

GENERATIONS

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. KEYSTONE - AUSTIN TEXAS - DAY [NOW]

A HOUSE sprawls on a Texas knoll.

The heart of it is sturdy STONE while a wide screen porch and added wing stretch what was original. Great cottonwood trees encircle it. One's vast and tall and going to seed, setting free a snow storm of cotton tufts.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the days I've been gone I often think about home. Where I came from. Those I've left behind.

FAMILY members abound. A BANNER readies for above the front door. A BENCH SWING comes together as well.

Couple of dogs, couple of cars about.

One more car swoops in, kicking up dust, scattering dogs. Out steps MOLLY SAMWORTH MULCAHY. Forty something. Simple, strong, in her best years.

Doesn't get a yard before encountering MACE SAMWORTH, her FATHER. Sixty something. Simple, strong, sun-scoured, still in his best years.

MACE

Who the hell taught you to drive like that?

MOLLY

In the genes.

MACE

You only killed a dog or two.

MOLLY

Do you want to know or not?

It's what these two do, rough kidding. Loving combatants.

MACE

Why do you think I'm standing here? Lucky to be alive.

MOLLY

Living to give me grief.

MACE
Damn straight.

MOLLY
Well, they're coming.

MACE
Of course they're coming. *When?*

MOLLY
Any minute. Is the house ready?

MACE
Took forty some years. But take a look.

They've been nose to nose, but he puts his arm around her now and they turn together to the stone house, the SWING readying, the BANNER on the rise. HAPPY BIRTH it says so far, the rest still not unfurled.

THE HOUSE FREEZES [**CGI**]

ONE BY ONE the elements of the house disappear-- dogs and cars, banner and people, porch and added wing, cottonwoods, all except the one vast giant. It shrinks to a lone stalk.

Last and finally, the stone house itself goes--until there is nothing left but land and a setting sun. And:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
When I was a young man I didn't think much about it, where I came from or what came before me or what might come after--

THE GREAT BALL OF A SETTING SUN - EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS (1960'S)

squashes into the earth, its fall and the bare land joined by COWBOY BOOTS and HIGH HEELS. The heels and boots pass the lone cottonwood. Two people, backs to us--until the woman turns into profile. The sun coronas her, her shape, her PREGNANT shape.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
I was born, mine was the only story I thought. I didn't know yet mine was prologue. And epilogue. To a celebration without end.

On the screen appears: 1960's

THE WOMAN

You wanna tell me why you dragged
me over here? Now that my feet are
killing me and these heels I
shouldn't be wearing are breaking.

EXT./INT. HOUSE - LOOKING IN - SUNSET

Walking, they reach the BONES of a HOUSE. A SHELL. No doors,
windows, finishing or furniture. Once inside it they appear
and disappear, fiery silhouettes. In the blaze of sun it's a
BLACK & WHITE & SEPIA world of DESATURATED COLOR--and *each
time period will have it's own look.*

They are MACE SAMWORTH, now only twenty something, and LU ANN
SAMWORTH. Mace carries a BOTTLE.

LU ANN

What is this atrocity? You ever
hear of a floor. This is just a
bunch of rocks.

MACE

We're gonna make a stand right
here.

LU ANN

A stand? I'm a North Carolina girl,
Mace Samworth. Is that Texan--for
what?

MACE

This piece of land. This skeleton,
these rocks.

LU ANN

The keys to the kingdom built on
this rubble of stone?

MACE

That's it. The name. Built of
stone. Keystone.

LU ANN

How 'bout first things first. Get
the biscuit out of the oven safe
and sound.

He takes the bottle, pops its cork, proffers a glass.

MACE

Here. Raise a glass to the first
boy of the litter.

LU ANN

Don't count your roosters, Fella.
Could be a girl.

MACE

If so--spoil her to death. So she
can take care'all the boys to come.
The whole football team.

LU ANN

Sweet Jesus, how 'bout a roof and
some electricity before we start
the Texas Rangers?

MACE

Nice try. Longhorns. Hook-em. Come
on, this way. Wait-taya see.

He heads to a cantilevered bare bones set of stairs.

LU ANN

Ten thousand John Waynes in greater
Austin, and I get Chill Wills.
You're crazy ya know?

Following precariously, she just hopes the unsupported stairs
that he's leaping up don't break away.

INT. BEDROOM - TOP OF THE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

She finds him in the one room that has a wall, one wall, one
BLUE wall, and plastic Visqueen where there're only studs,
radiant in the afterglow. It's furnished--crib, rocking
chair, diaper pail. Mace holds an **S** wrung from metal like a
brand and a hammer.

MACE

Gonna set this in place.

LU ANN

The wall's *blue*.

MACE

Bettin' on it, Darlin'.

As Mace HAMMERS he FADES and DISAPPEARS, but Lu Ann doesn't.
WACK, TUNK.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Funny thing--there are some others
who come along and seem to have
their own opinions about what's
what and where it all began.

INT. BEDROOM - TOP OF THE STAIRS (CGI) (MATCH CUT) (1980'S)

Lu Ann MORPHS to a *generation later*. The HAMMERING though
doesn't stop: it works the same wall and the same **S**. The wall
and finished room though aren't blue; PINK with dirt. Her
daughter MOLLY wields the hammer, now twenty something. It's
an EKTACHROME world now.

LU ANN

Don't tell me you're actually
cleaning up this mess.

The "mess" includes a trophy case that's broken free from the
weight it carries and fallen. Leaving ruts on the wall and
good looking and god forsaken looking hardware on the floor.

On the screen appears: 1980's.

MOLLY

No, I'm leaving this, but I'm outta
here.

LU ANN

Oh, I can see that.

She means the mess beyond the crash site. Photographs and
posters of race cars and drivers, including Molly. Clothes,
gewgaws, a whole girl's life.

MOLLY

I'm a race driver now. I'm gone.

LU ANN

That so. Well, I guess we're just
lucky to've had ya round at all.
Wasn't so sure once ya were gonna
be.

MOLLY

What are you talking about? You
didn't have to drive through wind,
sleet or snow or anything.

LU ANN

Yeah, pop out you came. Nothing to
it.

(MORE)

LU ANN (CONT'D)
 (a sea change)
 It was good to see ya.

MOLLY
 Sure wet and gooey and yowling,
 I'll bet. Not for me, not in this
 lifetime.

LU ANN
 (rummaging through
 PHOTOGRAPHS)
 And luckily you have no interest in
 boys. One boy in one, one in this
 other. What's this?

She's come upon, in the rubble, now a small jewelry BOX.

MOLLY
 Oh that. It's nothing.

LU ANN
 Nothing that looks very much like a
 ring to me. With a stone that might
 well cut glass.

Molly's saved by the BELL: the phone RINGS.

MOLLY
 I got it.

LU ANN
 Which boy friend is it?

MOLLY
 There's only one.

LU ANN
 Does he know that?

MOLLY
 What?

LU ANN
 Which ever one it isn't.

Makes Molly pause as her mother takes the hammer and has at
 the **S**, still not secure. WACK. TUNK. Lu Ann fades, disappears.

INT. BEDROOM - TOP OF THE STAIRS (CGI) (MATCH CUT) (NOW)

Molly doesn't: she MORPHS into Molly Samworth Mulcahy now,
another generation later, molten in the blasting light of
 HIGH DEF DIGITAL COLOR. WACK, TUNK. A HAMMER's still at work,
 wielded by SUZANNE SAMWORTH BERARA, her PREGNANT daughter.

SUZANNE

This thing is falling down.

MOLLY

Not for the first time, but
whattaya doing? You're supposed to
be resting.

SUZANNE

It was just spotting. A little
blood. It stopped.

MOLLY

Here let me have that thing. You
lie down.

SUZANNE

I can't believe I'm back. In this
house. In this room. In *my* room.

On the screen appears: PRESENT DAY

MOLLY

Spent your entire childhood just
waiting to escape--

SUZANNE

Exactly!

MOLLY

I'm sure you're the very first to
ever feel that way.

SUZANNE

(right past that)
--My husband 8000 miles away in
some desert hell hole. And last
night he didn't call. The internet
hook up went black.

MOLLY

I'm sure everything's just fine--

SUZANNE

I'm not ready for this baby. Gonna
be here in five weeks. *Five--*

MOLLY

(a sea change)
Nobody's ever really ready. Not
that I can remember so far away and
long ago.

Emotions shake a bit loose despite Molly's throwaway attempt.

SUZANNE

You never talk about it.

MOLLY

Every birth is the same. Every one different.

SUZANNE

You should be a fortune cookie. Who was there?

MOLLY

We Samworths, we always show up. What are you doing?

SUZANNE

I've gotta dress for the 40th.

MOLLY

Nice try. Anniversary Party or not young lady, you lie your ass down.

SUZANNE

I thought we Samworths always show up.

MOLLY

Legs up to be safe.

SUZANNE

One thing?

MOLLY

What's that?

SUZANNE

I know I'm stuck here in this House--
-but it's my baby. *Mine*. Not yours.
Not Granddaddie's. Not--

MOLLY

Honey, ya gotta lot to learn.
Better fix this thing, shine it up.

Stops hammering, jimmies loose the nicked, tarnished metal **S**.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Your sister, of course, doesn't
wanna go. She can stay with you.
We'll be home early. Legs up!

SUZANNE

You act like you bled or something.

MOLLY

Don't be silly. You just lie here.
Take it easy.

SUZANNE

Take a load off. You're not dressed
yet. You're not wearing that?
Aren't you late?

MOLLY

Ya think? This is for later, and
this--is for now.

Molly unzips the race car driver suit she's been wearing,
peels it, revealing the remarkable full sight of herself.
Vibrancy and extraordinary life force full on throttle.

SUZANNE

Gee, last time I saw a change like
that the woman had a magic lasso
and a golden bra.

MOLLY

Yeah well, gold's now nine thousand
a bullet. But otherwise--that's me.
Call if anything...

A phone RINGS(O.S.) And now a SECOND. Some things haven't
changed. A roll of the eyes:

SUZANNE

That'll work well. I'll just be
lying here in this little piece of
heaven.

Molly carries racing suit and the **S**, kisses her daughter.

INT. STAIRWELL-LIVING ROOM - KEYSTONE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Molly sets the **S** on the rail but it falls to the steps behind
her on the stairs her mother went up *years before*. Supported
now, they range over a great living room.

A hard line's RINGING, and now two cells exactly alike. One
YOWLING a SONG, one BUZZING. Debates, ignores the hard, grabs
one.

MOLLY

Hello... No, he's not here No... I
can give him a message.

(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You're going to be later than you thought tonight...*Donna*. I'll be sure to tell him... Who am I? His wife, honey...Oh, I'm sure you are.

She snaps the phone shut without goodbye, reaches a FULL-LENGTH HALL MIRROR, checks herself out. Not just half on make up. Life and beauty on her face, and a stitch of worry and aggravation.

RIP MULCAHY comes in. Her husband, Forties, tie awry.

RIP

Mirror mirror, whattaya see?

MOLLY

(tosses him his cell)
I see I'm dressed and you're not dressed, you're late, and who's Donna?

RIP

All this from the mirror?

MOLLY

All this from years of living with you.

RIP

Whew. Are we done?

MOLLY

Are we?

From levity, with a mix of kidding and bite, their marriage and life has been tossed into play.

RIP

Here's what I see--me goin' up the stairs to see a daughter and a baby on the way--

MOLLY

Rip...

RIP

Here's me--who's finally escaped your father and his plans for *his* baby. And bankruptcy. Can't we trade in fathers, mine, not to mention yours? He'll be calling any second--

MOLLY

Think Suzanne's not feeling great--

RIP

(kidding set aside)

Here's me then--goin' to check on that daughter I love and am now worried about. And you goin' on ahead if you have to.

The second phone RINGS again.

MOLLY

Hell-lo. On my way Daddy in just a minute...I know...I know my job assignment. I'll be there. Ready and--

INT. KEYSTONE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

So much for following instructions: Suzanne's not lying down. She's at her computer watching a saved, *date stamped* VIDEO from her husband, STEP BERARA. Playing it back, not for the first nor last time.

STEP BERARA

You're never going to lose me, baby. You kiddin'?

(the IMAGE drags a bit)

I sleep in my body armor. Such as the shit is. Not taking any chances. Step Berara's a deeply-committed-rear-echelon-mother-fucker Gy-rene who's counting the days--the wake ups and hours and minutes so I can get there for the poppin' of the little hombre, Sweetheart.

Step lets out a tweak of Hispanic heritage. Watching, Suzanne holds back her avalanche of emotion. Young, stressed, pregnant, lonely. To the SCREEN, laughing:

SUZANNE

Hombre?!

RIP

(coming in)

The rumor is your not feeling so hot. What the hell is that?

SUZANNE

(pauses the VIDEO)
It's Step. A couple of days ago.

RIP

You can save it? I don't understand.

SUZANNE

You're such an old man.

RIP

Step Berara. "What kind of name is that? Sounds like a Mexican catcher in the minors." Hey, I'm just quoting your Grandfather.

SUZANNE

Two Grumpy Old Men.

RIP

Just as long as he keeps his hands off my daughter.

SUZANNE

A little late for that Dad.

RIP

(appraising her tummy)
What, that's not water retention?

SUZANNE

A lot late.

There's a sweet and sour and no small affection between father and daughter.

RIP

Well, let's just get him back here.
Safe. Sound. Soon.

SUZANNE

Hopefully soon enough.

RIP

I'll just have to dial up some Colonels and Generals. Not to mention the Secretary of Defense, won't I? Maybe the President.

SUZANNE

(to the frozen image)
And that's an order, Soldier!

RIP
And--how's the little *Berara* doin'?

SUZANNE
Doin the cuckaracha all night long.

RIP
But *you're* okay?

SUZANNE
I'm fine.

RIP
You're sure?

SUZANNE
Well, look at me. I'm huge and all
I do is pee.

RIP
I say to bed with you.

SUZANNE
In a minute. And don't tell Mama I
was up.

RIP
And risk the wrath of Keystone?

Going, Rip turns back to his daughter. Suzanne stares at her husband's frozen image.

SUZANNE
Step *Berara*...I love you.

She smiles and yet is not so far from tears.

INT. KEYSTONE - DOWNSTAIRS LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Made up now, HEELS in hand, Molly crosses the living room, stepping into one at a time, passes a WOODEN BEAM large, wide, and tall enough to hold a parade of family PHOTOGRAPHS.

A celebration of this Whole Keystone World Family.

NARRATOR (V.O)
From the moment we're born, we all
bring our own hopes and dreams.
Faces and photos that chart and
celebrate a family, a history, full
of memory and meaning...and yet are
incomplete.

Generations named and dated: See them young, see the house changing. They stop her, still shaking her earrings in her hand like dice.

One in particular--and we've seen IT before, fresher perhaps, in a different frame in her room twenty years before. Molly with a BOY, a MAN, and a GYNORMOUS TROPHY held high.

THE GYNORMOUS TROPHY - EXT. TRACK - SUNSET [1980'S]

lifts into the sunset, big, full up and spilling beer.

Molly is in racing driver's jumpsuit, goggles around her neck. Sweaty, grimy, greasy, positively raccoony, in the Winner's Circle celebrating.

She's not alone, the two men in the photo--her brother JASON SAMWORTH and TRAVIS JESSUP--and a race track around her.

MOLLY

I got it. I can lift this thing.
By myself.

TRAVIS

But can you drink from it?

MOLLY

You just watch.

Determined, she lowers the cup--it's a struggle, tips it--and that's a struggle--and starts drinking.

JASON

No laughing, don't start laughing,
it'll pour out your nose next.

MOLLY

Shut up.

The power of suggestion from her brother, and she has to hold back exactly that, chokes.

TRAVIS

My turn.

But she won't let it go.

JASON

What are you going to do? Go to bed
with the damn thing.

MOLLY

Well, I just might. But first I'm
going to drink it, eat it, hold it,
love it--

TRAVIS

(wresting the trophy)
My turn--
(imbibes)
To all our hard work, to Jason who
put the car together, to me who
made it run--

MOLLY

Who made me run--

TRAVIS

To me who made it run--

MOLLY

To you who made me--

The words hang there, they all laugh, and she wrests the
trophy back, takes another hit.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

To the birth of a Team. To my
brother Jason the Creator, who
conceived the car and built it--

JASON

Like *magic*, and just the first--

MOLLY

Who is Mr. Magic. To Travis who is
fast. Very fast. Mr. Fast Car. And
to me who is the one and only
Driver.

JASON

Who is driven.

MOLLY

Who won! Who'll win again. Who'll
never stop and *never* stop winning.
Who loves it! Yee-*hah!*

JASON

Who is getting drunk.

MOLLY

Damn right, absolutely damn
right...

Molly hugs the trophy, hugs the two men, the three of them jumping up and down in celebration, dancing, embracing.

She kisses them, blinding sun behind them, the one with Travis just not ending.

THE CROWD IN THE STANDS - CLOSER AND CLOSER

Cheers, all except one, a young Rip Mulcahy with a CAMERA, SNAPPING pictures at first joining in, stopping now, witnessing. Through the LONG LENS or not--not without pain.

INT. KEYSTONE - THE STAIRS (**NOW**)

Rip Mulcahy now comes down the stairs as Molly leaves the big, wide BEAM and the PHOTOGRAPHS, sets a final earring, heads to the front door.

RIP
I thought you left.

MOLLY
(meanings everywhere)
I have. I have.
(and)
You haven't changed.

RIP
My personality or my clothes.

MOLLY
Either. Both.

And she's out the door. Gone.

INT. KEYSTONE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Suzanne turns computer off, gets up, not such an easy task. More than that: she has left blood, fresh blood on the cushion of the chair.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. AUSTIN MOTORS (**NOW**)

Lu Ann, 60, comes in carrying a garment bag. Older yes, saucier most certainly.

The showroom's dressed up, spit shined, final prep underway, from tables to balloons and TWO CANVAS COVERED SHAPES.

INT. AUSTIN MOTORS - BACK SERVICE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Reaching it, she spies her husband finally. He's in sketchy light beside a CAR, canvas hanging just above it also, like a parachute waiting to drop.

Mace Samworth, his 60 some self, is in the cave the canvas makes, looking under the hood. Even darker there.

The CAR itself is no more than a chimeric shape.

LU ANN

Say Mister you forgot to come home
and change. Big night ya know.

MACE

Wanna take a look?

LU ANN

Haven't I seen plans and plans and
more plans?

MACE

Think it'll fly?

LU ANN

No, but it'll *drive* like a ten
penny nail. Thank you very much.

MACE

Thank Jason Samworth. Funny boy,
that Jason. We were having an
argument. I was carpin' and
complainin' about that year's model
and he looks at his Big Time Car
Dealer Old Man and says, "Well,
then do something about it." Course
took me twenty years.

LU ANN
 Let's celebrate that. And him. Of course, might help if you got dressed.

Mace SLAMS the hood.

MACE
 We gotta little time.

LU ANN
 Whoa, Cowboy.

He's taken hold of her and set her in the cave against the shadowed car. Even, or even more, after all these years the two are akindle.

LU ANN (CONT'D)
 People might see.

MACE
 No...not that you care.

LU ANN
 No, not really, but aren't you nervous?

MACE
 I'm excited.

LU ANN
 I can tell that, but--

MACE
 All our cash, a new mortgage on the house, a lien against the car agency, you back to working at the hospital, why would I be nervous?

LU ANN
 Come here.

MACE
 What?

There's not far to come.

But instead she leads him to light switches, flips a few more off--leaving them in penumbra and the lee of a glass case full of miniature model cars and trophies.

And the one very GYNORMOUS one from the LONGHORN 500.

LU ANN
Am I supposed to stop?

MACE
Wouldn't that be lady like?

LU ANN
And then what? Fight you off a
while before mewling and cooing and
submitting to your charms?

MACE
I vote yes.

LU ANN
I submitted to your charms long
ago.

MACE
I voted yes then, too.

LU ANN
As I recall even right here we may
have conceived--

INT AUSTIN MOTORS - THEN BIG TEX MOTORS - NIGHT [1960'S]

Same place, different time. Same two, different age. Same
agency, different name. Same impulse, similar positions.

MACE
Opportunity knocks. No customers.

LU ANN
Isn't that guy coming to paint your
name in big letters on the windows?

MACE
It's that damn nurses uniform you
have on.
(and)
We'll be quick. We'll be fast.

LU ANN
We will, will we. Isn't
enough...enough?

MACE
That's it exactly. Enough is never
enough. I am ready to conceive--
(full of brio)
(MORE)

MACE (CONT'D)

The fish they are a jumpin', they
are headin' upstream ready to
celebrate the demise of Big Tex
Motors and the rise of--

LU ANN

Oh my word, big Samworth, Hu-
mongous Samworth.
(nevertheless)
Never happen.

MACE

I'm here to tell ya--gonna hap-pen.

She laughs, and

INT. AUSTIN MOTORS - NIGHT [NOW]

Lu Ann is still laughing 40 years later.

LU ANN

You can do whatever you want in the
time we don't have left that
doesn't mess with my hair or
completely rip up my dress.

Mace presses his wife against the glass case, their two
shapes passionate reflections in the GYNORMOUS TROPHY.

MACE

Lu Ann Samworth, the south has
risen again! Whoee! I told you we'd
do it!

INT. AUSTIN MOTORS - NIGHT (MATCH CUT) [80'S]

Rip Mulchahy stares at that same GYNORMOUS TROPHY.

JASON

It's big isn't it? Took practically
a forklift to haul it in here. Not
to mention the crowbar to pry it
out of my sister's fingers.
(flips a last light off)
Now you see it, now you don't.

RIP

What're you doing?

JASON

Over here? Looking for magic.

Jason's retreated back into the service area and a slanted desk where a single lamp lights a swamp of drawings in pencil, pen, and crayon--sketches of a car, some tacked up, some changing through layers of tissue thin onion paper.

RIP

What car is that? Doesn't look anything like any I've ever seen.

JASON

That's the idea. Isn't.

RIP

Funny.

JASON

My car?

RIP

No. I just vowed I'd never step inside this place.

JASON

Why's that?

RIP

(a rueful laugh)
Always hated cars, and look where that's gotten me.

JASON

(his own laugh)
Nowhere I'd say.

RIP

I'm not talking about cars.

JASON

Neither am I. Molly's not here, Rip.

RIP

I guess...I'll just beat a retreat.

JASON

That'd be good. Prove everything I've been told about you. Rich old man. Spoiled. Loser.

RIP

This is turning into one of my more favorite moments in life.

(MORE)

RIP (CONT'D)

Lectured to by some shit heel who has his head under the hood of a car that doesn't even exist.

JASON

Now we're talking.

Jason's not put off or angered. Maybe even oddly pleased, encouraged. This is who he is: he holds up the world to his eye unlike other mortals.

JASON (CONT'D)

If I were talking about cars--you know you can learn a thing or two from cars--they're the fast ones, look good, flashy paint job, win big, and they flame out...some races though, they don't end at the checkered flag.

RIP

If you were talking about cars...

JASON

If.

The two men look each other in the low light.

RIP

Can I have a copy of that?

JASON

What?

RIP

That thing.

JASON

Why?

RIP

First car I've ever seen I liked.

THE FULL LENGTH MIRROR - INT. KEYSTONE (**NOW**)

Lights low too. Dressed, Rip Mulcahy, does a quick check, older yet still remembering.

Then, now, worry, maturity, his daughter, his wife, his life. "All this from a mirror?" Late, Rip mocks himself, goes.

THE FULL LENGTH MIRROR - INT. KEYSTONE (**MATCH CUT**) (1980'S)

Lights lower. Molly comes--with Travis Jessup. A single lamp bounces light off the glass. She sneaks him by up the stairs.

TRAVIS
Where are we going?

MOLLY
Sssh.

TRAVIS
In your house?

MOLLY
Up here.

TRAVIS
What if--?

MOLLY
No one's coming. No one's here.

TRAVIS
But--

In the throes of first victory and passion, one willful blooming young woman using every wile.

INT. KEYSTONE - BEDROOM - TOP OF THE STAIRS (1980'S)

Molly pulls Travis into its dark shadows yet the pink walls hold what's left of light. An enveloping mellow wrap.

MOLLY
In here. In my room. I want to inaugurate it, christen it, deflower it.

TRAVIS
You know there' got to be a hundred other...safer...places...What color are these walls?

MOLLY
I bring the man into the lair and he wants to talk about walls.

TRAVIS
Just a question.

MOLLY
Shut up!

TRAVIS
Well, if you insist.

Hard to tell now who's leading and who's following as they wend and entangle and disappear onto the bed.

INT. BEDROOM - TOP OF STAIRS - NIGHT (**MATCH CUT**) (**NOW**)

After a second, a form awkwardly rises.

Suzanne.

The room's mellow wrapping's gone; it's chilled dark now. She has to roll out of the bed sideways, and she hunches as she walks to the door.

Bent over.

INT. KEYSTONE - UPSTAIRS WALKWAY

She makes it out, using the railing to steady herself.

SUZANNE
Mom... Sis...

She starts down the stairs, but doesn't see the metal **S** that's still on the floor, stumbles on it.

In the virtual dark, she falters, half misses a step, loses her balance, disappears, falling down the steps.

FADE OUT

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT/INT. AUSTIN MOTORS - NIGHT (**NOW**)

The 40th Anniversary celebration is in full sway.

A spotlight searches the sky, pennants licked with light flutter across a car lot. Scrawls on great glass showroom windows herald the event. Music and folk dressed to the Texas nines. Luminaries and hubbub aplenty. Strobes flashing.

A full on tex-mex fiesta.

Mace now dressed at a rostrum, Lu Ann, Molly's son KYLE among them, and Rip Mulcahy arriving, dressed as well and making fine his tie. But not Molly. Where is Molly?

MACE

Time out. This is a big night, a celebration and I got something to say. Don't worry, the bar's still open.

(and)

Welcome and I thank you for coming. Some forty years ago I built a house and was gonna build a ranch. Gonna be a rancher. But Lu Ann and I were startin' a family, and I needed a job, any job, even selling cars. And by god Big Tex gave me a job I didn't even want. At Tex Motors.

One wall carries a PHOTOGRAPHIC history of the dealership, from faded black and white to blasting color.

MACE (CONT'D)

But as my wife Lu Ann said she already knew--God knows he can sell the pants off of anything--after all look what I'd done to her. She was ahead of me. As usual. In a few short years there was this guy painting a new name in big letters on these windows. Big Tex went out to pasture and Austin Motors was born--

(laughter and applause)

And we sold cars, yes sir, we did, American cars. We moved them off this floor like hotcakes.

(MORE)

MACE (CONT'D)
 (heavy beat)
 Times have changed.

INT. KEYSTONE HOUSE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Suzanne's younger sister CHINA, 13, in her EAR PHONES finds Suzanne on the stairs, some blood and fighting a contraction.

MACE (V.O.CONT'D)
 We got a catastrophe on our hands.

SUZANNE
 Get the phone...Call Mom...

China plucks up the PHONE; hands free, dials, waits...

MACE (V.O.CONT'D)
 But I got news. This country ain't
 about to give up its romance, it's
 need, it's love affair with the
 automobile--

SUZANNE
 What?

MACE (V.O.CONT'D)
 The car is the lifeblood of
 America, it's the very yellow rose
 of Texas and all those other
 outposts as well--

CHINA
 No answer.

SUZANNE
 Try again. Try...

MACE (V.O.CONT'D)
 Ladies and Gentlemen, it's time to
 grab the bull by its mountain
 oysters--

INT. AUSTIN MOTORS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mace exhorting, a salesman-raconteur on fire. And proud. It's no wonder a phone can't be heard.

MACE
 Texans don't wait for dreams to
 come true. Texans make dreams.
 (and)
 I give you--

Like great handkerchiefs, the canvas lifts off the cars they have kept covered on the showroom floor and kept secret.

Simultaneously, through a wide doorway in back, a CAR arrives, driven by Molly. Here is her job assignment.

MACE (CONT'D)

The Longhorn!

Wild CHEERS. The car stops dead center in the crowd, next to Rip. In a single athletic motion, Molly's out through the driver's window zipped back in her racing suit. Stands with a glorious smile and whispers:

MOLLY

Betcha Donna can't do that.

Rip says nothing and backs away, giving her the spotlight.

MACE

My family's here to celebrate It with me. My daughter Molly, right here, back from retirement to test drive It. My son in law who doesn't think we can pull it off.

Molly spies her son KYLE and his girl friend MARY SUE BROYLES sneaking outside, but what Mace says next draws her back.

MACE (CONT'D)

My son Jason--who couldn't be here, but he is the one. He inspired us to conceive It. My grandson Kyle, where's Kyle? To Kyle and his generation--who God willing and the creek don't rise--will discover it, buy it, drive it, save money, save gas, save the environment, save this American industry that's so much a part of all of us.

Molly looks for Rip. His gaze is at a door opening.

MACE (CONT'D)

We are lucky and honored tonight to have special guests, and one of the greatest race drivers in history who has flown in just for this landmark birthday.

Molly's eye follows where Rip's staring: a man is walking in. Clearly older, clearly TRAVIS JESSUP. Sets Molly aback, way aback. The Crowd CLAMORS.

No wonder she can't hear the PHONE.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
Did I ever say you'd be the only
one?

Travis walks past the unveiled Longhorn, and

INT. AUSTIN MOTORS - NIGHT (**MATCH CUT**) (1980'S)

20 years earlier, Travis walks past what was a new model then with Molly. They are alone, the showroom dark.

MOLLY
No, I just thought--

TRAVIS
Well, you are damn it.

MOLLY
Damn it what?

TRAVIS
Pisses me off.

MOLLY
That I am?

TRAVIS
That I don't want anybody else.
That before I even look around
twice I'm settling the hell down.
Becoming my old man.

MOLLY
Is that so bad?

TRAVIS
Mol, it's not me, not yet, not now.

MOLLY
Well, that's just delightful.

TRAVIS
My own car. My own driver. It's my
time.

MOLLY
Your time.....

TRAVIS

What do you want me to say?

MOLLY

Something better than "Well, what do you want me to say?"

(and)

So you probably won't want me to have the baby.

TRAVIS

So don't--want you what?

MOLLY

I'm pregnant.

TRAVIS

How the hell did that happen?

MOLLY

Funny, when you do it like bunnies. It's amazing what can happen.

(silence)

You don't want it....

TRAVIS

You have as big of dreams as I do, Girl. Bigger. You don't want it--

MOLLY

I don't want it, didn't know I wanted it, didn't know...how much I loved you.

(silence)

Until only minutes ago I thought the baby might have pretty damn good genes.

They disappear behind the next showroom model.

INT. AUSTIN MOTORS - NIGHT (**MATCH CUT**) (**NOW**)

Travis reappears, working his way toward Molly, ignoring others greeting him, hailing "Hey Champ." She seems frozen to her spot until he's in front of her.

Can't stop then--they just fold each other in. This is what Rip sees. Freezes him as well, and then he turns and departs. Close up, the holding is loaded with need and wariness. They come apart with a sizeable awkwardness.

MOLLY

You've come a long way.

TRAVIS
Seemed the thing to do.

MOLLY
Oh...why's that?

Caution's around her like a gravity field. So many soft and hard emotions all at once. Her cell FIRES again.

TRAVIS
Apologize.

MOLLY
Nice of you to say.
(the PHONE)
A little late. A lot late--

TRAVIS
(interrupts her)
You think I don't know that now. I had a life to live. Lived it. Championships, money, women, wives. Done now.

She hears it now: the ever BUZZING PHONE interrupts him.

MOLLY
Hello...what?...
(turns away to hear)
I can't hear you...you're in the car...
(even we can hear a SCREAM)
Shit.....I'm coming.

She turns back to the celebration. Her father has finished speaking and she can't spot him. Or her mother.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
...I've got to go.

She leaves Travis and the unfinished, untold territory he's laid wide open inside her. She goes through the glass doors into the first HISS of a coming rain.

EXT/INT. CAR - AUSTIN MOTORS LOT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Older makes and models fill the lot, dayglow prices splashed on their windshields. Rain drops wetting them in shapes like the Pleiades. Two teens hide in one, full of hormones. Kyle Mulcahy and Mary Sue Broyles.

MARY SUE

You know we could go to a motel,
Kyle. You know where there's such a
thing as a bed.

KYLE

But this is--romantic. Listen.

Flips on country & western, Austin smash mouth. Mary Sue
teeters between excitement and trepidation. Enjoying the
mischief yet yanked by caution and fear.

MARY SUE

What if somebody comes?

KYLE

They're inside whooping it up. In
the rain. No lights. No chance.

He moves in, not without success. Suddenly pulling away:

MARY SUE

What's that?...I heard something.

KYLE

Woo-ooo--.

MARY SUE

I tell you--

KYLE

(closing in, very close)
Let's not talk. Let's--

Mary Sue Broyles SCREAMS: at the opposite door is Molly.

MOLLY

Hey there Mary Sue. How ya doing?

KYLE

Mom...!

In adolescent cardiac arrest, but his mother doesn't seem
alarmed or fazed by discovering her son exactly so.

MOLLY

Good call, Kyle.

KYLE

This is so embarrassing. Followed
by my own mother--

MOLLY

Save it for your future shrink.
Your sister's havin' her baby--and
she's not goin' through it alone.

The words have undeniable declarative force. Mary Sue Broyles
aspires to invisibility.

KYLE

It's not supposed to come yet.

MOLLY

Suzanne's left for the hospital.

KYLE

Big deal, Mother. Just a baby.

MOLLY

(sharp as a slap)
Never say that. Now take this and
shove over.
(tosses him her cell)
I'm driving. You're calling
everybody, and Mary Sue you're
kidnapped.

EXT. AUSTIN MOTORS LOT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Molly doesn't wait for seat belts to snap. Starts circling
out of the vast lot. Her turn swings her past the showroom
and -- there is Travis inside.

Through the windshield, through the showroom's glass panes
they see each other, the quickening rain on the windows tears
on their faces. Molly keeps on driving.

Travis's face.

JASON (V.O.)

Hail Molly full of grace. Our Lord
please be with thee--

INT. THUNDERBIRD - AFTERNOON (**MATCH CUT**) (1980'S)

Jason Samworth's face through another pane of glass as Molly
powers the car on another wet day.

JASON (CONT'D)

Blessed art thou among women, and
blessed is the fruit of thy womb--

MOLLY

Stop it. We're not Catholic.

JASON

We were, you wouldn't be so hell bent on gettin us where you're headed. Or killin us all.

MOLLY

I'm gonna do this.
(and)
You got a better answer. I can't have it. I've got to.

JASON

Why is that? Cuz Travis is gone. Cuz you're ashamed.

MOLLY

Cuz I'm gonna race. Cuz my life is just beginning not ending.

He says nothing. *Nothing*. Irritating, unsettling, even kind of infuriating. That's Jason.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Come on, get up on your high horse and say your piece. Tell me it's wrong. Tell me it's a sin. Tell me I can't get rid of it. Tell me--

He says nothing. *Nothing*. She slams to a stop at the Medical Clinic. Light rain on the windshield. Two of them in the car.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Where's your magic now, brother? When I need it. Give me a prescription.
(he says nothing. *Nothing*)
Oh shutup! You don't know anything.

JASON

You're my sister and I love you, you're the best, but *you don't know anything*. Magic or not, try this on: Travis Jessup, great guy, you love him, you're carrying part of him... unless you now tell me this is Rip Mulcahy's baby.

MOLLY

You know I dated him.

JASON

Dated...dated? How do we define dated? You do get around.

MOLLY

Oh shut up. I hate you. *Shut--*

JASON

No, you shut up. Rip Mulcahy, you sure can pick em, but you know what he's not Travis--wait he might well surprise you. And he's still here. He's still around.

Her brother and his half-baked, deep-drawn wisdom.

MOLLY

That's an answer? What kind of answer is that?

JASON

Not an answer. It's a fork in the road. You're the driver.

MOLLY

Not anymore. I'm getting out now.
(hesitates)
I am.

And Molly gets out, walks up to the Medical Clinic in the rain. She stops at the door as Jason watches. She opens it, looks back to her brother, looks back, and then goes in.

Her brother's face. Jason's knowing magical brother through the windshield in the rain.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - UNDERWATER POV - DAY (80'S)

Rip swimming laps, aborts, looks up. Against the sky, a woman in white. A skimpy bathing suit. A vision.

RIP

Whoa.

MOLLY

I thought I'd surprise you.

She looks tremendous for a woman who's had an abortion. Or has she?

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Bet you can't catch me.

She dives in, a good swimmer, a knife through the water. He looks after her. She stops.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Well, if you're not going to try.

RIP

Seems to me I tried in junior high.
I tried in high school--

MOLLY

Maybe now's another chance.

RIP

What am I missing?

MOLLY

I need someone who's trustworthy...
'brave, clean, and reverent.'

RIP

I'm not a boy scout.

MOLLY

I'll make sure of that.

RIP

Or--sloppy seconds.

MOLLY

Shit.

RIP

What?

MOLLY

(attempts a laugh)

Can't I ever pick the easy ones?
I thought you wanted this.

RIP

Molly, 30 days--33 to be exact--and
I don't hear from you and now you
appear. Just because you're
beautiful, just because I've been
crazy about you, loved you since
4th grade...just because I thought
we were together...just because I
know more about how I feel than you
know about how you feel...

(he turns away)

Go back to him.

MOLLY

Shit.

A whole different reading. Rip turns back, sharp, sensing it, comes to her.

RIP

What?

INT. KEYSTONE HOUSE - THE STAIRS - NIGHT - LATER (1980'S)

In her nursing uniform, Lu Ann comes in. The downstairs is deserted. For a second time she climbs the stairs.

INT. KEYSTONE BEDROOM - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

And enters the room. It takes her a second or two to pick out her daughter sitting in the dark.

LU ANN

What's this? No lights on, sittin' in the dark...

MOLLY

I'm fine.

LU ANN

Sure you are.

MOLLY

Stop looking at me like that?

LU ANN

Like what?

MOLLY

Like you know everything.

LU ANN

You work at a hospital for twenty years the building may be fallin' apart, paint peelin', colors sickenin' but the grapevine's unbeatable...doctor's visits... pregnancy tests.

MOLLY

Seems I get pregnant at the first hint of a spit of sperm.

(and)

I went to get an abortion...I couldn't do it... I'm a race car driver, a champion. Was gonna be.

(and now)

So what could I do?

LU ANN
I'm sure this will be good.

MOLLY
I went to see Rip.

LU ANN
And you told him?

MOLLY
...It could be his.

LU ANN
This is getting better and better.

MOLLY
He told me to get lost...and then I realized I was bleeding...I came back and came upstairs to this room and I said maybe I'll just miscarry...except I suddenly knew I had this thing inside me. I could feel it, not kicking but there... part of me now...part of us now, this whole damn family.

Not just a woman near tears, not just a lament, but the birth of a mother.

LU ANN
And Rip Mulcahy?

MOLLY
I don't know.

LU ANN
Well, you better figure it out.
Plenty of haven'ts in life Mol.
They make the haves only sweeter.
You'll learn you only have a
certain number of chances 'first
spit of sperm' or not.

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - NIGHT [NOW]

Molly in the dark in the car in the RAIN. Remembering, and more.

FADE OUT

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - NIGHT (**NOW**)

Molly in the dark driving. The RAIN has become full on rain.

KYLE

It's really starting to come down.

MOLLY

Try and reach Suzanne again. She must have her cell. Or her sister does.

KYLE

I keep trying.

MOLLY

Keep on trying. Everybody. Your Grandmother. Your Granddaddie. We're only twenty minutes away. Fifteen.

Her driving ratchets into full display -- in her luminous concentration, in her hands and feet, anticipating regardless of rain, using it even, power slides around a corner.

KYLE

I've got Grammie.

MOLLY

Give me the phone.

INT. AUSTIN MOTORS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The show room remains jammed; it's bedlam. On her cell Lu Ann tries to hear, difficult bordering on impossible.

LU ANN

What?... *What? Molly?..*

(and)

It may be nothing. For all we know-- Suzanne will deliver without a complication.

MOLLY

(inter cut)

Right. Like no one in this family has trouble with pregnancies.

LU ANN
I'll find your father. We're
coming.

Lu Ann Samworth strikes through the crowd after her husband.
It's not easy to see. He's not easy to find.

There he is -- surrounded by the Longhorn in full bright
light and men and women.

LU ANN (CONT'D)
Mace.

MACE
Honey, you know the Mayor, the
Lieutenant Governor, and this is
Candy Ann Doppler, Ms. Texas USA--

LU ANN
Excuse me, One and All.

She draws toward Mace's ear, a different way than before by
the glass case with its models and trophy. The DIN is
formidable. Lu Ann closes in, an urgent whisper.

Mace's face. It changes.

Mace and Lu Ann cut loose from the mob scene to the door,
Mace swiveling for a fast last look at his Big Night, his
shiny, risky, stunning venture, a birth of his own.

MACE
(beelining now)
Shoulda known. We could write a
book. Remember we were celebrating--

LU ANN
I remember--

They power through the doors.

EXT. BIG TEX MOTORS - EVENING [MATCH CUT] [1960'S]

40 years earlier, Mace helping Lu Ann, clearly pregnant, into
last light and a darkening sky.

LU ANN
I'm all right, you Fool.

MACE
We're not taking any chances.

LU ANN
What are you--nervous?

MACE
Damn right. We're not gonna lose
any possible member of my team.

They reach a station wagon.

LU ANN
I'm gonna slug you. What's this
car?

MACE
A gift for somebody.

LU ANN
Where'd you get it?

MACE
Well, it's not exactly yours. Ours.
Yet. A loan. Proud new car salesman
at Big Tex is the new sales leader
and we got this. A loan.

LU ANN
Big Tex never hear of a cash
commission? You are crazy, you know
that.

MACE
So Lady come on, let's take this
fine American machine on a spin.
Like to your doctor.

Spatters of rain fall.

LU ANN
It's getting wet, dirty.

MACE
That's why God invented windshield
wipers.

LU ANN
Mace...kidding aside...I'm
hurting....

He helps her in, turning shadow behind the windshield.

EXT/INT. CAR- AUSTIN MOTORS LOT [MATCH CUT] **[NOW]**

Mace and Lu Ann get in now, start off.

LU ANN
A great grand child.

MACE
Impossible! This'll be different.

LU ANN
Yeah? You listening God?

MACE
Let Him know I'll get on my knees,
walk on water...

LU ANN
You did that once.

MACE
Tried to.
(and)
We'll get that football team yet.

LU ANN
Put a sock in it, Sir.

MACE
Block the pain, embrace the joy.
Just quoting that Lu Ann Samworth
woman.

LU ANN
I've got Molly.

MACE
Give me that dang thing.
(takes the cell)
Hey, Hot Rod, where are you?

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - INTER CUT - CONTINUOUS

The two of them strike the tone they live in, kidding,
loving, combatants.

MOLLY
In the rain.

MACE
Knowing you, racing the drops.

MOLLY
Gonna win too.

MACE

Well take it easy and tell the sky
to stop falling.

MOLLY

Been doing that, Pop.

MACE

Not working so far. What's your
ETA?

MOLLY

Twelve minutes. Ten.

INT. MACE'S CAR - INTER CUT - CONTINUOUS

MACE

We're coming, Molly Girl. Made it
to yours. Not going to miss this.
Tell Suzy Q: Be there.

LU ANN

(no blue tooth)

Give me that.

(taking the cell)

Molly

(listening)

No, it's not the same. You had a
partial tear in the placenta. And
look what happened: Suzanne's
definitely here. Have you reached
her yet? Where is she? Goddam it.

Mace's fire, but Lu Ann can be brimstone.

LU ANN

And where's Rip?

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

MOLLY

I don't know.

Molly hangs up, hands the phone back to her son.

KYLE

Mom....

MOLLY

All right, all right, try your
father again.

Kyle starts dialing again, Mary Sue hangs on. Sending up sheets of water, Molly takes a second corner.

INT. CAR - NIGHT (**MATCH CUT**) (1980'S)

But Molly's not driving this car, Rip Mulcahy is. Molly's hugely pregnant.

No RAIN here, still night. Without it, it seems eerily quiet. They're moving at nowhere near the same speed. Now:

MOLLY
(a contraction)
AAAHHHHHHH!

RIP
How bad?

MOLLY
Whattaya think? Just. A. Walk. In.
The. Park.

RIP
(checks his watch)
Five minutes.

MOLLY
You think you can kick this thing
into gear. Drive faster!

RIP
You're the driver.

MOLLY
Was.

RIP
You're having contractions. I want
to be careful.

MOLLY
Forget careful. FASTER. Okay, let
me drive. Pull over, Rip. Now.

She pushes against her already pushed envelope.

RIP
No.

It's not loud, it's not forced. It is final.

MOLLY

God, am I tired. God, am I crabby.
God, am I'm a whale!

RIP

How about a downright impossible,
insufferable, nightmare of a crabby
whale?

(then)

But a beautiful whale.

MOLLY

Don't try and sweet talk me.

RIP

Okay then. Try this. I know you
don't love me. I know you think I'm
the cliché of an ass of a husband
and son-in-law. I know I'm a
rebound.

(off her look)

Tough.

MOLLY

On the way to the hospital and you
lay this on a Crabby Girl? I could
kill you.

Half moved, half-ready to again achieve maximum fulmination.

RIP

Not yet. Not until a safe and sound
arrival. A boy--Jason right? A girl--
Suzanne maybe?

(strums imaginary strings)

Wake up, little Suzy. Wake up--

MOLLY

Who are you?!

RIP

I'm the one who's here to stay.

Her look between the sharp pain of contractions: this man so
right there right now. On her face a changing, a *melting*.

MOLLY

The eating, the puking, the
bleeding. I couldn't have made it.
Made it through these last days,
these last months without you.

(and)

(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Which isn't to say I'm not coming out of this childbirth just like every other obsessed, insufferable, nightmare of a mother in the world.

RIP

Wow, you've changed.

MOLLY

Yeah, who stays the same person their whole life. And I'm not finished yet!

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - NIGHT (**NOW**)

Molly driving remembering, their words fading into the fierce RAIN as she pulls herself back to the present.

KYLE

I still can't reach him. Right to voice mail.

The RAIN. Molly's face.

INT. RIP'S CAR - NIGHT (**NOW**) (**CONTINUOUS**)

Rip Mulcahy driving, as if remembering also, as if remembering the same thing in the fierce RAIN as well.

Except he's on the phone and now:

RIP

Donna finally. Been trying to get through. Trying. I'm almost there.

Where is he? Where is he going? The RAIN. Rip's face.

FADE OUT.

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. RIP'S CAR - NIGHT [**NOW**]

In the whisper and *ssss* of the RAIN, Rip's still driving, still trying his cell phone.

RIP
Hello... Are you there?...
Anybody?.. Damn it...

He's lost the call. The RAIN intensifying.

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The RAIN intensifying.

KYLE
(finishing Rip's thought)
This cell phone isn't worth--

MARY SUE
Maybe it's the rain.

KYLE
What about Dad?

MOLLY
You got who you got...maybe from
the hospital.

KYLE
Mom--that was a red light...

MOLLY
Really.

She speeds up, setting Mary Sue -- feeling out of *Where's Waldo?* -- back against her seat.

INT. MACE'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mace and Lu Ann, driving.

LU ANN
Take it easy. Your daughter's the
race car driver.

MACE
Okay Boss.

But he doesn't really slow down.

LU ANN

We had such dreams, didn't we. It was yesterday, wasn't it.

MACE

Forty some years of yesterdays.

LU ANN

Some losses in those yesterdays

MACE

We still got some tomorrows.

LU ANN

Well, first get through tonight.

MACE

We're not going to lose this baby.

A vow, a hoped certainty. He turns to Lu Ann, and
 INT. STATION WAGON - EVENING [MATCH CUT] [1960'S]
 That evening in RAIN in the station wagon on loan.

LU ANN

Mace.

MACE

Right here.

LU ANN

I'm not having any fun.

MACE

What can I do?

LU ANN

Hurry. You can hurry.

The rain SPLATS, and he turns on the WIPERS.

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - NIGHT (**NOW**)

Rain, *rain*, and Molly ratchets up her WIPERS to high speed.

KYLE

Mom, I can't see anything.

MOLLY

The road's flooding.

KYLE
How can you tell?

MOLLY
I can feel it.

But she brakes even so.

INT. STATION WAGON - LATE AFTERNOON (1960'S)

But it's Mace who skids in a flooded street starting to roil with mud, turning the wheel in panic first the right way -- which in skid is the wrong way--the wagon carries into the mud, off the road, sliding sideways, starting to spin, Mace righting his wrong, wronging his right, survival instinct overpowering sense and reason.

Out of control in free-sliding-and-spinning fall. A SCREAM begins: It's Lu Ann at the sight of a TREE that's oncoming, even as the mud slows the wagon down.

INT. MACE'S CAR - NIGHT (NOW)

Her SCREAM carries over Mace and Lu Ann driving now in this new downpour. In their heads, the memory still washing.

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Her SCREAM carries over Molly, or is it the ambulance that's pulling out of the hospital, SIREN blaring as they turn into the complex in the downpour.

INT. STATION WAGON - EVENING (1960'S)

The spectre, the TREE coming, coming -- and the station wagon stops, stuck in and saved by the MUD. The tree kissing the front headlight, and there is suddenly only the sound of the RAIN.

INT. MACE'S CAR - NIGHT (NOW)

Only the sound of the RAIN that Mace and Lu Ann still carry in their heads, only the sound of RAIN as they drive now.

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - OUTSIDE HOSPITAL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Only the sound of RAIN for Molly reaching the hospital and reaching a STOP.

INT. RIP'S CAR - OUTSIDE AIRPORT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Rip STOPS as well, gets out. Hard, even impossible, to see or tell where he is. A PLANE ROARS overhead, and turns into

INT. AUSTIN HOSPITAL - ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Suzanne in a contraction SCREAMS, a small gritted one. Her SISTER, CHINA's with her. Now:

SUZANNE
What are you doing?

CHINA
Setting up the camera.

SUZANNE
Forget the camera. Get a doctor.
Somebody here. Now.
(a breath)
Help me with this thing.

China flips on the CAMERA, comes to where Suzanne, between contractions, wrestles with the COMPUTER she's brought with her, setting it up on a rickety metal hospital TRAY. But it's screen is dark. Her cell RINGS.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
Step--we tried on line, on the
computer, but you're not there--

STEP BERARA (O.S.)
I got my orders. I'm coming early.

SUZANNE
Not early enough. I'm at the
hospital.

STEP BERARA (O.S.)
What?

SUZANNE
The baby's coming.

STEP BERARA (O.S.)
No, not yet--

SUZANNE
Tell him. Tell her, will you! *Unhh.*

STEP BERARA (O.S.)
A contraction? Are you having a
contraction? Honey, Suzanne? Suze-
Suzanne..?! Who's there?

CHINA
(overwhelmed)
I'm here.

STEP BERARA (O.S.)
Who is that?

CHINA
China.

STEP BERARA (O.S.)
China, China--good for you. How far
apart are they coming?

SUZANNE
I've stopped counting.

STEP BERARA
Where's the doctor?

SUZANNE
China, you better go get somebody.
Anybody. Here comes another.
(*deer in headlights*)
China. Go. Now!

Not even China's IPOD that she tends to wear like dog tags
around her neck and in her ears can block out that volume,
tone, urgency. Ears out, China obeys.

SUZANNE
Thank God, you're here, sort of...
I don't want to be alone.

STEP BERARA
We'll get through this together,
honey--

But he's gone, connection broken, and she's alone with a
quickenning CONTRACTION.

SUZANNE
Step...

INT. AUSTIN HOSPITAL - RECEIVING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Molly's waiting for help, RINGING a bell, KNOCKING
fruitlessly on a counter. Her CELL RINGS.

MOLLY
What?... Donna... Donna! You're
what? He what? I'm sorry, what?

KYLE
What is it?

MOLLY
 Donna's an army information
 officer.

Kyle has no idea what she's is talking about. For Molly one kind of relief is met with a whole new worry.

MOLLY
 So...why are you calling--

But Donna's gone, cell's lost the call. The LIGHTS go out.

KYLE
 Mom.

MOLLY
 Shit.

Lower ones, far lower, FLICKER on.

MOLLY
 Kyle come with me. Mary Sue can you
 wait here and tell my parents we
 went to find Suzanne. Third floor.

They move by a rain pocked window.

EXT. STATION WAGON - LOOKING IN (**MATCH CUT**) (1960'S)

The rain pocked window, the rain on it looks nothing so much like tears on Lu Ann's face.

The station wagon stuck in the mud, Mace digging futilely at the wheel, getting soaked, hears her cry out, rises up back to the door, and inside.

LU ANN
 We're not going to make it.

MACE
 I'm not giving up, if...I can help.

LU ANN
 What's happening here... I'm afraid
 we're a long way from selling cars.

MACE
 Not selling now. I'm right here.

LU ANN
 Listen to it, and I always loved
 rain. What's that? Mace your
 beautiful station wagon seems to be
 leaking.

The bitching is so clean; it carries no real complaint. It's
 talk in a war zone and that is where she is, and where she
 must go. The contraction ongoing.

LU ANN (CONT'D)
 What if we lose this one too?

MACE
 I'll go get the doctor, bring em
 back.

LU ANN
 Where's your boat?

MACE
 I'll swim.

LU ANN
 You're not going anywhere. You're
 not leaving me.

MACE
 The old pro.

LU ANN
 You know what most of the doctors
 would say. Get a nurse. Well, you
 got a nurse.

MACE
 Got a lot more than that.

LU ANN
 Are we crazy, are we all crazy? To
 want this.

She CRIES out.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (**NOW**)

Her granddaughter's face -- Suzanne, still alone, CRIES out
 once more. A moment of complete wracking, wrenching,
 contorted intensity, and Molly enters the room.

Kyle as far behind her as can hide. Lights still on back up.
 China hasn't returned.

The CAMERA she placed rolls on.

SUZANNE

Mama.

MOLLY

Honey, we're here, take my hand.
Yell, scream, curse, whatever ya
need to do. I'm gonna take a look.

She peels back the sheet and moves between her daughter's knees. Her head disappears.

INT. STATION WAGON (**MATCH CUT**) (1960'S)

Mace appears, opening the rear door, returning again. Lu Ann's moved from the front seat, stretched out in back.

MACE

Here we go.

LU ANN

Pretty funny. Look at us. We might
as well be back in the War Between
the States.

MACE

You asked for hot water.

LU ANN

Is it clean?

MACE

No idea. The one thing I know with
that radiator--it's boiling.

LU ANN

You're wet.

MACE

Seems to be raining out there. What
else?

LU ANN

Something cool.

MACE

All I have to do is open the
window.

As alternative he places his hand on her chest between her breasts. Their edges peak, heavy and glowing with hormone changes, practically phosphorescent.

LU ANN

That's it.

(contraction coming)

Now I know why they tie hands down during delivery. I'd hit somebody.

MACE

Don't wear yourself out talking.

LU ANN

I like to talk.

MACE

You're telling me.

He's hunched over, cramped, moves his legs, and his hand.

LU ANN

(his hand)

Put it back.

(he does)

Mace...why?

And OVER the rain and her question, is it thunder?

EXT./INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT (**NOW**)

Arriving, Lu Ann gets out of their car.

LU ANN

You throw the car somewhere and come on. I'm going in now.

She fords her way inside, ignores the reception desk, goes straight for the doctor's ELEVATORS, disappears.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LOOKING UP - CONTINUOUS

Her daughter's face appears, replacing Lu Ann's, Molly now looking down at her own daughter.

MOLLY

Mama, what do you think?

After a moment now her mother's face joins hers.

LU ANN

I'd say an epidural except we're looking at ten centimeters. It's just so early.

MOLLY

Hang in Suze. You are so close.

Molly and Lu Ann together and a look at each other.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A DOCTOR and a NURSE arrive at last, China trailing. The doctor, JIMINEZ, is a woman, the nurse, BOWIE, is a man.

JIMINEZ

What do we have here? Seems we're a little short of staff tonight. Out in the rain somewhere. Gotta love these lights. I'm Doctor Jiminez, this is Nurse Bowie.
(to Lu Ann)
Nurse Samworth isn't it?

LU ANN

Yes Doctor, long ago and far away.

JIMINEZ

And back again I hear. And you are?

SUZANNE

Suzanne.

JIMINEZ

Well Suzanne a mite early, aren't we. Bowie, may need some reinforcements in here. How's the Nik-U? But young woman you've done the hard work without me. I see a beautiful crown, some wild and woolly hair.

JIMINEZ

And?

MOLLY

Molly, the mother.

JIMINEZ

Often the most difficult job assignment. Well everybody gather round the time has come.

INT. STATION WAGON - DUSK (1960'S)

The beat of the RAIN. Mace and Lu Ann.

LU ANN

How many times? I know how many times... Three, four... what if we never can..is it me?

MACE

Or me?...

(and)

This is what I know. This is not
the end. This is the beginning. We
start from here.

(and)

Dearly Beloved--

LU ANN

Are you crazy?

MACE

We are gathered together--

*(the Strongest
Contraction)*

Hang in...in the face of this
company--

LU ANN

Here it comes--

Their two faces the only company on this ARK. All effort and
all support.

MACE

--to join together--

LU ANN

--this man and this woman--

MACE

--wilt thou love, comfort, honor,
share--

LU ANN

--through blessings and
catastrophes--

(she passes the baby)

We've lost it Mace...lost it...

MACE

We'll make another...adopt if we
have to, borrow, buy, rent, steal
if we have to... And first there
will be a Jason, then a Tex or a
Mace Jr., and a--

LU ANN

A Molly?

MACE

I vote yes. And then--

LU ANN
I wonder if I'll love you as much
tomorrow as I do now.

MACE
I vote Goddam yes.

The two of them, a death scene that has become a rebirth, and they wait together for whatever's next.

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - NIGHT (**NOW**)

While on back up, elevator's shut down, Mace mounts a last flight -- when two men start to catch him.

His son- and grand-son in law.

RIP
Look what I found. With the Army's
help.

STEP BERARA
With Rip's help.

MACE
(to Rip, panting)
You know I've never known what to
make of you.

RIP
Really.

MACE
How' you, Son?

STEP BERARA
Hurrying, Sir.

In fact passing Mace, racing on ahead. After him:

MACE
Good to see ya.

RIP
What's a baby gonna do without a
father?

MACE
Now this is something all right.
(and)
Ya trying to force me to change my
thinking on you, Rip Mulcahy?

RIP
 Right now, Mace, I don't give a
 damn. Come on.

And even if falling behind, left behind, Mace is delighted.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (**CONTINUOUS**)

Step bursts in with Rip to everyone's surprise, shock, cheers
 and Suzanne's tears.

MOLLY
 So maybe we should talk about Donna
 again. And thank her.

RIP
 And some Colonels and Generals.

MOLLY
(a second melting)
 And you.

Mace comes in now and what a sight he and China's CAMERA see:
 a gathering, a congregation -- wife, son-in-law, daughter,
 granddaughters and grandson and grandson-in-law; doctor,
 nurse, help, and Mary Sue Broyles.

And now the emergence of yet another who has crowned and
 pushed and folded and shoved and flopped his way into the
 world -- a tiny, preemie, peeing, mewling, CHILD.

And Doctor Jiminez hands this new baby to Suzanne, and:

EXT KEYSTONE - DAY - LATER [**MATCH CUT**] [**NOW**]

Suzanne takes and carries the baby out of the car.

In front of Keystone, the stone house with its added wing and
 screen porch, its great cottonwoods and their wondrous
 snowstorm. In front of Mace's baby, the Longhorn, that she
 and Step and their baby have come home in.

In front of her complete FAMILY, she knows now what the
 others gathered have learned, that she was wrong.

It isn't her baby, just her baby, it's all of theirs, and
 better for it.

Suzanne hands the baby to her great-grandmother, to Lu Ann,
 and then Lu Ann hands it--

To Mace, and for Mace here it is at last, complete, his own
 unique football team, and what it is all about:

MACE
 What a family!
 (and)
 This time -- just right.

And Mace hands the baby to his daughter--
 To Molly -- who raises up this BOY.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 So here we all are, gathered in
 triumph together with our
 craziness, our secrets and sorrows,
 our hopes and joys for a kind of
 miracle.
 (it's clear now: it's
 Robert Redford speaking)
 Even me in my own way--I'm with
 them. Still. Always. Looking over
 them as best as I can.
 (and)
 And for this moment and many to
 come it is as I said to my sister--

MOLLY
...magic...

Mace, Molly, Lu Ann, Suzanne, the baby--all the Samworth
 family--together now under the raised BANNER that's snipped
 to say HAPPY BIRTH....

And beside the completed WOODEN BENCH that has attached to it
 the now fixed and shiny iron rung metal:

"S"

that has marked this family for generations.

FADE TO BLACK.