

BEDROCK

By Adam Mast

“BEDROCK”
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TITLE CARD; “Summer, 1914”

It is a warm evening. The skyline is so clear, that the stars are openly visible. The sea of tiny bright dots in the night sky illuminate what would otherwise be a pitch black valley.

CUT TO VARIOUS IMAGES;

A WINDMILL IN THE DISTANCE...

A VAST PRAIRIE LANDSCAPE...

LARGE ALFALFA FIELDS.

Alongside the brush and tumbleweed filled plain, a faint sound gradually begins to crescendo. It isn't completely apparent what the sound is at first, but as it becomes more and more audible, it is clear that it is the sound of flies buzzing about. There in the dirt lie lies a horrific sight; A MOTIONLESS HAND. It is filthy, dirt caked under the fingernails. Ants briskly march across the surface of the skin. A DEAD BODY lay there in the brush, right outside the borders of this peaceful farming community. In the near distance, two men can be heard conversing. They are DEPUTY FRED FIFE and HOSS BLOCKER. FRED is in his early 30's. He sports an eye patch over his right eye and walks with a limp. He speaks with a slight stutter. HOSS, 50, is a man of large stature. It is clear that both Fred and Hoss have been drinking, but neither man is swaying or slurring his speech. They are unaware of the dead body laying in the brush, until Hoss catches a glimpse of something out of the corner of his eye.

HOSS

What in Sam Hill...?

Hoss cautiously walks towards the shape he sees sprawled out before him. It is a very short distance away, laying in the brush.

FRED

Whatcha see?

In a bit of a drunken stupor, Fred loses his balance and falls on his butt. He chuckles as he hits the ground. By this point, Hoss sees the body. He is visibly shocked.

HOSS

(Under his breath)

Dear Lord in Heaven.

(In a near panic)

Fred! Fetch the doc...Now!

FRED

What the hell you got over there Hoss?

Hoss notices blood on the fingertips of the hand. Whoever this poor soul was, they managed to leave a marking on a wooden fence post; A SWASTIKA PAINTED IN HUMAN BLOOD. Hoss stares at it for a moment, bewildered. At this point, Fred has arrived at the grisly scene. His entire demeanor changes as he realizes Hoss is hovering over THE DEAD BODY OF A YOUNG WOMAN.

FRED

Oh no...

HOSS

(Angrily)

Just go and get me the doc dummy! Hurry up! And if you see the sheriff, don't tell him anything. Just get the doc, follow me?

A tipsy Fred does an about face and scampers towards BEDROCK as fast as his bum leg will carry him.

CUT TO;

EXT.--BEDROCK SALOON—NIGHT

Fred limps towards the local SALOON and enters.

INT.--BEDROCK SALOON—NIGHT

Fred is breathing heavy and sweating profusely. As he enters, he loses his footing and clumsily falls on his face. A few chuckles can be heard throughout the saloon. There are several patrons. From the bar;

DRUNK PATRON

Dummy!

Fred, slightly humiliated, gets to his feet and dusts himself off.

FRED

I'm looking for the doc! Anyone seen her?

Same DRUNK PATRON from the bar.

DRUNK PATRON

I'll tell ya where she ain't, dummy! Your house!

Fred shakes his head in embarrassment. From the back of the saloon, a voice comes to Fred's defense;

SHERIFF BLAIN CONNOLLY (OFF SCREEN)

Shut your mouth before I come over there and shut it for you, rum pot! The deputy is twice the man you'll ever be.

SHERIFF BLAIN CONNOLLY, late 40's, comes into frame. He is a tall, slender man. A quiet individual but there's a tensity brimming just below the surface. He's wearing his law man hat and a badge on his coat. He is tipsy, and not in the best of moods. He slowly approaches the drunk patron.

BLAIN

I think you best offer my deputy an apology.

The drunk patron appears to be intimidated by Blain. He turns to Fred.

DRUNK PATRON

Sorry...

(Back to Blain)

Dummy!

Without missing a beat, Blain shoves the drunken patron into the bar top, knocking him out instantly. A few beer glasses fall to the side, splattering a handful of patrons sitting at the bar. The patrons look up at Blain. They really are intimidated. Blain calmly calls out an order;

BLAIN

Get him out of here.

(to Fred)

Can I help you with something deputy?

FRED

Uh...No sheriff...I just need the doc.

BLAIN

Come on back here and take a load off Fred. Have a drink with me.

A few patrons pick up their knocked out buddy as Fred sheepishly follows Blain to his table. Fred reluctantly sits. Blain motions the bartender to bring them a round. Fred is visibly nervous.

BLAIN

What's going on with you tonight deputy? You look like you've seen a ghost.

FRED

Ain't nothin' of the sort, sir. I just need the doc.

BLAIN

Come to think of it, I haven't seen Doctor Hyman tonight. I'm told she had a busy day. Carl Stillson came down with the pox. Things aren't looking too good for him. I'm guessing she's got her hands full. It'll have to wait until morning.

The BARTENDER brings a round to the table.

BLAIN

For now, a toast...

(Raising his glass)

To my little girl Betty. She went missing two weeks ago. May we find her safe and sound.

Fred becomes increasingly uncomfortable. But he raises his glass nonetheless.

BLAIN

If not...well...To the person who took her, I say look out, because what goes around, comes around!

Blain chugs his shot glass.

BLAIN

So what did you need the good doctor for?

Fred clearly feels guilt. He realizes he has to be honest with Blain.

FRED

I don't want to lie to you sheriff. You always been like kin to me. When everyone out there's callin' me a dummy, you treat me like I mean somethin'.

BLAIN

(Concerned)

What's going on Fred? Did something happen?

Dramatic pause...

FRED

Me and Hoss just found somethin'...Right outside the alfalfa fields.

Blain's concern grows...

CUT TO;

EXT.--THE ALFALFA FIELDS—NIGHT

Hoss is still kneeling next to the body. By this point, he's covered the young woman with his jacket. Blain moves in from a distance. At first, he's walking at a leisurely pace. He calls to Hoss;

BLAIN

Hoss? What's going on? What are you hiding over there?

Hoss isn't entirely sure how to handle the situation.

HOSS

(Under his breath)

Damn it dummy! I told you...Just get the doc.

(Aloud)

Don't come over here sheriff! You don't want to see this.

Blain's leisurely walk turns into a frantic sprint...

BLAIN

(Angrily)

What the hell are you hiding over there?!!

HOSS

Damn it Blain! Don't come over here!

It's too late. By this point, BLAIN is practically on top of HOSS and he's mortified by what he sees. It's HIS TEENAGE DAUGHTER, BETTY. Her body lay there in the dark night. Blain leans in and clutches Betty. He wraps his arms around her cold, lifeless body. He wails in pain as only a shocked, grieving father can do. Hoss and Fred look on helplessly. As Blain continues to hold Betty close, he catches a look at the blood printed swastika on the wooden fence post, but he's too distraught to question what it is or what it's doing there.

CUT TO;

EXT.--BEDROCK--NIGHT

Blain walks up the middle of a dirt road, right through the heart of Bedrock. He cradles his precious Betty in his arms. Hoss and Fred walk behind him, hats in hands out of respect for the deceased.

CUT TO;

INT.-- BEDROCK INFIRMARY--NIGHT

DR. LINDSEY HYMAN, early 30's, is in the midst of doing paperwork after a long, arduous day. She lifts her glasses, and rubs her eyes in a gesture of exhaustion. She's an attractive blond in a town dominated by men. As she prepares to file her final paperwork away, the front door swings open! Blain, with Betty still in his arms, enters the room.

BLAIN

Please Dr. Hyman...Help her.

Blain slowly walks over and gently lays Betty atop the examination table. Hoss and Fred remain in the room, but they rest against the back wall. Hoss removes a cigar from his jacket, puts it to his mouth, and lights a match.

LINDSEY

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(sternly)

Do not smoke in here, thank you very much!

Hoss quickly blows the match out and puts the cigar back in his pocket. Lindsey slowly reaches in to take Betty's pulse. Blain looks on helplessly. Lindsey states the obvious;

LINDSEY

I'm sorry sheriff...

Hoss and Fred bow their heads. Blain stares blankly, as if in a trance.

LINDSEY

Deputy...take the sheriff home.

Fred limps forward and gently takes Blain by the arm. The touch snaps Blain out of his trance. He slowly backs out of the room, eyes fixated on Betty's body. After Fred and Blain exit, Lindsey examines the body with Hoss in the room.

LINDSEY

Based on the dirt under the fingernails and the blood coagulation, I'd say she hasn't been dead that long. Maybe a few hours. She has black discoloration on the outer edges of her temples. I've never seen anything like this Hoss.

Hoss stands motionless with his hat in his hand. He is speechless.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD; "Fall, 1914"

EXT.--BEDROCK--EVENING

The snow is coming down hard in Bedrock. It's fall, but clearly, winter has come early.

CUT TO;

INT.--BEDROCK SALOON—EVENING

The saloon door swings open to reveal a bearded (and weathered) Sheriff Connolly.

BARTENDER

Evenin' Sheriff.

BLAIN

How ya doing Joe?

JOE

Could be worse...I could be out there.

BLAIN

True. It ain't pretty. Worse still, those fields aren't going going to survive this snow storm. We loose those fields, and this town is dead.

JOE

We'll hope for the best.

Blain takes off his coat and looks to the back of the saloon. Fred is sitting at their table.

BLAIN

Can you send two rounds over, Joe?

JOE

You got it.

Blain walks towards the table. As he makes his way back, he catches a glimpse of Lindsey out of the corner of his eye. She's preparing to leave the saloon with CAL, a 30-something local.

BLAIN
(smiling)

Hey doc.

LINDSEY

How are you sheriff?

BLAIN

It's Blain, Lindsey.

LINDSEY

How ya been?

BLAIN

Well, seeing how Bedrock is on a one way ticket to hell, I'm doing ok.

LINDSEY

Things usually get worse before they get better.

BLAIN

Words to live by.

LINDSEY

Take care Blain Connolly. See you around tomorrow?

BLAIN

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It's a small town, so I'd say there's a good chance of it.

Lindsey smiles and exits the saloon with Cal. Blain then makes his way back to Fred. Fred is all smiles.

BLAIN

What the hell are you smilin' at?

FRED

Is that why they call her the good doctor?

BLAIN

Very funny.

FRED

I call em' like I see em'.

BLAIN

She looked pretty chummy with Cal, to me. At any rate, I'm too much man for her to handle.

FRED

You're in good spirits tonight sheriff.

BLAIN

I'll tell ya Fred...A lot of bad stuff happened in the past year or so. I lost my wife to pox, I lost Betty to a monster I thought was my friend, we never did find those other folks who went missing last year, and with this storm tearing through the fields, who knows how long those crops are going to last. At the very least, I can take comfort in knowing that I saw Hoss swing from a rope after confessing to killing my daughter. Dark days in Bedrock in deed, but I'm here. I'm alive. And like a lovely woman once told me; Sometimes, things get worse before they get better. I kind of feel like things are going to get better for a change.

Blain chugs another shot.

BLAIN

How was another day in the life of Fife?

FRED

Just another day in paradise. Seems like I can't get through an afternoon without making an ass out of myself.

BLAIN

Uh oh...What happened?

FRED

Old man Smith was beating up on Alma again. Too much of the drink. Then he starts making a real scene, right out in the middle of the damn street. There were a dozen or so folk out there watching on so I tried to put a stop to it. Smith wouldn't back down so I drew my gun on him. Was feeling pretty good about the way I was handling myself too, and then, out of nowhere, Smith snatches my gun right out of my hand and turns it on me. He looks me square in the eye and says; "dummy!" Then, everyone starts laughing. I'll tell ya sheriff...Folks start calling you dummy long enough, and you really start to believe it.

Fred chugs down his shot....

BLAIN

You let him take your gun? He could have killed you!

FRED

It wasn't loaded...I ain't THAT dumb.

Fred chugs another shot. Blain smiles.

BLAIN

Let me tell you something Fred...Don't let any of them ever get the best of you. They don't even know who you are. Not the real you. Had it not been for your compassion, I don't think I would have made it through the last year. You were always there for me...always! Remember that night when you came in here and Vaughn called you a dummy? Remember what I said to him? I said you were twice the man he'd ever be. And I meant it. They look at you and they see a dummy with a stutter, a bum leg, and one eye. You know what I see?

FRED

What's that sheriff?

BLAIN

I see the deputy of Bedrock. You're a good man Fred Fife.

FRED

Not as good as the good doctor though, right?

BLAIN

If I didn't know better, I'd say YOU were sweet on her.

FRED

Nah. She ain't my type. And even if she was, I ain't no match for Cal.

BLAIN

I don't know Fred...I bet you could take Cal in a fight.

FRED

He must really like her if he's willing to let her drag him all the way out to the Rubble mines.

BLAIN

The mines? They shouldn't go out there. Too dangerous!

FRED

I guess they thought it was worth the risk. At any rate, she's always going out there.

BLAIN

She's been out there before?

FRED

Sure. She even went out there with Hoss right after...Well... Yeah...She's been out there before.

BLAIN

Why didn't you ever tell me about that?

FRED

I didn't think nothing of it. I figured they were just getting frisky out there.

Blain is overcome with a feeling of great unease.

BLAIN

Something isn't right. We're going out there...Right now.

CUT TO;

EXT.--THE RUBBLE MINES—NIGHT

The snow continues to fall. Blain and Fred can be seen in the distance. They're wearing thick coats, but the heavy snowfall and wind continues to beat down on them with furious force. They come up to a mine shaft opening. With lantern in hand, they cautiously enter.

INT.--THE RUBBLE MINES—NIGHT

Blain slowly removes his coat hood. Fred does the same. Both men enter through the mine. They notice a light source coming from several feet down the shaft. They cautiously move forward. They discover the light source. The end of this particular mine shaft corridor has been converted into a make shift lab of sorts. There are strange medical objects all over the lab and near the back wall, is a stretcher. Next to the stretcher is a strange contraption with knobs and a head gear apparatus. A foot long lever protrudes from the wall, just to the right of the stretcher. Whatever the strange contraption is, it's clear that this lever operates the mechanism. Standing--with her back facing Blain and Fred--is Dr. Lindsey Hyman. She's wearing an arm band with a large swastika printed on it. She is unaware that Blain and Fred are standing there.

BLAIN

What is this Lindsey? What the hell are you doing out here?!

Lindsey slowly turns, facing Blain and Fred. The good doctor stares at Blain for a moment. Blain stares back, intensely. Suddenly, Lindsey's demeanor changes. As she settles into her explanation, she begins to smile. She explains herself in a German accent. The real Dr. Hyman revealed.

LINDSEY

No use in attempting to continue this facade any further sheriff. The truth is, I've been expecting you.

Lindsey looks at a speechless Fred, then back at Blain.

LINDSEY

And to think, all you needed was a little help from the village idiot.

Fred remains speechless. Blain is seething.

BLAIN

You killed my daughter!

LINDSEY

No...You're mistaken. The intent was never to kill her. She was here, yes. But her death was not part of the plan. She managed to escape before we were finished.

BLAIN

Finished...With what?

LINDSEY

(As she sensually glides her fingers across the stretcher)
Your tiny American brain couldn't possibly comprehend our end goal, but here's the short end of it; There's a storm coming Herr Connolly, and it's much bigger than the one that just hit Bedrock. We are on the brink of war. Thousands of lives will be lost, but make no mistake my American friend. It is a war Germany plans on winning.

Blain and Fred listen intently.

LINDSEY

And, if you're going to defeat your enemy, you must first understand your enemy...Inside and out.

(smiling)

And believe me when I tell you, we've gotten to know many a Bedrock resident...Inside and out.

BLAIN

Pretty tricky with that accent...

(Slowly drawing his gun)

You oughta be on the radio with that accent.

LINDSEY

You Americans are all alike. You always THINK you have the upper hand.

Blain points his gun in Lindsey's direction...

BLAIN

My gun trumps your words. It's over doctor.

LINDSEY

(In her American accent)

You got that right sheriff.

Suddenly, a gun barrel presses up against Blain's temple. Who's pointing it, comes as quite a shock. It's DEPUTY FRED FIFE! Gone, is the stutter and western twang. In its place? A German accent.

FRED

I'll take that Herr Connolly.

Fred pulls the gun from Blain's hand.

BLAIN

What the hell is this?

FRED

It's exactly what you think it is sheriff.
 (to Lindsey)
 Prepare the treatment for our American friend, Fraulein.

BLAIN

Fred?

Fred slowly takes a few limping steps back, but continues to aim the gun at Blain's head.

FRED

Not Fred...

Fred slowly removes his eye patch to reveal a perfectly functioning eye. Fred smiles and begins to take a few steps forward. Gone too, is the limp. His gun is still aimed squarely at Blain's head.

FRED

(Smiling)

Dr. Friedrich Hammerstein.

BLAIN

You son of a bitch! I treated you like a son.

FRIEDRICH

And I treated you like a father. But now, we must make way for the reality of our situation.

BLAIN

That you're a lying son of a bitch?!! You had a hand in Betty's death, didn't you?

FRIEDRICH

That is neither here nor there, but again, as Elsa already indicated, we didn't kill Betty. She was a fighter. Strong mind. Difficult to break through. Most subjects immediately succumb to the treatment, but not your Betty. We were forced to keep her here longer. Two weeks, to be precise. We weren't even aware of her escape. In fact, Hoss was to be our next subject, but he discovered your Betty just outside the fields, right as I was about to take him. She even left a message before her death, but you were too blind to see it.

FLASHBACK;

AS SHERIFF BLAIN CONNOLLY HOLDS ON TO HIS DAUGHTER'S DEAD BODY, HE CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF A BLOOD PRINTED SWASTIKA ON THE WOOD FENCE POST!

RETURN TO PRESENT;

Blain is now fixated on Elsa's swastika printed arm band.

BLAIN

You got to Hoss, didn't you?

ELSA

But of course my dear. We had to. How else would we get him to confess to the murder of your daughter?

Blain is suddenly guilt ridden. How could he ever believed that Hoss was responsible for the death of his daughter.

ELSA

You needn't blame yourself. Had it not been by noose, it would have been by the pox we were going to give him. Point being, he was a dead man either way.

Blain stares deeply into Elsa's eyes. Pox? Were Elsa and Fred responsible for the death of Blain's wife too?

BLAIN

How many others?

ELSA

More than you know. A few died, but many of our subjects have remained in plain view. You've simply been too blind to notice. But it goes far beyond the sleepy borders of Bedrock, Herr Connolly. We have comrades in place throughout the U.S. You Americans are such easy prey. All it took was a pretty face and an imbecile to pull the rug out from under your feet.

FRIEDRICH

(to Blain)

Lovely, isn't she?

(to Elsa)

Are you ready for our next subject Elsa?

ELSA

Yes, doctor.

FRIEDRICH

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(to Blain)

By morning, you will still be sheriff, but like the majority of your Bedrock neighbors, you will be, how shall we say, EXTREMELY susceptible to the power of suggestion. Or...You will be dead.

Friedrich shakes the gun, motioning Blain to move towards the table.

BLAIN

You're no doctor!

FRIEDRICH

(Smiling)

We have a saying in Germany, Herr Connolly; "Halten Sie Ihre Freunde nahe, aber deine Feinde noch naher zu halten." Translation; "Keep your friends close but keep your enemies closer."

Suddenly, in the blink of an eye, an angry Blain grabs the gun from Friedrich's hand! In one swift motion, Blain aims the gun at Elsa and fires! BANG! Elsa takes a bullet to the head. She is killed instantly. Her body falls to the floor. Blain quickly takes aim at a shocked Friedrich.

BLAIN

Dummy!

With that prophetic line of dialogue, Blain flips the gun over and knocks Friedrich over the head with it, rendering the German unconscious. Immediately following, the screen goes BLACK!

CUT TO;

Friedrich's bruised face. His eyes open. Pull back to reveal; Friedrich strapped to the table. The headgear apparatus is strapped to his head in snug fashion. Friedrich yells in his native tongue, but his foreign words fall on deaf ears. Sheriff Blain Connolly stands slightly to the right of the table—contraption lever firmly in hand.

BLAIN

Well Friedrich, we got a saying in our country too;

Friedrich's eyes widen...

BLAIN

What goes around comes around!

Blain angrily slams the lever down!

ZAP!! The sound of electrical charges reverberate throughout the mine.

THE END

