

A LITTLE WAR OF OUR OWN

By
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FADE IN:

EXT. ARIZONA -- AFTERNOON

It is a cold and clear winter day in this part of southern Arizona.

Cresting over a small hill are two cattle, followed by SHERIFF DARRYL CARSON; a ruggedly handsome man who looks like the quintessential American cowboy. He drives his forty head of cattle in a kind of zen state; a perfection of cowboying. At first we don't know what year it is - it could be 1850, but it's not.

ANGLE ON the cattle up ahead. They are beginning to bunch up at a newly-planted barbed-wire fence.

ANGLE ON Carson as he nudges his horse forward skirting along the outside of the herd. The barbed wire stretches as far as the eye can see, cutting the range land in half. Carson dismounts, regarding the barbed wire as an obscenity.

ANGLE CLOSE on his hand as it reaches into his saddle bags and pulls out a pair of wire cutters and cuts through each strand of wire. He then works his boot against the post until he uproots it, which doesn't take long. Looking disdainfully at the shoddy workmanship, he tosses it aside.

A LOUD CRACK OF A WHIP startles us, but not CARSON.

NEW ANGLE. From high above Carson, now on horseback, drives his cattle through the gap.

We drop down, following Carson through, ending on a fence post with a piece of paper stuck to it. Handwritten, the message reads:

THIS FENCE IS ILLEGAL.

DARRYL CARSON
SHERIFF, PARADISE SPRINGS, AZ

EXT. CREEK -- LATE AFTERNOON

Cattle are drinking from a small stream. In the distance a small cloud of dust is moving towards us. The camera slowly pulls back as the dust cloud gradually grows larger. Finally, we make out what it is. An army jeep that has suddenly turned its headlights on. It approaches fast, an animal that has just opened its yellow eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The camera continues to pull back, ending on Carson's face in foreground still holding the jeep. His horse begins to snort, spooked by the approaching vehicle.

CARSON
(to horse)
Easy... easy...

We super the date: "ARIZONA. FEBRUARY, 1943".

The jeep crashes through the water, scattering the cattle. Carson can only close his eyes, as the cloud of dust engulfs him. Out of the jeep steps CORPORAL LIGGIO, a nineteen-year-old Brooklyn-born and bred soldier for whom this landscape is a giant mistake.

LIGGIO
You the asshole who cut up my
fence?

Carson just looks at him.

LIGGIO (CONT'D)
Hey, I'm talkin' to you.

CARSON
You use that language, you better
hope you're not talkin' to me.
That fence is illegal.

He fishes Carson's note out of his pocket and reads it.

LIGGIO
Oh... you're... Sheriff Carson?

CARSON
That's right.

LIGGIO
Well fuck you, Lone Ranger, how you
like that?

CARSON
Let me think...

In a lightning move, Carson has whirled the bullwhip so that it snakes around Liggio's neck. Then he pulls Liggio to him, getting him in a choke hold and taking him down to the ground.

CARSON (CONT'D)
I don't like it. How do you like
it? Not so good, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIGGIO
You're chokin' me!

CARSON
I know.

Liggio struggles against the choke hold, but he's absolutely no match for Carson.

LIGGIO
I was just followin' orders.

CARSON
Somebody order you to cuss me?

LIGGIO
No, that was my mistake. I'm
sorry, okay?

All the fight is out of Liggio like a horse who's been broken. Carson lets him up.

CARSON
Who told you to put that fence up?

LIGGIO
My C.O. They're gonna intern a
bunch a' Nazis there, or Japs, I
don't know which, and I don't much
care.

CARSON
What makes you so damn ornery?

LIGGIO
I'm from Brooklyn.

CARSON
Brooklyn?

Liggio nods, still out of breath, massaging his throat.

Carson thinks a bit, he turns back to the horizon and his mind goes back to the issue of the camp. He speaks almost to himself.

CARSON (CONT'D)
POW camp?

Roll OPENING CREDITS.

As opening credits roll, we see a montage of black and white 1940 archival photographs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Over this montage we will hear the voice of ROSARIO. The voice is slightly accented from her native Spanish and there is something in the timber of it that speaks of tragedies endured.

Thousands of German prisoners being captured in North Africa.

German prisoners move down the gang plank from the troop ship that has brought them to New York, the Statue of Liberty standing in the background.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Even before America was in the war, the British had begun shipping over German POWs who had been captured in North Africa.

German prisoners being loaded onto passenger trains. American soldiers on top of the trains and at the stations with rifles.

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

They landed in New York and traveled by train across the country to the first of the camps that had been set up to receive them. America was an odd place then, like a teenager going through an awkward phase, struggling with her own contradictions.

We see photos of German prisoners at a train station in the deep south. They are lined up to drink at a water faucet which has a sign above it that says WHITES ONLY. Standing off to the side, an African American serviceman in uniform watches with a dead-panned expression.

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

...denying the rights of some of her citizens while trying to protect those of her prisoners. The Geneva Convention and Jim Crow lived side by side in America. A black man could not ride in a whites only pullman car in the deep south. On the other hand, German POWs could and did.

We see black and white photos of a POW camp being constructed in Paradise Springs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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

The Geneva Convention set the international law for how prisoners of war would be treated. It declared that prisoners had to be kept in the same type of climate and geography as the ones in which they had been captured. If they had been captured in North Africa, the Geneva Convention said they had to be incarcerated in the desert. If soldiers were captured in the Black Forest then it would be no surprise to see them in Minnesota or Wisconsin. Sailors had no such restrictions since presumably they had been captured on water. The towns where the camps would be built had no say in the matter. Someone in Washington had stuck a pin in a map next to the name Paradise Springs. I guess it was God's way of reminding us that there was a war going on, and in case we hadn't heard, it had finally come our way.

We see a black and white photograph of a Paradise Springs eight man football team; goofy and beautiful faced boys trying hard to look like men in their football jerseys.

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

We were so small that the local high school only played eight man football. By the time the D-Day invasion was over, half our football team were dead.

We see a black and white photograph of a gold star in the window of southwest home, framed by dainty curtains with the words "Gold Star Mother" underneath.

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

Gold stars sprang up in windows behind laced curtains signifying mothers whose sons had been lost.

EXT. DESERT -- PREDAWN

The desert is dotted with RED ROCK towering monuments, pre-historic rock formations leftover from the time when dinosaurs ruled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the distance, there is a Brinks type prisoner truck far off in the pre-dawn haze, little more than a dot crossing left to right. The camera pans with it as it crosses the desert horizon.

WOMAN (V.O.)

The war had taken the strongest and most fit and now, like the Jimmy Dorsey song said, those left behind were either too young or too old, either too gray or too grassy green. The work force was shattered. Women took the jobs their men had left behind and filled in as best they could.

The camera continues panning with the Brinks truck until it picks up a group of Mexican workers crossing the river in the foreground directly in front of us right to left. They are mostly young boys and a few children.

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

But America still had more work than workers and the first of the great waves of Mexican migration brought laborers North across the border.

EXT. MONUMENT VALLEY - DESERT -- PREDAWN

A John Ford Monument Valley Infinity Shot. A desert highway stretches off forever. The sky has the blue and red of early morning. As the camera drops down from the infinity shot to road level we hear a rumbling that gets louder and louder, until finally the brinks-type truck RUNS directly over us with a roar and then disappears down an incline.

WOMAN (V.O.)

By the end of the war, there would be over four hundred thousand of them scattered in POW camps across the United States.

Camera drifts off to include the river far in the distance and the tiny dots representing people who are crossing it.

EXT. RIVER --PREDAWN

Eight Mexicans holding clothes and infants over their heads cross the river, up to their waist as the BRINKS TRUCK crosses in the background.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

END OPENING CREDITS

EXT. ROADSIDE -- PREDAWN

A pickup truck is parked just off the highway, engine still running, it's red taillights glowing in the morning blue. A man walking in the distance stops to pick up something. We can't see what it is as he puts it in a bag, but we hear the distinct sound of glass on glass.

CLOSE UP on a Coke bottle. The hand that picks it up is Sheriff Carson. Proud, but not too proud to make a little extra money on his way to work. It's not easy to making a living in the 40's with the war on.

EXT. LESTER'S FARM HOUSE -- PREDAWN

A substantial farm house sits surrounded by perfectly tended fields as we super the date: AUGUST, 1944.

EXT. LESTER'S FARM HOUSE -- PREDAWN

From inside a bedroom we see hands on the outside pushing up a window, careful not to make any noise.

INT. LESTER'S FARM HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- PREDAWN

DOROTHY MCCLLOUD, a hard-faced woman who looks older than her forty-five years, pops awake. She doesn't move, and seems to be guessing at the sound. Her eyes look over to her snoring husband. Did he hear that? She doesn't move to wake him.

EXT. TOWN - PARADISE SPRINGS -- EARLY MORNING

It's a two street town with two stop lights. Sheriff Carson's truck is parked in front of his office. We watch him go up the steps, carrying a full crate of empty bottles, a good morning's work. Rattling keys out of his pocket, he unlocks the door and lets himself in.

THE SOUND OF A PHONE RINGING takes us to:

INT. MODEST HOUSE - BEDROOM -- DAY

A WOMAN, clearly not a girl, is putting on a slip, we don't see her face. From somewhere in the house we hear the sound of a back door shutting. She moves out of frame and towards the sound as the phone continues to ring. Looking out the front room window we see a MAN in his forties with a limp walking towards a car. She enters the frame with her back to us. Before he gets to the car he stops and looks back at the house. He gives her the smallest wave and the saddest smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVERSE ANGLE

The car leaves in the reflection of the window. The woman turns and walks away. As she does, the camera drifts to the corner of the window and we see a gold star. This family has lost a son. The phone continues to ring.

INT. COLONEL BENSON'S OFFICE -- DAY

On the phone is COLONEL WILLIAM BENSON, a man in his late fifties. He has the paunch and look of a storekeeper which is what he was in civilian life before he was called up to run this prison camp. Through the window behind him we see the workings of a POW camp. Buildings, barbed wire, watch towers and people make up this detention camp. Benson listens to the last ring and finally puts it down. An aide enters behind him. His name is JEFFREYS. In his hand he holds the local newspaper.

JEFFREYS

Sir? Service Command is suggesting that we have more security as the POWs come through town today...
Sir?

Benson finally looks up. He hasn't heard a word. Jeffrey sets the paper down on his desk.

JEFFREYS (CONT'D)

They think with the death of the Henderson boy there could be trouble.

BENSON

Fine. That's fine.

It's not much but it's all he can muster. He looks at the front page of the Paradise Springs Daily Courier.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. INTERIOR SHERIFF'S OFFICE - PARADISE SPRINGS -- DAY

ANGLE CLOSE ON A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE:

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR PARADISE SPRINGS YOUTH KILLED IN
FIGHTING TO TAKE FRENCH CAPITAL Below that, another headline:
PARIS LIBERATED!

Darryl Carson, sipping a cup of coffee with his feet up on the desk, reads the morning paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His eyes look beneath the headline to a photo of a woman and her husband holding a folded flag a caption reads "This and our memories are all that's left." His eyes then shift to another headline:

NAZIS KILL 8 MEN ACCUSED OF PLOTTING TO ASSASSINATE HITLER.

But the Henderson family's is the one that holds his attention.

Offscreen we hear the door to his office open, close and then the sound of a pair of sensible shoes crossing towards his desk. Camera however stays with the motif of his boots, coffee and the newspaper as we hear the O.S. voice of MRS. BERNICE RIERSON, a seventy-two year old busy body librarian.

MRS. RIERSON

I want to report a robbery,
Sheriff.

The sheriff doesn't put his paper down just yet.

CARSON

Would you like some coffee Mrs.
Rierson?

MRS. RIERSON

If I wanted coffee I'd go to a
cafe. I want to report...

Camera slides off the headlines to Mrs. Rierson. Carson lowers the paper and looks up.

MRS. RIERSON (CONT'D)

I want to report the theft of ten
blank library cards.

CARSON

You sure those library cards
weren't just misplaced, Mrs.
Rierson?

MRS. RIERSON

If they were misplaced, then why
can't I find them?

With resignation, he puts the newspaper down. The morning is over, and he reaches for paper and pencil.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT -- DAY

Outside the Laundromat an MP, with his pencil is marking his clipboard as three young German POWs, blond and tan from the Arizona sun carry sacks of laundry in, guarded by equally bored American MPs.

NEW ANGLE:

From across the street a gang of kids, all under the draft age, watching. They surround STUART, although not as big, he seems more mature and is clearly the leader.

STUART

Bunch of Kraut bastards, coming in to our town, washing the shit out of their drawers, using our water.

The group includes a big seventeen year old boy named STUBBS, a sixteen year old named EUGENE and a kid named KENNY who appears sixteen years old. BRIAN, who is much larger than all of them, but is just fourteen, and is a slow moving slow-witted boy of an essentially gentle nature, a twelve year old named TIMMY and CORBY and DANNY, two eight year olds. They have a German Shepherd with them as well as a collie.

BRIAN

They don't bother anybody.

The group looks at Brian.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

They never bothered me.

KENNY

Are you an idiot?

STUART

They're the enemy Brian.

KENNY

Well, Cassie sure as hell doesn't think so.

ANGLE ON THREE GIRLS across the street who have stopped to watch the POWs.

EUGENE

Boy, she's got some big titties on her.

Now the whole group looks to Eugene. How would he know...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Before my brother left he said he saw 'em twice.

KENNY

Bet he's seen a bunch of titties over there in gay Paree!

TIMMY

Yeah, him and Billy.

Everyone goes quiet at the mention of Billy's name. Stuart lights a cigarette.

EUGENE

We knew about Billy Henderson before his parents.

Everyone looks to him.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

My brother wrote us. My dad had to tell his dad.

STUART

Billy Henderson was a pussy.

Again there's an awkward silence as the others stare at Stuart who has crossed an invisible line.

STUART (CONT'D)

What are you lookin' at? He was a pussy and I could have kicked his ass any day of the week! Eight-man football, bunch of pussies!

EUGENE

(after an uncomfortable beat)

Maybe we could get jobs out on one of the ranches.

KENNY

And get paid what, numb nuts? They get the Germans to do it for free. And if it gets really hard, they get the wetbacks.

BRIAN

I'd like to have some money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STUART

Money? There's nothing in this town you couldn't buy for fifty cents.

EUGENE

So what do you want to do.

STUART

Let's let the dogs fight.

TIMMY

No!

He pulls his COLLIE close to him. Stuart laughs as he pulls his own dog back, who is straining at the leash.

STUART

I was just kidding Timmy.

STUART turns back to the girls in front of the laundromat.

GERMAN ACCENT (O.S.)

She does have big titties.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - PARADISE SPRINGS -- DAY

NEW ANGLE ON THE GIRLS.

JOST, a pimple faced very young-looking eighteen year old, JONAS, and WOLFGANG are folding clothes as they look out the window at three girls across the street who are obviously looking at them. JOST makes a suggestive gesture with his tongue. The Girls blush red.

The boys speak in German with English subtitles.

JOST

Which one for you Jonas?

Jonas can only shrug as Wolfgang laughs.

WOLFGANG

He can't decide. For me, I take all three...at the same time.

They all laugh, even Jonas.

WOLFGANG (CONT'D)

Even Grandma.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They look up. An older woman, who appears to be about fifty has just walked up to the girls. From the looks of her, she is still attractive. Her name is GRETA LANDRY.

GRETA

Why don't you just stand under a lamp post if you're looking for business? Disgraceful!

Intimidated, the girls walk off. Greta then looks back at the POW's. The only one who can't hold her gaze is Jonas. Greta walks on.

EXT. - PARADISE SPRINGS INTERNMENT CAMP -- DAY

REISS, a frail, young, nervous German, is moving from shadow to shadow. He acts as if someone is following him, but he can't see them and neither can we. Leaning against a wire fence, he looks at a set of outside stairs that lead up to Colonel Benson's office. Without warning, three snarling guard-dogs throw themselves at the fence. As he jumps back, it's more luck than anything that he is not bitten. He stares at the dog and it suddenly lunges again.

EXT. - PARADISE SPRINGS DRESS SHOP --DAY

A dress sits in a window on a mannequin. It's modest. There's a price tag, handwritten. We see that it's eleven dollars ninety five cents. Darryl Carson has stopped to look.

JOAN (O.S.)

Hello Darryl.

CARSON

Joan.

JOAN

Rosario would look nice in that.

Joan is just opening her front door for business. Carson looks at the dress. He pulls out his pad to see how much he has raised. \$7.28.

CARSON

Are other people asking about it?

Joan smiles and nods.

JOAN

It's pretty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Yeah, but he doesn't have enough. He gives the dress a second look.

CARSON
You let me know before someone
wants to buy it?

She nods and goes in as the sound of dog fighting and screaming breaks out.

EXT. - THE EMPTY LOT -- DAY

The boys finally have their dog fight. Timmy's collie is getting the worst of it, yelping hideously as Carson comes around the corner, sees what's happening and flies into the middle.

CARSON
Get 'em off! Keep 'em back.

Carson finally manages to pull the dogs apart, but not without being bit. Stuart's dog strains at the leash, trying to get at Carson.

CARSON (CONT'D)
Goddammit, hold your dog back!

Carson looks at his bleeding hand, then at the boys.

CARSON (CONT'D)
Fighting dogs is lower than frog
shit.

STUART
We was just havin' fun.

CARSON
Fun's over. You get that dog
penned up, or I'll shoot him.

The boys are ashamed. Stuart's not as they begin to walk away.

CARSON (CONT'D)
You see it foaming at the mouth,
Stuart I want to hear about it.

He looks at Timmy holding his whimpering dog.

EXT. PARADISE SPRINGS - INTERNMENT CAMP -- DAY

Not wanting to draw any more attention to himself, REISS, small and nervous, makes his final move up the stairs. At the top of the landing, he takes one last look around. HE FREEZES. Across the yard standing in the shadows themselves, are two dyed-in-the-wool Nazis whom we will call WALDSCHMIDT and GRUEBER. Waldschmidt runs his finger across his throat.

INT. KITCHEN - LESTER'S RANCH HOUSE -- LATE MORNING

DOROTHY, is at the counter, packing lunch. The sounds of someone getting sick are coming from down the hall. We hear the flush of a toilet. Moments later, VAUDINE MCCLOUD, barefoot, walks into the kitchen. She has the figure of a woman, but she's barely sixteen. You could cut the tension with a knife.

VAUDINE

Can I help with anything?

DOROTHY

Work's already been done. I heard you come in this morning.

VAUDINE

I was out with my friends.

DOROTHY

I didn't hear no car.

VAUDINE

The girls dropped me off out on the highway. I didn't want to wake you.

Dorothy is silent.

VAUDINE (CONT'D)

Did daddy...?

DOROTHY

No he didn't. You sick?

Vaudine shakes her head and starts to walk back to her room.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

You know it wouldn't hurt for you to help out around here.

VAUDINE

I did ask you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOROTHY

No you didn't. You came out to see if I covered for you. I don't know what to think, Vaudine. You go out, I don't know where, I don't know with who... All I know is that your brother's in some hell hole in the Pacific and every morning I wake up praying to God that we don't see the Western Union car coming up that road. I used to look forward to mail. Now I don't know what its gonna bring. Your father's out there working to keep a roof over our heads. So you take him out his lunch and you take it with a smile.

Vaudine snatches the basket and turns to the front door.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

I will not lose this family! I will not!

EXT. - LESTER'S RANCH HOUSE -- DAY

Just off the front porch a young Mexican boy about seventeen years of age named JULIO is loading feed sacks into the back of a pick-up truck. He looks up as he hears the front door slam shut. Coming down the steps, Vaudine offers an embarrassed smile when the door slams again. Her mother stops at the top of the porch.

DOROTHY

We don't slam doors in this house!

VAUDINE

I didn't slam the door!

It's a stand-off. Dorothy notices Julio watching, feed sack in his arms.

DOROTHY

We pay you to load those sacks, Julio.

Julio goes back to loading the feed sacks.

Vaudine looks at her mother in teenage disgust.

VAUDINE

My God, what is wrong with you?

INT. BENSON'S OFFICE - PARADISE SPRINGS INTERNMENT CAMP

Colonel Benson is dialing the phone. The camera drifts down to a picture of him with his wife and son who is in military uniform. The camera pushes in on the boy.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BENSON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- DAY

The camera pulls out and we see a suitcase is being packed with women's clothes in the background. On the night stand, the phone is ringing and a second picture rests. It's a wedding picture of Benson and his wife. They're both smiling. A hand reaches in and pulls out the shot of the son and puts it into the suitcase and closes it. The suitcase is lifted off the bed and the woman walks by the picture left on the night stand. The phone continues to ring.

EXT. THE BRINKS TRUCK ON THE HIGHWAY -- DAY

The Brinks is truck is traveling down the highway through farm country. It is now escorted front and back by two escort jeeps, mounted with thirty caliber machine guns.

INT BRINKS PRISONER TRUCK -- DAY

Looking out through the slats are perhaps a dozen sweating POWS bouncing uncomfortably in this metal box. Amongst the prisoners we can just make out a handsome looking 40 year old man who wears the cap of a German Submariner. He also sports the type of beard that was popular amongst German submariners in WWII. Even with the beard, he will in a way bear a resemblance to Carson. We will come to know him as VON FALKONBERG. He watches, as the others do, the desert rushing by. Another prisoner we will come to know as KLEINERMAN says what's on everyone's mind.

KLEINERMAN
It's hotter than North Africa.

Kleinerman waits for Von Falkonberg to speak, but he doesn't.

KLEINERMAN (CONT'D)
Sir. Are you alright?

VON FALKONBERG
We'll be fine.

INT. BRINKS TRUCK -- DAY

The prisoners POV looking out the slats.

EXT. LESTER'S FIELD -- DAY

The POWs have stopped to watch the small convoy and their unseen brothers.

One of the POWs, Horst, notices something else.

HORST
Gott in himmel!

POWs and MPs alike turn to watch the young nubile stride of Vaudine as she comes across the field, backlit in her summer dress. It's impossible not to watch. Vaudine knows exactly what she's doing, which makes it all the harder for Lester. One young German, JOST, takes a chance and waves to her. When Vaudine returns it, the young men whistle and moan. Jost receives a good natured slap on the back when out of nowhere a dirt clod EXPLODES against the side of his head. Everyone stops, including Vaudine. There is no more laughter. Everyone, MPs included, are now at attention.
ANGLE ON:

Lester, who has just thrown the dirt clod.

LESTER
You want another one?

Vaudine stops dead in her tracks, maybe thirty yards away. Appalled, she defiantly sets the food down where she stands and walks back towards the ranch house.

LESTER (CONT'D)
Vaudine...Vaudine, you come back here!

Vaudine never stops walking, and instead reaches back and flips her skirt giving a flash of her backside.

Jost can't help himself, and takes one last look at her. Lester notices.

LESTER (CONT'D)
(barking at the Mps
pointing at Jost)
You tell that one he ain't comin' back.

The MP translates what Lester has just said. Jost starts to protest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESTER (CONT'D)

Shut up! Shut up! And then you tell the rest of these sons of bitches they look at my daughter again... I'll send them back to that camp so fast it'll make their heads swim.

He notices one of the MP's smiling.

LESTER (CONT'D)

You think it's funny?

The smile is gone.

LESTER (CONT'D)

I know you goddamn well like it out here more'n you do in that camp, so any of you wanna smile you go ahead. Just as soon use my Mexicans anyway. I get twice the work and don't have to watch 'em.

No one smiles. Lester is walking off, then turns back for a last blast to the MP's:

LESTER (CONT'D)

And tell 'em to put their goddamn shirts on!

EXT. SCHOOL -- DAY

The school is a rundown hard scrabble affair. A beautiful Hispanic woman, ROSARIO, is standing outside the door as the young kids are leaving and saying goodbye.

ROSARIO

I'm painting the school mascot on the wall tomorrow if anyone wants to help me.

There are no takers.

MALE STUDENT

I'm going fishing.

ROSARIO

Take a book.

MALE STUDENT

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSARIO

In case the fish aren't biting.

They turn with the sound of the Brinks truck that drives by with its military escort.

FEMALE STUDENT

More prisoners.

Rosario doesn't say anything.

FEMALE STUDENT (CONT'D)

My dad says more prisoners means
we're winning the war.

Rosario still doesn't say anything. She hopes he's right, but she's not sure.

INT. A CAR'S MOVING POV -- DAY

It runs a yellow light and is now coming onto the last light out of town. It's green but it's trying to make it before it changes. It speeds up but the light changes and it's too late. The car screeches to an uncomfortable stop.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Carson sits in front of his desk, a fan blowing on him, wrapping his hand as he looks out the window to see the car stopped in the intersection.

INT. DOLORES'S CAR - PARADISE SPRINGS -- DAY

Camera tilts from a suitcase up to a woman driver. We know the suitcase, now we know the woman. It's Colonel Benson's wife. Drawing attention to herself is not what she wanted. From out her window we see Sheriff Carson coming down the steps.

CARSON

Dolores, are you alright?

The light changes. Dolores doesn't want to look but finally she does. SLOW MOTION as she looks at Carson. No anger, just sadness as she hits the gas, a woman who's not coming back. We HOLD on Carson's face stopped at the bottom of the stairs as she drives away.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

The Brinks truck passes Dolores' car on their way into town. We hold on Dolores' face.

EXT. CARSON ON THE STREET

He watches the Brinks truck escorted front and back by the two jeeps enter town.

INT. BRINKS PRISONER TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

A moving POV of the town. We see a Barber and his customer out on the sidewalk.

Down the street more townspeople are beginning to come out onto the sidewalk. Helen Henderson is coming outside the Hardware store, supported by her husband, and surrounded by friends. The Brinks truck comes to a stop at the light with its escort of one machine gun mounted jeep in front and one in back.

INT. BRINKS PRISONER TRUCK -- DAY

Looking out through the slats, Von Falkenberg sees a ten year old boy holding a comb under his nose like a Hitler mustache and flashes a "Heil Hitler" salute. He's suddenly slapped from behind. Stunned and frightened, the boy turns to face his mother, who's barely able to control her rage.

MOTHER

Don't ever do that. It's not a game.

The prisoners hear the first sounds of discontent: GO HOME, WE DON'T WANT YOU HERE! NAZI!

Across the street Stuart and the boys come to attention as things are finally getting interesting. They watch a townspeople cross the street and slap the back of the Brinks truck.

The jeep MP's in both the front and back reacting nervously to the brazen act and the growing crowd.

Inside, the prisoners are getting nervous.

Outside, the MPs wait for the green light, never taking their eyes off the crowd that is now on both sides of the street.

Von Falkenberg, watching through the slats, sees a man holding his wife back, it's Henderson. A bottle SHATTERS against the side of the truck, spraying glass inside. Caught off guard, Von Falkenberg is cut and pulls away.

ANGLE ON:

The boys as they cheer Stuart, who has just thrown the bottle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stuart is about to throw another when a hand comes out of nowhere, grabbing his wrist. It's Sheriff Carson. He takes the bottle slowly out of his hand and the laughter stops.

CARSON

These are worth somethin', when they're not broken.

The light finally changes and the prisoner convoy begins to move. The boys begin to walk off, and Kenny mimes machine gunning the prisoners inside as they pass.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Stuart, I want that glass in the street picked up before somebody pops a tire.

Stuart reluctantly gives in. He calls to his brother.

STUART

Brian!

Brian dutifully moves to help his brother but stops on Carson's voice.

CARSON

I meant you, Stuart.

STUART

Keep the bottle. 'Couple hundred more years, maybe it'll turn into some real money.

Carson doesn't rise to the insult. He turns to watch the prison convoy move out of town.

Whatever he's thinking is broken by the sound of Mrs. Rierson's voice.

MRS. RIERSON

Sheriff, have you done anything about those stolen library cards?

CARSON

I'm working on it, Mrs. Rierson. We don't have any leads yet but the minute we do...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. RIERSON

(overlapping)

Avery Champ has at least twenty seven dollars worth of overdue fines and I don't see as how your office has done a thing about it.

CARSON

I'm planning on going out there and shooting him myself this afternoon. How's that?

Mrs. Rierson is finally speechless. From OFFSCREEN we hear the smallest snicker. Carson looks over to see that it's Brian and winks. Brian smiles, enjoying that he's been let in on the joke. Mrs. Rierson walks off in a huff. Brian shuffles his feet and awkwardly starts to move off when Carson calls to him:

CARSON (CONT'D)

Brian, you know if you wanna' sweep up and make coffee and such, there's a job for you over at the office. Pay ya a dollar a day.

INT. BRINKS PRISONER TRUCK -- DAY

From inside the truck Kleinerman hands a handkerchief to Von Falkenberg. He's not sure what to make of it at first.

KLEINERMAN

(in German with English subtitles)

You're bleeding.

INT. BENSON'S OFFICE - PARADISE SPRINGS INTERNMENT CAMP -- DAY

P.O.V. SHOT LOOKING THROUGH VENETIAN BLINDS

Benson and Jeffreys watch undetected. The nervous prisoner, Reiss fidgets in his chair outside Benson's office. An MP stands by at the door.

JEFFREYS

He's been out there for three hours, Sir. Says he won't leave until he sees you. There's a problem with some of the more hard-core Nazis. He won't say who. He's scared to death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENSON

Well he can't stay here.

Jeffreys gives Benson a quick look.

BENSON (CONT'D)

Not today. Too much to do.

ESTABLISHING SHOT:

A moving POV of the POW camp in the distance. The sound of the convoy is heard first, and from underneath the camera trucks overtake the frame, heading toward their new home.

EXT. LANDING OUTSIDE BENSON'S OFFICE -- DAY

Two shot on Benson's and Jeffreys' face. We think they are looking at the convoy but as the camera pulls back, it includes Reiss walking down the stairs surrounded by three MPs. Reiss freezes as the two Nazis, Waldschmidt and Grueber, stand up from across the yard.

The stare-down is broken as we hear the prisoner convoy pulling up and through the open gates.

Prison guard dogs snap and growl as the camp comes out to meet the new arrivals.

Waldschmidt menacingly puckers up a kiss to Reiss as if to say, "We'll see you later." His smile is now obliterated by the convoy's dust and trucks that stop in between them.

Back on the landing, Benson and Jeffreys watch the new prisoners unload.

JEFFREYS

There's a new ranking officer in this batch. A U-boat Commander.

BENSON

His name?

Jeffreys checks his clipboard.

KOHLER (O.S.)

Captain Von Falkenberg?

ANGLE ON Von Falkenberg stepping off the truck. He's met by a Colonel Kohler. The exchange is watched by Waldschmidt and Grueber.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VON FALKONBERG

Yes?

KOHLER

I'm Hans Kohler. Welcome to Arizona.

VON FALKONBERG

Thank you, Colonel.

KOHLER

Hans. Please. You and I are now the ranking officers in this camp.

VON FALKONBERG

Really? I wasn't aware.

KOHLER

Which means you'll be sharing duties with me as camp's spokesman reporting to the Swiss Red Cross.

VON FALKONBERG

Would it be alright if I put my kit bag down first?

KOHLER

(chuckling)

Yes of course. I'm sure the Swiss won't mind.

Von Falkenberg looks around at his new surroundings. Outside the fence are the mountains, the desert and the cactus.

EXT. CARSON'S RANCH HOUSE -- SUNSET

Carson sits, soaking in his tub, careful to keep his bandaged hand out of the water. Rosario walks in, wearing a pair of paint-splattered overalls. She carries a beer and hands it to him and sits on the edge of the tub.

ROSARIO

Well there's not much to do in town.

CARSON

They could work. They could help you.

ROSARIO

I ain't paying nothing, Darryl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSON

It's their school. Wouldn't hurt to lift a finger. You even buy the damn paint.

ROSARIO

It isn't much.

CARSON

It's still yours to spend on you.

There's a silence.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Why are you so protective of those kids anyway?

ROSARIO

I taught most of 'em Darryl... and some of them could be overseas soon enough.

ROSARIO (CONT'D)

Stuart get bit too?

CARSON

He wasn't tryin' to break it up.

Carson sips his beer. He looks at Rosario lovingly. His head drops, his mind has gone somewhere else. She reaches over and brushes his hair gently.

ROSARIO

Que?

CARSON

It just goes by so quickly, Rosario.

ROSARIO

What?

CARSON

All of it.

Rosario looks at her man for a moment and stands. Slowly and deliberately she unsnaps her overalls and lets them fall to the floor. She allows him to look at her. There is a simple and powerful love that exists between them. She climbs into the tub with him.

INT. POW BARRACKS - PARADISE SPRINGS -- DAY

Von Falkenberg is sitting on his bed, methodically removing the treasures from his bag and arranging them. A photo of his wife, a beautiful woman flanked by two boys, eight and ten. And a hand drawn picture in Crayon of a submarine, with the caption in German reading, "Daddy's Boat", printed in a child's hand. Sitting on the bunk next to him is Kleinerman. The door behind Von Falkenberg opens. Two pairs of legs walk up behind him.

GRUEBER

Captain Von Falkenberg? My name is Grueber and this is Sturban Fuhrer Waldschmidt. Political officers. Camp Gestapo. We're here to make sure you get off on the right foot. Help you find your sea legs, so to speak.

VON FALKONBERG

Everything seems fine. Colonel Kohler assured me that my quarters are the same as his. It's all very suitable.

Their faces darken at the name of Kohler. Von Falkenberg is unsure why.

WALDSCHMIDT

Colonel Kohler has been a great disappointment to us. He acts as if he no longer has any duty to the Fuhrer or the Reich. We're hoping you'll be an improvement.

Von Falkenberg looks at him evenly.

VON FALKONBERG

Well, what is it the poet said? Hope springs eternal.

GRUEBER

And what poet was that?

VON FALKONBERG

Alexander Pope I believe.

GRUEBER

I prefer German poets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VON FALKONBERG
(pleasantly)
I would expect no less from the
lager Gestapo.

There's an uncomfortable pause.

GRUEBER
Your face has been cut.

VON FALKONBERG
It's nothing, really.

GRUEBER
You should be careful.

They leave. Von Falkenberg looks over to Kleinerman. They share a look that says they've both seen this type before. The door shuts.

KLEINERMAN
Political officers.

VON FALKONBERG
That's why we're losing the war.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- DAY

Carson's in the corner counting his bottles. He marks his pad, up to \$8.06 now, when he hears the sound of the front door opening. Brian takes a tentative step, stopping just inside. For a moment, no one speaks. Finally, Brian begins.

BRIAN
You said that I could sweep...

Carson looks up and smiles.

CARSON
For a dollar a day. You bet.

INT. BARRACKS - PARADISE SPRINGS INTERNMENT CAMP -- LATE AFTERNOON

Through the door comes Colonel Kohler, two beers in hand.

KOHLER
Would you like a beer?

He hands a bottle out to Von Falkenberg, who takes it and hands it off to his friend. Kohler is embarrassed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KOHLER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, forgive me.

Kohler hands the second beer to Von Falkenberg.

VON FALKONBERG
You're very kind, we'll share.

He takes a drink and hands it back to Kohler.

KOHLER
American beer tastes like piss but
they make a decent cigarette...
Lucky Strike.

He offers a cigarette to Von Falkenberg and to Kleinerman.

KOHLER (CONT'D)
How is the war?

VON FALKONBERG
The war is lost. It's only a
matter of time.

The two men are quiet.

Kleinerman looks through a window and sees Waldschmidt and Grueber walking in the prison yard. They've stopped and are looking back at him.

KLEINERMAN
Someone should tell that to them.

Kohler and Von Falkenberg look out to see the two men.

KOHLER
I understand you've already met our
resident Nazis. I think it's
important to tell you, that while I
may be in charge, they're in
control.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - PARADISE SPRINGS -- DAY

Cassie stands in the doorway screaming.

CASSIE
Stop it, please!

Stuart has a young German pinned in the corner. He's the only one throwing his fists. Outside a crowd has gathered. Cassie is crying. She wants it to stop. The rest of the POWs are being pushed back out by the MPs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carson fights his way through the crowd and into the Laundromat. Kenny sees him coming and decides to throw a late and unnecessary final punch. He stands and celebrates.

Tensions are high on both sides as the POWs are now being herded out and into the truck.

CARSON
(to an MP)
What happened?

MP
Some of the prisoners were talkin'
to these girls then some of these
boys...

Carson pushes past him.

Stuart continues to celebrate, accepting congratulations from the crowd. It's an ugly situation.

CARSON
Go home - go on, all of you!

The crowd begins to break up. Carson sees Cassie shouting at Stuart.

CASSIE
You had no right to do that! He
didn't do anything to you, Stuart!

STUART
You turning into a Kraut lover,
Cassie? Americans ain't good
enough? Poor ol' Billy Henderson,
not even cold in his grave.

Stuart is unable to finish the sentence as Carson suddenly has him by the collar, almost lifting him off the ground, as he moves him around to the side of the laundromat.

STUART (CONT'D)
Hey, we was just standing up for
what's ours. How'd you like it if
your old lady started...

CARSON
My what?!

Out of view of most, Carson slams him up against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARSON (CONT'D)
You don't call her my old lady.
You don't even say her name! You
feel like a hero now that you
finally got to fight some Germans?
Is that what you want to do? You
want to put on a uniform, go over
there and fight Germans?

Stuart is frozen. He doesn't know what to say but his eyes
give away some dark secret.

CARSON (CONT'D)
Didn't think so. Now I've seen
just about as much of you as I want
to see for a while. You
understand?

Carson leaves him pressed against the wall and returns to the
crowd that's not breaking up as quick as he would like.

CARSON (CONT'D)
All right, what did I say?

The crowd breaks up for good. Carson notices Cassie still
crying surrounded by her friends.

CARSON (CONT'D)
You girls go home....You ought not
to be so...

Cassie turns to him as Carson searches for the word.

CARSON (CONT'D)
... provocative.

CASSIE
We didn't do anything!

CARSON
Girl, in a sweater like that, all
you gotta do is breathe... and not
hardly that.

EXT. PARADISE SPRINGS INTERNMENT CAMP YARD -- DAY

Von Falkenberg is leaning down, his hand close to the fence
that separates him and a low growling guard-dog.

REISS
I wouldn't do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Von Falkenberg looks up at a nervous Reiss. But then, he's always nervous. He goes back to studying the dog. He surprisingly begins to reach his hand through the fence. The low growl continues as the dog begins to show his teeth. Von Falkenberg continues to reach, quietly speaking a few soothing words in German. As the growling quiets, he begins petting the dog's head. Von Falkenberg and Reiss share a smile. Reiss wants to say more, but a shadow falls over him. It's Waldschmidt.

WALDSCHMIDT

You just fucked up a perfectly good guard dog.

Von Falkenberg looks at him and then he looks at Reiss who scurries off in fear. Von Falkenberg looks back at Waldschmidt.

WALDSCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Don't mind him. He's nothing.

VON FALKONBERG

He's one of our men.

WALDSCHMIDT

He's a cockroach.

VON FALKONBERG

There's a difference between soldiers respecting their officers and simply fearing them. I know it's a foreign concept, but you might want to consider it.

Waldschmidt just smiles and then turns to the dog who has just been gentled. He studies him for a moment and then without warning, he jumps at the dog growling, bringing his hands up like claws, startling us and the dog who now throws himself at the fence.

EXT. STREET - PARADISE SPRINGS -- DAY

Brian is sweeping the steps outside the Sheriff's Office. He looks down the street where the crowd is breaking up and trucks carrying the POWs are headed out of town back toward the camp. Mrs. Rierson is at the bottom of the steps, arms crossed as Carson, still carrying the Laundromat fight on his mind, comes up.

MRS. RIERSON

I don't think it's a very good idea, those German boys coming into town like this!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carson stops at the top of the steps.

CARSON

It's not something I have much say over, Mrs. Rierson. Army does what it damn well pleases.

MRS. RIERSON

And I think it's an even worse idea having those boys work out on the farms! Oh, I know everybody's short-handed, and the farmers put pressure on the war department and such, but there's one or two of 'em I know of that are helpin' out the farmers' wives... if you know what I mean.

Brian knows he shouldn't hear anymore.

He moves inside. Carson looks at her. This old lady knows everything that everyone in this town is doing; all the dirty laundry, as it were. Carson moves inside, Brian is sweeping with his back to him. If Carson thought the conversation was over, he was wrong, as she follows him in.

MRS. RIERSON (CONT'D)

I know for a fact that Greta Landry's gettin' a lot more than just stoop labor outta one of 'em! And he's barely twenty, and she's fifty if she's a day!

Carson's had enough.

CARSON

Alright Mrs. Rierson, that's enough. That kinda thing's just none of my...

MRS. RIERSON

(cutting him off)

She outta be locked up if you ask me.

Mrs. Rierson gives Carson a smug look and walks out. Carson turns to Brian.

CARSON

Brian, I consider you my partner.

Brian smiles and nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARSON (CONT'D)

That means sometimes you're gonna hear some things in this office, and whatever that is, it has to stay here. You understand?

EXT. HIGHWAY -- SUNSET

A car pulls off the highway and turns down the dirt road as camera tracks with it and the car pulls into a line of cars already parked outside the POW camp fence.

EXT. POW CAMP -- SUNSET

Camp benches have been set up for the prisoners. Outside the fence, cars are facing in. This then gets obliterated by a huge sheet which is raised to be a screen.

POWs begin filling up the rows. The crude movie screen has been set up large enough for even the locals, outside, to see. Albeit from a distance.

EXT. PARKING LOT --DUSK

Stuart and the boys are setting up folding chairs in the back of their pickups. Beers are being popped, girls are being watched. Brian sits with Timmy, playing with the collie. Stuart's dog lunges at some girls passing by. It's not funny to anyone but Stuart. Kenny mimes shooting POWs with his cane.

INT. POW CAMP - PARADISE SPRINGS -- DUSK

Reiss is nervously trying to pick a seat. Someone is watching from afar as he finally finds a spot he likes, no one to his left or right. He sits alone, a pariah amongst his fellow prisoners.

EXT. POW CAMP - PARADISE SPRINGS -- DUSK

A small paper boat is being released into a shallow stream that flows under the fence and out the prison yard. Von Falkenberg kneels, watching it. Finally, he stands. Kleinerman has been watching the whole exercise.

KLEINERMAN

If only one could fit into a paper boat.

VON FALKONBERG

Did you ask Kohler?

Kleinerman nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KLEINERMAN

No one has tried to escape.

He takes in the whole scene, the mountains, the sky, the movie and the seeming serenity of the men.

KLEINERMAN (CONT'D)

Hard to blame them really.

They look at the beautiful blood red sky and see two figures on horseback silhouetted on a hillside.

KLEINERMAN (CONT'D)

Like a cowboy movie huh?

From behind him, the projector starts up, MOVIE TONES and news about the war hits the screen accompanied by small clapping and cheering and a few horns from outside the fence. We see Bob Hope entertaining the troupes and next to him, Betty Grable in a bathing suit. On screen, the American Gi's hoot and holler. In the camp, the German POWs hoot and holler as do the guards and outside the fence the boys hoot and holler. Thus, for this brief moment, Betty Grable and her legs have united almost everyone.

ANGLE ON

Reiss, sitting by himself. Another prisoner, who we will refer to as NAZI THUG #1 suddenly sits next to him. There's plenty of room, but like a high school bully, he pushes him aside, all the time watching the screen. Reiss accepts it, doing nothing, but clearly uncomfortable.

ANGLE ON

Waldschmidt, who nods to a second person. NAZI THUG #2, on Waldschmidt's nod, crosses to Reiss and sits on the other side of him.

Reiss is no match for either one. He gets up and looks for another seat. He finds a new spot but as he tries to sit down another prisoner slides over and there is no room for him anywhere. He starts walking towards his barrack, isolating himself from everyone, exactly what Waldschmidt had in mind.

Waldschmidt nods to NAZI THUGS 1 & 2, then disappears behind the building he's been observing Reiss from.

Grueber watches in CLOSE UP, as Nazi Thugs #1 & 2 follow Reiss, disappearing between the same buildings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Von Falkenberg and Kleinerman watch the movie. Von Falkenberg notices the empty seat where Reiss once was.

EXT. MESA - ABOVE POW CAMP -- NIGHT

High on the hill, Carson and Rosario together, under a blanket, are enjoying the movie.

EXT. BACK AT THE POW CAMP -- NIGHT

Reiss walks between barracks. He stops when he sees Nazi Thug #3 standing in silhouette at the end of the buildings. He looks behind and sees the other two following him. He changes directions, disappearing between two buildings.

Reiss is now being followed. The thugs make no disguise as they herd him farther and farther away from the crowd.

Reiss is just about to go into his barracks. Grueber steps out. Reiss stops and looks to the other end of the barracks where the two thugs step out. There is only one way out and when he turns to go there his face distorts, frozen in fear. Stabbed, he looks into the face of his killer who coldly drags him off into the shadows to stab him again.

ANGLE ON:

The improvised movie screen with the Movietone news still playing out.

INT. CARSON'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Carson is having breakfast with Rosario.

ROSARIO

I think Benson's wife left him.
Lorraine said she left town.

CARSON

War's tough on more than soldiers.

They eat in silence a beat.

ROSARIO

Somebody told me you hired that
boy, Brian.

CARSON

Somebody?

ROSARIO

It's a small town, Darryl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSON

I needed someone to sweep up.

ROSARIO

No you didn't. That was very sweet of you.

She crosses over to him and kisses his cheek.

CARSON

I don't know why I never married you.

ROSARIO

You hear me complaining?

CARSON

Not once.

ROSARIO

Thinking about trying to make me respectable?

CARSON

Maybe.

She sits in his lap.

ROSARIO

You ask me, this town could use a little scandal.

She takes his hand and runs it up the inside of her thigh.

EXT. POW CAMP - PARADISE SPRINGS -- DAY

Near the outside latrine, Kleinerman hands Von Falkenberg a blue brochure.

KLEINERMAN

One of the men took it from the Laundromat.

Kleinerman goes to enter the latrine.

VON FALKONBERG

It's a tourist map.

Kleinerman standing at the latrine, undoes his belt.

KLEINERMAN

It's the best Kohler could do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VON FALKONBERG
(whispers)
It's a tourist map.

Kleinerman's face is frozen. Even Von Falkenberg knows something is wrong.

VON FALKONBERG (CONT'D)
What is it?

In the bottom of the latrine, Kleinerman sees Reiss' body. Von Falkenberg comes over his shoulder.

EXT. PARADE GROUND - PARADISE SPRINGS INTERNMENT CAMP --
EARLY MORNING

Standing at attention in the prison yard are all the POWs. Standing in front of them are all the German officers of the camp. It's unclear how long they've been there, but what is clear is they've been made to wait. Benson, surrounded by MPs, ascends a makeshift podium. An interpreter follows him onto the platform.

BENSON
You men are officers. It is your duty to keep your people in line. It was not one of my men who did this. It was one of your men. Therefore, this is a German army problem - not an American army problem.

He pauses and lets the interpreter finish his translation then continues.

BENSON (CONT'D)
My people are responsible for the perimeter of this camp. You and your people are responsible for keeping order within your ranks.

He pauses and lets the interpreter translate this.

BENSON (CONT'D)
It is not that I believe Germans killing Germans is not a problem, but I would say by the nature of things... it's more of a problem for you than it is for me.

The interpreter stops as if he can't believe what he's hearing and then turns to Benson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENSON (CONT'D)
(to the interpreter)
Translate it just the way I said it
word for word.

The interpreter begins to translate.

We see the faces of Von Falkenberg, Waldschmidt, and Grueber.
The message is clear, they and the rest of the POWs are on
their own.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - PARADISE SPRINGS -- DAY
ANGLE ON:

Carson at his desk. He looks up as the door opens. It's
Lester, dragging Vaudine with him.

LESTER
Carson, we got a problem and by God
I need you to do something about it
quick, or this whole Goddamn town's
gonna explode and I'm the one
that's gonna set the match to it.

Carson turns to Brian.

CARSON
Brian, you want to step outside,
maybe sweep up the steps.

Brian grabs his broom and exits. Carson shuts the door behind
him.

CARSON (CONT'D)
You want some coffee, Lester?

LESTER
I don't need no fuckin' coffee.

CARSON
I wouldn't talk that way in front
of my daughter, Lester.

LESTER
She's pregnant.

CARSON
Sounds like a family matter.

He turns to his daughter Vaudine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESTER

She was raped. She's fifteen years old. Tell him, Vaudine. Tell him who done it.

VAUDINE

Daddy...

LESTER

Goddamn it Vaudine... tell him what you told me.

Vaudine can't speak. This is close to Carson's worst nightmare.

EXT. LOCAL COURTHOUSE

Carson is walking up the steps.

INT. COURTHOUSE

A little white-haired man sits behind the desk. He could be your grandfather. But instead he's the local magistrate -- the law. His name is JUDGE THURMON IVES. A 60 year old poster boy for fair-minded, crusty old judges.

CARSON

Mornin', Judge.

JUDGE IVES

It's awful early. Come for a drink?

CARSON

I'd like one, Judge. But I don't really have the time. There's a thing movin' quicker than me.

(PAUSE)

I got an accusation that one of those German POWs raped a fifteen year old girl.

JUDGE IVES

Oh my Lord, do I know her?

CARSON

Yeah. And what I want to know is if I can go out and arrest the son of a bitch?

Ives scratches his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IVES

Well now, Darryl, that's not clear-cut one way or the other, that's a little complicated.

CARSON

Complicated's good enough for me, judge. Thanks a lot.

He turns around and walks out.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Brian is sweeping the sidewalk when he stops to look at Stuart and the other boys who have stopped across the street.

KENNY

Hey Booger-Eater!

Brian says nothing. Kenny and the others want to go across the street to Brian but Stuart holds back. He calls to Brian:

STUART

Where's Carson?

BRIAN

He's not here.

Stuart follows the boys across the street.

KENNY

How much is he payin' ya?

BRIAN

I'm his partner.

KENNY

Aw, that's so sweet! You're his partner! How much he payin' ya?

Brian quits sweeping and doesn't speak.

STUART

(to Brian)

You think he's doing you a favor paying you a dollar a day?

KENNY

A dollar a day? Whoaaaa!

Without warning, Stuart backhands Kenny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STUART

Shut up Kenny!

(To Brian)

I mean it Brian, he ain't your partner and he ain't your hero. He's a part-time Sheriff, part-time bottle collector. I'll beat hell outta you, you don't drop that broom and come with me right now.

CUT TO:

INT. COLONEL BENSON'S QUARTERS -- DAY

Carson is there with Benson who looks as if he hasn't slept in a week. Jeffreys is there as well. They are in mid-conversation as Benson looks over to Jeffreys.

BENSON

I can't just hand over one of my POWs, can I?

Carson is about to answer when Jeffreys cuts in.

JEFFREYS

I don't think you can, Sir. The Geneva Convention is very clear on this point.

CARSON

Bill, I got a U.S. District Court judge who rendered a very considered legal opinion today, and I'm tellin' you, it's not that clear cut. Matter of fact, it's a little complicated. Especially for you folks.

JEFFREYS

But... this is an army matter.

CARSON

Well it would be an Army matter if the suspect was a U.S. soldier, but he's not a U.S. soldier, and the crime wasn't committed in this camp which is your jurisdiction. It was committed in mine.

Benson is absolutely overcome. His head sinks into his hands as if he can simply not focus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSON (CONT'D)

Bill, it will be my responsibility,
not yours and we'll do it all by
the book, Geneva Convention and
everything.

Carson looks to Jeffreys. No one knows for sure but one
thing he's sure of.

JEFFREYS

We'll have to notify the ranking
German officer. That much I do
know.

CARSON

Fair enough.

INT. POW BARRACKS -- DAY

A pair of handcuffs are being placed behind Jost's back as
his fellow prisoners look on. Kohler and Von Falkenberg
watch, helpless, along with the rest of the men as Jost is
escorted out by four MPs.

EXT. LANDING OUTSIDE BENSON'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jeffreys and Carson stand on the landing. Outside the gates,
Lester and a few cars wait. Carson slowly unwraps a piece of
gum.

JEFFREYS

Before I was in the Army, I was in
my second year of law school.

CARSON

What's your point?

JEFFREYS

Was everything you said back there
true?

CARSON

No. I may have connected a few
legal dots that aren't really
there. The truth of the matter is,
Lieutenant, is it Lieutenant?

(Jeffreys nods)

I'm gonna arrest him first and
investigate later, how's that? I'm
not pretending that it's legal. I
wish Bill could handle this but you
and I know he can't, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFFREYS

You mean Colonel Benson?

CARSON

I knew him before he was a Colonel.

JEFFREYS

Then you know his son was killed on D-Day.

CARSON

His name was David. He was our quarterback.

In the distance coming towards us is Jost and the escort of MPs followed by Kohler and Von Falkenberg. Behind them, POWs from the yard are falling quickly in behind. As they get closer the crowd begins to resemble a mob.

EXT. INTERNMENT CAMP -- DAY

Carson stands in front of his truck as the MP's come forward to present the prisoner, followed by the POWs.

Benson is coming down the steps as Carson takes his prisoner around to the passenger seat and locks him with handcuffs to the dashboard. He shuts the door and turns around to find Benson. He signs the last bit of paper from Jeffreys and turns to Benson.

CARSON

I think it would be a good idea to keep these Germans in camp for a while. Lot of hard feelings in town and this ain't gonna make it any better.

BENSON

I'm supposed to know what to do.

CARSON

You don't owe me any explanations, Bill. I am gonna need some of your men at my jail, though.

Benson doesn't respond.

CARSON (CONT'D)

To protect the prisoner.

BENSON

Of course. Of course, Lieutenant you'll see to it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carson moves around to the driver's side of his truck, coming face-to-face with Von Falkenberg who steps out from the group. The MPs are now visibly nervous.

VON FALKONBERG

If you remove this man, I will file an official complaint with the Red Cross. Colonel Benson?

He looks to Colonel Benson who is still frozen. Carson turns to Von Falkenberg.

CARSON

You speak English pretty good, so maybe you'll understand this. I'm tryin' to save his life and maybe every prisoner in here.

VON FALKONBERG

I hope I have your word he'll be given fair treatment.

The two men look into each other eyes for the first time.

CARSON

Whatever I do will be more important than whatever I say.

Carson turns to get into his truck but Von Falkenberg presses him.

VON FALKONBERG

Your word!

Carson turns and gives his signature response.

CARSON

Fair enough.

Von Falkenberg watches Carson drive out the gates. He turns around and is face to face with Grueber and Waldschmidt.

GRUEBER

You should never have allowed him to take away a German soldier.

VON FALKONBERG

I don't need you to instruct me in my duties, Herr Grueber.

WALDSCHMIDT

You should have spit in his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VON FALKONBERG

I'm a naval officer. I'll leave
matters of spitting to politicians
like yourselves.

He walks past them back toward his barracks.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- DAY

Lester and his group, including Stewart and his gang are standing on the steps as Carson drives up. Carson slowly gets out of his truck along with his shotgun and pumps a shell into the chamber. He stops at the bottom of the stairs.

CARSON

You should go home now Lester.

LESTER

And if I don't?

CARSON

You could die. It happens.

In the background, two jeeps drive up. Four MPs jump out of the jeep and move to the four corners of the sheriff's office.

CARSON (CONT'D)

And the rest of you men...

He stares the others down.

CARSON (CONT'D)

You'd best beat off with a fistful
of cactus before you stand on my
steps again.

Lester takes stock of the situation and backs down. He walks away begrudgingly as do the rest of the men. Stuart goes by with his gang. Carson takes a long look at him and Brian who can't hold his gaze. He then moves to the truck to let Jost out of the truck and calls out to Brian who starts to follow after his brother.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Aren't you supposed to be at work?

Brian stops, looks to Carson then to his brother who has stopped. It's a war of wills but finally Brian goes back up the stairs to his job. Carson looks to Stuart who doesn't say a word and moves off.

INT. CARSON'S RANCH HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Carson sits at the table as Rosario sets dinner out and then sits down next to him. They're in mid-conversation.

CARSON

I don't do this right... this whole town could explode.

Rosario looks at him a beat. She doesn't want to butt in, but maybe she has an insight that Darryl could use.

ROSARIO

Imagine what it's like to be his daughter.

CARSON

She's not my problem right now.

ROSARIO

Really? You sure about that?

Rosario fixes him with her look. She doesn't do it often, but when she does it's usually something to think about.

EXT. LESTER'S FARM HOUSE --LATE AFTERNOON

Mexicans working in the field stop to look at something we don't see but we hear. The sound of a truck traveling fast on a dirt road.

INT. LESTER'S FARM HOUSE

Through the screen porch we see a a vehicle we can't recognize because of the dust storm it's creating coming up the long dirt road.

NEW ANGLE:

Dorothy's worst nightmare is coming true as she watches the approaching storm. She takes a deep intake of breath clutching her hands to her chest. A gasp comes out of her.

DOROTHY

Oh God!

It's the kind of noise that only a family member can recognize when they hear it and Vaudine comes out from her room to stand next to her mother and sees what she sees. Vaudine knows immediately what the dust storm means. She looks at her mother and her head drops. She turns without a word and walks out the back door. We stay on Dorothy who's eyes finally close.

EXT. LESTER'S FARM HOUSE -- MORNING

Vaudine is outside hanging clothes to dry as she hears a door slam. From around the corner comes Darryl Carson. Vaudine is nervous as she continues to hang clothes and Carson comes and sits on the back door stoop.

VAUDINE
Where's my dad?

CARSON
I believe he's in town drinking.

Carson sees the Mexican Laborers disappearing inside the workers shack.

CARSON (CONT'D)
I see he replaced the Germans with Mexicans.

VAUDINE
Oh, they always worked here. He just uses the Germans during seeding or harvest.

CARSON
How did he do it?

Vaudine is frozen. Carson is off the small talk.

CARSON (CONT'D)
I didn't just come out here to pass the time of day, Vaudine, and I don't think you want to come in to town and answer these questions. So, I want you to tell me how he did it. Did he grab you?

VAUDINE
Yes.

CARSON
How? How did he grab you?

VAUDINE
From behind.

CARSON
And then what? Was it in a building?...out in a field?

VAUDINE
He pulled me behind some bushes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSON
And you screamed?

VAUDINE
Of course I screamed!

CARSON
Your mama heard you?

VAUDINE
No.

CARSON
Your daddy? Anybody around here?

VAUDINE
No, but there was an MP...

CARSON
And he heard you?

VAUDINE
I don't know.

CARSON
Well he never heard anything
Vaudine, I asked. I asked them
all.

VAUDINE
He had his hand over my mouth.

Carson just looks at her with that look.

CARSON
They're gonna burn this boy
Vaudine. They're gonna take
everything he has.

VAUDINE
You're tricking me.

Again his face goes back to the workers shack. He gets up
without a word.

INT. MEXICAN WORKERS SHACK -- LATE AFTERNOON --SAME DAY

This is the kind of barracks where the Mexican farm workers
live. The migrants are all men in this shack ranging from
mid-teens to fifties. They are talking, making food, etc.,
when Carson enters. All eyes go to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSON
Buenos tardes, amigos.

An older man steps up.

THE OLDER MEXICAN
Buenos tardes, señor.

Carson walks amongst them and singles out the five best-looking kids from their mid-teens to mid-twenties.

CARSON
You, you, you, you and you. Turn
out all your stuff on your bunks.
I want to see everything. Turn
your pockets inside-out, too.

One of the boys is JULIO, a very handsome seventeen-year old.

THE OLDER MEXICAN
But why?

CARSON
Because I asked them to. I'm not
gonna ask twice.

NEW ANGLE

All the boys have all their meager belongings on their bunks. Carson goes through everything. He comes to Julio's bunk. There is a well-worn wallet.

CARSON (CONT'D)
Open it.

JULIO
It's my money.

CARSON
I'm not interested in your money.

Julio opens the wallet. There is a picture tucked lovingly inside. Carson takes it out. It is a high school photo of Vaudine. At the bottom, in a girl's sweet handwriting it says, "Love Forever."

EXT. LESTER'S RANCH -- LATE AFTERNOON

Carson drives from the area of the migrant worker shack, past the main house. We see Julio sitting in the passenger seat next to Carson. As Carson drives out, Vaudine sees the car, and Julio sitting in it and comes running out the front porch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON:

Dorothy who has just come out on the porch. She sees her daughter running out at the sight of Julio being taken away and suddenly understands.

DOROTHY

Oh my God!

INT. CARSON'S PATROL CAR -- DUSK

Carson drives along. Julio sits next to him, his hands handcuffed to a bracket on the dash installed for that purpose.

JULIO

I didn't rape her.

CARSON

I don't imagine you did.

JULIO

Then why am I under arrest?

CARSON

You're not.

NEW ANGLE

Carson's car drives past the POW camp where we see the locals pulling up in their pick-up trucks for the weekly movie night. There are thunder clouds gathering as the prisoners and the locals get ready for the movie.

EXT. POW CAMP - PARADISE SPRINGS -- DUSK

STUART

You ask me, they got this whole thing ass-backwards. Them Krauts oughta be cranin' their necks to see the movie that the government's showin' us.

KENNY

Yeah, but still, it's a free movie, an' that's cheaper than payin' for it.

STUART

You're a fucking genius.

EXT. POW CAMP - PARADISE SPRINGS -- NIGHT

Von Falkenberg and Kleinerman stand at the fence line looking out at the townspeople, when we hear:

WALDSCHMIDT

Captain.

Von Falkenberg turns to find Waldschmidt and Grueber.

WALDSCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Come, we've saved you a seat.

Von Falkenberg just stares.

WALDSCHMIDT (CONT'D)

It's a Western.

EXT. U.S./MEXICAN BORDER -- NIGHT - RAIN

Carson uncuffs Julio's hands. Before them are the banks of the Rio Grande. He leans across and opens the door for Julio to get out. He gives Julio the sack of sandwiches and the thermos.

CARSON

My wife made these sandwiches for you. There's coffee in the thermos. I'm not saying I can keep you two apart. I'm just saying right now I need to see you go across that river.

JULIO

I want to marry her.

CARSON

That'll never happen.

JULIO

She loves me.

CARSON

Not enough, hijo. Don't expect a girl like Vaudine to come looking for you.

Julio has tears in his eyes, but he conducts himself as a man and walks to the edge of the river where he turns around to face Carson, still standing by his truck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A moment passes between them and then Julio wades off into the river. A low rumble and a flash of lightning are seen and heard in the distance.

EXT. POW CAMP - PARADISE SPRINGS -- DUSK

Von Falkenberg and Kleinerman stand and watch the movie from the back. They too see the lightning in the distance.

The traditional music of Westerns turns their heads back to the screen as the movie title is flashed on the screen.

VON FALKONBERG

I remember this movie. I took my oldest boy to see it in '36 or '37.

KLEINERMAN

Did he like it?

VON FALKONBERG

Yes, I couldn't stand it. Enjoy yourself Kleinerman.

He starts off towards the barracks.

Waldschmidt again is watching from his familiar spot as Von Falkenberg moves away from the men and movie.

Von Falkenberg walking towards us, between barracks, he disappears as the prisoners continue to watch the movie behind him.

NAZI THUGS 1 & 2 are moving quickly along the sides of the barracks. They stop at the end as the camera keeps moving. It sees Von Falkenberg briefly between the barracks. Nazi Thugs 1 & 2 catch up to the camera that drops down to see beneath the barracks. They are mirroring Von Falkenberg.

Von Falkenberg stops at the next gap between the barracks. He waits, sensing something, but no one appears.

Nazi Thugs 1 & 2 stand frozen against the wall. Von Falkenberg is in the background waiting. A game of chicken.

No one moves, but behind Von Falkenberg now, two rows over, Nazi Thugs #3 & 4 skirt across the gap. He starts to move again.

We start to INTERCUT between the MOVIE and the chase. Unlike the stalking of Reiss, Von Falkenberg sees no one.

HIGH ANGLE reveals Von Falkenberg coming to the end of a row, turns the corner and comes face to face with the killers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But they're not...they're just two POW's who didn't want to watch the movie either and decided to have a smoke. They offer him a cigarette.

Von Falkenberg shakes his head and moves in the other direction, relieved, but still spooked.

Von Falkenberg makes his way to the entrance of his barracks. He stops short when he sees Grueber appear at the end of the row. He just stands there.

Von Falkenberg turns to look the other way, but, unlike Reiss, there is no one there to stab him. He takes one last look at Grueber, then moves to open the door and goes inside.

EXT. PARKING LOT --NIGHT

The movie plays in the background, but it's hard to hear. Everyone is feeling the same thing, but Stuart is the first one to stand. He throws a beer bottle over the fence, that crashes against the makeshift projector booth.

STUART

Hey, we can't hear. Turn the sound up.

There are a few approving shouts from the people in the pickups.

The projectionist steps out, throwing his hands up. There's nothing he can do about it.

INT. VON FALKENBERG'S BARRACKS - PARADISE SPRINGS

Von Falkenberg is standing in front of the latrine when four sets of boots come in the door. Von Falkenberg turns to face Waldschmidt, Grueber, and two thugs.

EXT. POW CAMP - PARADISE SPRINGS

The American soldier who is the projectionist steps out of the booth, shouting back to the townspeople.

PROJECTIONIST

It's up all the way.

INT. VON FALKENBERG'S BARRACKS - PARADISE SPRINGS

The man who killed Reisse, THUG #1, pulls a rusty knife. Waldschmidt looks over his shoulder to another thug who is watching the door. He nods that it's all clear.

EXT. POW BARRACKS - PARADISE SPRINGS

ANGLE ON STUART shouting to the projectionist, as the crowd gets louder. Even the prisoners watching the movie are beginning to turn around.

STUART

Well how come these Kraut sons-a-bitches get to hear it.

Stuart throws a bottle of beer over the fence at the German POWs. A POW is hit in the head and a nasty gash opens up. Suddenly all of the rest of the locals begin heaving beer bottles over the fence as well. Some of the POWs throw the bottles back at the locals. The place is on the verge of a riot. Suddenly MPS are everywhere. Whistles are blowing. A SIREN SOUNDS.

All the search lights in the camp come on.

Inside, Waldschmidt, Grueber and the thugs stop.

Outside, Mps begin herding prisoners back to their barracks.

There is a huge clap of thunder and rain begins to pour down.

Inside, Waldschmidt and Grueber see Kleinerman being pushed through the door with other prisoners.

THUG #1 folds the knife.

Waldschmidt smiles at Von Falkenberg. He and Grueber turn to leave. Suddenly Grueber whirls back to Von Falkenberg. He quick draws from an imaginary holster and fans the hammer just like a movie cowboy. They turn and disappear through the tide of prisoners and MPs coming in.

Kleinerman finds Von Falkenberg as another huge clap of thunder shakes the barracks.

Outside, streams are forming in the prison yard. MPs in the watch towers try to stay covered.

INT. CARSON'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Carson and Rosario lie in bed as the lightning puts on a show through the windows.

ROSARIO

You're a fair man, Darryl. This town would fall apart without you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSON

I don't take much pride in what I did tonight.

ROSARIO

Her father would've killed him. Maybe her too.

CARSON

Near as I remember, your father wanted to kill me a time or two.

ROSARIO

More than a time or two. But you wouldn't scare off, and there was no river, no sheriff, no border, no father, no Mother that could ever keep me away from you. Ever. That's the difference.

She puts her head on his chest.

EXT. POW CAMP - PRISON YARD -- MORNING

The rain continues as guard dogs stare out of their dog houses, the water flowing just outside their pens.

INT. VON FALKONBERG'S BARRACKS -- MORNING

Von Falkenberg stands looking out the window. Kleinerman walks up to him with a cup of hot tea.

VON FALKONBERG

The only reason I'm not dead right now is because they don't want to get wet.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - PARADISE SPRINGS -- MORNING - RAIN

Lester screeches up in his pick-up and walks into the sheriff's office, passing MPs, who are stationed around the perimeter.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - PARADISE SPRINGS -- MORNING

Brian is making coffee. Carson sits at his desk as Lester enters. He catches sight down the hallway of Jost, behind bars, but barely stops, continuing up to Carson.

LESTER

What's so important that I had to come out here when it's raining cats and dogs?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSON

I need you to sign a letter.

LESTER

For what?

CARSON

It says you're withdrawing your complaint against that boy in there. Says Vaudine made it all up just to get some attention.

LESTER

That's not much of a joke, Darryl.

CARSON

No, it's no joke.

LESTER

That Kraut son of a bitch raped my daughter...

CARSON

That Kraut son of a bitch has a lawyer. And he's gonna want some tests to see who the father is. And that's gonna be just a little embarrassing to you, Lester. Cause that kid is gonna come out with jet black hair and brown skin, singing "La Cucaracha"...

Carson waits a beat. Lester looks at him in shock.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Women are a handful, I'll grant you that.

LESTER

Where is he?

CARSON

I took him across the border last night so you couldn't get to him.

LESTER

You son of a bitch!

Lester goes for Carson.

Carson puts him down in a heartbeat and gets him in a choke hold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARSON

Your daughter fucked one of your Mexicans, Lester. You like that word, don't you? Now you're gonna sign this letter, and then you're gonna ship Vaudine off to Aunt Minnie or whoever to have that kid and get it adopted. And don't you go beatin' on her either, 'cause I swear you do, and I'll beat on you worse.

INT. WALDSCHMIDT'S BARRACKS -- MORNING

Waldschmidt and Grueber are over by the window looking out at the downpour. Behind them, several other POWs play cards by the pot-bellied stove. The two men throw back tin cups of home made brew. Grueber is at a stage of mean drunkenness.

GRUEBER

Who would have thought we'd be drinking the alcohol out of shoe polish? Not exactly what the Fuhrer had in mind for us.

He throws his drink back and grimaces. Grueber pours another shot from a coffee can and throws that back without grimacing.

WALDSCHMIDT

Fuck the Fuhrer!

Grueber looks at him in shock.

EXT. PARADISE SPRINGS INTERNMENT CAMP YARD -- DAY

Outside the streams in the yard have grown bigger. At one place in the fence they converge, spilling out into the desert below. A hole begins to form under the fence from the erosion.

INT. VON FALKONBERG'S ROOM -- DAY

Von Falkenberg has been watching this same thing, but now it dawns on him what's happening. He takes a step forward seeing exactly what he now has to do.

INT. WALDSCHMIDT & GRUEBER'S BARRACKS -- DAY

Grueber is looking out the window in thought, four POWs are playing cards behind him, around the stove.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Water begins to drip on Grueber's back. The drip becomes a steady stream. He looks behind him, only to realize that Waldschmidt is peeing on him. He stands.

GRUEBER

Are you crazy?!

WALDSCHMIDT

I said fuck the fuhrer, what do you have to say about it?

The men playing cards begin to slip out of the room.

WALDSCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Don't look over there. They're not going to help you. No one is going to help you. I said fuck the Fuhrer, now what do you say?

GRUEBER

I think you've had too much to drink.

Waldschmidt is on him in a second. Has him by the throat and down. All the POWs have moved as far away as they can. They've seen this mood before. Waldschmidt's face is only inches from a terrified Grueber.

WALDSCHMIDT

Do you? Do you think so? You know what I did before I was in this prison? Before the army, before the party? I was in another prison and another one before that. I was a convicted murderer before I was a Nazi. You act like we're going home after this? There isn't going to be a Germany. At least not the way we knew it. The Soviets are animals! Do you know what we did to their fucking country? Do you know how many of them we slaughtered? Mongoloids or not they have memories. The new Europe is going to be as hospitable to us as we were to the fucking Jews. So fuck the fuhrer and fuck Germany! Sieg Heil!!

Grueber is too terrified to move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALDSCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Say it. Sieg heil. Say it or I'll
kill you.

GRUEBER

(barely above a whisper)
Sieg heil.

WALDSCHMIDT

Good. I'm going to live in
Chicago.

GRUEBER

Chicago?

WALDSCHMIDT

Yes. Near Lake Michigan.

Waldschmidt stumbles back over to his bunk, while Grueber is
in shock at the violence and oddity of what he's just said.

EXT. PARADISE SPRINGS INTERNMENT CAMP YARD -- DAY --
CONTINUOUS

Outside the fence the water is rushing towards us. It drops
thirty feet.

The camera raises up and we see seven men running across the
yard towards Von Falkenberg's barracks.

INT. VON FALKONBERG'S BARRACKS - PARADISE SPRINGS -- RAIN

Von Falkenberg and Kleiner are putting together their
makeshift nap sacks for escape when Kohler comes in, followed
by the six POWs.

VON FALKONBERG

My God, did anyone see you?

KOHLER

I don't think so.

VON FALKONBERG

I told you out of respect that I
was making a break.

KOHLER

I know, forgive me. But these men,
I promised them if I ever saw a
plan that could work I'd tell them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The six POWs step forward, all of them dripping water. Jonas is one of them, still courting his black eye from the fight at the Laundromat.

VON FALKONBERG
There isn't any plan.

JONAS
It doesn't matter. We want to go.

Von Falkonberg knows he can't stop them.

VON FALKONBERG
Everyone will be on their own.
Where you go is where you go, and
how you get there is up to you.

They all nod their assent. Jonas speaks up.

JONAS
That's fine.

Von Falkonberg smiles at their bravery.

VON FALKONBERG
Well at least we'll have something
to talk about when we go home,
besides the movies we saw.

INT. WALDSCHMIDT AND GRUEBER'S BARRACKS -- DAY

Grueber stares out the barrack's window unable to see anything through the rain. He looks back at Waldschmidt passed out on his bunk. He looks to the back of the barracks, the men have still not returned. Without emotion Grueber walks over and sits down next to the snoring Waldschmidt, staring down at him. After a long moment, he grabs the pillow and puts it over his face. As Waldschmidt starts to come awake he puts even more pressure on. Only Waldschmidt's legs flail as Grueber uses all his weight to keep the pillow over Waldshimdt's face.

GRUEBER
(whispers)
Seig Heil.

INT. BARRACKS - PARADISE SPRINGS - RAIN -- DAY

All down Von Falkonberg's barracks we see a group of POWs looking out their window as the men disappear.

EXT. GUARD TOWER - CAMP -- DAY - RAIN

The rain is a tropical downpour. The guard in the tower bundles up in his poncho. Unseen behind him, nine POWs run. The camera drifts down to find Grueber under the tower out of the rain sticking his arm out to wash off the smell.

EXT. FENCE - OUTSIDE INTERNMENT CAMP -- DAY

Von Falkenberg, Kleinerman, and other nine prisoners come running in a crouch towards the hole in the fence.

Von Falkenberg and Kleinerman are the only ones with makeshift backpacks. None of the other prisoners are similarly equipped. They are simply making a run for it.

One by one they jump into the torrent, flushing them out and down into the shallow canyon banging them into rocks and one another.

One of the POWs lands, BREAKING his ankle. He yells out in pain. The cry is barely audible above the torrent of water.

From up above Von Falkenberg watches. Unsure what the holdup is, he holds the others back. Behind him Grueber appears out of nowhere and stops. Von Falkenberg steps through the men to meet him. No one is sure what will happen. But after a moment the men disregard Grueber and begin to jump. Kleinerman watches the silent standoff and then decides to go himself.

The guard up above still has his back to the men, but it's only a matter of time.

Below, Von Falkenberg doesn't know whether to charge or not. Finally he makes his move. But instead of rushing Grueber, he just turns and throws himself into the rushing stream.

Grueber is caught by surprise, unsure of what just happened. He turns and looks up to the Guard Tower. Even if he yelled, the guard would not hear him. Turning back to the rushing stream and the hole the men disappeared in, he makes his own decision and decides to follow.

Down below Von Falkenberg is looking at the leg of his comrade. Pulling up the pant leg he sees that the bone is sticking out through his skin at the ankle. Behind him, Grueber comes sliding by, tumbling at the bottom.

The rest of the men are holding onto the muddy sides of the canyon walls watching Von Falkenberg talk to the POW, who grimaces in pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VON FALKONBERG

The best you can do for all of us
now is to hide for as long as you
can.

The POW nods in pain. He understands.

POW

Here, take my food.

He holds out his orange. None of them reach for it.

Behind Von Falkonberg Grueber rises out of the mud.

GRUEBER

I'm coming too.

Von Falkonberg smashes him in the face, knocking him back.
Von Falkonberg stands over him.

VON FALKONBERG

You can go with anyone who wants
you.

Grueber looks to all the men, who give him nothing. They all
shake hands and begin to break off in their own groups. No
one is taking him.

Von Falkonberg and Kleinerman head across the small river,
leaving just Jonas and Grueber. Grueber smiles at Jonas, but
Jonas simply turns and goes off in a separate direction from
the others, leaving Grueber by himself.

GRUEBER

Jonas!

Jonas stops to look.

GRUEBER (CONT'D)

Please, I can come with you?

Without emotion Jonas turns back and keeps going the way he
was. Grueber, all alone now, watches Von Falkonberg and
Kleinerman cross the river and move out into the desert. He
looks back to the POW, the orange is still in his hand.

INT. CARSON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Carson is in bed with Rosario. They are naked beneath the
sheets sound asleep. The clock next to the bed reads: "4:30
A.M." Just then, the phone RINGS. It rings once and Carson
has it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSON

Yeah?

He rubs his eyes blearily.

CARSON (CONT'D)

(into phone)

This is Sheriff Carson.

Through the phone, we hear the Voice of a DR. WILLIGER.

WILLIGER

Darryl, sorry to wake you. There's been an accident.

CUT TO:

INT. PARADISE COUNTY GENERAL EMERGENCY ROOM -- NIGHT

Dr. Williger is on the phone. In the b.g., we see a German POW, bleeding and being tended to by emergency room personnel. We may not at first recognize who he is.

WILLIGER

A truck driver said some young fella just ran out'a nowhere across the highway, and with the rain and all he didn't see him in time and he hit him.

Carson rubs his eyes trying to wake up.

CARSON

Well, Jesus Christ Bob, was he drunk or what?

WILLIGER

Who?

CARSON

The truck driver, dammit! Hells bells, it's four-thirty in the morning. At least act like you called me.

WILLIGER

No he wasn't drunk, he said the young fella just darted outta nowhere.

CARSON

Well Bob, what's this got to do with the Sheriff's office?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIGER

The young fella he hit is just babbling.

CARSON

I still don't know what this has to do with...

WILLIGER

He's babbling in German, Darryl.

EXT. CEMENT TRUCK

A cement truck is pulling off the highway to the POW camp.

EXT. POW CAMP -- MORNING

Carson and Benson are looking at the hole in the fence where the men escaped. Behind them, all of the prisoners are standing at attention for roll call as a cement truck pulls in behind them. They move out of the way to let the work begin of patching the hole.

CARSON

How many got out?

BENSON

We don't know. We're taking another count now. They were all here last night at roll call.

CARSON

Maybe.

The POW left behind is being carried up in a stretcher, blankets over him. Carson stops them and pulls the blanket back.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Freeze to death?

STRETCHER CARRIER

We think he was stabbed.

Carson throws the blanket back and the men move on.

BENSON

We got another prisoner dead in his bed. Looks like alcohol. Doesn't seem related.

CARSON

Maybe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENSON

We don't know how long they were planning this.

CARSON

Doubt there was a plan. I think they just saw a hole and jumped through it.

BENSON

God Dammit, if I had known it was going to rain this hard...

CARSON

It's Arizona, Bill. God himself don't know what the weather's gonna be like half the time. It'd be a help to get their names, know who they are... and if any weapons are missing.

BENSON

I'll put a call out for volunteers to help track...

Benson's about to give Jeffreys the order when Carson puts his hand on his shoulder.

CARSON

Just hold on a second...

He walks Bill off to the side.

CARSON (CONT'D)

These are grown men, most of em. Battle tested, runnin' for their lives...

Jeffreys runs up.

JEFFREYS

Sir, we've got all weapons accounted for, eleven POWs are missing, plus the two we found. Sheriff.

BENSON

Thank you Jeffreys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARSON

Well, however many there are, last thing you or I need is a bunch of civilians with deer rifles going out to bag themselves a Nazi. They probably don't have much with them in the way of food. A night like last night, cold as it was, there's a good chance, with a little luck, we could find most of them today.

BENSON

I've already contacted the FBI.

CARSON

That's a good call. I'll get the word out to the outlying ranches and let them know what might be coming their way. Then I'll get the highway patrol to shut down the main roads.

EXT. DESERT -- CANAL -- DAY

The sun is out. Von Falkenberg and Kleinerman are in the water, waist-deep, turning their spare pairs of trousers into water wings. By tying a knot at the end of each pant leg, zipping up the pants, raising them over their heads and then bringing them down in the water so as to trap the air inside. They now slip into the water and begin to float with the current, and by an unseen Grueber, who hides in the bushes.

EXT. POW CAMP

The POW camp is a beehive of activity. Three jeeps loaded with men and machine guns race out the gate.

INT. BENSON'S OFFICE - INTERNMENT CAMP -- DAY

Carson is with Benson. Benson has photographs of all the escapees arranged on his desk. He is pointing at Grueber's picture.

BENSON

He's one of our political officers.

JEFFREYS

Camp Gestapo. He's a real Nazi.

CARSON

What do we know about the rest of them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENSON

Nothing much, typical POWs. These two worked out at the McCain place. Seemed to be nice enough, no trouble. This one...

He indicates a picture of Jost, though nothing here should draw particular attention. This is a throwaway line.

BENSON (CONT'D)

This one worked over at Landry's. Never had any complaints. These two are from the same barracks. This one a U-boat commander, ranking officer in camp too. I think he said something to you. The Red Cross...

CARSON

Oh yeah.

He picks up the picture.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Sailor huh?

EXT. CANAL -- DAY

On Von Falkenberg and Kleinerman floating by us, turning a corner. Behind them Grueber comes down the embankment and takes his pants off, imitating what he's just seen.

EXT. MAIN STREET - PARADISE SPRINGS -- DAY

Stuart, Stubbs, Kenny and Eugene sitting on the hood and fender of Stuart's pickup truck, listening to the radio.

RADIO (V.O.)

... Authorities have asked the public to report anything that appears suspicious or out of the ordinary in order to help in the search for the fugitive German prisoners of war. And in Europe today, Reuters News Agency reports that allied troops have continued to press their offensive against Nazi forces which...

Stuart shuts the radio off.

STUBBS

Did they kill anybody?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EUGENE

Yeah, they said they killed a guard.

KENNY

They did not.

EUGENE

They just said so on the radio. There's a guy dead.

KENNY

Didn't say they killed him.

EUGENE

They probably killed him with piano wire. That's the way the Nazi assassins do it. They put the ol' piano wire on you.

STUART

Shut up Eugene, y'idiot. You know what this means, don't you?

The others look at him expectantly, as if waiting for the prophet to speak.

STUART (CONT'D)

We're in the war. I'm gonna go get Brian.

KENNY

Why?

STUART

So he can carry shit.

EXT. HIGHWAY CHECKPOINT

Cars are lined up being checked by Phoenix police. In the line of cars sits Lester's truck. Lester waits quietly while Vaudine sits in the passenger seat with luggage on her lap, head down, tears staining her cheeks.

INT. LANDRY HOUSE -- DAY

A sound of a car door is shut. Someone is walking outside on the gravel.

GRETA LANDRY peeks through her lace curtains wearing only a bra and panties, watching Carson come up the steps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRETA
Oh dear God.

EXT. GRETA LANDRY'S FARMHOUSE -- DAY

Close on a mailbox that reads LANDRY. The camera slides off and sees Carson walking up to the house. It's a run-down looking farmhouse, one which all but shouts that there's no man around to repair things, and the woman of the house doesn't particularly care.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - LANDRY HOUSE -- DAY

Carson shifts his weight uncomfortably. We can see that everything connected with what he is about to do is distasteful to the man. He KNOCKS on the door. There is no answer from within, and he KNOCKS again. We hear FOOTSTEPS approaching.

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR

We hear LOCKS being unlocked, and the handle turning, as the door is opened just enough to see this frightened middle-aged lady looking out at us.

GRETA
Yes?

CARSON
Morning, Mrs. Landry.

GRETA
Good morning.

Carson looks at her with his oh-so-uncomfortable way of looking at a person.

GRETA (CONT'D)
What's this about, Sheriff?

CARSON
I'd rather not discuss it on your front porch. May I come in?

GRETA
Well, I'm... I'm indisposed.

CARSON
Well, then, why don't you get yourself disposed.

GRETA
I'm sorry?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSON

Put on a robe or something, Greta.

EXT. DESERT CANAL -- DAY

Von Falkenberg and Kleinerman wring out their pants by the side of the canal and head off into the desert.

KLEINERMAN

How far till the next river?

VON FALKONBERG

(looking at his tourist
map which is soaking wet
but still holds together)

Not more than ten kilometers.

INT. GRETA'S HOUSE -- DAY

CLOSE ON a cup of hot coffee, Greta, wearing a robe, is carrying it in to Carson who sits on a dainty little settee.

CARSON

Greta I don't want any coffee.

Greta looks at him.

GRETA

I haven't done anything.

CARSON

(kindly)

Sit down.

Greta sits down. He pulls out a notebook, and puts it on the small coffee table in front of him. He jots down a note or two and says nothing.

GRETA

I... it's that damned Mrs. Rierson, isn't it? She's a dried-up old busybody, who can't keep her nose out of other people's business! I had one of those German boys out here as a farm hand, I didn't tell them who to send! I just said to the fellow from the county office, I could use some help, and if those prisoners were gonna be divvied up... my husband's gone ten years, my boy's overseas, so they sent a boy out here to help, that's all! That's all there was to it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Again, Carson says nothing.

GRETA

Is he, is he, one of the ones who escaped, is that it? Is that why you're here?

Carson hands her the paper. She looks at it, her heart breaks and then it hardens.

GRETA

Who do you think you are? You come out here accusing me of Being some kind of Nazi collaborator... !

CARSON

Mrs. Landry, I don't believe you're any kind of collaborator. I think you're lonely, and if that was a crime, sooner or later we'd all be outlaws.

GRETA

I want you out of my house.

CARSON

It's only a matter of time 'til those FBI agents hear the same talk I've heard. And if they catch a German boy here on your property, there's a good chance you could go to jail for treason.

GRETA

I want you to leave.

CARSON

If I could figure this out, other people will too and they won't need a busybody to tell them.

He lets this one sink in a beat.

GRETA

I want you to leave.

CARSON

It would be better for that boy if I brought him in right now before anything can happen. And it would be better for you too. I'd say I caught him out on the desert, and your name will never come up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He is silent a beat before this.

GRETA

I don't know what you're talking about.

The two of them are silent.

CARSON

Greta, I'm gonna go out to my patrol car and have a cigarette. That oughta be long enough for you two to say your farewells.

EXT. LANDRY HOUSE -- DAY

Carson sits in his patrol car. The car radio is on. The song that is playing is "I'll Be Seeing You." He rolls a cigarette as the lyrics float out across the desert.

The front door of Greta's house opens, and out walks a slender, pimple-faced blonde boy, who is tucking in a shirt that is too big for him into oversize pants. It's Jonas. Carson does not even look at them, he just lights a cigarette and begins to smoke. It is as if the song has a meaning for him that is more profound than any song could hold for these odd lovers. The boy walks toward the squad car, as we hold Carson in profile, with the boy approaching. In the b.g., the door is ajar to Greta's house. We do not see her, we only know she is watching her lover's every footstep toward the Sheriff's car.

The boy opens up the door of the patrol car and sits inside.

Carson's patrol car pulls as the cold wind blows across the desert, and this lonely house, as we hear the last strains of the song on the radio.

SONG

I'll find you in the morning sun
and when the night is
new..... I'll be
looking at the moon but I'll be
seeing you.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DESERT -- SUNSET

We hear the sound of a truck gearing down. It comes to a stop. The Driver leans out his window. Standing in the middle of the road is Hans, one of the POW's. His hands are up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANS

I would like to surrender please.

The truck driver at first doesn't get it.

TRUCK DRIVER

Surrender?

HANS

Yes, I surrender.

TRUCK DRIVER

You're one of the Germans.

HANS

Yes, and my friends would like to surrender too.

He motions with his hand and three other filthy and disheveled POWs come out from the bushes, with their hands up. One of them we will call GERHARD smiles sweetly and waves.

GERHARD

Hi... we surrender.

Inside the truck, the driver pulls a six-shooter out of his glove compartment. He leans back out the window.

TRUCK DRIVER

All right. Everybody just sit down... Sit down.

All the POWs sit on the side of the road.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- DAY

ANGLE ON RINGING PHONE on Carson's desk. Brian moves to pick it up when the door opens and an MP sticks his head in.

MP

He says he's your brother.

Brian nods that he is and that he can come in, as the phone starts to ring. He picks up the phone as Stuart enters.

BRIAN

Hello?

INT. JUDGE IVES' RANCH HOUSE - DESERT -- DAY

Judge Ives has a tiny little house out in the middle of nowhere. He's watching two men very far away, running up a hill.

IVES

Darryl?

BRIAN

He's not here. He said for me to answer the phone and take messages.

IVES

Is this Brian?

BRIAN

Yes.

IVES

Well this is important Brian, so I want you to write it down okay? I believe I've seen two of those escaped POWs. In fact, I'm lookin' at em right now. They must've just come out of that cross cut canal. Headed off into the desert. You got all that? Oh! I just seen another one.

Stuart grabs the paper that Brian was writing on. Brian tries to stop him but Stuart's too quick.

STUART

I just want to see if you're spelling it right.

EXT. POW CAMP - ESTABLISHING SHOT -- DAY

The cement mixer continues to work. The hole where the POWs escaped has been patched and now we see that they are continuing around the whole perimeter.

INT. BENSON'S OFFICE

Jeffreys has just hung up the phone. He looks over to Benson.

JEFFREYS

Two prisoners just surrendered themselves at a diner. Asked if they could have a hamburger.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFFREYS (CONT'D)

That makes eight, counting the ones
we picked up this morning on the
highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY - STUART'S PICK-UP TRUCK -- LATE AFTERNOON

Flying down the road with the boys and dogs in back, pulling
rifles out of the gun scabbards. A moment after they pass by
us, Carson's truck appears off a dirt road and turns on the
highway going the opposite direction. He never sees them.

INT. JUDGE IVES'S RANCH -- LATE AFTERNOON

Judge Ives, standing on his porch, watches through a
binocular p.o.v. a dust storm in the distance racing up his
dirt road. It's Stuart and the boys.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Carson is putting Jonas in a cell when the phone rings. He
picks it up.

CARSON

Hello?

EXT. DESERT -- LATE AFTERNOON

There's no more road as the boys come towards us and
disappear. Behind them is their truck and Judge Ives' house
deep in the distance.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

CARSON

No, no, don't do anything, wasn't
your fault, Judge. No, I
understand. By the time I get out
there it'll be dark. I won't be
able to follow anybody. I'll meet
ya first thing in the morning.

Carson hangs up the phone.

EXT. PARADISE SPRINGS PUBLIC LIBRARY -- LATE AFTERNOON

Mrs. Rierson is locking up for the night, in the reflection
of the door's window we see Carson's truck drive up.

CARSON

Afternoon, Mrs. Rierson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. RIERSON

This is a fine time for you to be coming to the library. I'd expect you'd be out there lookin' for those Nazis.

CARSON

You wouldn't happen to have a German phrase book here, would ya?

MRS. RIERSON

Are you planning to converse with them, Darryl, or catch them?

CARSON

Well you never know, maybe a little bit of both.

INT. BENSON'S OFFICE - INTERNMENT CAMP -- NIGHT

Benson sits at his desk, completely lost and paralyzed.

INT. CARSON'S RANCH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Rosario watches as Carson packs weapons and supplies. She backs out of the room unnoticed.

INT. CARSON'S RANCH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Rosario lights one of many prayer candles on her dresser top which is a make-shift shrine to our Lady of Guadalupe. After lighting the candle, she prays silently and crosses herself. We go close on the candle.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT -- NIGHT

The camera zooms out from a fire down on the desert floor. Von Falkenberg and Kleinerman lie on their stomachs, tired and cold.

KLEINERMAN

Do you think they are looking for us?

VON FALKENBERG

They certainly don't care if we see them.

KLEINERMAN

I don't think I can go anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VON FALKONBERG

As dark as it is, we wouldn't get very far.

KLEINERMAN

We can't build a fire, can we?

Von Falkenberg shakes his head. Kleinerman continues to shiver.

KLEINERMAN (CONT'D)

Who would think the desert could get so cold?

Von Falkenberg pulls the map.

VON FALKONBERG

There's good news, though.

KLEINERMAN

Tell me, I'm dying.

VON FALKONBERG

Tomorrow we should find the Salt River. Look - it's not even a Sunday stroll. Then we have a nice bath, drink all the water you like and float into the Colorado and then from the Colorado into Mexico. No more walking.

EXT. DESERT - RISE -- NIGHT

Stuart, Kenny, Stubbs, Brian and Eugene and the other five kids sit around the fire. The littlest kid's name is TERRY. He is Kenny's brother. He is shivering. The two dogs are with them.

TERRY

I'm cold.

KENNY

You should have brought a jacket.

TERRY

You didn't tell me!

KENNY

I didn't wipe your butt for you either, but that don't mean you ought to walk around with a load of crap in your pants.

INT. CARSON'S RANCH HOUSE

Carson, in bed with Rosario, his eyes closed, when suddenly they open. He sits straight up out of his sleep.

CARSON
I know where he's going. The
German.

EXT. DESERT -- EARLY MORNING

Carson and Rosario are in his truck that pulls a horse trailer. They are silent. The sun is rising.

EXT. DESERT -- EARLY MORNING

Von Falkenberg and Kleinerman are already on the run.

EXT. JUDGE IVES' HOUSE -- DAY

Judge Ives is walking up a dirt road.

Carson's truck is already parked next to Stuart's. Rosario is waiting by the door as Darryl unloads his horse from the trailer. Judge Ives stops at a respectful distance, giving them their space.

ROSARIO
I have a bad feeling about this,
Darryl.

CARSON
No voodoo.

ROSARIO
It's not voodoo, it's just a
feeling.

She crosses over to him and takes his hands and looks deeply into his eyes.

ROSARIO (CONT'D)
I'm yours. Do you understand? I
don't even think I belong to myself
anymore, my life is so much a part
of yours. I'm trusting you with
that. I'm trusting you to bring us
both back home.

He kisses her. Lightly, sweetly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSON

I don't know what I did to get so lucky.

The two of them look at each other a beat, then Carson swings up into the saddle and starts to leave when we hear Rosario.

ROSARIO

Wait!

She crosses over from the pick-up truck with the German phrase book in her hand.

ROSARIO (CONT'D)

You forgot your book.

Carson reaches down to get the book. She reaches up to him and kisses him passionately.

ROSARIO (CONT'D)

Via con dios.

CARSON

You bet.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- LATE AFTERNOON

In the distance, two figures shimmer against the desert floor as they jog toward us, their faces are caked with dust and alkaline from the exposure to the sun and elements. They come to a stop. The riverbed is dry, except for a trickle that dampens the sand.

Exhausted, Kleinerman falls to the ground. Von Falkenberg tears the map out of his pack. Still breathing heavy from their run, he looks around, comparing the map to his surroundings.

VON FALKENBERG

Here's the bridge, here's the river! They've got it marked in blue, like every river in Europe! Except this one is fucking dry! You could get more water from a goat pissing than there is in this river!

Kleinerman begins laughing...then crying.

EXT. DESERT -- DAY

Carson is off his horse. He is holding a Babe Ruth candy wrapper.

EXT. DESERT -- AFTERNOON

Von Falkenberg and Kleinerman exhausted, lie on their backs, rags over their faces to keep the sun from doing more damage when suddenly Von Falkenberg pulls the rag from his face and sits up.

KLEINERMAN

What?

VON FALKONBERG

You don't hear that?

KLEINERMAN

Someone's coming?

Von Falkenberg stands.

VON FALKONBERG

Maybe.

Kleinerman stays laying down.

KLEINERMAN

Good. Right now I'll surrender to anyone who has a sip of water.

EXT. DESERT -- DAY

Grueber, exhausted, is stumbling in the desert. As he passes, Von Falkenberg and Kleinerman step out behind him.

VON FALKONBERG

I told you not to follow us.

Grueber turns. He collapses as the two stand over him.

KLEINERMAN

Do you have any water?

Grueber shakes his head. He doesn't.

VON FALKONBERG

We don't have anything. No food or water.

GRUEBER

I have an orange.

He nervously digs in his pack and comes out with it.

Kleinerman takes it out of his hand and begins peeling it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VON FALKONBERG
You're not coming with us.

GRUEBER
Why? I'm a German soldier just
like you.

VON FALKONBERG
You're nothing like me.

Kleinerman stops eating the orange. Something about it is
not right. And then it dawns on him...

KLEINERMAN
Where did you get this?

Grueber can't answer and Kleinerman looks to Von Falkonberg.

KLEINERMAN (CONT'D)
Where did you get this?! This is
Kurt's orange. He tried to give it
to us. Remember? What did you do?

Kleinerman turns back to Grueber.

GRUEBER
Nothing. He, he gave it me. You
saw him. You wouldn't take it, I
did, and now we have it. Eat it,
both of you. We'll share it.

Neither man knows what to think. Von Falkonberg stands.

VON FALKONBERG
You're not coming with us.

Von Falkonberg starts to walk away. Grueber pleads to
Kleinerman.

GRUEBER
I can't go back.
Waldschmidt...he...I can't go back.
It's not a choice for me.

KLEINERMAN
He said you're not coming with us.

GRUEBER
What? You own the desert?

Kleinerman bends down and picks up a rock to bash Grueber.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KLEINERMAN

I own a piece of it.

He holds the rock up threateningly when suddenly the front of his stomach EXPLODES and blood gushes out. Grueber and Von Falkenberg stare in horror as Kleinerman drops and then we hear the CRACK of the rifle shot.

ANGLE ON THE BOYS

Brian is still sheepishly standing off to the side with the other boys while Eugene, Kenny and Stubbs pound Stuart on the back.

STUART

Oh man, did you see that?! Did you see that!?

KENNY

I think you got him!

STUART

I think I got him!

EXT. DESERT NEAR COLORADO RIVER -- MORNING

Von Falkenberg and Grueber drag the mortally wounded Kleinerman behind some rocks as much to get out of the range of fire as anything else. Kleinerman is moaning in pain.

KLEINERMAN

Why did they shoot? I would have given up! I wanted to give up!

VON FALKENBERG

Don't talk.

Von Falkenberg looks back and sees the boys running towards them in the distance.

GRUEBER

They're going to kill us!

Von Falkenberg holds Kleinerman, not hearing Grueber at all.

KLEINERMAN

They're coming, right?

Von Falkenberg nods.

KLEINERMAN (CONT'D)

You can't carry me so you have to go, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Again Von Falkenberg nods.

KLEINERMAN (CONT'D)
When you see my family, tell them I
did my duty.

VON FALKONBERG
I will.

Von Falkenberg starts to go when Kleinerman reaches out and pulls him back. With great effort, he whispers.

KLEINERMAN
I was afraid...I was afraid to tell
you I like it here.

GRUEBER
(screaming)
We have to go!!

Von Falkenberg gets up to go. Grueber does as well. Von Falkenberg turns to Grueber.

VON FALKONBERG
Not with me. You try coming with
me, you try and follow, I'll kill
you myself.

Von Falkenberg takes off running. Grueber goes in another direction.

EXT. DESERT FLOOR -- DAY

Stuart, Eugene, Kenny, Stubbs, Brian and the other five boys come rushing down from their rise with their dogs, running towards the mortally wounded Kleinerman. The boys have their guns at the ready.

EXT. DESERT FLOOR -- DAY

Von Falkenberg stands, out of breath, at the base of a rock cliff. He looks up the wall, and then back to Kleinerman as the boys are running towards him. Emotionally torn, he has no choice, and begins to climb to save his life.

EXT. MESA -- DAY

As the boys reach Kleinerman they begin to slow.

STUART
Watch out, he might have a gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they begin to edge closer, it becomes clear to all of them that Kleinerman is no threat.

With his spine split by the bullet. He can do little but crawl pathetically in a circle. Kleinerman is dying and he knows it.

KENNY

Jesus, you really got him.

The boys are in shock by what they see and what the single bullet has done.

Kleinerman for his part seems equally in shock at how young they are. He speaks in German. This time we don't subtitle it.

KLEINERMAN

You're children...

STUART

Talk English you son of a bitch.

KLEINERMAN

(in English)

You're only children. Why?

All the boys but Stuart look on in growing horror.

KENNY

What are we going to do with him?

STUBBS

Maybe we oughta' take him back to a doctor or something.

STUART

What are you talking about? He's a Nazi!

KENNY

Yeah, but...

STUART

He's a goddamn Nazi!

STUBBS

Do you have a gun?

Kleinerman is struggling to stay alive as the boys circle him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EUGENE

Oh God. We're going to get in trouble.

STUART

Shut-up!

Timmy pukes. Now Terry begins to cry.

TERRY

Kenny, I want to go home!

Kenny turns to his little brother.

KENNY

We will. Just...

TERRY

I'm scared. I want to go home now!

They all start to look at each other. Stuart can see that he's losing control of the group.

STUART

What's wrong with you guys? We did it! We tracked them down...and we got one. You should be proud. We didn't do anything wrong.

Just then Terry turns around half walking half running back in the opposite direction.

EUGENE

Maybe we should get him a doctor.

Kenny turns to Stuart.

KENNY

I can't let him go back alone.

Now one of the little kids speaks.

KID #1

I'm going too.

Kenny looks at Stuart. He shakes his head. He gathers the two little boys and begins to walk after his brother when a shot rings out. They all turn to look in horror. Stuart has just shot Kleinerman in the head.

EXT. DESERT ROCK CLIFF -- DAY

Halfway up the rock cliff Von Falkenberg hears the gun shot and looks back and sees Kleinerman, lying still, with Stuart, holding the gun standing over him. Von Falkenberg's handhold gives way and he falls halfway down, before catching himself and cutting his leg.

EXT. DESERT -- DAY

Grueber has seen the same thing and now looks at Von Falkenberg, who has begun to climb again.

EXT. MESA -- DAY

STUART
They're getting away!

Kenny comes up to him.

KENNY
What did you do?!

STUART
He was a Nazi! It's legal.

KID #1
You killed him.

Stuart turns to him viciously.

STUART
We all tracked him down. So it's the same as if we all killed him!

KID #2
No, it's not.

STUART
What did you think we were going to do?!

TERRY
Kenny, I want to go.

Kenny turns to Stuart, almost imploringly.

STUART
Go on, then.

Kenny hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STUART (CONT'D)

Go on!

Stuart yells out to all of them:

STUART (CONT'D)

You ain't gettin' any credit for this!!

He turns to Eugene.

STUART (CONT'D)

What about you? You stayin' or going?

Eugene hesitates.

STUART (CONT'D)

I'm keepin' this gun if you do go.

EUGENE

It's my grand-dad's.

STUART

You'll get it back when I'm done or you can stay and take it back yourself.

EUGENE

Stuart...

STUART

Staying or going?!

EUGENE

Staying, I guess.

STUART

Then go get their water!

Eugene goes after the guys and takes their water.

Stuart looks to Kleinerman then back to Brian, who can only stare at the mortally wounded man.

STUART (CONT'D)

We're gonna get a medal for this.

EXT. OASIS POOL -- DAY

Von Falkenberg, bloodied and bruised, half crawls and half stumbles into a box canyon. A small oasis sits in the back, gathering water that trickles down the canyon wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Exhausted and thirsty he throws himself into the pool. He doesn't care now if they're going to shoot him or not. He's going to drink his fill.

EXT. DESERT --DAY

Stuart's dog is tracking quickly behind him, the boys follow coming to a stop.

STUBBS

I saw one of them go up there and
the other one went that way.

Stuart's dog disappears over the same ridge that Von Falkenberg did.

STUART

We should split up too.

The boys aren't so sure.

STUART (CONT'D)

We got 'em on the run boys, one
down, two Krauts to go. We'll be
on the Movie Tone.

Eugene takes up the challenge and takes off running. The other boys hesitate.

STUART (CONT'D)

Chicken shits. Follow him.

Through all of this, Brian has just been staring back at the dead Kleinerman.

STUART (CONT'D)

Brian!

Brian snaps out of his reverie and looks up terrified.

EXT. DESERT --DAY

Carson, on his horse, head down, is still tracking them.

EXT. DESERT --DAY

Stuart watches Eugene running in the distance followed by the boys, when he hears his dog barking.

EXT. OASIS -- DAY

Von Falkenberg sits in the water trying to quiet Stuart's dog who barks at him from the end of the canyon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VON FALKONBERG
No, no, no, shhh...

EXT. ROCK MAZE --DAY

Grueber running for his life, stops when he hears Eugene yell...

EUGENE
There he is!

Eugene has called to the others, who are now running to catch up. Panicked, Grueber runs himself into a box canyon. There's no way out. Too frightened and exhausted to go farther, he resigns himself to being caught and sits down.

EXT. OASIS POOL -- DAY

Von Falkenberg starts to stand and the dog stops barking and begins to growl. Von Falkenberg begins to back up into the deeper water as the dog comes running forward just as the dog reaches him. He grabs the dog by the ears and pulls it under water. With one arm Von Falkenberg keeps the animal under while he looks and listens. Blood is coming from under the water, Von Falkenberg is being bitten, but never acknowledges the pain, focusing only on the canyon entrance and who might be following.

EXT. PATH - MAZE-LIKE GROUP OF ROCKS -- MORNING

From the canyon floor we see Eugene running above along the canyon's cliff edge. The boys and their dog following.

EXT. CLIFF BASE --DAY

Stuart is calling to his dog.

STUART
Butch?...Butch?!...

But there's no answer. Only an echo.

EXT. ROCK MAZE --DAY

Eugene is running through the maze of boulders, his excitement growing as he charges around the corner coming face to face with a startled Grueber. Eugene lets out a scream and begins to back up. Grueber reaches out to Eugene.

GRUEBER
No. Wait...I speak...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But Eugene is too panicked to hear, and turns, running blindly off the two hundred foot cliff.

EUGENE
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

Still screaming, he tumbles into space, crashing against the rocks, snapping his neck, stopping his cries instantly. Now the only sound is his body as it continues to hit the jagged rocks on it's way to the desert floor below.

EXT. DESERT -- DAY

Out on the trail, Carson's head snaps up. He reigns his horse to a stop. In the distance he sees the children coming towards him. He spurs his horse.

EXT. TRAIL --DAY

Stuart runs up the trail where he heard the scream.

EXT. ROCK CLIFF --DAY

Grueber is looking over the edge to where Eugene has fallen.

GRUEBER
My God.

Grueber looks to his left. Not twenty feet from him stand the boys, frozen, having just seen Eugene.

There is no sound, except that of Stuart down the trail.

STUART
What happened? What happened?

There's no answer. Grueber looks to the boys in front of him.

Stuart begins running up the trail behind them.

STUART (CONT'D)
You bastard!

Grueber knows he can't go back. He shrugs almost apologetically to the boys. And then without hesitation or fear he simply turns and steps off the cliff, his expression never changing as it disappears.

Everyone is frozen where they stand including Stuart down the trail.

EXT. DESERT FLOOR -- DAY

Carson comes riding up to the group of kids that left Stuart. He can tell just by the look of them that something awful has happened.

TERRY
Are we going to get in trouble?

KENNY
Shut up, Terry!

CARSON
Trouble for what?

The kids say nothing.

CARSON (CONT'D)
Where's the rest of them?

KENNY
Back there.

CARSON
What happened?

KENNY
They got one of them... one of the Nazis.

CARSON
What do you mean, got? Captured?

KENNY
Stuart shot him. There's two more out there.

TERRY
He took our water.

Carson reaches back and pulls two canteens off his saddle and tosses them to the kids.

CARSON
You kids head straight back to that pick up truck and then home.

He spurs his horse forward.

EXT. MESA -- DAY

Carson rides up and dismounts, seeing Kleinerman's lifeless body and a large dark circle of blood seeping into the desert floor from his head wound. Carson looks over at the corpse. He is too mad to speak, too mad to even spit. He swings back up into his saddle.

EXT. TRAIL LEADING DOWN FROM ROCKY MAZE TO DESERT FLOOR -- DAY

Stuart, Stubbs, Brian and the two others come down the trail from the rocky maze down to the desert floor where Eugene and Grueber fell to their deaths. As they round the rock wall which feeds out on to the desert floor the three of them gasp.

CUT TO:

Carson is there, off his horse. He holds the reigns as he looks in horror at the bodies of Eugene and Grueber.

As the boys walk up they have no idea what Carson will do. His face is unreadable. His eyes dart from Eugene and Grueber's bloody corpses to Stuart and the others.

CARSON

Are there any others?

The kids say nothing.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Are there any other Germans out there?!!

STUBBS

One.

STUART

My dog took out after him. We could hear him barking and then he stopped.

He points off toward the oasis.

CARSON

Does he have a gun?

The kids look at each other.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Did he shoot at ya?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stubbs shakes his head, no. Stuart shoots him a look.

STUART

He might have a gun. The other one... the other one did.

Carson looks hard at Stuart. It's easy to see he wants to lay into this kid but has to take care of business first.

EXT. OASIS -- DAY

Close on a gun being drawn, Carson makes his way slowly and carefully around the rocks. There in front of him he sees the dog laid out on the rocks dead, in plain site. He walks over to the animal and examines it then looks around to make sure he hasn't stepped into a trap himself when he sees something we don't.

CLOSE ON his finger as it presses into the crease of the rock wall. When he pulls it back there is blood on it. He stares up, amazed that Von Falkenberg has been able to climb out of there.

A voice turns Carson's head.

STUART

That son of a bitch killed my dog!

Stuart races towards his dog, but Carson has had enough. Exploding Carson back-hands Stuart to the ground. But Carson isn't through as he turns to the others.

CARSON

Yeah, you keep at it and he's gonna kill you too! Goddamn stupid kids. There's three people dead that didn't have to be!

STUBBS

They were those escaped Nazis!

CARSON

So what?! The army was looking for 'em, I was looking for 'em. What did your friend have to die for? What did any of them have to die for?!

He turns back to Stuart.

CARSON (CONT'D)

So you could play army?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stuart looks at him, truly terrified now, knowing where Carson is going.

CARSON (CONT'D)

But that's not what you want, is it? You didn't want nothing to do with the army, did ya Stuart?!

He looks to the others.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Tell 'em why do you didn't get drafted?

STUBBS

He didn't pass the physical. He has a heart murmur or something.

CARSON

(to Stuart)

Is that what you told them?

STUART

Don't do this!

CARSON

You went in front of the draft board and pissed your pants! Pissed your pants and cried like a little girl! They'd never seen anything like it before, never seen such a coward in their whole lives. And they just told you to go home. They didn't even want the smell of you left in the room! That's your hero.

Brian and the other look on in shock. Carson turns to Stuart.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Now you go home. All of you, and take Eugene. When I get back, I'm gonna want to see all of you.

Looks to Stuart.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Especially you.

He takes his horses reigns and swings up into the saddle. He looks high above him to the canyon ridge. He knows he's up there. Maybe even watching.

EXT. TOP OF CANYON --DAY

VON FALKONBERG watches Carson ride out of the canyon leaving the boys. He pushes himself back from the edge and heads out into the desert.

EXT. BOX CANYON --DAY

Stubbs and the other kids, except for Brian, walk away from Stuart without a word. Brian crosses over to Stuart who is crying in humiliation. Stuart viciously pushes Brian's hand away.

EXT. CLIFF BASE --DAY

Carson on horseback, picking his way up a steep trail.

EXT. MESA -- DAY

Von Falkenberg is deep into the desert, still running.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL -- DAY

An old Mexican is leading a donkey loaded down with supplies. Coming up the path toward him we see the incongruous figure of Klaus Von Falkenberg. He has alkali dust caked around his eyes, and his skin and clothes dusted with the red rock. He limps along painfully and looks at the old man as the two of them come together in the middle of the path, both unsure.

OLD MAN
Buenos dias.

VON FALKONBERG
Hello.

OLD MAN
You don't speak Spanish? You
American?

VON FALKONBERG
I'm lost. How far away is the sea?
How long to walk?

OLD MAN
To walk by the feet?

VON FALKONBERG
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD MAN

To the ocean? Is maybe two days,
you walk fast, three days, you
don't walk so fast.

VON FALKONBERG

Three days.

Von Falkenberg slips the watch off his wrist.

VON FALKONBERG (CONT'D)

Do you know what a Swiss watch is?

PROPRIETOR

Swiss?

VON FALKONBERG

It's a very fine watch. Rolex.
Very expensive.

He hands it to the old man.

VON FALKONBERG (CONT'D)

I'll trade you this watch for food.

OLD MAN

For food?

VON FALKONBERG

Yes. And for water... and that
blanket.

OLD MAN

All that for one watch?

VON FALKONBERG

It's a good deal for you.

OLD MAN

If you're hungry, it's a better
deal for you.

VON FALKONBERG

How do I get to the ocean from
here?

OLD MAN

You want to go by the road?

VON FALKONBERG

No, I don't want to go by any road.
I don't want to go where any
policia is around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLD MAN

Si, senior, no policia. You stay on this where we are here. You just go and go till you see where the rock is black, then you see a little trail, muy pegenio. It go up, and then it go down. When it go down, you see the ocean.

VON FALKONBERG

Muchas gracias, senior.

OLD MAN

De nada.

He starts to move on and then, as an after thought, adds

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

On this trail, there is other hungry mens. They will kill you for the food more faster than the watch. Entiende?

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF -- DAY

Carson stops silhouetted on horseback, high on a ridge. Below him is the oasis pool where Von Falkenberg made his crawl out. The boys are long gone. At the top of the ridge he sees DRIED BLOOD. His eyes follow the trail out into the desert.

EXT. FORK IN TRAIL BY BLACK ROCK -- DAY

The color of rocks has turned from red to volcanic black. There is a small trail that cuts off going up hill. Von Falkenberg turns on to that trail.

EXT. PATH -- SUNSET

Carson rides up the path that Von Falkenberg took. Opposite him, he sees an old man leading a donkey. He nods to the dignified old man.

CARSON

Buenos dias, Senior.

OLD MAN

Buenos tardes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The old man lifts his hand to tip his sombrero in a little gesture of civility. As he does, Carson sees Von Falkenberg's Rolex on his wrist.

ANGLE ON CARSON

CARSON

Nice watch.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL -- NIGHT

Von Falkenberg sits next to a small campfire he has made. He leans back, sitting on his bedroll. He rolls up his pant leg and examines the place on his leg where the bone appears to be protruding. He grimaces in pain and tries to position his leg where the pain will be the least. He has an open water bottle and a tortilla with rice and beans inside. He is luxuriating in his new-found material wealth, and the freedom he has attained. He pulls the oilskin out of his shirt and opens it up. He pulls the pictures of his wife and children out of the oilskin and puts them on his lap, takes another sip of water, and then he leans back and laces his fingers behind his head. Just then he hears:

CARSON

Hand» Hoch. Keep your hands just like that, right where they are.

Carson steps out of the darkness, holding his gun in one hand, and the book of German phrases in the other.

Von Falkenberg looks up at him.

VON FALKONBERG

Would you shoot an unarmed man?

CARSON

In a heartbeat.

Carson takes his left hand and fishes out a pair of handcuffs from his back pocket. He tosses the handcuff so that it lands next to Von Falkenberg.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Pick up that handcuff.

VON FALKONBERG

I think my leg is broken. You don't have to worry about me getting away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSON

You've done okay so far. Pick up that handcuff with your right hand, and very slowly, cuff it to your left hand.

Von Falkenberg reaches up with the handcuff, and cuffs his free hand.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Now roll over onto your stomach, and put both hands behind your back.

VON FALKONBERG

My leg is injured, I can't. But I assure you, this is unnecessary.

Carson indicates with his hands, roll over anyway.

VON FALKONBERG (CONT'D)

You've caught me, the game is up, I accept it. You have my word as a German officer, I won't try to escape.

CARSON

And you have my word as a redneck that I will shoot you right now if you so much as blink when I tell you not to.

He crosses over to Von Falkenberg and cuffs him behind his back.

VON FALKONBERG

Like you shot Kleinerman.

CARSON

That wasn't me. That was a bunch of kids.

VON FALKONBERG

They murdered him.

CARSON

One of them did. I'm sure as hell sorry it happened.

Carson frisks him to make sure he has no weapon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VON FALKONBERG

That was the first food I've had in several days.

Carson just looks at him, thinks about it, then holds up the tortilla and feeds it to him.

CARSON

Open.

Von Falkonberg takes a big bite.

VON FALKONBERG

Thank you.

CARSON

You want the water?

VON FALKONBERG

Yes, please.

Carson holds up the water bottle and Von Falkonberg takes a big gulp.

CARSON

Expensive meal.

Von Falkonberg knows he's talking about the watch.

Then with a look, he indicates that he would like some more water. Carson holds the bottle up for him and gives him a drink.

VON FALKONBERG

Thank you.

Carson looks down at Von Falkonberg's leg.

CARSON

You cut that leg up pretty good.

He gets up and crosses to his saddle bag and pulls out a First Aid kit.

CARSON (CONT'D)

It's already starting to get infected. This is gonna smart a little bit.

He opens up a bottle of alcohol and pours it onto the wound. Von Falkonberg grimaces but doesn't make a sound. Carson dresses the wound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Von Falkenberg nods. Carson, in one swift move, pulls on the leg and sets the bone. Von Falkenberg's body shakes with the pain and he lets out a muffled groan. Then quickly and skillfully, Carson splints the leg and tapes it off.

CARSON (CONT'D)
Here's some aspirin. Might do something for the pain.

He opens the bottle of aspirin and puts a tablet in Von Falkenberg's mouth then helps him wash it down with water.

CARSON (CONT'D)
Yeah, I don't think you're going anywhere tonight. You want to lie down?

Von Falkenberg nods his head. Carson very gently helps ease him into a lying down position. It's almost as if he's putting a small child to bed. He then throws the blanket over him.

VON FALKENBERG
Thank you.

Carson says nothing, just crosses over to his spot by the fire and goes to sleep.

EXT. TRAIL -- MORNING

Carson and Von Falkenberg are on the trail, headed back. Von Falkenberg is on the horse and Carson holds the reins leading him in one hand, and his saddle gun in the other. He has removed the Winchester from its scabbard to make sure Von Falkenberg tries nothing with it. Von Falkenberg's hands are cuffed in front of him. He holds the saddle horn with his hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

Carson and Von Falkenberg round a bend in the trail and there in front of them are a group of six very tough looking Mexicans who are in the process of butchering a cow they have killed. Carson stops where he is. The Mexicans stand up. They have machetes and side arms. The leader of them is a man we will call CULEBRA. He looks at Carson's sheriff's badge, with the sun glinting off it.

CARSON
Buenas tardes.

CULEBRA
Buenas tardes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

No one moves. The Mexicans are blocking the path.

CULEBRA (CONT'D)
You are the policia?

CARSON
That's right.

CULEBRA
This is our cow.

CARSON
Okay.

CULEBRA
That's how come we kill him, 'cause
it's our cow.

CARSON
Didn't say it wasn't.

CULEBRA
What's the policia doing here?

CARSON
I'm not lookin' for cows, that's
for sure.

CULEBRA
No?

CARSON
No.

There is dead silence. The Mexicans start to move around
Carson in different directions.

CARSON (CONT'D)
I'm just lookin' to go down that
trail.

CULEBRA
Okay. It's a free country. Pasa
por aqui.

The horse starts to get a bit skitterish.

Carson turns the horse and steps back so now the horse is
between him and the Mexicans, perpendicular to them, a
barrier between him and any danger. In one swift move Carson
swings his saddle gun up on to the horse's rump while still
holding the reigns of the horse and keeping him steady.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CULEBRA (CONT'D)

Hey, why you do that?

Carson doesn't reply to him. Instead, he steps on the reins and with his free hand he very slowly hands up his pistol to Von Falkenberg.

CULEBRA (CONT'D)

Why you point the guns? This is not your home. You are not the policia for me. This ain't your fucking cow!

Just then Julio, the kid who Carson took across the border, comes down from the side of the mountain, buttoning up his pants. He looks and sees the stand-off. Culebra speaks to him in Spanish and we super the subtitles in English.

JULIO

What's going on?

CULEBRA

You go to take a shit and we almost get arrested.

CARSON

I'm not arresting anybody. I just want to pass.

CARSON (CONT'D)

We just want to pass, Julio.

CULEBRA

(in Spanish to Julio with English subtitles)

You know this cabron?

JULIO

Yes.

CARSON

This man is my prisoner and I'm taking him back.

CULEBRA

He's a prisoner?

CARSON

That's right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CULEBRA

Okay, I got an idea. Hey prisoner, you got a gun in your hand. You shoot the sheriff and we take his horse and we let you go away.

(pause)

What do you say? It's a good deal.

CARSON

Mister, if he tries something or you try something nothing will prevent me from killing you.

CULEBRA

(in Spanish to Julio with English subtitles)

You say you know this cabron?

JULIO

Yes.

CULEBRA

Does he mean it?

JULIO

If he said it, he means it.

CULEBRA

Okay... okay. We don't want no trouble.

CARSON

Stand off to the side and just let us pass.

CULEBRA

Okay, okay. You don't got to worry.

Culebra turns to his men and motions for them to move.

CARSON

Tell them to sit down.

Julio is getting nervous, as is Von Falkenberg. Carson in a very measured tone, tries one more time.

CARSON (CONT'D)

This is the last time I'm going to say it. Tell these men to sit down, now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Culebra continues to smile, playing dumb. Von Falkenberg can feel the men beginning to close the distance. Without warning, Carson puts two shells from his thirty-thirty into Culebra, knocking him straight back into the ground, dead. Everyone freezes, including Von Falkenberg. No one says a word until Carson speaks.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Sientense, por favor.

All the men drop like trained dogs, including Julio. Their machetes fall to the ground beside them. Carson turns to him.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Does anyone here speak English besides you, Julio?

Julio shakes his head.

CARSON (CONT'D)

I guess that makes you in charge. Ask them if anybody is related to this man?

Julio asks them in quick Spanish, then shakes his head.

JULIO

No, he just agreed to take us North.

CARSON

Good. If he has your money, or any of these men's money they can take it. Then you bury this man deep, and you go that way. We're going this way. You tell 'em they don't want to see me again. I want to see their heads nod that they understand, then I want to see them smile to make sure they agree.

Julio speaks to the men and all their heads begin to nod. When he finishes they all turn to Carson and smile big that they agree.

Carson turns to Von Falkenberg.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Get your foot out of the stirrup.

Carson swings up behind him as Von Falkenberg keeps his pistol trained on the Mexicans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

It's a slow, scary walk and once they gets past the Mexicans and around the bend, Carson spurs the horse into a gallop.

EXT. TRAIL -- TWILIGHT

Carson has galloped the horse to put some distance between himself and the others. He reins the horse in.

CARSON
I'll take that gun.

Von Falkenberg has the faintest smile as he hands the gun back to Carson.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIL - CAMPSITE -- NIGHT

Carson and Von Falkenberg have made camp for the night. Von Falkenberg still has his hands cuffed. He is eating his tortilla and beans as is Carson.

VON FALKONBERG
Were you afraid back there?

CARSON
I was nervous.

VON FALKONBERG
Is that why you shot him?

CARSON
No. Sometimes you have to look into the future. To see how something was going to end.

Von Falkenberg nods again.

VON FALKONBERG
If it's any comfort, I think you did the right thing.

CARSON
Soon as you're finished eating, I'm gonna have to cuff your hands behind your back again. Then we can both get some sleep.

VON FALKONBERG
You think I'm going to kill you or run away in the night? I gave you my word.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSON

Uh huh.

Von Falkenberg takes the last bite of tortilla and washes it down.

CARSON (CONT'D)

You finished?

VON FALKONBERG

Do you know when I decided to escape?

CARSON

Don't much care. You finished?

VON FALKONBERG

Yes.

Carson crosses over to him, unlocks the handcuffs, and very professionally moves Von Falkenberg's hands behind his back and cuffs him. Carson crosses back to his bed roll, lies down and closes his eyes to go to sleep.

VON FALKONBERG (CONT'D)

One of the camp translators told me about the fall of Eastern Prussia. It was a big battle in the news. The Russians captured it. After the war, we're to be repatriated to our homes. That means that I will be repatriated to a zone controlled by the Russians. Do you know what that means for someone like me?

CARSON

You'll be eatin' borscht and drinkin' vodka?

VON FALKONBERG

How would you know that? Someone in Arizona - borscht and vodka?

CARSON

Just 'cause I wear a hat doesn't mean I haven't had a view of the world. I got this limp in the war. The first one.

VON FALKONBERG

Then you can understand that I am the Baron Von Falkenberg.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VON FALKONBERG (CONT'D)

The Communists don't have a soft spot for royalty. Moreover, my father was an Admiral in the German Navy in World War I. He was responsible for sinking most of the Russian fleet. I suspect it won't be pleasant for me in the Soviet zone. I just hope my wife and children, I have a son and two daughters, managed to get out before the Russians came in.

(pause)

More than likely I'll be going from an American Interment camp to one of Stalin's camps.

CARSON

Not my problem.

VON FALKONBERG

No, no, of course not. But I would like to ask of you a favor.

CARSON

What's that?

VON FALKONBERG

I should like to see the ocean once more. I could see from my map that it is not far. I don't know when I should have the opportunity again.

CARSON

We're not going that way.

VON FALKONBERG

I'm sure of it, but we both know what we might run into the other way. And if it's not too far out of the way, what should it matter to you. Could the difference be more than a day?

Carson just looks at him.

CARSON

How old are the girls?

VON FALKONBERG

They were thirteen and fifteen when I left. That's not something I like to think about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Both men are quiet, each with their own thoughts as they stare up into the black sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A VIEW OF THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA -- DAY

A patch of blue ocean shimmering between two mountains. A dirt trail that appears to lead down the canyon to the beach. Von Falkenberg has gotten his way. From high on a hill, Carson is standing, Von Falkenberg sits atop the horse, his hands still handcuffed in front of him.

Almost at peace, Von Falkenberg takes in deep breaths.

VON FALKENBERG

Smell that. Nothing like it in the world. I would like to at least touch it.

CARSON

Nervy cuss, ain't you?

They start down the trail with Carson leading the horse. The sound of waves crashing...

EXT. THE BEACH --DAY

Von Falkenberg, shirtless, is swimming on his back. On the beach Carson has taken the saddle off his horse and is filling his hat with a canteen and allowing his horse to drink from it.

VON FALKENBERG

Come in.

Carson watches him.

VON FALKENBERG (CONT'D)

The water, it feels wonderful.

Still no response.

VON FALKENBERG (CONT'D)

Don't you swim?

CARSON

I swim good enough. I've just got my boots on.

VON FALKENBERG

Well then there's your answer, take them off.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VON FALKONBERG (CONT'D)

Come on, it could be a long time
for both of us. Just your feet.

Carson relents a little, rolls his pants up to his knee. Von
Falkenberg stands and meets him and they stand together knee
deep.

VON FALKONBERG (CONT'D)

What do you think?

CARSON

I think there's worse places in the
world than being in a POW camp in
Arizona right now.

VON FALKONBERG

I have to know about my family.

Another ANGLE ON the two men standing, but this time through
the CROSSHAIRS of a telescope. It moves back and forth
between Carson's back and Von Falkenberg's chest. It finally
lands and focuses on Von Falkenberg.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTCROPPING OF ROCK ABOVE CALIFORNIA GULF -- DAY

Stuart is behind some rocks, holding the rifle. Brian is
standing behind him.

BRIAN

What are you doing? You said we
were gonna catch the German so you
could show 'em all.

STUART

Shut up!

Stuart puts his eye back to the scope.

BRIAN

You gonna kill him?

STUART

No...not him. Him.

The scope switches over to Carson's back.

He pulls the trigger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN
Oh my God. Oh my God!

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON VON FALKONBERG AND CARSON

As the shot rings out, a hole explodes in Carson's back and Von Falkenberg catches him as he falls.

Von Falkenberg looks to where the gunshot came from and he sees two boys fighting up on the hill. One boy raises something over his head.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON BRIAN AND STUART

Brian is standing over Stuart, waiting for him to get up.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Stuart...Stuart. Stuart?

Stuart is motionless. Brian lifts him up and notices blood on the rocks behind his head.

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

Brian walking down to the beach, in shock, gun in hand. Von Falkenberg is still holding Carson, moves to react to Brian. Carson, struggling, stops Von Falkenberg.

CARSON
Don't, don't shoot him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ABANDONED LEAN-TO - BEACH -- DAY

Carson is propped up in the abandoned lean-to.

Von Falkenberg is walking back sweaty, having just buried Stuart.

Brian sits down at a distance, too ashamed to look at Carson. Von Falkenberg gives Carson some water.

VON FALKONBERG
No one will find him.

CARSON
That desert's holding some secrets.
(pause)
You can see what's gonna happen
here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Von Falkenberg nods.

CARSON (CONT'D)

My wallet's in my back pocket.
There's some money in there and a
driver's license. You shave that
beard you might be able to pass for
me with someone who don't speak
English too good. 'Long as you keep
your mouth shut. You're kind of
blabby you know.

VON FALKENBERG

Thank you.

CARSON

With any luck you can catch on with
one of these Mexican fishing boats
and work your way to South America.

Von Falkenberg has no more words.

CARSON (CONT'D)

And here... might as well have this
too... it might bring you some
luck.

Carson gives him his Sheriff's badge.

CARSON (CONT'D)

People respect it around here.
Just gotta know when to pull it
out.

Von Falkenberg takes the Sheriff's badge.

CARSON (CONT'D)

There's a pencil and paper in my
saddle bag. I'd appreciate if
you'd get it for me. Tell Brian I
wanna to talk to him.

Von Falkenberg is digging in Carson's saddlebag, finds the
pencil and paper, but along with it he studies a picture of
Rosario, as Brian sits with Carson in the background.

ANGLE ON Carson:

CARSON (CONT'D)

You gotta listen to me, Brian.
We're partners, remember?

Brian nods his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARSON (CONT'D)

So Stuart stayed down here and
joined the Merchant Marine...
That's what happened. He went off
to sea, 'cause he was too ashamed
to go back. That's what you're
going to say.

BRIAN

But I killed him...

CARSON

No you didn't. Stuart stayed down
here and joined the Merchant
Marine.

(beat)

Say it.

BRIAN

He joined the Merchant Marine.

CARSON

Why?

Brian can't fill in the blank.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Because he was ashamed. Say it.

BRIAN

Because he was ashamed.

CARSON

That's good. Brian you're gonna
have to go back by yourself.
That's right, the German can't go
with you 'cause they'll think he
shot me and they'll kill him. So
you're gonna have to go back by
yourself.

BRIAN

What about you?

CARSON

You take me back with you.

It takes a moment, but finally Brian gets it. His head
drops, and he begins to cry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CARSON (CONT'D)
I'm going to need for you to do me
one more favor.

He points at the paper.

CARSON (CONT'D)
When I'm done writing what I'm
going to write here, I'm going to
need you to give it to Rosario, and
only Rosario.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - LEAN-TO - GULF -- SUNSET

The sky is ablaze with color. Carson and Von Falkenberg are under the lean-to, Brian is off to the side. Carson hands the folded paper to Von Falkenberg.

CARSON
Give it to Brian, he knows what to
do.

VON FALKENBERG
Do you think he can?

CARSON
He'll do it.

Carson is much weaker now. He looks at the brilliance of the sky alight with the red, gold and purple of a Gulf sunset.

CARSON (CONT'D)
My God, it's a pretty sunset.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - LEAN-TO - GULF -- EARLY MORNING

Von Falkenberg and Brian sit by the fire. Carson is laid out under the lean-to with a blanket over him, dead, his horse behind him. Over this, we hear:

CARSON (V.O.)
Dear Rosario, the best of me is the
part that loved you.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

People stop what they're doing... others step out of their stores and houses. Men take their hats off. Children hold their mothers hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brian is walking Carson's horse up the main street - past the Sheriff's Office.

CARSON (V.O.)
There is a young girl named
Vaudine. She is Lester's daughter.
She is pregnant, and I don't
believe her family will want to
keep the baby.

Brian steps in front of the funeral parlor.

EXT. CARSON AND ROSARIO'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

CARSON (V.O.)
I had been thinking... we should
adopt it and raise it as our own.

Rosario opens the door. Brian steps up to her and after a moment hands her the note Carson had written her.

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Rosario sits in a chair near a window - finishing reading the letter.

CARSON (V.O.)
And when he's old enough... tell
him you're his mother... and that
his father's love for you was
stronger than all the tragedy there
is in this life.

Rosario fights back her tears, and looks out the windows at the hills in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR - AFTERNOON

It's many years later, we can tell by the cars. 1979 to be precise.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - AFTERNOON

A WOMAN is speaking to a small gathering.

WOMAN
Vaudine didn't have a little boy...
she had a little girl. And,
Rosario adopted me, and raised me
as her own.
(then)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Throughout my life she told me stories of the man she loved. She called him my father, and I came to think of him as just that.

(then)

And he was kind and wonderful, like their love for each other.

(then, fighting back her tears)

And I am happy, on this day, that she will finally be laid to rest beside him...

(then)

My mother and father. May God embrace their souls... and reunite them forever in Heaven. And with their passing, I pray that the memories of them will finally heal the old wounds of a time when our town passed through a little war of our own.

As the woman walks off the stage to the open coffin to lay a flower at the side of Rosario's body, we see that Rosario is wearing the dress that Carson had bought for her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SEA - DAY

The hull of a boat. It is docked in the harbor of a Mexican town. A Spanish name on its side. We are back again in 1943.

Von Falkenberg is in line to board the boat. He cut his beard the way Carson told him to cut it.

A man checking people's identification looks at Von Falkenberg's ID (Carson's drivers license). The Man looks up at Von Falkenberg, sees the Sheriff's badge on his vest and lets him walk onto the boat.

Von Falkenberg crosses to the far rail and looks out at the sea.

EXT. FUNERAL - AFTERNOON

Back again in 1943. As Carson's body is lowered into the ground, the townsfolk begin to walk away - leaving Rosario standing there in that same dress that she was buried in.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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