

GRIZZLY SUMMER

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE GROUNDS - COLORADO - MORNING

Worked hands wearing second degree burns fasten luggage above a new Cherokee Jeep parked up on the large gravel grounds. Trunk open.

These are the worked hands of KURT PATTERSON, 30's. He lifts a large suitcase into the trunk, pushes the bag in.

KURT

Hey Dwayne, did you get the bullets like I told you to?

DWAYNE

Sure dad. You got both your rifles?

DWAYNE PATTERSON, 11, walks to the Jeep carrying a plastic case full of rifle bullets.

KURT

Look to that door there...

Dwayne's eyes move to the car door - a shotgun is tucked away and another rifle resting beside it.

A woman briskly approaches from the white pillars of the house to the car. This is KERRY PATTERSON, 30's, with mousy hair is a simple beauty.

KERRY

Dwayne? Less of rifles, here, take these sandwiches into the car. Your Auntie Hanna will be here soon -- you know Charlie's gonna sniff and have his paws all over everything.

She hands Dwayne a box of packed sandwiches.

A Ford Jeep glides onto their drive now. Two people get out of it.

HANNA

How are you Kerry?

HANNA, 30's, is bubbly brunette.

Kerry approaches, excited, they embrace for a moment.

Kurt's eyes through the glass follow Dwayne as he paces towards their Ford.

KERRY

I am great. Dwayne kept me up all night talking about the summer ranch... whilst Kurt was polishing those guns of his. -
... Boys

Hanna laughs, eyes moving to Kurt.

HANNA

Mine's a big baby... How's Kurt?

KURT

- Good, you alright Hanna?

HANNA

(continuing)
I am good thanks...
(eyes on Kerry)
Joel's the same -- he doesn't stop talking about fishing.

JOEL, mid 30's, wears an easy-going smile as he approaches.

KURT

Hey buddy...?

JOEL

That's a nice car man...
(jokingly)
-- You must have give yourself a pay increase, to get that thing buddy?

KURT

Well you know, I thought I'd treat myself seen as though business has been damn busy these last few months.

Kurt's smile straightens, he looks at Kerry peering at him.

KERRY

-- Yeah, Joel. He's worked really hard recently.

She rubs her hand on Kurt's chest, forms a protective look.

JOEL

-- Yeah, tell me about it -- are you hiring?

(MORE)

JOEL (CONT'D)

-- They've been busting my ass at
the hire company ... but it's a job.
(looking around)
You know what they say -- work hard
and play hard, right?

Kurt straightens a suitcase in the trunk of the car
remaining silent for a second.

KURT

Sure thing.

JOEL

And how is you?

KERRY

I am good, you?

Joel leans to Kerry, they embrace like old friends.

KERRY (CONT'D)

We've got plenty of food

JOEL

--Well that settles it, I've got
plenty of beers.

KURT

-- Awesome.

CHARLIE, a golden retriever, darts out of the Ford towards
Dwayne. He stands with paws on him, sniffing at the box.

HANNA

So, you guys all set then?

KERRY

Pretty much.

She's bending stroking the dog now with Dwayne.

JOEL

-- Well, let's hit that road!

DWAYNE

Mom, can I ride with auntie Hanna?
Please?...

KERRY

Sure.

Kerry's eyes move to Kurt with empathy. He eyes her back.

KERRY (CONT'D)
... No, let him...

Kurt secures a barbeque down tightly with straps.

KURT
-- Sure. Go on son.

KERRY
You're riding half way with us,
Dwayne...

Dwayne runs into their car with Charlie following.

Hanna makes her way to the car looking back at Kerry.

KURT
Let's get moving.

KERRY
-- You think the place is gonna be
alright?

KURT
Yeah, should be fine... Who's gonna
look after it anyway... Besides we
have the best security system in
the area.

KERRY
I gave a key to Linda, she said
she'd cut the grass.

KURT
I don't really like her.

KERRY
She's fine, I've known her for
years.

KURT
(closing the trunk)
Remember the last time when she
left the toaster on all night.
...You're too trusting...

Kerry looks at him in thought now regretful.

Kurt walks round the car and opens the door.

KURT (CONT'D)
Take it easy on the speed Joel, and
stay behind me...

Joel drinks from a can, smiles back through his open window.
With Cherokee leading the Ford, the cars pull away.

INT. CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

Kurt looks down the road with green tree's tunnelling it. His scarred hands clutch at the polished leather wheel.

KERRY

Don't blame him, he's just a boy.

KURT

I am not blaming him... He's meant to be with his family that's all.

KERRY

I know baby, we planned all this together.

KURT

I'll always remember going hunting with my father... was always by his side.

Kerry rubs his leg with sympathy. Her face warms.

KERRY

It's my fault, I am sorry

KURT

No, it's not... I am picking up Marco anyway. I've known him for a long time too.

Kurt glances at the Ford through the rear-view mirror.

Kerry sits back in her seat a little despondent now.

INT. SHERIFFS OFFICE - WEST VALLEY CITY - DAY

A Sheriff- CARSON, 50's, round at the belly from too many coffees and donuts holds a place of food.

A frail PRISONER, 20's, behind bars for something stands peering back at the Sheriff.

The wooden floor creaks behind the Sheriff, followed by footsteps entering. The Sheriff turns. Stops frozen.

DENO
No, eat. Go ahead.

DENO RAMIREZ, 40's, dark hair, dark bulging eyes -- gazes around the office now.

Carson's eyes elevate, look into his, then drift back to his gun...

CARSON
It's for the prisoner.

Deno walks across to him gazing at the plate of breakfast.

He looks closely at the Sheriff, sniffs the plate. His eyes slide past the Sheriff onto the Prisoner.

DENO
Smells like shit.

He laughs like a madman, turns and looks to SANCHO, 40's, his partner -- a large overweight man, with a scar on his face from a knife wound. Nothing but sinister.

Sancho clutching a SHOTGUN sniggers.

DENO (CONT'D)
(eyes on Sheriff)
Would you eat this?

CARSON
I told you, it's for the prisoner,
not me.

DENO
(loud)
I asked you, if you'd eat it!?

A DEPUTY, 20's, blonde hair, comes RUNNING from the back of the office -- his startled face falls onto Sancho.

Sancho LIFTS the SHOTGUN up to the Deputy, his face straightens as the Deputy raises his hands nervously.

Deno approaches the young Deputy, his cutting eyes scan him.

He walks around to Carson with his hand on his Wesson as he calculates.

DENO (CONT'D)
(feeling his stubble)
You didn't answer me.

CARSON
(nervously)
Yes. I suppose I would.

DENO
You don't remember me do you?

Deno eyes the Sheriffs badge.

CARSON
Don't you men do anything silly...

DENO
(whispering)
My name is Deno.

Carson's expression tightens, he tries to move.

Deno pulls out his Wesson Magnum, PINS it to his stomach

CARSON
I had to help that woman, that's
what I get paid for!

He gives Deno a bleak look.

DENO
And what about the other woman!?
It took me an extra two days to get
to Provo... and she died.
(waving his gun)
A healthy heart for a young woman
was very difficult to find.

CARSON
They've all gone... everyone's, I
mean almost everyone's moved out of
this district... Nobody knows
anything nor do they need to know.

Deno eyes his badge.

DENO
What about this?

CARSON
Just doing my job so that nobody
gets hurt. Life's too fragile.

Deno nods in agreement. His eyes pan the office now

DENO
Is he still around?

CARSON

Who?

DENO

...Jed Taylor. Where is he?

CARSON

He retired...

Carson's eyes move to his gun under the desk.

Deno smiles a look of repulsion. His eyes drift to the Deputy then back onto the Sheriff.

DENO

If you eat food like that, you
can't be very healthy on the
inside.

Carson swallows HEARTBEATS hammering his throat.

Deno takes the plate of food, places it down carefully. He then removes the Sheriff's badge, pushes it into his mouth, in a sudden outburst of rage

- His DIRT stained FINGERS push the silver star inside.

DENO (CONT'D)

Eat... this!

-- Carson CHOKES, stumbles backwards onto his desk.

-- Deno takes the Wesson, pushes the barrel onto the badge.

We hear SPLUTTERS, the Sheriff's HANDS CLUTCH on Deno's shirt, SQUEEZING TIGHTER.

The Deputy's eyes fixed in horror, now turn away.

AN EAR SHATTERING BLAST SPIKES THE AIR -- BLOOD SPLATTERS.

The Sheriff drops LIFELESS. A vague EXIT WOUND to the back of his head brings the young Deputy to horror.

The Deputy GAITS for his life now --

Sancho TRACKS, then FIRES a BLAST -- BLOWS HIM back.

A MESS OF BLOOD COVERS THE PAINTED WALL.

DENO (CONT'D)

Sancho! He was healthy! That's two
hundred thousand dollars, I have to
find now!

Sancho with piercing eyes stares back at Deno.

The room is devoured by an awkward silence of death.

Deno composes himself, wipes the spit from his mouth. He stares down to the Sheriff, then takes his keys.

He lifts the plate of food inches away from blood. Staring back at the terrified Prisoner, unlocks his door carefully and slides the plate of food to him.

The Prisoner doesn't know where to look.

DENO (CONT'D)
Go ahead, eat. You must be hungry.
Not me, I have eaten.

The malnourished Prisoner fears his life, trembles bending down for the plate.

DENO (CONT'D)
Don't worry amigo, I am not going
to kill you, not today. It's a
lawman I am after...
(smiling at Sancho)
Besides you won't make it.

The Prisoner takes a bite smiling now.

SANCHO
You're not healthy enough...

They laugh. The Prisoner ecstatic sits down to eat.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The place is shaken up, Deno and Sancho have looted the bodies to make it look like a robbery.

Deno's eyes peer out through the glass window, waiting.

A YOUNG Sheriffs ASSISTANT, mid 20's, vigilantly runs towards the Sheriff's office now.

They DUCK DOWN, wait for him in silence.

He approaches, Deno -- FIRES a SILENCED SHOT - into his leg.

A mess of blood-soaked FLESH and TORN FABRIC as he STUMBLES.

Deno stands over him looking as the Assistants eyes well up.

ASSISTANT

Please... I've... just started... here

Deno's dark eyes absorb into the Assistants. He pans his gun and FIRES ANOTHER whistling SHOT into the other leg

The Young Assistant glares up, starts to cry in agony.

Deno's eyes move to Sancho's, he reads them. Sancho lifts the Assistant onto his shoulder. They MOVE-

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The road is desolate. An old Lincoln town cars engine, clunks over but it's ready.

They pace to it quickly. Deno climbs into the front.

Sancho opens the rear door, SHOVES the Young Assistant into the back seat, then COLLAPSES IN himself, closes the door.

INT. LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

Deno tucks his gun away.

DENO

Let's get out of here!

The car spins away.

AMADO, mid 30's, the driver - turns his red bulging eyes into the rear of the car for a glance. --

AMADO

To the farmhouse?

DENO

((catching his breath)
Take it straight there... Carson's
waiting for us.

BLOOD SPILLS onto the old beige leather seat, from the Young Assistants messy wounds as the car rocks on the road.

The Assistants eyes flicker. Hands TREMBLING with pain.

DENO (CONT'D)

(looking back)
Keep him with us Sancho!

Sancho spills water from a bottle onto his face now. He

coughs, wakens. Beat.

Deno removes an expensive gold lighter he's pulled from the Sheriff and peers at it eccentrically, then lights up a rolled paper. The smoke dances around his dirty face.

DENO (CONT'D)

-- These people have easy lives and the nicest things... It's a crime.

INT. CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

Kurt's scarred hand applies the new hand brake of the car.

EXT. GHETTO ROAD - SOMEWHERE LIKE SHERIDAN - CONTINUOUS

Tightly parked cars, not even aligned properly and opened bags of rubbish on sidewalks of graffiti covered streets.

INT. CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

They listen to the radio playing music

KERRY

He all packed to come along?

Kurt's eyes move to the REAR VIEW MIRROR, the Ford turns into the corner, parks behind them.

KURT

Yeah, he's all set babe.

Kurt looks into Kerry's eyes

KERRY

You don't think he's a bad influence on Dwayne? It's just the crew he hangs with, that's all

MARCO, late 20's, Mexican, strong build, exits an old house with a single suitcase, descends metal stairs.

Kurt watches Marco approach the car now.