

THE EDWARDS FORTUNE

Written by

Brijit Reed

Inspired by family legend

brijit.reed.writing@gmail.com

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE STABLES - CONTINUOUS

Charlie charges toward the stables, looking angry.

Jamie and Johnny look up from where they're playing in a mud puddle with Clementine.

JOHNNY
Whatcha doin', Daddy?

CHARLIE
I'm fixin' to ride Mabel Hawkins.

JAMIE
I don't think that's such a good idea, Daddy. She's pretty ornery.

CHARLIE
Yeah? Well, good. So am I!

The boys watch wide-eyed as Charlie swings open the door to the stable and disappears inside.

They look at each other and then run after their father to see what he's gonna do.

INT. STABLE - MABEL'S STALL

Charlie struggles to mount the horse, who's still wearing her tack. As he gets one foot into the stirrup, Mabel swings around, dragging his other leg on the ground.

CHARLIE
Dammit!

JAMIE
(appalled)
Daddy!

JOHNNY
I'm tellin' Mama you said a bad word!

CHARLIE
You will not!

Charlie tries again. He places his foot in the stirrup only to have the horse rear before he can get in the saddle. He lands on the ground with a THUD.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Son-of-a-beehive!

The boys GIGGLE.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 (frustrated)
 This ain't funny!

He stands up and dusts himself off, giving Mabel his most fearsome look before making another attempt.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 I *will* take you out for a ride, you nag!

He circles around her, staring her down. She watches him back.

Finally, he calmly places his foot in the stirrup and swings himself onto her back, grabbing her around the neck with his good arm, and clutching the reins tightly in his other hand.

He glares ahead, leaning low over her neck and gripping her sides firmly, signaling her to dash out of her stall, fully expecting her move.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Giddyup!

Mabel responds by ignoring him, leaning against her stall and pressing his leg into the wood, leaving him immobilized.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Danged stubborn horse! No wonder
 Little Roddy named you after that
 cantankerous woman!

He struggles to free himself, but it's no use. He's pinned and the horse seems to be happy about it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Jamie, see that chair over there
 next to the broom?

He points to a chair and broom leaning against the wall outside of the stalls.

JAMIE
 Yeah.

CHARLIE
 Okay. I want you to carry it into the next stall and place it against the wall next to me. Right by Mabel's back end.

The boys drag the chair into the stall and put it in place.

JAMIE (O.S.)
Now what, Daddy?

CHARLIE
One of you stand on the chair and
give Mabel a little swat on the be-
hind with that ol' broom.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
Okay, Daddy!

JAMIE (O.S.)
(to Johnny)
Here. Let's try this instead.

Charlie's eyes grow wide in alarm as he hears something
SIZZLE.

CHARLIE
What? No!

Too late. Jamie stands on the chair and drops a smoking
SPARKLER into Mabel's stall.

The horse rears, stamping it out before it can set fire to
the straw on the ground.

Charlie barely manages to hang on with his good arm as Mabel
suddenly lunges from the stall and races from the stables.

The boys run outside to watch, Clementine BARKING EXCITEDLY
as she follows them.

EXT. CRUTCHER FARM - CONTINUOUS

Jamie shades his eyes as they watch their father bolt across
the yard and into the road beyond.

JAMIE
Look at Daddy go!