

SHADOW VALLEY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. OLD BROKEN DOWN SHACK - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

It's a grim, gloomy morning.

The gray skies are as dark and rough as concrete.

INT. SHACK - CONTINUOUS

There is an old, broken alarm clock.

The time has stopped at 7:00.

Two MASKED, HOODED PEOPLE burst through the front door.

They are carrying AMORIE JONES, well dressed in a light colored blouse.

Amorie is shot and bleeding from the stomach.

A third MASKED PERSON enters the shack slowly and calmly behind the three and removes their mask and hood.

This is JOE NANCE.

The other two lay the wounded, bloody Amorie down on the couch.

Another removes their mask.

This is DEVON SQUIRES.

DEVON

Jesus! She's not gonna make it
chief.

The third masked person removes their mask.

It is BRANDON JACOBS.

BRANDON

Shut the hell up Devon! She's
gonna make it!

Amorie appears to be in shock.

BRANDON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(to Amorie)

Just take it easy. You're gonna be
OK.

Devon steps away.

DEVON

Oh for crying out loud! Joe what the hell are we gonna do?

Joe stands firm and calm.

JOE

Nothing we can do.

DEVON

She's not gonna be around long, right?

BRANDON

Devon! Will you shut that shit up?

Devon steps back.

Joe goes over to Brandon and Amorie.

JOE

Let me see.

He looks at her wounds.

She is bleeding profusely from the belly.

BRANDON

Joe we gotta do something.

JOE

Sorry kid. There's not much we can do. Guess we just gotta ride it out.

BRANDON

Ride it out? Christ Joe, she's bleeding to death!

AMORIE

No I'm not. I'll be fine. I just need a drink.

Devon chuckles.

DEVON

She's fine. She's a tough one.

JOE

Come on, let's go over here, just for a second.

Joe gestures to Amorie.

JOE (CONT'D)
Just keep pressure on it
sweetheart.

BRANDON
(to Amorie)
I'm gonna go talk to Joe, OK? I'll
just be right over here. I'll be
right back.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Joe, Brandon and Devon enter the kitchen.

BRANDON
So what's the plan Joe?

JOE
Look kid, I'm sorry, but it's over.
Maybe not for her, but you do
realize what happened out there,
don't you?

BRANDON
Yeah I realize what happened. A
robbery that she helped plan
because you promised to cut her in
for ten percent, went sour. That's
what happened.

Devon and Joe look at each other as they listen to Brandon.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
And more specifically, said plan
went sour because this fucking nut
job went ballistic and started
shooting everybody.

Brandon gestures to Devon.

Devon shrugs off Brandon's comments.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Now mind you, that wasn't part of
any version of the original plan.

DEVON
Man fuck you and the plan! I
didn't shoot her! Besides, we got
more important issues to worry
about right now!

BRANDON
Yeah, like what?

DEVON
Like what the fuck we're doing
here? Like who set us up? Shit man
are you blind or just sprung?

The two men start to tussle.

Joe breaks it up.

JOE
All right cool it! Goddamn it, you
two are gonna give me another
friggin' heart attack! Now just
calm down.

Brandon rubs the back of his head and grimaces.

Joe lights a cigarette.

JOE (CONT'D)
Devon's gotta point. What the hell
were those goons doing there? They
weren't in any of the original
recon plans.

DEVON
This whole thing is some bullshit.
Nothing went down the way it was
supposed to.

Devon looks to Brandon.

DEVON (CONT'D)
And where the fuck was you at B?
Your head won't in the game at all
homie!

BRANDON
I'm not the one that went nuts.

JOE
So that's it? That's how you
remember it?

BRANDON
Yeah. That's how I remember it.
That and this girl getting shot.

Devon chuckles.

DEVON

You a lost soul partner. Ain't
nothing worse than that. You don't
even know what time it is.

Brandon flips Devon off.

JOE

All right. Go sit with her. I
gotta figure some things out.

Brandon exits, walking slowly back over to Amorie.

Joe and Devon watch Brandon suspiciously.

FADE OUT.

FRONT ROOM - LATER

Brandon is sitting near Amorie.

He is in and out of sleep.

As he rests his eyes, he still rubs the back of his head.

Amorie is cold and quiet; her eyes are barely open.

KITCHEN - SAME

Devon sits at a small table playing with Tarot cards.

Joe stands at a window, looking out at the cold
emptiness.

FADE OUT.

FRONT ROOM - LATER

Brandon shakes out of his rest.

He leans over to check on Amorie.

She does not move.

He looks over to the kitchen at Joe and Devon.

They are preoccupied.

BRANDON
(to Amorie, quietly)
Hey.

Amorie wakes up suddenly.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
I'm right here.

AMORIE
I'm sorry Brandon. I'm so sorry I
got you into all of this.

BRANDON
Come on now stop. It's all right.
It's not your fault.

Amorie starts to cry slowly.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
I don't want you to worry Amy.
We're gonna get out of here, and
when we do, we're gonna be golden.

There is a beat.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
I got an ace up my sleeve, a little
insurance policy. I'll tell you
about it later.

AMORIE
(desperate)
Tell me now.

Brandon quiets Amorie.

He gestures for her to relax.

Brandon looks over at Joe and Devon again.

They are still occupied.

Brandon quickly grips Amorie's hand and kisses it.

BRANDON
Things are gonna get better baby. I
promise.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK SCREEN

We HEAR Devon's voice.

DEVON
Yo, pretty boy. Wake up. She's gone.

FRONT ROOM - SAME

Brandon shakes quickly out of his sleep.

BRANDON
What the fuck!

DEVON
She's gone.

BRANDON
What?

Brandon leaps over to Amorie.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Amy! Amy!

Brandon notices that she is no longer breathing.

He shakes her.

Devon slowly backs away, back towards Joe.

Brandon starts to whimper.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Amy, please no! Amy!

Joe and Devon look over from the other room.

Brandon tries to keep his emotions hidden.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
What did y'all do to her? What did you do? She was alive! She was alive!

FADE TO BLACK.

ANOTHER ROOM - LATER

JOE
I'm sorry kid. But what can you do, yeah?

Brandon doesn't respond.

DEVON

Well, for one thing, we get rid of her body. She don't belong here.

Brandon lunges at Devon.

BRANDON

You mother-

Joe stops Brandon.

JOE

All right, all right, calm the fuck down, both of you!

The two men back off from one another.

JOE (CONT'D)

Devon just shut the fuck up and make yourself useful!

DEVON

What do you want me to do?

JOE

Yeah, that's pretty much the response I expected. Just get the fuck away from us. Go in the other room and play with your cards or something!

Devon rolls his eyes and leaves the room.

Joe walks closer towards Brandon.

JOE (CONT'D)

Look Brandon, I really am sorry it went down like this. But Devon, as much as I hate to admit it, he's right.

Brandon looks away.

JOE (CONT'D)

You're gonna have to bury her, out back.

There is a beat.

JOE (CONT'D)

It might help.

EXT. FIELD - DAY - LATER

Brandon is digging a hole in a field out behind the shack.
Amorie's body lay beside him in a makeshift coffin.

INT. SHACK - ANOTHER ROOM - SAME

From a window, Joe and Devon watch Brandon digging the grave.

DEVON

Oh for crying out loud, really? A fucking box? Ain't that sweet. Since she's all nice and comfy, why don't we just say a prayer too? Christ. What the fuck is going on Joe?

JOE

I don't know. He's having trouble remembering things straight that's for sure.

DEVON

Tell me about it. He doesn't seem to remember much at all.

JOE

It's probably just the girl. The son of bitch fell for her and lost his focus.

There is a beat.

JOE (CONT'D)

Cost us the job.

DEVON

Cost us a lot more than that Joe.

Joe looks cold and serious.

DEVON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

But, there was something more than just that girl. Not that it matters now, but he's not being straight with us.

JOE

It doesn't matter now. Nothing matters anymore.

DEVON

Maybe whatever he's hiding's got something to do with why this is happening? I mean what's the hold up? Why don't we just get to it already?

They continue watching Brandon from the window as he digs the grave.

INT. SHACK - FRONT ROOM - LATER

Devon paces back and forth.

Brandon sits, appearing out of it, still rubbing his head.

Joe lies down with his mask over his eyes.

DEVON

Christ, how much longer? Let's get this show on the road already.

JOE

Quiet! Get some rest. It should all be square in the morning.

DEVON

Yeah, I hope so. I'm ready to get on with it!

JOE

That fucking floor, that's what you need to get on right now. Settle down and let it all just, sink in.

Devon sneakily flips Joe off.

DEVON

(to Brandon)

How 'bout you killa? You think it's all gon' be square in the morning?

Brandon sits sullen and quiet, rubbing his head.

Joe looks over at Brandon.

INT. SHACK - BACK ROOM - LATER

Brandon tosses and turns.