

ROCK SPRINGS

Written by

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Rock Springs

FADE IN:

Act One

EXT./INT. FACTORY OFFICE - DAY

SUPER "DECEMBER 2016"

We gloss over the grounds of a magnificent high-tech, electronics factory (with dormitories and stores; a little city). Inside, a beautiful Chinese factory employee, HWEI-RU (HWEI) CHEN, (30), sits nervously outside her supervisor's office. MR. XU (35) smiles at his three computer screens, as he waves for Ms. Chen to enter. She enters his office sobbing, and sits across from him. Mr. Xu steps around the desk to comfort Hwei. They speak in Chinese. We see subtitles.

MR. XU

What is it, my flower?

HWEI

Mom is dead.

He hugs her.

MR. XU

Not unexpected though.

Hwei is stunned and angry, and pushes him away.

HWEI

A Mom's death is never expected!

MR. XU

I meant, she was sick for a year.

HWEI

I must go to her. To the funeral.

MR. XU

Of course. Your team's numbers are up. New recruits are arriving from the country. I can help with their training. I'm due for a production bonus if we maintain the two percent increase! Take two days off, with pay, of course.

He moves in to hug her again, but she resists.

HWEI

I'm sorry to leave my team on short notice.

MR. XU

What about us?

HWEI

I can be back in three days.

MR. XU

High-speed train there and back. You might be back in two days!

HWEI

I must settle my mom's debts. It may take three days.

MR. XU

What will I tell my supervisor?

HWEI

Tell them I have been a loyal, hardworking team leader. I have worked sixty-hours per week for three years.

MR. XU

But a three-day vacation?

Hwei turns sadly to the door.

HWEI

She is my mom! I have no father, no brothers or sisters, and no relatives left. My seed and name are dying. Please don't take this away from me!

Hwei sulks out of the office. Mr. Xu races after her.

MR. XU

I will protect your absence for three days, my flower.

Hwei does not turn around!

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN - NIGHT

Hwei hunches over in her seat, staring at an iPad, watching a short "selfie" video clip of her mom and her sipping tea in a modest farm kitchen.

Atop the cupboard in the kitchen is three-inch diameter, nine-inch-tall ceremonial candle covered with Chinese characters and the "Yin" symbol (drawing) -- but no "Yang." The candle sits atop a leather-bound book.

She pauses the video and zooms in on the candle and book. She turns her head sideways, as though she had never seen it.

EXT./INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The weather is cold and wet. Hwei races up the dirt road in a rental car, and skids to a stop in front of a small but quaint farmhouse. She removes her shoes, races inside, and finds that it's nearly empty of all belongings. A kitchen table, old wood cook stove, and two stools remain. She falls to the ground (floor) and weeps.

LATER

The sun has set, but Hwei hasn't moved. She shivers in the cold. Finally, she stands and begins walking to the nearby farmhouse, which is also quaint and well-kept.

EXT./INT. NEIGHBOR'S FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Hwei removes her shoes and stands in the doorway. An elderly woman, HU LI (80s), limps to the door with a puzzled look. They speak in Chinese.

HU LI
Hwei-ru? You're moving home?

HWEI
Where is my mom?

HU LI
They took her body after three days for cremation. She was put in a tomb. You weren't there!

HWEI
Who took her things?

HU LI
I cannot say.

Hwei almost falls. Hu Li hugs her.

HU LI (CONT'D)
We sent you a letter.

Hwei regains her strength.

HWEI

A letter?

HU LI

The last month was not easy.

HWEI

I sent money weekly.

HU LI

She had strangers helping her out.
She didn't want to bother her
successful daughter!

HWEI

I... I...

HU LI

You were busy at the factory in the
city. She insisted! So she hired
strangers.

HWEI

And the house and farm?

HU LI

Yours for forty more years if you
farm the land and live here.

Hwei sulks and begins to walk away.

HU LI (CONT'D)

Wait! Your mom asked me to give you
two things.

Hu Li limps to another room and returns with the same
ceremonial candle and leather-bound book that were in her
video.

HWEI

Where did you get these?

HU LI

They were your tai po's (great-
grandmother's). I hid them for your
mom and 'a po' (grandmother) since
you were a child.

HWEI

But I saw them in a video of my
last visit at New Year's.

HU LI

She was going to give them to you,
knowing that her time was short,
but she became frightened.

Hu Li's hands shake as she hesitates to hand over the items.

HWEI

Frightened? Of what? My mom and
grandmother were farmers. Right
here! What could frighten them?

Hu Li pauses.

HU LI

Your mom and grandmother were
farmers. The book is written in
English. No one understands it.
Your great-grandmother wasn't a
farmer; she was a writer; some say
possessed by evil spirits.

HWEI

Many of us speak English now.
Please let me see them! What was my
mom so afraid of?

Hu Li speaks slowly and prophetically.

HU LI

She was afraid of...
(beat)
where these things might take you.

Hwei whips out her iPad and shows the old woman the video
with the candle in the background, and Hwei's mom alive!

Hu Li shakes as though Hwei is possessed by evil. Hu Li
tossed the items to Hwei, and retreats quickly. Hu Li mumbles
something that sounds like a curse. Their visit is over. Hwei
shakes her head in disbelief, and trudges back to her
farmhouse.

EXT./INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Hwei removes her shoes and enters slowly. She pulls the chain
for a light bulb, but it doesn't work.

HWEI

(sarcastic)
Great!

She looks in her hand and sees the candle. She feels around the kitchen for a wooden stick match, and finally finds one. She lights the candle, and examines the writing on it.

HWEI (CONT'D)

(scoffs)

Lighting this candle will release terrifying demons, never before imagined.

She opens the leather book. The title page reads: "Rock Springs, a journal by Zhaohui Chen 1886-1887." She looks toward the ceiling for her calculations:

HWEI (CONT'D)

Yes, my mom was Liling Chen born in 1938, died ten days ago. She had me late in life. Her mom was Huan, born 1887, died 1982. And her mom was Zhaohui Chen: my great-grandmother, born in 1855 and died in 1955. All long lives, all right here. Ha! None of them could keep a husband around. What's that say about me?

Hwei laughs, and thumbs through the first few pages of the journal, then to the last page to see a drawing of her great-grandfather's gold watch.

HWEI (CONT'D)

Or so I was told. Who has my great-grandfather's gold watch?

The candle burns out.

HWEI (CONT'D)

Already! I've got to find a hotel.

She grabs the journal and the candle, races to her rental car, and takes off.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Hwei is comfortably in bed, wearing a T-shirt and undies, drinking hot tea, and reading the journal. The candle is on the night stand. Her smartphone and iPad are by her side. She Googles "Rock Springs, Wyoming" and smirks when she sees the dry, western town. She reads the first few pages again.

HWEI

Great-grandmother was an English teacher in San Francisco, California, from 1881 to 1885?

She stops, and lunges at the candle on the night stand. The wick has burned down one-inch and stopped. She touches the wax. She examines the candle more closely. We see the symbols for Yin. The bottom is smooth. The sides contain warnings of evil spirits. She stares at the wick.

HWEI (CONT'D)

Why did you burn out?

She hops out of bed and to her purse. She finds a nail file, and digs out the wick. She removes the cap of wax to see that the candle is hollow. Inside, is a large many-sided brownish gem of some kind, a third the size of a man's thumb.

HWEI (CONT'D)

What's this? What is great-grandmother trying to tell me?

Hwei collapses in exhaustion. She clutches the mysterious gem and the journal to her chest.

LATER

Hwei's smartphone rings. Mr. Xu's text reads: "I miss you bringing my morning tea. Production is flat in your absence, but still up one-point-nine percent for the month." Hwei stares at the phone in disgust. She speaks as she types an angry text message.

HWEI (CONT'D)

Nothing about my mom? You were supposed to be checking something out for me!

Mr. Xu quickly responds: "I'm checking! I'm checking!"

Hwei, in a cute, matching plaid skirt, black wool leggings and white blouse, conducts research on the Internet, while she has morning tea. She turns to the title page of the journal, and searches for "Rock Springs Gems." The first webpage to appear is on "uncut diamonds." She searches images and information. She jumps up excitedly.

HWEI (CONT'D)

Great-grandmother is leading me on a treasure hunt!

Hwei packs her small overnight bag, adds the candle and the journal, puts the uncut diamond in the pocket of her jacket, and exits the room.

EXT./INT. OLD JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Hwei walks into the "Jung's," an old jewelry store, like a frightened little girl. Mr. Jung (75), but in great shape, takes pity on her immediately and walks to her. Hwei bows politely. Mr. Jung bows in return, but he stares into Hwei's eyes.

MR. JUNG
Don't be frightened.

Hwei smiles.

HWEI
It's hard not to be. I need a gem
appraised.
(beat)
And I'm in a hurry.

MR. JUNG
I see. And you brought it with you?
Without security?

Hwei looks away. Mr. Jung laughs.

MR. JUNG (CONT'D)
My grandfather told me a story like
this long ago. I'm intrigued.

He takes her hand.

MR. JUNG (CONT'D)
Come into my office.

Hwei is worried, but she follows the old man.

MR. JUNG (CONT'D)
I said, do not be afraid.

HWEI
Working on it.

The old man takes Hwei to a back office with a desk and powerful stereo-microscope. He doesn't shut the door. They sit. The old man holds out his hand. Hwei reaches into her jacket pocket and hands the gem to the old man. Immediately, he stands, shuts, and locks the door to his office.

MR. JUNG
Thirty carats, I wager.

HWEI
So, you think it's a diamond, too?

MR. JUNG
Largest stone I've ever seen.

He examined the stone carefully. Hwei leans in.

MR. JUNG (CONT'D)
How did you come by this stone?

HWEI
Ever hear of Rock Springs, Wyoming
in the United States?

Then Mr. Jung pushes the stone away, angrily stands, and points to the door.

MR. JUNG
Get out. Our work is done.

HWEI
Wait. Please. Give me a chance. I
need this.

MR. JUNG
Stones from there are cursed.

HWEI
You don't believe that!

MR. JUNG
The massacre! The massacre! Don't
you know?

Hwei looks puzzled.

HWEI
I... I... don't. I have my great-
grandmother's journal, but I
haven't read very much yet.

MR. JUNG
What do you want from me?

HWEI
An advance on the diamond. I know
you have to cut and polish it, it's
value depends on color, cut,
clarity, and the number of carat. I
learned that on the web.

MR. JUNG
You need money.

HWEI
I need cash. I need it now.

The old man squeezes the diamond in his palm.

MR. JUNG
I don't know...

HWEI
(interrupts)
I'll take half of what the diamond
is worth.

Then Mr. Jung smiles.

MR. JUNG
You trust me?

HWEI
I have to.

MR. JUNG
Let me see what I have in the safe.
What will you do with that much
money?

HWEI
Travel.

The old man hands her a long form to fill in and sign.

MR. JUNG
Travel, huh?

Hwei is given a large bundle of cash. She stuffs it in her purse, and races out the door. The old man's face turns sinister, and he makes a phone call.

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN - DAY

Hwei clutches her overnight bag in a backseat. She phones Mr. Xu. INTERCUT phone conversation.

MR. XU
On the train back to the factory?
Back to me?

HWEI

You told me we were approved for travel to San Francisco, California, USA for our honeymoon.

MR. XU

You've come to your senses about marrying me? But I must warn you, production levels dropped one-half-of-one percent last night...

HWEI

(interrupting)

I need to travel to San Francisco today. I need one week off work. There is something I must do.

MR. XU

That is ridiculous! You never travel! Your team needs you. I need you. My productivity bonus is...

HWEI

(interrupting)

I've planned it all out. I'm going to fly to San Francisco, California. I will take the train like great-grandmother did to Salt Lake City...

MR. XU

Have you been drinking? That is insane. You're not adventurous!

HWEI

Then I will take a bus to Rock Springs. I will solve the mystery and take the first flight home.

MR. XU

What mystery?

HWEI

(laughs)

I cannot say. I don't know yet. I must follow my great-grandmother's footsteps to find out.

MR. XU

But your new team recruits are coming in today. They need your training! You never travel!

Hwei buries her head in her smartphone and cries.

HWEI
Help me. Please! Help me.

Pause. Mr. Xu is stunned.

MR. XU
I'll help you!

HWEI
Thank you for...

Mr. Xu ends the phone call.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Hwei exits the airport and gets into a cab. A handsome Private Detective YI (BILL) YONG (Chinese, 35) in sunglasses, watches Hwei and hops into the next cab.

INT. CAB - DAY

Hwei is happy and excited. The Cabbie (40; Indian) with a difficult accent, notices.

CABBIE
Where to?

Hwei looks at her iPad notes.

HWEI
Please drive me through Chinatown,
then to the train station in
Oakland, California.

CABBIE
Must be new here. Oakland? Are you
sure? That will run you sixty bucks
with the bridge toll.

HWEI
I need to catch the train to Salt
Lake City.

CABBIE
You could fly or walk and get there
faster than the train.

HWEI
Not all journeys are meant to be
fast.

CABBIE

Okay, lady. Your English better
than mine. Hope your money is good!

Hwei hands the Cabbie a \$100 bill.

CABBIE (CONT'D)

Oakland, via Chinatown, here we
come.

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

Traffic is maddening. Hwei's Cabbie loses the Private
Investigator's cab. Bill Yong is very upset!

EXT./INT. OAKLAND TRAIN STATION - DAY

Hwei exits the cab and steps back in time. The train station
and the trains are a stark contrast to the high-speed trains
in China. Hwei purchases a ticket to Salt Lake City. She
nervously steps aboard.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Hwei reads her great-grandmother's journal as the train pulls
out of the station. Hwei is mesmerized by the journal.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD TRAIN - DAY

We hear the chug-chug of an old train. We see Hwei, dressed
as her great-grandmother, in period clothing (1885) writing
in her journal. We see an 1880s landscape out the window.

HWEI (V.O.)

December 2, 1885. It has been four
months since I saw my husband. He
works in the coal mines in Rock
Springs, Wyoming Territory. He sent
me letters every week, with a
twelve-cent stamp from the company
store. The letters always contained
most of his salary, and arrived one-
week after mailing. I did not have
the heart to tell him that I made
more money as an English teacher
for immigrant businessmen in San
Francisco. Then, his letters
stopped coming. I must find him!

(MORE)

HWEI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I am frightened, but his photograph
gives me courage.

BACK TO:

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Hwei thumbs through back of the journal to find a badly
yellowing 2 x 2 inch photo of a handsome Chinese man.

HWEI
Great-grandfather?

CUT TO:

INT. OLD TRAIN - DAY

We see Hwei, dressed as her great-grandmother, writing in her
journal.

HWEI (V.O.)
Living apart has been difficult.
(beat)
We have no children. No way for our
names to live on. I fear our
candle, that once burned like a
thousand suns, is burning out.

Hwei stares out the window and sheds a tear.

BACK TO:

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Hwei stares out the window and sheds a tear.

HWEI
What have I gotten myself into?

Hwei slams the journal closed, and tosses it in her purse.

Moments later, the handsome Chinese private investigator, Yi
(Bill) Yong, is standing next to her, and clearing his
throat. He points to an empty seat.

BILL
Excuse me. Is this seat taken?

HWEI
No.

Bill sits.

BILL

I'm Yi Yong. Everyone calls me Bill.

HWEI

Hello, Bill. I'm Hwei-ru Chen, visiting. You have no accent. You've lived here a long time?

BILL

Family has been here over one-hundred-fifty years! Since the Gold Rush.

Hwei reaches in her purse to take out her iPad. She immediately begins to Google "Bill Yong."

HWEI

What does your family do now?

Hwei sees there are over 600,000 hits.

BILL

Precision farming in the valley. I prefer the city lights of Frisco.

She adds farming to the search line, but there are still thousands of web sites.

HWEI

San Francisco. Why do you take this train?

BILL

I'm writing a novel. Trains give me time to think.

Once Hwei hears the word "novel," she relaxes.

HWEI

A published writer?

Bill smiles.

BILL

Not yet. Haven't found anything or anyone worth writing about, but that may change.

Hwei smiles, and looks out.

BILL (CONT'D)

Tell me about yourself.

Hwei looks back at him.

HWEI

First, tell me more about you.

Bill smiles during his pathetic story.

BILL

Not much to tell. Went to Berkeley. Majored in history. Couldn't find work. Wanted to become a cop. Got arrested for marijuana. Couldn't be a cop. Middle-class parent-farmers help support me. Pretty much a failure, according to three ex-girlfriends.

Hwei smiles back.

HWEI

Mom had a small farm. Worked my way through university. Electronics engineering degree. Recruited immediately by a major factory which makes all of your smartphones. Advanced to team leader. Never went on an adventure. This is it.

BILL

Married? Serious? Not-so-serious.

HWEI

(laughs)

According to my boyfriend, I'm the failure.

Hwei catches herself laughing.

BILL

It looks good on you.

HWEI

Huh?

BILL

Laughter. Can I buy you lunch?

Hwei looks surprised.

HWEI

Yes, Bill.

They slowly walk toward the dining car.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD TRAIN - DAY

Hwei, dressed as her great-grandmother (Zhaohui Chen), is shocked when Mr. XAING LI (45), a big, ugly Chinese brute angrily shakes Hwei's shoulder.

XAING

You ain't paid me my five dollars
yit, Zhaohui Chen!

HWEI

You haven't completed a day's work,
yit, Mr. Xaing Li.

XAING

Don't play smart with me, English
teacher.

HWEI

I don't believe anyone has ever
played smart with you, Mr. Li.

Xaing looks confused. He pulls out a Bowie knife from the back of his belt, and holds it to her throat. She doesn't flinch.

XAING

I gotsta eat.

HWEI

I'll give you two-dollar advance on
your first day's salary, if you
promise not to spend it on whiskey.

XAING

What I spend my earnings on don't
much matter.

HWEI

If you're too drunk to find my
husband in Rock Springs, it matters
to me.

XAING

That's two days away!

HWEI

All the same. Food. I will buy you
food. That's all.

XAING

I should kill ya now, and take your money.

HWEI

Mr. Xaing, the majority of my funds are locked in the train's safe. In the event of any accident that should befall me, a handsome reward is set for you, dead or alive.

Xaing is taken by surprise. He puts the knife away.

XAING

Dead or alive?

HWEI

I hired you to find my husband, not to threaten me! They said you were the best, and you don't fear the whites.

XAING

No, Ma'am. But they's fear me.

Hwei hands the brute two dollars.

HWEI

Take your two-dollars then, and go get you somethin' to eat.

XAING

Yes, Ma'am.

HWEI

Not drink! I said, eat!

Xaing grumbles as he exits, and Hwei goes back to writing in her journal with a dull pencil.

A moment later, two grungy Anglo Cowboys (40s) sit next to Hwei looking to cause trouble.

COWBOY #1

Howdy, perty lady.

COWBOY #2

See your big, ugly Chink boyfriend ain't here.

HWEI

He'll return in a moment. Angry.

Hwei reaches into the pocket of her waistcoat, and withdraws a small penknife to sharpen her pencil. She sharpens her pencil looking up occasionally at the men. The Cowboys are not worried by the little knife.

She DAYDREAMS about sharpening the pencil to a fine point, then simultaneously stabbing one of the Cowboys in the leg with the penknife, and the other Cowboy with the pencil. However, the DAYDREAM passes. She regains awareness with the Cowboys now moving in to kiss her.

Suddenly Xaing appears. He pulls off the first Cowboy and punches him in the jaw, which sends him sailing down the aisle. The second Cowboy takes a swing and misses Xaing, who kicks the Cowboy in the groin.

XAING

They won't bother you again, Ma'am.

Hwei smiles, and collects her things. She stands.

HWEI

Maybe you deserve a whiskey after all, Mr. Li.

She leads him out the back side of the train car.

BACK TO:

INT. TRAIN - DAY

The old train door DISSOLVES into the modern train door, and as it closes on Hwei and Xaing in 1885, it opens for Hwei and Bill in the present day.

BILL

You're kidding? Your great-grandma took this same train route in 1885?

HWEI

The train went all the way to Rock Springs, Wyoming back then, and Laramie, Cheyenne, and all the way east.

They sit together.

BILL

So you'll have to take a bus from Salt Lake City to Rock Springs?

HWEI

Afraid so.

BILL

Did your great-grandma have any trouble on the old train? That was the wild-wild west back then.

HWEI

Trouble? Nothing she couldn't handle.

Bill is mesmerized by Hwei's beauty.

BILL

She traveled alone? That's hard to believe.

HWEI

She hired a guardian. Like a private detective to find her husband. Tough fellow from her description.

BILL

Maybe you should hire a guardian.

HWEI

It's not 1885.

They chuckle. Then, Bill looks away. Hwei sees this.

Hwei's phone RINGS. It's a text message from Mr. Xu. The translation reads: "I miss you, and we have problem."

HWEI (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Bill. I have to answer this.

Hwei goes to a lavatory, and steps inside to text Mr. Xu. We SEE Hwei's phone. INTERCUT two phones texting.

MR. XU

I miss you. I paid your bill at the Corporation Store.

HWEI

What is wrong?

MR. XU

Boss Z knows you're gone. Very unhappy. Wants to fire you.

HWEI

What did you find out about my mom?

PAUSE

MR. XU

I should have told you. The letter came a week ago. But production...

CLICK. Hwei ends the call. She storms out of the lavatory, running into Bill waiting outside. Bill see's she's flustered.

BILL

Didn't hear you yelling in there?

HWEI

We text more than yell.

Hwei STOMPS back to her seat. Bill shrugs and enters the lavatory.

Hwei quickly takes out the journal and her phone, and snaps photos of several pages of the journal. She puts it away before Bill returns. Hwei is sending the photos as Bill sits down.

BILL

What are you doing now?

HWEI

Just sending photos and texts to coworkers back home.

BILL

You took pictures out the window? Good idea. Your friends can experience your adventure. What time is it there?

Hwei looks at her cell phone.

HWEI

If it's four PM here, it's seven AM there. My shift is starting.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Xu is visited by his supervisor, MR. ZHOU (45, Chinese), and a very serious American man, DESMOND SALAZAR (60) in a dark suit. The clock reads 7 AM.

MR. XU

I told you everything.

MR. ZHOU
 Unauthorized absence is a serious
 issue, Mr. Xu.

The American nods, "Yes."

MR. XU
 Yes, Mr. Zhou. Hwei-ru Chen asked
 for three days leave after her mom
 died. I approved it.

Mr. Zhou paces in the small office.

MR. ZHOU
 I see.

MR. XU
 My team leader will be back soon,
 barring a disaster of some kind.
She hates to travel!

The American has an angry face.

MR. ZHOU
 I'm satisfied, Mr. Xu.

Mr. Zhou guides the angry American out.

BACK TO:

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Hwei and Bill have finished dinner in the dining car, and
 enjoy a glass of wine. It's a romantic setting.

HWEI
 So, history major from the
 University of California, Berkeley,
 impress me.

BILL
 What ya wanna know?

HWEI
 History of Chinese in America.

BILL
 Not very romantic.

HWEI
 I need to know.

BILL

First wave came from 1850 to 1882. About two-hundred thousand, Chinese came to work on the transcontinental railway and gold mines.

HWEI

Mostly laborers?

BILL

And sailors, merchants, and tradesman. Too many men, two few women.

HWEI

Sounds horrible.

BILL

Chinese endured much hated. Cheap labor. Stealing jobs from other immigrants.

HWEI

Great-grandmother lived in San Francisco in 1882. Learned English right away. Made a killing teaching English to rich Chinese merchants and doctors, so they could assimilate.

BILL

Smart woman.

HWEI

But great-grandfather left her to work in the coal mines in Rock Springs.

BILL

Only thing he could do?

HWEI

Driven to make more money than his wife, I think. Fiercely independent.

BILL

And rugged. Had to be rugged. Chinese were treated like less-than-humans.

HWEI

What?

BILL

The only immigrants who couldn't become citizens, own land, or join unions.

(beat)

They couldn't even testify in court against whites.

HWEI

No legal recourse?

BILL

White-on-Chinese riots were commonplace.

HWEI

That's so sad. Learning more as I read.

BILL

Read?

Hwei paused.

HWEI

Great-grandmother's journal.

Bill is excited.

BILL

Journal? What journal? There are so few journals from that period -- and no Chinese journals!

HWEI

I'll show it to you after I see where it takes me. I'm retracing great-grandmother's footsteps.

Bill looks into her eyes.

BILL

You fascinate me.

Hwei smiles.

HWEI

Strangers on a train.

Hwei pulls out her phone and takes a photo of Bill. He is stunned, and a little angry.

BILL

What's that for?

HWEI

My girlfriends and coworkers back home. I'm sending them a few pages of the journal each day, along with the scenery outside the train.

BILL

Like a blog.

HWEI

Exactly. Then, in 1885, and now. I'll have much more to send them tonight.

LATER

Bill leans against the window, half asleep, as Hwei sends text messages (journal pages and photographs) back home. Hwei leans against Bill to sleep. The journal is still open on her lap, as she puts her phone away.

HWEI (CONT'D)

(laughs)

I wonder if anyone is enjoying the journal at the factory.

Bill opens his eyes to read the open journal.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Xu scans his computer displays as his supervisor, Mr. Zhou, and the very serious American storm into his office. The clock reads 3 PM. The American slaps a pink cell phone on Mr. Xu's desk.

MR. ZHOU

What is the meaning of this?

MR. XU

Yánquán? Rock Springs?

MR. ZHOU

This is what three of your workers are reading! We picked it up on our security cameras!

The American nods, "Yes."

Mr. Xu tries in vain to look and sound serious.

MR. XU

Reading? That's terrible! On the
production line? On the clock?

Mr. Zhou paces in the small office.

MR. ZHOU

No. No. On their comfort breaks!
But production is up one and one-
half percent in your sector for two
and a half days.

MR. XU

My team leader is inspiring her
group from America. She's on an
adventure, and her team loves it.

The American in the dark suit, Desmond Salazar, is angry.

MR. ZHOU

What if they all want to go on
fabulous adventures?

Mr. Zhou and the American storm out. Mr. Xu, desperate,
begins texting Hwei.

BACK TO:

INT. OLD TRAIN - NIGHT

It's 1885. Hwei, dressed as her great-grandmother, leans
against grungy Xaing, who is snoring into the train's window.
We hear the chug-chug-chug of the old locomotive.

End Act One

Act Two

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Hwei awakens at dawn, still resting against Bill, who is fast asleep. Hwei looks down and sees the journal in her lap is advanced several pages from where she left off. She thumbs back six pages to the last page she read. She sits straight up, and is angry. She elbows Bill in the gut, which wakes him immediately.

HWEI
You had no right.

BILL
It was open on your lap. You left it there. I'm a history major, remember?

Hwei slams the journal shut.

HWEI
(yells)
When were you going to tell me about the massacre?

Two Passengers (60s; male and female couple) in the next seat turn to see the commotion.

BILL
I read six pages. It got personal. I stopped.

HWEI
The massacre?

BILL
September 2, 1885. Your great-grandmother was on the train to Rock Springs three months later. This time of year.

HWEI
No wonder she was worried about my great-grandfather! But I can't trust you!

Hwei stands defiantly.

BILL
I'm sorry. Just curious.

HWEI

I'll be in the next car. Reading!

(beat)

I don't want to see you again.

Hwei storms out to the next train car. The couple near Bill give him nasty looks.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD TRAIN - DAY

We hear the chug-chug of an old train. We see Hwei, dressed as her great-grandmother, in period clothing leaning against the window. She wakes at dawn to see Xaing trudging down the aisle holding a *New York Times* newspaper. He's angry.

XAING

I quit! Give me my money. I'm going back to Frisco.

HWEI

You can't quit. Haven't found my husband yet!

Xaing throws the newspaper at Hwei.

XAING

Ain't gonna find him neither!

Two elderly passengers (60s; same couple in period clothes) turn to see the commotion.

HWEI

Where'd you get this?

XAING

Porter! Black as night. Shaken his head to me sayin', poor fella, poor fella. I ask him why. He says to me, "Whenever I feel bad about being a negro, I think of the chinks!" I hit him good. He took off runnin'.

HWEI

Is he okay? That will get you tossed off the train!

XAING

He came back with the newspaper here. So I told him to read it.

Hwei is busy reading the newspaper in horror.

HWEI
Terrible! It can't be!

XAING
Almost thirty dead, as many
injured, can't find hundreds of
'em.
(beat)
Rock Springs!

Hwei cries as she reads.

HWEI
September 2, 1885. The Knights of
Labor held a meeting at ten A.M.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. OLD BARN - DAY

A white-washed sign on the old wood door reads, "Knights of Labor." The meeting inside sounds like an angry mob. We peek in to see Twenty rough-tough Coal Miners (20s-50s; white) yelling at each other.

MINER #1
They gave room number six to two
coolies, so we beat 'em up good.
One dead. One wishin' he was.

MINER #2
The company ain't backin' down.

MINER #3
They's have to back down, if'n
they's was all dead!

MINER #1
I'm tired of low pay 'cause they
can get coolies to dig.

MINER #3
Fire in the hole already. The boys
from number six are marchin' on
Chinatown right now.

MINER #2
Better get all da boys. Harlan, you
shake up what ya can and take the
tracks. We'll take the lower
bridge.

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

SUPER: "3:30 PM, September 2, 1885, Chinatown in Rock Springs, Wyoming Territory."

Twenty Chinese Miners (20-50) in ragged clothes RACE out of Chinatown with all the household goods they can carry. We see Three houses (shacks) on fire. We hear GUNSHOTS, screaming, and two children crying. Five men are shot in the back while leaving. Chaos rules the day.

Twenty white miners are firing Winchester rifles at the unarmed Chinese. Five White Women cheer on their husbands. The white miners rob the dead Chinese, and loot homes that are not on fire. One white Woman takes the rifle from her husband, who was not shooting, and proceeds to fire into the fleeing Chinese. Another Chinese man drops dead.

The white Miners throw bodies on a burning building. We HEAR the screams of a Child inside. One Chinese miner is scalped. One is branded. One is beheaded.

BACK TO:

INT. OLD TRAIN - DAY

Hwei, dressed as her great-grandmother, collapses into the newspaper. Xaing still has his hand out for money.

HWEI

Go away.

XAING

Want my money now. Going home.

Behind the newspaper, Hwei secretly reaches into her blouse and pulls out two twenty dollar bills. She produces both bills, but hands Xaing only one. Xaing sees she is carrying the money on her person.

HWEI

Take your twenty dollars and go home!

Xaing grabs both her hands, and rips out both bills.

XAING

I'll take my pay for the week, and the train trip back.

Hwei fights back to no avail.

HWEI

Take it! Leave me be!

Xaing exits the back of the train car, as the train slows to a stop.

Hwei reads the rest of the newspaper article. Her hands shake. She counts the number of months that have passed on her fingers. She mumbles.

HWEI (CONT'D)

One, two, three months have passed.

She grabs her pencil and her journal and begins to write and mumble like a crazy woman.

HWEI (CONT'D)

The violence. The horror. The suffering. Worse than dying, was surviving the massacre,
 (beat)
 And having to live in a world knowing such cruelty was possible.

BACK TO:

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Hwei mumbles as she reads the passage in the journal again.

HWEI

Worse than dying, was surviving the massacre,
 (beat)
 And having to live in a world knowing such cruelty was possible.

Hwei closes the journal and stares out of the window of the train. A moment later, she finds the courage to reopen the journal and read on.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCK SPRINGS AREA - DAY

SUPER "Three days after the massacre, September 5, 1885."

Twenty Chinese men, three women, and two children struggle to carry personal belongings across the high desert scrub. Several of the people are injured and bleeding.

Back at Chinatown in Rock Springs we see burnt shacks, and twenty-eight dead, mutilated, and burned bodies, some of them children. Pots and pans, books, and shovels and picks litter the site.

In the "Whitemen's town" of Rock Springs, Twenty Federal Soldiers (19 white, 1 African-American) arrive on horseback, led by LIEUTENANT COLONEL ANDERSON (40). Anderson surveys the damage. He is horrified. He speaks to a group of Eight Miners (including Miners #1, #2, and #3 above).

ANDERSON

Governor said there was trouble.
Didn't say nothin' about murder.
Mine's closed 'til further notice.

MINER #1

They brought it on theirselves.

MINER #2

Yes, sir.

ANDERSON

Them burnt houses belonged to the coal company. Somebody's gonna pay. Hell, even the President knows about this. You folks gonna be picked apart by the newspapermen headed this direction.

MINER #3

Them coolies was stealing our jobs!

ANDERSON

Stealin' ain't a crime punishable by death, and how much money can you make with the mines closed?

Anderson turns to his soldiers.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Maintain the peace. Search the area for survivors.

The soldiers disperse. The miners grumble and spit.

Outside of town, a slow train heads west, picking up Chinese miners, as it goes.

BACK TO:

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Hwei is buried in the journal, when she is tapped on the shoulder by Bill.

BILL

I just wanted to apologize about reading your journal.

HWEI

Trust is as fragile as a robin's egg shell, Bill. And this is a journey I need to make myself.

Bill turns away. Then he turns back.

BILL

You look tired. Would you like to use my sleeper car for a few hours? Rest and shower. I'll be in the club car.

HWEI

You had a sleeper car, and you chose to be with me on that hard seat?

BILL

Couldn't help it. Everything about you intrigues me.

Bill smiles. Hwei smiles back.

HWEI

I could use a shower, and a nap, and I have to send messages to my friends at home.

BILL

Take my sleep car. I insist. It's a few hours to Salt Lake City. Least I can do.

She hesitates, but accepts his key.

HWEI

Thanks, Bill. I haven't even had time to check my phone. I'll see you in the club car in a few hours.

Hwei gathers her things and walks slowly down the aisle. She glances back to see Bill smiling at her. She exits the train car.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OLD TRAIN - DAY

It's 1885 again, and Hwei walks into the dining car. She is stunned and angry to see Xaing gorging on a large breakfast and drinking a beer.

HWEI

Thought you got off at Salt Lake City?

XAING

I do what's I please.

HWEI

Going on to Rock Springs? Taking a trip further east?

XAING

Ain't sayin'.

Xaing glares at Hwei. She turns and scrambles out of the dining car with a worried look. She RACES through another car with Six Patrons (various ages and types). She stops between train cars, and considers jumping off the train.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRAIN - DAY

In the modern day, Hwei unlocks the door to Bill's sleeping room. His suitcase is neatly packed in the corner of the tiny room. The lower bunk is down. Hwei pats the mattress. It's soft and inviting. She powers up her phone and places it on the bed without looking at the screen. She looks in the tiny bathroom with a very small shower, but it looks more inviting than the bed. She double-checks the lock on the door, and strips. She takes a quick shower. She shuts off the water and grabs a towel. As she dries her hair, she stares into the steamed-up mirror, and smiles.

Her phone RINGS and startles her. With a towel wrapped around her, she goes to the bed to see who could be calling. It's Mr. Xu requesting a video call. She holds the phone close to her face, and reluctantly answers. Mr. Xu yells in Chinese. Hwei speaks softly in Chinese in return.

MR. XU

Where have you been! I've left you ten messages at least! Is your hair wet?

HWEI

(sarcastic)

It's nice to speak to you, too.

MR. XU

It's one A.M. here! We have serious problems!

HWEI

I'll be back as soon as I can.

MR. XU

Mr. Zhao wants to meet with you this morning at seven, before your shift!

HWEI

That won't be possible.

MR. XU

It must be possible. Your three days are up.

HWEI

I had to take a trip.

MR. XU

You can't take a trip! Is that sunlight behind you?

(beat)

Are you on a train?

Hwei turns angry.

HWEI

Mr. Xu, a week ago, you intercepted a letter addressed to me, notifying me that my mother had died.

His facial expression says it all.

MR. XU

I... I...

HWEI

You neglected to tell me so I might have only two days off work, instead of three. Your productivity bonus was your only motive.

Mr. Xu is angry.

MR. XU

I thought you would fly to Hong Kong, have a wild night, get it out of your system, then return to work the next day.

Hwei is very angry.

HWEI

Get it out of my system? That didn't happen. Never will!

MR. XU

You might be fired! Production is up, and the bosses want to know why?

HWEI

I'll miss a few days of work.

MR. XU

You are the one sending the journal pages and photos to our employees.

This time, Hwei's sad face says it all.

HWEI

A sad time for Chinese workers one-hundred-thirty-one years ago.

MR. XU

These Rock Springs postings must stop! There is talk of this blog infecting many our employees at the factory with acts of dissension!

HWEI

Acts of dissension?

MR. XU

We found the characters for Rock Springs written in lipstick on a mirror in a women's bathroom!

HWEI

That's an anomaly and easily wiped clean.

MR. XU

Then another appears.

HWEI

Your message said productivity went up.

MR. XU

It did. But it could go down.

HWEI

I have to go.

MR. XU

Your shift starts in six hours!

Hwei ends the call. She dresses quickly. She sits on the bunk and takes many more photos of the journal, and sends them to her friends at the factory.

HWEI

They should know. Everyone should know.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

In 1885, in a Chinatown similar to the pre-massacre Chinatown in Rock Springs, Twenty weary, injured, Chinese miners, a few women, and two children straggle into the mining town.

SUPER: "Evanston, Wyoming, Chinatown September 6, 1885."

The survivors of the massacre are greeted with weeping and sadness by a Dozen Chinese Miners.

Off in the distance along the railroad tracks, we see Three more Survivors stumbling along the tracks in their direction.

EXT. ROCK SPRINGS AREA - DAY

A Soldier (25) rides up on horseback and reports to Lieutenant Colonel Anderson.

SOLDIER

Lieutenant, we count seventy-nine Chinese houses burnt.

ANDERSON

How many dead?

SOLDIER

About thirty. Can't tell. Mutilated, burnt bodies. Some pieces eaten by dogs and pigs. Some under the smoldering floorboards. It's a mess. Want my men to bury 'em?

ANDERSON

No, Governor wants to take a look. Newspapers want pictures. Railroad and mining company are meeting in Cheyenne. It's a mess, all right!

SOLDIER

Tracks heading west past Green River toward Evanston. That's a hundred miles away! Want us to follow?

ANDERSON

Probably heading to Chinatown there. Let 'em be.

SOLDIER

Yes, Sir. Ain't safe here, that's for damn sure!

ANDERSON

Hope they get all the way to San Francisco, and hop a clipper back to China for their own good.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

In a dark, wood-paneled conference room. Two stuffy businessmen, the Union Pacific Railroad President (60), and the Union Pacific Coal Department President (60) in dark suits, sit alone, smoking cigars and assessing reports, in the large room.

COAL PRESIDENT

Mine's are closed. Lost seventy-nine homes. One-hundred-forty-seven thousand dollars in damages!

RAILROAD PRESIDENT

I offered passage to Evanston for any Chinese who can get onboard. Doesn't solve our little problem. Railroad needs coal.

COAL PRESIDENT

White miners are striking in Carbon County now. Won't work with the coolies.

RAILROAD PRESIDENT

Fire them. Get me that coal.

COAL PRESIDENT

Can't. It'll cause another riot. Rumors have it, all the coolies in Evanston want to hop the train back to San Francisco and go home.

RAILROAD PRESIDENT

Can't let that happen. We need the coal.

COAL PRESIDENT

We gotta arrest some white trouble-makers, or this won't go away!

RAILROAD PRESIDENT

What do you suggest?

COAL PRESIDENT

Ten or twenty miners from Rock Springs. If we pick the Knights of Labor Organization leaders, we might put a scare in the other mines.

RAILROAD PRESIDENT

Do it quick.

COAL PRESIDENT

Don't let those coolies on the Evanston train back to San Francisco, or we're dead.

RAILROAD PRESIDENT

Or broke, which is worse!

They snicker.

BACK TO:

INT./EXT. OLD TRAIN - DAY

Hwei looks ready to jump from the train, but does not. An African-American PORTER passes her between cars.

PORTER

Next stop, Evanston. Be patient, now. Almost there.

HWEI

Can I get off quietly?

PORTER

What's that?

HWEI

Secretly. A dangerous Chinese man named Xaing is following me.

PORTER

I felt his fist.

The Porter looks around.

PORTER (CONT'D)
Come with me.

LATER

On a cold but sunny day, the old train pulls slowly to a stop along a deserted section of track.

SUPER: "Evanston, Wyoming, December 4, 1885"

Three Porters (uniforms and red caps) exit the train to help any passengers who may be getting off. Hwei, dressed as one of the Porters, stands near the end of the train facing away.

Xaing exits the train to observe the Six (mixed ages and types) exiting passengers. With no sign of Hwei, he re-enters the train. The train rolls away with Hwei and her luggage behind. The Porter in the middle WAVES to her.

Hwei walks toward the town in the Pullman's uniform, carrying her small brown-leather suitcase.

She is greeted coldly by the first white Cowboy #3 (40) she sees on a horse. He doesn't speak. He points her in the direction of Chinatown.

COWBOY #3
Dumb coolie.

HWEI
Thank you very much. That was very hospitable of you. I'll find it myself.

The Cowboy is shocked that Hwei speaks English so well.

Hwei arrives in Chinatown.

EXT./INT. STORE - DAY

Hwei enters a small shop with very few supplies and goods to sell. An elderly proprietor, MING (70) greets her with a bow. They converse in Chinese.

MING
Welcome, unhappy traveler. You need hot tea. I am Ming.

HWEI
You're very kind. Yes, please.

Ming motions for her to sit, as he fetches two small cups with hot tea.

MING
I read leaves.

HWEI
Mine will have more questions than answers.

MING
You are wise beyond your years. Yet you are seeking...

HWEI
My husband. Coal miner from Rock Springs.

Ming stands and paces. He is uneasy.

HWEI (CONT'D)
I know about the riot, but hundreds must have survived. Maybe my husband, Jia Qian Chen.

MING
Jia Qian Chen? He may have come here, and been taken back to Rock Springs.

HWEI
Taken back to Rock Springs? That can't be so!

MING
So many came. So many told of the horrors of the riot.

HWEI
So they would never go back!

Ming paces wildly. He is angry.

MING
Not on their own!

HWEI
What do you mean?

MING
I mean, the railroad needs coal. The coal company needs miners.
(MORE)

MING (CONT'D)

They were told they would be taken to San Francisco, where they wanted to go.

HWEI

But?

MING

The railroad loaded them up, at night, and took them back to Rock Springs!

HWEI

No! They wouldn't!

MING

The white miners were striking for more pay. The railroad and coal company had the only solution.

HWEI

The railroad needs coal. The coal company needs miners.

MING

They were dumped in Rock Springs. They could smell rotting bodies. Their homes looted and burned. Most were now starving. They had nothing. They were less than nothing.

HWEI

How far is Rock Springs?

MING

One-hundred miles. Train in three days.

Hwei chugs down her tea.

HWEI

I'll ask more people for help tonight in Chinatown. Tomorrow, I'll buy a horse.

Hwei gives the old man a silver dollar, and she gets up to leave.

MING

Wait! Your tea leaves.

HWEI
Quickly please. I have to find my
husband.

The old man investigates the pattern of the tea leaves in her
cup.

MING
I see sorrow and happiness.

HWEI
One is needed to know the other.

MING
Smart girl. I see danger is looking
for you like a hungry bear.

HWEI
Danger?

MING
Seek a protector you can trust.

HWEI
Where will I find such a person?

MING
I cannot see this in the leaves.

A handsome young man enters the back of the store carrying a
heavy wooden basket of potatoes. He sees Hwei, smiles, and
trips to the floor, breaking the basket and spilling all the
potatoes.

MING (CONT'D)
My clumsy grandson, Yinglie Zhang,
and he is not as brave and heroic
as his name indicates.

Hwei and Yinglie pick up the potatoes, placing them on the
table.

YINGLIE
(laughs)
At least it wasn't rice.

HWEI
I'm Zhaohui Chen. Seeking my
husband, Jia Qian.

YINGLIE
Honored to meet you. I'm just a
farmer.

HWEI

(laughs)

So, you don't do deliveries?

MING

My grandson is afraid of everything.

YINGLIE

Just trains, whites, and mines. I had the good sense to stay out of the mines.

HWEI

We had a small farm back home. Vegetables and pigs, but no potatoes.

Yinglie holds up a potato with reverence.

YINGLIE

These are from Ireland. Far away. They will grow by the rivers, streams, and many meadows. They will keep us fed all winter.

HWEI

Amazing!

(beat)

Will you take me to Rock Springs by horseback to find my husband?

Yinglie and Ming are stunned.

HWEI (CONT'D)

I'll pay you well. Four-days travel by horse to Rock Springs, and four days back here.

MING

He is not good with horses.

HWEI

We'll make a fine pair.

YINGLIE

Eight days?

HWEI

You will buy horses and gather supplies for our journey tonight. We depart at dawn.

She hands Yinglie sixty dollars cash. He is stunned, but he puts the money in his pocket.

YINGLIE

Never seen so much money in one place.

HWEI

I will pay you forty dollars for horses and saddles, and you can keep one of the horses.

Yinglie looks at his grandfather, who turns away.

YINGLIE

I don't think so. I have my crop of potatoes.

MING

Rock Springs is not safe!

YINGLIE

Yes, Grandfather.

HWEI

Think about it. May I sleep here tonight?

MING

One dollar.

Ming grabs the coffee pot of hot water from the wood stove, as Hwei produces the silver dollar.

Ming, Yinglie, and Hwei hear a six-gun being cocked behind them. They turn to see Xaing pointing a pistol at Ming. Ming tosses the coffee pot at Xaing, who fires two shots at Ming and the scalding water burns Xaing's face. In the commotion, Yinglie disappears out the back door. Xaing grabs Hwei's arm and squeezes it tight, as he cusses in Chinese and English.

Ming drops to the floor, dead.

Xaing grabs some rope from the store and ties Hwei's hands and feet. He gags her with a bandana. He carts her out over his shoulder, not seeing her small suitcase in the corner of the store.

XAING

You'll pay for this!

BACK TO:

INT./EXT. SALT LAKE CITY TRAIN STATION - DAY

Bill is at the *Enterprise Car Rental* office three blocks away from the train station. Hwei walks slightly behind him.

HWEI

I can pay for this.

BILL

It's the least I can do. We both want to see Evanston and Rock Springs. I have a license and insurance. I promise I'll be a perfect gentleman from now on.

Hwei runs ahead of Bill, and stands in front of him. She stares at him. He smiles.

HWEI

I should be catching a flight back home from the Salt Lake Airport. This was a bad move for me professionally.

BILL

It's an adventure, you said. Is this how it ends?

Hwei walks on at a fast clip. Bill follows.

HWEI

I don't know.

BILL

Trust me.

HWEI

I can read my great-grandmother's journal at home.

(snickers)

Or at work, like everybody else, apparently.

Bill is shocked.

BILL

You're letting others see the journal, and not me?

HWEI

A few friends at my factory have been enjoying the pages I send them, and I think they have been forwarding them to others.

They reach the Enterprise Car Rental Office. Bill looks frustrated as the car rental representative, HANK (25) motions Bill and Hwei forward.

HANK

I'm Hank. Do you have a reservation?

HWEI

Can I get a cab to the airport?

BILL

(to Hwei)

I think you should come with me and complete your adventure.

HANK

Seems to be a difference of opinion.

Hwei stares into Bill's eyes. She smiles.

HWEI

I guess you're safe.

Standing behind them in line is the ominous man in the dark suit, Desmond Salazar, from Hwei's factory in China. She does not notice him. Hank stares at his computer screen.

HANK

Licence and credit card. Let's see what cars we have left.

(beat)

Identical twin Jeeps. Take either one. Keys are inside.

Bill grabs the paperwork.

BILL

Thanks.

HANK

Oh, where will you be staying? I have to ask.

BILL

Rock Springs, Wyoming.

HANK

Careful. They might be getting snow.

Hwei lights up.

HWEI
Snow? Now it is an adventure!

They race out. Hank sees that the man in the dark suit (Desmond Salazar) looks impatient, and slaps five \$100-bills on the counter.

HANK
I suppose you'd like the other
Jeep?

INT. JEEP - DAY

Bill is speeding up Interstate 80 toward Park City, as Hwei checks her phone. She is stunned.

HWEI
That's odd. I have no messages from
my supervisor at the factory?

BILL
Your supervisor sends you messages
on your vacation?

HWEI
He's a friend, too. Boyfriend,
actually.

BILL
Oh, sorry. Didn't mean to pry.

HWEI
Our shifts are starting soon. Very
odd. He always sends me messages.

BILL
I searched the web earlier for
interesting historical facts about
Rock Springs.

Hwei stares at her phone in disbelief. She is barely paying attention to Bill.

HWEI
What did you find?

BILL
It's a rich area for coal, old coal
mines, historic railroad lines, and
the famous bank robber Butch
Cassidy was there.

Hwei doesn't flinch.

BILL (CONT'D)

And do you know what you can find
right on the ground a little north
of Rock Springs?

Hwei continues to stare at her phone.

BILL (CONT'D)

Diamonds!

Hwei snaps her head in Bill's direction.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. SALOON - DAY

It's a cold December day in 1885. Hwei is strapped across Xaing's horse, when he stops at a saloon. He carts Hwei in over his shoulder and sits her in the corner. There are Three tough-looking cowboys/Card Players (30s, 40s) and a Barkeeper (55) in the saloon, who pay little attention to Hwei. Xaing whips out his six-gun, and points it at Hwei's head, and whispers.

XAING

One word outta ya, and I'll shoot
ya. Ain't no one who'd care. I know
you got more money on ya somewhere,
and I'm gonna have fun findin' it!

Xaing heads to the card table with two \$20 bills.

CARD PLAYER #1

No chinks allowed.

Xaing shows them his \$40.

XAING

Dang! I'd like to learn this game.
What is it?

CARD PLAYER #2

Poker. Sit down son. Draw poker.
Five bucks a hand. No raises.

The dealer, Card Player #3, delivers five cards to each player.

CARD PLAYER #1

I'll take three.

He tosses in three cards, face down, and gets three new cards. He smiles.

CARD PLAYER #2
I'll take two.

He tosses in two cards, face down, and gets two new cards. He looks uncomfortable.

XAING
One.

Xaing tosses in one card, and gets a card. He curses in Chinese.

CARD PLAYER #3
Dealer takes four.

The dealer gives himself four cards.

CARD PLAYER #3 (CONT'D)
Call. Whatcha got?

CARD PLAYER #1
Pair of tens.

CARD PLAYER #2
Three duces.

XAING
King-high, nothin'.

Xaing curses in Chinese. The others laugh.

CARD PLAYER #3
Three queens. Looks like I win.

Card Player #3 collects his money, shuffles and deals. The Card Player's smile. Xaing does not.

CARD PLAYER #1
What ya doin' with the girl?

XAING
That's my concern.

CARD PLAYER #3
I'd like a crack at her.

XAING
She ain't for sale.
(beat)
Yit!

CARD PLAYER #2
How 'bout rent?

Xaing loses his second hand, and the Card Player's laugh. Card Player #1 pulls his pistol and shoots a bullet just above Hwei's head. She SCREAMS. Xaing chuckles with the men.

CARD PLAYER #1
Know what they just discovered in
Rock Springs?

CARD PLAYER #2
(laughs)
Diamonds? Right there on the dirt?

CARD PLAYER #3
(laughs)
Last week they said it was gold.

CARD PLAYER #1
No. They found you could kill up to
fifty collies, and don't nobody
care!

Xaing glances up from his cards. He sees the three Card Players have pistols pointed at him. The Card Player's cock their pistols.

Xaing tips over the table at the three men, whose guns fire into the air. The men and pistols go flying back. Xaing pulls his six-gun, but sees the Bartender pointing his shotgun at Xaing. The three Card Players beat Xaing up so badly he cannot walk. Blood oozes from his mouth.

BARTENDER
Get him outta here!

Card Players #1 and #2 drag Xaing from the bar to the dirt street.

CARD PLAYER #3
What about the girl?

BARTENDER
You won her fair and square.

They look to the corner of the room. Hwei is gone. Card Players #1 and #2 race in.

CARD PLAYER #1
Some other coolie rode off with the
girl!

BARTENDER
Better fetch her.

Card Players #1 and #2 get on their horses and ride off.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Better kill the Chinaman.

Card Player #3 heads outside.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
See if he's got any money first.

Card Player #3 struts over to Xaing, who is laying face-down in the dirt. Xaing hears the sound of a pistol cock. Xaing spins with a derringer in his hand and shoots Card Player #3 in the head.

The Bartender races out with a shotgun. He sees Xaing, barely able to stand, but he's holding Card Player #3's six-gun. The Bartender jumps back in inside. Xaing shoots him dead.

Xaing steals Card Player #3's horse, and trots away, looking at the trail of hoof prints left behind.

EXT. TRAIL OUTSIDE EVANSTON - NIGHT

Yinglie Zhang rides Xaing's horse with Hwei clinging to his waist. The sun is setting before their eyes. They converse in Chinese.

HWEI
You saved my life.

YINGLIE
No, you ran out of that saloon. I was stealing the horse of the man who shot my grandfather.

HWEI
But I didn't know how to ride a horse. Those men would have killed me.

YINGLIE
Or worse. I just want to get out of here.

HWEI
Where are we headed?

YINGLIE
West. San Francisco for me. Then home. I'm a farmer, not a gunslinger.

HWEI

Let me down. I need to find my husband.

YINGLIE

Rock Springs? Too dangerous.

HWEI

I can't leave him.

Yinglie helps her off the horse.

YINGLIE

Opposite direction. Hundred miles. Wish you wouldn't go! I have no one.

HWEI

You have your store.

YINGLIE

Grandfather's store. I'm a farmer. I hate violence, and the cold. Maybe I'll go back to Zhenjiang.

HWEI

Zhenjaing? My farm is close by.

YINGLIE

Then you understand why I must return.

HWEI

Will you help me find my husband first?

Hwei looks up into his eyes. Yinglie sighs.

YINGLIE

Yes. But, at the first sign of violence, I will go.

HWEI

Xaing will be tracking you for his horse.

Yinglie is worried.

YINGLIE

He is a tracker?

HWEI

The best! He can track any man or animal.

Yinglie pulls her up on Xaing's horse.

YINGLIE
First sign of trouble, I go.

HWEI
I understand.

They turn and head east into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Zhou stands over Mr. Xu and his cell phone. Mr. Zhou is angry. Mr. Xu is in tears.

MR. ZHOU
Your entire career for a girl?

MR. XU
She went crazy. I did not know.

MR. ZHOU
You know now. Productivity is up almost two percent in your sector and we want to know why!

MR. XU
Such a distraction...
(beat)
Did you say production was up!

MR. ZHOU
Yes, and the Controller must know how Hwei-ru Chen is inspiring her team when she is not here!

MR. XU
She sends photos? She sends writings?
(sadly)
I think they call it a blog.

MR. ZHOU
He will find Hwei-ru Chen, and that journal, and get to the bottom of this.

MR. XU
In America?

MR. ZHOU

He has one job: Keep productivity high for the corporation.

MR. XU

What about me?

MR. ZHOU

You will get your production bonus, help the trainees from the countryside, and remain silent.

MR. XU

My bonus!

MR. ZHOU

Yes, thanks to Ms. Chen.

MR. XU

We will be engaged soon.

MR. ZHOU

That surprises me.

MR. XU

Surprises you?

MR. ZHOU

She is so adventurous and inspiring! You are so...

MR. XU

Ordinary?

MR. ZHOU

Get out there and inspire your team leaders. Go!

Mr. Xu is paralyzed. Mr. Zhou yells.

MR. ZHOU (CONT'D)

I said, go!

Mr. Xu races out of the office, as Mr. Zhou sends a message on his phone.

CUT TO:

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Bill and Hwei near Evanston, Wyoming. Hwei is staring at her phone when a message arrives.

HWEI
What? Mr. Zhou? Oh no!

BILL
What's wrong?

HWEI
It's my supervisor's supervisor. He never talks to me. Never talks to anyone! How did he get my number?

BILL
Personnel files?

HWEI
Maybe? But why me? Why now?

BILL
Read the message.

Hwei reads the message to Bill.

HWEI
Translated, he said, 'You've been disruptive but inspiring with your blog. We have questions.'

BILL
You're kidding!

HWEI
That's what it said.

BILL
Disruptive but inspiring?

HWEI
How does that work?

BILL
It works well, I think.

Bill exits the freeway.

BILL (CONT'D)
Come on. I'll buy you dinner.

Bill sees a *Restaurant*.

BILL (CONT'D)
We'll eat, gas up, then head to Rock Springs.

Bill sees Hwei is worried.

HWEI
What have I done?

EXT./INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Hwei is near lifeless as she enters the restaurant. A perky cheerleader-type WAITRESS (30) greets them.

WAITRESS
Just passing through? Table or booth?

BILL
A booth would be nice.

HWEI
Thank you.

The Waitress guides them to a booth in the empty restaurant, and drops two menus on the table.

WAITRESS
The chicken-fried steak is to die for!

HWEI
Do you have hot tea?

WAITRESS
We do, but it's Wyomin' so everybody orders coffee.

BILL
I'd like some tea too, if it's not a bother.

The Waitress romps to the kitchen. Hwei looks gloomy.

BILL (CONT'D)
It's the journal, isn't it?

HWEI
It's what they call a distraction at the factory.
(beat)
How does it affect production? We all know politics, sex, and religion are mostly forbidden topics at work.

BILL
Just like here, I guess.

Hwei produces the journal and phone, and she begins to photograph several pages.

BILL (CONT'D)

You're going to send more pages to coworkers. Won't that get you in trouble?

HWEI

They can delete them if they want.

BILL

What if their supervisor catches them first?

HWEI

No one is crazy enough to use their phone on the line.

BILL

I don't understand. What's wrong about posting a blog of your adventure?

The Waitress returns with two orders of hot tea.

HWEI

I don't understand. The Rock Springs Massacre was a sad time for Chinese workers.

The Waitress hears them and smiles.

WAITRESS

We learned about that in high school here. Evanston played a role. After the massacre, hundreds of survivors made it here to the other Chinatown.

BILL

Really? I thought they wanted to go to San Francisco.

WAITRESS

They did! But then that sneaky railroad loaded 'em all up on a train, and took 'em back to Rock Springs instead. They were hoodwinked!

HWEI

Hoodwinked?

WAITRESS

Fooled. Duped. Betrayed! It was awful what they did to those people. Have you decided on what y'all havin' for dinner?

Hwei and Bill are still processing what the Waitress said. Hwei jumps ahead a few pages in the journal and sees that she was right!

HWEI

The railroad needed coal, and the coal company needed miners.

BILL

That's awful!

Hwei pounds her fist on the table.

HWEI

And only sixteen white miners were arrested for the massacre!

BILL

Sixteen whites? For thirty to fifty deaths, scores more injured, and almost eighty houses burned?

Hwei sees Bill cringe in anger.

HWEI

Not right!

BILL

Not right at all.

They stare out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIL OUTSIDE EVANSTON - NIGHT

Yinglie and Hwei crowd around a small campfire on a bitterly cold night. They hear the clicks of two pistols being cocked. They spin their heads to see Card Players #1 and #2 thirty yards away.

YINGLIE

Run!

Yinglie races into the darkness. The Card Player's SHOOT into the air. Hwei freezes, but Yinglie races away screaming.

CARD PLAYER #1
That's the coward farmer.

The Card Players race up to Hwei.

CARD PLAYER #2
We got the girl. That's what matters.

The Card Players grab Hwei by one arm each, and aim their pistols with their other hands.

HWEI
Let me go. I'll pay.

CARD PLAYER #1
You'll pay, all right!

Card Player #1 rips off Hwei's jacket. The Card Players laugh. She struggles, kicks, and screams. Card Player #2 begins to unbutton her woolen dress. When half the buttons are undone, he pushes her down on her back. We HEAR two rifle shots from behind, and both Card Players drop their guns, and fall screaming and holding their stomachs. Hwei screams at the sight of the men in bloody pain. She inches backwards in the sand, when Xaing staggers up to the fire holding a Henry repeating rifle.

Hwei's eyes open like she's seeing a ghost. Xaing kicks the pistols away from the screaming Card Players. He stares down at Hwei. Xaing's face is stained with dried blood.

HWEI
You're alive!

XAING
They left me for dead. Big mistake.

Xaing kicks the Card Players, who agonize in pain.

XAING (CONT'D)
Before I passed out, the barkeep was going on about diamonds and gold, just a laying on the ground, north of Rock Springs.

HWEI
My husband, Jia Qian, knows all about stones, minerals, and gems. His hobby.

XAING
The one you paid me to find?

HWEI

That's him. But he won't help you
if you hurt me!

Xaing pauses. He kicks the Card Players again. They groan,
but they're weakening from loss of blood.

XAING

You thinks he can lead me to
diamonds?

HWEI

Worth more than gold, he used to
say.

XAING

Maybe you is right.

HWEI

Get me to Rock Springs, and you'll
be rich beyond your dreams.

Xaing gives the Card Players one last kick each. They don't
respond. He pulls Hwei up with one arm, wincing in pain.

XAING

Let's go, horse-thief!

Hwei recovers her jacket, and looks around in the desert for
Yinglie. Xaing grabs one of the Card Player's horses for
Hwei, and hops on his horse with anguishing pain. They ride
east.

LATER

Yinglie returns to campfire to see the two dead Card Players.
He picks up the two pistols, and puts them in his belt. He
hops on the remaining horse, deciding which direction to
ride.

Yinglie heads west, mumbling.

YINGLIE

West. San Francisco. Clipper ship
home to China. Safety.

He turns the horse around and heads east.

YINGLIE (CONT'D)

East. Rock Springs. Not safe.

He turns the horse around, and heads west.

YINGLIE (CONT'D)
 Must stay alive. Farmer. Life is
 all we have.

He stops.

YINGLIE (CONT'D)
 Pretty girl needs my help, or she
 will never return home!

He turns the horse and heads east.

YINGLIE (CONT'D)
 And diamonds. Don't forget about
 the diamonds!

He gallops off, heading east.

BACK TO:

INT./EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The plates are empty, their bellies full. Hwei sits across
 the booth from Bill and smiles, as the Waitress brings them
 more hot tea.

WAITRESS
 Never seen two people drink so much
 tea. I may have to try it someday.

BILL
 Thanks, it's a cold night.

WAITRESS
 You two should cozy up then. Plenty
 of good hotels all around here.

HWEI
 Thanks for the tea. We need to move
 on to Rock Springs.

WAITRESS
 May re-think that. Storm's coming
 in from the north. Could get nasty.

Bill and Hwei look out the window, and see nothing.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
 The storming from the north, gives
 ya no warning. Old saying here.

HWEI
 Thanks. Maybe one more cup of tea.

Hwei rips open the tea bag to create a swirl of tea leaves in her cup. The Waitress shrugs her shoulders and departs.

WAITRESS

I'll get your check.

Hwei and Bill drink their tea slowly. Bill stares at Hwei looking into her cup.

BILL

What else is in that journal of yours? Historically speaking.

Hwei doesn't look up as she speaks.

HWEI

Great-grandma was in trouble. She was almost raped by two card players, right here near Evanston, when the tracker she hired to find her husband saved her.

Bill smirks.

BILL

Nice of him.

Hwei looks up and snaps at him.

HWEI

He was after her money and the lure of diamonds!

BILL

Diamonds? First I heard of diamonds. Sorry. I thought everybody mined coal!

HWEI

People do bad things for money!

Bill looks away. Hwei sees this, then stares at the tea leaves.

BILL

What else do you see in your tea leaves?

HWEI

A deer with eyes as big as full moons.

BILL

Like big diamonds?

Hwei is angry and suspicious.

HWEI

Diamonds were never found back then! It was a rumor started by the railroad and coal companies to bring ignorant country folk to the region.

BILL

So when they didn't find diamonds or gold, they had to beg for work in the mines or on the rails.

HWEI

Sadly, yes. Diamonds weren't found in Wyoming until 1976.

BILL

Ninety-one years after the massacre.

Hwei finishes her tea, and stares at the tea leaves, while Bill is checking his phone for messages.

HWEI

There is something you're not telling me.

Bill looks away.

BILL

Likewise, I think.

Bill's phone, lying flat on the table, RINGS. Hwei can see the caller ID, which says, Jung's Diamonds. She freezes with anger.

HWEI

You work for the Mr. Jung!

Bill moves closer to Hwei, but she scoots away. She pulls out a twenty-dollar bill and slams it down.

BILL

I did, I admit it. But I quit the first night on the train, when I was holding you on the hard seat, when I had a sleeper car, remember?

HWEI

The tea leaves don't lie.

Hwei gets up to leave. Bill is defensive. He throws thirty dollars down on the table.

BILL

I told you, I quit! I could have flown home to San Francisco from Salt Lake City, but I wanted to help you on your adventure!

Hwei looks at the tea leaves one last time. She picks up her tea cup and throws it at Bill's head. He ducks, and it CRASHES against the wall behind him.

The Waitress begins to return to the table, but she turns away and heads back to the kitchen.

HWEI

Your honesty arrived too late. I'll get my things and go.

Bill follows her out to the car. It's cold and windy.

BILL

Go where? It's freezing!

HWEI

I don't know.

Another Jeep RACES into the parking lot of the restaurant and skids to a stop. Desmond Salazar, from Hwei's factory jumps out of the car.

DESMOND

Hwei-ru Chen? I'm Desmond Salazar, from your factory! They call me the Controller, which isn't correct. It's actually Comptroller.

Hwei is stunned, but she recognizes the man.

HWEI

Mr. Zhou's supervisor?

DESMOND

An advisor, from Menlo Park, actually.

BILL

This is a private issue.

DESMOND

(to Bill)

It's not where our corporation is concerned!

(MORE)

DESMOND (CONT'D)

(to Hwei)

I've traveled half-way around the world to speak to you personally.

HWEI

Can we go somewhere warm?

Bill points to a hotel up the street.

BILL

I've reserved two rooms up the street. Two rooms, Hwei.

HWEI

(to Bill)

I heard you. I don't trust you.

(to Desmond)

And I don't know you.

DESMOND

You've inspired your team, and the production across the entire factory. We need to know how you did this!

HWEI

Workers are reading my blog?

DESMOND

They follow your every word. There is a buzz, an excitement we've never seen among the workers.

HWEI

That's ridiculous.

DESMOND

True! I'm here to offer you a senior position in the company. Three, no five times the pay, benefits packages, vacation, the works! Can we talk about this, please?

HWEI

Can you drive me to Rock Springs?

DESMOND

No. Snow is coming. We must return to the Salt Lake City airport, and fly out tomorrow morning. On the corporation, of course.

Hwei considers the offer.

BILL

I will take you on to Rock Springs,
snow or no snow!

They all shiver in the cold. Hwei is confused.

DESMOND

Mr. Xu misses you! Please, come
with me.

Hwei looks at Desmond, then Bill, then Desmond again.

HWEI

I don't know who to trust anymore!

But, Hwei gets in Desmond's Jeep. Bill's chin sinks to his chest, as he removes Hwei's pink suitcase and backpack from his jeep. He sadly approaches, Hwei.

BILL

You can trust me. I promise.

HWEI

I don't know.

DESMOND

We should go!

BILL

Call me sometime?

Hwei looks back at Bill, as she gets in Desmond's jeep.

HWEI

Maybe. Don't know.

Desmond smiles at Hwei, who looks at him suspiciously as she shuts the door. Desmond screeches away, and heads toward the highway sign to Salt Lake City.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Hwei buckles her seat belt, but Desmond does not. Desmond tries to make pleasant conversation with Hwei.

DESMOND

Who was that? Some guy you picked
up on the train?

HWEI

How did you know about the train?
Oh, my blog.

DESMOND

Yes, we've all enjoyed it.

HWEI

Mr. Xu hasn't texted me recently.
Everything okay with him?

DESMOND

I'm afraid we had to confiscate his
phone and restrict his
communications for the good of the
corporation.

Hwei is shocked.

HWEI

How did you find me, exactly?

DESMOND

Your phone's GPS.

HWEI

It's not turned on.

DESMOND

Then, that fellow Bill's phone's
GPS. It's important to the
corporation to be in control at all
times.

Hwei is angry and alarmed. Desmond stares over meanly.

HWEI

But how could you get...? You were
following us!

A full-grown deer JUMPS in front of Desmond's jeep, with its two huge white eyes staring at Hwei before Desmond hits it straight on. Desmond slams on the breaks, and the Jeep skids to the side of the highway. Hwei is protected by the seat belt, but Desmond hits his head on the windshield. The deer bounds away, seemingly unhurt. Desmond is bleeding slightly from the head and knocked out cold. Hwei grabs her backpack and suitcase, and staggers out of the jeep and along the highway back toward Evanston.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIL OUTSIDE EVANSTON - NIGHT

On horseback, Xaing leads Hwei's horse alongside the railroad tracks. Hwei's hands are tied to the saddle horn. It's cold and windy.

XAING

Two and half days more to Rock Springs if we don't rest the horses too long.

HWEI

I need rest. They need rest. We all need water.

XAING

Shut up, and ride.

HWEI

There's no diamonds or gold anywhere near Rock Springs. They're all lying!

XAING

How do you know?

HWEI

Think about it. They need miners and railroad workers.

XAING

So?

HWEI

They bring in cheap Chinese labor.

XAING

Yeah.

HWEI

Now the whites strike. They won't work with us Chinese anymore.

XAING

So?

HWEI

So, the coal company and railroad need to attract more whites to the region.

XAING

So?

HWEI

So they make up stories of gold and diamonds to lure ignorant farmers, ranchers, and city folk from back east to Rock Springs.

XAING
People ain't that stupid!

HWEI
They come in wagons and by train,
and some on horseback. They starve
for a few weeks, and start to work
out of desperation for the coal
mines.

Hwei is silent. Xaing grunts a few swear words and spits.

XAING
Shut up and ride!

BACK TO:

INT. FACTORY OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Xu and Mr. Zhou cram into Mr. Xu's office, staring at a small desktop phone. The clock on the wall reads 11 A.M. Finally, the phone RINGS. They speak English.

MR. ZHOU
Mr. Salazar, we are with Mr. Xu.

DESMOND (O.S.)
Hit a deer.

MR. ZHOU
What is this?

DESMOND (O.S.)
I hit a deer with my car. I'm in
the hospital. They want me
overnight for observation, but I'm
getting outta here now.

MR. XU
How is Hwei-ru?

DESMOND (O.S.)
She's gone. Don't know. She's
stubborn, independent, resourceful.
(beat)
Dangerous. I want her fired
immediately!

Mr. Xu gasps.

MR. ZHOU
We knew you were taken to the
hospital. Everybody knows.

DESMOND (O.S.)
That damn blog, isn't it!

MR. ZHOU
Yes, sir, I'm afraid so, but...

DESMOND (O.S.)
But what?

MR. ZHOU
Production is up three percent!

DESMOND (O.S.)
You know what to do! That's an order! And cut off that blog!

They hear a CLICK. Mr. Zhou stares at Mr. Xu, who cringes.

EXT./INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Hwei stumbles into the hotel lobby in Evanston, as a male CLERK (30, Native American) looks on. She is freezing cold.

CLERK
You must be Hwei-ru Chen. Expecting you.

HWEI
Bill Yong is staying here, isn't he?

CLERK
He paid for your room, just in case you came back. Nice guy. Left you a note.

The Clerk hands Hwei a note which she crumbles up and stuffs in her pocket angrily.

HWEI
Don't trust him.

CLERK
An extra room. Not on the same floor.

HWEI
Don't trust him.

CLERK
Didn't want to know the room number.

HWEI
Got WiFi?

CLERK
Yes, Ma'am. Breakfast is six-thirty
to ten.

HWEI
Give me a key.

CLERK
Want to know Bill Yong's room
number?

Hwei GLARES at the Clerk.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Guess not. Think you should read
the note.

The Clerk hands Hwei the key card. She stumbles toward her
room.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Would have froze to death!

HWEI
Would it have mattered?

Hwei disappears.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIL OUTSIDE EVANSTON - NIGHT

Xaing, on horseback, leads Hwei's horse on a cold night. Hwei
is almost asleep, or dead, hard to tell. Xaing hears wolves
howl in the distance. He stops, and rides on. He hears a
horse NEIGH-WHINNY behind them on the trail. Hwei snaps
alive.

HWEI
What was that?

Xaing dismounts with a great deal of pain. Hwei sees that he
is bleeding from a chest wound.

HWEI (CONT'D)
Those wolves?

XAING
Shut up and stay put.

Hwei looks around. She's depressed and freezing.

HWEI

Where could I go where you wouldn't
find me?

Xaing pulls his rifle from the side of his horse.

XAING

Back in a minute. If you try to
escape, I'll shoot you next.

Xaing walks back along the trail. Moments later, Hwei hears a single rifle shot, and a loud NEIGH-WHINNY of a horse in the distance. Xaing returns barely able to walk. He painfully mounts his horse, and rides on with Hwei's horse in tow.

BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Hwei is fully clothed, under the blankets of her bed. She has her phone, I-pad, and purse around her on the bed, as she reads the journal and weeps. Only the small light by the bed is on.

HWEI

No, no, no.

She tosses the journal on the bed in disgust. Her phone buzzes for a text message. It's from Mr. Xu. Hwei, tired and cold, struggles to read the text.

HWEI (CONT'D)

Hwei-ru Chen? My full name?

(pauses)

We regret to inform you...

(pauses)

This can't be! No! No!

Hwei slams the phone on the bed. She is furious. She hops out of the bed in a tirade. She paces. She grabs the phone in the room, picks it up, and slams it down.

Hwei races into the bathroom, and turns on the shower water to scalding-hot. The room fills with steam. She rips off her clothes, and steps into the shower. Her hands brace against the wall as the hot water crashes against her head.

She turns off the water and dries off in a fury. She wraps the towel around her body, and exits the bathroom. The room is totally dark. She sees a hand reach around her from behind her with a cloth that covers her nose and mouth. She tries to scream, but she can't. Moments later, she is out cold, lifeless in a man's arms.

LATER

Hwei awakens in bed. She is groggy, and sees that she is naked. She grabs the hotel phone, but the wires have been cut. She scans the room to see that it is empty. Her clothes, smartphone, I-pad, suitcase, backpack, passport, and journal are gone.

HWEI (CONT'D)

My journal!

She sits up, with the bed sheet around her, and she SCREAMS!

End Act Two

Act Three

INT./EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Hwei trudges to the lobby wrapped in a blanket. A POLICEMAN and POLICEWOMAN (30s) are taking a report from the Clerk. It's chaotic, with everyone talking.

CLERK

Told you, I didn't see him.

POLICEMAN

What time was it, exactly?

POLICEWOMAN

Can we look at your security tapes?

Hwei nudges in the middle of them.

HWEI

I was knocked out and robbed. All my belongings, passport and everything I owned; stolen. I'm angry, naked, and cold!

The Police and Clerk stop talking, and stare at Hwei with pity.

POLICEWOMAN

Oh my God!

HWEI

I need you to call Bill Yong's room immediately.

POLICEMAN

Did he do this?

HWEI

No. My attacker was shorter than me. That's all I know. Get Bill for me, please.

The Clerk is already on the phone.

CLERK

I'm calling him now.

HWEI

Tell him I need clothes.

LATER

Bill Yong is comforting Hwei over cups of tea as she signs a police report for the Policewoman. Hwei is wearing a pair of Bill's gray slacks (rolled up) and a blue dress shirt. The Clerk joins them with a cup of coffee.

CLERK

It all happened so fast. I saw a white cloth over my nose and mouth, and I was out. I'm so sorry.

HWEI

Not your fault.

POLICEWOMAN

We'll do what we can. We'll reach you on Mr. Yong's phone.

Hwei smiles weakly. The Clerk goes back to work.

BILL

You don't have your passport or money. I'm so sorry. I'll help you get your things back.

Hwei looks up and smiles.

HWEI

Sorry I didn't trust you, Bill.
(beat)
I'm sure the thief is headed to Rock Springs. Let's go!

Hwei races to the exit, as Bill grabs his suitcase and follows her. On the way to the Jeep, Bill asks questions.

BILL

How do you know your attacker was short? How do you know he or she is heading to Rock Springs?

HWEI

My attacker was your former employer! Mr. Jung, of Mr. Jung's Diamonds in my home town.

BILL

He hired me to keep you close.

HWEI

So he could swoop in for the other diamonds!

Bill opens her door, and she gets in.

BILL
How do you know all this?

Bill gets in the driver's seat and starts the Jeep.

HWEI
I saw the Chinese tattoos on his
left arm before he smothered me
with chloroform. It has to be Mr.
Jung! Let's go!

BILL
To Rock Springs?

HWEI
WalMart. I have to change. Hand me
your phone.

Bill RACES away, and hands Hwei his phone.

INT. JEEP - DAY

Hwei is dressed in a simple winter outfit. She has an open pink suitcase filled with underwear, socks, shirts, and pants, with the price tags attached. Bill is racing toward Rock Springs, while Hwei is looking at websites on Bill's phone.

HWEI
Didn't have to buy me all those
things.

BILL
Should have been more careful about
employers.

HWEI
He's after the diamonds, but won't
know where to look.

BILL
Journal wasn't clear?

HWEI
Clear on some things, not on
others. What did the message you
left me at the desk last night say?

BILL
You never read it?

HWEI

No, I crumpled it up, and it was stolen with my jacket.

BILL

It said I was very sorry. It said, I remembered seeing the man in the dark suit behind us at the rental car office in Salt Lake. It said I think he needed intelligence support to track your phone.

HWEI

Intelligence support?

BILL

FBI, CIA, National Security Agency? Somebody big.

HWEI

Mr. Jung has my phone now. This should be interesting!

Bill speeds up.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

SUPER: "Chinatown, Rock Springs, December 7, 1885"

Xaing, on horseback and in pain, still pulls Hwei's horse as they enter the burnt remains in Chinatown. We see dozens of burnt buildings, human bones picked clean, and scattered garbage. Chinatown is deserted.

HWEI

Where, where is everyone?

XAING

Ain't here. Some workin' the mines. Other's scattered is my guess.

HWEI

Got to find my husband!

Xaing is equally horrified by the site. He dismounts and helps Hwei down off her horse. He whips out a knife, still in great pain, and he cuts her wrists free, as he looks around in horror.

XAING

Ain't right.

Hwei is in tears. She runs from burnt house to burnt house. She picks around the few human bones left by scavengers. She screams and weeps at each set of bones or burnt clothes. Xaing walks like a wounded zombie through Chinatown.

XAING (CONT'D)
(mumbles)
Ain't right.

BACK TO:

EXT./INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Bill is practically dragging Hwei into the coffee shop. There are Ten Patrons (20s-30s), all on smartphones, tablets, and laptop computers. In the corner, hidden by a newspaper, is Desmond Salazar, with a flesh-colored bandage on his forehead. One handsome young business man in a starched white shirt and blue jeans (BOBBY; 32) is day-trading stocks on a laptop, and sipping coffee.

BILL
Just a quick bite to eat. I need
real coffee and something sweet!

HWEI
I get it. I'm not sweet!

Everyone hears Hwei and looks up.

BILL
No, I need coffee and a Danish!
I'll get you tea, then we'll go to
your museum.

Desmond looks over the newspaper and approaches Hwei. She sees him immediately.

HWEI
You stay away from me.

BILL
Hey, buddy! Stay away from her.

DESMOND
I knew you'd come in. I just want
to talk. Everybody's worried sick
about you at the factory.

HWEI
They fired me! Leave me alone!

BILL
I'm calling the cops. But first...

Bill punches Desmond in the jaw, and he falls on his butt.

BOBBY
Coffee Bar fight! Cool!

Desmond gets up, apologizing.

DESMOND
We made a mistake. Firing you. That was wrong. I'm sorry.

BILL
You fired her? For taking a vacation?

Bill threatens to hit Desmond again, but Hwei steps between them.

DESMOND
Productivity tanked immediately after word got out.

HWEI
Stay away from me, Mr. Salazar!

Bill pushes Desmond away. The crowd gasps. Hwei turns her back to Desmond, and begins to walk out. Bill starts to race after her.

DESMOND
Call me Desmond. Look, your stolen phone is in the area!

Hwei and Bill turn back to Desmond. He shows them a map on his phone with a red dot blinking.

DESMOND (CONT'D)
I can help you find it.

Hwei gasps, as does Bill. They turn angrier than ever.

HWEI
How do you know this?

DESMOND
I can't say, but I can help.

Hwei looks at Bill. He nods, "yes."

BILL
What choice do we have?

DESMOND
The last ping was near the museum!

HWEI

Let's go!

The day-trader closes his computer and stands up.

BOBBY

My Gramps is the curator. I can help. Losing a smartphone is horrible. Simply horrible!

Hwei shakes her head in disgust, but tugs on Bobby's shirt to drag him along with Desmond and Bill following.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCK SPRINGS - DAY

SUPER: "White-men's town, Rock Springs, December 7, 1885."

Xaing and Hwei (riding by herself) gallop to a signpost near the Knights of Labor shack. A "Wanted Poster" for Xaing Li waves in the wind. Xaing dismounts in pain, rips off the wanted poster, and shoves it in his pocket. A filthy, white COAL MINER (60) trudges down the dirt road. Hwei yells to him.

HWEI

I'm looking for a list of dead Chinese. Where's the sheriff?

The Coal Miner points to Knights of Labor shack.

COAL MINER

In there, with everybody else.

HWEI

Thanks, Mister.

COAL MINER

Don't let no coolies inside.

HWEI

I'll wait.

The Coal Miner walks on. Xaing leans next to Hwei and shoves a gun in her side.

XAING

I'll poke around the mines, and meet ya back in Chinatown. You don't be forgetting our deal now.

HWEI

I won't forget!

Xaing heads off up a dirt road. Hwei ties her horse to the signpost, and walks over to Knights of Labor shack.

Hwei hears men (Five white Citizens 30-60) yelling inside to ARNOLD T. STETSON (60), who has a deep, powerful voice.

CITIZEN #1
Didn't see nothin'. Told ya!

STETSON
(in disbelief)
It was broad daylight!

CITIZEN #2
We was workin' the mine.

STETSON
All of ya?

CITIZEN #3
What we said.

STETSON
The sixteen men in jail cain't a done all that. Twenty-eight dead, fifty injured, close to eighty houses burnt up what belonged to the coal company.

CITIZEN #4
Nobody didn't see nothing!

CITIZEN #5
Chinks did it to themselves.

STETSON
Ain't nobody gonna believe that!

CITIZEN #1
They don't gotta. You ain't got a single witness in town!

The Citizens laugh. Hwei sinks in sadness. Stetson storms out of the building carrying a stack of papers, and he sees Hwei.

STETSON
What do you want?

HWEI
List of the dead.

STETSON
You speak English? Anyway, it won't help you. The list.
(MORE)

STETSON (CONT'D)
It's confidential evidence for the
grand jury.

HWEI
Grand jury? Is that what you call
it? I want to see it.

Stetson starts to storm away, but he stops, turns, digs
through his papers, and shows a list of the dead to Hwei.

Her hands shake as she reads the list.

STETSON
Some were inside the burning
buildings and unrecognizable. Some
disappeared in the hills and ain't
no one seen 'em since. Wounded bad,
most likely.

Hwei points to the last name on the list. She faints. Stetson
catches her and brings her slowly to the ground.

BACK TO:

INT. ROCK SPRINGS MUSEUM - DAY

The two Jeeps race up to the museum and skid to a stop. Bobby
and Desmond get to the door before Hwei and Bill. An old,
crusty curator, GRAMPS (75) in overalls greets them all.
Gramps is studying old photographs and newspaper clippings
when Bobby and the others race in.

BOBBY
Gramps, these are friends of mine.
They need your help.

GRAMPS
Never see Chinese in here. Saw one
just a bit ago.

HWEI
Can you describe him?

GRAMPS
Old as me, but short and scrappy.

BILL
Tattoos on his left wrist?

GRAMPS
By golly, that's him.

HWEI
What did he want?

GRAMPS

Wanted to see old maps of town, and the mines, and geology. Spoke very little English. Showed him what we had. Then...

HWEI

What?

GRAMPS

He wanted to see the Grand Jury testimony after the Massacre. I told 'em it was online.

Bobby is tapping into his phone.

BOBBY

I just pulled it up.

They stare at Bobby's oversized smartphone.

HWEI

Said they stole everything of value off the corpses. I just read about that in my great grandma's journal.

GRAMPS

Come to think of it. The old Chinaman had just such a journal with him.

HWEI

Where was he heading?

GRAMPS

Don't rightly know.

DESMOND

Could be anywhere.

Bobby taps at his phone again.

BOBBY

Maybe the estate sale at the Hawthorn Ranch.

HWEI

Estate sale?

Bobby searches a listing for the sale.

BOBBY

Tractors, fence post diggers,
irrigation equipment, and household
goods, and antique furniture, art,
and jewelry.

HWEI

Mr. Jung! That's where he is!

BOBBY

My job is done here. Back to day-
trading!

HWEI

Thank you so much! Where is this
Hawthorn Ranch?

GRAMPS

North of town, follow County Road
13. It's dirt.

HWEI

Thanks again for your help...

Hwei, Bill, and Desmond head out.

BOBBY

Bobby Stetson. Thanks, Gramps.
Coming over Sunday for dinner?

GRAMPS

Wouldn't miss it!

Outside the museum, Bill and Hwei race to their Jeep.

DESMOND

I'll take Bobby back to the coffee
shop and wait. I don't like
trouble. Stop in before you leave
town. I'd like to offer you a big
job at the factory. Five times the
pay...

HWEI

Sounds great. I'll think about it!
Goodbye, Mr. Salazar.

Bill and Hwei race away. Desmond yells.

DESMOND

Call me, Desmond. I'll wait for
you.

BOBBY
Wouldn't hold your breath, Desmond.

DESMOND
No wonder everybody loves her blog!

BOBBY
Looks to me like she wears danger
like a shadow.

Desmond looks worried, as they hop in the second Jeep.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Bill drives like a madman as Hwei stares at his phone GPS for guidance. She looks up and sees a small turnout ahead in the road. She yells!

HWEI
Stop!

Bill slams on the brakes and skids into the turnout.

BILL
What is it? Antelope? Deer?

HWEI
This is it!

Hwei hops out and squeezes between strands of a barbed-wire fence and races to an open mound in the high-desert prairie. Bill follows slowly.

BILL
What is it?

Hwei falls to her knees. She places her hands on the soil before her, and touches them to her face. She looks up to the sky.

HWEI
Chinatown.

Bill falls to his knees. He looks around.

They DAYDREAM and see the Rock Springs Massacre before their eyes.

BEGIN MONTAGE (filmed earlier)

SUPER: "3:30 PM, September 2, 1885, Chinatown in Rock Springs, Wyoming Territory."

Twenty Chinese Miners (20-50) in ragged clothes RACE out of Chinatown with all the household goods they can carry. We see Three houses on fire. We hear GUNSHOTS, screaming, and two children crying. Five men are shot in the back while leaving. Chaos rules the day.

Twenty white miners are firing Winchester rifles at the unarmed Chinese. Five white Women cheer on their husbands. The white miners rob the dead Chinese, and loot homes that are not on fire. One Woman takes the rifle from her husband, who was not shooting, and proceeds to fire into the fleeing Chinese. Another Chinese man drops dead.

The white Miners throw bodies on a burning building. We HEAR the screams of a Child inside. One Chinese miner is scalped. One is branded. One is beheaded.

END MONTAGE

Hwei picks up a hand full of dirt, and lets grains of sand, lets it slide through her fingers. Hwei is sad, reflective.

HWEI (CONT'D)

My great-grandmother's husband was killed right here, but he was not my great-grandfather.

BILL

If he wasn't your great-grandfather, who was?

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

It's 1885, and Hwei is coming to from fainting. She is in Yinglie's arms.

YINGLIE

Zhaohui, are you okay?

Hwei is startled to see Yinglie.

HWEI

Yinglie? But Xaing...

YINGLIE

He shot at me in the dark, but I left my horse and ran. I will not run again. I will protect you.

HWEI

He...He...

YINGLIE

He will never bother you after
today. This, I swear!

Yinglie helps her up. They get on their horses, and ride slowly toward Chinatown.

HWEI

I must bid my husband farewell.

YINGLIE

I understand.

Among the burned houses and human remains, Hwei stops at a burnt building, as Yinglie looks on. She drops to her knees in the interior of the building, and places her hands in the ashes. He touches her cheeks with the ashes. She weeps.

Yinglie HEARS a horse and rider racing in their direction. He turns right to the sound, and sees Xaing riding full speed with a six-gun aimed at him.

Yinglie looks left, then bravely turns toward Xaing, kicks his horse, and races in Xaing's direction. The two riders are on a collision course. Xaing fires his pistol, but he misses Yinglie several times. Xaing's pistol is empty, as Yinglie is almost upon him. Xaing pulls out his rifle and prepares to fire as Yinglie dives from his horse and knocks Xaing off his horse. The rifle falls to the ground. Yinglie punches the bigger man several times in the face, before Xaing spins, and he soon has Yinglie beneath him. As Xaing lifts his mighty right hand to punch Yinglie, Hwei comes from behind with Xaing's rifle, and swings it into Xaing's head and knocks him out.

Arnold Stetson arrives with his six-gun pulled.

STETSON

I'll take him in.

Yinglie struggles to move out from under the big man. Xaing is out cold.

HWEI

The killing must stop!

Yinglie stands.

STETSON

This man is wanted for killing four
men in Evanston. You'll get the
reward!

HWEI
 (to Stetson)
 That's why you were chasing him?

STETSON
 And he stole five gold watches from
 the Hawthorn place up the road.

Stetson handcuffs Xaing, and reaches into Xaing's pocket and pulls out five gold watches.

Hwei stares at one of the watches as though she recognizes it, but she says nothing.

BACK TO:

EXT./INT. RANCH - DAY

Bill drives slowly up to the ranch house. Hwei exits the car first, and walks proudly to the front door. Bill follows, as Hwei knocks loudly, and waits.

They hear a horse approaching. In the saddle is a tall, elderly cowboy, HARLAN HAWTHORN III (65; crusty, big cowboy hat).

HARLAN
 Estate sale's tomorrow.

Hwei's chin drops.

HWEI
 I'm sorry. I'm Hwei-ru Chen. I've come all the way from China. This is Bill Yong from San Francisco.

Bill waves. Harlan dismounts and ties up his horse on a hitching post.

HARLAN
 I'm Harlan Hawthorn. Out for one last ride.

HWEI
 You're selling the place?

HARLAN
 Grand kids are. It's theirs, now, and nobody wants to ranch. They're city folk now. Cheyenne. Can't pay the taxes or shoot the wolves no more.

BILL
Sorry to hear.

HARLAN
You folks come back tomorrow.
Everything's set up in the barn out
back. All the antiques you can cart
away.

Harlan shakes their hands. Hwei looks into his eyes.

HARLAN (CONT'D)
Ain't the only reason you's here,
is it?

HWEI
A Chinese man stole something very
important to me. My great-
grandmother's journal.

HARLAN
I see.

HWEI
The journal will lead him here.

HARLAN
And you want this journal back.

HWEI
Yes, Sir.

HARLAN
Like I said, tomorrow is the estate
sale. I'll be glad to leave this
cursed ranch.

HWEI
Cursed?

HARLAN
Cattle died in the harsh winters.
One child died of plague. Uncle
died of a snake bite. Grandpa taken
in the flu. History of misery here.

BILL
But coal, natural gas, minerals?
What about gold or diamonds?

Harlan laughs.

HARLAN

Gold? Diamonds? You could scratch this earth from sunrise to sundown for a million years without finding a God-damn thing.

BILL

But the stories...

HARLAN

(interrupting)

Are just that! Stories. Trying to get people to settle and work a land that will kill ya.

Hwei turns her head toward the barn. They all HEAR a clanging of metal pots and pans.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

I'll get my rifle.

Harlan races inside the house. He appears a moment later out the back door. We see a short, old Chinese man (Mr. Jung), but he can't start the four-wheeler ATV for his getaway. Harlan shoots but misses. He shoots again.

They hear the four-wheeler ATV start up. A moment later, they see Mr. Jung racing away across the ranch.

HWEI

No you don't!

Hwei unstraps Harlan's horse, and jumps on the saddle.

BILL

Can you ride?

HWEI

Not yet!

Hwei kicks the horse, and races after Mr. Jung. The chase is on, across the prairie, down a dry creek bed, over small hills, and finally down a dirt road, where the horse is gaining on him.

We hear a SIREN from the Sheriff's car approaching.

Mr. Jung races on the ATV towards his rental car, a large SUV with an ATV trailer attached. He skids the ATV to a stop next to the SUV, as Hwei is close behind. Mr. Jung hops off the ATV and races to get into the SUV when Hwei dives off the horse and tackles him, as the SHERIFF (40, uniformed big man) pulls up with lights and sirens.

Bill races up in the jeep with Harlan (with his rifle), and they race out to help, but Hwei has everything under control. She has Mr. Jung pinned to the ground.

SHERIFF

Who do we have here?

HWEI

This is Mr. Jung, a Chinese national. He robbed me in a hotel in Evanston last night. The security tapes and local police will verify that.

BILL

Search his vehicle!

HARLAN

And his pockets. Saw him leaving my barn in a hurry.

HWEI

He stole my pink suitcase, clothes, backpack, my passport, and my great-grandmother's journal!

SHERIFF

Trespassing. That's due cause. I got the body-cam on. Let's check this story out.

The Sheriff handcuffs Mr. Jung, who is in fear. Then the Sheriff opens the back of the SUV. They all see Hwei's suitcase, passport, backpack, smartphone, iPad, and the old journal.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Possession of stolen goods and international documents, a federal violation.

The Sheriff looks at Hwei's passport and presents it to her.

HWEI

May I have my other things? I'd like to look into my coat pocket.

Hwei looks into the coat, and finds the crumpled up note from Bill. She reads it, and smiles at Bill.

BILL

I told you, you could trust me!

SHERIFF

You can have everything back after I document everything, and fill out my report.

HARLAN

Didn't check the thief's pockets yet.

SHERIFF

Okay, Harlan, if it'll make you happy.

The Sheriff reaches into Mr. Jung's pants, and pulls out five gold pocket watches.

HARLAN

Those are great-grandpa's. They were in the barn for the estate sale tomorrow.

SHERIFF

He won't need to keep time where he's going.

He hands the watches back to Harlan, under the careful eye of Hwei, who grabs her journal and opens it to the last page. There is a hand drawing of an open gold pocket watch, with a Chinese inscription inside.

HARLAN

Thank you, Sheriff.

HWEI

Mr. Stetson, we need to talk.

HARLAN

Come on up to the house after we give the Sheriff his report.

LATER

Harlan serves coffee in the kitchen to Hwei and Bill.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

That was some riding on Old Blue. He hadn't reached that speed in years.

HWEI

Me neither. Ever, actually.

They laugh. Hwei tries to drink the coffee, but it's too bitter. Harlan laughs.

HARLAN

They don't make strong coffee, only weak cowboys.

HWEI

About the pocket watches. May we look at them.

HARLAN

Sure, and you can buy 'em early if you want. Don't have to come back tomorrow.

BILL

Kind of you.

Harlan fetches the five gold pocket watches from the next room and returns. He sees Hwei has her journal opened to the last page.

HWEI

Any of those watches have this inscription? In Chinese? You can match the characters.

Harlan opens the five watches. Each has a Chinese inscription.

HARLAN

These were in my grandpa's desk, when we cleaned up after he passed.

BILL

Know where he got them?

HARLAN

From his daddy, my great-grandpa, I assume. Might be worth a pretty penny now.

The last watch has the identical inscription to the one in Hwei's journal.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

What's it say?

HWEI

It says, "Jia Qian Chen." He was my great-grandmother's husband.

HARLAN

I'll be damned.

HWEI

Got time for a story, Mr. Stetson.
It's long, but it's good.

LATER

Harlan takes a last sip of coffee, as Hwei shuts the journal.

HWEI (CONT'D)

Chinese coal miners and railroad
workers had a more difficult life
than their white counterparts here.

HARLAN

Take the watches. All of 'em.

HWEI

Just the one. I can't take the
others. Don't belong to me.

HARLAN

Me neither, and they brought bad
luck to this ranch. Or we brought
it on ourselves, I guess.

HWEI

Karma, the Yin and the Yang, which
leads me to my last concern.

Hwei takes out her phone and shows Harlan her selfie taken at
her mother's farm house in China.

HWEI (CONT'D)

My mother and grandmother kept an
unburned candle their whole lives.
It had Chinese writing on it.
Warnings about bad fortune should
it be lit. It was covered with the
symbols for Yin.

Harlan stares at the candle. His chin drops in sadness.

HARLAN

Was my dear wife's favorite. She
died. Breast cancer. Fourteen, no
fifteen years ago.

Harlan paces in the kitchen.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Where did she keep that damn thing?

BILL

What's the big deal about some cheap candle? You have the gold watch.

Hwei kicks Bill under the table.

HWEI

Sentimental value. They were a set.

Harlan's eyes light up.

HARLAN

Sewing room!

Harlan races out. Hwei and Bill follow. In a small room down the hall, Harlan opens the door to a room filled with cobwebs.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Ain't been used for a spell.

There, on a shelf with different color spools of thread, sits the Yang candle. Harlan examines it, and hands it to Hwei.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Take it if it makes you happy.
Never did us any good. Never even been lit!

Hwei cuddles the candle like a baby. She rocks it in her arms, and cries. Harlan and Bill stare at each other, bewildered.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Hwei and Yinglie snuggle around a small campfire. They have Xaing's horse behind them.

HWEI

You were the bravest man I've ever seen.

YINGLIE

He killed my grandfather.

HWEI

He was going to kill me if I said anything about the two whites he killed.

YINGLIE

I think he would have killed you
anyway.

HWEI

Then you saved my life.

YINGLIE

You hit him with the rifle.

HWEI

You had already won the fight.

They look at each other and laugh. Hwei looks into his eyes,
and he into hers.

HWEI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry we had to return the two
horses from the men Xaing killed.

YINGLIE

I'm sorry about your husband.

HWEI

I'm sorry my husband died before he
gave me children.

(beat)

Are you certain you will not return
to China with me.

YINGLIE

My brothers have a store in San
Francisco, and someday I will have
farm in the big valley in
California. I must stay with them
for a while.

HWEI

I understand.

Yinglie stands and walks to Xaing's horse. He reaches in the
saddlebag and takes out the Yin candle.

YINGLIE

You will keep a candle burning in
the window for me?

Hwei is startled by the candle. Yinglie brings her the
candle. She rips it from his hands.

HWEI

No, this was my husband's candle.
He told me of this is a letter.

(MORE)

HWEI (CONT'D)

The Yin Candle! Xaing stole it back for me. I want to remember him.

YINGLIE

Remember him?

HWEI

This candle will never be used. Without times of sadness and pain, you cannot truly experience happiness and love.

Yinglie moves in to kiss Hwei by the fire.

YINGLIE

Happiness and love?

HWEI

Let me show you...

They kiss and make passionate love.

BACK TO:

EXT./INT. COFFEE SHOP - EVENING

Hwei leads Bill into the coffee shop. Immediately, Desmond Salazar stands to greet them. There are Ten Patrons, including Bobby, in the coffee shop. Bobby waves politely and returns to day-trading. Bill quietly slips to the side and takes a video of the conversation between Hwei and Desmond.

DESMOND

Ms. Chen, I trust everything worked out well.

HWEI

Yes, it did.

DESMOND

My supervisor eagerly awaits your decision on your promotion. It will involve a substantial raise, five times the pay, a benefits package, and a leadership position with upper management.

As Desmond's words become a blur, Hwei looks at Bobby, and the others consumed by their smartphones, tablets, and laptop computers. She turns politely back to Desmond. Suddenly, Hwei goes ballistic. She yells.

HWEI

My team of coworkers and I make those smart-phones, tablets, and laptop computers! We are your new railroad workers on the information highway, and your coal miners for energy-saving electronics age. We work so hard; we never have time to think! And, we earn less in a day than the price of a grande triple espresso and a snack-cake at this coffee shop! The Rock Creek Massacre of today is fought with the bullets of blindness, and the aftermath of self-righteous indifference!

(beat)

Give the raise to my coworkers! I quit!

Bill's eyes open widely. Desmond and Bobby are stunned. Hwei storms out smiling. Bill stops video-taping and runs after her.

BILL

That was the coolest thing I ever saw!

Hwei stomps proudly to the Jeep.

HWEI

Guess, I'll be looking for a new job, huh?

BILL

And a new boyfriend?

HWEI

If it's meant to be.

Hwei steps in to kiss Bill.

HWEI (CONT'D)

I guess after those episodes of sadness and pain, I may deserve a little happiness and love.

She throws her arms around Bill, and kisses him hard and long.

BILL

Maybe a lot of happiness and love.

Bill kisses her back. They stare into each other's eyes.

BILL (CONT'D)
What will you do now?

HWEI
I don't know. And, that's okay with
me.

Bill opens her door, and she gets in.

BILL
Where to, Ma'am?

HWEI
Salt Lake City International
Airport. I've got to get back to my
farm and think!

They race away.

INT. FACTORY OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Xu and Mr. Zhou are in Mr. Xu's office, when they hear cheering from all the coworkers in the factory. They look surprised and bewildered.

ROLL CREDITS

EXT./INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Hwei's little farmhouse is a very cute modern cottage, with electricity, and modern appliances, and a writer's desk. The Yang candle sits unburned on the mantle. Hwei is writing a novel, "Rock Springs," on a laptop computer when she looks out the window to see a man walking up the dirt road with a backpack and a suitcase. As he gets closer, we see that it's Bill.

End Act Three

FADE OUT.

THE END