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BRANDING SHOOT

by
David Redstone

EXT. MAIN STREET - OLD WEST - EVENING

(ACTUAL EVENT BASED ON HISTORICAL ACCOUNTS)

It's a clear summer evening in 1871.

Passersby, men on horseback and horse-drawn carriages cross in front of the Red Front Saloon.

A MAN and WOMAN step out of the saloon doors, his arm around her waist. She points down the street towards a hotel.

INT. RED FRONT SALOON - OLD WEST - CONTINUOUS

Whiskey drinkers sit at tables or the bar, faro players move chip stacks on a table, folks dance by a piano in the back.

FIRST COWBOY sits halfway down the bar on the right, a drink in one hand. He drunkenly indicates, with a sweep of his other arm, all the patrons in the saloon.

SECOND COWBOY stands nearby. He shakes his head, irritated, then turns away.

FIRST COWBOY rises from his bar stool, swings and strikes SECOND COWBOY on the jaw.

SECOND COWBOY hits FIRST COWBOY repeatedly, then finally punches him out the swinging doors and into the street.

A brief lull follows as saloon patrons collect themselves. Then, SECOND COWBOY pushes out through the doors.

EXT. MAIN STREET - OLD WEST - CONTINUOUS

FIRST COWBOY crouches near a hitching post across the street from the saloon. He draws his holstered gun.

SECOND COWBOY draws his gun and shoots first. The shot misses and hits the hitching post.

FIRST COWBOY looks at the post. He aims at SECOND COWBOY.

SECOND COWBOY shoots again and hits FIRST COWBOY in the middle of his chest.

FIRST COWBOY drops his gun and falls backwards.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - WICHITA MEMORIAL - AFTERNOON

JENNI WEAVER, attractive, early 30s, blonde hair, blue eyes, changes into medical scrubs near her locker. A few lockers away MIRANDA PEREZ, 20s, Hispanic, attractive, also changes.

MIRANDA

She'd be bagged and tagged if I hadn't checked the dosage. Novato.

JENNI

What?

MIRANDA

A raw rookie. But he sure does look fine being one.

JENNI

You're saying he's a DILF.

MIRANDA

Si si! El Doctor DILFO! Um-hmm. Hey how was your weekend?

JENNI

Quiet, mostly. Oh, yesterday we got Maxine back from the vet's.

MIRANDA

Is she okay?

JENNI

Back in running form. Adam is finally fit to live with.

MIRANDA

Angela's gotta be happy, too.

JENNI

She is. Wasn't this the concert for you guys? Saturday?

MIRANDA

(sings)

"Por una Mujer Bonita".

Jenni gives her a questioning look.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

It means "By a Pretty Woman". I died, Jen.

Jenni finishes changing and closes her locker.

JENNI

They're floating me in Five North today so I want to get there early.

MIRANDA

Baby catchers threw you out, girl? Drop a brat on his widdle bottom?

JENNI

Five is a nurse ghost town. Didn't a bunch of them go to Bali?

MIRANDA

Yeah, that dolphin thing.

JENNI

What?

MIRANDA

Swimming with dolphins.

JENNI

Oh that sounds like fun!

Jenni waves and starts to walk away.

MIRANDA

You be careful! TB Mike's in Five.

Jenni stops and comes back.

JENNI

We got another TB?

MIRANDA

Same one, but I hear they're calling him Mike. Fill me in later, okay? And don't forget your space suit!

JENNI

Right. Later, Miranda.

Jenni waves, then leaves the locker room at a quick pace.

INT. 5/NORTH NURSE STATION - WICHITA MEMORIAL - CONTINUOUS

Ward Head Nurse BETSY MACDOUGAL, early 40s, reviews charts.

BETSY

Waterbury in 503 is about the only excitement. Got a bath coming up at seven-thirty. Don't get close.

JENNI

An octopus. Terrific.

BETSY

Pinches everything you own. Belt him in the chops. I won't tell.

Betsy points to a monitor screen.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Mike's our TB in 538, due for a BP check, anytime really.

JENNI

I remember him a little from last September. His name's Mike?

Betsy nods, then gestures Jenni over to look at the chart.

BETSY

Coma ended March. But no talkie. Still doesn't, not really.

JENNI

Wow! Stockwell is his shrink?

BETSY

This guy is Mr. Lucky. See here? We've got him talking in his sleep. Kept saying "Mike", over and over.

JENNI

But otherwise quiet.

BETSY

Like a church on Monday midnight.

JENNI

Does his family come to see him?

BETSY

No visitors, no calls and no ID. Poor kiddo.

JENNI

Hmm. Finished TB regimen in nine months. Had to be non-resistant.

BETSY

We didn't even need gorilla-cillin. Standard isoniazid and rifampicin.

JENNI

Negative PPD?

BETSY

Uh-huh. They'll stick him again tomorrow, but he's clean.

JENNI

Wow, I remember how bad he was.

BETSY

Why not see him now? You won't need the space suit.

JENNI

Mask?

BETSY

Purely optional.

JENNI

Thanks. Back in a jiff.

INT. ISOLATION ROOM 538 - WICHITA MEMORIAL - CONTINUOUS

Outside the room, Jenni straps on a mask over her mouth and nose, then steps into disposable booties.

She opens the outer mantrap door and walks onto and across a disposable sticky mat laid down on the floor.

Jenni opens the second door and steps into Room 538.

Across the room in bed is MIKE, early 20s, slight, blond hair, blue eyes. He blankly watches the room TV.

JENNI

Hello Mike, how are we feeling?

Mike doesn't react.

JENNI (CONT'D)

I'm Jennifer Weaver but you can call me Jenni, or Jen if you like.

She takes a blood pressure cuff from an equipment tray.

JENNI (CONT'D)

I'm just going to take your blood pressure, okay?

Mike looks over and anticipates by rolling up his sleeve.

JENNI (CONT'D)

Excellent, Mike, thank you. We'll be done in a jiff.

Jenni pumps up the cuff, then feels for his pulse.

During the procedure, Mike casually glances up at Jenni. His eyes suddenly narrow, he frowns. Jenni doesn't notice.

JENNI (CONT'D)

Okay, you're doing fine, Mike.

Jenni removes the cuff and makes an entry in Mike's chart.

She adjusts the window blinds, then walks to the door.

JENNI (CONT'D)

I'll come back in about an hour
with your dinner, Mike. Very nice
to meet you, okay?

She keys in the cypher lock combination and opens the door.

A faint raspy sound comes from Mike's bed. Jenni turns back.

JENNI (CONT'D)

Mike? Did you say something?

Mike looks at her in vague recognition, but doesn't respond.

Jenni continues through the door and into the mantrap.

On the other side of the mantrap, she removes her mask and booties, then pushes them through a disposal slot.

INT. 5/NORTH NURSE STATION - WICHITA MEMORIAL - CONTINUOUS

Jenni looks at Mike on the monitor. He watches TV as before.

BETSY

Everything go okay?

JENNI

BP is within specs.

Jenni sits at a computer and works the keyboard and mouse.

JENNI (CONT'D)

Betsy?

BETSY

Uh-huh?

JENNI

Did you hear him say anything while
I was in there?

BETSY

No. You?

JENNI

I might have.

BETSY

Maybe the TV. What did he say?

JENNI

I don't know. Mug-something?

BETSY

You sure? Stockwell says he wants to know, whatever the hour.

JENNI

I can't swear to it. And I asked him, but... Nothing.

BETSY

Hmm. Let's see what happens at meal time.

INT. ISOLATION ROOM 538 - WICHITA MEMORIAL - EVENING

Outside the mantrap, Jenni puts on booties. She reaches for a mask, but decides to go without. She picks up a food tray, goes through the mantrap and into Mike's room.

JENNI

Hi Mike! Ready for your dinner?

She locks eyes with Mike and smiles at him as she moves to a small table by the window and sets down the tray.

JENNI (CONT'D)

I'll just set you up over here, all right? Let's check out the goods.

Jenni removes the plate cover.

JENNI (CONT'D)

We have chicken-fried steak, potatoes and corn. For dessert there's peach cob...

Jenni turns towards the bed. Mike stands in her way.

She retreats, but maintains poise. She glances up at the camera in the corner.

INT. 5/NORTH NURSE STATION - WICHITA MEMORIAL - CONTINUOUS

Betsy watches the monitor, which shows Mike move a little closer to Jenni. She is now backed up against the table.

Betsy grabs the phone and dials a code.

BETSY

MacDougal, Five North. Get the
Bouncers, stat! Isolation 538,
patient and one of our floaters!
Now! Tell 'em to move it!

INT. ISOLATION ROOM 538 - WICHITA MEMORIAL - CONTINUOUS

Mike crowds Jenni. He tries to form words.

MIKE

Muh... Muh...

JENNI

Mike? Move back a little, please?
Can you understand me, Mike?

MIKE

Muh...zee...

JENNI

What? What did you say?

Mike suddenly reaches out with both his arms and grabs Jenni.

As Mike holds her, she tries to twist away. One of her arms swings wildly and knocks the dinner tray off the table.

INT. 5/NORTH NURSE STATION - WICHITA MEMORIAL - CONTINUOUS

On the monitor, Betsy sees the dinner tray go flying.

BETSY

Jesus!

She moves out of the nurse station towards the hallway.

Betsy is partway down the hall when three MEN in gray scrubs burst from the elevator and dash towards the nurse station.

BOUNCER 1

Where? Where?

BETSY
 Five thirty-eight, isolation, end
 of the hall! No masks, just go!

The three men sprint towards Room 538.

INT. ISOLATION ROOM 538 - WICHITA MEMORIAL - CONTINUOUS

Mike continues to pin Jenni against the table.

JENNI
 MIKE! MIKE! Stop this! MIKE!

MIKE
 Muh...zee! Muhm...zee?

The mantrap outer door slams open, which distracts Mike.

The Bouncers burst into the room and head straight for him.

Mike lets go of Jenni as the Bouncers grab him and hustle him towards the bed. He struggles violently.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 MUMSY! MUMSY!

Mike screams, then cries as the struggle continues.

Finally, the Bouncers immobilize him on the bed.

INT. 5/NORTH NURSE STATION - WICHITA MEMORIAL - CONTINUOUS

On the monitor, Betsy sees Jenni key the inner door combination and hurry through the mantrap.

She meets Jenni in the hallway and walks her back.

BETSY
 I'm so sorry, I should've gone in
 with you!

JENNI
 You can't leave the station. Hey,
 I'm all right. Let me... sit down.

Betsy leads Jenni to a chair, then brings her a cup of water from the dispenser.

BETSY
 My God, he's never done anything
 like that. What happened?

JENNI

I don't know. I turned and there he was.

BETSY

Are you hurt?

JENNI

No, I'm fine. I think. But I...

BETSY

Oh wait Jen, just a sec.

Betsy picks up the phone and punches numbers, then hangs up.

JENNI

He wasn't violent.

BETSY

Looked it to me. If the Bouncers hadn't gotten...

JENNI

I know, and thanks Bets. But he wasn't trying to hurt me. And he called me "Mumsy".

The phone rings, Betsy picks it up.

JENNI (CONT'D)

Mumsy. That's what he said.

BETSY

Yes? Hello, Doctor Stockwell.
Betsy MacDougal in Five North...

INT. DINING/VIEWING AREA - WICHITA GREYHOUND PARK - EVENING

Greyhounds wait at gates, a STARTER MAN at the middle gate.

TRACK ANNOUNCER

They're in the starting box for
Race number three here at Wichita,
five-sixteenths of a mile,
heeeere's Ozzie and...

The gates open.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

They're off! At the break it's...

Eight greyhounds move left to right on the oval's straightaway.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
 Number 4 out in front, followed by
 2, 6, and 3, and then 7, 1, 8 and
 finally 5 into the first turn,
 number 4 that's Coco Girl still in
 front along the rail by one and a
 half, 6 is moving up and stretches
 ahead of number 2 Nitro Claire as
 they move through the back and into
 the final turn. Coco Girl still in
 front by three now and number 6
 that's W W Drifter in the second
 position as they come to the
 finish, and it's 4 the winner, then
 6, 2 and 7. Please hold all
 tickets until the judges call it
 final, they've requested a photo...

Jenni and her husband ADAM, aerospace engineer, late 30s,
 watch the race on a flat screen monitor at the table's edge.

Adam tosses down the race program.

ADAM

Drifter's second or third, you're
 going to win something anyway.

JENNI

Probably a show. Eighty cents.

ADAM

So what do you think? I like her.

JENNI

Me too. If Angela says "yes" I
 think we should.

ADAM

Heddy? That's her name?

JENNI

Heidi. When we bring Angela...

Jenni's cell phone rings. She sees the number and frowns.

JENNI (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello?

On the monitor, the results of Race 3 display.

JENNI (CONT'D)

He is? What's he saying? Oh.
 Tomorrow? Yes, I suppose.

Jenni takes the short pencil and writes on the race program.

JENNI (CONT'D)

Okay. Yes doctor, good night.

She closes the phone and writes a few more things.

ADAM

Drifter placed. Three eighty.
Does Memorial know you're off duty?

JENNI

Mike's shrink wants me to sit in at
his session tomorrow morning.

ADAM

The guy who went ballistic on you?

JENNI

It really wasn't that bad, babe.
I've had worse, believe me.

ADAM

He's not going to give you TB, is
he?

JENNI

He's healthy as a horse. Anyway
I'm curious about him calling me
"mumsy".

ADAM

Maybe back in your clubbing days...

JENNI

I think I'd know.

Jenni smiles, then points out the windows.

JENNI (CONT'D)

They found him on the other side of
135, right over there. Passed out
in a real estate office. It's an
area called Spasticville.

ADAM

Spasticville? Never heard of it.
Okay, I'll cash you in and... What
do you want to do? I've about had
it, but we can stay a few more.

JENNI

We can go. When's your flight?

ADAM
Seven forty-two.

JENNI
I wonder how Max will get through
the week without her alpha male?

ADAM
Ah, she's a tough hound.

They stand at the table as behind them, on the track, the next group of greyhounds trots towards the starting gate.

EXT. SHACK - OLD WEST - NIGHT

Dark outlines of two MEN on horseback. They wear cowboy hats but their faces cannot be recognized.

FIRST MAN
You best git.

SECOND MAN
Sons of bitches! Makin' me
hightail it out like a rabbit. Got
half a mind to stick around.

FIRST MAN
I say you ought to git. It's Hugh.
You know Hugh. Meaner'n twice his
weight in wildcats, ain't I right?

SECOND MAN
So what? I kin bust his horns.
Awright, I'm lightin' out.

FIRST MAN
The smart move.

SECOND MAN reels his horse around in the other direction.

FIRST MAN (CONT'D)
See ya at the station after sun-up.
She's pullin' out at nine.

SECOND MAN
Bastards. He was askin' to be
kill't and you knowed it.

FIRST MAN
I guess. Where ya headin'?

SECOND MAN
Florence, probly. Got kin there.

FIRST MAN
I'll stop by in a couple weeks.

SECOND MAN
Appreciate it. My own goddamned
town an' I gotta git. Bastards...

INT. STOCKWELL'S OFFICE - WICHITA MEMORIAL - MORNING

GERALD STOCKWELL, Ph.D., clinical psychologist of note, late 40s, African-American, sits behind a large desk.

Jenni sits in a chair along the side wall of the office.

STOCKWELL
Mike will be the centerpiece.

JENNI
In what area?

STOCKWELL
Retrograde Amnesia.

JENNI
You're doing another book?

Stockwell nods.

JENNI (CONT'D)
He still thinks I'm his mother?

STOCKWELL
Not anymore.

JENNI
Good. My husband will like that.

Stockwell smiles, then glances at a wall clock.

STOCKWELL
Mrs. Weaver, I want to have him in
now if you don't mind. I'd like
your unvarnished opinion before we
talk further.

JENNI
Of course. Is he still violent?

STOCKWELL
Quite the contrary. I can have his
security escort Ross McDaniels
brought in if you wish?

JENNI

I know Rossy. No, I'll be okay.

Stockwell nods and clicks the desk intercom.

STOCKWELL

Would you show Mike in, please?

Stockwell stands and switches on a digital recording unit.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

I'll be recording the session.

The door opens and Mike walks slowly into the office. He looks at Stockwell, then immediately focuses on Jenni.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

Good morning, Mike!

MIKE

Mornin' Doc.

STOCKWELL

Mike, this is the special visitor I told you about. Mrs. Jenni Weaver.

Jenni stands, walks to Mike and holds out her hand. Mike takes her hand and kisses it gently.

Jenni looks questioningly at Stockwell.

JENNI

Hello Mike, very nice to meet you.

MIKE

Good mornin', Mrs. Weaver, ma'am.

Stockwell comes to front of the desk and sits in a chair.

STOCKWELL

Please sit down, Mike.

Mike walks to a chair and looks expectantly at Jenni.

Jenni moves slowly back to her chair and sits. Mike sits.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

Mike, was there something you wanted to say to Mrs. Weaver?

Mike looks puzzled.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

What we talked about yesterday?

MIKE

Yes sir, Doc. Ma'am, I'm plum
sorry 'bout the other day. I
didn't mean to hurt you neither.

JENNI

Thank you, Mike. And you didn't
hurt me, no harm done.

STOCKWELL

Was there anything else, Mike?
About your mother?

MIKE

And ma'am I know yer not my mumsy.
She's gone.

JENNI

Gone?

Stockwell gives a subtle warning look to Jenni.

STOCKWELL

So, how did you like the trip
yesterday?

(to Jenni)

We took a drive along the river.

MIKE

Weren't like I remembered, Doc. No
game. And didn't see no Injuns.

STOCKWELL

Injuns?

MIKE

No Injun villages neither.

STOCKWELL

We went past the Indian Center
Museum, is that what you mean?

Mike says nothing. Stockwell stands.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

Okay Mike, we'll talk again after
lunch. I just wanted you to meet
Mrs. Weaver for now.

Jenni stands, then Mike.

JENNI

Very glad to have met you, Mike.

MIKE

Yes ma'am.

Mike raises his right hand quickly, then stops.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Don't have my John B, sorry. Will
I be seein' you again, ma'am?

STOCKWELL

Perhaps.

Stockwell and Mike both move towards the door.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

I'll be up in a few hours, right?
One o'clock.

Stockwell opens the door and ushers Mike out. He closes the door and returns to the chair in front of the desk.

JENNI

Wow.

Stockwell nods.

JENNI (CONT'D)

He comes across as... I can't think
of the word...

STOCKWELL

For one thing, maybe a bit evasive.

JENNI

So he might be faking amnesia.

STOCKWELL

I don't know. Anyway I really am
encouraged by his reaction to you.

JENNI

Yes. His manners...

STOCKWELL

Unusual from a young person today
in this country. Or even from...

JENNI

Quaint! Sorry, Doctor. That's the
word. He's kind of quaint.

Stockwell acknowledges.

STOCKWELL

Mrs. Weaver, I won't keep you too long today so I'll cut to the chase. If you can manage it, I'd like your assistance with Mike.

JENNI

Me?

STOCKWELL

Yes. Want the short list?

JENNI

Okay.

STOCKWELL

Mike's illiterate. I suspect he's always been. He's from Wichita or nearby but he can't name a specific home. He's spoken neither of family nor friends. And his speech is, as you say, quaint.

JENNI

How would I be able to help?

STOCKWELL

Part of my treatment plan is to re-introduce him to the area, maybe jar him. On Friday we're visiting Cowtown, but first - Hutchinson.

JENNI

The Cosmosphere?

STOCKWELL

Right. He may have been at one of these places as a boy. Could trigger something? I'm working a bit in the dark here. So, could you come with us Wednesday?

JENNI

Oh. I mean I have the time but... I'd like to think it over.

Stockwell stands. Jenni also stands. He gives her a card.

STOCKWELL

I think your presence would be very useful to Mike and me.

JENNI

Yes, I understand. I'm intrigued,
of course...

STOCKWELL

No problem. Come on, I'll walk you
down.

They leave Stockwell's office.

INT. HALLWAY - WICHITA MEMORIAL - CONTINUOUS

STOCKWELL

As a nurse you understand we're
into a treatment regimen and need
to keep certain things about Mike
confidential.

JENNI

Naturally I'll want to discuss this
with my husband.

STOCKWELL

I really meant outside of your
family. Do you have children?

JENNI

A nine-year-old daughter.

STOCKWELL

You may bring her along if you
decide to come. She might help the
situation with Mike.

They head down the hallway towards the elevators.

INT. CONVENTION ROOM - HOTEL - EVENING

Above a podium, a banner reads: CASSENTA AVIATION -
AERONAUTICS SYMPOSIUM.

A MAN, 40s, scientist-type, speaks at the podium.

MAN AT PODIUM

...although rare, has to be built
into the shielding design of manned
spacecraft on extended flights.

INT. HALLWAY - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Adam looks into the room through open double doors as he speaks quietly into a cell phone.

Other people walk by, talk quietly in groups or speak into cell phones.

ADAM
(into cell phone)
And what did Maxine think?

INT. LIVING ROOM - WEAVER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ANGELA WEAVER, 9-year-old, sits on a couch with a greyhound dog sprawled across her. She pets the dog with one hand, the other holds a cordless phone.

ANGELA
(into phone)
She likes her! They didn't bark or growl or anything like that. Did you, Max? They just sniffed each other's butts.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ADAM and ANGELA.

ADAM
Dogs do that. And when is Heddy coming home, did they say?

ANGELA
It's Heidi. Mrs. Jarvis said Sunday so that's only five more days. I marked it on the calendar!

A man walks by Adam, smiles and gestures to join him in the convention room. Adam holds up his hand in a "wait" gesture and nods as the man goes through the double doors.

ADAM
All right. Angela I can't stay on long, could you get Mom?

ANGELA
Okay Daddy. Sarah's sleeping over tonight and tomorrow too. Bye and love and kisses. I miss you Daddy!

ADAM
Love and kisses back. Bye bye!

Adam puts the cell phone on speaker.

Through the double doors, the man at the podium speaks.

MAN AT PODIUM

...event from SGR 1806-20, in the constellation Sagittarius. It released more gamma ray energy in one tenth of a second than has our Sun in a hundred thousand years. Such a burst hitting an un-shielded spacecraft on a deep space flight would simply obliterate...

JENNI (V.O.)

Hi babe. How's the conference?

Adam takes the phone off speaker.

ADAM

Hi honey. Just fair, we've got JPL the rest of the night. Long-haired stuff, mostly.

INT. DINING ROOM - WEAVER HOUSE - EVENING

Jenni sits at the dining room table.

JENNI

Can't fool me, babe. You love it.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ADAM and JENNI.

ADAM

Well... So, Angela approved?

JENNI

Uh-huh. We'll have our puppy this weekend. Did she tell you?

ADAM

About Heidi? Sure.

JENNI

Well that, yes, but we're also going to the Cosmosphere tomorrow.

ADAM

Good idea.

JENNI

There's more to it. We're going with Doctor Stockwell. And Mike.

Adam says nothing.

JENNI (CONT'D)

At the session today, Stockwell asked if I'd assist in his treatment. I decided I would.

ADAM

God. The guy who motivated you to take time off from nursing. Who assaulted you? Honey...

JENNI

I know... It's hard for me to explain. There's a... connection between a nurse and patient sometimes that...

ADAM

You're not his nurse anymore! Oh boy. Look, I can tell your mind is made up and I respect that. But Angela? Doesn't this doctor consider that even a little risky?

JENNI

Babe, it's Doctor Gerald Stockwell! NPR? CNN? Now he's taken him out in public and Mike's been calm and polite.

ADAM

Ah! So if he says "please" and "thank you" and "by your leave" while he's attacking my wife...

JENNI

Okay, we won't go unless Stockwell brings along Mike's security escort. What about that?

ADAM

A security escort...

JENNI

Named Ross. Huge. And you know I can handle unruly patients.

ADAM

Unless one gets the drop on you. Okay. Not thrilled but... The three of you, plus Angela. Maybe throw in our attack dog?

Jenni glances at Angela as she hugs the greyhound Maxine.

JENNI

He won't have a chance.

At the doors, Adam's work friend looks at him expectantly.

ADAM

Gotta fly, they're on my case.
Hey, I need a nurse this weekend.

JENNI

I'll be on call. Love you.

ADAM

Love you. Be careful. Kick this
Mike in the ass if you have to.

EXT. SHACK - OLD WEST - EVENING

A large fist pounds hard on a wooden door. A peephole slides open and an eye peers out.

INSIDE MAN

(loud whisper)
Who the hell? Mac? What are you
doin' back here?

OUTSIDE MAN

C'mon out.

The peephole slides closed, the door opens.

A MAN looks back through the open door, then steps out and gently closes it. He is HAP, 30s, good-natured looks.

He greets MAC, 30s, big, rough-looking, cowboy attire, holster with two pistols.

MAC

Got a see-gar?

Hap pulls a cigar from a case in his pocket and hands it to Mac, who lights it with a wooden match.

HAP

When did ya get in?

MAC

A bit ago, the eight-fifty. How
the hell's J.R.?

HAP

Splitting the rafters, finally.
Been damned prickly all night.

(MORE)

HAP (CONT'D)

Spent the whole mornin' cleaning his irons. Anyone seen ya?

MAC

I dunno. Mebbe when I walked on over. Might've saw Garrett.

HAP

Garrett most-like minds his own business but you knowed he'd tell Hugh iff'n he saw ya.

MAC

I don't care.

HAP

I heared 'em when you lit out. They ain't gonna be fergivin', Mac. Hugh was even talking about goin' to Florence and...

MAC

Then I figger we'll have it out. Warn't no action in Florence and I ain't the runnin' type. Iff'n they want me they can come git me.

Mac throws away the cigar and walks towards his horse.

HAP

Where ya goin'?

MAC

Think I'll visit up with Leticia awhile. I'll drop by later.

HAP

What about J.R.?

MAC

You kin tell him when he gits up.

Mac mounts his horse and rides off.

Hap - not so happy - goes back into the house and very quietly closes the door behind him.

EXT. NEAR ENTRANCE - COSMOSPHERE MUSEUM - AFTERNOON

Mike looks up at a full-scale Mercury/Redstone rocket to the side of the Cosmosphere museum in Hutchinson, Kansas.

Nearby are Jenni, Stockwell, Angela, her 9-year-old friend SARAH and ROSS MCDANIELS, 20s, big guy, security escort.

STOCKWELL

Mike, we're about ready to go in now. Mike?

Mike comes over but looks back at the rocket repeatedly.

Stockwell opens the entrance door and everyone files through.

INT. LOBBY - COSMOSPHERE MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

A mounted actual SR-71 Blackbird military reconnaissance jet angles down directly at the visitors as they enter.

SARAH

Way cool! Look at that Angie!

Everyone (other than Mike) looks approvingly at the giant black jet.

Mike quickly shrinks back against the just-opening entrance door and blocks a WOMAN, 20s, as she comes through door.

WOMAN

Hey what's the matter with you?

Mike ignores her, his eyes fixated on the jet.

Stockwell rushes over.

STOCKWELL

Ma'am I'm sorry, he's with us.

WOMAN

Door almost hit me in the face!

STOCKWELL

He didn't mean it, I'm very sorry. It's his first time here.

The woman quickly moves past the group and into the lobby.

INT. GENERAL EXHIBITS - COSMOSPHERE MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

The group moves past various exhibits and glass cases.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A. Liberty Bell 7 (Gus Grissom) capsule

- B. Apollo 13 Command Module
- C. Russian space exhibits
- D. Statues of Lenin, Uncle Sam and John F. Kennedy
- E. Life-size figures in space suits

The two girls are sometimes with the group, sometimes off by themselves. Mike is mostly expressionless, uncomprehending.

INT. LUNAR MODULE DISPLAY - COSMOSPHERE MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Mike stands close by Jenni, while the entire group looks at the setup of the Lunar Module on a simulated lunar surface.

Angela points to the lower half of the module.

ANGELA

Only that part stayed up there.

SARAH

Uh-uh. The whole thing did!

ANGELA

The top part blasted off so they could come back! My dad said so!

SARAH

I don't care. Let's go see more of the movie! This is boring.

JENNI

Not too long Angela, we'll be leaving soon!

ANGELA

Okay!

The two girls run off.

STOCKWELL

Pretty impressive, huh Mike? Six of these landed on the Moon and are still there today.

JENNI

Six of the lower parts. My husband's an aerospace engineer.

STOCKWELL

Good to see that rub off on Angela. She's quite the...

MIKE

Ma'am? What is "land" on Moon?

Jenni looks questioningly at Stockwell, who nods.

JENNI

This machine, it flew - was flown -
to the Moon and then it landed.

Mike points at the display.

MIKE

Is that brass there, ma'am?

JENNI

It looks like foil of some kind.
(to Stockwell)
My husband would know all about...

MIKE

Daddy worked brass. Hated it.

STOCKWELL

Your father worked with brass,
Mike? At his job? At home?

MIKE

His shop, it was.

STOCKWELL

Do you know where it is? Does your
father still have his shop?

Mike says nothing. He looks at Stockwell, then at Jenni longer, intensely. Then straight ahead at the Lunar Module.

MIKE

Daddy was kill't.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. MAIN STREET - OLD WEST - NIGHT

Hap and Mac look across the street at a dance hall. Cowboys and couples walk about, horses move past, several carriages ride by. Music plays. Gas lights illuminate the street.

Mac lights a cigar.

MAC

See why I come back? Florence is
quieter'n a Comanche steppin'
through virgin snow.

HAP

Think any of 'em is in there? I kin run over and check.

MAC

I need a drink and you need some grub, Hap. Sheez, you hafta stand up twice to make a shadow! C'mon.

HAP

Mebbe later. I'm goin' over to Krum's fer awhile. Don't git into no twists, Mac.

MAC

It'll be jake. You'll see.

Mac crosses the street and enters the dance hall. Above its door is a tiger face sign.

Hap moves off. As a horse passes him, the RIDER shouts out "Hiya, Happy!" Hap waves, then walks on.

Down the street, two cowboys watch Mac enter the dance hall. Each has a right hand rested upon a lone holstered gun.

Further down, another cowboy with a two-gun holster watches.

EXT. WEAVER NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

Jenni walks the greyhound Maxine in the street through their quiet housing development. Angela follows on her bicycle.

ANGELA

Only three more days Mom!

JENNI

What three days?

ANGELA

Until Heidi comes to her new home!

JENNI

Oh, yes.

ANGELA

And Daddy comes back Saturday!
When are we going to the airport?

JENNI

I think we'll leave about, I don't know, maybe at four o'clock.

Angela rides in a circle around Jenni and the greyhound.

ANGELA

Yay! And I get to walk Heidi first
when she comes home, okay Mom?

JENNI

You can.

ANGELA

Promise?

JENNI

That's the truth you can bank on in
Denver.

ANGELA

Daddy says that!

JENNI

Daddy likes John Wayne movies.
Don't go around too fast, Angela!
You'll get dizzy.

ANGELA

I'll be care-full!

The cell phone rings. Jenni pulls it from her belt.

JENNI

(into cell phone)
Hello?

INT. - STOCKWELL'S OFFICE - WICHITA MEMORIAL - CONTINUOUS

Stockwell sits behind his desk. His computer is on, papers
and folders litter his desktop.

STOCKWELL

(into phone)
Mrs. Weaver? Doctor Stockwell.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JENNI and STOCKWELL.

JENNI

Oh hi Doctor. How's Mike?

STOCKWELL

I'd like to talk with you about him
but not over the phone.

JENNI

What's wrong?

STOCKWELL
It's really best to discuss this
here. Can you manage it?

JENNI
Just a minute, Doctor.
(to Angela)
Angela! Come here for a second?

Angela rides over and stops nearby.

JENNI (CONT'D)
You want to stay over Sarah's? I
have to go to the hospital awhile.

ANGELA
Yeah! You mean sleep over?

JENNI
Well, we'll ask and if it's okay
with her folks, then you can.

ANGELA
Cool! Are you going to see Doctor
Stockwell?

JENNI
Yes. Okay, let me finish. Doctor?
I can probably make it in an hour.

STOCKWELL
An hour is fine, I'll still be
here. Thank you, Mrs. Weaver.

INT. STOCKWELL'S OFFICE - WICHITA MEMORIAL - NIGHT

Jenni appears in the open doorway.

JENNI
Hi. Sorry I'm a bit late.

STOCKWELL
Oh it's okay, Mrs. Weaver, I'm just
grateful you could make it. Your
daughter is in good hands?

JENNI
She's sleeping over her friend's,
the one you saw yesterday. Sarah.

STOCKWELL
Very good. Your daughter is
charming, Mrs. Weaver.

JENNI

Thank you. Oh, should I sit here?

Jenni points to the chair behind the desk, next to his.

STOCKWELL

Yes, mainly to see the computer,
it's just easier. Some coffee or
water or something?

JENNI

No, I'm fine. Who's this? Quan...

She points to the screen.

STOCKWELL

I'll get to that a bit later.

Stockwell moves the mouse and the image disappears.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

Yesterday I had a long session with
Mike after the revelation about his
father. My instinct about jarring
him was correct.

JENNI

You believe his father was killed?

STOCKWELL

Mike saw him dragged from their
house into the street and hacked to
death with a sword.

JENNI

What?

Stockwell nods, pushes back a bit from the desk.

JENNI (CONT'D)

So that's what the amnesia is
about? He's running away...?

Stockwell shrugs.

STOCKWELL

My daughter is a Jayhawk at KU,
third year. Are you familiar with
Lawrence Kansas history?

JENNI

Not really. My husband has roots
here but I'm from Northeast Ohio.

STOCKWELL

Lawrence was at the center of the slavery issue before the Civil War, in our "bleeding Kansas" days. The Jayhawkers were abolitionists and the Bushwhackers were slave owners.

JENNI

I only remember a little from high school history.

STOCKWELL

Even most Kansans forget our violent past.

JENNI

Did you go to KU?

STOCKWELL

Hmm? No. Wichita State.

He indicates his Wall of Fame, then massages his right wrist.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

Loyola for the doctorate.

JENNI

Hurt your hand?

STOCKWELL

Oh. On the computer too much.

JENNI

Try a wrist pad. You don't want carpal tunnel.

STOCKWELL

I'll do that. Anyway, a teacher originally from Ohio had a major effect on the history of Lawrence. William Quantrill.

JENNI

The one on the screen.

Stockwell brings up his image.

STOCKWELL

According to one account I've read, Jayhawkers ambushed him and his friend before the war. They killed this friend and left Quantrill for dead. Indians got him to their village and nursed back to health.

JENNI

Abolitionists tried to kill him?

STOCKWELL

Yes. He then formed a gang of men who also suffered atrocities, men like Jesse James and his brother Frank. Quantrill's big claim to infamy was the raid on Lawrence.

EXT. LAWRENCE, KANSAS - MORNING

Circa August, 1863.

(STOCKWELL NARRATES OVER ACTION)

STOCKWELL (V.O.)

On the morning of August 21st, 1863, Quantrill got even with the Jayhawkers.

A large group of Civil War-era Confederate men on horseback yell and whoop as they race down from the foot of a mountain. They wear red shirts and some carry black flags.

STOCKWELL (V.O.)

They killed about 200 men and boys. Pretty much destroyed the town.

Cavalrymen light buildings with torches.

Rebels on foot yank open doors of houses and burst inside. They force men and boys into the street.

Men on horseback and some on foot shoot pistols at the unarmed men and boys.

STOCKWELL (V.O.)

Many folks fled and never returned.

Town of Lawrence viewed from a distance, dozens of buildings burn, black smoke everywhere, people run in all directions.

INT. STOCKWELL'S OFFICE - WICHITA MEMORIAL - CONTINUOUS

STOCKWELL

Quantrill was certainly a force of unstoppable nature that day.

JENNI

So where does... Well, how does Mike fit into this? You said you believed he was from here.

STOCKWELL

I still do. And Lawrence is two hundred miles from Wichita.

Stockwell closes the Quantrill image on the screen.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

But this is why I needed to talk with you. When Mike described his father's killing to me yesterday evening, it exactly matched the Quantrill Raid on Lawrence.

JENNI

That's not possible.

STOCKWELL

It isn't. But listen...

Stockwell pulls together some folders and papers on his desk.

EXT. LAWRENCE, KANSAS - CONTINUOUS

Circa August, 1863.

(STOCKWELL NARRATES OVER ACTION)

STOCKWELL (V.O.)

Mike says he heard "thunder 'round sun-up". The dishes rattled in the kitchen cabinets. When the men broke in the house, his father ran over to shield his mother. Mike says "They pull't him away and threwed him out the door".

A MAN, 30s, tumbles through the front door of an Old West house, across a tombstone doorstep, then out into the street.

He rolls into two of Quantrill's MEN from behind them.

The two men stumble, become startled and then angry.

They shove their pistols into their belts and draw sabers. They hack at the man as he tries to shield himself.

STOCKWELL (V.O.)
Mike tried to interfere, to save
his father.

A blond BOY of ten runs through the door and tugs at the arm
of one of the men.

The man kicks the boy hard in the chest and the boy flies
back towards the door.

He lands on the tombstone doorstep, his head hits it and he
is out cold.

STOCKWELL (V.O.)
He awoke on the stoop of his empty
house. His mother - Mike says he
"never see'd her agin'".

INT. STOCKWELL'S OFFICE - WICHITA MEMORIAL - CONTINUOUS

STOCKWELL
We had a short session today but he
wouldn't focus. All he talked
about was seeing you at Cowtown.

JENNI
You're going through with that?

STOCKWELL
Yes. And again I hope you'll come.
Just you, this time.

JENNI
Okay. What are you saying about
Mike, Doctor? That he's... an
avenging angel or something for his
father? A ghost?

STOCKWELL
I don't believe in ghosts. I want
to assume he's faking. Maybe Mike
got on the Internet and did some
research and is doing this for
attention? Fame? Money?

JENNI
But you don't believe that.

Stockwell says nothing.

INT. DANCE HALL - OLD WEST - NIGHT

A nervous man, PERRY, 40s, sits in the dealer's chair on the long side of a table where men play the card game faro.

In front of Perry, a metal dealing box shows a Nine of Hearts. A stack of face-up cards is next to it.

Mac, slightly drunk, sits on a short end of the table.

Hap sits near him on the long side, with three UNIDENTIFIED COWBOYS, 40s, and JESS THE LOOKOUT, 40s.

In front of Jess is a case keeper, an abacus-like device for counting faro cards as they display.

HAP

We leavin' then?

MAC

Mebbe. Iffn I make the turn, why then we might go again.

Mac drains his whiskey glass, then moves a stack of chips on the faro board. Other men adjust their bets.

PERRY

I ain't keepin' the place open much longer, Mac. Got church tomorrow.

MAC

You'd close up on me when I'm in a run? Ain't sportin'. And besides yer holy enough.

PERRY

Board's locked. Next turn.

Perry slides the Nine of Hearts out and puts it on the stack. This reveals the "loser" card, a Four of Clubs.

HAP

Damn. Shoulda coppered it.

Perry collects a few bets from the table.

He slides the Four of Clubs out and puts it on the discard stack. This reveals the "winner" card, a King of Spades.

MAC

Ha! Look who backed the cowboy!

Perry moves a stack of chips to match Mac's bet on the king.

HAP

C'mon Mac, you won enough. Let's
git before J.R. hisself comes in
and drags you out.

MAC

Is he here?

Mac scans the bar and tables. He winks at Hap.

MAC (CONT'D)

Guess not. Probly roughin' up
somebody over at Krum's.

PERRY

We're at the turn, fellas.

MAC

Hap, Iffn I make the turn I'll set
up this table and go once more.
Else we'll fetch J.R. and then git.

Hap nods sullenly. Mac looks at Jess.

MAC (CONT'D)

Whaddya got there, Jess? Gotta
Seven and a Railroad and a Lady.

He moves his chips to the Queen.

MAC (CONT'D)

Lady's first. I'll put the lucky
Seven in hock. Queen-Ten.

PERRY

Anyone else fer the turn?

Everyone but Mac shakes their heads.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Board's locked. Next turn.

Perry slides the King of Spades out and the Queen of Diamonds
is revealed.

MAC

Halfway to heaven! Stick with me!

Mac moves the stack of chips from the Queen to the Ten.

MAC (CONT'D)

Lemme ketch the train!

Perry slides the Queen of Diamonds out, revealing the Ten of Hearts. His face falls.

PERRY
Queen-Ten. Winner.

Perry places five matching stacks of chips on the Ten.

MAC
Hot damn! Lady on a train, I'll
hafta remember this one! Russ, git
everyone at the table setup.

RUSS the bartender, 40s, steps behind the bar to fetch drinks. The cowboys and Jess react favorably. Hap does not.

MAC (CONT'D)
And here's to the coffin driver!

Mac tosses some chips to Jess.

MAC (CONT'D)
Good eyes!
(to Perry)
Once more through before closin'.
Only be ten minutes or so.

INT. GIFT SHOP - COWTOWN MUSEUM - AFTERNOON

Jenni, Stockwell, Mike and Ross move through the aisles along with other visitors.

At the checkout counter, a young woman, RACHEL JENSEN, 20s, very attractive, is dressed in Old West attire. She looks approvingly at Mike, who has a cowboy hat on the counter.

RACHEL
That's twenty-one forty-four, sir.

Stockwell slides a credit card across the counter.

Mike picks up the hat and puts it on.

MIKE
Much obliged, ma'am. I done lost
my John B and my blue lightnin's.

ED MCCOY, 40s, dressed in cowboy garb, is also behind the counter and overhears Mike. He comes over.

ED
I'm impressed! And whaddya pack
fer yer blue lightnin', pardner?

MIKE

1860 Colt.

ED

Hey, those are hard to get! Are you a new volunteer here? I haven't seen you before.

Mike looks confused and says nothing. He turns to Rachel and expertly tips his hat to her.

MIKE

Ma'am.

RACHEL

Thank you sir. And it's Rachel.

MIKE

Pleased to meetcha, Rachel ma'am. I'm Mike.

Rachel nods and smiles.

Mike slowly moves away from counter and out of an open exit door. He sporadically looks back at Rachel.

ED

Hey cowpuncher, let's talk fer a spell when you come back through! Yer the genuine article. Didja...

Stockwell signals to Ed and speaks in a low voice.

STOCKWELL

That's my nephew Mike, visiting from El Paso. On the shy side.

ED

Well, that's how cowboys were, sir. Quiet-like. Is he in a Western show down there in Texas?

STOCKWELL

I'm not sure, he just came in last night. We haven't had time to, um, talk much. Thanks, mister...

ED

Just Ed. But not Mister Ed. My pleasure.

STOCKWELL

And I'm Jerry. Ed, what did Mike mean when he said 'John B'?

ED

Your nephew knows his lingo.
That's what cowboys of old called
their hats. After John B. Stetson.

Stockwell frowns, then nods and moves towards the gift shop exit doors to join Mike, Jenni and Ross.

EXT. WESTERN TOWN - COWTOWN MUSEUM - AFTERNOON

SERIES OF SHOTS

A. Mike, Jenni, Stockwell and Ross stroll along a walkway bordering the Arkansas River. Stockwell adjusts his pocket digital recorder, then puts it into a shirt pocket.

B. They step through an open wrought-iron gate. The main street displays a mix of visitors and Old West interpreters.

C. Mike stops, puzzled and confused as he looks around, while the other three in the group move forward towards the street.

D. Mike wanders to a corral. A horse comes to him and he scratches its ears. He looks around the corral, confused.

E. Jenni, Stockwell and Ross notice Mike's absence and stop, then spot him by the corral. Eventually Mike rejoins them.

F. The group walks past the carpentry shop. They look into a small chapel with pews and a black coffin in front, then continue down the street.

JEFF, 30s, a cowboy interpreter with gun and holster, heads directly towards them and then stops 25 feet away.

JEFF

Gotcha, rustler! Heard tell you
was hung so high you hadda look
down on the moon! Well now! You
man enough to slap leather with the
likes of me?

Jenni, Stockwell and Ross smile and back away from Mike.

Mike squares up and looks directly at the cowboy.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Well I ain't got all day! Let's
git to it! Fill yer hand!

Mike is scared and looks questioningly at Stockwell.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I give ya yer chance, cow thief!

Jeff reaches for his gun.

Mike slaps his right side several times, then looks down at that side in panic.

He backs away across the street and trots over to the doorway of the schoolhouse.

Jenni, Stockwell and Ross hurry over to Mike.

Jeff approaches them. Mike retreats through the doorway.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Folks, I'm so sorry! I thought he was one of our volunteers, we have a lot of new people in today.

STOCKWELL

It's okay sir, he'll be all right.

JEFF

You sure? Hey, my name's Jeff and I really must apologize. We want everything to be enjoyable for you all here at Cowntown.

JENNI

Thank you, Jeff, we're fine.

COWBOY

Okay then I'll be movin' along.
Take care, folks...

He moves down the street and shakes his head in confusion.

INT. SCHOOLHOUSE - COWTOWN MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Mike sits in a school desk as Jenni, Stockwell and Ross enter and sit near him.

JENNI

Are you okay?

STOCKWELL

That was make-believe, Mike. His name is Jeff and he apologized.

MIKE

I wish'd I had my blue lightnin's that I got from...

STOCKWELL
From where?

Mike looks off and says nothing for a moment.

MIKE
I ain't never rustled no beeves or
no horses. He said I done it.

STOCKWELL
He was only joking. He thought you
were part of the act here.

MIKE
Act?

Jenni goes to the front of the classroom. A hand bell sits
on the teacher's desk. Jenni picks up the bell. Then she
hefts a wooden paddle from the desk.

JENNI
If any teacher used this today,
they'd be in Leavenworth.

They look around the classroom awhile longer.

A group of SCHOOLCHILDREN on a tour comes through the door.

Stockwell moves back over to Mike, still seated.

STOCKWELL
Mike, ready to go? Want to look
around some more?

Mike nods and stands.

The four of them wade through the noisy, milling
schoolchildren and step out into the street.

EXT. MAIN STREET - COWTOWN MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

SERIES OF SHOTS

A. A MAN in regular clothes but with a cowboy hat poses for a
WOMAN pencil sketch-artist.

B. A horse and rider walk by and most passersby back away.
Mike reaches out and pats the horse nonchalantly.

C. Mike apprehensively notices the City Marshall's office.

D. When the group of four wanders near the General
Blacksmithing building, Mike heads directly towards it.

INT. BLACKSMITH SHOP - COWTOWN MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Several TOURISTS sit on a bench across from PAUL, the blacksmith. He is 40s, dressed in Western garb. He puffs and sweats as he stands before a table of glowing coals.

PAUL

Now we'll pump through some air to get the coals nice and hot.

Paul operates a wheel-like device.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You can see it working. I'll heat this a bit and pound it a little.

Paul removes a red-hot strip of metal from the coals. He puts it on a table and pounds it with a ball-peen hammer.

PAUL (CONT'D)

That'll put some nice texturing on this item.

SMALL GIRL ON BENCH

What's it gonna be again?

PAUL

This is a pot-n-pan rack, to hang up in the kitchen.

Paul notices Mike in the doorway.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Howdy! C'mon in, take a look. We got steak turners, horseshoes with your name on 'em, hat racks, kettle hangers or whatever you'd like, folks. Just ask and I'll make it. Best prices in all of the Southwest.

Jenni, Stockwell and Ross ease up behind Mike.

Stockwell watches as Mike scans the blacksmith shop with an attitude of familiarity and approval.

They leave the shop.

Back on the street, Jenni notices visitors come out of FRITZ SNITZLER'S SALOON with soft drinks.

JENNI

Oh I could go for that. Should we?

Stockwell opens one of the two double doors to the saloon. The others walk in. Jenni and Ross head to the bar. Mike, with Stockwell behind him, stops a few feet inside.

MIKE
(low voice)
Tuttle's...

Mike backs up into Stockwell.

STOCKWELL
Mike? Did you say something?

Mike maneuvers around Stockwell and gets to the door.

MIKE
I'll be right outside a waitin'.

STOCKWELL
I'll bring you a Coke, okay?

Mike opens the door and quickly leaves.

Stockwell gestures Ross over, who also leaves the saloon.

INT. GIFT SHOP - COWTOWN MUSEUM - AFTERNOON

Mike sneaks glances at Rachel and she notices. He goes to the counter.

Stockwell follows.

MIKE
Howdy ma'am.

RACHEL
How do! Did you enjoy your visit?

MIKE
Yes'm. I mean, I did, Rachel
ma'am.

RACHEL
Just call me Rachel. Or Rache.

MIKE
Rachel, I'd sure like to see you
again iffn you don't mind.

RACHEL
Are you asking me out?

Mike hesitates.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Well I'll make it very easy and say
"Yes". I'm free Sunday night.
Where do you want to take me?

MIKE

I dunno. A little hoe-down mebbe.

STOCKWELL

Uh, Mike's just visiting, he
doesn't know the town.

RACHEL

Oh. Maybe we'll go to a nice
watering hole I know. Okay?

MIKE

Yes'm, Rachel. And much obliged.

Mike moves off towards the exit door.

Stockwell motions Rachel over and they talk in low tones for
a moment. Then he places on the counter a Cowtown souvenir
combined mouse pad / wrist support, and his credit card.

INT. LOBBY - WICHITA GREYHOUND PARK - EVENING

To the side of the entrance is a fenced-off area designated
for greyhound adoption. A long table displays a sign, RACE
THE WIND, with brochures and a donation jar.

Adam and Jenni talk with a WOMAN who holds a greyhound on a
leash. Angela pets and hugs the dog.

The woman takes the greyhound's leash, leads it out of a
small gate and hands the leash to Adam.

EXT. PARKING LOT - WICHITA GREYHOUND PARK - CONTINUOUS

Adam, Jenni and Angela walk towards their car.

ANGELA

Daddy can I walk her? I walk
Maxine all the time!

Adam hands the leash to Angela.

JENNI

Careful. Hold on tight!

ANGELA

You're a good dog aren't you Heidi?
Yes. Look Mom how cute she is!

They stop at an SUV. Angela and the dog get into the back, Adam in the driver's side, Jenni in the passenger's side.

INT. WEAVER SUV - WICHITA GREYHOUND PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

ADAM

We turn right?

JENNI

Uh-huh. It's just over there.

She points ahead. Adam turns. Through the windshield are signs for Interstate 135.

ADAM

So used to taking that south ramp.
How far do we go here?

Jenni looks at a printout of a street map from the Web.

In the back seat, Angela pets Heidi.

JENNI

Left at 85th. Over the freeway
then left again at Broadway.

ANGELA

Where are we going, Daddy?

ADAM

Spasticville.

ANGELA

I never heard of that!

INT. WEAVER SUV - BROADWAY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Adam shuts off the A/C and opens the windows.

JENNI

Okay we should be coming up on it.
Look for an East 82nd street...

They pass a nondescript gravel and dirt road on the left, with no other intersecting roads visible ahead.

ADAM

I wonder if that...

JENNI

I think so.

ADAM

All right, let me turn around.

Adam U-turns, then drives slowly until they come back to the gravel road, with a weathered street sign of E. 82nd.

ANGELA

This is spooky. Nobody's here.

(to dog)

Isn't it scary, Heidi?

Adam turns right on the gravel road. Nothing but trees and grass are visible on either side.

ADAM

Seems to be a dead end. There's a real estate office here?

JENNI

Supposed to be. Let's go further.

The road angles to the right. Adam follows it. A hundred feet or so ahead is another gravel road leading to the right.

ADAM

Okay I'll turn there. Angela's right. Too quiet. Spooky.

He turns onto the narrow gravel and dirt road.

Through the windshield they see a single building with a small gravel parking lot and a sign as WHITMORE REAL ESTATE.

JENNI

Bingo. Should we take a look?

ADAM

Honey, I don't know. No cars, the place looks closed up. Would be, right? Sunday?

JENNI

Could you just go through to the parking lot and then turn around?

Adam drives to the parking lot and he turns in a big circle so Jenni can view the building from her side.

He stops briefly. It's dead quiet.

Heidi barks loudly and everyone jumps.

Adam gets the SUV moving quickly and heads back down the small gravel road.

JENNI (CONT'D)

My God it's like a tomb! What was Mike doing here? And in the dead of night?

ADAM

I don't know. When are you seeing Stockwell next?

JENNI

Tomorrow.

ANGELA

Daddy let's go! Heidi's scared of this place!

ADAM

We're leaving now, sweetie.

(to Jenni)

With Cassenta's shutdown I'm up for a little diversion. We'll both see him, okay?

Jenni smiles and nods.

INT. HANGERS-ON NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Noisy club, with a live band and dance floor.

Mike, Rachel and Stockwell sit at a table as the band plays a modern hit. The dance floor is full of gyrating bodies.

Rachel keeps time to the music in her seat. Stockwell smiles. Mike looks a bit overwhelmed.

RACHEL

(shouts over music)

Which one?

MIKE

(shouts)

Fandango!

RACHEL

Oh I know that dance! We've done it at Cowntown at the saloon.

The current song ends and the dance floor clears.

Rachel stands.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I'll be right back!

Mike stands also. Rachel moves away and he sits.

She works her way to the band and speaks to the violinist.

STOCKWELL
How are you feeling, Mike?

MIKE
Fine. Sure is a mighty racket.
Doc I wanted to, uh, tell you...

STOCKWELL
Yes?

MIKE
When you was gone before, Rachel
invited me fer supper at her house.

STOCKWELL
Oh? When?

MIKE
She said 'some night this week'.

STOCKWELL
I see. Okay let's wait on that,
Mike. Perhaps it can be arranged.
We'll talk later.

Rachel returns and Mike stands, until she sits down.

They sip their drinks, then the band starts coming alive.

RACHEL
You ready?

MIKE
Yes'm. For what?

On the stage, the band leader speaks into the microphone.

BAND LEADER
Ladies and gents, young and old
we're gonna do something different
tonight. Everybody get up because
we're doin' the Fandango!

The band starts the traditional, spirited Spanish dance.

Rachel bounces to her feet and grabs Mike's hand.

RACHEL
C'mon! That's for us!

Mike resists and looks at Stockwell.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Mike, please! I won't take "No"
for an answer! You'll have to
dance for your supper!

Mike lets her lead him onto the crowded dance floor.

Other couples dance freestyle.

Rachel begins the traditional steps of the fandango, and Mike easily follows her and moves with it.

As Mike and Rachel get further into the hand-clapping and rhythmic foot stomping, other dancers make room for them.

Slowly, everyone else retreats to the sides and keep time by clapping as Mike and Rachel expertly perform the dance.

Stockwell watches closely. He alternates between smiling and dawning realization. He writes in his notebook occasionally.

The dance ends, and the entire club breaks into raucous applause for Mike and Rachel. They bow.

EXT. MAIN STREET - OLD WEST - LATE NIGHT

The lateness of the hour - two o'clock in the morning - shows the street much quieter than earlier. Occasionally a horse and rider passes, or men and women on foot. No music.

Four cowboys walk purposefully towards the dance hall. Their walk is brisk, their hands rest on their holsters.

Across the street, another cowboy watches the four men.

They stop in front of the dance hall door and confer for several moments.

One of the cowboys opens the door.

He and two others go through. The last one stays outside.

INT. DANCE HALL - OLD WEST - CONTINUOUS

Three cowboys enter the still-busy dance hall. Two of them hang back, near the door.

The other moves along the bar and approaches the faro table.

INT. FARO TABLE - OLD WEST - CONTINUOUS

The COWBOY, 30s, tough-looking, takes an open chair on the short side of the table, opposite Mac.

MAC

Well howdy, Garrett. How ya been?

GARRETT

Fair to middlin', Mac. Good to see you again.

MAC

Thanks. Lady luck's bin on my side tonight. In fact she was a lady what rode in on the train!

Mac and most everyone at the table laughs heartily. Perry laughs nervously.

Hap, scared, shifts his eyes between Mac and Garrett.

HAP

Russ, git a drink for Mr. Garrett, would ya?

GARRETT

Why that's right nice of you, Happy. Whiskey neat, Russ.

PERRY

Board's locked, fellas. Next turn.

Perry pulls off the Jack of Clubs and discards it, and the Ace of Hearts is revealed. Perry collects several bets.

Garrett accepts the drink from Russ and drains it.

He looks at the door and nods to his partners.

The two cowboys set themselves, then one backs up to the door and cracks it open.

He gestures with his head for the outside man to come in.

EXT. MAIN STREET - OLD WEST - CONTINUOUS

The cowboy down the street watches the remaining man outside the dance hall set himself, draw his gun, then open the door and quickly step inside.

The cowboy crosses the street and casually walks towards the dance hall.

INT. DANCE HALL - OLD WEST - CONTINUOUS

The man from outside, gun drawn, enters and moves quickly down the bar, towards the faro table.

His two partners follow, several paces behind. They draw their guns while walking.

Russ the bartender watches in disbelief and is about to say something. One of the two trailing gunmen gives him a look and gesture to shush him.

Perry looks up from the cards on the table and sees the three approaching gunmen.

Mac sees Perry's face and looks to his right just as the first gunman stops behind Garrett, still seated.

MAC

Hugh! Hey, what the hell?

(ACTUAL EVENT BASED ON HISTORICAL ACCOUNTS)

HUGH

You are a cowardly son of a bitch!
I'll blow the top of your head off!

Hap stands quickly.

HAP

No Hugh, don't do it!

SERIES OF SHOTS

A. Mac starts to rise and reaches for his gun.

B. Hugh shoots, hits Mac in the neck. Mac falls back and to the floor.

C. Mac half rises from the floor with his gun in hand. He shoots at Hugh but the gun misfires.

D. The door to the dance hall opens, a pair of boots steps through, then the door closes.

E. Mac crumples to the floor, stretches out face down.

F. Hugh moves and stands over Mac, aims, then shoots him in the back. Mac stops moving.

G. Garrett and the two gunmen fire, but not at anyone. They deliberately shoot above the crowd near the door.

H. Hap comes up behind Hugh as Hugh aims his gun again at the back of the prostrate Mac. Hap pulls Hugh away from Mac.

I. There is a pause in the shooting, a brief moment of quiet.

J. Hugh, Garrett and the two gunmen exchange looks and then head away from the faro table, towards the front of the hall.

K. A hand reaches out and turns the lock on the front doors.

L. The four gunmen approach the door, slow and then stop.

(SHOOT FOLLOWING SEQUENCES THROUGH RED FILTER)

A. Two rising pistols appear. They fire in the direction of the four gunmen.

B. Hap is hit in the neck by a shot, blood spurts out of his severed jugular vein.

C. Hugh is hit in the leg by a shot, he goes down.

D. Garrett is hit first in the shoulder, then in the chest and falls.

E. Bystander #1 is hit in the calf, he falls.

F. One of the gunmen is hit in the center of the chest and falls.

G. The remaining gunman cowboy is hit in the nose, then the leg and he falls.

H. Bystander #2 is hit in the stomach and he falls.

I. The guns both click on several empty chambers, then lower. All shooting stops, the sound replaced by screams and groans.

J. The red filter fades away. A hand turns the lock, the door opens, then boots walk through. The door slams.

FADE OUT.

INT. DEN - STOCKWELL'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Stockwell examines a medical chart and makes notes. He moves the mouse to display screens on a laptop computer.

The doorbell rings.

A CAT peers around a corner of the front hallway as Stockwell approaches the door. He opens it to reveal Jenni and Adam.

STOCKWELL

Right on time! Howdy folks, c'mon in. Mrs. Weaver, Mr. Weaver.

Adam and Stockwell shake hands.

ADAM

Hi Doc. You can call me Adam.

JENNI

And Jenni.

STOCKWELL

Call me Jerry, Doc or whatever you please. Can I get you anything?

JENNI

Diet Coke, I suppose.

STOCKWELL

Sure. Adam?

ADAM

Same.

STOCKWELL

Okay. C'mon back to the den. I'll give you the grand tour later but it's time critical we talk about the Mike situation right now.

Stockwell shows them to seats in the den, then moves into the kitchen.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

Did you know Mike danced last night?

JENNI

No! How did he like it?

Stockwell returns and gives them each their drinks and sits.

STOCKWELL

He liked it a lot. He's got his eye on Rachel from the Cowtown Gift Shop, you remember her, Jenni.

Jenni nods and smiles.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

Rachel's taken with him and that could be problematic. I won't stand in the way of it, but...

(to Adam)

Jenni tells me you're into astrophysics?

ADAM

A convenient interest. I'm an aerospace engineer for Cassenta.

STOCKWELL

I see. What do you know about time travel?

ADAM

Not sure what you mean.

STOCKWELL

I'm being premature, sorry. Jenni, we haven't talked since Cowtown. Over this weekend...

Stockwell looks at a wall clock in the den.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

Excuse me, I have a call to make.

ADAM

Should we take a stroll?

STOCKWELL

I'm putting it on speaker and would like for you both to listen in.

Stockwell puts his office desk phone on speaker and dials.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Whitmore Real Estate, good afternoon!

STOCKWELL

Yes good afternoon, is Mr. Whitmore in? This is Doctor Stockwell.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Doctor Stockwell. Just a moment.

Music on hold.

JENNI

Is that the real estate office by the greyhound track?

Stockwell nods.

JENNI (CONT'D)
We drove by it. A dead zone.

A click sounds from the speaker.

WHITMORE
This is Jack Whitmore, how can I help you, Doctor?

STOCKWELL
Hello Mr. Whitmore. I'm calling about the break-in that occurred there last August.

INT. OFFICE - WHITMORE REAL ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

JACK WHITMORE, 40s, average, sits at a desk, swivels in his chair occasionally to look out the large window behind him.

WHITMORE
Oh, so this isn't about a property?

INTERCUT BETWEEN WHITMORE and STOCKWELL.

STOCKWELL
No, I'm Doctor Gerald Stockwell and the call concerns a patient of mine. I also have two of my associates here.

WHITMORE
Howdy folks. Wait - Doctor Stockwell - the one on NPR?

STOCKWELL
The same. If you'd like the number of Wichita Memorial to verify...

WHITMORE
No, that's fine Doctor. I'm happy to help. You're calling about the bum who got in? That TB guy?

STOCKWELL
Yes, he's my patient. Did the police do any follow-up with you?

WHITMORE
Nope. They came out just the once to make sure nothing was stolen.

STOCKWELL

And nothing was?

WHITMORE

Not as far as we could tell.

STOCKWELL

You called Wichita Memorial directly, right? Not 911?

WHITMORE

Yeah, that's correct. Well he was just passed out and not making a fuss or anything. I only called the cops later because of the dirt.

STOCKWELL

Dirt?

WHITMORE

I found him in the hallway by the coffee lounge. Lying on about a foot deep of dirt in a big circle.

STOCKWELL

That's odd, I hadn't heard that.

WHITMORE

Funny thing is the dirt was bone dry. And some of it was - I don't know - like, glazed.

STOCKWELL

Yes that is funny, as you say.

WHITMORE

What I meant was, it rained all night. I figured it was a fraternity prank or something and that's why I called the cops.

STOCKWELL

He must have tracked some mud in?

WHITMORE

Just dirt, and him lying on it.

STOCKWELL

Do you remember what he was wearing, Mr. Whitmore?

WHITMORE

Old clothes. Some kind of a coat. Cowboy boots.

STOCKWELL

A hat?

WHITMORE

Um... Yeah. Old kind of hat...
Actually a cowboy hat, I think.

STOCKWELL

What color was it?

WHITMORE

Gray? Brown? Can't remember. Why
are you asking? You don't think I
stripped him, do you, Doc?

STOCKWELL

No, of course not. Can I call you
later if I think of something else?

WHITMORE

Sure! You in the market for a
house, Doctor Stockwell? Great
value out here. Still real quiet.
Won't be that way for long.

STOCKWELL

I'll keep that in mind, Mr.
Whitmore. Thanks again. Bye now.

WHITMORE

Take 'er easy!

JENNI

Dirt?

STOCKWELL

I really called about the hat.
Mike keeps saying how he misses his
John B, another term for a Stetson.
(pauses)

I also wanted to find out about his
guns, or "blue lightnings" as Mike
says. Jenni, remember when you
called him "quaint"?

JENNI

Like he's from another time.

ADAM

I know lots of folks who are
quaint. This isn't exactly LA.

STOCKWELL

Guys, I originally studied Speech-Language Pathology, which is the reason they came to me on Mike. I worked with stroke patients, autism, stuttering and so forth. In analyzing Mike's language I'm always directed to this idea: It's of another era. I'd say late 1700s through the 1800s. Heavy influence of Old West slang and jargon.

(to Jenni)

Would you say Mike is faking his language?

JENNI

No, I wouldn't.

STOCKWELL

His whole manner is quaint, not just how he talks.

(to Adam)

It's almost as if he was inserted into our reality.

ADAM

Ah. Time travel. Um-hmm...

STOCKWELL

You're probably right. But I want you both to hear something directly from Mike. Jenni, remember the mention of blue lightnings? He made another reference to it. I think it's a different context.

Stockwell hits a button on his digital recorder, and Mike's voice is heard.

MIKE (V.O.)

When I seen the corral today I remembered the blue lightnin'.

STOCKWELL (V.O.)

Okay, that's good. What did you remember?

MIKE (V.O.)

I woke a bit and I could feel the stone, it were cold. I seen the horse over yonder. Then a big ball of blue lightnin' came right close.

STOCKWELL (V.O.)
Someone fired a gun?

MIKE
No! Big as a house it was, Doc!

STOCKWELL
Was it raining?

MIKE
No.

STOCKWELL
And then? Mike? What next?

MIKE
Nuthin'. Jest all black.

Stockwell turns the recorder off, then looks at Adam.

ADAM
Means nothing to me. Honey?

Jenni shakes her head. Stockwell picks up his notebook.

STOCKWELL
No one has claimed Mike. He's lived in this area but his memories appear to be of an earlier time. He refers to Indians as "Injuns" - calls me a Negro as natural as you please. Jenni, you saw him react at Cowtown when the cowboy wanted a draw. Sheer panic. Then in the saloon, he says "tunnels" and backs out in a hurry. A time tunnel? I witnessed him do a dance last night that'd fit right into an old-time cowboy hoe-down. He was found last August inside a locked building, on a circle of dry glazed dirt. Plus the mention of this blue lightning.
(to Adam)
You're an engineer, you solve difficult issues. Any thoughts?

ADAM
Offhand, I'd begin by working backwards. Sooner or later everything fits. It all starts with him inside the real estate office. Somebody had to have put him in there. Who?

STOCKWELL

That's a good technical reference point. I don't know. Got one more thing to show you, though.

Stockwell hands the medical chart to Jenni.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

Admittance: Personal Items and Clothing.

Jenni does a quick scan of that chart section.

JENNI

Short coat, flannel shirt, pants with buttons. Soiled handkerchiefs with blood spots. That's it. No wallet, no ID.

STOCKWELL

Also no boots. No hat. We just heard Mr. Whitmore say he had both.

ADAM

Did they give him his clothes back?

JENNI

No, honey. After they got a positive on the TB, the clothes were incinerated.

STOCKWELL

Jenni, take a look at the EMS.

JENNI

Sedgwick Ambulance & First Response. We contract with them on pretty much everything.

STOCKWELL

Okay, ready for a wild guess? What if the EMS squad who brought him in liberated some items? Hat? Boots?

JENNI

Guns?

INT. CAFETERIA - WICHITA MEMORIAL - MORNING

Jenni carries a tray with a salad and iced tea. She heads to a table where a MAN sits reading a newspaper while eating.

He's CHRIS KENTWORTH, 20s, fit-looking.

Jenni puts her tray down on his table and sits.

JENNI

Hey, Kent!

KENTWORTH

Jen! Wow, it's been forever! You still in "Oh Boy / Got You Naked"?

JENNI

Not many babies to catch in OB/GYN so they stuck me in Five North. Actually I'm on a leave of absence.

KENTWORTH

Must be nice. With the Fourth coming we're gonna be up to our eyeballs in blown off fingers and toes. They're starting early. Last night had a kid...

JENNI

Kent, after I eat my salad?

KENTWORTH

Sorry. So what you been up to? How's Angela?

JENNI

She's at horse camp this week. And I'm assisting Doctor Stockwell on one of his cases.

KENTWORTH

Wow. Is that a permanent thing?

JENNI

No. Informal, really. In fact we're stuck on something and I figured I'd run it by you.

KENTWORTH

Hey, I'm the man! Couldn't hurt me to assist Stockwell, big wheel and all. What can I do ya for?

JENNI

You and Saunders picked up a John Doe last summer, the one in the real estate office. The dirt pile?

KENTWORTH

The TB by the Coliseum! Weird. What was up with that dirt?

JENNI

A prank or something? Anyway, he arrived at A&E in bare feet. Is that how you guys found him?

KENTWORTH

Let me think. Okay, he was on his side. Right side, fetal position. Then... We got him out of the dirt and transferred to the stretcher, and... No. He was barefoot when we arrived. I'm sure of it.

JENNI

Was he wearing a cowboy hat?

KENTWORTH

I don't think so. No hat at all.

JENNI

Did you see one nearby?

KENTWORTH

Nope. Who knows, maybe it got buried in the dirt or something like the boots. But, me and Saunders, we just brought him in like we found him. Very shallow breathing. Got the mask on him first thing, then...

JENNI

Kent.

KENTWORTH

What's the matter?

JENNI

We'd like the guns back.

KENTWORTH

The what?

JENNI

And the holster, with the bullets.

KENTWORTH

Are you crazy? Holster and guns?

Jenni stands.

JENNI

We don't want to get you guys in hot water.

(MORE)

JENNI (CONT'D)

Just bring the holster and guns up to 714 before five o'clock. Stockwell's office.

KENTWORTH

Now wait, if you're accusing...

JENNI

Nothing official will be said about it. We figure you dumped the hat and boots after the TB report. You kept the holster and those guns.

Jenni walks away a short distance, then returns to the table.

JENNI (CONT'D)

I never said he was wearing boots.

Kentworth silently fumes as he watches her walk away.

INT. STOCKWELL'S OFFICE - WICHITA MEMORIAL - EVENING

Stockwell and Jenni stand behind his desk, upon which is laid out a double holster, each holding a gun. A dozen or so bullets are held by loops in the holster.

JENNI

I'm no gun expert but those definitely are ancient.

STOCKWELL

Yet they look almost new. Mike took very good care of these weapons. Let me check something.

Stockwell sits and faces the laptop at the side of his desk. He clicks the mouse and then types.

Stockwell motions to Jenni to have a look.

The screen shows graphics of various Old West pistols. Stockwell points at one.

JENNI

The same.

STOCKWELL

Right. Mike mentioned an 1860 Colt when he was talking to that Western guy in the Cowtown gift shop.

JENNI

Is that what he said?

STOCKWELL
Yes. I recorded it.

JENNI
Are you going to tell him?

STOCKWELL
Oh certainly. At the right time.
Tonight isn't it, though.

JENNI
Why not? You could bring him right
down. I want to watch his eyes
light up when he sees these!

STOCKWELL
Mike's on his first date without me
playing chaperone. At Rachel's.

JENNI
How much does she know?

STOCKWELL
No specifics. She's quite a unique
woman. She knows I'm his doctor
and that I'm treating him. Didn't
matter to her one bit.

Jenni points at a gun, with a questioning look at Stockwell.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)
Go ahead. I unloaded them.

Jenni removes a gun from its holster, holds it out and aims.

JENNI
Wow. Heavier than I thought. I
wonder why he has two?

STOCKWELL
Not unusual, from what I've read.
Some carried four or five guns.

Jenni removes the other gun, then aims both at the far wall.

INT. LIVING ROOM - RACHEL'S HOUSE - EVENING

Rachel and Mike sit near each other on the couch.

On the television is RED RIVER (1948 film with John Wayne,
Montgomery Clift and Joanne Dru).

The movie is in the very last scene, where Dunson (Wayne) and Matt (Clift) are in the wreckage of the supply wagon after their fistfight. Tess (Dru) has just fired her pistol twice and makes her speech to them. Mike watches, fascinated.

Rachel moves a bit closer to him and puts her hand over his as the movie ends.

RACHEL

That last part always makes me cry.

MIKE

Oh I'm sorry, Rachel.

RACHEL

I'm okay! It's a happy cry.

Mike picks up a napkin from the end table and wipes her eyes.

Rachel gets ready for him to kiss her. Mike moves closer, but stops. The moment passes. Mike looks down and frowns.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Mike? What's wrong?

MIKE

Why was it always a cloudy day on the flashing box... on the TV?

RACHEL

But... There were sunny parts, remember? Lots of them.

Mike frowns.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Oh! It was filmed that way! Black and white.

Mike looks at Rachel, uncomprehending.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Didn't you have a TV in your family? A flashing box?

Mike shakes his head.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I guess that's fine. You didn't miss much, actually...

MIKE

Rachel?

RACHEL
What is it?

MIKE
Why... Why do you like me so much?

RACHEL
Because. Just because... you're
so... real, Mike. Honest. I could
tell when I first saw you.

MIKE
At the tradin' post?

RACHEL
Yes. The trading post.

MIKE
But I'm not really...

RACHEL
Don't think too much. Come on, I
want to show you something.

Rachel stands and pulls on Mike's hand to join her.

He gets up from the couch and they both head out of the
living room and towards a hallway.

INT. BEDROOM - RACHEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rachel and Mike view a framed picture of Meteor Crater.

MIKE
What is that?

RACHEL
A crater, like you see on the Moon.

MIKE
The Moon that got landed on?

RACHEL
Yes! Except this is in Arizona.

MIKE
Who dug it?

RACHEL
A meteorite exploded there about
fifty thousand years ago.

MIKE

How come you know all this?

RACHEL

I'm majoring in geology.

MIKE

Gee... ology?

RACHEL

That's the study of rocks. They talk to us - to me. They tell us what happened in the past.

Mike looks at her sharply. She leads him to another picture on the wall. Mike points to writing underneath the image.

MIKE

What's this say?

RACHEL

"Autumn Sunset at Grand Canyon, South Rim."

MIKE

I wish... I can't... I never learned readin'...

RACHEL

I'll teach you.

She pulls Mike to face her, puts her arms around him. He timidly embraces her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Let me teach you...

They kiss, then move over to her bed and become passionate.

EXT. HOTEL - OLD WEST - EARLY MORNING

Carriages, horse riders and pedestrians stream past the hotel in one direction. Most people are dressed in their finery.

A dressed-up WOMAN approaches the hotel from the opposite direction, then goes inside.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - OLD WEST - CONTINUOUS

She walks up to the front desk. The proprietor gives her an appraising once-over.

PROPRIETOR

Sorry ma'am, you know the rules, no soiled doves on Sundays. You'd be more than welcome Friday and Saturday night.

WOMAN

I'll ask you to mind your tongue, sir. I'm here to see Mr. McCluskie. I'm his woman.

PROPRIETOR

Bet you are at that, ma'am. He's yer one and only?

WOMAN

My name is Leticia and you may ask him if you'd like.

PROPRIETOR

Leticia. I like that. But shouldn't you be headin' down yonder? Service starts at eight, maybe you best git church'd up.

LETICIA

Sir, I wish to see the proprietor of this hotel! I am here to visit...

PROPRIETOR

Awright! Go on ahead. He's down the hall a piece, second to last door on yer left. 'Course you already knew that, right ma'am?

Leticia gives him a withering look, then walks briskly down the hall.

She comes to a closed door and knocks.

The door opens. A middle-aged DOCTOR looks her over.

DOCTOR

What is it, ma'am?

LETICIA

My name is Leticia Rashay and I need to see Mac - Mr. McCluskie.

DOCTOR

C'mon in, he's been asking about you. Sand is almost gone so you better hurry.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - OLD WEST - CONTINUOUS

Across the room, Mac lies on a bed. His chest is wrapped in bandages. The side of his neck is heavily bandaged.

A NEWSPAPERMAN, 30s, bookish, sits in a chair by the window. Occasionally he writes in a notebook.

Leticia rushes to Mac's bedside.

LETICIA

Oh Mac! Mac! My God what did they do to you?

MAC

Leticia... I... ain't Mac...

Mac coughs roughly. He tries to keep his eyes open.

LETICIA

What was that? Mac?

MAC

Name ain't... MacClus...
McCluskie. Del...

Mac drifts off.

LETICIA

Mac? What? Del who?

The doctor approaches and sponges Mac's face. He revives.

MAC

Name's Delaney. Arthur... Delaney.
Brother... Leticia...

Leticia moves closer and bends down to hear.

MAC (CONT'D)

Tell my brother what... what Hugh done. Be sure... an' tell him.

Mac coughs and then drifts off again. Leticia shakes him.

MAC (CONT'D)

...Mother... St. Loo... Tell her.
Delaney. And tell Hap... Hap...

LETICIA

Mac, don't you know? Hap, he's...

The doctor shoots a warning look at her.

LETICIA (CONT'D)
He's fine, Mac. Just fine.

MAC
That's... good. Happy's the
best... sort. What about...
about... J.R.?

INT. BEDROOM - RACHEL'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Mike sits bolt upright in bed.

MIKE
MIKE! MIKE! MIKE!

Next to him, Rachel stirs, awakens. She grabs onto Mike.

RACHEL
Mike! What's the matter?

Mike stares straight ahead with a desperate, panicked look.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Mike? Should I call Doctor
Stockwell? Mike!

Mike slowly notices Rachel and puts his arm around her.

MIKE
I left him, dontcha see? I run off
and left him!

RACHEL
Who, baby? Who did you leave?

MIKE
Mike! I left Mike! He wouldn't a
done that ever! Mike never woulda
left me! But I done it! Just run
out!

RACHEL
You're Mike! You! Is this another
Mike? Are you dreaming, baby?

Mike says nothing.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I'm calling Doctor Stockwell, okay?

MIKE
Doc. The doc. Gotta see him. And
Mrs. Weaver. I remember, Rachel.
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

I remember! Mike! See? Mike! I
gotta ride back and help him...

He holds onto Rachel while she reaches over to her night
stand phone and dials.

INT. BEDROOM - WEAVER HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

The night stand phone rings. Adam reaches for it. Jenni
stirs.

ADAM

Yes? Who? We're sleeping. Don't
you think... All right.

Adam shakes Jenni fully awake.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Stockwell. Says it's urgent.

JENNI

Hello? Jerry?... Okay. Bye.

She hands the phone back to Adam, who hangs it up.

JENNI (CONT'D)

He's coming by, picking me up.

ADAM

What can't wait until morning?

JENNI

Mike. Some kind of breakthrough.
He's asking for me.

ADAM

Stockwell? Oh, Mike.

JENNI

Babe he said you can come too, but
what about Angela?

ADAM

No, I'll hold down the fort.

JENNI

Okay. You're sweet.

She kisses Adam, gets out of bed and goes towards closet.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - OLD WEST - EARLY MORNING

Two MEN struggle to remove Hugh, lying on a litter, from the back of a horse-drawn cart.

They get him down and move towards a separated train car.

The lead litter carrier stumbles, but recovers.

HUGH
Easy, goddammit!

LITTER CARRIER 1
Sorry Hugh. Dark as shit. Don't worry, we're almost aboard.

HUGH
Is my... Is my father aboard?

LITTER CARRIER 1
No Hugh, he's back in town. Wouldn't look right.

HUGH
Chrissakes lemme say g'bye to him!

LITTER CARRIER 1
He'd be drawin' a crowd! And besides we ain't got time. Okay, hang on, we're handing you up!

The CONDUCTOR stands outside an open door of the train car. He's 30s, nervous, looks all around as the litter approaches.

The litter carriers hand up Hugh to two MEN in the door entrance. As Hugh's litter clears the door, the conductor slides it shut.

INT. TRAIN REST ROOM - OLD WEST - CONTINUOUS

The "head" end of Hugh's litter is balanced on a chair.

The "feet" end rests on a toilet.

HUGH
Shit, fellas! I gotta stay in the crapper? How long fer chrissakes?

Four MEN crowd around the litter in the small rest room.

MAN 1
Mebbe the whole way, Hugh.

HUGH

Shit!

MAN 2

We'll talk to the conductor. Could be once the train gits going we kin move you.

HUGH

Goddamn right! I ain't hiding out in the crapper all the way across fucking Kansas!

MAN 1

We'll fix it, don't worry none.

HUGH

Sure my father ain't here? Level with me, fellas. Iffn I gotta cash in my chips I wanna see him.

MAN 2

Doc says the bleeding stopped and they'll patch yer leg up good in Kansas City.

The conductor appears in the doorway. He holds an "Out Of Order" sign.

CONDUCTOR

Time to close her up. Moving out in five minutes.

All except Man 2 leave, who sits on the floor.

The door closes.

HUGH

Hey what happened to him?

MAN 2

McCluskie? Hugh, we tole ya he croaked yesterday morning.

HUGH

I knowed that, goddammit! The other one, the two-gun bastard!

MAN 2

Oh. Dunno. Rid out I guess. Ain't no one seen him.

HUGH

I'll see him. Come a day when I ain't so stove in, that's when I'll see him. You git my father to work on it, hear? Find that asshole...

The car jerks as the engine and other cars back up to engage it. The litter falls off the toilet at the "feet" end.

Man 2 grabs the "head" end before it crashes to floor.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Shit! The goddamn crapper! Fucks!

INT. STOCKWELL'S OFFICE - WICHITA MEMORIAL - LATE NIGHT

Stockwell, Jenni, Mike and Rachel drink coffee. Rachel sits close to Mike and holds his hand.

MIKE

...said I was like his kid brother who died of consumption too.

STOCKWELL

So he "grub-staked" you? Do you mean he fed you?

MIKE

Yeah. Got me a place to rafter too. And he ... got me my John B and my blue lightnings. Taught me how to shoot.

JENNI

But where were you before that?

MIKE

Pert' much all over. Down in Texas awhile and in Injun country and Abilene. I done rode Jesse Chisholm's trail two times.

JENNI

Were you ever in Lawrence?

MIKE

Long time ago. I come here on a longhorn drive but got consumption. Couldn't make Abilene.

JENNI

Did someone take care of you?

MIKE

Some hospital, it... weren't good.
After that I got grub and places to
rafter wherever.

STOCKWELL

Then when you got to Newton this
Mike took care of you?

MIKE

Yeah. Even though I was coughin'
up my innards most the time.

Stockwell reaches down and opens the bottom desk drawer.

He removes the holster, walks to Mike and hands it to him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

My blue... But how?...

Mike stands, accepts the holster and quickly straps it on.

He removes the right-hand gun, spins it expertly by the
trigger guard, then holds it barrel down. He opens the
cylinder latch and looks through. Mike rotates the cylinder
and looks through the next chamber. Then another.

MIKE (CONT'D)

But I remember it was full-loaded.
Both of 'em. I always keep 'em
full-loaded.

STOCKWELL

I unloaded them.

RACHEL

Wait a minute. Wait! Mike, are
you saying you... you're a cowboy?
A real one from the Old West?

JENNI

We don't know.

Rachel stands up abruptly.

STOCKWELL

Let's not get upset.

RACHEL

I'm not! I think it's kind of
cool.

(to Jenni)

Don't you?

MIKE

Where'd you find 'em, Doc?

STOCKWELL

They were being... held for you
right here in the hospital.

MIKE

You got my John B too? And boots?
And the jacket Mike give me?

STOCKWELL

I'm sorry, Mike. Because of your
tubercu - the consumption, the
hospital wasn't able to keep your
clothes or your hat.

Mike nods, holsters his gun and sits back down, close to Rachel. She sits and gives him a quick hug.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

Can you remember what happened
before you woke up in the hospital?

MIKE

I was asleep in the corral.

STOCKWELL

A corral in Newton?

Mike shakes his head "No".

MIKE

Somethin' woke me, a coyote mebbe.
Or a rattler. I dunno. My horse
was snortin'. Then I was walkin'
to the branding chute. I fell
and... That's all. Except maybe...

JENNI

What's a branding chute?

MIKE

That's where you run the longhorns
in real tight so you kin brand 'em.

STOCKWELL

Why did you leave Newton?

MIKE

Because. Because mebbe I...

Mike puts his head in his hands and turns away. Rachel comes over to him.

RACHEL
It's okay, baby.

MIKE
I mighta done somethin'.

STOCKWELL
You can trust us. We're on your
side, all of us.

Mike looks at Stockwell, Jenni and finally Rachel. She hugs him and nods her head slightly.

MIKE
I saw 'em a comin'. I knowed Mike
was in trouble.

STOCKWELL
Who?

MIKE
The Texans. Mr. Anderson was with
'em so I knowed it could git bad.

STOCKWELL
Where were they going?

MIKE
Perry's saloon. They went in after
Mike was inside but Mr. Anderson
stayed outside. Then, when he went
in I followed.

Mike gets up, paces a bit, then stands behind Rachel's chair.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I come in just as Mr. Anderson shot
Mike. He stood right over Mike on
the floor an' shot him in the back!
Then I seen the other Texans
shootin' and I all of a sudden...

Mike backs up and rests both hands on his guns.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I seen a red curtain.

STOCKWELL
A red what?

MIKE
Curtain. Next thing I was outside
by the livery stable.
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

I look back and Happy Martin come stumblin' drunk out the door. He gits to Krum's and falls like he's dead. I got skeered then and ran down the tracks and hid by some boxcars...

Rachel gets up and moves close to Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I musta fell asleep cuz when I woke it was light. I checked my blue lightnin's. Empty. That were odd. So I loaded up and got back to Happy's. Took me some grub and rode south on Happy's horse.

Mike comes to Stockwell and lightly grasps his shoulders.

MIKE (CONT'D)

See? I run out on Mike! Doc, git me outta this dream and back there! Mike wouldna run out on me, never!

STOCKWELL

Do you know where you are now?

MIKE

Just where I was since I woke up. Locked inside a dream! You gotta let me git back to Mike!

Rachel moves next to him.

RACHEL

You're not in a dream, baby! This is real! I'm real! Mike...

MIKE

But dontcha see? Dontcha? Mike is Mike! I ain't Mike!

RACHEL

Who, baby? Who are you?

MIKE

I'm... I'm Jim! Jim Riley! My daddy was Scott and my mumsy was Frieda Riley! Mike... Mike, he called me J.R... The bastards shot him and I lit out like a coward!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. STOCKWELL'S OFFICE - WICHITA MEMORIAL - MORNING

Stockwell sits behind his desk. Jenni and Adam sit in chairs to the side of it. All of them have coffee mugs.

STOCKWELL
He killed four men.

JENNI
My God. Four?

STOCKWELL
And wounded three others. That is,
if he's really Jim Riley.

ADAM
He's locked up? You called the
police, right?

STOCKWELL
No. He's up in his private room in
the therapy ward. With Rachel.

ADAM
Why the hell haven't you...

STOCKWELL
Mr. Weaver. Adam. What would I
tell the police? That my patient
was involved in a gun battle one
hundred and forty-one years ago?

On the computer screen displays an article entitled
"Wickedest City in the West".

JENNI
Who did this Jim Riley shoot?

STOCKWELL
Some cowboys in a saloon up in
Newton. August 20th of 1871. But
he didn't initiate it.

Stockwell puts his coffee mug down near the Cowtown mouse pad
on his desk. The mug nudges it a little.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)
Kansas was the end of the trail for
those Old West cattle drives.

ADAM
I know the aviation end of things
in Wichita, the Air Capital but...

STOCKWELL

The Chisholm Trail made towns like Abilene. Newton. Wichita. Dodge City came later. Texas longhorn cattle were driven up to Kansas, then shipped by rail back East. The rail head towns were rough places, as you can imagine.

JENNI

So Newton was a cowboy town.

STOCKWELL

They already had a reputation for violence but this shootout really branded it. A man named Mike McCluskie shot a guy named Bailey outside a saloon - apparently in self-defense. That's all it took.

JENNI

Was this the Mike that Mike... I mean Jim...

STOCKWELL

Assuming our man on the ninth floor is really Jim Riley, McCluskie was the one who took him in, got him food and a place to - "rafter".

Stockwell drinks his coffee, then puts the mug back near the mouse pad, which moves it more towards the desk edge.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

I can't go into everything as I've been up most of the night scouring the Web. I'll get you the links later. McCluskie shoots this Bailey and no charges are filed. Bailey's friends aren't happy with that and start making angry noises. McCluskie sees which way the wind is blowing and gets out of town.

ADAM

By sun-up?

STOCKWELL

I think he did take a morning train. So, a week later he's back. Figures things had quieted down.

(pauses)

He was dead less than twenty-four hours later.

(MORE)

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

The Texas cowboys cornered him in a saloon...

(to Jenni)

Remember at Cowntown when Jim left the saloon and later on I told you that he said "tunnels"?

Jenni nods.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

He actually said "Tuttles". I replayed it over and over.

ADAM

Tuttles?

STOCKWELL

Perry Tuttle's Dance Hall in Hide Park is where the big gun battle happened. One of the Texans, a man named Hugh Anderson, walks right in and shoots McCluskie in the neck and then stands over him and shoots him in the back. Apparently that's what Jim saw - the shot in the back to his hero and protector.

Stockwell drinks coffee, then sets the mug down. It pushes the mouse pad very close to the edge of the desk.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

Jim locks the door to the saloon and then empties his two guns at the cowboys. He's firing, they're firing, it's a nightmare inside. When the shooting stops and the smoke clears out a bit - he's gone.

(pauses)

Jim Riley left that saloon and was never seen - never heard from again. He vanished off the face of the earth.

JENNI

Did he kill this Anderson?

STOCKWELL

No. But a few years after Tuttles, in Medicine Lodge, Kansas, McCluskie's brother Arthur...

EXT. MAIN STREET - OLD WEST - AFTERNOON

(ACTUAL EVENT BASED ON HISTORICAL ACCOUNTS)

A man, HARDING, 40s, bartender, stands in front of HARDING'S TRADING POST. He holds a pistol, pointed at the sky.

The street is lined with many onlookers. In the middle of the street, two men stand 50 feet apart, backs to each other.

Each has a pistol. One is Hugh Anderson.

The other is ARTHUR MCCLUSKIE, younger brother of Mike (Mac) McCluskie. He is 30s, big, rough-looking.

Onlookers jostle for a better look, buzz with talk.

Money exchanges from hand to hand in the crowd.

HARDING

When ya's both hear my pistol go
off, then ya kin turn an' fire.
Iffn either of ya's fire before me
then I'll plug ya myself.

Hugh nods. He has a look of alertness and concentration.

Arthur McCluskie nods vigorously and impatiently.

ARTHUR

Let's git on with it!

HARDING

Awright! I'm a gonna count down
from five now! I'll git to one and
then fire. Don't be jumpin' the
gun! Here we go! Five!...

The crowd quiets. Each of the two men tenses, crouches.

HARDING (CONT'D)

Four!... Three!...

Each man now opens his stance and crouches down further, arms out from the body.

HARDING (CONT'D)

Two!... One!...

Harding shoots his pistol straight up.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A. Both men whirl and fire at the same time. Neither is hit.

B. McCluskie's second shot hits Anderson in his left arm. Anderson falls to his knees, then fires his second shot.

C. Anderson's second shot hits McCluskie full in the jaw.

D. Blood and teeth fly from McCluskie's mouth. Enraged, he rushes forward, aims his gun at Anderson.

E. Anderson, from his knees, gets off a shot before McCluskie can fire.

F. Anderson's third shot hits McCluskie's left shoulder, who twists left, then faces front again.

G. Anderson aims carefully and gets off a fourth shot.

H. McCluskie is shot directly in the gut. McCluskie falls to his knees, then forward. He is motionless.

I. The crowd moves closer, some cheer, money is exchanged.

J. Anderson lowers his gun, stays on his knees and cradles his left arm.

K. McCluskie raises his head, aims and fires.

L. McCluskie's third shot hits Anderson in the gut. Anderson drops his gun and falls onto his back.

M. McCluskie drops his gun, pulls a knife from his belt and drags himself towards Anderson.

N. The crowd gasps as they move towards Harding. There are cries of "Stop this!" / "It's a draw!" / "No knives!".

Harding brandishes his pistol at them.

HARDING (CONT'D)

Back! Git back! These two wanted
a fight to the death an' that's
what they're gonna git! Let it
end! Git back!

The crowd heeds Harding and watches as McCluskie gets close enough to Anderson to raise his knife.

Anderson's right arm moves up rapidly. He also has a knife and stabs McCluskie in the throat.

McCluskie falls forward and as he does so, he brings his own knife down into Anderson's left side.

Blood pools around the two motionless men and runs in a small river down the dirt road.

INT. STOCKWELL'S OFFICE - WICHITA MEMORIAL - MORNING

STOCKWELL

I'm going to bring them down now.
I don't know if Jim remembers the
shooting, so if you could both just
let me handle breaking it to him?

JENNI

Why wouldn't he remember?
Retrograde amnesia?

STOCKWELL

He mentioned a "red curtain". I
think Jim was reacting directly
from fight-or-flight. In those
cases, sometimes the higher memory
never gets engaged. A blank spot.

ADAM

He was seeing red.

STOCKWELL

Exactly. Anyway Jenni mentioned
something about your time travel
theory, Adam. If you could...

INT. STOCKWELL'S OFFICE - WICHITA MEMORIAL - MORNING

Jim/Mike and Rachel appear at office door, enter and sit.

STOCKWELL

Jim...

MIKE

Doc, Rachel an' I was talkin' and
iffn it's all the same, could you
call me Mike?

STOCKWELL

Oh... Sure, that's fine, Mike.

MIKE

When kin I leave? When kin I ride
back?

STOCKWELL

You cannot go back. You're here
now, and to stay.

MIKE

But this here's a dream...

STOCKWELL

Mike, this is Jenni's husband, Mr. Adam Weaver. He works in science.

Mike comes over and shakes Adam's hand.

MIKE

You mean like Newton? Daddy talked about Sir Newton and science, he said... Are you famous, Mr. Weaver?

ADAM

I wish. I'm just an engineer.

STOCKWELL

Mike, do you trust me?

MIKE

Of course, Doc.

STOCKWELL

If I tell you something, you accept that I'm not lying?

MIKE

A man's as good as his word.

RACHEL

And a woman.

STOCKWELL

I must tell you this: You are not in a dream and you cannot ride back to Mike McCluskie or Happy Martin or Hide Park. Do you accept that?

MIKE

Well I dunno.

STOCKWELL

Ed Krum's and Perry Tuttle's dance halls are gone forever. They are dust. This is not 1871.

(pauses)

This is the year 2012. One hundred forty-one years since you left the town of Newton that morning.

MIKE

The blue lightnin'. That was it, weren't it? It was all around me, like a blue fire...

Stockwell, Adam and Jenni exchange looks, surprised.

RACHEL

What? What about blue lightning?

ADAM

It's possible that Mike was accelerated forward in time by a beam from a magnetar.

RACHEL

Magnetar?

ADAM

That's a very special type of star.

Adam goes to a white board in the office. He draws a circle at the far left end, then walks down to the other end.

At the far right end, he draws a large circle with a smaller one near it.

ADAM (CONT'D)

A magnetar is a type of neutron star that can emit a very powerful, narrow beam into space over great distances. It rotates, so it's like a lighthouse. Sometimes the beam can hit objects in its path.

Adam points to the large and small circles.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Here we have the Sun and Earth. At a certain point during the year...

He writes "Aug 21" under the Earth circle.

ADAM (CONT'D)

...the magnetar beam can hit Earth.

Mike draws a dotted line from the magnetar to the Earth.

Everyone listens closely. Stockwell sips his coffee.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Normally things are fine. But some scientists think magnetars can store negative energy as they rotate. Like a capacitor in a radio or television that stores a charge. Once this charge in the magnetar builds up to a certain point - it can suddenly discharge.

He draws a solid line from Earth halfway back to the magnetar and ends the line with an arrow.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Material struck by this negative-flow beam might be captured and transported in this direction.

Adam draws a small, solid area within the beam.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Then, when the beam travels in its forward direction - it deposits the material where the beam terminates.

Adam marks a small area on the Earth.

He walks back to his chair and sits.

ADAM (CONT'D)

This hasn't yet been observed or tested. What we do know is this: Einstein's special theory of relativity includes the capability for traveling *forward* in time.

MIKE

Ein... Ein...

ADAM

Albert Einstein. He was... He was like Sir Isaac Newton.

MIKE

But I have to get back. Rachel said she'd come with me.

RACHEL

Doctor, Mike says he needs to go back for Mike McCluskie, but also to find his mother. He...

MIKE

See when I had the consumption and was dyin' is when I give up lookin' for mumsy. But I'm better now...

While Mike finishes, Stockwell puts his coffee mug back on the desk and it hits the mouse pad.

The mug pushes the pad just enough to knock it off the desk.

STOCKWELL

Oh I'm sorry, Mike...

The mouse and pad fall near Adam.

Adam leans over to pick up the mouse, then puts it back on the desk. He looks down, frowns and stops.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

Thanks. Been up too long. We'll have to... What's the matter?

ADAM

Come take a look.

Stockwell gets up and moves to the side of the desk.

On the mouse pad: The part where the wrist support connects to the pad has separated.

A small electronic device sits half inside the wrist support.

STOCKWELL

What is it?

Adam points to the device, then to his ear. He puts his finger up to his lips and focuses on everyone in the room.

ADAM

Doctor, I'll finish up on the science lesson but I'm starved. Is the cafeteria open yet?

STOCKWELL

Oh, sure.

JENNI

Want to quick get something, honey, bring it back?

ADAM

Sure. Doctor?

Adam stands, motions to Jenni to stand, indicates to Stockwell to come with them.

STOCKWELL

Okay.
(to Mike and Rachel)
Would you like...

RACHEL

Doctor, could we just stay here and wait for you?

Stockwell pauses, then nods. He stands and follows Adam and Jenni to the office door.

STOCKWELL

Fine. But please remain in here.
Can I bring you both something?

RACHEL

Just some orange juice. Baby?

Mike nods distractedly.

INT. CAFETERIA - WICHITA MEMORIAL - CONTINUOUS

Stockwell, Adam and Jenni stand around a table in the nearly empty cafeteria.

ADAM

How long have you had it?

STOCKWELL

I picked it up at Cowtown on
Friday. I don't think I opened it
until... Saturday night, if I
remember correctly.

ADAM

Are you working on anything else?

STOCKWELL

This is it, for the last few
months.

JENNI

So the bugging's all about Mike.

STOCKWELL

Has to be.

ADAM

Who all knows about it?

STOCKWELL

The specifics? That's really just
me, you both, Mike and Rachel... I
can't think of anyone else.

JENNI

Oh no.

ADAM

Honey?

JENNI

Oh shit.

INT. WEAVER SUV - PARKED ON STREET - MORNING

The SUV is in front of a suburban house. Jenni sits in the driver's seat. She looks at Mike and Rachel behind her.

JENNI

I'll only be a minute.

MIKE

I wanna come in with you.

JENNI

I'm in enough trouble going in myself. I don't need to involve you guys.

(to Rachel)

I've got my cell. If I'm in a fix I'll make a racket, okay?

Jenni gets out of the SUV and proceeds up the driveway.

She goes to the front door and rings the bell. She then bangs the door knocker a few times.

Jenni looks back at the SUV and indicates she is going around to the back. She then walks around the side of the house to the backyard. A glass of iced tea rests on the patio table.

The patio sliding glass door is open. Jenni puts her ear to the screen, but hears nothing.

She carefully opens the patio screen door and slips inside.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jenni moves through a family room, into a kitchen, down a hall. A hallway door is open and Jenni looks into a den.

She goes into the den and looks around at a powered-on computer, then at various items on a desk.

VOICE

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE?

Jenni whirls around to the doorway.

JENNI

Kent! Hi! I was just hoping to talk to you!

Chris Kentworth stands in the doorway. He brandishes a baseball bat.

KENTWORTH

Talk to me? By breaking into my house?

JENNI

I didn't break in I just... the patio door was open...

KENTWORTH

Why are you looking around in my private room? What are you doing in here?!?

JENNI

Kent I just came here to ask you about...

Kentworth quickly advances across to her and drops the bat. They struggle. He soon gets her arm twisted around her back.

JENNI (CONT'D)

KENT! What are you doing?

KENTWORTH

This is my house, nurse lady! My house!

JENNI

You're hurting me you bastard! You want to lose your job, goddammit...

MIKE

LET HER GO!

In the den doorway stands Mike, wearing his holster and guns.

KENTWORTH

Who the hell?

Kentworth sees the holster and guns and recognizes them.

KENTWORTH (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

MIKE

I SAID LET MRS. WEAVER GO!

Kentworth keeps Jenni in front of him, like a shield. A red haze begins to form as Mike looks around her, at him. Mike's right hand draws the gun from the holster.

The gun slowly comes up. Kentworth's eyes are huge.

KENTWORTH

Hey! No!

JENNI

Mike! Oh God!

The gun continues to come up.

Rachel appears behind Mike and grabs for his right arm.

RACHEL

MIKE! DON'T! LISTEN TO ME! MIKE!

Mike ignores her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Baby you can't do this! NO! Look at me, Mike!

Mike glances at her, then back to Kentworth.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Baby, you're a good man! You're fair and decent and... Mike please! A real cowboy wouldn't do this... Listen! I don't want to lose you!

Slowly, the red haze fades.

The gun comes down. Rachel puts her arms around him.

Jenni escapes from Kentworth's grasp.

Mike, Jenni and Rachel converge on Kentworth.

He moves backwards and falls into the office chair.

INT. BASEMENT - KENTWORTH HOUSE - MORNING

At a desk is an audio receiver with two separate speakers.

ADAM (V.O.)

...might not be enough. Probably wouldn't be. But a superconducting magnet to shield the entire spacecraft could be the ticket.

STOCKWELL (V.O.)

How long would such a journey take to Mars? One way?

JENNI
Okay, cut it off.

Kentworth switches off the device.

Jenni opens her cell phone and dials.

JENNI (CONT'D)
Doctor? Yes. We're fine. It's
him, we just heard your Mars
question. Could you put Adam on?
(pauses)
Babe? Everything's okay. You guys
come over. You have the address?
Okay good. Love you too. Bye.

Jenni closes the phone, then signals Rachel over to a corner
of the basement.

JENNI (CONT'D)
(low voice)
How'd Mike get his guns? Doctor
Stockwell had them...

RACHEL
When you all left the office, Mike
said... this is what he said, "I
just heard thunder on a clear
mornin'". He insisted he had to
protect us. We found the holster
in the desk. I wore it under...

Rachel indicates her skirt.

Jenni nods, then looks over at Kentworth. Mike stands behind
him. Kentworth appears resigned, not belligerent.

INT. BASEMENT - KENTWORTH HOUSE - MORNING

Jenni, Mike, Rachel, Adam and Stockwell are near Kentworth.

KENTWORTH
I didn't do this by myself. I
wouldn't have.

JENNI
Of course. Saunders.

KENTWORTH
No! What do I care about him? You
think I'd put my job or my neck on
the line for Saunders?

STOCKWELL

Okay then, who, Mr. Kentworth?

KENTWORTH

I don't want to say. I won't say.

JENNI

There's a woman involved.

Kentworth says nothing.

STOCKWELL

Mr. Kentworth. We - all of us - want to keep a lid on this whole thing. We have our own reasons. I don't think anyone here wants to get you fired or get you into any kind of trouble. Is that right?

Stockwell looks around at everyone else. They all subtly indicate that they agree.

KENTWORTH

Sherry. My fiancée. But I can only tell you why if you guarantee that you won't get her in any trouble, or me.

STOCKWELL

That's what we agreed to. Now what got you this motivated to bug my office?

KENTWORTH

There's something that she told me after I brought you the holster and guns, Doctor. I was pissed, I told her all about it, and when I mentioned the circle of dirt...

FADE OUT.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A. Mike looks bewildered at Rachel behind him, as he watches his boots in a container being examined by airline SECURITY PERSONNEL.

B. Rachel's hand closes over his.

C. Rachel sits in an airliner window seat, with Mike in the seat next to her. Doctor Stockwell is in the aisle seat.

D. Jenni, Kentworth and SHERRY, 20s, attractive, sit in the three seats behind.

E. Mike looks in wonder out the plane window as he leans over Rachel and views the quilt patchwork land sections far below.

F. Mike white-knuckles the armrests as the plane lands. Out the window, the sun is almost setting.

G. The group walks down the terminal concourse. A sign proclaims "Welcome To Cleveland, Ohio" above the escalator.

H. The six sit inside a rental SUV. Stockwell drives, Jenni in front, the two couples in back.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - TAYLOR HOUSE - EVENING

The SUV parks in the driveway of a suburban home.

Everyone gets out and heads for the front porch. The front door is already open.

MRS. TAYLOR, 60s, comes to the screen door and lets them in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TAYLOR HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jenni, Stockwell, Mike, Rachel, Kentworth and Sherry stand, while Mrs. Taylor moves to each and greets them.

She spends a little extra time with Mike.

MRS. TAYLOR

Well, we can all stay in here and chat awhile if you'd like, or I can wake up Mom now...

STOCKWELL

It's up to you, Mrs. Taylor.

MRS. TAYLOR

I'll tell you, why don't I peek in on her. And do help yourselves.

She points to the coffee table, upon which sits a large plate of sliced banana nut bread.

MRS. TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I just turned on the coffee when I saw you pull up. Be right back.

She leaves, down a hallway.

Jenni wanders over to an easy chair and sits down.

Near her is a magazine rack. Jenni casually thumbs through some magazine titles, then stops on one. She picks it up, looks at the lower right corner.

Jenni catches the eye of Stockwell and motions him over.

She hands him the magazine, called TRUE WEST. He looks to where she points, on the cover.

The name on the address label reads F. ABIGAIL CALICO.

Stockwell hands it back to her and nods, then points to the "F." on the address label.

Mrs. Taylor comes back into the living room.

MRS. TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 Okay, Mom's awake and I told her she has visitors. But I don't think everyone at once. How about if you three...

She points to Stockwell, Jenni and Sherry.

MRS. TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 And then you guys later, okay?

She indicates Mike, Rachel and Kentworth.

Mrs. Taylor leads the first group out of the living room and talks as they walk.

MRS. TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 Mom is ninety-seven and very hard of hearing but I did get her hearing aids on. She's still sharp of mind, thank God for that.

Mrs. Taylor opens a bedroom door and goes in first, then motions them to follow.

INT. BEDROOM - TAYLOR HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A very OLD WOMAN sits in an easy chair near a double bed.

Mrs. Taylor directs the three to chairs close to her.

MRS. TAYLOR
 Mom, this is Doctor Stockwell and his assistant Jenni. This is Abby.

Stockwell and Jenni stand and shake her hand gently, then sit down again.

When Abby sees Jenni, a hint of recognition crosses her face.

MRS. TAYLOR (CONT'D)
And of course, Sherry.

Sherry comes over and hugs her.

SHERRY
Hi great-grandma! So good to see you again. Remember I was here two Christmases ago?

ABBY
Yes, of course! Oh what a pretty dress, dear! And please don't shout, I can hear you.

Everyone smiles.

MRS. TAYLOR
Mom, Doctor Stockwell wanted to ask you about something long ago, okay?

ABBY
Yes Theresa. You told me. I'm not senile yet.

MRS. TAYLOR
(to group)
See?
(to Stockwell)
Go ahead, Doctor.

Mrs. Taylor leaves the room.

STOCKWELL
Abby, about the train and the circle of dirt. What year was that?

ABBY
It seems like yesterday, young man, but it was 1936. Mean times. Not like today where it's easy. Nothin' was easy then. 1936.

STOCKWELL
Can you tell us what happened? What you remember?

ABBY

It was cold. I was shiverin' when
the train woke me...

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - OPEN TERRITORY - NIGHT

A train's engine light illuminates the track.

Off to the left near the track, the light catches a dark semi-circle on the ground, with a bright object on it.

The CONDUCTOR whips his head to the left as the train speeds by, then frowns and shakes his head.

On the ground, a WOMAN, 20s, stirs as the train roars by. She wears a light colored dress, her feet are bare.

She crawls off the dirt and stands, shakily, as the end of the train passes.

The caboose light barely illuminates the almost perfect circle of one-foot thick dirt where the woman lay.

INT. BEDROOM - TAYLOR HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ABBY

I didn't know where I was but I had
the sense to figure that if I
followed the track back where the
train come from, I'd find a
station. So I walked and walked.
Seemed like forever but I made it.

The bedroom door opens and Mrs. Taylor comes in. She hands a cup of tea to Abby.

ABBY (CONT'D)

That's sweet, Theresa.

STOCKWELL

And then, you got to the station?

ABBY

Yes. I figured maybe the rebels
were still back there so I got on
the first train I could. I found
out it was goin' to New York City.
But they put me off in Cleveland
because I had no ticket.

STOCKWELL

The rebels, ma'am. What rebels?

ABBY

The rebels that murdered my Scott
and took away my son.

Everyone is silent for awhile.

STOCKWELL

Abby, what was the very last thing
you remember before the train woke
you up?

ABBY

It was a wakin' nightmare is what
it was...

EXT. HOUSE - LAWRENCE, KANSAS - OLD WEST - MORNING

Young Abby opens the front door and she sees the two men from
Quantrill's Raiders hack at her husband with swords.

A boy tugs on the arm of one of the Raiders.

The man kicks the boy, who comes back towards the door and
lands on the stoop.

ABBY (V.O.)

They kicked him like a bag of
manure. My son! I bent down to
pick him up but three or four other
men came at the door. I slammed it
and ran out the side door. Then
something hit me.

She stops, drinks some tea. Mrs. Taylor comes near and
comforts her a bit.

JENNI

Abby, was it a lightning bolt that
hit you?

ABBY

Why that's a good way to say it,
young lady. Yes. Or maybe a bomb,
but I don't recall hearing a
sound...

EXT. HOUSE - LAWRENCE, KANSAS - OLD WEST - CONTINUOUS

Young Abby bolts from the side door of the house, screaming.

She turns back to look. As she does so, a very bright
electric blue field surrounds her, several meters across.

She flashes in the beam for a split second. Then she and the beam disappear.

A black circle smolders on the ground where she stood.

On the stoop outside the front door, a boy's eyes widen in fear at the smoking black circle.

INT. BEDROOM - TAYLOR HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ABBY

The next thing I knew, I'm woke up by the train and cold to the bone. It was only much later, after I had been in Cleveland awhile, that I knew a miracle had happened. But I was too scared to tell my husband. That was Jeffrey Calico, God rest his good soul. Couldn't tell him.
(looks at Mrs. Taylor)
Or my daughter.

MRS. TAYLOR

She told us a year and a half ago, at Christmas. When Sherry visited.

ABBY

I figure I won't live forever and some things shouldn't be secret.

Mrs. Taylor stands. She looks at Stockwell and Jenni and Sherry, and nods.

MRS. TAYLOR

Mom, I want to bring in another visitor, okay?

Abby nods glumly.

INT. BEDROOM - TAYLOR HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The bedroom door opens and Mike comes in, followed by Mrs. Taylor. She closes the door after her.

Abby sees Mike and a look of recognition crosses her face.

Mike shows no recognition.

MRS. TAYLOR

This is my mother, Abby. And this is Mike.

MIKE
Howdy, Abby ma'am. Pleasure to
meet you.

He gently kisses her offered hand.

ABBY
You're... Mike?

Mike looks at Stockwell and Jenni.

MIKE
Yes ma'am.

ABBY
Your arm.

MIKE
Ma'am?

ABBY
Let me see your arm. This one.

Abby points to Mike's left arm. He holds it out.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Your shirt. Take off your shirt.

Mike wears a long-sleeved buttoned shirt. He takes it off
and drapes it over his right arm.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Come. Come closer.

Mike walks to her.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Closer. A little closer.

She holds his left arm gently in her left hand, and traces up
the arm with her right hand. Abby gets past the elbow to a
point halfway along Mike's upper arm, inside portion. She
traces a small area with her finger and stops, then gasps.

On Mike's arm is a dark crescent shape - a birthmark.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Oh God! You're not Mike!

STOCKWELL
Abby...

ABBY
You're not Mike, are you?

Mike looks at Stockwell, Jenni and Mrs. Taylor, who nods.

MIKE

No. I'm...

ABBY

Jimmy! Jimmy...

Abby lets go of his arm and hugs him, then begins to sob.

Everyone moves closer to comfort her.

The door opens and Rachel and Kentworth come in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - WEAVER HOUSE - NIGHT

Adam sits on a piano bench and speaks into a cell phone.

ADAM

I cracked it? How?

EXT. DRIVEWAY - TAYLOR HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jenni leans up against the SUV and talks into her cell phone.

JENNI

Your artwork in Stockwell's office. When you wrote "Aug 21" under the Earth. Jerry checked his notes and found the Quantrill raid happened on that date too.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ADAM and JENNI.

ADAM

What does that mean?

JENNI

Jerry went over his recordings of Mike's sessions. Remember when you and I visited Jerry at his house?

ADAM

Yeah. When he called the real estate guy.

JENNI

Right. He played us the recording when Mike saw the blue lightning. Mike said the stone felt cold.

ADAM

I don't remember that.

JENNI

Me neither. But anyway there was no large stone in the circle of dirt in the real estate office. Mike was really telling what he saw while lying on his stone doorstep, back in Lawrence where his father was killed. He saw his mother hit with the blue lightning.

ADAM

Wow. Well is he... Is he coming back here?

JENNI

No, everyone else is staying here awhile. It's just me coming back on a red-eye tonight.

ADAM

When's your flight?

(pause)

One-fifty five in the morning?
You'll have to catch a cab, honey.

JENNI

Oh? You want to slap some leather?

ADAM

(laughs)

We'll all be there. See ya then.

INT. KITCHEN - WEAVER HOUSE - EVENING

Jenni stands near the kitchen table and looks out the sliding glass patio doors.

She watches Angela play with the two greyhounds, Maxine and Heidi as they run around the backyard.

Adam lies on the living room couch and looks through some reports. The television broadcasts the local news.

JENNI

We'll get the book covers and her note paper tonight. Two weeks.

ADAM

Where'd the summer go, honey? I bet she's happy to go back.

JENNI

Yep.

ADAM

You okay, love?

Jenni FLASHBACK: Mike's look of recognition when he sees Jenni in the Wichita Memorial hospital isolation room.

Jenni FLASHBACK: Abby's look of recognition when she sees Jenni coming into the bedroom of the Taylor house.

JENNI

Uh-huh.

(shivers)

So nice to be home again...

In the backyard Maxine runs, then slows and jumps right into a small wading pool. Angela laughs and looks up at Jenni.

JENNI (CONT'D)

Heidi is sure giving Maxine a run for her money.

ADAM

You going back too?

JENNI

Huh?

ADAM

Memorial. You going back after Labor Day?

Jenni nods.

Quiet lull, except for the television news.

WEATHER MAN (V.O.)

...so plan on a shower tomorrow.
Stay dry, stay safe and that's
weather from KWCH Evening News.

JENNI

We need the rain.

ADAM

Yep.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Our final story from the Wichita
Greyhound Park concerns an empty-
Handed **H**unt for a **H**omeless **H**ound.
Or should that be empty-pawed?

(MORE)

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

At the track last night, a patron
shot this video of the final race,
and watch what happens.

Adam looks up at the TV. Jenni drifts over from the kitchen.

A hazy video shows the race from the start, as the dogs pass
from left to right and go into the first turn.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR

When the dogs go through the first
turn and then stretch out along the
back, you'll see... and there it
is! Hard to tell exactly, but it
was like a bolt of lightning.

In the footage, the video camera is focused on the lead dogs.

At the very right end of the screen is a vague blue flash.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

The race finishes, and while we
slow down the video ... count them
... one-two-three-four-five-six
and... seven dogs cross the finish
line. The eighth, running dead
last, was nowhere to be seen and
still hasn't turned up. So if you
find a dazed greyhound that answers
to the name of Gene Be Good, please
contact us here at KWCH...

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O)

Thank you for that, Barbara.
You're a real newshound.

(strained laughs)

And that's our report for August
twenty-second, 2012. CBS Evening
News is next. So long everybody...

Jenni comes to Adam on the couch and they hug each other.

THE END.