

FAMILY DOUGH

Written by

IMA MASTERBAKER

FADE IN

EXT. MAIN STREET - DODGE CITY KANSAS, 1877 - DAY

Long rows of businesses; saloons, banks, dry goods, line both sides of this bustling street. It's chaotic, dusty and loud.

Moving amongst stage coach heavy traffic, PATRICK FLYNN (25) and HANK RIGBY (60), travel side-by-side on horseback.

Dressed in business man best, Hank studies the store fronts. Music blares from KITTY'S SALOON as they slowly pass by.

HANK

This town is about to see some big changes, Patrick. With Earp back as Marshal, your property will soon be worth twice as much. My advice--now is the time to sell.

In cowboy casual, suede fringe coat, bandana, chaps, Patrick's focuses on a store up ahead, FLYNN'S BAKED GOODS.

INT. FLYNN'S BAKED GOODS - DAY

Modest interior. Next to the counter, a couple display cases featuring pies, rolls and breads. Behind is the work area. A long wooden table and three wood burning stoves.

SARAH GIBSON (30), places a loaf of bread in her sack and drops a coin in a jar on the counter.

At the work table, face and apron speckled in flour, MARY FLYNN (55), kneads dough. She smiles at Sarah.

MARY

(thick Irish accent)
How is the wee one, Sarah?

SARAH

Getting bigger every day. I'll have to hide this bread or he'll eat it in one sitting.

Both ladies chuckle. Sarah's expression turns to concern.

SARAH

And how are you, Mary? It must be difficult -- doing this alone, now that your husband is gone.

Mary contemplates as she douses more flour on the dough.

MARY

Truth be told, Seamus was always lured to the sinning side. Lord strike me down, but life's easier now that stinking drunk is gone.

Sarah chuckles nervously. Mary's eyes light up as she sees Patrick pass by. Mary waves. Sarah turns to see.

MARY

My boy. Been so helpful since his father passed. Seamus disapproved of him working here. Said it was woman's work. But now that his father is gone, he's taken an interest. Even learnt some old family recipes. My hope is he gives up ranching, and takes over here.

City noise enters as Sarah opens the door. She turns to Mary.

SARAH

I'll pray on that, Mary. Good day.

EXT. FLYNN'S BAKED GOODS - DAY

The bell jingles as Sarah shuts the door. Patrick tips his hat, she smiles then merges into the crowded sidewalk.

Gunshots are heard in the distance, followed by a female scream. It doesn't phase anyone. People just keep moving.

HANK

There are better ways to make money than one loaf of bread at a time.

PATRICK

But -- my mother. She--

Commotion ahead. People scurry. At full speed, two men on horseback pass dangerously close to Patrick, one shoots a bullet into the air. Show's over. People continue on.

HANK

She can get out of Dodge. And with that money, you can start your own business. Hell, buy a ranch! Have people work for you! Your father was a gambling man. Take a chance!

With sadness, Patrick nods in agreement.

PATRICK

Okay. I'll sell.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

At a small table, Patrick dips a spoon into his bowl of stew. Seated across from him, Mary rips off a piece of bread from a loaf and hands it to him. He smiles, dips it in the stew.

PATRICK

Mother, there is an important matter I need to discuss with you.

Mary looks at him, smiles, nods.

PATRICK

I've told Hank Gibson -- well, I gave him my answer. He informed the bank that we're going to sell.

Smile fading, Mary eats.

PATRICK

It's best. The city is dangerous and -- now you can finally rest.

Heartbroken, Patrick looks up at her. She's stopped eating.

MARY

Rest? Back in Ireland, my mother worked at our family bakery until her dying day. Her mother did the same. Be truthful about your intentions, Patrick. I always believed you had more of my blood running through your veins than your father's. His idea of family was spending his time with those miscreants at the saloon rather than here with us.

Head down, ashamed, Patrick can't bear to look at his mother.

MARY

He never understood the bakery was more than just a business.

Mary gets up, brings her dish to the sink. Patrick looks up, flickering oil lamp reflected in his tearful eyes.

EXT. BANK, MAIN STREET - DAY

City traffic is on the move. City noise fills the air.

In front of the bank, several horses are tied to a hitching post. An OLD MAN enters the front door.

INT. BANK - DAY

Seated in a waiting area, PATRICK impatiently taps his foot. He watches the old man enter, then approach a BANK TELLER, who stands behind jail-like bars.

ROBERT JACKSON (O.S.)
Mister Flynn?

Patrick turns, sees bank manager, ROBERT JACKSON (50), behind him. He stands, extends his hand. They shake.

ROBERT JACKSON
Sorry to keep you waiting. Hank informed me you've had a change of heart.

PATRICK
Yes. I no longer wish to sell.

ROBERT JACKSON
Well I'm sorry, Mister Flynn, but the bakery has already sold. Just this morning, as a matter of fact.

PATRICK
How is that possible? It's only been two days.

ROBERT JACKSON
Property doesn't last long here, Mister Flynn. I do apologize. But I have a check for you. Might take the sting away a bit?

Jackson hands Patrick a check. He doesn't even look at it. Taken by surprise, Patrick just stands there.

ROBERT JACKSON
Well if there's nothing else I can do for you, I'll get back to work. Good day, Mister Flynn.

Jackson walks away, leaving Patrick stunned.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Deflated, Patrick rides his horse down the busy road, paying no mind to the chaos around him.

As he nears the bakery, he sees a big, wooden FOR SALE sign nailed to the front. Chains through the door handles, secured by a PADLOCK. Then, he sees Mary.

She approaches the bakery, stands in front of the doors. She messes with the lock, then rattles the handles.

Patrick ties up his horse, walks over to his mother.

MARY

Can you help me open this?

PATRICK

Mother, you know we can't go in there anymore. It's for sale. I told you that. In fact, it's sold. I just found out. I'm so sorry.

MARY

Yes. I bought it. Now help me with this lock. My hands are too shaky.

Mary hands him a key.

PATRICK

I don't understand. How is that possible?

MARY

Your father was a better gambler than he was a drunk. I've been saving money for years. Was going to leave it to you, but now--I'll leave you the deed to this bakery. Again. And now you also have the money. What do you think you'll do with it?

Patrick unlocks the padlock, removes the chains and watches Mary enter her bakery. He smiles.

EXT. BAKERY - DAY

A new sign adorns the front, "FLYNN FAMILY BAKERY".

INT. BAKERY - DAY

New fixtures and decor brighten up the place. New display cases are filled with delicious treats, bread, rolls...

Behind the work table, in a flour covered apron, Patrick kneads dough next to Mary, who places rolls on a tray.

The bell on the front door jingles as someone enters.

FADE OUT.