

"YOU CAN COUNT ON ME"

Screenplay by

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SHOOTING DRAFT

2000

FADE IN:

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

The shifting lights from the odd passing car play over the faces of MR. and MRS. PRESCOTT, a pleasant-looking couple in their late thirties, dressed up for a night out. Mr. Prescott 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.

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

MRS. PRESCOTT

Tom --

MR. PRESCOTT

I see him...

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

MRS. PRESCOTT

Tom!

MR. PRESCOTT

Jesus!

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

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

MRS. PRESCOTT

(Screams)

Tom!

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

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PRESCOTTS' FRONT DOOR. NIGHT

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

A moment.

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

REVERSE: DARRYL, the SHERIFF, a portly fellow with glasses 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.

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

EXT. CHURCH. DAY

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

INT. TOWN CHURCH. DAY

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

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCOTTSVILLE CEMETERY. SIXTEEN YEARS LATER. DAY

On the beautiful hill overlooking the beautiful windy green country, SAMMY, twenty-seven years old now, puts flowers on her parents' graves with quick, practiced movements.

She is a nice-looking young woman of a neat appearance, saved from primness by an elusive, pleasantly flustered quality. 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 weeds and then bows her head and closes her eyes.

CREDITS END.

EXT. SCOTTSVILLE -- MAIN STREET. DAY

Scottsville is a small town. Main Street. Run-down old stores next to a new bank, a couple of chain stores, a few restaurants of varying ambitions. Civil War statue. World War I statue. World War II statue. Residential streets wandering away from Main Street up and down hills. You know there's a minimal somewhere nearby. A fair amount of activity during the daytime.

SAMMY'S CAR pulls up across the street from where an eight-year-old BOY in a secondhand baseball jacket and a school knapsack is waiting at the curb. This is her son, RUDY. SAMMY calls out the car window.

SAMMY

Rudy, come on! I'm really late!

Rudy hurries across the street and gets in the car, slinging 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

Sammy stops the car outside a heavily THICKETED DRIVEWAY (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.

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

EXT. MERCHANTS NATIONAL TRUST -- PARKING LOT. DAY

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

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

INT. MERCHANTS NATIONAL TRUST. DAY

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

MABEL
Guess who's been asking for you?

SAMMY
Oh no, really?

Mabel nods and passes by.

SAMMY KNOCKS on a big door that says "Manager" and has half the letters of the previous branch manager's name taken off it.

BRIAN
(Inside)
Yeah, come in!

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

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

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

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

BRIAN

How old's your son?

SAMMY

He's eight.

BRIAN

That's a terrific age.

INT. SAMMY'S CAR (MOVING). DUSK

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

EXT. PRESCOTT (SAMMY'S) HOUSE. DUSK

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

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

INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE. DUSK

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

RUDY

You got a letter from Uncle Terry.

SAMMY

What?!

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

INT. SAMMY'S BEDROOM. LATER

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

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

INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

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

She puts on a CD, sits down and picks up a book. She looks 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

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

INT. SAMMY'S BEDROOM. LATER

Sammy sits on the edge of her bed, not dialing the phone. She catches a glimpse of herself in her parents' floor-length mirror with the worn, heavy wooden frame. Against her better judgment she picks up the phone and dials.

INT. DAWSON'S GRILL. NIGHT

Sammy and BOB STEEGERSON are eating dinner at Dawson's, the 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

Sammy and Bob lie in Bob's bed, a few minutes after having made love. They are very far away from each other, but trying 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.

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

INT. SAMMY'S BATHROOM. NIGHT

Sammy stands in her slip brushing her teeth in front of the mirror. She brushes vigorously, looking at herself while she brushes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER -- WORCESTER, MASS. DAWN

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

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

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

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

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

SHEILA
Hey, Terry.

TERRY
Hey.

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

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.

As she opens her purse, Terry takes a few vague steps toward her. She takes out a tiny hippie-ish woven wallet and gives 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 GREYHOUND BUS drives into the shot along the curve of the highway.

INT. BUS (MOVING) -- BATHROOM. DAY

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

EXT. LOCAL HIGHWAY. DAY

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

INT. BUS (MOVING). DAY

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 by. Houses start dotting the side of the road.

Terry starts getting very agitated.

EXT. MAIN STREET. DAY

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

INT. KITCHEN. SIMULTANEOUS

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

SAMMY
(Into phone)
Hello?... TERRY!...

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE. DAY

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

EXT. ALLEY. DAY

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

EXT. MAIN STREET. A FEW MOMENTS LATER

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

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

SHERIFF
Whoa there!

TERRY
Sorry.

The Sheriff recognizes Terry and breaks into a big smile.

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

The Sheriff gives Terry a big bear hug. Terry is wasted and self-conscious 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

The Sheriff walks along with Terry. Terry, very self-conscious about smelling like pot, fumbles to light a cigarette. The

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The patrons are all either looking at them or trying not to 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.

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

EXT. BANK -- ATM. DAY

Terry watches while Sammy inserts her card in the ATM and punches in her code. Terry waits. She punches in \$300. The 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

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

TERRY

Where we going?

SAMMY

To pick up Rudy.

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

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

INT. LIVING ROOM. LATER

Sammy and Rudy are in the living room. Rudy is playing with a Game Boy type game. In the b.g., TERRY is dialing the PHONE. 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.

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

TERRY

That girl I'm with tried to kill herself.

SAMMY

What?

TERRY
She tried to kill herself.

INT. TERRY'S ROOM. NIGHT

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

SAMMY
Do you have everything you need?

TERRY
I think so.

Sammy comes into the room and sits next to him. He is very 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

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

EXT. CHURCH. DAY

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

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

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

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Crickets buzz loudly outside the house.

INT. STAIRS. NIGHT

Sammy, in her bathrobe, comes down the stairs into the living room. Terry is on the sofa playing with Rudy's Game Boy. He 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.

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

INT. SAMMY'S KITCHEN. DAY

Sammy, Terry and Rudy sit at the kitchen table. Sammy is dressed for work. Rudy is dressed for school. Terry is also fully dressed, drinking the last dregs of a mug of coffee. He is tired, but listening to Sammy very carefully, as if 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

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

Brian is at his desk, busy working between stacks of 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

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

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

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

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 and Rudy are banging nails with RAY, a young guy Terry's age. Terry, hammering with swift, accurate blows, glances up and watches Rudy for a second. Rudy is hammering away with 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:

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

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

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

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

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

INT. BANK. DAY

Half the staff has gone home. Sammy, in her coat, picks a 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

Sammy, Terry and Rudy sit at dinner. The atmosphere is lively 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 in the place, but it's pretty dead. He looks around; his energy is too restless for the near-empty bar.

INT. RUDY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

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

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

Sammy, just arrived at work and still in her coat, looks 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

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

INT. BANK -- SAMMY'S DESK. DAY

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

INT. BOB'S OFFICE. SIMULTANEOUS

Bob is in his little realty office with two CLIENTS, a husband 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

Terry is holding a broom looking up at the ceiling. Sammy 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?

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

SAMMY

Um, yeah, thanks, I did.

INT. SAMMY'S ROOM. NIGHT

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

INT. HALL. CONTINUOUS

SAMMY

Are you guys sure you're gonna be
OK?

TERRY

Yes. Yes.

Sammy approaches RUDY and TERRY. They are bent over a big nasty trench in the floorboard. There are wood shavings and 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.

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

SAMMY

Thank you. Thank you both.

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

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.

Bob holds the door for Sammy and smiles at her. There is some confusion about who should go out first. Finally she goes and Bob follows. The atmosphere between them is fairly 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, eating and drinking. Smoky, crowded and very loud. As he follows Terry through the crowd various patrons notice him -- some of the looks are friendly, some blank, some cold, i.e., 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.

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

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

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

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

TERRY

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

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

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

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

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

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

TERRY

Ohhhh!

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

Sudden silence. Then the clack of the balls connecting. A

great common GROAN goes up. RUDY looks up at Terry.

TERRY
It's all yours, baby.

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

He gets up and tries to line up the eight-ball. Terry is 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.

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

A GENERAL "HEYYY!" GOES UP and everyone claps and cheers. Terry grabs Rudy. Rudy smiles, ecstatic.

TERRY
That was great!

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

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

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

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

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

TERRY
Go! Go! Go!

He and Rudy run inside the house. The lights go on. BOB'S CAR pulls into the DRIVEWAY.

INT. THE HOUSE -- FRONT DOOR. SIMULTANEOUS

Rudy runs up the stairs.

TERRY
Wait a minute, gimme your jacket!

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

TERRY
What are you doing?

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

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

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

Terry and Rudy are in a giggly tangled panicked heap at the 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!

Terry gives him a "You better not" look, then leaves. Rudy 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

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

SAMMY

Ow! Shi t!

INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT

Terry is putting a butterfly Band-Aid on Sammy's wound. It's 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

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

EXT. TERRY'S WINDOW. NIGHT

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BANK. MORNING

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

INT. BANK -- BRIAN'S OFFICE. DAY

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

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

CUT TO:

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

OUTSIDE BRIAN'S OFFICE: The whole staff is listening to the 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

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

EXT. MAIN STREET -- LUNCH PLACE. DAY

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

SAMMY

They were where?

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

The RAIN on the roof makes a sleepy, pleasant country sound.

TERRY is lying on the sofa, smoking a joint, watching TV, in a funk. O.C. we LOUD BANGING ON THE PIPES.

LATER: A YOUNG PLUMBER, about Terry's age, comes thumping down the stairs and goes into the living room, carrying his tool box. 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

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

INT. BANK. DAY

Brian is showing his wife, NANCY, the bank. He is very solicitous of her, nervously introducing her to the employees, who are not responding very warmly. Nancy is not in a warm 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.

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

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

NANCY
I'm fine...!

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

EXT. MAIN STREET. DAY

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

INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE. DAY

Sammy knocks on Brian's open door.

Brian...?
SAMMY

Yeah.
BRIAN

Mom!
RUDY (O.C.)

Sammy sees to her left, down the hallway --

Rudy!
SAMMY

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

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT. DAY

Rudy is in the car, somewhat dried off, waiting. Sammy and 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...

You can!
TERRY

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.

I don't know.
TERRY

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

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

Get out of the car.
TERRY

What are we doing?
RUDY

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

Why can't I come with you?
RUDY

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.

He leans over Rudy roughly and pushes open the door. Rudy 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

Sammy walks through the empty bank hall and into Brian's 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

Brian and Sammy sit at a table in the corner of the 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.

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

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAR. CONTINUOUS

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

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

The kitchen is dark. Sammy comes in, her hair a little wet,
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.

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

Sammy, coat on, arrives at her desk and puts her purse down. There's a NOTE on her CHAIR.

"SAMMY -- PLEASE SEE ME."

INT. BANK -- HALLWAY. A MOMENT LATER

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

SAMMY
Mornin g.

BRIAN
Yeah, good morning. Could you get the door?

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

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

SAMMY
Listen -- I just --

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

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

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

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

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

SAMMY
(Into phone)
Hello?

BRIAN
(On phone)
It's Brian.

Sammy turns away and lowers her voice so Terry and Rudy won't
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

SAMMY comes down the stairs, fully dressed, into the living
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.

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

Sammy drives, listening to music. She shakes her head at herself.

EXT. MOTEL. NIGHT

Sammy's car and Brian's car are parked side by side outside a roadside motel.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

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

EXT. MOTEL. NIGHT

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

INT. SAMMY'S CAR (MOVING). NIGHT

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

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

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

Sammy, Terry and Rudy are all eating dinner. Terry is drinking 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

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

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.

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

INT. SAMMY'S ROOM. NIGHT

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

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

NANCY
(Into the phone)
Hello?

SAMMY HANGS UP. She gets up, walks around, sits down again. 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?

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

EXT. CHURCH. DAY

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

POV SAMMY: Beyond Brian and Nancy, TERRY pulls up at the 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

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

BOB is standing by his kitchenette, extremely nervous. Sammy 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 very warmly. Just as things are heating up, she suddenly 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

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

She comes into the room and starts walking around briskly 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

Brian and Sammy lie under the starchy sheets. Brian's eyes 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

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

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

RUDY
Maybe we should call first.

TERRY
Well -- We're right here.

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

TERRY
Come on.

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.

Rudy pushes the doorbell. They wait. There's some noise inside and some voices. The sound of WALKING.

THE DOOR OPENS. JANIE, a tired-looking young woman around 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?

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

RUDY SR.
Hey!

TERRY
Hey, Rudy.

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

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.

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

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' --

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

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

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

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

JANIE
Get your fuckin' hands off him...!

Terry throws Janie off him, grabs Rudy Sr. again and resumes

beating him up. Janie jumps back on top of him.

Two neighbors run toward the melee to break it up.

CUT TO:

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

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:

A MOMENT LATER: As the 3RD COP walks Rudy to one cop car,

Rudy watches the 2ND COP guide the HANDCUFFED TERRY into the other car.

Rudy gets in the back of the car and looks out at RUDY SR. and JANIE talking to the 1ST COP. Rudy Sr. is looking at him 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.

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

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

The room is dark. Sammy and Brian are asleep, half under the 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.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER: Sammy and Brian are on opposite sides 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

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

INT. SAMMY'S BEDROOM. SIMULTANEOUS

The PHONE is ringing on the NIGHTSTAND. The battered answering 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

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

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE. MORNING

The PHONE rings inside the house as the early morning sun 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

-- and Sammy, half asleep on top of her bed, also in her 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

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

Behind her, Rudy goes upstairs and Terry plunks down on the 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

Sammy comes out of Rudy's room, shutting the door softly. We
HEAR the TV going downstairs. She stands at the top of the
stairs for a moment.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

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

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

Sammy is flipping channels on the TV. The DOORBELL RINGS. She is surprised. She gets up. Terry comes thundering down 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 --

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

INT. RAY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

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

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE. DAY

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

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

THROUGH THE WINDOW we see Sammy and Bob having lunch. Sammy 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.

He keeps pouring. She grabs the bottle from him and upsets 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

Terry walks through the little cemetery gate and makes his 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

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

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

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

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

RUDY

Hi!

TERRY
Hey, how's it goin', man?

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

TERRY
Sorry I'm late.

EXT./INT. CAR. DAY

The car stops across the street from the BUS. The LAST KIDS are getting in. SAMMY HONKS for the bus driver, and Sammy, 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.

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

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

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

EXT. BENCH. DAY

Sammy and Terry sit on a bench near the bus stop. Terry's 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...

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

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

INT. /EXT. BUS. DAY

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

EXT. BUS. CONTINUOUS

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

INT. BUS. CONTINUOUS

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

INT. SAMMY'S CAR (MOVING). DAY

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

She dries her damp cheek with a forearm and rolls down her window to let the morning breeze blow through.

Squaring her shoulders a little, she drives through town at a slow and easy pace.

THE END