

THE BAD EYE
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. PROVIDENCE, FEDERAL HILL - DAY - 1927

A hunchback HURDY-GURDY MAN cranks "O SOLE MIO" from an barrel organ. His scruffy monkey begs with a tin cup.

Immigrant ITALIANS haggle with pushcart VENDORS over wares: live chickens and rabbits trapped in wooden cages, whole fish with glazed eyes, chestnuts, garlic, cheese and red tomatoes.

ASSUNTA MARINO, short and swarthy, old for her forty years, tows her beautiful child, MARY, aged six. The little girl has luminous blue eyes the color of the sky.

They pass by an OPERA-SINGING BARBER shaving a CUSTOMER,
a TAILOR with a mouthful of pins,
a GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER scanning a MAN's hand,
and a BUTCHER in a meat market with hanging, bloody animals.

A painted PROSTITUTE slithers out from an alleyway and Assunta jerks Mary closer, gesturing the sign of the cross.

A tall STRANGER, wearing a fedora and overcoat, blocks their path. He has a handlebar moustache and connected eyebrows.

STRANGER

Excuse me. I couldn't help notice
what a pretty daughter you have.

Assunta freezes.

ASSUNTA

NO! GET AWAY, YOU!

She spits!

Assunta forms the "mano fico" fig sign: the thumb inserted between the first and second finger, then scratches her buttocks. As they march off, Little Mary resists her mother's tugging, peering back at the Stranger with her big blue eyes.

INT. MARINO APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

A painting of the "Sacred Heart" hangs above the stove - Jesus in a scarlet robe with light radiating from his exposed, cross-scored chest. Red devil's horn peppers suspend from a nail under the Messiah.

A cast iron pot is splattered with tomato sauce.

Mary's on the table, flushed and sweaty, sprawled across a red and white checkered tablecloth. She vomits on the floor.

Assunta fills a bowl with water, then a glass with olive oil. She dabs the oil with her index finger and drips three drops into the water.

ASSUNTA
Corpus Domine e Passione di Christo
libera nos mal'occhio tristo.

SUPER: "May the Body and Passion of Our Lord save us from the Bad Eye."

The droplets of oil run together and form an orb.

It BURSTS!

The oil separates and SPUTTERS, as if boiling.

ASSUNTA (cont'd)
NO! No! God, no!

Assunta grabs a pair of scissors and SNIPS over the bowl, but the oil continues to SPUTTER and blend into the water.

She spits on Mary's forehead and smears a slimy cross.

ASSUNTA (cont'd)
No, no, please.

The woman drops her scissors, slumps over the table and sobs. Little Mary wants a hug, but her mother pushes her away.

INT. MARINO APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's Christmas Eve. The walls are bare, except for a suspended crucifix wrapped with dried palm fronds.

Simple wooden toys and dolls lay under a sparse pine tree with few ornaments.

GUISEPPE MARINO'S fleshy hand is wrapped around a wine glass. He laughs with yellow teeth, watching his two boys wrestling on the floor: ANTHONY, nine; and JOSEPH, ten.

Mary and her sister BARBARA, eight, play with homespun dolls.

Assunta's scowling, wiping her hands on her apron.

ASSUNTA
Let the strega open hers!

JOSEPH
Mama, she ain't no witch!

ASSUNTA
Shut up!

A box with a red ribbon is unopened.

JOSEPH
C'mon, Mary! Open it!

Mary lifts the lid, surprised to see a beautiful white dress.

ANTHONY
Put it on, Mary! It's so nice!

Mary looks at her mother.

ASSUNTA
Put on the dress.

Little Mary blushes as she removes her old dress.

GUISEPPE
Ahh!

Guiseppe adjusts the new dress, then runs his large hands over her body. Mary's stiff and disengaged.

GUISEPPE (cont'd)
It fits good. Your Poppa is happy.

Assunta slinks away to the kitchen.

Mary remains still, staring up at the crucifix.

INT. MARINO APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Guiseppe's hunched over the table with bloodshot eyes the color of his wine. He plucks a *guitar*, a pasta-maker, while Assunta washes dishes in the set-tub.

GUISEPPE
Son-of-a-bitch, huh? One lousy day
and it's over. They break the toys;
I go back to work.

ASSUNTA
Hey! Youse keep makin' the babies!
Who's gonna feed them?

GUISEPPE
Shut up you mouth! In the old
country we butcher the cow that
don't make no milk!

ASSUNTA
So, what am I, a cow?

Mary lingers in the doorway, wearing her new dress.

GUISEPPE
Hey, come over here you.

Guisepppe hoists the child onto his lap as his suspicious wife
steals a glance.

GUISEPPE (cont'd)
You like the new dress?

MARY
Yes, Poppa.

GUISEPPE
Mmmm. You smell like sweet lemons.
You know I work hard to buy you
this. I pay a lot of money. My
little doll is so beautiful.

He reaches for his glass and it spills! Red wine runs off the
table, staining the white dress!

ASSUNTA
No!

GUISEPPE
What did you do?

He SLAPS the little girl!

ASSUNTA
Take it off!

Assunta forces the dress over the Mary's head, ripping a cut
under her earlobe. Guisepppe plops her on the floor. Blood
trickles down Mary's neck, but she doesn't cry.

INT. MARINO APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

The two boys sleep, huddled on the wooden floor, as wind ruffles a frayed curtain, exposing the frosted window.

Mary shivers, curled next to Barbara.

Guisepppe staggers in, MUMBLING in Italian. Accidentally, he knocks the chamber pot over, and it spills on Joseph.

GUISEPPE

Get out of here you. Take him.

Joseph rouses his brother Anthony and they scurry out.

Guisepppe kneels and strokes Mary's face.

GUISEPPE (cont'd)

Wake up, little doll. I'm sorry.

MARY

Huh?

GUISEPPE

The dress will be fine. We wash it away. It's okay.

He caresses her face, then her leg.

Barbara stirs, pulling the blanket over her head.

GUISEPPE (cont'd)

Go back to sleep.

She pretends to snore.

Guisepppe unbuttons his pants and continues to rub. His meaty hand slides to Mary's underwear.

Assunta looms in the doorway, peering into the room.

MARY

No, Poppa. Please. No.

GUISEPPE

Your Poppa loves you very much.

MARY

Poppa, no, please. It hurts.

GUISEPPE

You make your Poppa feel so good.

Mary rises and sinks her tiny teeth into his forearm!

GUISEPPE (cont'd)
AHH! Puttana! Jesus Christ!

Guiseppe SLAPS her! His blood spots Mary's face.

MARY
MAMA!

Assunta disappears.

More SLAPS!

Mary is forced to initiate her power of Italian malocchio.
She glares at her father's crotch, her eyes like laser beams.

Guiseppe grabs his genitals!

GUISEPPE
AHHH! AHHH! AHHH! STREGA!

He falls to the floor, holding his privates, writhing.

GUISEPPE (cont'd)
AHHH! AHHH! AHHH!

Barbara crawls to the corner as Mary grinds her bloody teeth.

EXT. ROSE ISLAND FERRY - DAY - 1940

A crisp, clear, late summer day on Narragansett Bay.

Waves POUND the ferry's bow, spraying Mary and her sister Barbara, now in their early twenties. They SCREAM with delight! Barbara's buxom with a large nose, and Mary is gorgeous, petite and curvy.

Mary grips the railing, awed by the approaching island: the blue water contrasting vivid greens and oyster-white shacks - a world apart from the grimy city.

The ferry THROTTLES DOWN to dock. The girls are jolted when it bounces off the muck-topped pilings.

A muscular blond man in work clothes waits on the pier.

HARRIS FARNHAM, thirty, is smiling with his arms akimbo.

EXT. ROSE ISLAND, FERRY LANDING - DAY

The Landing is rustic: a small store, cottages, jalopies.

PASSENGERS unload cargo and groceries.

Handsome Harris jokes with a few provincial ISLANDERS, but keeps an eye on Mary coming ashore.

HARRIS
Welcome to Rose Island.

The Marino sisters giggle.

MARY
It's nice here.

BARBARA
O Di! So quiet! How can youse stand it?

HARRIS
Oh, we get by.

Harris is preoccupied with pretty Mary.

HARRIS (cont'd)
I've never seen you here before.

MARY
That's because I never been here before.

BARBARA
We're from Providence, you know? City girls.

HARRIS
You should have brought bicycles.

BARBARA
We didn't think.

HARRIS
Let me unload my stuff and I'll take you up to the farm. There's some bikes up there you can use.

BARBARA
Oh, I don't know, we...

MARY
That would be nice. Thank you.

HARRIS
You didn't bring any lunch?

MARY
No.

BARBARA
We was going to get something here.

HARRIS
You girls really take the cake!

MARY
What?

HARRIS
We got no restaurant. There's
nothing. No cop, no fillin'
station, nothing.

BARBARA
We thought it was a tourist place.

HARRIS
Tourists? Ha, ha, ha!

MARY
What's so funny?

HARRIS
This isn't Nantucket. But, you
girls can be tourists. I'll make
sure of that.

MARY
What are you, the boss out here?

HARRIS
Ha, ha, ha! No, not yet. Wait, I'll
be right with you.

Harris boards the ferry and the bearded CAPTAIN passes him a
case of Canadian Club whiskey.

Barbara scans the landing, leery of the locals, but Mary's
smiling, content in the sunshine.

EXT. ROSE ISLAND - DAY

The sisters bounce gently on the bed of Harris's loaded pick-up, past a salt marsh, a rugged hummock and a cobble beach.

Mary's mesmerized by egrets drying their outstretched wings, skittering terns, and a gull smashing a quahog on the rocks.

Harris yells out from the cab.

HARRIS
HOLD ON!

The truck speeds up the hill! Barbara holds on for dear life while Mary beams, her hair blowing in the wind.

EXT. FARNHAM FARM, BARN - DAY

Chickens scatter as Harris rolls two bicycles from the huge red barn. He wipes a seat for Mary.

The girls push off, wobbly, down the shaded farm road. Harris runs along, steadying Mary, before he sets her free.

He's fascinated, watching until they're out of sight.

EXT. SHORELINE - DAY

The city girls struggle along a gravel road as rabbits dart into the dense shrub. Barbara stops to walk, but her younger sister rides far ahead.

Mary pauses on a hill, astonished by a white-tailed deer grazing in the brush.

Out on the Bay, an ominous, gray Navy destroyer floats by.

Barbara sees it, but Mary's too absorbed.

EXT. FARNHAM FARM - DAY

In the yard between the big barn and the twelve-room farmhouse, Harris argues with his younger brother. TODD, late twenties, is smaller than Harris with neatly combed hair, clean clothes and blue eyes.

They stop speaking when the sisters return with the bikes.

HARRIS
You all done?

MARY
Yeah. It was beautiful. Could we
get a drink from the well?

HARRIS
Sure. I got some sandwiches and pop
for you. Are you going back on the
three o'clock boat?

BARBARA
Oh God, we miss that and Mama will
kill us!

HARRIS
We wouldn't want that! We'd better
get going.

Harris notices Todd eyeing Mary.

HARRIS (cont'd)
This is Todd. My brother.

MARY
Hello.

TODD
Hello.

BARBARA
Quite a place youse got out here.
He chuckles and talks to Barbara's breasts.

TODD
We like it.

Todd's wife, Millie, calls from the farmhouse.

MILLIE (O.S.)
TODD! TODD!

TODD
What the hell does she want now?

MILLIE FARNHAM rushes from the farmhouse wiping her hands on
a rag. She's a hard thirty-five with her hair in a bun.

MILLIE
The old man wants you, Todd. Now!

Millie inspects the strangers.

HARRIS
C'mon, girls.

Millie takes Todd's arm and leads him back to the house.

MILLIE
He wants to talk to you now, Todd.

Todd pivots in time to ogle Mary sliding into the truck cab.

EXT. ROSE ISLAND, FERRY LANDING - DAY

The bay is calm, except for SQUAWKING seagulls.

Mary and Barbara eat lunch on the truck bed with Harris.

PASSENGERS board the ferry, passing a group of ISLANDERS, simple folks yapping at each other.

BARBARA
Hurry up. We don't want to get stranded here.

HARRIS
That wouldn't be so bad.

The ferry horn BLASTS!

BARBARA
Oh, God, let's go! Hey, thanks a lot. See you later!

MARY
Thanks for everything. We were so stupid.

HARRIS
No you weren't. This is a different world out here.

BARBARA
I'll say.

Harris can't get his eyes off Mary.

HARRIS
Look, I, ah, wrote my address down. I mean, in case you ever wanted to write. It's nice out here in the fall.

BARBARA
C'mon, Mary!

Harris hands Mary a scrap of paper.

MARY
Oh, I don't know. Well, maybe. Bye.

HARRIS
If you, if you get a chance. I'll
be here.

Harris watches them board, smitten.

INT. MARINO APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

Six yellow eggs yolks float in a bowl.

Barbara separates the yolks from the whites with a spoon
while Mary reads a letter.

MARY
He wants us to come back.

BARBARA
I'm not goin' back there for
nothing.

MARY
I can't go alone!

White-haired Assunta Marino hobbles in with a cane.

ASSUNTA
Since when you get mail?

MARY
Since today. Listen to this: "You
sure are a swell-looking little
peach."

BARBARA
Let me see that!

MARY
Don't touch it! Pour the whites
into the water.

BARBARA
This ain't gonna work.

MARY
Don't mix it!

BARBARA
Okay, now what?

MARY
We leave it outside. The night air
has to get to it.

BARBARA
Mama, that man wants Mary to go
back to the island.

ASSUNTA
I guess he never seen a peach with
thorns.

Mary ignores the remark, running her finger over the writing,
sniffing the letter.

EXT. MARINO APARTMENT - DAY

Mary hangs washed clothes on a line beside a grape arbor in
the tiny backyard. A crow lands on the trellis.

She sprinkles salt over the clothes.

Glancing about, she ducks under the arbor and retrieves the
egg-white bottle, peering into it, perplexed.

Barbara opens an upstairs window.

BARBARA
Who is it?

MARY
It don't look like him at all.

BARBARA
Who does it look like?

MARY
It looks like the brother.

BARBARA
Oh, God. I knew we shouldn't have
done that.

Mary gazes into the bottle, then throws it on the ground.

Milky liquid seeps into the dirt.

EXT. FARNHAM FARM - DAY

Crows CAW, perched among the autumn leaves. The farmhouse and barn shimmer, surrounded by hayed fields.

Mary, wearing a blouse and tight sweater, leans on a lichen stone wall. She's cradling a kitten.

HARRIS (O.C.)
Sit on the wall.

MARY
I ain't gonna get dirty for no picture.

HARRIS (O.C.)
C'mon, Mary. Please.

MARY
Alright. Only for you.

She sits. The kitten MEWS and she kisses it.

HARRIS (O.C.)
Okay, smile for the camera.

MARY
Just take it!

HARRIS (O.C.)
Not until you smile.

MARY
Hurry up. Before it rains.

HARRIS
Mary, it's not going to rain.
There's no clouds in the sky!

MARY
It's going to pour in a few minutes! I can feel it.

The kitten squirms. Mary kisses it, then lets it go.

MARY (cont'd)
You want to be free too, huh, little kitty?

HARRIS (O.C.)
Ready?

Mary pulls her sweater over her head, fixes her hair, unbuttons the top three buttons of her blouse, and transforms herself with a sexy, alluring pose.

CLICK.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, KITCHEN - DAY

Rain streaks down the windows.

LARS, forty, a German cook with a handlebar moustache, peels potatoes. Encircled by hanging pots and pans, he HUMS a Deutsch "lied".

Harris scurries in, towing Mary. Both are sopped.

HARRIS
Where is he?

LARS
In the library.

Lars stops working and eavesdrops.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, LIBRARY - DAY

The room is shelved with an eclectic collection of books. There's also a Bible stand with a huge, leather-bound Gospel.

JONAH FARNHAM, lean and fit at seventy, is sleeping in a chair with a book splayed across his lap.

Mary tries to pull Harris away from the door, but he insists.

HARRIS
Pop?

JONAH
Huh? Oh, Harris.

HARRIS
I want you to meet the girl I was telling you about.

JONAH
What girl?

HARRIS
The one from Providence. This is Mary.

The old man gives Mary the once-over.

Distant THUNDER RUMBLES.

MARY
Hello.

JONAH
What's your last name, young lady?

MARY
Marino.

JONAH
Marino? What do you want with my son?

MARY
I don't want nothing. He's my friend. Is that some kind of crime?

JONAH
(laughs)
No! No crime. Harris, have her wait outside.

With a jerk of the head, Harris motions Mary to leave. Mary slowly backs out of the room. She almost bumps into Lars.

EXT. FARNHAM FARM - DAY

The rain has stopped in the kitchen garden. Mary's discovered a wet comfrey plant with leaves like hairy donkey ears. She rubs them with her fingers.

VOICES drift from inside the house.

JONAH (O.C.)
What's the matter with you bringing a wop into this house?

Mary crushes the green leaf.

HARRIS (O.C.)
Pop...

JONAH (O.C.)
Your mother would turn in her grave.

HARRIS (O.C.)
She's different, Pop. You don't understand.

JONAH (O.C.)
I don't understand? Goddamn greasy dagos. They're all the same. Animals!

Mary backs away from the house and the voices become MUFFLED.

She tramps along a fence to a massive vegetable garden. The gate is open. She passes a wheelbarrow full of squashes, chard and beets, and finds Millie on her knees, weeding.

MILLIE
Did you close the gate?

MARY
It was open.

MILLIE
We need it closed.

MARY
I didn't know. I'm sorry.

MILLIE
You city people don't know any better.

MARY
Huh? Look, I don't want no trouble.

MILLIE
I didn't say you did. I just want the gate shut. We got rabbits, we got deer, we got woodchucks, the gate is supposed to be closed. Okay?

MARY
Okay! Jeez, I don't think nobody wants me here except Harris.

MILLIE
Well, I sure didn't invite you.

MARY
(mocking Millie)
I didn't say you did.

MILLIE
Let me tell you a little secret,
Marie.

MARY
It's Mary.

MILLIE
Mary. Marie. Harris already has a
girl.

MARY
What?

MILLIE
He didn't tell you about Nancy?

MARY
He didn't mention no Nancy.

MILLIE
I love the way you talk. Ever hear
of a double negative? I guess not.
Nancy was here all last summer.
Beautiful girl. Pretty blond hair.

The blood drains from Mary's face.

MILLIE (cont'd)
Why would he tell you? He just
wants to get you in the barn. He
does it to every girl that comes
over here.

MARY
You're makin' this up.

MILLIE
Look, Mary, Marie, whatever your
name is, I don't care if you
believe me or not. I have work to
do. You know where the gate is. And
don't leave it open!

Millie pulls weeds with a vengeance as Mary withdraws.

MILLIE (cont'd)
Hey! Did he call you a little
peach?

Mary runs out, SLAMMING the gate.

EXT. FARNHAM FARM, BARN - DAY

A dust cloud trails a pick-up truck charging toward the barn!
Todd's driving, TOOTING the horn!

Mary peeks from the corner of the house as Harris bursts out
the front door! The truck BRAKES and Todd leaps from the cab!

TODD
WE LOST ANOTHER ONE!

A sick calf is sprawled on the pick-up bed.

HARRIS
Jesus Christ!

Harris attempts to check the animal's mouth.

TODD
Don't touch it!

Jonah and Lars dash out of the house!

JONAH
GOD DAMMIT!

LARS
Same thing. Purple tongue.

JONAH
Harris! Get a shovel and bury it in
the north lot. Deep! And make sure
you wash everything!

The calf inhales.

MARY
It's still breathing.

JONAH
Get it in the ground before it
contaminates the others.

MARY
You can't do that!

Todd laughs.

HARRIS
It's okay, Mary.

JONAH
Stay out of this, little girl.

MARY
I can fix it!

TODD
So, you're an animal doctor?

MARY
I'm tellin' you, I can fix it.

JONAH
Harris, take her down to the ferry.

Harris throws a shovel into the truck.

HARRIS
Come on, Mary.

MARY
(to Jonah)
You want to make it better, or you
want to be stupid?

The old man is stunned by her moxie.

JONAH
Well, now. Imagine this: a little
eye-talian girl from Providence
knows more than Doc Sprague. Okay,
then. Go ahead, missy. You make it
all better!

Todd and Lars both laugh.

JONAH (cont'd)
But don't come runnin' to me when
YOUR tongue turns purple!

Todd and Lars laugh harder! Harris looks up at the sky.

TODD
It'll be dead in an hour.

LARS
(to Mary)
Don't you come in my kitchen!

MARY
I need a funnel to get down his
throat.

JONAH
It's HER throat, for Christ Sakes!
I've never seen anything like this
in my life!

Jonah marches back to the house, followed by Lars. Todd continues to laugh, rousing Harris.

Mary strides off to the garden.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BARN - DAY

Mary's squatting behind the barn door, urinating into a bucket. She crushes a comfrey leaf, stirs it in with a stick, then spits into the mix.

She tests the mixture by licking her finger.

EXT. FARNHAM FARM, BARN - DAY

Using an oil funnel, Mary pours liquid down the wide-eyed calf's throat. The animal flinches and eventually swallows. Its' legs quiver, then kick. The calf fights to stand.

Harris is astonished and helps the frightened animal upright.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BARN - DAY

In a clean stall bedded with fresh straw, the calf's head is in Mary's lap, breathing peacefully.

Harris is mucking manure.

HARRIS
How's she doing?

MARY
She'll be okay. She was just
jealous.

HARRIS
Jealous? Ha, ha! How can a cow be
jealous?

MARY
They are. Believe me, I know.

HARRIS
Oh, you do, do you?

MARY
I know a lot of things.

HARRIS
Oh, yeah? Like what?

MARY
I know this is where you bring the girls.

HARRIS
What girls?

MARY
How about that Nancy? You bring her in here?

HARRIS
Who you been talking to?

MARY
My new friend. Millie.

HARRIS
Jesus Christ! What's she tryin' to start trouble for? Nancy was just some girl who used to keep her horse here. That's all! Look, Mary, I knew the moment you stepped off the boat that you're the one for me. I knew it!

The calf MOANS. Harris and Mary laugh!

Harris plops down into the hay and lays on his back.

MARY
We had a cow when I was a kid. I know how to milk.

HARRIS
Oh, yeah?

MARY
Yeah.

HARRIS
Milkin' ain't easy. You got to have the right touch.

Harris moves closer and kisses her. She rubs his thigh.

MARY
I got the right touch.

Mary unbuttons his pants.

Harris's reddens and breathes heavily as she strokes him.

INT. MARINO APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mary and Barbara sit on the couch, watching Assunta dust the "Sacred Heart". They're dressed in their finest Sunday clothes; their mother in mourning black.

The room has improved little, except for the mini-shrine to Guiseppe, a photograph with candles and a Virgin Mary statue to honor his passing.

MARY
Last week you couldn't get out of bed. Ma! Sit down!

BARBARA
Leave her alone.

MARY
Shut up, Barbara. Ma, you're makin' me nervous. Sit down!

Assunta wipes off a chair seat and sits.

Mary unfolds a letter.

MARY (cont'd)
Okay, listen to this: "Every morning I'm thinking of you when I do the cows. I miss you so much. The little calf misses you, too. We had a new batch of kittens. Like I always say, they are cheaper than mousetraps. I see you in my dreams..."

ASSUNTA
SHH! Anche le muri hannu oricchi.

SUPER: "Walls have ears."

MARY
Ma!

Assunta crosses herself. She rises to wipe a spot off the "Sacred Heart," and dust the wilted devil's horn peppers.

Mary ignores her by reading.

MARY (cont'd)
"You are the girl for me, my little
peach, I..."

KNOCK, KNOCK.

MARY (cont'd)
Oh, God!

She fixes her dress and opens the door.

Harris is wearing a snug brown suit with his hair slicked
back. He holds a box of candy and a bouquet of flowers.

HARRIS
Hi, Peaches.

MARY
I didn't think you was comin'.

He hands her the flowers.

HARRIS
These are for you.

MARY
Thank you. Mama, this is Harris.

Assunta nods and he hands her the candy.

HARRIS
Nice to meet you, Mrs. Marino. I've
heard a lot about you.

ASSUNTA
Oh, yeah? Like what?

HARRIS
Oh, all good. All good stuff.

BARBARA
Hi.

HARRIS
Hey, Sis. Nice place you got here.

BARBARA
It ain't like the island, huh?
Mama, he ain't used to all these
city people.

HARRIS
Oh, I do okay. I guess I look like
a bigger hayseed than I really am.

MARY
He's smart, Mama.

ASSUNTA
Oh, yeah? He's smart, huh? If he's
so smart, what's he doin' here?

Mary winces, then frowns at her mother.

EXT. PROVIDENCE, FEDERAL HILL - DAY

Business is slow. Pushcart VENDORS have few goods and
SHOPPERS are sparse.

A group of ITALIAN MEN argue, gesticulating in the street.

They stop squabbling when Mary approaches with Harris. The
blond farmer looks odd among the shorter, darker Italians.

She leads Harris to an "ais creama" shop. Mary's fidgety,
constantly looking about.

HARRIS
What's the matter?

MARY
I hate this place.

HARRIS
Good. I want you to come to the
island and live with me.

MARY
Oh, Harris. I don't know. What
about the others?

HARRIS
Listen. You're my girl. They don't
matter.

She hugs the big Yankee and gives him a kiss.

Italian shoppers gawk as if they are a mixed-race couple.

EXT. FARNHAM FARM - DAY - 1941

Birds sing on this gorgeous Spring day. Under a flowering chestnut tree, a nervous MINISTER stands before GUESTS awaiting a marriage ceremony.

Todd, Millie and Lars front a collection of ISLAND ODDBALLS, including GEORGE BABCOCK, the big-eared village idiot.

An ACCORDION PLAYER performs "THE WEDDING MARCH".

Jonah Farnham and Barbara, followed by Harris and Mary, advance to a make-shift pulpit. Harris has a cocky grin.

HARRIS

Let's get it over with!

Guests laugh, but Jonah's somber.

MINISTER

Ladies and Gentlemen...

(more laughs)

We've gathered here...

HARRIS

Hey, Bishop, the party's waitin'!

Mary smiles bravely and the Minister dispenses formalities.

MINISTER

Do you, Harris Taber Farnham, take this woman as your lawful wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, in sickness and in health?

HARRIS

Sure I do! Especially the HOLD part!

Harris squeezes Mary's rear. More laughter when she jumps!

MARY

Oh!

MINISTER

And you, Mary Angela Marino, do you take this man, Harris Taber Farnham, as your lawful wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, in sickness and in health?

MARY
I, I do.

HARRIS
I ain't gonna get sick!

Laughter.

MINISTER
I now pronounce you man and wife.

The accordionist plays MUSIC as Harris and Mary kiss. Barbara and Millie give Mary weak hugs. The men shake hands.

Giggly George Babcock pats Harris on the back.

GEORGE
Good one, Harris!

HARRIS
Thanks, George! Go get yourself
some punch!

Crows in the chestnut tree CAW.

GEORGE
Is it time for the party?

MARY
Sure, we gonna have a good time!

A crow SPLATS on Mary's dress.

MARY (cont'd)
Oh, no!

GEORGE
God Damn!

MARY
God, Look at me.

HARRIS
George, go get a rag! Don't worry,
Peaches, it's good luck!

GEORGE
Real good luck!

MARY
Well, I hope so!

Harris and George laugh, then Mary laughs with them!

EXT. FARNHAM FARM - NIGHT

Orange Chinese paper lanterns are strung from the trees over a table crammed with food and liquor. The centerpiece is a bowl full of hard punch with floating fruit. Yellow jackets are BUZZING above it.

The bride, groom and guests dance to accordion MUSIC.

The MUSIC STOPS and Harris wants a kiss.

MARY

Whew! You smell like kerosene!

HARRIS

Home brew, Peachie! Boy, I could go all night!

MARY

Hercules, do me a favor, will you? Dance with my sister.

HARRIS

How come?

MARY

Please?

HARRIS

Where is she?

Barbara's alone under the chestnut tree.

HARRIS (cont'd)

Anything for my little Peach. Give me a kiss!

After a sloppy kiss, Harris approaches Barbara.

Mary backs off from the party.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BARN - NIGHT

A sheep BLEATS. Mary carries a kerosene lantern, searching the stalls for the calf she saved.

TODD (O.C.)

Watch out, you'll burn the place down.

She jumps! Todd looms in the shadows.

MARY
Oh, God! I didn't see you! Where's
the little cow?

TODD
The sick one? It died.

MARY
It died? When?

TODD
Oh, a couple days ago. Keeled over
and died.

MARY
How come nobody told me?

TODD
You didn't ask. And, we, we didn't
want to ruin the wedding. Say, does
your sister have a boyfriend?

MARY
What?

TODD
You heard me.

MARY
How come you ask that?

TODD
Just wondering.

MARY
What are you wonderin'? You're
married.

TODD
I know I'm married. I was just
wondering.

The sheep BLEATS.

MARY
Well, keep the wonderin' to
yourself.

HARRIS (O.C.)
MARY! PEACHES!

Todd flashes his new sister-in-law a rakish leer.

EXT. FARNHAM FARM - NIGHT - LATER

Most of the guests are drunk! Jonah and Lars dance a jig to accordion MUSIC while others laugh and CLAP!

Harris, holding two glasses of liquor, finds his bride.

HARRIS
Sweetie-pie! We're gonna do the
toast. You ready, George?

George apes like he's just remembered something important. He brushes away the yellow jackets and ladles some liquor punch.

HARRIS (cont'd)
OKAY! STOP THE MUSIC! George is
gonna say a toast!

The MUSIC STOPS. Glasses are raised.

HARRIS (cont'd)
Go ahead, George.

GEORGE
Welp, ah, I, ah, just hope that
everyone has a nice life!

Guests CHEER!

HARRIS
DRINK UP, EVERYONE!

Guests down their drinks and Harris throws his glass, shattering it on the chestnut tree.

George's face contorts. He can't stop licking his lips.

GEORGE
OW!

HARRIS
What's the matter?

GEORGE
I think I swallowed a bee!

HARRIS
Somebody get some tobacco juice!

George jerks his head! His lips swell his ears redden!

Mary panics and withdraws.

MILLIE

Give him some vinegar!

George's face puffs! He slumps to the ground.

SCREAMS!

HARRIS

He can't breathe!

George flops on the lawn, wagging his bloated tongue.

MILLIE

He'll bite his tongue off!

Harris unbuttons George's shirt. The chest is red and puffy.

Lars has a bottle of vinegar.

LARS

Here!

HARRIS

MARY! Where the hell is she?
Here you go, George. Take some
more.

George coughs, then drinks.

HARRIS (cont'd)

Take it easy. Alright, George.
You'll be okay.

He begins to breathe normally.

HARRIS (cont'd)

Where the hell did Mary go?

Harris looks about in a panic.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BEDROOM - NIGHT

The dull room has a low ceiling, one mirror and one dresser.
Mary's using a changing screen, draping clothes over the top.
Harris is stretched on the bed, still in his wedding suit.

HARRIS

We almost lost the stupid bastard.
I could've used you, Peaches. He
could've bit his tongue clean off.
Well, I guess that wouldn't have
been so bad.

HARRIS(cont'd)
Ain't nothin' but stupid shit comes
out of his mouth anyways. Ha, ha,
ha! Where were you?

Mary reveals her sexy nightgown.

HARRIS (cont'd)
Wow.

She slouches on the edge of the bed.

MARY
Harris, we gotta talk. Look, I, I
don't want that city life no more.
Them "old country" ways are no good
for me. This is America; this ain't
Italy. I want to start new. You and
me. Understand? Maybe we could have
a family of our own, huh?

Harris embraces her.

HARRIS
Aw, Peaches, I'm crazy about you.

They fall to the bed in each other's arms.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, DINING ROOM - DAY

Jonah Farnham sits erect at the head of the table. Lars is
serving a big breakfast to Todd, Millie and Harris. Dishes
are filled with pancakes, fried potatoes, scrambled eggs,
muffins and toast, along with milk and hot coffee.

JONAH
You've got to get a tire on that
truck and check the oil.

TODD
It wasn't blowing smoke yesterday.

JONAH
The hell it wasn't. Check it.
Millie, before you do your run,
make sure the south fence is okay.
Those goddamned woodchucks will
ruin the asparagus beds if we're
not careful.

Mary has overslept. She scuffs in rubbing her eyes.

HARRIS

The farm air made you sleep good,
huh, Peaches?

MARY

What time is it?

MILLIE

About eight.

MARY

Where's my sister?

TODD

I took her down to the early boat.
She wanted to get going.

JONAH

We're up at five here, little girl.

TODD

Five, sharp!

MILLIE

Are you going to come deliver milk?

MARY

I guess so.

The whole table stares at the newcomer.

HARRIS

It ain't much of a honeymoon,
Peachie, but it'll keep you busy.

MARY

How come nobody told me about the
little sick cow?

HARRIS

What about it?

MARY

You let it die?

MILLIE

No!

HARRIS

It's out in the bullpen.

MARY

The same one?

HARRIS
Yeah! The one you fixed!

Mary flashes on Todd.

JONAH
It probably would have made it
anyway.

Todd smirks then sneaks a wink at Mary.

SERIES OF SHOTS

1) EXT. ROAD - DAY. The flat-bed truck bounces along the bumpy shoreline road. It's loaded with asparagus, chard, eggs, crates of milk, and Mary on the back bed. She's being jostled, fighting to hold on.

2) EXT. HOUSE - DAY. A cluster of seaside shanties. Mary places a bag of vegetables and milk on the doorstep of each run-down shack. A hairy-faced, reclusive OLD WOMAN opens the door and glowers. Mary marches back to the truck.

3) EXT. ROAD - DAY. Most of the truck is empty. Beside a quiet cove, Millie and Mary re-pack the remainder. Mary drops eggs that smash on the ground. Millie shrugs.

4) The truck creeps down the hill to the ferry landing. Mary is riding in the cab, leaning out the window, directing Millie away from the deep potholes.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. STORE - DAY

The old-fashioned country store carries dry goods, canned food and hardware. There's a glass case stocked with penny-candy and cigarettes. An adjacent room overlooks the wharf with booths, a juke box and cases of "Narragansett Beer".

EDNA, the store's owner, is sorting mail. She's in her sixties, stone-faced, with white pigtails and blue eyes.

Millie and Mary lug in crates of milk.

EDNA
(to Mary)
I've got your mail. So, you'll be
out here for good, now?

MARY
Yeah.

EDNA
(looking at Millie)
Well, good luck.

MARY
I don't think you mean that.

EDNA
Well, I seen a lot of city people
go crazy out here. Rose Island is
like liver: either you love it, or
you hate it.

MARY
There ain't nothing wrong with
liver.

EDNA
We'll see. Winter comes quick.

MILLIE
Don't worry, Edna. We'll keep her
real busy. All set, Mary?

MARY
Nice to meet you.

Edna hands over the mail. Millie opens the door for Mary.

MILLIE
Don't worry about her. She's been
out here too long.

Mary looks back inside, but Edna's busy.

EXT. ROSE ISLAND, SHORELINE - DAY

The truck bounces along a promontory. Below, on the beach at
low tide, Harris is digging clams.

Millie lets her Mary off.

She scrambles down the cliffside into her husband's arms.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Harris wears hip boots in the muck, raking clams, placing
them into a wire basket.

Mary's playing with a blueshell crab she's cornered on the
rocks. It lunges at her with extended pincers!

MARY
AHHHH! GET AWAY FROM ME!

Harris dashes to her with a big steamer clam in his hand, the long neck sticking out like a bivalve penis. He squeezes the shell and squirts her!

MARY (cont'd)
AHHH! NO!

She slaps the clam out of his hand! They wrestle to the sand, hugging and laughing!

HARRIS
I'm gonna teach our kids how to dig
clams, how to catch lobsters, how
to take a deer, everything!

Mary stops laughing.

HARRIS (cont'd)
What's the matter, Peaches?

MARY
Nothing.

HARRIS
C'mon. What is it?

MARY
We ain't gonna be like those people
up the north end, are we?

HARRIS
Oh, no, honey, we're not like them
up there. Come on! The Farnhams
have had a goin' farm out here
since the sixteen-hundreds. We got
the best land on this island! What
are you worried about?

MARY
I don't wanna end up like that old
lady I saw today.

HARRIS
Oh, Peaches, don't worry. I'll take
care of you. I can lift a man up
with one hand, for Christ sakes!
Everything will be alright.

Harris holds her and she grasps his wide shoulders.

EXT. FARNHAM FARM, BARN - DAY

Mary draws a bucket from a well capped with a large cupola. She pours water over the steamer clams and one squirts her in the eye. Irritated at first, she then chuckles.

A kitten MEWS. Mary looks about. More MEWING.

She realizes the kitten is in the well!

MARY
HARRIS! HARRIS!

Harris runs barefoot from the barn.

HARRIS
WHAT?

MARY
THERE'S A KITTEN IN THE WELL!

HARRIS
I thought you cut your goddamned
leg off!

More MEWING.

MARY
HEAR IT?

HARRIS
Calm down, Mary, it happens all the
time! They climb out by themselves.

MARY
But it's way down there. Hear it?

Frantic MEWING.

Harris looks down the well.

HARRIS
What the hell do you want me to do,
climb down there?

MARY
Please, Harris. It's gonna die!

HARRIS
Are you crazy? I'd be the one stuck
down there!

MARY
Harris, please do something.

HARRIS
Honey pie, what can I do? It'll
climb up the rope.

MARY
Please, Harris. Don't let it die.
Please!

Mary sobs. Harris breathes deeply and peers down the well.

HARRIS
Christ, you don't have to cry.

Louder sobs.

HARRIS (cont'd)
Peachie. Don't cry. Please, don't
cry.

MEWING.

HARRIS (cont'd)
ALRIGHT, FOR CHRIST SAKES! LOOK
OUT!

Harris takes his shirt off. With every muscle in his strong torso, he tilts the large cupola well-cap, laying the top on the ground. He pulls the rope and bucket out of the well, unhooks it and ties the rope to the solid cupola.

He climbs in.

HARRIS (cont'd)
God, I hate this.

MARY
Be careful.

Holding the rope, Harris disappears down the shaft.

HARRIS (O.C.)
Goddamn cats! I'm gonna shoot every
goddamn one of 'em!

The rope tightens. Mary holds on, but has to let go just before the rope SNAPS!

MARY
HARRIS! HARRIS!

Jonah Farnham races from the farmhouse!

JONAH
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

MARY
HARRIS IS DOWN THERE! THE ROPE
BROKE!

JONAH
HARRIS!

HARRIS (O.C.)
Don't worry, Pop. I'm comin' up.

MARY
Oh, God.

JONAH
What the hell are you doing?

A hand rises over the lip of the well clutching a wet kitten by the nape of the neck.

JONAH (cont'd)
Little girl, I want to talk to you
in the study after you get squared
away out here. Harris, put a screen
over that well. We can't afford
anyone getting hurt.

The old man marches back into the house. Mary's mortified.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, LIBRARY - NIGHT

Jonah's rigid, poised at his Bible podium reading scripture.
Mary lightly KNOCKS.

JONAH
Come in.

MARY
You wanted to talk to me?

JONAH
Yes, have a seat.

Mary fidgets with the buttons on her sweater.

JONAH (cont'd)
I suppose you're wondering why I
called you in here.

MARY
Because Harris goin' down the well
ain't the right thing.

JONAH
No, that's not why. Mary, the
correct way to say that would be,
"Going down the well isn't the
right thing." Ain't isn't a word.
Actually, I asked to speak with you
because I think it's time we had a
little chat. How do you like it
here on the island?

MARY
Oh, I, I like it.

JONAH
You're not getting homesick, are
you?

MARY
No. I don't wanna go back to the
city. That ain't for me. I'm sorry.
That isn't for me.

JONAH
I'm glad to hear that. You and
Millie are getting along alright?

MARY
Sure. Fine. She's showin' me what
to do.

JONAH
That's good. Millie is a wonderful
girl. She says you're doing a good
job.

MARY
She did?

JONAH
I've decided to put you on the
payroll, Mary. Your wages will be
included with Harris's money at the
end of the week.

She stops fussing with her buttons.

MARY

Oh?

JONAH

You should have some extra to put away, or get whatever you need. It's your money. You know, Mary, we have a very special life out here and we, we have to protect what we have. The world is a very dangerous place right now. I think you understand me.

MARY

I understand.

JONAH

I'm glad you do. And I'm glad we had this little talk. Now, you'd better get along. It's almost suppertime.

MARY

Okay. Thank you.

Mary starts to leave.

JONAH

Oh, Mary. One more thing.

She freezes.

JONAH (cont'd)

I've never seen my boy happier than he's been lately.

Mary smiles and almost floats out.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lars sets a platter of steaming mashed potatoes down for Jonah, Todd, Millie, Harris and Mary. The cook surveys the table, then exits. Everyone passes meat and vegetables except Harris, in fresh clothes, holding a glass of whiskey.

JONAH

You boys ought to search that whole fence line tomorrow. I don't care if it takes all day. These goddamn loose cows waste too much time.

TODD
Don't I know it.

MARY
You want me to fix you a plate,
Harris?

HARRIS
Naw, I'll have some later.

TODD
LARS!

Lars emerges from the kitchen wiping his hands on his apron.

LARS
Ya?

TODD
Did you hear the radio last night?

LARS
Ya?

TODD
What was Hitler talking about?

LARS
Oh, he's a crazyman. He wants to
take over the whole world!

HARRIS
I'd rather listen to Fibber McGee.

MARY
Me, too! I like him!

Lars retreats to the kitchen.

JONAH
I'd like to get rid of that
Roosevelt and put Hitler in there.

MILLIE
Oh, Mr. Farnham! How can you say
that?

JONAH
Hitler knows what he's doing. These
Jew bastards want to control all
the money.

TODD
It's a conspiracy.

HARRIS
It's got nothing to do with us. Let
them fight their own war.

JONAH
These American Jews are the worst
kind.

TODD
That's right, Pop.

JONAH
We should fix our own troubles
right here. Like the nigger
problem.

Mary's eyes are darting from speaker to speaker.

MILLIE
Even Charles Lindbergh is against
the war.

TODD
I heard he was working for the
Nazis.

JONAH
It's too bad Father Coughlin isn't
on the radio anymore.

HARRIS
All I know is that we don't have to
go.

MARY
If they had a war, you wouldn't go?

HARRIS
Nope. Farmers are exempt.

Todd secretly winks at Mary, who doesn't acknowledge him.

TODD
Lars!

Lars pokes his head out from the kitchen.

LARS
Ya?

TODD
Sit down and eat. You make me nervous.

LARS
Oakee doakee. Just a minute.

MARY
Harris, I'll fix you a plate.

HARRIS
No, I'm all set.

Harris downs his drink.

HARRIS (cont'd)
Why would I ever want to leave the good 'ol U.S.A.? Pretty soon we're going to have refrigerators that make their own ice!

MILLIE
No!

JONAH
Yes, and some Jew son-of-a-bitch will own the company!

HARRIS
Lars! Where's that jug?

Harris goes into the kitchen.

JONAH
Are there Jews where you come from, Mary?

MARY
Yeah, one. He owns the furniture store.

JONAH
See! What'd I tell you?

TODD
It's a conspiracy to run the world.

Millie shakes her head, looking at Mary.

MILLIE
Mr. Farnham sure hates them Jews.

TODD

And niggers. What's worse, Pop? A Jew or a nigger?

JONAH

Well, they're both bad. But, I'd have to say the Jew because he's smarter. Can you imagine a nigger with brains?

They all laugh except Mary, playing with her food.

Lars enters with a cake topped by one candle.

LARS

(singing)

"Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday to Mary, happy birthday to you!"

Millie claps and Lars offers Mary the candle to be blown out.

MARY

Who told you?

LARS

Oh, I know these things.

MARY

Harris must have told. HARRIS!

MILLIE

What's your wish?

MARY

I can't tell.

JONAH

You'd better wish for some rain.

Mary blows the candle out. The kitchen door swings open! Harris is dressed in a full Ku Klux Klan robe and hood!

HARRIS

Mary Farnham! I want YOU, you little wop!

MARY

Oh, God!

Jonah, Todd and Lars laugh, but Mary's confused.

HARRIS
Come with me! I want YOU!

Harris removes the hood. Jonah laughs so hard he almost chokes on his food. Millie laughs.

Finally, Mary reluctantly joins in.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary and Harris lie in bed with the moon shining on them. She faces away from her new husband.

HARRIS
Come on, honey. Pop only wore the thing once for real. It's a joke!

MARY
All that crazy talk ain't no joke.

HARRIS
What crazy talk?

MARY
All that stuff about Jews and niggers.

HARRIS
Aw, Peachie, that's all hogwash. They was just shootin' the breeze.

MARY
I wonder what they say about Italians when I'm not around.

HARRIS
Mary, you're my wife. You're a Farnham now.

MARY
Names don't mean nothin'. And you drinkin' that stuff all the time.

HARRIS
Peaches, everybody drinks! Give me a little kiss.

Harris lowers her nightgown strap and squeezes her breast. She's cool at first, then stimulated when he kisses her neck. He breathes heavily, licking her ears, kissing her shoulders. She reaches for his penis and he stops.

MARY
What's the matter?

HARRIS
It's the hooch. It makes me soft
down there.

MARY
It makes you soft in the head, too.

HARRIS
You make me soft in the head,
Peachie. I'm crazy about you, baby.
Don't worry, it'll be alright in
the morning. Can you suck it for
me, honey?

Mary pulls away.

MARY
What are you talkin' about, suck on
it?

HARRIS
You never heard of a blowjob?

MARY
What, are you crazy, too?

HARRIS
C'mon, Mary. It'll make me feel
good.

MARY
No.

Harris lays flat on his back.

HARRIS
Boy, you got a lot to learn. Jeez,
a girl that don't even want to
blow. I thought you were smart. You
don't know anything.

Harris turns away. A crow CAWS.

HARRIS (cont'd)
SHUT UP!

Mary grasps his shoulders and turns him flat on his back. She
moves down for oral sex. Harris reddens, excited as Mary
initiates the act.

EXT. FARNHAM FARM, BARN - DAY

Mary loads a bushel of peas on the flat-bed. It tips and spills on the ground. As she picks them up, a hand with a wedding band intervenes.

TODD (O.C.)

Four hands are better than two.

She's tongue-tied.

TODD (cont'd)

Anytime you need some help, just let me know. Harris isn't around all the time. You know what I mean?

MARY

Yeah, I know what you mean. Look, we got to live out here together. I think you better, you better just mind your own business.

TODD

Everything here is my business.

Todd looks her up and down, smiling, then stops when Millie arrives carrying a rack of milk bottles.

MILLIE

I hope Harris didn't scare you last night.

MARY

Oh, no.

MILLIE

Good. He was just havin' some fun.

MARY

Yeah, I know.

Todd backs away.

MILLIE

Is everything alright?

MARY

Sure. Everything's fine.

MILLIE

We better get going. Why don't you drive?

MARY

Me?

MILLIE

Sure! I'll show you how. Hop in.

Todd stares at the truck, bucking and lurching down the road.

INT. STORE - DAY

Warmed by a blazing fireplace, protected from an icy rain, an ISLAND COUPLE dances slowly to jukebox MUSIC.

The female, GRACE, is a gum-chewing island woman, about thirty. She enjoys showing off her curves.

Beer-drinking ISLANDERS fill the booths.

One booth is occupied by Todd and Millie, playing cards against Lars and George.

TODD

You can't do that!

LARS

Sure he can.

TODD

No, he can't! He can't take that with a heart. Put it back.

GEORGE

Oh, alright.

TODD

We've got to start over.

Todd has a fancy way of shuffling. Mary and Harris enter in winter coats, wet from the sleet.

HARRIS

George, you cheatin' again?

GEORGE

Nope.

HARRIS

Want a beer, Mary?

MARY

I'll have a little glass.

Harris walks behind the counter and serves himself. Mary pulls up two chairs next to the booth.

HARRIS
You gotta keep your eyes on George.

MILLIE
You two want to play?

MARY
I don't know how.

HARRIS
It's easy. High-low-jack.

LARS
If George can do it, anyone can.

GEORGE
Yup.

Todd remains focused on the game. He throws cards, the others pitch, and he retrieves until the hand is completed.

TODD
That's it. Three more points and we're out.

HARRIS
How much you playin' for?

MILLIE
Nickel a game. Sure you don't want in?

HARRIS
Deal us in. I'll show her as we go along.

Edna comes from the back room with a letter for Mary.

EDNA
Here you go.

MARY
Oh, thanks.

A CRASH of THUNDER. Frozen rain PELLETS the roof.

HARRIS
Who's it from?

MARY
My sister Barbara.

Todd looks up quickly, notices Millie staring at him, and returns to his cards.

Mary opens the letter.

TODD
Come on! Pitch!

Grace slithers by.

GRACE
Harris, did you hear Sumner got a twelve-point buck this morning?

TODD
Whereabouts?

GRACE
Up the north end.

HARRIS
Jesus. Hope it wasn't that big one I been lookin' at.

GRACE
Well, stay dry.
(looks at Mary)
Good luck with loverboy here.

Mary drops her letter. Millie catches Todd ogling Grace and slaps his thigh.

HARRIS
What's your sister got to say?

MARY
She's gonna come out here.

Todd stays riveted on his cards.

LARS
That's good!

MILLIE
Lars, you're too old for Barbara!

GEORGE
How about me?

MILLIE
You should get an island girl,
George.

GEORGE
There ain't any.

MARY
There aren't any, George.

MILLIE
How about Gracey?

LARS
Oh, God, no. Not Gracey. That would
be no good for George.

Grace prowls by and dances.

TODD
Come on, come on. Play cards.

MARY
(to Harris)
Who's this Grace?

HARRIS
She's just some girl.

GEORGE
She's some girl alright, ain't she,
Harris?

Harris glowers at George who covers his mouth.

GEORGE (cont'd)
Oops!

TODD
Let's go! Play cards.

MARY
I think I want to go home.

HARRIS
We just got here!

MARY
I want to leave. You can stay. I
don't like it here today.

HARRIS
Mary, she's nothing to me! We went
to school together, for Christ
sakes!

MARY
Harris, I want to go home!

MILLIE
I'll take you home. I've had
enough, too.

TODD
There's no chains on the tires.

MILLIE
Let's go, Mary.

The girls exit.

HARRIS
Jesus Christ! I've never seen
anything like this!

GEORGE
I'm sorry.

Todd shuffles the cards.

Harris shakes his head, watching the women run outside into
the bad weather.

TODD
We're better off without them.
Besides, we got Gracey to look at.

HARRIS
Speak for yourself, will you?

Harris stares out the window, abandoned and miserable.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Millie drives slowly as the windshield wipers swipe wet snow.
A huge buck is standing at the edge of the woods.

MARY
Look.

MILLIE
You don't see the big ones in the
road unless they're in rut. They're
lookin' for girlfriends.

MARY
Seems like everybody's lookin' out
here.

MILLIE
Well, you know what they say: boys
will be boys.

MARY
I ain't, sorry, I'm not interested
in no boys.

MILLIE
I know what you mean, honey.

The big buck disappear into the woods.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BEDROOM - DAY

The sleet continues. Mary places a miniature statue of the
Virgin Mary on her dresser. She draws a silver cross from her
pocket, attached to a long silver chain.

The cross falls on the floor.

When Mary fetches it, she discovers a loose board. She pries
it up and peers down to the first floor kitchen.

Jonah is cutting himself a piece of pie.

Mary quietly replaces the board.

EXT. STORE - NIGHT

Fog horns MOAN. It's drizzling and murky as Harris swaggers
from the store clutching a bottle of whiskey. Simple-minded
George follows.

Edna peers out, then extinguishes the light.

Harris REVS the flat-bed truck.

George adjusts the mounted spotlight and beams it over the
foggy water, the dock, and back over the water, like a child
playing with a flashlight.

EXT. SHORELINE - NIGHT

The truck creeps along the icy road. The headlights are off. Harris rests a shotgun out the open window as he swigs from a quart of Canadian Club.

George shines the spotlight across the misty field onto a medium-sized white-tailed deer.

The animal freezes.

Harris stops the truck, aims and calmly SHOOTs it dead.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dried blood covers Harris's muscular forearms. He's drinking beer at the kitchen table with George and Lars.

HARRIS

You don't like guttin' them deers,
do you, George?

GEORGE

Naw!

LARS

Shh! You'll wake up the old man.
You don't like fixing them, but you
like eating them, don't ya, George?

GEORGE

Oh, yeah. 'Member the last one,
Harris? My grunt was black. How
about yours?

HARRIS

Jesus H. Christ, I don't look at
mine, you goddamned fool.

LARS

You see George's face when Mary
left tonight?

The loose ceiling board silently slides open.

HARRIS

George don't like excitement!

LARS

Shh!

GEORGE
I like quiet.

LARS
Harris, you better go make peace
upstairs.

GEORGE
Boy, was she mad.

LARS
I thought she wanted to go at
Gracey.

GEORGE
I bet Gracey would win.

HARRIS
I don't know. Them little Italian
women are tough.

GEORGE
Them eye-talians make good
gangsters, don't they, Harris?

HARRIS
Yeah. They make good gangsters.
They make good wives, too. I ain't
gonna be messin' around. I love
that little woman.

The board slowly slips back over the opening.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harris SNORES as a windy downpour RATTLES the windows. Mary's awake, gazing at the ceiling. There's a distant, high-pitched BLEATING, faint at first, then the BLEATING persists, getting LOUDER, until Mary gets out of bed and puts a coat on.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BARN - NIGHT

BLEATING. Mary tiptoes into the barn dripping wet.

She lingers, then follows the rhythmic BLEATING, stealing along to an end stall, spying over the top rails.

Todd has the front legs of a sheep tied to posts.

He's fornicating with the animal, from behind, gripping the wool as he pumps, sweaty and in a trance.

Mary's horrified!

She dashes away, knocking over a shovel that REVERBERATES off the concrete floor!

Todd pulls out quickly and hikes up his pants.

More BLEATING as Todd's blue eyes fix on the fallen shovel.

EXT. ROSE ISLAND, FERRY LANDING - DAY

There's a rough chop on the snowy bay when the ferry docks. The boat lands hard, bouncing off the icy pilings.

Barbara, the only passenger, is wrapped in a heavy coat. Her rubbery legs make it hard to walk on land.

The flat-bed truck is the only vehicle waiting. Mary's in the driver's seat. She Toots the horn. Barbara waves, amazed that baby sister can drive, but enraged at being on Rose Island.

EXT. FARNHAM FARM, BARN - DAY

The flat-bed jolts up the farm road, scattering chickens and guinea hens. Mary lurches to a halt. Barbara's still angry. She exits with her bag and slips on the ice.

BARBARA

MOTHER MARY OF GOD, O DI! I NEVER
THOUGHT WE'D GET HERE, THAT STUPID
BOAT GOIN' BACK AN' FORT', BING
BOOM, UP AND DOWN, BINGA BANGA
BOOMA, I THOUGHT I WAS GONNA DIE!

MARY

SHUT UP! This ain't the city out
here. Look, don't worry about
nothin'. You're here now, aren't
youse? YOUSE? You got me sayin'
youse!

BARBARA

Then, I gotta ride in that smelly
truck! Oh, my God, I can't believe
this!

MARY

You got here, right or wrong?

BARBARA

O Di, so quiet over here! How can
youse stand it? Where is everybody?

MARY

Harris is gettin' wood. The old man
and Millie are diggin' the last
potatoes with that crazy George.

BARBARA

Where's Todd?

MARY

He's up to the north lot fixin' the
tractor.

BARBARA

Where's the north lot?

MARY

What am I, a travel guide? Let's
bring your bag in. C'mon.

Lars WHISTLES and waves from the kitchen.

MARY (cont'd)

He's been lookin' forward to you
coming, askin' all kinds of
questions. I'm surprised he didn't
ask how big them melons are.

BARBARA

Like you'd know. Oh, my God, what
did I get myself into?

Mary grasps her sister's hand as they cross icy patches.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BARN - DAY

Barbara holds her nose while she and Mary mince by a row of
steaming Holstein cows. A cow SPLATS a massive patty!

BARBARA

Oh, God!

Another cow licks salt with a huge pink tongue.

BARBARA (cont'd)

Oh! Mother Mary! That's disgusting!

MARY

Come on, you.

Mary leads her sister into another section of the barn. It's crammed with rusted auto parts, old furniture, farm supplies and broken tools. Cats scurry.

BARBARA

O Di! Look at all this junk!

MARY

Shh! Hey, I got to tell you something.

BARBARA

What?

MARY

I want to come home.

BARBARA

What are youse talkin' about?

MARY

This place is no good. I want to come home.

BARBARA

But, you got married!

MARY

Shh! If I go, Harris will come with me. This place is no good for him.

BARBARA

What'd youse come out here for anyways?

MARY

I had to get out of Mama's house! She treats me like a witch!

BARBARA

You are a witch! What, you forgot? And you left me and Mama there all alone!

MARY

Shh!

BARBARA

I don't care who hears me!

MARY
I'm goin' home with you. You
wouldn't believe what I saw. I'm
ashamed to even tell you.

BARBARA
What?

MARY
I can't even say it.

BARBARA
Are you crazy or somethin'?

MARY
I saw Todd with a sheep.

BARBARA
What are you talkin' about?

MARY
His pants were down. With a sheep.
You know.

BARBARA
What?

MARY
He was pumpin' a sheep, Barbara!

Mary cries.

MARY (cont'd)
I gotta get out of here.

BARBARA
You always was a little crybaby.
Now you're all grown up and still
tellin' stories?

MARY
Barbara, I ain't makin' this up!

BARBARA
So, in other words, you know why I
came out here?

MARY
What do you mean?

BARBARA
You think I came out here to see
you?

BARBARA(cont'd)

I got the most beautiful letter
from Todd. What do you think I got
on that boat for?

MARY

Oh, God! What's goin' on? He's
married!

BARBARA

Well, he ain't happy. Why else
would he be writin'?

MARY

Boy, are you stupid.

BARBARA

Besides, we got a woman goin' to
stay with us and pay money for it.
There ain't room for you no more.

Mary's jaws are clenched, she's stone-faced, but a single
tear runs down her cheek.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The table is set with steaming potatoes, vegetables and meat.
Jonah Farnham, Todd, Millie, Harris, Mary, Lars, Barbara and
George are all eating dinner.

Lars is in dreamland, gloating over Barbara.

Mary chews slowly, her eyes on the table.

TODD

If the Germans take Moscow, the
whole country will crumble.

HARRIS

As long as we stay neutral, who
cares? I hear Rommel is getting
pounded. Right, Lars?

Lars is observing Barbara's table manners, lost.

HARRIS (cont'd)

The Brits are doin' the job in
North Africa, right?

LARS

Oh, ya, so I hear.

HARRIS

You watch. Them Nazi's will get froze up in Russia, it gets so goddamn cold.

JONAH

It gets goddamn cold here, too! Who's going to pick up those chains in the morning?

TODD

I'll get them.

JONAH

The eight boat?

TODD

Yup.

BARBARA

Could youse gimme a ride to the eight o'clock ferry?

Todd chuckles at Barbara's broken English.

TODD

Sure. Sure we can, Barbara.

MILLIE

We'd be glad to.

LARS

You're leaving so soon. I was hoping that you'd...

BARBARA

I, I can't. Maybe next time.

HARRIS

Mary fixed the room up next to ours. Did you see it?

BARBARA

No.

Millie catches the glances between Todd and Barbara. Mary remains oblivious, her eyes on her plate.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harris is SNORING. Mary's awake, listening to bedsprings rhythmically CREAKING. She covers her head with a pillow.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BEDROOM - DAY

Roosters CROW; crows CAW. Harris wakes up while Mary sleeps. He reaches for a glass of water, then stirs her.

MARY
Huh? Oh. You're late for work.

HARRIS
It's Sunday.

MARY
Oh, I forgot. I had nightmares.

HARRIS
Come here.

He's aroused. He pulls her close and kisses her neck.

HARRIS (cont'd)
Get on top, Peaches.

MARY
You're supposed to get on top.

HARRIS
Well, then turn over so I can
squeeze your titties.

MARY
No.

HARRIS
C'mon, Peaches.

MARY
No! I ain't no animal.

HARRIS
Come on, baby, before it goes down.

She slowly turns and gets on her hands and knees. Harris mounts her from behind. Mary's mute, staring at the little Virgin Mary statue, numb and indifferent.

EXT. ROSE ISLAND, FERRY LANDING/STORE - DAY

It's gray and bleak. There's a coating of snow on the ground. Todd wheels his truck in with Millie in the middle and Barbara riding shotgun. Barbara lets Millie out, then sits back in the cab. Millie enters the store.

Todd looks about, then kisses Barbara on the lips.

Millie's face vanishes behind a curtain in the store window.

INT. STORE - DAY

The store's empty, except for a card game. Harris and Mary are playing Todd and Millie. The table is full of beer bottles. Todd throws the Queen of Hearts.

MILLIE

What's the matter with you! Spades are trump!

Todd retrieves and throws a Jack. Mary takes it with a Queen.

MILLIE (cont'd)

You give them the Jack? Why don't you give them your whole hand?

TODD

Do you want to play, or do you want to argue?

MILLIE

Keep playin'. There's nothing else to do around here.

MARY

Except drink.

Mary takes a swig from her bottle.

MILLIE

Drink and fool around.

Todd throws his hand down.

TODD

Why don't you just drop it? She gave me a little kiss good-bye.

MILLIE

You're so full of it. I can't stand you!

MARY

My sister should've never come out here.

The door flies open and wide-eyed Lars bursts in!

HARRIS
What's the matter?

LARS
YOU DIDN'T HEAR? THE JAPS BOMBED
PEARL HARBOR!

MILLIE
Where?

LARS
HAWAII! PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII!

The players are stupefied, especially Mary, who drops her cards, paralyzed.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BEDROOM - DAY

It's raining. Mary kneels in front of the miniature statue of the Virgin Mary draped with the tiny silver cross necklace.

MARY
Blessed Mother of the Son of God, I
ask that you help me and Harris.
From the bottom of my heart, we
need you to show us you are here.
Please take away any badness.
Please. And help us to make a
family of our own. I ask these
things because there is nothing
more powerful than you. Amen.

Mary signs the cross. Outside, the crows CAW.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, LIBRARY - DAY

A radio CRACKLES war news. Rain water blurs the windows.
Mary's playing cards with Jonah. Todd darkens in the
doorway, disheveled, with downcast eyes.

TODD
Pop, I've got to talk to you.

JONAH
Go ahead.

TODD
In private.

Mary rises.

JONAH
Sit. She's your brother's wife,
isn't she?

MARY
I'll leave.

She exits.

TODD
I'm going in the Army.

JONAH
What?

TODD
I'm going to enlist.

JONAH
Jesus Christ, Hawaii is three
thousand miles out in the Pacific!
I didn't raise you boys to become
canon fodder! What, you think
you're going to impress the girls?
You'll look real good in a pine
box!

TODD
Pop, I...

JONAH
You're going to leave us short-
handed? What the hell are you
thinking?

TODD
Pop...

JONAH
Neither of you boys appreciate the
sweat of my ancestors! Why are you
talking like this? These Asians are
no threat to us! The American Navy
will wipe them out in a week! You
should read your history and quit
chasin' women! Now get the hell out
of here and go back to work!

Jonah slams the cards down.

A Joker lands face up.

EXT. ROSE ISLAND, FERRY LANDING - DAY

It's a blustery day. Todd's waiting for the ferry, rubbing his hands, with a small suitcase between his feet.

Millie's shivering ten feet away from him.

As the boat docks, Todd tries to kiss her on the lips, but she resists. He steals a kiss on her cheek.

Millie cries, trudging back to the truck where Mary waits.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Mary's driving slowly over the snow with a barely loaded bed: bottles of milk, egg boxes, and a bag of potatoes.

She and Millie are silent, concentrating on the road.

They hit a patch of ice and slide!

MILLIE

Whoa!

MARY

Oh, God!

Mary straightens the truck out and stops.

MARY (cont'd)

I thought we were going off the road! I hate drivin' in the snow!

MILLIE

You're going to have to get used to it.

MARY

No, you do it. You're better.

MILLIE

I'm leaving, Mary. I'm going to go live with my mother.

MARY

No, Millie. What will I do?

MILLIE

You can handle it in the winter. You and Harris can make a decent living.

MILLIE(cont'd)
George will help in the spring.
Come on, let's go before it gets
real bad.

They start to move again.

MARY
I don't want you to leave.

MILLIE
I have to.

They pull down into the ferry landing.

EXT. ROSE ISLAND, FERRY LANDING/STORE - DAY

Two MEN IN OVERCOATS and fedoras exit Edna's store. Mary and Millie watch the strangers climb into a black sedan.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, KITCHEN - DAY

Lars is cooking, WHISTLING a tune. There's a RAP at the door.
It's the Men in Overcoats.

OVERCOAT ONE
Lars Schmidt?

LARS
Ya?

OVERCOAT ONE
May we step inside for a moment?

LARS
I'm sorry. Come in, come in.
Cold today, huh? Can I help you?

OVERCOAT ONE
You're Lars Schmidt, born in
Weisbaden, nineteen-oh-two?

LARS
Ya?

OVERCOAT ONE
We've got a few questions for you,
Mr. Schmidt.

Lars pales.

INT. STORE - DAY

It's snowing. Harris is laughing, drinking beer in a booth with George, having a good time.

He looks outside and his expression turns to alarm!

INT/EXT. STORE - DAY

The Men in Overcoats remove a handcuffed Lars from the sedan. The German cook is petrified!

INT. STORE - DAY

Harris leaps up, knocks bottles over, and rushes out!

EXT. STORE - DAY

With a puffed chest, Harris marches toward the Men in Overcoats. The G-Men hold Lars' arms tighter.

HARRIS

What do you think you're doing?

OVERCOAT ONE

(shows credentials)

Back off, Mister. We're with Immigration.

HARRIS

What's going on?

LARS

They're taking me, Harris.

HARRIS

You can't do that!

OVERCOAT ONE

This is official business, sir.

HARRIS

I don't give a good shit what kind of business it is! What'd he do?

OVERCOAT TWO

Don't interfere, sir.

HARRIS

You can't take him off this island!

Harris tries to pull Lars away.

OVERCOAT TWO

Hey!

OVERCOAT ONE

Sir, we gave you fair warning!

Overcoat Two pushes Harris off, but he charges back.

HARRIS

YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

Overcoat One SLUGS Harris!

The strong, blond islander collapses onto the snowy ground.

LARS

NO!

OVERCOAT ONE

You're not helping the cause, Bud!

OVERCOAT TWO

Harboring Germans is a criminal offense. You want to come with us?

Harris doesn't respond, hunched over, his face in the snow.

OVERCOAT ONE

You want to help this country, try fighting some Nazis.

OVERCOAT TWO

Or some Japs.

OVERCOAT ONE

We're not the enemy, Bud.

Harris rises with his reddened face lowered.

Lars is placed in the car.

When Harris looks up, Edna, George and assorted Islanders are on the store porch, staring at him.

There's blood running down his nose. He wipes it off, keeping his eyes on the ground, ashamed of himself.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Harris and George are bouncing along a dirt road, drunk, with a corked jug and a rifle between them.

HARRIS
Yee-haa!

The faster they go, the more they bounce!

HARRIS (cont'd)
YEE-HAA!

There's an EXPLOSION! Harris JAMS the brakes!

HARRIS (cont'd)
JESUS CHRIST! WHAT THE HELL WAS
THAT?

GEORGE
Somebody shootin' at us?

George shines the spotlight into the field.

Harris looks up at the cab ceiling. The jug's cork has blown a hole in the roof and is lodged there.

HARRIS
I'll be goddamned! Lose good
whiskey like that!

Harris twists the cork from the roof and replaces it.

George's spotlight rests on bright eyes of a young buck.

GEORGE
Look.

HARRIS
Nah. Too small.

The spot shines across a cluster of old gravestones.

HARRIS (cont'd)
We got the pick in the back?

GEORGE
Yup.

They grin at each other for a moment before chuckling.

EXT. BURIAL GROUND - NIGHT

George is in a pit swinging a pick. Lit by a gigantic moon, Harris lolls on a rock, drinking from the jug. He's surrounded by clumps of frosty sod and rocks.

HARRIS

C'mon, for Christ sakes! I did all
the hard work. Put something into
it!

The village idiot is exhausted, but swings harder.

EXT. FARNHAM FARM - NIGHT

George pours gasoline on two pieces of nailed wood, in the moonlit, snow-covered field near the farmhouse.

Harris emerges from the shadows wearing the KKK robe with the hood askew. He carries a decayed, jawless human skull in one hand, and a fresh bottle of whiskey in the other.

He lifts the saturated wood and forms a crude cross. He then places the skull on top and leans it against the stone wall.

Harris lights the cross on fire!

HARRIS

YEEEEEE! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

They pass the bottle as the cross flames, charring the skull.

Lights go on inside the farmhouse.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, KITCHEN - DAY

Mary is serving breakfast to Jonah. Unshaven, in rumpled clothes, Harris slumps at the table, head in hands, rubbing his temples.

HARRIS

I need some coffee.

Mary pours.

JONAH

What was going on last night?

HARRIS

We were just having some fun.

JONAH
I talked to George this morning.
That's your idea of fun? You can go
to jail for that!

HARRIS
For what?

JONAH
FOR DIGGING UP A GRAVE, GOD DAMN
IT!

HARRIS
Jesus Christ, you act like I killed
somebody!

JONAH
Alright! Alright! Look, I'm
serious, Harris. You and George put
that grave back the way you found
it. You understand me?

HARRIS
Yeah.

JONAH
Then, if I were you, I'd start
buckin' up the big oak that fell in
the north lot.

Mary offers Harris a plate of eggs, but he pushes them away.

Millie enters with her coat draped over a suitcase.

JONAH (cont'd)
The honeymoon is over, Harris.

Jonah takes the eggs for himself.

JONAH (cont'd)
Mary, you're going to have to take
Millie down to the boat.

Harris holds his head in his hands; Millie's eyes are on the
floor; Mary and Jonah seem to be the only ones still alive.

JONAH (cont'd)
By the way, these eggs are
delicious, Mary.

EXT. FARNHAM FARM, NORTH LOT - DAY

Harris is sawing a gigantic fallen oak. His rifle rests against the trunk. He stops and sips from a silver hip flask.

Forty yards away, the huge buck peers out of the woods.

Harris goes for his gun. The big buck doesn't move. He aims and fingers the trigger, and the buck still doesn't budge.

Harris can't do it. He lowers the gun.

The buck disappears into the bush.

Harris picks up an axe and begins splitting the bucked chunks. One is knotty and he struggles with it. With a hard swing, the axe deflects off the wood and sinks into his boot!

HARRIS

AHHHHH!

He pulls the axe from his blood-soaked boot.

He packs it with snow that turns red.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, KITCHEN - DAY

Mary stirs a stew while listening to the RADIO.

A crow SCREAMS an incessant CAW. The CAWS blend with a YELL.

HARRIS (O.S.)

HEY! HEY! HEY!

Mary doesn't hear the voice.

Then, she drops her ladle. She opens the door just as Harris falls in, terrified, white, his boot saturated in blood!

MARY

OH, JESUS!

HARRIS

I almost cut my goddamned foot off!

He lifts his trousers and blood smears the floor.

HARRIS (cont'd)

I lost a lot of blood. You got to help me, Peachie.

She rubs the tiny silver cross around her neck.

MARY
Stay on the floor.

Mary attempts to take his boot off as Jonah enters.

HARRIS
OW!

JONAH
WHAT HAPPENED?

HARRIS
The axe slipped. OW! Goddamn thing
hurts like hell!

JONAH
Mary, stop the bleeding and wash it
off. I'll get the needle and
thread. Give him some whiskey!

Mary hands Harris a bottle from the cupboard.

MARY
You really done it now.

She rips the dishrag, ties it around his leg, using the
excess to dab the wound.

HARRIS
Jesus Christ!

Mary gently removes the boot. Harris gulps from the bottle.

MARY
Let me see.

She takes the bottle from Harris and tries to pour whiskey on
the wound. He grabs it back.

HARRIS
Get some water; you'll waste the
stuff. That big buck came out of
the woods. I couldn't shoot him.
Had him in my sight and couldn't do
it.

MARY
Just lean back. Let me wash you
off.

HARRIS
OW! SON-OF-A-BITCH!

As she pours water directly on the deep wound, Jonah re-enters with a first-aid kit. The water washes the blood away and bone is revealed.

Mary gasps, but covers it so Harris won't see.

JONAH
We're going to need some hired help around here.

HARRIS
Don't worry. You know me, I'll be back at it tomorrow.

The old man looks under the cover and isn't convinced.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bandaged foot is propped up on pillows. Harris lays in bed with his whiskey bottle.

HARRIS
How about doing some of that healing magic or something, Mary. I can't lay around here for ever.

She removes the silver cross from the Virgin Mary.

HARRIS (cont'd)
C'mon, Peaches.

Mary kneels before the statue.

HARRIS (cont'd)
Oh, come on. That Catholic crap doesn't work. Mary. Please.

MARY
Oh Holy Mary, Mother of God, Queen of Heaven and Earth, I ask you to help Harris. Please, help him to heal and make him better.

HARRIS
Peaches.

MARY
Oh Star of the Sea, show me you are my Mother.

HARRIS
Peaches. Hey.

MARY
Fruitful vine, splendor of heaven,
I place...

HARRIS
Hey!

MARY
Shut up! I place this in your
hands, you who were conceived
without sin, I humbly beseech you.
Amen.

Harris shakes his head.

INT. STORE - DAY

Jukebox MUSIC plays. A few Islanders are throwing a ball to a puppy, a mixed collie with a white tip on his tail. Edna is sorting mail behind the counter.

Mary has to force the door shut because of wind.

EDNA
So, how's he doin'?

MARY
He isn't feelin' any pain. At least
he isn't complainin'.

EDNA
Well, that's good. You want your
mail?

MARY
Sure.

The puppy scurries over to play with Mary.

EDNA
Want a puppy?

MARY
Me? No, I don't need no puppy.

EDNA
I found it. Cute, huh?

MARY

Yeah.

Edna sorts the Farnham mail.

EDNA

Here you go. With Todd gone, I thought Harris would be the safe one at home. You tell him to stay in bed and get healed up.

MARY

I will. Thanks, Edna.

EDNA

I guess if we can't get anyone to take it, I'll have to put it in a potato bag and let the tide take him out.

MARY

What?

EDNA

Can't let it starve to death.

MARY

You'd kill him?

EDNA

What am I supposed to do?

MARY

It's so cute. I'll take him.

EDNA

Good. Take it up to the farm. He'll make a great dog.

MARY

Come on, little cutie.

After Mary leaves, Edna peers out the store window.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, LIBRARY - DAY

Harris is convalescing in his father's stuffed chair, drink in hand, with his leg propped up on a stool.

JONAH

And she got off the boat.

HARRIS

Yeah?

JONAH

She must have weighed four hundred pounds!

HARRIS

Ha, ha! No!

JONAH

The poor little bastard, she ate him out of house and home!

HARRIS

Ha, ha, ha! What happened?

JONAH

He sent her back to the mainland. She probably weighed five hundred pounds when she left!

HARRIS

Ha, ha, ha!

JONAH

Those were the good old days.

HARRIS

When women were women, huh, Pop?

The puppy runs into the room and leaps on Harris's lap!

HARRIS (cont'd)

Oh! HEY! What's this?

JONAH

What the hell?

Mary drops the mail when the puppy leaps on her!

MARY

Isn't he cute? Edna found him. She was gonna drown him!

She hands mail to Jonah and holds a letter for herself.

HARRIS

Looks like that Laddie, doesn't it, Pop? Same tail! Come here, fella!

Jonah steps back.

MARY
Who's Laddie?

HARRIS
The dog I had as a kid.

MARY
I didn't know you had a dog!

HARRIS
Yeah, well, he, ah, just
disappeared one day.

The puppy can't stop licking Harris.

MARY
How can a dog disappear?
Jonah's face is frozen.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, KITCHEN - NIGHT

An opened letter waits on the table in front of Mary.

Harris limps in using a cane.

HARRIS
Jesus, this goddamn thing is
killing me! Even the whiskey don't
work.

Mary's daydreaming.

HARRIS (cont'd)
What's the matter?

MARY
I have to go home. My mother's
sick. She isn't gonna make it.

HARRIS
Aw, Peaches. Is there anything I
can do?

MARY
What can you do? People die.

HARRIS
I'm sorry, honey. Come here.

Harris reaches out and they hug.

INT. MARINO APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Two elderly female Italian MOURNERS, dressed in black, commiserate before the mini-shrine to Guiseppe Marino: his photograph, candles and a Virgin Mary statue.

The "Sacred Heart" picture of Jesus looms above the altar.

MOURNER ONE

He was a good man. A hard-worker. A good father to his children and a good husband. God Bless his soul.

Barbara enters, in black, softly closing the bedroom door.

MOURNER ONE (cont'd)

Thank God she went fast.

BARBARA

Yeah, there was no sufferin'.

MOURNER TWO

Thank God.

KNOCK, KNOCK. Barbara lets Mary in.

BARBARA

You're late.

The old women are startled to see her.

MOURNER ONE

It's you.

MARY

What's going on?

MOURNER TWO

We must leave now.

BARBARA

She's gone.

MARY

When?

BARBARA

Three o'clock this morning.

Mary gestures the sign of the cross.

BARBARA (cont'd)
Thank youse for coming.

Barbara slips one old woman a ten dollar bill.

MOURNER
Li veri amici sunnu comu li muschi
bianchi.

SUPER: "True friends are as rare as white flies."

The Mourners exit.

BARBARA
Where have you been?

MARY
The ferry didn't run. The water was
too rough.

BARBARA
At least you could have been here.

MARY
What, you want me to swim? Let me
see her.

Mary glares at the photo of her father.

INT. MARINO APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

The curtains are drawn and a mirror is draped in black. Assunta Marino is dead. The corpse is in a casket holding ice, a string of rosary beads wound between the fingers. There is a floral arrangement of a clock face depicting three o'clock - the exact time of death.

Mary kneels before the pasty body, but keeps one eye on Barbara straightening the bed. She crosses and rises.

MARY
What do you got her in that dress
for?

BARBARA
It's tradition. Poppa's picture is
goin' in there, too.

MARY
Ha! She and Poppa hated each other!

BARBARA

Don't you come over here and start!
This is my house now!

MARY

What the hell are you talkin'
about? What about Joseph and
Anthony?

BARBARA

Mama left the whole house to me!
That's what she wanted, okay? You
left. You got a place to live! Mama
didn't want that mal occhio in the
house. You, with the evil eyes!

MARY

Me? ME? Mama used to watch when the
bastard was all over me!

BARBARA

GET OUT! NOW!

MARY

I hope she rots in HELL!

BARBARA

YOU GET OUTTA THIS HOUSE!

Mary's eyes burn! She makes the "mano di cornuto" sign:
extending her index and little finger, forming horns.

MARY

That's for the both of youse!

Barbara SLAPS her sister across the face!

MARY (cont'd)

OW! You dirty pig!

They wrestle to the floor.

BARBARA

OW! STOP IT!

Mary repeatedly SLAPS her sister, bloodying her large nose.

BARBARA (cont'd)

OW! NO! STOP IT! OW!

Mary pulls out a large clump of Barbara's hair.

BARBARA (cont'd)
OW! AHFFF! YOU WITCH! YOU STREGA!

MARY
Ha! Ha! Ha! I got somethin' of
yours now!

Mary shoves the hair-clump into her pocket.

INT. MARINO APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Before Mary leaves, she pauses before the photograph of her father and SLAPS it! The photograph of Guiseppe, the statue of the Virgin Mary and a lit candle SMASH on the floor! She spits at her father's image.

After the door SLAMS, a candle burns the old carpet.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

It's cold and gray. Jonah's waiting for the ferry to dock. His face is blank and lifeless. Slowly, he transforms, from vacuous to hungry.

Mary opens the door. She's wearing make-up: dark eye shadow and red lipstick.

The old man is breathless, licking his lips.

MARY
How is he?

JONAH
He's, he's strong. He'll get over
it.

MARY
Did you feed the puppy?

JONAH
What? Oh, ah, I haven't seen it.
Must be in the barn. How'd it go
over there?

MARY
Good. Real good.

Edna stares from the store as the truck leaves.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BEDROOM - DAY

Harris is sleeping. He has a yellow pallor. There's a half-empty bottle of whiskey on the nightstand. Mary's rattled by his appearance. She removes the sheet covering his leg.

Above the bandaged foot, the skin is discolored and infected.

HARRIS

Peachie.

She bends over and kisses him on the lips.

MARY

What happened?

HARRIS

Goddamn thing is killin' me.

She feels his head.

MARY

You're hot. You want some water?

HARRIS

No. I must be real sick, I don't even feel like drinkin'. Ha, ha! Oh, that hurt.

MARY

Don't worry, I'm gonna help you.

HARRIS

Oh, Peachie, I need you to take the fever away.

She kisses him on the forehead.

MARY

You sleep now. I'll be back in a little while.

Harris closes his eyes.

Mary moves to the dresser, picks up the Virgin Mary statue, and removes the silver cross.

She places both in a drawer.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, LIBRARY - DAY

Jonah's snoring in his chair, a book splayed across his lap.

Mary enters and he wakes, as if he were telepathic.

JONAH

George is coming to help in the morning. He's going to stay on as long as we need him.

MARY

Harris is real sick.

JONAH

Mary, no doctor is going to come out here in the winter. Don't worry about Harris. He's tough, he'll be alright. Besides, I thought you were the one that knew how to fix him.

MARY

Have you seen the puppy?

JONAH

No.

MARY

I looked all over. I can't find him.

JONAH

He'll show up. They always do.

Mary spots an empty whiskey bottle on the floor.

MARY

I leave for one day and the whole place goes to hell.

She bends over to pick up the bottle and Jonah stares down the sweater at her breasts.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BEDROOM - DAY

Harris is drying up. His face is yellow and gaunt; the lips parched and cracked. He drifts in and out of consciousness, his head framed by a braid of garlic cloves. A horseshoe has been placed on his chest, centered with a gold key.

Mary's sweating. She uses her index finger to release droplets of olive oil into a bowl of water. Each drop disperses, mixes with the water, then SPUTTERS.

MARY
Cristo, Cristiello! Tu sei buono,
ma e piu buono quello.

SUPER: Christ, little Christ! Thou art good, but how much better is that one.

Mary dabs the oil with her thumb and makes a cross on Harris's forehead.

MARY (cont'd)
In nome del padre, del figlio, e
dello sprito santo.

She uses a rag to wipe his face. His eyes open.

MARY (cont'd)
You come back to me now. I need
you.

Harris groans and Mary puts her index finger on his lips.

Jonah looms in the doorway, but she doesn't see him.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Mary washes Harris as sleeps.

She wipes his eyelids and he awakens.

HARRIS
Hey, Peachie.

MARY
You're not burnin' up anymore.

HARRIS
I was havin' crazy dreams. What
time is it?

MARY
The sun'll be up in a little while.
George and I are going to do the
cows.

HARRIS
I can...OW! Jesus, that hurts!

MARY
Don't move. You want some water?

HARRIS
Yeah.

Mary puts a glass to his lips. He sips slowly.

HARRIS (cont'd)
I had a nightmare. I dreamed all these sheep got loose and there was a stampede. Todd was in the middle of it and he got sucked right under and trampled. I went to look for him in the muck and all I found was his clothes. The sheep ate him. Then, Lars was cookin' dinner and he served a leg of lamb. When I went to carve it, this blue eyeball fell out and rolled on the floor. It stopped and winked at me. Jesus Christ, I woke up and you were right here. Peachie, I never felt so good in my life. You were right here beside me.

Mary takes his hand and kisses it. She pulls the covers over him and kisses his forehead.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, LIBRARY - DAY

Mary's sweeping the carpet. She finds the rug has been chewed. Also, the base of the Bible stand has been gnawed.

She's curious about the writing on the inside cover of the huge, leather-bound Bible: names and dates; births and deaths. Mary flips the pages, looking at the color leafs, and opens to an insertion. A picture of a bare-breasted African woman has been hidden inside.

She replaces it and leaves the Bible as it was.

EXT. FARNHAM FARM, BARN - DAY

George is lugging a bale of hay. Mary's stacking firewood.

A truck pulls up the farm road. It's Edna.

EDNA
How's Harris?

MARY
He's doin' better.

EDNA
I got a big package for you. It
came over on the eight boat.

MARY
Okay.

GEORGE
Want some help?

EDNA
Yeah, George, take that inside for
her. It don't weigh that much.

George carries the large package away.

JONAH (O.C.)
What are you doing up here?

Edna winces, startled to see Jonah behind her.

EDNA
Mary got a package.

JONAH
We'll come down to the boat to get
our mail, just like always.

EDNA
I thought with Harris being sick
and all...

JONAH
Harris is going to be fine.

MARY
You haven't seen that little puppy
have you?

EDNA
What's the matter?

MARY
He's gone. He disappeared.

Edna glares at Jonah, then reaches into her coat.

EDNA
Here's a letter from Todd.

JONAH

Like I said, we'll come down to get
our mail. No need to come up here.

Scowling, Jonah looks deeply into Edna's eyes as he takes the envelope from her.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, KITCHEN - DAY

The large package rests on the kitchen table. Mary uses a knife to open it. Wrapped in newspaper is her little white Christmas dress with a faded wine stain. She unwraps a moth-eaten blanket, revealing the "Sacred Heart" picture of Jesus and brushes the dust off it.

She looks further, removing crinkled newspaper. The wilted red devil's horn peppers are packed inside.

Mary giggles and skips out of the room!

INT. FARNHAM FARM, STAIRWELL - DAY

Mary runs up the stairs with the red peppers in her hand!

MARY

HARRIS! HARRIS!

She trips, laughs, and carries on.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BEDROOM - DAY

Harris is sitting up, staring, with a smile on his face.

MARY

Harris, look! The peppers from the
city! These are powerful!

She removes the horseshoe and key from the bed and arranges the peppers on Harris's chest.

He continues to grin.

MARY (cont'd)

You look like a lady with a
necklace! Ha, ha! How do you like
it? Harris? Harris?

(she touches his face)

HARRIS!

Harris is dead. Mary breaks down, hugging him.

MARY (cont'd)
 NO! NO! OH, JESUS, NO! PLEASE, GOD!
 NO! NO! NO!

She falls onto the body and WAILS!

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Using ropes, Islanders lower a simple coffin into the ground.

The grave is unmarked, but surrounded by many "Farnham" stones, including "Nellie Farnham, wife of Jonah, Born 1901, Died 1933."

Jonah and Mary are downcast, watching the casket hit bottom.

Crows CAW.

Islanders look on from a distance, including Edna and Grace.

Adjacent to the family plot is a mound of freshly disturbed earth: the grave that Harris and George dug up.

There is a spent whiskey bottle resting in the dirt.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BEDROOM - DAY

The picture of the "Sacred Heart" hangs over the bed as Mary changes the sheets. She sits on the side of the bed, tired.

There is an envelope on the dresser. From it, Mary removes photographs of the farmhouse,

the barn,

the flat-bed truck,

then herself on the stonewall in her sexy pose.

The last photo is of Harris, taken the same day, beside the stonewall, smiling, happy-go-lucky, wet from rain.

Mary places the image in a dresser drawer and finds the wilted garland of devil's horn peppers.

She quivers, then hurls the peppers at the "Sacred Heart."

Mary flops on the bed, sobbing.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Thunder RUMBLES with flashes of lightning.

Mary's sitting on the bed carving a sad face into an apple, curving the mouth downward.

She inserts a large red pepper tip in a hole for the nose then cuts a circle into the top of the apple. She stuffs in the clump of hair ripped from her sister's head and styles it with her knife.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, KITCHEN - DAY

Mary moves about the kitchen like an automaton. She places food on the table while creating four place settings.

Jonah and George enter, stomping mud off their boots, but Mary doesn't acknowledge them. The men hang their coats, seat and begin to serve themselves.

JONAH

We'd better start thinking about putting an edge on the plows.

GEORGE

Yup.

JONAH

I think we'll try sweet corn in that south lot this year, so, George, we'll have to manure it heavy.

GEORGE

Oh, yeah. That'll be good.

JONAH

Sit down and eat, Mary.

Mary sits before an empty plate and doesn't serve herself.

JONAH (cont'd)

You're going to have to take over the garden, Mary. We might be able to get a local girl to help you.

Jonah winks at George and the buffoon smiles.

Mary's focused on her empty plate.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BEDROOM - NIGHT

There's a chamber pot beside the dresser. Mary plops the shrunken apple-face into it and pours water over it. She spits on it, then gathers up her nightgown, squats on the pot and urinates. She appears placid, almost sedated.

INT. MARINO APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Barbara's naked, lowering herself into a steaming bath tub. Her eyelids are heavy as she takes a deep breath. She rests her head on the back of the tub and closes her eyes.

Suddenly, Barbara's body is thrust under the water! She bursts out, COUGHING, only to be pulled under again, GULPING, as if a two hundred pound weight was on her chest!

Again, she springs from the tub, only to be pulled back by this invisible force, banging her head on the cast iron rim.

Barbara sinks, bleeding from the back of her skull.

The water calms.

Mary's sister lies submerged, stiff with open eyes.

EXT. FARNHAM FARM - DAY

Birds are SINGING. In freshly tilled soil, Mary plants peas in long furrows. Harris's old girlfriend, Grace, is working a few rows away, humming a song.

Crows land, CAW, and Mary throws a rock at them.

The rock BANGS off a rusted, overturned wheelbarrow.

Mary struggles to turn the wheelbarrow over. There's a round nest underneath. She inspects it, pulls it apart, and extracts a long piece of fur: a white-tipped puppy tail.

GRACE

What's that?

MARY

I don't know.

Jonah's peering out from the library window.

INT. STORE - DAY

The store is empty and silent, except for muted radio MUSIC emanating from the back room. Mary's stacking milk crates.

Edna emerges, sorting mail.

EDNA

There's a letter from Todd here. I almost opened it by mistake. Oh, there's one here for you, too.

MARY

Thanks. I left the receipt on the counter.

EDNA

Okay, Mary. Thank you.

Edna disappears into the back room. The MUSIC turns to muted WAR NEWS as Mary inspects the unsealed letter with military franking. She then reads her letter from Providence.

Grace enters the store and sees the Mary's face.

GRACE

What's the matter?

MARY

My sister.

GRACE

What happened?

MARY

She died.

GRACE

Oh, my God.

MARY

God had nothin' to do with it.

Grace draws back from Mary's glazed eyes.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, LIBRARY - NIGHT

Rain streaks down the windowpanes. Jonah sits in his chair wrapped in a blanket. He sneezes. Mary brings him tea.

JONAH

You had your supper, didn't you?

MARY

I'm not hungry.

JONAH

Mary, spring is coming on very fast. I know this is hard to hear, but it's time for rebirth. What do you say? Why don't we play some cards like we used to?

MARY

Alright.

JONAH

Good. It will take our minds off things.

Mary pulls up a chair and deals six cards each.

JONAH (cont'd)

I'll bid three.

MARY

I'll take that.

Mary leads with the Ace of Hearts. Jonah pitches the Jack of Hearts. Mary counters with the Queen of Hearts. Jonah limply throws a meaningless Three of Clubs.

MARY (cont'd)

No more hearts?

Jonah shakes his head and sips his tea.

Mary starts to pitch her next card, stops, rises, and goes to the rainy window.

JONAH

What's wrong?

MARY

I can't stop thinking of Harris. I see him everywhere. I see him in this window. He's part of everything here.

JONAH

I miss him, too, Mary. These are hard times.

JONAH(cont'd)
My other boy's in harm's way, too.
I can't bear to lose both of them.

MARY
And the rain makes me cry.

JONAH
I'll tell you what. How about we
have a drink? We'll forget about
everything; just for tonight.

Jonah and Mary's reflections bleed in the windowpane.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, LIBRARY - NIGHT - LATER

Lightning flashes; THUNDER CRASHES.

Mary's pie-eyed, her blouse unbuttoned, while she and Jonah
continue playing cards.

MARY
Throw the damn card!

He tosses the King of Spades. Mary throws the black Ace.

MARY (cont'd)
Got ya! Ha, ha, ha, ha ha!

JONAH
Oh, no!

MARY
Alright, pay up!

JONAH
You're cleaning me out!

Jonah lays down a five dollar bill.

MARY
I'm empty again. I never won this
much money!

He pours her more whiskey and Mary drinks it like water.

MARY (cont'd)
I'm glad Harris can't see me like
this. Whew!

She slumps back in her chair. Her bra shows.

MARY (cont'd)
Have another drink.

JONAH
I've had enough, Mary.

MARY
Go on! Have another one. It's just
you and me now.

He pours himself a short one.

MARY (cont'd)
My hair must be a mess.

JONAH
No, you look fine.

Mary bends forward and Jonah peers down her blouse.

Mary leans back in her chair with a cockeyed smile.

DREAM - MARY'S BLACKOUT

Mary's watching her sweaty, grizzled father, Guiseppe, on top
her, fornicating. There are bloody circles on his nostrils
and he smiles with yellow teeth.

Mary's spread-eagled, helpless as he pumps away, GROANING.

Guiseppe's face blurs and blends into Jonah.

The stern-faced old man is fucking away like a dog, PANTING.

BACK ON SCENE

INT. FARNHAM FARM, LIBRARY - DAY - PRESENT DAY

A rooster CROWS.

Mary enters and sits in Jonah's stuffed chair. She's a mess,
hungover with wrinkled clothes. Trying to fix herself, she
discovers her bra is attached incorrectly. She checks her
skirt: the buttons are fastened wrong.

She rises and winces, touching her crotch.

The nude African photograph protruds from the Bible.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BEDROOM - DAY

The floorboard has been pushed aside. Mary looks down at
Jonah, eating at the table. George enters the kitchen.

JONAH
Here's your money.

GEORGE
Thanks. Hey, Mr. Farnham, I haven't
seen you smile in a long time.

JONAH
Well, George, I'm having a pretty
good day today.

Mary slowly slides the board back into place.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, LIBRARY - NIGHT

The large Bible is open and Jonah is reading, standing up. He
doesn't see Mary walk in backwards. She turns, wearing dark
eye shadow and red lipstick.

MARY
Do you want to play more cards?

Jonah spins around, wide-eyed.

MARY (cont'd)
You should have taken me upstairs.
It felt funny waking up in your
chair.

JONAH
You, you were sleeping so soundly;
I, ah, didn't want to disturb you.

From inside her blouse, Mary produces the white-tipped puppy
tail. Jonah's jaw drops.

MARY
Look what I found.

JONAH
What's that?

MARY
After last night, we still have
secrets?

JONAH
Mary, listen to me. You were gone.
The thing was pissing all over the
rugs, Harris was in bed, look, it,
it chewed the bottom of the Bible
stand.

JONAH(cont'd)
I can't have that in my house,
Mary. It was just like that
goddamned Laddie!

Jonah catches himself in his confession.

JONAH (cont'd)
Mary, God gives us free will. Some
things we must take upon ourselves.

She slinks to a chair.

MARY
Let's have another drink. What the
hell.

JONAH
I've got work to do, Mary.

She unbuttons her blouse.

MARY
Yeah, I know. A drink will help.

Jonah flushes as he stares at her chest.

JONAH
You're right. Let's, let's have a
toast.

There's a bottle on the shelf with two glasses. He pours and
excitedly hands Mary her drink.

JONAH (cont'd)
You're absolutely correct. A drink
will help.

MARY
I'm going to have to teach you how
to put my bra back on. Maybe next
time you can just leave it off.

JONAH
Mary, believe me, I, ah, I didn't
mean to violate you in any way.
Please, I...

MARY
I liked it.

JONAH
It was, there was a lot of
drinking, I...

MARY
I said I liked it.

Mary takes her blouse off, exposing her bra.

MARY (cont'd)
Do you like them?

JONAH
Yes, they're, yes, I do. I do like them.

She lowers a cup, exposing one breast.

MARY
I like to be sucked.

Jonah moves toward her and gets on his knees.

JONAH
Oh, God forgive me.

Mary smiles and puts her breast in his mouth.

MARY
Harder. Mmmm.

As he sucks, Mary unbuttons her skirt and slip, and lowers them to the floor. She offers Jonah her other breast, then hands him the puppy tail.

MARY (cont'd)
Rub this on it.

Jonah drops his pants. Mary slides her panties off.

JONAH
Let's go up to the bedroom.

MARY
No.

Mary lies on the floor, spreading her legs. Jonah mounts her. As he pumps, she puts the puppy tail in his mouth.

MARY (cont'd)
Suck it.

Jonah sucks the tail, then feels a sharp pain in his groin.

JONAH
OW!

He pulls out, holding his genitals.

JONAH (cont'd)
AH! God!

He removes his hand. The old man's testicles are swollen like baseballs and his penis is purple and bleeding.

JONAH (cont'd)
Jesus Christ, you little bitch! AH!
GOD! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

Jonah rolls on his side and curls into a ball.

Mary coldly watches him MOAN and writhe on the floor.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BARN - NIGHT

Mary's opening stalls, shooing out all the animals! They MOO and BLEAT, dashing for freedom!

She drags Jonah's body onto a bed of straw.

She raises a kerosene lantern over her head and SMASHES it, setting the straw ablaze!

Mary spits on Jonah's corpse and forms the fig gesture: the thumb inserted between the middle and index finger.

She exits scratching her ass.

EXT. FARNHAM FARM, BARN - NIGHT

Alone in the field, leaning against the lichen stonewall, Mary calmly watches the barn blaze.

The huge structure is enveloped by stabbing, crimson flames.

INT. FARNHAM FARM - DAY - 1945

The barn is a gigantic, fallen lump of coal. Wild grape vines crisscross the rubble, clinging to charred beams.

The garden gate slumps, the fields are overgrown.

Crows CAW on a limb that has snapped off the chestnut tree.

The farmhouse sags, like a tired, old woman.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, KITCHEN - DAY

The "Sacred Heart" hangs over the stove with the wilted garland of red peppers hanging below Jesus.

Mary has set a table for two. Harris's photograph sits on a saucer, leaning against a cup.

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY play on the RADIO.

A now haggard Mary is cooking and cackling.

MARY
Did youse hear that, Harris? Ha,
ha!

She brings a skillet of eggs to the table.

MARY (cont'd)
Youse want more eggs? You gotta get
strong!

She stands there, as if waiting for an answer.

MARY (cont'd)
How's about some fried potatoes?

A crow CAWS outside and she opens the door.

MARY (cont'd)
HEY! SHUT UP, FOR CHRIST SAKES!
WE'RE TRYING TO EAT IN HERE!

She SLAMS the door shut.

MARY (cont'd)
Goddamn birds always makin' a
racket. Okay, I guess I'm ready to
eat. You sure youse ain't gonna eat
anything?

Mary opens a cupboard and fetches the Virgin Mary statue, placing it on the table. She takes the silver cross from her neck and loops it around icon. She folds her hands in prayer.

MARY (cont'd)
Mother Mary, Harris and I ask that
you will grant us peace in our
hearts and...

Outside, car TIRES ROLL over the gravel driveway.

A car door SHUTS.

Mary doesn't move.

FOOTSTEPS CRUNCH.

Millie's face is in the window.

MILLIE

Mary? MARY! Open the door.

Millie KNOCKS.

MILLIE (cont'd)

Mary? Mary, open up!

Mary refuses to turn around and face Millie.

MARY

Go away! There's no one home!

MILLIE

I've got some news, Mary! Please open the door, I've got to talk to you!

MARY

Go home! I don't want no news! Leave us alone!

MILLIE

Mary, please!

Mary stays still. Millie's exasperated and leaves.

Mary clasps her hands together and continues to pray.

EXT. ROSE ISLAND, FERRY LANDING - DAY

A cargo truck covered with canvas lumbers down the ferry ramp, directed by a gray-bearded CAPTAIN. He salutes the driver, Todd, looking sharp in his military uniform, clean-shaven with his hair combed perfectly.

Edna waits on the store porch.

Todd climbs from the truck and marches right to her.

They embrace in tears.

TODD

Hi, Mom. I missed you so much.

EDNA
I knew you'd come home alright.

TODD
It's been a long time.

EDNA
You're not going to recognize the farm.

TODD
Is she up there?

EDNA
Yeah, she's up there. Crazy as a loon.

Islanders exit the store.

ISLANDERS
Welcome home, Todd. Glad you're back, Todd.

TODD
Thanks.

EDNA
I talked to George. He's going to help us. Bob Dodd, too. Don't worry, we'll get it back the way it used to be.

TODD
I've been waiting a long time for this day. I'll see you later on. I love you, Ma.

EDNA
I love you, too, Todd. Now, go do what you have to.

Todd's blue eyes burn as he walks back to truck.

EXT. FARNHAM FARM - DAY

Todd's cargo truck slowly pulls in beside the ruined barn.

He gets out of the truck and the image of his uniform against the charred destruction resembles a war scene.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, BEDROOM - DAY

Mary is dusting off Harris's photograph.

MARY
Look at you. You're all dirty
again.

POUNDING on the front door.

Mary grasps the picture and sits on the bed.

More POUNDING, then a CRASH OF GLASS.

She curls up and holds the photo to her breast.

The bedroom door jiggles before Todd BURSTS through.

TODD
HEY! YOU! GET UP!

Mary stays still.

TODD (cont'd)
MOVE, GODDAMMIT! LET'S GO!

Todd pulls her off the bed!

Mary THUMPS on the floor!

MARY
AHHH!

TODD
GET UP! MOVE!

She rises and Todd pushes her out the door.

EXT. FARNHAM FARM - DAY

Todd unties the knotted rope holding the canvas on the truck.

Mary stands beside him, cowering, unable to raise her head.

TODD
One day we were searching a
farmhouse outside of Weisbaden. My
buddy wanted to torch it, but I
heard something in the basement.
There was a kid down there in a
Nazi uniform, about fourteen.

(MORE)

TODD(cont'd)

He looked just like Lars. Just like him. I said, "Schmidt?" He smiled at me. He said, "Ya." He had the most beautiful white teeth. I said, "Lars Schmidt?" He said, "Ya! Ya!" Then he took out a Luger and tried to blow his brains out, but the bullet just shot his ear off. Ha, ha, ha! He looked like he'd just stolen some cookies. Ha, ha, ha! You know what I did?

Mary's eyes are still on the ground.

TODD (cont'd)

ANSWER ME!

MARY

What, what did you do?

TODD

After I pissed in his mouth I soaked him in gasoline and gave him a good ol' Lucky Strike! You ever fry German sausage? Ha, ha, ha! Pull that rope. I SAID PULL IT!

Todd flaps the canvas back. Inside is a load of sheep.

They BLEAT. BAA! BAA! BAA!

One ewe sticks her head out.

TODD (cont'd)

Oh, you pretty girl. Give me a kiss.

Todd kisses the bleater on the lips.

TODD (cont'd)

There's a big ram back there all for you Mary! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mary shrinks, voiceless and trembling. Her blue eyes are like the sky seen through the sockets of a bleached skull.

INT. FARNHAM FARM, KITCHEN - DAY

The "Sacred Heart" hangs over the stove.

An oily teardrop falls from Jesus' eye.

FADE OUT.

