

Theodore and the Scar Hand Gang

"Pilot"

written by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. CORBIN LABORATORY - NIGHT - 1901

DR. THEODORE CORBIN SR., 40, a man married to his work, cautiously mixes chemicals under a lonely lamp.

His lab includes three lab tables and a mess of chemistry equipment, everything from flasks to forceps, not to mention the myriad of tools. All equating to one big mess.

A shape moves in the corner of his eye. Startled, he looks where he saw it but finds nothing. Content, Dr. Corbin returns to pouring one flask into another.

THEODORE CORBIN JR., 13, a boy with an incandescent spirit, walks up behind him.

DR. CORBIN

Ah!

They both jump.

DR. CORBIN (CONT'D)

Son, you scared me! These are very volatile chemicals, Theodore!

THEODORE

Sheesh, sorry, Dad! Mom ordered me to come in here, because she said I hadn't visited you in your lab for a while and that I should spend more time with you!

DR. CORBIN

And I'm sorry that I had to ban you two from my lab, but Mr. Torv wants to keep this invention top secret!

THEODORE

Mom also said Torv's paranoid, and should get a wife.

Dr. Corbin returns to pouring chemicals.

DR. CORBIN

Paranoid or not, he has me on a schedule.

THEODORE  
 (walking to door)  
 Fine, I was about to go to my  
 friend's house, anyway.

Dr. Corbin stops working and sighs.

DR. CORBIN  
 You know, Theodore...

Theodore stops.

DR. CORBIN (CONT'D)  
 (walks to light switch)  
 You know, Theodore, I can't  
 remember the last you were in here.  
 It's been months.  
 (arrives)  
 In any event, I have been  
 preparing.

Dr. Corbin turns on the lights, which illuminate the weird,  
 wacky gadgets, gizmos, machines, and inventions that awe  
 Theodore. Dr. Corbin sees his son's face and grins.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

A balsa wood plane with a little engine and an antenna sits  
 on the ground. Nearby, Dr. Corbin hands his son a reverse-  
 engineered radio.

THEODORE  
 A radio?

DR. CORBIN  
 A reverse-engineered radio!

Theodore gives him a confused look.

DR. CORBIN (CONT'D)  
 (switches radio on)  
 Here, let me show you.

The plane's propeller spins, exciting Theodore.

DR. CORBIN (CONT'D)  
 Now, just turn the knobs, and --

Theodore twists the radio's knobs back and forth, making the  
 plane jerk around.

DR. CORBIN (CONT'D)  
 Careful, Theodore!

The plane gets off the ground for a moment, then faceplants.  
Dr. Corbin sighs and goes to pick it up.

THEODORE

Sorry, Dad.

DR. CORBIN

(examining plane)

It's fine. Even I haven't been able  
to get it off the ground for very  
long.

THEODORE

Hey, so, Dad...sorry that I haven't  
been spending much time with you  
lately.

Dr. Corbin stops examining the plane.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

I know we used to spend more time  
together, but lately, I don't know,  
I just haven't felt like it as  
much, and, well...Anyway, that's  
all I had to say.

I actually had fun tonight.

DR. CORBIN

Me too, Son. It's late, Theodore.  
You should get rest.

THEODORE

Early to bed, early to rise. Right,  
Dad?

Theodore marches back into their mansion.

INT. CORBIN LABORATORY - NIGHT

Dr. Corbin returns to the lab table with the chemicals and  
equipment, where his gleeful face turns grim.

He doesn't notice SCAR HAND, 17, a nuclear rage barely  
contained within the confines of a human body, standing in  
the doorway to his left. He wears gloves.

SCAR HAND

Isn't that touching?

Dr. Corbin leaps to his feet.

DR. CORBIN  
Scar Hand!

Scar Hand approaches him.

DR. CORBIN (CONT'D)  
I told your boss any day now!

Scar Hand frowns and grabs Dr. Corbin by the lapel, lifting him against the wall.

SCAR HAND  
He is not my boss!

DR. CORBIN  
Okay, your...benefactor.

Scar Hand releases his iron grip.

SCAR HAND  
I'll be back in three days! You'd better have it ready by then!

DR. CORBIN  
No problem.

Scar Hand steps toward the door he entered from but stops.

SCAR HAND  
You know why I'm called "Scar Hand," right?

DR. CORBIN  
Yes.

Scar Hand re-approaches Dr. Corbin.

SCAR HAND  
Good, because if you ever imply that anyone is in charge of me, I'll make sure you earn a nickname of your own. Maybe something like...  
(points Colt to Dr. Corbin's forehead)  
Dr. Hole-Head. Got it?

DR. CORBIN  
Yes.

Scar Hand re-holsters his Colt and exits. Dr. Corbin slumps back into his chair.

INT. CORBIN HOUSE - DAY

DINING ROOM

Theodore sits in the aristocratic, Victorian dining room, wearing his school's preppy uniform and scarfing down his breakfast as quickly as the servants can feed him.

MRS. CORBIN, 35, a doting mother, enters.

MRS. CORBIN  
Theodore!

He stops, a silver spoon in his mouth and his cheeks so full that food spills from between his lips.

MRS. CORBIN (CONT'D)  
Would you please slow down?!

Dr. Corbin enters.

DR. CORBIN  
Now, now, Sally, don't discourage the boy. A quick eater is the sign of a busy mind.

MRS. CORBIN  
But he's getting food all over his uniform!

She takes a napkin and cleans Theodore off.

DR. CORBIN  
Feh! Uniforms. They think if everyone looks alike then everyone will think alike.

MRS. CORBIN  
Well, my son can think whatever he wants, but he's going to look like a gentleman doing it.

THEODORE  
Mom! I'm fine!

He tries to push her away.

MRS. CORBIN  
Oh, and you've messed up your hair!

She licks her hands and flattens his parted hair as he tries but fails to get her to stop.

MRS. CORBIN (CONT'D)

There.

She stands straight.

MRS. CORBIN (CONT'D)

Honey, what do you think?

Dr. Corbin is lighting his pipe, when he double-takes at Theodore, who's slumping over the table with his hair plastered down. He shakes his head and ruffles his hair.

MRS. CORBIN (CONT'D)

Ugh! I give up!

She exits into the kitchen. Theodore levels his hair and parts it; though, not completely flat this time as Dr. Corbin returns to reading his paper.

THEODORE

(jogging to door)

Well, time to get to school!

Mrs. Corbin reenters with a bowl of cereal.

MRS. CORBIN

Well, why don't you two walk together?

THEODORE

Oh, I don't know, Mom, I --

Mrs. Corbin shoots her son a look.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

I mean, yeah! Let's walk together, Dad!

Theodore charges out the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Dr. Corbin and Theodore stroll down the street, the Philadelphia skyline in the background. Nearly everyone slows to bow their heads or tip their bowlers in respect to Dr. Corbin, who nods back.

THEODORE

I have to admit, Dad, it's pretty amazing how many people know you.

DR. CORBIN

Well, you don't get to be America's number one inventor without gaining a little fame. Of course, that Edison would have you believe that he's number one. Pheh!

HENRY FISH, 14, a zany boy, runs up behind them, his wiry limbs flailing about.

HENRY

Teddy! Dr. Corbin! Wait up!

They stop, and Henry arrives beside them out of breath.

DR. CORBIN

Theodore, who is this...young gentleman?

THEODORE

This is --

HENRY

Henry Fish!

Henry grabs Dr. Corbin's hand and shakes it overly enthusiastically, so Dr. Corbin pulls it away.

DR. CORBIN

Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Fish.

Theodore grabs Henry's arm.

THEODORE

Come on! We're going to be late!

They run to their school at the end of the block with Dr. Corbin watching. That troubled look returns to his face and, after a moment, he heads back home.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Theodore's TEACHER writes assignments on the blackboard, while some kids read and a couple run around.

Theodore sits with his head in his hand. His eyes are locked on the textbook as he daydreams. Henry's making little doodles in his notebook.

THEODORE

What are you drawing, Henry?

HENRY  
Hold on, I'm almost...

He puts the finishing touches on.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
...done. What do you think?

He holds up the notebook to reveal a shoddy scribbling.

THEODORE  
Oh...that's a nice...squirrel.

HENRY  
Squirrel?! It's a dragon!

Henry groans and frantically starts to redo the drawing.

THEODORE  
Sorry.

Theodore goes back to daydreaming.

HENRY  
Hey, is something wrong?

THEODORE  
No, just thinking that maybe today  
I'll see which of my dad's  
inventions I can play with when I  
get home.

The PRINCIPAL enters and looks sullenly at Theodore, who doesn't notice him, but Henry does.

Henry nudges Theodore, who looks up and finds the Principal's gaze. Theodore knows something's wrong.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Theodore, with Mrs. Corbin's arm around him, hangs his head as Dr. Corbin's casket is lowered into the ground, a couple dozen mourners stand around them.

INT. CORBIN HOUSE - DAY

PARLOR ROOM

Theodore sits slumped in a chair with a plate of food in his lap. His eyes don't move from it when Mrs. Corbin sits next to him. She puts her arm on his shoulder, but he looks away.

MAXIMILIAN TORV, a robber baron with a pseudo-royal demeanor, steps in front of them.

TORV

Mrs. Corbin, I was so sorry to hear of your husband's demise. He will be sorely missed.

MRS. CORBIN

Thank you, Mr. Torv.  
(to Theodore)  
Aren't you going to thank Mr. Torv?

Torv brings his gaze to Theodore, who stands and walks into the other room without Torv ever removing his eyes from him.

MRS. CORBIN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about him, he --

TORV

It's quite alright, Mrs. Corbin.  
It's just too bad your husband won't be able to finish his invention.

A fire lights in Mrs. Corbin's eyes.

MRS. CORBIN

Is that all you can think about?!

Everyone in the room goes silent.

TORV

Mrs. Corbin --

MRS. CORBIN  
My husband dies in an explosion,  
and all you can think about is that  
stupid invention?!

Torv collects himself.

TORV  
Mrs. Corbin, I was simply saying  
that it's too bad he didn't get to  
finish his last project. I assure  
you, it has nothing to do with the  
fact that he was working on it for  
me.

She takes a few steps in the direction of Theodore, before  
stopping next to Torv.

MRS. CORBIN  
(whispers)  
It was your fault. You're the one  
who hired him.

With that, she storms off, Torv grimacing.

LIVING ROOM

Theodore looks out a window to see what remains of Dr.  
Corbin's lab, now not much more than a charred pile of  
rubble.

INT. CORBIN LABORATORY - NIGHT

Theodore sits in the charred remains of the lab with the  
remote-controlled plane in his hands. He hears someone  
approaching from outside.

He looks up and, through the window, sees three masked men  
nearing the door, the spurs on their boots clanging. He  
springs under some debris, when the men kick the door down.

Black handkerchiefs cling to the noses of these men,  
obscuring all but their shifty eyes. These and their black  
cowboy hats and clothes help them to become sentient shadows  
moving through the night.

One of them, Scar Hand, scans the room.

Theodore peeks around the debris he's under, when Scar Hand  
looks in his direction. Theodore ducks back under the debris.

SCAR HAND  
Fan out. That book has to be here.

The CREEPY GOON does as he's told. The other, VOSS, 40, a ghoulish man, seems reluctant.

                  CREEPY GOON  
How do you know it even survived,  
Boss?

                  SCAR HAND  
Because...it had to.

                  VOSS  
And what are you going to tell your  
boss when we don't find it?

Scar Hand wheels around.

                  SCAR HAND  
He is not my boss, Voss!

                  CREEPY GOON  
Hee-hee! That rhymed; "Voss,"  
"boss."

Theodore peeks over the debris again.

                  SCAR HAND  
                  (to the Creepy Goon)  
Just get back to work!

                  SCAR HAND (CONT'D)  
And you too!

                  VOSS  
Whatever you say, Scar Hand.

                  THEODORE  
                  (whispers)  
"Scar Hand."

Scar Hand flicks his eyes in Theodore's direction.

Theodore curls himself up under the debris. Scar Hand takes a step towards him, when the Creepy Goon yells:

                  CREEPY GOON  
I found it!

He raises a thick, and somewhat charred book.

                  SCAR HAND  
Give me that!

Scar Hand snatches the book, pushes the Creepy Goon away, and skims the text.

SCAR HAND (CONT'D)  
 This is it! Corbin's invention  
 designs!

He finds some of the pages burnt.

SCAR HAND (CONT'D)  
 No!

CREEPY GOON  
 What's wrong, Boss?

SCAR HAND  
 Some of the pages are damaged! It  
 doesn't matter. We have what we  
 needed. Let's just get to Denver.

VOSS  
 Guess that means your boss will be  
 pleased.

SCAR HAND  
 I thought I told you...

Scar Hand reaches for his Colt.

SCAR HAND (CONT'D)  
 ...he is not my boss.

Voss reaches for his own Colt. Theodore sees his opportunity  
 and dashes outside.

SCAR HAND (CONT'D)  
 What was that?!

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Scar Hand rushes outside and sees Theodore running into the  
 mansion. Voss fires three shots. Three bullets strike the  
 back door just as Theodore passes through it.

INT. CORBIN HOUSE - NIGHT

PARLOR ROOM

Theodore sprints toward the stairs. Bullets scream past. Bits  
 of wood and glass streak through the air.

MASTER BEDROOM

Theodore leaps in and finds Mrs. Corbin gone.

WALK IN CLOSET

Theodore bursts in and climbs to the top shelf, where he pulls out a Winchester rifle. Scar Hand appears at the closet's doorway.

SCAR HAND

Put it down.

Startled, Theodore points the rifle at him.

SCAR HAND (CONT'D)

I said put it down!

Voss appears in the doorway with his Colt to Mrs. Corbin's throat.

VOSS

Found her wandering the halls.  
Must've been looking for you,  
little man...Or should I say,  
little boy.

Theodore searches for an answer in Mrs. Corbin's eyes, but they don't provide one. Finally, Theodore puts the Winchester down. Voss grins.

SCAR HAND

Let her go.

VOSS

What?

SCAR HAND

I said let her go!

They stare each other down for a minute until Voss throws Mrs. Corbin into Theodore's arms.

SCAR HAND (CONT'D)

If you two even think about going  
to the cops, well, we know where to  
find you.

He leads his goons away as Theodore and Mrs. Corbin hold each other.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Mrs. Corbin and Theodore exit the station, both still a little distraught, and enter the darkness of the night.

THEODORE  
But why wouldn't they help us, Mom?

MRS. CORBIN  
Just keep walking, honey.

Behind them, a CROOKED COP signals to an unknown person in the shadows by nodding.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Mrs. Corbin puts her arm around Theodore, when she hears a can get kicked behind them. She stops, looks, but sees nothing.

THEODORE  
What's wrong, Mom?

MRS. CORBIN  
Come on.

She turns and takes a step forward only to find Voss towering over her. She gasps. He grabs her.

THEODORE  
Mom!

VOSS  
I thought you were told not to go to the cops. Well, now I'm gonna do what Scar Hand couldn't.  
(points Colt)  
Get in there.

Voss motions for them to go into an alley.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

They walk halfway in.

VOSS  
Stop.

They do. Voss pulls the Colt's hammer back. Mrs. Corbin leaps for the gun and points it away before it goes off.

MRS. CORBIN  
Run for help!

Theodore sprints toward the sidewalk, Voss knocks Mrs. Corbin down and takes aim at the boy.

MRS. CORBIN (CONT'D)

No!

She jumps in front of the gun, when it goes off.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Theodore stops. Too afraid to move, he summons his nerve and looks back into the alley and sees his mother on the ground.

He and Voss' eyes meet for a moment, then Theodore sprints away.

VOSS

Hey!

Voss runs to the sidewalk, but Theodore's disappeared.

INT. FISH MANSION - NIGHT

Henry answers the door to find Theodore.

HENRY

Teddy?

Theodore, sobbing, hugs him.

HENRY'S BEDROOM

The two boys sit in the mouth of a bay window.

THEODORE

I can't go to the cops, they...they wouldn't help us. Besides, I think they're working with them.

HENRY

How? I mean, someone big must be helping them out --

THEODORE

It doesn't matter!

He curls himself up.

HENRY

So, what are you gonna do?

THEODORE

I'm gonna go after them.

HENRY

What?! Whoa, whoa --

THEODORE

And I want you to come with me.

HENRY

What?!

Henry can see the determination in Theodore's eyes.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Theodore...I can't just leave. I mean, what am I gonna tell my parents? How are we gonna survive? How are we gonna protect ourselves from these guys if we run into them? Or what if we run into other bad guys?

THEODORE

I have money. I could hire someone to protect us, or even a private investigator.

HENRY

There you go! Hire a P.I.!

THEODORE

But I need to be a part of it! And I need to leave now!

HENRY

Why now?

THEODORE

Because they're leaving now!...If you don't want to come, I understand.

HENRY

Grrr! Fine. Let me just pack

Theodore peers through the window and toward the Philadelphia skyline.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

BOARDING PLATFORM

Through the crowded station, Theodore saunters along with a suitcase in each hand.

Behind him, Henry struggles to haul his two suitcases and backpack, all stuffed to their breaking points.

Just within earshot, NORA MCCLOSKEY, thirteen, a tell-tale cunning in her eyes, stealthily pick-pockets unsuspecting people. Her dog, a German Shepherd-Pitbull mix, tags along.

She spots the duo and shrugs.

NORA  
Meh, too easy.

Henry collapses.

HENRY  
Theodore, can we please stop?!

THEODORE  
I don't want to miss the train,  
Henry. We have to get to Denver as  
quickly as possible.

HENRY  
It's not even here yet!

THEODORE  
Fine!

Theodore slumps down on a bench. Henry can see him hurting and also sits on the bench.

HENRY  
Teddy...I'm sorry about your mom,  
Teddy.

Nora, starting to walk away, hears this and stops to eavesdrop.

THEODORE  
It's not just my mother. Those guys  
took the designs for the invention  
that killed my dad.

HENRY

So?

THEODORE

So...So I don't want that thing hurting anyone else. Besides, I need to know if they had anything to do with my dad's --

VOSS

You were stupid to have involved your friend in this.

He stands over them, his Colt pointed from within his coat pocket.

VOSS (CONT'D)

Get up.

Theodore and Henry do. Voss motions for them to walk, and they do that as well. Nearby, Nora sees that Voss has a gun on them. She frowns, her dog snarls.

NORA

Come on, Thracian.

SECLUDED HALLWAY

Voss directs the boys inside.

VOSS

Stop. Turn.

They do.

VOSS (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do now, kid?  
Your mommy isn't here to save you.

Theodore's somberness instantly turns to rage.

Nora's dog, Thracian, comes from nowhere to bite Voss' arm.

VOSS (CONT'D)

Ah!

The boys run farther into the hall. Voss shakes Thracian off, but the boys are gone. He turns back, and so is Thracian.

NEARBY HALLWAY

The boys are sprinting, when Nora and Thracian jump out in front of them from a perpendicular hall.

HENRY

Ah! Who are you?!

Voss appears at the end of the hall, and Nora grabs their arms.

NORA

Come on!

She drags them away, Voss on their heels.

BOARDING PLATFORM

Nora drags the boys into the middle of the crowd. Fifty feet ahead, a train begins to depart.

NORA (CONT'D)

Come on! The train!

HENRY

That's not our train! Ours --

They hear a commotion behind them and see Voss barreling through the crowd.

HENRY (CONT'D)

On the other hand, all trains look the same, so what do I know?!

He leads the other three toward a train car, now moving at ten m.p.h. Henry jumps on, thirteen m.p.h. He grabs Theodore by the arm and hauls him on, sixteen m.p.h.

The dog jumps on as Theodore extends his hand to Nora, but the train's moving too fast, she can't reach for him and pump her arms at the same time.

The platform ends and she almost falls off, coming to a complete halt, the train now moving over twenty m.p.h.

Nearby, Voss stops when he sees the boys on the train and grits his teeth. Next, he eyes a horse and buggy.

INT. TRAIN CAR 1 - DAY

Theodore and Henry solemnly take their seats. They take a moment, when the dog comes up and whines.

HENRY

What?...Look, I'm sorry about your owner...Don't worry, we'll get you back to her, okay?

(pets dog's head)

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

Hey, look at the bright side, you probably gave that evil guy a nasty scar. So that's something!

EXT. CABOOSE - DAY

Voss rides the horse that had been attached to the buggy to the caboose, which he gets onto.

INT. CABOOSE - DAY

Voss fixes his coat and walks forward.

INT. TRAIN CAR 1 - DAY

The CONDUCTOR steps up to the boys.

CONDUCTOR

Tickets, please.

HENRY

Oh...Our parents have them.

Henry smiles nervously and the Conductor raises an eyebrow. He eyes the whimpering dog next to them.

CONDUCTOR

Sir, we do not allow pets.

HENRY

Well, actually, we were just on our way to give him to a friend.

Henry gives another nervous smile, and the Conductor puts his face almost up against the boy's.

CONDUCTOR

I'll be back in ten minutes; your parents better be here with the tickets.

He returns to punching tickets.

INT. TRAIN CAR 2 - DAY

The Conductor enters, and Voss sidles up to him.

VOSS

Excuse me, you didn't happen to see two boys and a dog, did you?

CONDUCTOR  
Are you their father?

VOSS  
As a matter of fact, I am.

CONDUCTOR  
I did see them, actually. They're  
in the next car.

Voss tips his hat, and as he moves on, the Conductor catches the glint from his Colt. A suspicious look grows on his face.

INT. TRAIN CAR 1 - DAY

Thracian growls.

HENRY  
What is it, boy?

VOSS  
Guess he didn't like the way I  
tasted. Now, here's what's gonna  
happen, you two are gonna sit still  
like two good little boys until the  
next stop. Then, we're gonna get  
off, and --

CONDUCTOR  
Excuse me, sir.

VOSS  
What do you want?

CONDUCTOR  
To see your ticket. You are the  
father of these boys, and they told  
me that you have your tickets.

VOSS  
Did they? Well, in that case...

He stands and shows the Conductor the rear of this Colt.

VOSS (CONT'D)  
Will that do?

CONDUCTOR  
Of course, sir.

The Conductor heads into the next car up, and Voss takes his seat across the aisle from the boys. Theodore can't take his dagger-filled eyes off Voss, who smiles back.

The door at the front of the car opens, and a GRITTY MAN, 60's, in ragged clothes and with the Conductor behind him, steps through.

The two boys, the dog, and Voss all can't help but stare as he saunters on up, his spurs clanging, his ravaged eyes staying on Voss, who stares back.

The Gritty Man reaches Voss.

VOSS  
You got a problem?

GRITTY MAN  
No problem. Just wanna see your ticket.

VOSS  
Hm! You don't exactly look like a conductor.

GRITTY MAN  
You don't exactly look like a father. Well, you do, just not the kind that sticks around.

Voss glowers at him for a moment.

VOSS  
Listen, I don't know who you are, but I already showed the conductor my ticket.

He shows the rear of his Colt.

GRITTY MAN  
So that's your ticket...

Voss confidently grins.

GRITTY MAN (CONT'D)  
What a coincidence...Mine looks exactly the same.

Voss is about to draw, but the Gritty Man beats him to it. Several women scream.

GRITTY MAN (CONT'D)  
R.T. Blagden, Federal Marshal. Now, put your piece on the floor, nice and easy.

Voss slowly places his Colt on the floor. He stands, then grabs Blagden's gun.

It goes off, a couple other women scream. Voss knocks Blagden down, taking his Colt. He points it at the Federal Marshal and grins.

BLAGDEN (CONT'D)  
 Guess my grip ain't what it was.

A mechanical click. Everyone turns to see Theodore pointing Voss' Colt, the hammer back.

VOSS  
 Heh! You gonna shoot me, kid?

Voss sees the confusion, fury, and terror in Theodore's eyes.

VOSS (CONT'D)  
 How 'bout this? You give me the gun, and I won't kill this man.

Theodore looks to Blagden and thinks for a moment. He holds the barrel and begins to hand the Colt to Voss, who smiles and reaches his hand out. Theodore drops it, Voss watches it fall, and Blagden leaps up and snatches his Colt back.

VOSS (CONT'D)  
 Well played, kid. You got your mother's spirit in you.

THEODORE  
 Don't talk about her!

VOSS  
 Not even if it's a compliment? She is a fighter, that one. I've never seen anyone hang on for that long with a wound like that, especially a woman.

THEODORE  
 She...She's alive?

VOSS  
 Maybe. But if she is, I'm not gonna tell you. And, if she were alive, I wouldn't tell you where we're keeping her. That is, unless, we came to some sort of arrangement.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. HOTEL - DAY

LOBBY

Scar Hand and the Creepy Goon enter, their masks off. Scar Hand knocks people's shoulders as he marches toward the front desk.

The attention of everyone in the room is drawn to the bandits, everyone in their way side-steps around them.

The MANAGER sees them coming. Sweating bullets, his quivering hand reaches for the Winchester under the front desk.

Scar Hand reaches the desk and fishes his hand into the internal breast pocket of his jacket.

The Manager grasps the rifle. Scar Hand slams his hand on the desk as if swatting a bug. He removes it to reveal a penny. This confuses the Manager.

SCAR HAND

Got a phone I can use?

PHONE BOOTH - A MINUTE LATER

Scar Hand holds the receiver to his mouth and the hearing piece to his ear as the Creepy Goon stands guard.

SCAR HAND (CONT'D)

We have the book.

INT. MANSION - SAME

LIVING ROOM

Torv sits in a grandiose chair in a room fit for an emperor.

TORV

Good. Where are you?

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

Scar Hand checks his pocket watch.

SCAR HAND

Pittsburgh. We'll be leaving soon, though.

Torv takes a drink of wine. He doesn't speak until after swishing it around and swallowing.

TORV

Don't foul this up, Tiberius.

Scar Hand squints.

SCAR HAND

I won't...Father.

Torv hangs up.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Scar Hand hangs up.

He glowers.

THE END.