

RED RIVER
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Black screen.

FADE UP

TEXT ON SCREEN - ENGLAND, 1965

FADE DOWN

A sorrowful female voice begins to narrate.

LIVANA (V.O)

*The day that changed my life wasn't
the day I went into that camp, but
the day I escaped...*

HARD CUT TO

1. INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

LIVANA (Mid 50's), traumatized, desperate and fragile sits upon a worn sofa recollecting a distant memory.

LIVANA (CONT'D)

*It was October 15th 1943. A group
of us had tried to overthrow the
guards, but we failed. A commanding
officer demanded that an example
had to made.*

Beat.

LIVANA (CONT'D)

*I was holding her hand when she got
shot... I remember seeing the light
leaving my daughter's eyes. And all
I could do was run, so that's what
I did. I ran. I never looked back,
I couldn't-*

Livana places her head in her hands and weeps. Basic furnishings are dotted around the room, the walls are unkempt. The room has an overall sense of disconnect. Sat beside Livana is a NAZI HUNTER (Mid 30's), disheveled, reserved and highly personable. He looks at her sympathetically.

NAZI HUNTER

(Grateful)

Thank you for coming and telling me
your story.

(Reassuring)

I know how hard it can be, Livana.

(CONTINUED)

He unbuttons his LEFT shirt sleeve revealing a semi-faded identification number - H5181124.

NAZI HUNTER (CONT'D)
Byłem tylko chłopcem, kiedy
straciłem ojca.

ENGLISH TRANS: I WAS JUST A BOY WHEN I LOST MY FATHER.

After a half beat Livana embraces him.

LIVANA
What are you doing in England?

The Nazi Hunter reaches under his shirt, revealing a silver ring attached to a piece of string.

NAZI HUNTER
Ever since I fled Germany I devoted my life to finding *this*. My Dad's ring. After many years I finally found it. *It's about the only thing I could recover.*

LIVANA
They took something from me too. A *locket*. It had a picture of my daughter inside... *the only picture of my daughter.*

Beat.

LIVANA (CONT'D)
I need to find it. The thought of seeing her again keeps me going.

NAZI HUNTER
(Reassuring)
You will.

LIVANA
(Hint of desperation)
What makes you so sure?

The Nazi Hunter reaches under the coffee table and grabs a puzzle box. He brushes puzzle pieces aside until he uncovers a small notebook. Under the book are several maps. He hands the book to Livana, she begins to flick through.

NAZI HUNTER
I started with names that I remembered. I then managed to find aliases, once I had them finding
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NAZI HUNTER (cont'd)
 locations wasn't so hard. After the
 war ended many of the Third Reich
 came here, looking for a new life.

Livana stops at the 'M' section. She scans and stops at the
 name MILO SCHUTZ. She runs her finger along to the alias
 THOMAS DRAKE.

NAZI HUNTER (CONT'D)
 Sukinsynu.

ENG TRANS: SON OF A BITCH.

LIVANA
 (Contempt and hopeful)
You know him?

NAZI HUNTER
 (Nodding, Taking a map from
 the puzzle box)
 He ran a jewellery store a few
 months ago, that's where I got my
 ring back.

The Nazi Hunter grabs another puzzle box. He opens it,
 unwraps layers of parcel paper to reveal a P38 pistol.

NAZI HUNTER (CONT'D)
 (Cocking P38 and concealing
 it)
I tracked him down.
 (Getting his coat and heading
 to the front door)
 He lives in a cabin on the
 outskirts of town, it's not too far
 from here.

LIVANA
 (Getting up quickly)
 Wait!

The Nazi Hunter stops. Livana takes a confident deep breath.

LIVANA
I have to do this.

NAZI HUNTER
What? Livana I can-

LIVANA
 (Abruptly cutting him off)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LIVANA (cont'd)
I knew him before the war, he was a good man. But that man died a long time ago.

Half beat.

LIVANA (CONT'D)
I need to do this.

NAZI HUNTER
I understand...

He hands her the P38, he goes to give her the map and stops.

NAZI HUNTER (CONT'D)
Stay safe, I hope you find what you're looking for.

She gives a slight smile, he gives her the map. Livana studies it and focuses upon a red X with the initials MS written above it.

2. EXT. FIELD - DAY

Livana walks along a vast field next to a tree line. She studies the map and spots something inside the forest. She drops the map and readies the P38. Grimly determined she enters the treeline, the trees tower above her.

3. EXT. WOODEN CABIN - DAY

Livana moves swiftly through the forest. She comes across a wooden cabin and watches it from a distance. The cabin has a basic and naked exterior, all curtains are shut tight. She closes her eyes and gathers her thoughts. After a moment she confidently marches towards the cabin. She reaches the front door and places her ear to it. The door creaks ajar, she takes a step back and raises the P38.

4. INT. WOODEN CABIN - DAY

Livana bursts into the room, it's predominantly dark. A single light bulb swings back and forth above a kitchen area. The floor is covered with cigarette butts and empty beer bottles. A face stares up at her from a dark corner. She lowers the P38.

Sat in an old chair is MILO SCHUTZ (Mid 50's), scrawny, sick, emotionally fragile and suicidal. In front of him is a

(CONTINUED)

bottle of whiskey, beer and rolled tobacco. Livana closes the door, keeping her eyes fixed on him. She slowly approaches him, at first he doesn't recognize her, but then, he remembers her face.

MILO
(Disbelief)
Livana?... How-

She notices that he's clutching a GERMAN SS knife and is holding it against his inner forearm. She instantly raises the P38, Milo tenses.

LIVANA
(Stern)
Drop it.

The knife falls to the floor.

LIVANA (CONT'D)
I'm here for one thing... *and one thing only. Where is it?*

MILO
(Confused)
Where's what?

She cocks the P38.

LIVANA
You know what. *My locket, where is it?*

Milo's eyes deviate from her. He summons the courage to look at her once again.

MILO
(Gesturing to nearby chair)
Will you sit with me?

She considers this and resets the hammer on the P38. She takes the bottle of whiskey and pours herself a drink in the kitchen, Milo lights himself a cigarette.

MILO (CONT'D)
I thought you'd died.

No response, Milo sighs and drinks his beer.

MILO (CONT'D)
How did you escape?

Again, no answer.

MILO (CONT'D)

Look, what happened in that camp...

Livana lifts her head from her glass, glaring at him.

MILO (CONT'D)

You know there was nothing I could do. I had to follow my orders.

There's a brief awkward silence.

LIVANA

(Disgust)

How dare you. You had a choice, you all had a choice!

She stops herself to calm her tone.

LIVANA (CONT'D)

You turned your back on me and my daughter. You never came looking for me! You could have saved me!

Milo stands, challenging her, he begins to approach her.

MILO

What do you want me to say!? I was there for you two when you had nothing! If-!

Livana decides he's gotten too close, she raises the P38, Milo returns to his seat.

MILO (CONT'D)

If I hadn't killed her I would have been forced to kill more people! Or worse get myself killed!

Half beat.

MILO (CONT'D)

The commanding officer demanded an example. He chose her!

Silence, Livana walks across the room and sits opposite Milo.

LIVANA

You pulled the trigger. You turned your back on us and dying people just to save your own skin. And here you are, alive and unscathed. All because you turned your back and killed.

(CONTINUED)

MILO

Have you ever had to kill someone,
Livana?

No response, Livana drinks her whiskey. Milo coughs deeply into his hand, he coughs up blood and wipes it away with a tissue. He sips his beer.

MILO

Killing? That's easy. *Living with it?* That's the test. You escaped Germany, crossed miles and miles of water, forged a new identity and struggled for twenty two years just to get to *this moment*. You wouldn't have made it this far if you hadn't already killed someone.

This catches Livana off guard.

LIVANA

(Slightly regretful)

I... I killed, once. A boy, he couldn't have been more than sixteen. *But* he was a soldier, and he was going to turn me in! *He didn't leave me any choice!*

A brief silence, Milo leans forward.

MILO

You did what you had to do. You are a survivor, *he was just a soldier*. You've done it before...

He places his hand on top of Livana's hand holding the P38.

MILO (CONT'D)

You can do it again.

She retracts her hand.

MILO (CONT'D)

(Cold and Tempting)

Do what you came here to do.

LIVANA

Where is it?

Milo sighs, he reveals a key on a necklace around his neck. He removes it and gives it to Livana, his eyes wander to a pile under the stairs. Livana gets up, taking the P38 with her.

(CONTINUED)

She uncovers the pile and finds a small jewellery box. She unlocks it and discovers a dozen small trinkets, then among all of them she sees it, her locket. In disbelief she picks it up and runs the links through her fingers. She takes a moment then opens it. Livana instantly tears up, she cups her mouth with her empty palm.

LIVANA (CONT'D)
Matylda... I'm sorry. It should have been me, I should have died that day, not you. No one can take you from me now.

She places the locket around her neck.

LIVANA (CONT'D)
No one.

MILO
I'm glad you're together again.

Livana sadly smiles at Milo.

MILO (CONT'D)
(Disheartened)
How did we end up here?
(Getting up)
We were once so inseparable, and now we're here-

Milo violently coughs, he falls and hits the floor. He wheezes for breath, rather than help him Livana continues to look down at her locket. Her gaze shifts from the locket to the P38.

LIVANA
(Picking up the P38)
At least you can die knowing that you did something good.

Milo gravely nods, he crawls towards Livana. She rises and meets him. Milo gets to his knees, takes the barrel of the P38 and places it against his forehead, he cocks the hammer.

MILO
Do it.

Milo closes his eyes. Livana is hesitant, her finger inches towards the trigger.

MILO (CONT'D)
You want this.

(CONTINUED)

Her finger grips the trigger, he opens his eyes and looks directly into hers.

MILO (CONT'D)
Tun Sie es für Matyllda.

ENG TRANS: DO IT FOR MATYLDA.

He closes his eyes and holds his breath, pushing the barrel into his forehead. Livana takes her eyes off him and catches her own reflection in a broken mirror. She stares at herself for a few moments before looking back down on Milo.

The pressure behind the P38 lapses, the pistol clatters to the floor. She opens the front door and stands in the doorway, Milo releases his breath and turns to look at her. Livana looks at the P38, and then to Milo. Without uttering a word she exits the cabin and walks away.

MILO (CONT'D)
(Begging)
No... kill me... kill me!

5. EXT. FIELD - DAY (SUNSET)

Livana exits from the treeline. Milo's pleads are now distant. BANG. A single gunshot decimates his pleads causing her to stop. Rather than look back she continues to gaze forward. She affectionately strokes her locket, her face is blank of all emotion, then a slight smile traces her lips. After a few beats she continues to walk away, never looking back.

HARD CUT TO
TITLE CARD - RED RIVER
CREDITS