Anger Always Flowers

By

Justin Murphy

Based On His Novel And His Prequel Novella
Fear Always Blooms
EXT. PORT OF NEW ORLEANS DAY

GIUSEPPE "GARY" ANTONINI arrives on a ship to NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA. The young Sicilian immigrant sets foot in this new world. Eyes gaze at him all around.

CENSUS TAKER
Alright everyone...come on...

Each of these immigrants move forward into the immigration office. Gary included. None say a word.

INT. IMMIGRATION OFFICE DAY

CENSUS TAKER
What’s your name?

This Census taker ask another immigrant this question. No doubt he has an authoritarian voice.

CENSUS TAKER
What part of Sicily do you come from?

Gary hears his tone. Almost rude.

CENSUS TAKER
Go to the end of the line...we’ll deal with you later.

He watches his fellow Sicilian. Gary sees him move to the end of the line. This man has tears in his eyes.

INT. INFIRMARY DAY

Gary waits in line. He sees a nurse give another Sicilian immigrant a vaccine injection. Right in the arm with a syringe. Squints his eyes. Gary watches this.

NURSE
You’re up next...honey...

Gary does not step forward.

NURSE
Don’t worry...I won’t bite...

Dips a cotton ball in an alcohol bottle. She dabs it on Gary’s arm. Injects him with a different syringe.

(CONTINUED)
...see? Now that didn’t hurt!


INT. IMMIGRATION OFFICE DAY

Gary steps out of the infirmary. He gazes into a chair. There is a book LEARNING ENGLISH FROM A TO Z. Picks it up. Opens it. Begins to read aloud. Sounding each letter.

GARY
Aaaaaaaaaay...

Gazes at the letter “A”. Tries to pronounce it.

GARY
...Beeeeeeeeeeeee...

Now gazes at the letter “B”. Repeats the same function.

EXT. BOUCHARD FAMILY PLANTATION DAY

ANGELIQUE BOUCHARD stands here with a few of her friends, her younger sister HANNAH, and her brother HENRI. Both a decade her junior. She gazes into the horizon with wonder.

ANGELIQUE
Someday...a mysterious stranger’s going to come here from a far away land and I’m going to marry him...

Angelique sighs with a deep breath. Her friends and younger siblings start laughing.

FRIEND
You think some tall, dark, knight in shining armor is going to sweep you off your feet...

This friend of hers places the back of her hand to her forehead. Her other hand to her chest. Mocking Angelique’s Southern belle outlook on romance and love.

FRIEND
...you’re going to marry another local bum from around here in New Orleans just like the rest of us!

(CONTINUED)
ANGELIQUE
What was that you little bitch?

Angelique snaps around. Charges toward her friend. Grabs her by the throat. Taking her to the ground immediately.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD
Now what in the hell is going on out here?

Angelique, Hannah, and Henri’s father, ROBERT EDWARD LEE “BIG DADDY” BOUCHARD comes out. Pulls them apart.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD
This is not how I’ve raised my children to act...

Holds Angelique’s shoulders.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD
...if you can’t act like a proper lady, you can go inside and forget about these friends of yours!

Stands at a distance from his children and their friends. Has made his point.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD
Enough is enough of this shit...am I understood?

Big Daddy Bouchard. A fat, sweaty aristocrat walks back inside. Wears a white suit. Cooling himself with a handkerchief. Watches his daughter through the screen door.

ANGELIQUE
No one will ever tell me who I can or cannot marry.

Turns her attention back to the horizon.

EXT. MOSCA’S NIGHT

A car parks in front of this eatery. A somewhat older, more Americanized Gary Antonini opens the door. Gets out of the driver’s seat. He sees a huge wad of money.

ROUGEAU
Here’s your fee for tonight...

Mob boss MAURICE ROUGEAU. Well dressed with a fedora hat. Pays him a one hundred dollar bill for his services. Gary pockets it for safe keeping.

(CONTINUED)
ROUGEAU
...listen...we have a bit of a problem...

Gary nods. Walking alongside Rougeau.

ROUGEAU
...The Ku Klux Klan is rallying on our turf pretty soon. I want you and several others to back me up.

GARY
You got it...

ROUGEAU
Honestly...you need to stop dating that Cajun girl...it’s bad for business!

GARY
At least she isn’t wearing white sheets or burning crosses!

Shakes his head at Rougeau.

GARY
Wait a minute...aren’t you a half breed?

They gaze at each other. Not too upset. Yet not too pleased with each other.

ROUGEAU
Think about what I said...

Stares at Gary. Waits to see if he understands.

ROUGEAU
...huh?

Kisses Gary on the cheek. Nods at him.

ROUGEAU
Remember...if any racists in white sheets show up...give the signal.

GARY
No problem.

Rougeau nods at Gary once more. They both leave Mosca’s. Head in separate directions.
EXT. KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE KAMELIA LODGE NIGHT
Rougeau walks up to the door of THE KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE KAMELIA lodge. This place looks like a nice wooden pub or tavern. He knocks on the door. It opens.

INT. KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE KAMELIA LODGE NIGHT

KLANSMAN
What do you want half breed?


ROUGEAU
I’m willing to make a deal with you...

KLANSMAN
I’m sorry we don’t make no deals with no half nigger Suh-See-Yuhns. Even if he has Cajun blood in him.

Rougeau steps forward a bit more forceful.

ROUGEAU
Listen...I know you want Big Daddy Rougeau out...you feel he’s become too much of a family man...

Trying to find the right words.

ROUGEAU
...that he’s not devoted to your cause as you would like...

KLANSMAN
Yeah...but how’s that any business of yours?

ROUGEAU
I think one of my men is dating his daughter...I can help you bring ‘em down...

Nods. More confident.

(CONTINUED)
ROUGEAU
...while also teaching my guy a lesson...

Watches The Klansmen talk amongst themselves. Sees them turn back to him. The Klansman he spoke with gets up. Rougeau waits to be addressed with a response.

KLANSMAN
What’s in it for you?

ROUGEAU
I’ll need sanctuary from the law...

Gulps.

KLANSMAN
What for?

ROUGEAU
...there’s things I’ve been doing...both my crew and the police have been catching up.

The Klansmen talk amongst themselves once more.

KLANSMAN
Alright...we’ll help you...

Approaches Rougeau.

KLANSMAN
...but you need to help us first...

ROUGEAU
Got it.

KLANSMAN
And you better pay up soon!

ROUGEAU
Oh don’t worry...you’ll be hearing from me shortly...

Leaves the lodge. A smile on his face. It displays a plan at work. Hints at a shred of nervousness he conceals.
INT. BOUCHARD FAMILY DINING ROOM NIGHT

Gary and Angelique sit down with her family. Plates of red beans and rice are served. Yet Gary and Big Daddy Bouchard stare at each other. Mutual dislike. If anything...

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD
Ain’t you one of them Suh-See-Yuhns?

GARY
Yes I am.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD
So...you’re involved in organized crime?

Gary drops his fork onto his plate. His eyes widen in anger.

GARY
I don’t see what that has to do with anything!

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD
Are you or are you not one of them there mobsters?

Gary gets up from the table, Angelique follow.

ANGELIQUE
Daddy...

Shoots her father a nasty scowl.

ANGELIQUE
...what in the hell is wrong with you?

INT. BIG DADDY’S DEN NIGHT

Angelique walks Gary into her father’s secret work area. She does not want anyone to know they are in here. Has her finger over his lips. Wanting Gary to be quiet.

ANGELIQUE
Listen...there ARE some things you need to see...

Further guiding Gary into the room. 

(CONTINUED)
ANGELIQUE
...they explain why my father is a bit of an asshole.

GARY
A bit?

They both start laughing.

ANGELIQUE
You may think it’s funny now...but you won’t in a minute.

Points him in the direction of the fireplace. There is Confederate flag on the wall above it. A couple of Civil War dueling pistols bolted to the mantle below.

ANGELIQUE
Are you ready to see what’s in this cabinet?

Gary nods. She opens it up. There are some white robes. Swastikas are embroidered directly on them.

EXT. PLANTATION FIELDS NIGHT

Gary and Angelique kiss. Both lay on the ground. Making love where no one can see them. His head on her stomach. Her blouse partially open. Her abdomen heaves.

ANGELIQUE
Don’t worry about my father...we’re not all like that...

GARY
The Klan is expected to trespass on our turf...

She bolts into the seated position. He squints his eyes.

ANGELIQUE
WHAT?

GARY
I guess I wasn’t supposed to say that...

She runs her fingers through his hair. Sees his shirt is also unbuttoned.

(CONTINUED)
ANGELIQUE
No big deal...
Kisses him on the lips.

ANGELIQUE
...for now...we’ll enjoy this moment.

They both kiss each other’s body parts.

ANGELIQUE
Although I have every intention of going there and stopping it if my father has plans to hurt you!

Gary pulls away.

GARY
I can’t let you do that...it’s between your father and I.

Shakes his head.

ANGELIQUE
I promise I won’t get hurt...I’ll be careful...

GARY
I...I can’t let you do that!

Holds her in his arms.

GARY
I’m not going to allow you to put yourself at risk...

Kisses her on the lips.

GARY
...just for me.

EXT. MOSCA’S NIGHT
Several members of THE KU KLUX KLAN have gathered. Karge crucifixes burning behind them. They wear white sheets. Members of THE NEW ORLEANS MAFIA meet them out front.

ROUGEAU
We don’t want any trouble...
BIG DADDY BOUCHARD
There are those of us here in New Orleans who wish to preserve the purity of our white race...

Gary’s eyes widen in fear. He recognizes this voice.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD
...we are tired of filthy Sicilian nigger trash intoxicating our land...much less any half breeds!

Gary sees a car pull up. Angelique gets out of it.

GARY
What the...?

Rushes away from the conflict over to Angelique.

GARY
What are you even doing here? I told you not come!

ANGELIQUE
I couldn’t allow this to happen...my father is wrong!

GARY
Yeah..but you’re also wrong by showing up here!

Big Daddy sees Angelique talking with Gary. His eyes are visible. Even while masked under these robes.

KLANSMAN
Hey, isn’t that your daughter?

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD
Well, hell yeah...

Gazes at her. Concerned.

ROUGEAU
Did I just hear him say the Cajun Antonini’s dating is the lead Klansman’s daughter?

GANGSTER
Yeah...I think I did...

ROUGEAU
Kill her! Don’t even flinch!

(CONTINUED)
A handgun aims at Angelique from a distance. This gangster shoots her right in the throat!

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD
Oh no...

Sees what happened.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD
Which one of you pasta eatin’ niggers shot my daughter?

Angelique falls into Gary’s arms. Grasps her throat as blood drains from it. Big Daddy races to her.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD
Get the hell away from her!

She gasps for air. Ger eyes roll back into her head.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD
You’re the ones who killed my baby girl!

GARY
She wouldn’t have been murdered just now if you hadn’t come here!

The two of them still hold Angelique’s body.

GARY
I hope each and every one of you burn in hell!

Gazes at fellow members of The New Orleans Mafia. And also The Ku Klux Klan. Stares at Maurice Rougeau and Big Daddy Bouchard in particular. He sees blood.

GARY
Every...single...one...of...you!

Still holds Angelique. He spits in Big Daddy Bouchard’s face. Forgiveness is not in his vocabulary.

EXT. ABOVE GROUND CEMETERY DAY

The entire Bouchard clan gathers around Angelique’s final resting place. Big Daddy Bouchard, Hannah, and Henri are here. So are many others in attendance.

(CONTINUED)
BIG DADDY BOUCHARD
I’m so sorry you got caught in the middle of this...

Tears stream down his face.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD
...I was wrong...

Drops to his knees.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD
...I was so wrong!

Buries his face in the palms of his hand.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD
And there’s no doubt I’m going to have to live with this for the rest of my life...

A whole new row of tears comes flooding through his eyelids.

BIG DADDY BOUCHARD
...I killed my own daughter!

Walks away from the sarcophagus holding Angelique’s remains.

GARY
I’m here precious...

Stands behind a tree. A far distance from the funeral service. He looks on. Tears illuminate his eyes as well.

GARY
...I know they don’t even want me here...but that didn’t stop me...

Steps away from this tree. Big Daddy Bouchard and the rest of Angelique’s family pass through here. Gary hides.

GARY
Now we shall have our time together...

Walks over to Angelique’s grave. Lays a bouquet of magnolias down. They lay on the lid of her sarcophagus.

GARY
For you...

Pulls out an old music box. Ge winds it up for her. Lays it next to the bouquet of magnolias. Holds out his arm. He begins dancing with an invisible partner.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

Gary

"you are my sunshine...my only
sunshine...you make me happy when
skies are gray..."

Closes his eyes

Gary

"...you’ll never know dear how much
I love you..."

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH DAY

The door opens. Rougeau walks in. A bit nervous. He sees a
Priest at the farther end of the church. Walks passed each
of the pews. Confronts him. Something is wrong here.

Rougeau

I’m seeking sanctuary from the
law...I was told this is a church
for Klansmen...

Wipes sweat from his forehead with a handkerchief.

Priest

It is...

Nods.

Priest

...you’re awfully dark for a
Klansman...

Rougeau

Listen...I need a place to get
away...I’m in trouble...

Tugs on the priest’s cloth.

Priest

Alright...alright...there’s a room
in the back...you can work in the
soup kitchen...

Rougeau

Thank you...thank you...if there’s
ever a way I could repay you...

Priest

Just your devotion to The Lord is
enough...
Waves it off with the stroke of his hand. Walks into the back room. Rougeau follows his path. A lost lamb.

INT. BACK ROOM DAY

Rougeau follows the priest. There are many beds in a row. Each of them with a lamp, nightstand, and a bible next to them. He stands here not making a sound whatsoever.

PRIEST
Here is where you’ll be staying...there are many others who room here as well...

Shrugs.

PRIEST
...in the day...they are often either at work or volunteering at the soup kitchen...

Nods.

PRIEST
...and you’ll be doing that soon enough...

ROUGEAU
Good enough for me...

The priest smiles at him.

PRIEST
Of course...it’s good enough for anyone.

Walks over to one of the nightstands. Grabs a copy of THE HOLY BIBLE. Walks back over to Rougeau. Hands it to him.

PRIEST
All you ever need is the word of The Father, The Son, and The Holy Spirit at your side...

Pats Rougeau on the shoulder.
EXT. PORT OF NEW ORLEANS DAY

Missionaries board a boat. Rougeau and the priest are among them. They both smile at each other. Rougeau carries his Bible. Looks out at the horizon. Sees the sun.

INT. BOAT DAY

PRIEST
Ready to work with those less fortunate?

ROUGEAU
Oh yes.

Smiles. Looks at a brochure for North Africa.

PRIEST
Sad how many souls in those third world countries have never been touched by the word of Christ...

Rougeau nods.

ROUGEAU
I know.

PRIEST
Let's just hope we can make a difference in their lives...

ROUGEAU
If only...

Does a form of Catholic prayer. Points to his head. Now his heart. Now to both shoulders. Before pointing to his head and heart once more. He is ready for his journey.

PRIEST
Let's see what we can do...

Smiles. The boat starts moving.

PRIEST
...I can see us getting many converts out of this...
EXT. PORT OF NEW ORLEANS DAY

The boat journeys for the mists of the sun. Exiting the port. Heading somewhere far away. It keeps going and going. It becomes nothing more than a blip in the distance.

INT. MOSCA’S DAY

Gary watches TV. It sits above his table. He sees the MISS LONE STAR pageant. There is a beautiful blonde who is being crowned with a Tiara. Given a sash and bouquet of flowers.

PAGEANT HOST
Ladies and gentlemen...this year’s Miss Lone Star...DIXIE LYNN EWING!

Gary smiles. Taken and mesmerized by her.

GARY
She looks just like Angelique...

WAITER
It’s some beauty pageant they’re airing from Texas...the girls don’t look half bad...

GARY
You’re telling me...

So transfixed and dazed. He does not focus on anything else.

GARY
Wish I could meet her...

WAITER
Just wait...a lot of the contestants come here to have dinner each year...

GARY
What? A bunch of beauty queens from Texas come through some mob establishment here in New Orleans?

WAITER
You got it.

Lays bread sticks on a nearby table.

GARY
But don’t they know it’s Mafia connected? Why don’t they go to some legit place in Texas?

(CONTINUED)
WAITER
Simple...they come here for the mixture of Louisiana Creole and Italian cuisine...

Smiles. Tries to look away from Gary.

GARY
Is that it?

Looks at the waiter. Something he is not being told.

WAITER
A lot of The Mafia guys like you buy them dinner and...well...you know what I mean...

Winks at Gary.

GARY
Oh yeah...

Nods. Catching onto what he means.

GARY
...I’d buy her dinner...

At a later date...

Gary pulls out Dixie Lynn’s chair. He sits down. The waiter brings the first course. Oysters and other elements. Such as aperativo drinks and antipasto dishes.

DIXIE LYNN
Thanks for buying me dinner...

Squints her eyes. Concerned.

DIXIE LYNN
...don’t you think you should slow down? That’s like you’re fifth drink...isn’t it?

Gary takes another sip of his drink.

GARY
Sorry...it’s a habit of mine...

DIXIE LYNN
I can see that...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GARY
So...how did you end up in that pageant?

DIXIE LYNN
For a long time...people thought I was ugly and thought I would never amount to anything...

Gary looks horrified.

GARY
No...that’s wrong...

Takes her hand.

GARY
...you are so beautiful...you remind me of someone I once knew...

DIXIE LYNN
Tell me about her.

Looks into his eyes. Transfixed by him.

GARY
Angelique was the most beautiful woman in the world...she never could do anything wrong...

Looks down. Humble.

GARY
...she was taken away from me in an act of murder...

DIXIE LYNN
Oh no...

Their eyes lock for a moment.

DIXIE LYNN
I’ve been on the pageant circuit ever since I was eighteen...hope to do some modeling down the road...

Smiles. Changes the subject.

GARY
I’d like to get to know you more...
INT. NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

Gary and Dixie Lynn enjoy the nightlife. Strobe lights. Disco music everywhere. They are on the dance floor. Enjoying the night away with other couples here.

GARY
Had no idea a Texas beauty queen could dance like that.

They both dance and laugh.

DIXIE LYNN
You’ve never seen me dance before!

Laughs.

GARY
Did I ever tell you how beautiful you look?

DIXIE LYNN
Yeah...at that restaurant...

Gary smiles. He walks toward her. She does the same. They move closer toward each other. Gary takes her hands. They wrap their arms around each other. They share a kiss.

DIXIE LYNN
Wow...

Pulls away. Big smile on her face. Has no idea whether to be astonished or embarrassed. She is starry eyed right now.

DIXIE LYNN
...isn’t this moving a bit fast?

GARY
Come on...let’s sit down...

Takes her hand. They go to a table.

DIXIE LYNN
Thank you...

Gary pulls out a chair for her. A waiter brings over a couple drinks. She takes one. He sits in the other chair.

Sees Gary pull out a bottle of Jack Daniels. Pouring it into his drink. Raises the glass to her. Drinks it.

Later...

(CONTINUED)
DIXIE LYNN
What are you doing?

There are a few lines of cocaine in front of her. She scoops a line with half a razor blade. The cocaine on his side of the table is disorganized and messy.

She snorts it up her nose. A rolled up dollar bill in hand. Gary has coke plastered around his nose. Neither seem to get enough of this. He snorts the small bit around his nostril.

DIXIE LYNN
Oh gee...another drink? And besides...don’t you feel you’re doing a little too much coke?

Gary sips the next drink the waiter brings him.

GARY
So...what’s the big deal?

DIXIE LYNN
I’m just doing a small bit and hanging out with friends...you’re acting like a full blown junkie!

Gary still snorts residue powder from around his nose.

DIXIE LYNN
Look at you...it’s embarrassing!

Still has half a razor blade in her hand. Two lines of cocaine remain in front of her. Yet she is on a high horse.

GARY
You’re one to talk.

Points to the lines in front of her.

DIXIE LYNN
At least I’m not overdoing it.

Gary laughs. Kind of ironic. Even though she has a point.

GARY
Talk to me when you stop doing lines.
INT. GARY AND DIXIE LYNN’S BEDROOM NIGHT

Gary is asleep. Tossing and turning. Making noise. He screams and wakes up. Dixie Lynn is next to him. Holds him. Petting him. Their wedding photo is on the nightstand.

DIXIE LYNN
Did you have another bad dream?

GARY
No doubt.

Wipes the sweat from his face.

DIXIE LYNN
About her?

GARY
You bet...

Holds her close. Runs his fingers through her hair.

GARY
...just glad you’re here safe with me...Angélique...

Dixie Lynn pulls away from him. Gets off the bed. Rises to her feet. A scowl on her face. Sick of this aspect of their relationship. She will have no more of this.

DIXIE LYNN
Good god...when are you going to get it?

Shakes her head.

DIXIE LYNN
You have me wear her old clothes...you get me to style my hair like her...why?

Frustrated and confused. Holding her arms out.

DIXIE LYNN
When are you going to accept that I’M NOT ANGELIQUE?

Gary lies in bed. Withdraws from her. Turns back around.

DIXIE LYNN
Honey...I’m sorry...

Climbs in bed after him.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DIXIE LYNN
I shouldn’t have brought that up...

Wraps her arms around him. He ignores her.

DIXIE LYNN
Come on...don’t be like that...

Kisses his shoulder. Lays her head on his.

DIXIE LYNN
...don’t be angry...

Grabs his arm.

DIXIE LYNN
...I’m here.

No response from Gary. Rises up in the bed.

DIXIE LYNN
What’s with you?

Slaps his arm.

DIXIE LYNN
First you try to comfort me because you think I’m Angelique...then you ignore me because I’m not her?

Sits on the bed.

DIXIE LYNN
Why are you so messed up? Why can’t we have a normal marriage? We can’t even have children because of you!

Bites her lip.

DIXIE LYNN
Why?

Grabs the wedding photo from the nightstand.

DIXIE LYNN
I would do anything for you...but it seems like you won’t return the favor unless I remind you of her...

Wipes a tear from her eye.
INT. MOSCA’S NIGHT

Gary walks through the doors. Heads for the table where he first saw Dixie Lynn in the Miss Lone Star Pageant on TV. He sits down. Hanging his head. Sees the same waiter.

WAITER
I’m sorry you two divorced...

GARY
Yeah...six years and we just weren’t happy together...

Does not even look at the waiter. Shrugs.

WAITER
What are you going to do?

Gary stares at the TV.

GARY
I don’t know...maybe I’ll have a drink?

Waiter gets in his face. Hopes to get his attention.

WAITER
Look...I’ve always known you’ve liked a little extra bourbon with your food...but all this week...

Shaking his head.

WAITER
...I’ve seen you come here every night ordering one drink after another and causing a scene...

Leans toward Gary.

WAITER
...I often keep quiet about these things...I think you might have a problem...you need help...

GARY
Don’t you tell me I need to go to some AA meeting...who in the hell do you even think you are?

WAITER
We’ve been friends for years...but I can’t serve you if you’re going to be drunk and belligerent...

(CONTINUED)
Backs away from Gary.

GARY
Where do you get off? After all the years we’ve known each other...

WAITER
I know...

Nods.

WAITER
...but you need some serious help.

Gary jumps from the seat. Lunges at the waiter.

GARY
Look...I’ll eat wherever I want...I choose to eat here...

Everyone in the restaurant looks at him.

WAITER
You need to go...you’re causing too much trouble...

Points with his index finger toward the door.

WAITER
Please show him out...

GARY
You can go to hell for all I care...hey!

Two men dressed in suits grab Gary’s arms. Pull him out of the chair. Start dragging him away from the table.

GARY
Hey! Back it off!

Kicks one of the doormen while the other carries him out. This one grabs his leg. Helps force him out of Mosca’s.

GARY
Hey!

The waiter looks on as this happens. Disappointed.
INT. BAR DAY

Gary sits at a stool having a drink. No doubt getting sloshed. A man who looks familiar stands next to him. Closing his eyes and shaking his head. It is Henri.

GARY
Wait a minute...aren’t you Angelique’s brother?

HENRI
Yeah...it’s me...

Sits on the stool next to Gary.

HENRI
...you’re beating yourself up pretty bad here...

The bartender holds out a glass. Offering Henri a drink. Waves it off. Shakes his head. Does not want it.

HENRI
Would this have anything to do with my sister’s death...by any chance?

GARY
She was the most beautiful women I ever met...then I watched her die...I know I caused it...

HENRI
My sister went there of her own free will...to stop The Mafia and The KKK...it was her choice...

Smiles. Puts his hand on Gary’s shoulder.

HENRI
You tried to save her...remember? You tried to talk her out of being there...it wasn’t your fault...

Gary sulks in his beer. Not listening.

GARY
It was my fault for being there...and in The Mafia to start with...there’s no denying that...

HENRI
And there’s no denying it was Big Daddy’s fault for being a Klansman and organizing that rally...

(CONTINUED)
Locks eyes with Gary.

HENRI
...my sister was guilty for being in the wrong place at the wrong time...you have to see it...

Waves his hand in front of his eyes. Illustrating his point.

GARY
Let’s not forget who ordered her the trigger to be pulled...

HENRI
Oh I remember...

Compassion and forgiveness fades from his face.

HENRI
...I’ve never forgotten him...

Shakes his head. Cups his hand to his mouth before moving it. Still angry over the exact culprit in her murder.

HENRI
You need to move on and put this behind you...I’ve done that. It wasn’t easy...but I’m doing better.

GARY
How?

HENRI
With this...

Pulls an Alcoholics Anonymous chip out of his pocket.

HENRI
I’d be willing to sponsor you at our meetings...

Hands the chip to Gary. He looks at it.

GARY
I’m not sure it’s a good idea...

HENRI
If you change your mind...let me know...
EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH DAY

Gary and Henri stand out here. A very religious and holy structure. The crossing point for their sobriety. Gary stares. Not a saying a word. Henri’s hand on his shoulder.

HENRI
There’s nothing scarier than your first step...

Henri heads for the church. Gary remains here.

HENRI
...come on...

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT DAY

Gary and Henri are now seated amongst others in the group. Gary gets to his feet. He looks at all of them. Henri nods. He turns back to the group. Gary takes a deep breath.

GARY
Hi...I’m Gary and I’m an alcoholic...I’ve only been sober for a few days...

Looks out at the rest of the group. Does not know how to continue. Gets a nod from the group moderator.

GARY
...I took my first drink when my girlfriend was murdered...I tried to save her...

Sits back down.

GARY
...but it was too late.

Wipes a tear from his eye. Lets out a deep sigh. A huge weight is coming off his shoulder. Both sad and relieved.

GARY
I was married to a beautiful woman for six years...did everything I could to screw that up...

Smiles.

GARY
...did everything I could to make her like the dead girlfriend...we both did drugs...she had enough...

(Continued)
Shrugs.

GARY
Now she’s sober and going for her real estate license...

MODERATOR
Is she the reason for your newfound sobriety?

GARY
Nah...we divorced...but a good friend convinced me to be here...

Smiles and nods at Henri.

MODERATOR
The fact you’re here is what’s important...

Gary remains seated and attentive.

MODERATOR
...in recovery...we try to get to the root of the problem...

Gary laughs.

GARY
I already know what the root of my problem is...no one’s paying for her murder...

MODERATOR
Do you know who killed her?

GARY
Yes...

Nods.

GARY
...last I understood ”he found God” and is doing missionary work in North Africa...

Shrugs.

GARY
...have no idea if that’s even true.
EXT. HANNAH’S FRONT PORCH DAY

Gary and Henri walk up. Henri knocks on the door. Gary has his hands in his pockets. Hannah opens it. She holds a baby. Her husband GABRIEL COLLINS stands next to her.

HANNAH
Oh my god...is it really you?

GARY
Yeah.

Gary pulls his Alcoholics Anonymous chip out of his pocket. Holds it up for Hannah and Gabriel to see. Smiles at him.

GARY
So...you’re a mother now?

Smiles at the baby. Makes faces. Tickles with his finger.

HANNAH
I’d like you to meet my husband...

GABRIEL
Hi...

GARY
How are you doing?

They shake hands.

GABRIEL
You mean this is the guy who was involved with your sister?

Turns to Hannah. Whispers this.

HANNAH
Shh...

Whispers this to him in return. Gently grabs his arm. Turns him around to face Gary and Henri. The meeting is awkward.

HANNAH
We’re about to start dinner...would you like to come in?

Smiles at Gary.

GARY
Yeah...I would.

Smiles and nods in return.
INT. KITCHEN DAY

Gary, Henri, and Gabriel sit around the table. Gary bounces the baby on his knee. Puts him in the high chair. Hannah brings over a huge pot of red beans and rice.

GARY
Mmmm....smells good!

Hannah dips the red beans and rice into each of their plates. She dips out some in the baby’s plate. And at last, some for herself. She sits down. Everyone has a plate full.

HANNAH
So Henri has been sponsoring you in AA?

GARY
Right.

Hannah smiles.

HANNAH
I’m just glad we’re speaking again and the past is behind us...

Takes a bite of her red beans and rice. All smiles.

GARY
Almost...

Also takes a bite. Something is on his mind.

GARY
...one more thing needs to be taken care of...

Holds up his index finger. Nods at Hannah.

GABRIEL
What’s that?

Gary, Henri, and Hannah give him a dirty look.

HANNAH
Do you honestly need to ask?
EXT. ABOVE GROUND CEMETERY DAY

THIRTY YEARS LATER, an older Gary with gray hair is dancing around with an invisible partner near Angelique’s grave. With a new bouquet of magnolias laying on her sarcophagus.

GARY
"...please don’t take my sunshine away..."

The music box lays next to the bouquet of magnolias on the lid of her sarcophagus. He picks it up before heading away from her grave after it is finished playing.

GARY
I’ll see you again precious...

Starts to walk away.

GARY
...very soon...I promise...

Goes over to his truck at the edge of the cemetery.

GARY
Let’s see...how much do we have?

Looks in the back of the truck and sees the bags of Halloween candy he bought. Picking up one of the bags, he holds and tosses it in his hand before putting it back down.

GARY
Yeah...we’ve got quite a bit here...

Opens the door to his truck. Gets into the driver’s seat. Cranks up the engine and drives away from the cemetery.

INT. HANNAH’S LIVING ROOM DAY

Gary brings in the Halloween candy for Angelique’s sister Hannah. Now a widowed middle aged mother. The kids are running around and playing as Hannah gets things in order.

HANNAH
So you’ve got everything?

Gets up from the couch. She sews one of her kids’ costumes before getting up and looking through the Halloween candy. A big smile spreads across her face right now.

(CONTINUED)
HANNAH
Yep!

She gets takes the Halloween candy as they walk into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN DAY

Hannah puts the Halloween candy right on the counter. Gary checks on a dish of red beans and rice here at the stove. Takes a large spoon. TRIES it out as it still cooks

HANNAH
Why are you warming that on my stove anyway?

GARY
For The Day of The Dead...

HANNAH
Oh please...why do people even celebrate that?

GARY
To honor the spirits...why else?

Hannah laughs at this. Smiles at him.

HANNAH
You know...I just want to thank you for all you’ve done...

Moves closer and touches his arm.

HANNAH
...you’ve been a big help since Gabriel died.

Gary smiles back.

GARY
No problem...he was a good man.

Stirs the pot containing red beans and rice.

GARY
...if only your sister and I had the chance to marry...

Shrugs and nods at her.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GARY
...but either way...you’re still family...

Hannah shrugs with a nod of her own.

HANNAH
...it’s also been almost thirty years since Daddy passed away from cancer...

Gazes at his portrait in the hallway.

HANNAH
...he got it not long after she died. He felt so guilty...he didn’t have the will to live.

Gary does not seem to care.

GARY
Well...considering the role he played her death...he had it coming!

HANNAH
What is THAT supposed to mean?

Turns around. Snaps back at him.

GARY
If it wasn’t for him and The Klan... she wouldn’t have been there in the first place!

HANNAH
Isn’t a certain mob boss you worked under the one who ordered the hit on her? You’re one to talk!

Almost tries to leave the room.

GARY
You sure you don’t want to try this? It’s really good!

She turns back around.

GARY
Come on...we can’t change the past, right?

Takes the spoon from Gary. Samples from the pot of red beans and rice.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: 34.

GARY
See? Can I cook Cajun or what?

HANNAH
Like no other Sicilian I know...

Gary stirs the pot further.

HANNAH
...too bad we don’t get that for dinner.

GARY
Trust me...

Smiles when he says this.

GARY
...we’ll be having bites of this soon enough!

EXT. LOCAL TELEVISION STATION DAY

A now gray haired Maurice Rougeau walks through this area with a copy of THE HOLY BIBLE in one hand. He carries a sizable object covered in a black sheet with the other.

CAMERAMAN
Are you ready for your first broadcast...Father?

ROUGEAU
Ready as our Lord wants me to be...

Walks through the doors.

INT. LOCAL TELEVISION STATION DAY

Rougeau sits down in an armchair. Is fitted with a microphone on his lapel by an assistant. The lights and cameras are now being setup for his inaugural broadcast.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)
You’re on the air in five...four...three...two...

The red light on the camera appears.

ROUGEAU
Hello my children and welcome to The Evangelical Hour...

(CONTINUED)
Smiles at the camera.

ROUGEAU
...I am Father Maurice Rougeau.

Holds up his copy of The Holy Bible.

ROUGEAU
What I want to talk with all of you about today is the moral of forgiveness...

Smiles at the camera.

ROUGEAU
...we all have secrets or bad things we have done in our past...

Puts his copy of The Holy Bible down on the table. His right hand covers it.

ROUGEAU
...you have done wrong and I have done wrong...

His gaze from the camera does not waver.

ROUGEAU
...what is important is how we forgive others and they forgive us...

Stares at the red light on the camera. Speaking in a soft conversational tone.

ROUGEAU
...most of all, how we forgive ourselves.

Nods his head.

ROUGEAU
And yes...I know it’s not easy to forgive...

The entire camera crew watches him in awe.

ROUGEAU
...there are acts such as murder that can never truly be forgiven...

Remains focused on the camera.
ROUGEAU
...but it is true you can forgive the people who commit those acts...

Smiles.

ROUGEAU
...we need to short break...we will discuss more about the power of forgiveness when we return...

Sees the red light on the camera. It flickers.

ROUGEAU
...now a short moment with someone who has been touched by the word of our Lord...

The red light flickers off.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)
And we’re out!

EXT. HANNAH’S FRONT PORCH DAY

Hannah walks onto the front porch. Checks the mailbox. There is a flyer inside she pulls out. There is a drawing of a church on it. She opens the door and goes inside.

INT. HANNAH’S LIVING ROOM DAY

Still looking at it. Hannah squints her eyes. Puzzled. Gary sees her. Comes up to her. Look at it also. Something is strange about it. He looks at the address at the bottom.

GARY
Why does this place seem familiar?

Hannah takes the flyer. Looks it over once more.

HANNAH
Isn’t this the old Klan lodge Big Daddy used to go to?

GARY
You mean that dump where The KKK used to build crosses before putting in front of restaurants?

Smirks. Hannah ignores.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: 37.

HANNAH
But who’d be starting a church in a place like that after all the bad things it stood for?

GARY
Maybe Henri knows something?

Pulls out cellphone. Dials it.

GARY
Hey...you know anything about a church being built at the site of your Pop’s old Klan lodge?

HENRI (O.S.)
No I don’t...

GARY
You sure?

Looks at the flyer once more.

GARY
Is there a way you can come over to Hannah’s for a second?

Listens for his answer.

HENRI
Not at the moment...I’ll be at Mosca’s later tonight...

Hannah shrugs at him.

GARY
Well...I’ll meet you there and we’ll talk about it then...alright?

HENRI
Sounds good...

GARY
I’ll see you then...

Smiles and nods.

HENRI
Alright...

Hangs up the cellphone.
INT. DIXIE LYNN EWING REALTY DAY

A much older and settled down Dixie Lynn sits at her desk. Looking over paperwork. A receptionist jots down things on a notepad. They both smile. So happy and upbeat.

RECEPTIONIST
So...tell me about this date you’re going on...

DIXIE LYNN
He’s just an old friend...that’s all.

Gets up. Goes to the display window. Checks on the flowers.

RECEPTIONIST
Is he someone I know?

Looks excited. Wants to hear more.

DIXIE LYNN
I don’t think so...this is a man I knew years ago...

Walks away from the flowers in the display window.

RECEPTIONIST
Can you tell me a little more about him?

Dixie Lynn turns around. Smiles.

DIXIE LYNN
Now that wouldn’t be much fun...would it?

Sits back down at her desk.

DIXIE LYNN
Still have a few hours ’til I need to get ready.

RECEPTIONIST
Oh that’s right...you have a meeting with Father Maurice Rougeau in about an hour...

Checks the appointment in the datebook.

DIXIE LYNN
Yeah I know...about the megachurch we’re developing...
RECEPTIONIST
I know it’s not my place...but
don’t you find those televangelists
a bit phony?

DIXIE LYNN
No denying it...but it makes us
money!

Receptionist shrugs and nods.

RECEPTIONIST
I’ve watched some of his
broadcasts...he seems a
bit...creepy...

Moving her hand around. Trying to find the right words.

DIXIE LYNN
Don’t like him much either...and
there is something strange about
him...can’t put my finger on it...

Shakes her head.

DIXIE LYNN
...I don’t know...I try to keep in
mind it’s a business deal...he’ll
be out of our hair soon enough...

RECEPTIONIST
True...the sooner the better,
right?

Shrugs. Takes notes.

DIXIE LYNN
Exactly.

Looks at an old framed photo. It is her as Miss Lone Star.
It sits next to a coffee mug. Features the Texas state flag.

INT. LOCAL TELEVISION STATION DAY

Rougeau steps off the set. Moves behind the camera. Grabs a
glass of water. Holds his head up. Gargles. Swallows. Lowers
his head. Turns to the cameraman. Smiles.

CAMERAMAN
You’re doing great Father!

(CONTINUED)
ROUGEAU
Believe me...it’ll be great once
The Day of The Dead is outlawed
here in New Orleans!

Rougeau makes it back to the armchair. He sits down. Faces the camera. The cameraman holds microphone connected to the earpiece of his headset. He waits for instructions.

CAMERAMAN
We’re back on in
five...four...three...two...

Points at Rougeau with his index finger. The red light comes on.

ROUGEAU
A testimonial from one in our congregation who was transformed by the power of forgiveness...

Gazes over at the object on the table. Still covered by a black sheet.

ROUGEAU
...now I want to reveal some news of our impending place of worship now in its formative stages...

Rises from the armchair. Walks over to the table. Removes the black sheet.

ROUGEAU
I plan on opening a megachurch here in New Orleans.

The object reveals itself to be a large scale model of this megachurch. It more resembles a large sports arena or shopping mall. Not a true and humble place of worship.

ROUGEAU
While we have partial starting funds...we are going to need your help...

Points with his index finger.

ROUGEAU
...at this toll free number at the bottom of the screen...you can make donations and help us out...

Nods at the camera.

(CONTINUED)
ROUGEAU
...I have a physical location all
picked out. A nice open field on
which to build this.

Places his hand on the edge of this large scale model.

ROUGEAU
At this megachurch...all of you in
my congregation shall gather with a
larger portion of New Orleans...

Folds his fingers into each other as they assemble a
prayer formation. He now holds his hands below his lips.

ROUGEAU
...and together we shall rejoice in
the miracle of forgiveness...

INT. HANNAH’S LIVING ROOM DAY

Not yet dressed for his date. Gary sits down with a glass of
cranberry soda. In front of the television set. Grabs the
remote. He starts flipping the channels.

HANNAH
You’re still not ready?

GARY
Oh please...I still have an hour or
two...

Hannah looks confused.

HANNAH
I thought you were checking the red
beans and rice one last time before
you left...

GARY
I’ll check it before I go, which I
will, but didn’t say I was going
right now...

Shakes her head.

HANNAH
You Sicilians are so laid back...

GARY
I know...I know...

(CONTINUED)
Laughs a bit. Flips to a channel using the remote. The person on this station looks very familiar. He gets up from the couch to see if can get a closer look.

GARY
SON OF A BITCH!

All of the anger in this world shoots through his system, Crushes his glass of cranberry soda. The beverage pours onto the carpet It mixes with blood dripping from his hand.

GARY
Do you see who this is?

HANNAH
Are you alright...are you alright...let me see!

Checks the cut on his hand. Gary still holds broken glass.

GARY
But do you see him...?

Hannah gazes at the television set.

HANNAH
Oh yeah...I remember that face...

Lips curl into an intense frown.

HANNAH
...no matter how much gray hair and wrinkles he has now.

Gary still fixates on the television set. Hannah gets some antibiotics. Sprays them on his hand before wrapping it in a bandage. Now assembles the broken glass.

HANNAH
Are you sure you’re going to be okay for your date?

GARY
Don’t worry about it...I’ll be fine...

The remote is still in his hand. Pauses Hannah’s DVR on the image of Maurice Rougeau. The very mafia boss he worked for years ago. The one who ordered Angelique’s death.

GARY
What about the kids?

(CONTINUED)
Hannah comes back with a hand held vacuum cleaner. She takes it to the floor. Starts sopping up the mixture of his blood and cranberry soda he spilled just now.

HAHNNAH
Oh they’re fine...they’re busy playing around until it’s time to go...

GARY
Well, don’t you think you should head out? I mean the sun’s going down,...you better hurry...

Points toward the window. She nods.

HAHNNAH
Screw it...you’re right!

Opens the door to the next room. Pokes her head in.

HAHNNAH
Get your trick or treating bags, it’s time to go!

Turns back and faces Gary.

HAHNNAH
Don’t worry about that...it’ll dry...

Gazes at the stain on the floor.

HAHNNAH
Are you sure you’re going to be okay?

GARY
Are you?

Hannah nods at him as she opens the door and lets the kids out.

HAHNNAH
I’ll be fine.

Finishes escorting the kids out of the house with an angry scowl on her face.
INT. LOCAL TELEVISION STATION DAY

Rougeau meets a real estate agent who arrives. It is Dixie Lynn. They smile at each other. He now extends him arm out. Showing her the large scale model of his megachurch.

    DIXIE LYNN
    Wow...is this it?

Gazes at the model. Her eyes beam with a smile.

    ROUGEAU
    How much will it cost to pull this off?

The enthusiastic look on Dixie Lynn’s face turns sour.

    DIXIE LYNN
    This seems more than a tad expensive...

Shrugs her shoulders.

    DIXIE LYNN
    ...it’s a bit extravagant for my budget. It wouldn’t hurt for you to downsize...

The look on Rougeau’s face also declines into a scowl.

    DIXIE LYNN
    ...aren’t churches supposed to be a lot more humble than this monstrosity? I mean...look at it!

    ROUGEAU
    Monstrosity, huh?

Tone in his voice becomes a bit hostile.

    ROUGEAU
    Who in God’s name do you think you are to insult my vision like this?

Approaches her.

    DIXIE LYNN
    I’m only trying to help your vision reach its true potential...

A bit of concern in her voice. Almost fearful.

(CONTINUED)
...and the best way of achieving that right now, from what I can see, is to simplify this design.

Distancing herself from him.

DIXIE LYNN
I have another engagement...

Heads toward the exit.

DIXIE LYNN
...call me once you’ve crafted a smaller model for something we can afford.

INT. MOSCA’S NIGHT

Gary sits at a table. Finally dressed in a suit and tie. A hurried yet well dressed Dixie Lynn makes her way over to the table. Sits down. Both smile at each other.

DIXIE LYNN
I know I’m running late...I was seeing a client...

GARY
No problem...here you go...

Hands her a bouquet of magnolias. She notices his bandaged hand. Does not seem too pleased by this gesture at all.

DIXIE LYNN
I see...

Reluctantly takes them.

DIXIE LYNN
...even years after our divorce, you still brought me HER favorite flowers.

Shrugs his shoulders. Tries to laugh about it.

GARY
Oh that’s right I forgot, you prefer yellow roses and bluebonnets, being a Texas girl...

Dixie Lynn smiles at him.

(CONTINUED)
DIXIE LYNN
But I’m proud of you for staying sober though...

Raises his glass of iced tea to her.

GARY
Well, thank you.

Puts his glass down back on the table.

GARY
So, can you tell me about this client of yours?

DIXIE LYNN
He’s one of those phony televangelists who asks for money on TV...

Shakes her head.

DIXIE LYNN
...he wants me to invest in this coliseum sized thing he calls a megachurch...

Waves her hand in midair out of disbelief.

DIXIE LYNN
...anyway, I told him to downsize and we can try something more affordable.

Hands him a pamphlet with a photo-realistic character sketch of Maurice Rougeau. His eyes widen in anger.

DIXIE LYNN
This is him, you’ve probably seen him on TV at least once...

Gary trembles. Shudders at the very sight of this man. One who ruined his life. And their marriage.

DIXIE LYNN
What’s wrong?

GARY
This is the son of a bitch who killed my precious Angelique!
DIXIE LYNN

WHAT?

Widens her eyes.

DIXIE LYNN

You mean...

GARY

Yes.

So fazed by the image on the pamphlet. He cannot focus on her.

DIXIE LYNN

But how...

GARY

Remember how I said she was shot in a run in between The New Orleans Mafia and The Ku Klux Klan?

Dixie Lynn nods.

DIXIE LYNN

Yeah and you were a mafia underling...

GARY

I worked under this bastard right here!

Taps the sketch of Rougeau on the pamphlet.

GARY

...this son of a bitch was a mob boss and he’s still getting away with murder...

Dixie Lynn now has her hand over her mouth.

DIXIE LYNN

Oh my god...I don’t know what to say...

Has tears in her eyes.

DIXIE LYNN

For years, I’ve blamed you for the end of our marriage, but I’m the one who did something wrong...
INT. LOCAL TELEVISION STATION NIGHT

Rougeau looks over some paperwork. All of a sudden, Dixie Lynn storms into the corner office. One he has set up here on the set. A desk, a chair, and laptop.

DIXIE LYNN
Were you in charge of The New Orleans Mafia years ago?

ROUGEAU
Yes...I ran a small crew...but that’s all in the past now. Why are you asking this?

Backs away from her.

DIXIE LYNN
Were you or your crew involved in the death of a woman named Angelique Bouchard?

Rougeau remains silent.

DIXIE LYNN
I was married to one of your underlings, Gary Antonini, for six years...

Comes after him. Her index finger pointed at him.

DIXIE LYNN
...and he never got over it!

Tears form in her eyes.

DIXIE LYNN
Not only did I have to endure his drinking, but I was compared to Angelique throughout our marriage!

Gets in his face.

DIXIE LYNN
He also had nightmares about your murdering her every single night... we could never make love...

Holds back an even larger row of tears.

DIXIE LYNN
...because of what you did we weren’t able to have children...

(CONTINUED)
Tears now pouring down.

**DIXIE LYNN**
YOU RUINED HIS LIFE AND I HATE YOUR GUTS FOR IT!

She wipes the tears from her eyes.

**DIXIE LYNN**
Whatever happens to you in life...I honestly hope you burn in hell!

Gazes at the large scale model of his megachurch.

**DIXIE LYNN**
You think I’m going to work with you after what Gary revealed to me?

She throws the large scale model of Rougeau’s megachurch off the table. It lands across the room.

**DIXIE LYNN**
Take your broadcasts, your messages of forgiveness, this megachurch, and shove it all up your ass!

Heads toward the exit.

**DIXIE LYNN**
Maybe you can pray for a miracle, because soliciting those donations aren’t going to cut it!

She turns around to leave. Rougeau grabs her by the arm.

**ROUGEAU**
You’re a feisty little bitch, aren’t you?

Gets in her face. She does not back down.

**ROUGEAU**
I like that in a woman, but I’m not going to tolerate any disrespect...

Holds up a magnolia.

**ROUGEAU**
...disrespect a man of the cloth and bad things can happen...

Shoves a small blade through one of its petals.

(CONTINUED)
ROUGEAU
Understand?

Dixie Lynn slowly nods her head.

DIXIE LYNN
Yes...

Eyes widen.

DIXIE LYNN
...I understand just fine....

She leaves through the exit.

ROUGEAU
You’ll never escape me...

Smile spreads across his face.

ROUGEAU
...oh no you won’t...

Picks off the remains of the severed petal.

ROUGEAU
...I’d rather kill everyone close to your heart.

Grabs the cellphone. Dials a number.

ROUGEAU
You know where the office of Dixie Lynn Ewing Realty is?

Paces around the room.

ROUGEAU
Take the stone from my shoe...she’s becoming a problem for us...

Hangs up the cellphone. Puts it back in his pocket.

INT. DIXIE LYNN EWING REALTY DAY

The receptionist sees a few men walk in. They look tough. Well dressed in suits. She smiles at them. They come closer. Smile is big and bright. They have a more serious tone.

RECEPTIONIST
May I help you?
HITMAN #1
We’re looking for Dixie Lynn Ewing...

RECEPTIONIST
You can see she’s not in right now...would you like to sit down and wait ’til she comes back...

Holds out her hand. Pointing to a few chairs here in the office. These men look at the seats before turning around.

RECEPTIONIST
...or would you like to leave her message and have her contact you when she is able?

Hitman #2 pulls out a switchblade.

HITMAN #1
Where is Dixie Lynn Ewing?

Gets in her face.

RECEPTIONIST
I told you...she’s out...now if you just wait or leave a message...I’ll make sure she gets back with you...

Hitman #2 flicks it open.

HITMAN #1
I don’t think so...

Hitman #2 holds the switchblade. Walks behind her.

RECEPTIONIST
What do you people want?

Hitman #2 yanks her by the hair. Holds the switchblade to her throat. Her eyes widen in fear. Breathes heavily.

HITMAN #1
I’m going to ask you one last time...where...is...Dixie...Lynn Ewing?

RECEPTIONIST
I’m not telling you anything...

Later...

(CONTINUED)
Dixie Lynn arrives. Sees her receptionist’s head lying on her desk in a pool of her own blood. Moves closer. Checks her pulse. Tears in her eyes. They widen.

DIXIE LYNN
Oh no...

Pulls out her cellphone. Starts dialing.

DIXIE LYNN
Wait...that’s right...getting the police involved only makes a Mafia situation worse....

Stops dialing. Sees the pamphlet for Maurice Rougeau’s megachurch on the receptionist’s desk near her body.

DIXIE LYNN
Gary!

Resumes dialing.

INT. HANNAH’S LIVING ROOM DAY

The sun is rises. Gary sleeps on Hannah’s couch. His cellphone rings. bolts up wide awake as a result. Dixie Lynn’s name is on the Caller ID. Answers it.

GARY
Hi...wh....?

Smiles. happy to receive the call. Yet is now confused0

DIXIE LYNN (O.S.)
I’m here at my real estate office and I’m afraid to call the police...

GARY
Why? What’s wrong?

Eyes widen in concern.

DIXIE LYNN
I just arrived and I’ve locked myself in a backroom...

GARY
Yeah, but could you tell me what’s going on and why you’re so upset?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DIXIE LYNN
That televangelist Maurice Rougeau
made an attempt on my life...

GARY
I’ll be right there...don’t move...

INT. DIXIE LYNN EWING REALTY DAY

Gary drives up in his pickup truck. Gets out. Walks up and looks through the glass doors. Enters through the door. See the receptionist. Appears to be asleep at her desk.

GARY
Are you alright?

Shakes her. Her body limp over. Discover her throat has been slashed. Blood seeps out of it.

GARY
Oh no...

Looks around. Sees his ex-wife’s office is empty.

GARY
Dixie...?

INT. HALLWAY DAY

Gary gazes around both sides of this corridor. Sees absolutely no indication of a door to a backroom in this section of the office.

GARY
DIXIE!

GARY
Dixie...where are you?

Sees a door. Tugs on the knob.

GARY
Are you in there...?

Tugs on it further.

GARY
Come on...open up...

His forehead breaking into a sweat. Starts pounding on the door.

(CONTINUED)
GARY

Please...

The door opens.

GARY

Oh thank god...

Hugs Dixie Lynn.

DIXIE LYNN

I need to get out of here...I’m not safe...

Gary nods.

GARY

I know somewhere where you can stay...

Takes her hand.

GARY

...I have this friend with a boarding house out in Biloxi, maybe I can get you a room there...

Dixie Lynn’s eyes squint out of confusion.

DIXIE LYNN

I feel weird not filing a report with the police...can’t just drop everything here at the office...

Gary shakes his head.

GARY

There’s no time...

Guides her to the door.

GARY

...we need to get to your house and so you can grab everything you can.

Opens the door for her. She gazes at him.

DIXIE LYNN

Thank you...

Smiles at him.
DIXIE LYNN
...for everything.

EXT. STREETS OF BILOXI, MISSISSIPPI DAY

Gary drives around in his truck. Dixie Lynn’s are in the back. She rides in the passenger’s seat. They stop at a two-story building. He nods toward its structure.

GARY
We’re here alright.

Gets out the truck. Sees it is the boarding house.

DIXIE LYNN
I thought we’d never get here...

Tired. She and Gary get her luggage out of the truck’s rear.

GARY
Let’s get a move on...

Both head toward the boarding house.

GARY
...I’ll try to get you a room...

Opens the door.

GARY
...you want me to stay here?

Shakes her head.

DIXIE LYNN
I’ll be fine.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE DAY

Gary and Dixie Lynn walk inside. It is dark and quiet. not even a sound being made. They walk up to the desk. Gary smiles at his old friend. He waits for them.

FRIEND
It’s been awhile...

GARY
Yeah I know...listen, she needs a room. Can you help her?

His friend looks at the his laptop.

(CONTINUED)
FRIEND
Gee...I’m pretty booked as it is.

Gary moves closer to the desk. Almost face to face with his old friend.

GARY
Please, it’s important...she’s desperate and needs a place to stay.

Slips his friend some cash to pay for the room.

GARY
After all I did to help bring you over from Sicily...the least you could do for me is this favor...

His friend takes the cash and nods.

FRIEND
It’s alright...come on...I think we can fit you in...

Leaves the desk. Waves for Dixie Lynn to come with him. Helps carry her luggage into a back room. Gary holds her hands. Gazes into her eyes for a short while.

GARY
Stay safe...I love you sugar...

Dixie Lynn does not say a single word. She smiles at him. Walking to the back with his friend.

INT. MOSCA’S NIGHT

Gary sits at a table here with Henri at his old haunt. There are also old comrades here from The New Orleans Mafia. Henri looks at him. Not saying a word. Is listening.

GARY
So you haven’t heard about that church being built?

HENRI
What? About it being built on Big Daddy’s old Klan lodge?

GARY
Not only that...it’s who’s building the church...

(CONTINUED)
HENRI
Who?

Shrugs.

GARY
Remember my old mob boss Maurice Rougeau?

HENRI
The son of a bitch who ordered the hit on my sister at that rally?

Nods.

HENRI
Him I do remember.

GARY
Well...guess what? He found God all of a sudden...

HENRI
I’d still love to kill him for what he did...

Face turns into a scowl.

GARY
Remember...

Pulls out his Alcoholics Anonymous chip. Henri takes a deep breath. These two face each other. Henri paces himself.

GARY
...you’ll get your chance...

Gary smiles. Henri shrugs.

GARY
...he’s after someone else...I’m giving her protection...we need to focus on getting ready...

Holds his hands in midair.

GARY
...Hannah and I are preparing red beans and rice for The Day of The Dead...I might need your help...

Waves one of the hands.

(CONTINUED)
GARY
...not necessarily with that...we have it taken care of...but with something else afterwards...

HENRI
What is it?

GARY
Something I’m planning for...I’ll need you and the old crew I used to work with here...

Nods.

HENRI
Anything you got in mind?

GARY
Oh believe me...I know what I’m doing.

INT. HANNAH’S LIVING ROOM DAY

Hannah sees Gary’s pickup truck in the window. Pulls up in the driveway. He comes through the door. greeted by the scowl on her face. From ear to ear.

HANNAH
Where in the hell have you been?

GARY
Look...there was an emergency in town I needed to take care of...but it’s alright now...

Holds his hands up in midair.

HANNAH
Well, at least you could have told me or left a note...

Walks up to Gary. Hugs him.

GARY
I’m so sorry...

Is released from the hug. Shakes his head.

HANNAH
So...what happened, exactly?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GARY
Someone I care about needed help, that’s all...

Hannah shrugs her shoulders.

HANNAH
Well, at least you did what you felt was the right thing.

Points toward the hallway with her index finger.

HANNAH
Hey, I kept your red beans and rice on the stove. You want to make sure it’s still good before tonight?

INT. KITCHEN NIGHT

Gary stirs the pot. Tastes the red beans and rice one last time. Both he and Hannah stand here with a few others wearing skeleton costumes and face paint.

GARY
Could you help me put this into a plate?

Hannah gets one.

GARY
Thanks.

Grabs the pot and pours the red beans and rice onto the plate she holds. He moves to put it in a plastic container. Gets another container of iced tea.

GARY
So...do you remember everything we discussed regarding our plan tonight?

Puts the this small container of iced tea into the larger container. It sits near the big plate of red beans and rice.

HANNAH
Every single word...

Helps Gary get some drinking glasses. Puts them in the small space between the two sections he created for the plate and the smaller container. Almost a precise arrangement.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GARY

Good!

Places small lemon slices and some forks into the container. Closes the lid on it.

GARY

Ah...one more thing...

Places Angelique’s old music box and bouquet of magnolias on top of the closed container.

GARY

Perfect!

Gary and Hannah leave the kitchen.

INT. HANNAH’S LIVING ROOM NIGHT

These two walk in here with others joining them. Gary carries the container. These items situated on top. A DVR recording of Rougeau’s broadcast plays on television.

GARY

Tonight you’ll get yours you son of a bitch...

Opens the door. He, Hannah, and the others walk out.

GARY

Alright, we need to stick together...don’t want anyone getting hurt or even worse...

They all leave the house.

EXT. KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE KAMELIA LODGE NIGHT

Rougeau stands here at this spot. Raises The Holy Bible. His congregation a congregation surrounds him. Walks among them. He gives this sermon so loud and clear.

ROUGEAU

Tonight my children, we are here to condemn The Day of The Dead...

Looks around with their eyes on him.

ROUGEAU

...a night that insults and disrespects the deceased here in New Orleans...
Now moves to the front of the congregation. Addresses them.

ROUGEAU
...in the name of The Lord, are we going to stand for this?

MEMBERS OF CONGREGATION
LORD NO!

Rougeau nods while smiling at them.

ROUGEAU
That’s why I say let’s march over there and sway them from committing this ultimate sin against our Lord!

Cheers and howls emit from this congregation.

ROUGEAU
Those of you who join me in infiltrating The Day of The Dead shall walk beside me in Heaven...

Gazes up at the sky. Big smile on his face. Clutches The Holy Bible to his chest.

ROUGEAU
...yet those of you who decide against it and take the coward’s way out shall burn in hell!

The cheers and howls grow even louder.

ROUGEAU
Now let’s go out there and do The Lord’s work!

Walks amongst them again. Raises The Holy Bible high in the air. Makes his way to the other side of the crowd.

MEMBERS OF CONGREGATION
Hallelujah! Amen!

Rougeau leads each of them away from this site. They themselves are armed with copies of The Holy Bible. Also raising them high in the air. As if they are torches.
EXT. ABOVE GROUND CEMETERY NIGHT

Gary’s skeleton painted face is seen in the darkness. He carries the container with the music box on top of it. Hannah and a few others follow him.

GARY
For you, precious...

Sets the container and music box on Angelique’s sarcophagus. Opens the container. Unveils the plate of red beans and rice. Raises a small bite with fork in hand.

GARY
...I shall take the first bite.

Gets the plate of red beans and rice out and eats from the fork. Hannah and the others grab forks and follow suit. Gary gets out the drinking glasses.

GARY
Now we all take a drink...

Fills the drinking glasses with iced tea. He now fits each of them with a lemon on the side of each one. Raises his own glass. Takes the very first sip.

GARY
...to commemorate a Cajun belle named Angelique Bouchard. I love you with all of my heart.

Everyone else takes a sip.

GARY
You’re spirit will live on long after we are all dead.

Places his glass on the sarcophagus.

GARY
Could you excuse us for a minute? I believe I owe Angelique a dance.

The others leave her grave site. He picks up the music box. Winds it up to play the tune of “You Are My Sunshine”. Holds out his arms. He twirls around.

GARY
“You are my sunshine...my only sunshine...”

Dances with an invisible partner.
...you make me happy when skies are gray...

Closes his eyes. Big smile on his face.

...you’ll never know dear how much I love you...please don’t take my sunshine away...

EXT. THE FRENCH QUARTER NIGHT

Rougeau leads his congregation throughout this section of New Orleans. Their copies of The Holy Bible still raised high in the air. They walk amongst those in costume.

Repent all you sinners...repent!

Gazes at the people coming and going throughout this area. Each of them are dressed as skeletons with such face paint.

All of you will burn in hell for disgracing your dearly departed loved ones!

His voice booms everywhere.

The Day of The Dead is an abomination against The Lord and his miracle of life...

A good number of people stop and look at him.

...you desecrate their resting places by bringing food, drinks, and gifts you say are for them!

No one says one word against him.

You are disrespecting them...leave their graves alone! Let them be!

Moves to the middle of the road. There are no oncoming cars or truck passing by. It is empty.
ROUGEAU
All these souls ask for is everlasting peace and eternal rest...

Shakes his head. Clutches The Holy Bible to his chest.

ROUGEAU
Treat the dead as you would treat the living...those who walk among you...it is the code of humanity...

Looks up at the sky.

ROUGEAU
...one that involves committing the most divine act here on Earth...one The Lord shall cherish...

His eye remains on those in this quarter.

ROUGEAU
...embrace the teachings of The Lord and you shall be rewarded beyond Heaven my children!

Raises his arms to the crowd. They all cheer and clap.

EXT. ABOVE GROUND CEMETERY NIGHT

Gary lays down the bouquet of magnolias. Gently on Angelique’s sarcophagus. Also gazes over at another nearby. A makeshift sarcophagus a craftsman built not long ago.

GARY
You will be avenged precious...

Nods.

GARY
...I promise.

Walks over to this other sarcophagus.

GARY
He’s going to get the scare of his life.

Opens the lid. Crawls inside.

(CONTINUED)
HANNAH
Just remember to hold the edge of it open so you won’t suffocate...

His fingers gripping the edge.

GARY (O.S.)
No problem...got it...

HANNAH
Good!

Wipes the sweat from her forehead with her hand.

HANNAH
Come on...let’s go...

Hannah pushes the sarcophagus forward. Lifting with her legs. The others join in. Helping her. She gazes back at Angelique’s own sarcophagus.

FRIEND
What is it?

Hannah smiles with a tear in her eye.

HANNAH
Nothing...

Wipes the tear away.

HANNAH
...just thinking about my sister...that’s all.

She and the other pushes the sarcophagus forward. Hannah takes a deep breath. Seeing this is some heavy lifting.

HANNAH
Let’s keep moving...

They push this makeshift sarcophagus out of this cemetery.

EXT. THE FRENCH QUARTER NIGHT

Rougeau and his congregation still preach among the people of New Orleans. A few dressed in skeleton costumes and face paint arrive here pushing a sarcophagus.

ROUGEAU
What is this abomination you bring before me?

(CONTINUED)
Opens the sarcophagus. Rougeau sees a dead body dressed in a skeleton costume and face paint. Taking a closer look. A hand reaches out and grabs him by the throat.

ROUGEAU

AHHHHHHHH!

The hand belongs to this supposedly dead individual. Rises from the sarcophagus into the seated position. Rougeau looks into his eyes and realizes exactly who it is.

ROUGEAU

Oh my god...it can’t be you...

GARY

Oh yes it is...I remember how you killed my precious Angelique...

Releasing his throat. Sees Rougeau back away into his congregation.

GARY

...and honestly you shall pay...

Crawls out of the sarcophagus. Makes it to his feet.

GARY

...I don’t plan to do anything right now, since you’ve got all of these lost souls to hide behind...

Grips the edge of the sarcophagus. Remains steady.

GARY

...but I will make you this offer...

Walks toward a trembling Rougeau. Remains close to his congregation.

GARY

...meet me at Mosca’s...that old Sicilian restaurant where I used to park cars for you...

Rougeau is amused. Chuckles.

GARY

...when I worked for you in The New Orleans Mafia. The same spot where you ordered the hit on Angelique...

Gets closer to Rougeau.
CONTINUED:

GARY
...meet me there at high noon
tomorrow or I will come looking for
you myself!

EXT. AVONDALE, LOUISIANA DAY

Rougeau and a few members of his congregation enter this rural part of New Orleans. Holds The Holy Bible close to his chest. Raises it in the air. They walk farther.

ROUGEAU
The Lord is my shepherd...I shall not want. He maketh me lie down in green pastures...

EXT. MOSCA’S DAY

Gary stands out here with Henri and his old comrades from The New Orleans Mafia. Rougeau and his followers show up. The two groups stand in opposition to each other.

GARY
Since you used to run this whole place...I’ll let you call the first shot...

ROUGEAU
Ten paces and then we both shoot...just like out of some old Western.

Rougeau and his followers laugh.

GARY
Fair enough...

These two storm toward each other. Fast paced. Now they both turn their backs. Gary and Rougeau each take two slow paces. Rougeau turns around. His gun raised.

HENRI
Watch out!


ROUGEAU
You’ve learned since last time...when I ordered that Klansman’s daughter to be shot...

(CONTINUED)
GARY
You son of a bitch! She was a beautiful girl who never harmed anyone...you’ll burn in hell...


Gary has been hit. Bends down. Holds his stomach. Rougeau’s underling delivers a punch to the gut. Gary sees a led pipe

The underling pulls it from his pocket. He charges at him. His eyes remain focused on the pipe. Yet he is cut down by Rougeau this second. He looks up from the ground.

ROUGEAU
I have no problem killing you...

Points the gun in Gary’s face. Laughs.

ROUGEAU
...but I think it’s a bit early for that...

Cocks the gun. Withdraws it.

ROUGEAU
...show him what The Lord does to people who intimidate his children...

The underling steps forward. Kicks Gary in the ribs. Rougeau laughs more. A gun in one hand. The Bible in the other. Enjoying every bit of this.

Gary props his arm up on the ground. Tries to get to his feet. The underling kicks him. Rougeau smiles. Only thing Gary sees. His view is obstructed by the hot Louisiana sun.

ROUGEAU
Try and get up...see what happens...

Kneels down. Gets back in his Gary’s face.

ROUGEAU
...you should have stayed around here parking cars...it’s all you were ever good at...

Gary’s fingers grasp the sand. Blades of grass between his fingers. Looks at them. Grits his teeth. Determined not to let this be the end.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GARY
You won’t last forever...

Out of nowhere, Rougeau’s underling gets clocked in the head. Rougeau himself stares at what is going on. Not able to believe it. Slowly, Gary rises to his feet. Smiling.

Gary watches as Rougeau’s jaw drops. His eyes widen. Henri beats the crap of the underling with his bare hands. The led pipe is now on the ground. No one has it.

Gary and Rougeau both stare at it. He steps closer.

GARY
Is God telling you to pick it up?

Sees Rougeau’s prized expression when he turns around.

GARY
What is The Lord telling you to do now?

Gary smiles. Henri continues pounding away on the underling. Yet there are still three men on either side looking on.

GARY
You were the King of organized crime in New Orleans...now you’re just standing here?

Gets close to Rougeau’s ear.

GARY
Well...at least none of them are parking cars...right?

Looks at the led pipe on the dirt once more. Henri pounds the underling senseless. One who is not fighting back.

GARY
If you had any guts...you’d show me what you’re made of...for real....

Gary smirks a little. Turns his back. Rougeau reaches around and chokes him with his arm from behind. There are footsteps. Another follower of Rougeau’s get the led pipe.

ROUGEAU
...so you want to come after me and scare the living daylights out of those who worship The Lord?
Drags Gary to the ground as he coughs. This other follower stands here with the led pipe. Gary looks up. Clawing at the grass and dirt once more. His feet scrape them.

ROUGEAU
...now I’m scaring you senseless. How do you feel about that?

Gary struggles to get to his feet. Now in the squatted position. Pulls himself up one at a time.

GARY
You want to know how I feel?

His gun lays at his foot.

GARY
I feel like I could kill you right now!

Picks the gun off the ground. Holds it on them.

GARY
Drop it! Drop it!

The follower hesitates. The led pipe trembles in his hand.

GARY
I said drop it!

The follower bends over. Places the led pipe on the ground. Holds both hands in midair. Does not want further trouble.

GARY
You ordered this exact same thing to happen to the woman I loved!

Gets in Rougeau’s face.

GARY
You did it because she was a Cajun girl and the daughter of a Klansman. Because of who she was!


GARY
You are no better than The Ku Klux Klan...you were insecure because you yourself were a half breed.
Rougeau falls to his knees. Unable to take anymore. Another comrade from The New Orleans Mafia charges in. He grabs the led pipe. Hits Rougeau’s second follower upside the head.

GARY
You were never accepted by the The Mafia. Other than running a small crew here in New Orleans...

The other collapses to the ground. Blood running from a wound on his head. Gary’s old comrade stands here. Rougeau’s face looks worried. Gary looks him in the eye.

GARY
...and you were never accepted by those aristocrats and Klansmen who ran The French Quarter either...

Stands over a barely breathing Rougeau. Both he and his friend remain here. Standing guard. Making sure there are no tricks. Rougeau sits here on the ground weak and cowardly.

GARY
...you were too Sicilian to be a full blooded Cajun and too Cajun to be a full blooded Sicilian...

Smiles. Almost enjoys this. Smirk spreads across his face. His old comrade from The New Orleans Mafia pops the led pipe in his hand over and over.

GARY
...so the only thing you did to solve that was murder a beautiful woman who did you no harm...

Gets closer to Rougeau. Whispering in his ear.

GARY
...and don’t think for a second we don’t know about you going to The Ku Klux Klan behind our back...

Chuckles.

GARY
...you betrayed your own crew so you could get away with molesting your underage daughters...

There is a gunshot. Gary’s old comrade goes down. Bleeding from a wound in his forehead. Another crony of Rougeau’s steps up. The odds have tipped.
The first follower of Rougeau is on the ground. Henri gets a few more of punches. The gunshot stops him. He sees what has happened with Gary’s old comrade.

HENRI
What’s going on?

Leaves his own conflict behind. Comes rushing to where Gary and Rougeau are. Stands by Gary’s side. Rougeau slowly prys Gary’s hands from his throat. Weakened but looks up smiling.

Rougeau’s third follower raises a gun. Henri races toward him. The second follower pops back up. Hits him in the gut. Henri goes to the ground. Rougeau rises to his feet.

ROUGEAU
You can’t keep a true man of God down...

GARY
That’s something you’re not...

ROUGEAU
Shh...

Has his finger over his lips. Walks over to Gary. Knees him between the legs. Gary grabs himself. Falls to the ground. The tables turn further on him.

ROUGEAU
...let the preacher man talk...

Leans over Gary. Now wincing in pain.

ROUGEAU
It seems you don’t have a lot of forgiveness in your heart...

Nods.

ROUGEAU
...I find that very troubling...

Gary looks up at the two followers. They stand next to Rougeau. One still popping the led pipe. Another still holding a gun on him. There is nowhere for him to turn.

ROUGEAU
...I feel refusal to forgive is a sin...and you know what I do to sinners?

(CONTINUED)
Rougeau smiles at them. Ready to take Gary out. These two go down. Almost like a bullet train hit them. No doubt they have been tackled to the ground.

Rougeau’s eyes widen. He looks on in fear. Another comrade of Gary’s stands here. His eyes bug out. His teeth are clinched. He resembles a large football player.

This man comes toward Rougeau. This mafia kingpin turned born again televangelist backs away. His eyes widen at the fierceness of this monster. A man who can take him apart.

GARY

Ain’t so tough now are you?

Rises to all fours. Holding his ribs. Still in pain.

GARY

A real man stands up to you and you back down...

Struggles. Yet rises to his feet.

GARY

...you murder my Angelique...threaten my Dixie Lynn...now you’re a coward...

Shakes his head. Laughs. He and this other comrade come toward Rougeau. His former mob boss backs away even further.

GARY

...what are you running from...

Gets closer to Rougeau.

GARY

...a real fight?

Rougeau looks over at the one follower who has not yet gotten involved. He slowly walks over to him. Crawls behind the guy’s back. Hiding behind him. Nowhere else to turn.

GARY

Where are you? A real man usually comes out and does things for himself...

He and the football player like comrade head for Rougeau and his last standing lackey. Sees the former mob boss hiding.
CONTINUED:

GARY
I know where you are...

Walks closer.

GARY
...so why don’t you stand up and be
a real man for once?

Walks toward Rougeau. The football like comrade throttles
this last follower to the ground. Gary faces Rougeau.

GARY
Now why won’t you face me one or
one...what are you afraid of?

Staring him the eye.

GARY
You victimize women...but you won’t
take on a man who can defend
himself?

Rougeau’s last remaining follower tries to get up. The
football like comrade kicks him back down.

GARY
Answer me...

Grabs Rougeau’s shoulders. Shakes him.

GARY
...why aren’t you a true man of
character?

Rougeau’s eyes are vacant.

GARY
All these years I’ve often thought
of killing you...

Gary’s last comrade steps forward. Stands next to him and
the football player like comrade.

GARY
...no doubt you’ve wanted to kill
me...

Steps away from his comrades.

GARY
...yet you harm women instead of
having the guts to come after me...

(CONTINUED)
Shrugs. Puts in his hand in his pockets.

GARY
...and no doubt you hide behind others in fear...

Nods.

GARY
...I’ll give you this one last chance to show me if you have any courage...

Takes his hands out of his pockets.

GARY
...don’t thump your Bible or hide behind your phony religious beliefs...I’m onto that one...

Henri remains injured. Yet gets to his feet.

HENRI
What’s going on?

Henri holds his ribs. Gary looks at the two other comrades still standing. Something is about to go down here.

GARY
Each of you get someplace safe...you’ve done all you can for me right now...

Gazes at the comrade who was shot in the head.

GARY
...take his body back to his family...tell them my thoughts and prayers are with them...

The football player-esque comrade helps Henri. They make it over to their fallen friend. They both carry him.

GARY
Now it’s just you and me...

Looks at Rougeau.

ROUGEAU
How? I still have my guys here while you were stupid enough to tell yours to leave...

Each member of Rougeau’s crew gets to their feet.

(CONTINUED)
...how do you think you can destroy me when it’s five against one?

Smiles and beams with overconfidence. Yet each of them start leaving. Except Gary and Rougeau. These two remain.

Where the hell are you going? Come back here!

They keep going. Not looking back. Rougeau tries to go after them. He stops when they leave.

Man of the cloth using damnation in vain...yelling at them like they’re schoolkids on a playground...

Chuckles.

...I remember when people in this town used to fear you...you’ve lost your touch...

Rougeau still looks out into the horizon.

Why won’t you face me?

Gets closer to Rougeau. Snatches him by the arm.

Look at me!

Jerks him around. They stare into each other’s eyes.

I’ve waited a long time for this...


Aren’t you going to hit back?

Approaches Rougeau.

The most fearsome mob boss here in New Orleans...such a commanding presence on a religious station...
Stares him in the face.

GARY
...now it’s you and me...you keep
backing down...

Shrugs.

GARY
...not the big, tough man in New
Orleans you think you are?

Chuckles.

GARY
Forget it...you’re worthless...

Gary turns his back. Attempts to walk away. Is tackled to
the ground. Turns around. Indeed, Rougeau did this. Gary
wastes no time in grabbing his throat. Regaining control.

GARY
So you’ll confront me after
all....but only with my back
turned...takes a lot of courage...

His hands are still around Rougeau’s throat. Bangs his hand
against the ground. Does this several times. Gets up.

GARY
...why am I wasting my time with
you?

On his feet once again. Pulls out his gun. Holding it on
Rougeau. Tired of dancing around. He wants this done.

GARY
Why don’t I just kill you right
now?

Leans over Rougeau. Smiles.

GARY
I want to see you beg for your
life...

Rougeau frowns. Breathing heavily.

GARY
...beg for your life...

Kicks Rougeau while he is down.

(CONTINUED)
GARY
...did you ever allow Angelique or Dixie Lynn to beg for their lives?

Kicks Rougeau again. Tears stream down Rougeau’s face.

GARY
No...you murdered one before she had a chance to breathe...the other you sent running...

Cocks the gun in Rougeau’s face. Snot runs from Rougeau’s nose. Snivels at this. Is on the receiving end.

GARY
...you can’t run...but I’ll give you one last chance to breathe...

His face becomes dead serious.

GARY
Say something...

Kicks Rougeau one last time.

GARY
...SAY IT!

Still holds the gun on Rougeau.

GARY
Say something dammit!

Rougeau is on the verge. Breaking down and crying. Tears stream down his face. Snot bubbles pop from his nose. The most contorted frown imaginable. Ugly in its appearance.

ROUGEAU
Please don’t kill me!

Holds his hands up. Begging. Sobbing. Gary stands over him. The gun still in his hand. He is not letting up.

GARY
Again!

Sticks the gun even further in Rougeau’s face.

ROUGEAU
Please...don’t...kill...me...

(CONTINUED)
GARY
One more time...

Stands over his former mob boss. The tables have long
turned. Rougeau snivels at his one time underling’s feet.

GARY
...scream it at the top of your
lungs!

ROUGEAU
PLEASE DON’T KILL ME!

Covers face with hands. Is now exposed for what he is.

GARY
Now we have it...

Pockets his gun. Grabs Rougeau by his arms. Helps him to his
feet. Points for him to leave right now. Dead serious.

ROUGEAU
What the...?

Stands here. Confused.

GARY
You’re free to go...I’m not wasting
anymore time with a loser...

Turns his back. Starts to walk away. Rougeau remains here.

GARY
...oh yeah...one more thing...

Stops in his tracks. Turns around.

GARY
...I lied!

Pulls the gun out of his pocket one last time. Shoots
Rougeau in the throat. Rougeau falls to his knees.

GARY
Now you know how it feels you son a
bitch...

Gets in Rougeau’s face. A man who clutches his throat. Gasps
for air. Blood pours between his fingers.

GARY
...how Angelique felt in her last
moments...

(CONTINUED)
Stands here. Smiling. Enjoying this.

GARY
Did you even give her a chance?

Shrugs.

GARY
I’ve given you more than enough here...

Leaving Rougeau here to die.

GARY
...now you’ll burn in hell!

EXT. AVONDALE, LOUISIANA DAY

Gary walks a good distance away from Mosca’s. Looking toward the hot sun. Breathing heavily. He is alone. Many of his comrades got back to safety. As he ordered them to.

GARY
I did it for you precious...

Speaks toward the sun.

GARY
...he’s gone now...he’ll never hurt you again...

Falls to his knees. Breaks down crying.

GARY
...I promise you that!

INT. HANNAH’S LIVING ROOM DAY

Gary opens the door. Walking inside. He unloads the bullets from the gun. Sees the tears in Hannah’s eyes. Walks toward her slowly but surely.

GARY
She can finally rest now...

Places the now unloaded gun on the fireplace. Slips the bullets into his pockets. Hannah starts crying. They hug almost immediately. A long held nightmare is over.
GARY
...I put him out of his misery...
Holds onto her. Tears stream down her face.

HANNAH
What did you do with him...
Looks up at Gary.

HANNAH
...what did you do with the body?
Gary does not say a word.

HANNAH
I just want to know.
Gary shrugs his shoulders.

GARY
I left him there...
Henri gets off the couch. Holds his ribs.

HENRI
You mean he’s still there in Avondale?
Gary nods.

HENRI
So did you kill him?
Gary tries to walk away. Not wanting to discuss it.

GARY
I gave him the death he deserved...
Gets both Henri and Hannah in a group hug.

GARY
...for all the police know, it’s just a random shooting.
Hannah takes a deep breath.

HANNAH
That...that’s smart...I think...
The two of them move away from each other. Now on opposite sides of the room. Henri stands in the middle.
GARY
You want to see his body?

Shakes her head. A combination of disgust and laughter.

HANNAH
No...

Still shaking her head.

HANNAH
...no I don’t...

Turns her head. Drying her tears.

GARY
Maybe that’s a good thing...

HENRI
Go back to Mosca’s...feed him to the gators for all I care...

Waves it off with his hand. No longer an issue for him.

GARY
The nightmare’s over...is really is...

A small smile. Tinged with sadness.

GARY
...we can all move on now...

Wipes a tear from his eye. Smiles at Hannah and Henri.

HANNAH
You both need go to the hospital for those ribs...

They laugh. Grabs their ribs. A little pain.

EXT. STREETS OF BILOXI, MISSISSIPPI DAY

Gary drives his truck through here. Has retrieved his ex-wife Dixie Lynn from hiding. Smiles at her. She looks quite confused. shrugging her shoulders.

DIXIE LYNN
Are you sure he’s dead?

Gary holds up his first three fingers. scout’s honor like formation She holds a bouquet mixing both yellow roses and bluebonnets. Dixie Lynn holds them up to her nose. Smells.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GARY
I’m the one who killed him... I should know...

Dixie Lynn looks away. Still not convinced.

GARY
... you’ll never have to worry about him again...

Runs his fingers through her hair.

GARY
... I promise.

DIXIE LYNN
So I can basically go back to real estate?

Nods his head.

GARY
Why not?

Shrugs his shoulders.

GARY
You can have your whole life back...

Gazes at his ex-wife.

GARY
... if that’s what you really want...

Dixie Lynn turns around. Smiles at him.

DIXIE LYNN
Yeah...

Wipes a tear from her eye.

DIXIE LYNN
... I do.

Gary holds out his hand. She takes it.

GARY
Good for you...

Holds her hand even tighter.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: 

GARY
...so good.

Smiles at her.

EXT. HANNAH’S FRONT PORCH NIGHT

A now eighty three year old Gary sits here. Tells stories to a few little kids. His eyes are weary Wrinkles on his face tell a story. One of stress and grief.

KID #1 (O.S.)
So...did you re-marry Dixie Lynn?

Gary chuckles.

KID #2 (O.S.)
Did the police find Rougeau’s body?

Waves his hand.

GARY
Ya’ll have to wait another time...

Watches a car pull up.

GARY
...I think your mother’s here.

Gets up from the swing. Waits for her.

JOSETTE
Give you any trouble today?

Hannah’s now adult daughter...JOSETTE...arrives on the porch.

GARY
Naw...not really...

Pulls out a bouquet of magnolias and an old music box.

GARY
...if you’ll excuse me...there’s someplace I’ve got to be...

JOSETTE
I have a dinner engagement next week, could you babysit the kids again?

Gary struggles to take a step. Holds onto the edge of the swing.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  

GARY
I think I’m getting too old for this sort of thing...

Takes a deep breath.

GARY
I’m heading out...

Leaves the porch.

JOSETTE
Call me if you’re able to watch them...

Stands on the porch. Her voice booms.

JOSETTE
...okay?

EXT. ABOVE GROUND CEMETERY NIGHT

Gary enters this place. walks to Angelique’s sarcophagus. Lays the bouquet of magnolias on it. Winds up the music box. Stands here gazing at these flowers.

GARY
I will always love you, precious...

Lays the music box down on the sarcophagus. It plays. Dances with an invisible partner.

GARY
"You are my sunshine...my only sunshine...you make me happy when skies are gray..."

Closes his eyes.

GARY
"...you’ll never know dear how much I love you..."

Breathes heavily.

GARY
"...please...don’t...take...my sunshine...away...

Clutches his arm. Leans to one side. Collapses.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GARY
Precious...I don’t think I’m going
to make it...

Rolls his eyes into the back of his head. Die Angelique’s spirit rises from the sarcophagus. Walks among the cemetery.

ANGELIQUE
Come on honey...it’s time to go!

Her spirit reaches for Gary’s hand. His spirit’s rises out of his body. Takes it.

GARY
We can be together at last...

These two spirits are young. Happy. Innocent.

ANGELIQUE
We better hurry...you don’t want to be late...

Tunnel of light appears. Gary and Angelique walk toward it. Arm in arm with each other.

GARY
That’s the main thing I always loved about you...you were so strong and so stubborn...

He laughs. Both walk into the light.

GARY
...let’s finally go home.