

WELLINGTON

100.

EXT. LIVINGSTON POLICE DEPARTMENT - AFTERNOON

The SILVER CADILLAC parks in front of the police station.

INT. LIVINGSTON POLICE DEPARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Earle is sitting with his feet on his desk, reading a magazine. The door opens and MR. WELLINGTON walks in, dressed in an expensive, three-piece suit.

Earle looks over the top of the magazine.

EARLE

Can I help you?

WELLINGTON

I'm John Wellington. I'm here to pick up Moon Blake.

Earle looks back down at the magazine.

EARLE

He's in the custody of Constable Sanders.

Wellington walks closer. Stands right in front of the desk. Earle looks up again.

WELLINGTON

(calmly)

Look, I can make this real easy or real hard. I practiced law for nearly fifty years. You and I both know you can't take custody of that boy. Now, do you want to take your feet off your desk and bring him out here, or do you want me to talk you into a Federal prison?

EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

Moon is riding with Mr. Wellington in a brand new, four-wheel-drive Ford Bronco. Moon looks depressed.

WELLINGTON

Moon, I'm Mr. Wellington. I own the property where you and your father lived. I'm here to help you.

Moon doesn't respond.

SCN. 1
START



1/5

WELLINGTON (CONT'D)

That constable's got problems. You don't need to be around people like him.

MOON

He won't let me alone.

WELLINGTON

Did you do all the things he said you did?

MOON

Nossir.

WELLINGTON

Why would he make up stuff like that?

MOON

I don't know.

WELLINGTON

Where is the pistol he said you shot at him with?

MOON

In the forest. And the dog's at my friend's trailer.

WELLINGTON

Hal Mitchell?

Moon nods.

WELLINGTON (CONT'D)

Who else have you been with since you left Pinson?

MOON

Mr. Mitchell. Rachael Gene.

Mr. Wellington thinks for a beat.

WELLINGTON

I feel responsible for a lot of what's happened.

MOON

You could have let us stay.

WELLINGTON

I meant to try and reason things out with your father, but never had the chance. Now somebody's gotta clear this mess up. I'm going to help you, Moon. As much for my sake as yours.

Moon doesn't respond.

WELLINGTON (CONT'D)

We're headed to Tuscaloosa. I've talked to the judge there and he's willing to hold you in his jail while I try and make a case for you. You'll be safe from Sanders.

Moon nods weakly and looks out the window.

INT. TUSCALOOSA JAIL - EVENING

This jail is much larger and newer and cleaner. There are several prisoners in the cells across and down from Moon. Moon is curled up into his fetal ball on the bed while the other prisoners jeer and make comments.

PRISONER #1

What you doin' down there, wild boy?

PRISONER #2

What the hell's that thing on your head?

They all laugh. Moon takes a deep breath and remains silent.

PRISONER #3

You dreamin' about dog cobbler?

They all laugh again.

INT. TUSCALOOSA JAIL - MORNING

A police officer brings breakfast on a rolling cart full of food trays. This is OFFICER PETE.

He brings Moon's tray first and slides it through the bars.

Moon sits up and looks at it. Looks back at Officer Pete.

MOON

Have you heard from Mr. Wellington?

STOP

3/5

SCN. 2
START



JUDGE MACKIN (CONT'D)
Get up here, Wellington.

Mr. Wellington walks up to cross-examine Sanders. He is carrying a folder of papers. Sanders looks him in the eye with confidence.

WELLINGTON
Constable Sanders, how long have you been a law enforcement officer?

SANDERS
Fifteen years.

WELLINGTON
And have you ever been employed or had part-time work in any other profession?

SANDERS
No.

WELLINGTON
So you would have never done any work for the Pinson Boys Home?

Sanders is suddenly looking nervous.

SANDERS
Not that I recall.

Mr. Wellington pulls a sheet of paper from his folder and puts it on the judges desk. The judge puts on his glasses and begins to examine it.

WELLINGTON
Then why would the Pinson Boys Home have any entry to you in their cash log for \$500.00. On the same day as the escape.

Sanders's jaw tightens. He is starting to sweat. The judge glares at Sanders.

SANDERS
Me and that director are gamblin' buddies.

Mr. Wellington nods.

WELLINGTON
Very well. Let's assume you're telling the truth.

JUDGE MACKIN

Constable, you better hope this ain't goin' where I think it is.

WELLINGTON

Your Honor, I'd like to call in some witnesses.

The judge leans up, interested.

JUDGE MACKIN

Bring 'em in.

Mr. Wellington walks to the back of the room and opens the door. Mr. Mitchell, Hal, and Rachael step inside. With them is Snapper. Mr. Mitchell is wearing what would be his best outfit, but it is soiled and wrinkled and ridiculous looking.

Moon smiles and waves.

Sanders is sweating profusely.

Mr. Wellington speaks as he walks back up the isle with the others.

WELLINGTON

Your Honor, I'd like to introduce you to Mr. Mitchell, his son Hal, and Rachael Gene... And Constable Sanders's dog, Snapper.

Sanders leaps up.

SANDERS

That ain't my dog!

Judge Mackin is pissed now.

JUDGE MACKIN

You better sit back down! I don't care if your daddy's a judge or not. This ain't Sumter County and I ain't your daddy. You're in about a ten foot hole right now and still diggin'.

Sanders sits and fumes.

Mr. Wellington takes the collar off the dog and walks it up to the judges desk.

The judge looks at it and sets it down.

STOP

5/5