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## Chapter One: "Help Wanted"

### Panel 1

Wide screen, midday shot of the village showing a corner of Ray's garage to the right of Edna's store. Ray and Norman live in a small two story house tucked between the garage and Edna's store. Garage is a metal building in that classic light green. Bundles of wires come from an upstairs window (Norman's room) and run to a telephone pole set behind the store and house, Edna's Variety store to the left, low single story, is also the post office (Twilight Village 48600). Sign over the roll-up door at Ray's says "Ray's Service". We can see part of an ancient gas pump that's still the village's only gas pump and still works. It's a clear late September day in this idyllic north country village. We can see the lake in the background with stands of tall pines lining the far shore. A pontoon boat and a small fishing boat are on the lake. A tall pine stands right behind Edna's. Someone is going through the screen door into Edna's, and someone else is sitting behind a newspaper on a bench on the porch.

### Panel 2

Interior - Ray's garage. Ray is on a sled under an old Chevelle-like car. His legs and thick work shoes are visible from under the front of the car and his left arm can be seen. Tin is standing, slumping in the doorway to a tiny, greasy office (at Ray's feet) with his hands in his pockets and an unlit cigarette drooping from his mouth. The background shows a morass of old parts and tools kept in a specific order only recognized by Ray. Tin's expression looks like he's pondering a great mystery. Ray is going "tap tap tap" on something unseen from under the car.

TIN

My life is chaos, Ray. Just chaos. Can't get my arms around it no more.

### Panel 3

Same angle, zoom in on Tin who is looking up to the ceiling quizzically and gesturing imploringly with one hand.

TIN

Used to be so simple, what with the Second Coming almost here, but ever since Edna said as how The King wouldn't know to look me up when he gets here, everything's just been a hellacious confusion. Can't even work my schedule like I used to neither. You ever have that happen in your life, Ray?

## Panel 4

Same angle, zoom back out. Ray peeking out from underneath the car and extending his arm to reach for a wrench Tin leans forward to hand him.

RAY ( reaching for wrench):

Say, Tin, while you got your hand out of your pocket, grab that five-eighths, will ya?

## Panel 5

Same scene. Tin has his hands back in his pockets and has resumed his slouch in the doorway. Ray is back under the car twisting something with the wrench.

TIN

Seems like just yesterday my life made sense. Amazing, ain't it Ray, how one little thing can just blow it all to smithereens?

RAY

Sure you're lookin' at it through the right knot hole, Tin? Seems to me you're jumpin' the gun there a bit. Could be you just need some gainful distraction from your vigil.

TIN

Yeah I see your point. I could use a break. Been dreadful busy lately.

## Panel 6

Small quick take - down angle - close in - of Ray peeking out from under the car up at Tin with his eyebrows raised.

## Panel 7

New angle, straight on to Tin. Zoom in slightly. Tin looks a little wistful, like he's sharing some startlingly profound information but has the strength of character to take it all in stride. (you can almost hear "Pomp and Circumstance" playing in the background.)

TIN

Goin' on three years now I've been watching for The King to come back. ... guy can get tuckered out putting in that kind of time. Can't give it up, though, Ray. Who else is gonna watch for him if I don't? Ya know, the Second Coming could be tomorrow for all we know. And we ain't quite ready!

TIN (mild complaining now)

And between you n' Edna n' Lew, I'm not getting enough work to keep myself in soup and put up enough for a proper welcome for The King – not to say I'm complainin' or nothin'. Not yer fault or nothin', Ray. Just how things are in Twilight, but just you watch when The King comes back, things'll be different.

Panel 8

Zoom out. All we see of Ray are his legs from under the car. POV from over Tin's shoulder.

RAY

I hear ya, Tin. I 'spose you could look for somethin' in the paper that pays better than leaning against my office doorway. A little change might help ya get sorted out *and* put some money in yer pocket. If, like ya say, ya need to give The King a proper welcome, you'll need some funds for that I guess.

TIN (gleeful toward Ray):

That's a great idea Ray! I always say, that Ray's a thinkin' man!

Panel 9

Interior Edna's store – a few aisles of groceries and sundries, a soda fountain counter with bar stools, cash register at the right end (from the customer perspective), small square, 50's looking table with two chairs under the front window.

Edna's behind the counter reading the newspaper spread out before her on the counter.

POV from rear of store so you can see the front door past the counter where Edna is standing. Tin walks in.

EDNA

Lunch time already, Tin?

TIN

You need any boxes busted up or stocking done or somethin'?

EDNA

Oh, nothin' probably 'til day after tomorrow, but I'll spot yer lunch. The usual?

TIN (looking grateful)

Yeah, and can I use the phone too? Ray says I oughta check the want ads, put some money up to pay for a proper welcome back celebration for The King.

EDNA (reaching up to yank on a rope handle coming through the wall)

Now *there's* an interesting idea. Hold up a sec; I'll pull the cans to make sure Norman hasn't hijacked my line for his computer.

Panel 10

Tin sitting at the table under the front window, steaming meatball sub on a plate, bottle of beer, want ads opened up spread out, regular old phone on the table with the cord running onto the floor and up the front of the counter.

Edna's reading her portion of the paper again.

TIN

Lotta stuff here I *can't* do. Gotta have this experience or that degree, *JEESH!*

Panel 11

Zoom back, new angle, guy coming in the door. You can still see Tin sitting there and Edna at the counter.

EDNA (not looking up from the paper)

Watch the cord.

TIN (pointing finger at a spot in the paper)

Say, Karl.

KARL

Say, Tin. King still comin'?

TIN

Yup. Say, here's something.

EDNA

What's that, Tin?

TIN

National park needs a maintenance guy. Bet ya wear a uniform. ...look like a ranger.

EDNA (dismissive, still reading her paper)

Call 'em.

Panel 12

Zoom back farther, Karl is sitting at the counter with a cup of coffee, Edna is organizing cigarette boxes on shelves on the wall behind the counter. Tin has the phone to his ear, writing something in the margin of the newspaper.

TIN (on the phone)

... uh huh? The internet. And I can get it there and then send it in? Yeah. Can you give me that again?

Panel 13

Tin at the counter sitting next to Karl, showing Edna the ad in the paper, pointing to his margin note. Karl glancing over at it too.

TIN

The guy says I can apply right through the computer.

EDNA (looking at the ad)

Looks like a good idea. Get Norman to bring it up on his computer and send it in for you. Don't forget to call him TobyD. Ray says he's getting annoyed with everyone, and if he starts wearing his pants any baggier he won't be able to walk in 'em.

Panel 14

Tin outside Ray's and Norman's house, standing looking up at a second story window on the store side. A rope ending at a cluster of empty pop cans hanging from the eaves outside Norman's bedroom window sags down toward the outside wall of Edna's store and disappears through a vent grate. A telephone pole is set back between the store and house, bunch of wires running from the pole to Norman's window, run in over the sash.

TIN (hollering up at the window)

Say NOR ... TobyD! Can I come up?

Norman (OP out the window but we can't see him)

Sure, Tin, come on up.

Panel 15

INT Norman's bedroom, 11 year old rural northwoods skater rapper wannbe's room with some posters, some homemade wooden skateboard decks, well used, a radio, computer on the desk with some modem like boxes (external) with plenty of wires running out and around them (Norman pirates a few phone lines from the telephone pole outside his window to speed up his dialup).

Norman's at the desk. Tin shows him the newspaper with the web address noted in the margin.

TIN

Can you get this on your computer?

NORMAN

Oh yeah, easy stuff. Just tell me what to say.

NORMAN (after seeing something on the screen)

Holy Smokes, Tin! Look at all this stuff you gotta fill in! And *this* is just so you can get an appointment to fill out the rest of it.

Panel 16

[narration] - A week or so later ...

Ext. Edna's store, Edna leaning out her front door shouting across the village center

EDNA (shouting)

Hey Tin! You got mail here, from the national park office in Washington!

Panel 17

INT back of Edna's store in the post office section where the villagers have their old-fashioned PO boxes. The boxes are numbered 001 to 101. they all have the keys stuck in them, some are even left open and you can see mail in them.

Tin pulls an envelope out of box 007 in the top row.

Panel 18

INT at the counter, Edna's standing behind, Tin on a stool has spread out a bunch of papers from the envelope for Edna's advice.

TIN

What's all this?

EDNA

Well let's see. You have more forms to fill out; you have to take a drug test ... and a civil service exam ... federal branch office down in Lansing day after tomorrow.

TIN  
Drug test?

EDNA  
Well, guess this is what it takes if you want a job with Uncle Sam.

Panel 19

INT counter, new angle

TIN  
Will ya let me take the car to get down there?

EDNA  
Sure but it's a long way. You'll need money for gas. You doing anything over at Lew's today.

TIN  
Nah.

EDNA  
Well you better clear out those boxes back there, and maybe pull the new grocery stock out. And, you better talk to Lew today too. You gotta get down there, take all that testing, and get yourself all the way back up here. That'll take some money.

Panel 20

A couple days later

EXT behind Edna's, Tin getting into the driver's seat of an old rusty green Chrysler K car.

Edna is handing him a sandwich wrapped up in deli paper and a folded, weathered map.

EDNA  
You're clear on the directions?

TIN  
If I get lost I'll just stop somewhere and call you.

Panel 21

Zoom back, POV from behind the K car driving down a county road with only one other vehicle visible, a tall pick up truck with volunteer fire roller lights mounted on top of the cab. The guy in the truck is looking straight ahead but waving as he passes Tin. Tin is waving back.

Panel 22

The K car driving down a four lane highway filled with other cars.

Panel 23

EXT in the city, capital building dome visible, tall buildings, cars, people, street signs.

POV front of car looking in at Tin through the windshield, looking nervous, sweat beads, glancing at map gripped in one hand against steering wheel.

[SFX exterior noises] Honk HONK!!

Panel 24

EXT in front of a big city building.

Tin putting coin into a parking meter

Panel 25

INT big hall of building, reception desk. Tin standing in front of desk, receptionist picking up ringing phone with one hand (not looking at Tin), other arm and hand with pointing finger extended out pointing off somewhere (where Tin is supposed to go).

Panel 26

INT big room (the testing room) with rows and rows of school-like desks. Tin sitting at one desk looking nervous and out of place. Small stack of papers, a couple booklets, pencils on the desk in front of him. Other people at other desks looking down at their papers.



Panel 27

Tin at the desk bent over a form, holding a pencil, biting his tongue in concentration, working over a form

Panel 28

Zoom in on Tin's face – look of consternation/worry.

Panel 29

POV the whole testing hall seen from the front of the room with people in rows bent low over their testing materials. A few people looking around , a few in the back trying to copy, like a room full of fifth graders on massive steroids.

Tin has left his desk and walked up to the front of the room to where the [very bored and un-amused looking] test proctor is standing by the doorway.

TIN (apologetic and uncertain of himself)  
Uhh, I need to make a call. There a phone?

Panel 30

POV outside of the testing room in the hallway at a bank of pay phones. Tin occupies one seat and has the phone to his ear, has a slip of paper and a pencil ready on the mini desk in the booth.

TIN (into the phone)  
Say, Edna? yeah. It says I need my social security number. Can you get that for me?

EDNA (OP, through the phone hand set)  
You still have your card in your safety deposit box?

TIN  
Fars I know.

Panel 31

INT Edna's store, Edna in the back near the PO boxes behind the postal counter, pulling a big set of keys from a drawer.

Panel 32

Edna using one of the keys to open a safety deposit box in a bank of such boxes in the same room where the [back of ] the PO boxes are filled. She has Tin's box open on the counter.

EDNA (mumbling to herself)

Let's see, birth certificate, Elvis fan club ID card, expired drivers licenses, why do you keep those, Tin?, oh, here we are, ss card.

Panel 33

POV front counter of store, Edna on the phone.

EDNA

Anything else you need while we're at it? Okay. It goin' okay? Good. Careful driving back.

Panel 34

POV INT the testing room, from above, the many rows of desks. Tin is back at his desk bent over his piles of forms.

Panel 35

INT some other room in the building, a line of people in single file POV from the side. The men and women are standing waiting and each holds a "sample" cup. Tin is next in line behind a guy standing before a desk where a guy is dressed as a doctor. Doctor has a clipboard and is handing the guy a label sticker from a sheet on the clipboard.

DOCTOR

Put your label on the cup, make sure the lid's on TIGHT, and leave it on the metal cart inside the bathroom.

Panel 36

EXT back at the village at the Four Square Court to the left of Edna's store just inside the park between the store and the beach. POV from the store side.

Tin is on one square holding the ball ready to serve. Norman is in another square. Another boy and a girl around Norman's age are on the other two squares. A few more kids [boys and girls] are in the line ready to take their turns.

An older man and a woman are walking by on the far side [the beach side].

MAN (looking toward the four square court)  
Say, Tin, you heard back from the park yet?

TIN (holding the ball, ready to serve)  
Sure did, Doc Busby, got a interview Tuesday next. Letter came in yesterday.

WOMAN  
Good for you, Tin. Good luck!

Panel 37

POV new angle [90 degrees counter clockwise] on the four square court, the ball's in play, Tin's served, the boy diagonal from him has slapped to the girl next to [the boy] and the girl has smacked it by Tin. All the players are intense and focused. (Four square is damn serious business in Twilight Village, especially among the grammar school crowd).

TIN  
Thanks, Mrs. Busby.

GIRL (victoriously)  
Ha! Got the corner.

ANOTHER GIRL IN LINE  
Nice shot, Darla!

Panel 38

Another day, EXT at the national park welcome center. [looks something like Hartwick Pines] Tin is standing with a ranger [in ranger uniform] next to the stone and log building. Park welcome sign is visible, dumpster behind the building is half visible.

RANGER (pointing toward dumpster)  
And the truck comes every Tuesday and Thursday for pick up. Get's pretty busy in the summers,

but we still get enough visitors this time of year to filler most of the way up. Dumpster at the campground too.

TIN  
Uh huh.

Panel 39

EXT at the park around a group of picnic tables. The ranger is showing tin the broom and long-handled dust bin/collector that they use to sweep up.

RANGER  
You ever use one of these, Grumman?

TIN  
Well, the one I use over ta Ray's garage is sort of like that. Don't look too tricky.

Panel 40

INT maintenance shed, small log shed with shelves inside lined with paint cans, tools, cleaner bottles.

RANGER  
And here's the supplies for just about everything you'll need. Jane takes care of the welcome center inside. You'll be responsible for everything outside. You good with tools there Tyndal?

TIN  
Aw sure. Use'em all the time, settin up docks in the spring, helpin' fix cars, fixin' stuff on peoples cottages, helping out around the village,

Panel 41

INT ranger's office inside the welcome center, Ranger sitting behind desk, Tin in chair in front of desk. POV over Tin's shoulder toward ranger. Mounted bob cat on wall behind ranger, Michigan map poster, poster of bird species.

RANGER  
Well, looks like you'll fit in around here just fine, Grumman. We could use a fellow like you on our staff, nice and adaptable.

TIN

Thank you, sir.

RANGER

Usually takes a week or two for the background checks to be completed and your test results to come back. Once you're all clear there, I can recommend to the federal office that they hire you on. You'll start at the bottom of course, but you can work your way up the old GS scale as you go, and you won't have to worry about your health insurance anymore neither.

TIN

Golly, thank YOU, Ranger Stevens! Thank you a LOT, sir!

Panel 42

Days later, EXT at the beach to the right of the village park beach as you're looking toward the lake from the village center. Tin is helping a cottage owner carry a section of wooden dock up to his yard. Tin on one end, cottage owner (middle-aged guy in beer shirt, ball cap, jeans) on the other end. Very modest old cottages along the shore, not too many, smallish fishing boats, all outboards. A few canoes, all Grumman aluminums.

COTTAGE OWNER

So d'ya hear back yet?

TIN

Naw, not yet. Ranger said like he's pretty sure they'd take me on though.

Panel 43

EXT new angle. Cottage owner and Tin standing next to each other after putting the dock section in place stacked on logs with other sections. Cottage owner handing Tin a few singles.

COTTAGE OWNER

Well, we'll miss ya around here when yer off all rangered up over at the national park.

TIN (aw shucks like)

Job's just four days of the week. I'll still be working around ole Twilight when people needs me. Still gotta be here to welcome the King back ya know. I forgot to mention that in the interview, but I might have to ask for the day off if the King's coming on a work day.

COTTAGE OWNER ( half smile)

Oh, that's right. Yer in charge of the Second Coming. I keep forgetting that. Probably just as well ya didn't mention that to the ranger fellow come to think of it.

Panel 44

EXT new angle, Tin heading back up the beach toward the village park, talking over his shoulder  
POV from behind the cottage owner watching him go.

TIN (waving over his shoulder)

I wouldn't even be thinking of working outside the village anyway, except I need the extra money to put up a proper welcome.

COTTAGE OWNER

Well, you take care, and I wouldn't worry too much about which day the King picks to come back now.

Panel 45

EXT Tin on the lake in his canoe, casting a spoon out with his spinning rod. Early evening, some color in the clouds. Good wristy, whippy bend in the pole from the cast. Tin's relaxed looking, been fishing all his life, can fish as well as breathe.

Another boat in the background, not too far, an aluminum (not painted) with a small outboard, two guys (Denny and Donny Burgoyne) fishing with similar rigs to Tin's. Carhart jackets and ball caps.

DONNEY (shouting over)

Hey! Tin! You all heard yet?

TIN (shouting back)

Naw! Oughtta hear soon though. Been nearly two week.

DENNY

They bitin' over where you're at?

TIN

Ya, Denny. Copper pimple. Gotta pike ana rocky so far.

Panel 46

INT Edna's store, another day, Tin sitting at the counter, Edna behind the counter. POV down the counter so you can see both their faces.

EDNA

Well this has got to be it, Tin. Letter from the US Department of the Interior.

TIN (looking nervous)  
You open it for me, Edna.

Panel 47

Zoom in on Edna holding and reading the letter, torn envelope laying open on the counter.

EDNA (mouth screwed up in expression of annoyance)  
Vacancy Announcement number NPRD 06-09 ... Results of consideration ... GS-3 ...  
DISqualified ... US Patriot Act security violation ... WHAT?

Panel 48

Zoom back to Edna and Tin. Edna looking at Tin, indignant, holding letter with hand dropped to counter. Tin looking surprised.

EDNA  
Tin, they say you're disqualified because you've violated security according to the Patriot Act.

TIN  
Security? What did I do? Was it when I was one lifejacket short two summers ago when I took those kids out fishin?

EDNA  
This is ridiculous. You're not a security violation. That's not possible!

TIN  
Well, whaddo I do?

Panel 49

Edna is looking at the letter again.

EDNA  
There's a code here that must be what the violation is supposed to be. Take this up to Norman and see if he can find out what it is on the internet. This is outrageous!

Panel 50

INT Edna's store. Tin is gone. Deputy Bob is sitting at the counter hunched over a cup of coffee. Small plate with half eaten donut in front of him.

Panel 51

DEPUTY BOB (leaning back laughing)  
A security risk? To the US Government? Ha ha ha ha!

Panel 52

INT Norman's room, POV from behind the monitor looking toward Norman's face intent on the screen with Tin stooping behind looking surprised and amazed, also looking at the screen. Norman's fingers moving on the keyboard.

TIN  
What's it mean, Toby?

NORMAN  
Toby D.

TIN  
Yeah, Toby D.

NORMAN  
It's three parts. Let me search the first part ... okay...yep... got one in a forum

SoundFX FROM KEYBOARD AND MOUSE  
tap tap tap, click

NORMAN  
...okay ... yeah, that's the same segment of that code, suspected of affiliation with a subversive or anti-american organization ...

TIN  
Huh?

NORMAN  
... okay, I have to find this string after the dash to get the second part ...



Panel 53

INT Norman's room, new angle from the side, Tin bent forward behind Norman focused on the screen.

NORMAN

...wow, this is actually from a government site ... here it is ... regular communications, non-location specific, via cell phone or network connections including the following ... wow, so like the FBI can really keep track of just about everything we do...whoa!

TIN

But I don't even have any of that stuff!

NORMAN

Well, let's see what this third part is ...

Panel 54

INT Norman's room, zoom in on Norman's face from the side, screen glow, his eyes focused on the task. Series of smaller panels like thumbnails as Norman's face goes through the contortions of the online goose chase, Tin looking more and more befuddled in the back.

NORMAN

This has to be like a case number or something...okay...ya...nope...I can't get in that way... let's try this ...hmm...I have to go check if anyone's published a hack on this ... nothing... wait...no...darn!...wait...okay...backup over that...look!...postscript files in a printer queue... here's case numbers just like yours!...lemme grab one

Panel 55

Zoom back, Norman with one finger pressing a key on the keyboard.

NORMAN

Grab that off the printer.

TIN

Here ya go TobyD.

Panel 56

Norman holding the paper.

NORMAN

Okay, this isn't yours, but it's the closest number.

TIN (almost frantic)

What's it say?

NORMAN

Well, in the notes it's someone who's visited this dot org web site, posted comments to their blog, and, here, made cell phone calls to their office. It's a group that it says "propagates negative and subversive sentiment regarding the administration's foreign policy initiatives".

TIN

Whatever THAT means

NORMAN

Right, and it's the same classification as what the guy said in the forum post I found. See here? They must have you on some anti-american list somewhere. It says counter to provisions specified in the U.S. Patriot Act II.

TIN

Me? Why would they have me on a list like that?

Panel 57

EXT Lew's bar, out front, Tin standing with his hands in his pockets. Lew (wearing his apron) and another guy wearing a buffalo plaid shirt, shirttails out. Some leaves have turned color on the maple next to the building.

TIN

...and Norman found this list he thinks they have me on. Some Anti- American list.

LEW

What da Hell? How'd you get on a Anti-American list?

GUY

Tyndal, I can't begin to make out how you've made it on to any list at all.

## Panel 58

INT the bar that night. Tin is in the middle of playing darts with the Burgoyne brothers. POV near the bar side of the room so you can see the front door and the dart players to the right of the door.

Ray is coming through the door with his hand on Norman's shoulder, following him into the bar.

RAY

Hey, Tin. Norman says he found something for you you need to see. About that government job thing.

NORMAN

Ya! I been chasin it all the live long day. Your case number queued up in this new agency's print server, looks like it's stuck cuz nothin's flushing out of it, and they didn't lock the queue down right neither. I could'a grabbed every file in there.

## Panel 59

Ray and Norman are in the bar now, door closed, Tin standing listening, darts in hands, arms hanging at his sides. The Burgoynes gathered up listening curiously.

RAY (to another guy)

Don't ask me what language he's speaking.

NORMAN

So it's just like that other one we printed out. They think you're some guy named T. Grumman from Flint, and that you're a member of a subversive Anti-American group. They list all these cell phone calls you made to this group in Lansing somewhere.

DONNY BURGOYNE (in the background)

Here that? Grumman's a spy!

DENNY (in the background)

No wonder his mail box is oh oh seven

DANNY (in the background)

Watch those darts

TIN

But I don't even HAVE a cell phone. Never even picked one up.

NORMAN

I know. Well I went on this other site, locatecell.com, easy to hack into, all kinds of hacks published all over the web. Well, I checked the calls T. Grumman made on the dates they listed.

Get this, they're to a nursing home in Lansing called "And Now for Peace." THAT's the Anti-American organization they think you're part of.

TIN  
Huh?

Panel 60

New angle.

NORMAN  
Well, there's a Lois Grumman lives there. I bet she's T. Grumman's mom. You think they're relatives of yours?

TIN (scratching head)  
Boy, don't remember them if they are. Could be I 'spose.

DUNNY  
Well that ain't fair if they say it's Tin when it ain't him.

DANNY  
Damn straight! That ain't fair!

RAY  
Tin, you gotta call them and tell them their mistake. You should still get that job.

Panel 61

INT Edna's store, next day, Tin, standing, using the telephone at the counter. Edna behind the counter, Deputy Bob on his stool, another guy on a stool one away.

TIN (on the phone)  
Yeah, Ranger Stevens? yeah, Tin Grumman. They made a mistake on my report. They think I'm this T. Grumman from Flint who has a cell phone, but I'm not. I'm Tin Grumman from Twilight Village, Michigan, 49600, and I don't own no cell phone.

GUY SITTING NEXT TO DEPUTY BOB  
Yeah, he don't own no cell phone.

RANGER (through the phone)  
Sorry, Mr. Grumman. They sent me back your form with the "denied" stamp on it. It's out of my hands now. There's nothing I can do. Sorry.

TIN

Nothing?

RANGER (through the phone)

Nothing.

#### Panel 62

Wide shot - Exterior - Tin's cabin on the edge of the village. It's a small, old-looking log structure, a classic cabin with peaked roof, covered porch. Treed land stretching to the shore of the lake is seen behind it.

#### Panel 63

INT - Tin's cabin - pine paneled walls, traditional paned windows, minimal, lodge-style furniture. Stuffed couch with some stuffing coming out. Camp-style coffee pot on an iron horse wood stove. Unwashed dishes piled in the sink. Not a disaster, but certainly a bachelor pad inhabited by a guy preoccupied with other things.

Tin walks in with purpose, like he's heading somewhere in the cabin without passing "go". Doesn't worry about closing the door.

#### Panel 64

INT - the cabin - POV from behind (right quarter, over shoulder) Tin in an interior room that was a small bedroom but has been transformed into a shrine to Elvis. Same pine-paneled walls, in front of Tin is a three drawer dresser with a small statue of Elvis on top. Elvis "in concert" poster on the wall. Stack of magazines, a couple books (one with cover visible, "Elvis - the philosophy"). Elvis keychain, bottle opener, coffee mug, t-shirt, Pez-dispenser, back scratcher, piggy bank, hand puppet or marionette, letter opener, other stuff you think of.

Tin grabs up the statue and speaks to it, holding it reverently.

TIN (reverently)

Need you now more than ever, King. Im ready for ya ta come back, and bring those good 'ole days back with ya. I know you're waiting until Im worthy, but Im doing everything I can. I applied for a job with the park, but they got me mixed up with some other guy. What else do you want me to do? Please, send me a sign.

Panel 65

New angle on the shrine. A shelf on the adjoining wall has a stack of LP's in jackets between Elvis book ends. Next to the records is an ancient (early '70s) Realistic brand phonograph with stack loader and single speaker grate on front of box. Tin looks up to ceiling and closes his eyes as he reaches randomly to the row of records to select one.

NARRATION

Too impatient to wait for a sign, Tin chooses instead to invoke Elvisance, his fail-safe method for receiving direction and advice from the King in the great beyond.

Panel 66

Side view of Tin, still with eyes closed and head tilted back, has the vinyl out of the sleeve and is feeling for the phonograph with his other hand to place the record on.

Panel 67

He has the record on the spindle and whacks the stylus arm, causing it to whuffle back and forth in the air so as to come down on the record randomly.

TIN (thought bubble):  
Talk to me now, King.

Panel 68

Zoom back. Tin steps back with hands up, giving the phonograph room to work its magic. A look of great anticipation is on his face, waiting to hear from his master.

Panel 69

Close up of the stylus and arm **BOUNCING** on the vinyl.

SOUND FX FROM THE PHONOGRAPH

skrrrrrch...old fruit jar... thing ... skrrch skrrch ... but ... my blue suede shoes. Blue, blue, blue suede shoes ...

Panel 70

Zoom back to Tin's head and shoulders. A look of alarm on his face, registering what he's just heard.

Panel 71

Zoom back farther, tall vertical, to see Tin from head to toe. He's looking down at his wolverine work boots. He's dumbfounded, concerned, feeling a snap of recognition with a wave of internal pain.

TIN (thought bubble)

He wants me to wear blue suede shoes!

Panel72

POV from the main cabin room (the living room), Tin stepping out of the Elvis shrine room with purpose, pushing off from the door jamb for extra horse power, looking to his right, already searching, eyes of a raptor.

TIN

But I don't HAVE blue suede shoes! Do I?

Panel 73

POV from behind Tin opening an attic door in the back corner of the living room. Through the open door, we can see stairs spiraling up.

TIN (thought bubble)

Of course he hasn't come back yet! Maybe I have time to find some.

Panel 74

INT, attic with dim light slanting in from small dusty window. Dusty steamer trunks and cobwebs, old wooden water skis, some fishing poles, old-style canvas life vests, folded beach umbrella leaning against wall, old metal bed frame, woven snow shoes, old boots, stack of old newspapers. Tin has a trunk open, holding the heavy lid with one hand while digging through with the other.

TIN

Maybe you had some blue suede shoes, eh Grampa?

Panel 75

POV from behind Tin, kneeling in front of another open trunk, going through it with both hands. Pulling out old Detroit Tigers ball glove and cap, Vietnam era Army jacket.

TIN

How 'bout you, Dad?

Panel 76

CLOSE UP of Tin's hand holding a PURPLE HEART military medal in a folding leather case.

TIN (thought bubble)

Dad's medal.

Panel 77

NEW ANGLE from the other side, over Tin's shoulder looking down into the trunk. Tin is reaching in with the other hand and pulling out a small, black and white framed photo of two guys standing in army fatigues with their arms over each other's shoulder and smiling at the camera.

TIN (thought bubble)

... standin' with Lieutenant Deerfield before Dad got killed in the Tet...



## Panel 78

POV from the trunk looking up at Tin's face, expression somber and pious.

TIN (thought bubble)

The lieutenant wanted me to read this often when I was old enough ...

## Panel 79

POV from the side, slightly elevated angle so we see the surface of the well-worn, hand written letter Tin is holding in one hand; he's holding the photo in the other.

NARRATION BOX ( reading the letter)

Dear Tyndal,

When you're old enough, I want you to read this letter so you know about your daddy. Then I want you to read it over every now and again so that you never forget.

Your daddy was not afraid. He was one of the best soldiers we have over here. I owe my life to him and would not be here to write you this letter if not for his bravery.

Our patrol was going through rice fields when I was on point and took a slug in my leg. I lay there in a sopping wet rice paddy bleeding out my leg thinking this is it. The enemy was sniping over my head, and I figured my guys can't come in for me. That's what the enemy wants. Draw them in here so they can shoot them down.

Well, your daddy, he didn't care. He come slogging in here anyway with them slugs splashing all around us. Turns out I was right. We'd walked right into a 'L' shaped ambush and they started sprayng slugs as soon they seen your daddy, but Terry, he come right in to where I was and started dragging me out of that rice paddy.

He got me almost out when he took three slugs in his pelvis and then we was both down, but he'd got us far enough that some of the other guys could get to us. Another guy, Davis, took a slug getting us the rest of the way out.

Doc patched us up best he could, but we could see your daddy wasn't gonna make it, and we couldn't get a huey in until we went another mile or so.

Terry said to me just before he died, Frank, when my boy Tyndal's old enough, you tell him what happened and you tell him I wasn't afraid, and I ain't afraid now.

Yours truly, Lieutenant Frank Deerfield

Panel 80

CLOSE UP of Tin's hands folding the letter into the purple heart case while setting it back into the trunk.

Panel 81

POV from behind Tin kneeling before the trunk. We see his broad back and his head bowed.

TIN (thought bubble)

No blue suede shoes in Dad's trunk...

Panel 82

Zoom in to Tin's face, wearing the ball cap pushed back, rubbing his forehead, looking puzzled, arched eyebrows. What's he to do? No blue suede shoes.

TIN (thought bubble)

Hmmm. This is a problem. Maybe Edna carries them.

Panel 83

Wide shot, Interior, Edna's store, at the soda fountain counter, POV from behind the counter - two customers sitting on stools next to each other at the counter. One is a woodsy-looking guy, late 50's, reading "The North Woods Call". Tin facing Edna is looking sort of confused – surprised.

Tin is standing at the counter, posture is just having asked Edna a question.

EDNA (answering Tin's question)

No, I haven't carried shoes like that for years and years. I'm not even sure my father carried anything in suede. You're gonna have to get Norman to find you those on Ebay. It'll take cash though.

Panel 84

New angle – zoom in slightly on Tin from the side looking toward back of the store. You can still see Edna.

TIN

Well, I 'spose I'll ask Norman. He might be getting tired of my shenanigans by now. I forgot to call him TobyD a few times day before yesterday.

EDNA

Aw, he loves doing that stuff on the computer. Just ask him.

TIN

Say, it's about lunch time. I think I've got a couple dollars here somewheres.

Panel 85

Opposite angle looking down the counter. Tin is closest , guy next to him reading The North Woods Call. Tin has a meatball sub and a beer in front of him, has the want ads folded on the counter in front of his plate.

GUY READING THE CALL (from behind the paper)

Ole Shep's givin it to them good this week.

OTHER GUY

Here here. Maybe we'll be able to fish the Au Sable for a few more years before them oil companies mud it all up.

TIN (holding half his sandwich, pointing down to want ads with other hand)

Ya, know, I've always admired how nicely they spread the straw on the side of the highways where they growin' new grass.

EDNA (looking at the ad where Tin's pointing)

You want the phone for that one, Tin?

END CHAPTER ONE