

SMOKE
Draft Two

Written by

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for THE IMPACT

(Somewhere in Act II or III)

NOTE to FILM-MAKERS:

Please feel free to adapt 'Smoke' to represent any two feuding individuals living side by side in any country.

INT. CLAPBOARD SHACK, OFF-RESERVATION SCRUBLAND - DAY

Yellowed news cuttings cover the wall: *Feuding Neighbour sets fire to sacred plants; No Smoke without Fire says John Brodie; Chetan Greenwood forced to give up his tobacco plants!*

A rifle broods in a dark corner. A knife-blade glimmers. Arthritic fingers twist a rifle-cleaning rod, lash thin rope. Smoke spirals to the rafters.

EXT/INT. LONELY TRACK/FARM TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

A farm truck hurtles by. A dust cloud follows.

Inside the truck, a cowboy hat and grizzled jaw, silhouetted against an orange sky. A Handgun and a pack of tobacco bounce about in the footwell.

The truck screeches to a stop at a fork. A scrawled sign: *Keep Out*. The truck reverses and bumps down a dirt track past another sign: *Trespassers WILL be shot!*

EXT/INT. CLAPBOARD SHACK, OFF-RESERVATION SCRUBLAND - DAY

CHE TAN GREENWOOD, Native American, 80s, features seamed like a rock-face, squints past us into the red sun. Grinds out his roll-up out on the stoop. Turns and shuts the door.

He shuffles to a rickety table, fingers a long hide pouch before easing into a chair. His opponent, ATIAN, 70s, deals dog-eared playing cards. Chetan picks up his hand.

DOG rests her nose on Chetan's battered slippers. Chetan sloshes slugs of whisky into three glasses. Pats his pockets.

CHE TAN

Smokes. Damn. I'm fresh out.

ATIAN

Still set on dying young then?

(beat)

When you're good and ready, I s'pose? Like everythin' else.

They drink. Study each other. Chetan lays down a card. Sniffs the air. The lamp SPATTERS. Dog's head goes up, ears pricked.

A beat later the truck arrives with a ROAR, pulls up outside, gravel flying. Dog leaps up BARKING.

Atian can't help himself. Looks at the door.

ATIAN (CONT'D)
Reckon that's him?

Atian lays his cards on the table. Chetan looks long and slow at the cards on the table and the ones in his hand.

CHE TAN
Yep. Reckon so.

HEAVY BOOTS approach the door. A FIST BANGS on the door. Dog WHIMPERS. Chetan raises his hand. Dog stops whimpering.

BRODIE (O.S.)
Chetan Greenwood! Open up, damn
you. I know you're in there!

Chetan moves stiffly but silently towards the gun. He raises it and aims at the shut door. Atian shakes his head.

BRODIE (O.S.)(CONT'D)
Put the gun down you crazy old
Injun. I got somethin' for you.

Chetan ponders the cuttings. Grins. COCKS the rifle. Atian leaps up, knocks over his chair, backs into a safe corner.

CHE TAN
And I got somethin' for you,
Brodie.

BRODIE (O.S.)
You don't understand.

CHE TAN
I think I do. You're on my stoop.

He steps towards the door and trips over Dog. A BLAST as the gun SHOOTS a hole through the door. Smoke from the gun spirals to the rafters. A third whisky sits on the table.

The door creaks open. Cowboy JOHN BRODIE, 80, lies dying. Chetan drops to the ground, takes his adversary in his arms, shocked. Their faces map the years of their bitter feud.

Brodie grips Chetan's arm. Chuckles through his pain. He reaches under his jacket. Brings out the pack of tobacco.

BRODIE
Always reckoned It'd be me fixing
your flint, Greenwood. But Hell, now
I'm here, why don't we put this in
your goddamned pipe and smoke it?