

WILD HORSES

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R-rated, hybrid ensemble drama.

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FADE IN:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CRACKERVILLE, MONTANA - NIGHT

Fred Halder's quaint ranch property in the midst of darkened, rolling fields.

A sense of foreboding.

John Denver's recording of Calypso plays loudly from within the house. On the yodeling chorus.

INT. FRED HALDER'S RANCH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In a state of disrepair and neglect.

A scruffy man in wrinkled boxer shorts, torn T-shirt, FRED HALDER, yodels along brazenly.

His broken reading glasses are taped together.

Suddenly, a rifle shot cranks out not far away.

Halder hastily turns the music off, listens for more.

Goes warily out to the front porch.

Sees a small herd of wild horses gallop away into the night.

HALDER

Thus shall ye think of all this  
fleeting world.

BACK INSIDE THE LIVING ROOM

Tucked into a corner is an elegant Steinway piano. A well-worn sheet music booklet open in the middle.

Hand-written music notes stop half-way on the left page, and begin again halfway on the opposite page.

This blank space: the concerto bridge gap, shows signs of music notes penciled in many times, and always erased.

Title of the composition is Concerto In B Minor.

On walls are awards to Halder from reputable international classical music organizations, also a few gold and platinum records from the 1990s and early 2000s.

A huge, over-sized, mounted poster of The Clash's London Calling album cover is featured prominently.



One of them, CANNER, warms his hands near the flames.

Another one of them, JOSEPH, gulps from a half-empty Jack Daniels bottle.

He picks up an AK-47 assault rifle, blasts several rounds into the pole.

JOSEPH

Next time I'm gonna dig a hole with  
this goddamn thing!

CANNER

Pass on over that whiskey bottle,  
Joseph.

JOSEPH

Shut the hell up, Canner. Git yer  
own crapsuckin' bottle!

Fifty yards away is a dead wild horse, still bleeding out from a gaping gunshot wound.

EXT. CRACKERVILLE OUTSKIRTS - *ON THE TOWN* BURLESQUE CLUB - NIGHT

Parking lot.

A few cars, including a beat-up, half-ton truck that belongs to JACOB.

An older, black Lincoln stretch limousine parked out front.

INT. *ON THE TOWN* BURLESQUE CLUB - NIGHT

An insecure burlesque dancer, MISS JULY, 30, wears a cowboy hat and an erotic pair of stiletto high-heel shoes as she saunters down the runway, waving exotic feathers.

She is of Jewish and African-American ethnicity.

Accompanied by Jimi Hendrix's rousing version of All Along The Watchtower.

At the rail is JACOB, 22, a thin, high-strung Caucasian.

Lined up are several shot glasses, most empty, others with tequila; a salt shaker half full.

Stacks of dollar bills.

Jacob tosses a fistful of dollars in the air, fluttering around Miss July as she teases toward him.

MISS JULY  
Hey, big guy.

JACOB  
Hey, hey, baby girl!

A tattoo of the word *Shalom* is on Miss July's ankle.

D.J. (OVER THE CLUB SPEAKERS)  
Go get 'er, Jake. Get 'er done!

Using Jake's cell phone, a BAR PATRON takes a few pictures of the action.

Other patrons hoot and holler as Jacob raises a shot glass.

D.J. (OVER THE CLUB SPEAKERS) (CONT'D)  
Miss July breaks another heart,  
folks!

Miss July sees a fresh RED LIGHTNING BOLT TATTOO on Jacob's forearm with the letters NSS.

More than a few teeth are missing from Jacob's likeable, childish grin.

INT. HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Haldern refills his glass of wine.

The black stretch limo that was parked at the strip club ARRIVES out front.

The chauffeur, ANDY, 50, opens the rear passenger door.

Miss July steps out, still in her cowboy burlesque outfit.

EXT. HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

As she tips Andy.

MISS JULY  
So is it true you're Fred's  
brother?

ANDY  
Well-- technically--- I'm Fred's ex-  
brother-in-law.

MISS JULY  
Sounds complicated.

ANDY

Have you seen him yell at the television commercials? The ones about prescription medications?

Haldern waves from inside.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Now that's complicated.

MISS JULY

I should go, Andy.

INT. HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Miss July bounces in, happy to see the wine bottle. Grabs hold of it, chugs.

HALDERN

You're off work early, he says.

MISS JULY

Jacob Caisson made it rain with a thousand bucks. All one dollar bills. That is a very stimulated young man.

Takes out a huge wad of dollar bills from her purse, shows him.

MISS JULY (CONT'D)

Been comin' in a lot lately.

Has another swig from the bottle as Haldern wanders over to the piano, glaring at the Concerto In B Minor sheet music.

HALDERN

Interesting.

MISS JULY

Had a fresh tattoo on his arm. Red lightning bolts and the letters NSS. Stands for National Supreme Society. It's a Nazi tattoo, I Googled it. And I need to shower.

Goes to the bathroom, starts peeling off her outfit.

Much to Haldern's delight.

HALDERN

I'm guessing even Nazis go to strip bars.

MISS JULY

Fred, did I hear you say what you just said?!

HALDERN

My love, do you think every bigot wears an identifying tattoo?

Miss July ducks into the shower, IN ALL HER NAKED GLORY.

HALDERN (CONT'D)

Is there any chance you can put those fine stilettos heels back on when you come out of the shower?!!

MISS JULY

He says!

Haldern opens a metal cash box, counts out several hundred dollars.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - FARMER'S FIELD - NIGHT

Not far from Haldern's ranch.

FIREMEN scramble off a fire truck, unroll the main hose and power up water, pouring it on the burning telephone pole.

SHERIFF BILL'S POLICE CAR arrives and he gets out calmly, waves over Joseph, who still holds the AK-47.

SHERIFF BILL

That you, Joseph?!

JOSEPH

What's this about, Bill?

SHERIFF BILL

Take off the damn hood.

JOSEPH, 45, an ordinary-looking Caucasian male, removes the NSS hood.

SHERIFF BILL (CONT'D)

(squints into the field)

I'm guessin' you shot that wild horse earlier this evening.

JOSEPH

What if I did? You know I got the license.

SHERIFF BILL

Yeah.

Takes out his cell phone, brings up a photo of a dead coyote on the back steps of a local house.

Shows it to Joseph, who smirks.

SHERIFF BILL (CONT'D)  
 Know anything 'bout this? The house belongs to them Japanese folks.

Joseph ignores the question.

Sheriff Bill flips open his citation pad, writes.

SHERIFF BILL (CONT'D)  
 Burnin' telephone poles now. That's damn original.

JOSEPH  
 You said it had to be open area.  
 This is open area.

SHERIFF BILL  
 Yeah, well, I'm gonna write you up anyway.

JOSEPH  
 Why the hell you wanna do that?

SHERIFF BILL  
 Because this---

Glances over at the firemen slopping around in the now muddy field, and the fire truck appears to be stuck.

SHERIFF BILL (CONT'D)  
 --- is a damn pain in the ass.

JOSEPH  
 That's a buncha bullshit, Sheriff Bill. An' you know it.

SHERIFF BILL  
 Yep, I get it. It's your goddamn constitutional right and you're in America and all that.

JOSEPH  
 Goddamn straight.

Sheriff Bill rips out the citation, hands it to Joseph.

SHERIFF BILL  
 I'm also doin' it 'cause I can.  
 Take it up with the judge, old boy.



Glances at the other two hooded NSS members.

SHERIFF BILL (CONT'D)  
Is Jacob one of them other damn  
fools?

JOSEPH  
Nope. What you want with Jake  
anyways?

SHERIFF BILL  
Tell him to stop by the office.

FROM TREES SURROUNDING THE FIELD

Jacob watches what is going on while smoking crystal meth  
from a well-used glass pipe.

Sheriff Bill drives off as firefighters continue to struggle  
getting the fire truck out of the soggy pasture.

EXT. HALDERN'S RANCH - OTHER SIDE OF THE BARN - NIGHT

**A one-foot wide crack about twenty feet long and two feet  
deep suddenly splits open the ground.**

INT. HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Haldern is on his sofa with Miss July. She's still naked,  
wrapped in a bath towel.

Her bare foot is on Haldern's chest, which he is admiring.

HALDERN  
The female foot is one of the most  
underrated and disregarded sensual  
objects in the history of erotica.

She fires up a joint, passes it to him.

MISS JULY  
I like it when people put dollar  
bills between my toes.

Teasingly slides her foot to his thigh as he tilts his head  
back.

Closing his eyes, relaxing.

HALDERN  
Is there anything else you like  
between your toes, my love?

EXT. HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

A gas-powered generator on the front porch putts away. An extension cord runs from it through the front door.

INT. HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - MORNING

Extension cord is plugged into an old TV tuned to a local morning talk show.

TV audio is muted.

Haldern grasps a PAYMENT OVERDUE electricity bill as he speaks on his burner cell phone.

HALDERN

Of course I have a late payment code. I always get a late payment code.

Reads out loud a hand-written code on the bill.

HALDERN (CONT'D)

The number one, then the letters c, d, and g .. C .. D .. and G .. right .. G .. as in God. What?  
(listens)

Sometimes. I believe in God sometimes. Sometimes, yes, that's what I said.

(listens again)

I said I can bring cash. Like always. I can bring cash!

ELECTRIC POWER comes back ON and he ends the call.

HALDERN (CONT'D)

He says. He fucking says.

Miss July is seated at the piano, eyeing the empty gap on the CONCERTO IN B MINOR sheet music.

MISS JULY

Bet I can figure this out.

Plunks a few piano keys.

MISS JULY (CONT'D)

You know, really Freddie, you can probably do just about anything with it.

ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN

A glossy commercial comes on for Fortuna, a new low cholesterol prescription medication.

Haldern picks up the TV remote and UN-MUTES the audio.

HALDERN

This is it, this is the one I've  
been tellin' you about!

TV COMMERCIAL shows an older man and woman strolling on the beach, arms around each other, fake smiling really happily.

TV COMMERCIAL VOICE-OVER

(patronizing, monotonous)

Stop worrying about stroke and  
heart attacks with prescription  
Fortuna. Side effects include  
lowered blood pressure and rashes.  
Risk of arterial infection,  
bronchitis, frequent nose-bleeds.  
Extreme allergic reactions could  
occur, resulting in paralysis and  
death. If any of these occur,  
contact your doctor as soon as  
possible without waiting. If  
necessary, call 911.

Haldern MUTES the TV audio.

HALDERN

You hear that? If death occurs,  
call your doctor! Fucking  
prescription medications. How do  
they get away with this stuff?!!

Pours a glass of wine, has a gulp, breathing anxiously.

MISS JULY

Freddie. I think you should play  
with my toes.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF THE RANCH BARN - DAY

**The crack in the ground deepens and lengthens, alarmingly.**

Andy's stretch limousine arrives outside the ranch house.

HALDERN (V.O.)

Fred Haldern has to teach today.

EXT. LOCAL SHERIFF STATION - DAY

Sheriff Bill's patrol car parked out front.

Jacob drives up in his dented pick-up truck.

INT. LOCAL SHERIFF STATION - SHERIFF BILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Only one jail cell.

A DEPUTY SHERIFF taps a key on a desktop keyboard as Jacob strolls in, glassy-eyed.

Still high on meth.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

Try it now.

Sheriff Bill taps a key on his computer keyboard and JACOB'S RAP SHEET blinks onto the screen. It shows a history of petty theft and trespassing. One FELONY ASSAULT CHARGE that was dismissed.

SHERIFF BILL

Come on over, Jacob.

He does, rubbing his wide, tired eyes.

JACOB

What's this about, Sheriff Bill?

Sheriff Bill pushes forward a print-out of the dead coyote on the back porch of a local house.

SHERIFF BILL

Happened last night. At that Japanese family place.

JACOB

So.

SHERIFF BILL

So where were you--- say around one a.m.?

JACOB

(wipes sweat off his face)  
I sure wasn't out killin' coyotes.

SHERIFF BILL

You okay there, Jake? You own a .22 caliber rifle, right? That what you use for target practice at the junk yard?

JACOB

Maybe.

SHERIFF BILL

Why don't you drop that thing off  
so we can do a ballistics test,  
compare your bullets with the one  
that did this coyote in?

JACOB

I sure will, when you get a  
warrant.

(stands)

I gotta get to work, Sheriff Bill.  
Joseph don't like it when I'm late.  
And you know Joseph.

Leaves. Shabby clothes hanging off his thin frame.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

I don't know how that kid survives.

INT. CRACKERVILLE COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY

A darkened classroom. Faint outline of Haldern leaning over a  
piano keyboard.

He PLUNKS A SINGLE PIANO KEY and lets the sound RESONATE for  
several seconds.

HALDERN'S VOICE

Don't be afraid of what you don't  
know. Go ahead and take on the  
world.

SAME PIANO KEY IS PLUNKED, resonates.

HALDERN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

The only instrument devised by  
mankind that makes this sound.  
There is no other sound like it, or  
even similar. In this fall  
semester, you will learn---

Is interrupted by the sound of the same piano key being  
plunked, but not on the piano.

The outline of Haldern's body moves toward the door, where it  
flicks ON the light switch.

A LAID-BACK, NATIVE AMERICAN STUDENT, PAUL, is at an iPad.

Plunks a piano key on the screen's digital keyboard.

PAUL

This is similar.

Haldern approaches, not pleased.

HALDERN  
How much did you pay for that?

PAUL  
Around four hundred and fifty.

HALDERN  
Is that the exact amount?

PAUL  
Four hundred and fifty-one dollars--  
-- thirty-seven cents.

Haldern goes to his desk and brings out his bank book, scribbles a check, hands it to Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
What's this?

Haldern lifts the iPad.

HALDERN  
May I borrow it for a moment?

Before Paul can answer, Haldern strolls away with it.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
This is a remarkable invention, and Apple should be lauded for the advanced innovation and technology. There's no question Steve Jobs was a genius.

SMASHES the iPad against the classroom's brick wall, gives it back to a bemused Paul.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
In this fall semester, you will learn--- or at least I hope you will begin to learn--- that music is eternal.

Turns the classroom light OFF and goes back to the piano, plunks the previous key, lets it reverberate. Then takes out a marijuana joint from a baggie, fires it up.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
It is as eternal as the stars that wander in the night sky. It is as eternal as the light that shines from those magnificent stars.  
(plunks the key again)

(MORE)

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
 And a real piano, the grand piano,  
 is without any doubt the best  
 advocate for the sound of that  
 infinite glory.

Turns to face the students, grinning madly.

An uncomfortable silence, sort of.

On the chalkboard behind Haldern is the Concerto In B Minor  
 with the glaring, incomplete bridge gap.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
 (holds up the joint)  
 Anyone wanna hit this?

Raising his hand...

PAUL  
 I will.

IN THE HALLWAY

The school's principal, DEAN PACKOVICH, sniffs the air as she  
 strolls by, stepping over some iPad wreckage.

INT. CRACKERVILLE COMMUNITY COLLEGE - MINUTES LATER

Dean Packovich's office.

Haldern stands rigidly in front of three seated FACULTY  
 MEMBERS, including DEAN PACKOVICH.

DEAN PACKOVICH  
 You can't smoke the pot in class,  
 Fred. If it happens again, you'll  
 be suspended.

FACULTY MEMBER #1  
 And you can't break a student's  
 iPad. That's assault.

FACULTY MEMBER #2  
 Technically, it's destruction of  
 private property; but likely won't  
 hold up in court.  
 (to Fred)  
 Especially considering I'd be the  
 judge.

HALDERN  
 I paid for the iPad. And marijuana  
 use is legal in Montana.

DEAN PACKOVICH  
Not when you're on the job. Don't  
make me call Sheriff Bill.

HALDERN  
May I leave now?

DEAN PACKOVICH  
You're not as popular as you might  
think, Fred. The only reason the  
State funds your music class is  
because of your, well---

HALDERN  
Fame?

DEAN PACKOVICH  
There it is.

HALDERN  
She says.

Strolls out.

FACULTY MEMBER #1  
He can't smoke the pot on campus.

IN THE HALLWAY

Haldern slumps against a wall, dispirited.

HALDERN  
He slumps against a wall.

EXT. HALDERN'S RANCH - OTHER SIDE OF THE BARN - DAY

**The crack in the ground has transformed into a sinkhole and  
now touches up against the barn.**

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CRACKERVILLE - CAISSON JUNK YARD - DAY

At the back of the car and metal junk yard.

Jacob points a .22 caliber rifle at several birds perched on  
an elevated power utility wire.

Fires a shot, missing the birds, and they fly off.

The junk yard's loudspeaker system CRACKLES WITH THE VOICE OF  
JOSEPH, the NSS leader and Jacob's FATHER.

JOSEPH (OVER LOUDSPEAKER SYSTEM)  
Jake!! Was that you, boy?!! Jake!!!



JACOB  
 (to himself)  
 Yeah, yeah. So what. Shut the fuck  
 up.

Sets down the rifle and reaches for a dinner plate that has on it a prescription bottle with Oxycodon pills, razor blade, credit card, rolled-up dollar bill... and a tiny baggie of crystal meth. Uses the credit card to crunch up some of the meth, snorts a few lines, wincing at the sharpness.

Lights a cigarette, has a drag.

JOSEPH (OVER LOUDSPEAKER SYSTEM)  
 Git your dumb-ass over to the  
 office, boy.

Jacob picks up a walkie-talkie, speaks into it.

JACOB  
 Stop yellin' at me.

JOSEPH (OVER WALKIE-TALKIE)  
 Just git your ass over here.

Not something Jacob wanted to hear.

AT THE JUNK YARD OFFICE

Jacob arrives and Joseph grabs the front of his shirt, shoves him against the office building.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
 What happened to the thousand  
 bucks?! Think I don't hear'd what  
 you's up to at that strip joint?!

JACOB  
 It's a burlesque club.

His father wrestles him to the ground and gets him in a headlock, choking him.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
 Can't--- breathe. Let-- go---

JOSEPH  
 I gave ya that money to git a new  
 paint job to yer truck. And ya  
 spent it on a Jew coon in a strip  
 club?! ON A JEW COON!!

Joseph's face is about to explode when he realizes Jacob has lost consciousness.

He goes and fills up a bucket with water and dumps it on Jacob, who regains consciousness, coughing and sputtering as he struggles to breathe again.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
And what the hell'd Sheriff Bill  
talk at ya fer?

EXT. CRACKERVILLE GROCERY STORE - MISS JULY'S UPSTAIRS  
APARTMENT - DAY

Through the second floor window, Miss July can be seen working on something.

INT. MISS JULY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A comfortable, settled ambience.

Using exotic colors of nail polish, Miss July paints the words HE SAYS on a pair of elegant, stiletto high-heels.

Her cell phone rings. She recognizes the number, answers with speaker option.

MISS JULY  
Hey, mama!

GOLDA (THRU PHONE SPEAKER)  
I got the money, thank you,  
sweetie.

MISS JULY  
No worries, what's up?

GOLDA (THRU PHONE SPEAKER, IN HEBREW &  
ENGLISH)  
How's law school? Are you going to  
graduate soon, maybe come back to  
New Orleans, be a lawyer here? Help  
poor people, like you always said.

Displayed on a wall is an elaborate beauty pageant ribbon and crown. On the ribbon... MISS JULY NEW ORLEANS PARADE 2014.

INT. NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA - GOLDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A stark, one room space.

GOLDA, 77, has rheumatoid arthritis and spinal stenosis.

Is barely able to hold her worn, old-fashioned dial phone.

Uses a broken walker to get around.

On a tiny kitchen table is a toaster oven and a few government food stamps.

A dilapidated sleeping cot is tucked in a corner under a wall-mounted STAR OF DAVID.

On a side table is a framed photograph of her with A HANDSOME AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN IN A U.S. ARMY MILITARY UNIFORM.

GOLDA (THRU PHONE SPEAKER, IN HEBREW  
AND ENGLISH) (CONT'D)  
Are you there? Did you hear me?

INT. MISS JULY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Miss July stops painting the stiletto high-heels.

Eyes welling up with tears.

MISS JULY  
Law school's good. It's great.

ON HER MAC LAPTOP SCREEN

A GOOGLE PAGE CLOSE-UP shows the same NSS tattoo that Jacob had on his arm at the strip club. IMAGES AND LINKS TO Nazi websites also on the page, as well as Joseph Caisson's picture.

INT. CRACKERVILLE COMMUNITY COLLEGE - EARLY EVENING

In his dark classroom, Halder is slumped over at the piano.

Been there a while.

He picks up a worn-out business card that reads: STEVE PERLMAN, International Talent Management, New York City, NY 10023 (212) 931-6889

Calls the number on his burner phone.

A VOICE answers.

STEVE PERLMAN (V.O.)  
Yeah. Talk to me.  
(then)  
Hello? Who is this?

Halder disconnects the call, sighs wearily.

HALDERN  
And now, ladies and gentlemen, he goes for dinner.

Picks up the concerto sheet music... with the word *Maggie* freshly penciled into the bridge gap.

INT. CRACKER CAFE - HALF HOUR LATER

A gum-chewing, seen-it-all waitress, WILMA, is at Haldern's table.

HALDERN  
Blue Plate Special. Again. Yes.

WILMA  
Maryland chicken.

HALDERN  
Tomatoes instead of potatoes. Thank you very much.

WILMA  
No subs any more, hon'.  
(glances over her shoulder  
at the cook)  
We got a new cook. He don't allow substitutions.

HALDERN  
No substitutions. How is that even possible?

WILMA  
He fired Lucy 'cause she subbed the potatoes. You remember Lucy.

HALDERN  
He fired Lucy? Lucy?! Everybody likes Lucy.

AT THE GRILL

The gruff new cook puts up a few plates with food.

NEW COOK  
Pick up!!

WILMA  
Gimmee a sec', Fred.

Gets the plates and takes them to another table, while keeping a concerned eye on Haldern.

Haldern ambles over to the grill window.

HALDERN  
Excuse me. Sir. Excuse me.

NEW COOK

What?!

HALDERN

On the Maryland chicken, could you put tomatoes instead of po---

NEW COOK

Go back to your table, old man.

Everybody in the cafe is nervous about what Haldern will do next.

HALDERN

You prob'ly think you're pretty tough, right? I could fucking destroy you with one phone call. You know Tommy?

NEW COOK

Get outta my face.

HALDERN

Fuck you. No subs. And you better fucking hire Lucy back!

Takes his time going back to his table, glaring.

INT. CRACKER CAFE - NIGHT

Most of the cafe is empty, Haldern's meal is uneaten.

He stares at the sheet music bridge gap as a different waitress stops by with a pot of coffee.

DIFFERENT WAITRESS

Not much appetite today.

HALDERN

Not today, no. Not this day.

Waitress pats Fred on the shoulder, moves on.

Haldern erases *Maggie* from the sheet music bridge gap as his burner phone bleeps a text message from TOMMY.

TOMMY TEXT MESSAGE

*Two kilos, bro'. See you in a bit.*

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE CRACKERVILLE - HALDERN'S RANCH - NIGHT

A rugged motorcycle gang member, TOMMY, 40, turns up Haldern's gravel driveway on a vintage Harley Davidson

knucklehead.

His worn, black leather jacket has an MC on the front; on the back is the emblem MT BIG BOYZ.

COMING INTO VIEW

A greenhouse near Halder's ranch house with lights on.

INT. HALDER'S RANCH - THE GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Rows of nicely cultivated marijuana plants near harvest.

Halder finishes packaging two kilo bricks.

Tommy's Harley rumbles to a stop outside.

EXT. THE GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Toting the bricks, Halder warmly greets the biker.

                  HALDERN  
Mister Tommy!

                  TOMMY  
What's happenin', brother?

                  HALDERN  
Here you go. Crackerville Kush, two  
kilos.

Tommy stuffs a wad of cash in Halder's hand.

Stashes the bricks inside his jacket.

                  TOMMY  
So how're things workin' out with  
Miss July?

                  HALDERN  
Very well, my friend. Really,  
really well.  
                  (inhales on the wad of  
                  cash)  
Perfectly.  
                  (then)  
You hear they don't allow  
substitutions at the cafe any more?  
New rule from that new cook. And he  
fired Lucy.

                  TOMMY  
Lucy? Everyone likes Lucy.

HALDERN

All I wanted was tomatoes instead  
of potatoes.

TOMMY

(nods, frowning)  
So how's that freakin' concerto gap  
comin' along? Gonna get 'er done?

HALDERN

I have no idea. None whatsoever.  
And I could care fucking less. He  
says!

INT. HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Haldern marches gleefully inside and goes to the piano. Flips  
the Concerto In B Minor sheet music back a few pages, starts  
playing grandly.

EXT. ON OTHER SIDE OF THE RANCH BARN - NIGHT

**The SINKHOLE HAS WIDENED and a side of the barn now hangs  
over it** as Haldern's music becomes more sophisticated.

INT. HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Haldern vigorously flips forward a page, but his playing  
slows as the bridge gap appears.

And he has to stop.

Picks up a pencil stub and is about to write something on the  
sheet music, but cannot.

Plays a few different chords, and becomes more frustrated.

FINALLY

Haldern pounds the hell out of the piano keys and slams the  
keyboard lid shut.

HALDERN

Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!! Dumb-  
ass, FUCKING FUCKER FUCK!!!

Miss July appears at the door, holding a shoe box.

MISS JULY

(singing)  
*Warm smell of colitas, risin' up  
through the air.*

Haldern looks up, wild-eyed.

HALDERN

I, uh--- yes--- colitas---

Reaches into a baggie filled with marijuana joints, lights one up, has a huge toke.

Miss July coyly sets the shoe box on the piano mantle.

MISS JULY

Ready?

HALDERN

Can't wait.

She dramatically lifts the lid off the shoe box and brings out the creatively painted HE SAYS stiletto high-heels.

MISS JULY

Ta-dah!!! Inspiration for finishing the concerto gap!

Hands him one of the exquisitely sexy stilettos.

HALDERN

Oh, my God. This is beyond erotic.  
(gives the shoe back to her)  
Please. Put it on.

MISS JULY

I suppose that can be arranged.

Lifts her skirt up to her bare thighs, sets the stiletto high-heel down beside her finely manicured toes.

Haldern licks his lips as Miss July coyly points her toes into the elegant stiletto shoe.

MISS JULY (CONT'D)

Not sure we can get it on without lubrication, Freddie. Do you have any-- you know--- lubrication?

Haldern grins, reaches for a jar of K-Y jelly.

BUT THEN

Another jarring pharmaceutical commercial appears on the TV.

Haldern is immediately drawn to it, transfixed.



## COMMERCIAL

The best prescription pain medication on the market! Side effects include severe stomach cramps which could lead to bleeding ulcers. Lack of sleep and restfulness should be expected, along with severe headaches and migraines, constant diarrhea, bloating, blurry vision--

MISS JULY

Fred?

But he's in another world. Not in a good way.

## COMMERCIAL

-- blood in your stool and urine, minor heart palpitations that could increase over time leading to stroke and heart failure. Call your doctor if any of these symptoms persist!

Miss July comes over and takes the remote, switches the TV off.

HALDERN

I have to. I need to.

MISS JULY

Put some music on, Mr. Halder.

He goes over to a vintage 1960s stereo system. Turns on the amp, lowers the turntable needle on a vinyl record.

And the song True by Spandau Ballet plays.

It's their song. And they begin a familiar waltz, their waltz.

SEEN IN A FIELD OUTSIDE A SIDE WINDOW

Wild horses roam in nearby fields.

MISS JULY (CONT'D)

There they are.

Takes Halder's hand, leads him outside to watch the horses.

ON THE PORCH

HALDERN

You remind me of a wild horse.

MISS JULY  
Oh, really. How's that?

HALDERN  
Because a wild horse is never  
broken. And I know you will never  
be broken. Not ever.

They start to waltz again as True continues to play.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
Don't let the world break you.

MISS JULY  
I won't.

HALDERN  
Not ever.

MISS JULY  
Not ever.

In the night background, **THE BARN TILTS into the sinkhole.**

EXT. CRACKERVILLE COMMUNITY COLLEGE - PARKING LOT - NEXT DAY

Andy routinely, loyally dusts off the limousine.

HALDERN (V.O.)  
A recent survey of students between  
the ages of fifteen and twenty-five  
asked the question: What do you  
want most from a career?

INT. CRACKERVILLE COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY

Haldern's darkened classroom.

Students are bored.

Paul is pensive.

Haldern in his own world.

HALDERN  
The number one answer was fame.  
Fame! I find that to be  
astonishing.  
(takes out a joint)  
Anybody mind?

Without waiting for an answer, he lights it up.

STUDENT #1  
You hated being famous.

HALDERN  
Correct.

STUDENT #2  
You couldn't go anywhere without  
someone wanting a picture or  
autograph. Then you punched a  
paparazzi and got sued.

HALDERN  
Correct.

STUDENT #2  
And then your wife died, and you  
bought the ranch here to get away  
from New York. To get away from  
everything.

Haldern tokes deep on the joint, exhales a billowing cloud.

PAUL  
Maybe we should change the subject.

Haldern turns to the chalkboard, stares at the Concerto In B  
Minor score.

HALDERN  
Music has to come from the deepest  
depths of your soul. It has to  
linger there, always linger.  
Always there-- lingering--

IN THE HALLWAY

Dean Packovich passes by, gets A WHIFF of the pot smoke.

Frowns, moves on.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
But if you somehow find the place  
where music fits your soul--  
actually fits-- that very rare  
place which true artists strive  
for? It's all you will need in this  
life. I promise, it will be all  
that you need.

Picks up a chalkboard eraser, makes sure the concerto gap is  
wiped clean.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
 Because fame doesn't matter. It  
 does not fucking matter. Even if  
 you have to work at McDonald's, it  
 doesn't fucking matter. Keep in  
 mind, Mozart died penniless and---

JUANA, an enigmatic Latina student, raises her hand.

JUANA  
 Do we get to play musical  
 instruments in this class?

EXT. CRACKERVILLE COMMUNITY COLLEGE - THE QUAD - DAY

PERCUSSION CYMBALS CRASH TOGETHER in the sparkling sunlight.

Clutching a conductor baton, Haldern stands before his  
 eclectic band of students, each with their own instrument.

HALDERN  
 We'll start with Chopin's  
 Revolutionary Etude, Opus Ten,  
 Number twelve.

Students glance at each other quizzically.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
 On the downbeat. And--- I'm joking.  
 Play whatever the hell you want!

Leads the way and the students follow, playing their  
 instruments randomly, sounding terrible.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
 That's excellent! Superb!

They march around the quad, doing their best to find some  
 sort of musical common ground.

Holding a violin, Paul stops marching, looks to the others as  
 Haldern strides away on his own.

PAUL  
 Anyone got a suggestion?

Haldern is unaware the students have stopped.

HALDERN  
 A star at dawn, a bubble in a  
 stream!

Juana has a trumpet.

JUANA  
When The Saints Go Marching In?

HALDERN  
Lightning flash in a summer cloud!

PAUL  
Go for it.

Juana manages to hit the first few notes, and the others join in quite skillfully.

HALDERN  
A flickering lamp, a phantom, in a dream!!

Veers away, heads for the classroom.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
Keep playing! Louder!

The band resumes marching, playing with gusto.

EXT. HALDERN'S RANCH PROPERTY - DAY

**HALF THE BARN is tilted into the enlarging sinkhole.**

EXT. CAISSON JUNK YARD - DAY

Jacob drags a used car fender over to the office porch, where a CUSTOMER examines it.

CUSTOMER  
We said a hundred, right?

JACOB  
Yup.

INSIDE THE DINGY OFFICE

Joseph finishes painting a capital letter Q in gold paint, on a wall that's painted like a Confederate flag.

Leaning in a corner is Joseph's AK-47 assault rifle, which the customer notices as he pays for the fender.

CUSTOMER  
I ain't never seen that afore.

JOSEPH  
You ain't never seen my AK?

Picks it up, they go outside.

Joseph points the lethal weapon at a stack of junk cars.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
Check this shit.

Pulls the trigger and unleashes the assault rifle's insane firepower, ripping gaping holes in the junk cars. Glass and shards flying everywhere.

The customer and Jacob duck for cover but Joseph continues to blast away.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
Yeah, buddy! Goddamn motherfucker!!  
How you like me now, bitch?!! BITCH-  
ASS BITCH!

Customer glances nervously at Jacob, who is grim.

EXT. HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - DAY

**A section of the barn BREAKS OFF into the sinkhole.**

INT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DEAN PACKOVICH'S OFFICE - DAY

Haldern stands solemnly before the same faculty members from before.

HALDERN  
Without pay? I'm suspended?

DEAN PACKOVICH  
I could smell it in the hallway,  
Fred. It's only two weeks. But next  
time, you're out of a job.

HALDERN  
Does it have to be without pay?

DEAN PACKOVICH  
It's only two weeks.

FACULTY MEMBER #1  
Only two weeks, Fred.

HALDERN  
But. I'm fucking broke. I have no  
money. Okay, I have some but---

EXT. CRACKERVILLE COMMUNITY COLLEGE - PARKING LOT - DAY

At the limo's open trunk.

Andy and Haldern load books and other stuff from the classroom.

In the trunk, along with scattered socks and underwear and other personal belongings, is a pile of cash and a couple of marijuana bricks.

Paul approaches with the bank check Haldern wrote him.

PAUL  
It bounced.

HALDERN  
Bounced? Seriously?

Takes the check, rips it up, dips into the trunk and comes out with a stack of cash.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
This should cover it.

UNSEEN

Sheriff Bill cruises by the parking lot in his police vehicle, sees what's going on.

Haldern gives Paul a baggie of weed.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
Plus this.

PAUL  
Cool.

HALDERN  
Now then, I'd like you to try solving the concerto bridge gap in my absence.

PAUL  
The bridge gap? Geez.

HALDERN  
Give it a try. The world won't end. Come up with something different. Unexpected. Do it with that girl, the one with the trumpet.

EXT. HALDERN'S RANCH PROPERTY - AFTERNOON

MIKE, a local construction contractor, is staring with Haldern and Andy at the huge hole the barn is sinking into.

HALDERN  
A sinkhole. In Montana?

MIKE  
You sure you don't wanna save the  
barn, Fred?

HALDERN  
There's just no way. A fucking  
sinkhole. In Montana?

MIKE  
Well, for sure we need to do a  
whole buncha grading to stabilize  
that hole so it don't get really  
big and swallow your house.

HALDERN  
And what're we looking at? Cost  
wise.

MIKE  
For starters, 'bout ten grand.

HALDERN  
Ten thousand? Dollars?

MIKE  
Them sinkholes can be a helluva lot  
deeper than they look. And it might  
costs a helluva lot more if we wait  
too long. 'Cause it ain't too far  
from your house, neither. We should  
prob'ly start in the next day or  
so, Fred.

INT. HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

On his burner cell phone, Haldern calls Steve Perlman again.

After a few rings...

STEVE PERLMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL)  
Yes. Talk to me.

HALDERN  
Steven. I need to borrow money.

STEVE PERLMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL)  
Only one person ever called me  
Steven.

ON HALDERN'S TV... HIS PICTURE flashes up on a local news  
station report.



STEVE PERLMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL) (CONT'D)  
Twenty years, Fred.

HALDERN  
I need ten thousand dollars.

STEVE PERLMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL)  
(pause)  
I could probably book a few  
concerts.

HALDERN  
No. No concerts. Not without  
Maggie.

Picks up the remote, unmutes the TV. Absently tosses the  
burner cell phone away.

NEWS STATION ANCHOR  
The quirky community college  
professor was suspended yesterday  
for smoking marijuana on campus.  
Haldern's personal problems date  
back decades, mostly following the  
death of his wife Maggie from a  
prescription drug overdose in their  
New York City brownstone.

STEVE PERLMAN (THRU BURNER PHONE)  
Fred. You still there?  
(then)  
Call me when you're ready. But only  
when you're ready.

Haldern wanders to a side window, catches glimpses of wild  
horses in the fields.

NEWS STATION ANCHOR  
The Halderns had a particularly  
close marriage. Maggie was known  
for always being in the wings for  
her husband's unique live concerts,  
especially at Carnegie Hall, as a  
sort of good luck charm---

OUTSIDE, UNSEEN

**The barn sinks DEEPER into the growing sinkhole.**

EXT. ON THE TOWN BURLESQUE CLUB - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jacob's dented pick-up truck is parked in a corner, hidden  
under a tree's branches, shaded from parking lot lights.

INT. JACOB'S PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Flame from a Bic lighter HITS THE BOWL of a glass pipe topped with chunks of crystal meth.

Jacob's FACE APPEARS and his lips close on the tip of the pipe, inhaling the meth smoke deeply.

Blows the smoke out at Joseph's AK-47 assault rifle.

JACOB  
How you like me now, bitch?

His head quivers as he puts another meth rock on the pipe bowl, where it melts and sizzles.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
Yeah, buddy. Goddamn motherfucker.

Takes another hit from the pipe, picks up the AK-47.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
Check this shit.

Leers at the burlesque club, climbs out of his truck.

JACOB'S POV

The club wavers in and out of focus, gets ominously nearer and NEARER.

JACOB (V.O.)  
Bitch-ass bitch.

INT. *ON THE TOWN* BURLESQUE CLUB - NIGHT

Led Zeppelin's haunting song Kashmir plays.

Miss July is on stage in an alluring black latex G-string and shiny black, thigh-high stiletto heels.

Sauntering around, teasing clients at the rail.

D.J. (INTO HIS MICROPHONE)  
Miss July welcomes you to her  
world, 'cause that's the way it is  
when you're on the town.

EXT. *ON THE TOWN* BURLESQUE CLUB - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

JACOB'S WAVERING POV

ON Tommy at the club's door where he works as a bouncer.

JACOB (V.O.)  
Check this shit.

NORMAL POV

TOMMY  
What you got, Jake? That for me?

Jacob holds a long-stemmed rose, not the AK-47.

JACOB  
(giggles girlishly)  
No.

TOMMY  
Get in there, dude. She's up.

INT. *ON THE TOWN* BURLESQUE CLUB - NIGHT

Jacob comes in, delighted to see Miss July on-stage.

Orders a beer, chugs it down.

Gives Miss July the rose, takes a cell phone selfie with her.

She notices the NSS tattoo.

MISS JULY  
That looks fresh, Jacob. What's it  
stand for?

JACOB  
Oh, it ain't nothin', Miss July.  
Joseph wanted me to do it.

MISS JULY  
Who's Joseph?

JACOB  
I mean-- I gotta go now.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE GROCERY STORE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The stretch limousine glides away from Miss July.

She recognizes Jacob in his truck parked down the street.

He ducks down behind the steering wheel but it's too late;  
and as she approaches, Jacob meekly lowers his window.

MISS JULY  
What brings you here this time of  
night, young man?

Peeks inside the truck cab, sees drug paraphernalia and also the AK-47, which is partially covered by a shoddy blanket.

MISS JULY (CONT'D)

Is that a gun?

JACOB

No, ma'am. I mean, it belongs to Joseph.

(then)

You really are pretty. I hope you don't mind my sayin' so.

MISS JULY

Um --- do you live around here?

JACOB

I got me a place at the junk yard. A little somethin' I call home. Got a fridge. And I wash in the office, stuff like that.

MISS JULY

Wait here. I'll be right back.

#### INSIDE MISS JULY'S APARTMENT

Miss July rushes to a closet, takes out a shoe box with a bundle of cash in it: the thousand dollars from Jacob.

Grabs it.

#### BACK ON THE STREET

As she reaches the sidewalk, Jacob's truck screeches away around a corner.

#### JACOB'S TRUCK

Crashes into a garbage can, but keeps going.

Dogs in the neighborhood bark excitedly.

A coyote dashes away from a bleeding dog lying on the side of the road, still alive.

Jacob pulls over and is unsure what to do, but can see the dog breathing, panting.

Gets out of the truck with a water bottle and goes over to the dog; sees its leg is TORN OPEN AND BLEEDING BADLY.

The dog whines and Jacob gives it a little water, but the dog is unable to drink much, struggling to raise its head.

Jacob is at a loss, gets back into his truck.

When he turns on the headlights, he SEES the poor dog again.

Reaches for a shoddy blanket, goes back over to the dog.

JACOB

Alright, take 'er easy.

Wraps the blanket around it.

EXT. INNISFREE'S ANIMAL RESCUE CLINIC - MINUTES LATER

An OPEN 24 HOURS neon sign blinks erratically.

Jacob lifts the injured dog from his truck, sets it down in front of the clinic door.

A light inside comes on. He quickly gets back in the truck and screeches away.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD OUTSIDE CRACKERVILLE - NEXT DAY

Approaching Halder's ranch.

Three MT BIG BOYZ bikers, led by Tommy, rumble up on their Harleys.

A FOURTH MT BIG BOYZ member drives a U-Haul truck.

EXT. HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Sheriff Bill's patrol car is parked out front, and he sits on the porch with Halder, gazing at the tilted barn in the sinkhole.

SHERIFF BILL

Don't know if I ever seen a barn sink into a damn hole before.

Sees the MT BIG BOYZ, stands up.

SHERIFF BILL (CONT'D)

We known each other now, what, a long damn time. To me, you're a damn valuable member of the Crackerville community, Fred. But you shouldna gave that student any weed. From your limo? In the damn school parkin' lot?

As the biker posse arrives.

SHERIFF BILL (CONT'D)  
 Anyway, I don't see no point to  
 puttin' you in jail.  
 (then)  
 You and Tommy are pals, right?

INT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE - HALDERN'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Paul plunks a few digital piano keys on his new iPad while looking at the Concerto In B Minor bridge gap on the chalkboard.

Juana is at the classroom piano, also gazing at the chalkboard.

JUANA  
 Let's try this.

Plays the concerto music.

JUANA (CONT'D)  
 Here comes the gap.

Upon getting there, she eloquently plays a passage from Schubert's Ave Maria. And it sounds marvelous.

PAUL  
 That's amazing. Sort of.

Juana plays the concerto music again and upon getting to the gap plays a passage from Billy Joel's The Piano Man.

They sing with determination.

JUANA & PAUL  
*'Cause we're all in the mood for a  
 melody, and you've got us feelin'  
 alright.*

JUANA  
 La dee dah. Any other ideas?

PAUL  
 Dah dee la. Nope.

JUANA  
 Maybe he doesn't actually wanna fix  
 it.

PAUL  
 Maybe he just needs to be inspired.

JUANA  
 I dunno. Maybe.

PAUL  
Maybe. I dunno.

INT. HALDERN'S RANCH - GREENHOUSE - DAY

Sheriff Bill, Haldern and Tommy stand before a stack of marijuana kilo bricks and several rows of blooming, mature marijuana plants.

TOMMY  
I'm thinkin' fifteen grand?

SHERIFF BILL  
Fine by me.

HALDERN  
It's worth more. Can I at least keep a brick for personal use?

SHERIFF BILL  
We're lookin' to make a clean sweep here, Fred. You can prob'ly get you somethin' at the damn marijuana clinic in town.

TOMMY  
I'll set it up. I do business with those fuckers.

SHERIFF BILL  
Alright then, time's a wastin'.

Tommy opens the greenhouse door and the other bikers come in with empty garbage bins.

The U-Haul biker driver backs the truck up to it.

One biker stacks kilo bricks in a bin while the other uproots marijuana plants.

Tommy finishes filling a paper bag with fifteen thousand dollars cash, gives it to Haldern.

TOMMY  
Mention my name to the girl at the clinic. She's got purple and green hair, lots of tattoos. Try the Crackerville Klondike. The dancers at the club smoke that shit, so you know it's good.

Haldern sighs, heads back inside the ranch house.

Tommy pays off Sheriff Bill and everybody leaves.

A few wild horses graze near the property.

INSIDE THE RANCH HOUSE

Haldern tosses aside the bag of money, sits at the piano.

Flips through the Concerto In B Minor sheet music, then tosses it in the air, sheets of paper flutter everywhere.

Starts playing the Concerto from the beginning, with inspiration and expertise.

Faster and even more precise as the music builds and builds.

OUTSIDE

THE MUSIC CARRIES in the clear, late evening air, above and beyond the emptied greenhouse with its few strands of remaining marijuana plants scattered about.

PAST the tilted barn in the sinkhole.

Above and beyond the lingering wild horses, past the rolling hills and fields, A CERTAIN MADNESS filling the air.

Until Haldern's ranch house disappears into nothingness.

MISS JULY (V.O.)

So anyway, I should tell you I'm  
not in law school, mama.

INT. MISS JULY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Miss July stands in front of her kitchen window, from where she can see the outskirts of Crackerville, and surrounding wide open landscape for miles.

She is talking TO HERSELF while washing dishes.

MISS JULY (HEBREW AND ENGLISH)

Actually, I'm a dancer in a club. A  
burlesque dancer. But the money's  
good.

Wild horses graze in the landscape fields.

MISS JULY (CONT'D)

Don't ask how the heck I ended up  
here in Crackerville. Party in Las  
Vegas one night, next day, Montana.  
But I actually like Montana, mama.  
The skies are beautiful. The people  
are nice, too, for the most part.

(puts her head down)

(MORE)



## MISS JULY (CONT'D)

But you know me, the girl who likes  
to make excuses, right?  
(wipes her hands)  
Right.

Goes to her laptop.

Opens a page for an online pre-law school program application  
with the caption: *Get started now for only \$100.*

Takes out a credit card, begins filling in the application.

Types her name in: APRIL SHANOWITZ

Crying quietly as she does so.

INT. HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

A seldom-used space, dusty, cobwebs.

ON THE WALLS

MOSTLY PICTURES OF HALDERN WITH MAGGIE at different concert  
halls, Halderm at the piano on stage with Maggie smiling in  
the wings.

A couple of Grammy Award statues stashed on a broken shelf.

A more recent picture shows Halderm at a concert hall  
backstage, sitting by himself, frowning at the Concerto In B  
Minor sheet music.

IN THE LIVING ROOM NEAR THE PIANO

Halderm is flat on his back on the wooden floor.

Staring at the ceiling, taking anxious deep breaths.

EXT. CAISSON JUNK YARD - NIGHT

At the back of the yard is a rusted 1974 Chevy 10 van.

This is what Jacob lives in.

A jury-rigged extension cord runs from a utility power pole  
to inside the van.

INT. JACOB'S VAN - NIGHT

Jacob's iPhone is plugged into A PRINTER, now printing a  
picture of him at the burlesque club with Miss July the  
previous night.

Interior of the van is rather austere, but not totally.

Walls of the van feature other printed pictures of Miss July at the club.

Another picture shows Miss July being dropped off at home by Andy in the stretch limousine.

A tattoo gun BUZZES.

Jacob is trying to remove the NSS tattoo, and not doing a very good job.

Arm is bloody, and he's in pain.

Takes a bottle of vodka and pours some over the open wound, dabs at it with a dirty towel, gulps some vodka.

A large piece of sponge serves as a bed.

An old black & white TV sits in a corner, tuned to a rerun of a Jerry Springer episode.

Jacob fetches a can of beer from a compact fridge, cracks it open, chugs it down.

Continues to work on removing the NSS tattoo.

EXT. MISS JULY'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Jacob peers through the door window.

Holding his arm where the tattoo is covered by a bloodied bandage.

He is about to knock, but changes his mind and heads back down the stairs. Quietly leaving through the alley.

INT. CRACKERVILLE CAFE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The new cook is taking a break, having a smoke.

Tommy storms through the back kitchen door with a baseball bat.

Bashes up pots and pans, smashes cartons of eggs and milk, trays of peeled carrots and potatoes, tomatoes.

TOMMY

If Fred Haldern wants tomatoes  
instead of potatoes, do it!

Breaks the bat over his knee, heaves the pieces at the

startled cook who manages to duck.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Welcome to Crackerville, douche  
bag.

ON THE WAY OUT

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
And rehire Lucy!!

INT. HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Haldern is passed out under the piano, surrounded by the concerto sheet music, burner cell phone in hand.

In his other hand is Steve Perlman's business card.

A glass is turned upside down on the neck of an empty bottle of bourbon.

Unwanted sun shining in his eyes, Haldern groggily wakes up. Gets to his feet, stumbles to the kitchen.

Routinely plugs in the coffee pot, shoves a slice of bread in the toaster.

Yawning and rubbing his face, Haldern checks to see if the money from Tommy is still in the paper bag. It is.

Sees a letter on the kitchen table from Crackerville Savings & Loan, with the word IMPORTANT stamped on front.

Opens the letter, frowns, goes to the kitchen sink and puts his head under the faucet, turns on the cold water, gulping some of it.

Picks up a towel to dry off his face.

Brushes up against an element control on the gas stove, moving it JUST ENOUGH TO TURN THE GAS ON.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CRACKERVILLE - SAVING'S & LOAN BUILDING - DAY

Haldern's limo parked outside.

INT. SAVINGS & LOAN BUILDING - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Haldern's important bank notice is on the manager's desk.

The paper bag with some of Tommy's cash is also on the desk.

MANAGER

You've been overdrawn for almost four years, Fred, and on your third re-finance. Lord knows how many bounced checks I covered.

(looks over his shoulder)

It's almost illegal what I do for you.

(peeks in the paper bag)

I talk to Sheriff Bill pretty much every day.

(leans forward, whispers)

Every day.

HALDERN

So I owe, what--- seven grand?

MANAGER

Seven grand, correct.

HALDERN

There's seven grand in that paper bag.

Manager shoves the paper bag into a desk drawer.

MANAGER

Y'know, I always did like your piano music. Even saw one of your CDs the other day. Didn't buy it but I saw it. By the way, did you know them music royalty checks of yours dried up some time back? You know that, right?

HALDERN

Yep.

MANAGER

We always have your back at Crackerville Savings and Loan. But you're workin' on that third re-finance real deep, Fred. Really, really deep.

HALDERN

Yep.

MANAGER

And I hear the ranch is sinkin' into a big old hole.

HALDERN

Yep.

MANAGER

And how's that concerto gap comin' along?

HALDERN

(leans forward, whispers)  
It's a mystery. A dark mystery.  
Wrapped in a dark enigma.

MANAGER

Fantastic.  
(extends his hand)  
And I reckon we're done here.

EXT. HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - DAY

The gas oven EXPLODES, obliterating the kitchen and a chunk of the house.

EXT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE - HALDERN'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Paul and Juana are at the piano keyboard.

Juana plays the concerto music leading up to the bridge gap.

JUANA

Ready--- now!!

With one finger, Paul plays Mary Had A Little Lamb in the bridge gap.

PAUL

Nobody would expect that!

JUANA

It's fresh. It's bold. Maybe.

PAUL

Maybe.

JUANA

Maybe, baby.

They kiss.

JUANA (CONT'D)

Should we fuck in Fred Halder's classroom?

PAUL

I dunno. Maybe.

She locks the classroom door, starts taking off her clothes.

JUANA  
You don't know? I do.

INT. NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA - GOLDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

As her old-fashioned rotary phone RINGS, Golda struggles to answer it with her arthritis-ridden hands.

GOLDA  
Golda here.

Silence.

GOLDA (CONT'D)  
April? Talk to me, sweetie. Ma schlomxa?

MISS JULY (THRU GOLDA'S PHONE)  
I lied about law school. I'm a burlesque dancer. That's what I do, mama. And sometimes this man gives me extra money.  
(in Hebrew)  
To be his friend.

GOLDA  
I understand.

MISS JULY (THRU GOLDA'S PHONE)  
I lied to you, mama, didn't you hear me?

GOLDA  
Honey, I was a stripper back in the old days.  
(in Hebrew)  
And sometimes men gave me extra money.

MISS JULY (THRU GOLDA'S PHONE)  
I don't know what to say to that.

GOLDA (HEBREW & ENGLISH)  
There's not much to say, really. This was after your father got killed in Bahrain. I was pregnant with you and there was hardly any support from the Army.

INT. MISS JULY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Teary-eyed, Miss July listens on her cell phone.

GOLDA (THRU MISS JULY'S PHONE IN  
HEBREW AND ENGLISH)

I don't always have the right  
answers, sweetie. And nobody has to  
remind me of my imperfections. I do  
a good enough job beating myself  
up. But can I give you some advice?  
Just, you know, from little old,  
lonely me.

MISS JULY (IN HEBREW)

I'm listenin', mama.

GOLDA (THRU MISS JULY'S PHONE)

Try to enjoy your life. Make the  
best of it, because you never know.  
You just never know. And I have to  
go now. Ani ohev otach.

INT. GOLDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Golda hangs up the phone with trembling hands.

It rings again but she doesn't answer, and the vintage  
answering machine picks up.

MISS JULY (THROUGH ANSWERING MACHINE)

So I enrolled in an online pre-law  
school. This time it's the truth.

(then)

I always loved you, mama. And I  
always will, no matter what. I'm  
like a wild horse, no-one can tame  
me. Then again, I guess we're all  
like wild horses, ain't we, mama.

INT. MISS JULY'S APARTMENT - DAY

MISS JULY

Ani mitgahahgahat eylayich.

Ends the call.

Sees Jacob at the back door, LOADED. Goes over, hesitant,  
doesn't open the door.

MISS JULY (CONT'D)

There something I can help you  
with?

Sees the messy bandages on his arm, covering the NSS tattoo.

Opens the door slightly.

MISS JULY (CONT'D)

What happened to your arm?

JACOB

Oh that. Nothin'-- just-- I'm wonderin' if maybe we could go out on a date. I mean-- like-- a date. Like, maybe a movie or whatever.

MISS JULY

Jacob, do you do drugs? Tell me.

JACOB

Drugs. Lemme see. I kinda like meth and oxy--- yup--- and I like drinkin'. Oh, and I may try me some of that rainbow fentanyl stuff.

MISS JULY

Have you ever tried rehab?

Jacob brings out a well-worn polaroid picture of him as a boy, and A YOUNG WOMAN standing with a loving hand on his shoulder.

The woman has striking blond hair, a vivacious smile, and a badly bruised eye.

Joseph is also in the picture, holding a gun, looking mean.

JACOB

This is my mom. She's gone. She has a great smile, right? Even when we didn't have enough to eat, all my mom had to do was smile and I didn't care 'bout nothin' else. I could live off her smile.

MISS JULY

I'm so sorry, Jacob.

JACOB

Her hair was like sunshine, Miss July. Look. You see?

MISS JULY

It's great you loved your mom. At least you had her for a little while anyway, right?

(uncomfortable)

I have to run errands now. Maybe we could have coffee sometime but---

JACOB

It's okay, I shouldna came here.



Before he leaves.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
 You got her smile, Miss July.  
 That's what I like 'bout you best.  
 Your smile lights up the world.

Stumbles down the back steps, runs away.

EXT. CRACKERVILLE MEDICAL MARIJUANA CLINIC - DAY

Limo parked outside, Andy behind the wheel like always.

INT. MEDICAL MARIJUANA CLINIC - DAY

Haldern finishes filling out a medical form for the CLINIC WORKER, a tattooed female with green and purple hair.

CLINIC WORKER  
 You're all set.

Shelves display enticing jars of marijuana buds.

HALDERN  
 Quite the selection.

CLINIC WORKER  
 What kind of buzz, um, what do you feel your medical needs are, Mister Haldern?

HALDERN  
 Actually. Do you know Tommy, the biker guy?

CLINIC WORKER  
 Oh yah, we know Tommy.

HALDERN  
 He mentioned Crackerville Klondike. I'll try a few grams of that.

The worker reaches for a jar labelled Crackerville Klondike, measures out a couple of grams.

CLINIC WORKER  
 Be careful, it's pretty intense.

Haldern's burner phone rings... it's Sheriff Bill.

CLINIC WORKER (CONT'D)  
 But you won't get blind-sided by munchies.

EXT. HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Pieces and chunks of Fred's smoldering house are scattered all over from the explosion.

A fire truck is there but the damage is already done.

Mike, the construction contractor, spreads a huge blue tarp over the exposed kitchen space.

**The sinkhole has grown enormously, now exposing the ranch house's foundation.**

FIRE CHIEF

I wouldn't live here, Fred, but,  
it's your place. You got gas oven  
explosion insurance?

Haldern shrugs, overwhelmed.

Fire Chief pats him on the back as Mike comes over.

MIKE

Total for all the work prob'ly be  
forty thou', and that's if you  
don't want nothin' fancy. Or the  
barn. And that's if we start  
fillin' in that hole real soon,  
Fred. Very, very soon.

INT. HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Amid the destruction, Haldern lays on the sofa, exhausted.

The piano is still there.

So is the paperwork for the Concerto In B Minor.

INT. HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Eating from a can of pork and beans, Haldern stares at the TV.

Remaining cash from marijuana sale to Tommy stacked nearby.

ON THE TV

Bizarre drawings of a human brain, with arrows pointing this way and that.

COMMERCIAL SPOKESPERSON

Prescription Muherta Zeet works to  
stimulate the brain's inner

(MORE)

COMMERCIAL SPOKESPERSON (CONT'D)  
 workings to ensure that your memory  
 remains intact, but also functions  
 as any brain normally would.

Haldern goes to the kitchen, picks up a heavy frying pan,  
 comes back and starts bashing the TV screen.

COMMERCIAL SPOKESPERSON (CONT'D)  
 The secret formula is composed of  
 deep sea kidney fish and cloned  
 grasshoppers carefully neutered by  
 respected scientists who---

HALDERN  
 Fuck you!! Fuck you!! Fuck you!!

Somehow the TV image partially remains so he keeps bashing  
 until the power sputters off.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
 Jesus fucking Christ Almighty!

Leans on the sofa, struggling to regain his breathing.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
 Fucking goddamn fucking shit. I'm  
 gonna die. I'm gonna fucking die.

After a few more deep breaths, he manages to take out Steve  
 Perlman's business card, makes a call.

PERLMAN'S VOICE answers on the other end AS THE SCENE  
 DISSOLVES TO A LIVE IMAGE OF THE NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE.

STEVE PERLMAN (V.O.)  
 Perlman.

HALDERN (V.O.)  
 Me. Again.

A Soho coffee shop comes into view.

STEVE PERLMAN (V.O.)  
 I'm listening.

HALDERN (V.O.)  
 I need forty thousand dollars now.

EXT. SOHO COFFEE SHOP - A TABLE OUTSIDE - DAY

STEVE PERLMAN, 70, an old-school New Yorker.

On his cell phone, smoking a cigarette, sipping espresso.

HALDERN (THRU PERLMAN'S CELL)  
Forty thousand.

STEVE PERLMAN  
I could book a few concerts, Fred.

HALDERN (THRU PERLMAN'S CELL)  
You know I can't play concerts  
without Maggie.

STEVE PERLMAN  
Haven't you dealt with that yet?  
Fred. We all experience tragedy. I  
take that back, sorry. Look--- it's  
short notice but I can probably put  
something together. Did you ever  
finish that concerto? What was it?  
B minor something?

INT. HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - DAY

STEVE PERLMAN (THRU FRED'S CELL)  
Fuck, Fred, you gonna talk? You're  
the one that called.

HALDERN  
I know, I know.

STEVE PERLMAN (THRU FRED'S CELL)  
If you finish the concerto, I might  
be able to book Carnegie Hall.

HALDERN  
No. Not Carnegie Hall. Not without  
Maggie.

STEVE PERLMAN (THRU FRED'S CELL)  
Hey. Fred. I love you. We had a lot  
of good years together. But I don't  
think I can help you here, buddy.

The call ends.

HALDERN  
He says. He goddamn fucking says!

Punches in another number on his burner phone.

A gruff male voice answers.

MALE VOICE (THRU FRED'S CELL)  
What.

HALDERN

It's Fred.

MALE VOICE (THRU FRED'S CELL)

Come. I been practicing.

The call disconnects.

Haldern eagerly taps in another number.

ALL IN CASINO FRONT DESK PERSON (THRU  
FRED'S CELL)

All In Casino, may I---

HALDERN

Hey, it's Fred Haldern! I'm coming  
into town and I want that snazzy  
high roller suite like last time.

ALL IN CASINO FRONT DESK PERSON (THRU  
FRED'S CELL)

Well, howdy there, Mr. Haldern.  
It's a real pleasure to hear your  
voice again. Now, when did you say  
you were comin'?

HALDERN

How about later today?

ALL IN CASINO FRONT DESK PERSON (THRU  
FRED'S CELL)

Hold on a sec' right there-- okay  
sure-- yep! We can get you that  
snazzy suite again, absolutely.

EXT. CRACKERVILLE GROCERY STORE - DAY - AN HOUR LATER

Haldern's limo parked out front, Andy in driver seat.

HALDERN (V.O.)

The dealer's been practicing, Andy!

INT. HALDERN'S LIMO - DAY

ANDY

We always get into trouble when we  
go gambling.

HALDERN

He's been *practicing*. The blackjack  
dealer!

Miss July is coming down the sidewalk.

ANDY

Calm down, Fred. He was practicing last time and you lost nine thousand dollars.

HALDERN

So then are you going to lend me forty thousand dollars?

Miss July climbs into the limo, not her usual cheery self.

Gives Haldern a take-out food delivery.

MISS JULY

That new chef at the cafe couldn't find you. Practically begged me.

A note on the take-out box reads: *Maryland chicken. Tomatoes instead of potatoes. Much thanks, Lucy.*

MISS JULY (CONT'D)

So, feelin' lucky, are we?

HALDERN

It's not about luck, my dear.

ANDY

The dealer's been practicing!

MISS JULY

You're really betting all the money you have?

HALDERN

Now, now, no negative thinking.

EXT. FRED HALDERN'S RANCH - BY THE BARN - DAY

**The entire barn has sunk below the massive sinkhole's rim.**

And the half-destroyed ranch house looks more desolate than ever.

EXT. MONTANA HIGHWAY - HEADED SOUTH - DAY

Limo cruises along.

In nearby fields, a few wild horses gallop around.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Miss July stares glumly out her window.

From a thick wad of hundred dollar bills, Haldern peels off several, hands them to her.

HALDERN

A little something for the ride, he says.

She tucks the cash in her purse, manages a polite smile.

HALDERN (CONT'D)

Not enough, my dear?

Out in the fields, the wild horses disappear into the windy landscape, as if in a mirage.

FRED'S HAND EMERGES FROM THE MIRAGE, HOLDING A PEN, which floats through the air and LANDS ON THE CONCERTO SHEET MUSIC BRIDGE GAP.

HALDERN (V.O.)

Luck changes.

MISS JULY (V.O.)

The dealer's been practicing.

The dusty wind picks up the pen and it drifts away into a piano keyboard.

EXT. JACKPOT, NEVADA - SHIRLEY'S ADULT TOY SHOP - NIGHT

Haldern's limo parked out front.

INT. SHIRLEY'S ADULT TOY SHOP - NIGHT

THE SHOP OWNER, SHIRLEY, a curvy woman with an oversized blond wig and heavy make-up, is behind the cash register.

SHIRLEY

So you're back in town for an overnighter?

Haldern is at a brightly-lit rack featuring exotic stiletto high-heels.

HALDERN

Yes, yes, indeed, indeed. A gambling overnighter. A winning effort, I predict.

To Miss July, a twinkle in his eye.

HALDERN (CONT'D)

Your thoughts, my love?

MISS JULY

The glossy white ones. But the  
glossy black ones are nice, too.

HALDERN

Wrap 'em up, Shirley! Size five.

A gigantic purple dildo dangles from the ceiling.

MISS JULY

Oh my god, look at that thing. You  
could beat a cow with it!

HALDERN

Should we get it?

MISS JULY

What would we do with it?

HALDERN

Find a cow perhaps?

She laughs, notices a hot Baby Doll negligee.

MISS JULY

I'd rather have one of those.

HALDERN

Excellent! Shirley? Size three.

SHIRLEY

Got it.

MISS JULY

(squeezes Haldern's arm)  
You're so naughty.

Haldern couldn't be happier.

Miss July, not so much, but she's feeling better.

EXT. CRACKERVILLE - OPEN PASTURE ON THE OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

Coyotes howl in the bleak darkness.

The outline of Joseph's heavy-duty pick-up truck is seen.

JOSEPH (O.S.)

Git ready, boy.

Joseph and Jacob are in the truck's hauling bed, and Jacob  
nervously holds a shotgun.

THEN



A row of flood lights on the truck's roof BLAST ON, fully illuminating two coyotes.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
Shoot 'em!!

Wild-eyed, Jacob fires off a random round.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
Gimme that!

Grabs the shotgun and expertly fires at the coyotes, killing one and wounding the other, which limps off into the woods.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
Got one! Hell yaahhh!

Jacob has his head down.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
What's a matter with you, son? You oughta be happy.

JACOB  
Nothin'.

JOSEPH  
You thinkin' 'bout that Kike coon stripper? What's the deal there?

JACOB  
Nothin'. She's nice.

JOSEPH  
Nice? What the hell you mean, nice?

JACOB  
She smiles. Like mom used to.

JOSEPH  
What's that you say, boy?

Takes a swig from a bottle of whiskey.

Shoves the bottle to Jacob but he doesn't drink.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
I ain't did nothin' to yer mother.

JACOB  
If you say so.

JOSEPH  
Drink.

Jacob has a sip.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

More.

Jacob takes another sip as Joseph pushes the shotgun's barrel against his head.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

I said drink, faggot!!

Jacob glares at him, so Joseph grabs the bottle and dumps what's left over on Jacob's head.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Yer ma had 'er own mind!

(mutters)

She smiles like that Kike coon.

Your ma weren't no Kike coon.

Chucks the bottle at the dead coyote.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Go git that coyote. Dumb-ass queer  
bait.

Picking up a plastic garbage bag, Jacob stumbles out to the coyote, awkwardly stuffs it in.

EXT. FRED HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

**The sinkhole undermines more of the ranch house's foundation.**

EXT. JACKPOT, NEVADA ALL-IN CASINO & HOTEL - NIGHT

Limo parked in valet, reflecting the casino's garish neon.

Driver's seat empty.

INT. ALL-IN CASINO & HOTEL - BLACKJACK TABLE - NIGHT

Five gambling chips, each worth a thousand dollars, are in front of Haldern.

Miss July is exquisite in a metallic couture fashion evening gown, and wearing the erotic black stiletto high-heels.

After a glance at her manicured toes, Haldern places all his chips on the betting line.

At a nearby slot machine, Andy is more focused on what's happening at the blackjack table.

The BLACKJACK DEALER that Fred was talking to on his cell phone is on the job.

BLACKJACK DEALER  
Five thousand.

Deals Haldern an Ace of Hearts, then a card for himself, and then a Ten of Spades to Haldern.

BLACKJACK DEALER (CONT'D)  
Blackjack. Winner.

Counts out five more thousand dollar chips.

BLACKJACK DEALER (CONT'D)  
(under his breath)  
Let it ride.

Hits blackjack AGAIN and the dealer sends over ten more thousand dollar chips to Haldern.

HALDERN  
(loudly)  
Boy, I sure am lucky!

BLACKJACK DEALER  
Winner, winner, chicken dinner.

A CASINO MANAGER looks on, not liking the action.

MISS JULY  
That's twenty thousand dollars,  
Freddie. We should go.

Fred shoves the stack forward.

HALDERN  
One time, dealer, then we're done.

Dealer glances at the casino manager, shrugs, deals cards.

Haldern improbably wins yet again.

The casino manager is really pissed.

BLACKJACK DEALER  
Winner, winner.  
(mumbles)  
Time for dinner.

Haldern stacks his chips, stands up.

HALDERN  
(way too loudly)  
Can't believe how lucky I am!

A replacement dealer arrives, and the casino manager signals Haldern's dealer over.

As Haldern and Miss July head for the dining room, his blackjack dealer is questioned intensely by the casino manager. A stern security executive joins them.

Haldern hands a wad of cash to Andy.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
Get this to the dealer.

LOUNGE SINGER in a side bar warbles away on *Que Sera, Sera*, the Doris Day version.

LOUNGE SINGER  
*When I was just a little girl.. I  
asked my mother, what will I be..  
Will I be pretty.. will I be rich  
Here's what she said to me..*

This gets Miss July's attention and Haldern extends his hand.

HALDERN  
Shall we?

MISS JULY  
But, of course.

They begin a grand waltz.

Uncertainty lingers on Miss July's smile.

LOUNGE SINGER  
*Que sera, sera, whatever will be,  
will be.. The future's not ours to  
see, que sera, sera..*

Back in the casino room, the stern security executive goes to talk to A THUGGISH MAN as the casino manager finishes haranguing Haldern's dealer.

After a bit, Andy angles up to the dealer, awkwardly transfers the wad of cash.

The thuggish man sees the clumsy transaction.

EXT. CRACKERVILLE - OUTSIDE THE GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Joseph's truck parked out front.

IN ITS HAULING BED

The dead coyote stuffed in the plastic garbage bag.

INT. JOSEPH'S TRUCK - NIGHT

JOSEPH  
Quit stallin'.

JACOB  
You do it.

Joseph grabs Jacob's shirt, twists it against his throat.

JOSEPH  
I ain't did nothin' to yer mother.  
Git that straight, boy.

Shoves Jacob hard against the truck door, it flies open.

Falling out to the sidewalk, Jacob climbs onto the truck's hauling bed, takes hold of the garbage bag.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
Hurry ta hell up!!

Jacob drags the garbage bag to the back of the building.

UP THE STAIRS TO MISS JULY'S APARTMENT

Lays it down in front of her door.

Staggers back down the stairs.

OUT TO THE TRUCK

Jumps in as it screeches away with headlights off.

INT. JACKPOT, NEVADA ALL-IN CASINO & HOTEL - NIGHT

In the dining room.

Dinner is done, and Haldern gives Andy another wad of cash.

HALDERN  
See what you can do at the tables,  
old boy. And let's head out in the  
morning.  
(winks at Miss July)  
After a late check-out.

Andy heads into the casino.

Miss July slips a blue pill over to Haldern, which he pops in his mouth.

MISS JULY  
L'shana tova and L'Chaim.

HALDERN  
 Woof, woof!

WIPE DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALDERN'S HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An elegant suite of rooms with floor-to-ceiling windows.  
 Stack of cash on a glass table in front of Miss July.

                                  HALDERN  
 Five thousand dollars, my love.

                                  MISS JULY  
 I thought you needed forty.

                                  HALDERN  
 Not worried about it.

                                  MISS JULY  
 He says.  
                                   (then)  
 Could we consider this a loan,  
 Freddie? Sort of a student loan? I  
 know it sounds far-fetched. But I  
 want to see if I can get into law  
 school. It probably doesn't make  
 much sense but---

                                  HALDERN  
 A loan? But of course. What kind of  
 interest rate shall we set?

She punches his arm playfully.

                                  MISS JULY  
 He says!

Grabs the Baby Doll negligee, heads for the bathroom.

                                  MISS JULY (CONT'D)  
 Try that Crackerville Klondike.

Haldern takes out the weed from the clinic, rolls a fat  
 joint, catches a tantalizing glimpse of Miss July slipping  
 into the negligee.

                                  HALDERN  
 I think you'd make a brilliant  
 attorney!

Fires up the joint, brings out the Concerto In B Minor sheet  
 music, sets in on the coffee table.

Has another toke, as Miss July comes out of the bathroom in the stunningly hot negligee, her perky breasts having a conversation with Haldern.

MISS JULY

Now where did I put those white pumps?

Haldern picks up a shoe box, takes out one of the gorgeously intoxicating white stiletto high-heels.

HALDERN

May I?

Leaning back on the couch, Miss July tantalizingly raises one leg in the air.

MISS JULY

I suppose.

Crawling over to her, panting like a dog, Haldern positions the stiletto high-heel in front of her elegant toes.

MISS JULY (CONT'D)

Be gentle.

As Haldern slides the stiletto on, he begins to hallucinate.

Fingers of his hand melt into the shoe, which floats in the air and separates from Miss July's foot. Her toes wiggle rhythmically, swirl with different shades of brown that sparkle and turn into little smiles; then larger smiles until Miss July herself turns into a smile.

The room fills with bubbles emerging from the smile, and they burst lightly, each turning into a wild horse, and then several wild horses which gallop onto piano keys tumbling into scribbled sheets of music floating in the air.

Haldern's hand grasps at the music sheets until Miss July's breasts show up, bobbing around on the piano keys until the screen turns into a blank shade of baby blue.

THEN Miss July's soft voice.

MISS JULY (V.O.)

Wake up. Yoo hoo. Freddie--

TWO EYE SLITS APPEAR AND BLINK

They belong to Haldern.

After a few more blinks, Miss July comes into focus.

MISS JULY  
You okay?

HALDERN  
Owww.

Looks down, sees he has AN ERECTION poking a bed sheet up.  
Peeks under the sheet.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
It looks angry.

EXT. LOCAL HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - DAY - MINUTES  
LATER

Andy holds the limo's rear door open as Miss July helps  
Haldern gingerly climb out.

Wrapped in the bed sheet, Haldern limps into the hospital,  
erect penis still poking forward.

INT. EMERGENCY RECEPTION - DAY

The RECEPTION NURSE glances up, sees the sheet sticking out.

RECEPTION NURSE  
Blue pill?

Miss July nods anxiously as Haldern grimaces painfully.

RECEPTION NURSE (CONT'D)  
Donnie!! Ischemic priapism!

DONNIE, A TRANS-GENDER NURSING ATTENDANT, rushes over.

DONNIE  
I'm here, I'm here!

RECEPTION NURSE  
Blue pill.

DONNIE  
Of course. This way, mister.

Carefully ushers Haldern into a treatment room, where Haldern  
manages to lay sideways on a gurney.

DONNIE (CONT'D)  
Is your vision still blue, sir?

BACK IN THE RECEPTION AREA



RECEPTION NURSE  
 (to Miss July)  
 You work local?

MISS JULY  
 Excuse me?

RECEPTION NURSE  
 You a working girl? Y'know, local?

MISS JULY  
 What? Are you fucking kidding me?!

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - DAY

Miss July angrily storms out and over to an Uber ride driver's open window.

MISS JULY  
 You available?

Without waiting for an answer she gets in, slams the door shut.

MISS JULY (CONT'D)  
 All-In Hotel.

UBER INTERIOR

As it drives away.

MISS JULY (CONT'D)  
 How much to Crackerville?

UBER DRIVER  
 Ain't that in Montana?

She throws a bunch of hundred dollar bills up front.

UBER DRIVER (CONT'D)  
 That'll work.

EXT. CRACKERVILLE - OUTSIDE THE GROCERY STORE - DAY

Inside his truck.

Jacob snorts a line of meth before opening his door.

EXT. BACK STAIRS TO MISS JULY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Garbage bag containing the dead coyote still outside the front door.

Jacob grabs the bag, drags it down the stairs and away.

INT. ALL-IN CASINO & HOTEL - HALDERN'S SUITE - DAY

Miss July hastens out of the room with her overnight bag, clutching the remaining cash Halderm gave her.

Leaves behind the merchandise from the adult store.

EXT. LOCAL HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - MINUTES LATER

Uber ride waits out front.

BY HALDERN'S LIMO

Miss July gives Andy the cash.

ANDY  
You don't have to do this.

MISS JULY  
It's not about Fred. It's not about him, tell him that.

ANDY  
Can he call you?

MISS JULY  
I'm so sorry. Tell him I'm sorry!

Gets in the Uber, it drives away.

THEN

A mean BMW sedan with darkened windows comes charging up, screeches to a halt.

Rear passenger window lowers showing the casino blackjack dealer, his face battered and bruised.

BLACKJACK DEALER  
They want the casino money.

BMW driver is the casino thug.

Points to the cash Andy holds.

CASINO THUG  
Give me fucking money.

Andy hands it over, and the thug does a quick count. Then punches the casino blackjack dealer.

CASINO THUG (CONT'D)

More!

ANDY

Wait! Okay!

BLACKJACK DEALER

Should I get out?

CASINO THUG

Shut the fuck up. Yeah, get the fuck out!

INT. ALL-IN CASINO & HOTEL - HALDERN'S SUITE - DAY

Lifting up the bed mattress, Andy scoops up the rest of the ill-gotten stash of casino winnings, gives it to the thug.

EXT. LOCAL HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - DAY

The casino thug shoves his gun against Andy's head.

CASINO THUG

You stupid Crackerville idiots need to stay away from casino. Got it, stupid idiot?

(punches Andy in the face)

Got it? Stupid Crackerville idiot?

ANDY

Okay.

BMW DRIVER

Okay. Fuck you, okay. Okay?

EXT. CRACKERVILLE - HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - DAY

PAUL

Holy crap.

**A sizeable corner of the house's foundation hovers precariously over the deep, dark sinkhole.**

Held by Juana ... the Concerto In B Minor sheet music copy shows *Mary Had A Little Lamb* music notes in the bridge gap.

They knock on the front door with no answer.

JUANA

Professor Haldern! We have something for you!

PAUL  
Holy. Crap.

JUANA  
Do you think he's in there? What  
should we do?

PAUL  
Don't ask me.

JUANA  
Hey, prof'! Prof'!! We came up with  
somethin' for the bridge gap!

They knock again, louder.

Nothing.

Juana shoves the sheet music under the door, and they slip  
and slide away through all the mud and sinkhole chaos.

EXT. CRACKERVILLE GROCERY STORE - DAY

Miss July's Uber ride arrives.

MISS JULY (V.O.)  
Wait for me, please.

EXT. OUTSIDE MISS JULY'S APARTMENT - DAY

She sees her doormat is misplaced.

OPENS HER DOOR

MISS JULY  
Somebody here? Jacob? Hello?

Enters.

Nothing out of the ordinary, goes to her closet.

Takes out the shoe box containing the thousand dollars Jacob  
showered on her at the burlesque club.

EXT. CRACKERVILLE - CAISSON JUNK YARD - MINUTES LATER

Miss July gets out of the Uber in front of Joseph's office.

He comes outside, sneering, with a shotgun.

MISS JULY  
I'm here to see Jacob.

JOSEPH  
What you want with my boy?

MISS JULY  
You must be his father. I'm---

JOSEPH  
I knows who you is, bitch.

She shows him the thousand dollars.

MISS JULY  
This belongs to him.

Behind a stack of junk yard scrap iron, Jacob watches warily.

JOSEPH  
His money ain't good enough fer ya?

MISS JULY  
If you don't mind, sir, I'd rather  
talk to Jacob.

He snatches the money out of her hand.

JOSEPH  
You like fuckin' old white men,  
Miss Jew Coon Girl? You like that  
piano moron Fred Halderm?

MISS JULY  
I'd like to speak with Jacob!!

Joseph blasts a couple of shotgun rounds into the air.

JOSEPH  
Move your dumb ass outta here,  
blasphemous skank!!

The Uber TAKES OFF without Miss July.

Joseph points the shotgun at her, pumps a round into the  
chamber.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
I ain't sayin' it no more, sister.

MISS JULY  
I'm black. And Jewish. And proud of  
it. Fuck you.

Joseph blasts a round near her feet. Then another.

As she back-pedals...

MISS JULY (CONT'D)  
 And that old piano moron is a  
 better man than you'll ever be!

JOSEPH  
 While you all burn in hell!

Blasts a shotgun round over her head.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
 Whoo hooo!! See ya later!

MISS JULY  
 Fuck you.

JOSEPH  
 You ain't nothin'.

Miss July squares her shoulders, walks away defiantly.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
 NOTHIN'!!

Waiting for the fatal shotgun blast...

Miss July raises her middle finger high in the air, keeps walking.

From his hidden vantage point, a tearful Jacob, mortified.

EXT. JACKPOT, MONTANA - LOCAL HOSPITAL EMERGENCY EXIT - DAY

Feeling better, Halder limps to the limousine with help from Donnie.

In the driver's seat, with a black eye and swollen face, Andy holds a tissue to his bloody nose.

EXT. RURAL GRAVEL ROAD OUTSIDE OF CRACKERVILLE - DAY

On the side of the road, Miss July hitchhikes.

An SUV blows past.

Then a vintage Harley Davidson knucklehead motorcycle rumbles into view.

It's Tommy, and he pulls over.

TOMMY  
 Hey, girl, what brings you to this  
 neck of the---

Sees her mascara-streaked cheeks.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck happened?

MISS JULY  
I need a ride home, Tommy.

TOMMY  
What happened?

She gets on the Harley, wraps her arms around him tightly.

EXT. CRACKERVILLE - HALDERN'S RANCH PROPERTY - NIGHT

Area is lit with generator-powered floodlights.

FIRE TRUCK CREW pumps flood water from the massive sinkhole out to a drainage ditch.

Mike drills a deep ground core sample under the foundation of Halder'n's tilting and battered ranch house.

Fire Chief and Sheriff Bill observe the noisy goings-on.

FIRE CHIEF  
It'd be a shame if Fred loses the house!

SHERIFF BILL  
How's it lookin', Mike?!

MIKE  
Can't tell yet!

CHARLIE, a HOME LIFE INSURANCE AGENT, takes pictures of the sink-hole and all the flooding, explosion wreckage, etc.

THEN

**A chunk of the remaining ranch house drops off.**

FIRE CHIEF  
Watch out!!

EXT. HALDERN'S RANCH PROPERTY - AN HOUR LATER - NIGHT

After unhooking a mobile camper trailer rental a safe distance from the ranch house, a tow truck rumbles away.

A temporary foundation brace holding up the drooping corner of the house sags a bit more.

INT. MOBILE CAMPER TRAILER RENTAL - NIGHT

At a cramped kitchen table, Mike slides over a clipboard to Halder with a cost estimate sheet.

Several hand-written numbers for various construction repair categories total \$249,999.99.

HALDERN

(dryly)

At least it's not a quarter million.

MIKE

Gonna need to dig a thirty-foot deep-mixed gravel foundation 'bout the length of a football field.

HALDERN

Understood. Thank you so much.

MIKE

Charlie talk to you yet about any insurance you mighta had?

CHARLIE sticks his head inside.

CHARLIE

Someone say my name?

MIKE

Well, Fred, lemme know tonight if you wanna start work 'cause I got other stuff goin' on.

CHARLIE

(as Mike leaves)

I'll get right to it, Fred. The good news is your insurance policy is still current. The bad news is it don't cover no sinkholes or oven explosions. Sorry.

Outside, in the fields, a herd of wild horses gallop by.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(turns to look)

Man, them wild horses are somethin' else, ain't they? Too bad the State gave old man Caisson a license to kill a buncha them. Look, I know this is a real mess, Fred. But it could be worse, right?

Gives him Juana and Paul's sheet music.



CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I found this inside.

Leaves.

Haldern glances at the sheet music, crumples it up and tosses it away.

HALDERN  
He says.

Steps outside, trying to take it all in.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
He fucking says.

EXT. CRACKERVILLE - ON THE TOWN BURLESQUE CLUB - NIGHT

About to go on stage, Miss July is engaged in a rather heated conversation with Tommy.

TOMMY  
(spits on the ground)  
No-one's gonna care if that Caisson piece of shit disappears.

MISS JULY  
I don't want trouble, Tommy. He's not worth it.

TOMMY  
Sheriff Bill despises him. There's always been rumors Caisson killed his own wife and got away with it. Sheriff Bill can't stand that chump's walkin' around free.

In the club, Jimi Hendrix's *All Along The Watchtower* plays.

MISS JULY  
I'll tell you this much. Someone needs to look out for Jacob. He's a wreck. Rehab written all over that page.

D.J. (INSIDE OVER CLUB SOUND SYSTEM)  
I believe Miss July's around here somewhere.

EXT. HALDERN'S MOBILE CAMPER RENTAL - NIGHT

A single, stark yard LIGHT illuminates Haldern cautiously making his way over to the nearly-destroyed ranch house.

INT. HALDERN'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Haldern carefully steps over the *HE SAYS* burlesque platform heels.

Sits at the piano.

Wearily picks up his burner cell phone, makes a call.

A YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE answers.

YOUNG WOMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL)  
National Anxiety Hotline.

HALDERN  
Yes. Hello.

YOUNG WOMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL)  
Are you feeling anxious right now?

HALDERN  
Why do you think I called? Sorry.  
Yes.

YOUNG WOMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL)  
Do you want to have a conversation?

HALDERN  
My wife. Maggie. She died. Twenty  
years ago. Is that something you  
can comprehend?

YOUNG WOMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL)  
Please continue.

HALDERN  
I'm always out of sorts and nothing  
makes sense and I'm always nervous  
and nothing makes any sense and---

Silence.

YOUNG WOMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL)  
Please continue. Nothing makes any  
sense.

HALDERN  
You sound young. How old are you?

YOUNG WOMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL)  
Nineteen.

HALDERN  
Nineteen? What the hell do you know  
about life at nineteen?

YOUNG WOMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL)  
Please continue.

HALDERN  
I have to get going. Take care.

YOUNG WOMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL)  
Wait-- wait--

Something in her voice makes him hesitate.

YOUNG WOMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL) (CONT'D)  
Find something. Any little thing.  
Any little positive thing.

HALDERN  
Then what?

YOUNG WOMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL)  
Then maybe hold onto it 'til things  
get better.

HALDERN  
Nothing makes sense. *Nothing*. Can  
you seriously understand that?

YOUNG WOMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL)  
Yes. Very much.  
(a moment)  
My best friend committed suicide.  
In tenth grade. She was bullied.

Haldern didn't expect this.

HALDERN  
I'm sorry.

YOUNG WOMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL)  
Thank you.

HALDERN  
That's--- that's--- please be good  
to yourself.

Ends the call and goes to the kitchen, leans wearily on the  
counter, which has A SPOON on it.

Examines the spoon closely.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
Huh. Clean.  
(then)  
Any little thing.

Makes a burner phone call.

STEVE PERLMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL)  
It's three o'clock in the morning,  
Mister Haldern.

HALDERN  
What can you put together?

STEVE PERLMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL)  
I can probably book you into  
Carnegie Hall. In three days. But  
you have to play the new concerto.  
They said it's the only way we  
could sell out on such short  
notice. But if we do sell out, your  
take-home will be one million  
dollars. A MILLION DOLLARS, Fred!  
Plus we can live-stream the concert  
on YouTube or Instagram and also  
make it into a documentary film. A  
premium TV network will pick that  
up in a heartbeat. Probably another  
couple million right there too!

Haldern examines the spoon more closely.

Mesmerized.

STEVE PERLMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL) (CONT'D)  
Fred?

HALDERN  
Book it.

STEVE PERLMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL)  
And you'll be okay without Maggie  
there?

HALDERN  
It's only one night.

STEVE PERLMAN (THRU HALDERN'S CELL)  
I know but--

HALDERN  
I'll be fine.

**The entire house shifts on its foundation** and Haldern gets  
the hell outta there, grasping the spoon tightly.

Once outside, he goes around back to a trove of elegant birch  
trees, in front of which is a marble gravestone with the  
inscription:

*BELOVED MAGGIE 1950 - 2004*

A matching, adjoining gravestone has the inscription:

*AND FRED he says*

HALDERN (CONT'D)

Well-- I'm headed back to New York City-- for a live concert, yep. Carnegie Hall. First time without you, Maggie. First time without wonderful, patient, understanding, you. Your brother will likely come along. I like Andy, he's a good guy. Anyways, it's only one night.

Touches her engraved name tenderly.

HALDERN (CONT'D)

Ahh, Maggie. We loved the essence finely, did we not?

EXT. HALDERN'S RANCH PROPERTY - NEXT MORNING

Andy strolls up to the mobile camper trailer rental.

FROM INSIDE

HALDERN

Come in, Andy, come in!

INSIDE the camper rental.

In a black suit and tie, Haldern is ready to go, but nervously fumbling around with some sheet music and a compact shaving kit.

ANDY

No suitcase?

HALDERN

We're getting on the plane right after the concert.

Andy glances over at the merchandise that Haldern bought for Miss July at the adult store.

ANDY

Have you spoken to her?

HALDERN

Well, I um-- I--

Holds up his piano sheet music for the concerto and the bridge gap is still there.

HALDERN (CONT'D)

He says!

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - LA GUARDIA AIRPORT - NIGHT

As a Boeing 777 Dreamliner lands on the tarmac.

TMZ NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

Social media trending worldwide with news that reclusive classical pianist Fred Haldern is coming out of retirement to play a one-time only concert at Carnegie Hall. Tickets sold out in less than an hour, with scalpers asking as much as fifty thousand dollars.

INT. BOEING 777 DREAMLINER - NIGHT

As the plane taxis toward a terminal.

AN ANNOYING PASSENGER in front of Haldern reaches over with a pencil and scrap of paper.

ANNOYING PASSENGER

If you wouldn't mind.

TMZ NEWS REPORTER (V.O. CONT'D)

There are unconfirmed reports that Jay Z and Beyonce bought out an entire orchestra balcony wing for more than a million dollars.

Haldern reluctantly autographs the paper scrap.

EXT. CRACKERVILLE - CAISSON JUNK YARD - DAY

LED BY TOMMY

The MT BIG BOYZ bikers show up unannounced on their Harleys.

One of the bikers, ERIC, wears a helmet.

Joseph struts out of the office with his shotgun.

JOSEPH

What can I do fer you, fellas?

TOMMY

I'm gonna say this once, tough guy. Stay away from Miss July.

JOSEPH

Miss July? That her name? The Jew  
coon bitch? You boys like them Jew  
coon bitches?

Eric takes off his helmet.

He's a rugged dude with a steely gaze.

And a yamaka perched on his head.

ERIC

What up, bro'?

Joseph raises the shotgun.

JOSEPH

There's a few ways we can do this.

Followed by the others, Tommy rolls his Harley forward.

They rev their motors and spin the tires so hard in the loose  
gravel that Joseph is BOMBARDED with rocks and chunks of  
dirt.

ERIC

Step back, chump!!

From his usual vantage point, Jacob laughs delightedly as  
Joseph hits the ground, smothered in clouds of dust.

The bikers rumble away.

JOSEPH

(spitting out dirt)  
That you laughin' at me, Jake?!!

Jacob's grin disappears.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

We'll see who laughs most, boy!!

INT. CRACKERVILLE - MISS JULY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

On her laptop, Miss July studies a pre-law school class for  
Liability & Torts.

ON THE TV

Live news footage of Haldern and Andy walking through a  
LaGuardia airport terminal as numerous paparazzi crowd  
around, recording their every move.

Haldern holds his burner cell phone to his ear.

Miss July's cell phone RINGS.

She sees it's Haldern, lets it go to voicemail.

EXT. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL MID-TOWN MANHATTAN - NIGHT

On the street sidewalk.

Paparazzi and looky-loos gather noisily around the valet driveway entrance.

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL LA CHINE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Haldern and Andy occupy a center table in the fine dining restaurant.

Meal untouched, Haldern gulps wine and scribbles notes on the Concerto In B Minor sheet music.

Across the room.

The HOTEL GENERAL MANAGER, MR. CHU, whispers to the Maitre D' while keeping an eye on Haldern.

ANDY

Somebody's talking about you.

HALDERN

Shocking.

Maitre D' approaches.

MAITRE D'

Gentlemen, the general manager, Mr. Chu, sends his regards and would like to comp your stay here.

Mr. Chu raises his glass.

MAITRE D' (CONT'D)

Mr. Chu will also be at your concert and is eager to hear the completed concerto.

HALDERN

So he's compin' everything, even wine? The good stuff?

MAITRE D'

Of course, even the good stuff.

HALDERN

Bring the list!



Raises his glass to Mr. Chu, nods reverently, as the Maitre D' fetches the wine list.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
Even the good stuff, Andy.

ANDY  
Do we really need more?

HALDERN  
I can handle wine. My metabolism absorbs it like Kool-Aid.

A FEW HOURS LATER

Dining room empty.

Except for Halderne, Andy and A BORED WAITER.

Three empty bottles of wine on the table.

Halderne's glass is full.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
(drunkenly)  
If you asked me, Evolution or God or whatever--- whomever--- made a serious mistake inventin' the human. Bean. The human bean.

ANDY  
And if you ask me, I think we should call it a night. Concert's in two days and you should be resting.

HALDERN  
You're right. You're absolutely jolly right, Andy!

Snaps his fingers, claps his hands.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
Check, please!  
(laughs crudely)  
Never mind, Mr. Chu's got it!

Waiter yawns, looks at his watch.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
My sense of humor is brilliant.  
Absolutely fucking brilliant!

Chugs down his glass of wine, belches.

Manages to stand up and they leave the dining room.

IN THE HOTEL LOBBY

HALDERN (CONT'D)

Let'sh get a breath of fresh air!

ANDY

I need a fresh bed. You need less  
Kool-Aid.

HALDERN

Well, alrighty then. You go get  
that fresh bed!

Haldern exuberantly steps outside, leaving Andy behind.

OUTSIDE VALET AREA

Haldern waves at the lead valet, who rushes over.

LEAD VALET

Sir, at your service.

HALDERN

Oh, no no. I'm jush bein' friendly!  
I get accused of not being  
friendly so I'm bein' friend--ly.  
Friendly!

A well-dressed COUPLE approaches.

WOMAN

We're big fans and we're wondering  
if we could get a selfie.

HALDERN

A what?

THE MAN holds up his cell phone and the couple maneuvers for  
selfies... pushing against Haldern... who gets agitated.

Cell phone FLASHES STARTLE Haldern.

Another fan approaches with pen and paper.

ANOTHER FAN

Mr. Haldern? Would you mind?

HALDERN

Oh, an autograph. Of courshe.

Still squinting from the flashes, scribbles on the paper.

After examining the writing...

ANOTHER FAN  
This isn't your signature.

HALDERN  
I am not important. My shignature  
means nothing. Nothing!

Rushes to a taxi, dives in.

ANOTHER FAN  
Asshole!

INSIDE THE TAXI

HALDERN  
We need a liquor store, then off to  
the Brooklyn Bridge. Go, go!

Gives the driver a hundred dollar bill as more fans and  
parazzi crowd around the taxi.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
Go, driver, go!

INT. CRACKERVILLE - *ON THE TOWN* BURLESQUE CLUB - NIGHT

Miss July solemnly does her dance routine.

A patron showers her with dollar bills, which she hardly  
notices.

Troubled, preoccupied with watching the front door.

INT. MISS JULY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

In front of a full-length mirror, Jacob admires himself  
wearing Miss July's cowboy burlesque outfit.

Loaded out of his skull.

Picks up a tube of glossy pink lipstick, begins applying it  
to his lips.

A NOISE FROM OUTSIDE

Jacob quickly turns off the bathroom light.

Cautiously approaches the front door.

Sees a raccoon wandering on top of garbage cans below.

Returns to the bathroom, has another hit from his meth pipe.

INT. HALDERN'S TAXI - OUTSIDE A MANHATTAN DELI - NIGHT

Taxi driver gets back in, hands Halderm a forty-ounce bottle of malt liquor beer and a fifth of bourbon, which Halderm immediately chugs from.

HALDERN

Ahhh, bourbon, the devil's nectar.  
Okay--- Brooklyn Bridge, my friend!

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Taxi pulls over just before the bridge.

Halderm is on his burner cell phone.

HALDERN (INTO HIS BURNER PHONE)

Me again. I will support whatever  
dreams you have. I just hope-- I  
simply hope---

Guzzles beer, climbs out of the taxi, throws the burner phone into the Hudson River.

Unsteadily goes to the driver's window, gives him another hundred dollar bill.

HALDERN (CONT'D)

Always wanted to walk across this  
damn bridge! Meet me on the other  
side, my friend.

Chugs more bourbon, loosens his tie.

HALDERN (CONT'D)

Geez, it's hot out here.

TAXI DRIVER

I meet you on other side.

Taxi heads over the bridge as Halderm joyfully starts striding across, deeply inhaling the fresh air.

HALDERN

Yes, beautiful, fantastic. Truly  
amazing.

Takes his tie off, throws it away.

HALDERN (CONT'D)

New York City!

Off goes the jacket. Then the shirt, as he continues to walk briskly.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
 Fred Halderm of Crackerville,  
 Montana. Playing Carnegie Hall!!

Admiring the Manhattan skyline.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
 Absolutely glorious!

Takes off his pants, throws them over the bridge railing where they cause a car below to swerve and nearly crash.

Now only in baggy boxer shorts, knee-length socks, and dress shoes.

Continues his inspired stroll.

Then off go the boxer shorts as he breaks out in song, shouting gleefully.

HALDERN (CONT'D)  
*"And now the end is near, and so I  
 face the final curtain. My friends,  
 I'll say it clear, I'll state my  
 case OF WHICH I'M CERTAIN--"*

But then.

AN NYPD PATROL CAR pulls up underneath the walkway, blurps its siren, flashes its searchlight on Halderm.

NYPD PATROL CAR DRIVER  
 Hey!! What the hell's goin' on up there?!

Halderm sways drunkenly, blinking into the searchlight.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CRACKERVILLE - CAISSON JUNK YARD - NIGHT

Joseph cruises around the yard with the AK-47.

JOSEPH  
 Jacob. Where you at? Come to papa.

Cranks a shot into a wrecked car.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
 Ain't gonna hurt you, boy. Jest come on out. We'll talk, like men.

Sees a wisp of smoke coming from behind a pile of junk.

Taking careful aim, he fires off several rounds at the smoke.

BEHIND THE PILE OF JUNK

Still in Miss April's cowboy burlesque outfit.

Jacob hits the ground as bullets clang around him, scattering a baggie of meth, Bic lighters, and rainbow Fentanyl pills.

Picks up his .22 rifle.

NEAR THE OFFICE

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
I'll put the A-K down, Jake! You  
come on out!

A SHOT RINGS OUT FROM JACOB'S POSITION and ricochets off the office's roof.

Several more shots force Joseph to duck under the porch.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
Alright! Enough! One of us gonna  
git killed a'ready!

Another shot zips off the porch, near his head.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
Okay, okay! Jesus Christ!! We got  
work tomorra!

Silence.

Jake coughs, reloads.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DOWNTOWN CORRECTIONAL CENTER - NEXT DAY

Establishing shot of New York City's central jail.

INT. DOWNTOWN CORRECTIONAL CENTER - DRUNK TANK - DAY

Haldern in jail clothes, snoozing on a metal bench.

A JAILER unlocks the drunk tank door.

JAILER  
Sir.

EXT. MANHATTAN - SIDEWALK NEWSSTAND - DAY

Blaring headline of the New York Daily News reads: *Maniac Haldern at it again! Nothing changes in 20 years!*

News article shows an unflattering picture of a disheveled Haldern in handcuffs on the Brooklyn bridge.

EXT. MID-TOWN MANHATTAN - CARNEGIE HALL - DAY

Marquee sign announces: **ONE-TIME ONLY SPECIAL EVENT!!!  
TOMORROW. World premiere of Fred Haldern's Concerto In B  
Minor!!**

TWO FILM PRODUCTION trucks are parked on the street by an open side entrance.

Massive cables run from the trucks to the hall's backstage area.

INT. CARNEGIE HALL AUDITORIUM - DAY

A professional film production crew busily sets up digital film cameras and sound equipment around the stage and throughout audience sections.

At center stage is a fine grand piano, being carefully tuned by an acoustic specialist, her ear hovering over the taut strings.

Steve Perlman stands in the middle of the orchestra section with the PRODUCTION MANAGER.

PRODUCTION MANAGER  
We'll be ready on our end.

STEVE PERLMAN  
(looks at his watch)  
Pretty sure he'll get bail.

PRODUCTION MANAGER  
If he doesn't tell the judge to  
fuck off.

INT. MANHATTAN COURT ROOM - A FEW HOURS LATER - DAY

A thoughtful JUDGE glances at a few documents.

JUDGE  
I understand you have a fondness  
for the Brooklyn bridge. And  
Sinatra.

Still in jail clothes, Haldern is seated at the defense table with Andy and Perlman.

And a DEFENSE ATTORNEY.

HALDERN

It's a fine bridge, your honor.

JUDGE

Public nuisance. Public intoxication. How do you plead?

HALDERN

For mercy.

JUDGE

Understandable. So how's that gap in the concerto working out, Mr. Haldern? Think it'll be ready tomorrow night?

Haldern shrugs.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Have you considered making it an intermission point?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Still a work in progress, Your Honor.

JUDGE

I see. Let me ask your client this.  
(to Haldern)

Is there any chance you could avoid running around naked and shouting in the streets for the next couple of days. At least until you get back to--- where is it?

HALDERN

Crackerville. Your Honor.

JUDGE

Right. Crackerville.

(courtroom spectators  
snicker and chuckle)

So what do you say, Mr. Haldern? In the interests of a work in progress, I'll drop these charges if you manage to get to Carnegie Hall without further drunken annoyance in public, until you get back to--- um---

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Montana. Crackerville.



Courtroom spectators chuckle and murmur again.

JUDGE

Right. Where you can do it your way. Say it clear. Face the final curtain.

HALDERN

May I keep the jail clothes?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

They do fit rather well.

EXT. CRACKERVILLE USED CAR LOT - DAY

A really skinny salesperson, LINUS, shows Miss July a used Prius with bad paint.

And rust.

Linus has a ridiculously huge grin.

LINUS

She's a good 'un.

MISS JULY

I can't afford to make repairs.

LINUS

She's a good 'un, alright.

MISS JULY

You sure have great teeth, Linus.

LINUS

I sure do!

MISS JULY

Think this'll get me to New Orleans?

LINUS

Yer a fine young woman, Miss July. And welcome back to Crackerville any damn time.

MISS JULY

Can I make payments on it?

LINUS

It'll get ya to New Orleans, sure. And payments, okay, sure.

Her cell phone CHIMES with a voicemail message.

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL - HALDERN'S SUITE - SAME TIME

Haldern hangs up the suite's phone, frustrated.

Still in jail clothes.

Goes to a window.

Glares between the curtains at a large gathering of people on the street below.

One person notices Haldern, points excitedly.

PERSON IN GATHERING

Look, it's him! It's Haldern!!

Immediately other people look up, cheering and chanting.

OTHER PEOPLE

Haldern! Haldern! Haldern!

A nearly naked older woman carries a sign: *Nudity Is Our Natural State.*

Another demonstrator carries a sign: *Haldern disrespects Manhattan. Go Home, Cracker!*

An unstable homeless person rants and raves.

The CHANTING continues while people take cell phone videos as they wave at Haldern in the window.

He steps back and closes the window curtains abruptly.

INT. CRACKERVILLE - MISS JULY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Most of Miss July's belongings are packed in suitcases and boxes.

ON HER TV

Live news coverage of the activity outside the Waldorf Astoria hotel.

On her cell phone, Miss July listens to the new voice message.

HALDERN'S VOICE MESSAGE

So, if you'd like to come to New York, I'll pay for everything. I'll cover everything.

(then)

If I said or did something wrong at the casino, I'm very sorry.

(MORE)

HALDERN'S VOICE MESSAGE (CONT'D)  
 If that's not it can we at least  
 talk? I really would like to talk.

Voice message ends, Miss July makes a call.

                  MISS JULY (INTO HER CELL PHONE)  
 Hey, mama, I'll be there in a day  
 or two. Shalom!

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL - HALDERN'S SUITE - DAY

Haldern is on the bed, breathing heavily, trying to relax.

CHANTING from the street outside can be heard.

From the door, Andy peeks in before entering.

                  ANDY  
 So the concert's tomorrow. Yippee.

Haldern reaches to the night stand, grabs his compact shaving  
 kit, zips it open.

Takes out the anxiety spoon, clutches it to his chest.

                  ANDY (CONT'D)  
 I'm guessing she didn't call.

Fires up a joint, has a toke.

                  ANDY (CONT'D)  
 Want some of this?

                  HALDERN  
 Can you evaporate all those people  
 out there. Or everywhere?

Andy goes to the suite's piano, tinkles a few piano keys.

Picks up the Concerto In B Minor sheet music.

Sees the penciled-in chaos in the bridge gap.

                  ANDY  
 What if you didn't do anything with  
 the gap, Fred? Just glare at the  
 audience a bit and simply continue.

EXT. CRACKERVILLE - *ON THE TOWN* BURLESQUE CLUB - NIGHT

The D.J. pokes his head outside, where Tommy works his usual  
 bouncer job.

D.J.  
Bro', you seen Miss July yet?

INT. MISS JULY'S APARTMENT - A FEW MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

Miss July in pajamas.

Standing among the packed boxes with Tommy.

TOMMY  
Not even a goodbye?

MISS JULY  
I should've called in, I'm so  
sorry. I--- I'm leaving tomorrow,  
Tommy. And I didn't have the heart.  
You guys have been so good to me,  
the club, the chance to get back on  
my feet. You have no idea how much  
it's meant to me.

TOMMY  
And you're not runnin' from that  
Joseph Caisson chump?

MISS JULY  
Actually, I feel like I'm running  
towards something. And I like how  
it feels.

(then)  
My mom, she's by herself. And she  
needs me. I owe her, Tommy. And I  
owe it to myself. Is that too  
corny?

TOMMY  
It ain't corny. Not one damn bit.

INT. JACOB'S TRUCK - ACROSS THE STREET - NIGHT

Wearing a wrinkled dress shirt with a ragged bow-tie, Jacob  
watches Tommy get on his Harley and rumble off.

On the truck seat is a bouquet of cheap flowers.

He picks up the flowers, opens the truck door.

Then sighs, changes his mind, drives away.

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL - HALDERN'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Room is DARK.

Haldern still on the bed, clutching the spoon.

Concerto sheet music strewn everywhere.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CRACKERVILLE - CAISSON JUNK YARD - NIGHT

Clutching the bouquet of cheap flowers, Jacob heads to his van.

Tears streaming down his cheeks.

Eyes like hollow moon craters.

INT. SOHO/NEW YORK CITY - ART DECO OFFICE BUILDING - NEXT DAY

Day of the concert.

Perlman on the phone in an empty office with only a desk and a few chairs.

STEVE PERLMAN

No, Fred, I can't cancel it. Not a chance in hell. Fred?

Dial tone is heard.

STEVE PERLMAN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Hangs up and re-dials. After a few rings, Haldern's voice message comes on.

HALDERN (VOICE MESSAGE)

Talk.

After the beep.

STEVE PERLMAN

If we cancel the concert, you'll get sued. And you will lose. And it will cost you at least five hundred thousand dollars to settle, which by the sound of things will force you into bankruptcy. THAT will be the end of your ranch, Fred. And we will no longer be friends. Try to relax, breathe. Just breathe, Fred. And I'll see you in your Carnegie Hall dressing room in exactly---

(looks at his watch)

--- nine and a half hours. Seven p.m. New York City time. Remember, you're not in Crackerville anymore.

INT. CRACKERVILLE - THE CRACKER CAFE - DAY

Tommy is having lunch.

His cell phone beeps a text message.

From Andy.

                                  ANDY'S TEXT MESSAGE  
                                   *He needs her.*

EXT. MISS JULY'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - MINUTES LATER

Miss July vacating the premises, last suitcase in hand.

                                  TURNS AND SEES

On the staircase below.

Tommy.

DAY CHANGES INTO NIGHT

EXT. TETERBORO AIRPORT, NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

A private Gulfstream jet taxis over to a waiting helicopter, its rotor blades already spinning.

EXT. MID-TOWN MANHATTAN - CARNEGIE HALL - 7:20 P.M.

SPOTLIGHTS fill the highly-charged, energetic evening air.

Valet is very busy as luxurious people arrive in luxurious cars, along with excited pedestrians of all sorts.

INT. CARNEGIE HALL - BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM AREA - NIGHT

Haldern's dressing room empty, door open.

MAKE-UP PERSON waits with her gear.

Perlman, on his cell phone, paces in the hallway.

                                  STEVE PERLMAN (ON HIS CELL PHONE)  
                                   Jesus H. Christ! Come on, Fred,  
                                   just fucking get here! That's all  
                                   you have to do. Hello? HELLO?!

No answer.

Throws the phone down, shattering it.

STEVE PERLMAN (CONT'D)  
Somebody gimme a phone!

A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT holds out her iPhone.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT  
Don't break it.

Perlman grabs it, gives her a hug.

STEVE PERLMAN  
I love you, I love you, I love you!

As he strides away.

STEVE PERLMAN (CONT'D)  
There's no business like fucking  
show business! Who said that?  
(makes another call)  
Who fucking said that? Fred, it's  
me again. Call me back!

MAKE-UP PERSON  
I think P.T. Barnum said it.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT  
Wasn't it Mae West?

MAKE-UP PERSON  
Nathan Lane says it all the time.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT  
Nathan Lane says everything all the  
time.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CARNEGIE HALL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Peeking through the curtain, Perlman sees the house is packed  
full, standing room only.

JAY Z AND BEYONCE are in their orchestra balcony box, waving  
at Oprah Winfrey and Stedman across the way.

Anna Wintour is there, next to J-Lo and Ben Affleck.

Mr. Chu is with Le Chine's Maitre D'.

The grand piano on-stage AWAITS Haldern.

On the piano mantle is the Concerto In B Minor sheet music.

Bridge gap still empty.

INT. HALDERN'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Andy and Halderm finally arrive in the dressing room, with Andy pushing Halderm in a wheel-chair.

Halderm still in jail clothes.

Firmly holding THE SPOON, mumbling, eyes shut.

Make-up person approaches.

ANDY  
Sorry, give us a minute.

Closes the dressing room door.

INSIDE THE DRESSING ROOM

Symphony introduction music is heard from the auditorium.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
(to Halderm)  
Open your eyes.

No response.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Fred.

HALDERM  
What?

ANDY  
The eyes. Open.

Halderm opens his eyes narrowly.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Just start. When you get to the  
bridge gap, improvise. Do anything,  
whatever you want. Nobody will  
care, trust me.  
(then)  
Maggie wouldn't care about the  
bridge gap tonight.

HALDERM  
He says.

ANDY  
Curtain goes up in eighteen  
minutes.



HALDERN

Even if I have to file bankruptcy,  
I'm not going out there. Understand  
that clearly.

ANDY

And you don't care if you lose the  
ranch.

HALDERN

Nope.

ANDY

Don't believe it, sorry.

A firm knock on the door, Andy opens it a crack.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Someone would like to speak with  
you.

ANDY

Tell them---

Sees Tommy in a tuxedo.

Holding one of the exotic *HE SAYS* stiletto high-heels Miss  
July creatively painted for Halder.

INT. CARNEGIE HALL LOBBY - NIGHT

With superb poise.

Miss July walks elegantly to the orchestra seat section,  
limping up and down as she goes along.

Has only one shoe on.

It's the other *HE SAYS* stiletto high-heel.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HALDERN'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Steve Perlman's watch reads 7:55 p.m.

His hand taps lightly on Halder's dressing room door.

From the auditorium, introduction music repeats yet again.

Rhythmic clapping can be heard along with a few catcalls.

STEVE PERLMAN

Fred, please, the audience is  
getting restless!

Make-up Person comes out of the dressing room, shrugs at Perlman.

STEVE PERLMAN (CONT'D)  
Is he ready? What's he doing in there?

Pounds on the dressing room door.

STEVE PERLMAN (CONT'D)  
Fred, I'm going on stage to introduce you. Do you hear me?! Fred!!

EXT. CRACKERVILLE - CAISSON JUNK YARD - NIGHT

Joseph sits slumped in the office porch shadows, shotgun on his lap.

Along with a coil of rope.

Speaks into a microphone connected to the junk yard's loudspeaker system.

JOSEPH (OVER LOUDSPEAKER SYSTEM)  
Where you at, lover boy? Yoo hoo.  
I'll smile fer you. Yer papa will smile fer you, like your ma did.

INT. CARNEGIE HALL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Tommy comes on stage, people clap and cheer, whistle.

Puts Halder's anxiety spoon on the piano.

Then joins Miss July in the seats down front and center.

BEYONCE  
(from the balcony)  
Hey, hey!! Let's do this!!

Perlman comes on stage, a few audience members boo.

STEVE PERLMAN  
Thank you, thank you. Especially the clowns that booed.

Laughter and applause, rhythmic clapping.

STEVE PERLMAN (CONT'D)  
(holds up his hands)  
Okay, okay!

Rhythmic clapping dies down.

STEVE PERLMAN (CONT'D)  
Ladies and gentlemen, I now present  
Fred Halderm and the world premiere  
of the Concerto In B Minor!!

Vigorous cheers and applause as Perlman turns upstage.

Nobody appears.

STEVE PERLMAN (CONT'D)  
Ladies and gentlemen, I present--  
Mr. Fred Halderm!! And the Concerto  
In B Minor!

Nobody.

AS BOOS START AGAIN

Halderm comes on stage meekly.

Tightly grasping the *HE SAYS* stiletto high-heel given to him  
by Tommy.

Still dressed in jail clothes, goes to the piano.

Carefully sets the stiletto on the mantle beside the spoon.

AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE... Paul and Juana can barely contain  
their enthusiasm.

Miss July and Tommy share a smile, and one of Miss July's  
feet IS DEFINITELY BARE.

Halderm's fingers touch the keyboard, and he plays lightly,  
elegantly.

THEN

Expertly, without hesitation.

As if he'd never missed a beat in the years he's been away.

Audience members clap approvingly.

Others nod with pleasant surprise as Halderm gains confidence  
and flips a sheet music page forward.

EXT. CAISSON JUNK YARD - JACOB'S VAN - NIGHT

FOG settles in on the yard, a candle flickers inside the van.

INT. JACOB'S VAN - NIGHT

Jacob is tied up with rope, shivering.

The cheap bouquet of flowers strewn about.

Joseph drinks heavily from a bottle of cheap whiskey.

JOSEPH

How come she din' take them  
flowersh, boy? She too good fer  
you, like she too good for yer--  
yer-- damn mon'-- money?

One hand on a GASOLINE CAN.

The other holds up the Polaroid picture of Jacob's mom that  
Jacob showed to Miss July.

Joseph flicks a Bic lighter, sets the picture on fire, drops  
it to the floor.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Yer damn mother didn' like them  
guns. Ain't my fault.  
(guzzles more whiskey)  
Fuck that dumb bitch, she shouldna  
friggin' married me.

Yells insanely, veins bulging out of his crimson neck.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

She knewed I liked them guns!!

Stares blankly at the flickering candle.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

You know wha'sh real fine 'bout  
fire? I'sh clean. It gits ta truth.  
It ain't tell no friggin lies!

Has another swig of whiskey, takes the gas can cap off.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

You laugh at me'n 'spect ta git  
'way with it? At ME?!!

Spits on Jacob, who doesn't even blink.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Not on my prop'ty!! Not in my wo'--  
world--

Threatens to pour gas on him, but doesn't.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
Yer lucky yer family.

STUMBLES OUTSIDE

Gas can in one hand, bottle of whiskey and Bic lighter in the other.

To behind the junk yard office and a dilapidated shed.

From which an extension cord runs through a crack in the wall to an office power outlet.

INSIDE THE DILAPIDATED SHED

A freezer is plugged into the extension cord.

Joseph lifts open the freezer's lid.

In a block of thick ice is the bloodied, dead body of a woman with striking blond hair.

**It's his former wife, and Jacob's mom.**

Joseph pours whiskey over the ice block.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
Weren't ain't no secret. You know'd it.

Slams the freezer lid shut, staggers outside to his truck.

INSIDE JACOB'S VAN

Jacob still tied up, comatose.

INT. CARNEGIE HALL AUDITORIUM - ON STAGE - NIGHT

Haldern plays with fully absorbed concentration, as if there is no separation between himself and the piano.

FROM HIS POV

The audience doesn't exist, except for Miss July.

EXT. CRACKERVILLE - HALDERN'S RANCH PROPERTY - NIGHT

In his truck.

Joseph drives up a gravel road toward the ranch house, but further access is blocked with construction fences.

On the other side is a bulldozer, and other construction equipment being used to stabilize the massive sinkhole.

INT. JOSEPH'S HEAVY DUTY TRUCK - NIGHT

He motors along, gulping from the whiskey bottle. Gasoline can bumping against the passenger door, spilling gas.

JOSEPH  
(very drunkenly)  
Better man 'n me. New York friggin'  
fuckin' city. Big frick-- frickin'  
deal.

In the nearby field, A HERD OF WILD HORSES settles in for the evening.

Truck lurches onto the field, gas can splashes out more gas.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
Old white man piece of shit  
better'n me. Ain't no old---  
better'n---

INT. CARNEGIE HALL AUDITORIUM - ON STAGE - NIGHT

Haldern confidently flips a sheet music page off the piano mantle, pounds the keys furiously.

THEN as he arrives at the bridge gap...

... his fingers freeze over the keyboard.

In the wings, Steve Perlman also freezes.

As does the entire audience.

A few people make catcalls.

Nervous laughter and clapping ripples throughout.

JUANA  
(jumps to her feet)  
C'mon, prof'! Go for it!

Haldern squints into the darkened theater.

INT. CRACKERVILLE COLLEGE - HALDERN'S CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Cheering him on, Haldern's students watch a live stream of the concert on Paul's iPad.

EXT. CRACKERVILLE - THE CRACKER CAFE - NIGHT

Packed with locals excitedly watching a live PAY-PER-VIEW broadcast of the concert.

Even the new cook is enthralled.

INT. CARNEGIE HALL - ON STAGE - NIGHT

Haldern wanders around nervously, muttering.

Finally ends up downstage center, in front of Miss July.

Looks down, sees her sensual bare foot and toes.

Their eyes meet, *it's their special secret.*

He relaxes, goes back to the piano.

With one finger, plunks several notes from Mary Had A Little Lamb.

Juana and Paul applaud gleefully.

And Haldern plunges back into the concerto with GREAT VITALITY AND DETERMINATION.

EXT. CRACKERVILLE - FIELD NEAR HALDERN'S RANCH PROPERTY - NIGHT

Joseph's truck encounters soft soil and craggy rocks as it caroms through the rough fields, headlights OFF.

The herd of wild horses mingles nervously as it approaches.

INSIDE TRUCK

Joseph squints to see the ranch house, doesn't notice the horses.

THEN the truck hits a deep hole, lurches violently.

Joseph jams on the brakes, but it's no use as the truck tumbles over, landing on its side.

He crawls out, bloodied and disoriented, dragging the gas can as he staggers toward Haldern's ranch house.

JOSEPH  
Fire will cleanse you! FIRE WILL  
CLEANSE YOU ALL!!

Falls on a pile of jagged rocks.

Gas can bursts open and A SPARK ignites the outpouring gas.

With his heavy boot he kicks the can, causing it to spill and tumble over onto the truck, setting it ablaze.

The wild horses are startled, panicked, and gallop around confused, whinnying and neighing.

Joseph tries running away but can't avoid them.

And begins to get trampled.

Raises his arms to protect himself and then the truck EXPLODES, causing the horses to become frenzied...

... and Joseph is **TRAMPLED TO DEATH.**

The wild horses gallop away as the truck blazes fiercely, completely engulfed in flames, illuminating Joseph's crushed and bleeding skull buried in the ground.

INT. PRODUCTION TRUCK - OUTSIDE CARNEGIE HALL - NIGHT

ON A VIDEO MONITOR

Haldern's fingers run up and down the keyboard, preparing for the crescendo.

PRODUCTION MANAGER

Move in, move in. Slowly---

INT. CARNEGIE HALL AUDITORIUM - ON STAGE

Haldern pounds out the last, brilliantly magnificent chords of the Concerto In B Minor.

A final flourish.

Then plunks the single key that he played in his classroom, allowing it to resonate into silence.

Audience is silent, transfixed.

Haldern looks at them, not knowing what to do next.

Tommy leaps to his feet, clapping and shouting.

TOMMY

Way to go, Fred!! Bravo, brother!  
Fucking bravo!

Beyonce jumps to her feet.



BEYONCE  
Bravo! Bravo, Fred!

Then the entire audience is up, clapping vigorously, cheering voraciously, shouting Halder's name.

He manages to smile humbly.

Miss July stands up on her *HE SAYS* stiletto high-heel, smiling sweetly.

And Halder bows deeply just to her.

Then turns and walks off stage.

After more thunderous applause and shouting, he returns for an encore, bowing this time to the entire audience.

Before leaving the stage, he grabs the anxiety spoon... and his *HE SAYS* stiletto high-heel from off the piano mantle.

POV OF HANDHELD STEADICAM CAMERA

FOLLOWING HALDERN BACKSTAGE where he is hugged warmly by Steve Perlman.

Backstage crew, including Make-Up Person and Production Assistant, applaud as Halder bows before them.

CAMERA KEEPS GOING and lifts up through Carnegie Hall's roof, floats into the glorious sky over mid-town Manhattan and the Brooklyn Bridge.

And all the twinkling magnificence of New York City at night.

CAMERA FLIES OVER LA GUARDIA AIRPORT then heads West, over highways and byways and mountains and valleys of America as the sun rises on the Montana horizon.

CAMERA gets lower to the ground, passing over two ambulance medics loading Joseph's covered body into a coroner's vehicle on the fields next to Halder's ranch.

Burnt-out shell of Joseph's truck is being doused by a fire engine crew, while Sheriff Bill chats with the Fire Chief.

CAMERA CONTINUES ON then merges with the front nose of a private Gulfstream jet landing on an air strip outside of Crackerville.

EXT. CRACKERVILLE - CAISSON JUNK YARD - DAY

The four MT BIG BOYZ bikers have returned on their Harleys, led as always by Tommy.

## BESIDE AN AMBULANCE

A paramedic finishes tending to Jacob's various cuts and bruises.

A fresh bandage covers the area where Jacob tried to cut away the NSS tattoo.

The freezer containing Jacob's mom is at the back of a coroner's vehicle.

Ambulance leaves.

Jacob and Tommy go to the coroner's vehicle.

A priest offers a blessing over the freezer.

THEN

TOMMY

I ain't got no words, Jacob.

JACOB

It's my mom. You know?

TOMMY

I ain't big on religion, neither.  
But she'll be in God's hands now. I  
figure she outta be safe there.

(glances at the other  
bikers)

Me and the fellas will help clean  
up the yard and rebuild the  
business.

Other bikers give thumbs-up.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

But after we bury your mom we're  
takin' your butt to rehab. And if  
you don't stay clean, me and the  
fellas gonna own this place. No  
fucking meth, no fucking alcohol,  
nothin'. Equal partners, bro. We  
good?

JACOB

(shyly)  
We good.

TOMMY

Let's ride.

Jacob hops on the back of his Harley, and all the bikers  
THUNDER out of the junk yard.

EXT. HALDERN'S RANCH PROPERTY - NEXT DAY

The bulldozer has started extensive grading, and a backhoe continues to fill in the enormous sinkhole.

Construction workers shore up the ranch house's foundation.

Fire truck hoses drains off a large pool of water.

Miss July's used Prius, loaded with boxes and suitcases, is parked on the gravel road outside the property.

Limo also there, Andy as usual, in the driver's seat.

Looking at a personal bank check Halderne has just handed him.

ANDY

Goodness, gracious me.

HALDERN

You've earned every penny, sir.

IN THE BACKGROUND

Miss July waits by Halderne's camper trailer rental.

HALDERN (CONT'D)

I might need to pick up a few groceries tomorrow.

ANDY

I'll stop by.

Halderne heads over to Miss July as the limo cruises away.

ARRIVING AT THE TRAILER

HALDERN

Well.

MISS JULY

Well.

He takes out a folded bank check.

HALDERN

Just have a look.

It's for one hundred thousand dollars and made out to *April Shanowitz*.

MISS JULY

I can't accept this, Freddie. I came to New York as a friend.

HALDERN

Then accept it as a friend.  
Otherwise I'm gonna say something  
completely ridiculous. Or, maybe  
just accept it as a gift from an  
old fool. And take your mother out  
for matzah soup.

She tearfully accepts the check.

MISS JULY

I'll take her out for matzah.

HALDERN

Give me one second!

Rushes back inside the trailer.

After a moment, their song True by Spandau Ballet begins to  
play splendidly, eloquently.

Haldern returns, bows elegantly, extends his hand.

HALDERN (CONT'D)

Miss Shanowitz, may I have the  
honor?

She takes his hand.

And they waltz grandly.

MISS JULY

He says.

A few wild horses graze lazily in nearby fields.

FADE OUT: