

Chapter Seven: "Temptation"

Panel 462

EXT – Tin’s cabin. It’s a sunny January day. Tin is pulling loads of snow off of his roof with a long-handled roof rake. He’s wearing his Elvis glasses against the sun, plumes of steam coming from his breath. The snow piles are forming around the foundation of the cabin.

TIN (thought bubble)

I wonder if Edna needs any help today, shelves or boxes, maybe shoveling...

Panel 463

EXT POV Tin, a black-capped chickadee in a branch. The lake in the background is frozen over. We can see a fishing shanty or two in the far distance out on the ice.

Panel 464

POV from the side so we see Tin working the roof rake, the sun glinting off of his glasses. The nose of a Hummer juts into the panel behind him.

Panel 465

POV from the cabin steps so we see Tin looking over his shoulder at a guy getting out of the Hummer. Tin’s rake is poised on the roof to haul off another load of snow (we don’t see the business end above us out of the panel). The guy getting out of the Hummer looks wealthy, dressed like the modern expedition gear-wearing guy who wants to be seen as a tough hombre but only buys the image rather than lives it.

FARNSWORTH

You Tyndal Grumman? You know where he’s at?

Panel 466

ZOOM IN on Tin's face looking askance back toward Farnsworth.

TIN

I'm him.

Panel 467

ZOOM OUT so we see the two of them. Tin has turned and is holding his rake straight up and down, rake end up, his other arm dangling at his side. Farnsworth has a pasted smile on and has thrust his hand out.

FARNSWORTH

Pleased to meet you, Tydal. Farnsworth's the name. Farnsworth Properties, Birmingham Farms. I'd like to talk to you about your property.

Panel 468

ZOOM IN on Tin's face, eyebrow's raised.

TIN

Property? Which property?

Panel 469

POV Tin, head and shoulders of Farnsworth. Farnsworth has the look of a cat who's just caught two mice when he thought he was just chasing one.

FARNSWORTH

You got more than one? Bingo! I can work with a guy like that. I'm talking about your lake property right here. You interested?

Panel 470

POV behind and to the side of Farnsworth, Tin is leaning on the rake handle like road crew guys lean on their shovels. Tin is looking mighty confused. Farnsworth has a big plat map thing partially rolled out like a big scroll, holding it up to show Tin.

TIN

The cabin?

FARNSWORTH

No, not the cabin, Tyndal, though I could work this little piece in. The LAKE front, the lakefront right along there.

TIN

You mean the park then. That ain't mine.

Panel 471

POV from the side. Farnsworth is laughing, expression dry and slightly evil.

FARNSWORTH

Oh , you call it the park. Sure. Quaint. That 2300 feet of lake front there. That's yours from your grandpappy. I got the title records right here. Now can we talk? Where do you want to go? Inside your cabin here?

Panel 472

INT Tin's cabin at the picnic table. Farnsworth has rolled out the big map on the table and plopped down a few more paper documents. He's bent and poring over the map, pointing to a spot on it. Tin is standing upright looking confused about the whole affair, scratching his head.

TIN

Like some tea or somethin'?

FARNSWORTH

Look Tyndal. You're sittin on a few million bucks here with just this lake front. I don't know what else you got. We can talk about that later, but I'm ready to make an offer on this piece now.

Panel 473

NEW ANGLE from across the table from where Farnsworth is standing bent over the map and Tin is standing behind him, looking over his shoulder. Farnsworth has picked up one of the paper documents.

TIN (thought bubble)

He say a few million bucks?

FARNSWORTH

Here's the title search. Grandfather bought it in '23, doin pretty well in the family business then eh? Left it to you back in '88. You got any plans for it? Resort? Condos?

Panel 474

QUICK TAKE of Tin, head and shoulders, POV from next to him on his left side as he stands behind Farnsworth. Tin is looking out the side window of the cabin.

TIN (thought bubble, image)

picture of a whitetail deer with an eight-point rack standing in the cedars.

Panel 475

POV from across the table. Farnsworth is standing more upright listening to Tin. Tin is talking to him gesturing as if explaining something that anyone would know.

TIN

You sure Mister? That there's the village park. Always been. We put in down there too. Gravel ramp. Too shallow for anything longer than 16 foot, but you can get your little fishin boats in and out easy enough.

Panel 476

ZOOM IN on Farnsworth's face. He's cynical and irritated.

FARNSWORTH

Knock it off, Grumman. If you don't want to talk, just say so. I got copies of all the documents right here. You're the owner. You're the one I got to talk to if I'm going to bring prosperity to this crumbling burg! Now, how does two and a half million sound?

Panel 477

QUICK TAKE, Tin's face, eyebrows raised, dumbfounded.

Panel 478

POV from across the table. Tin has stepped up next to Farnsworth and is bent, just like Farnsworth was, over the map as Farnsworth now stands upright.

TIN
Dollars?

FARNSWORTH
No, minnows! Of course dollars! Can we negotiate or not?

Panel 479

POV elevated just behind Tin as he looks down on the map.

TIN (thought bubble, image)
picture of stacks of dollars, \$2,500,000.00

Panel 480

POV from the table top, as the map, looking up at Tin's face, a hypnotized expression.

TIN (thought bubble)
Wow! I could put on the best festival EVER to welcome the King back.

Panel 481

QUICK TAKE Top of Tin's head from the side as he imagines the festival. This could be set as a hub to multiple panels that are Tin's thought bubbles as he imagines the festival and what he could do with two and a half million dollars.

TIN (big thought bubble, image)

picture of concert stage with big crowd and Elvis at the microphone.

TIN (big thought bubble, image)

tables and tables of food and drink, festive stands of lights strung above the tables. Elvis standing there with his arm around Tin like they're long lost buddies. Karma is standing there admiring Tin.

TIN (big thought bubble, image)

Tin standing next to his shiny new Cadillac, wearing fancy clothes.

TIN (big thought bubble, image)

Tin coming out of the front door of a house that looks very much like Graceland. Tin's wearing a smoking jacket and looking quite regal.

Panel 482

BACK TO REALITY Farnsworth has shouldered in passed Tin and has lifted the big site map off the table to reveal another equally big map underneath. He's setting the first map aside as he looks at the second like a voracious lion about to bite. Tin is standing next to him looking on with great interest.

FARNSWORTH (small thought bubble, image)

image of stacks and bags of cash.

FARNSWORTH

Here's my plan, Grumman. I can stuff 68 units in there and a 23 slip marina, small strip here for a restaurant and much bigger store than that shack across the sand lot there, maybe a couple of boutiques or something for the gals while the boys are out rippin' fish outta yer lake there...

Panel 483

QUICK TAKE Farnsworth cranking his neck around to look at Tin. Tin looking back at him.

FARNSWORTH

Whaddaya got in there anyway, bass or something?

TIN

Well, yaw got yer walleyes, yer smallmouth, yer yella perch, yer crappies ...

FARNSWORTH

yeah, whatever Grumman ...

Panel 484

BACK to the big map, both men bent over it, poring over the detail.

FARNSWORTH

... anyways, we'll stick a clubhouse with a gym right here. Each unit has two covered parking spaces plus these extras here for visitors.

Panel 485

ZOOM IN on Farnsworth's face looking at Tin.

FARNSWORTH

Now tell me that won't bring ole Twilight into the modern ages, eh? You'd be the hero of the town, plus plenty of cash to boot! Hell, you'd finally have some pavement to drive your cars on around here!

Panel 486

ZOOM IN on Tin's face, shocked awe, mouth open but speechless as he peers at the map.

Panel 487

POV from across the table looking at both men. Farnsworth is upright, looking glib, dismissive gesture with one hand.

FARNSWORTH

Oh, sure. You're worried about the zoning. Pah! Not a problem. We got a guy in the state senate for that. Real dork, but does what we tell 'im. All it takes is money, Grumman.

Panel 488

QUICK TAKE close up of Farnsworth's face, winking conspiratorially at Tin.

FARNSWORTH

Hell, I'll bet we can even find a little PCE in the sand and get some brownfield tax credits, if you know what I mean. That alone can put enough chump change in your pocket to retire on. Don't you worry. Let's walk it. I'll show you where everything'll go.

Panel 489

POV from the kitchen as Farnsworth is striding out the front door. Tin is gathering up the big map from the table and following.

FARNSWORTH

Grab that map!

Panel 490

EXT at the waterfront of the Park where the lake is frozen over solid with snow on top. Wind has blown some sand patches on the beach clear of snow. Just off the beach are groves of red pines. Chickadees are sitting in the pines. We're watching from a distance as Farnsworth is walking along the beach, gesturing and talking, with Tin following in his footsteps.

Panel 491

EXT Edna's store on the porch. Edna has come out in a plaid wool shirt to get a log for the wood stove. She's bending to a small wood pile, grabbing a log, but her eyes are up looking toward the distant shore where Tin and Farnsworth are walking.

Panel 492

POV Edna on the porch, sees Tin and Farnsworth as small figures in the distance walking the beach. Tin is holding the long, rolled up map, following Farnsworth. Farnsworth is sweeping his arm out toward the water, as if showing where the marina might go.

Panel 493

INT Edna's store. POV from the end of the counter looking toward the door. Edna is bent over putting the log into the wood stove at the end of the counter. All four stools are occupied by Deputy Bob and three other guys. Thurman is just coming in through the door, wool cap, winter coat, blowing steam from his breath.

Panel 494

POV from behind the counter and behind Edna. The four guys are looking on as Thurman has come up to the counter with a six pack of beer. In his other hand he's holding a small, folded up piece of paper, which everyone knows is a list from Maime, so they are all looking on in anticipation. Thurman is looking down at the list as if deciding what to do with it.

Panel 495

POV along the counter looking back toward the door. Edna is nodding toward the slip of paper in Thurman's hand. Thurman has on a good blush, looks kind of like a kid who's caught stealing something but doesn't want to give it up, kind of dour. The other guys are all craning their necks to try to read it.

EDNA

Okay, Thurm, I see the list from Maime. Let's have it.

Panel 496

ZOOM IN slightly on Thurman. He's looking down, shaking his head 'no'. We can see the one guy next to him, craning to see it.

Panel 497

ZOOM BACK OUT. Thurman is keeping his lips shut tight. The other guys are in various stages of protest, looking like they might all get off of their stools to grab the list.

GUY ONE

Come on! – Read it Thurm!

GUY TWO

What's she want this time?

EDNA

Come on Thurm.

DEPUTY BOB

C'mon Thurm. Let's hear it!

Panel 498

ZOOM BACK IN on Thurman. He's looking down at the list, looks kind of mad.

THURMAN (small letters, quiet)

Sach ... Sacharishi ... Purple Enlightenment ...tea

Panel 499

POV Edna behind the counter watching the four guys on the stools. They've all got their laughter bottled up hard, ready to burst. The two on each end are looking at each other, trying to keep from laughing with great effort.

Panel 500

SAME only now the two in the middle are looking at each other and the guys on the ends are looking at each other down the counter. Their effort not to laugh is even more intense, ready to explode. Thurman is standing there looking straight ahead, not pleased.

Panel 501

POV down the counter from the door side looking back into the store. The guys have all busted up laughing. Edna is laughing too. Thurm is still dour, stuffing the paper into a shirt pocket.

EDNA

How about Spartan brand? End of the second isle.

THURMAN

Didn't think so. Just the beer then.

Panel 502

ZOOM IN on Deputy Bob, not laughing anymore, but still a sparkle in his eye, the afterglow of mirth.

DEPUTY BOB

Say, d'you see that fella down by Tin's?

Panel 503

POV along the counter, elevated, looking toward the door side. Thurman has recovered his humor and doesn't appear so perturbed now.

THURMAN

Naw, but I wondered whose Hummer that is over there. Didn't think it was Tin's.

GUY ONE

There's a fella down there talking to Tin about something in the park. They're carryng a long roll of paper like a map.

THURMAN

Hummer and a plat map. Sounds like money getting ready to change hands.

GUY TWO

What's Tin doing with that guy?

EDNA

I just saw them a minute ago.

Panel 504

EXT at the water front. Farnsworth is gesturing wide to the iced lake. Tin is standing there holding the map partially rolled out while Farnsworth carries on.

FARNSWORTH

And here is where the main dock for the marina goes, gas pumps here, attendant shed, store for fishing tackle, bait, all the water sports.

TIN

Edna already has what you need for the lake up there.

FARNSWORTH

Not like this she don't.

Panel 505

NEW ANGLE from the other direction along the beach. Tin is standing there looking out over the lake, not saying anything. Farnsworth is standing next to him following his gaze.

FARNSWORTH

Yeah Grumman, it sure is pretty ain't it?

Panel 506

ZOOM IN on Farnsworth's face from the side. He's got a slightly crazed look in his eye.

FARNSWORTH

Well, you want to see pretty? Feast your eyes on this!

Panel 507

ZOOM OUT to see both men full length, POV from the shoreline. Farnsworth has pulled out a wad of cash and has it fanned out under Tin's nose. Tin's head is pulled back, expression is mild distaste.

FARNSWORTH

Now that's what I call pretty. What would you do with two million bucks?

TIN

I thought you said two and a half million.

FARNSWORTH

Oh, so I did. You drive a hard bargain, Grumman. Two and a half million then.

Panel 508

POV from the shore looking out across the frozen lake. Out on the lake, a group of three ice fishing shanties seen in the distance.

FROM ONE OF THE SHANTIES (big letters)

HAVING ONNNNEEEE!

Panel 509

ZOOM IN so we see Farnsworth's head and shoulders, expression like he's looking at something he holds in disdain even though he doesn't know what it is. We see Tin next to him at the side of the panel, also looking out over the ice, satisfied smile.

FARNSWORTH

What the hell is that? Somebody giving birth out there?

TIN

Aw, the guys from across the lake, looks like they got into some smelt

Panel 510

POV the shore, looking back to the shanties, ZOOM IN to fill the panel with the three.

FROM THE SAME SHANTY

hav-hav-hav-ING-ONE!!

FROM ANOTHER SHANTY (big letters)

A DOUBLE!

Panel 511

POV the park looking toward the shore. Tin and Farnsworth are full length with the shanties in the distant background. Tin is looking out toward the shanties. Farnsworth is looking directly at Tin. We can see his face from the side, exasperated expression.

TIN

If it keeps up, they'll be over to Lews frying 'em up later. Darn good if you like smelt.

FARMSWORTH

Look, Grumman. I got to go. Think about it. Here's a letter of intent. Two and a half million smacklers, Grumman. Have your lawyer check it out and get this back to me. Let's do the deal and pull these people out of the dark ages, get you some neighbors with some disposable income.

512

ZOOM IN on Tin's face, confused expression.

TIN

Lawyer? I don't have a lawyer.

Panel 513

ZOOM OUT to see both men. Farnsworth is gesturing with both arms. Tin is flinching slightly.

FARNSWORTH

Huh? Whatever, Grumman. There's a gazillion of them crawling all over the place in Traverse City. Just go get yourself one and get back to me. Everything you need is on the letter. My company, lots and blocks, phone numbers, email, our offer. The whole shebang. Let's get this thing going so we can get the earth movers in here before April. I want roads and stakes in so we can put a model up. I gotta have June through August to sell sell sell, Grumman. We gotta get a dock out, boats on the lake. Don't sit on this Grumman. Call me! Wait! I'll call you. What's your number?

TIN

You just call the store over ta Edna's. Someone will come get me.

Panel 514

QUICK TAKE ZOOM in on Farnsworth's face, Detail: raised eyebrows.

Panel 515

POV from out on the lake, looking at the cluster of shanties from a new angle.

FROM A SHANTY

Havvvvvv-innnngggg-ONNEEEE! YES!

FROM ANOTHER SHANTY

Wheewww!

Panel 516

INT Tin's cabin. POV over Tin's shoulder, elevated, looking down at the table top where Farnsworth's letter of intent lays.

TIN (thought bubble, image)

picture of himself as Elvis in front of a stadium of adoring fans.

Panel 517

INT Lew's, at the bar. POV from along the bar over Tin's shoulder as he's talking with another village fellow sitting on the stool next to him. The fellow is a middle-aged guy wearing a wool cap with ear flaps. Tin has half a breaded fried smelt in his hand. One plate of smelt is on the bar in front of them. Each man has a beer bottle in front of him. The other fellow also has a smelt in hand. He has a look of shock and alarm.

TIN

And then he shows me these papers and says I own all that ground. Shows it to me on the map, with my name on it too. Two and a half million bucks he wants to give me for it.

Panel 518

POV from among the tables on the bar floor looking toward the juke box on the other side of the pool table. People are scattered among the tables. Tin is at the jukebox by himself and has turned on an Elvis song and is doing an unpracticed boogy.

Panel 519

ZOOM OUT to focus on the pool table. Two village guys playing, one bent over lining up a shot. The other standing with his stick waiting. Another guy standing and watching. We can see Tin in the background at the jukebox, snapping his fingers, looking pleased with life.

GUY LINING UP SHOT (small letters)

So'd you hear about Grumman? Multi millionaire. Owns the whole damn park right down to the water.

GUY WATCHING

No way! That true?

GUY WAITING WITH STICK

Yup, owns the ramp too. Heard he might decide to charge toll on it for puttin' in.

520

POV from inside the bar looking at the front door, open as Karma comes in, looking ready for a beer.

Panel 521

POV along the bar. Karma is up to the bar, looking at Lew with a greeting smile. Lew is already sliding her a bottle of beer.

KARMA
Say Lew.

LEW
Say Karma.

Panel 522

POV over Lew's shoulder, Lew looking across the bar at Karma. Karma's expression is incredulous.

LEW
You here about Tin?

KARMA
No, what?

LEW
They say he owns about half the lakeshore, gonna sell it too, some guy downstate.

Panel 523

POV from the jukebox as Tin is selecting another song. His expression is gleeful, like he'll never run out of tunes to play or quarters to play them with. Karma is approaching in the background, holding her beer bottle.

Panel 524

POV from the side next to the jukebox so we see Tin's profile, a bit puffed up, not his usual humble posture. Karma is standing, setting her beer on a small round table near the jukebox.

TIN
Hi Karma, wanna dance?

Panel 525

NEW ANGLE on the table. Karma is sitting now. Tin is standing next to her, expression neutral, not as puffed up.

KARMA

Tin, what's this I hear about the park?

Panel 526

EXT the village outside of Lew's. It's night and people are walking home in the snow. We see them as silhouettes against the starry sky and snowy pines.

PERSON ONE

But Edna owns the store right? Her family's had that forever.

PERSON TWO

Yeah, but the ground underneath the store, and he's gonna sell every square inch of it, the whole village, to a downstate developer.

PERSON THREE

What about our houses?

PERSON TWO

Everything BUT the houses. We'll be surrounded! They're gonna put in high rises for rich folk.

Panel 527

INT Lew's. At the pool table. Ray is bent over lining up a shot. Guy playing him is standing next to him holding his stick upright. He's the guy who was watching the earlier game.

GUY PLAYING RAY

Git Norman to look on that Google search, find out about that developer, cause I heard Tin's selling out, I'd like to know what's coming down the pike.

Panel 528

NEW ANGLE, elevated above the pool table, looking toward Tin and Karma at the table in the background near the jukebox. Tin is gesturing with his hands out like “What?” Karma is leaning in to listen and converse intently.

Panel 529

POV from the bar looking past the pool table to the front door. Edna has just come in and is removing her coat and congratulating Ray on his elegant pool shot. Ray is turned to acknowledge her and looks pleased with himself.

EDNA

Nice shootin’ there Raymond.

Panel 530

POV from center of room looking toward the group of tables to the left of the front door. Edna has taken a seat at a table with two other older ladies, has her coat on the chair back, leaning in to the conversation huddle. The two ladies are animated in conversation; we don’t hear them, just see them gesturing and discreetly pointing toward Tin and Karma near the jukebox.

Panel 531

ZOOM IN on Edna POV between the other ladies at the table. Edna’s expression is incredulous.

EDNA

That’s ridiculous!

Panel 532

QUICK TAKE, close up of Edna looking back over her shoulder, obviously looking over at Tin and Karma. Her expression is menacing.

Panel 533

EXT the bar, people exiting the front door, going home for the night. Late, snowy.

Panel 534

INT the bar. Lew is wiping down the bar surface. Beer glasses are empty. People are standing around loitering before leaving. Subtle tension, lax expressions, mildly disturbed expressions – nothing obvious on an individual, but collectively, the assemblage seems on edge.

Panel 535

EXT the bar. Tin and Karma are coming out together behind another group. One of the members of the lead group is looking back over her shoulder subtly with a look of thinly veiled disgust.

Panel 536

EXT Tin's cabin. ZOOM OUT to see Karma and Tin in silhouette in front of the steps. Karma is leaned in kissing him goodnight, more of a friendly peck, not a smoocher.

Panel 537

QUICK TAKE ZOOM IN on both of their faces POV from the side. Karma's expression is sweet, looking into his eyes. Tin's expression is surprised and wondering, eyes looking to the side.

TIN

Um, should I, um, walk you home?

KARMA

That's nice, but no thanks, Tin. It's not far. I'll see you around tomorrow.

Panel 538

ZOOM OUT POV from the village center. In the FOREGROUND we see a couple groups of people walking home from the bar. In the BACKGROUND we see Karma and Tin silhouetted in front of Tin's cabin. A few of the people are frowning toward them, angry expressions.

Panel 539

POV from behind Tin, over his shoulder slightly elevated so we see part of his face and expression. He is watching Karma walk away through the village and is mesmerized by the site of her.

Panel 540

EXT Tin's cabin, POV from the village looking in through the front window where Tin is sitting at his table. In the FOREGROUND we see a group of people walking by in the dark. They have mad expressions. Inside, Tin is looking at something in his room and doesn't notice the people walking by. He has love in his chest, so swelled a bit with a very contented expression.

SOMEONE FROM THE GROUP (walking)
Yep, there he is, pleased as punch.

END CHAPTER SEVEN