

Where the Wolves Lie (Excerpt)

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Rational Production

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INT. BARN - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Nathan opens the large doors to the barn and walks inside. He begins to climb a ladder to his left that leads to the second level of the barn. As he climbs, there is a rustling noise from the hay bales in the loft. Nathan stops climbing.

NATHAN

Hello? Hello? Is anybody there?

There is silence as Nathan keeps climbing the ladder and reaches the loft. He walks confidently toward the hay bales in the back of the barn. He sits down on one of the bales and pretends that he is sniping something down below.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Surrender, or I'll shoot! C'mon,
I'll shoot. Gotcha!

Nathan shifts his gaze from below back to the top level of the barn. He looks left, still holding his hands up like a gun. As he turns, his fake gun lands on a MAN resting against one of the hay bales. The man is middle aged and wears old, tattered clothes. He has dark brown hair with a full beard.

MAN

(smiling)

Don't shoot, don't shoot! I'm on
your side!

Nathan's mouth hangs open as he sits frozen, unable to move.

MAN (CONT'D)

(smiling)

I promise, boy. I'm one of the good
guys.

Nathan drops his hands and closes his mouth but does not move from his hay bale.

NATHAN

Who...Who are you?

MAN

(contemplative)

You can call me Q. That's what my
friends used to call me.

The man continues to smile and straightens his posture on the hay bale.

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN

Well...well what are you doing in my barn?

Q

YOUR barn? Am I to believe that you own this barn, all by yourself?

NATHAN

Well, no. It ain't mine, but I live here. I mean, I live up in the house. But, my mama owns this barn.

The man shifts from friendly to apprehensive. He straightens up on his hay bale even more.

Q

Your mama, huh?

NATHAN

Yea, you know my mama?

The man appears as if he hasn't heard Nathan and looks past him.

Q

Never mind that, you owe me somthin'.

NATHAN

I don't owe you nothin'!

Q

Why, yes you do. I've given you my name, but you haven't given me yours.

NATHAN

Oh. My name's Nathan.

Q

(to himself)

Nathan.

Q (CONT'D)

Well, Nathan. I'm pleased to meet you. How old are you?

NATHAN

I'm twelve. I may not look it, but I'm gonna grow soon.

(CONTINUED)

Q
(chuckling)
Well, you look twelve to me. Could probably even go for thirteen in my opinion.

Nathan smiles but remains hesitant.

NATHAN
Why are you up here?

Q
Well, that's a fair question now, isn't it?

The man pulls out a crudely rolled cigarette and walks over to the window of the barn. He sits on the sill, strikes a match, lights the cigarette, and ashes it outside the window. His gaze is fixed outside.

Q (CONT'D)
I was lookin' for some shelter. Just been movin' from one place to another lately, and I stumbled upon this nice little farm the day before yesterday. Figured I'd just bunk here in the barn for a while and get what scraps of food I can find around the animals.

The man ashes his cigarette again and looks back at Nathan.

Q (CONT'D)
You won't tell your mama, will you? I'm an honest man, Nathan. I don't mean any trouble.

Nathan looks back at the man then down at his own feet.

NATHAN
No, I won't tell her. If you're just lookin' for shelter, maybe I can help. Like bring you food and stuff.

Q
Aw, you don't have to go troublin' yourself like that. It's mighty kind of you to offer, but I don't want to be a burden. I won't be here long.

NATHAN

It's no worry for me. I'd like to help. I'll see what I can get, but I won't be out here with anything until tomorrow night. And you're gonna have to stay hidden during the day, because me and my brother Gabriel come out here to feed the animals.

Q

(smiling)

I'll stay right up here behind these hay bales.

NATHAN

Okay, well I gotta get back to the house. If Mama finds out I'm not in my room I'll get spankins'.

Q

(chuckling)

Alright, good luck sneakin' back in!

Nathan smiles once more as he lingers a moment before turning to leave. He quickly climbs down the ladder and sprints through the yard to the back door of the house.