

BITTER HARVEST

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"And I saw a sign on Easy Street, said
'Be Prepared to Stop.'
Pray for the independent, little man
I don't see next year's crop.
And I sit here on the back porch in the
twilight
And I hear the crickets hum.
I sit and watch the lightning in the
distance but the showers never come.
I sit here and listen to the wind blow.
I sit here and rub my hands.
I sit here and listen to the clock strike,
and I wonder if I'll see my companion again."

-- **A Month of Sundays** (Don Henley)

INT. THE HAVER HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An empty living room. The blinds shut off the world. The SOUND of RUNNING WATER can be HEARD from somewhere in the house.

KITCHEN

Moonlight shines on an empty breakfast table with two chairs.

TOMMY'S BEDROOM

Posters of football heroes are on the walls. Trophies litter the window sill. The shape of a sleeping figure can be seen through the light making its way through the blinds.

MASTER BEDROOM

Another sleeping figure laying next to half of an empty bed. with the covers tossed back.

BATHROOM

BRIAN HAVER (Age 54) sits on the edge of a claw foot tub. He is in excellent shape, but grey has started to overtake his beard

He looks down at the straight razor on his wrist. The blade has broken the skin, but has not deep enough to cause harm.

Brian HEARS a SOUND BEHIND HIM. He turns to see TOMMY HAVER (8) disappear behind the doorway.

He quickly puts the razor away in the medicine cabinet, then washes his wrist off in the sink.

UPSTAIRS HALL

Brian looks outside the bathroom. Tommy is nowhere in sight.

BATHROOM

He heads into the bedroom through the bathroom other door.

MASTER BEDROOM

He crawls into bed, pulls up the covers and stares at the ceiling until he finally falls asleep.

EXT. FLASHBACK - BRIAN HAVER'S FARM - WHEAT FIELD - MORNING

A field of wheat. Ripened buds bounce by and glimpses of sunlight flash through the stalks.

The only SOUND is WIND RUSTLING through the WHEAT, until VOICES can be HEARD from far away:

TOMMY (O.S.)

Dad?!

BRIAN (O.S.)

Don't move, Honey! Jesus!
Don't--

TOMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Dad!! It hurts!! It--

INT. THE HAVER HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Brian sits bolt upright in bed. He looks at the clock on his night stand. It reads 5:16pm.

He slowly gets out of bed, being careful not to wake his partner.

BATHROOM

Brian turns on the light and stares at his reflection in the mirror. His eyes have a haunted, almost dead, look to them. He turns on the water and splashes some of it against his face

BRIAN

(to himself)

You're a Goddamn mess.

TOMMY (O.S.)

I don't think you're a mess, Daddy.

Brian turns to see TOMMY (8) sitting on the lip of the tub. He is wearing a plaid shirt, beat-up blue jeans and a Washington State Cougar's baseball cap.

BRIAN

Thanks, Hon, but I kinda do.

He takes a hand towel and dries his face.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I love you, TOMMY. You know that, don't you?

TOMMY

(embarrassed)

I know... You don't have to keep telling me, Dad.

BRIAN

Sorry, kiddo. But I do love you... Kinda.

TOMMY lovingly kicks his dad in the butt. Brian sticks his tongue out at his him.

KITCHEN - MORNING

The wall clock reads 7:04AM. A radio tuned to KVOX FM proudly plays "The hits of the eighties and nineties.

Brian can be seen through a window as he walks between the dirt driveway and the barn. He approaches the screen door and walks in.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Mornin'...

TILLIE HAVER (44) is in the kitchen sink cleaning the breakfast dishes. She doesn't answer Brian as she dries the dishes and puts them away. He looks at her lovingly.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Mornin', Honey...

She doesn't look at Brian as she closes the cabinets.

TILLIE
Morning, Bry...

Brian picks up the newspaper.

BRIAN
STOM HAVERach still botherin' you?

TILLIE
No.

Brian sits down and opens the paper. Tillie glances at him and starts to leave.

BRIAN
You have breakfast, 'Till?

She stops in the doorway and finally looks at him.

TILLIE
TOMMY up before you...Again?

Brian is quiet for a moment.

BRIAN
He was.

TILLIE
Thought I heard something. You two have a good talk?

BRIAN

He's a such a goof. Kicked me in the ass and -- Yes... Yeah, it was good.

Tillie leaves.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You always do that, Tillie.

Brian gets up from the table and starts to follow her.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Start a conversation and --

LIVING ROOM

Tillie makes it halfway across the room before Brian enters.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Don't leave. You always leave.

Tillie grabs her coat off the rack and starts to open the door.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Stop!

She stops, slams the door shut and turns on Brian.

TILLIE

What? What's so damn important?

BRIAN

You! You are! You're important.

TILLIE

Don't seem like it. TOMMY always come first. You talk to him all the time before you --

BRIAN

'Till... That ain't fair.

TILLIE

It's fair enough to know I come second, Bry, and I'm honestly tired of fighting for it. Second's not how we --

BRIAN

Tillie, please... You know that -- This sounds weird comin' outta you right now. You know I --

TILLIE

Hell, I ain't even second. TOMMY, then the farm.. Then me. In that order.

BRIAN

Where's this comin' from? We've got thirteen years into this farm -- Together. My parents started it from nothin' --

TILLIE

What's point you tryin' to make, Brian?

BRIAN

There's history here, Tillie --

TILLIE

That's the point, Bry. Don't you see it? There's no "us" anymore. No "history" for us. It's you and the farm. Sometimes TOMMY...

BRIAN

That's not fair.

TILLIE

Either is you tryin' to hang on to what you think we are.

Tillie opens the door, pushes the screen door and walks out.

Brian can hear the SOUND of a CAR STARTING and PULLING AWAY down the dirt driveway. He stares at the clock on the wall. It is 7:06am.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Having doubts about yourself is a natural thing, Brian. In fact, it's healthy--

INT. KEVIN JARRET'S OFFICE - DAY

Brian sits opposite his psychiatrist KEVIN JARRET (54).

KEVIN

Sharing that with a loved one is a good thing. It's natural. For instance... Have you told your sister Jenny you're seeing me, yet?

BRIAN

I don't know -- Not yet. I wanna keep my seein' you private.

The bookshelves in Kevin's office catch the sunlight. There is a clock on his desk. It reads 8:50 AM.

KEVIN

Private?

BRIAN

No one's business, but mine. I don't tell Jen, or Tillie, about the "bank stuff," right? So, I don't see why I have to tell nobody about you neither.

KEVIN

You still arguing with, Tillie?

BRIAN

Sometimes.

Kevin makes a note on his tablet.

KEVIN

Let's talk about the "bank stuff." Still feel obligated to come here... Because of Ms. Orwell?

BRIAN

Did at first. Now I come 'cause of how you and me talk. 'Bout me. And how you listen.

Brian watches Kevin make more notes.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Doesn't mean I think you're right. But you talk to me. Always feels like everyone else wants to talk at me, lately... Not to me. Like you. And you listen to me. You ain't like Orwell or.. Hell.. Even Tillie sometimes.

Kevin writes something down on his tablet.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You think I'm sick. Right? That's what you're writing.

KEVIN

It's our fourth appointment, Brian.
I usually don't tell people they're
sick until the seventh.

He looks up at Brian, smiles and goes back to his writing.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Gotta pace myself. Spread out our
appointments. Get as many out of
you as I can.

BRIAN

Insurance should cover most of
it... I've been payin' the co-pays,
Kev --

KEVIN

It's a joke, Bry... It's okay.
Really. It's okay. How long we
known each other? Stop worrying
about it. I told you it would take
awhile to find out way. And we
talked about using the word "sick,"
didn't we?

BRIAN

Yeah... You said everyone's got
problems, but that don't make 'em
"sick." Then you turned 'round had
me take a test to see if I was
"sick."

KEVIN

That's right...

BRIAN

Said it was a simple test -- And it
was -- Simple test that would tell
us more 'bout what I'd been
feeling... The Minneapolis --

KEVIN

The Minnesota Multi-Personality
Insight Test.

BRIAN

Didn't forget. Just didn't 'member
it right. Even had a laugh 'bout
it. 'Member?

KEVIN

I remember, Brian. We should be getting those results back fairly soon. Enough with the kicking yourself, okay? Your arguments with Tillie, for instance. You want to make it better between the two of you, right?

(beat)

We talked last session about your need to fix things. To "caretake," remember?

Brian starts to pick at the edge of the armrest on his chair.

BRIAN

I 'member, Kev... Jesus. Not my fault I care about my family.

KEVIN

I didn't say it was. You just tend to take the problems of others and try to fix them all, right? Before you think of yourself?

He gets up and sits on the edge of the desk in front of Brian.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Fix the unfixable. Your son's -- Your marriage. The farm. It's legacy. From what I've observed, you've done enough to fix things. You can't fix everything. Shouldn't have to. Time to let someone else carry the weight, don't you think?

Kevin reaches back, grabs his notepad and flips through the pages.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

We really haven't talked about how you're doing in general. Things getting any better at home?

BRIAN

No.

KEVIN

Just "no?"

BRIAN

Just about covers it.

KEVIN

C'mon, Bry -- We were laughing a second ago -- We can talk about things like this. You just said that I listen to you.

BRIAN

Just not in the mood today, 'kay? Not tryin' to sound mean or nothin'. Just --

KEVIN

I understand that, Brian, but --

A BELL RINGS softly.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

That's time for this week. It concerns me, Brian, that we tend to end like this a lot. These casual "getting to know each other again" sessions aren't going to help you as much as you think they might.

BRIAN

I'm sorry if it feels like I'm just goin' through the fucking motions for you, Kev. You and I both know I'm here 'cause of the bank. Orwell wants her "all clear" report in four weeks... I'm just tryin' my best to --

(quietly)

You don't have to pressure me, Kevin.

KEVIN

I'm not, Brian. That wasn't --

BRIAN

I've got enough to deal with right now --

KEVIN

I know, Brian. I know.

BRIAN

We really done?

KEVIN

Do you want us to be?

Brian gets up from his chair.

BRIAN
What time next week?

KEVIN
Same as this one.

Brian heads for the door.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Bry?

Brian stops short turns around.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
You really can open up to me more.
You know that, right? You used to
tell me shit all the time when we
were kids. Hell, we even spent a
whole summer at the lake together.

BRIAN
I know... This --

He looks around the office.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
This ain't the same, though. Don't
make me try and fake that it is,
'kay?

KEVIN
Okay, Brian. See you next week,
then.

BRIAN
Take care, Kev.

KEVIN
You, too.

The door closes quietly behind Brian.

Kevin reaches for his cellphone. He presses the record
button and begins to speak into it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Just saw Brian Haver in my office.
A fifty-four year old native of
Barnwald, Washington. Note: He
continues to be very adamant about
having invoices from our session be
sent to a P.O. Box in town. No e-
mails about our discussions. No
mail to his home. P.O. Box Only.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)
"Best to keep private things
private," he likes to say.

EXT. KEVIN JARRET'S OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Brian gets his Ford Truck. His eyes are moist and his mouth has narrowed to a thin line.

KEVIN (V.O.)
From discussions, I have found
Brian to be a pleasant man. Quiet.
As he always has been since we were
kids... But with underlying traits
common with Post Traumatic Stress
Disorder.

He backs the truck out of the stall of the strip mall.

KEVIN (V.O.)
Although more common with
individuals that have experienced
war-time trauma, I believe that
Brian may have suffered an "event"
of similar magnitude last year.

The truck bounces over a speed bump at the end of the parking lot and Brian drives out onto Main street without slowing down.

INT. BRIAN HAVER'S TRUCK - DAY

Brian stares the road ahead of him.

KEVIN (V.O.)
On May 27th, 2021, Brian lost his
sixteen year old son, Tom, to a
farming accident.

The small houses, on either side of the road, begin to whip by at an ever alarming rate until Brian passes the McDonald's at the edge of town.

KEVIN (V.O.)
Even though his son's death was
listed as accidental, Haver still
places the blame on himself. The
story is fairly well known around
town...

INT. KEVIN JARRET'S OFFICE - DAY

Kevin walks away from his office window.

KEVIN

New paragraph... Results of the Brian's test are scheduled to arrive this afternoon.

He sits at his desk and looks at Brian's Facebook page on his computer. The cover is a picture of him, Tillie and Tommy in happier times.

KEVIN (V.O.)

If confirmed, some warning signs may be confirmed and Brian may have to be hospitalized for observation. Until then --

Kevin turns off the recorder on his phone.

KEVIN

I guess I'll just have wait --

EXT. BRIAN HAVER'S FARM - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Brian leans against the barn with a package under his arm.

KEVIN

And say a little prayer.

He stares at the wheat threshing, sorting and bailing machine which is approximately twenty feet long. The front of it is a mess of blades and mechanical arms that run along the ground.

TOMMY(V.O.)

Dad?!

BRIAN (V.O.)

Don't move, Honey! Jesus!
Don't--

TOMMY (V.O.)

Dad!! It hurts!! It---!

Brian opens the door. Cobwebs lace the dark entryway. It's been awhile. He knocks back the strands, leans inside and pulls on a hanging string. His wristwatch reads 9:25AM.

Light fills the compartment and reveals a narrow metal walkway running the length of combine. Beyond that is a complex series of gears attached to the sorter.

INT. COMBINE - DOORWAY

Brian steps inside and kicks up some dust. He puts package down, unwraps it and reveals a new thrashing blade.

He sees where it should go and walks the length of combine to the thrasher.

THRASHER

It's even darker here. Brian traces the exposed slot where the part should go and tries pushing the new blade home. There is a bit of resistance at first before it slides into place. He tightens the restraining bolt and connects the assembly arm to the blade.

Brian wipes his forearm across his head, leaving a streak of grease and sweat, before he walks back to the doorway.

DOORWAY

He reaches down and picks up the wrappings. His eyes widen. The grease on his hands is laced with traces of blood.

Brian turns and sees blood running the length of the blade he just put in. It drips off the end and hisses onto the hot metal grate below.

He begins to suck in air.

Brian drops the wet wrapping, stumbles forward and clammers outside.

EXT. BRIAN HAVER'S FARM - DRIVEWAY - DAY

His foot misses the step and he falls forward.

Brian spins around to try and grab the doorway. He can see the blood on his hands is actually grease.

He hits the ground hard; smacking the back of his head against the dirt pack. It knocks him out.

ORWELL (V.O.)

I know you keep early hours, Brian,
but I'm going to need you to stay
awake.

INT. FLASHBACK - FIRST NATION BANK - ORWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Brian opens his eyes and sees that he is sitting across from CYNTHIA ORWELL (37) in her office at First Nation bank.

ORWELL

Thank you. It's nice to see you're
still with us.

(MORE)

ORWELL (CONT'D)

Brian, I want you to know that we are proud to have you as part of the First Nation family, but I'm worried about --

BRIAN

I missed planting for the crops last year. 'Cause of --

ORWELL

That's what concerns me.

BRIAN

I'll be on top of it this season. Promise. I've -- There's been -- Things have been pretty difficult.

ORWELL

I know, Brian... I know. And please don't think that we don't care --

BRIAN

I'll catch up all the loan payments after this season. That's a promise --

ORWELL

By every indication, I know that you should -- Or at least half of them... But, I'm hearing, however, that you haven't ordered enough supplies for the season. You sure everything's okay? You sure you're going to be able to do this?

BRIAN

I don't -- There's -- I've been tryin' to make up ground.

Orwell leans back in her chair.

ORWELL

I understand how your recent difficulties may have --

BRIAN

I'm on top of this, Ms. Orwell. My father left me this farm and I'm not --

BRIAN (CONT'D) ORWELL
 It's been in the family for Brian --
 eighty-three years and I'm
 not about to --

BRIAN (CONT'D) ORWELL (CONT'D)
 My father made it work Brian, please --
 through the worst drought
 this side of the mountains.
 Changes in the market --

BRIAN (CONT'D) ORWELL (CONT'D)
 I can't lose this farm, Ms. Stop. Brian...
 Orwell. I can't. It's my
 family's legacy. My son died
 there. It means more to me
 than -- I have to --

ORWELL (CONT'D)
 Stop. Please. Listen... I realize
 the loss of your son has clearly
 affected everything in your life.
 We're not monsters here --

BRIAN
 Thank you, Ms. Orwell, for bein' so
 understandin'. And please thank
 everyone at the Bank --

ORWELL
 That being said... We need...
 Something... To show your
 commitment to the loan. To help us
 maintain our relationships with
other area businesses. Keep your
 reputation safe with them, too. You
 understand? Would you be open to
 doing something for us, Brian? To
 make sure those things happen?

BRIAN
 Payin' the loan is important to me,
 Ms. Orwell. I hope you know that.
 Havin' this loan is a Godsend.

ORWELL
 We know, Brian. And, because of
 that, we're willing to forego all
 of last year's back-payments and
 bring the loan current --

BRIAN
 Thank God! Thank you, Ms. Orwell!
 You have no idea how much --

ORWELL

If... You start seeing Kevin Jarret.

Brian looks at Orwell in disbelief.

BRIAN

You want me to see a "shrink," Cindy?

ORWELL

I don't know anyone who could have dealt with what you've gone through, Brian. But... People talk. I hear things. They tell me things... And it might be in your best interest to visit Kevin and talk to him about TOMMY and --

BRIAN

Jesus...

ORWELL

It doesn't have to be forever. Just until we can get a medical report from him that you're back on stable ground.

BRIAN

I feel stable...

ORWELL

I know you might feel that way... But, please do this for the at the Bank... The community. For Me... And we'll continue to carry the loan. Keep it current. Otherwise, we'd have to --

BRIAN

Fine.

ORWELL

Fine?

BRIAN

Yes... Fine.

Brian leans back in his chair and closes his eyes wearily.

EXT. PRESENT - BRIAN HAVER'S FARM - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Brian's eyelids flutter open and he sees Tommy (8) is standing above him and straddling his legs.

Small pieces of straw cling to Tommy's work clothes. The wind rustles through his hair. His hands are behind his back and he is smiling oddly.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

TOMMY? TOMMY, Honey... What's wrong?

TOMMY

You gotta get up, Dad.

BRIAN

TOMMY... What is it? What's -- ?

TOMMY has switched from being an eight year old to being sixteen. TOM HAVER (16) brings a shotgun out from behind his back and aims it aiming it at Brian's stomach.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Why?

TOM HAVER

'Cause, Pop. 'Cause you don't know how to do your job. And if you don't know how to do your job... Then somebody's gotta do it for you.

BRIAN

You're dead, Honey... You can't hurt me, Tom.

TOM HAVER

Dead, Dad? That just means I make up the rules as I go along.

Tom pumps the shotgun.

TOM HAVER (CONT'D)

Sorry, Pop... I hurt. Everything hurts. You should have to feel it, too.

Brian screams as the shotgun blast rips through his world.

INT. THE HAVER HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Brian opens his eyes to find that he seated at the kitchen table. An untouched glass of orange juice is in front of him. The kitchen clock reads 10:20AM.

TOM HAVER
I've always wondered something,
Dad...

Tom is sitting across from him. His clothes have changed and he is now wearing jeans and his letterman's jacket over his tattered football jersey.

TOM HAVER (CONT'D)
Why didn't Mom come to my funeral?

BRIAN
You already know the answer to that, Honey.

TOM HAVER
Dad...

BRIAN
You dyin'. The way you died. All of it. Was hard on us, Tommy --

TOM HAVER
Tom.

BRIAN
Tom. On both of us. Your mother couldn't take it. She -- She needed more time and we just didn't have it. The funeral home would only keep you for a short time. We couldn't afford to keep you there while we worked our way through the lawsuit --

TOM HAVER
Which you lost.

BRIAN
Which we lost. We had to bury you, Sweetheart... And... Your mom just wasn't ready for that. God, like anyone was ready for -- Like I was ready for that.

TOM HAVER
You honestly think that's a good enough reason, Dad?

BRIAN
Why would you ask me a question like that?

TOM HAVER

Simple question. Should be able to answer it with a simple answer. You're a simple guy, right?

BRIAN

It's not as easy as you think, Tom. Emotions can play with your head.

TOM HAVER

That's the last thing the thresher took, right? My head?

BRIAN

That's not funny.

TOM HAVER

Wasn't trying to be.

BRIAN

Tommy...

TOM HAVER

Don't call me, Tom.

BRIAN

Tom. You have to understand that we all deal with things differently. Since your mother wasn't able to --

TOM HAVER

Refused to.

BRIAN

Able to... Wasn't able to go to your funeral. I had no choice but to go by myself. Whole town was gonna turn out. They all loved you. I knew I had to be there... To represent our family.

TOM HAVER

Thank you, Dad, but that sounds like your shrink talking --

BRIAN

I also knew you weren't really dead. After awhile -- Once the service was over -- Days, weeks, months maybe... I always felt like you'd still come home. Walk through the door like nothin' happened. And I was right... Wasn't I?

Tom stands and slowly walks through the table towards Brian. The Formica ripples slightly around the tops of his thighs as if he has entered a calm lake.

Halfway across Tom leans forward, grasps the edge of the table and stares at Brian.

TOM HAVER

I'm dead, Pop. That's something that you should never, ever, forget. Keeping me alive pisses me off, Dad. It really, really does.

Tom's eyes begin to fill with a thick film.

TOM HAVER (CONT'D)

Dead, Dad. Gone... But not gone. Understand?

Brian nods slightly.

TOM HAVER (CONT'D)

Time to face the real world, Dad. Take a deep breath, because I need to ask you a pretty tough question, okay?

He nods again.

Tommy has returned to Age 8. He puts his hand on his father's shoulder and squeezes it slightly.

TOMMY

Do you believe me? That I', dead? Otherwise I'm going to have to kick you in the ass again? But this time a whole lot harder, understand?

Tommy's youthful eyes stay locked with Brian's until they finally soften and the "film" drifts away. Tom Haver is sixteen again.

TOM HAVER

I need you to understand the truth, Dad, and help me. You've got some things that you need to fix.

EXT. SEATTLE, WA - JULIA HAVER'S HOME - DAY

JULIA HAVER (39) is mowing the lawn of her small house. She is dressed in cargo shorts and a tank top. Her smartwatch reads 11:10AM.

DIANA HAVER (34) steps out on the back porch of and yells to get her attention.

DIANA
Jules!

Julia doesn't hear her because earbuds in her ears.

DIANA (CONT'D)
JULIA?!

Diana steps off the porch, goes to her and touches her on the shoulder. It startles Julia and she pulls out one of her earbuds.

JULIA
What?! Too loud?

Diana smiles knowingly at her. She turns off the lawn mower.

DIANA
Phone. I think its Brian.

JULIA
Bry..? Really? Did I win a prize?

DIANA
No, but you could...

That "knowing" smile again.

JULIA
Now? Out here? Neighbors will love that! Or do you wanna have a go at it when I'm on the phone my brother? That could be a little weird.

Diana turns and heads for the house.

JULIA (CONT'D)
But I'm not against it.

She runs up behind her wife and tries to catch her before she darts inside.

INT. JULIA HAVER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Julia picks up the extension.

JULIA (CONT'D)
(shouting)
I got it, Di!

She waits for Diana to hang up on her end.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Hey, Bry, what's up?

BRIAN (O.S.)
Hey, Jules...

She smiles and tries to mock her brother's tone.

JULIA
(deeper like Brian)
Hey, Brian...

He doesn't answer.

JULIA (CONT'D)
You okay?

BRIAN (O.S.)
Yeah... I think so.

JULIA
You don't sound okay.

Brian hesitates for a moment.

BRIAN (O.S.)
I just... Just wanted to call and
say I'm sorry.

JULIA
Sorry..? Hey, I was just --
There's no reason to be --

BRIAN (O.S.)
I don't really know why I called --

JULIA
Everything okay? No bad news,
right? Things good?

BRIAN (O.S.)
Sure.

JULIA
Then what's going on? You sound
really weird. I'm here. You can
talk to me, right? Is it Tillie?

BRIAN (O.S.)
Not sure.

JULIA
 (smiling)
 Liar..

BRIAN (O.S.)
 Never lied to you, Julia... Never
 did. Never will. Proud of that at
 least. I just --
 (softening)
 Just wanted to hear your voice,
 Jules. That's all.

JULIA
 Ookay..?

BRIAN (O.S.)
 Tillie's gonna leave me, Jules --

JULIA
 Brian --

BRIAN (O.S.)
 -- But I'm okay with that now.

JULIA
 Are you? Because --

BRIAN (O.S.)
 I know what's next now. I'll fix
 it. I'll fix everythin'. Make it
 better for everyone.

Diana appears behind Julia. She is working her way through a
 bowl of ice cream.

JULIA
 What's that supposed to mean? Fix
 it?" Where's that come from? I
 know this must be hard for -- Hey,
 you need me to -- Do you need me to
 come over there?

BRIAN (O.S.)
 I'm... I'll take care of it. I'll
 fix everything. I'm okay. Just
 wanted to hear your voice. Always
 made me feel better. Hearing it.

JULIA
 Seriously? You don't sound -- I
 can catch a plane, be there in less
 and an hour and a --

BRIAN

It wasn't good for awhile. I'm be
better now. Tommy understands. We
talked about it.

JULIA

Hold on...

BRIAN (O.S.)

Just gonna do my job. What I'm
supposed to do. That's all. Fix it
for everyone.

Julia looks at Diana who is becoming more concerned.

JULIA

Look, just slow your roll. Relax
for a bit. I'll come over and take
care of things. Let me get on a
plane, 'Kay? Be over there in --

BRIAN (O.S.)

No. Don't. I know what to do.
And, if I don't, I can make it up
as I go along... I love you.

JULIA

I love --

Brian hangs up.

Julia leans against the door frame with the phone still in
her hand. She reaches out to her wife who takes her hand.

DIANA

Everything okay, Jules?

JULIA

I think I have to go...

INT. KEVIN JARRET'S OFFICE - DAY

He is staring at the screen of his computer and reading a
report. The clock on his computer reads 11:20AM.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Haver, Brian (54 year old male)
Mr. Haver is a withdrawn individual
who might be on the verge of a
psychotic break.

Kevin walks across the room to get his jacket.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This subject seems to be, in many respects, suffering from symptoms associated with P.T.S.D.

He puts on his jacket and fishes for his keys.

KEVIN (V.O)

However, based on a number of his responses, other "aspects" have surfaced.

Kevin can't find his keys. He crosses back across the room, pulls open a desk drawer and pulls them out.

KEVIN (V.O) (CONT'D)

The subject has a deeply rooted fear of authority.

INT. KEVIN JARRET'S ISUZU TROOPER - DAY

He gets inside of his SUV, puts on his seatbelt and starts it up.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Based on the quality of his responses, the subject tends to rationalize any violent behavior towards others or even himself.

He pulls out of his parking spot and almost slams into another car. Kevin looks at his rearview mirror, waves "Sorry" and then drives quickly onto Main Street.

MAIN STREET

Kevin roars by in his SUV unconcerned with speed laws. The shops on Main Street move past the windows at a dangerous pace.

KEVIN (V.O.)

These would include those closest to him.

As Kevin crosses the Barnwald City Limits, a SOUND of a SIREN can HEARD. He checks his rearview mirror and sees a Police Cruiser coming up fast.

EXT. HIGHWAY 12 - DAY

He pulls over to the side of the road in front of the McDonald's. OFFICER LEE CARTER (31) gets out of his vehicle.

KEVIN

Our consensus is that Mr. Brian Haver should be hospitalized immediately as he should be considered a danger himself and others.

Kevin opens his driver's side window as Office Carter approaches it.

INT. THE HAVER FARM - BARN - LOFT - DAY

Brian is sitting on a hay bail. A thin veneer of sweat covers him. There is a double-barrel shotgun lying across his legs. The access road to the farm, and to highway 12 can be seen through the open loft doors.

The staggering heat inside the barn doesn't seem to affect Tom who is sitting across from him.

BRIAN

You're... Really dead, Honey?

TOM HAVER

Dad, I told you --

Brian's eyes shift toward him.

BRIAN

It's hard. You realize how hard this is for me... Don't you?

Tom doesn't answer.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I watched you grow up, Honey. Saw somethin' new in you every day... Every week. I watched you turn your first words over in your mouth. Saw that magical look in your eyes when you knew, for the first time, that I was your Dad. When you began to understand what "Dad" meant.

(softly)

I saw it. But you've changed. You're not you now.

Brian looks off in the direction of the highway.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

It's not right to say that, I know... To you.

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

But I can see it now. You're different. All this. All of it. It's my fault. It's my fault you died. 'Cause I was pushing so hard on the farm, I couldn't --

TOM HAVER

If all you wanna do is feel sorry for yourself, Dad, do me a favor... Please, put that shotgun under your chin and pull the trigger. I don't need pity. I need you.

Brian looks at his son in disbelief.

TOM HAVER (CONT'D)

For the love of fucking God... Do it. But you won't, will you? No. You'll just keep sitting there... Thinking. Well, while you're doing that, you're gonna have to listen to what I have to say. First off - My dying wasn't your fault --

BRIAN

Then who's -- ?

TOM HAVER

Shut up! Fuck. Shut up for a few seconds and listen to me. God! Can you listen to me now instead of what's rattling around your head? Just for one goddamn second? Seriously? Is that too much to ask?

Tom's words echo in the rafters.

TOM HAVER (CONT'D)

You didn't kill anybody. People drove you too hard. Didn't they? They're the ones who were responsible. They wouldn't let up, would they?

Brian's eyes are wet with understanding. He shakes his head "No."

TOM HAVER (CONT'D)

You know who they are. Don't you? You know. Of course you do, Dad... Of course you do.

Tom turns his head towards the SOUND of an APPROACHING VEHICLE. Brian follows his son's gaze and sees the familiar sight of a truck making its way down the access road to the farm.

Brian can make out Tillie's face through its cloudy windshield.

He cracks the barrel of the shotgun and sees the ends of two brass shells. Brian steals a quick glance at Tom.

TOM HAVER (CONT'D)

I'm dead, Dad. Respect it. And you know why.. Who's fault it really is. Please, wake up... You've got things to do. You can fix this. Starting now.

Brian's eyes turn upward.

BRIAN

Thank you, Lord, for sending me my boy... My Angel of Mercy --

He hears the truck pull up outside.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

For his wisdom and all of the blessings that you shine upon me.

INT. SEA-TAC AIRPORT - TICKETING AREA - DAY

Julia approaches the ticketing area.

BRIAN (V.O.)

I ask for your strength and steady hand as I do --

She steps up to the ticket counter.

BRIAN (V.O.)

What I must do. Amen.

Julia places her driver's license and confirmation paperwork on the counter. The DESK ATTENDANT (24) smiles at her.

DESK ATTENDANT

Flight 736 to Spokane, Ms. Haver?
Any bags to check?

JULIA

No, ma'am.

EXT. THE HAVER FARM - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Tillie's truck sits, idling, in the driveway.

DESK ATTENDANT (O.S.)
What brings you to Spokane?

The engine stops.

JULIA (O.S.)
Family emergency...

Tillie opens the driver's side door, steps out of the truck and walks towards the tailgate.

INT. BARN - LOFT - DAY

Brian raises the shotgun and tracks Tillie's movements with the barrel. He closes his eyes and fires.

EXT. THE HAVER FARM - DRIVEWAY - DAY

The force of the blow slams Tillie violently into the truck. She begins to suck in deep, wet breaths before another shot rings out. She screams as it rips through her arm.

INT. BARN - LOFT - DAY

Brian drops the shotgun and slides down the ladder to the ground floor of the barn. Tom is nowhere to be seen.

EXT. THE HAVER FARM - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Tillie is clutching her stomach and managing to hold on to the side of the truck. Her breathing has become more shallow.

She barley make out Brian running to her from the barn.

Tillie tries to move, but her legs aren't working and she slide down the side of the truck.

TILLIE
(whispering)
Brian... Brian... Hide -- Someone's
out --

Blood seeps through her fingers as she sinks to the ground.

TILLIE (CONT'D)
 Please, Baby... Run. There's a gun
 in my truck... I hid it. Behind
 the seats. Take it.

Tillie looks up and sees Brian's worried face as he crouches in front of her. She tries to reach up for him, but her arm won't work.

TILLIE (CONT'D)
 Honey... I've been shot.

BRIAN
 I know, Love... I know...

Tears have begun to flow for both of them.

<p>TILLIE You've got to hide... Call someone... Help... Hide, Honey, please..? Please, find... (beat) Is -- Can you see..? Please, go... Run... Get in the house... (beat) Please, Babe...</p>	<p>BRIAN (CONT'D) (calmly) I know... I know... I know... (beat) I will... It's okay... just relax. We'll take care of it. (beat) It's going to be okay. I fixed it...</p>
--	--

TILLIE (CONT'D)
 (smiling)
 I love you...

Tillie's eyes turn vacant. She is gone.

Brian collapses onto the ground and takes Tillie into his arms. His body shakes as he clutches her against him.

He begins to sob uncontrollably

Tommy (8) walks into view behind Brian and he stands next to his father. He tugs on his shirt and tries to pull him away from Tillie. Brian falls into his son's embrace.

The boy holds his father close and begins to rock him back and forth. Tommy whispers into Brian's ear.

TOMMY
 It's okay, Daddy... Shhhhhh. It's
 okay. Mommy's better now. We're
 gonna be okay now. You don't have
 to worry about her anymore.
 Shhhh... You did what you needed to
 do, Daddy... Shhhh... Shhhh.

Brian lifts his head from his child's embrace. He now looking the eyes of the sixteen year old Tom.

TOM HAVER
 (soothing)
 Shhhh... Dad... Dad, it's okay...
 You fixed it. Hey, hey, hey,
 hey... Shhhh... Calm down. It's
 okay. You've gotta stay focused.

Brian clutches at his son's letterman's jacket. The tears won't stop.

TOM HAVER (CONT'D)
 You've still got some things to
 fix, okay?

INT. KEVIN JARRET'S ISUZU TROOPER - DAY

The clock on Kevin's dashboard reads 11:48AM. He sees Brian's truck pulling up to the end of his farm's driveway.

EXT. HIGHWAY 12 - DIRT ACCESS ROAD - DAY

Brian's lurches onto the highway and he starts to quickly cut the difference between himself and Kevin's SUV.

INT. KEVIN JARRET'S ISUZU TROOPER - DAY

Kevin leans on the horn. Brian doesn't show any signs of slowing. They are less than twenty yards from one another. He starts to roll down his window to say something when they pass each other.

EXT. HIGHWAY 12 - DAY

They are almost on top of each other as Brian's window starts to roll down.

INT. KEVIN JARRET'S ISUZU TROOPER - DAY

Kevin sees a shotgun is sticking out Brian's window.

KEVIN
 Fuck, fuck, fuck!

He frantically turns the wheel hard to the right just as the SOUND of a SHOTGUN BLAST can be HEARD.

Window glass explodes onto Kevin. Shards pepper him as he tries to keep his SUV under control.

EXT. HIGHWAY 12 - DAY

Brian's truck roars by as Kevin bounces off the road. The SUV breaks through a fence and plows into the wheat field. It comes to a stop in a cloud of dust and broken stalks.

INT. BRIAN HAVER'S TRUCK - DAY

Brian pulls the shotgun back inside and props it on the seat between him and Tom.

TOM HAVER
You okay, Dad?

Brian doesn't answer as he rolls up the window.

TOM HAVER (CONT'D)
You okay?

Brian turns on the radio.

TOM HAVER (CONT'D)
Dad?

BRIAN
Shut up, Tom! Please?! Just shut the fuck up for just one Goddamn minute? Need to think... Please...

Tommy is eight years old again. His eyes begin to fill with tears.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
For fuck's sake...
(softening)
Oh, Honey... Don't cry, okay? I didn't mean to yell. This is hard on me and --

EXT. HIGHWAY 12

Brian's truck passes the Barnwald City Limits sign.

BRIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Son.. Daddy's sorry.

INT. KEVIN JARRET'S IZUZU TROOPER - DAY

Kevin is unconscious and his head is leaning against the steering wheel. The clock on the dashboard reads 11:54AM.

His groggily reaches up and turns off the ignition.

Kevin raises his bloody head up and tries to find his cell phone. It is nowhere to be found.

EXT. HIGHWAY 12 - DAY

Kevin stumbles out of SUV and limps towards Brian's farm.

INT. FIRST NATION BANK - LOBBY - DAY

JENNY COLLINS (23) is doing business with off-duty police officer DARIN JONES (48). He is carrying his sidearm.

She gives him the rest of his cash and looks up to see Brian entering the bank. As he passes by her, she notices that he is wearing a long duster.

JENNY
Good afternoon, Mr. Haver --

BRIAN
11:54am. Still morning, Jenny --

Brian doesn't even look at her as he passes.

BRIAN (CONT'D) JENNY
Good morning. Mister Haver?

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Sorry, Jenny, can't talk right now.

He walks straight to back of the bank as Jenny turns to the other teller on duty RYAN PETERS (23).

JENNY
Ryan..? Give Ms. Orwell a call and see if she's --

Brian kicks the door open to Orwell's office and goes inside.

ORWELL'S OFFICE

Orwell stands up quickly.

ORWELL
Brian?!?

BRIAN
Hey, Cindy.

ORWELL
What are you -- ?

BRIAN
 Fixin' things.

ORWELL
 Excuse me..?

BRIAN
 You killed my son.

Orwell tries to walk around her desk, but Brian pulls a shotgun from beneath his jacket and levels it at her.

ORWELL
 Brian...

He kicks the door shut behind him.

BRIAN
 Sit down.

ORWELL
 Why?

BRIAN
 Just sit down, Cindy.

ORWELL
 And what will happen if I sit down?

BRIAN
 Just sit.

ORWELL
 N-No.

BRIAN
 Have it your way, then... Sitting
 or standing -- Doesn't make a
 difference to me.

Brian shoots Orwell. The impact throws her a wall of glass and it shatters. SCREAMS can be HEARD outside.

He sits down in the chair and stares at Orwell. The exhaustion on Brian's face is unmistakable.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 I can't do this anymore. I'm done.

TOM HAVER (O.S.)
 Not yet, Dad.

He looks in the direction of Orwell's desk. Tom is sitting on the corner of it.

TOM HAVER (CONT'D)
More to do, okay?

BRIAN
Tired.

TOM HAVER
I know, you are, but you need to
get ready. There's still people
out there.

Brian begins to reload.

BRIAN
Sorry. I forgot...

LOBBY

VINCE BURTON (38), Assistant Manager, is trying to call the
police.

Jenny and Ryan are trying to get out from behind the teller
windows.

Darin is still at the counter and is looking in the direction
of Orwell's office.

A elderly couple, ROBIN (72) and LOREN (70), are trying to
get out the front door.

A SHOTGUN BLAST rings out and the front door shatters. Robin
and Loren scream and freeze in place.

Everyone turns to in the direction of the shotgun blast.
Brian is standing in the doorway of Orwell's office.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Please, don't leave.

Robin takes Loren by the shoulders and tries to edge her
further toward the door. A shotgun blast blows a hole in the
wall next to them.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Please, I'm asking as nice as I
can.

They sit down with their backs against the wall.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Good idea, you two. Everyone do
that, please. Or just lay down flat
on the floor.

Darin tries to take a step toward Brian. His hands are open and his gun is still in its holster.

DARIN
Brian? Bry, you okay?

BRIAN
I'm fine, Darin. Please stay where you are.

Darin edges closer.

VINCE (O.S.)
You look great.

Brian turns and shoots a chair next to Vince. He screams and jumps away from it. His cell phone is still in his hand.

BRIAN
Put the phone down, Vince. Put it down... And go over there with Jenny and Ryan.

Vince drops the phone and joins Jenny and Ryan behind the counter. Brian turns back around to find that Darin a few behind him now.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Darin... Please. I asked you not to move closer.

Brian double-pumps his shotgun. Darin stops again.

DARIN
Brian, I --

BRIAN
Don't act like you're my friend, Darin... Please, do me the courtesy and sit the fuck down somewhere.

Tom looks through shattered glass in the front door.

TOM HAVER
Nice, Dad.

BRIAN
Thank you.

DARIN
You're welcome.

BRIAN
What?

DARIN
I said, 'You're welcome.'

BRIAN
For..?

DARIN
Nothing...

Darin sits behind the counter with Jenny, Ryan and Vince.

BRIAN
(to Tom Haver)
I need to stop now, okay? It looks
like everyone is pretty scared --

TOM HAVER
Not yet, Dad. Things are going to
get interesting real quick. You
ready for that?

Brian raises his gun wearily.

TOM HAVER (CONT'D)
Good...

EXT. HIGHWAY 12 - OUTSIDE THE HAVER FARM - AFTERNOON

Kevin staggers to the mailbox with dried blood on his face.
He reaches for his cell phone and remembers it's not there.

KEVIN
Fuck... Me.

Kevin checks his watch as limps down the long driveway.
12:01pm.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Twice.

INT. FIRST NATION BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Brian is on the edge of Vince Burton's desk with little Tommy
sitting next to him. No one else has moved from their spots.

The clock on the wall reads 12:01PM.

TOMMY
Dad... I'm bored. Can I play on
your phone?

BRIAN
Quiet now... I'm trying to think.

JENNY
We weren't saying anything, Mr.
Haver.

Ryan nudges Jenny.

BRIAN
What--? Oh, sorry, Jenny, I wasn't -

TOMMY
Can we do something else?

BRIAN
I don't think so... Not anymore.

Vince looks at Jenny and Ryan and then over to Darin.

TOMMY
I want to go home.

BRIAN
Sweetheart, it's going to be a
little difficult to do that.
Especially now.

DARIN
Hey, Bry?

Brian looks at Darin.

DARIN (CONT'D)
Hey, look, I understand... I can
see that, maybe, you're having some
trouble right now? Hard at home..?
Money problems...? Maybe Both?

BRIAN
I've -- I'm doin' better now,
Darin, 'Kay? I'm just trying to
think this through.

DARIN
Why don't you and I take a drive
somewhere -- Away from here -- Go
somewhere and shoot the shit?

BRIAN
Don't... Okay? Just don't.

DARIN
Done.

Tom Haver leans over to his father and whispers in his ear.

TOM HAVER
I'm glad you didn't fall for that
crap, Dad.

BRIAN
(whispers)
Language, Thomas.

TOM HAVER
Sorry, Dad.

The hostages look at one another.

Young Tommy has returned. He starts to pout and kick his
heels against the desk.

TOMMY
I just wanted to go home, that's
all.

BRIAN
Shhhh, Hon... shhhh.

Tommy continues to drumming his feet against the desk.

TOMMY
I just wanna --

Brian shoots Tommy an angry look, sees that his young son is
crying and his anger disappears.

BRIAN
All right, all right... I'll --
We'll see what I can do... Okay?

TOMMY
(sniffling)
Okay.

BRIAN
I just need you to promise to sit
still and let me think a little
bit, 'Kay?

TOMMY
'Kay.

EXT. FIRST NATION BANK - STREET - DAY

A police car pulls up across from bank.

BRIAN (O.S.)
Thank you, honey...

EXT. THE HAVER FARM - ACCESS ROAD

Kevin approaches the house. He can see the barn beyond it and that Tillie's truck is parked in front of it..

BRIAN (O.S.)
I'll get us home soon.

FRONT PORCH

Kevin opens the front door and goes inside.

INT. THE HAVER HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The house is silent. Kevin walks down the hall that connects the living room to the kitchen.

KITCHEN

An unfinished glass of orange juice sits on the table next to a folded newspaper. It is the only sign of life in the house.

Kevin goes to the wall phone, picks it up and begins to dial.

A clock next to the phone reads 12:09PM.

KEVIN
Hello? This is Kevin Jarret, I
need to report a shooting -- What?
Brian Haver -- On the way to his
farm. Highway 12. My car went off
the road and -- Few minutes ago.
Look, he's headed into town. And --
What -- ? His psychiatrist -- What?

He can see Tillie's truck from where he is standing.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
His house. And -- I just told you,
Jim. It's me, Kevin -- Yeah, I'm
his "shrink" --

Kevin can see that the truck is peppered with shotgun holes.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

He drops the phone and heads outside.

EXT. FIRST NATION BANK

The clock on the bank reads 12:09PM.

Officer Lee pulls up in his police car. He approaches the front of the bank and can see that glass from the door has blown out onto the sidewalk. He draws his gun and moves in.

INT. FIRST NATION BANK - LOBBY

Lee pushes his way inside. He scans the lobby. It's empty.

He slowly makes his way further inside and sees the kicked-in office door. He can also see Orwell's body from where he is standing.

He activates his shoulder mic.

LEE

Jim?

JIM (O.S.)

Come in, Lee.

LEE

We have a shooting victim at First Nation Bank. Requesting back-up and a coroner.

JIM (O.S.)

Ambulance?

LEE

No.

JIM (O.S.)

Any others?

LEE

Can't tell.

Lee turns the volume off. He walks behind the desks in the lobby and over to the teller windows. He begins to sweat.

As he reaches the other side of the windows he can HEAR the MUFFLED SOUND of PANICKED VOICES and SOBBING coming from inside the vault.

He presses the intercom next to it.

LEE (CONT'D)

You all right in there? Anyone injured?

He hears the SOUND of CONFUSED VOICES and MOVEMENT.

DARIN (O.S.)
 (from speaker)
 Lee?!? Jesus! Hello?!?

LEE
 Darin -- ?

BANK VAULT

Everyone is trying to press up against vault door. Darin is next to the intercom.

DARIN
 He took Jen!! He took--

LEE (O.S.)
 (from speaker)
 Who took her?

DARIN
 Haver -- Brian took her -- Told Jenny she had to go with him and put us in here.

LEE (O.S.)
 Where was he headed?

DARIN
 No idea --

LOBBY

Lee is looking at the door lock.

DARIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (from speaker)
 Just get us the fuck out of here?!?

Lee turns up the volume on his shoulder-mike.

JIM (O.S.)
 -- be hurt. Are you listening to me, Lee --?

LEE
 Send back up and a locksmith.

JIM (O.S.)
 Come again?

LEE
 Looks like our shooter is Brian
 Haver. He shot Cindy Orwell, then
 locked everyone in the vault.

JIM (O.S.)
 Christ...

LEE
 He took a hostage with him, too.
 Jen Miller.

JIM (O.S.)
 Any idea where?

LEE
 Couldn't tell you --

INT. BRIAN HAVER'S TRUCK - DAY

Jenny is in the passenger's seat with little Tommy sitting
 between Brian and her.

LEE (O.S.)
 Can't be far.

Brian's shotgun rests across his legs.

TOMMY
 Are we almost home, Dad?

BRIAN
 Almost there, sweetheart.

Jenny looks worriedly at Brian.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 Almost home.

TOMMY
 Is Mom there?

BRIAN
 Course she is.

Jenny glances outside the truck. They just passed McDonald's.

JENNY
 Mr. Haver?

BRIAN
 Yes?

JENNY

My house is on the other side of --

BRIAN

Not yours... Mine, Jenny... Well, mine, Tommy and Till's.

JENNY

Tommy and --

Tommy looks at Jenny confused. Indicating "I'm right here."

BRIAN

You mind if I call you, Jen? It's easier.

JENNY

S-Sure.

BRIAN

It's safe at the farm. We love it there. Gonna need you to stay with us... Just for a while... Just in case, okay?

JENNY

A-All right, Mr. Haver. If that's what you need.

BRIAN

Brian, okay? Please? Please, call me Brian, Jen.

JENNY

Brian.

He steals a look at her and smiles.

BRIAN

You're not like most people, Jen. You're kind. You listen. I like that.

JENNY

My parents always said I was a good listener.

Tom Haver has returned. He rolls his eyes at his father.

TOM HAVER

Shit, Dad. Mom's not even cold yet and you're flirting with the bitch from the bank.

BRIAN

When I want you're opinion, I'll
ask you for it... All right?

JENNY

(timidly)
Yes, sir.

TOMMY

(sarcastically)
Yes, Sir!

Jenny looks as if she has been slapped.

BRIAN

All right, then. And watch the
language.

EXT. HIGHWAY 12 - DAY

Brian's truck crosses the outskirts of town.

INT. THE HAVER HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

The clock on the wall reads 12:18PM as Kevin walks back into
to the house and picks up the phone he abandoned.

KEVIN

Cole? Jim? Hello?

Kevin hangs up the phone and re-dials.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Hello -- Jim? Kevin again. Look,
I think you better get Lee out --
Busy at the bank -- What for? Fuck,
it's Orwell isn't it? Never mind
how I knew. Listen, Jim, I think
Brian's lost it. He's the one who
took a shot at me -- I don't think
he knew who he was shooting at --
No, I don't think he hates me. I
think I'm okay, but --

INT. FLIGHT 367 TO SPOKANE, WASH - DAY

Julia sits next to businessman COLIN GAINES (24).

KEVIN (O.S.)

I'm pretty sure he's making his way
down a list.

She shuts her magazine, shoves it into the pocket in front of her and checks her phone before putting it away and grabbing the magazine again.

Colin watches her for a moment.

COLIN

You okay?

JULIA

Oh... Yes. Thank you. I'm fine. I think?

COLIN

Sure you couldn't use a drink? This flight's a puddle jumper, but I bet you could finish one off before we land.

JULIA

Rather not. But, thank you for asking.

COLIN

No problem. My name's Colin. You work in Spokane -- ?

JULIA

No. Visiting family in Barnwald.

COLIN

Barnwald?

JULIA

Small town. About ten miles north of Spokane. Between Martinrock and Haven. Blink and you miss it.

COLIN

Sounds nice. Never heard of it, though.

JULIA

Doesn't surprise me. Most people haven't...

COLIN

So you moved to --

JULIA

Escaped. Had to get away from my family. Farm life...

COLIN
Oh, sorry.

EXT. THE HAVER FARM - ACCESS ROAD - DAY

Brian's truck pulls off Highway 12 and makes its way down the driveway.

JULIA (O.S.)
So am I.

INT. BRIAN HAVER'S TRUCK - DAY

Tom Haver is not pleased.

TOM HAVER
Dad?

BRIAN
Yeah, Hon?

TOM HAVER
Can I get out here, please, and walk?

Brian slows the truck down, but doesn't stop. Jenny tightens her grip on the arm rest.

BRIAN
You okay?

Jenny looks down and loosens her grip.

JENNY
I'm scared, that's all.

TOM HAVER HAVER
I just want --

Tom Haver shoots her an angry look.

TOM HAVER
Would you tell her not to talk over me? It's bad enough that she's --

Brian slams on the brakes and they all lurch forward.

BRIAN
That's enough!

JENNY
I'm sorry, Mr. Haver, I'm sorry!

BRIAN
It's not you, Jen. I'm sorry I
made you feel that way. It's not
your fault.

JENNY
Thank you.

TOM HAVER HAVER
Whatever.

Brian turns off the engine and gets out. He goes around the truck and holds the door open for his son. Tom Haver slides out on the driver's side and next to his dad.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Are we getting out here?

BRIAN
Not us.

Brian gets back into the truck and starts the engine. He pulls away from little Tommy, who watches the truck for a moment before entering the wheat field.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I thought we'd wait in the house.
Thirsty, Jen? I'm thirsty. You
thirsty?

Jenny nods her head.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Good. I've got pop.. Orange juice.
Beer if you want it.

He puts his foot on the gas and picks up speed. Jenny watches the wheat as it rushes by.

JENNY
Please, Mr. Haver --

BRIAN
Brian.

JENNY
Please, Brian... Don't hurt me,
okay? I --

BRIAN
Hurt you, Jen?

INT. OFFICER LEE'S SQUAD CAR - DAY

Lee eases back into his seat.

BRIAN (V.O.)
Never in a million years...

He picks up the SQUEALING TWO-WAY RADIO. The clock next to the it reads 12:28PM.

JIM (O.S.)
Lee? If you're there, Man, c'mon,
pick up --

LEE
Here.

JIM (O.S.)
Done at the bank?

LEE
Coroner from Martinrock showed up.
Says Chief Carlson's coming over
with a couple of his deputies to
help search for Haver.

JIM (V.O.)
Just got off the phone with Kevin
Jarret -- Haver's shrink -- He's at
the Brian's farm. Thinks Haver
shot up the place before he headed
to the bank --

LEE
Jesus.

Lee does a U-turn in the middle of Main Street. He guns the squad car in the direction of the Haver farm.

LEE (CONT'D)
On my way there.

JIM (O.S.)
Hold up. I'll send Carlson and his
guys there. You head for Kevin's
office.

LEE
If Kev's at the farm --

JIM (O.S.)
Kevin thinks Brian's got a list and
he's working his way through it.
The farm. The bank. His office.
Thought he might head there,too --

LEE
I'll stop at his office on the way
to the farm --

INT. THE HAVER HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

The clock in the kitchen reads 12:31pm.

LEE (V.O.)
See if he's been there.

Kevin sits the table. He has a bag of ice pressed against head. He hears Brian's pull up to the back of the house, but can't see behind Tillie's truck.

He picks up the phone and begins to dial it quickly.

KEVIN
(whispering)
Jim? Kevin again... He's here.
Brian's here at the farm.

He leans over to get a better look outside.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Not sure which way he's coming in.
Front or back.

JIM (O.S.)
If he's there --

Kevin has stretched the phone chord as far as it can go as he cranes to see out the window.

JIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Get out of the house. Hide
somewhere outside.

Kevin doesn't see Jenny is standing in the hall doorway. Brian walks into view behind her.

KEVIN
I don't see him anywhere. Let me --

BRIAN
What are you doing inside my house,
Kevin?

Kevin shoves the phone behind his back.

KEVIN
Brian, Listen.

BRIAN
Hang up the phone.

Brian pulls a chair out for Jenny.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Have a seat, Jenny. Please.

She sits.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Kevin, please, don't make me ask
you again... Hang up the phone

Brian pulls out a chair for Kevin.

KEVIN
Brian... I think you might be going
through some things that -- That
might be difficult for you to
understand. Can we step outside
and talk about --

BRIAN
Please... Kevin... Hang up the
phone.

Jenny's eyes plead with Kevin to do what he says.

KEVIN
I think... That... If we can just
calm down and come to --

BRIAN
I think I'm calm.

TOM HAVER (O.S.)
So do I, Dad...

Brian can see that Tom Haver is sitting next to Jenny.

BRIAN
I'm tryin' my best to being
polite... And I'm only going to ask
you this last time, Kev, 'cause I
consider you to be a friend...
And... I don't want to hurt you.
Please, for the love of God, hang
up the mother fucking phone.

KEVIN
I don't think that's in either of
our best interests, Brian.

BRIAN
You're certainly entitled to your
opinion--

Brian reaches past Kevin and rips the phone off the wall.
Jenny screams, but doesn't move from her chair. Kevin looks
at her.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Stop lookin' at her. She's with
me. Last time...

Brian pumps his shotgun.

KEVIN
Sit. Down.

Kevin finally does. Jenny looks relieved while Tom Haver
looks satisfied.

BRIAN
Somethin's been buggin' me for
years, Kev. Wanna hear it? You
bein' my psychiatrist and all.

KEVIN
I'm here, Brian. If you wanna talk,
we can --

BRIAN
Do you even like me?

KEVIN
Do you really think I'm going to
answer a question like that?
Truthfully? With a gun pointed --

BRIAN
Now who's bein' evasive?

KEVIN
Give me a fucking break, Bry...

BRIAN
Should be a simple answer, I think.

Jenny kicks Kevin under the table. He can see that she is
terrified.

KEVIN
I liked you, Brian... Okay? My
friends thought you were a freak,
but I liked you.

BRIAN
How about now?

KEVIN
Right now? Now now? I'm not the
best person to ask.

BRIAN
(chuckling)
Gun aside. Do.. You.. Like.. Me..
Now?

TOM HAVER
Why's this so fucking important,
Dad?

BRIAN
(to Tom Haver)
STOP!

Jenny stiffens.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
This has nothing to do with you.

Little TOMMY returns and look solemn. Jenny is motionless.
It's up to Kevin now.

KEVIN
Yes. Yes, Brian. I like you now.
But, I've gotta tell you.. You've
got me really worried, Bry.

BRIAN
Good. That settles everything.

KEVIN
It doesn't, Brian. It barely --

BRIAN
It does to me.

KEVIN
Settles what exactly?

Brian rests his hand on Kevin's shoulder.

BRIAN
Whether you should you stay... Or
go.

EXT. HIGHWAY 12 - DAY

Lee's squad car tears past Kevin's office and flies onto Highway 12 in the direction of the Haver Farm.

INT. OFFICER LEE'S SQUAD CAR - DAY

He is gripping the wheel hard enough to turn his knuckles white.

LEE

What'd you hear when you were talking to Kevin --?

JIM (O.S.)

I heard voices, something breaking and then nothing. Had to be Haver.

LEE

Shit --

JIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Wait for back-up. Carlson is on his way --

Lee's cruiser rushes by McDonald's.

LEE (CONT'D)

Come again?

INT. BARNWALD POLICE STATION - DAY

JIM COLE (22) sits at his desk which is crowded with papers.

JIM

Wait for back-up. Wait for Carlson and his people to get there.

LEE (O.S.)

I can talk him down.

JIM

Not your call. Mine --

INT. OFFICER LEE'S SQUAD CAR - DAY

Lee guns the car faster.

LEE

I'm not gonna shoot up the place, Jim.

JIM (O.S.)
 Lee, just this once -- Wait for
 back up.

LEE
 For Christ's sake --

INT. BARNWALD POLICE STATION - DAY

Jim is tracking Lee's car on GPS.

JIM
 Say it out loud --

LEE (O.S.)
 Jesus, you're as bad as Sarah...

JIM
 Lee..?

EXT. HIGHWAY 12 - DAY

Lee drives past Kevin's wrecked SUV.

LEE
 All right. If it'll make you
 happy.

He pulls up on the entrance to the Haver Farm and checks his
 time on his scanner. 12:44PM.

LEE (CONT'D)
 I give you my word.

EXT. BRIAN HAVER'S FARM - ACCESS ROAD - DAY

Lee's cruiser makes its way down the dirt road.

LEE (V.O.)
 I'll wait for back up.

EXT. SPOKANE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Julia steps through the sliding doors and into the eastern
 Washington heat. A clock above her reads 12:44PM as she
 approaches the transportation stand.

INT. PAUL BLEVIN'S UBER - DAY

She opens the car door and slides into the back seat. PAUL BLEVIN (44) sits behind the wheel.

PAUL
You going to Barnwald?

JULIA
Well, just outside of it.

PAUL
That might take a little longer--

JULIA
Not a problem.

PAUL
They're kinda busy out there.

JULIA
Busy?

Paul merges into traffic.

PAUL
Yeah... Some guy shot up the bank
and then took off. All over my
scanner.

JULIA
God...

PAUL
They're callin' extra cops from
other towns to find him.

JULIA
No shit...

PAUL
No shit.

Paul makes his way through the airport traffic as quickly as he can.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Lived over here for nine years.
Never heard of nothin' like this.

JULIA
How much money did he get?

PAUL
The guy? None. Just went in, shot
the bank manager and --

JULIA
The manager?

PAUL
Name was Orwell. I think that's
it. Anyway, he shoots her. Puts
the rest of the people in the
vault. Didn't take a fuckin' dime.
Fuckin' dumb ass.

JULIA
Sounds like it.

PAUL
Fuck an "A" sounds like it.

EXT. THE HAVER FARM - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Lee's police cruiser pulls up behind Brian and Tillie's
trucks.

PAUL (O.S.)
There's gotta be something fucked
up with a guy like that.

He gets out and draws his gun.

Lee approaches the house slowly around t Tillie's truck and
sees two shotgun blasts peppered across it.

LEE
Jesus...

Lee turns and heads in the direction of where it looks like
the shots were fired from. He cautiously enters the barn.

INT. BARN - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

His eyes scan the area quickly: stalls, hay bales, tool area
and loft.

No one there.

Lee glances behind him in the direction of the house. The
only SOUND he can HEAR is the BREEZE through the wheat
fields.

EXT. THE HAVER FARM - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Lee walks back across the driveway and up the back porch.

THE HAVER HOME - BACK PORCH

He eases the kitchen door open with the barrel of his gun.

INT. THE HAVER HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Lee's gun is through the door before he is. He enters the kitchen and finds it empty. He checks a knob on the door to his left and finds it locked. He knocks on it.

LEE

Barnwald Police Department... Mr.
Haver? Please, open the door.

No answer.

He keeps the locked door in sight as approaches the hallway.

HALL

Lee searches the bottom floor of the house before making his way up the stairs.

TOMMY'S BEDROOM

Lee enters Tommy's room and crosses to the closet. He opens it and finds it empty. A quick glance out the window. No one out there either.

He looks at the bed and sees a form under the covers.

Lee pulls it back to see pillows have been placed there to make it look like a body.

UPSTAIRS HALL

He finishes a quick sweep upstairs and then heads back down.

KITCHEN

Lee returns to the locked door.. Just as he is about to knock again, his shoulder MIC SQUAWKS to life.

JIM (O.S.)

Lee? Lee? Come in, Lee --

He turns off the volume and knocks on the closed door.

LEE

Mr. Haver?

This time, Lee HEARS a MUFFLED SOUND from beyond the door.

LEE (CONT'D)
Mr. Haver... I promise you.. If
you don't open the door... I'll
shoot off the lock.

No response.

LEE (CONT'D)
Mr. Haver? You have until the count
of three to comply.

Lee backs away from the door.

LEE (CONT'D)
One... Two... Three.

He shoots off the knob of the door swings open slightly.

Lee nudges it open with his foot and steps through. There are a set of stairs going down into a dark cellar. He tries the light switch, but it doesn't work.

He takes his flashlight off his belt, turns it on, places it above the barrel of his gun and aims downward.

The light reveals a dirt floor and nothing else.

LEE (CONT'D)
Mr. Haver... Please, step into the
light so that I can see you.

There's no movement from downstairs. Just a quiet, muffled voice..

Lee walks downstairs.

CELLAR

He shines his light around the cellar and finds a body lying face down in the dirt. Lee kneels beside it and checks its pulse before turning it over. It's Kevin Jarret.

It's Kevin Jarret. There is a mix of blood and dirt caked on his face and his forehead is bruised and swollen.

Kevin's squeezes his eyes tightly against the light from Lee's flashlight.

KEVIN
Fuck... Enough with the --

He sets the flashlight down on the floor.

LEE
Where's Haver?

KEVIN
Don't know. Forced me downstairs
and -- You know he's got a girl
with him?

Kevin tries to get up and winces in pain.

LEE
Please, take it easy... You look
like you've got hit pretty hard.

He reaches up and touches the wound on his head.

KEVIN
Well.. The ass end of a rifle is a
thing. Is he gone?

LEE
His truck is still outside.
Anywhere around here he might go
to? Stay? Hide?

KEVIN
Sorry... I was eleven the last time
I was out here. What time is it?

LEE
About one o'clock.

KEVIN
Well, Brian can't be that far.

EXT. THE HAVER FARM - BARN - DAY

The combine door swings open and Brian peers outside.

KEVIN (V.O.)
He beaned me about twenty minutes
ago.

He steps outside and pulling Jenny out with him.

KEVIN (V.O.)
Said he wouldn't hurt her. He
promised he wouldn't hurt her... It
wasn't her fault.

Brian levels the shotgun at Jenny and motions her to go into
the barn.

INT. BARN - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Jenny enters the barn and Brian is right behind her.

KEVIN (V.O.)
Told me he had "work to do... Just
wanted to fix everything... And be
done."

Brian points to the ladder and Jenny climbs up.

KEVIN (V.O.)
"Fix what?" I asked him. "You
already know," he told me.

INT. THE HAVER HOME - CELLAR

Kevin keeps checking his wound for fresh blood. It's
stopped.

KEVIN
He locked the basement door from
the inside when we came down.
Then this.

Kevin points to his head.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
He must have left that way.

Kevin points to the storm cellar doors. Lee crosses over and
tries them. They don't budge.

EXT. THE HAVER HOME - CELLAR DOORS - DAY

The SOUND of POUNDING can be HEARD from INSIDE. A shovel has
been pushed through the door handles.

INT. THE HAVER HOME - CELLAR - DAY

Lee crosses to the stairs

LEE
He's got the doors locked from
outside.

Kevin struggles to get to his feet.

KEVIN
He said he was going to "fix
everything." What's that supposed
to mean?

LEE
 Let's get you upstairs... You can
 cleaned yourself up.

Kevin walks up the stairs as Lee presses his shoulder mic.

LEE (CONT'D)
 Jim?

JIM (O.S.)
 Where have -- ?

LEE
 Had to go silent for a bit.

JIM (O.S.)
 Had to go -- You're in the fucking
 house, aren't you?

LEE
 I found Kevin Jarret, he's --

JIM (O.S.)
 One simple thing --

LEE
 Jarret's injured. It looks
 superficial.

He starts up the stairs.

JIM (O.S.)
 Carlson just checked in. They're
 about five minutes away from you.

LEE
 Send an ambulance for Jarret.
 Have 'em wait out on 12. We can
 call them in when its all clear or
 send him out there.

KITCHEN

Lee enters the kitchen. Kevin is running cold water over a
 hand towel. He touches his face with it and then quickly
 jerks it away.

JIM (O.S.)
 Where are you now?

LEE
 In the kitchen.

He looks out the window.

LEE (CONT'D)
Still no sign of Haver.

JIM (O.S.)
Would it be too difficult for you
to just.. Stay.. Right.. There?

Kevin turns and smiles at Lee.

LEE
Sure thing. You've got my word on
that, too.

JIM (O.S.)
Fuckler.

Lee turns down the mic and grins at Kevin.

LEE
Needs to manage his stress.

Kevin and Lee begin to laugh which breaks the tension for a
moment. The SOUND CARRIES --

INT. BARN - LOFT

Brian HEARS IT and so does Little Tommy. They are sitting
next to one another near the door frame of the open loft
door.

TOMMY
Why are they laughing at you, Dad?

BRIAN
They're not laughin' at me, Hon.

JENNY
I don't think they're laughing at
you.

Jenny is nearby on a bale of hay. Her hands are tied in
front of her and her feet are bound. The wristwatch she is
wearing reads 1:10PM.

BRIAN
Thank you, Jenny.

JENNY
You're welcome, Mr. Haver.

BRIAN
Brian.

JENNY
Do I have to stay tied up,
Brian?

TOMMY
I don't like the way she
talks, Dad.

BRIAN
(to TOMMY)
You need to stop talkin' to me
right now. Just sit there and stay
quiet. 'Kay? I gotta concentrate.

JENNY
I'm sorry.

TOMMY
Sorry.

BRIAN
Not you, Jenny. I was talking to
my son.

This is the first time Brian has mentioned his son to Jenny. She smiles as best she can considering the situation.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Sorry, Jen... I'm gonna need to
keep you tied up for a little while
longer. Tommy thought you might
run and he's probably right.

He can see that Jenny is frightened and it saddens him. He turns to where his son is sitting. Tommy is gone.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. He left. Must have
gone to play. He's funny that way.
Just takes off without saying
nothin'.

Brian crosses to Jenny and sits next to her.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Wanna hear how Tommy got his name?

JENNY
Okay... If you want.

BRIAN
It's a nice story.

Brian watches the sunlight catching the particles in the air for a moment..

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Named him after my little sister..
Julia. Kind'a surprised her when I
told her.

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

When we were kids, she used to want to do everythin' me and Dad was was doing. My Mom called Julia "her little tom boy." Always in my business. No matter what I was tryin' to do. Friends, school... Dates. She was there. Wantin' to be a part of it like she was one'a the boys. "Tom boy." You've ever heard girls bein' called that?

JENNY

I have. They called me that..

Brian smiles.

BRIAN

And when 'Till and I found out we was gonna have a baby boy... Well...

INT. PAUL BLEVIN'S UBER - DAY

Julia checks her watch. 1:20PM. The landscape becomes more and more familiar as they reach the outskirts of Barnwald.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Jules laughed so hard when I told her we were gonna name our son "Tom." Have a "little tom boy" of my own... Again. She loved it.

The uber passes the First Nation Bank. Julia can see the police tape over the shattered door.

PAUL (O.S.)

Hey, listen to this.

He turns up the radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Authorities have identified the shooter as local farmer Brian Haver of Barnwald, Washington --

PAUL

Man, you picked a great time to visit...

Julia's jaw tightens.

BRIAN (V.O.)

One time -- I was fourteen and
Julia was, I guess, about seven --
We were playing around... And I
tripped her.

INT. BARN - LOFT

Brian is lost in memory.

BRIAN

Jules fell real hard and landed on
a glass of water. It broke and
pieces went in her hand. Cut real
deep. Blood everywhere. Took three
hours and almost thirty-two
stitches.

Jenny shakes her head. She doesn't know the answer.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Of course I took care of her when
we got home. I told her how sorry,
every time I did. Told her I'd try
to be a better brother. First time
I cleaned her wounds was the first
time I told her I loved her. First
time.

The SOUND of the RADIO BROADCAST in Paul's Uber can be heard
softly UNDERNEATH.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The first victim has been named:
Cynthia Orwell, the manager of
First Nation Bank.

INT. PAUL BLEVIN'S UBER - DAY

Julia's hand is over her mouth.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Jules told me she loved me, too.
Told me it was her fault she hurt
her hand.

McDonald's passes by the outside of the cab.

INT. BARN - LOFT

Brian's eyes well slightly with tears. He can see two police
cruisers approaching from Highway 12 through the loft doors.

BRIAN
And you know what?

INT. PAUL BLEVIN'S UBER - DAY

Julia is stares out the window and watches are the town gives way to farmland.

BRIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
She told me she'd always love me --

INT. BARN - LOFT - DAY

Brian is fighting back tears now.

BRIAN
All the way to the moon... And
back.

Jenny tries to puts her bound hands on his.

Brian stands up as the SOUND of the APPROACHING CARS gets LOUDER. He picks up his shotgun, crosses to the loft door and peers outside.

EXT. BRIAN HAVER'S FARM - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Two Martinrock cruisers pull up behind Lee's. CAPTAIN JACK CARLSON (58) gets out of one of the cars and LIEUTENANT PAUL LOMIS (36) the other.

Carlson heads for the back porch while Lomis stops to examine the damage to Tillie's truck.

INT. THE HAVER HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Carlson enters the kitchen. Kevin is at the kitchen table with a compress on his head and Lee is at the sink.

CARLSON
You Officer Lee?

LEE
Chief -- ?

CARLSON
Jack Carlson. Pleased to meet you,
Lee, I'll take it from here. Mark
the time --

LEE
All yours, Sir.

CARLSON

Lieutenant Lomis is with me. He's outside checking out the damage to the truck. Any idea who's -- ?

KEVIN

It belonged to Tillie Haver. Brian's wife.

CARLSON

You must be Kevin Jarret. How are holding up, sir?

Kevin smiles and lifts his compress.

KEVIN

Not the best judge at the moment...

CARLSON

Nice bruise...

KEVIN

Trained professional... Don't try this at home.

LEE

Ambulance is on the way.

CARLSON

Good. Hold up. You said that the truck "belonged" to his wife Tillie? Where's she?

KEVIN

Gone. Divorced about six months ago... Not long after their son died in a farming accident. She tried. She really did. He didn't. Marriage imploded pretty quickly.

CARLSON

She left the truck?

KEVIN

And the farm. Everything mostly. Said she didn't want the memories. Moved to Vegas.

CARLSON

Lovely. We'll give her a call,. Gonna have quite the little circus here... I saw TV reporters in town. Won't be long before they come out here.

(MORE)

CARLSON (CONT'D)
I've got two helicopters coming in
from Spokane to search the
perimeter.

LEE
Press'll love those.

Lomis enters the kitchen and hands Carlson his notes.

CARSON
Need the birds in the air. Widens
the gaze. Too low on manpower as
it is. Couldn't even post a car out
the gate --

Carson hands the notes back to Lomis.

CARSON (CONT'D)
(To Lomis)
It's his wife's. Divorced. She's
in Vegas.
(To Lee)
We'll have the copters work their
way back to us.

LEE
While the three of us canvas the
farm and its perimeter?

CARLSON
Impressive, Lieutenant. Choppers
will start about two miles out and
then circle their way in.

INT. PAUL BLEVIN'S UBER - DAY

As Julia gets closer to the farm, she can see a news
helicopter in the distance.

CARSON (V.O.)
With any luck, we'll spot him out
there in the fields. The rows are
pretty wife.

EXT. THE HAVER FARM - ACCESS ROAD - DAY

The Uber reaches the farm and turns in. Julia can see the
top of the barn peaking out from behind the homestead.
Someone left loft doors open.

INT. BARN - LOFT - DAY

Brian is watching a car pull in from Highway 12. There is an Uber sign in it's window.

TOMMY

Dad?

BRIAN

Not now, honey.

TOMMY

Please, Dad. It's important.

Brian turns to Tommy who has returned. He is sitting next to Jenny.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I don't like having her here, Dad. She's probably why more people are coming. She needs to go away.

BRIAN

I know, sweetheart. Don't worry... 'Kay? She's only going to be here alittle while longer.

Jenny looks worried.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

It gonna be okay, Jen. Really. I promised I wouldn't hurt you and I always keep my promises.

Brian returns to watching the progress of the Uber as it pulls in front of the house and out of view.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Dad, please... Mom wouldn't like having her here. Dad? Dad? Don't you care what Mom thinks? Don't you love Mommy anymore?

Brian turns and finds Tommy has moved right behind him.

BRIAN

Of course I do.

TOMMY

Then why did you hurt her?

Brian hesitates.

BRIAN

You told me to. Remember, Honey?

Tommy shakes his head "No."

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You told me I had to take care of business. Fix things. Take care of the people who hurt me... Hurt you. So, I did. I fixed things with Mommy.

Tommy points at Jenny.

TOMMY

So... You don't love that lady?

BRIAN

I sure don't.

TOMMY

Then why is she still here and Mom's not?

BRIAN

If Jenny stays, the people in the house won't... They won't hurt me.

JENNY

I won't let them hurt you, Mr. Haver. I swear. I'll -- I'll even ask them to help you.

BRIAN

See?

TOMMY

She's nice, Dad. She's nicer than I thought.

Brian looks lovingly into his son's eyes and then at Jenny.

INT. THE HAVER HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Lomis escorts Julia into the kitchen.

LOMIS

Sir? This is Julia Haver. Brian's sister.

Carlson shakes Julia hand.

CARLSON

Ms. Haver. This is Officer Lee,
Barnwald police. That's Kevin
Jarrett - Your brother's
psychiatrist.

Ma'am.

LEE

Hello.

KEVIN

CARLSON

You've heard the news, I take it?

JULIA

I came over from Seattle to -- My
brother called me this morning.
Said his wife was going to leave
him and he was going to fix it.
Fix everything because his son told
him to. Tillie's been gone for
awhile and his son is -- ?

KEVIN

Ms. Haver, your brother has been
diagnosed with Post Traumatic
Stress Disorder. Are you aware of
the details of that condition?

JULIA

Heard of it...

KEVIN

It may have manifested a psychotic
break in your brother.

JULIA

Do you know where he is? I've
always been able to talk him down.

LEE

We haven't been able to locate him,
yet, Ms. Haver.

CARLSON

But we feel he's in the immediate
vicinity.

JULIA

The helicopters?

CARLSON

Searching the perimeter.

JULIA

The barn?

LEE
First place I checked, Ma'am.

INT. BARN - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Jenny is at the bottom of the ladder.

LEE (O.S.)
Nothing there.

She takes one more look up at Brian. He smiles down at her and motions her to go.

LOFT

Brian watches Jenny as she exits the barn.

TOM HAVER(O.S.)
Good idea, Dad. I knew you'd start
thinking straight.

Brian turns and sees that Tom Haver has returned.

TOM HAVER (CONT'D)
Now, shoot her and call it good.

BRIAN
What?

Brian can see Jenny that is moving at a slow and steady pace in the direction of the house.

TOM HAVER
That's what you were thinking...
Right? Get her outside. Away from
us. Then --

Tom Haver aims at Jenny and makes shooting gesture.

TOM HAVER (CONT'D)
Pow. Take her head off.

BRIAN
N-No. That's not what I--

TOM HAVER
Don't pussy out now, Dad... Finish
the fucking job. It was a mistake
to bring her here in the first
place. Fix it.

Brian steals a look at Jenny. She is past the combine and is approaching the squad cars and Tillie's truck.

BRIAN

No more killing, Son. I just can't.

TOM HAVER

The police are inside the house, Dad. She'll tell where you are. She'll tell them about me. If she tells them about me... They'll think you're crazy.

BRIAN

You're right.

TOM HAVER

Do what you should have done in the cellar. Should'a killed 'em both.

BRIAN

You told me not to --

Jenny is almost to the back porch.

TOM HAVER

Shit, Dad! She's almost in the fucking house! SHOOT HER!

Brian doesn't hesitate and aims the shotgun at Jenny.

TILLIE (O.S.)

Don't do it, Bry.

Brian takes his finger off the trigger at the SOUND of TILLIE'S VOICE. He turns and sees her. Tillie is wearing the dress that he first met her in.

TOM HAVER

Mom?

TILLIE

This needs to stop, Brian.

TOMMY

Fuck you, Mom. Shoot Jenny, Dad. Fucking shoot her now! She's almost inside!!

Brian turns around and takes aim at Jenny.

TILLIE (O.S.)

Please, Brian... If you ever loved me...

Brian's finger tightens on the trigger.

TILLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Don't shoot.

EXT. BRIAN HAVER'S FARM - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Jenny reaches the back steps. Brian is standing in doorway to the loft. His shotgun gleams in the sunlight.

She opens the back door and --

INT. THE HAVER HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Runs inside.

JENNY
Help me! Oh-my-god-help-me! He's --
Please! Mr. Haver -- He's --

Lee gets to her first, then Julia

LEE
You okay?

JENNY (CONT'D)
He's -- There's -- He's
talking --

JULIA
Take a breath. Good. Now...
Take another one...

KEVIN
It's okay, Jenny. You're
inside. He can't see you.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Are you all right?

Jenny nods as she begins to calm down.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Do you know where my brother is?

JENNY
You're his -- ? "Tom Boy!" You're
his mom's "little tomBoy!" He's in
the barn! Up in the loft!

Julia runs out the back door.

INT. BARN - LOFT - DAY

Brian is sitting next to Tillie and holding her hand.

TOM HAVER
Why the fuck are you even listening
to her?

BRIAN
 Watch your Goddamn mouth.
 (standing)
 I can still kick your ass. I don't
 care how old you are.

Tom Haver takes a step towards his Dad.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 Fuck with me and find out. This is
 your mother Goddammit --

JULIA (O.S.)
 (shouting)
 Bry!?!

BRIAN
 Jules?

Brian runs to the open loft doors.

TOM HAVER
 See? What I did I tell you?!?

TILLIE
 BRIAN! Stay away from the -- !

The SOUND OF A GUN SHOT is HEARD. The door frame next to
 Brian's explodes. He drops to the floor and crawls behind the
 wall.

EXT. THE HAVER FARM - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Julia turns to the police.

JULIA
 Stop shooting! Don't shoot! I can
 talk to him!! Please--

CARLSON
 Not going to negotiate with
 murderer, Ma'am.

Two police helicopters arrive and circle the barn. Right
 behind them is a News Helicopter.

JULIA
 Please! Let me talk to him!

VIDEO - BROADCAST FROM KGYN NEWS HELICOPTER

A time signature of 1:54PM is on the lower right hand corner of the screen. Live footage is intercut with close ups of reporter DEAN BACKUS (34) and images of Brian and Tillie.

INT. BARN - LOFT - DAY

THE SOUND of HELICOPTER ROTORS is DEAFENING. Brian can see his sister Julia through the slats in the wall of the barn.

BRIAN

Jules? What's she doing here?

TOM HAVER (O.S.)

Because you were weak and called her...

EXT. THE HAVER FARM - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Carlson has positioned himself behind Tillie's truck. Lee has moved behind the combine. Lomis has is behind his cruisers. All of them have their weapons drawn.

Julia stands lone between them and the barn.

JULIA

I can talk to him. Please...
just let me go in and --

CARLSON

Ms. Haver -- Julia --
Please... I need you to
recognize the situation --

JULIA (CONT'D)

I have. I need to help my brother.

CARLSON

Sorry. Can't. Not risking another
hostage --

Julia runs into the barn.

INT. BARN - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Julia enters the barn. The SOUND of HELICOPTERS outside has decreased as they make wider circles.

JULIA

Brian?

No response.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Bry? It's me.. Julia. Please, listen to me. It's pretty bad out there right now. We need to talk. I can help.

LOFT

Brian has backed into a corner. Tom sits next to him on one bales, while Tillie is on another.

TILLIE

Let your sister help you.

TOM HAVER

No, Dad... Don't listen to Mom. Aunt Julia's not a good person. She won't help you. She'll just make things --

TILLIE

Thomas Harold Haver, I am talking to your father. When I want you to be part of this conversation, I'll ask you.

Tom Haver looks genuinely hurt.

BRIAN

Both of you. Stop. Please. I'm - I'm not angry. I just -- I just need to think.

Tillie offers Tom Haver a look of apology. He just glowers.

JULIA (O.S.)

Bry? I know you're in here, Big Brother... Fuck. That sounds so stupid out loud.

MAIN FLOOR

Julia searches behind hay bales while simultaneously checking the ladder to the loft.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Brian... Jenny told us you're up there. If you let me help you, we might be able to walk out of this together, okay?

LOFT

Tillie is tightly gripping Brian's hands.

TILLIE

Brian? Honey? Please, listen to me. Listen to your sister. You remember when you told her Tommy's name was the first time? You remember that? She fell in love before she even met him.

Brian begins to cry.

BRIAN

Yes.

TILLIE

She said you finally had someone else to take care of.

BRIAN

I know... I remember.

MAIN FLOOR

Julia reaches for the ladder.

JULIA

Brian..? I'm coming up.

BRIAN (O.S.)

Okay...

LOFT

Tom Haver is stands near the ladder looking downward.

TOM HAVER

Okay!?! You're gonna let her --

TILLIE

This isn't about us anymore,
Tommy...

TOM HAVER

The fuck do you know? When did you become boss?

TILLIE

When did you become a monster?

BRIAN

Stop arguing...

TILLIE

No, Bry. TOMMY needs to understand --

TOM HAVER

She's almost here, Dad!

JULIA
They seem real?

BRIAN
Yeah. Yeah, they do. The really do.
But he's alive, Jules. I was
wrong. Tillie was wrong. Tommy's
alive. I saw him this morning.
He's been with me all -- All day.

JULIA
You can see him?

Little Tommy is sitting cross-legged on the floor in front of
Brian.

BRIAN
I see him now.

JULIA
Where?

BRIAN
(pointing)
Right there.

Julia turns to look. She doesn't see anything.

The news helicopter buzzes by the opening of the loft. So
close that the wind kicks up loose pieces of hay. Brian
watches the them dance around his son. Tommy giggles at the
sight and Brian is lost in the moment.

JULIA
Brian... I don't see anything.

Tillie starts to rub Brian's neck. His head nods slightly as
he accepts it. His wife always knows how to calm him.

JULIA (CONT'D)
I'm glad you can agree with me,
Bry. I think you're imagining
things, Bry. Honestly. There's
nothing there.

BRIAN
Think so?

JULIA
I do.

CARLSON (O.S.)
(on speaker)
Mr. Haver! You have five minutes!

BRIAN
Five minutes...?

JULIA
Jesus...

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Five minutes until what?

Brian can see the sadness in Julia's eyes.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Five minutes until what, Jules?

TOMMY
Until they start shooting,
Daddy.

JULIA
Until they come in here.

TILLIE
Until it's over.

BRIAN
Oh, God...

Brian tenses, pulls away from Julia and starts to stand up.

JULIA
Brian... I want you to listen to
me. Very carefully.

He starts to pace. One hand grips the shotgun as the other opens and closes quickly.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Brian...

Brian's jaw keeps tightening and loosening.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Hey... Bry.

He begins to sob again.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Brian... You've got to listen to
me. BRIAN!!!

Brian stops, looks at Julia and sits down on a bale of hay. His eyes are moist, but he is listening.

Another helicopter buzzes by the barn.

JULIA (CONT'D)
You were always a good brother to
me --

BRIAN
Not always.

JULIA
Stop. You learned from your
mistakes... You got better.

BRIAN
I tried.

JULIA
You did... And you did a really
good job. But today wasn't a good
day and I just -- You need to let
me help you now.

BRIAN
That's not your job.

TILLIE
It could be.

JULIA
Brian... It's my job now.

Brian starts to cry again.

TOM HAVER
Jesus, Dad... Pathetic.

Tom Haver has returned. Brian blinks his eyes and his son
disappears.

JULIA
There's nothing wrong with me
helping you --

CARLSON (O.S.)
Three minutes, Mr. Haver!

Brian jumps.

JULIA
Don't listen to them, Brian!
Listen to me. There's nothing wrong
with you trying to fix the world --
Nothing wrong with trusting me.

BRIAN
I killed him... Didn't I.

JULIA
Who?

Brian stares lovingly at little Tommy. His son is building a circle of hay around himself.

BRIAN

I killed my son... It was me.

JULIA

No one killed Tommy, Bry... It was an accident.

Tillie kneels next to Tommy. She smiles as she runs her fingers through his hair.

JULIA (CONT'D)

You did not murder your son, Brian.

TILLIE

You didn't kill him, Honey.

JULIA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

He fell. It was an accident, Bry. You tried to save him.

Brian looks at the scars on his hands and then back up at Tommy and Tillie.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Dad?!

BRIAN (V.O.)

Don't move, Honey! Jesus!
Don't--

Tommy looks up at his father and smiles at him lovingly.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Dad!! It hurts!! It---!

JULIA

You tried your best...

TOMMY

You tried your best...

JULIA (CONT'D)

But, today --

BRIAN

Yeah..?

JULIA

Today... Something went wrong, didn't it?

BRIAN

Went wrong?

Tillie looks up from watching Tommy play and smiles.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I shot, Tillie... I -- I -- Oh, GOD!

Brian leans into his sister and begins to cry hysterically.

JULIA

Shhhh... Brian... Bry... It's okay.
Tillie's Alive... She is living in
Martinrock now. She's okay.

Tom Haver has replaced his younger self.

TOM HAVER

She's fucking lying, Dad! You
killed Mom! You held her and felt
her die.

BRIAN

I'm sorry!! I'm so sorry!

JULIA

Shhh... You know what we have
to do now.

TOM HAVER

Shhh... You know hot to fix
all of this, right?

BRIAN

Yeah... I do.

JULIA

Will you come outside with me?

BRIAN

No.

JULIA

No?

CARLSON (O.S.)

Times up, Mr. Haver!

JULIA

He's coming out!

JULIA (CONT'D)

Brian, I told them --

BRIAN

I promise I'll come outside,
Jules.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I just -- I just need to pull
myself together. Don't make me go
out there... Like this? Please?

Julia is unsure at first, then relents

JULIA

All right. Take a moment. But not
too many. I'll be outside. By the
front door.

(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)
 That way they can see I'm safe. And
 I can keep you safe, okay?

BRIAN
 'Kay.

Julia tries to take the shotgun away from Brian. He holds on to it tightly before finally giving it to her.

She crosses to the ladder and stops.

JULIA
 I love you... You know that, right?

BRIAN
 All the way to the moon and back?

JULIA
 All the way to the moon and back.

She smiles and start to climb down the ladder.

BRIAN
 (whispering)
 To the moon and back.

VIDEO - KGYN NEWS HELICOPTER - EARLY EVENING

The live feed continues from outside of the barn as the news helicopter jockeys for position with the other two. A spotlight has been thrown onto Julia after she exits the barn.

INT. BARN - LOFT- EARLY EVENING

Brian rubs the back of head. He looks around as he crosses towards the ladder. His son is nowhere to be found.

TILLIE (O.S.)
 Brian?

Tillie is standing in the doorway to the loft.

TILLIE (CONT'D)
 Aren't you forgetting something?

EXT. THE HAVER FARM - DRIVEWAY - EARLY EVENING

Julia blinks back the light and waves to the police that "all is well."

LOFT

Brian crosses where Tommy had made his circle of hay. He reaches another bale and pulls out the second shotgun.

EXT. THE HAVER FARM - DRIVEWAY - EARLY EVENING

Julia looks back towards the ladder expecting Brian to be there already.

INT. BARN - LOFT - EARLY EVENING

Brian walks to Tillie.

TILLIE

I always believed in you, Brian.
You know that. Don't you, Brian? I
know you did the best you could.

BRIAN

You did?

Tillie puts her hands on his shoulders.

TILLIE

You were always the best father you
could be. The best husband that
you knew how to be. But, somewhere
along the way.. We lost you. You
went away.

Brian rests his head on her shoulder.

BRIAN

I'm sorry.

TILLIE

Don't have to be. We all lose our
way, sometimes... Right? It's okay.
Don't worry, Love. We've got this.

BRIAN

Yes. Yes, we do.

EXT. THE HAVER FARM - DRIVEWAY - EARLY EVENING

Julia can hear Brian talking, but can't make out the words. The helicopters are too loud. She looks upward.

INT. BARN - LOFT - EARLY EVENING

Brian smiles through his tears.

BRIAN
I can do this. Can't I?

Tillie nods.

TILLIE
Yes, you can. I love you,
Sweetheart. On your best day --

Brian turns and smiles at her.

BRIAN
And on my worst.

Brian is almost to the opening. Little Tommy is sits next to with his back to the wall.

TOMMY
Make the pain go away, Daddy...
Please?

BRIAN
I will son. Daddy's gonna fix
everything.

EXT. BRIAN HAVER'S FARM - DRIVEWAY - EARLY EVENING

Carlson sees Brian in the doorway to a loft. He holding a shotgun, but it is at his side.

CARLSON
Please, Mr. Haver, put down the
weapon!

Julia backs until she can and see her brother.

JULIA
Put it down, Bry!

CARLSON (CONT'D)
I will not hesitate to shoot.

The police helicopters start to close in. SNIPERS (30s) the doorways with their rifles pointed at Brian,

INT. THE HAVER HOME - KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

Kevin and Jenny are at the screen door.

JENNY
Please, Mr. Haver --

KEVIN
Oh, God, Bry...

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Just put it down.

INT. BARN - LOFT - EVENING

Brian looks down at Julia and smiles. There is love in his eyes.

BRIAN
(mouthing the words)
I love you...

He spins the shotgun upward and shoots himself in the chest. His body jolts upward and Brian falls onto his back.

EXT. BRIAN HAVER'S FARM - DRIVEWAY - EARLY EVENING

Julia runs inside the barn. Carson, Lomis and Lee are running out from their positions. Kevin leaves Jenny and runs to join them.

INT. BARN - LOFT - EARLY EVENING

Julia scrambles up the ladder and runs to her brother. Brian is coughing up blood as he tries to breathe.

BRIAN
(smiling)
Hey, Jules...

JULIA
Oh, God -- Jesus, Bry... Hold on.

THE SOUND OF AN AMBULANCE can be HEARD.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Keep it together.. Just --

BRIAN
Did it, Jules. Fixed it.

JULIA
Please.. Stop it.

Carlson is in the loft now and with the others close behind.

JULIA (CONT'D)
You're gonna be fine.

BRIAN
Kept my promise. Fixed it. For me.

JULIA
No, thank you.

KEVIN
I get it. Just know that I loved
your brother, too.

A tear runs down Julie's cheek as she watches Kevin manages
his way through the cars.

YOUNG BRIAN (O.S.)
You're such a crybaby sometimes..

Julia looks down at the bottom stairs of the porch. YOUNG
BRIAN (14) and YOUNG JULIA (7) are sitting there. Young
Brian is cleaning Young Julia's wound.

YOUNG BRIAN (CONT'D)
Dad said I have to take care of
you. Fix this. Will you please hold
still?

YOUNG JULIA
It hurts.

Young Brian continues to clean it and holds his sister's hand
as gently as he can.

YOUNG JULIA (CONT'D)
Is it going to hurt long?

YOUNG BRIAN
Nah, just for a little while. Then
it gets better. Love you, sis.

Young Julie smiles and her tears lessen.

JULIA
Promise?

YOUNG JULIA
Promise?

YOUNG BRIAN
All the way to the moon...

YOUNG JULIA
And back.

THE END