

# **The Purple Skunk**

**By**

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A Thesis  
Submitted to the faculty of Graduate Studies  
in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements  
for the Degree of

**Master of Arts**

Department of English  
University of Manitoba  
Winnipeg, Manitoba

(c) March, 2004

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FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES  
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**A Thesis/Practicum submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies of The University of  
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## Abstract

The Purple Skunk proposes that Winnipeg in the present is an ideal locale for an immorality tale of revenge, or justice, depending upon the reader's point of view. This screenplay, in the tradition of the classic pulp fiction of Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler, examines the hypocrisy and necessary corruption of prohibition era policing, and the subsequent crime. Unlike the detective characters of these genre-creating authors, The Purple Skunk is not concerned with catching criminals, but rather with questioning what is criminal.

This screenplay emphasizes a moral ambiguity in the legal system and features characters at odds with the machinations of an imperfect application and enforcement of the law. Individual freedom, the family and human rights are attacked by the puritan impulses of coercion, conformity and control and only friendship provides protection. The Purple Skunk places friendship as the highest social bond. The Purple Skunk concludes that the urge to justice can be subverted into a misanthropic quest for violent revenge, but that even this is better than no action at all.

## Acknowledgments:

Thank you mostly to Barbara  
without who I would not be possible.  
And to my secret hero Grenville  
and KT, Kevin and Dave.

Thank you to George who got me into this racket so long ago  
and perhaps has been cursing himself ever since,  
and all the patient professors who endured my anarchy of ideas.

I bow down to my friends who have survived  
especially to those who wrote in my defense  
during my recent legal troubles  
whose kind letters had a profound impact and saved me  
though they were never read in any court.  
You know who you are,  
and you know what you mean to me.

*For Brian, Leah, Gogi and all my dead friends.*

EXT. NIGHT

A shiny, sparkling diamond comes into focus. A single snowflake, beautiful, complex, unique, slowly turning in the blackness. Fade.

EXT. NIGHT

A howling wind, millions of chaotic white flakes swirl across the black screen. Frozen, twirling madness. Out of this appears a ghostly figure, a person walking towards the camera, wearing nothing but a bed sheet. Pale, skinny legs trudging through deep snow. Barefoot.

EXT. NIGHT

His bare feet plunging through the snow. Dark drops spotting his footprints.

EXT. NIGHT

The sheet flies up in the wind to reveal a horrible gash in the man's side. Blood trails form frozen designs on his ribs. A hand with a bloody stump where a pinky should be clutches the wind-snapping sheet tighter, in a futile gesture against the cold.

EXT. NIGHT

A frosted face, wheezing, with long blood icicles forming a horrible beard, staring blindly, smashes into a tall, black tree. The figure falls.

EXT. NIGHT

Bird's Eye POV: The sheeted figure, back to the tree, sitting and staring into the darkness. Then swirling snow whirls in to fade the scene away.

## THE PURPLE SKUNK

### CREDITS

The Skunk, animated, similar to the pink panther, sashays into the darkness and begins dancing with the credits, to the Purple Skunk theme music. The Skunk emits a strange cloud of odor, which, when it touches the credits, causes them to become fuzzy, and then change to new credits. Fade to black.

EXT. BUS WINDOW POV. DAY

The streets and neighborhoods of late March Winnipeg roll slowly past. Haunted, clay-stained hummocks of ice, leafless trees and pale, hooded citizens marching in their heavy boots.

INT. BUS DAY

It is a Greyhound bus. JACK SELKIRK, looking tanned, and dressed South American, is writing in a book, looking out the window, and writing again. Occasionally, he stares hard at something, as if remembering. No one sits next to him.

EXT. BUS WINDOW POV. DAY

Strip-mall after strip-mall blur into each other. They stop at a vacant lot covered in cans and wind blown papers and dusty snow.

INT. BUS. DAY

Jack stares hard at the vacant lot, looks around as if to confirm his thoughts, then squints and conjures up the building.

EXT. BUS WINDOW POV. DAY

An old building shimmers then appears. On its ground floor there is a funky little shop called Sphinx Books and Records. A golden light glows from within.

EXT. NIGHT

Two figures crouch at the corner of the same building. Standing on lookout is a younger, punked up version of Jack. Behind him squatting is a figure spray-painting, using a stencil. He pulls back the stencil to reveal a fresh double colour KaRaTe KiDs logo, tastefully centered, then turns his face to Jack, revealing him as a younger version of the murder victim of the opening scene.

Joe

Now they'll know we were here.

Both figures run off into the night.

EXT. BUS WINDOW POV. DAY

The empty vacant lot with an old newspaper blowing across.

INT. MOIRA'S STUDIO

MOIRA, an extremely beautiful, dark-haired, strange looking, arty woman is sitting alone, in a cluttered bohemian studio cutting images of Joe Karate, the murder victim, out of assorted photographs, with a large pair of scissors. She drops the carefully cut out figures into a pile. It is huge. She picks up an old-fashioned LP record sleeve and begins slicing into it to get at the picture. It is entitled: The KARATE KIDS KICK IT.

INT. DAY

An old man (JOE'S DAD) sits on a single bed in a 'remade' bedroom, which now boasts a sewing machine and an out of place looking filing cabinet. He is wearing a bathrobe and his hair is messy, looking down at the carpet, his old head held in his old hands. In the background the sound of a woman weeping quietly can be heard. Outside a dog barks. The pillowcase on the bed is STAR WARS. On the shelf is an old hockey trophy with the name Josef Shovelitch, but the head of the hockey player on the top has his head snipped off, and has been replaced by a toy monster head. There is also a JOE KARATE graduation picture, and a couple of faded Karate ribbons.

INT. MOOSEJAW MONGOLS CLUBHOUSE

A massively antlered moose skull rests malevolently upon a large colour television. On the television screen is a soft spoken man reading a report on the Matlock Massacre.

REPORTER

Winnipeg Police working in cooperation with the RCMP discovered the body of the lead suspect in the St. Vital Slasher case as well as the body of his common law wife in what appears to be a murder suicide. Police spokesman, Capt. Stuart had no comment pending notification of



The television pops off. Close up of a powerful hand with a moose ring holding a remote, his meaty thumb working the buttons.

Voice (MARCUS)

Bullshit!

A stereo lights up and loud insane rock music blares forth. A large bearded, longhaired man wearing a fur hat, arms sleeved with tattoos, ears festooned with golden rings sits atop a huge leather chair. He throws down the remote controller, stands up and walks across the room to a hanging punching bag, and then attacks it violently. Copious tears run down his face, weeping as he throws punches. Then suddenly he stops, as if struck by a thought. He spins around and looks around the room, then stares off into space, thinking. He walks quickly across the room and through a door.

EXT. SNOW COVERED WILDERNESS. DAY

MARCUS is sitting on a chopper with high handlebars, whipping along, as the camera pulls back to reveal it is a snowmobile, not a motorcycle. A rack of antlers is chained to the front of the snow chariot. He leaves the main trail and goes into a thick beautiful winter wonderland forest, slowing down and looking around. He stops, gets off his hog and reaches into a compartment on its side, taking out a leaf blower like machine. Marcus then retraces the snowmobile trail and starts obscuring it with his machine that whips up great gusts of snow. Marcus then gets back on his snow chariot and proceeds forward, until at a certain point he slows, reaches into his pocket and pulls out some kind of electric box, with which he gestures forward. The earth groans and yawns open, aided by hidden mechanisms, and a cave is revealed. Marcus rides into it and the great maw is closed. Silence rules the forest.

INT. SUPERMARKET. DAY

An older woman at the check stand is staring at the woman who stands by the cash register. The cashier is a bit eccentric looking, lots of earrings, a dark tendril of tattoo that her work shirt doesn't quite hide, razor-cut black dyed hair. She is holding a box of SWEET SUGAR SHAKES in both hands, looking at it.

INT. CANDLE LIT BEDROOM

The cashier nude in bed looks up to see that a box of SWEET SUGAR SHAKES is in the hands of Joe Karate,

naked, who bears two beers in his other hand, walking back from the kitchen. As he climbs into bed, handing her the beers, he gestures with the cereal.

JOE

I've got to work in three hours.

They both laugh.

INT. SUPERMARKET. DAY

ELDERLY CUSTOMER

Excuse me, miss. Are you open?

The cashier puts down the box of cereal, troubled, distracted.

CASHIER

Oh. Yes. Sorry.

The cashier then remembers where she is and gets back to work.

INT. A LARGE DOWNTOWN APARTMENT STUDIO. NIGHT

Incredibly sad 1980's New Wave synthesizer music blasts. A tall, skinny, bespectacled man with a mop of hair stands in front of a huge window, staring down into the city night. He is dressed in alterna-trend clothes. His name is WOODY ROGERS. Behind the thick glasses there is a bright glint of active thought, and his jaw clenches. The camera creeps closer and his actual skull is seen to pulse with activity. Suddenly an eyebrow shoots up and his head gives a quick turn. He is looking out the window at the tall buildings opposite.

EXT. NIGHT

The malevolent, smoking, steaming, snow-capped roofs of the night.

INT. WOODY'S STUDIO

Woody Rodgers frowns and steps back from the window. He retreats back to a couch and plops down. He picks up a strange-looking remote control, aims it at the window and presses a button. Unseen venetian blinds begin to lower accompanied by an electronic hum and a weird grinding sound.

The telephone rings. He looks at the telephone, recognizes the number on the call display.

WOODY

Hello mother, how are you? No. I'm all right... No, I haven't. Is that what you're supposed to do? I didn't know there was etiquette about such things. OK, well, um, I guess I'll, uh, phone them tomorrow. No, I'm just, I don't know, I have a lot on my mind, but I'm OK. OK. Yeah. Bye.

As the phone conversation goes on the song on the stereo ends and a new song begins. The new song is by the Karate Kids, called Reagan Youth Reject.

INT. AIRPORT. NIGHT

A woman (WANDA RING) dressed in black walks between two small children dressed in black holding their hands. All three are wearing black sunglasses and look incredibly cool. As they walk people move from their path.

INT. AIRPORT. SPY POV

The lurking camera spots the woman in black and steps behind a pillar, following her as she moves towards the luggage carousel. The sound of a cell phone auto speed dial is heard.

MYSTERIOUS OBSERVER

Hey. It's me. She just got in. And she's got company.

From the crowd another two women in black appear and pause as they see the black-clad mother. The two chicly dressed ladies look Parisian or Milanese, but for their snowmobile boots. The crowd is edging back when one of the two newcomers sobs and steps forward to embrace the mother, who has tears dripping down her cheeks.

MYSTERIOUS OBSERVER

Jeeze. They look like  
a bunch of vampires.

INT. AIRPORT

The two black-clad children break from their mother and run to watch the fun of the luggage conveyor belt.

EXT. WEST END SUBURB

A hooded parka-wearing mother is pulling her children and some groceries on a toboggan, which slides over the ice and scrapes grittily over the exposed concrete. She pauses at a yard where there is an evil twisted snowman, half-melted and bent.

WOMAN

Look what happens when you don't eat your vegetables. That used to be a little boy who wouldn't eat his vegetables. Now look what happened to him.

CHILD

That's a snowman.

The woman gives a sharp tug, the toboggan lurches forward and they walk off down the street.

INT. MOIRA'S STUDIO

Moira sits as the center of a flower with photos of Joe Karate as the petals. She is moving and comparing them when her phone rings.

MOIRA

Hello?

INT. GREYHOUND. EVENING

Jack talks into a cell phone.

Jack

Hey, it's me, Jack Selkirk.  
I'm just going past the Golden Boy.

INT. MOIRA'S STUDIO

Moira

No way! I didn't think  
you'd get here for, like, days!  
Well, just stay put when you get in,  
and I'll be there soon. Okay.  
Oh, probably ten minutes or so.  
Okay. I'll see you soon. Bye.

Moira steps carefully out of the pond of pictures,  
grabs a toque, pulls it on, steps into boots, pulls a  
coat on, checks for mittens, turns out the light.

EXT. DUSK

An urban winter parking lot with all the cars plugged  
into electricity posts. Mounds of shoveled snow are  
heaped in the corners. Moira walks up to a small  
beater, unlocks, gets in, starts it, gets out, unplugs  
the car, gets back in, turns on the heater, grabs a CD  
case, gets out and starts scraping the ice off the  
front windshield. When she has cleared a tiny space,  
she gets back in the car and drives off, hunched over  
the wheel.

INT. MOIRA'S CAR. DUSK

Moira is driving, squinting and moving her head around  
to see where she is going. She opens a frosted side  
window to look at a frosted rear view mirror. She  
turns on the radio to drown out the heater fan's  
monotonous whine. As Moira drives her face takes on a  
contemplative cast. She turns to the right addresses a  
ghost from her past.

MOIRA

Well, I can't walk out there  
with these heels on...

INT. NIGHT. ANOTHER BIGGER OLDER CAR STUCK IN SNOW

A younger Moira is dressed in a short skirt, sexy  
stockings, high heels and a huge fur coat. She is  
talking to a younger Jack, who sits in the passenger  
seat, pretending to be concerned that they are stuck in  
the snow. He is looking at her legs. They have both  
obviously been out drinking at some fancy dive.

JACK

Well, uh, what do you  
think we should do?

Moira looks at Jack.

INT. DUSK. MOIRA'S CAR

Moira smiles for a second and seems to forget she is driving.

INT. NIGHT. ANOTHER OLDER CAR STUCK IN THE SNOW

Jack and Moira engage in passionate half-clothed sex.

INT. DUSK. MOIRA'S CAR

Up ahead a light turns red, and she hits the brakes.

EXT. DUSK

Moira's car tires are sliding on old ice.

INT. MOIRA'S CAR

Moira's face is a mask of calm, as she pilots the skidding vehicle.

EXT. DUSK. WIDE VIEW

Every car stopping at this intersection is gliding and sliding into place. No scrapes, bumps, bent fenders or close calls. The light turns green and a few dozen tires start spinning on ice, and the whole gliding procession of traffic skids off. It is ballet.

INT. BUS STATION. DAY

Jack Selkirk strides purposefully through the crowd, an enormous sack slung over one shoulder. Moira Wells steps up off the bench. Jack drops his bag and they wordlessly embrace.

CHARMING BEGGAR

Would you buy your  
brother a burger?

Jack and Moira frown then laugh as they automatically dig for change, pressing it into the man's hands.

CHARMING BEGGAR

Oh bless your souls!

As the beggar walks off into the Bus Depot, Jack picks up his sack.

Jack

Long time, no see.

INT. A DARK ROOM

Woody Rodgers sits on an electronic chair, wearing an electronic computer bucket on his head. He makes enigmatic gestures in the air with his electronic gloves. A nearby computer snarls, whilst other electronic equipment grunts and sings. Purple and Green strands of liquid electricity drip and ooze and spark across the room. Woody seems to be summoning some kind of demon or perhaps conducting an invisible orchestra.

EXT. JETS EYE VIEW OF SNOWY WINNIPEG AT NIGHT

Far below in a pulsing circle the street lights, and all the other lights aside from car headlights, begin to flicker and blink.

EXT. NIGHT. A SUBURBAN YARD

The charming Christmas lights, pulsing unnaturally, transform a jolly old Saint Nick, into a lit-from-beneath, shiny faced pedophile, with a psychotic gleam in his eye.

EXT. NIGHT. A SUBURBAN YARD

A prize evergreen wrapped with an improbable number of red and green Christmas lights, blinks insanely, while beside it a child, who's just dropped his skates in the snow, howls like a damned thing.

EXT. NIGHT

A Corporation's garish Christmas display, turned off due to it being late winter or early spring, suddenly pops into light and life. A massive star on top of the perfect corporate tree blows a bulb, which knocks a glass doodad awry, and focuses the powerful light across the street and onto a homeless man with skis strapped under his shopping cart. Seen from a new angle the scene parodies the famous Christmas manger scene. Three guys walk past the bum, not noticing, their hockey team jackets and toques displaying the KINGS logo. They yell at each other about hockey.

INT. A DARK ROOM

Woody stands from his throne and reaches into the air with his electric hand and grabs something invisible, which he clutches to his bosom, and covets.

WOODY

Ahh. Yes. You thought you could hide. But I found you, didn't I. Every number has a name. Every name has a number of numbers. Coded numbers. Sneaky numbers that tell stories. Trails of numbers leaking out of the electric bag and leading to the gingerbread house. But I'm not going inside. I see the number on the gingerbread house. I see all your secret numbers because you are naked to my super numbers. You're an electric tree that can be pruned and snipped. All your little numbers falling to the ground. All your numbers. Numbers. Numbers.

INT. WOODY'S CYBER MIND

Woody stands with a weight-lifter's body amidst a landscape of numbers, his impossibly long arms, sweeping and gathering and forming, sifting and throwing, his eyes whipping in circles and the whole place pulses. Suddenly Woody's head grows and bends to look out over the horizon of digits, where in the distance there is a growing darkness. It pulses menacingly and grunts like an inquisitive boar. He growls then claps his hands and disappears.

INT. CAR. DUSK

Moira Wells is driving, frenzied Be-Bop jazz is quiet in the car.

JACK

Have you talked to Wanda Ring?



MOIRA

No. She just got into town.  
She's staying at Shelley  
Dubinski's parents place.

JACK

Where was she?

MOIRA

Montreal. She and Joe split up like,  
five or six months ago. She took  
Sid and Nancy to her folk's place in  
Westmount.

Jack

Oh yeah, they had kids. Damn.  
Poor Joe.

Jack looks out the car window, into the window of  
another car. He sees a crying baby, but he can't hear  
it at all.

EXT. EVENING

The small car pulls off the main road and parks in  
front of a West End, granola-belt house with its back  
to the river. As Jack and Moira walk up the shoveled  
walk the streetlights pulse and so do all the other  
lights. Jack and Moira look up and around.

JACK

It's like the city is trying  
to tell us something...

MOIRA

It's telling me you need a drink.  
Come on. I can't believe how  
quickly you got here...

JACK

You don't think the Incas  
have cell phones?

INT. MOIRA'S HOUSE

MOIRA

...such a far off place,  
I looked on the map and it's  
as far from the equator as we are,  
well not quite as far,  
oh just leave your boots there...

JACK

Oh, yeah. I forgot about  
the boots thing.

Jack kicks his boots off as Moira walks around turning  
on lights. She walks to the kitchen and prepares  
cocktails. Jack sets his bag down looking around, then  
follows Moira to the kitchen.

MOIRA

Look, the pulsing has stopped.

JACK

Ladies and gentlemen,  
the ghost has left the machine.

The phone rings.

MOIRA

I don't want to answer it,  
that's too weird.

JACK

Maybe it's you who  
needs the drink.

Moira stands, walks to the answering machine and turns  
the volume down, so that the incoming messages can't be  
heard.

MOIRA

I feel like getting bombed.

JACK

Well, when's the funeral?

MOIRA

Not till the day after tomorrow.

JACK

So then get bombed, I don't mind.  
I'll get bombed too.  
I haven't been drunk in months.

MOIRA

Why not?

JACK

Too dangerous.  
I had to keep my wits about me  
or I'd end up in a ditch somewhere...

Jack trails off as what he's saying strikes him.

INT. BENEATH THE EARTH

Marcus Molotov throws back his fur cloak and strides down the tube tunnel ramping deeper into the earth. He carries a large flashlight that soon illuminates a change from metallic pipe to natural limestone. The sound of dripping can be heard as he strides down an older stalactite strewn cave, past ancient Cree paintings, to emerge in a large underground cavern, complete with a lake and a series of islands. It is lit by powerful lights. On one of the islands a massive growth of purple can be seen. A hooded figure steps from the shadows and approaches Molotov, who spins to face the newcomer.

HOODED FIGURE

We've been expecting you.

She pulls back her hood to reveal her Cree Canadian background, and her blind cornea-less eyes. She smiles in the direction of Marcus Molotov. From behind her a short child-sized figure appears, but when he walks into the light, his full beard is illuminated.

DWARF

Everything is ready.

INT. MOIRA'S APT

Jack and Moira are lounging in an oak-trimmed, cedar-floored, plant-strewn room, its windows overlooking the snow-covered river and the twinkling Christmas lights of River Heights. They have had a few drinks.

snow- covered river and the twinkling Christmas lights of River Heights. They have had a few drinks.

MOIRA

We were at a party on Gerard and for some reason Joe and I didn't want to smoke the joint with everybody so we went all the way up into the attic.

JACK

Who was living there then? Was that Izzy and who else?

MOIRA

It was after that weird wedding at the old brewery so it must have been around then but-anyway! Joe and I were up there alone, I think for the first time ever, and we started talking, I mean really talking not just you know, blather, and what struck me was how absolutely different he was in private, you know?

JACK

Yeah, I remember the exact week he went from suburban schoolboy to anarchist. He took a bus down to Minneapolis to see some hardcore show and came back changed. Slab always said it was because he accidentally ate a bag of acid.

MOIRA

Yeah, but that's Slabinsky talking. The only thing I didn't understand about Joe was why he fought so much... actually all you guys were always-

JACK

Hey we were defending ourselves.

MOIRA

I'm getting a refill.

Moira steps over, grabs their two glasses, then carefully looks into a side mirror to note Jack staring at her ass, before walking to the kitchen.

INT. CAVE

Fur clad biker, bearded dwarf and blind albino sit on cushions and smoke. White cats wonder around the candle lit cave.

MARSHA NIGHT TREE

You are troubled, Marcus.

MARCUS

Yeah, something is not right.

MARSHA

It's about Joseph.

MARCUS

Yeah.

Marcus stands abruptly and clenches his fists. He turns so that the Dwarf won't see his fresh tears.

INT. SEDAN DRIVING IN TRAFFIC

(shot from behind so their faces don't show)

MYSTERIOUS OBSERVER #1

Hey did you remember to get that key?

MYSTERIOUS OBSERVER #2

Yeah I got it here somewhere.

He roots around in his pockets, searching until:

MO #2

What the? Hey, check these babies out.

MO #2 brings his cupped hand up close to the driver's face and rattles the contents like a couple of dice. The car swerves and skids a bit.

MO #1

Get those fucking things  
away from me. Get rid of  
them. Throw them out the  
window. What the fuck is  
wrong with you?

MO#2 laughs and laughs, then clacks his teeth loudly at  
#1.

MO #2

Hey, she just took a left.

MO # 1

I'm not blind, douche-bag.  
Throw those fucking things in  
a snow bank.

INT CAVE

Marcus, MARSHA and the Dwarf look up as low throbbing  
sound begins pulsing.

TODD (the dwarf)

That's the alarm. The west  
tunnel.

MARCUS

Let's go.

Marcus grabs a shovel leaning against the cave wall. A  
white cat leaps into Marsha's arms as she stands. TODD  
grabs up an eccentric-looking remote controller device.

INT TUNNEL

The three stride quickly, Marcus's torch providing the  
only light.

TODD

Well at least we haven't  
heard any explosions.

The three reach an intersection where Woody Rodgers,  
dressed incongruously in Farmer clothes, crouches,  
confined by a giant metal cage.

TODD

Well at least we know  
the trap works.

WOODY

It almost chopped off my foot!

MARCUS

What the fuck is wrong with

WOODY

I forgot the damn code!

MARCUS

Okay, chill out dude.

Marcus steps to the wall and hauls on a chain. He hands the torch to Todd, takes a better grip and pulls harder on the chain, which raises the cage and frees Woody.

WOODY

That's a good trap Todd.  
Hey Marsha, how's it going.

MARSHA

Long time, no see.

WOODY

Ha ha ha. Actually, my appearance here is of some import.

MARCUS

Did you see the news?

WOODY

It's not that, it's something else. It's something that could never be shown to the television audience. I went out wandering in my electric wonderland and found a big pile of numbers that did

not add up. I had to resort to the Purple Skunk in order to create a fractured, crooked geometry of logic, but even that crumbled under the ultimate scrutiny.

MARCUS

I don't know what the fuck you are talking about.

WOODY

The cop computers have a new security dog inside, that doesn't try to stop you from entering, but follows you after you leave. Now if you think about it, that means that they're not concerned with what you take, they just want to get you for trying to take it. Which means that the information there must be compromised. In other words they've created a bunch of trap sites around their central castle of information.

MARCUS

Tricky pig.

WOODY

This also means that everything I've been getting for you recently might be misinformation. Including their plans against the Steinbach Initiative, which I, as you know, have always questioned the wisdom of. This also means that the police are deliberately misleading the public in regards to our dead friend. And if we follow the breadcrumbs...

TODD

Hey! Why don't we take it into the sitting room instead of standing around here all day? I just packed the bong



and made some coffee...

Marcus and Woody frown at the Dwarf.

#### MARSHA NIGHT TREE

That sounds like a good idea, Todd. Come on you city slickers, you can talk just as easy sitting down.

Marcus and Woody want to continue but bow to the precedent set by their host, shrug and walk off into the cave.

#### INT. HOSPITAL

A male figure, filmed so that his identity is not apparent, dressed in hospital clothes, walks down a hallway, pausing and looking around. The figure walks up to a door, opens it and goes inside. A filing cabinet is opened. A file is removed and opened on the desk. Papers are taken and replaced with other papers that have been removed from beneath the mysterious figure's shirt. The file is replaced. The figure walks to the door, cracks it open a bit, to reconnoiter, then leaves the office into the hall.

#### INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

An old man, Joe's dad, sits on the side of his bed, dressed in a robe and slippers, and is channel surfing, before settling down to a Christian Prayer Channel. Behind him, lying on her side, is a wide form. The old man looks blankly at the electronic religious ceremony, but the antics of the preachers seem to cause no amusement in him.

#### INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Wanda Ring sits on a footstool in a sumptuous suburban white bread living room facing the dark picture window whilst behind her, two elderly people sit on a couch, holding cups of tea, their expression and demeanor that of tentative, good-willed sympathy. Next to them the two children, now dressed in pajamas, lie on their stomachs, watching television, eating cookies. Wanda could either be looking at the reflection of herself, her children and her hosts, or past it, out into the frozen darkness of the winter night.

#### INT. CAR. POV. NIGHT

From behind the wheel parked in a sumptuous suburb, we see a binoculars view of Wanda Ring, sitting on her footstool, looking out the window.

MYSTERIOUS OBSERVER #1

You know, she's not too bad looking for a mother, and a fucked up anarchist bitch. That's where I got her prints. She once got popped for disorderly assembly. Even her mug shot's hot. And now that her man's gone, maybe, a heh heh...

MYSTERIOUS OBSERVER #2

You are one fucked up freak, you know that?  
The man's not even cold and...

MO #1

Whaddaya mean he's not cold? They had to use steam to blast him out of that snow bank. The snow looked like a strawberry fucking slurpee.

MO #2

Oh, Man, that is too much, a hee hee hee.

Both men start laughing so hard that the car that they are sitting in starts shaking.

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT

A fattish man with a office-worker haircut, wearing a ragged robe, stands before the open door of the refrigerator, looking in and contemplating. He scans soymilk, wheat grass, and kelp-infused granola bagels, a bowl of brown rice and other organic vegan foods in various states of decomposition, preservation and freshness. The man's brow furrows and he shuts the fridge door, and steps to the cupboard, flinging it open in hungry exasperation. A new box of Sweet Sugar Shakes stands amidst the lentils, dried beans, apricots and grain jars. Blasphemy! The man's jaw drops in utter surprise and he reaches out to touch the box,

grabs it, gives a shake, looks inside to confirm the impossible, then spins and walks from the kitchen. As he walks into a small living room, holding the box aloft, he looks down to see the punkish cutie that was working as the cashier. Her name is SHARON PAINE. She is wrapped in a blanket with an enormous bowl of cereal in her hands. An empty beer bottle is on the coffee table. The fat man looks like he was going to say something, but the arm holding the box slowly lowers. The expression on the woman's face is feral, frightening in its intensity. The man nods and backs away, looking at the carpet, the box of cereal forgotten.

INT. THE ANCIENT CAVE

A lantern, candle, and electric lit cavern of sparkling beauty, and at its centre, a round table. At the table sits Marcus Molotov, sipping at a jug of iced wine and smoking upon an enormous Hookah in the shape of a Mountie Head. Woody Rodgers, his hands clasped together as if in prayer, his brow convulsing in thought, a snifter of brandy like a crystal ball before him. Marsha Night Tree, smoking an elegant, long-stemmed ivory pipe, her face a study of serenity, and the bearded dwarf, Todd, who is snacking out of a large bowl of crunchy salty crispy things, which are getting in his beard.

MARCUS

So the real question is,  
why haven't they mentioned  
the Purple Skunk?

WOODY

I've been thinking about that.  
Either it was moved  
before they traced the body back  
to the house or else  
they're holding onto it to set  
some kind of trap.  
But you saw the set-up at Joe's,  
you know how long...

MARCUS

I fucking put the fucking thing  
in myself and I designed it to come  
down in hours, no traces,  
the full acid bath and DNA sweep.

WOODY

Exactly. So there's plenty of time to take it all away before the police show up. But then there's the question of Joe escaping from them and running into the snow, they didn't know how much time they'd have, what if he had run to another house and pounded on the door?

MARCUS

Maybe they, or he, or she, were following him, just out of reach.

MARSHA

Like wolves.

WOODY

That's actually probably quite likely.

MARCUS

But this all takes us back to my original point about the 'Matlock Massacre' bullshit. No mention of a cottage full of contraband, no million dollar bust. If the Pigs had the shit, don't you think they'd be strutting about making a big deal about it? Of course they would, and pat themselves on the back like they made a difference. But they have said nothing. Nothing about the reason behind the murder.

WOODY

It's possible that they didn't recognize what it was. You've smelt that funk. It's like nothing else.

MARCUS

They're dumb. But not  
that dumb.

TODD

Well, how do you actually  
know that Joe died in  
defense of the Purple  
Skunk? What if he was  
killed for something else  
entirely?

MARCUS

Yeah? Like what? That's  
what's bugging me,  
the guy the Pigs blame,  
the Matlock Massacre guy,  
long record, constant  
inmate, a total fucking  
lifer, he's a B and E  
dude. He spent his life  
sneaking around stealing  
shit, and he was about  
five foot nothing. Joe  
could've kicked his ass.  
He was thee Karate Kid.

WOODY

Well, what if Joe was  
asleep, or toasted?  
Maybe he got stabbed in  
the back. *Sotto:*  
And the remorse, caused  
by the accidental murder  
of a panicky victim  
during a routine  
housebreaking, eats away  
at the heart of the  
killer until finally they  
do themselves in.

MARCUS

That's the way the Pigs  
and the media are spinning it.

WOODY

But why does the killer take  
his former common-law wife  
out to a cottage in the country  
and kill her before himself?  
If the suicide is remorse,  
why does he kill her?  
Why does she drive him out there?  
It was her car.

MARCUS

And with a shotgun? And no note?

WOODY

And this still doesn't solve  
the problem of the missing  
Purple Skunk.

TODD

I'm still not convinced that  
Joe was killed for the reasons  
you think.

MARCUS

I was real fucking close to the guy  
and he didn't have any enemies.  
Joe was a fucking Gandhi.

TODD

Revenge is a dish best served cold.  
Maybe the knife that pierced  
your friend's breast  
was sharpened years ago,  
before he quit drinking.

WOODY

And he was getting divorced...

MARCUS

Oh, fuck off! What the  
fuck is this? Agatha  
fucking Christie? This  
is not a fucking parlor  
game, it's a fucking  
hunt! And you're all in  
it too, because whoever  
has that Purple Skunk has  
a big chunk of us. While

we're sitting around  
talking in circles our  
enemies are on the move.

WOODY

Marcus. Who is the  
smartest man in Manitoba?

MARCUS

You are.

WOODY

We cannot prevail in this  
conflict until we have  
superior knowledge.  
We must study our enemy  
undetected. As you say  
this is a hunt, not  
galloping with a blowing  
of horns, but creeping  
and careful. We must use  
our numbers (he pauses  
and his eye twitches)our  
secret hidden numbers to  
good effect. And right  
now we don't even know  
who are enemies are, so  
let's not get  
overexcited.

MARCUS

OK, then. We know  
something's wrong, and  
that everything smells  
like bullshit right now.  
That's a given. I'm going  
to go back to the city  
and take care of some  
business. Woody, give me  
a call if anything comes  
up. Todd, maybe you  
should recheck the cave  
defenses. Marsha, stay  
cool, I'll bring more  
food on my next run.

He stands.

WOODY

Are you going to the funeral?

MARCUS

My mug shot has already been taken. There'll be telephoto rats all over that shit and my disguise bitch is working on a movie up at Gimli. I'm just going to the Wake. Also I don't like sitting around and watching people cry. Anyhow, see ya.

Exits.

After waiting for Molotov's footsteps to recede, the Dwarf speaks.

TODD

Something is definitely bothering him. He's just not his jolly self.

WOODY

He's got more problems than you know about. He shields us from his gang, but some of those guys are complete monsters, and now he's wondering if there's a traitor who knew just enough to put two and two together. Most of those guys are as dumb as touqueless in January, but think of what Marcus was their key to. Marcus is the only guy in all Winnipeg, or the world for that matter, who could supply them with the Purple Skunk. That kind of power draws challengers and treason.

TODD

Well, at least we know the cave is safe.



WOODY

I hope so.

MARSHA

Why don't you come to the garden Woody and look at your children? They've grown beautifully since you were here last.

TODD

Oh! Man! They are the most astonishing... that fibre optic light system you rigged, they look like Martian Explosions! OK! Let's go then!

Todd capers and dances impatiently.

WOODY

Delighted. Your arm, my dear.

He steps forward as Marsha stands and takes her hand, leading her from the chamber.

INT. LATE MORNING. MOIRA'S APT

Jack lies tangled in twisted sheets and blankets, a sock across his throat, the pillow trying to cover his eyes, on a futon in a spectacularly beautiful hand-painted room, lit brilliantly by bright winter light. The walls are flowered, but with a tone implying rich serenity coupled with a profound understanding of colour and form, producing a dazzling display, only exceeded by its subtle simplicity. Jack groans as he snores.

MOIRA'S BEDROOM

Moira lies like a corpse in a coffin, her arms crossed across her chest, pale, fragile. Her black slip frames the elegance of her exquisite form. A beam of the sun comes into focus, through the window and strikes her, which causes a physical reaction, slow and sluggish, a wincing from the light. Her arm raises in a Dracula-esque gesture. She groans.

INT SUBURBAN HOUSE

Wanda Ring stands in the living room, talking quietly on the telephone, under the din of the television, looking out the front picture window, but hidden, slightly shielded by drapes and a lamp. On the living room floor her two children are making card houses, large complex card houses. On a couch sits one of the benevolent older people who own the house, watching a show on home improvement and smiling occasionally at the children.

WANDA

I have no idea. They told me he was dead by asking where I was when it happened. Yeah. In fucking Montreal. They knew. They totally knew. They had already checked the flights and talked to my boss. No. They're OK. They don't even really understand. The Dubinski's are so nice. I don't know if I should tell them I'm being followed by the police. Well, I'm not sure but who else would it be? I saw a car last night when I went outside for a smoke, with two guys in it. Now there's another different car with one guy in it. Well, maybe I am paranoid. Yeah, fuck them. Anyway, I've got to get out this afternoon. We should meet up, if you want. OK that sound's good. See Ya.

Wanda hangs up the cell and wipes her eyes, composes herself for a moment, then turns to face her children.

WANDA

Who wants to go to Aunt Debbie's?

The children stop, cards poised, and exchange a glance, then jump up, scattering their card houses and running for their hats and mittens.

INT. MOIRA'S APT

Moira lies in the bath, rejecting the pain of the world. There is a knock on the door.

JACK

Hey. Are you all right?

Moira groans in the affirmative

I'm going out for a walk.  
I need to get the blood pumping.  
I took the key from your purse.

EXT. DOWNTOWN

Jack walks along, trying to take strength from the fresh air. He passes a street hockey game. He sees children tobogganing down the riverbank onto the ice. At one point a few flakes fall and Jack looks up, expectantly, but then the sky clears.

EXT. DOWNTOWN

As Jack walks down the street he looks around as if trying to sense something, sniffing the air slightly, gazing at the details of old buildings. At one point he walks past an enormous naturally occurring massive ice sculpture behind some steam vent.

INT MOIRA'S APT

JACK

Hey. Are you alive, yet?

MOIRA

Oh, god please just let me die.  
I need medication.  
Medicate me, you bastard.

JACK

What do you require?

MOIRA

Make tea. Two pieces of  
toast. Marmalade. Some  
black olives. An  
ashtray. Water. And  
blueberries. And pack the  
green bong in the flower  
room with ...

JACK

The queen must be served.  
Is it all down in the kitchen  
and easy to find?

MOIRA

Hop to it, slave.

She groans, stretches and sinks beneath the sheets, in  
dismissal.

INT. MOIRAS BEDROOM

JACK

Wake up, my pretty.

Jack stands above snoozing Moira, bearing a tray  
covered with the breakfast that Moira asked for.

MOIRA

Oh you sweetie. Mmmmmmm.  
I must have fallen asleep.  
Oh that smells good.  
Oh you're the best.  
Ohmigod is that ever good.  
Aren't you having any?  
Eat an olive.

JACK

Actually I already ate awhile ago.  
No I was thinking  
of going out for a drive,  
if you'd lend me your car.

MOIRA

Oh. Oh, sure. Umm.  
My keys are in my purse.

EXT. SUBURB

Jack is parked in Moira's car, with the heater running, cherishing his hands before the warmish blast. He is looking at a house, looking at a tall tree in the yard.

EXT. SUBURB YEARS IN THE PAST

A tall, dark haired man with a long un-trimmed beard, dressed in conservative 1970's clothes, wearing a tie, cuffs and collars buttoned, is planting the tall tree, now a sapling, in a huge pit he has just dug. Two children stand on the mud and gesture at the tree. In the background is a black Volkswagen beetle. A woman in a beehive hairdo with cat's eye sunglasses, stands on the front steps of the brand new house on the brand new street in what used to be a farm field, holding a baby, frowning absently at the muddy mess. The scene fades into a quick montage:

The tall man throws an axe over hand into a wooden target as children cheer. The beehive woman sits at a piano and sings with two small boys. The tall man turns from the hanging deer he is skinning and notices the point his small son is making about the deer's hoof. The woman is showing the boys how to hold their pinkies up when they sip their tea. The tall man steers a canoe that contains two children and the woman. The woman offers a plate of cookies. The bearded man completing the cutting of a secret trap door from the child's closet floor into the crawlspace. The woman's back turned as children's hands steal cookies in the foreground. The bearded man and the beehive woman screaming at each other, he thundering like Thor, she screaming like a banshee. The woman and the children walking up to a church, the children's faces full of wonder. Children's hands stealing cookies at the church. The bearded man sitting and cleaning a flintlock pistol while studying a map, until he is struck in the side by a flung cookie, which he frowns at. The woman stands observing as the two children sit and play cello and harpsichord frowning despite the simple beauty of the music they play. A dinner table where some grand parents are present: perfect civility and decorum. The same dinner table, sans grand parents, amidst a food fight. The bearded man dressed as a pirate slashing with a cutlass at the beehive woman dressed as Queen Victoria parrying and riposting with an umbrella, slow motion, both deriving some weird pleasure from their duel.

EXT. SUBURB

Jack sits in Moira's car.

JACK

What a bunch of weirdoes.

He looks around, coming out of his day dream memory daze. He puts the car in gear and drives away.

EXT. SUBURB

Moira's car drives up to a house at which the curtains are drawn. Jack looks hard at the closed garage door. From behind it the muffled music of the Karate Kids begins to emerge.

AN ANCIENT GARAGE

A young Joe leaps about slashing at his guitar, whilst a young Jack pounds upon his bass. A tall, skinny bespectacled nerd slaps badly at the drums. Suddenly the bass and guitar stop short. The drums continue then stop.

JOE

Hey Marcus, you're slowing down.

MARCUS

Uh sorry. Do you think you could turn down a bit? I can't even hear my kick drum. You keep turning your guitar up.

JOE

Yeah yeah.

He adjusts a knob.

MARCUS

One two three four!

Jack leaps into the scene with a microphone and starts screaming lyrics.

EXT. JOE'S FOLK'S HOUSE

Jack sits in Moira's car as the old music fills his head. After a while he drives off just as Woodford Rodgers arrives and parks in the driveway. They do not notice each other. Woodford is dressed darkly and his head hangs. Even his big hair droops. He walks to the

back door of the house and rings the doorbell. Joe's robe-wearing father answers the door.

JOE'S DAD

Come in, come in, Woody.

Woody stands dumbly, and then tears begin to course down his face and he steps quickly in.

INT JOE'S OLD BEDROOM

The hockey trophy with the monster head.

EXT. LATE AFTERNOON

Wanda Ring drives a minivan down Pembina Highway, looking in the rear view mirror. Her children are singing a Christmas carol.

EXT. REAR VIEW MIRROR VIEW

A car about five car-lengths back, driver and one passenger, mid-sized, late model sedan, dark in colour.

INT. MINIVAN

Wanda looks at her children who are singing sweetly, snug in their seatbelts and parkas, then looks back into the rear-view mirror. Gone!

EXT. REAR VIEW MIRROR VIEW

The suspected tail-car is no longer there.

INT. MINIVAN

She looks around more, but doesn't see the people she thought were following her. As she drives she keeps looking around.

WANDA

OK, you guys, Christmas is over.  
Why don't you sing  
the St. Patrick's day song?

CHILDREN

You help us sing!

Wanda leads them in a chorus of 'The Biggest Mix-Up.'

EXT. LATE AFTERNOON

Wanda's minivan is passed by Moira's car as Jack whips along Pembina Highway. Moira's selection of Be-Bop jazz propels Jack along. Suddenly a huge black van pulls out in front, Jack curses and slams on the breaks. He skids, 360's and rolls up on to a huge snow bank, the car and the driver unscathed. The black van doesn't even slow. Jack leaps from the car curses and waves the finger at the receding van.

INT. MINIVAN DRIVING PAST THE SCENE

WANDA

What an amateur.

Wanda smiles as she drives past and casts a glance at Jack then does an abbreviated double take.

EXT. LATE AFTERNOON

The late model sedan, caught by Jack's little accident, is struck in a traffic jam. Wanda's minivan leaves the scene. Inside the late model sedan which may or may not have been following Wanda, through the slightly frosted window, the driver, his identity uncertain, can be seen pounding the dashboard in frustration. Jack stands on the side of the road cursing.

INT. BLACK VAN

Marcus Molotov is hunched over the wheel, sucking on a slurpee and listening to loud insane rock music. Behind him in the van are two leather-clad bikers, members of the Moose Jaw Mongols. One of them is using a file on some kind of battlin' shovel. The other one is counting crinkled bills.

EXT. EVENING

JACK

Thanks a lot, you guys. See ya.

The small crowd of parka and toque clad volunteers, having just pushed Moira's car off the snow bank, disperse to their own cars, as Jack gets in and turns the engine over. He drives away.

INT. MOIRA'S APT

Moira, pale and fragile, is sitting at her dinner table, smiling at Jack, who emerges from the kitchen



bearing a Peking Duck, with grilled peppers on a bed of wild rice.

INT. NIGHT

Woody Rogers sits staring at a large computer screen. He tries some buttons but gets no result. He strokes his chin. Then he looks across the room to see a small box resting on a counter. He walks over to it, picks it up and opens it. A tingling sound is heard and Woody smiles.

EXT. NIGHT

Bearded bikers stand around outside a motor hotel smoking. Occasionally people walk up to them, buy drugs, then walk off. Across the street Marcus is sitting in a tiny red car watching them with binoculars. He looks at his watch then drives off.

EXT. DAY

An Orthodox Church complete with Kremlinesque spires and Cyrillic configurations dusted with snow, stands in a vast elm-strewn cemetery, limousines and a hearse parked in front, crowds in black arriving, entering, milling, smoking outside. A tall, bearded man wearing a pointy religious hat and a ceremonial robe greets people as they enter.

INT. CHURCH

Moira stands in the lobby, holding her purse, dressed in long, elegant black, looking around at people in the crowd. She sees Jack, but he is talking to an extremely attractive, very short brunette whose idea of funeral wear is a little black cocktail dress. They seem to know each other quite well. She clutches his arm and threatens his earlobe with her deep red lipstick as they chat and look about the room. Moira's eyes sharpen.

INT. CHURCH FOYEUR

There is a vast 'parking lot' of slip-on rubber soles, meant for protecting formal shoes, as well as a camp ground for heavy women's boots, for those who prefer pumps in church. There is a rack covered with many felt 'old-man' hats. There are racks and racks of winter coats. Children hide and lurk amidst the jungle of draped clothing.

INT. CHURCH

The low muted tones of religious organ music attempt to create a contemplative atmosphere. A look down the pew at a long line of old people, their heads bowed, shedding sorrow and gazing about. The camera drifts across the congregation showing family members and a lot of people in their late twenties or early to mid thirties, many of them dressed eccentrically. Two police officers sit near the back, their moustaches, bad haircuts, poorly tailored suits and facial expressions giving them away. At least one man is quite drunk, despite the fact that it is eleven in the morning. Wanda Ring, in vintage black with veil, sits with her children and her two friends from the airport, down the pew from Joe's Dad, who holds his wife's hand and drips steady tears. A messy-haired fellow in second hand clothes sits in the back row with his head cocked and his eyes closed, as if listening.

#### INT. CHURCH LOBBY

Woodford Rogers, his eyes hidden behind enormous sunglasses, enters the church, and when passing through the lobby, slows to look at a painting. It is a depiction of the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, wrought in a peculiar pop-art style of the 1960's, featuring an inordinate amount of blood. Woody pauses to flash a photograph with his telephone. He looks around, perhaps high on something, then strides purposefully through the doors to the meeting hall.

#### INT. CHURCH

Jack and Moira are sitting next to each other. Moira is leaning forward over the pew, having a whispered conversation with the girl from the checkout counter, the one with the tattoos, Sharon Paine, who sits between two elderly, obese women in flowery dresses, and hats. Jack is looking around, in a quiet reverent way, when his gaze falls into the returned stare of the short brunette in the cocktail dress, who gives him an arch look. But just over her shoulder stand Woody, who, having just spotted Jack, whips off his sunglasses in wondering recognition. Jack's attention is immediately diverted and he nods in greeting. The brunette makes a face, looks over her shoulder at Woody, who waves an 'I'll talk to you later', before walking quickly forward to take his place at the coffin side. As he sits, the music ends.

#### EXT. NEAR CHURCH

The late model, mid-sized sedan purrs malevolently, a gloating sentinel, with the church in the background.

The iced windows hide the features of the driver and passenger.

#### INT. CHURCH

The priest is chanting in an archaic tongue, his hands raised in gestures of begging. A woman wearing a long white robe and a black mask walks around the coffin ringing a bell. The priest walks around to twelve candles and snuffs them out. He then calls out to the crowd, who stand up, some slower than others, not knowing what is going on. He calls out again and the faithful all begin slowly spinning clockwise. As Jack too spins, he gazes into the drunken face of a badly dressed mourner who sneers in recognition, and then into an old man's devout face, past the short brunette who gives him a smoldering glance, and around to the priest again to motions for them to sit. They all sit, and then there is a song.

#### EXT CHURCH

The grieving crowds surrounding the front of the church part as the pallbearers, priest, and family make their way to the limousines and hearse. The tattooed girl from the check out counter, Sharon Paine, who has obviously been bawling continuously, convulses as the coffin passes, her hand reaching out. She is helped by Moira. As Sharon straightens she looks full into the profile of Wanda Ring, walking with her children. She turns away, pushing through the crowd. The commotion causes Jack to look up, and he sees the same sneering drunk standing nearby, rocking on his heels. Jack turns from him. The crowd shifts and they are separated.

#### EXT CHURCH

Woodford Rogers helps place the coffin in the hearse, slips his phone out of his pocket, makes a quick telephoto adjustment, using the hearse as cover, and snaps the photographs of the two obvious policemen. It is extremely smooth and passes unnoticed except for the voice over, which sounds as Woody pockets the camera.

#### EXT CHURCH

The crowds are dispersing to their cars as the funeral procession prepares itself. Jack and Moira are standing talking to an older couple in their sixties, somebody's parents. As a group of mourners slowly pass a small family is revealed. The mother has long black straight hair, blue eyes, and extremely pale skin. The father has even blacker straighter hair, eyes like

lapus lazuli and very Caucasian features. There are two children. One of them has black hair, navy eyes and pale skin. The other has curly, auburn locks, deep hazel eyes and a ruddy complexion. The child's hair and Jack's hair are of a colour. The mother notices Jack, or pretends to first notice him. Carefully she turns her head and looks at her red-haired daughter, reaches down and kisses her. The mother then whispers something to her and she runs off grabbing her brother up in her arms. The mother gives Jack a practiced look of contempt, turns and walks off. Throughout this Jack has been pretending to listen to the old woman talking to him and Moira, except for when his eyes widened when he looked at the red-haired girl. Jack watches them walk off to their car where he sees the two children playing, and his head bows and his hand comes to his brow as he feels a fresh new pain. Moira notices the wince but not the source and gives him a hug. The old couple move off.

MOIRA

Well that was about the weirdest funeral that I've ever been to. Hey. Are you all right?

JACK

Yeah. Yeah, I'm just, fuck, there's, I don't know what to say.

MOIRA

Come on it's cold out here. We'll get in the car and warm up.

INT. MOIRA'S CAR

Jack and Moira are driving in a long line of cars with their lights on driving through red lights, bumper to bumper.

MOIRA

I didn't know you knew Velma Voop.

JACK

Is that what she calls herself now? Velma Voop? That's so insane! Her real names Wilma, you

know. First, along time ago she hated it because every body bugged her about Wilma Flintstone: 'Wilma! 'So when she's about twenty, or so she changes it to Velma, as in Fred, Daphne, Scoob, Shaggy and Velma. And she even got Velma glasses, sweater, skirt, HAIRCUT! It was so weird, but because she was so cute, it was a total success. But what the hell does Voop mean? Or did she get married?

MOIRA

She married the guy who used to play drums in the Fabulous Frankenstones, for about a month and then married a yuppie. Maybe he was called Voop.

JACK

Voop. There were so many faces back at that church, but I couldn't remember anyone's names. Like Gabriel Mathers.

MOIRA

Yeah, what the hell was that all about? He kept staring at you.

JACK

Remember when Lori McPherson broke up with him and he went on that long campaign of slander and just ridiculous bullshit to get back at her? Do you remember why she broke up with him?

MOIRA

JACK

Yeah well, that explains it.

MOIRA

You're a bad man, Jack.

Jack looks out the car window, sees his own reflection then it blurs into the red haired girl.

EXT. GRAVEYARD

A snow covered cemetery, an ice-encrusted back-end hoe, a black pit and a crowd all facing inwards. Woody helps the coffin into the ground. Joe's father jumps into the grave following the box.

JOE'S DAD

May God curse my son's murderer!  
May he burn in hell!

He screams and collapses, pulling clumps of snow and gumbo onto himself. Woody and others help him from the pit. Joe's mother wails.

INT. MOIRA'S CAR

JACK

That whole thing at the church. All that religious stuff. Joe was about the most atheistic person I ever knew. I know it's for his folks, but it just seemed all wrong. I couldn't take all that superstitious ritual stuff seriously. It's a lie. It's not what he was about.

MOIRA

I don't know. It's also serving a function. People need a place to get together and cry.

JACK

But why dress it up  
with all that foolishness?

MOIRA

It's called culture,  
Jack. Don't like  
conservative Islam? Join  
the froth at the mouth,  
dance on the pew  
Baptists, or sit on a mat  
and look at nothingness.  
It's all about choice.

JACK

Yeah. Cyanide or Arsenic.

INT. 1950'S TOURING CAR

Woody Rodgers drives this gorgeously restored vehicle, though the dashboard has a number of new electronic panels, screens, machinery, consoles, buttons, switches, toggles, knobs and frequency registers. As he drives from the funeral Woody looks worn and sad. A synthesizer dirge from the 1980's pulses. He drives the car up to the top of Garbage Hill in St. James and watches the sun set. And as this happens he thinks back.

EXT. ALLEY ALBERT STREET NIGHT

In the background a loud bar band can be heard. It is, of course, winter. A younger huge haired Woody Rodgers dressed at the height of New Romantic nerdiness, his nose blooded, and a short punker girl screaming defiance at those who surround them: Five hockey jacket wearing jocks, all of them much bigger and heavier than Woody.

EXT. WOODY'S POV

The girl looking at him, mouthing 'Are you alright?' before turning to scream at a jock who is grabbing her away. Another jock stepping forward and a fist. Sparks. The girls screaming face through the sparks. The pavement. An explosion.

EXT. ALLEY ALBERT STREET

The jocks in a tight circle around Woody spin around as a molotov cocktail explodes behind them. The girl breaks free and jumps to Woody. Marcus Molotov, younger, unbearded but massively huge, holds a second

flaming bottle like Zeus with a lightning bolt poised for throwing. Stepping into the light, a furious faced Joe Karate emerges, his hair shaved into a tight Mohawk, his steaming breath making a demonic smoke about him in the street light. His mittens are wrapped in hockey tape. And past them dances Jack Selkirk, all in plaid, whooping and screaming, pulling his four foot long toque from his head and whirling it. The jocks stand confused for a second, their fists poised. Then Marcus throws the molotov cocktail at the wall beside them, and Jack swings the weighted end of the toque into a jock's face causing bloody squishiness, and Joe leaps in a flying whirling karate ball of doom amidst them.

EXT. WOODY'S POV

The punker girl is kissing him with bloody lips, but gets out of the way for Woodford to witness Joe punching a guy up and down the body, Marcus yelling 'YOU COWARDS!' as he hurls one jock over a parked car, whilst pinning another to the slush with his foot, and Jack frowning at the blood on his toque as he steps forward, bends down to Woody.

JACK

Hey, are you OK?  
You look like Dracula.

In the background Joe steps back from a curled up guy and gestures that he may leave. Marcus steps off the guy and allows him to get up and go. The flames die quickly.

JACK

Hey we gotta get out of here. We're going to go to Balmoral House and drink beer, why don't you come along cause I don't think you should hang around here. My name's Jack. That's Marcus and Joe.

EXT. GARBAGE HILL SUNSET

Woodford reaches over to the dash and presses a button. Part of the dash slides open and a small elegant bar rolls open. Woodford pours himself a small drink of cognac in an exquisite cut glass goblet. He looks at the dying sunlight through the brandy and raises his



the dying sunlight through the brandy and raises his glass, toasting, and then drinks. The sun having set, he drives off.

EXT. NIGHT

Cars are parked in every available space near a lit up house, the front lawn snow covered in footprints, people visible in every window, loud music thumping from the basement. Beside the house, hidden in the shadows someone who could not wait is staining the snow. Jack and Moira walk up the sidewalk, each carrying a bottle wrapped in brown paper. They walk in the front door. Smoke emerges.

INT. FRONT HALL

There is a gigantic pile of shoes and boots at the front door, it is somewhat chaotic, and underneath it is all wet, but the party is crowded enough that people stand on the edge of dampness. Everybody is in socks.

STRANGER

Hey keep the door open so  
we can get some air in here!

Jack and Moira negotiate the shoe yard, leaving the door open. A tall Asian woman in a sari steps forward.

ASIAN WOMAN

Could you please keep the  
front door closed because  
of the noise?

Jack looks at the guy in the black leather jacket, shrugs and slams the door. He and Moira remove their shoes, place them in the overflowing closet, and pull their huge coats off.

ASIAN WOMAN

You can put your coats in here.

She pushes through the crowd, down a hall and into a bedroom, where there is a huge double bed, completely over-flowingly covered in parkas, coats, jackets, cloaks, and hats and mittens. A fresh pile has been started on the dresser.

ASIAN WOMAN

I'm Dil. I live here with Shelley. I'm so sorry about your loss. Shelley said that Joe was one of the good ones.

MOIRA

Hi. I'm Moira and this is Jack. We were both good friends of Joe's.

Jack and Moira place their coats on the pile. As they pass through the living room, there are two hefty women, each sitting on a box of twenty-four beer, hugging each other and crying.

INT. BASEMENT

As Jack, Moira and DIL make their way through the crowded house and down the stairs they see people drinking wine straight from the bottle as they pass it around. An old woman with white hair smoking a thin joint offers them a toke. A tubby, baby faced fellow drinking beer moves a sniveling, drunken fellow from their path as he becomes steadily greener and paler, and Woodford Rogers steps from the crowd grabbing Jack by the shoulder.

WOODY

Ah, Jack you old scalawag!

JACK

Hey! How the fuck are you?

They grab each other in a tight embrace, spinning and shoving a bit, knocking a passerby, spilling their beer.

WOODY

Hey Moira, Dil. (to Jack) Where were you? You're brown as toast.

JACK

Oh, off trying to make a Simon Bolivar of myself. I just got back here a couple of days ago.

Woody's face falls as he realizes that Jack has returned for the funeral.

Yeah, what a shitty reason to come home.

MOIRA

Hey Jack Dil and I are putting our bottles behind the bar. I'll bring you a glass.

Jack nods, releases his bottle to her.

JACK

Yeah, but hey, it's Joe. Poor fucking guy. Wanda looks like a zombie.

WOODY

She always looked like a zombie.

JACK

So what the hell do you do now?

WOODY

It would require too much time to explain everything to you, so I'll just say a bit of this and a bit of that.

Woody whips the lid off a small purple jar and there is a tingling sound. Jack's face breaks into a big grin. The cap is quickly replaced but everybody around is looking in and smiling.

JACK

That smells like New Years and Christmas rolled into one!

WOODY

Let's go find some food. I'm starving.

Woody and Jack start making their way through the crowd. They look into a bedroom where a drunken guy in black has just finished blowing up a black balloon and tying it. He then deliberately takes a pin from his

lapel and pops it, letting the black rubber rags drop to the floor, joining the dozens of other popped black balloons on the floor. He ignores the open door, where Woody and Jack are slowly moving past, exchanging glances, saying nothing and continuing. The man then takes a black balloon from his pocket and begins blowing it up.

INT. BASEMENT

Moira and Dil are standing talking to a handsome white haired man with the look of a bohemian artist, who is gesturing in broad movements at the elaborate, gorgeous collage of Joe Karate photographs, a shrine and a temple to the deceased that sits on the table next to Moira, obviously the work that she has been preparing for the past few days. All three of them quit talking for a second to grab black olives and bacon slices from a passing plate.

INT. DINNING ROOM

Jack and Woodford are picking up and eating black licorice, caviar, and black olives from the dishes on the table.

WOODY

Actually I saw a lot of him. We kept in touch. I've kept in touch with a lot of old friends. Why not? He was always a great guy. He was no coward. Remember that time in the alley when

JACK

Yeah yeah. Remember that toque I had? My red cap? Jesus, what a maniac I was!

WOODY

Yeah, but you had no choice, I needed twenty-eight stitches. If they had kept going, also Elizabeth, she was the one they were after, you know, what would have happened to her?

JACK

Did you know that Joe went to a hockey game that team played at, somewhere out in Ft Garry, like about two weeks later, and egged them in the middle of the game, those same guys, or at least a couple of them, just by himself?

WOODY

Of course I knew. Everybody knew. I bet if you asked half the people here who hit the Mayor with the Shit Snowball in 1986, they would say Joe Karate. But that was then. Ever since he had those kids he was super calm. He totally quit drinking for about three years, I think.

JACK

Yeah I missed a lot of that stuff.  
Hey you freak!

Jack has spotted someone looming around Woodford's shoulder. It is VELMA VOOP, holding a martini glass, her lush cleavage escaping the snug embrace of her little black cocktail dress, chewing on her lower lip. The two men stare, as do a few others nearby.

VELMA VOOP

My stupid husband was too tired to come to this stupid party. I mean the party is not stupid... You know what I mean, Oh hi, Woody. Oooh, you're taller than I remember. Hey! Are you wearing shoes? No? Oh Jack; come with me I want to show you something.

Jack raises his eyebrows to Woody as he is dragged through the crowd. Woody turns, selects a licorice and eats it.

INT. BASEMENT

Two huge, macho guys in blue jeans and sports jerseys are standing and drinking beer and looking at Moira's collage of Joe Karate.

MACHO MAN #1

I made furnaces with the guy for two years and I never knew the guy was a punker. Look at that picture.

MACHO MAN #2

Well, look at all the punkers that showed up here. I bet you one of those punker bitches killed him with their spiky wristband. They're all fucking crazy. I saw one of those punker guys whose whole jacket was covered with barbed wire.

MACHO MAN #1

They caught the guy who killed him. The cops got him. The guy shot himself in the head with a shotgun. He was a total waste head.

MACHO MAN #2

Yeah well look around at all the waste heads here. Bunch of fucking druggies. They're always fucking killing each other.

A thick cloud of smoke emerges from off camera, envelopes the two, causing them to cough, gag and turn around. As the smoke clears they see Marcus Molotov, smoking an impractical and absurdly enormous cigar of cannabis, his red eyes straining at the two men.

MARCUS

Excuse me.

Macho Man Two opens his mouth as if to speak, but then notices a few looks of pity on people looking at him. He follows Macho Man One who has already drifted off. Marcus stands and stares at Moira's collage. A few people look at him as one would look at a tiger.

INT. KITCHEN

A small group of people stands in a circle near the fridge, all drinking some kind of lime green slush out of plastic party glasses. Every twenty seconds, someone moves past them to the fridge to get at the beer inside.

PARTY DUDE #1

They had just broken up,  
so if you follow the logical,  
you know, sequence...  
who else would've had the reason...

PARTY DUDE #2

They got the guy!  
He was a prison snitch.  
He broke into Joe's house,  
surprised him,  
stabbed him seven fucking times,  
at the same time that Joe breaks  
three of his fingers,  
knocks out two teeth...

PARTY DUDE #3

That coroner guy on the radio  
said Joe pulled his teeth out.

PARTY DUDE #2

Whatever! Or maybe he  
used his kung fu grip.  
But so he freaks out,  
goes home, thinks the  
cops are onto him,  
takes his wife hostage,  
and bolts to her cottage  
out at Matlock.  
Cops are closing in so  
boom! (gestures)  
Boom! Just like Bonnie and Clyde.

PARTY DUDE #3

Bonnie and Clyde didn't

have a murder suicide.

PARTY DUDE #2

OK. Romeo and Juliet. Whatever.

PARTY DUDE #1

I saw a picture of that guy  
in the newspaper and he  
just doesn't look right.  
And that wasn't his wife,  
it was his ex-girlfriend,  
that he hadn't even talked  
to in four years.  
That's why I think there  
was a third person.  
And also, where are the teeth?

PARTY DUDE #2

You are totally drunk!  
Why does there always have  
to be a conspiracy?  
Why can't you just believe  
what the newspapers say?

The other people in the kitchen turn at this outburst.  
They all look at Number Two who is quaffing his lime  
green drink.

PARTY DUDE #1

You're from Ontario, aren't you?

He reaches in and grabs a huge pitcher of lime green  
slush.

PARTY DUDE #2

Give me some of that.  
What do you mean  
'I'm from Ontario, aren't I?'

INT. HALL

Velma Voop drags Jack down a hall, only to be  
confronted by a long line up of women waiting to get  
into the bathroom.

VELMA



Oh, my god! You can't be serious, all of you? What the hell is going on?

Like a fiery sprite she barges forward past tall blondes with aching bladders standing uncomfortably, and throws herself at the door.

LINE STANDER

No! Wait! You don't understand!

Velma throws the door open to reveal two tall well-dressed blonde women on their knees, one puking into the toilet, the other puking into the bathtub, each one is carefully holding her long hair back. They both turn to glare at Velma, one of them letting go of her hair to give Velma the finger. Velma screams and spins, reeling down the hall away from the scene, bursting into laughter at the sight of Jack, who stands aghast. She grabs his arm as the hallway of women shriek out their scorn at such effrontery.

VELMA

Whoops!

As they get around the corner from the bathroom, Velma's hand surreptitiously grabs a doorknob, twists, and she 'falls' into a bedroom, dragging Jack with her, accidentally bumping the door shut behind them. She looks up at Jack with a drunken floozy smile, which drops when she sees him staring past her. She turns to see a couple, buck naked, applying themselves with astonishing vigor, in the act of sexual congress.

VELMA

Double whoops!

THE COUPLE

Fuck off!

Velma burst out laughing as Jack grabs her and propels her from the room.

JACK

Sorry!

VELMA

Oh Jack; let's go back.

Jack is shutting the door and gives her a devilish smile, before looking up and down the hall.

JACK

I don't like to advance  
on fucking people.  
It freaks them out.

VELMA

Not all of them. Actually, shit!  
I really have to pee,  
come with me outside.

Velma grabs Jack's arm and drags him away.

INT. BASEMENT

Moira and the girl with the tattoos, Sharon Paine, are sitting in a room where everybody else stands, and thus have a sort of intimacy.

SHARON

I just don't know what to  
say to her. I feel so  
terrible, and I feel so  
guilty, because of her  
and it just isn't ending,  
even here. I've had six  
drinks and I don't feel a  
thing. I'm busting up,  
Moira.

MOIRA

Has Don been any help?

SHARON

Are you kidding? He  
doesn't even know about  
Joe and me. He's got no  
idea.

MOIRA

Why do you stay with him?

SHARON

We've been together for  
so long, it's just,  
I don't even know  
anymore. It just seems  
like it would  
be so much trouble...

MOIRA

Well listen, I kind of  
know how you feel. Joe  
and I had been lovers for  
years. He told me about  
you last year. He really  
liked you. We hadn't  
really been seeing a lot  
of each other since he  
got married, but we were  
real good friends.

SHARON

Yeah he used to talk  
about you too. He was  
such a sweet bastard.

Sharon and Moira hug.

MOIRA

Maybe we should smoke a joint  
or something.

WOODY

Don't mind if I do.

He leans down from the crowd with a thin joint smoking  
at the tip, expelling a small cloud of smoke.

MOIRA

Hey Woody! Have you seen Jack?

WOODY

Not for a while. Velma  
Voop was crawling up his  
leg, last I saw. Here,  
smoke this, Sharon.

MOIRA

Oh, you guys know each other!  
Good! I've got to go pee.  
Sharon, I'll talk to you later.

Moira makes her way off through the crowd.

SHARON

Good luck, Moira. So you  
know Moira, too? What a  
small world.

WOODY

We're in Winnipeg.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The stereo is loud and seven people are dancing. One of the girls bumps a table, which knocks over a bottle, thus sending the ashtray tumbling to the shag carpeting. Dil stands in the doorway frowning, plucks a glass of wine from a table behind her and drinks deep. A shape looms up behind her.

MARCUS

Everything OK?

DIL

Oh yes. They will clean  
it up, I am sure.

Marcus surveys the room, then spots Wanda Ring, who has just come in, and walks over to her. People get out of his way. Wanda is standing with a golden haired soccer mom, whose air of domestic control and moral righteousness stands out in the room. Marcus looks like he's about to speak, but looking in Wanda's pained eyes catches the words in his throat. Wanda sobs and they embrace.

SHELLEY

Hi, Marcus.

MARCUS

Hey, Shelley.

Marcus feels his tear ducts activating and pulls Wanda with him to a less crowded hall. He uses the darkness and Wanda's sobs to cover his own.

INT. THE BACK DOOR

Velma Voop has pulled some one's giant blizzard boots on and wrapped a man's ski jacket over her top.

VELMA

OK, well find some other  
boots cause I really,  
really have to pee!

Jack sits on some steps holding shoes that are as big as his hands.

VELMA

I can't wait.

Velma opens the door and steps out into the wintry night. Jack stands as the door closes behind her and at that moment Moira comes around the corner.

MOIRA

Oh, hey! How are you  
surviving? I can barely  
breathe in the basement.

JACK

Oh, it's great, it's weird,  
I saw this guy from back in  
the day and he didn't even  
recognize me.  
What are you doing?

MOIRA

I'm just getting our second  
bottle out, then I really  
have got to pee.  
The line up is insane.

JACK

I suggest you ask Shelley or Dil  
to let you pee in their secret  
private bathroom.

MOIRA

How do you know about it?

JACK

Just something I overheard.

MOIRA

Thanks.

Moira makes her way off.

EXT. YARD

Five guys stand around in the backyard, urinating onto various snow banks, yelling back and forth about the party. Velma Voop walks up in the midst of them.

VELMA

OK, you guys, let's be cool, we're all adults here and I have to pee, so all you guys turn around and look in the direction of the house. Go on.

With this Velma hikes up her skirt, drops her panties, squats and pisses. All the men, who had initially turned their heads, slowly turn back to watch.

VELMA

You guys are pigs!  
I should call the cops.  
Hey, why don't you put that thing away before it freezes off? You think I'm impressed? Idiot!

Velma rises and walks past the boors to the party.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Crowded, chaotic, loud, smoking, drinking, laughing, crying, close talking, calling out, the room is packed. On a couch near the centre of the room sit Wanda Ring, surrounded by people, but totally alone.

INT. HALL

Jack sees Moira talking to someone just around the corner. He sneaks up behind Moira and fondles her bum, which just about causes his death. The wrath and outrage as she spins is quickly over come with a laughing embrace. Marcus leans over both Jack and Moira.

MARCUS

Hey Jack!

JACK

NO WAY! Thank fucking god.

Jack, Moira and Marcus all stand looking at each other. Around them the party swirls.

INT. BEDROOM

Moira, Jack and Marcus sit in an attic bedroom far above the party.

MARCUS

Well I'm glad to hear you're still a righteous dude. But that whole scene sounds pretty iffy. I just wouldn't know who to trust.

JACK

It's not that bad at the time, it's really exciting actually. You've got the same technology that they do, so it's just a case of out maneuvering and then sneaking past.

MARCUS

That sounds pretty heavy. Where'd you get hit?

JACK

In the back, just across my shoulders, and one hit me in the back of the head, but the bullets,

actually it was buckshot,  
was spent, so most of the  
force was gone.  
It felt like being stung  
by five wasps at once,  
but it also knocked me  
down. Then I just jumped  
up and kept running and  
I was so covered in sweat  
that I didn't even notice  
I was bleeding. And then I  
saw this big pile of  
leaves and fronds and  
just jumped into it.  
and I swear I didn't fucking move  
for the next twelve hours.  
Then I crawled to my hotel,  
and spent the next week  
hiding out in my room.

MOIRA

You must have seen a doctor.

JACK

I was there illegally  
with gunshot wounds. I  
didn't even have a  
passport stamp. No, I  
just used the bathroom  
mirror to check them out,  
and, like I say, they  
really weren't that bad.  
I actually poured whisky  
on them. Just like a  
cowboy. Check them out.

Jack lifts his shirt to reveal some scars. Moira and  
Marcus study them. Marcus leans forward to shake  
Jack's hand.

MARCUS

It's so nice to have you back,  
you fucking guy!  
Drink some more of this  
ancient highland spirit.

Marcus refills Jack's glass, tops up Moira's, then  
replenishes his own. His eyes are shiny.



MOIRA

Let's have a drink to Joe.

JACK

To my best friend Joe.

MARCUS

To Joe. Well, listen Moira,  
Jack, I don't mind talking,  
but lets do it somewhere else.  
Lets get out of here.  
I want to talk to you guys  
about something.

JACK

Well, what's wrong with here?

MOIRA

Yeah, what's your big secret,  
Marcus?

MARCUS

Okay. Let's meet tomorrow  
afternoon then.

JACK

Jesus! What the fuck?  
Do you think this bedroom  
is bugged?

MARCUS

It's about Joe.

MOIRA

What about Joe?

MARCUS

Are you guys going to  
come with me or not?

JACK

What the fuck are you  
talking about?

MARCUS

Listen. You guys are my friends.  
I have some very serious shit  
that I think you should know.  
and the nature of this shit  
is very intense and  
might make you freak the fuck out.  
So let's just go to my place  
where I can fucking chill  
and tell you about this shit.

MOIRA

Marcus, you're scaring me.

JACK

What is this about?

MARCUS

Jack, can you put it on ice  
for half an hour? Please?

INT. PARTY HOUSE

Velma Voop, her dress crinkled and her hair messy,  
steps over a prone body, turns lifts the sofa cushion  
off his head to identify, then drops it in disgust.  
She looks around the room where a dozen odd partiers  
lie drowsily draped over the furniture and floor. The  
loud stereo music upstairs suddenly stops and she moves  
zombie-like towards the staircase. She sees Dil at the  
top of the stairs.

VELMA

Have you seen Jack Selkirk?

INT. AN OLD WAREHOUSE IN THE EXCHANGE DISTRICT

Marcus, Moira and Jack walk into dark room, which  
lights up as Marcus claps his hands thrice. This is  
Woody Rodgers' electronic laboratory. It is packed  
with exotic computer equipment, electrical devices and  
is dominated by an electric throne on a small pedestal.  
Hums and murmurs come from these machines.

MARCUS

Whatever you do,  
don't touch the machines.

**MOIRA**

Marcus, what the hell?  
Is this a Gregory?  
You don't seem the type.

**JACK**

Do you have anything  
to drink around here?

**MARCUS**

You guys, this is not my place,  
so respect. I'm sure there's  
something in the fridge over there.

Marcus walks to a table where there are a variety of electronic remote control units in various colours and sizes. Many appear to have been fiddled with and mutated. He's about to grab one when he pauses, looks around the room, then frowns. Moira and Jack grab beers from the fridge, bringing a third for Marcus.

**JACK**

So Marcus. I've been patient.  
I've been cool. I've left an  
important party, but that's okay.  
But man, I'm starving,  
could you feed me something?  
I've got to know what the  
fuck you're talking about!

Marcus is looking down at the remote controls as if trying to remember something.

**MARCUS**

Man, I'm glad you're  
back. Nobody ever talks  
to me like that anymore.  
All my underlings think  
I'm fucking Frankenstein.  
They actually shut up  
when I walk in the room.

**JACK**

That'll be the day!

Marcus reaches for a remote control device. Woodford Rogers emerges from the shadows, pulling off his toque.

WOODY

Don't touch that Marcus.

Marcus' hand recoils from the electronic devices.

JACK

So what the fuck?  
Where the hell did you  
come from? Do you know  
what Marcus is talking  
about?

MOIRA

Marcus, you'd better tell us  
what you're talking about.

WOODY

Hey, everybody, slow  
down. Marcus. Hola  
Jack, Moira. Welcome.  
Now let's cool down and  
sit down on my black  
leather couch. I'll make  
some drinks, grab an  
ashtray and check my  
machines.  
Don't touch any of the  
electronics.

Woody walks to the kitchen. Jack shrugs and walks to the couch. Moira gives Marcus a look and follows. Marcus walks over and sits.

MARCUS

Okay, well first of all,  
Woody and I are partners  
in a business venture.  
One of our 'employees'  
and fellow investors was  
Joe. So, in case you  
didn't know, I was  
working very closely with  
Joe over the  
past couple of years.  
I was paying his rent,  
his bills. I gave him a

couple hundred a week in  
what-the-fuck money,  
'cause he was sending  
most of his paychecks  
to Wanda out in Montreal.  
Woody and I needed people  
we could trust who  
weren't idiots, and he  
was our first choice.

JACK

So what kind of business?

WOODY

Farming. Actually a  
combination of farming,  
vegetable husbandry,  
and the cross-species  
embryonic bio-manipulation of  
DNA strands.

Woody walks up with a large sterling silver tray  
covered with a bottle of cognac, four snifters, a  
crystal ashtray and a ceramic Ming-style Buddha Bong.

WOODY

Actually it's all very simple.  
You just need the right tools.

JACK

So you design the Franken-Food  
on your computer. Marcus grows  
the Mutant Potatoes  
and Joe was marketing  
them to the Americans.  
So what's the big deal?  
OH! OH! Fuck, I get it!  
Was Joe killed by corporate  
saboteurs trying to steal  
your patent potato?

MARCUS

Jack, it wasn't potatoes.  
It was marijuana.  
Woody has developed this super  
bud, that. It's almost magic.

JACK

Is that what you gave me  
a whiff of Woody?

WOODY

That's right.

JACK

It didn't even smell like dope.

MARCUS

That's because it's not  
dope, as you know it.  
It's a, what do you call  
it, Woody?

WOODY

It is the synthesis of cannabis,  
indica, sativa and ethiopia,  
a rare Scottish Mistletoe,  
and a local moss from the  
rocky country just east  
of the Sandilands. We  
started to grow our own  
because the Eastern Biker  
Concern had moved in and  
took over, creating a  
disconcerting monopoly.  
Prices went up. The  
local police sided with  
the well-heeled  
foreigners and Marcus'  
business was in trouble.  
We needed independence  
from their economy.

JACK

Okay. So what does this  
have to do with Joe?

MARCUS

Joe was growing it in his house  
in St. Vital. A lot of it.  
We needed an isolated strain  
away from the main farm  
so that there would be no  
cross pollination.

MOIRA

So Joe got killed guarding a house  
full of your drugs?

MARCUS

Listen! Wait! I've got  
to tell you everything  
before you jump to con-

MOIRA

What could possibly be a reason?  
What could you-

JACK

Wait, Moira, just cool  
down for a second. Let  
Marcus say everything  
he's going to say.

WOODY

Moira, there's more going on  
here than you know.

JACK

But she's got a fucking point.

MARCUS

Me and Joe were like  
this. I can't say how  
you are, but this has  
fucked me up.  
But he knew what he was  
getting into so don't  
point any fucking  
fingers. And listen.  
There's more to this.  
The cops have said  
nothing about the farm  
that filled the basement.  
And that means that they  
didn't find it, or  
for some reason, they're  
not telling anybody.

WOODY

And the supposed killer.

The St Vital Slasher was  
not found sitting on a truck full  
of purple marijuana.  
And Marcus seems to think that  
whoever the real killer is,  
must have a few bales  
of our special reefer.

MARCUS

It only stands to reason,  
the stuff has disappeared.

MOIRA

Joe's dead and you're worried  
about your fucking dope?

MARCUS

No. Listen. The cops  
blamed it on the wrong  
guy who turned up  
conveniently dead. So  
now the real killer,  
whoever stabbed Joe up  
in his house and chased  
him outside, whoever the  
fuck that is, took the  
Purple Skunk  
away with them. They  
must have it.

JACK

But what does that get us?  
Somewhere out there  
somebody has a bunch of reefer.  
So what? They're impossible to  
find. Don't get me wrong,  
I'll do whatever it takes,  
but how do we find it,  
or them.

Marcus shrugs. Woody adjusts an electronic machine  
that shudders and sighs, then hums rhythmically.

WOODY

I have already begun my own  
electronic search. But I think  
we need more.



MOIRA

Why did you call it the  
Purple Skunk?

WOODY

Why not show them Marcus?

Marcus reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small blue bottle. He uncaps it and a tingling sound is heard. The people in the room smile. Then Marcus dumps some of the purple crystal contents into a Erlenmeyer flask bong. Moira and Jack sniff the air with heavy lids.

Marcus lights the bong, smokes and passes it to Moira, who smokes and passes it to Jack. Marcus exhales an enormous cloud of purplish smoke, which writhes in the air. Moira looks in wonder at the smoke. Across the room Woody is typing into a machine, but pauses to look over at his friends.

MOIRA

Oh, now I get it. The  
real killer stole the  
Purple Skunk and then  
implicated the Matlock  
Massacre guy so that he,  
the killer, could get  
away scot-free, the  
police taking the framed  
patsy into custody,  
as in the Kennedy  
assassination, et cetera,  
et cetera

JACK

Yes, of course. Which is why  
our friend Marcus believes the  
Purple Skunk to be important.

WOODY

Precisely. The Purple  
Skunk is unique. It is  
the only plant of its  
kind in the world.  
Therefore any of it that  
we find must be connected  
to the true murderer.

MOIRA

So you don't care about the dope?

MARCUS

No! I wanna find the guys  
who killed my friend.

WOODY

You can rest assured that  
my reasons parallel  
those of Marcus.  
We must bring justice.

MARCUS

But there's another  
thing.  
Usually in a case where  
a bunch of reefer got  
stolen I could just have  
the boys ask the hard  
questions. But this  
Purple Skunk business  
was only between me,  
Woody and a couple of  
others. Woody was trying  
for the definitive blend  
before we marketed it.  
But my point is, I can't  
do the looking cause I'm  
too well known.

WOODY

And Marcus and I have decided  
to leave the Mongols out of  
this, because there's a chance  
some of them might have had  
something to do with this.

MARCUS

Well I don't care who it is,  
they're going to pay.

JACK

Well, how are we going  
to hunt for these guys?

EXT. DAY

Moira's car drives through a thick falling snow, pulls up to the corner. A man in a hoody steps up to the car from under an alcove's protection. The car window rolls down.

MAN

I got grams, hits and lines.  
Two for twenty five.

JACK

Show me the reefer.  
I got twenty five.

The man produces a small tinfoil ball and leans in with it to Jack.

MAN

It's prime stuff.  
Killer green.

Jack unfolds a corner of the tinfoil, takes a whiff, looks at Moira who is driving.

JACK

So how much did you want,  
honey?

MOIRA

I can't smoke green, I need  
hash! You know that, honey!

Jack looks at the Man.

JACK

Sorry, dude.

The man looks disappointed that anyone could be so persnickety. He shrugs and returns to his alcove as the little car drives off.

INT. CAR

JACK

I do not want to do that again.  
We should just buy it next time.

MOIRA

Well, how much money did  
Marcus give you?

JACK

More than I've seen in months.

MOIRA

We should buy the grams,  
otherwise we'll come  
across as losers, or  
cops.

JACK

Okay. Where are we going  
to hit next?

MOIRA

Corydon.

JACK

Oh, no. I've only been here  
six days and already I hate it.

INT. CORYDON CAFE

JACK

This looks like a yuppie health  
bar, not a drug den.

MOIRA

Yuppies smoke too.

Jack and Moira are sitting at a small table in a  
fashionable cafe.

JACK

Did you hang out with Joe?

MOIRA

Oh, I saw him out at the bar  
occasionally.

JACK

Fuck. Now he's dead, and  
we're doing what? This  
plan of Marcus's seems  
like a longshot.

MOIRA

It's all we have, Jack.  
And it's really not that bad.  
We've got to do something.  
You're between gigs, so why not?  
I'm just not looking forward  
to some of those North End bars.

JACK

Hey. Don't be such a chicken.  
Everybody's just people.  
So which guy in this room  
do you think is the dealer?

MOIRA

Probably that little Italian guy  
over by the pool table.

JACK

So do you wanna do it, or  
shall I?

MOIRA

I'll take this one.

JACK

Good luck.

Jack grabs out a cell-phone and holds it up to Moira,  
who does the same.

JACK

One beep is big trouble.  
Three beeps is small trouble.

MOIRA

Roger.

Moira moves off as Jack grabs a wrinkled newspaper from another table and opens it. He is confronted by an old photo of Joe Karate with the headline 'Murder Victim's Wife Arrested.' Joe quickly scans the story, then looks up for Moira. She is nowhere to be seen.

JACK

Fuck.

Jack thinks for a second then uses the cell phone.

JACK

Hello, Marcus this is me, Jack.  
Have you seen today's paper?  
Exactly. No. I don't know,  
but what does that mean for us?  
I know it's total bullshit.  
Since when?  
Well that's the stupidest  
thing I've ever heard in my life.  
Zero-tolerance of what?  
They already have a murder suspect,  
the official story.  
How could that be mandatory?  
Couldn't they prove  
that is totally insane!  
It doesn't even make sense!  
She was in Montreal,  
how could, how could they  
What? No everything is fine  
on this end. No luck yet,  
but we're still plugging away.

EXT. ALLEY

Moira's gloved finger is pressing the button on her cell-phone as she engages in a tug of war with the short guy over her purse. She presses the button again looking at the backdoor of the cafe.

DEALER

Give me your fucking purse,  
you bitch, or I'll fucking  
kill you.

The purse strap snaps and the man's feet fly into the air at the same speed that his skull rapidly descends towards the icy pavement. The sound of curling stones clunking is heard. Moira stoops to retrieve her purse.

then walks inside. Snow gently drifts down to fall on the sleeping man's eyes.

INT. CAFE

Jack starts talking as Moira approaches the table.

JACK

The stupid fucking pigs  
have just arrested Wanda Ring  
because it is the policy in  
Manitoba to immediately arrest  
and incarcerate the spouse  
of any murder victim.  
I just read about it in  
the paper and phoned  
Marcus.

MOIRA

So you were making a call?

JACK

Yeah. Wanda Ring is in  
jail for Joe's murder.  
It's impossible. They  
know her whereabouts.  
But it's some kind of  
zero-tolerance thing,  
whatever the fuck that  
means. Hey. What  
happened to your purse?

MOIRA

I got it caught on the  
door handle.

JACK

Did you get anything?

MOIRA

Nah. He only had coke.  
Let's try some other place.

The waitress walks up.

Moira

I think someone is sleeping on  
the ground out side your back  
door.

Moira drains her cup and pulls on her hat.

INT. CAVE

Todd and Marsha walk along long rows of Purple  
Shrubbery, watering them and delighting in their  
beauty. White cats wander in the garden. The air is  
filled with the tingling sound.

INT. WOODY'S APT.

Woody is sitting on his electronic throne, holding a  
book and reading it: Gustavas Adolphus, Lion of the  
North. Around him his machines pulse and whimper. An  
electrical gong sounds and one of the machines begins  
spitting out papers. Woody strides over and looks at  
them, studying intently. Suddenly a red light flashes  
on, and an alarm sounds. Woody starts, then leaps over  
to a large humming box and slams his hand against a  
large green button. Diodes shriek. The machine  
spitting out papers suddenly blinks out, dead.

INT. BEDROOM

A middle age man is sitting at his home computer  
watching people dressed as fuzzy pink and blue team  
mascot animals having debauched sex, when his computer  
flashes and Winnipeg Police Files shows up on the  
screen. He screams in terror and looks around, the  
jerk of his head moving faster than his toupee. Then  
his computer flashes again and the porn continues. The  
man looks around from under his askew wig.

INT. DARK ROOM

In a computer banked, surveillance-screened security  
hub, small eyes stare at a lit up map of Winnipeg. A  
green blip bouncing from Tuxedo to Transcona.

INT. A DRIVE THRU

As the drive-thru worker is hearing an order and  
pressing buttons on the restaurant computer, there is a  
flash and the picture of the hamburger turns into the  
personnel file photos of a mustachioed police officer.

DRIVE THRU LADY

Ewww. Gross.



Her cash register flashes and the photo of the hamburger reappears. She smiles.

DRIVE THRU LADY (into her head mic)

So that was three chicken pouches,  
a fry bag for four,  
and three orders of  
beef waffles with gravy?

INT. DARK ROOM

The small eyes watch the green blip flip from Transcona to St. Vital on the glowing map of Winnipeg.

INT. SUPER MARKET

Sharon Paine is staring down at her cash register, which emits a series of bleeps and splutters. She looks over and sees the cashier next to her is pounding on her keyboard. A flash of light on the ceiling catches her eye and she sees an ugly mustachioed man's face, done in red laser light. Her eyes follow the projection down, and she sees it is coming from the scanner. All around her the market erupts into angry chaos.

EXT. DOWNTOWN

Jack is standing at a convenience store talking to some teenagers. The conversation ends. As he walks back to Moira's car, he shrugs his shoulders to show failure.

INT. DARK ROOM

The small eyes watch the green blip circling around Albert Street. A pale finger presses a button and a red blip appears near the PSB. It begins barking electrically.

INT. MOIRA'S CAR

MOIRA

Well, I'm waiting here.  
Don't get distracted.

Jack gets out and walks up to Lucifer's Naked Lady Bar.

INT. WOODFORD'S APT

Woody is washing dishes, keeping an eye on a computer screen near the kitchen area.

INT. MOIRA'S CAR

Jack empties his pockets into the box of tinfoil packets, tiny plastic ziplock bags, plastic film containers and small paper envelopes.

JACK

No Purple Skunk.

MOIRA

We must have spent  
two thousand bucks so far.

JACK

Hey, it's Marcus's money.

MOIRA

Well, I think we should  
smoke some of this.

JACK

Why not?

INT. A DARK ROOM

An obese man in a tight uniform sits on a too small stool before a bank of computer screens. Beneath each of his pale and flabby hands rests a mouse on a pad. On his head is an earpiece and mini mic. He stares as a bleeping green shape bounces from screen to screen, pursued by the image of a barking dog. Sweat pours from his face. His tendentious- armored wrists twist and jerk as he whips the mouses around.

FAT COP

You little bastard.  
I've got you now.

On screen the small green shape suddenly pops out. The cop's mouse hands drag back and forth.

FAT COP

Computer, I want a fix  
on the blink out point.  
Surface address. History.  
Associates. And contact  
Capt. Prickle.

COMPUTER

Yes sir, right away, sir.

The cop laughs and laughs in his dark electric room.

INT. WOODY'S APT

Woody stands at the window looking out over the city.  
In the distance sirens can be heard.

EXT. CITY STREET

A dozen police officers in uniform stand at the entrance to a large Catholic church. They are looking at the paper that one of them holds and gazing around uneasily.

INT. WOODY'S APT

Woody sits on his throne sipping at a snifter of cognac. He is gazing through a book entitled Winnipeg Police Force Internal Memos.

INT. MARCUS' PAD

Marcus stands and stares out the window, an old Polaroid of Marcus, Joe and Woody dangling from his fingers. He walks over to an answering machine and presses a button.

MESSAGE #1

Hey. Yo. This is me.  
We need to connect.  
It's a Thursday at three.

MESSAGE #2

Hi, Honey. I'm staying up at Gimli over the weekend, So could you call me about a, um, certain subject? My cell is 555-6783. Thanks, bye.

MESSAGE #3

Hello? This message is for Mr. Molatinov. I'm calling in response to your inquiry at Pitt and Goldstein. If you'd like to give me

a call, 555-7734, ext. 4.  
Thanks.

MESSAGE # 4

Yo, dude. Don't you ever  
pick up?

MESSAGE #5

This is Napoleon Carpet Cleaning-

MESSAGE #6

Hey, Marcus. It's Jack  
and Moira and we're  
driving around with your  
list and so far nada,  
which kind of sucks.  
We've been to about a  
third of these places but  
we've also run into a  
few people who've given  
us other leads, so, we'll  
keep you posted.

MESSAGE #7

Hey, man. Gimme a call.  
I'm at home.

Marcus looks down at the machine then plays his saved  
messages file.

JOE

Hey Marcus. It's me, Joe.  
So what time are you  
going to come by tonight?  
I'm going to fry  
up some moose that  
I've had marinating all day.  
Gimme a call. Oh, and bring  
some wine.

Marcus looks down at the photograph. His reverie is  
interrupted by a metal door slamming open, and two fur  
clad bikers stride in, a cloud of blowing snow framing  
them. Marcus gives them a glance, then looks back to  
the photograph. The large metal doors swing closed.  
Slam. He waits for a moment before pressing Joe's  
message again. Then he begins to cry.

INT. JAIL

Wanda Ring is sitting on the floor in a cell, dressed in ugly prison clothes. The cell door opens and two portly police officers stand there. One of them could be female.

COP #1

Miss Ring, you have been charged with section 678329-657832419 of the criminal code. Do you understand?

Wanda shifts her eyes from the toilet to the police officer.

COP #1

Do you understand that you have been charged? You have the right to retain legal counsel.

Wanda looks from the officer's eyes back to the toilet.

COP #2

Listen, if you don't respond, you're not leaving this place. It's up to you. We've already contacted Family Services about your children...

Wanda turns her back on the police officers and sits down. The heavy metal door slams.

INT. JOE'S OLD HOUSE

Joe's dad sits on the floor in his living room, on a throne of couch cushions. A newspaper crown is on his head, a blanket is draped across his shoulders and he holds a kitchen utensil scepter.

JOE'S DAD

Step forward, young hero.

Wanda and Joe's son steps forward, a paper crown on his head and a cardboard sword in his hand. Behind him Joe's daughter, dressed in plastic flowers and pink towels and wearing a tinfoil tiara does a perfect curtsy. Joe's dad lifts his scepter.

JOE'S DAD

By the power of the kingdom  
I name you a knight of the realm.

Joe's son bows and draws his sword and raises it in salute as Joe's daughter throws some ripped up paper in the air and cheers. Joe's father sweeps up his grandchildren in a tearful tender hug.

EXT. DOWNTOWN

Moira looks up from her car window into the ferrety face of a teen street dealer who shakes his head and shrugs, looking around, his toque covered in fresh snow.

EXT. DOWNTOWN

Jack walks out of a seedy 'old-man' beer parlor and throws his arms in the air with a 'no-luck' gesture directed at Moira, who sits in her car down the street.

INT. LEGION

Jack sits sipping a draft next to a venerable cold warrior in beret and medals whose cigarette-stained hands gesture towards the back.

JACK

Thanks, Colonel.

Jack moves through the hall to a back table where a skinny dirt-bag is playing cribbage with a parka clad farmer. Jack walks up to the table. The cribbage players stop and look him up and down. The dirt bag turns and looks at the old soldier at the bar who nods.

EXT. DOWNTOWN

Jack gets into Moira's car.

JACK

Sorry about that.  
They blabbed at me and  
then had to finish their  
beers before they weighed  
it out and then wanted  
to smoke one out  
of my bag and wanted me  
to drink a beer with

them. And it's not even  
the right stuff.

MOIRA

So what else is new?

JACK

Maybe we should go to the  
kinds of places that  
we would just never go to.  
Like a country and  
western bar. Or some  
cheesy disco.

MOIRA

Or a sports bar.

JACK

But then again is somebody  
trying to sell dope in  
every public place in Winnipeg?

MOIRA

You'd be surprised.

JACK

I am surprised. Last  
time I was here there  
were a lot less street  
dealers. Or maybe I just  
didn't notice them cause  
I always got stuff from  
people I knew.

MOIRA

I didn't realize how many  
of the dope dealers  
were also slinging crack.  
So, what's next? Food?

JACK

Why not. Hey, let's go to Sals!

INT. SALISBURY HOUSE

Jack and Moira have a booth and are eating Nip platters.

JACK

So what are we going to do if we actually find this Purple Skunk?

MOIRA

Tell Marcus or Woody. I guess.

JACK

What if we find Joe's killer? I don't know if I could restrain myself.

MOIRA

But what if it's not the guy?

JACK

Exactly. We have to be careful.

MOIRA

Do you believe what Marcus said about the cops?

JACK

It was Woody that convinced me.

INT. CAR DRIVING THROUGH DOWNTOWN

MYSTERIOUS OBSERVER #1

I'm pretty sure she didn't know anything about it. She passed the drug test.

MYSTERIOUS OBSERVER #2

That doesn't mean shit. If she knew it was there, then she knows something is wrong. I know why you want her innocent: you just want to fuck her.



MYSTERIOUS OBSERVER #1

Seriously. They won't hold her.

MO #2

Of course they won't hold her.  
The case is fucking solved.  
They let her go, she goes back  
to Montreal, then we unload  
the shit.

MO #1

Why are we waiting?

MO #2

Because that was the plan.

MO #1

Well, as far as I can tell  
everything has worked out fine  
and my wife wants a new snow blower.  
So let's get this thing going.

MO #2

Well if your wife needs  
any dental work maybe I

MO #1

Oh, fuck off man,  
you are one sick...  
Just give Kevin a call  
and get the ball rolling.

EXT. DOWNTOWN

Marcus leaves a lawyer's office.

INT. LAWYER LIASON ROOM

Wanda in prison clothes sits at a table with a woman in  
a business suit.

LAWYER

You should be out at either  
three or five o'clock.  
And there will be a taxi waiting.

WANDA

You won't tell me who put  
up the money?

LAWYER

Anonymity was requested.

WANDA

So now what?

LAWYER

You're released and are  
under the restrictions  
that we went over before.

WANDA

For how long?

LAWYER

Until the case comes up,  
which at this point  
means about a year from this July.

WANDA

No, seriously.

INT. BAR NONE

Jack and Moira are dressed in blue jean and blue jean jackets. Moira wears cowboy boots and a cowboy hat. Jack wears a trucker hat. They fit in. People are line dancing, drinking beer, cheering the mechanical bull and rider in the corner. Antlers and saddlery dangle from the walls.

MOIRA

Have you ever thought what  
it would be like to be normal?

JACK

Yeah. It scares me. But really,  
are we that weird?

MOIRA

How do these people get this way?

JACK

Is this normal? Look around you.

Moira scans the bar.

MOIRA

I see what you mean.  
Well, let's dance with these  
freaky cowpokes then.

She stands and leads Jack onto the dance floor. They clasp each other and begin to hop about to the banjo, fiddle and liquor-jug hoots. They fit right in. Soon the song ends and a ballad begins.

MOIRA

So that wasn't so bad, was it?

They waltz, cowboy-style for awhile. Moira is really enjoying herself. Suddenly through the loud twangy country music they hear a familiar tingling. Their nostrils flare and they look up and around. Through the bar people are sniffing at the air and shrugging, some with their eyes closed savoring, some with satisfied smiles and a few with fearful frowns.

JACK

That's it!

Jack and Moira move quickly through the dance floor looking around, sniffing like dogs at the breeze. Moira winces and plugs her nose as she walks past a portly Hoss-type eating chili and drinking beer.

MOIRA

They couldn't smoke it in here.

Jack sniffs the air.

JACK

It doesn't seem as strong.

MOIRA

I'll check outside.

Jack makes his way to the bathroom. He walks in and starts sniffing. A peeing cowboy looks at him strange. Jack leaves the bathroom.

EXT. BAR NONE

Pulling on her jacket and hat, Moira walks past the bouncers and starts looking around. She walks around the corner, looks into the shadows. She scans a yard across the street. Looks out into the Bar None parking lot. Moira is walking through the parking lot, looking around. She sees two figures sitting in a pickup truck. They are laughing. Moira takes out her keys and walks to the car next to the passenger seat. The men stop laughing so loud. Moira makes a show of pulling her keys out, stopping, looking around, and then 'noticing' the two men in the truck. She gives the passenger her most winning smile, looks around making the 'sshhh' gesture, then makes the universal 'can I have a toke?' gesture, still smiling. The window rolls down.

MOIRA

Oh. Wow. That smells  
sooo good. Could I  
please, oh please, oh  
please...

DUDE

Why don't you get in?

He opens the door and Moira scrambles in. Two regular guys in ball-caps and jeans are smoking a joint of the Purple Skunk.

MOIRA

Oh thanks, you guys!  
I haven't had a toke  
in weeks and that smells  
so good.

DUDE

Hey. I'm Darren and that's Troy.

MOIRA

Hey, you guys, I'm M-Mary,  
well actually Marietta but only  
my Mum calls me that.

DARREN

Hey Troy, what does your  
Mom call you?

TROY

Fuck off!

DARREN

Tadpole, fuck! His Mom calls  
him tadpole!

Darren bursts into stupid laughter, and Troy, who is  
angry, soon follows.

TROY

You asshole!

Moira laughs as well.

INT. BAR NONE

Jack wanders around the bar looking for Moira. Finally  
settling in a position where he can watch the doors.  
Moira, Troy and Darren soon enter, big grins on their  
faces. Moira plays bubbly and simple, accepting a beer  
from Troy when they get to the bar, her arm thrown  
around Darren. Jack gets up and walks past the group,  
sniffing and trying to catch Moira's eye, but she  
doesn't see him. Darren asks Moira to dance and they  
are soon two-stepping. Jack watches.

MOIRA

So what are you studying?

DARREN

Management and accounting.

Moira runs her hands over Darren's biceps.

MOIRA

Oh, Wow. I thought you'd  
be in phys ed.

Jack watches Moira and Darren dance, calling for a  
double from the bartender. Moira and Darren leave the  
dance floor, embracing, close talking and after a brief  
tete-a-tete, heading to the coat check. Jack drinks

the whiskey then walks to the payphone by the entry. Moira and Darren are talking to a pissed off looking Troy, who shrugs and turns from them. As Moira passes Jack standing at the payphone, he nods slightly in return, then hangs up and heads for their car.

EXT. BAR NONE PARKING LOT

Darren leads Moira to a small car. Jack walks to Moira's car, gets in and starts it. Darren's car leaves. Jack follows.

EXT. NIGHT

Jack follows Darren at a distance. Darren drives to St. James, parking at a house on Valor Road. Darren and Moira enter the house. Jack parks down the block and turns the engine off. Jack pulls out a cell-phone. He dials a number, gets Marcus' answering machine.

JACK

Hey, Marcus. This is Jack and I'm in St. James doing something interesting. Call me at whatever number this is. It's your blue cell-phone. It's twelve thirty nine.

INT. MOIRA'S CAR

Jack sits and freezes in the cold car. Scraping the window in front of him to see Darren's house. His teeth chatter. The car clock reads 1:49. Jack starts the car, and immediately starts trying to warm his hands up. He glances at the house, puts the car in gear, when a cab pulls up. Jack watches Moira run out and climb in. He sees Darren standing at the door. Jack ducks. The cab pulls away, Darren shuts the door and Jack follows the cab.

INT. CAB

Moira is aware that Jack is there as Jack speeds up to get beside the cab.

MOIRA

Could you please just  
pull in at the Seven-  
Eleven up there.

EXT. 7-11

Moira waits for the cab to pull away before walking up  
to her car. Jack waves, talking into a cell phone.  
Moira climbs in.

JACK

OK. I'll see you soon.

He hangs up.

JACK

That was Woody. He's  
going to meet us. I told  
him what's going on. So  
what's happening?

MOIRA

I don't think that guy did it.

JACK

OK. And?

MOIRA

I don't think there was any  
Purple Skunk in that house.  
It was his parent's place  
and it smelt more like  
onion soup than superbud.  
But he did give me this.

Moira holds out a fat joint.

MOIRA

He said that he didn't  
have any more, but  
honestly he really didn't  
seem like a killer. He  
was like, goofy.

JACK

But you don't think that  
guy did it?

MOIRA

No he actually seemed  
like a sweet guy. He was  
all quiet for his  
sleeping folks.  
But when I asked him  
about the weird dope, he  
seemed overly clueless  
about what it was.  
He put on this, this  
hockey player voice.  
'Nah I don't know what it  
is, I just like to smoke  
it!'

JACK

The whole stupid thing  
might be an act. We should  
keep an eye on him.

EXT. 7-11

Woody's distinctive car pulls up and the window rolls  
down. His hair is messy and he looks bleary eyed.

WOODY

So where are we headed?

JACK

738 Valor. It's the  
kid's parent's place.

WOODY

So it's the kid?

MOIRA

No. I don't think so.  
He didn't seem the type.

WOODY

Marcus is busy so I'll  
watch tonight.



JACK

How can we get more  
information on this guy?

Woody reaches down to the seat beside him. He pulls  
out a large laptop.

WOODY

Don't worry about it.  
I'll talk to you tomorrow.  
Get some sleep.

EXT. VALOR ROAD

Woody's car is parked down the street from Darren's  
house. Woody sits typing on his computer. The  
computer screen shows various files under the heading  
Darren Proctor. He watches a car drive slowly up the  
street, and closes the lap top to shield the reflected  
light. The car continues.

INT. MOIRA'S CAR

MOIRA

I don't feel sleepy at  
all. This is like, I  
feel I'm a character in  
some spy novel.

JACK

Yeah, well think of what  
it all means. Somebody,  
maybe not Darren, or  
whatever his name is,  
somebody out there killed  
Joe. And that means that  
we should be as careful  
as we can about all this  
shit.

MOIRA

I know. I know. I know,  
this night has been big  
for me though. When I  
left the bar, half of me  
was thinking  
I was going to my doom.  
I had no idea. But that's

the thing. He really had  
this vibe of  
...he didn't seem  
violent. There were a  
few gestures...

JACK

That might be so, but  
violence is in everyone  
all the time. You just  
have to know how to  
set it off. We're  
nothing but shaved apes.

INT. MOIRA'S APT.

Jack and Moira are pulling off their winter clothes, exposing their cowboy duds. Moira pulls her leather belt out of her jeans and advances on Jack. Jack catches Moira's arms and a struggle ensues which ends with Moira's shirt ripped open, Jack's sleeve torn and Moira's hands bound behind her with her own belt. Moira dramatically swoons as Jack lifts her over his shoulder.

EXT. VALOR ROAD NIGHT

Woody sits in his car with the engine running. He is wide awake. Extremely alert, as if perhaps, drug-induced. The car clock read 5:29. The first few flakes begin to fall.

EXT. VALOR ROAD DAWN

It is a snowy dawn as Winnipeg wakes and gets to work. The cars crawl in the slippery piles of flakes. Woody's car wears a hood of white, but the front windshield is clean, and out of this, peers Woody. He uses a telephoto video camera to scan Darren's house and sees what is probably Darren's father emerge from the house, walk to his sedan, unplug it, get in, start it, get out and start sweeping the car free of snow. Woody uses the magnification to study his face.

WOODY

Cornelius Proctor, age  
47, associated business  
manager of Rubicon  
Electronics, off to  
another day of victory.  
Yes, that's right, sweep

the snow, you  
businessman.

INT. MOIRA'S APT

Jack and Moira lie tangled in sheets, pillows and belts. Moira has on her cowboy boots. No spurs. The telephone ringing causes a drowsy awakening as from a deep sleep. Jack moves first and picks up the phone.

JACK

Hello?

INT. WOODY'S CAR

WOODY

Hey man, what's going on?  
I'm still sitting out  
here...  
It's tenish and I'm  
starting to droop. Okay.  
See ya then.

INT. MOIRA'S CAR

Jack is driving, messy-haired, bleary-eyed, sipping a convenience store coffee, blinking at the snowflakes that smash against the windshield. As the car gets to a red light, Jack fishes for a cell phone, pops it open, dials it.

JACK

Hey, I'm almost there.  
Has anything happened?

WOODY

Well, the old man left  
for work and about three  
centimeters of snow fell.

JACK

I meant to ask, is there  
a back lane? I didn't see  
one last night when I was  
there, but then I got to  
thinking...

WOODY

No. Garage at the side.  
I drove around the block  
once or twice last night.  
Just to check the area out.

JACK

Okay. I'm turning onto  
the street now. If you  
look in your rear view  
mirror...

WOODY

Oh, yeah, I see you. So  
how long are you guys  
going to sit here?

JACK

It's just me. Moira was  
too trashed. She's going  
to call me later. But I  
figure I can sit here  
till some time this  
afternoon. I guess it  
depends on what happens.  
Have you heard anything  
from Marcus?

WOODY

No. So I guess he hasn't  
checked his messages.  
Must be busy.

JACK

Okay, well give me a call  
if you hear anything.

WOODY

I'm going to be sleeping.

JACK

See ya.

EXT. DAY

Woody's car drives away from the snowless patch that he  
parked in for most of the night.

INT. MOIRA'S CAR

Sleepy Jack sits in the car looking out at the snowy neighborhood. He has a blanket across his lap, a thick toque, a silk scarf and a neck pillow. His eyes droop closed and the sound of raucous Latin music begins to swell. He shakes his head awake. An old man in a hooded parka walks slowly past the car and gives Jack and his car a searching glance.

EXT. VALOR ROAD

A man X-country skis down the sidewalk past Moira's snow covered car.

INT. MOIRA'S CAR

Jack watches Darren emerge from the house, walks to his truck, gets in and starts it. He then gets out and starts brushing the snow off. This takes a little while. Jack starts his car. Now an older woman emerges from the house and walks over to her son's truck. He gets out and helps her over the snow bank. Together they drive off. Jack follows.

EXT. A STRIP MALL

Darren and his mother drive up to Knitting 'N' Things. They get out and walk in. Jack parks at a nearby gas station. Keeping an eye on the Darren's truck, Jack gets the key to the washroom, takes a quick visit, then, still looking for Darren's truck, he buys some peanuts and a coffee. Jack runs back to Moira's car just as Darren and his Mum emerge with bags of fabric and wool.

INT. MOIRA'S CAR

Jack is starting the car when the cell phone rings. He answers it as he pilots the car after Darren who is driving his truck away.

JACK

Yallo?

MOIRA

Howdy Partner.

JACK

So, I'm driving around  
following Truck-boy  
who's driving his Mum  
shopping, drinking  
pukey coffee, while you  
luxuriate in a warm  
soft bed!

MOIRA

Why didn't you wake me up!

JACK

You didn't want to wake  
up, you dirty...

MOIRA

So what's happening?

JACK

Nothing, so far.  
Woody's gone home to crash,  
and Marcus hasn't returned our  
messages. So I'm just going to  
follow these nerds around all day.

MOIRA

Should I come down there?

JACK

I don't know where I'm going to be.

MOIRA

Yeah, that's true. Well,  
give me a call if  
anything happens, okay?

JACK

Well, we just turned in  
to the Family Barn Foods  
And the parking lot is full.

MOIRA

See ya, Tex.

Jack parks. He watches Darren and his mother get a shopping cart and go into the store. He sips his coffee and eyes the joint that is sitting on the ashtray.

EXT. PARKING LOT

A long high view of the parking lot, showing the ugly conformity of the automobiles, flakes drifting past the camera. One car has its window open, and from it a purplish light emits. Jack is gazing in wonder at the falling flakes when he notices Darren and his mother and their cart full of food. Jack starts his engine.

EXT. VALOR ROAD

Jack is watching Darren carrying bags of groceries in from his truck to the Proctor House. When he finishes the last bag he calls something into the house then shuts the door and walks quickly to his truck, gets in and drives away. Jack follows.

EXT. DOWNTOWN

Darren without his mother drives fast and Jack struggles to keep up without looking too obvious. The traffic moves slowly through the fresh snow. At Broadway and Sherbrook Jack watches two kids in parkas grab hold of the bus fender and bumpershine down the road. He looks on fondly as he drives past, keeping Darren's truck in sight. He follows Darren down Wellington Crescent into the Corydon area.

INT. MOIRA'S CAR

Jack quickly parks and scrambles to keep Darren in sight. Darren walks quickly and heads to an Italian Cafe. Jack reaches into his pocket, pulls out a toque, and pulls it on. He also grabs some wire-rim glasses and puts them on his face. Then he walks into the cafe.

INT. CAFE

Darren is standing at the bar getting a fashionable coffee. Jack stands by the door reading the band advertisements, roommates wanted, etc. He then walks up and stands in line behind Darren. Jack studies the back of his neck. His fists clench unconsciously.

INT. CAFE

Jack has grabbed a newspaper and is sitting down where he can see the table that Darren has sat down at. A

large bald man sits at the table. Jack sugars his coffee, opens the newspaper and mimes reading it too, but his eyes rarely leave the bald man and Darren. The bald man seems impatient and Darren seems deferential. The bald man rises suddenly and Darren gestures at his half-empty fashionable coffee, but the bald man rolls his neck and walks out. Darren follows. Jack is at the door when he bumps literally into Sharon Paine, the tattooed girl.

SHARON

Jack? Is that you? What the hell?

JACK

Listen, Sharon, I actually can't talk right now.

SHARON

I didn't know you were still in town. Hey what are you doing now?

JACK

Listen, I got to go.

Jack cranes his neck to see past Sharon, then dashes past her down the street.

EXT. CORYDON

Jack looks around and sees Darren getting into the passenger side of a small European car. Jack walks over to Moira's car and gets in. A short while later Darren gets out and walks to his truck.

INT. MOIRA'S CAR

Jack is talking on the cell.

JACK

I don't know what to do but I think I should follow the bald guy. Yeah I think Darren just got something. I don't know, I'll give you a call.



Jack watches the smaller car pull away and drive south. He follows it.

INT. MOIRA'S APT

Moira sits at a table looking at the phone. She looks at the clock. Then she dials a number. She listens to the phone ring and then Woody's voice come on the line: his answering machine.

MOIRA

Damn it!

She looks around, thinks, and then tries another number.

EXT. WINNIPEG

Jack follows the small car south out of River Heights into the new and ugly suburbs of the treeless prairie.

INT. MOIRA'S CAR

Jack is pressing a button on the phone as he drives along and the phone dies.

JACK

Fuck!

As he drives along he grabs up the car lighter electronic recharger device and plugs it into the phone. As he looks up he sees that the light has turned red and that the other car has made it through the intersection.

JACK

Fuck!

Jack looks around and sees that there aren't any cars coming. The road is clear. He looks at the receding sports car that he was following, then looks in the rear view mirror. Clear.

EXT. DAY

Moira's car rolls through the red light in pursuit of the small sports car, which is in the process of turning off of Waverley into a new suburb. Jack floors it to catch up.

EXT. DAY SUBURB

A street hockey game is all action as parka'd children chase the tennis ball. They all look up and call out.

CHILDREN

Car!

Sullen young goalies push their hockey nets minimally to the side, sneering at the bald driver. One of the young players flips a snow scrap at the tires, scoring a goal. A little girl gobs onto a lamppost and watches it freeze. The car passes and the kid who picked up the ball to take it out of play holds it aloft.

KID

Face off!

The players assemble. The goals are slid back into the proper positions. The little girl gobs on the lamppost again to watch it freeze.

KID

Car!

The players let out a groan and trudge again to the snow bank sides. The goalies do an even more minimal effort to clear space for the passing vehicle. The little girl hawks a lugie which splats against Jacks window.

INT. MOIRA'S CAR

Jack looks ahead and sees the small car driving to the very newest, most treeless street in the new suburb where they are still constructing houses. Jack looks around for some kind of cover but the neighborhood is basically a huge field of snow with two evenly spaced rows of box dwellings. There are no cars parked on the streets. Huge yellow construction equipment is parked in the distance.

EXT. EVENING SUBURB

The car pulls into a driveway of a new house. The garage opens and the car drives in. Jack drives by as the garage is closing.

INT. MOIRA'S CAR

Jack drives to the end of the road, then parks the car but leaves it running. He grabs the phone but it is

not yet ready to call. He sighs and settles back and watches the winter night descend, the drifting flakes catching the dying light.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE

Ugly curtains are drawn back in a darkened room to show Moira's car parked down the street.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ALBERT STREET TWILIGHT

A cab pulls up to the side of the street and Moira gets out, pays the cabby, and walks up to an old office building and goes inside.

INT. DOORWAY

Moira walks up to the door and knocks loudly. She looks around and sees a tiny glass bead set in the wall. She waves to it.

MOIRA

Open up! It's me! Woody!

Moira knocks again, hears some grumbling, and then the door opens and Woody stands there in a robe, his hair messy, pawing his eyes.

MOIRA

Jack hasn't phoned and he's been gone all day.

WOODY

What? Huh? Really?

They go into the apartment.

WOODY

Sorry, I'm still a bit groggy. So Jack was following the kid?

MOIRA

No, he said he was following some bald guy that the kid met up with.

WOODY

Okay. I'm going to check  
my messages. Do you want  
some coffee?

Woody walks over and flips a few electrical switches.  
The hiss of an electrical espresso machine, the whine  
of a bean grinder and various other humming sounds  
create a strange music.

MOIRA

Is that phone of yours  
reliable? You did  
something to it didn't  
you?

WOODY

Yeah. I altered it  
around a bit. It's easy.

MARCUS (RECORDING)

Hey man. I'm back in  
town. Give me a call as  
soon as you get this.

Woody and Moira exchange glances and he walks to the  
counter and picks up and dials a phone.

EXT. SUBURB NIGHT

Moira's car has crept closer to the bald man's house.

INT. MOIRA'S CAR

Jack is sitting and looking at the phone in his hand,  
when suddenly it lights up and makes a beeping sound.  
He smiles in victory, then notices the headlights of  
the car pulling up behind him. He looks in the rear  
view mirror and sees that it is a police car and that  
an officer is getting out. Jack slips the phone into  
his coat pocket. The officer walks up to the car.  
Jack unrolls the window.

Officer (same voice as Mysterious Observer #1)

Hello. How are you doing  
this evening, sir?

JACK

Umm. Fine. Was I speeding?

OFFICER

Heh heh. No, I don't think so. Could I see your license and registration please sir.

JACK

What's this about?

OFFICER

Could I see you license and registration please sir..

Jack fishes for his identification papers.

JACK

Actually it's not my car sir.

He hands the officer a license.

OFFICER

Kind of a long way from home aren't you, David?

JACK

Well, what do you mean?

OFFICER

I mean what are you doing in this neighborhood?

JACK

Well, I was just, uh, I've been out of town for a few years and the city has grown a lot and I was just driving around looking ...

OFFICER

Because we've had a lot of reports from the construction companies of vandalism and theft. What

do you do right now?  
What's your job?

JACK

What does that have to do...

OFFICER

I mean why are you parked  
here in the dark on a  
street where nobody  
lives?

JACK

It's not illegal.

OFFICER

Well you don't mind if I  
search your car do you?  
If I find any lock-  
cutters or crow-bars...

JACK

Well actually I do mind.

The officer signals to the other officer in the car,  
then leans in close.

OFFICER

What's wrong faggot?  
Afraid I'm going to find  
your butt plug collection?

JACK

No. I'm just, I didn't  
do anything.

OFFICER

Then what's the big deal?

Jack shrugs.

OFFICER

Just get out of the car.

Jack gets out of the car as the second officer walks up. He cracks his neck side ways and stands in Jack's way, looking down at him. The first officer gets in Moira's car and starts looking around. As he sits there he hears a slight tingling, his nostrils flair and he is sniffing. He leans down to the ashtray. He turns off the interior light and looks around the neighborhood for other cars. He then gets out of Moira's car.

OFFICER #1

Lieutenant. Call in a 264.  
Tell them we'll be awhile.  
Mr. Murray, we're going to have  
to ask you some questions.

The second officer goes to the squad car and gets on the radio.

OFFICER #1

Let's just get you in the  
back of the squad car.  
You don't mind if I just  
make a quick weapons  
check?

JACK

Listen, this doesn't seem right.  
I haven't even done anything.

Officer one moves quickly in on Jack who is backing around Moira's car. Jack is a bit quicker and stays out of his reach. Officer two is jumping out of the car when Jack turns and runs down the empty snowy road. His hand goes into his coat pocket. The officer sprints in pursuit.

OFFICER #1

Freeze! Hold it right there!

OFFICER #2

Stop right there, you son  
of a bitch!

Jack's hand grasps the lit-up phone as he runs and he strains to press a button with his thumb. Looking back he sees both officers have their pistols drawn. Jack runs wildly through the snow until suddenly a huge

figure looms in front of him: the bald man swinging a shotgun butt like a club. Darkness.

INT. WOODY'S APARTMENT

Moira is sitting on a couch sipping coffee while Woody is pulling on boots.

WOODY

He should be here in five minutes. Did you...

Woody is interrupted by Moira's cell phone ringing loudly and strangely. Moira digs into her coat pocket and pulls out the phone.

MOIRA

It's the alarm!

Woody runs over to a computer bank.

WOODY

Don't answer it! Press the nine button!

Woody plays the computer keyboard like Glenn Gould on an amphetamine jag, muttering to himself. Moira holds the phone carefully like it might explode. She presses the nine button. A screen lights up and a map of Winnipeg illuminates and in the southern quadrant there is a faint blip which fades.

WOODY

Come on, you filthy machine! More power! More power!

Woody jumps out of his chair and runs to an iron computer with foreign antennae and strange dishes sprouting and dangling from its exterior. A series of massive electrical cables sprout from its head. Woody twirls dials and punches buttons, stepping on a pedal and pulling a lever. The massive metal box groans like a tortured god. Electricity crackles and Woody's hair begins to rise of its own accord. He throws a switch. The room is plunged into darkness and silence. Woody stands glowing with static, a frightful look on his face. Then suddenly there is a groan and the lights pop on and a small red blip is visible on the illuminated screen of Winnipeg. Moira and Woody stare



at it. Woody is starting for it when there is a bling and the elevator door opens. Marcus Molotov steps into the room.

INT.

Jack is taped to a chair, hands cuffed behind him. Blood is smeared over his nose and mouth. The room is blank and empty of carpet, paint or decor. He opens his eyes slowly. He sees boots.

OFFICER #1

So you wanna tell us why you ran?

Jack spits some clotted blood out of his mouth. A hand slaps the back of his head.

OFFICER #2

Hey! He's talking to you, motherfucker!

JACK

I don't know!

A hand grabs his hair.

OFFICER #2

That is not a viable answer.  
Here's the way this goes:  
We ask a question.  
You answer it.  
Do you understand?

He uses Jack's hair to make him nod. Officer One kicks Jack in the shin.

OFFICER #2

And here's something else.  
I'm not playing good cop.  
And he's not playing good cop.  
Today it's all bad cop...

BALD MAN

If you guys get bored,  
I would love to get my chance  
on this little faggot.  
Following me around like some-

OFFICER #2

So what the fuck were you  
doing out there?!  
Answer me, you piece of  
shit!

JACK

My girlfriend said that  
bald guy was fucking with  
her, so I was going to  
kick his ass...

BALD MAN

That is total fucking bullshit!

He punches Jack. Officer Two tears out a hank of hair.

OFFICER #1

Hey, fuck face!  
That license you gave me  
was fake! I want to know  
who you are and where the  
fuck you are from, or I  
will burn you alive. Hey  
Kevin why don't you get  
the blow torch from the  
work shed, we'll see what  
this fucking faggot  
knows.

JACK

Honestly, I think there's  
been some kind of mistake.

Officer Two shakes Jacks head by the hair, spits in his  
face and is preparing to clock him good when Officer  
One restrains his arm.

OFFICER #2

You mother fucking  
cocksucking piece of  
shit...

JACK

Hey. You're starting to  
hurt my feelings.  
Words can hurt, you know.

The officers freeze. Their violent passion drops off and is replaced by a quickening cold that frosts their faces. The Bald man walks into the room with a blowtorch.

BALD MAN

Look. We found the purple dope in his car or the girl's car. He's got to be connected, or she does. One of them will talk. In any case we don't have much choice about what to do with this guy.

JACK

She doesn't know anything about it!

BALD MAN

She might or she might not but you do.

The bald man swings the torch quickly at Jack's head and the hair above his ear catches fire and fizzes. Officer Two slaps the fire out.

OFFICER #1

Hey don't fuck him up too badly or we'll have to shave him before we dump him. I bet you'd like to shave him, Kevin, wouldn't you?

BALD MAN

Fuck off.

OFFICER #2

So listen fuckface, why were you following Kevin?

JACK

My girl friend got some dope off of him...drove her crazy...

BALD MAN

Who's your girlfriend?

JACK

Susan...Chavez

BALD MAN

That is fucking bullshit!  
I never sell to anybody I  
don't know, and I don't  
know no Susan Chavez.

JACK

Well she knows you.

BALD MAN

Bullshit.

OFFICER #1

I've seen you somewhere before.  
Where have I seen this guy?

Officer One takes Officer Two aside and whispers in his ear as the bald man threatens and toys with Jack using the blowtorch.

OFFICER #1

I think this guy might  
have been at the funeral.

OFFICER #2

He's got fake ID. Fake glasses.  
And that weird dope.

OFFICER #1

Maybe one of us should go  
upstairs and keep an eye out.

OFFICER #2

I'm going to stay right here  
and I'm going to get to  
the fucking bottom of  
this.

He clenches his fists and turns back to Jack.

INT. UNFURNISHED KITCHEN

Officer One sits at a kitchen table with some items on it. They appear to be Jack's personal property, taken from him when he was captured. From downstairs muffled yelling and thumping can be heard. Officer One is looking at Jack's ID, then puts it down to pick up the keys. He examines these carefully. He opens a package of rolling papers and looks inside, unscrews a pen. Nothing. He then picks up the cell phone and opens it. This causes his eyebrows to arch. The number pad goes up to thirteen, there is a 'log on' button and three Japanese characters. Officer One puts it to his ear. Nothing. The thumps downstairs pick up in tempo and the yelling increases and Officer One smiles and shakes his head. Then suddenly the phone in his hand rings.

EXT. NIGHT

Woody holds a telephone and is looking in through a window at Officer One who is sitting in the kitchen. He looks over at Moira who kneels in a snow bank looking in a half buried basement window. She turns to him with a horrified face. Woody signals to Marcus who stands at the back French window.

INT. KITCHEN

Officer One is holding the phone, debating whether to answer it or not. He stands and walks to the top of the stairs.

OFFICER #1

Hey! Hold up down there!  
We got something!

INT. LIVING ROOM

The French windows shatter and shards fly inwards as an iron shovel crashes through. Marcus Molotov follows at a charge. Officer One grabs at his holster, but Marcus is too fast and tackle crunches him into the wall. They struggle.

INT. BASEMENT

Officer two has broken the chair that Jack is taped to, and Jack lies bloody in the shards. The bald man has set the torch down and has been smoking and enjoying the show. They both hear the commotion upstairs. Officer Two grabs out his pistol.

OFFICER #2

Watch him.

He then runs for the stairs. The bald man looks down at Jack,

BALD MAN

Don't you fucking move.

INT. KITCHEN

Marcus repeatedly punches Officer One in the face to gruesome effect. He crouches over him, his arms working like pistons. Three pistol shots ring out and Marcus goes sprawling, having been shot in the back by Officer Two who has come up the stairs. Officer Two cop-walks up to the scene and stares down at Marcus and the bloody Officer One. A shovel hits him in the head. Officer Two gurgles, shakes and dances, his pistol dropping. Woody holds the snowblade.

INT. BASEMENT

The bald man has heard the gunshots. He is at the bottom of the stairs, trying to decide whether to go up or not.

BALD MAN

Jason?

INT. KITCHEN

Officer Two lies on the ground with froth burbling out of his mouth.

INT. BASEMENT

BALD MAN

Charles?

INT. KITCHEN

Officer One lies on his back, his face a mask of blood. A woman's hands pick up a pistol. Woody crouches silently over Marcus.

INT. BASEMENT

The bald man looks from the stairs back towards a sound behind him. Jack has struggled to his knees and is smiling through his veil of gore. This enrages the bald man and he picks up the torch and starts for Jack. A shot rings out and the bald man stops. The torch falls. The bald man turns and sees Moira on the stairs. He makes a ghastly face then slumps. Moira rushes over to Jack to help him.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Woody has turned Marcus over and has pulled back a hand full of blood. His face breaks as he checks for signs of life.

WOODY

Oh, come on man, you  
can't be dead! Come on!

Marcus's eyes blink and he coughs into life.

MARCUS

Vest. Ribs.

Woody hears a groan from Officer one. He goes over and roughly cuffs him. He looks at Officer Two who is bleeding from the forehead, decides he's fine, then listens at the stairs.

WOODY

Moira?

MOIRA

Bring the handcuff keys down.

INT. BASEMENT

Kevin Snyder, the bald man, lies sprawled, dead. Moira cradles Jack, who coughs blood bubbles from his shattered lips. Woody walks down carrying the cuff key.

WOODY

Are you Okay? Jesus!

Moira and Woody free Jack from his bonds. He winces.

JACK

Thanks, what took you guys?

Moira cradles Jack's head and kisses the blood out of his eyes.

JACK

Are we in that house I was watching?

WOODY

Yeah. Her car is in the garage. Next to their cop car.

JACK

Nobody lives on this street.

WOODY

Well that might buy us some time. What the hell happened here? Who are those cops?

JACK

Let's get out of here first.

INT. KITCHEN

Moira helping Jack and Woody come up the stairs to see a white faced Marcus trying to sit up. Woody rushes to his side.

WOODY

Lie down.

MARCUS

You don't look good, Woody.

WOODY

Don't worry about it. We've got to get you to a doctor. You're hurt bad.

MARCUS

Vest was made for a midget. I should give it to Todd.



WOODY

Don't talk.

JACK

Marcus, thank you.

MOIRA

Hey! Do you smell something?

There is a slight tingling sound.

INT. BEDROOM

The door opens and Moira and Woody stare in awe at the half ton of bundled Purple Skunk. Jack limps in after them. The three remain silent.

EXT. NIGHT

Marcus's black van is parked in the drive way, the back doors thrown open, and Jack sits stuffing a rag into a 40 Oz rum bottle filled with amber liquid. Marcus lies in the back of the van. The two officers are bound and gagged and stuffed in a corner with Moira pointing a pistol at them. Woody is sitting in the driver's seat preparing a syringe. Moira's car is parked next to the black van. The snow is still falling heavily.

MARCUS

Which one shot me?

WOODY

This one.

So saying, Woody plunges the needle into Officer Two's arm. He gives him half the dose then gives Officer One the rest.

WOODY

They won't bug us for awhile.

JACK

Marcus, are you sure about this?

MARCUS

Yeah.

Marcus looks at Woody who nods. Jack grabs two molotov cocktails and limps into the house. He walks to the bedroom where the purple skunk sits, lights the molotov and spikes it into the floor at its base. Flames spread. He walks to the top of the basement stairs looks down to see Kevin's feet. The second molotov strikes there. Jack walks from the house.

EXT. WINTER PREDAWN

A black van and a small red car drive across the frozen snows. In the distance behind them a ball of fire roars where once there was a house.

EXT. ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL PARK

Marcus's van and Moira's car drive into a warehouse whose loading bay doors have swung electrically open. Todd and an African wearing surgical scrubs and an operating mask and cap wait by a stretcher. The vehicles stop and Marcus is helped out.

MARCUS

Didn't think a Biker could  
own his own hospital?

JACK

Who is this guy?

MARCUS

They wouldn't give him his license.  
Battlefield surgeon with  
twenty years experience.  
Hey Mugabe!

SURGEON

Good morning Marcus.  
Would you help me put him  
on the stretcher?

Marcus groans as he's shifted. Todd helps the surgeon push Marcus off.

JACK

What are we going to do  
about them?

Jack gestures towards the van.

WOODY

They'll keep. I think you should see the surgeon next. Then you me and Moira should have a drink. You're a mess.

JACK

Moira shot that guy.

WOODY

I know.

JACK

She hasn't really said anything since. Do you think that bald guy killed Joe?

WOODY

I don't know who did it...

INT. VAN

Moira sits holding the pistol in her hands and staring at the bound cops.

INT. WAREHOUSE

The surgeon comes out of a door wearing a bloody apron.

SURGEON

Okay who's next?

WOODY

How is he?

SURGEON

He'll live. He is Okay. Very strong.

Jack stands and limps towards the surgery door.

INT. WHITE ROOM

Marcus' eyes open and he is lying in bed wrapped in bandages. Jack lies on a bed next to him, bandaged differently. Jack has a phone next to him.

MARCUS

What's going on?

JACK

Well, it stopped snowing. You've been asleep for twelve hours and the shit is starting to hit the fan. Woody has been researching the cops and Moira still hasn't said anything.

MARCUS

Do we still got those cops?

JACK

Yeah.

MARCUS

Good.

INT. VAN

Moira sits staring at the two tied up cops, who've shifted themselves into upright positions. Officer Two is crying. Officer One looks dazed. Both are gagged. Moira's face is the mask of Death.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM

The Nigerian doctor runs into the room where Marcus and Jack are lying.

SURGEON

Quickly, you've got to do something! Your friend is acting very bad! She is Acting crazy! Quickly! Come! Come!

As Marcus sits up he winces and falls back. Jack rolls from his bed and follows the doctor at a trot.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

Moira has Officer Two strapped down to a table. His face has fresh contusions.

OFFICER #2

Help! Get her off me!  
Help me!

MOIRA

Tell them! Tell them  
what you said to me! Tell  
them! Or I'll do it! I  
don't care

JACK

Moira, what the fuck?

MOIRA

Tell him!

OFFICER #2

He, we, the other, my  
partner was the one who  
stabbed the guy, your  
friend. I didn't  
do it, I tried to stop  
him...

MOIRA

And what about the guy  
out in Matlock?

OFFICER #2

He was the guy who found  
the grow op. He broke in,  
but saw what it was and  
bolted. We picked him up  
later that night and he  
told us about the dope  
farm.

JACK

But why didn't you just  
arrest Joe?

Officer Two breaks down and starts whimpering. Moira  
looks at Jack. The doctor looks down and shakes his  
head.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Woody's classic car drives in through the doors, stops  
and he gets out carrying a briefcase.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM

Woody, Marcus, Moira and Jack are all sitting around.  
There is a bottle of brandy and snifters.

MARCUS

He won't say anything.  
They'd milk him, then deport  
him and he knows it.  
He's a good guy.

JACK

So then what do we do?

MARCUS

Well, we know we can't let them go.

WOODY

That's not necessarily true.  
We have so much evidence  
That somebody would have to  
take it into account.  
Maybe we could just dump them  
with the evidence at-

MARCUS

Where? The police station?

WOODY

How about the RCMP?

MARCUS

Same shit, different pile.

JACK

Yeah. I don't really trust  
any of those guys.  
We have to do this ourselves.  
But then what does that leave us?

MARCUS

Two bodies to get rid of.

WOODY

They're still alive, Marcus.  
And I don't know if-

MARCUS

They killed Joe.

WOODY

That doesn't give us the right...  
Okay, but I don't think I could...

MARCUS

They fucking stabbed him  
with a knife, Woody.

WOODY

I know! I know what they  
did! They killed Joe,  
they almost killed you  
and they were going to  
kill Jack! I know!  
But I just can't. I'm  
not used to this! I  
can't! I don't!

MOIRA

Well Woody, you don't have to come.

Everybody looks at Moira.

JACK

The TV has been playing up the fire  
But they haven't even mentioned  
these guys as missing.

WOODY

They're going to be looking for them big time. And if they have anything like the search tech that I have, we should act quickly. But I still

JACK

Dammit, Woody. You don't have to do anything you don't think you can handle. I don't want you to go fucking crazy. I know you'd never spill. So just step back and we'll take care of it.

WOODY

I don't think Marcus can help either.

MOIRA

We don't need him.

JACK

So how do we get them out of town? I'd hate to get check stopped somewhere out on the perimeter. And where do we take them?

MARCUS

Woody come here.

Woody walks over to Marcus who whispers in his ear.

MARCUS

The cave?

Woody thinks for awhile. Jack has gone over to stand near Moira, but she is distant.

EXT. EVENING

An exquisite saffron sunset is being slowly squished by a northern front, which is rolling in over the night. Snow begins to tumble from the skies.



EXT. NIGHT

Snow is falling. Two snowmobiles dragging sleds are driving down the frozen river heading north out of Winnipeg. Bound to each of the sleds are blanket-covered objects. Neither of the snowmobiles are using their lights. As the Kildonans fall behind the flashing red lights of emergency authority become visible along the North Perimeter bridge where there is a line of police cars stopping and searching traffic. The snowmobiles leave the riverbed and make their way slowly through the riverbank forests, then go under the bridge. They drive off north into the falling snows.

EXT. NIGHT

A sign illuminated by a single light bulb, gathers snow as two snowmobiles roll into the illumination circle. The sign reads Welcome to Selkirk. One of the drivers points off and they both drive slowly into the dark. One of the sleds can be seen rocking back and forth, as if the figure bound there was struggling.

EXT. NIGHT

Two snowmobiles whip along at high speeds over the snows. Near them a stretch of open water can be seen, dark against the white snow.

EXT. NIGHT

The snowmobiles have left the river and are driving out over the lake. The snow is lessening. They come to a halt on a white promontory, dark stretches of open water far in the distance, lit by the gibbous moon. The snow-mobilers look around, spot something, then drive off.

EXT. NIGHT

Two snowmobiles come to a halt about thirty metres from the edge of the ice near an ice fisherman's shack. The engines are turned off and the silence of the winter night sets in. Then there is some muffled screaming from the sleds. The two drivers, their faces covered by belaclavas, stretch then walk towards the ice fisherman's shack. As they walk they hear the ice cracking along the river. They walk up to the shack, push the door open. It is a simple rudimentary affair. A bench, a brazier and a hole. One of the snowmobilers produces a flashlight and looks around. They both examine the hole.

Both drivers leave the shack and walk back towards the sleds. The cracking of ice can be heard. They walk up to one of the sleds, untie it and drag it towards the shack. The sled struggles. They reach the shed and one of the figures cuts the ropes. Immediately the bound figure surges forward, but is quickly fallen upon and pinned. Both drivers sit upon the struggling figure facing towards each other.

JACK

OK. I got him. Go get it.

The other figure walks back to the snowmobile and retrieves something heavy. They note that the second sled has flipped on its side and is wriggling but appears secure. The sound of cracking ice echoes off across the lake.

INT. SHED

Moira helps Jack tie the heavy carpentry vice to Officer Two's ankle. They give each other a nod, then suddenly start wrestling Officer Two towards the hole in the ice. He fights but has no chance and soon slides through the icy portal into death. Jack and Moira look down into the dark hole. The shed creaks and they look around.

EXT. NIGHT

Jack and Moira walk from the shack back towards the other sled. Jack grabs another heavy iron piece of equipment and throws it on the sled. They grab it and drag it towards the shed. Muffled high-pitched screaming can be heard. Across the river a huge chunk of snow-laden ice crashes from the shore into the water.

INT. SHED

Jack and Moira manhandle Officer One into the shack, tie the weight to his ankle, then pull the mask and gag off his head. He looks around in horror.

JACK

Hey Bad Cop. You killed  
my best friend.

Officer One looks at the hole, then quickly looks at Moira, his eyes pleading.

MOIRA

You murdered love.

And with that Jack and Moira stuff the officer down the hole. It is not pretty. They fall back, panting with the effort as the bound figure worms around beneath them. Moira points the flashlight into the hole and they see that the water is only about ten feet deep and that both officers are staring up at them with ghastly looks on their faces. The whole shed creaks. Moira recoils from the sight. Jack grabs the flashlight and plays it onto the face of Officer One who is yelling his final bubbles. There is a much louder cracking sound of ice. Jack watches Officer One slowly slide from his view. Jack looks up at Moira who is poised as if listening. Jack looks down for the Officers again, but they are gone. Jack jumps up and runs from the shed with Moira right behind.

EXT. NIGHT

A large section of ice has broken free from the shore and is slowly drifting off. On it is a small wooden shack. Nearby are two snowmobiles parked. Two figures can be seen looking around at the edges of the ice. New snow begins to fall.

## Overview

This text, *The Purple Skunk*, is in the form of a screenplay in the film noir detective tradition. It is an examination of the conflict between soft-boiled suburban culture and hard-boiled urban alienation and the border between these regions. The investigation ponders the gap between the illusion of justice and the naked facts of punishment and crime, and travels across this space, exploring characters who have become lost in this void, and following them as they attempt to find their way out.

These detectives are agents of deconstruction, taking apart the existing fictional narrative in order to find a truth. Like Edgar Allan Poe's detective Dupin, they rely on basic facts combined with an informed intuition Poe called ratiocination. Similar to careful readers of literature, they seek to read between the lines. In his seminar on *The Purloined Letter*, Jacques Lacan examines Poe's classic and theorizes that the missing letter is a 'phallic signifier' which, when lost, threatens all of France. Each character in this story has a different stake in the retrieval of the letter, their identities at risk. Similarly, the Purple Skunk is a symbolic icon to the various characters that search for it. To Marcus Molotov the loss of the Purple Skunk is materially insignificant except that it represents a link to his best friend's murderer. Woody Rogers sees his life's work, a biological opus, stolen away. To Moira Wells the missing symbolic icon becomes a hated symbol of greed that has destroyed her lover. Jack Selkirk looks beyond the Purple Skunk and his dead friend to an ideal of justice that surpasses that which society offers. To the killers, the Purple Skunk is a gateway to material comfort. The Purple Skunk is 'the stuff that dreams are made of', many things to many people. Its value is consistent but its meaning is divergent.

One of the challenges of writing a screenplay is to provide a skeleton for the film makers to interpret and build upon, giving the scenes sinews, transforming the words into moving images. This practice parallels the detectives' activities as they flesh out and link up the true story from the bare bone facts that they dig up. *The Purple Skunk*, then, becomes the key to resurrecting the dead friend, to transforming him from frozen meat into a living memory. Conversely, the Purple Skunk is also the agent by which the dead friend's spirit can be laid to rest, the ghost of his murder being appeased through a balancing of the scales of justice.

Because *The Purple Skunk* is an examination of human nature confronted by injustice, it is appropriate that the text also examines and challenges the very nature of justice and the legal system of the society in which the story takes place. As in classic detective pulp fiction in the tradition of Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler, the view

of the screenplay is aware of a predominant hypocrisy in regards to prohibition. Whilst Hammett and Chandler challenged the anti-alcohol hysteria of the 1920's United States by making their characters heavy drinkers, The Purple Skunk challenges the current prohibition against marijuana by treating it as casual and inconsequential. The Purple Skunk celebrates the drug as an almost magical medium of transformation, challenging the hypocrisy of demonizing one drug at the same time as other drug use is promoted. The Purple Skunk emphasizes a moral ambiguity in the legal system.

Both Hammett and Chandler used setting to advantage in providing context and flavor to their stories. The Purple Skunk takes advantage of the isolation and idiosyncratic qualities of Winnipeg, providing a logical breeding ground for the basement farms around which the story revolves. Unlike the characters of Hammett and Chandler, The Purple Skunk is not concerned with catching criminals, but rather with questioning what is criminal. Due to the American government's 'War on Drugs', the importation of African and Asian hashish became less profitable and more risky than the importation of South American cocaine. Per weight the latter plant derivative became far more economic. Black marketers in cannabis were then forced to come up with alternative supply lines for their business. Fortunately scientists were at work using genetic modification to improve the quality and yield of these crops. Small efficient farms became the logical source for the market's demands. Local police, realizing that the economy would be better served keeping the monetary profits within the Canadian borders, reacted with an understandable sluggishness, and thus a new industry was born. The Purple Skunk is the ultimate derivative of this new industry.

The Purple Skunk proposes that Winnipeg in the present is an ideal locale for an immorality tale of revenge, or justice, depending upon the reader's point of view. The Purple Skunk combines the cinema verite' elements of detective pulp fiction with a colourful magic realism. These divergent approaches are meant to emulate the effects of The Purple Skunk upon those who smoke it in combination with the gritty horror of being a victim of violence.

Because the morality of violence must always be ambiguous and site specific it would be improper and immature to have a clear and concise answer to the questions that this story provides. The Purple Skunk provides a starting place for this debate. As the story draws to a close we see the Jack and Moira committing a brutal act to avenge their dead friend. But we are also forced to confront the fact that this brutal act works to protect Jack and specifically Moira from subsequent prosecution, effectively silencing their opposition. Are these characters merely acting in self preservation or do they have higher goals? The Purple Skunk places friendship as the highest social bond. The Purple Skunk concludes that

the urge to justice can be subverted into a misanthropic quest for violent revenge, but that even this is better than no action at all.