

Now & Forever

Original Screenplay by:

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WGA #658122

EXT. OUTDOOR DECK - HOLLYWOOD HILLS -- DAY

ECU on a woman's hand as it carefully picks off the dead leaves from a small potted tree and gathers them in her palm. The act is thoughtful, almost reverent. In the distance a phone conversation can be heard.

LAUREN (O.S.)

She doesn't want to take the physical until after her break.

PAN UP SLOWLY as the hand and it's cargo rises to reveal an **ECU** of **ANGELA WILSON**, late 20's, raven black hair and brilliant azure eyes, that hide nothing. She studies the dead leaves with the innocent inquisitiveness of a young child viewing her first dead bird.

LAUREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What's to understand? She just did two films back to back.

Angela gently grinds the leaves between her thumb and fore finger, then opens her palm and offers it out. The wind catches the powdered leaves and carries them away.

MEDIUM SHOT of Angela as she stands at the edge of her large outdoor deck. All around and below her are the trees and brush of the Hollywood Hills.

LAUREN BAUMAN steps out onto the deck, a coffee in one hand and a clipboard in the other. In her early 30's, she's an assertive yet personable bundle of perpetual motion.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Well he's not very happy. Correct me, but doesn't the agent work for you or do I have this all wrong?

ANGELA

What did I have to say?

LAUREN

He says that this is a really important picture for you and that if you postpone your insurance physical again they'll consider recasting.

ANGELA

I see..

LAUREN

On a lighter note... Actually there really isn't a lighter note. Paramount says that they will recast if you don't have the physical by next Wednesday.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

The Media junket for 'Point of No Return' will be at the Four Seasons on Thursday starting at 10:00. It will be you, Keanu and Joel. They're faxing the media list to my office. I'll call if I see any snipers on it. Otherwise I'll be back at 2:00. Anything you need?

ANGELA

No. I'm fine.

LAUREN

Alright then, Hi ho, hi ho. Later Skater.

Lauren leaves. Angela looks out over the gorge below. She suddenly grabs her side and holds it for a moment. The pain is mild and goes away quickly.

The **NARRATION** begins. It is John Myron as a young man. It is a warm comforting voice full of tone and rhythm.

NARRATION

We are taught that anything that exists beyond the physical is but an illusion.

POV from the sky above the Hollywood Hills. **THE CAMERA** soars effortlessly over the trees and houses.

NARRATION (CONT'D)

And yet, even in this state of denial, the human spirit will not relinquish on the one core belief. "That this cannot be all their is".

The **CAMERA'S** flight now takes us over Angela's house. We can see her standing on the deck. She looks up.

CLOSE ON Angela as she watches a large Golden Eagle approach.

NARRATION (CONT'D)

And that is the purpose of magic. It is our pass key back into the world of oneness.

CLOSE ON the Eagle as it swoops down and lands on the deck railing only several yards away. It looks at Angela and cocks it's head.

NARRATION (CONT'D)

My father would say that magic is how the world really is once we learn to believe again.

Angela stares back. Surprised but not unduly. Her breath shallows as she locks eyes with the animal. Time stands still for a moment, as the entire world is reduced to just two beings. The eagle flutters and cocks its head at Angela. She smiles knowingly.

ANGELA

Piko....

The Eagle flutters again and then suddenly launches itself skyward. **THE CAMERA PANS UP** as the bird soars higher and higher until it disappears.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SASKATCHEWAN PRAIRIES -- DAY

THE CAMERA PANS DOWN from the sky revealing the vast Saskatchewan prairie stretching forever in all directions. Off in the distance a small white church, its steeple piercing the massive blue sky. Cars and trucks are parked around it in all directions. Organ music can be heard.

SUPERIMPOSE: 1980

INT. ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CHURCH CIRCA 1980 DAY

CU of JOHN MYRON, a 7 year old Cree boy, dressed in a white shirt and black bow tie. He seems to be in the midst of a panic attack as he shuffles up the church aisle.

It's First Communion Day. Little girls in white dresses and veil covered hair and little boys in white shirts and black bow ties walk side by side up the middle aisle. Their heads bowed and their hands clasped in prayer.

JOHN MYRON'S shoe lace is dangling long and loose along the ground. It's too much of a temptation for the little boy behind him who keeps trying to step on it. John Myron's eyes are fixed on the floor desperately concentrating on keeping his balance.

Beside him is 7 year old **ANGELA**. Long raven black hair and bright azure eyes attest to her budding beauty.

With an unassumed confidence, Angela drifts closer to John, then reaches out and entwines her arm around his, giving him support.

From the rear of the church, John's father, **GHOST FOX**, watches the ceremony. He smiles with quiet amusement as Angela takes his son's arm.

NARRATION (V.O.)

My childhood dreams had been filled with fantasies of grand adventures and heroic purpose. But when she took my arm in hers, I knew that my soul was no longer mine alone and that this new adventure would not be measured by heroic deeds or battles won. I had been consumed. And as I was certain that she did not feel the same toward me, I knew that joy and pain would now forever be my constant companions. All this I knew at the age of seven.

John Myron and Angela Wilson continue to walk arm in arm down the aisle of St. Vincent De Paul Church, their hands clasped in prayer.

CREDITS END

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER ESCARPMENT/CREE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITE
-- AFTERNOON**

LONG SHOT of nine figures, some standing, others crouched or kneeling in an open pasture that borders the upper ridges of a steep escarpment. Far below them the noble Saskatchewan River flows eastward.

As the **CAMERA DOLLIES IN** we can see that a portion of the pasture has been partitioned with twine into 10 foot square grids.

John Myron is sitting in one of the grids, carefully digging into the soil with a small trowel.

NARRATION (V.O.)

I am known as John Myron, but my Indian name is Piko-Ite-It-Uttew. I am of the Cree nation. My father is Ghost Fox, the vision elder of our tribe.

The other Indians are excavating similar sites. **GHOST FOX** scrapes away dirt with his hands, slowly uncovering an old bone skinning knife. He gently digs around it and eventually pries it loose. He pinches off the mud and holds it up to the sky.

CU OF GHOST FOX. The hot prairie sun glares down on him, etching the topography of his face: the furrowed steppes of his brow, the deep gorges and crevasses of his cheeks and jaw line. Deep estuary eyes bare witness to the inner stillness that resides beneath this mosaic face.

NARRATION (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In 1871, the great Cree chief 'Old Misticipicootons' was murdered by the Blackfoot. In the war that followed, over two hundred of my people were killed. Using the records of Dr. G Kennedy who witnessed and documented the battle, my father would search for the remains of these fallen warriors and then mark their graves appropriately. I would help him when ever I could.

Ghost Fox puts the bone knife in a burlap bag and returns to digging.

JOHN MYRON (O.S.)

Father, I think I've found something.

Ghost Fox goes over and squats down next to John. He examines his son's discovery. It appears to be a war club with some beading still attached to the handle. Nearby are several decayed and eroded patches of buffalo skin, the occasional piece still clinging to several beads.

NARRATION (V.O.)

Living in the white man's world as much as I did, this connection to my roots was good for my soul. It replenished me.

Ghost Fox takes the trowel and carefully begins to carve away at the edge of the hole. The other Indians are now gathered around him. After several moments of digging, Ghost Fox uncovers a human skull.

GHOST FOX

You have done well John. Bring me my pack and the cloth.

As John heads off, Ghost Fox un sheaths his knife and begins to carefully dig around the skull.

By the time John returns with the burlap bag and the bolt of the magenta cloth, Ghost Fox has managed to pry the skull loose. John and the others watch as his father holds the skull up to the heavens and slowly turns toward the north. Ghost Fox hands John his knife.

GHOST FOX (CONT'D)

Cut me off a piece of cloth.

John takes the knife, __un__rolls a yard of magenta cloth from the bolt and cuts it off. As he reaches out to hand the cloth to his father, a clump of dirt containing an odd shaped red catlinite rock falls out of the brain case of the skull. It rolls

down a mound of dirt and eventually lands at the foot of John Myron. John picks it up and scrapes away the mud. He shows it to his father. Ghost Fox studies it.

GHOST FOX (CONT'D)

This soil is sacred. Every hill, valley, plain,... stone. They have all witnessed events that bring us to where we are today. I am sure this stone is filled with stirring memories of days long vanished. It seems to have sought you out. I think it should stay with you a while.

Ghost Fox hands the rock back to John, then takes the piece of magenta cloth and wraps it around the skull. He then replaces it in the grave, careful that it remain facing north. Next he takes from the burlap bag a pipe and a pack of tobacco. Pointing the stem of the pipe upward...

GHOST FOX (CONT'D)

Kice- Manito, The Supreme Being, Of course I name you first.

Ghost Fox then points the stem of the pipe northward.

GHOST FOX (CONT'D)

Tcahkapewatayohkan, the Touching Spirit, show this soul the way.

Turning slightly but still facing north...

GHOST FOX (CONT'D)

Notokwewatayohkan, Old Woman Spirit, teach this soul the way.

Ghost Fox then points the pipe stem toward the south.

GHOST FOX (CONT'D)

Kice-yiniw, Old Man Spirit who cares and keeps the soul in the Green Grass World.

Ghost Fox then points the stem toward the ground.

GHOST FOX (CONT'D)

Tcipaiyusini, Ghost Stone, protect and guard this soul.

Ghost Fox then places the pipe and tobacco pouch in the grave next to the skull.

GHOST FOX (CONT'D)

Now let us return this land to the way it was.

Ghost Fox, John and the others begin refilling the grave.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAME LOCATION -- DUSK

As the sun burns into the horizon behind them, the shadow cutouts of Ghost Fox, John Myron and the other Indians stand over a pile of rocks that now mark the grave site.

GHOST FOX

Kice-Manito, master of us all, look on the remains of this brave warrior. Culture Hero, I ask you, allow his body-soul to leave this world and join with his spirit-soul in the land of the dead. Put aside your tricks so that he will no longer wander endlessly throughout the shadow lands. I ask you, Culture Hero, to finally allow this man the peace he deserves.

FADE IN:

EXT. WILSON HOUSE -- EVENING

THE CAMERA PULLS IN SLOWLY on a large two-story stone house. It is set back from the road and hidden from view by a column of trees and caragana bushes. A large veranda wraps around the front and sides. There is a light in one of the front windows, the silhouette of a man within its frame.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

CU on the face of **ALEX WILSON** as he stares out the window. Unshaven, hair unkept, Alex has a look of weariness that is far beyond his 30 years.

ANGELA (O.S.)

Daddy, I found the kitty's tail.

Alex turns away from the window and looks at his daughter. She is sitting at the kitchen table busily working on a puzzle.

ALEX

Good for you Angel. Now see if you can find the paws.

A FULL FRAME SHOT of Alex reveals that he is in a wheel chair. He wears a thick wool siwash sweater. A blanket is draped over his lap and legs. Once a vital, good looking man, Alex's strength and spirit has now been enervated by his handicap.

SUDDENLY the headlights of an arriving car flash across the room. Alex turns back to the window.

EXT. FRONT YARD -- CONTINUOUS

A beat up old black Trans Am pulls up. For the longest time no one gets out. There is the faint sound of a woman's flirtatious laughter.

Finally the passenger door opens and the interior light comes on. It reveals the driver, **CARL MACKIE** and **DORI WILSON**. Mackie is in his early twenties, stocky both in build and attitude. Dori is in her late twenties, attractive with long red hair. She is about to step out of the car when Mackie reaches out and pulls her back in. They kiss. Dori giggles,

INT. WILSON HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Alex is deeply despaired as he watched Dori and Carl make out. He is unaware that Angela has crawled up beside him and is also looking out the window at her mother.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Dori gently, but firmly pushes Mackie away. As she does so, she sees her husband and daughter in the window.

DORI

Damn it.

Mackie grabs at her again.

DORI (CONT'D)

No! Stop it. They can see us. I've got to go.

INT. WILSON HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Angela is confused by what she sees. She looks up at her father. His eyes are moist. They are his betrayers.

ANGELA

I love you daddy.

Realizing that his daughter has witnessed everything, Alex feels crushed and humiliated. After taking a moment to recover, he looks down at his daughter and gives her a gentle smile.

ALEX

And I love you Angel.

ANGELA

How much?

ALEX

Bunches and bunches.

ANGELA

I love you bunches more.

Alex reaches out and pulls Angela close to him. With one large hand, he gently cups the back of her little head. He hugs her tightly..., desperately..., gently rocking her tiny body back and forth in his arms.

ALEX

And I'll always love you one bunch more.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Dori is out of the car. As she turns to close the door, Mackie leans into the passenger seat.

MACKIE

I don't know why you don't just take the kid and split. He's going to find out about us sooner or later.

DORI

'Us'? Don't get confused lover. There is no 'us'. All I want from you is what Alex can't give me. Nothing more. You could never take his place. Do you have a problem with that?

MACKIE

(With a sly smirk)

Nope. I got no problem with that.

He speeds off and Dori heads for the house.

INT. WILSON HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Alex strokes Angela's hair out of her eyes.

ALEX

You better get to bed before your mother comes in.

Angela gives Alex a big kiss.

ANGELA

Good night daddy.

ALEX

Good night Angel.

Alex watches as Angela scurries up the stairs. He then wheels himself over to the dining room buffet. Taking a key from his sweater pocket, he unlocks the bottom drawer and pulls from it his service revolver. He places the gun on his lap under the blanket, then closes the drawer as Dori enters the dining room.

DORI

What was she doing up?

ALEX

I guess we all lost track of time. Who was that?

DORI

You don't know him.

ALEX

So I suppose that makes it alright then?

Dori slowly approaches. Alex clutches the gun under the blanket.

DORI

We show our hurt in different ways Alex.

ALEX

I can't take this anymore Dori.

DORI

I don't do this to hurt you Alex, but I can't just shut my self off. I've tried but I can't.

She stands behind him, her hands begin to massage his shoulders.

DORI (CONT'D)

I've never found a man that was half the man you used to be and I don't think I ever will...

Dori combs her fingers through his hair.

ALEX

Angela saw you.

DORI

I know. I'll take care of it. Alex, she's still too young to understand any of this.

Dori kisses the crown of his head.

DORI (CONT'D)

We need to wash your hair tomorrow. Good night.

Dori heads toward the stairs. Alex waits until she disappears, then wheels himself toward the front door. He takes the siwash sweater off and lets it drop to the floor. Then with one last glance up the stairwell, he opens the door and wheels himself outside.

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Dori sits on the edge of Angela's bed. She gazes down at her daughter, then bends over and gives her a kiss. Angela doesn't move. Amused, Dori whispers in her ear.

DORI

I'll bet you're not really asleep.

Angela doesn't respond. Dori smiles, then begins to wiggle her nose against her daughter's cheek. Angela starts to giggle. Suddenly, she sits up and grabs her mother in a tight embrace.

This moment is suddenly shattered by the loud crack of gun fire. Angela looks up at her mother in confusion. Dori looks back in terror. She knows!

THE SCREEN DISSOLVES TO A BRILLIANT WHITE.

Fade In:

EXT. CEMETERY ROAD -- MORNING

TELEPHOTO L.S. of a dusty stretch of dirt road. In F.G. an old pick-up truck makes its way toward the horizon. In the distance, a hearse slowly appears over the crest of a small dip. As the two vehicles approach...

CUT TO:

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

Ghost Fox is driving. **SLOW STACCATO MOTION** of John Myron as he watches intently the approaching hearse.

NARRATION (V.O.)

The next time I saw her it was her father's funeral. He had been an American soldier wounded in the Siege of Saigon in 73.

JOHN MYRON'S P.O.V. as the hearse passes. He sees Angela sitting in the back seat. They make eye contact.

NARRATION (CONT'D)

I saw the pain in her eyes and I knew it well.

Angela leans into the window and watches as the truck passes by.

NARRATION (CONT'D)

I had wanted to reach out to her. Give her some support. Entwine my arm with hers. But there was nothing I could do.

As Angela slumps back into her seat, Dori appears next to her, staring off in a deep cataleptic daze. Absently, she fiddles with her wedding ring, slipping it back and forth between her left and right hand, uncertain of where it should remain.

L.S. as the hearse and truck grow further apart along the old dirt road.

NARRATION (CONT'D)

My mother died when I was four and though my father rarely spoke of her, she was never very far from his thoughts.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Ghost Fox pours two cups of tea. In the **B.G.**, John Myron sits at the kitchen table.

NARRATION (V.O.)

I could sense her presence in many things he did. The way he sat in the morning and sipped his tea.

Ghost Fox hands his son a cup, then sits at the table across from him. Father and son speak leisurely. We see them share a gentle moment of amusement, but we only hear the voice of the John Myron. At one point Ghost Fox casually stretches his hand out toward the edge of the table.

NARRATION (CONT'D)

Whenever he sat at the kitchen table his hand would eventually reach out unconsciously for hers.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY (ANOTHER TIME)

Ghost Fox pulls an old beaten Recipe Box from the kitchen window shelf and begins to thumb through it.

CU on Ghost Fox's big hands as they knead dough. His huge thick fingers delicately sprinkle flour on the table.

NARRATION (V.O.)

Using her old recipes, he learned to bake Bannock and make Saskatoon Jam. It was another way he kept my mother alive.

Ghost Fox places the Bannock in the oven. He removes from the stove a pot of boiled Saskatoon berries. Ghost Fox pours out the water and then places the berries in a large wooden bowl. He begins to crush them with a wooden pestle.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Ghost Fox, wrapped in shawl, sits in his chair reading a book. There is a plate of freshly baked Bannock and Saskatoon jam on his lap.

NARRATION (V.O.)

Each evening he would wrap her shawl over his shoulders as he sat in his chair and read.

INT. FRONT DOOR -- DAY

The mail man arrives with the mail. It includes the "Family Circle" magazine.

NARRATION (V.O.)

None of this would have appeared unusual to a stranger except perhaps the Family Circle subscription that he refused to cancel. That grew a bit awkward as the years went by.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Ghost Fox adds the new issue of the Family Circle to an ever growing pile in the far end of the living room.

INT. GHOST FOX'S BEDROOM -- EVE

On the bedroom bureau is a picture of Ghost Fox and his wife.

NARRATION (V.O.)

He did not make the house a shrine to her. The only photos were those that had been displayed when she was alive. My father's shrine to his wife was in his heart.

Ghost Fox gets into his bed. He pulls the sheets over him and curls up on the far side of the bed.

NARRATION (CONT'D)

My father handled his pain much better than I.

INT. JOHN MYRON'S ROOM -- EVENING

John is laying on his bed, a plate of Bannock and jam balanced on his belly. He holds the red rock. Absorbed in thought, he slowly turns it around in his fingers, feels its weight, brushes it against his cheek. Finally he places the rock under his pillow. A look of resolve comes over his face. A decision has been made.

EXT. PUBLIC SCHOOL -- AFTERNOON

Children make their way down the front stairs of the old brick school house. Angela sits quietly at the top of the stairs waiting for her ride. As the children pass, several stare at her, then smirk and whisper amongst themselves. Angela ignores this. She seems more interested in watching John Myron who keeps appearing and disappearing behind the left and then the right stair wall at the foot of the stairs. Sometimes he hop scotches up a few stairs, sneaks a peek at her then turns around and hops back down.

Angela watches this mating dance with a certain amount of curiosity.

ANGELA

What are you doing?

JOHN MYRON

Nothing.

John continues to hop up and down the stairs.

ANGELA

Yes you are. You're staring at me.

JOHN MYRON

Am not.

ANGELA

Are too.

John stops. With his head hung down he finally musters up the courage to say what he has to say.

JOHN MYRON

I just... I don't know. I just wanted to say I'm sorry about your dad. My mom died when I was four. I know how lousy it feels.

Without looking up at her, John turns and hops back down the stairs.

ANGELA

What's your name?

JOHN MYRON

John Myron.

ANGELA

That doesn't sound very Indian.

JOHN MYRON

My Indian name is Piko-Ite- It-Uttew.

ANGELA

Piko-Ite....?

JOHN MYRON

Ite- It-Uttew. It means 'He who stands both here and there'.

ANGELA

Weird name. I'll call you Piko.

John shrugs.

JOHN MYRON

Sure. If you want.

ANGELA

My name is Angela.

JOHN MYRON

I know.

At that moment Mackie's Trans Am roars into the parking lot and pulls up next to the stairs. Dori rolls down the window.

DORI

Come on baby. Mrs. Howard is waiting at home. Your momma is going out tonight.

Angela lingers for a moment before getting up and coming down the stairs. As she passes John, she pauses. They look at each other.

DORI (CONT'D)

Come on Angela, hurry it up.

Mackie leans over Dori's lap and looks out the window. There is a lewd drunken grin on his face.

MACKIE

My you are a sweet thing. You're going to be a real heartbreaker just like your mommy.

ANGELA

No I'm not.

DORI

That's enough Angela. Now get in the car.

Angela doesn't move. She stares coldly at Dori.

ANGELA

I'm not going to be anything like you.

Without warning Angela suddenly reaches out and pulls on John's hand.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Quick Piko, run!

Before John can react, Angela is already running off toward the rear of the school.

DORI

Angela, you come back here right now.
Angela!

For a instant John is caught flat footed, his eyes locked in a tug-of-war battle with Dori. He finally breaks free of her gaze and takes off after Angela.

CLOSE ON Dori, her face washed in dread as she realizes the full significance of what just happened.

LONG SHOT as John rounds the corner of the school. Angela can be seen ahead of him in the distance. They continue to run through the school yard toward the vast open prairie beyond.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN PRAIRIE -- MOMENTS LATER

The prairie wind whispers gently through the pasture grass as John and Angela stroll slowly along an old stooking path. A perky meadowlark leads their way, stopping at every fence post, waiting for them, then flitting off to the next. It's clear whistling song is startling in the prairie silence. In the B.G. and adjacent to the pasture is a blooming field of flax. It creates a solid back drop of royal blue that blends perfectly with the ideal blue of the vast prairie sky.

JOHN MYRON

Why did you run away?

ANGELA

I'm 'not' like my mommy. I'm not a heart breaker. My mommy broke my daddy's heart.

JOHN MYRON

How?

ANGELA

By kissing other men. It really hurt him.
It made him die. I don't want to be a heart
breaker. I don't want to be like her.

Angela begins to cry. John is unsure of what to do. He picks several purple crocuses and gives them to her. He then puts his arm around her shoulder in an effort to console her. The little girl of his dreams is now crying in his arms. John knows that he is way out of his league here.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

He just loved her too much... One bunch too
much. It's not a good thing to love someone
too much.

JOHN MYRON

You can't love someone too much.

ANGELA

Yes you can. I loved my daddy one bunch too
much... It hurts.

JOHN MYRON

I think I love you.

Angela whips her nose on her shirt and then looks into his eyes.

ANGELA

Well don't. If you want to be my friend Piko,
then you can't love me. Do you want to be
my friend?

JOHN MYRON

Yes.

Angela reaches out and takes his hand. She shakes it as if a
deal has been struck.

ANGELA

OK. We're friends. Don't screw it up.

JOHN MYRON

I won't.

Angela smiles at John and takes his hand. Their bonding has
begun.

The prairie wind begins to build, tossing the long blades of
pasture grass this way and that, applauding its ovation of this
new union. Angela and John Myron walk hand in hand down the old
pasture road.

NARRATION (V.O.)

My father showed great dignity in his love for my mother. I vowed that would be my way too. I would be there for her when she needed me. I would protect her and be her friend. I would find my joy in that.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER ESCARPMENT/CREE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITE
-- MORNING**

John and Angela are sitting on the back of a small sorrel-colored pony. It's shaggy head hangs low as it ambles by rote along a faint prairie trail running from Piapot Reserve past the Cree Archaeological Site and up to the edge of the escarpment. When they reach the site, the kids slip down off the pony and approach the graves. Numerous grids still crisscross the land. Several additional grave markings have been erected. Ghost Fox and several others are quietly at work.

JOHN MYRON

Angela, this is my father, Ghost Fox.

GHOST FOX

You received first communion together. I remember.

ANGELA

What are you doing, Mr. Fox?

JOHN MYRON

Years ago many of our ancestors died in battle on these plains. We now seek out their remains so that they can be buried properly. Their body souls will then be able to leave this world and join with their spirit souls in the land of the green grass.

Angela scans the grave site for a moment. After some thought...

ANGELA

So you're digging up dead people?

GHOST FOX

What remains of them, yes.

ANGELA

Neat. You want some help?

GHOST FOX

If you would like.

Kneeling down in the grid adjacent to Ghost Fox, John shows Angela how to trowel the dirt. They work in silence. Untethered, the pony continues to graze where it stands.

DISSOLVE TO

BACK TO SCENE : SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Angela and John Myron are sitting on the edge of the escarpment, adjacent to the dig. As they look out over the Saskatchewan River below, John is showing Angela how to turn a blade of grass into a whistle, but she appears preoccupied. Absorbed in thought, she stares up at the sky.

ANGELA

Do you know what a soul is?

JOHN MYRON

It's a gift from the Great Manito. When we are born, he gives each of us a piece of himself, which is our soul. It's right here.

He places his hand on the nape of his neck.

Still confused and somewhat distracted, Angela makes another attempt to make the grass blade whistle. Her eyes widen in sudden amazement when, for a brief moment she actually succeeds. With a air of self-satisfaction, she looks at John Myron and smiles. The two of the begin to whistle in unison. As their accord echoes across the valley...

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Ghost Fox and the others packing up. **THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK** until all are but mere specs on the vast prairie landscape.

The Sun is setting and the golden hour begins.

FADE TO:

INT. WILSON KITCHEN -- MORNING

Carl Mackie is leaning against the porch door jamb drinking a beer and looking out onto the prairie. He watches as a cloud of dust approaches along the old dirt road.

Angela enters the kitchen.

MACKIE

Hey sweet thing. Where are you off too this morning?

Angela ignores him as she matter-of-factly climbs onto the kitchen counter, takes a glass out of the cupboard and fills it with water from the kitchen tap.

MACKIE (CONT'D)

You're going to have to talk to me sooner or later.

As Angela kneels on the counter drinking her water, she sees the truck approaching through the window. She puts the glass in the sink, climbs down and heads for the porch. As she passes Mackie, she does not look at him. This man does not exist to her. Carl blocks her exit.

MACKIE (CONT'D)

You're going to be seeing a lot more of me from now on sugar, so get use to it.

Angela maintains her detachment even when Mackie runs his fingers through her hair.

MACKIE (CONT'D)

You know, it would make things a lot easier around here if you and I were friends.

Mackie caresses the back of her head. Angela methodically and coldly attempts to push by him. Mackie reaches out and grabs her arm.

MACKIE (CONT'D)

Come on, don't be like that. Give your uncle a hug.

Angela goes limp, held up only by his grasp. Even as she hangs from his arm, Angela refuses to make eye contact. Carl puts down his beer, then bends over to pick her up. As he does so, he is aware of someone else's presence.

Carl turns to see Ghost Fox staring at him from the truck. John is sitting next to him. Angela breaks from Carl's grasp and rushes off to the truck. The two men continue to stare long and hard at each other. Mackie breaks first.

MACKIE (CONT'D)

You be back before supper now, you here?

He turns and enters the house. Ghost Fox drives off.

Dori comes into the kitchen.

DORI

Has Angela left yet?

MACKIE

She just did. I can't figure out why you let her hang around with the Indians.

DORI

I already have enough battles to fight with her. This one just doesn't seem worth it. Besides, she's been much easier to handle since she began spending time with them.

MACKIE

I don't trust them.

He looks out the door and watches the dust from the pickup as it disappears down the road.

FADE TO:

EXT. PIAPOT INDIAN RESERVE -- DAY

The old truck slowly makes it's way along a bumpy dirt road. It passes several homes. These houses are all government-standard 2 bedroom prefab bungalows built prior to 1950. They vary only in the color of their trim and the condition of their up keep.

The truck passes a large clearing where several women are erecting a triangular long-lodge for the Elk Dance ceremony.

At the core of the clearing is a large campfire site. It is encircled by tiers of logs, tree stumps and rocks. This is the social, cultural and recreational center of the community.

A number of men are playing 'The Bone Game', Several others are gathered around watching.

Children of various ages are involved in assorted games and contests; marbles, 'head over heels' wrestling and 'The Hand Game'. Two older boys are playing stretch with a hunting knife.

The truck pulls up in front of a well kept brown-trimmed house. Ghost Fox and the kids get out.

JOHN MYRON

(To Angela)

Come on, I'll show you how to play the 'Hand Game'.

ANGELA

In a minute. I wanta ask your dad something, first.

John heads off to the clearing. Angela turns to Ghost Fox.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

What is a soul?

Ghost Fox considers for a moment then reaches into the rear of the truck and grabs two empty fruit cans. He hands one to Angela.

GHOST FOX

We can pick berries while we talk.

They walk around to the side of the house, where several Saskatoon bushes grow wild. Ghost Fox and Angela begin to pluck the berries.

GHOST FOX (CONT'D)

Try and pick the berries with your eyes closed.

Angela closes her eyes and with her fingers feels for the berries.

GHOST FOX (CONT'D)

If you can not see the berries, how do you pick them?

ANGELA

I feel them with my fingers.

GHOST FOX

But, what if your fingers could not feel the berries? Would they still be fingers?

ANGELA

Yeah, I guess.

GHOST FOX

If eyes did not see and ears did not hear, would they not still be eyes and ears?

ANGELA

Yeah, but they wouldn't be any good.

GHOST FOX

No they wouldn't. They would be without a purpose, like your body without a soul. Your body is what you are. Your soul is who you are. Your soul gives you purpose. It is why you are here.

ANGELA

So that's what a soul is?

GHOST FOX

For now, yes.

Angela has grasped enough of the concept to be satisfied.

ANGELA

That's neat. Thanks Mr. Fox.

Angela heads off to the clearing. Ghost Fox watches her leave. He is concerned about this little girl.

EXT. THE CLEARING -- MOMENTS LATER

As Angela walks through the clearing, she passes two older boys playing stretch. Each boy takes a turn throwing the hunting knife to the left or right of the other. If the knife sticks, the opponent must stretch his legs so that his foot touches the knife. When one of players is unable to reach the knife, he loses.

Angela stops for a moment and watches the older men play 'The Bone Game'. She is intrigued by the subtle, but very specific hand signals each player uses to denote their guessing.

She passes a group of younger children gathered around a boy who has just caught a gopher. The snare is noosed around the gopher's stomach and the boy is parading him around like a pet on a leash.

Angela finally finds John. He is on his back next to another boy with their heads in the opposite directions and their adjoining arms locked together. On the count of three the boys lift their adjoining legs, entwine them and then try and flip each other over.

John wins and another boy gets down on the ground to challenge him.

A loud commotion begins to develop in another area of the clearing. Angela looks up to see that one of the older boys has taken the gopher away from the younger boy. The **OLDER BOY** pins the gopher to the ground, squats down and with his knife prepares to cut off it's tail.

Before he can do so, he is leveled by a high velocity human projectile. The boy falls over and the gopher makes a break for it.

The Older Boy looks up to see Angela pounding on his chest. He pushes her off and quickly gets to his feet.

Everyone is now watching the gopher as it dekes, swerves, stops, spurts, veers, and double backs, out maneuvering anyone who tries to catch it. It eventually escapes out beyond the clearing.

The Older Boy turns and pushes Angela hard to the ground. John sees this. With an expression of doomed acquiescence, he heads toward the Older Boy. Aware that he must defend Angela, John also knows he is about to get the crap kicked out him. He comes up and stands between the Older Boy and Angela.

JOHN MYRON

Don't touch her.

With one hard shove John is knocked to the ground next to Angela. Before the Older Boy can do any more damage, an ancient **OLD WOMAN** appears from the long-lodge. Sternly, she calls out the name of the Older Boy.

OLD WOMAN

Oskinikiw!

The Older Boy is stopped in his tracks. The Old Woman comes over and picks Angela and John up. She roughly slaps the dust off them, all the while chastising the Older Boy. When she is done, she gestures to the Older Boy to follow her. John and Angela watch as the Old Woman continues to scold the Older Boy all the way off the clearing.

JOHN MYRON

Being friends with you can hurt.

ANGELA

Sorry. I couldn't let him do that.

ANGLE ON GHOST FOX:

From the porch of his house, Ghost Fox has witnessed the whole affair.

EXT. PIAPOT INDIAN RESERVE -- DUSK

EXTREME CU of Angela. Her face is hi-lited by the flickering flames of fire light. A hand appears, strokes her face, then withdraws. A yellow half circle has been painted on her left cheek.

GHOST FOX (O.S.)

As I watched you today and think back to your first communion, I know that you are not afraid to stand up for what you believe.

Ghost Fox's hand reappears and traces a red strip down the bridge of her nose.

GHOST FOX (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You are a little girl who is unafraid of battle... a warrior.

PULL BACK to reveal Angela and John standing in front of Ghost Fox. The campfire continues to crackle in the B.G. Ghost Fox contemplates for a moment, then dips his finger in a bowl of red paint and paints two stripes across Angela's forehead.

GHOST FOX (CONT'D)

I have given it much thought and have decided that you should be called Miyo Natopayiwiyiniw. It is a name that speaks to who you are.

ANGELA

Like a soul.

GHOST FOX

(smiling)

Yes, like a soul. I have chosen this name for it means valuable warrior, beautiful warrior.

ANGELA

Wow. This is really neat. Now I've got a name too.

GHOST FOX

A righteous heart can also be a great burden. There will be many battles in your life, many wars. The Great Manito has given you the gift of courage so that you might confront injustice. He now asks that I give you this.

Ghost Fox takes from his pouch the feather of a Golden Eagle and holds it up to the fire light.

GHOST FOX (CONT'D)

It is a gift from the great Golden Eagle. It will protect you from your those that would do you harm. The eagle's magic is very powerful. Hold it close to you, Miyo-Natopayiwiyiniw. As long as you do so, no harm will come to you.

Ghost Fox hands Angela the eagle feather.

GHOST FOX (CONT'D)

Now, I will take you home.

CLOSE ON Angela as she holds the feather tightly in her hand.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

CLOSE ON Angela in bed holding onto the feather. Her face, still covered in paint, peeks out from under the caress of her long black hair. Angela's eyes are wide open, their moistness highlighted by moonlight from the window.

THE SOUND of a car is heard pulling into the front yard, it's headlights flashing momentarily past Angela's window.

THE SOUND is heard of car doors opening and slamming.

MACKIE (O.S.)

I gotta take a piss so bad, my teeth are floating.

THE SOUND of the kitchen screen door as it opens and closes. A moment later Angela can hear Mackie as he climbs the stairs.

ANGLE ON ANGELA'S BEDROOM DOOR

It is slightly ajar. Mackie's shadow passes through the hall light.

Angela tightens her grip on the feather.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Dori enters the kitchen and is met by **MRS HOWARD**, a mature matronly woman. She is packing up her knitting.

DORI

What time did she get home?

MRS. HOWARD

Just before eight. There is something I think you should know. I know that I found it more than a little disturbing.

DORI

Yes. What is it?

MRS. HOWARD

Well, she's covered in war paint.

DORI

War paint?

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

SOUND of a toilet flushing. A moment later, Mackie staggers into the hallway, obviously drunk. Downstairs, Dori and Mrs. Howard can be heard.

MRS. HOWARD (O.S.)

It's all over her face and she found this
bird feather that she refuses to throw away.
She took it to bed with her.

As Mackie stumbles past Angela's bedroom he sees that it is ajar.
He stops. Teetering back and forth for a moment...

MRS. HOWARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And then she told me not to call her Angela
anymore.

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Angela watches as the door to her bedroom slowly opens.

MRS. HOWARD (O.S.)

Her new name is Miyo, something or other.

Weaving and tilting, Mackie takes one last glance down the
hallway before he steps inside.

TIGHT ON ANGELA: Her eyes are wide open and her fist firmly
clutches the feather.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. CAMPFIRE SITE -- CONTINUOUS

Ghost Fox stands before the campfire waving an eagle wing back
and forth over the flames. Tongues of flame lick at his face.
Shadows scurry, burying themselves deep within the crevices of
his face.

GHOST FOX

iskutehk nikanokucin tyinaw
kitawanickaw nikan nihaw kthtw

TRANSLATION

*In the fire it is seen. The person will rise.
Ahead he flies, the Golden eagle.*

The melodic rhythm of his chant carries on through to.....

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Angela lays curled up in bed, eyes wide open. She clutches hard
on the feather. Under her breath, barely audible she picks up
the cadence of the chant.

A dark shadow slowly crosses the room. It creeps onto the bed
and inches its way closer to Angela.

RESUME: ON GHOST FOX.

He continues to chant. The urgency is felt in his voice. It is almost as if he can see what is happening.

RESUME ON ANGELA

She lies in bed clutching the feather. The shadow now completely consumes her. A hand appears and begins to pull back the bed covers.

SUDDENLY, The bedroom door opens and light pours into the room. In the doorway stands Dori. She looks at Mackie in stunned disbelief.

DORI

Just what are you doing?

MACKIE

Just checking to see if she's asleep.

Carl backs off. He turns and as he passes Dori in the doorway he gives her a smirk.

MACKIE (CONT'D)

She's got her mother's looks.

DORI

Get out.

Carl leaves. Dori approaches Angela's bed. She appears to be asleep. Dori tucks the covers around her then leaves, quietly closing the door behind her.

EXT. LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Dori comes downstairs. Mackie is at the bar making himself a drink. She stares at him coldly, barely controlling her rage.

DORI

I thought I told you to get out.

MACKIE

What's the big deal? I thought I heard her crying so I went in to check it out.

Dori takes a set of keys from her purse and walks over to the buffet. She unlocks the bottom drawer and pulls from it her husband's service revolver. She turns and aims it at Carl.

DORI

I want you out of my house and out of my life.

MACKIE

Bullshit. Don't bluff a bluffer.

DORI

Look me in the eye Carl. Now tell me... Do I look like I'm bluffing?

Mackie tosses back his drink and lets the glass drop to the floor.

MACKIE

Fuck you!

Dori grabs the whiskey bottle out of his hand.

DORI

Not very likely. Now get out.

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. WILSON HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Gravel shoots out in all directions as Carl Mackie's Trans Am fishtails it's way out of the yard and out of Dori's life. Dori sits on the porch steps; a whiskey bottle in one hand and her husband's revolver dangling from the other. She takes a long swig from the bottle, then watches in silence as the car lights dissipate into the night. With her head hung low, Dori gazes tenderly at her wedding ring. Her eyes swell with tears. She takes another swig of whiskey, then slowly raises the gun to her face. Her intentions are clear. But in a moment's hesitation, she looks up toward's Angela's room. Slowly, she lowers the gun. Her whole body now convulsing in sobs. As she takes another long swallow of booze...

THE CAMERA SLOWLY RISES UPWARD looking down on Dori from above. **THE CAMERA ANGLE TILTS** to reveal a second floor window directly above Dori.

DISSOLVE through the window and onto Angela. Moonlight dances across her profile as she lays veiled in the caress of her long ebony hair.

NARRATION (V.O.)

My father believed that the true power of magical acts did not come from the hands of those who performed them, but rather, it resided in the hearts and minds of those who believed. My father taught Angela much during her innocent years, but gradually as day to day realities demanded more of her attention, Angela began to put aside much of what she had learned. After all, the Cree world was not truly her world.

Eventually, her life was consumed by one
sole overriding purpose.. Escape.

FADE TO:

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL SUITE -- AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON 'Present Day' Angela as she stares off in contemplation.

ANGELA & NARRATION (V.O.)

Escape.....

REPORTER (O.S.)

Excuse me?

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the huge opulent hotel suite.

Angela is pouring a glass of water from the pitcher on the table. Sitting across from her is a REPORTER; a young, thin black man with large expressive eyes. He seems puzzled by Angela's response.

Lauren stands with her back against the door, one hand on her clipboard, the other on the door knob.

Angela adds two ice cubes with tongs from the ice bucket, punctuating her response with a splash.

ANGELA

You asked why I became an actress. It was
because I found my freedom in acting.

Angela looks at the Reporter with an uncanny directness. She hands him the glass, then sits back on the sofa, poised and polished. Every inch the star. Her weariness is only showing slightly.

REPORTER

I see.... Ms. Wilson, as Teen People has
primarily a teenage audience, I'd like to
ask about how you began.

Angela contemplates the question. She appears to become lost in it. Giving it far too much consideration.

ANGELA

How I began! Lets me see.... "One can go
back there again... into living. I can go
back there and live all those days over
again... why not?"

The Reporter doesn't know how to respond. He looks over at Lauren for some clue. But even Lauren is growing concerned. A moment later, Angela is back.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Thornton Wilder's 'Our Town'. We did it in high school. It was the first time I ever acted. I played Emily.

She flashes the Reporter her most gracious smile.

REPORTER

Ah I see. You began acting in high school. Were you ... ah .. did you have someone that encouraged you.

There is a long pause as Angela takes in the question. A multitude of memories rush over her.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

A parent, teacher..... someone?

CLOSE ON Angela. She now seems overcome with emotion as the answer becomes apparent.

ANGELA

Yes.... Someone!

Angela is now staring off into her past. This has gone far enough. Lauren steps in.

LAUREN

Alright Roy, I'm afraid I've got ET coming in next and they'll need time to set up.

Lauren quickly but graciously ushers the Reporter out of the room. As she does so, Angela remains seated, lost in her past. Lauren returns and kneels down before her.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Are you OK Baby Doll?

Angela's eyes are beginning to water. She looks intently at Lauren, trying to make her understand, but lost in another place.

ANGELA

"It goes so fast! I didn't realize. All that was going on and we didn't notice."

LAUREN

Alright. I think we've had enough for today. Its time for us go home.

Lauren gets up and heads toward the door. Angela continues to sit in tearful reflection.

ANGELA
(to herself)
Home.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM CIRCA-1990 --DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: TEN YEARS LATER

CLOSE ON 18 year old Angela as she turns toward the **CAMERA**. Her long black hair follows, then sweeps across her face. It slowly settles, revealing the moist glow of her eyes as they look sky ward. There is a radiance about her; an earnestness in her face. And above all else there is that glow!

ANGELA (AS EMILY)
I can't! I can't go on! It goes so fast.
We don't have time to look at one another.
I didn't realize. So all that was going on
and we never noticed!

In the **B.G.** a mass of ruffled blue creates the illusion that she is floating above the ground.

ANGELA (AS EMILY) (CONT'D)
Take me back -- up the hill -- to my grave.
But first: Wait! One more look! Goodbye!
Goodbye, world! Goodbye Grover's Corners
ó Mama and Papa ó Goodbye to clocks ticking
ó and my butternut tree! and Mama's
sunflowers ó and food and coffee ó and new
ironed dresses and hot baths ó and sleeping
and waking up!

Everything falls into blackness, except Angela. She remains captured in the glow of a spot light that has been focused on her from the beginning. Angela lifts her head and begins to speak.

ANGELA (AS EMILY) (CONT'D)
Oh earth, you're too wonderful for anyone to
realize you! Do any human beings ever
realize life when they live it every,
every minute?

The Director plays the role of the **STAGE MANAGER**. When he begins to speak, he does so from the depths of blackness. The spot light ignores him and remains focused on Angela.

From the Blackness....

STAGE MANAGER

No ó Saints and poets maybe ó they do some.

ANGELA (AS EMILY)

(Calmly after absorbing the
thought)

Iím ready to go back.

The Director steps out of the blackness and looks up toward the lighting booth.

DIRECTOR

John, I really donít want to do this scene
in the dark...

From the Lighting Booth.

JOHN MYRON (O.S.)

The swivelís stuck.

DIRECTOR

OK, lets call it a night. Itís already
after 7:00. The stage crew can have the
stage back, but I donít want you staying
past 9:00. Have a great weekend and be
prepared for a full run through on Monday.

The house lights come up revealing that Angela is perched on the top of a step ladder. Students return to the stage and begin working on the set.

As Angela climbs down the ladder the estuckí spot light manages to follow her. Even with the house lights up, it creates a subtle glow about her. Angela shades her eyes from the spot and with a amused smile looks up toward the booth.

ANGELA

(To the Booth)

You can turn it off now, Piko. Stay there.
Iím coming up.

CUT TO:

INT. LIGHTING BOOTH -- MOMENTS LATER

John Myron is packing up his knapsack. There is a sweet rumped quality about him. Average height, a little heavy, but solid, with long dark hair that keeps falling over his eyes.

Angela enters. She is hiding something behind her back.

ANGELA

You know if you keep pulling these stunts,
they'll get someone else to run the lights.

JOHN MYRON

That's Emily's biggest scene. I figure the
Stage Manager should be heard but not seen.

ANGELA

Promise me you're not going to do something
really stupid on opening night.

JOHN MYRON

(Changing the subject)
What have you got there?

ANGELA

That's what I was afraid of...

She hands him a present.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

It's a belated birthday gift.

JOHN MYRON

And which would that be?

ANGELA

Ingrate.

John unwraps the gift. It's a leather tooled book jacket.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

It's for your journal.

JOHN MYRON

(Touched)
This is really beautiful. Thank you.

John pulls an old battered journal from his knapsack and begins
to insert it into the leather binding.

Angela kisses him on the cheek and gives him a hug. As she does
so...

T.J.(O.S.)

Hey Angie hurry it up.

Angela yells back through the Booth window.

ANGELA

I'll be there in a minute.
(To John)

It's T.J. He just got accepted into UBC.
He's going to take pre-law.

JOHN MYRON

Yeah, law will be a handy thing for him to know.

ANGELA

You don't like him very much do you?

JOHN MYRON

You could do a whole lot better.

ANGELA

He's got ambition Piko. I like that about him. He's not going to get stuck in this town.

JOHN MYRON

Yeah, whatever...

ANGELA

He's getting out and when he does, I'm going with him. For me, it doesn't get any better than that.

T.J. (O.S.)

Angie lets move it.

ANGELA

I've got to go.

Angela exits down the stairs. A moment later, John strolls over to the booth window. Standing below him is **T.J. BOLT**, an attractive boy in a brash sassy sort of way. T.J. exudes self-satisfaction and an undeniable, albeit, brassy charm. An habitual show off, he has an absolute need to be the center of attention. The perpetual grin on T.J.'s face gives the impression that he could burst into laughter at any moment. When Angela appears, T.J. takes her in his arms and gives her a long deep kiss.

John turns away from the window. He packs up his books, puts on his red flannel lumber jacket and prepares to leave.

JOHN MYRON (V.O.)

It would all have been so much easier if she had only been a better judge of character.

John switches off the lights and the screen goes **BLACK**.

CUT TO:

INT. T.J.'S CAR/ MAIN STREET -- DUSK

T.J. is behind the wheel. Angela is sitting next to him.

T.J.

You really like this acting stuff don't you?

ANGELA

I love it. It lets me hide in someone else's world for a while. A chance to escape...

As they pass the King George Hotel, Dori Wilson, dressed in a short clingy dress, exits the bar with two men. Now in her early forties, Dori is still attractive, but there is an undeniable bawdiness about her.

T.J.

Isn't that your mother?

ANGELA

(Uneasy)

No. Just looks like her.

T.J. smiles. He knows better.

T.J.

Come on Angie, you don't have to pull that with me.

ANGELA

No, I guess not. God, I can't wait to get out of here.

T.J.

In a couple of months we'll be in Vancouver... My old lady split when I was 12.

ANGELA

Really?

T.J.

Yep. Woke up one morning and she was gone.

ANGELA

That must of hurt.

T.J.

Yeah... You always hear about these mothers that split, but they still fight like hell to keep their kids. I Never saw her again.

ANGELA

Maybe she thought you were better off with your father.

T.J.

Whatever. I figure it's her loss. Still bugs me though... Anyway, come here.

T.J. reaches out and pulls Angela close to him. She puts her head on his shoulder and pulls his arm tightly around her.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIAPOT INDIAN RESERVE -- DUSK

Several old men are gathered around the campfire preparing to light the fire. Ghost Fox is among them.

An old pick up truck pulls up to the brown-trimmed house. John Myron gets out. He waves at the men and then goes inside.

INT. JOHN MYRON'S HOME -- DUSK

John puts a kettle on the stove and prepares to make some tea.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER -- DUSK

A row of cars travel single file down the aisles of speaker boxes, each pulling into the next available. T.J. breaks away from the others and heads for a secluded spot at the end of the last row.

INT. T.J.'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

T.J. turns off the ignition, then pulls a pint of rum from the glove compartment. As he cracks the seal he looks Angela up and down.

T.J.

You're looking great Angie.

ANGELA

Thanks.

T.J. takes a swig of rum then passes the bottle to Angela. She takes a sip, then hands it back.

T.J.

There's something I want to ask you. It's about that Indian?

ANGELA

Piko?

T.J.

Yeah. What is it between you two?

ANGELA

Piko's been my best friend since we were kids.

T.J.

You know he wants to screw you?

ANGELA

Piko's not like that.

T.J.

No, he wants to. I can tell.

T.J. sucks back another swig of rum and smacks his lips. He reaches out and pulls Angela close to him.

T.J. (CONT'D)

I want you all to myself Angie. I don't want to be sharing you with anybody.

Angela submits to T.J.'s long deep kisses. He unbuttons her blouse and reaches inside. Without breaking the kiss, Angela gently pulls his hand away.

ANGELA

You need to slow down a bit.

FADE TO:

INT. JOHN MYRONÍ'S BEDROOM -- SAME

John is sitting at his desk/bureau. He opens his journal and begins to write.

NARRATION (V.O.)

I once dreamt of making love to her...

RESUME:

INT. T.J.'S CAR -- SAME

T.J.'s kisses are now more frantic. He takes Angela's hand and places it on his crotch then whispers in her ear.

T.J.

Come on Angie, just touch it. You know how good it makes me feel. Come on Angie, do it baby.

NARRATION (V.O.)

Of softly brushing kisses over her eyes,
her lips, the nape of her neck...

T.J. leans back and pulls down his zipper.

T.J.

Do it.

Tentatively, Angela begins to massage him.

T.J. (CONT'D)

Oh that feels so good.

NARRATION (V.O.)

The scent and texture of her hair as it
slides through my fingers....

Angela begins to feel the first allusions of arousal as T.J.'s hand moves up between her legs. He slips his fingers past the barrier of her panties. Angela raises her hips off the seat so that he can pull them down.

NARRATION (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Of stroking, kissing, tasting all the rises,
curves and valleys of her body; her breasts,
belly, thighs, knees...

Angela is kissing and massaging T.J. more vigorously. T.J. pulls her panties over her ankles and lets them drop on the floor.

NARRATION (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...listening intently to the changes in her
breathing as one by one, I uncovered her
secret hiding places.

T.J. kneels down in front of Angela and undoes his belt.

ANGELA

Did you bring a condom?

T.J.

We're exclusive now, aren't we? So what's
the problem?

ANGELA

It doesn't feel safe.

T.J.

This time, baby, I really want to be able
to feel you. It's not as good with a rubber.

ANGELA

It scares me.

T.J.

In a couple of months we'll be living together. You don't expect me to wear a rubber then, do you?

ANGELA

I guess not..

T.J.

Alright..

T.J. grabs Angela under the thighs and pulls her forward. Then, he pushes into her. Angela flinches.

NARRATION (V.O.)

Then I covered her body with mine. Our hands were clasped and our eyes locked on each others gaze.

T.J.'s thrusts are forceful. His hands pin Angela's shoulders back against her seat.

T.J.

Oh God baby. I could do this all night. You feel so good.

NARRATION (V.O.)

And then the slow dance began. It was a perfect waltz as we sought and found each others rhythm. At first slow and tentative, then venturing a twirl, a turn, a toss and back together again.

T.J.

Move your hips Angie. Yeah, that's it.

T.J.'s movements are frenetic and forceful. Angela rocks her head side to side with each thrust. Her eyes are closed, her teeth clenched. She pulls him closer and deeper into her.

NARRATION (V.O.)

Our bodies began to vibrate to a hum that was ours alone.

Suddenly T.J. begins to jerk violently. His release is fiery and intense.

NARRATION (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then a shudder and a whimper as we blended into each other's souls.

T.J. buries his head against her shoulder until he is finally satiated. Angela reaches out and strokes the back of his head. Her eyes are dazed, distant, deeply introspective.

NARRATION (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We remained as one, wrapped in each other's arms while mused pulled the sheet of gentle sleep over our liquid bodies.

T.J. pulls his pants back up and flops exhausted into the driver's seat.

T.J.

Man oh man Angie, you're good. Yeah, you're the best. I want to keep you all to myself, Angie. I don't want you with anyone else.

ANGELA

Why do you keep saying that? Do you think I do this a lot.

T.J.

No. Why would I think that?

ANGELA

It sounds like it. Maybe you think like mother, like daughter?

T.J.

Hey your not your mother. I know that. I just don't want to lose you, that's all.

ANGELA

I don't sleep around T.J.! I need for you to know that.

T.J.

I know. Listen, I've worked up a real thirst here. You want anything? A Coke, Popcorn?

ANGELA

A Coke I guess.

T.J. leans over and gives her a kiss.

T.J.

I'll be right back.

Angela watches as T.J. gets out of the car. Half heartily, she begins to straighten herself up. She reaches to the floor in search of her panties...

NARRATION (V.O.)

Then I was wrenched out of her arms by the holocaust of my reality. I died a bit that day and vowed that I would never go back to that place again.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN MYRONÍS BEDROOM -- NIGHT

John Myron puts down his pen and closes the journal. He gently strokes the leather binding, smells it then carefully places it on the desk/bureau.

NARRATION (V.O.)

It is a delicious tasting curse to feel as much as I do for her.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVE IN CONCESSION BOOTH -- NIGHT

T.J. is leaning against the side of the concession booth, smoking a cigarette. **BRIAN PRESSMAN** and **JAKE DUBE** come up to him.

JAKE

You better have proof, man.

T.J. pulls Angels's panties from his pocket and straight arms them into the air.

BRIAN

Aw man, I don't believe it.

T.J.

It gets even better.

T.J. Takes out his wallet and shows them the unused condom.

T.J. (CONT'D)

Boys, you've never really done a chick unless you've done her bare back.

JAKE

What did you do, pay her or something?

T.J.

Hey, guys, she loves me. What can I say. You would pay for it, though, wouldn't you Jake?

JAKE

God, Iíd give my right nut for a crack at her.

T.J.

Really?

A sly smile appears on T.J.ís face.

CUT TO:

INT. T.J.ÍS CAR -- NIGHT

Angela reaches over and turns off the speaker box. Ignoring the movie screen, she stares off at the stars in deep reflection.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JOHN MYRONÍS HOME -- NIGHT

John steps out onto the porch and stares up at the stars. Off in the distance he can see the old men as they pass a pipe around the campfire. The flickering light exposes their faces, all creased and aged.

John Myron steps off the porch and strolls slowly down an old dirt road in the direction of the campfire. As he nears...

GHOST FOX

John, come sit with us a while.

John leaves the road and heads over to the campfire. He sits down on a tree stump next to his father. The old men all fall silent, pausing for a moment, waiting for everything to settle again. The only sound is that of the crackling fire. Eventually the old man with the pipe begins to speak.

MAN #1

I ask that the rains hold off for another week so that we can complete the harvesting.

He takes a deep draw on the pipe and passes it to the next man.

MAN #2

I ask that my daughter gives birth to a healthy child and that she do so with little pain. She does not handle pain well.

He too takes a draw on the pipe and then hands it to Ghost Fox.

GHOST FOX

I ask that my son someday finds the answer to the inner peace he seeks.

Ghost Fox takes a deep draw then hands the pipe to John. They look into each other's eyes for a moment, then John takes the pipe. We sense that he has never been a part of this ritual before. He thinks for a moment, then...

JOHN MYRON

I ask that my father live long, so that I may continue to hear his voice and learn from his words.

John draws on the pipe and passes it on.

MAN #3

I ask that the great spirit of Misikitin Maskwa. Big Bear return to us in this time of need. Allow us to finally over throw the white man's shackles.

He draws on the pipe and passes it on.

THE CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS IN on the fire, as the men silently reflect on what has just been said. A infectious wave of gentle laughter begins to overtake them.

MAN #1

I ask that the Rough Riders beat Edmonton by a 9 point spread on Sunday.

THE CAMERA explores the flames as they perform a smoldering seductive dance, shedding their embers into the night sky.

MAN #2

Where did you get those odds?

MAN #1

From Harley over at the Texaco.

MAN #3

You got cheated.

The man draws on the pipe and passes it on. This is followed by a long moment of silence.

SUDDENLY a log shifts and cracks. The fire roars out its pain and the **CAMERA FRAME** is consumed by the flames.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WILSON HOME -- NIGHT

TIGHT ON A FIREPLACE. The flickering flames crackle and pop.

CU on Dori Wilson. With a glass of gin in one hand and a cigarette in the other, she sits in an overstuffed chair staring into the fire. She is bundled up in her husband's old siwash sweater.

THE SOUND of the front door opening. Angela appears in the foyer behind her.

DORI

You should have called.

ANGELA

Why? You weren't home.

DORI

Where were you?

ANGELA

I had a rehearsal and then I went out.

DORI

With who?

ANGELA

Why all the questions?

DORI

I just want to know where my daughter has been until 1:00 in the morning.

ANGELA

Oh, I see. You're trying on your "Mother Wings" to see if they still fit. His name is T.J. Bolt.

DORI

Bolt? Would that be Barry Bolt's son?

Angela drops her head and sighs. This part of the conversation is all too familiar.

ANGELA

I don't know mother. His Dad's a realtor. It's late and I have to work at the book store tomorrow. Good night.

DORI

I know him. We dated for a while.

ANGELA

Isn't that a surprise. Was he married or single at the time?

DORI

Just available. So, do you like this T.J. Bolt?

ANGELA

I like him just fine. He has a lot of drive.

DORI

I see. Are you having sex with him?

ANGELA

Good night, Mother.

Angela begins to head up the stairs, but is stopped by her Mother's next comment.

DORI

We really aren't that different, you and I.

Infuriated, Angela storms into the living room to confront her mother.

ANGELA

Oh, there is a big difference mother. I am much more particular about who I sleep with and I don't have grandfather's money to fall back on.

DORI

So. You're telling me that you love this boy?

ANGELA

Love is a luxury I can't afford. I need to get out of this town and away from you. T.J. offers me my best shot at that.

DORI

Like I said, we really aren't that different.

Exasperated, Angela turns and heads toward the stairs. As she does so, her mother calls out to her.

DORI (CONT'D)

Let me tell you something, Angela. As the years pass, it gets easier and easier to do it for a little less.

ANGELA

Then I better get it right the first time, because come hell or high water, I'm out of here by June. Good night mother.

Angela ascends the stairs. Dori pours herself another drink. She takes the sweater and wraps it tightly around herself, seeking solace within it's embrace. Even the illumination of the fireplace embers can not bring life to her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGELAÍ'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Angela sits down on the edge of her bed. She is furious. Fury gives way to sadness. A despairing sense of loneliness seeps through her veins.

Angela mindlessly slips the straps of her dress off her shoulders. Memories return. With them comes uncertainty and with uncertainty comes the tears. Her weeping is at first quiet and fragile, but it builds until her whole body convulses with each sob. She wraps her arms around herself and squeezes tightly, needing to be held and comforted.

Whipping away the tears, Angela gets up and goes to her closet. She pulls from the top shelf a tin cash box and takes it back to her bed. Curling up next to it, she opens the lid.

Inside there is a photo of her father in an American Marine Uniform as well as his American passport. Angela takes the passport out and begins to thumb through it, exposing about four hundred dollars in cash stashed inside it. The eagle feather is also in the box. Angela picks it up and stares at it. An undeniable resolve again returns to her face.

FADE TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT -- DAY

John parks his old pick up truck and gets out. With his knapsack over his shoulder, he heads toward the school entrance.

T.J. and his gang are gathered around his car smoking a last cigarette before class.

As John approaches he overhears T.J.

T.J.

Sheís got moves that would make Gumpy hurt
and when she pops your cork, man, you know
youíve been popped...

Johnís reaction is immediate, methodic, devoid of emotion, just a chore that has to be done, like digging a ditch.

T.J. sees John approaching him.

T.J. (CONT'D)

Howís it hanging chief?

John nails T.J. hard to the right of the head, dropping him to his knees. The other boys stare in disbelief. John is about to deliver a second blow....

ANGELA (O.S.)

Piko. Stop it.

John pulls his punch and backs off. As Angela approaches from the school bus stop, John picks up his knapsack and heads off toward the school. Angela chases after him.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Piko... Wait a minute.

John keeps walking. When Angela finally catches up...

JOHN MYRON

He needs to learn to treat you with respect.

ANGELA

Piko, I donít need a big brother. I can take care of myself.

JOHN MYRON

Well youíre doing a damn poor job of it. You've forgotten everything my father taught you.

ANGELA

Piko!

John stops and turns to face her.

JOHN MYRON

Bolt is a worm Angela. Why can't you see that you're too good for him?

ANGELA

But I'm not Piko. Not here. Here Iím Dori Wilsonís daughter.

JOHN MYRON

I wish you could see yourself through my eyes.

ANGELA

It would be a distortion Piko. Youíve had a crush on me since the first grade. You're not the best judge of who I am. Youíre letting your jealousy get in the way.

JOHN MYRON

This is not about jealousy. It's about you finding your self respect.

ANGELA

No, this is about me getting out of this town. It is as simple and as selfish as that.

JOHN MYRON

Then leave damnit! But do it on your own two feet. I can't watch you do this anymore... and I won't. Good-bye.

John walks off. As Angela watches him go, a slow shiver of solitude washes over her.

FADE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

MEDIUM PROFILE SHOT of Angela as she slowly strolls amongst some trees along a beautifully manicured lawn. In her hand she carries a single rose. Beside her and largely hidden from view is a man, his face never coming into **FRAME**.

NOTE: The lines in italics tend to be spoken over top of each other as if the man and Angela are thinking in sync.

ANGELA

It really hurts to have him this angry at me. I don't know what to do.

MAN

You feel lost?

ANGELA

I feel lost, alone, guilty.

MAN

Why guilty?

ANGELA

Guilty, because Piko's always been there for me. I've wanted to be there for him too, but he never gives me the chance. I care for him so much. Probably more than anyone else in my life.

MAN

More than T.J.?

ANGELA

Its different with T.J. We're good for each other, but it's more like a strategic alliance. I mean, I do care for him and I believe he cares for me, but it's about what we have to offer each other. I have what he wants and he has what I want.

MAN

Do you love him?

ANGELA

Do I love him? God I don't know? I don't have an overwhelming urgency to fall in love with anyone.

MAN

Or be loved?

ANGELA

Or be loved? I guess. All I know is that I need to get control of my life and I can't do it here. I wish Piko could understand that?

MAN

Do you love Piko?

Angela is surprised by the question. It is the first time that her and the man have not spoken in sync.

ANGELA

I care a great deal for Piko and I do love him, but as a friend... You know, I'm not even sure that I am capable of loving anyone more than that.

Angela appears unnerved by this admission. She stops. The man is no longer standing beside her. **THE CAMERA DOLLIES AROUND AND OVER HER SHOULDER.** It joins her in looking over the gravestone of her father.

MAN/ALEX (V.O.)

I know better, Angela. You're just afraid of being hurt again. You need to open your heart. Maybe being the very best of friends is not a bad place to start.

Angela places the rose on her father's grave.

ANGELA

I don't know Daddy. It's just too complicated.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOHN MYRONÍ'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

John appears lost in thought as he lays across his bed staring up at the ceiling. His eyes begin to flutter and soon, he drifts off to sleep.

FADE TO:

DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. THE PRAIRIES -- DUSK

John finds himself standing alone on the open prairie at dusk. All around him are grave markings. On a rise in the distance appears the silhouette of a tipi. As John moves toward it...

SOFT CUT

he immediately finds himself standing in front of the tipi. It is painted in many colors; yellow, blue, brown and green. It bares the markings of thunder birds and rainbows. John pulls back the flap and...

SOFT CUT

INT. PAINTED TIPI -- CONTINUOUS

John is inside the tipi. Before him sits an **INDIAN BRAVE**, his back turned to John. He is naked and his upper body is covered in bruises. Slowly John approaches.

SOFT CUT

Now face to face with the Indian brave, John can see that he is wearing a raw hide mask and smudging sweet grass over a fire. John sits across from him. The brave does not acknowledge him nor does John speak.

Suddenly the brave raises his hands to his throat and begins choking. His whole body is convulsing. John reaches out and starts pounding hard on the back and behind the neck of the brave until a brilliant red object begins to dislodge through the mouth piece of the mask. Slowly, like a birthing, the object works its way further out with each gagging contraction. John rests his hand on the nape of the braves neck until the object finally dislodges and drops to the ground. John realizes that it is the red stone. He picks it up with his right hand. As he removes his other hand from the nape of the brave's neck, he sees that it is soaked in blood. In the split second it takes for him to look up, the brave has vanished.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. JOHN MYRONÍ'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

John's eyes snap open. He is back in his own bed. He looks at his left hand. There is no blood on it, but the red rock is resting in his right hand.

With a look of troubled introspection, he squeezes and turns the red rock about in his fingers.

FADE IN

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - ÆOUR TOWNÍ-- EVE

On stage we see the final moments of ÆOur TownÍ. It is the cemetery scene. The actors, all students, sit in straight back wooden chairs that represent their graves. Angela as Emily is among them.

EMILY/ANGELA

Mother Gibbs?

MRS. GIBBS

Yes, Emily?

EMILY/ANGELA

They donít - understand - do they?

MRS. GIBBS

No, dear. They donít understand.

The stage lights dim and slowly fade to black.

The audience bursts into applause. Moments later the stage lights come up and the actors return to the stage for their curtain call.

Angela takes the last bow. As she does so, the applause intensifies. She's thrilled by the warmth of their ovation, feeling a validation that has for so many years eluded her.

CLOSE ON Dori who is seated in the last row. Demurely, she joins the audience in her daughter's ovation. Then quietly and unnoticed, she exits the rear of the theater.

As Angela stands before her audience, she feels the spot light shining down on her. She looks up toward the lighting booth and smiles.

THE CAMERA PULLS IN TOWARD the spotlight.

CUT TO:

INT. REAR OF AUDITORIUM -- MOMENTS LATER

John descends the stairs from the booth and makes his way through the exiting crowd toward the stage. He notices T.J. and his gang in a corner near the rear of the auditorium.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE -- SAME

A small admiring crowd is gathered around Angela. They congratulate her as she signs their programs. The Director approaches.

DIRECTOR

Angela can I talk to you for a moment?

ANGELA

(To the crowd)

Excuse me. I'll be right back.

Angela and the Director head off to a more secluded corner.

DIRECTOR

Angela, acting is a tough, unforgiving profession and I wouldn't wish it on anyone. But I can't sit back and ignore what I just saw out there. You are a very talented young lady.

Angela is nearly in tears.

ANGELA

I just did what you told me to do.

DIRECTOR

No, I'm not that good a teacher. You took my breath away, Angela. I think you should give acting some serious thought.

ANGELA

I don't know what to say. I have dreamt about it, but it always seemed so out of reach.

DIRECTOR

It isn't easy, even for the gifted. Let's discuss it more later. Right now I think there are some people who want to see you.

The Director leaves and Angela returns to her gathering of admirers. She resumes signing their programs. John hands her his.

JOHN MYRON

Make it out to Piko-Ite- It-Uttew. From
your friend Angela.

Angela looks up at John and smiles.

ANGELA

And that is spelt exactly?

John hands her a bouquet of flowers and a small leather pouch.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

They're beautiful.

She opens the pouch and finds the red rock inside. She looks
at John with a quizzical smile.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

This is like a 'good' Indian thing right?

JOHN MYRON

For me, this rock represents all that I am.
In that spirit, I give it to you. It can
protect you even when I am not around.

ANGELA

Why are you so good to me?

JOHN MYRON

I don't know any other way to treat you...
You'll always be the next breath I take. You
were amazing tonight.

T.J. (O.S.)

Yeah, you were really great. I'm proud of
you Angie.

John turns and stares long and hard at T.J. who is leaning against
the wings. Angela can feel the tension between the two. She
takes John by the arm.

ANGELA

(Quietly)

Don't do this to yourself Piko.

JOHN MYRON

I'm OK.

ANGELA

You better go now... I'll call you tomorrow,
I promise. I have so many things I want to
talk to you about.

Angela gives him a tender lingering kiss on the cheek.

Angela leaves with T.J., cradling John's flowers in her arms and carrying the leather pouch.

T.J.

I got us reservations at the Caribou Room.
We're going to celebrate.

John watches them leave, then suddenly exhales deeply as if he had been holding his breath.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL-BOYS WASHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

TIGHT on John, He stands before the sink staring into the mirror, water dripping from his face. He reaches for the paper towels and begins to pat his face down.

We are faintly aware of several hushed voices.

THE CAMERA DOLLIES TOWARD the last bathroom stall. Cigarette smoke curls out above it. **AS THE CAMERA MOVES IN**, the voices become more discernable.

BOY #1 (O.S.)

Bolt told Jake that she's real good at it.

THE CAMERA PICKS UP SPEED AS IT DRAWS CLOSER.

BOY #2 (O.S.)

I don't know man. She's too pretty to be that easy.

BOY #1 (O.S.)

Well they're stashed up at some motel right now. Bolt, my brother, Pressman and Lipton. She's going to do them all.

BOY #2 (O.S.)

I hear her mother's a hooker.

BOY #1 (O.S.)

Nah, her mother gives it away. She don't charge for it or nothing.

THE CAMERA CRASHES THROUGH THE STALL DOOR, revealing three boys, all around 12 or 13. They stare in shock at **THE CAMERA**, a cigarette hanging from the open mouth of Boy #1.

An enraged John Myron stares down at them.

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. PAY PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT

TIGHT CU on a telephone book as it is violently ripped from its chain.

John tosses it through the open window of his truck. He reaches into the payload bay and unlocks the tool chest. Inside is a 303 hunting rifle and shells. John loads the gun then climbs into the cab and hangs it on the gun rack. He takes the phone book and searches through the yellow pages for "motels". There are three near by. John rips the page from the book and stuffs it into his red flannel lumber jacket.

John Myron squeals out of the parking lot, fish-tailing onto the gravel road.

CUT TO:

EXT. EL RANCHO MOTEL -- NIGHT

T.J. pulls into the parking lot of the El Rancho Motel. Angela has the flowers and leather pouch in her lap. She eyes T.J. suspiciously.

ANGELA

I thought we were going out for dinner?

T.J.

We are Angie. The Caribou Room. It's in the El Rancho.

ANGELA

I see.

T.J.

But I did get us a room here for later. I've got special plans for you tonight Angie.

ANGELA

You know what would make tonight really special? If we could just have a nice romantic dinner and really talk.... Just talk.

T.J.

Just talk?

ANGELA

Yes. Tonight on that stage was the best it's ever been for me. I want to savor it a little longer. I want to share it with you.

T.J.

OK Angie, what ever you want. After All, It is your night.

T.J. leans over and kisses her. Angela responds cautiously.

T.J. (CONT'D)

OK, don't move.

T.J. gets out of the car. As he comes around to open Angela's door, he sticks his ring finger in his mouth and sucks off his ring. He hides it in his hand as he opens Angela's door. She is pleasantly surprised and charmed by this attention. Still holding onto the leather pouch, Angela takes T.J.'s hand and steps out of the car. T.J. kisses her and they walk hand in hand toward the restaurant. As they pass one of the rooms....

T.J. (CONT'D)

I had something to give you tonight, but I already put it under your pillow. Let me give it to you before we eat.

ANGELA

(slightly suspicious)

T.J.?

T.J.

Come on. It'll just take a minute.

He sweeps Angela up in his arms, unlocks the door and carries her inside.

THE CAMERA PANS toward the window of the adjacent motel room. **PULL IN** on the window. Someone is peeking through the blinds.

INT. ADJOINING HOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jake is looking out the window. Brian is sitting on the bed. The only illumination comes from a dimmed bedside light. Brian looks at his watch.

BRIAN

He said to give him ten minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

T.J. kicks the door closed behind him and the room falls under the spell of faded moonlight. He carries Angela over to the bed and lays her down. As he does so he slips his hand under the pillow.

T.J.

Go ahead and look. It's under your pillow.

Angela turns on the light and places the leather pouch on the bedside table. She then reaches under the pillow. T.J. strolls over to the door of the adjacent room and sets it slightly ajar.

INT. ADJOINING HOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON Jake as he sees the door move. Brian turns out the light. Jake goes over and puts his ear up against the door.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN MYRONÍ'S TRUCK -- NIGHT

John cruises through the parking lot of the Blue Bird Lodge looking for T.J.'s car. It's not there. John exits and speeds down the road.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Angela finds the ring. She looks up at T.J. uncertain.

T.J.

I want you to have it until I can get you the real thing.

ANGELA

T.J. I don't know what to say.

T.J. sits down on the bed next to her and gives her a kiss. His hands begin to wander. He begins to undo her blouse.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I thought we were going to have dinner.

T.J.

The reservation isn't for another half hour. I need nourishment now.

She looks up at him timorously, yielding to his wishes. T.J. reaches over and switches out the light.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN MYRONÍ'S TRUCK -- NIGHT

John cruises through the Town Inn Motel driveway. There is no sign of T.J.'s car. He pulls the sheet of paper from his pocket and checks out the address to the last motel. It's the El Rancho. He speeds off.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

TIGHT on the door as it slowly and silently slides open. Two shadows slip into the room. They hug up against the darkness and watch T.J. and Angela making love.

Silently Jake begins to unbuckle his belt and pull down his zipper.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Detached from T.J.'s methodic rhythm, Angela stares off into the darkness. She grows increasingly aware of a presence veiled amidst the shadows. She focuses hard into the blackness.

SUDDENLY the headlights of a passing truck flash through the black umbra of the room and for an instant Angela is able to see the two figures staring down on her. She screams and tries to alert T.J., but he ignores her warnings. Instead he clasps his hand over her mouth and continues to ride her through to his climax. Angela stares up at him in stunned disbelief.

As T.J. gets off her...

T.J.

Like I said Angel, I've got big plans for you.

Jake attempts to move in on Angela, but she fights him off, screaming, scratching and kicking out at him.

T.J. turns on the radio to drown out her screams.

Jake is finally able to straddles Angela and pin her arms down on the bed.

T.J. goes to the door and inserts the chain latch. He then turns on the light and sits back in the chair to watch.

As Jake tries to get into position, Angela manages to sink her teeth deeply into his arm. Jake pulls his arm away in pain. He raises his hand and is about to slap her when...

SUDDENLY there is a loud crash at the door. T.J. jumps out of his chair and backs away. Brian does the same. Jake looks up, his hand still cocked in mid air. With one arm now free, Angela reaches out for the leather pouch on the bed side table. She grabs it and hits Jake hard across the temple. He collapses on top of her.

A MOMENT LATER a rifle butt smashes through the window. The remaining shards of glass are cleared away and John Myron steps through the frame.

T.J. and the others have all backed away into the far corner of the room. Angela crawls and kicks her way out from under Jake.

John stares in disbelief. Tears swell in his eyes as he watches Angela now slowly rise from the bed. In a cold cataleptic daze she gathers her clothes and begins to dress herself. Her movements are slow and awkward as if fighting through a drunken stupor. John goes over to help her, but she pulls away.

ANGELA

No! Donít! Iím OK.

John turns to T.J.

JOHN MYRON

You son of a bitch.

John picks up the phone

T.J.

Go ahead chief, who are you going to call?
Whoís going to believe an Indian and the
daughter of the town slut over us?

John ignores this and continues to dial. Angela reaches over and clicks the receiver.

ANGELA

Heís right.

JOHN MYRON

Angela, you canít let him get away with
this.

ANGELA

I donít want anyone else to know about this.

Angela approaches T.J. She stares into his face, searching,... looking for some hint as to why he did this. T.J. tries to stare her down, but her gaze is too intense. He turns away.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

You chose the best day of my life to do this
to me. Why tonight T.J.? Why?

T.J. doesnít answer.

Angela picks up the leather pouch and heads toward the door. She unlatched the chain then turns to John.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Take me home.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN MYRON'S TRUCK -- NIGHT

John drives through the night in silence. Angela stares ahead, lost in thought. Her expression is cold, distant, detached. Then, a look of intent comes to her face. A realization. A decision has been made.

ANGELA

I'm leaving... I'm leaving tonight.

FADE IN:

EXT. WILSON HOUSE -- NIGHT

About a half mile outside of town, John pulls into the lane way that leads to the Wilson house. He pulls up to the front door.

JOHN MYRON

I'll give you a ride to the bus depot.

ANGELA

Do you want to come in?

John shrugs.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON Angela in the shower. A look of cold detachment remains branded on her face.

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM -- SAME

John sits on the bed next to an open suitcase. The tin cash box is tucked amongst the overflow of clothes. John seems lost and confused.

The bedroom door opens and Dori Wilson enters. She looks at John with languid weary eyes. She's been drinking. Her beauty is now fading; a testament to her alcoholism.

DORI

What are you doing here?

At that moment, Angela, dressed in a bathrobe and towel drying her hair, brushes past her mother.

ANGELA

Piko is helping me pack.

Angela begins to get dressed.

DORI

What's going on here?

ANGELA

I'm leaving.

DORI

Just like that?

Angela pulls on her jeans, then a sweater.

ANGELA

Something like that.

DORI

And where do you think you're going?

ANGELA

Why on earth would I tell you? You're the reason I'm leaving.

DORI

What about Barry Bolt's kid?

Angela is putting on her socks.

ANGELA

(Matter of factly)

That didn't work out. I've made other plans.

DORI

So now you're going to run off with this Indian?

Angela looks up at her mother. Dori has just revealed a sore point, a hurtful place that must be exploited. Angela approaches her.

ANGELA

That would really upset you, wouldn't it mother? I mean, what would people say? Your daughter running off with an Indian. All the snide comments and side glances that you would have to put up with. The insults that you would have to endure. Gee mother, I wonder what that would feel like?

With that Angela goes over to John and gives him a big passionate kiss. She then turns to her mother.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Live with it mother. I had to.

John is chagrined by Angela's kiss. Embarrassment quickly turns to anger. John zips up the suitcase, grabs it and heads for the door.

JOHN MYRON

I'll wait for you in the truck.

INT. JOHN MYRON'S TRUCK -- MOMENTS LATER

John is still livid as he sits in the truck. When Angela exits the house, he starts the truck. When she gets in, he says nothing. As they drive off, Angela tries to bring herself to say something, but it's not easy. Her armor has grown too thick. After a long pause.

ANGELA

I'm sorry.

John says nothing. He continues to drive in silence.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I saw a chance to get back at her and I went for it. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done it.

JOHN MYRON

I've wanted to kiss you for so long and when it finally happens, it's just some bad joke.

ANGELA

I know. Sorry.

JOHN MYRON

I don't need to be mocked by you.

They continue the drive in silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP -- NIGHT

The Bus stop is actually an old truck-stop diner just off the highway in the outskirts of town. A small winking neon sign announces "Bus Depot". It is the only clue. At this time of night, there is very little activity. There are a few big rigs parked out front, but all and all it's pretty quiet.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS STOP DINER -- MOMENTS LATER

Angela is seen in the **B.G.** talking to a man behind the ticket counter.

In the **F.G.** John sits alone in a booth. Heartbroken and lost in thought, he stares blankly out the window. He barely acknowledges the waitress as she pours two cups of coffee.

A moment later, Angela flops into the booth across from John, obviously frustrated.

ANGELA

The next bus out of here isn't for another four hours. God, I can't wait that long.

JOHN MYRON

I'll wait with you.

ANGELA

Thank you... I will miss you Piko.

JOHN MYRON

Not half as much as I'll miss you. And we both know that.

ANGELA

Don't be so sure. Write me? I promise I'll write back.

JOHN MYRON

I'll write... It's what I do best.

ANGELA

Good. I really want to know how you're doing, Piko.... It-It-Uttew.

JOHN MYRON

You know my name?

ANGELA

It took a little work, but I think I got it.

JOHN MYRON

Where are you going to go?

ANGELA

Los Angeles.

JOHN MYRON

Los Angeles?

ANGELA

I want to act. If I don't make it, I'll do something else, but at least I'll have given it a shot.

JOHN MYRON

Don't you have to have some kind of visa to work in the States?

ANGELA

My father was American. I have all his papers and his passport.

JOHN MYRON

You've been thinking about this for awhile?

ANGELA

Yeah, but I never thought I'd actually do it... God, four hours!

Restless and fidgety, Angela begins to tap her spoon on the table. She notices a Quick Photo Booth near the front entrance.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I'm going to get some photos. I need something to show agents when I get there. I'll be right back.

Angela gets up. Before leaving she bends over and gives John a gentle kiss on the lips.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

That's how it should have been... Can you order me a muffin?

JOHN MYRON

I love you Angela.

ANGELA

I know John.

She squeezes his hand, then leaves. John waits to order.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUS STOP DINER -- MOMENTS LATER

The waitress arrives with the muffin and refills of coffee. Angela still hasn't returned. John glances behind him at the photo booth. It appears empty. He then notices that Angela's suitcase is gone.

John goes over to the photo booth and pulls back the curtain. It's empty. He looks out the door and sees Angela running to flag down a trucker. The truck door opens.

EXT. BUS STOP PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

The truck driver leans out of his cab and looks down at Angela.

TRUCKER

Where are you headed honey?

ANGELA

Away mister. Just away...

TRUCKER

Well isn't this your lucky night. I just happen to be headed that way. Come on up.

INT. BUS STOP DINER -- CONTINUOUS

John watches as Angela steps up into the truck and drives off. **A MOMENT LATER** he hears the photo booth begin to whir. It delivers a strip of pictures into the bin. John takes them out. It's a series of six photos of Angela. They show her gradually breaking down into tears.

John takes the photos and places them in his pocket.

NARRATION (V.O.)

And just like that she was gone, my essence still clutching at her hem.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

John walks toward his truck.

NARRATION (V.O.)

At that moment my heart discovered new words for emptiness that my mind could never grasp.

John leans against the cab of his truck and looks at the photos of Angela.

NARRATION (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I became aware of how little anything else in my life really mattered.

CLOSE ON John. Suddenly he throws his head up to the heavens in a silent scream, his face contorted in pain.

NARRATION (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The burden of existence without purpose became apparent.

The truck keys drop from his hand and fall to the pavement.

JOHN MYRON

At that moment I ceased to exist.

CLOSE ON the photos of Angela as they slowly float toward the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRUCK -- NIGHT

CU of Angela as she sits silently in the passenger seat. With a look of determination, she defiantly stares down each new mile of black top. She can feel her new life closing in around her and it fills her with excitement and trepidation.

FLASH FRAME as the **SCREEN DISSOLVES TO A BRILLIANT WHITE**

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANGELA'S HOME: HOLLYWOOD HILLS -- NIGHT

A bright fire blazes in Angela's otherwise dark living room. Dressed in comfy pajamas, Angela sits quietly in a large chair, feet raised, staring into the fire. The blaze crackles loudly as it reaches it's hottest burn. As if set into motion by the sparks themselves, Lauren enters, carrying a large binder.

LAUREN

I swear to God woman, you're going to go blind readin' in here in the dark!

She switches on a tiffany lamp, that casts rainbow of dim color across Angela's face.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Oh. You're not reading. Well good because we have got a pro... *issue* on our hands here and we need to deal with it.

Angela looks up at her inquiringly.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

You have no idea what I'm talking about.
(pause)
The insurance physical. The physical Baby Doll! The appointment you missed again today.

Angela looks at her calmly, offering no response.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

(spelling it out)

I hate doctors as much as anyone, but you cannot do this picture without taking an insurance physical. What on earth is the matter with you?!

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I can make the appointments, I can get you there, I can do all the goddamn paperwork, but I cannot hog-tie you and throw...

ANGELA

(forcefully)

LAUREN! Sit down.

Angela's peaceful but solemn manner stops Lauren dead in her tracks. She sits gently opposite Angela, searching her eyes for a glimmer of news. There is a pause as the fire dies down between them.

LAUREN

(quietly)

What's wrong Baby Doll?

ANGELA

I...I won't be taking the physical,... because... I can't pass the physical.

As the impact of this statement lands fully on Lauren, she is, for once speechless. She takes a deep breath and steadies herself for the rest.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

There are some things I need you to help me with. There are... arrangements that need to be made.

Lauren nods in silent agreement as we close in on her solemn face. In her eyes a reflection of the dying fire.

FADE IN:

EXT. THE WILSON HOUSE -- DUSK

The front yard is overgrown with weeds and crab grass. The caragana bushes have long ago chosen their own destiny. The house itself appears abandoned. Not unlivable, but worn out and unkept. The paint on the veranda and window trim is chipped and faded.

A "For Sale" sign is posted near the roadside at the entrance of the lane way. A station wagon pulls up and stops on the shoulder of the road. The driver's door opens.

CLOSE ON a pair of boots as they swing out of the car. **THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL** the man from the waist down as he gets out. He walks over to the sign and rips it off the fence. **PAN UP** to reveal an older bloated T.J. Bolt. He sucks hard on a cigar as he stares at the house. There is a weariness about him. He ponders the house for a moment, shakes his head, then heads back to his car. As he opens the door and throws the sign in the back seat, we see a 7 year old boy, **AUSTEN BOLT** sitting in the passenger seat. He looks at his father with concern.

AUSTEN

Did you sell it Dad?

T.J.

Nope. They just took it off the market.

AUSTEN

Ohhhh..... You get any money when they do that?

T.J.

Afraid not son.

AUSTEN

Ohhhh..... Dad?

T.J.

Yeah?

AUSTEN

Let's not tell Mom, OK?

T.J.

Yeah. Lets not. Don't worry about it Austen. Things will work out. We better get you back to your mom before she calls the cops on us.

Austen smiles. He enjoys this shared conspiracy with his father. T.J. starts the car and drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEBRA BOLT'S HOME -- EVENING

T.J. pulls up in front of his ex wife's house. **DEBRA BOLT** is waiting on the front porch. She is in her mid-thirties, attractive, but brittle. She immediately approaches the car.

AUSTEN

Boy she looks really ticked

T.J.

Don't worry. I can handle her.

AUSTEN

Oh, ya gotta pick me up early on Saturday.
We're the first game up.

T.J.

I'll pick you up at 9:00. Night son.

Debra is standing beside the door, arms folded, waiting for her son to get out of the car.

AUSTEN

Night Dad. See you Saturday.

Austen scurries out of the car and rushes past Debra without a word.

DEBRA

I want you to take a bath before bed.

Austin continues to head for the house ignoring her.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Did you hear me?

AUSTEN

I heard you. A bath...

Debra now turns her attentions to T.J.

DEBRA

Your suppose to have him back hear before
9:00.

T.J.

Hell, it's only 9:30.

DEBRA

You know what always amazes me T.J.? How you can leave this house with a perfectly good kid and 10 hours later you bring me back a juvenile delinquent. How do you do that?

T.J.

He doesn't want to come home. We have a good time together. That's all.

DEBRA

Right... So, do you have a check for me?

T.J.

Not yet. I've got two properties in escrow.
As soon as they close, I'll get caught up.

DEBRA

T.J. you're almost 3 months behind in your
child support. How patient am I suppose to
be?

T.J.

HEY!... I'm doin' the best I can here. Being
a real estate agent in a dyeing town is not
where the big bucks are.

DEBRA

Then find another job! Because if you're
not caught up by the 30th, I'm going to
petition the court to have your visitation
rights canceled.....

T.J.

(Interrupting)
Don't be such bitch.

DEBRA

(Continuing)
... until you begin to live up to your
financial responsibilities. The 30th T.J.
And don't you ever bring Austen back here
after 9:00 again.

She turns and walks back to the house. T.J. sits in his car
fuming.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WILSON HOUSE -- EVE

Headlights approach. A dark BMW pulls up to the Wilson house.

CLOSE ON the car as the driver's window lowers revealing Lauren.
She eyes the abandoned house with obvious skepticism.

LAUREN

(feigning cheerfulness)
So this is home sweet home!

Angela steps out of the car and surveys the now neglected
property.

ANGELA

It was once.

Angela's eyes glance about the house and the property. Lauren gets out and stands next to her.

LAUREN

A janitorial service from Saskatoon came out Wednesday night and spruced it up a bit. Brought a bundle of fresh linens.

Lauren is finding it hard to keep her misgivings to her self.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Well lets unload. If I hang around here much longer, I just might want to stay.

Lauren heads toward the rear of the car. She opens the trunk. As she begins to unload several boxes and suitcases.....

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I've set up an account with a grocer in Rosetown. It is about 40 miles from here. The heat and power are hooked up, but not the phone. You can use your cel.

ANGELA

What about the press?

LAUREN

The official BS to the press is that you are mentally exhausted and staying at some Swiss spa under one of your trusty fake handles. Should be easy for them to trace. Let the dogs chase that bone for a while. You're safe and sound Baby Doll. At least for a while.

ANGELA

A while is all I need.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Angela switches on the light and gazes into the living room. The windows and furniture are all covered by large white dust sheets. She walks about the rooms absorbing the familiar environment.

Lauren enters from the kitchen, folding a grocery sack, the crisp paper crackling loudly in the silence. Lauren's feigned assurance rings hollow in this ghostly place.

LAUREN

Well that's the last of it! It's not the Beverly Wilshire, but I guess it'll do in a pinch.

ANGELA

(smiles)
Yes, it'll do just fine.

LAUREN

Well...I'm gonna go now.

There is a pause while Lauren tries to get her feet to move. They won't.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Are you sure there's nothing else you need?

ANGELA

Thanks to you, I have everything I need.

LAUREN

Well I tried to think of everything.

(Pause)

Okay. I'm going.

Lauren's feet don't move.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Don't you...you sure you don't want someone to stay with you?

ANGELA

No. This is something I have to do alone.

LAUREN

But...

ANGELA

(firmly)

No.

LAUREN

Okay okay I'm going...Girl's gotta do, yadda yadda... I'm going...here I go...you watchin'?

With much effort, Lauren finally manages to point her feet towards the door and get moving, but halfway there, she whirls around face flushed and confronts Angela.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

You know out of all the willful, hard-headed, spoiled, egocentric, salad-eating, gym-bag totin' bitches I've ever worked for...you are by far the...well...goddamit...

ANGELA

I know. Me too.

Lauren turns the doorknob, but just can't quite let it go at that. She turns back to Angela. Fighting back tears and struggling to maintain her Go-get-em smile.

LAUREN

Don't you dare give up!

With that Lauren leaves, and Angela is finally alone. With apathetic grace, she slowly moves about the room gently pulling the sheets off the furniture and letting them fall to the floor. As she does so, memories of the heart and mind are revealed. They begin to quietly ebb and flow down her cheeks.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Angela's bedroom is very much the way she left it, except that all of her personal items are gone. The dust covers have already been removed. There is fresh linen on the bed. Like a slow solitaire waltz, childhood memories slide and glide across the room before her.

INT. BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

As Angela opens the medicine chest, we see an angio catheter imbedded in her left forearm. She fills the medicine chest with toiletries and medication. Three of the prescription bottles are labeled, 'Phono Barbitol 60 mg.'. Angela closes the door and is suddenly confronted with her reflection in the mirror. The redness around her eyes, the hollowness of her cheeks; her guantness is now apparent.

SUDDENLY her attention is drawn to something downstairs; something barely perceptible, a silent calling that lies just below her threshold of consciousness. It draws her out of the bathroom and into the hallway.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Angela proceeds down the hall and then down the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. THE POOL HALL/BAR -- NIGHT

Brian and Jake are playing pool as T.J. enters the bar. Both men have aged well. Brian is dressed white collar and Jake is in an Pan Canadian Oil field uniform. T.J. enters, heads up to

the bar and orders a beer. Jake addresses T.J. as he prepares to take a shot.

JAKE

I heard the Wilson property got pulled.

T.J.

Shit happens.

JAKE

Well, she doesn't need the money. She's got another film coming out in June.

BRIAN

Yeah, with Keanue Reeves. How many listings you got now T.J.? Seven? Eight?.

T.J.

I don't see how that's any of your business. Your bank's already turned me down.

BRIAN

Losing a property like that has got to hurt though. I was sorry to here it.

T.J. grabs his beer and crosses over to the pool table.

T.J.

Yeah right. A banker with a heart. ... I'll take on the winner.

JAKE

Maybe she's coming back. They've got a lot of stars living in Montana now. They're all getting out of L.A.

BRIAN

If she didn't come back for her mother's funeral, I don't figure she's ever coming back. What do you think T.J.?

T.J.

Can't you guys find anything else to talk about?

BRIAN

You're still pissed because she's the one that got away.

T.J.

That's not how I remember it.

BRIAN

You two didn't leave on the best of terms as I recall.

T.J.

It was the best night 'you' ever had.

JAKE

Yeah, until the Indian showed up. Man, I watch her films and she looks sooo good... and all I can think about is just how close I came... What was his name anyway?

T.J.

John Myron.

JAKE

Yeah, that was it. You figure they're still together?

T.J.

No!

JAKE

Well it always looked to me liked they had something going.

BRIAN

And he did take off with her that night.

T.J.

They're not together. She didn't even like him that much.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT -- EVENING

Angela opens the door to the basement and switches on the light. She slowly and cautiously makes her way down the stairs. It is a difficult journey. Her frailness is now obvious. The basement is filled with boxes, old furniture, and various other stored items. Angela realizes that much of her clothes and personal items are here. She is drawn to a specific box that is located under several others. She uses all her strength to get at it. Exhausted, she takes a moment before opening the box. Inside she finds several items including a scrap book with her name on the cover. Angela removes it and begins to leaf through it. It's filled with newspaper clippings of her acting career going right back to her "Our Town" performance. Angela turns the pages in stunned amazement. Her eyes tear up as she comes to terms with this very real evidence of her mother's pride.

Amongst the other objects in the box is Angela's high school year book and the leather pouch. She removes the red rock from the

pouch and caresses it. Memories flow. Angela then picks up the yearbook and flips through it's pages. She comes upon her photo. It's dispiriting to see herself so vibrant and full of life. Angela turns the page and John Myronís photo appears. Unconsciously, she continues to play with the rock as she stares at John Myron's picture. She focuses long and hard at the photo, to the point that it almost appears to come alive.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. GHOST FOXÍ'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

Ghost Foxís eyes snap open, startled out of his sleep. He appears at first troubled, but this slowly gives way to reflection, then acceptance.

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Angela starts a fire in the fireplace. She then wraps a blanket around herself and curls up in the overstuffed chair with the yearbook. Moments later she has fallen asleep.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY. We see the shadow of someone sitting in a chair, quietly watching over her as she sleeps. A red flannel lumber jacket is draped over the back of the chair.

DISSOLVE TO:

SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Angela remains asleep in the chair. The fire is dying down. A pair of hands quietly appear and place another log on the fire. Angela stirs. She looks in the direction of the fire place, sees nothing and goes back to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. T.J.Í'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

T.J. is laying back on a tattered couch in a small dingy apartment. The only light in the room comes from the blue glow of the TV screen. T.J. is nodding off. His eyes are closed and a beer bottle dangles loosely in his hand.

OFF SCREEN WE HEAR the voice of a TV News Caster.

NEWS CASTER (O.S.)

The story that still has everyone buzzing is the sudden disappearance of actress Angela Wilson.

T.J.'s eyes open. He looks up and listens to the News Caster.

NEWS CASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ms. Wilson was scheduled to begin production on Paramount's "Lady Justice", but inside sources say that she dropped out of the picture 2 weeks ago without explanation. There has been speculation that illness or fatigue may be a factor, but there has been no official word and her present whereabouts remains a mystery. With two very successful films behind her, "Lady Justice" had been touted as Ms. Wilson's bid for an Oscar.

T.J. leans back on the couch. Facetiously he toasts the TV.

T.J.

Welcome home, Angie.

He tosses back the rest of his beer.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

Angela is startled out of her sleep by an overwhelming nauseousness. She stumbles out of the chair, then slowly and painfully pulls her self up the stairs.

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Angela is leaning over the toilet throwing up. Her convulsions are violent and rapid. She can barely get a chance to breath. Suddenly she is aware of someone kneeling behind her, one hand on her forehead, the other gently around her waist, supporting her. She is too weak to look up. Finally, the convulsions stop. Exhausted, Angela falls back against the wall. Slowly, she looks up. John Myron stares down at her and smiles.

JOHN MYRON

Hello Angela.

Angela is still too weak to acknowledge him. Unable to find the strength to stand, John helps her up off the floor and sets her down on the toilet. He dampens a wash cloth and wipes off her face. Angela protests.

JOHN MYRON (CONT'D)

Shhh. It's OK.

John continues to wash off her face. He does so without comment or judgment. Angela looks away from him, embarrassed. John

undoes the buttons of her night robe. It falls off her shoulders. He begins to sponge bath her neck, throat and shoulders. It is as much a body caress as it is a bath, not sexual, but a safe human touch.

INT. BEDROOM -- LATER

Angela sits at the bureau mirror. She attempts to put on some makeup, but her hand just isn't steady enough. She stares critically at herself in the mirror.

INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING

John Myron is preparing omelets when Angela enters the kitchen. Her mood is now cool and impassive.

ANGELA

What are you doing here?

JOHN MYRON

I needed a place to stay for the night before heading on to Piapot. I thought the house was vacant.

ANGELA

So you thought that you'd just break-in for the night?

JOHN MYRON

Something like that. I've been away a long time too, Angela. There are people here who I do not want to know I'm back... What do you want in your omelet?

ANGELA

I'm not hungry. Finish your breakfast and then I want you to leave.

JOHN MYRON

Why isn't there anyone here to take care of you?

ANGELA

I'm very good at taking care of myself.

JOHN MYRON

You shouldn't be alone.

ANGELA

Am I not making myself clear? I don't want you here. I don't want anyone here.

JOHN MYRON

You're not really as tough as you pretend to be.

John pulls from his jacket pocket the photos of Angela taken at the bus depot. He hands them to her.

JOHN MYRON (CONT'D)

You see Angela, I know you. I know how scared you are. How angry and alone.....

Angela can't hold on any longer. The tears begin to swell up.

ANGELA

Damn you, Piko!

She drops her head to his chest, He gently wraps his arms around her.

JOHN MYRON

How much longer?

ANGELA

Not long.

JOHN MYRON

I'm staying with you.

ANGELA

I won't be very good company.

John gently rocks Angela in his arms.

JOHN MYRON

Let's have some breakfast.

Angela gently breaks from John's embrace. She drifts over to the fridge and opens it. Turning to John, Angela gestures toward the cardboard box on the bottom shelf. John comes over and opens it. It contains a dozen I.V. drip bottles.

JOHN MYRON (CONT'D)

Any particular flavor?

A laugh bursts from Angela's lips. She's pleasantly surprised at how easily it came.

John removes one of the I.V. bottles.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Angela is resting in her bed. John screws a eye hook into the headboard, then hangs the IV bottle from it. He inserts the tube into Angela's arm and adjusts the drip valve.

JOHN MYRON

Are you OK?

ANGELA

Just a little tired.

JOHN MYRON

Is there anything I can get you?

ANGELA

Maybe something to read. All of my books are in the basement.

JOHN MYRON

I'll see what I can find.

INT. BASEMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

John is searching through numerous boxes and storage trunks. He opens one of the trunks and finds it filled with Angela's high school clothes. In one of the boxes he finds an assortment of games, several puzzles and numerous books including an old copy of 'Our Town'. John picks up the box and as he turns to leave, he sees Alex Wilson's wheel chair folded up under the stairs. A thought comes to mind.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION-CONFECTIONARY -- DAY

T.J., followed by Austen enter the store. Austen is wearing his baseball uniform. It's obvious that he needs to go to the bathroom. T.J. grabs the bathroom key off the wall and hands it to his son who scurries off without a word.

T.J. picks up a jumbo box of Natchos and a couple of cokes. As he heads toward the checkout, he passes a magazine rack. One of the tabloids features a cover story on Angela Wilson. The headline refers to her sudden backing out of her next film and that no one seems to know where she is. On impulse, T.J. grabs the tabloid and heads for the cashier.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- LATER

John enters the bedroom.

JOHN MYRON

Come downstairs. I want to show you something.

ANGELA

Maybe later. I don't really want to deal with the stairs right now.

JOHN MYRON

You don't have to.

John detaches the IV from the hook and picks Angela up in his arms. As he carries her out the door...

ANGELA

The novelty of carrying me up and down the stairs is going to wear off very quickly.

JOHN MYRON

You think?

INT. STAIRCASE -- CONTINUOUS

When they reach the landing, Angela sees her father's wheel chair parked at the foot of the stairs. She is suddenly drenched in a flash flood of memories. She feels disquieted, uncertain... John senses Angela's trepidation. He sets her down in the chair, then kneels before her.

JOHN MYRON

Is there really any doubt that he would have wanted you to use it?

Angela smiles up at him, She feels a little more at ease. John hangs the IV bottle from an old pool cue that he has strapped to back of the chair.

JOHN MYRON (CONT'D)

There we go. Meals on Wheels.

INT. DINING ROOM

John wheels Angela into the dining room. The books, games and jigsaw puzzles are piled on top of the dining room table.

ANGELA

(child-like glee)
Jigsaw puzzles. I love jigsaw puzzles.

John wheels her up to the table. He then sits down across from her and watches as she checks out each of the puzzle boxes. She picks one.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

This was my favorite.

JOHN MYRON

I've never done a puzzle.

ANGELA

You're kidding, right?

JOHN MYRON

Nope.

ANGELA

Well, they're great. I used to do them all the time when I was a little girl. These are all pretty simple.

Angela opens the box and stands the cover up on its side so that she can see it.

JOHN MYRON

When its all together, it ends up looking just like the picture on the box, right?

ANGELA

Yeah. You can use the picture as a guide; like a map.

JOHN MYRON

So, if you already know what the puzzle is going to look like, what's the point of putting it together?

ANGELA

Putting it together is the fun part. First you pick out all the edge pieces, then you start sorting out the colors...

John looks at the box cover.

JOHN MYRON

I see. So it doesn't matter what the picture looks like?

ANGELA

Not really.

JOHN MYRON

Hmmm. OK.

John pulls another puzzle from the pile and opens it. He grabs a handful of pieces and starts turning them upside down.

ANGELA

What are you doing?

JOHN MYRON

I don't know yet. I just started.

ANGELA

But you're turning all the pieces upside down.

JOHN MYRON

So?

ANGELA

But you can't see what it looks like that way.

JOHN MYRON

But I already know what it looks like. The picture is on the box.

ANGELA

(Exasperated)

Whatever. Knock yourself out. It just takes half the fun out of it.

JOHN MYRON

But you said...

ANGELA

Forget it. Just do the damn thing. God, this is suppose to be relaxing.

They both go about working on their puzzles.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM -- LATER

Angela has finished her puzzle and now sits quietly in her chair reading from the play, 'Our Town'. She appears tired and drawn. John fits the last few pieces of his puzzle in place. Once finished, he picks up the box cover and looks at the picture.

JOHN MYRON

Hmmm.

He then pulls the pieces apart and puts them back into the box.

Angela is now exhausted. She lays the play in her lap and hangs her head. John picks her up and carries her up the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WILSON ROADWAY -- NIGHT

T.J.'s station wagon pulls up along the old county road directly across from the Wilson estate. He slowly coasts along the road until he has a clear view of the house through the trees and caragana bushes. There appears to be a faint light on in one of the upstairs windows. T.J. picks up the tabloid and looks once again at Angela's photo.

After some thought a decision is made. T.J. steps out of the car. Before heading for the house he leans down and begins to primp and preen himself in the side view mirror. As he slicks back his hair, rubs his teeth with his fingers and straightens his collar, reality slowly begins to sink in. T.J. becomes painfully aware of his physical shortcomings. Humbled and betrayed by his own image, T.J. gets back in the car and quietly drives away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON John as he sits in a chair watching Angela sleep.

NARRATION (V.O.)

When I close my eyes for even a moment, I am consumed by a recurring dream. In it, I am sitting in this room, watching helplessly over her as piece by piece, she slowly fades away. First, her toes and fingers, then her hands and feet. The march toward her evanishment is incessant. She looks up at me terrified. Her eyes pleading for me to save her, but I can't. I am unable to comfort her, unable to ease her fears or her pain. When I awake, I find that my reality is drawn on the same canvas as my dream. I know that everything up to now has been but a clearing of the throat for what is about to come and that scares me.

CLOSE ON John as he continues his watch over Angela.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WILSON HOUSE -- NIGHT

THE CAMERA RESUMES FOCUS on the house and surrounding trees. Their ebony contours stand in relief on the weave of a ink-blue sky.

TRANSITION: As moonlight slowly gives way to daylight.

FADE TO:

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

The first rays of sunlight creep across the room. Angela begins to stir. As her eyes slowly open and find their focus, she sees John still sitting in the chair across from her.

ANGELA

Don't you ever sleep?

JOHN MYRON

Good Morning.

Angela smiles, stretches and rubs the sleep from her eyes.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

John helps Angela onto the couch then wraps a blanket around her.

ANGELA

I'm still a little cold.

John takes his red flannel lumber jacket and wraps it around her shoulders. He notices that the I.V. drip is empty.

JOHN MYRON

I'll be right back.

He removes the empty bottle and heads for the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

John is at the fridge. He removes an I.V. bottle from the box. This bottle has a different marking. A large red label reads, 'Morphine Drip'. John places it on a shelf and removes the others from the box. All the rest are regular I.V. drips.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Angela is sitting on the couch reading. Suddenly she feels a sharp pain in her stomach. She bends over and begins to rock back and forth. Eventually, the pain begins to subside. As it does, Angela is aware that she is no longer alone in the room. She looks up to see Ghost Fox towering over her.

ANGELA

Ghost Fox!

GHOST FOX

Hello Miyo-Natopayiwiyiniw. Still fighting battles I see.

ANGELA

God, it's so good to see you.

Ghost Fox is carrying a medicine bag and several old issues of 'Family Circle' magazine.

GHOST FOX

I brought you some magazines to read.

ANGELA

Would you like some tea?
(weakly)
Piko!

The sharp stomach pain returns and Angela doubles over. She swallows hard and curls up.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Could you call Piko? He must be upstairs.

Ghost Fox kneels down before her and looks softly into her eyes. His gentle gaze is mesmerizing. Angela is entranced. Feeling warm and safe, she cedes to his touch as he gently unfolds her arms and parts the blanket. Ghost Fox raises her sweater baring her tummy. He takes some salve from his medicine pouch and rubs it onto his hands.

GHOST FOX

You have brought much joy to my son...and much sorrow. But in both he has found purpose. To find purpose is a great thing.

Ghost Fox places his huge hands on her tummy. As he presses in and out with the heel and thumb of both hands, his fingers flutter magically. Angela can feel their vibration deep within her. As her pain begins to dissipate, a wave of pent up emotion discharges through out her body. She is on the verge of tears as the pain disappears completely.

ANGELA

(Tearfully)
Thank you. Sometimes it's just too much for me.

GHOST FOX

The pain should not return for sometime. I will come back tomorrow and see how you are doing.

ANGELA

Please don't go. Stay for a while.

GHOST FOX

You came here to be alone and that is the way it will be. Two Reservation officers are guarding your property. They will stay

through out the night. Others will take their place in the morning.

ANGELA

Thank you for that. But, won't you at least stay and see Piko?

GHOST FOX

I will see him in due time. For now, there is a wrong that must be made right and I must go and prepare to do my part.

Ghost Fox leaves. Angela is somewhat overcome by the power of this man.

INT. T.J.'S REALITY OFFICE -- MORNING

Bolt And Son's Reality is a small store front office. T.J.'s desk is located near the window facing out toward Main Street. Polaroids of various houses are pinned to the wall, their prices scribbled in the borders of the photos with black marker. T.J. is cutting off the tip of a cheap cigar when the phone rings.

T.J.

Bolt & Son's Reality.

RESEARCHER (V.O.)

Is this Mr. Bolt?

T.J.

Yep. Who's this?

RESEARCHER (V.O.)

I'm Jennifer Gates from the L.A. Sun. You left a message on our Celebrity Hot line that you had information about Angela Wilson?

T.J.

Yeah, right. Angie was my girlfriend in high school.

RESEARCHER (V.O.)

And where was this?

T.J.

Weyburn, Saskatchewan. We grew up here. I figured for the right price, I'd be willing to tell you my story.

RESEARCHER (V.O.)

Does she still have any relatives in Weyburn?

T.J.

Nope. The house is still here, but both her parents are dead.

RESEARCHER (V.O.)

Do you have any pictures?

T.J.

I never was much into taking pictures.

RESEARCHER (V.O.)

Without pictures I don't think you have much to sell us Mr. Bolt. Did she ever get pregnant?

T.J.

Nope.... Her mom was quite a wild one though. So are you saying you aren't interested?

RESEARCHER (V.O.)

Do you have any idea where she is now?

T.J.

And if I did?

RESEARCHER (V.O.)

That would be worth something.

T.J.'s ears are perking up.

T.J.

How much?

RESEARCHER (V.O.)

Maybe \$2,000 in a finders fee.

T.J.

How much for a picture?

RESEARCHER (V.O.)

That depends. If she's as sick as we here she, a picture could go as high as \$50,000.

T.J. lights his cigar.

T.J.

That's a lot of money.

RESEARCHER (V.O.)

Yes it is. So..., Weyburn, Saskatchewan. That's in Canada, correct.

T.J.

Yeah. North of Montana and North Dakota.

RESEARCHER (V.O.)

And you have know idea of her present whereabouts?

T.J. jots down the phone number.

T.J.

If I find out anything I'll give you a call.
You got a direct number?

RESEARCHER (V.O.)

My direct line is 310-555-2110.

T.J. hangs up. He puffs on his cigar for a few moments, then reaches into his desk drawer and pulls out his polaroid camera.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Angela is sitting in the couch reading. John is at the dining room table doing another puzzle upside down. Suddenly, Angela doubles over in pain. She begins to rock back and forth so violently that the IV gets pulled out of her arm. John rushes over and holds her in his arms. Eventually the pain subsides. Angela's breathing slowly returns to normal. She looks up at John.

ANGELA

I don't know how much more of this I can take.

John reattaches the IV to her arm.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I have an IV of morphine in the fridge.

JOHN MYRON

I've seen it.

ANGELA

And I have two bottles of barbital in the medicine chest.

JOHN MYRON

I know.

ANGELA

When that time comes, will you help me?

JOHN MYRON

I will do whatever you ask.

ANGELA

I knew that. I just had to ask. I don't know if I would have the courage on my own.

JOHN MYRON

Well, you're not on your own.

ANGELA

It's just that dying really scares me. I feel like I never really got started with my life. So many things I still wanted to do. It's the incompletions that make dying so scary.

JOHN MYRON

I understand.

FADE TO:

EXT. WILSON PROPERTY -- AFTERNOON

T.J. pulls into the lane way that leads to the Wilson house. He is immediately stopped by a two armed Reservation Police Officers. As they approach the car, T.J. rolls down his window.

T.J.

What's the problem chief?

RESERVATION OFFICER

This land is private property.

T.J.

I'm the real estate agent for this property.

RESERVATION OFFICER

Sorry, no one enters. You'll have to turn around.

T.J.

You Indians still think you still own the damn country.

T.J. backs up and turns around. He squeals out onto the county road and drives off.

The Indian turns to one of the others.

RESERVATION OFFICER

Let Ghost Fox know about our visitor.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Angela is curled up next to John on the couch, a copy of 'Family Circle' in her lap. As she thumbs through the magazine, a shampoo ad catches her eye. Angela stares long and hard at the page. The model has long raven black hair, much like Angela's used to be. It becomes too much for her. In utter frustration and anger, she throws the magazine across the room.

ANGELA

Damnit. I hate looking like this.

Angela crumbles up in tears. John wraps his arms around her.

CLOSE ON John. An idea is taking form. He considers it for a moment, then...

JOHN MYRON

I think it's time we had our first date.

John picks Angela up in his arms and carries her to the stairs.

ANGELA

What are you doing?

INT. BATHROOM -- LATER

The bath water is running. John eases the now naked Angela into the tub. He lathers up the sponge and begins washing her. Angela says nothing, but her expression is one of passive curiosity.

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM -- LATER

Angela is sitting at her bureau in her bathrobe. John has pulled up a chair next to her. He takes her make up bag and opens it.

JOHN MYRON

I might need a little help here.

Angela stares at him in mild disbelief.

ANGELA

No kidding.

JOHN MYRON

What's first?

ANGELA

The foundation. Use the liquid. It's easier.

John dabs drops of foundation on Angela's face, then smooths it out with a sponge.

John then powders her face. Angela shows him how to brush away the excess.

JOHN MYRON

What's next?

Angela hands him the blush compact. John loads up the brush and puts it on her cheeks. It's far too much.

ANGELA

Whoa, Trigger. You just need a little.

She takes a tissue and wipes off the excess.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Now just blend it in.

John strokes Angela's cheeks with the brush. She closes her eyes and savors the sensation of the brush against her skin. John's touch is smooth and gentle. He ably blends the blush into her skin. He seems to have the hang of it.

Next comes the mascara. John approaches Angela's eye with the wand.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Be careful with that.

John's hand is steady and gentle. Angela leans back and looks up as he applies the mascara. With him only inches away, Angela finds herself staring into his face. It is almost like she is seeing him for the first time. John finishes her lashes and steps back to look.

JOHN MYRON

Not bad.

Angela looks in the mirror. She is pleasantly surprised. John opens her make up bag and takes out all the lipstick.

JOHN MYRON (CONT'D)

Which one?

ANGELA

You pick.

John picks the hottest red shade. Angela giggles.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Men.

Angela parts her lips as John leans in and applies the lipstick. The sensuality of the moment is not lost on either of them. John finishes. Angela takes a tissue and blots her lips.

John leans over her shoulder as they both look in the mirror.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Not bad.

JOHN MYRON

Of course. Look what we had to work with...
Stay here. I'll be right back.

John leaves. Angela continues to study herself in the mirror. She appears pleasantly surprised, emotionally placated.

FADE TO:

BACK TO SCENE: MOMENTS LATER

John returns with several dresses and a couple pairs of dress shoes.

ANGELA

Where did you get those?

JOHN MYRON

From a trunk in the basement.

John lays the shoes and dresses out on the bed.

Angela is beginning to get into this game of 'dress up'. She holds up the dresses.

ANGELA

Which do you like?

JOHN MYRON

I have no idea what they look like until they're on you. Perhaps the black one?

ANGELA

Ah. The sexy yet classy look.

JOHN MYRON

Do you want any help?

ANGELA

No. I'll be alright. It just might take awhile.

JOHN MYRON

No rush. Let me know when you're ready.

John turns to leave...

ANGELA

Piko?

JOHN MYRON

Yes.

ANGELA

Thank you.

JOHN MYRON

I think the sexy, but classy look is the way to go.

INT. DINING ROOM -- LATER

EXTREME CU as a match is lit by the flick of a thumb nail. We hear **MUSIC** in the **B.G.** It is the **SOUND** of a Cree chant. It is almost Gregorian; haunting, peaceful, soothing. **PAN** as the match slowly advances across the screen. A candle comes into **FRAME**. The match lights it and moves on. Another candle appears. It also gets lit. The match is drawn back toward John's lips. He blows it out. **PULL BACK** for a **TIGHT CU** of John as he watches the smoke curl upward and disappear in nothingness.

ANGELA (O.S.)

John. I'm ready.

John heads toward the foyer. He is surprised to see Angela waiting for him at the top of the stairs. He ascends the stairs. Angela's slightness and frailty can not be denied, but neither can her beauty. There is a delicate, ethereal, almost diaphanous quality about her. When John reaches her, he bends to pick her up...

ANGELA (CONT'D)

No.

She grabs onto his hand tightly. John understands. He puts an arm around her waist and then, slowly, they descend the stairs. John holds onto her firmly. Angela hears the music and then a moment later sees the dining room. In addition to the candles, the table is fully set for two. At the other end of the table, the music cascades from a small portable cassette player.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

My God. Where did you find all this?

John seats Angela at the table.

JOHN MYRON

Mostly in the basement. I've been planning this for a while.

ANGELA

Are you trying to seduce me?

JOHN MYRON

If it's taken you 20 years to notice, I mustn't be very good at it,

ANGELA

Where did you find the music?

JOHN MYRON

My father brought it. It is a collection of Cree chants.

ANGELA

It's wonderful. It's all wonderful.

JOHN MYRON

I know you're never very hungry so we're just having soup.

John ladles the soup into the bowls, then sits down at the table with her. They begin to eat in silence. The music and the candles set the tone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- LATER THAT EVENING

Angela and John are curled up together on the couch watching the 'Thomas Crown Affair' on TV. It's the kissing scene between Steve McQueen and Fay Dunaway. As the kiss lingers on and on....

JOHN MYRON

Do you know how the kiss began?

ANGELA

It's an Indian thing right.

JOHN MYRON

Of course. Aren't all good things? My people believe that the breath that flows in and out of each person is in fact the spirit soul. When you kiss someone, you are offering and sharing your spirit soul with another.

ANGELA

I see.

Angela reaches up and kisses John gently. Then, pulling away with a look of concern in her eyes, she pleads with him.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Don't let me fall in love with you John. Not now.

Angela as she snuggles deeper into John's arms, she knows that it is already too late. John wraps his arms around her even tighter.

The **CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN CLOSE** on John as he absently strokes her head.

NARRATION (V.O.)

My father calls times like this the 'Tricksters Game'. When both the choices you have are impossible. Am I selfish enough to want her love no matter what it costs her. No matter what pain it brings. Maybe my love for her is not as pure as I pretend it to be. I need to understand this.

Angela has become very tired.

ANGELA

Piko. I want to go to bed now.

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

John is sitting in the chair watching over Angela as she sleeps.

CLOSE ON Angela.

FADE TO:

FLASH BACK DREAM SEQUENCE:

Angela and John are seven years old. They are laying out on the prairie near the Archeological Dig.

ANGELA

So Indians have two souls?

JOHN MYRON

Yep. One for the body and one for the spirit.

ANGELA

Do I have two souls?

JOHN MYRON

Sure, until you die. Then the body soul and spirit soul turn into one in the after world.

ANGELA

So when your spirit soul leaves, you die?

JOHN MYRON

Yep. The spirit soul goes to the after world first to get everything ready, but the body soul can't leave until after the body's been buried.

ANGELA

Why did my daddy's spirit soul leave so soon?

JOHN MYRON

Sometimes the spirit isn't happy here so it decides to leave before the body is ready.

ANGELA

What if you keep your spirit soul happy? Then will it stay for a long time?

JOHN MYRON

Most likely.

ANGELA

My Daddy's spirit soul left him before his body soul was ready. I am going to take really good care of my spirit soul.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Angela is awakened by a sudden attack of nausea. Too weak to get out of bed, John picks her up and takes her to the bathroom.

FADE TO:

INT. WILSON BATHROOM -- AFTERNOON

Angela is on her knees leaning over the toilet. John has his arms wrapped around her waist for support. It is a violent exhausting attack. Angela barely has the strength to spit.

INT. BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

John places Angela back in bed. She seems so small and frail.

ANGELA

Why is this happening to me Piko? why now?

JOHN MYRON

Your soul wishes to move on, Angela. There is a purpose in that, even though we may not understand it.

ANGELA

I've only just started with my life. It's not fair. I'm not ready yet.

JOHN MYRON

Jesus' time on earth was also very short, but his soul was aware of a greater purpose. It traveled to the other side so that all men could be saved. I know that there is purpose in your death, Angela and when you pass to the other side, you will know what it is.

ANGELA

There can be no purpose in me rotting away in this bed. What reason could there be?

JOHN MYRON

Near the end even Jesus questioned his soul's purpose. He said, 'Lord why has thou forsaken me' and the Grandfather spirits came to his aid.

ANGELA

The elements?

JOHN MYRON

Yes. The Great Spirit's helpers, such as Fire, Wind, Thunder and Water. When Jesus was crucified, Thunder and Earth Quake were there to aid him, They made lots of noise, but he did not ask them for help. You only need to ask Angela, and they will be there for you. They will make your passing easier.

CLOSE ON John as he wipes her face with a damp wash cloth. Angela closes her eyes and drifts off to sleep.

NARRATION (V.O.)

I know that the purpose for me being here is to make her journey easier, but I feel like I am failing her. I wish I could just dig my fingers into her flesh and pull from her the infected organs. I would chew, off the cancer and consume every rotten

decaying cell of it. Then I would spit it
in your face, Culture Hero. Damn your
trickery. It is my epiphany to know that
total absolute unconditional love is no
longer enough.

FADE TO:

EXT. OLD PASTURE ROAD -- LATE AFTERNOON

T.J.'s station wagon bounces along an old pasture road. It comes to a stop at the foot of a small rise. T.J., a mickey of rum in his hand, steps out of the car.

He climbs to the crest of the gentle incline, the rear of the Wilson house slowly coming into view. It's about a quarter mile away. T.J. takes a long swig of rum. He watches the Indians as they patrol the lane way and the main road at the front of the house. T.J. pulls out a cigar and heads back down the hill.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM -- DUSK

TIGHT CU on dried sweet grass and juniper as it is rubbed between a thumb and fore finger. It powders, falls and gathers into a small bowl.

Ghost Fox is standing beside Angela's bureau. He picks up the bowl and lights the herbs with a match. In the mirror is the reflection of Angela asleep in bed. She stirs to the gentle crackling of the burning herbs. Her sleep has been fitful and troublesome. The pain is now constant. Ghost Fox blows out the flame. The herbs continue to smolder producing a light smoke.

ANGELA

(weakly)

What are you doing?

GHOST FOX

Smudging.

With his hand, Ghost Fox takes the smoke and passes it over his body four times.

GHOST FOX (CONT'D)

It purifies the room. It creates calm.

ANGELA

Ghost Fox, If you are the spiritual adviser and vision elder of your tribe, why was Piko raised Catholic?

Ghost Fox holds the bowl in front of her. He takes a Golden Eagle feather and fans the smoke in her direction four times. It is obvious that she is in pain and has grown much weaker.

GHOST FOX

I read the Bible and found this Jesus to be a very wise man. I felt that John could learn much from his teachings.

ANGELA

I see.

GHOST FOX

There was also a much greater power at play. More powerful than either John or myself.

ANGELA

What was that?

GHOST FOX

His mother.

ANGELA

Really?

Ghost Fox begins to smudge the entire room. He starts in the east and moves clockwise.

GHOST FOX

John was also taught and practices the ways of our people. It is where he gets his name, Piko-Ite- It-Uttew.

ANGELA

"He who stands both here and there".

GHOST FOX

That's right.

ANGELA

I'm afraid that I have fallen in love with your son, Ghost Fox.

GHOST FOX

Love is a strange place to hold your fears.

ANGELA

To fall in love at this point... It is such a tragic joke.

GHOST FOX

It is the Trickster's work. Perhaps it would be more tragic not to have loved at

all... Yes. I think that would be a great tragedy.

EXT. OLD PASTURE ROAD -- SUNSET

T.J. loads a new pack of film into his polaroid camera. He lights a cigar then grabs a flash light and gets out of the car.

INT. ANGELAÍ'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Angela watches as Ghost Fox continues the smudging ceremony.

ANGELA

I've been so angry all my life. I never allowed myself to feel this way until now... Just in time to lose it again...

GHOST FOX

My wife passed from here to there many years ago, but we still spend much time together. She will always be with me and I with her. Death is far too feeble a foe to keep us apart.

ANGELA

When did you last speak to your wife?

GHOST FOX

We didn't speak..., but we enjoyed a wonderful walk together this morning. You are in many ways much like her.

EXT. BACK DOOR -- CONTINUOUS

T.J. is at the back of the house. He pulls from his pocket a set of realty keys and unlocks the rear door.

INT. ANGELAÍ'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Ghost Fox places the Golden Eagle feather in Angela's hand, then smiles and strokes her face.

GHOST FOX

Love is not nearly as fragile as you may think... Now rest. I must go to return these ashes to the earth.

Ghost Fox takes the smudging bowl and leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. VERANDA -- SUNSET

Ghost Fox steps out onto the veranda and crosses the yard. As he does so, Ghost Fox catches a glimpse of T.J. as he slips into the rear of the house. Ghost Fox walks over to the Reservation Officers. He raises the bowl and smudges each of them. A knowing glance is shared. They too are aware of T.J.'s arrival.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

T.J. steps into the kitchen. He sees several empty IV bottles on the counter. Puffing on his cigar, T.J. passes through the kitchen, then the dining room, living room and finally, the front foyer. He slowly and quietly creeps up the stairs. A faint light can be seen coming through an open door way at the end of the hall. T.J. approaches the bedroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD -- CONTINUOUS

Ghost Fox scatters the herb ashes around the base of one of the trees. His eyes are moist as he raises his hands up in a silent prayer.

FADE TO:

INT. THE WILSON HOME -- EVENING

EXTREME CU of a hand flipping on a light switch.

NOTE: Up to this point the lighting inside the house has been warm and subdued. The light sources came primarily from the fireplace, moonlight, the occasional table lamp, even candles when appropriate, but never from the ceiling.... until T.J. arrives. The moment he flips the light switch, the mood is shockingly altered. The light is intrusive, harsh, antiseptic...

CLOSE on the cigar puffing face of T.J. Bolt as looks upon Angela. She looks up at him, at first disoriented, unsure of who he is or what he is doing.

T.J.

Hi Angie. You know you've really let yourself go?

Angela barely has the strength to speak. She now recognizes T.J. and notices the camera.

ANGELA

Oh no. Don't do this. Oh God.... Piko!
Someone help me!

She tries to scream, but T.J. covers her mouth. He presses down hard on her. Angela is so weak she soon loses consciousness.

T.J.

They tell me that the worse you look the more these are going to be worth... And Angie, you look to me like a million bucks.

In the distance, like the warning growl of a ferocious beast, a low guttural rumble of thunder can be heard. It grabs T.J.'s attention for a moment. He shrugs it and takes another photos.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILSON PROPERTY -- CONTINUOUS

Even as the thunder grows louder, the skies remain clear. Ghost Fox and the others can feel the electrical charge in the air.

GHOST FOX

The Grandfather's are coming. Let us get ready.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

T.J. prepares to take another shot, when **SUDDENLY** the lights go out and the room is cast into darkness. A moment later a burst of lightning illuminates the room. It is accompanied by an explosive crash of thunder that reverberates off the walls. In that instant T.J. finds himself face to face with the enraged image of John Myron. T.J. jumps back in shock.

T.J.

You! How in the hell? Get away from me.
Get away from me.

T.J. is genuinely traumatized. He staggers backward and stumbles over the chair. Too terrified to stand, T.J. crawls frantically out of the room, then bolts down the stairs and out the back door.

EXT. YARD

As T.J. dashes for his car, he is illuminated by a rapid discharge of lightning. Thunder continues to crash down around him.

EXT. OLD PASTURE ROAD -- EVENING

T.J. gets into his car and steps down hard on the gas. The car fishtails through the pasture back toward the road. The trail

is bumpy and often sends him air born. As T.J. turns onto the main road, he is immediately followed by a pick up truck.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK

There are three men in the truck; Ghost Fox and the two Reservation Officers.

FADE TO:

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

The thunder and lightning has stopped. Angela looks up to see John attaching the Morphine Drip. He turns the valve wide open.

ANGELA

He's right, Piko. I feel so ugly. How can you stand to look at me?

John considers for a moment, then goes and picks up a hand mirror from the bureau. He returns to the bed and lays down beside Angela. He gently turns her head so that they are cheek to cheek staring into the mirror.

JOHN MYRON

I once told you that I wanted you to see yourself through my eyes. To see what I see. Let me show you.

It takes a few moments of gentle coaxing from John before Angela will finally look at herself in the mirror. When she does so, all she can see is her emaciated face, the redness around her eyes, her hollow cheeks. She averts her gaze by staring instead at John's image as he looks at her. Slowly, she becomes absorbed by the absolute unconditional expression of love in his face. Looking through his eyes she senses the beauty of what he is gazing upon. She can't help but feel it. A giggle slips past the tears.

JOHN MYRON (CONT'D)

Can you see?

Angela nods her head. She now can see. Tears swell up in her eyes again.

ANGELA

I love you John... And I don't want to leave you. I don't want to die.

John puts the mirror down and entwines his arm with hers just like First Communion day. They lay together side by side.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD COUNTRY ROAD -- EVENING

T.J. is speeding along the county road. Suddenly, he swerves onto an old dirt road. The car fishtails back and forth, but T.J. never once lets up on the gas. There is a wild look in his eyes.

INSERT: FLASHBACK - BUS DEPOT PARKING LOT: TIGHT CLOSE UP of John Myron as he throws his head up to the heavens in a silent scream.

RESUME On T.J. He grabs the mickey of rum off the passenger seat, but it's empty. In frustration he tosses it out the window.

Moments later the pick up turns down the same road.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

Angela is aware that the end is near, but she continues to fight.

ANGELA

Oh God. Not now. Please John help me.

JOHN MYRON

It's OK... Shhh now. It's OK... Just let go. You don't have to fight anymore...

Angela is crying. Her breathing is uneven.

ANGELA

Oh, I'm so sorry. I love you John.

John squeezes her hand tighter as he chokes back his tears. He waits for the wave to pass.

JOHN MYRON

I know... I love you too. Don't worry. I'll be with you now and forever. I promise.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED CLEARING -- EVENING

The headlights of T.J.'s station wagon illuminate a small wooded area that is adjacent to the road. He pulls into a clearing just beyond the woods and stares off into the darkness ahead.

INSERT: FLASHBACK - BUS DEPOT PARKING LOT: CLOSE ON John. His face is contorted in pain.

RESUME ON T.J. He pulls a flash light from the glove compartment and gets out of the station wagon, slamming the car door behind him.

INSERT: FLASHBACK - BUS DEPOT PARKING LOT: CLOSE ON John's truck keys as they drop from his hand.

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

CLOSE ON Angela. She has grown too weak to talk. Her breathing is short and shallow. The tears still flow as she continues her fight for life. She holds the feather loosely in her hand.

JOHN MYRON

You can let go now Angela. It's alright.
It's OK...

THE CAMERA PULLS IN TIGHTLY on Angela's eyes, as she stares up at the ceiling light.

REVERSE TO:

ANGELA'S P.O.V. of the ceiling light, it's globe held in place by a large black bolt. Its radiance grows brighter until the entire ceiling vanishes within its incandescent. All that can be seen amidst the brilliance is a small black hole. Nourished by the light, it grows. There is a feeling that we are being drawn toward it. John's voice now sounds distant, as if he were somewhere else, somewhere far away.

JOHN MYRON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Go to sleep now... I'll be with you.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED CLEARING -- EVENING

Using his flashlight, T.J. makes his way through the clearing. As he nears the woods, the flash light shines on a large pile of rocks, gathered by farmers years ago as they cleared the surrounding fields. T.J. sticks the flash light in the crook of a tree branch and aims its beam on the stone pile.

FLASHBACK - BUS DEPOT PARKING LOT: CLOSE ON John as his head begins to fall forward against the cab of the truck...

RESUME ON WOODED CLEARING: T.J. frantically claws away the rocks with his hands.

FLASHBACK - BUS DEPOT PARKING LOT: John's head falls forward against the cab of the truck, revealing T.J. standing behind him with a baseball bat in his hand.

RESUME ON WOODED CLEARING: T.J continues to dig away at the rocks.

FLASHBACK - BUS DEPOT PARKING LOT: CLOSE ON John's truck keys. The **CAMERA FOLLOWS** as they drop from his hand to the pavement.

DISSOLVE TO:

WOODED CLEARING: The **CAMERA PANS UP** from the ground revealing Ghost Fox. He and the others stand deep within the shadows of the woods. They watch T.J. in somber silence.

FLASHBACK - BUS DEPOT PARKING LOT: CLOSE ON John's clutched fist. Behind him we can see T.J. He lifts the bat over his head and brings it down hard. John's hand snaps open from the impact, revealing the photos of Angela.

RESUME ON WOODED CLEARING: T.J. stops digging. He has found what he is looking for.

FLASHBACK - BUS DEPOT PARKING LOT: CLOSE ON the photos of Angela as they slowly float to the pavement.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. (SFX) THE BLACK HOLE -- CONTINUOUS

The black hole continues to grow. Like spilt ink, it's blackness quickly spreads over the entire canvas of glight. This blackness is beyond blackness. Absolute nothingness.

ANGELA (O.S.)

(unafraid)

It's so quiet... So peaceful.

Like the lone star in an empty galaxy, a tiny pin-point appears. A golden spec. Unrecognizable.

Then there is a **SOUND**. Familiar and comforting. The sound of the flapping of wings as a bird begins to take flight.

THE CAMERA HOLDS on the pin-point of gold.

Suddenly there is a 'clicking sound'.

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED AREA -- CONTINUOUS

FROM BLACKNESS TO A CLOSE UP of a set of headlights, just as they're turned on.

T.J. looks up startled. Caught in the glow of the headlights, he hangs his head in resigned defeat.

The men step out of the truck. **THE CAMERA PULLS IN TIGHT** on one of the headlights. Its glow begins to intensify.

DISSOLVE TO:

P.O.V. (SFX) THE BLACK HOLE -- CONTINUOUS

Amidst the blackness, the golden spec now appears to float and bounce on the waves of a deep dark ebony sea. **AS THE CAMERA GENTLY PULLS BACK** it reveals that the black orb is itself surrounded by a ring of shimmering liquid gold. **THE CAMERA CONTINUES ITS SLOW PULL BACK**, to finally reveal a border of tiny auburn downy feathers. There is life here! We are being watched! The floating golden spec is but a flaw in the eye of the great Golden Eagle and it is looking back at us.

ANGELA (O.S.)

I know you...

SUDDENLY, The golden eye blinks and we are thrust into blackness for a split second. When the eye opens

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED CLEARING -- EVENING

Back lit by the headlights, the figures of Ghost Fox and the Reservation Officers approach T.J. **THE CAMERA PULLS** in on the windshield of the truck. It carries the reflection of the beam from T.J.'s flash light.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT (SFX) THE OTHER-SIDE-LAND -- CONTINUOUS

ECU ON Angela's face as she slowly opens her eyes and looks skyward. There is a radiance about her, a beauty more breathtaking than ever before.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT. In the **F.G.**, perched on the low branch of black ash tree is the Golden Eagle. It looks down on Angela.

Angela is standing in the middle of a bright grassland meadow, She has the eagle feather in her hand. The vestual whiteness of her long cotton nightgown is in shocking contrast to the rich emerald, teal, mint and deep forest greens that surround her. This is the Other-Side-Land and here everything is lush and alive. Every blade of grass, every leaf, every flower thrives here.

As Angela looks up toward the Eagle, she is filled with joyful recognition. A voice inside her speaks. It is her own, but now strong and vibrant.

ANGELA (V.O.)

I know you....

CLOSE ON the Golden Eagle. It cocks its head in her direction.

CLOSE ON Angela. She now understands.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

John!...

CLOSE ON the Eagle as it throws its long throat line up to the sky and trumpets a victory screech and then launches itself skyward.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

THE CAMERA returns to the body of Angela lying in her bed as she continues to hold John's hand, but he is no longer there. In her hand instead is the red rock.

EXT. WOODED AREA -- CONTINUOUS

As Ghost Fox kneels down next to the rock pile, he makes no acknowledgement of T.J.'s presence. Ghost Fox carefully pulls from beneath the rock pile a swatch of John Myron's red flannel lumber jacket.

The Reservation Officers grab T.J. and pull him to his feet. One of them gently places a hand on Ghost Fox's shoulder. Ghost Fox looks up.

GHOST FOX

Go without me. I will stay here and make things right.

The Reservation Officers handcuff T.J. and lead him back to the truck. Ghost Fox remains at the grave of his son in a state of spiritual reflection.

EXT. THE OTHER-SIDE-LAND -- CONTINUOUS

NOTE: The true magic of the Other-Side-Land is that it is alive. It's heart beat is felt in the ever changing shades of 'living light' that dances about its surface. There are no shadows here. It's breath is in the moment by moment changes of the colors and textures of the prairie flowers, trees and foliage. Nothing in

the Other-Side-Land ever wilts or dies and nothing ever stays the same, always advancing into another stage of bloom.

POV of the Golden Eagle in flight. **THE CAMERA** is always aimed toward the ground. Nothing above the horizon is ever revealed.

Angela can be seen wandering in the grassland meadow toward the escarpment where the sunken garden of the Qu' Appelle Valley begins. On the far side of the valley stretching into infinity is the table top prairie dressed in a rich shade of golden brown. The Eagle begins a descent into the valley. Angela arrives at the edge of the escarpment. She sees the Eagle floating on the wind currents below her, Looking up at her.... Waiting..... She stands on edge, the feather in her hands. For a moment she watches as the Eagle hangs on the currents below. She closes her eyes and with an expression of pure joy, she falls forward.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODED CLEARING -- DAWN

Ghost Fox re-replaces the last stone on the grave of his son.

CLOSE ON the proud stoic face of Ghost Fox as he looks up to the sky. He raises his arms in prayer. There is anger in his voice.

GHOST FOX

Enough of your tricks Culture Hero. My son has suffered long enough both here and there. I tell you now to leave him be. I ask the Almighty Being to intercede. To put an end to your trickery and let his body soul now join with his spirit soul in the land of the green grass.

His eyes fill with tears. Ghost Fox gently takes his finger and lightly lifts the tears off his cheek.

Ghost Fox toasts the heavens with the tear and then gently puts it to his lips. **THE CAMERA CRANES UPWARD** as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE OTHER-SIDE-LAND -- CONTINUOUS

HIGH ANGLE CRANE SHOT looking down into the Qu'Appelle Valley The Saskatchewan River weaves and glides it's way through it. There is no sight of Angela or the eagle. The **CAMERA SLOWLY TILTS UPWARD....**

GHOST FOX (O.S.)

May you now find the peace you so deserve,
my dear and loving son.

And for the first time the heavens of the Other-Side-Land are revealed to us. The entire sky is cast in the gentle gold of the 'magic hour'. Several wave clouds have captured with a master's stroke all of the colors that the heart remembers. The sun hangs in repose just above the horizon, poised to go either way. The morning star twinkles through the daylight as the moon shines down from above.

And then there are the 'living lights'. The heart beat of the Other-Side-Land. These dancing columns of lights play dress-up with all the colors of the spectrum. They shift about in the sky, fading here and then imperceptibly reborn there.

And as the Northern Lights dance and play before us, we are **SUDDENLY** aware of something off in the distance, approaching at a great velocity. There is no time to comprehend before they are upon us. At the very last conceivable moment and in an **EXTREME CU**, two Majestic Golden eagles veer and dart upward and out of **FRAME**.

THE END