

Whispers of Montana

written by

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ACT 1, SCENE 1

INT: NYC BALLROOM- NIGHT

SCREEN TEXT:

New York City 1969

A swanky NYC ballroom is animated with live Jazz, cigarette smoke, sparkling chandeliers, and a dangerous elegance.

Politicians laugh besides mob bosses. Champagne towers dress the ambiance. Camera FLASHES.

LUCA CASTELLANO (40s) NYC crime Boss, a powerful Smooth-talking New York crime boss enters the Ballroom with his wife.

LUCIA CASTELLANO (30s), glamorous, expressive, and impossible to ignore, glides beside him. Audrey Hepburn elegance wrapped around a survivor's instincts.

Photographers immediately begin shouting:

PHOTOGRAPHER #1

Luca!

PHOTOGRAPHER #2

Mrs. Castellano. One more.

PHOTOGRAPHER #1

"One more picture!"

LUCA tightens his hand around LUCIA's waist.

CAMERA FLASHES.

LUCA

(grinning)

Keep smiling. You look nervous.

LUCIA

Because your world makes me nervous.

Luca smiles for the cameras. He lowers his voice.

LUCA

Without my world, Lucia, you'd still be serving dirty martinis.

LUCIA

(frozen smile)

Funny. The martinis never scared me.

The FLASHBULBS keep snapping.

Across the ballroom A GIORDANO Associate stares coldly at Lucia. She notices. The music plays louder.

They stroll past a champagne tower toward a small cluster of friends. Lucia spots BETSY waving excitedly.

ACT 1, SCENE 2
BALLROOM

INT: NYC

BETSY (30s), Lucia's former waitress friend, warm-hearted and loyal, holds a cocktail tray.

BETSY

Lucia!

Lucia breaks away from Luca.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Look at you now, Mrs. Castellano.

LUCIA

(smiles)

Feels like another lifetime ago.

BETSY

Still Serving up drinks. Still surviving the madness of New York.

LUCIA

(dazed)

Yep, New Yorkers are always surviving something.

A waiter suddenly drops a tray. Glass shatters. The room hums of mafia drama.

BETSY

(nervous)

Something's off tonight.

Lucia notices Federal Agents watch from afar. Mob associates in deep conversation. Luca quietly signals to a mobster across the room. The scene is in slow motion.

ACT 1, SCENE 3
BALLROOM

INT: NYC

FRANKIE LUCIANO (70s), Godfather of the Castellano crime family, old-school mafia charm masking ruthless authority .

At the center of the ballroom, he takes the microphone. He raises his glass. The room becomes still.

FRANKIE LUCIANO
To Loyalty. To Family. To the
future of New York City.

The ballroom raises their glasses. Lucia glances toward Luca.

GUNSHOTS ERUPT.

SCREAMS explode through the ballroom.

Champagne glasses shatter. Guests dive beneath tables.

FRANKIE LUCIANO collapses on the floor. The female guests scream.

Federal agents rush forward. Lucia freezes in horror.

LUCIA
(urgent)
Frankie!

Luca forcefully grabs Lucia's arm.

LUCA
Down!

They go down to the floor. Gun smoke fills the air as women shriek in terror. FRANKIE LUCIANO is bleeding on the marble floor. Lucia starts to look at Frankie.

LUCA (CONT'D)
Don't look back.

Luca drags Lucia through the ballroom chaos.

CUT TO BLACK.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O)
Some stories never really end. They
hide in a different landscape...
the silence... and sometimes return
in whispers.

A HORSE NEIGHS Loudly.

ACT 1, SCENE 4
FARM ON MONTANA

EXT: HORSE

A Montana sunrise appears across the screen. Wild horses run.

TITLE CARD: WHISPERS OF MONTANA

Then the credits begin rolling as theme movie song "Whispers of Montana" plays. The screen shows ranch landscapes, horses, mine tunnels, Montana Rivers, mountains and horse stables.

ACT 1, SCENE 5
STABLE-PRESENT DAY- MONTANA

EXT: HORSE

OLDER LUCIA (70s), a former glamorous Manhattan mob wife turned Montana rancher. Time has softened her edges but not her strength.

Horses move calmly through the open land.

Older Lucia brushes a horse quietly in the early morning.

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER (50s), interviewing her for a feature story, fascinated by her story..

He is next to her holding a notebook and tape recorder. The reporter is fascinated by the Castellano and Giordano history.

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER
You survived the biggest ballroom shooting in New York City.

OLDER LUCIA
Survived is a funny word. One New York second I'm in my lipstick and pearls underneath the chandeliers and then the next Montana Minute, I'm walking in hay with horses.

She continues to brush the horses.

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER
Was it the Montana Minute or New York Second that gave you hope?

OLDER LUCIA
(brushing the horse)
Montana Minute. It slowed the noise down just enough for me to hear myself think again.

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER
And the Giordianos?

Lucia's expression becomes darker.

OLDER LUCIA
The ballroom shooting started a
war... But wars don't stay in New
York forever.

The reporter is writing fast.

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER
Did Frankie Luciano know who
ordered the hit?

Lucia stops brushing the horse.

OLDER LUCIA
When Frankie survived... everything
got more dangerous.

MATCH CUT TO:

A Montana Sunrise. Wild horses running the land

ACT 1, SCENE 6
HOSPITAL- 1969-NIGHT

EXT: NYC

Black Cadillacs with mobsters parked outside the hospital.

Rain begins to HIT the pavement. Mobsters smoke cigarettes
beneath the street lamps. Federal agents crowd the hospital
entrance.

INT: NYC HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Dim florescent lights flicker overhead. Nurses rush patients
through out the hallway. Federal agents guard Frankie
Luciano's door like a fortress.

Luca is pacing near the door, gripping his whiskey flask,
while Lucia by his side in the same dress with blood stains
from the shooting. Her signature lipstick is slightly
smeared.

CHARLES SULLY (40s), relentless FBI agent. Sharp, quick, and
and no nonsense attitude. He exits Frankie Luciano's hospital
room with file in his hand.

He gestures for LUCA and LUCIA to come in.

CHARLES SULLY

You have only a few minutes.

LUCA

Come on. A time limit?

CHARLES SULLY

The hospital is a ticking time bomb waiting to turn into another crime scene.

LUCA

The Giordianos aren't that dumb.

Charles studies him carefully.

CHARLES SULLY

(steps closer)

Mr. Castellano, I'm not sure what world you're living in anymore... but the reality is that nobody is safe around these mobsters.

LUCA

You got agents all over this place.

CHARLES SULLY

And somehow I still don't feel safe.

(gestures to the hospital room)

Make it quick.

Luca grabs Lucia's hand to follow him.

ACT 1, SCENE 7
ROOM-1969-NIGHT

INT: NYC HOSPITAL

Inside the hospital room, Frankie is hooked up to the machines as they beep slowly. Frankie motions for Luca to come closer. Although he is sickly pale, he still commands authority of a man who built an empire.

FRANKIE LUCIANO

You hear that?

The room is dead silent and there is a pause. Luca looks at him.

FRANKIE LUCIANO (CONT'D)

Silence... The code of honor.

Frankie scans the room.

FRANKIE LUCIANO (CONT'D)
Nobody talked. Nobody panicked.
Nobody sold each other out for a
reduced sentence and trip back to
Sicily.

Luca takes out a whiskey flask.

LUCA
Yeah, well... times change.

FRANKIE LUCIANO
(smirks)
No, men have changed. Al Capone ate
spaghetti and meatballs with
politicians in the afternoon... and
then would bury people by midnight.

LUCA
Capone was a beast in a different
time.
(sips the whiskey)
The man made so much money he was
sleeping in it.

Lucia quietly looks at him.

LUCIA
Maybe that's the problem.

LUCA
(turns sharply)
What's that supposed to mean?

LUCIA
(hesitant)
Nothing.

LUCA
No. Say it.

Lucia looks down.

LUCIA
Maybe everybody's becoming too
greedy.

Luca steps closer with a controlling undertone.

LUCA
 (stiffens)
 That dress. That necklace. That
 name... It all came from greed.

Frankie notices the shift immediately.

FRANKIE LUCIANO
 Luca, enough.

ACT 1, SCENE 8
 HOSPITAL ROOM- 1969- EARLY NIGHT

INT: NYC

Luca backs off , and takes another sip of the whiskey flask.

FRANKIE LUCIANO
 The shooting ain't the real
 problem... It's the money... Too
 many eyes on New York now.

LUCA
 Then maybe New York ain't the place
 to keep it anymore.

Frankie studies him.

FRANKIE LUCIANO
 You got somewhere in mind?

LUCA
 There are parts of this country no
 one pays attention to.

FRANKIE LUCIANO
 That kind of thinking gets men like
 us buried.

LUCIA
 What exactly are you both talking
 about?

LUCA
 Business.

Frankie studies Lucia carefully.

FRANKIE LUCIANO
 Dirty money's like blood,
 sweetheart. Once it starts leaking,
 everybody follows the trail.

LUCA

We got a fed tailing our ass.
You think we can pay the prick off?

Frankie lets out a weak laugh.

FRANKIE LUCIANO

Nah, it won't work. They all want
to save the day. Wear the cape, and
be a superhero.

Luca shakes his head.

LUCA

The whole thing is turning into a
zoo.

FRANKIE LUCIANO

Luca, a zoo still needs the right
hand keeping the animals
contained... Right now the wrong
animals are running it.

Lucia slowly looks between them both.

LUCIA

You both talk about this like it's
normal.

Luca turns sharply toward her.

LUCA

In our world...it's normal.

The room falls silent again. The heart monitor beeps more.

MATCH CUT TO:

Rain sliding outside the window.

MATCH CUT TO:

Red Wine pouring down the crystal glass.

ACT 1, SCENE 9
PENTHOUSE-1969

INT: NYC

Italian jazz drifts through the apartment. Candles lit beside
an untouched pasta dinner. Manhattan glows outside the
massive rain covered windows while cigarette smoke curls
through the dim lighting.

Lucia enters wearing an elegant black silk dress.

Luca loosens his tie near the dining table pouring red wine into two crystal glasses. For a brief moment they almost look like a normal couple.

LUCIA
You really trust these people?

LUCA
Trust who?

LUCIA
The feds.

LUCA
Lucia, baby. Nobody trusts the feds.
(slides the wine glass to her)
We just outsmart them.

Lucia takes the wine glass but doesn't drink it.

LUCIA
Agent Charles Sully wants me out West..
(long silence)
Montana...

Luca finally looks up.

LUCA
It's temporary, baby.

Lucia walks toward the windows looking out at Manhattan.

LUCIA
I spent half my life trying to escape small towns... and now I'm being sent back to one.

Luca smiles .

LUCA
You were never built for small towns...You were made for the New York glamour.

Lucia turns toward him.

LUCIA
Maybe I was... before I met you.

Luca walks closer toward her.

LUCA
You regret meeting me?

LUCIA
No.
(small smile)
I went from cherry pies to dirty martinis...to top-shelf lipstick and pearls... the night you saved me.

FLASHBACK-2 YEARS EARLIER- NYC NIGHT- STREET

SCREEN TEXT: 2 YEARS EARLIER

Lucia leaves a waitress shift carrying her purse. A drunk customer from the club tails her as she leaves the club, becoming aggressive. Across the street, Luca and Salvatore Luciano notice. The man then grabs Lucia's arm. Before Lucia can react, Luca slams him to the ground and beats him unconscious.

LUCA
Are you okay?

LUCIA
Yes. Thank you.

LUCA
You need someone like me. Will you give me a chance to treat you right?

LUCIA
Yes. Under one condition.

LUCA
What's that?

LUCIA
I can get a new lipstick and pearls.

LUCA
Done.

PRESENT

Rain crashes softly against the glass behind them.

LUCA (CONT'D)
Lipstick and Pearls,
(grabs her waist pulling
her closer.)

LUCA (CONT'D)
You better not leave me for some
wild cowboy out there.

LUCIA
Maybe I'll run off into the sunset.

LUCA
Then I guess I'll have to come out
there with a pistol.

Lucia shakes her head smiling.

LUCIA
You're insane.

LUCA
Yeah... but you love me.

The jazz music continues to play with the rain.

ACT 1, SCENE 10
PENTHOUSE

INT: NYC

Luca brushes a strand of hair behind Lucia's ear. His hand
lingers against her face. Protective, possessive, and tender.

LUCIA
(concerned)
Luca, what happens if this doesn't
go away?

He looks at her.

LUCA
Then I make it go away.

Lucia pulls him closer by his loosened tie.

Luca kisses her gently at first and then deeper. The kind of
kiss between two people trying to hold onto each other
because it could be the last.

Luca lifts her gently into his arms. Lucia smiles against
his shoulder as he carries her toward the bedroom.

The jazz music continues to echo through the apartment.

MATCH CUT TO:

Rain pours against the Manhattan penthouse windows.

ACT 1, SCENE 11
RANCH-PRESENT-EARLY MORNING

EXT: MONTANA

MATCH CUT TO:

Morning mist drifts across open Montana fields. Horses running wild.

Older Lucia walks besides the stables wearing denim, boots, and an ivory sweater. She has a bucket of horse feed near her.

The Time Magazine Reporter walks besides her taking notes. For a moment it's just the sound of the shoes hitting the ground and the horses.

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER
What happened after the shooting?

Lucia focuses straight ahead.

OLDER LUCIA
The Giordanos could smell a rat all over New York.

The reporter takes notes.

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER
And Luca?

OLDER LUCIA
Luca thought he could still contain the animals in the New York zoo... Men like Luca think they can change their spots and disappear into the wild without being seen.

The reporter analyzes her.

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER
Did you know things were about to get worse?

A nearby horse in the stable neighs loudly. Lucia looks towards it.

OLDER LUCIA
 I knew the fire was getting
 hotter....and sooner or later Luca
 would feel the burn.

MATCH CUT TO:

The horse neighs louder.

MATCH CUT TO:

A suitcase of cash slamming violently onto a poker table.

ACT 1, SCENE 12
 CLUB-BROOKLYN BACKROOM-NIGHT-1969

INT: GIORDANO SOCIAL

Frank Sinatra plays softly through the smoke-filled
 nightclub.

Poker chips scatter across green felt while strippers dance
 near the bar outside the backroom.

Italian gangsters laugh loudly drinking whiskey and smoking
 cigars beneath dim yellow lights.

TONY GIORDANO at the center of the Poker table, (50s), feared
 Leader in Giordano crime family. Charismatic, volatile, and
 hungry for power.

Beside him sits his younger brother, ALFREDO GIORDANO (40s)
 Tony's younger brother and second-in-command. Calculating and
 dangerous.

He is dressed sharply while calmly counting stacks of dirty
 cash.

MICHAEL MANCINI, (40s), a slick crooked cop who plays all
 sides and trusts nobody.

He points to the suitcase onto the poker table beneath the
 cigar smoke. Several mobsters immediately glance toward it.

TONY GIORDANO
 What the hell is this?

Michael lights a cigarette casually.

MICHAEL MANCINI
 Buying time.

Tony slowly reaches forward, unlocking the suitcase to reveal
 stacks of cash.

The room grows quieter.

ALFREDO GIORDANO
Castellano money?

MICHAEL MANCINI
(smirks)
Luca says everybody should relax.

Tony leans back in his chair.

TONY GIORDANO
Relax? Frankie Luciano's still
breathing, and the FBI is crawling
through the streets of New York,
and Castellano thinks money fixes
everything.
(looks at the suitcase)
What do I look like? A fucking kid
in a candy shop searching for his
next treat?

Tony holds a poker chip between his fingers.

TONY GIORDANO (CONT'D)
He must think I'm a Sicilian with a
brain the size of a poker chip.

Tony flicks the poker chip across the table.

TONY GIORDANO (CONT'D)
But it's the fugazis that need to
watch out.

One gangster grabs a stack of money from the suitcase.

MOBSTER #1
At least they pay well, boss.

MOB ASSOCIATE #2
For now.

TONY GIORDANO
Money don't buy loyalty. The taste
wears off fast just like a fucking
treat.

More laughter around the room.

MICHAEL MANCINI
Luca and the wife are already under
federal protection.

That shifts the room's energy.

TONY GIORDANO
Agent Sully?

MICHAEL MANCINI
Yep. He's playing his strongest
hand.

Tony smokes his cigarette. In deep thought.

ALFREDO GIORDANO
So what now? Luca rats?

MICHAEL MANCINI
Luca Castellano likes money too
much to just disappear without a
fight in the ring.

TONY GIORDANO
(sinister chuckle)
Men like Luca think they can box up
betrayal and bury it so we walk
right over it.

Frank Sinatra continues playing underneath the tension.

OUTSIDE THE BACKROOM

A stripper shouts at another stripper.

POKER AREA

The poker table continues with a few wise guys playing hands.

MOBSTER #2
Heard the wife's gettin' shipped
off somewhere out west.

Another mobster laughs.

MOBSTER #1
What's agent Sully going do?
Hide her in the San Diego zoo.

The room erupts into dark laughter. Tony slowly exhales
smoke.

TONY GIORDANO
Long as Luca keeps his big mouth
shut...the girl's safe. But if he
rats...
(looks at the suitcase)
We'll find her.

Michael Mancini watches from the corner. Impossible to tell whose side he's really on.

CUT TO:

ACT 2, SCENE 1
TRAIN- NIGHT-1969

EXT: MOVING

A TRAIN WHISTLE blares through the night.

A passenger train cuts through the darkness of middle America beneath the moonlight.

INT. TRAIN CABIN

Lucia sits quietly beside the window wearing a cream colored coat. Her suitcase rests beside her seat.

FBI AGENT CHARLES SULLY sits across from her beneath the dim cabin train light reviewing paperwork. The atmosphere feels tense.

Charles finally slides a folder across the table toward her.

CHARLES SULLY

You should start getting used to
the name.

Lucia slowly opens the folder.

Inside:

LILY LANGDON. A Montana driver's license. A new social security card.

Lucia stares silently at the name.

LUCIA

Lily Langdon.
(comedic)
Sounds like somebody who writes
novels in the mountains.

CHARLES SULLY

(serious)
That's better than sounding dead.

Lucia slowly closes the folder.

EXT: TRAIN-NIGHT-1969

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)
 The strange thing about leaving
 your old life behind... is
 realizing you're stepping into a
 new role, a new costume, a new
 script.

Lucia watches her reflection in the train window. The train
 whistle screeches through the night.

FADE TO BLACK.

ACT 2, SCENE 2
 TRAIN STATION — DAY — 1969

EXT. MONTANA

Steam hisses in the cold from the train as passengers step
 onto the platform.

LUCIA exits cautiously wearing a cream colored wool coat,
 leather gloves and dark sunglasses, holding her suitcase
 tightly against her side.

LUCIA stares toward the distant mountains unsure what exactly
 she's walking into.

Right behind her FBI AGENT CHARLES SULLY steps off the train
 scanning the station.

A dark ranch truck waits nearby coated lightly in dirt and
 snow.

Leaning against it stands KARL STETSON (40s), Head Cowboy of
 Stetson Ranch. Rugged western charm with a calm that
 instantly disarms people.

Karl notices Lucia immediately and their eyes lock.

CHARLES SULLY
 Karl Stetson?

KARL STETSON
 (extends his hand)
 That's me.

His Montana drawl is magnetic.

CHARLES SULLY
 Appreciate you helping us out.

Karl glances toward Lucia with a faint smirk.

KARL STETSON
 That's part of a cowboy's rodeo.

LUCIA

Never been to a rodeo... Never met
a real cowboy.

KARL STETSON

Never met an Audrey Hepburn type
until I met you.

He looks at those heels

KARL STETSON (CONT'D)

Montana is not ready for those
heels.

Lucia laughs and shakes her head. Charles hands Karl a small
envelope.

CHARLES SULLY

You call this number if anything
feels off.

Karl slips the envelope into his jacket.

KARL STETSON

Out here... winter's usually the only
thing trying to kill us folks.

Karl opens the passenger side truck door for Lucia. His
gentleman cowboy energy starkly contrasts the rough mobster
energy.

KARL STETSON (CONT'D)

You ready, Miss Langdon?

Lucia pauses for a second after hearing the name, still not
claiming it.

ACT 2, SCENE 3
DAY-1969

INT: TRUCK-

Lucia climbs into the truck and immediately freezes for a
second. Horse hay scattered across the floorboards. Mud
stains, ropes, work gloves and a rifle resting behind the
back seat.

Then suddenly GUNSHOTS echo loudly somewhere off in the
distance.

Lucia jumps at the gunshots. Karl notices, trying not to
smile.

KARL STETSON
Relax. Just ranch hands target
practicing.

Lucia slowly exhales embarrassed.

LUCIA
You people shoot guns before
breakfast?

Karl gets into the driver's seat.

KARL STETSON
(chuckles)
All the time. Welcome to Montana.

Lucia places her suitcase beside her feet. Then she notices a folded map spread across the middle seat. The map has underground markings, tunnel routes, and Old mining shafts.

Lucia studies it with interest.

LUCIA
What's this?

Karl glances down and then starts the truck.

KARL STETSON
Old mining tunnels. Most of them
run beneath parts of the ranch
property.

Lucia studies the map carefully.

LUCIA
Why would anybody build tunnels out
here?

He starts driving the truck onto the dirt road.

KARL STETSON
(eyes wide)
Gold. Silver. Men chasing
fortunes... And sometimes men
needing a place to disappear.

Lucia looks back out the truck window as the train station disappears behind them, and they head in direction of the ranch.

ACT 2, SCENE 4
MONTANA- DAY-1969

EXT: RANCH

Karl's ranch truck rumbles down a long dirt road cutting through endless Montana land.

Snow dust blows across the open fields while golden grass bends beneath the cold wind.

INT: THE TRUCK

Lucia quietly watches the unfamiliar landscape pass by from her window. The complete opposite of Manhattan

Then A COUNTRY LOVE SONG begins softly playing through the truck radio.

"Cowboy Spell." (Lucky Ignites)

Warm acoustic guitar. Romantic western vocals. The lyrics tell the story of a woman falling beneath the charm of a silver fox cowboy somewhere beneath the country skies.

Karl notices Lucia listening and a smile crosses his face.

KARL STETSON

Local radio's obsessed with this song lately.

Lucia smiles listening to the lyrics.

LUCIA

So what's the story here? You the silver fox hunting all the prey?

KARL STETSON

(charming)
Hold your horses, Lilly Langdon.

Lucia smiles and Karl gestures toward the distant tree line.

KARL STETSON (CONT'D)

Only predators around here are the real wolves.

Lucia looks out the truck window and the camera shows a small pack of wolves move quietly across the snowy distance near the hills. The sight immediately unsettles her.

LUCIA

(surprised)
You actually have wolves out here?

KARL STETSON

(nods)

Wolves, Coyotes, Mountain Lions.
Montana's beautiful... but people
disappear out here a lot easier
than New York.

Lucia continues staring nervously toward the wolves moving through the snow.

LUCIA

Like me.

KARL STETSON

You stay out here long enough...
Montana starts whispering things to
you.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)

Karl was right. It was the peace of
the Montana that slowly began
erasing the noise of the city.

Karl looks at Lucia with gentle eyes. The truck continues down the dirt road as "Cowboy Spell" plays on the radio.

Then the Stetson Mountain ranch finally appears in the distance. Massive horse stables, rolling fenced land, Old wooden barns and a contained fire outside for heat.

ACT 2, SCENE 5
RANCH-DAY-1969

EXT: STETSON

The truck pulls into the ranch yard kicking dust behind it. Several ranch hands work nearby moving horses between fenced corrals.

A horse suddenly gallops as Karl parks the truck. They get out of the truck. Lucia becomes startled again.

KARL STETSON

(amused)

City girl?

Lucia smirks slightly.

LUCIA

Is it that obvious?

An older cowboy steps out from the barn carrying a saddle.

MAVERICK STETSON (60s), Karl's Uncle, and Owner of Stetson Ranch. A larger-than-life cowboy whose humor keeps the ranch entertained.

Maverick studies Lucia carefully.

MAVERICK STETSON
Well I'll be damned. Nobody told me
we were gettin' a New York doll to
work on the ranch.

Lucia immediately looks toward Karl, and he shakes his head-already embarrassed.

KARL STETSON
Uncle Maverick..

Maverick walks closer.

MAVERICK STETSON
What?

KARL STETSON
Sipping Whiskey already?

MAVERICK STETSON
Of course..
(looks at Lucia)
Woman steps out lookin' like she
belongs in one of them old western
love songs.

Lucia laughs.

MAVERICK STETSON (CONT'D)
Name's Maverick.
(extends his hand)
Welcome to the middle of nowhere,
sweetheart. We ain't the four
seasons, but we've got the finest
horses in Montana.

The horse neighs and Karl shakes his head, used to his uncle's humor.

KARL STETSON
Ignore him.

MAVERICK STETSON
That's not how you treat your
elders. Sweetheart, we got horses,
whiskey, and two bathrooms. Pure
luxury.

Karl grabs her suitcase.

KARL STETSON
(smiles)
Come on. I will show you to your
room.

Lucia follows him toward the ranch house.

MATCH CUT TO:

The SHOES hit the wooden floor.

ACT 2, SCENE 6
RANCH HOUSE- HALLWAY- DAY

INT: STETSON

Lucia's heels click against the old wooden floors.

Old wooden floors creak beneath Lucia's shoes and Karl's cowboy boots. A long hallway lined with western paintings and ranch photographs and hunting memorabilia. The house feels rustic, quiet and lived in, a complete contrast to Manhattan penthouse.

"Cowboy Spell" continues softly in the background music for the scene.

Karl stops near the end of the hallway opening a guest bedroom door.

INT: GUEST ROOM

Western furniture and fresh wildflowers rest by the window. Lucia takes it all in.

Then her eyes land on a framed photograph perfectly placed on the dresser. Karl beside a beautiful women and a small child. Lucia studies the photo.

LUCIA
Your family?

Karl goes quiet for the first time.

KARL STETSON
Was.
(He sets the suitcase
down.)
Lost 'em a few winters back. Bad
accident near the north mountains.

Silence settles between them.

KARL STETSON (CONT'D)
 Well...make yourself cozy.
 And we're gonna need you out in the
 barn helping with horse feed in a
 few.

Lucia looks horrified.

LUCIA
 Horse feed?

Karl leans near the doorway.

KARL STETSON
 Welcome to the ranch life, Lilly.

The door quietly closes behind him. Silence takes over

ACT 2, SCENE 7
 GUEST ROOM-DAY

INT: STETSON

Lucia opens her suitcase.

Inside: folded dresses, pearls, leather gloves, and pieces of
 Manhattan.

Tucked carefully in the clothing an old photograph. She pulls
 it out. A glamorous dinner in Manhattan. Lucia and Luca
 dressed in formal clothes surrounded by other couples.

A completely different world. Lucia places it on the bed
 stand. She stares at the glamorous ballroom photograph
 resting beside the lamp.

Her fingers brush across Luca's face. Old Manhattan glamour
 frozen in time.

MATCH CUT TO:

FLASHBULBS exploding across a private Manhattan restaurant.

ACT 2, SCENE 8
 SUPPER CLUB- PRIVATE DINING ROOM- NIGHT-1969

INT: FRANKIE'S

SCREEN TEXT:
 ONE MONTH BEFORE THE BALLROOM SHOOTING

Italian jazz hums through the upscale Manhattan supper club,
 hidden behind velvet curtains and cigar smoke.

Crystal chandeliers glow above intimate candlelit tables seated with wealthy mob couples drinking red wine beneath gold-trimmed mirrors.

The atmosphere is exclusive and dangerous.

FLASH. FLASH. FLASH.

A photographer moves around the private room capturing pictures of New York's elite Italian crime families laughing beside champagne glasses and expensive meals.

LUCIA sits beside LUCA CASTELLANO wearing a fitted black satin gown, her signature lipstick and pearls glow beneath the candlelight.

Across from them sits FRANKE LUCIANO besides his elegant wife FRANCESCA LUCIANO (60s), elegant and poised with classic Italian Beauty.

FRANKIE LUCIANO, Godfather of the NYC Mob (70s) Powerful and dangerous but calm beneath his tailored black suit.

He sits at the head of the table.

Next to them SALVATORE LUCIANO (30s), Frankie's son, cocky, reckless, and responsible for the mob's dirty work. He laughs loudly beside his glamorous girlfriend ISABELLA (30s), glamorous and loves being the center of attention. She proudly shows off her jewelry.

At the far end of the table is MICHAEL MANCINI, drinking whiskey with his Wife CELESTE MANCINI (40s), seductive and sophisticated with old Hollywood beauty.

MICHAEL MANCINI watches everyone converse.

Celeste leans toward Lucia admiring her jewelry.

CELESTE MANCINI
Honey... that lipstick and pearls
combination is absolutely deadly.

Lucia smiles, touching the pearl necklace delicately.

LUCIA
Thank you.

CELESTE MANCINI
Where did you get the pearls?

Before Lucia can answer Luca wraps an arm around her chair proudly.

LUCA

I bought them for her. Just like
everything else she owns.

(smirks)

Perfectly fit for the Queen.

Several people at the table laugh softly. Lucia unfazed.

LUCIA

Careful King Luca. People are going
to think you're romantic.

SALVATORE LUCIANO

Nah. That's just the wine talking.

Conversation and laughter moves through the room.

One WAITER serves plates of spaghetti and meatballs while
another nervous waiter pours more wine nearby.

FRANKIE LUCIANO

Now this...
this is a real Italian dinner.

Salvatore twirls spaghetti onto his fork.

SALVATORE LUCIANO

My old man says you can tell
everything about somebody by how
they eat spaghetti.

LUCIA

That sounds dangerously Italian.

FRANKIE LUCIANO

It's true.
Messy plate... messy business.

Laughter at the table.

LUCA

Al Capone used to say half the
deals in this country got made over
spaghetti and meatballs.

MICHAEL MANCINI

Yeah...
and the other half ended up six
feet under ground.

The male energy erupts into laughter.

LUCIA
 (shakes her head)
 That's not the wine talking. That's
 the whiskey.

Even Frankie laughs at that.

A nervous young WAITER pours wine near Frankie. His hand shaking slightly. A drop spills near Frankie's plate.

The waiter immediately looks frozen.

WAITER
 Uhhh I'm sorry sir.

Frankie calmly looks up at him with no reaction.

FRANKIE LUCIANO
 Relax, kid. Nobody dies at dinner.

Laughter moves around the table again. Lucia notices Michael Mancini studies the waiter from across the room.

FLASH.

Another photograph gets taken.

The same photograph now sits back in Montana. The photographer gestures toward the couples.

PHOTOGRAPHER
 Closer together please. One big
 happy family.

Luca wraps his arm around Lucia pulling her tighter beside him.

LUCA CASTELLANO
 Smile baby. These are moments we
 don't forget.

Lucia smiles for the camera. Michael rises from the table carrying his whiskey.

He casually walks toward the mirrored bar near the back of the restaurant. Still watching everyone.

ACT 2, SCENE 9 INT: FRANKIE'S
 SUPPER CLUB-PRIVATE DINING ROOM-NYC-NIGHT-1969

The jazz music continues playing through the room.

Then the nervous waiter accidentally bumps Frankie's chair.

A small notebook slips from below the serving tray. The room becomes still. Frankie and Luca both see it. Frankie bends down picking up the notebook.

Inside the Notebook

License plate numbers, shipment routes, and mobster names and Federal notes.

The waiter freezes. Everybody at the table immediately realizes he's undercover. Frankie calmly closes the notebook.

FRANKIE LUCIANO

Excuse us a minute.

Frankie rises and places a hand around the waiter's shoulder, leading him toward the back hallway. The waiter, terrified follows. Lucia watches closely.

LUCIA

Luca...

Luca keeps eating, not even looking up.

LUCA

Not now...
Just keep eating.

A distant muffled GUNSHOT echoes from the hallway. Silence. Nobody reacts. Only Lucia freezes.

The jazz music keeps playing softly. Frankie calmly returns to the table like nothing happened.

FRANKIE LUCIANO

Now... where were we?

Salvatore raises his wine glass.

SALVATORE LUCIANO

To family.

The table raises their glasses again. Dinner continues as normal.

Across The Mirrored Bar

Lucia notices Michael Mancini nod toward a man near the restaurant entrance. Michael catches Lucia watching him through the mirror.

Luca leans closer beside her.

LUCA
 You alright?

Lucia forces a smile.

 LUCIA
 Yeah. Just tired.

Michael continues studying her from the bar. Frankie suddenly approaches Michael. The two men exchange words unheard beneath the music. Lucia continues to watch.

 LUCIA (CONT'D)
 (softly)
 Who is he?

Luca glances toward Michael briefly.

 LUCA
 Michael Mancini.
 Guy handles problems.

Michael lifts his whiskey glass slightly toward Lucia almost like a silent acknowledgment. A warning. The jazz music continues underneath the growing tension.

MATCH CUT TO:

ACT 2, SCENE 9
 HOUSE-GUEST ROOM-DAY-1969

INT: STETSON RANCH

Montana silence replaces the Manhattan jazz. Lucia sits on the edge of the bed.

The New Yorker Magazine rests across her lap beneath the warm Montana sunlight. On the cover:

1969 Broadway lights surrounding...."The Sound of Music."

Lucia flips through the glossy pages filled with Manhattan nightlife, theatre lights, and city glamour.

A soft KNOCK suddenly snaps her out of the memory.

 MAVERICK STETSON (O.S.)
 Lilly?

Lucia snaps back to the present. The door creaks open as Maverick peeks inside holding a rope.

 MAVERICK STETSON (CONT'D)
 You okay there, sweetheart?

Lucia looks up from the magazine.

LUCIA
Yeah. I'm fine.

Maverick studies her for a moment.

MAVERICK STETSON
We need those glamorous hands
helping with the horse feed.

LUCIA
Horse feed? Geez, this getaway
seems like a labor camp.

MAVERICK STETSON
Good old ranch work and dirty hands
are good for the soul.

LUCIA
I need my hands clean for baking
pies.

MAVERICK STETSON
If it's whiskey pies, darlin', I'll
go easy.

LUCIA
And work breaks?

Maverick laughs under his breath.

MAVERICK STETSON
Darlin', this ain't the New York
Plaza where Socialites sip
Champagne all day.
(looks at the magazine)

Lucia smirks crossing her arms.

LUCIA
I'm not a socialite.

Maverick looks her up and down. The fitted black dress. The
heels. The lipstick and pearls. Completely opposite from
Montana ranch life.

MAVERICK STETSON
Well... you sure don't look like
one of us.

Lucia touches her pearl necklace proudly.

LUCIA

Nope. Lipstick and pearls. It's my signature look.

Maverick chuckles shaking his head.

MAVERICK STETSON

That signature look is about to get dirty.

LUCIA

Wonderful.

MAVERICK STETSON

C'mon, city girl
Let's see if those heels survive a stable.

CUT TO:

ACT 2, SCENE 10
RANCH HOUSE-HALLWAY-DAY-1969

INT: STETSON

Lucia follows Maverick down the long ranch hallway wearing the same fitted black dress, pearls and black heels from New York.

EXT: STETSON RANCH

Maverick glances back trying not to laugh.

MAVERICK STETSON

Sweetheart... the horses are gonna to think Fifth Avenue wandered into the wrong stable.

Lucia smirks adjusting her pearls.

LUCIA

Nobody warned me Montana came with a dress code.

MAVERICK STETSON

Around here, perfume smells more like fresh hay and saddle polish.

They start approaching the large stable doors. Lucia steps through the mud in her black heels moving through the stable like Manhattan wandered into Montana.

A nearby horse suddenly stomps loudly and NEIGHS startling Lucia. Maverick notices.

MAVERICK STETSON (CONT'D)
Easy there darlin. Montana hits you
harder than Fifth Avenue.

LUCIA
Sounds like Montana has its own
version of luxury.

MAVERICK STETSON
Cowboy luxe, darlin'. Finest
saddles and boots money can buy.

Several ranch hands quietly laugh as they observe Lucia, a woman completely out of place. The large stable door opens.

CUT TO:

ACT 2, SCENE 11
STABLE

INT: INSIDE THE

KARL STETSON works beside several ranch hands repairing a fence post.

Standing across from him is ROY MCGOVERN (40s), rugged Oil and mining tycoon for Anaconda Company. Dangerous, ambitious, and building a Montana empire.

A cigarette hangs loosely from Roy's mouth while he studies the ranch property around him.

ROY MCGOVERN
Anaconda Copper and Mining
Company's making generous offers
these days.

Karl barely looks at him, continues his work.

KARL STETSON
Funny. I don't remember putting the
ranch up for sale.

ROY MCGOVERN
(smirk)
That's the thing about Montana.
The grass is always greener on the
other side.

KARL STETSON
Depending...on who is tending to
it.

Nearby horses stomp loudly against the stable gate. Roy gestures toward the mountains surrounding the ranch.

ROY MCGOVERN

Those tunnels underneath this land
are worth way more money than
horses ever will be.

KARL STETSON

The tunnels collapsed years ago.

ROY MCGOVERN

Well, maybe you're just hiding
something.

Then suddenly the stable turns silent. Ranch hands stop
working. Roy turns and so does Karl.

Lucia steps into the stable clicking her heels and trying not
to sink into the muddy ranch floor.

One ranch hand nearly drops a feed bucket staring at her. Roy
is amused.

ROY MCGOVERN (CONT'D)

Well now... Karl Stetson finally
brings glamour to Montana.

Lucia looks down at mud splashing against her heels.

LUCIA

This wasn't exactly the outfit I
imagined for horse feed.

Karl conceals his smile watching her struggle through the
stable.

ROY MCGOVERN

And who might this be?

A small tension quietly settles.

KARL STETSON

Lilly Langdon... Friend of
Maverick's from New York.

Roy studies Lucia with suspicious eyes.

ROY MCGOVERN

New York.... What brings somebody
like you all the way out here?

Lucia hesitates for a split second. Karl subtly watches her.

LUCIA

(calmly)
Research project.

Roy raises an eyebrow amused.

ROY MCGOVERN

Research?

Lucia glances toward the horses moving calmly through the stable.

LUCIA

How horses heal trauma and anxiety
in humans.

The stable grows quieter. Even Karl looks surprised by the answer.

ROY MCGOVERN

That so?

Lucia nods.

LUCIA

New York's not exactly known for
peace and quiet.

Roy studies her.

ROY MCGOVERN

Well.....if you survive the horses
then you should come by Vixens
sometime.

Lucia raises an eyebrow.

LUCIA

"Vixens"

ROY MCGOVERN

Cowboy bar down the road. Montana
culture.

A few ranch hands laugh quietly.

ROY MCGOVERN (CONT'D)

Might help with all that trauma and
anxiety research.

Lucia smiles and before she can answer, Karl Stetson interrupts.

KARL STETSON

She's busy.

The stable becomes quiet. Roy slowly turns toward Karl, not backing down.

ROY MCGOVERN
 Didn't realize I asked you.

KARL STETSON
 (steps closer)
 Anaconda's still not getting this
 ranch.

Roy backs away.

ROY MCGOVERN
 Think about Anaconda's offer, Karl
 Stetson.

Roy removes his cowboy hat, nods and flicks his cigarette
 into the dirt before walking toward his truck.

Lucia watches him leave.

LUCIA
 Great Montana introduction.

KARL STETSON
 Now let me introduce you to
 Montana. The horses.

Karl is taking Lucia up close to bond with the horses.

Horses of every shade move calmly throughout the stable —
 brown, black and white beneath the fading sunset.

CUT TO BLACK.

ACT 2, SCENE 12
 HORSE STABLES - SUNSET-1969

EXT: STETSON RANCH-

Golden Montana sunlight pours across the ranch land. Stable
 doors swing softly beneath the evening wind while horses move
 with ease inside their stalls.

Lucia carefully carries a heavy horse feed bucket across the
 muddy stable floor, wearing the same fitted black dress,
 pearls and black heels from New York.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)
 When I first arrived in Montana...
 I realized this wasn't some Central
 Park horse carriage ride.

Lucia's heel sinks slightly into the mud. She exhales trying
 not to lose balance.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It was real Montana wilderness.

A horse nudges her from the side, causing the feed to spill across the wooden floor.

Lucia freezes staring down at the mess. Karl notices from nearby while brushing down one of the horses.

KARL STETSON
(sarcastic)
Ranch life looks good on you.

Lucia brushes loose hair from her face, embarrassed.

LUCIA
(annoyed)
I think your horses hate me.

Karl walks over taking the bucket gently from her hands.

KARL STETSON
Nah. He's just smarter than the heels.

LUCIA
Is that so?

KARL STETSON
Yes. Horses feed off your energy. Let me show New York how Montana does it.

Karl guides Lucia through the horse feeding. The horses begin to bond with her. The Montana wind moves through the stable. Sunset light pours through the wooden beams.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)
I didn't realize Montana was healing parts of me I'd forgotten about.

Under Karl's guidance, Lucia slowly reaches toward the horse again. This time, calmer. The horse settles quietly beside her.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But beneath all that beauty... Montana was hiding secrets too.

The wind howls across the distant mountains. A dark tunnel entrance disappears beneath the falling sunset shadows.

FADE OUT.

ACT 3, SCENE 1
LIBRARY- PRESENT DAY- NIGHT

INT. STETSON RANCH -

Snow falls outside the large ranch windows. Firelight flickers across the old wooden library walls. The room is filled with rich history including ranch books, tunnel maps and stacks of faded newspapers.

The TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER studies an old property map while Older Lucia opens another rustic filing box .

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER
How much land did Karl actually own?

Lucia slowly unfolds an old ranch map across the table.

OLDER LUCIA
Almost forty thousand acres between the ranch and mountain land. Most people just saw horses and cattle country.

The reporter studies the map closer.

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER
But it wasn't just horses and cattle?

Lucia pulls another file from the box. Inside are old mining surveys, geological reports, and handwritten notes.

OLDER LUCIA
It was copper, silver, and gold.

She slides another faded document across the table.

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER
Oil reserves?

OLDER LUCIA
(nods)
That's when the thunder really started.

The fire crackles through the library.

The reporter studies the old tunnel schematics stretching beneath the ranch property like veins beneath the mountains.

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER
Good Lord. This wasn't just a ranch.

Lucia quietly looks toward the dark ranch windows.

OLDER LUCIA
It's a ranch with buried treasures.

The reporter notices another newspaper clipping buried beneath the files.

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE:

"ANACONDA MINING COMPANY ACQUIRES NEW MONTANA LAND RIGHTS"

Next to the article is an old black and white photograph of ROY McGOVERN beside several Anaconda executives during a ribbon cutting ceremony near the mountain tunnels,

Caught in the background are Karl, Maverick, and Lucia, unaware they're being photographed.

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER
When was this taken?

Lucia stares at the photograph.

OLDER LUCIA
About a month after I arrived at the ranch. That's when Anaconda stopped asking nicely.

The camera fills the frame with the old black and white photograph.

MATCH CUT TO:

Flashbulbs explode beneath the Montana mountains.

ACT 3, SCENE 2
COPPER & MINING SITE-DAY-1969

EXT: ANACONDA

SCREEN TEXT: ONE MONTH LATER

Snow dust drifts across the Montana mountains. A ribbon cutting ceremony unfolds outside newly acquired Anaconda mining property near the tunnel systems.

Large Anaconda Copper & Mining Company banners wave in the winter wind. Executives, Cowboys, Politicians and local photographers gather together. A large gold ribbon stretches across the tunnel entrance.

FLASHBULBS burst beneath the Montana Mountains.

ROY MCGOVERN stands beside THOMAS JONES (50s), corrupt wall street executive of Anaconda, Copper & Mining. Polished Manhattan authority.

Thomas cuts the ribbon as applause erupts through the crowd.

THOMAS JONES
(loud voice)
To Anaconda, and to the future
we're building beneath these
mountains.

Applause follows like a command. Thomas notices that Karl doesn't clap. All guests begin moving toward a large heated luxury tent placed against the cold Montana landscape.

INT. ANACONDA WINTER TENT

Warm golden lights hang above the crowded celebration tent as country music plays through the atmosphere. Champagne glasses, whiskey, cigars, and politicians laughing loudly.

KARL STETSON stands beside MAVERICK STETSON and LUCIA now publicly living as "LILLY LANGDON."

Lucia wears a cream fitted overcoat in a western dress paired with pearls and oversized sunglasses.

MAVERICK STETSON
These rich men think they can move
Montana mountains.

Lucia holds her champagne glass.

LUCIA
New York's not much different...
there they move markets.

Camera flashes erupt throughout the crowded tent. Karl becomes protective by inching closer to Lucia.

ACT 3, SCENE 3
TENT

INT: ANACONDA WINTER

Across the celebration Roy quietly steps away from several executives carrying a whiskey glass. He approaches Karl.

ROY MCGOVERN
Didn't think you'd actually show
up.

KARL STETSON

I wanted to see what greed looks like dressed up in an expensive suit.

ROY MCGOVERN

You still don't get how money works, Karl.

MAVERICK STETSON

Alright boys.....this ain't bull fighting. Your arguing over the same piece of dirt.

ROY MCGOVERN

It stopped being dirt a long time ago. This land's changing everyday.

KARL STETSON

And so are the seasons.

Thomas Jones approaches the group. His polished Wall Street energy contrasts the rugged Montana landscape.

THOMAS JONES

Karl Stetson. The last cowboy standing. Thomas Jones. I've heard quite a bit about your land.

KARL STETSON

Mr. Jones, my land's already doing great things. My horses prove it everyday.

THOMAS JONES

Your forty thousand acres sit right in the middle of progress. You can either be part of it or stand in its way.

KARL STETSON

I don't want any part in the history of stealing land.

That lands like a slap in the face to Thomas, though he politely smiles.

THOMAS JONES

History favors the people who build it.

Thomas's eyes shift toward Lucia.

THOMAS JONES (CONT'D)
 Let's ask your glamorous wife if
 she is open to change

KARL STETSON
 (quick)
 Not my wife. Leave her out of it.

THOMAS JONES
 Who might you be?

Lucia removes her sunglasses looking toward Thomas.

LUCIA
 (animated)
 I'm the sous chef at Stetson Ranch.
 I fill everybody's bellies with
 warm stew and survival advice.

Roy and Maverick smile. Karl looks over at Lucia trying not
 to smile.

KARL STETSON
 You made stew one time.

LUCIA
 And nobody died.

THOMAS JONES
 Still... you don't exactly look like
 Ms. Montana.

LUCIA
 I'm giving Montana my best effort.
 So far, Montana's winning.

Maverick laughs. Nearby the photographer raises his camera
 toward the group.

PHOTOGRAPHER
 Everybody look this way!

FLASH.

The photograph later rests among the ranch library files.
 Lucia unknowingly turns toward the camera.

MATCH CUT TO:

The same photograph resting among the ranch library files.

MATCH CUT TO:

The photograph printing in a newsroom.

ACT 3, SCENE 4
NIGHT

INT: MONTANA NEWSPAPER OFFICE-

Old printing press rumbles loudly with the newspaper printing.

INSIDE THE DARK ROOM

Photos begin to develop of the ribbon cutting ceremony. The group picture with Karl Stetson, Lucia, Roy, and Thomas develops.

DARK ROOM TECHNICIAN

I'll be darn.. Looks like Karl
Stetson found himself a lady.

Fresh newspapers roll off the presses, featuring the Anaconda land deal celebration. Stacks of newspapers piling on top of each other.

Outside the window, the Montana wind HOWLS louder.

MATCH CUT TO:

The Crackle sound of Frank Sinatra drifts through the smoke.

ACT 3, SCENE 5
CIGAR LOUNGE-NEW YORK-NIGHT-1969

INT: GIORDANO

The crackling sound of Frank Sinatra drifts through the smoke. Mobsters drink whiskey beneath dim golden lights.

Poker chips slide across the table. Cigar smoke hangs heavily through the room.

TONY GIORDANO, a dangerous old-school Crime boss sits in a suit flipping through a newspaper.

Across from him sits MICHAEL MANCINI, a crooked detective.

A waitress pours whiskey beside the poker table. Tony glances down at the newspaper and freezes.

NEWSPAPER PHOTO:

The Anaconda mining celebration, and in the background is Lucia.

Tony lowers the newspaper beneath the cigar smoke.

TONY GIORDANO
 Montana's getting a taste of the
 Big Apple.

Michael leans forward studying the photograph carefully
 beneath the cigar smoke.

MICHAEL MANCINI
 Never thought I'd see lipstick and
 pearls out here in cowboy country.

Several mobsters chuckle beneath the cigar smoke. Michael
 keeps staring at the photograph.

MICHAEL MANCINI (CONT'D)
 (sarcastic)
 I'm sure her husband's missing that
 sweet cherry pie.

TONY GIORDANO
 Luca... that snake's been
 slithering behind our backs.

Michael leans back in his chair beneath the cigar smoke.
 Playing both sides.

MICHAEL MANCINI
 The Feds got him barking on
 command.

Several mobsters exchange uneasy looks. Tony studies Lucia's
 photograph again.

TONY GIORDANO
 His wife is out in the wilderness.
 Those two lovebirds won't fly free.
 Find out where our little bird is
 nesting.

Then the cigar lounge doors open.

A YOUNG MOB ASSOCIATE enters carrying a polished wooden cigar
 box wrapped in a black ribbon. The room grows quiet.

He approaches Tony carefully placing the box onto the poker
 table.

YOUNG MOB ASSOCIATE
 Message from Frankie Luciano.

Tony's expression hardens slightly. Michael watches.

Tony opens the cigar box. Inside rows of expensive Cuban
 cigars and resting on top is a handwritten note.

"Old business deserves a proper sit-down. Luciano's Diner in One week at midnight.

Silence settles across the poker table. Frank Sinatra's voice echoes through the lounge while smoke coils through the room. Michael watches Tony.

TONY GIORDANO
Frankie wants peace now?

Michael slowly lights another cigarette.

MICHAEL MANCINI
And I want to win the lotto. It's all a dream. Nothing more.

Tony studies the note and the photograph of Karl Stetson and Lucia.

TONY GIORDANO
Nothing less than garbage. That's where animals like that belong.

The thick cigar smoke slowly fills the room

MATCH CUT TO:

ACT 3, SCENE 6
INFORMANT OFFICE-NYC-NIGHT-1969

INT: FBI

Cigarette smoke spreads through the federal office as fluorescent lights buzz overhead. LUCA CASTELLANO sits across from CHARLES SULLY, a sharp FBI agent beneath a wrinkled suit and loosened tie.

Scattered all over the desk are files, photographs, wiretap recordings, and stacks of suspicious cash. Luca looks exhausted. Charles studies the Luciano's diner note.

CHARLES SULLY
Luciano's Diner. One week. Midnight.

LUCA
It's a setup. Biggest trap in the book.

CHARLES SULLY
Doesn't matter. You're going. Otherwise you'll be joining his associates in the slammer.

LUCA
 (shaking his head)
 Frankie already thinks I'm up to no good. The suitcase of money. It's not enough to satisfy his big appetite.

CHARLES SULLY
 You're either going to follow my orders, or you'll be counting prison bars instead of dirty money.

LUCA
 (mocking)
 I'm gonna follow Jesus. He ordered a resurrection. I'm about to come out a saint.

Charles lights a cigarette.

CHARLES SULLY
 Funny. Around here we call it survival.

Luca's eyes see Lucia's photograph amongst the federal files from the Montana newspaper.

LUCA
 How is she?

CHARLES SULLY
 Safer than she was.

LUCA
 I need to hear her voice.

CHARLES SULLY
 Make it short.

ACT 3, SCENE 7
 HOUSE-NIGHT-MONTANA-1969

INT: STETSON RANCH

Snow falls outside the ranch windows and a warm lamp light illuminates through the house.

The loud ring of phone cuts through the quiet ranch kitchen.

KARL STETSON picks it up.

KARL STETSON
 Stetson Ranch.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FBI INFORMANT OFFICE — NIGHT

Luca grips the phone tightly.

LUCA CASTELLANO
Lilly there?

Karl's expression shifts to protective. He looks toward Lucia entering the kitchen wearing a ranch jacket.

KARL STETSON
(to Lucia)
Phone's for you.

Lucia notices Karl's expression and she takes the phone.

LUCIA
(concerned)
Hello?

A small silence.

LUCA
How's my queen handling all those
wild horses and cowboys?

LUCIA
(smile)
I'm hanging in there. I miss you.

Karl looks away giving her space. Luca studies Lucia's newspaper photograph sitting beside the FBI files. His expression darkens slightly.

LUCA
Your face is circulating in that
Anaconda article. Watch your back
babe.

Lucia exhales, fighting to stay calm beneath the creeping fear.

LUCIA
Oh god. We're in the paper.

LUCA
Promise me you'll keep your head
down. When this is over, we're
leaving this all behind. Italy. No
mob. No running. Just you and me.

LUCIA
Okay. Love you.

Across the kitchen Karl watches her.

CLICK.

The phone line goes dead.

Lucia lowers the receiver while snowflakes fall outside the ranch windows. A sad silence floods the warm kitchen.

Karl notices her sadness. Lucia stares in a daze at the phone.

ACT 3, SCENE 8
HOUSE

INT: STETSON RANCH

MAVERICK STETSON enters the kitchen carrying his cowboy hat and truck keys.

MAVERICK STETSON

Alright, lipstick and pearls... we're heading to The Goose Inn before this house turns into a funeral parlor.

Lucia smiles.

MAVERICK STETSON (CONT'D)

You ain't done Montana right without feasting on some wild venison at The Goose Inn.

Lucia's eyes light up.

LUCIA

I could go for a nice bowl of linguine marinara...

MAVERICK STETSON

I just might change those Italian taste buds.

KARL STETSON

The Wild West Cuisine will get you parading around in those heels again.

Lucia smiles.

LUCIA

The horses convinced me. Boots all the way.

Karl chimes in. He stands near the kitchen counter with fencing tools.

KARL STETSON

I think we officially graduated you to cowgirl status. Your boots already know which horse to feed.

LUCIA

(flirty)

Look at that... 'm practically Montana now. I even know which horse to trust.

KARL STETSON

Montana's startin' to rub off on you.

MAVERICK STETSON

The Montana Experience. The Next thing you know she'll be riding horses in the open field and huntin' wolves.

LUCIA

Fellas, the stable is good for me.

Karl grabs his jacket from the chair.

KARL STETSON

Last time you called something "an experience," I almost got chased by a wolf.

Lucia bursts out laughing now. The sadness starts to lift from the room.

MAVERICK STETSON

(comical)

They just didn't like your scent.

Lucia slips on her coat, and then Maverick dramatically swings open the ranch door. Cold Montana wind rushes inside.

MAVERICK STETSON (CONT'D)

Come on lipstick and pearl.
Montana's waiting....

CUT TO:

ACT 3. SCENE 9
INN-NIGHT-1969

EXT: THE GOOSE

The camera spans the outdoor landscape of the beautiful Montana mountains. A warm golden light illuminates from inside the massive hunting lodge restaurant. Country music plays with the gusting winter wind.

INT: THE GOOSE INN-NIGHT

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)

When I first walked into The Goose Inn... it felt like somebody dropped a fancy Italian restaurant in the middle of the wilderness.

Montana guests eating their dinner in the ambiance of the lodge windows.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Minus the loud talking Italians...and with far more dead animals staring at you while eating.

Massive Moose heads mounted along stone walls. Antler chandeliers glowing above crowded dinner tables. Cozy dinner tables set up with Cowboys drinking expensive whiskey beside wealthy ranch owners.

Country music plays through the lodge. Fire crackling by the fire place. The camera captures this during the voiceover.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Montana was resilient. But behind the harsh climate, and whiskey fueled cowboys... people watched each other just like New Yorkers.

Near the back corner booth is BETTY (60s), Maverick's girlfriend and a well-known fixture to Missoula social scene who seems to know everyone's business.

MAVERICK STETSON

Now this.....is the only woman in Montana who can rope me in, and get me to take her orders.

They kiss.

BETTY PALMER

(flirty)

And somehow you're still messing up those orders?

MAVERICK STETSON
Too much whiskey.

Her eyes shift toward Lucia.

BETTY PALMER
So you're the mystery woman
everyone is whispering about.

LUCIA
Is that good?

BETTY PALMER
Darlin'...Montana survives on
whispers.

The group settles into the booth. A WAITER approaches holding
menus.

WAITER
Evening folks.

Karl barely looks at the menu.

KARL STETSON
(confident)
She'll take the venison medallions.

Lucia looks over at him surprised.

LUCIA
Excuse me?

KARL STETSON
(confident)
Lilly, trust me.

MAVERICK STETSON
Smooth talking cowboy. Didn't your
pops teach you ladies first?

KARL STETSON
I'm acclimating her to Montana.
Somebody's gotta save her from
ordering rabbit food.

LUCIA
Fellas, I survived New York
mobsters. I think I can handle a
menu.

BETTY PALMER
We'll have our usual.

MAVERICK STETSON

Add extra duck gravy. Another round
of whiskey..

The waiter continues taking orders while Betty studies Lucia
beneath the warm lodge lights.

BETTY PALMER

So what's a glamorous Italian girl
doing hiding out in Montana?

A short silence settles between them. Lucia keeps her
composure.

LUCIA

Research.

BETTY PALMER

Montana ain't the first place I'd
go to gather research.

ACT 3, SCENE 10
INN RESTAURANT

INT: GOOSE

Across the restaurant is ROY MCGOVERN who watches Lucia from
another booth beside, DAISY MCCALLISTER (30s), Roy's blonde
girlfriend. Observant and rarely fooled by appearances.

Roy's attention shifts toward Lucia again. Daisy notices
immediately.

DAISY MCCALLISTER

You've looked over there three
times already.

Roy continues to sip his whiskey.

ROY MCGOVERN

I'm observing.

DAISY MCCALLISTER

(irritated)

That's a funny way of observing for
a man with a girlfriend in front of
him.

Roy glances back toward Lucia laughing with Karl and Maverick
across the lodge.

ROY MCGOVERN

She doesn't exactly blend into
Montana.

Daisy stares at Lucia.

DAISY MCCALLISTER
No... but women like that hide
something behind the glamour.

ROY MCGOVERN
Maybe Montana's overdue for a
little drama.

DAISY MCCALLISTER
That's what they all say... until
it blows up.

ACT 3, SCENE 11
RESTAURANT- KARL'S BOOTH

INT: GOOSE IN

Betty slowly sips her wine while carefully studying Lucia
beneath the lodge lights.

BETTY PALMER
So this "research" of yours..... does
it have anything to do with the
tunnels beneath Montana?

Lucia subtly freezes for half a second. Karl notices
immediately.

MAVERICK STETSON
Betty...

BETTY PALMER
(loud)
Everybody in this town knows
Anaconda's reopening tunnel shafts
that were sealed thirty years ago.

The last sentence lands hard across the crowded lodge.

Several nearby patrons glance over. Karl shifts
uncomfortably.

MAVERICK STETSON
We don't need the whole restaurant
looking our way.

BETTY PALMER
The whiskey's talkin' now,
Maverick. But everybody around here
knows those tunnels were buried for
a reason.

Lucia watches the reactions around the restaurant now. The room suddenly feels intense. Across the restaurant Roy overhears the conversation.

Then the waitress arrives carrying steaming venison plates under the warm lodge lights.

WAITRESS
Venison medallions for the city
girl.

The tension breaks. Lucia cautiously looks down at the plate. The WAITRESS serves the rest of the table.

LUCIA
This feels like a very aggressive
welcome to Montana.

KARL STETSON
Trust me.

Lucia takes a bite

LUCIA
Okay... Montana might actually know a
thing or two.

MAVERICK STETSON
Well I'll be damned, Karl. You
finally found something besides
whiskey you know how to recommend.

KARL STETSON
Some things are worth waiting for.

Lucia smiles while Karl smirks beneath the warm winter lodge lights.

ACT 3, SCENE 12
NIGHT

INT: GOOSE INN-

Conversation and country music echo through the lodge as the camera pulls away from the booth while waitresses carry hot plates of Venison beneath the golden lodge lights.

Roy watches Lucia one last time from across the room. Betty studies her silently, and Karl watches Lucia eat.

Snowfall keeps piling outside the restaurant.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)
That was the strange thing about
Montana.

(MORE)

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Just when the mountains made you
 feel safe... they reminded you how
 many secrets were buried beneath
 them.

Across the lodge Roy stands up from his booth.

DAISY MCCALLISTER
 Roy?

ROY MCGOVERN
 I have to take a call.

He exits into the snowy Montana night.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTANA MOUNTAINS — NEAR TUNNELS— NIGHT

Rapid snowfall whips across the dark mountain range while
 industrial flood lights glow near abandoned mining tunnels.

ACT 4, SCENE 1
 TUNNEL— NIGHT

INT: MINING

Water drips through the underground tunnel while tired mine
 workers move beneath industrial lights. Hidden drilling
 reports, excavation reports, and crates stacked against the
 cold stone walls.

Further down the tunnel, mine workers struggle, reopening a
 collapsed tunnel that was sealed from decades ago. The shaft
 starts to break apart as dust explodes through the air.

Then suddenly part of the tunnel wall collapses. The workers
 jump back. Flashlights immediately swing toward the opening.

One worker steps forward through the dust clouds, then
 freezes in his tracks. Thousands of human bones scatter
 across the hidden chamber floor.

MINING WORKER #1
 Good Lord..

Another worker shines his flashlight deeper into the chamber
 and suddenly the walls reflect gold light back at them.
 Behind the collapsed wall there are thousands of untouched
 gold bars in carts shimmering through the darkness.

MINING WORKER #2
 A lost fortune.

MINING WORKER #3
We struck gold.

The tunnel supervisor's expression hardens with coldness, not excitement but very calculated.

MINING SUPERVISOR
Not a word of this leaves the
tunnel...Start loading the gold.

They start loading the gold into the moving carts.

FADE TO: MORNING SUNLIGHT

ACT 4, SCENE 2
RANCH LIBRARY -PRESENT DAY

INT: STETSON

Morning sunlight pours through the old ranch library. Two coffee mugs sit planted on a desk beside an assortment of newspapers, mining maps, and stacks of files across a wooden table.

OLDER LUCIA sits across from a TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER beside a small tape recorder. Snow falls outside the ranch windows. The room carries history now. A framed photograph of young LUCA CASTELLANO and LUCIA rests on the desk nearby.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)
Memories of love never truly leave
you...but time has a way of
blurring the truth.

The reporter studies her. Lucia quietly studies an old newspaper spread in front of her.

INSERT NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

"THE DEAD FELLA MIDNIGHT DINNER SPECIAL"

SUBTITLE

"Late Night Violence Erupts at Luciano's Diner"

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER
"The Dead Fella Midnight Dinner
Special". That's quite the
headline. Looks like there was a
lot more than red sauce spilled
that night. Fair assessment?

Lucia slowly looks toward the Reporter.

OLDER LUCIA
 Everyone left that dinner with a
 different aftertaste.

The reporter studies her.

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER
 Did you know your husband was
 caught up in all that?

Lucia looks back toward the newspaper article.

OLDER LUCIA
 Unfortunately, not until the next
 morning.

The newspaper headline fills the frame.

CUT TO:

ACT 4, SCENE 3
 DINER-MIDNIGHT-1969

EXT: NYC LUCIANO'S

RAIN violently pounds against the windshield of a black
 Cadillac parked beneath the glowing neon diner sign.

SCREEN TEXT "LUCIANO'S DINER"

Static softly crackles through FBI headphones while CHARLES
 SULLY listens from the front seat of the parked Cadillac
 besides a recording device.

Through the wire Dean Martin's Volare drifts beneath muffled
 conversation and clinking wine glasses.

Charles adjusts the volume.

INT. LUCIANO'S DINER - NIGHT

Bright restaurant lights shine across the nearly empty
 Italian diner. Beneath the tension of a dangerous mob
 meeting.

A tired waitress wipes down counters near the kitchen while
 "Volare" softly echoes from a vintage jukebox.

The back corner booth sits buried beneath thick cigar smoke.
 Private, quiet, and dangerous.

FRANKIE LUCIANO sits in a dark tailored suit, breathing
 through a small oxygen machine beside him while smoking a
 cigar.

His son, SALVATORE LUCIANO, cold eyed and dangerous, sits beside him.

TONY GIORDANO drinks red wine across from MICHAEL MANCINI, SALVATORE sips his martini, methodically eating olives while smoking.

A folded newspaper rests beside wine glasses and cigar ashes. Lucia's photograph from the Montana mining celebration partially visible beside the Anaconda headline.

LUCA CASTELLANO already sits with them, appearing calm but sweat builds on his face to show tension. The waitress approaches the booth.

WAITRESS

Fellas, tonight's special is chicken parmesan or spaghetti and meatballs?

FRANKIE exhales cigar smoke through the oxygen tubes resting beneath his nose.

FRANKIE LUCIANO

Surprise us, sweetheart.
(turns to Luca)
How's your wife been? Still wearing her signature lipstick and pearls?

The waitress leaves and goes back toward the kitchen. "Volare" continues to play through the quiet diner.

Rain pounds outside. Frankie slowly pours wine into Luca's glass. Several men quietly laugh beneath the cigar smoke while "Volare" plays through the diner.

Luca forces a smile as he reaches for his wine.

LUCA

Lucia. Always overdressed for the weather.

TONY GIORDANO

Where's she hiding these days?

LUCA

Visiting family back in Ohio on the farm.

SALVATORE looks up from his drink.

SALVATORE

Ohio?

SALVATORE (CONT'D)
A farm? Sounds Fugazi.

LUCA
(calm)
Salvatore...I would never call a
bad hand. She's not a New Yorker.

Tony Giordano dangerously unfolds the newspaper sitting on the table. Lucia's photograph fills the page beside the Anaconda headline.

TONY GIORDANO
Are you mixing it up with the farm
in Montana...the one sitting beside
all that Anaconda Copper land?

Silence. "Volare" softly echoes beneath the tension. Frankie studies the newspaper. Luca recognizes the photo.

FRANKIE LUCIANO
That's a hell of a long drive from
Ohio. You got something you want to
tell us, Luca?

LUCA
(panics)
I'm not playing a bad hand, I
promise. I'm playing the Feds.

Frankie suddenly notices the wire hidden beneath Luca's jacket. A long silence settles across the booth.

FRANKIE LUCIANO
The code of honor is what keeps the
empire alive.

CUT TO:

EXT: PARKING LOT IN LUCIANO'S DINER

Inside the Black Cadillac

Static suddenly ERUPTS through Charles Sully's FBI headphones.

Then BANG.

The gunshot violently CRACKS through the wire.

CHARLES SULLY
What the Hell...

CUT TO BLACK.

ACT 4, SCENE 4
 NYC DINER-1969

INT: LUCIANO'S

Salvatore shoots Luca directly in the chest.

Wine glasses shatter. Blood sprays across the white tablecloth while "Volare" continues to play through the diner speakers.

The other associates immediately grab Luca before he fully collapses. Dragging him backward through the booth.

The waitress suddenly returns carrying plates of spaghetti and meatballs.

WAITRESS
 (horror)
 Holy mother of Mary.

The waitress drops the dishes, SHATTERING across the floor. The red sauce SPLATTERS with the Blood..

SALVATORE stares down at it.

SALVATORE
 (comical-calm)
 Hard to tell what's blood.....and
 what's red sauce.

CUT TO:

EXT: PARKING LOT IN LUCIANO'S DINER

CHARLES SULLY panics and immediately rips the headphones off.

He quickly starts the Cadillac engine before anybody notices him outside the diner.

Tires SCREECH against the rain and Charlie disappears into the New York night.

ACT 4, SCENE 5
 NYC DINER-1969

INT: LUCIANO'S

Frankie calmly lights another cigar while Tony Giordano folds Lucia's newspaper photograph back onto the blood stained table.

TONY GIORDANO
 Dinner's about to get bloodier out
 in Montana. Anaconda's sitting on a
 mountain full of money.

Michael Mancini slowly sips his wine.

MICHAEL MANCINI

Roy McGovern and Thomas Jones have
been guarding that territory like
wolves.

TONY GIORDANO

While you're hunting for lost
treasures, I need you to hunt for
lipstick and pearls.

A dangerous silence floods across the smoke filled booth.
Frankie quietly exhales cigar smoke through the oxygen tubes
beneath his nose.

FRANKIE LUCIANO

There's plenty of gold in
Montana... and I don't like other
men getting a piece of the pie
before we do.

The smoke thickens around the booth while "Volare" echoes
through the diner.

Tony Giordano slowly folds Lucia's newspaper photograph back
onto the blood stained table while thick cigar smoke rises
through the dim diner lights.

The SMOKE slowly fills the frame.

MATCH CUT TO:

Morning FOG

ACT 4, SCENE 6
RANCH- MORNING-1969

EXT: STETSON

Morning fog drifts through the Montana mountains.

Golden sunlight spills across the open ranch fields while
horses quietly roam beneath a light blue winter sky.

LUCIA is unaware that death has arrived from New York. She
walks slowly beside one of the horses brushing its mane
gently.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)

Funny thing about grief... it
arrives long before you're ready.

INT: RANCH HOUSE KITCH

KARL STETSON pours coffee while morning sunlight shines across the wooden counters.

The phone suddenly RINGS. Karl answers it, and his expression changes. The color slowly drains from his face while he quietly listens. No dialogue.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 One minute you're living your life.
 The next your world is destroyed.

Karl lowers the phone. He looks out the kitchen window toward Lucia standing with the horses. He tries to find the right words to lessen the impact.

ACT 4, SCENE 7
 PASTURE

EXT: HORSE

Lucia softly laughs as the horse nudge against her shoulder.

Then she notices Karl walking towards her. Something immediately feels wrong. Karl finally reaches her and he whispers the news. We do not hear it. Only the distant sound of wind moving through the mountains.

Lucia's expression suddenly collapses. The brush slips from her hand, falling into the dirt. Then her knees give out beneath her. A broken sob escapes her chest as the realization hits.

Karl immediately catches her before she falls. He holds her tightly while the horses quietly circle nearby.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)
 No matter how peaceful Montana
 was..... death had a way of shaking me
 up... devastating me.

Lucia buries herself into Karl's chest sobbing. He holds her tighter underneath the cold Montana sky.

CUT TO:

ACT 4, SCENE 8
 RANCH BEDROOM- MORNING-1969

INT: STETSON

Montana sunlight glows through lace curtains, while snowflakes float outside the ranch windows. LUCIA lays quietly in bed staring blankly toward the ceiling.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)
 For two weeks after finding out
 Luca died... I barely left that bed.

The bedroom door opens. KARL STETSON enters carrying a breakfast tray with coffee, toast, berries and honey.

The same breakfast. Every morning. Karl places the tray beside her bed. Lucia quietly watches him this time. There is no dialogue.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Every morning for two weeks
 straight... Karl kept showing up
 anyways. No grand speeches. No
 pressure. Just kindness.

Karl adjusts the blanket near her shoulders before heading toward the door. Lucia finally speaks.

LUCIA
 You don't have to keep doing this.

Karl pauses near the doorway.

KARL STETSON
 I know.

A small silence settles between them. But neither looks away.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)
 That was the first time I saw Karl
 in a different light. Beyond the
 cowboy hat and quiet ranch life.

MONTAGE:

- 1) Karl quietly leaves fresh flowers beside Lucia's bedside table.
- 2) Lucia secretly watches Karl working with the horses through the ranch window.
- 3) Karl brings her dinner.
- 4) Lucia finally takes a sip of coffee while Karl smiles to himself.
- 5) Horses roam across open Montana fields beneath sunlight.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Grief has a way of revealing who
 stays beside you when your world
 shatters.

ACT 4, SCENE 9
 RANCH BEDROOM- AFTERNOON

INT: STETSON

Lucia quietly sits up in bed in pure silence.

Suddenly, BLINDING SUNLIGHT violently bursts through the
 bedroom windows.

CRASH.

Glass SHATTERS across the room. Lucia gasps, jumping
 backward.

A framed photograph of LUCA crashes onto the wooden floor
 beside broken glass.

Wind rushes through the open shattered window curtains. Lucia
 stares, frozen at the broken picture frame.

Then footsteps stamp loudly down the hall. MAVERICK STETSON
 bursts into the room followed by a worried BETTY PALMER.

MAVERICK STETSON
 Good Lord...

BETTY PALMER
 Lucia are you alright?

Lucia quietly stares down at the shattered photograph.
 Something shifts inside her.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)
 And somehow I took it as a sign.

Betty slowly kneels beside her.

BETTY PALMER
 Honey you can't stay locked in your
 room forever. Missoula Country
 Ball's next week. And I know the
 perfect western wear shop.

Maverick smirks standing against the doorway.

MAVERICK STETSON
 Betty's been waiting all winter to
 get you into new cowboy boots.

Lucia smiles.

BETTY PALMER

The best Montana makeover money can buy.

Montana wind drifts through the shattered window curtains. Lucia for the first time since Luca died, finally stands.

LUCIA

I'm ready for those new boots.

Betty's face instantly lights up.

BETTY PALMER

Good. You're going to need'em for some good old country line dancing.

MAVERICK STETSON

(crosses his arms)

Two cowgirls stampeding in style at Missoula's biggest ball. Those cowboys ain't ready for an Italian cowgirl.

Even Karl smiles now watching Lucia finally come back to life. Lucia glances toward Karl.

For the time he doesn't look like a cowboy hiding her, he looks like someone she can trust and count on. Karl reaches down picking up the shattered photograph frame of Luca from the wooden floor. Broken glass falls from the frame.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)

The only way to heal a broken heart... is letting someone help you pick up the pieces.

Lucia watches him carefully. Then Karl places the photograph beside the table. Not erasing Luca.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Some people enter your life like a passing season... and others leave a mark that never really fades.

Karl slowly looks toward the shattered bedroom window. Snow drifts through the cold Montana air.

The COLD WIND moves stronger through the broken window and curtains

MATCH CUT TO:

STEAM

ACT 4, SCENE 10
DEPARTURES-NYC-NIGHT-1969

EXT: EAST COAST TRAIN

STEAM violently BURSTS from train wheels. The Train SCREECHES through the darkness while thick steam clouds fill the station.

A long black train pulls away beneath a train platform that is dimly lit.

Inside one of the private passenger cars SALVATORE sits beside two mob associates dressed in dark overcoats and fedoras.

Cigarette smoke moves heavily through the dim train cabin.

A newspaper rests on the table beside whiskey glasses.

Lucia's photograph still visible beside the Anaconda headline. Outside the train windows, the East Coast disappears into darkness. Heading towards Montana.

SALVATORE

Poor thing thinks she found a safe place.

One of the mob associates loads a bullet into a revolver.

MOB ASSOCIATE

There ain't one.

The train moves deeper into the night while Snow begins falling heavier across the tracks ahead.

MATCH CUT TO:

Snowflakes drifting across a Store Window display.

ACT 4, SCENE 11
BOUTIQUE-DAY-1969

INT: WESTERN

Snowflakes float across a store window display. The upscale western fashion store is full of quaint character, nestled in the center of downtown Missoula.

Leather boots, silver belt buckles, crystal jewelry sparkle beneath glass displays. Designer western jackets hang beside elegant gowns, and rows of high end designer cowboy boots beautifully capture the store's elegance.

Country music plays through the boutique.

BETTY PALMER enters beside LUCIA who is in dressed in a cream wool coat with her soft long blonde curls. Lucia quietly scans the store.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)
Montana women wore their character differently. Less diamonds. Less lipstick and pearls.

Behind the counter DAISY MCALLISTER looks Lucia up and down while organizing jewelry trays.

Her eyes linger on her pearls. A fake smile plastered across her face.

DAISY MCCALLISTER
You certainly dress for New York instead of Montana.

Lucia politely smiles, pretending to not hear the remark. Betty interjects immediately.

BETTY PALMER
And yet somehow she still wears it better than half this town.

Daisy becomes quiet. Lucia walks toward a glass jewelry display. Crystal necklaces shimmer beneath the light. Betty gently touches one.

LUCIA
Careful Betty..... those necklaces are starting to give my pearls competiton.

BETTY PALMER
Honey those pearls survived New York. I think they can survive Montana.

The boutique door suddenly opens. Cold winter air rushes inside.

ACT 4, SCENE 12

ROY McGOVERN enters beside HARRISON WHITMORE, a sharply dressed corporate associate of THOMAS JONES.

Both men immediately notice Lucia. Roy's expression subtly changes. Dangerous beneath the charm.

BETTY PALMER

Roy McGovern.

ROY MCGOVERN

Betty Palmer. It's quite a grand gesture to be showing our leading lady of New York the finer things in Montana.

(eyes on Lucia)

Lucia Castellano.

Lucia freezes instantly.

ROY MCGOVERN (CONT'D)

Word travels fast around this town.

LUCIA

Mr. McGovern, there is a time and place for words. Now is not the time nor place.

Roy steps closer.

ROY MCGOVERN

We are not on New York time. We're on mountain time.

Harrison Whitmore removes his cowboy hat. Calculated energy beneath the polished charm. He comes closer.

HARRISON WHITMORE

Lucia... or are we calling you Lilly now?

LUCIA

Gentlemen, I really do need to find cowboy boots.

HARRISON WHITMORE

You still didn't answer my question.

BETTY PALMER

Back off or I call my cowboys do hunt you down. It's moose season.

HARRISON WHITMORE

Betty Palmer... it's never been your season. A washed-up beauty queen living off Earl Palmer's legacy.

BETTY PALMER

Leave my father's name out of it.

ROY MCGOVERN

Your father wouldn't like the low-class rancher you're dancing with.

BETTY PALMER

Watch the tongue.

HARRISON WHITMORE

I'd watch the time over my tongue. It's ticking away. And if New York misses it's chance to get Karl Stetson into the Anaconda land program... It's not going to be the fairytale ending you'd all like.

Lucia's expression tightens.

ROY MCGOVERN

And Thomas Jones won't take "No" for an answer.

Lucia quietly stares at him.

HARRISON WHITMORE

(puts back on cowboy hat)
Enjoy your shopping.

Roy and Harrison Whitmore exit the boutique as the cold winter air drifts through the doorway behind them.

Lucia stands frozen, staring toward the door.

Nearby the crystal jewelry softly sparkles beneath the Montana light.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)

That was the moment I realized Montana wasn't just burying secrets. It was building empires over them.

Roy and Harrison Whitmore disappear into the snowy Missoula streets. The boutique door closes behind them. Betty and Lucia resume shopping. Silence settles inside the store.

CUT TO:

ACT 5, SCENE 1
RANCH KITCHEN-NIGHT

INT: STETSON

Yellow light shines across the rustic ranch kitchen, while the sound of country music plays from an old radio near the sink. Lucia stands beside Karl preparing late night coffee and homemade cherry pies cool next to the stove.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)

There is something about a home-cooked pie that brings people together.

Karl watches Lucia move through the kitchen. Lucia wears western clothing with her signature lipstick and pearls. Lucia places a coffee mug beside Karl.

LUCIA

New Yorkers survive every problem with pie and caffeine.

KARL STETSON

Depends how bad the problem is.

LUCIA

The kind that follows you wherever you go. Roy McGovern already made it clear he knows exactly who I am.

Karl leans against the counter.

KARL STETSON

Roy McGovern and Thomas Jones... two bloodhounds willing to bleed anyone dry for a dollar.

LUCIA

That man isn't just hungry for money..he's thirsty for power. You're scared of losing this place?

The song "Cowboy Spell" plays in the background.

KARL STETSON

Every damn day. But not enough to hand it over to blood-sucking hounds.

(pause for few seconds)

And I'm sure as hell not letting anything happen to you either.

Lucia's eyes soften. The distance between them disappears. Karl gently brushes a strand of blonde hair away from Lucia's face. She doesn't pull away.

Their eyes lock. Close enough to kiss. Everything is stand still until Lucia lowers her eyes. Still grieving, she snaps out of the moment.

Then Lucia glances toward the pie cooling near the stove.

LUCIA

Careful, cowboy... next thing you know, you'll be addicted to my cherry pie.

Karl shakes his head with a smile.

KARL STETSON

Long as it tastes better than Betty's wild elk stew.

They both smile.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)

Sometimes love is just a sweet moment shared over cherry pie.

They sit beside each other at the small ranch table eating cherry pie beneath the warm Montana light.

MATCH CUT TO:

A piece of cherry pie near FBI files.

ACT 5, SCENE 2
INTERROGATION ROOM- NEW YORK CITY- NIGHT

INT: FBI

Cold fluorescent lights hum overhead. Rain pounds violently against the dark city windows.

TONY GIORDANO sits partially handcuffed at a steel interrogation table wearing an expensive suit. A half smoked cigarette slowly burns inside the ashtray beside him.

Across the table CHARLES SULLY quietly studies stacks of evidence files. Crime scene photos, files, mining contracts, and surveillance photographs.

The room is tense. Two men sitting across from each other like chess players waiting for the next move.

CHARLES SULLY

Tony, you goons think you're winning this chess game.

Charles slides an older photograph across the table.

THOMAS JONES shakes hands beside LUCA CASTELLANO at an upscale Manhattan restaurant years earlier.

CHARLES SULLY (CONT'D)

Moving Pieces. Having your knights guard the territory. Sacrificing players for power. Until somebody flips the damn board over.

Tony leans back in the chair.

TONY GIORDANO

You boys still think you understand the moving pieces in this city. Problem is your always sacrificing the wrong piece.

Charles calmly opens another file. Blueprints of tunnel routes beneath Montana. Financial laundering trails tied to ANACONDA.

CHARLES SULLY

Don't insult my intelligence. This game between New York and Montana didn't start yesterday.

Another photograph slides across the table and it's LUCA CASTELLANO standing beside THOMAS JONES near the Montana tunnel sites.

TONY GIORDANO

It started when Lucia went into witness protection.

CHARLES SULLY

Wrong again. It started in the spring of 1967 when Luca Castellano was moving dirty money right under your nose. Thomas Jones handled the corporate side. Probably never realized how deep Luca buried himself in Montana.

Tony studies the photographs..

CHARLES SULLY (CONT'D)

Then Luca dies. Suddenly everybody starts panicking over Montana. You know what happens next?

TONY GIORDANO

Game over. Sully, get me out of these cuffs?

CHARLES SULLY

Nope. The game is about to take an interesting turn. The people you call family? The Lucianos? Well... they start cleaning house.

Charles slides another photograph across the steel table.

THE PHOTOGRAPH- MICHAEL MANCINI standing beside Frankie Luciano outside Giordano Steakhouse.

TONY'S eyes flinch just enough.

CHARLES SULLY (CONT'D)

Crooked cops make terrible poker players. Always bluffing.

Tony shakes his head.

TONY GIORDANO

Careful agent. Every man thinks he winning right before the table turns.

Charles leans back in his chair, studying him.

CHARLES SULLY

Mark my words, Tony... When the Luciano family starts cleaning house, this city is going to drown in blood.

Tony stares at the photographs scattered across the table including LUCA CASTELLANO, THOMAS JONES, MICHAEL MANCINI and Tunnel maps.

The entire empire exposed beneath fluorescent lights.

CHARLES SULLY (CONT'D)

Luca was the piece holding the entire game board together. And without him , everyone loses unless you reconsider...

A long silence settles across the interrogation room while rain crashes against the New York skyline.

Tony reaches for the cigarette resting in the ashtray with the hand that's not cuffed to the chair.

Cigarette smoke rises.

MATCH CUT TO:

Smoke rising through dark Montana woods.

ACT 5, SCENE 3
RANCH- WOODS AREA-EVENING

EXT: STETSON

A small fire crackles beneath the cold mountain air while KARL STETSON and MAVERICK secure fencing deeper along the ranch property.

LUCIA stands nearby beside logged wood helping tie protective ranch bells along the fence line.

Snow lightly falls through the darkening woods.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)
Living close to nature teaches you
that animals sense danger long
before people do.

Maverick tosses another log into the fire.

MAVERICK STETSON
Coyotes been creeping too close.

Karl scans the woods.

SNAP. A branch cracks somewhere deeper in the forest.

Everybody freezes. The horses nearby suddenly grow restless. Karl grabs the binoculars hanging around his neck and far reaching deep into the trees. His expression changes instantly.

Lucia notices.

LUCIA
(concerned)
Karl, What is it?

KARL lowers the binoculars calmly.

KARL STETSON
Looks like New York sent company.

MAVERICK STETSON
 Hell of a night for guns and
 cannonballs.

Maverick immediately reaches for his rifle, but Karl stops him with a hand.

ACT 5, SCENE 4
 STETSON RANCH

EXT: WOODS-

Far off through the woods dark silhouettes quietly move between the snowy pines, watching the ranch. Salvatore and the mob associates appear as they are hunting.

CUT TO: FENCING AREA

Karl looks toward the dark Montana mountains. Then he lets out a sharp whistle into the wilderness. The sound echoes through the trees. The mob associates freeze in the woods.

CUT TO MOBSTERS

MOB ASSOCIATE #1
 What the hell was that?

Salvatore nervously looks around in the darkness.

Then the HOWLS.

Coyotes answer through the mountains. Wolves follow deeper into the woods.

Another HOWL erupts much closer. One of the mob associates immediately panics, gripping his revolver tighter.

MOB ASSOCIATE #2
 Salvatore.....I ain't dying in some
 redneck cowboy forest.

Branches SNAP somewhere behind them. Wolves circle the trees.

Salvatore's confidence immediately starts dwindling.

SALVATORE
 Move...now.

Another wolf howls violently through the woods coming closer.

The mob associates stumble backward through the snow. One mobster slips into the mud.

MOB ASSOCIATE #2
Jesus Christ.

Salvatore grabs him by the jacket pulling him upward.

SALVATORE
Get up before you're wolf dinner.

The mob associate nervously looks around the dark forest.

MOB ASSOCIATE #1
I swear to God I just saw eyes.

Another howl erupts. Salvatore finally loses patience.

SALVATORE
That's it. We ain't getting paid
enough to be hunting in wolf
country.

The mobsters swiftly retreat deeper through the woods
disappearing between the snowy trees.

Boots stomping through snow.

MATCH CUT TO:

Karl, Lucia, and Maverick boots crunch through the snow.

ACT 5, SCENE 5
RANCH WOODS

INT: STETSON

Karl, Lucia, and Maverick boots crunch through the snow. They
walk back towards the old pickup truck near the fencing line.

The fire crackles behind, snow falls around the ranch, and
the sky fall is grey. Lucia stays close to Karl.

LUCIA
You really think those were
mobsters?

Karl keeps scanning the dark woods while walking.

KARL STETSON
New York boys don't exactly blend
into Montana.

Maverick loads shells into his rifle.

MAVERICK STETSON
Especially when they smell like
cigars and bad decisions.

LUCIA
Karl... how worried should I be?

Karl finally looks toward her.

KARL STETSON
Worried enough you're not staying
alone anymore.

Lucia quietly studies him beneath the cold Montana air.
Deeper in the woods, wolves howl endlessly.

MATCH CUT TO:

A COUNTRY SINGER howls into the microphone.

ACT 5, SCENE 6
COUNTRY BALL-NIGHT

INT: MISSOULA

A COUNTRY SINGER howls into a microphone.

Applause erupts through the grand western ballroom beneath
the vintage chandeliers and golden candlelight.

Country music fills the air while wealthy ranch families,
politicians, businessmen, and cowboys country line dance.
Champagne glasses clink. Cowboy boots slide across polished
floors. Laughter echoes beneath the live band.

The annual Missoula Country Ball. A night where Montana
dresses like royalty. A Group of elegant ranch women enter
through the ballroom staircase.

BETTY PALMER leads them proudly and beside her Lucia
descends.

Lucia descends through the ballroom light, wearing an elegant
fitted ivory western gown lined with custom beading. Western
glamour mixed with old world Italian sophistication. Long
blonde curls softly frame her face. Her signature lipstick
and pearls shine around her neck.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)
 Funny thing about life... the
 moment you think your story is
 falling apart is often the moment
 it starts coming together.

ACROSS THE BALLROOM

KARL STETSON is drinking whiskey and then he looks up and
 freezes, and Maverick notices.

MAVERICK STETSON
 Karl Stetson dancing. Hell finally
 froze over.

BETTY PALMER smiles watching Karl.

BETTY PALMER
 Maverick, let up. The man deserves
 to be happy.

Because Lucia finally reaches the bottom of the staircase and
 her and Karl's eyes lock. The ballroom noise almost fades
 around them.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)
 That night, I felt like I belonged
 in Missoula.

Karl walks toward Lucia though the crowd.

KARL STETSON
 Lucia...you look...

Maverick interrupts with a grin.

MAVERICK STETSON
 Like a Western Cinderella missing
 her carriage..

Even Lucia laughs nervously.

BETTY PALMER
 Maverick, you've been watching too
 many bad westerns. Let the lady
 taste Montana.

Country music swells louder through the ballroom, while
 couples begin line dancing beneath the warm western lights.

Laughter echoes beneath crystal chandeliers and whiskey
 glasses clink against the elegant western atmosphere.

Karl finally extends his hand toward Lucia.

KARL STETSON
 You ever line dance before, city
 girl?

Lucia adjusts her pearls.

LUCIA
 Does rhumba count?

KARL STETSON
 Not even close, darlin'.

LUCIA
 I can survive a little country
 dancing.

MAVERICK STETSON
 That's the Montana spirit.

Karl pulls Lucia toward the dance floor for a second time. The band begins playing a faster tempo, and the ballroom energy is rapidly rising, spinning dresses move to the country rhythm.

Lucia looks happy again.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)
 Montana had a strange way of making
 people forget danger right before
 it arrived.

The camera pulls away from the crowded dance floor with the spinning couples, cowboys and politicians. The camera settles across the ballroom toward a quieter VIP section near the stage.

ACT 5, SCENE 7
 NIGHT

INT:BALLROOM-VIP-

ROY McGOVERN stands beside HARRISON WHITMORE reviewing large mining presentation boards covered with tunnel maps, financial charts, and photographs of the Anaconda land operations. Several wealthy investor gather nearby sipping whiskey.

A banner hangs behind them:

"THE FUTURE OF MONTANA MINING"

Roy studies the ballroom crowd and adjusts his cufflinks.

ROY MCGOVERN

Once these tunnel rights transfer
over, we own half the damn state.

Harrison studies the financial papers.

HARRISON WHITMORR

Brilliant. The other half launders
itself clean through New York,
making Anaconda the richest mining
company in the world.

ROY MCGOVERN

One signature and half the state
belongs to us. Karl Stetson just
hasn't signed yet.

Harrison glances toward Lucia and Karl dancing across the
ballroom floor.

HARRISON WHITMORR

And if he doesn't?

Roy sips his whiskey.

ROY MCGOVERN

Then hell, I'll pull the trigger.
He'll end up another hunting story.

Behind them a pair of federal agents slip through the
ballroom doors, blending into the crowd's country dancing and
live music.

ACT 5, SCENE 8
DANCE FLOOR-NIGHT

INT: BALLROOM

Lucia laughs while Karl spins her around the ballroom
lights. Karl spins Lucia closer. Neither can stop smiling.
Maverick does his country whistle.

MAVERICK STETSON

Karl Stetson finally dancing after
all those years. He's in love.

Even Betty laughs now sipping champagne.

BETTY PALMER

What's so bad about that? This
country girl needs some love.

Maverick pulls Betty Close as Karl pulls Lucia closer during
the dance. Their eyes lock.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)
 Love was starting to flutter in.
 Like butterfly wings before spring.

The music fades lower. A ballroom announcer steps onto the stage microphone.

BALLROOM ANNOUNCER
 Ladies and gentlemen...please
 direct your attention toward
 tonight's Mining presentation
 hosted by Roy McGovern and Harrison
 Whitmore.

Applause ripples through the ballroom. The crowd clears the dance floor. Karl keeps his hand lightly around Lucia's waist while they turn toward the stage.

Roy confidently steps toward the microphone. Roy flashes a perfect cowboy smile. The crowd doesn't see the danger underneath.

ROY MCGOVERN
 Montana's future has always been
 beneath our feet.
 (gestures toward the
 tunnel maps)
 Tonight we reopen the mines and
 expand across the western region.

Investors in the audience nod in excitement. Champagne glasses clink softly. Harrison steps beside the presentation boards.

HARRISON WHITMORE
 The North Ridge tunnels alone could
 generate millions across the
 Montana economy.

ACT 5, SCENE 9

INT: ACROSS BALLROOM

Charles Sully enters through the rear doors. Lucia notices him instantly. Her expression freezes.

KARL STETSON
 You lookin' like you saw a ghost.

LUCIA
 The ghost of the FBI.

Charles studies the presentation boards carefully. His eyes immediately recognize the tunnel numbers. Charles steps forward through the crowd.

ROY MCGOVERN

Once these tunnel rights transfer over, Montana will own the future of mining.

CHARLES SULLY (O.S.)

(loud)

Over my dead body.

The ballroom instantly becomes quiet. All eyes turn towards CHARLES SULLY.

Charles Sully steps forward flashing his FBI badge. Federal agents spread out towards the ballroom exits.

CHARLES SULLY (CONT'D)

Charles Sully. Federal Bureau. This mining operation is under federal investigation. Illegal tunnels, money laundering and false land contracts.

Charles tosses a file onto the presentation table. Photographs of tunnel maps, bodies, and Thomas Jones, and Luca Castellano scatter everywhere.

The ballroom ripples with shock.

CHARLES SULLY (CONT'D)

After Luca Castellano died the whole operation crumbled.

Roy steps toward Charles.

ROY MCGOVERN

Marching into our territory, waving paperwork like it's the law.

Charles holds up another photograph.

ROY beside THOMAS JONES near the tunnels.

CHARLES SULLY

Here's another one. You buried bodies beneath Montana land and cleaned dirty money through Anaconda operations.

The ballroom erupts into panic. Investors shout. Families rush for exits. Champagne glasses shattering.

Karl immediately steps closer to Lucia.

BANG.

A gunshot explodes near the ballroom entrance. Screams erupt instantly. One of Salvatore's mob associates fires into the ceiling.

The chandelier shakes violently overhead.

MOB ASSOCIATE #1
Nobody move!

Federal agents immediately draw weapons.

FEDERAL AGENT
FBI!

Another gunshot. Guests scramble beneath tables. The country band runs off stage.

Betty grabs Lucia's arm.

BETTY PALMER
Move!

Lucia looks across the ballroom and sees SALVATORE entering through the chaos. His eyes lock directly onto her.

SALVATORE
There she is.

Karl instantly steps in front of Lucia. MAVERICK raises his rifle.

MAVERICK STETSON
You're messing with the wrong
cowboys.

Gunfire ERUPTS.

A chandelier crashes on the dance floor. ROY MCGOVERN and HARRISON WHITMORE vanish. MICHAEL MANCINI quietly watches the chaos unfold.

THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

ACT 5, SCENE 10
BALLROOM NIGHT

INT: MISSOULA

Darkness swallows the ballroom. Women scream as more gunfire ERUPTS. The fire lights flicker across the ballroom walls. Smoke fills the air amongst the shattered chandeliers. Guests crawl beneath tables.

FEDERAL AGENT
(shout)
Everybody down!

Karl tightens his grip on Lucia.

KARL STETSON
Stay with me.

Then all of sudden someone SLAMS into Karl from behind. Karl crashes violently into a whiskey table. More glass explodes everywhere.

Lucia's hand slips from his.

LUCIA
Karl!

More gunfire, more screaming and more panic from the crowd surges between them.

Karl urgently pushes through the darkness reaching for her.

KARL STETSON
Lucia!

Lucia vanishes.

A mob associate suddenly fires toward federal agents near the ballroom entrance.

Charles Sully ducks behind the presentation stage.

CHARLES SULLY
Federal agents lock the exits!

Maverick fires toward the ceiling.

MAVERICK STETSON
Move! Move!

Betty pulls scared individuals toward the dining hallway.

BETTY PALMER
This way!

Michael Mancini slips through the smoke near the whiskey bar, unnoticed. Still playing both sides.

Across the ballroom Salvatore disappears into the darkness.

CUT TO:

ACT 5, SCENE 11
BALL-BACK OF BUILDING-NIGHT

EXT: MISSOULA

Lucia stumbles outside the ballroom doors breathing heavily. Headlights FLASH in front of her. A black sedan slowly rolls beside her.

SALVATORE steps out calmly, adjusting his coat beneath the snow.

SALVATORE
You should have stayed in your
plush New York Apartment.

LUCIA
(backs away)
I'm following orders.

SALVATORE
Orders have a way of getting people
killed.

Two mob associates emerge behind her. Lucia immediately realizes she's trapped and she tries to run but they grab her forcefully.

LUCIA
Let go of me!

SALVATORE
Frankie Luciano wants answers. I
have orders.

One associate opens the sedan door.

BANG.

A rifle shot echoes across the snowy lot. Everyone freezes for a second. Maverick appears outside the exit holding his rifle.

MAVERICK STETSON
Get your damn hands off her!

Salvatore immediately shoves Lucia into the sedan.

SALVATORE
Drive!

The sedan tires SCREECH across the icy road disappearing into the Montana night.

Lucia pounds against the window trying to escape while Maverick fires another shot toward the fleeing vehicle. The black sedan vanishes toward the mountains.

CUT TO:

ACT FIVE, SCENE 12
COUNTRY BALL-NIGHT

INT: MISSOULA

The ballroom remains destroyed. Broken glass, broken chandeliers, smoke, and federal agents everywhere.

Karl shoves through the crowd, searching desperately.

KARL STETSON
Where's Lucia?

Betty rushes toward him terrified.

BETTY PALMER
They took her.

Everything inside Karl suddenly stops. Charles Sully approaches fast.

CHARLES SULLY
Salvatore is heading towards the
north ridge.

Maverick bursts through the ballroom entrance covered in snow.

MAVERICK STETSON
Black sedan. They got a five minute
head start.

Charles grabs the tunnel presentation maps scattered across the stage. Recognition hits instantly.

CHARLES SULLY
That's it.

KARL STETSON
What?

Charles points toward the tunnel routes.

CHARLES SULLY
These tunnels run for miles beneath
Anaconda. If Salvatore gets deep
enough in there, nobody finds her.

Karl grabs his rifle.

BETTY PALMER

Karl... people disappear in those tunnels.

Karl loads a round of bullets into the rifle.

KARL STETSON

I'm not coming home without Lucia.

OLDER LUCIA (V.O.)

That night Karl Stetson walked straight into hell to bring me home.

Outside, Karl and Maverick rush toward their truck. Charles Sully grabs the tunnel maps. Federal agents rush toward black government vehicles.

ACT 6, SCENE 1
ROADS

EXT: MONTANA

Karl and Maverick drive with the tune "Whispers of Montana" playing on low. A MONTAGE OF FLASHBACKS plays.

MONTAGE

- 1) Karl meets Lucia At the train Station.
- 2) Lucia feeds horses in heels and lipstick and pearls.
- 3) Lucia bakes cherry pies.
- 4) Lucia AND KARL line dancing at the Ball.

The camera pulls out to capture Montana's night landscape.

ACT 6, SCENE 2
RIDGE TUNNELS-NIGHT

INT: NORTH

Snow falls down across the abandoned tunnel entrance while mob associates drag Lucia through the freezing darkness.

Old mining carts spread across broken tracks. Lucia struggles against Salvatore.

LUCIA

You lost, Salvatore. You just don't know it yet.

SALVATORE

Keep telling yourself that.

BANG.

One mob associate drops instantly into the snow.

Salvatore spins around. Karl emerges from the darkness holding his rifle beneath the storm.

KARL STETSON

Let her go.

Another BANG.

A second mob associate collapses beside the tunnel tracks. Federal vehicles coming in as an army on the mountain road. Headlights flood the canyon. Federal agents storm the area.

FEDERAL AGENT

FBI!

Chaos erupts beneath the snowstorm.

Karl tackles Salvatore to the ground. Lucia collapses into the snow breathing heavily.

Maverick fires from behind old mining equipment and federal agents move deeper toward the tunnels. Charles Sully steps away from his vehicle studying the old mining entrance.

Then his flashlight catches something buried behind the collapsed tunnel walls, gold. Bars of gold, stacked deep inside abandoned carts.

Charles freezes.

CHARLES SULLY

Would you look at that.

Federal agents begin uncovering hidden gold beneath the tunnel chambers. Bodies, Mining ledgers, and maps scattered in the tunnels.

Everything is exposed- the gold, the bodies, and old records, but the two men behind the illegal operations, Roy McGovern and Harrison Whitmore are nowhere to be found.

Nearby Michael Mancini watches behind the trees overhearing federal agents.

FEDERAL AGENT
McGovern and Whitmore aren't in the
tunnels.

CHARLES SULLY
Then they're running.

FEDERAL AGENT
Not for long.

Michael vanishes back into the darkness.

CUT TO:

ACT 6, SCENE 3
RANCH-MORNING

INT: STETSON

Montana sunlight spills through the ranch windows. Snowflakes float to the ground, slowly melting across the field. The ranch is back to it's usual pace, feeding horses, fence repairs, and tending to the land.

A fresh cherry pie cools near the kitchen window filling the room with sweet aromas.

LUCIA sits at the wooden kitchen table signing FBI paperwork while CHARLES SULLY reviews documents beside her.

Karl observes near the stove while pouring coffee.

CHARLES SULLY
Once the hearings clear and the
mobsters are in custody, you'll be
free to return to New York. Should
be about two weeks.

Lucia signs another page. Charles gathers the paperwork neatly into his leather folder.

CHARLES SULLY (CONT'D)
I can arrange transportation.

LUCIA
Okay.

CHARLES SULLY
You did better than expected. I'll
admit it. I didn't take you for a
fighter.

LUCIA

Don't let the lipstick and pearls
fool you.

CHARLES SULLY

Never again.

Charles grabs his coat and heads toward the front door.

CHARLES SULLY (CONT'D)

Good Day.

The ranch door SLAMS behind him. Silence settles through the kitchen. Only the sound of coffee pouring. Karl walks over placing a coffee mug beside Lucia.

KARL STETSON

You think it's safe to head back
to the city.

LUCIA

As much as I've grown attached to
feeding horses... and surviving
country dancing, I still have a few
things waiting for me back in New
York.

Karl studies her.

KARL STETSON

You're not built for the city life.

Lucia looks out the ranch window toward the Montana mountains.

LUCIA

I'm not built for horse feed, fence
repairs, or cold Montana winters
either.

Karl doesn't look convinced.

KARL STETSON

Well, then who's going to bake me a
cherry pie?

You could hear Maverick singing a country tune as he is about to enter the kitchen.

LUCIA

Maverick..

Karl smiles as Maverick comes in.

MAVERICK STETSON

Is it cherry pie season or courting season? Because spring is about to arrive.

KARL STETSON

Cork it, Cowboy.

The cherry pie continues cooling between them while country music hums softly from the old ranch radio.

MATCH CUT TO:

A slice of cherry pie on newspaper clippings.

ACT 6, SCENE 4
OFFICE-PRESENT DAY- AFTERNOON

INT: LUCIA'S

A slice of cherry pie beside old newspaper clippings. Snow falls outside through the ranch kitchen windows.

TIME MAGAZINE clippings cover Lucia's desk.

HEADLINES:

"FEDERAL INVESTIGATION ROCKS MONTANA MINING OPERATIONS"

"ROY McGOVERN AND THOMAS JONES DISAPPEAR BEFORE TRIAL"

"HARRISON WHITMORE FOUND DEAD OUTSIDE DENVER"

The TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER studies Lucia from across the office while flipping through notes.

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER

After everything that happened...
did you ever go back to New York?

Older Lucia smiles to herself.

OLDER LUCIA

For a little while. Some chapters
need a proper ending before you can
start a new one.

The reporter notices the photograph of Lucia beside the Stetson horses.

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER

And the new chapter was in Montana?

OLDER LUCIA
 Montana surprised me. Funny how
 life takes you exactly where you're
 supposed to be.

The reporter points to the photograph.

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER
 And Karl Stetson? Was he part of
 the reason?

OLDER LUCIA
 Cowboys have their own way of
 saying things.

Outside the Kitchen Ranch Window

MATCH CUT TO:

ACT 6, SCENE 5

INT: NYC APARTMENT-1969

Outside the New York Apartment Window.

Lucia sits beside packed boxes reviewing paperwork from Luca Castellano's estate. The apartment feels lonely and quiet.

A KNOCK lands at the door. Lucia heads to the front door, and outside she finds a small package wrapped in brown paper.

No return address. She picks the package up and takes it back to her dining room table. She opens it carefully.

INSIDE

A photograph OF Lucia smiling beside the Stetson horses beneath the Montana mountains. Her smile starts to grow. Folded beside the photograph a handwritten letter.

Karl's rough cowboy handwriting. Lucia begins to silently read as Karl's voice dictates his letter.

KARL STETSON (V.O.)
 (Lucia is reading)
 "Dear Lucia, The horses still look
 for you every morning.
 (tear coming down)
 Maverick says Montana finally got
 too quiet without your high heels
 clicking through the ranch.
 The cherry pie still ain't tasted
 right since you left either.

Lucia lowers the letter.

KARL STETSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Though you should know the horses
 miss you almost as much as I do.
 Karl.

Lucia looks down at the photograph.

CUT TO:

ACT 6, SCENE 6
 TRAIN CABIN-DAY

EXT: TRAIN-

Outside, the New York skyline slowly disappears behind the winter landscape. The camera shows time change lapse as the train travels from New York to Montana.

INT: TRAIN CABIN-DAY

Snow drifts past the train windows.

Lucia sits quietly beside the window. Karl's photograph rests in her hands. The picture captures Karl standing beside the Stetson horses beneath the Montana mountains.

Across the aisle, an ELDERLY WOMAN notices the photograph.

ELDERLY WOMAN
 Looks like a movie star in the
 Western.

LUCIA
 (smiles)
 He's a star on a Montana ranch.

ELDERLY WOMAN
 And who might you be? The co-
 star... or the wife?

Lucia studies the photograph.

LUCIA
 Not exactly.

ELDERLY WOMAN
 Why not?

Lucia looks back out the window and then toward her. Miles of snowy countryside race past.

LUCIA

For a long time, I thought New York
was home. Turns out home changes
when you open your heart.

The elderly woman nods.

ELDERLY WOMAN

The right person has a funny way of
changing your address.

For the first time in a long time, she looks completely
certain.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR (O.S.)

Next stop, Missoula.

Lucia looks down at the photograph one last time.

LUCIA

(softly)

I'm coming home, cowboy.

EXTT: MISSOULA TRAIN STATION

Lucia steps off the train station with her suitcase. Snow is
falling, and a taxi is waiting.

FADE OUT.

ACT 6, SCENE 7
RANCH- WINTER AFTERNOON

INT: STETSON

Karl's HAND repairing a ranch fence. Snow falls rapid across
the Montana fields.

KARL STETSON works near the stables, brushing down one of the
horses.

The sound of tires crunch across the snow as the taxi comes
to the ranch gate. Karl barely looks up, continuing his work.
Lucia walks towards him.

LUCIA (O.S.)

Hey cowboy...got room for some high
heels and pearls around here?

Karl freezes. A smile immediately shows up on his face before
he even turns around. He knows the voice.

Karl turns, and Lucia stands a few feet from the taxi holding
her suitcase in the falling snow.

One of the horses suddenly neighs loudly and trots toward Lucia excitedly. Karl shakes his head smiling to himself.

KARL STETSON

Look what you've done now...
King Henry's been missing his
queen.

Lucia laughs while petting the horse.

KARL STETSON (CONT'D)

Got me thinking this ranch needed a
little more glamour and love around
here.

LUCIA

(surprised)
Karl Stetson...are you
saying the love word?

Karl drops the ranch tools from his hands into the snow. He walks toward her.

KARL STETSON

I've been in love with you since
the day you stepped off that train.

Lucia's expression softens. She waited so long to hear those words.

Karl steps close enough to gently hold her face. And finally kisses her. Lucia immediately kisses him back beneath the falling Montana snow.

The horses move around them while the taxi quietly drives away in the background.

Karl rests his forehead gently against hers.

KARL STETSON (CONT'D)

And by the way...I've been wanting to
kiss you since the first cherry pie
you made.

Lucia laughs softly through tears.

LUCIA

So it was the cherry pie all along?

KARL STETSON

Best damn cherry pie I ever had.

The Montana wind moves through the ranch fields around them while the horse King Henry neighs nearby beneath the falling snow.

And together they finally walk toward the ranch house side by side.

CUT TO BLACK.

ACT 6, SCENE 8
OFFICE-PRESENT DAY-SUNSET

INT: OLDER LUCIA'S

Montana sunlight spills through the ranch windows. The TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER closes their notebook studying Lucia one final time.

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER
(intrigued)
So after all these years did the
FBI ever recover all that gold from
the tunnels?

OLDER LUCIA
Charles Sully recovered enough to
make the Bureau very happy.
Still... whispers around Montana
always believed there was more
buried beneath those mountains.

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER
(leaning forward)
You believe that?

Lucia looks out toward the mountains beyond the ranch window.

OLDER LUCIA
I think money has a funny way of
making people dig up the past in
the present.

Then the ranch door quietly opens behind them. Boots crunch against the wooden floor. The reporter turns.

OLDER KARL STETSON enters carrying his cowboy hat. He is still carrying the same cowboy presence, but older. Karl notices Lucia beside the window.

OLDER KARL STETSON
You finish telling the story?

OLDER LUCIA
(smiles)
Almost.

Karl walks beside her near the window overlooking the ranch. The horses run peacefully beneath the golden sunset.

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER
So Montana really became home?

Karl smiles before Lucia can answer.

OLDER KARL STETSON
Funny thing about Montana once it gets a hold of you, it's hard to let go.

TIME MAGAZINE REPORTER
Sounds more like a love story than a crime story.

Lucia laughs to herself.

OLDER LUCIA
A love story hidden among the whispers of Montana. Somewhere between those mountains and the horses, Montana became home.

A quiet silence floods the office.

Lucia softly reaches for Karl's hand beside the window, and together they walk outside the office towards the front.

Outside the Camera follows them, and moves past them to the horse stables and then somewhere deep beneath the mountains.

The camera pulls away to show the entire Montana skyline.

CUT TO BLACK

CREDITS BEGIN TO ROLL

The theme song "Whispers of Montana" begins to play. Then a montage of shots around the ranch, the horses, Lucia, and Karl come on screen.