

IN YOUR EYES

by

Joss Whedon

LORDSBURG, CONNECTICUT - 1995

EXT. SNOWY HILLSIDE - DAY

It's still coming down, light flakes swirling around the KIDS as they tug their sleds up the hill and throw themselves back down. PARENTS AND NANNIES cluster at the top of the hill, occasionally calling out admonitions.

REBECCA MEYERS, 10, approaches the sledding paths pulling an ancient Flexible Flyer that is easily her size. She is overly bundled-up in mittens, scarf, and a down parka. The hood pulled tightly around her face, a few strands of curly hair and two big brown eyes the only features visible inside. The eyes betray a mixture of fear and anticipation, indicating this is her first time attempting this run. Behind her trudges her MOTHER, a wan and brittle woman.

Rebecca chooses her path and waits behind another kid as he leaps onto a saucer and charges down the big hill.

REBECCA'S POV: The boy yells all the way down the long path, staying on the speeding saucer almost to the trees beyond.

CUT TO:

SAFFORD, NEW MEXICO

EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL - MORNING

We can see desert terrain in the background as DYLAN KERSHAW, 12, climbs school steps with the SOAMES brothers; BILLY & LYLE, and another boy, COLE. Their demeanor and dress is that of little delinquents, though hardly malicious ones -- but on their way. Lyle is a couple of years younger than the other three.

BILLY

(to Cole)

Shoulda been with us last night. We swiped a six-pack from Dylan's dad.

LYLE

It was my idea.

COLE

No way, dude! You get drunk?

DYLAN

I don't remember a thing. Blacked right out.

BILLY

You barely had a sip, loser.

Billy and Lyle laugh at Dylan as they enter the building.

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

As they head for class.

LYLE

Dill Pickle got scared.

DYLAN

Don't call me that. It's never okay to call me that.

They enter a classroom, Lyle peeling off to his.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Billy and Cole giggle as they all head for the back row.

DYLAN

I had to be the look-out. Can't drink when I'm on the job.

BILLY

Yeah, like your dad was gonna wake up.

Billy imitates a tongue-lolling drunk. Cole busts up. The TEACHER squints disapprovingly from his desk.

TEACHER

Bell rang, boys.

This only causes Billy and Cole to make a show of laughing harder. The teacher gathers a stack of graded tests:

TEACHER (CONT'D)

It's all a joke to this gang. Let's see how funny your test scores are.

He walks the rows, placing tests face down on each student's desk. The boys in the back posture all cool in their chairs.

EXT. SNOWY HILLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca lies carefully face-forward on her sled, staring out at the slope. Her mother stands back with the other grown-ups.

MOTHER

Be careful, Rebecca.

Rebecca bites her lip. Takes a long breath. Pushes off.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

A test lands in front of Dylan. He turns up the corner to check his grade. Smiles at a big red A-, then quickly hides it so his friends don't see as they eye their Fs and Ds. Cole flicks off the teacher's back, causing Billy and Cole to crack up. Dylan pretends to laugh along with them.

EXT. SNOWY HILLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca goes slowly at first, gradually picking up speed as the hill steepens. Her hood flies back and masses of curls whip out behind her. Determinedly, she clutches the steering handle.

Flying down, she hits a bump and takes a few seconds of air before she comes down hard. The steering handle snaps in her hand as she hits the ground. Panicked, she holds on for dear life as the rudderless sled bullets to the bottom of the hill.

Nobody notices DYLAN at first, sitting bolt upright, staring into space. He is totally rigid, clutching his desktop. A couple kids look over at him as his desk begins to shake.

REBECCA'S MOTHER is breaking slowly away from the other parents, sensing a problem. She looks at the dwindling figure of her daughter, calls for her to slow down.

REBECCA'S POV: The trees draw closer.

Rebecca is

Dylan is

FROZEN.

Rebecca's mother is running now, calling out.

MOTHER

Jump off! Honey, jump off!

Her words are lost in the snow as Rebecca is carried straight toward a gnarled oak, the trunk some four feet wide. She closes her eyes in terror as she races right into it and --

HE goes flying out of his desk, pitching forward onto the classroom floor, eliciting a few screams from some of the girls. He lies there, not moving.

Slowly, the teacher approaches him.

Rebecca - lies there, not moving.

His teacher stands over him repeating:

TEACHER

Dylan?

CUT TO:

NOW.

EXT. TRAILER - AFTERNOON

Set back from a lawn of desert brush, machine parts and other useless crap strewn about. The afternoon light burnishes the trailer in dusty copper as a gleaming F-250 pulls to a stop.

CLOSE ON: DYLAN sits in the quiet truck cab, staring at his lot (in life). A deep sigh, he steps out.

He still has a boyish look, dirty in jeans and a tee, his hair thoughtlessly tousled. Only the lines around his eyes betray his experience of the world -- etched in from too many years of squinting at the glare.

He checks his mailbox -- empty -- and hops into his trailer.

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

It's not bad for a trailer, fairly spacious. Or it would be if he ever cleaned it up. Bedroom off at one end, eating space and bathroom in the middle, kitchen squeezed in right before the living room, to which Dylan proceeds.

He snags a beer out of the fridge, shuts the door and SEES: GIDDONS sitting on a raggedy couch, somehow cool and dry in a brown two-piece. The man holds up a tattered *Motor Trend*.

GIDDONS

Dylan, my man, you gotta get yourself some new porn.

DYLAN

You want a beer?

Giddons tosses the rag, uses his cowboy hat to fan himself.

GIDDONS

I'm on the clock. Where ya been?

DYLAN

Out...

Dylan cracks his beer, enjoys the first cold slug. Giddons surveys the mess.

GIDDONS

Christ, Boy -- you clean the
sparkplugs on that four-by of yours
with your Goddamn tongue, you can't
sweep up in here once in a while?

DYLAN

Only one comes round is you...

GIDDONS

Then you should make an effort.

Giddons rises and leans in all close, grinning at Dylan.

GIDDONS (CONT'D)

Where ya been?

DYLAN

I gotta tell you what I do every
second?

GIDDONS

I think we both know the answer to
that.

DYLAN

Car wash. Got an extra shift.

GIDDONS

(still smiling)
Bullshit.

DYLAN

Call 'em.

GIDDONS

Think I won't?

DYLAN

I think you **should**.

Giddons starts rooting about absently, almost as though
tossing the place.

GIDDONS

Have you been associating with any
known criminals?

DYLAN

No sir, I have not.

GIDDONS

Have you crossed over state line at
any time?

DYLAN

No sir, I have not.

GIDDONS

(easing up some)

How's the job going?

DYLAN

It's boring, but it's still mine.

GIDDONS

Two whole months. I guess that's some kinda record.

DYLAN

Anything else you need to know?

GIDDONS

I need to know when you're gonna slip up and stick your dick in the mashed potatoes again... I need to know when you plan to fail.

DYLAN

This may be a dumb question, but what'd I ever do to you?

GIDDONS

You broke the law. You went into people's houses and took things that didn't belong to you, that other people worked long, hard days for.

DYLAN

I paid my debt, Giddons. My conscience is shiny and new -- and I know you ride me more than most. Why?

GIDDONS

You're smart. And there's nothing in this world dumber than a smart guy. A smart guy gets by, good grades, good scores, time off for good behavior -- doors open up for him and he starts thinking they're supposed to. And when they don't, when he finds out he's just another white trash no one, he learns new ways to open them. That was your specialty as I recall: getting in. Billy and Lyle Soames, they did the taking.

DYLAN
(eyeing him)
Billy and Lyle weren't on that job.

GIDDONS
So the record states. And it's sweet
you take the hit for your old school
chums. They'll die in prison, it's
good as written down, but I like them
fine. They're thugs. And they know it.
They don't expect life to roll out a
carpet for them. A smart man, he
thinks about injustice, he sees beyond
his little world and it warps him.
When he makes his wrong move -- and
you will -- it tends to be messy.

DYLAN
Maybe there's a side of me you don't
see.

GIDDONS
As long as you're on parole you are
only what I see. And when you're
done... I'll still be watching.

He buttons up his jacket, heads for the door.

GIDDONS (CONT'D)
I'd lock your door if I were you.
There's thieves and burglars 'round
these parts.

Giddons exits. Dylan watches him go. Despite Giddons' boorish
manner, it is clear that Dylan takes what he says to heart.
CUT TO:

EXT. PORTER HOUSEHOLD - EVENING

"Porter Mansion" would not be far off. The house is opulent,
though restrained in a typically New England fashion. Other,
similar houses are dotted far apart along the roadside. The
late autumn trees surround the house, branches bare against
the evening blue.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

REBECCA is in a dark blue evening gown, putting on make-up.
Her hair is pulled back in an elaborate 'do. She has grown up
pretty, though we can see seams of her mother's frailty.
Despite her elegance, she is almost awkward -- aware of her
skinniness in an adolescent way.

Her husband, PHILLIP PORTER enters in a hurry, throws his jacket on the bed, and begins changing as he speaks. He is somewhat older, somewhat good-looking. Established. Underneath his easy charm he has an air of total control.

PHILLIP

I'll bet you thought I wasn't going to make it.

REBECCA

I wasn't sure I would.

PHILLIP

That's right, you've only had twelve hours to change. Should have started last night.

REBECCA

No, I've just been real busy. And this was kind of last minute.

PHILLIP

Pulling you away from your cancer research for a lousy dinner party. And you were so close to a cure.

REBECCA

"Hah-hah," she said gamely. You know how it gets when Blanca's on vacation. The house goes to hell and I can't find a thing.

PHILLIP

Well, two of the trustees are going to be at the Thomasons', so we can live in squalor for another day.

REBECCA

Do I have to be charming?

PHILLIP

No, just be yourself.

BOTH TOGETHER

Ha ha.

PHILLIP

You only have to be a little charming. Just nod and smile and talk to the wives. It's only the Thomasons. Dorothy'll be there, and you can gossip behind our backs. I promise to turn my back as often as possible.

He finishes dressing, really looks at Rebecca for the first time.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
Is that what you're wearing?

CUT TO:

INT. THOMASONS' FOYER - EVENING

Phillip and Rebecca step in. Rebecca is wearing a completely different outfit. MIKE and DOROTHY THOMASON greet them effusively. OTHER GUESTS cluster about. Everyone seems to be more Phillip's age than Rebecca's. More his crowd, anyway.
CUT TO:

INT. THOMASON'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

After the meal. Chairs have been pulled out from the long table, rearranged. The men converse at one end, the women at the other. Rebecca sits next to Phillip, but they are both leaning in to their respective circles.

ANGLE: THE MEN

MIKE
Personally, I think you're a shoo-in.

PHILLIP
I don't know. The city council would be a good step, but I still have the hospital to run... I don't know if I want to move on.

GUEST
The man doth protest too much, methinks.

MIKE
Not at all. He's still got four months of protesting in him. Wait 'til we start begging before you announce.

The men laugh.

ANGLE: THE WOMEN

Dorothy is holding court. DIANE, SUSAN, Rebecca and the others huddle close.

DOROTHY
It's not a rumor, sweetie. It's undeniable truth -- it might as well be in print.

BLAIR
(pulling up a seat)
What's truth?

SUSAN
Chief Booth is having a thing.

DIANE
He's 'taking lovers'.

DOROTHY
Just one, sweetie -- Paula Dodd.

REBECCA
Paula Dodd? Isn't she-

SUSAN
She runs that little gift shop, sells
those ghastly ceramic thingies.

DIANE
Someone should tell Audrey Booth.
Really.

DOROTHY
Oh, she would absolutely crucify him.
He lives in terror of that woman, and
I don't blame him.

DIANE
Sweetie!

DOROTHY
Not for having an affair! I blame him
for that. But isn't she a fright?

Rebecca is following all of this a tiny bit beleagueredly,
not really a part of it. As the women talk, a SERVER comes
over behind her and moves to refill her wine glass. Without
even looking over, Phillip sticks his hand over the glass,
indicating she's had enough.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: POOL TABLE

The cue ball strikes the eight expertly into the corner
pocket, leaving the table covered with nothing but solids.

WIDER ON: THE BAR

It's decently crowded, smoky, country tunes on the juke.
People drink, dance halfheartedly, sit at tables.

The DRUNK who sank the black ball straightens-up and grins at Dylan, who grimaces and hands him a ten dollar bill.

DRUNK

Let's go double or nothin', I'll even spot you three balls this time.

DYLAN

I'm tapped out, buddy.

DRUNK

C'mon, don't be a pussy. You still got some green in your pocket, right?

DYLAN

(starting away)

Nah, I'm good. Thanks.

DRUNK

(menace in his eye)

Walk out on a man who's still gambling, you might catch a bad one, boy.

As the drunk aggressively advances on Dylan, BILLY and LYLE SOAMES emerge from the bar's shadows to intercept him. The brothers have grown into their criminal selves -- near-classic rabble-rousers, rugged and scruffy. Billy, still the more self-possessed of the two, nods at his old friend. Dylan starts to say something to him, then thinks better of it.

LYLE

Starting fights again, Dill Pickle?
(to the drunk)

Rack 'em up, big guy, I'm more than happy to take Dylan's cash off you.

As Lyle snatches the cue from Dylan's grasp and moves around the table to break, Billy leans in his old pal. Dylan glances around, clearly not happy to be seen with him.

BILLY

You know we always got your back,
Dill... So, you working on something?

DYLAN

Yeah, dirty cars.

BILLY

There's better work coming... lot of businesses going belly-up -- Grumman Tech Supply? Tons of fine equipment sitting all lonesome, they don't even got 24-hour security anymore.

(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)
I know you could use the money --
specially if you ever play pool again.

Dylan studies Billy -- *Maybe he's got a point.*

DYLAN
I'm not exactly flush...

BILLY
Well, that's just wrong.
(tosses money on the bar)
A beer for my poor relation.

The bartender, WAYNE, eyes the departing Billy as he is picking up the bills.

WAYNE
(drawing a beer)
Giddons finds out you two been chatty,
he'll send you right back up.

DYLAN
He probably will anyway.

Wayne draws him one and Dylan takes a slug. DONNA, an attractive, local girl of about twenty-two, comes up to him.

DONNA
Hey, Dylan, buy me a drink?

DYLAN
(suddenly awkward)
Hey, Donna. Damn, I'm all cleaned out
right now. I mean, I would -- you can
have mine.

DONNA
I don't want your cooties.

DYLAN
Been seeing a specialist about that,
they turned out to be benign cooties.

DONNA
What?

DYLAN
Nothing. It's a... what you been up
to?

DONNA
Usual. You working?

DYLAN
Over at *Slap N' Dash Car Wash*.

Beat.

DONNA
Did I see you up at the Monster Truck
rally last weekend? I thought I saw
you.

DYLAN
I, uh... yeah, I was there. I think.

DONNA
Oh.

Beat.

DYLAN
I was --

DONNA
Well, I'll see you 'round.

DYLAN
Yeah.

He watches her go -- and she passes the drunk pool player,
who turns to give him the stink-eye as Lyle sinks a tricky
shot. Dylan turns back, drinks.

CUT TO:

INT. THOMASONS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is gathered round, having coffee.

DOROTHY
It's the best thing in the world.
Really. I mean I only took the class
because Diane was taking it --

MIKE THOMASON
And for the naked men.

DOROTHY
And the naked men, of course. But now
it's really an obsession. Drawing, I
mean.

DIANE
It's so important to do something for
yourself every now and then.

PHILLIP

You mean you girls do all that shopping for us?

Everyone laughs.

DOROTHY

You're damn right we do. It makes you feel like a provider.

DIANE

What about you, Becky? Have you ever thought about taking classes?

REBECCA

I wanted to take a painting class for a while, but... I'm really no good.

DOROTHY

Oh, nonsense.

PHILLIP

Don't be so quick to contradict her, Dotty. Becky wouldn't lie about something like that. Believe me; I've seen her work.

DOROTHY

(amid friendly laughs)
Phillip!

REBECCA

I only did it for a bit in school.

DOROTHY

You're not out to make a living, sweetie. Painting would be good for you. Clears out the cobwebs -- not that you've got --

REBECCA

OW!!!

She drops out of her chair heavily, her coffee cup flying out of her hand. Clutching her shoulder she looks back over it, her eyes wild with pain and surprised anger.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE: REBECCA'S/DYLAN'S POV

The drunk pool player stands over us, brandishing his cue like a bludgeon, as Wayne steps in front of him and Billy and Lyle pull him back. The drunk looks half blind from booze.

DRUNK

You walked away when I was on a
streak! I had a streak!

Dylan is on the floor, in the exact same position as Rebecca. He rubs his shoulder, looks around him.

ANGLE: DYLAN'S POV

People are looking down at him. Donna is among them, but she doesn't seem that interested; after a moment she goes back to flirting with the handsome cowboy she's landed.

Billy and Lyle shove the drunk out the door, wrestling the cue from him. Wayne helps Dylan to his feet, calling out:

WAYNE

You boys keep it light!

DYLAN

Man. I didn't even see him coming.

WAYNE

I don't think he did either, kid. You
okay?

DYLAN

Yeah, I guess.

WAYNE

You're not gonna sue the bar or
anything, right?

DYLAN

I'll have to talk to my people. We'll
be in touch.

WAYNE

Let me pull you a beer, on the house.

Dylan pauses. He looks over at Donna, who is beginning to get physical with her date. He looks back at Wayne.

DYLAN

I'll pass.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BAR - NIGHT

The bar is one of the only buildings around. The others are spread out haphazardly, like boulders dropped on flat earth. Each one is dark. Train tracks wind through, by a dusty road.

Dylan exits the bar and hears HEAVY RUSTLING. He turns to find Billy and Lyle viciously beating the shit out of the drunk between parked cars.

DYLAN

You made your point, guys.

He starts away as they back off (Lyle stooping to go through the guy's pockets). Billy watches Dylan heading off.

BILLY

You're welcome...

ANGLE ON: DYLAN'S TRUCK is parked around the corner. He opens the door... then closes it again. Locks it. Sticking the keys in his pocket, he starts walking slowly toward the tracks, kicking up the occasional rock.

From a darkened building a ways away, a woman laughs brimmingly, the sound lapping out at Dylan's feet, washing back in breathless giggles.

Dylan looks up at it, then goes on, toward the dark.

CUT TO:

INT. PHILLIP'S CAR - NIGHT

Phillip is driving. They are silent for a while. Rebecca reaches for her shoulder causing Phillip to flinch.

PHILLIP

Give me a little warning if you're going to have another seizure.

Rebecca frowns at his joke, sighs.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Honey, it really was quite a show.

REBECCA

It was a muscle spasm.

PHILLIP

I guess.

REBECCA

It hurt. A lot. For a second I thought... It felt like somebody hit me.

PHILLIP

Yeah, I've been meaning to talk to Mike about that Vulcan death-grip. He thinks it's cute, but --

REBECCA

(meaning it)

I'm sorry, okay?

PHILLIP

The look on your face, Becky... It was a little much, even for someone with a muscle spasm.

REBECCA

I was surprised.

PHILLIP

Obviously. I guess for a second I was worried this was the beginning of another --

REBECCA

It's not.

Beat.

PHILLIP

I'll give your shoulder a rub when we get home. Sound good?

She looks out the window.

REBECCA

It doesn't hurt anymore.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PORTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC UP:

--that carries us over a series of images: Dylan and Rebecca, both spending a long night alone.

Rebecca sits on the side of the bed in her nightgown. Phillip is already asleep. Instead of getting in beside him, she stands and heads for the kitchen.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DYLAN'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Dylan walks up to his drive, stands looking at his place for a moment. Instead of going in, he walks on.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PORTER KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rebecca stares into her fridge, not really looking for anything to eat. She rests her chin gently on the refrigerator door.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AUTO GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Dylan walks among the stacks of derelict cars, not really noticing them.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rebecca sits curled up on the kitchen table, leaning on the window frame. A steaming mug of hot cocoa is held in her lap. She looks out the window at nothing but night.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUTO GRAVEYARD - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

A rich purple sky heralds the coming light. Dylan sits on top of a stack of cars, in the same position as Rebecca, staring out over the town. The MUSIC FADES gently.

CUT TO:

INT. DYLAN'S BEDROOM - LATE MORNING

The phone RINGS insistently, finally rousing Dylan, who lies fully clothed on his bed. He fumbles for it, then brings it to his ear.

DYLAN (INTO PHONE)

What? What? What time is -- Oh, shit.

No, I know, I'll be --

He grimaces as someone shouts at him from the other end.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER - MINUTES LATER

Dylan emerges in a different shirt but still unkempt. He looks around frantically for his truck, then remembers.

DYLAN

Oh, shit!

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Dylan runs to his truck, totally exhausted, and gets in. He turns the key and the car rattles sickly. He screams. Tries again and it starts right up.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MIDDAY

Rebecca pauses as she arrives at a small store. Down the block, CHIEF BOOTH laughs with PAULA DODD in front of her gift shop. Rebecca frowns as she pushes through the door.

INT. LINGERIE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca approaches the counter. A saleswoman smiles at her.

SALESWOMAN

Anything in particular?

REBECCA

Just stocking up.

Rebecca runs her eyes along the counter, stacks of undies lining it. She begins humming a little tune absently.

CUT TO:

INT. DYLAN'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Dylan is racing along at a good clip, blasting a song that we recognize as the same tune Rebecca is humming. The song ends and Dylan reaches for the dial, looking for a new station. Not finding anything, he looks down at the radio for a moment to see where he is.

He stares, deeply confused.

ANGLE: DYLAN'S POV

He's looking down at his hand, only it's Rebecca's. It's a lady's hand in a clothing store holding silk panties.

ANGLE: REBECCA

Also looking down at her hand, also completely astonished by what she sees there. She glances up suddenly, straight ahead. Her eyes go wide.

REBECCA

Look out!

ANGLE: REBECCA'S POV

IS DYLAN'S: he's swerving into oncoming traffic!

Dylan snaps out of it just in time, reeling back into his own lane.

DYLAN

Fuck!

REBECCA

What?

Rebecca stands bolt upright in front of the saleswoman, who we now see had ducked when she shouted "Look out!", and is straightening up, a leery eye on Rebecca.

DYLAN

What?

REBECCA

Who's that?

DYLAN

Shit!

Dylan swerves onto the shoulder of the road and slams on the brakes. Another car roars right by him as he practically falls out of the truck, stumbling out in front of it.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

What is this, what's going on?

Rebecca turns and starts heading slowly out of the shop, almost feeling her way.

REBECCA

Stop it. Shut up. Stop this.

SALESWOMAN

Ma'am?

But she's already out.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca looks about wildly. A few people raise their eyebrows at her as they pass. She hurries her way into the recess of an empty storefront that's for lease, feels for the glass door of the shuttered shop to make sure it's solid, and closes her eyes tight.

REBECCA

Stop it stop it stop it stop it --

DYLAN

Hey, shut up!
(she does)
Who are you? Can you hear me?

REBECCA

(in tears)
I'm sorry.

DYLAN

I'm sorry? What am I sorry about? What
did I do?

REBECCA

Who are you?

DYLAN

I asked you that!

A pause, as they both catch their breath. Rebecca keeps
herself from openly sobbing, but she is close.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I'm looking at an empty store. Am
I looking at an empty store?

REBECCA

Yes! I am.

DYLAN

Are you me?

REBECCA

No! I mean, you're in my head. I'm
having a -- I'm losing... Oh, God, I'm
scared...

DYLAN

Where am I?

REBECCA

What?

DYLAN

Where am I?

REBECCA

You're... on the road, on a road.
There's a truck. I don't understand!
What does the truck mean?

DYLAN

It's my truck. It means I have a
truck.

(MORE)

DYLAN (CONT'D)
(falls into a sitting position)
I have a truck.

She slides down the glass door, clutching her knees.

REBECCA
You have a truck.

DYLAN
What do you have?

REBECCA
What? Oh, a Range Rover.

DYLAN
(totally nonplussed)
That's nice. Safe.

REBECCA
I can see... out there. But I can see
me, too. It's like one's up close and
one's far away. I just focus, and I
can see what's here, or what's in my
head.

DYLAN
This isn't your head, lady. This is
New Mexico.

REBECCA
You're real? Wait, you're a real
person.

DYLAN
Lady, that's the sweetest thing
anyone's said to me all day.

They both laugh, a sound edged with both relief and imminent
hysteria.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
But you gotta be something inside my
head. You can't be real. I must be
going crazy here.

REBECCA
Well, then, we should have lots to
talk about.

They laugh again, but tears are once again streaming down
Rebecca's face. Dylan's, too, has grown wet.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I don't understand this.

DYLAN

It's cold. Are you cold there?

Rebecca reaches out and touches the storefront glass. It's slightly frosted.

REBECCA

I guess. Yes, it's almost winter.

DYLAN

I can feel it. This is too crazy. And I can hear you, like --

REBECCA

-- like I hear myself.

DYLAN

Where are you? If you're not in my head, where are you?

REBECCA

Lordsburg. Connecticut.

DYLAN

Connecticut! Get out of here. Wait a minute. What day is it? What year?

REBECCA

It's October. Twenty... fourth. 2012.

DYLAN

That's today, I think. Do you have a watch?

ANGLE: THEIR WATCHES

They both look. His says 11:32, hers 2:32.

DYLAN (CONT.)

My God. You're in the future. You're three hours in the future!

REBECCA

No, I'm in a different time zone.

DYLAN

Oh. Right.

REBECCA

I think I'm gonna faint.

DYLAN

Don't faint. Uhh, breathe.

REBECCA

I am breathing. I'm breathing and I'm fainting.

DYLAN

Just take it easy. This is probably completely normal. Maybe this happens a lot. I'm sure someone's making a Reality Show about it as we speak.

REBECCA

Oh, sure.

He gets up, starts pacing.

DYLAN

Maybe it's some kinda radio wave signal or cell phone something that's caught in the fillings of our teeth. That happens. Could be 'cause of where we are, you know lined up with some microwave towers or something -- Are you buying any of this?

Rebecca lets out a long, shuddering breath.

REBECCA

Can you read my thoughts?

DYLAN

I don't know. Think something.

REBECCA

What should I think about?

DYLAN

I'm not allowed to tell you...

She shuts her eyes, thinks hard. He stands, brows furrowed.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I got nothing.

REBECCA

I was thinking about new sneakers.

DYLAN

Okay. Well, maybe if we --

REBECCA'S POV: A pair of shiny men's shoes. They belong to...
POLICE CHIEF BOOTH looking down with concern. She smiles and lets him help her to her feet

Dylan spins around, his vision suddenly blocked.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Hello? Hello? Are you there?

REBECCA
(to Chief Booth)
Hi.

CHIEF BOOTH
Are you all right? I saw you --

REBECCA
(still smiling inanely)
Oh, yes, thank you, Chief Booth. I
fell. I mean, I think I had... bad
clams. How are you? How's Audrey?

CHIEF BOOTH
Are you sure you're all right?

REBECCA
Yes. Well, maybe if you just walk me
back to my car to be sure --

She holds out her arm, allowing Chief Booth to escort her out
of the closed shop's foyer.

EXT. NEW MEXICO HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A dazed Dylan leans against the side of his truck.

REBECCA
Are you there?

DYLAN
Wow! We got disconnected!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca hovers by her Range Rover.

REBECCA
Someone came. I had to cut you off.

DYLAN
How?

REBECCA
I mean, I could feel you trying to
come in, it was kind of a swimmy
feeling in the back of my head, but I
could stop it.

DYLAN
Hey, that's good to know.

Rebecca notices a WOMAN staring at her seemingly talking to herself and quickly pulls out her phone to pretend to use it.

REBECCA

I can't talk here. People are staring at me.

DYLAN

Oh, yeah. And assuming I still got a job, I need to get to it. But... we got to talk about all this.

REBECCA

I don't know...

DYLAN

C'mon, we can't just pretend this isn't happening.

Rebecca pauses and seems to come to a decision.

REBECCA

Okay. Later, though. Seven o'clock.

DYLAN

Okay -- Wait. Seven your... No, that's four for me, I'm still at work then. I'm off at six. So, how about ten -- for you. That's seven for me.

REBECCA

Good. Fine. Okay.

DYLAN

If, uh, if it doesn't work for some reason...

REBECCA

It was nice meeting you.

DYLAN

Likewise.

He starts for the driver's side, gets in the seat. He stops, a smile spreading over his face.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Hey... it's snowing.

And it is, soft flakes drifting down in front of Rebecca's face as she looks out across the square. After a moment of watching it, she shuts her eyes, tight. She opens them again and we know he's gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LORDSBURG, CONNECTICUT - LATE AFTERNOON

Still-falling snow has covered the town in a gentle white.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PORTER HOUSE - LATE EVENING

From outside a frost-etched window, we can see the Porters finishing up dinner. We can't hear what they're saying, but it ain't much anyway. They sit opposite each other, isolated.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

For a little while, they scrape at their plates absently, picking at the scraps of their meals.

PHILLIP

So, nothing exciting happen today?

REBECCA

Exciting? Noooo... I almost bought some underwear.

PHILLIP

Stop the presses. How's the shoulder?

REBECCA

The what?

(truthfully)

Oh! I forgot all about it. It's fine.

PHILLIP

So you didn't see Dr. Halstead...

REBECCA

No. I don't think I need to. Do you think I should?

PHILLIP

NnnnI guess not. Unless it comes back.

REBECCA

Yeah. Then I will. It's almost ten!

PHILLIP

Yes, it is. Is that cause for some excitement?

REBECCA

No, we just ate so late --

PHILLIP
(bridling)
I told you it was going to be a long
day.

REBECCA
No, I just mean, you must be tired and
thinking about going to bed?

PHILLIP
No, I'm not.
(joking)
Is that all right?

REBECCA
Of course.

Her face says otherwise, but he doesn't quite catch it.

PHILLIP
(getting up)
Actually, I wanted to watch Charlie
Rose. He's got --

REBECCA
(cutting him off)
Good! That sounds fun for you.

He doesn't hear -- he's already in the living room, heading
for the TV. Rebecca watches him sit, then heads for his study.
CUT TO:

INT. PHILLIP'S STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

A lush mahogany affair, filled with papers and reference books.

She closes the door behind her, checks her watch. She perches
briefly on the desk, then gets up again, paces a bit, sits on
the couch, gets up, paces a bit, perches again. Suddenly --

REBECCA
Whoa! God!

She recovers herself, lets out a long breath.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Hi.

INT. DYLAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dylan sits on the bed. That's pretty much the only free space
in this laundrified shambles.

DYLAN

Well, hi. Boy, did I not expect this to work. I thought I was --

REBECCA

I know. I did too.

DYLAN

We can really turn it on and off. That's amazing. Man, I spent all day trying to think why this could happen.

REBECCA

Come up with anything?

DYLAN

Well, one thing did occur to me. Are you by any chance... Satan?

She laughs, and this time it's a healthy thing.

REBECCA

No, I'm... my name is Rebecca.

DYLAN

Rebecca. I never even thought about that. I'm Dylan.

REBECCA

Dylan. Nice.

DYLAN

Hey, that's a nice room -- Is this your place?

REBECCA

Yes. I mean, it's my husband's.

DYLAN

Oh, you're married. Sure, you've got a name, you could be married, too. Did you tell him about it?

REBECCA

No. I... I wasn't sure --

DYLAN

Maybe it's better if you don't right away. I mean, it's your decision, but this is hard enough to believe if it's happening to you.

REBECCA

Yeah, I'm gonna wait. Is this your house?

Dylan looks about, realizing what a mess she's seeing.

DYLAN

No, it's a... Yes, well... it's a little messy. It's the maid's decade off. I'll just --

He picks up a pile of clothes in a futile effort to begin cleaning, throws it on top of another pile. It doesn't help.

Rebecca smiles at his consternation.

Giving up, he turns and stands facing the wall, three inches from it, and stares straight ahead.

REBECCA

What are you doing?

DYLAN

It's better this way. You shouldn't see... I don't bring girls here too much.

REBECCA

Oh! I need to ask you something. Did someone hit you last night? In the shoulder? Like really hard?!

DYLAN

Damn straight, a big ol' King Kong looking sumbitch. Came at me with --

REBECCA

With a pool cue! I was there... And I was also at a dinner party.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Phillip is watching TV when a burst of laughter rolls out of his study.

PHILLIP

Honey?

No answer, but Rebecca's laugh comes out again. A little curious, he gets up.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca is really laughing, as she continues her story for Dylan, who is also in hysterics.

REBECCA

...so, then -- there's coffee everywhere, and I'm thinking there's this big guy attacking me, I don't know what's going on, Mike's trying to help me up --

PHILLIP (O.S.)

Becky?

The door opens and Rebecca knows she's been busted. In a fit of quick thinking, she grabs the phone and puts it to her ear, forcing out some more laughter.

Dylan instantly grabs for his phone, then realizes this is unnecessary.

Phillip enters the study, looking inquisitively at Rebecca, who is still pretending, somewhat feebly, to laugh.

REBECCA

(to Phillip)

It's Vickie Madden. I'm telling her about my smooth move last night.

PHILLIP

You must tell it really well.

He starts out again.

REBECCA

So, Vickie, how are the kids --

DYLAN

That was very smooth.

REBECCA

Thank you... Vickie...

Convinced Phillip is really back at the TV, she hangs up the phone.

DYLAN

So that's your husband.

REBECCA

Yes.

DYLAN
Good-looking guy.

REBECCA
Yeah. Doctor. He runs the hospital here.

DYLAN
Oh. A professional man.

REBECCA
Yeah. I should probably go.

DYLAN
Can we talk again tomorrow?

REBECCA
Okay, after Phillip's at work. You're not planning on getting hit again, are you?

DYLAN
Well, let's see, it's not in my book... that wasn't nothing anyway. Worst I ever took was --
(softly)
Oh my God.

REBECCA
What?

DYLAN
Did you ever go sledding? Ever go sledding and get really hurt?

REBECCA
(realizing)
I hit an oak tree...

DYLAN
Jesus H. God! I got knocked cold. I was out for like more than a minute.

REBECCA
(feeling her forehead)
I still have a scar... Dylan, that was almost twenty years ago.

DYLAN
I'll be damned.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PORTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Phillip is in the bathroom, brushing his teeth. Rebecca climbs into bed and sits, pulling the covers up over her knees. She runs her fingers along the scar on her forehead.

CUT TO:

EXT. DYLAN'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Dylan lies on the hood of his truck, staring up at the big sky. His mind elsewhere, he absently touches his forehead.

CUT TO:

INT. PORTER KITCHEN - LATE MORNING

Rebecca is sitting on the kitchen table again, again with a steaming mug of cocoa. Still in her nightgown. She is already talking to Dylan.

REBECCA

I got twelve stitches in my head. It was gross. My mother never let me go sledding again, not that I was all that keen to. I was never very good at physical stuff.

EXT. DYLAN'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Dylan starts work on the desert yard, tidying up all the junk littered across it as he talks.

DYLAN

Okay. What about when you were, like, what? Maybe sixteen? You were all torn up about something. Wanna say it was dead of summer and it was a killer. I musta been cross-eyed for a month.

REBECCA

Oh God, that's so embarrassing. I can't tell you -- it's too --

DYLAN

What? C'mon, you gotta! You owe me a whole July.

REBECCA

That was my first boyfriend, Walter. God, I was so in love with him. He was twenty, you know, very worldly. A Yale Man. We went out for like two months, then he dumped me right after we... you know, after...

DYLAN

Oh. Oh! No wonder.

REBECCA

I mean like **right** after. Sorry if I ruined your summer.

DYLAN

Nah, it was cool. I was pretty used to having weird moods and stuff that I couldn't really explain.

REBECCA

Me too. Pretty much thought you were PMS.

DYLAN

A lot of people get us mixed up.

She laughs.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I remember some other stuff, I guess it's all kinda personal. Your mom...

REBECCA

I figured.

DYLAN

You were in college, right?

REBECCA

Yeah. She wasn't ever very well, you know. She was... like me, kind of. Not much of a physical specimen. At the end she was so tiny... Dylan. There's something -- it didn't make sense to me at all then, but -- I've always felt that there was someone... with me. It wasn't an imaginary friend, it wasn't anybody with a name. It was just a feeling. I felt it more strongly than ever after my mom died. I thought it might be her. It helped. Did you ever feel that way?

DYLAN

You tell me.

REBECCA

(delicately)

I remember your first night in prison.

Dylan hurls a heavy engine piece clear across the yard.

DYLAN

Oh. Right. Time to come clean.

REBECCA

What did you do?

DYLAN

Took shit outta people's houses that didn't belong to me. I'm good with locks. Not that good with silent alarms... got two years. In with mostly lifers.

REBECCA

I thought it was nightmares. It was terrifying. Every noise...

DYLAN

I was sure I was a dead man, and I only had me to blame. Never felt so alone as I did in there doing my bid.

REBECCA

(softly)

You weren't.

DYLAN

Hey! Jesus! Hey!

REBECCA

What?

DYLAN

Go to the mirror!

REBECCA

What?

DYLAN

Go and look in the mirror. I don't even know what you look like, 'cept mostly your hands.

REBECCA

Well...

DYLAN

Go on. Show me.

REBECCA

Why don't you?

DYLAN

'Cause... I asked first.

REBECCA

Well, I'm not doing it unless you do it, too.

DYLAN

Okay, but -- after you.

She gets up, starts out of the kitchen.

A mix of nerves and excitement, Dylan heads back into the trailer.

REBECCA

I'm not even dressed.

DYLAN

Well, whose fault is that, lazybones? Come on.

Rebecca enters the bedroom, but she stops short of a mirror.

REBECCA

This is ridiculous... I'm scared.

DYLAN

What have you got to be scared about?

REBECCA

Shut up. You're scared, too.

DYLAN

Yeah, but I already know what I look like.

REBECCA

Okay. I'm going to the mirror now.

She does, she stands in the full-length mirror, standing awkwardly and staring straight ahead.

Dylan pauses in his hallway, stares also.

DYLAN

God. I'm beautiful.

Rebecca instantly turns away from the mirror.

REBECCA

Don't be stupid.

DYLAN

Well -- when I say beautiful, I mean of course ugly and wart-covered. What'd I say?

REBECCA

Don't flatter me just because I spent the night in prison with you.

DYLAN

What are you talking about? I was having fun being a beautiful girl there. I was all ready to go buy hats or something. Go back.

REBECCA

No. No, it's your turn.

DYLAN

Oh, gee, is that the time? Well, I'll be seeing you, Becky.

REBECCA

Stop it! It's your turn.

DYLAN

All right. Hold on.

Dylan pushes into his bathroom. He looks in the mirror over the sink, quickly fixes his hair.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Read 'em and weep.

She looks a moment.

REBECCA

You've got such a nice face.

DYLAN

(disappointed)

Nice, huh?

REBECCA

Well, no, I mean... Yes, it is.

DYLAN

Well, it's not much, but it does cover my unsightly skull, so that's a plus.

She faces the mirror again. They look at each other.

REBECCA

Hi.

DYLAN

Hi. Nice to meet you.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION\GARAGE - DAY

Rebecca sits in her Range Rover, wearing a Bluetooth earpiece to mask that she's talking to Dylan. The hood is up and STAN, the garage attendant, is looking inside.

REBECCA

No, I met him when he lectured at my college. That sounds just awful, doesn't it? But we really got along. And he helped me a lot, when I was --

Stan comes around to the side of the car as she is speaking.

STAN

What'd you say?

REBECCA

(taps her earpiece)

Phone... Did you figure it out? I wish I could describe it better, it's like a chugging noise.

STAN

I know. What it is, you got a crack in your manifold. They'll go on you. We need to replace it.

REBECCA

Oh, okay.

STAN

Let me check my stock. I can probably rack you up today.

REBECCA

That'd be great.

Stan trots off to find the part.

DYLAN

What year's your truck?

REBECCA

What? Oh, it's a 2010.

EXT. DYLAN'S TRAILER - DAY

Dylan is working the yard. It's beginning to look cleaned up. Origins of creative desert landscaping taking shape -- using the strewn about parts that were there with native plants.

DYLAN

Two types of manifolds. Less there was a recall, the intake manifold is fine. And no way the exhaust system on a Range Rover'd go after just two years.

REBECCA

Stan said it was a crack.

DYLAN

Not unless you been off-roading. Turn her over.

She does.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Look under the hood.

REBECCA

What, now?

DYLAN

No, after he charges you twelve hundred bucks. Yeah, c'mon.

He halts his work, involved now.

Rebecca reluctantly gets out, goes to the front of the car.

REBECCA

What am I looking at?

DYLAN

Over by the head gasket. On the right. No, under -- go on, get closer. Lift that hose...

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION\GARAGE - A MINUTE LATER

Stan trots out of the office, smiling.

STAN

We're in luck. I can take you today. While we're at it --

He stops, surprised to see Rebecca is closing the hood and wiping grease off her hands. She turns, also smiling.

REBECCA

We are in luck. The intake and exhaust manifolds are both fine. The...

(waits for Dylan to tell her)

Timing belt just needed... adjusting.

STAN
(looking guilty)
I don't think that'll help in the long
run, but I can do it for you.

REBECCA
That's alright, I already did it.

She gets in the car. Stan stands silently, utterly busted.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Thanks, Stan.

DYLAN
And they put ~~me~~ in prison.

He digs a shovel into the hard dirt.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPLASH 'N' DASH CAR WASH - DAY

Dylan is vacuuming out a car, talking to Rebecca. However,
unlike her, he does NOT have a Bluetooth device in his ear.

DYLAN
They know I'm a winner. That's why
they put me on the vacuum hose. Most
guys -- three or four years before
they can handle it.

He pauses, listening. The humor shifts out of his face.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
No, I finished school, but there's
this little matter of hard time... It
makes a *big* difference. Nobody's ever
gonna give you a set of keys once they
see that con box checked. I'm serious.
All the really good jobs involve keys.

ANGLE: A FAMILY

The owners of the car, who are watching him talk animatedly
to himself with a bit of suspicion.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
(after listening some more)
I don't know. Sure, maybe I could find
something better. It's just I don't
have a lot to offer, you know.

He stops, listens. A little smile comes back.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Yeah, well, what do **you** know?

He shuts the door of the car: it's finished. ANOTHER WORKER approaches to take the car through the wash --

CARWASH WORKER
Say, bro, what are you on?

DYLAN
(instantly defensive)
What? Nothing. What do you --

CARWASH WORKER
You got Verizon, huh? T-Mobile? I mean
I don't get shit out here.

DYLAN
Oh, right. Yeah.
(tapping his pocket)
Yeah, Verizon. That's what --

CARWASH WORKER
Cool. I might need to switch up.

As the car drives off, Dylan blows out a breath.

MUSIC UP: UPBEAT NUMBER

that carries us through images of their growing friendship.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Rebecca is throwing stuff in her cart, whispering
conspiratorially to Dylan.

CUT TO:

INT. DYLAN'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

He speaks back as he is cleaning up. The place already looks
better, though he's still somewhat harried by the task. He
pulls a dank shirt from under his bed, smells it.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca recoils at the God-awful smell, makes a face.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPLASH 'N' DASH CARWASH - DAY

Dylan works contentedly, not talking, his mind elsewhere.

CUT TO:

EXT. DYLAN'S TRAILER - EARLY MORNING

The sun barely cresting the sky, Dylan is talking to Rebecca and busily working in his yard. It's beginning to really take shape, well on its way to something very cool, something ripped right out of the pages of Dwell or Sunset.

CUT TO:

EXT. DYLAN'S FRONT YARD - DAY

He is holding a beer, eyeing something in front of him -- but it's not any of his yard work. He steps back, tilts his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORTER BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca has just finished making a snowman. She observes it, also tilting her head.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LORDSBURG - AFTERNOON

Rebecca is walking through the center of town, arguing visibly with Dylan, oblivious to the stares of strangers.

ANGLE: SUSAN

Having her nails done, she sees Rebecca through the window, looks at her curiously.

CUT TO:

INT. DYLAN'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Idling at a traffic light, Dylan glances over at a seedy strip club just as Billy and Lyle bust out the doors with TWO TRASHY DANCERS on their arms. Billy spots Dylan, but Dylan punches the gas through the light before it changes to green.

CUT TO:

INT. PORTER KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rebecca loads the dishwasher as Phillip talks, perfunctorily helping out. Rebecca isn't hearing a word. She's thinking.

Phillip looks out the window as he speaks, a little perplexed by the sight of a snowman out there.

CUT TO:

INT. PHILLIP'S STUDY - MORNING

Rebecca, still in her nightgown, is sitting in Phillip's chair, staring straight ahead, wonder in her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

The sun is rising, washing the dusty scape in orange.

Dylan stares out at it.

Rebecca stares, too.

MUSIC FADE

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTY PROBATION DEPARTMENT - DAY

Place is mid-day busy. Dylan sits by the side of Giddons' desk, waiting as the cop types slowly on his keyboard.

GIDDONS

So how's the auto cleansing business treating you?

DYLAN

You know what the man says -- All it ever does is rain.

GIDDONS

Cute. Keeping your nose clean?

DYLAN

Clean as a whistle.

GIDDONS

Clean as my fat granny's asshole, I'll bet.

DYLAN

Mind if use that in conversation sometime? I'll give you credit of course... Actually, I been thinking about looking for some new work.

GIDDONS

Who with, Billy and Lyle?

DYLAN

Wanna see if I can't scare up something better. I ain't gonna quit or nothin''til I'm sure, but --

GIDDONS

(eyeing him)

What's with you?

DYLAN

What do you mean?

GIDDONS
You got a funny look.

DYLAN
What?

GIDDONS
You look like you're about to kiss me.

DYLAN
(leaning in)
Well, when the light strikes you like
that, something about your hair...

GIDDONS
Solicitation is a crime. Something's
up with you, Kershaw.

DYLAN
Nothing's up.

GIDDONS
For a smart guy, you're one piss-poor
liar.

Dylan realizes he is serious, and is made uneasy. Then he
makes a decision.

DYLAN
I met someone.

GIDDONS
Well there it is. Finally getting your
pecker waxed. She know you're a two-
time loser?

DYLAN
She doesn't seem to care.

GIDDONS
Oh, got yourself a classy woman.

DYLAN
You'd be surprised.

GIDDONS
Nothing you do could surprise me.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Artsy place. Rebecca is perched cross-legged on a chair,
playing solitaire. She puts the black ten on the red jack.

REBECCA

I like that you told him you had a girlfriend.

DYLAN

Yeah, some people'll believe anything.

REBECCA

Come on, you've had girlfriends.

EXT. DYLAN'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Dylan is working on his car, futzing about under the hood.

Behind Dylan, we can see an old El Camino pulling up, parking a bit away from his house. No one gets out. Sits ominously.

DYLAN

Not really. I was seeing a girl for about three weeks last year, that was a record. I'm not great with women. It's kinda been a life-long drought.

REBECCA

But what about your man-needs?

DYLAN

Becky! You got a mind like a sewer.

REBECCA

(cracking up)

Come on, I wanna hear all your dark secrets. Have you ever paid for it?

DYLAN

You don't have to pay for self-gratification... Although when I got out, my friends did seek the services of a professional for me. I wasn't so crazy about it. She seemed to be having a hell of a time, but I had a sneaking suspicion she was making it up. She kept saying, you know, "Ooh, Baby, oh, Tiger..."

Rebecca laughs.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, that bugged me, too. I kept thinking, "Am I missing something? Where's the damn tiger?"

REBECCA
(to herself)
Shoot.

She has come to a dead end in her solitaire game.

DYLAN
Put the other six back, and you can
move that one over.

REBECCA
No, dummy, that's cheating.

DYLAN
It's not cheating. It's... creative.

REBECCA
No, it's no fun when you cheat. It's
no fun to win.

DYLAN
You just don't cheat 'cause you're
afraid someone'll get mad. Can't
always do what you're told, darlin'.

REBECCA
Spoken like a true convict.

Dylan looks hurt. Rebecca stops, not hearing any response.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

DYLAN
Nah, whatever. I got no right to be
touchy, it's all true.

Still an awkward moment. Dylan breaks it finally, saying:

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Oh. Hey. You know what? I figured it
out.

REBECCA
Figured what?

DYLAN
Us. Why it happened, or why we opened
it up when we did.

REBECCA
Really?

DYLAN
Really.

REBECCA
Why?

DYLAN
Why not?

A moment. She starts to grin affectionately.

Dylan looks up from the hood when he hears a car door slam --
Billy and Lyle. Dylan's expression loses its humor.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
I better go, Becky. Got stuff to do.

REBECCA
(unperturbed)
Okay. See you later.

She's out of his head as he straightens up to meet the boys.

LYLE
What up, Dill Pickle?

DYLAN
What are y'all doing out here?

BILLY
Come to discuss employment
opportunities.

Dylan looks worriedly about, making sure they are unnoticed.

DYLAN
Well don't hang around out here then,
come on in.

They all head for the front door, Dylan glancing anxiously
behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. DYLAN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The boys have made themselves comfortable, Lyle tossing a
beer from Dylan's fridge to Billy. Dylan looks tense.

BILLY
Grumman Tech Supply. It's ripe, Dylan.

DYLAN
Is it?

BILLY

My cousin Adam, who beat that
aggravated assault on the 7-11 clerk --

LYLE

Kicked his lard ass all up and down
the freezer section --

BILLY

He's been working maintenance in that
office park. Says Grumman's packed
with tech and empty as a church
service on Superbowl Sunday. And best
thing, no silent alarms.

LYLE

Don't it just make your heart sing?

DYLAN

You know Giddons is just drooling for
me to make a move like this.

BILLY

He'll sleep through it. Your end is
two hours at most. You open the pearly
gates, we do the rest. You don't want
to be seen with us, hell, I'll mail
you your cut.

DYLAN

(considering)

I could definitely use a little
walking around money.

BILLY

This is more than walking money here.
We got a fence lined up in Wilburfield
that'll take the whole package,
nothing's local. Your parole gets
through, this could be you setting up
in a new town like a proper man.

That REALLY hits home. Dylan smiles a bit...

LYLE

Me and Billy know how to hide our
winnings. Long as you keep your trap
shut, Dill Pickle, who's ever gonna
know?

Dylan's smile fades, as he remembers exactly who's gonna
know.

DYLAN

I don't know. I mean, this ain't exactly the best timing for me.

LYLE

(rising)

What do you got better to do? Wax a fleet of minivans?

Billy motions for him to chill. Talks soft, which is a lot more threatening than Lyle talking loud.

BILLY

Dylan... this was **your** idea. When you got out you said you wanted some action. Something to get back on your feet. Something safe. Now this is way the hell over in Bedlow. That equipment is nobody's; it's just gonna rust. There's no victim here.

DYLAN

Just a true convict.

He's talking about himself, but Billy moves close.

BILLY

We let you in on this 'cause you asked. I don't like you knowing if you got no stake in it. We'll be waiting on you, boy.

Billy starts to leave. Lyle follows, grinning.

LYLE

Catch you soon, Dill Pickle.

Dylan watches them go.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE: HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Stark, white, and seemingly endless, it stretches out empty before us.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Rebecca walks slowly along the hall, her footsteps echoing hollowly. She seems intimidated by her surroundings. A nurse comes out of one room, passes Rebecca without looking up.

Rebecca slows down, looks into the room.

ANGLE: THE ROOM

It is empty. The bed, filling the best part of it, is still rumpled, the covers thrown aside. An I.V. and some dormant machine stand guard by it. The whole image is somehow depressing: bright and sterile, yet vaguely unhealthy.

From the thoughtful crease in Rebecca's brow, we can see that is certainly the way it strikes **her**. She stares at the room, more uncomfortable than ever to be in this place.

Phillip appears suddenly in the frame, touching her shoulder. As surprised as we are, Rebecca jumps, emitting a tiny squawk.

REBECCA

Oh! Phillip. You startled me.

PHILLIP

Sorry.

REBECCA

You know how I get in these places.

PHILLIP

I do. I'm surprised to see you here.
Is everything all right?

They head down the hallway to his office.

REBECCA

Sure. I was around and I had a wild notion you might be free for lunch.

Phillip makes a reluctant, dissenting noise.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

It was pretty wild notion.

PHILLIP

I've still got my doctor cap on, I'm afraid. Maynard's here to discuss his research program.

REBECCA

Oh, right, the schizophrenic nar --

PHILLIP

(not letting her finish)
Narcotherapy. It's a big word, hon.
That reminds me. Next Thursday is the fund-raiser; don't put us down for anything.

INT. PHILLIP'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They walk into his outer office, past his assistant and enter Phillip's office. It is impeccable (and there's something about it that really make you want to pecc it). Steely grey predominates. DR. MAYNARD rises from the couch. A bit more officious-looking than Phillip, he somehow lacks Phillip's sheen of respectability. He looks a bit surprised to see Rebecca.

PHILLIP

Dennis, you remember my wife, Becky.

MAYNARD

Of course.

REBECCA

Hi... Okay, well, I guess I'll be...

PHILLIP

Sit with us a minute.

REBECCA

Your doctor's cap is still on and I...
I really do need some lunch. You know
how I get.

MAYNARD

Oh -- did you two have plans?

REBECCA

No, I just have to remember not to be
spontaneous without calling ahead
first.

Maynard chuckles politely.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Well, I'll let you get back to it.

PHILLIP

I shouldn't be late for dinner.

REBECCA

Good. Have fun. I'll see you Thursday
for the fund-raiser, Dr. Maynard.

MAYNARD

I look forward to it.

She exits, shutting the door behind her. Both men stare after her for a few moments. Finally, Maynard turns to Phillip.

MAYNARD (CONT'D)

It's hard to tell right off --

PHILLIP

Yes, I wish you could have spent more time with her. I didn't know she was coming.

MAYNARD

No, no, I do think I see what you mean. Her body language is very protective, very concealing. It's odd.

PHILLIP

She's always been skittish. I don't know.

Maynard looks out again at the door.

MAYNARD

She looks tired.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - EVENING

It's fairly crowded. Dylan sits at the stick, his hand casually over his mouth so he can talk to Rebecca unnoticed as he looks around the bar, letting her take it all in. To the naked eye, it looks a lot like he's on a cell phone.

DYLAN

And that's Bob Greezy, we all call him -- yup, Greasy Bob. Okay, so it's not brilliant.

GREASY BOB stares right at Dylan -- hikes his thumb at a "no cell phones" sign.

GREASY BOB

No cellies, moron.

Dylan smiles an apology and spins away, still whispering.

DYLAN

I worked with him on a highway job once. Has a real interesting smell. That's Annie Mae over there, she's a regular.

CUT TO:

INT. PORTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca is on the bed, lying on her stomach with her feet in the air, munching from a bag of potato chips.

REBECCA

I think she's a little old for you.

DYLAN

She's also married to the bartender.
Nice guy. Has a twelve-gauge under the
bar.

REBECCA

That pretty much takes care of that.

As Dylan's gaze sweeps the room for Rebecca's benefit, it lands
on a big drunk sitting close enough to touch.

DRUNK

Got a problem, buddy?

REBECCA

(manly-like)

Tell him to go fuck himself.

She hoots with laughter at her own audacity.

DYLAN

(smiling at the drunk)

No, we're cool. No problem at all.

REBECCA

Wimp.

DYLAN

So, you like it when we get hit?

ANGLE: THE BAR

Donna appears at the bar, waits for Wayne to see her. Dylan
does. He gets that uncomfortable look on his face, and looks
off. Too late.

REBECCA

Wait, who's that? She's hot.

DYLAN

That's Donna. She's a nice girl.

REBECCA

A nice girl? Is she married? Is she
covered with sores?

DYLAN

Not to hear it.

REBECCA

Look, she's waving!

DYLAN

I know.

REBECCA

You guys are friends? Ask her out.

DYLAN

Well, I'm not gonna just --

REBECCA

Oh, don't be such a wuss. You know you want her.

DYLAN

Shut up.

Donna pays for her beer, makes her way over to Dylan.

REBECCA

She's coming over here! What is this strange power you have over women?

DYLAN

If you don't shut up I'll shut you out.

REBECCA

Just when our girlfriend's here? You better not.

DONNA

Hey, Dylan.

REBECCA

Come to me, wench.

Rebecca cracks up again. She's loving this!

DYLAN

Hey, Donna. You here alone?

DONNA

Jenny's supposed to be coming. Ain't seen you around much lately.

DYLAN

Haven't been around.

REBECCA

Duhhh! Say you like her shoes.

DYLAN

I like those shoes. They... they work.

DONNA

You noticed 'em? I got 'em on sale.
They go with everything.

REBECCA

See, you compliment something they
bought or did, not eyes or stuff they
were born with. That way you're saying
you like them and their tastes and not
just --

DYLAN

(fiercely)

Shut up.

DONNA

What?

DYLAN

Oh, I... hate this song.

DONNA

Blake Shelton is God, stupid.

DYLAN

No, I've just heard it too much.

DONNA

Yeah. I love it.

REBECCA

Ask her out. Ask... her.... oouuuuut...

DYLAN

Say Donna, I was thinking... you busy
Tuesday night?

DONNA

(smiling)

I'm busy most nights. What'd you have
in mind?

DYLAN

(can't think of anything)

I thought... um... maybe...

REBECCA

I'll cook you dinner.

DYLAN

...I could make you dinner.

DONNA

You cook?

DYLAN

I can make a thing or two. What do you like?

DONNA

(more smile)

I like steaks. Big steaks.

DYLAN

(warming to it)

I'll cook you up a rare steak with a fancy sauce and trimmings for days.

(casually)

If you're not busy.

REBECCA

I am so smooth!

DONNA

Tuesday I'm seeing my Mama. Thursday I'm free.

DYLAN

Thursday? Hmmm ...

(makes her wait)

Done. Dinner at eight.

REBECCA

Wait! I'm busy Thursday.

DYLAN

(under his breath)

You ain't coming.

Donna is waving at Jenny, who has just entered.

DONNA

Okay, eight. Gotta go.

DYLAN

I'll be seeing you.

Donna moves off.

REBECCA

Phillip and I are going to a fundraiser on Thursday, you dope.

DYLAN

Think I want you hanging around on my date, telling me how to kiss and stuff?

REBECCA

Who made you ask her out? You couldn't even talk to her. You're nothing without me.

DYLAN

You're still not coming.

REBECCA

I made you, and I can break you.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - EVENING

The fund-raising dinner. About a hundred well-dressed people are sitting at long tables, finishing up their dinners and chatting. There is a podium at one end of the room, but as yet no one has mounted it.

Phillip and Rebecca are seated in the middle of one of the tables. Phillip talks to Maynard. Rebecca is trapped next to MR. PADGHAM, a fat, overbearing philanthropist.

PADGHAM

A charity donation is like any other investment; you want to know your money's being put to good use. I looked into Jerry's homeless project, but percentage-wise... most of that money won't stay here in the community. And I know I'm going to be burned at the stake for saying this, but not all of those homeless are innocent victims.

REBECCA

Well, I can't imagine a better place to put your money than the research program.

PADGHAM

Of course you can't. Your husband's on the board.

(laughs)

But no, you're right. Hospital's great. Sick people are always the best; real lump-in-the-throat stuff, these hospital charities. Give me cripples every time.

REBECCA

Actually, these are psychos, not cripples. Excuse me a minute, please.

She pushes back and gets up.

PHILLIP
(turning)
Where are you going?

REBECCA
I need to find the ladies' room.

PHILLIP
(leaning in)
Padgham making you sleepy?

She smiles a bit weakly.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
Just let me know when he puts his hand
on your knee.

REBECCA
You'll be the first.

She heads for the door.

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She steps inside. The bathroom is empty. She slips into one
of the stalls. She concentrates, focussing in.

REBECCA
How's it going?

CUT TO:

EXT. DYLAN'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Dylan throws two steaks on a flaming grill. He has his shirt
buttoned up and a lame string-tie on -- just a little dressy.
In the background, we see the yard's landscaping is nearly
complete, and it's pretty damn cool-looking.

DYLAN
What. I'm fine. Why? What do you want?

In a slight state of panic, he bolts inside.

INT. DYLAN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

There are three pots bubbling away on the stove, and he is
running back and forth between them and the table he is
trying to set.

REBECCA
I'm just checking in, seeing if
everything's going okay.

DYLAN
Everything's great.

REBECCA
Your sauce is burning.

DYLAN
(turning it off)
This is nuts. I haven't cooked
anything that didn't have microwave
instructions since... ever. Here,
smell this.

He brings the sauce to his nose and sniffs.

REBECCA
What is that, rosemary?

DYLAN
Too much?

REBECCA
No... it's a little thick, though.

DYLAN
You said it was supposed to be thick.

REBECCA
Not thick as a brick.

He heads into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

It is perfectly spic and span, except for a pile of dirty
laundry on the bed which Dylan hurriedly shoves into the
closet. He starts out again.

REBECCA
Wait. Uhhh, rumple the bed.

DYLAN
Do you know how long it took me --

REBECCA
Don't make it look like you cleaned
up. Make it look like you're clean.

DYLAN
That would be a falsehood.

But he is already obeying, turning down the sheet and
rumpling it creatively.

He observes it a moment, then just hops under the covers. He quickly strikes various poses of sleep then hops out again. Satisfied, he darts out.

INT. DYLAN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He looks in the mirror a moment, hears nothing from Rebecca.

DYLAN

What? You hate my shirt.

REBECCA

No.

DYLAN

It's the wrong shirt. Women everywhere revile this shirt.

REBECCA

Dylan. Maintain. It's gonna be okay.

DYLAN

Easy for you to say. How's your money dinner?

REBECCA

Stuffed Shirts Anonymous. I just have to worry about staying awake.

There's a knock on Dylan's door.

DYLAN

Oh no.

REBECCA

You'll be fine. Good luck.

DYLAN

See ya.

Rebecca pauses a moment, shrugging him off. She opens the door to the stall.

CUT TO:

EXT. DYLAN'S FRONT DOOR - SECONDS LATER

Donna is standing outside the door. She looks good in her little jeans skirt, tank top and tight leather jacket. She pops a bubble-gum bubble.

The door opens. Dylan stands inside, wearing a different shirt.

DONNA

Hey there.

DYLAN

Hi... Oh shit, hold up.

Dylan pushes past her to flip his burning steaks on the grill. Crisis averted, he starts back inside.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Come on in...

She does.

INT. DYLAN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He leads her in. She takes a seat at the eating nook while he turns a flame on under the pans.

DONNA

Never seen your place before.

DYLAN

Really? You didn't come out here on the Fourth?

DONNA

I don't think so.

DYLAN

Thought you did. I had a barbecue. Kind of my own concept -- a barbecue on the Fourth of July.

DONNA

Lots of people do that.

DYLAN

I thought I was the first.

She's not getting the joke. He's getting uncomfortable again.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I, uhh ... I like your boots.

DONNA

You got like a thing for feet? Dated a guy like that once, real weirdo.

DYLAN

No. Umm... want a drink? I picked up some red wine.

DONNA

Got a beer?

He crosses to the fridge and pulls out a couple of beers as she goes over to the stove.

DONNA (CONT'D)
You really cook and everything?

DYLAN
Now and then.

He hands her a beer as she bends over and smells his sauce. She wrinkles her nose.

DONNA
Eeuyu, what's that?!?

DYLAN
A sauce.

DONNA
Smells crazy.

REBECCA (O.S.)
Bimbo.

Dylan frowns that Rebecca is still around. He takes the sauce off the stove.

DYLAN
Well, it's not for tonight anyway.

As he speaks, he takes a rag, wipes a little sauce off the stove. He throws the rag onto the stove absently.

DONNA
I don't like my steaks all fancy. Just burnt black and with tons of ketchup.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see that Rebecca is back at her place as she speaks.

REBECCA
(snorts)
Figures.

PADGHAM
Figures what?

REBECCA
Sorry?

PADGHAM
I thought you spoke.

REBECCA

I was just thinking out -- Whoah!

She reaches out instinctively, knocking over wine glasses onto the laps of those opposite.

CUT TO:

INT. DYLAN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

We see why she reacted so: the rag is well aflame.

Donna, who was leaning with her back to it, screams and moves away as Dylan grabs for it, juggling it in a panic --

REBECCA

Ooh! Hot! Hot! Hot!

-- before he drops it into another pan, where it bursts into an even more vigorous flame.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

At least three people at Rebecca's table are standing up and wiping themselves off. Phillip is apologizing and looking helpful, eyeing his wife suspiciously all the while. Maynard is also watching her, intently.

REBECCA

In the sink!

Dylan grabs the pan and throws it in the sink, runs the tap on it. The flame goes out.

DYLAN

There. You happy now?

DONNA

Me?

REBECCA

What do you --

Phillip grabs her by the shoulder, looks steely into her eyes.

PHILLIP

Maybe you better go wash that off, honey.

Rebecca snaps back to reality.

DYLAN

Keep out of this, Phil.

REBECCA

I'm sorry, honey. You're right.

She heads out. Phillip and Maynard exchange significant looks.

Dylan looks at Donna a moment.

DONNA

Who's Phil?

DYLAN

'Scuze me a minute.

He heads for the bathroom. Donna stands around a moment, not knowing exactly what to do. She sips her beer. Turns, hearing Dylan in the bathroom.

DYLAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What I've done? I told you not to come along anyway!

INT. DYLAN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I had everything under control.

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca stands out about forty feet from the front door.

REBECCA

You had everything on fire!

DYLAN

Well, that's how I like it!

REBECCA

Sure, *burnt black and tons of ketchup.*

DYLAN

It's none of your business what she eats. She's ~~my~~ date, you yuppie snob.

REBECCA

Yeah, you sure know how to pick 'em.

DYLAN

What's the matter? You jealous?

REBECCA

I -- Wha -- Don't be a -- No!

DYLAN

Why don't you just butt out!?

REBECCA
Why don't you make me!?

DYLAN
Think I won't?

REBECCA
Try!

Livid with fury, Dylan slaps himself in the face.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Ow!

DYLAN
There! You like that?

He does it again.

REBECCA
Stop it!

DYLAN
I won't! I won't!

He barrages himself with both hands, turning his cheeks quite crimson. It is about this time that he notices Donna is standing in the doorway, staring at him. He stops hitting himself, looks at her sheepishly.

Rebecca looks around a moment.

REBECCA
Dylan? Fine. Shut me out. Stupid hick.

She stalks back toward the hotel.

DYLAN
(to Donna)
Oh. Hey. I was just... putting on some
after-shave. Donna?

But she's already bolting for the door. He follows her.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Donna!

EXT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

She is down the path as he comes out the door, calling after her to no avail. She slams her car door, drives off.

DYLAN

Donna, wait, I was just making a joke,
I was...

(defeated)
putting on after-shave...

He looks over at the steaks, they're fried to a crisp.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PORTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Phillip is silently undressing. Rebecca sits on the edge of the bed, watching him.

REBECCA

You are going to speak to me again
before we die, right?

PHILLIP

(deep breath, then)
What should I say? "I'm glad you made
us look like idiots"? You didn't even
apologize to Dr. Maynard.

REBECCA

I don't like Dr. Maynard. He always
looks at me like he's trying to guess
my weight.

PHILLIP

He was trying to raise money for an
important project that I happen to be
involved with. These fund-raisers are
delicate affairs. They don't invite us
along so we can douse the other
guests.

REBECCA

Guess you should have told me that
before we went.

PHILLIP

Is everything a joke to you now?

REBECCA

Phillip, I can't say what happened. I
think... maybe I dozed off for a
second. I was confused. Haven't you
ever done that?

He goes over, sits on the bed next to her.

PHILLIP

That isn't it. I mean, that may be true, but... something is happening to you. I don't know if it's what happened before or not.

REBECCA

It's not. Believe me.

PHILLIP

What, then?

REBECCA

Sometimes... I don't know, Phillip, sometimes you just look at everything, and it's all different. Just all of a sudden, you know?

PHILLIP

I do. They call that puberty.

Rebecca registers the cut.

REBECCA

It's not just then. It never stops. I don't think it should. It's like shedding your skin.

PHILLIP

Is that what you're doing? Shedding?

REBECCA

Sort of.

PHILLIP

Shedding me?

She kisses him, in reassurance.

REBECCA

No.

She starts to rise, he pulls her back down. Kisses her again. He pushes her slowly backwards onto the bed.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I'm sorry...

PHILLIP

Shhhh...

INT. PORTER BEDROOM - LATER

The two of them are making love. It is a familiar, uninspired act. He is on top of her, moving slowly and rhythmically, his face buried in her neck. She moves with him, staring at the ceiling. Not entirely detached, but not with passion.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME - A LITTLE LATER

He sleeps now, and she sits, thinking. She grabs her nightgown off the floor and pulls it on over her head. Gets out of bed and heads downstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca enters, sits on the couch, her feet curled beneath her.

CUT TO:

EXT. DYLAN'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

He sits on his stairs, nursing a beer.

DYLAN

Hi.

REBECCA

Hey.

They don't speak a moment; just let their comforting connection seep in.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

How'd it go?

DYLAN

Went okay.

REBECCA

Good.

DYLAN

Might've been better if she actually stayed long enough to eat, but...

REBECCA

Oh.

DYLAN

Hey, I actually had a real live girl over, so it's a step. How was the dinner?

REBECCA
I was the life of the party.

DYLAN
Kind of figured.

REBECCA
I'm really sorry about everything. I
messed it up, I know.

DYLAN
Nahhh, I would have messed it up
myself; you just saved me the time.

REBECCA
Give yourself a little credit. That
girl really likes you. I can tell.

DYLAN
Think so?

REBECCA
She wants your steaming bod. Trust me.
Women know about these things.

DYLAN
Well, if she did, I think she got over
it when she caught me fighting with
the little man inside my head.

REBECCA
Ooh, yeah. I guess we have to be more
careful. It's just... sometimes when
I'm with you, I forget myself.

DYLAN
You feel funny.

REBECCA
What?

DYLAN
Don't you feel funny? Not like a
fever, but...

Rebecca feels her brow, which is still a tiny bit damp from
her exertions upstairs. She smiles, almost sheepishly.

REBECCA
Oh. I was, um, previously engaged in a
certain kind of activity and, and
hasn't the weather been ridiculously
seasonal this year?

Dylan sits up, realizing. Equally embarrassed.

DYLAN
Oh! Uh, yes, it is very weathery for
this season...
(after a moment)
You smell good. Kind of sweaty.

Rebecca says nothing. Dylan suddenly looks a little guilty.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. That was out of line, I
didn't...

A beat.

REBECCA
I should go.

DYLAN
Yeah. Okay. Sorry about tonight.

REBECCA
Me too.

DYLAN
Goodnight.

REBECCA
Goodnight.

DYLAN
Good night.

Nobody goes anywhere.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPLASH 'N' DASH - AFTERNOON

Slow day. Dylan sits in the row of waiting area chairs as he
reads from a magazine. MUSIC plays softly from a small radio.

DYLAN
All right. Number six. "What first
attracted you to your partner? A) His
looks. B) --"

JAKE, Dylan's boss, watches him through an office window.

CUT TO:

INT. PORTER CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca is going through dusty piles of boxes, searching for
something, organizing other things along the way.

She wears old jeans and a big shirt, her hair pulled loosely back: basic chore mode.

She interrupts Dylan readily.

REBECCA

Money.

DYLAN

"B) Money." Okay.

REBECCA

This is easy.

DYLAN

Okay. Here goes the good part. "How does your partner rate as a lover?"

REBECCA

Pass.

DYLAN

No, wait!

REBECCA

Pass! It's none of your business.

DYLAN

Of course it's my business, hush up. "You would describe your lovemaking as: A) wild animals. B) Sweet and slow. C) At least he tries. D) Just enough time to examine my nails." That's cold.

REBECCA

A? B. No... no, yes. B.

DYLAN

Okay. "How often --"

REBECCA

Pass!

DYLAN

Come on, this isn't gonna work unless--

REBECCA

Ooh! Turn it up!

She is referring to the well-known SONG (possibly even an oldie, yes, yes) that has begun on the radio. Dylan obediently turns it up.

Rebecca begins humming along, dancing a bit as she straightens.

Dylan rises, also starts dancing. His boss still watching.

We CUT between the two of them as they perform the number, Dylan singing and Rebecca singing back-up. Their steps are (sometimes deliberately) goofy, their voices less than professional, but they are really into it.

CUT TO:

INT. PORTER KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Phillip enters, hears something coming from the cellar. Goes to check it out.

INT. PORTER CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca is still dancing about. The sight is made a bit strange by the fact that there is no music, and that Rebecca is not really singing a tune; she's singing back-up. She doesn't see Phillip enter at first, just keeps bopping along.

Phillip finally clears his throat.

ANGLE: DYLAN

We watch as he spins around, caught and embarrassed, much as Rebecca must be doing.

PHILLIP

Is this more... shedding?

REBECCA

No, this is dancing.

She holds out her hand to him, but he declines.

PHILLIP

Have you considered lessons?

REBECCA

That reminds me. I enrolled in the --

PHILLIP

That drawing class. I know, Dorothy told me. That should be historic.

REBECCA

I promise not to hang anything on the walls.

PHILLIP

What I'm looking forward to is being with you after you've spent all day with the gossip gals. Think how it'll improve our dinner conversation.

REBECCA

I'll be sure to let you in on all the juicy bits.

PHILLIP

Lucky me.

Dylan looks a little concerned, like he shouldn't be listening in, or he doesn't like what he hears.

DYLAN

I better go. I'll see you.

Phillip starts back up the stairs.

REBECCA

(whispers)

Bye.

(to Phillip)

Honey, do you know where my photo albums are? I've been digging through this stuff...

Phillip is not facing Rebecca, but he is facing us. The look on his face tells us he is about to lie.

PHILLIP

I don't know where they are. I thought they were down here.

REBECCA

I thought so too.

PHILLIP

I'm sure Blanca didn't throw them out.

REBECCA

(worried)

God, I hope not. Think she might have?

PHILLIP

She is pretty creative. But I doubt it. Why were you looking for them?

REBECCA

I just wanted to show -- I, I wanted to look at them. You know.

PHILLIP
You're not upset about something?

REBECCA
No.

PHILLIP
You usually only dig up pictures of
your mother when you're upset, or when
you're planning on getting upset.

REBECCA
No, I just wanted --

PHILLIP
I'm not saying don't find them. If
it's a healthy thing, that's good.
(looks at his watch)
I've got to change. Council meeting's
been moved up to six. Is my gray shirt
clean?

REBECCA
I'll go find it.

Phillip smiles at her, heads upstairs. She looks around her
for a moment, then follows.

CUT TO:

INT. DYLAN'S BATHROOM - EVENING

Dylan is taking a leak, humming the song he and Becky were
singing. His shirt is off; he's barefoot in jeans. He shakes
himself and is just arranging things when he feels her.

REBECCA (O.S.)
Everything come out all right?

He hears her giggle as he embarrassedly zips up his pants. A
look of slight incredulity fills his face.

DYLAN
You're drunk!

CUT TO:

INT. PORTER KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca is sitting on the table. She is still wearing the big
shirt, but that's all. She is vigorously rubbing spot remover
on the jeans she has stripped off. A glass of red wine sits
on the table before her, the bottle next to it.

REBECCA
 (imitating him)
 I ain't hardly had nothing to drink.
 But give me time, pardner.
 (normal voice)
 Got wine on my damn pants. What's
 Phillip gonna think?

INT. DYLAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Dylan comes in from the bathroom.

DYLAN
 Where is old Phil?

REBECCA
 Meeting. Have I given you the tour of
 my luxurious home?

DYLAN
 Yes.

INT. PORTER KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She jumps off the table, goes over to the espresso machine,
 presenting it like a spokesmodel.

REBECCA
 Beautiful Concordia Espresso Machine.
 (whispers conspiratorially)
 It's the most expensive in the world.

DYLAN
 Did you find those pictures you were
 gonna show me?

She's already out of the kitchen, wine glass in hand.

INT. PORTER LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She crosses the floor to the television cabinet. On the way
 she spills a dollop of wine on the carpet.

CLOSE UP: RED WINE

Hitting white carpet.

She presents the cabinet.

REBECCA
 Elegant mahogany entertainment center;
 the perfect addition to every home.

INT. DYLAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dylan sits on his bed.

DYLAN
(sensing all is not well)
Let's see those pictures, darlin'.

REBECCA
They're gone.

So is she, to the hall.

INT. FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

She presents the ceiling.

REBECCA
Wall-to-wall ceiling. It's the latest thing.

DYLAN
What happened?

REBECCA
They're gone. They're not lost, they're **gone**. I've been through the entire attractively furnished house.

She climbs some steps, sits on them.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Maybe the maid ate them. Or possibly, maybe my husband slipped them into the trash or burn pile.

DYLAN
Why the hell --

REBECCA
Because he knows me. Phillip takes care of me.

DYLAN
That sucks!

REBECCA
No. He's not being mean. He knows how funky I get sometimes, going through that stuff.

She sips the wine.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I know them by heart anyway.

(closes her eyes)

Here's my mom, when she was little.

(opens them)

See, she has my eyes -- gray, with flecks of panic. Here's mom teaching me how to swim. Notice how I'm grafted onto her arm. Not a success. Here's a picture of a pony. Don't know whose, or why it's in there. But it is. Ooh, there's my dad. Scariest man that ever lived. **Grown-ups** were scared of him.

She drains her glass. Twirls it in her fingers.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I always assumed my dad talked to everyone the way he talked to me.

(imitating him)

"You bought steel at 56 a share? I see. And are you proud of that?"

(herself again)

All they ever taught me was how to be afraid. And I went out and found the copingest man alive so he could take care of me. So we could get rid of the past. Keep chipping away at it, at all my little quirks and insecurities... until, voilà, there's nothing left.

Her eyes are wet. She takes the glass and effortlessly tosses it in the air as high as it will go in the cavernous hall. It sails up, arcs gently down.

It smashes on the floor.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Nothing like a little truth to sober you up.

A moment, then:

DYLAN

I got a brother, Mitch, I think he might be down in Louisville. Figure he moved 1,500 miles so he wouldn't have to lend me any more money. The day I got popped, my mama stopped talking to me; didn't even wait for a trial. I've never known anyone that I didn't disappoint. The best thing -- the only thing about me that I like... is you.

Slowly, she gets up, heads silently into the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. PORTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca stands in front of the full length mirror. It is dark in the room, the light from the hall gently outlining her.

DYLAN

Sometimes I wish you weren't so pretty, Becky Porter. I know that's dumb and shallow. Shouldn't matter. Besides, you're a married woman, and I'm on parole... Still, sometimes I think... I just wish you weren't so pretty.

She continues looking at herself. Slowly, she reaches up and begins unbuttoning her shirt. She pulls it off, lets it drop.

Dylan stares. Not a sound.

She goes over to her bed and climbs on it, sitting up against the headboard. After a moment:

REBECCA

I want to know what you feel like.

Dylan makes a sound that might be the beginning of a word, but he swallows it. He looks at his hands a moment, unsure of what to do. He places them over his face, and slowly runs them down it, running the tips of his fingers along his neck to his chest. He watches himself doing this as though he were feeling himself for the first time as well.

Rebecca unclasps her bra, drops it on the bed beside her. She cups one hand briefly and contemplatively over her breast, bringing her fingers then to her lips, tracing lightly over them. Her hand trembles slightly.

Dylan runs his hand along his other arm and to his other hand, locking his fingers.

We see Rebecca has done the same. She takes one hand and runs it through her hair.

Dylan lies back and shuts his eyes as he runs his hand down his chest, down his stomach, down.

Rebecca slides down onto her pillow.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DRAWING CLASS - DAY

The class (mostly women) stands about the room facing the male nude standing in the corner. Rebecca is toward the back, sketching hesitantly. Diane and Dorothy are beside her. Rebecca outlines the figure, looks at her work disapprovingly.

DYLAN (O.S.)
NO, that's cool!

Rebecca makes a small grunt of dissent.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Cut it out. It's good. Look at Diane's.

She looks over at Diane's. It's considerably worse.
CUT TO:

EXT. SPLASH 'N' DASH CAR WASH - CONTINUOUS

Dylan is wiping down a car as he talks. He makes a face at Diane's drawing.

DYLAN
A little abstract, there, darlin'. Try drawing the nice man.

Rebecca goes back to her own work, slowly filling in detail.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
C'mon, draw his Johnson. Go on, I know what you're looking at. Sketch that pecker.

Rebecca giggles. Everybody looks askance at her. Dorothy and Diane exchange meaningful glances.

Jake, the owner of the carwash, comes out of his office behind Dylan just as Dylan is finishing up.

JAKE
Dylan! My office.

DYLAN
(to Rebecca)
Gotta go, darlin'.

He trudges into Jake's office.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jake is standing by his desk when Dylan enters. He takes a breath, then:

JAKE

It's no good.

DYLAN

What is?

JAKE

It's no good, it doesn't work. I gotta take you out of the line.

DYLAN

What, I'm fired?

JAKE

I'm letting you go.

DYLAN

Well, that's a lot like being fired.

Jake shrugs.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Did I do something? You're not... missing anything.

JAKE

It's a slow time. I gotta cut back.

DYLAN

Sure, but... I been here longer than some guys.

JAKE

Hey, you're me, Dylan, what do you do? Keep the ex-con who talks to himself all day? Shows up late and doesn't give a tinker's willy what's happening right in front of his face? Been here longer than other guys -- you ain't been here at all! I'm telling you this because I don't hate you, as some might. You frighten the customers. Next time you get a gig, let your imaginary friend stay home and cook, okay? But let's not end this with bad blood, as some might. Let's shake hands and I'll give you a check.

DYLAN

Can we skip the handshake?

Jake hands him the check.

JAKE

Advice from a person that doesn't hate you. You gotta start living in the world, brother. Gotta be where you're at.

Dylan starts slowly out, staring at his severance check.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I'll give you a recommendation if you need one. I won't lie, but I'll say you were honest.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPLASH 'N' DASH CAR WASH - CONTINUOUS

As Dylan walks away, the other workers stare at him: they know what just happened. He keeps his head low.

CUT TO:

INT. DRAWING CLASS - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca is a bit apart from the others, at the water fountain. She tries to contact him.

REBECCA
(whispers)

Dylan?

He keeps walking, not letting her in.

She furrows her brow a moment, then goes back to her easel.

INT. BAR - EVENING

Dylan is trashed. He is playing pool by himself, wearing sunglasses. A near-empty pitcher is on the table by him. He lines up and makes a spectacularly unimpressive shot. As he does, Donna, in tight jeans and a cowboy hat, approaches him.

DYLAN

Amazing! Possibly the greatest game of pool ever played.

DONNA

Hiya, Dylan.

DYLAN

Ah, it's the queen of the rodeo. Rodeo Queen. Come to watch me make pool history?

He punctuates this with a shot that sends the cue ball flying off the table. It rolls into a corner.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
And they said it couldn't be done.

DONNA
Had a few pitchers, haven't you?

He takes off the sunglasses, pockets them as he faces her.

DYLAN
My only regret... is that I gave up my
law practice to become a showgirl.

DONNA
Can I pour myself one?

DYLAN
Sure.
(like it's a new thought)
Hey, have a beer.

He goes to retrieve the cue ball. She pours herself one.

DONNA
Wayne says Jake gave you the can. That
blows.

BILLY (O.S.)
Don't it, sister?

Dylan, kneeling, looks around. He sees two pairs of legs
standing right next to him. He stands and faces Billy and
Lyle, cue ball in hand.

LYLE
Where the fuck you been hiding, Dill
Pickle?

DYLAN
Thank God you've come.

He looks around conspiratorially, pulls them away from Donna.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Is it time to do crimes?

BILLY
Yeah, we been waiting on you, bro.

Dylan holds up the cue ball, looks the boys in the eye.

DYLAN
Cue ball.

Billy puts his arm around Dylan. It's not a friendly gesture.

BILLY
Enough dicking around, we doin' this?

DYLAN
Hell, yes. Let's do it.

BILLY
(satisfied, lets go)
Here's the spot, need you to roll up
there, check shit out. We go in
Thursday night.

He slips Dylan a tiny paper, starts toward the bar with Lyle.

DYLAN
(loud)
Let's do it **now**.

Lyle and Billy stop, turn. Over at the bar, Wayne pauses to
watch them. Donna does, too.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
What am I waiting for, right? I mean,
this is what I do. I'm a criminal
element man type. That's what
everybody wants, isn't it?

Billy looks around him nervously.

BILLY
(covering)
Whatchya talking about, bro?

DONNA
He got fired today.

BILLY
Yeah, I heard him the first time.
(to Dylan)
Why don't we buy you a drink, Dill?

DYLAN
I'm not a carwashy man, I'm not a
posty man, I am a fucking con man.
Just like you. Who am I kidding?

LYLE
(threateningly)
Maybe you've had enough. Maybe you
wanna go home, sleep it off.

DYLAN
I want some action! Some Action
Jackson. Come on, let's get lost!

He goes over to Donna, puts his arm around her. Intrigued by his flamboyant raving, she does not resist.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

You can be my moll. Gotta have a moll.

He gets thoughtful. Moves back to Billy. Lyle begins moving around behind Dylan, an almost instinctive response to an unnamed threat.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

See, I got this problem though, it's that Jiminy the Cricket is gonna get all upset with me. Can't mess with Jiminy the Cricket. She lives in my head with Mr. Cricket -- Excuse me, Doctor Cricket. What do I do when she finds out I'm just like everybody said? What do I do then, Billy?

BILLY

You got voices in your head?

DYLAN

Think I don't? Donna?

DONNA

He does.

DYLAN

(points to his head)
Got a world of craziness up here. So maybe you want to find someone a little more stable to be your wire man. Maybe I'm not your guy. Burglary is a tricky piece of business.

BILLY

Shut your hole, Dill.

DYLAN

(really pissed)
I'm getting so tired of everyone telling me what to do.

Lyle starts to close in from behind. Dylan quickly spins and hurls the cue ball at Lyle, grazing his head and hitting the wall.

LYLE

OW!

Lyle clutches his head. Dylan spins again, locking arms with Billy as Billy tries to swing. They're at a standstill. Right before they can get into it, we hear a shotgun being pumped.

Wayne stands behind the bar, twelve-gauge in hand. A few patrons watch the proceedings, but most don't bother.

Billy lets go of Dylan, steps back a bit -- menacing.

BILLY

Don't care how long we known each other, boy. You fuck this up --

He starts out, gathering up Lyle, who is still holding his head and whimpering. They exit together.

LYLE

I got a big-ass lump. Feel it. Bet it's all discolored...

Wayne puts back his piece, glaring at Dylan. Dylan squints back at him almost -- but not quite -- apologetically. Goes over to Donna, who's obviously fairly impressed by all this. Stands very close to her.

DONNA

You are nuts.

DYLAN

Oh, you have no idea.

They stare at each other a moment, then we...

CUT TO:

EXT. DYLAN'S TRAILER - NIGHT

He and Donna tumble out of his truck. He straightens up and shakes his head, looks up at the night as the head clears. Donna, now pretty buzzed herself, grabs him and pulls him against the truck in a kissly embrace.

CUT TO:

INT. DYLAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

There is a little movement under the covers as the two of them embrace. After a bit, Donna pulls away. The looks on their faces say it all.

DONNA

Dylan...

DYLAN

I'm just --

DONNA
 (looking at his crotch)
 It ain't happening.
 (to his face)
 You ain't even hardly kissing me.

DYLAN
 I'm just having trouble concentrating.

DONNA
 Yeah, well, thanks a lot.

DYLAN
 Donna...

She starts getting out of the bed. His face registers a slight change -- Rebecca is with him.

REBECCA (O.S.)
 Oh my god! I'm totally sorry.

Dylan grabs Donna suddenly by the wrist.

REBECCA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I'll come back later.

DYLAN
 (suddenly in charge)
 No. Stay --

Donna looks at him.

CUT TO:

INT. PORTER LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca is in her nightgown, sitting on the couch. The room is dark.

REBECCA
 You mean me?

DYLAN
 Yeah, you. Don't you go anywhere.

He is looking at Donna as he says this, and he slowly pulls her back toward him. He places her hand under the covers and her face betrays the improvement there. They begin to kiss, for real this time -- carnal want, untamed need.

Rebecca's eyes go wide as she begins the experience with Dylan. Her breath catches, almost a squeak. We hold on her for a good long while, the entire encounter mapped out in the changes on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. ART CLASS - DAY

Everyone is finishing up, closing their sketchbooks and such. Rebecca is getting ready to leave when Diane comes up to her.

DIANE

Hun, I'm your friend.

REBECCA

Oh, good. I mean, of course you are.

DIANE

You can tell me. You really should.

REBECCA

Okay, but you promise not to tell?

DIANE

Promise.

REBECCA

I hid the money in a locker at Grand Central.

DIANE

Sweetie...

REBECCA

Sweetie, I don't know what you're talking about.

DIANE

Not at all?

Rebecca's smile fades.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Everybody's... concerned. Is something going on? I want you to be honest with me because I'm your friend. You just haven't been yourself.

REBECCA

There's really nothing to tell.

DIANE

Have you been seeing someone?

REBECCA

(very flustered)

No, of course not! I'm married. How could I?

DIANE
(revelation)

I *meant* a **shrink**. You're having an affair! Oh, my God. You don't have to tell me who unless you want to.

REBECCA
Diane, I'm not having an affair.

DIANE
(conspiratorially)
And we never had this conversation. Oh! Poor Phillip! Oh, I didn't mean that. You don't have to tell me who. That just explains everything.

REBECCA
(really troubled)
Explains what?

DIANE
Oh, I don't mind telling you, now that I know you're not crazy, but everybody's talking. Well you must know that.

REBECCA
What is everybody talking about me for? Don't they have lives?

DIANE
My lips are sealed. They're Ziplocked.
(almost begging)
You don't have to tell me who he --

REBECCA
Diane, I swear. I am not having an affair.
(almost serious)
I'm just crazy.

Rebecca leaves, lost in her own thought.

CUT TO:

INT. PORTER KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Rebecca enters, still preoccupied. Phillip is waiting for her there. She's a bit startled to see him.

REBECCA
Oh! Hi, honey.

PHILLIP

There's a... there's a hat on the table.

He points to the table, where there is, in fact, a hat.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

It's a blue hat.

REBECCA

Yes, it is.

She goes over and picks it up.

PHILLIP

I didn't know what to get you. It's not a good hat.

She starts to put it on.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Don't. It'll just make it worse.

She laughs.

REBECCA

What is all this?

PHILLIP

I don't know. I thought I should get you something. I mean I wanted to. Rebecca, I don't know what's going on with you...

REBECCA

Everybody's got a theory.

PHILLIP

I don't. I know you tried to explain, but I don't always listen. Afraid I might hear something I don't like.

She puts the hat down, goes over to him.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

I was thinking today about the first time I noticed you, sitting in the last row of that lecture hall.

She puts her arms around him. Her look is all concern, but she smiles, like a child asking to hear a favorite story.

REBECCA

You really saw me all the way in the back?

PHILLIP

You were making such an effort to hide, it was impossible to miss you. You looked so small and fragile. I wanted... to protect you. I know that sounds pretty old fashioned.

REBECCA

I wanted you to.

PHILLIP

I still do, Rebecca. I want you to be a part of my life. Whatever you're going through, I want it to be alright between us. You're my wife.

REBECCA

I am.

They kiss. Then she holds him, her face against his. We see her eyes are wet.

PHILLIP

I thought I could take you to dinner, if you'd like that.

REBECCA

I would.

PHILLIP

And then later on, we can burn the hat.

She laughs, still almost crying.

CUT TO:

INT. PORTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca sits in bed, thinking. She looks at her sleeping husband.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PORTER HOUSE - MORNING

Bundled up against the cold, Rebecca gets in her Range Rover. She pauses a moment, still lost in thought, then pulls out.

CUT TO:

INT. PHILLIP'S OFFICE - DAY

Phillip is going through some forms when his phone rings.

PHILLIP

Yes?... Okay -- Ah, send her in.

He rises from his desk as his door opens and... Diane enters.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Diane, what a pleasant surprise.

Her sigh and solicitous expression says it all -- She's sorry she has to do it, but she's here to tell Phillip the truth.

CUT TO:

EXT. SNOWY HILLSIDE - DAY

Rebecca stands at the top of the hill, looking down. Not much has changed since she went sledding here twenty years ago.

REBECCA

Do you recognize it?

CUT TO:

INT. DYLAN'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

He stands at the window looking out at his desert yard.

DYLAN

It doesn't even look smaller.

REBECCA

I never came here again, not even to play. I was scared. Not of the trees, not of getting hurt... I just felt like there was something here, something too grown up. Too real. Do you think this is the place I first went nuts, or does it go even farther back?

DYLAN

Rebecca, you're not crazy.

REBECCA

I was once. Right after college, before Phillip and I were engaged. I kind of fell apart; I just wasn't ready to deal with the world. Spent some time in a hospital upstate, 'rehabilitating'. I just couldn't hack it, you know?

DYLAN

I didn't know about that.

REBECCA

Yeah, you missed that one, probably 'cause I missed most of it, too. I didn't feel a thing. I just lay in my bed for three months, trying to work up enough energy to cry. Phillip was with me the whole time. Read to me, sat with me, tried to get me through it. And he probably did. It sure wasn't me. I'm so Goddamn weak.

DYLAN

How can you say that? What you did for me...

REBECCA

Have I made your life any easier? Honestly?

DYLAN

Yes.

REBECCA

I can't read your mind, Dylan. But I know when you're lying.

Tears have begun to run down her face.

DYLAN

Becky. Please don't do this.

REBECCA

I can't live like this, Dylan. Phillip is my husband. I know you don't like him, but... I need to be with him. I need to find him again.

DYLAN

Got to do what you're told, right?

REBECCA

That's not fair.

DYLAN

Fair? For the first time in my life, I can see something... something real, and then you tell me I got to give it up. How do you come at 'fair'?

REBECCA

I can't be with you. And I can't... play at this anymore.

DYLAN

It's not a game, Becky, it's not something you play... What am I supposed to do?

REBECCA

You're gonna be okay. God, Dylan, you have so much. You blew me away, you know that. I'm never gonna forget that.

He is also starting to lose it.

DYLAN

Couldn't we --

REBECCA

No.

DYLAN

How can I -- How can you expect me just to shut you off?

REBECCA

(really crying now)
Because you love me.

He bows his head; he can't support the weight. Suddenly he busts out the trailer door and we watch him lash out, tearing his landscaping in the yard to pieces and hurling the parts out into the desert.

She stares out at the hill, her back to us. Alone now.

CUT TO:

INT. DYLAN'S TRUCK - DUSK

He sits in the truck's cab, eyeing an office complex -- The sign reads GRUMMAN TECH SUPPLY: the office Billy and Lyle plan to knock over.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - AFTERNOON

Dylan enters, heads for the bar -- but is stopped by a voice from a booth:

GIDDONS

The thing is, you come in here,
there's always some kind of trouble.

Dylan goes to sit with him, though not happily.

DYLAN
Is that what you hear?

GIDDONS
Not two nights ago you were in here
doing a little MMA-style tango with
the Soames brothers.

DYLAN
They showed up. I left. We didn't
"associate."

Wayne brings Dylan a beer, throwing him a look.

GIDDONS
You know I could bust your ass for
even looking at those boys, let alone
any violent public displays. So let's
see if you can tell me why Lyle Soames
was trying to pummel you.

DYLAN
It's Lyle. That's how he says hi.

GIDDONS
Listen to me, Dylan: this is not a
fucking drill. You get yourself fired,
you're hanging out with known felons,
and now Lyle's looking to pound your
ass all across the desert. So I'm
thinking they've got something going
with you, or they've got something
going without you, and either way it's
of interest.

DYLAN
Giddons, can't you just --

REBECCA (O.S.)
NOOOO!!!!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca is being forced down the hall by two large orderlies.

Dylan has been thrown back by the force of the scream, and
Giddons is instantly standing over him, barking questions we
cannot hear.

ANGLE: REBECCA'S/DYLAN'S POV

Through a twisting haze we see Dr. Maynard standing, looking
at his clipboard as we are dragged away.

Rebecca's been drugged, and the scream has come up raw from under a sea of medicated slowness. As they drag her down the hall, she becomes a rag doll, spent from the energy of screaming. She manages to eek out a feeble echo of it as they open the door of a cell.

REBECCA

Noooo...

They put her in.

INT. CELL - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE: DYLAN'S/REBECCA'S POV

The door shuts on us.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Giddons and Wayne are looking down at Dylan.

DYLAN

No...

GIDDONS

What the hell is going on? What are you on, Kershaw?

DYLAN

(suddenly cogent)

Those bastards.

He reaches out to pick Dylan up, Wayne helping.

GIDDONS

Who, Lyle and Billy?

WAYNE

You wanna sit down, Dylan?

DYLAN

(gathering himself)

I'm sorry, Wayne. No more trouble in here, I promise.

Wayne looks a little bemused. Dylan turns to Giddons, no longer cowed or defeated. Just coldly certain.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

You know what I'm looking at right now? A cell.

GIDDONS

You tell me what the brothers are up to and you might not --

DYLAN

No, I mean I'm looking at it right now. I'm in it. Twelve feet by twelve, gray walls, smells like disinfectant. That's where they put me, 'cause that's where they see me. I'm not sure I've ever been anywhere else.

He pulls crumpled bills from his pants, tosses them on the table by his beer.

GIDDONS

This is where you blame the whole world for your crap, right?

DYLAN

No.

He walks past him, toward the door.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

This is where I stop.

Giddons watches him go, eyes narrowing. Calls out:

GIDDONS

We ain't finished...

But doesn't follow.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL - SAME TIME

Phillip is in with Rebecca. She is bleary, just awake enough to be meek and frightened. He has so much of his much-vaunted control on his face that we see for the first time how close he is to losing it.

PHILLIP

I want you to get better, to stop... worrying about anything. Everything is going to be fine. No one is talking about you. You just need to be... alone for a while. No distractions. Until you feel yourself again.

He rises to leave. Turns back.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

I love you.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Dylan moves from a used car lot, his truck left behind and a wad of cash in his hand. As he rounds the corner, a familiar El Camino sits, passenger door open, and before he knows what's happening, Lyle is behind him, pistoling whipping him across the head.

Dylan goes down, and squints up at Lyle grinning down at him.

LYLE

Now we **both** got a lump on our heads.

Billy steps out of the still-running car, looking at Dylan from over the hood.

BILLY

It's Thursday, Dill. Time to go to work.

DYLAN

(rising)

I gotta be somewhere.

LYLE

Yeah, and we know where!

He shoves Dylan toward the open door.

LYLE (CONT'D)

I told Billy we should bust you up and leave you there once we're through, but he's got a code.

BILLY

Two hours between you and a comfortable lifestyle, Dill.

DYLAN

Giddons knows you got a job on --

LYLE

What'd you tell him?

DYLAN

(ignoring Lyle)

Billy, I need to be somewhere. I'm asking.

BILLY
(coldly)
And I'm answering.

Billy drops back down into his seat, reaches for his door handle as Lyle shoves Dylan at the open passenger door.

Dylan shoots his elbow back into Lyle's face, sends him sprawling as he grabs the top of the doorframe and swings his legs in at Billy, kicking him right out the still unclosed door into the street. Dylan's momentum slides him right into the driver's seat and he races off, the brothers picking themselves up as their car disappears down the street.

LYLE
What do we do now?

Giddons steps into view.

GIDDONS
Seems like you oughta call the cops.

Billy looks at the car, the cop... nothing he says right now will be useful.

INT. DR. MAYNARD'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Dr. Maynard sits at his desk. Phillip looks out the window.

MAYNARD
You were right to bring her here. It wouldn't look good to have her at your hospital. We can take the best care of her. I'm worried about you as much as her; I know what a strain it can be.

PHILLIP
I'm fine.

MAYNARD
We'll worry about forms later. None of your people will even know she's here. I'm betting we'll have her back to normal within a couple of months.

PHILLIP
Maybe...

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Giddons is joining a BEAT COP by Billy's car who talks to the bus dispatch guy. As he does, we TILT UP to see a plane taking off from the airport a ways away.

CUT TO:

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Dylan sits by the window. The seat next to him is empty, the seat next to that is occupied by a dozing businessman. Dylan has a look of intense concentration on his face. He whispers:

DYLAN

Can you hear me? Rebecca!

Nothing.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Sir, are we gonna have an issue with the phone while we're in the air?

Dylan turns to a flight attendant in the aisle and shows her his hands and both ears -- no bluetooth, no phone.

DYLAN

First-time flyer. I'll keep it down.

(to himself)

This is my safe place. I am calm in my safe place.

Resigned to another crazy passenger in a career of them, she moves off. Dylan returns to the mission at hand.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Come on! Answer me! Rebecca, can you hear me?

CUT TO:

INT. CELL - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca is pulling herself awake, sitting up, bleary-eyed, on her bed.

REBECCA

Dylan?

DYLAN

Rebecca! Jesus, what's going on?

REBECCA

Phillip... put me in here. He says I'm crazy. He thinks... I think he thinks I'm having an affair.

DYLAN

So he locks you up? Can he do that?

REBECCA

I don't know. I'm afraid of him,
Dylan. I don't know what he's going to
do. If I stay in here I *will* go crazy.

DYLAN

Feels like you're underwater. What are
they giving you?

REBECCA

I don't know...

DYLAN

Pill or needle?

REBECCA

(starting to break up)
Phillip gave me these pills... I took
them, he said I should take them and I
thought --

DYLAN

Shhhhhh, it's okay. If they're pills
it's better. Do you know where you
are?

REBECCA

I think it's the Hophauer... the
Hophauer Clinic. It's right outside
town. Phillip is friends with Dr.
Maynard, he runs it. It's a mental
institution... The door's locked.

DYLAN

Your husband ought to be a permanent
resident, darlin'.

REBECCA

Are you on a plane? I can't see too
well.

DYLAN

I'm heading your way.

REBECCA

What about your parole officer? What
if he finds out?

DYLAN

I think he already knows. Listen, can
you get up? Can you walk?

REBECCA

Think so.

DYLAN

I need to see the room. I want you to look around. I want to see everything.

She gets slowly to her feet. He sits, concentrating, looking.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT CAR RENTAL COUNTER - EARLY MORNING

Dylan stands at the counter, talking to the female clerk.

CLERK

I'm sorry, I can't rent you a car without a credit card.

DYLAN

Can't believe I forgot them. There's no way I can leave a cash deposit? I've got an important meeting this morning. Job interview.

CLERK

(shakes her head)

You can reach the cab company by that yellow phone over there.

Dylan spins and sees COPS checking folks coming off flights.

DYLAN

Thanks.

He moves off, toward the doors.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL - CONTINUOUS

An imposing male NURSE is with Rebecca, setting down a tray with a cup of water and a cup of pills.

NURSE

This ought to help you sleep. They heard you pacing in here. It's a little strange at first, I know. Here.

He hands the pills to Rebecca, who takes them, washing them down with the water.

NURSE (CONT'D)

You'll be yourself in no time. Your husband found the best place for you. Dr. Maynard's a great man.

The nurse exits with the tray, shutting the door behind him. Rebecca wastes no time in spitting up the pills under her tongue, concentrating to find Dylan at the same time.

REBECCA

Where are you?

CUT TO:

EXT. SHORT-TERM PARKING - CONTINUOUS

DYLAN'S POV: An annoying HIPSTER exits a rad, vintage, MUSTANG, going to greet his girlfriend at baggage claim.

DYLAN

Still at the airport.

Dylan dips into the Mustang, hunkers down under the dash, fiddling with some wires.

REBECCA

What are you doing?

The wires spark and the car growls into life. Dylan sits up behind the wheel.

DYLAN

Renting.

He takes off, heading for the highway.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONNECTICUT ROADSIDE - MORNING

Snow is piled high on either side of the highway as Dylan races toward Lordsburg.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dylan looks out the windshield, but his focus is elsewhere.

DYLAN

No, twist it to the left -- slowly!
Okay, see if you can't find the space
in there...

INT. CELL - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca is trying to pick the door lock. She has a fork, three of whose tines have been broken off, stuck in the lock.

REBECCA

I can't do this, Dylan. I feel like a
four year old.

DYLAN

You can do it. Just relax; this ain't Fort Knox. These are simple locks.

REBECCA

Where'd you learn all this stuff anyway? Take exit 16.

He takes the off-ramp at the sign for exit 16.

DYLAN

School, mostly.

REBECCA

I always wondered what they did in Shop.

DYLAN

Bet you took Ballet, huh? Or Tea Appreciation, or something.

REBECCA

Oboe.

As she says it, the lock clicks and the door moves ever so slightly ajar.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

DYLAN

Took me a week to learn that. You're a natural born criminal.

REBECCA

I bet you say that to all the girls. Turn left -- no, go straight. Turn left at the light. I think.

DYLAN

Am I close?

REBECCA

I think so. You need to go all the way through the town. It's right by the train tracks. Can't miss it.

DYLAN

I'll find it... Time to move. Anybody in the hall?

She looks out the window. An orderly is passing. She ducks her head back.

REBECCA

Wait a sec.

ANGLE: IN THE HALL

The orderly passes, not noticing the door is slightly ajar.

DYLAN

Wait 'til he's out of the hall.

REBECCA

Check.

DYLAN

Nervous?

REBECCA

Check.

DYLAN

Listen. When you get out of there...
uh, ever seen Mexico?

REBECCA

What'd you have in mind?

DYLAN

Thought maybe you'd like to have an
affair in an exotic setting.

REBECCA

(smiling)

Ooh Baby oh Tiger.

Dylan smiles.

Rebecca looks out the window again. The hall is empty.

DYLAN

Go for it. Walk like you've got a
right to be going somewhere.

REBECCA

I'm scared.

DYLAN

I'm with you.

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

She slips out and starts down the hall toward the double
glass doors at the end of the hall.

REBECCA

You think maybe everybody in here is
housewives locked in by their jealous
husbands?

DYLAN

Shit!

ANGLE: DYLAN'S REARVIEW

An unmarked police car is flashing its lights behind him.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Was I even speeding?

REBECCA

You wanted to get through Lordsburg,
you shoulda stole a minivan.

She reaches the doors, goes through.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONNECTICUT ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Dylan stops his car. A policeman gets out of the cruiser, and
starts walking toward Dylan.

Rebecca heads for the elevator, then turns and enters the
door marked 'stairs'. Two men are coming down the hall and
they just miss seeing her.

The cop leans on Dylan's window.

COP

License and registration.

DYLAN

I do something wrong, officer?

COP

Just gimme your license and
registration.

DYLAN

(pretending to dig for them)
How'd a Gold Badge like you get stuck
doing traffic work?

COP

Why don't you let me worry about that?
Have you even got a license?

DYLAN

Sure, I...

He listens to Rebecca, then looks more carefully at the cop.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Say, aren't you Chief Booth?
(smiling, extending his hand)
Roy Giddons.

Hesitantly, Chief Booth grasps Dylan's hand.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

She is standing on the steps between floors.

REBECCA
Say you know us.

DYLAN
I met you over at Phil Porter's place.
I'm redoing their kitchen. Damn, that
Becky's a sweet little thing, isn't
she?

CHIEF BOOTH
Are you sure we've met?

Dylan replies, his speech somewhat broken up as he takes his
cues from Rebecca.

DYLAN
Why... I saw your wife... Audrey...
just the other day at the supermark --
at the Wilsons'. We were talking
about... about Paula Dodd. Think you
know her.

Chief Booth suddenly looks very uncomfortable.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Yeah, your wife was asking... Well,
that's a cozy little shop. Hard to
keep your hands off those sweet
little... ceramics. I've got to
remember to mention Paula when I see
your wife; I've got the funniest
story.

REBECCA
Take that, you cheating prick.

CHIEF BOOTH
Okay, uh, right, good seeing you again,
Roy. Sorry to bother you.

DYLAN

Hey, protect and serve, Chief. I appreciate you doing your job.

Booth is already halfway to his cruiser, looking like he's about to take a dump.

Dylan slides out onto the road, continues.

Watching, Booth goes into his car and starts punching up Dylan's licence plate.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I pulled this car outta short-term. I got about thirty seconds 'fore he dials up my plates and figures out I'm hot. Get a move on.

Dylan starts picking up a little speed.

Rebecca starts booking down the steps.

Dylan suddenly swerves onto a side road behind some buildings. A second later, we hear sirens as Booth races past in his car.

Rebecca reaches the door to the first floor, but it won't open.

REBECCA

Dammit!

She looks around for an idea when the door opens right in her face. Stifling a yelp, she jumps back behind it.

An orderly comes through and heads downstairs. Rebecca holds the door open to hide herself until he is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca pokes her head out the stairs door, looks around.

This floor is very different. Not a security wing, it is bustling with activity. There is a counseling group in one room. People walk purposefully to and fro in the hall. A man leans against a doorway, crying and refusing to be consoled by the doctor and a fellow patient beside him.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEHIND A GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Dylan has come to a dead end; a high, chicken-wire fence stopping him dead. He starts backing up.

DYLAN

Got any idea where I am?

Rebecca is making her way casually down the hall, avoiding everyone's eyes.

REBECCA

(whispers)

No. Get back on Main Street.

DYLAN

Not a good idea.

She is about abreast of the weeping patient when she sees Dr. Maynard heading right for her. Instantly she spins, joining the two comforting the weeper. Perfunctorily, she pats him on the head.

REBECCA

(not convincing)

There there.

Maynard passes.

Dylan manages to find a side street heading the right way. Slowly, he proceeds.

Rebecca comes to the far wall, where the hall turns toward the entrance. She looks out that way.

ANGLE: TOWARD THE ENTRANCE

It's about twenty yards away. A reception desk is off to one side before it. The only thing between Rebecca and the outside... is Phillip.

He is just entering, nodding at the receptionist as he heads toward us.

Rebecca moves back -- panic flooding her features.

REBECCA

Oh God oh God what do I do?

She looks back. Maynard and an orderly are talking. Maynard seems concerned. They both start craning their necks looking for someone and the orderly strides off. No way back.

DYLAN

Calm down. You can do this.

REBECCA

No, no, I can't face him. What do I do? I can't talk to him.

DYLAN

Calm down!

Too late. Phillip turns the corner, practically runs into Rebecca. He looks up, startled. She stares at him, frozen.

PHILLIP

Rebecca?

She punches him in the face about as hard as she can. He goes stumbling back, falls over a row of chairs. Rebecca holds her bruised hand.

Dylan's eyes go wide.

REBECCA

(racing away)

I told you I couldn't talk to him...

Dylan shakes his own hand, which is also sore.

Booth's car comes racing onto the street in front of Dylan, heading straight for him. Dylan curses, turns onto another street.

There is some commotion in the hall as people realize what has happened. A few orderlies and interns start making their way toward Rebecca.

She bolts for the front door.

EXT. FRONT OF HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

She comes skidding out, looks about her. She doesn't know where to go.

DYLAN

The train!

It lumbers slowly along toward town, a good hundred cars of cargo.

The tracks are about two hundred yards away, over deep snow.

REBECCA

They'll catch us.

DYLAN

It's the only shot we've got, darlin'.

Rebecca takes off for them as a posse comes charging out of the building.

Phillip stumbles out, a hankie to his nose. He looks lost.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Another car, a black and white, cuts Dylan off just as the train appears in the distance. He swerves again.

DYLAN

Don't these people have anything
better to do?

He charges into an alleyway, going at a good clip between two warehouses. The patrol car and Booth are right on his tail.

At the end of the alley he spins, blocking the route with his car. He dives out as the patrol car comes at him, brakes screeching.

He's already gone as the patrol car hits, making more noise than damage.

Booth swerves to avoid the crash, hitting the wall and spinning as well, effectively blocking the way out back.

EXT. SNOW-COVERED FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca is running for her life. She's not doing too bad, but the orderlies are on her heels, and the train is coming.

One of the orderlies trips up and takes a header into the snow, bringing two others down on top of him.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Dylan is on the other side of the tracks, still dodging about among the buildings, avoiding the cops now on foot. He comes out to a clearing, high fence between him and the train. He leaps on it and scales it easily, dropping to the ground on the other side. Nobody sees him.

DYLAN

I'm here.

INT. SNOW-COVERED FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Out of breath, Rebecca comes to a stop at the tracks, the train is almost upon her.

REBECCA

Where?

Rebecca searches the field for Dylan, but there is no sign of him.

Anxious but hopeful, she spins a 360° -- still no Dylan.

The train winds in toward where she is standing. She checks the daylight on the tracks ahead of the train, but no Dylan.

Rebecca's expression sinks. She's wondering if perhaps Phillip is right -- Did she imagine Dylan? Was he ever real?

Orderlies plod through the snow, heading for Rebecca.

Shoulders slumped and defeated, Rebecca glances up and sees... Dylan catching his breath on the other side of the tracks. A grin -- *you waiting on me?*

Before Rebecca can react -- THE TRAIN CUTS BETWEEN THEM.

Dylan surveys the train -- sealed-up cars moving past him. The train feels like it's flying when they're up close like this and they are quickly running out of options.

DYLAN

Second to last car. See it?

REBECCA

Yes!

It's a baggage car, empty and with the doors on either side slightly open.

Dylan races for it as the cops appear and start scaling the fence behind him. He comes right up to the train, waits for a moment for the right car.

As it approaches, he looks nervously behind him. The cops are almost to the top of the fence.

COP

Hold it right there!

Dylan looks back at the train. It's going awfully fast.

Rebecca is upon it, starts running alongside it. She looks terrified: she doesn't know if she can do this. Her car comes and she grabs the ladder at the end. She's pulled off her feet -- they almost go under the wheels. She hauls herself up, her bruised hand hurting badly.

Now steady on the ladder, she reaches across to the opening, getting her hand around the doorway. She moves her foot across, hugs the side between the ladder and the doorway. She tries to move to the doorway.

A branch rakes across her, upsetting her balance. She begins to lose her grip. A rusty metal mail catch, dangerously close to the train, is approaching. Trying to get a better grip on the door frame, she starts to fall back.

CLOSE UP OF HER HAND

As it clutches air, Dylan's hand shoots out and catches it. He pulls her into the car and they both fall back, lost amid old hay and empty crates.

ANGLE ON: THEIR PURSUANTS

On opposite sides of the tracks, the cops and the hospital people notice each other for the first time. They look at each other, confused.

ANGLE ON: PHILLIP

Blank with defeat.

INT. TRAINCAR - CONTINUOUS

They are both lying on their backs, having fallen into different parts of the car. Slowly, the two of them get up, facing each other for the first time.

They take a long time at it, coming at each other slowly. They are both out of breath.

They stand closer, then Rebecca reaches out and touches his arm. He lifts his hand and puts it in her hair, almost disbelieving.

They pull each other closer.

DYLAN

This is gonna be so weird ...

And they kiss. Slowly at first, tenderly, searchingly, passionately, finally, finally, they kiss.

the end.

*