

NOEL
He'll be fine.

The sound of a motorcycle approaches in the distance. Paula looks up at Noel, her eyes wide with terror.

76 EXT. FRONT OF FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

76

Noel casually walks out the front door as he stuffs a pistol in the back of his pants. Confused, Jake follows behind him.

At the far end of the driveway, Wild Bill sits on his motorbike. The biker stares at them while revving his engine.

Noel walks towards him.

NOEL
This is private property! Get the fuck off my land!

Wild Bill holds his ground. Noel stares back at him.

Finally the biker swings his back wheel around. He kicks up gravel as he rides off.

NOEL (cont'd)
The island is getting too damn crowded.

Noel and Jake go back in the house.

77 EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

77

The pick-up sits in the driveway, illuminated by moonlight and light from the house.

78 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

78

Jake and Paula sit at the kitchen table eating Jake's catch. They listen silently as Noel talks on the phone.

START
NOEL
Nope. I haven't seen him in Christ...
going on four years now. No phone calls,
nothin'.
(Beat)
I'm sure he's fine. Jake is a tough kid.

Jake stares at a bullet hole in the wall. He glances over at Paula. Her hair is uncombed and her face is devoid of her usual make-up. With her shoulders slumped, Paula gives her food a blank look.

NOEL (cont'd)
Tell you what, if he turns up, I'll have
him give you a call.
(Beat)
No problem.

Noel hangs up the phone and sits down at the table. He smiles
at Jake.

NOEL (cont'd)
I should get a brother of the year award
for that.

Jake looks over at Noel as he stuffs a piece of fish in his
mouth.

Paula absently mashes peas into her mashed potatoes.

Chewing a mouthful of food, Noel glances over at Paula and
then Jake.

NOEL (cont'd)
So Jake, you keeping busy with your
sketchbook?

Noel slices off another chunk of fish and shoves it in his
mouth.

JAKE
Yeah.

NOEL
What are you drawing?

JAKE
Nothin' much.

He looks back over at Paula, then returns to eating his meal.
There is a long moment of silence.

NOEL
Maybe you could do a portrait of Paula
here. 'Course she'll have to show some
pride. At least wear her fuckin' make-up.

Paula looks up from her plate.

NOEL (cont'd)
Is there a reason why you look like shit?

Paula suddenly pushes herself away from the table and walks
out of the room. He watches her go, then turns back to Jake.

NOEL (cont'd)
That girl has low self-esteem Jake.
She's lets herself go too easy.

JAKE
Maybe she's under a lot of stress.

NOEL
She doesn't have a fuckin' clue what real
stress is.

He puts down his utensils and takes a drink from a beer
bottle.

NOEL (cont'd)
(Beat)
How do you think we met?

JAKE
I don't know. Through friends...

NOEL
It was 8 Ball Night at the Town Pump. A
John almost broke her jaw so I broke his
arm.

The revelation hits Jake hard.

JAKE
She was selling herself?

NOEL
It was survival. Paula doesn't have much
in the way of talent. Except...
(smiles)
If we hadn't hooked up, she would be dead
in a gutter by now. You want a beer?

JAKE
No thanks.

NOEL
Sure you do.

The fridge door opens. Noel's face is framed by over a dozen
stubby bottles of beer. He reaches in and grabs one.

He slams the bottle down in front of Jake, then sits back
down. Jake glances at the beer, but doesn't reach for it.

The two brothers stare at each other.

NOEL (cont'd)
So you think about our parents a lot?

JAKE

A little, I guess. I remember things.
Some things I don't remember much.

(beat)

Like the day dad died.

Uncomfortable, Noel takes a swig of beer.

NOEL

I remember. That's why I can't look at
their faces. That's why I took down the
pictures.

JAKE

It wasn't your fault they died, Noel.

NOEL

Dad was my fault.

JAKE

It was an accident.

NOEL

I pulled the trigger.

Noel rises abruptly from the table.

NOEL (cont'd)

Drink your beer.

END

He drops his dishes in the sink and walks up the stairs.

Jake sits alone at the table for a moment, then moves towards
the wall. He takes a closer look at the bullet hole.

79 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

79

Jake falls back in his bed. He stares at the ceiling for a
moment, then rolls onto his stomach.

Jake's door creaks open. Jesse pushes his head against it and
squeezes inside.

He makes his way over to the bed and starts licking Jake's
face. Jake gives the big dog a comforting squeeze.

Jake looks up at the family photo on the beach, hanging on
the wall.

80 INT. BEDROOM - LATER

80

Jake has fallen asleep on the bed, Jesse beside him. He rolls
over and swats at his nose - a *BLACK FLY* buzzes around the
bedroom.