

The two men turn to see Thomas beside the road, with his axe.

MARCO

Well, we got ourselves a situation.

But Thomas doesn't understand. His childlike demeanor can't hide his confusion. He slowly approaches the two men, looks at the convoy and gets excited.

THOMAS

Sure is a lot of trucks. I ain't never seen this many.

Marco and Roy Roy look at one another, acknowledging that they realize Thomas is 'different'.

ROY ROY

(to Thomas)

You get used to it after a while.

THOMAS

Oh, I'd never get used to it. No, sir. All these trucks and you got rides and there's animals. I can smell 'em. Phew, yeah, you got a whole bunch of animals.

Thomas looks over the convoy. CARNIVAL POSTERS painted on their sides. There's the usual carnival fare of exaggerations including AN ANCIENT GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER NAMED MAMA LUNA peering over a crystal ball.

Sc. 1 Start

THOMAS

(realizes, excited)

You carnies! Ain't that right? I ain't never met a carnie before.

Marco looks to Roy Roy, takes in Thomas' demeanor.

MARCO

First time for everything.

THOMAS

You right about that. Where you heading?

MARCO

Down south. We hit Texas this time every year.

THOMAS

(processes)

What'cha stop for?

ROY ROY
Dead crow in the road. It's an
omen, bad luck to cross it.

THOMAS
You stop all this just cause a dead
crow?

MARCO
We have our ways.

THOMAS
Well shoot... can't have a dumb
dead crow stopping you.

Thomas picks up the dead crow and flings it off the road.

THOMAS
There. No crow.

ROY ROY
You ought not have done that, son.
Put what bad's coming on yourself.

But Thomas doesn't understand.

MARCO
What's your name, stranger?

THOMAS
Thomas. My older brother Eli and
my sister Mary, they call me Tommy.
They twins.

MARCO
(points at farmhouse)
You live there, Thomas?

THOMAS
Yessir. Me and my pa. We fixin'
her up.

MARCO
Looks like you got some work ahead
of you.

THOMAS
Yessir. I'd be further along, but
Betsy, she don't work no more.

MARCO
Betsy?

THOMAS
(points out to the field)
Our tractor.

Marco looks at Roy Roy. Roy Roy puts his fingers to his mouth and WHISTLES, sharp and loud. After a moment TWO OTHER MEN exit out of trucks. Roy Roy motions to Betsy in the field.

MARCO

Well, I guess one good turn
deserves another, Thomas.

45 EXT. BARREN FIELD - TRACTOR - DAY

45

Marco, Roy Roy and Thomas watch the two other gypsies at work on the tractor. Betsy SPUTTERS to life, KICKS ON, RATTLES AND HUMS. Thomas amazed, Marco can see it all over his face.

MARCO

A gypsy can fix anything.

THOMAS

Gypsy? I ain't--

MARCO

--Never met a gypsy before?

THOMAS

No, sir.

Roy Roy laughs. Marco smiles.

MARCO

I like you, Thomas.

THOMAS

You do?

Marco and Roy Roy laugh. Thomas, not knowing what to do, laughs along with them. Marco puts his hand on Thomas' shoulder.

MARCO

What's not to like?

Sc. 1 End

46 INT. FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

46

Thomas hurries up the stairs, excited.

THOMAS

Pa!? You ain't never gonna believe
who I just met out there on the road.

He stops at his bedroom door.

47 INT. FARMHOUSE - THOMAS BEDROOM - DAY

47

Josiah stands at the bed with his back to the door.

He realizes nothing is there. He looks down to--

Logan's large body wrapped in tarp beside the couch. Rigor mortis has set in, his face has gone purple and his final moments have left us with this bizarre, creepy expression. *Is his expression real?*

Sc. 2 Start

MARCO (O.C.)

Raven tea packs a punch, don't it?

Eli looks to--

Marco sitting in a chair by the window in total darkness with his back to us. He smokes a cigarette, staring at the carnival lights beyond.

ELI

Tha fug happenin', man?!

Marco exhales from a deep drag.

ELI

(still drowsy)

So they sold me to you?

MARCO

Parts of you. Should've been stitched up in a tub of ice by now.

Eli trying to gather his wits. He's able to move his limbs, but his equilibrium is off.

ELI

That little girl...

(trying to stand)

You selling that little girl?

Eli doesn't quite have the strength, falls back to the couch.

Marco looks over to make sure Eli's not mobile. He looks back out the window.

MARCO

Gina can't have kids.

~~THROUGH THE WINDOW, one by one the rides are drawing down and the lights going off sporadically.~~

~~The ENORMOUS Miggs walks into the room carrying a heavy, but SMALL ANCIENT LOOKING TRUNK. A PADLOCK with Romani text inscribed on it.~~

~~Miggs sets it down on the table, then takes seat.~~

Gypsy Gina enters moments later, walks up to Marco.

GYPSY GINA

Can you watch her? I'm going to help the others.

Marco shows affection by briefly rubbing Gypsy Gina's leg. She gives Marco a quick, one-handed neck rub, like she did to Eli.

Eli and Gypsy Gina share a look. Nothing else to say, she played him good. She exits the room through the outside door.

Marco deep in thought for a moment, disappointed--

MARCO

Boone. Shame. Thought we had a good thing going here. Greed gets most of us, don't it?

(beat)

But you... You weren't doing this for gold. It was different for you.

Eli's lack of reaction reaffirms this.

Marco fiddles the ANCIENT LOCK on the trunk of gold--

MARCO

This is worth a lot more than money. Goes way back with us. It's our standing amongst clans.

Marco takes a long look at Eli.

MARCO

What family you got left, Stranger?

Eli doesn't answer. Marco only waits for a little before he continues, his mind on something...

MARCO

Left mine, or what was left of it, when I was a young teen. Bounced around a lot... vagabond, full'a piss & vinegar. Always was a lone wolf myself.

Although still drowsy, Eli's sharp with his response--

ELI

Don't pretend to know me. You're a low-rent, homicidal gypsy cult. You kidnap kids and murder people. I ain't no recruit. So save me the hooey horse shit and just do what you're gonna do with me.

Marco and Miggs share a look -- Fair enough. Marco stands, walks up to Eli, stands over him. It's tense.

Eli staring up, resigned to whatever is in store for him.

Marco takes the cigarette and holds it inches from Eli's mouth.

MARCO

Mama Luna says you got a 'beng' on you. That's a devil. She says you seen him too.

Eli leans forward slightly, takes a long, deep drag.

MARCO

You dying from the inside out.

ELI

Well, then I guess you're just doing me a favor.

MARCO

It's nothing personal.

Sc. 2 End

Marco takes the cigarette back and turns to Miggs, tossing him a VIAL OF COCAINE. Miggs pockets the vial.

MARCO

(to Miggs)

Stay awake. Want to be out of here in an hour.

Marco walks towards the connecting room door, REVEALING A GYPSY we didn't know was here, who is squatted low to the ground, playfully making Billy's mouth move while speaking for him. Billy's opened eyes with his mouth moving to the gypsy's voice is unsettling to say the least.

MARCO

Quit it with that shit. Go help the others.

Marco kicks the squatted gypsy in the rear and forces him out of the room with him.

76

INT. ROADSIDE MOTEL - CONNECTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

76

Miggs smokes his cigarette as he fusses with the SMALL RADIO, tuning to some oldies music.

Eli just staring at him. It's just the two of them in the room.

ELI

Yer too Goddamn big.

Miggs doesn't pay attention to him, finishes his cigarette in MIGGS' LARGE ASHTRAY.