extract Elizabeth's body from the crumpled car.

JIM STEVENS, the detective in charge at the scene, talks to Martin, standing with his arm and head already bandaged.

Bob Davies appears from a car that just showed up.

JIM
Bob Davies?

BOB
Yeah.

JIM
Detective Stevens. Martin said you might be able to answer some of the questions about the girls.

BOB
Are they dead?

JIM
I'm afraid so.

BOB
Who?

MARTIN
Rachel and Elizabeth.

BOB
What in God's name happened here?!

JIM
That's what we're trying to determine.

BOB
Where are the other girls?

JIM
Still at large.

BOB
You've got some explaining to do, Martin.

MARTIN
Yessir.

JIM
He'll be explaining to us first, down at the station.

Jim waves them away. A POLICEMAN takes Martin to his car.

Several cars pull off the road. A crowd of onlookers forms.

INT. ROBBIE'S TRUCK (MOVING) - 1946 - NIGHT

Jason drives up on the scene.

EXT. ROAD - 1946 - NIGHT

Jason pulls off the road and gets out.

A POLICE car drives through the crowd, SIRENS flashing.

INT. POLICE CAR (MOVING) - 1946 - NIGHT

Martin looks at the crowd. Jason peers at him from the back.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Jason turns to the policeman doing crowd control.

JASON

Who's that?

POLICEMAN

He was drivin' that car over there.

Jason's POV - A PARAMEDIC pulls a sheet over Rachel's body on the gurney.

Jason watches in horror.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - PORTLAND - DUSK

Jason is silent for a long time. Tom and Sarah wait for him to speak, not saying anything, not so much as taking a breath.

Jason finally breaks the silence.

JASON

I got there too late is all.
Otherwise she'd still be alive.

TOM

Martin got there first.

JASON

That's right.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL - 1946 - DAY

Martin comes out of the building with Jim. Gets in the car.

INT. ROBBIE'S CAR - DAY

Jason watches them across the field.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Jim drives by, Martin in the passenger seat. Robbie's truck appears over the hill, following from a distance.

INT. ROBBIE'S TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

Jason follows Jim's car. A different car comes toward him in the opposite lane.

He looks at the oncoming car, driven by Mrs. Donald who recognizes him from the fence that day.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - NEAR SALEM, OREGON - 1946 - DAY

Martin unlocks the door and enters, walks to the kitchen. He turns on the burner under a kettle of water.

He saunters into the living room, taking the DREAMCATCHER out of his pocket and placing it on top of the cabinet.

The WHISTLE blows on the kettle. Martin goes back into the kitchen, takes a handful of instant grounds from a can and drops them in a cup. Pours his coffee. Suddenly he JUMPS.

Jason stands in the hallway.

MARTIN

Can I help you?

JASON

I was just wondering if you could answer some questions.

MARTIN

(nervous)

I already told the detectives everything.

JASON

I just want to know what happened last night.

Martin looks panicky. Jason presses the issue.

JASON

Maybe you could just tell me what you told the cops.

MARTIN

Um... Okay.

Jason sees the dreamcatcher on the cabinet.

Martin motions for Jason to sit. Jason remains standing.

MARTIN

First of all, one of them girls tried to jump and I tried to stop her.

JASON

Which one?

MARTIN

Rachel, 'cause she was in front.

Martin stops himself, can't believe he's retelling the story to this stranger.

JASON

Go ahead. Tell me how Rachel died.

Martin suddenly recognizes him from the previous night.

MARTIN

(nervous)

I told you, she just jumped.

JASON

How'd you find her at the warehouse?

Martin looks across the room at the closet. Jason notices.

MARTIN

Just a hunch.

JASON

Is that right? Mighty fateful hunch.

MARTIN

Now, I've told you what you came to hear. Why don't you leave?

JASON

But I got some more questions.

Martin lunges at Jason, grabbing around the throat. Jason is too stunned to react. Martin spins around and KNOCKS Jason on the head with the end of a pistol that appears out of nowhere. Jason recovers just in time to grab the pistol as Martin tries to shoot.

BANG. The gun goes off and there's a crash in the kitchen.

Jason yanks the gun out of Martin's hands. Martin tackles Jason to the floor, trying to strangle him.

Jason jabs his assailant in the eye with his fingers and rolls out from under him. Martin grabs at his eye.

Suddenly Jason's on his feet with the gun pointed at Martin staggering to his feet.

JASON

You bastard, you killed her!

Martin rushes at Jason and the gun goes off again. BANG. Martin falls backward, lands with a thud.

Jason straddles him with the gun still pointed down. Half of Martin's forehead is gone from the point blank shot. A river of blood flows from the wound.

Jason, breathing heavily, raises the gun, goes to the cabinet. He takes the DREAMCATCHER and puts it in his pocket. He rifles through the drawers looking for letters. No luck. The phone RINGS.

Jason jumps, looks back to Martin on the floor, lying in a pool of blood.

EXT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - 1946 - DAY

Jason walks out with the gun and leaves the door open, phone still RINGING inside.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - PORTLAND - DUSK

Jason is more animated now, reliving the moment that he had replayed in his mind so many times since that fateful day.

JASON

Only one bullet left in the shotgun
and it was either me or him. He took
the first shot.

SARAH

It missed.

JASON

Sometimes I wish it hadn't.

Sarah immediately registers his meaning.

SARAH
But you killed him in self defense.

JASON
That's not what the courts said.

INT. COURTROOM - SALEM - 1946 - DAY

Jason sits on the dock. The LAWYER for the prosecution looks spiffy in a tailored suit. Mrs. Donald is on the stand.

LAWYER
You say he was outside the fence?

MRS. DONALD
That's right. Talking to Rachel.

LAWYER
What did he say to her?

MRS. DONALD
I didn't hear what he said.

LAWYER
Very well. And who did you see following the detective's car that morning after the accident?

MRS. DONALD
(points)
It was him.

Jason returns her gaze as she fingers him.

INT. COURTROOM - SALEM - 1946 - DAY

Jonathan Wellner walks in unexpectedly and waits for the LAWYER to call him up as a character witness against Jason.

LAWYER
Our next witness is Jonathan Wellner, a current law student at Oregon State.

BAILIFF
Raise your right hand.

Jonathan raises his hand, stares down Jason across the room.

EXT. CEMETERY - KLAMATH FALLS - 1946 - DAY

Sam in a dark gray suit and black cowboy hat. Mary wears a

black veil, holding the baby, TOM, in the jacket that Rachel made.

The coffin is lowered into an open grave. Dead silence. Then the PREACHER begins the traditional eulogy.

PREACHER

Dearly Beloved, we are gathered here today...

Sam puts his arm around Mary in the middle of the service. Baby Tom cries and Mary tries to comfort him with a bottle.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - PORTLAND - DUSK

Jason stares at the empty space on the wall between Tom and Sarah. Sarah is the first to end the long silence.

SARAH

You must have loved her. Rachel.

JASON

Yes.

SARAH

Did she know?

JASON

She knew.

Sarah is moved. Tom looks over at his daughter.

Jason sinks in his chair, suddenly self-conscious about revealing the guilt that he has lived with all these years.

JASON

I got something to show you.

Jason rises and leaves the room, walking down the hallway with his cane to his bedroom.

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM -Q DUSK

Jason reaches into the closet, takes out the DREAMCATCHER.

INT. JASON'S LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Tom stands as Jason comes back into the living room, holding the DREAMCATCHER out for Tom to take it.

JASON

(to Tom)

She wanted you to have this.

Tom looks at Sarah, a moment of recognition from one of the letters.

SARAH (O.S.)
Dad, it's Rachel's dreamcatcher!

Tom stares at the DREAMCATCHER, then takes it in his hands.

THE DREAMCATCHER

held delicately in Tom's hands.

TOM (O.S.)
I think you should have it, Sarah.

Tom looks at his daughter

TOM
It's supposed to pass from one generation to the next.

Jason smiles, old and lined and tired.

JASON
Your dad's right, Sarah. I think she would want you to have it...

Jason hands Sarah the dreamcatcher. She takes it, holds it reverently in both hands. Sarah wipes a TEAR with her hand.

Tom beams but stands aside as Sarah steps forward to embrace the old man, her grandfather.

JASON
I'm glad you came.

SARAH
So am I. I'd like to see you again.

JASON
You know where to find me.

Tom takes Sarah's hand. She looks at her father, hopefully.

INT./EXT. RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - DAY (SERIES OF ANGLES)

END CREDITS BEGIN OVER Tom and Sarah driving home.

THE DREAMCATCHER

hangs from the rearview mirror.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - SAN FRANCISCO - DUSK (SERIES OF ANGLES)

Tom and Sarah enter the house. Cindy stands in the living room waiting to greet them. Cindy hugs Sarah, looks at Tom.

INT. BOOKSTORE - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY (SERIES OF ANGLES)

Tom stands at a podium before a CROWD, launching his book. Later, Tom shakes hands with his PUBLISHER and an EDITOR.

Sarah and Cindy are there, standing together.

THE END