

Chapter Three: "The Throckmortens Arrive"

Panel 161

INT – Edna’s Store. POV along the counter looking toward the front door. Edna is standing behind the counter looking at a newspaper laying flat on the counter, and Deputy Bob and a couple other guys sitting at the counter on the stools. No one says anything.

Panel 162

INT – POV from along the counter looking toward the front door. Thurman is pushing through the door. It’s late October in the morning; a leaf or two blows in with him (fall colors). Thurman is wearing a windbreaker type jacket, no hat. He’s balding and looks a bit dour. One of the guys is glancing up to see who’s coming through the door. Edna is glancing up too. Deputy Bob doesn’t look up, but is reading the paper.

Panel 163

INT POV of Edna from behind the counter. Thurman has approached the counter and is standing next to Deputy Bob’s stool. The two guys on the other side of Bob are watching Thurman. Bob is still looking down at the paper.

THURMAN

Do you have cilantro and fresh ginger root?

Panel 164

POV from along the counter looking toward the door. The guys watching have their eyebrows raised.

THURMAN

My wife wants it for some recipe.

EDNA

Sorry. Closest I come is parsley, in the back on the produce table. And ginger SNAPS, in the cookies, aisle by the wall.

Panel 165

POV of Edna looking at Thurman.

THURMAN

Well, she gets particular. It has to be cilantro and fresh ginger root.

EDNA

Well, Dear. You're gonna have to drive to get that. Out to the county road, six miles, take the state route seventeen miles into Traverse City.

THURMAN (slightly irritated expression)

Hmm. Guess I'm takin a drive then.

Panel 166

INT ZOOM IN on the front door as Thurman is leaving through it.

Panel 167

POV from behind the counter next to Edna on the door side of her looking diagonal across the counter so we can see Edna, Deputy Bob and the two guys.

DEPUTY BOB (looking up now)

So who was that numb nuts?

EDNA

Guy named Throckmorton. Thurman I think it is, just moved up from Detroit. He and his wife bought the old Hooper cottage. Gonna fix it up and live year round. Nice enough folks.

Panel 168

ZOOM IN on Deputy Bob

DEPUTY BOB (shaking his head)

Ginger root.

Panel 169

EXT POV in front of Ray's garage looking across village center. A couple leaf – peeper tourist ladies have parked their car in front of Edna's and are walking in.

Tin is across the sand lot carrying an armload of firewood around his cabin to his wood pile. He's wearing his **blue suede shoes**.

Panel 170

EXT at the water front in the park. A few leaf-peepers walk along the shore. Most docks up the beach in front of the cottage area (not in the park) are still out. About half with boats still in hoists. In the distance, far up the beach, we can see a couple guys taking in sections of a dock.

Panel 171

EXT POV from the park near the four-square court looking back across Edna's and past Ray's toward a dirt road that leads off to the left toward the water front cottages (that we can't see in this scene) and across the road to a small country church with a squat, brick barber shop directly next to it.

An old man is exiting the barber shop and turning an "OPEN" sign on the door over that now says "Back After Lunch".

Panel 172

INT Edna's POV from the grocery aisles looking toward the backs of the men on the stools at the counter. Deputy Bob and one of the other guys are gone. The other guy is still there and the barber is next to him on a stool. Edna has set their lunches in front of them, steaming bowls of soup. She's writing something on a pad with a pencil. Tin is coming in through the door.

HAL (sitting next to the Barber)
Gotcher sermon all figured up, Doc?

DOC (the barber)
Aw, still noodlin it, Hal. Got a couple days yet.

HAL
Well here's an idea

Panel 173

POV next to Edna from behind the counter.

Edna is putting a sandwich plate and a bottle of beer in front of Tin who has taken his stool at the counter. Tin is looking at his sandwich expectantly while Doc and Hal are looking at each other in conversation.

HAL (to Doc)

How 'bout something on not wasting wood. I can't tell ya how much good burnin wood I seen lying around ...

Panel 174

POV along the counter at an angle so you can see the front door. All three men are looking at the door as Maime Throckmorton is coming into the store. Maime is a roundish lady in her sixties with gray hair with a dark streak. She wears a crocheted head band, yogi-looking pants, a flowing wrap with Indian patterns on it, eye shadow. Very colorful and flamboyant. A sight to behold.

MAIME

Hello Mrs. Markenwright!

EDNA

Just Edna. Hi Maime.

Panel 175

POV of Edna behind the counter. Maime has walked up behind Doc and Hal and is standing between them with her arms on each of their shoulders. They are slightly blushing and turned toward her. She is looking ahead at Edna. Tin is looking toward her out of the corner of his eye as he leans into a big bite of his meatball sandwich.

MAIME

Did Thurmy come down here?

HAL (thought bubble)

Thurmy?

EDNA

Was. Looking for cilantro. I sent him to Traverse City for it.

MAIME

Oh, he's always so particular about getting exactly what I put on his list. He'll be gone all morning until he finds it. Such a dear!

Panel 176

ZOOM IN on Maime and Hal and Doc. Maime is looking down at Doc and giving them both a little squeeze so that they are pulled in toward her bosoms a bit. They both look uncomfortable but are blushing smiles up at her.

MAIME

And he'll come back with EXACTLY what I put on his list, that and ONLY that. The retired engineer. Such a love, but he needs to loosen up a bit. Since he's home now I'll have more time to work on him...

...Hi Boys!

Panel 177

ZOOM OUT again to the panel before last. Maime is looking at Edna.

MAIME

Well. I need some wall paint now. We've been busy as bees up there. Such a cute place. Edna, I've decided on Sierra Peach Tranquility for the living room. What do you think? Do you carry that?

EDNA

Ha! Honey, how 'bout some blue or green? Got a few cans of plain white in the back too.

Panel 178

POV looking along the counter so Edna's on the left, the guys and Maime on the right. Tin is hiding in his sandwich, looking up with a surprised expression.

MAIME

Oh, I guess I'll have to send Thurm out for that too. Say, I need to hire somebody to help Thurm out up at the house. I've been working the poor guy to death with the renovations. Any ideas?

EDNA (pointing to Tin)

Here's your man, right here! You're free now aren't you, Tin?

Panel 179

Another nice later October day. EXT – Tin is on the roof of the Throckmorton’s house, shoveling off shingles with a flat nosed shovel. He has his blue suede shoes on and carhart cover-alls. Despite the fall air, it’s hard work; Tin has a slight sweat on his brow.

He’s pushing into the shovel hard to get up a row of shingles. His eyes show that he’s listening to the talking inside the house.

MAIME (from inside the house)

Let’s try it over there again. Come on, you can move it one more time.

THURMAN (from inside the house)

This chair is too heavy over there. It’s just right over here.

MAIME (from inside the house)

Alright, help me move the table back then.

THURMAN (groans)

Nrrrrrrgg.

Panel 180

EXT – the house from the side so we see the front door with two steps down.

Thurman staggers out the front door. Tin is visible on the roof tossing a shovelful of shingles to the ground.

Panel 181

EXT the yard. A rope hammock is strung between two tall maples in the yard. Thurman is collapsed into it, creating quite a bulge, stretching the ropes to their max.

Panel 182

EXT the yard. New angle looking back toward the house, over the hammock with Thurman in it, looking fairly comatose. Maime has come out and considered her lump of a husband and is looking back over her shoulder at Tin on the roof.

MAIME

Tin? I need you to take a break up there and help me inside for awhile.

Panel 183

EXT – ZOOM OUT POV treetop view of the house and Thurman in the hammock looking asleep.

MAIME (from inside the house)

Okay, that one goes over there. Can you lift that yourself? So strong. Now this one over here. Okay, now let's try this in the living room. Then this chest goes upstairs.

Panel 184

EXT – POV close to Thurman, looking across his snoozing, happy face toward the house where Maime is still working Tin.

MAIME (from inside the house)

...and let's try this back over here again

Panel 185

EXT – POV from the house looking toward the hammock where Thurman is semi sitting, up on one elbow, looking toward Tin who has come out and collapsed against a tree the hammock is tied to. Tin is looking exhausted.

Panel 186

EXT – POV from the yard with the house in the background, zoom back so you can see the hammock, Tin against the tree, and Maime walking toward the men with a tray of lemonade, a pitcher and two glasses.

MAIME

Here you go boys. This'll cool you off.

Panel 187

EXT – POV from behind Maime’s head as she starts talking to the two men. She’s sat on the grass near them, settling in for a rest and conversation. Thurman is holding his glass looking slightly skeptical. Tin is in mid gulp, looking at Maime over the rim of this glass as if trying to make out exactly what she is.

MAIME

Well boys, I think we made loads of progress in there. My guru says you have to create an environment to nurture spiritual enlightenment to clear the way to experiencing it. You ever here of Picup Antoss, Tin? Marvelous teacher. I’ll lend you a book if you want.

Panel 188

EXT – POV of Tin looking at Maime while she talks on.

MAIME (happy grin)

You have to dress your illusion, decorate it to really make it yours. And since it is all just an illusion, it can be whatever you want, so I go big on the colors.

Panel 189

POV Thurman looking at Maime.

MAIME

Thurman and I are going to get this place spiritually tuned just for us. Picup even has a method more advanced than Feng Shui. Thurman is so excited about it.

Panel 190

POV Tin again.

MAIME

What do you think of the name ‘Rainy’? Doesn’t that sound nice? Picup says we have to tune ourselves just as we tune our living spaces. And he says you should start with your name.

Panel 191

POV from the side, Maime gesturing toward Thurman, Tin listening rapt, Thurman looking dour.

MAIME (exuberant)

I know what I want Thurman's new name to be. Rainbow Heart! Because he has such a big heart and such a complex range of emotions. Rainy for short. Isn't that cute? I'm still trying to decide about my name. What about you, Tin?

Panel 192

Zoom in on Tin.

TIN (deer in headlights look)

I'm just Tin, short for Tyndal.

MAIME

Oh, I'll help you think of one.

Panel 193

Zoom in on Thurman, leaning over the edge of the hammock, hand blocking mouth, to whisper secretly to Tin.

THURMAN

Edna got beer down at that store?

Panel 194

Zoom out slightly so you can see more of Tin and Thurman together. Thurman is slipping Tin a \$20 bill, still whispering conspiratorially.

THURMAN (winking at Tin)

Here, thanks for helping out up here. Go get me a six pack. Ya only have to bring me back five.

Panel 195

EXT POV from the Throckmorton's drive, watching Tin walk back toward the village.

Panel 196

EXT the village center outside Edna's. POV from across the center near Lew's looking past a line-up of shiny new SUVs parked in front of Edna's. People are coming and going. The village is heavily populated with downstate leaf-peeping tourists.

Panel 197

INT Edna's store. POV over Tin's shoulder as he's entering through the door. There's a line-up at the counter of leaf-peepers ordering sandwiches and buying groceries and maps, and souvenirs. Edna's working the counter like crazy. Karma's head is visible behind one the aisles. She's looking down as if considering something.

Panel 198

INT POV Karma as Tin is rounding the corner of the aisle carrying a six pack of Bud. Tin's expression is half bemused (at the crowd in the store) and half surprised (a touch shy at this encounter with Karma who is quite attractive with native features and an earthly ease about her).

KARMA
Hi Tin!

TIN
Ah, hi, Karma.

KARMA
I've never seen a crowd like this in the village.

TIN
Ah, it's the leaf-peepers from downstate, like this every October. Even busier than in summer sometimes.

Panel 199

INT POV to the side of Karma and Tin standing next to each other at the end of a long line waiting to check out at the counter. Karma is holding a pair of garden gloves. Tin is holding a six pack of Joe Short's Bellaire Brown, dangling down by his leg. Both are looking ahead at the line with slight expressions of awe. Both of them are trying to subtly let the other go first.

Panel 200

POV to the side and rear of the line behind Karma and Tin.

TIN (searching for something to say to Karma)
Getting' some beer for Mr. Throckmorten. Just did some work up to their cottage.

KARMA
Just needed some new garden gloves.

Panel 201

POV behind Karma and Tin as they get to the counter together. Edna looks exhausted, elbows on the counter, eyebrows up, half smile, fanning one hand in front of her face. Karma is putting her gloves down for Edna to ring up.

EDNA
Yeah, but my cash register sure don't mind the attention. Say, Tin, if you're done up at Thurm and Maime's, I could use some help in the back. Whaddaya say?

Panel 202

EXT just off the porch in front of Edna's store, POV from the front door and on the porch. Karma and Tin are talking in front of the store. You can see the grills, headlights, etc. of the line-up of SUVs parked in front of the store on the sand lot. Karma is bent down picking up a few crumpled up wrappers that tourists tossed onto the ground. Tin is holding the six pack with one hand and dropping a couple wrappers into a trash can that is right there, with the other. Edward, the gray schnauzer is has his nose in something behind the trash can.

TIN (slightly shy expression)
You want ta go fishin' or have a beer or somthin'?

KARMA
Aren't you supposed to take those up to Mr. Throckmorton?

TIN
Aw, yeah. He said just five though.

Panel 203

EXT on the sand driveway up to Throckmorton's POV from behind Tin, carryang five bottles of Shorts in the cardboard carrier, dangling by a finger, tilting the sixth bottle back for a good gulp as he walks along.

TIN (thought bubble - image)
head and shoulders picture of Karma with a smile.

Panel 204

EXT Throckmorton's yard, zoomed way out, looking at the hammock from a long distance, house in the background. Thurm is sitting up in the hammock, accepting the five bottles from Tin, patting him on the back. We can just see his smile.

Panel 205

EXT Throckmorten's drive POV from the village end of it, Tin sauntering toward us, absently looking at something in the weeds along the side of the drive, holding his beer bottle by a couple fingers around the top, dangling down by his leg. A bottle of beer is a totally natural thing to be hanging from those well-worked fingers. Tin holding a beer bottle is something like a society lady holding a handkerchief.

TIN (thought bubble - image)
Full body picture of Karma with a smile.

Panel 206

INT Tin's cabin. Tin is frying a pork chop at the stove.

Panel 207

INT the cabin. Tin is sitting at his table in front of a plate. Porkchop on the plate, Tin holding his fork and knife, kitchen in the background. Glass of something on the table, napkin tucked into his shirt.

TIN (thought bubble, expression is a bit wispy - image)
Picture of clothed table in restaurant with Tin on one side of table and Karma on the other.

Panel 208

INT the cabin, Tin standing in the doorway to the Elvis room, leaning in piously. POV from behind him.

TIN
King? I want to ask her on a date. Maybe take her fishin. Should I?

NARRATION
Time for Elvisance.

Panel 209

INT the Elvis room. Tin is standing in front of the record player, eye's closed, dramatically reaching for a record album.

Panel 210

POV from the side, Tin is dropping the record in place, face up toward ceiling, eyes tight shut.

Panel 211

POV from the record player, the record is now spinning. Tin looms large, eyes tight shut, face up, smile on, winding up to whack the stylus arm. Looks like he's taking an extra big wind up out of exuberance and nervousness.

Panel 212

POV from the other side, zoom in to close up. Tin swings through, whacks the arm too hard. It breaks with a loud Crack!

SOUND FX (from record player)
KKRRrraaaCK! zzrrggrrriiikkk!

Panel 213

ZOOM IN on Tin's face, look of horror.

Panel 214

ZOOM OUT to see Tin head to waist standing in front of the record player POV from the side, holding the broken player arm piece, akimbo from the rest of the unit, hanging by a couple wires. Tin's expression is still one of horror at what he's done, like he's looking down at a puppy he just accidentally squished.

TIN (anguished yell)

NO! Aw, No no. How will I contact the King now?

END CHAPTER THREE