

- 39 INT. FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - MORNING 39
 Thomas carries a SIDE TABLE into an empty bedroom. He slides a dresser along the floor, the ease in which he does his chores reaffirm his farm boy strength.
- 40 EXT. BARREN FIELD - NEAR SMALL BARN - MORNING 40
 From a distance Thomas digs with a shovel.
- 41 EXT. FARMHOUSE - PORCH - MORNING 41
 Thomas pulling old, rotted wooden planks from the ground porch, snapping them back.
- 42 EXT. BARREN FIELD - NEAR SMALL BARN - MORNING 42
 Thomas CHOPS WOOD. He's vigorous, motivated.
- 43 EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY 43
 Thomas drags the axe with one hand, carries BLOCKS OF WOOD under the other arm. The sun beats down on his back. He hesitates as he hears traffic approaching. He looks to A CONVEY OF TRUCKS/TRAILERS in the distance heading down the road near the farm. Colorful, old.
- 44 EXT. DIRT ROAD - NEAR FARMHOUSE - DAY 44
 The lead caravan slows to a stop. The rest of the convoy stops behind it. After a moment, a MAN exits the caravan and stands in the middle of the road, staring down. This is MARCO.

A DEAD CROW IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD

Marco stares at the dead crow in the middle of the road in front of him. A SECOND MAN exits one of the lead trucks, joins Marco. This is ROY ROY.

Sc. 1 Start

ROY ROY
 (off dead crow)
 That's a good day gone bad right there.

MARCO
 Don't see any way around it. Don't tell the others.

THOMAS (O.C.)
 What'cha all looking at?

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.

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.

Sc. 1 End

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.

It's definitely a sight to behold as Eli scans the room: A SPATTERING OF GYPSY CARNIES, old and young, weathered and awkward, large and small -- lounging, drinking, listening to MUSIC, some intermittently move to the music. No scarfs or gypsy stereotype clothing, no big hoop earrings. No mysterious accent. Some may not even be Romani.

LOGAN
(to Eli)
Have a seat.

Logan nudges Eli, who walks across the room and sits on a couch next to a MIDDLE-AGE GYPSY WOMAN who seems to be smacking her gums, chewing on nothing. She doesn't even acknowledge Eli, who just stares at her a moment.

A more TRADITIONAL FAST-PACED GYPSY SONG comes on and a GROUP OF GYPSIES know what this means. They challenge and encourage each other to DANCE in an area of the room where the table has been pushed to the side and they've designated as a dance floor.

The gypsy who fetched the beers returns to Marco and hands them to Billy who tosses one across the room to Eli.

BILLY
Be back.

A FEMALE GYPSY tries to dance with Billy and Logan as they follow Marco and pass her on their way to the connecting motel room door. Billy does a quick shimmy, looks to Eli and laughs. They disappear into the adjacent room and the door shuts.

Eli left to himself watching the Gypsies do the traditional dance to this type of music. It goes on for awhile. Loud cheers each time one does a substantial move.

Eli notices AN ATTRACTIVE FEMALE GYPSY who we will call GYPSY GINA (late 20's), exiting the connecting motel room and joining the dance group. The other gypsies welcome her.

Eli fixated, sips his beer. She's good at it and keeps up well.

Suddenly Roy Roy has a seat beside Eli. Roy Roy stares longer than usual.

Sc. 2 Start

ELI
Help you?

ROY ROY
...What brings you to these parts?

ELI
Business.

ROY ROY
...Here?!

Eli nods. Roy Roy laughs loudly, stares at him longer than usual, again.

Eli doesn't get it and doesn't like it.

A moment passes. Roy Roy smiles and smacks the side of Eli's arm. Eli looks to where Roy Roy just smacked him as a warning sign not to touch him again.

Roy Roy just staring at him with this smile like he knows something Eli doesn't, but this smile very slowly fades and he turns stone cold. Neither Eli or Roy Roy break.

ELI

What's your problem?

GYPSY GINA (O.C.)

Roy Roy, Marco wants to see you!

Gypsy Gina now stands in front of Eli and Roy Roy with TWO BEERS in her hand.

Roy Roy and Eli don't react to her, this could turn ugly.

SMACK! Out of nowhere Gypsy Gina's hand slaps Roy Roy across the side of the head, hard, breaking Roy Roy's stare. He looks to her, pissed.

GYPSY GINA

Now!

Sc. 2 End

Roy Roy takes one more look to Eli before he stands. Eli stands as well, just in case. Roy Roy walks off to the connecting motel room.

GYPSY GINA

He's a bad drunk. I'm sorry.
You're our guest, please--

Gypsy Gina has a seat, Eli follows suit. She hands him a fresh beer. She drinks hers.

The gypsy song ends and the dancing gypsies applaud themselves. They disperse back to having drinks and just hanging out. A more relaxed gypsy oldie comes on.

GYPSY GINA

(extends hand)
Gina.

ELI

(shakes it)
Where'd you learn to dance like that?