

White Run

By

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an original screenplay

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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 in Canada 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 the 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.