

THE WINEMAKER

Written by

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EXT. SARAJEVO - DAY

CAPTION: Sarajevo, 1914

Overhead view of downtown Sarajevo. A parade snakes through the crowded streets below. Cheers and music, general parade noise.

EXT. DUBOIS VINEYARD, SOUTHERN FRANCE - DAY

(parade noise continues)

A rabbit hops between vineyard rows.

EXT. SARAJEVO

A wiry figure in a dirty suit emerges from the crowd and stealthily produces a handgun, he approaches the lead parade car.

EXT. DUBOIS VINEYARD

(parade noises continues)

CLOSE ON: The rabbit stirs, it stands on hind legs and remains still.

EXT. SARAJEVO

The dark figure breaks through the crowd and points the pistol at a royally dressed couple in the lead car.

A single shot rings out.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DUBOIS VINEYARD

Wide shot of the vineyard. Gunshot continues to ring, then fades.

Startled birds fly out of the tree line in the foreground. The rabbit scurries away.

JEAN DUBOIS, 17, clumsy and struggling with his rifle, runs through the alley rows chasing the rabbit. Sweating, he kneels and hastily aims.

JEAN
(contemptuous whisper)
German swine.

He shoots and misses, his shot blocked by bramble.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Merde!

MARCEAU DUBOIS, 68, weathered skin, confident but reserved, carries three rabbit pelts and walks patiently behind Jean at a distance.

MARCEAU
The vines, son. Let your prey break
for the trees, take your shot in
the open.

JEAN
Stupide lapin. I don't understand,
papa! Belchamp has his traps. The
villagers have traps.

Jean slams his rifle butt into the mud.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Why shoot them? Waste of a shell. A
shell we may need soon enough.

Jean tries to rack the bolt on his rifle, and it jams. He pinches his finger in the bolt.

A nearby VILLAGER, 17, chuckles. Jean reacts angrily and knocks her basket of grapes to the ground and storms off.

MARCEAU
Please forgive my son, Jean can
be...clumsy. He means you no harm,
child.

VILLAGER
Of course, monsieur...merci.

Marceau takes a deep breath and shakes his head. He unshoulders his rifle, raises it, and slowly takes a knee. Marceau takes aim down the sights of the rifle at the open field, no rabbit yet.

CLOSE ON: Marceau squints, his eyes are wise and steady.

MARCEAU
(whispers)
Come on, little one.

Marceau maintains the open field down the sights, concentrating on the edge of the last alley row. A moment, the rabbit cautiously pokes its head out of the last row.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Come on then...

The rabbit slowly trots out. Marceau tightens his grip, establishes the rabbit in his sights, but hesitates and lowers his weapon. He clutches the three rabbit pelts already on his belt.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)
Enough for today. Another day,
little one.

Marceau stands, shoulders his rifle and walks back to the house.

INT. WINERY TASTING ROOM - EVENING

LUIS BELCHAMP, 45, black beret and scruffy beard, rugged look, sits on a crate stack in the corner with his dusty boots up on a wine barrel. He is still, a pipe hangs from his lips, his fingers are wine stained from years of vineyard work. Wine racks line the room floor to ceiling.

Jean stumbles in drunk making a racket, and plops down on a dusty couch in the center of the room.

JEAN
(slurring)
Belchamp! The trapper of rabbits...

Jean raises his glass in a toast.

JEAN (CONT'D)
To Belchamp! The doer of deeds...
needing doing!

Jean drinks.

JEAN (CONT'D)
And father of angels.

He drinks again. Belchamp raises an eyebrow and looks at Jean with contempt. He smirks and raises his glass again.

Marceau enters, smoking a pipe and carrying letters. He stops and looks at Jean, then at Belchamp.

MARCEAU
We have business.

Marceau sits at the head of a long table on the other side of the room, Belchamp sits at his right.

Jean stumbles toward the table.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)
Business...for businessman. Not for
drunks.

Jean straightens up and playfully bows. He takes a big gulp of wine and exits.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)
(to Belchamp)
It appears stateside has fallen on
troubled times, too. Not quite war,
but death nonetheless.

Marceau slides an opened letter to Belchamp, who quickly reads it and looks up, confused.

BELCHAMP
We are not schoolmasters or baby
sitters.

MARCEAU
(warmly)
You work for me, old friend. Let me
worry about what that makes us. The
harvest doesn't care how old you
are; it picks all the same.

Belchamp sits back, fiddles with his pipe.

INT. ROBERT CALENDAR'S LAW OFFICE - NEW JERSEY - DAY

LIAM ERIKSSON, 11 and skinny, sits with his mother and uncle in the office of family lawyer ROBERT CALENDAR, a clumsy balding lawyer. MARY ERIKSSON is beautiful with a cunning, smart look; JENS ERIKSSON is well manicured, tall, and confident. Robert reads a document aloud from behind his desk.

ROBERT CALENDAR
A summation of the last will and
testament of husband, father, and
brother, Noah Eriksson.

Mary cuts him off, gestures to Liam.

MARY
Go wait in the anteroom, Liam.

LIAM
- but I want to hear -

MARY
GO, Liam. Just a bunch of business
talk that'll bore your little head.

Liam grimaces, leaves, and hesitantly closes the door.

MARY (CONT'D)
You may continue, Robert.

INT. CALENDAR LAW OFFICES WAITING ROOM

Liam plops down in a chair and throws his hat on the seat next to him. He watches near the exit as a father bends down to secure a hat and on his young son's head. They both smile and leave.

INT. ROBERT CALENDAR'S OFFICE

Mary and Jens listen intently.

ROBERT CALENDAR
Among material incidentals, there
were two letters. Now, by law one
is addressed to young Liam and
shall be given directly -

MARY
And you would torment him more? The
boy just lost his father, Robert.
Surely his words would be too much
for the boy.

Robert looks at Jens and then back at Mary, both stoic.

ROBERT CALENDAR
Right. Well perhaps I can keep it
in the safe until -

Mary raises an eyebrow, a burning look.

ROBERT CALENDAR (CONT'D)
Until such time as it is determined
by his parental oversight he is fit
to read its contents.

Mary smiles, satisfied.

ROBERT CALENDAR (CONT'D)
And the second, as you know, was
addressed to you, sir, his brother,
Jens Eriksson. You'll find copies
in the portfolio you were given,
and as your legal counsel I took
the liberty of summarizing its
contents.

Robert becomes visibly uncomfortable, shifting in his chair
and wiping his brow.

ROBERT CALENDAR (CONT'D)
There were some, personal, uh,
matters discussed...accused
infidelity and such...

Jens crosses his arms and Mary resumes her burning look at
Robert.

ROBERT CALENDAR (CONT'D)
(dismissively)
Immaterial, immaterial.

Jens rolls his eyes.

ROBERT CALENDAR (CONT'D)
But, very materially significant,
as you are well aware, is the chair
and control of the board of
Eriksson's Food and Beverage
International. Of which, the
deceased has left control, uh,
excuse me, interim control, to his
brother Jens until his only son,
Liam, is of proper age and
knowledge to take full control of
all domestic and international
holdings.

Jens and Mary exchange looks.

JENS
That's not how I read it.

ROBERT CALENDAR
Come again, sir? Which part?

JENS
This interim business, there.

Jens produces a similar letter from his brief case, with
changes made. Jens holds the new letter up for Robert.

JENS (CONT'D)
You see here? Nothing about
interim. My brother has entrusted
me full control.

Robert sits back, throws his glasses onto the desk.

ROBERT CALENDAR
(feigning morality)
Well, I never...sir, this is
highly, highly irregular. That
letter -

MARY
You'll notice another substantial
difference too, Robert. In the
total cash assets? A substantial
amount has...been reaallocated...to
Legal fees.

JENS
Quite substantial.

Robert takes the document. He reviews it, his jaw drops and
he sits back, pondering nervously. His eyes wander to a
picture of his family.

ROBERT CALENDAR
Well...

JENS
It seems here that everything is in
order. I trust your team will draw
up the appropriate documents and
we'll finalize the transfer of
company assets and all the rest.
With the utmost discretion, of
course. These matters are, after
all, of a very private nature.

ROBERT CALENDAR
Yes, yes...with the utmost
discretion.

INT. CALENDAR LAW OFFICES WAITING ROOM

Jens and Mary emerge from Robert's office.

MARY
(to Liam)
Gather yourself, child.

Mary walks out of the offices. Jens stops and picks up Liam's cabby hat and hands it to him.

Liam tries to take the hat but Jens holds on tightly.

Liam pulls as hard as he can, but Jens won't let go. Liam stops pulling and looks down at his feet.

JENS

You're just as forgotten as he is.

Jens chuckles and drops the hat on the floor.

INT. ROBERT CALENDAR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Robert, clearly flustered, pours a drink. He looks at the two original letters, one open and one unopened, addressed to Liam.

He lights a cigarette.

There's a knock at his door. His secretary yells through the door.

SECRETARY

Mr. Calendar your two o'clock is here.

ROBERT CALENDAR

Yes, just a moment!

Robert holds the original letter next to his cigarette lighter. A moment passes, he doesn't light it.

SECRETARY

Mr. Calendar?

ROBERT CALENDAR

Yes, god damnit hold on!

Robert lowers the lighter, bundles the two original letters and places them in his safe. He turns to the reproduced letter, faked from Jens, and hastily stamps his notary seal and signs it.

He swiftly finishes his drink. Another knock at the door.

ROBERT CALENDAR (CONT'D)

(across the door)

Fine, fine, come in, damn you!

EXT. ERIKSSON ESTATE - NIGHT

A large mansion looms, the Eriksson estate. The clip-clop of hooves from a horse drawn carriage the only sound.

INT. ERIKSSON ESTATE MASTER BEDROOM

A large, dimly lit bedroom, wooden floors with a four post mahogany bed. A maid straightens the bed sheets and tidies up.

Liam watches through a cracked open door in the corner, his face shadowed. He concentrates on the bedside NIGHTSTAND.

The maid leaves. Liam sneaks into the room and opens the nightstand drawer. He searches through its contents, pocketing a pack of cigarettes.

The floor creaks as the maid steps back into the room and pauses at the door, staring at Liam.

Liam looks back down at the drawer and sees a GOLD WATCH. He furls his brow and waives off the maid.

LIAM
P-p-piss off!

MAID
Well!

She turns in disgust, storming off. Liam picks up the watch.

He turns to leave, stops at his father's wardrobe. The open wardrobe doors reveal his father's shoes lined up below matching suits, untouched and hanging neatly.

Liam touches the suits, looks at the shoes. They are shiny. He looks at his own shoes, they are scuffed and dirty.

INT. ERIKSSON ESTATE PARLOR - SAME NIGHT

Jens sits at a desk littered with assorted documents and loose money. He studies them intently under candle light with a magnifying glass.

Mary enters the parlor, closes the door and leans against it with playful sadness.

MARY
Your brother is not here anymore to
look at his wife with shame and his
brother with mistrust.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

Did you hear what that awful lawyer
said today? Accusations of
infidelity?

Their eyes lock. Mary slowly reaches up to her bosom, and suggestively loosens her dress by pulling a single lace, never breaking eye contact with Jens.

INT. ERIKSSON ESTATE HALLS

Liam solemnly walks the halls and pauses near the closed door to the parlor.

He hears a woman's muffled moans and a repetitive knocking against the door.

INT. ERIKSSON ESTATE STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Liam walks through his father's study, hanging large above the desk is a recent portrait of Noah and Mary.

Liam wanders the study looking at pictures and knick-knacks taken during Noah's worldly travels. There are pictures of his father with many different people.

A picture with a beautiful woman, not his mother. Pictures of outdoor landscapes and castles, Noah and backpackers.

Liam notices in the pictures that Noah is wearing the GOLD WATCH he has now.

Noah is pictured with a family of three outside a huge circus tent with an elephant in the background. The other man in the picture is a young Marceau, wearing his signature maroon cravat, with his wife and a much younger Jean.

Liam picks up the picture of the family, they seem happy.

INT. ERIKSSON ESTATE PARLOR - LATER

Mary sits near the fire wrapped in a white sheet, sipping wine. Jens is back at his desk sifting through papers.

JENS

Your late husband was well trusted
by his investing partners, it would
seem. His illness, this war in
Europe...makes them all nervous.

MARY

Oh hush darling, you're ruining a perfectly good evening -

JENS

(interrupts)

We - I - have to show things are still in control. Noah had properties all over the damn place, the most lucrative of which are in the middle of a damned war in case you hadn't noticed. I don't want our board thinking things are being run by Noah's only -

MARY

Only what? His heir? Liam knows nothing of running a business. He still plays with toys, for Christ's sake.

Mary stands and anxiously secures the sheet around herself.

JENS

He needs to be sent somewhere until we have time to handle the distraction.

MARY

And where shall we *send* him, Jens?

Jens stands up straight. He sips a glass of whiskey.

JENS

To learn the business on the front lines, so to speak. What better signal to the investors than our own investment, of blood?

Mary looks apprehensive.

Jens leans over the desk and studies the outstretched maps.

JENS (CONT'D)

The DuBois property outside of Avignon would be perfect. Its away from the fighting, and the winemaker, Marceau, would love the extra hands. I've met the man a handful of times, he's no fairy godmother but he's got plenty of structure and stability.

MARY

And what's your master plan? Travel
the continent whoring and drinking
like your brother?

Jens looks sharply at her, Mary's eyes soften.

JENS

Lets give the investors what they
want. A sense of security. No one
will blame you for wanting to get
away and travel following your
tragic loss.

Mary saunters over to a nearby table, refills her wine. She
is suspicious. Jens approaches her.

MARY

You already arranged this, didn't
you?

Jens presses forward, undeterred.

JENS

And if I did? That would just about
give us the run of the place...on
the road with no children going
bump in the night.

He presses himself against her. She closes her eyes and bites
her lip, completely taken by his embrace.

JENS (CONT'D)

Plenty of time to enjoy the finer
things.

EXT. ERIKSSON ESTATE GARDEN AND GROUNDS - DAY

Liam, in an ill-fitting suit, and a few other boys, sons of
servants and dressed to show it, throw a baseball back and
forth.

LIAM

...and basically your parents work
for me now. I'll give you jobs,
too, if you're nice to me. My
father taught me everything there
is to know about food and wine.

TODD CALENDAR, 15, lets the ball go right past him and gives
Liam an inquisitive look. The other boys scramble to get the
ignored ball.

TODD

What if I don't want to be a wine
man? My father says only women
whine.

Liam thinks for a second, only momentarily puzzled.

LIAM

You can be my driver!

The children laugh. Todd wrestles the ball away from a
younger boy. He throws it past Liam and it breaks a first
floor window. The boys all look at each other, stunned.

TODD

Oh shit!

All but Liam and Todd frantically run off.

Moments later REGINALD, 63, balding and skinny, wearing a
snug fitting black suit with a white apron storms into the
garden with a handful of toy soldiers and the ball that was
thrown through the window.

REGINALD

Master Liam perhaps it is time to
rally the troops? I seem to recall
quite the invading force near the
parlor and some in the foyer as
well, undoubtedly amongst the
shards of glass.

He gestures to the broken window.

LIAM

It was Todd!

Liam points at Todd, whose jaw drops and he throws his hands
in the air.

Reginald turns and directs all of his attention to Liam, and
leans in.

REGINALD

How noble.

Reginald leans in closer.

REGINALD (CONT'D)

There is more to this world than
just toys, Master Eriksson. A
little loyalty, perhaps?

Mary enters the garden, hurrying.

MARY

Run along, Liam. The staff have work to do. Have you done your chores?

LIAM

I haven't got any chores.

MARY

All the same. Run along.

Liam glances at Reginald who meets his gaze. Liam takes the toys and sulks off.

Mary grabs Reginald's arm as he passes her, he looks at her grasp, and then at her with an eye brow raised.

MARY (CONT'D)

Keep that boy and his toys out of sight. They at least need to *think* he's capable of growing up a man.

REGINALD

Where shall I keep him?

MARY

(dismissive)

Oh don't quibble with me Reginald. And go over the wine list pairings again - if nothing else we have to at least get *that* right.

Mary turns away. Reginald pauses a moment and snaps his fingers at a passing maid.

REGINALD

(to the maid)

We've got some glass to clean up, love. Careful not to cut your hand.

EXT. ERIKSSON ESTATE GROUNDS - EVENING

Liam is wandering the grounds and sees a light in his father's study window. He climbs a nearby tree to investigate and see inside.

Climbing the tree, he accidentally kicks a BIRD'S NEST. A small BABY BIRD falls out, and lay dying.

From his vantage point, he sees Mary passionately kiss Jens through the window and then exit the study.

A branch begins to crack and Liam holds on tightly, his expression nervous and eyes wide.

The branch breaks and he falls next to the bird.

INT. ERIKSSON ESTATE DINING ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Mary sits at the head of the table and Jens to her right, they are dinner hosts for ten of their biggest investors. Mary looks nervous and uncomfortable in her husband's seat.

HANS, obnoxious and middle-aged, the charismatic leader of the group, is telling stories. CHRISTOFF, pudgy rich stiff, sits across from Hans.

HANS

(boisterously)

And would you believe that crazy devil?! Noah, the great and powerful, reached his hand right down into the stomping tub and picked a fat, juicy one, popped it in his mouth, spits it out, and says 'Go get your sister, her feet taste better!'

All the guests burst into laughter, Jens and Mary force smiles. Mary takes a big gulp of her wine.

The laughter quickly subsides, the guests one by one look at Hans, then at each other, and then all eyes on Mary.

HANS (CONT'D)

(solemnly)

Rest his soul, Noah would know what to do.

CHRISTOFF

(sneers)

About what? Taking on the whole bloody Hungarian empire?

MARY

(sharply)

Noah is dead.

CHRISTOFF

We have investments in Europe, and they need -

MARY

In his will, Noah named Jens the Chair of Eriksson Food and Beverage International. He was gracious enough to accept the position, placing all of us in his capable hands.

Christoff looks around, hoping someone else will speak up. No one does, he stiffens up.

CHRISTOFF

And Germany's advance? Perhaps we should sell while we are ahead; god damn Germans will burn down the countryside. And then what will we have? Not wine!

The other guests nod with approval, mumble agreeing sentiments. Jens stands.

JENS

Gentlemen, I assure you everything is under control.

HANS

Your have *the* war under control?

JENS

No, I have your business, *your* money, under control.

CHRISTOFF

And tell us, what has a mourning and meticulous brother up his sleeve?

Jens smiles, offers an acknowledging head nod, and begins to slowly pace around the table. He soaks in the eyes on him.

JENS

The French aren't the only wine drinkers, nor the only Europeans who eat. A war effort can drum up quite the appetite.

He picks up a bottle of wine from a serving tray on a small table.

CHRISTOFF

You aren't suggesting we do business with the aggressors?

JENS

We do business with paying customers, last time I checked. It's not like we're selling weapons, for Christ's sake.

He pauses while the guests consider.

JENS (CONT'D)

Our man in France has the main vineyard production under control. Marceau Dubois?

HANS

Grumpy devil.

JENS

Yes; grumpy, but effective. He has offered to take on Liam as an understudy and walk him through both the wine and business side of things. He may even be able to lend a helping hand to the daily grind, get a feel for the industry's moving parts.

Jens gestures to himself and Mary.

JENS (CONT'D)

We'll invest our own flesh and blood in the future of this company. All we ask is your trust, in one form or another.

He stops, holds the wine bottle over Christoff's shoulder.

JENS (CONT'D)

(shrugging)

We will do what this family does best-

Christoff extends his glass, Jens slowly pours.

JENS (CONT'D)

Keep the wine flowing.

At the break in conversation Reginald enters the dining room and whispers something in Mary's ear. She is flustered and excuses herself.

INT. ERIKSSON ESTATE - LIAM'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mary throws the door open, sees Liam in a sling and a doctor standing by.

MARY
Christ, Reginald, why weren't you
watching him?

REGINALD
My apologies, ma'am.

MARY
(to Liam)
And you, what in God's name were
you doing?

Liam looks down at his feet.

Mary shakes her head, visibly frustrated. She thinks a moment.

MARY (CONT'D)
(to the Doctor)
Can he still travel?

Liam looks up, confused.

LIAM
Travel where?

INT. ERIKSSON ESTATE - LIAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Liam lays awake on his bed in his undergarments, holding the GOLD WATCH. The fire place glows. There is a TAP at the window.

Liam stirs, staring at the window but only seeing his reflection. Another loud TAP.

Liam approaches the window and cups his hands to look out. He sees Todd and smiles. Liam opens a RUSTY LATCH, straining with it for a moment until it releases. The window opens and Liam slides out onto the grass overlooking the grounds.

EXT. ERIKSSON ESTATE - OUTSIDE LIAM'S ROOM

TODD
Don't hurt yourself, cripple.
Serves you right for ratting me out
earlier.

Todd and Liam sit with their backs against the brick wall of the estate house, sharing a cigarette. They look out over the grounds.

LIAM

Mother says I'm to go to France. To one of our vineyards.

TODD

I'd go to France and kill all those Germans. Heck, you'll be able to practically pick em off with those spiky helmets. My pa showed me a picture of what they look like, silly things.

LIAM

You should work on your aim with baseballs, not pop guns!

Todd ruffles Liam's hair and they both laugh. They end up on their backs staring up at the stars.

Liam looks sad, Todd nudges him in the side playfully.

TODD

Now you gotta be careful about those French women. You see they don't shave nothin, so they got lots of hair in all types of places.

LIAM

Like where?

TODD

Like places down there...

Todd gestures downward, cigarette in hand. Liam looks confused.

TODD (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it. I'll show you when we get there.

LIAM

Why are you going to France?

Liam takes the cigarette from Todd.

TODD

Pa says eventually the army will go when Woodson gets his shit together.

(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)

But I think I'll sneak away with the Rockshire brothers, they're leaving tomorrow. You can say you're however old you want, they don't even check. The French are taking volunteers at the hospitals, and I'm gonna be a doctor someday.

LIAM

Who's Woodson?

TODD

The president, dummy!

Liam takes a long drag of the cigarette and coughs.

LIAM

You mean Wilson. Woodrow Wilson, dummy. Some doctor you'll be.

Todd looks over at Liam, and they laugh again.

TODD

I'll write, tell you all about my adventures. You can write back and tell me about yours.

Liam reflects and stares past the stars.

LIAM

Yeah. My adventures.

EXT. ERIKSSON ESTATE - THE NEXT MORNING

Liam sits in the rear of an Underslung roadster in the driveway of the estate, his single, large bag next to him. Reginald is in the driver seat. It is raining.

Liam looks down and opens his hand, he's holding his father's gold pocket watch. He opens it and it reads seven twenty-six. He continues to open and close it repeatedly. The car lurches as Reginald puts it in gear.

Liam stares out the back of the roadster as it drives from the estate.

EXT. SHIP DOCK - DAY

Car parks. Liam stares at the dockside steamship and the boarding crowd. Luggage is lifted by crane onto the ship, busy dock workers are everywhere.

Reginald exits the car and opens the door for Liam, who does not exit. He is awestruck by the busy scene.

REGINALD
(clears throat)
Your ship, young master. Bound for
Lisbon, and a train ride to France.

Belchamp approaches, uninterested. He hands Reginald an envelope. Reginald reads it, and nods.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
This is Mr. Belchamp, he will
accompany you.

Belchamp looks at Liam apathetically. He stands sideways, and motions for the boy to get out of the car and follow him.

The ship's whistle sounds in the background.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
(quietly, to Liam)
Come now, destiny awaits. How can
the young master expect to run an
empire spanning the globe, if he
has not yet seen the world or met
any of the people in it?

Reginald extends his hand. Reluctantly, Liam takes it and climbs down from the roadster.

Liam hands his duffel bag to Belchamp who takes it, looks at it, looks back at Liam, and smirks.

He drops the bag at his own feet, and gazes at Liam.

BELCHAMP
All aboard now, boy.

Reginald remains emotionless, fighting back the urge to cater to Liam. Liam sullenly follows Belchamp, struggling with his bag.

Liam stops halfway across the gangway and turns around to look at Reginald, who remains still.

INT. ABOARD SHIP - BELCHAMP AND LIAM'S CABIN

A modest CANDLE LIT two bed windowless cabin. Belchamp smokes a pipe and sips a bottle of whiskey while reading a book, all but ignoring Liam.

Liam sits on his bed holding his father's watch, knees up to his chest. He watches Belchamp.

LIAM
My father smoked a pipe.

Belchamp turns a page in his book.

Liam shifts.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Did you work for my father?

BELCHAMP
(looks Liam in the eye)
I work for Monsieur Marceau. Who
Marceau works for is no business of
mine.

Belchamp goes back to his book. Liam smiles.

LIAM
(proud naivety)
Well then, you work for me now!

Belchamp takes a deep pull from his pipe. He closes his book, stands.

Belchamp moves to Liam's bed and stands over it, Liam remains motionless. Belchamp uncorks his whiskey bottle and takes a swig. He hands the bottle to Liam.

BELCHAMP
(stoic)
Well, then here you are sir. A
man's drink for a man's boss.

Liam blinks. He nods unconvincingly and cautiously reaches for the bottle. He puts it to his lips, never breaking eye contact with Belchamp. He takes a small sip, and swallows.

He reacts violently, coughing. Belchamp, satisfied, takes the bottle back and pops in the cork. He leans close into Liam, pokes his finger in his chest.

BELCHAMP (CONT'D)
I've some news that might be a tad
harder to swallow than that, boy.

Liam partially recovers and looks up at Belchamp, distressed.

BELCHAMP (CONT'D)
 You work for Monsieur Marceau now,
 too. And you're a long way from
 home.

Belchamp steps back, and looks at Liam.

EXT. ROAD TO THE DUBOIS WINERY - JUST BEFORE SUNSET - TWO
 WEEKS LATER

Belchamp handles a horse drawn carriage with Liam as his
 passenger. They pass a sign that reads DUBOIS VINEYARDS. In
 the distance are rows and rows of grape vines and a modest
 house with a few surrounding structures. It is beautiful.

Liam watches Belchamp operate the reigns, he notices his
 PURPLE STAINED FINGERS.

LIAM
 Why are your fingers purple?

BELCHAMP
 (dismissive)
 Because I work for a living, boy.

LIAM
 What do you do?

Belchamp annoyedly glances at Liam.

BELCHAMP
 In the spring, we prune the vines.
 In the summer, we work the soil and
 the grass. In the fall, we work the
 harvest - grapes, crushing and
 stemming. During the production, we
 work the bottling. Always working.
 You'll see.

EXT. DUBOIS VINJEYARD GATE

They arrive at a gate, two men on horseback greet them. One
 is Marceau, smoking pipe in hand, staring intently at the
 arriving wagon. The other is ALEX, a young man armed with a
 rifle.

Marceau and Alex dismount. Belchamp stops the carriage and
 gets down to greet Marceau. They heartily embrace.

BELCHAMP
 Monsieur, glad to be back!

MARCEAU

Always good to see you, my trusted friend. And what have you brought us, Luis? A runaway?

Liam frowns, his eyes catch the MAROON CRAVAT around Marceau's neck from the pictures in his father's study.

LIAM

I'm no runaway! You work for my father, and he's dead. My uncle tells me I'm to keep an eye on things while you teach me...business things. My father already taught me everything there is to know about being a wine man...

Marceau takes a long drag from his pipe, unmoved.

MARCEAU

Come down here, boy.

Liam gets off the wagon and stands before Marceau.

Marceau removes his hat and puts it over his heart. He takes a knee.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)

(directly and full of empathy)

I'm sorry about your father, son.

Liam stares down, moved but not sure how to respond.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)

(stands)

Your uncle, however, says your father didn't teach you a god damn thing. The only business I'm to teach you is whatever business of the day needs attention.

Liam remains motionless.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)

As for my business, it isn't babysitting. Dinner at eight.

Marceau walks back to his horse, mounts up and turns toward Liam. Alex hands the reins of his brown horse with FUNNY WHITE FRECKLES to Liam and then boards the wagon.

Marceau gives Liam one last look, and Marceau motions to the freckled mare.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)
That there's a good horse. Treat
her right, friend for life.

Marceau rides back up the road toward the vineyard. Belchamp gets back on the wagon and throws Liam's bag onto the dirt beside him. Alex snickers.

BELCHAMP
It's the great big house at the end
of this road. Can't miss it. I'll
save a plate.

Belchamp whips the reins and the wagon begins down the dirt road.

Liam watches it leave. After a moment, he removes the gold watch from his pocket. He opens it and looks at it, still stuck at seven twenty-six. He shakes and it puts it to his ear, dead.

LIAM
(to himself)
Dinner at eight.

He tosses his duffle bag onto the back of the horse who immediately shuffles forward and the bag slides off. Liam picks up his bag and spooks the horse, and she takes off down the dirt road.

EXT. DIRT ROAD TO THE WINERY - JUST AFTER SUNSET

A rickety, red Model T Ford pickup comes bouncing up the road in a cloud of dust. Liam scrambles out of the way and stands to the side.

Jean is driving with AIMEE BELCHAMP, 17, angelic and blonde. She looks at Liam as the truck drives on. They lock eyes.

EXT. MARCEAU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Liam, dirty and exhausted, approaches the modest house, there's a light on in the kitchen.

Jean is leaning against his truck, smoking a cigarette and drinking.

JEAN
It's dangerous out on the roads for
little boys at night. Thieves and
wolves.

Jean flicks his CIGARETTE onto Liam who dashes back.

JEAN (CONT'D)
(mutters something in
French)
Your daddy and his money don't mean
piss all out here, little Lee-yam.
Even if he was still alive.

Jean walks away. Liam looks toward the stable and sees the
same horse with funny white freckles drinking from a trough.

The horse looks up at Liam, shakes her head and whinnies.
Then goes back to drinking.

INT. VINEYARD LIVING QUARTERS - A MOMENT LATER

Liam enters through the kitchen and Belchamp is sitting at
the table. He lights his pipe, slides a PLATE OF FOOD over to
Liam, and then leaves the room.

ACT TWO

INT. MARCEAU'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING - WEEKS LATER

Belchamp bangs on Liam's door, trying to wake him.

BELCHAMP
Time to get up, boy! Work to be
done!

He walks away, in a huff.

BELCHAMP (CONT'D)
(to himself)
How much damned sleep do they need
in America?

INT. LIAM'S ROOM

Liam lays on his bed in a small corner room with a single
window, a bookcase, and a dresser. A SMALL CERAMIC CLOWN
figurine is the only decoration.

He rolls over, looks at his blistered hands. He slowly gets up.

BELCHAMP (O.S.)

Liam! Come to the grounds!

Liam, visibly annoyed, gets up sluggishly and kicks the leg of the dresser. From the top, the clown figurine falls to the floor and breaks into two pieces. Liam is horrified.

Marceau, passing in the hall, sees the clown figurine on the floor and enters the room. He bends to pick up the figurine, slowly and methodically.

MARCEAU

Even your father started off
shoveling shit. And so did I.

Liam's face relaxes.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)

Now go on, get your shovel.

Marceau pockets the pieces and walks out.

EXT. VINEYARD STABLES - EVENING - DAYS LATER

Liam is exhaustedly shoveling hay and manure into a wheel barrow. Aimee and Belchamp are talking at the open door to the stables while she grooms the mane of the WHITE FRECKLED MARE.

Liam is mesmerized by Aimee, notices her long legs and hair flowing like the mare's mane. Belchamp kisses Aimee's head and walks away.

Not paying attention, Liam steps into a pile of dung. His loafer type shoes are engulfed.

LIAM

Not again!

The mare whinnies in approval, and Aimee notices Liam in the stable. She walks over to him, stopping in a small gear locker on the way.

She hands him a pair of dirty BOOTS.

AIMEE

Rights tools for the job go a long
way, young Liam.

Liam is lovestruck.

LIAM
You know my name?

Aimee smiles and turns. The horse is excited, whinnying.

AIMEE
She likes you. Let's saddle her up!

INT. STABLE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Liam is standing next to the saddled white freckled horse, they are both looking apprehensive. The saddle is a dirty red color, with BRIGHT RED LACES. Aimee is in the loft.

LIAM
(to the horse)
Don't embarrass me, ok?

The horse stirs.

Liam tries with all his might to pull himself up and mount the horse. He is too short and falls to the ground. The horse takes a few steps forward.

AIMEE
(laughs)
First time on a horse?

Aimee climbs down and plops a stepping stool on the side of the horse.

AIMEE (CONT'D)
The right tools, remember?

Aimee steps up and easily mounts the mare. She extends her hand and Liam reaches out to her. He uses the stool and Aimee helps him the rest of the way into the saddle, sitting in front of her.

Liam smiles and takes stock of his situation atop the horse.

LIAM
Good horse.

AIMEE
Tachete.

Liam confusedly looks up and back at Aimee.

AIMEE (CONT'D)
(through a smile)
The horse's name, is Tachete.

EXT. VINEYARD GROUNDS - LATER

Aimee and Liam ride TACHETE through the vineyard grounds. Liam is smiling and enjoying himself. Aimee is a proficient rider.

EXT. SMALL CREEK - AFTERNOON SAME DAY

Tachete drinks from a creek, Aimee and Liam sit on a nearby rock. Liam spastically slaps at a bug on his ankle.

AIMEE

Not much of an outdoorsman, are you? What are you *really* doing here, little Liam?

Liam sits up tall.

LIAM

I'm to look over this place until after the war.

Aimee raises an eyebrow.

AIMEE

The people around here aren't used to your type, you know.

LIAM

Boss types?

AIMEE

(a half smile)
Arrogant American types.

LIAM

Actually, to tell the truth, I don't really know what I'm doing here.

She stretches, raising her arms high exposing a hairless underarm. Liam's jaw drops, his eyes wander Aimee.

Aimee catches him staring out of the corner of her eye.

AIMEE

Pig!

She gently pushes him backward with her boot and he splashes into the water.

Tachete approaches and nudges Liam, he is dazed and soaked.

EXT. VINEYARD STABLE - SUNSET

Belchamp watches Liam, dripping wet, and Aimee approach the stable. He lights his pipe.

BELCHAMP

Get the horse and saddle stowed,
Liam. Aimee, wash for dinner, girl.
Be quick about it.

AIMEE

Yes, father.

Belchamp looks at Liam again, he's a mess. Belchamp cracks the slightest smile and tosses Liam a towel.

BELCHAMP

I looked a might messy too my first
time on a horse, boy. It'll come.

INT. MARCEAU'S HOUSE - THAT EVENING

Liam walks back to his room, tired after a long day. He sees a dim light from the crack in a door to Marceau's study. He peeks in.

Marceau is seated at a corner desk, diligently piecing the small clown figurine back together.

Liam looks around the room. On a small end table he sees the same framed picture of Marceau and his family outside a circus tent that his father had back home.

Liam carefully leans closer to get a better look, cautiously watching Marceau. He bumps the door and it creaks, he freezes.

MARCEAU

Harder to sneak around here than
back home, you'll find.

LIAM

I wasn't sneaking - honest - I, I
was just -

MARCEAU

Just quietly poking around so no
one would hear you?

LIAM

(sighs and smiles)
Yes.

INT. MARCEAU'S STUDY

Marceau spins in his chair to face Liam, the clown figurine back together and standing upright on his desk. He motions to the picture Liam was looking at.

MARCEAU
Your father.

Liam picks up the picture.

LIAM
When was this?

MARCEAU
Well before you were born, but
before the business really took
off. Circus just outside Paris.

Marceau's eyes brighten and he laughs to himself, recalling fond memories.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)
Your father loved the circus. Loved
just about anything daring,
dangerous. He was here to get the
vineyard exports set up for us,
gave just about everything he had.

INT. JUST OUTSIDE MARCEAU'S PARLOR - SAME TIME

Jean walks toward the parlor, hears Marceau. He listens by the door, unseen.

INT. MARCEAU'S PARLOR - CONTINUED

Liam listens intently.

MARCEAU
He made this all possible with his
last dime before it ever gave him a
penny back. I owe him everything.

Liam looks back at the picture.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)
Why don't you take that, I'll hold
on to the clown.

Liam cracks a smile.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)
Your father's not as far away as
you think, young Liam.

INT. VINEYARD STABLE - DAYS LATER - MORNING

Liam smiles while brushing Tachete, looking more proficient.

Jean enters a side door on the other side of the stable. Liam sees him and his smile fades. He continues to cautiously brush the horse.

Jean pees in the corner.

JEAN
(while peeing)
You're the help, wee little Lee-
yam. A long way from home.

Jean finishes up, saunters over to Liam.

JEAN (CONT'D)
(leaning in close)
We don't fraternize with the help.

Liam can smell whiskey on his breath and winces. Jean leaves. Tachete stares at Liam.

LIAM
(to Tachete)
Not very nice, is he?

EXT. CREEKSIDE - DAY

Aimee sits on a picnic blanket watching Jean throw stones into the creek.

AIMEE
Come sit, Jean! You'll dam it up if
you keep at it.

Jean turns and half smiles. He pulls a small corked bottle from his back pocket and takes a quick sip while walking back to the blanket.

AIMEE (CONT'D)
It's a little early for that.

JEAN
(contemplates)
Actually, I think it's rather too
late...for me, anyway.

He sits and tries to kiss Aimee.

She pulls back.

 AIMEE
 You smell like whiskey.

Jean, frustrated, sits back and takes out his bottle again.

 JEAN
 And your new pet, the wee Lee-yam,
 he smell better?

 AIMEE
 He's just a child, Jean. He's a
 lonely, lost little boy. You could
 try to teach him something instead
 of antagonizing him all the time.

Jean stares into the creek, brooding.

 JEAN
 My father teaches him plenty.

He lays back, stares up at the sky. Aimee puts her head on his chest.

 JEAN (CONT'D)
 He's no time for me anymore. Soon
 the war will be on his doorstep,
 and then he'll need me.

 AIMEE
 He needs you now, Jean. We all do.

 JEAN
 He hasn't needed me since my mother
 died. This damned place kills
 everything.

Aimee gently turns Jean's face toward hers. She pecks him on the forehead.

 AIMEE
 You're wrong, Jean. There is life
 here, and it needs you.

Jean shakes his head, unsettled. He stands up and goes back to the creek, takes another drink of whiskey.

INT. LIAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Liam sits on his bed reading a book. A knock at his door. Belchamp opens it and throws a bundle of letters onto the bed.

BELCHAMP
Letters from America, for you.
Mails backed up, with the war on.

Liam excitedly looks through the letters, all from Todd Calendar.

LIAM
Anything from my mother?

BELCHAMP
(hesitates)
Like I said - mails backed up.

Liam nods, unconvinced. He opens a letter and reads.

EXT. DUBOIS GROUNDS - DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE:

TODD (V.O.)
Dear Liam, I'm finally headed to France, just like I said! The Rockshire brothers pulled it off and we're at the New York harbor waiting for our boat captain.

Liam is more efficient shoveling manure in the stable.

Liam rides Tachete and nearly falls off.

Liam and Belchamp haul barrels from the cooper's hut.

Liam laughs with local villagers while carrying crates of empty bottles.

Liam rides Tachete with improved skills.

TODD (V.O.)
Have you met any French girls? Is it true about their hair? Bobby Rockshire says its not true, but he doesn't know what he's talking about. We're going to England first, London I think.

(MORE)

TODD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Look for me in France in a few months, I'll be the first one to the line. Your mother and Jens have been gone from the estate for some time now, did they go to meet you in France? I bet its scary there with the war on, but Reginald says you're farther south than the Somme. You can write back, just address it to my father's law office at 62 Kincaid, in New Jersey. The law offices of Robert Calendar. Take care Liam, I'll see you soon!

END MONTAGE

EXT. DUBOIS COOPER'S HUT - DAY

Children laugh and kick a ball as Liam watches near a machine run by a hydraulic conveyor belt. It's moving glass bottles.

A SMALL BOY kicks the ball and it lands in the belt, disrupting the machine.

Bottles fall, causing another worker to slip and drop a case of wine he is carrying. It's a mess.

Marceau hears the commotion and storms out from the office near the cooper's hut.

MARCEAU
 Clement, Luis! What the devil is going on out here?

Liam shoos away the children, they look terrified thinking they'll be in trouble for the mess. There's broken glass, wine everywhere.

LIAM
 It's my fault! I'll clean it up.

Marceau looks at the mess and shakes his head. The conveyor is stopped, but water is still pouring uselessly on the primary gears.

MARCEAU
 Turn off the water before you drain the whole damn creek into the shop.

LIAM
 I will. I'm sorry.

Marceau scowls and slams the door. Liam looks back at the children who are cowering out of sight, he motions for them to go away.

Belchamp, smoking his pipe a distance away, observes the whole scene.

Belchamp approaches and Liam freezes. Belchamp kicks open a trap door under the conveyer belt. It reveals a large, rusty valve that isolates the water supply.

BELCHAMP

Turn it slow, and all the way.

EXT. DUBOIS GROUNDS - WEEKS LATER

Liam rides Tachete, his skills improving. He sees a small racoon pacing around something on the ground, darting in and back. Its a small injured bird.

Liam stops Tachete, dismounts and shoos away the racoon.

Above Liam's head, a larger bird in a nest is frantic.

LIAM

(to the bird)

Looks like I've found something
you've lost.

Liam picks up the small bird, carefully climbs up the tree and places it in the nest.

INT. MARCEAU'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Marceau, Belchamp, Aimee, and Liam are eating dinner.

MARCEAU

We're a little behind, young Liam.
You've got to get more proficient
with the equipment, especially
while we're short on able bodies.

Liam puts his fork down, disappointed.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)

But, that's part of the learning I
suppose.

Marceau takes a sip of wine, holds the glass up, looks intently into it.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)
You see, Liam, we all have
something to learn. Even the
wine...it must learn too. Time is
the greatest teacher, and with
wine, time is the only way it *can*
learn.

Everyone is looking at Marceau.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)
With the right ingredients, kept
safe and in the right place, for
the right amount of time, anything
treated with love can turn into
something beautiful.

He smiles.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)
Or something like that. I read it
on a post card, i think.

The table laughs.

EXT. MARCEAU'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

Jean arrives back from a day trip in the truck. He looks
exhausted.

INT. MARCEAU'S HOUSE - MUD ROOM

Jean enters the small mud room and takes off his coat, he
hears laughter from beyond the door to the kitchen.

INT. MARCEAU'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jean swings open the door and everyone looks up, still
smiling from their conversation.

AIMEE
Jean! You're back, eat with us!

She motions to the table.

JEAN
(smugly)
One big happy family.

AIMEE
Jean don't be rude.

JEAN

There's not enough room at that table for me. You can have your little dinner party in peace.

Jean leaves angrily.

Marceau starts up, but Aimee places a hand on his shoulder.

AIMEE

No, let me. He's just upset.

MARCEAU

He's drunk.

AIMEE

He just wants to feel like a part of this!

MARCEAU

He IS a part of this! He should act like it!

Aimee shakes her head and sighs. Liam stares at his plate. Aimee gets up and follows behind Jean.

EXT. MARCEAU'S HOUSE

Jean is sitting on the bed of the pick up truck. Aimee walks over to him slowly, stands before him.

Jean reaches out and takes her in, kissing her intently.

Aimee takes in the moment, slowly opens her eyes.

JEAN

I'm leaving in the morning.

Aimee scowls.

AIMEE

Why? Where?

JEAN

They need more men, north. Able men. Not wanting to sit around and do nothing while the continent burns.

Aimee grabs his collar.

AIMEE

Nothing? Your father is trying to run this place, for you Jean! He can't do that forever, you have to stay!

Jean jumps down from the truck.

JEAN

He hates me, like he hated my mother. He just pretends she's a soft spot when really he knows its this place that killed her.

AIMEE

Your mother was sick, Jean, that's all. We all miss her.

JEAN

No, this place MADE her sick. It makes us all sick.

AIMEE

(sobbing)

What if you don't ever come back?
What if you don't ever come back to me?

JEAN

Come with me! We'll go farther than the fighting, to England.

Aimee's look turns, she's disgusted.

AIMEE

I'm not running away from everything I've ever known, Jean. And neither should you.

Jean steels himself.

He backs away, and turns around. He gets into the truck and drives off. Aimee drops to her knees and cries.

INT. MARCEAU'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Marceau watches out the window as Jean's truck creates a cloud of dust as he drives away. Marceau looks troubled. Belchamp is behind him.

MARCEAU

He won't find what he's looking for.

Belchamp motions with a coffee cup. Takes a sip.

BELCHAMP

He doesn't know what he's looking
for.

Marceau turns to Belchamp, places a hand on his shoulder.

MARCEAU

That's the worst way to be in a
war. Because the devil only looks
for the lost.

EXT. FRANCE - FRONT LINE TRENCH - NIGHT

BOOM! An explosion. A troop commander blows his whistle and troops pour out of the trench, some dying instantly. The fighting is intense.

Two French soldiers run frantically through the trenches with rifles, bayonets affixed, jumping over bodies and ammunition caches. One of them is Jean, the other MARTIN, 20, filthy and skinny.

An explosion goes off behind them, Jean ducks and covers, clearly afraid.

MARTIN

(yelling, barely audible)
YOU HAVE TO KEEP MOVING! WE HAVE TO
GET TO THE WEST LINE!

Jean is cowering and shivering, confused and disoriented. He turns to rise, still looking back toward the explosion. He lurches forward and is stopped short.

He accidentally stabs Martin with his bayonet. Martin grabs the blade and looks at Jean with disbelief.

JEAN

Martin! Oh god, Martin!

He pulls out the bayonet from Martin's chest, blood and dirt everywhere.

MARTIN

(strained)
Imbecile...

Martin collapses back, dead.

Jean steps back, shivering. He looks around, sees no one in the trench. He begins to uncontrollably weep, slowly sinking into the fetal position.

The war noise continues.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FRANCE - FRONT LINE TRENCH - NEXT DAY

Two officers walking the trench come upon Jean and Martin's body. Jean is asleep. The bombing has subsided and the day is calm.

Officer 1 checks Martin's pulse and shakes his head.

Officer 2 kicks Jean's body, Jean stirs awake.

OFFICER 2
Wake up, wake up!

Officer 1 opens Martin's shirt where there is dried blood, sees the stab wound. He nods at the BLOODY BAYONET in Jean's grasp.

Officer 1 unholsters his side arm.

OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)
You! What happened to this man?
What happened here?

Jean slowly comes too, begins to panic once he realizes his situation. He sees the bloodstained weapon and kicks it away from himself. He stands.

OFFICER 1
What did you do to this man? WHAT
DID YOU DO?

Jean become frantic, inconsolable.

JEAN
I-I-I didn't mean...

Officer 1 hits Jean in the head with the butt of his gun, knocking him out.

EXT. FRANCE - REAR LINE CHECKPOINT

Jean sits in the back of a truck driven by French military police. One driver, one in the passenger seat, and one in the back of the truck with Jean. They stop at a checkpoint.

CHECKPOINT GUARD
Where you headed?

DRIVER
Murderer, seditionist. From the
front. Headed to the rear for
trial.

CHECKPOINT GUARD
(sickened)
Ehh...shoot 'em on sight, I say.

He spits on the ground.

CHECKPOINT GUARD (CONT'D)
Careful, enemy closing in. Line
might not hold much longer - make
sure you don't get your head blown
off taking care of this swine.

The truck drives through.

EXT. FRANCE - FOREST ROAD TO THE REAR FRENCH LINE

Jean, filthy and exhausted, sits silently in the corner of
the covered back of the truck. The road is bumpy and the
soldier with him is asleep.

The moving truck is hit with a mortar shell, it flips over
and kills the driver instantly.

Machine gun fire and German voices fill the forest. A small
squad of three German infantrymen close in on the truck. Jean
stays in the wreckage, alive and hidden from sight.

The soldiers from the back of the truck exits and engages the
Germans, he is killed.

The Germans approach, the soldier in the passenger seat fires
from under the flipped truck, killing all but one of the
German squad members, maiming the last.

Jean is terrified, but sneaks out and grabs a fallen German's
sidearm and maneuvers behind the maimed German, shoots him
dead.

He crawls to the front of the wreckage, the passenger is
struggling to get out and badly injured. Jean looks around,
hears more German voices and panics.

He raises the sidearm. The passenger lifts his hands in
defense, Jean shoots him and exhales in distress.

He quickly changes clothes into a German uniform.

Jean runs into the forest.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Jean runs through the forest, mortar shells exploding around him, the night sky is lit up by flares.

ROBERT CALENDAR (V.O.)
 Dear Liam, if you're reading this
 then my son and your friend, Todd,
 is dead. We received word from the
 front a week ago. Todd was killed
 at the Somme. He loved you, and
 would want me to tell you he fought
 bravely; but I don't know anything
 of bravery in this bloody and
 damnable mess of a world.

Jean is nearly struck by a nearby exploding mortar, sends him careening into a creek.

ROBERT CALENDAR (V.O.)
 He would also want me to tell you
 what else I have to say in this
 letter, though you may not
 understand any of it, god knows I
 don't, and for whatever role I may
 have played I'll be eternally sorry
 and indebted to you. I doubt you'll
 have found out on the other side of
 the world, but your mother married
 your Uncle Jens. I don't know what
 they've told you about your
 predicament in southern France, but
 I'm afraid my boy, no one is coming
 to get you, even if this
 godforsaken war ever ends.

A German troop following closely behind Jean sees his body and checks him. Thinking him one of their own, they call a medic who puts him on a stretcher and he is carried to a truck waiting nearby.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Jens is standing behind three armed mobster types, he looks scared. Hans, from the dinner party, in a tattered suit, bruised and bleeding on his knees holds a case close to his chest, and papers are scattered on the ground.

ROBERT CALENDAR (V.O.)
I fear that things here will go
from bad to worse. Jens is
expanding the family business
through unsavory means, to ends
that only mean trouble. I think
he's getting in over his head.

One of the armed men walks up to Hans and shoots him in the head. He takes the case from his corpse and gathers the papers on the ground.

He hands the case and papers to Jens, and the three men walk away laughing. Jens, who is shaking, opens the case - its full of money.

INT. GERMANY - HOSPITAL

Jean is in a hospital bed, his face and body wrapped in gauze. He can't speak.

ROBERT CALENDAR (V.O.)
I've done some digging on the man
who operates the winery where you
were sent, if he's still there and
still alive. Mr. Marceau DuBois.
He's a good man, Liam, and your
father knew him well. He had a son,
Jean. From what we were able to
find out, he went missing some time
ago in northern France, assumed
killed in action. I leave it to you
whether you want to share that with
Mr. DuBois, although I'm sure he
knows. Not many come home, anyhow.

A young German nurse tenderly washes Jean's forehead. Their eyes meet. She replaces a dried flower by his bed with a fresh one, and smiles at him.

ROBERT CALENDAR (V.O.)
I'm afraid until you are older
there isn't much you'll be able to
do about your situation. If that
day comes, and you haven't built a
life for yourself worth living in
France, come find me in New Jersey.
If I'm still around I'll do what I
can to help you, young Liam. Good
luck, son. God bless.

Jean closes his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. DUBOIS TASTING ROOM

CAPTION: NINE YEARS LATER

Liam, tall and handsome, walks through wine barrel stacks in the tasting room. The workers smile at him, he pats some on the back.

He sees CLEMENT, a young cooper, under a barrel perched on saw horses.

LIAM

Clement.

Clement scoots out from under the barrel.

CLEMENT

(smiling)

Liam! How are you, did you see my note?

LIAM

I did, and I agree. The bands were too short. I've sent word to Avignon, the metal works have agreed to send another shipment. I don't think it will be here for a few weeks.

Clement looks stressed.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Don't worry, friend.

Liam grabs his shoulders reassuringly.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Our showing went wonderful and a few weeks won't matter for the vintage. Besides, we can pick a little later and borrow from the distillery if we need to. Don't worry.

Clement is satisfied.

CLEMENT

Ok, ok. Merci, Liam.

Liam continues walking, he sees Marceau at the door at the far end of the tasting room. He waives, Marceau waives back.

EXT. DUBOIS GROUNDS

Liam and Marceau walk together outside; Marceau looks very old and sick. His maroon cravat is worn with age and dust.

MARCEAU
You are learning the business,
Liam.

LIAM
And learning the people. The people
are the business.

Marceau smiles approvingly and stops to face Liam.

MARCEAU
That's right, that's right.

They look at each other, and smile.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)
Looking more of your father
everyday, boy. Come, come. Help me
to the house to change.

Marceau coughs and stumbles. Liam helps him keep his balance. He recovers and they walk to the house.

INT. DUBOIS TASTING ROOM - DAYS LATER

Marceau, Liam, Belchamp, and Aimee sit around a table in the tasting room laughing and sharing wine.

MARCEAU
So, are you ready for the harvest,
Liam?

LIAM
More than ever. Question is, are
you ready?

The group looks at Marceau, who grows serious.

MARCEAU
I think I may sit this year out,
just until I get over this cough.
You've watched me do it every year
for a decade - anyway, I move at
half my old speed.

Aimee looks concerned, puts an arm on Marceau's shoulder.

AIMEE

But you love the harvest, it's your
favorite part!

Marceau smiles contentedly and looks at Aimee, patting her hand.

MARCEAU

No, no my dear. This. This is my
favorite part.

Belchamp gestures a toast and drinks his wine.

Marceau begins to cough uncontrollably, and doubles over nearly falling out of his seat.

Everyone stands, and a worker comes running to help.

BELCHAMP

Marceau!

Marceau holds his hand out as he steadies himself.

MARCEAU

I'm fine, I'm fine. Just let me
catch my breath. Too drafty in this
tasting room, anyhow.

EXT. DUBOIS GROUNDS - SAME DAY

Liam and Aimee walk together, looking at the grapes on the vines.

AIMEE

(playfully)
Little Liam.

She laughs, but seems distant.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

Not so little anymore, I guess.
Don't you ever think about home?

Liam doesn't seem phased by the question, he continues walking and inspecting the grapes.

LIAM

I never knew what that meant, for
as long as I can remember.

(MORE)

LIAM (CONT'D)

I had things I loved in America, I'm sure, but as hard as I try I can't seem to remember them. The only happiness I can remember is here.

He looks at her intently, she looks away.

AIMEE

But what about your mother, your family? Don't you want to try to find them?

Liam stops and looks at her, he takes her hand and puts it on the grapes nearest them. He gets close to her, and she leans into him.

LIAM

I know *where* they are, and I know where I am. This is where I've grown, this is what I've grown. This is where I belong now. With Marceau...

He looks into her eyes.

LIAM (CONT'D)

With you.

Her eyes water, and she pushes away. Liam sighs.

LIAM (CONT'D)

You don't *have* to let him go. But...I wish you would.

AIMEE

That's easy for you to say, he treated you like shit.

LIAM

I guess what I mean is...*if* you do, I'll be here.

Amy fakes a smile, navigates away from the moment.

AIMEE

Marceau is lucky to have you. The war is over, its been over, Liam. You've all grown up...go home.

EXT. DUBOIS GROUNDS

Marceau and Liam carry rifles along the vineyard row lines. Liam eyes game in the distance and takes a knee, waiting for the game to cross into the open field.

Just as Liam fires a shot, Marceau begins to cough uncontrollably and collapses onto the ground. Liam turns and sees Marceau in distress.

LIAM
Marceau! My god...

Liam drops his rifle and checks Marceau's neck for a pulse, it is faint.

LIAM (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Luis! Luis!

Liam runs toward the main house.

INT. MARCEAU'S BED ROOM - DAYS LATER

Marceau is in bed, sickly and wheezing. Liam is by his bedside, reading from a ledger.

LIAM
The Bondurants in town are owed two barrels, but delivery was delayed and they've since reduced their order. We can either comp it or continue to age it and bottle it ourselves.

Liam turns a page.

LIAM (CONT'D)
The next...fourteen or so months we've taken on two coopers from Paris as a favor to the Renault brothers, who helped last harvest. We need to finalize their pay; I was thinking -

Marceau reaches out and pushes away the ledger.

MARCEAU
Enough, enough. You do it, Liam. I trust your decisions. You couldn't run this place into the ground if you tried.

(MORE)

MARCEAU (CONT'D)

I've been listening to this dribble
laid out in this bed for days now -
go get something interesting to
read before I die of boredom.

The two laugh, and Marceau immediately begins to cough.

Aimee enters and smiles at both of them, Liam gets visibly nervous.

AIMEE

Looks like a bit too much
excitement in here. Marceau you
need rest.

LIAM

I'll go get some tea.

Aimee waits for Liam to leave, and she sits beside Marceau.
He looks at her endearingly.

MARCEAU

You remind me of my Juliette. I
never paid her the attention she
deserved, Jean always resented me
for it.

She breaks into tears.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)

My dear, my dear. What is it? Why
do you cry like this?

Aimee wipes away tears and looks out the window.

AIMEE

He...he never came back. He just
left and never came back home.

Marceau sits up in bed, reaches for Aimee. He pulls her head
toward his and smiles the warmest smile he can muster.

MARCEAU

My child. Jean left us all, he left
himself. And his home. I miss him
everyday, and everyday I go over in
my mind all the things I did wrong
to drive that boy away. I can't
take any of that back, and god, god
I wish I could.

Aimee looks down, and Marceau quickly picks her chin up.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)
But you, child, that burden is not
yours to carry. You did nothing,
nothing wrong and he was a fool to
leave you. You've become a
beautiful woman.

Aimee smiles.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)
But others...

Marceau nods toward the kitchen.

MARCEAU (CONT'D)
...others stayed, fool or not. Time
will tell, I suppose. It teaches us
all.

INT. DUBOIS TASTING ROOM - WEEKS LATER

Liam stands in the center of a crowd of workers holding a
bottle of wine. Aimee is next to him, everyone is excited and
waiting for Liam to speak.

LIAM
I present to you, DuBois's finest,
casked 1915. While the world tore
itself apart, the heart and soul of
this winery came together and took
me in. And its my honor to carry
this lot to Avignon, and god
willing, sell every last drop!

The crowd cheers and Liam raises the bottle high.

Aimee grabs his collar and hugs him, huge smile.

Near the back of the tasting room, Jean, scarred, haggard
looking and thin, but well dressed, leans on a doorway
silently watching the celebration. His eyes burn at Aimee and
Liam.

EXT. ROAD TO DUBOIS WINERY - LATER THAT DAY

Liam sits in a truck carrying cases of wine, Clement his
passenger. Belchamp, on horse back, reaches in and shakes his
hand through the driver side window.

LIAM

The old man can hardly speak at all now, or he would've made a much better speech.

BELCHAMP

It was fine, Liam. We don't make wine with words and we're not selling books. Good luck in Avignon, don't worry about Marceau, he's in good hands.

Liam smiles and nods.

BELCHAMP (CONT'D)

Now off you go, represent us well young Liam.

INT. MARCEAU'S BED ROOM

Marceau is asleep, breathing shallow in the candlelight. Jean sits by his bedside holding a bottle of the newly celebrated 1915 wine. A tear runs down his face, he wipes it away and drinks another gulp from the bottle.

EXT. STABLE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Two workers passing the stable hear a commotion from inside, the horses are restless, panicking.

WORKER ONE motions to the house.

WORKER ONE

Go get Luis! Something's got the horses spooked!

Aimee approaches, WORKER TWO runs past her.

AIMEE

(to WORKER TWO)

Tell my father to bring a rifle, maybe wolves!

AIMEE (CONT'D)

(to WORKER ONE)

Open the doors, be careful - they're stirred up.

They open the stable doors. Two horses come running out, Aimee and WORKER ONE jump out of the way, narrowly escape.

Aimee walks slowly toward the open stable doors and sees Jean standing by Tachete. The horse whinnies nervously.

INT. STABLE

Jean sways, drunk and holding a bottle of wine.

 AIMEE (O.S.)
She doesn't remember you.

Jean turns and sees Aimee. He tries to drink from the bottle, but its empty and he tosses it to the ground.

 JEAN
I see that you do.

 AIMEE
Of course I do.

Jean laughs, and defeatedly slumps down and sits with his back against a hay bale.

 AIMEE (CONT'D)
It's been a long time...who is it
that has come back to us, Jean? Has
nothing changed?

Aimee nudges the empty wine bottle with her foot.

 JEAN
(fading)
Everything has changed...

Belchamp runs up with a rifle. He stops at the entrance to the stable.

 BELCHAMP
My god...

 JEAN
(sarcastically)
Don't shoot. Not that it would
work, I've been blown to bits and
run over already and torn apart...

He fades into silence. Then, starts to laugh softly, then hysterically, and then shifts into a sobbing mess.

Aimee motions for her father to leave, but he resists.

 AIMEE
(to Belchamp)
Really, its ok.

EXT. STABLE

Belchamp stands with his back to the stable door, rifle in hand. He lights a cigarette.

BELCHAMP
(to the workers)
Go fetch the horses, just a drunk.

INT. STABLE

Aimee slowly sits down next to Jean.

AIMEE
Where did you go?

JEAN
(nearly passed out)
To hell and back.

Jean leans and cries on Aimee's shoulder. She hesitatingly pats his head, and then embraces him. She feels he is broken, inside and out.

AIMEE
(whispers)
You still aren't back, are you
Jean? You were gone before you even
left.

JEAN
(muttering)
To hell...

He falls asleep.

EXT. DUBOIS TASTING ROOM - DAYS LATER

Robert Calendar, older but well put together, approaches the tasting room counter. Aimee greets him as though he was a customer. Belchamp is smoking his pipe and reading the paper at a nearby table.

AIMEE
Bonjour!

Robert smiles, and removes his hat.

ROBERT
Good day...I'm looking for someone.
A, Liam Eriksson. He would've come
some time ago, as a boy.
(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)
I suppose going on ten years now.
I'm sure he's moved on but, do you
think there's someone here who may
have known him?

Aimee looks at Belchamp, who slowly lowers his paper and
stares at Robert, then at Aimee.

ROBERT CALENDAR
Oh, yes...silly me. Uh, par le
vous, la anglais? Eh...Liam
Eriksson? Que?

Belchamp rolls his eyes, kicks an empty chair from under his
table.

BELCHAMP
Your French is worse than that hat.
Come - sit. I'll tell you of the
boy.

EXT. ROAD TO DUBOIS WINERY

Liam and Clement approach in their truck, empty of all wine
cases but one.

EXT. MARCEAU'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH

Belchamp is sitting with his feet kicked up, smoking a pipe.
Liam approaches, a big smile.

LIAM
What!? No welcoming committee?
Luis, we've sold near the entire
vintage, with cases on order!

Belchamp stands, unamused.

LIAM (CONT'D)
(sensing trouble)
What is it? Is it Marceau? Is it
the unthinkable?

BELCHAMP
Worse. Visitors.

LIAM
Visitors?

Aimee and Robert turn the corner on horseback, laughing.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Mr. Calendar! My god!

Robert and Aimee dismount, Liam walks to Calendar and hugs him. Aimee tends to the horses and walks them to the stable.

ROBERT CALENDAR
Liam. Its so good to see you. All
grown up, there's no mistaking it.
Just like your father.

Liam sees pain in Robert's eyes, he thinks of his son Todd.

LIAM
Come, come inside. Eat with us.

As Liam and Robert walk past Belchamp to go inside, Belchamp stops Liam and whispers in his ear.

BELCHAMP
Visitors. As in, more than one.

LIAM
(confused)
Well, who else is here?

BELCHAMP
Trouble.

INT. DUBOIS TASTING ROOM

Robert and Liam sit at the end of the long table in the tasting room. Belchamp is sitting on a barrel near the window, watching and intently listening.

ROBERT CALENDAR
You've been gone so long Liam.

LIAM
I was sorry to hear of Todd's
passing. Thank you for your letter.
After Todd's, it was the only one i
received from stateside.

ROBERT CALENDAR
I assume that's why you decided to
stay away?

LIAM
I have a home here, Robert. These
people, this place, are my family
now.

Robert sighs. He contemplates a moment, then pulls an envelope from his jacket pocket.

ROBERT CALENDAR

But there's so much more you don't know, young Liam.

Robert slides the envelope across the table to Liam. Belchamp tips his head to look.

ROBERT CALENDAR (CONT'D)

Things are in a bad way, now, Liam. Your uncle has made deals with the wrong people, your mother's in danger. If you've any care for what your father tried to build, you need to come home and set it right.

Liam takes the envelope, opens it. In it is the original letter from Noah after his death and his last will and testament.

LIAM

And what would you have me do? This is not my life anymore...it was never *my* life!

He throws the papers on the table.

ROBERT CALENDAR

Just talk to her, that's all I ask.

LIAM

To who?

Robert stands, places a key on the table.

ROBERT CALENDAR

Your mother. We are in cottage four at the Veaux Cheynes Inn at Avignon, we leave in two days.

INT. MARCEAU'S DINING ROOM

Aimee and Liam sit at the table, she is near tears. Belchamp leans on the door frame. Liam holds the documents Robert gave him.

AIMEE

So now you'll leave, just like that? Back to your...empire? Back to your home?

Liam looks defeated.

LIAM
Its more complicated than that,
Aimee. There's a history here,
lies...I don't even know what she
wants, or why she's really here.

Liam stands, searching for words.

AIMEE
There's lies, all right.

LIAM
What are you talking about, what
lies?

AIMEE
Well, he is back. And now off you
go. How convenient.

Liam is confused.

LIAM
Wait, who's back? What are you
talking about?

AIMEE
Jean came home, Liam. While you
were away.

Liam, aghast, looks at Belchamp.

BELCHAMP
Like I said, trouble.

Belchamp gives Liam a 'not my problem' look, turns and
leaves. Liam slowly sits, gathers himself and looks at Aimee.

LIAM
(swallowing hard)
How is he?

Aimee rolls her eyes.

AIMEE
(breaking)
He's a fucking mess, Liam.

Aimee stands and buries her head in her hands, sobbing. Liam
stands and embraces her, she hugs him back.

LIAM

I'm here for you, I am. I just
need...time. Time to sort this out.
If I don't at least try to
understand what's happening, then
all this might be in jeopardy.

They look into each other's eyes, holding each other's gaze.
Aimee looks down, and nods her head.

Liam lifts up her chin, she's red with tears and her nose is
running.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(endearingly)

Can't be worse than you look.

Aimee laughs, the tension breaks. She playfully slaps his
chest.

INT. MARCEAU'S HOUSE - LIAM'S ROOM

Liam packs. Belchamp enters and places the letters Calendar
brought on the dresser and pockets the empty envelope.

LIAM

Its just a few days. I want to hear
her out and then I'll be back.

Belchamp nods, heads for the door.

He turns.

BELCHAMP

An empire is a hard thing to turn
down.

Belchamp leaves. Liam looks at the clown figurine on his
dresser next to the letters, he picks it up.

INT. MARCEAU'S BED ROOM

Liam quietly walks in, the room is dark, barely enough light
to see. He goes to Marceau's bedside and places the clown
figurine next to his bed.

LIAM

I'll be back, my friend.

Liam kisses his forehead.

Jean is sitting unseen in the opposite corner of the room.

JEAN
Safe travels.

Liam spins around.

LIAM
Jean...welcome home. I found out
just today you were back.

JEAN
(snickers)
Right. I'm sure you're happy to see
me, at least you're awake. I feel
like a god damned ghost here.

LIAM
Your father loved you. He still
loves you. There are alot of people
here that care for you, Jean. Open
your eyes.

Jean stands.

JEAN
Well that's good. Because I'm not
going anywhere.

Jean leaves.

JEAN (CONT'D)
(over his shoulder)
I hear you are, though.

EXT. VEAUX CHEYNES INN AT AVIGNON - DAY

Liam stands at the entrance to the inn, takes the key from
his pocket.

INT. VEAUX CHEYNES INN AT AVIGNON

The inn is lavish and opulent, the opposite of the homely and
rustic feel of Marceau's. Liam looks around, feels out of
place. He approaches the front CLERK.

LIAM
I'm looking for cottage four, if
you've a moment.

CLERK
Ah yes, cottage four. Mrs.
Eriksson, I believe she is out -

MARY (O.C.)
Hello, Liam.

Liam turns to see his mother, she is dressed to the nines.

MARY (CONT'D)
I can show him, Roland. He's here
to see me.

CLERK
Oui, oui very good Mrs. Eriksson.
Tres bien.

LIAM
(to Mary)
Royalty on this continent too, it
would seem.

Mary steps emotionally toward Liam, puts her hands over her mouth.

MARY
I've missed you so much.

Liam starts, Mary interrupts him, her eyes welling up.

MARY (CONT'D)
I have Liam, I know you don't
believe me, but I have.

LIAM
Tell me what you've come here to
say, mother.

INT. MARY'S COTTAGE

Robert, Mary, and Liam sit in the den of a nice cottage. The furniture is leather, there is crystal and glass ware. A butler stands by in the corner.

ROBERT CALENDAR
(to the butler)
Would you please leave us for now,
thank you.

The butler departs.

ROBERT CALENDAR (CONT'D)
Liam, as I said before, the family
is in trouble. The district
attorney has already made very
public, and very dangerous
accusations -

LIAM

When you say 'the family,' you mean
Jens? Jens and my mother?

Robert sits back.

MARY

Liam, Jens is out of control. He's
in league with criminals and
murderers and he'll see the company
buried if he's allowed to continue.

LIAM

Allowed to continue what? Running
the company..the company you stole
from me? The company my father left
to me, that YOU stole?

Liam pulls the papers out of his jacket, throws them in her
direction.

LIAM (CONT'D)

You stole it! And I was just a
child, mother! And now here you
are...asking for my help to save
it.

Mary drops to her knees at Liam's feet.

MARY

I'm not asking...I'm begging, son.
I'm begging you. Come back with us
and we can talk with the government
and set this right. They'll deal
with us if we can prove Jens acted
illegally all those years ago.
You're right to be angry...but
please, please help us.

Liam looks over at Robert.

LIAM

And what's your part in all this?
You were complicit, right? You'd
all be implicating yourselves in a
crime.

ROBERT CALENDAR

Your mother's right - Jens is with
very bad people, the worst. I know
the DA personally.

(MORE)

ROBERT CALENDAR (CONT'D)

If we come to the DA with honesty,
they'll want the crime syndicate
Jens is working with more than
they'll want a forger and a food
company. We convince Jens to turn
state's evidence, the business may
survive.

Liam looks down at his mother.

LIAM

And if it doesn't? What happens to
the winery here if you can't save
it?

Robert sighs, nods his head and looks down, conflicted on
whether to answer honestly.

ROBERT CALENDAR

Well, nothing really, at least not
a tangible effect. Ownership would
transfer, probably by auction to a
legal party after the Eriksson
assets are seized. But the property
itself is lucrative enough that it
wouldn't dissolve, merely change
hands.

MARY

Robert!

ROBERT CALENDAR

You would, of course, lose any and
all claim to the Eriksson
estate...and your inheritance.
Which, surprisingly, it still
substantial. For now.

Liam slowly backs away from his kneeling mother. Her eyes
plead with him.

LIAM

I've thought for a long time what I
would say whenever, if ever we were
to meet again, mother.

Liam straightens up, tucks his shirt and runs his hand
through his hair.

LIAM (CONT'D)

I couldn't come up with anything
that would matter.

Mary weakens.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Good day, Mr. Calendar.

Liams turns and leaves, slamming the door. Mary cries out. She runs to the door and bangs on it.

Robert's gaze drifts to the incriminating papers strewn about the floor. He stands, picks them up and hides them away in his brief case.

EXT. ROAD TO VINEYARD

Liam is driving a truck back from the inn. He slows down, stops the truck. He begins to sob, and then cries uncontrollably.

He gathers himself, wipes his tears, and resumes the drive.

INT. DUBOIS TASTING ROOM

Aimee is loading bottles onto shelving behind the bar. Jean walks in behind her, she doesn't see him.

JEAN
Her name was Clarice.

Aimee slows stowing the bottles, but does not turn around.

JEAN (CONT'D)
We were married. I met her in
Germany.

Aimee stops moving, looks at Jean's reflection through the mirrored back of the bar.

AIMEE
That's wonderful Jean. Really.

Their eyes lock in the reflection.

JEAN
He won't come back from his empire
once he get his beak wet. Not for
you, not for this.

Aimee doesn't understand.

JEAN (CONT'D)
This place destroys everything, you
know. No matter where you go.

EXT. DUBOIS COPPER'S HUT - NEXT DAY - SUNSET

Liam is pacing, talking to himself. He's nervous, but giddy.

Aimee walks over from the stable, she just finished a ride.
Liam doesn't realize she sees him.

AIMEE

You forget something for your trip?

Liam stops, lowers his hands and clumsily prepares to say what he was practicing, but then abandons his plan.

LIAM

Yes. You.

Liam takes her in his arms and kisses her. After a moment, she kisses him back. Their kiss is long overdue.

JEAN (O.S.)

The happy couple.

Jean approaches from inside the cooper's hut, holding a bottle of wine.

JEAN (CONT'D)

My whole world has to be swallowed
up by this place, does it?

Liam and Aimee break their embrace.

AIMEE

Jesus, Jean. Just stop it. You need
help!

Liam positions himself between Aimee and Jean.

JEAN

I NEED HELP?

He breaks the wine bottle and wields the shard like a weapon.

JEAN (CONT'D)

(belligerent)

I needed help when my mother was
dying and all my father cared about
was this PLACE. I need help, when I
was being shot at and blown up. I
needed help during the
accident...when my wife...my
child...MY FAMILY were dying and
bleeding on the side of the road...

He inches closer to Liam and Aimee. Aimee's eyes widen with pain and confusion.

AIMEE

(on the verge of tears)

My god...Jean we didn't know...I -
I didn't know...

LIAM

Just put it down, Jean. Take it
easy.

JEAN

And I needed help, when my father
loved this swine more than he loved
me.

AIMEE

(pleading)

Jean, that's not true. I know
that's not true and if he weren't
sick he would tell you. He loved
you.

JEAN

No! He loved all of this, only
this. And its killing him too. It
just needs to BURN!

Jean swipes his bottle shard at Liam who jumps back. He keeps swiping and hits a lit lantern hanging on the wall, it crashes to the floor and oil spreads, flames ignite.

Liam leaps at Jean, grabbing his arms, yelling back at Aimee.

LIAM

Run, Aimee! Get Luis!

The barrels in the cooper's hut catch fire. Liam and Jean wrestle violently, slugging each other as the flames get higher.

EXT. DUBOIS GROUNDS

Belchamp is on horseback, sees rising black smoke from the direction of the house.

BELCHAMP

Aimee...

He whips the reins and speeds toward the house.

INT./EXT. DUBOIS COOPER'S HUT

Jean and Liam roll on the ground fighting.

JEAN

You've taken EVERYTHING from me!

Jean punches Liam in the face, Liam kicks Jean from on top of him. They lay on the ground, exhausted, flames getting higher.

LIAM

(out of breath)

I've taken nothing. I've taken nothing, but you're right. You did have everything. You left...you are the one who left...

EXT. BETWEEN COOPER'S HUT AND MARCEAU'S HOUSE

Three large bales of hay and a stack of barrels soaking with whiskey inside them are on the side of the cooper's hut. The side wall of the building collapses from the fire inside, and dislodges the mounts holding the barrels. They fall, break open and burst into flames. The hay bales and flaming barrels roll, unstoppable, into Marceau's house, blocking the front door and destroying the porch.

A loud explosion.

Liam stands and runs out to view the damage.

LIAM

Oh my god...what've we done...

Aimee screams.

AIMEE

Liam!! Marceau!! He's in his bed,
Liam! He's in his bed!!

Workers scramble. Jean struggles to get up, shakes his head and looks around. He spits blood. He sees the damage he's caused, and stands up.

The house is quickly catching fire, workers attempt to get access but the fire is too hot.

Liam surveys the house, sees the side window unobstructed, smoke begins to emit from nearby rooms.

Liam grabs a horse blanket and soaks it in the nearby trough, preparing to go get Marceau.

Jean grabs his arm, Liam jerks around preparing to strike him.

JEAN

No! I'll save him, you go get help
from the village.

Liam looks apprehensive.

JEAN (CONT'D)

(sincerely)

Go, Liam! You're right...I've
caused this...I've caused all of
this. Let me fix this one, let me
save him. Please.

Liam nods, Jean runs toward the house.

Just as he enters the window, it collapses and the room is
engulfed in flames.

Aimee screams, drops to her knees and puts her head in her
hands. Workers are scrambling everywhere.

WORKER

(to Liam)

Try the truck! Break through,
Marceau's room is on the far side
of the fire!

LIAM

OK - I'll meet you around back!

INT. MARCEAU'S HOUSE

Smoke fills Marceau's room. He opens his eyes and sees the
danger. Marceau crawls out of his bed onto the floor,
dragging himself toward the hallway, choking and struggling.

A loud crack from above, the brace breaks and the ceiling
collapses onto Marceau. His arms reach out from beneath the
wooden pile.

Down the hall, a CRASH. The truck breaks through the wall of
the house, Liam kicks out the back window and crawls through.

The smoke gets worse, its black and impossible to see
through. Liam is choking.

LIAM

MARCEAU!! MARCEAU!!

EXT. STABLES

The fire spreads across the building roofs to the stable.
Aimee runs toward them, motioning for workers to follow her.

AIMEE

The horses! Save the horses!

The stable roof collapses.

INT. MARCEAU'S HOUSE

Liam is crawling, wooden splinters everywhere. He sees Marceau's hand and crawls to it. Marceau squeezes it.

Liam moves a pile of rubble off of Marceau, but he is stuck and can't move.

LIAM

Come on!! Come on, push!!

Marceau coughs, black smoke is filling the space between them.

EXT./INT. MARCEAU'S HOUSE

Belchamp picks his way through the truck crash and the rubble. He sees Liam's legs and begins to pull him out.

INT. MARCEAU'S HOUSE

Liam fights to stay close to Marceau.

MARCEAU

Go! Save yourself boy!

LIAM

NO!! No, I won't leave you!

Marceau begins to push Liam away, he knows he is doomed.

MARCEAU

Go now, winemaker.

They lock eyes. Liam watches Marceau fade away.

In a pile of burning wood and ash, Liam sees his father's gold watch. He grabs it and pulls it close. He is overcome by smoke.

Just as he fades, Belchamp grabs his shoulders and drags him out.

EXT. DUBOIS GROUNDS - NIGHT

The hut, stable, Marceau's house - all destroyed. The fire scorched the grounds and workers and villagers are putting out the remaining embers. Its a near total loss.

Liam and Aimee sit, blackened and exhausted, against a fire truck brought from the village.

Aimee sobs, clutching Tachete's saddle.

Liam looks at the gold watch in his hand, cracked face but still reads seven-twenty-six.

Belchamp approaches.

LIAM
(combatively)
Why come for me? Why didn't you
save him...he was right there. I
could feel his hand...it was right
there...

Belchamp stands over Liam who looks up, not understanding.

Belchamp holds out his hand.

BELCHAMP
You can fix all of this.

Liam looks at Aimee, who wipes her tears. Liam reaches up and Belchamp pulls him to his feet.

LIAM
I don't know how to fix this, Luis.
I don't know how to fix any of
this.

Belchamp looks him square in the eye.

BELCHAMP
Liam...ONLY you can fix this.

Belchamp thrusts the empty envelope that contained the documents Robert brought, slightly charred but whole, into Liam's hands.

Just then, Tachete trots in from the ashy night and neighs, shakes her mane next to Aimee. They all look at her and laugh, bittersweet.

ACT THREE

EXT. ABOARD SHIP - DAY

Liam leans along the railing, staring out at the ocean.

LIAM (V.O.)

Dear Mr. Calendar, I'm writing in the hopes that your previous offer to help right the wrongs following my father's passing so many years ago is still on the table.

EXT./INT. FRENCH VILLAGE GENERAL STORE AND LOFT

A general store and attached upstairs loft with a sign in front labeled "TULLY'S." Aimee unpacks a chest; she is sad. Tachete drinks from a trough below. Belchamp hands an old man wearing a TEAL BERET some money and they shake hands.

LIAM (V.O.)

I'm coming back to America, to New Jersey, to you for help. I'm hoping we can help each other.

INT. ROBERT CALENDAR'S OFFICE

Robert sits at his desk reading a letter, his face in disbelief. He turns to open his safe.

LIAM (V.O.)

The Dubois winery has fallen on hard times, and as much as I wanted to put my past behind me, I have to try to save the family I found by helping the one that betrayed me.

INT. ERIKSSON ESTATE PARLOR

Mary sits by a fire , sullenly drinking a glass of wine.

LIAM (V.O.)

Please do not tell my mother of this letter, my arrival is meant to be unexpected. The same goes for Jens, I have no illusions about the threat he must feel I pose him.

Jens, holding a brown leather satchel, walks past the parlor briefly stopping to look at Mary, and then hurries along.

EXT. ERIKSSON ESTATE

Jens gets into a black Rolls Royce with mobsters.

LIAM (V.O.)
I'll need your help to pull this off, if what you said is still true about those in league with Jens. I don't want anyone to get hurt, but that won't be up to me.

INT. BLACK ROLLS ROYCE

A gangster seated across from Jens points a gun at him, Jens holds open the satchel. It is filled with money.

LIAM (V.O.)
I'm coming home to reclaim what is mine. I hope its not too late.

The gangster lowers the gun, smiles, and signals to the driver. The vehicle drives away.

LIAM (V.O.)
I'll see you soon.

EXT. ROBERT CALENDAR'S OFFICE - DAYS LATER

Liam exits a taxi cab and walks to the front door of Calendar's office, he glances at the sign. It reads, "LAW OFFICES OF ROBERT CALENDAR."

INT. ROBERT CALENDAR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM

Liam walks in and stops. He sees a father and son preparing to leave the office. The father tucks his son into his overcoat and lovingly places a cabby hat onto his head. They smile happily and Liam watches them depart, entranced.

ROBERT CALENDAR (O.S.)
The prodigal son returns.

Liam turns and faces Robert.

ROBERT CALENDAR (CONT'D)
Come, Liam. We've much to discuss.

Robert motions for Liam to enter his office.

INT. ROBERT CALENDAR'S OFFICE

Sitting in Calendar's office is WILLIAM FRANCIS CARLYLE, 60, the assistant US District Attorney. He is well dressed and intelligent looking, a man of business.

CALENDAR

Liam Eriksson, please let me introduce Mr. William Francis Carlyle, US District Attorney.

Carlyle stands, shakes Liam's hand.

LIAM

How do you do, Mr. Carlyle?

CARLYLE

I am very well, Mr. Eriksson. Our mutual friend, Mr. Calendar here, has filled me in on your predicament. We may be able to help each other a great deal.

Carlyle motions to the door, Calendar shuts it.

INT. ERIKSSON ESTATE

Reginald is conversing with house staff. There is a knock at the door.

REGINALD

(to the staff)

I'll tend to that, now let's get moving people. Mr. Jens will be back home this evening from travel and we've preparations.

The staff disperse, Reginald makes his way to the front door.

EXT. ERIKSSON ESTATE - DAY

Liam waits patiently at the front door, Reginald opens it and can't believe his eyes.

REGINALD

Master Liam!! Why, you've returned a man.

LIAM
Hello old friend, you haven't aged
a day.

They embrace warmly.

REGINALD
I'm afraid I don't feel like youth,
even if I still look it.

They laugh.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
Come in, come in! Have you any
bags? My god, your mother will be
absolutely floored you're here.

Liam holds up one medium leather bag.

LIAM
Just the one.

Reginald looks quizzically at the bag.

LIAM (CONT'D)
(smiling)
I'll explain everything in time old
friend, let's get inside.

INT. ERIKSSON ESTATE FOYER

Liam and Reginald stand in the foyer, high heel sounds come
from down the hall.

MARY (O.C.)
Reginald? Reginald!! Who in the
devil was -

She stops down the hall when she sees Liam, stunned.

MARY (CONT'D)
Liam!

She rushes to Liam, embracing him. Liam mildly returns her
embrace.

MARY (CONT'D)
(still shocked)
Is it really you? Well, I, we
didn't even know - you didn't
write, what are -

LIAM

I thought it would be a nice surprise, I didn't like the way we ended things last time...we spoke.

Mary smiles and hugs Liam again. Mary begins to cry uncontrollably. Liam takes her by the shoulders, reassuringly.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Its OK now, mother. I'm here now. I'm here.

Mary looks into his eyes, relieved.

Reginald picks up Liam's bag.

REGINALD

I'll situate your things in your old room Master Liam, if that will be all right.

MARY

Oh don't be ridiculous Reginald - Liam can have the master. I've been holed away in one of the guest rooms and Jens never stays more than a few nights when he's home anyway.

REGINALD

Aren't we expecting him tonight, ma'am?

LIAM

No, really its fine mother. I'd like to stay in my room.

Mary acquiesces, Reginald leaves with Liam's bag.

MARY

(to Liam)

Well, you must be absolutely exhausted. When did you arrive?

LIAM

Just walked off the boat.

MARY

Ugh - dreadful trip. I'll have Reginald prepare supper and we can catch up on your visit.

LIAM
Mother, about Jens. There's
something we need -

Mary hold up a hand to silence him.

MARY
(quietly)
No, no. Not yet...I'm just glad
you're home.

Liam nods, feigns a smile.

INT. ERIKSSON ESTATE - LIAM'S ROOM

Liam stands near the window as Reginald unpacks his things.

He opens the RUSTY LATCH, it's still stiff. He opens the
window and looks out, takes in the moment.

Liam turns from the window and sits in the armchair.

LIAM
I don't miss this place at all,
Reginald. Not at all...but now I
need it more than it needs me.

Reginald takes a deep breath and stops working. He moves
across the room and sits on the bed facing Liam.

REGINALD
Your mother seems lost, Liam. Jens
is never around, but when he is the
romance they once had is gone.
She's changed, you know. She is a
different woman since -

Reginald stands and looks away, then at Liam.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
- since she came back from France,
to see you.

LIAM
She never should've -

REGINALD
(sharply)
She genuinely misses you, child!
(MORE)

REGINALD (CONT'D)

That woman had the devil in her for years, but the shame of what she did to you all that time ago has finally caught up with her, and she's broken, Liam. Broken.

Liam stands in frustration, raises his voice.

LIAM

I'm not interested in how she *feels*, or what she's lost. They took everything from me...it's unforgivable what they did. But I'm here to make it right.

Reginald straightens, adopts a concerned look. He moves in close to Liam.

REGINALD

You must tread lightly, Master Liam. Jens is involved with some very dangerous people, who aren't so interested in changes to the status quo.

Liam sits.

LIAM

I know. I know everything. Listen closely to what I'm about to tell you.

INT./EXT. CAR OUTSIDE OF ROBERT CALENDAR'S OFFICE - EVENING

TOMMY and VINNIE, mobster enforcers, watch Calendar's office from a car across the street.

TOMMY

Why the hell does Mista Colosimo want us watchin this square's office, we're freezing our butts off out here!

VINNIE

Just make sure you note who comes in, and who comes out. The boss got wind the DA was sniffin around and wants all the bases covered.

Jens walks out of Calendar's office, clearly agitated. He hurries along the street, looking behind him.

TOMMY
Hey, there goes our boy now.

VINNIE
Anybody with him?

TOMMY
Nah, he's alone.

A few moments later, Calendar and Carlyle exit his office and shake hands. The DA walks to his car in the front.

VINNIE
Wait a minute...didn't Jens Eriksson just come outta there? He was in there with the god damn district attorney!

Tommy starts the vehicle.

VINNIE (CONT'D)
That fucking rat...we gotta tell Mr. Colosimo about this, this could be bad.

INT. COLOSIMO FAMILY HEADQUARTERS - LATER THAT NIGHT

ANTHONY COLOSIMO, 62, head mobster, sits at the head of a long table filled with unsavory characters. A fire roars in the large stone fireplace behind him. He stands and yells to the men at the table.

COLOSIMO
(irate)
They're looking at our operation, gentlemen. And I wanna know how, and I wanna know WHY, we didn't fucking know the DA was up our asses until three days ago. And if I find out one of yoose -

The double doors to the room swing open, VINNIE from the car storms in and hurries to Colosimo.

COLOSIMO (CONT'D)
(aggressively)
I'm in the middle of something you fat fuck, this better be good.

Vinnie whispers in his ear, backs away.

Colosimo slowly sits, his eyes fill with rage.

ZOOM CLOSE ON burning fire in the fireplace behind Colosimo.

COLOSIMO (O.C.) (CONT'D)
(with intensity)
I want this cherry picked *tonight*.

EXT. ERIKSSON ESTATE - NIGHT

Jens drives erratically up to the front of the house, crashing into a cluster of potted plants. Pots loudly SHATTER.

CUT TO:

INT. ERIKSSON ESTATE PARLOR

Mary stands from where she was sitting near the fire place at the noise from outside, she looks concernedly at Reginald. He rushes out of the room.

INT. ERIKSSON ESTATE HALLS

Jens runs past Reginald in the hallway.

REGINALD
Uh - sir!

JENS
No time, god damn it! We need to get out of here tonight - it may already be too late.

REGINALD
Leave, sir? Tonight?

Jens stops and turns to face Reginald.

JENS
GOD DAMNIT! Can't you hear me? Pack enough for one or two bags and we have to get away from here...NOW!

Jens turns to run again, but then looks back.

JENS (CONT'D)
Where's Mary? Where's my wife?

REGINALD
In the parlor, sir. I'll gather your things.

INT. ERIKSSON ESTATE PARLOR

Mary is standing defiantly, waiting for Jens to enter. Jens enters the parlor in a rush.

JENS

Mary - get your shit together, we
have to get the out of here.
Tonight.

Mary slowly walks over to a corner table to pour herself a glass of wine.

MARY

Where have you been dear?

Jens gets confused, and then angry.

JENS

Look damnit, we don't have time for
this. We have to -

MARY

We don't have to do anything.

Jens stares blankly.

MARY (CONT'D)

You know it was in this very room
you convinced me to send my only
child to a war a world away.

Mary turns with her glass of wine and sits down on the couch.

JENS

Jesus christ, Mary. We don't have
time for this shit now.

MARY

Why's that, darling? Are we in
danger?

Jens walks over to the couch, takes a knee next to Mary and tries to be sincere.

JENS

Mary, listen to me. I had to deal
with the government to buy us some
time, or we'd have lost everything
in an instant. I've probably bought
us at least a day, maybe two.
Colosimo WILL find out about the
deal, and when he does we're dead.

(MORE)

JENS (CONT'D)

So we have to go - I emptied our travel account in cash, and we can access the rest when we're somewhere safe. Safe from Tony's crew and safe from the DA.

Mary sips her wine, calm and arrogant.

MARY

Oh, don't worry dear. Mr. Carlyle has assured me personally this is the safest place we could be.

Jens takes a moment to process the information.

JENS

Carlyle? How do you...

He realizes the double-cross.

JENS (CONT'D)

(angrily)

What did you do you fucking lying bitch...

Jens raises a hand to hit her.

CARLYLE (O.C.)

That's quite enough, Mr. Eriksson.

A gun trigger cocks. Jens wheels around to see Carlyle and two police officers in the parlor with guns drawn, having entered from the side door.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)

Going somewhere?

JENS

(panicked)

Uh....no, no. Of course not...I was just gathering my -

CARLYLE

You were skipping on our deal, Jens. And here I thought you had turned a new leaf.

EXT. STREETSIDE - ERIKSSON ESTATE - NIGHT

TOMMY, VINNY, and PAULIE, dressed in black and ready for violence, load tommy guns and small arms. They whisper as they prepare to raid the estate.

PAULIE

OK, you and Vinny go through the side parlor doors, I'll go in through the pantry around the other side. Jens is here. Our people on him say he stopped for cash, so don't leave without it.

VINNY

What about his wife, house staff?

TOMMY

Boss said nobody lives.

Tommy and Vinnie look unnerved.

PAULIE

Hey? You listening to me? DON'T forget the money. It might not be just sittin out, so don't kill him until we know where he stashed it.

They begin towards the house.

EXT./INT. OUTSIDE THE PARLOR

Vinnie and Tommy sneak past the parlor windows toward the glass double doors, crunching sticks and whispering as they noisily move.

Through the windows, Carlyle is handcuffing Jens.

INT. PARLOR

CARLYLE

What was that?

Mary, Jens, Carlyle, and the two officers look toward the windows.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)

(to the officers)

You, go check it out.

INT. ERIKSSON ESTATE - LIAM'S ROOM

Liam sits in his armchair, nervous. Reginald knocks and enters.

REGINALD

Master Liam, Mr. Carlyle has asked me to inform you that the situation is under control, and safe for you to come down.

Liam stands.

LIAM

Didn't even put up a fight, did he?

REGINALD

Your uncle was never keen on confrontation with those his own size, sir. Come, let's head down and finish this whole dreadful mess.

INT. PARLOR

One officer cautiously moves toward the double glass doors in the parlor.

EXT. PARLOR GLASS DOORS

Tommy and Vinny can see the officers and Jens in the room. They look at each other warily as the officer approaches their position.

TOMMY

(intensely)

Nobody lives.

INT. PARLOR

Tommy gun shots erupt and the glass doors shatter, the officer is riddled with bullets. Everyone else takes cover.

Tommy edges into the room, searching for targets. Carlyle, from cover, kills Tommy. Carlyle tries to shield Jens, who is handcuffed.

INT. ERIKSSON ESTATE HALLS

Liam and Reginald stop dead in their tracks at the gunfire.

LIAM

Oh my god...

Liam turns to run down stairs.

REGINALD

Master Liam, are you mad?

LIAM

Go get the staff, hide and don't
come out until its safe. GO
Reginald!

Liam runs toward the parlor, he stops and looks around for a weapon of opportunity. He grabs a fireplace poker.

INT. PARLOR

The officer still alive grabs Mary and shields her from the gunfire. Vinny dives in the room and fires from behind cover of a wooden desk. The room is shredded by bullets.

INT. PASSAGE TO PARLOR FROM PANTRY

Paulie, gun drawn, inches closer to the room exploding with gunfire. He peaks through the door at the chaos, wood splintering near him.

He extends his pistol and shoots and kills the officer shielding Mary. The officer's body collapses onto her.

Liam nervously sneaks up behind Paulie with the poker.

PAULIE

(yelling)

Vinny! Tommy! How many more? HOW
MANY?

INT. PARLOR

VINNY

They got Tommy! Just the scumbag DA
left and his pet!

Carlyle fires from cover, Jens tries to stand and escape. He is hit in the leg by a bullet from Vinny.

Mary, covered in the dead officer's blood and terrified, grabs the officer's dropped pistol. She has line of sight on Vinny, who does not see her.

VINNY (CONT'D)

I got him, Paulie! I got -

Mary shoots Vinny, he dies instantly. The gunshot sounds distinctly different than the tommy gun. There is silence.

INT. PASSAGE TO PARLOR FROM PANTRY

Paulie begins to panic.

PAULIE
Vinny! Vinny!

Paulie reaches through the door and fires indiscriminately.

PAULIE (CONT'D)
You motherfuckers....I'LL KILL
YOU!!

INT. PARLOR

Carlyle grabs an unconscious, bleeding Jens and drags him back behind cover. Checks his pulse.

CARLYLE
You don't get to die yet...

INT. PASSAGE TO PARLOR FROM PANTRY

Liam is close to Paulie, still firing in rage. He runs out of ammunition.

Paulie reaches in his jacket for another magazine, turns and makes eye contact with Liam. Liam's eyes go wide and he swings hard, hitting Paulie in the head. He drops and falls into the parlor.

INT. PARLOR

Carlyle peaks from cover and sees Paulie fall, Liam standing over him.

Paulie begins to shakily crawl towards his dropped weapon. Liam, enraged, brings down the fire poker again onto Paulie's back. Again onto his head. Again. Liam is lost in rage, screams. Hits him again.

Carlyle bear hugs Liam from behind, grabbing his arm.

CARLYLE
ENOUGH! That's enough
son...easy...easy. It's over.

Liam breathes heavy, tears streaming down his face. He lowers the poker, drops to his knees.

EXT. ERIKSSON ESTATE GROUNDS - HOURS LATER

Police and emergency responders are everywhere, it is a crime scene and the entire house staff is on the lawn. Jens is on a gurney. Liam and Mary are under a blanket, sweaty and exhausted looking. Carlyle is talking to Jens, an officer is taking Liam and Mary's statements. Reginald is consoling his staff.

Liam sees Jens being loaded into an ambulance.

LIAM
(to the officer)
Wait, wait a moment please.

Liam stands and approaches the gurney. He and Jens make eye contact and stare at each other, motionless and silent.

JENS
(to Carlyle but looking at
Liam)
There was never any deal, was
there?

CARLYLE
Forgery wasn't quite enough to make
sure you'd be away for a long time,
Jens. I gave it fifty-fifty you'd
run.

Liam backs away slowly, never breaking eye contact with Jens.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)
(to Liam)
Our men picked up Colosimo and most
of his crew an hour ago. He won't
be bothering you. Nice work, Mr.
Eriksson.

Without a word, Liam turns his back to Jens and walks toward the house.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LIAM'S ROOM - NIGHT - DAYS LATER

Liam packs his bag while Reginald stands tall behind him.

REGINALD
I took the liberty of sorting your
uncle's things before
the...events... of the other night.
(MORE)

REGINALD (CONT'D)
A curious package among them. Full
of money.

Liam stops packing and turns to look at Reginald.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
Happened to get overlooked while
the officers collected evidence.
I'm wondering if you might be
needing it, sir, or should
I...store it?

Liam smiles and reaches out a hand to Reginald.

LIAM
Needing what? Like you said...it
was overlooked.

Reginald accepts his hand and shakes it warmly.

REGINALD
And you, Master Liam? It seems
you've now seen the world, and the
people in it. Found something, or
someone, worth all this?

LIAM
(playfully smiles)
You take care of yourself,
Reginald.

EXT. ERIKSSON ESTATE DRIVEWAY - EARLY MORNING

Liam hands Reginald a letter. A car is waiting for Liam.

LIAM
For my mother, read it if you'd
like. Good bye, old friend.

Reginald takes the letter, smiles and nods.

REGINALD
Goodbye, Master Liam.

Liam pauses.

LIAM
I did find someone. Her name is
Aimee. If she'll have me...

Liam shrugs. Reginald smiles. Liam climbs into the car and
drives away. Reginald looks down curiously at the letter. He
opens the flap.

EXT. ERIKSSON ESTATE GARDEN - LATER THAT MORNING

Mary is sitting at a table in the garden, sipping tea.
Reginald walks up with the letter in his hand.

MARY

Ah! Reginald, be a dear and go
fetch Liam. Its much too late for
him to be sleeping! We've so much
to do!

Reginald stops and stares at her.

MARY (CONT'D)

Reginald?

He hands her the letter and turns, leaves. He smiles as he
walks away.

MARY (CONT'D)

(confused)

REGINALD??

She looks down at the letter.

EXT. SHIP SETTING SAIL - SUNSET

Liam stands on the railing, looks down at his father's watch,
half burnt and shattered. Hands still read seven twenty-six.

LIAM (V.O.)

Dear Mother, if you're reading this
I am miles away, getting farther
every second. Even though I've been
away my whole life, I've never been
farther from you than this last
visit.

INT. SHIP'S CABIN

Liam sits at a small desk and looks through paperwork titled,
"LAND DEEDS."

LIAM (V.O.)

Mr. Carlyle has details on what's
to come of the business, and of
you. I trust your affairs with Jens
will vindicate you accordingly, or
not, Mother. Your reckoning is
yours to bear.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - FRANCE

Liam steps off of a train onto the platform. He gathers his bag and walks into the crowd.

LIAM (V.O.)

As for me, I was able to work out the properties in France away from the Eriksson cloud and into holdings under private control; there is no more empire, mother. And between the initial heritance from my father, at least what was left, and the legal earnings from the company I'll have what I need to return the gift of life to the place that raised me, and raise it in return from the ashes of jealousy and misfortune.

EXT. TULLY'S GENERAL STORE - DAY

Liam is talking to a man seated outside wearing a TEAL BERET. The man points up toward his loft.

LIAM (V.O.)

But, in all this betrayal and death I've something, someone, close to me that over time has become more precious than I could have ever imagined.

INT. TULLY'S LOFT

Aimee washes dishes at a tub and Belchamp tinkers with an old clock. There are clocks and clock parts strewn about the table.

LIAM (V.O.)

I've learned that the right ingredients, safely kept and in the right place for long enough and treated with love, can turn into something beautiful...no matter where it started.

CLOSE ON Belchamp's purple fingers, he slips and nicks his finger on a sharp part. Aimee comes to his side to aid him. After a moment, they giggle.

LIAM (V.O.)
Or something like that. I saw it on
a postcard once.

There is knock at the door, Aimee and Belchamp look up.

INT. OUTSIDE TULLY'S LOFT DOOR

Facing the closed door, it opens slowly revealing Aimee
standing there.

Her eyes are wide and beautiful, she smiles.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END