

BARRED ENGAGEMENT

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Next to a highway. An out-of-control car flies off the field.

The driver's hands grab his bloody face.

Another man sits next to him.

SCREAMING.

The car flips down the slope.

Crashes into a tree.

Bursts into flames.

Fifty yards further into the field away from the highway, TRAVIS MILLOY, 20, athletic, handsome, fighting for his life, breathes heavy as he watches the car crash.

He looks around, races off.

INSERT - FOUR YEARS EARLIER

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Photos fill a side board.

-- ROSE & GEORGE GIBSON, mid-20s.

-- Rose, 28, with her uncle and aunt, MR. & MRS. MILLOY, 60s.

-- A gravestone, GEORGE GIBSON, 1974-1999.

-- Rose sitting up in bed, pregnant, eyes shut, face blank.

-- Rose in a wheelchair, eyes shut, face blank, a baby, TRAVIS, lies in her lap, supported by Mrs. Milloy sitting next to her.

-- Rose in bed, eyes shut, face blank. Travis, 2, stands next to her wearing a birthday cap. He holds her hand.

-- A gravestone, ROSE SMITH GIBSON, 1974-2002.

-- More photos of Travis growing up, with Mr. & Mrs. Milloy.

Pleasant low-mid income home. TRAVIS MILLOY, 16, eats with his great-aunt, Mrs. Milloy (NAN), 80, frail. He finishes his cereal, takes his plates to the sink. He wears a red sock and a brown one.

His dog, BEAR, BARKS. Travis gives Bear some crust.

NAN

I'll do them, Travis, you hurry off to school. By the way, you --

TRAVIS

Did it again, did I?

He looks down at his socks. Grins. Shakes his head.

TRAVIS

Thanks, Nan. I'll get the trash.

He slings on a shoulder bag, grabs a Frisbee and the trash. He pats Bear.

TRAVIS

Take care of Nan, Bear.

He exits the kitchen side door.

EXT. TRAVIS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

Quiet middle income suburbs. Travis steps out of the house, deposits the trash. He dashes to the front yard and throws the Frisbee high down the street. He sprints and catches it, just before it hits the ground.

He spins, throws long.

TRAVIS

Bob!

Fifty yards down the street, BOB WATERS, 16, redhead, chunky, darts off his front steps, into the street, catches the Frisbee.

TRAVIS

Yes!

They alternate throwing the Frisbee long with the other racing and catching it.

Travis' skill outshines Bob's as he throws over-arm, underarm, with his fingers, with his thumb, plus catches every throw, even behind his back.

Bob throws simple and doesn't catch them all.

They arrive at school.

EXT. HOLLINS HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Many students hang around before school begins.

EDDIE THOMPSON, 16, thin, rich clothes, approaches Travis and Bob.

EDDIE

Hit me!

BOB

The rich dude tries again.

Bob zooms one to Eddie, who drops it. He picks it up, throws poorly to Travis, it hits into the dirt, slides up against a small wall.

EDDIE

Sorry!

Travis runs to it, reaches down.

A large black spider jumps off the wall, onto the Frisbee.

Travis hesitates, steps back. He bites his bottom lip.

A chauffeured Cadillac rolls up.

BOB

Dig the newbie.

Travis backs away from the Frisbee, looks over at the Cadillac.

TRAVIS

Your friends, Eddie?

EDDIE

I'm sure my dad knows them.

BOB

Yeah, you're sure.

EDDIE

Hey, come on, Bob, my dad's the
zillionaire, I'm one of you guys.

Travis stares hard at the car, long blonde hair graces a
window.

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

Backseat. JANIE WILLIAMS, 16, nervous, cute and independent,
holds her school books, looks out.

Her older brother MORGAN WILLIAMS, 20, slight build, cocky,
wears a UCLA sweater, sits next to her. He eyes the students
with disdain.

MORGAN

I can't believe you, after all
these years.

JANIE

Morgan...

MORGAN

You're nuts, really, you now chose
public, when Dad wants to buy you
another Swiss school.

She half smiles.

JANIE

Which I am totally sick of. Besides
Dad went here. But, what if --

MORGAN

Yes, yes, come on, Sis, get out. I
got a plane to catch.

JANIE

You really should make up with Dad.

MORGAN

Screw him.

Janie kisses Morgan on the cheek.

JANIE

I'll miss you.

She takes a big breath, taps on the door. The Chauffeur
stands outside ready, opens it.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Travis, Bob and Eddie, along with half the students watch the car. Bob walks away so he can view the license plate. He WHISTLES loud.

Janie exits. The Cadillac drives off, license plate, CASHMART 2.

All eyes on Janie as she hesitantly walks toward the school entrance, very close to where Travis and Eddie stand. Fidgeting, she drops a book.

Eddie gets to it before Travis.

Eddie hands it slowly to Janie.

JANIE
I'm sorry, thank you.

EDDIE
It's my pleasure.

Janie bites her left pinky, looks over Eddie's shoulder to Travis. Their eyes hold. He smiles, pushes Eddie to the side, much to Eddie's dismay.

TRAVIS
I'm Travis Milloy, Hollins High
School's official new student
greeter.

He takes Janie's books from her.

TRAVIS
I'll give you a tour of the school.

JANIE
I, uh --

TRAVIS
Please... I... think... you're...

Travis whispers in her ear.

TRAVIS
Beautiful.

Janie backs away from Travis, her eyes wide. She pauses long, her eyes squint.

She SLAPS him.

Takes her books, strides off to the school door.

Bob, Eddie and everyone LAUGH.

Travis stares, shakes his head, watches Janie enter the school.

He darts after her.

INT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Travis charges in, stops, spots Janie through glass windows of the principal's office, getting her class schedule, school map and instructions.

Eddie strides in, brushes against Travis.

EDDIE
Watch, playboy.

Eddie enters the principal's office. Travis watches him chat with the assistant serving Janie. The assistant and Janie nod.

Janie, timid, and Eddie, smiling wide, leave the office.

Travis and Janie's eyes meet. His plead. Hers look at him seriously, then drop downward.

Travis approaches her.

TRAVIS
I... I'm sorry.

She looks up, half smiles.

EDDIE
Sorry, yes, Travis, sorry, we have to hurry or Janie will be late for her first class.

Eddie leads Janie down the hall. She glances quickly back at Travis.

TRAVIS
Janie? Janie. What a beautiful name.

Travis races after her.

TRAVIS
Janie!

Janie turns, pulls out a can of Mace, aims it at Travis, who stops in his tracks. Eddie smirks.

EDDIE
Go ahead, Janie.

Janie frowns at Eddie, aims the can at him. He backs off.

EDDIE
Oops.

TRAVIS
Will you go out with me?

She looks back at Travis like he's from outer space.

JANIE
No.

TRAVIS
Maybe?

JANIE
No.

TRAVIS
A possible maybe?

JANIE
No!

She looks them both over, checks her schedule, looks at the closest room number.

JANIE
Thank you, Eddie, I can find my room now.

TRAVIS
A possible future perhaps maybe?

She grins, walks into her classroom.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Travis stands outside Janie's classroom. Behind his back he holds a long stem red rose.

The bell RINGS.

Kids rush out of the room. Travis watches intensely, checks every face. Everyone's out. No Janie.

He approaches the door. The teacher, MRS. WHITE, 45, sits at her desk. The room is empty. Books rest on one desk.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Travis walks in.

TRAVIS
Mrs. White?

MRS. WHITE
Yes.

TRAVIS
Uh, I was...

Unseen to Travis, seen to Mrs. White, Janie walks in, holding the bathroom key.

TRAVIS
Looking for the new student, Janie.

Mrs. White sees Janie shake her head.

MRS. WHITE
Travis, perhaps you shouldn't.
Janie's just transferred here and
could use some adjustment time.

Travis sighs, looks out the window.

Janie walks softly to her books.

Travis spots her. He doesn't move.

She grabs her books, glances at him.

His eyes soft. He holds out the rose.

She smiles.

EXT. UNDER A BRIDGE - DAY

A fairly busy road runs alongside the river and over the bridge. Travis and Janie sit and watch the river current.

TRAVIS
Like it?

JANIE
It's beautiful.

Janie points at Travis' different colored socks.

JANIE

Hey.

He blushes.

TRAVIS

I'm, uh, I'm slightly color blind.
Reds and browns look the same.

JANIE

Does it cause you any trouble?

TRAVIS

Never.

Travis rises, climbs up the slope to just below the bridge.
He digs in the dirt. Janie watches.

TRAVIS

Hidden treasure.

Travis pulls out a tin box with a picture of Aladdin rubbing
a lamp on it. He hands it to Janie.

TRAVIS

It has your name on it.

JANIE

And your name is Aladdin.

She opens the can. A fresh red rose. She smiles at Travis.

His head moves toward hers.

TRAVIS

If I try to kiss you, are you going
to spray me with Mace?

JANIE

Try me.

Softly, they kiss.

INSERT - 4 YEARS LATER

INT. AIRPORT PASSENGER GATE - DAY

Travis, now 20, stands, expectantly, holding a dozen roses.
He bites his bottom lip. His dog, Bear, nudges his leg.

TRAVIS
Soon, Bear, soon.

Janie, now 20, steps out. Bear BARKS, dashes to Janie.

Travis holds out the roses. They hug.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A photo of Travis, in fireman gear, and Janie standing in front of a fire truck, graces the dresser next to an Ultimate Frisbee Championship award.

Travis and Janie stand, embraced. Slowly their clothes come off. They lie in bed and make love.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Janie sleeps as Travis quietly gets out of bed, totally naked.

He opens a side table drawer, pulls out a ring box. He tiptoes to Janie's side of the bed, gets down on one knee.

He rubs his head against Janie's, gives her a kiss.

TRAVIS
Janie, love, wake-up.

Only half awake, Janie opens her eyes.

JANIE
Yeah?

Travis opens the ring box, holds it toward Janie.

TRAVIS
Janie Williams, love of my life,
will you marry me?

Janie frowns, eyes Travis's nudity, glances under the sheets at herself.

JANIE
No.

Travis's eyes go wide.

JANIE
You're naked! I'm naked!

Travis drops his head.

Janie laughs, leans out of bed, hugs Travis as they both roll onto the floor.

JANIE
Of course I will!

INT. LARGE POOL ROOM - DAY

Expensive. The Williams' estate. A large photo of Janie with her father graces one wall.

Out the window rests a Jaguar and Cadillac amongst a large driveway, manicured gardens and a gated high fence.

Posters in the room display, "BRYCE WILLIAMS FOR GOVERNOR". A small desk, TV and semi-office inhabit part of the large room.

Janie's father, BRYCE WILLIAMS, 50, self-made billionaire, bald, mustache, average build with a bit of pot belly, casual appearance hiding his "power" mind, and Travis shoot pool.

Bryce laughs as he sinks the seven ball.

BRYCE
You're kidding me.

Travis smiles. Bryce slaps him on the back.

BRYCE
Travis, I've liked you since we met. It's going to be great having you as my son-in-law.

TRAVIS
Thank you, Sir.

BRYCE
Hey.

Bryce puts down his cue stick, goes to a sideboard that displays a smaller very happy photo of Janie, Travis and Bryce. He grabs it and points to the larger photo of him and Janie.

BRYCE
And we'll get this blown up, too.
But...

He searches through some drawers in a sideboard.

BRYCE

I have something here... for you...
if you want... bit old fashioned...
southern old fashioned... old,
but... what do you think?

He pulls out two black shoe tassels. Tosses them to Travis.

Frightened, Travis jumps away from the tassels.

BRYCE

Hey, just tassels, did you think
they were spiders?

TRAVIS

I, uh --

Travis quickly picks up the tassels.

TRAVIS

I'm sorry, Sir.

BRYCE

Don't worry, I won't tell anyone.

TRAVIS

No, it's...

Travis looks out the window.

TRAVIS

I'm working on it.

Bryce shrugs but takes it all in.

BRYCE

My father gave me these tassels. He
wore them at his wedding. So I wore
them at mine.

Travis perks up.

TRAVIS

I'd be honored, Sir.

Bryce grabs his cue stick.

BRYCE

Good, good. Eight ball, corner
pocket.

He sinks the ball.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

The field lies next to the Fire Station. Bear sleeps near a bench. Travis holds a Frisbee as he teaches Ultimate Frisbee to eight underprivileged young boys. SPENCE CARTER, 12, makes a catch.

TRAVIS
Nice catch, Spence.

Spence beams.

TRAVIS
Now, when you're playing Ultimate Frisbee, you have to throw where you think your teammate will be, not where he is, but where he will be. Watch. -- Spence, take off along the sideline and hang a left at the fifty yard line.

Spence runs, makes it to the forty yard line.

Travis aims long.

TRAVIS
It's like hitting a moving target.
Now.

Travis throws toward the center of the field.

Spence cuts left at the fifty, arrives at the center just as the Frisbee comes down. He catches it.

TRAVIS
Great catch, Spence, very good.

Spence throws it back. Another kid catches it as Spence jogs in.

SPENCE
Travis, when are you going to be in the Olympics?

TRAVIS
Hey, it's not in the Olympics yet.

SPENCE

Should be, so you can get a gold medal. What about the pros? You're better than all those guys.

Travis laughs, checks his watch.

TRAVIS

Okay, guys, same time, same place, next week.

All the kids split, except Spence. He hangs near Travis.

SPENCE

Going to the Williams' place?

Travis smiles, walks toward his old Dodge van. Bear races over.

SPENCE

My mom works there now.

TRAVIS

Yeah? Hop in.

EXT. CASHMART STORE - DAY

K-Mart type super store. Parking lot, political rally. A few hundred people listen to Bryce give a charged speech, ending it with an anti-corruption pledge.

Mr. BAKER, 75, shrewd Democrat Party Boss, sits on one side of the stage next to his assistant, Mr. KANE, 60, eyes with daggers.

BRYCE

And when I'm in office, there will be no corruption. Mark my words. That's what career politicians are all about. Not me. And I pledge to you, just like my CASHmart stores give you the best, I will give you the best state government you've ever had! No crime in my office!

CHEERS!

Kane talks softly to Baker, who replies but keeps his eyes on Bryce.

KANE

I said it before, Mr. Baker, but you're the boss.

BAKER

Williams gave a good speech.

KANE

Full of bullshit. He's not a politician. Easier to control a tornado.

BAKER

His polls are good.

KANE

What about his ties to the Gonzo syndicate?

BAKER

So they're friends. Nothing's ever been proven.

KANE

No wife, hates his son. The only plus is a pretty daughter.

Janie sits on the other side of the stage.

BAKER

With a fiancé who's a fireman. Good image.

KANE

Not his image.

BAKER

He's putting his money into the party.

KANE

He's going to blow it, I just know.

BAKER

It's a lot of money.

Baker stands, approaches Bryce as he moves away from the podium.

BAKER

Well done, Bryce, well done.

Kane's eyes zero in on Bryce.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Janie pulls out a bottle of juice from the refrigerator.

Morgan, now 24, enters the back door.

JANIE

Morgan!

She greets him with a big hug.

MORGAN

Hey, Sis.

JANIE

What are you home for? What about exams?

MORGAN

(offhand)

Your birthday.

JANIE

Not for two weeks.

MORGAN

Mom's letter the lawyer has for you.

JANIE

Same, not for two weeks. Come on, tell me.

Morgan looks off.

MORGAN

I have to talk with him.

JANIE

Oh...

She kisses him on the cheek.

JANIE

Good luck.

INT. BRYCE'S STUDY - DAY

Bryce sits at his large desk, watches a TV news program, NewsTube, showing his speech.

BRYCE
I will give you the best
legislative government you've ever
had! No crime in my office!

CHEERS!

KNOCK on the door.

Bryce clicks off the TV.

BRYCE
Come in.

Despondent, Morgan enters.

Bryce frowns.

BRYCE
When I went to university, I didn't
miss a single class. Even sick.

MORGAN
Dad --

BRYCE
What a useless piece of shit.

MORGAN
I --

BRYCE
Listen, you ungrateful ass. You go
away to a far off big name college
for four years, produce mediocre
report cards and barely graduate.
Then I pay off the dean to get you
into law school. And pay him more
to keep you in. Now, you cut
classes for three weeks and show up
here with your head up your ass. Do
you think I didn't know what you
were doing?

Morgan straightens himself.

MORGAN
Dad, I'm sorry but I'm not you. And
I can't be your little lawyer son.
I want to be a reporter.

Bryce spins his chair to face a window opposite Morgan.

BRYCE
(sarcastic)
My son.

Morgan's face tightens.

Bryce lights a cigar.

BRYCE
Your credit cards have been cancelled. Get your own instead of using mine. Your bank account, full of my money, has been reduced to five thousand dollars. Be thankful I don't take it all. There are three suitcases in your room for you to pack whatever you want to take. There's a used VW in the driveway - my gift. Come back when you're a man.

MORGAN
Fuck you.

Morgan stomps out, slams the door.

Bryce shakes his head, picks up his phone, dials.

BRYCE
He just left.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Travis walks alongside the river, spinning a Frisbee.

He spots Morgan sitting on a bench, pen in his shirt pocket, an expensive camera around his neck.

TRAVIS
Hey, big reporter. Got a job with Channel Nine, eh?

Morgan glances up at Travis, eyes squint, he looks away.

MORGAN
Reporter, yes. Big, my dreams.

TRAVIS
And your first Pulitzer Prize story will be how a billionaire gets disappointed by a son who --

MORGAN

Lives his own life... He can't wait
until you're his son-in-law. Then
he'll disown me.

Travis tosses the Frisbee up high, does a 360 degree spin,
catches the Frisbee behind his back.

Unseen to Travis, Morgan's face shows jealousy toward
Travis.

TRAVIS

He'll get over it.

Morgan turns his face away from Travis.

MORGAN

You're a gullible ass.

Travis stops fondling the Frisbee. Stares at it. Thoughtful.

EXT. OLD WIDOW'S HOME - DAY

Morgan films a huge blaze that roars from the back of the
house. Fire trucks sit in the street, lights spinning. Hoses
spray water across the house. Firefighters and volunteers
hurry here and there.

Morgan speaks to his mic.

MORGAN

This is Morgan Williams for Channel
Nine News, reporting live. The
blaze started in the back of the
house, but it's spreading to the
front.

Out the front door steps Travis, in fireman gear, carrying a
middle-aged woman, SYLVIA BROWN.

MORGAN (O.S.)

There's fireman Travis Milloy
saving the carer, Sylvia Brown.

TRAVIS

Take her, take her!

Men, including the FIRE CHIEF, 55, grab Sylvia, rest her
down.

TRAVIS
Sylvia, where's Mrs. Hemmings?
Where!

SYLVIA
The bathroom, I was washing her.

Travis tears back to the house.

FIRE CHIEF
Travis! Stop!

Travis doesn't hesitate, speeds toward the savage inferno.

FIRE CHIEF
Shit, Travis, stop!

Travis disappears inside.

FIRE CHIEF
Damn it, that young fellow. Damn
it.

MORGAN (V.O.)
Yes, you just saw Travis Milloy
race back in a second time.

Huge blazes erupt out the front door.

FIRE CHIEF
Ambulance! Where's that ambulance!

Travis, holding aged Mrs. Hemmings, falls out a ground
window, onto bushes. Many men speed over to help him.

MORGAN (V.O.)
Ladies and Gentlemen, that Travis
Milloy is one heck of a hero.
You've seen it live with Morgan
Williams on Channel Nine News.

Morgan frowns, mouths the word "fuck".

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

An electrical shop with TVs in the window. One shows Morgan
with Channel Nine News.

Travis and Janie walk past. They stop at a real estate's
shop window. Travis points to one house for sale.

TRAVIS

That one's smaller, but I think we can put an addition on it.

JANIE

Dad will help us with the bigger one.

Travis half smiles.

JANIE

He loves you. You know he does. He even says how you're like another son.

TRAVIS

Even better than his own.

JANIE

Travis...

He kisses her. They stroll.

TRAVIS

I'm sorry, honey. Morgan's acting so odd lately and it's just hard for me to see how your dad treats him, and tells me I'm so much better. Maybe one day he'll do the same to --

JANIE

No, he won't. He'll always love you.

They walk past a travel agent. They stop, admire a poster for Thailand.

JANIE

Did Nan find your birth certificate yet?

TRAVIS

She's checking all her papers. Still want Thailand for our honeymoon?

They kiss.

INT. TRAVIS' HOME - DAY

Travis stands in the kitchen.

Looks at the photos on the sideboard. He picks up the one with his mother in bed, face blank with him standing next to her wearing a birthday cap, holding her hand.

His great-aunt enters slowly, holding a certificate.

NAN

Your mother was a beautiful woman.

Travis nods, puts down the photo.

NAN

She would be proud of you. Your father, too.

TRAVIS

Nan, did she never come out of the coma?

Nan sits, shakes her head.

NAN

I, I can't remember the first few months, but nothing that I know of. Three long years.

TRAVIS

You've been great to me. Pops was, too.

Nan smiles.

TRAVIS

So you found my birth certificate?

She hands him the certificate.

NAN

You can get your passport now.

Travis looks at it perplexingly.

TRAVIS

It, it shows Gibson, "Travis East Gibson". I, I thought I was --

NAN

We never legally changed it to Milloy.

TRAVIS

But I got a driver's license.

NAN
My good friend, Betty. Her son...

Nan giggles.

TRAVIS
And my fireman background check?

Nan smiles wide.

NAN
Travis, as a kid we felt you
shouldn't use your real name nor
your mother's maiden name. Other
kids would have reacted badly if
they found out your father
committed suicide. But you're an
adult now.

Travis shakes his head.

TRAVIS
Surprise.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Janie bounces excitedly as she eats with Bryce.

JANIE
I had a very interesting day.

BRYCE
Really?

JANIE
Very, very, very.

Bryce puts down his fork, LAUGHS.

BRYCE
I can't eat.

JANIE
No longer do I want to be Mrs.
Milloy.

She giggles.

BRYCE
You and Travis fight?

JANIE
I want to be Mrs. Gibson.

BRYCE
Gibson? Okay, pull my leg harder.
Who is Mr. Gibson?

JANIE
Travis! He found out today that his
great-aunt and uncle never legally
changed his last name.

Bryce's face goes pale. He slowly shakes his head.

JANIE
His Nan said --

Bryce shuts his eyes. Janie notices.

JANIE
Dad? You okay?

He doesn't reply.

JANIE
Dad?

BRYCE
Excuse me, honey, I, uh, I have a
migraine.

He leaves the room.

INT. BRYCE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bryce finishes a phone call.

BRYCE
Thank you, Doctor.

He dials again.

BRYCE
Find out everything about the old
lady who lives with Travis.

INT. FIRE STATION - DAY

All the firemen rub cotton swabs in their mouths.

FIREMAN

What is it with this DNA stuff?

FIRE CHIEF

One of you guys is a father and you don't know it, or some lady is lying like mad.

TRAVIS

Can't be me, Janie's my one and only.

INT. POOL ROOM - NIGHT

Semi-inebriated, Bryce stares at a drink. Downs it. Grabs the whiskey bottle, pours another. He holds the bottle in one hand, the glass in the other.

Stares.

He SCREAMS.

BRYCE

Shit!

He hurls the glass across the room. It hits the photo of him, Janie and Travis. Knocks it on the floor.

He walks slowly to the photo, swigs the bottle.

His eyes water.

BRYCE

Why?

He picks up the photo. Shakes his head.

BRYCE

Why Travis?

He cries. Hugs the photo.

BRYCE

Shit... why... Travis...

EXT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE - DAY

Bryce sits at an outdoor patio. Untouched breakfast eggs rest in front of him. He throws bread to many birds. A servant, TONY, 40, stands near the door.

Janie exits.

BRYCE
Hi, honey, breakfast?

JANIE
Yes.
(turns to servant)
Eggs up, Tony.

The servant nods, enters the house.

JANIE
Feeling better today?

BRYCE
Sometimes we can't have what we
want.

JANIE
Are they out of eggs?

BRYCE
It's a general statement of life.

JANIE
I can have cereal.

Bryce looks off at the gardens.

BRYCE
Janie.
(pauses long)
I need to ask you to do something
for me. It's very important.

JANIE
We're not talking about eggs, are
we?

Bryce looks back at Janie.

BRYCE
I wish we were.

JANIE
Dad, what's going on?

BRYCE
You know I've liked Travis. In many
ways he's a bit like me. But --

JANIE

Dad?

BRYCE

When you told me his true last name, I'm sorry, sometimes you can't have what you want.

JANIE

What!

BRYCE

I'm going to ask you to do something for me. It's probably the most important thing I will ever ask of you - ever.

Janie shakes her head.

JANIE

No, no.

BRYCE

I don't expect you will understand now, but in time, I'll explain.

The servant brings Janie's eggs. She looks at them, backs her chair away from the table. The servant leaves.

BRYCE

I love you, Janie, I love you very much.

JANIE

If you love me, why are you doing this?

BRYCE

I have to.

JANIE

Why!

BRYCE

It has to be.

Janie stands, tears run down her face.

JANIE

What are you doing? Why! I'll be twenty-one, I don't need your permission. Why are you saying I can't marry Travis?

Bryce pauses long.

BRYCE
I'm sorry, Janie, but accidents do happen.

Janie stares, horrified.

JANIE
You... you'll kill... Travis?

BRYCE
Of course not. So you will tell him, the wedding's off. Janie, there's something bigger going on here. I just can't tell you now what it is. You have to call off the wedding.

JANIE
I can't believe this. I can't believe this!

She grabs her plate, throws it at Bryce. He stays still, allows the eggs to splatter on his shirt.

BRYCE
Janie, please, I wish there was another way.

JANIE
No!

Janie races into the house.

Bryce looks off to the garden.

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - DAY

Travis and Janie's favorite spot. Travis holds Janie in his arms as they sit and watch the river current. Two pigeons do a mating dance.

JANIE
Travis...

She wraps his arms tighter around her.

TRAVIS
Uh-huh.

JANIE

I love being here with you. I feel
so safe.

TRAVIS

Yes.

She turns to face him.

JANIE

I really do.

He looks seriously at her.

Takes her face in his hands.

They kiss.

INT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Morgan sings with a Neil Young song, OLD MAN, gyrates with
the music as he walks to the fridge, grabs a beer.

MORGAN

"Old man look at my life, twenty
four and there's so much more. Live
alone in a" --

BANG, BANG, BANG on the door. Morgan breaks out of the music
spell, turns off the audio player, heads to the door.

MORGAN

Hey, I like my door. Chill.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

JANIE (O.S.)

Morgan!

Morgan opens the door. Red-eyed Janie barges in, hugs
Morgan.

JANIE

Morgan...

He consoles her.

MORGAN

Hey, hey.

INT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Janie and Morgan sit at his dinner table, drinking coffee.

MORGAN

So he'll kill Travis or to be more politically correct, he'll have someone kill Travis rather than let you marry him. What the shit is this?

JANIE

He liked Travis, super. But the moment he found out Travis' real name is Gibson, he flipped.

MORGAN

Okay, why does he like Gibson so little?

Morgan walks over to his computer.

MORGAN

George and Rose, eh?

JANIE

Yes.

MORGAN

Lived here in Hollins?

JANIE

Yes.

Morgan types in +George +Rose +Gibson. Over one hundred results. He adds +Hollins. Three. He opens an obituary:

"George Gibson, fireman, committed suicide September 17, 1994. He is survived by his wife, Rose. Service at Mt. Hope, Saturday, 12:00."

MORGAN

Suicide, shit, does Travis know?

JANIE

Never told me.

He clicks on the other two. Similar.

He types +Gibson +"September 17, 1994".

MORGAN
Shit, eighteen thousand.

JANIE
But look.

Janie points to the fourth one:

"A dark day for Hollins, George Gibson's suicide and Rose Gibson's beating..."

MORGAN
Beating?

Morgan opens the site:

"CASHmart owner, Bryce Williams was a close friend of George and Rose. He broke down when he heard of the suicide and beating. His words echo Hollins' pain, "I knew George and Rose from high school. You would never know a more loving couple. How George could have beaten Rose and killed himself is beyond belief. No one knew the pain George must have had. And we can only pray that Rose will come out of her coma."

MORGAN
So Travis' dad flipped out, big time.

JANIE
But why should Dad hate Travis?

MORGAN
Guess he reckons Travis will follow in his dad's footsteps. Trying to protect you.

JANIE
But Travis would never --

Morgan thoughtfully leans back.

MORGAN
Let's go for a walk.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Morgan and Janie stroll up to their mother's grave. Morgan carefully picks a yellow rose off a bush.

MORGAN

Think you can get the letter from
Hawkins earlier?

JANIE

He said I have to wait.

Morgan places the rose on their mother's grave.

MORGAN

Maybe it has some answers.

Janie looks at Morgan, questioningly.

He stands, sees her perplexed face. Shrugs.

MORGAN

Reporter blood, I guess.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Bryce cuts himself shaving. Blood spurts.

BRYCE

Fuck!

He grabs a towel, wipes the blood. Looks in the mirror, eyes sad. Stares at a lovely photo of Janie in the reflection.

BRYCE

I'm sorry, Janie. I'm sorry,
Travis. I'm so sorry.

INT. JEWELRY SHOP - DAY

Travis examines necklaces. A sales CLERK stands on the other side of the display.

TRAVIS

Yes, her twenty-first... and we're
engaged.

The clerk points to a particular distinctive necklace.

CLERK

Perhaps this one, Sir?

Travis nods.

EXT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE - DAY

Bryce sits at the outdoor patio. A half-drunk cup of coffee on the table in front of him. He holds a bowl of bread crumbs, but just stares vacantly at birds waiting to be fed. A servant stands near the door.

Janie exits the house. Bryce looks up. She walks close to the table, stays standing.

JANIE

I'm going to the creek with Travis.

Her face blank, but intensely serious.

JANIE

For a few days.

She tries hard to fight back the raging emotions.

JANIE

I'll tell him the marriage is off.

She turns, walks back inside.

Bryce shuts his eyes, breathes a sigh of relief.

EXT. CREEK CAMPING AREA - DAY

Travis and Janie camp out in Travis's Dodge van near a creek. Bear "on guard" sits on top of a large six-foot high rock, looks down the dirt road.

Janie holds a camera. Travis makes funny poses near the van with a Frisbee.

TRAVIS

How's this?

JANIE

Cute.

TRAVIS

This?

JANIE

Sexy.

TRAVIS

This?

They LAUGH.

JANIE

Dumb, dumb and dumber.

TRAVIS

Janie, we really should sort out the arrangements, our wedding's only two months off.

JANIE

Travis, smile.

TRAVIS

Another and another, you've taken five hundred this week.

Janie giggles, smiles sexually.

TRAVIS

What about the house? Both are nice. Which one do you want to buy?

Janie slides up to Travis, slips her hands under his shirt, seductively. Silenced, Travis smiles. He cocks his head toward the van. They go in. The curtains shut.

INT. DODGE VAN - NIGHT

Travis and Janie make love.

INT. DODGE VAN - LATER

Moonlight shines on their faces. Lovingly, Travis nudges Janie. She opens her eyes. They kiss.

EXT. CREEK CAMPING AREA - SUNRISE

Hugging, Travis and Janie watch the sunrise.

JANIE

I wish the sun didn't rise today, I wish this night would never end.

TRAVIS

Me, too. But we'll have more nights just like this.

JANIE

Hold me tight, honey... and, and
don't you ever forget, I'll love
you forever and ever and ever.
Don't you forget, okay?

INT. POOL ROOM - DAY

Six State TROOPERS enter. Bryce welcomes them.

BRYCE

Please, men, make yourselves
comfortable.

ALL MEN

Yes, Sir.

They sit down.

BRYCE

Talley?

TALLEY

Yes, Sir.

BRYCE

You're senior, right?

TALLEY

Yes, Sir.

BRYCE

I'd just like to say that as much
as our current governor has
assigned you all to protect me and
my family, and state funding pays
your salaries, I intend to help you
with your personal expenses.

Bryce hands them all checks. Their eyes widen.

TALLEY

Sir, this is --

BRYCE

Talley, I believe this will be the
start of a very rewarding
relationship.

INT. DODGE VAN - DAY

Travis pulls over in front of the Williams' estate. Janie looks out the window, bites her left pinky.

Bob Waters, now 21, works as a security guard, he sits in a gate house, opens the metal gate.

TRAVIS

We never sorted out the wedding stuff. We better do it soon.

Janie opens the door. She faces outward.

JANIE

Travis, we're not getting married.

Travis is stunned. Janie turns. Tears run down her face.

JANIE

I love you, Travis, I'll love you forever.

TRAVIS

What?!

JANIE

My father... shit... but Travis...
Travis, listen, I love you, I'll
love you forever.

Janie races away, crying. Travis stares in shock. She passes the gatehouse.

EXT. WILLIAMS' ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Travis jumps out of his van, speeds after Janie.

TRAVIS

JANIE!

Barking, Bear dashes out behind Travis.

The metal gate slams shut.

TRAVIS

Let me in, damn it.

BOB

You're not welcome here anymore,
Mr. Milloy.

Travis grabs the gate, shakes it violently.

TRAVIS
Mr. Milloy? Bob, what the shit?

Bob appears embarrassed.

BOB
I'm sorry, Travis. Mr. Williams has
given us orders.

Hands on the gate, Travis stares as Janie barges in her
home.

Out the door steps Bryce, hardened face.

TRAVIS
Fuck this.

Travis climbs the twelve foot gate.

BOB
Travis, stop!

TRAVIS
You going to shoot me, Bob?

Bryce motions to inside the open door. Four State Troopers
with automatic rifles walk out.

Travis stops almost on the top of the gate.

BOB
No, but running for governor gives
him State Troopers. And he's made
sure they are his.

Travis screams.

TRAVIS
Mr. Williams, Sir, what the shit is
this!

BRYCE
Go home, Travis.

TRAVIS
I want to talk with Janie.

BRYCE
You're trespassing on my gate.

TRAVIS
I'm unarmed.

Travis raises himself onto the top. Bear barks.

BOB
Travis, don't do it.

BRYCE
You're testing my patience, Travis.

TRAVIS
Troopers, I'm unarmed.

Travis jumps down on the inside, holds his hands up high.

TRAVIS
I just want to talk.

BRYCE
Get rid of him.

Bryce turns, enters his home. The Troopers approach Travis.

TALLEY
Mr. Travis Milloy, under the
authority I hold, you have two
choices. You can leave peacefully
right now, or you will be arrested
for trespassing.

The gate opens. Bear joins Travis, BARKS at the Troopers.

TRAVIS
Bear, stop.

Bear quiets, sits.

BOB
I can't do anything, Travis.

Travis stares at Bob.

TRAVIS
Come and get her suitcase?

BOB
Sure.

Bob follows Travis to the van. Bear tags along.

Travis hands Bob a suitcase as Bear jumps in.

TRAVIS
Tell Janie I love her?

Bob has a tear in one eye.

BOB
I'm sorry, Travis. I, I don't know
what's going on.

Travis watches Bob walk back and shut the gate.

INT. DODGE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Travis hops in. Grabs his distinctive, blue cell phone,
dials.

TRAVIS
Morgan?

EXT. GRASSY HILL - DAY

One hundred yards away, Morgan sits on the grass, his video
camera aimed at Travis's van and the Williams' estate. He
glances at his watch. Smirks.

MORGAN
Anyone ever tell you that you're a
naive bastard?

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - TRAVIS AND MORGAN

Travis pauses, looks over at the house front door. One
trooper stands guard.

TRAVIS
Well, that's changing.

MORGAN
Wouldn't have anything to do with
my lovely father, would it?

TRAVIS
You ass.

Morgan pulls out the digital memory card, slides in another.
He puts the card in his socks.

MORGAN
She's my sister, but I'm not my
sister's keeper.

TRAVIS
Where are you?

MORGAN
Up in heaven.

TRAVIS
You double ass.

Travis turns on his van, zooms up to the corner, takes a left. Drives up a rise, takes another left. Morgan waits for him on the curb. Travis stops, Morgan hops in. Bear licks him.

MORGAN
So?

TRAVIS
You just get that camera rolling
and don't stop.

Morgan glances out the window, smiles.

MORGAN
My pleasure.

Travis U-turns, heads back to the Williams' estate. A TV van passes them going the other way.

MORGAN
Been in jail before?

Travis drives right up to the Williams' estate gate.

He turns to Bear.

TRAVIS
Stay.

EXT. WILLIAMS' ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Travis and Morgan exit the van, climb up on top.

Bear hops on the driver's seat, watches.

No trooper at the front door.

BOB
Fuck, Travis, please.

TRAVIS

Bob, give me a break, don't push
any buttons.

Travis hoists himself over the gate, down to the ground. He holds his hands up high.

Twenty yards away, Spence kicks rocks along the sidewalk toward Travis' van.

BOB

It's not me, damn it!

Morgan sits on the van, filming and narrating.

MORGAN

Yes, folks, here's local fireman
hero Travis Milloy scaling the
Williams' estate gate in a
desperate hope to win back his
fiancé.

Morgan shakes his head.

Spence stops five yards from the van, peers up at Morgan. He looks over at Travis.

Two Troopers appear on the roof, aim their rifles at Travis.

MORGAN (O.S.)

And Billionaire Bryce Williams' has
paid off state troopers ready to
kill an unarmed man.

Travis runs towards the front door.

BAM, BAM. Bullets hit the ground.

Travis stops, screams at the Troopers.

TRAVIS

I'm unarmed! I'm unarmed! You going
to kill me? I just want to talk to
my fiancé! Damn it, you going to
kill me for it?

Wide-eyed, Spence stares at Travis.

Two MAIDS' worried faces appear in a window. One is Spence's mother, MRS. CARTER, 35, pleasant looking. She doesn't see Spence.

MRS. CARTER
Oh my gosh, what's going on?

OLDER MAID
Don't ask.

Travis darts up the steps, BANGS on the door, RINGS the bell.

MORGAN (O.S.)
That's our man, ladies and gentlemen. Big town hero. Our own Travis Milloy.

A helicopter takes off from behind the mansion.

Travis bangs harder. Talley opens it.

TALLEY
Mr. Milloy, you're under arrest.

TRAVIS
I just want to talk with Janie.

TALLEY
How loud can you yell?

He looks up at the helicopter.

A crying Janie and Bryce fly off. Travis sprints back toward the van. He spots Spence.

TRAVIS
Spence, get out of here.

Spence backs away, semi-hides at the corner of the gate. He watches, intently.

Mrs. Carter freaks out as she spots Spence.

MRS. CARTER
Oh my god, my son!

The older maid grabs her arm.

OLDER MAID
Stay here. He'll be okay.

Five Troopers block Travis.

TALLEY (O.S.)
I said you're under arrest.

TRAVIS
You're kidding me.

Spence notices TROOPER HAYES's shirt is open in the back. Something bulges beneath it.

Travis tries to break through the Troopers. Four Troopers tackle him to the ground.

Hayes stays out of the tackle. He reaches under his shirt, pulls out the barrel end of a gun as he pushes into the group.

TRAVIS
Shit, I've come here for five years. Since when am I a trespasser?

BAM. A gunshot.

TROOPER BARNS holds his bloody leg, rolls on the ground.

TROOPER BARNS
Shit, the bastard shot me!

TROOPER HAYES
I got his gun!

Hayes pulls away from the group, holding a gun by the barrel end. The other three beat up Travis.

TRAVIS
Stop, no!

They beat Travis unconscious.

Hayes grins, jogs to the home with the gun. Talley nods his approval, as he strides toward Travis' van.

SPENCE
Holy hell...

Spence speeds off.

MORGAN
Yes, you've seen it here, live. Bryce Williams is getting rid of his daughter's fiancé.

Morgan nods, slides out the memory card, inserts another. Puts the card in his other sock.

The gate opens, Troopers surround Travis's van.

TALLEY
Get his phone.

A Trooper approaches the driver's door. Bear BARKS violently. The Trooper points his gun at Bear.

TROOPER
Sit! Back!

Bear stops barking, hops off the driver's seat into the back.

The Trooper keeps his gun pointed at Bear, opens the door, grabs Travis' cell phone.

TALLEY
Come down, Mr. Williams.

MORGAN
It's better air up here.

The Trooper hands Talley the phone. He takes the SIM card out, hands the phone back.

TALLEY
Put it back. -- Mr. Williams, you can hand me that camera and drive this van away, or you can join Mr. Milloy.

MORGAN
Guess I'd lose my job if I wasn't nice.

Morgan climbs down. Hands over the camera.

MORGAN
I'd like a receipt, it's worth nine hundred dollars.

TALLEY
Get out of here.

Morgan stares down Talley.

MORGAN
You do know who I am.

Morgan motions across the way. On the grassy hill, a CHANNEL NINE TV van sits, camera crew filming everything. Talley yells at other men.

TALLEY
Fuck, get them.

MORGAN
Fuck them all you want, their
filming goes directly to the
station.

Talley's eyes widen. He turns to his men.

TALLEY
Forget it. Tell Mr. Williams.

MORGAN
I'll take that receipt.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Janie cries. Bryce looks out the window.

BRYCE
You'll thank me one day.

Bryce's phone RINGS. He answers.

BRYCE
Damn!
(pause)
No, I'll take care of them.

He hangs up, dials.

BRYCE
This is Bryce Williams, I want that
film destroyed.
(pause)
You want your TV station?
(pause)
How nice you understand the
overview.

He lowers his phone, breathes deep.

EXT. SPENCE'S HOME - DAY

Spence tears up the walk to his low income home.

INT. SPENCE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Spence bursts through the door.

Slides double bolt locks.

Dashes to his room.

INT. SPENCE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Spence zips behind the bed, crouches down in fear.

EXT. SPENCE'S HOME - DAY

Mrs. Carter races up the walk to the front door. She tries the keys but it won't open.

She darts around the back. Unlocks the door.

INT. SPENCE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Carter YELLS as she dashes through the kitchen.

MRS. CARTER
Spence! Spence, dear?

She gets to Spence's bedroom door.

MRS. CARTER
Spence!

She opens the door.

Runs to him on the floor. Hugs him.

MRS. CARTER
Spence, oh Spence, what did you
see, dear?

EXT. CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY

A sign reads, "REPUBLICAN HEADQUARTERS, STATE SENATOR ROBERT HIGGINS FOR GOVERNOR." Morgan drives up in a beat up Toyota. Bear sits next to him. He talks to himself.

MORGAN
Well, my lucky day, the old man
fucks Travis, fine, and I'm going
to fuck the old man.

He hops out, strolls inside.

INT. CAMPAIGN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Morgan enters. The RECEPTIONIST nods, hits a buzzer.

RECEPTIONIST
 Senator Higgins will be with you
 shortly, Mr. Williams. Please take
 a seat.

MORGAN
 Thanks.

Morgan glances out the window, whistles a tune.

INT. JAIL - DAY

Bloody and unconscious, Travis lies on the floor in a jail cell. A shocked Police GUARD, ROGER, 30, locks the cell door, stares at Travis. He cocks his head to the side, yells.

GUARD ROGER
 What do you mean, no doctor?

TALLEY (O.S.)
 He'll survive.

The guard frowns.

GUARD ROGER
 And what do I do when he wakes?
 What if he wants a phone call.

TALLEY (O.S.)
 Tell him the phone is temporarily
 out of service.

GUARD ROGER
 Shit, Sir, I know this guy.

TALLEY
 Your friend? Really? He tried to
 kill one of us today. He still your
 friend?

INT. CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY

Morgan stands. A door opens. SENATOR HIGGINS, 60, calm and stately, steps out with DOCTOR HERPERT, 50. Morgan shakes their hands.

SENATOR HIGGINS

Nice to see you, Morgan. You know Dr. Herpert?

MORGAN

He held my hand when I had my tonsils out.

SENATOR HIGGINS

Good. Now since Travis hasn't any criminal history, bail will either be waived or a few thousand. We can easily handle this.

MORGAN

You may be running against my father, but you don't know him very well.

The phone RINGS. The Receptionist answers it.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, I'll tell him. -- Senator, Sir.

They all turn to the Receptionist. She shakes her head.

RECEPTIONIST

They set bail at five million dollars, Sir.

INT. JAIL - DAY

Dr. Herpert cleans Travis' face, puts bandages on. Guard Roger watches.

GUARD ROGER

Something's going on, Sir.

Dr. Herpert nods.

DR. HERPERT

Travis, do you know what?

TRAVIS

Doc, one moment I'm with my love and the next moment I'm mincemeat. Someone put a gun in my hand. -- Can you get me out?

DR. HERPERT

The Senator's working on it.

TRAVIS
Do you know where Janie is?

Dr. Herpert shakes his head.

INT. DEMOCRAT PARTY OFFICE - DAY

Baker stands near a window, looks out. Kane enters.

KANE
Something's up, Sir.

BAKER
Yes. Tell Williams I want to see
him.

Kane exits.

Baker sighs.

INT. JANIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Janie packs a suitcase. Tears fall.

She grabs a happy photo of her and Travis.

INT. JUDGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Senator Higgins sits in front of JUDGE BANKS, 70, stern but
fair.

SENATOR HIGGINS
Come on, Judge, what's going on?

JUDGE BANKS
He shot a policeman.

SENATOR HIGGINS
Alleged. Five million dollars
worth?

JUDGE BANKS
My hands are tied. You know what
Williams can do.

The Judge looks away.

JUDGE BANKS
Robert, help me out.

SENATOR HIGGINS
Fifty thousand and he's in my
custody. Just tell people there was
a computer mistake, too many zeros.

JUDGE BANKS
It should be so easy.

SENATOR HIGGINS
Otherwise I'll request the FBI to
investigate.

The Judge nods.

JUDGE BANKS
Did I ever tell you, that you were
the best student I ever taught.

The Judge signs a paper, smiles.

JUDGE BANKS
You'll make a great governor.

INT. POLICE COMPUTER OFFICE - DAY

Talley talks on his cell phone as he watches the computer
EXPERT open Morgan's camera, take out the memory card, slide
it into a computer.

TALLEY
Yes, Mr. Williams, we're checking
Morgan's camera files right now.

The expert opens the folder, clicks on the latest dated
file. A Rock concert, "Save my Soul".

EXPERT
That was the last file, Sir.

Talley's face frowns.

Another file opens, Gospel singing, "Praise the Lord".
Another, cartoon showing Bugs Bunny laughing.

BUGS BUNNY
That's all, folks.

TALLEY
Fucking little ass. -- We'll get
him, Sir.

Talley storms out.

INT. MORGAN'S CAR - DAY

Morgan drives. Travis, with his head bandaged, sits next to him.

TRAVIS
So what is this shit?

MORGAN
My Dad's a prick.

TRAVIS
C'mon, you must know.

MORGAN
Did Janie tell you why?

TRAVIS
Just quickly mentioned your Dad.

MORGAN
She didn't tell me either.

Travis looks outside as they pass by the cemetery.

TRAVIS
What on earth did I do, that he's
turned on me?

They arrive at Morgan's home, park behind Travis' van. They get out.

EXT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Morgan dashes to the apartment as Travis opens his van's door, grabs his phone, races after Morgan.

INT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bear waits. Morgan and Travis enter. Bear jumps on Travis.

TRAVIS
Good, Bear, good dog.

Morgan zips to his computer. Travis grabs another chair, slides up behind Morgan. Bear BARKS.

TRAVIS
Yeah, us, too.

Travis dials on his cell phone. Nothing.

TRAVIS

Hey.

MORGAN

Troopers borrowed your SIM card.

TRAVIS

So if Janie calls me, they answer.

MORGAN

Nice to have such good friends.

TRAVIS

I'm thrilled.

Travis pockets the phone, grabs a Frisbee, spins it in his hands.

Morgan pulls out one of the memory cards from his sock, slides it in the computer.

He opens the video, showing Travis climbing the gate the first time.

-- VIDEO

Travis grabs the gate, shakes it violently.

TRAVIS

Bob, what the shit?

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Go forward, go forward.

Morgan zips the video forward.

Travis climbs the twelve foot gate.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

More.

-- VIDEO END

Morgan stops the video. He pulls out another memory card from his sock, slides it in the computer, opens the video.

-- VIDEO

Two Troopers appear on the roof, aim their rifles at Travis.

TRAVIS (O.S.)
More, more.

Morgan zips the video forward.

Five Troopers block Travis.

TALLEY (O.S.)
I said you're under arrest.

TRAVIS
You're kidding me.

Travis tries to break through the Troopers. They tackle him to the ground.

Hayes stays out of the tackle. He reaches under his shirt, pulls out the barrel end of a gun as he pushes into the group.

TRAVIS
Shit, I've come here for five years. Since when am I a trespasser?

BAM. A gunshot.

Trooper Barns holds his bloody leg, rolls on the ground.

TROOPER BARNES
Shit, the bastard shot me!

TROOPER HAYES
I got his gun!

Hayes pulls away from the group, holding a gun by the barrel end. The other three beat up Travis.

TRAVIS (O.S.)
Something's there somewhere. Give me a copy.

Morgan freezes the scene.

MORGAN
My wonderful father.

Morgan grabs a USB stick, slides it in the computer.

MORGAN
And one in cloud.

He clicks on his email program.

MORGAN

We'll have to get out of here. Get a quick beer, okay?

TRAVIS

Sure.

Morgan watches as Travis turns around, goes to the fridge. He quickly pulls the USB stick out without copying on it. He pulls out his memory card, shuts down the computer.

He stands as Travis hands him a beer. He gives Travis the empty USB stick.

MORGAN

Here's your copy.

TRAVIS

Great.

EXT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Two police cars pull up in front and behind of Morgan's car and Travis' van.

Talley and eight Troopers get out.

TALLEY

They're here, go!

Five barge into the complex. Two go to the right, two to the left.

INT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

BANGING on the door.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A Trooper BANGS on Morgan's door.

TALLEY

Go.

They break in, guns out.

The entire apartment is overturned, nearly everything is smashed.

Talley grabs and crashes an un-smashed vase.

TALLEY

Shit.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Travis, Morgan and Bear speed down the alley. Travis carries the Frisbee.

They come to a T-crossroad.

MORGAN

Now, listen, don't contact your other friends. They could end up in my dad's radar. Stick with Senator Higgins.

TRAVIS

Right.

They tear off in different directions.

Morgan stops, looks back, eyes cold.

INT. JANIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Suitcase closed. Janie curls up in a large chair, hugging the photo of her and Travis.

EXT. SPENCE'S HOME - DAY

Travis and Bear run down the road toward the home.

He stops in front, looks over his shoulder and around. He spots Mrs. Carter through the front window.

He and Bear dart around to the back.

He BANGS on the door.

TRAVIS

Mrs. Carter! Spence!

Mrs. Carter opens the door.

MRS. CARTER

Oh, Travis, what's going on?

Spence appears, hugs Travis.

SPENCE

Travis!

TRAVIS

I don't know, I really don't know.
But I need someone to take care of
Bear. I don't want to worry my Nan.
Can you do it?

MRS. CARTER

Of course. But what are you going
to do? Why has Mr. Williams --

TRAVIS

Yes, why? Good question.

Travis bends down to Bear, strokes him.

TRAVIS

Good dog, Bear, you stay with
Spence and Mrs. Carter, okay?

Bear WHINES.

TRAVIS

Stay.

He stands.

TRAVIS

Mrs. Carter, if you find out
anything, please let Senator
Higgins know.

MRS. CARTER

Of course. And don't worry about
Bear, he'll be fine here.

TRAVIS

Thanks.

SPENCE

Want me to keep your Frisbee?

Travis starts to hand it to Spence. Stops. He stares at it.
Spins it once. He bites his bottom lip.

TRAVIS

No.

Travis dashes off.

SPENCE
Be careful, Travis.

INT. POOL ROOM - DAY

The balls are racked, ready to play. Bryce sits, smokes a cigar, looks out the window.

Eddie Thompson, now 21, enters.

EDDIE
Mr. Williams, Sir.

Bryce stands, faces Eddie, stretches out his hand for a good shake.

BRYCE
Wonderful to see you, Eddie. How's pre-law going?

EDDIE
Good, Sir, nothing but A's.

BRYCE
Well done. I always knew you're going to go far. A chip off your dad's shoulder, so the saying should be.

Bryce grabs a cue stick, hands one to Eddie.

BRYCE
Let's play some.

EDDIE
Okay, Sir.

BRYCE
Holidays for two more weeks, right?

EDDIE
Yes, Sir.

They both chalk their cues.

BRYCE
I'd like to ask you a personal question. I'm sure it will be okay. You've always liked Janie, haven't you? And if Travis and her weren't together, you'd jump at the chance, right?

EDDIE

Sir, I've loved Janie since picking up her school book. But there's no way. And, well, Travis is a good friend, and they're great together.

BRYCE

Fine, how about the beach with your dad, me and Janie?

EDDIE

Sir, I don't know if my father --

BRYCE

He already booked two rooms next to us.

Bryce lines up, ready to break the rack.

BRYCE

And, by the way, Janie's broken up with Travis.

Eddie looks amazed.

Bryce breaks the rack, sending four balls into pockets.

INT. SENATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Senator sits at his desk, answers the intercom.

SENATOR HIGGINS

Of course.

Tired, breathing heavy, Travis enters.

TRAVIS

Morgan here?

SENATOR HIGGINS

No.

TRAVIS

He should be soon.

SENATOR HIGGINS

Good, do you have a video?

TRAVIS

Yes, he made me a copy. Here.

Travis pulls out his USB stick.

The Senator takes it, inserts it in his laptop.

Click opens a folder.

Empty.

The Senator shakes his head.

SENATOR HIGGINS
Didn't copy.

Travis walks around the desk to look at the screen.

TRAVIS
No way.

He breathes deep.

TRAVIS
Check the trash.

The Senator opens the trash. Empty.

TRAVIS
Give him a call.

Travis writes Morgan's phone number. Higgins calls.

INT. BAR - DAY

Morgan downs a drink. His cell phone RINGS. RINGS. RINGS.

He glances at the number. Mutes the sound. Drinks.

INT. SENATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Senator Higgins hangs up his phone.

HIGGINS
No answer.

TRAVIS
He'll be here soon.

Travis sits, spins his Frisbee. He glances at the wall clock which shows eleven o'clock.

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

Two BODYGUARDS stand at each end of the interior.

Janie, dressed nice, sits, holds a glass of water, stares out the window.

Bryce rests next to the opposite window, sipping a martini, reading a newspaper. His phone RINGS. He answers.

TALLEY (V.O.)
I'm sorry, Sir, they --

BRYCE
Judge Banks already called.

TALLEY (V.O.)
We'll get them, Sir, both of them.

BRYCE
I look forward to only that option.

He hangs up.

BRYCE
The beach is gorgeous this time of the year.

Janie says nothing.

BRYCE
A good break from all the stress.

Janie turns, looks at him with daggers in her eyes.

BRYCE
Someday, you'll thank --

She stands, hurls her glass at him.

JANIE
You belong in hell.

Her glass shatters on the window. A piece cuts Bryce's face. He jumps up.

The guards rush forward. Bryce waves them off.

BRYCE
No.

He wipes the blood, looks hard at Janie.

BRYCE
We'll talk at the beach.

JANIE
You're sick.

Janie heads to the bathroom. A guard blocks her.

JANIE
Should I piss on the floor?

Bryce YELLS.

BRYCE
Let her go, let her go!

EXT. TRAVIS' HOME - DAY

Talley and a partner drive up, get out, look around, head to the door, ring the buzzer.

Nan opens the door, but keeps the screen door locked.

Talley flashes his police badge.

TALLEY
Mrs. Milloy, I'm Officer Talley. Is
Travis here?

Confused, Nan shakes her head.

NAN
What? Why? Uh, no, he's not. What
do you want him for?

TALLEY
Ma'am, now that he's been arrested
for shooting one of my officers...

Nan stares, in shock.

TALLEY
Didn't know, eh, Ma'am?

Talley slides his card under her door.

TALLEY
Well, Ma'am, if he does come home,
please call me. I have to talk with
him.

INT. TRAVIS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

Nan shuts the door. Looks down at Talley's card.

She staggers to the phone, picks up the receiver.
Her whole body shakes, her eyes roll.
She grabs for her emergency call button necklace.
Squeezes hard as she collapses.

EXT. ELECTRONICS SHOP - DAY

Morgan walks around a street corner. Many shops. He glances up and down the road.

He looks over at the electronics shop across the street.
Nods.

MORGAN
Screw the bastards.

He sprints across the street, enters the shop.

INT. SENATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The clock shows twelve o'clock. Travis paces. His Frisbee rests on a chair.

TRAVIS
He should have been here.
Something's --

The phone RINGS. The Senator answers.

SENATOR HIGGINS
Yes.
(pause)
Thank you, I'll tell him.

He hangs up.

SENATOR HIGGINS
Travis, I'm sorry, your aunt's
suffered a stroke.

Travis rushes to the door.

SENATOR HIGGINS
Travis...

Travis stops, looks back at the Senator.

SENATOR HIGGINS

Better come back after you see her.
You'll be safer here.

Travis nods.

INT. AIRPORT HALLWAY - DAY

Bryce and Janie, with six BODYGUARDS around them, make their way through the busy airport.

Janie stops in front of bathrooms. Men's and women's entrances are next to each other.

JANIE

I need to piss.

BRYCE

Sure.

He motions to the guards, it's okay.

BRYCE

No windows.

The guards nod, stand close to the woman's entrance.

INT. WOMEN'S TOILETS - DAY

Janie looks everywhere. No way out. She turns on the water, splashes her tearing eyes.

INT. AIRPORT HALLWAY - DAY

A hip looking, blonde WOMAN, 30, with scarf and hat approaches the bathrooms. A GUARD blocks her.

GUARD

Closed.

She eyes the guard over, looks around at the others.

She backs off, pulls out her cell phone.

Bryce approaches her quickly.

BRYCE

I'm sorry, my assistant was being over protective, my daughter's inside. Please, go ahead.

He motions to the guard to move off.

She enters the bathrooms.

INT. WOMEN'S TOILETS - CONTINUOUS

The Hip Woman enters.

HIP WOMAN

Hey.

Janie doesn't look up.

HIP WOMAN

Weirdo's at the door. Your friends?

Janie looks up, tears fall.

JANIE

I can't do it, I can't. I love him.

The Hip Woman hugs Janie.

HIP WOMAN

Hey, honey.

INT. AIRPORT HALLWAY - DAY

Bryce and the guards wait.

GUARD

What's the odds, she'll change clothes with that hippy.

Bryce nods.

BRYCE

Good. Spread out ten yards, three to the left, three to the right.

The guards spread.

The Hip Woman, still in her own clothes, face down, exits the toilets, walks normally to the left, past Bryce, then dashes down the hallway.

The three guards there, grab her as the other three and Bryce race over.

HIP WOMAN

Help! Help!

She wrestles.

People stop, watch. A guard shows them his security badge.

GUARD

It's okay, we're security.

Unseen, Janie, in her own clothes, exits quickly, slides into the men's toilets.

The guards remove the Hip Woman's scarf.

HIP WOMAN

Police! Police!

BRYCE

Fuck.

They all turn back to the woman's toilets.

HIP WOMAN

Call the real police! Call the real police!

BRYCE

Get in there. Get her!

INT. WOMEN'S TOILETS - DAY

The guards rush in, check every booth. Totally empty.

INT. AIRPORT HALLWAY - DAY

Bryce and guards tear off to the right, searching for Janie.

INT. ELECTRONICS SHOP - DAY

A small speaker lays on the counter. A shop assistant shows Morgan a heartbeat monitor watch. He points at the speaker.

INT. AIRPORT SHOPS AREA - DAY

Janie, wearing the Hip Woman's clothes, stands at a ATM machine. She bites her left pinky.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Travis bites his bottom lip as he weaves his way through parked cars, looking everywhere. He spots Talley, at the front door, instructing three officers.

Talley gets in his car, drives away.

The officers enter the hospital.

Travis heads toward the emergency entrance. The fire ambulance truck is parked there. He darts in, bumps into the Fire Chief.

FIRE CHIEF

Hey!

TRAVIS

Chief, great, help me out. I have to see my Nan.

The Chief looks at Travis questioningly.

TRAVIS

I don't know, I really don't know what's going on. Bryce has gone mad.

The Chief nods.

FIRE CHIEF

Come.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The Fire Chief wears an orderly uniform, pushes a hospital bed with Travis on it. He wheels it past one of Talley's men.

Into Nan's room.

INT. NAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nan sits in her bed.

Travis gets off the bed. The Chief stands by the door.

NAN

Travis? What --

TRAVIS

Nan!

They hug.

NAN

Travis, not so tight.

TRAVIS

Sorry.

NAN

What's all this? And jail? How did you hurt your head? What --

TRAVIS

Nothing for you to worry about. I'm fine, there's just been a misunderstanding, Senator Higgins is helping me out. I'm so glad you're okay. I thought --

Travis drops his head.

NAN

Travis... Travis.

He looks up. teary.

NAN

I remember something. About your mother.

His eyes widen.

NAN

She did mumble in the coma, in the beginning. Maybe for a week. The same words, over and over.

TRAVIS

What words, Nan?

NAN

Her, pack... her, pack... her, pack... that's all I can remember she said.

TRAVIS

Her-pack. What the heck does that mean? Her-pack. Herpert? Could it mean Dr. Herpert?

NAN

Travis, we never told you about the attic.

TRAVIS

Attic?

NAN

The trapdoor is in my robe closet. Pops put your mom's personal things in a big brown suitcase.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Bryce stares out the window. A block away is the PINE MALL. The Guard bursts in, with a cell phone to his ear.

GUARD

Sir! She's still here, using her credit card, buying clothes at the Pine Mall.

BRYCE

Pine Mall?

GUARD

Yes. Wait... She just bought two movie tickets.

BRYCE

Let's go.

They rush out.

INT. PINE MALL - DAY

The Hip woman, wearing Janie's clothes and a head scarf, talks with Police.

HIP WOMAN

Yes, two, sometimes more men. They're in the Mall somewhere. In normal clothes and claim to be police. An older man claims he's my father. I'm so afraid.

POLICEMAN

Okay, go ahead in the theater, sit near the emergency exit on the right side. We'll watch. If you see them, go out the exit.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Bryce, the Guard and two other men enter the darkness, search for Janie.

The Hip woman spots them, runs to the exit. She trips, falls.

They chase after her.

She gets out the door only inches ahead of the Guard's hand.

INT. MOVIE THEATER EXIT AREA - CONTINUOUS

The Guard bursts through the exit, grabs the Hip woman. Bryce behind him.

HIP WOMAN

Help!

BRYCE

Janie!

He grabs the woman's scarf.

HIP WOMAN

Help!

POLICEMAN (O.S.)

Stop! Police! You're under arrest!

Four policemen with guns out surround them.

POLICEMAN

Arms up!

BRYCE

No, wait, she's my daughter.

POLICEMAN

Arms up!

GUARD

We're security.

POLICEMAN

Arms up!

Bryce and his men raise their arms. Bryce, with daggers in his eyes, takes a long look at the Hip woman.

EXT. TRAVIS' HOME - DAY

Travis climbs over a back fence from the neighbor's yard.
He looks around. Races up to his back door.

INT. NAN'S CLOSET - DAY

Travis hoists himself up through the trapdoor.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Travis finds the light cord, turns it on, searches for the brown suitcase. He finds a dark red one. A mirror hangs close by. He opens the suitcase. Many items of his great-uncle. He pulls everything out. One high school yearbook.

TRAVIS
Mom's yearbook? Is that all he
kept?

He opens the yearbook. Reads.

TRAVIS
Okay, Herpack, are you an old
friend?

He flips through the pages. Cheerleading squad captain, Rose Smith.

TRAVIS
You look beautiful, Mom.

Football quarterback, Bryce Williams.

TRAVIS
You're kidding me.

He turns to the Homecoming dance. His mother with George Gibson.

TRAVIS
Well, Bryce, you didn't score my
mother.

The individual photos with nicknames and predictions.
Rose Smith, "Rosie", first woman president.
George Gibson, "Jeep", first "first man" of the White House.

Bryce Williams, "Packer", Green Bay's greatest quarterback.

TRAVIS

They sure got those all wrong. --
Hey, nicknames.

He reads through nicknames of all the men.

TRAVIS

Turf, Axel, Bonaparte, Texas, Cap,
Beanie. Herpack, are you here?
Herpack, herpack, herpack -- shit,
herpackherpack -- her... pack,
her... pack, her -- Packer!

He turns back to Bryce's photo. Stares long.

TRAVIS

He found out my real name.
(pause)
The next day was the DNA test.
(pause)
Then he forced Janie to dump me.

He holds the yearbook next to the mirror. Bryce's photo
looks like Travis.

TRAVIS

Shit... He's my father... Janie's
my sister.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Janie sits near the window, eyes closed, tears flowing. Her
hands rub her stomach.

An elderly woman sits next to her. She takes out a
handkerchief, puts it in Janie's hand.

Janie opens her red eyes, half smiles, takes the
handkerchief, rests her head on the woman's shoulder.

EXT. HOLLINS FAMILY PLANNING CENTER - DAY

Janie stands across the street, one hand on her stomach. She
stares blankly toward the center.

She pulls out her cell phone.

Dials. Nothing.

JANIE
Come on, come on.

She dials again. Nothing.

She opens the phone.

The SIM is gone.

She SCREAMS.

JANIE
Damn him!

She dashes into a hotel.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Janie looks around, finds the public phone. Dials. RING, RING.

INT. POLICE OFFICE - DAY

Talley stands amongst other OFFICERS working phone tapping machines. RING. RING. He answers a cell phone.

TALLEY
Uh-huh.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - JANIE AND TALLEY

JANIE
Travis, oh Travis, I'm so scared. I don't know what to do. He's terrible, it's all been terrible. I need you, Travis, I love you.

TALLEY
Excuse me, is that Janie?

Janie's eyes widen.

TALLEY
Janie? Janie, this is Chuck from the fire station. Travis is still in jail, I have his phone. Tell me where you are?

JANIE
Jail?

TALLEY
Didn't you know?

JANIE
Why?

TALLEY
They say he shot a policeman.

JANIE
What?

TALLEY
Tell me where you are, we'll send a
car to get you.

JANIE
I don't know you.

TALLEY
Not to worry, I'm just one of the
guys. We're taking turns holding
his phone, expecting your call.

JANIE
Expecting?

Janie shakes her head.

TALLEY
Janie, tell me where you are.

Janie hangs up, runs off.

Talley turns to his officers.

TALLEY
Get that?

OFFICER
Too short, Sir.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Morgan stands, wears the heartbeat monitor watch.

A half drunk bottle of whiskey rests near the speaker on a
table.

He takes the watch off.

MORGAN (V.O.)
Too bad, you big shit.

He breathes deep, nods, switches the speaker off.

INT. SPENCE'S HOME - DAY

Spence watches a video, "12 ANGRY MEN".

FOREMAN
Number Four?

JUROR FOUR
Guilty.

FOREMAN
Number Five?

JUROR FIVE
Not guilty.

FOREMAN
Number Six?

JUROR SIX
Guilty.

His mom enters, sits down next to him, mutes the sound.

MRS. CARTER
Spence, honey, we should tell
someone.

SPENCE
But, Mom, they were cops - bad
cops. We tell them, they will kill
us.

MRS. CARTER
Then we don't tell the police, we
tell everyone.

Spence looks at her questioningly.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A fellow on his computer calls out.

FELLOW
Hey, check the latest NewsTube.

Many come over. His computer shows Spence with a full head covering. His voice is muffled.

SPENCE (V.O.)
I saw police beat up my friend,
Travis Milloy at the Williams'
estate.

INT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

Students watch a computer.

SPENCE (V.O.)
He wasn't doing anything wrong. One
cop had a gun and put it in Travis'
hand.

INT. CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY

Senator Higgins and his staff watch.

SPENCE (V.O.)
He made the gun shoot another
policeman. Then they really beat up
Travis.

EXT. WILLIAMS' ESTATE - DAY

Bob watches a TV in his gate house.

SPENCE (V.O.)
I can't show you my face. I'm
scared they will kill me.

Bob tears off his cap and security badge.

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - DAY

Travis hurries along the riverbank to under the bridge.

He sits up on the ledge, catches his breath.

He scratches in the upper dirt, pulls out the small box.
Paper and pens rest inside.

He writes, "JANIE, I LOVE YOU. I LOVE YOU. I'LL COME BACK
HERE AGAIN SOON. TRAVIS."

A large Huntsman spider drops down on his paper.

Travis jerks away.

Stops.

He looks closer at the spider. He nods.

He gently encourages the spider to get off his paper.

Folds it. Puts it in the box. Hides the box in the dirt.

He runs off.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Talley examines the Williams' estate security videos, which show the beating of Travis from the angle of the home.

He watches Bear barking at the police. He winds forward, spots Spence near the gate. Holds the frame. Zeros in on Spence.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Spence throws a ball for Bear.

Talley drives up.

Bear stops halfway to the ball, turns, BARKS.

TALLEY

Hey, Spence.

Spence stops, horrified. Bear races back, BARKS more. He charges at the car.

Talley pulls out his gun, points it at Bear. Bear stops barking, backs off.

TALLEY

I have a message for your friend,
Travis.

Talley SHOOTS Bear dead.

TALLEY

Keep your mouth shut, kid.

He drives off.

EXT. POLICE OFFICE - DAY

News reporters clamor around Bryce as he exits.

REPORTER ONE
What was it like being
fingerprinted, Sir?

REPORTER TWO
Can you tell us what happened in
the movie theatre?

Bryce ignores them. His guards try to push the reporters
away.

REPORTER ONE
Sir, what about the NewsTube kid?

REPORTER TWO
Did your men really do it?

Bryce decides to speak, but downplays everything.

BRYCE
There was a bit of misunderstanding
today. The police were kind enough
to sort the matter. As to Mr.
Milloy, I was not there and I have
not talked to any of those men. So
I cannot comment on this kid's
story.

REPORTER ONE
But Sir, Travis Milloy was going to
be your son-in-law. What's up with
your daughter and him?

BRYCE
I believe my daughter found out
that Mr. Milloy has some deep
problems. She has cancelled the
wedding. Thank you.

He gets into a limousine.

INT. FIRE STATION - DAY

A REPORTER interviews Firemen.

REPORTER
What do you think about your co-
worker, Travis Milloy?

FIREMAN
No way, he had no gun.

FIRE CHIEF
Wouldn't hurt a fly.

REPORTER
But the gun is registered in his
name.

FIREMAN
Sure, Bryce Williams can frame
anyone he wants.

FIRE CHIEF
With his money...

The Fire Chief shakes his head.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Morgan types on a laptop. NewsTube website.
"THE_TRUTH_OF_BRYCE_WILLIAMS.doc". He clicks "Upload".

EXT. CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY

Travis appears around a corner, heading toward the Senator's
office thirty yards ahead, on the other side of the street.

He stops, spots an unmarked police car with two men inside,
further up the street, facing the office.

He focuses on the driver, recognizes Talley.

He looks up at the building next to him. Three story
apartments with a fire escape facing the Senator's office.
The sun shines on the third floor.

He dashes in the apartment.

INT. STAIRS - DAY

Travis tears up the stairs.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Travis exits the stairway. Pulls out his cell phone as he
walks to the edge of the building, facing the street.

He uses the back of his cell phone to ricochet the sun so light flashes into the Senator's office.

INT. CAMPAIGN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Receptionist spots the light zipping back and forth on the floor.

RECEPTIONIST
Senator, Sir!

She gets up as the Senator opens his door.

RECEPTIONIST
Look!

They both go to the window, spot Travis.

Travis sees them, points to the car.

EXT. CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY

Senator Higgins walks out of his office, heads to the Troopers.

They look the other way.

The Senator knocks on the driver's window.

SENATOR HIGGINS
You guys have a problem?

Talley turns to face Senator Higgins. He rolls down the window.

TALLEY
Are you talking to us?

The Senator stares him down.

TALLEY
Hmmm.

Talley starts the car, drives off.

Senator Higgins walks back to his office. He waves to Travis.

Travis zips down the fire escape.

Joins the Senator at the door. They enter.

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - DAY

Janie arrives, exhausted. She digs out the hidden box, opens it, reads Travis' note, curls up on the ledge, cries.

INT. DEMOCRAT PARTY OFFICE - DAY

Baker sits behind his desk, lights his cigar. Kane stands near a window. They watch the TV. Travis and Bryce's photos appear.

ANNOUNCER

In an odd twist to the strange
Travis Milloy/Bryce Williams story,
all of CASHmart's five hundred
thousand, nation-wide employees
have left their jobs today,
claiming to be sick. Yes, all
CASHmart stores are currently
closed. How long this will be for
is anyone's guess.

KANE

We can dump him now.

BAKER

Not that easy with his money.

KNOCK on the door. Baker mutes the TV. Kane opens the door to reveal Bryce. Kane's eyes burn into Bryce's who returns the look with his own cold eyes.

Bryce walks past Kane to speak to Baker.

BRYCE

Mr. Baker, I have everything under
control.

KANE

The shit you do.

Bryce holds his gaze at Baker, who blows some smoke, takes another drag.

BRYCE

Your assistant exaggerates. It's
nothing, really.

KANE

Your stores have a problem.

BRYCE

A bit of over-reaction. My staff
will be back to work soon.

Baker picks up a pair of scissors, holds the burning end of
the cigar close. He stares at the cigar.

BAKER

If not, we will have to replace you
on the ballot.

He cuts the end of the cigar as if cutting off a head. He
looks up at Bryce.

BAKER

Bryce, you have really screwed up.

BRYCE

Mr. Baker, I built CASHmart from a
five thousand dollar investment. I
don't need you as much as you need
me.

He turns, walks out.

Baker reaches for his lighter.

BAKER

It would be convenient if he had a
fatal accident.

INT. SENATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Senator finishes showing Travis Spence's video as Travis
fidgets with the Frisbee near the window.

SENATOR HIGGINS

Brave kid.

TRAVIS

A wonderful kid. What about Morgan?

SENATOR HIGGINS

Nothing yet.

TRAVIS

I don't know, this just isn't --

SENATOR HIGGINS

Travis, things are happening, you
have to --

Travis turns to face the Senator.

TRAVIS
Morgan's in trouble.

SENATOR HIGGINS
Best to wait here. Those troopers
will be around somewhere.

TRAVIS
I can't.

Travis rushes out with his Frisbee.

SENATOR HIGGINS
Travis!

EXT. CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY

Travis exits, looks around.

Up the road, Talley's car pulls out of an alley. Driver's side facing Travis, window open, Talley's face smiles a killer's smile.

Travis speeds off in the other direction.

He darts down a narrow side road.

He hides behind a huge garbage container. Nails lay scattered amongst bricks.

He grabs a brick, grabs a nail, bangs it into the side of his Frisbee so the nail points outward.

He looks up the road, no one.

He bangs another nail in the Frisbee. Looks. Bangs another. Looks. Bangs another. Looks.

Talley's car turns into the road.

Travis stops banging, crotches low.

The car glides past Travis.

Five yards away.

Ten yards away.

Twenty yards away.

Travis pushes the garbage container to block the road.
He sprints off.

INT. TALLEY'S CAR - DAY

Talley glances in his rearview mirror.

TALLEY

Fuck.

He speeds up to an intersection, U-turns, drives to the garbage container.

TALLEY

Fast.

They both get out, push the container aside.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

An open field lies next to the busy road. Along the edge of the field, perpendicular to the highway, a slope drops away into a cluster of trees.

Travis tries to flag down a car. No one stops.

He spots Talley's speeding car approaching, half a mile away.

He runs into the field, looks back.

Talley drives off the highway, onto the field.

Travis aims the Frisbee toward Talley, throws.

The Frisbee sails high.

It swings down toward Talley's car as they approach Travis.

The Frisbee flies right into Talley's open window.

The nails cut deep into Talley's face.

He SCREAMS. Grabs his bloody face.

The car swerves.

Off the field.

Flips down the slope.

Crashes into a tree.

Bursts into flames.

Travis looks around, races off.

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

Travis hurries up to a stop light. Stands.

He spots Morgan driving a rental, going through the intersection. Travis waves.

TRAVIS
Morgan! Morgan!

Morgan sees Travis. Flips Travis his middle finger.

Travis stands, shocked.

TRAVIS
Shit, what the...

Travis watches Morgan drive away. His eyes squint.

TRAVIS
Gullible ass, that's what he called
me. I've been a gullible ass. Like
father, like son.

The light turns green.

TRAVIS
FUCK!

He tears across the street.

EXT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE - DAY

Bryce eats at the outdoor patio.

Morgan walks around from the side of the house. He wears the heartbeat monitor watch.

MORGAN
Fast trip to the beach.

BRYCE
Well, if it isn't the little shit.

MORGAN

If I'm the little shit, you're the big shit.

Bryce's eyes narrow in on Morgan.

BRYCE

You're in trouble.

MORGAN

I was going to say the same to you.

Morgan looks around.

MORGAN

Let's go inside.

INT. POOL ROOM - DAY

Bryce sits at his desk as Morgan shuts the door.

MORGAN

I want one hundred million dollars and a written guarantee that Janie and I, equally, are and will be the only heirs to your will.

Bryce opens his drawer halfway, pulls out a cigar. A revolver can be seen further up the drawer. Morgan does not see the gun.

BRYCE

And if you don't get your little wish?

MORGAN

You already know.

Bryce lights his cigar.

Unseen to Bryce, Morgan puts his small electronic speaker on the book shelves.

MORGAN

The video goes live.

BRYCE

Why should I pay so much money for your video that shows a cop perhaps not quite doing his proper duty?

Bryce blows smoke toward Morgan.

MORGAN

And I'll explain to the world how
you killed George Gibson, and then
beat and raped Rose Gibson.

BRYCE

You were present, were you?

MORGAN

I'm a reporter now.

Morgan's eyes squint.

MORGAN

And I'm sure people won't mind
finding out that Travis is your
son.

BRYCE

Interesting, Morgan, for the first
time in your life, I see some spunk
in you.

Bryce taps his fingers on his desk, close to the drawer with
the gun in it.

BRYCE

Give me two hours. Go have a
hamburger or something.

MORGAN

Or something.

Morgan leaves.

Bryce picks up his phone.

BRYCE

Get rid of the shit.

EXT. WILLIAMS ESTATE - DAY

Morgan gets in his car. Drives off.

Two men drive after Morgan.

INT. POOL ROOM - DAY

Bryce sits at his desk, smugly enjoying his cigar. Morgan's
voice comes from the little speaker.

MORGAN (V.O.)
Too bad, you big shit.

Bryce springs up, looks around.

MORGAN (V.O.)
This recording plays if my heart
beat stops. The video and more goes
online, if I die.

Bryce spots the speaker.

MORGAN (V.O.)
You have no idea how long I've
wanted to bring you down... If only
you had been a loving father.
(long pause)
But I guess I played my cards
wrong.
(long pause)
As much as I prepared this, I
never... never... never really
believed you would kill me...
(long pause)
Dad... Dad?

The speaker bursts apart.

Bryce stares long.

EXT. SPENCE'S HOME - DAY

Soft rain. Travis looks around, bangs on the back door.
Spence answers.

SPENCE
Oh Travis, Travis, they killed
Bear!

Travis looks down.

TRAVIS
It'll be okay, Spence, don't be
scared. You were wonderful, brave,
to make the video. I'm proud of
you. -- Your mom here?

Spence dashes away.

SPENCE (O.S.)
Mom, Mom!

Mrs. Carter appears.

TRAVIS

What's happening at the estate? Any word on Janie?

MRS. CARTER

She disappeared. Mr. Williams tried to take her away, but she got free. No one knows where she is.

TRAVIS

I do. Thanks.

He races off.

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - DAY

Raining hard. Janie lies, curled up, asleep.

Travis arrives, soaked. He looks long at Janie. His tight shoulders drop. He takes off his jacket, places it on Janie.

She stirs.

JANIE

Travis! Travis!

TRAVIS

Janie, honey.

They embrace. Janie cries.

TRAVIS

Are you okay? What did he do to you?

JANIE

Travis, you, did they beat you?

TRAVIS

It's okay, it's okay. Senator Higgins is helping me.

JANIE

I'm so worried.

TRAVIS

They killed Bear.

JANIE

Oh, Travis! I'm scared.

TRAVIS

Tell me.

JANIE

It's terrible, it's so terrible.

TRAVIS

What do you know?

JANIE

My dad hates you. I don't know why.

TRAVIS

Janie.

JANIE

Oh, Travis.

TRAVIS

Janie.

JANIE

What? Do you know something?

TRAVIS

Yes.

Travis looks away.

JANIE

Tell me.

TRAVIS

Janie... your father...

He bites his lip.

TRAVIS

Your father had sex with my mother.
I'm your brother.

She grabs him tight.

JANIE

No!

TRAVIS

Look.

Travis pulls out the yearbook page showing Bryce. He holds it next to his face.

Janie collapses.

JANIE
No, no, no!

TRAVIS
I have to beat the shit out of him.

JANIE
Travis, no, he'll kill you. He told
me he'll kill you. He will.

TRAVIS
Then I'll kill him first.

JANIE
No!

TRAVIS
I love you, Janie, sister or not.
Go to Senator Higgins, you'll be
safe there.

Travis kisses her, leads her up to the road. He waves down a
taxi.

Janie clutches Travis tight.

JANIE
But Travis, you --

Travis shakes his head. A long pause as they look into each
others' eyes.

TRAVIS
I'll be okay. My eyes are open.

He helps her into the taxi, turns to the DRIVER.

TRAVIS
Senator Higgins' campaign office.

JANIE
Travis...

They kiss. She hugs him tight.

JANIE
I'll love you forever and ever.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Janie watches Travis wave as they drive off.

JANIE

Change that. Please take me to the
Hawkins Law firm.

DRIVER

Sure.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Travis watches the taxi disappear. He takes a step, falters
on an untied shoelace. He bends down to tie it.

He notices the sock is ridged. He touches the other. It's
smooth. One is brown, the other is red.

TRAVIS

Did it again, did I? -- Shit! The
wrong suitcase.

He sprints up the road.

INT. HAWKINS LAW FIRM - DAY

Red-eyed, tired, wet, Janie sits in the waiting room,
hugging Travis' jacket.

A door opens, lawyer MR. HAWKINS, 65, greets her.

HAWKINS

My dear, Janie, you don't look --

JANIE

Mr. Hawkins, please, I need my
mother's letter.

HAWKINS

But your birthday is not until --

Janie beseeches him.

JANIE

I need it! I need it now. Please!

HAWKINS

I'm sorry, Janie, your mother's
instruct --

She SCREAMS.

JANIE

Please!

Her whole body shakes.

He looks her up and down.

HAWKINS
Okay... okay.

INT. HAWKINS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Hawkins leads Janie into his office.

HAWKINS
Can I get you some coffee or --

JANIE
Please. Just the letter.

He pulls out an envelope addressed to "Janie Williams", hands it to her.

HAWKINS
She said you should read it when
you're alone.

Janie stares at the envelope.

JANIE
Thank you, Mr. Hawkins.

Janie leaves.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Travis scrambles through more storage.

He finds the brown suitcase. Opens it. His mother's things. jewelry, scarfs, a hat, an extra large music box. Glass top with dancing figures. Wooden base, 10 x 10 x 5 inches.

No letters or any papers.

TRAVIS
Shit, what am I looking for now?

He pulls out the yearbook photo of Bryce.

TRAVIS
What?

Travis fondles the music box, winds it, MUSIC plays. He SCREAMS.

TRAVIS

Damn him!

He hurls the music box across the room. It smashes on a beam. Cracks open.

A small diary.

TRAVIS

Shit!

He grabs the diary, flips through to the last page, turns back one: September 14, 1998.

ROSE (V.O.)

I think it's time we told Packer,
but how do we tell him that Morgan
is not his son.

September 15, 1998.

ROSE (V.O.)

Why did I ever let Paula talk us
into this??

TRAVIS

Damn.

EXT. PARK - DUSK

Janie sits on a park bench across from some shops. She opens her mother, PAULA's letter.

PAULA (V.O.)

My dearest Janie, How I wish I was
with you right now. I'm sure you're
as beautiful as ever. I need to
tell you something important. I
never told Morgan either, so please
show him this letter. I hope and
pray you and Morgan will forgive me
for any difficulties this may give
you.

Janie stops reading. Tears fall.

INTERCUT - TRAVIS AND JANIE READ

September 16, 1999.

ROSE (V.O.)
Just a favor, she said. But this
time I'm scared. Once was enough.

Final entry: September 17, 1999.

ROSE (V.O.)
Help her get pregnant. What if
Packer finds them together?? He'll
never understand. We should tell
him!!

Travis stares.

TRAVIS
I'm so sorry, Mom. You waited too
long.

Travis closes the diary. Thinks.

Janie breathes deep. Reads.

PAULA (V.O.)
For some reason, Bryce and I have
not been able to get pregnant. We
are both fertile, but it just
hasn't happened. My good friend,
Rose Gibson asked her husband to
help me. No affair, just a favor. I
never told Bryce... so he would
think you and Morgan were his own.

JANIE
Oh, my god!

Travis opens the diary, reads.

TRAVIS
"Morgan is not his son." "Morgan is
not his son." Once is Morgan. Twice
is...

Travis closes it.

TRAVIS
Twice is Janie.

PAULA (V.O.)

Yes, Bryce Williams is not your biological father. George Gibson was. I should have told Bryce. I should have told Bryce. I should have told Bryce! I am truly sorry, my dears. Please forgive me. Bryce has been a good father for you. Please remember that. It was my fault George died. It was my fault Rose was in a coma. I am glad I have cancer and I'm dying. I can't live with these thoughts anymore. I'm so, so sorry. Please, please Janie, please Morgan, forgive me. I wish Bryce could forgive me, too. All my love, Mom.

Dazed, Janie stares at two pigeons mating. She whispers to herself.

JANIE

Travis... Travis...

She wipes her tears.

JANIE

Travis is not my brother.

Travis smiles.

TRAVIS

Janie's not my sister. She's George Gibson's daughter.

Janie smiles.

JANIE

Travis... is... not... my... brother!

She jumps and SCREAMS with joy.

JANIE

Travis is not my brother!

She stops, frozen.

JANIE

No! No!

She runs to the road, flags a taxi.

JANIE
The Williams' estate. Please hurry.

INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE - DUSK

A policeman steps away from a computer, showing Morgan's face.

POLICEMAN
Chief! Guys! Have a look at this
NewsTube statement.

The POLICE CHIEF, 50, the top DETECTIVE, 45, and other police come over. An official statement reads:

Our apologies to Mr. Morgan Williams. We have tried to contact you but you do not answer. So we have posted this notice to you here. We are not allowed to put your video with your claims about your father, Bryce Williams online. Mr. Bryce Williams has told us that your claims are lies and that you are attempting to libel him.

CHIEF
Shit.

DETECTIVE
I said after the kid's video, we should have started rolling.

CHIEF
I'll think about it.

The Chief goes in his office, shuts the door.

An INNOCENT POLICEMAN speaks.

INNOCENT POLICEMAN
Damn. Is he going to protect that bastard?

A SECOND POLICEMAN "friend" of Bryce Williams challenges.

SECOND POLICEMAN
Watch it.

The Detective eyes the two rivals.

DETECTIVE
Let him have a cup of coffee.

The Detective sits.

DETECTIVE
I'll have one, too, thanks.

A policeman goes to the Coffee maker.

INT. BAR - DAY

Kane talks to two thugs. One has a SCAR on his chin. The other is BALD. Scar points at the TV, which shows Bryce's face.

SCAR
That guy?

BALDIE
Hey, didn't we do a job for him?
About twenty years ago.

SCAR
Justice.

KANE
Make it look like suicide.

Baldie laughs.

BALDIE
Same job.

Scar nods.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Scar and Baldie get in a car.

INT. POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Police Chief finishes his coffee as the Detective enters.

DETECTIVE
Chief?

CHIEF

Hell, Bob, it's Bryce Williams
we're talking about, not some Joe
Blow.

The Detective challenges the Chief.

DETECTIVE

Tom, I was a rookie when we covered
those jobs. What happened? What was
it we weren't told?

The Chief looks out a window at the rain.

DETECTIVE

Or what was it I wasn't told?

CHIEF

Take a couple of men. Don't make a
big deal about it. Just ask
Williams to come in for some
questions.

The Detective shakes his head.

DETECTIVE

Sure, some questions. What about
Morgan?

CHIEF

Yes... send some men to his
apartment.

Thunder CRACKS.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The Detective and two other policemen get in a police car.

DETECTIVE

No sirens.

POLICEMAN

Yes, Sir.

INT. POOL ROOM - NIGHT

Bryce shoots pool, misses, misses. He wears a glove on one
hand.

The servant, Tony enters.

TONY

Sir, we'll be out now for the evening. Is there anything you need before we go?

BRYCE

No, Tony, you have a good time.

TONY

Thank you, Sir. But I am concerned. We don't have a new night gate guard.

BRYCE

Don't worry, Tony, the security cameras are on, alarms all functioning fine, and I'm sure nothing will happen here tonight.

TONY

As you wish, Sir. My phone will be on if you need us.

Tony leaves.

Bryce walks over to a security cameras' panel with six switches and one video screen showing six different views of the driveway and grounds.

He turns off every switch. The screen goes black.

He opens a cupboard, pulls out a jar with a huge eight-inch, brown and black, furry Tarantula spider inside. Sets it on the pool table.

He takes his gun out of his desk, puts it on a book shelf near the pool table.

He clicks on the TV, showing a reporter talking to Bob.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, we have more news on the Bryce Williams' story. Following the NewsTube statement concerning Morgan Williams' claims, three people have come forth with evidence against Bryce Williams. Due to the possibility that some police have been working for Mr. Williams, they have come to us instead of the police. First we have Mr. Williams' ex-gatekeeper, Bob Waters, who was an eyewitness.

Bryce moves closer to the TV.

Unseen to Bryce, Travis enters.

BOB

I'm sorry I didn't say anything earlier. I was scared. But now I want to say that I saw Trooper Hayes pull the gun from his back and force it into the group tackling Travis. And then after the shot, I could see Trooper Hayes smile as he walked away with the gun.

The TV shows a reporter holding a mic up to the prison guard, Roger.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Second is the prison guard, where Travis Milloy was held.

GUARD ROGER

Travis was beaten badly and unconscious when they brought him to the jail. They forbid me to call a doctor and they refused to allow him a phone call if he woke.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Janie bites her left pinky.

JANIE

Please! Can't you go any faster? Someone might be killed.

The DRIVER floors it.

DRIVER

Shit, lady. Buckle up.

They pass by Scar and Baldie.

INT. SCAR'S CAR - NIGHT

Scar and Baldie watch the taxi zip by.

SCAR

Someone's having a party.

INT. POOL ROOM - NIGHT

The TV shows a reporter holding a mic up to Channel Nine News owner, SAM THOMPSON.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And third is Channel Nine News owner, Sam Thompson.

THOMPSON

Yes, we did film the incident, but I was threatened by Bryce Williams to delete the filming or else. At that time, I felt I had no other choice. I am glad now that I can speak the truth.

BRYCE

Bastards!

TRAVIS

So you beat my mother, raped her and killed her husband.

Bryce calmly turns off the TV. Walks to the pool table.

BRYCE

I've been expecting you... Son.

He picks up a jar with the Tarantula spider.

Reaches in with his gloved hand.

Travis walks toward Bryce.

TRAVIS

You killed him because he fucked your wife. You fucked her because you never had her. But why did you beat her?

BRYCE

Another little shit.

He throws the spider onto Travis' shoulder.

Travis doesn't move.

TRAVIS

I worked on it.

The spider crawls up Travis' neck.

He slowly reaches for it.

Grabs it, throws it off.

Bryce heads to the gun.

Travis reaches for a plate on a side table, throws it at Bryce like a Frisbee.

The plate clips Bryce's head. He stumbles.

Travis lunges for Bryce.

Bryce swings his cue stick, hits Travis in the head, knocks Travis down.

Blood spurts.

Travis gets up, just as Bryce swings again.

Travis dodges, charges.

He throws Bryce against the wall.

A fierce battle ensues, both become bloody until Travis has Bryce pinned on the floor.

Travis lays into him.

Again. Again. Again.

Bryce moans.

Travis hits him again. Unconscious.

Travis falls back, exhausted.

He struggles to get up, staggers toward a phone.

He grabs it. Dials 911.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The Detective receives word on the radio.

RADIO POLICEMAN
911 at Williams' estate.

DETECTIVE
Sirens! Go!

Sirens BLARE. They speed.

Pass Scar's car.

INT. SCAR'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Scar and Baldie watch the police race by.

SCAR

Hey.

BALDIE

Yeah.

Scar turns the car around.

INT. POOL ROOM - NIGHT

Travis talks on the phone.

TRAVIS

I might have killed him.

BRYCE (O.S.)

Put it down.

Travis spins around.

Bryce stands, points his gun at Travis.

JANIE (O.S.)

Travis! Travis!

BRYCE

Fuck.

Janie bursts into the room. She spots the gun. SCREAMS.

JANIE

Stop!

Bryce turns his gun toward her.

BRYCE

You stop. And you stop thinking you can marry Travis. Damn it - he's your brother.

TRAVIS

No, I'm not.

Bryce waves the gun at Travis.

BRYCE

Fuck you.

Janie looks at Travis.

JANIE

You know.

TRAVIS

Janie's not your daughter and never was. She's George Gibson's daughter.

Bryce's whole body shakes.

BRYCE

The hell with you.

JANIE

Dad! He's telling the truth. You don't understand!

Bryce waves his gun back and forth.

BRYCE

Understand? What's to understand? Your mother was a bitch and now you're a bitch.

Janie waves her mother's letter.

JANIE

Mom loved you. She deeply loved you. She wrote me this letter for my birthday.

Bryce's face twitches.

TRAVIS

George Gibson wasn't her lover.

BRYCE

Fuck you!

JANIE

Mom only did it so you could have kids! She couldn't get pregnant from you. She knew you wanted kids. She and George did it for you!

BRYCE

No!

TRAVIS

Yes! George Gibson risked his life
so you could think you had your own
kids!

Bryce shakes his head.

JANIE

Yes, you killed him because he was
helping you!

Bryce staggers, reaches for the side of his desk to brace
himself.

TRAVIS

You raped and beat my mother
because she was helping you!

Bryce's whole body shakes.

BRYCE

I...

TRAVIS

Janie's not your real daughter. And
I'm not her brother.

Janie puts the letter on his desk.

Bryce's eyes flash on parts:

important... Bryce and I... not...
pregnant... Rose... husband... No
affair... favor... Bryce... not
your... father. George... was... I
should have told Bryce!... my fault
George died... Rose... coma...
can't live with these thoughts...
I'm so, so sorry. Please, please
Janie... I wish Bryce could forgive
me, too. All my love, Mom.

BRYCE

I... I'm... I'm so...

Police car SIRENS outside.

Bryce looks up.

BRYCE

So sorry, too... Travis... I, I
didn't mean to... I really didn't
mean to... hit Rose... so hard.

He turns his gun toward his head.

JANIE

No!

TRAVIS

Bryce!

Bryce pulls the trigger. BAM!

Janie and Travis hug.

Police barge in the room.

They spot Bryce's body.

The Detective puts his hand on Travis' shoulder.

Travis nods.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Travis nods as a hand pats his shoulder.

He turns to Eddie, both in tuxedos. They smile at each other.

Bob stands next to Eddie.

A wedding march song BEGINS.

They look up the aisle to see one hundred friends.

Janie, in a beautiful wedding dress, steps into the light. She wears Travis' necklace.

She walks past the Fire Chief and Firemen, dressed in their uniforms.

Past Senator Higgins, his Receptionist and Dr. Herpert.

Past Spence and his mother, Mrs. Carter.

Past Nan and lawyer, Mr. Hawkins.

She steps up the platform to her two bridesmaids.

She turns to Travis.

Their eyes lock.

Travis swings his arm from behind his back.

He holds out a single red rose to Janie.

They smile.

FADE OUT.