

White Run

By

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an original screenplay

Registered with  
Writer's Guild of America,  
East  
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MUSIC over black screen.

Two titles cards in succession:

TITLE CARD 1

"The notion that we outlaw foreign medicine from entering the U.S. market in order to protect American pharmaceutical companies from competition is ridiculous. Our goal is to protect the American consumer from potentially harmful medicine." - Robert Lindstrom, Federal Drug Administration

TITLE CARD 2

"When the law no longer serves the common man, he owes it to himself to become an outlaw." - George Washington

FADE IN:

EXT. SNOWMOBILE TRAIL - DAY

Winter landscape. The only colors are the white of the snow and sky and the green of the pine trees.

Three captions appear, one following and under the previous one.

The Mohawk Nation of Akwesasne

New York State

1 mile from the Canadian border

Traveling at a brisk pace, a black snowmobile rounds the bend of a narrow trail.

Suddenly, the RIDER, dressed in black, cuts his speed.

Reveal a U.S. BORDER PATROL AGENT blocking the trail with his snowmobile.

Agent motions for him to stop and to take off his helmet.

Rider removes his helmet. He is a white man in his mid to late 30s. The agent is a Latino around the same age.

AGENT

Where are you coming from?

RIDER

Nowhere. Just riding around.

(CONTINUED)

AGENT

This trail crosses the border. Are you coming from Canada?

Rider looks at agent's name tag.

INSERT - Name tag - "SULIVERES"

RIDER

No. That would be illegal, Agent Suliveres. I'm out hunting.

He flashes a smile, Suliveres is unmoved. He studies the shotgun the rider has strapped in a holster behind his saddle-like seat.

Suliveres pulls it out of the holster. It's a sawed off shotgun.

RIDER

I have a permit for that.

SULIVERES

Where did you stash your kill?

RIDER

I'm a lousy shot. Then again, the day is young.

Suliveres lays the rifle across his lap.

SULIVERES

Empty your saddle bags slowly and put the contents on the seat of your snowmobile. Slowly.

RIDER

On what grounds?

SULIVERES

On the grounds I'm telling you to.

Rider obeys. Papers, shotgun shells, a cell phone.

A vial of prescription medication. Suliveres's eyes light up. He picks up the vial and reads the label.

INSERT - Prescription Medication Vial - Roger Ackerman, Essex Pharmacy, Quebec.

Suliveres opens the vial and pours the roughly 20 or so pills in his palm.

(CONTINUED)

RIDER

Look, it's not what you think. My wife is sick. A friend of ours used to take the same medication. Do you have any idea what chemo drugs cost in the States?

AGENT

Hand me your driver's license, please.

Rider gives him his license.

Suliveres writes something on a pad.

SULIVERES

All right, here's what's going to happen. You will ride in front of me at a five yard distance.

RIDER

Look, my brother is a trooper in the State Police.

This does not sit well with Suliveres.

SULIVERES

Five yard distance.

Rider gets on his snowmobile, starts riding. His hand tight on the throttle, he watches Suliveres from his rear view mirror.

Another BORDER AGENT is approaching on his snowmobile from the opposite direction. Rider looks back at Suliveres, who motions him to stop.

The second agent stops, takes off his helmet. He is in his 40s and has a commanding, aloof presence.

SECOND AGENT

What's the trouble?

SULIVERES

Pharmaceuticals, sir.

Agent's name tag says "Kowalski". He looks the rider's black snowmobile up and down.

KOWALSKI

Name?

(CONTINUED)

SULIVERES  
Cane Novak.

Kowalski is visibly surprised.

KOWALSKI  
The Cane Novak?

NOVAK  
You've seen me ride?

KOWALSKI  
(breaking into a huge grin)  
Hell, yeah. Lake Placid Powder  
Blast. Must've been '97.

NOVAK  
'98. I won it.

KOWALSKI  
And that's an understatement.  
(to Suliveres)  
How many pills?

Suliveres is perturbed by this turn of events.

SULIVERES  
Twenty-two.

KOWALSKI  
Hell, that ain't nearly enough.  
You'll file ten pages and he'll get  
off with a fine.

SULIVERES  
With all due respect, sir...

KOWALSKI  
Let him go, and continue your  
patrol, Agent Suliveres. This ain't  
the goddamned State Police.

Suliveres and Novak exchange a glance. Novak starts up his engine.

KOWALSKI  
(to Novak)  
Careful around the turn a mile  
down. Nasty ice patch.

NOVAK  
Thanks.

He takes off. So does Kowalski.

Pissed off, Suliveres watches them go.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Novak races across the frozen river under the setting sun.

He is heading toward a house. When he reaches the water's edge, he guns the engine and jumps over the hump that separates the lake from the back yard.

He is airborne for a few seconds, lands and slides into the garage in a very stylish (and practiced) fashion.

"FOR SALE" sign is stuck in a snowbank.

INT. NOVAK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Novak walks down the hallway. He opens a door, looks inside.

INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM

Typical kids' room with two child-sized beds in it.

Room is empty.

HALLWAY

Novak closes the bedroom door, walks to the end of the hallway and enters the master bedroom door without knocking.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

ANNABEL is sitting in bed. She puts down the book she is reading, a big volume about natural healing.

She is in her early to mid 30s.

The colorful head scarf she's wearing could be a fashion statement, but the assortment of wigs on a side table, along with her emaciated figure suggest "cancer".

The bedroom's window looks out onto the back yard.

He kisses her on the cheek.

ANNABEL  
Nice jump.

(CONTINUED)

NOVAK

What jump?  
(notices her scarf)  
Very gypsy of you. Or magician's  
assistant.

ANNABEL

And for my next trick, I will cheat  
death.

Novak gives her a hard stare.

ANNABEL

Not funny.

NOVAK

Where are the kids?

ANNABEL

With Mom.

Silence. Then.

ANNABEL

She brought up Thanksgiving again.

Novak collapses on the bed.

ANNABEL

She wants to have big family  
reunion...

He covers his ears.

ANNABEL

At their house--

His playful screams drown out whatever she says next. He  
rolls himself into the blankets.

INT. BORDER PATROL HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Suliveres is coming off his patrol. Stamps snow from his  
boots, hangs up his jacket, stows his helmet.

Agents are milling around, chatting and joking, but  
Suliveres does not join in, nor is he invited.

He grabs his mail from a slot and walks back to his desk,  
one of many in an open bullpen.

It is almost dark outside, the street lights have been  
turned on.

(CONTINUED)

He shuffles through the mail, disinterested until one letter catches his eye.

INSERT - Letter sender's address - INTERNAL AFFAIRS, New York State Police

He rips the letter open and unfolds it. Reads.

INSERT - Letter - Last paragraph

"The hearing regarding your appeal to overturn suspension of your status as Detective is scheduled for November 20th..."

Suliveres puts the letter down and looks at something on his desk.

A framed photograph.

INSERT - PHOTO

Suliveres and a buddy are graduating from the NY State Police Academy. Uniformed and trim, they smile into the camera.

Suliveres looks away from the photo and rubs his eyes.

INT. MOBILE HOME TRAILER - MORNING

Dimly-lit corner of the living room. Rest of the trailer is not visible.

ROBERT JOHNSTON, a Mohawk Indian in his mid 40s, sits at his computer. He is dressed in yuppie casuals, blue jeans and a zip-up L.L. Bean sweater.

The computer BEEPS.

INSERT - Computer screen. "Connection Lost".

Johnston sighs, gets up.

EXT. MOBILE HOME - ROOF - DAY

A ladder bangs against the side of the trailer. Johnston's head appears. He climbs onto the roof.

He is wearing a ski jacket and a wool cap now.

He starts dusting snow and ice from the satellite dish that takes up most of the trailer's roof.

(CONTINUED)

Behind him, the early morning sun bounces off the all-white landscape.

Johnston's lost in his task. The only sounds are the ice chunks hitting the ground.

A horse NEIGHS.

Johnston stops dead in his tracks. Suddenly, the clean-up is no longer important.

He turns around.

A YOUNG INDIAN sits on a white horse, about fifty yards from the trailer.

He stands motionless for a few seconds, keeps looking at Johnston.

Something seems to pass between them.

Then, the rider turns the horse around and trots off in the deep snow.

With a dead serious look on his face, Johnston climbs down the ladder.

EXT. TRAIL - BRIDGE - MORNING

Johnston crosses a small bridge that spans a bubbling creek. He is dressed differently, in a long beaver fur coat that did not come from a designer. Hand-made from the looks of it.

Beaded necklaces hang around his neck.

INT. NOVAK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING

Novak opens the master bedroom, very carefully.

MASTER BEDROOM

Annabel is sleeping. She is not wearing anything on her head and it is completely bald.

## HALLWAY

Novak closes the door, walks down the hall and into the bathroom.

## BATHROOM

Novak opens the medicine cabinet.

Prescription medication vials fight for space on the shelf.

He lifts one, shakes it to determine how many pills are in there. Repeats this process down the line. Most of them "sound" full.

Until one that sounds like it has only a few pills in it. He unscrews the top, shakes out the pills. There's three left.

He puts them back and closes the cabinet with a worried look on his face.

## INT. NOVAK'S HOUSE - GARAGE

Dressed in full snowmobiling gear, Novak hits the garage door opener.

Garage door opens, Novak puts on his helmet, gets on the beast and fires it up.

## EXT. INDIAN CAMP - DAY

Johnston walks into the Indian camp, a series of trailers arranged so that they all face the river.

A huge fire pit sits in a central area.

A WOMAN is hanging a skin on a wooden frame. She sees Johnston approaching and looks away.

## INT./EXT. TRAILER

A WOMAN sits by the window of a trailer and looks out as Johnston passes. She is in half shadow, but looks to be about Johnston's age.

She closes the curtains.

EXT. INDIAN CAMP

Johnston notices the curtains close. A somber look crosses his face.

He heads for the biggest building, a long, one-story structure at the edge of the camp. He opens the door and steps in.

INT. LONG BUILDING

Dimly lit. It takes a few second for Johnston's eyes to adjust.

Seven older Indians, the ELDERS sit cross-legged on the ground. They form a row that faces Johnston.

In the corner, in a comfortable rocking chair sits the CHIEF MOTHER, a woman who looks to be at least 90 years old.

Johnston stands facing the Elders, until an old man motions for him to sit down.

Johnston sits.

OLD MAN

(in Mohawk)

You traveled throughout the Land for many years. Did you meet many Indians from other tribes?

JOHNSTON

(in Mohawk)

Yes.

OLD MAN

Did they all have a hard time living on their own land?

JOHNSTON

Some worse than others. But they all lived together. They all took care of each other.

OLD MAN

An Indian's place is with his own people. You traveled far, but in the end you want to come back. To us.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSTON  
More than anything.

CHIEF MOTHER  
We spoke of this to the Chief. It is to his decision we must all defer.

JOHNSTON  
White Cloud is a great and wise man.

Some of the Elders look down, or away.

OLD MAN  
He was a great and wise man. He left this world recently.

JOHNSTON  
Who has the great honor of leading this tribe now?

Awkward pause as no one wants to answer the question.

CHIEF MOTHER  
Your brother.

Johnston hangs his head.

JOHNSTON  
That was twenty years ago.

CHIEF MOTHER  
The Elders and I are in agreement. It is not fair to punish an old man for what he did as a young man. But your brother is Chief now. And he feels it is against the welfare of the tribe for you to live with us.

JOHNSTON  
It is his pride he is protecting, not the tribe.

CHIEF MOTHER  
Perhaps. But we must all live by the same rules.

JOHNSTON  
I moved back to the reservation so that I could live here again. White Cloud said no one is banished forever.

With gnarled fingers, the Chief Mother pulls a cigarette from a Marlboro Red pack, lights it up and blows smoke every which way.

CHIEF MOTHER

You must not be sad. No Indian is  
without his tribe for very long.

But somehow, this does not comfort Johnston.

EXT. SNOWMOBILE TRAIL

Novak rides a narrow trail.

Hearing an sound overhead, he slows and stops under a sprawling pine tree.

SKY

A small, unmanned BORDER PATROL SURVEILLANCE PLANE passes overhead.

EXT. TRAIL - FURTHER DOWN

Well-fed Border Agent, GROOPER, bites into his sandwich. He eats with gusto, until a BEEPING SOUND makes him put down the sandwich and reach for his electronic monitor.

INSERT - Monitor. Looks like the screen of an iPhone. Sees a black and white image of a snowmobile, (Novak's) moving through the landscape.

"RESTRICTED ZONE" and coordinates flash underneath the image.

Sighing, he wraps up the sandwich, puts on his helmet and starts up the snowmobile.

TRAIL

Novak rounds the bend. Sees the Agent blocking the trail, much like Suliveres did before.

He slows down.

Then guns it and performs the seemingly impossible feat of titling his snowmobile at a 45 degree angle and threading the needle between the back of the agent's snowmobile and the edge of the trail.

(CONTINUED)

GROOPER

Holy shit!

He starts his engine and takes off after Novak.

The trail is narrow and winds through a dense pine forest. Not enough open terrain for Novak to take an alternate route, or to shake his pursuer.

TRAIL - BRIDGE

Novak's POV. Sharp turn, then a small bridge over a deep ravine with a brook. The same one Johnston crossed on his way to the Indian camp.

Novak slams on his brakes and steers his machine down the embankment, seemingly into the brook, then cuts a sharp left, which puts him on a patch of frozen land right underneath the bridge.

Johnston is approaching the bridge from the other side. He watches with faint interest as Novak hides under the bridge.

Out of sight.

Grooper crosses the bridge, whips past Johnston, then stops.

TRAIL

Couple of different trails shoot off from the main trail.

Grooper turns around, rides up to the Johnston, flips his helmet visor open.

GROOPER

Black snowmobile. Which way did it go, Chief?

Johnston gives him a serene, Buddha-like smile.

UNDER THE BRIDGE

Novak has taken off his helmet. He hangs his head, knowing he's done for.

Then, the SOUND of the agent's snowmobile being gunned. It fades into the silence.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSTON  
(yelling)  
You can come out now. He's gone.

Novak puts his lid back on, revs the engine to get enough leverage, and rides up the embankment.

NOVAK  
Thanks.

He's about to ride off.

JOHNSTON  
The least you can do is give me a ride.

NOVAK  
Hop on.

Johnston gets on Novak's snowmobile.

EXT. MOBILE HOME TRAILER

Novak pulls up to Johnston's trailer. The first clear view of it shows it's pretty dilapidated. Impossible to see if one can get to it via a car, it seems surrounded by snow on all sides.

Big satellite dish on top of the trailer is the only thing that hints at civilization.

INT. TRAILER

Novak enters, followed by Johnston who closes the door behind them.

The interior is the shabby exterior's opposite.

Neat and tidy. There is a computer with dual screens in the corner. Books on the shelf are mainly finance, or investment related.

Large framed painting with a Native American theme hangs on the wall. A woven blanket is draped over the back of the sofa.

Johnston takes off his beaver fur coat and hangs it up. He takes off the necklaces and puts on his zip-up sweater.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSTON

Can I get you anything to drink?  
Name's Robert Johnston, by the way.

Novak studies the Indian to see if he's being kidded. He shakes Johnston's hand.

NOVAK

Cane Novak.

JOHNSTON

What'll you have?

NOVAK

Diet Coke if you have it.

Johnston opens the fridge, takes out a Diet Coke and pours it over ice.

NOVAK

Thanks. Nice pad. What do you do?

JOHNSTON

I'm a trader.

Novak notices the blanket.

NOVAK

What do you trade? Blankets and stuff?

Johnston laughs and lights his weed pipe.

JOHNSTON

You're a little behind the times, Paleface. I trade stocks and futures, mostly.

He points to the computer.

NOVAK

Sorry. I didn't mean to imply that...

JOHNSTON

S'all right. You can't help it.

He offers him the pipe.

NOVAK

No, thanks. I'm job hunting. I might get tested.

For some reason, this peaks Johnston's interest.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSTON  
So, what is it?

Novak stares at him, not following.

JOHNSTON  
Weed? Coke? Prozac? What are you bringing over? Or is running from the Border Patrol a hobby?

NOVAK  
It's a necessity. My wife needs medication.

JOHNSTON  
I haven't heard that one before.

NOVAK  
I don't give a goddamn what you heard. Thanks for the drink.

He finishes his drink. He is about to walk out of the trailer.

JOHNSTON  
Wait a minute. I meant nothing by it. I have a reason for asking.

Novak stops.

JOHNSTON  
I have a business proposition for you. Anytime you do a run, you'd better be sure the risks are worth it. They'll put you away for a hundred pills as fast as they'll put you away for ten thousand.

NOVAK  
What are you talking about?

JOHNSTON  
You have the snowmobile and the riding skills, I have the contacts on both sides of the border. I'm proposing an equal partnership. Nothing heavy, ecstasy, Viagra, that sort of thing. Bring it in from Canada, unload it on this side. Collect a nice runner's fee.

NOVAK

So, that's why you helped me.

(beat)

No thanks. I'm not a criminal.

Johnston hands him something.

JOHNSTON

My card. In case you change your mind.

Novak walks out. Johnston sighs.

He studies the painting.

INT. BORDER PATROL HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Morning briefing. Haggard-looking agents are sipping coffee, gossiping.

Suliveres sits by himself, in his own world. Grooper, the agent who chased Novak, sits with a couple of his loud buddies a few seats away.

GROOPER

So I'm chasing this fucker yesterday, we go through a hair-pin turn and Poof, he disappears like a gray donkey in the fog.

AGENT 1

Did you get a good look at him?

GROOPER

No. Black snowmobile with a rifle behind the seat. Like some kind of fucked up winter cowboy--

Suliveres snaps to full attention.

SULIVERES

Yamaha? The black snowmobile. Sawed off shotgun stowed vertically on the right hand side behind the saddle?

GROOPER

Yeah. What's it to you?

AGENT 2

Some of those rednecks sure know how to ride.

(CONTINUED)

SULIVERES

This was no redneck.

GROOPER

I could've caught him, but this Indian misdirected me. Fucker sent me down the wrong trail.

SULIVERES

What Indian? What'd he look like?

AGENT 2

Those Indians sure love to fuck with the Border Patrol.

GROOPER

What do you mean what'd he look like? He looked like an Indian. Like you can tell them apart.

AGENT 1

They're like Mexicans that way.

SULIVERES

Did you have your dash cam on?

GROOPER

Yeah, I had my dash cam on, what's it to you?

AGENT 2

(to Suliveres)

Hey, shouldn't you be working the Mexican border to make sure your cousins don't sneak over?

SULIVERES

I'm Colombian, you inbred hillbilly piece of shit.

AGENT 2

A beaner by any other name.

Suliveres jumps to his feet, as does Agent 2, but before things can escalate, CAPTAIN QUINN walks in with a folder. He is a big man in his late 50s with the blank eyes of a bureaucrat.

He unfolds his folder at the lectern, and slides on the reading specs. Speaks in a droning monotone voice.

(CONTINUED)

CPT. QUINN

Morning. Updates first. Conlon and Gerard seized twenty-five pounds of marijuana around the Lake Caroga pass yesterday. Good job.

(beat)

Looking ahead. Thanksgiving is two weeks away. Be on the lookout for lost hikers. Let's not have a repeat of last year when the Belgian couple got frostbite two miles from Ellensville.

Suliveres is not paying attention, his mind is on other prey.

CPT. QUINN

--the sign up sheet for the Inter Agency Patrol. All of you will have to ride with an officer from the Mohawk Tribal Police for one week. Goes for snowmobile patrols, too.

Groan from the agents.

Grooper gives out a cliched Indian battle cry.

CPT. QUINN

Cut it out, Grooper.

INT. NOVAK'S HOUSE - CHILDREN'S ROOM

Novak is putting GERDA, his seven-year old daughter to bed.

He tucks her in, kisses her on the forehead.

Haley is asleep in the other bed.

GERDA

Why can't Mommy tuck me in?

NOVAK

You know why, sweetie. She needs her rest.

GERDA

Can you read me a bed time story? The one about the mole.

NOVAK

Don't you think you're a little too old for that now?

(CONTINUED)

GERDA

No.

NOVAK

You're almost seven. I think you're ready for some more serious stuff. Tell you what. I'll read it to you tonight, but on Saturday we'll go to the library and see what we can find. Okay?

GERDA

Okay.

Novak grabs the book that has the picture of a mole wearing overalls.

GERDA

Daddy?

NOVAK

Yes?

GERDA

Is Mommy going to die?

Novak looks at his daughter, uncertain as how to proceed.

NOVAK

Yes.

He waits, but she doesn't say anything, keeps looking at the ceiling. He opens the book and leafs to the right page. Clears his throat a little too carefully.

NOVAK

(reading)

One day, the mole, who lived in the forest by the lake,--

But his voice cracks. He stops, fights back tears.

GERDA

thought to himself that what he really, really wanted were a pair of pants,--

NOVAK

(somewhat composed)

with very, very big pockets.

## HALLWAY

Novak closes the door of his daughter's bedroom.

## KITCHEN

He grabs a beer from the fridge, takes a long sip.

Sits down at the kitchen counter, in front of his laptop.

Calls up his e-mail, checks his inbox.

INSERT - Computer screen - 1 new message.

Hopeful, Novak clicks into it.

INSERT - E-mail message. Sender is Cambridge Health. Marked CONFIDENTIAL.

Novak reads and scrolls.

INSERT - "This letter is to inform you that your appeal to have Annabel Novak's health insurance coverage reinstated has been denied. A pre-existing condition which a routine physical examination revealed seven years ago...

Novak bangs a fist on the counter.

Paces.

Sits down again and clicks into his "sent" box.

INSERT - Long string of sent messages, addresses are all different, but the sender and the attachment is the same. canenovak@yahoo.com, the attachment is Resume\_C.Novak.

He clicks on the attachments, his resume opens.

INSERT - Resume - First entry under his name: Distribution Manager, King Foods, Ogdenburg, NY 2000-2010.

He slams the laptop shut.

## LIVING ROOM

His mood thoroughly ruined, Novak falls into an armchair. He turns on the TV with the remote control.

Novak's snowmobiling trophies are crowded on a shelf.

News segment comes on.

(CONTINUED)

## NEWS ANCHORWOMAN

The trend of a slowing job loss rate as seen by the past two months reversed when the U.S. Labor Department released figures for October showing a new spike in the overall number of jobs lost.

Novak turns off the television. He notices something on the coffee table.

It's a business card.

INSERT - Business card. Robert G. Johnston, Information Technology Specialist.

Novak taps the card on the table.

INT. BORDER PATROL HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Suliveres is the only one in the office. He sits at the row of database computers.

INSERT - Suliveres types "Cane Novak" into the search field, clicks the Search button.

Few seconds later - "No matching records".

Suliveres pauses for a second, then clicks on the internet link and calls up a google search field.

He types in "Cane Novak".

The four pages of links that come up surprise Suliveres. He clicks on a few of the links.

INSERT - Newspaper and magazine articles.

ADIRONDACK LIFE - "Local boy blasts his way to first place in '98 Lake Placid Powder Blast".

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED - "Snowmobile racing's new face". Picture of a young, self-confident Novak.

ALBANY TIMES "Canada's Coveted Racing Trophy Goes to an American.

Other articles and pictures from smaller papers across the northeast.

Suliveres leans back in his chair, ponders, then reaches for the phone.

INT. CANADIAN BORDER PATROL - NIGHT

A large, open office with many desks. Empty due to the late hour.

Canadian flag hangs in the corner.

FRANK DUBOIS, a border patrol agent in his 40s is walking to the door. He has files under his arm.

He turns off the lights.

The phone RINGS.

Frank sighs, keeps going, then his responsibility gets the better of him.

He turns the lights on and walks back to his desk and picks up the phone.

FRANK

Border Patrol, this is Frank  
DuBois.

(listens)

I should've known it was you. I was  
on my way out the door.

U.S. BORDER PATROL HQ

SULIVERES

How are you, Frank?

CANADA BORDER PATROL HQ

FRANK

Hungry, tired and now annoyed. What  
do you want?

SULIVERES

(on phone)

I'm doing a search on a probable  
runner. Cane Novak. N-O-V-A-K. Ever  
hear of him?

FRANK

No. But when I do, you'll be the  
first to know. Good night, Hugo.

SULIVERES

(on phone)

Hold on. Wait! Do me a favor and  
run him through your system.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK  
Can't do that, buckaroo.

SULIVERES  
(on phone)  
Why not?

FRANK  
I already turned off my computer.

SULIVERES  
(on phone)  
Fire it up. You still owe me--

FRANK  
Yeah, yeah, the tobacco bust.

He fires up the computer, waits.

SULIVERES  
(on phone)  
How's Marie-Catherine?

FRANK  
If you were married, you'd stop  
asking stupid questions like that.

Frank types in "Cane Novak" into the computer.

FRANK  
Big fat goose egg. Not even a DUI.

U.S. BORDER PATROL HQ

SULIVERES  
Same here.

FRANK  
(on phone)  
Who does he do runs for? The Boy  
Scouts of America?

SULIVERES  
Small time pharmaceuticals. I want  
to see if he's in somebody's  
pocket, or just a misguided  
independent.

FRANK  
(on phone)  
Descrip?

(CONTINUED)

SULIVERES

White cat, mid 30s, in good shape  
unlike most of your kind, rides a  
souped up black, Yamaha snowmobile.  
He carries a sawed off shotgun  
behind his seat.

CANADA BORDER PATROL HQ

FRANK

A shotgun? You Americans and your  
sexual frustrations...

SULIVERES

(on phone)

Frank!

FRANK

Doesn't ring a bell. You'll have to  
wait until he surfaces. Oh, wait!  
Advanced search came back with  
something.

U.S. BORDER PATROL HQ

Suliveres leans forward in his seat, suddenly on fire.

SULIVERES

What's it say?

FRANK

(on phone)

It says, Agent Suliveres, get  
yourself a woman and stop bothering  
your fellow law enforcement  
officers on the other side of the  
border. Good night, Hugo.

Frank slams down the phone and leaves the office.

Suliveres hangs up the phone and looks at a photo.

INSERT - Blurry photo of Johnston, taken from Grooper's dash  
cam. Hard to identify. Time stamp on the bottom and DASH CAM  
UNIT 606.

INT. JOHNSTON'S TRAILER - DAY

Johnston displays his wares to Novak. Laid out on the table are cameras and gadgets of all sorts.

He picks up Novak's black snowmobile helmet and flips it upside down.

JOHNSTON

You will have me as your personal  
GPS system. Except that no GPS  
knows the terrain as well as I do.

He points to the inside of the helmet.

JOHNSTON

I've installed a camera on the  
inside, so no worries about wind,  
snow, or the cold.

He puts on the helmet and points to the computer screen.

Novak watches himself on the computer screen, from  
Johnston's POV.

NOVAK

All techno-geekdom aside, these  
gadgets have a way of  
malfunctioning when you need them  
most. And when they do, I'm the one  
out in the cold.

JOHNSTON

The radio will still work and I  
will guide you home.

NOVAK

Don't want to leave the cozy nest?  
Or is it my riding you're afraid  
of?

JOHNSTON

No. My grandmother told me I would  
die riding a horse.

NOVAK

I thought you didn't believe in all  
that stuff.

JOHNSTON

What stuff?

(CONTINUED)

NOVAK

Premonitions, spirits and all the other Indian fairy tales.

JOHNSTON

I don't. I believe in supply and demand.

(beat)

Then again, you never met my grandmother.

Johnston puts down the helmet, picks up a pair of night-vision goggles.

JOHNSTON

Now, in case you run into a pain in the ass patrol, you kill your lights and strap these on. Army-issue, a bit outdated, but they will do the trick.

NOVAK

Where'd you get 'em?

JOHNSTON

From the Army. Pay attention, Paleface, I don't like repeating myself. It's this button here. Now, whatever you do, don't look into a pair of oncoming headlights or you'll see white spots for the next ten years.

Novak takes the goggles from him, studies them.

NOVAK

What about this Robichod character?

JOHNSTON

Robichaud.

NOVAK

Robichaud. Do you trust him?

JOHNSTON

He's my nephew. I practically raised him.

NOVAK

How'd he end up in Canada?

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSTON

He didn't. Canada ended up on him. His people have always lived in that part of our land.

NOVAK

Okay. Who's the supplier?

JOHNSTON

I don't think you have to worry about that. I've been doing this long before you were jumping over park benches to impress girls.

NOVAK

Been googling some, I see.

JOHNSTON

(unfolds a paper)

Here's the maps I drew of the area. You won't find these in any Border Patrol data base, I can tell you that.

SULIVERES'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Typical one-bedroom bachelor pad. Sparse, neat and tidy. Cheap, but stylish IKEA furniture.

Suliveres sits on the sofa, files and paperwork cover the coffee table.

He rubs his eyes, then checks his watch.

Door bell RINGS.

AT THE DOOR

Suliveres opens the door. In glides a sexy Latina in her mid-twenties in a tight dress and a push-up bra.

He kisses her on the cheek.

LATINA

How you been, baby?

SULIVERES

Hi Gisie.

She walks past him into the living room.

## LIVING ROOM

She checks out the standing lamp by the window.

GISIE  
Is this new? I don't think I've  
seen it before. IKEA?

SULIVERES  
Ethan Allen.

GISIE  
Going classy, Hugo?

SULIVERES  
I decided to splurge on quality.

GISIE  
Good for you.

She walks into the bedroom, Suliveres follows her.

## BEDROOM

She takes off her pumps and lays them carefully by the side of the bed. Starts taking off her jewelry, her necklace and bracelets.

SULIVERES  
How's Isabelle?

GISIE  
Fine, fine. Only thing, she's  
having trouble with math. Long  
division's just not her thing.  
Which is weird, because her father  
was always a whiz at adding up  
kilos and ounces and stuff like  
that.

Suliveres start undressing, as well, takes off his shirt,  
his pants and lays them neatly on a chair.

There's a pre-arranged, ritualistic quality to the  
proceedings.

GISIE  
She's very intuitive, though. She  
got that from me.

She has slipped out her dress and unsnaps her bra. Suliveres  
lies down on the bed, on his back.

(CONTINUED)

GISIE  
The usual, honey?

                  SULIVERES  
Yes.

She gets on the bed and unbuttons his pants, then pulls them off.

EXT. ROBICHAUD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Novak rides up in his snowmobile to a house that's seen better days. No other houses around.

Taking off his helmet, and carrying his saddlebags over one shoulder, he walks up to the front door and bangs on it twice, waits a few seconds, then bangs three more times.

The door is opened by a short, wiry and very jittery Indian in his late 20s.

                  NOVAK  
Nick Robichaud?

Robichaud opens the door and lets Novak in.

INT. ROBICHAUD'S HOUSE

The home of a slob. Fast food wrappers, plates and cups everywhere, video games, magazines strewn about.

A young INDIAN WOMAN with piercings in her eyebrows and tongue is playing video games on the couch.

A cage with a yellow canary inside hangs from a stand near the foyer.

                  ROBICHAUD  
How was the crossing?

                  NOVAK  
Fine. Where's the stuff?

                  ROBICHAUD  
Straight to business. I like that.  
Make yourself at home.

He walks into another room.

The woman puts her video game on pause, snorts an impressive line of coke. She holds the straw in Novak's direction.

(CONTINUED)

NOVAK

No, thanks. I'm driving.

She shrugs and goes back to her video game.

Novak sees a framed photograph on a shelf and picks it up.

INSERT - A younger Robichaud and a younger Johnston are holding a big fish by a river.

Robichaud walks out of the bedroom carrying two large bundles wrapped in cellophane and duct taped on the corners.

He sees Novak looking at the photo.

ROBICHAUD

Serpent's creek. That's before they found all the toxins in it. You couldn't pay me to eat something from it, now.

Novak puts the photo down. He takes the packages from Robichaud and puts them in his saddlebag.

Robichaud hands him an envelope. Novak rifles through the bills inside it.

ROBICHAUD

Five Gs. The other five--

NOVAK

Upon delivery. I know.

ROBICHAUD

Happy trails, homey.

He holds out his fist for Novak to bump, but Novak ignores it.

ROBICHAUD

See you on the next one.

The canary chirps.

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

Novak rides a trail on his snowmobile. His lights illuminate a narrow trail.

NOVAK

(into the microphone)

I wish I had my GPS. I don't like driving blind.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSTON

(on radio)

A GPS works both ways, you know.  
How do you think the Border Patrol  
finds people like us?

NOVAK

I think you're enjoying this. I'm  
your personal video game.

INT. JOHNSTON'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Sitting at his desk, Johnston cracks open a can of Mountain  
Dew.

He communicates with Novak through a headset.

JOHNSTON

Where does it say a man can't enjoy  
his work?

One of the screens shows Novak's POV through the helmet-cam,  
the other is dedicated to a map of the area, a combination  
of published maps and Johnston's scanned scrawls and  
notations.

On the screen, Johnston sees lights penetrate the forest.

NOVAK

(radio)

Do you see this?

JOHNSTON

Yes. Go to night vision.

TRAIL

Novak already has his goggles strapped on.

NOVAK

I thought you said this trail is  
never patrolled. Where do I go?

TRAILER

Johnston moves the map around on the screen with his mouse.

JOHNSTON

There's no trails off this one.  
We're going to have to wing it.

(CONTINUED)

NOVAK  
(radio)  
Great.

JOHNSTON  
Grade's too steep on both sides. It gets better on the right after 20 yards. Slide down and wait for them to pass.

## TRAIL

Two pairs of headlights are closing in. Novak slows, sees a break in the brush on his right and steers his snowmobile through it, slides down the steep grade.

## TRAIL GULLY

Low brush in the depression. The only way Novak can conceal himself is by parking behind it and lying flat on his back on his snowmobile.

JOHNSTON  
(radio)  
What's going on?

NOVAK  
Full moon.

JOHNSTON  
(radio)  
Turn your head, wise guy.

Novak turns his head, looks up at the trail. The two snowmobiles stop. The riders get off.

NOVAK  
They saw me. I have to bolt.

JOHNSTON  
(radio)  
No! Stay put.

## TRAIL

The riders get off. They are BORDER PATROL AGENTS. They kill their engines and light cigarettes.

JOHNSTON'S TRAILER

JOHNSTON  
Just a smoke break.

NOVAK  
(radio)  
I hate second hand smoke.

JOHNSTON  
Stay off the air.

TRAIL

The agents smoke cigarettes.

AGENT 1  
I'm telling you. You should've seen  
the tits on this broad.

AGENT 2  
I did. They were fake.

AGENT 1  
You always say that when you see a  
pair you can't have.

AGENT 2  
Nah. She was like mid 30s, but her  
nipples were pointing straight at  
12 o'clock, not at 10 and 2 as is  
the norm these days. They were  
designed that way.

AGENT 1  
Get the fuck outta here.

TRAILER

JOHNSTON  
(shaking his head)  
White people.

Novak screen goes white.

JOHNSTON  
Is everything all right?

TRAIL GULLY

Novak lies in position. A clump of snow that fell from the branches landed square in his helmet.

He wipes it off. As he does, his balance shifts and a branch snaps under the snowmobile.

TRAIL

The agents stop talking.

AGENT 1  
What the hell was that?

AGENT 2  
A deer. Bigfoot. Who cares?

TRAIL GULLY

Agent 1 throws his cigarette away and walks off in the direction of Novak.

JOHNSTON  
(radio)  
You gotta be kidding me.

Agent 1 doesn't see the sharp drop off into the gully and falls on his ass.

Agent 2 finds this hysterical.

AGENT 1  
Fuckin' A.

He gets up, dusts off his ass and walks back to the snowmobile.

AGENT 1  
Can't wait for fucking spring.

They take off.

TRAIL - DIFFERENT SPOT

Novak rides in the dark, guided by Johnston and his night vision goggles.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSTON

(radio)

Hang a right after the formation of boulders. I don't want to run into another unexpected patrol.

NOVAK

There's no trail there.

JOHNSTON

(radio)

There is. You just have to look.

Novak slows, hangs a right and finds himself on an almost impossibly narrow trail.

NOVAK

Rand McNally has nothing on you.

Johnston laughs through the radio.

Looking left, Novak sees a fire burning through the trees.

NOVAK

Look. A forest fire--no, looks like a camp. Who the hell lives out here?

TRAILER

Johnston's demeanor changes suddenly. He watches the fire burn on the screen.

JOHNSTON

It's nothing.

NOVAK

(radio)

It's a very bright nothing.

JOHNSTON

Pay attention to the trail. It gets tricky.

JOHNSTON'S TRAILER

Johnston pours two glasses of single malt Scotch. Gives one to Novak, toasts it, throws his down the hatch. Novak sips it, carefully.

The Native American painting has been replaced by a kitschy painting of a palm tree in the Bob Ross style.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSTON

To our first run. That part where you were hiding behind the bushes, that was better than Netflix. You can keep the fiveGs, and I'll keep the second payment. Easier than splitting everything in half.

NOVAK

Very kind of you.

JOHNSTON

It's the fault of our people. Look where it got us.

NOVAK

Tell me something. Is Robichaud always so jittery?

JOHNSTON

Would you get off my nephew?

NOVAK

When I see someone nervous, it makes me nervous, you know what I mean?

JOHNSTON

You'd be a little off too, if you had to grow up without a mother. I was the only relative he had after my sister died. He was only seven.

NOVAK

Seven?

JOHNSTON

He's basically a good kid.

(beat)

Anyway, I look forward to a long and prosperous partnership.

He re-fills his own glass.

NOVAK

I wouldn't get ahead of myself. I'm only doing this for my wife.

JOHNSTON

What does she have?

(CONTINUED)

NOVAK

Cancer.

JOHNSTON

What kind?

NOVAK

The kind that kills you.

JOHNSTON

Fair enough. I'm trying to make enough money for a semi-retirement. A few more runs, then I'm out, too.

NOVAK

You can't be a very good trader if you have to resort to doing runs.

JOHNSTON

Goes to show how little you know about investing, Paleface. It's easy to make a lot of money from a lot of money. I built up ten grand from scratch. Now I'm ready for the higher volume stuff.

Novak kills his drink.

NOVAK

Upgrading to a double-wide?

JOHNSTON

Moving, actually.

Novak points to the painting.

NOVAK

Retiring to Florida?

JOHNSTON

Possibly.

NOVAK

The fire I saw on the way back. It's an Indian camp, isn't it?

JOHNSTON

Yes.

NOVAK

Your people?

Johnston nods.

(CONTINUED)

NOVAK  
How come you don't live with them?

Johnston sips his drink.

NOVAK  
You're right, it's none of my  
business.

INT./EXT. TRAILER - WINDOW

Johnston watches Novak riding away on his snowmobile.

INT./EXT. NOVAK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Novak stands by the window, watches as a white Lexus pulls up into his driveway.

A WOMAN in her 60s gets out of the car, well-dressed, and well-coiffed. She walks ramrod straight toward the front door.

Gerda and Haley climb out of the back seat and run toward the house.

INT. NOVAK'S HOUSE - FOYER

Novak opens the door, the kids want to run past him, but he blocks their way.

NOVAK  
Shoes.

They take off their shoes and line them up by the door.

The old woman walks in.

NOVAK  
Barbara.

He kisses her on the cheek. Awkward, to say the least.

BARBARA  
Any luck with the job search?

NOVAK  
No. Not yet. But something will  
come up.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

The economy is not improving any.

Novak doesn't say anything.

BARBARA

How's Bel?

NOVAK

She's sleeping. Her appetite is good. She ate half of her pasta and and an Eskimo pie for dessert.

Barbara's frosty demeanor changes for a second.

BARBARA

Eskimo pie.

(slips back to her usual mode)

I heard you found a buyer for the house.

NOVAK

Yes. Closing's in a few days.

BARBARA

Thank goodness for that. Do you need help with the move?

NOVA

Nice of you to offer, but no thanks.

BARBARA

I had the guest cottage all fixed up for you and the kids.

Novak gives her a thin smile.

INT. ROBICHAUD'S CAR - DAY

Wearing aviator shades, Robichaud drives his tricked out Mazda. Interior is gleaming with Armor-all, seat covers are fuzzy, and the stick shift head has been replaced with a skull's head.

More gadgets and lights than a 747.

His iPod is plugged into the stereo, he sings along to Wycleff's album, "The Carnival".

(CONTINUED)

ROBICHAUD

Professor says, what you gonna do,  
sell drugs or get a degree? I  
smiled at him with 32 gold teeth  
and said what you make in a  
year...I'll make it in a week!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A cop car pulls behind Robichaud's Mazda.

Robichaud's car is black, tinted windows, 5-star rims, the  
works.

Cop follows him.

INT. ROBICHAUD'S CAR

Oblivious, Robichaud keeps driving.

POLICE SIREN. Robichaud looks in the rear view mirror, sees  
the cop car.

ROBICHAUD

Fuck.

He turns the music off and pulls over.

EXT. ROAD

Cop car pulls up behind Robichaud.

White cop gets out of his cruiser, and with one hand on his  
holstered gun, walks up to Robichaud.

Robichaud rolls down the window.

ROBICHAUD

Is there a problem, officer? I  
wasn't speeding. Speed limit's  
eighty kilometers per hour and I  
was--

OFFICER

You weren't speeding. But your  
registration is expired.

ROBICHAUD

Are you sure? I'm very  
conscientious about these things--

(CONTINUED)

He reaches for the glove box.

OFFICER

Slowly.

Robichaud opens the glove box, starts rummaging around. He pulls out a CD, papers.

A Zip-lock bag full of pills falls out and pills scatter all across the front seat.

ROBICHAUD

What the?

OFFICER

Step out the vehicle, please.

ROBICHAUD

This is just aspirin. I forgot I put them in there. I get bad migraine headaches.

OFFICER

Step out of the vehicle. Now.

Dejected, Robichaud unseatbelts himself and opens the door.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Imposing office building in a cluster of other government high-rise offices in downtown Albany.

Suliveres walks up the long steps. He is dressed in civilian clothes, a long winter coat.

He walks through the revolving doors.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING FOYER

Suliveres runs his eyes down the directory.

INSERT - New York State Police, Internal Affairs Division - 505

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY

Long, polished marble corridor. Suliveres takes off his coat, revealing the off-the-rack suit underneath.

He hangs it on a coat hook.

(CONTINUED)

Sits down in one of the wooden chairs that line the corridor.

He is visibly nervous. Door opens and a clerk in a business suit steps out.

CLERK

They are ready for you, Agent Suliveries.

SULIVERES

Suliveres.

CLERK

This way, please.

Suliveres takes a deep breath and follows him into the room.

INT. HEARING ROOM

The hearing room is a very simple affair. Parallel to the row of windows opposite the door is a long table.

The three members of the panel sit behind the table. A bit further down sits the clerk with his stenography machine.

A straight-backed, wooden chair faces the table.

The panel consists of a thin, balding white man, PETROWSKI, in his late forties. He wears a white shirt with a red tie.

Next to him is a stern-looking black woman, SANDOLL, in her fifties.

Next to her, a stocky white man in his 60s with a shaved head, MCKENNA. He is dressed more casually than the other two, which is to say less like a bureaucrat and more like a cop.

PETROWSKI

Have a seat, Agent Suliveres.

Suliveres sits.

Petrowski opens a file and clears his throat.

PETROWSKI

The New York State Police Code of Justice allows for any law enforcement agent to appeal a decision pertaining to his or her work status. It also mandates that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PETROWSKI (cont'd)  
the decision regarding such an  
appeal be given in person--

MCKENNA  
I think Agent Suliveres is aware of  
his rights.

Petrowski is perturbed at being interrupted.

PETROWSKI  
Very well, then.

He reaches for another piece of paper.

PETROWSKI  
Agent Suliveres, we have carefully  
reviewed your appeal and more  
importantly the circumstances  
leading to your suspension from the  
Detective Division.

Suliveres fidgets, he is waiting for the punch line.

PETROWSKI  
The panel took into account your  
excellent prior record as a  
Detective and the fact that the  
transgression was initiated by your  
then partner, Dale Ossowski.

(beat)

However, the charge of "falsifying  
evidence in order to obtain a  
conviction" is too serious of a  
violation of the code of ethics to  
which a Detective of the State  
Police must adhere in the strictest  
sense. Upholding the law to the  
letter is part of that code. You  
have failed in that regard.  
Therefore, we cannot overturn the  
original suspension. I am sorry,  
Agent Suliveres.

SULIVERES  
What about upholding the law that  
protects people like Carol  
Mortensen?

SANDOLL  
You are out of line, Agent.

SULIVERES

She was raped three times while her four-year old daughter watched.

SANDOLL

We're familiar with the case. However, the job of an officer is to enforce the law, not to interpret it. Or to help it along.

SULIVERES

Have you ever been in the field?

MCKENNA

I have.

(reads from a file)

It says here that planting the fingerprints was Ossowski's idea. You probably could've spared yourself a suspension if you shoved the whole thing onto him. You didn't do that. That's a step in the right direction as far as I'm concerned.

Petrowski does not like what he's hearing.

PETROWSKI

Are you saying that--?

MCKENNA

(to Petrowski)

Let's shitcan the bureaucratic bullshit.

(to Suliveres)

Make a major case. That's the only way you're getting off your snowmobile, Detective. A decent case. Not confiscating ten pounds of weed from an ex-flower child on his way to a Grateful Dead tribute concert.

(closes the file)

You're dismissed.

Suliveres leaves. But not before giving a big shit-eating grin to Petrowski who busies himself with another file.

INT. CANADIAN BORDER PATROL - INTERROGATION ROOM

Frank DuBois watches Nick Robichaud through the one-way mirror.

Robichaud is handcuffed to a chair in front of a gray table, no one else is in the room.

Frank looks at his watch, pours maple syrup over a plate of pancakes and takes a lustful bite.

Frank speaks to the young, uniformed cop, OFFICER BARNES, who stands next to him.

FRANK

I can't believe I have to sit in every time a clown gets pinched with one too many pills. Like every pill is automatically headed for the border.

Barnes holds up an evidence bag with a pill inside.

BARNES

These are the same ecstasy pills that turned up in New York City.

FRANK

Whose side are you on anyway?

He eats with gusto.

The interrogation room door opens and a plainclothes detective walks in. Sits down across from Robichaud.

DETECTIVE

Can I get you anything? Water? 7 Up? Beef jerky?

ROBICHAUD

How about the key to these handcuffs?

Detective laughs.

DETECTIVE

That is entirely up to you. You want to get outta here, here's how. Tell me who you're dealing for.

ROBICHAUD

Dealing? Oh, you mean drugs?

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE

I don't mean dealing cards.

ROBICHAUD

I don't deal. I bought this in a club in Quebec. My girlfriend and I drop ecstasy once in a blue moon--

Detective holds up a small zip lock bag.

DETECTIVE

This crap is headed almost exclusively to the States. How do you get it into the U.S.? Cars? Snowmobiles? Who's your runner?

Robichaud is silent.

DETECTIVE

Want to think about it in a cell? We can hold you without charging you for a few days. Word gets around on the street that you've been in custody and your future as a dealer suddenly looks precarious. Do you know what precarious means, Tonto?

ROBICHAUD

Yes.

DETECTIVE

Do you know how many pills we found in your car?

Robichaud doesn't say anything.

DETECTIVE

Ninety-eight. Ninety-eight means mandatory jail time if you have any prior convictions, which you do. Ninety-eight means being an Indian on the inside and if you think an Indian on the outside has a shitty life expectancy, then try being an Indian on the inside.

ROBICHAUD

You can't scare me with this shit.

DETECTIVE

I don't have to scare you. 'Cause you're already scared.

(CONTINUED)

(beat)

You give us a name, something we can go on, and we count the pills again and we might just come up with fifty. Fifty is a good number. It means possession. And that means getting off with a fine and a little community service. You scrub toilets in a nursing home for the next six months and all this will be just an ugly memory.

Detective gets up and walks around so that he stands behind Robichaud. He leans over and whispers in his ear.

DETECTIVE

You don't like people standing behind you, do you? You'll get plenty of time to get used to it.

Robichaud is clearly scared.

ROBICHAUD

I don't know his name. The runner. I've met him only twice.

DETECTIVE

What's he look like?

ROBICHAUD

White guy on a black, souped-up snowmobile. Carries a shotgun behind his seat.

Frank's fork stops in mid-air.

INT. DINER - DAY

Novak slides into a booth across from Annabel. It is lunch time, the diner is fairly busy.

Through the windows, the post office across the street is visible.

ANNABEL

To be among the living again.

NOVAK

Keep talking like that and I won't buy you the pecan pie.

(CONTINUED)

ANNABEL

Who needs your permission?

NOVAK

The doctor said--

ANNABEL

We just came from the doctor. Could we not talk about the doctor for five minutes?

INT./EXT. DINER WINDOW

A MAN walks out of the post office through the revolving doors.

NOVAK

Okay.

ANNABEL

You're all so hell-bent on reminding me that--

Novak opens the menu with a snap.

The man crosses the street. It's Johnston. He is carrying his mail, a few envelopes and a magazine. On the diner side, he makes a right, which puts him on a path that leads past the diner.

EXT. STREET - DINER

Johnston is walking past the diner. Novak faces him, Annabel's back is to Johnston.

Novak looks up, surprised to see Johnston. Johnston, unaware that Novak is not alone, waves to him.

INT. DINER

Annabel notices Novak looking, turns her head and sees Johnston waving.

She looks back at her husband for an explanation.

NOVAK

An old acquaintance.

Johnston continues on, but Annabel knocks on the window and gestures for him to come in.

(CONTINUED)

Johnston hesitates, then walks to the entrance of the diner and walks in.

He slides into the booth, across from Annabel.

He puts his mail, about four envelopes, and a copy of Entrepreneur magazine on the table.

NOVAK

Annabel, this is Robert Johnston.  
Robert, this is my wife, Annabel.

Annabel and Johnston shake hands.

JOHNSTON

Nice to meet you. I've heard so much about you.

ANNABEL

Really? I haven't heard anything about you. Where do you know know my husband from?

JOHNSTON

We're both members of the Ogden Snowcats. It's a snowmobile club.

ANNABEL

Oh. Did you race, as well?

JOHNSTON

No. I'm just a dilettante. I've followed your husband's career throughout the 90s, so imagine my surprise when Cane Novak helps me fix my Kawasaki.

Novak peeks at the envelopes Johnston put on the table.

INSERT - Corner of an envelope - Veteran's Affairs

Johnston sees him staring, takes the envelopes and puts them in his inside jacket pocket.

ANNABEL

There's nothing he wouldn't do for an engine.

JOHNSTON

Or for his lovely wife.

Johnston winks.

ANNABEL

A charmer. Cane doesn't have many charming friends.

JOHNSTON

I could train him for you.

ANNABEL

I'm afraid it's too late for that.

A waitress approaches the table.

WAITRESS

Have you decided?

ANNABEL

I'll take a slice of your famous pecan pie.

NOVAK

Diet Coke for me.

JOHNSTON

A cup of decaf.

The waitress withdraws.

ANNABEL

Where do you live, Mr. Johnston?

JOHNSTON

Robert. I live on the reservation. By the river. Your husband and I go riding there sometimes. Right where they held the St. Lawrence River Run in '99.

(beat)

I don't think our region has produced a better rider than Cane. I was very upset when the knee retired his career.

ANNABEL

It wasn't the knee. I made him retire when our first child was born.

JOHNSTON

Hmm.

ANNABEL

My husband risked death many times on his snowmobile and I made him

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANNABEL (cont'd)  
stop so that our kids wouldn't grow  
up without a father. But I'm the  
one who's going to die. Don't you  
find that ironic, Robert?

NOVAK  
Bel--

Johnston lays a hand on top of Annabel's.

JOHNSTON  
None of us are on this earth for  
very long. Being reminded of that  
is the original sin.

Annabel is clearly taken aback by this statement.

The silence is broken by the waitress who lays out the  
coffee, the Diet Coke and the pie.

ANNABEL  
Would you like to try some of my  
pecan pie, Robert?

Johnston taps his gut.

JOHNSTON  
I shouldn't, but I will.

He grabs a fork and takes a piece.

ANNABEL  
One thing I don't have to worry  
about is gaining weight.

Novak is hurt by this comment, but Johnston laughs heartily,  
as if totally missing the context of her comment.

INT. CANADIAN BORDER PATROL - INTERROGATION ROOM

Robichaud sits alone in the interrogation room.

PULL BACK to reveal Frank and Suliveres sitting behind the  
one-way mirror.

Frank has moved on to Peanut M&Ms. He crushes them under his  
teeth quite audibly.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

How are you going to play this one?

SULIVERES

He's pretty green. He might fall  
for the bluff.

He keeps playing with the Dash cam photograph of Johnston.  
He closes the folder, picks it up.

FRANK

Remember, Hugo, you're a guest.  
This is Canada. Suspects have  
rights here.

Suliveres gives him a glare and walks into the interrogation  
room.

He puts the folder down, sits down across from Robichaud. He  
stares at Robichaud for a full minute.

At first, Robichaud tries to be nonchalant about it, but  
there is something unnerving about being stared at silently  
for a full minute.

ROBICHAUD

I told you, white guy on a--

SULIVERES

Yeah, yeah, John Wayne on a  
snowmobile. I've heard that song  
before. Let's skip to the next one  
on the iPod.

He stands up and starts circling around the table. Robichaud  
has to keep twisting his head to follow his movements.

SULIVERES

I'll help you out. We know you're  
just a pawn, working with someone  
higher up on the delivery end. He  
pulls out the photo of Johnston,  
holds it far enough, so that  
Robichaud can't see it clearly.

SULIVERES

Indian in his 40s. Lives on the  
reservation. It's only a matter of  
time until we find out who he is.

ROBICHAUD

I don't know him.

(CONTINUED)

SULIVERES

That's funny. You haven't even taken a good look yet.

ROBICHAUD

You don't have jurisdiction on the rez.

SULIVERES

(yells to someone outside)  
Officer Mosley!

Officer Mosley steps in. He is an Indian wearing the uniform of the St. Regis Mohawk Tribal Police.

SULIVERES

Officer Mosley. Tribal Police.

ROBICHAUD

How does it feel to fuck your own people?

Officer Mosley doesn't say anything, just smiles.

SULIVERES

Thank you, Officer Mosley.

Mosley leaves the room.

SULIVERES

I know you know him. I want his name. You cooperate and like Detective Raffe said, we knock your pills back to 50 and you're back on the street with a fine.

ROBICHAUD

If I talk, I'm finished.

SULIVERES

It's about time you looked into a different line of work, anyway. This one doesn't seem to agree with you.

ROBICHAUD

No, I mean finished. For good.

SULIVERES

Killed? Who do you work for the Russian mob?

(CONTINUED)

ROBICHAUD

Worse.

SULIVERES

Hm. I can understand your reservation, Nickie. However, if you clam up, we charge you with intent to sell. Maybe you get lucky and get a public defender who pulls his head out of his ass long enough to get you out on bail. And now you're out on the street with the Big Bad Wolf looking for you, because he knows we've had this chat. Suddenly you're a risk.

Suliveres lets this sink in.

SULIVERES

Or, you can give us a name, something that lets us go up the chain of command and you go home and keep peddling your pills like nothing happened. We don't want you. We want the people who run you.

Robichaud hangs his head.

SULIVERES

Something tells me you're not the hero type.

He taps the picture.

SULIVERES

We'll find out who this is with or without you. And when we do, you lose your bargaining chip.

(he leans closer)

When I set out to find someone, I find him.

ROBICHAUD

If you're so good, what are you doing in the Border Patrol?

Suliveres looks at Frank through the one-way mirror.

SULIVERES

That's an oversight that will be corrected very soon.

(CONTINUED)

He stops circling around Robichaud and pulls a chair close to him. He sits down and leans uncomfortably close to him.

SULIVERES

The name.

Robichaud stares in front of him.

NOVAK

Officer Barnes!

Officer Barnes walks into the interrogation room.

SULIVERES

Take the prisoner to his cell.

Barnes walks behind Robichaud.

ROBICHAUD

What happens when you get to the top?

SULIVERES

I'll tell you what won't happen. You won't have to testify.

ROBICHAUD

(quietly)  
Johnston.

SULIVERES

Come again?

ROBICHAUD

Robert Johnston.

SULIVERES

Outstanding. Where does Mr. Johnston live?

ROBICHAUD

I don't know. No one knows.

SULIVERES

All this talking makes me thirsty. You want a soda?

Robichaud is a defeated man. He nods his head slightly. Suliveres leaves the room and steps into the side room occupied by Frank and Barnes.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Nicely done.

BARNES

What if the name's bullshit?

SULIVERES

The name's good.

Barnes looks doubtful, but Suliveres is elated.

INT. U.S. BORDER PATROL HQ - BRIEFING ROOM

A rectangular war-room like conference table topped on one end by a big white screen and a podium.

Officer Mosley and a female Mohawk officer, OFFICER BRANT, sit next to each other. Agent Grooper sits next to AGENT FINES, who looks like he has started shaving not too long ago.

Barnes and another male Canadian Border agent complete the picture.

They turn to the door when Suliveres enters.

He sets up a laptop at the podium and turns on the screen.

On the screen appears: U.S./Canadian/St. Regis Mohawk Tribal Police Task Force.

SULIVERES

Ladies and gentlemen! I won't waste your time, now or ever. The role of the task force, headed by yours truly, is to unravel the thread given to us by a C.I.

Flashes picture of Robichaud's mug shot.

SULIVERES

Routine traffic stop in Mottsdale, Canada yields a nervous Mohawk Indian and Canadian National, Nick Robichaud, and a bag of ecstasy pills.

Picture of a close-up of a yellow pill with the words "E-Z" stamped on it.

(CONTINUED)

## SULIVERES

Nicknamed E-Z Rider, the pills are manufactured somewhere in Quebec Province and smuggled across the Canada-U.S. Border to the northeast, as far south as New York City. Some of you may remember the bust two months ago.

Photo of a middle-aged couple standing by their car which has been stripped apart by the border patrol.

## SULIVERES

German nationals Inga and Helmut Fintz, crossing by car. They say they have no idea how the pills got into their luggage.

Picture of a stoner-looking dude with longish hair and a beard.

## SULIVERES

Three weeks ago. University of Buffalo student, Craig Nielsen wanders into a checkpoint on foot. Claims that an Indian matching Robichaud's description approached him at a bar on the Canadian side and offered him two thousand dollars to take the bounty across the border. Same amount upon delivery.

## GROOPER

Is this what we're after? Backpacks full of E?

## SULIVERES

No, that's not what we're after. The operation is expanding. C.I. says they're doing more and more car drops, as well as white runs across the St. Lawrence River. We're after the supplier on the Canadian side. Here's what we have so far.

Picture of a 27-year old Robert Johnston in his army uniform. He looks borderline handsome.

## SULIVERES

Robert Johnston. Common name, nothing matched in the system,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SULIVERES (cont'd)  
until we had the idea to run him  
through military databases.  
Corporal Robert Johnston, U.S.  
Army. Served in Desert Storm,  
honorably discharged in '92. Highly  
proficient computer network  
administrator, worked as an IT tech  
in Florida for the next eight  
years. Moved back to the  
reservation in 2000 and dropped off  
the grid.

OFFICER MOSLEY  
Why not press Robichaud for the  
supply end? See where the pills are  
coming from?

SULIVERES  
Good suggestion, Officer Mosley.  
Except that Johnston's the  
quarterback on this. Robichaud  
makes contact with the supplier at  
Johnston's say-so.

BARNES  
Robichaud hinted at a larger  
network. That means organized  
crime. Shouldn't be too hard to  
find out who has the means.

SULIVERES  
That's true. Canadian authorities  
and New York State Police are  
looking into that angle. But the  
fact remains. Johnston is the key  
to the whole thing. We keep poking  
around on the supply end and  
they'll just shut down the  
operation for a while.

SCREEN - Picture of Novak holding a trophy.

SULIVERES  
Cane Novak. Johnston's current  
runner. No priors. He's somewhat of  
a mystery. Doesn't exactly fit the  
profile of your garden variety  
smuggler.

INT. NOVAK'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Novak puts a tray with a bowl of soup on it on the night table next to Annabel's bed. He unfolds a cloth napkin and lays it on her chest, tucks it in.

ANNABEL  
I'm not hungry.

NOVAK  
I know. But you'll have to eat.

ANNABEL  
What's the use?

NOVAK  
Don't start that, now.

She starts to eat. Her hands tremble holding the spoon. Novak takes the spoon from her and starts feeding her.

ANNABEL  
Well, at least one good thing came out of all of this.

NOVAK  
What's that?

ANNABEL  
I found out that I have a real husband. After all.

NOVAK  
After all?

He swats her with the dish towel. They laugh, but in her case it degenerates into a cough.

ANNABEL  
I was thinking. We should invite your friend for dinner one night. I liked talking to him.

NOVAK  
Alex?

ANNABEL  
No, not Alex. Robert. The Native American guy.

NOVAK  
He prefers the term "American Indian".

(CONTINUED)

ANNABEL

Really? Well, it's just a thought.

NOVAK

I had a thought, too.

ANNABEL

Oh?

NOVAK

We're not having Thanksgiving dinner at Barbara's house.

Annabel is taken aback by the news and by Novak's immutability.

ANNABEL

What's gotten into you?

Novak puts the spoon down.

NOVAK

When you wanted to spend last Christmas with your parents instead of coming scuba diving in Key West, did I not give in? Or the camping trip I postponed because Senator Charles was having gall bladder surgery and you wanted to stick around for moral support?

Annabel is at a loss for words.

NOVAK

Not this time. This could be our last Thanksgiving together.

He continues to feed her, but she pushes the spoon away.

ANNABEL

Hand me the phone.

Novak hands her the cordless phone.

She dials.

ANNABEL

Hello, Mom? Yes, yes, listen. Cane and I have decided to spend Thanksgiving here at our house.

(beat)

No, just us and the kids.

(CONTINUED)

Barbara is clearly agitated on the other end of the line. Annabel holds the receiver away from her ears.

Novak grins.

INT. DINER - DAY

Same diner where Annabel met Johnston.

Suliveres sits in a booth. A MAN wearing jeans and a leather jacket slides in across from him.

He drops a manila folder on the table.

SULIVERES

Thanks for coming, Lou.

LOU

No problem.

(opens the folder)

Now I understand why your boy,  
Robichaud, is scared.

He taps a picture of a big, intimidating looking black guy. It's a surveillance shot, taken with a zoom lens from across the street.

LOU

Marcel Devereux, native son of Montreal. Ten to one this is his puppy. Operates meth labs across his homeland. Canadians put him onto us and we've been watching his moves on our side.

SULIVERES

You sure it's him?

LOU

E-Z Rider's been traced to him about a month ago. We got a tip from a C.I. who is now missing, presumed very dead.

SULIVERES

Marcel's not the forgiving kind.

LOU

No. Do you remember the Medcalibur deal a year ago? In Utica?

(CONTINUED)

SULIVERES

I heard about it. But I was still in Westchester at the time.

LOU

Quality control guy gets iced on a park bench a day before he is to testify about Medcalibur's sketchy distribution operation.

SULIVERES

So?

LOU

Marcel bought controlling interest in Medcalibur the year before that.

SULIVERES

He's got legit operations?

LOU

Yes. Probably to funnel stolen medicine through legit pipelines.

A waitress puts a pecan pie in front of Suliveres. He pushes it toward Lou, who starts eating it.

SULIVERES

Where does Johnston come in?

LOU

Hard to say. I'd venture to guess he doesn't know Marcel directly. Not many people do. But Marcel likes using Indians as runners across reservations, since they are less likely to be stopped and searched. You guys,-- meaning the Border Patrol technically has no jurisdiction over them.

SULIVERES

Makes sense.

LOU

What are you thinking?

SULIVERES

I'm going to use Johnston to get to Marcel.

(CONTINUED)

LOU

You'll have to catch him first.

Suliveres grins.

LOU

I know that look. You used to have it seconds before we blew down a door.

Suliveres taps his gun. Gets up.

SULIVERES

Yeah. I'm keeping my Glock oiled.  
(drops bills on the table)  
Thanks, Lou. The pie's on me.

Amused, Lou watches him go.

EXT. SNOWBANK - DAY

A wild turkey appears on the crest of the snowbank.

Its peaceful foraging is rudely interrupted by a bullet which knocks it off its leg.

JOHNSTON

He ejects the shell from his shotgun. He hit the bird from an impressive distance.

He walks to it, picks it up by its legs, quite pleased with himself.

EXT. JOHNSTON'S MOBILE HOME - DAY

Johnston hangs the turkey on a hook on the side of the trailer.

The wind rustles the bird's feathers and blows snow off it.

INT. NOVAK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Novak opens the fridge. He bends down and opens the drawer marked "poultry".

It's empty. He straightens up and turns to Annabel who sits at the kitchen table, mixing the ingredients of a pumpkin pie with Haley.

(CONTINUED)

Gerda stands on a stool and stirs a sauce by the kitchen counter.

NOVAK

I thought we bought a turkey.

Annabel looks at Novak, then at the clock.

Door bell RINGS.

NOVAK

What the--? This better not be Barbara.

FRONT DOOR

Novak opens the door.

Johnston stands on the front porch with a wide grin, holding a bundle wrapped in butcher paper.

JOHNSTON

Happy Thanksgiving.  
(holding up bundle)  
Forgive me if I didn't bring any corn. Bad collective memory.

He walks in, past Novak. A stunned Novak closes the door and follows him into the kitchen.

Johnston kisses Annabel on the cheeks. Notices Annabel's blonde wig.

JOHNSTON

How Marlene Dietrich of you.

ANNABEL

(laughing)  
I always wanted to be a blonde.  
(to Novak)  
I'm sorry, honey. It was kind of a last minute thing.

NOVAK

Aha.

JOHNSTON

As promised.

He puts the turkey on the counter.

(CONTINUED)

ANNABEL

Where did you get it?

JOHNSTON

It's never seen the inside of a supermarket, let's just put it that way.

INT. NOVAK'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

Novak puts the finishing touches on the dinner table. Fancy table cloth, china, candles, everything looks festive.

INT. CHILDREN'S ROOM

Novak walks in. Johnston is engaged in a fierce "Call of Duty" battle with Haley.

NOVAK

Dinner's ready.

JOHNSTON

One minute.

Novak waits as Johnston cleans up.

JOHNSTON

Sorry, kid. Better luck next time.

NOVAK

No one's ever been able to beat him.

JOHNSTON

Everyone meets their match sooner or later, Hunter. Don't feel bad, I just have more experience, that's all.

HALEY

I'm gonna beat you after dinner.

JOHNSTON

Looks like the competitive apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

He ruffles the boy's head.

## DINNER TABLE

Johnston carves the turkey like an expert. He serves everyone, then sits down and they begin to eat.

ANNABEL

I'm impressed with your cooking and carving skills. Cane can't even scramble an egg.

JOHNSTON

The sad skills of a life-long bachelor, I'm afraid.

ANNABEL

Never been married?

JOHNSTON

No.

ANNABEL

Ever come close?

JOHNSTON

(hesitates)

No.

ANNABEL

I guess having itchy feet doesn't help.

JOHNSTON

You're right about that.

ANNABEL

Where have you lived, aside from Florida and Canada?

NOVAK

Honey, I don't think Robert wants to talk about all that.

JOHNSTON

It's okay. I don't mind. After I got out of the army, I kicked around the West, Arizona, New Mexico and California. But I guess I'm an Easterner at heart.

ANNABEL

And now you live on the reservation.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSTON

That's right. I'm a day trader,  
which gives me a lot of  
flexibility. My goal is to pile up  
a little money and retire.

ANNABEL

But you have family here, I assume.

JOHNSTON

A brother, yes. But we sort of had  
a falling out a while ago.

Annabel studies Johnston.

ANNABEL

Was it over a woman?

JOHNSTON

(bitter smile)  
Of course.

NOVAK

Honey, you have to try the sweet  
potatoes. I don't think I've ever  
had them this good.

HALEY

I made them!

Johnston's lost in thought.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Suliveres finishes his turkey dinner. There are papers  
spread everywhere along with a yellow legal pad.

Paper turkeys on the window in honor of Thanksgiving.

The waitress appears.

WAITRESS

I'd ask if you wanted dessert, but  
you never do, so--

She takes his empty plate.

SULIVERES

Actually, I think I'll have a slice  
of your pecan pie.

The waitress whistles.

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS

Aren't we in a good mood?

Suliveres smiles and goes back to reading his file.

INT. BARBARA'S COMPOUND - GUEST COTTAGE - DUSK

Novak stands in the empty guest house. For a guest house, not too shabby with new wooden floors and freshly painted walls.

He walks around, from his expression the place could be a dungeon.

He looks out the window that overlooks Barbara's sprawling mansion.

One of the servants is washing Barbara's white Lexus SUV in the driveway.

INT. JOHNSTON'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Johnston is looking at spreadsheets on his computer screen. He is wearing a sweat suit.

There's a knock on the door. He goes to open it. Novak walks in.

NOVAK

I would've called, but you don't have a phone.

JOHNSTON

You could've e-mailed. Or IMd. What's up?

Novak helps himself to a Diet Coke from the fridge.

NOVAK

We have to do a big run. Something that lets me start over with the kids. On my own.

JOHNSTON

What are you talking about? We've done four runs so far, all very profitable.

NOVAK

Four thousand here, five thousand there. I need something that lets

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOVAK (cont'd)  
me cut loose of everything once  
Annabel--

JOHNSTON  
Wait a minute. You want your kids  
to lose their father, too? Think  
about it. We're doing it the right  
way, little by little. It minimizes  
the risk. Just like in trading--

NOVAK  
Spare me the investing analogy. We  
don't have time to play it safe.

JOHNSTON  
You mean you don't have time.

NOVAK  
That's right. Weren't you the one  
who said make sure the risks are  
worth it? Ten thousand pills versus  
a hundred?

JOHNSTON  
I didn't mean all at once.

NOVAK  
How long do you want to hang around  
here, for, anyway? I know you're  
not going back to your tribe, or  
your family.

JOHNSTON  
What do you know about it?

NOVAK  
I know that you need to get the  
hell outta here and start over.

Johnston doesn't say anything.

JOHNSTON  
This isn't like placing an order at  
Home Depot, you know. I'll have to  
see what's shaking out there.

NOVAK  
You do that. Thanks for the drink.

He finishes his drink, is about to walk out, turns around.

NOVAK

The shoe company in Ohio? You were right, their stock went up. How did you know?

JOHNSTON

LaCoste is going to buy them out before the end of the quarter. It was supposed to be hush-hush, but an executive assistant spilled the beans in a chat room.

INT. BORDER PATROL HQ - CAPTAIN QUINN'S OFFICE - DAY

Suliveres walks in with a file. Quinn is seated behind his expansive desk.

CPT. QUINN

Have a seat, Suliveres.

Suliveres remains standing.

SULIVERES

Johnston has a brother.

(beat)

On the rez.

CPT. QUINN

No. I mean, hell, no. We have no jurisdiction on the rez. We can pursue a fleeing suspect into it, but other than that, we're confined to the border. Even you know that.

SULIVERES

I just want to ask him a few questions. I'll take the girl from the Tribal Police with me.

CPT. QUINN

No. We're doing great with the inter-agency patrols. The image I want this department to have is the Border Patrol holding hands with the Tribal Police, not agents kicking down trailer doors and interrogating innocent Indians about their shady relatives.

SULIVERES

Is that what this is about? The department's image?

(CONTINUED)

CPT. QUINN

It's about enforcing the law the way we are authorized to do so. Jesus Christ, didn't you learn your lesson?

SULIVERES

So what am I supposed to do, if I can't find Johnston?

CPT. QUINN

Be creative. Go at it from a different angle.

Before Suliveres can answer, Quinn's intercom BEEPS.

CPT. QUINN'S SECRETARY

(on phone)

Captain, the mayor just called. He'll be a half hour late for the photo shoot with the Girl Scouts.

Suliveres gathers up his file.

SULIVERES

Thanks for your time, Captain.

He walks out.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Novak sits on a park bench that overlooks a playground. Watches Gerda push Haley on the swing.

Suliveres approaches from the path and sits down next to Novak.

SULIVERES

Nice day.

NOVAK

Not bad.

SULIVERES

Remember me?

NOVAK

No. Did we meet at a race?

Suliveres turns to him.

(CONTINUED)

SULIVERES

No. On a run. A white run you were doing for Robert Johnston.

NOVAK

Robert Johnston? Who is he?

SULIVERES

Let's cut the act, Novak. I'm giving you a break, because I know you're not the criminal type. You're a normal guy with normal problems. Laid off, a sick wife, I know all that. I need you to lead me to the big fish. The people you work for.

NOVAK

Work? I was laid off last year. Maybe I should forward you my resume in case you hear about any job openings?

SULIVERES

Don't get cute, Novak. I'm not known for my patience. Do you think Johnston would go to bat for you? You work with us and we'll make sure there's a reward in it for you.

NOVAK

(tasting the word)

Reward.

(beat)

Look, I'd love to help, but I simply don't know what you're talking about. The time you stopped me, I was bringing over medication for my wife.

SULIVERES

You've branched out since then. How long have you known Johnston?

NOVAK

I knew a Robert Johnson once. He was a helluva mechanic. One time I blew a rod during a race and we had no welding machine but he tied it together with a--

(CONTINUED)

SULIVERES

Did you ever think about the big picture? Where do you think the ecstasy pills you bring in wind up? In New York City clubs where 22-year olds OD on them.

NOVAK

I never much cared for New York City.

SULIVERES

Have it your way, Novak.

Suliveres stands up and hands Novak his card.

SULIVERES

I'm trying to be a nice guy, but this offer has an expiration date. Next time we meet, I won't be so friendly.

INT. NOVAK'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Novak opens the front door.

A uniformed NEW YORK STATE POLICE TROOPER stands on the doorstep. He is in his late 20s. He has a folder with him.

He walks in. Novak closes the door. They walk to the kitchen.

Novak pours coffee and gives it to him.

NOVAK

Thanks for getting it on such short notice, Steve.

STEVE

No problem. I called in a few favors, that's all.

They sit down at the kitchen table.

STEVE

You were right, he's former State Police. Detective, no less.

(reading)

Hugo Suliveres, hatched in the Bronx, police academy, NYPD patrolman, made sergeant in record time, then transferred to the State

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEVE (cont'd)  
Police. Good service record, maybe  
a bit overzealous.

NOVAK  
(sarcastic)  
No, really?

STEVE  
Would you like to read it?

NOVAK  
Sorry.

STEVE  
A year after he makes Detective, he  
gets caught falsifying evidence in  
a rape case. There was a shortage  
of border patrol agents at the  
time, so he was given the  
opportunity to transfer. All of  
this is before my time. The only  
reason he got caught is because his  
partner was up for an interview  
with the FBI and bragged about how  
he would break the law to protect  
the innocent. You ask me, they did  
the right thing in a fucked up way.  
Perp was a serial rapist,  
definitely guilty.

NOVAK  
Then why smear him?

NOVAK  
He was wealthy. That means good  
lawyers. They didn't want to take  
the chance. It worked, the scumbag  
got fifteen years.

NOVAK  
They had to let him go once the  
smear came out, I suppose.

STEVE  
They would have. He was knifed on  
the inside. Thank God for small  
favours.

NOVAK  
Thanks, Steve. That helps.

STEVE

Are you in some kind of trouble?  
Because from what the Elders tell  
me, this is not a guy who walks  
away from anything.

NOVAK

I'll keep that in mind.

STEVE

I gotta run. Beth will be home soon  
and I haven't made dinner yet.

He gathers up the files.

NOVAK

Tell her I said hi.

STEVE

Will do. How's Annabel?

NOVAK

The doctor told me to spend as much  
time with her as I can.

Steve gives him a hug.

INT. ROBICHAUD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN - E-mail message - Talk to Pizzy  
about something big. 6 figures each. - Uncle.

Robichaud sits at his computer. He responds to the message.

INSERT - ROBICHAUD'S MESSAGE - It's all set. Details are  
attached. Use Geronimo to unscramble.

He hits the "encrypt" button, the letters get scrambled into  
gibberish.

He hits the SEND button. He turns.

REVEAL Suliveres sitting behind him.

ROBICHAUD

You said I wouldn't have to get  
involved any more. That all you  
needed was the name.

SULIVERES

I know. But the game plan changed  
on us.

(CONTINUED)

ROBICHAUD

I don't care! He's my uncle, for  
God's sakes.

SULIVERES

He's a drug smuggler. A criminal,  
pure and simple.

ROBICHAUD

And I'm a snitch.

SULIVERES

Who's staying out of jail. Remember  
that, Nicky.

Robichaud looks forlorn. Suliveres touches him on the  
shoulder.

SULIVERES

Don't feel bad. You were never cut  
out for this kind of work.

INT. NOVAK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Novak reaches behind a decrepit armoire and pulls out a  
shoe box. Puts it on a table, opens it.

It's full of cash.

He takes out the bills and starts to sort them by  
denomination, then rubber-bands them.

HALLWAY

Novak heads toward the master bedroom. He stops at the  
bathroom door when he sees that the bathroom door is  
slightly ajar.

He opens it. Annabel is passed out next to toilet.

Novak doesn't hesitate. He lifts her up and runs with her to  
the foyer.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Novak's car careens around a curve and comes to a screeching  
halt at the hospital's front door, scaring the hell out of  
people.

Novak jumps out, races around to the passenger side and  
pulls out Annabel.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE

Sir, we'll get a gurney out in just a second.

NOVAK

Get outta my way!

He runs inside with her.

Leaving the car with its doors open and the engine running.

INT. CHURCH - RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

The part of the church where mourners meet after the memorial service to give their condolences to the family.

A huge picture of a smiling Annabel is the main fixture.

Mourners are standing in line, waiting to talk to first Novak, then Barbara and STATE SENATOR CHARLES CUNNINGHAM, Annabel's father.

Standard one-liners like "We'll miss her", "She'll always be remembered", and so on.

Until Johnston comes up at the head of the line.

Novak is clearly surprised to see him. Johnston is dressed in dark suit and looks very "Western".

NOVAK

I'm sorry I didn't send you the notice.

JOHNSTON

It's all right. You had a lot on your mind.

He shakes Novak's hand.

A tear comes into Novak's eyes. Johnston gives him a long hug.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

People are filing out.

Johnston is among them.

REVEAL Suliveres sitting in his beat-up Honda. He scans the people with a camera equipped with a zoom lens.

(CONTINUED)

When he sees Johnston, he starts snapping pictures, rapid-fire.

Johnston ambles down the street, head down, seemingly oblivious to the world.

Suliveres pulls a U-turn and drives past Johnston and parks on the corner.

BUS STOP

Johnston sits on the bench by the bus stop.

Suliveres watches him from across the street.

A bus pulls up and Johnston gets on with a few other people.

INT. SULIVERES'S CAR

Suliveres follows the bus.

Bus makes a few stops, but Johnston doesn't get off at any of them.

EXT. BUS DEPOT - DAY

Bus pulls into it's final stop at the depot.

Suliveres parks illegally and runs up to it. Bangs on the door with his badge. The door opens.

BUS DRIVER is writing on his clip board.

BUS DRIVER  
Out of service, pal.

SULIVERES  
Border Patrol. I'm looking for someone.

BUS DRIVER  
Border patrol? Are you kidding me?

Suliveres pins the driver's head against the wheel.

SULIVERES  
Indian in his mid 40s. Dark suit, clean-cut. Got on at Onandaga and Buckley.

(CONTINUED)

BUS DRIVER

He got on and off at the same stop.

Suliveres lets him up.

SULIVERES

You sure?

BUS DRIVER

Yeah. I remember thinking it was weird, because he didn't look drunk. Most of them are.

Suliveres gets off the bus, the doors slam shut.

EXT. NOVAK'S HOUSE - DAY

Bus stops on the corner.

Johnston gets off, hurries to Novak's house.

Moving truck in the driveway, "All The Right Moves" stenciled on the side. WORKERS are bringing boxes out of the house and are putting them in the truck.

Novak is labeling boxes on the front lawn.

The NOSY NEIGHBOR is salting his driveway next door and watches the proceedings with one eye.

The CREW CHIEF approaches Novak with a clipboard.

CREW CHIEF

Initial here and here. This one's a waiver. It says that everything was in one piece when we packed it and here on out the storage facility is liable for any damages.

NOVAK

What happens if it breaks on the way to storage?

CREW CHIEF

Not possible.

Novak signs and initials. Crew chief takes the clipboard and steps away. Novak notices Johnston.

JOHNSTON

Why didn't you tell me the cops are onto us?

(CONTINUED)

NOVAK

Not the cops. The border patrol.

He walks inside the house. Novak follows.

INT. NOVAK'S HOUSE

Novak grabs a box and tries walking out with it, but Johnston blocks his way.

JOHNSTON

Why didn't you tell me?

NOVAK

Do you mind? The box is heavy.

Johnston takes the box out of his hand and puts it down.

JOHNSTON

Goddamit, we're partners.

NOVAK

I didn't want you to chicken out. I need this.

He pulls out the file his brother, Steve gave him and hands it to Johnston.

Johnston leafs through it.

JOHNSTON

State police? Damn.

NOVAK

So, what?

JOHNSTON

It means he probably wants to do actual police work.

He closes the file and paces.

JOHNSTON

We have to lay low for a while.

NOVAK

No. We go forward as planned.

JOHNSTON

We can't. He followed me from Annabel's service. That means he is onto you.

(CONTINUED)

NOVAK

He stopped me once before. Couple of weeks ago. I was carrying pills for Annabel. Before we met.

JOHNSTON

And he let you go?

NOVAK

His boss was a snowmobile racing fan.

JOHNSTON

There's gotta be more to it than that.

NOVAK

Maybe he's onto you. Did you ever think of that?

JOHNSTON

What do you mean?

NOVAK

Robichaud?

JOHNSTON

He's in Canada. Local 5-0 would be after him. Besides, he's my nephew. He would never betray me.

NOVAK

Maybe they've tapped your e-mails, or whatever.

JOHNSTON

Ha. The Department of Defense couldn't hack my encryption codec.

Novak puts a hand on Johnston's shoulder.

NOVAK

Suliveres is fishing. If he had anything solid he would've made his move already.

JOHNSTON

Maybe he's biding his time.

NOVAK

His kind doesn't wait.

(beat)

One more run, then we're history.

(CONTINUED)

Johnston paces and ponders.

NOVAK

I don't know about you, but I'm  
tried of being pushed around.

JOHNSTON

Ha! You don't know the first thing  
about being pushed around.

NOVAK

I'm not going to sit here and argue  
about who has it worse. Are you in,  
or are you gonna mope her for  
another ten years?

Johnston stops pacing.

JOHNSTON

I'll have to chart a new trail.

INT. ROBICHAUD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Suliveres and Robichaud pack a small canvas bag with pills.  
Suliveres tapes a small device to one of the bags.

Robichaud keeps guzzling his gin and tonic. He looks, awful,  
unshaven and the circles around his eyes speak of many  
sleepless nights.

SULIVERES

In case you get any ideas, we'll  
also be watching.

ROBICHAUD

You know, you could pass for an  
Indian yourself.

SULIVERES

A Hollywood Indian, maybe.

ROBICHAUD

So, this is it. After you catch  
Novak, I'm out.

SULIVERES

This is the last thing you'll have  
to do. I promise.

EXT. TRAIL - DUSK

Dressed like a hiker and carrying a walking stick, Johnston maps the terrain.

He pokes the snow with his stick to find the rocks underneath, makes notations in a note pad.

He comes to a spot where the pine trees are thinning out. He takes out a pair of binoculars and looks through them.

INSERT - Binocular view. The Indian camp. The bonfire has been lit, a few Indians are standing around it.

One of the trailer doors open and an INDIAN WOMAN comes out. She is Johnston's age.

She walks to an INDIAN MAN, a bit younger than Johnston. Next to them stands a YOUNG INDIAN, about 20.

Johnston watches.

EXT. NOVAK'S HOUSE - DUSK

Sun is setting.

Suliveres pulls up to the curb in his Honda. He gets out, walks to the front door.

Rings the bell. No answer. He looks through the front window.

INT./EXT. NOVAK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Suliveres is looking through the window.

Living room is completely empty.

The nosy neighbor appears behind Suliveres.

EXT. NOVAK'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN

NOSY NEIGHBOR  
Can I help you?

Suliveres turns around, startled.

He takes out his badge and flashes it at the neighbor and puts it away before the neighbor can get a good look.

(CONTINUED)

SULIVERES

I hope so. I'm looking for Cane Novak.

NOSY NEIGHBOR

You're a day late. He packed up and left yesterday.

SULIVERES

Did he tell you where?

NOSY NEIGHBOR

No. But the moving truck took everything to storage.

SULIVERES

Everything?

NOSY NEIGHBOR

Uhuh.

Suliveres takes out a picture and shows it to the neighbor.

It's a photo of Johnston he took as he was leaving the memorial service.

SULIVERES

Have you seen this man around here?

NOSY NEIGHBOR

Yes. He was here yesterday. They sort of had an argument.

SULIVERES

Oh? What about?

NOSY NEIGHBOR

I don't know. They went inside.

SULIVERES

Thank you, sir. You've been very helpful.

EXT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Suliveres pulls into the driveway, right behind Barbara's white Lexus.

He gets out, walks to the front door and rings the door bell.

Campaign poster is stuck in the grass: "Re-elect Charles Cunningham to State Senate".

INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - FOYER

Barbara opens the door and gives Suliveres the once-over. Clearly not pleased with his civilian appearance.

SULIVERES

I'm Agent Suliveres. Thanks for seeing me on such short notice.

BARBARA

Anything to help the law. Come in, please.

They walk to the living room.

Charles puts down his single-malt Scotch and stands up. He wears a black arm band on his arm.

CHARLES

How can we be of help, Mr. Sully--

SULIVERES

Suliveres. I have a few questions about your son-in-law, Mr. Cunningham.

BARBARA

Has he done something?

SULIVERES

No. These are just routine questions.

CHARLES

What I would like to know is why the Border Patrol is conducting an investigation twenty-five miles from the border.

SULIVERES

I'm afraid I can't tell you that, sir.

CHARLES

I'm a state senator.

SULIVERES

And I'll be sure to vote for you next week. Now, about your son-in-law. What are his plans, now that his wife is-- gone?

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

He sold his house and he's moving  
into our guest house.

Suliveres looks out of the window.

SULIVERES

Is that it back there?

BARBARA

Yes.

SULIVERES

That used to be the servant's  
quarters, no? In the old days?

BARBARA

Yes. We offered to pay for his  
moving expenses, but he said he  
didn't need any help. People with  
no money can't afford to have  
pride, don't you think?

CHARLES

Barb, please.

BARBARA

He's in trouble, isn't he? I always  
knew he wasn't right for Bel.

SULIVERES

He didn't say when he was moving  
in?

BARBARA

This weekend.

SULIVERES

Thank you. Do you mind if I take a  
peek inside the guest house?

EXT. GUEST HOUSE

Suliveres looks through the window. It is indeed empty.

He ponders.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A taxi pulls up in front of a nondescript house in the suburbs.

Novak and the kids get out from the back. Haley is carrying a big teddy bear and both he and Gerda are wearing back packs. Novak takes out two suitcases from the back.

Shepherding the kids ahead of him, he walks up to the front door with the suitcases and rings the bell.

The taxi stays.

An ATTRACTIVE WOMAN Novak's age opens the door.

Novak kisses her on the cheek.

NOVAK

Thanks a lot for doing this, Anne Marie.

ANNE MARIE

Don't mention it. Why wouldn't I do a favor for an ex-boyfriend I haven't seen in, what, five years?

She studies the kids with feint interest.

NOVAK

That's precisely it. No one will look for us here.

Anne Marie lights a cigarette. Novak takes it from her and crushes it out.

NOVAK

Not in front of the kids.

He bends down to the kids.

NOVAK

Daddy has to go take care of some things. You listen to Anne Marie, now, you hear?

ANNE MARIE

Are you in some kind of trouble?

NOVAK

Oh, yes.

He runs back to the taxi.

(CONTINUED)

NOVAK

I'll be back in a few hours.

He blows her a kiss.

She shakes her head, takes the kids inside and closes the door.

INT. JOHNSTON'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Johnston and Novak are sitting on either side of the coffee table, finalizing their plans. A map is folded out on the coffee table.

JOHNSTON

No, the sharp curve comes after the outcropping by the the ravine.

NOVAK

This isn't the ravine?

JOHNSTON

No. This is the rock garden. See, I marked it with the gray marker for that reason.

NOVAK

I'll never remember all this.

JOHNSTON

It's all very simple, really. Just make sure you make the turn after the first brook, you miss that one and you're out in the open. It's supposed to be a full moon tonight and any half-assed surveillance plane can pick you up.

NOVAK

We're gonna have to run through the Devil's Path.

JOHNSTON.

Fork. Devil's Fork.

(beat)

No. It's too difficult. I can't prep you, not on such short notice.

NOVAK

You won't have to. You're coming with me.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSTON

What are you talking about?

NOVAK

We can't video game this. I need an extra pair of eyes. And a rifle.

JOHNSTON

Whoa! Hold it, there, Paleface. There's not going to be any shooting.

NOVAK

Forarmed is forewarned, as they say--

JOHNSTON

I'm just as effective from here.

NOVAK

Didn't you used to be in the Army?

JOHNSTON

I was a guidance system operator. That means when they said "fire", I pushed a button and a camel Jockey got a missile up his ass. I've never killed anyone close up.

NOVAK

You won't have to. Saddle up, desk warrior.

JOHNSTON

Bah.

INT. BORDER PATROL HQ - DAY

Tribal Police Officer Mosley walks out of the meeting room. He heads toward the coat rack.

INSERT - Empty hook on the coat rack.

MOSLEY

What the--?

EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY

The downtown post office.

CLOSE UP - on the crest on Mosley's jacket that says "St. Regis Mohawk Tribal Police". The "jacket" walks through the revolving doors.

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Close up on a badge being flipped open. Big letters spell out Mosley.

The POST MASTER stares at the badge.

Suliveres flips the badge shut and ignoring the AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY sign, walks around the counter.

POST MASTER

How can I help, Officer Mosley?

SULIVERES

You can help by giving me a forwarding address for Cane Novak. N-O-V-A-K. Cane spelled like sugar cane.

POST MASTER

May I see a warrant? As you know, post offices are under federal jurisdiction and--

Suliveres steps uncomfortably close to the post master.

SULIVERES

Okay, here's what. Suppose you just tell me if there is a forwarding address. That way, you wouldn't be breaking any laws.

POST MASTER

I don't know. That is still personal information.

SULIVERES

I'll be sure to mention your cooperation in my report.

(beat)

Or, I could mention that you were uncooperative with an officer of the St. Regis Mohawk Tribal Police Force who is conducting an

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SULIVERES (cont'd)  
investigation on his own  
reservation, which is sovereign  
territory, I might add, and the  
federal government, your employer  
does not take the chance of looking  
like an asshole in front of the  
Indians and the next thing you  
know, you're licking stamps in a  
fishing village in Alaska.

POST MASTER  
No need to get hostile, Officer  
Mosley.

SULIVERES  
Who's hostile? This is me at my  
most congenial.

The post master scurries off into the back.

He reappears less than a minute later.

POST MASTER  
No forwarding address.

SULIVERES  
That means you hold his mail until  
he picks it up.

The post master nods slightly.

SULIVERES  
Here's what I want you to do. I  
want you to text me at this number  
the minute he shows. Spread the  
word to your staff.

POST MASTER  
I don't--

SULIVERES  
It's dark six months out of the  
year in Alaska.

The post master takes the note with the number on it, none  
too happy.

EXT. ROBICHAUD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Full moon half-covered by a cloud.

Green trail, Novak's POV through the night-vision goggles.

Novak's snowmobile rides up and parks next to the house.  
Novak and Johnston get off.

The barn door is open. Robichaud is working on his snow  
mobile. Doesn't notice them walking in.

NOVAK

Going for a ride?

Robichaud jumps. He turns around. He is clearly surprised to  
see Johnston.

ROBICHAUD

Just checking the brakes. What are  
you doing here, Robbie?

NOVAK

Can't trust a white man to get  
through Devil's Fork in one piece.

Robichaud gives Johnston a hug. Johnston is clearly pleased  
at this gesture.

ROBICHAUD

Can I get you guys anything? Weed?  
I got some kind bud from Florida. A  
drink?

JOHNSTON

Never on duty. Let's load up the  
stuff.

EXT. ROBICHAUD'S HOUSE - GARAGE

Illuminated by the flood lights above the garage door, Novak  
and Johnston load up the snow mobile.

They put bags under the saddle, in the saddle bags and some  
in back packs. It's a full load.

Robichaud looks at the rifle behind the saddle and Novak's  
and Johnston's sidearms.

ROBICHAUD

Worried about something?

(CONTINUED)

NOVAK  
Should we be?

Robichaud laughs.

JOHNSTON  
You know what Woody Allen said:  
Even paranoiacs have enemies.

Novak gets on, Johnston sits behind him.

ROBICHAUD  
Take care of yourself.

JOHNSTON  
Let's go ice fishing next weekend.  
I got a new hook I want to try.  
Irresistible to bass, they say.

ROBICHAUD  
Sure.

They take off. Robichaud watches them go, forlorn.

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

Novak stops the snow mobile, gets off.

JOHNSTON  
What's wrong?

NOVAK  
Notice anything strange about your  
nephew?

JOHNSTON  
No. Was it something he said?

NOVAK  
Something he didn't say. He didn't  
mention the next run. Like there  
may not be one.

Johnston gets off the snowmobile.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

A GPS unit. A dot glows in the middle of a map of the  
terrain.

Four snowmobiles are parked in a circle. Suliveres, Officers  
Grooper, Fines and Brant.

(CONTINUED)

They stand around the GPS unit, held by Suliveres. They watch the dot, which does not move.

EXT. TRAIL

Johnston and Novak inspect the bags. They find the tracer. Novak tosses it into the woods, high and wide.

CLEARING

The dot moves slightly.

OFFICER FINES

They're on the move.

SULIVERES

No. They ditched the bug. Goddamit!

They get on their snowmobiles.

EXT. TRAIL

The agents arrive at the spot where Novak and Johnston ditched the bug.

Suliveres motions for them to form a circle.

GROOPER

We're wasting time. Let's go after them!

BRANT

They went off the trail.

GROOPER

How do you know?

Brant shines the movable spot light that's mounted on the snowmobile onto a spot on the trail.

BRANT

That's where they veered off.

GROOPER

I don't see anything.

SULIVERES

Are you sure?

(CONTINUED)

MOSLEY

Yes.

FINES

That's Devil's Fork. It's impossible to get through there. Too many rocks and trees.

Suliveres taps his screen.

SULIVERES

They sure as hell going to try.

INSERT - GPS map. Devil's Fork is the the area that looks like the mouth of a Y.

Suliveres points to the terrain beyond the top of the Y.

SULIVERES

Here's the deal. The rough terrain ends here. That's the river. Once Novak clears the rough patch, he's gone.

They all stare at the screen.

SULIVERES

I repeat. Catch them in the fork. Don't let them get out in the open where he can outrun us.

GROOPER

I knew we should've brought more guys.

SULIVERES

Fines, you follow this trail. The left part of the Y. Grooper, you follow the right side, you two will make sure they don't slip out through the sides. Brant, you're coming with me up the middle. Use your night vision goggles, everyone. Let's go.

FINES

What are the rules of engagement, sir?

SULIVERES

I want them alive. Fire after being fired upon.

## DEVIL'S FORK

Novak and Johnston are riding through the roughest of rough terrains. Rocks everywhere, covered by piles of snow.

Slow, treacherous going.

JOHNSTON  
Left...sharp right.

NOVAK  
Why not go through that clearing  
over there?

JOHNSTON  
If you want to make it out in one  
piece, you'll stop asking useless  
questions.

Novak looks over his left shoulder,

Novak's green-lit POV. A snowmobile is moving to the left  
and behind them in a straight line.

NOVAK  
You see that?

JOHNSTON  
Yes, they're after us.

NOVAK  
This one's alone.

He gets moving again.

NOVAK  
Direct me to the trail.

JOHNSTON  
What for?

TRAIL - THE LEFT PART OF THE "Y"

Novak rides out of the fork and onto the road. He takes up a  
spot beyond the bend of a curve.

Fines is tearing down the trail, wearing his night vision  
goggles. He can't see Novak, because of the curve.

He rounds the bend.

Out of the darkness, HEADLIGHTS flood his vision.

(CONTINUED)

He screams and turns the goggles off, but it's too late.

He hits a snowbank and loses control. Flies over the handlebar of the snowmobile and lands in a heap by a pine tree.

His snowmobile is overturned. His rifle which went flying when he fell lies not too far from him.

Fines tries clearing his vision. His nose is bleeding. He crawls toward his rifle. Reaches for it, but--

JOHNSTON

No rifle, Paleface. It won't do you any good.

Johnston stands nearby, training Novak's rifle on Fines.

Johnston walks to Fines, picks up the rifle and tosses it to Novak, who puts it in his holster, behind the seat.

JOHNSTON

How many are you?

Fines doesn't say anything, just glares.

Johnston fires a round, uncomfortably close to Fines.

FINES

What the fuck?

JOHNSTON

How many?

FINES

Three more.

JOHNSTON

What direction?

FINE

One to loop around the top of the Fork. Two followed you into it.

NOVAK

Let me guess. Suliveres is the optimist through the Fork.

Fines nods his head.

Johnston pulls Fine's snowmobile out of the snowbank and gets on.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSTON

Looks like you're walking from  
here.

He turns around and rides back into the Fork. Novak follows.

Fine watches them, pissed off. The sound of engine fading  
away.

FEW MINUTES LATER

Grooper rides up from the opposite direction and gets off  
his snowmobile.

GROOPER

Jesus Christ, they took your  
wheels?

FINES

Why didn't you wait at the top of  
Fork?

GROOPER

Suliveres told me to check on you  
when you didn't answer your radio.  
Johnston and Novak are still in the  
fork somewhere.

Fines gets on, behind Grooper.

GROOPER

Rookies.

FINES

Let's go. They must be miles away  
by now.

A RIFLE SHOT rings out. Grooper's snowmobile dies.

Johnston steps out from the Fork, ejects a shell.

JOHNSTON

This way, you won't have to walk  
alone, Youngster.

He walks back to the Fork and into the night. SOUND of a  
snowmobile starting up, then the engine noise fades into  
nothing.

DEVIL'S FORK

Johnston and Novak are riding, Johnston leading.

NOVAK

How much further to the river?

JOHNSTON

About two miles. But the terrain will open up before that. We're almost through, Cane.

Novak's POV. He looks right and left.

NOVAK

Right and left. They're trying to outflank us. Kill your night vision and turn on your headlights. We can't risk them pulling the same trick on us.

JOHNSTON

What the hell are you talking about?

NOVAK

There's only two left. Let's draw them out.

Johnston takes off his night vision goggles and turns on his headlights. Novak takes off his goggles, but doesn't have to turn on his headlights, since he can see Johnston riding ahead of him.

Two pairs of headlights are turned on, one to the right, one to the left. They start to close in on Novak and Johnston.

NOVAK

Now we know what we're dealing with.

JOHNSTON

Any more bright ideas?

The terrain opens up. Less rocky.

Johnston and Novak ride fast, Suliveres and Brant behind them.

Novak guns it, pulls out and pulls up next to Johnston.

The terrain is now open.

(CONTINUED)

Johnston ties the throttle with a bungee chord, so it stays wide open.

He jumps onto Novak's snowmobile.

Novak pulls a sharp right and turns his night vision goggles on.

Suliveres's POV. Johnston's snowmobile veers left and crashes into a tree.

BRANT

What the fuck?

Suliveres puts on his night vision goggles. Sees Novak's snowmobile riding off into the night.

SULIVERES

Check out the crash.

Brant rides up to the crashed snowmobile. Jumps off, realizes no one was riding it, gets back on his and takes off after Suliveres.

NOVAK'S SNOWMOBILE

Johnston sits with his back to Novak. He is holding the rifle and scans the horizon with his goggles.

NOVAK

Did they buy it?

Johnston sees Suliveres closing in.

JOHNSTON

No.

NOVAK

Shoot it out from under him.

JOHNSTON

I can't. I might hit him.

NOVAK

You'll have to take that chance. He will.

Johnston aims his rifle, shoots.

The shot powders in front of Suliveres's snowmobile. Johnston aimed too low.

(CONTINUED)

NOVAK

Come on, don't pull any punches.

JOHNSTON

Takes aim.

His finger on the trigger.

His face is concentrated, strained.

A SHOT rings out. Johnston's face jumps.

SULIVERES

Suliveres stows his Glock. Rides like a banshee.

NOVAK & JOHNSTON

Novak clears the last rough patch and they are on the frozen river.

The river's snow reflects in the moon light. The terrain is clear.

NOVAK

That's what I'm talking about!

Speedometer - Needle climbs past 60, then 70, than 80.

Johnston slips his hands under the bungee chords on the side of Novak's snowmobile to keep from falling out of the saddle.

His face is relaxed. His eyes widen, suddenly.

Johnston's POV. The river and the dark woods beyond it are moving by in a blur.

Then, another image appears, slowly cross fading into the this one:

A summer landscape. An Indian rides a white horse, seemingly alongside Johnston. He is in full battle gear.

Johnston smiles. Closes his eyes.

SULIVERES

Watches Novak pull away. There's no way he can catch him.

He stops his snowmobile.

Takes off his helmet and throws it in anger.

RIVER

Novak slows, then pulls over and stops.

He is ecstatic.

NOVAK

And that's how you evade the BP  
5-0!

He jumps off the snowmobile, clapping his gloved hands.

Johnston, whose back has been leaning against Novak's back falls off, into the snow. One hand is still tied the bungee chord.

Novak's good mood is gone.

He bends down to Johnston whose eyes are closed. He opens his coat and sees the large red stain that's spread all over his chest.

NOVAK

No, no, no.

He realizes there's nothing anyone can do for Johnston.

He screams into the wilderness.

EXT. INDIAN CAMP - NIGHT

Novak rides into the camp.

Indians are huddled around the bonfire. Their expression when they see Novak say "What the hell?"

Novak doesn't seem to notice or care. He is not wearing his helmet, looks straight ahead.

He strapped Johnston to himself using the bungee chord.

He stops close to the bonfire, unties the bungee chord and lays Johnston carefully on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

He approaches one of the Indians who is drinking bourbon straight from the bottle.

NOVAK

I'm looking for Robert Johnston's brother.

The Indians turn away from him.

One of the trailer's door opens. The woman, whom Johnston observed through his binoculars, comes running out.

She bends down and recognizing Johnston, she starts to cry.

From the same trailer, walks out the CHIEF. The man Johnston observed with the woman.

He walks up to Johnston, grabs the woman and pulls her away from him.

WOMAN

Who did this?

CHIEF

It doesn't matter. He has brought nothing but disgrace on this tribe.

The Chief studies Johnston's body.

NOVAK

He is still your brother.

CHIEF

You are mistaken.

He walks back up to his trailer, pushing the woman in front of him. She keeps looking back at Johnston, her eyes in tears.

NOVAK

Hey!

The Chief does not turn.

NOVAK

Asshole!

The Chief turns, his face turning to rage.

NOVAK

This is your brother! And you will show him respect by burying him.

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF

What do you know about respect,  
white man? Get on your machine and  
get off my land!

Novak hurries toward the Chief. Two young Indians step in his way. Novak pushes one aside, but the other one punches him.

Novak falls down. Gets up.

CHIEF

His face is a mask of hate.

CHIEF

What is it with you people?

He walks into the trailer and bangs the door shut.

Novak is surrounded by Indians.

INT./EXT. CHIEF MOTHER'S TRAILER

Bundled in blankets, the Chief Mother sits by the window and watches the commotion.

She hangs her head.

INT. JOHNSTON'S TRAILER - DAY

The door is kicked open. Novak walks in, carrying Johnston.

He lays Johnston down on the bed, turns on the lights.

Turns the trailer upside down. Goes through every drawer, bag, closet. Not finding what he's looking for.

In his frustration, he throws a vase against the kitschy Florida picture.

The picture falls to the ground, revealing a SAFE behind it.

Novak tries to open it, but it's locked.

He loads up his rifle and fires six rounds into it.

The trailer fills with gun smoke. He waits for it to clear, then yanks the safe open.

It's filled with cash and stocks and bonds certificates.

EXT. TRAILER - GENERATOR SHED

Novak grabs the biggest gasoline can.

Unscrews the top and douses the trailer with gas.

He takes out a lighter and strikes it, but it's dead.

He gets on his snow mobile and rides some distance away.

He pulls the rifle from the holster and fires a shot into the trailer.

The trailer catches fire, then, slowly everything goes up in flames.

Novak watches it burn, then rides away.

INT. ROBICHAUD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Robichaud is sitting in an armchair, drink in his hand. Half empty bottle of bourbon sits on the coffee table.

Phone RINGS. He picks it up.

INT. FLEA BAG MOTEL ROOM

Novak is on the phone. The bags of pills sit on the bed.

NOVAK

I need the drop place and time.

ROBICHAUD'S HOUSE

ROBICHAUD

Novak?

MOTEL

NOVAK

That's right, cocksucker. I made it.

## ROBICHAUD'S HOUSE

ROBICHAUD  
My uncle knows where the drop--

NOVAK  
(on phone)  
He didn't make it.

Robichaud looks like he's been hit by a two-by-four.

NOVAK  
The drop. And if you try to  
double-cross me again, I'll kill  
you.

ROBICHAUD  
(slowly)  
Diner at the Rt. 61 truck stop.  
Just before Ellensville. Listen,  
Novak, I'm sorr--

Novak clicks off.

Robichaud hangs up. Looks up at the ceiling.

Walks to his computer, inserts a flash drive into the slot.

SCREEN - Robichaud goes through file names. He finds one  
that has a coded name, all gibberish.

He runs a decryption software.

Gibberish unscrambles to MEDCALIBUR

Robichaud inserts a flash drive, drags the Medcalibur file  
onto it.

He pulls the flash drive out. Pulls out an odd-sized, blue  
envelope and drops the flash drive into it. Seals it.

## EXT. ROBICHAUD'S HOUSE - MAILBOX

Robichaud puts the envelope in the mailbox, raises the red  
flap.

Walks back toward the house.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Novak pulls in on a motorcycle.

He parks.

Scans the parking lot with his night vision goggles.

Green field of vision reveals no threat.

INT. TRUCK STOP DINER

A few diners and a sleepy waitress.

Unshaven FAT MAN sits at the last booth, mopping up his gravy fries.

Novak sits down opposite him. Puts a bulging back pack on the seat next to him.

NOVAK

Carson?

CARSON

Yeah. And you ain't Johnston.

He puts his hand on the butt of the gun that's tucked in his waist band.

NOVAK

Johnston's dead.

CARSON

That's too bad. Maybe it's true  
what they say. The only good Indian  
is a--

But one look from Novak is enough to shut him up. He hands Novak a bag.

Novak opens it. It's full of cash. He hands his backpack to Carson.

He hurries out of the diner.

INT. SULIVERES'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Suliveres is sleeping on top of his sheets, still wearing his clothes.

Phone RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

Suliveres rises from the dead, picks it up. Rubs his sore shoulder.

SULIVERES

Suliveres.  
(beat)  
What is it, Lou?

LOU

(on phone)  
There was a fire on the rez last night. A trailer burned down in the middle of nowhere. They pulled out one body. Maybe it's connected to your thing from last night.

Suliveres sits up, wide awake.

LIVING ROOM

He walks into the bathroom. Living room is in slight disarray.

INT. SULIVERES'S APT. - BATHROOM

Suliveres soaks under the shower.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - MORNING

Suliveres pulls up behind several NY State Police cruisers and a few unmarked police cars.

He gets out and walks across the road, through an unplowed driveway to:

JOHNSTON'S TRAILER

Or what's left of it.

Paramedics are zipping Johnston's burnt body into a body bag. He is beyond recognition.

Two uniformed troopers are standing by, watching.

TROOPER

This guy's toast.

They howl with laughter. Until they see Suliveres glare at them and they shut up.

(CONTINUED)

Suliveres approaches one of the paramedics.

SULIVERES  
How are you, Clyde?

CLYDE  
Detective Suliveres. What are you  
doing here?

SULIVERES  
Just poking around.  
(beat)  
Is Morty still the medical  
examiner?

CLYDE  
Yup.

SULIVERES  
Tell him to give me a call as soon  
as he's got an ID, all right?

CLYDE  
Sure thing.

SULIVERES  
Tell him to check military records  
if he comes up empty.

They wheel the body away.

Suliveres climbs into the trailer. Pokes around.

Checks out the safe. Traces the bullet holes with his  
finger.

FINES  
You think he killed Johnston for  
his share?

Suliveres is startled. He didn't see Fines standing behind  
him.

Fines has a bandage on his nose.

SULIVERES  
That would make sense. If he were a  
common criminal.

EXT. U.S./CANADA BORDER - DAY

Suliveres is driving across the border. He watches as the U.S. Border Agents take apart a black SUV.

He flashes his badge and he is let through.

EXT. ROBICHAUD'S HOUSE - DAY

Suliveres pulls up behind Robichaud's Mazda.

He gets out and walks into the house.

INT. ROBICHAUD'S HOUSE

The living room window is open.

Suliveres pulls his gun.

He walks around the canary's cage and looks up.

Puts his gun away and starts kicking the wall.

SULIVERES

Goddamit.

Robichaud has hanged himself from the rafters using nylon hiking rope.

EXT. ROBICHAUD'S HOUSE - DAY

Suliveres walks out the house, very slowly. He leaves the door open.

Folds a pocket knife shut.

He steadies himself on the mailbox. Almost knocks down the red flap in the process.

His phone RINGS.

He sits down on a rock and pulls out his cell phone.

SULIVERES

Agent Suliveres.

MORTY

(on phone)

How' you doin', Hugo?

(CONTINUED)

SULIVERES

I've been better. What do you got?

MORTY

Nothing until we checked military records. How did you know?

SULIVERES

(sadly)

Just a lucky guess.

MORTY

Robert Johnston. A full fledged Mohawk Indian, despite the name.

SULIVERES

Cause of death?

MORTY

We pulled a slug out of his chest. From a Glock. We'll have a match for you in a few hours.

Suliveres hangs up the phone.

He stares off into the white nothing.

INT. SULIVERES'S APARTMENT

Suliveres paces.

A few days have passed, the apartment has turned into a mess. There are papers everywhere, a few plates and coffee mugs.

Door bell RINGS. He is visibly surprised, clearly not expecting anyone.

FOYER

He opens the door. Gisie stands there in yet another tight outfit.

GISIE

What's that look for? It's Friday.

SULIVERES

Oh. Right. Come in.

LIVING ROOM

She looks around.

                  GISIE  
You all right, honey? This isn't  
like you.

                  SULIVERES  
It's just work.

                  GISIE  
Well, that's what Giselda is for.  
Some call me a natural de-stresser.

She heads toward the bedroom.

                  SULIVERES  
Let me ask you something, Gisie.

                  GISIE  
Shoot.

                  SULIVERES  
Do you think it's okay to do  
something that you know is against  
the law,...if you're doing it for  
the right reasons?

The Latina ponders this.

                  GISIE  
You mean me hooking to take care of  
my daughter?

                  SULIVERES  
No, that's not what I meant.

                  GISIE  
I think you're all mixed up. Let me  
put you right.

She starts unbuttoning his shirt.

Suliveres's phone BEEPS with a text message.

He opens it, looks at it.

INSERT - Phone screen message - He's here.

Suliveres puts his phone away, buttons his shirt. Takes out  
his wallet, gives some bills to her.

(CONTINUED)

SULIVERES

I gotta run. Let yourself out.

He heads for the front door. She counts the money.

GISIE

This is too much.

SULIVERES

Buy Isabelle that math book I told  
you about.

He walks out. The door closes. Gisie is puzzled, to say the least.

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

The post master watches Novak walk out with his mail.

Novak has the envelopes in his hand, one of them is an odd-sized blue one.

He walks out through the side entrance.

EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Front, main-street entrance. Suliveres's Honda screeches to a halt in front of it.

He runs inside, a few seconds later he runs out again. Looks up and down the street.

A motorcycle appears from the side street next to the post office.

Novak makes the right hand turn and rides down Main street.

Suliveres notices him, jumps back in his car and follows.

EXT. ANNE MARIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Novak rides his motorcycle up the driveway.

Suliveres's Honda pulls up to the curb across the street.

He sits. Watches a YOUNG MOTHER and her FOUR-YEAR OLD DAUGHTER walk down the street.

He looks away.

EXT. ANNE MARIE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Different shot. The street is deserted. Sun is barely above the horizon.

A TAXI pulls up to the house.

Front door opens and Novak walks out with the kids. They are still half asleep.

Anne Marie stands in the doorway, wearing a thick bathrobe.

NOVAK

Thanks for everything. Go inside  
before you catch a cold.

Anne Marie gives the kids a hug and a kiss and then hugs Novak.

ANNE MARIE

Take care of yourself, Cane.

Novak gets in the back of the cab with the kids.

Taxi pulls away.

INT. TAXI

Novak sits in the back with the kids. They are sleeping.

They are driving out of town.

TAXI DRIVER

There's a bus station in  
Ogdensburg, too.

NOVAK

I know.

He keeps looking in the rear view mirror.

Notices a POLICE CAR that pulls behind the taxi.

Cop car follows..

For a full minute.

Turns into a side street.

Novak breathes a sigh of relief.

EXT. TRAIN/BUS STATION - MORNING

The cab drives down through the downtown section of another town and pulls up to an classic looking combination train/bus station.

It's early, no one is out and about, even the cab stand is empty.

INT. STATION

Novak walks out of the Greyhound booth with the kids.

They sit down on one of the wooden benches.

Novak closes his eyes.

When he opens them, he is looking at Border Patrol Agent Suliveres.

Suliveres sits down on the bench next to Novak.

NOVAK

How did you find me? I didn't tell anyone.

SULIVERES

I followed you from the post office.

(beat)

Don't feel bad. You're not the career criminal type. You were bound to fuck up sooner or later.

NOVAK

(points to his kids)

Please. Language.

SULIVERES

Sorry. I told you the next time we talked, things would be different.

NOVAK

You still have no evidence.

SULIVERES

Nothing solid. But the circumstantial's enough to start a proceeding. We threaten to take your kids away unless you cooperate. That sort of thing.

(CONTINUED)

NOVAK

What did you promise Robichaud? For him to rat out his own blood.

Suliveres studies Gerda, who looks at him fearfully.

SULIVERES

Robichaud was weak.

NOVAK

Was?

SULIVERES

He killed himself.

NOVAK

I wish I could say I'm sorry.

SULIVERES

I am. For Johnston, too.

NOVAK

Johnston knew the risks. He died like a man.

Novak reaches in his pocket for a little note book. He writes something on it. Tears off a page and gives it to his kids.

NOVAK

I was never much for idle chatter. That's my mother-in-law. Call her and have her pick up the kids before you take me in.

Suliveres takes the paper, looks at it.

SULIVERES

I take you in, Marcel finds another Indian to run his pills and your kids grows up to be juvenile delinquents. Justice is served.

He balls up the paper and throws it back at Novak.

He stands.

NOVAK

And the law?

SULIVERES

If you find this in any police manual, let me know.

(CONTINUED)

He starts walking away.

NOVAK

Thanks.

Suliveres knocks over a garbage can in anger. The train station SECURITY GUARD sees it.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey!

Suliveres pulls his badge and flashes it at him without looking.

TITLE CARD - Six months later.

INT. BORDER PATROL BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Suliveres sits in the midst of the other agents, while Captain Quinn conducts the briefing.

CPT. QUINN

And lastly, the joint patrols with the Tribal Police were a great success. The governor is stopping by next week to give a commendation to the department as a whole. All, right, that's it. Be careful out there.

Briefing's over. Agents are filing out.

GROOPER

I have the report on the tobacco bust, Hugo.

Suliveres claps him on the shoulder.

SULIVERES

Thanks. Just leave it on my desk.

MAIL SLOTS

Suliveres gathers his mail. Goes back to his desk.

## SULIVERES'S DESK

He paws through his mail. Comes upon one with no return address.

He opens it. It contains a flash drive and a note.

He unfolds the note.

INSERT - Note - Robichaud mailed this to me to atone for his sins. It was supposed to be a bargaining chip in case you caught me. - Happy Hunting, Detective Suliveres.

Suliveres puts the flash drive in.

Opens the Medcalibur file. First thing that pops up is Marcel's picture, then an organizational chart.

Suliveres looks from the screen to:

PHOTO of Suliveres and his buddy on graduation day.

DISSOLVE TO:

Picture of Annabel, smiling and healthy.

INT. HOUSE - KIDS' BEDROOM - DAY

The new kids' room for Gerda and Haley.

Gerda has just put Annabel's picture on an end table. The room has the spartan look of a work-in-progress, just two small beds and the end table.

There are unpacked boxes everywhere.

Haley is jumping up and down on one of the beds.

NOVAK

All right, we can unpack the rest later. Let's go outside and hang the swing set.

The kids run out of the room. Novak looks at Annabel's picture, then follows them.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The house stands in the middle of a corn field.

The kids run toward a tree with one almost horizontal limb.

Novak walks behind them, carrying a tool box and a swing set.

The sun is setting on a sea of corn.

Yellow light, as far as the eye can see.

THE END