

AFLOAT

Episode 7: "Laura"

FADE IN:

INT. TOWN TAVERN, PORT TOWNSEND, WA - MID MORNING, OCTOBER 1955

REGINALD "REGGIE" RHODES is asleep under a blanket on a twin bed in a room above the cavernous bar.

A second twin is separated from his bed by a curtain hung on a rope that splits the small room in two. There is a sink with a mirrored medicine cabinet above it near the door.

Rhodes stirs, then awakens with a start and grabs a Big Ben alarm clock from a nightstand. He looks at the clock and flops back on the bed.

REGINALD RHODES

Shit.

Rhodes struggles to his feet; he wears a white T-shirt and boxer shorts. He goes to the sink, splashes water on his face and dries it with a towel from a dowel rod on the wall next to the sink.

He looks with slight disappointment at his radiant mahogany and bearded reflection in the mirror.

REGINALD RHODES

Shit.

EXT. WATER STREET, PORT TOWNSEND - 15 MINUTES LATER

Rhodes walks east on Water Street, whistles the melody of "Star Dust," and gazes at the distant, snow-capped Cascades rising forty miles east of the Puget Sound.

SOUND of CAR ENGINE approaching, and then the sound keeps pace with Rhodes' pace.

Rhodes turns his head to look at the car, a black Packard Patrician, but keeps walking. The car stops along the curb just behind where Rhodes is walking.

SOUND of a car door OPENING and CLOSING.

SOUND of quick FOOTSTEPS from leather soles slapping concrete.

LAURA BENTON (MYERS) MURDOCH catches up to Rhodes and keeps pace with him.

Rhodes glances at Laura as the two of them keep walking.

Laura touches Rhodes' arm. He stops and turns to her.

Laura is wearing what she had worn the previous evening when Rhodes saw her outside the Town Tavern. She appears to have been crying. Her voice is soft, medium-pitched, and firm.

LAURA

You're his friend, I think. I know you know who I am.

REGINALD RHODES

I'm on my way to get some breakfast.
(looks at his watch)
Or maybe lunch.

LAURA

I have a favor to ask.

REGINALD RHODES

You're more than welcome to join me.
My treat.

Laura's eyes bore into his for a beat, then she looks down at the sidewalk.

LAURA

(almost a whisper)
Thank you.

She slips a hand inside the crook of Rhodes arm as naturally as if it was a daily occurrence. He starts walking and she accompanies him down Water Street.

Rhodes glances down at her, and reflexly glances furtively about to see if there are any eyes that might object to seeing a white woman arm-in-arm with a black man.

After a few strides, she looks up at him.

LAURA (CONT'D)

What's your name?

REGINALD RHODES

(smiles; gentle tone)
Why, Reginald Rhodes, ma'am, but please, call me Reggie.

INT. HUDSON CAFE, EAST END OF WATER STREET - TEN MINUTES LATER

Laura sits at a small table with a checkered, red and white table cloth; Rhodes sits opposite her.

A pack of L&Ms and a small glass ashtray are on the table next to where Laura's right hand is resting and holding a cigarette. There are a dozen CUSTOMERS dispersed about the diner.

Rhodes, staring out windows that look across Puget Sound to the snow-capped Cascades beyond appears slightly ill at ease and softly drums his finger tips on the table; Laura takes a drag on the cigarette and stares at him.

SALLY WILSON approaches and places coffees in front of Rhodes and Laura. Wilson is Laura's age, hometown pretty, and wears a waitress's garb. Rhodes and Laura look at her. Laura takes another drag.

SALLY WILSON

(soft and sweet)

Your breakfasts will be up in a minute.

LAURA

(sincere)

Thanks, Sally.

Rhodes looks back at the Cascades.

Laura leans forward and touches Rhodes' drumming fingers.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(hushed but intense)

What is he doing here?

Rhodes looks at her with a not very subtle, judgmental expression.

REGINALD RHODES

Looking for you.

Laura sits back abruptly.

LAURA

Looking for *me*?

Rhodes nods.

LAURA (CONT'D)

This isn't just some fluke of fate?

Wilson approaches with platters of eggs, fried potatoes, and bacon; she slides them in front of Rhodes and Laura.

Rhodes looks eagerly at his platter. Wilson and Laura exchange looks. Wilson looks a concerned question with a slight nod toward Rhodes; Laura replies with a slight frown and a slight shake of her head.

Wilson glances at Rhodes and walks away.

Laura takes a long drag, butts out the cigarette in the ashtray, looks toward the entrance of the cafe, and exhales with the panache of a Hollywood actress.

When she looks back at Rhodes, she sees he is staring at the large diamond ring and marriage band on her left hand.

Their eyes meet.

LAURA

(assertive)

The man I was with last night is my husband.

REGINALD RHODES

But ...

LAURA

I know, I *know*.

Laura extracts a cigarette from the pack, lights up, and takes a drag.

She and Rhodes stare into each other's eyes for a beat. Rhodes appears about to speak; Laura leans forward aggressively.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(hushed but assertive)

Reggie, that man is my *husband*.

REGINALD RHODES

(firm)

Aren't they both your husband?

Laura slumps back in her chair and stares at Rhodes as smoke curls up from the cigarette she holds.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN, TWENTY MILES EAST OF THE DELAWARE BAY -
SPRING AFTERNOON, THE PRESENT

Ultima Thule sails over long ocean swells under full sail in fifteen knots of a northwest wind beneath clear blue skies.

ROLL CREDITS

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Susquehanna Water Gap north of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

- B) Clearing along the Yellow Breeches near New Cumberland, PA
- C) The prairie west of Williston, North Dakota
- D) Port Townsend with the Puget Sound and snow-capped Cascades in the distance
- E) The Serenity (aka Ultima Thule) rounds Point Wilson seen from the gun emplacements at Fort Worden
- F) The snow-covered Elwha Valley in Olympic National Park
- G) The Serenity (aka Ultima Thule) plows through high seas near Cape Flattery, Washington
- H) Aerial shot of Tahitian mountains and coastline
- I) Ultima Thule (aka Serenity) sails across the Rangiroa Lagoon
- J) Inner Harbor, Baltimore, Maryland, 1970
- K) 1985 Midtown Manhattan from an Upper West Side penthouse
- L) Homes on Pilottown Road and canal, the present, Lewes, Delaware

END CREDITS

M) Ultima Thule (aka Serenity) in the present with Billy Benton at the helm, diminishes in view as she sails under full sail toward the Atlantic's eastern horizon in fifteen knots of a northwest wind beneath clear blue skies.

DISSOLVE TO:

INTERCUT - INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES, FERMAMOUNT FEDERAL PENITENTIARY/ INT. PORT TOWNSEND POLICE STATION - LATER, SAME MORNING

MARILYN BAGGETT sits at her desk in the anteroom of the Warden's office in her usual office attire and types a letter.

SOUND of PHONE RINGING.

Baggett answers the phone.

MARILYN BAGGETT
(heartland pleasant)
Good Morning. Warden Church's office,
Miss Baggett speaking.
(listens)
May I ask what this concerns?

SAM SHEPHERD sits at his desk in the large, low-ceilinged space in the cellar of City Hall, which, along with the adjacent, four-cell jail, comprises the entirety of the Port Townsend Police Department's facilities.

KARL MYERS stands next to Shepherd's desk.

SAM SHEPHERD

Name's Sam Shepherd. I'm the Sheriff out here in Port Townsend, Washington. I'd like to speak with the Warden about an inmate, or at least a man who was an inmate until recently. His name is something like Mato.

Baggett's eyes widen. She stands abruptly.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(barely controlled)
Just one moment please.

Baggett presses a hold button on the phone, presses a second button, and waits.

MARILYN BAGGETT (CONT'D)

Warden Church? There's a Sheriff on the line from Port Townsend, Washington. He wants to talk to you about, I think, Richard Clemont.

WARDEN JOHN CHURCH, a tall, lean, white-haired man in a three-piece, gray, pin-striped suit has a physical response to the phone call that is similar to Baggett's original response. He stands, phone to his ear.

JOHN CHURCH

Put him through.

Baggett presses a button, but she does not hang up the receiver. She puts her hand over the mouthpiece. As she listens, again her eyes express surprise.

Baggett picks up a pencil, and as she listens in, she takes notes on a pad of paper.

INT. HUDSON CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Sally Wilson, carrying a coffee pot, approaches the table where Laura is smoking and staring at Rhodes, who is finishing his breakfast.

SALLY WILSON

Can I get you anything else?

Wilson tops off Rhode's coffee.

REGINALD RHODES

No thanks.

Laura grabs Wilson's wrist; Wilson looks at her.

LAURA

(with clear meaning)

I'm not here.

Wilson answers with a slight, knowing smile and a nod. Laura releases Wilson's wrist; the waitress directs a kind smile toward Rhodes and goes about her duties.

Rhodes sends Laura a "what was that about?" look.

LAURA

Sally and I have known each other for a long time. Since I first moved up here. I trust her and don't want my husband to know I'm here.

REGINALD RHODES

Which husband?

LAURA

(pained)

Please, Reggie. This is hard enough.

REGINALD RHODES

How do you know you can trust *me*?

Laura looks into Rhodes' eyes with an intensity that could melt lead.

LAURA

I can see it in your eyes.

She looks out a bank of windows to her right, takes a drag, and exhales.

LAURA (CONT'D)

And I have to trust you because I need your help.

REGINALD RHODES

He's my friend.

Laura looks away from the window and looks into Rhodes' eyes.

LAURA

That's why I'm asking you.

REGINALD RHODES

You cannot imagine the hell he and I went through in Korea. As brothers. And to survive, we had to *trust* each other. Unconditionally. I *have* to tell him I've talked to you.

LAURA

I *want* you to tell him we talked. I need for you to help him understand why he needs to let things be.

REGINALD RHODES

Why can't you tell him?

LAURA

Being in his presence terrifies me.

REGINALD RHODES

So you want me to do your dirty work.

LAURA

There's someone in addition to my husband ...

REGINALD RHODES

Which one?

LAURA

(angry)
I *get* it, Reggie.

Laura takes a drag, butts out her cigarette in the ashtray, and lights another L&M. After a long drag, she calms.

LAURA (CONT'D)

His name is George.

REGINALD RHODES

(smart-assed)
The other husband.

LAURA

(hisses)
Goddamn it, Reggie!

Laura turns away, seething, but is under control in a few seconds. Rhodes sips his coffee and stares at her. Laura takes a deep breath and turns toward Rhodes.

LAURA (CONT'D)

There's someone besides George who can never know that Karl is ... alive.

REGINALD RHODES
 (loud enough to be heard by
 others)
 And that you're still married to him!

Laura glares anger at Rhodes for a beat. Wilson stops wiping a counter and looks in their direction.

Rhodes takes a deep breath, closes his eyes and shakes his head. When he opens his eyes, Laura is staring a challenge at him. He reaches across the table and places his huge hand gently on top of her left hand, which is resting on the table.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)
 (somewhat sympathetic)
 The two of you are still married,
 Laura.

Laura and Rhodes search each others' eyes for a beat; Wilson resumes wiping the counter.

LAURA
 (resigned)
 Maybe under the law, Reggie.

REGINALD RHODES
 Maybe?

Laura lights another cigarette and looks out the side windows. A few seconds pass before she turns to Rhodes.

LAURA
 Karl's been dead to me for sixteen
 years. Long enough to grieve the loss
 and get him out of my mind.

Laura continues to gaze out the side windows and takes a drag before she speaks.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 (to the windows)
 I was lonely Reggie. It had been a
 long time since a man was, well,
 interested in ME, and not just
 interested in, well, you know.

Laura looks at Rhodes, takes a drag, and exhales out of the side of her mouth.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 Three years ago I finally met a man
 who loves me; adores me, actually.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I wanted things to work out so badly that I was afraid if George knew about -- about my life in Baltimore -- knew I was still married, he'd drop me.

REGINALD RHODES

(sympathetic)

If he loves you, he wouldn't.

LAURA

You don't know him.

REGINALD RHODES

I don't.

LAURA

He's prominent in Seattle and proud, and I know if he ever found out, he'd leave me, or worse.

REGINALD RHODES

Worse?

LAURA

He could destroy me. This is a very small town.

REGINALD RHODES

"Honesty is the first chapter in the book of wisdom."

LAURA

Easy for you to say, but there's this other person who can never know about Karl. It would be devastating.

REGINALD RHODES

To whom? You? Karl? George? This mysterious other person?

LAURA

To everyone.

REGINALD RHODES

Who is this other person?

LAURA

I can't tell you.

REGINALD RHODES

You won't tell me.

LAURA

I won't.

Rhodes' eyes bore into Laura's. She butts out her cigarette and stares out of the side windows. Rhodes leans forward.

REGINALD RHODES

What do you want from me?

Laura turns to him and studies his face for a beat.

LAURA

I told you: he needs to let things be. I need you to convince him that if he still has any feelings for me, he needs to move on; find another place to be. I need you to convince him I can't talk with him, can't acknowledge him in any way.

REGINALD RHODES

He definitely still has feelings. Why the hell else would he have driven three-thousand miles to find you?

Laura looks out the side windows for a beat. When she turns back to Rhodes, there is no mistaking the anger in her eyes.

LAURA

That man ended the good life we had sixteen years ago and left me with nothing here.

(strikes her sternum with a closed fist)

It took me years to find a life, a new life, a life that had no memory of him in it, and now he's here. I won't let him take away what I've found here.

Laura lights another cigarette, takes a long drag, sends a plume of smoke toward the window, and then turns to Rhodes.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(cold)

Will you help me?

Rhodes looks out the window for a beat, sighs, and then faces Laura.

REGINALD RHODES

I'll talk with him, but I can't help thinking you'll eventually have to tell him these things yourself.

LAURA

Not if you convince him to leave town.
You have to do this; if not for me,
for him. Will you talk with him today?

REGINALD RHODES

I will. You'll want to know what he
decides.

LAURA

George went back to Seattle this
morning. I told him I wanted to stay
up here, that Sally and I wanted to
get together for old time's sake, go
out to dinner or something. Can you
meet me there tonight?

Laura gestures toward the jetty on the west side of the inlet
into the small basin of Coast Guard Station: Port Hudson.

REGINALD RHODES

When?

LAURA

After dark. Ten?

Laura watches Rhodes, who turns his gaze from her to the
Cascades.

INT. TOWN TAVERN - FIVE HOURS LATER

Rhodes leans on the end of the push broom he holds and surveys
the Town Tavern. All chairs are upended and on the tables. The
afternoon light is bright.

CHARLES PARKER (O.C.)

So you're okay with this?

Rhodes turns around and smiles at CHARLES "CHARLIE" PARKER,
who, in white shirt with tie and sleeve garters, suspenders,
and smoking a Dutch Masters Corona, is ready for greeting the
evening traffic from behind the bar.

REGINALD RHODES

A little work for a room and a meal?
Can't do better than that.

CHARLES PARKER

You're lifesavers, you and Karl. Me
and Mirabelle were about worn to a
nub.

REGINALD RHODES

I know Karl'll be tending bar, but I'm still not sure about what you expect of me once folks start coming in.

CHARLES PARKER

Just be yourself. Greet 'em and help out Mirabelle when you can.

REGINALD RHODES

And remove 'em when they get too rowdy.

CHARLES PARKER

I'm thinking there won't be too much of that, not with how well things ended up between you and Bubba last night. That boy gossips like an old woman, and I suspect folks will be looking forward to meeting you on his recommendation. It also don't hurt that you have a presence.

Rhodes laughs and shakes his head.

REGINALD RHODES

Chairs are next, I'm thinking.

CHARLES PARKER

You'd be right. And the floor is clean as a whistle. Thanks for that. I've got some numbers to look into.

Charlie heads to the door that leads to a tiny office.

Rhodes begins righting the chairs on the table closest to him.

SOUND of DOOR OPENING.

Rhodes turns toward the sound. KARL MYERS walks through the door.

REGINALD RHODES

Man, where've you been?

Rhodes continues to right chairs.

KARL MYERS

What do you mean?

Myers begins to right the chairs of the table closest to him.

REGINALD RHODES

I walked down to the Boat Haven, and you were nowhere to be seen. Don't know how you could have gotten by me.

KARL MYERS

Police escort.

REGINALD RHODES

What's that supposed to mean? I've been about ready to bust wide open with something really important.

Myers places a chair on the floor, looks at Rhodes, and walks behind the bar.

REGINALD RHODES

What's happening, man?

Myers grabs a bottle of Jim Beam from the shelf behind the bar, pours himself a tumbler full, and slams back half of it.

REGINALD RHODES

(demanding)

Karl!

KARL MYERS

(blurts out)

I've got things on my mind.

Myers finishes the bourbon and pours another three fingers.

REGINALD RHODES

You need to cool it, man, because what I have to tell you is pretty heavy. I talked to Laura today.

Myers holds the tumbler at mid hoist. Rhodes walks behind the bar.

KARL MYERS

What?

REGINALD RHODES

I talked to Laura today. She wants me to talk you into leaving. I'm supposed to meet her tonight to tell her what you decide.

Myers looks at Rhodes as though Rhodes has lost his mind. Myers drains the tumbler and throws it the length of the room where it shatters against the upright grand piano.

Charlie comes out of his office; MIRABELLE CHARLES comes out of the kitchen. Rhodes looks at them and holds up the palm of his hand.

Mirabelle appears to understand, takes Charlie by the elbow, and leads him into the kitchen.

Myers picks up the bottle of Jim Beam; Rhodes plants his giant hand over top Myers' hand and plants the bottle on the counter.

REGINALD RHODES

That's enough, man.

Rhodes senses compliance and releases his grip. Myers lets go of the bottle, shakes his head, and looks at nothing.

KARL MYERS

(whispers)

What the hell was I thinking, coming out here?

REGINALD RHODES

It doesn't matter.

Rhodes caps the bourbon bottle and returns it to the shelf.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

What matters is that we're here and have to deal with whatever it is we have to deal.

KARL MYERS

We?

REGINALD RHODES

That's right, *we, goddamn it*. Seems to me I had a D.I. at Montford who kept telling us we were all brothers, had to depend on each other, just like brothers. It was "the only chance we had to survive," was what he said.

Rhodes looks at Myers who is staring mindlessly at nothing.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

You have a vague recollection of who that son-of-a-bitch might have been? He taught us what to do to survive, and I learned those lessons right well because, First Sergeant, I'm one hell of a smart man.

Rhodes leans down and looks into Myers' face.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

(smiles)

And a damned modest one too.

Myers tries to resist a smile as he glances at Rhodes, who stands tall.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

So how about it, brother, are we going to deal with this crazy bullshit or are we just going to get piss-eyed drunk?

Myers stares at Rhodes for a beat.

KARL MYERS

Tell me.

REGINALD RHODES

Let's sit.

KARL MYERS

Bring the bourbon.

Rhodes raises an eyebrow. Myers picks up the tumbler. Rhodes grabs the Jim Beam and follows Myers to the closest table. They sit.

Mirabelle emerges from the kitchen carrying two mugs and a coffee pot.

Rhodes and Myers sit. Mirabelle places the mugs and pot in front of them. She picks up the bottle of bourbon.

REGINALD RHODES

(to Mirabelle)

Thanks.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

(smiles, lowered eyes)

You're welcome, Reginald.

Rhodes takes her hand; they glance into each others' eyes before Rhodes releases her hand. Mirabelle takes a step toward the bar with the bourbon bottle in hand.

KARL MYERS

Mirabelle.

Mirabelle appears startled and turns; she glances at Rhodes and then looks down. Myers looks at Rhodes.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
 (nods toward Mirabelle)
 I'm thinking she knows what's going
 on.

REGINALD RHODES
 (awkward)
 Well, Karl, it's sort of ...

MIRABELLE CHARLES
 I do know what's going on, Mr. Karl.

Mirabelle returns the bourbon to the table, sits next to Myers
 and leans toward him.

MIRABELLE CHARLES (CONT'D)
 And I feel so, so sorry for you and
 for Laura and for her, well, for Dr.
 Murdoch.
 (touches Karl's forearm)
 Please don't be mad at Reginald for
 telling me. He cares about you, I'm
 sure much more than you realize, and
 he was very upset when he came back
 here this afternoon.

REGINALD RHODES
 I was about to bust wide open.

KARL MYERS
 So you said.

MIRABELLE CHARLES
 (to Myers)
 I only know you for seconds, but I
 know you are a very private person.

Mirabelle glances at Rhodes and then back to Myers.

MIRABELLE CHARLES (CONT'D)
 I'm so embarrassed that we are in your
 business, but even though you don't
 know me, I'm worried about you.

Myers looks at Rhodes for a beat, and then looks at Mirabelle,
 who pours him a cup of coffee and smiles.

MIRABELLE CHARLES (CONT'D)
 Just fresh.

Myers sighs, drinks some coffee, puts the mug on the table and
 stares at it.

KARL MYERS

(to Rhodes)

You said she expects you to meet her tonight.

REGINALD RHODES

I told her I would. At ten.

KARL MYERS

Where?

REGINALD RHODES

At the end of the jetty at the Coast Guard station.

KARL MYERS

Then you have to.

REGINALD RHODES

What do I tell her?

KARL MYERS

(appears lost)

I have no idea.

Myers stands and steps toward the front door.

REGINALD RHODES

Where're you going?

Myers stretches out his hands without turning around, opens the door, turns right, and walks east on the sidewalk, visible through the Town Tavern windows.

Mirabelle reaches across the table and touches Rhodes' arm.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

What're you going to tell her?

REGINALD RHODES

What *can* I tell her? All I can say is that he doesn't know what he's going to do.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

She'll be upset.

REGINALD RHODES

She has reason. What the hell was she thinking when she got married again?

MIRABELLE CHARLES

I think she was lonely.

REGINALD RHODES

So she said.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

Most of us know what an empty heart feels like, and a man paid attention to her -- a nice man, a rich man -- and then maybe he tells her he loves her. She thinks about her son, that he will be provided for.

REGINALD RHODES

I should have told him about the boy.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

She didn't want you to know.

REGINALD RHODES

He's going to find out. She's being naïve, don't you think?

MIRABELLE CHARLES

Of course. Everyone in this town knows Laura has a son, so no matter what she might want, if he stays here much longer, he will find out, and then she will have to face Mr. Karl for sure.

REGINALD RHODES

It's his finding out about his son that's upsetting her.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

Of course it is. In her wildest dreams, she could not have thought that after all these years Mr. Karl would appear so many miles away from the place they had lived a life together. She may not have heard one thing about him from the minute she left there. Maybe she convinced herself that he died in the war.

REGINALD RHODES

(doubtful)
Maybe.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

What else can she do but hope that Mr. Karl will go away quietly and leave her and Billy in peace.

REGINALD RHODES

I don't see that happening.

MIRABELLE CHARLES

Neither do I.

Mirabelle takes one of Rhodes' hands in both of hers and looks into his eyes.

MIRABELLE CHARLES (CONT'D)

Reginald, don't you have the feeling that something greater than we are has brought Mr. Karl here to take a stand?

REGINALD RHODES

I have a hard time wrapping my head around destiny, but let's say you're right, and if you are, what the hell kind of stand is he going to make?

MIRABELLE CHARLES

I think he made it clear that he has no idea.

INT. CLAYTON DORION'S HOUSE, WILLISTON, ND - CONTINUOUS

CLAYTON DORION is asleep, sprawled on his back on his living room sofa. Two empty Schlitz "Steinies" rest on an end table near Dorion's head. The blinds are drawn and the room is in shadow. The residual haze of a just smoked cigar is in the air.

Dorion wears his prison guard uniform, his work shoes are on the floor nearby, and a big toe protrudes through a hole in one of his white, wool socks.

SOUND of LONG DOORBELL BUZZ.

Dorion begins to stir.

SOUND of STACCATO DOORBELL BUZZES.

MARILYN BAGGETT (O.C.)

(from outside)

Clayton Dorion! I know you're in there.

SOUND of long DOORBELL BUZZ.

MARILYN BAGGETT (O.C.)

(CONT'D)

Clayton, open the door, or I'm coming in!

SOUND of DOOR KNOB JIGGLING.

MARILYN BAGGETT (O.C.)
(CONT'D)

CLAYTON!

Dorion rolls into a seated position, rubs his eyes, and yawns.

SOUND of FIST POUNDING on the front door.

MARILYN BAGGETT (O.C.)
(CONT'D)

CLAYTON!

CLAYTON DORION

(loud)
I'M COMING!

Dorion looks down, sees his protruding toe, and slips his feet into his shoes. He steps to and opens the front door.

Baggett pushes past him without ceremony.

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)
(smart-assed)
Well, hello to you too!

Baggett turns back to Dorion and pecks his cheek.

MARILYN BAGGETT
(frazzled)
I could use a beer.

CLAYTON DORION
You know where they are.

MARILYN BAGGETT
(shocked)
Clayton!

Dorion rolls his eyes and steps into the kitchen; Baggett follows. Dorion retrieves two Steinies and uses a rusted "church key" to open them.

He takes a swallow; Baggett, a demure sip. Dorion jerks his head toward the tiny living room; Baggett steps in that direction. He follows.

MARILYN BAGGETT (CONT'D)
(over her shoulder)
I wish you wouldn't smoke cigars in this house. It smells like one big fart!

CLAYTON DORION
Marilyn!

Baggett turns around.

MARILYN BAGGETT

Well it does!

Dorion downs the remainder of the Steinie, smacks his chops, and burps.

CLAYTON DORION

(cavalier)

My house.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(coy)

At least for now.

Baggett takes another sip from her Steinie.

Dorion plops onto the sofa; Baggett sits next to him in a most genteel way.

CLAYTON DORION

To what do I owe ...

Baggett extends her free hand palm up as she interrupts.

MARILYN BAGGETT

Oh my goodness! I couldn't wait to get over here to tell you what I found out, and here I am prattling on about you and your cigars!

CLAYTON DORION

(impatient)

Well?

MARILYN BAGGETT

So, I answer the phone, and you'll never guess who was calling the Warden.

CLAYTON DORION

(snide)

You're right about that!

Baggett assumes a haughty posture and expression.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(pursed lips)

You know how much I dislike it when you're snide.

CLAYTON DORION

(rolls eyes)
Sorry. Who called?

MARILYN BAGGETT

(conspiratorial)
Well, can you believe it? It was a police chief from some town out in Washington, and you'll never guess what he told the Warden.

CLAYTON DORION

(snide)
Right again!

MARILYN BAGGETT

(indignant)
I have half a mind not to tell you.

CLAYTON DORION

(faux politeness)
I'm sorry, Sweetheart. Please. Tell me.

Baggett pouts as she pulls a pad from her pocketbook and refers to it as she relates what she overheard.

MARILYN BAGGETT

Well, he tells Warden Church that Richard Clemont, or whatever his name is -- actually, "Mato" is the name the sheriff used.

Dorion stands up and glowers at Baggett.

CLAYTON DORION

And?

MARILYN BAGGETT

Don't get all pissy with me. I'm just the messenger. He said the man was in his town.

CLAYTON DORION

(shocked anger)
What?

Dorion begins to pace, stopping to face Baggett each time he speaks.

CLAYTON DORION

How'd you hear this?

MARILYN BAGGETT

I'm not proud of how.

CLAYTON DORION

I don't give a damn whether you are or not. Just tell me how you heard this.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(clearly embarrassed)

I listened in.

CLAYTON DORION

What else did you hear?

MARILYN BAGGETT

The Sheriff had the description of the car he was in.

CLAYTON DORION

Which was?

MARILYN BAGGETT

A black, Ford Customline with North Dakota plates.

CLAYTON DORION

Marshal Messina drives a Customline.

MARILYN BAGGETT

Exactly what I was thinking.

CLAYTON DORION

So how does a Washington police chief recognize Clemont and make the connection to Fermamount?

Baggett flips a page of the pad and refers to its contents.

MARILYN BAGGETT

Apparently, there's somebody out there who was in Williston during the prison break and saw Clemont or Mato ...

CLAYTON DORION

(interrupts)

Never mind the name! I know who you mean!

MARILYN BAGGETT

(slightly indignant)

He said this person's character was

...

(struggles to read her writing)

MARILYN BAGGETT (CONT'D)
 Here it is: "the person's character is
 impeccable."

Dorion stops pacing, and appears to be remember something.

CLAYTON DORION
 (to himself)
 Well I'll be goddamned.

Dorion sits on the sofa and looks into Baggett's eyes.

CLAYTON DORION (CONT'D)
 What'd the Warden tell him?

Baggett scans her notes.

MARILYN BAGGETT
 Well, let's see. Ah, he told him that
 whoever thinks they saw Clemont was
 mistaken -- and what else? Ah, here:
 that all those people look alike, and
 that he couldn't be out there because
 he'd been transferred to a prison back
 east.

CLAYTON DORION
 Do you think that's true, that he got
 shipped east?

MARILYN BAGGETT
 Why would the warden lie?

CLAYTON DORION
 I don't know, but the Customline?
 Didn't you tell me that it was Messina
 who took him away?

MARILYN BAGGETT
 I did.

Marilyn empties her Steinie and hands it to Dorion. Dorion
 places it alongside the others on the end table.

MARILYN BAGGETT (CONT'D)
 Thank you, dear.

Dorion's expression reveals that he is deep in thought.

MARILYN BAGGETT (CONT'D)
 I hope I haven't upset you. I thought
 you'd want to know about this.

Dorion shakes himself free of the reverie and smiles in a patronizing way at Baggett.

CLAYTON DORION

I've got some vacation time coming. I think I'll drive out to Washington. What was the name of the town?

MARILYN BAGGETT

Port Townsend.

(pouting)

Clayton, I don't have any vacation time. I couldn't go with you.

CLAYTON DORION

(unconvincing)

That is a shame, but I won't be gone long.

(beat)

You know, it's a while before we need to worry about diner. How about dessert first.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(a bit taken aback)

Dessert first?

CLAYTON DORION

(lascivious)

You know, a little afternoon delight?

Baggett raises an eyebrow and casts a lurid smile at Dorion.

MARILYN BAGGETT

Why Clayton, you are such a very, very bad boy.

INT. CLAYTON DORION'S HOUSE - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Baggett and Dorion are lying naked beneath a sheet on Dorion's double bed. Both are lying on their backs and staring at the ceiling; Dorion's hands are behind his head.

Baggett rolls toward Dorion and slides her hand onto his chest.

MARILYN BAGGETT

You know, Dear, you've never told me why that Mato-sa or Clemont ...

CLAYTON DORION

(annoyed)

Told you what?

MARILYN BAGGETT

Why he upsets you so much.

CLAYTON DORION

It's nothing to worry your pretty little head about.

MARILYN BAGGETT

So you think, but I do worry my pretty little head about it. I want you to tell me because I can tell it's very, very personal. It is, isn't it?

Dorion glances at Baggett and then looks back at the ceiling.

Under the sheets, Baggett's hand visibly slides down Dorion's belly to his crotch, where it begins to fiddle around.

Dorion looks at Baggett for a beat and then rolls toward her; she continues to fiddle around as she looks lustfully into Dorion's eyes and kisses him with intent but briefly.

MARILYN BAGGETT (CONT'D)

Tell me.

CLAYTON DORION

I've told you about Viola.

DISSOLVE TO:

I/E - MONTANA PRAIRIE NORTH OF WOLF POINT/DORION'S DODGE -
FLASHBACK, WINTER NIGHT, 1952

SOUND of TIRE CHAINS moving at speed over an asphalt road covered with packed snow and ice.

MARILYN BAGGETT (V.O.)

(CONT'D)

You have. This has something to do with her?

A 1950 Dodge coupe drives northbound on Powder River Road; the prairie is covered with snow for as far as one can see in the light of the full moon.

CLAYTON DORION (V.O.)

It does. I'd been planning to surprise her. I knew she liked surprises.

Dorion pushes in the car's cigarette lighter. He wears a faded, plaid, shearling jacket, a battered, flat-brimmed, side-grooved fedora, a scarf loosely lying across his shoulders, and "Arctics" (galoshes) over his shoes.

CLAYTON DORION (V.O.)
(CONT'D)

I'd just gotten the job at Fermamount,
and I knew she'd be happy about having
eleven more dollars a week in her paw.

The cigarette lighter pops out; Dorion lights up a Corona and begins clouding up the interior of the Dodge with cigar fumes.

CLAYTON DORION (V.O.)
(CONT'D)

Fool that I was, I thought she'd be
extra surprised because I wasn't
expected until the next day.

Dorion smiles as he drags on the Corona, and laughs when he exhales.

CLAYTON DORION (V.O.)
(CONT'D)

I figured because of the surprise that
when I got her into bed, she was going
to make me one happy man.

The Dodge turns off Powder River Road onto a track buried by snow and marked only by a long row of telephone poles at the road's edge.

SOUND of TIRE CHAINS moving at slow speed through crusted snow.

A small herd of pronghorns, standing still as statues, appears in the headlight beams, their being alive betrayed by streams of vapor coming from their nostrils.

A hundred yards ahead, at the end of the row of telephone poles, a two-story, white, clapboard house appears in the headlight beams.

Dorion chuckles and turns off the headlights and slows the car; the moonglow asserts itself and the outline of the house is visible as the only structure visible for miles.

As the Dodge nears the house, its windows are dark save for light coming from two ground floor windows in the back of the house; the outline of the windows shines on the snow next to house.

Gusts of wind shake the Dodge and blow ice dust illuminated by moonlight. When he is one hundred feet from the house, Dorion spies a shape in front of the house that shifts its position and is visible as the silhouette of a horse.

Dorion stops the Dodge, and apparently stunned, stares at the horse; indecision is on his face for a beat, until anger replaces it.

He removes a revolver from the glove department, checks to see that it is loaded, and places the gun into the left pocket of his jacket. He stuffs a glove into a right-side pocket and places its mate on his right hand.

Dorion wedges his hat further down on his head, flips up the collar of his coat, and wraps the scarf around the collar and over his face and ears.

The wind blows a gale when he exits the Dodge. He keeps his head low, his left hand in his jacket pocket, and his gloved right hand attached to the brim of his fedora.

The crusted snow is not quite a foot deep in places, but alongside the house, there are drifts three or more feet deep.

The crust is not strong enough to support Dorion's weight. Every step requires that he extract his foot from the hole it creates, which slows his progress.

As he nears the back of the house, striped shadows from security bars are visible on the snow in trapezoids of light from the windows. As he nears, rhythmic shadows of two human forms move among the striped shadows of one window.

Dorion steps more quickly, which means with more difficulty, toward the windows. When he reaches the first, he grabs the bars.

Inside, naked VIOLA DORION leans forward with her hands braced on either side of the window. Viola's pendulous breasts sway to a rhythm that only Viola and the man, MATO-SA (aka Richard Clemont), behind her, can hear.

Dorion grabs the bars, places his face between them and SCREAMS in RAGE; Viola, shocked for a beat at the image of Dorion, SCREAMS in TERROR. Mato-sa, who wears a buttoned flannel shirt, laughs as if what is happening is a great joke.

Mato-sa and Viola separate; Dorion struggles to the nearby back door and stumbles. He struggles to his feet and discovers the back door is locked.

Dorion pounds on the door and then continues moving through unbroken snow toward the side of the house. He rounds the corner and discovers drifts ahead of him that are higher than what he encountered on the other side of the house.

Dorion turns around and hurries, often stumbling, occasionally falling, through snow he has previously disturbed.

When he passes the rear windows, the lights inside the house have been extinguished.

A full gale smacks him in the face when he emerges from behind the house, accompanied by the SOUND of ROARING WIND. When Dorion is mere feet from the front of the house, the SOUND of POUNDING HOOVES is heard just above that of the gale.

Dorion rounds the corner of the front of the house. The silhouette of a horse and rider are galloping away. Dorion extracts the pistol as he drops to one knee.

Holding the pistol in his left hand, he aims and fires five shots at the diminishing silhouette of horse and rider, which disappears over the crest of a small rise.

DISSOLVE TO PRESENT:

EXT. PORT HUDSON - TEN P.M.

There are nearly overwhelming SOUNDS of WIND in RIGGING and of WAVES BREAKING as Laura stands at the end of the rock jetty that marks the west side of the inlet into the Port Hudson basin.

Laura stares at a waxing, gibbous moon that is three hand-widths-high over the Olympics.

A cold, easterly wind blowing from the Puget Sound whips her hair about her ears. She rubs her upper arms, which are enclosed in a wool turtleneck beneath her suburbanite jacket.

REGINALD RHODES (O.C.)
(very loud)
Miss Laura.

Laura starts. She turns and see Rhodes is only a few feet from her. He stretches out his hands.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)
(loud)
I've been calling your name.

Laura steps toward Rhodes.

LAURA
(loud, disappointed)
I expected him, not you.

REGINALD RHODES
(loud)
You did?

LAURA
 (loud, angry)
 He never does what other people want.

REGINALD RHODES
 (loud)
 Not the man I know.

LAURA
 (loud)
 Well, it's the man I know.

Laura glances at the moon, and then looks at Rhodes.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 (loud)
 You have a message?

REGINALD RHODES
 (loud)
 I don't. I'm sorry.

LAURA
 (yells)
 Goddamn it!

Laura spins toward the bay and shakes her fists at the heavens.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 (yells)
 What the hell did I do to deserve
 this?

Rhodes watches Laura; his expression conveys concern.

Laura looks down at the water for a beat and then turns toward Rhodes; her body language conveys defeat.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 (barely heard)
 What am I supposed to do now?

Rhodes moves closer and leans toward her. She looks up at him.

REGINALD RHODES
 (loud)
 I couldn't hear you.

LAURA
 (loud and worried)
 I said, what am I supposed to do now?

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)
I wish I knew. You seem like a good person. Everybody seems to think so.

LAURA

(loud)
Everybody?

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)
According to Mirabelle.

LAURA

(loud)
Wait until "everybody" finds out I'm a bigamist.

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)
Mirabelle's worried about that.

LAURA

(loud)
You told Mirabelle?

Laura starts to pace back and forth on the uneven surface of the jetty. Rhodes gently grabs her wrist and turns her to him.

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)
You know you can trust her.

LAURA

(loud, sharp)
Do I?

Laura yanks her wrist from Rhodes' grasp.

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)
Nobody else needs to know.

LAURA

(loud)
In this town, everybody will know.

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)
I won't say anything.

LAURA

(loud, angry)
You already did!

Rhodes looks down for a beat; Laura looks at the moon.

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)
Miss Laura.

Laura turns toward Rhodes.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

(loud)
I know about your son.

LAURA

(loud, angry)
Mirabelle told you.

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)
Doesn't everybody know?

LAURA

(loud, angry)
I'm sick and tired of "everybody."

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)
If everybody knows, isn't Karl going
to find out?

Arms hanging at her sides, Laura's head droops and she begins to cry. Rhodes steps toward her, but she touches his chest with her fingertips; he stops. Tear streaks on her cheeks are visible in the moonlight.

As she speaks, Rhodes leans his ear close to her.

LAURA

I'm lost, Reggie. Lost. Just leave me
alone.

REGINALD RHODES

(loud)
Come with me. We'll get a coffee.

Laura gently pushes Rhodes away.

LAURA

(loud)
I'll be okay.

REGINALD RHODES

(loud, concerned)
I'm not so sure.

LAURA

(loud)
Tell him I don't have any answers
either.

Rhodes and Laura look into each other's eyes for a beat. She watches him turn and walk away.

Laura stares at the moon for a beat. She pulls a silver-plated revolver from the waistband of her slacks and stares at it.

The shadowed shape of Karl Myers appears behind Laura. She senses his presence, spins toward him, and levels the revolver at his chest.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(loud)
I knew you'd come.

Myers glances at the revolver but appears to disregard it; his eyes bore into hers, which glisten in the moonlight.

KARL MYERS

(loud)
I couldn't come all this way after all
these years and not talk with you.

LAURA

(loud, angry)
You came all this way to ruin my life.
Again.

KARL MYERS

(loud, angry)
Your's isn't the only life that's been
ruined. Do you think it's been easy
for me? Easier for me than for you?
You *abandoned* me!

Laura raises the pistol into position to shoot Myers between the eyes.

LAURA

(screams)
You killed my daughter!

KARL MYERS

(loud, accusatory)
She was with you!

LAURA

(yells)
I trusted you!

Myers spreads his hands and takes a step toward her.

KARL MYERS

(loud)

It was an accident! Why can't you
accept that we're both to blame?

Laura lowers the pistol to aim at Myers' heart.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(loud, demanding)

Go on! Put me out of my misery!

Myers steps forward until the muzzle of the revolver touches his chest.

KARL MYERS

(loud, pleading)

Do it! Please!

Laura begins to sob. She lowers the gun, turns away from Myers, and then quickly raises the muzzle to her temple. Myers' hand hits Laura's elbow a split second before the gun fires. He quickly yanks the revolver from her hand.

Still sobbing, Laura turns and falls into Myers' arms.

EXT. PORT TOWNSEND BOAT HAVEN - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

SOUND of WIND WHISTLING in the rigging of sailboats.

Mato-sa sits on an overturned oil drum in shadows next to a large metal building a hundred feet from the boat basin. He wears a floppy, big-brimmed fedora, a plaid shearling coat, jeans, and work boots.

Mato-sa smokes a cigarette and stares at the moon-sparkled water of Port Townsend Bay. He smiles as he blows a plume of smoke toward the moon, and then the smile broadens. He throws his head back and LAUGHS OUT LOUD.

SOUND of TIRES on GRAVEL; the beams of headlights shine onto the boats in the boat basin.

Mato-sa's eyes snap toward the approaching car. He dismounts the oil drum, drops behind it, and watches a dark-blue, Packard Patrician approach the boat basin.

The Packard stops near and perpendicular to the edge of the boat basin. The headlights and engine turn off.

Laura's silhouette in the driver's seat and Myers' silhouette in the passenger seat are outlined by the bright light from a single, mercury vapor lamp on a pole to the right of the Packard and next to a ramp that leads to floating docks.

A tiny orange dot from the car's cigarette lighter arcs toward the driver's head and disappears behind it long enough for a cigarette to be lit.

The driver turns toward the passenger; a plume of smoke directed toward the passenger appears in the mercury lamp's light.

The silhouettes lean toward one another and kiss.

The kiss lasts a few seconds; Mato-sa's expression conveys serious curiosity about what it is he sees.

After the kiss ends, Laura and Myers exit the car.

Myers waits for Laura to round the front of the car, and then extends his hand. She takes it, and hand-in-hand, they walk to the head of the ramp.

The mercury lamp provides sufficient illumination to see Laura's and Myers' features; Mato-sa's expression conveys recognition of Myers.

Mato-sa moves, undetected by Laura or Myers, from the oil drum to the driver-side of the Packard, from which the conversation between Myers and Laura is barely audible to Mato-sa over the SOUND of WIND WHISTLING in the boats' rigging.

Laura and Myers stare at the boats; Laura smokes.

KARL MYERS

I'm not sure this is the best place
for us to be right now.

(turns to Laura)

Are you sure you don't want to just
talk in the car?

Laura blows smoke in his direction.

LAURA

I'm sure.

Myers turns his eyes to the moon.

KARL MYERS

And you're sure George won't be coming
back tonight?

Laura reaches up and gently turns Myers' face toward her.

LAURA

(smiles)
I'm sure.

Laura drops her cigarette and grinds it out in the gravel with the toe of her shoe.

Mato-sa smiles a sly smile as he watches Laura and Myers walk down the ramp to the floating dock and on to the Serenity, which they board.

Mato-sa chuckles and rubs his hands.

INT. SERENITY, BOAT HAVEN - CONTINUOUS

Laura waits in the salon of the 60-foot yawl and watches Myers descend the companionway ladder.

The varnished mahogany and brass-accented interior is bathed in the golden glow of a kerosene lantern. Blue upholstered cushions cover the seats and backs of berths. An open, rosewood box with green velvet lining rests on the salon table.

Laura and Myers stare at one another; their expressions and body language convey a slight awkwardness.

Myers sees and touches the rosewood box, takes the silver-plated pistol from his coat pocket, and turns to Laura.

KARL MYERS

(gentle)
Is this where this belongs?

Laura nods; Myers places the pistol in the box and then closes and fastens the lid.

Laura returns the box to a shelf in the cubby used as the navigation station. She pauses for a beat, and then turns toward Myers.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Will he notice that it's been fired?

LAURA

I've only seen him open that box once, and that was to show me the gun and explain how to use it.

KARL MYERS

There is a chance he'll notice.

LAURA

I'll plead ignorance.

KARL MYERS
He'll believe you?

Laura stares into Myers' eyes.

LAURA
He loves me, Karlie.

KARL MYERS
So do I.

LAURA
You love the person I was.

KARL MYERS
It's the only you I know.

LAURA
I'm not the same girl I was then.

KARL MYERS
You haven't changed one bit.

LAURA
(laughs)
Liar!

KARL MYERS
It's true. Just as lovely as you were then.

LAURA
(slight smile)
Your eyesight is failing, old man.

KARL MYERS
(sincere)
It's twenty-twenty. You haven't changed.

LAURA
Love is blind.

KARL MYERS
But it doesn't conquer all, does it?

LAURA
(distant)
It ripped my guts out, Karlie, losing my little girl.

KARL MYERS
I lost her too, the same night I lost you.

LAURA
 (very distant)
 I think maybe I did get lost.

Laura sits on the starboard settee and stares blankly at the salon table.

KARL MYERS
 I think you ran away.

Laura glances at him with eyes that show a conflict of anger and regret. She rises, goes to a kerosene heater on the salon's forward bulkhead, lights the heater, and steps back.

Myers approaches Laura from behind and gently slides his hands around her belly. She leans back against him; he closes his eyes and softly nuzzles her hair.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 Lavender.

LAURA
 (wistful)
 It's in everything out here: tea,
 soap, perfume; it's everywhere.

The couple stares at the glowing heater.

KARL MYERS
 You've been here since you left?

LAURA
 In Bellingham for the first few years.
 I just drove west until there wasn't
 any farther that I could go.

KARL MYERS
 (hesitant)
 You hated me that much?

LAURA
 I never hated you, Karlie. I was so
 goddamned angry and afraid that I
 think I lost my mind a little.

Laura turns around, wraps her arms around Myers' waist, and lays her head on his chest.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 In fact, I couldn't get you out of my
 mind for a long, long time.

Myers gently pushes her away enough to look into her eyes.

KARL MYERS

Why didn't you come back, or at least write?

Laura looks down and returns her cheek to Myers' chest.

LAURA

I was ashamed.

KARL MYERS

(softly but pointed)
You were pregnant.

Laura pushes him away gently, goes to the galley, and fills a teapot with water. She lights the gimbaled stove, places the teapot over the flame, stares at nothing, and responds over her shoulder

LAURA

(emotional)
I was devastated.

KARL MYERS

And angry.

Laura turns around and glares at Myers. Her dark eyes flash and her expression hardens, but only for a beat.

LAURA

Weren't you?

KARL MYERS

On the same night, I lost the only two people in the world who mattered to me. I was too gutted to be angry.

They stare at one another.

Abrupt SOUND of TEAPOT WHISTLING; Laura starts.

INT. SERENITY - LATER

Two empty mugs rest on the edge of the salon table.

Laura and Myers make love on the starboard berth. He is naked and on his back; she wears an open, plaid flannel shirt and straddles him. Their eyes are closed.

Laura's arms are extended with her hands on Myers' chest as she moves against him. Both are lost in the moment.

Laura has a demonstrable orgasm; when it ends, she focuses on Myers' face and after a few seconds increases the rhythm of her movement.

Myers comes. When he is finished, Laura collapses onto his chest. They kiss passionately for a few beats, and then she rests her head on his shoulder. After a few seconds of recovery, Myers speaks.

KARL MYERS

(near breathless)

Tell me about him.

LAURA

(wistful)

He's a wonderful boy, Karlie.

KARL MYERS

I saw him this morning.

LAURA

How'd you know it was him?

KARL MYERS

I was with Sam. Said he was your son.

Laura elevates her shoulders and stares into Myers' eyes; his do not meet hers.

LAURA

Our son. His name is William ...
Billy.

Karl looks into Laura's eyes.

KARL MYERS

Myers?

LAURA

Benton.

Laura lifts herself off of Myers, stands and carries the mugs to the galley.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You can be so proud of him. He's never given me an ounce of trouble, and he's been so attentive and supportive, especially ...

Laura leans her hands on the galley countertop and stares at the sink.

KARL MYERS
Especially?

LAURA
With my husband.

KARL MYERS
With your other husband.

LAURA
(to herself)
What am I going to do?

Myers sits up and slips on boxer shorts.

KARL MYERS
What're we going to do?

Myers stands and slips on his shirt as he watches Laura light the stove and fill the teapot.

LAURA
(over her shoulder)
I want to know before morning.

KARL MYERS
It *is* morning.

Laura spoons Maxwell House instant coffee into the mugs.

LAURA
(over her shoulder)
You know what I mean.

KARL MYERS
What's best for the boy?

Laura leans back against the countertop.

LAURA
It's going to be complicated as he gets older.

KARL MYERS
(raised eyebrow)
Maybe we should just focus on how we're going to deal with now.

LAURA
(slight smile)
Agreed.

Laura sighs.

SOUND of the TEAPOT WHISTLING.

Laura slides the teapot off the flame and turns the burner off. She is about to pour the hot water into the cups.

KARL MYERS (O.C.)

Did you tell him I died in the war?

Laura suspends the teapot over the mugs for a beat, and then pours.

LAURA

(over her shoulder)

Not exactly.

Laura stirs the coffees.

KARL MYERS

Not exactly?

Laura hands Myers a mug, takes hers to the salon table, and slides behind it. Myers slides next to her. She stares at her mug; he stares at her for a beat.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Laura?

LAURA

(to the mug)

I told him we had differences and parted, that you went away, that I never heard from you again.

Myers sips his coffee and looks at a starboard port light.

KARL MYERS

You let him figure out that something must have happened to me in the war.

LAURA

(to Myers)

As he got older, he learned that a lot of fathers never came back; he never questioned the probability of it when it came to you.

Both sip their coffees; Laura does her best to keep back tears. She puts her mug on the table, and bows her head.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(softly weeping)

I'm so sorry, Karlie. I could have -- should have -- told him the truth.

Myers puts his arm around her; she leans against him.

KARL MYERS

What is it that you want?

Laura separates from Myers, wipes her cheeks, opens her eyes wide for an instant, shakes her head and takes a deep breath. She looks into his eyes for a beat.

LAURA

I don't want this night to end.

KARL MYERS

It is going to end.

LAURA

I know.

(looks at mug)

There is one thing.

KARL MYERS

Go on.

Laura looks at Myers as if trying to decide whether or not she wants to continue.

LAURA

After tonight, we can never talk about Dorothy. Not to each other; not to Billy.

KARL MYERS

Does he know he had a sister?

LAURA

(looks at mug)

He does not. Maybe someday -- a long time from now -- he can know, but I'm saying that you and I can't talk about her.

(to Myers)

I don't want her to come between us any more.

KARL MYERS

So this is when we say our "sorries" for all that's passed and mean it?

LAURA

It is.

Myers holds up his mug to Laura; she raises her mug and clinks it against his. They drink from the mugs and then place them on the table. Myers puts his arm around Laura; she leans into him.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Is it possible that I still love you?

KARL MYERS

I never stopped loving you.

LAURA

(whispers)

I know.

The couple sits as they are for a few seconds. Laura appears sad; Myers is contemplative.

KARL MYERS

(eyes narrow)

I may have a way forward for us.

Laura pulls away; they look into each other's eyes.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

(piercing gaze)

It all depends on how much you love
your other husband.

E/I - WATER STREET, PORT TOWNSEND/MARTINELLI IMPORTERS OFFICE,
BALTIMORE - EARLY AFTERNOON, NEXT DAY

Karl Myers stands in a phone booth on the corner of Water and Quincy Streets positioned catty-cornered from the Town Tavern. He holds the handset against his ear.

KARL MYERS

Hello. Yes, a collect call for Angelo
Martinelli at, ah, Martinelli
Importers, Baltimore.

(beat)

Ah, yes. South President's Street.
Don't have the street number. Sorry.

Myers watches the MV Quinault begin to disgorge cars as he waits. After a few seconds, his attention appears to be something coming from the phone, and then he speaks 1950s, "long distance loud" into the mouth piece.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

Angelo.

ANGELO MARTINELLI is Myers' age and very handsome, with dark eyes and Victor Mature hair. He is elegantly dressed in a navy blue, pin-striped suit with a silk tie and silk shirt, gold watch, gold cufflinks and tie pin; his nails are manicured.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

I cannot believe my fucking ears when the operator says your name. Where the fuck have you been?

KARL MYERS

(slight smile)

Around, Angelo, around.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

Around my ass. I mean, like, Jesus Christ, how many years are we talking about?

KARL MYERS

A lot of years, Angelo, a lot of years.

Angelo holds the handset with his shoulder as he tightens the knot of his necktie.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

You should see me, Karlie. I'm still the suave-assed *goombah* you remember, if you know what I mean.

KARL MYERS

(scoffs)

I have an idea, my friend.

Angelo guffaws.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

Okay, so this is my fucking dime. I know you're not calling to check on my health, you lousy *stanna mabaych*. I know I owe you big time, so just name it.

Myers' expression becomes serious; he takes a deep breath.

KARL MYERS

How up is the family's consigliere on Maryland divorce law?

ANGELO MARTINELLI

Uh oh. This ain't about you and the most gorgeous piece of ass that ever escaped the neighborhood, is it?

KARL MYERS

I'm afraid so.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

She's finally seeing the light? Why she ever picked you over me, you lousy *chooch*, I'll never know. Where the fuck are you?

KARL MYERS

Port Townsend ... Washington.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

Jesus *Christ*, the *coglioni* on you, calling collect across the whole fucking continent. You got the money to pay for a divorce, you cheap *stanna mabaych*?

(guffaws)

You know you're going to have to be here to do this thing?

KARL MYERS

I can be there in four days, and money's not an issue.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

Then why are you calling collect, you tight *bastardo*!

(guffaws)

But never mind that, *di cosa hai bisogno da me*?

KARL MYERS

I need to get an "official" document that maybe never actually went through a judge ...

ANGELO MARTINELLI

Here we go ...

KARL MYERS

... dated in thirty-nine.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

Thirty-nine? You're giving me *agita*.

KARL MYERS

I know the family knows people, Angelo. Can you do this?

ANGELO MARTINELLI

What're you talking? Of course, I can, you lousy *stanna mabaych*.

(guffaws)

I owe you.

Angelo runs his hand down across his mouth.

KARL MYERS

Angelo?

ANGELO MARTINELLI

I ain't gone nowhere. Just thinking.

(beat)

Tell you what, *goombah*, you get me a signed note from that beauty telling me it's not some *cazzate* you've cooked up on your own, and I'm in, and I'm going to need her signature.

KARL MYERS

I'll have it.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

That's good because Domenico -- I know you remember that *scoochamando* -- he's going to have to, dare I say it, forge that beauty's signature, so if you ain't got it, *fuggedaboutit!*

KARL MYERS

Done.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

So when will I see you?

KARL MYERS

I hope a week from today.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

Done.

Angelo holds the handset to his ear for a beat before placing it on the phone. He stares at the phone for a beat and then looks toward the doorway leading to an anteroom.

ANGELO MARTINELLI (CONT'D)

(loud)

Paola!

PAOLA MESSINA (O.C.)

(loud)

Coming.

PAOLA MESSINA appears and stands in the doorway with pencil and pad; she is dressed in neat office attire, including nylons and high heels; her hair is Audrey Hepburn short.

ANGELO MARTINELLI

Call Domenico. Tell him I need to talk
to him about a favor I owe a cousin.

Paola makes a note on the pad, nods at Angelo, and departs.
Angelo stares blankly at the open doorway.

EXT. PORT TOWNSEND - HOUR LATER

Myers and Rhodes have reached the top of the broad and very
long concrete stairway that connects the downtown with Uptown.

KARL MYERS

(winded)

I walk this on a regular basis I might
get into shape.

REGINALD RHODES

(less winded, smiles)

Or die.

KARL MYERS

Appreciate the vote of confidence.

Rhodes laughs.

The two men turn left onto Jefferson Street and continue up the
grade toward Tyler Street at a near quick march.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

How long have we known this woman?

REGINALD RHODES

Feel like I've known Mirabelle all my
life.

KARL MYERS

(glances at Rhodes)

Less than forty-eight hours, my
friend!

Rhodes laughs.

KARL MYERS (CONT'D)

And you've already been to her house?
When did you find the time?

REGINALD RHODES

I'm not asking where you slept last
night.

Myers looks at Rhodes with a stymied expression; Rhodes looks
down at Myers, interprets the expression, and laughs.

EXT. PORT TOWNSEND - MOMENTS LATER

Myers and Rhodes stand at the corner of Tyler and Lawrence Streets and wait for a car to pass. When it passes they cross the street and continue along Tyler Street at a brisk pace.

KARL MYERS

So Mirabelle follows this young man here.

REGINALD RHODES

Name was Tommy.

KARL MYERS

She follows him here because?

REGINALD RHODES

They were in love.

KARL MYERS

How old was she?

REGINALD RHODES

Seventeen.

KARL MYERS

And Tommy?

REGINALD RHODES

Don't know. Older. Worked at the paper mill. Apparently, Mirabelle's people -- Tommy's too -- were practically getting starved out by the government.

KARL MYERS

The government?

REGINALD RHODES

Complicated, but as near as I can tell, it had something to do with a dam that got built. I don't know. Anyway, he came here to find work, rented the house we're going to now, and then he became the town drunk.

KARL MYERS

The town drunk? Is that what she said?

REGINALD RHODES

It's what Charlie told me. Seems she won't say a bad word about Tommy.

KARL MYERS

So then what happens?

REGINALD RHODES

Boy disappears.

KARL MYERS

Disappears?

REGINALD RHODES

It's what she said.

KARL MYERS

So what'd she do?

REGINALD RHODES

Did what she had to.

KARL MYERS

Like?

REGINALD RHODES

Months before Tommy disappeared she'd started working as what we called a domestic back home, you know, cleaning houses and the like.

KARL MYERS

Which kept her under a roof and in grub, I guess.

REGINALD RHODES

She'd been supporting both of them before he disappeared because he'd lost his job.

KARL MYERS

The drink?

REGINALD RHODES

Exactly. So when he disappears, that's when she started working at the Town Tavern. Charlie says she's the hardest-working person he's ever known, and that in all this time, he's never known her to say an unkind word or utter a cuss.

Myers glances at Rhodes and smiles at him.

KARL MYERS

You're not going sweet on her, are you?

REGINALD RHODES

(bashful)
Hard as hell not to.

EXT. PORT TOWNSEND - MOMENTS LATER

Myers and Rhodes stride along F Street and approach Van Ness Street on the left.

KARL MYERS

So anybody know whatever happened to this Tommy fella?

Rhodes gestures slightly to turn left, and they enter Van Ness. It is a graveled street with no sidewalks.

REGINALD RHODES

Six months after he'd disappeared, he was found lying along the banks of the Elwha River west of here.

KARL MYERS

Drowned?

REGINALD RHODES

According to Charlie, it was ruled accidental, but everybody thinks it was a suicide. Apparently, somebody said that to Mirabelle. Charlie said she just turned and walked away and never said another word about it, but Charlie thinks she believes Tommy would never have done that.

Rhodes stops and nods at a small, one-story, light-green, clapboard home on their right with a shed-roofed extension in the back. The house is set back from the street; two large rosemary bushes flank steps that lead up to a covered front porch.

A dark blue Packard Patrician is parked in the grass alongside the house.

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

That's it.

KARL MYERS

She's done okay though, hasn't she?

REGINALD RHODES

Charlie said that after they found Tommy, some of the well-off people in town thought so much of Mirabelle, they got up a down payment and arranged a manageable mortgage for her. This is her house.

(more)

REGINALD RHODES (CONT'D)

Well, the bank's for now, but you know what I mean: her name's on the deed. It's small, but nice inside.

KARL MYERS

Less than forty-eight hours, and you know it's nice inside?

REGINALD RHODES

(laughs)

Again First Sergeant, where'd you sleep last night?

INT. MIRABELLE CHARLES' HOUSE - HOUR LATER

Rhodes, Mirabelle, Myers and Laura sit around a very small, round table in a very small kitchen. The only light is the diminishing light of a graying, late afternoon.

Each appears lost in thought. Laura is the only one who smokes; she taps ashes into a full glass ashtray in front of her. Four empty coffee cups are on the table.

KARL MYERS

I need to be on the Empire Builder by four a.m. on Thursday.

REGINALD RHODES

Roger, that.

KARL MYERS

If all goes well, I should be back in eight or nine days.

(to Reggie)

I'll call you at the Tavern as soon as I get to Baltimore and leave a number where you can reach me.

(to all)

If things take longer than I expect, I'll call Reggie.

(to Laura)

And if you need to get in touch, you'll have my number.

Myers places his hand on Laura's; she grasps his hand and looks into his eyes.

Reggie and Mirabelle exchange glances.

REGINALD RHODES

(to Mirabelle)

You were telling me you still have
tomatoes?

Mirabelle stands, takes Rhodes' hand and leads him from the room.

Myers and Laura glance at the departing couple, then look into each other's eyes and smile slightly. Laura drops her gaze. Myers lifts her chin gently and kisses her; the kiss endures.

EXT. PORT TOWNSEND - EARLY EVENING, SAME DAY

Myers rounds the corner onto Jefferson and is adjacent to Port Townsend's fire bell tower when he senses that someone is following him.

The someone is Mato-sa. He wears his big-brimmed fedora and has a bruise on his right cheek.

Myers continues to the concrete stairway that leads down to Washington Street; he begins down the stairs.

SOUND of FOLLOWING FOOTSTEPS on the stairs.

At the landing that is half-way down the stairway, Myers stops and faces Mato-sa, who is several steps above him.

Mato-sa stops, smirks, and continues to the landing.

MATO-SA

(smirk)

I think you and I should talk.

KARL MYERS

(controlled)

I'm listening.

Mato-sa looks out at Port Townsend Bay and the vistas beyond.

MATO-SA

Nice view.

KARL MYERS

Why are you here?

Mato-sa turns toward Myers with his persistent smirk.

MATO-SA

Here in this town, or here?

Mato-sa points to the concrete surface of the landing.

KARL MYERS
Start talking, or I'm leaving.

MATO-SA
(faux friendly)
Oh, you don't want to leave.

Myers steps toward the stairs.

MATO-SA (CONT'D)
Wait!

Myers stops and turns toward Mato-sa.

KARL MYERS
(cold)
I'm waiting.

MATO-SA
I'm not who you think I am.

KARL MYERS
Really? And what makes you think I
know you?

MATO-SA
I can see it in your eyes, white man.
You think you know me.

Mato-sa steps toward Myers in a threatening manner.

MATO-SA (CONT'D)
(clenched teeth)
You think you own me.

Myers' response is to glare at Mato-sa, who smiles and takes a
step back.

MATO-SA
(matter-of-fact)
But what I think, white man, is you
think I look like someone you saw in a
Dakota saloon that you took down with
a cheap shot.
(malicious)
But you're mistaken.

KARL MYERS
Where'd you get that bruise on your
right cheek?

MATO-SA
(breezy indifference)
What bruise?

Myers points to the bruise on Mato-sa's right cheek.

KARL MYERS

That bruise.

Mato-sa laughs and touches the mark.

MATO-SA

Oh this? I'm real clumsy. Walked into a door.

KARL MYERS

You're lying, Mato.

MATO-SA

(laughs)

Mato? I don't know that Indian shit.

KARL MYERS

Who were your friends in the Customline?

MATO-SA

(snide and threatening)

Just friends, real good friends that won't like you bothering me.

Mato-sa reaches into his jacket; Myers flinches.

MATO-SA (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Relax, man. Just getting my wallet.

Mato-sa pulls out a very new, black leather wallet, and from it, extracts three cards, which he hands to Myers: a driver's license, a Social Security card, and a draft card, each of which appears well-worn.

Myers studies the cards, looks at Mato-sa, and returns the cards to him.

MATO-SA (CONT'D)

See man, I told you, I ain't who you think I am. I just got in from Seattle when you saw me in the Customline with my friends. Like you see on them cards, my name's Paul Anderson, so I need for you to stay out of my fucking business.

KARL MYERS

(glares at Mato-sa)

Or what?

MATO-SA
My friends might take offense.

KARL MYERS
Their problem, not mine.

Mato-sa takes a step toward Myers, looks up and down the steps in a conspiratorial way, and speaks in a low tone.

MATO-SA
How's this for a problem, white man? I know you killed a man in a Williston bar. Shot him in cold blood. My friends might want to talk to you about that.

KARL MYERS
Still not a problem, Mato.

MATO-SA
(sneers)
Name's Anderson. You saw them cards, and I still think my friends would say you got a problem.

KARL MYERS
An inconvenience, not a problem.

Mato-sa's expression acknowledges Myers' assertion. He steps away and stares at a warship moored at Indian Island.

MATO-SA
(breezy indifference)
Maybe so, but there's this other thing. Got me a part-time, shit job at the Boat Haven. Starts tomorrow, so I've been getting my bearings. Day and night. And what do I see last night?

Mato-sa turns around and takes a step toward Myers.

MATO-SA (CONT'D)
(matter-of-fact)
A real good-looking woman, the kind that gets into handsome warriors like me, talking to a guy who looked a lot like you, and what do I hear?
(sinister)
I hear that man asking if that woman was sure her "George" wasn't coming back last night.

Mato-sa glares at Myers, who is visibly furious, albeit restrained. Mato-sa steps back and smiles.

MATO-SA (CONT'D)

I thought that might get your attention.

Mato-sa extracts a cigarette and safety matches from a pocket. He lights it, takes a long drag, and exhales in a devil-may-care way.

MATO-SA (CONT'D)

This morning I waited by the ramp. I guess it was maybe seven-thirty or so, and who comes sashaying up the ramp like she owned the place? The very same woman. "That's a beauty of a boat you got there," I says. "Thanks," she says. "It's my husband's." "Just started working here," I says, "I'm looking forward to meeting him." She smiled at me in a way that had me thinking, here's a beautiful woman who likes to get it on with men other than her husband.

Mato-sa laughs, takes a drag, and exhales.

MATO-SA (CONT'D)

So I says to her, "If you ever need anything, and I mean anything, just let me know." What a smile I got. Kind of warmed my heart ...

(sneers)

... me being just a lowly fucking Indian and all.

Myers grabs Mato-sa's jacket lapels so quickly that Mato-sa is stunned: he drops the cigarette. Myers shoves Mato-sa and leans him backward over the railing that borders the landing; the fedora falls off Mato-sa's head.

KARL MYERS

(controlled fury)

Listen to me, you piece of shit. Stay away from her. If you ever, ever, do anything to her I'll rip your fucking face off.

Myers pushes Mato-sa with sufficient force that the latter almost goes over the railing. Myers, seething, steps back and glares at Mato-sa, who smiles and pulls his jacket into place.

MATO-SA

(smiles)

You're an easy mark, white man, and you don't scare me.

I'll leave her alone, for now ...

(cold)

... but if you don't stay out of my life, her husband will find out what I saw and what I heard.

(sinister)

And I may just give her a chance to take a ride on the wild side.

Myers, near out of control with anger, spins away and runs down the stairs.

SOUND of Mato-sa's LOUD LAUGHTER.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WILLISTON, NORTH DAKOTA - EARLY MORNING, NEXT DAY

Marilyn Baggett stands next to the driver's side of Clayton Dorion's 1950 Dodge coupe. The window is rolled down; Dorion is at the wheel.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(whines)

I still don't know why you're going.

CLAYTON DORION

(forced patience)

I've already told you a dozen times: I'm just going to find out, if I can, why he's there.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(wimpers)

No you're not. You want to be some kind of hero. Lord knows what you think you can do.

CLAYTON DORION

I'm no hero.

MARILYN BAGGETT

(wimpers)

That's what you say, but you'll do something foolish and get yourself killed.

Dorion starts the Dodge and then looks back at Baggett.

CLAYTON DORION

I promise I'll be back in two weeks. Now give us a kiss.

Baggett grudgingly pecks Dorion's lips. He smiles, waves, and drives the Dodge down the street.

E/I - US 2 WEST OF WILLISTON/DORION'S DODGE - ONE HOUR LATER

Dorion's 1950 speeds west on a highway without any vehicles in sight for miles in either direction.

Dorion is behind the wheel puffing away on the stub of a nearly finished cigar. He glances at the fog of cigar smoke within the car

CLAYTON DORION

(mutters)

Jesus, what a pain in my *ass* she is.

(loud enough to be heard in
Williston)

How's this for a big fucking fart
Marilyn?

Dorion laughs, winds the window down and pitches the stub onto the highway.

The Dodge speeds west .

CLAYTON DORION (O.S.)

(CONT'D)

(yells)

You pain in my ass!

END OF EPISODE SEVEN