

GENERATIONS

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. KEYSTONE - AUSTIN TEXAS - DAY [**NOW**]

A HOUSE sprawls on a Texas knoll.

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

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

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

Couple of dogs, couple of cars about.

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

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

MACE

Who the hell taught you to drive like that?

MOLLY

In the genes.

MACE

You only killed a dog or two.

MOLLY

Do you want to know or not?

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

MACE

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

MOLLY

Living to give me grief.

MACE
Damn straight.

MOLLY
Well, they're coming.

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

MOLLY
Any minute. Is the house ready?

MACE
Took forty some years. But take a look.

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

THE HOUSE FREEZES [CGI]

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

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

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

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

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

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

On the screen appears: 1960's

THE WOMAN

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

EXT./INT. HOUSE - LOOKING IN - SUNSET

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

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

LU ANN

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

MACE

We're gonna make a stand right
here.

LU ANN

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

MACE

This piece of land. This skeleton,
these rocks.

LU ANN

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

MACE

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

LU ANN

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

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

MACE

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

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

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

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

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

He heads to a cantilevered bare bones set of stairs.

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

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

INT. BEDROOM - TOP OF THE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

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

MACE
Gonna set this in place.

LU ANN
The wall's blue.

MACE
Bettin' on it, Darlin'.

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

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

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

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

LU ANN

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

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

On the screen appears: 1980's.

MOLLY

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

LU ANN

Oh, I can see that.

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

MOLLY

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

LU ANN

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

MOLLY

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

LU ANN

Yeah, pop out you came. Nothing to it.

(MORE)

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

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

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

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

MOLLY
 Oh that. It's nothing.

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

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

MOLLY
 I got it.

LU ANN
 Which boy friend is it?

MOLLY
 There's only one.

LU ANN
 Does he know that?

MOLLY
 What?

LU ANN
 Which ever one it isn't.

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

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

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

SUZANNE

This thing is falling down.

MOLLY

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

SUZANNE

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

MOLLY

Here let me have that thing. You
lie down.

SUZANNE

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

On the screen appears: PRESENT DAY

MOLLY

Spent your entire childhood just
waiting to escape--

SUZANNE

Exactly!

MOLLY

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

SUZANNE

(right past that)

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

MOLLY

I'm sure everything's just fine--

SUZANNE

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

MOLLY

(a sea change)

Nobody's ever really ready. Not
that I can remember so far away and
long ago.

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

SUZANNE
You never talk about it.

MOLLY
Every birth is the same. Every one
different.

SUZANNE
You should be a fortune cookie. Who
was there?

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

SUZANNE
I've gotta dress for the 40th.

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

SUZANNE
I thought we Samworths always show
up.

MOLLY
Legs up to be safe.

SUZANNE
One thing?

MOLLY
What's that?

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

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

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

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

SUZANNE

You act like you bled or something.

MOLLY

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

SUZANNE

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

MOLLY

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

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

SUZANNE

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

MOLLY

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

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

SUZANNE

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

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

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

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

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

MOLLY

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

(MORE)

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

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

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

RIP
Mirror mirror, whattaya see?

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

RIP
All this from the mirror?

MOLLY
All this from years of living with
you.

RIP
Whew. Are we done?

MOLLY
Are we?

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

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

MOLLY
Rip...

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

MOLLY

Think Suzanne's not feeling great--

RIP

(kidding set aside)

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

The second phone RINGS again.

MOLLY

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

INT. KEYSTONE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

STEP BERARA

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

(the IMAGE drags a bit)

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

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

SUZANNE

Hombre?!

RIP

(coming in)

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

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

RIP
You can save it? I don't
understand.

SUZANNE
You're such an old man.

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

SUZANNE
Two Grumpy Old Men.

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

SUZANNE
A little late for that Dad.

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

SUZANNE
A lot late.

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

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

SUZANNE
Hopefully soon enough.

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

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

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

SUZANNE
Doin the cuckaracha all night long.

RIP
But *you're* okay?

SUZANNE
I'm fine.

RIP
You're sure?

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

RIP
I say to bed with you.

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

RIP
And risk the wrath of Keystone?

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

SUZANNE
Step Berara...I love you.

She smiles and yet is not so far from tears.

INT. KEYSTONE - DOWNSTAIRS LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

A celebration of this Whole Keystone World Family.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MOLLY

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

TRAVIS

But can you drink from it?

MOLLY

You just watch.

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

JASON

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

MOLLY

Shut up.

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

TRAVIS

My turn.

But she won't let it go.

JASON

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

MOLLY

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

TRAVIS

(wrestling the trophy)

My turn--

(imbibes)

To all our hard work, to Jason who
put the car together, to me who
made it run--

MOLLY

Who made me run--

TRAVIS

To me who made it run--

MOLLY

To you who made me--

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

MOLLY (CONT'D)

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

JASON

Like *magic*, and just the first--

MOLLY

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

JASON

Who is driven.

MOLLY

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

JASON

Who is getting drunk.

MOLLY

Damn right, absolutely damn
right...

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

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

THE CROWD IN THE STANDS - CLOSER AND CLOSER

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

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

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

RIP
I thought you left.

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

RIP
My personality or my clothes.

MOLLY
Either. Both.

And she's out the door. Gone.

INT. KEYSTONE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. AUSTIN MOTORS (**NOW**)

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

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

INT. AUSTIN MOTORS - BACK SERVICE AREA - CONTINUOUS

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

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

The CAR itself is no more than a chimeric shape.

LU ANN

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

MACE

Wanna take a look?

LU ANN

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

MACE

Think it'll fly?

LU ANN

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

MACE

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

LU ANN

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

Mace SLAMS the hood.

MACE

We gotta little time.

LU ANN

Whoa, Cowboy.

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

LU ANN (CONT'D)

People might see.

MACE

No...not that you care.

LU ANN

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

MACE

I'm excited.

LU ANN

I can tell that, but--

MACE

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

LU ANN

Come here.

MACE

What?

There's not far to come.

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

And the one very GYNORMOUS one from the LONGHORN 500.

LU ANN
Am I supposed to stop?

MACE
Wouldn't that be lady like?

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

MACE
I vote yes.

LU ANN
I submitted to your charms long
ago.

MACE
I voted yes then, too.

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

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

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

MACE
Opportunity knocks. No customers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She laughs, and

INT. AUSTIN MOTORS - NIGHT [**NOW**]

Lu Ann is still laughing 40 years later.

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

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

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

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

Rip Mulchahy stares at that same GYNORMOUS TROPHY.

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

RIP
 What're you doing?

JASON
 Over here? Looking for magic.

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

RIP

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

JASON

That's the idea. Isn't.

RIP

Funny.

JASON

My car?

RIP

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

JASON

Why's that?

RIP

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

JASON

(his own laugh)

Nowhere I'd say.

RIP

I'm not talking about cars.

JASON

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

RIP

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

JASON

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

RIP

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

(MORE)

RIP (CONT'D)

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

JASON

Now we're talking.

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

JASON (CONT'D)

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

RIP

If you were talking about cars...

JASON

If.

The two men look each other in the low light.

RIP

Can I have a copy of that?

JASON

What?

RIP

That thing.

JASON

Why?

RIP

First car I've ever seen I liked.

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

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

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

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

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

TRAVIS

Where are we going?

MOLLY

Sssh..

TRAVIS

In your house?

MOLLY

Up here.

TRAVIS

What if--?

MOLLY

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

TRAVIS

But--

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

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

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

MOLLY

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

TRAVIS

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

MOLLY

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

TRAVIS

Just a question.

MOLLY

Shut up!

TRAVIS

Well, if you insist.

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

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

After a second, a form awkwardly rises.

Suzanne.

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

Bent over.

INT. KEYSTONE - UPSTAIRS WALKWAY

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

SUZANNE

Mom... Sis...

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

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

FADE OUT

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

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

The 40th Anniversary celebration is in full sway.

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

A full on tex-mex fiesta.

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

MACE

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

(and)

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

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

MACE (CONT'D)

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

(laughter and applause)

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

(MORE)

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

INT. KEYSTONE HOUSE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

SUZANNE
What?

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

CHINA
No answer.

SUZANNE
Try again. Try...

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

INT. AUSTIN MOTORS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

MACE (CONT'D)
The Longhorn!

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

MOLLY
Betcha Donna can't do that.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No wonder she can't hear the PHONE.

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

Travis walks past the unveiled Longhorn, and

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

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

MOLLY
No, I just thought--

TRAVIS
Well, you are damn it.

MOLLY
Damn it what?

TRAVIS
Pisses me off.

MOLLY
That I am?

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

MOLLY
Is that so bad?

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

MOLLY
Well, that's just delightful.

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

MOLLY
Your time.....

TRAVIS

What do you want me to say?

MOLLY

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

(and)

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

TRAVIS

So don't--want you what?

MOLLY

I'm pregnant.

TRAVIS

How the hell did that happen?

MOLLY

Funny, when you do it like bunnies.

It's amazing what can happen.

(silence)

You don't want it....

TRAVIS

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

MOLLY

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

(silence)

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

They disappear behind the next showroom model.

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

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

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

MOLLY

You've come a long way.

TRAVIS
Seemed the thing to do.

MOLLY
Oh...why's that?

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

TRAVIS
Apologize.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARY SUE

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

KYLE

But this is--romantic. Listen.

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

MARY SUE

What if somebody comes?

KYLE

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

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

MARY SUE

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

KYLE

Woo-ooo--.

MARY SUE

I tell you--

KYLE

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

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

MOLLY

Hey there Mary Sue. How ya doing?

KYLE

Mom....!

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

MOLLY

Good call, Kyle.

KYLE

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

MOLLY

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

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

KYLE

It's not supposed to come yet.

MOLLY

Suzanne's left for the hospital.

KYLE

Big deal, Mother. Just a baby.

MOLLY

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

EXT. AUSTIN MOTORS LOT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Travis's face.

JASON (V.O.)

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

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

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

JASON (CONT'D)

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

MOLLY

Stop it. We're not Catholic.

JASON

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

MOLLY

I'm gonna do this.

(and)

You got a better answer. I can't have it. I've got to.

JASON

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

MOLLY

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

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

MOLLY (CONT'D)

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

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

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Where's your magic now, brother?
When I need it. Give me a
prescription.

(he says nothing. *Nothing*)
Oh shutup! You don't know anything.

JASON

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

MOLLY

You know I dated him.

JASON

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

MOLLY

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

JASON

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

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

MOLLY

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

JASON

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

MOLLY

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

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

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

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

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

RIP

Whoa.

MOLLY

I thought I'd surprise you.

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

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Bet you can't catch me.

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

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Well, if you're not going to try.

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

MOLLY
Maybe now's another chance.

RIP
What am I missing?

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

RIP
I'm not a boy scout.

MOLLY
I'll make sure of that.

RIP
Or--sloppy seconds.

MOLLY
Shit.

RIP
What?

MOLLY
(attempts a laugh)
Can't I ever pick the easy ones?
I thought you wanted this.

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

MOLLY
Shit.

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

RIP
What?

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

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

INT. KEYSTONE BEDROOM - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

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

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

MOLLY
I'm fine.

LU ANN
Sure you are.

MOLLY
Stop looking at me like that?

LU ANN
Like what?

MOLLY
Like you know everything.

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

MOLLY
Seems I get pregnant at the first hint of a spit of sperm.
(and)
I went to get an abortion...I couldn't do it... I'm a race car driver, a champion. Was gonna be.
(and now)
So what could I do?

LU ANN
I'm sure this will be good.

MOLLY
I went to see Rip.

LU ANN
And you told him?

MOLLY
...It could be his.

LU ANN
This is getting better and better.

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

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

LU ANN
And Rip Mulcahy?

MOLLY
I don't know.

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

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - NIGHT [NOW]

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

FADE OUT

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

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

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

KYLE
It's really starting to come down.

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

KYLE
I keep trying.

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

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

KYLE
I've got Grammie.

MOLLY
Give me the phone.

INT. AUSTIN MOTORS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

LU ANN
What?... What? Molly?..
(and)
It may be nothing. For all we know--
Suzanne will deliver without a complication.

MOLLY
(inter cut)
Right. Like no one in this family has trouble with pregnancies.

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

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

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

LU ANN (CONT'D)
Mace.

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

LU ANN
Excuse me, One and All.

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

Mace's face. It changes.

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

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

LU ANN
I remember--

They power through the doors.

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

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

LU ANN
I'm all right, you Fool.

MACE
We're not taking any chances.

LU ANN
What are you--nervous?

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

They reach a station wagon.

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

MACE
A gift for somebody.

LU ANN
Where'd you get it?

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

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

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

Spatters of rain fall.

LU ANN
It's getting wet, dirty.

MACE
That's why God invented windshield
wipers.

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

He helps her in, turning shadow behind the windshield.

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

Mace and Lu Ann get in now, start off.

LU ANN
A great grand child.

MACE
Impossible! This'll be different.

LU ANN
Yeah? You listening God?

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

LU ANN
You did that once.

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

LU ANN
Put a sock in it, Sir.

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

LU ANN
I've got Molly.

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

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - INTER CUT - CONTINUOUS

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

MOLLY
In the rain.

MACE
Knowing you, racing the drops.

MOLLY
Gonna win too.

MACE

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

MOLLY

Been doing that, Pop.

MACE

Not working so far. What's your
ETA?

MOLLY

Twelve minutes. Ten.

INT. MACE'S CAR - INTER CUT - CONTINUOUS

MACE

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

LU ANN

(no blue tooth)

Give me that.

(taking the cell)

Molly

(listening)

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

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

LU ANN

And where's Rip?

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

MOLLY

I don't know.

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

KYLE

Mom....

MOLLY

All right, all right, try your
father again.

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

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

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

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

MOLLY
(a contraction)
AAAHHHHHHH!

RIP
How bad?

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

RIP
(checks his watch)
Five minutes.

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

RIP
You're the driver.

MOLLY
Was.

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

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

She pushes against her already pushed envelope.

RIP
No.

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

MOLLY

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

RIP

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

(then)

But a beautiful whale.

MOLLY

Don't try and sweet talk me.

RIP

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

(off her look)

Tough.

MOLLY

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

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

RIP

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

(strums imaginary strings)

Wake up, little Suzy. Wake up--

MOLLY

Who are you?!

RIP

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

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

MOLLY

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

(and)

(MORE)

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

RIP
Wow, you've changed.

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

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

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

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

The RAIN. Molly's face.

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

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

Except he's on the phone and now:

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

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

FADE OUT.

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. RIP'S CAR - NIGHT [NOW]

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

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

He's lost the call. The RAIN intensifying.

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The RAIN intensifying.

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

MARY SUE
Maybe it's the rain.

KYLE
What about Dad?

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

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

MOLLY
Really.

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

INT. MACE'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mace and Lu Ann, driving.

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

MACE
Okay Boss.

But he doesn't really slow down.

LU ANN

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

MACE

Forty some years of yesterdays.

LU ANN

Some losses in those yesterdays

MACE

We still got some tomorrows.

LU ANN

Well, first get through tonight.

MACE

We're not going to lose this baby.

A vow, a hoped certainty. He turns to Lu Ann, and

INT. STATION WAGON - EVENING [MATCH CUT] [1960'S]

That evening in RAIN in the station wagon on loan.

LU ANN

Mace.

MACE

Right here.

LU ANN

I'm not having any fun.

MACE

What can I do?

LU ANN

Hurry. You can hurry.

The rain SPLATS, and he turns on the WIPERS.

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - NIGHT (NOW)

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

KYLE

Mom, I can't see anything.

MOLLY

The road's flooding.

KYLE
How can you tell?

MOLLY
I can feel it.

But she brakes even so.

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

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

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

INT. MACE'S CAR - NIGHT (NOW)

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

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. STATION WAGON - EVENING (1960'S)

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

INT. MACE'S CAR - NIGHT (NOW)

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

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

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

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

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

INT. AUSTIN HOSPITAL - ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

SUZANNE
What are you doing?

CHINA
Setting up the camera.

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

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

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

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

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

STEP BERARA (O.S.)
What?

SUZANNE
The baby's coming.

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

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

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

CHINA
(overwhelmed)
I'm here.

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

CHINA
China.

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

SUZANNE
I've stopped counting.

STEP BERARA
Where's the doctor?

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

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

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

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

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

SUZANNE
Step...

INT. AUSTIN HOSPITAL - RECEIVING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

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

KYLE
What is it?

MOLLY
Donna's an army information
officer.

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

MOLLY
So...why are you calling--

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

KYLE
Mom.

MOLLY
Shit.

Lower ones, far lower, FLICKER on.

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

They move by a rain pocked window.

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

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

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

LU ANN
We're not going to make it.

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

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

MACE
Not selling now. I'm right here.

LU ANN

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

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

LU ANN (CONT'D)

What if we lose this one too?

MACE

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

LU ANN

Where's your boat?

MACE

I'll swim.

LU ANN

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

MACE

The old pro.

LU ANN

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

MACE

Got a lot more than that.

LU ANN

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

She CRIES out.

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

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

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

The CAMERA she placed rolls on.

SUZANNE

Mama.

MOLLY

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

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

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

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

MACE

Here we go.

LU ANN

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

MACE

You asked for hot water.

LU ANN

Is it clean?

MACE

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

LU ANN

You're wet.

MACE

Seems to be raining out there. What else?

LU ANN

Something cool.

MACE

All I have to do is open the window.

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

LU ANN

That's it.

(contraction coming)

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

MACE

Don't wear yourself out talking.

LU ANN

I like to talk.

MACE

You're telling me.

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

LU ANN

(his hand)

Put it back.

(he does)

Mace...why?

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

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

Arriving, Lu Ann gets out of their car.

LU ANN

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

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

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LOOKING UP - CONTINUOUS

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

MOLLY

Mama, what do you think?

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

LU ANN

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

MOLLY

Hang in Suze. You are so close.

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

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

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

JIMINEZ

What do we have here? Seems we're
a little short of staff tonight.
Out in the rain somewhere. Gotta
love these lights. I'm Doctor
Jiminez, this is Nurse Bowie.

(to Lu Ann)

Nurse Samworth isn't it?

LU ANN

Yes Doctor, long ago and far away.

JIMINEZ

And back again I hear. And you are?

SUZANNE

Suzanne.

JIMINEZ

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

JIMINEZ

And?

MOLLY

Molly, the mother.

JIMINEZ

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

INT. STATION WAGON - DUSK (1960'S)

The beat of the RAIN. Mace and Lu Ann.

LU ANN

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

MACE

Or me?...

(and)

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

(and)

Dearly Beloved--

LU ANN

Are you crazy?

MACE

We are gathered together--

*(the Strongest
Contraction)*

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

LU ANN

Here it comes--

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

MACE

--to join together--

LU ANN

--this man and this woman--

MACE

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

LU ANN

--through blessings and
catastrophes--

(she passes the baby)

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

MACE

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

LU ANN

A Molly?

MACE

I vote yes. And then--

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

MACE
I vote Goddam yes.

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

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - NIGHT (NOW)

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

His son- and grand-son in law.

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

STEP BERARA
With Rip's help.

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

RIP
Really.

MACE
How' you, Son?

STEP BERARA
Hurryng, Sir.

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

MACE
Good to see ya.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RIP
And some Colonels and Generals.

MOLLY
(*a second melting*)
And you.

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

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

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

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

Suzanne takes and carries the baby out of the car.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NARRATOR (V.O.
So here we all are, gathered in
triumph together with our
craziness, our secrets and sorrows,
our hopes and joys for a kind of
miracle.

(it's clear now: it's
Robert Redford speaking)
Even me in my own way--I'm with
them. Still. Always. Looking over
them as best as I can.

(and)
And for this moment and many to
come it is as I said to my sister--

MOLLY
...magic...

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

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

"S"

that has marked this family for generations.

FADE TO BLACK.