

BOB ORCHARD

L58-124

FRIDAY, 30 MAY, 1958.
10.00-10.30 pm

S P E C T R U M

VANCOUVER DRAMA SERIES

#5

GISELLE

by

DONALD ERICKSON

Not used

Johnston

CAST

FRED

MAX

GISELLE

2 HOODS

2 GIRLS

MAN

JOE

FRANK

CHARLIE

INDIAN WOMAN

MAN

DRUNK

Producer.....Frank Goodship
 Production Assistant.....Joan Chapman
 Assistant Director.....Len Lauk
 Designer.....David Jones
 Series Producer.....Frank Goodship

FRED, ABOUT EIGHTEEN, CAREFULLY FINISHES COMBING HIS HAIR IN FRONT OF HIS MIRROR, THEN, DESPITE THE HEAT, PULLS ON A LEATHER JACKET, AND LEAVES THE ROOM, CLOSING THE DOOR AFTER HIM.

OUTSIDE IN THE HALL HE LOCKS THE DOOR. HIS ROOM IS AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS WHICH LEAD DOWN TO THE RIGHT. ACROSS THE HALL, THE DOOR TO MAX'S ROOM IS OPEN. FROM THERE COMES THE SOUND OF A GUITAR BEING PLAYED SOFTLY. THE SOUND STOPS.

MAX

1 (OFF CAMERA) Fred.....

FRED

2 (COMING INTO MAX'S ROOM) Yeah.....?

MAX

(A MAN OF ABOUT THIRTY-FIVE WITH A YELLOWISH FACE AND WEARING A CRUMPLED T-SHIRT LOUNGES ON THE BED.....HE BEGINS TO STRUM HIS GUITAR AGAIN.)

3 How about it?

FRED

4 Look, Max, I told you -- the end of the week

5 I'd have it.

MAX

6 Ten bucks.

FRED

1 Ten bucks, I know you'll get it. I
2 don't see what you've got to worry about —
3 you don't do anything with it.....where
4 you hiding all your money anyhow — in a
5 stump?

MAX

6 Goin' with Frieda tonight?

FRED

7 Frieda nothin'.

MAX

8 Oh yeah — the Indian girl — that's
9 right.

FRED TURNS TO GO WITH AN AIR OF DISDAIN.

MAX

10 Didn't you forget somethin' ? (HE REACHES
11 UNDER THE BED, PULLS OUT A MICKEY..) Catch.
FRED CATCHES IT: FROWNS, LOOKING AT THE LABEL.

MAX

12 (WATCHING HIM) You asked me to get it for
13 you, didn't you?

FRED

14 I forgot okay how much?

MAX

15 Two Eighty-five.

FRED

16 Okay.....

MAX

17 That stuff works every time.

FRED

(PUTTING THE BOTTLE IN THE POCKET OF HIS
JACKET) (BOASTFULLY)

18 I never needed it before.

MAX

1 What you ask me to get it for then?

FRED

2 Oh, come on now. Look, sorehead, you want

3 it back?

MAX

4 (TO HIS GUITAR) You sure learned to
5 talk tough, Fred. You're growing up. Bet
6 you ain't written your momma in a week.

FRED

WITH A WORLDLY NOTE OF WEARINESS)

7 Okay.....(LOUNGING TOWARDS THE DOOR)

MAX

8 I took a cloutch out once.....

FRED

9 (TURNING SHARPLY) This is no cloutch!

MAX

10 She's Indian, ain't she?

FRED

11 If there's a white girl in this town that
12 has the looks and the brains of this one
13 I'd like to find her.

MAX

14 She's still Indian an' if she's got looks
15 she's bait for every guy in town. You
16 better watch yourself, Freddy boy.

FRED

17 (CHALLENGED) What for?

MAX

18 There you go, Fred, there you go..... and I
19 thought you was grown up. (HE GRINS LEWDLY)

FRED

1 (WITH A GESTURE OF DISGUST) Aw.....

MAX

2 Tell me about her, Freddy....this Indian
3 girl...you like this one, don't you?.....
4 she's good stuff?

FRED

5 Stay off my back, will ya? Just stay off?

MAX

6 You're clean ... you're so clean you smell
7 like hay. Why don't you go back to the
8 farm where you come from, huh? Go on back
9 before you get hurt!

FRED

10 Hurt by what?

MAX

11 By me I'll hurt you if you don't get
12 out of here. Go on, Freddy boy, beat it.

FRED

13 What's eating you?

MAX

14 You just can't see this cloutch is after
15 only one thing -- you know what she's
16 after? well, let me tell you -- your
17 wallet to hang around her pretty little
18 neck -- like a scalp.

FRED

19 (CONTEMPTUOUSLY) There's nothin' you don't
20 know, is there, Max? So you took a girl out
21 once. Isn't that great! Was that the last
22 one, I suppose.....?

MAX

1 (AFTER A SLIGHT PAUSE) You don't even hear
2 what I've been saying, do you, kid?.....
3 There she goes with a pink ribbon in her hair,
4 with her big eyes, and her hot little heart ---
5 and you're after her and you don't care for
6 nothin' --- except that --- just that.....

FRED

7 (A LITTLE UNEASY) I gotta go.....

MAX

8 Sure you do. There's a big moon out,
9 Freddy. They like that --- that helps things,
10 don't it, Freddy.....

FRED

11 You crazy goof! Sittin' here playin' that
12 guitar night after night. Well, don't think
13 you're foolin' me, Max. I know why. A guy
14 where you work told me.

MAX

(MAX STARTED NERVOUSLY FINGERING HIS GUITAR.
HE TRIES TO CONCENTRATE ON IT.)

15 Go on, Freddy boy, go on out of here.....

FRED

16 (FEELING HIS POWER) You spent a five-year
17 stretch for beatin' a girl near to death with
18 a crowbar.

THE WORDS HAVE NO APPARENT EFFECT. MAX GOES ON
STRUMMING HIS GUITAR, HUDDLED OVER IT. FRED
TURNS AND GOES OUT THE DOOR.

MAX

19 (AS IF TO THE GUITAR) Go on Freddy --- have
20 yourself a Ball.....

WE STAY WITH MAX SOFTLY STRUMMING HIS GUITAR, LISTENING TO THE THUMP OF FRED'S FOOTSTEPS DOWN THE STAIRS TO THE STREET, TURNING HIS HEAD THEN TO LOOK OUT TO THE STREET BELOW, WATCHING HYPNOTICALLY OUT OF THE GREAT, DIRTY WINDOW. THE GUITAR SPEAKS RAPIDLY, HORRIDLY, THREE TIMES: THRUM! thrum! thrum!

THE MAIN STREET OF ONE OF THE THOUSANDS OF TANK TOWNS THAT DOT THE FRONTIERS OF NORTH.... AMERICA MODERN STORE FRONTS (A LITTLE GRIMY) HIDING SHACK AND TIN AND TARPAPER DWELLINGS. A ROLL-AWAY-TUNE BLARES FROM THE CAFE TO THE LEFT. A COUPLE OF HOODS PASS, A COUPLE OF GIRLS ARM IN ARM. FRED SAUNTERS UP TO THE CAFE FRONT AND STOPS, LOOKING IN. WE CLOSE ON HIM, HIS FACE LIT BY THE NEON, THE OCCASIONAL LAUGH REACHING HIM FROM INSIDE ABOVE THE MUSIC, WHICH IS FAST AND HOT..... MOMENTARILY, HE IS GLUED TO THE SCENE.)

GISELLE

1 (OFF CAMERA) Fred.....

FRED

HE TURNS TOWARDS HER. SHE IS A VERY PRETTY GIRL OF SEVENTEEN, BUT LOOKS ABOUT TWENTY, WITH A TWO INCH PINK RIBBON HOLDING HER BLACK HAIR BACK.

2 Hi.....let's go.....

THEY SPEAK A TRIFLE MECHANICALLY, TOO AWARE OF ONE ANOTHER'S PRESENCE TO THINK VERY MUCH ABOUT WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

GISELLE

3 My brothers are after you.....

FRED

4 That's what you said last time.....

GISELLE

5 No kidding. That Joe, I could kill him....

6 he's the oldest.

FRED

7 Let's go to the river.....

GISELLE

8 Okay.....

THEY MOVE OUT OF FRAME AND A MAN IN THE DOORWAY OF THE CAFE, SMOKING, WATCHES THEM..)

IN THE RELATIVE DARKNESS AT THE EDGE OF THE TOWN. THERE'S THE VAGUE FORM OF A SHACK OR TWO IN THE BACKGROUND AND TREES CLUSTERING... THE TWO CAME INTO FRAME.

GISELLE

1 I'll race you.....

FRED

2 Aw ... no ...

GISELLE

3 Come on

THEY RUN, DISAPPEARING AMONG THE TREES. THEY COME INTO FRAME AND STOP, BREATHING HEAVILY.

GISELLE

4 It's dark in here. Afraid of my brothers?

FRED

5 Your brothers!

GISELLE

6 I didn't make 'em up. They're real

7 alright. They say you're just foolin' me..

FRED

8 Yeah?

GISELLE

9 (LEANING AGAINST ONE ANOTHER) They say I'm

10 crazy to get mixed up with you ... a white

11 guy's no good for an Indian girl.....

THEY MOVE ON AMONG THE TREES.

FRED

12 Who told 'em that?

THE BANK OF THE RIVER. THE CHANGE IS SIMPLY THE GLINT OF MOONLIGHT TOUCHING DISTANT HILLS. SOUND IS THE FAR MURMUR OF THE RIVER.

GISELLE

13 That alfalfa smell it?

FRED

14 (PUTTING HIS ARMS AROUND HER) Sure is

15 strong.....

THEY SIT DOWN ON THE GRASS, SWAYING TOGETHER, HER LIPS CAUGHT IN THE MOONLIGHT....BUT SHE TURNS AWAY.)

GISELLE

1 Listen Fred.

FRED

2 (A LITTLE STARTLED) What...?

GISELLE

3 I want to get out of this town. I mean
4 it's no good, this place. These Indians
5 just stick around, live in the same old
6 way, can't see what it's all about in the
7 world.

FRED

8 You'd leave your brothers, Zell?

THEY BOTH LAUGH A LITTLE AT THIS.
THEN SHE TAPS A STONE ON THE GRASS FROWNING
AT IT.

GISELLE

9 You know what happened to my mother? She
10 let a white guy take her away and she
11 never come back home again. That would
12 be okay — gee, I wouldn't blame her —
13 only he was no good. Well, where does she
14 end up then? Cordova street or some place
15 like that Fred, would you do that to
16 me?

FRED

17 Cut that out, Zell.....

GISELLE

18 We got seven kids in our house, brought up
19 without a mother. We was always waiting for
20 her to come home an' she never did. That's
21 why my brothers.....

FRED

1 Listen, forget about your brothers....

2 I don't care about your brothers !

GISELLE

3 You don't know what it's like in my house,

4 Fred.... my brothers get drunk an' break

5 things in the house ... Charlie put an axe

6 through the wall one day, and my oldest

7 sister is sick all the time.....cough,

8 cough, cough all the time... My father is

9 so old now -----and he sits all day singin'

10 to himself, in our language, --- I hate it ---

11 I hate it (PAUSE) See? I can't seem to

12 forget I'm Indian an' you're a white guy.

FRED

13 Well, you do forget it! Listen, Giselle,

14 there isn't a girl in that town that holds

15 a patch to you - white or Indian. You're

16 too good for that town --- you want to get

17 out I'll take you out. I'm straight,

18 Giselle, you believe it now.

GISELLE

19 That's what I told them --- I told them

20 you're not like the rest of the white

21 guys. You're good.

FRED

22 Look, Zell --- I'm not all that good ---

23 I'll tell you that!

GISELLE

(SHE RUNS HER HANDS THROUGH HIS HAIR)

24 You know, there's so many bad guys --- they're

25 so bad.. I don't want to end up like some

26 girls I know --- I just don't want to.....

FRED

1 You won't..... you won't.. (THEIR HANDS
2 (FUMBLE TOGETHER. THEY ARE HARDLY AWARE WHAT
3 THEY ARE SAYING)

2 Giselle. Where'd you get that name?

GISELLE

3 I dunno.....My Mom probably got it from
4 some movie. Know what? She was always
5 goin' to the movies...Come hom an' tell me
6 the whole story. She remembered every word!

FRED

7 Yeah?

GISELLE

8 My father didn't like it --- he wouldn't
9 let us kids go to the movies. But it was
10 just as good as goin' to hear her tell it.
11 That used to get my old man so mad!

FRED

12 You miss her?

GISELLE

13 She was fun. (A LITTLE LAUGH) She had such
14 ideas! She wasn't like the rest of them...

FRED

15 You ain't like the rest of them either.

GISELLE

16 I got a lot of her in me....Everybody says
17 so. (SHAKING HER HAIR PROUDLY) ...Why you
18 look at me like that?

FRED

19 To hear you talk no one would know you were
20 an Indian, Zell.....

(SHE LOOKS DOWN SUDDENLY. HE LIES BACK ON
ONE ELBOW)

FRED

1I sure miss my Mom. I sure miss her
2 sometimes. She's all alone y'know.

GISELLE

3 Is she?

FRED

4 Yeh, runs the farm alone. She wanted me to
5 stay an' help her... (HE BREAKS A SMALL STICK)
6 ...I just couldn't....You stick around so long
7 you get to smell like hay! (HE GIVES A
LITTLE SNORT)

GISELLE

8 Where's your Father?

FRED

9 He died.....when I was a kid. Anyway, I
10 don't want to farm. I want to ranch.....

GISELLE

11 You don't want to go back there?

FRED

(SHAKES HIS HEAD. THEN WITH A RUEFUL SNORT)

12 My Mom would never let me off again.

GISELLE

13 She let you off this time.

FRED

14 Because I ran off. ...(A LITTLE WISTFUL).
15 Yeah....Oh, I wrote her since....I just
16 can't go back there! She'd run me too,
17 like she run the farm, she can't help it...
18 I want to have my own place, Zell. Have it
19 the way I want it. You think I work on the
20 road for love of it...No...sir. ...I got
21 a few plans. Trouble is you need money....
22 just to walk around the block you need
23 money! (HE LOOKS AT HER, DARK, ABOVE HIM)
24 When I get it set up -- you'll come with
25 me, Zell. Okay? (SHE STARES DOWN AT HIM)
26 You like, me, Zell?

GISELLE

1 Yes.....

FRED

2 (SITTING UP) We'll get married, soon....

3 okay? (CLOSE TO HER) Okay?

GISELLE

4 Don't ever go back on me, Fred....I'm

5 not like the rest of them....Fred.....

FRED

6 I know it....(HE KISSES HER NECK -- LOOKS

7 UP AT HER)....I love you, Zell.

QUICKLY, SHE LOOKS AWAY.

GISELLE

8 Just look at that moon.....

IN A MOMENT THEY ARE LOCKED, MOTIONLESS,
IN THE RISING MOON. FADE OUT.

THE DARK PATH. WE HEAR THEIR BREATHING AND
THE FAINT RUSTLE OF THEIR WALK BEFORE THEY
COME INTO FRAME. THEY STOP.

FRED

9 There's the town....We'll get out of

10 there tomorrow, Giselle. I'll tell you

11 Giselle -- I worked on the road forty

12 miles south -- you know - near Anvil

13 River? I guess I just got ranchin' in

14 my blood.

(SHE NODS HAPPILY, HOLDING HIS ARM)

FRED

15 There's good bench ground there -- nobody

16 uses it. We'll have a ranch -- water six

17 hundred acres in good grass -- and wild

18 meadows, too -- you should see 'em.

GISELLE

19 That would be nice.....

FRED

1 I got to get a little money saved - not
2 much - maybe we'll have to work a while
3 first, - but not for long, Zell. I hate
4 that town (PAUSE) You know, Zell, you told
5 me you wanted to get out, get away, shake
6 this dirt off your feet — I do too. I'm
7 not like these other guys... what do they
8 do? Move from town to town all their
9 lives takin' wages..Funny....what happens
10 to a guy....you get on the wrong track....
11 you get goin' an' you can't get off it but
12 you don't like it because you're all mixed
13 up — it's all screwy — nothin's right..
14 you get thinkin' the wrong way....but I
15 don't want to go along with it anymore....
16 (HE IS HALF IN HER ARMS)...I want a place.
17 You know Zell? I want clean air.....

THEY HEAR THE SWISH OF A BRANCH AND LOOK UP.
AN INDIAN STANDS NEAR, LEATHER JACKETED LIKE
FRED, ABOUT TWENTY EIGHT.

JOE

18 (STEPPING FORWARD) Alright, Giselle, get
19 home.

SHE IS TERRIFIED BUT DOES NOT MOVE. TWO
OTHER BROTHERS MOVE IN FROM THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE TRAIL.

FRANK

20 (GRABBING HER) Git! — (PUSHES HER).

GISELLE

21 Leave him alone, Joe — he's gonna
22 marry me!

JOE TAKES OUT A KNIFE.

GISELLE

1 I tell you, he's my husband!

THE TWO BROTHERS, FRANK AND CHARLIE, GRAB
FRED, WHO STRUGGLES BRIEFLY.

JOE

2 Okay white guy.

FRED

3 What do you want?

JOE

4 You white guy.

FRED

5 What's the idea. I ain't done nothin'.

JOE

6 Hold him tight, Charlie.

FRED

7 (IN A STRANGLER VOICE) Your chokin.....

FRANK

8 Chokin's too good for you, Mister.

GISELLE

9 Joe, I tell you he's a good guy. He's
10 gonna marry me. Ask him. Ask him.

FRANK

(PULLING THE BOTTLE OUT FROM FRED'S POCKET)

11 Hey.....lookie here!

JOE

12 He was goin' to marry you alright! (HE
TAKES THE BOTTLE AND HOLDS IT UP UNDER HER
FACE.

13 Know what this is? Huh? Know what it's
14 for? This is Indian oil..... This is
15 to oil up Indians, see! Indians like you,
16 with no brains and big ideas!

GISELLE

1 (STARING AT IT) I didn't know he had it.

JOE

2 They all have it --- these white guys.

3 They don't want to stay with their own

4 people -- they want to fool with Indian

5 girls....now git home.

SHE TURNS TO FRED, STARES AT HIM WITH HATRED, THEN WALKS QUICKLY AWAY DOWN THE TRAIL.

FRED

6 (STRUGGLING DESPERATELY) Zell --- (BUT

7 HE IS CHOKED OFF).... Stop....I can't

8 breathe.

JOE

9 You shouldn't breathe.

FRANK

10 [Let's tie him an' see if he burns.]

FRED

11 Please.....

JOE

12 You tried to take the wrong Indian when

13 you took our sister -- you knife good

14 and sharp, Frankie?

FRANK

15 Sure it is.

JOE

16 The big brave white guy is sweaten'. Hold

17 him tight.

CHARLIE

18 Like this? (TWISTING HIS ARM)

FRED

19 (IN AGONY) Ahhhh!

Indians not so cadestie - They talk too much
← Nonsense! DS.

When you take our risk you take the wrong horse

JOE

HOLDING THE KNIFE TO HIS THROAT

- 1 Now listen, white guy --- here it is on
- 2 your throat --- feel it? How does it
- 3 feel? Better not jump or it might cut....
- 4 right through to the backbone you ain't got.

FRED

- 5 Please.....don't.....

JOE

- 6 You white people think you can take our
- 7 women like you took our country, with
- 8 whiskey an' dirty money....right?.....
- 9 Huh?....Huh?

FRED NODS SICKLY.

SUDDENLY, JOE HITS HIM IN THE STOMACH, AND AGAIN IN THE FACE, AND TAKES THE BOTTLE AND SMASHES IT ON A ROCK.

JOE

- 10 (IN MEASURED TONES) I just don't want to
- 11 see you around anymore, white guy. Let
- 12 him go.

FRANK

- 13 Let me hit him, Joe.

JOE

- 14 He ain't worth it. Come on.

THEY LET HIM GO AND HE SINKS TO THE GROUND SICK AND SOBBING. THE THREE MEN DISAPPEAR IN THE SHADOWS. FAR OFF IS THE MURMUR OF SUMMER THUNDER AND THE FAINT WAIL OF THE ROLL-A-TUNE. THE LEAVES TIR WITH THE FAINT THUNDER. THEN THE GUITAR: THRUM! THRUM! THRUM! AS THE SCENE FADES...TO SILENCE...AND A DARK ROOM WITH AN OBLONG OF NEON ON THE FLOOR OF IT, CENTRE, AND GROWING MORE APPARENT AS OUR EYES GET USED TO THE DARKNESS, THE SWEATING NAKED TORSO OF MAX, HALF COVERED BY A SHEET, TWISTING ON HIS BED. HE SLAPS A MOSQUITO ON HIS SHOULDER, MUTTERING A CURSE. MUFFLED FAR SHOUT OF THUNDER.

THEN MAX HEARS THE CREAK OF THE STAIRS. SOMEONE STUMBLES IN THE HALL OUTSIDE HIS ROOM:

MAX

- 1 Fred?.....That you, Fred.....? Hey,
2 how'd it go.. (HE IS INTERRUPTED BY
THE DOOR BEING FLUNG OPEN AND FRED APPEARS
FACE BLOODY)

FRED

- 3 (HOARSELY) You and your booze! (HE
STAGGERS INTO THE ROOM, AND FLOPS DOWN ON
A CHAIR, HEAD IN HIS HANDS. MAX SWITCHES
ON THE LIGHT.)

MAX

- 4 Someone beat you up, Fred?

FRED

- 5 Don't that make you happy!

MAX

- 6 Who was it?

FRED

- 7 Her brothers! (Her big brothers!) All
8 three of 'em. If I could just get 'em
9 one at a time...God, just let me!

MAX

- 10 Was she there — the girl?

FRED

- 11 Until they found the bottle...That did it...
12 that did it....She took off.

FRED

- 13 Too bad, kid....Here, take a slug of this..

HE ROLLS A BOTTLE OF RYE ACROSS THE FLOOR TO
FRED. FRED STARES AT IT — THEN FIERCELY
TAKES IT AND GULPS DEEPLY.)

MAX WATCHES HIM, HALF SMILING....

MAX

- 14 What you gonna do about this girl, Fred?

FRED

1 (MISERABLY) I dunno.....

MAX

2 [Better] drop her.

FRED

3 There was nothin' I could do! They just
4 pinned my arms -- and let me have it.....

MAX

5 You're lucky they didn't kill you. When
6 they get excited sometimes they forget
7 themselves....(FRED STARES MOODILY AT THE
FLOOR....THEN LIFTS THE BOTTLE AGAIN)....
8 You touch her again and they'll chop you
9 into little pieces and throw you in the
10 river.....

FRED

11 They won't have the chance.

MAX

12 That's right. Use your head so you'll save
13 it.

FRED

14 (CLIMBING TO HIS FEET) Is that what you
15 use? Your head? Talk talk talk---- seems
16 to me that's all that ever comes out of it.

MAX

17 Go and wash the goo off your face before
18 you fall on it....It looked so easy, hey,
19 Fred? Women at your feet crawlin' over one
20 another to get at you. An' then you get
21 slugged. Momma's boy gets slugged. What an
22 outrage! I'll run in to old Max, now, and
23 just let him see all the blood on my
24 face. Then I'll get real mad and....

FRED

1 Shut up! Just shut up!

MAX

2 Sure, Fred....(HE PICKS UP A CLASP KNIFE

FROM THE TABLE BESIDE HIS BED AND STARTS TO
CLEAN HIS FINGERNAILS.)

3 Well, what are you goin' to do about it,

4 Fred? Keep me up all night?....You don't

5 want to go after her, do you? Not with

6 all those brothers around.

(FRED STOPS PACING AND DRINKS FROM THE BOTTLE)

7.....You know where she lives?

FRED

8 Yeah.....

MAX

9 Now, if she was willin' to go, maybe you

10 could sneak her out in the middle of the

11 night....but she aint willin', is she?

FRED

12 Sure she's willin'. She just got the

13 wrong idea about me, that's all.

MAX

14 (YAWNS) Well, while you're trying to

15 work up enough heat to go out there —

16 I'm turnin' in....(HE PUTS THE KNIFE, STILL

OPEN, ON THE TABLE, PULLS HIS COVERLET UP AND

ROLLS OVER TO FACE THE WALL)

17But you won't go....I know you,

18 Fred, as if you was me. You think you're

19 something special... something better than

20 the rest of the } rutting herd. So you have

21 to be ground down to size....knocked down and

22 jumping up again and knocked down.....

M O R E

Revised

litvay

MAX

1 until finally you learn to
2 stay down...that's where the rest of us
3 are...I learnt it.... sure....And you will
4 too, Fred, once all the fluff is whopped
5 out of you. Just another slob like the
6 rest of us.....makin' your wages...and
7 that's about all.....except for the
8 scraps.....

FRED

9 And that's where you're wrong!

THE DOOR SLAMS AS FRED GOES OUT. FOR A MOMENT,
MAX DOES NOT MOVE, AND THE STEPS DIE AWAY
DOWN THE STAIRS. THEN MAX SLOWLY SITS UP
LOOKING TOWARDS THE DOOR, THEN DOWN TO THE
TABLE. THE KNIFE HAS GONE.....MAX REACHES
OVER AND TAKES THE BOTTLE AND DRINKS....
WIPING HIS MOUTH WITH HIS HAND....FADE.

THE TOWN STREET. A SENSE OF DESOLATION. THE
ROLL-A-TUNE IS NO LONGER PLAYING. THE NEON
LIGHTS BLINK ON AND OFF. A BEDRAGGLED, OLDER
INDIAN WOMAN COMES OUT OF A HOTEL FURTHER
ALONG, WITH A MAN. THEY STAND ARGUING IN
THE STREET. WE DO NOT HEAR WHAT THEY ARE
SAYING BUT THEIR VOICES ECHO. A DRUNK SITS
ON THE BOARDWALK. HOLDING HIS HEAD. FRED
COMES BY, HUNCHED, HIS FOOTSTEPS REVERBERATING.
STAY ON THE SCENE AFTER HE LEAVES FOR A
MOMENT. THE INDIAN WOMAN SLUMPS SLOWLY
TOWARDS US.....

FADE TO FRED STANDING IN FRONT OF A SHANTY...
ONE LIGHT IS ON BEHIND THE FRONT DOOR, OUTSIDE
OF WHICH HANGS A DISHPAN. ON THE PORCH IS A
BROKEN CHAIR. WE CLOSE IN. WE HEAR VERY
FAINTLY THE QUAVERING OLD MAN'S INDIAN SONG
FROM WITH IN -- THE GUTTURAL OCCASIONAL TALK
OF THE BROTHERS. TO. C.S. FRED. HE CLENCHES
THE KNIFE IN HIS BELT. LET'S IT GO, STEPS UP
ON THE PORCH. HESITATES BEFORE THE DOOR. COMES
BACK OFF THE PORCH. STUDIES IT. GOES
AROUND THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE. THERE'S AN
OPEN WINDOW. HE GOES TO IT.

FRED

10 (IN A LOUD WHISPER) Giselle! (SILENCE)

11 Zell! — it's me! — it's Fred!

GISELLE

1 (SHE COMES TO THE WINDOW) Go away!

FRED

2 I want you, Zell!

GISELLE

3 If they find you they kill you — an'

4 a good thing!

SHE LEAVES THE WINDOW.

FRED

5 Alright — I'm comin' in. (HE PUTS HIS
HANDS ON THE WINDOWSILL).

GISELLE

6 (SHE DARTS TO THE WINDOW) They kill you!

FRED

7 You're mine. You're comin' with me!

GISELLE

8 Comin' with you!

FRED

9 You want me, Zell — maybe I did have a
10 bottle with me, but I didn't need it, did
11 I?

GISELLE

12 You're like all the rest — no difference!
13 You almost fool me, but you didn't —
14 understand?

FRED

15 You listen to me.....

GISELLE

16 I don't listen to you — you're white —
17 I'm Indian — they don't mix. My
18 Mother ~~found~~ *found that out*

*Let me see how
she is really for
me.
She didn't need
the bottle*

FRED

1 You ain't your mother! Grow up! Listen,
2 Zell. I'm just a punk maybe. Looks like
3 I am. But there wasn't a word back there
4 at the river I didn't mean. I want to
5 marry you -- Zell.

GISELLE

6 You don't know what you want. Neither do
7 I, Fred.

FRED

8 Giselle, don't go away. Listen. You
9 believe me now. I don't know why I had
10 that booze -- I didn't mean to have it.
11 That's what turned you against me,
12 wasn't it? (SHE LOOKS STRANGELY AT
13 HIM) Well, I didn't want it -- an' I
14 didn't offer it, did I? The truth is I
15 forgot about it, Zell. I wanted you.

GISELLE

16 I was too easy, that's why.

FRED

17 I ain't that way, Giselle, you gotta
18 believe me!

GISELLE

19 They'll hear us.

FRED

20 If you don't come out I'm comin' in.

GISELLE

21 I'll yell ----- I'll yell-----

FRED

22 Go on, yell if that's what you want -----
23 go on yell....(HE STARTS TO CLIMB IN.
SHE TRIES TO CLOSE THE WINDOW ON HIM BUT
HE STOPS IT WITH ONE HAND. SHE IS
TERRIFIED.

GISELLE

- 1 How do I know you, Fred....I don't know
- 2 you——how do I know you won't leave me —
- 3 I can'tyou can't come here — you
- 4 can't come here! Stop it! Get out! Get
- 5 out! (WITH A SCREAM) Help!!!

FRED STOPS DUMFOUNDED. WE HEAR A VOICE INSIDE, A DOOR IS OPENED AND LIGHT CATCHES FRED PERCHED ON THE WINDOW SILL.

FRANK

- 6 What is.....? You...!...quick! around
- 7 outside!

FRED DROPS BACK TO THE GROUND. HE LOOKS UP AT GISELLE, WHO LEANS ——HER HAIR FALLEN OVER HER FOREHEAD — STARING OUT AT HIM A PUZZLED FROWN PASSES OVER HIS FACE.

THEN, AROUND THE HOUSE COME THE BROTHERS —— INTO THE SQUARE OF MOONLIGHT — SURROUNDING HIM. A KNIFE GLINTS IN THE HAND OF ONE OF THEM. FRED FUMBLES FOR HIS OWN KNIFE. PULLS IT OUT JERKILY. BREATHING HEAVILY —— HE FACES THEM ——WHO STAND SILENTLY —— CROUCHED..... ONLY THE SOUND OF HEAVY BREATHING IN THE WARM SUMMER NIGHT, FRED'S BREATH, ALMOST LIKE A SOB AS THOUGH HE HAD RUN FIVE MILES. NO ONE MOVES. ONLY THE SILENT WAITING -- NO ONE KNOWING WHAT TO DO — NO ONE WANTING TO MAKE THE FIRST MOVE. EVERYONE AWARE THAT NOW, THERE IS NO WAY OUT — NO FURTHER ARGUMENT.

OFF LEFT IS A SHARP PIERCING SCREAM FROM GISELLE.

FRED'S FACE GLISTENS WITH SWEAT OR DEW — HIS EYES ARE DARK, AND TIRED IN THE MOONLIGHT. AND HE RUNS AT THEM WITH A YELL. IT COULD BE "alr-i-i-g-ght ——!!

BUT WE DO NOT KNOW.

THE MOMENTARY STRUGGLING OF DARK FORMS — THE HEAVING GLINT OF A KNIFE — DOWN INTO THE SHUDDERING FORM OF THE BOY.

FROM A CLOSE SHOT OF HIS DYING EYES WE
DOLLY BACK TO PICK UP THE BROTHERS STILL
HALF CROUCHING ——— DRAWING SLOWLY BACK
AND GISELLE STUMBLING INTO FRAME WITH THE
WILD LOST TERRIFIED SHRIEK OF AN ANIMAL.

WE CUT TO MAX, SITTING IN HIS BED IN THE
DARKNESS, THE GUITAR ACROSS HIS KNEE,
PLUCKING VAGUELY AT A STRING OR TWO.

THEN DISTANTLY OVER HIS RESTLESS HAND,
WHICH STOPS FOR A MOMENT ITS WANDERING,
THE SOUND OF A SIREN.....HIS DARK WET
EYES LOOK OUT OF THE SHADOW.....
WITH DIRTY TRIUMPH.....

THRUM! THRUM! THRUM!

THE END.

*loves come
and in a village
It's a town.*