

"YOU CAN COUNT ON ME"

Screenplay by
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SHOOTING DRAFT

2000

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. A CAR (MOVING). NIGHT

the
couple in
Prescott

The shifting lights from the odd passing car play over
faces of MR. and MRS. PRESCOTT, a pleasant-looking
their late thirties, dressed up for a night out. Mr.
drives them along a dark hilly two-lane highway.

MRS. PRESCOTT

Why do they always put braces on
teenage girls at the exact moment
when they're the most self-conscious
about their appearance?

Pause.

MR. PRESCOTT

I don't know.

PICKUP

UP AHEAD, near the top of the oncoming hill, a RED
TRUCK is poking its nose out of the short exit lane.

MRS. PRESCOTT

Tom --

MR. PRESCOTT

I see him...

enough

The PICKUP LURCHES into the road, with not nearly
time to spare.

MRS. PRESCOTT

Tom!

MR. PRESCOTT

Jesus!

and Mr. Prescott swerves OVER the DOUBLE SOLID WHITE LINE
clears the truck as --

UP Another pair of HEADLIGHTS from an oncoming truck RISES
over the HILL directly in FRONT of them --

MRS. PRESCOTT

(Screams)

Tom!

and Mr. Prescott's FOOT STOMPS on the BRAKE. We BLACK OUT
there is the SOUND of a terrible CRASH.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PRESCOTTS' FRONT DOOR. NIGHT

big The SHADOW of a big man looms up onto the front door. A
finger RINGS the BELL.

A moment.

the AMY, a thirteen-year-old baby-sitter with braces, opens
SAMMY door and looks up. In the b.g. we see TWO CHILDREN,
on (Samantha) and TERRY PRESCOTT, in their pajamas, lying
Sammy their stomachs in the living room, watching television.
is eleven. Terry is eight.

glasses REVERSE: DARRYL, the SHERIFF, a portly fellow with
and a mustache, looks down at AMY.

SHERIFF

Hello, Amy.

AMY

(Puzzled)

Hi, Darryl.

SHERIFF

(Thinking)
Amy, would you please tell the kids
you'll be right back, and then shut
the door and come outside to talk to
us for a minute?

AMY

OK.

(To kids)
Be right back, you guys!

SAMMY

You're not supposed to go out, Amy.

TERRY

She's going to smoke a cigarette.

Darryl
AMY closes the door and looks expectantly up at Darryl.
doesn't know how to start.

EXT. CHURCH. DAY

the
sky.
CREDITS BEGIN OVER a blustery April day. The steeple of
little white church stands out against the sharp blue

INT. TOWN CHURCH. DAY

full.
the
and-
It's a small church and a small congregation, but it's
There's a CHOIR of mostly SENIOR CITIZENS arrayed in
back. TWO CLOSED CASKETS are laid out in front of the
MINISTER, a fiftyish woman with thick glasses and salt-
pepper hair, who is giving a eulogy MOS.

Sammy,
clothes.
sits
Among the mourners in the second row sit Terry and
both redehyed, and uncomfortable in their dress-up
Their Aunt Ruth, a pinch-faced woman in her forties,
next to them.

his
Sammy and Terry are holding hands tightly. Terry wipes
eyes with his free hand.

Sammy is
his
another

The Minister addresses her remarks to the children.
hanging on the Minister's every word; Terry is shifting
eyes and his seat as if it will kill him to sit still
minute.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCOTTSVILLE CEMETERY. SIXTEEN YEARS LATER. DAY

green
flowers on
saved
quality.

On the beautiful hill overlooking the beautiful windy
country, SAMMY, twenty-seven years old now, puts
her parents' graves with quick, practiced movements.
She is a nice-looking young woman of a neat appearance,
from primness by an elusive, pleasantly flustered
An unsuccessfully neat person. She is dressed in office
clothes -- white blouse, dark skirt, high heels, light
raincoat over everything. She picks out a couple of
and then bows her head and closes her eyes.

weeds

CREDITS END.

EXT. SCOTTSVILLE -- MAIN STREET. DAY

stores
World
know
activity
eight-
school
SAMMY

Scottsville is a small town. Main Street. Run-down old
next to a new bank, a couple of chain stores, a few
restaurants of varying ambitions. Civil War statue.
War I statue. World War II statue. Residential streets
wandering away from Main Street up and down hills. You
there's a minimall somewhere nearby. A fair amount of
during the daytime.
SAMMY'S CAR pulls up across the street from where an
year-old BOY in a secondhand baseball jacket and a
knapsack is waiting at the curb. This is her son, RUDY.
calls out the car window.

SAMMY

Rudy, come on! I'm really late!

slinging
Rudy hurries across the street and gets in the car,
his knapsack into the backseat.

INT. THE CAR (MOVING). DAY

SAMMY

How was school?

RUDY

Stupid.

SAMMY

Why do you say that?

RUDY

We're supposed to write a story for
English homework, but they didn't
tell us what it's supposed to be
about.

SAMMY

What do you mean?

RUDY

I mean they didn't tell us what it's
supposed to be about. They said do
whatever you want.

SAMMY

So what's wrong with that?

RUDY

Nothing. I just think it's
unstructured.

SAMMY

(Smiles)

Well, I'm sure you'll be able to
think of something. If you can't,
I'll help you.

INT./EXT. CAR/CAROL'S HOUSE. DAY

DRIVEWAY
Sammy stops the car outside a heavily THICKETED
(CAROL'S HOUSE), and RUDY gets out.

SAMMY

Don't forget your backpack.

Rudy returns to take his knapsack out of the back.

RUDY

It's not a backpack, it's a knapsack.

SAMMY

Don't forget your knapsack.

Rudy hoists his knapsack out of the back.

SAMMY

Give me a kiss.

Rudy gives her a kiss and puts his arms around her and squeezes her neck.

slogs
He withdraws, slams the door. As Sammy DRIVES AWAY, he
up the long twisting driveway.

EXT. MERCHANTS NATIONAL TRUST -- PARKING LOT. DAY

the
for
Sammy gets out of her car, which is parked in one of
half dozen spaces in the little parking lot allocated
bank employees.

skirt
She hurries toward the employees' entrance, fixing her
as she goes.

INT. MERCHANTS NATIONAL TRUST. DAY

MABEL,
Sammy hurries down the clean hallway in the back past
a pleasant-faced fellow employee.

MABEL

Guess who's been asking for you?

SAMMY

Oh no, really?

Mabel nods and passes by.

half
SAMMY KNOCKS on a big door that says "Manager" and has

off

the letters of the previous branch manager's name taken
it.

BRIAN

(Inside)

Yeah, come in!

branch
he is
sort
ring.

Sammy swings open the door. BRIAN EVERETT, the new
manager, is unpacking a box. Sammy is surprised to see
in his early thirties and very good-looking in a boyish
of way; he wears shirt-sleeves and tie, and a wedding

SAMMY

Mr. Everett?

BRIAN

Yeah: Brian.

SAMMY

Brian. Hi. I'm Samantha Prescott --
I'm the lending officer?

BRIAN

Yeah, hi, how are you? Come on in.
Sit down.

Sammy comes into the office and sits.

SAMMY

I am so sorry I was late...

BRIAN

Yeah, we missed you before...

SAMMY

I got held up. Believe me, it is not
something I make a habit of...

BRIAN

I'm sure it's not. Actually -- could
you just, could you close that door
for me? Thanks.

Sammy gets up and closes the door.

INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE. LATER

the

Sammy sits in front of Brian's desk. Brian is behind desk listening.

SAMMY

-- so I always just run out at 3:15 to pick him up and then run him real quick over to the sitter's house. Anyway, Larry never minded about it and I was just hoping it would be OK with you too...

BRIAN

Well -- Samantha -- I realize that Scottsville is not exactly a major banking center...

SAMMY

No it's not...

BRIAN

No -- I know it's not... But it's kind of a personal challenge to me to see what we can do to bring local service up to the same kinds of standards we'd be trying to meet if we were the biggest branch in the state. And that means I don't want anybody running out at 3:15 or 3:30, or whenever the bus happens to come in that day. Now is there anybody else who can pick your son up after school? Does your husband work in the area? Do you --

SAMMY

Oh -- No -- Rudy Sr. isn't "on the scene." So to speak.

BRIAN

Well, I can give you a couple of days to make some other arrangement, but...

SAMMY

Well -- Brian? I understand what you're saying, and I think it's great. I do. Because there's a lot of things around here that could use some attention. Believe me. But I've honestly been meeting that bus every day for four years now and it really

does take just fifteen minutes, and
if I take the time out of my lunch
hour...

BRIAN

I'd really prefer it if you would
make some other arrangement. OK?

SAMMY

(Brightly)
I'll do my best...!

his
Brian kicks back in his chair and puts his hands behind
head.

BRIAN

How old's your son?

SAMMY

He's eight.

BRIAN

That's a terrific age.

INT. SAMMY'S CAR (MOVING). DUSK

sunlight
drive
Sammy and Rudy drive home in silence. The orange
flickers through the trees and onto their faces as they
along.

EXT. PRESCOTT (SAMMY'S) HOUSE. DUSK

years'
The same house that Sammy grew up in, with sixteen
more wear on it.

reaches
mail.
Sammy's car swings expertly by the mailbox, and Rudy
half his body out of the passenger window and gets the

INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE. DUSK

groceries.
through
Sammy comes into the house carrying two bags of
Rudy follows, looking through the mail. Sammy passes
the house and goes into the kitchen.

RUDY

You got a letter from Uncle Terry.

SAMMY

What?!

tears Her whole face lights up and she grabs the letter. She
it open and reads it with growing excitement.

INT. SAMMY'S BEDROOM. LATER

household Sammy opens her FILE DRAWER. Inside are tax files,
files, miscellaneous files.

"Terry -- She puts Terry's letter away in a very full file marked
letters, Correspondence." The folder is stuffed with other
on all different kinds of stationery from all over the
country, all from Terry.

INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

for Sammy and Rudy are eating dinner. It's a biggish house
just two people.

RUDY

Whose room is he gonna stay in?

SAMMY

He can stay in the little room.

(Pause)

But you know what? He's not going to
live here. He's only gonna stay for
a little while... And it's OK if you
don't remember him, because you were
only six the last time he was here...
But it'll be nice if you got a chance
to get to know each other a little
bit. Don't you think?

Rudy looks worried and doesn't answer.

INT. LIVING ROOM. LATER

Rudy is on the floor, writing in his school composition
notebook. Sammy comes downstairs.

SAMMY

Rudy? Would it distract you if I put
on some music?

RUDY

No.

looks

She puts on a CD, sits down and picks up a book. She
at Rudy, who is writing away.

SAMMY

Did you think of a story?

RUDY

Uh huh.

SAMMY

What's it about?

RUDY

My father.

Pause.

SAMMY

What about your father?

RUDY

It's just a made-up story about him.

SAMMY

Can I read it when you're done?

RUDY

It's not very good.

SAMMY

Don't say that.

Rudy keeps writing.

INT. LIVING ROOM. LATER

wine

Sammy is smoking a cigarette and drinking a glass of
and reading Rudy's story. It upsets her.

INT. SAMMY'S BEDROOM. LATER

phone.

Sammy sits on the edge of her bed, not dialing the

length
better

She catches a glimpse of herself in her parents' floor-mirror with the worn, heavy wooden frame. Against her judgment she picks up the phone and dials.

INT. DAWSON'S GRILL. NIGHT

the
thirties, a

Sammy and BOB STEEGERSON are eating dinner at Dawson's, only fancy restaurant in town. Bob is in his mid-thirties, a Realtor, a decent, ordinary guy.

SAMMY

Anyway, Bob, it's sort of this adventure story, and Rudy's father is this secret agent or something, working for the government... And it just made me feel weird. You know? Because I never really say much to him about Rudy Sr., because I don't know what to say. And I don't know whether I should just let him imagine whatever he wants to imagine, or whether I should sit him down sometime and tell him, you know, that his father is not such a nice person. You know?

BOB

Well... I don't know, Sammy. What have you told him already?

SAMMY

Not much. He knows I don't have the highest opinion of him. And he knows I don't want to see him or know anything about him, ever. But I tried to keep it kind of neutral. Anyway... I could go into a lot more detail, believe me.

BOB

Well... It's an interesting problem. But I don't really know what to tell you... It's a little outside my personal field of expertise...

SAMMY

All right.

BOB

I'd be glad to give it some thought...

SAMMY

OK.

He is smiling at her.

SAMMY

What?

BOB

Nothing... I'm just glad to see you...
I'm glad you called me.

SAMMY

I bet you were surprised...!

BOB

Um -- a little.

Bob drains his wineglass. Sammy cuts at her steak.

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

having
trying

Sammy and Bob lie in Bob's bed, a few minutes after
made love. They are very far away from each other, but
with difficulty not to let on.

SAMMY

I should get going...

BOB

Really?

SAMMY

Yeah... I've got the baby-sitter...
But... Thanks for a lovely evening.

BOB

Oh. Thank you.

into

She kisses him. She tries to make it sexy, but he's not
it anymore and he politely restricts the kissing.

INT. SAMMY'S BATHROOM. NIGHT

the

Sammy stands in her slip brushing her teeth in front of

while she mirror. She brushes vigorously, looking at herself
brushes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER -- WORCESTER, MASS. DAWN

on a The corner window of a grim little apartment building
very grim street in a grim little city.

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT -- WORCESTER, MASS. NIGHT

not A tiny apartment with a bed, chair, table, fridge, and
sheet much else. One window has a broken pane and an old
neatly thumbtacked over it to keep the wind out.

real TERRY PRESCOTT comes in. He is twenty-five years old: a
very mess with a certain natural appeal. He wears old jeans,
a old hiking boots, and a lumberjack-style coat. He takes
a wool hat off his head. His hair is longish and dirty.

She is SHEILA SADLER is sitting at the table by the fridge.
barely eighteen, frail and damaged.

SHEILA

Hey, Terry.

TERRY

Hey.

back. Terry looks at her and smiles encouragingly. She smiles

SHEILA

Where'd you get the hat?

TERRY

Oh, I got it on the street for a
dollar.

SHEILA

It's nice.

TERRY

Well, you know, it's pretty much
your standard woolen hat.

SHEILA

Yeah, I had a very similar reaction
to it.

Sheila looks away. Silence.

TERRY

Can I get that money from you?

SHEILA

Yeah. Sorry.

toward
gives
As she opens her purse, Terry takes a few vague steps
her. She takes out a tiny hippie-ish woven wallet and
Terry all the money in it: a twenty and two ones.

TERRY

Is that all you have?

SHEILA

Yeah.

TERRY

Can you borrow some cash from your
brother?

SHEILA

Um, yeah, but that would involve
speaking to him.

TERRY

Well, I'm definitely gonna be gone
for a couple of days at least, Sheila.

SHEILA

Why do you have to stay so long?

TERRY

Because my sister is not a bank, you
know? I can't just show up and ask
her for --

SHEILA

You seem to think my brother's a
bank!

TERRY

Oh Sheila can we just cut out the puerile crap?! I'll be back just as soon as I can. OK? I am not the kind of man that everyone says I am.

SHEILA

I know you're not.

TERRY

I'll call you tonight.

Pause.

SHEILA

Don't you wanna tell me you love me?

TERRY

I love you.

SHEILA

That was really convincing.

TERRY

Well... I think after this is over you should seriously consider moving back home.

SHEILA

(Short laugh)

Oh, yeah.

TERRY

(Gives up)

All right...

SHEILA

You gonna call tonight?

TERRY

Definitely.

She puts her arms around him and holds on.

EXT. NEW YORK STATE -- MOUNTAINS -- HIGHWAY. DAY

Wide open shot of hilly country and a big sky overhead.

A
the

GREYHOUND BUS drives into the shot along the curve of highway.

INT. BUS (MOVING) -- BATHROOM. DAY

bathroom
for as
takes

Terry is seated on the toilet seat in the cramped
smoking a joint. He takes a huge hit and holds it in
long as humanly possible. He blows out what's left,
another equally huge hit and holds it in.

EXT. LOCAL HIGHWAY. DAY

roller-

The BUS WHOOSHES along a smaller, heavily wooded
coaster road.

INT. BUS (MOVING). DAY

by.

Terry looks out the window at the passing scenery. The
sunlight flickers on his face.

POV TERRY: The bus rolls past the hilltop cemetery.

Terry shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

POV TERRY: THE "WELCOME TO SCOTTSVILLE" SIGN whizzes
Houses start dotting the side of the road.

Terry starts getting very agitated.

EXT. MAIN STREET. DAY

his
town

Terry stands at one end of Main Street, backpack over
shoulder, as the BUS DRIVES OFF. He looks around at the
going about its Saturday afternoon business.

INT. KITCHEN. SIMULTANEOUS

an
and
evidence
and
She

Loud country-western music is blaring as Sammy, wearing
apron, sets a big vase of flowers on the kitchen table
hurries to the oven. There are also cookies, a pie,
of massive fancy cooking. She puts on her oven mitts
takes a lasagna out of the oven, as the phone rings.
picks up.

SAMMY

(Into phone)

Hello?... TERRY!...

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE. DAY

changed
Sammy practically bursts out the front door. She has
into nice clothes.

EXT. ALLEY. DAY

out
SMOKING, he
Terry secrets himself in a small dark alley. He takes
his carefully wrapped half joint and lights it.
looks at the sunlit slant of street beyond the alley.

EXT. MAIN STREET. A FEW MOMENTS LATER

skinny
shake
some
Terry, fairly well stoned, walks along Main Street. A
man emerges from his hardware store to greet Terry and
hands. Terry says "Hi," but keeps on walking. He passes
other people.

fatter
He almost runs right into SHERIFF DARRYL, sixteen years
and grayer.

SHERIFF

Whoa there!

TERRY

Sorry.

smile.
The Sheriff recognizes Terry and breaks into a big

SHERIFF

God damn! Terry Prescott! How you
doin'? Gimme a cuddle!

and
The Sheriff gives Terry a big bear hug. Terry is wasted
selfconscious but smiling. He pats the Sheriff's back.

TERRY

How you doin', Darryl?

SHERIFF

Which way you headed?

TERRY

I'm just goin' to see Sammy at
Dawson's...

SHERIFF

Can I walk with you a little?

TERRY

Sure, yeah --

SHERIFF

So Sammy says you been out in
Alaska...?

TERRY

Yeah, I was workin' out there for a
little while...

EXT. MAIN STREET. A FEW MOMENTS LATER

conscious
The
The Sheriff walks along with Terry. Terry, very self-
about smelling like pot, fumbles to light a cigarette.
Sheriff does not seem to notice.

SHERIFF

-- Sammy says she's gettin' postcards
from all across the country.

TERRY

Yeah, I've been all over the place...

They stop outside Dawson's.

SHERIFF

Well, it's good to have you back
here, I'll tell you that.

TERRY

Thanks, Darryl. Keep enforcing the
peace.

SHERIFF

Well, that'll be a little harder now
that you're home, but I'll do what I
can.

TERRY

No, man, I'm reformed.

SHERIFF

Oh, yeah. Good to see you, kid.

TERRY

Thanks, Darryl.

looking Darryl walks away. Terry stands outside the restaurant
for Sammy.

table, Behind him in the restaurant Sammy is sitting at a
talking to the waitress.

crazy She sees Terry and gets up immediately, smiling like
door. as she threads her way through the tables toward the

tosses Terry turns and sees her. He breaks into a big smile,
window his cigarette and goes into the restaurant. Through the
we see them make their way toward each other.

a Sammy throws her arms around him. He hugs her back with
big involuntary smile as the GLASS DOOR slowly CLOSES.

INT. DAWSON'S -- AT THEIR TABLE. A FEW MOMENTS LATER

beaming Terry is studying the menu, over-intently. Sammy is
at him.

TERRY

Sorry about yesterday --

SAMMY

I don't care --

TERRY

I was studying the bus description...
and I just... I got on the wrong bus --
I mean I missed my stop --

SAMMY

I don't care, Terry. I'm just so
glad to see you...!

TERRY

I'm glad to see you too, Sammy. Um...
are you coming from work?

SAMMY

Um, no, it's Saturday...

TERRY

Yeah, no, it's just... you're dressed
so formally...

SAMMY

Oh. No. You know, I just thought I'd --
You know I thought it was a special
occasion... which it is...

TERRY

No, it's good. I thought I'd dress
up too.

He gestures to his shitty clothes.

SAMMY

That's OK. You look fine.

TERRY

(A strange,
unsuccessful joke)
Yeah, this is the haute cuisine of
garments.

SAMMY

What?

TERRY

Nothing, nothing... Um... So how are
you?

SAMMY

I'm fine.

TERRY

How's Rudy?

SAMMY

We're fine, Terry. How are you?
(Pause)

I mean --

TERRY

Yeah...

SAMMY

-- Where have you been lately, Terry?

TERRY

-- I know, I haven't been --

SAMMY

I got a postcard from you from
Alaska...?

TERRY

Yeah, I was up there for a while...

SAMMY

But that was in the Fall, Terry...

TERRY

Yeah, I know I've been out of touch...

SAMMY

I was a little worried.

(Pause)

I mean --

TERRY

Oh, I been a lotta different places...
Um... I went down to Florida for a
while... I was doing some work in
Orlando... I've been all over the
place.

SAMMY

Well... I just wish you would have
let me know you were OK...

TERRY

Yeah. I didn't realize it'd been so
long...

He looks around the restaurant.

SAMMY

(Beaming again)

Are you gonna stay in town for a
while?

TERRY

Well, I don't know... I got all these
things I gotta do back in Worcester...

SAMMY

Oh...

TERRY

...Yeah, so I'm probably not gonna be able to stay more than a day or so...

SAMMY

Oh... Well... That's all right...!

TERRY

...I'm kind of trying to keep to a schedule of sorts. It's a long and worthy story but I won't trouble you with it right now.

He twists around and looks all over the restaurant. She watches him.

SAMMY

Are you expecting someone?

TERRY

Who would I be expecting here?

SAMMY

You just keep looking around, that's all.

TERRY

No, I was just wondering if we could get some more refreshments, actually.

He laughs. Looks down. Silence. He looks up at her.

TERRY

I've actually got to confess to you, Sammy... that the reason you may not have heard from me for a little while is that I've been kind of unable to write... on account of the fact that I was in jail for a little while.

SAMMY

You were what?

A couple of people in the restaurant look at them.

Terry

notices but Sammy does not.

TERRY

Well, I did a little time, I guess,

in Florida. For, uh, just for
bullshit...

SAMMY

What?!

TERRY

It was just bullshit...

SAMMY

What did you do?

TERRY

I didn't do anything. Does it occur
to you that maybe I was wronged?

SAMMY

No!

TERRY

Well, could I please --

SAMMY

Oh my God! --

TERRY

Would you please let me --

SAMMY

-- What happened?!

TERRY

I got into a fight in a bar down in
Florida. Which I was not the one who
instigated it, at all. But they worked
up all this bullshit against me and
they threw me in the pen for three
months. I didn't write you because I
didn't want you to get all upset
about it. I just figured you'd figure
I was on the road for a little while.
I know it was stupid and I'm sorry.
I really didn't mean to make you
worry. But you know what? I can't
run around all the time doin' stuff
or not doin' stuff because it's gonna
make you worry! Because then I come
back here, and I tell you about my
fuckin'... traumas, and I get this
wounded little "I've Let You Down"
bullshit, over and over again, and
it really just -- cramps me! Like I

just want to get out from under it!...
And here I am back in this fuckin'
hole explaining myself to you again!

SAMMY

OK -- Can you please stop cursing at
me?

TERRY

I mean, I realize I'm in no position
to, uh, basically say anything, ever --
But it's not like I'm down there in
some redneck bar in Florida having
an argument with some stripper's
boyfriend and I suddenly think, "Hey!
Maybe this'd be a good time to really
stick it to Sammy and get myself
locked up for a few months."

SAMMY

I'm sorry.

TERRY

Me too, man. I mean "welcome home."

SAMMY

Hey -- You don't write me for six
months, I have no idea where you are --

TERRY

I'm sorry --

SAMMY

-- I don't know if you're alive or
dead --

TERRY

I'm sorry --

SAMMY

-- and then you show up out of nowhere
and tell me you were in jail?

TERRY

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry,
Sammy, I'm really sorry...!

not to

The patrons are all either looking at them or trying
look. Silence.

TERRY

Sammy...

SAMMY

What?

TERRY

Um... I'm in the midst of a slight predicament...

SAMMY

What do you need? Money?

TERRY

Um... Yeah... I'm broke. I gotta get back to Worcester tomorrow. I got this girl there, and she's kind of in a bad situation...? I just need to borrow some money. Whatever you can spare.

(Pause)

I'll pay you back... I'll pay you back, man.

SAMMY

I really wish Mom was here.

TERRY

So do I, man.

SAMMY

Nobody knows what to do with you.

TERRY

I know how they feel, man.

Silence, except for the sounds of the restaurant.

SAMMY

Terry? Can I ask you something?

TERRY

Sure.

SAMMY

(With some difficulty)

Well -- I mean, do you ever go to church anymore?

TERRY

Come on, Sammy, can we not talk about that shit?

SAMMY

Do you?

TERRY

Um -- No, Sammy. I don't.

SAMMY

Can you tell me why not?

TERRY

Um, yeah. Because I think it's ridiculous.

SAMMY

Well -- can you tell me without like, denigrating what I believe in?

TERRY

Because I think it's primitive, OK? I think it's a fairy tale.

SAMMY

Well -- I mean, have you ever considered that maybe that's part of what's making things so difficult for you?

TERRY

No.

SAMMY

-- That you've lost hold of -- well, not just your religious feeling, but lost hold of any kind of anchor, any kind of trust in anything... I mean no wonder you drift around so much. What could ever stop you? How would you ever know if you had found the right thing?

TERRY

Well, uh, I'm not really looking for anything, man. I'm just, like, trying to get on with it.

The WAITRESS approaches with their salads.

WAITRESS

Here we go...

She sets them down on the table.

SAMMY and TERRY Thank you.

Sammy The WAITRESS leaves. Silence. Terry picks at his salad.
doesn't touch hers. She watches him miserably.

EXT. BANK -- ATM. DAY

and Terry watches while Sammy inserts her card in the ATM
The punches in her code. Terry waits. She punches in \$300.
machine grinds out her cash. She gives him the money.

TERRY

Thank you, Sammy... I'm really gonna
pay this back.

She takes her card back and puts it back in her wallet.

INT. SAMMY'S CAR. DAY

anything. Sammy and Terry get in the car. Sammy isn't saying

TERRY

Where we going?

SAMMY

To pick up Rudy.

look at She puts on her glasses and her seat belt. She won't
him.

TERRY

Well... do you not even want me to
visit now? 'Cause I can catch the
bus at five o'clock if that's what
you want.

SAMMY

Well, of course I want you to visit,
you idiot! I've been looking forward
to seeing you more than anything!
I've been telling everyone I know
that you were coming home! I cleaned
the whole fucking house so it would
look nice for you! I thought you
were gonna stay for at least a few
days! It didn't occur to me that you
were just broke again. I wish you

would have just sent me an invoice!

She stops. Terry is now totally contrite.

INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT

is
wall
Terry sits in the tub. Water drips from the faucet. He
staring blankly up at the pristine blue-and-white tiled
and the neatly folded matching towels.

INT. LIVING ROOM. LATER

with
PHONE.
Sammy and Rudy are in the living room. Rudy is playing
a Game Boy type game. In the b.g., TERRY is dialing the
He looks clean and shaved, his hair is neatly combed.

TERRY

(Into phone)

Hi, is that Malcolm?... Hi, this is
Terry Prescott?... I been trying to
get ahold of Sheila and there's no
answer, and I was just wondering if
she -- She what?...

He sits down.

TERRY

(Into phone)

When?... Well -- Is she all right?...
Well, could I talk to her?... Well,
could you give her a message that I --

CLICK. He is hung up on. He slowly HANGS UP.

from
across the room.
Sammy notices that something's wrong. He looks at her

TERRY

That girl I'm with tried to kill
herself.

SAMMY

What?

TERRY

She tried to kill herself.

INT. TERRY'S ROOM. NIGHT

SHEILA.
Sammy
Terry is sitting on the bed, addressing an envelope to
He puts the \$300 in the ENVELOPE and seals it. He sees
standing in the doorway. He starts to unlace his boots.

SAMMY

Do you have everything you need?

TERRY

I think so.

very
Sammy comes into the room and sits next to him. He is
busy with his laces.

SAMMY

What are you going to do?

TERRY

I don't know. Send the money I guess.

SAMMY

Maybe you should stay home for a
little while, Terry.

TERRY

Yeah, maybe that'd be a good idea.

He starts crying. Sammy pats him.

EXT. SCOTTSVILLE CHURCH. DAY

Scottsville.
A bright, clear, blue-skied Sunday morning in
Inside the little white church they're singing.

EXT. CHURCH. DAY

couple of
six
Sammy
mind,
People are filing out of the church. We also see a
the bank employees, including BRIAN and his very pretty
months' PREGNANT wife, NANCY. We find SAMMY and RUDY.
is chatting to some neighbors. Rudy is bored out of his
waiting for her.

INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM. DAY

and
table
Krispies

Terry is lying on the sofa, smoking, with his feet up
boots on, watching Sunday morning TV. On the coffee
are his dirty ashtray, dirty bowl and spoon, Rice
box and a milk carton.

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Crickets buzz loudly outside the house.

INT. STAIRS. NIGHT

living
Boy. He

Sammy, in her bathrobe, comes down the stairs into the
room. Terry is on the sofa playing with Rudy's Game
barely looks up when she speaks to him.

SAMMY

I'm going to bed. Do you have
everything you need?

TERRY

Yeah. Thanks.

SAMMY

Good night.

TERRY

Good night.

Pause.

SAMMY

Terry, I'm really glad you're home.

Terry tries to smile at her.

TERRY

Yeah, me too, Sammy.

back up

He goes back to his game. She hesitates, then heads
the stairs.

INT. SAMMY'S KITCHEN. DAY

is

Sammy, Terry and Rudy sit at the kitchen table. Sammy

also
coffee.
if

dressed for work. Rudy is dressed for school. Terry is
fully dressed, drinking the last dregs of a mug of
He is tired, but listening to Sammy very carefully, as
receiving difficult and critical instructions.

SAMMY

OK. So we'll drop Rudy off at the
bus, then all you have to do is drop
me off at the bank, and just pick
Rudy up at 3:30 in front of town
hall, and drive him over to Carol's
house. And that's it. She's on Harvey
Lane, right past where the Dewitts
used to live.

TERRY

OK.

SAMMY

Rudy knows where she lives.

Terry glances at Rudy, then back at Sammy.

TERRY

OK.

INT. BANK -- MABEL'S DESK. DAY

files.
away at
GREEN

Sammy walks past MABEL'S DESK, carrying a big stack of
She drops three of them on the desk. MABEL is typing
her PC. The colors are a garish PURPLE background with
letters.

SAMMY

God, Mabel, don't those colors hurt
your eyes?

MABEL

Oh no, they keep me fresh.

Sammy proceeds down the hall and into --

INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE. DAY

papers.

She knocks on the open door.

BRIAN

Yeah!

(Looks up)

Hi, Sammy. What can I do for you?

SAMMY

Um, Brian? Did you want us to turn this time sheet in at the end of the day, or do you want it at the end of the week...?

BRIAN

Oh, yeah, end of the day'll be fine.

SAMMY

Seems like an awful lot of extra paperwork...

Brian hesitates, shrugs and smiles.

BRIAN

I like paperwork.

Sammy looks at him with a blank smile.

INT. BANK -- SAMMY'S DESK. A MOMENT LATER

She

Sammy sits down at her desk and notices the time: 3:30.

reaches for the phone, then decides not to call.

EXT. SCOTTSVILLE -- MAIN STREET. DAY

The CLOCK on the front of the TOWN HALL reads 3:31.

knapsack,

The SCHOOL BUS pulls up across from the town hall and disgorges a handful of kids. Rudy comes out with his

looking around...

POV RUDY: Terry, across the street, sits on the hood of Sammy's car, smoking.

Rudy walks over to him.

RUDY

You showed up.

TERRY

Looks that way.

INT. SAMMY'S CAR (MOVING). DAY

Terry and Rudy drive in silence. Terry glances at Rudy.

TERRY

Put on your seat belt.

RUDY

It pushes on my neck.

TERRY

What?

RUDY

It pushes on my neck. It's uncomfortable.

TERRY

Well, when somebody slams into us and you go sailin' through the windshield, that's liable to be uncomfortable too. So put on your seat belt.

Rudy puts on his seat belt.

RUDY

Mom's parents died in a car accident.

TERRY

I know. They're my parents too.

RUDY

They are?

TERRY

Well, yeah. Your mom is my sister.

RUDY

Yeah, I know.

TERRY

So that means we have the same parents.

RUDY

Oh yeah.

They drive in silence for a moment. Terry glances down at Rudy.

INT. BANK -- SAMMY'S DESK. DAY

Mabel is
her.

Sammy, laden with files, plops down at her desk as
passing by. Mabel puts a phone message down in front of

MABEL

Um -- Carol just called. She said
Terry and Rudy never showed up at
her house?

SAMMY

You've got to be kidding me.

A MOMENT LATER: Brian, talking to an employee, sees
Sammy,
across the bank, hurrying out the employees' exit.

BRIAN

Hey, Sammy?

Sammy doesn't hear and exits.

EXT. ORRIN'S BACKYARD. DAY

Terry's
glances up
with
Terry and Rudy are banging nails with RAY, a young guy
age. Terry, hammering with swift, accurate blows,
and watches Rudy for a second. Rudy is hammering away
no great skill.

TERRY

Hey. Look.

He moves Rudy's hand down toward the end of the handle.

TERRY

You hold it further down, you're
gonna get a lot more power. You should
be able to put that nail down with
two or three hits. Look:

the
With two swift strokes he drives the nail flush into
wood.

TERRY

Try it.

RUDY

That's not the way I hold it.

TERRY

Well, the way you hold it is wrong.

RUDY

Why can't I just do it my own way?

Terry looks at him unsympathetically for a moment.

TERRY

(Shrugs)

You can.

moment
Terry
He goes back to work. Rudy resumes hammering. After a
he switches his grip and starts hammering Terry's way.
looks up and watches him.

EXT. IN FRONT OF ORRIN'S HOUSE. A MOMENT LATER

the
the
hammering
Sammy pulls up, fast, and gets out of the car. Hearing
hammering from the backyard, she walks quickly around
side of the house and stops short when she sees Rudy
happily away with Terry and Ray.

annoyance
it's a
She watches them working, unobserved, with mixed
and relief, and finally with quiet pleasure, because
very cheerful sight.

INT. BANK. DAY

a
Half the staff has gone home. Sammy, in her coat, picks
NOTE up off her CHAIR. It reads:

"SAMMY, PLEASE SEE ME A.S.A.P!!! -- BRIAN"

INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE. A MOMENT LATER

Sammy stands in front of Brian's desk.

SAMMY

Brian? Did you want to see me?

BRIAN

Yeah. I was kind of wondering what happened to you today.

SAMMY

Oh -- Didn't Mabel -- I had a false alarm about my son...

BRIAN

Yeah, I kind of thought you were gonna work that out.

SAMMY

Well, I did work it out -- more or less --

BRIAN

Then why're you running outta here in the middle of the day without a word of explanation to me, Sammy?

SAMMY

Brian, don't yell at me.

BRIAN

I'm -- I'm not yelling. I'm just gettin' a little frustrated here.

SAMMY

Well Brian:

BRIAN

Sorry, could you close the door please?

Sammy closes the door.

INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

lively
Sammy, Terry and Rudy sit at dinner. The atmosphere is
and cheerful.

SAMMY

...And Eddy Dwyer lives in Buffalo, with his wife and two sons, if you can believe it.

TERRY

That is depressing.

SAMMY

Why?

TERRY

He just never struck me as the
marrying type, that's all.

RUDY

Who are you talking about?

TERRY

Wild kids we used to know.

RUDY

Were you a wild kid?

TERRY

Not compared to your Mom.

RUDY

Yeah, right.

TERRY

You don't believe me?

RUDY

No.

TERRY

Ask her.

RUDY

Mom, were you?

SAMMY

No comment.

Rudy is amazed. Terry looks at him like, "Told you so."

INT. SAMMY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Sammy is asleep in bed.

INT. RUDY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Rudy is asleep in bed.

INT. BAR. NIGHT

Terry sits at the bar, drinking beer. There are a few

locals

his in the place, but it's pretty dead. He looks around;
energy is too restless for the near-empty bar.

INT. RUDY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

cigarette.
Rudy's The DOOR OPENS, and TERRY COMES IN, smoking a
bed. He's plastered. He looks around the room. Looks at
starts toys. Picks up some superhero comics and sits on Rudy's
bed. Then he spies Rudy's COMPOSITION BOOK, picks it up and
reading it.

RUDY (O.C.)

What are you doing?

Terry looks up. Rudy is half-sitting up in bed.

TERRY

Oh -- Just readin' some of your
compositions.

RUDY

Why are you smoking?

TERRY

Um... Because it's bad. Don't ever
do it.

RUDY

I won't.

TERRY

You know this used to be my room?

RUDY

Yeah...

(Pause)

Do you want it back?

TERRY

No.

watches Rudy is very relieved. Terry keeps reading. Rudy
him.

RUDY

Did you fight in Vietnam?

TERRY

No. I wasn't even born yet.

RUDY

Were you ever in the army?

TERRY

No.

RUDY

My father was in the army.

TERRY

I know. Unfortunately he didn't fight in Vietnam either.

RUDY

Were you friends with him?

TERRY

Not really. We had some friends in common, I guess... I didn't like him very much.

RUDY

Why not?

TERRY

Well, he wasn't very likable.

RUDY

Why do you say that?

TERRY

I don't know. He was always -- He always had to be better than you at everything. You know. Like if you were all playing basketball or something, everybody's havin' like a friendly game and he's like ready to kill somebody if his team didn't win. Or like if you told like a joke or a story, he always had to tell a better one? Kinda gets annoying after a while. Plus it was pretty scummy how he split on your mom and you... He was a prick. Probably still a prick. Fortunately for you though, your mom is like, the greatest. So you had some bad luck and you had some good luck.

(Pause)
You mind if I ask you a personal question?

RUDY

I don't know.

TERRY

Do you like it here? I mean, in Scottsville?

RUDY

Yeah...?

TERRY

Why?

RUDY

I don't know. My friends are here... I like the scenery... I don't know.

TERRY

I know, I know, but it's so... There's nothing to do here.

RUDY

Yes there is.

TERRY

No there isn't, man! It's narrow. It's dull. It's a dull, narrow town full of dull, narrow people who don't know anything except... what things are like right around here. They have no perspective whatsoever. No scope. They might as well be living in the nineteenth century because they have no idea what's going on, and if you try to tell 'em that, they wanna fuckin' kill you.

RUDY

What are you talking about?

TERRY

I don't know...

Terry lies on his back and smokes.

TERRY

You're a good kid.

INT. BANK -- SAMMY'S DESK. MORNING

There's a NOTE on Sammy's chair.

"SAMMY, PLEASE SEE ME -- BRIAN"

looks

Sammy, just arrived at work and still in her coat,
down at the note.

INT. BANK -- BRIAN'S OFFICE. DAY

Sammy listens to Brian.

BRIAN

Yeah. This doesn't apply to you directly, Sammy, but I've noticed that some of the employees have their PC monitors set with all kinds of crazy colors... Purple and polka dots or what have you. And it's not a big deal, but really, this is a bank. You know? It's not really appropriate. So I'm just asking that people stick to a more quote unquote normal range of colors in future...

Sammy looks at him blankly.

BRIAN

Like I say, it doesn't really apply to you.

SAMMY

No, my computer palette's pretty conservative.

INT. BANK -- MABEL'S DESK. DAY

LETTERS.

Mabel is typing angrily at a GRAY SCREEN with BLACK
Sammy walks by. Mabel is so mad she doesn't even look
up.

INT. BANK -- SAMMY'S DESK. DAY

picks

Sammy sits agitated for a moment. She makes a decision,
up the phone and dials.

INT. BOB'S OFFICE. SIMULTANEOUS

husband

Bob is in his little realty office with two CLIENTS, a
and wife. He picks up his RINGING PHONE.

BOB

(Into phone)
Bob Steegeron.

SAMMY

(On phone)
What are you wearing?

BOB

(Into phone)
Mom?

Sammy LAUGHS.

INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE -- DOWNSTAIRS HALL. NIGHT

Sammy

Terry is holding a broom looking up at the ceiling.
passes by and stops.

SAMMY

What's up?

Terry taps the broom handle against the ceiling.

TERRY

Do you know you have an enormous
leak from the upstairs hall?

his

He pokes again. A portion of the ceiling collapses on
head in wet chunks of plaster and muck.

SAMMY

Um, yeah, thanks, I did.

INT. SAMMY'S ROOM. NIGHT

up

her

Sammy, in front of the mirror, finishes dolling herself
for her date. O.C. we hear loud banging. Sammy puts on
earrings and goes into --

INT. HALL. CONTINUOUS

SAMMY

Are you guys sure you're gonna be

OK?

TERRY

Yes. Yes.

big
and
on

Sammy approaches RUDY and TERRY. They are bent over a nasty trench in the floorboard. There are wood shavings greasy pipe segments all over, and black smeary smudges on the walls nearby.

SAMMY

What is happening here?

TERRY

It's just -- The problem is that the pipe is corroded all the way along the length of the hall. So every time I put in a new piece it starts leaking further down.

SAMMY

Why don't I just call the plumber?

TERRY

Why? He's not gonna do anything different than what I'm doing.

RUDY

(Happily)

Yeah. We're making it worse!

TERRY

No we're not. Shut up.

comes out
and

Terry yanks the wrench and a SPRAY of FILTHY WATER of the pipe and splatters the wallpaper and pictures Sammy with gritty gray water. She looks at them.

SAMMY

Thank you. Thank you both.

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

outfit --

Bob and Sammy -- cleaned up and wearing a different outfit -- are bustling out the front door. Terry stands by.

SAMMY

Now, call if there's any problem,
and if I'm not there, I'm either on
my way or on my way back home.

TERRY

OK.

Sammy gets into her coat. Bob opens the front door.

SAMMY

(To TERRY)

So lights out at ten... and don't
spend the whole night watching TV.

TERRY

Nice to meet you, Bob.

BOB

You too.

TERRY

(To SAMMY)

What's your idea of the whole night?

SAMMY

Two hours tops.

is
she
fairly

Bob holds the door for Sammy and smiles at her. There
some confusion about who should go out first. Finally
goes and Bob follows. The atmosphere between them is
awkward.

INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Terry and Rudy are watching TV from the sofa.

TERRY

What's your feeling about Bob?

RUDY

I don't really know him that well.

Terry looks at his watch.

TERRY

I have bad news for you.

He picks up the remote...

RUDY

No...!

...and turns off the TV. They sit there in the sudden
silence.

RUDY

Great. What are we supposed to do
now?

TERRY

Do you know how to play pool?

RUDY

I've played it.

EXT. THE WILD MOOSE. NIGHT

The Wild Moose is a noisy roadside bar sitting under
the stars. Terry and Rudy get out of the car. Rudy looks
apprehensive.

RUDY

I don't think they let kids in there.

TERRY

Well, we're not allowed to watch any
more TV, so it's this or nothing...
But if we run into any trouble, let
me do the talking.

RUDY

OK.

Terry swings the door open.

INT. THE WILD MOOSE. NIGHT

POV RUDY: A lot of men and women at the bar or in
booths,
he eating and drinking. Smoky, crowded and very loud. As
follows Terry through the crowd various patrons notice
him --
i.e., some of the looks are friendly, some blank, some cold,
what's a kid doing in here?

AT THE POOL TABLE: Terry and Rudy stand side by side
facing

the players and waiting players gathered around the table.

Terry waves a few bills.

TERRY

I got a hundred bucks here says me and my nephew can beat anybody in here. Only we gotta get the next game 'cause he's gotta be in bed by ten o'clock.

Player Rudy
A MOMENT LATER: RUDY, very nervous, and the 1st Pool are side by side shooting for break. Terry is behind coaching him.

TERRY

Just hit it nice and soft... Nice and soft.

doesn't bank
They hit the balls. Rudy just clips his ball and it go anywhere. 1st Pool Player's ball hits the opposite and comes almost all the way back.

RUDY

(To TERRY)

Sorry.

TERRY

God damn, Rudy. I thought you said you could play.

Rudy doesn't answer. Terry winks at him.

balls chalking
A MOMENT LATER: 1ST POOL PLAYER BREAKS -- WHACK! -- The scatter. Nothing drops. TERRY steps up to the table, up his cue.

TERRY

Boys, it's all over but the cryin'.

watching.
ball
ball
QUICK CUTS: Of Terry running the table and everyone Three-ball in the side. One-ball in the corner. Nine-off three cushions and into the corner, and the eleven-

into the side. Rudy watches him.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

little
candles,
bombshell.

Bob and Sammy sit at Bob's dining room table. The bachelor apartment looks pretty good. Tablecloth, wine, everything. Bob has just dropped a huge

SAMMY

Bob... Are you serious?

BOB

Yeah.

SAMMY

I... I don't know what to say. I --

BOB

I mean, I know I haven't exactly been the most... decisive... guy. In the past... I don't know: I'm tired of foolin' around. And I love you.

SAMMY

I... I'm totally... I don't know what to say.

BOB

Well, you could always say "Yes."
(Pause)
Or you could think about it first.

SAMMY

That's it: I want to think about it.

BOB

OK... Fair enough.

INT. WILD MOOSE. NIGHT

over
carefully,
the

Terry has sunk everything but the eight ball. He leans to sink it. It's a fairly easy shot. He lines it up and deliberately shoots it so it stops two inches from corner pocket.

TERRY

Ohhhh!

watching
them
rights"
A

A FEW MOMENTS LATER: Terry and Rudy sit side by side as the 2nd Pool Player passes back and forth between and the camera, running the table. "Oohs" and "All emit from the spectators.

A

Sudden silence. Then the clack of the balls connecting. great common GROAN goes up. RUDY looks up at Terry.

TERRY

It's all yours, baby.

off
A
unconfident.

Rudy looks at the TABLE: The eight-ball is two inches the corner. The cue ball is a few inches away from it. piece of cake, for an adult. Rudy looks deeply

is

He gets up and tries to line up the eight-ball. Terry right next to him.

TERRY

Just make sure to hit it really gentle. But firm. And hit it a little low so you get some backspin. Don't even hit it. Just kiss it.

A long moment.

RUDY

What do you mean, kiss it?

TERRY

I mean tap it. Firm but very, very softly. And don't shoot until you know it's going in. OK?

RUDY

OK.

softly.
corner,

Everyone is relatively quiet. Rudy takes a few practice strokes and then hits the cue ball, straight, but too It crawls toward the eight and taps it toward the

slower and slower, hangs there, and DROPS.

cheers.
A GENERAL "HEYYYY!" GOES UP and everyone claps and

Terry grabs Rudy. Rudy smiles, ecstatic.

TERRY

That was great!

drinking a
AT THE BAR: Darryl the SHERIFF, in his civvies,
pint of beer, notices Rudy and Terry.

upside
AT THE POOL TABLE: Terry picks Rudy up and turns him
down. Rudy laughs.

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

car
The house is dark. Terry and Rudy are walking from the
to the house.

RUDY

We creamed those guys! We creamed
them!

TERRY

(Stopping suddenly)
Ssh...! Don't move.

They listen. A CAR is COMING.

TERRY

It's them!

gets
They break for the door, Terry fumbling for his key. He
the door open.

TERRY

Go! Go! Go!

BOB'S
He and Rudy run inside the house. The lights go on.

CAR pulls into the DRIVEWAY.

INT. THE HOUSE -- FRONT DOOR. SIMULTANEOUS

Rudy runs up the stairs.

TERRY

Wait a minute, gimme your jacket!

caught Rudy tries to take his jacket off fast but gets his arm in the sleeve. He tries to shake it off.

TERRY

What are you doing?

RUDY

I can't get my sleeve out...!

panicked They HEAR Bob's CAR DOORS SLAM. Terry makes a comic face and leaps up the stairs two at a time.

as he OUTSIDE THE HOUSE: Sammy waves to Bob. Bob waves back drives off. Sammy goes to the front door, opens it:

the Terry and Rudy are in a giggly tangled panicked heap at top of the stairs, shaking Rudy's arm and sleeve, frantically trying to get the jacket off.

Sammy comes in. They freeze.

SAMMY

What is going on in here?

TERRY

Um -- We were just out doing some star-gazing, and, uh, Rudy lost track of the time. Which I totally warned him about.

(To Rudy)

You are a bad kid.

INT. BATHROOM. LATER

Rudy is brushing his teeth. Terry pokes his head in.

TERRY

(In a low voice)

Hey: I think it's OK. Just don't tell her where we went, 'cause she'll be really mad at me. OK?

RUDY

I won't.

TERRY

(Suddenly dark)
Hey -- I'm not kidding, Rudy.

RUDY

I won't!

Rudy

Terry gives him a "You better not" look, then leaves.
continues brushing his teeth.

INT. RUDY'S ROOM. NIGHT

Sammy is tucking Rudy in, stroking his hair.

SAMMY

Did you know my Mommy used to take
me and Uncle Terry out at night to
look at the constellations?

RUDY

Yeah.

SAMMY

Did you see that one, what's the one --
It looks like a big "W"? Cassiopeia?

RUDY

Yeah.

INT. HALL. NIGHT

sees
steps

Sammy comes out of Rudy's room, smiling. It's dark. She
a LIGHT on under TERRY'S DOOR. She walks toward it and
into the TRENCH, falling down violently.

SAMMY

Ow! Shit!

INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT

It's

Terry is putting a butterfly Band-Aid on Sammy's wound.
a nasty, bloody gash, just shy of needing stitches.

SAMMY

I've got a great idea. Why don't you
let me call the plumber?

TERRY

Do whatever you want.

SAMMY

Oh, does that make you mad?

TERRY

No...

INT. SAMMY'S ROOM. NIGHT

across RAIN patters on the ROOF as Sammy LIMPS back and forth
the room changing into her nightgown.

EXT. TERRY'S WINDOW. NIGHT

outside Terry is smoking pot with his head and shoulders stuck
the window. RAIN FALLS on his HEAD.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BANK. MORNING

cars Early morning. The RAIN is still falling. Only a few
are in the employee parking lot yet.

INT. BANK -- BRIAN'S OFFICE. DAY

wet The RAIN runs down Brian's office window. BRIAN, in a
raincoat, turns on his light.

lights up. A MOMENT LATER: Brian turns on his PC. The SCREEN
The COLORS are a garish GREEN and ORANGE.

CUT TO:

is LATER: SAMMY and BRIAN are both on their feet. The door
closed.

SAMMY

Brian, get off my ass!

BRIAN

Excuse me?

SAMMY

I didn't change the colors on your stupid computer screen.

BRIAN

Well, that's all you gotta say!

SAMMY

(On "that's")

There is nothing wrong with the work I do here. I have been doing just fine, the whole time before you came here -- And if you think that riding people in this petty, ridiculous way is the way to improve service in this bank or anywhere else I think you're out of your mind!

Pause.

BRIAN

I didn't say there was. Could I please -- Could I please -- May I respond?

SAMMY

No, that's really all I have to --

BRIAN

May I respond?

(Beat)

First of all, I don't appreciate being spoken to with that kind of language. That's not the way I talk to you, and I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't talk that way to me --

SAMMY

Well --

BRIAN

Second of all, if you say you didn't change the colors on my computer screen, then of course I accept your answer. But you and I are gonna have to find a way to work together --

SAMMY

Brian --

BRIAN

But that's not gonna happen with the attitude, it's not gonna happen with

the lateness, it's not gonna happen
by fighting me every step of the way --
OK, well not you, you're not late,
but too much of that stuff goes on
around here --

SAMMY

I am not late and I do not have an
attitude -- Well then don't tell me
I'm late if I'm not late!

BRIAN

I'd really like to finish!

the
OUTSIDE BRIAN'S OFFICE: The whole staff is listening to
muffled raised VOICES from inside the office.

MABEL especially is listening guiltily.

EXT. MAIN STREET. DAY

The rain falls on Main Street.

EXT. ORRIN'S BACKYARD. DAY

project.
The rain comes down hard on Orrin's construction
Tarps cover everything. No work today.

EXT. MAIN STREET -- LUNCH PLACE. DAY

counter.
over to
The rain comes down on the SHERIFF, looking through the
restaurant WINDOW at SAMMY, eating lunch alone at the
He goes inside, shakes the rain off himself and goes
her. They start talking. We HEAR:

SAMMY

They were where?

INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM. DAY

sound.
TV, in
The RAIN on the roof makes a sleepy, pleasant country
TERRY is lying on the sofa, smoking a joint, watching
a funk. O.C. we LOUD BANGING ON THE PIPES.

thumping
his

LATER: A YOUNG PLUMBER, about Terry's age, comes
down the stairs and goes into the living room, carrying
toolbox. Terry looks up at him.

PLUMBER

OK, you're all set.

Terry glares at him. The plumber turns and goes out.

EXT. BUS STOP. DAY

cold.

RUDY is WAITING in a doorway for Terry. He is wet and
The RAIN pours down.

INT. BANK. DAY

employees,
warm

Brian is showing his wife, NANCY, the bank. He is very
solicitous of her, nervously introducing her to the
who are not responding very warmly. Nancy is not in a
mood either; she's very testy with Brian.

BRIAN

This is Chuck. Chuck, this is my
wife, Nancy.

CHUCK

Hello.

NANCY

Nice to meet you.

BRIAN

This is Mabel...

MABEL

Hi.

NANCY

Nice to meet you.

friendly,
and

SAMMY, at her desk, watches Brian and Nancy make their
progress through the bank. Nobody is being very
and Brian suddenly seems awkward and vulnerable. Brian
Nancy reach Sammy's desk.

BRIAN

This is Sammy, our lending officer.
Sammy, this is my wife, Nancy.

SAMMY

(Friendly)
Hi. It's nice to meet you.

NANCY

Brian -- I gotta sit down.

BRIAN

Sure -- Let's go in my office.

from
Nancy,
He glances nervously at Sammy as he leads Nancy away
her desk and toward his office. He murmurs something to
who responds in a low but very testy voice:

NANCY

I'm fine...!

them
She roughly pulls her arm away from his. Sammy watches
go into his office.

EXT. MAIN STREET. DAY

the
Rudy trudges resolutely through the pouring rain toward
center of town. He is completely drenched.

INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE. DAY

Sammy knocks on Brian's open door.

SAMMY

Brian...?

BRIAN

Yeah.

RUDY (O.C.)

Mom!

Sammy sees to her left, down the hallway --

SAMMY

Rudy!

but

Rudy is at the end of the hall, drenched and shivering,
cheerful.

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT. DAY

and

Rudy is in the car, somewhat dried off, waiting. Sammy
Terry stand in the employee entrance doorway.

SAMMY

Look, I'm glad you guys are getting
along so well -- like, you have no
idea -- but if I can't rely on you
to remember to get him once a day...

TERRY

You can!

SAMMY

-- And what are you doing taking him
to play pool in the middle of the
night, and then telling him to lie
to me about it?

Pause.

TERRY

I don't know.

INT./EXT. SAMMY'S CAR/CAROL'S DRIVEWAY. DAY

is in

Terry and Rudy pull up in front of the driveway. Terry
a silent rage. The rain has let up.

TERRY

Get out of the car.

RUDY

What are we doing?

TERRY

You're going to Carol's house and
I'm going home.

RUDY

Why can't I come with you?

TERRY

Because if you're such a baby you
gotta tell your Mommy about us playin'

pool when I totally asked you not to, and I gotta listen to her shit all day, then you're goin' to the baby-sitter's so you can stay at the baby house.

RUDY

But I didn't tell her!

TERRY

You know what? Don't even fuckin' talk to me.

RUDY

I didn't!

TERRY

Just get out of the car.

Rudy

He leans over Rudy roughly and pushes open the door.
gets out of the car and marches down the long driveway.
He bursts into tears.

Terry watches him go, then drives off.

INT. BANK -- HALL. A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Brian's

Sammy walks through the empty bank hall and into office. Brian is at his desk.

BRIAN

You're working late.

SAMMY

How did your wife like the bank?

BRIAN

Oh, fine. She wasn't feeling so great.

SAMMY

That's too bad.

BRIAN

No -- I don't mean -- She's not ill.
She's just... I don't know...

SAMMY

Pregnant?

BRIAN

That's it. She's pregnant.

SAMMY

It can make you kind of cranky.

BRIAN

Yeah...

Pause.

BRIAN

Listen, I'm sorry we've been stepping on each other's toes -- I -- I'm not actually that bad a guy --

SAMMY

Yeah, I am too... I know you're not, Brian, but you're driving everybody crazy.

BRIAN

Well, I -- I'm just trying to do my best here -- And I'm gettin' it from all sides.

SAMMY

I know you are...

BRIAN

Anyway... We'll work it out...

SAMMY

Well... I could use a beer.

BRIAN

I could use a tranquilizer.

INT. PUB. NIGHT

dimly
lit pub. It's a medium noisy place with various locals
drinking beers and eating hamburgers and chicken
dinners.

SAMMY

Last I heard, Rudy's Dad was living over in Auburn. But that was last year.

BRIAN

Must be so tough raising a kid on your own... Although I'm beginning to get the idea my wife wouldn't mind a crack at it.

SAMMY

Oh... It's just the hormones.

BRIAN

Well, no, it isn't. But never mind.

The waitress brings them two boilermakers.

SAMMY and BRIAN Thanks.

She leaves. Sammy and Brian pick up their shots.

BRIAN

Well, here's to improved employee-management relations.

SAMMY

Amen.

They click shot glasses and drink.

SAMMY

You can't judge all of Scottsville by the people in that bank, believe me.

BRIAN

Well -- Let's -- Let's not talk about the bank.

SAMMY

OK.

BRIAN

Let's just forget about the bank for tonight.

SAMMY

Good idea.

They sip their drinks, smiling. Sammy looks at him appraisingly.

INT./EXT. BRIAN'S CAR/WOODED ROAD. NIGHT

Sammy and Brian are making out in the front seat of his car.

This goes on for a while, getting heavier and heavier.

BRIAN

Sammy?

SAMMY

Yeah?

BRIAN

I want you to tell me who changed
the colors on my computer screen.

SAMMY

I'll never tell.

bangs
They start kissing again in the cramped space. Brian
his head. They laugh.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAR. CONTINUOUS

spout
We pull back and away from the car. The sodden trees
faucets of water down on the car.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

wet,
The kitchen is dark. Sammy comes in, her hair a little
and turns on the light. She goes to the telephone.

There's a NOTE in Terry's handwriting:

"BOB CALLED."

TERRY (O.C.)

Where were you?

Sammy jumps, startled. Terry is in the kitchen doorway.

SAMMY

Nowhere. I had dinner with my boss.

TERRY

Kind of a late dinner, ain't it?

SAMMY

Yeah. How was Rudy?

TERRY

Fine.

SAMMY

Did the plumber come?

TERRY

Yes, the fucking plumber came.

SAMMY

Terry -- Give me a break!!!

Pause.

TERRY

What's the matter with you?

SAMMY

Nothing. I'm just tired.

TERRY

You want to smoke some pot?

SAMMY

No I don't. Why, you got some?

EXT. PORCH. NIGHT

Sammy and Terry stand side by side on the porch,
passing a joint back and forth. It has stopped raining but the
trees and roof are still dripping. The crickets are chirping
loudly.

SAMMY

So... Bob asked me to marry him.

TERRY

Wow.

(Pause)

Are you going to?

SAMMY

I don't know. If he'd've asked me
this time last year I would have
probably said yes. But the minute he
said it, I don't know, I felt like
somebody was trying to strangle me.

TERRY

Well... bad sign.

SAMMY

I know.

(Pause)
Plus, Terry...
(Whispers)
I fucked my boss...!

TERRY

What?

SAMMY

I know! And his wife is six months pregnant.

TERRY

Jesus Christ, Sammy...!

SAMMY

I know, I know.

The
puts
and

He passes her the joint. She declines. He puffs away. water drips off the porch and the crickets chirp. She her head on his shoulder. He puts one arm around her puffs away with the joint in his free hand.

SAMMY

Terry, I'm sorry I got so mad before. I just don't want him, you know -- terrified of "telling," if there's --

TERRY

Uh, well, that's not really his problem, Sammy.

Sammy straightens up.

SAMMY

Oh really? What's his problem?

TERRY

His problem is that he's like totally sheltered because you treat him like he's three, instead of eight, so that's how he behaves.

SAMMY

Oh yeah? And how do you think he should behave?

TERRY

I think he shouldn't have to run and

tell his Mommy every time he does something she might not like, for one thing.

SAMMY

Uh huh. And what do you --

TERRY

(On "and")

I mean I took him to play pool! It was a little clandestine thing we did for fun! It wasn't like a big secret, I mean who cares? I was actually trying to be nice to him. But he's so freaked out that he disobeyed your orders that he has to fuckin' squeal on me and I have to listen to your fuckin' shit all day when I didn't even fuckin' do anything!

SAMMY

First of all, he didn't tell me anything: Darryl did. OK? Second of all, I don't really give a shit if you took him to play pool: I was mad at you because you left him standing at the bus stop in the rain. But no, I don't want you telling him not to squeal, because I don't want him put in that position!

TERRY

(Losing ground)

Well... that... is a perfect example of what I'm talking about.

SAMMY

You are in idiot.

They stand apart now. Silence.

TERRY

Darryl told you?

SAMMY

Yes!

They stand there. The rain gutters drip.

INT. BANK. MORNING

down. Sammy, coat on, arrives at her desk and puts her purse

There's a NOTE on her CHAIR.

"SAMMY -- PLEASE SEE ME."

INT. BANK -- HALLWAY. A MOMENT LATER

as TRACKING SAMMY, coat off, carrying a stack of folders,
hall, she walks from her desk, around the corner, down the
She past a couple of employees and to BRIAN'S OPEN DOOR.
taps on it. Brian is at his desk.

SAMMY

Morning.

BRIAN

Yeah, good morning. Could you get
the door?

DORIS, OUTSIDE THE OFFICE: Sammy shuts the door. MABEL and
Sammy's in standing near the door, look at each other: i.e.,
trouble again.

Brian INSIDE THE OFFICE: Sammy stands by the closed door.
comes out around his desk.

SAMMY

Listen -- I just --

out Brian kisses her. She drops her folders and they make
against the door.

PCs. OUTSIDE THE OFFICE: The employees click away at their
Mabel exchanges a quiet word with Chuck.

office wall INSIDE THE OFFICE: Brian has Sammy pressed against the
their with her skirt hiked up and is trying to get both of
office underwear out of the way. It's not so easy in their
clothes. Sammy tears away.

SAMMY

Brian, that's enough.

BRIAN falls back, breathless.

BRIAN

OK. Sorry.

He lunges at her again. They kiss some more.

OUTSIDE THE OFFICE. A MOMENT LATER: Sammy comes out of
the office, more or less composed, carrying her folders.
She heads down the hall past the other employees, including
Mabel, and surreptitiously readjusts her scrunched-up
underwear.

INT. DAWSON'S. DAY

Sammy and Bob sit at lunch. Sammy is picking at her
food.

BOB

You're awfully quiet.

SAMMY

I'm sorry.

BOB

Um... Have you thought at all about
what I said?

SAMMY

Of course I've been thinking about
it.

BOB

So... Any decisions? Or -- do you
still want to think about it some
more...?

SAMMY

Well -- I mean -- I don't know, Bob.
I mean, we haven't exactly been going
steady the last few months, if you
know what I mean --

BOB

Yeah, no, I know --

SAMMY

-- and then we see each other twice
and you suddenly say you want to get
married? I mean...

BOB

No, you're right, you're right --

SAMMY

What are you talking about?

Pause.

BOB

I don't know... I... Maybe this is...
Last year I sort of thought you were
possibly interested in that... idea...
but I was the one who, you know,
wasn't "ready" at that point -- So
that's why I thought things kind of
slowed down with us...

SAMMY

Don't make me feel bad for you.

BOB

(Bristling)

I don't want you to feel bad for me.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Rudy

Sammy, Terry and Rudy are all watching TV. Sammy and
are in pajamas. Nobody's happy and nobody's talking.

surprised

The PHONE RINGS. Sammy goes to it and picks up,
because of the hour.

SAMMY

(Into phone)

Hello?

BRIAN

(On phone)

It's Brian.

won't

Sammy turns away and lowers her voice so Terry and Rudy
overhear her.

SAMMY

Brian. Where are you?

EXT. GAS STATION. SIMULTANEOUS

Brian is on the pay phone outside a gas station.

BRIAN

I'm buying milk. I just thought I'd say hello.

WE CUT BETWEEN THEM. Sammy doesn't say anything.

BRIAN

Look, I know it's probably too late, but is there any way you can come out for a little while?

SAMMY

Brian, I think you're going crazy.

BRIAN

I know I am. Can you meet me?

SAMMY

Um, OK.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

living

SAMMY comes down the stairs, fully dressed, into the room, where Terry and Rudy are still watching TV.

SAMMY

Um -- I have to go out for a minute. Do you want anything?

TERRY

Like what?

SAMMY

I don't know.

RUDY

Where are you going?

TERRY

Yeah, where are you going?

SAMMY

I just have to go out for a little while.

RUDY

Where?

TERRY

Yeah, where?

SAMMY

I just have to go to Mabel's house.

RUDY

Why?

SAMMY

You know what, Rudy? It's personal. This is a personal matter that has to do with Mabel. I just have to go see her for a little while.

kidding."
back.

Terry gives Sammy a look like, "You've got to be
Sammy tries to shush him with a conspiratorial look
She goes out.

LATER. Terry and Rudy sit in front of the TV, alone.

TERRY

Listen. Listen. I'm sorry I said you
squealed on me. I was totally out of
line, and I really owe you an apology.

(Pause)

Did you hear what I said?

RUDY

(Staring at the TV)

I don't care.

INT. SAMMY'S CAR (MOVING). NIGHT

at
herself.

EXT. MOTEL. NIGHT

outside
a roadside motel.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

love

In the motel room, Sammy and Brian, half-clothed, make rather hurriedly on top of the unmade creaky bed.

EXT. MOTEL. NIGHT

respective

Outside the motel, Sammy and Brian get into their cars and start their motors.

INT. SAMMY'S CAR (MOVING). NIGHT

smile,

Sammy drives in the other direction. She breaks into a smile, and then she laughs. Then she stops.

INT. SAMMY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Sammy lies awake plagued by guilty feelings.

EXT. CHURCH -- RECTORY. DAY

Sammy heads toward the little white church building.

INT. CHURCH -- RECTORY -- OFFICE. DAY

RON the MINISTER and Sammy drink coffee in silence.

RON

(Gently)

What's on your mind, Sammy?

SAMMY

Well, a lot. But principally... I was just wondering if you had an opinion. If you know someone, in your family, or just someone you really care about, and they just can't seem to get ahold of themselves...

EXT. MAIN STREET. DAY

The SUN SHINES on Main Street.

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE. DAY

counter

a

Rudy watches wide-eyed as Terry places on the sales counter two rods and reels, a bunch of lures, two fishing hats, a box of swivels, a knife and a fish scaler.

TERRY

You know who this is for?

RUDY

Me!

TERRY

That's right, my little friend.

(To the saleslady)

Hello. We're going fishing.

INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN. DAY

Sammy, Terry and Rudy are all putting away the groceries.

Everybody seems to be getting along.

RUDY

I got a new rod and reel, five lures,
I got a hat, I got a knife and I got
a fish scaler.

SAMMY

That's great, honey.

O.C., the DOORBELL RINGS. Sammy starts to move toward the door, but Terry is closer.

TERRY

I'll get it.

Sammy watches him go.

INT./EXT. FRONT DOOR. DAY

Terry opens the door. It's Ron, the minister, in his civvies.

EXT. FRONT YARD. DAY

Rudy is playing basketball by himself.

INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM. DAY

Ron
occasional
There
Terry, Sammy and RON sit in the living room. Sammy and
are drinking coffee. Through the window we see
glimpses of Rudy playing basketball in the backyard.

is a heavy silence in the room.

TERRY

Well... I'm not really sure why you're here, Ron. I mean, I realize I haven't exactly been a model citizen since I got here, but compared to how things have been goin' for me lately, I thought I was doing pretty well.

He turns to Sammy.

TERRY

And I also find it kind of discouraging that you seem to think I need some kind of spiritual counseling or what have you, so much so that you're willing to disregard the fact that I don't believe in any of this stuff at all --

SAMMY

Well... I didn't mean to discourage you --

TERRY

I mean it's really kind of insulting.

RON

Can I say something here?

(Pause)

Sammy asked me to come and talk to you, because it's her opinion that you're not gonna find what you're looking for the way you're looking for it --

TERRY

How would she know?

RON

But I'm really not here to try to get you to do anything, or to believe anything. And I'll tell you the same thing I told her, which is that as far as I'm concerned the only way she can help you is by her example -- by trying to be a model for you, by the way she lives her life...

Terry smiles.

RON

And that doesn't mean she's supposed to be a saint, either, if that's what you're smiling about.

TERRY

I didn't realize I was smiling.

A moment.

RON

You know, Terry, a lot of people come to see me with all kinds of problems. Drugs, alcohol, marital problems, sexual problems, health problems --

TERRY

Great job you got.

RON

Well... I like it. Because even in this little town, I feel like what I do is very connected with the real center of people's lives. I'm not saying I'm always Mr. Effective, but I don't feel like my life is off to the side of what's important. You know? I don't feel my happiness and comfort are based on closing my eyes to trouble within myself or trouble in other people. I don't feel like a negligible little scrap, floating around in some kind of empty void, with no sense of connectedness to anything around me except by virtue of whatever little philosophies I can scrape together on my own...

TERRY

Well --

RON

Can I ask you, Terry: Do you think your life is important?

TERRY

You mean -- Like, me personally, my individual life?

RON

Yeah.

TERRY

Well... I'm not sure -- What do you mean? It's important to me. I guess. And like, to my, you know, the people who care about me...

RON

But do you think it's important?

TERRY

I --

RON

Do you think it's important in the scheme of things? Not just because it's yours, or because you're somebody's brother. Because I don't really get the impression that you do.

TERRY

Well, I don't think... I don't particularly think anybody's life has any particular importance besides whatever -- you know -- whatever we arbitrarily give it. Which is fine. I mean we might as well... I think I'm as important as anybody else...

Silence.

TERRY

I don't know: A lot of what you're saying has a real appeal to me, Ron. A lot of the stuff they told us when we were kids... But I don't want to believe something or not believe it because I might feel bad. I want to believe it because I think it's true or not... I'd like to think that my life is important... Or that it's connected to something important...

RON

Well, isn't there any way for you to believe that without calling it God, or religion, or whatever term it is you object to?

TERRY

Yes. I believe that.

INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

drinking
Sammy, Terry and Rudy are all eating dinner. Terry is
a beer. His mood is dark.

TERRY

So Sammy, what example will you be
setting for us tonight?

Sammy doesn't answer.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

another
Terry, Sammy and Rudy are watching TV. Terry has
beer.

RUDY

What time are we getting up to go
fishing?

TERRY

We're not going fishing.

SAMMY

What do you mean?

RUDY

Why not?

TERRY

I think you should go fishing with
Father Ron.

RUDY

I don't want to go fishing with Father
Ron.

TERRY

Well, I'm not takin' you.

Sammy starts to say something to Terry, stops herself.

SAMMY

I'll take you, sweetie.

Rudy doesn't answer.

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

of

Sammy and Terry are in the hallway. Sammy holds a stack of folded sheets.

SAMMY

I realize that you're mad at me --

TERRY

(Deadpan)

I'm not mad at you...

SAMMY

-- but he didn't do anything to you.
And you cannot promise a little boy
that you're gonna --

TERRY

(On "boy")

...I just, you know, after all that
religious conversation, I just
realized it's probably not so good
for him to be spending so much time
with someone like me who doesn't
believe his life is important in the
scheme of things --

SAMMY

Would you please...

TERRY

I'm serious.

SAMMY

(Practically choking)

Listen.

(Pause)

I am sure, if you put your mind to
it, you can think of some other way
of getting back at me besides this.
So would you please just give it
some thought, and take him fishing
tomorrow?

TERRY

I would, Sammy, I just don't think
it'd be good for him.

Pause.

SAMMY

You suck.

walks
SLAMMING it

She throws the sheets at him and storms away. Terry
through the living room and OUT the front door,
behind him.

INT. SAMMY'S ROOM. NIGHT

up and

Sammy sits by the phone in her bathrobe. She picks it
DIALS.

the

INTERCUT: BRIAN'S LIVING ROOM. NANCY, watching TV on
sofa with Brian, picks up the RINGING PHONE.

NANCY

(Into the phone)
Hello?

again.

SAMMY HANGS UP. She gets up, walks around, sits down
Picks up the phone and DIALS. It RINGS.

INTERCUT: BOB'S KITCHENETTE. Bob, making a sandwich for
himself, picks up the phone.

BOB

(Into the phone)
Hello?

ANSWERING
puts

SAMMY HANGS UP. Pause. She sweeps the TELEPHONE and
MACHINE OFF the nightstand. Pause. She calms down and
them back. The ancient answering machine is CLICKING
convulsively. She WHACKS IT and it stops.

EXT. CHURCH. DAY

millling
saying
and

The congregation is coming out of the church and
around at the steps. SAMMY, with Rudy at her side, is
good-bye to some neighbors. She watches pregnant NANCY
BRIAN go down the steps.

the

POV SAMMY: Beyond Brian and Nancy, TERRY pulls up at
curb in her car. He rummages around and produces

FISHING

RODS which he waves, somewhat sheepishly.

REVERSE: At top speed, Rudy runs away from Sammy and the church, toward Terry and the car. Terry and Sammy exchange a look from the distance.

EXT. RECTORY. DAY

Services are over. Everyone has gone home.

INT. RON'S OFFICE. LATER

Sammy sits with Ron.

SAMMY

Anyway... I don't know what the church's position is on adultery and fornication these days, but I felt really hypocritical not saying anything to you about it before, so... What is the official position on that stuff these days?

RON

Well... it's a sin.

SAMMY

Good: I think it should be.

RON

...but we don't tend to focus on that aspect of it, right off the bat --

SAMMY

Why not?

RON

Well --

SAMMY

I think you should.

RON

Well --

SAMMY

Maybe it was better when you came in and they screamed at you for having sex with your married boss, and were really mean to you, and told you

what a terrible thing it was. Maybe it'd be better if you told me how I'm endangering my immortal soul, and if I don't quit I'm going to burn in hell. Don't you ever think that?

RON

Um... No.

SAMMY

Well, it's a lot better than all this "Why do you think you're in this situation" psychological bullshit you hear all the time.

RON

Well... Why do you think you're in this situation?

SAMMY

With which one?

RON

All of them.

Pause.

SAMMY

I feel sorry for them.
(Pause)
Isn't that ridiculous?

Ron shrugs: i.e., "not necessarily."

EXT. STREAM -- BRIDGE. DAY

over a
through
gorgeous

Terry and Rudy are side by side on a small footbridge wide running stream, fishing. The sunlight slants the canopy of trees; the birds are chattering; it's and peaceful.

RUDY

I've never been so bored in my life.

TERRY

Yeah... We really shoulda been out here around seven or eight A.M.

RUDY

What time is it now?

TERRY

Two-thirty.

Silence. The birds sing.

RUDY

Was my father a good fisherman?

TERRY

Yeah, your father was good at all that stuff. He knew everything about the woods, everything about fishing, everything about hunting and everything about cars. If he wasn't such a pain in the ass he would've been a lot of fun to be around.

RUDY

Maybe he's nicer now.

TERRY

I doubt it.

RUDY

Well, I think he is.

TERRY

How would you know? Did you ever meet him?

RUDY

No.

TERRY

Were you ever curious to meet him?

RUDY

I guess so.

TERRY

Well, he doesn't live very far from here.

RUDY

I thought he lived in Alaska.

TERRY

No -- I lived in Alaska. Your dad lives in Auburn. Far as I know.

(Pause)
We could look him up in the phone
book. Wanna try?

RUDY

All right.

TERRY

OK -- But -- I'm sure I don't have
to say this, but I'm not kidding,
man: Don't -- tell -- your -- mother.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT. DAY

Sammy
BOB is standing by his kitchenette, extremely nervous.
sits on his sofa.

BOB

Do you want to go for a walk, or a
drive? It's really nice out.

SAMMY

No. I'm not gonna stay long. Bob, I
don't want to get married.

Pause.

BOB

OK.

SAMMY

I've really thought about it a lot,
and if you had asked me last year
I'm sure I would have said yes.

BOB

Oh. Thank you.

SAMMY

But I'm not sure it would have been
a good idea then either. I'm going
through a really hard time right now
and I just think that getting engaged
to you or anyone would be just about
the stupidest most self-destructive
thing I could possibly do.

BOB

OK.

SAMMY

And I really think you have to grow up.

BOB

Well, how about we fix up my personality some other time?

SAMMY

OK.

(Pause)

I really hope we can still be friends.

BOB

(Quietly sarcastic)

Oh, yes, me too.

She looks at him miserably.

SAMMY

Bob... This is so crazy... I mean... I don't even understand why you... I don't even get it.

BOB

What do you want me to say? Everything you said about me was true, Sammy. I was just a big chickenshit jerk, and now I'm payin' the price.

SAMMY

Bob...!

She goes over to him. He gets up.

BOB

What?

SAMMY

Well -- I don't know...

BOB

I don't know. Sammy, I love you. I wish I could say it in a more interesting way. I just -- I love you.

SAMMY

Well -- I mean -- I love you too --

He puts his arms around her and kisses her. She

responds

suddenly

very warmly. Just as things are heating up, she remembers something and jolts away.

SAMMY

Oh shit.

BOB

What's the matter?

SAMMY

I gotta go. I'm sorry --

BOB

Where do you have to go?

SAMMY

(Off the top of her head)

I'm supposed to -- I gotta get Mabel back her car.

BOB

Well... I don't understand. How are we leaving things?

SAMMY

Oh God, I don't know. Call me later.

INT. MOTEL. DAY

at the

It's

Brian sits on the edge of one of the beds watching some daytime Sunday show on the motel TV. There is a knock door. He gets up, turns off the TV and opens the door. Sammy.

SAMMY

Sorry I'm so late.

BRIAN

Yeah, I was just about to give up on you.

SAMMY

Well -- maybe it would've been better if you had...

briskly

She comes into the room and starts walking around and nervously.

SAMMY

I mean -- Look, I don't mean to be unsympathetic about your domestic situation, whatever it is, but I'm just beginning to think that if people tried a little harder to stick to their commitments and started taking a little responsibility for their actions, they might end up having a lot less trouble generally. That's all.

BRIAN

Hey, that's what I've been trying to tell you guys at the bank.

SAMMY

Well, I really don't think I can do this anymore.

BRIAN

OK.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. LATER

eyes
Brian and Sammy lie under the starchy sheets. Brian's are shut. Sammy is very upset with herself.

SAMMY

This is incredible.

BRIAN

Mmmm.

SAMMY

That is not what I mean.

INT. SAMMY'S CAR (MOVING). DAY

and
Terry and Rudy drive along. Terry looks down at Rudy smiles. Rudy is tense and won't look at him.

past
residential
OVER TERRY AND RUDY'S SHOULDERS as Terry drives slowly dilapidated little houses in a very depressed area. Terry is scanning the house numbers.

RUDY

Maybe we should call first.

TERRY

Well -- We're right here.

style
car.

He pulls up outside a small, plain, run-down ranch-house with a lot of junk out front, and gets out of the car. Rudy stays in.

TERRY

Come on.

for
buzzer

Rudy gets out of the car and comes around. Terry waits for him, and then they walk up to the front door. The buzzer says "KOLINSKI."

TERRY

There he is.

RUDY

His last name is Kolinski?

TERRY

Yeah. Ring the bell.

inside
around

Rudy pushes the doorbell. They wait. There's some noise and some voices. The sound of WALKING. THE DOOR OPENS. JANIE, a tired-looking young woman Terry's age, opens the door.

JANIE

Yes?

TERRY

Hi. We're looking for Rudy?

JANIE

Who should I say is calling?

TERRY

An old friend.

RUDY SR. (O.C.)

Who is it?

JANIE

He says an old friend!

RUDY SR. (O.C.)

How old is he?

wiry,
good. He
RUDY SR. appears behind Janie. He's around thirty,
dressed in jeans and an old shirt. He doesn't look
recognizes Terry.

RUDY SR.

Hey!

TERRY

Hey, Rudy.

falls.
Rudy Sr. sees Rudy, who is looking up at him. His face

RUDY SR.

Hey.

Rudy doesn't answer.

TERRY

(To JANIE)

Hi, I'm Terry.

JANIE

Hello.

TERRY

And this is Rudy.

JANIE

You don't say.

TERRY

Rudy, meet Rudy.

from
the door.
Rudy Sr. looks away, shaking his head. JANIE moves away

JANIE

I'll just be in the kitchen.

TERRY

Nice to meet you.

Janie goes into the kitchen. Rudy Sr. watches her go.

TERRY

OK if we come in for a minute?

RUDY SR.

What the hell are you doin'?

TERRY

What do you mean what am I doin' --

back out Rudy Sr. starts walking toward Terry to make him go
the door.

RUDY SR.

Could you step away from the door
please?

TERRY

Well we just wanna --

RUDY SR.

Could you step away from the door
please?

TERRY

All right, all right.

behind They all go outside. Rudy Sr. pulls the door closed
him.

RUDY SR.

What are you doin' here?

TERRY

I just wanted the kid to see you --

RUDY SR.

Well, now he saw me.
(He looks at Rudy)
Now you saw me. OK?
(To Terry)
Now would you mind?

TERRY

Man, you are really --

RUDY SR.

Look: I'm tryin' to be polite. So
would you just take off? It's OK:

Just take off.

TERRY

I just wanna --

RUDY SR.

Do you know what you're doin'? Just get outta here!

TERRY

You know what, man? You're still a fuckin' asshole.

RUDY SR.

I'm an asshole? Get outta here!

they
sprawling
Rudy Sr. shoves Terry. Terry belts him, and suddenly
are throwing wild punches at each other. Rudy goes
in the dirt.

brutally.
trying
Terry knocks Rudy Sr. down and starts pummeling him
Janie comes out of the house and jumps on his back,
to pull him off.

JANIE

Get your fuckin' hands off him...!

resumes
Terry throws Janie off him, grabs Rudy Sr. again and
beating him up. Janie jumps back on top of him.
Two neighbors run toward the melee to break it up.

CUT TO:

is
Terry.
stands
CUT
A FEW MOMENTS LATER: The cops have arrived. The 1ST COP
talking to Rudy and Janie. The 2ND COP is talking to
Rudy Sr.'s face looks puffy and beaten up. A 3RD COP
apart with Rudy, who is watching the whole thing. WE
rapidly and jerkily through this section:

1ST COP

And you're not the boy's legal

guardian?

RUDY SR.

I don't even know if that's my kid!

JANIE

They just showed up! We never seen them before...

RUDY SR.

I used to know his sister --

TERRY

I just came down here to talk to the guy and all of a sudden he starts shovin' me!

2ND COP

Listen up. Listen up. You're gonna have to step back and just calm down --

TERRY

(To RUDY SR.)

You're a lyin' fuckin' piece of shit.

2ND COP

(To TERRY)

You're gonna have to step back.

JANIE

We have a right to protect ourselves. What else do you need to know?

A MOMENT LATER: The 2ND COP puts handcuffs on Terry.
watches.

Rudy

2ND COP

Now give me your right hand...

TERRY

This is such bullshit. He started the whole thing and you're arresting me?

2ND COP

Listen up. Now -- Listen up! Stop talkin'. Terry, stop talkin'.

CUT TO:

car,
into the

A MOMENT LATER: As the 3RD COP walks Rudy to one cop
Rudy watches the 2ND COP guide the HANDCUFFED TERRY
other car.

SR.
at him

Rudy gets in the back of the car and looks out at RUDY
and JANIE talking to the 1ST COP. Rudy Sr. is looking
over the 1st cop's shoulder.

2ND COP

-- idea where we might be able to
contact his mother?

RUDY SR.

No, because he's not my Goddamn kid.

Rudy.
The cop cars' doors slam first on Terry and then on

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

under the

The room is dark. Sammy and Brian are asleep, half
covers. SAMMY WAKES with a START.

SAMMY

What time is it?

BRIAN

(Startled awake)
What's the matter?

Sammy looks at the clock radio. 9:20.

SAMMY

Oh my gosh.

sides
A FEW MOMENTS LATER: Sammy and Brian are on opposite
of the bed, getting dressed.

BRIAN

Hey, you know, Nancy's gonna be gone
for the rest of the week...

SAMMY

You know... Brian...

BRIAN

Yeah?

SAMMY

Well, I don't want to... I mean, couldn't we just... I mean, could we give it a rest?

Pause.

BRIAN

Um -- Yeah. Sure. If you want to.

SAMMY

I mean... I just think... I don't know: We had a great little fling. You know? Let's not push it.

(Pause)

I mean, is that OK? I just --

BRIAN

Yeah. Sure. OK. You're right.

Pause.

SAMMY

So are we still friends?

BRIAN

(Nods tersely)

Mm hm. Sure.

SAMMY

All right. Good...!

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

inside the
The crickets are chattering. The phone is ringing
house.

INT. SAMMY'S BEDROOM. SIMULTANEOUS

answering
The PHONE is ringing on the NIGHTSTAND. The battered
machine CLICKS convulsively but does not pick up.

INT. SAMMY'S KITCHEN. NIGHT

Sammy is on the phone in her bathrobe.

SAMMY

Around two o'clock this afternoon...

Yeah, a ninety three Toyota Tercel.
New York plates V127AC... Please.

INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE -- FRONT DOOR. NIGHT

Sammy, dressed now, opens the door for BOB. She is very anxious.

SAMMY

Thanks for coming over. I just want
to have a car handy just in case.

BOB

No problem.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Sammy is on the phone. Bob sits at the table.

SAMMY

(Into the phone)

Well -- what about other towns?...
Yes! Yes! I called the highway patrol
four times... Well what am I supposed
to do all night?

INT. SAMMY'S LIVING ROOM. LATER

She
with
Sammy and Bob sit silently in the living room, waiting.
is smoking. The CLOCK READS 12:40. Sammy is going crazy
anxiety.

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE. MORNING

sun
The PHONE rings inside the house as the early morning
slants through the trees around the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM. SIMULTANEOUS

--
The RINGING PHONE wakes BOB, on the sofa in his clothes

INT. SAMMY'S BEDROOM. SIMULTANEOUS

her
-- and Sammy, half asleep on top of her bed, also in
clothes. She GRABS the PHONE.

SAMMY

(Into phone)
Hello?

INT. BOB'S CAR (MOVING). DAY

Bob drives Sammy along the highway. She stares out the window.
She turns and watches Bob drive for a long moment.

INT. BANK. DAY

Brian walks through the morning bank activity and stops at Mabel's desk.

BRIAN

Anyone hear from Sammy this morning?

MABEL

I didn't.

BRIAN

Uh huh. Well, if anyone ever hears from her ever again, will you let me know?

MABEL

Yes.

EXT. AUBURN POLICE STATION. DAY

On the steps of the police station, Sammy, Rudy and Bob wait as Sheriff Darryl shakes hands with the Auburn Sheriff. The Auburn Sheriff goes inside. Darryl comes over to Sammy.

SHERIFF

It's gonna be all right... We got on the phone and talked to Rudy Sr. a little bit and he's calmed down, just wants to forget about the whole thing...

SAMMY

Darryl, I really appreciate this...

The Sheriff nods, but he's not thrilled to be here.

INT. SAMMY'S LIVING ROOM. DUSK

Terry
to the

the

The PHONE IS RINGING. Sammy comes in the front door,
and Rudy behind her. She snaps on the lights, hurries
phone and picks up.

Behind her, Rudy goes upstairs and Terry plunks down on
sofa and turns on the TV.

SAMMY

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH BRIAN, AT THE BANK.

BRIAN

Yeah, it's Brian.

SAMMY

Brian --

BRIAN

What the hell happened to you today,
lady?

SAMMY is about to answer, but she just HANGS UP
instead.

BRIAN is stunned into sheer gaping fury. Feverishly he
hangs up and dials again. It RINGS.

Sammy picks up.

SAMMY

Hello?

BRIAN

You're fired!

SAMMY

GOOD!

She hangs up again.

INT. RUDY'S ROOM. NIGHT

Sammy is tucking Rudy into bed.

SAMMY

Rudy?

RUDY

Yeah?

SAMMY

Is there anything you want to ask me, about your father?

RUDY

Oh, that wasn't my father.

SAMMY

What?

RUDY

That wasn't him. I heard him tell the cops.

SAMMY

No -- Rudy -- that was him. But that was him. I wish it wasn't, but it was.

RUDY

(Very quiet)

No it wasn't.

SAMMY

Rudy. Yes it was. Your father's name is Rudy Kolinski. He lives in Auburn...

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

softly. We
the
the
stairs for a moment.

Sammy comes out of Rudy's room, shutting the door
HEAR the TV going downstairs. She stands at the top of

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

the
living
trembling.

Terry is watching TV on the sofa with his feet up on
coffee table. Sammy comes down the stairs and into the
room. He keeps watching TV. She doesn't sit. She is

SAMMY

Could you turn that off for a minute please?

He turns off the TV.

TERRY

You don't have to say anything, Sammy.

SAMMY

I want you to leave.

Terry looks at her.

TERRY

What do you mean?

SAMMY

I mean I don't think you should live here anymore. I don't think you know how to behave around an eight-year-old and I don't know how to make you stop, so I think you shouldn't live here. I don't know what else to say.

TERRY

I don't know how to behave around an eight-year-old?

SAMMY

That's right --

TERRY

I think you don't know how to behave around an eight-year-old.

SAMMY

Are you out of your MIND!?!

Silence.

SAMMY

Now you just listen to me. I may not be the greatest mother in the world, but I'm doing the best I know how. And he doesn't need you to rub his face in shit because you think it's good for him. He's going to find out the world is a horrible place and that people suck soon enough, and without any help from you. Believe me!

Sammy tries to get ahold of herself. Her voice is shaking.

SAMMY

I think you should get your own place.
I thought, if you want, you could --
I'll be glad to help you out
financially --

TERRY

What do you mean, Get my own place?

SAMMY

I mean I --

TERRY

You mean in Scottsville?

SAMMY

Yes.

TERRY

Why would I do that? Why don't I
just leave, period?

SAMMY

(Quietly)

Well... If that's what you want to
do, that's fine. But that's not what
I'm saying. You are a very important
person to Rudy, and you are the most
important person to me. But I'm saying
that I can't take any more of this --

TERRY

Well --

SAMMY

-- I thought -- maybe you could sell
your half of the house to me, and I
could pay you whatever it is over a
certain amount of time, and that way --

TERRY

No, you know what? I'll just go.

He turns the TV back on.

SAMMY

(Very quietly)

Well -- that's not what I'm saying.

Terry shrugs and watches TV.

INT. TERRY'S ROOM. NIGHT

Terry is packing his bag. Rudy is watching.

RUDY

Where are you going?

TERRY

I don't know. I just want to get out of this town. And if you've got any sense when you get old enough you'll get out of here too. Your Mom's gonna live in this town for the rest of her life, and you know why? Because she thinks she has to. Don't ask me why, but that's the truth. She thinks there's all these things she has to do, but you want to know one thing about your Mom? She's a bigger fuck-up than I ever was. I mean, I know I messed up. You think I enjoy getting thrown in jail because I wanted you to face that prick your Dad like a little man and see what kind of a guy he is? I know I got a little carried away, and I lost my temper just a little bit -- which is not the end of the world either, by the way, just for future reference -- And now she's kickin' me out of my own house because -- you know, because I fucked up a little bit. Which I totally admit. I was like -- totally ready to admit that.

He is finished stuffing his clothes into his backpack.

RUDY

I could go with you.

TERRY

Well, thanks, man. But I, uh, I can't really take care of you.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

RINGS.
down
Sammy is flipping channels on the TV. The DOORBELL
She is surprised. She gets up. Terry comes thundering
the stairs, carrying his backpack.

SAMMY

Is that for you?

TERRY

Yeah, I'm just gonna stay at Ray's till I take off.

SAMMY

You don't have to do that.

TERRY

Yeah. Well, that's what I wanna do, so --

SAMMY

Well but -- Are you gonna come back to say good-bye?

TERRY

No -- I'm just gonna take off. I'll see you later.

SAMMY

Well --

door
OFF. The
Terry opens the door. RAY is there. Terry closes the
behind him. Sammy listens to the PICKUP TRUCK DRIVE
sound FADES.

INT. RAY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

b.g.,
pillow
Terry is bunked down on Ray's horrible sofa. In the
there is a light on in the bedroom. Terry fluffs his
and shuts his eyes.

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE. DAY

car.
Dressed for work and school, Sammy and Rudy walk to the

SAMMY

Look. I know you're upset about Uncle Terry leaving, and so am I. But he's just not in control of himself, and I don't want him hurting your feelings anymore -- or mine. And you may not like it, but that's how it's gotta be. OK?

RUDY

I don't care.

SAMMY

You don't care. I don't care either.

INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE. DAY

Sammy sits in front of Brian's desk.

BRIAN

Well... I'm sorry you're havin' all this trouble...

SAMMY

Thank you.

BRIAN

But you made a pretty good speech to me yesterday about people sticking to their commitments...

SAMMY

Yeah...?

BRIAN

Well... you made a commitment to this bank, Sammy. To this job.

SAMMY

I know I'd --

BRIAN

And to working things out with this tough new son of a bitch boss of yours. And whatever might have passed between us after hours doesn't mean you just walk away from that commitment -- yeah, even when you have a legitimate family emergency.

SAMMY

I'm really sorry I didn't --

BRIAN

Which is why I think in the calm cold light of day, we should both think real hard about whether or not you really want to continue on here at Merchants National Trust.

SAMMY

You're not serious.

BRIAN

...you're not happy, I'm not happy,
it's not good for you and it sure as
heck isn't good for the bank.

Pause.

SAMMY

You know you're the worst manager
we've ever had?

BRIAN

Come on, Sammy...

SAMMY

By far the worst.

BRIAN

...I don't wanna trade insults with
you.

SAMMY

Well, I don't want to be fired, Brian.
I've been working here for seven
years.

BRIAN

Well --

SAMMY

And if I were you I'd be a little
nervous about firing an employee I
just had an affair with. OK?

BRIAN

That's -- Don't threaten me, Sammy:
I'm not threatening you. I -- It's
just an area I think we should
explore.

SAMMY

I'm not thr -- You explore it. I'm
going back to work.

She heads for the door, stops.

SAMMY

Oh, and I have to pick up Rudy today
because there's no one else to do
it. But I'll find someone as soon as

I have time.

BRIAN

Yeah. Fine. Why don't you just take over the whole bank?

Sammy hesitates in the doorway. This thought has never occurred to her before. She goes out.

INT. LUNCH PLACE. DAY

Sammy

THROUGH THE WINDOW we see Sammy and Bob having lunch. watches him eat, full of mixed feelings about him.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Sammy is at the stove, making pancakes. She puts a last pancake onto Rudy's plate and brings it to him.

SAMMY

Well, I called where Uncle Terry said he was gonna stay, and there was no answer, so I don't know if he's still in town or not.

Rudy doesn't answer.

SAMMY

Rudy? Are you not speaking to me?

Rudy doesn't answer.

SAMMY

Well, I'm sorry you're so mad at me, but I only did what I thought I had to do, and I hope you don't stay mad at me for the rest of your life.

He opens the maple syrup and pours it on the pancakes.

SAMMY

Rudy, that's too much.

upsets

He keeps pouring. She grabs the bottle from him and some of the dishes on the table.

SAMMY

You gotta cut this out!

RUDY

What did I do?

SAMMY

You don't know what you're talking about! There was nothing else I could do! I can't explain it better than that, but you can't go on like this because you don't know anything about it and you don't know what you're doing!

RUDY

(Frightened)

OK, I'm sorry!

SAMMY

I don't want you to be sorry, I just want you to STOP IT!

RUDY

I will! I will! I'm stopping, I'm sorry.

He comes around the table to her.

RUDY

See? I'm stopping! I'm not doing it. See? I'm not.

He's very alarmed. Sammy looks at him for a long moment.

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY

his Terry walks through the little cemetery gate and makes way up the hill through the tombstones. He reaches his parents' graves. He looks at the tombstones for a moment. He puts his hand on top of one headstone, then the other.

He sits down and smokes. He looks up at the SKY. It's a beautiful deep blue sky dotted with billowy white clouds.

He looks out over the hilly scenery. After a moment he shakes his head a few times. He doesn't even know he's doing it. He sits there.

INT. RAY'S HOUSE. DAY

walks
KEEPS

The PHONE IS RINGING as Terry walks into the house. He past it, to the fridge, gets a beer and opens it. It RINGING. He picks it up.

TERRY

(Into phone)
Ray's house.

INT. BANK -- SAMMY'S DESK. DAY

Sammy is at her desk on the phone.

SAMMY

Hi.

WE CUT BETWEEN THEM. Terry doesn't say anything.

SAMMY

I didn't know if you left yet.

TERRY

No -- I'm leavin' tomorrow.

SAMMY

Well -- What time?

TERRY

There's a bus at nine.

SAMMY

Well -- Can I -- I'd like to see you before you go. I mean, can I give you a lift? Or do you want to have breakfast or anything? And I think Rudy would really like to say good-bye.

TERRY

Yeah -- I don't know... I mean --

SAMMY

Terry, you can't just leave like this. I --

TERRY

All right, all right. I'll come by in the morning.

SAMMY

All right -- But just -- We have to be out of the house by eight, so -- I don't want to tell Rudy you're coming unless you really think you can make it --

TERRY

Yeah -- No -- I'll be there.

SAMMY

All right.

TERRY

All right.

INT. KITCHEN. MORNING

Sammy is clearing the breakfast dishes. Rudy is finishing up his cereal. The clock reads 7:50.

SAMMY

You should get your sneakers on.

EXT. HOUSE. A MOMENT LATER

Sammy comes out and looks up and down the road.

INT. LIVING ROOM. A FEW MOMENTS LATER

His
CLOCK:
him.

Rudy sits in the living room in his baseball jacket. knapsack is on the floor beside him. He looks at the 8:06. Sammy comes into the living room and looks at

SAMMY

Sweetie, I'm sorry, we have to go.

RUDY

Why can't I miss school one day?

They HEAR the PICKUP PULL UP OUTSIDE, O.C. Rudy gets up immediately.

EXT. THE HOUSE. A MOMENT LATER

door

Terry jumps out of RAY'S PICKUP. Sammy opens the front and Rudy runs out toward Terry.

RUDY

Hi!

TERRY

Hey, how's it goin', man?

Sammy, in

Rudy stops short in front of Terry. Terry looks at the doorway.

TERRY

Sorry I'm late.

EXT./INT. CAR. DAY

KIDS

Sammy,

The car stops across the street from the BUS. The LAST are getting in. SAMMY HONKS for the bus driver, and Terry and Rudy all get out.

TERRY

So Rudy... If I write you a letter, will you write me back?

RUDY

Yeah.

TERRY

OK, well, that's gonna be pretty nice for you, because I write a pretty Goddamn interesting letter.

RUDY

Yeah, we'll see.

TERRY

All right. Well, say good-bye.

RUDY

Bye.

overcome

Rudy hugs Terry. Terry hugs him back. He is suddenly and presses his lips to the top of Rudy's head.

Rudy walks to the BUS and gets on. The bus pulls away.

moves

Alone now, Sammy and Terry are not that comfortable. He to get back in the car, and she does the same.

EXT. BENCH. DAY

Terry's
Sammy and Terry sit on a bench near the bus stop.
backpack is by his side.

SAMMY

Do you need some cash for the bus?

TERRY

No, I got a few bucks... Aren't you gonna be late for work?

SAMMY

Oh -- Yeah. That's OK.

(Pause)

Terry, I don't even know where you're going.

TERRY

Oh, well, I didn't really have a concrete plan yet. I have to go back to Worcester and get my stuff...

SAMMY

Oh, are you gonna try to see that girl?

TERRY

Well... Yeah... You know... Thought maybe I'd try to show my face... Let her brother have a crack at me...

SAMMY

What?

TERRY

No...

SAMMY

...I don't want anyone to have a crack at you.

TERRY

I'm just kidding. I just thought... Just thought I'd check up on her...

(Pause)

Anyway, after that, I don't really know. I've been thinking about Alaska a lot. I still got some friends out there. I don't really know. Anyway, I'll write you.

SAMMY

You will?

TERRY

Sure, Sammy. Of course I will. You know that.

Pause.

SAMMY

What is gonna happen to you?

TERRY

Nothing too bad... But I gotta tell you, I know things didn't work out too well this time...

SAMMY

Well, Terry --

TERRY

...but it's always really good to know that wherever I am, whatever stupid shit I'm doing, you're back at my home, rooting for me.

SAMMY

I do root for you.

She starts crying, and looks down.

TERRY

Come on, Sammy. Everything's gonna be all right... Comparatively... And I'll be back this way...

SAMMY

I feel like I'm never gonna see you again...!

TERRY

Of course you will, Sammy. You never have to worry about that.

SAMMY

Please don't go till you know where you're going. Please...!

TERRY

I do know where I'm going. I'm going to Worcester and I'm gonna try to

see that girl. And then depending on what happens there, I thought I'd try to see if there's any work for me out West. And if there is, I'm gonna head out there for the summer and try to make some money. And if there isn't, I'll figure something else out. Maybe I'll stay around the East. I don't know... I really liked it in Alaska. It was really beautiful. You just -- It made me feel good. And before things got so messed up I was doin' pretty well out there. Seriously. But I couldn't stay here long, Sammy: I don't want to live here. But I'm gonna stay in touch. And I'll be back. 'Cause I want to see you and I want to see Rudy. I'll come home for Christmas. How about that? We'll have Christmas together.

(Pause)

Come on, Sammy. You can trust me...

leaking
Still looking down, Sammy shakes her head, tears
down her cheeks.

TERRY

Come on, Sammy... Look at me... Look at me...

She looks at him.

TERRY

Hey, Sammy... Remember when we were kids, remember what we always used to say to each other . . . ?

(Pause)

Remember when we were kids?

SAMMY

Of course I do...!

gently.
She throws her arms around his neck. He pats her

INT./EXT. BUS. DAY

the
The DOORS OPEN and Terry comes up the steps and into
bus. Outside, Sammy watches him pay the driver and move
through the bus toward his seat. The BUS DOORS CLOSE.

EXT. BUS. CONTINUOUS

STREET,
Sammy waves till the BUS DRIVES all the way down MAIN
turns a corner and is gone.

INT. BUS. CONTINUOUS

go
Terry, in his seat, turns forward and watches the view
by. He smiles a little.

INT. SAMMY'S CAR (MOVING). DAY

into
the
The morning sunlight flickers through the windshield
the car as Sammy drives along toward work. She passes
TOWN HALL CLOCK and sees that it's 9:20.

her
window to let the morning breeze blow through.

town at
a slow and easy pace.

THE END