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## **DOK: An Original Screenplay**

Duncan Campbell  
*Old Dominion University*

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DOK

AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

by

Duncan Campbell

B. A. May 1991, Old Dominion University

B. S. May 1986, University of the State of New York

A Creative Project submitted to the Faculty of  
Old Dominion University in Partial Fulfillment of the  
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Approved by:

\_\_\_\_\_  
Edward Jacobs

## ABSTRACT

### DOK

Duncan Campbell  
Old Dominion University, 1993  
Director: Dr. Douglas G. Greene

DOK is an original screenplay in which DOK blames his brother, Jim, for the death of his wife and son. Jim accepts that blame. DOK handles his grief by wandering from place to place, whereas Jim finds solace through alcohol. They meet up two years later in the town of Ayre. Jim, a reporter, is there to cover DOK's arrest by Special Agent Bill Withers. Jim is unaware that DOK, real name Daniel, is his brother. In quick succession: DOK is released from jail, Withers runs a drunken Jim off the road, and DOK finds and treats Jim. Jim, while unconscious, recalls how DOK's wife and child were actually killed. DOK, in the meantime, decides to give himself up, but before he can, he saves several children injured in a collision caused by Withers. Withers, knowing he's about to die, tells the sheriff what Jim recalled when he became conscious.

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## Creative Project Statement

Duncan Campbell

DOK

A Screenplay

DOK was written as a direct result of two things, besides family and friends, that have, throughout my life, stirred, and sometimes steered, my thoughts and emotions: movies and writing.

Movies and movie-making fascinate me. I cannot remember a time I was not intrigued by some special effect, dramatic scene, clever twist of words, exaggerated camera angle, or other seemingly magical Hollywood technique. I grew up around movies. Movies were the television of my youth, and the only regular escapist entertainment in the small Mexican pueblo I grew up in. Movies opened my mind and exposed me to a world view far removed from the floppy-eared burros bearing fresh milk, charcoal, and firewood to our front door each day. Movies took me to far-off places—some real, some imagined—I could only dream about, but when older hoped to visit. Movies allowed me to shoot, fight, and swashbuckle my way out of any difficulty, to glide effortlessly, jump, and tap my way, to the envy of all, around a crowded ballroom, and to hold in my arms, and kiss, a multitude of beautiful women. Dorothy's yellow brick road, though only a figment of L. Frank Baum's imagination and MGM's set designers, somehow, was much better than the dusty, sometimes muddied, cobble-stoned streets I daily roamed, alone or with my friends, in search of adventure. I wasn't particular, either, of what kind of movies I saw. The adventures of John Wayne, the Durango Kid, and Errol Flynn were just as interesting to me as the verbal confrontations between Spencer Tracy and Katharine

Hepburn, the brilliant dancing routines of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, the amorous adventures of Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert, or Paul Muni's Émile Zola. I dreamed of following in these actors' footsteps. I dreamed of living the Hollywood dream. That dream, though, as I grew older, quickly faded in the realization that I neither had the looks, the talent, nor the drive to succeed in such a make-believe world. I was 18 and broke, my father had just lost his job, and my mother was looking for one. I joined the U. S. Navy and became, in turn, a photographer, cinematographer, and photojournalist.

Writing did not come easily to me. It still doesn't. I made D's and F's in English during my three years in American high schools. I cannot point to a specific event to show why I wanted to write. Perhaps it was all the poorly written directives I was required, as a sailor, to read, or all the stories I had to retype for others. Or perhaps it was the realization, on my part, that without half trying, I could do a lot better job of writing articles and stories than my peers and seniors. Whatever the reason, at that moment I started my writing education. I was 42.

I enrolled in college. My original intent was to take English and writing courses only. I soon decided, though, that that wasn't enough. I wanted a degree. I wanted proof, I wanted that parchment, that sheepskin, to show my family, and my friends that I had expended much effort, time, and sweat to get where I was. I ended up, after many years of taking college courses aboard navy ships and various naval stations, at Old Dominion University (ODU). I majored in English, Creative Writing emphasis, and received my B. A. from ODU in 1991. I was 49.

I decided, in 1992, to continue and expand my education, and I enrolled in the ODU Humanities program. My original intent was to study history, art

history, and English. The courses I wanted to take in these subject areas, though, did not materialize, so I ended up taking philosophy, theater and drama, American writers, and creative writing (screen writing). The end-of-semester project in this creative writing course was to write the first 30 pages of a screenplay. In essence, the first 30 pages of DOK, is that requirement. It was while I was writing this requirement that I decided to continue with it, finish it, and submit it as my creative project.

My love for movies and my need to write, naturally, perhaps inevitably, seriously led me to consider writing screenplays. But all the screenplays I had studied up to that time made me realize that I had set an impossible task before me—they were too detailed, too specialized, too technical; they scared me away. Unbeknown to me, the screenplays I had studied were really the screenplays directors, and cinematographers use in planning their scenes. It wasn't until I attended my screenplay course at ODU that I learned differently. I learned I didn't have to learn a specialized language, or visualize camera angles, or tell a director what to do. Suddenly, I had nothing to fear; writing a screenplay became a viable and attainable goal. DOK, is the result of that goal.

The idea for DOK, a man who is not a licensed doctor, but who finds himself practicing medicine, came to me during one of my class's early brainstorming sessions. My original idea for the character of DOK evolved slowly, and changed repeatedly, depending, more times than not, on when the next installment was due to be handed in to my professor. The DOK in the 30 pages of - DOK I turned in at the end of my semester, though not much different from the current 30 pages, is radically different from the DOK of the finished manuscript. As originally conceived, DOK and Mary were going to be the main characters, while Jim was going to be a minor, though pivotal character, in the story's cli-

max and resolution. As it turned out, though, DOK and Jim turned out to be the major characters, with Jim, in many instances, overshadowing DOK, while Mary got relegated to the status I had originally intended for Jim. My characters, it would seem, ran away with my story.

DOK is not only the culmination of many months of writing and rewriting, but it's the culmination of a lifetime love affair with the magic and power of movies, and my need to write. The writing of DOK is an experience I will always treasure, not only because it's my first screenplay, but because I hope it will be the springboard to many other scripts.



FADE IN

SHERIFF RANDY HARKINS and BILL WITHERS, a Plainclothesman, exit the police station onto the sidewalk and stop at the curb. Randy looks both ways while Bill puts on the latest style of DESIGNER DARK GLASSES, then they purposefully walk to the right. It is late morning.

Bill, who is in his mid thirties, is a stereotype of an egotistical law enforcement bureaucratic officer. He wears the latest ITALIAN CUT THREE-PIECE SUIT.

The sheriff, who is in his fifties, is a stereotype of a small town sheriff—he knows everybody, and everybody likes him. He wears a western style uniform along with a STETSON HAT. The sheriff has a slight limp, and favors his left leg.

They both walk towards a building that has a faded sign over its door that reads: AYRE CLINIC. They enter.

INT. WAITING ROOM — LATE MORNING.

SEVEN OR EIGHT PEOPLE, along with a few KIDS and perhaps a CRYING BABY or two, are waiting to see the Doctor. ROSE, the Doctor's receptionist, a no nonsense matronly woman in her late fifties, as well as all the patients, look up as the Sheriff and Bill, who is a stranger in town, enter. The room QUIETS.

ROSE

Howdy, Randy. What brings you here. Your leg bothering you again?

RANDY

My leg's fine Rose. Is DOK busy? It's pretty important I see him.

ROSE

He's got the Travis boy in there with him now, but he should be through soon. What's up, Randy?

RANDY

Go back and tell him I need to see him right away. Will you, Rose?

Rose looks from Randy to Bill, and does not show any obvious movement to get up.

RANDY  
(harassed)  
NOW, Rose! Please, okay?

ROSE  
Okay, Randy. Okay. Hold your guns. I'm going. But don't blame me if DOK starts yelling at you. You know how he hates to be interrupted.

Rose gets up from her desk and, as she walks towards the back, Bill follows her. Randy, on seeing this, hurries to catch up to them. Rose doesn't notice them behind her.

INT. DOK's OFFICE — LATE MORNING.

DOK has DAVY TRAVIS, who's about twelve years old, sitting on an examining table. He's BANDAGING HIS RIGHT ANKLE.

FLORA, Davy's mother, who is quite along in her pregnancy, looks on, talking a mile a minute.

Flora looks from DOK to Davy, depending on whom she's talking to.

FLORA  
If I told him once I told him a thousand times  
DOK . . . didn't I, Davy. . . . I told him: Davy,  
don't run out'a the door an' down them steps  
'cause you're gonna trip, is what I told him.  
Didn't I, Davy. An' sure 'nuff he goes an' does  
it . . . didn't you, Davy. Honestly DOK, I don't  
know why Talbot wants so many children,  
they're nothin' but heartaches to a mother. I  
pray God this'll be the last'un. Maybe you  
could talk to Talbot again DOK 'bout tying me  
off. God knows, nine kids should be 'nuff for  
any person. Don't you think so DOK?

DOK finishes bandaging Davy's ankle as Flora winds up her conversation.

DOK

Well, Davy, that ought to keep you out of mischief for the next three or four days. No running or jumping for a while, you hear me young man?

(looks at Flora)

Flora, it's very important that Davy stay off his left leg as much as possible over the next few days. Okay?

DAVY

Aah, Doc. That ain't no fun. Can I at least go swimmin'? Me, Frank, Toby 'n' Josh were plannin' on swimmin' tomorrow, an' if. . . .

FLORA

(interrupting Davy)

You heard the Doctor, Davy. Don't go arguin' with him. He knows what's best for ya.

(looks at DOK)

I'll try my best, Doc, but you know Davy, he's. . .

DAVY

(interrupting Flora)

Aaaaah, Ma, I know. It's jus' that. . . .

A KNOCK is heard at the door and Rose comes in. DOK, Flora, and Davy look in her direction. She stands just inside the doorway.

ROSE

DOK, Sheriff Harkins—Randy—is here, an' he says he needs to see you right away . . . he's got some all duded up stranger with him.

Bill appears behind Rose, shoves the door open a little more, and squeezes in beside Rose; Randy is visible behind them both. Rose is startled and irritated.

ROSE

Hey! What do you think you're doing? You're not supposed to be back here. Now get back to the waiting room, and WAIT, that's why it's called a waiting room.

Randy shoves past Bill and comes up next to Rose.

RANDY

Now, Rosie.

FLORA

Hello, Randy.

DOK

It's okay, Rose. I'm through with Davy.

DAVY

Howdy, sheriff. Bunged up my foot really bad this time.

RANDY

Howdy, Flora. Howdy, Davy. Sorry for the interruption.

DOK and Flora help Davy off the examining table, and then Davy leans on Flora while he tests his leg. DOK looks on.

DOK, Flora and Davy move towards the door. Randy, Bill, and Rose step aside.

DOK

(as the Traveses walk toward the doorway)

Now remember, Davy. Absolutely no rough playing for the next three or four days or your mother for sure will have to bring you back here, and that will mean tying you to a bed for at least two weeks. Understand?

DAVY

Okay, Doc. But ya sure know how to ruin a kid's life. Why couldn't this o' happened during school!

DOK tussles Davy's hair and chuckles, then talks to Flora.

DOK

Flora, if you want me to I'll talk to Travis again.

FLORA

Thanks, DOK. That's mighty kind of ya. But I think I'll wait a while and talk to him first thing after this one

(touching her pregnancy with both hands)

gets here. Ain't no need to hurry none right now, I don't think. Thanks for asking. So long Rose . . . Randy.

DAVY

So long, Doc, . . . Miss Rose, . . . Sheriff.

ROSE

Flora, you need to sign some papers, so don't leave just yet.

FLORA

Okay, Rose. I'll wait up front.

Randy nods at Flora and Davy, touching with his right hand the brim of his Stetson, which he then removes. Flora acknowledges his good-by with a nod of her head. Bill remains impassive throughout.

ROSE

(looking at Randy)

Now, Randy Harkins, don't you go keeping him too long. You see how busy he is.

(continues)

Rose leaves the office, mumbling to herself, as she closes the door behind her.

ROSE

Of all the days. . . .

DOK looks from Randy to Bill. His gaze rests on Bill's face a little longer than normal.

DOK

(looking at Randy)

Well, Randy, what can I do for you?

Randy, at this point, becomes somewhat discomfited, almost embarrassed.

RANDY

DOK, this is officer BILL WITHERS, a special investigator out of Seattle. He's got a few questions he wants to ask you.

They don't shake hands. Bill takes off his glasses.

DOK

Have we met before? I seem to recall meeting you, or seeing you.

BILL

(coldly)

Are you familiar with the name of Daniel O. McKinney?

DOK looks at the sheriff, and then stares intently into Bill's face.

DOK

I might. Why do you ask?

RANDY

Withers feels that you and this McKinney guy are the same person. I told him there must be a mix-up somewhere, but. . . .

BILL

(belligerent)

Christ! Enough of this bull shit. McKinney, you're under arrest for attempted murder, assaulting a police officer, destruction of government property, and impersonating a medical doctor.

RANDY

(glaring at Bill)

Damn you, Bill! You don't have to handle it this way.

(looks at DOK)

I'm sorry, DOK. It wasn't supposed to happen this way.

Randy looks from DOK to Bill. DOK has a look of stoic resignation.

Bill takes a card from his pocket and reads from it.

BILL

(in a bored monotone)

These are your rights. You have the right to remain silent. If you give up this right, anything you say or do can be held against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney of your choice. If you do not have an attorney or cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed for you. Do you understand these rights?

DOK

Yes.

BILL

(brusquely)

Handcuff him, Sheriff.

RANDY

(angrily)

Damn it, Bill, that's totally unnecessary. He can't go nowhere, and it's a short walk to the jail.

DOK

(kindly to Randy, with resignation)

Go ahead, Randy, do what he says. I don't mind . . . really. I suppose I knew some day this would happen, I just didn't expect it so soon. . . . Go ahead, Randy, do your duty.

Randy takes a pair of HANDCUFFS from his back belt, but hesitates to put them on DOK's held-out hands.

BILL

(sarcastically)

You heard him, sheriff. Now do your duty, if you know what's good for you. I'm in a hurry. . . Christ, these two bit towns!

Randy puts handcuffs on DOK.

RANDY

I'm sorry, DOK. Surely there's some mistake in all this. You couldn't have done all those things. I couldn't believe it when Bill told me, and

(glaring at Bill)

I sure don't believe it now, either!

BILL

Hmph!

DOK

The murder part is all wrong, Randy. I hope you believe that.

(shrugs his shoulders)

As for the rest . . . well . . . it happened . . . a long time ago.

Bill grabs and pulls at DOK's arm.

BILL

Enough of this chitchat. Let's move it! Like I said, I'm in a hurry.

All three leave the office. Bill is in front, followed by DOK, and then the Sheriff.

A silence comes over the waiting room as the three men enter.

A woman sucks in her breath and raises her hand to her mouth. Others are in various stages of shock and disbelief as they notice DOK's handcuffed hands.

DOK stops in the middle of the waiting room, and addresses the patients.

DOK

(takes a deep breath)

Dear friends. . . . I am truly sorry. . . .

(shrugs his shoulders in resignation, his voice trailing off)

I don't really know what else to say. . . .

DOK turns towards Rose, who is trying to regain control of her emotions, and has not quite managed to do so yet.

DOK

(matter-of-factly)

You'll have to close the office, Rose.



Bill pulls DOK's arm, and they exit. Rose, regaining her composure, rushes towards the slowly closing door.

ROSE  
DOK? Randy? Wha . . . what's going on. . .  
DOK? DOK!

The door closes.

#### INT. NEWS ROOM — EARLY EVENING

A NEWS COPY item is ripped off a TELETYPE machine by a COPY BOY, who takes it to RICHARD "RICH" BIGGS, the EDITOR of the MOSES LAKE PILOT.

Biggs sits in a glass-enclosed office within the main news room. The Copy Boy places the copy on Biggs' desk, and then leaves the office and the news room.

Biggs reads the copy, becomes pensive, TAPS his fingers atop his desk, comes to some kind of conclusion, gets up off his desk, walks towards the door of his office, opens it, and shouts at HOYLE, a man TYPING at a nearby desk.

At another desk sits a WOMAN, also typing, who, when Biggs yells at Hoyle, looks up, and then goes back to typing.

BIGGS  
Hoyle, where's Jim. . . . I need to see him.

HOYLE  
(looking at Biggs, continuing with his typing)  
Slow day, boss. He took off a couple hours ago. Something I can do?

BIGGS  
(irritated)  
No you can't. . . . Christ! Joe's again, I suppose . . . call the bar . . . if he's there, you'll have to go get'im.

Hoyle stops typing, picks up the phone, and starts dialing a number. Biggs steps closer to Hoyle's desk. Momentarily, a TINNY, UNDEFINED VOICE can be heard over the phone.

HOYLE

(talks into phone, but looks towards Biggs)

Hello, Joe? Hoyle here. Jim there? He is, huh? I'll be right down to get'em, Joe. Keep'em there for me, okay? Bye.

Hoyle hangs up the phone.

HOYLE

I'm wrapping up the mine stripping story, boss. Can I send the boy for him?

BIGGS

(irritably)

Are you out of your mind? Have you forgotten what happened the last time we sent the boy?

HOYLE

(with disgust)

Dunks!

(irritated)

Why the hell you put up with him is beyond me.

Hoyle stands up, takes the jacket from behind his desk, and starts to put it on.

BIGGS

(passionately)

Because he's one of the best newsmen around . . . because we were in 'Nam together . . . because he saved my life and covered my ass on more occasions than I care to remember . . . because . . . because let's just say . . . I owe him, and leave it at that.

HOYLE

Sorry, boss. I just wish he'd straighten himself out, that's all . . . didn't really mean anything by it. . . . I'm on my way.

Hoyle puts on his hat and walks towards the door. The Woman typist looks up to see him leave, and then resumes her typing. Biggs returns to his office.

## EXT. BAR — LATE EVENING

Hoyle walks up to the bar's entrance, pauses momentarily to square his shoulders, and then walks in.

## INT. BAR — LATE EVENING

JOE is behind the bar in the process of filling a mug of beer. There are SEVERAL OTHER PEOPLE at the bar itself, TALKING, but the place is not crowded. A TELEVISION is on over the bar, and some of the people at the bar are watching it.

Joe looks up as Hoyle comes in and nods his head slightly to his left, towards a corner table, where JIM is slumped over a table. Hoyle acknowledges the gesture, and walks in that direction.

HOYLE

Bring two coffees, will you Joe?

Joe acknowledges by a nod of the head. Hoyle pulls out a chair next to Jim and sits down. He takes the empty glass which is on the table and puts it on a close-by table.

HOYLE

(shaking Jim)

Jim? Jim!

(under his breath)

Really tied one on this time, didn't you.

(normal voice tone)

Wake up. The boss needs you. Come on, Jim, damn it, wake up!

JIM

(does not stir, but does grunt)

Hhmmm.

HOYLE

(shaking more vigorously)

Come on, Jim . . . wake up. Now, for Christ's sake! Get up, damn it, okay?

Jim stirs. He looks up in Hoyle's general direction and attempts to shrug off Hoyle's hand.

JIM

Hhmmm . . . wha'te'ell . . . whaz matter . . .  
leav'me'lone . . . go 'way . . . shoo, fly. . .

Joe brings over two coffees and sets them down on the table closest to Hoyle.

HOYLE

(looking up at Joe, then back to  
Jim)

Thanks, Joe. Hope it'll do some good.

Joe nods at Hoyle and then looks at Jim, then walks away nodding his head in sympathy.

JIM

(raising his head slightly, trying to  
focus his eyes on Hoyle)

Who'zh there . . . whaz happening . . . wherz  
am I. . . . Hoyle, izz that you? Get me 'nother  
drink, will yah?

HOYLE

(handing him a cup of coffee)

Here, drink this. The boss needs to see you  
right now. He is some kinda pissed off at you.

Jim sits up a little more in his chair. He wobbles, and opens and closes his eyes several times, as if trying to focus them. He takes the cup of coffee Hoyle hands him, cupping it carefully with both hands.

JIM

(drinks coffee and grimaces)

Christ! Hasn't no . . . no . . . bo . . . nobody ever  
heard of . . . sh-sh-ugar before?

(Jim sits further up, turns towards  
the bar area and yells.)

Hey, Joe, 'bout some sugar over here, for  
Christ's sake!.

(turns back towards Hoyle.)

Whatcha tryin' to do . . . kill me? This stuff's  
horrible. What's this 'bout Rich wanting to see  
me.

HOYLE

I don't know. He wouldn't tell me. . . something that just came in over the wire, I think. Jesus, you're a mess . . . and you stink, too!

JIM

Hell with you too. Help me to the can, will you?

Hoyle helps Jim to stand up, and helps to steady him as he takes a few steps. Jim waves Hoyle off, and he staggers in the direction of the bathroom. Hoyle sits back down.

INT. NEWS ROOM — LATER THAT EVENING

Biggs impatiently looks at his watch, acts as if he's going to get out of his chair, then sits back down. He picks up and reads some notes.

Jim and Hoyle enter the news room. The woman that was typing earlier looks up, and then resumes her typing. Biggs rises from his desk and opens his office door.

BIGGS

(curtly)

It's about time you showed up!

(looking at Hoyle)

What the hell took you so long.

(looking at Jim)

Jim, in my office . . .

(looking at Hoyle, in a softer tone)

thanks Hoyle.

All during this interchange, Hoyle is standing at his desk taking off his overcoat.

Jim goes into Biggs' office and sits down on a chair across from Biggs' desk. Biggs closes his door and goes over and sits on his chair.

JIM

What's up, Rich? What's so all-fired important at this time of day . . . night.

BIGGS

What's so all-fired important is that I have an assignment for you that's probably grown cold by now.

JIM

Sorry, Rich. Nothing was happening earlier,  
so I left.

Biggs hands Jim the teletype news copy. Biggs keeps on talking while Jim reads the copy.

BIGGS

I want you to get over to Ayre as soon as possible—tonight would not be too soon. One of our area stringers just happened to be passing through there when he heard about the arrest. I have a feeling this is going to be a big story, and I want US to write it and not the big boys from outside.

Jim half gives, half throws the copy back to Biggs.

JIM

Some character posing as a doctor in a two bit town? You got to be kidding me!

BIGGS

Under normal circumstances I'd agree with you, but Bill Withers made the arrest, so I feel there is a lot more to it than our stringer was able to dig up.

JIM

(Jim clenches his fist and grits his teeth)

Bill Withers! Is that son-of-a-bitch skunk still working for state? Somebody should of shot him long ago. If only. . . .

BIGGS

I know, that's why I want you on this story. You know him better than one of us.

JIM

Okay, Rich. I'm your man. Do we have an Ayre contact? Where the hell is Ayre anyway!

BIGGS

You're on your own on this one, ol'buddy. Ayre is about sixty something miles from here as the crow flies, and probably twice as far by car . . . it's a little timber community up in the mountains north of here. I want you there by daybreak at the latest . . . can do?

JIM

Daybreak! Christ! Well, so much for my beauty rest.

Jim starts to rise

BIGGS

(in a fatherly tone)

Before you go, Jim, . . . I . . . I got to tell you this. You and I . . . we've covered a lot of ground together; we've seen and written about the worst and the best this ol'world has dished out. And if it weren't for you, I wouldn't be here today. I'm grateful, you know that . . . more than I can ever express.

JIM

Cut the hearts and flowers bull shit, Rich. Just tell me what's on your mind, okay?

BIGGS

(rapidly, in one breath)

Okay, Jim, okay. Your drinking botched up the last couple of assignments and the big boss is tired of everybody having to hold your hand, playing wet-nurse to you—either straighten yourself out or find yourself another job is what he said.

(takes a deep breath)

There, I've said it!

JIM

And what did you say, Rich. Did you agree with him?

Both men stare at each other. Jim, in dejected anger, and Biggs, with embarrassment.

BIGGS

Damn it, Jim! You don't have to make this any harder than it is. Yes . . . yes, I agreed with him . . . because it's true. And I'll say this too—it's about time you stopped feeling sorry for yourself, blaming yourself for what happened to Susan and Davy. It's over. Let go of it.

Jim blanches. His countenance is expressionless, his eyes fixed and unseeing, his voice flat and emotionless.

JIM

If that's all, Rich, I'll go now. I have a long drive ahead of me.

BIGGS

(quietly)

What I'm trying to tell you, Jim, is that this is your last chance. You blow this job, you're out. It's as simple as that.

Jim gets up, walks towards the door, stands there and talks to Biggs without turning around.

JIM

(emotionally)

You'll get a story, Rich, and it'll be a good story . . . it'll also be my last story. Good-bye.

Jim walks out of Biggs' office and out of the newspaper office, totally oblivious to any noise, to Hoyle or the girl—who both stare at him as he leaves.

Hoyle looks back at Biggs, who is looking at Jim leaving. His face mirrors a wounded sadness. The girl continues to type.

EXT. POLICE STATION — EARLY MORNING

Jim pulls up in his CAR just outside the sheriff's office.

As he gets out of his car, Sheriff Randy Harkins, along with DEPUTY DEKE CAIN, are walking towards him, heading towards the SHERIFF'S CAR, which is parked in front of Jim's car.

They are walking fast, and the sheriff is angrily talking to his deputy. Jim walks to the sidewalk.



RANDY

Damn it, Deke. There's going to be hell to pay over this. Why the hell didn't you at least attempt to stop them . . . protest . . . resist . . . put up a fight . . . something . . . it's . . .

(continues)

DEKE

(interrupting the sheriff)

I'm sorry, sheriff. DOK saved Ann and my boy's life. You know that, and . . .

(continues)

RANDY

. . . almost as if you wanted him to escape . . . hell, you probably helped him to escape! What a mess . . . hell to pay.

DEKE

. . . I don't believe he did all those things, and neither do you. He's the best thing's happened to this town in twenty years, and you know it. . . .

Sheriff Harkins suddenly stops, causing Deke to suddenly stop as well or crash into him. Both are fairly close to Jim, who is paying attention to what they are saying. They don't seem to see him.

RANDY

(looking directly at Deke)

I hope you think your job's worth it! I hope it don't come to that, for your and your family's sake. . . . Hell to pay, Deke, that's all I got to say. Hell to pay. . . .

When the sheriff turns from looking at Deke, he sees Jim. Jim extends his hand and introduces himself. The Sheriff impatiently returns the handshake.

JIM

Sheriff? I'm Jim McKinney, a reporter for the Moses Lake Pilot. Can you tell me anything about this phony Doctor you arrested yesterday?

RANDY

(somewhat rude and irritated)  
I'm Sheriff Harkins, and this here is Deputy  
Cain, and we're in a hurry, and even if I  
weren't, I'd have nothing to say to you. Good  
day.

The sheriff and his deputy get into their car. The sheriff, who is on the passenger side, opens his window and shouts at Jim as the car speeds away.

RANDY

Mister, for my money, he ain't no phony!

Jim looks after them, then turns around and walks towards the sheriff's office.

Standing outside the office is BRIAN, a 13-year-old boy; Brian is playing with a YO-YO. He's overheard what transpired between Jim and the sheriff. As Jim approaches him, Brian swings his spinning yo-yo in Jim's direction, almost hitting Jim mid-chest. Jim catches the yo-yo.

BRIAN

(defensively, but with conviction)  
That's right mister, Doc ain't no phony. He  
saved my life. So don't you go sayin' nothing  
bad 'bout him.

Jim is startled; taken aback by Brian's outburst and directness.

JIM

Sorry kid. All I meant by it is that he doesn't  
have a license to practice medicine—he's not  
really a Doctor.

BRIAN

That don't make no difference to me . . . or to  
this town neither.

JIM

I've had a long drive and I'm tired kid—ease  
up on me, okay?

Jim holds out his hand for a hand shake.

JIM

Friends? My name's Jim. I'm a reporter for the Moses Pilot. I'm down here to find out the truth about your Doctor friend—that's my job.

(returns the yo-yo; its string is still attached to Brian's finger.)

That's a mean yo-yo you swing.

(smiles broadly)

Better watch out, or the sheriff'll consider it a dangerous weapon. Who might I ask are you?

Brian shakes Jim's hand.

BRIAN

Brian Storm's my name, and if you're here to talk to DOK you're too late.

JIM

(raising his eyebrows)

Too late?

BRIAN

A bunch of people sprung him early this morning before the sheriff come to work. He ain't there no more. An' as you saw, the sheriff's madder'n thunder.

JIM

Christ!

BRIAN

Guess you're gonna have to return to Moses now, huh, Mister Jim?

JIM

No-o-o-o. I think I'll stick around for a few days, see what happens. . . . Say, Brian, where's a good place to stay 'round here?

BRIAN

The Ayre Hotel's the only hotel here . . . if you wanna call it that. Of course there's always. . . .

(continues)

Brian looks Jim up and down.

JIM

Yes?

BRIAN

You look clean enough, I guess. My ma rents rooms; they're much better than the Ayre's, an' no ticks'll bother you.

JIM

(dryly, with a smile)

Thanks for the compliment, son . . . you look kind of clean yourself, too. Is your mother's place near by?

BRIAN

(pointing to his left)

Last house on the right at the end of the street. Can't miss it—if you want, I'll take you there now.

JIM

(nodding towards the sheriff's office)

Thanks for the offer, Brian, but I can't right now. I have to take care of some business here first. But if you don't mind, I'd appreciate it very much if you could tell your mother I'll be by later on this afternoon. Will you do that?

BRIAN

Sure. Supper's at seven sharp, Mister Jim. Ma, she makes the best food in town, and if you want some of it, the only thing is you got to be there on time, otherwise it's. . . .

JIM

(smiling)

Got'cha. I'm sure I'll be there before supper time . . . then maybe you can tell me how this Doctor-that's-not really-a-Doctor saved your life.

BRIAN

'Bout DOK? Be glad to. Got to go now, before my ma starts to holler for me. See you later, Mister Jim.

Brian runs off in the direction he earlier pointed towards. Jim looks after him for a while, then turns and goes into the sheriff's office.

EXT. HOUSE — MID-MORNING.

Brian skip-walks alongside the road, and suddenly runs up a dirt and gravel driveway leading to a house. He jumps over the three steps leading up to the porch, opens the front door, and walks into the house.

INT. FOYER — MID-MORNING.

Brian comes into the foyer, closes door behind him, and excitedly yells.

BRIAN

Ma, ma? I'm home. I got a boarder for you.  
Ma!

Brian stops in his tracks and listens.

A WOMAN'S VOICE is heard

MARY (V. O.)

Brian. Is that you? What was that you said?  
I'm in the kitchen.

Brian walks into the kitchen. MARY STORM, Brian's mother, a pretty woman in her early thirties, is cutting and putting the final pastry LATTICE WORK ATOP A CHERRY PIE. Her apron front, hands, and lower arms are sprinkled with flour. Her hair is slightly disheveled, and she has a flour smudge by her nose.

Brian smiles when he sees his mother. He sees what she is doing, and goes over and sticks the tip of one of his fingers into the cherries already poured into one of the pie shells.

MARY

Brian Storm, you quit that this instant. You know better'n to do that! Now what's this about a boarder?

BRIAN

(licking his finger)

He's a reporter all the way from Moses. His name's Jim, an' he's here to write 'bout DOK. He seems pretty friendly, ma; an' nice an' all that . . . an' clean, too. He said he's gonna stay a couple days only.

MARY

A reporter, huh? I wish you hadn't told him we had a room. Reporters are so nosy . . . they pry into everybody's business without so much as a by-your-leave or nothing . . . guess it's too late now, though. We'll give him the west room. What time's he coming did you say?

BRIAN

Sorry, ma. I was just trying to help you out . . . said he'd be here later on this afternoon.

MARY

Well, what's done is done. Make sure you set another place at the table for him, and get the towels out of the closet and put them in his bathroom. Did you tell him what time supper was?

BRIAN

I sure did, ma. I told him all about your cook-in', an' what time to be here.

After a brief silence, Brian starts to fidget a little while Mary continues to prepare the pie. Mary looks up at Brian.

MARY

Is there something else, Brian?

BRIAN

Do you think he'll come, ma?

MARY

The reporter?

BRIAN

No, ma. You know who I mean.

MARY

(wistfully)

I don't know, Brian. I don't know. . . .

BRIAN

(with force)

He'll come. I know he will. He's got to!

MARY

(flustered by Brian's emotional  
outburst)

Go tend to your chores now, Brian. We'll talk  
about it later.

Brian heads out the same door he used in entering the kitchen. Mary stops what she's doing and gazes into space. She furrows her brow, and then continues with her pie-making.

INT. BAR — LATE EVENING

Jim sits at the bar, nursing a glass of beer. He is listening to the VARIOUS CONVERSATIONS by SEVERAL TOWNSPEOPLE going on around him about DOK.

Jim finishes his beer just as TOM, a city clerk in his late forties, comes in and walks towards a table close to where Jim is sitting.

All in the bar, including Jim, look around at Tom's entrance. Tom notices Jim, but says nothing to him.

CYD, the bartender, a good looking woman of about 55, is pouring a beer. A WOMAN in her early 30s sits at the far end of the bar, two OLDER LOOKING MEN sit at a far table, and THREE MEN in their late twenties sit at the table closest to where Jim is sitting. They all acknowledge Tom—some almost in unison, others more staggered.

CYD

Hi, Tom. The usual?

THE TWO OLDER GENTLEMEN

Evenin', Tom.

Howdy, Tom.

TOM

(looking at Cyd)

That'll be fine Cyd, but make it a double, will you?

(waving his arm, and looking in the general direction of the customers)

And a good evening to one and all.

THREE MEN

(almost in unison, all using the same salutation)

Evening, Tom.

The woman at the far end of the bar greets Tom by saluting him with her beer glass, which she then drains.

Tom sits down at the table closest to Jim, the one that has the three men.

TOM

Ha, ha. You should of seen Randy's face this morning when Deke told him DOK had been set free. His jaw about scraped the floor plumb clean. Whoo-oooo! Was he some kind of mad, let me tell you. . . . He sure lit in to Deke, though . . . felt kind o'sorry for him.

MAN # 1

Think he'll lose his job over it?

TOM

Na-a-a. Randy could never do that to Deke.

A slight pause ensues in their conversation during which time Cyd sets a rock glass full of scotch before Tom, and then returns behind the bar.

MAN # 2

You suppose he's still around?

MAN # 3

I'd be long gone by now.

TOM

He's too sweet on Mary. I'll bet anything he's still around.



MAN # 2

I hear there's a reporter in. . . .

Tom reaches over and squeezes man # 2's arm, nods his head from side to side quickly, and turns to look at Jim.

TOM

Say, mister, ain't you that reporter from up  
Moses way? Come down here to write lies  
'bout the most decent fellow to ever set foot in  
Ayre?

JIM

(his guard up)

What kind of lies do you think I'm going to  
write?

TOM

Oh, maybe that he's no good, that he's a cheat  
and a liar. Maybe even dangerous.

(somewhat angrily)

Well, he ain't none of those things mister big  
shot reporter.

JIM

If he ISN'T any of those things, what is he  
then?

TOM

Why, he's a caring and compassionate human  
being; a good person.

(slaps his leg)

He saved my leg from being chopped off. . . .

OLDER GENTLEMAN # 1

(lifting up his arm slightly)

. . . and my arm.

WOMAN AT BAR

(feeling her jaw)

Sewed up my face right nicely . . . hardly no  
scar left anymore.

MAN # 1

. . . and I have a healthy son because of him.

JIM  
A real saint, huh. Christ!

CYD  
(matter-of-fact tone of finality)  
He ain't no saint, mister, but he sure is a God-send, that's for sure.

They all nod their head in assent to Cyd's statement.

INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT

Mary, in her bed, seemingly asleep, is startled by RUSTLING NOISES. She gets out of bed and, while she is putting on her robe, she hears the DOORBELL RING and a POUNDING ON THE DOOR.

EXT. HOUSE — NIGHT

Jim, tie askew, shirt collar open, hair mussed up, and shirt tail partly hanging out of his pants, is weaving trying to hit the DOORBELL BUTTON by the screen door. He is drunk and mumbling snatches of various pieces of fairy tales, rhymes, and prayers.

JIM  
Mary, Mary, quite contrary. . . . Mary had a  
little lamb. . . . Hail Mary, full of grace, open  
door before I. . . .

The door suddenly opens, startling Jim. He straightens up and staggers a step backwards, almost losing his balance, when he sees Mary.

MARY  
(irritated)  
Who are you.? What do you want?

JIM  
(drunkenly)  
I'm your new bo . . . boarder and I . . . I got to  
go pee real bad, real . . . real bad . . . real  
badly.  
(hiccups)

Mary looks at Jim with disgust, but nevertheless she unlatches the hook of the screen door, stands aside, and points in the direction where the bathroom is. Jim staggers in that direction. Mary rehooks the screen door, and closes the door.

INT. FOYER — NIGHT.

Brian appears atop the stairway. He is in his pajamas and rubbing his eyes.

BRIAN

Mom?! Is everything all right? Who was that?

MARY

Everything's all right, son. It's just our new boarder. Go back to bed, okay?

Brian turns around and goes back into his room. As his bedroom door closes, Mary hears VOMITING SOUNDS from the bathroom.

Mary goes into the kitchen, where she prepares a pot of coffee. She hears Jim come out of the bathroom and calls to him to come into the kitchen. He comes in.

Jim has slicked back his hair and washed his face. His shirt collar is still open, the front of his shirt is wet, and his tie is askew.

MARY

Sit down. I'm fixing you some coffee. It'll be done shortly. I'm Mary Storm . . . Brian's mother.

Jim sits down heavily at the kitchen table, almost tumbling his chair backwards. He looks around at the kitchen while Mary pours out two cups of coffee. She hands Jim one of the cups, and then sits down at the other end of the table.

JIM

Is this where the Doctor lives too? Do you co-cohabituate together?

Mary squints her eyes but says nothing. FOOTSTEPS are heard.

Brian walks into the kitchen. He has a BASEBALL BAT in his hands. Mary and Jim both look at Brian.

JIM

Yo-yo ma. . . . Pardon me . . . bat man is here, though you need not worry. I'm not going to hurt your mother.

BRIAN

(warily, looking at Jim)

Is everything all right, Mom? I heard loud noises.

MARY

Everything's fine, son. It's just our boarder. He's had a rough evening, that's all.

JIM

Your mother is too kind, bat man. What she really means is I'm a little drunk.

BRIAN

Looks to me you're a lot more than just a little dr . . .

MARY

(startled)

Brian! That's no way to treat one of our guests. Now you head on back to bed this instant.

(more gently)

Everything's going to be all right.

JIM

I like you, bat man. You got a keen perception. You get right to the facts real quick-, quick-, real quick-like.

(attempts several times to snap his fingers, but fails)

I like that. You'll make a good reporter some day.

DOK (OFF SCREEN)

Am I interrupting something?

All are startled and look towards the direction of the door, where DOK is standing. He is dressed in jeans and a flannel shirt, and he's wearing a wool cap. He needs a shave.

MARY

DOK?!

BRIAN  
(in unison with Mary)

Doc!

Jim, as he stands, turns around to face DOK. Jim's eyes widen and his mouth falls open.

Just as Jim is about to say something, DOK rushes over and punches Jim in the jaw. Jim staggers backwards, trips over the chair that Brian was standing behind moments before, and falls flat on his back, knocking his head against the floor. He doesn't move.

Brian, in moving out of the way of Jim's falling body, drops his bat.

Mary and Brian, startled by the suddenness of events, stare in amazement at DOK's behavior; they are frozen in place.

DOK stands in place, breathing heavily, attempting to control his rage and the hate that's in his eyes. He clenches and unclenches his fists, which are rigid at his side. His gaze is on Jim's inert body.

DOK  
You rotten son-of-a-bitch. How dare you show  
up here.

Mary moves over towards DOK, all the time looking at Jim. Brian moves towards the fallen chair, which he sets back up. He also picks up his bat.

MARY  
(hesitant, cautiously)  
DOK . . . are . . . are you all right? Wha-what's  
going on? Do you know him? Who is he?

DOK  
(controlled rage)  
This . . . this . . . bastard was responsible for  
the death of my wife and son.

MARY  
(startled)  
Wife! Son?

DOK starts to sit down at the table, but just as suddenly gets back up and goes over towards Jim's still-inert body.

He kneels down and opens, in turn, each of Jim's eyelids. He raises Jim's head

and feels the back of it, then gently lays Jim's head back down. DOK then goes back to the table and sits down, keeping his eyes on Jim.

Mary, a little dazed, also sits down.

Brian, now standing by the inert body of Jim, looks, alternately, at both his mother and DOK.

DOK then looks at Mary. There is anguish and pain in his eyes.

DOK

He's my brother, Mary. The rotten son-of-a-bitch is my brother!

MARY

Brother? I don't understand.

Jim MOANS. He stirs. Brian moves over to his mother's side.

DOK

He'll be all right. He'll have a real bad headache though, when he wakes up.

MARY

(exasperated)

DOK, for God's sake, what's all this about a wife . . . and a son and . . . and your brother?

DOK

I can't explain it right now, Mary. It's too complicated, and too much has happened too soon. Don't ask me to explain . . . please. Not now.

(continues)

They look at each other. Mary searches DOK's eyes. Jim moans again, breaking the silence.

DOK

Help me take him to a bed, will you?

Mary gets out of her chair and moves over to towards Jim's feet.

MARY  
(to Brian)

Brian, put down that bat and grab his right leg.

Brian leans his bat against the wall and moves over to Jim's right leg, which he grabs and lifts.

DOK, in the meantime, moves over and picks Jim up by the shoulders. They all carry him out of the kitchen.

INT. ROOM — NIGHT

DOK, Mary and Brian carry Jim into room and put him on his bed.

Jim moans.

Mary removes Jim's shoes.

MARY  
Brian, go get the extra blanket in the closet.

Brian goes and gets a BLANKET from the room's closet. DOK, all this time, hovers over Jim's head, peering into his eyes, feeling Jim's face and head with his hands, and listening to his breathing. Jim moans.

DOK  
(standing upright)  
Humph!

MARY  
(looking at DOK)  
Is he all right?

DOK  
He'll be all right. The alcohol is what's keeping him out. He must've been quite drunk when he got here.

MARY  
He was.

DOK  
It's probably a good thing, all in all, that he was, otherwise he might be a lot worse off.  
(looking at Brian)  
Help me turn him over, will you, Brian?

Brian, blanket in hand, comes over and stands by DOK. Brian hands the blanket to Mary.

BRIAN

Sure, DOK. What do you want me to do?

DOK

Grab his legs and turn them as I turn the rest of his body.

Brian grabs Jim's legs and turns them in the same direction DOK is turning Jim's body. Jim grunts and moans. DOK adjusts Jim's arms and removes the pillow from under Jim's face.

Mary comes over and drapes the blanket over him, adjusting it here and there. Satisfied, she steps back.

They all walk out of the room. Mary turns off light, and closes door.

Jim SNORES.

INT. KITCHEN — NIGHT

Mary is busy making several sandwiches. DOK sits at the table nursing a cup of coffee.

Brian is finishing up a glass of milk and a slice of pie. He has a milk mustache.

MARY

(to Brian)

Young man, as soon as you finish up, it's off to bed for you.

BRIAN

Aaah, Mom. Do I have to?

MARY

Yes . . . and no more of that aaah stuff. There's been too much excitement for one night. You . . . we all need our rest . . . and don't forget, you're leaving tomorrow on your trip.

DOK

(to Brian)

Besides that, son, I need to talk to your mother.



Brian wipes his mouth, gets up and goes over and hugs Mary, and then walks over and hugs DOK.

BRIAN

Good night ,mom.  
(continues)

Brian talks to DOK on his way out of the kitchen.

BRIAN

Good night, Doc. Be careful of the sheriff, he's looking for you . . . but I don't think real hard. Night.

DOK

I'll be real careful son, and . . . thanks for your help. Have fun on your trip. See you real soon.

Brian leaves the room picking up his baseball bat on the way out.

A short silence ensues during which time Mary puts the sandwiches she was making into a PAPER BAG, and places the bag near DOK. DOK takes a last drink of coffee out of his cup, sets the cup down, and then looks at Mary.

DOK

Mary, believe me. I didn't mean for any of this to happen. Things look kind of grim right now I know, but I . . . I . . . I wish I could tell you what . . .

(shrugs his shoulders and sighs)  
but I just can't right now. I just can't. Trust me for now. I know that's a lot to ask of anyone, but . . . .

MARY

What's going to happen now? What's going to happen to you . . . to us?

DOK

I don't know. It's all happened so fast and I haven't had time to sort it all out yet.

MARY

(hesitant)

Did you . . . did you do . . . did you really try to  
kill that . . . that person?

DOK

(resigned but with conviction)

No, Mary, I didn't . . . at least not knowingly. So  
much happened back then . . . it's all so  
complicated . . . blurred . . . a nightmare. I . . .  
need time to sort it all out before . . . before  
I . . .

(trails off)

DOK gets up from the table and walks over behind Mary. He places his hands  
on her shoulders and massages them.

MARY

What will you do? Where will you go? Will I  
get to see you?

DOK

I'm staying at Travis's old hunting lodge. He'll  
know how to get in touch with me if I'm really  
needed.

Mary puts her hand atop DOK's hand that is still on her shoulder.

MARY

There's so much about you I suddenly don't. . .  
. I need to know . . . for Brian's . . . for my sake.  
He's grown very fond of you, you know.

A short silence.

DOK bends down and kisses Mary on her neck. Mary doesn't readily respond.  
DOK stands back up.

DOK

(in a low voice)

I best go now . . . for both our sakes.

Mary stands up, turns around, and embraces DOK.

MARY

Hold me. Hold me tight and kiss me. I love you, you know. Don't ever doubt that.  
(continues)

They kiss passionately and hard. They disengage, but remain embraced.

MARY

When will I see you again?

DOK

Should be the day after tomorrow. I have to come in and check on the Travis's. I'll stop by then.

DOK picks up the sack of sandwiches and heads towards the back door of the kitchen. Mary follows him. DOK opens the door, but before he leaves he turns around and kisses Mary.

DOK

Somehow this will all work out to the good. I can feel it. I just know it'll all turn out well.

MARY

For all our sakes . . . I hope you're right. You best hurry along now, it's almost daylight.  
(she gives DOK a quick kiss)  
Be careful.

DOK turns and leaves. Mary stands at the door until DOK disappears into the darkness.

INT. BEDROOM — MORNING

Jim is asleep in bed. He opens his eyes. He grimaces and groans as he moves his head. He slowly looks at his surroundings.

He sits up in bed. He's still fully dressed with the exception of his shoes and tie. His shirt front is open. He looks under his covers. His hair is a mess and he needs a shave.

He grimaces and GROANS as he feels his jaw.

He suddenly raises himself as if to get out of bed, and just as suddenly he stops. He grimaces and moans. He slows his movements as he continues to get up, slide out of bed, and walk towards the bathroom.

On his way to the bathroom he HEARS NOISES (the RATTLING OF POTS AND PANS). He stops and listens, and then continues to the bathroom.

INT. KITCHEN — MORNING

Mary is wearing an APRON over her shirt and jeans, and is busy around the kitchen making breakfast.

She is FRYING TWO EGGS in a PAN. In another pan close by there is BACON ALREADY COOKED. There is a BREWED POT OF COFFEE in a COFFEE MAKER sitting on the counter..

The eggs finished, Mary takes a PLATE and places the eggs on it, along with a few strips of bacon. She places the plate of food before Brian, who is sitting at the kitchen table reading a COMIC BOOK while nursing a glass of CHOCOLATE MILK. Brian, without taking his eyes out of his comic book, places his glass on the table.

As Mary places the plate before Brian, she HEARS THE TOASTER GO OFF. She goes over to it, takes the TWO SLICES OF TOAST out of it and BUTTERS them. She then reaches into a cupboard, gets a SMALL PLATE, and places the toast on it, and sets the plate before Brian, who is still engrossed in his comic book.

MARY

Brian, put that comic book down and eat your food. You don't have much time. The bus'll be here soon.

BRIAN

(Not looking at Mary)  
Okay, mom.

Mary turns around, towards the stove, her back towards Brian, and busies herself with more food preparation.

Brian, continuing to read his comic book, reaches over with his hand for what he thinks is his glass of chocolate milk, and puts his hand into his plate of eggs.

Startled, he HOWLS in pain, and, at the same time, throws the comic book onto the table, which crashes against the milk glass, causing it to spill in his direction.

He jumps up off his chair, tumbling it backwards, into Jim, who has just come into the kitchen. Jim grabs the chair before it falls. Mary turns around when she hears Brian howl, and walks towards him. She sees Jim and stops.

Jim grabs Brian by the arm, steadying him.

JIM

Whoa, there, young man.

(looking at Mary, with a smile)

It seems my appearance has again caused a commotion.

Mary smiles back at Jim. She then picks up the comic book off the table, which she places on the sink counter as she grabs a RAG out of the sink, and, returning to the table, she commences to clean up the little amount of milk Brian spilt.

BRIAN

(somewhat disconcerted)

Geez! Thanks, Mr. Jim, you saved my as. . . .

MARY

(exasperated, at Brian)

Brian Storm! You best watch what you say.

(looking at Jim)

Honestly, I don't know where kids get their language these days.

Jim smiles back at Mary, and then looks at Brian.

BRIAN

(looking at Jim)

Are you going to have some breakfast? You sure look like you could use some . . . especially after last night.

MARY

(somewhat irritably)

Brian Storm, where are your manners! That's no way to talk to one of our guests.

(looking at Jim)

Would you like to have some breakfast?  
Coffee?

Jim hands the chair back to Brian, who takes it and sits back down at the table. Brian starts to eat, but while he's eating he's listening to the conversation between his mother and Jim. He's also looking from one to the other, as they speak.

JIM

Coffee'll be fine. I don't think my jaw . . .  
(rubs his jaw)  
nor my stomach could handle much else right  
now.

Jim sits down at the table. Mary turns around, gets another CUP out of a cupboard, and pours coffee into it.

Mary sets the cup before Jim.

MARY

Cream? Sugar?

JIM

Sugar'll be fine.

Mary brings over a BOWL OF SUGAR with a SPOON.

Mary turns around and pours herself a cup of coffee and returns and sits at the table across from Jim.

Jim puts three spoons of sugar in his coffee, stirs it, then takes a drink.

JIM

Good coffee.

MARY

(dryly)

Thank you . . . though I'm surprised you could  
tell through all that sugar.

JIM

A habit I picked up during 'Nam. It's the only  
way I could drink the stuff the Army passed off  
as coffee.

Brian looks from Mary to Jim, then back to Mary, then looks down at the table.  
His plate is empty.

Mary and Jim both start talking at the same time, interrupting each other.

MARY

How come you didn't tell me . . .

JIM

I sure am sorry for what . . .

They both laugh.

MARY

You first.

JIM

I owe you both an apology for my behavior last night. I don't usually . . . it's just that . . . I . . . at any rate, I hope you will accept my apology.

BRIAN

That was quite a punch DOK gave you . . .

(admiringly)

and that's quite a shiner . . . wow!

How come you never told us DOK was your brother, Mister Jim?

MARY

Now, Brian, that's no . . .

JIM

(interrupting Mary)

That's okay . . . Mary? May I call you Mary?

Mary nods her head in assent.

Jim raises himself a little off his chair and offers his hand to Mary. She accepts it. Jim then sits back down.

JIM

I'm Jim . . . Jim McKinney . . . and to answer your question young man, I lost track of Dan—Daniel is his real name—Dan's whereabouts a little over two years ago. I had no idea this DOK of yours would be my brother.

MARY

I've never seen DOK . . . Daniel . . . so full of . .

JIM

Hate?

MARY

Yes . . . no . . . more rage than hate, I'd say. It was totally unlike him. He . . . you . . . what happened . . . it frightened me. . . . I think he wanted to kill you last night. I've never seen such rage . . . such. . . . What did you do to. . .

BRIAN

(excitedly)

How come he hit you, Mister Jim?

Mary stands up and gathers up all of Brian's empty dishes and takes them to the sink, all the time talking to Brian in an exasperated tone of voice.

MARY

That's enough of that, young man! It's time for you to get ready.

(looks at Jim)

He's going on a field trip with all his friends.

(looks back at Brian)

Wipe your mouth and quit asking so many questions. If you don't hurry up you'll miss your bus.

Brian wipes his face, gets up off his chair, and goes over and hugs Mary.

BRIAN

So long, mom.

Mary hugs him back, and kisses him on the cheek.

MARY

So long, son. Be careful. Have fun and . . . and behave yourself.

Mary and Brian disembrace, and Brian heads towards the kitchen door. On the way to the door he pauses momentarily, then turns around and looks over towards Jim.

BRIAN

So long, mister Jim. Is it all right if I tell my friends about you?

Jim starts to answer, but before he can utter a sound, Mary speaks.



MARY

Brian Storm, you will do no such thing. Now on with you before I really get angry with you and keep you home. Now shush such ideas.

(a BUS HORN HONKS)

Your things are by the door, now hurry.

Mary pushes Brian ahead of her as they both exit the kitchen. Jim takes a drink of his coffee, then stares fixedly into his cup.

SCUFFLING SOUNDS are heard, the OPENING OF A DOOR, the RUNNING MOTOR OF THE BUS, the SQUEAK OF THE OPENING AND CLOSING OF THE SCREEN DOOR.

BRIAN (V. O.)

(yelling)

So long, mom.

MARY (V. O.)

(yelling)

So long, son. Have fun. I love you.

Mary reenters the kitchen and sits down at the table in the same seat she occupied before.

JIM

Is he going to be gone long?

MARY

He'll be back the day after tomorrow. He's been looking forward to this trip ever since school let out.

Mary takes a drink of her coffee. Jim is unconsciously turning his cup around and around between his hands.

After a slight pause, Jim begins to talk.

JIM

He blames me for the death of his wife and child.

MARY

Did you . . . ? Were you . . . to blame, that is?

JIM

I wish to God I knew. How many times I've wracked my brain . . . how many times I've gone over, and over, and over each event that took place that day . . . trying to fit each piece together, hoping against hope to make sense out of it all, but all that's there is the same nightmare that's haunted me ever since that day. . . .

MARY

(gently, with compassion)

You . . . you don't have to tell me. . . .

Jim looks off into space and starts talking.

EXT. MOVING AUTOMOBILE — DAYLIGHT.

Jim is driving an AUTOMOBILE. SUSAN, his passenger, has a BABY in her arms. The automobile turns a corner and pulls into a shopping center.

JIM (V. O.)

I had just picked up Susan, Dan's wife, and little Danny, their son, at the airport. I was taking them to the hospital where Dan had suddenly been transferred to the day before. He'd been badly wounded in Vietnam, and through some foul-up or other, they had sent him to the Seattle VA hospital.

SUSAN

I hope you don't mind pulling in here, Jim. We left in such a . . . I didn't have too much time to . . . I forgot so much in the rush to do everything we needed to do to get here as soon as possible.

JIM

That's quite all right, Susan. I understand. It's no bother . . . really.

Jim parks the car close to the market, and they all get out..

SUSAN

I won't be but a minute, Jim. I just have to pick up a few items for the baby. We left in such a rush that . . . well. . . .

(she shrugs her shoulders)

JIM

Go right ahead, take all the time you need. I'll be over at the bank, if I'm not here by the time you return.

Susan walks towards the market. Jim walks towards the bank building.

INT. BANK — DAYLIGHT

There is ONE BANK TELLER working at one of the three windows. SEVERAL OTHER EMPLOYEES are at desks scattered throughout the bank.

There are FIVE CUSTOMERS waiting in line when Jim walks into the bank. He goes to the end of the line.

POLICE SIRENS are heard. The customers, including Jim, come out of their respective reverie. The sirens quit. One customer mumbles aloud.

CUSTOMER

(dryly)

Well, at least we know THIS bank ain't being robbed.

Everyone LAUGHS—some nervously—or smiles. The line moves up another person.

Jim removes his CHECKBOOK and starts writing out a check. The line quickly moves up until Jim is the next person in line.

JIM (V. O.)

I was in the bank a little longer than I had anticipated. The guy in front of me was giving the teller a hard time and she had to call the manager. When I finally got done, I walked out into a different world than the one I had left.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER — DAYLIGHT.

NINE or so POLICE CARS, a RESCUE UNIT, a S.W.A.T. TEAM VAN and, to one

side but close enough to be part of the line of vehicles, a TV REMOTE NEWS VAN, form an haphazard semi-circle across from the market.

There is a confused hubbub of police personnel talking, giving orders, getting into position, handling equipment; added to this confusion, is also the TV news crew trying to set up their equipment and getting their personnel in place.

Jim quickly hurries over towards the center of the police activity, looking for Susan. Along the way he HEARS snatches of conversations from many GROUPS OF PEOPLE he passes and who are talking among themselves.

GROUP 1

(young woman's voice)

I heard two or three gunmen tried holding  
up . . .

GROUP 2

(older woman's voice)

... they've already killed the manager and  
they're holding the rest as . . .

GROUP 3

(man's voice)

. . . somebody said they had a mother with a  
baby in there. . . .

Jim arrives at the police line, where he is stopped by a POLICE OFFICER.

POLICE OFFICER

I'm sorry, sir, you can't come any further. This  
is a danger zone.

Jim, visibly agitated by now, takes out his WALLET and shows it to the police officer.

JIM

I'm a reporter for the Seattle Times. I think my  
sister-in-law and her baby son are still in  
there.

(he sees CHIEF DICKSON)

Chief Dickson! Chief Dickson!

(continues)

CHIEF OF POLICE ROBERT DICKSON, a man in his fifties, turns around when he hears his name being called and, recognizing Jim, waves for him to be let through.

The police officer steps aside and Jim walks towards Chief Dickson.

They shake hands.

JIM

Thanks, Chief. I think my sister-in-law and her baby son are still in there. Has anybody come out? What's the set-up?

CHIEF DICKSON

I wish I had good news for you, Jim, but I fear your sister and her baby are being held as hostages. We don't know how many they have or what they want, or the condition of any of the other people caught inside. Just as soon as we get all set up we'll be trying to communicate with them, but right now. . . .

(he shrugs his shoulders and puts out his hands)

BILL WITHERS, dressed in the uniform of a S.W.A.T. team leader, approaches Chief Dickson and Jim.

BILL

(arrogantly)

My men are in place. We're ready to go in.

CHIEF DICKSON

Okay, Withers. By the way, this is Jim . . . Jim McKinney of the Seattle Times.

Bill Withers barely looks at Jim and does not offer to shake hands. He keeps his gaze on Chief Dickson.

BILL

Just give me the word, Chief, and I . . . we'll go in and get those sons-of-bitches! I'm ready. My men are in place. What do you say?

JIM

(looking at Bill)

My sister and her baby son are in there, as well as other hostages. I would hope you bear that in mind before you go charging in?

Bill looks momentarily at Jim, gives him a fleeting sneer which turns to a smug

smile, and then turns back to Chief Dickson.

CHIEF DICKSON

(irritated by Bill's behavior)

You'll go in when, and only when, all the hostages are released or safe; and then only after I give the go-ahead. Is that clearly understood, Withers?

BILL

(just short of a sneer)

Understood . . . chief. However . . .

(he looks searchingly into the Chief's eyes, and then he shrugs his shoulders).

What the hell. . . .

Withers turns around and walks away. Both Jim and the Chief watch his back.

CHIEF DICKSON

There goes a very dangerous man. I sometimes wonder on which side of the law he's on. Hell, Jim, I'm getting too old for this job.

JIM

Don't let'em get you down, Chief. It. . . .

A LOUD MALE VOICE (V. O.)

Chief Dickson! Chief Dickson! They're coming out.

Both Jim and Chief Dickson walk over to the POLICE OFFICER that called to the chief. They all look in the direction of the market entrance.

A MAN wearing camouflage clothing and GOLD-COLORED GLASSES appears in the doorway. He talks and acts quite nervously, as if he were about to explode any second.

He is holding Susan in front of him as a shield. Susan is clutching her baby, and the man is holding a GUN to Susan's head.

Jim starts to go forward, but is forcefully restrained by Chief Dickson.

JIM

(in a harsh whisper)

Susan. . . .

GUNMAN # 1

(yelling)

To whoever's in charge out there. I need for  
someone to come over here to talk to . . .  
someone who's not a cop. I promise not to  
hurt whoever it is. Ya' understand me?

Chief Dickson picks up a close-by BULLHORN, turns it on, and starts talking into it.

CHIEF DICKSON

Release the girl and the baby and we'll send  
someone in.

GUNMAN # 1

I'm warning you, pigs. Don't take me for a fool.  
She's our ticket. I'll release the others at the  
same time you send someone in; that's the  
only concession you'll get from me.

Jim puts his hand on the Chief Dickson's arm. Chief Dickson turns towards Jim.

JIM

Send me in, Chief. I'll volunteer. I won't do  
anything stupid. I promise.

CHIEF DICKSON

(searches Jim's eyes—then with  
compassion)

You know I can't order you to go in, Jim, nor  
should I even consider anybody else going in,  
but, under the circumstances . . . You're sure  
you want to do this?

JIM

Sure? Are you kidding? I'm scared to death . .  
. but, what the hell . . . it'll be a good story . . .  
perhaps the best I'll ever write . . . might even  
win me the Pulitzer . . . hopefully, not  
posthumously.

CHIEF DICKSON

(under his breath)

Might win me a demotion . . . aah, what the hell.

(through bullhorn to gunman # 1)

You got yourself a deal. I'm sending in a newspaper reporter. Is that okay?

GUNMAN # 1

Sure . . . that'll be fine.

Gunman # 1 and Susan haltingly back up inside the market. There is a momentary silence, then the door of the market opens up again. Gunman # 1 appears with Susan in front of him, with a gun pointed at her head.

GUNMAN # 1

(yelling towards the interior of the market)

Okay, you guys. Come on out . . . real slow like, just like I told you, and nobody'll get hurt. MOVE IT!

Jim starts to walk past Chief Dickson, but the Chief restrains him.

CHIEF DICKSON

Hold up until the son-of-a-bitch gives us the cue.

Jim nods his head and steps back a step.

In the mean time, there is a bunched-up group of about SEVENTEEN PEOPLE—MOSTLY WOMEN (SHOPPERS, CLERKS, A MANAGER, AND TEEN-AGED BAGGERS) that have halted just outside the market entrance.

Most of the hostages are acting rather nervous, unsure as to what they are supposed to do. Many look as if they had been crying, while others are visibly frightened.

Behind this mass of hostages can be seen GUNMAN # 2, who is dressed in BLACK CLOTHING (SIMILAR TO S.W.A.T. TEAM CLOTHING) and who also is wearing GOLD-COLORED GLASSES.

Gunman # 2 holds a MACHINE GUN, which is trained on the hostages.

Gunman # 1 looks towards Chief Dickson.



GUNMAN # 1

Okay, send that reporter over. When he gets half way I'll let go half of this bunch . . . an' when he comes the rest of the way, you'll get the rest.

CHIEF DICKSON

(through bullhorn)

How 'bout releasing the lady and the ba. . .

Gunman # 1, visibly more agitated and angry, tightens his hold on Susan, shaking her; the pressure of the gun against her temple forces her head to tilt.

GUNMAN # 1

(yelling louder)

I already told you what my conditions are . . . don't force me to show you I mean business. There's a dead guy on the floor inside who opened his mouth one time too many already. You want me to shoot someone else to prove to you I mean what I say?

Chief Dickson lowers his bullhorn and looks at Jim.

CHIEF DICKSON

(grimly)

Sure you don't want to change your mind? Nobody would blame you if you did.

JIM

(resigned but resolute)

It's show time, Chief . . . let's rock'n'roll.

CHIEF DICKSON

Be careful in there . . . you understand?

Jim nods his head in assent, and releases his pent up breath. He shrugs his shoulders, turns, and walks towards the gunman.

At the halfway mark, gunman # 1 yells at Jim.

GUNMAN # 1

Stop!

(continues)

Jim stops.

GUNMAN # 1

Take off your jacket and turn around . . .  
slowly. Hold your jacket out at arms length to  
your side.

Jim takes off his jacket, holds it out at arms length to his right side, and slowly turns around in a complete circle.

He faces gunman # 1 with his arms still outstretched.

JIM

You have nothing to fear from me. I'm not  
carrying anything concealed on me.

GUNMAN # 1

Shut up! Now walk towards me . . . slowly . . .  
(and then loudly to the police)  
and don't nobody try nothing cute.  
(continues)

When he says this last, he tightens his grip around Susan's waist and she, in turn, tightens her grip on her baby. She winces. The baby starts to cry. Susan tries to calm him.

Jim walks the rest of the way to within four or so feet of Gunman # 1, and stops.

GUNMAN # 1

(brusquely)  
Drop your jacket and spread-eagle against the  
wall next to me . . . and no funny business.  
(continues)

Jim drops his jacket and, arms outstretched, leans forward against the wall, close to Gunman # 1.

Gunman # 1 moves over, with Susan in tow, closer to Jim. He takes his arm from around Susan and haphazardly frisks Jim's pockets and waistline.

GUNMAN # 1

(looking at Gunman # 2)  
Okay . . . let'm go. Take this guy inside.  
(Looking at Jim. Signaling with his  
head the desired direction.)  
Get over there. MOVE IT! QUICK!

Jim hurriedly goes over towards Gunman # 2.

Gunman # 2 points his machine gun at Jim, and signals with it for Jim to enter the market door.

All the hostages scatter: some run to the right, some to the left, and some run directly in front, towards the police line.

Both gunmen, along with Jim and Susan and her baby, go back into the market. Gunman # 1 is the last one in, and he shuts the door.

INT. MARKET — DAYLIGHT.

Jim is facing Gunman # 1, who has eased his hold on Susan, though he's still very close to her. All three are standing in an aisle. Gunman # 2 is off to Gunman # 1's right, reading the headlines off the NATIONAL ENQUIRER TABLOID, his lips form the words but no sounds come out.

Jim has his hands halfway raised, about shoulder level. He looks at Susan.

JIM

Are you all right, Susan? How's the baby?

SUSAN

I . . .

Gunman # 1, suspecting something amiss, quickly grabs a hold of Susan again, and puts his gun against her head.

Susan clutches her baby and tenses up at the suddenness of Gunman # 1's actions. She starts to cry and moan.

SUSAN

(hysterically, crying)

Don't hurt my baby. Please don't hurt my baby. My baby . . . please don't hurt my baby.

GUNMAN # 1

(near hysterical)

What the hell's going on here. You KNOW each other? I told you I didn't want any funny business.

Gunman # 2, on hearing Gunman # 1, diverts his attention from the National Enquirer, which he now has in his hands, to what is happening between his partner, and Jim and Susan.

JIM

(Hurriedly, with hands out-stretched  
towards Gunman # 1)

Hold on! Hold on! She's my sister-in-law. I  
have a vested interest in her. Nobody is  
pulling anything on you . . . no funny business.  
Honest. Okay? Cool down. No funny  
business.

CHIEF DICKSON (V. O.)

(through bullhorn)

Hey in there. What's going on? Jim, are  
you all right?

Gunman # 1 relaxes his body as well as his hold on Susan. He lowers his gun  
and glances sideways towards the large window fronting the store.

Gunman # 2 moves towards the same window. He sees a S.W.A.T. team  
member peeking in and SHOOTs his machine gun at him. The window bursts,  
and glass flies everywhere.

GUNMAN # 2

(yelling)

You son-of-a-bitch, bastard!

(turning his head in the direction of  
gunman # 1)

They're right outside the window!

Susan starts to SCREAM hysterically.

Gunman # 1 starts to roughly shake Susan.

GUNMAN # 1

(yelling in Susan's ear)

Shut-up, bitch! SHUT UP! I swear I'll kill YOU  
AND your baby. Now SHUT UP!

Jim starts to lower his right hand towards his rear pocket. Gunman # 1, whose  
attention is focused on quieting Susan, catches this movement. He tightens his  
grip around Susan, and, using Susan and her baby as a shield, roughly turns  
her in Jim's direction.

GUNMAN # 1

(astonished)

Son-of-a-Bi. . . .

Gunman # 1 points and fires his gun at Jim, as Susan, blood splashing all over her face, becomes even more hysterical.

INT. KITCHEN — DAYLIGHT

Jim is looking down at the coffee cup in his hand. His hands are trembling, but not enough to spill any coffee. He drinks the last of his coffee and roughly sets the cup down on the table.

The noise startles Mary, and to a lesser degree, Jim as well.

JIM

I woke up in the hospital with Chief Dickson hovering over me for some answers. I told him what I told you, and he filled me in on the rest.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER — DAYLIGHT.

There is BROKEN GLASS EVERYWHERE IN FRONT OF THE STORE.

The S.W.A.T. team member is being taken care of by another team-mate to the left of the window. The face of the man that was shot is PEPPERED WITH BLOOD SPOTS, but otherwise he's okay.

Chief Dickson is in the process of raising his bullhorn when he hears Susan's scream.

He hears a LOUD SHOT, along with several THUDS, as if cans, bottles, etc. were falling from shelves.

There is a momentary shocked silence.

Chief Dickson is the first to react. He picks up his COMMUNICATIONS DEVICE and talks into it.

CHIEF DICKSON

(curtly into transmitter)

Get in there. . . . Get in fast, damn it! And for God's sake, be careful.

Chief Dickson listens for the reply, which is GARBLED BY STATIC.

VOICE OVER RECEIVER

Got'cha. Over and out.

CHIEF DICKSON

(yelling)

Okay men. Let's look alive. S.W.A.T.'s  
going in.

Several police officers adjust their positions behind their respective automobiles. They seem more alert. Their GUNS are at the ready, aimed towards the front of the market.

Two S.W.A.T men carrying ASSAULT RIFLES are crouched low alongside the exterior of the market wall. One is to the right, the other to the left, of the window and market entrance.

Several more shots are heard, followed by the SOUNDS made by CANS FALLING onto the floor and the BREAKING OF GLASS JARS.

The two S.W.A.T. men against the front market wall suddenly go into the market. The one on the right goes through the door. The one on the left jump-rolls into the now glassless window.

Sounds of SCUFFLING and falling objects and MUFFLED ORDERS and CURSES are heard. Another SHOT is heard.

Gunman # 2 appears in front of the market window, his machine gun pointing towards the police line up. He is BLEEDING from his mouth, which is opened.

A shot is heard from inside the market, and at the same time Gunman # 2 thrusts out his chest, raises his machine gun into the air firing into the sky. He then falls outward, towards the police cars, his body draping itself over the broken shards of glass still in the window sill.

Bill Withers suddenly appears at the door.

BILL

(yelling towards police while  
waving his arm)

All clear! All clear! Hold your fire! Medic!  
Medic! Get your ass in here . . . NOW!

INT. KITCHEN — DAYLIGHT

Jim looks directly at Mary.

JIM

The news was all bad. Susan and little Davy  
were killed.

Mary puts her hand to her face.

MARY  
(interrupting)  
My God! No wonder.

JIM  
The worst part of it though, was that Dan saw  
the whole nightmare on live television.

MARY  
How horrible!

JIM  
Of course, I didn't learn that until much later,  
after Dan had run away from the hospital.  
Ever since that time he's blamed me for what  
happened. I guess I blame myself as well. If I  
had only. . . .

Jim STRIKES the table with his fist, rattling the coffee cups and silverware on  
the table. He stares into nothingness.

Mary, looking at Jim, speaks with a compassion and an understanding that was  
not there before.

MARY  
(subdued, but with the power of  
conviction)  
No one's to blame, least of all you. The  
outcome would have been the same no matter  
who was in there. You shouldn't blame  
yourself.

Both Mary and Jim are momentarily frozen in their positions, both stare into  
nothingness. Not a sound is heard, until Jim comes out of his reverie.

JIM  
(quietly, in monotone)  
He came by to see me when I was in the  
hospital. He looked horrible. God only knows  
how he was able to get around.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM — NIGHT

Jim is the only one in the HOSPITAL ROOM. He is in a HOSPITAL BED which

is a quarter of the way TRUNDLED UP. His head and the LEFT HALF OF HIS FACE, including his LEFT EYE, is HEAVILY BANDAGED. He is SLEEPING.

DOK comes into the room. The SOUND OF THE DOOR CLOSING awakens Jim.

Jim's SPEECH IS SOMEWHAT SLURRED,. He has a HARD TIME FOCUSING HIS RIGHT EYE and his MOVEMENTS ARE SLOW.

DOK walks up to the bed, to Jim's right side, and stares into Jim's eye.

Jim's eyes become glassy-looking and misty when he recognizes DOK. He tries to talk, but no sound comes out. He shakily raises his right arm off the bed towards DOK, but it falls back down to the bed.

DOK speaks in a low, angry monotone, biting off every word.

DOK

Are you satisfied with what you did? Playing the hero? Getting Susan and Davy killed? I ought to kill you but that would only take you out of your misery, and I want to see you suffer as much as I'm suffering now.

(continues)

TEARS stream down Jim's eye. He looks imploringly at DOK. Jim again raises his right arm a little bit.

DOK

(yelling, slapping Jim's arm away)

You killed my wife and my son, you bastard. Who gave you the right! Tell me, WHO GAVE YOU THE RIGHT!

(continues)

DOK, too, is now crying. He grabs Jim's shoulders and starts shaking him, all the time yelling louder and louder.

DOK

Who gave you the right! Who gave you the right! Answer me, you son-of-a-bitch.

A MALE NURSE comes into the room during DOK's last outburst, and seeing what's happening, immediately goes over and pulls DOK away from Jim.



MALE NURSE

(agitated)

What the hell do you think you're doing? Get away from him!

(continues)

DOK reels away from the male nurse, shakes his head, looks at Jim, and then at the nurse, and runs from the room.

The male nurse starts to go after him but Jim grabs a hold of his smock, and as the nurse is about to give chase, almost pulls Jim out of his bed, causing Jim to SCREAM IN PAIN.

The nurse stumbles and steadies himself, stops, turns around, and helps Jim back into bed.

MALE NURSE

(solicitously)

Are you all right, mister? Are you hurt? What happened? Who was that guy?

Jim ignores the nurse.

INT. KITCHEN — DAYLIGHT

JIM

That was a little over two years ago. He disappeared after that, and I never saw him again until last night.

Jim takes a drink of his already empty cup of coffee. Mary stares at the floor.

She looks up.

MARY

What are you going to do now?

Jim looks at Mary, at the same time running his hand down the back of his head and neck.

JIM

I really don't know . . . try and talk with him, I guess . . . if he'll let me. Other than that . . .

(shrugs shoulder)

I'm at a loss. . . .

There is a momentary silence. Both Jim and Mary are in their own thoughts. Mary is the first to talk. She speaks in a monotone.

MARY

And your story? Are you still going to write your story?

JIM

I . . . I really. . . . I haven't thought that far yet. I really don't know.

(with conviction, sitting up straighter in his chair)

Yes . . . yes, I do know. I'll write the story. It may be the only way I can help undo what's been done.

Jim stands up.

MARY

Where are you going? What are you going to do?

Jim stops in his tracks, and looks at Mary.

JIM

I'm going into town to interview anybody that'll talk to me. I still need to talk to the sheriff, and to that deputy of his . . . Deke, I think I heard him called. And then too, I have to check in with my office.

Mary walks over to Jim and puts her right hand on Jim's arm. They look at each other.

MARY

Do be careful?

JIM

I will . . . and . . . thanks.  
(continues)

Jim, when he gets to the kitchen door, suddenly stops and turns around to face Mary, who is in the act of picking up the empty coffee cups off the table. She stops what she is doing and looks expectantly towards Jim.

JIM

The strange thing about all this, is that I keep having this vague feeling that I'm missing, or forgetting something. . . . Oh well . . . see you later.

Jim exits the kitchen. Mary looks after him, pondering what Jim has just said. She suddenly turns and takes the cups and puts them into the sink.

She turns on the sink water and takes the earlier breakfast dishes and puts them into the sink as well.

The DOORBELL RINGS, which is immediately followed by the SQUEAK of the screen door.

Mary looks up from the sink.

INT. MAIN DOORWAY — DAYLIGHT

Sheriff Randy Harkins' body is halfway into the house. Bill Withers can be seen behind him through the screen door. He's wearing dark glasses.

The sheriff is wearing his hat.

RANDY

(yelling into the house)

Mary! It's Randy Harkins. Are you home?

MARY

(appearing in the opposite direction  
from which the Sheriff is looking,  
drying her hands on her apron)

I'm right here, Randy, no need to yell.

The sheriff, followed by Bill, fully step into the hallway.

The sheriff takes off his hat and Bill removes his glasses.

The sheriff introduces Withers, but the only acknowledgment Mary gives to the introduction is a slight nod of her head towards Withers. There is no change in Withers' expression.

RANDY

Mary, this here is special agent Bill Withers. I think you know who we're looking for, and we'd be mighty obliged if you'd tell us where he is.

MARY

Can't really say as I do know who you're looking for, Randy? Nobody's been around here that don't belong here, and I haven't seen anything out of the ordinary in quite some time now . . . not since that time you and Deke ran off the . . .

RANDY

Now, Mary, you know we're looking for DOK. He escaped yesterday morning and we know he's going to come by and see you.

BILL

(coldly)

He's already been by here, Sheriff. Maybe we ought to arrest her for aiding and abetting a felon. Maybe that'll wipe that lying, innocent look off her face.

The sheriff looks coldly at Bill, then turns to Mary, softening his look as he speaks to her.

Mary's face screws up in anger at Bill.

RANDY

(quickly, before Mary can say anything)

Is that true, Mary? Has DOK been here already?

MARY

Yes, Randy. He was here. I gave him some food for a trip he said he was taking . . . and he didn't say where. That's all I know.

BILL

Or all you'll tell. I ought to. . .

The sheriff, his whole body stiff, fully faces Bill.

RANDY

(angrily)

You won't do anything of the sort. Just shut up! SHUT UP! All you've done since you've been here is rile people. Just shut up and let me do the talking.

(looks at Mary, and talks to her in a softer, almost fatherly, tone of voice.)

Sorry, Mary, . . . if you should see him, or talk to him, ask him to think about the seriousness of the trouble he is in and that by running away he's only making it worse for him, and for his friends. Will you tell him that, Mary?

MARY

(her face softening)

I'll tell him, Randy. But you know how DOK is, he's his own person.

The sheriff half pushes Bill towards the screen door.

RANDY

Well, you just tell him anyway, okay? We've bothered you enough for one morning. You take care, Mary . . . and TELL him, Mary, . . . for me. Okay?

The sheriff holds the screen door open and looks at Mary. Bill is behind him, on the porch, looking towards the street.

MARY

I'll tell him, Randy . . . if I should see him . . . or talk to him. I promise . . . and thanks.

INT. AND EXT. MAIN DOORWAY — DAYLIGHT

The sheriff, as he starts to turn away from Mary, puts on his hat, and starts walking towards the porch steps.

Bill suddenly whirls and faces Mary, who can be seen on the other side of the screened door facing Bill.

Bill's manner is brusque, cold, and demanding.

BILL

Who was that man we saw walking away from this house? He looked familiar.

The sheriff whirls around. His face shows anger, and he's about ready to speak, but Mary speaks first.

MARY

(just as cold and brusque as Bill)

None of your damn business!

Mary slams the door shut. Bill takes a partial step towards the door, suddenly halts, shrugs his shoulders, turns around, and walks off.

Both Bill and Randy walk towards the sheriff's police car, which is parked in front of Mary's house.

INT. PHONE BOOTH — DAYLIGHT

Jim is inside a PHONE BOOTH talking on the PHONE. The sheriff's office is visible through the phone booth glass.

Initially, Jim is listening to a TINNY SOUNDING VOICE coming through the phone receiver.

JIM

. (nodding his head affirmatively.)

Yes, that's right. Get back to me as soon as you can with that information, okay, Hoyle?

You can call me at 657-0223.

(tinny voice is heard.)

Rich? Is that you?

(tinny voice is heard.)

I gave Hoyle what I've found out so far. I'll be staying around here a few days more and call in each morning with my update.

(tinny voice is heard.)

No . . . no . . . I'm all right. But you can do something for me. It's very important. You can. . . .

(continues)

The SOUND OF A PASSING TRUCK blanks out the rest of Jim's sentence. When the truck passes, the sheriff's car is parked at the curb in front of his office, and Randy and Bill are by it walking towards the sheriff's office.

Jim sees they are gesticulating animatedly with their hands.

JIM

Did you get that last?

(tinny voice is heard.)

Thanks a lot, Rich. Got to go. Talk to you tomorrow. Bye.

EXT. STREET AND SIDEWALK — DAYLIGHT

Jim hangs up the phone, walks out of the phone booth, and walks over towards Randy and Bill, who are still gesticulating just outside the sheriff's office.

As he approaches, he hears the sheriff and Bill arguing.

BILL

(coldly)

You don't have the right to tell me how to act. . . .

RANDY

(interrupting Bill)

I have all the right in the world. This is my bailiwick, not yours, and as long as you're in it, and I'm the sheriff, you'll do what I say.

(Randy forcibly punctuates his final remarks by poking Bill's chest with the middle finger of his right hand, and by enunciating each word clearly, coldly, contemptuously, and haltingly, looking Bill right in the eye.)

Understood . . . special . . . agent . . . Withers!

Right at this moment, Jim comes within the sheriff's and Bill's consciousness and hearing range.

JIM

(sardonically, to Bill)

Well, well, well, still the same ol'asshole, I see. Damn the hostages, take no prisoners, and all that.

(talking to the sheriff)

Sheriff, do you have a little time for me now?

Bill, even more angered now than before, retorts before the sheriff is able to

answer Jim.

BILL

(maliciously)

I thought that was you I saw coming out of the front yard of that lying bitch's house. Killed any more of your family lately? Is she ne. . . .

Jim slugs Bill across his jaw, and sends him reeling backwards onto the pavement.

JIM

(as he slugs Bill, angrily.)

You son-of-a-bitch, how dare you. . . .

The following action happens in very rapid succession.

Jim starts to go after Bill but the sheriff restrains him.

RANDY

Whoa there. That's enough of that. I won't have any brawling in my town.

At the same moment, Bill quickly gets up.

There is BLOOD oozing from the corner of his mouth. He wipes it with his hand and then looks at it.

He rushes at Jim but the sheriff gets between him and Jim. Bill stops in his tracks, almost crashing into the sheriff. Randy's arms are outspread between Jim and Bill.

Randy and Bill speak at the same time, but Randy's voice is louder.

RANDY

(exasperated)

That's enough! I'll arrest both of you if you don't quit this right now! Do you hear me! NOW!



BILL  
(angrily, at Jim)  
You fuckin' bastard, I'm going to kill you for  
this!  
(attempting to push the sheriff out of  
the way)  
Out of my way, you . . . you . . . stupid . . .  
(sheriff pushes Bill away)  
son-of-a-bitch. I'm going to get you just like I  
g. . .

Bill suddenly shuts up, and, in what seems like a superhuman effort, controls his anger.

He brushes back his hair, straightens his tie, and pulls down his vest, all the while glaring at Jim. Both Jim and the sheriff are on their guard.

Bill gives an evil-looking smile to both Jim and Randy. His TEETH are BLOOD-STAINED. He then whirls around and stalks away.

Both Jim and Randy release their pent-up breath while looking at Bill walking away from them.

Randy relaxes his body, turns towards Jim, and smiles at him. Jim returns the smile, though somewhat sheepishly, and they both start to walk towards the sheriff's office.

#### INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE — DAYLIGHT

The sheriff's office is a GLASSED-IN CUBICLE within the larger police department office itself. In the background can be seen several POLICE OFFICERS and SECRETARIES looking busy—DEPUTY SHERIFF DEKE CAIN IS ONE OF THEM.

Next to the door is a HAT RACK with Randy's hat hanging from one of the hooks.

The sheriff's desk is a typical office metal desk. Atop it is a FIVE-TIERED SET OF FILING BASKETS, a desk BLOTTER with SEVERAL FILES atop it, a PEN SET with ONE PEN MISSING, a MULTI-BUTTONED TELEPHONE, and a CAMPBELL'S SOUP TOMATO CAN stuffed with a PAIR OF SCISSORS, a RULER, and SEVERAL PENS AND PENCILS. The lip of the soup can is rimmed with PAPER CLIPS.

Randy places a CUP OF COFFEE before Jim, who is already seated in front of the sheriff's DESK, and then seats himself behind his desk.

Randy's back is towards a WINDOW with a CLOSED VENETIAN BLIND. Jim's back is towards the clear glass door with the sheriff's name and title: SHERIFF RANDY HARKINS.

RANDY

(smiling slightly)

Obviously there's no great love lost between you two. Been tempted a time or two myself these past few days to do the same. Well, Jim, . . . it is Jim, isn't it?

(does not wait for assent)

What can you tell me about our fugitive friend?

JIM

(dryly)

Our fugitive friend is my brother, but I didn't find that out until last night when we accidentally bumped in to each other.

Jim, at this, rubs the right side of his jaw, which has a slight BRUISE.

Randy gives a low WHISTLE.

RANDY

Well, now . . . ain't that something. . . . A family reunion, huh?

JIM

We lost touch with each other after his wife and son were killed in Seattle three or so years ago during a store hold-up. He . . . he blames me for their death . . . and I can't say that I wasn't partly to blame . . . .

RANDY

Is that the one that appeared on TV several days in a row?

(Jim nods in assent, and Randy  
nods his head from side to side)

Tragic . . . real tragic . . . and you say that was DOK's wife and kid?

JIM

(nods assent)

. . . that's also where I first ran into Bill. He was head of the S.W.A.T. team . . . and one of those damn-the-hostages-full-guns-blazing . . . all muscle and no brain.

RANDY

You wouldn't by any chance know the whereabouts of your brother right now, would you?

JIM

(smiling)

Sure don't, sheriff, and if I did I wouldn't tell you anyway . . . as you probably know.

RANDY

(smiling)

Can't blame a guy for trying now, can you? If you do see him though, tell him to turn himself in. It'll go better for him if he does, and it'll save me a lot of extra work.

JIM

We're not exactly on speaking terms . . . but if I should see him I'll relay your information to him. In the meantime, what can you tell me about my brother. He seems to have made quite an impression on this town.

RANDY

Impression! That's an understatement. He was a God-send. He showed up out of nowhere about a year ago during an epi. . . .

The RAPPING of knuckles on the door interrupts Randy's story.

Deputy Deke Cain opens the door and leans part way into the office.

DEKE

(agitated)

Sheriff, just got a call from old Granny Purvis, says she thinks someone's in her barn. She's too scared to go check it out herself. Might be nothing but a stray bear or a fox looking for food . . . then again it might be DOK too . . . want me to go check it out?

Randy notices a slight tenseness in Jim's face at the mention of DOK. He quickly gets up from his chair, goes around his desk, and grabs his hat from the hat rack next to the door.

When Randy stands, Jim also stands.

RANDY

I'll go with you.

(looking at Jim)

Guess we'll have to continue this conversation later.

JIM

(trailing his speech off as he notices Randy's head nod negatively)

I don't suppose I could tag along?

RANDY

Nice try, but no. I'll get a hold of you if we catch him—that's the most I can do.

Randy pauses and looks back at Jim, who is almost out the door himself.

RANDY

Oh. Try and stay out of Bill's way. He can cause you, and me, a lot of trouble, you know. See you later.

He turns around and follows Deke out of the main office door. Jim stands still and looks after them. He frowns.

INT. BAR — NIGHT

It's RAINING HARD and MUFFLED THUNDER is heard from time to time. Occasional LIGHTNING FLASHES light up the bar's SIDE WINDOW.

The bar room is near empty. The BARTENDER is POLISHING GLASSES at the

far end of the bar. He gives Jim, who is sitting at the bar's other end, a side glance now and then.

Jim is nursing a drink, and repeatedly looking at his watch. His shirt top is unbuttoned and his tie is loosened. His eyes are glassy looking.

He gets up off the stool and heads towards the PAY PHONE BOOTH, which is close by him. He gets in it, but does not close the booth's door. He picks up the phone's RECEIVER and places a QUARTER into the quarter slot. The BING-BONG NOISE of the quarter falling is heard. He DIALS A NUMBER. The WHIRRING SOUND of the call going through is heard, and, as the receiver is picked up at the other end, the sound of the quarter dropping into the bottom of the phone's cash box is heard, which is immediately followed by the sound of a FEMALE VOICE through the phone's receiver.

FEMALE VOICE

Good evening. Ayre Sheriff's Department.  
How may I help you?

JIM

(a slight slur in his diction)

Hello. Sheriff's department . . . let me speak  
with Sheriff Harkins please. This is Jim . . . the  
news reporter . . . he'll know who I am.

FEMALE VOICE

I'm sorry, sir. The sheriff is not in right now.  
May I put you in contact with another officer?

JIM

No . . . no, thank you.

Jim hangs up the phone and walks back to his stool at the bar but does not sit down.

He takes his drink, finishes it off, and then takes his glass and slides it down the bar in the direction of the bartender. The glass stops just short of the pyramid of glasses the bartender is just finishing up. The bartender looks inquisitively towards Jim.

JIM

Thanks a lot, bartender. Guess I'll go home.

BARTENDER

You be careful out there, mister. It's coming  
down hard tonight.

JIM

You bet.

Jim walks towards the door and opens it. A CLAP OF THUNDER is heard, which is immediately followed by LIGHTNING. A gust of WIND rushes into the bar, blowing down onto the bar top TWO TUMBLERS from atop the glass pyramid.

The bartender picks them up and places them back up as Jim closes the door behind him.

EXT. — NIGHT AND RAINING.

Jim staggers slightly on his way out of the bar. He stops in the doorway and holds out his hand to feel the rain. He shrugs his shoulders and puts both his hands into his pockets. He then walks to the left, hunched over, occasionally staggering against the side of the buildings.

Jim gets to the end of the buildings and steps off the sidewalk onto the side of the road.

The further Jim walks away from the end of the town, the darker it gets.

There's a semi-forested field to Jim's left. The highway he's walking on is built up and there are ditches on either side of it.

Jim walks on the graveled road side, stumbles and almost falls. He then moves over and walks on the highway itself. He's half WHISTLING and half blowing air through his lips.

Two headlight beams suddenly appear as Jim approaches a bend in the road. Jim is blinded by them and raises his arms to cover his eyes. He stumbles more onto the highway.

INT. CAR — NIGHT

Bill Withers is the only one in the car. The car's windshield wipers are beating a steady tattoo. The car's headlights are on, reflecting its glow off the wet road and falling rain. Bill's visibility through the car's window is very poor.

Bill's face is screwed up, angry-looking. His eyes are fixed and, seemingly, in a trance on the road before him. He sees Jim, raised arms before his face, through his window, but does not steer around him.

He sees Jim crouch suddenly, and throw himself sideways, just avoiding the front of Withers' car..

Withers looks back as he passes Jim's rolling body; a malicious grin on his face.

EXT. DITCH — NIGHT AND RAINING

Jim rolls into the ditch as the car zooms by him.

Jim tries to get up. His face is muddy, and he swipes at his head and eyes with his right hand. He has a big BRUISE on his forehead, which is BLEEDING. There is BLOOD TRICKLING down the side of his face as well. His clothes are all muddy and disheveled. The top of his shirt is torn open.

Jim stands up, staggers a step, and then falls backward onto the far side of the ditch incline. He lies still.

The rain beats down on his upturned face.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK — NIGHT

It is raining even harder now. There is occasional THUNDER and LIGHTNING.

TRAVIS and DOK are in Travis's PICK-UP TRUCK. Travis is driving. It's an old pick-up truck. The truck's windshield wipers are on but are not too effective.

Travis is driving slowly. He has his face closer to the windshield than is normal, trying to see through the rain and darkness at the road ahead of him.

DOK is staring fixedly ahead of him. He needs a shave, and his clothes look somewhat wrinkled, as if he's slept in them.

TRAVIS

(without looking at DOK)

I can't thank you 'nough, DOK . . . for all you've done for my missus. If it weren't for you, I . . .

DOK

(startled by Travis's voice, and interrupting him)

Huh? What? Oh . . . Forget it, Travis. I should be thanking you for what you . . . and your friends have done . . . for putting yourselves in danger for my sake.

TRAVIS

(talking to the windshield)

Randy'd never do that . . . and besides, this town owes you more than any one of us could ever repay you . . . and, deep down,

(he looks directly at DOK, who returns his stare)

Randy's really glad we did what we did. He just can't let on to that too much 'cause of that special agent, and him being the sheriff an' all that.

DOK

Humph!

TRAVIS

(staring at window)

If Randy sees you he'll arrest you . . . that's his job, and he's never not done his job, but he'll hate to. I wouldn't want to be in his shoes for nothin', and that's the truth. Well I'll be. . . .

Travis sees in his headlights the prostrated body of Jim. Travis stops the truck.

DOK

What's the matter. Something wrong with the truck?

TRAVIS

Thought I saw a person lying in the ditch round that last bend. Didn't you see him?

DOK

(looking through the back window)

No. . . .

Travis starts to back up the truck. He's looking through the back window of the cab.

TRAVIS

I barely got a glance of him myself . . . with this rain an' all . . . 'tween wiper swipes . . . other side of the road . . . hope I saw wrong.

DOK looks out the back window too, and then turns around and grabs his DOCTOR'S BAG, which is on the seat between him and Travis. DOK jumps out



of the truck just as the truck comes to a stop.

EXT. ROADSIDE — NIGHT

Travis turns on the EMERGENCY FLASHERS, opens his door, and walks towards the front of the truck, where DOK is peering into the headlight-illuminated darkness. Travis looks in the same direction.

TRAVIS

I thought I saw him right around here. . . .

DOK

I can't see a thing, Travis. Are you sure you saw something?

TRAVIS

Maybe I didn't back up far enough. Let me get my flashlight.

Travis walks over and opens up the side of his truck, reaches over to the glove compartment, and pulls out a flashlight. Just at that moment, a FLASH OF LIGHTNING illuminates the entire area, which is immediately followed by very loud THUNDER.

DOK

(yelling, and pointing)

There he is!

Travis turns on his flashlight, and both he and DOK half run, half fast walk over towards the ditch where Jim is lying.

DOK gets to the ditch first. As he wends his way down the side, he slips and slides down to the bottom, into a foot of rainwater coursing through it.

Travis also slips and slides down the embankment. The beam of his flashlight going in every direction as his arms flail in his attempt to regain his footing. Travis lands beside, and to DOK's left. He drops his flashlight into the river of rainwater.

Travis quickly crouches down close to the water, scrounging and feeling for the flashlight.

TRAVIS

(irritated)

Damn it! Of all the times to loose a friggin' flashlight, why . . . Gotcha, you sonbitch!

As Travis rises and steadies himself, wiping off his flashlight against his jacket, DOK is trying to get a good foot-hold on the opposite side of the ditch in order to reach Jim.

Travis, now steadied, remains standing in the rainwater and shines his flashlight so that DOK is better able to see Jim. DOK, at this point, does not know it is Jim.

DOK starts to wipe some of the mud off of Jim's face.

JIM

(a low moan, moving his head slightly.)

Hmmm.

DOK

(surprise, and anger)

What the he . . . ?! Son of a bitch!

TRAVIS

What's the matter, DOK? Everything all right?.

Travis attempts to climb to a more advantageous position from where to shine his flashlight, but slips back to his original position.

Jim opens his eyes for a moment, focuses them on DOK, moves his mouth in slow motion, but no sound comes out. He then passes out again.

DOK slowly turns around towards Travis.

DOK

(sharply)

Travis, help me get him moved to your truck.  
We'll take him back to the shack. He's in  
shock and I think he has a concussion. We  
need to get him out of this rain, quick.  
(continues)

Travis looks questioningly at DOK, but DOK ignores him, and stands up and takes hold of Jim's legs and drags him towards the bottom of the ditch.

DOK

Let's lay him over on the other side, then we'll  
both grab him and drag him up.

Travis, without comment, comes closer to Jim's body. DOK is on Jim's left side.

Travis turns off his flashlight and puts it in the side pocket of his jacket.

Travis and DOK bend over and lift Jim up slowly, and haltingly turn around so that Jim's back is now facing the highway.

They drag him over towards the highway side of the ditch and lay him down as high on the ditch's side as they are able to reach.

Both DOK and Travis climb up the embankment, get on their knees, and reach over and grab Jim by his underarms and drag him up onto the road side. Both DOK and Travis are now breathing heavy.

They are near the truck's rear end as they come out of the ditch. Travis gets up , unlatches and opens the truck's rear gate.

DOK is crouching over Jim's body trying to raise him up when Travis returns and helps him the rest of the way.

They both carry, drag Jim over to the rear of the truck.

DOK  
(yelling above the noise of the rain)  
Hold him while I get into the flatbed!

TRAVIS  
(puffing, yelling)  
Gotcha.

DOK half releases Jim's body and climbs onto the gate of the truck. He then crouches over and grabs Jim by his underarms and drags him onto the flat bed. Travis holds Jim's legs until they are clear of the gate and then closes the gate.

DOK  
I'll ride back here with him.

DOK, standing up, takes off his jacket and covers Jim with it, putting one of the sleeves under Jim's head.

While this is happening, Travis, out of camera range, has retrieved DOK's medical bag from the ditch.

Travis, from the road, comes along side DOK, who is padding his jacket around Jim's inert body, and places the bag onto the flatbed close to DOK.

TRAVIS  
Here's your bag, DOK. How 's he holding up?

DOK

Won't know for sure until we get him inside  
and cleaned up.

Travis opens the driver's side door, and, looking in DOK's direction, yells.

TRAVIS

Hold on tight, DOK. We're on our way.

Travis gets into the truck, shuts his door, turns off the emergency signals, starts the motor, turns on the trucks headlights and windshield wipers, and, with a sudden lurch, heads down the highway in the same direction they were going earlier.

INT. BAR — NIGHT

Bill Withers is nursing a beer at a table. He looks haggard and needs a shave. His tie is loosened at the neck, and the top button of his shirt is undone. He's still wearing a three piece suit.

He's tilted back in his chair, which is somewhat away from the table. He has a BEER BOTTLE in his right hand, resting it on his right thigh. He takes a swig from it from time to time.

The bar itself, other than for the bartender, is empty. The bartender is leaning over the bar reading a PLAYBOY MAGAZINE.

An occasional flash of lightning dimly comes through the bar's dark windows, followed by muffled peals of thunder.

The bar door suddenly opens and slams against the wall, its noise startling both the bartender and Bill. The top tumblers of the glass pyramid at the end of the bar are blown off onto the bar top. The bartender retrieves them and puts them back.

Randy hurriedly closes the door just as his hat flies off his head.

The hat lands on the floor and rolls over to a stop at the foot of Bill's chair. Bill looks at it, but does not move to pick it up. He takes a swig of his beer, and goes back to the same position he was in before.

Randy nods his head towards the bartender as he walks towards Bill's table. At the table, Randy bends over and picks up his hat, brushes it off, and keeps it in his hand at his side.

BILL

(insolently, not looking at Randy)  
Catch any speeders or old women lately, sheriff?

RANDY

You're an idiot, you know that, Bill? How long have you been here?

BILL

Not long. Want a beer? I'll even pay for it.

RANDY

Seen Jim? I'd like to talk to him a little more . . .  
. learn a little more about his brother . . .  
thought he might be here.

BILL

(looking directly into Randy's eyes)  
Sure haven't . . . and what's more, don't want to. I might break his jaw . . . the son-of-a-bitch almost broke mine!

RANDY

(puzzled)  
How come you never told me Jim was DOK's brother?

BILL

(grinning)  
Had to make sure it was him first, didn't I?  
He's a meddler . . . always getting in the way of things.

(contemptuously)  
He's more of a drunk than a reporter. One of these days he's going to get run over if he doesn't watch out.

Randy puts his hat on.

RANDY

Sounds like a threat, to me.

Randy and Bill stare into each other's eyes; an evil smile forms on Bill's face.

Randy turns away and heads back towards the door. He sees the bartender,

who nods to Randy to come closer. Randy goes over to him.

BARTENDER

(low tone of voice)

He was in earlier this evening . . . left about an' hour ago. He kept looking at his watch . . . made a phone call . . . then left.

RANDY

(low tone of voice)

Thanks, Gray . . . appreciate the information. How long's HE been here?

BARTENDER

(low tone of voice)

About forty-five minutes. He's pure evil, Randy, if you ask me. He just sits there rocking his chair and staring at God only knows what.

(he shivers at this last statement)

RANDY

Why don't you lock up early tonight, that way you can get rid of him. Have a good night.

BARTENDER

Yeah. Sure. You too !

The sheriff exits the bar.

INT. CABIN — NIGHT

It has quit raining.

An old-looking, scarred OAK TABLE sits in the middle of the WOODEN FLOOR. There are FOUR equally as old-looking CHAIRS around the table. One of the chairs is somewhat pulled out, as if someone had just sat in it.

Atop the table is a HUNTER'S KEROSENE LANTERN as well as a BATTERY-POWERED FLUORESCENT BULB LANTERN—both are off. Next to the lantern is a LARGE BOX OF WOODEN MATCHES.

Also atop the table is a ROLL OF GAUZE, partially unfurled, a MEDICAL SCISSORS, a roll of MEDICAL TAPE, a torn MEDICATED GAUZE PAD package, a bottle of IODINE, and a BASIN OF BLOOD-STAINED WATER with COTTON and GAUZE SWABS FLOATING on its surface, a WASH CLOTH is

draped over its lip.

One side of the cabin is taken up by a fairly large FIREPLACE. The other side of the cabin is taken up by a two-tiered oak BUNK BED.

On the far wall, towards the fireplace, there is a CUPBOARD, and below the cupboard, a SMALL, NARROW TABLE. Atop this table are SEVERAL DISHES, KNIVES, FORKS, and SPOONS.

On the bunk bed side of the cabin, there is a nondescript rug on the floor, that extends from the bunk bed almost to the edge of the pulled-out chair at the center table.

The cabin has TWO SMALL WINDOWS, one on each side of the door. They are CURTAINED with BURLAP BAGS.

DOK is standing at the fireplace, staring into the fire. He's dressed in work pants, and is wearing a flannel shirt. The sleeves of the shirt are rolled up to just below his elbows. His hands, palms outward, are extended towards the fire. He vigorously rubs them together, then extends them out towards the fire, several times.

He turns around in place and interlocks his hands behind him. He remains silent and motionless, looking towards the figure in the bunk bed across the room.

Jim is stretched out and well-blanketed on the bottom bunk bed. His head, which is the only part of his body we see, is BANDAGED UP. DOK's medical bag is lying open on the floor by Jim's head; a STETHOSCOPE draped over the bag's lip.

Jim MOANS.

DOK looks towards the bunk bed, but does not move.

DOK hears another moan. He walks over to the bunk bed and looks down at Jim.

He takes a folded blanket off the top bunk bed and puts it on the pulled out chair. He takes one of the other chairs and aligns it three or so feet apart from the chair with the blanket, so that the chairs are facing each other..

He sits down, takes the blanket off the other chair, raises his feet and places them on the emptied chair, unfurls and drapes the blanket over himself, adjusts his body to the new position, crosses his arms across his chest, and, looking towards the motionless body of Jim, lowers his head and closes his eyes.

There is silence, other than for the occasional POPPING and FIZZING noises emanating from the direction of the fireplace. The burning logs, about three or four, are about a third of the way burned. The fire has settled into a medium blaze.

INT. CABIN — LATER THAT NIGHT

The logs in the fireplace have all burned down to embers.

Jim starts to moan and his head moves from side to side. He moves his arms and legs, but they are constrained by his covers.

INT. MARKET — DAYTIME

DREAM SEQUENCE: IMAGES ARE UNDULATING AND GO IN AND OUT OF FOCUS. VOICES AND ACTIONS ARE IN SLOW MOTION.

Susan is screaming hysterically.

Gunman # 1 roughly shakes Susan.

GUNMAN # 1  
(yelling in Susan's ear)  
Shut-up, bitch! Shut-up! I swear I'll kill you,  
and your baby. Now shut-up!

Jim starts to lower his right hand towards his rear pocket. Gunman # 1, whose attention is focused on quieting Susan, catches this movement. He tightens his grip around Susan, and, using Susan and her baby as a shield, roughly turns her in Jim's direction.

GUNMAN # 1  
(astonished)  
Son-of-a-Bi. . . .

Gunman # 1 points and fires his gun at Jim, as Susan, blood splashing all over her face, becomes even more hysterical.

Jim brings his right arm in front of him, as if to grab the gun away from the gunman. He's looking straight into the gunman's glasses.

In the gunman's glasses can be seen, albeit dimly, a person holding up a rifle and taking aim at the gunman. The flash of the rifle firing immediately follows the gunman's shooting of Susan. Both shots sound like one long shot.



JIM  
(yelling)  
Susannnnnnnnn!!!

Jim's yell starts high and winds down, similar to a record player's turntable gradually slowing down.

The same sequence is repeated from the point where the gunman points and fires his gun towards Jim.

The same sequence is repeated again, but this time from the reflections in the gunman's glasses.

The sequence of just the reflections in the gunman's glasses is repeated faster and faster, with the image pulling in and out faster and faster, and ending with just the reflection on the glasses filling the screen, and Jim's hand and falling body appearing in the last second of the sequence.

JIM  
(yelling)  
Su . . .  
(continues)

INT. CABIN — DAWN

Jim suddenly wakes up and raises himself half off the bunk, while at the same time DOK puts his feet down on the floor and pushes himself forward, so as not to fall backwards.

JIM AND DOK  
(in unison)  
. . . sannnnn!!!

Both Jim and DOK seem disoriented. DOK recovers first and gets up and walks towards Jim. Jim, in the meantime, is looking at DOK, trying to focus his eyes and his thoughts on his surroundings. He leans on one arm, and with the other hand, reaches up to feel the bandage on his forehead.

JIM  
(haltingly)  
Whe . . . where am . . . am I? Wha . . . what  
hap . . . happened?

The effort of keeping himself up is too much and he falls back flat onto his back. He turns his head to look at DOK, who has turned on the battery powered fluorescent light. Jim flinches his eyes, and when he opens them again, DOK is

leaning over him.

DOK

(emotionless)

From the smell of you, I'd say you were drunk  
and you fell into the ditch on the side of the  
road as you walked back to Mary's.

JIM

(visibly trying to collect his  
thoughts)

Car . . . car . . . ran me off . . . jumped into  
ditch. . . .

DOK is checking the bandage on Jim's head while Jim is talking.

DOK

How do you feel? Anything besides your  
head hurt? Can you focus your eyes?  
Remember your name?

JIM

Splitting . . . headache . . . Jim.  
(looking directly at DOK)  
You're . . . Dan.  
(continues)

Jim, with much effort, brings his hand out from under the blanket and grabs a hold of DOK's arm. He attempts to pull himself up, but does not have the strength to do so and falls back.

JIM

There was someone else, Dan . . . there was  
someone else . . . behind me . . . shot from . . .  
behind . . . saw it . . . dream . . . glasses. . . .

Jim's hand falls away from DOK's arm.

DOK

(louder than normal)

Jim? Jim!

Jim passes out. DOK takes Jim's wrist and feels for his pulse while at the same time looking at his watch. DOK then puts Jim's hand back under the covers. He reaches over, takes the stethoscope from his bag, puts it on, and, turning back the covers over Jim's chest, puts the stethoscope's diaphragm on his chest, and

listens.

He takes the stethoscope off and places it back into his bag, all the time observing Jim's breathing.

There is a KNOCK at the door. DOK looks up, re-covers Jim's chest with the blanket, gets up, and walks towards the door.

DOK

Who is it?

MARY (V. O.)

It's me, DOK, Mary.

DOK opens the door. It is early dawn. Mary comes in. She is carrying a covered basket in both her arms.

DOK

(takes the basket out of Mary's hands)

Here . . . let me help you with that.

DOK places the basket atop the table as Mary walks over and looks at Jim.

MARY

Travis told me what happened last night. I've brought you some food, and my help if you need it. How's he doing? Is he going to be all right? Can I help?

DOK walks over and grabs Mary around the waist. She turns towards him.

DOK

God . . . it feels great to have you in my arms again, to see you, to feel you.  
(continues)

They kiss. They disengage but still hold on to each other, looking into each other's eyes.

DOK

This is the worst part of hiding out . . . not being able to be with you at the end of the day . . . not being able to talk to you when I want to.

Mary steps back from DOK and looks at him: at the condition of his face, clothes,

and hair.

MARY

(smiling)

The way YOU look, maybe YOU'RE the one  
that needs all the help.

(continues)

Mary walks over towards the basket, removes the cloth cover, and starts taking out a bottle of ORANGE JUICE, CANS OF FRUIT, TUNA and SPAM, a LOAF OF BREAD, a JAR OF PEANUT BUTTER, and a JAR OF JELLY.

MARY

(looking at DOK)

Well, what can I make for you. Peanut butter  
and jelly sandwich? Fruit platter? Spam a la  
hunter? Orange juice?

DOK

(crossing his arms and smiling at  
Mary)

Orange juice would be fine. The glasses are  
in the cupboard behind you.

Mary walks over to the cupboard, opens it, looks into it, and pulls out an empty MASON JAR. She holds it up towards DOK.

MARY

This?

DOK

That's it. Kind of makes you feel right at home,  
doesn't it?

Mary scrunches up her nose as she takes two empty Mason jars from the cupboard. She closes the cupboard and walks back towards the table. Mary then attempts to open the orange juice bottle but can't, and hands it to DOK.

MARY

Here, make yourself useful. I've already  
loosened it for you.

DOK takes the bottle, and with no effort at all, takes the cap off. He hands the bottle back to Mary, who takes it.

DOK  
Good thing you loosened it up.  
(continues)

Mary takes the bottle and pours juice into the two Mason jars. She sets the bottle down on the table, picks up both jars, and hands one to DOK. They look at each other.

DOK  
(holding his jar up)  
Here's to us . . . thanks for coming.

Mary holds up her jar, and she TAPS HER JAR AGAINST HIS JAR.

MARY  
To us . . . to you . . . to me . . . wouldn't want it  
any other way.  
(continues)

They both take a drink from their jars. Mary puts her jar down on the table, pulls out a chair, and sits down. DOK keeps his in his hands, and remains standing.

MARY  
You know, I don't even know what to call you  
anymore. DOK? Daniel? What's it to be?!

DOK momentarily looks at Mary, then averts his eyes.

DOK  
Daniel . . . Dan . . . I suppose. It's my real  
name. I . . . I haven't really made it easy for  
you, have I . . . or for myself, for that matter.

MARY  
I'm sorry, . . . Dan. I didn't mean to make it any  
harder than it already is . . . let's change the  
subject. How's Jim?

DOK looks at Jim, then back at Mary.

DOK

We both had a pretty rough night, but I think the worst is over. He woke up earlier this morning, and then passed out again. There doesn't seem to be any impairment to his mental faculties, though; he knows who he is and he recognized me. He needs rest more than anything else, and he should get plenty of that up here.

MARY

If you want, I'll stick around and sit with you both while you get some sleep. Brian doesn't return 'til tomorrow, so I'm more or less free. How 'bout it . . . just what the doctor would order, wouldn't you say?

DOK sits down on the chair opposite from Mary. He takes another drink of his juice, and places the jar on the table.

He leans back in his chair, locks his hands behind his head, stretches his body, and yawns. He then takes his hands down and rolls his shoulders in a circle a couple of times, and rolls his head in a circular motion as well.

DOK

(looking at Mary)

Thanks, Mary. I just may take you up on that offer. God knows, I could sure use the sleep.

Jim stirs a little and moans. Both DOK and Mary look in Jim's direction.

JIM

(muttering)

Flash in glasses . . . shot. . . .

Mary looks at DOK.

MARY

(questioning)

Flash? Shot? Any sense to what he's saying?

DOK

Not that I can tell. Just before you came in he woke up and said something about there being someone else . . . behind him, I think he said . . . shot from behind him. He also said he saw it . . . dreamt it . . . glasses. He was delirious. We were having a bad dream.

Mary looks at DOK strangely.

MARY

You said we.

DOK

Did I say that? Yes . . . I guess I was. I was dreaming about how . . . Susan, my wife . . . my son were . . . killed.

DOK looks off into space. Mary reaches over and places her hand on DOK's arm.

MARY

(compassionately)

I'm sorry, Dan. Jim told me what happened to him . . . to you. It must be unbearable at times to live with a memory like that. I'm sorry for bringing it up. I didn't know. . . .

DOK takes Mary's hand into both his and looks at her.

DOK

When this is all over, maybe I'll be able to talk to you about it. I love you, Mary.

DOK raises Mary's hands and kisses them. Mary disengages one of her hands and strokes DOK's cheek.

MARY

(frowning)

Hmmm!

DOK

What . . . what is it?

MARY

I was just remembering something your brother said when he was telling me about what happened to you . . . to him.

DOK

What's that. What did he say?

MARY

He said he always felt there was something missing, something he was forgetting about what happened that awful day.  
(continues)

DOK looks at Mary inquiringly.

MARY

And I was wondering whether what he said now might have something to do with that.

DOK

Hmmm. Could be. Can't hurt to ask when he wakes up.

There's a moment of silence between them.

MARY

What's going to happen to us? To you?

DOK

I've given that a lot of thought, especially last night while I was tending to Jim.

(he hesitates)

I . . . I think the best thing for me to do is to turn myself in. I can't really see any other out for me . . . for us.

Mary takes DOK's hand in hers and kisses it.

MARY

(lovingly)

You're sure this is the right course? What'll happen. Do you know?



DOK

If there's any hope of us finding a life together,  
it's the only course. It may mean . . . I may  
have to . . . go away . . . for a little while, but I  
see no better alternative.

MARY

You're probably right. My heart says let us  
run, but my mind says you're right.

(with passion, clenching her fists  
and biting each word)

Oh, how I wish this were over with so we could  
get on with our lives. Why! Why us?

DOK

(lovingly)

If not now, then later. It's hard living a lie. I'm  
just sorry for all the hurt I've caused  
everybody.

MARY

There's not a person in this town that wouldn't  
help you . . . even Randy, if he could do it  
legally. You know that.

DOK

Mary, I want you to do me a favor. Go by and  
see Randy and tell him I'll give myself up to  
him tomorrow.

MARY

So soon? Just like that? What about Jim?

DOK

(startled)

By tomorrow, Jim ought to be well enough to  
travel. And the sooner we have all this behind  
us, the sooner we can get on with our life.  
Don't you agree?

MARY

I'm sorry, Dan. I didn't mean to . . . it's just the  
suddenness of it all that startled me.

JIM (V. O.)  
(loud whisper)  
Hello, Mary. Hello, Dan.

Both DOK and MARY are startled by Jim's voice. They turn around to look at Jim, who is looking at both of them. Both DOK and Mary speak at the same time.

MARY  
Huh?

DOK  
What?

JIM  
(weakly, attempting a smile)  
You both look like you've seen a ghost or something. Do I look that bad?

DOK gets up from his chair and goes over and sits down on the edge of the bunk. Mary stands right behind him.

DOK  
(smiling)  
The sleeping prince awakens! How are you, brother . . . feel all right?

JIM  
I still feel kind of weak, I guess . . . at least my headache's not as bad as I seem to remember it being a while ago . . . and my jaw ache is gone.

He looks directly and meaningfully at DOK during the last part of his answer.

DOK  
Hmmp! Yeah . . . well . . . we'll talk about that later.

JIM  
Say, what day is it anyway? I feel like I've been in bed forever.

DOK

Only since last night. You remember what happened to you? You mumbled something about being run off the road by a car . . .

JIM

(looking at Mary)

Is this his usual bedside manner? Or is it just because we're family that he doesn't offer me some of that

(looks towards the table)

delicious-looking orange juice. I'm thirsty!

MARY

(smiling)

He's usually worse! Keep talking, I'll get the juice for you.

Mary walks over to the table and pours more juice in DOK's glass, brings it back over to the bed, and hands it to DOK. DOK helps Jim raise himself up far enough to take a drink of juice from the jar. A little bit of the juice dribbles out through the corner of Jim's mouth.

DOK hands the jar back to Mary, and lowers Jim back onto the bed.

JIM

Feel better already. Thanks.

(looking at Mary)

You're a much prettier nurse than this lunk.

DOK

(smiling)

Same as usual, huh. Haven't changed a bit.

(turning to look at Mary)

Best watch out for him, Mary. I've seen him charm snakes out of their skins.

Jim smiles back at DOK.

JIM

I had just walked out of the tavern. I had two beers while waiting for the sheriff to return, but he never did. I left. It was raining, dark, and very windy. I tried staying on the gravel part of the road, but walking against the wind made it pretty difficult to keep my footing, so I started walking on the black top. I stumbled onto the highway when this car—a black car, I think—came, as the saying goes, out of nowhere. It was all I could do to throw myself off the road.

MARY

Could you see who it was?

JIM

It was all so quick. I rolled and rolled what seemed like forever, and came to stop in a river, I think.

DOK

That'll be the ditch we found you by.

JIM

I tried getting up, I think . . . and that's the last I remember until waking up here.

(looking around)

Say, what is this place anyway?

DOK

One of my patients' hunting lodge.

JIM

(looking directly at Mary)

I'm curious to know what startled you.

MARY

(puzzled)

Huh? Startled? I don't understand.

JIM

You were telling Dan about being startled by the suddenness. . . . I was just wondering what had startled you?

Mary looks at DOK. DOK nods his head slightly in assent, and Mary looks back

to Jim.

MARY

(matter-of-fact)

Dan's going to turn himself over to the sheriff .  
 . . Randy . . . just as soon as you're able to  
 travel.

JIM

I kind of thought it might have something to do  
 with that . . . just had to make sure. Probably  
 the best thing you can do. Your sheriff struck  
 me as a pretty fair person. I kind of got the  
 impression that he thinks quite highly of you . .  
 . this whole town does, in fact. What the hell  
 have you done to these people, anyway?  
 Seems as if you've saved everyone of them  
 from some fatal disease or other.

DOK

I was a needed person at a bad time who just  
 happened by and decided to stay on.  
 (looks at Mary and takes her hand)  
 The clinic was as good a place as any to stow  
 my bags.

MARY

Listen at him! If it weren't for him, the popu-  
 lation of Ayre would be considerably less to-  
 day, and . . . and . . .  
 ((her eyes mist over)  
 I would probably have lost Brian.

DOK pats Mary's hand. Mary rubs her eyes. There is a momentary silence.

Mary looks at her watch.

MARY

Look at the time! I'm supposed to look in on  
 Flora in ten minutes!  
 (looks at Jim)  
 I'm Ayre's official mid-wife. I best be off.

DOK gets up, and both he and Mary walk over towards the door.

DOK

Tell Travis to bring his truck by at eight. Will you? We should be ready to leave by then. And don't let Flora talk you to death.

DOK and Mary stop at the door. DOK opens it part way. A shaft of light illuminates the interior of the cabin and Mary's side. She is looking towards DOK and Jim.

MARY

(looking at DOK)

Truck tomorrow by eight. Okay.

(looking around DOK to Jim)

So long Jim. OOPS.

(Jim is asleep. Mary looks back at DOK)

I guess the excitement was a little more than he could handle. Do take care of yourself. Okay?

DOK takes Mary into his arms and they kiss. They separate.

DOK

I'll be all right. You take care of yourself. See you tomorrow . . . and thanks for all the goodies.

DOK stands at the door looking out of it and then slowly closes it. He goes over and looks at Jim, who is SNORING lightly, and puts Jim's arm, which extends a little ways off the bed, back onto the bed and to his side.

DOK then goes over to the fire and takes a poker and stirs the embers a little, causing them to go into flame. He then reaches down to the fireplace's side and retrieves a log, which he places atop the flame.

He then returns to the table, picks up the jar of peanut butter, and looks at it.

DOK

Humph!

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE — DAYLIGHT

Randy is sitting at his desk going over some paperwork. Deke knocks on his door, enters without waiting for acknowledgment, and hands Randy several sheets of paper.

Randy takes the papers and starts reading them as Deke is talking to him.

DEKE

Just came in over the telex, Randy. Thought you'd want to see them right away.

Randy quickly scans both pages, and then places them on top of his desk.

He thinks for a while, picks up one of the papers, re-reads it, puts it back down, and then looks at Deke.

RANDY

You read it?

DEKE

Sure have. Kind of changes things a little bit, don't it?

RANDY

Yes and no, but it sure makes things a lot easier to understand. Has Withers showed up yet?

DEKE

Sure hasn't . . . last time I saw him was yesterday, and he didn't look to be in any mood to talk to anybody.

RANDY

Try and get a hold of him for me, will you? And the sooner the better. I don't want any loose guns around . . . especially his.

INT. CABIN — MORNING

Jim is sitting at the table. He is dressed and clean-shaven. There is a jar a third full of orange juice before him. He is watching DOK, who is just finishing up shaving. There is a BASIN FULL OF WATER next to DOK, with little ISLANDS OF SHAVING CREAM floating on top of it.

Jim is fully dressed in the same shoes and suit pants he had on prior to the accident, which clash and looks out of place with the bright, multi-colored lumberjack-style flannel shirt he now has on.

DOK is wearing work pants and hiking boots. He is bare-chested. There is a little shaving cream on one side of his face.

JIM

(dryly, looking at and pulling the front of his shirt away from his chest)

I like your taste in shirts. It goes so well with the rest of me.

DOK looks at Jim's reflection in the SMALL MIRROR attached to the side of the wall.

DOK

(smiling)

Don't knock it. At least it fits. It's the best I could do on such short notice. Besides that, you'll be dressed for all occasions . . . all at one time, that is . . . Ouch!

(nicks himself and goes in closer to the mirror to see the injury)

Now look what you made me do . . . that's what I get for being nice to stray dogs and inquisitive reporters.

Jim starts to LAUGH, which he cuts short on hearing the sound of a HONKING HORN, followed by the sound of an approaching vehicle. It quits in front of the cabin.

DOK

That must be Travis.

(looks at his watch)

Right on time . . . as usual. He's just as prompt as Flora's babies . . . and just as reliable.

DOK, while he's talking, takes a HAND TOWEL and wipes his face clean. He throws the towel on the table, and picks up his shirt, which also is a multi-colored flannel one, and puts it on just as the OPENING AND CLOSING OF A TRUCK DOOR is heard.

The sound of STEPS are heard approaching the door. DOK walks over to the door and opens it just at the time Travis' fisted hand swings down for a knock. The suddenness of the action startles Travis, causing him to stumble into the cabin.

Travis, upon regaining his footing, takes off his hat, looks in the direction of Jim, walks over towards him and proffers his hand.



TRAVIS

(heartily)

You sure look a lot different than when I last  
saw you, young man. How you feeling?  
Ready for some more bumps? I'm Talbott  
Travis . . . just call me Travis, everyone does.

Jim shakily stands up and shakes Travis' hand.

JIM

(smiling)

Bumps? That's my middle name, along with  
hard knocks. I want to thank you for . . .

TRAVIS

(interrupting Jim)

No need to mention any of that . . . just glad we  
happened along.

(looks at DOK)

Ready to go?

(continues)

DOK picks up the same bag that Mary brought in the previous day. The foods  
that Mary had taken out of the bag are now back in the bag. He goes over and  
stands beside Jim, and puts his hand under Jim's arm.

Travis goes over to DOK.

TRAVIS

(reaching to take the bag)

Here DOK, let me take that.

DOK lets Travis take the bag from his arm, and then Travis goes ahead, opens  
up the door, and waits just inside the cabin while DOK helps Jim out the door.

DOK

(to Travis)

Do you mind getting my medicine bag as  
well? It's just inside the door there

(nods his head in the direction of  
the bag)

TRAVIS

Done.

EXT. CABIN — MORNING.

The sound of the CABIN DOOR CLOSING is heard as DOK helps Jim into the truck.

While this is happening, Travis is seen putting the bag of groceries and DOK's medical bag in the rear of the truck. Travis then goes over to the driver's side. DOK follows Jim into the truck and closes the door at about the same time that Travis gets behind the wheel and closes his door.

Travis starts the truck's engine, puts it in gear, and drives off. The truck hits a couple of bumps. Jim emits a MOAN after each bump.

EXT. FORESTED ROAD — MORNING.

All three persons are silent. The road they are on is narrow and unpaved. On both sides are trees.

EXT. OPEN LAND — MORNING.

After a short while they come out into a clearing. In the distance can be seen a house, a barn, and here and there groupings of cows, a horse or two, and tractor out in the open.

INT. TRUCK — MORNING.

Travis stares straight ahead, concentrating on his driving. Jim looks at the passing landscape. DOK fixedly stares straight ahead.

TRAVIS

(without taking his eyes off the  
road)

That's my place.

JIM

Nice.

Travis slows down, and makes a right hand turn onto a paved highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY — MORNING.

The truck picks up speed, and though the road is smoother riding now, it is curvy.

Most of the time there are trees and/or ravines on either, or both, sides of the road.

INT. TRUCK — MORNING.

DOK and Jim are in their own thoughts. Travis is looking at the road.

TRAVIS

(giving a side glance to DOK)

Well DOK, we're almost there. Ya' sure you  
want to do this? Not too late to back out . . .

DOK comes out of his reverie and looks towards Travis. Jim looks towards  
DOK.

DOK

(resigned)

I'm sure, Travis. There's just too many complic  
. . . what the hell!?

DOK stiffens his whole body and puts both hands on the dash of the truck. Jim  
also stiffens his body, his mouth drops open, and his eyes widen. Travis's body  
also stiffens, and the whites of his knuckles stand out as he grips the steering  
wheel.

TRAVIS

My God?! How . . . what . . .

JIM

Jesus H. Christ!

Travis hurriedly drives and parks over to the side of the road. All three quickly  
get out of the truck, leaving both doors open.

EXT. ROAD — MORNING

A LARGE YELLOW "AYRE SCHOOL DISTRICT" SCHOOL BUS is overturned  
on its right side in the ditch at the bend of the road. Its engine hood is open and  
STEAM IS HISSING out of it. The bus is parallel with the ditch. The front wheel  
is slowly rotating.

Right below the wheel and perpendicular to the bus is a LARGE SIZED BLACK  
AUTOMOBILE, with its engine compartment all crumpled up against the bus's  
front axle. The car is sitting at an angle of 45 degrees, its trunk perpendicular to  
the road.

Both doors are opened on the car. Its windshield is shattered and bubbles  
outward. The roof of the automobile is warped. The trunk is open. There's  
SMOKE emanating from the engine. The car's HORN IS BLARING.

DOK hurriedly retrieves his medical bag from the back of the truck and rushes towards the overturned bus. Travis is running after him, and Jim after him.

As they approach the bus, several SCREAMS OF BOTH MALE AND FEMALE CHILDREN, along with other CRYING SOUNDS can be heard over the sound of the blaring horn.

The bus's emergency back door suddenly falls open, and TWO TEEN-AGED BOYS tumble out, head-over-heels with it. They dazedly get up and look around. Both are BLEEDING, but not badly, from several cuts about their cheeks and foreheads.

These two boys help several other boys and girls, ranging in ages from 10 to 16, to climb out of the bus. Some are crying, some are moaning; all have cuts and bruises about their arms, faces and legs; some have torn clothing.

The children walk away from the bus and lay down or sit down on the side of the ditch which rises opposite the road.

Travis runs up to these two boys, patting them both about the head and shoulders.

TRAVIS

Bobby? Tommy ? What happened . . . are you all right? What in hell . . .

BOBBY

(yelling in surprise)

Dad! How. . . .

TOMMY

(finishing Bobby's sentence)

did you get here so fast? How did you know ? You . . . and . . .

BOBBY

(finishing Tommy's sentence)

DOK, too!

(looking towards DOK)

How. . . . It just happened . . . how?

The car horn stops blaring.

INT. BUS — DAYLIGHT

DOK, medical bag in hand, maneuvers his way to the front of the bus. There are

small GYM STYLED HANDBAGS and SUITCASES strewn about—some open, with CLOTHING falling out of them. There are also SEVERAL PILLOWS strewn about.

At the front of the bus, DRAKE, the BUS DRIVER, is still in his seat constrained by his seat belt. His body is hanging sideways. As DOK gets closer, the driver starts to moan and to move.

Drake puts his hand to his BLOODIED FOREHEAD, takes it away and looks at it. He shakes his head, and starts to look around.

Drake sees DOK and attempts a smile.

DRAKE

(weakly)

Howdy, DOK . . . just in the nick of time. How's all the kids? They get out? Are they all right? My side's killing me.

DOK gets a firm hold of Drake's shoulders to hold him in place.

DOK

Can you unbuckle yourself, Drake?

DRAKE

I . . . I think I can.

Drake reaches up towards his side and presses down on the seat belt release button. The seat belt snaps out of its lock causing the driver's full weight to fall upon DOK. DOK stumbles a little but manages to keep his footing. Drake, at the same time, grabs a hold of the steering wheel. HE MOANS.

DOK lowers the driver a little at a time until Drake is able to better maneuver his legs. DOK, when he's able too, lays Drake down on the floor against the seat legs.

DRAKE

(in pain)

DOK . . . don't think . . . goin' to be of much help to you . . . my feet ain't workin' right.

TRAVIS

(from outside the bus looking in)

Need any help, DOK?

DOK  
(turning his head towards Travis)  
Take a hold of Drake's shoulders while I take  
his legs.

While Travis comes towards them, DOK is maneuvering his way towards Drake's feet.

DRAKE  
(grabbing a hold of DOK's arm)  
There's a FIRST AID KIT, DOK . . . under the  
dashboard . . . if you need it.

DOK  
(looking quickly in the direction indicated, while at the same time  
lifting Drake's legs)  
Let's get you out of here first, okay? Now keep  
quiet.

EXT. REAR OF BUS — DAYLIGHT

Travis and DOK come out of the rear of the bus carrying Drake. They carry him a few feet away from the bus and set him down on the grass embankment.

Drake seems somewhat unconscious, though he's moaning.

Drake's shirt in the area of his liver (right side) is bloodied.

DOK kneels down beside Drake's right side and, as he's loosening and opening Drake's shirt, he talks to Travis.

DOK  
(anxiety in his voice)  
Get my medical bag, will you? I left it on top of  
the front seat in the bus.  
(continues)

Travis immediately heads back into the bus without comment. DOK yells after him.

DOK  
Oh . . . and get that First Aid kit, too . . . we'll  
need it.  
(continues)

He finishes undoing/tearing open Drakes' shirt, looks at his wound, and gently touches and probes around the wound area.

POLICE SIRENS are heard in the background. DOK looks up to listen, then goes back to probing.

DOK

(under his breath, to the unconscious Drake)

You are going to be one sore person for a long time, my friend.

TRAVIS

(yelling from the bus, almost panic in his voice)

DOK . . . DOK . . . come here . . . quick! Brian 'n' Donny are still in here. I'm afraid they're. . . .

DOK immediately gets up and rushes into the rear of the bus just as TWO POLICE CARS pull up.

EXT. ROAD — DAYLIGHT

The police cars, their lights flashing, come to a screeching halt.

The sheriff—Randy—steps out from the driver's side of the lead car. Deke steps out from the driver's side of the other car.

Deke runs over towards the sheriff, who is taking stock of the situation.

Randy turns back to his car just as Deke comes up to him. Randy reaches into his car, brings out and talks into a hand microphone.

RANDY

(controlling his anxiety)

Sheriff to station . . . sheriff to station. Doris?

A little STATIC is heard emanating from the car; then a FEMALE VOICE IS HEARD OVER THE RADIO.

RADIO VOICE (V. O.)

Go ahead, Sheriff.

RANDY

Doris, get in touch with County Hospital right away . . . make sure they have that ambulance coming double quick, and tell'em to expect a bus-load of injured children. It looks bad.

RADIO VOICE

Got it. Randy?

(hesitantly)

Donny? Is Donny . . . all . . . right?

RANDY

(looking around)

Doris, . . . I . . . I can't really tell from where I'm at. I'll get back to you as soon as I find out.

Okay?

(reassuringly)

I'm sure he's okay, Doris.

He puts the microphone back into his car.

DEKE

(to Randy, as he's coming upright)

Randy, that reporter guy is calling you.

(points to his left toward Jim)

Jim is standing on the driver's side of the crashed car as Randy and Deke approach the vehicle. As they come around the car, they see that the driver is Bill Withers.

Withers' face, as well as the entire front of his shirt and vest, is bloodied. The interior of his car is littered with glass. The glove compartment is opened, and there are papers strewn about the seat and on the floorboard.

Withers is impaled on the steering wheel. His head is leaning forward and his arms are limply to his sides when Randy and Deke come up.

JIM

(as Randy comes up)

He wants to talk to you.

As soon as Randy sees that it's Bill behind the wheel, he kneels down beside him. Deke stands next to Jim.



RANDY  
 (to Bill)  
 Bill? Bill? What . . . ?

Bill raises and turns his head slightly. As Bill starts to whisper, Randy gets closer to him.

BILL  
 (in a whisper)  
 Shut up, sheriff. I don't have much time left . . .  
 told Jim everything . . . happened . . . that day. .  
 ..  
 (his words trail off)  
 I did it . . . my fault. . . .

Bill drops his head forward and expels his breath. His eyes and mouth remain open. Blood trickles from his mouth.

RANDY  
 Bill! Bill!  
 (continues)

Randy, as he's calling Bill's name, places his fingers on Bill's neck, feeling the carotid artery for a pulse. He removes his hand and stands up.

RANDY  
 (looking towards Jim and Deke)  
 He's dead.  
 (looking at Jim)  
 What's this . . . ?

Randy, Deke, and Jim turn their heads towards the commotion coming from the rear of the bus.

EXT. REAR OF BUS — DAYLIGHT

Travis is seen holding a prostrate boy by his underarms. The boy is unconscious and quite bloodied. His clothing is torn in many places. His forehead is purple-looking, his eyes are almost puffed closed, and his nose is askew.

TRAVIS  
 (yelling towards the group of boys  
 and girls)  
 Bobby . . . Tommy . . . come here . . . quick . . .  
 give me a hand.

The boys and girls look in the direction of Travis, as Bobby and Tommy hurry to help their father.

At this instant Randy, Deke, and Jim come around the bus. Randy and Deke help Travis take the child out of the bus.

RANDY

Donny? My God . . . it's Donny!

They lay Donny down on the grass close by. Deke gets up and stands back. Travis kneels down by Donny and starts to gently wipe his face with a HANDKERCHIEF.

Deke, Tommy, Bobby and Jim are standing around Randy and Travis kneeling over Donny.

TOMMY

(looking down at Donny)

Is he going to be all right, Dad?

TRAVIS

(not looking up)

DOK says he will . . . he's pretty well banged up, but he says he'll be okay.

Randy looks up at Jim, and then towards Travis.

RANDY

DOK? DOK's here? Where?

Randy stands up as Travis tells him.

TRAVIS

(looking at Randy, his voice going quiet)

He's in the bus with Brian . . . he's pretty badly hurt . . . he . . . he might not make it.

Randy, Jim, and Deke move towards the rear of the bus. Randy steps inside the bus, and, when Deke and Jim start to follow, he motions for them to stay outside.

INT. BUS — DAYLIGHT.

Brian is lying on a seat towards the front of the bus. He is lying atop SEVERAL PILLOWS to keep him level. His head is towards the aisle. DOK's medical bag is opened, and on DOK's right.

The bus's First Aid kit is also laying against the seat leg; it also is opened, its contents in disarray. There are torn-open bandage wrappers around the area.

Brian's t-shirt is all bloodied and torn in places. His face is also bloodied. His forehead is a large purplish/yellow/off-white in color bump. His eyes are closed. His cheeks, and other parts of his face, are pitted with blood spots.

Brian's legs are also bloodied, and his knees are especially skinned up. There is a tourniquet around his left upper arm. His left forearm is broken and there is bone showing through the skin.

DOK is leaning over Brian giving him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and CPR. DOK's shirt is matted with sweat and blood. His face, in places, is blood-smeared. His forehead is beaded with sweat. His eyes look desperate. Between cycles he mutters.

DOK  
Come on, Brian. . . .  
(another cycle)  
Come on, son. . . .  
(another cycle)  
Damn it! Beat !  
(another cycle)  
Wake up. . . .  
(another cycle)  
You can do it. . . .  
(continues)

Randy, automatically, without saying anything, takes over the CPR cycle, while DOK, glancing momentarily at Randy, continues the mouth-to-mouth portion.

DOK  
(breathing heavy and haltingly)  
How's . . . everybody . . .  
(another cycle)  
out . . . there?  
(another cycle)  
On . . . my . . . way . . .  
(another cycle)  
see . . . you. . .

RANDY

(haltingly)

35 . . . they . . . 37 . . . are . . . 39 . . . 40 . . . 41 . .  
 . kay . . . 43 . . .

(rapidly)

How's he doing?

DOK

He's . . . alive. . . . Any . . . more . . . help . . .  
 on . . . the . . . way?

RANDY

Am . . . 7 . . . bu . . . 9 . . . lance . . . 11 . . .  
 should . . . 14 . . . be . . . 16 . . . here . . . 19 . . .  
 soon . . . 21 . . . 22.

(excitedly)

I FELT A BEAT, DOK! I FELT A BEAT!

DOK immediately ceases his mouth-to-mouth, feels of Brian's carotid artery, and quickly reaches for the stethoscope in his bag, which is next to him. He puts it on and places its diaphragm over Brian's heart, and he and Randy listen intently.

Brian gives a big heave and coughs violently. He moves his head from side to side, moaning. He opens his eyes, but not fully.

MARY (V. O.)

(worried but determined)

Let me through, Deke. That's my son in there.

Randy and DOK turn their head towards the commotion.

EXT. BUS — DAYLIGHT

Deke is in the pathway to the entrance of the bus. Mary is standing up to him, arguing with him. Jim is standing next to her.

DEKE

(harassed)

Now, Mary, you know I can't let you in there.  
 DOK's in there with your boy, and they'll soon  
 be out. You got to. . . .

RANDY (V. O.)

(yelling)

That's all right, Deke . . . let her through.

Both Jim and Deke help Mary up to the entrance to the bus.

INT. BUS — DAYLIGHT

Mary hurries up to the front. Randy stands up and makes room for her to sidle in and see Brian.

DOK is pouring a liquid from a BOTTLE OF ALCOHOL onto a GAUZE PAD and cleaning the blood from Brian's face.

MARY  
(out of breath)  
Brian . . . baby. . . .  
(looking at DOK)  
How is he? Is he going to be all right? Why  
doesn't he . . . ?

Brian opens his eyes a little and tries hard to focus them.

BRIAN  
(weakly)  
Mom . . . ? Mom . . . ?

Mary gets as close as she can so she can see Brian and Brian can see her.

MARY  
(lovingly, and with relief)  
Brian. . . . Son. . . . Here I am.

BRIAN  
I know, mom . . . sure glad you're here . . .  
(looking at Randy, who is standing  
a little to the side of Mary's  
shoulder. Brian attempts a smile,  
but the effort is too painful)  
Hello, sheriff . . . what you doin' here?

RANDY  
(kindly)  
Making sure you're all right, son.

AMBULANCE SIRENS, getting louder and louder, are heard. Randy turns his head and goes to the rear of the bus.

Brian slowly turns his head towards DOK, who smiles at him.

BRIAN

Hello, DOK. Looks like I done it again, don't it?

DOK

(bantering and fatherly)

Sure does, son. If this keeps up, I'm going to have to marry your mother just to keep the medical bills in the family.

(looking at Mary)

How about it?

Brian turns his head towards Mary, and Mary's look is from DOK to Brian, back to DOK, back to Brian, who nods his head in assent, and back to DOK.

MARY

(smiling and crying)

I can't think . . . of a nicer . . . better time . . . to, to be proposed to.

Both DOK and Mary reach for each other's hands while looking into each other's eyes. Mary wipes her eyes with her other hand while at the same time nodding in assent. DOK's and Mary's interlocked hands suddenly rest upon Brian's injured arm.

BRIAN

(a little teary too)

OUCH!

DOK and Mary are startled by Brian's sudden outburst. They release their hands, and both become very solicitous.

MARY

I'm sorry . . . are you all right?

She looks at DOK. DOK squeezes Brian's arm.

AMBULANCE ATTENDANT (V. O.)

Where's the patient?

DOK and Mary look towards the rear of the bus. Deke sticks half his body in.

DEKE

Ambulance attendants are here, DOK. Can they come in?

DOK

(to Deke)

As soon as Mary comes out, Deke, you can send them in.

(looking at Mary)

He'll be all right, Mary. He'll be up and about in no time.

Mary turns and leaves the bus.

EXT. BUS — DAYLIGHT

Deke helps Mary out of the bus. Waiting to come in are TWO AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS—both are dressed in white clothing. One of them is carrying an army stretcher. As Mary steps down off the bus, they both head in.

Mary walks over towards Jim, who is talking to Randy. Travis is sitting next to Donny, who is also sitting up.

JIM

. . . and that's basically what he told me, sheriff. I'll write it out in more detail for you as soon as we get back to town.

Randy and Jim turn towards Mary as she approaches.

JIM

(solicitously)

Everything okay, Mary? How's Brian?

MARY

(smiling)

DOK says he'll be okay. How's all the rest . . . ?

(looking at Randy)

Anybody . . . ?

RANDY

(quickly)

Brian, and Donny there

(looking in the direction of Donny)

were the worst . . . everybody else, as far as I can tell, was scratches, bruises, and plain ol' scared.

MARY  
(relieved)  
Thank God!

The ambulance attendants come out of the bus. They are carrying Brian in the stretcher. DOK is the last to come out. He's carrying his medical bag with him.

Mary walks over to Brian's side and follows the attendants to the ambulance.

Randy and Jim go over towards DOK. All three stand still and look towards the ambulance attendants and Mary.

DOK breaks the silence.

DOK  
(absent-mindedly)  
We're going to be married.

Jim and Randy look at DOK.

RANDY  
(smiling, with gusto)  
Well, it's about time! A lot of us were beginning to think you'd never pop the question.

DOK, somewhat taken aback, is a little embarrassed.

JIM  
(happy)  
Congratulations . . . twice.

DOK looks inquiringly at Jim.

DOK  
Twice?

JIM  
(looking at Randy)  
Shall we tell him, Sheriff?

Randy nods his head in assent.

DOK  
(puzzled, looking from Jim to Randy)  
Tell me? Tell me what?



JIM

Just before Withers died . . .

(DOK looks puzzled at the name)

RANDY

The special agent that arrested you. He's the one that caused all this. . . .

(signaling, with a sweep of his arms, the accident area)

DOK

(startled)

The other driver . . . Christ! I completely forgot. Is he all right? You say he's dead?

JIM

(continuing as if there had not been an interruption)

. . . he made a complete confession of what really happened to . . .

(takes a deep breath)

to Susan and Davy. . . .

At this moment ANOTHER AMBULANCE arrives, as well as a bus. Randy, along with Travis, starts to round up the children and herd and help them towards the bus.

The ambulance attendants, stretcher in hand, go over towards Withers' automobile.

INT. OFFICE — DAYLIGHT

Randy, Jim, DOK, and Mary sit around a LARGE TABLE in a meeting room. Randy has some folders and other papers before him. There is a STENOGRAPHER with her DICTATION MACHINE off to Randy's left. They are all looking at Jim.

JIM

. . . and Withers fired at the same moment that the gunman moved Susan . . . the bullet killing Davy. . . . I thought the gunman was shooting at me, but he was actually trying to shoot Withers. In the confusion that immediately followed, Withers was able to cover up what really happened. The rest you know.

There is a moment of silence. Everybody, including the stenographer, is frozen in their position.

Randy breaks the trance by opening up the folder in front of him and taking from it a SHEET OF PAPER, which he briefly scans, and then hands it to DOK.

RANDY

This ought to make things right with all concerned.

DOK hurriedly scans the letter he's holding, getting more and more excited, and amazed, as he goes along.

DOK

(looking up and around)  
I . . . I don't understand . . . how . . . who . . .  
what. . .

Mary, who is sitting next to DOK, takes the letter from DOK's hand and scans it. Her face starts to glow. Her eyes start to mist and a tear or two fall.

RANDY

You can blame Jim for that,  
(pointing towards the letter)  
especially after that story he wrote. Ayre will  
never be the same again.

MARY

(looking at DOK with love and  
pride)  
Doctor Daniel O. McKinney.

Jim stands up.

JIM

Well, sheriff, if I'm not needed anymore I'll be  
off. You know where to find me if you need me  
for anything else.

MARY

(looking at Jim)  
Sure you won't stay, Jim?

Randy stands up and he and Jim shake hands. DOK and Mary also stand up.

RANDY

I think we have everything now. Thanks.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE — DAYLIGHT

Jim is placing a bag in the trunk of his car. DOK, Mary, and Brian are standing around the car. Brian's LEFT ARM IS IN A CAST, and his face is still bruised here and there.

BRIAN

Gee, Mister Jim, ya really have to go?

JIM

(looking at Brian, tousling his hair)  
Got to get back to work, son. Got to make a living.

(kneels down and embraces Brian)  
I'm going to miss you, you know that?

BRIAN

(trying not to become emotional,  
but not succeeding)  
Going to miss you too . . . and . . . and try and stay out of the way of yo-yo's, okay?

JIM

(getting up)  
Okay.

He embraces Mary.

MARY

(tearfully)  
You have a home here if you ever need one, you know that.

JIM

I know. . . .  
(looking into her eyes)  
Thanks for . . . everything.

Jim stands in front of DOK. He and DOK shake hands, they embrace, and then break away.

DOK  
Sorry for all . . . for. . .

JIM  
(cutting DOK off)  
Forget it. The past is over, and we both have a  
future to look forward to.

DOK  
(grinning)  
Don't stay away so long, okay?

JIM  
I'll try not to, now that I know who you are.

Jim gets into his automobile, starts the engine, and drives off. As the car leaves, Jim waves his hand outside the window. DOK, Mary, and Brian, all standing together now—DOK's right arm around Mary and his left arm on Brian's shoulder—raise their respective right arms and wave good-by.

#### INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE HALLWAY BY ELEVATORS — DAYLIGHT

Jim gets out of the elevator and walks towards the news room's door, which he opens.

#### INT. NEWS ROOM — DAYLIGHT

Jim, as soon as he opens the door, is greeted by cheers and applause by all the members of the news room, who are on their feet, or come to their feet, when they see Jim. He freezes in place.

BIGGS and HOYLE come up to Jim. Hoyle shakes Jim's hand.

HOYLE  
(smiling)  
Great having you back, Jim. Great story.  
Great to see you again.

Hoyle steps aside and Biggs takes Jim's hand, shakes it vigorously, and holds Jim's hand a while longer.

BIGGS  
(sincere emotion)  
Welcome home, Jim. Welcome home.

Both Jim and Biggs walk towards Biggs' office, the office staff on either side of

them patting Jim's back and all congratulating him.

FADE OUT