

# WOBBLY BLOOD

a screenplay by Theo Hakola (1995)

## PROLOGUE

1) EXT. THE CŒUR D'ALENES, IDAHO - AUGUST 1899

It's early morning. EVVA, a slight nineteen year old woman in oversized men's clothes is riding up a narrow mountain trail on horseback. A couple of fishing poles are strapped to her saddle bag. She's singing to herself - something in Finnish. Some distance down the trail behind her we can make out the figure of a large, thirty year old man on another horse - BILL.

THE TITLES BEGIN

cut to:

2) EXT. THE CŒUR D'ALENES, IDAHO - SUMMER 1963

On the same trail we see Peter, 8 years old and Manfred, 12, in jeans, t-shirts and crew-cuts, riding double on horseback. Some distance up the trail in front of them we can make out the figure of a large man on another horse - the boys' great uncle GUS. There is well-worn fishing gear in evidence here too. MANFRED is in the saddle and cautiously holding the reins; PETER is behind him, gently petting the horse's flank.

PETER

She's all sweaty. Do you think she's O.K.?

MANFRED ignores him.

PETER

I get to drive too. Uncle Gus said so.

MANFRED

*(singing)*

*I'm in with the in crowd*

*I go where the in crowd goes*

*I'm in with the in crowd*

*I know what the in crowd knows...*

PETER

What a dumb song. Those words are dumb.

MANFRED

It's number three.

*(singing again)*

*You're out with the out crowd*

*You only go where the out crowd goes...*

cut to:

3) EXT. THE COEUR D'ALENES, IDAHO - AUGUST 1899

The Beaver Ponds, in the middle of a broad alpine valley where a creek has been cut to ribbons across the flat expanse by a series of beaver dams. EVVA is working a particular "hole." She's concentrated, sneaking up like a stalking hunter and delicately cast-dropping her fly into the pool... She looks up suddenly and sees BILL standing on the other side of the water, framed by the sun behind him and staring at her. Like a high wire artist troubled in the middle of her act, she carefully brings a finger to her lips and motions to him to back away. We follow her line back down to the fly and the cutthroat trout lurking near it, then back up to the pole's holder who is now...

PETER, in 1963. Frozen in expectation, he slowly draws in the slack line with an almost imperceptible movement by his fingers. A shadow crosses his face causing him to look up. There, across the pool and framed, like BILL, by the newly risen sun, stands a SHOSHONE WARRIOR in battle dress. The man nods briefly. Approval. PETER is entranced. When the eight incher goes for his lure, the shock and his subsequent overactive yank are such that he slips and falls on his back side. With the fish flopping about on the bank next to him, he looks up excitedly and sees that the Indian has disappeared.

THE TITLES continue and the music - "Wobbly Blood" - begins.

We pull back from PETER and the Beaver Ponds to reveal the whole beautiful valley and the mountains surrounding it before dissolving to stock shots of the Cœur d'Alenes at the turn of the century. The mountains, the rivers, the lakes. Men and women at work and in congregation. The mines. The lumber yards. Union banners, leaflets, propaganda. Headlines involving strikes, unrest, "Big Bill" Haywood... These dissolve into panoramic views of suburban, flourishing, middle America that eventually land us on downtown Spokane and the Latah Lutheran Church circa 1963.

THE TITLES END

dissolve to:

4) INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - 1963

The after-services coffee hour. The scene's ambient sound slowly replaces the opening song. Eight-year-old PETER is sketching strafing Spitfires on the butcher paper-covered cafeteria table, seated behind his standing MOTHER and FATHER. He's wearing hand-me-down church clothes - salt and pepper cords dangling from elastic brown suspenders; a white, short-sleeved shirt under a navy blue sport jacket that exposes too much of his skinny wrists. His 84 year old great grandmother -

EVVA - is sitting quietly next to him. Erect, with her hands primly folded before her, she stares straight ahead. There are children at play with Kool Aid in flimsy, polio vaccine dose paper cups amidst adults with coffee in conversation. A kindly-looking old woman with a Swedish accent parts Peter's parents to have a look at him:

OLD WOMAN

So this must be little Peter. O-oh yes!

PETER

*(ferociously, without turning around)*

No! Crazy Horse!

He quickly mimes the act of letting an arrow fly with the accompanying *phwoot* sound to make his identity clear.

PETER

Stakaka de da bleeka blooba, de tah... That's Sioux!

The adults chuckle indulgently, except for EVVA, who remains stoic, and Peter's pretty blond MOTHER who looks at her smiling husband with irritation.

MOTHER

Don't encourage him.

PETER

*(cashing in on the fact that he has their attention)*

I'm killing You...cumenists tomorrow. That's what I have to do: Get busy 'n get to work and get 'em. Better go home now so I can get my patrol trained and ready for the job.

MOTHER

*(impatient)*

What job? What are you talking about?

PETER

A patrol to get the... Youcumenists. I'm the lieutenant, the youngest officer in the division.

MOTHER

The Ecumenists?

PETER

We'll probably have to kill them. Maybe take one prisoner to get information. Try to. But I don't want to lose any men.

MOTHER

*(to her husband)*

Walt. Peter's going to kill Ecumenists now. Walt? Do you hear me?

FATHER

Yes doll.

*(turning towards his son)*

Well, how about that Shotgun? You don't say!

*(giving his shoulder a loving squeeze)*

Old Shotgun!

MOTHER

They're teaching him about Ecumenism... The new enemy.

She forces a dry chuckle.

FATHER

Well how about that!?!

MOTHER

*(in dumb dufus voice - women's imitation of men)*

Well how about that?

PETER

Can we go home?

She ignores his request and looks around to establish the whereabouts of her other three sons. One is playing soccer with a paper cup and a couple other boys while the youngest watches them. The oldest - MANFRED - with a heavily autographed cast on his hand, is talking to a female classmate from junior high school, their big, toothy smiles revealing two sets of loud braces.

MOTHER

*(still looking at the other boys)*

Do you know what ecumenical means?

PETER

They don't let us... They aren't Lutheran. They could make you kneel and have to go to church on Saturday and, you know...

EVVA

*(in Finnish, to no one in particular)*

What a pile of shit.

MOTHER

Hush up!

PETER

*(impressed by the violence of his mother's reaction)*

What'd she say? What'd she say?

EVVA

*(still in Finnish, to herself)*

Pile of shit.

PETER

*Paska!* She said... What does *paska* mean?

EVVA

*(in English now)*

Shit.

PETER is taken aback.

PETER

She said... Great said...

MOTHER

Now hush! Both of you!

EVVA

Shit.

PETER

Is it time to go now Mom?

EVVA

*(matter-of-fact)*

Yes. Time to go. Time to go home my little... Crazy Horse...

A smile almost takes hold of the old woman's face, but it fades away quickly and she continues staring straight ahead. Thinking. Dreaming.

Dissolve to:

5) EXT. THE COEUR D'ALENES, IDAHO - AUGUST 1899

The Beaver Ponds again. EVVA is still fishing. BILL comes up behind her and embraces her from behind. She closes her eyes without

changing her position.

cut to:

6) EXT. SHOSHONE PARK BASEBALL DIAMOND - 1963

PETER is at bat. The pitch is high. "Ball four" yells the umpire. PETER tosses the bat away casually and begins to trot towards first when suddenly the base path turns to mud and his feet begin sinking into it. The more he moves the deeper he sinks, like quicksand. With great effort, he finally manages to drag himself out of it, but he's lost his shoes and his jeans are down below his knees. He trips and falls on his face as he tries to stand and hitch the unwieldy things up. All is silent. There's not even any laughter. The crowd just begins getting up to leave as he lays writhing in the dirt trying desperately to pull his soaked pants back up and make it to first base.

cut to:

7) EXT. SHOSHONE PARK BASEBALL DIAMOND - 1963

PETER'S big brother MANFRED is standing at the plate - a towering silhouette in pin-stripes, from the camera's perspective at least. PETER is watching from the small bleachers, his eyes full of fear as the pitches start coming. The first two are at least a yard out of the strike zone. The third zips behind MANFRED. The fourth goes completely over the back stop and yet MANFRED doesn't take the walk.

PETER

*(yelling)*

It's a walk! What's he doing? Go to first Freddy!

The pitcher keeps throwing wild pitches. Ball five. Ball six.

PETER

Go to first! Why doesn't he go to first?

MANFRED, his teeth clenched, fighting back tears, steps out of the batter's box to try to hit the wild pitches. He swings at one in the dirt. Strike one. He jumps back and tries to hit one aimed at his head. Strike two.

PETER

Go to first you stupid jerk! What a dip shit! IT'S A WALK!

In a rage, PETER looks around and sees that the other spectators are perfectly calm. He speaks to them like he knows them:

PETER

It's not right. He should go to first! What's wrong with everybody?

They continue to ignore him. All is business as usual for them. The pitcher throws a blazing fast ball that halves the plate belt high. MANFRED swings late and misses, winding himself up.

UMPIRE

Steeeeeerike three. Yoooooou're outta there!

SPECTATOR IN A SUIT

Nice pitch!

PETER

Nice pitch? NICE PITCH?!? WHAT IS THIS?

The other spectators finally look at PETER as if he were a lunatic. PETER looks at his big brother now sitting on the bench alone, biting his lip and staring at his feet.

PETER

*(to himself)*

Come on Freddy. You can hold them back. It's only baseball.  
It's only stupid baseball.

He suddenly realizes that his mother is sitting next to him, palming a Winston.

MOTHER

He just does that because your father always lets him get away with it.

PETER groans.

MOTHER

I don't care. Pretty soon I'll just be out of the picture and all of you will be a lot happier. You can all just go and live with your father since you all seem to like it so much there.

*(begins to cry)*

I've had it. I've just had enough...

PETER takes his head in his hands, covers his ears and bends forward stomping a foot down as he does. The strident sound of a phone ringing causes him to sit up straight again and he looks around for the source of the noise. The phone rings again.

fade to black as phone continues to ring...

8) INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - MORNING - NOVEMBER 3, 1972

PETER, 17 years old, is opening his eyes. The phone ringing is bone-jarring. He lunges over the side of his bed, sweeps up the offending instrument and falls back on his pillow, out of breath, with the receiver upside down next to the side of his face. His mother is talking already though he hasn't even said hello. He turns the receiver

around, takes a deep breath and lets it out. Relief. He was only dreaming. He smiles.

PETER  
Hello...

MOTHER'S telephone voice noise.

PETER  
Yeah, yeah... Mom? Isn't this... early? Do you...

Cut off, PETER stretches, yawns, rolls his eyes.

PETER  
Thank you, but my birthday's the seventh, in four days.  
Dad's is today. Still, you...

More MOTHER noise.

PETER  
Well, I was sleeping. Actually having a rotten dream, so...

MOTHER noise.

PETER  
Nothing... I don't know, but it was bad so I should thank you for getting me out of it. Thanks... Today's... No, I haven't phoned the *bastard* yet. I told you, you just woke me up... Mom... Mom... Is that what you call him in front of Steve and Johnny? What? The bastard... "Kids, don't forget to call up your bastard father and wish him happy birthday..."

Right. Of course. God would agree with you on that. Why keep *the truth* from them. Do you want anything else?... MOM! Is there anything else? I have to get going... No.

School? Come on, it's election day today. You know what I'm doing. Get out the vote... Well, we still have to do it. Great will write me a note. Yeah I know Dad will vote for Nixon. So did you once... Fine. I'll punish *the bastard* by not calling him today if that makes you feel better...

Yeah, yeah... No! I stayed in Spokane, not with him... The choice was to finish high school...where I... MOM! YOO-HOO! I live with your grandmother, not with him. MOM! STOP!... Do you want to say anything to... Well I don't see how she could be after the ringing... It's too early in the day for crying. Now stop that... Mommy... Give me a... I'm sorry...

*CLICK...* MOTHER has abruptly hung up. PETER smashes the receiver down.

PETER

...that you're such a fucking pathetic excuse for an adult!

*(scrunching his face up and imitating his mother)*

I don't care if you chose him. I've had it to here. I'm so sick of all of you kids...

He picks up the receiver, that he hadn't let go of, and smashes it down a couple more times. He rips the covers off, jumps out of bed and begins violently getting dressed.

PETER

Fucking, goddamn... goddamn bullshit! Shit, oh shit oh shit oh shit...

*(pauses for a moment, calmer:)*

This day is going to be a real beaut.

cut to:

9) INT. EVVA'S KITCHEN

PETER, more or less dressed, walks into the old kitchen. Faded yellow walls. Faded, stained, linoleum floor. Forties plumbing fixtures. EVVA, now 92 years old, is sitting at the table watching a black and white portable television that sits on a rusty T.V. stand.

PETER

Good morning Great! Did you go to bed last night?

EVVA

Who was it called?

PETER

Mom. Boy, was that fun! A wonderful way to start an important day. What we all need.

EVVA

*(dead pan)*

I bet.

PETER

Did you want to talk to her?

EVVA

You bet.

PETER smiles.

PETER

Why are you up already? Are you O.K.? Are you sleeping in the daytime again?

EVVA

I am not sleeping now.

PETER

So you got up to see me off; to wish me well on my big day?

EVVA sniffs with a touch of scorn. On the T.V. there is news about voting patterns on the East Coast where the polls are already open. EVVA shakes her head.

PETER

Nope? I'm wasting my time, right? Democracy is just a pile of *paska*.

EVVA

De-moc-rac-y?

*(points at the television)*

This is not democracy. You have not democracy in America. You have money and the T.V. The big business and the... sheep people. The music chairs game but only rich people to play this game. They always to buy chairs when they need more of it. Democracy... Yah.

PETER

McGovern could improve things. Fight...

EVVA

He can't if he is not to be president. If he is not to be president, what is he? Just nothing.

PETER

He's better than the others, Great. For a change. Doing his best... Like me. Even if we are going to get creamed... So don't be ashamed of me now.

EVVA

*(wistfully)*

Maybe your great grandfather is ashamed about you.

PETER

Sure. As he looks down from heaven.

EVVA

He is not in heaven. He is in the Kremlin. In Russia.

PETER chuckles.

PETER

Brezhnev, Great?

EVVA

Dead in Russia. The father of the father of your mother is in grave under wall of the Kremlin. He was hero for those Russians.

PETER

Great: Your first husband was buried on the North Fork. I've seen his grave.

EVVA

Yes. But this man on the river was not father of father of your mother. This was Bill Haywood... "Big Bill" Haywood and he did know all about democracy in America and his blood is here.

*(points at Peter's chest)*

Here is red blood.

PETER

From a hero for the Russians? Big Bill Haywood...

EVVA

Bill was Communist hero but first was a worker. A miner for the union. One Big Union. He was great leader and always trouble for the ruling class and they try to kill him.

PETER

Was he Finnish too?

EVVA

No. He was American. Always very American.

Surprised by the continued surety in her voice, PETER drops his mocking tone.

PETER

Was he... were you... married?

EVVA

*(staring through the television)*

No. Not him to me or... not to us. No. Just... Married to my husband then. My husband was in the jail then. Just war in those mountains then. Class war.

cut to:

10) EXT. KELLOGG, IDAHO - MORNING - APRIL 29, 1899

Panoramic view of the "Lead Creek" valley, sweeping down on to a freight train slowly pulling into a supply depot in Kellogg.

EVVA (v.o.)

A war for you, Peter. A war about the democracy in America. The class war is very hard in that time and no television and no safe law for workers then. This war brought Bill Haywood to Idaho because he fight this war for the democracy in America always.

Standing on and around the tracks in front of the train are fifty or so miners. Some of them are armed. Some of them are masked. Another

dozen miners, waiting on the dock landing as the train pulls in, climb onto the engine with their weapons in evidence. An additional contingent immediately begins loading wooden crates into the first car. Dynamite. The ENGINEER is more exasperated than frightened. He seems to know the miners, despite the masks, and they him. His BRAKEMAN chuckles nervously as he unbuckles his holster and hands it to the miners.

BRAKEMAN

Can I get it back?

The miners ignore him as their "LEADER" begins signaling to the band blocking the tracks that they can make way.

BRAKEMAN

They're gonna make me pay for it... If I don't get it back...

MINER 1

*(hands the gun back to him absentmindedly)*

Yeah, yeah. Keep it.

BRAKEMAN

No, after! Not now, Christ! After. I am not to be part of this. You fellas went and took me hostage. Took my gun and... You know. I'm not... Sorry fellas but this is...

ENGINEER

Goddamn crazy! You'll never get away with this! They'll get you!

LEADER

They got us now.

*(turning around, yelling)*

Loaded up back there?

VOICE

*(from car behind them)*

Loaded up!

LEADER

Everybody on board then. Let's roll!

The miners down on the tracks run to the train and begin climbing on the cars. The ENGINEER breathes a heavy sigh, rubs his eyes and shakes his head.

LEADER

I said, let's roll George!

ENGINEER

Goddamn crazy.

MINER 2

*(young man with a Finnish accent, mocking)*

You tell bosses that gun in your head is forcing you.

LEADER

Yeah, there you go. Now let's get going, unless you want the gun in your head shooting you. Come on now George: You may consider yourself forced.

The ENGINEER is pushed roughly in behind the controls.

MINER 2

You tell bosses that you fight for them against workers. You try break strike like good... snake... but workers use gun and you are forced.

BRAKEMAN

*(defensive)*

We never got the order to strike. What could we do alone?

MINER 3

You could drop that scab trap you call a union and come in with us. You could fight the bastards!

BRAKEMAN

But we're not miners...

ENGINEER

Or pirates!

LEADER

LET'S ROLL!

The ENGINEER violently begins flipping the switches and pulling the levers and the train jerks into motion. The miners cheer. The train pulls out and we see women and children beginning to congregate along the tracks. More cheering. Exchanges of greetings and slogans, some in foreign languages. Mothers keep their little boys from trying to climb on to the train. The Bunker Hill and Sullivan logo on some of the cars filing by elicits boos, insults and spitting from the crowd along with a volley of stones and dirt clogs.

ENGINEER

What are you going to do?

LEADER

They won't talk to us. They won't listen to us. You could say we're going to make a noise that they're going to have to hear.

ENGINEER

*(shaking his head)*

They're gonna send in the goddamn army...

cut to:

11) EXT. THE BUNKER HILL AND SULLIVAN MILL - WARDNER, IDAHO

The mill clings to each side of the narrow gorge in which it has been built. A small creek runs filthy grey underneath the raised wooden housing. Inside, the heavy machinery is silent. Outside the carnival has grown into a full-fledged demonstration. A boarding house and a single story office-building to the side of the crowd and below the mill are on fire. Grim miners are pushing the crowd back. We see several employees who have been extracted from the premises looking on forlornly from the cart where they've been "jailed." One of them is giving water to a man who has been beaten half unconscious. The miners slowly manage to back the crowd up.

Three shots are fired. A signal. The crowd freezes and all eyes are on the mill. It explodes. Black smoke, wind and raining splinters. The \$250,000 structure is reduced to twisted metal and kindling strewn over the sides of the two hillsides that framed it a moment before. Without any prodding, the crowd backs away even further, awed by the extent of the destruction. A wave of foreboding rolls through the assembled and the carnival is clearly over. Some applaud with stern resolution. We see young EVVA, with her 2 year old daughter MARIANNE in her arms, moving against the flow through the crowd to the front lines where she finds her husband, FRED, in an animated discussion, in Finnish, with MINER 2 - JASKA. They stop talking to look at her. FRED is annoyed. (*The following is in Finnish*):

FRED

What are you doing here? What do you want? You shouldn't have brought the child here.

No kiss. No sign of affection.

EVVA

What are you doing here?

FRED shrugs and makes an impatient gesture towards the debris on the hillside. Amidst the swirling crowd and shouts and orders, the three Finns turn to gaze once more at the smoking ruins. The sight of the carnage seems to cast a spell on them.

EVVA

So... It's done.

FRED

Yes. It's done.

JASKA

Truly bloody done.

EVVA

It's a pretty.

JASKA

A treat for the eyes.

EVVA

So... complete.

JASKA

Propaganda of the deed.

FRED

Some deed.

MARIANNE

All broken. The house... The house all broken.

EVVA

*(to FRED)*

She wanted to see you. You haven't been home for days.

Her attitude is dispassionate, neutral. FRED and MARIANNE ignore each other.

FRED

I know. I've been staying in the camp. It's, uh, well it's easier that way.

EVVA

And now?

FRED

*(purposely misunderstanding)*

And now we're going to see how far they will go.

MARIANNE

*(feeling the crowd excitement)*

All broken... Mommy. Look. All broken.

cut to:

12) EXT. MAIN STREET, KELLOGG - May 1, 1899

The midday sun is as high as it gets. The shops are mostly closed. People are standing around on the corners and under the awnings. Waiting. A cloud of dust is moving towards them. Some step out into the street for a better look. A shop owner is reading from a newspaper to several loiterers in front of his store:

MERCHANT

Martial law has been declared in Shoshone County. With the

Idaho State Militia still quartered in the Philippines in the wake of our glorious victory over Spain, Governor Frank Steunenberg has called in Federal troops and promised to punish and totally eradicate from this community a class of criminals who for years have been committing murders and other crimes in open violation of the law...

The cloud of dust approaches, revealing itself to be soldiers marching, from the train station. U.S. Army. The merchants ease their way back into their empty stores and observe with some satisfaction from behind their windows. Others, mostly women and boys, step into the street to get a better look at the Blue Coats.

WOMAN

What does that yellow stripe on your britches stand for?

WOMAN 2

*(with foreign accent)*

It means scab! They are yellow scabs!

Some boys pick up the tune, calling out "scab" at the marching soldiers.

OLD MAN

What's the matter boys? Running out of Indians?

WOMAN

Can't find any Spaniards where you come from?

WOMAN 2

Yeah. The big heroes come here to shoot some miners now!

Close-ups of the soldiers. Either very young or very old, for soldiers. Tired and uncomfortable, trying to ignore the hecklers. Noting a company of black troopers, children point and stare at them in

amazement as they march towards the mining camps.

slow dissolve to:

## PART I

13) EXT. THE BULL PEN, NEAR KELLOGG - AUGUST 1899

The "Bull-Pen" is a makeshift prison for some 700 or so miners accused of being associated with the now suppressed rebellion. A large banner, made with long planks and paint on sheets and hanging from a low roof top over the squalor below reads: "THE AMERICAN BASTILLE." The atmosphere is dry, hot and unhealthy. The men are lounging about in the shade, looking bored and filthy. Some are heating a can of something over a cook fire as others watch disinterestedly. We see EVVA being admitted into the compound carrying a basket with a cloth over it. Some of the prisoners smile at her; she nods back shyly. A couple begin tailing her - she's carrying food - as she makes her way into one of the low wooden structures - a way station for cattle turned into a bunk house prison. There she comes upon FRED, looking wan and thin. He nods at his wife. (They speak in Finnish, as usual).

EVVA

I have trout and apples.

FRED

Jaska wants to see you.

JASKA has followed her into the place and steps from behind her to take the basket off her hands. EVVA takes an apple out of it as he does and she hands it to FRED who just places it on his chest and stares at it. He coughs. It's a terrible cough.

JASKA

Yes Evva: Jaska would very much like to see you.

A flicker of a smile crosses her face.

EVVA

Now he sees me.

JASKA

I wanted to see you to ask a favor...

EVVA

Ask me a favor.

JASKA

Fred told me that they haven't tried to billet soldiers in your cabin.

EVVA

No. It's too far away. They haven't even come to visit since the day of Fred's arrest.

JASKA

That's why we like it - far away. We have two men, from the Union, here in secret, that we would like to put there.

They're coming here from Butte. Nobody should see them.

They'll need a place to stay and your place...

EVVA

Of course. And Fred, he says it's O.K?

JASKA

Yes.

EVVA

*(looking at FRED)*

Fred?

FRED

*(still staring at and fondling the apple)*

Fred? Fred? Evva? Jaska?

EVVA

*(ignoring him)*

Who are they?

JASKA

Men from the Western Federation of Miners. Sent by the executive committee to investigate and... convey greetings.

EVVA

Greetings?

JASKA

William D. Haywood and John C. Williams.

EVVA

Greetings?

JASKA

Of course the Union is raising money too, but these two

haven't brought any. If anyone asks you about them you just say they're, I don't know... salesmen or prospectors passing through... Boarders... that you're taking in to help make ends meet, for a few days...

FRED coughs again, badly. The apple rolls off his chest and on to the floor. EVVA runs her hand gently through his hair. When he gets his breath back, he closes his eyes and turns his back to the two of them. JASKA and EVVA stand up. JASKA takes EVVA'S arm and slowly walks her outside. The men who'd followed her to the bunk house are still hanging around outside the door. The pretty young woman arouses their curiosity but the horrible coughing inside keeps them back and a little wary. One of them is the BRAKEMAN from scene 9.

BRAKEMAN

*(casually ribbing)*

Young lady: I wouldn't trust that fella any further than I could throw 'em. Look where he got me. Look where he got all of us...

JASKA

*(to BRAKEMAN, in English now)*

You still here?

BRAKEMAN

Damn right I'm still here.

JASKA

Well then you learn that this your socialist agitation is bad thing.

BRAKEMAN

Ha, ha, ha. You're just gonna split my gut with that dumb Finlander humor...

*(respectfully, to EVVA)*

Good day ma'am.

EVVA nods back at him.

JASKA

*(to EVVA, in Finnish again as they walk)*

He should be in a hospital. We're trying to get him out for treatment. A company doctor had a look at him and said it wouldn't make any difference, here or in Spokane. With miner's consumption, he says, you are supposed to rest, that's all... I'm sorry, Evva...

EVVA

*( steering clear of the victim's role)*

Yes. Yes. These two men, are they already here?

JASKA

Yes. You have to meet them at the Finn Hall tonight at ten.

cut to:

14) EXT. THE FINN HALL - AFTER DARK

It's a simple wooden structure that may have been a barn before it became a community meeting place. The decor is sparse. Several posters, in Finnish: "Socialism In Our Time;" "Long Live The International;" "Alcohol: The Death of Your Family..." and, in English: "Labor Is Entitled To What It Produces." There are a few tables and a few chairs but most of the people are standing. They are obviously suffering from the intense heat left over from the daytime. Some of them are drinking beer. Most of them are women. Most of them are circled around BILL HAYWOOD as he is holding forth. JOHN WILLIAMS, a slight, older man wearing glasses and somewhat dwarfed by "Big Bill" is looking on differentially and nodding agreement. HAYWOOD has taken off his suit jacket and opened his collar, sweeping the assembled faces

with his intense, one-eyed gaze as he speaks. The audience is rapt. Cavorting children weave in and out of the adults' legs. The scene should recall and contrast with that of the church basement in *scene 4*.

HAYWOOD

Those men in that bull-pen are fighting my fight. If their wages get cut, it's my wages cut. They made these mines. They dug every pound of ore that ever came from them and, damn it, it's men like these men that made the West. Your very lives are in jeopardy. You know that. I'm here to tell you that the Western Federation Of Miners knows that too...  
*(stopping to wipe the sweat off his brow and temples)*

A mill has been blown up. If it is for this that these men are in the bull-pen, I should be there with them. My body wasn't at Wardner that fateful day but my spirit and that of every miner in the West was. United with the lead and silver miners of the Cœur d'Alenes in their struggle against oppression, we should all be locked up in that vile bull-pen. It's a crime against working men everywhere! Governor Steunenberg and Prosecutor Borah haven't read the constitution. Twelve hundred men arrested without a warrant or charges? Those thugs shipped in from who knows where to scab for them? The General Employment Office they got set up in Wallace working as a black-listing agency for the whole district with those "red cards" you got to have to work but you only get them when you swear an anti-union pledge? It makes you wonder, doesn't it? It makes you wonder what the hell country we're in! It makes you wonder if Idaho is in America?

Some of the assembled break into laughter and applause. Others look at each other and discuss, in Finnish, what has just been said, and then nod to each other and at HAYWOOD with approval. EVVA sits next to the wall with MARIANNE sleeping in her arms.

cut to:

15) EXT. THE ROAD TO EVVA AND FRED'S CABIN - SAME NIGHT

HAYWOOD, on one horse with EVVA behind him and WILLIAMS, on another, with MARIANNE in his lap make their way along a dirt road as the sounds of the Finn Hall meeting fade and the song - "Wobbly Blood" - returns. HAYWOOD, with a post-performance buzz in his demeanor, pulls out a flask, takes a big swig from it and politely turns to hand it to EVVA who declines the offer with a shake of her head. The moon and the stars light their way producing imposing, black silhouettes of the mountains above them.

HAYWOOD

Beautiful country you have here. I swear I feel good now.

16) INT. EVVA AND FRED'S CABIN - SAME NIGHT

It's a two room cabin. MARIANNE has been put to bed in the room where she and her mother sleep. The three adults sit at the table in the middle of the other room eating fried apples and eggs. Along one wall there's a bunk-style bed.

HAYWOOD

*(voluble, a little drunk)*

Well John: It looks like we're going to have to flip a coin for the bed. I don't think we're going to both be able to fit on it. What do you think Mrs. Sipila?

EVVA

I don't think too.

HAYWOOD

She don't think too.

WILLIAMS

*(unappreciative of HAYWOOD'S mocking)*

I don't mind the floor, Bill... Those eggs were real good, Ma'am. And I've never had fried apples before like that. It sure hits the spot.

HAYWOOD

Sure hits the core, is what I'd say, don't you think John? Those apples sure *hit the core*.

WILLIAMS

Sure. The core... A fine dinner.

HAYWOOD

*(making an effort to sound sincere, for EVVA)*

That it was. That it was. And what fine country you have here too! I would sure like to see a little more of it while... before we leave... on Monday. We leave on Monday but don't have anything planned before Sunday night as best I can tell so... maybe you could show us something Sunday, Mrs. Sipila?

EVVA

There is Marianne. I must to stay here with Marianne.

HAYWOOD

Well John is crazy about her. You can see that. He can stay with her can't he?

WILLIAMS

I... can... But Bill, I don't think she...

HAYWOOD

*(cutting him off)*

So then you can show me some of this great country. Not

possible?

EVVA

Sunday I must to go for the fish.

HAYWOOD

Then there you are: I can go with you “for the fish.”

HAYWOOD thinks he's charming. It's impossible to tell what EVVA thinks as her face and her tone betray nothing. She shrugs her shoulders and stands up to clear the table. WILLIAMS joins her as she collects the dishes and puts them down next to a tub of water on another table. She dips a small pot into the tub and places it on the still hot wood burning stove.

WILLIAMS

He's just... I hope you...

EVVA

Do you want drink the coffee?

HAYWOOD

Oh yes. Coffee. I would sure love a cup of “the coffee.”

EVVA

*(a smile almost breaking through)*

I make then some cup of the coffee... Mister Haywood.

slow dissolve to:

## PART II

17) INT. NIGHT, HOTEL SUITE, DOWNTOWN SPOKANE - NOVEMBER 3 '72

McGovern is taking his long-expected pounding as campaign organizers and young volunteers are in animated discussion, mostly ignoring the three T.V.'s in each of the two rooms, each one tuned to one of the three national networks. The bathtub for one of the rooms is filled with ice and beer. Underage drinking and hyper-activity. We see PETER standing with a beer in his hand.

At the beginning of the scene, the only sound is that of EVVA'S 93 year old voice:

EVVA (v.o)

Big Bill Haywood was not so big but he seem big to many people. I only was trying to help for the strike and the men in the jail. Fred. The Union was right Peter, and the companies wrong. Always. Then there was no... grey. Then there was two sides only. Black and white. Those bosses and us. They can kill then to make sure of the profit they always to make...

The sounds of the hotel party begin to seep in behind EVVA'S voice:

EVVA (v.o)

Big Bill Haywood seem big to many people at that time and after he was even more big - much more big to many, many people in all the world. That is where you did come from.

The sound of the party pours in at full volume - the blaring televisions and the shouted conversations of the revelers trying to speak over them. McGovern-Shriver badges and banners along with the occasional obscene volley tossed off at the vote count announcements and victors' speeches leave no doubt as to their political tendency yet this gathering is nothing like a wake. The festive bravado is equal parts spleen and rage therapy, pre-legal age kicks and simple relief that the arduous campaign is finally over. PETER, with a dumb, beer-induced, shiny-eyed smile, is standing in the middle of the room talking (yelling) with a slender, dark-eyed, conventionally pretty girl in a red plaid, sleeveless dress over a crisp white men's shirt - MAUREEN. She has a bottle of Heidelberg in her hand and a smile on her face too.

MALE VOLUNTEER

Long live Massachusetts!

Others raise their drinks and join the toast - any excuse to find unity in noise.

PETER

I guess we're going to have to move to Massachusetts.

MAUREEN

Have you ever been to Massachusetts?

PETER

Are you kidding? I've never been east of Minnesota and I've

only been there once. I've got a bunch of aunts there.

MAUREEN

No uncles?

PETER

None that you'd notice.

MAUREEN

I've got a bunch of uncles in Massachusetts.

PETER

So do you go there often?

MAUREEN

Too often. Every summer, at least.

PETER

Maybe my aunts and your uncles could get together.

MAUREEN

*(mocking)*

Deuh, yeah! Whadda good idea! Why couldn't I think of that?

PETER

Because you're drunk.

MAUREEN

What are you?

PETER

Pleasantly plowed... and proud. Do your uncles like *weinerschnitzel*?

MAUREEN

Do your aunts like Guinness?

PETER

Book of World Records?

MAUREEN

No, pin-head. Beer. Rich, dark luscious Irish beer.

PETER

Beer? Sure.

MAUREEN

Before the world records stuff, Guinness was just beer. They drink it by the pint. It turns their faces red and their hair white and... their blood green... er.

PETER

Well what do you know? I sure have learned a lot today.

MAUREEN

So those aunts in Minnesota are German. What's the rest of you?

PETER

Finnish.

MAUREEN

I did. There was a period at the end of that sentence but you were too "pleasantly plowed" to notice.

PETER

No, I meant Finnish. Like in Finland. Finn. My mother's... my Finnish blood's... red.

MAUREEN

Red.

PETER

More red than you can imagine. And not as Finnish as I used to think... I mean...

MAUREEN

Commie blood.

PETER

Yeah. I'm the illegitimate... great... grandson of Big Bill Haywood!

*(raising his glass and shouting louder)*

Let's all drink to Big Bill Haywood - my great grandfather!

He's smiled at and more or less ignored though one campaigner - 25 or so, white shirt, loosened tie and glasses à la "Clean For Gene" - comes over for a closer look. MAUREEN raises her beer:

MAUREEN

Long live Big Bill Hayward!

PETER

Haywood!

MAUREEN

HAYWOOD!

CAMPAIGNER

*(raising his drink)*

And the I.W.W...

MAUREEN

And the... I.W. What'll you!

CAMPAIGNER

The I.W.W. Why Big Bill Haywood?

PETER

*(it's still a joke to him)*

He was my goddamn great grandfather! Illegitimately speaking.

CAMPAIGNER

Are you serious?

PETER

You've heard of him?

CAMPAIGNER

He helped found the U.S. Communist Party. Not to mention the I.W.W., earlier, in 1905.

MAUREEN

That's thee uh... I what'll what you?

CAMPAIGNER

*(a little full of himself)*

The Industrial Workers of the World. Sure. "The Wobblies."

PETER

"The Wobblies?"

CAMPAIGNER

*(speaking directly to MAUREEN)*

It's a long story. There's a lot about them in Dos Passos' *U.S.A. Trilogy*. Ken Kesey gets into it too in *Sometimes A Great Notion*.

PETER

Read a few books in college, huh?

CAMPAIGNER

They were especially active in the West - Colorado, Idaho, Washington, mining, logging - but they were organizing all over the country and they put the fear of God in more than a couple industrialists. You know that Joan Baez song in "Woodstock"? "Joe Hill"?

There's a knock on the door. Nobody bothers to open it.

PETER

Music? Nah, we usually stick to books.

MAUREEN

*(in an exaggerated Joan Baez vibrato)*

*I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night, alive as you or me...*

CAMPAIGNER

*...Says I 'but Joe you're ten years dead,' 'I never died,' said he...Well that song was written...*

PETER, uncomfortable with the growing complicity between the two, cuts him off:

PETER

Did you know that my great grandfather was buried in the Kremlin?

CAMPAIGNER

Next to John Reed...

MAUREEN

*(mocking)*

Gosh and golly, you sure know a lot.

PETER

I bet he's read a lot of books.

Another, louder knock. Several people, including PETER, look up but, again, no one moves to open it. It could be trouble and, besides, neither PETER nor the CAMPAIGNER want to leave MAUREEN to the other.

PETER

I suppose somebody should get that.

MAUREEN

I don't know Pete. Could be the cops.

The CAMPAIGNER shrugs his shoulders. PETER finally begins edging towards the door when it slowly opens from the outside. He stops before it as a burly, white-haired gentleman accompanied by a young female AIDE enters the room hesitantly.

PETER

Oh. Hello. Sorry... Please come in.

"We already are in," says the AIDE'S glare to PETER. The white-haired man - Member of Congress for the Spokane area, DAN CULLEY - squints as he searches through the smoke for a face he might know amongst the youthful assemblage. In vain.

PETER

Please... Sir... It's nice of you to... Nice that you...

PETER doesn't really understand what CULLEY is doing there. He shakes hands with him.

CULLEY

It's been a hard night...

MAUREEN, the CAMPAIGNER and some of the others have recognized the man and come over to hear what he has to say. His demeanor is that of a local merchant who has come to pay his respects to a grieving widow. The party has quieted down.

CULLEY

We lost the big one. The one that really counted.

PETER

I guess it... we did. Yes.

MAUREEN giggles. Everyone looks at her. She giggles again provoking smiles on most of the faces as well as a few echoes.

AIDE

*(sarcastic)*

Well, try not to take it too hard you guys.

CULLEY

We'll get 'em next time. You can't lose hope. You young people have to stay involved. You've given it your best and you know, we're all real proud of you and we're counting on you to keep believing in what we're trying to do here.

PETER

Yeah. They say we got better results than Seattle did so... That... To do that here means we must have had a pretty good... effort.

More giggles. PETER looks around him, totters a little, then rights himself.

CULLEY

You just have to understand that you can't win every time.

HIGH SCHOOL VOLUNTEER

*(raising a can of Ranier)*

But you do, Congressman. Way to go!

A few yeahs, nods of agreement and the self-conscious raising of beers. Silence, except for the election results continuing to blare from the televisions.

PETER

Yes, uh: Has your... victory been confirmed?

CULLEY begins backing away towards the door, ignoring PETER'S question. He's probably drunk too.

CULLEY

So I'm sorry that everything can't be the way you ... but you gotta not lose hope. Stay involved, you people.

HIGH SCHOOL VOLUNTEER

Way to go Congressman Culley!

*(turning to the girl next to him)*

He kicks ass!

Culley's AIDE has her hand on his shoulder as she's guiding him to the door.

CULLEY

Stop by and see us. We're in the Palouse Room on the...

AIDE

*(cutting him off)*

Our party's pretty much died down... We'd better get back there to say good night.

CULLEY

Good night. We're real proud of you kids. Real proud.

The two of them back out the door with the AIDE closing it behind them.

MAUREEN

*(ecstatic, mocking)*

Has your victory been confirmed... sir? Oh Peter. That was real smooth.

PETER

Give me a break.

MAUREEN

*(doing a drunken W.C. Fields of sorts)*

Real proud of you kids and your... effort. Real damn proud.

She breaks down laughing and she's not alone.

PETER

Do you think he noticed that there were maybe three people in this room old enough to drink?

MAUREEN

You kidding? He was five or six sheets to the wind himself!

cut to:

18) INT. HOTEL SUITE - LATER

PETER on the phone in the hotel room, speaking to his great grandmother as the party swirls around him. The sounds of someone vomiting in the bathroom. The sounds of someone else banging on the bathroom door.

VOLUNTEER

Come on! I gotta get in too! Don't hog it Shelly, Jeez!

PETER

You see? This is all very serious, Great. We're trying to recoup our losses and learn from the experience. We're trying not to lose hope.

VOLUNTEER

I swear to God I'm gonna fucking puke right here on the carpet if you don't open the fucking door!

PETER

I just wanted you to know that your great grandson just had himself a little chat with none other than the representative of this here Fifth Congressional District - the Honorable Dan Culley. Are ya proud of me now Great?

cut to:

19) INT. EVVA'S LIVING ROOM

EVVA is sitting on her sofa in front of the ever illuminated T.V. showing election results. The sound echoes that of PETER'S hotel room but the picture is little more than moving horizontal stripes now. It seems she hasn't noticed or doesn't care.

EVVA

Proud of you to shake hands with that fat voice of the ruling class...

She chuckles dryly.

PETER

Yikes! My great grandmother's a Communist.

EVVA

Not Communist. Just worker. Enough worker to know what side you have to go to...

PETER

Hey Great! I phoned you 'cause there's a guy here who knows about Big Bill Haywood.

EVVA

That's good for that guy...

PETER

Why didn't you ever say anything to me before about him?

EVVA

Your mother. She says no to talk of it. She is not proud. She is...

PETER

Ashamed.

EVVA

She is ashamed of this kind of thing.

PETER

*(short attention span, exuberant)*

And I'm drunk, Great!

EVVA

So much a man this *toika*.

PETER

Are you all right?

EVVA  
Yes and I am not drunk.

cut to:

20) INT. HOTEL SUITE

PETER  
What are you doing then? Are you watching television?

EVVA  
No. I am alone and I am so old to not be alive and I am thinking about to be young and I am thinking about Bill Haywood.

PETER  
*(hardly hearing her)*  
O.K. Well, have nice dreams you wonderful lady.

He hangs up.

cut to:

21) INT. EVVA'S LIVING ROOM

We watch EVVA hang up. We focus on her face, staring at the television, then we follow her gaze to the television itself whose moving stripes have slowed down enough for us to make out the self-assured countenance of a future Watergate convict being interviewed at a victory party. We see the flickering bluish object slowly...

dissolve to:

22) EXT. THE CŒUR D'ALENES, IDAHO - MIDDAY, AUGUST 1899

Another bluish object: The surface of the hole that Evva had been carefully working in *scene 3*. Pulling back we see BILL (self-consciously trying to look like he is) fishing as well as EVVA. He's still across from her. We focus on EVVA as she delicately drops her fly at the entrance to the pool and we watch it sink just below the surface as the current carries it in. A cutthroat trout eases up to have a look at it and then backs off. EVVA eases the fly towards her bank, gently lifts it out and executes another little flick-cast to the top of the pool. BILL reels his line in and makes his way downstream to the uprooted, bleached white spar/bridge that enables him to cross over to EVVA'S side. He has to do it on all fours and she can't help but smile at this bear-like man's most ungraceful movements. He sees this and replies to it, his voice contrasting sharply with the lulling sound of the water like a young child speaking up during a whispered prayer.

BILL

Go ahead and laugh. W-w-would you rather see me fall in?

EVVA raises a finger to her lips and scowls to quiet him. As he trudges up to her she turns to him again and motions impatiently for him to get back from the water. He moves, but not enough for her.

EVVA

*(whispering)*

Don't stand like this. Yes? They see you. They hear you.

BILL backs away some more and moves behind her. Next to her, in the grass, a trio of 8 or 9 inch trout lie together connected by a pointed stick that's entered their gills and exited their mouths. One of them is still flopping a bit. BILL stops. He takes a swig from his flask of bourbon. He can eye her freely now as she can't see him. He's clearly "smitten." His mouth is moving, but making the smallest of sounds now:

BILL

Oh please, oh please, oh please.

We assume that she can't hear him. In any event, he's distracted her and she's lost sight of her fly. She yanks it out of the water in disgust.

BILL

You are very k-k-kuuu... kind to take me up here. It is very beautiful. The contrast to the valley around K-Kellogg is remarkable. The greed-scarred valley is dying. The hills are so sadly desolate, stripped and tunneled. No v-v... verdure, just those sinister piles of tailings. I couldn't believe the grey mud of the river. It's all being poisoned to death. A crime. These mines... Those damn criminals! They have no regard for the land.

EVVA turns and glares at him. One doesn't talk when one is fishing. He's more gentle and less sure of himself than the night before. The ingratiating stutter might be affected but she finds him more appealing now. She heaves a sigh and finally turns to him with a look that says, "May I get on with business now?"

BILL

I g-guess I'm interrupting you.

EVVA

It is the lead. The mines and the smoke to kill everything there. Yes. First it is the gold. Then no gold. Then the silver and the lead. Yes, here, high, is better place.

BILL

Yes. This is a better place.

EVVA waits for a moment, ascertains that the man has finished

and turns away from him to prepare her line for another cast. As she does, he speaks again:

BILL

I know southern Idaho pretty well but I'd never been up here before.

EVVA

*(with undisguised exasperation)*

Yes. Now you know here too. But I... fishing.

She makes another cast. BILL takes another mouthful of bourbon and carefully, slowly moves towards her. No takers for her lure, EVVA brings it in. She glances back to where BILL was and finds that he's sneaking up behind her with a playful smile on his face. She also notices that their rope-hobbled horses have strayed beyond sight.

EVVA

You now must to care about the horses, please.

BILL

*(quietly)*

You now must to come into my arms, please.

EVVA has cast again. It's not clear that she's heard him.

EVVA

So quiet you and go to see horses. Yes? They are too... Yes?

BILL ignores the order and continues his advance until he's standing just behind her.

BILL

*(whispering)*

See how quiet I can be?

He places his hands lightly on her shoulders. She ignores him.

BILL

See how quiet?

He slowly moves his hands down her back and then slips them under her arms and around her middle pulling her closer to him. He's bending over now, with his mouth just behind her ear.

BILL

Excuse me. Thank you. Are you just going to go on fishing like that all day? All right. I see. I'll be careful. Don't want to get in the way of the serious lady's business. Such a serious business. Such a serious lady.

EVVA has lost focus now but she continues going through the motions seemingly ignoring the presence on her back. All of the sudden the tip of her pole dips down and she's hooked another. The shock of it causes her to over-react and she yanks the fish out of the water, and (like PETER in *scene 3*), slips and falls backward, into BILL'S arms. Collecting herself, she drops the pole, squats down, (with BILL following), and grabs the cutthroat. She works the bloody hook out of the fish's mouth, gets a tight grip on it and smashes it's head on a rock. It's still twitching a little as she adds it to the other three on the stick. As she reaches for her pole, BILL reaches for her hand and crushes it in his. She stares straight ahead now, waiting. BILL pulls the hand back behind her and begins kissing it.

EVVA

*(without turning)*

I must to wash... my hand... the fish...

BILL kisses the hand with increased passion as he sits down completely behind her and wraps her in his legs. He puts her hand in

her lap, takes off her hat and begins kissing the back of her neck.

BILL

This ever so sweet neck... This is right. This is the rightest thing imaginable. Don't you believe that this is right?

Silence. BILL continues his kisses. EVVA continues staring at the pool.

EVVA

This is no good. But I can to...

She shrugs her shoulders.

BILL

You are such a special little woman. I w-w...wanted you so badly. I needed you so badly, so suddenly, today. I know this is right. This is so right.

EVVA

Just now you know, you think... but then tomorrow is and you... I can't say nothing.

BILL

*(more passionate)*

I just know... that you are a special sweet little woman. I have never known anyone like you and I know that I am lucky to be here and I know that this is heaven...

EVVA

You can to say this...not to know this...

BILL

I...I...

His hands move between her thighs.

BILL

*(full of emotion, overcome with desire)*

I just know... And this little body needs to be touched. I... I... love it. I love you. Wee winsome woman... Love me now or I'll go insane.

His kisses on her neck are working their way to the front. EVVA accedes. She watches BILL'S meaty hands as they fumble with her belt and the little box of fishing tackle that's attached to it and she smiles, for the first time. EVVA allows his hands to go where they want and seems to take pleasure in their movement, but we see her turn away from the man's lips when they try to suck hers in. The "preliminaries" go on for quite some time. EVVA seems to appreciate BILL'S "generous" efforts.

They make love. When it's over the big, mostly naked, panting man has her pinned, completely naked, to the ground with nothing but dirt, grass and some of their clothes for bedding. EVVA laughs quietly, smiles. BILL is quiet; his breathing slows down. Suddenly, he lifts his head up and looks around self-consciously.

BILL

Where did those horses go to?

EVVA

*(laughing)*

Horses. Horses. Those goddamn horses.

She digs her fingers into his sides playfully, but he pushes them away with obvious irritation which she ignores while trying even harder to tickle him.

EVVA

Horses, horses. Big Bill worry for the horses.

BILL is not amused. He pulls himself off of her and speaks with a voice that has hardened into a bark that has nothing to do with his earlier tone:

BILL

Quick! Wash yourself out there with that cold water! Do something. Hurry!

EVVA

*(still taking it all lightly)*

Quick? What? I am clean person.

BILL

Downstairs. The risk. The danger!

EVVA

Yes. Big danger, Big Bill.

She can't keep the smile off her face. BILL starts getting dressed.

BILL

Come on now. I'll help you do it. Please. You have to hurry. I'll drop you down into the water; I'll hold you there and get some of that cold water in there. To be safe Evva!

EVVA laughs again as she realizes what BILL wants her to do. She playfully allows him to grab her under the arms and ease her into the alpine stream but her squeals are ear-piercing as soon as she feels the shock of the icy water. By the time her feet have found the creamy silt on the bottom, she is wet up to her thighs. Her frivolity is truly irritating BILL and his orders are even more harshly delivered:

BILL

Squat down now! It's no joke for Chrissake! Stop all that

screaming. Get the water on you. In you. And stop laughing.  
This is crazy! How can you take such a risk? Hurry up!

His attitude finally touches her. Her smile disappears and she freezes for a moment. Then, with all her rage-fed strength, she violently removes his hands.

BILL

Whaaat? What's the matter?

EVVA

Stop your hands. Stop! I take care myself. Go to not to see me!

She wades out a little deeper so he can't reach her and washes herself thoroughly, angrily. Moving back towards him, she bats his hands away as she climbs onto the bank. Ashamed.

BILL

*(with forced joviality)*

Now don't get all angry... There there Evva, there's no reason to get all angry.

EVVA

You are not true.

BILL

*(while straining his eye for a sight of the horses)*

It's O.K. darlin'. I just didn't want to... You see, you just have to be careful. You got to know that. No reason to get all upset with me. Hell, I was nice to...

EVVA

Who nice? You? You are not true. You are the dirty man. You. You go wash you.

She motions at him to turn away. She begins putting her clothes on, in a hurry. Each gesture is one of pure violence. BILL shrugs his shoulders, emits a loud whistle-call and walks off to collect the horses. EVVA is speaking to herself, out loud, in Finnish.

EVVA

How can you do that? he yells. Such a crazy risk, he says, in his stupid new voice. Not the same man's voice. A false man, a liar. A different man. Not the man who loved me there. Oh how could I be so stupid? I can't see him again. I can't see him now. This liar. How could I be such an idiot? I am stupid; I am stupid; I am stupid.

cut to:

23) INT. EVVA AND FRED'S CABIN - NIGHT - NOVEMBER 1899

A winter storm is blowing snow against the steamy window. FRED is laying with his eyes closed under the covers in their bed as an exhausted, heavily bundled EVVA sits at his side staring over him at the wall. The horrible wheezing of his breathing attaches and detaches itself from the sound of the howling wind. Suddenly, he opens his eyes wide as if he hadn't been sleeping at all. They're shining with fear and fever.

FRED

*(speaking to the ceiling)*

Do you know why they let me come home?

EVVA

Don't talk, Jaska.

They speak Finnish to each other as before.

FRED

Do you know why I'm here now?

She seems to lack the energy to shut him up.

FRED

Economics. They knew it was over. They didn't want to be stuck with the body and the bill for the burial. So I was allowed to come home. Basically, it's a question of dumping the man's corpse somewhere, anywhere, so somebody else, the man's wife, for example, has to take care of it. They save on time, labor and money... I should have been left where I was. Should have let those bastards worry about it.

EVVA

Fred, please.

Silence, except for the wind and FRED'S breathing.

FRED

*(eyes closed, softening)*

You can't bury me now. You will have to just put me in the snow and cover me and then wait for the thaw and wait for help... Be sure to cover me because I don't want any... I'm sorry Evva.

EVVA

Hush now.

FRED

And you must find a new husband soon. It's too hard. It's too hard with a child.

EVVA

It's too hard with a child. Yes. A child makes it hard.

*(to herself)*

And two children make it hell.

FRED

I'm sorry Evva.

EVVA bends forward and takes her face in her hands.

EVVA

I'm sorry too. That's a lot of sorrow, my husband.

cut to:

24) EXT. EVVA AND FRED'S CABIN - DAY- NOVEMBER 1899

It's a day of blue skies and glorious sunshine reflecting on the new fallen white blanket. We hear the sound of a shovel working in the snow which, in some places, reaches as high as the cabin's windows. As we travel from the front of the cabin to the back we come upon EVVA piling up a mound of snow on the temporary grave of her husband. She's stripped down to an open, men's wool shirt, out of breath and sweating. The corpse is covered, but she continues to pile on the snow as she also tries to open a path from her back door.

We zoom in on MARIANNE who is watching her mother from the window. We pull back to a wide shot of the cabin, the snow-covered trees that frame it and EVVA, furiously at work with her shovel.

fade to black

25) EXT. TWO PENNY JONES' SALOON - NORTH FORK OF THE CŒUR D'ALENE RIVER, IDAHO - MIDDAY, JUNE 1907

EVVA is walking up the dusty path that leads from a road to the saloon with a baby girl in her arms, a six year old boy - MATTY - and a nine year old girl - MARIANNE - at her side. MATTY opens the door to

the tavern.

cut to:

26) INT. TWO PENNY JONES' SALOON

TWO PENNY, the burly, gnarled, forty-eight year old second husband of Evva, is behind the bar talking to JASKA who is sitting on one of the bar stools. The two men are little more than silhouettes in the dark room, cut out by a little lamp behind the bar. They look up from their bottles of beer as the summer light floods in when MATTY opens the door. Now we see that JASKA has aged quite seriously since 1899, lost a great deal of his hair.

MATTY

*(in Finnish)*

Uncle Jaska!

The boy comes running to him. JASKA stands up, with a little difficulty and a cane. His left leg is hardly functional.

JASKA

*(in English as he pats the boy on the back)*

There is the little man. How is the little man?

All is in English from here on out.

MATTY

Can we go fishing later?

JASKA

Later is the dinner all together. It is Sunday, Matty.

MATTY

Then let's go fishing tomorrow.

JASKA

And so what is the school say then?

MARIANNE

*(impatient)*

There's no school tomorrow. School's been out for a week.

JASKA

Well, I must to go to Boise tomorrow...

TWO PENNY shakes his head. EVVA, who has handed the baby to MARIANNE and gone behind the bar to get herself a beer, is about to open the bottle as JASKA pronounces this last sentence. Her hands freeze.

JASKA

We are a delegation that is to go there tomorrow.

EVVA

A delegation?

JASKA

The closing of the trial is possible in this week and the lawyer Clarence Darrow is to speak last words for the end and then is the verdict.

EVVA

I must to go to Boise with this delegation.

TWO PENNY bursts out in sarcastic laughter.

TWO PENNY

What the hell for?

EVVA

Is important to go.

TWO PENNY

You wanna see Haywood get hung? He's gonna swing, that's for damn sure. You kill a governor and you're gonna swing.

JASKA

Not true. This Harry Orchard kill the governor. Haywood and other men in Colorado then.

TWO PENNY

Yeah, planning it. That's called conspiracy, Jaska. I don't give a dog's ass. They was right to do it. That son of a bitch Steunenberg put all those boys in prison; he deserved to die like all those other no good chiggers callin' themselves government. Kill 'em all, I says.

The two men's speech shows the effects of their drinking.

JASKA

Well that Haywood didn't kill the governor. And then they kidnap him and the two other men in Colorado and no warrant for this they bring those men in the night to Boise for this trial but first one year to just rotting in the jail there.

TWO PENNY

That's what the bag 'o scum that try to run the country do and no crazy Finlanders can ever change that.

EVVA

I will go with you Jaska tomorrow.

TWO PENNY

I don't want you getting messed up in that business. Look where it got Matty's pop.

EVVA

Yes. They kill him and now they want to kill more and so this is why I must to go to Boise.

TWO PENNY

They put him in jail. Miner's con is what killed him.

JASKA

They gave him that miner's con.

TWO PENNY

And what about the kids for Chrissake!?!

EVVA

Marianne will take just good care of the baby and Matty can to go with me. We take just one seat on train. Yes Jaska?

MATTY lights up. MARIANNE stomps her foot on the floor.

MARIANNE

That's not fair! Why does he get to go?

EVVA

*(ignoring her daughter)*

Yes Jaska?

JASKA

Yeah. The two then. O.K.

MARIANNE

That's just not fair!

EVVA

*(brooking no discussion, switching to Finnish)*

I have said what will be done and I won't argue about it.

You're a good girl, darling, and you will obey your mother.

Her word seems to be law, even with her husband. Clearly intimidated by his young wife, he shakes his head and delivers one last line to save a little face as his bluster fades.

TWO PENNY

I don't like you getting mixed up in that political hoopla.

Those folks'll just try and get you stuck in their shit.

EVVA finally pops off the bottle's cap, swigs down half its contents and stares into space.

cut to:

27) EXT. THE COEUR D'ALENES, IDAHO - AUGUST 1899.

The Beaver Ponds scene again. EVVA fishing again. She looks up suddenly and sees BILL standing on the other side, framed by the sun behind him and staring intently at her. And once again she carefully brings a finger to her lips and motions to him to back away. BILL shrugs his shoulders and takes a couple steps back.

dissolve to:

28) INT. TRAIN TO BOISE - EARLY MORNING - JUNE 27, 1907

We focus on EVVA looking out the window at the passing countryside with JASKA next to her and MATTY asleep on his lap. The car is full of working men, and a few women, all in their "Sunday best." EVVA is watching the sun rise.

SENATOR BORAH (V.O)

Mr. Haywood: In a resolution by the Western Federation of Miners in Silver City which was signed by yourself as secretary-treasurer of the organization in September 1899, you...

HAYWOOD (V.O.)

I wrote it.

BORAH (V.O.)

Pardon me?

HAYWOOD (V.O.)

I wrote the resolution. I didn't just sign it.

BORAH (V.O)

Very well. In this resolution you declared that, and I quote: "The hour for action on the part of labor is at hand, and the voice of the producing class must be heard in thunder tones as it brands the shameless abuse of gubernatorial power with the malediction of its resentment..."

HAYWOOD (V.O.)

Yes.

cut to:

29) INT. THE ADA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - BOISE, IDAHO

We sweep through the court room packed to the walls with journalists, supporters and observers until we...

BORAH (V.O.)

You then go on to denounce the so-called unpardonable infamy of then Governor Steunenberg whom you condemn

in the most violent of tones.

...land at the table of the defense team where we see CLARENCE DARROW staring out the window with an ironic, bored smile. "The most violent of tones" his lips repeat soundlessly. Behind him in the aisle, we see a little woman in a wheel chair - HAYWOOD'S wife, NEVADA JANE, before we focus on WILLIAM E. BORAH - the chief prosecutor in the case, forty years old and just elected to the U.S. Senate - standing before HAYWOOD who is in the witness chair. Like the lawyers, HAYWOOD is immaculately dressed in a three piece suit and tie.

BORAH

So you felt very bitter against Governor Steunenberg.

HAYWOOD

Yes. I felt toward him much as I did toward you and the others who were responsible for martial law and the bullpen in the Cœur d'Alenes.

This produces a ripple of murmurs through the room.

BORAH

So I have understood...

*(dramatic pause)*

Yes... An earlier witness testified that he heard you, at that time, say that the Governor should be exterminated.

HAYWOOD

*(raising a hand to shield his eyes from the sun behind BORAH)*

I think the word was *eliminated*.

This gets a few laughs. The judge pounds his gavel.

BORAH

Eliminated.

HAYWOOD

Yes, to the best of my remembrance, that was the word. In any event, I'm sure that was the thought. Eliminated from his position as Governor. Is this somehow surprising?

BORAH

It's clear that you and your associates had a great deal of animus for Governor Steunenberg. One must assume that, for you and your associates, his death was, well... how could I put it?

HAYWOOD

I don't know Senator. Would the prosecution have expected us to mourn the Governor's death?

More laughter. HAYWOOD turns to the judge.

HAYWOOD

I-I-If your Honor please, will you kindly have the shutters closed on that window? The sun is shining in my face and I cannot see the Senator's eyes. I need to see the Senator's eyes, your Honor.

cut to:

30) INT. TRAIN TO BOISE - MORNING - JUNE 27, 1907

EVVA looking out the window at the sun. She hears JASKA speak to her in Finnish:

JASKA (V.O.)

What are you going to do?

EVVA

I am going to see him.

JASKA (*V.O.*)

Yes but then?

EVVA

Nothing. I don't know. I will see him and Matty will see him and he will see the two of us. This is what I want.

JASKA (*V.O.*)

If he gets let off.

EVVA

If he doesn't, then I will see him in the jail. Since we will be there, we will see him.... And he will see Matty.

JASKA (*V.O.*)

I can't quite see what you hope to gain, if that's all you want.

EVVA shrugs her shoulders and continues looking out the window as the voice of CLARENCE DARROW gradually displaces the sound of the train.

DARROW (*V.O.*)

To kill him gentlemen! I want to speak to you plainly. We have shown that there is no case against him, that Governor Steunenberg, a man that Mr. Haywood has never seen, was killed in a place that Mr. Haywood has never been, on a day when Mr. Haywood was a thousand miles away by a man with whom Mr. Haywood had had no contact for the year preceding the murder, but gentlemen, Mr. Haywood is not my greatest concern. Other men have died before him. Wherever men have looked upward and forgotten their selfishness, struggled for humanity, worked for the poor and the weak, they have been sacrificed. They have met

their death, and he can meet his if you twelve men say he must.

cut to:

31) INT. THE ADA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - BOISE , IDAHO

DARROW, standing, is delivering his closing arguments. He's in fine form. His voice runs from rumbling anger and explosions of intensity to quiet gentleness when he almost seems to tip-toe towards the jury. He has his left hand deep in his coat pocket and his right, holding his eye-glasses, is raised much of the time to punctuate his comments.

DARROW

But gentlemen, you short-sighted men of the prosecution, you men of the Mine Owners Association, you people who would cure hatred with hate, you who think you can crush out the feelings and hopes and aspirations of men by tying a noose around his neck, you who are seeking to kill him not because it is Haywood, but because he represents a class, don't be so blind as to believe that you can strangle the Western Federation of Miners or the Industrial Workers of the World that way!

cut to:

32) EXT. THE ADA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - BOISE , IDAHO

Outside the courthouse, the atmosphere is carnivalesque. A couple hundred people are camped out on the lawns and milling about on the street and sidewalks. There are a few signs and banners raised: WELCOME "UNDESIRABLE CITIZENS"; FREEDOM FOR HAYWOOD, MOYER and PETTIBONE, etc. We narrow in on EVVA seated on the grass while MATTY is scurrying about with other children. Above them, on poles

planted in the grass, is a banner: W.F.M. CŒUR D'ALENES.

DARROW (V.O.)

If you kill him your act will be applauded by many; if you should decree Haywood's death, in the great railroad offices of our great cities men will sing your praises. If you decree his death, amongst the spiders and vultures of Wall Street will go up paeans of praise for these twelve good men and true who killed Bill Haywood...

We pull back from EVVA and sweep through the assembled groups and individual faces.

DARROW (V.O.)

But if you free him there are still those that will reverently bow their heads and thank these twelve men for the character they have saved. Those that fought with Haywood in Colorado to get the eight hour day passed and then had to fight again, had to go on strike with their union just to see the law enforced, they will bless the good souls of these twelve men. You see, out there on the broad prairies, where men toil with their hands: out on the broad ocean, where men are sailing the ships: through our mills and factories: down deep under the earth, thousands of men, women and children of labor...

cut to:

33) INT. THE ADA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - BOISE , IDAHO

DARROW, working the jury, working the room:

DARROW

...men, women and children all of them weary with care and toil will kneel tonight and ask their God to guide your

judgment. These men and these women and these little children, the poor and the weak and the oppressed of the world, tonight they will be stretching out their hands to this jury and imploring you to save William D. Haywood's life...

cut to:

34) EXT. THE ADA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - BOISE, IDAHO - JUNE 28, 1907

The only sounds now are those of the crowd, most of whose eyes are on the courthouse front door, waiting for the verdict. One militant is flogging a special "Kidnapping Edition" of the *Appeal To Reason*, featuring Eugene Debs' call entitled: "Arouse Ye Slaves!"

35) INT. THE ADA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - BOISE , IDAHO

Like everyone else in the packed room, we focus on the judge. There is complete silence as the classic courtroom scenario ensues:

JUDGE

Has the jury reached its verdict?

JURY FOREMAN

*(with everyone looking at him now)*

Yes we have... uh, your Honor, uh...

JUDGE

How does the jury find?

JURY FOREMAN

We, the... uh... Not guilty.

An explosion of noise and movement follows as journalists rise and race out the swinging doors to telephone and telegraph and a number of spectators break into cheers. We see HAYWOOD smile and

look down at his hands. DARROW, next to him, jumps to his feet frowning. The judge is saying something but we can't hear him over the noise and he begins pounding his gavel when suddenly DARROW'S voice cuts clearly through the clamor:

DARROW

Your honor. YOUR HONOR! The defense would... THE DEFENSE WOULD LIKE TO MOVE THAT, PRIOR TO THEIR DISMISSAL, THE JURORS BE POLLED INDIVIDUALLY!

JUDGE

*(irked by DARROW'S grandstanding but obliged to comply)*  
The jury has not been dismissed. GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, REMAIN IN YOUR SEATS!

The jurors who had begun to get up obey the judge's orders. DARROW sits down, still scowling.

DARROW

*(grimly, to himself)*

I want to hear them say it twelve times, goddamnit.

HAYWOOD, sitting next to him, nods his head and smiles again as he feels the pats on his back from behind.

JUDGE (V.O.)

Mr. Thomas Kundig:

JUROR (V.O.)

Not guilty.

JUDGE (V.O.)

Mr. Travis Brown

JUROR (V.O.)

Not guilty, your honor.

We pull back to reveal the hardly controlled chaos in the courtroom and we pan over to the jurors.

JUDGE (*V.O.*)  
Joseph Ibarruri

JUROR  
Not guilty.

cut to:

36) EXT. THE ADA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - BOISE , IDAHO

Out front people are hooting and hollering and jumping up and down. There is some serious drunkenness in evidence. We see JASKA raising and swinging his cane in the air. He loses his balance and falls into another celebrator who is trying to steady the man when EVVA appears at his side with MATTY and takes his arm.

EVVA  
*(in Finnish)*  
So there will be no hanging, not of that man.

JASKA  
*(shouting in Finnish)*  
There will be no hanging!  
*(in English, patting the boy hard on the back)*  
Matty, Matty! You see today important day in the history. We win today Matty. WE WIN!

He starts waving his cane again, almost falls, again, and has to be steadied by EVVA, again. She can't help but smile at her friend's happiness. As the camera pulls back we see movement by the crowd

towards the back, jail side of the courthouse. We see MRS. HAYWOOD being wheeled carefully down the courthouse steps. Some cameras flash. A couple journalists move in on her.

JOURNALIST

Mrs. Haywood. Mrs.Haywood! Once they got him here, the prosecutors said your husband would never leave Idaho alive. What did you think now?

MRS. HAYWOOD

*(confused)*

Why I... I don't know what... I... I think he will leave Idaho soon and he's alive so I ... don't know what I thought before... when Bill...

The reporter is discountenanced by her reply. She seems to be in a daze, or perhaps a little simple-minded. One of the men easing the chair down the stairs pushes the reporter away and MRS. HAYWOOD'S descent continues.

cut to:

37) EXT. BEHIND THE ADA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - BOISE , IDAHO

HAYWOOD has just walked out the back door of the county jail where he is mobbed.

HAYWOOD

Well I'm a two-gun man from the West, you know...

With the bravado of a dime novel gunslinger, he pulls a card out of each pocket:

HAYWOOD

The I.W.W. and the Socialist Party!

As he tries to make it down the steps through the crowd of supporters an older man holds a little cloth flag out to him:

MAN

Mr. Haywood! Could you sign this for me?

HAYWOOD

Well I don't know; you know that kind of thing got me in a little trouble already in Colorado.

Most of those that have heard his joke get it and laugh accordingly. HAYWOOD reaches for the flag and the man's pen.

HAYWOOD

Ah what the hell...

MAN

Just sign it "Big Bill."

HAYWOOD signs it and holds the flag up for the others to see. There's a big round of applause and cheers. We zoom in on EVVA who, holding MATTY'S hand and pulling him along, is forcing her way through the crowd towards HAYWOOD who is now at the bottom of the steps and slowly making his way on. It seems for a moment that he is headed straight at EVVA when the crowd's pressure causes him to veer away from her. She is forced to redouble her efforts to get to him but the crowd no longer gives way to her. She's only a few yards from the man but there's nothing she can do to diminish the gap. MATTY, who can't see what's going on is becoming frightened and his mother's violent grip on his little wrist is causing pain. He whines out in Finnish:

MATTY

Mommy, that hurts!

She ignores him; keeps pulling without closing the gap. Finally, in desperation, she screams as loudly as she possibly can:

EVVA

Mr. Haywood! BILL HAYWOOD, STOP!

Her screaming voice makes such a noise that the people around her and HAYWOOD himself stop and turn to look at its source. She yells again, almost as loudly, as she lunges towards him through a crowd that finally gives way to her apparent hysteria. We see JASKA, worried, trying to move closer but hardly managing.

EVVA

Bill Haywood! I must to... please, you must please...

*(as she reaches him)*

You must please meet another big man now...

She drags MATTY forward. The boy is on the verge of tears but the sudden spotlight on him keeps them in check.

EVVA

You must meet Matty.

BILL hardly looks at EVVA but reaches down to the boy and shakes his hand with mock gruffness.

HAYWOOD

Mighty pleased to meet you Matty. My name's Bill.

The boy looks at his mother. BILL follows the boy's gaze and effectively sees EVVA for the first time.

EVVA

Matty is from the Cœur d'Alenes, the North Fork, the place you know... Mr. Haywood...

HAYWOOD is staring at her now, trying to see something and perhaps afraid of what he sees. He continues to shake MATTY'S hand but seems to have forgotten that he is doing so as EVVA is nervously trying to get in all the words she can now that she has his attention:

EVVA

And we are very happy for this verdict today. We come with delegation from there, our home, but for me is important to Matty to, to, to meet you...

HAYWOOD finally puts MATTY'S hand down to offer his to EVVA.

HAYWOOD

Cœur d'Alenes. Sure and uh... you are Mrs...

As she accepts his hand it's clear to her that at least something about her is familiar to him. He's no longer smiling.

EVVA

Jones.

HAYWOOD

Jones?

EVVA

But in that other time, before, I am Mrs. Sipila. I am Evva.

HAYWOOD

Evva... It's good to see, to, to meet you Mrs... Evva, and this fine boy...

HAYWOOD seems to have caught on. But as the initial shock of understanding gives way to fear of the ramifications, fear of what the woman might want, he pulls himself together and makes his escape. The

self-assured, smiling mask that had fallen for a moment returns. He pats MATTY on the back.

HAYWOOD

And this fine young man. Yes. Nice to meet you both. Greet the boys up there in the Cœur d'Alenes for me.

He shakes EVVA's hand again briskly.

HAYWOOD

Yes, you greet the boys up there for me. Thanks for...  
Good bye.

EVVA is paralyzed as HAYWOOD lets go of her hand and begins moving away. She looks down at her son and back up at HAYWOOD in a scarcely controlled panic.

EVVA

*(in Finnish)*

Well Matty! Say good bye to Mr. Haywood!

MATTY

*(bewildered, but obedient, in Finnish)*

Good bye Mister...

EVVA

In English! GOOD BYE IN ENGLISH! He doesn't... Oh Matty, Matty, Matty.

She gives up. She pulls the boy to her and gives him a smothering hug as the reactivated crowd surges by them in HAYWOOD'S wake. JASKA finally reaches them and puts a hand on her shoulder. She raises her face to him as silent tears are rolling down it. JASKA keeps his hand on her shoulder as MATTY pulls away and looks up at EVVA. Unaccustomed to such displays of affection and emotion by his mother,

he's lost and afraid.

MATTY

*(in Finnish to Jaska)*

What's the matter? What's the matter with her?

JASKA

Your mother is tired. She'll be all right. Don't worry Matty.

EVVA

Good bye. Good bye. Good bye.

She stomps her foot down, angry with, among other things, her loss of self-control. Heaving a big sob, she pulls her son close to her and falls back into Finnish.

EVVA

I don't know, I don't know! I am so stupid... The world should be better and the world should be fair and... The world just isn't fair my little man... But I love my Matty. Oh I love my little man so much. I love my little man.

The music, "Wobbly Blood," starts up as we hold this shot for a moment and then pull back to reveal HAYWOOD and his celebrating entourage as they continue to move away from this forlorn trio.

fade to black

## PART III

38) EXT. NIGHT DOWNTOWN SPOKANE - November 4, 1972

The hotel entrance, around 4:00 a.m. The party is over and emptying its youthful participants into the empty streets. The music, "Wobbly Blood," continues into this scene, gradually being replaced by the ambient sound. There's a wet sheen on the sidewalk and pavement and the various pockets of still excited, alcohol-fueled conversation are marked by the white vapor gusting from people's mouths. It's cold, but no one seems to mind as they're slow in pulling their coats on. PETER and MAUREEN are even more absorbed by each other in their advanced state of drunken complicity.

cut to:

39) EXT. NIGHT DOWNTOWN SPOKANE - LATER

We see PETER running full speed down Riverside (deserted main street) with his hands in the air holding up the bottom front corners of his unzipped coat like wings. As we pull back we realize that he's headed towards his car - a 1962 Plymouth Valiant with a couple McGovern-Shriver stickers on it - around which 3 or 4 young volunteers are collected. He plows into MAUREEN, picks her up like a sack of potatoes, spins around, decides to dump her on his car's hood but his strength isn't enough: His knee buckles, he slips and they hit the

pavement, all in a flash. MAUREEN is not amused, as she lands most painfully on her behind. PETER, his coat sleeve torn and wet now, tries to help her up but she knocks him away violently and gets up alone, slowly, rubbing her wet sore spot.

MAUREEN

You asshole. That hurts! Jesus, what a jerk!

PETER

*(rubbing his bruised elbow and dancing in pain)*

Oh yi yi yi, yikes! Shit Mo I'm...

MAUREEN

What a dumb jerk! You're drunk.

PETER

Oh Mo...

MAUREEN

I'm all wet now you dumb jerk.

PETER

*(taking off his coat, still trying to catch his breath)*

Here take this. I don't need it. I'm hot. Too hot.

MAUREEN accepts the coat without a word.

PETER

I wish I wasn't this drunk. I'm riding a helicopter. Why did I do that?

MAUREEN

Because you're a jerk.

PETER flops backwards, spread-eagled, onto the hood of his car

like he's just been shot, (by her words), and then sits up and holds his head in his hands.

PETER

That didn't help. Oh God, this helicopter... and my elbow.  
Jesus.

MAUREEN

So you have to learn how to drink little boy.

PETER

Who cares!? It's over. I'm sooo glad it's over. I'm smiling and I'll keep smiling no matter what. Even if I throw it all up.

That's the cue for one of the female campaigners to begin vomiting against the marble wall of the stately bank building in front of which they're standing. It's loud, echoing through the empty streets. Someone pats the vomiter on the back. "Are you O.K.?" The reply is even louder retching and another stream of vomit against the wall and on the sidewalk. The others look around self-consciously, look at each other, and break down laughing. The girl who's helping the vomiter turns to the others:

GIRL

That's mean.

*(she can't help laughing herself)*

Stop it you guys.

MAUREEN

I gotta go home.

BOY

We all gotta go home.

PETER

Bull-shit!

MAUREEN

I'm gonna get killed.

BOY

Me too.

PETER

Me too.

MAUREEN

Bullshit.

The vomiting girl has finally finished and she sits down with her back against the wall, pale-faced and half-passed out. Then there's the sound of a car turning the corner and coming slowly towards them.

PETER

Oh shit.

It's a police car. They freeze as the car approaches, begin to relax after it has driven by, and tighten up again as it lazily executes a U-turn and pulls up, double-parking next to Peter's car. The lone cop, a kindly looking man nearing retirement, steps out and comes towards them.

PETER

Oh shit oh shit oh shit.

COP

What's wrong with that girl?

GIRL

She's just sick. She's O.K.

COP

*(with a minute trace of a Norwegian accent)*

Sick. Then maybe she'd be better off at home, yah? It's four o'clock in the morning. No school tomorrow?

PETER

Mr. Endahl... Hi...

The cop doesn't recognize him.

PETER

It's Peter... Fellenberg. Louise and Walt's... One of...

COP

Pete Fellenberg! I didn't even recognize you; you've shot up a bunch for sure! What are you doing in Spokane?

PETER

I live here, Mr. Endahl.

COP

You don't say. I thought you kids were with your mother. You stayed with your Dad? So why don't I ever see you at church anymore?

PETER

Well, I live with Great actually, you know, and she doesn't go.

COP

*(chuckling)*

No, she doesn't. She getting along pretty well?

PETER

Oh yeah, no problem.

MAUREEN

*(with a big smile)*

Oh, she'll outlive us all!

PETER elbows her.

MAUREEN

Ouch.

COP

And your mother? How is Louise?

PETER

Fine... Still in Portland.

MAUREEN is nodding, as if she knew Peter's mother too.

COP

Yeah, I knew that. We sure miss her.

PETER

Yeah...

COP

*(directing his attention to the others)*

O.K. You kids are drunk. On a Tuesday night. What's going  
on?

BOY

The elections, sir.

COP

I see. You're celebrating, yah?

The kids don't know what to say. They're squirming.

COP

No? Not celebrating? McGovern then. Of course...

*(he shakes his head dismissively)*

So how do you plan to get home?

PETER

That's the problem. Nobody... has a car.

COP

*(pointing to the Valiant)*

Well Pete, maybe you could use your Dad's. I mean, it just happens to be sitting right here. How about that then?

PETER

Oh, I know, I was just...

COP

Not in the mood for driving, yah? A good thing too... O.K. kids. Get into my car. Old Pete's not in the mood, so I'll drive you home.

BOY

That's O.K. sir. We can wait for the bus. It's just...

COP

Three more hours?

*(sternly)*

Get in my car, or we'll phone your parents and have them come and get you. If you're good boys and girls, I'll drop you off a block from your homes, yah?

BOY

Oh yeah.

COP

(to PETER)

Does the old lady still live in Peaceful Valley?

PETER

Yes.

COP

Then you get to go home first.

PETER and MAUREEN look at each other wistfully.

COP

And you can get your Dad's car tomorrow morning... when you are feeling better, O.K.?

cut to:

40) EXT. THE CŒUR D'ALENES, IDAHO - MIDDAY, AUGUST 1899

The Beaver Ponds. Young EVVA is laying on her side in the grass on the banks next to the water. BILL is on his side behind her, holding her. Two spoons. He's slowly taking off her clothes as he kisses the back of her neck. The look on her face is one of peaceful acceptance and serenity.

There's the sound of knocking on the door. EVVA doesn't react. The knocking continues, getting louder.

cut to:

41) INT. DAY EVVA'S BEDROOM - 1963.

A close-up of the older EVVA'S face as she opens her eyes. Pulling

back we see that she is lying on her side, on top of the covers of her bed, facing the wall as a few rays of afternoon sunlight slice through the edges of the curtains into her little room.

EVVA

*(to herself, in Finnish)*

I am not here. I am in his hands. I am still in those big hands.

Big brother MANFRED, with young PETER in tow, bursts into the room without permission. EVVA closes her eyes.

PETER

*(whispering)*

Come on, she's sleeping. Let's get out of here.

MANFRED

Unh, unh. People don't fall asleep that quick. Great? Can Pete 'n I have a quarter? We need to buy baseball cards...

EVVA slowly turns her head on the pillow to face them, holding her terry-cloth bathrobe closed as she carefully maneuvers for a comfortable position on the bed.

EVVA

*(kindly, in Finnish)*

Such little terrorists... such bad boys you are...

*(pointing to a rusting card table)*

It's there, on the table.

PETER looks sheepish. MANFRED jumps on the money, finds a fifty-cent piece and holds it up.

MANFRED

How 'bout this one? Could we have this one?

EVVA looks right through him to:

cut to:

42) EXT. DAY THE CŒUR D'ALENES - AUGUST 1899.

BILL, standing across the pool from her at the Beaver Ponds. There's the sound of knocking on a door again.

cut to:

43) INT. EVVA'S LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING, NOV. 4, 1973

EVVA is on her side on the sofa with her back to the still-shining television. The blue light is just enough for us to see her eyes open. The knocking continues.

EVVA  
*(yelling, in Finnish)*  
What is it?

PETER  
It's me Great, Peter. I'm sorry. I don't have my fucking keys 'cause I left them in my fucking coat and I gave my fucking coat to someone and now I'm freezing my fucking ass off and... I'm sorry.

EVVA rises slowly and moves towards the door.

PETER  
I'm sorry...

EVVA  
*(Opening the door, still in Finnish)*

Such a bad boy...

PETER

Were you sleeping? The television's still on? Aren't you cold? I'm freezing. Were you still watching television? I'm cold but I feel good. We have to talk some more about Big Bill Haywood? Is this really true? It's incredible. Tell me how you could, I mean, do that and be married and, you know...

EVVA doesn't answer. She's shaking the cobwebs out of her head and watching her great grandson prattle away. A smile comes to her face. She speaks English now:

EVVA

You are drunk.

PETER

I'm fucking lubed. And my head is spinning. Have you slept?

EVVA waves her hand dismissively.

EVVA

I don't know. What is important?

PETER

Ahhh God. My brain is loose.

EVVA

I give you something for this.

PETER

*(as she makes her way to the refrigerator)*

We got massacred, Great, but this was the best night of my life. The country is going to the dogs and I feel good and happy to be alive. It's so funny. I'm happy to be alive and I

want to blow something up. I want to stay drunk. I want to be in the mountains. I want to spit on Nixon's face. I want to run down empty streets... in Paris or... Mexico. I want to drink forever. I want to kiss Maureen McTigue. You should see her smile, hear her laugh... God! ...And most of all I want my brain to stop sliding around.

EVVA returns with a frosty wet bottle of vodka from the freezer and a pair of glasses.

EVVA

This is what you need for to help you.

PETER

And I want to know more about you and Big Bill Haywood.

EVVA

You must know more about Bill Haywood, not about me and that man.

PETER

I'm sorry, just tell me for sure: This man is really my mother's grandfather?

EVVA

This is sure. I know. And she knows too. You can talk to her about this and she tell you I am crazy and old but you must know that this is true.

PETER

Goddamn!

EVVA

Goddamn.

PETER

I got his blood.

EVVA

This is his Wobbly blood.

PETER

There was this guy at the hotel who seemed to know all about him.

EVVA

*(pouring their drinks)*

I know. From the telephone, you say it. There are books.

PETER

I can't drink that now.

*(taking the glass)*

I'll be sick. I have to go to school.

EVVA

We have to drink for this blood that you just learn about.

They clink their glasses.

EVVA

Peter. You must to look at me.

Their eyes meet and they clink again.

EVVA

That is good. You have to see the eyes in the... when the...

PETER

Toast.

EVVA  
Toast.

PETER  
A toast to Big Bill Haywood.

EVVA  
To that bastard, a toast.

PETER  
You're talking about my great grandfather, lady. Watch it.

EVVA  
He was bastard. A great man and bastard. You must to not be bastard when you are the man. The most of them are bastard but I think you are different than the most of the men. The woman is better for the world. But the man...

PETER  
I'll be good, Great.

EVVA  
Good and right, yes.

PETER  
I won't be a bastard.

EVVA  
The day is here. You are not going to the bed.

PETER  
No shit. I am going to the dead.

We hear the sound of a car pulling up and its door being slammed. Great grandmother and great grandson listen intently to the sound of

steps approaching the front door. There's a very timid knock. The two look at each other. PETER gets up with a "what else have I done wrong?" look on his face. He opens the door. It's MAUREEN.

PETER

Jesus, it's you. I was wondering who the hell...

MAUREEN

*(shyly handing him his coat)*

I got home and I realized that your keys were in the coat and that you might be locked out.

PETER

It's O.K. I woke up my... Great.

MAUREEN

*(nodding at the woman, speaking loudly)*

I'm sorry to bother you. I was afraid that he...

PETER

She's not deaf. Just old. Reeceally old!

MAUREEN

*(embarrassed, angry at Peter)*

I didn't...

EVVA

What do you drink? There is vodka for you.

PETER

Great: This is my friend Maureen.

EVVA

Vodka?

MAUREEN

No, I don't want to trouble you.

PETER

We want to be troubled. And besides, you have to take me to my car later, you know. You are needed here. I don't expect our friend the cop to come and car pool me back.

EVVA

What cop?

PETER

This cop - Harry Endahl, you know - goes to Latah Lutheran and he's the one who gave us a ride home. He's an old friend of Mom and Dad's. He's O.K.

*(to Maureen)*

Did he drop you off a block away from your house?

MAUREEN

No, but nobody saw him.

PETER

How could they let you out again?

MAUREEN

They didn't wake up. I left a note. You'll have to follow me back so I can leave it there.

EVVA

The vodka?

PETER jumps up, runs into the kitchen, comes back with a juice glass which they then load and offer to MAUREEN who smiles acceptance.

PETER

*(raising a toast)*

To this night and to my great grandfather! The bastard!

EVVA

The son of a bitch.

PETER

Of course. The true bastard in the story, literally I mean, was my grandfather.

EVVA doesn't smile. MAUREEN is uncomfortable.

PETER

I mean literally, you know, not in a bad way...

Which doesn't help much... Everyone drinks. The two young people wince and gasp in unison as they swallow the vodka. Looking at each other, they break into easy laughter. MAUREEN is becoming relaxed.

MAUREEN

Wow!

PETER

No kidding.

MAUREEN

*(overly loud again)*

Is this Finnish vodka?

EVVA

No, Russian.

PETER

*(mocking Maureen by raising his voice even higher)*  
IT'S RUSSIAN MAUREEN. WE'RE DRINKING RUSSIAN VODKA.

MAUREEN  
Shhh!... Sorry. My grandmother, she...

EVVA  
She doesn't hear?

MAUREEN  
Not so well.

PETER  
Why aren't *you* deaf Great? You're old enough to be deaf?  
Why aren't you deaf? I think we should be told. There's  
something fishy here...

EVVA serves them another shot of vodka.

cut to:

44) LATER

There's a shoe box on the formica coffee table next to the sofa where the bottle and their glasses also sit. PETER is going through handfuls of old photos and showing them to MAUREEN.

PETER  
This is my mother again, in Kellogg.

EVVA  
Wardner.

PETER  
Wardner... This is why Great and I get along so well... We

can't stand the same person.

MAUREEN

That's where we go skiing.

PETER

Yup... You wouldn't have a shot of "Big Bill" in here would you?

EVVA makes a spitting sound. MAUREEN fixes PETER with a question in her eyes.

PETER

I'd just like to show Maureen a picture of my great grandfather. My sort of real, great grand...

MAUREEN

That's O.K., Peter.

EVVA smiles, amused by the girl's prudishness.

EVVA

Such pretty girl. So nice.

PETER

*(clearly pleased by EVVA's approval)*

You see, once upon a time things were different around here. And people like my illegitimate great grandfather came around and... Well, I'm not the little middle class, suburban born and raised, straight arrow American cliché that you thought I was. I mean, there's Wobbly blood flowing in these here veins. Though you'd never know it from my mother.

MAUREEN

Why not?

PETER

Well, she'd rather think of us as just like everybody else in the old neighborhood. Born yesterday... in a church. Raised this morning... on a golf course; but you haven't seen my family. Good luck, Mom. She wants us to be plain old super market Americans but WE IS MORE! WE IS THE CHILDREN OF STRUGGLE!

He stands up and raises his fist. MAUREEN joins him.

MAUREEN

AND NOW THE STRUGGLE IS TO GET TO SCHOOL!

PETER

The hell with that!

MAUREEN

I gotta get the car back home.

PETER

O.K. Let's go get mine. Hey! Let's spend the day together. Wow! I feel better now. Great that was one great cure for a hangover. Thank you.

MAUREEN

What did she give you?

PETER

The same thing she gave you.

MAUREEN

Vodka... God I love vodka! Thank you very much Mrs...

PETER  
Jones.

MAUREEN  
Jones? What are you talking about? Nobody's called "Jones"  
anymore!

PETER  
That was her second husband's name, they say. Mr. Jones.  
*(singing)*  
*There's something happening here but you don't know what*  
*it is...What it is... Do you...*  
*(stops singing, exasperated)*  
Maureen!

MAUREEN  
What?

PETER  
*(singing)*  
*There's something happening here but you don't know what*  
*it is... DO YOU?...*

MAUREEN  
*(gets it)*  
*Mi - ster Jones.*

EVVA is watching the T.V. again and ignoring them. It's been on the whole time with the sound coming and going but generally being so low as to be unintelligible. PETER bends down to kiss her and it's apparent that she's forgotten, for the moment, that the two are there. MAUREEN understands this and, not wanting to bother her, half waves goodbye as she backs away and Spiro Agnew comes up on the flickering screen. EVVA speaks to the T.V. in Finnish:

EVVA

Another happy man and his smiles. Always so full of smiles. Always smiling. Ever since that Kennedy those idiots are smiling. I *hate* those stupid smiles.

We hear the door slam. EVVA looks up towards the noise.

cut to:

45) EXT. MORNING - IN FRONT OF MAUREEN'S HOUSE

MAUREEN comes running out of her house, giggling and jumping into PETER'S car. They take off.

MAUREEN

Damn. I'm glad they were upstairs. I just yelled up to them. I was thinking of my breath if they came down.

PETER

Lovely breath, I'm sure.

They come to a stop sign and PETER leans over to kiss her. Inexpertly.

MAUREEN

What was that?

PETER

Lovely breath. Like fresh Russian potatoes.

MAUREEN

Thank you.

PETER

*(nervous, despite the alcohol)*

Beautiful breath. I like that breath.

He leans over and kisses her again.

MAUREEN  
Thank you.

A car honks behind them. PETER reacts by jumping into the intersection where a car coming from his right is forced to slam on its brakes and swerve in order to avoid hitting them. MAUREEN screams, but doesn't seem very frightened.

MAUREEN  
Jesus, be careful.

PETER  
O.K. O.K.

MAUREEN  
You were lucky.

PETER  
Shit! I am lucky! ... And I'm happy. I'm really happy today!

MAUREEN  
It's fun to lose an election.

PETER  
Yeah! That! I forgot! It's over! I'm free at last! Wa-hoo!

He turns on the radio. It's Sly and The Family Stone: "Family Affair." MAUREEN sings along, beautifully. PETER smiles and burns rubber on the corners.

PETER  
*(pointing at her purse)*

Do you have any perfume in there?

She starts digging around, while singing, and he holds out his hand snapping his fingers impatiently. She finds a little sampler vial and hands it to him.

PETER  
Open it.

She does so. He takes it and taps a few drops into his mouth.

PETER  
*(handing it back to her and yelling)*  
Shit that's terrible. You better do it too, it works in the movies... Aghhh! I want another kiss! NOW!

cut to:

46) EXT. MORNING - HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT

The song, with MAUREEN'S voice over, continues as we see them running into the suburban/modern single story collection of high school buildings. They're late.

cut to:

47) INT. PETER AND MAUREEN'S "HOMEROOM"

It's the place where attendance and administrative details are seen to. This room happens to be a chemistry lab with all the appropriate features - long metal tables, gas and water faucets, periodic chart posters, etc. It is the domain of the high school's chemistry teacher - MR. VOSSER. As the song with MAUREEN's voice over continues, we see him talking at the front of the class, smiling in his short-sleeved shirt and tie and wearing a big "RE-ELECT THE PRESIDENT" badge. The music

fades, giving way to MR. VOSSER's voice and the sound of two pairs of feet stomping down the hall towards the class room.

VOSSER

So people don't forget the pep con today at 14 hundred hours. Get behind those...

*(hesitates as the feet and giggles in the hall get louder)*

Get behind those Vikings because they could sure use...

PETER and MAUREEN come flying through the door and do their best to look normal and serious as they glide into their respective seats.

PETER

*(his sides heaving)*

Sorry. I... sorry... It was... car trouble.

VOSSER

I'll be needing a yellow slip from Mr. Anderson about this tomorrow, for each of you. But for now, you're just in time to say the pledge.

PETER, still trying to catch his breath, remains seated. MAUREEN, also out of breath and disheveled, starts to stand up with everyone else, then smiles and, going against her usual reflex, sits down. VOSSER rolls his eyes.

VOSSER

Oh oh. Another radical in our midst.

PETER makes a face at her and she bursts out laughing. VOSSER puts his hand on his heart as do the standing students, (with demeanors ranging from earnest commitment, to bored disinterest, to bemused playacting), and he leads the class in *The Pledge of Allegiance*:

VOSSER AND STUDENTS

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands - one nation, under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

The students sit back down.

VOSSER

*(Speaking to PETER, savoring the moment)*

Car trouble, huh? Are you sure it wasn't election trouble.

Some of the students titter. VOSSER smiles. He's going to get in his digs, but the competition seems friendly, familial.

PETER

Nope. Elections were yesterday. The bad guys won again.

VOSSER

Well Pete, it kind of looks to me like America won again.

PETER

Not my America. Not the America I'm from.

VOSSER

What America is that?

MALE STUDENT

*(smiling)*

Soviet hippy America..

PETER

Nope. The America that doesn't vote for liars, thieves and makers of an unjust war. I'm from the America that actually believes in that *liberty and justice for all* that you were just praying for.

VOSSER

Oh, the good guys. The elite intellectuals from back East. The Hah-vahd professors who know better than we do what we want.

PETER starts to take the bait as the alcohol slurs his words a little and the campaign formulas go by the wayside.

PETER

No! I'm from here. Just like my mother and her parents and their parents. You know? Working people. Miners. Loggers.

VOSSER

Miners and loggers like your mom and dad?

This gets a laugh out of several students.

PETER

Like my grandparents! Yeah! And like my great grandparents, O.K.? Like Big Bill Haywood: Ever heard of him? My great grandfather the Wobbly leader. I've got his blood, O.K.? Red blood. Wobbly blood.

FEMALE STUDENT

What's a Wobbly?

VOSSER

A Wobbly's a Communist.

PETER

A member of The Industrial Workers of the World. Union guys. Americans. Here and in Idaho and elsewhere. The people who built this whole region. The ones who fought to

improve it. This wasn't always John Birch redneck country for Chri... Working people used to fight for change and for justice around here, you know. They had to. Nothing was ever just given to anybody. It took people like the Wobblies to fight for much of what we take for granted now - like an eight hour work day.

*(getting truly angry, sputtering)*

This wasn't always the land of the stupid. I mean how many more bombs does he have to drop on people who aren't even our enemy before you get the picture? How many more dirty Dick tricks? History will tell it right some day. You'll see. You'll see what happens.

VOSSER

What will we see?

MAUREEN

You'll see him get nailed.

*The bell goes off. The students stand, collect their books and head towards the door. VOSSER is still smiling:*

VOSSER

Have a nice day people!

*(to Pete and Maureen, the smile gone)*

I thought I'd be seeing you two in mourning but it seems to me that you've been celebrating and celebrating a bit too much there. Watch it.

MAUREEN gets the inference and tries to look innocent, or at least suitably chastened. PETER stands at attention and salutes before exiting the room.

cut to:

48) INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE "HOMEROOM"

PETER and MAUREEN meeting in the hall, leaning against the wall. An athletic-looking student bumps into PETER as he passes by with a mostly kidding, tough guy act:

STUDENT

Pinko bastard. Still trying to brainwash everybody. Why don't you go back to Russia?

PETER

Yeah, yeah; thanks Bruce

FEMALE STUDENT

Way to go guys.

PETER

*(quietly, to Maureen)*

My head's spinning again. I can't go to English; I'll get sick... I am sick. And I am so disgusted.

MAUREEN

I have an hour free so it's no problem for me... Let's go to the library and find something about your great grandfather. I want to see a picture.

They begin walking slowly down the hall.

PETER

Why do I even talk to him. That was so stupid. Did you hear me? God what a fucking idiot..

MAUREEN

You were fine. It was funny.

PETER

*(mocking himself with a silly voice)*  
I'm from the America of the Wobblies...

MAUREEN

I enjoyed it... I always do.

PETER

*(touched by the latter sentence, he touches her neck)*  
You're just drunk.

MAUREEN

Had a Finnish breakfast, whaddya expect?

cut to:

49) EXT. FOOTBALL/TRACK FIELD - MORNING

PETER and MAUREEN are stretched out on the grass. It's a crispy cold fall day but the sun is shining intensely. They're on their stomachs like children, leafing through a picture book: *Communism and American Labor*.

MAUREEN

There he is.

PETER

Ugh...

MAUREEN

He's fat!

PETER

But look at the date, 1917.

MAUREEN

I don't know Peter, those jowls are worse than Nixon's.

She caresses his cheek tenderly. PETER turns the pages of the book.

MAUREEN

Does your mother have jowls like that? Your great grandmother certainly doesn't.

PETER

He's a man and they get those jowls. And I only have an eighth of his blood anyway. I don't have to look like him. I just have to act like him.

MAUREEN

*(turning back to the photo of Haywood)*

Well, let's hope so. And look at those folds under his eyes. Yuckk! Any of those in your family?

PETER

Only on my dad's side... Give me a break.

MAUREEN laughs and studies his face while continuing to touch it, making him self-conscious.

PETER

He was probably a jerk with Great though...

MAUREEN

So maybe you don't want to act like him either.

The wind picks up. MAUREEN shivers.

MAUREEN

Jesus it's cold.  
*(she begins wrapping herself around him)*  
I guess we're going to have to get intimate.

PETER  
Maureen... I'm amazed.

MAUREEN  
Have you ever been intimate?

PETER says nothing, blows some dismissive air through his teeth.

MAUREEN  
*(caressing his hair)*  
You look pale. How's your little head now?

PETER  
Riding the helicopter again.

MAUREEN  
Mine feels wonderful. I guess you can't hold it.

She works one of her legs in between his.

MAUREEN  
Haven't answered my question...  
I've never been intimate... I mean all the way intimate.

She continues staring at him. He continues looking away from her.

PETER  
... Me neither.

She kisses him. They kiss. He puts his hand under her sweater, up to her chest as they hold each other tighter.

MAUREEN

This is intimate.

*(forever on the verge of laughter)*

Are your hands cold?

PETER

Do you ever stop talking?

MAUREEN

Only when you start. By the way, what happened to that motormouth anyway?

PETER

You're pretty... Kiss!

MAUREEN

But do you love me?

PETER looks at her with astonishment. This provokes peals of laughter from MAUREEN. She kisses him again.

PETER

*(shaking his head)*

God there's so much to be done. I have to do it.

MAUREEN

*(rolling onto her back with his hand still under her sweater)*

There's kite-flying. Today is a day for kite-flying. And football.

PETER

Yeah. And changing the world.

MAUREEN

Yeah. And fishing.

PETER

Too late. Too far from August... Too far from Idaho.

MAUREEN

I hope you realize that I'm going to get cold here.

PETER

*(inching closer to her)*

O.K. All right. I'm sorry, but it just hurts to move.

MAUREEN

What a wimp.

PETER

Am not...

MAUREEN

Are too. Can't even go fishing in November.

PETER

Not for trout. Not with flies. Not in heaven. Not until August.

dissolve to:

50) EXT. THE CŒUR D'ALENES - MORNING, AUGUST 1899

The Beaver Ponds. (Once again starting like *scene 3*). Young EVVA is fishing. She's methodical, concentrated, a hunter stalking her prey and delicately dropping her fly into the pool... Again. She looks up suddenly and sees eight year old PETER standing there on the other side with his fishing pole, framed by the sun behind him and staring intently at her. Carefully, she brings a finger to her lips and motions to him to back away. The music - "Wobbly Blood" - begins again.

We follow her line back down to the fly and the huge cutthroat trout lurking just below it. The thirteen incher lunges for the fly, coming half way out of the water as he does.

He's almost twice as big as the others we've seen and she has to play him for a while, carefully pulling in line with her left hand, before finding a comfortable angle and yanking the fish on to the bank where it flops violently about in the grass. EVVA bends down and grabs it with an expert stab. Holding it firmly now, she smashes its head on a rock and the fish goes limp. She admires her catch, enjoying it's weight in her hand. She sighs a long sigh and glances up at PETER who's been watching her, his face lit up with excitement. EVVA smiles, for the first time.

The song continues. We stay on EVVA'S face as the closing credits begin before slowly pulling back and rising up and over the valley.

**fin**