

Africville

Original

Screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

V.O. MUSIC TBD

EXT. DAY - SIDEWALK

ROLL OPENING CREDITS

CLOSE SHOT: DOC Martens' BOOTS WALKING ON SIDEWALK; GUM, BUTTS, PENNY, DOG

INT. DAY - FITNESS GYM

A RECEPTIONIST is busy at the desk in the entrance to the gym.

MARCEL, a youthful middle-aged white man, wearing the boots, enters the gym carrying a water bottle, and a sports bag.

MARCEL

Hi!

Marcel looks at the receptionist, then at the CLOCK.

RECEPTIONIST

Hi, Marcel.

Marcel signs in.

He peeks inside the weight room and sees CHRISTOPHER pumping iron.

Christopher, a black man in his thirties, is the only patron in the weight room. He is wearing a tank top and sweatpants.

He is doing squats with a barbell. Sweat is beading on his body.

MARCEL

Good morning, Chris.

CHRISTOPHER

Hey, Marcel.

Christopher puts the barbell on the rack.

Christopher grabs a towel and wipes the equipment and a puddle of sweat on the floor.

MARCEL

All set for tomorrow?

CHRISTOPHER

About that.

MARCEL

Fishing, man. It's gonna be great.

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah! Unfortunately, there's a change of plans.

MARCEL

What do you mean?

Continued:

Continued:

CHRISTOPHER

It's my Aunt Sheila. I have to drive her to Halifax.

MARCEL

Halifax. But we've made plans for weeks. I took my vacation so we could go fishing. And you took time off as well.

CHRISTOPHER

I know, I know. It's a last minute thing.

MARCEL

Can't she go some other time? Why now?

CHRISTOPHER

It's complicated. Anyways, I figure I can make it there and back in 3 days tops. I'll drive her down and I'll fly back. Then, I'll just fly back to Halifax when she's ready to come back to Toronto. So, we should still have about four days worth of fishing.

MARCEL

Randini.

(beat)

I guess it's not going to be a complete waste. When are you leaving?

CHRISTOPHER

Tomorrow afternoon.

MARCEL

I gotta get a towel and change shoes.

Marcel leaves the weight room.

Marcel is going through the pile of towels to pick one.

V.O. BARBELL CRASHING, CHRISTOPHER SCREAMING

Marcel runs back to the weight room.

Christopher is lying near the rack; barbell resting across his right leg.

Christopher is holding his right leg with both hands.

Continued:

Continued:

CHRISTOPHER

I think I broke it.

Marcel pushes on a set of plates and the barbell rolls away from Christopher.

Marcel looks at the receptionist standing at the entrance to the weight room.

MARCEL

Call 9 1 1.

INT. DAY - DOCTOR BURTNICK'S OFFICE

An ELDERLY BLACK MALE DOCTOR is tending to Christopher who is lying on the doctor's examination bed. Marcel is in the doctor's office with him. The doctor is looking at an X-Ray of Christopher's right leg.

DOCTOR

As I suspected, you have what we used to call a green stick fracture. This means that you will have to wear a brace so the bone can heal properly. You'll have to take it easy for a while. And no weight-lifting.

CHRISTOPHER

Damn puddle of sweat.

DOCTOR

I'll go get the nurse and we will fit you with a brace.

The doctor leaves.

CHRISTOPHER

A bent leg. That's all I need. You'll have to drive her.

MARCEL

What?

CHRISTOPHER

You have to take my Aunt to Halifax. You're the only one who can.

MARCEL

Randini. I've met your Aunt.

CHRISTOPHER

Just do the same thing I was going to do.

Continued:

Continued:

CHRISTOPHER (Cont'd.)
Drive her down and fly back.
Then, we'll go fishing.

Marcel sits in the doctor's chair and plays with his stethoscope.

MARCEL
Your injury could have been worse.
All right. I'll drive her.

CHRISTOPHER
1,800Ks. Two days in the car.

EXT. DAY - MEDICAL CLINIC

Christopher walks out of the medical clinic. He has a brace on his right leg and steps with the aid of crutches. Marcel follows behind.

EXT. DAY - STREET SIGN JANE & FINCH

MOVING SHOT

Marcel is driving a pick-up truck. Christopher is sitting in the passenger seat. The crutches are between the two men.

PEOPLE WALKING ABOUT

Marcel drives to the back of an apartment complex.

In the middle of the parking lot, they see a parked car covered with a tattered and stained tarp.

On the lawn in front of it, a BLACK WOMAN, in her late sixties is lying on a chaise lounge. There is a small table beside her chair with a thermos and plastic glasses. She is sipping a glass of iced tea.

Marcel parks his truck in a space marked VISITOR, near the covered car.

The two men get out of the truck.

V.O. CHILDREN PLAYING

SHEILA sits up in her chair as the two men approach.
She is wearing a nice dress and a hat.

SHEILA
Are you alright, Christopher?
Have some ice tea.

Sheila pours a glass.

CHRISTOPHER
I'll be alright. You know Marcel,
Right? He's gonna drive you.

Continued:

Continued:

SHEILA

Are you a good driver?

MARCEL

If I was a bad driver, would
I tell you?

SHEILA

It's not funny.

MARCEL

I'm a very good driver.

SHEILA

That's better. I just don't
let anybody drive my car.

Marcel points to the covered car.

MARCEL

Is this it?

SHEILA

Yes.

Sheila gets up and walks to her car.

She lifts up one corner of the cover.

Marcel helps her remove the cover.

It's an older model convertible with dents; a full size car. The paint
is peeling. The rag top is cracked and dried up.

Marcel and Christopher grimace.

MARCEL

It's a, it's a...

SHEILA

I know. It's a convertible.
Isn't she a beauty?

CHRISTOPHER

Did you have it checked out
before the trip, Aunt Sheila?

SHEILA

No need to, Christopher, I hardly
ever use it. I have complete
confidence in my car.

MARCEL

How come you don't drive yourself?

Continued:

Continued:

SHEILA

Because I'm old and long distances are too tiring. I can drive around Toronto or Halifax with no problem. Does that answer your question?

MARCEL

Yes. Yes, it does. I'll grab my bag, if you're ready to go. We'll drop off Christopher on the way.

SHEILA

I'm taking my chair.

CUT TO:

V.O. ENGINE BACKFIRE

V.O. MUSIC TBD

The car top is down. Marcel drives off. Christopher is sitting in the front passenger seat, holding on to his crutches.

Sheila is sitting in the back seat behind Christopher.

SHOTS OF TORONTO

EXT. DAY - RESIDENTIAL TORONTO NEIGHBOURHOOD

Sheila's car is parked in front of a town house.

Christopher is hugging Sheila. Marcel is standing nearby.

CHRISTOPHER

Have a good trip, Aunt Sheila.

Christopher shakes Marcel's hand.

CHRISTOPHER

See you in a couple of days.

MARCEL

Yes, you will. Okay, Aunt Sheila we're off to Halifax.

SHEILA

We have to stop at the bus station, first.

MARCEL

Why, may I ask?

SHEILA

We're picking up a passenger.

Continued:

Continued:

MARCEL

What?

SHEILA

Gas is expensive. So, the share ride program is good. The passengers pay their way and it helps the environment.

MARCEL

Right.

Marcel looks at Christopher.

MARCEL

Did you know about this?

Christopher burst out LAUGHING.

CHRISTOPHER

Not a thing.

MARCEL

Did you say: passengers?

SHEILA

One at the bus station, and two people in Oshawa.

Marcel shakes his head.

EXT. DAY - BUS STATION

Marcel and Sheila arrive at the bus station.

A YOUNG NATIVE WOMAN is waiting on the sidewalk with a small suitcase in hand.

She spots Marcel and Sheila and walks to the car.

WILDFIRE

Are you Sheila?

SHEILA

Yes.

WILDFIRE

I'm Wildfire Longboat.

SHEILA

We're dropping you off near Montreal, right?

Wildfire jumps in the back seat.

Continued:

Continued:

WILDFIRE

Thanks.

MARCEL

Hi, my name is Marcel. Did you travel far?

WILDFIRE

I've just come from visiting Family on Six-Nations' Reserve.

Marcel drives off.

MARCEL

Wildfire Longboat. Sounds like a dangerous combination.

WILDFIRE

Are you gonna be a smart white ass? I am the proud descendant of an ancient people.

MARCEL

It was just a joke. Fun trip ahead.

SHEILA

We have to stop in Oshawa to pick up a couple more people then we will be on our way.

SHOTS OF TORONTO

EXT. DAY - HIGHWAY 401, OSHAWA EXIT

SHEILA

They're waiting for us at a gas station near the off ramp.

Marcel pulls into the gas station and parks next to a gas pump.

MARCEL

I'll fill her up.

Marcel gets out of the car. Wildfire gives him her suitcase.

He places it in the trunk.
He start filling up the car.

TWO BLACK WOMEN walk toward the car.

One woman is tall and Rubenesque, wearing a long summer dress.

The other is short and skinny, wearing army fatigues and boots.

Continued:

Continued:

SHEILA

You must be Wink and Faye.

WINK

Yeah!

SHEILA

Good. Let's put your bags
in the trunk.

Marcel finishes pumping gas and return the nozzle to the pump.
He grabs Wink and Faye's luggage and puts that in the trunk.

The two women sit in the back with Wildfire who gives them ample room.

Marcel goes inside the gas station to pay.

The women remain silent, looking around at the scenery.

Marcel returns and drives off.

MARCEL

So, where are you two ladies
headed?

A car is following them from the gas station, flashing its lights.

WINK

We're going to Inverness to
get married.

WILDFIRE

(whispering)

What kind of screening do
they do at that share ride
place?

Marcel notices the car behind still flashing its lights.

MARCEL

That's kind of out of our way.
Can we drop you off in Quebec
City? You could get a ride from there.

WINK

Yeah! My dad could come and
pick us up, I guess.

SHEILA

I'm hungry, Marcel. Can you
pull up at a fast food window
somewhere? We'll grab the food
and stop at a rest stop off
the highway once we leave Oshawa.

Continued:

Continued:

Marcel spots a quick service restaurant, pulls into the parking lot and heads for the drive-through window.

The car follows them to the restaurant.

V.O. CAR HORN

Wildfire looks back at the DRIVER of the car behind them.

WILDFIRE
What the hell does he want?

The driver flashes his lights. Wildfire gives him the finger.

Marcel stops at the ordering station.

The driver parks behind them, gets out and approaches Sheila's car.

He stops next to Marcel's side, but looks at Wildfire.

DRIVER
Here. And you can keep your
little finger.

Marcel takes the gas cap that the man is handing him.

MARCEL
Thank you.

Wildfire sinks in the seat.

The man leaves.

V.O. WHAT IS YOUR ORDER?

MARCEL
Sheila?

SHEILA
I'll have the burger meal.

WINK
We'll have two of the same.

WILDFIRE
Me too. Your friend can't
talk for herself?

Faye gives her a look.

CUT TO:

Marcel takes the onramp to Highway 401 and picks up speed.

V.O. MUSIC TBD

Continued:

Continued:

Marcel is sipping his pop.

Sheila is going through her purse.

Marcel notices the bottles of pills. She pulls out a tissue.

SUN SETTING

EXT. NIGHT - REST STOP
AREA LIT BY HIGHWAY LIGHTS

Sheila, Marcel, Wildfire, Wink and Faye are sitting at a picnic table eating their burgers and fries.

SHEILA
So, you're getting married?

WINK
Yes. It's time.

WILDFIRE
What? To each other?

Wildfire slides away from Wink.

MARCEL
Randini.

WINK
Don't worry. It's not contagious.

WILDFIRE
Why do you always say Randini?

MARCEL
I'm weaning myself off the F word.
And right now, it's a challenge.

WILDFIRE
You've got an extended
vocabulary, I see.

Marcel looks at Sheila.

MARCEL
It's not too late to head back
to Toronto. You could fly to
Halifax and rent a car.

SHEILA
No. I want my car.

MARCEL
Greyhound bus?

Continued:

Continued:

SHEILA

No.

MARCEL

A nice cruise down Lake Ontario, the St. Lawrence River and then on to Nova Scotia.

SHEILA

No. I haven't been back in fifty years and I want to enjoy the scenery. Besides, I hate to fly.

WILDFIRE

You're the one who needs to lighten up, Marcel. It was my turn to joke.

WINK

What about you, Wildfire? What's your story?

WILDFIRE

I'm thinking about working with my father who is involved in internet gambling. It's all legal, if you're wondering.

MARCEL

Great idea. You can stick it to whitey.

WILDFIRE

Being a smart ass, again. We've been screwed ever since Europeans set foot here. So, yes it would be a good idea to stick it to Whitey, and all the others.

They finish eating in SILENCE.

Wildfire pushes the empty wrappings to the centre of the table.

WILDFIRE

I know what will turn these frowns around.

Wildfire pulls out a plastic bag containing cannabis buds. Faye straightens up and intently looks at the bag.

WILDFIRE

What is it you ask?

Continued:

Continued:

FAYE

It's pot.

SHEILA

You talk. I thought she
didn't talk.

WINK

She only talks when it's
important.

WILDFIRE

After a delicious royale with
cheese, there's nothing better
for the digestion. And it's not
just any pot. It's King Kush.
It comes to us all the way
from the beautiful Sunshine
Coast of British Columbia.

Faye grabs the bag out of Wildfire's hands.
Faye rips the bag open and SMELLS the inside.

WILDFIRE

Why don't you pass it around?

Wildfire waves slowly around the table.

Faye pulls out a bud from the bag and gives it to Wink who examines it.

WILDFIRE

Best of all, it's organic.

Wildfire pulls out a package of rolling paper.

Faye rips it out of her hands.

WILDFIRE

Why don't you demonstrate
for us, Faye?

Wildfire waves slowly around the table, again.

Faye rolls a joint.

The group watches.

Faye pulls a lighter out of her pocket and lights it.

She takes a couple of good draws, holding the smoke in her lungs.

FAYE

Deeelicious. Too bad
we don't have a bong.

Continued:

Continued:

Faye exhales.

She hands the joint to Wink who takes a drag.

SHEILA

I've never smoked a joint,
before.

Wink gives the joint to Wildfire.

Wildfire takes a toke.

FAYE

Governments have finally seen
the light and legalised this
shit, for the money. They can
show a guy getting his head
blown up on the six o'clock news,
but tobacco and pot ads are banned
on TV.

WILDFIRE

Would you like to try it,
Sheila? No pressure. It used
to be that smoking was socially
bonding. Now, Big Brother and
the newly converted want to ban
me from lighting up a peace pipe.

Sheila takes the joint.

SHEILA

Sure, I'll try.

She takes a small puff and coughs.

Sheila gives the joint to Faye.

Faye takes a drag and passes it to Wink.

Wink takes a drag and offers it to Marcel.

MARCEL

King Kush, hey? A sativa strain,
I believe, which gives you a
cerebral high, unlike your
Indica variety which is more
of a relaxant.

Marcel doesn't take it.

MARCEL

No, thanks. I don't smoke pot.
I smoke these.

Continued:

Continued:

Marcel pulls out a corona from his shirt pocket.

MARCEL
Gimme a good cigar, anytime.

Marcel lights up the cigar.

LAUGHTER

EXT. NIGHT - REST AREA

V.O. MUSIC TBD

Flames from a fire inside a garbage can light up the night sky.

Wink and Faye are flirting with each other as they dance around the bond fire.

Sheila, Wildfire and Marcel are also dancing around the fire.

Wildfire takes a toke from a joint and chokes. Sheila laughs.

Marcel throws his cigar stub in the fire.

MARCEL
We gotta roll.

SHEILA
Dibs on driving.

MARCEL
Sure?

SHEILA
Yes, I'm sure.

WILDFIRE
Are you stoned, Sheila?

SHEILA
Buzz is long gone, dear.

Wink, Faye and Wildfire LAUGH loudly.

WINK
She speaks the lingo. Anyways,
Faye and I would like to
invite you all to our wedding.

WILDFIRE
Thanks for the invite.

SHEILA
Thank you, but I don't know
if we will have time. We'll see.

EXT. NIGHT - HIGHWAY

V.O. MUSIC TBD

Sheila is driving. Marcel is sitting in front, singing along.

Wink is sitting behind Sheila. Faye is nestled against her.

They are both SLEEPING.

Wildfire is behind Marcel.

Sheila is driving in the RIGHT LANE, and is going straight.

SPEEDOMETER INDICATING 100KMPH

TRAFFIC ZIPPING BY

Sheila looks in the REARVIEW MIRROR

There's an oncoming TRACTOR TRAILER.

CUT TO: TRUCK CAB

A MAN AND A WOMAN in their late TWENTIES, are sitting in the cab.

The man is driving, but not paying much attention to the road.

SHEILA'S CAR IS AHEAD

The man is FOOLING AROUND with his girlfriend.

The tractor trailer is getting closer to Sheila's car.

The Tractor Trailer is in the LEFT lane PASSING Sheila's car.

CUT TO: CAB INTERIOR

The couple is FOOLING AROUND even more.

CUT TO: TRACTOR DRIVING AHEAD OF SHEILA'S CAR

CUT TO: Marcel looking at the TRACTOR TRAILER PULLING AHEAD.

CUT TO: THE TRAILER HAS ALMOST PULLED AHEAD OF THE CAR.

CUT TO: CAB INTERIOR

The driver is not paying attention to the road.

His girlfriend tickles him and he jerks the steering wheel.

CUT TO: TRACTOR TRAILER PULLING INTO THE RIGHT LANE

The SIDE END of the trailer hits the car FLUSH on its side.

Sheila's car is pushed off the highway.

Continued:

Continued:

MARCEL

Shit!

The field off the highway is flat. Sheila is STEERING as best as she can.

The car comes to a stop.

The content of Sheila's purse has spilled, revealing the pill bottles. Marcel notices them, but Sheila quickly puts them back in her purse.

Wink and Faye are still sound asleep in the back of Sheila's car.

The dust clears.

LIGHTS FROM A NEARBY TRUCK STOP ARE ILLUMINATING THE AREA

Marcel shuts OFF the radio. Signal light blinking.

A car stops on the shoulder of the highway and the DRIVER gets out.

Marcel turns the ignition switch, shutting off the engine.

The man is RUNNING toward Sheila's car.

He sees that the side of the car, where the impact took place, is all smashed up.

The man gets closer to the car. He is frantic.

Wink and Faye are still asleep.

The man reaches the car.

He LEANS over Wink and shakes her gently.

MAN

(agitated)

Are you okay, lady?

Are you okay?

Wink stirs.

Marcel LOOKS at them.

MARCEL

It sure was good shit.

CUT TO: DREAM SEQUENCE ACCIDENT SITE

THE CAR IS MOVING AND THE MAN IS RUNNING BESIDE IT.

MAN

Are you okay?

Continued:

Continued:

WINK

What are you doing, man?
(mumbling)
You're running beside the
car.

CUT TO: ACCIDENT SITE

Wink shakes her head and looks at her surroundings.
She turns to Faye, who is sleeping, then to the man.

MAN

Are you hurt?

WINK

What the?

Marcel gently stirs Faye. She wakes up.
Wildfire is already out, pacing back and forth.

FAYE

What's happening? What are
we doing here?

MAN

You just had an accident.

FAYE

Damn. I was sleeping.

Sheila slides on the seat to the passenger side.
Faye and Wink are looking at each other, still confused.

MAN

I'll call 9-1-1. I saw
the whole thing.

WILDFIRE

Good idea.

MAN

My phone is in the car.

The man runs to his car.
Marcel is walking around the car looking at the damage.

SHEILA

I was driving fine. I tell you.
I was driving fine.

Continued:

Continued:

MARCEL

I know. I know. It wasn't
your fault.

SHEILA

The cops are coming?

MARCEL

The guy called them.

WILDFIRE

They better be.

Faye and Wink are LAUGHING.

SHEILA

We got a problem.

MARCEL

I can see that.

SHEILA

It's not our only problem.

MARCEL

What is it, then?

SHEILA

I don't have a valid driver's
license.

MARCEL

Randini. How come?

SHEILA

I failed my medical and the
Doctor pulled my license. I've
got diabetes. Can you say you
were driving?

MARCEL

Christopher.

The police car arrives, with a lone POLICEMAN behind the wheel.

The policeman steps out of the car, surveying the scene.

The MAN who called 9-1-1 follows him.

POLICEMAN

Is everybody alright?

WILDFIRE

He was a ravin' lunatic, man.

Continued:

Continued:

MARCEL

Yes, officer. Everybody is fine.

POLICEMAN

What happened here?

MARCEL

A tractor trailer side-swiped us.
Fortunately, no one was hurt.

MAN

It's true. I saw the whole thing,
officer.

SHEILA

Thank you for your help.

Marcel points toward the truck stop. LIGHTS are illuminating the night sky.

MARCEL

I think he took the exit for
the truck stop.

The policeman pulls out his notepad.

POLICEMAN

Who was driving?

MARCEL

(hesitating)

I was.

POLICEMAN

Have you had anything to drink
(sniffing around)
or to smoke?

MARCEL

Nothing to drink, and I smoked
a cigar.

POLICEMAN

Cigar, hey?

The policeman closes his notebook.

POLICEMAN

I'm gonna go to the truck stop
to see if I can find that rig.
I can call you a tow truck, if
you like. Looks like it's the
end of the road for your car.

Continued:

Continued:

SHEILA

It's alright, officer. We'll
call the tow truck ourselves.
We've got a cell phone.

The policeman touches his cap as he leaves and turns to the man.

POLICEMAN

Tell me what you saw as we
walk back to the cars. I have
to hurry to find that trucker.

MAN

Certainly.

SHEILA

(whispering)

There's no way I'm calling
a tow truck.

MARCEL

This thing is pretty beaten up.
I don't know if it'll make it.

SHEILA

Yes, yes, it will. I'm not going
to Africville by bus.

WILDFIRE

What about the rest of us?

WINK

Come on. It's not that bad.

FAYE

Yeah! It's still driveable.

Marcel walks around the car one more time, looking at the damages. The side of the car is all dented. The doors on the left side are not closing properly. The wheels are badly misaligned. The left fender has pushed the hood up and a gap is showing.

MARCEL

Okay. Let's give it a try.
Hopefully, we can make it
to Wildfire's place before day
break. We don't want to be
seen in day light. If we get
pulled over, they're going
to take the plates off the car.

(beat)

After we drop off Wildfire,
we'll have to take the back roads.

Continued:

Continued:

MARCEL (Cont'd.)

Ladies, looks like we should
be able to drop you off in Inverness.

WILDFIRE

If the car makes it that far.
Look at that piece of junk.

SHEILA

Now, now, have a little faith.
It's my car you're talking about.

FAYE

First, we should check to see if
the cop has found the bastard.

MARCEL

I'm driving.

EXT. NIGHT - TRUCK STOP

Marcel pulls slowly onto the parking lot of the truck stop.
He hides Sheila's car behind parked vehicles, away from the building
where they see the police car in front of the entrance.

Faye and Wink are sitting in the back seat with Wildfire.
Sheila is in front.

MARCEL

I'll go in to see if
I can find the cop.

Faye looks at Wink and winks.

FAYE

Wink and I will stay here
to keep an eye on the car.
This thing doesn't lock
and we've got all our gear.

Wildfire looks at Wink and Faye.

WILDFIRE

I'm coming with you.

SHEILA

So am I. I'm gonna give that
guy a piece of my mind.

INT. NIGHT - TRUCK STOP BAR

V.O. MUSIC TBD playing in the bar

Marcel enters the bar followed by Sheila and Wildfire.

Continued:

Continued:

The place is dark and CROWDED with TRUCKERS and REDNECKS.

The policeman has spotted Marcel, Sheila and Wildfire.
The policeman comes over, blocking their progress inside the bar.

Marcel, Sheila and Wildfire are stretching their necks looking inside the bar.

POLICEMAN
I couldn't find the driver.
No one knows anything.

Marcel looks at the policeman. He can see the corner of paper bills sticking out from the policeman's jacket pocket.

MARCEL
What about the trailer?

POLICEMAN
You know what it's like.
All those trailers have scuff
marks. It'll be impossible to
find it.

WILDFIRE
Typical.

POLICEMAN
(annoyed)
Did you get a tow truck?

Wildfire opens her mouth, but Marcel lifts up his arm.

MARCEL
Yeah, yeah. We have. And
somebody is coming to pick
us up.

POLICEMAN
I gotta get back on the highway.
Sorry about your car.

The policeman leaves.

WILDFIRE
Sure you are, you fink.

MARCEL
Do you want me to have a look
around, Sheila?

SHEILA
What's the use. The cop is
gone.

EXT. NIGHT - TRUCK STOP

WINK

Any luck?

WILDFIRE

Not with a cop on the take.

FAYE

We found the trailer. It's there.

WINK

With some paint from your car.

Wink points toward the rig. The rig is idling in park.

SHEILA

Let's wait for the creep.

FAYE

Let's not.

WINK

We better go.

SHEILA

Wait. I see two people headed
for the truck.

FAYE

Just go, Marcel. Go.

MARCEL

Alright, alright.

V.O. MUSIC TBD

Marcel starts the car and drives away.

The couple gets in the rig and they drive off. They are at a distance
behind Sheila's car.

Faye opens her duffle bag resting on her lap. She pulls out a small
metal box. It has a switch on top and an antenna is sticking out from
the side.

They all look back, except for Marcel who looks in the rear-view
mirror.

Faye flips the switch. The back of the trailer explodes.

Marcel and the others cheer.

FAYE

My father was a blaster.

Wildfire high five's Faye, but quickly turns her head away in
embarrassment.

EARLY DAWN SHOTS OF GREATER MONTREAL

EXT. DAWN - CHATEAUGAY (Kanawage)

Convertible top up, Sheila's car drives by the Chateaugay town SIGN.

CUT TO:

The car pulls into the driveway of a house on the outskirts of town.

DOGS BARKING

Marcel, Sheila, Wildfire, Wink and Faye exit the car.

Marcel stretches.

WILDFIRE

After a rest, I could use a
Good sweat. Join me?

EXT. DAY - WOODS

Rolling hills, partially treed, reveal a sweatlodge in the distance.

A fire is burning. The fire is bordered by stones lying in a circle,
forming the fire pit.

The low dome-like structure of the lodge is covered with weathered
blankets. The bottoms of the blankets are secured on the ground with
stones.

The flap door is open and facing the fire.
Buckets of water are on the ground near the left side of the door.

To the right of the lodge, there is a small Altar built with the soil
from the fire pit. There is a staff planted at the back of it. Native
ornaments adorn the Altar. A peace pipe lies on the Altar.

To the right of the fire, An OLD FIRST NATIONS' WOMAN is sitting on a
log tending to the fire with a stick. There's a shovel and a pitch-
fork on the ground near her.

She looks up.

In the distance, she sees a group of people coming toward the lodge in
a single file. LOW FOG

Leading the group is Wildfire.

She is followed by Sheila, Faye and Wink. Marcel trails behind.

The group arrives at the site of the sweatlodge.

Wildfire, followed by the others, walks around the fire pit and stops
in front of the sweatlodge door.

The women are wearing cotton dresses.

Continued:

Continued:

Marcel is wearing a sweatshirt, shorts and boots.

Wildfire has a small rawhide bag strapped diagonally around her chest. She is carrying a drum in her hands.

They face the old native woman.

WILDFIRE

Thank you, great grandmother.

OLD WOMAN

Ronkwe. (rongouay)???

The old native woman signals "NO" with her finger pointing at Marcel.

Wildfire turns to Marcel. Marcel looks at his shorts.

WILDFIRE

No, it's not your shorts. I know that you've attended sweats before, but this is a women only sweat. You can't come in.

Marcel nods, affirmatively.

WILDFIRE

Besides, my great grandmother is old and she will need help with the stones and the water.

Marcel bows to the old woman.

MARCEL

It is a great honour. Thank you.

V.O. DREAM BROTHER by Jeff Buckley

Wildfire places her drum on the ground and pulls out some tobacco out of her bag and gives it to her grandmother. The others also produce offerings. Marcel gives her a cigar.

Wildfire gives him a look, but the old woman smiles.

MARCEL

What? That's all I have.

The women remove their shoes and put them to the side.

With Wildfire in the lead, they walk around the fire pit and bow to the old woman still sitting. She nods, approvingly.

They continue around the fire pit and remove their jewellery, which they place on the Altar. They also sprinkle tobacco on the Altar.

CUT TO:

They are smudging one another with a burning stick of sage using a bird's wing to spread the smoke. Wildfire smudges the old woman.

CUT TO:

Wildfire is drumming her drum.

Sheila is behind her, followed by Faye and Wink.

They enter the sweatlodge one by one.

Marcel is standing to the right of the door.

The old native woman is now standing in front of the fire poking it with the pitchfork.

Wildfire is sitting inside the sweatlodge and is grabbing away at the blanket serving as the door.

Marcel helps her and they close up the sweatlodge.

CUT TO:

The flap opens.

The old woman signals to Marcel by handing him the pitch fork.

Marcel takes the pitch fork.

He fishes through the ambers with the pitchfork and lifts up a red-hot stone.

He crouches down and deposits the stone inside the sweatlodge.

QUICK CUTTING: MARCEL MOVING THE STONES

CUT TO:

The flap opens and Marcel hands Wildfire a bucket of water. There is a ladle in it.

CUT TO:

Marcel is sitting besides the old native woman on the log.

She looks at his shorts and points, laughing.

Marcel laughs.

INT. NIGHT - SWEATLODGE

Across the glowing stones, Sheila sits in a sweat.

Wildfire's hand sprinkles some seeds on the rocks. They sparkle and burn on contact, releasing smoke.

Continued:

Continued:

WILDFIRE

Sheila.

SHEILA

My forefather was a runaway slave who gained his freedom by helping the British Navy fight the Americans during the war of 1812. Others, even before that, assisted the British during the revolutionary war. They were eventually brought to various black communities in Nova Scotia, such as Birchtown, and Annapolis Royal. Freed slaves were promised land which they never received. Some white loyalists still owned slaves at that time, or indentured blacks. They could live with their masters, but free blacks were not welcome.

Wildfire's hand reaches with a goblet of water.
She pours the water on the hot stones. Steam rises.

SHEILA

Some went to Sierra Leone, hoping for a better life. Africville came later. When the huge explosion in Halifax harbour happened during World War one, Africville was badly damaged. Many of its citizens perished since they worked in the harbour. But their families and Africville itself never received much help, if any.

V.O. RATTLING

SHEILA

I was born in Africville. And my sister and I had a happy childhood. But the outside world seemed intent on destroying our town. They put a railway line in the middle of it with a train yard nearby. They set up slaughterhouses, and would you believe, a fecal matter dump. Stench, noise and fear were never far. A prison was erected, as well as a hospital for people with infectious diseases.

Continued:

Continued:

V.O. RATTLING

SHEILA

Despite all that we persevered.
We had stores, a school, closed in 53,
a church. We even had a post office.
I loved to sing in the choir.
The citizens paid taxes, but basic
services, such as water and sewer
and garbage pickup were always denied.

Sheila pauses and is comforted by the women.

WILDFIRE

We can take a break, if you like.

SHEILA

No. I want to continue.

(beat)

The town leaders decided to relocate
us. It was for our own good, of
course. They told us that they
needed the space to build a bridge.
or expand the port, or something.

Wildfire's hand reaches with a goblet of water.
She pours the water on the hot stones. Steam rises.

SHEILA

The day came when it was my family's
turn to be removed. They picked up
our belongings with a municipal
dump truck. My parents never
recovered from the eviction. In
Africville, we were independent
and belonged to a community.
We were happy. After we had been
moved to a white neighbourhood,
we were threatened and a man
started a petition to force us
to leave. Africville was bulldozed
church, and all. They did nothing
with the land.

V.O. RATTLING

SHEILA

I moved to Toronto to join my sister.
I studied and became a nurse.
My sister and I were few of the
lucky ones to be able to start
a new life. But now, I'm getting
near the end of that life, and
before it ends, I want to stand
where Africville once stood.

CUT TO:

V.O. DREAM BROTHER by Jeff Buckley (Cont'd.)

Wildfire, Sheila, Faye and Wink come out of the lodge.
Their clothes and hair dripping wet.

The old native woman is standing nearby and greets them one by one as they exit the lodge.

Marcel enters the sweatlodge and closes the flap door.

EXT. DAY - COUNTRY ROAD

The top is down. Marcel is driving the car. He is unshaven.

Sheila is sitting in the front passenger seat.

Wildfire is sitting behind Marcel.

Faye is in the middle and Wink is sitting behind Sheila.

Wildfire is leafing through a magazine.
She looks down at her chest.

WILDFIRE

I don't like my boobs.

WINK

I bet you feel that way
because of a boyfriend.

FAYE

Men are evil.

WILDFIRE

They're just morons.

WINK

They infantilize women.

FAYE

Young, old, middle-aged.
they're all the same.

Marcel drives the car on the side of the road and the car comes to a sudden stop. He puts the stick shift in park.

He turns around and kneels on the driver seat. He grabs Wildfire's magazine and tosses it in the back of a pick up truck driving by.

WILDFIRE

Hey! I was reading that.
The latest on gay weddings.
Proper etiquette, and all.

Continued:

Continued:

MARCEL

I'm a middle age white man
and all the problems of the
world are not down to me.
I've been listening to you all
bitch since we got back on the
road. That's right, I said bitch.
Or should I say butch? Obviously
you didn't sweat enough to get
the toxins out.

He looks at Wildfire.

MARCEL

Stop comparing yourself.
You're a beautiful woman.
I bet you have great boobs.
I know guys who would walk
miles to just stand in your
garbage. And some women.

Turning to Wink and Faye.

MARCEL

As for you two, you shouldn't
give a damn about what people
think. You're in love, you're
happy, that's all that matters.
If people can't accept it, it's
their problem, not yours. And
I'm sure women have hurt you
both, not just men.

WINK

Butch...It's so passé.

Marcel looks at Wink.

MARCEL

Shut up. I'm wasting my vacation
on you, bunch. So, I'm gonna sit
down and head for the western
village up ahead. It's an
amusement park. I'm going to
stop and I will dress up like
a cowboy and I will pretend that
I'm Lee van Cleef for the day.
You can join me. You can stay
in the car, or you can keep on
walking. I don't care.

Marcel sits down and looks at Sheila.

Continued:

Continued:

MARCEL
Any objections.

SHEILA
Sounds like a certain someone
didn't get sweat enough.

FAYE
Maybe we could learn square
dancing.

WILDFIRE
Who's Lee van Cleef?

Marcel rolls his eyes.

He speeds back on the road; gravel flying behind.

INT. DAY - WESTERN VILLAGE HALL

The walls are decorated in a cheesy Wild West theme.

CLOSE UP of Sheila face as she steps in front of the camera.
(like the opening scene of The Good, the Bad and the Ugly)

V.O. MUSHC TBD, like Ennio Morricone, Drum beat, last scene of the GBU

CAMERA BACK

Sheila is wearing a cowgirl outfit; made up of a skirt, a blouse, a vest. She has a gun belt with cap guns, and a tiny cowboy hat.

Marcel is standing beside her. He's all dressed in black. He has a gun belt; cap gun in holster. And an unlit cigar in his mouth.

Faye is next to him in a white cowboy outfit, including the white gun belt.

Completing the line is Wink. She is dressed like a Mexican bandito. There is a sombrero on her head and she wears her cartridge belt across her chest.

Wildfire is last. She is dressed in a beautiful Native American dress.

The line they form is perfectly straight.

They are looking in front.

A TALL EFFEMINATE YOUNG MAN is standing in front of them.

He is dressed in a "gay" cowboy outfit; scarf around his neck.

Wildfire walks away.

Continued:

Continued:

WILDFIRE

I'm out.

(Mumbling)

Hosers.

DANCE INSTRUCTOR

Looking good, girls, looking good. Okay, we're gonna take it from the top.

He turns to a WOMAN sitting at a table in a corner, and nods. She is wearing Harlequin glasses and a cigarette is in her mouth.

There is a sound system on the table in front of her.

The woman pushes the play button.

V.O. I WANT TO BE A COWBOY by Boys Don't Cry

The group starts line dancing.

DANCE INSTRUCTOR

One, two . . .

INT. DAY - SALOON

Sheila and Marcel are standing in front of the bar. One of Marcel's feet is on the railing. Wildfire is at the end of it sipping a soda.

The place is otherwise empty. Tables and chair occupy the rest of the saloon.

SHEILA

That was fun.

Sheila winces in pain, clutching her right side.

MARCEL

Yeah, it was. Are you okay?

SHEILA

Yes. I'm just tired.

(beat)

Where are the others?

MARCEL

They're coming. They were getting CDs from the dance instructor.

SHEILA

I'm thirsty.

Marcel looks around for the bartender.

Continued:

Continued:

MARCEL

Barkeep.

A BARTENDER is drying glasses at the other end of the bar.

He comes over.

BARTENDER

What'll be?

SHEILA

I would like a nice glass of beer.

MARCEL

Same here. Hey, how come the place is empty?

The bartender fills a couple of glasses from a beer tap.

BARTENDER

Fad's over, I guess. Place has been going empty for months.

The bartender hands the first glass to Sheila.

BARTENDER

You're Lucky. We're shutting down on Sunday.

He hands the second glass to Marcel.

Marcel slightly pushes back his cowboy hat and takes a sip.

V.O. FOOTSTEPS on a wooden boardwalk

SHEILA

That must be them.

Wink, followed by Faye and Wildfire slowly enter by pushing the swing doors.

They stand in front of the doors inside the saloon.

There is a clock above the entrance. NOON

MARCEL

What's up?

WINK

(Spanish accent)
We decided we no like you, Marcel.

Continued:

Continued:

Marcel turns to face them.

V.O. MUSIC TBD HIGH NOON by Dimitri Tiomkin (first few bars)

CLOSE UP of Marcel's gun belt.

He places his right hand on the belt and folds the knuckle of his middle finger against it.

MARCEL

Them's' fighting words.
And my name is "Angel eyes".

The bartender hides behind the bar.

Wink grabs the butt of a rifle that's sticking up from behind her back. It's a paintball rifle.

Marcel runs to a table and flips it over making a shield.

Sheila is still at the bar.

Marcel returns to the bar and pulls Sheila to take cover behind the table. She is still holding her glass, spilling the ale in the process.

Sheila goes back to the bar and places the glass on top of it, then returns to hide behind the overturned table.

Faye pulls out her own paintball gun.

Wildfire raises her eyebrows.

WILDFIRE

Leave me out of this...Hosers.

CLOSE UP OF ALL THEIR FACES, EYES LOOKING ABOUT

Marcel and Sheila start firing their cap guns. SMOKE

Paint balls hit the overturned table and fly past Sheila's and Marcel's hiding place.

Marcel takes a peek above the edge of the table.

Wink hits Marcel in the chest.

She smiles as Marcel crashes in the chairs behind him.

CUT TO: Marcel is lying on his back on the saloon floor.
Paint splashed on his chest. He lies there eyes open.

Cowboy boot kicking hat toward Marcel.

Continued:

Continued:

WINK
(Spanish accent)
Long live Lee van Cleef.

ALL
Long live Lee van Cleef.

EXT. DAY - COUNTRY ROAD

The sun is setting.

Marcel is driving the car. Wildfire is sitting in front. Sheila is in the back behind Marcel. Faye is in the middle and Wink is seated behind Wildfire.

MARCEL
Thank you, ladies. I needed that.

WILDFIRE
I'm bored. Turn on the radio.

MARCEL
There's nothing on. And Sheila didn't bring her 8-track tapes.

SHEILA
Funny.

WILDFIRE
Turn on the radio.

Marcel turns on the radio.

Wildfire turns the knob.

V.O. AIRWAVE STATIC

Marcel turns the radio off.

WILDFIRE
I'm bored.

MARCEL
You said.

SHEILA
Why don't we pick up a hitchhiker?

WILDFIRE
Are you insane? With all the crazies out there.

Continued:

Continued:

MARCEL

She wants to make extra cash.

Sheila flicks Marcel on the back of the head.

Marcel's head goes forward.

SHEILA

You're real funny, aren't you?

WINK

I'm bored too. I'm with
Sheila. Let's pick up a hitch
hiker. We'll make chit chat.

MARCEL

Okay, but only if we pick up
the next hitchhiker. None of
that business of selecting
who we're going to take. We
don't want to discriminate,
now. Do we?

WILDFIRE

You people are insane.

The car goes up a small hill.

At the top of the hill, they see a SILHOUETTE in the distance,
standing by the side of the road past a rural intersection.

MARCEL

Looks like we have a winner.

As they get closer to the individual, they realise that he is a CLOWN.

WILDFIRE

Oh, no. Not a clown.

MARCEL

I called it. The first
person we see.

WILDFIRE

He gives me the creeps.

WINK

I hate clowns.

MARCEL

Hate is such a strong word.

SHEILA

I'm not so sure we should stop.

MARCEL

I love clowns and we're
stopping. We said the first one.

The clown has his right arm raised. A giant rubber thumb sticks up in the air. He wears white gloves. He is holding a cardboard suitcase in his left hand, which is covered with travel stickers.

Marcel checks his rearview mirror. No one is following.

Marcel stops the car on the road, next to the clown.

Wildfire jumps in the backseat and squeezes next to the three women. They wince as they are in a tight space.

The clown bows, and puts the rubber thumb in a suit pocket.

He opens the door and sits down, resting his suitcase on his lap.

He is wearing small earphones. The wires from the earphones disappear inside his clown suit.

MARCEL

Where' you headed?

The clown points forward.

MARCEL

What's your name?

The clown points to the name tag on his chest. It reads CLOWN.

Marcel attempts to touch the clown's suitcase.

MARCEL

What do you have in there?
Squirting flowers? Balloons?

The clown gently pushes Marcel's hand away.

Marcel shakes his head and steps on the gas.

MARCEL

Randini.

EXT. NIGHTFALL - COUNTRY ROAD GAS STATION

Marcel sees the gas station in the distance.
Wildfire is keeping a weary eye on the clown.

The clown is sitting with his back straight.
His hands are resting on his suitcase.

Wink and Faye are holding hands in the back seat.

Continued:

Continued:

They arrive in a village.

SHEILA
Let's pull in here, Marcel.
I could stretch my legs.

Marcel drives the car next to a gas pump at a convenience store.

He puts the stick shift in park and gets out of the car.
Wildfire follows closely behind Marcel.

Sheila gets out of the car and heads for the door to the
convenience store of the gas station.

SHEILA
I'm gonna buy some snacks.

Marcel walks around to the fuel door.

MARCEL
I'll fill up.

WILDFIRE
I'll do it.

MARCEL
Okay. Want anything, clown?

The clown remains motionless.

Marcel follows Sheila inside the convenience store.

Wink and Faye get out of the car.

WINK
We're gonna go to the little
girls' room.

POV: WASHROOM SIGN ON CORNER OF BUILDING

Wink and Faye disappear around the corner of the building.

Wildfire keeps an eye on the clown.

The clown opens the door and steps out.

He closes the car door gently.

He looks at Wildfire and gently waves once and smiles.

He walks away from the car and the gas station.

His silhouette disappears into the night.

Continued:

Continued:

WILDFIRE

You're welcome.

Wildfire continues filling up the gas tank. She looks around, keeping an eye on Sheila and Marcel inside the convenience store.

They are checking out products on the shelves.

Wildfire stops pumping gas and places the nozzle back in its slot on the gas pump.

She walks to the convenience store and enters.

EXT. NIGHTFALL - COUNTRY ROAD GAS STATION

Wildfire enters the station/convenience store and meets up with Sheila and Marcel looking at bags of chips at the back of the store.

They grab a couple of bags and head for the counter behind which the MALE CLERK is standing. He is young and wearing a jacket-like smock.

They place the items on the counter.

Sheila places her purse on the counter.

MARCEL

Let me pay for the snacks,
at least.

Marcel puts his hand in his pant pocket.

SHEILA

No, no. I got it.

The clerk scans the items.

CLERK

With fuel, it comes to \$85.73.

EXT. DAY - GAS BAR/CONVENIENCE STORE

Wink and Faye walk out of the washroom.

Wildfire, Sheila and Marcel walk out of the convenience store. Marcel is carrying the grocery bag.

SHEILA

Where's my car?

WILDFIRE

It's gone.

The group stop walking where the car should be.
They stand looking at the ground and looking around.

Continued:

Continued:

Marcel leans over and drops the grocery bag on the ground.

MARCEL

That's where I would have
placed the bag in the car.
Where in the hell is it?

WILDFIRE

It's the clown. I told you
we shouldn't have picked him
up. Clowns are evil.

Marcel turns around followed by Sheila and Wildfire.

Wink and Faye stay outside.

INT. DAY - GAS BAR/CONVENIENCE STORE

Marcel stands in front of the counter.

MARCEL

Our car has been stolen.
Did you see anything?

CLERK

No. I didn't see anything.

The clerk is not at ease.

Marcel points at the cameras.

SHEILA

Let's call the cops.

MARCEL

First, let's have a look
at the security tapes.

CLERK

I don't know if I'm allowed
to do that.

Marcel leans over the counter and feels the lapel of the clerk's jacket.

MARCEL

I'm supposed to be on vacation.
So far, it hasn't been great.
Don't jerk me around.

Marcel grabs the lapels with both hands and pulls the clerk upper body over the counter.

Wildfire walks behind the counter and pulls out a switch blade.

Continued:

Continued:

MARCEL

She's itching to cut you up
in places you will regret.
Now. You're gonna show us
the tape?

CLERK

Yes. Yes. The system is
Hooked up to the laptop
Under the counter.

Marcel lets the clerk back down, and joins Wildfire behind the counter.

WILDFIRE

Rewind it and let's see.

Sheila follows.

The clerk uses the laptop and rewinds the security camera recording.

The images are rewinding until they see Sheila's car and its occupants.

WILDFIRE

There.

The clerk plays the recording.

VIDEO IMAGE of Sheila and Marcel leaving the car; Wildfire pumping gas; Wink and Faye leaving the car; the clown leaving the car, and Wildfire putting back the nozzle and disappearing from the screen.

A YOUNG WHITE MALE approaches the vacant car, punches out the ignition switch and starts the car with a screw driver.

He puts the car in gear and very slowly drives off.

Marcel turns to the clerk.

MARCEL

It's a small place. Who's this
punk? And don't give me any BS.

SHEILA

I need to recover my car, son.

CLERK

Yeah! I know who he is.
He just likes to carjack.

MARCEL

Where does he live?

Continued:

Continued:

Wildfire pulls out her knife, again, and points it in the direction of the clerk's face.

SHEILA
Listen, you little shit.
Where does he live?

CLERK
212 Orizaba street. It's
a couple of blocks from here.
Just take the next right.

SHEILA
Thank you.

WILDFIRE
And don't call him to say
that we're coming, or we'll
be back for another visit.
And you see those ladies
overthere. They'll blow up
This shit hole.

EXT. DAY - ORIZABA STREET

Marcel, followed by Sheila, Wildfire, Faye and Wink are walking on Orizaba street.

They look at the numbers on the houses.
Wink is carrying the grocery bag.

EXT. NIGHT - RESIDENTIAL STREET

STREET LAMPS

The clown is walking along a street.

He stops in front of a house, turns and faces it.

INT. NIGHT - BEDROOM

The light from the street lamp filters through the sheers hanging over the window.

The clown enters through the bedroom door.

A MAN is sleeping in a double bed.

The clown places his suitcase on top of a dresser.

He reaches for the MP3 player inside his suit.

He pulls the MP3 player out, removes his earphones and places the items on the dresser next to the suitcase.

Continued:

Continued:

V.O. COVER of RAPE ME by Nirvana coming out of the earphones

The man is stirring in his bed, his sleep being disturbed.

The clown takes his time opening the suitcase.

Balloons, plastic flowers, a flute and a scarf are inside.

The clown unfolds the scarf.

A handgun is revealed.

He takes the handgun.

The man is waking up, groping for the light switch on his night stand.

MAN

Who's there?

V.O. RAPE ME (Full sound)

The clown SHOTS the man in the chest, TWICE.

SHOTS RING OUT.

CUT TO: ORIZABA STREET

Marcel, Sheila, Wildfire, Faye and Wink stop walking.

V.O. DISTANT GUN SHOTS

MARCEL

Sounded like gunfire.

CUT TO: BEDROOM

V.O. RAPE ME (Cont'd.)

The clown unhurriedly places the gun back on the scarf.

He begins to take his clown suit off, starting with his gloves.

He takes off his suit, his face remains in the twilight.

V.O. END SCENE ON: Hate me. Do it and do it again. Waste me. Rape me, my friend.

CUT TO: ORIZABA STREET

Marcel, Sheila, Wildfire, Faye and Wink are walking down the street.

They see Sheila's car parked in the driveway of a house.

They slowly walk up to the car. Marcel looks at the ignition switch.

V.O. VIDEO GAME being played inside the house

Continued:

Continued:

WINK
(whispering)
We're gonna stay here to
keep an eye on the car.

Sheila heads for the front door of the house, followed by Wildfire.
Marcel catches up with them.

Sheila walks right in the house. Christmas lights above door.

INT. DAY - CAR THIEF'S HOUSE

The white young man is sitting in the living room, playing a video
game.

Sheila sneaks up upon him and whacks him on the side of the head with
her purse.

He jumps up and runs for the door.

Marcel trips him and holds him on the floor.

Wildfire is holding up her knife to his throat.

WILDFIRE
What do we do with him?

SHEILA
Nothing. I've got my car back.
(beat)
Young man. Please don't steal
other people's cars.

Marcel taps him on the cheek a couple of times.

MARCEL
And it better start.

EXT. DAY - ORIZABA STREET

Marcel puts the stick shift in reverse and backs the car out of the
driveway. Wildfire is sitting in the front seat.

Sheila is in the middle of the back seat with Wink on her left and
Faye on her right.

Faye opens her bag, and pulls out the switch.

SHEILA
Oh, no. You're not going
to blow up the house. Think
of the neighbours.

Continued:

Continued:

FAYE

Just look.

Faye flips the switch.

Christmas lights come on above the door of the house.

CAR THIEF

ARREST ME

The group LAUGHS.

FAYE

My father taught me
everything he knew
about blasting. Until
he died on the job,
that is.

SHEILA

I know it's getting late,
but I am very hungry.
Got to keep my blood sugar
happy, and my stomach too.

WILDFIRE

What about the snacks?

SHEILA

I mean a real meal.

MARCEL

Isn't a certain clown
owed an apology?

EXT. NIGHT - COUNTRY ROAD

FAYE

We're in the sticks. Where
are we going to find a place
to eat?

MARCEL

My dear Faye, you can be
anywhere up the sticks in
Quebec and eat like a king,
or a queen. There's a small
town up ahead. I'm sure we
will find something great.

EXT. NIGHT - COUNTY INN AND RESTAURANT

The car pulls into the parking lot of the Country Inn.

Continued:

Continued:

SIGN: CHEZ JEAN-CLAUDE ET MARIE-LAURE

INT. NIGHT - RESTAURANT

A COUPLE IN THEIR SIXTIES stand in the lobby of the restaurant. Jean-Claude and Marie-Laure are both fit individuals. She is wearing a dress. He is wearing dress pants and shirt.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Bienvenus.

MARIE-LAURE
Bienvenus.

There are no customers.

WINK
Are you closed?

JEAN-CLAUDE
(French accent)
For you beautiful people,
of course not.

MARIE-LAURE
(French accent)
Come this way. We have a nice
private dining room for you.

The group follows Jean-Claude and Marie-Laure through the main dining area. Ahead is a swing door to the kitchen.

They enter a private room to the left. It is quaintly decorated.

A round table is in the middle of this room. It is large enough to sit eight people. The table is covered by a tablecloth and the places have already been set.

There is a large service opening in a wall adjacent to the kitchen. There is a counter top at the bottom of the opening.

Jean-Claude walks to the opening and leans inside it.

JEAN-CLAUDE
François. Chop, chop. We
need to remove a few chairs.

The group is walking around the table eyeing their seats.

Marie-Laure is removing the extra place settings.

FRANÇOIS enters the dining room. He is a sullen young man. He keeps his gaze focussed on the chairs.

Continued:

Continued:

JEAN-CLAUDE

Please, François, let's remove
three chairs.

François lifts up one chair.

JEAN-CLAUDE

Say hello to my kitchen assistant,
François.

François nods and disappears with the first chair.

The group is sitting down.

Marie-Laure has placed the three extra settings on the counter of the
service window.

Wildfire, Faye, Wink, Marcel and Sheila are seated around the table.

François returns and picks up another chair.

Marie-Laure straightens the front of her dress and moves to stand
beside Jean-Claude.

JEAN-CLAUDE

My name is Jean-Claude. I am
the chef. And this is my wife,
Marie-Laure. She is the
Sommelière.

François has returned to pick up the last chair.

MARIE-LAURE

May we offer you an aperitif?

SHEILA

Yes. That's sound nice.

V.O. BANG FROM THE KITCHEN

JEAN-CLAUDE

If you will excuse me, I will
return shortly.

Jean-Claude leaves the room.

Wink looks at Marie-Laure.

WINK

What do you recommend?

MARIE-LAURE

Well, we have just met, but
I feel that we are quickly
becoming friends, non?

Continued:

Continued:

Marie-Laure looks at Wink and Faye.

MARIE-LAURE

You are a couple, yes? For you,
I would recommend a Cinzanno
Blanc on ice and for your
lover, a Cinzanno rouge.
She is fiery, non?

Faye nods in agreement.

V.O. JEAN-CLAUDE

Qu'est-ce qui se passe?

V.O. FRANÇOIS

Un accident. C'est tout.

Marie-Laure turns to Sheila.

MARIE-LAURE

For you, madame, I sense
that you have had many
difficulties in life.
(beat)
But your spirit is strong. And
you are a wise woman. We serve
a beautiful Québec Pale Ale,
that I'm convinced you will enjoy.

François enters with a tray containing a couple of baskets and small service plates with cubed butter. The content is covered by cloth napkins.

FRANÇOIS

Excusez-moi.

François places the baskets on the table and the butter dishes. He lifts up the edges of the napkin revealing the bread.

Wink takes a slice of bread.

WINK

Warm.

Marie-Laure turns to Wildfire.

MARIE-LAURE

If I may say so, mademoiselle,
you are a very beautiful woman.
But I sense anger deep within you.
I would recommend iced bubble
tea to help soothe your soul.
Forgive me for being so forward.

Continued:

Continued:

The other guests seated at the table are taking bread.

SHEILA

I'm famished.

MARIE-LAURE

Finalement, monsieur. I know that you already have a libation in mind. Am I not right?

MARCEL

Yes, you are. I would very much like some Dubleuet.

MARIE-LAURE

I believe that they have stopped making Dubleuet, but let me check my stock to see if I have a bottle. Excusez-moi.

Marie-Laure leaves.

MARCEL

I hope they have some. It's an aperitif made with blueberries. It's the best.

François enters the room with a carafe of water.

WILDFIRE

She must be psychic, or something.

François pours water in all the water glasses on the table.

Jean-Claude enters the dining room.

JEAN-CLAUDE

I apologize for the noise. Due to the late hour, may I suggest a lighter meal? You will not be able to sleep after a heavy meal.

François leaves the room.

JEAN-CLAUDE

Our famous Soupe à l'oignon au gratin. Medaillons de porc dans une sauce aux poivres avec asperge et riz sauvage. Salade de campagne avec vinaigrette aux framboises.

Continued:

Continued:

JEAN-CLAUDE

(cont'd)

Assortiments de fromages fins.
And to complete this wonderful
meal, a chocolate fondue in
honour of the happy couple.
Nothing says love like
chocolate.

SHEILA

Sounds wonderful. What is it?

Jean-Claude is about to speak.

WINK

I'll translate. I'm not just
a baker. I can cook, too.

JEAN-CLAUDE

Merci, madame.

MARCEL

Le tout copieusement arrosé
de vin.

JEAN-CLAUDE

But, of course. Wine aplenty.
My wife will help you with
the selection.

Jean-Claude leaves.

Marie-Laure enters with the aperitifs.

She distributes the glasses.
Marcel receives his drink last.

MARIE-LAURE

You are in luck, monsieur.
I've found what you asked.

MARCEL

Merci.

CUT TO: The group is finishing their drink.

François enters with a tray filled with onion soup bowls.

He serves the bowls.

CLOSE UP OF FOOD

Marie-Laure enters with two bottles of white wine.

Continued:

Continued:

She fills the white wine glasses, leaves one bottle on the table and departs.

CLOSE UP OF WINE IN GLASSES

The group is happy.

SHEILA

A toast.

They all raise their glasses.

SHEILA

Thank you for your companionship.

MARCEL

Here, here.

They all drink.

They eat their soup.

CUT TO:

François enters with three dinner plates filled with pork medallions, asparagus and wild rice.

Jean-Claude enters with two plates. All are served.

François leaves.

FAYE

Merveilleux, chef.

JEAN-CLAUDE

You are most welcome.

Jean-Claude leaves.

Marie-Laure enters with two bottles of red wine.

She begins pouring the wine in the red wine glasses.

Some of the glasses beside the red wine glasses still have white wine in them.

SHEILA

It's simply delicious.

MARIE-LAURE

I'm glad you're enjoying the meal.

WINK

And the wine.

Continued:

Continued:

Wink is inebriated, and so are the others.

CUT TO:

Salad service

CUT TO:

Cheese service

CUT TO:

François is clearing the table.

FAYE

You know what I would like?

SHEILA

No.

FAYE

When I get my hands on a computer, I'm gonna check to see what happened with that petition about Pluto.

WILDFIRE

Probably went nowhere.

FAYE

Sounds like it. It's not right that a bunch of scientists sitting somewhere in Academia have decided that Pluto is no longer a planet. It offends me as a Scorpio.

WINK

A bunch of eggheads, if you ask me.

SHEILA

Eggheads. That's funny.

FAYE

And if there is no petition going, I'm gonna start one to reclassify Pluto as a planet, or whatever it is that they do with planets.

Marcel lifts up his glass.

Continued:

Continued:

MARCEL

To Pluto.

They all lift up their glasses and CHEER TO PLUTO.

WILDFIRE

My turn. To Sheila and the rest
of you. You're alright.

MARCEL

So are you, Wildfire Longboat.
To all of us.

They all cling glasses and drink.

Jean-Claude enters with a tray containing compartments filled with
portioned strawberries, apples, mandarin orange wedges, bananas, angel
food cake and marshmallows. A chocolate fondue dish is in the centre
of the tray.

François is following behind with fondue forks. He places them on the
table.

WINK

Yea! Chocolate fondue.

JEAN-CLAUDE

Enjoy.

Jean-Claude leaves.

WILDFIRE

Why don't you smile,
François?

François forces a smile, and leaves.

Wildfire grimaces to his back.

Marie-Laure enters with a thin bottle of white wine.

MARIE-LAURE

To complement your fondue,
you have to try this marvellous
Ice-Wine.

FAYE

Yes.

CUT TO:

The group is eating the fondue, drinking the ice-wine.

Continued:

Continued:

FAYE

So, how did you enjoy the reefer, Sheila?

SHEILA

I must say I enjoyed it.

FAYE

Good, 'cause we still have some.

Faye pulls out the plastic bag containing the rest of the pot and the rolling paper. She rolls a joint.

WINK

Now, it's the slippery slope.

WILDFIRE

Bullshit.

WINK

That's what the man and his cronies want us to believe.

Faye lights the joint, takes a puff and passes it to Wink.

FAYE

That's right. Pot is no more addictive than food.

Wink takes a toke and passes it to Wildfire.

WINK

Those control freaks are confused. They are in denial about the fact that it doesn't matter what it is. If you're an addict, you're an addict. You can be addicted to anything.

Wildfire offers the joint to Sheila, who declines.

SHEILA

No, thank you. I am enjoying this lovely ice wine.

Wildfire looks at Marcel. He has already lit a corona. She gives the joint back to Faye.

WILDFIRE

You can be addicted to food. That's why sixty percent of the population is overweight.

Continued:

Continued:

WINK

I'm not overweight. It's glandular.

Wink takes the joint from Faye.

WILDFIRE

Sorry, Wink. I didn't mean you were addicted to food.

WINK

I'm not offended.

SHIELA

What about chocolate addicts?

FAYE

Sex addicts. And I'm not talking about pedophiles the do-gooders confuse with homosexuals.

Faye squeezes Winks arm and kisses her on the cheek.

She takes the joint back, takes a toke and hands it to Wildfire.

WINK

Yeah. Since most pedophiles are straight men.

Wildfire takes a toke and gives the joint back to Faye.

SHEILA

What about gamblers and alcoholics?

WINK

Yeah! They're not banning booze or gambling. Quite the opposite.

MARCEL

And what about your average scum of the earth politician who is addicted to power and greed? Shouldn't they be put in jail?

Wildfire takes a piece of angel cake and throws it at Marcel.

WILDFIRE

It means that most of those so called upstanding citizens would be in jail.

Continued:

Continued:

Marcel takes a strawberry and throws it at Wildfire.

A food fight starts.

At first, they are only throwing the dip ingredients.

Marcel dips a marshmallow in the chocolate, pulls it out, and throws it at Wink.

A full scale food fight takes place.

GROUP LAUGHING LOUDLY.

V.O. LAUGHTER OF JEAN-CLAUDE AND MARIE-LAURE JOINING IN

Sheila, Marcel, Wink, Faye and Wildfire stop laughing.

The place is a mess.

They look at Jean-Claude and Marie-Laure.
They are standing in the kitchen peering through the service opening.

Jean-Claude and Marie-Laure continue to laugh.
They look at each other.

JEAN-CLAUDE

They are really having a good
time.

Marie-Laure is still LAUGHING.

Jean-Claude resumes LAUGHING.

Sheila, Marcel, Wink, Faye and Wildfire resume LAUGHING.

V.O. SHOTGUN BEING PUMPED

V.O. SHOTGUN BEING CRACKED OPEN

Sheila, Marcel, Wink, Faye and Wildfire stop laughing.

Jean-Claude and Marie-Laure are still laughing.

Marie inserts a 12gauge shell in her shotgun in view of the group.

Jean-Claude places two shells in his double-barrelled shotgun, for the group to see, and readies the gun for firing.

They stop laughing.

JEAN-CLAUDE

I assume that after such a
meal, I would be remiss to
let you leave in such an
inebriated state.

Continued:

Continued:

JEAN-CLAUDE

(cont'd)

Of course, you will need to pay for the meal and make reparations for the damages you have done to our dining room. But it can wait until tomorrow morning.

MARIE-LAURE

François will make sure that you have a very good night sleep in our lovely bed and breakfast. So, we will see you back here tomorrow morning bright and early.

JEAN-CLAUDE

Pleasant dreams.

(loud)

François

WILDFIRE

Now I know why François doesn't smile.

INT. DAY - RESTAURANT DINING ROOM

Sheila and Wildfire are busy cleaning up the walls of the dining room.

Faye is cleaning the chairs.

Marcel is cleaning the table.

MARCEL

I think I'll go get a mop and bucket to wash the floor.

Marcel leaves.

INT. DAY - RESTAURANT KITCHEN

Marcel is standing in front of a commercial sink.

A hose is hooked up to the faucet and he is filling up the bucket. There is a mop and mop squeezer in the bucket.

He turns off the tap.

Marcel pushes the bucket on wheel using the mop handle.

He approaches Wink who is busy kneading dough on a wooden baker table.

Wink is working hard, kneading the dough.

Continued:

Continued:

Marcel stops in front of Wink on the other side of the table.

WINK

I'm busy.

Marcel watches Wink's body move back and forth.

Her breasts are swaying underneath her top and apron.

He is following the movement with his head.

CUT TO:

Dining room where Sheila, Wildfire and Faye are finishing up the work.

V.O. FACE BEING SLAPPED

WINK

What was that?

Wink begins to walk in the direction of the kitchen when Marcel stumbles out, pushing the mop bucket.

He is holding his face.

WINK

You played with her dough,
didn't you?

Marcel lowers his hand, revealing an outline of a hand, in flour, on the side of his face.

He pushes the mop bucket.

MARCEL

Yes. Yes, I did. But I
ain't gonna do that again.

EXT. DAY - COUNTRY ROAD

Wildfire is driving. Sheila is sitting in the front passenger seat.

Wink is sitting in the back seat behind Wildfire. Marcel is in the middle; Faye is to his right. They all look dejected.

Wink puts her right leg over Marcel's legs. Faye puts her left leg over Marcel's legs.

WINK

About the kitchen incident?

MARCEL

Yes?

Continued:

Continued:

WINK

You owe me.

MARCEL

Do I?

FAYE

I'm the only one who touches her dough.

MARCEL

Okay. What do you want?

WINK

I want you to be my bride's maid.

MARCEL

What about Sheila or Wildfire?

FAYE

It's all been decided.

WINK

Sheila is giving Faye away, since her father is no longer with us. And Wildfire is her bridesmaid.

Faye squeezes Marcel's chin.

WINK

My father will give me away, and Sheila has agreed to be my bridesmaid and maid of honour. And he's white, by the way. My mother died when I was young.

MARCEL

So, I guess we are attending the wedding. And you mean the bride's best man.

WINK

No. I mean a bridesmaid. You have to wear a dress.

MARCEL

You're joking. Randini.

FAYE

You'll look good as a queen. If it's good enough for Benny Hill, it's good enough for you.

Continued:

Continued:

SHEILA

Come on. Be a good sport.

MARCEL

I knew better than to sit
here. And I ain't shavin
nottin.

Wink and Faye kiss him on the cheek.

EXT. DAY - INVERNESS COUNTRY SIDE

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY

Wildfire is driving the car. Sheila is in the front passenger seat.
Wink is sitting behind Wildfire, with Marcel in the middle and Faye
behind Sheila.

WINK

Pull in the next driveway
on your right, Wildfire.

Wildfire lifts up the turn signal lever.
She steers the car unto the driveway on the right.
At the end of the long driveway, a farm house is visible in the
distance.

ROLLING HILLS

BIRDS AND ANIMALS

SKY AND EARTH

FARMLAND

INT. DAY - SMALL COMMUNITY HALL

Two aisles are dividing the hall leading up to the Altar.
Chairs occupy the rest of the space in front of the Altar.

GUESTS, MOSTLY BLACK are seated. It is an eclectic group wearing
different styles of clothing.

A BLACK WOMAN priest is standing in front of the Altar, facing the
congregation. She is wearing a white chasuble over a black alb, and
she is draped in a purple stole.

The woman priest nods toward the centre of the hall, then to the right
and to the left.

V.O. MUSIC TBD perhaps WHITE WEDDING by Billy Idol (female vocals)
The congregation stands.

A PHOTOGRAPHER takes pictures.

Wink, accompanied by her FATHER, who is an old WHITE MAN, is walking
down one aisle. She is wearing a sumptuous white dress. Her hair and
makeup are beautifully done. She is holding flowers.

Continued:

Continued:

Her father, who is shorter than Wink, is wearing a black suit, white shirt and a tie. He is wearing thick glasses.

He looks back at Marcel who is following behind in a long psychedelic dress, an unlit cigar in his mouth.

Walking down the other aisle is Faye, wearing a black dress. She is as equally done up as Wink. She is holding a bouquet of flowers in one hand.

Faye is holding Sheila's arm who is wearing a purple dress and a hat.

Wildflower is following behind Faye and Sheila. She is wearing a long purple dress, matching Sheila's.

The two brides and their entourage arrive in front of the priest. The brides give their bouquets to their bridesmaid.

Sheila and Wink's father step aside.

Sheila and Wildfire, as well as Wink's father and Marcel go stand in front of their chairs in the front row.

The music stops.

PRIEST

Dear friends, we come
together in the presence
of God, as Wink and Faye
enter into a covenant
declaring their love for
each other.

Wink peeks in the direction of her father and Marcel.

Wink's father is touching Marcel's dress.

Marcel grabs the old man's hand as it nears him.

DEAD SILENCE. The whole congregation turns in a speeded up motion toward Marcel

Wink frowns at Marcel and signal "NO" with her head.

Marcel notices that he is the centre of attention and let's go of the old man's hand, and brushes his jacket as if to dust off lint.

Members of the congregation turn their gaze toward the priest.

PRIEST

Please be seated.

The congregation sits, except for Wink and Faye.

Continued:

Continued:

MARCEL

(whispering)

Don't touch the merchandise,
pops. Must run in the family.

Marcel removes the cigar from his mouth and puts it in his cleavage.
The cigar falls to the floor from under his dress.

PRIEST

The gathered community bears
witness to this covenant.

CUT TO:

Wink and Faye are holding hands.

PRIEST

Dear friends, Wink and Faye
have entered into this
covenant. We celebrate this
union and pray that their
love will be an example for
all as they go forth with
their lives.

Wink and Faye turn to face the congregation.

PRIEST

Go in peace to love one
another.

CONGREGATION

Amen!

CUT TO: Wink and Faye are at the back of the hall receiving the
congregation as they exit.

V.O. MUSIC TBD, perhaps AND I LOVE HER by the Beatles (female vocals)

Wink's father and Sheila are behind Wink and Faye in the receiving
line.

QUICK SHOTS

GUESTS CONGRATULATING WINK AND FAYE

Marcel is trying to hide behind the congregation as they exit.

CUT TO: Photographer taking pictures of the wedding party

FREEZE FRAMES OF THE WEDDING PARTY

FAYE AND WINK

WINK, HER FATHER, FAYE AND SHEILA

Continued:

Continued:

WINK, FAYE, SHEILA, WILDFIRE
WINK'S FATHER TOUCHING MARCEL'S DRESS
MARCEL, CIGAR IN MOUTH, GRABBING LAPEL OF SUIT OF WINK'S FATHER, AS
WINK LOOKS ON DISAPPROVINGLY

INT. NIGHT - HALL

The Altar has been removed and replaced with a live band, made up of a
MALE LEAD GUITARIST, a FEMALE SINGER, a MALE BASS PLAYER, a MALE
KEYBOARD PLAYER and a MALE DRUMMER. They are making their final
instrument and sound checks.

Some tables have been set up along the side walls. Some chairs have
been left near the tables.

The wedding guests have changed for the reception. Some of them are
holding glasses.

Sheila and Wink's father are standing behind a microphone; wine glass
in hand.

SHEILA

Ladies and gentlemen, a round
Of applause for Wink and Faye.

Wink and Faye make their entrance. They also have changed into more
comfortable clothes.

Wink and Faye stop in front of the band, facing their guests. They
each are holding a glass.

WINK'S FATHER

A toast to the happy couple.

Everyone raise their glass in the direction of Wink and Faye and
CHEER.

They all take a sip.

Faye walks up to the microphone.

Sheila and Wink's father step aside.

FAYE

Enough talk. Let's have some
fun.

Faye turns to the guitar player and nods.

Faye returns to be with Wink.

The band begins to play POWER OF LOVE by Dee Lite. MUSIC TBD

Wink and Faye are the first to dance.

Continued:

Continued:

Guests follow suit on the dance floor.

Everybody is having a good time, partying.

Wildfire is wearing her beautiful native dress.

She spots Marcel, still wearing the bridesmaid dress hiding in a corner at the back of the hall.

She makes her way to him.

WILDFIRE

Why are you still wearing
That?

MARCEL

They hid my friggin clothes.

WILDFIRE

I thought you didn't use that
word, anymore.

MARCEL

I didn't.

WILDFIRE

I'm sure they'll give them
back to you after the party.

Faye arrives running in and pulls Marcel to the dance floor.

CUT TO:

V.O. DANCE ME TO THE END OF LOVE by Leonard Cohen, MUSIC TBD
Wink and Faye are entwined, dancing slowly in the spotlight.

Beyond them, Marcel is dancing with Wink's father, keeping a distance.

MARCEL

Not too close, pops. I think
you need a new pair of glasses.
Psst, Wink.

Wink doesn't respond.

Marcel sticks out his tongue at her.

Wildfire is walking around the two couples taking pictures with a disposable camera.

MARCEL

Where's Sheila?

Continued:

Continued:

WILDFIRE
I haven't seen her in a
while.

MARCEL
She should be here instead of me.

WILDFIRE
Last time I saw her, she
didn't look too good.

MARCEL
Here, tap me on the shoulder.

WILDFIRE
(smiling)
Why?

MARCEL
I've got to find her.
Take my place.

WILDFIRE
Sure.

Wildfire taps Marcel on the shoulder.

WILDFIRE
May I?

Marcel disengages from Wink's father and is about to pat him on the head.

Wink looks at Marcel and gives him the evil eye, while nodding "NO".

Marcel winces and leaves.

Wildfire and Wink's father dance.

Marcel walks out of the main hall.

He looks for the bathroom and finds the door.

Marcel knocks on the bathroom door.

He knocks again.

MARCEL
Anybody in there?

He turns the handle and pushes the door open.

Sheila is lying on the floor, the contents of her purse is scattered about her.

Continued:

Continued:

He rushes over the Sheila.

V.O. DANCE ME TO THE END OF LOVE - MUSIC TBD(muffled)

Sheila is alert.

SHEILA

I'm okay. I just slipped.

Marcel helps her up to a seat.

SHEILA

Let me catch my breath. I'll
be fine.

Marcel gathers the content of Sheila's purse.

He picks up the bottle of pills.

MARCEL

Come on, Sheila. What's going on.
Is it the diabetes?

SHEILA

It's not the diabetes. It's.
It's cancer.

Marcel sits down beside her and places Sheila's purse next to her.

MARCEL

Do you want me to call an
ambulance?

SHEILA

No. I'll be okay. I just
want to make it to Africville.
Once I'm there, I'll get some
rest and everything will be
fine.

MARCEL

I don't like this, but if
you're sure.

EXT. DAY - INVERNESS FARM

Wink, Faye and Wildfire hug Sheila and Marcel in turn.

SHEILA

I'm happy for you both.

MARCEL

Yeah! Congratulations.

FAYE

We always will have a soft
spot for you both.

Continued:

Continued:

WILDFIRE

What about me?

WINK

You too.

MARCEL

You're hanging out here for
a bit, Wildfire?

WILDFIRE

It's so peaceful.

WINK

We'll drive her to Quebec City.

WILDFIRE

I'll just hop on a plane and
fly to Montreal.

MARCEL

Okay, then. We're off.

Marcel takes the driver seat. Sheila sits in the front passenger seat.

Marcel starts the car and they drive off.

They wave back.

Wink, Faye and Wildfire wave at them.

Marcel exits the driveway and turns on the country road.

MARCEL

How are you feeling today?

SHEILA

Much better. I'll be alright.

MARCEL

Glad to hear it. But if there's
anything you need, tell me and
we'll make it happen. We still
have to use the back roads, though.

EXT. DAY - RIVIERE DU LOUP GAS STATION/CONVENIENCE STORE

Sheila's car is parked beside a gas pump.

Sheila is looking at a bulletin board on the outside wall of the
convenience store.

MANY FLYERS

Continued:

Continued:

Sheila is focussing on the heading of one flyer in particular.

WRESTLING

Sheila carefully removes the flyer and puts the pin back on the board.

Marcel walks out of the convenience store with a newspaper in hand. He is reading it.

Sheila walks over to him as they proceed toward the car.

SHEILA

Marcel. Look at this.

Marcel looks at the flyer.

MARCEL

So?

SHEILA

I want to go. It's today.

MARCEL

I thought you were in a hurry to get to Africville.

SHEILA

Yes, but a couple of hours is not going to make that much difference.

MARCEL

Okay, but it's a small town. You can't expect to see big time wrestlers here.

SHEILA

I don't care. I haven't seen live wrestling in ages.

They reach the car. Sheila sits in the front passenger seat. Marcel sits in the driver seat.

He tosses the news paper on the back seat.

HEADLINE READS: MAN MURDERED, HANDGUN AND CLOWN SUIT LEFT AT THE SCENE.

INT. DAY - SCHOOL GYMNASIUM

There is a wrestling ring in the middle of the gymnasium.

PEOPLE are sitting in wooden chairs. The chairs are in rows.

Continued:

Continued:

Sheila and Marcel are seated in the front row near one corner of the ring. Sheila is eating popcorn.

SHEILA

I've been watching wrestling
on TV for years.

MARCEL

When I was young, my grand-
mother watched wrestling
every Saturday afternoon.

SHEILA

I remember cheering for Killer
Kowalski, Johnny Rougeau and
Edouard Carpentier. Those
guys were great. And the midgets...

MARCEL

I think that midget is not PC.
They're called little people.

SHEILA

What? Calling them little people
is better? I don't think so.

THE CROWD CLAPS, WHISTLES

The ANNOUNCER is followed by the REFEREE as they make their way to the ring.

ANNOUNCER

Welcome, one and all. First
bout on today's card is
between Kid Lee and Iceberg
Allen. Your referee for
today's match is Lou LaBrie.

THE CROWD CHEERS AND BOOS

Kid Lee with his TRAINER, and Iceberg Allen with his TRAINER, walk past Sheila. Kid Lee is young and athletic. Iceberg Allen is large and flabby.

Kid Lee looks at Sheila and smiles.

Sheila smiles back.

SHEILA

Hi, babyface.

They climb the three steps and get inside the ring.
The wrestlers prance around.

Sheila pumps her fist in the air.

Continued:

Continued:

SHEILA
You're dead meat, Iceberg.

Marcel looks at her sideways.

MARCEL
Alright, Sheila.

The announcer walks off the ring.

He sits at a table adjacent to the centre of the ring. The trainers are busy setting up their corners.

The referee looks at each corner.

The wrestlers are ready.

He waves them to the centre of the ring.

The wrestlers stand nose to nose, as the referee explains the rules.

REFEREE
Okay, boys. No blow below the belt. No weapons of any kind. When I say "break" you have to break. Once you've pinned your opponent, it's a three second count to win the match. Good luck.

WRESTLERS
(grunts)

The wrestlers step back.

The referee signals the TIMEKEEPER.

The time keeper RINGS THE BELL.

The wrestlers take their stance.

They begin to wrestle.

Sheila is grimacing.

SHEILA
Watch out, Kid. He's a tweezer.

The wrestlers grapple one another.
They wrestle.

Sheila is very agitated on her chair. Popcorn is flying out of the bag.

Continued:

Continued:

MARCEL

What's a tweezer?

SHEILA

To me, it's a heel. But
some of the crowd like
him, so he's not totally
bad.

Iceberg has the kid in a choke hold.

The referee is behind Iceberg and he can't quite see what he is doing
to the kid.

The kid is hitting Iceberg on the arm, but without much success.

Every time the referee moves to their side to see what is going on,
Iceberg turns to prevent him to have a clear view.

The kid is losing consciousness.

SHEILA

Are you blind, ref? The kid
is out of gas. He's being choked.

Sheila rifles through her purse.

SHEILA

I've gotta do something.

She pulls out a pop can.

She stands up and throws the pop can into the ring.

The pop can hits Iceberg on the head. The can rolls off the ring.

He releases the Kid.

MARCEL

Jesus H., Sheila. You just
threw an unopened pop can.

The Kid takes a big gulp of air. Iceberg rubs his head, dazed.

The Kid pushes Iceberg toward the ropes.

A SECURITY GUARD comes over to Sheila and Marcel.

Iceberg is flying back toward the centre of the ring.

SECURITY GUARD

Miss. You can't do this. If
you don't behave, I'm going
to ask you to leave.

Continued:

Continued:

The Kid grabs Iceberg by the arm and flips him over.

SHEILA
Yes. Yes, officer.

The security guard leaves. Iceberg lands on his back.

The kid jumps on his chest and lifts up one of Iceberg's leg to solidly pin him down.

The referee quickly lies on the mat and makes sure both shoulders are pinned.

The referee hits the mat three times.

REFEREE
One. Two. Three.

The Kid jumps up, arms in the air.

The crowd cheers.

Iceberg gets up slowly, still dazed.

The referee holds one of the Kid's wrists.

REFEREE
The winner.
(beat)
Kid Lee.

Sheila is standing, applauding.

SHEILA
Yea! Kid.

Popcorn all over the gym floor.

The Kid steps out of the ring, waving at the CHEERING crowd.

Iceberg Allen leaves the ring, rubbing his scalp.

ICEBERG
(grunting)

Sheila shakes her fist behind his back as he walks past her.

The announcer returns to the ring.

ANNOUNCER
The next bout is a tag team event. Featuring the Masked Bandits against Willy Whippet and Robert the Lion.

Continued:

Continued:

THE CROWD JUMPS US, CHEERING

Marcel is standing, applauding. Sheila remains seated.

MARCEL

Is something wrong?

SHEILA

Maurice "Mad Dog" Vachon and his brother Paul are the only tag team that was ever worth standing up for.

TWO BLACK WRESTLERS are climbing up onto the ring. They both wear purple outfits and capes.

The security guard is on the other side of the gymnasium, keeping an eye on Sheila.

TWO WHITE WRESTLERS, wearing tight black suits and masks, step into the ring.

The same trainers are already in place.

CUT TO:

One masked bandit is in the centre of the ring wrestling with Willy Whippet.

In one corner, standing behind the ropes, is the other masked bandit. Robert the Lion is standing behind the ropes in the opposite corner.

The referee is moving about.

Willy manages to push the masked wrestler toward Robert's corner.

They tag.

Robert jumps in, but before he has time to assume Willy's hold on the masked wrestler, he gets punched in the solar plexus.

Robert bends over clutching his stomach.

The masked wrestler clenches his fists.
He raises his arms.

He is about to hit Robert on the back.

Robert rolls on the mat and the masked wrestler misses.

Robert is still holding his mid-section, breathing heavily.

They get back into the centre of the ring and grapple.

Continued:

Continued:

The masked wrestler pushes Robert toward the other masked wrestler who is holding a string.

His hand is stretched, ready for the tag.

Robert is backing up.

The referee is in the centre of the ring.

The masked wrestler pushing Robert has one arm stretched out trying to tag.

He is still too far.

The other masked wrestler jump in the ring, and then tags his team mate.

Sheila jumps up.

SHEILA

Ref. Are you blind?

The two masked wrestlers pound on Robert.

The referee breaks them up.

Sheila is fuming.

One masked wrestler returns behind the ropes.

The other masked wrestler pushes Robert in the corner.

The masked wrestler behind the ropes takes the tag string and wraps it around Robert's neck.

Willy Whippet is jumping up and down in his corner, SCREAMING.

The crowd is into it.

The referee unwraps the string around Robert's neck.

The masked wrestler lifts Robert and flips him on his back in the middle of the ring.

Robert doesn't move as he is pinned down by the masked wrestler.

The masked wrestler hits the mat three times with his open hands.

CROWED BOOING

Everybody is on their feet.

The referee signals "NO" with his head and waves his arms in a crisscrossing manner.

Continued:

Continued:

He signals the time keeper.

The time keeper RINGS THE BELL.

REFEREE

The masked bandits are
disqualified. The winners
are Willy Whippet and Robert
the Lion.

Willy jumps into the ring and pulls the masked wrestler off Robert.

Willy helps Robert to his feet.

The masked wrestler is gesturing at the referee and the crowd.

He meets his team-mate in the corner.

The referee is standing between Willy and Robert and lifts up their
arms in victory.

Sheila looks around for the security guard. He is nowhere to be seen.

The masked bandits climb down from the ring.

As the second masked bandit walks by Sheila, she jumps on his back.

One arm around his neck, legs around his waist, she tries to rip the
mask off his head.

Sheila is YELLING in his ear.

The other masked bandit turns around.

He comes over to help his team-mate.

He grabs Sheila by the shoulders and tries to pull her off.

Marcel intervenes.

MARCEL

Hey! Get off her.

The masked wrestler lets go of Sheila and turns to Marcel.

He grabs him by the neck with one hand.

The security guard arrives.

Willy and Robert join in.

Willy pulls Sheila off the masked wrestler.

She falls awkwardly between chairs.

Continued:

Continued:

Robert taps the other masked wrestler on the arm.

He lets go of Marcel.

The security guard is on his cellphone.

SECURITY GUARD
Please send a patrol car, now.

The four wrestlers leave.

Marcel, grasping for air, goes to the aid of Sheila.

He helps her to sit on a chair.

EXT. DAY - QUEBEC CITY BRIDGE OVER ST. LAURENCE RIVER

PICK UP TRUCK

Wink is driving a pickup truck. Faye is sitting in the middle.
Wildfire is sitting by the passenger door.

WINK
What time is your flight?

WILDFIRE
It's not for another three
hours. So, there's no rush.

FAYE
Why don't we take Champlain
Boulevard to old Quebec.
We'll have a nice view of
Levis and the Chateau up
above. Then, we could go up
and drive inside the fortified
portion of the town. It's
quite impressive.

WILDFIRE
I wonder where Sheila and Marcel
are.

WINK
She is in good hands with Marcel.

INT. DAY - SCHOOL GYMNASIUM

Marcel's wrists are being put in handcuffs by a WHITE POLICEMAN.

The policeman checks to see if the cuffs are closed properly.

A POLICEWOMAN is taking notes in his notepad.

Continued:

Continued:

SECURITY GUARD
What about her?

The policeman holding Marcel by the arm looks toward Sheila.

POLICEMAN 1
Very unlikely that they will
prosecute her because she
jumped on a 300lb wrestler.
So, we will not arrest her.

Sheila is sitting down, clutching her side.

The policeman pushes Marcel forward. He looks to his partner.

POLICEMAN 1
Got everything?

The policewoman nods.

Marcel fishes out the car keys and tosses them toward Sheila.
The keys land on her skirt above her knees.

MARCEL
Can you please make it
to the police station to
find out what's in store?

INT. DAY - POLICE STATION

CAMERA FLASH

CLOSE UP STILL OF MARCEL MUG SHOT WITH NUMBER 3930-101-107
CLOSE UP STILL OR MARCEL'S PROFILE WITH NUMBER 3930-101-107

POLICEMAN 1
It's back to the cell for you.

The policeman escorts Marcel to a jail cell.

He opens the door.

The cell is empty.

The policeman removes the handcuffs.

He prods Marcel to step into the cell.

POLICEMAN 1
Make yourself comfy. You won't
see the judge before tomorrow.

Continued:

Continued:

INT. DAY - COURTROOM

Marcel, still handcuffed, is standing in front of a WOMAN JUDGE.

JUDGE

Disturbing the peace. First
offence. I hereby release
you on your own recognizance.

(beat)

But you will have to come
back for your trial. Please
see the court clerk. She will
have papers for you to sign
and give you the time and date
when you have to appear for
this misdemeanour.

The Judge writes some notes, and bangs her gavel.

JUDGE

Next case.

EXT. DAY - QUEBEC CITY AIRPORT

The truck is parked in the airport parking lot.

Wildfire picks up her bag from the back of the pickup truck.

Wink and Faye are standing by the tailgate.

The three women hug at the same time.

WILDFIRE

Thank you very much for
your hospitality. You are
great and I wish you all
the happiness in the world.

FAYE

You'll keep in touch, right?

EXT. DAY - POLICE STATION

Marcel escorts Sheila back to the car. Rag top down.

She is clutching her side and breathing heavily.

Marcel opens the passenger door to let her in.

She gets in. He closes the door.

He jumps behind the wheel.

Continued:

Continued:

MARCEL

You're putting up a brave face, but I can see you're in pain.

SHEILA

I hardly slept all night. I rented a room in this cheap motel and the mattress was the pits. Besides, I was worried about you. Once we get going, I'll be alright.

MARCEL

I was okay. I have to come back for the trial, but I should be able to get off with a fine. At least that's what the cop was saying.

SHEILA

I'm sorry you got arrested. And I ruined your vacation.

MARCEL

Don't worry about it. Let's get you to Africville. We'll take the highway. It'll be faster.

EXT. DAY - HIGHWAY

The car is on the ramp leading to the highway. Rag top is down.

Sheila's eyes are closed.

Marcel looks on the seat between him and Sheila.

There is a duffle bag and he rifles through it.

He finds a radar detector and places it on the dashboard. He plugs the adapter in the cigarette lighter.

V.O. Radar Detector self test SOUND

The radar detector startles Sheila.

SHEILA

What's that?

MARCEL

Just my blanky. Get some rest.

V.O. MUSIC TBD

Continued:

Continued:

Marcel steps on the gas. The busted up cap wobbles along.
SPEEDOMETER NEEDLE ON 150 KMPH

The traffic is light.

Marcel comes upon a red Porsche.

He passes the car.

Marcel looks in the rearview mirror as he pulls back onto the right lane.

The DRIVER of the Porsche speeds up.

The Porsche passes Marcel.

Marcel speeds up.

SPEEDOMETER NEEDLE ON 160 KMPH

He is gaining ground on the Porsche.

Marcel pushes the gas pedal all the way to the floor.

Marcel is gaining on the Porsche.

The cars are side by side. Marcel is in the left lane.

In the far distance, the highway curves. The area is treed.

Marcel looks at the gauges.

The radiator gauge needle is all the way to H in the red.

The driver of the Porsche looks at Marcel and smiles.

The Porsche speeds up.

V.O. Radar detector BEEPS

Marcel looks at the radar detector and lifts his foot off the gas pedal.

The Porsche speeds toward the curve.

Marcel steers the car back into the right lane, slowing down.

He can't see the Porsche as he enters the curve.

As the highway straightens out, he can see the flashing lights of a police car.

Marcel approaches the police car at the posted speed.

Continued:

Continued:

SPEEDOMETER NEEDLE ON 100 KMPH

The POLICEMAN is standing in front of the Porsche.

He glances at Sheila's car. That side of her car looks fine.

The policeman continues to write the ticket.
The Porsche is parked in front of the police car.

Sheila looks at the driver of the Porsche and gives him the finger.

The Driver sees Sheila's gesture.

SHEILA

That's what Wildfire would
have done.

MARCEL

I'm sure you're right.

Marcel maintains the posted speed limit.

He checks his rearview mirror

REARVIEW MIRROR

The flashing lights of the police car disappear in the distance.

Marcel resumes speeding.

MARCEL

We've got about 800 Kilometres
to go. We should be there
this evening.

SHEILA

Good.

Sheila goes back to sleep.

SCENERY WHIZZING BY

EASTERN QUEBEC BORDER WITH NEW BRUNSWICK

SHEILA TOSSING AND TURNING

EDMUNDSTON NEW BRUNSWICK

SHEILA TOSSING AND TURNING

FREDERICTON NEW BRUNSWICK

SHEILA TOSSING AND TURNING

Continued:

Continued:

EXT. EVENING - MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK

Marcel is entering the city of Moncton, New Brunswick.
Sheila is still sleeping.

He drives the car to the first gas station he sees.

Marcel parks next to a gas pump.

It starts to rain.

He activates the convertible top, which stops halfway up.

Marcel stands on the seat and pulls the top over to the windshield.

He manages to close it.

Sheila wakes.

SHEILA

Where are we?

MARCEL

We're in Moncton. It started
to rain. I'll fill up the
gas tank and we should be there
in less than three hours.

SHEILA

I like the rain.

MARCEL

Moncton. He supervised the
deportation of thousands.
My ancestors were Acadians.
But that's another story.

(beat)

Do you need anything?

SHEILA

No. I'm fine.

CUT TO:

Marcel driving car back on the highway.

SCENERY WHIZZING BY

EXT. NIGHT - WELCOME TO NOVA SCOTIA SIGN

CAR ENTERS NOVA SCOTIA

EXT. NIGHT - HALIFAX

Continued:

Continued:

HALIFAX CITY SIGN

RAINING HEAVILY AND WINDY

Sheila wakes up.

SHEILA
Are we in Halifax?

MARCEL
We're just entering the city.

SHEILA
Good. You know where we're
going?

MARCEL
I think so. I checked out the
map at the gas station in
Moncton.
(beat)
How are you feeling?

SHEILA
Not good.

Michael looks at the temperature gauge in the dashboard.

The needle is still in the red. Steam is streaming out of the gap in
the hood.

Sheila notices the steam.

SHEILA
Is the car gonna make it?

MARCEL
We've come this far. It
will make it, even if I
have to push it myself.

SHEILA
It's raining.

MARCEL
You can thank Candice. She's
a nasty little hurricane.

SHEILA
I don't care. As long as
I see Africville one more
time.

Marcel turns on the radio. V.O. MUSIC TBD

Continued:

Continued:

Sheila closes her eyes.

EXT. NIGHT - AFRICVILLE MEMORIAL PARK

SIGN: AFRICVILLE MEMORIAL PARK

Marcel follows the road, which is lit by street lamps.

They are the only ones in the park.

Sheila opens her eyes. The rain has abated.

SHEILA

We're here. They used to call
It Seaview.

Sheila perks up a bit.

SHEILA

The place is unrecognizable.

Marcel turns off the radio.

SHEILA

There's supposed to be a
monument somewhere.

MARCEL

We'll find it.

They follow the park road.
They come upon the monument.

MARCEL

It's here.

SHEILA

Open the top.

MARCEL

Anything you want.

Marcel pushes the switch releasing the rag top.

The roof jams halfway open.

Marcel stands on the seat and pushes the rag top towards the back of
the car.

He steps out of the car and pushes the top down as much as he can.

He returns to the car.

He sees Sheila's hat on the seat next to his duffle bag.

Continued:

Continued:

He takes the hat and places it on Sheila's head.

SHEILA

I don't want it. You wear it.
I know how fussy you are about
your hair.

Sheila takes the hat and puts it on Marcel's head.

SHEILA

I want to feel the rain
on my face and my body.
Africville rain.

The rain falls on Sheila's face.

The wind swirls the rain around on the hood of the car.

Sheila raises her arms.

SHEILA

I am the eye of the
hurricane.

Sheila drops her arms.

SHEILA

Marcel. I've carried Africville
in my heart all those years.
But for the wrong reasons.
Now that I'm here, Africville
is in my heart for the right
reason; love not hatred.

Marcel puts his duffle bag on the back seat and moves closer to
Sheila. He wraps his right arm around her shoulders.

MARCEL

You will catch a cold.

SHEILA

Shhh. Let's sit here a while.

Marcel presses Sheila's body against his.

V.O. MUSIC TBD - perhaps WATER'S LEAKING by Two

Marcel is crying.

He tightens his grip on her shoulder.

Sheila rests her head on his shoulder.

Continued:

Continued:

CUT TO:

The rain has stopped.

Sheila's body is still in the car.

Her body is slumped on the car seat, resting against the door.

Sheila's hat is on the seat between her and Marcel.

Marcel is behind the wheel, his head bowed, sleeping.

A neatly folded white shroud lands on his lap.

He looks up.

Christopher is standing there with the brace on his right leg.

He is leaning on his left leg.

MARCEL

You knew.

CHRISTOPHER

She thought she had more time. She wanted to visit Africville and return to Toronto to die.

MARCEL

Still. You could have told me before we left.

CHRISTOPHER

She didn't want people to fuss over her. Besides, would it have made a difference?

MARCEL

Probably not.

(beat)

What do we do now?

CHRISTOPHER

We're gonna bury her.

(beat)

Right here in Africville.

MARCEL

What about your leg?

CHRISTOPHER

What's a little pain for My Aunt?

Continued:

Continued:

CHRISTOPHER

(cont'd)

Sheila never had any children
and always treated me kindly,
like a son. Even when I got
into trouble. She was always
loving toward me, no matter what.

Marcel steps out of the car. Water spills out of the open door.

MARCEL

It will be a most fitting place.
She told me the story of
Africville on the way over here.

CHRISTOPHER

In 1947, Halifax City Council
Already wanted to turn Africville
into an industrial area. The
residents voted against relocation.
Africville had already existed
for a century. Halifax had
promised better housing. It never
materialized. The town fathers
proceeded with the evacuation.
and started bulldozing houses
in 64. They bulldozed without
permission in a lot of cases
and some citizens had little
notice, leaving with only
what they could carry. They
even demolished the church
in the middle of the night.
400 Africvillians displaced,
Most of them moved with
municipal dump trucks.

CUT TO:

Sheila's body is laid out on the trunk of the car, on top of the white
linen.

Christopher has removed his shirt and is busy digging the grave.
Sweat is glistening on his torso.

Marcel wraps Sheila's body with the shroud, leaving her face exposed.

V.O. CAR

Marcel and Christopher look up.

A police car is coming toward them.

The car drives by slowly.

Continued:

Continued:

TWO BLACK POLICEMEN inside the car nod at Christopher. And drive on.

CHRISTOPHER

Their parents were born in
Africville.

(beat)

They're going to keep unwanted
visitors out of the park. They've
arranged for a barricade that
reads closed for maintenance.

MARCEL

When did you find out she was
really sick?

CHRISTOPHER

She called from Inverness after
the wedding reception. She had
a feeling she wouldn't last
long. I flew in today and rented
a car. She told me that she wanted
to go straight to Africville.

Christopher lifts up a pickaxe.

Christopher SCREAMS as he lets the pick axe hit the ground.

V.O. MUSIC TBD - WATER'S LEAKING by TWO

There are pieces of sod piled to one side, a few feet away from the
grave.

Marcel grabs a shovel lying on the ground and jumps in the grave.

CUT TO:

Sheila's shrouded body lies in the open grave.

A BLACK PREACHER stands over the body on one side of the grave, book
of prayer in hand. He is wearing a black robe.

On the other side of the grave, stands a choir of BLACK WOMEN.
They are wearing blue robes.

BLACK MALE musicians are behind.

Christopher is standing near Sheila's head.

Marcel faces him on the other side of the grave at Sheila's feet.

PREACHER

Give rest, O Christ, to
your servant, Sheila, where
sorrow and pain are no more.

Continued:

Continued:

PREACHER

(cont'd)

We are mortal, formed from
the dust of the earth, and
unto earth shall we return.
For you so ordained when you
created Sheila, saying: "Dust
you are and to dust you shall
return. All of us go down to
the dust. Yet weeping at the
grave, we celebrate Sheila's
life by singing a song dear to her.

Gospel Choir sings: MUSIC TBD, perhaps WHEN I WAS A YOUNG GIRL by
Sebastian Mure, but with different lyrics. Music in the style of
Feist's version of the song.

GOSPEL CHOIR

When I was a young girl
I used to seek pleasure
When I was a young girl
I used to drink ale
Out of the ale house
down into the jail house
My body salve-aided
and hell is my doom

Come mama come papa
and sit you down by me
Come sit you down by me
and pity my case
My poor head is achin'
my sad heart is breakin'
My body salve-aided
and hell is my doom

Please send for the preacher
to come and pray for me
And send for the doctor
to heal all my wounds
My poor head is achin'
my sad heart is breakin'
My body salve-aided
and I'm bound to die

One morning one morning
one morning in May
I saw this young lady
all wrapped in white linen
All wrapped in white linen
and call out the plague

PREACHER

Amen.

Continued:

Continued:

The preacher bends down and takes a handful of loose dirt.

He sprinkles the dirt over Sheila's body.

One by one, the choir members and the musicians walk to the dirt pile.

They grab a handful of dirt and sprinkle it on the body.

And one by one, they leave.

The preacher shakes Christopher's hand.

Christopher shakes the preacher's hand with both hands.

The preacher leaves.

Marcel kneels down and places Sheila's hat on her waist.

Christopher grabs a shovel and gently begins to cover the body with dirt. Marcel takes the other shovel.

CUT TO:

Marcel and Christopher are placing the last pieces of sod on top of the grave.

CHRISTOPHER

I'm glad we were in the
eye of the hurricane and
the rain had stopped.

MARCEL

Sheila is the eye of the
hurricane, watching us.

CHRISTOPHER

Thank you for bringing
Sheila to Africville.

MARCEL

I wish . . .
There's one more thing
I need to do.

CHRISTOPHER

What?

MARCEL

Just follow me with you car.
I've got a meeting with a
certain bridge.

Marcel runs towards Sheila's car.

Continued:

Continued:

He gets in the driver's seat and starts the engine.

He drives a ways until he finds one of the concrete pillars supporting the bridge interchange.

Christopher is following behind in his car.

Marcel puts the car in gear and speeds up towards the concrete base.

He crashes Sheila's car. The trunk pops open.

Marcel empties the glove compartment and stumbles out of the car grabbing his duffle bag in the process.

MARCEL

Where's an airbag when you
need one.

Christopher parks his car and limps quickly toward Marcel.

MARCEL

This car has had it.

Marcel walks to the back of the car and takes Sheila's suitcase out of the trunk.

He then removes the back license plate.

MARCEL

We lost the front plate
when we got bumped by the semi.

(beat)

They can pick that up with
their dump truck.

Marcel is favouring his shoulder.

They walk to Christopher's car, get in and drive off.

Sheila's grave is visible as they leave.

FADE OUT

V.O. MUSIC TBD

CLOSING CREDITS

Include info about Africville, ie. NFB film, Church Museum, Loyalist connections, etc.

They never did anything with the land except turn it into a park. The park is underused and there is an off-leash area for dogs to roam free and crap all over the place.

Cast of Characters

Principal

Sheila	Black Woman	mid-60's to 70s
Faye	Black Woman	20's to 30's
Wink	Black Woman	20's to 30's
Wildflower	First Nations Woman	20's to 30's
Christopher	Black Man	mid 30's to 40's
Marcel	Caucasian Male	mid 40's to 50's

Secondary

Marie-Laure	Caucasian Woman	middle age
Jean-Claude	Caucasian Male	middle age
Francois	Caucasian Male	Young man

Wink's Father	White Male	Senior
Priest	Black Female	Early 40's
Wrestlers	Black and white	
Policemen	3 whites 2 blacks	
Gospel Choir	Black	