

**Blue Eyes**  
(second draft)

by

Michel J. Duthin

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The summer sun crushes the Texan countryside. A heavy silence with only bugs humming and winds through the trees.

Breaking this silence and looming from behind a tree, a MAN runs through a field and reaches a path. He is well-built, in his 40's, wearing an orange prison outfit. He is heavily panting. His right hand is bleeding.

In the b.g., dogs are barking. Above the trees, far behind him, high prison watchtowers.

The man crosses a small river, leaves the path, and enters a forest.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The man runs from tree to tree and stops. In a glade, a small farm house. The place looks inhabited. Feminine clothes are hanged, drying under the sun. The dogs barking are getting closer.

The man rushes to the house.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

The man passes by a pigeon house and fumbles on an old tree root, to stagger on the ground. He blusters, swearing.

As he stands up, the farm house door opens and a WOMAN appears on the threshold. She must be in her early 30's, blue eyes, blonde-hair, and a scar on her left cheek. She gently smiles to the man.

The dogs barking resound in the forest.

The man and the woman stare at each other. He looks desperate. She simply reaches out her hand to him.

The man rushes into the house. She enters and closes the door.

INT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

As the man enters the house, out of breath, he sticks his back on the wall by the kitchen window, and peeps outside.

Dogs appear.

He hides when someone knocks on the farm door. The woman indicates a door to the man. He enters a bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

THE MAN'S PANTING FILLS THE SOUNDTRACK

The man scans the bedroom. The place is neat. On a vanity table, a brush with gold locks. No jewels. A twin metal bed with a handmade quilt. Cushions and a rag doll on the top. A whole wall is covered by books on shelves. No trace of a masculine presence. By the armoire open door, the man can only see women dresses.

The bedroom door opens and the woman signs to the man to stay still. The man glimpses through the window and sees the group of armed men getting away. He heavily sighs.

She now stands at the door and invites him to reenters the kitchen.

INT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

The woman stares at the man, silent. There is some kind of sadness in her eyes. He is about to talk when she puts her finger on her mouth, and indicates his wounded hand. She invites him to sit down. The man takes a sit.

The woman rummages in a cupboard and takes a first-aid kit. Then, she fills a bowl with water and takes a towel. She sits in front of the man and takes his hands. She looks down at the wound for a while. She dips the towel in the water and gingerly starts to clean to wound.

The man scans the kitchen. The room is quite simple and neat, as if the entire house was belonging to the past. On the fireplace mantle, a picture under frame showing the woman, younger and smiling, with another girl. She had no scar then.

As she gently taps on the wound, the man grins with pain. Patiently, the woman cleans his hand, under the man's puzzled stare. She leans over his hand. The man can only see her blonde hair and her white nape of the neck is like offered to him. Her skin seems so soft. The man's face approaches her hair and he breaths in. He closes his eyes for a while, enjoying the fragrance.

The bandage over, she takes his hand to her mouth and simply kisses it. She stares at his eyes and smiles. The man smiles back. Then, they laugh.

He's going to talk when the woman looks up at him, her finger on the mouth again.

The woman shyly lows her eyes and gets up. She turns the radio on. Smooth Country music fills the house. Then, she paces to the next room, leaving the door open.

The man hesitates for a while and, finally, gets up at his turn to follow her.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The man steps into a bedroom. The woman closes the door. Embarrassed, the man does not know what to do. He stands at the foot of the bed, looking at her.

She takes the cushions and the old rag doll off the bed, and puts them on a chair.

She draws the curtains and faces the man. She slowly comes to him and starts to undress him.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY (LATER)

The couple is lying in the bed in the dimness of the bedroom, making love, in front of the rag doll amused look.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

The day breaks. The first sun rays enter the bedroom. The woman is resting, by herself. She fixes the ceiling, fullness in her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

Fully dressed, the woman steps out of the house. She stands on the threshold and breaths in.

She walks to the pigeon house, opens the tiny door, and takes a pigeon out. She calmly ties a tiny file to its leg, kisses it on the head, and lets it fly away.

EXT. BLUE SKY - DAY

The bird glides towards the prison.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The summer sun crushes the Texan countryside. A heavy silence with only bugs humming and winds through the trees.

Looming from behind a tree, a ESCAPEE runs through a field and reaches a path, wearing an orange prison outfit. He is heavily panting. He is heading for the farm house.

FADE OUT:

The end