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All Roads Lead Home

By Douglas Delaney

" When he gave us
our air rifles,
Atticus wouldn't teach us
to shoot.
Uncle Jack instructed us in
the rudiments thereof.
He said Atticus wasn't
interested in guns.
And Atticus said to Jem,
'I'd rather you shot at tin cans
in the backyard,
but I know you'll go
after the birds.
Shoot all the blue jays you want
if you can hit 'em,
but remember it's a sin
to kill a mockingbird.'
Cody, take them feed sacks
to the barn.
I think you want a ranch hand,
not a son-in-law.
You know, with you
I'd settle for either.
Where is my granddaughter?
Where is she?
Come here, you.
Come here, you.
Yeah, there we go.
Easy, Dad.
She's not one of your roustabouts.
Well, she's a Banyon,
isn't she?
At least partways.
Best part, right, Grandpa?
You're not just whistling Dixie.
It's in your blood, little one.
And now listen, since you've
proven so astoundingly proficient
at naming horses,
like that little spindly-legged
rockhead of a colt out there...
- Apache Wind.
- Apache Wind.
Since you did that so much better

than I expected,
I find myself humbly in need
of your nomenclative
services once again.
Whoa!
Not just so quick.
There is a protocol
to be observed.
You know the naming of a horse
or a son or daughter
or a granddaughter,
you know,
it's not just a name.
I mean, a name's got
to mean something to you.
It's got to say,
"This is who I am in the world.
I am a force
to be reckoned with."
Okay.
Mom, a puppy!
A puppy?
That's not a puppy!
Belle, that is 25 generations
of the best breeding and bloodlines
and bearing that's ever
gone into four legs.
- That there is...
- Atticus.
- Who?
- Atticus.
Oh, Mom,
can we keep him, please?
Just a second, Belle.
I mean, I paid a lot of money
for this dog.
And he's gotta make me
some puppies
so that I can make
my money back.
Now what we could do
is you could visit him
anytime you want
and when the time's

a little righter,
you could have the pick
of the litter.

- Is that a deal?

- Deal.

Okay.

Well, somebody's gotta do
some work around here.

- Bye, Dad.

- Mm-hmm.

"I asked Miss Maudie about it.

'Your father's right,' she said.

'Mockingbirds don't do one thing

but make music

for us to enjoy.

They don't eat up

people's gardens,

don't nest in corn cribs.

They don't do one thing,

but sing their hearts out for us.

That's why it's a sin

to kill a mockingbird."

I love you, Cody.

Belle.

I love you, baby.

Cover up, honey.

Oh, my God!

- Daddy...

- Shh!

" And God shall

wipe away all tears

from their eyes,

and there shall be

death no more.

Neither sorrow nor crying,

neither shall there be

anymore pain.

For the former things

have passed away."

Here you go.

Four, eight, a tenth.

Shoot, the man don't even

have a stopwatch.

He's got a stopwatch.

It's in his head.
You ought to taste
his three-minute eggs.
You did good today,
Apache Wind, real good.
That's a beautiful horse, Hock.
And our consortium
is agreeable to your stud fees,
but we are a tad concerned
about your proposed
ownership percentages of the colt.
Frankly, we'd just as soon own
the two-year old outright.
That... that ain't chicken feed.
You know,
I can't read this right now.
I don't have my specs.
Oh, Mrs. Wimmer,
I am so sorry.
Oh, faddle, Lillian. Mr. Magoo
and I have nothing but time.
Isn't that right, Magoo?
Come on inside. Come on.
Mrs. Wimmer, Magoo isn't due
for his parvo booster
for another three months yet,
and even though I love seeing you,
as I told you yesterday,
he's the perfect picture of health.
Okay, just a quick look.
Come here, buddy.
How about some kisses?
You wanna give me
some kisses?
Oh, you're so cute.
You're so cute.
Oh, Magoo!
You did it again.
It's okay.
I have never seen
such concentration.
I wish she'd apply it
to her book work.
Hey, Belle,

you know who was asking
for you today?
Who?
Nobody!
You guys called me out here
for another crazy cat lady?
We'll just have to...
Why should we have
all the fun?
- 17 so far.
- There's one more through to the back.
Guys, I don't have time for this.
I've got my daughter's thing...
- This cat got a name?
- She calls him Mrs. Snuffles.
It's through there.
Mrs. Snuffles!
Kitty-kitty-kitty-kitty-kitty.
We got you.
Why don't we go
to my office?
What about my dad?
We can talk to him together.
- Went by the school.
- Good for you.
You're supposed to wait for me.
That's the rule.
Rules change.
Mrs. Melton's pretty miffed
at you for skipping out on her.
She'll get over it.
Why don't you hop in?
I got another stop to make.
I want you to see what I got
in the back. It's pretty cool stuff.
I'd rather eat slugs.
I was thinking pizza,
but all right.
Belle, I'm sorry.
You're always sorry.
You invented sorry.
Well, you can't just let
her eat anything.
That's why they call it

cat food, Mr. Wong.
It's food for cats.
I've prescribed a low ash,
high-protein diet
and you keep giving Georgette
free range over the buffet table.
No no, no MSG.
That's good,
but no MSG hardly matters
when she's gorging herself
on dim sum and moo shu pork.
Here, kitty-kitty. Meow.
Did we ask
for your opinion?
Whew, what a day.
No kidding, right?
Are you sure
you won't change your mind?
All work and no play
makes Lillian one dull, single,
urban professional female.
It's Friday.
We'll hit Martini Corner,
a little dinner and a little music,
a little dancing.
Sounds great,
but I think I'll pass.
Oh, shoot.
The folks from
the Free Rural Clinic called.
They lost their venue.
It's been called off.
I'm sorry, Lil. I know how you like
to get out there
with the livestock,
you know, up to your knees
in the muck
and the cow patties.
- I'll see you later.
- Yeah, thanks for a good day.
You too.
- Bye-bye, Vinny.
- Bye-bye.
Come on,

have some juice.

- Hello.

- Hey.

Well, hello, Vincent,
how's my bird?

- Hello.

- Bye-bye.

Contrary bird.

- What's in the box?

- Pigeon.

Oh! There are
eight million pigeons

- in the naked city.

- And this is one of them.

- The others didn't make it.

- When worlds collide?

Yeah, head on.

So this one here seems
to have already fledged.

So I was wanting to know
if you would keep it

quarantined here

until I can take it out to

Wildlife Care, you know, just in case.

Little blood work

might be prudent.

So what do you think?

Cody, it's not a baby pigeon.

It's a full-grown diamond dove.

It's Australian.

Well, that is a long way

to come to get gassed,

little fella.

See the ring

around his eye?

Yeah. Wow.

Yeah, wow is good.

Well, I would do it myself,

- but I've got...

- Your Belle.

My Belle.

I'd like to "wring" her.

How are things?

Oh, well, I'm pretty sure

I've slipped further down
that formidable scale
of expectation,
if that's at all possible.
How long's it been now,
two years?
Yeah, almost to the day.
A girl her age
should only have
happy anniversaries.
And you?
I don't have time
for those kind of things.
I have a child to mis-raise.
So you have any plans tonight?
What did you have in mind?
Don't panic.
My plans include a book
and a bath,
and if I'm really adventurous,
maybe I'll have both at the same time.
Yeah, well,
good luck with that.
I'm out.
- I'll talk to you later.
- Okay.
- Bye-bye, Vincent.
- Hello.
You know, whenever I get
the whole Belle thing leveled out,
some night you and I should...
I'm sorry.
Hmm.
You were saying?
I was saying that one
of these nights
that you and I should...
Maybe we should?
Hello.
What?
They what?
I gotta take this.
Uh-huh.
Who was that?

Don't even ask,
feather britches.
Did you
scrub down Apache Wind?
- Yeah.
- Yeah.
You want some?
Dogs to be fed.
You know,
there's not a living, breathing,
feed-swilling critter
on these 5,000
God-splashed acres
holds a candle
to Apache Wind.
And my daughter picked him out
when he was a colt,
because that girl
knew her horseflesh.
Ain't nothing black
as a Kansas night.
Black as a bull's heart.
A man ought not
to stand around ruminating
in such darkness.
- Who's on duty?
- Who do you think?
Milo.
Hey, what the...
Hey, Cody.
- What's up, bro?
- What's up,
Milo, is that we have collected
and you've refused delivery.
What's up, bro,
is my blood pressure.
It can't be helped.
You know what I'm saying?
I've got two guys pulling down
time and a half because of you.
You know my department
can't afford it.
Get out there and help them
with the cats, man, come on.

I don't have the room.
Know what I'm saying?
Make the room, Milo.
I've been making
the room for four months.
Ever since they
shut down Number 2,
my place has become
the dumping ground
for half the city.
If you want to talk budget,
I can barely feed
what I've got.
I don't have the room.
You know what I'm saying?
Do your job.
Do my job, okay.
Okay.
Oh, you know what?
This is not gonna be enough, but I think
I have some more in the back.
What are you doing?
Just what you asked me to do.
Know what I'm saying?
No, I don't know
what you're saying, Milo,
because you don't know
what you're saying.
I need more Xylazine and Pento
because if I'm gonna do my job,
I gotta clear out 17 more cages.
And the only way
that's gonna happen
is if I "make the room."
This puts 'em down.
This takes 'em out.
Are you gonna come help me,
or you gonna stand there
being all righteous and loud?
What can I do to you?
Oh, I just need a room.
I hope you got cash.
Damn swipecy things
haven't worked since '86.

Or was it '85?
When was the last time
the Royals lost last place?
I just need a room.
It'd be better if we got one
in the back.
Well...
far be it for me to judge.
Shh!
Look, kiddo, my day wasn't exactly
candy and nuts either.
Belle, you're not in trouble.
Mrs. Melton is just concerned
that your grades have slipped
since...
that your grades
have slipped
and you're punting away
all your extracurricular activities
and this whole
Greta Garbo routine.
Oh, I feel like I'm talking to myself.
You know what, Belle?
Have it your way, okay?
And in a role reversal
quite rare in the animal...
Oh, man, oh.
Really?
Oh, great.
Hey. Hey, lonesome.
Come here, huh?
Did you spot the perps?
Huh?
See who did this?
Hello.
What?
You're kidding me. Hold on.
Yeah, hold on.
Hold on.
Hello. Yeah.
Yeah, I just heard.
Look, don't yell at me.
Yeah.
Okay okay okay, I'm on it.

I'm on it.
Look, get dressed.
I'll take you by school.
Okay, except it's Saturday.
Come on.
Lil.
At least 30 dogs were set free...
What is going on?
Whoa! Look out, Kansas City.
This is for all you puppies on parole.
Walk with me.
You're turning my city
into a flea circus.
It's my job to catch 'em,
not to tuck 'em into bed at night.
What's the point of catching them
if you can't keep them?
Need I remind you that by some
archaic municipal flaw
in our legal system,
yours is an elected position.
- Are you threatening me?
- Absolutely.
I want to see every one
of those mutts behind bars
by the end
of business today.
And I want you
to make sure it never happens again.
We're on Imus,
for God's sake.
The whole country's
laughing at us.
Mr. Dennison,
are any of the dogs...
Yeah, no, great.
So how's school?
It's there.
I hear you're quite
the little gymnast.
I like gymnastics.
You could do it alone.
Can I feed Vinny?
Oh, sure.

Want a cracker?
It's not a cracker.
It's a...
French fry?
Why doesn't he fly away?
Oh, he can't.
You clipped his wings?
I don't think that's right.
- Pretty wings.
- Such a pretty bird.
You see, birds,
they have a radius and an ulna
just like people do.
And your hand is like his feathers.
But right here
where the radius meets the carpus...
it's basically like your wrist...
Vinny's is broken.
- Uh-oh.
- You couldn't fix it?
No, by the time
your dad found him
his bones had already knitted
in all the wrong places.
Vinny, poor guy,
he was not in a good place.
Were you, pal?
All he did was scream
and scratch and claw,
but your dad,
he sat up with him
for three weeks straight,
hand-feeding him,
bringing up his weight,
teaching him it was okay
to trust people again.
I mean, it's really amazing
that he can be handled at all.
By all rights,
he really should have been...
Put down.
Yeah.
Why should Vinny be any different
from all the other animals he kills?

Honey, euthanasia...
Call it what it is, Lily.
Killing is killing.
And my father...
Your father is...
"There are some men
in this world
who are born
to do our unpleasant jobs for us.
Your father is one of them."
You think you're the only young woman
who's ever read this book?
You see this money?
These donations?
This is your dad's project.
You know that, right?
He's been promising that
for years.
Like all his promises,
nothing ever comes of it.
Sweetie, I think
you don't understand.
You don't understand.
You don't kill things
because they're broken.
You don't kill things because
they're sick or hurt or dying!
You don't kill things
because it's easier.
You give things a chance.
You don't know
what'll ever happen.
You just don't ever know.
Belle.
Belle.
Mrs. Wimmer.
You said he was
in perfect health.
A perfect picture of health.
Oh, Mrs. Wimmer,
I'm so sorry.
Oh, I'm so sorry.
I don't know. I lost count.
I'll do a count later. Head count

of the dogs, I'll let you know.

- Just keep your cell on, okay?

- All right.

- Cody, a word.

- Sure.

That warehouse across
the street... don't look.

They've got a roof-mounted
surveillance camera

on a continuous

That... that's great.

Isn't it nice to think so?

I don't know if I can keep this
from breaking.

Finish your homework?

It doesn't matter.

School's out in a week.

- What do you want to do tonight?

- Whatever.

I was thinking we would watch a movie.

What do you think about that?

- Whatever.

- I rented this really really great one.

You're gonna love it.

I hear it's a sizzler.

It's called "The Great Escape."

You know,

one of those dogs

that you released

bit a crossing guard.

And another one got hit

by a city dump truck.

He's deader than disco.

Yeah, whatever.

Yeah?

Cody.

She what?

Well, what do you want me

to do about it?

Oh no, Cody,

I don't think that's a good idea.

Come on, Hock.

When have I ever

asked you for anything?

This is important.
Well, a couple days maybe.
I'm not a babysitter.
I still can't believe
you're packing me off to Grandpa's.
It's just until
all this nonsense dies down.
We've only seen
him once since...
Since the funeral. I know.
That's all about to change.
He doesn't want me there.
- Of course he does.
- He doesn't. He's different.
Sweetheart,
we're all different now.
Grandpa handles it his way,
I deal with it my way
and, Lord knows,
you deal with it your way.
Here's an idea out of left field.
How about we all deal
with it together?
Cody.
- Hi, Grandpa.
- Young lady.
- Where should I put her bags?
- Put 'em right inside the door.
Good to see you, Hock.
It's good to see you,
Grandpa.
Young lady,
I won't put up with your tomfoolery.
Belle Mae Lawler,
your life is over.
Atticus!
What is it?
Okay, boy, okay.
Okay.
Be good for your grandpa, okay?
I'll call and check in
on you every couple days.
I love you.
"I love you too, Dad.

I'm gonna miss you."
Come on, Atticus,
let's go inside the house.
Dogs stay outside.
But it's Atticus.
Dogs stay outside.
Hey! Out there.
- Hey, Poovey.
- Shh!
Ha!
Hey, listen, I am gonna need that room
for a couple more days.
Being you're my sole-est
and only-est tenant,
I'm sure we can work
something out.
I got a question.
How do you survive out here?
It ain't about surviving.
It's about being useful.
This place used
to be useful.
For 40 years, me and the missus
used to give respite
to the weary in the night:
long-haul truckers,
kids going back and forth
from school;
learning things
I'll never know,
seeing things
I'll never see.
But I seen some things.
I seen fireballs
and freight trains barreling
through the night.
I seen drummers
selling everything,
Fuller Brush, tin houses.
I seen...
I seen it raining
not more than 30 feet
from where I'm standing,
pouring down like God

wet his pants.
But right there the sun was shining
plain as your dopey face.
Now I know it's got to happen
somewhere every time it rains,
but this time it was
happening to me.
Anyways, they put
the new highway in and poof.
It all turns to dust anyway.
It stings not being useful.
Well, I'm gonna get going.
Well, I seen a duck
hit by lightning.
I'll see you tomorrow.
Son, if you've got things
you need to do... and you got the look
of a man who has things
he needs to do...
I can check in on that convention
of critters you left
in my presidential suite.
King me.
- Bye, Poovey.
- Cody...
you know that duck
I was talking about?
It was delicious.
Curtis, this dog
should not be dead.
She didn't get out,
get into anything?
She's fenced in all day
and comes in at night.
She get along
with the neighbors?
They love her.
What about her diet?
Anything new or irregular?
Same since
she was a puppy.
I'm so sorry, Curtis.
I'm gonna ask your permission
to do something.

It won't help your Elize here,
but it might help some others.
If you think it'll help.
Thank you.

Breakfast at 5:

Be there if you want any.
This was mom's room.
It's just a room.
Shoo! Get out of here.
Okay okay, I'm coming, boy.
You're a daddy!
This is Scout
and...
you're Calpurnia
and you're Boo
and you're Miss Maudie.
What is it, boy?
They don't name nothing
around here no more.
Come on, Atticus.
Walk me home.
Hey, we gotta get that
grain chute unstuck.
That dust is gonna build up.
Kaboom!
Leonard was supposed
to fix that.
Leonard's as dumb
as a post.
Leonard ain't dumb
as a post.
He's dumb as a post hole.
Don't just stand there
like a clubbed catfish.
Get yourself a plate.
Gentlemen,
this is
my granddaughter Belle.
Now Belle...
has some unusual ideas
about things.
And she's here to have
an attitude adjustment.

And she will earn her keep
and if she doesn't,
I want to hear about it.
Pronto.
Somebody's gotta do
some work around here.
And when you're done
with the dishes,
you can start
on the compost.
Nothing will cripple
a million-dollar horse worse
than a 10 gopher hole.
But I can see my face in it.
Let me know when you
can see your thoughts.
They're horses, not hamsters.
When you're born to run, you run.
How do they keep
such a steady pace?
They got incentive.
When they get too close
to the front or back,
they get...
an electrical reminder.
You shock them?
More scares 'em than hurts.
What is it?
You are just always
in the way.
This your cat?
Some say cats
got nine lives.
Old Linus here got 12.
Run over him twice myself.
There's something in that maybe...
like in not counting
yourself out.
Oh, speaking of counting
yourself out.
I'm a little short this week.
You got nothing to count.
I'd appreciate two coats
on the outside.

- Two?

- Two.

Two.

- Two.

- Two.

Oh my gosh.

Oh my gosh,

that is so cool.

The suspensory ligament's torn.

She's dog food.

She's not really dog food.

No, honey, we don't do that.

When they work hard

for the farm, they get

respectful internment.

I'll show you soon enough.

The horseshoes are all

upside down.

Hock says it's 'cause

their luck run out.

I say it's 'cause

they just heading

in another direction.

You bury them there?

Not all of 'em.

Them there are the 4H Club.

We only bury the halter,

hooves, head, heart.

Come on.

You got any ideas, pal?

Yeah.

Me neither.

Open the door.

He used to be so brown

when he was a baby,

like the color

of a shiny new penny.

They all born wet and dark.

Don't show their true color,

the color they keep,

till almost

one year sometime too.

I was born purple and blue.

You was born...

I was born what?
Ornery.
But theoretically
free from sin.
Let's go.
Dude, how much more stuff
do I gotta do around this morgue?
A lot more than that.
Yeah, but this is not
in my job description.
Your job description reads
as follows, Milo:
You do what I say to do
until I tell you to stop doing it
or else I can your lazy butt.
Ooh-hoo. You know, if we had
a union, I would totally...
What, what?
I'd join it
and then I'd go on strike.
You are a mountain
of dreams, Milo.
Okay, hey, guess what?
You're feeding my dog.
You got it.
Yeah, mm-hmm.
Eggshell white
or autumn frost?
For what?
My bathroom.
Go with the eggshell white
and mind the spiders.
I wouldn't write off
the autumn frost just yet.
- I mean, that's a nice...
- Get away from me.
Milo.
Come on.
Working dogs...
attachments ruin 'em.
Make 'em all fuzzle-headed.
Coddling gets them
misdirected.
Hock don't like

no misdirected dogs.
Hock likes his dogs
to stay on task.
Shoo! Go on!
Shoo!
Dumb dog.
What's the matter with you?
Whoa!
Never you walk
behind a horse
without you letting him
know you're there.
Now you show him
that respect.
Maybe he won't kick your head
clear off your shoulders.
Afraid of lions?
Lions?
Had a vet here once
swore he'd rather get chewed on
by a lion than kicked by a horse.
A lion make you bleed.
Maybe you can fix that.
But one kick from a horse
and you're crossing Jordan
on a jet-ski.
It's Sunday.
Mm, man, this is good.
Get up here.
Is there an earthly reason
for this absurdity?
I wanted to know how it felt.
How what felt?
How it felt to be...
how it felt to be trapped,
trapped and alone
and stuck in circles.
Uh-huh.
Is that how you think
about my horses?
No.
That's how I see me.
That's expensive equipment.
Don't toy with it.

Hey, bud.

Yeah.

- Tobias.

- Thanks, boss.

Yeah. Satch.

Thank you, Hock.

- Doc.

- Thank you, sir.

Belle.

Thank you, Grandpa.

I think you've earned that.

Mom loved animals,
didn't she?

No, she did not.

Animals ain't
for loving, honey.

Animals are for eating
and wearing,
for bill paying
and empire building.

Your mother understood animals.

She appreciated animals.

She respected animals.

She did not love animals.

Look at her face.

She loved them.

Put that back, honey.

I'm not wearing my glasses. I can't...

- Grandpa.

- What?

Do animals have souls?

- What in the world?

- Do they?

I'll tell you

what animals have.

Animals have increasing
production costs
and they've got infuriatingly
fluctuating market value.

As to whether or not
they got souls,
I'll leave that to our good
and capricious creator
to determine.

Aren't you up past
your bedtime?
I know they have souls.
And how would
you know that?
Well, can you imagine heaven
without them?
Your mother liked animals fine.
You're not the big old
ugly bear you think you are.
- Yeah?
- No.
Don't spread it around.
You gave Mom this book.
She said you used
to read it to her every night.
She was mistaken. It was your
grandmother. I never read it.
It was you.
And she gave it to me
and she read it to me.
It's a book about a bird.
No, it's about how it's a sin
to kill a bird. Atticus says...
Do you believe anything
that a lawyer says to you?
And if it's a sin to kill a bird
then it's a sin to kill...
Atticus took Heck Tate's rifle
and he shot that rabid dog
right in between the eyes.
And on that note,
I bid thee farewell.
Not bad for someone
who's never read the book.
After mine moved on
to a greener pasture,
I wore my ring too,
till I realized
it's not conducive
to my social situation.
Well, I brought enough
feline leukemia
for your touring show of cats,

but you didn't mention dogs.
This one's got an aural hematoma.
It's probably benign though.
Well, he just
kind of showed up.
A dog knows, don't he?
This one might.
I tell you, a dog knows.
The missus had an affliction...
a touch of epilepsy.
When a spell
was gonna come on,
my old dachshund would tie her up
so she couldn't move.
A dog knows, don't he?
You know what?
Some dogs have been proven
to detect heart attacks
and seizures, even traces
of bacteria in people.
There have been dozens
of documented cases
of what you might call
canine precognition.
Well, if that means the same
as a dog knows,
why don't you just say it?
A necropsy revealed nothing,
at least nothing I could discern.
And what's worse,
they keep coming.
I had two more DOA's last week.
I talked to some
of my colleagues
and they said the incidents
are isolated
to the north side, thank God.
So I shipped a couple
of the carcasses off to K State.
Yeah, they're great.
I have got to figure this out.
I mean,
that's what I'm here for, right?
Right?

Hello.

Ground Control to Major Mopey.

I miss her so much.

God bless her little
juvenile-delinquent heart.

What's not to miss?

She loathes me.

Come on,
she's probably dying to see you.

Yeah.

- Daddy!

- Hi, baby.

I shod a horse.

- You did?

- I had some help.

- Like my hat?

- I love your hat.

Look at you.

You're...

you're... well,
you're not pale.

What your father means
to say, sweetie,
is that you look beautiful.

- How's Vinny?

- He's pigeon sitting,
which means I'm gonna have
two crazy birds when I get home.

Are you hungry?

Made salad.

I picked it myself.

Sure, let's go.

Hock, I can't
thank you enough.

There's no need.

How's she doing?

Well, she's passable.

How you doing?

What the hell's
that supposed to mean?

Come and get it!

Well, don't just stand there
like a clubbed catfish,
slap a feedbag on your face.

- All right.

- Come on.

A feedbag on our face.

Mrs. Melton was very pleased
with your finals.

So am I.

Are you still in trouble
at work?

Nah.

But that does remind me
and actually,
since you're talking about it,
I have a little project
that would be
a great summer job for you.
I mean, I can't pay you as much
as your grandfather over here, but...

Dad, I have a job here.

I have lots of jobs.

I'm in charge of the dishes
and the compost
and the saddles...

Don't you wanna
come home?

Hey, we'll talk
about it tomorrow.

Lillian, Cody tells me
you know a lot about horses.

Well, did he?

Well, I might be a little rusty,
but yeah.

What do you know
about thoroughbreds?

What do you need to know?

Why don't you meet me
in the morning and walk out
to the stable with me?

Be glad to.

You know, since this has
turned into some kind of occasion...

why don't we push
breakfast back till 6:00?

You watch the fire, Belle.

See you all

in the morning.

Good night.

Well, Mr. Banyon,

I've seldom seen finer.

I mean, he's worth

every penny they offered and more,

but I can't for the life of me

understand why you'd want to sell him.

Well, did you read the sign

out there on the drive?

- Yeah.

- Banyon Farms.

It didn't say

Banyon Petting Zoo.

Well, then you probably know

that the smart business decision

is breeding this stallion.

Why do you think

they wanna buy him?

Lillian's right, Grandpa.

You can keep Apache Wind

and still get your money back.

Just like Atticus' puppies.

Go turn him out, Doc.

What about them pups, Basham?

These two here

are cut real well.

This one's knuckle here

is all wrong.

This one's a hip-popper, for sure.

Well, you know

what you gotta do.

Mm-hmm.

You can't predict hip dysplasia

in a puppy.

Old Basham can.

That's absurd. No one can.

My dear, I have a lot of respect

for your knowledge of horses,

but there's no man alive

can cull a litter like Basham.

He was raised by dogs.

I don't presume

to tell you your business.

Please don't presume
to tell me mine.
That's enough, Hock.
If they're bred wrong, Cody,
they are bred wrong.
And they gotta be sacrificed
for the sake of the bloodline.
No, Grandpa.
Basham.
I'm blood.
What about me?
Am I bred wrong?
Am I a freak?
Are you gonna destroy me too?
Belle, that's enough.
Belle.
Yeah, what about it, Hock?
What about our bloodline?
I'd say it was severed
long before now.
We'll be leaving.
You suit yourself.
- Lillian!
- I'm over here.
Any sign of her?
That little gymnast is fast.
I'm so sorry. This is all my fault.
I never should have challenged him.
No, it's about time
somebody stood up to him.
He's been like this
ever since Andrea died.
It's all about me. He keeps
taking it out on Belle. It's not right.
He blames you?
What's not to blame?
You could have drowned.
Have you decided for me?
What?
Have you decided
my fate, Daddy?
What are you talking about?
Like Hock and that old mare.
Like Basham

and those puppies.

Like Mom.

Belle,

baby, you don't think that...

I don't have to think.

I saw it with my own eyes.

I saw it in that hallway.

I saw you

with that doctor.

But you didn't kill her,

did you, Daddy?

You just had her euthanized.

- Belle.

- Hush!

She thinks I killed her mother...

that I pulled some plug.

You don't think that, do you?

No.

No, I don't.

You were driving, but...

What? He was.

Was he?

If Belle would have

drowned in that river,

who would you

have blamed for that?

I just got word that

all my stock's been turned loose.

Where is your daughter?

Come on, guys.

I don't know

where we're going.

But anyplace

is better than here.

Tobias, take the ATV

down to the river.

- Satch, you take the truck west.

- You got it.

Little Doc, you stay in the barn

and watch for anybody who comes back.

Yeah, County, that's confirmed.

We got a missing

approximately 4'11", 65 lbs,

shoulder-length brown hair,

brown eyes.
Do you copy?
Maybe it's time
to hit the gravel.
"I wanted you to see
what real courage is.
It's when you know you're licked
before you begin,
but you begin anyway
and you see it through
no matter what.
You rarely win,
but sometimes you do."
Looks like a storm's coming, guys.
We'd better get going.
Where are you, Belle?
All right, listen up.
I know you've scoured every
square inch of this place.
That means we gotta move
the perimeter out
another three miles.
Do that and don't come back
without her.
Come on, Apache Wind.
We're almost there.
Come on, you're okay.
Come on, let's go.
Atticus, help me out.
Come on.
Come on, Apache Wind, come on!
Settle down. You're okay.
I thought she was raised
more sensible.
Ho, boy.
More sensible? She's 12.
There are a lot
of hard lessons in life, Hock,
but there's no reason that a kid
should have to learn them all at once,
especially from her grandfather.
Or her father,
for that matter.
She makes perfect sense to me.

All she sees in all
living things is the potential.
My God,
why would anybody want her
to see it any other way?
Well, if she rode north of the draw,
there's nothing between her
and Nebraska but hope.
You take the River Road, Cody.
You fell and hit your head.
Apache Wind...
where is he?
Went home.
Smart horse.
But I saw you throw them
in the river.
Sometimes eyes lie.
Man, if Hock saw this place,
he'd fire you for sure.
Possible.
Those are my friends.
How do you feed them?
How can you afford...
Those are my friends.
They need me
to be strong for them.
I understand that.
Grandpa wouldn't.
She was my friend too...
your mama.
Ever since I was no bigger
than you are now,
your mom and me...
Your Grandpa Hock
see your mama
in everything he set his eye on.
He see her in Apache Wind.
He see her in that dog.
He see her in you.
Eats him up
like battery acid.
He's broken,
just like my friends.
But he don't have

nobody to feed him
and keep him warm
and pat him on the head
and say, "You're okay."
Sometimes we get so soaked up
in our own misery,
we can't even fathom
the depth of hurting others.
We'd better be going now,
far away,
and you can't stop us.
I don't have to.
I lit this place up
like Christmas Eve.
One if by land,
two if by you.
Belle, Belle!
No no, Grandpa!
I'm not going back.
I'm not letting you have these animals.
I hate you! I hate you!
I hate you! I hate you!
Belle Mae Lawler,
if you ever... ever
do that again,
I will die.
All this time I thought
you had a still out here.
No, sir.
Well, son,
you're gonna wish you had.
That hurt?
A little.
You know, we don't call
hurt "pain" anymore.
We call it discomfort.
Then I'm pretty uncomfortable.
You're gonna have
a nasty bump on your head,
but you're gonna be okay.
You got it?
How's Dad?
He'll be in in a sec.
You like him, don't you?

Of course I do.
No, you "like" him.
Don't you?
Of course I do.
Okay, that does it.
And you can forget
about any malpractice, missy,
because I don't even have
a license for people.
That night at the hospital...
I did argue
with the doctor.
I argued with him
because your mother
was technically...
clinically she was...
I understand.
And the doctor said
that the best thing to do
would be to remove her
from life support
and let her slip away peacefully.
And I said no,
and I said no and no
and no.
And I kept saying no.
She lasted another 39 hours.
Honey, I didn't do
what you think I did,
but I wish to God I had.
I wished when they asked,
I would have just said, "Yes, do it."
Because for the next 39 hours,
I don't know
where your mother was.
I don't know what kind of hell
she was going through.
And I am ashamed
of being so selfish.
There isn't a day that goes by
that I don't regret prolonging it.
Those 39 hours could
have been an eternity.
I knew Mom was going

to someplace good
and someplace special
and she deserved to get there sooner.
What about that summer job?
You ready?
- Yeah.
- Because I gotta get back to work.
And Lillian's gotta get back
because the last thing I heard
was Vinny bit Natasha
in the butt.
Tomorrow, my little cowgirl,
we ride.
- Behave yourself.
- Okay.
I gotta have my hat.
See ya.
Goodbye, Hock.
Cody, Belle,
Lillian.
- Bye.
- Goodbye, guys.
Hey, hold on just a minute.
Basham,
cut that mutt loose.
Get going.
Daddy, please please please.
- Please.
- Why not?
Thank you, Grandpa.
Don't thank me.
You spoiled him.
- I what?
- He's spoiled.
You know what, Grandpa?
If you call that spoiled,
then there's a heck
of a lot more spoiling
that needs to be done around here.
And if you're too stubborn
and you're
too fuzzle-headed
and you're too stupid
to realize that,

then I'm just gonna have
to do it myself.
There's gonna be
some changes around here.
Is that okay
with you, Dad?
Are you asking me?
For starters,
I don't trust him with my puppy.
What?
And...
Grandpa needs someone
to pat him on the head
and tell him he's okay.
You got it, kid.
Hey! Hey, just a minute.
There was no talk
about her being permanent.
Can it, Grandpa.
When you're done
standing around,
you can meet me out
by the compost heap.
Someone's gotta do
some work around here.
- Belle, be good. Brush your teeth.
- Bye.
Hey, Nat.
What?
Oh, no.
We got another one.
Checked and rechecked, nada.
Toxicology from K State?
Not.
Blood work, stool,
pathology report
from KSDVM?
Nein, nyet and no way, dude.
There's nothing here.
There has got to be a link.
I just know there has
to be some link.
You...
Me what?

You! You're the only link.
You are
the common denominator.
Your clients, your dogs,
your care and prescribed treatment.
Your meds, diet and...
Oh my God.
Do you think that's true?
You are the kiss of death,
Dr. Lillian Cole.
I'm kidding.
Don't do that.
- Mr. Peepers is getting cranky.
- No, stop.
Well, when is the food
gonna arrive?
Every now and then
you should eat a little something
that won't turn your heart
into a hockey puck.
Belle,
what about these changes?
There's no such thing
as culling a litter anymore.
If a pup isn't fit to be sold,
we'll just have to find a home for it.
That's gonna make a lot
of extra mouths to feed.
I'll pay for it.
You will?
You can deduct it
from my raise.
We'll need special pens
for Basham's critters
that have access to the pond
and pasture.
Who's gonna pay for that?
Basham will.
You can deduct it
from his raise.
You know,
this is all well
and good for a time, honey.
But I seriously can't sustain

the expense
of husbanding animals
that don't return a profit.
And neither can you.
And neither can Basham.
There's a reality out there
that you just have to accept.
And it's not about the money.
I know that, Grandpa.
But for a time,
until I think of something else?
Yeah, for a time.
Now about Apache Wind.
What about him?
He's not for sale.
What we should do is...
Did you double his stud fees?
Nope.
I tripled 'em.
- And...
- Scout.
- Calpurnia.
- Calpurnia.
No, this is Miss Maudie.
Calpurnia has a little white spot
on her left foot.
Let's start over.
That horse's name is...
Olivia.
Woman I know.
You knew a woman?
My mother!
Well...
- Olivia.
- Olivia.
You know, if we could
change that hedge line
to the berm, we could cut down
on some of that store-bought feed...
Your mother loved animals.
She loved animals
more than life itself.
And with the price of hedge
going for 140 bucks a cord.

Hey, Lil, you okay?

- It's aflatoxin.

- Gesundheit.

No, it's aflatoxin.

I know what killed those dogs.

I figured it out.

We gotta go.

Come on.

I chose those dogs' diets.

But there's no way

all my stock was tainted.

It would have to be something
occurring to the food.

Something that occurs
haphazardly

that affects one batch
and not another.

Hence, the reason it was
so difficult to trace and isolate.

- Aflatoxin?

- Mm-hmm.

No no, it's not your food, sir.

Aflatoxin is a mold that's inherent
to all grain-based feeds.

I know all about aflatoxin,
but it can't survive the heat
of our extrusion process.

If that process is less than 10%
moisture in the final product, correct?

- Well, yes.

- Even 1% above that, and you have...

- Food poisoning.

- Exactly.

So what you're saying is if one
of my temperature gauges is off
- by even just a little bit...

- Yes yes.

But it can't be all that much off.

The incidents, the deaths
were fairly localized,
and if you have
even 1% more...

Get me security.

Drop the gates.

Stop the run.
That's right.
Yeah, the entire run.
Atticus, shh!
- Shh, no!
- Easy now, boy.
Atticus, stop, no!
Atticus, stop!
Easy now.
Atticus, no!
- Stop, Atticus!
- I said heel!
Atticus, no!
My understanding is that the attack
was totally unprovoked.
Yeah, it was.
It's her dog?
It's her...
it's our dog.
Hock, this has gotta go
a certain way.
Yeah.
Give me a minute.
Hey, Belle.
We got a decision to make.
I know.
What's gonna happen now
is Brent's gonna take
the dog down
to the pound
and it's gotta stay there
until the judge
makes a determination.
But from what he tells me,
it's pretty much
a foregone conclusion.
We're gonna have
to put him down.
How long will he
have to stay at the pound?
Days. Maybe weeks.
What if no one
presses charges?
Well, it doesn't work

like that, honey.

It's out of our hands unless...

Unless what?

Unless we take care
of things ourselves
and we just keep it
in the family.

Honey, why don't you let me
make this decision?

No, Grandpa,
this is my decision.

No pound.

For Atticus,
that could be an eternity.

Okay.

So if you leave the dog here,
we'll put it down.

That'd be fine.

Just no later than tomorrow.

- Okay, appreciate that. Thank you.

- Yeah.

Natasha tries to get me
out here once a week.

And do you go?

Not till now.

Why not?

I don't know.

I guess it just reminds me
of all the things I'm not,
all the things I'm missing,
all those bright, pretty things.

There is not a light in this city
that shines brighter than you.

Wow, I never pegged you
for a romantic.

I have my moments.

They're few and far between,
but I have my moments.

So...

we have a good night?

No, we had a great night.

A little dinner, a little music,
a little dancing,
a little...

I'm sorry.

It's okay.

Hello.

Hock.

"When he was nearly 13,
my brother Jem got
his arm badly broken
at the elbow.

When it healed
and Jem's fears
of never being able to play
football were assuaged...

Maycomb was an old town,
but it was a tired old town
when I first knew it.

Somehow, it was hotter then:

A black dog suffered
on a summer's day.

Bony mules hitched
to Hoover carts
flicked flies in the sweltering shade
of the live oaks
on the square...

There are clearly no defined seasons
in South Alabama.

Summer drifts into autumn,
and autumn is sometimes
never followed by winter...

Reverend Sykes's voice
was as distant

as Judge Taylor's,

'Miss Jean Louise, stand up.

Your father's passing...'

Jem said he would take me.

Thus began our
longest journey together...

He turned out the light
and went into Jem's room.

He would be there all night.

He would be there

when Jem waked up

in the morning."

How this works is the first shot
will put him fast to sleep.

And the second shot
will stop his heart.
And then he'll be gone.
I understand.
He won't feel any pain,
not even the shot.
I understand.
This might not be
the right time,
but I could not
be more proud of you.
Ready?
Yeah.
After the second shot,
I'd like to be alone with him.
I think he'd like that.
Oh, I don't think
that you should...
Okay.
I didn't ask for this!
I don't want this!
This ain't right.
It ain't up to you, Basham.
Now get out.
Don't make it worse than it is.
Ain't but a scratch.
Stand aside, Belle.
Basham!
Clayton...
I need you to be strong
for me now.
No 4H Club.
Oh no, Belle.
No way.
Well...
Hold on.
Was that the feed
that you were
feeding Apache Wind
whenever Atticus attacked you?
It was.
That's CW feed.
- A dog knows.
- Don't he?

Belle, honey.

What in the Sam Hill

is going on?

There's a... it's a grain-based
mold that's coming

in this brand of feed right now.

They're looking into it.

But it's called alpha...

aflatoxin or something like that.

Look, you ever heard of a little
thing called canine precognition?

You know, I picked out
that dog myself.

- Yeah yeah.

- Of course you did.

Lillian, Lillian,

he's waking up!

Coming.

That's quite a girl

you got there.

Which one?

You were driving

that car, son.

Does it matter?

It does not.

But you know, your daughter

has got animals crammed

into every God-splashed

inch of this place.

I could probably help you out

with that actually.

- Is that a fact?

- That is a fact.

For a little price.

I'll talk to you about it.

Come on.

- Two coats.

- It doesn't need two coats.

Cody said two coats.

You're not even getting

one coat on that one.

You start farther up

and I got this.

Okay.

Cheeseburger...

hold the cheese.

See ya.

I've had worse

motel guests than this. Trust me.

through here one Halloween night.

Boy, howdy!

Oh!

Oh, yeah!

That's gonna buy a lot of kibble.

Thank you, guys, so much.

- How old is he?

- He's 5 years old.

- Any problems with him before?

- No...

- Hock, good to see you again.

- Jim.

Rick, my friend Poovey.

- Mr. Poovey.

- How do you do? Howdy. Howdy.

- Did you bring that check?

- I sure did.

I just need to know

who to make it out to.

You make it out

to those people right there.

I'm just gonna check

that all the zeroes are in place.

They're there,

I think you'll find.

They certainly are.

- It's a pleasure.

- Pleasure's all mine.

Rick.

Belle, that's for you, baby.

Thank you.

Yeah!

Hey, cowgirl.

- I need another book.

- Why?

I'm completely out of names.

Well, it looks like you're

gonna need a lot of books.

- You ready?

- Yeah.
Let's go.
Bye, Belle.
You know, I was thinking...
maybe after I get my whole,
you know,
Belle situation sorted out,
maybe you and I could,
I don't know,
go to the park
or get some ice cream,
I don't know, maybe spend
the rest of our life together.
Really?

CODY:

Yeah, see,
now that's about as contrary
as a bird can get.
- We're gonna have to change his... her...
- No way.
her name now.
To what?
- To Valerie.
- Victoria.
- Vanessa.
- Vivica.
- No, Vanessa.
- What?
Still be Vinny.
- That's true.
- It'll still be Vinny.
There's gonna be some
changes 'round this place #
Starting with these socks #
But blue corduroys
don't wrinkle #
So why should
they come off? #
And I'm turning over leaves #
And I am turning
on a dime #
Living on small change
and borrowed time #

But there's gonna be
some changes 'round this place #
I thought I'd like to know #
The future's bright as Christmas #
But it's just as slow #
I keep singing
for my supper #
And I bow my head
before I eat #
I'm praying for another voice #
When I sing myself to sleep #
Gonna be some changes #
I'm burning up
the sheets #
All by my lonesome self #
And I'm tossing
and I'm tossing #
And I'm tossing #
And I guess
I'm sleeping fine, man #
I still don't dream #
Mostly wake up #
To a blue TV screen #
There's gonna be
some changes 'round this place #
I thought I'd like
to know #
The future's bright
as Christmas #
But it's just as slow #
I keep singing
for my supper #
And I bow my head
before I eat #
I'm praying
for a woman's voice #
When I sing myself
to sleep #
I heard rumors
of a fork up #
In the road #
Always waiting
somewhere near #
Like the heat lines

snaking across the highway #
Leaves you
wishing they were slower #
Or it was just a little colder #
If I had a faster motor #
Could I catch 'em
before they disappear? #
There's gonna be
some changes 'round this place #
I thought I'd like
to know #
The future's right as rain #
When it's dry
as a bone #
I keep singing
for my supper #
And I bow my head
before I eat #
I'm praying for a chorus #
When I sing myself
to sleep #
There's gonna be
some changes #
There's gonna be
some changes #
I guess there's gonna be
some changes #
There's gonna be
some change #
There's gonna
be some changing #
Well, there's gonna be
some change. #